

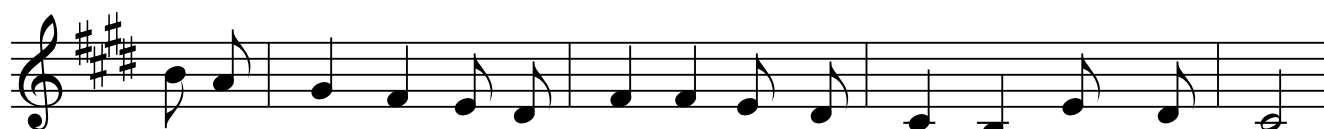
Farewell He



It is fare-thee-well, cold win-ter, It is fare-thee-well, cold frost;



There is no-thing I have gain-ed, But a lov-er I have lost.



I will sing and I'll be mer-ry And I'll clap my hands with glee



And I'll rest me when I'm wea-ry, Let him go then-fare-well he!

It is fare-thee-well, cold winter,
It is fare-thee-well, cold frost;
There is nothing I have gained,
But a lover I have lost.
I will sing and I'll be merry,
And I clap my hands with glee
And I rest when I am weary,
Let him go then - farewell he!

It was last fall that my lover
Gave to me a diamond ring.
O, I know not what he thought me,
But a vain and foolish thing.
If he prove to be unskilful,
Cannot win my heart from me,
I will prove a maiden wilful,
Let him go with - farewell he!

If he has another sweetheart,
And he tells me so in joke,
Why I care not, be they twenty,
He will never me provoke.
Well, and if he likes another,
And together they agree,
I can also find a lover,
Let him go with - farewell he!

Add half a pound of reason,
Half an ounce of common sense,
Add a sprig of thyme in season,
And as much of sage prudence,
Prithee mix them well together,
Then I think you'll plainly see,
He's no lad for windy weather,
Let him go with - farewell he!