

So, we'll go no more a-roving

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A heartfelt, haunting lyrical poem and a gentle farewell to love and life.

Written by Lord Byron in 1817. Music by Richard Dyer-Bennet.

This song was a big favourite of mine when learning to play the guitar at college. I still have the little notebook with the chords written down.

Capo: 2nd fret

So we'll go no more a - roving. So late in - to the night, Tho' the heart be
still as lov - ing, And the moon be still as bright. For the sword out - wears its
sheath, And the soul wears out the breast, And the heart must pause to breathe, And
love it - self must rest. Tho' the night was made for lov - ing, And the day re - turn too
soon. Yet we'll go no more a - roving. By the light of the moon.

So, we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself must rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day return too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.

