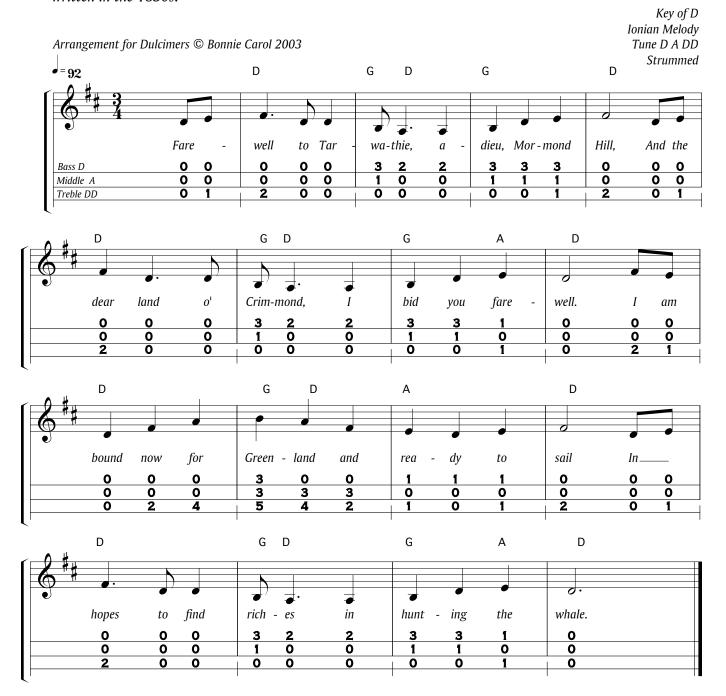
Farewell to Tarwathie

I learned this song from the singing of Judy Collins on her album, WHALES AND NIGHTENGALES. She sings backed by a chorus of whales. The town of Tarwathie was near Aberdeen, Scotland. The piece was written in the 1850s.



Adieu to my comrades for a while we must part And likewise the dear lass wha' fair won my heart. The cold ice of Greenland my love will not chill And the longer our absence, more loving we'll feel.

Our ship is well-rigged and she's ready to sail.
Our crew they are anxious to follow the whale.
Where the icebergs do float and the stormy winds blow
And the land and the ocean are covered with snow.

Oh the cold coast of Greenland is barren and bare. No seed-time or harvest is ever known there. The birds here sing sweetly on mountain and dale, But there is na' a birdie 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.