

Rigs of Barley

Robert Burns

D *A7* *D* *A7* *D*

It was up-on a Lam-mas night, When corn - rigs are bo - nie, Be-

D *A7* *G* *A7* *D*

- neath the moon's un - cloud-ed light, I held a - wa to An - nie; The

D *A7* *D* *A7* *D*

time flew by, wi' tent - less heed, Till, 'tween the late and ear - ly, Wi'

D *G* *Em* *A7* *G* *A7* *D*

sma' pe - rsua - sion she a - greed To see me thro' the bar - ley.

D *A7* *D* *A7* *D*

Corn rigs, an' bar - ley rigs, An' corn rigs are bon - ie: I'll

D *G* *Em* *A7* *G* *A7* *D* *D*

ne'er for-get that hap - py night, A - mang the rigs wi' An - nie.

D