

# Farewell to Tarwathie

DAD

George Scroggie

D G D

Fare - well to Tar - wath - ie a - dieu Mor - mond Hill and the

0	0	0	3	0
0	0	1 0 0	1	0
0 1	2 0 0		0 1	2 0 1

G A D

dear land o' Cri - mond I bid ye fare - well. I am

0	0	3	1	0
0	1 0 0	1	0	0
2 0 0		0 1	0	2 1

G D A D

bound out for Green - land and read - y to sail in the

0	3 2	1	1	0
0	3 3	0	0	0
0 2 4	5 4 2	1 0 1	2	0 1

G D

hopes to find rich - es in hunt - ing the whale.

0	0	3	0
0	1 0 0	1	0
2 0 0		0 1	0

Adieu to my comrades, for a while we must part  
 And likewise the dear lass wha fair won my hairt  
 The cold ice of greenland my love will not chill,  
 And the longer my absence, more loving she'll feel.

Our ship is weel 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 blaw  
 Where the land and the ocean are covered wi' snaw

The cold coast of Greenland is barren and bare,  
 No seed-time or harvest is ever known there;  
 And the birds here sing sweetly on mountain and dale  
 But there isna a birdie to sing to the whale

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,  
 Wi' our ship bumper full we will homeward repair.