

My Peggy's Face

scotland

$\text{♩} = 64$

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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.