

Robert Burns, The Silver Tassie

The Silver Tassie

{Robert Burns)

Go fetch to me a pint o wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonie lassie:
The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bony Mary.
The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes deep and bloody.
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar-
It's leaving thee, my bony Mary!

tune: The Secret Kiss (242)

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