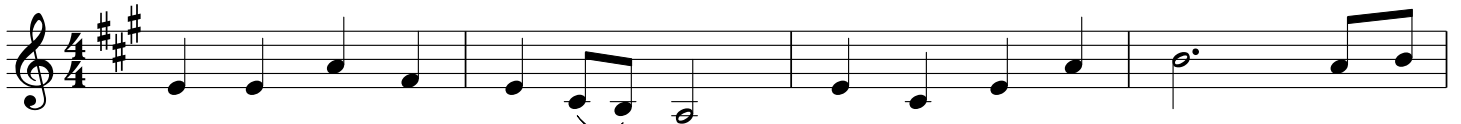
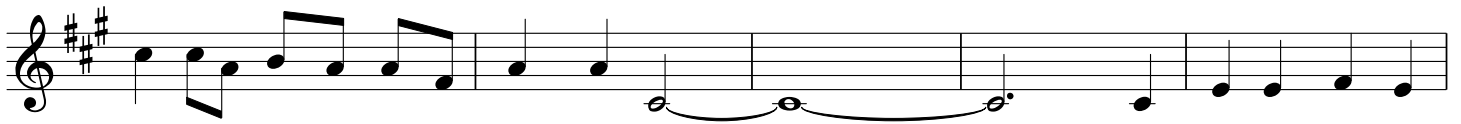


Mary Anne

Traditional



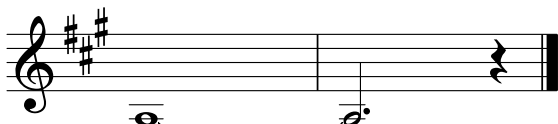
Fare thee well, my own true love. Fare thee well, my dear. For the



ship is a-wait-ing and the wind blows high And I am bound a-



- way to the sea, Mar-y Anne. And I am bound a - way to the sea, Mar-y



Anne.