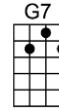
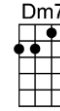
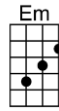
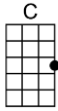


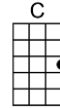
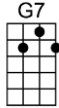
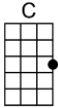
TAKE A MESSAGE TO MARY

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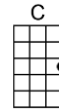
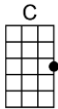
-Felice and Boudreaux Bryant



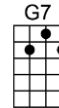
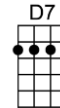
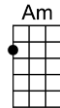
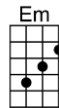
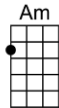
These are the words of a frontier lad, who lost his love when he turned bad



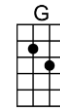
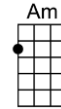
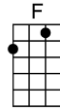
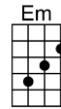
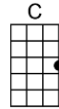
Take a message to Mary, but don't tell her where I am
 Take a message to Mary, but don't tell her what I've done
 Take a message to Mary, but don't tell her all you know



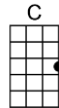
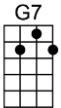
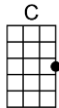
Take a message to Mary, but don't say I'm in a jam
 Please don't mention the stagecoach, and the shot from a careless gun
 My heart's aching for Mary, Lord knows, I miss her so



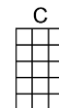
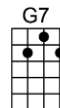
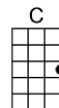
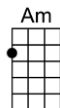
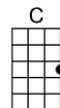
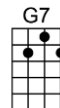
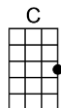
You can tell her I had to see the world, or tell her that my ship set sail
 You can tell her I had to change my plans, and cancel out the wedding day
 Just tell her I went to Timbuktu, tell her I'm searching for gold



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 a - way
 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-til my dying day (3rd verse)



2. Oh, Lord, this cell is cold. Mary, Mary, oh, Lord, this cell is cold.

TAKE A MESSAGE TO MARY

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-Felice and Boudreaux Bryant

C Em Dm7 G7
These are the words of a frontier lad, who lost his love when he turned bad

C G7 C
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

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
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

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