

Corn Rigs

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The Rigs O'Barley

Robt Burns 1783

It was upon a Lammas night, When corn rigs are bonie-O,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light, I held awa to Annie-O;
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed, Till, 'tween the late and early-O,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed To see me thro' the barley-O.

CHO: Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, An' corn rigs are bonie-O:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night, Among the rigs wi' Annie-O.

The sky was blue, the wind was still, The moon was shining clearly-O;
I set her down, wi' right good will, Among the rigs o' barley-O:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain; I lov'd her most sincerely-O;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again, Among the rigs o' barley-O.

CHO:
I lock'd her in my fond embrace; Her heart was beating rarely-O:
My blessings on that happy place, Among the rigs o' barley-O!
But by the moon and stars so bright, That shone that hour so clearly-O!
She aye shall bless that happy night Among the rigs o' barley-O.

CHO:
I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear; I hae been merry drinking-O;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear; I hae been happy thinking-O:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw, Tho' three times doub'd fairly-O,
That happy night was worth them a', Among the rigs o' barley-O.

CHO