

Mussels in the Corner

1. G / / C
'Deed I am in love with you,
 G / / D7
Out all night in the foggy dew;
 G / / C
'Deed I am in love with you,
 G D7 G /
Mussels in the corner.
2. All the people on Belle Isle
Don't get up 'til half past nine;
Light their fire with kerosene oil
Wabana you're a corker.
3. Ask a bayman for a smoke,
He will say his pipe is broke;
Ask a bayman for a chew,
He will bite it off for you.
4. When your eyeballs they get loose,
Hark, I think I hears the Bruce,
Harbour Grace and Carbonear,
Oh lord heavens, take I dere.
5. Here they was thick as flies,
Dirty shirts and dirty ties,
Dirty rings around their eyes,
Dirty old Torbay men.
6. There they are as wild as goats,
Bayman in their little boats,
Woman in their petticoats,
Bound for Petty Harbour.

- Traditional

Lukey's Boat

1. ^C Oh ^{G7} Lukey's boat is painted green, ^C aha, ^G me byes.
^C Oh ^{G7} Lukey's boat is painted green,
^C The ^{G7} prettiest boat you've ever seen,
^C / ^{G7} Aha, ^C aha me riddle I day.
2. Oh Lukey's boat got a fine fore cutty, aha me byes.
Oh Lukey's boat got a fine fore cutty,
And every seam is chinked with putty,
Aha, aha me riddle I day.
3. "I think," said Lukey, "I'll make her bigger," aha, me byes.
"I think," said Lukey, "I'll make her bigger,"
And load her down with a one-claw jigger,"
Aha, aha me riddle I day.
4. "Oh now," said Lukey, "get aboard your grub," aha, me byes.
"Oh now," said Lukey, "get aboard your grub,"
One split pea and a ten-pound tub,"
Aha, aha me riddle I day.
5. Oh Lukey's rolling out his grub, aha, me byes.
Oh Lukey's rolling out his grub,
A barrel and a bag and a ten-pound tub,
Aha, aha me riddle I day.
6. Oh Lukey he sailed up the shore, aha, me byes.
Oh Lukey he sailed up the shore,
To get some fish from Labrador,
Aha, aha me riddle I day.
7. His wife is dead and under ground, aha, me byes.
"Oh now," says Lukey "I don't care,
I'll get another in the spring of the year,"
Aha, aha me riddle I day.

Attributed to Virtue Kean

The Squid-Jiggin' Ground

1.

G

Oh, this is the place where the fishermen gather,

C G D C D7

With oil skins and boots and Cape Anns battened down.

G C G Em

All sizes of figures with squid lines and jiggers,

G D7 G

They congregate here on the squid-jiggin' ground.
2. Some are workin' their jiggers, while others are yarnin',
There's some standin' up and there's more lyin' down.
While all kinds of fun, jokes and tricks are begun
As they wait for the squid on the squid-jiggin ground.
3. There's men of all ages and boys in the bargain.
There's old Billy Cave, and there's young Raymond Bown.
Right yonder is Bobby and with him is Nobby;
They're a-chawin' hard tack on the squid-jiggin ground.
4. There's men from the harbour, and men from the tickle,
In all kinds of motor boats, green, grey and brown.
There's a red-headed Tory out here in a dory,
A runnin' down Squires on the squid-jiggin ground.
5. The man with the whiskers is old Jacob Steele.
He's gettin' well up but he's still pretty sound;
While Uncle Bob Hawkins wears three pairs of stockin's
Whenever he's out on the squid-jiggin' ground.
6. God bless my sou'wester! There's Skipper John Chaffey,
He's the best man at squid-jiggin' here, I'll be bound.
Hello! What's the row? Why, he's jiggin' one now--
The very first squid on the squid- jiggin' ground.
7. There's poor Uncle Billy, his whiskers are spattered
With spots of the squid juice that's flyin' around.
One poor little boy got it right in the eye,
But they don't care a hang on the squid-jiggin' ground.

