

My Mary Anne

M. TYRE

Moderato

1. Fare-you-well, my own Ma-ry Anne, Fare-you-well a-while, For the
 2. Don't you see that tur-tle dove, Sit-ting on yon pine, La-
 3. A lob-ster in a lob-ster pot, A blue fish wrig-gling on a hook, May
 4. The pride of all the pro-duce rare, That in the kit-chen gar-den grow'd, Was

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ship it is read-y, And the wind it is fair, And I am bound for the
 ment-ing the loss of its own true love? And so am I for
 suf-fer some, but oh, no, not What I do feel for
 pump-kins, but none could com-pare, In an-gel form to

sea, Ma-ry Anne, I am bound for the sea. . .
 mine, Ma-ry Anne, So am I for mine. . .
 my Ma-ry Anne! What I feel for Ma-ry Anne. . .
 my Ma-ry Anne! Could compare with Ma-ry Anne. . .

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