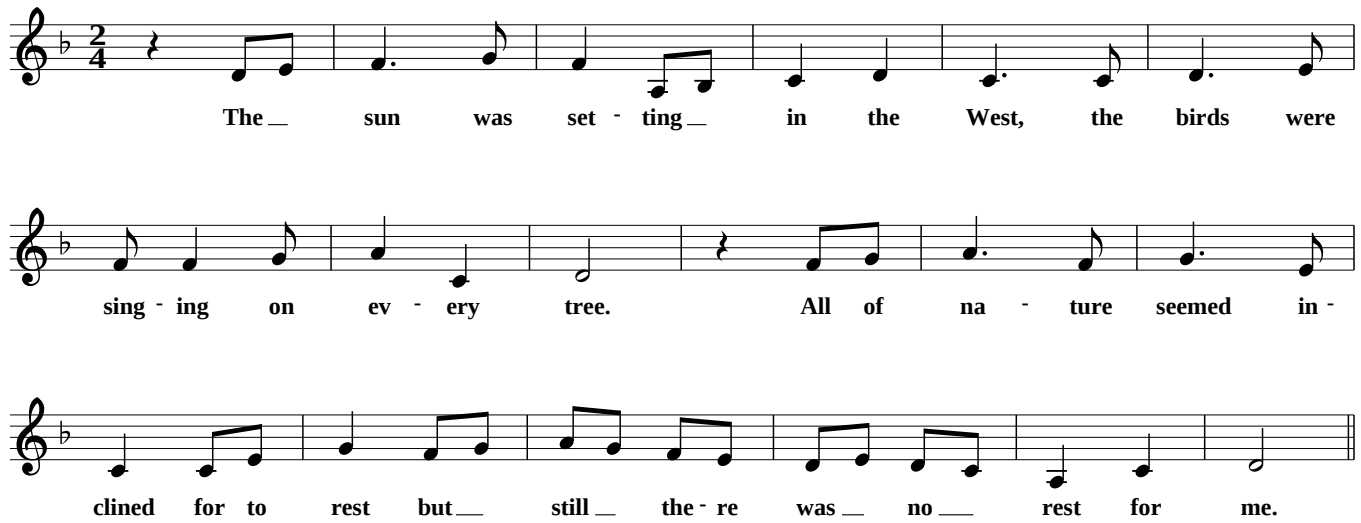


Farewell to Novia Scotia



Farewell to Nova Scotia

Verse



The sun was set - ting in the West, the birds were
sing - ing on ev - ery tree. All of na - ture seemed in -
clined for to rest but still the - re was no rest for me.

Chorus



Fa - re - well to No - va Sco - tia, the sea - bound coast let your moun - tains
dark and drea - ry be, but when I am far a - way on the
bri - ny o - cean tossed will you e - ver heave a si - gh or a wish for me?

The sun was setting in the West
The birds were singing on every tree
All of nature seemed inclined for to rest
But still there was no rest for me

Farewell to Nova Scotia, the seabound coast
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
But 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 land
I grieve to leave my comrades all
My aging parents who I always held so dear
And the bonny bonny lass I do adore

Farewell to Nova Scotia...

The drums are beating, the horns 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 am far, far away

Farewell to Nova Scotia...

I have three brothers and they're at rest
Their arms are folded upon their breast
But a poor simple sailor just like me
Must be tossed and driven on the dark blue sea

Farewell to Nova Scotia *Touchstone – The New Land (1982)*

Rhythm: march

Transcription: Contributed 20050721042558 by Glauber Ribeiro theglauber@yahoo.com

Farewell to Nova Scotia

Verse

The musical score for the verse is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four lines of music. The first line has five measures with chords G, (Bm(Bm)), Em, (C(C)), and Em. The second line has three measures with chords G, D, and Em Am. The third line is labeled 'Chorus' and has five measures with chords Em, G, Bm, Em, and C. The fourth line has four measures with chords Em, G, D, and Em Am. The lyrics are: 'The sun was set - ting in the West, the birds were singing on e - vr - y tree. All of na - ture seemed in - clined for to rest but still the - re was no rest for me. Fa - re - well to No - va Sco - tia, the sea bound coast let your moun - tains dark and drea - ry be, but when I am far a - way on the bri - ny o - cean tossed will you e - ver heave a si - gh or a wish for me?'.

G (Bm(Bm)) Em (C(C)) Em

The sun was set - ting in the West, the birds were singing on e - vr - y tree. All of

G D Em Am

na - ture seemed in - clined for to rest but still the - re was no rest for me. Fa - re -

Em Chorus G Bm Em C

well to No - va Sco - tia, the sea bound coast let your moun - tains dark and drea - ry be, but when

Em G D Em Am

I am far a - way on the bri - ny o - cean tossed will you e - ver heave a si - gh or a wish for me?

The sun was setting in the West
The birds were singing on every tree
All of nature seemed inclined for to rest
But still there was no rest for me

Farewell to Nova Scotia, the seabound coast
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
But 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 land
I grieve to leave my comrades all
My aging parents who I always held so dear
And the bonny bonny lass I do adore

Farewell to Nova Scotia...

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Farewell to Nova Scotia...

I have three brothers and they're at rest
Their arms are folded upon their breast
But a poor simple sailor just like me
Must be tossed and driven on the dark blue sea

Farewell to Nova Scotia... *FF Version*

Rhythm: march

Farewell to Nova Scotia

G (Bm(Bm) Em (C(C) Em

The sun was setting in the West
The birds were singing on every tree
All of nature seemed inclined for to rest
But still there was no rest for me

Farewell to Nova Scotia, the seabound coast
Let your mountains dark and dreary be
But 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 land
I grieve to leave my comrades all
My aged parents whom I always held so dear
And the bonnie, bonnie lass that I do adore

The drums they do beat, and the horns do alarm
The captain calls – we must obey
So farewell, farewell, to Nova Scotia's charms
For it's early in the morning I am far, far away

I have three brothers and they are at rest
Their arms are folded upon their breast
But a poor simple sailor just like me
Must be tossed and driven on the dark ~~F5 Version~~

Rhythm: march