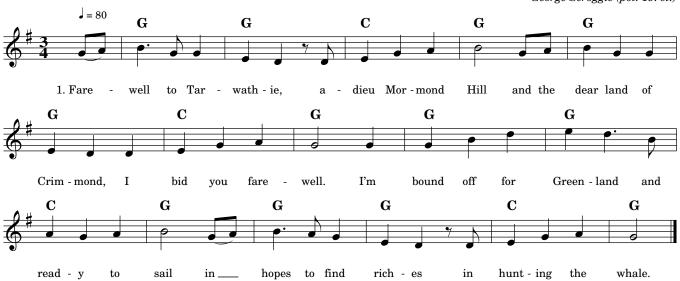
Farewell to Tarwathie

(Judy Collins)

George Scroggie (pol. 19. st.)



- Farewell to my comrades, for a while we must part
 And likewise the dear lass that first won my heart.
 The cold coast of Greenland my love will not chill
 And the longer my absence, more loving she'll feel.
- 3. Our ship is well rigged and she's ready to sail, Our crew, they are anxious to follow the whale Where the icebergs do float and the stormy winds blow, Where the land and the ocean is covered with snow.
- 4. The cold coast of Greenland is barren and bare, No seed time nor harvest is ever known there And the birds here sing sweetly in mountain and dale But there's no bird in Greenland to sing to the whale.
- 5. There is no habitation for a man to live there And the king of that country is the fierce Greenland bear And there'll be no temptation to tarry long there, With our ship bumper full, we will homeward repair.
- 6. = 1. Farewell to Tarwathie ...