Bonnie Mary of Argyle

Traditional

I have heard the ma-viso
tance may lose it's

F F7 Bb Bdim F C13 F C7 A7

sing-ing his love song to the morn; I have
sweet-ness and thine eye it's bright-ness too; Tho' thy

Dm Gdim Dm A

seen the dew-drop cling-ing to the rose just new-ly born. But a
step may lack it's fleet-ness and thy hair it's sun-ny hue. Still to

Dm G7 C Am7 C G13

sweet-er song has cheered me at the ev'n-ing's gen-tle
me wilt thou be dear-er than all the world shall

close; And I've seen an eye still bright-er than the dew-drop on the
own; I have loved thee for thy beau-ty but not for that a-

C Fdim C7 F A7 A7+ Bb F

trow; 'twas thy voice, my gen-tle Ma-ry, and thine
lone; I have watched thy heart, dear Ma-ry, and it's

Bb C7 F C7 F F7 Bb Bdim

art-less win-ning smile That made this world an E-den, Bon-nie
good-ness was the wile, That has made thee mine for ev-er, Bon-nie
Mary of Argyll.
2. Thou thy gyle