

# Mary Of Argyle

[John McDermott](#)

I have heard the Mavis singing  
His love song to the moon  
I have seen the dewdrop clinging  
To the rose just nearly bornBut a sweeter song has cheer'd me  
At the evening's gentle close  
And I've seen an eye still brighter  
Than the dewdrop on the rose'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary  
And thine artless winning smile  
That made this world an Eden  
Bonnie Mary of ArgyleTho' thy voice may lose its sweetness  
Thine eye it's brightness too  
Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness  
And thy hair it's sunny hueStill to me wilt thou be dearer  
Than all the world shall own  
I have loved thee for thy beauty  
But not for that aloneI have watched thy heart, dear Mary  
And its goodness was the wile  
That has made thee mine forever  
Bonnie Mary of Argyle

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