# Farewell to Nova Scotia

As collected by Helen Creighton (published 1950)

AmCFGG7

**INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [C] / [C] / [C] / [C]**

The **[C]** sun was setting in the west

The **[Am]** birds were singing on ev’ry tree **[Am]**

All **[C]** nature **[G]** seemed inclined for rest

But **[Am]** still there **[F]** was no **[Am]** rest for **[Am]** me **[Am] / [Am]↓**

**CHORUS:**

**[G7]↓** Fare-**[C]**well to Nova Scotia, the sea-bound coast

Let your **[Am]** mountains dark and dreary be **[Am]**

For when **[C]** I am far a-**[G]**way on the briny oceans tossed

Will you **[Am]** ever heave a **[F]** sigh and a **[Am]** wish for **[Am]** me? **[Am]**

I **[C]** grieve to leave my native land

I **[Am]** grieve to leave my comrades all **[Am]**

And my **[C]** aged **[G]** parents whom I always held so dear

And the **[Am]** bonnie, bonnie **[F]** lass that I **[Am]** do a-**[Am]**dore **[Am] / [Am]↓**

**CHORUS:**

**[G7]↓** Fare-**[C]**well to Nova Scotia, the sea-bound coast

Let your **[Am]** mountains dark and dreary be **[Am]**

For when **[C]** I am far a-**[G]**way on the briny oceans tossed

Will you **[Am]** ever heave a **[F]** sigh and a **[Am]** wish for **[Am]** me? **[Am]**

The **[C]** drums do beat, and the wars do alarm

The **[Am]** captain calls, we must obey **[Am]**

So fare-**[C]**well, fare-**[G]**well to Nova Scotia's charms

For it's **[Am]** early in the **[F]** morning, I am **[Am]** far, far a-**[Am]**way **[Am] / [Am]↓**

**CHORUS:**

**[G7]↓** Fare-**[C]**well to Nova Scotia, the sea-bound coast

Let your **[Am]** mountains dark and dreary be **[Am]**

For when **[C]** I am far a-**[G]**way on the briny oceans tossed

Will you **[Am]** ever heave a **[F]** sigh and a **[Am]** wish for **[Am]** me? **[Am]**

I **[C]** have three brothers and they are at rest

Their **[Am]** arms are folded on their breast **[Am]**

But a **[C]** poor simple **[G]** sailor, just like me

Must be **[Am]** tossed and **[F]** driven on the **[Am]** dark, blue **[Am]** sea **[Am] / [Am]↓**

**CHORUS:**

**[G7]↓** Fare-**[C]**well to Nova Scotia, the sea-bound coast

Let your **[Am]** mountains dark and dreary be **[Am]**

For when **[C]** I am far a-**[G]**way on the briny oceans tossed

Will you **[Am]** ever heave a **[F]** sigh and a **[Am]** wish for **[Am]** me? **[Am]↓ < SLOW >**

Will you **[Am]↓** ever heave a **[F]↓** sigh and a **[Am]↓** wish for me?

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