

The Rigs 'o' Barley (Corn Rigs)

Scotland (Robert Burns, 1759-1796)

adaptation, arrangement and typesetting by Klaus Stezenbach ©2006 www.kstez.de

1. It was up_ on a_ Lam_ mas_ night, when corn_ rigs_ are_ bon_ nie, be -
neath the_ moon's un_ clou_ ded_ light, I held a_ wa'_ to_ An_ nie. The
time flew by wi'_ tent_ less_ heed 'til 'tween_ the_ late_ and_ ear_ ly, wi'
small per_ sua - sion_ she_ a_ greed to see me_ thro'_ the_ bar_ ley. *Corn*
rigs and bar - ley rigs, corn rigs are bon_ ny, I'll
ne'er for - get_ that_ Lam_ mas_ night a - mang the_ rigs_ wi'_ An_ nie.

2. 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.

Corn rigs...

3. 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 o' barley.

Corn rigs...

4. 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.

Corn rigs...