FAREWELL (BAR)

4/4 1234 12 (without intro)

Intro:

G Gsus G Gsus

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

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 Am7 D7 G

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

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.

G7 C G Am7 D7 G

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

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 ....)
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 leav-in' that's grievin' me, but my true love who's bound to stay be-hind.

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