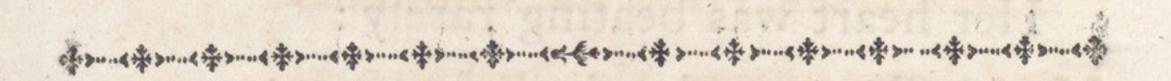
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;

I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleafures e'er I faw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

## CHORUS.

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.

NOW westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns

Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;

And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary Farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at
night,

-

To muse upon my Charmer.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The Plover loves the mountains;
The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The foaring Hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves, the Cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:

Avaunt, away! the cruel fway,

Tyrannic man's dominion;

The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,

The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

## IV.

But PEGGY dear, the evining's clear,
Thick flies the skimming Swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And eviry happy creature.

## and Ven named order

We'll gently walk, and fweetly talk,

Till the filent moon shine clearly;

I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly prest,

Swear how I love thee dearly:

Not vernal show'rs to budding slow'rs,

Not Autumn to the Farmer,

So dear can be, as thou to me,

My fair, my lovely Charmer!