

Farewell to Tarwathie

(Judy Collins)

George Scroggie (pol. 19. st.)



1. Fare - well to Tar - wath - ie, a - dieu Mor - mond Hill and the dear land of



Crim - mond, I bid you fare - well. I'm bound off for Green - land and



read - y to sail in ___ hopes to find rich - es in hunt - ing the whale.

2. 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 ...