

Farewell to barn and stack and tree

Words by A. E. Housman

Music traditional, arranged by Jon Corelis

$\text{♩} = 120$

Voice

Piano

Fare - well to barn and

6

stack and tree, fare - well to Sev-ern shore. Ter-ence, look your last at me, for

11

I come home no more. The sun burns on the half-mown hill, by

15

now the blood is dried; and Mau - rice a - mongst the hay lies— still and my

19

knife is in his side. My

25

moth - er thinks us long a - way; 'tis time the field were mown. She

29

had two sons at ris - ing day, to - night she'll— be a - lone. And

33

here's a blood - y hand to shake, and, oh, man, here's good - bye; we'll

37

sweat no more on scythe and rake, my blood— y hands and I.

42

I wish you strength to bring you pride, and a

47

love to keep you clean, and I wish you luck, come Lam-mas-tide, at

51

rac-ing—on the green. Long for me the rick will wait, and long will wait the

56

fold, and long will stand the emp - ty — plate and din - ner — will be cold.

61

Note: "Maurice" is pronounced in the English fashion as "MAWH-riss."