

CORN RIGS ARE BONIE

" It was upon a Lammas night
When corn rigs are bonie
Beneath the moon's unclouded light I held awa to Annie
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed Till 'tween the late and early
Wi sma' persuasion she agreed To see me thro' the barley The sky was blue , the wind was still
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will, Amang the rigs o' barley; I ken't her heart was a' my ain; I lov'd her
most sincerely; I kiss'd her owre and owre again, Amang the rigs of barley.
I lock'd her in my fond embrace; Her heart was beating rarely;
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley! But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She ay shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs of barley.
I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear; I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'ring gear; I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw, Tho' three times doubl'd fairly, That happy night was worth them
a', Amang the rigs o' barley. Chorus
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, An' corn rigs are bonie: I'll ne'er forget that happy night, Amang the rigs wi'
Annie.
END