

## Blythe Was She

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.