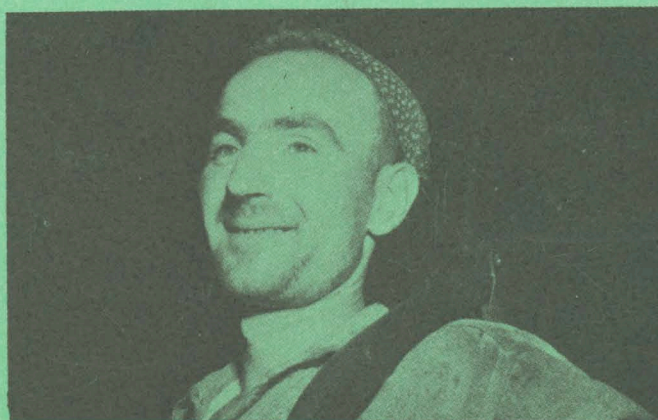
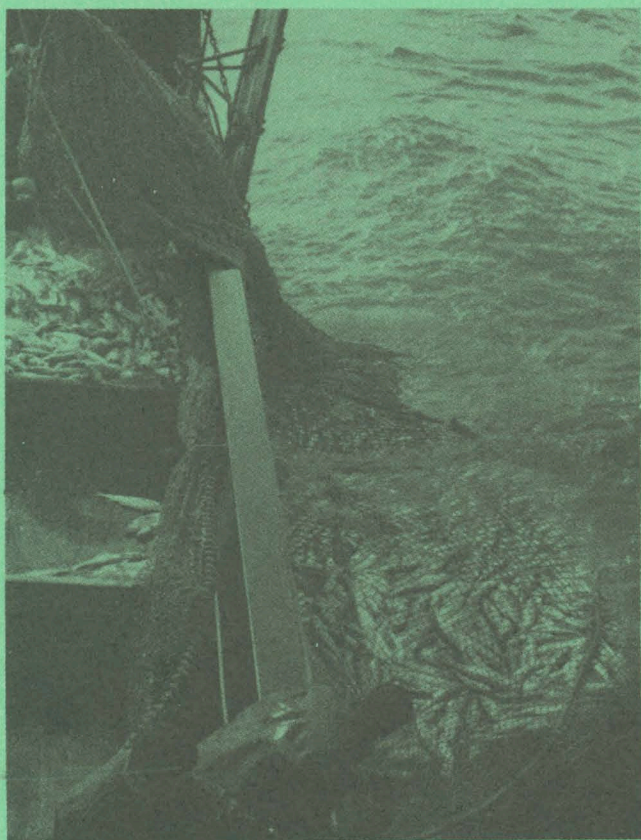


# FOLK SONGS OF NEWFOUNDLAND



SUNG BY **ALAN MILLS** ACC. BY GUITAR

KELLIGREWS SOIREE · TICKLE COVE POND · AS I ROVED OUT · THE BADGER DRIVE

TIME TO BE MADE A WIFE · I'S THE B'Y THAT BUILDS THE BOAT · TWO JINKERS

A GREAT BIG SEA HOVE · LUKEY'S BOAT · THE SQUID-JIGGIN' GROUND

JACK WAS EVERY INCH A SAILOR · ANTI-CONFEDERATION SONG

FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP. N. Y. FW 6831

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1678  
M657  
F665  
1953

MUSIC LP



FOLK SONGS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

FOLKWAYS FW 6831

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Illustrated Notes are Inside Pocket



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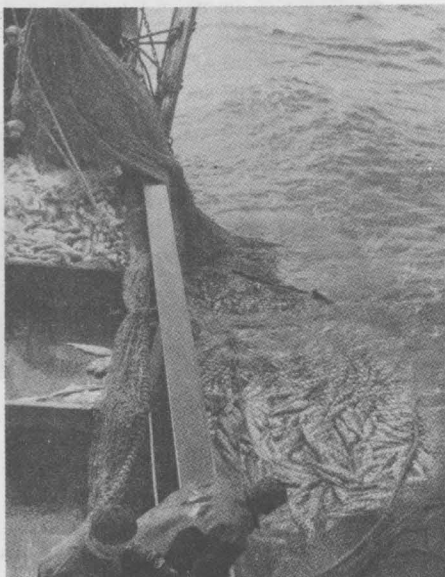
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MUSIC LP

