

# The Edinburgh Arms

B.L.WAITE

PAUL PAVIOUR

Not too fast, almost declamatory

*f*

It was in the nine-teen fif-ties when I fin-al-ly left school, and

*f* *mf*

5 start-ed life in earn est, and en-joy-ing beer that's cool. Now in those days pubs shut at six, be-ing

8 young we had no qualms. We met in that fine hos-tel ry, the Ed-in-bur-gh Arms. Oh, the *f*

*mf*

11 paint was quiet-ly peel-ing, old coas-ters on the ceil-ing, the saw-dust on the floor adds to it's

14 charms. and there's Nan-cy at the bar, she real-ly was the star for us cheer-ful, thirs-ty toil-ers in the