

# Robert Burns, Blythe Was She

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)  
filename[ BLYHWSHE  
play.exe BLYHWSHE  
ARB  
===DOCUMENT BOUNDARY===