

# Farewell To Nova Scotia

The Irish Rovers

Farewell to Nova Scotia, the sea-bound coast,  
Let your mountains dark and dreary be  
When I'm far away, on the briny ocean tossed,  
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?

The sun was setting in the West  
The birds were singing on every tree  
All nature seemed to be at rest  
But, alas, there was no rest for me.

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I grieve to leave my native home  
I grieve to leave my comrades all  
And my parents whom I hold so dear  
And the bonny, bonny lass that I do adore.

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The drums do beat and the horns do alarm  
My captain calls; I must obey  
Farewell, farewell, to Nova Scotia's charm  
For it's early in the morning I am bound far away

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I have two brothers and they are at rest.  
Their hands are folded on their chest.  
But a poor and simple sailor just like me  
Must be tossed and turned on the deep, dark sea.

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