

# The Star Of Glengary - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE STAR OF GLENGARY.

The red morn is up on the moss-covered mountain.  
The hour is at hand when I promised to rove  
With the turf-cutter's daughter, by Logan's bright water,  
And tell her how truly her Donald can love!  
I ken there's the miller, with plenty o' siller,  
Would fain win a glance from her beautiful e'e-  
She's my ain bonny Mary, the star of Glengary,  
Keeps all her soft smiles and sweet kisses for me-  
She's my ain bonny Mary, the star of Glengary,  
Keeps all her soft smiles and sweet kisses for me.

'Tis long since we trod o'er the highlands together,  
Two frolicsome bairns, gaily starting the deer;  
When I called her my wee wife, my ain bonny wee wife,  
And ne'er was sic joys as when Mary was there;  
For she is a blossom I wear in my bosom,  
A blossom I cherish and wear till I d'e-  
She's my ain bonny Mary, the star of Glengary,  
She is health, she is wealth, and a glide wife to me-  
She's my ain bonny Mary, the star of Glengary,  
She is health, she is wealth, and a gude wife to me.