

## **The Woods Band**

### **"Terence's Farewell"**

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So my Kathleen you're going to leave me,  
All alone by myself in this place.  
But I'm sure that you'll never deceive me,  
Oh no, if there's truth in that face.  
Tho' Englands a beautiful country,  
Full of elegant boys on one hand.  
You'd never forget your poor Terrance,  
You'll come back to old Ireland again. 2. It's folly to  
keep you from going,  
Though faith, tis a mighty hard case.  
For Kathleen you know there's no knowing,  
Wwhen next I may see your sweet face.  
And when you come back to me Kathleen,  
None the better shall I be off then.  
You'll be speaking such beautiful English,  
Oh, I won't know my Kathleen again.  
3. Oh now, where's the need of this hurry?  
Don't fluster me so in this way!  
I forgot twixt my grief and the flurry,  
Every word I was meaning to say.  
Just wait now a minute I beg you.  
Can I talk if you bother me so?  
Oh Kathleen my blessing go with you,  
Every inch of the way that you go.

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