

Kris Drever

"Farewell to Fiunary"

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The wind is fair, the tide is fine
And swiftly, swiftly runs the time
The boat lies wating on the tide
To carry me from Fiunary

We must up and haste away
We must up and haste away
We must up and haste away
Farewell, farewell tae Fiunary

A thousand, thousand tender ties
Awake this day my plaintive cries
My heart within me almost dies
At the thought of leaving Fiunary

We must up and haste away
We must up and haste away
We must up and haste away
Farewell, farewell tae Fiunary

I'll often wonder late of day
Where Ossian sang his martial lay
And viewed the sun's departing ray
Farewell, farewell tae Fiunary

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