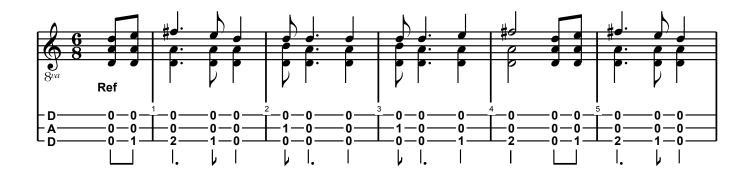
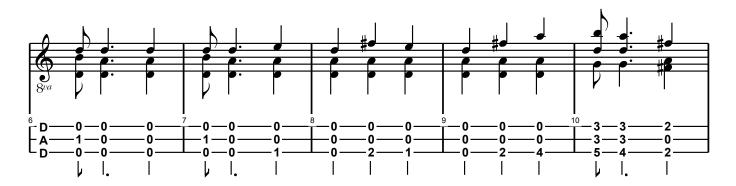
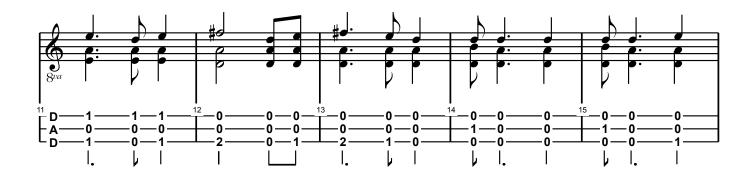
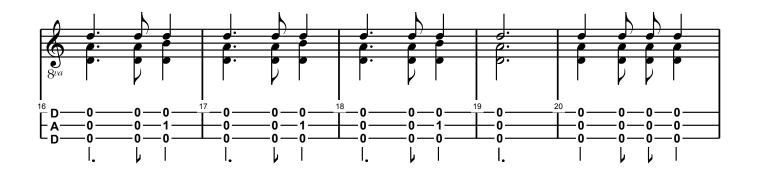
Farewell to Tarwathie

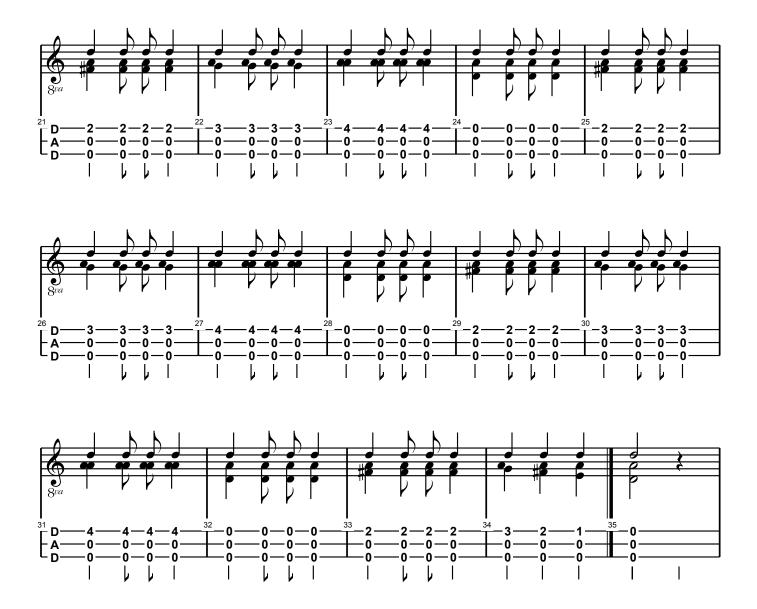
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1) Farewell to Tarwathie Adieu Mormond Hill And the dear land of Crimmond I bid you farewell I'm bound off for Greenland And ready to sail In hopes to find riches In hunting the whale

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

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 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

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