

Devilish Mary

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*Traditional - Old Time
Arrangement by Jay Buckey*

1 **D** **Bm** **D**

I once went in - to town to see a fair young la - dy, and when I inquired a -

Musical notation for measures 1-5, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), a 4/4 time signature, and a guitar chord diagram below the staff.

6 **A** **D**

bout her name they called her 'Devil - ish Mar - y. Well,

Musical notation for measures 6-9, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), a 4/4 time signature, and a guitar chord diagram below the staff.

10 **D** **Bm**

me and Mary be - gan to spark and she got in a hur - ry, we

Musical notation for measures 10-13, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), a 4/4 time signature, and a guitar chord diagram below the staff.

14 **D** **A** **D**

fixed it up that ver - y night we'd marry the very next Thurs - day.

Musical notation for measures 14-17, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), a 4/4 time signature, and a guitar chord diagram below the staff.

18

D

Come a fa la ling come a ling come a ling come a fa la ling come a

22

Bm

D

dair - y come a fa la ling come a ling come a ling oh,

25

A

D

that's my Dev - il - ish Mar - y.

Devilish Mary

I once went into town to
See a fair young lady,
When I inquired about her name they,
Called her 'Devilish Mary'.

Well, me and Mary began to spark and
She got in a hurry.
We fixed it up that very night,
We'd marry the very next Thursday

Chorus:

*Come a fa la ling come a ling come a ling
Come a fa la ling come a dairy,
Come a fa la ling come a ling come a ling
That's my Devilish Mary.*

She washed my clothes in old soap suds
She filled my bath with switches
She let me know right from the start that
She's gonna wear my britches

We hadn't been married 'bout two weeks
And she got as mean as the Devil
And every time I said a word she'd
Hit me with a shovel.

(Chorus)

It wasn't long 'for I told her
I think we best be parted
And when she heard those very words well,
Out that door she started.

So if I ever marry again,
It'll be for love not riches
I'll marry a little gal about two feet tall so
She won't wear my britches.

(Chorus)