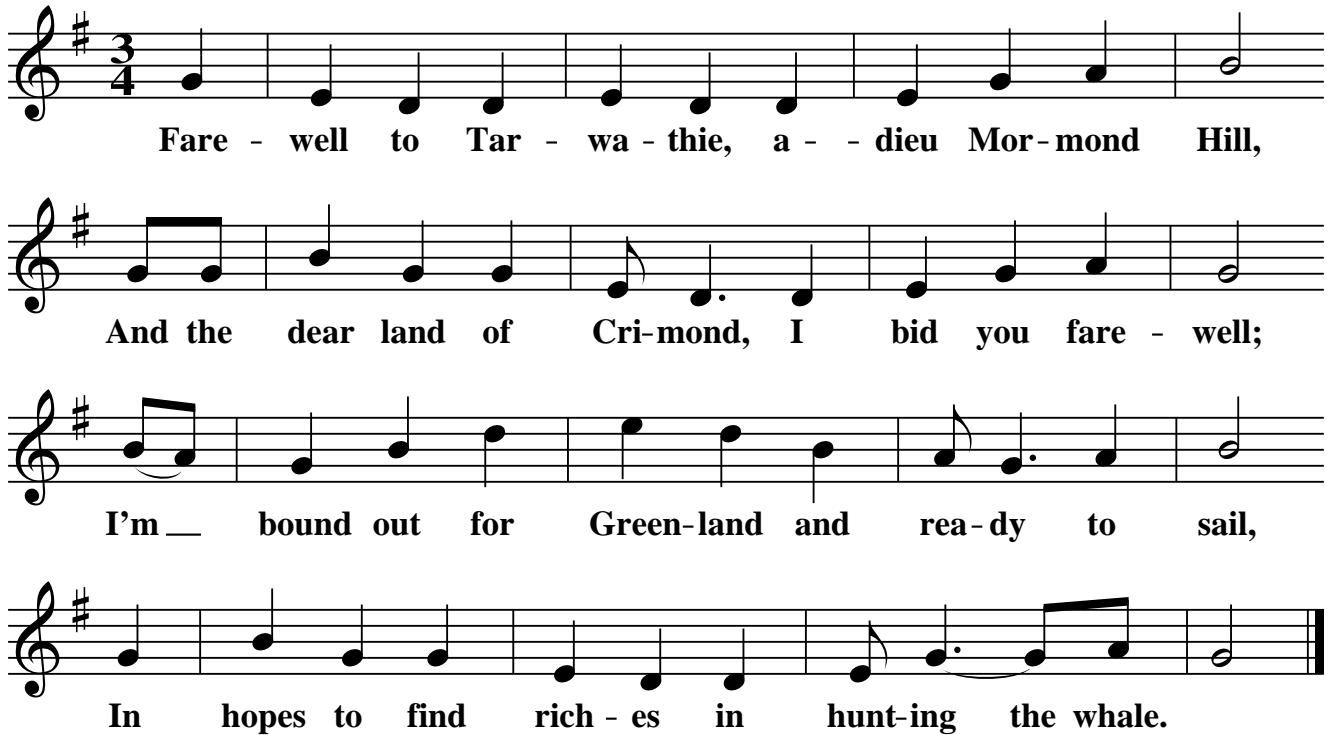


Farewell to Tarwathie



Fare - well to Tar - wa - thie, a - - dieu Mor-mond Hill,
And the dear land of Cri-mond, I bid you fare - well;
I'm bound out for Green-land and rea-dy to sail,
In hopes to find rich - es in hunt-ing the whale.

Farewell to Tarwathie, adieu Mormond Hill,
And the dear land of Crimond, I bid you farewell;
I'm bound out for Greenland and ready to sail,
In hopes to find riches in hunting the whale.

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

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.

The cold coast of Greenland is barren and bare,
No seed time nor harvest is ever known there;
And the birds here sing sweetly on mountain and dale,
But there are no sweet birds to sing to the whale.

There's 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.