

My Bonnie Mary

Saltatio Mortis

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 bonnie 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 bonnie Mary.
The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
the glittering spears are ranked
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
the battle closes deep and bloody;
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 bonnie lassie.
It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
wad mak me langer wich to tarry!
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar-
it's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary!
The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
the glittering spears are ranked
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
the battle closes deep and bloody.