

## 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

*p*

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. . .

*mf*