

Corn Rigs are Bonny,
Dearest Maid, I adore thee,
THE LITTLE COTTAGE,
Gin a body meet a body,
RULE BRITANNIA,
AND
PARTING MOMENTS.



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CORN RIGS ARE BONNY.

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

CHORUS.

Corn rigs and barley rigs,
— And corn rigs are bonny;
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 guid will,
Amang the rigs o' barley;
I kent her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace,

Her heart was beating rarely;
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Among the rigs o' barley.
 But by the moon and stars sae bright,
 That shone that hour sae clearly,
 She ay shall bless that happy night,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I ha'e been blythe wi' comrades dear,
 I ha'e been merry drinkin,
 I ha'e been joyful gath'rin gear,
 I ha'e been happy thinkin;
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubled fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.

DEAREST MAID I ADORE THEE.

By the pure light of love that now beams from
 thine eye, [sigh.
 By the magic that breathes in the balm of thy
 By the numberless spells which lie hid in thy
 smile;
 By the bend of thy brows irresistible wile;
 I swear, dearest maid, I adore thee;
 I swear, dearest maid, I adore thee;
 I swear, dearest maid,
 Dearest maid, dearest maid, I adore thee,

Lovely maid, lovely maid, I adore thee,
 Lovely maid, I adore thee.

By those dark raven locks which so gracefully
 flow, [snow;
 In affectionate wreaths o'er thy forehead of
 By the loves and the lures, in those dimples that
 play, [tions display,
 And by all the bright charms which thy perfec-
 I swear, dearest maid, &c.

When old Time shall have stol'n that sweet
 bloom from thy face, [grace;
 And bereav'd thy fair form of its beauty and
 Still sincere to its vow this fond heart shalt thou
 find;
 Still revering thy worth and admiring thy mind;
 I swear, dearest maid, &c.

THE LITTLE COTTAGE.

My mam is no more, and my dad's in his grave,
 Little orphans are sister and I, sadly poor;
 Industry our wealth, and no dwelling we have,
 But yon neat little cottage, that stands in the
 moor.

The lark's éarly song does to labour invite,
 Contented, we just keep the wolf from the
 door:

And Phœbus retiring, trips home with delight,
To our neat little cottage that stands in the
moor.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens the
cheer.

Affection's our inmatè, the guest we adore;
And hearts ease and health make a palace appear,
Of our neat little cottage that stands in the
moor.

GIN A BODY MEET A BODY.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry.

Ilka body has a body,
Ne'er a ane ha'e I;
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
And what the waur am I.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body gloom.
Ilka body &c.

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin' frae the fair,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body stare.
 Ilka body &c.

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin' frae the well,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body tell.

Ilka Jenny has her Jockey,
 Ne'er a ane ha'e I,
 But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
 And what the waur am I.

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter, the charter of our land
 And guardian angels sung this strain;
 Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves,
 For Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so bless'd as thee,
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall;
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great
 and free,

The dread and envy of them all.

Rule Britannia, &c.

These haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe in thy renown.

Rule Britannia, &c.

The muses still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle! with beauty, with matchless beauty
crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule Britannia, &c.

THE WIFE'S FAREWELL.

While I hang on your bosom distracted to lose
you, (flow,
High swells my sad heart and fast my tears
Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you.
Did I ever upbraid you, oh! no my loveno.
I own it would please me at home could you
tarry,
Nor e'er feel a wish from Maria to go,
But if it gives pleasure to you my dear Harry,
Shall I blame your departure? oh no my
love no, [love no.
Shall I blame your departure? oh no my

Now do not deal Hal, while abroad you are
straying,

That heart which is mine on a rival bestow;
Nay banish that frown, such displeasure be-
traying,

Do you think I suspect you? oh no my love no
I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve
me,

Or plant in a heart which adores you
such woe; [me]

Yet should you dishonour my truth and deceive
Should I e'er cease to love you? oh no
my love no.

FINIS.