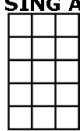
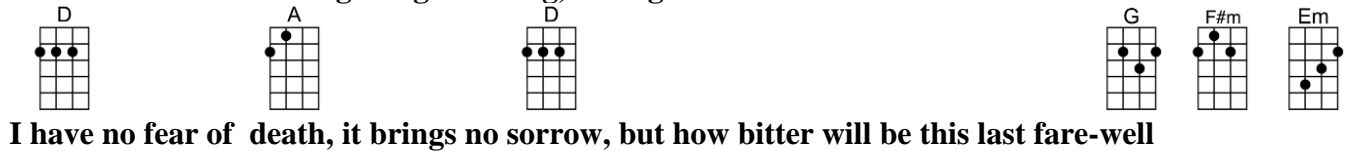
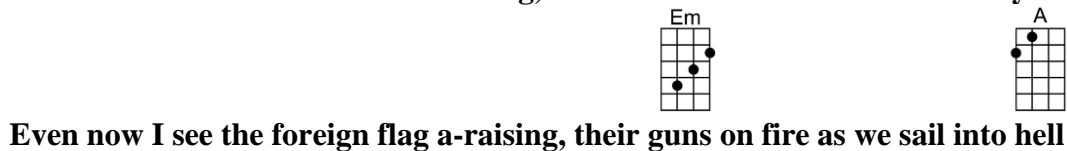
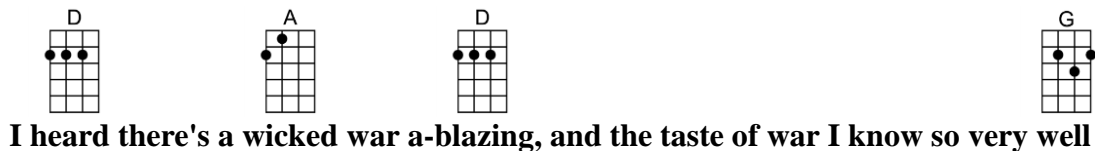
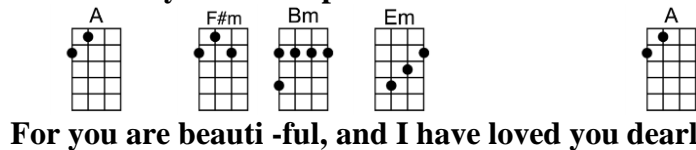
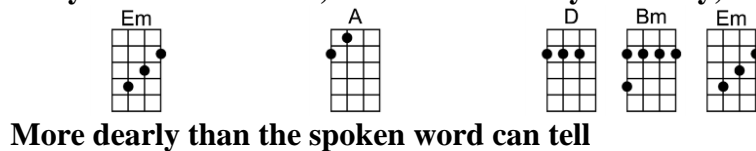
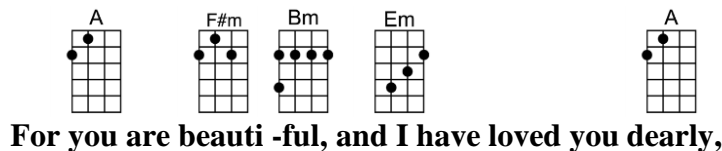
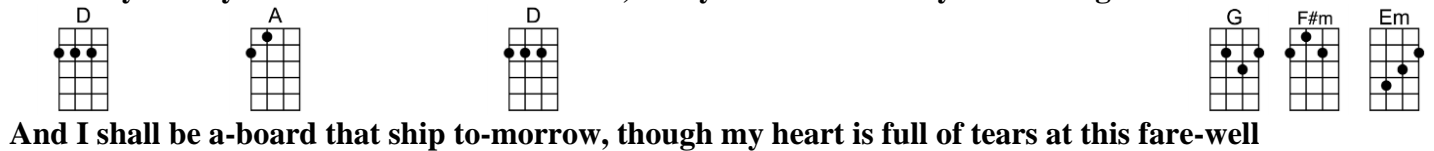
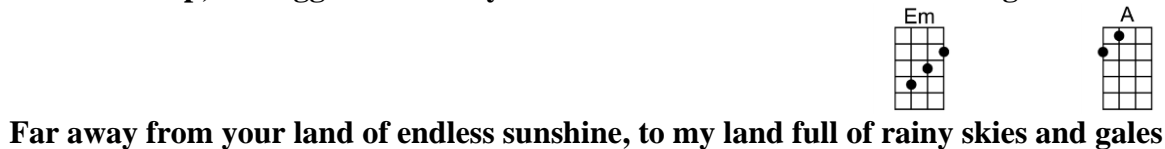
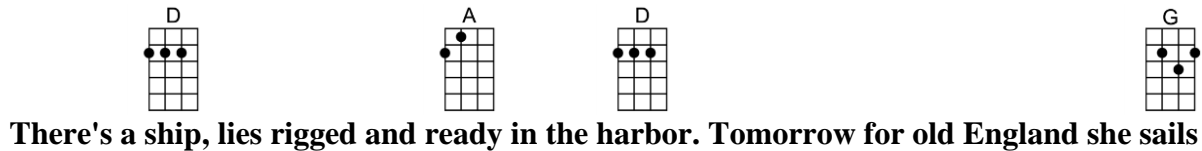
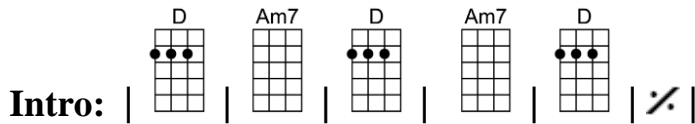


