

Rigs of Barley

Robert Burns



D It was up-on a *A7* 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

