

# BONNY MARY OF ARGYLE

Traditional

Slowly



I have heard the ma - vis sing - ing — His

Gm



C7



F



love song to the morn; I have seen the dew - drop

Bb



F



C7



F



cling - ing — To the rose just new - ly born. But a

Dm



A



A7



sweet - er song has cheer'd me At the ev - 'ning's gen - tle

Dm



G7



C



close And I've seen an eye still bright - er Than the

G C F

dew - drop on the rose 'Twas thy voice my gen - tle

Bb Gm C7 F

Ma - ry, \_\_\_\_\_ And thine art - less win - ning smile That \_\_\_\_\_

Bb F C7 F

made this world an E - den, Bon - ny Ma - ry of \_\_\_\_\_ Ar - gyle.

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.