

Farewell to Sicily

C F C G
The pipie is dosy, the pipie is fay, he will nae come roon' for his vino the day,
C F C G C
The sky ower Messina is unco and gray, and a' the bricht chaulmers are eerie.

F C F C G
Then fareweel ye banks of Sicily, fare ye weel ye valley and shaw.
C F C G C
There's nae Jock will mourn the kyles a' ye', puir bliddy squaddies are weary,

F C F C G
Then fareweel ye banks of Sicily, fare ye weel ye valley and shaw,
C F C G C
There's nae hame can smoor the wiles a' ye', puir bliddy squaddies are weary.

F C F C G
Then doon the stair and line the waterside, waiting your turn, the ferries away.
F C G C
Then doon the stair and line the waterside, a' the bricht chaulmers are eerie.

The drummie is polished, the drummie is braw, he cannae be seen for his webbin' ava,
He's breezed himsel' up for a photo an' a', tae leave wi' his Lola his dearie.

Then fareweel ye dives of Sicily, fare ye weel ye shielin an' ha',
We'll a' mind sheebens and bothies, whaur kind signorinas were cheeries.

Then fareweel ye dives of Sicily, fare ye weel ye shielin' an' ha',
We'll a' mind sheebens and bothies, where Jock made a date wi' his dearie.