

Mill o' Tifty's Annie.

OR

ANDREW LAMMIE

The Trumpeter of Fyvie



ABERDEEN

LEWIS SMITH & SON

Mill o' Tifty's Annie.



THIS Ballad is founded on real circumstances, the heroine being the daughter of the Miller of Tifty, near Fyvie, in Aberdeenshire, and the hero the Trumpeter of the Laird of Fyvie. Both parties are said to have been remarkable for their good looks. They had met, they had looked, they had been conquered each by the beauty of the other. Andrew Lammie wished to make Annie Smith his happy bride, and Annie, ardently wished to become so; but the obdurate parent steps in in the shape and diameter of the Miller of Tifty, who esteems the match beneath his dignity, and will have none of the Trumpeter. The unhappy result, of the affair is that both lovers die of a broken heart. Annie's death, according to her gravestone in Fyvie Churchyard, took place on 19th January, 1673. Andrew, however, it would appear, did not die as related in the ballad. It is asserted that several years afterwards the melancholy fate of Tifty's Annie being mentioned, and the ballad being sung in a company in Edinburgh where he was present, he sat silent and motionless, till at length he was discovered by a groan suddenly bursting from him and several of the buttons flying from his waistcoat.

“The beauty, gallantry, and amiable qualities of Bonnie Andrew Lammie seem,” says Mr. Jamieson, “to have been proverbial wherever he went; and the good old ‘Cummer’ in Allan Ramsay, as the best evidence of the power of he own youthful charms, and the best apology for having ‘cast a leggen hersel,’ says—

‘I’se warrant ye have a’ heard tell
O’ bonnie Andrew Lammie;
Stiftly in love wi’ me he fell
As soon as e’er he saw me,
That was a day.’”

Fyvie Castle.



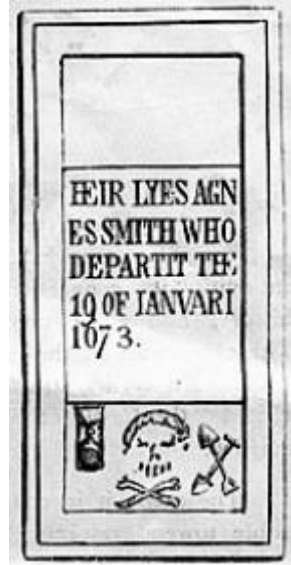
FYVIE CASTLE, situated on the north-east bank of the river Ythan, 31 miles from Aberdeen by rail, is alike remarkable for its commanding situation, its antiquity, its connection with interesting events in Scottish history, and as a noble specimen of baronial architecture. The oldest part of the present castle is said to date from about 1400. An earlier structure must have existed, for Edward I visited “the Castle of Fyvie” in his progress through Scotland in 1296.

The castle is in complete preservation. It consists of five noble towers respectively named the Preston, the Meldrum, the Seaton, the Gordon, and the Leith towers. The last-named tower was built by the late proprietor, Lord Keith, in 1891. At the apex of the Preston tower there is a figure of Andrew Lammie, the trumpeter, in the act of blowing his trumpet towards Tifty. At the distance of about half-a-mile northward from the castle, and in view of its turrets, is Mill of Tifty, the home of the damsel who figures as the heroine in the ancient and ever popular ballad “Mill of Tifty’s Annie.” The spot might vindicate the romance, even if it had not been founded on fact. It is a highly picturesque ravine, full of wild natural beauty—water-falls, rocks and tangled bushes, and abundant in wild flowers. The mill is in the bottom of the glen, but poor Annie’s home was the farm that stands on higher ground, and which, like many others, takes its name from the vicinity of the Mill. The bridge of Skeugh, where Annie last met her lover, Andrew Lammie, was in the hollow between Tifty and the Castle, at a point about a hundred yards above that where the present stone bridge spans the brook. A circular clump of trees, said to surround the spot where “the trysting tree” stood, marks the spot.

About the middle of the Churchyard of Fyvie is to be seen Annie's grave. The original tombstone having become decayed, Colonel Gordon of Fyvie many years ago replaced it with a new stone. a facsimile in every respect.

The name of the unfortunate damsel, the story of whose love is so finely told in the ballad was Agnes Smith. The common pronounciation of her Christian name was Nannie, which in the ballad is further metamorphosed into Annie.

