

29. Andrew and his cutty gun

Koželuch

Thomson 3rd Set (1799), 61

Andantino

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

The first system of the score is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features four staves: Violin, Voice, Piano, and Violoncello. The Violin part has a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The Voice part is currently silent. The Piano part has a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The Violoncello part has a similar rhythmic accompaniment to the piano.

6

[§]

(p)

[§]

Blythe, blythe, and mer-ry was she,

[§]

(§)

The second system begins at measure 6. It continues with the same instrumental parts. The Voice part enters with the lyrics "Blythe, blythe, and mer-ry was she,". There are repeat signs [§] at the beginning and end of the vocal phrase. A piano dynamic marking (p) is placed below the first measure of the vocal line. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat sign (§).

11

Blythe was she but and ben, Blythe by the banks of Earn, And

The third system begins at measure 11. It continues with the same instrumental parts. The Voice part continues with the lyrics "Blythe was she but and ben, Blythe by the banks of Earn, And". The system ends with a double bar line.

15

blythe in Glen - tu - rit glen. By Och - ter - tyre grows the aik, On Yar-row banks the

20

bir - ken shaw, But Phe - mie was a bon - ier lass Than braes o' Yar-row

24

e - ver saw.

BLYTHE WAS SHE, &c.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - ANDREW AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

BLYTHE, blythe and merry was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben,
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.
 By Ochertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks the birken shaw,
 But Phemie was a bonier lass
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben,
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.
 Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
 Her smile was like a summer morn;
 She tripped by the banks of Earn,
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben,
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.
 Her bonie face it was as meek,
 As ony lamb upon the lee!
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben,
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.
 The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lawlands I ha'e been;
 But Phemie was the blythest lass,
 That ever trod the dewy green.

THE OLD VERSES.

TO THE SAME AIR.

BLYTHE, blythe, blythe was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben;
 And weel she lik'd a Hawick gill,
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.
 She took me in, and set me down,
 And heght to keep me lawin-free;
 But cunning carlin that she was,
 She gat me birle my bawbee.

We loo'd the liquor weel enough;
 But waes my heart, my cash was done
 Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
 And laith was I to pawn my shoon.
 When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
 And the neist chappin new begun,
 In started, to heeze up our hope,
 Young Andro' wi' his cutty gun.

The carlin brought her kebbuck ben,
 With girdle-cakes weel toasted brown:
 Weel does the canny kimmer ken
 They gar the swats gae glibber down.
 We ca'd the bicker aft about;
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun:
 And ay the clearest drinker out,
 Was Andro' wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
 And as I in his oxtar sat,
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
 And mony a sappy kiss I gat.
 I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,
 I ha'e been far ayont the sun;
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
 Was Andro' wi' his cutty gun.