Farewell to Novia Scotia



The sun was setting in the west And a small bird sang on ev'ry tree All nature was inclined to take a rest But there never is no rest nor peace for me.

Chorus

Farewell to Nova Scotia, the sea-bound coast Let your mountains dark and dreary be And when I am far away on the briny oceans tossed Will you ever heave a sigh and remember me?

The drums do roll and the wars go on When captain calls you must obey And a poor simple sailor just like me Must be tossed and turned on the deep blue sea.

I have three brothers and they are at rest Their arms are folded on their breast So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's green shore And it's early in the morning I am far, far away.