The Squid-Jiggin' Ground

8. Holy Smoke! What a bustle: all hands are excited.
It's a wonder to me that there's nobody drowned.
There's a bustle, confusion, a wonderful hustle:
They're all jiggin' squid on the squid-jiggin' ground.
9. Says Bobby: "The squid are on top of the water;
I just got me jigger 'bout one fathom down"--
When a squid in the boat squirted right down his throat,
And he's swearin' like mad on the squid-jiggin' ground.
10. Now if ever you feel inclined to go squiddin',
Leave your white shirt and collars behind in the town.
And if you get cranky without a silk hanky,
You'd better steer clear of the squid-jiggin' ground.

- By A.R. Scammell

The Tiny Red Light

1. G / / D7 /
"Place the light in the window, my darling," she said,
 / / / G /
As she gazed at the dark cloudy night over head;
 / / / D7 /
The little girl ran with her eager delight,
 / / / G /
As she placed in the window the tiny red light.

2.
Her father came home from his work withered cold,
Angry and cross 'cause his fish was not sold;
He said that the oil was to last for tonight,
When he took from the window the tiny red light.

3.
"Oh father, dear father, don't take it away,
Think of the poor sailors far out on the bay;
For if you had seen what had happened last night,
You would leave in the window the tiny red light".

4.
Early next morning came a knock on the door,
A sailor stood pointing far out on the shore;
Three tiny ships went adrift in the gale,
With tears in his eyes, told the father his tale.

5.
"We followed your tiny red light," said the man,
"When it vanished from sight, on the rocks our ship ran;
Many were drowned on the billows last night,
That might have been saved by your tiny red light."

- Traditional

I'se the B'y

- C* / *G* /
1. I'se the b'y that builds the boat,
C / *G7 G*
And I'se the b'y that sails her;
C / *G* /
I'se the b'y that catches the fish
G7 / *C* /
And brings 'em home to Lizer.

Chorus: Hip yer partner, Sally Tibbo.
Hip yer partner, Sally Brown;
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbour,
All around the circle.

2. Sods and rinds to cover yer flake,
Cake and tea for supper,
Codfish in the spring o' the year
Fried in maggoty butter.

Chorus

3. I don't want your maggoty fish,
That's no good for winter;
I could buy as good as that,
Down in Bonavista.

Chorus

4. I took Lizer to a dance,
And faith, but she could travel,
And every step that she did take
Was up to her knees in gravel.

Chorus

5. Susan White she's out o' sight:
Her petticoat wants a border.
Old Sam Oliver in the dark,
He kissed her in the corner.

Chorus

- Attributed to Joseph Deering
and Mark Gatehouse

We'll Rant and We'll Roar (The Ryans and the Pittmans)

Chorus:

C Am Dm G
We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfoundlanders,
Dm G Dm G G7
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below,
C Am Dm G
Until we see bottom inside the two sunkers,
G7 C Dm G7 C
When straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go!

1. My name it is Robert, they call me Bob Pittman,
I sail in the "Ino" with Skipper Tim Brown,
I'm bound to have Polly or Biddy or Molly,
As soon as I'm able to bank the cash down.

Chorus

2. I'm a son of a sea-cook, and a cook in a trader;
I can dance, I can sing, I can reef the main boom,
I can handle a jigger, and I cuts a fine figure
Whenever I gets in a boat's standing room.

Chorus

3. If the voyage is good, then this fall I will do it;
I wants two pound ten for a ring and the priest,
A couple o' dollars for clean shirt and collars,
And a handful o' coppers to make up a feast.

Chorus

4. Farewell and adieu to ye girls of St. Kyran's,
Of Paradise and Presque, Big and Little Bona,
I'm bound unto Toslow to marry sweet Biddy,
And if I don't do so, I'm afraid of her da.

