

Mary Ann

Oh, fare thee well, my own true love!

Fare thee well, my dear! For the ship is

wait-ing, the wind blows high, And I am bound a -

way for the sea. Ma - ry Ann! And I am

bound a - - way for the sea, Ma - ry 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!