

It pits me ay as mad's a hare ;  
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair ;  
But *pennyworths* again is fair,

When time's expedient ;  
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,  
Your most obedient.



S O N G.

*Tune, Corn rigs are bonie.*

I.

**I**T was upon a Lammas night,  
When corn rigs are bonie,  
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,  
I held awa to Annie ;  
The time flew by, wi' tentless head,  
Till 'tween the late and early ;  
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,  
To see me thro' the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,

The moon was shining clearly ;

I fet her down, wi' right good will,

Amang the rigs o' barley :

I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;

I lov'd her most sincerely ;

I kifs'd her owre and owre again,

Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd 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 night so clearly !

She ay shall blefs that happy night,

Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear ;

I hae been merry drinking ;

I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;  
I hae been happy thinking;  
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,  
That happy night was worth them a',  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

C H O R U S.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,  
An' corn rigs are bonie:  
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,  
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.



S O N G,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

*Tune, I had a horse, I had nae mair.*

I.

**N**OW westlin winds, and slaught'ring  
guns  
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;