

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Star o' the Bar

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(Davie Robertson)

Oh I'll sing ye's a stave if ye'll gie yer attention  
It's nae sang o' pity it's nae tale o' woe  
And nae word o' honour or love will I mention  
But I'll sing o' a lassie I kent long ago

cho: Nae better than maist, and nae worse as mony

And what drew me tae her 's no easy tae say

She was coorse, she was heartless and she wasnae that bonnie

But she was the star o' the bar in her day

I've stravaiged the Royal Mile wi' her, drinkin' in style wi' her  
And Rose Street frae end tae end often surveyed  
Focht and swore in the pubs wi' her  
Rolled in the dubs wi' her, cadged mony subs frae her never repaid

A' ye chaps wi' young lassies believe me love soon passes  
And a' yer bricht dreams is but straes in the wind  
Better yin whae'll sit doon wi' ye, sing a fine tune wi' ye  
Pass the gless roond wi' ye, drink hersel blind

note: At last, Davie Robertson makes it to Mudcat. Has he recorded his parody of "Up the Norran Water" yet? Probably the funniest song I have ever heard. If anyone knows Jim Reid's original adaptation of the poem and would like to have Davie's parody, I think I can remember the words.

JM

oct00