SING A

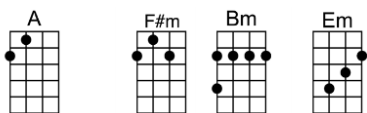


# THE LAST FAREWELL-Roger Whittaker/ Ron A. Webster

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



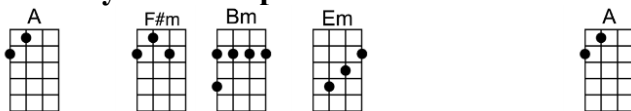
## p.2. The Last Farewell



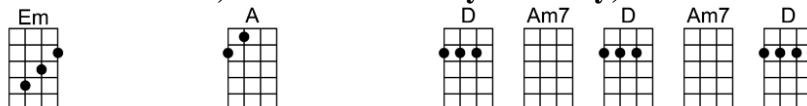
For you are beauti -ful, and I have loved you dearly,



More dearly than the spoken word can tell



For you are beauti -ful, and I have loved you dearly,



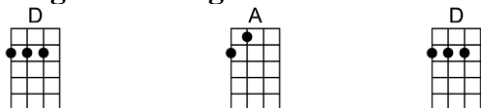
More dearly than the spoken word can tell



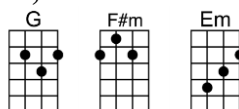
Though death and darkness gather all a-bout me, and my ship be torn apart upon the sea



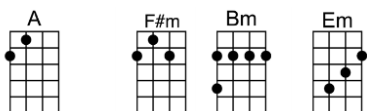
I shall smell again the fragrance of these islands, in the heaving waves that brought me once to thee



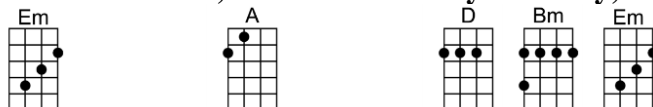
And should I return home safe again to England,



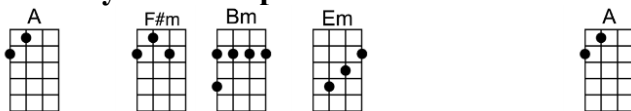
I shall watch the English mist roll through the dell



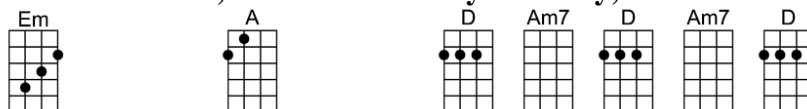
For you are beauti -ful, and I have loved you dearly,



More dearly than the spoken word can tell



For you are beauti -ful, and I have loved you dearly,



More dearly than the spoken word can tell

# THE LAST FAREWELL-Roger Whittaker/ Ron A. Webster

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

Intro: | D | Am7 | D | Am7 | D | / |

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

For you are beauti-ful, and I have loved you dearly,  
More dearly than the spoken word can tell  
For you are beauti-ful, and I have loved you dearly,  
More dearly than the spoken word can tell

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

For you are beauti-ful, and I have loved you dearly,  
More dearly than the spoken word can tell  
For you are beauti-ful, and I have loved you dearly,  
More dearly than the spoken word can tell

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

For you are beauti-ful, and I have loved you dearly,  
More dearly than the spoken word can tell  
For you are beauti-ful, and I have loved you dearly,  
More dearly than the spoken word can tell