

Farewell

The Kingston Trio

Fare thee well, my own true love.
I'm leavin' the first hour of the morn.
I'm bound off for the bay of Mexico
And maybe the coast of Californ.

So, fare thee well, my own true love.
We'll meet another day, another time.
It's not the leavin' that's grievin' me,
But my true love who's bound to stay behind.

The weather is against me and the wind blows hard
And the rain, she's a-turnin' into hail,
But I still might strike it lucky on a highway going West
Though I'm travelin' the path-beaten trail.

I'll write you a letter from time to time.
As I'm ramblin' you can travel with me, too.
With my hands in my head and my heart, my love,
I will send what I know back home to you.

So, fare thee well, my own true love.
We'll meet another day, another time.
It's not the leavin' that's grievin' me,
But my true love who's bound to stay behind.

There's a place that I've heard of where I might as well be bound.
It's down around Mexican plain.
And they say that the people all are friendly down there.
All they ask of you is your name.

I'll tell you of the laughter and the troubles be their
Somebody else's or my own.
With my hands in my pocket and my coat collar high,
I will travel unnoticed and unknown.

So, fare thee well, my own true love.
We'll meet another day, another time.
It's not the leavin' that's grievin' me,
But my true love who's bound to stay behind.