

# The Last Farewell

Roger Whittaker

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, and I have loved you dearly  
More dearly than the spoken word can tell  
For you are beautiful, and 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 the 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

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More dearly than the spoken word can tell  
For you are beautiful, and I have loved you dearly  
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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 home safe again to England  
I shall watch the English mist roll through the dale

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