

Fare Thee Well

(My Own True Love)

Broadside #24 - Avril 1963, page 6

©1963 Bob Dylan.

Banjo CGBD

Oh it's fare thee well my dar - lin' true, I'm a - lea - vin' in the first hour of the
morn. I'm bound off for the Bay of Mex - i - co Or may - be the coast of Cal - i -
forn. So it's fare thee well my own true love, We'll meet an - other day, an - other time.
It's not the lea - vin' That's a - grie - vin' me But my dar - lin' who's bound to stay be - hind.

2.

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

Refrain

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

3.

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

4.

I will tell you of troubles and of laughter .
Be it somebody else's or my own
With my hands in my pockets and my coat collar high
I will travel unnoticed and unknown.