

# Farewell to Nova Scotia

## Celtic Stew

The sun was setting in the west,  
The birds were singing on every tree,  
All nature seemed inclined for to rest  
But still there was no rest for me.

I grieve to leave my native land,  
I grieve to leave my comrades all,  
And my parents whom I held so dear,  
And the bonnie, bonnie lassie that I do adore.

Farewell to Nova Scotia, your sea-bound coast,  
Let your mountains dark and dreary be.  
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed,  
Will you ever heave a sigh and a wish for me?

The drums they do beat and the wars to alarm,  
The captain cries, we must obey.  
So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms,  
For it's early in the morning I am far, far away.

Farewell to Nova Scotia, your sea-bound coast,  
Let your mountains dark and dreary be.  
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed,  
Will you ever heave a sigh and a wish for me?

I have three brothers and they are at rest,  
Their arms are crossed up on their breast.  
But a poor simple sailor just like me,  
Must be tossed and driven on the cold black sea.

Farewell to Nova Scotia, your sea-bound coast,  
Let your mountains dark and dreary be.  
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed,  
Will you ever heave a sigh and a wish for me?  
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Will you ever heave a sigh and a wish for me?

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Lyrics submitted by Chrissey.

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