Farewell to Fiunary



And swiftly, swiftly runs the time; The boat is floating on the tide That wafts me off from Fiunary.

(Chorus) We must up and haste away, We must up and haste away, We must up and haste away, Farewell, farewell to Fiunary.

A thousand, thousand tender ties, Awake this day my plaintive sighs; My heart within me almost dies At thought of leaving Fiunary. But I must leave those happy vales, See, see they spread the flapping sails! Adieu, adieu my native dales! Farewell, farewell to Fiunary.