

COME TO THE CEILIDH

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CHORUS: COME TO THE CEILIDH AND DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY
WE'LL SING A SONG SO GAILY AND TOAST GOOD COMPANY
SO BRING YOUR FLUTES AND WHISTLES THE MUSIC FOR TO PLAY
COME TO THE CEILIDH AND DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY

JACK DONNELLY WAS FROM IRELAND BUT NOW THIS LAND'S HIS HOME
HE'S GOT A WIFE AND FAMILY AND FRIENDS TO CALL HIS OWN
AND WHEN WE GET TOGETHER IT'S LIKE A HOLIDAY
JUST LIKE BACK HOME, A CEILIDH WHERE ~~THEY'LL~~^{WE'LL} DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY

THERE'S A SESSION IN THE CORNER, MUSICIANS GATHER ROUND
WITH FIDDLES PIPES AND BODHRANS GUITARS AND FLUTES ABOUND
THEY'RE PLAYING JIGS AND REELS WHATEVER TUNES GET CALLED
BY THE TIME THE NIGHT IS OVER THEY'LL HAVE PLAYED THEM ALL

CHORUS

THE YOUNG GIRLS IN THEIR DRESSES ARE PREPARING FOR THE DANCE
DRESSED UP IN FULL REGALIA THEY'RE WAITING FOR THEIR CHANCE
TO SEE THEIR FEET A FLYING TO THE PIPER'S TUNE
TIS SURE A SIGHT OF BEAUTY AS THEY GLIDE AROUND THE ROOM

AND THEN ARRIVES THE MOMENT WHEN WE SING OUR FAVORITE SONGS
THOSE CLASSIC TIMELESS TREASURES WE LEARNED WHEN WE WERE YOUNG
THE EYES GET A LITTLE MISTY AS WE JOIN IN THE REFRAIN
OUR MINDS BEGIN TO WANDER AND WE'RE BACK HOME AGAIN

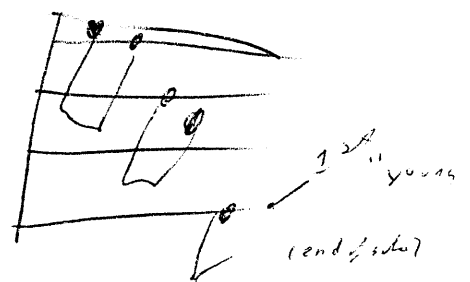
<KEY CHANGE>

TONIGHT'S A SPECIAL EVENING, AS JACK BEAMS OUT A SMILE
TO SEE US ALL TOGETHER MAKING MERRY FOR A WHILE
ONE THING IS FOR CERTAIN AS THE BARKEEP YELLS LAST CALL
THE SPIRIT OF THE EVENING IS IN THE HEARTS OF ALL

CHORUS, REELS

THE ST. JOHN'S WORT

Em *G* *D*
 THE YOUNG MAID STOLE THROUGH THE COTTAGE DOOR,
Em *D* *Bm*
 AND BLUSHED AS SHE SOUGHT THE PLANT OF POWER;
Em *G* *D*
 THOU SILVER GLOW-WORM, O LEND ME THY LIGHT,
Em *D* *Em* *D* *Em*
 I MUST GATHER THE (MYSTIC) ST. JOHN'S WORT TO-NIGHT,
G *D*
 THE WONDERFUL HERB WHOSE LEAF WILL DECIDE
Em *B7*
 IF THE COMING YEAR SHALL MAKE ME A BRIDE.



Em *D* *Em*
 CHORUS: AND THE GLOW-WORM CAME
Em *D* *Em*
 WITH ITS SILVERY FLAME,
Em *D* *Em*
 AND SPARKLED AND SHONE
Em *D* *Em*
 THROUGH THE NIGHT OF ST. JOHN;

G *D*
 WHILE IT SHONE ON THE PLANT AS IT BLOOMED IN ITS PRIDE,
Em *B7*
 AND SOON HAS THE YOUNG MAID HER LOVE-KNOT TIED.

(Inst. until)

WITH NOISELESS TREAD
 TO HER CHAMBER SHE SPED,
 WHERE THE SPECTRAL MOON HER WHITE BEAMS SHED.

CHORUS

BLOOM HERE, BLOOM HERE, THOU PLANT OF POWER,
 TO DECK THE YOUNG BRIDE IN HER BRIDAL HOUR;
 BUT IT DROPPED ITS HEAD, THAT PLANT OF POWER,
 AND DIED THE MUTE DEATH OF THE VOICELESS FLOWER
 AND A WITHERED WREATH ON THE GROUND IT LAY,
 AND WHEN A YEAR HAD PASSED AWAY,
 ALL PALE ON HER BIER THE YOUNG MAID LAY;
 MORE MEET FOR A BURIAL THAN A BRIDAL DAY

CHORUS

AND THEY CLOSED THE COLD GRAVE O'ER THE MAID'S COLD CLAY,
 ON THE DAY THAT WAS MEANT FOR HER BRIDAL DAY.

