

## Star o the bar.

I'll sing ye a stave if ye'll gie's yer attention.  
It's nae sang o peety, it's nae tale o woe.  
An nae word o honour nor love will I mention,  
But I'll sing o a lassie I kent long ago.

### CHORUS

Nae better than maist, an nae worse than mony,  
An what drew me tae her's no easy tae say.  
She wis coorse, she wis hertless, an she wisna that bonny,  
But she wis the star o the bar in her day.

I've stravaiged the Royal Mile wi her, drinkin in style wi her,  
An Rose Street fae end tae end often surveyed;  
Focht an swore in the pubs wi her, rolled in the dubs wi her,  
Cadged mony subs fae her, never repayed.

Aw ye chaps wi young lassies - believe me, love suin passes,  
An aw yer bricht dreams are but straes in the win'.  
Better yin whae'll sit doon wi ye, sing a fine tune wi ye,  
Pass the gless roond wi ye, drink herself blin'.