Farewell to Tarwathie

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

Adieu to my comrades, for a while we must part,
And likewise the dear lass wha' fair won my heart.
The cold ice of Greenland my love will not chill,
And the longer our absence, more loving we'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,
And the land and the ocean are covered with snow.

O the cold coast of Greenland is barren and bare,
No seed-time or harvest is ever known there.
The birds here sing sweetly on mountain and dale,
But there is na' 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,
With our ship bumper full, we will homeward repair.

Repeat first verse in unison.