

When The Corn Is Waving, Annie Dear - song lyrics

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When the Corn Is Waving, Annie Dear.

When the corn is waving, Annie dear, oh! meet me by the stile,
To hear thy gentle voice again, and greet thy winning smile;
The moon will be at full, love, the stars will brightly gleam;
Oh! come, my queen of night, love, und grace the beauteous scene.

Chorus.

The corn is waving, Annie dear, oh! meet me by the stile.
To bear thy gentle voice again, and greet thy winning smile.

When the corn is waving, Annie dear, our tales of love we'll tell,
Beside the gentle flowing stream, that both our hearts know well;
Where wild flowers, in their beauty, will scent the evening breeze;
Oh! haste, the stars are peeping, and the moon's behind the trees.- Chorus.