

Farewell Farewell

Mary Black

Farewell, farewell to you who would hear
You lonely travelers all
The cold north winds 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 loathe me every one.

And will you never cut the cloth
Nor drink the light to be
And can you never swear a year
To anyone but he.

No I will never cut the cloth
Nor drink the light to be
But I'll swear a year to he who lies
Asleep alongside of me.

Farewell, farewell to you who would hear
You lonely travelers all
The cold north winds will blow again
The winding road does call.