

THE LAST FAREWELL-Roger Whittaker/ Ron A. Webster

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | D | Am7 | D | Am7 | D | ♯ |

D **A** **D** **G**
There's a ship, lies rigged and ready in the harbor. Tomorrow for old England she sails
Em **A**
Far away from your land of endless sunshine, to my land full of rainy skies and gales
D **A** **D** **G F#m Em**
And I shall be a-board that ship to-morrow, though my heart is full of tears at this fare-well

A **F#m Bm** **Em** **A**
For you are beauti-ful, and I have loved you dearly,
Em **A** **D Bm Em**
More dearly than the spoken word can tell
A **F#m Bm** **Em** **A**
For you are beauti-ful, and I have loved you dearly,
Em **A** **D Am7 D Am7 D**
More dearly than the spoken word can tell

D **A** **D** **G**
I heard there's a wicked war a-blazing, and the taste of war I know so very well
Em **A**
Even now I see the foreign flag a-raising, their guns on fire as we sail into hell
D **A** **D** **G F#m Em**
I have no fear of death, it brings no sorrow, but how bitter will be this last fare-well

A **F#m Bm** **Em** **A**
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D **A** **D** **G**
Though death and darkness gather all a-bout me, and my ship be torn apart upon the sea
Em **A**
I shall smell again the fragrance of these islands, in the heaving waves that brought me once to thee
D **A** **D** **G F#m Em**
And should I return home safe again to England,
I shall watch the English mist roll through the dell

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