

Farewell to Tarwathie

Judy Collins

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Farewell to Tarwathie, Adieu Mormond Hill
And the dear land of Crimmond, I bid you farewell
I'm bound off for Greenland and ready to sail
In hopes to find riches, in hunting the whaleFarewell to my comrades for a while we must part
And likewise the dear lass, who first won my heart
The cold coast of Greenland, my love will not chill
And the longer my absence more loving she'll feelOur ship is well rigged and she's ready to sail
The 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 snowThe 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 whaleThere 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 repairFarewell to Tarwathie, Adieu Mormond Hill
And the dear land of Crimmond, I bid you farewell
I'm bound off for Greenland and ready to sail
In hopes to find riches, in hunting the whale

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