29. Andrew and his cutty gun

Koželuch
Thomson 3rd Set (1799), 61

Andrew and his cutty gun

Andantino

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,

Blythe was she but and ben,

Blythe by the banks of Earn,

And
blythe in Glen-tu-rit glen. By Och-ter-tyre grows the aik, On Yar-row banks the
bir-ken shaw, But Phe-mie was a bon-i-er lass Than braes o' Yar-row
e- ver saw.
BLYTHE WAS SHE, &c.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - ANDREW AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

BLYTHE, blythe and merry was she,  Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,       Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,      Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.    And blythe in Glenturit glen.
By Ochtertyre grows the aik,    Her bonie face it was as meek,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw, As ony lamb upon the lee!
But Phemie was a bonier lass    The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.   As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,  Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,       Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,      Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.    And blythe in Glenturit glen.
Her looks were like a flow'r in May,    The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
Her smile was like a summer morn; And o'er the Lawlands I ha'e been;
She tripped by the banks of Earn,  But Phemie was the blythest lass,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.    That ever trod the dewy green.

THE OLD VERSES.

TO THE SAME AIR.

BLYTHE, blythe, blythe was she,  The carlin brought her kebbuck ben,
Blythe was she but and ben;      With girdle-cakes weel toasted brown:
And weel she lik'd a Hawick gill, Weel does the canny kimmer ken
And leugh to see a tappit hen.   They gar the swats gae glibber down.
She took me in, and set me down,   We ca'd the bicker aft about;
And heght to keep me lawin-free;    Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun:
But cunning carlin that she was,   And ay the clearest drinker out,
She gat me birlie my bawbee.    Was Andro' wi' his cutty gun.

We loo'd the liquor weel enough;  He did like ony mavis sing,
But waes my heart, my cash was done     And as I in his oxter sat,
Before that I had quench'd my drowth, He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
And laith was I to pawn my shoon.     And mony a sappy kiss I gat.
When we had three times toom'd our stoup, I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,
And the neist chapin new begun, I ha'e been far ayont the sun;
In started, to heeze up our hope, But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
Young Andro' wi' his cutty gun.    Was Andro' wi' his cutty gun.