Annachie Gordon

John Wesley Harding

Buchan, it's bonny, oh and there lives my love
My heart it lies on him, it will not remove
It will not remove for all that I have done
Oh never will I forget my love annachie
For annachie gordon, oh he's bonny and he's braw
He'd entice any woman that ever him saw
He'd entice any woman and so he has done me
Oh never will I forget my love annachieDown came her father, standing on the floor
Saying jeanie you're trying the tricks of a whore
You care nothing for a man who cares so very much for thee
You must marry with lord salton and leave young annachie
For annachie gordon he's only but a man
Although he may be pretty but where are all his lands
Salton's lands are broad and his towers they stand high
You must marry with lord salton and forget young annachieWith annachie gordon oh I'd beg for my bread
Before that I'd marry salton with gold to my head
With gold to my head and with gowns fringed to the knee
Oh I'll die if I don't get my love annachie
And you that are my parents oh to church you may me bring
Ah but unto lord salton oh I'll never bear a son
A son or a daughter oh I'll never bow my knee
Oh, I'll die if I don't get my love annachieWhen jeanie was married and from church she was brought home
And she and her maidens so merry should have been
When she and her maidens so merry should have been
Oh she's gone to a chamber and she's crying all aloneCome to bed now jeanie, oh my honey and my sweet
For to style you my mistress it would not be meet
Oh it's mistress or jeanie it's all the same to me
For it's in your bed lord salton I never shall be
And up and spoke her father and he's spoken with renown
All you who are her maidens won't you loosen off her gown
But she fell down in a swoon, so low down by their knees
Saying look on for I'm dying for my love annachieThe day that jeanie married was the day that jeanie died
That's the day that young annachie come rolling from the tide
And down came her maidens and they're wringing of their hands
Saying woe to you annachie for staying from the sands
So long from the land and so long upon the flood
Oh they've married your jeanie and now she is deadAll you that are her maidens won't you take me by the hand
Won't you lead me to the chamber that my love lies in
And he's kissed her cold lips until his heart turned to stone

And he's died in the chamber where his true love lay in

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