

Mary of Argyle

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S. NELSON

Allegretto

p

1. I have heard the ma-vis sing-ing His love song to the morn; I have
 2. Though thy voice may lose its sweetness, And thine eye its bright-ness too; Though thy

seen the dew-drop cling-ing To the rose just new-ly born: But a
 step may lack its fleet-ness, And thy hair its sun-ny hue: Still to

cresc. *dim.* *cresc.*

sweeter song has cheer'd At the evening's gentle close; And I've seen an eye still brighter Than the
 me wilt thou be dear-er Than the World shall own. I have loved thee for thy beauty, But

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dew-drop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gen-tle Ma-ry, And thine
 not for that a-lone; I have watch'd thy heart, dear Ma-ry, And its

cresc. *dim.*

art-less winning smile, That made this world an E-den, Bon-ny Ma-ry of Ar-gyle.
 goodness was the wile That has made thee mine for-ev-er, Bon-ny Ma-ry of Ar-gyle.