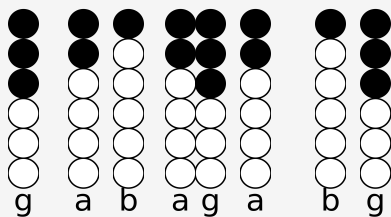


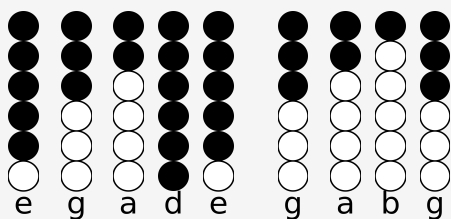
Tin whistle tabs for: Brandy

Categories: Rock

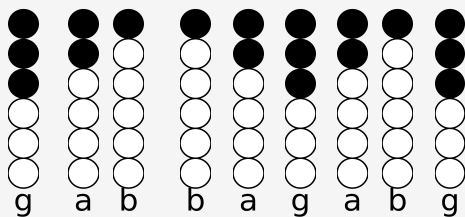
Author/Performer: Looking Glass



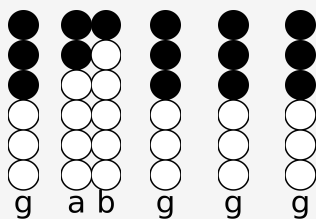
There's a port, on a west - ern bay



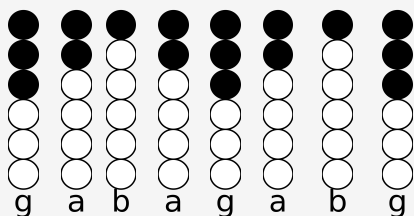
and it serves a hun - dred ships a day,



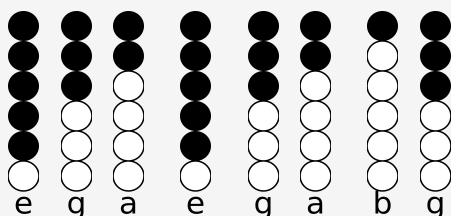
Lone - ly sail - ors, pass the time a - way



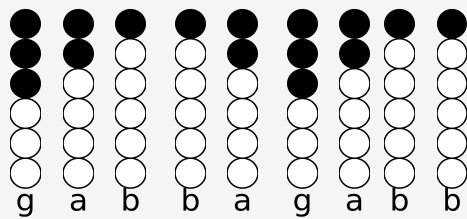
and talk a - bout their homes.



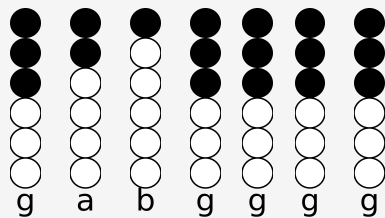
There's a girl, in this har - bour town



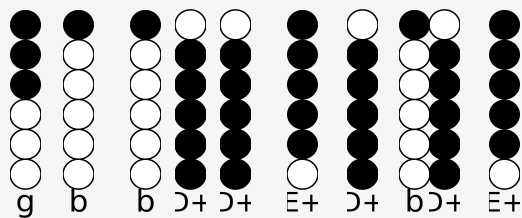
and she works, lay - ing whis - key down,



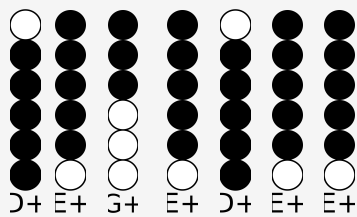
They say "Bran - dy, fetch an - oth-er round",



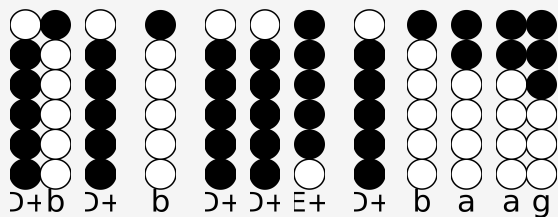
she serves them whis-key and wine



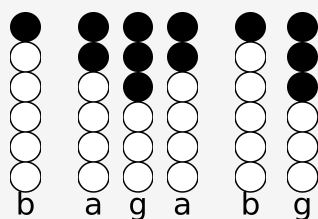
The sail - ors say Bran - dy you're a fine girl,



