

Chords: C, G7, F, Am, C7, Dm, Gm, C6

Version 2

The Last Farewell

Music by Roger Whittaker 1971
Lyrics - poem by Ron A. Webster
Silversmith from Birmingham, England

Intro: Gm 2 3 4 | **C6** 2 3 4 | **Gm** 2 3 4 | **C** 2 3 4 beats to bar

(First note is **G** - open G String or 3rd fret on A string)

& There's a ship lies rigged and **[G7]** ready in the **[C]** har-bour, **[G7]** 3

& **[C]** Tomorrow for old **[C7]** England she **[F]** sails; 2, 3

Far a-**[Dm]**-way from your **[F]** land of endless **[Dm]** sun-shine, **[F]** 3

& To my **[Dm]** land full of **[F]** rainy skies and **[G7]** gales. 2, 3

& And **[C]** I shall be a-**[G7]**-board that ship to-**[C]**-mor-row 2, 3

Though my heart is full of **[C7]** tears at this fare-**[F]**-well; 2, 3, 4

[Dm] For **[G7]** you are **[C]** beau-ti-**[Am]**-ful

& and I **[Dm]** have loved you **[G7]** dearly,

More **[Dm]** dearly than the **[G7]** spoken word can **[C]** tell. 2, 3, 4

[Dm] For **[G7]** you are **[C]** beauti-**[Am]**-ful

& and I **[Dm]** have loved you **[G7]** dearly,

More **[Dm]** dearly than the **[G7]** spoken word can **[C]** tell. 2

[Gm] 4 | **[C6]** 2 **[Gm]** 4 | **[C]** 2 3

& I heard there's a **[G7]** wicked war a-**[C]**-bla-zing **[G7]** 3

& And the **[C]** taste of war I **[C7]** know so very **[F]** well; 2, 3

Even **[Dm]** now I see the **[F]** foreign flag a-**[Dm]**-rais-ing, **[F]** 3

& Their **[Dm]** guns on fire **[F]** as we sail into **[G7]** hell. 2, 3

& I **[C]** have no fear of **[G7]** death it brings no **[C]** sor-row; **[G7]** 2, 3

& **[C]** But how bit-ter will be this **[C7]** last fare-**[F]**-well. 2, 3, 4

[Dm] For **[G7]** you are **[C]** beau-ti-**[Am]**-ful

& and I **[Dm]** have loved you **[G7]** dearly,

More **[Dm]** dearly than the **[G7]** spoken word can **[C]** tell. 2, 3, 4

[Dm] For **[G7]** you are **[C]** beau-ti-**[Am]**-ful

& and I **[Dm]** have loved you **[G7]** dearly,

More **[Dm]** dearly than the **[G7]** spoken word can **[C]** tell. 2

[Gm] 4 | **[C6]** 2 **[Gm]** 4 | **[C]** 2 3

& Though [C] death and darkness [G7] gather all a-[C]-bout me [G7] 2,3
 & And my [C] ship be torn a-[C7]-part upon the [F] sea; 2,3
 I shall [Dm] smell again the [F] fragrance of these [Dm] is-lands [F] 2,3
 & In the [Dm] heaving waves that [F] brought me once to [G7] thee. 2,3

 & And [C] should I return safe [G7] home again to [C] Eng-land [G7] 2,3
 & [C] I shall watch the English [C7] mist roll through the [F] dell; 2,3,4
 [Dm] For [G7] you are [C] beau-ti-[Am]-ful
 & and I [Dm] have loved you [G7] dearly,
 More [Dm] dearly than the [G7] spoken word can [C] tell. 2,3,4

 [Dm] For [G7] you are [C] beau-ti-[Am]-ful
 & and I [Dm] have loved you [G7] dearly,
 More [Dm] dearly than the [G7] spoken word can [C] tell. 2
 [Gm] 4 | [C6] 2 [Gm] 4 | [C] 2 3

