

Pretty Mary

Peter & Gordon

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

Your parents don't like me
They say I'm too poor
They say I'm unworthy
To enter your door

Pretty Mary, pretty Mary
Would you think me unkind?
If I were to see you
And tell you my mind?

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

As sure as the dewdrops
Fall on that green corn
Tonight I'll be with you
Tomorrow I'm gone

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

So fare thee well darling
I'm going away