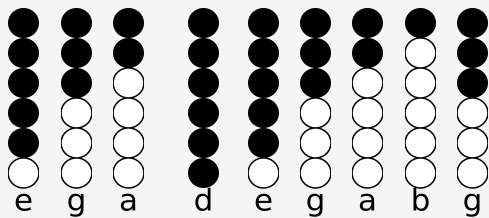
what a good wife you would be



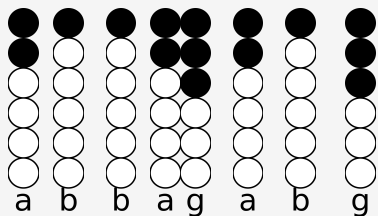
Your eyes could steal a sail - or, from the sea.



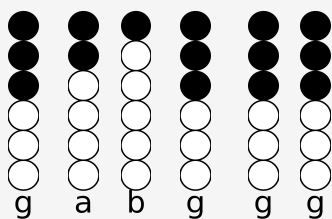
Brandy wears a braid - ed chain,



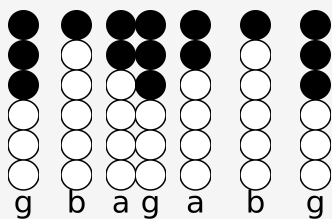
made of finest silver from the north of Spain.



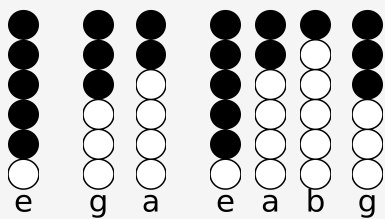
A lock - et, that bears the name,



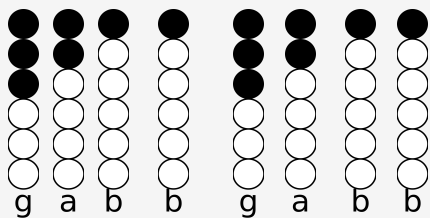
of_the man that Bran - dy loves.



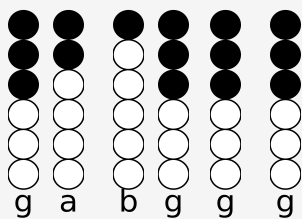
He came, on a sum - mer's day,



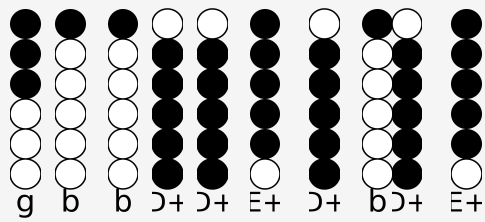
bring - ing gifts, from far a - way.



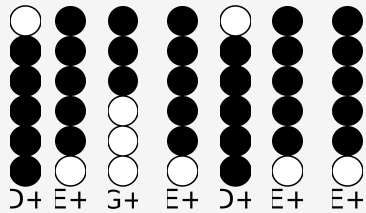
But he made it_clear he could - n't stay,



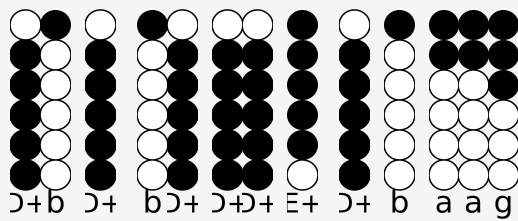
no har - bor was his home.



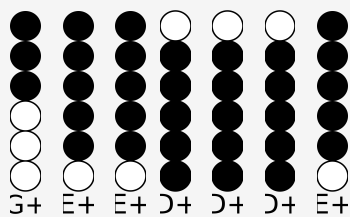
The sail-ors say Bran-dy, you're a fine girl,



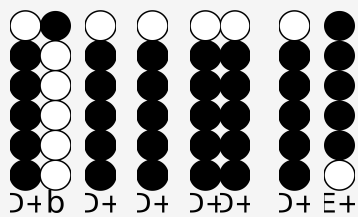
what a good wife you would be,



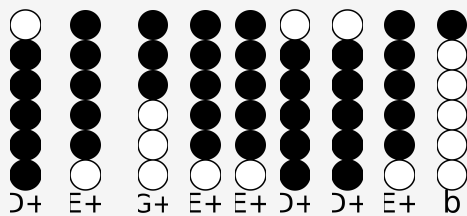
but my life, my lov-er my la - dy, is the sea.



