

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 call And 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 one And 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 me Farewell, 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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