# FOLK SONGS OF NEWFOUNDLAND



## SUNG BY ALAN MILLS ACC. BY GUITAR

KELLOGREWS SOIREE · TICKLE COVE POND · AS I ROVED OUT · THE BADGER DRIVE

TIME TO BE MADE A WIFE · I'S THE B'Y THAT BUILDS THE BOAT · TWO JINKERS

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JACK WAS EVERY INCH A SAILOR · ANTI-CONFEDERATION SONG

Alan Mills is perhaps the most popular folk-singer in Canada, and one of the few who understands thoroughly what folk-songs are, and who has the imaginative ability to interpret them properly, with full appreciation of the words or "story", as he calls it, and of how to marry the text to the tune.

Alan Mills was born in Montreal and was a newspaperman before he devoted his full time to folk-singing.

(From the introduction to "Let's Sing A Little" an album of folk songs issued by RCA Victor in Canada.)

In this, his second album for FOLKWAYS, the Canadian folk-singer, Alan Mills, has recorded

twelve songs of Newfoundland, Britain's "oldest overseas colony" which became Canada's tenth and most easterly province in 1949.

Nowhere in Canada is singing and song-making more loved, or more in evidence as a folk art, than in the curiously shaped island which was discovered by the British explorer, John Cabot, only five years after Christopher Columbus set out in search of a "new world".

As in the case of others who sought a new life in North America, the settlers who followed Cabot's trail in subsequent generations brought with them many of the traditional folk songs and ballads of the British Isles. It has been estimated that

ninety-eight percent of Newfoundland's population is of British stock -- mostly from the west of England and from Ireland). A number of these "inherited" ballads are still sung on occasion in remote fishing villages that dot the rugged coasts of Newfoundland.

For the most part, however, these older gems have been forgotten and have been replaced by "home-made" songs which grew out of the minds and experiences of native bards; songs which record local happenings and mention the names and places dear to the hearts of Newfoundlanders. These are the "true" folk songs of Newfoundland, loved beyond all others, and little known to "outsiders".

In many cases the authors of the songs are known, and some of them are still very much alive. And if some of their tunes have a familiar ring to the listener, what matter? The song-makers of Newfoundland (no less than such illustrious bards as Robert Burns and Thomas Moore) cared little about "borrowing" a melody -- or a part thereof -- as long as it served to carry the words they created and the stories they had to tell. And these words and stories tell us much of the land that gave them birth, and of the character of its song-loving people.

Since fishing is the chief industry of the Island, it is only natural that most of these songs should be of fishermen and the sea. This album contains some of the favorite sea-songs of Newfoundland and a few of the best-loved "land" songs.

### SIDE I

**KELLOGREWS SOIREE.** One of the most popular "land" songs of Newfoundland is "The Kelligrews Soiree", a sparkling ditty with a strong Irish flavor, which compares very favorably with such great comic songs as "Tim Finnegan's Wake" and "Lanigan's Ball". Written by one of Newfoundland's favorite bards, the late John Burke, it has an irresistible swing and tells a good story.

Kelligrews is a small fishing village about 15 miles southwest of St. John's, Newfoundland's capitol.

You may talk of Clara Nolan's Ball, or anything you choose,  
But it couldn't hold a snuff-box to the spree at Kelligrews,

If you want your eye-balls straightened, just come out next week with me,  
And you'll have to wear your glasses at the Kelligrews Soiree.

Chorus: There was birch rine, 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 crackie's teeth at the Kelligrews Soiree.

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."

Chorus: There was Dan Milley, Joe Lilly,  
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.

Now, 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 the local Preacher with the pul-  
pit on his head!"

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

"The Saratoga 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.

Chorus: 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.

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 Kelli-  
grews Soiree!"

