

Robert Burns, My Peggys Face

My Peggy's Face

(Robert Burns)

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form
The frost of hermit age might warm.
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind
Might charm the first of human kind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art:
But I adore my Peggy's heart.
The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye-
Who but owns their magic sway ?
Who but knows they all decay ?
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms-
These are all immortal charms.

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