

## Farewell the Faroes

C F C G  
Fare-thee-well the Firth of Fourth and all the pubs and lassies to.  
C G C F C G  
We'll traw the Northern Seas and seek the harbours though they're few.

C G C C G C  
*Oh, we fight the wind and the rain, so here we go again.*

There is beer enough to drink, but never time to see it through.  
Pray God we'll see some land, to rest a while and try their brew.

*Oh, we fight the wind and the rain, so here we go again.*

The shipping forecast says: Gale force, winds and stormy seas.  
So take a break ashore, The Faroe Isle so let it be.

*Oh, we fight the wind and the rain, so here we go again.*

We make a round for shore, maybe craps will damp her toe.  
We'll make a few men sour. To a bigger town so wide and tall.

*Oh, we fight the wind and the rain, so here we go again.*

Farewell the Faroe Isle, we saw the sun, we felt the wind,  
and though we often tried, we often tried but never sinned.  
And farewell land-to-leave and through the laughter and the smiles,  
we'll think in harmony of people in the Faroe Isle.  
And still we must go on we fight the sea, the wind and rain.  
And still we must go on, oh let us be away again.

*We'll go away again, we'll go away again.*

Bright coloured houses stands together in Torshavens bay.  
The only potent there, where there is no spot to spend your pay.  
There's dryfish for your tea, there's dryfish for your lunch my dear.  
For dinner there is dryfish, when it comes to it they dry your beer.  
And still we must go on, we fight the sea, the wind and rain.  
And still we must go on, oh, let us be away again.

*We'll go away again.*

En sang om nogle fæ-ører der sejler på havene og ber til Gud om at de snart må se land. Og det gør de. En masse øer dukker op og de sejler ind til Thorshavn. Men heller ikke landlov er åbenbart godt nok. Der er ingen steder at bruge penge og de lever af tørfisk morgen, middag og aften. Ja, selv øllet tørrer de på disse kanter, så det kan ikke gå hurtigt nok med at komme til søs igen.