TICKLE COVE POND. The hauling of firewood by  
horse, dog or handslide, is a familiar sight in  
Newfoundland during the winter. And in the spring,  
when frozen ponds begin to melt, there is a mad  
rush to get the wood across the ice while it's still  
safe to take advantage of such short-cuts. However,  
these short-cuts have their dangers, as is indica-  
ted in this amusing account of a near-tragedy.  
But there is more to the song than that. The line,  
"the hard and the aisy we take as it comes" re-  
flects the calm acceptance of hardship and danger  
that is part of the Newfoundlander's heritage.  
"You can always rely on the Oldfords and Whites"  
is true not only of them, but of all Newfoundlan-  
ders who are ever willing to lend a hand to a neigh-  
bor. And to call for a "shanty song" whenever

there's a job of work to be done is quite the natur-  
al thing to do in this land of song-loving people.

In cuttin' and haulin', in frost and in snow,  
We're up against troubles that few people know,  
And only by patience, with courage and grit,  
And eatin' plain food, can we keep ourselves  
fit.

The hard and the aisy we take as it comes,  
And when ponds freeze over we shorten our  
runs,

To hurry my haulin', the spring comin' on,  
Near lost me my mare on Tickle Cove Pond.

Oh, lay hold William Oldford, Lay  
Chorus: hold William White,  
Lay hold of the cordage and pull all  
your might,

Lay hold of the bowline and pull all  
ye can,  
And give me a lift for poor Kit on the  
pond.

I knew that the ice became weaker each day,  
But still took the risk and kept haulin' away,  
One evening in April, bound home with a load,  
The mare showed some hauling against the  
ice road.

She knew more than I did, as matters turned  
out,  
And lucky for me had I joined in her doubt.  
She turned round her head and, with tears in  
her eyes,  
As if she were saying: "You're risking our  
lives."

Chorus

All this I ignored with a whip-handle blow,  
For man is too stupid, dumb creatures to know,  
The very next minute, the pond gave a sigh,  
And down to our necks went poor Kitty and I.  
Now if I had taken wise Kitty's advice  
I never would take the short cut on the ice.  
Poor creature, she's dead, and poor creature  
she's gone,  
I'll ne'er get my wood off Tickle Cove Pond.

Chorus

I raised an alarm you could hear for a mile,  
And neighbors turned up in a very short while,  
You can always rely on the Oldfords and Whites  
To render assistants in all your bad plights.  
When the bowline was fastened around the  
mare's breast,  
William White for a shanty song made a re-  
quest,  
There was no time for thinking, no time for  
delay,  
So straight from his head came this song  
right away:

Chorus: "Lay hold William Oldford, lay hold  
William White,  
Lay hold of the hawser and pull all  
your might,  
Lay hold of the bowline and pull all  
ye can!"  
--And with that we brought Kit out of  
Tickle Cove Pond.

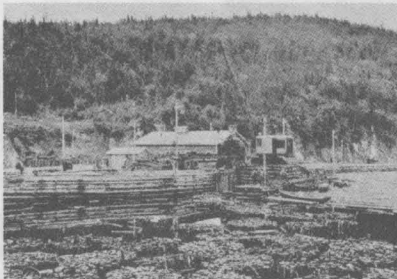
AS I ROVED OUT. The influence of the "inherited"  
songs of Newfoundland may be noted in this next  
song, which is a shortened variant of an old  
British folk song commonly known as "Tarry  
Trousers." Though the story told in the four  
short verses seems to be complete enough as it  
is, most versions of the song carry the story on  
to a less cheerful climax in which the girl meets  
her sailor and then is promptly abandoned as he  
goes off to sea again.

As I roved out one fine summer's evenin',  
To view the flow'rs and to take the air,  
'Twas there I spied a tender mother  
Talkin' to her daughter dear.

Sayin: "Daughter, oh daughter, I'll have you  
to marry,  
No longer to lead a sweet single life."  
--"Oh mother, oh mother, I'd rather to marry  
To be some brave young sailor's wife."

"A sailor boy thinks all for to wander;  
He will prove your overthrow.  
Oh daughter, you're better to wed with a  
farmer,  
For to the seas he ne'er do go."

"Oh mother, I cannot wed with a farmer,  
Tho' he deck me with diamonds bright,  
I'll wait for my love with the tarry-tarry  
trousers,  
For he's my joy and my heart's delight.



