

FAREWELL TO NOVA SCOTIA

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

Farewell to Nova Scotia, the 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 grieve to leave my native land,
I grieve to leave my comrades all,
And my aged parents whom I always held so dear,
And the bonny, bonny lass that I do adore.

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

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