

A down winding Nith I did wander  
Phyllis The Queen O' The Fair  
Melody - "The Muckin o' Geordie's Byre"  
Robert Burns, 1793

A down winding Nith I did wander,  
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;  
A down winding Nith I did wander,  
Of Phyllis to muse and to sing.

Chorus:

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,  
They never wi' her can compare,  
Whae'er has met wi' my Phyllis,  
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

2. The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,  
So artless, so simple, so wild;  
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phyllis  
For she is Simplicity's child.

Chorus:

3. The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,  
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:  
How fair and how pure is the lily!  
But fairer and purer her breast.

Chorus:

4. Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,  
They ne'er wi' my Phyllis can vie:  
Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,  
Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

Chorus:

5. Her voice is the song o' the morning,  
That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove  
When Phoebus peeps over the mountains,  
On music, and pleasure, and love.

Chorus:

6. But beauty, how frail and how fleeting!  
The bloom of a fine summer's day;  
While worth in the mind o' my Phyllis,  
Will flourish without a decay.

Chorus: