

# Farewell to Nova Scotia

Words & music: Traditional

**G**

The sun was setting in the west

**Em**

The birds were singing on ev'ry tree

**G      D**

All nature seemed inclined for to rest

**Em**

But still there was no rest for me

**G**

**CHORUS:** Farewell to Nova Scotia, the sea bound coast

**Em**

Let your mountains dark and dreary be

**G      D**

And when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed

**Em**

Will you ever heave a sigh and a tear for me?

**G**

I grieve to leave my native land

**Em**

I grieve to leave my comrades all

**G      D**

And my poor aged parents who are so dear to me

**Em**

And the bonnie, bonnie lass that I do adore

**CHORUS**

**G**

The drums they do beat and the wars do alarm

**Em**

The captain calls and we must obey

**G      D**

So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms

**Em**

For it's early in the morning I'll be far, far away

**CHORUS**

**G**

I have three brothers — they lie at their rest

**Em**

Their arms are folded on their breast

**G      D**

But a poor and simple sailor the likes of me

**Em**

Must be tossed and driven on the deep blue sea

**G**

**CHORUS:** Farewell to Nova Scotia, the sea bound coast

**Em**

Let your mountains dark and dreary be

**G      D**

And when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed

**Em**

Will you ever heave a sigh and a tear for me?

# Farewell to Nova Scotia

Traditional

## VERSE

1. The sun was set - ting in the west The birds were sing - ing on ev - 'ry tree All nat - ure seemed in - clined for to rest But still there was no rest for me

Chords: G, Em, G, D, Em

## CHORUS

Fare well to No - va Scot - ia, the sea bound coast Let your mount - ains dark and drear - y be And when I am far a - way on the brin - y o - ceans tossed Will you e - ver heave a sigh and a tear for me?

Chords: G, Em, G, D, Em

2. I grieve to leave my native land  
I grieve to leave my comrades all  
And my poor aged parents who are so dear to me  
And the bonnie, bonnie lass that I do adore

CHORUS

3. The drums they do beat and the wars do alarm  
The captain calls and we must obey  
So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms  
For it's early in the morning I'll be far, far away

CHORUS

4. I have three brothers – they lie at their rest  
Their arms are folded on their breast  
But a poor and simple sailor the likes of me  
Must be tossed and driven on the deep blue sea

CHORUS