

1 G C G

Good-bye Ma-ry I must go, Said the lad, now don't weep so,

9 D7 G

For sad du - ty calls me far a - cross the sea. Take this aut-umn

17 C G

leaf of gold, said the lad, 'Twill ne'er grow old. Al-ways keep it

25 D7 G

near your heart and think of me. I'll be there, Ma - ry dear,

33 C G D7

I'll be there When the fragrance of the ros - es fills the air.

41 G C G

'Neath the oak tree grand and tall When the leaves be - gin to fall,

49 D7 G

I'll be there I'll be there sweet Ma - ry dear.