The replica of the old tombstone lies flat on the ground, and a new one in the shape of a Maltese Cross stands erect at the head of the grave with the following inscription:
AGNES SMITH. "Tifty's Annie."
died 19th January. 1673. Erected
by public subscription 1859.



There are several versions of this ancient ballad, and we here present the one acknowledged by the best authorities to be the most authentic. The text is the same as in an edition issued many years ago by the late Mr. David Scott, the publisher of the *Peterhead Sentinel*.

Mill o' Tifty's Annie.



At Mill o' Tifty's lived a man,
In the neighbourhood of Fyvie,
Wha hod a lovely daughter, "Nan,"
Was aye ca'd her bonny Annie.

Her bloom was like the springing flower
That hails the rosy morning,
And her innocence an; graceful mein
Her beauteous face adorning.

Lord Fyvie had a trumpeter
Wha's name was Andrew Lammie,
He had the art to gain the heart
O' the Mill of Tifty's Annie.

He was proper withal, both young an' tall,
His like was nae in Fyvie;
Nor was ane there that could compare
Wi' this same Andrew.

Lord Fyvie he rade by ihe door,
Whar lived Tifty's Annie,
His trumpeter rade him afore.
E'en this same Andrew Lammie.

Her mother to the door cri'd Nan,
"Come here to me, my Annie;
Did ever you see a prettier man
Than this trumpeter o' Fyvie?"

She naething said, hul sighed fu' sad—
Alas for bonnie Annie!
She durstna own her heart was stown
By the trumpeter o' Fyvie.

At night when they to bed did gae.
A' slept fu' soun' but Annie;
Love sae opprest her tender breast,
Wi' thoughts o' Andrew Lammie.

"In thought love comes to my bed-side,
An' love lies down beyond me;

Oh love like mine is sare to bide:
An' love will waste my body.

“The first time I my love did meet
Was in the woods o' Fyvie;
His bonnie face and speech sae sweet
Soon gained the heart o' Annie.

“When he did ca' me *Mistress*, ‘Na,’
Said I, ‘I'm Tifty's Annie.’
Wi' apples sweet he did me treat,
An' kisses soft an' mony.

“It's up and down in Tifty's den,
Whar the burn rins clear an' bonnie,
I've aften gane to meet alane
My bonnie Andrew Lammie,”

But now some word her father heard
That the trumpeter o' Fyvie
Wi' cunnin' art had gained the heart
O's daughter, bonnie Annie.

Her father soon a letter mat,
An' sent it on to Fyvie,
“*My daughter is bewitched, I wal,
By your man, Andrew Lammie.*”

Then up the stair his trumpeter
Lord Fyvie called shortly,
“Pray, tell me, loon, what's this you've dune
To Tifty's bonnie Annie.”

“In wicked art I took nae part,
Nor therein am I canny;
True love alane the heart did gain
O Tifty's bonnie Annie.”

“Oh, wae betide auld Tifty's pride—
For pride has ruined mony;
He'll no hae't said that she su'd wed
The trumpeter o' Fyvie.”

“Whar will I find a boy sae kind
As will carry a letter canny,
An' will rin roon to Tifty's toon,
An' gie't to my love, Annie?”

“Here will ye find a boy as kind
As carry your letter canny;
An’ will rin roon to Tifty’s toon,
An’ gie’t to thy love Annie.”

“Tho’ Tifty he has daughters three.
Wha are a’ wondrous bonnie.
Ye’ll ken my love o’er a’ the lave,
Gie this to bonnie Annie.”

*“It’s up an’ doon in Tifty’s glen,
Whar the burn rins clear an bonnie,
If thou wilt come, I will atten’,
For, love, I lang to see thee.”*

*“Or come thou to the brig o’ Skeugh,
An’ there will I meet wi’ thee,
Our promise true we’ll there renew,
Afore I gang an’ lea’e thee.”*

“My love, I’m boun’ lo Edinboro toon,
I for a time maun lea’e thee.”
She sighed sore but said no more
Than “Oh! that I were wi’ thee.”

“If ye’ll be true and constant too.
As I am Andrew Lammie,
I’ll wed thee when I come again,
To see the howes o’ Fyvie,”

“I will be true and constant too,
To thee, my Andrew Lammie,
But dead I’ll be, ere again ye see.
Your Tifty’s bonnie Annie.”

