

Trad.
Recorded by the Arthur Smith Trio

Adieu false heart, since we must part
May the joy of the world go with you
I've loved you long with a faithful heart
but I never anymore can a-b'lieve you

My mind is like the constant sun
from the east to the west it ranges
Yours is like unto the moon
It's every month a-changing

When I lay down to take my rest
no scornful morn to wake me
I'll go straight ways unto my grave
just as fast as time can take me.