

Farewell to Nova Scotia

The sun was sinking in the West
The birds were singing on every tree
All nature seemed to be at rest
But alas there was no rest for me

*Farewell to Nova Scotia, you sea-bound coast
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
When I am far away on the briny ocean tossed
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me*

I grieve to leave my native home
I grieve to leave my comrades all
My parents whom I love so dear
And the bonny bonny lass I do adore

I have three brothers and they are dressed
Their arms are folded on their breasts
But a poor simple sailor just like me
Must be tossed and driven in the deep dark sea

The drums are beating, the wars do alarm
My captain calls, I must obey
Farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms
It's early in the morning, I am far, far away

Gordon says: I learned this from Kendall Morse. I used to sing it when I worked in "the cities to the westward," homesick for my own coast; hence, the pensive mood. Dick Swain tells us that Helen Creighton, in **Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia**, describes a similar version as a combination of contributions from various people. C: steel 6-string GB: 12-string

traditional
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