

## Aggie, thy charms (C)

C            G            C  
Aggie, thy charms my bosom fire,

C                    F            G  
And waste my soul with care;

C                    G            C  
But ah! how bootless to admire,

C                    G    C  
When fated to despair!

          F                            C  
Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,

C                            F  
To hope may be forgiven;

C                    G            C  
For sure 'twere impious to despair

C                    G            C  
So much in sight of heaven