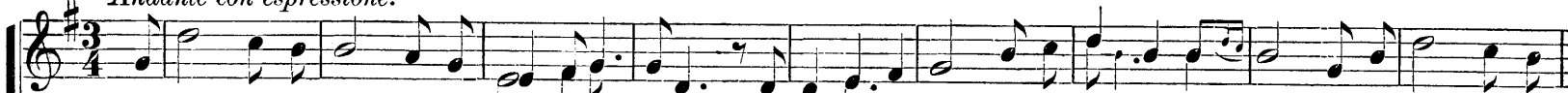


# THE STAR OF GLENGARY.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

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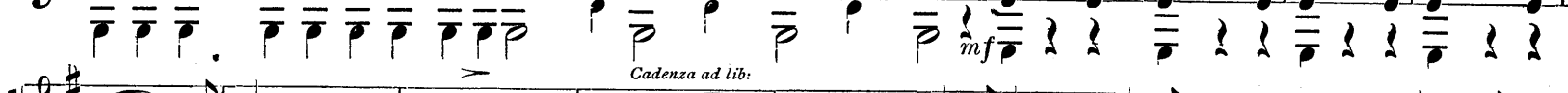
*Andante con espressione.*



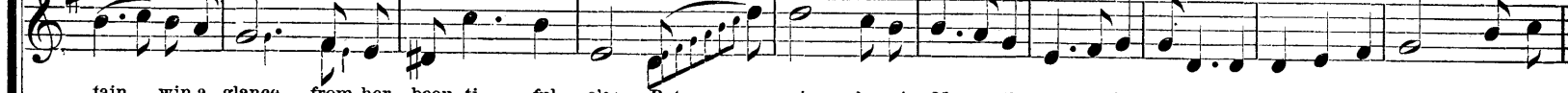
1. The red moon is up o'er the moss cover'd mountain; The hour is at hand when I promis'd to rove With the turf-cut-ter's  
2. 'Tis lang sin' we first trod the High-lands to-gith-er, Twa frolic-some bairns, gai-ly start-ing the deer; When I ca'd her my



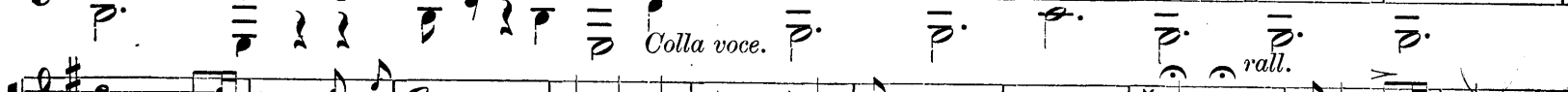
daugh-ter, by Logans bright wa-ter, And tell her how tru-ly her Do-nald can love! I ken, there's the mil-ler, wi' plen-ty o' sil-ler, Would  
life! my ain, bonnie, wee wife! And ne'er knew sic joy as when Ma-ry was near; And still she's the blossom I wear in my bo-som, A



*Cadenza ad lib.*

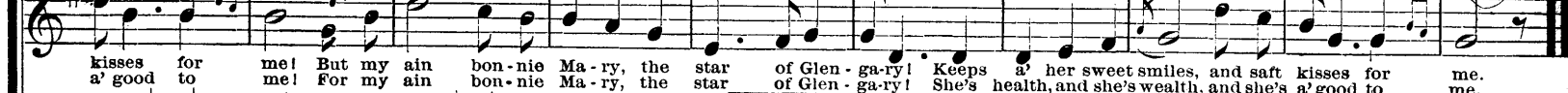


fain win a glance from her beau-ti-ful e'e; But . . . my ain bonnie Ma-ry, the star of Glen-ga-ry! Keeps a' her sweet smiles, and saft  
blos-som I'll cher-ish, and wear till I dee! For . . . my ain bonnie Ma-ry, the star of Glen-ga-ry! She's health, and she's wealth, and she's

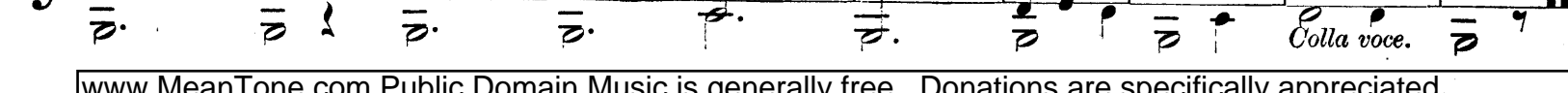


*Colla voce.*

*rall.*



kisses for me! But my ain bon-nie Ma-ry, the star of Glen-ga-ry! Keeps a' her sweet smiles, and saft kisses for me.  
a' good to me! For my ain bon-nie Ma-ry, the star of Glen-ga-ry! She's health, and she's wealth, and she's a' good to me.



*Colla voce.*