A TOAST TO KING HENRY VIII

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LONG RIFF - F Bb F C(7) F

F *C*
KING HENRY'S COURT WAS A THIRSTY LOT
F *Bb*
QUAFFING HALF A MILLION GALLONS EACH YEAR
Bb *F*
A DOZEN BREWERS WERE KEPT ON STAFF
G(7) *C*
FOR TO KEEP HIM SUPPLIED IN BEER
F *C*
EVEN HIS LOWEST MEN GOT FOUR PINTS A DAY
F *Bb*
AND TO MAKE SURE OF ITS AVAIL
Bb *F*
HE ADDED ONE MORE TO HIS BREWING STAFF
C(7) *F* *(F7)*
FOR TO MAKE HIM HIS FAVORITE ALE

Bb *F*
CHORUS: SO HERE'S A TOAST TO HENRY THE EIGHTH
C(7) *F* *(F7)*
LET'S RAISE UP A GLASS OF (LAST TIME: A MIGHTY FINE) CHEER
Bb *F*
AS WE SHARE WITH THE KING OF OLDE ENGLAND
C(7) *F*
A LOVE FOR OUR ALE AND BEER

SHORT RIFF: C(7) F

HE KEPT HIS NAVY WELL SUPPLIED
WHENEVER THEY SAILED AWAY
WITH BISCUITS AND FLESH AND FISH AND CHEESE
AND A GALLON A MAN EACH DAY
AND IN PICARDY, SUPPLIES FELL SHORT
AND THE ARMY WENT TEN DAYS DRY
HE SENT RELIEF IN WITH FIVE HUNDRED TONNES
AND TEN BREWHOUSES PARKED NEARBY

CHORUS, LONG RIFF

KING HENRY'S STORIES HAVE OFT BEEN TOLD
HIS LEGACY STILL SURVIVES
FROM EXECUTIONS TO ROWS WITH THE CHURCH
TO THE MARRYING OF SIX WIVES
BUT SAY WHAT YOU WILL OF THIS COLOURFUL KING
AND ALL OF HIS LEGENDARY TALES
T'WAS NEVER A MAN IN ALL ENGLAND
WITH MORE LOVE FOR HIS BEER AND ALE

CHORUS TWICE, SHORT RIFF

Wendy McFarlane

Wendy McFarlane

BRING THE CUP TO THE ROCK

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intro: F G C Am F G C

C
T'WAS THE YEAR OF THE LOCKOUT AND OUR LAST IN ST. JOHN'S
F
WHEN WORD CAME FROM THE N.H.L.
C
THAT WITHOUT ANY HOCKEY IN THE MAJOR LEAGUES
F
THE CUP WOULD GO TO THE A.H.L.
Am
FOR MANY OF US ON THIS TRIPLE A TEAM
F
T'WAS A ONCE IN A LIFETIME CHANCE
C
TO PLAY FOR THE RIGHT TO LORD STANLEY'S PRIDE
F
AND BRING IT HOME TO NEWFOUNDLAND
G *C* (*G*)

C *Am*
CHORUS 1: LET'S BRING THE CUP TO THE ROCK
G *C*
AND GIVE IT ALL WE GOT
F *C* *G*
THIS IS OUR ONLY SEASON
F *G* *C* *Am*
WE CAN MAKE LORD STANLEY'S DREAM A REALITY
F *G* *C*
LET'S BRING THE CUP TO THE ROCK

WELL WE WORKED HARD ALL YEAR AND FOUGHT LIKE A DOG
FOR SIX LONG MONTHS AND EIGHTY GAMES
TRYING TO STAY IN THE HUNT WITH THE REST OF THE PACK
AND KEEP US IN THE PLAYOFF RACE
WITH GUYS LIKE STAJAN BACK ON OUR TEAM
WE ALL TRULY BELIEVED
THAT AFTER A DROUGHT OF THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS
THE CUP WOULD GO TO THE MAPLE LEAFS

