

Oh I'm sailin' away my own true love  
 I'm sailin' away in the morning  
 is there something I can send you from across the sea  
 From the place that I'll be landing?

No, there's nothin' you can send me, my own true love  
 There's nothin' I'm wishing to be ownin'  
 Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled  
 From across that lonesome ocean.

Oh, but I just thought you might want something fine  
 Made of silver or of golden  
 Either from the mountains of Madrid  
 Or from the coast of Barcelona?

Oh, but if I had the stars from the darkest night  
 And the diamonds from the deepest ocean  
 I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss  
 For that's all I'm wishin' to be ownin'.

But I might be gone a long old time  
 And it's only that I'm askin'  
 Is there something I can send you to remember me by  
 To make your time more easy passin'?

Oh, how can, how can you ask me again  
 It only brings me sorrow  
 The same thing I would want today  
 I would want again tomorrow.

when I <sup>Em</sup> got a letter on a <sup>C</sup> lonesome <sup>G</sup> day  
 It was <sup>Em</sup> from her ship a-sailin' <sup>D/F#</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 Saying <sup>Em</sup> I don't know when I'll be <sup>C</sup> comin' <sup>G</sup> back again  
 It depends on how I'm a-feelin'. <sup>Em</sup> <sup>D/F#</sup> <sup>G</sup>

If you, my love, must <sup>Em</sup> think that-a-way <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 I'm sure your mind is roamin' <sup>Em</sup> <sup>D/F#</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 I'm sure your thoughts are not with me <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 But with the country to where you're goin'. <sup>Em</sup> <sup>D/F#</sup> <sup>G</sup>

So take heed, take heed of the <sup>Em</sup> western <sup>C</sup> wind <sup>G</sup>  
 Take heed of the stormy weather <sup>Em</sup> <sup>D/F#</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 And yes, there's something you can send back to me <sup>Em</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 Spanish boots of Spanish leather. <sup>Em</sup> <sup>D/F#</sup> <sup>G</sup>

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Em d/f# G  
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Em D/F# G  
It was from her ship a-sailin'  
Em C G  
Saying I don't know when I'll be comin' back again  
Em D/F# G  
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Em d/f# G  
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Em D/F# G  
I'm sure your mind is roamin'  
Em C G  
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Em D/F# G  
But with the country to where you're goin'.

Em d/f# G  
So take heed, take heed of the western wind  
Em D/F# G  
Take heed of the stormy weather  
Em C G  
And yes, there's something you can send back to me  
Em D/F# G  
Spanish boots of Spanish leather.