FAREWELL

4/4  1234  12 (without intro)

Intro:

Oh it's fare thee well, my darlin' true, I'm leavin' the first hour of the morn.

I'm bound off for the bay of Mexi-co, or maybe the coast of Cali-forn.

So it's fare thee well, my own true love, we'll meet another day, another time.

It's not the leav - in' that's grievin' me, but my true love who's bound to stay be-hind.

Oh the weather is a-gainst me and the wind blows hard, the rain she's turnin' into hail.

I still might strike it lucky on a highway goin' west, though I'm travelin' a lone-some trail.

Refrain   (So it's fare thee well ....)
p.2. Farewell

I'll tell you of the laughter and the troubles, be they someone else's or my own.

With my hands in my pockets and my coat collar high, I'll travel, un-noticed and un-known.

So it's fare thee well, my own true love, we'll meet another day, another time.

It's not the leaving that's grievin' me, but my true love who's bound to stay behind.

Yes, my true love who's bound to stay behind.
FAREWELL
4/4  1234  12 (without intro)

Intro:  G    Gsus    G    Gsus

G    G7    C    G    Em    Am7    D7
Oh it's fare thee well, my darlin' true, I'm leavin' the first hour of the morn.

G    G7    C    G    Am7    D7    G
I'm bound off for the bay of Mexi-co, or maybe the coast of Cali-forn.

Am7    D7    C    G    Em    Am7    D7
So it's fare thee well, my own true love, we'll meet another day, another time.

G    G7    C    G    Am7    D7    G    Gsus    G    Gsus
It's not the leav-in' that's grievin' me, but my true love who's bound to stay be-hind.

G    G7    C    G    Em    Am7    D7    G
Oh the weather is against me and the wind blows hard, the rain she's turnin' into hail.

G    G7    C    G    Am7    D7    G
I still might strike it lucky on a highway goin' west, though I'm travelin' a lone-some trail.

Refrain  (So it's fare thee well ....)

G    G7    C    G    Em    Am7    D7
I'll tell you of the laughter and the trou-bles, be they someone else's or my own.

G    G7    C    G    Am7    D7    G
With my hands in my pockets and my coat collar high, I'll travel, un-noticed and un-known.

Am7    D7    Am7    D7    G    Em    Am7    D7
So it's fare thee well, my own true love, we'll meet another day, another time.

G    G7    C    G    Am7    D7    G
It's not the leav-in' that's grievin' me, but my true love who's bound to stay be-hind.

Am7    D7    G    Dsus    G
Yes, my true love who's bound to stay be-hind.