

# Bob Dylan, Mary Ann

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 nomore return to you, Mary Ann.

Oh, don't you see that crow fly high, she'll surely turn to white  
If never 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.