

Gathering The Myrtle With Mary - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Gathering the Myrtle with Mary.
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"Wealth may make happy the miser,
Title the queen and the king
Princes and dukes may rave about fame,
Of what it will do and bring.
Had I but freedom and Mary,
Mary, whose heart I know,
I would have wealth, title and fame,
Mary of sweet Dunloe.
There "in the valley. Mary, my darling.
Dwells with the Mowers and myrtle so green;
The birds they all know her, in carol adore her.
They seem to sing sweeter when Mary is seen.

Chorus.
Gathering the myrtle with Mary,
Mary, whose heart I know;
Mary, my own, Mary, my queen,
Mary of sweet Dunloe.

Should you make friends with Killarney,
You're sure to meet sweet Dunloe,
With her mountains and vales, her colleens so fair.
Whose voices are sweet And low;
There you will meet my Mary,
The pride of the glen is she,
Whose voice, like a bird, entrances when heard,
Mary, I sing to thee.
Oh! may thy life be all that thine youth is.
Free of the faithless, alone with the true;
Oh! who would not love thee, yes, love thee as I do?
Ah! death would be bliss wer't to die, love, for you. - Chorus.