

# The Last Farewell

♩ = 90, Own

Webster & Whittaker

Gm C7 F F C7

There's a ship lies rigged and read - y in the  
heard there's a wick - ed war a -

F F Text F7 B♭

har - bour. To - mor - row for old En - ge - land she sails. Far a -  
blaz - ing, The taste of war I know so ver - y well. E - ven

Gm7

way from your land of end-less sun-shine To my land full of rain - y skies and  
now I see the for-eign flag a - rais-ing, Their guns on fire as we sail in - to

C7 F C7 F

gales. And I shall be on board that ship to - mor - row, Though my  
hell. I have no fear of death it brings no sor - row, But how

F F7 B♭ Gm C F Dm

heart is full of tears at this fare - well. For you are beau - ti - ful and  
bit - ter will be this last fare - well.

Gm C7 Gm C7 F

I have loved you dear - ly, More dear - ly than the spo - ken words can tell.

Gm C F Dm Gm C7

For you are beau - ti - ful and I have loved you dear - ly More

Gm C7 1 F 2 F

dear - ly than the spo - ken words can tell. tell.