TIME TO BE MADE A WIFE. A somewhat differ-  
ent attitude to marriage is found in the song that  
follows. It was collected by the noted English  
musicologist, Maud Karpeles, at Conception Har-  
bour, Newfoundland, from a folk-singer named  
Thomas Ghaney, who described it as a "very be-  
coming song to sing in young company."

As I roved out one morning in the lovely month  
of May,  
I met a pretty fair maid, these words I heard  
her say:

"Oh father, I'm sixteen years of age, and I'm  
weary of my life,  
Oh father, I think it is almost time for me to  
be made a wife."

"Oh hold your tongue, dear daughter, oh,  
hold your tongue," said he.

"For men they are deceitful with flattering  
tongues," said he.

"Oh, what care I for flattering tongues, for  
flattering tongues," said she.

"At the time that you married my mamma,  
she wasn't so old as me."

"I have a sister Mary, and that you well do  
know,  
She has not long been married, only nine  
long months ago.  
She has a baby for herself to daddle upon  
her knee,  
And I think it is time for me to have one, for  
I'm nearly as old as she."

The bell-man he went round the town to see  
what he could find,  
A soldier or a sailor to please this fair one's  
mind.

"A soldier or a sailor, no matter who," she  
said.

"I pray, young men, come marry me, and  
don't let me die a maid!"





Alan Mills

**I'S THE BOY THAT BUILDS THE BOAT.** This is a popular nonsense ditty which is perfect accompaniment for a lively square dance. Fogo, Twillingate and Morton's Harbor, mentioned in the last line of each verse, are the names of three ports in the northern part of Newfoundland, near Notre Dame Bay.

I's the boy that builds the boat, and I's the boy that sails her,  
I's the boy that catches the fish, and takes 'em home to Lizer.  
Hip yer partner, Sally Tibbot, Hip yer partner, Sally Brown,  
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbor, all around the circle.

I took Lizer to a dance, and faith! --and she could travel!  
And every step that she would take was up to her knees in gravel.  
Hip yer partner, Sally Tibbot, hip yer partner, Sally Brown,  
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbor, all around the circle.

Sods and rinds to cover yer flake, cake and tea for supper,  
Codfish in the spring o' the year, fried in maggoty butter,  
Hip yer partner, Sally Tibbot, hip yer partner, Sally Brown,  
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbor, all around the circle.

Susan White, she's out o' sight, her petticoat wants a border,  
Old Sam Oliver, in the dark, he kissed her in the corner,  
Hip yer partner, Sally Tibbot, hip yer partner, Sally Brown,  
Fogo, Twillingate, Morton's Harbor, all around the circle.

**THE BADGER DRIVE.** Second only to Newfoundland's fishing industry is the province's pulp and paper industry, with its two main centres at Cornerbrook and Grand Falls, the second and third largest "towns", respectively. During the hard winter months, many Newfoundland fishermen leave their nets to work in the woods as

loggers, and this song, written by a balladeer named John Devine, tells of the hardships of log-driving, one of the most hazardous jobs in the industry, as any woodsman will confirm. Badger is about ten miles west of Grand Falls, headquarters of the "A.N.D." (Anglo-Newfoundland Development) Company mentioned in the last verse of the song.

There is one class of men in this country that never is mentioned in song,  
And now, since their trade is advancing,  
they'll come out on top before long,  
They say that our sailors have danger, and likewise our warriors bold,  
But there's none know the life of a driver;  
what he suffers in hardships and cold.

Chorus: With their pike-poles and peavies and bateaus and all,  
And they're sure to drive out in the spring, that's the time,  
With the caulks in their boots as they get on the logs,  
And it's hard to get over their time.

Billey Dorothey, he is the manager, and he's a good man at the trade;  
And when he's around seeking drivers, he's like a train going downgrade.  
But still he's a man that's kind-hearted, on his word you can always depend,  
And there's never a man that works with him, but likes to go with him again.

Chorus

I tell you today home in London, "The Times" it is read by each man,  
But little they think of the fellows that drove the wood on Mary Ann,  
For paper is made out of pulpwood, and many things more you may know,  
And long may our men live to drive it upon Paymeoch and Tomjoe.

