

John McDermott, Mary Of Argyle

I have heard the Mavis singing
his love song to the moon
I have seen the dewdrop clinging
to the rose just nearly born
But 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 Argyle
Tho' 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 hue
Still to me wilt thou be dearer
than all the world shall own
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
but not for that alone
I have watched thy heart, dear Mary
and its goodness was the wile
That has made thee mine forever,
Bonnie Mary of Argyle