Lyrics by H. W. LeMessurier; music - traditional

Feller from Fortune

1. D7 G / / /
There's lots of fish in Bonavist' Harbour,
 C / / / G
Lots of fish right in around here;
 G / / / /
Boys and girls are fishin' together,
 C G D7 G
Forty-five from Carbonear.

Chorus: D7 G / / /
Oh, catch a-hold this one, catch a-hold that one,
 C / / / G
Swing around this one, swing around she,
 G / / / /
Dance around this one, dance around that one,
 C G D7 G
Diddle dum this one, diddle dum-dee.

2. Oh, Sally goes to church ev'ry Sunday,
 Not for to sing, nor for to hear;
 But to see the feller from Fortune
 What was down here fishin' the year.
 Chorus
3. Oh, Sally got a bouncin' new baby,
 Father said that he didn't care;
 Because he liked the feller from Fortune,
 What was down here fishin' last year.
 Chorus
4. Oh, Uncle Garge got up in the mornin',
 He got up in a hell o' tear;
 Ripped the rear right out of his trousers,
 Now he's got nar pair to wear.

Last chorus:

There's lots of fish in Bonavist' Harbour,
Lots of fish right in around here;
Swing your partner Jimmy Joe Jacobs,
I'll be home in the spring o' the year.

The Star of Logy Bay

1. ^C ^G ^{G7} ^G
Ye ladies and ye gentlemen,
^{Dm} ^{G7} ^C /
I pray you lend an ear,
^C ^G ^{Am} ^{Em}
While I locate the residence
^G ^{Dm} ^G /
Of a lovely charmer fair.
^C ^G ^{Am} ^{Em}
The curling of her yellow locks
^G ^{Dm} ^G /
First stole my heart away,
^C ^G ^{G7} ^G
And her place of habitation
^{Dm} ^{G7} ^C
Is down in Logy Bay.
2. It was on a summer's evening
This little place I found.
I met her aged father,
Who did me sore confound,
Saying, "If you address my daughter,
I'll send her far away,
And she never will return again
While you're in Logy Bay."
3. 'Twas on the very next morning,
He went to St. John's town,
and engaged for her a passage
In a vessel outward bound.
He robbed me of my heart's delight,
And sent her far away;
And he left me here downhearted
For the Star of Logy Bay.

The Star of Logy Bay

4. How could you be so cruel as
To part me from my love?
Her tender heart beats in her breast
As constant as a dove.
Oh, Venus was no fairer,
Nor the lovely month of May.
May Heaven above shower down its love
On the Star of Logy Bay.

5. Oh, now I'll go a-roaming;
I can no longer stay.
I'll search the wide world over
In every country,
I'll search in vain through France and Spain,
Likewise Americay
'Til I will sight my heart's delight--
The Star of Logy Bay.

6. Now to conclude and finish,
The truth to you I'll tell.
Between Torbay and Outer Cove,
'Tis there my love did dwell--
The finest girl e'er graced our Isle,
So every one did say.
May Heaven above send down its love
On the Star of Logy Bay.

-Traditional

The Kelligrews Soiree

1. You may talk of Clara Nolan's ball or anything you choose,
But it couldn't hold a snuff box to the spree at Kelligrew's;
If you want your eyeballs straightened, just come out next week with me,
And you'll have to wear your glasses at the Kelligrews Soiree.
There was birch rind, tar twine, cherry wine and turpentine,
Jowls and cavalances, ginger beer and tea,
Pig's feet, cat's meat, dumplings boiled in a sheet,
Dandelion and crackies' teeth at the Kelligrews Soiree.

2. Oh, I borrowed Cluney's beaver, as I squared my yards to sail;
And a swallow-tail from Hogan that was foxy on the tail;
Billy Cuddahie's old working pants and Patsy Nolan's shoes,
And an old white vest from Fogarty to sport at Kelligrews.

There was Dan Milley, Joe Lily, Tantan and Mrs. Tilley,
Dancing like a little filly, 'twould raise your heart to see.
Jim Brine, Din Ryan, Flipper Smith and Caroline;
I tell you boys, we had a time at the Kelligrews Soiree.

