

My Last Cigar

A Tobacco Poem

Joseph Warren Fabens/Charles Wesley

Arr. Salwa Bachar

F C F C

Tenor

8

1. 'Twas off the blue Can - a - ry Isles, a glo - rious sum - mer
2. I leaned up - on the quarter rail and looked down in the
3. I watched the ash - es as it came fast draw - ing to - ward the
4. I've seen the land of all I love fade in the dis - tance

F F C F

T

4

8

1. day, I sat up - on the quart - er deck and
2. sea, e'en there the pur - ple wreath of smoke was
3. end, I watched it as a friend would watch be -
4. dim, I've watched a - bove the blight - ed heart where

C/G G C C7 F

T

7

8

1. whiffed my cares a - way. And as the vol - umed smoke a - rose like
2. curl - ing graceful - ly. Oh what had I at such a time to
3. side a dy - ing friend, but still the flame swept slow - ly on, it
4. once proud hope hath been, yet I have ne - ver known a sor - row that

C7 F F Gm

T

11

8

1. in - cense in the air, I breathed a sigh to think in sooth it
2. do with was - ting care? A - las! the tremb - ling tear pro - claimed it
3. va - nished in - to air; I threw it from me - spare the tale; it
4. could with that com - pare - When off the blue Ca - na - ries I

C F

T

15

8

1. was my last ci - gar.
2. was my last ci - gar.
3. was my last ci - gar.
4. smoked my last ci - gar.