ROBERT BURNS

Corn Rigs\(^1\) an’ Barley Rigs

It was upon a Lammas night,\(^2\)
   When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon’s unclouded light
   I held awa to Annie:
   The time flew by wi’ tentless\(^6\) heed,
   Till ’tween the late and early,
Wi’ sma’ persuasion she agreed
   To see me through the barley.

Chorus
Corn rigs, an’ barley rigs,
   An’ corn rigs are bonnie:
I’ll ne’er forget that happy 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 kent\(^9\) her heart was a’ my ain;
   I loved her most sincerely;
I kissed her owre and owre again
   Amang the rigs o’ barley.

(Chorus)

I locked 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\(^8\) shall bless that happy night
   Amang the rigs o’ barley.

(Chorus)

I hae been blythe wi’ comrades dear;
   I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu’ gath’rin gear;\(^7\)
   I hae been happy thinking;
But a’ the pleasures e’er I saw,
   Though three times doubled fairly,

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1. “Ridges,” the space between plowed furrows.
2. I.e., early in August.
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

(Chorus)

Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut

O Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see:
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang° night,
Ye wad na found in Christendie.

(Chorus)

We are na fou,° we're no that fou,
But just a drappie° in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.°

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae° we hope to be!

(Chorus)

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift° sae hie;°
She shines sae bright to wyle° us hame,
But, by my sooth she'll wait a wee.

(Chorus)

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun° is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!

(Chorus)

Ae fond kiss

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,

1. Written to Mrs. M’Lehose, with whom Burns had been engaged in a sentimental correspon-
dence, on the occasion of her departure to rejoin her husband in the West Indies.

1. This best-known of Burns’s many efforts in the ancient tradition of the drinking song was written on the occasion of a “joyous meeting” of Burns and Allan Masterton “with Mr. Wm. Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh.” “Maut” is malt—i.e., barley allowed to germinate in water, a basic ingredient both in beer and in Scotch whisky.
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka° joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Ye flowery banks

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days,
When my fause° luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka° bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o’ mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd° a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree;

1. Burns wrote several versions of this song; the present one is the simplest.
But my false luver staw\(^*\) my rose, 
And left the thorn wi' me.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose 
Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourished on the morn, 
And sae was pu'd ere noon.

1792, 1808