Chorus

So now, to conclude and to finish, I hope that ye all will agree  
In wishing success to all Badger and the A.N.D. Company,  
And long may they live for to flourish, and continue to chop, drive and roll,  
And long may the business be managed by Mr. Dorothey and Mr. Cole.

Chorus

#### SIDE II

**A GREAT BIG SEA HOVE IN LONG BEACH.** The Newfoundlander's characteristic sense of humor is not dulled even when hard times bring the price of fish -- their greatest commodity -- low, and send the cost of flour -- a basic import skyrocketing.

"Long Beach" is just that -- a long stretch of sandy beach in eastern Newfoundland.

A great big sea hove in Long Beach,  
Right-fol-lor, fa-diddle-diddle-di-do,  
A great big sea hove in Long Beach,  
And Granny Snooks she lost her speech,  
To-me-right-fol-diddle-fol-dee.

A great big sea hove in the Harbor,  
Right-fol-lor, fa-diddle-diddle-di-do,  
A great big sea hove in the Harbor,  
And hove right up in Keogh's parlor,  
To-me-right-fol-diddle-fol-dee.

Oh, dear mother, I wants a sack,  
Right-fol-lor, fa-diddle-diddle-di-do,  
Oh, dear mother, I wants a sack,  
With beads and buttons all down the back,  
To-me-right-fol-diddle-fol-dee.

Me boot is broke, me frock is tore,  
Right-fol-lor, fa-diddle-diddle-di-do,  
Me boot is broke, me frock is tore,  
And Georgie Snooks I do adore,  
To-me-right-fol-diddle-fol-dee.

Oh, fish is low, and flour is high,  
Right-fol-lor, fa-diddle-diddle-di-do,  
Fish is low and flour is high,  
So Georgie Snooks, he can't have I,  
To-me-right-fol-diddle-fol-dee.

But he will have me in the fall,  
Right-fol-lor, fa-diddle-diddle-di-do,  
And if he won't I'll hoist my sail  
And say good-bye to old Canaille,  
To-me-right-fol-diddle-fol-dee.

**JACK WAS EVERY INCH A SAILOR.** Another intrepid sailor of whom Newfoundlanders like to sing is a young fisherman identified only as "Jack", who once had the misfortune of being swallowed by a whale.

Now 'twas twenty-five or thirty years since  
Jack first saw the light,  
He came into this world of woe one dark and stormy night,  
He was born on board his father's ship as she was lyin' to,  
About twenty-five or thirty miles southeast of Baccalieu .

Chorus: Jack was every inch a sailor,  
Five and twenty years a whaler,  
Jack was every inch a sailor,  
He was born upon the bright blue sea.

When Jack grew up to be a man, he went to the Labrador,  
He fished in Indian Harbor where his father fished before,  
On his returning in a fog he met a heavy gale,  
And Jack was swept into the sea and swallowed by a whale.

Chorus

The whale went straight for Baffin's Bay  
'bout ninety knots an hour,  
And every time he'd blow a spray, he'd he'd send it in a shower,  
"Oh now," says Jack unto himself, "I must see what he's about,"  
So he grabbed that whale all by the tail and turned him inside out.

Chorus

**LUKEY'S BOAT.** "Lukey's Boat" is a popular nonsense-song known in Nova Scotia as well as in Newfoundland, and both provinces claim "Lukey" as their own, but whether or not an actual character by that name really existed has yet to be proven. The two provinces have different versions of the song. The verses recorded



here are taken from several sources in both provinces.

O, Lukey's boat is painted green, Aha, me b'ys!  
 O, Lukey's boat is painted green,  
 The prettiest boat that ever was seen,  
 Aha-ah, me riddle-I-day!

O, Lukey's boat got a fine fore cutty,  
 Aha, me b'ys!  
 O, Lukey's boat got a fine fore cutty,  
 And every seam is chinked with putty,  
 Aha-ah, me riddle-I-day!

"I think", said Lukey, "I'll make her  
 bigger, Aha, me b'ys!  
 "I think", said Lukey, "I'll make her  
 bigger,  
 I'll load her down with a one-claw jigger,"  
 Aha-ah, me riddle-I-day!

