Pretty Mary

Peter, Paul & Mary

My horses ain't hungry
They won't eat your hay
So fare thee well, darlin'
I'm goin' awayYour parents don't like me
They say I'm too poor
They say I'm not worthy
To enter your doorPretty 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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