

Judy Collins "Farewell"

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Oh, fare thee well, my darling true
I'm leavin', the first hour of morn'
I'm bound off for the Bay of Mexico
Or maybe the Coast of Californ'

So, fare thee well, my own true love
We'll meet another day, another time
It's not the leavin' that's grieving me
But my true love, who's bound to stay behind

The weather is against me and the wind blows hard
The rain is turnin' into hail
I still might strike it lucky on a highway goin' west
Though I'm travelin on a lonesome trail

So, fare thee well, my own true love
We'll meet another day, another time
It's not the leavin' that's grieving me
But my true love, who's bound to stay behind

I'll tell you of the laughter and the troubles
Either somebody else's or my own
With my hands in my pockets and my coat collar high
I'll travel unnoticed and unknown

So, fare thee well, my own true love
We'll meet another day, another time
It's not the leavin' that's grieving me
But my true love, who's bound to stay behind

I've heard, tell of a town, where I might as well be
bound
Down around the Mexican plains
They say that the people all are friendly there
All they ask of you is your name

So, fare the well, my own true love
We'll meet another day, another time
It's not the leavin' that's grieving me
But my true love, who's bound to stay behind

