

# Mary Ann

## Bob Dylan

Oh, fare thee well, my own true love  
Fare thee well but for a while  
The ship is waiting and the wind blows high  
And I am bound away for the sea, Mary Ann  
Ten thousand miles away from home  
Ten thousand miles or more  
The sea may freeze and the earth may burn  
If I never no more return to you, Mary Ann  
Oh, don't you see that crow fly high?  
She'll surely turn to white  
If ever I prove false to you  
Let the day turn to night, my dear, Mary Ann  
If I had a flask of gin and sugar here for two  
And a great big bowl for two to mix it in  
I'd pour a drink for you, my dear, Mary Ann  
Yes, I'd pour a drink for you, my dear, Mary Ann

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