

Burns Robert "Blythe Was She"

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Blythe Was She

(Robert Burns)

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,

On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;

But Phemie was a bonier lass

Than braes o Yarrow ever saw.

ch. Blythe, blythe and merry was she,

Blythe was she butt and ben,

Blythe by the banks of Ern,

And blythe in Glenturit glen!

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,

Her smile was like a simmer morn:

Shc tripped by the banks o Ern,

As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonie face it was as meek

As onie lamb upon a lea.

The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet

As was the blink o Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,

As o'er the lawlands I hae been,

But phemie was the blythest lass

That ever trod the dewy green.

tune: Andrew an' his Cutty Gun (179)

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