

FAREWELL TO FIUNARY

Norman MacLeod (1812-1872)

1. The wind is fair, the day is fine, And swift - ly, swift - ly runs the time; The
 2. A thou-sand, thou - sand ten - der ties A - wake this day my plain - tive sighs, My
 3. But I must leave those hap - py vales, See, they spread the flap - ping sails! A -

boat is float - ing on the tide That wafts me off from Fiu - na - ry.
 heart with - in me al - most dies At thought of leav - ing Fiu - na - ry.
 dieu, a - dieu my na - tive dales! Fare - well, fare - well to Fiu - na - ry.

We must up and haste a - way, We must up and haste a - way,

We must up and haste a - way, Fare - well, fare - well to Fiu - na - ry.