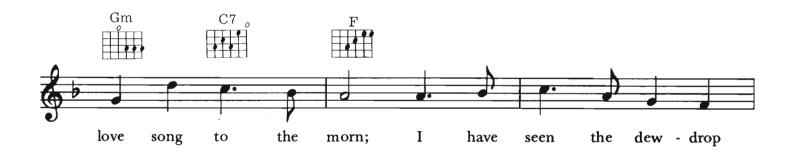
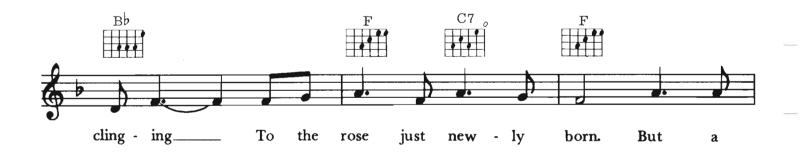
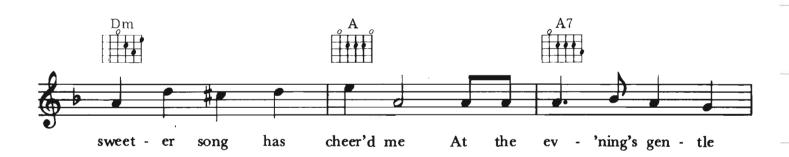
BONNY MARY OF ARGYLE

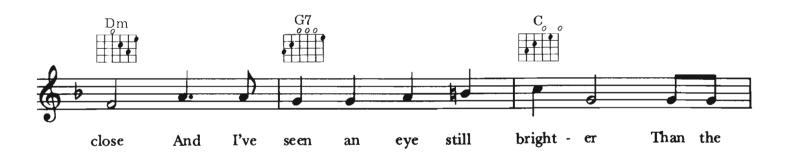
Traditional

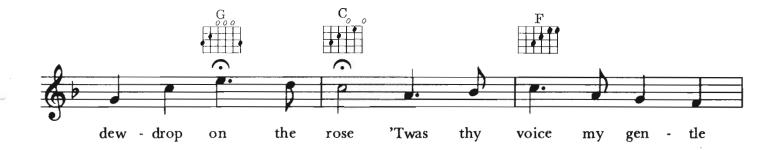


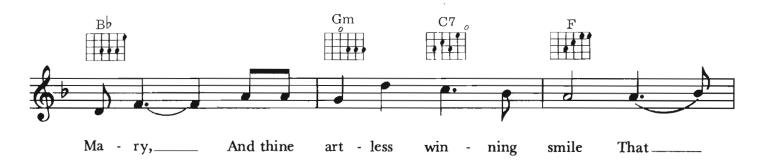


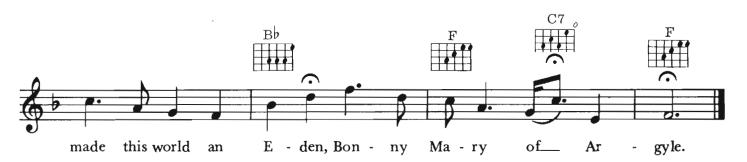












2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness And thine eye its brightness too, Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness, And thy hair its sunny hue, Still to me wilt thou be dearer, Than all the world shall own. I have loved thee for thy beauty But not for that alone. I have sought thy heart, dear Mary, And its goodness was the wile That has made thee mine forever Bonny Mary of Argyle.