

Farewell Farewell

Richard Thompson

Farewell, farewell to you who'd 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 loathe 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 but 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

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