"O now," said Lukey, "get aboard your  
 grub," Aha me b'ys!  
 "O now," said Lukey, "get aboard your  
 grub,  
 One split pea and a ten-pound tub," Aha-  
 ha, me riddle-I-day!

O, Lukey's rolling out his grub, Aha, me  
 b'ys!  
 O, Lukey's rolling out his grub,  
 A barrel and a bag and a ten-pound tub,  
 Aha-ah, me riddle-I-day!

O, Lukey he sailed up the shore, Aha, me  
 b'ys!  
 O, Lukey he sailed up the shore,  
 To get some fish from Labrador, Aha-ah,  
 me riddle-I-day!

O, Lukey he looked 'round and 'round, Aha  
 me b'ys!  
 O, Lukey he looked 'round and 'round,  
 "Me wife is dead for the blinds are down!"  
 Aha-ah, me riddle-I-day!

"Oh now," said Lukey, "I don't care," Aha,  
 me b'ys!

"Oh now," said Lukey, "I don't care,  
 I'll get me another in the fall of the year,"  
 Aha-ah, me riddle-I-day!

THE SQUID-JIGGIN' GROUND. Perhaps the most popular of all Newfoundland songs (within recent years, at any rate) is this one written by a school teacher, Arthur R. Scammell. It describes the shenanigans that go on when the fishermen of Newfoundland go "squid-jiggin'" -- or fishing for squid, a torpedo-shaped cuttle-fish, about ten inches long, which is used for bait, and which has a nasty habit of squirting forth a dark, gooey liquid when disturbed or caught.

Oh, this is the place where the fishermen  
 gather,  
 With oil-skins and boots, and Cape-Anns  
 battened down,  
 All sizes of figures, with squid-lines and  
 jiggers,  
 They congregate here on the squid-jiggin'  
 ground.

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 congregate here on the squid-  
 jiggin' ground.

There's men from the Harbor, and men  
 from the Tickle,  
 In all kinds of motor boats, green, grey  
 and brown,  
 There's a red-headed Tory out there in  
 a dory,  
 A-runnin' down Squires on the Squid-  
 jiggin' ground.

There's men of all ages, and boys in the  
 bargain,  
 There's old Billy Chafe and there's young  
 Raymond Brown,  
 Right yonder is "Bobby" and with him is  
 "Nobby",  
 They're a-chawin' hard tack on the squid-  
 jiggin' ground.

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.

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.

Holy Smoke! -- What a scuffle! -- All  
 hands are excited,  
 It's a wonder to me that nobody is drowned.  
 There's a bussel, confusion, a wonderful  
 hussel;  
 They're all jiggin' squids on the squid-  
 jiggin' ground.

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.

Says Bobby: "The squid are on top o' 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.

Now, if you ever feel inclined to go  
 squiddin',  
 Leave your white shirts and collars be-  
 hind in the town,  
 And, if you get cranky without a silk  
 hanky,  
 You'd better steer clear of the squid-  
 jiggin' ground.

TWO JINKERS. The speech of some Newfound-  
 landers has been the butt of many a good-natured  
 joke among strangers to the Island, but the joke  
 is usually on the "outsiders". There are words  
 and phrases used by Newfoundland fisherfolk that  
 are not heard anywhere else, and they usually  
 have to be explained to anyone not familiar with  
 the Island and its people.

Examples of several typical Newfoundland terms  
 are found in a very popular sea song called "Two  
 Jinkers". A "Jinker" is a person who brings bad  
 luck, in other words a "jinjer". For "translations"  
 of other terms in this song, see below.

Two jinkers in our harbour dwell, adventur-  
 some and plucky;  
 The plans they make all promise well, but al-  
 ways turn unlucky;





Men were hard to get that day, else sailed we  
would have sooner,  
So, to our sorrow and despair, they shipped  
aboard our schooner.

Misfortune followed on their trail wherever  
they did venture,  
And when bad luck did us assail, these two  
we'd always censure.  
To the offer-ground<sup>1</sup> you'd see them bound,  
look out for squalls that even<sup>2</sup>;  
Make for the land -- cries every man, here's  
Jimmie Walsh and Stephen.

