

7. Fair Young Mary (Mairi Bhan Og)

Words by A. C. MacLeod

Scottish Air
Old Highland Melody

Rather slow and tenderly

Voice

Piano

mf

4

p

1. Ma - ry my fair, my ain o' ly Ma - rie, My win - some my bon - nie wee
2. Time sall na touch thee, nor trou - ble near th', Thou maun - na grow old like the

p

7

cresc.

And Let the world gang and a' the lave wi' it, Gin
gin ye gang Ma - ry, the way o' the wea - ry, I'll

cresc.

10 rit. *f*

ye are but left by my side. The lark to its nest, the
 fol - low thee soon to the grave. A glance o' thy e'en wad

13 *dim.* *p*

stream to its o - cean, The star to its home in the west And
 ba - nish a' sor - row, A smile, and fare - weel a' a' strif For

16 *cresc.* rit.

I to my Ma - ry and I to my dar - ling, And I to the ane I lo'e
 peace is be - side thee, joy is a - round thee, And love is the light o' thy

9 best. _____
 life. _____

D.C.