

## The Military Wives Choir

### "The Silver Tassie"

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The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
The glittering spears are ranked ready,  
The shouts of war are heard afar,  
The battle closes deep and bloody.  
It's not the roar of sea or shore,  
Would make me langer wish to tarry;  
Nor shouts of war that's heard afar  
It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary!

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 bonie Mary.

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The glittering spears are ranked ready,  
The shouts of war are heard afar,  
The battle closes deep and bloody.  
It's not the roar of sea or shore,  
Would make me langer wish to tarry;  
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It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary!

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 bonie Mary.  
And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

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