When we landed on the Funks<sup>2</sup> we had two Cat's  
Cove ruffians;  
They went battin' Carey's chicks<sup>3</sup> and said that  
they were puffins,<sup>4</sup>  
When we came to share their eggs, we thought  
all hands had even,  
Then found that two had none at all -- Poor  
Jimmie Walsh and Stephen.

In crossing Belle Isle Straits next night, the  
orders from the Skipper  
Were: "Keep your canvas all drawn tight, and  
on your lee the dipper".  
Before the dawn there came a crash, from  
stem to stern a shiver;  
Then from our bunks we made a dash, and  
heard a running river.

We found that Stephen was at the wheel, and  
Jimmie was the scunner;<sup>5</sup>  
That we still lived was good to feel when two  
such craytures run 'er.<sup>6</sup>  
Our water line a growler rives,<sup>7</sup> and through  
the seam comes seivin',  
The ocean roaring for the lives of Jimmie  
Walsh and Stephen!

Our Gardian Angels never knew of such an  
active season;  
We kept our senses all alert, and knew we had  
good reason.  
Such constant strain might crack the brain;  
the fishery game I'm leavin'.  
And if I "raise",<sup>7</sup> give all the praise to Jimmie  
Walsh and Stephen!

1 -- "Offer-ground", - off shore.

2 -- "Funks" - a group of small islands about  
20 miles off the north-east coast of  
Newfoundland.

3 -- "Carey's chicks" (or chickens) - a species  
of very small bird of the Petrel family.

4 -- "Puffins" - a larger sea bird common to  
Newfoundland.

5 -- "Scunner" - the "lookout" or "Scanner"  
aboard ship.

6 -- "Growler" - a submerged block of ice,  
a dreaded hazard.

7 -- "Raise" - the usual term is "rise",  
meaning to "rise in the world," or to  
become successful.



ANTI-CONFEDERATION SONG. Although New-  
foundland's "confederation vote" in 1949 was in  
favor of joining Canada, history records several  
earlier occasions, when Newfoundlanders turned  
down the proposition of union with Canada, re-  
fusing to part with their independence as the  
"oldest overseas colony of the British empire."  
Some of the strong feeling against these earlier  
attempts at confederation is voiced in this old  
anti-confederation song, the author of which is  
unknown.

Hurrah for our own native isle, Newfoundland,  
Not a stranger shall hold one inch of its strand,  
Her face turns to Britain, her back to the Gulf,  
Come near at your peril, Canadian Wolf.

Ye brave Newfoundlanders who plough the  
salt sea,  
With hearts like the eagle, so bold and so  
free,  
The time is at hand when you'll all have to say  
If confederation will carry the day.

Cheap tea and molasses they say they will give,  
All taxes take off that the poor man may live;  
Cheap nails and cheap lumber, our coffins  
to make,  
And homespun to mend our old clothes when  
they break.

If they take off the taxes, how then will they  
meet

The heavy expense on the country's upkeep?  
Just give them the chance to get us in the  
scraps,

And they'll chain us like slaves with pen, ink  
and red tape.

Would you barter the right that your fathers  
have won?

Your freedom transmitted from father to son?  
For a few thousand dollars of Canadian gold,  
Don't let it be said that your birthright was  
sold.

So, hurray for our own native isle, Newfound-  
land,  
Not a stranger shall hold one inch of its strand,  
Her face turns to Britain, her back to the  
Gulf,  
Come near at your peril, Canadian Wolf.



PHOTO CREDITS :

Alan Mills by Annette & Basil Zarov

NATIONAL FILM BOARD PHOTOS :

Loading pulpwood on trucks at Hampden, District  
of White Bay, Newfoundland.

Waterfront at Grand Bank, on the Burin Peninsula.

Harry Earl, fisherman of Portugal Cove.

Jim Collier of Cape St. George cuts lumber at

Bowater's Newfoundland Pulp and Paper

lumber camp on the Humber River.

Fishing settlement of Oderin, Placentia Bay.