“A bridal gown I’ll buy to thee.
My love, I’ll buy it bonnie,”
“But soon my bridal bed will be
In the green kirkyard o’ Fyvie.”

“My time is gone, and now I Fear,
My love, that I maun lea’e thee;
For if we linger langer here,
My father he might see me.”

“For ever, noo, I bid adieu
To thee, my Andrew Lammie;
Ere ye come, I know, I’ll be laid low
In the green kirkyard o’ Fyvie.”

He on the head o’ the Castle stood—
The high house tap o’ Fyvie—
He blew his trumpet shrill an’ loud,
‘Twas heard at Mill o’ Tifty.

Her father the toon at e’en gaed roun’
To lock the doors fu’ canny,
An’ whan he heard the trumpet soun’.
Said, “Yer cow is lowin’, Annie.”

My father, dear, I pray, forbear,
Reproach nae mair your Annie,
For that cow’s low I’d rather hear
Than hae a’ the kye in Fyvie.

“I wadna for my braw new gown,
An’ a’ yer gifts sae mony,
That it war’ tauld in Fyvie roun’,
How cruel ye’ are to Annie.”

“But if you strike me I will cry,
An’ gentlemen will hear me,
Lord Fyvie will be ridin’ by.
An’ he’ll come in an’ see me.”

Just then Lord Fyvie came in by
An’ said. “What ails thee, Annie?”
“It’s a’ for love; noo I maun die
For bonnie Andrew Lammie.”

“Now, Mill o’ Tifty, pray agree,
An’ let your daughter marry.”
“Twill be wi’ ane o’ higher degree
Than the trumpeter o’ Fyvie!”

“Gin she war’ come o’ blood as high
As she’s o’ peerless beauty,
It’s take her to myself would I,
An’ mak’ her my ain lady.”

“Tho’ wide the boun’s o’ Fyvie lands—
An’ oh! they’re wondrous bonnie—

I wadna leave my ain true love,
For a' the lands o' Fyvie."

Her cruel father strak her sare.
As also did her mother;
Her sisters mocked her lale and ear',
But wae be to her brother.

Her brother strak her wondrous sore.
Baith cruel strokes and mony;
An' brak her back at the ha' door
For likin' Andrew Lammie.

"Alas! my father and mother,
you Are cruel to your Annie;
Wi' love my heart was broke, and noo
My bruther braks my body.

"Oh, mother!" she" said, "ye'll make my bed,
An; lay my face to Fyvie;
Thus will I lie, thus will I die.
For my dear Andrew Lammie.

"Ye neighbours a' baith far and near.
Now pity Tifty's Annie,
Who dies for ane that she lo'es dear,
My bonnie Andrew Lammie

"Nae kind o' vice my Life e'er stain'd,
Or hurt my virgin honour;
By love my youthfu' heart was gained.
But death will me exoner"

Her mother then her bed did mak'.
An' laid her face to Fyvie;
Her tender heart wi' grief did brak—
She died for Andrew Lammie.

Lord Fyvie wrang his hands an' said,
"Alas for Tifty's Annie!
By love's cut down the fairest maid
That ever bloomed in Fyvie.

"O! wae betide auld Tifty's pride,
He might have let them marry;
I wad hae gi'en them baith to bide
Within the lands o' Fyvie.

Her father now does sore lament
The loss o' his fair Annie;
An' wishes he had gi'en consent
To her weddin' Andrew Lammie.

Her mother grieves both ear' an' late.
An' sisters baith that scorned her;
Surely her brother feels regret
For the cruel usage gi'en her.

When Andrew hame frae Edinboro came,
Wi' muckle grief an' sorrow;
For love o' me did my love die,
For her I'd die tomorrow.

"I'll gang alane to Tifty's glen,
Whar the burn rins clear an' bonnie.
Wi' tears I'll view the brig o' Skeugh,
Whar last I saw my Annie.

"Then wend toward the green kirkyard,
'*The green kirkyard o' Fyvie,*'
My tears I'M shed whar my love's laid,
Till I follow my bonnie Annie."

Ye parents grave, who children have.
In guidin' them be canny,
Tak kindly tent lest ye repent,
Remember Tifty's Annie.

