

Oh, fare thee well, I must be gone  
And leave you for a while.  
If ever I go I will return  
If I go ten thousand miles.

If I go  
If I go  
If I go ten thousand miles.

Ten thousand miles it is so far  
To leave me here alone  
While I may lie lament and cry  
And you'll not hear my moan.

And you  
No, you  
And you'll not hear my moan.

The crow that is so black, my love,  
Will change its colour white.  
If I ever should prove false to thee  
The day will turn to night.

Oh the day  
Yes, the day  
Oh the day will turn to night.

The rivers never will run dry  
Or the rocks melt with the sun.  
I'll never prove false to the boy I love  
Till all these things be done.

Till all  
Till all  
Till all these things be done.