TAKE A MESSAGE TO MARY
4/4
-Felice and Boudreaux Bryant

These are the words of a frontier lad, who lost his love when he turned bad

Take a message to Mary, but don’t tell her where I am
Take a message to Mary, but don’t tell her what I’ve done
Take a message to Mary, but don’t tell her all you know

Take a message to Mary, but don’t say I’m in a jam
Please don’t mention the stagecoach, and the shot from a careless gun
My heart’s aching for Mary, Lord knows, I miss her so

You can tell her I had to see the world, or tell her that my ship set sail
You can tell her I had to change my plans, and cancel out the wedding day
Just tell her I went to Timbuktu, tell her I’m searching for gold

You can say she’d better not wait for me, but don’t tell her I’m in jail
But please don’t mention my lonely cell, where I’m gonna pine away
You can say she’d better find someone new to cherish and to hold

1. Oh, don’t tell her I’m in jail. (2nd verse)
2. Un-till my dying day (3rd verse)

2. Oh, Lord, this cell is cold. Mary, Mary, oh, Lord, this cell is cold.
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C                                          Em                          Dm7                          G7
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C                                G7                              C
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Take a message to Mary, but don’t tell her what I’ve done
Take a message to Mary, but don’t tell her all you know

C                     G7                          C
Take a message to Mary,
but don’t say I’m in a jam
Please don’t mention the stagecoach, and the shot from a careless gun
My heart’s aching for Mary, Lord knows, I miss her so

Am                                  Em                              Am                        D7                          G7
You can tell her I had to see the world, or tell her that my ship set sail
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C                                Em                                F                                C                                Am                        G Am
You can say she’d better not wait for me, but don’t tell her I’m in jail
But please don’t mention my lonely cell, where I’m gonna pine a-way
You can say she’d better find someone new to cherish and to hold

C                                G7                                C
Oh, don’t tell her I’m in jail.
Un-til my dying day
Oh, Lord, this cell is cold.

C                          Am                          C                          G7                          C
Mary, Mary, oh, Lord, this cell is cold.