

Corn Rigs (or Rigs 'o Barley)

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(Robert Burns)

It was upon a Lammas night
When the corn rigs were bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light
I held awa' to Annie.

The time flew by wi' tentless heed
'Til 'tween the late and early,
Wi' small persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

cho: (optional) Corn Rigs and barley rigs
Corn rigs are bonny
I'll ne'er forget that Lammas night
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

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 kept her heart, was a' my sin.
I loved her most sincerely.
I kissed her o'er and o'er again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

cho:

I locked her in my fond embrace.
Her heart was beatin' rarely.
My blessing on that happy place
Amang the rigs o' barley.

But by the moon and stars so bright
That shone that hour so clearly,
She aye shall bless that happy night
Amang the rigs of barley.

cho:

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear

I hae been merry drinking.
I hae been joyful gath'rin' gear
I hae been happy thinking.

But a' the pleasures e'er I saw
Tho' three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a'
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

Recorded by Dyer-Bennett