

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form
My Peggy's Charms
Melody - "Tha a' chailleach ir mo dheigh"
Robert Burns, 1787

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.

2. 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.

3. 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!

4. The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms
These are all Immortal charms.