Farewell, Farewell

Fairport Convention

Farewell, farewell to you, who would hear
You lonely travelers all
The cold north wind will blow again
The winding road does callAnd will you never return to see
Your bruised and beaten sons?
Oh, I would, I would, if welcome I were
For they love me, every oneAnd will you never cut the cloth
Or drink the light to be?
And can you never swear a year
To anyone of we?No, I will never cut the cloth
Or drink the light to be
But I'll swear a year to one who lies
Asleep along side of meFarewell, farewell to you, who would hear
You lonely travelers all
The cold north wind will blow again
The winding road does call

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