

Sandy Denny, Farewell, Farewell

Farewell, farewell to you who'd hear
You lonely travellers all.
The cold North winds will blow again
The winding road does call.

And you will never return to see your
Bruised and beaten sons?
Oh, I would, I would if welcome I were
For they loathe me ev'ryone.

And will you never cut the cloth
Or drink the light to be?
And can you never swear a year
To anyone but me?

No I will never cut the cloth
Or drink the light to be,
But I'll swear a year to one who lies
Asleep alongside of me.

(repeat first verse)