

# Kate Rusby, Andrew Lammie

At Fyvie's gate there grows a flower  
It grows both broad and bonnie  
At days the end amidst of it  
Its name is Andrew Lammie  
O give that flower within my breast  
For the love I burn in body  
So bright and merry I would be  
And kiss my Andrew Lammie  
Love I must go to Edinburgh  
Love I must go and leave thee  
She sighed full sore and saddened though  
But augie lie though with thee  
I'll buy my love a wedding gown  
My lover bright and bonnie  
But I'll be gone I aint looking back  
How I love thee Andrew Lammie  
Both times away so often whines away  
I love to cack my body  
And love could turn up my idle foot  
And he took his asha off me  
Her brother beat her wondrous sore  
To the strokes they were not canny  
An he broke her back in yon half door  
For the vain An family  
O mother go and make my bed  
And lay my hat to Fyvie  
For its that and lie and I will die  
For the vain Andrew Lammie  
Since he's come back from Edinburgh  
To the bonnie house of Fyvie  
He's turned his face to rim of peace  
To work the turf his Annie  
Oh East and West where'er I go  
My love she always with me  
Oh East and West where'er I go  
My love she dwells in Fyvie  
Oh its many is the time  
I have walked behind  
And never was I weary  
But now is the time I must walk alone  
For I will not see my deary