

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.