

Pretty Mary traditional

D *D* *G* *D*
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,
D *D* *G* *D*
So fare thee well darling, I'm going away.

Pretty Mary, Pretty Mary, would you think me unkind
If I were to see you and tell you my mind?

Your parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor,
They say I'm not worthy to enter your door.

My parents don't like you, But why do you care
You know I'm your Polly, you know I'm your dear

Go saddle your horses, we'll be on our way
We'll drive on a little farther, an' feed on our way

So fare-you-well Mother, I'll leave you behind
I'll do as I promised that Johnny of mine

We'll pack our belongings, an' drive till we come
To some little cabin. we'll call it our home

Go saddle me my pony my pretty little babe
I'll ride out tomorrow but I'm coming back someday

It's true I've no silver, It's true I've no gold
It's true that I love you and now you've been told

As sure as the dew drops fall on the green grass,
Last night I was with her, tonight I am gone.

My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,
So fare thee well darling, I'm going away.