

Blythe, blythe, blythe was she
Andrew An' His Cutty Gun
Robert Burns

Chorus:

Blythe, blythe, blythe was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
An' weel she lo'ed it in her neive,
But better when it slippit in.

When a' the lave gaed tae their bed,
And I sat up to clean the shoon,
O wha think ye cam jumpin' ben,
But Andrew and his cutty gun.

Chorus:

2. Or e'er I wist he laid me back,
And up my gamon to my chin,
And ne'er a word to me he spak,
But liltit oot his cutty gun.

Chorus:

3. The bawsent bitch she left the whalps,
And hunted roond us at the fun,
As Andrew fodgel'd wi his airse,
And fir'd at me the cuttie gun.

Chorus:

4. O some delights in cuttie stoup,
And some delights in cuttie-mun,
But my delight's an airselins coup,
Wi' Andrew an' his cuttie gun.

Chorus: