

# Judy Collins, Farewell To Tarwathie

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

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

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

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

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

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