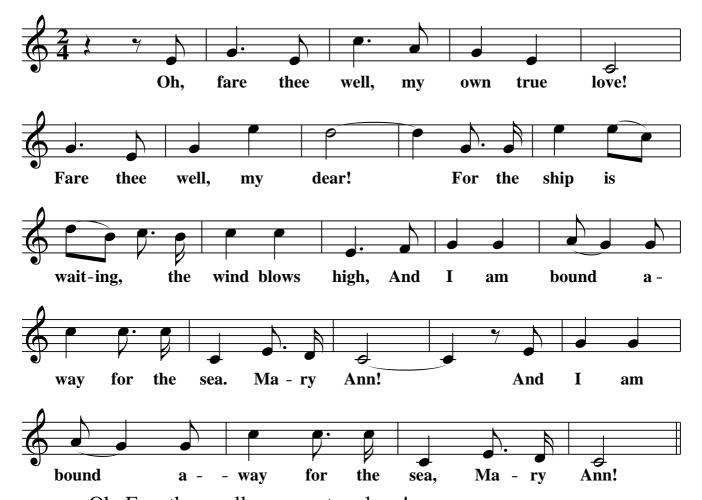
Mary Ann



Oh, Fare thee well my own true love!
Fare thee well, my dear!
For the ship is waiting, the wind blows high,
And I am bound away for the sea, Mary Ann!
And I am bound away for the sea, Mary Ann!

Oh, yonder don't you see the dove Sitting on the stile? She's mourning the loss of her own true love, As I do now for you, my sweetheart, Mary Ann! As I do now for you, my sweetheart, Mary Ann!

A lobster boiling in the pot, A blue fish in the brook, They are suffering long, but it's nothing like The ache I bear for you, my sweetheart, Mary Ann! The ache I bear for you, my sweetheart, Mary Ann! Oh, had I but a flask of gin,
Sugar here for two,
And a great big bowl to mix it in,
I'd pour a drink for you, my sweetheart, Mary Ann!
I'd pour a drink for you, my sweetheart, Mary Ann!