

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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