3. Oh, when I arrived at Betsy Snooks' That night at half past eight,
The place was blocked with carriages stood waiting at the gate,
With Cluney's funnel on my pate. the first words Betsy said:
"Here comes a local preacher with the pulpit on his head".

There was Bill Mews, Dan Hughes, Wilson, Taft, and Teddy Roos',
While Bryant he sat in the blues and looking hard at me;
Jim Fling, Tom King, and Johnson, champion of the ring,
And all the boxers I could bring at the Kelligrews Soiree.

The Kelligrews Soiree

4. "The Saritoga Lancers first", Miss Betsy kindly said.
Sure I danced with Nancy Cronan and her Grannie on the 'Head';
And Hogan danced with Betsy, oh you should have seen his shoes,
As he lashed old muskets from the rack that night at Kelligrews.

There was boiled guineas, cold guineas, bullocks' heads and picaninies,
And everything to catch the pennies, you'd break your sides to see;
Boiled duff, cold duff; apple jam was in a cuff,
I tell you, boys, we had enough, at the Kelligrews Soiree.

5. Crooked Flavin struck the fiddler and a hand I then took in;
You should see George Cluney's beaver, and it flattened to the rim!
And Hogan's coat was like a vest - the tails were gone you see.
"Oh", says I, "The devil haul ye and your Kelligrews Soiree".

Saltwater Joys

1. G D Em C
Just to wake up in the morning to the quiet of the cove,
 G D G /
And to hear Aunt Bessie talking to her self;
 G D Em C
And to hear poor Uncle John mumbling wishes to old Nell,
 G D G /
It made me feel like everything was fine.
 D Em C G
I was born down by the water, and it's here I'm gonna stay,
 D Em C G
I've searched for all the reasons why I should go away;
 G D Em C
But I haven't got the thirst for all those modern-day toys,
 G / D G
So I'll just take my chances with those saltwater joys.
2. Following a little brook as it trickles to the shore,
In the autumn when the trees are flaming red;
Kicking leaves that fall around me, watching sunset paint the hills,
It's all I'll ever need to feel at home.
- Ah, this island that we cling to has been handed down with pride,
By folks who fought to live here, taking hardships all in stride;
So I'll compliment her beauty, and hold on to my goodbyes,
And I'll stay and take my chances with those saltwater joys.
3. How can I leave those mornings with the sunrise on the cove,
And the gulls like flies surrounding Clayton's wharf?
Platter's Island wrapped in rainbow in the evening after fog,
The ocean smells are perfume to my soul.
- Some go to where the buildings reach to meet the clouds,
Where warm and gentle people turn to swarming faceless crowds;
So I'll do without their riches, the glamour and the noise,
And I'll stay and take my chances with those saltwater joys.

by Wayne Chaulk

The Ode to Newfoundland

1.

G D G Em

When sunrays crown thy pine-clad hills,

C D7sus4 G D

And summer spreads her hand,

Em D G D

When silvern voices tune thy rills,

Em A7 D D7

We love thee, smiling land,

G / C Am

We love thee, we love thee,

D D7 G

We love thee, smiling land.
2. When blinding storm gusts fret thy shore,
And wild waves lash thy strand,
Through spindrift swirl and tempest roar,
We love thee, wind-swept land,
We love thee, we love thee,
We love thee, wind-swept land.
3. When spreads thy cloak of shimm'ring white,
At winter's stern command,
Through shortened day and starlit night,
We love thee, frozen land,
We love thee, we love thee,
We love thee, frozen land.
4. As loved our fathers, so we love,
Where once they stood we stand,
Their prayer we raise to heav'n above,
God guard thee, Newfoundland
God guard thee, God guard thee,
God guard thee, Newfoundland.

- Lyrics by Sir Cavendish Boyle; music by Sir Hubert Parry