

Farewell to Tarwathie

Schottische Ballade

© Arrangement Martin Oesterle,

8va
Ref

D 0 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 4 0 0 0 5 0 0 0
A 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
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6 D 0 0 0 7 0 0 0 8 0 0 0 9 0 0 0 10 3 3 2
A 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 3 0
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11 D 1 1 1 12 0 0 0 13 0 0 0 14 0 0 0 15 0 0 0
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16 D 0 0 0 17 0 0 0 18 0 0 0 19 0 20 0 0 0 0
A 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0
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21 D—2—2—2—2 22 3—3—3—3 23 4—4—4—4 24 0—0—0—0 25 2—2—2—2

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26 D—3—3—3—3 27 4—4—4—4 28 0—0—0—0 29 2—2—2—2 30 3—3—3—3

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31 D—4—4—4—4 32 0—0—0—0 33 2—2—2—2 34 3—2—1 35 0

A—0—0—0—0 0—0—0—0 0—0—0—0 0—0—0—0 0—0—0—0

D—0—0—0—0 0—0—0—0 0—0—0—0 0—0—0—0 0—0—0—0

1) 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

5) 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

2) 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

6) Farewell to Tarwathie Adieu Mormond Hill
And the dear land of Crimmond I bid you farewell
We're bound off for Greenland And ready to sail
In hopes to find riches In hunting the whale

3) 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

4) 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