

Peter, Paul & Mary, Pretty 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.

My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,
So fare thee well darlin' I'm goin' away.