

Blythe, Blythe

text: Robert Burns
tune: Andro and his Cutty Gun

7 Blythe, Blythe and mer-ry was she, Blythe was she but and ben; Blythe by the banks of Earn and
Blythe in Glen - tu - rit glen! By Ough-ter - ty - re grows the aik, on Yar-row banks the
12 bir - ken shaw, but Phe - mie was a bon - ier lass Thanbraes o' Yar - row ev - er saw.
17
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Chorus.-Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben;
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn:
She tripped by the banks o' Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her bonie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lawlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blythe, blythe, &c.