

My Bonie Mary (song)

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.

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 mak me langer wish to tarry!
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary!

Robert Burns