

The Real McKenzies

"Farewell To Nova Scotia"

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the sun was setting in the West
the birds were singing in every tree
all nature seemed inclined for to rest
but still there was no rest for me.

i grieve to leave my native land
and i grieve to leave my comrades all
and my parents whom i hold so dear
and the bonnie, bonnie lass that i do adore.

farewell to Nova Scotia, you 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, and we must obey
so farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms
for it's early in the mornin' and i'm far, far away

farewell to Nova Scotia, you 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 upon their breast

but a poor simple sailor jest like me
must be tossed and driven in the cold black sea

farewell to Nova Scotia, you 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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