

Peggy Malone - song lyrics

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PEGGY MALONE.

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Written by R. W. Gyle. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

In a neatly thatched cottage on Erin's green shore
There lives a sweet maiden, the one I adore;
Her face is her fortune, and scores I could name
Would give all their wealth to inherit the same;
Her soul is as pure as her face is sublime,
And lots of fine offers she's had in her time,
But in my fond heart she has set up her throne.
And queen of my heart is my Peggy Malone,
And queen of my heart is my Peggy Malone.

Chorus.

Peggy Malone, Peggy Malone,
Her face, sure, a princess might envy to own;
The brightest bright colleen that I've ever known
Is my own sweet Peggy, my Peggy Malone.

Her voice is an angel's, so sweet is its tone;
And often she sings to me when we're alone;
Her lips are so tempting, no saint could resist
When nature provides such sweet spots to be kissed;
Her eyes are resplendent, like diamonds they shine;
In truth, she's perfection, this darling of mine;
The fairest of flowers that Erin has grown
Is my own sweet Peggy, my Peggy Malone,
Is my own sweet Peggy, my Peggy Malone.-Chorus.

Her beauty's so famed her throughout Erin's Isle
That tourists oft ramble for many a mile
To catch a brief glimpse of a colleen so grand
That's turned crazy most of the squires in the land;
I've heard many wishing that I were but them,
To be the possessor of such a bright gem;
I'll whisper a secret, but don't make it known,
To-day I got married to Peggy Malone,
To-day I got married to Peggy Malone.- Chorus.