The Last Farewell – Roger Whittaker, Ron Webster (1971)

Intro: **G**   **D7**   **G**   **D7**

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There's a **[G]**ship lies rigged & **[D7]**ready in the **[G]**harbour   **[/]**
To**[G]**morrow for old **[G7]**England she **[C]**sails.   **[/]**
Far a**[Am]**way from your **[C]**land of endless **[Am]**sunshine   **[Am7]**
To **[Am]**my land full of **[Am7]**rainy skies and **[D]**gales.   **[D7]**
And **[G]**I shall be a**[D7]**board that ship to**[G]**morrow   **[/]**
Though my **[G]**heart is full of **[G7]**tears at this fare**[C]**well   **[/]**

> **[Am]** - For **[D7]**you are **[G]**beau-ti-**[Em]**ful.
> And **[C]** I have loved you **[D7]**dearly
> More **[C]**dearly than the **[D7]**spoken word can **[G]**tell   **[G7]**
> **[Am]** - For **[D7]**you are **[G]**beau-ti-**[Em]**ful.
> And **[C]** I have loved you **[D7]**dearly
> More **[C]**dearly than the **[D7]**spoken word can **[G]**tell   **[D]**
> **[G]**   **[Am-D7-]**

Chorus

I've **[G]**heard that there's a **[D7]**wicked war a-**[G]**blazing,   **[/]**
And the **[G]**taste of war I **[G7]**know so very **[C]**well.   **[/]**
Even **[Am]**now I see the **[C]**foreign flag a-**[Am]**raising   **[Am7]**
Their **[Am]**guns on fire as **[Am7]**we sail into **[D]**hell.   **[D7]**
I **[G]**have no fear of **[D7]**death it brings no **[G]**sorrow   **[/]**
But how **[G]**bitter will **[G7]**be this last fare**[C]**well   **[/]**

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Chorus

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Though **[G]**death and darkness **[D7]**gather all a **[G]**round me   **[/]**
And my **[G]**ship be torn a**[G7]**part upon the **[C]**seas   **[/]**
I shall **[Am]**smell again the **[C]**fragrance of these **[Am]**islands   **[Am7]**
In the **[Am]**heaving waves that

                    [Am7]brought me once to **[D]**thee   **[D7]**
And **[G]**when I get back a**[D7]**gain to good old **[G]**England   **[/]**
I shall **[G]**watch the English **[G7]**mist roll through the **[C]**dale   **[/]**

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Chorus

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More **[C]**dearly than the **[D7]**spoken word can **[G]**tell   **[/]**{stop}