

The silver tassie (E)

D

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,

G A

And fill it in a silver tassie;

D

That I may drink before I go,

G A

A service to my bonie lassie.

D

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;

G A

Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry;

D

The ship rides by the Berwick-law,

G A

And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

D

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,

G A

The glittering spears are ranked ready:

D

The shouts o' war are heard afar,

G A

The battle closes deep and bloody;

D

It's not the roar o' sea or shore,

G A

Wad mak me langer wish to tarry!

D

Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar-

G A

It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary