

The Last Farewell

Brier

There's a ship lies rigged and ready in the harbor
Tomorrow for Old England she sails
Far away from your land of endless sunshine
To my land full of rainy skies and gales And I shall be aboard that ship tomorrow
Though my heart is full of tears at this farewell For you are beautiful, I have loved you dearly
More dearly than the spoken word can tell
For you are beautiful, I have loved you dearly
More dearly than the spoken word can tell I've heard there's a wicked war a-blazing
And the taste of war I know so very well
Even now I see that foreign flag a-raising
Their guns on fire as we sail into Hell I have no fear of death, it brings no sorrow
But how bitter will be this last farewell For you are beautiful, I have loved you dearly
More dearly than the spoken word can tell
For you are beautiful, I have loved you dearly
More dearly than the spoken word can tell Though death and darkness gather all about me
And my ship be torn apart upon the seas
I shall smell again the fragrance of these islands
And the heaving waves that brought me once to thee And should I return safe home again to England
I shall watch the English mist roll through the Dale For you are beautiful, I have loved you dearly
More dearly than the spoken word can tell
For you are beautiful, I have loved you dearly
More dearly than the spoken word can tell

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