

# Pretty Mary

## PETER, Paul & Mary

My horses ain't hungry  
They won't eat your hay  
So fare thee well, darlin'  
I'm goin' away Your parents don't like me  
They say I'm too poor  
They say I'm not worthy  
To enter your door Pretty Mary, Pretty Mary  
Would you think me unkind  
If I were to see you  
And tell you my mind? As sure as the dew drops  
Fall on the green corn  
Last night, I was with her  
Tonight, I am gone

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