

## The Rigs Of Rye

June Tabor

'Twas in the month of sweet July,  
Before the sun had pierced the sky;  
Down between two rigs of rye  
I heard two lovers talking.

Said he, "Lassie, I must away,  
Along with you I cannot stay,  
But I've a word or two to say  
If you've the time to listen."

"Of your father he takes great care,  
Your mother combs your yellow hair;  
But your sisters say you'll get no share  
If you follow me, a stranger."

"My father may fret and my mother may frown,  
My sisters too I do disown;  
If they were all dead and below the ground  
I would follow you, a stranger."

"Oh lassie, lassie, your portion's small,  
Perhaps it may be none at all.  
You're not a match for me at all  
So go and wed with some other."

The lassie's courage began to fail,  
Her rosy cheeks grew wan and pale;  
And the tears come trickling down like hail,  
Or a heavy shower in the summer.

This lad he being of courage fine,  
He's dried her tears and he's kissed her eyes,  
Saying, "Weep no more lass, you shall be mine,  
I said it all to try you."

This couple they are married now,  
And they have bairnies one and two;  
And they live in Brechin the winter through,  
Aye, and in Montrose in summer.