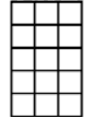


SING G



0

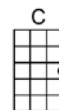
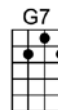
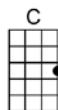
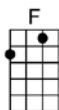
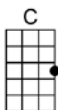
JAMAICA FAREWELL

w.m. Herbie Lovell, Roy McIntyre,

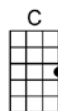
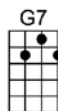
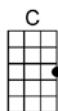
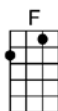
4/4 1...2...1234

Lillian Keyser

Intro: First line

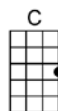
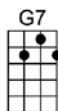
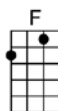


Down the way where the nights are gay and the sun shines daily on the mountain top,
 Sounds of laughter everywhere and the dancin' girls swing to and fro
 Down at the market you can hear ladies cry out while on their heads they bear

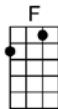


I took a trip on a sailing ship and when I reach Jamaica I make a stop, but I'm (chorus & 2nd verse)
 I must declare my heart is there, though I been from Maine to Mexico, but I'm (chorus & 3rd verse)
 Ake rice, salt fish are nice, and the rum is fine anytime of year, but I'm (chorus and coda)

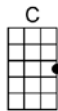
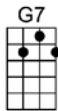
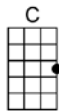
Chorus:



Sad to say I'm on my way, won't be back for many a day

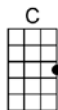
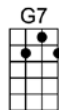
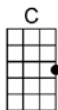
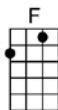


My heart is down my head is turning around

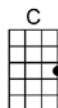
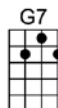
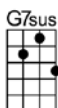
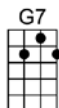
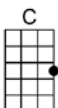
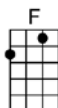


I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town

Coda:

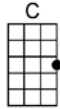
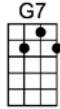
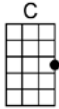


I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town

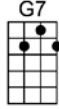
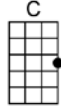


I had to leave a little girl..... in Kingston town

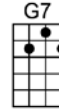
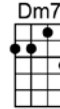
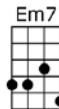
SOUTH OF THE BORDER-J. Kennedy/M. Carr



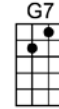
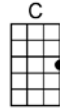
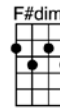
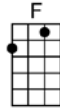
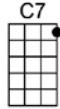
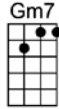
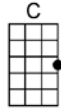
Intro: Ay-ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay-ay (X2)



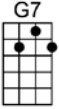
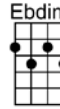
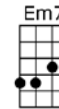
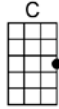
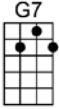
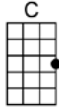
South of the border, down Mexico way,



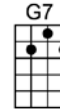
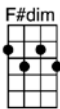
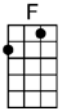
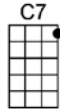
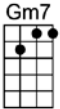
That's where I fell in love, when the stars a-bove came out to play.



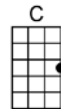
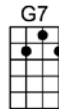
And now as I wander, my thoughts ever stray, south of the border, down Mexico way.



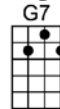
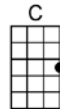
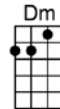
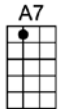
She was a picture in old Spanish lace, and, for a tender while, I kissed a smile u-pon her face.



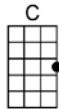
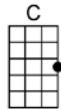
For it was fi-esta and we were so gay, south of the border, down Mexico way.



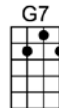
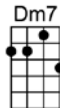
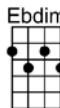
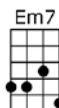
Then she sighed as she whispered, "ma-nana", never dreaming that we were parting,



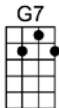
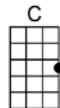
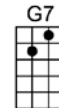
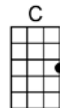
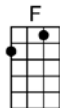
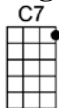
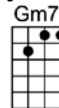
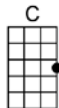
And I lied as I whispered, "ma-nana", for our to-morrow never came.



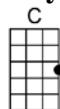
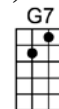
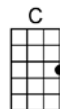
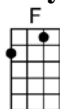
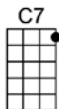
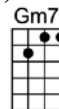
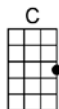
South of the border, I rode back one day,



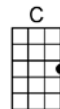
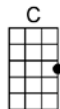
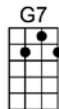
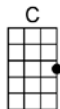
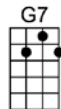
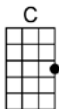
There in a veil of white, by the candle-light, she knelt to pray.



The mission bells told me, that I mustn't stay, south of the border, down Mexico way.



The mission bells told me, that I mustn't stay, south of the border, down Mexico way.



Ay-ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay-ay