

# Farewell To Tarwathie

**Judy Collins**

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 whale Farewell 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 feel Our 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 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, in mountain and dale  
But there's no bird in Greenland 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 Farewell to Tarwathie, Adieu Mormond Hill  
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In hopes to find riches, in hunting the whale

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