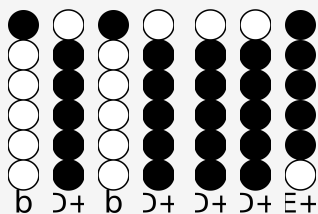
Bran-dy used to watch his eyes



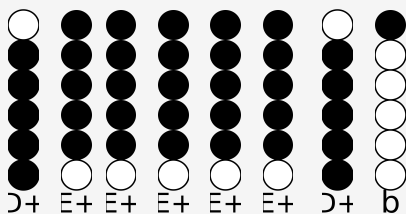
when he told his sail-or's sto-ry,



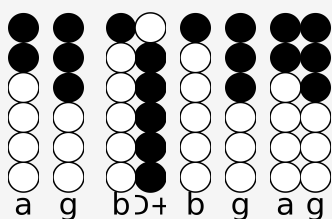
she could feel the o-cean fall and rise,



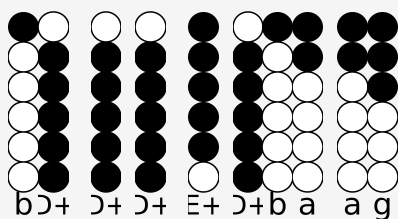
she saw it's rag-ing glo-ry.



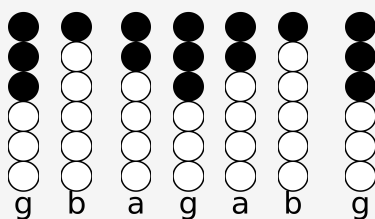
But he had al-ways told the truth,



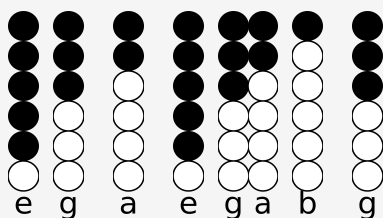
Lord he was an hon-est man;



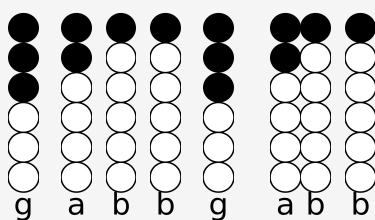
Bran-dy does her best to un-der-stand.



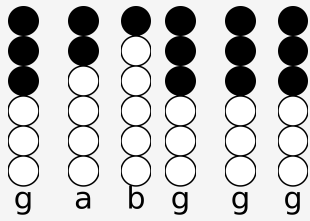
At night when the bars close down,



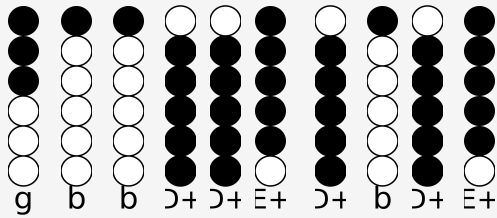
Bran-dy walks thru a si-lent town,



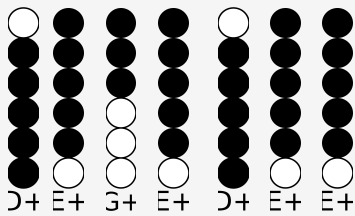
and loves-a man, who's not a-round,



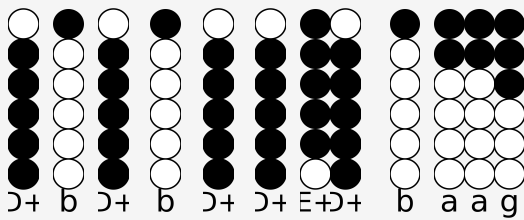
she still can hear him say.



She hears him say Bran-dy, you're a fine girl,



what a good wife you would be.



But my life, my lover, my la dy....is the sea.