

# Farewell Farewell

Richard Thompson

Farewell, farewell to you who'd hear  
You lonely travelers 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 anyone but 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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