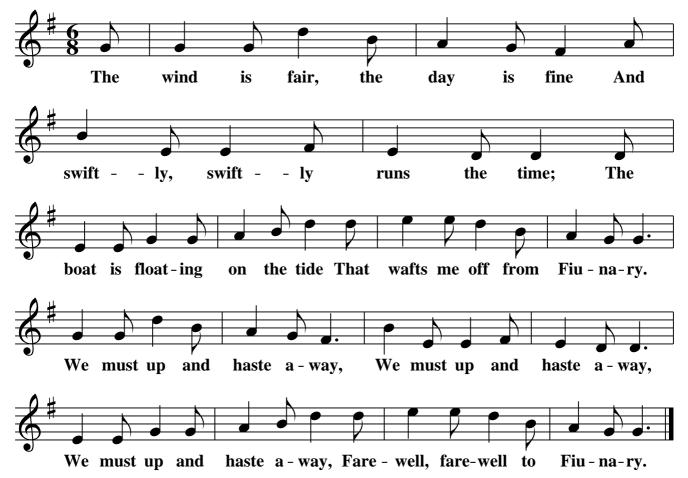
## Farewell to Fiunary



The wind is fair, the day is fine 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.