

# Fairport Convention, Farewell, Farewell

Farewell, farewell to you who would hear  
You lonely travellers 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 any one of 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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