CHORUS 1, BREAK

THEN THE PLAYOFFS BEGAN AND WE SWEPT PAST THE MOOSE
ROCHESTER, TOO, AND THEN THE WOLVES
OUR TEAM WAS ON FIRE FILLED WITH HUNGRY DESIRE
THERE WAS NO WAY THAT WE WOULD LOSE
BINGHAMTON WAS THE LAST TEAM TO BEAT
AND WERE HIGHLY FAVOURED ODDS
BUT WE DIDN'T CARE FOR OUR MISSION WAS CLEAR
TO WIN THE CUP FOR ST. JOHN'S

CHORUS2: AND BRING THE CUP TO THE ROCK
AND GIVE IT ALL WE GOT
THIS IS OUR ONLY SEASON
WE CAN BRING LORD STANLEY'S DREAM TO THE MAPLE LEAFS
LET'S BRING THE CUP TO THE ROCK

WELL WE DREW FIRST BLOOD ON A POWER PLAY GOAL
AND EKED A WIN TWO TO ONE
BUT THE SENATORS BOUNCED BACK ON THE VERY NEXT GAME
AND SHUT US OUT FOUR TO NONE
BACK AND FORTH THE SERIES WENT
TIL THE GAMES WERE TIED AT THREE
THEN ONE GAME STOOD BETWEEN AND US AND THE CUP
AND A VICTORY FOR THE MAPLE LEAFS

A7 <key change>

D *Bm*
FROM THE DROP OF THE PUCK THE GAME WAS HARD FOUGHT
G *A*
AND SCORELESS AFTER THE FIRST
D *Bm*
TELLQVIST WAS HOT HE STOPPED SHOT AFTER SHOT
G *A*
AND WE WENT AHEAD ON WELLWOOD'S BURST
Bm *F#m*
THEY TIED IT UP IN THE FINAL FRAME
G *A*
WITH SPEZZA FROM THE CREASE
D *Bm*
BUT THEN WITH SECONDS REMAINING DRUKEN SHOT FROM THE WING
G *A* *D* (*A*)
AND WON IT ALL FOR THE LEAFS

D *Bm*
CHORUS 3: WE BROUGHT THE CUP TO THE ROCK
A *D*
WE GAVE IT ALL WE GOT
G *D* *A*
THIS WAS OUR ONLY SEASON
G *A* *D* *Bm*
WE COULD BRING LORD STANLEY'S DREAM TO THE MAPLE LEAFS
G *A* *D*
WE BROUGHT THE CUP TO THE ROCK

CHORUS 1

She Moved Through the Fair

My young love said to me, my mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kine,
And she stepped away from me and this she did say,
It will not be long love 'til our wedding day.

She stepped away from me and she moved through the fair,
And fondly I watched her move here and move there,
Then she went her way homeward with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

The people were saying no two were e'er wed,
But one has a sorrow that never was said,
And I smiled as she passed with her goods and her gear,
And that was the last that I saw of my dear.

I dreamt it last night that my young love came in,
So softly she entered her feet made no din,
She came close beside me and this she did say,
It will not be long love 'til our wedding day.

Heather Ale: A Galloway Legend

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-94)

Am f. capo3 = Eb

Bm D
FROM THE BONNY BELLS OF HEATHER
A Bm
THEY BREWED A DRINK LONG-SYNE,
Bm D
WAS SWEETER FAR THAN HONEY,
A Bm
WAS STRONGER FAR THAN WINE.
Bm D
THEY BREWED IT AND THEY DRANK IT,
A Bm
AND LAY IN A BLESSED SWOUND
Bm D
FOR DAYS AND DAYS TOGETHER
Bm A Bm
IN THEIR DWELLINGS UNDERGROUND.

5

THERE ROSE A KING IN SCOTLAND,
A FELL MAN TO HIS FOES,
HE SMOTE THE PICTS IN BATTLE,
HE HUNTED THEM LIKE ROES.
OVER MILES OF THE RED MOUNTAIN
HE HUNTED AS THEY FLED,
AND STREWED THE DWARFISH BODIES
OF THE DYING AND THE DEAD.

10

15

G D
SUMMER CAME IN THE COUNTRY,
A Bm
RED WAS THE HEATHER BELL;
G D
BUT THE MANNER OF THE BREWING
A Bm
WAS NONE ALIVE TO TELL.

Bm D
IN GRAVES THAT WERE LIKE CHILDREN'S
A Bm
ON MANY A MOUNTAIN HEAD,
Bm D
THE BREWSTERS OF THE HEATHER
Bm A Bm
LAY NUMBERED WITH THE DEAD.

THE KING IN THE RED MOORLAND
RODE ON A SUMMER'S DAY;
AND THE BEES HUMMED, AND THE CURLEWS
CRIED BESIDE THE WAY.
THE KING RODE, AND WAS ANGRY;
BLACK WAS HIS BROW AND PALE,
TO RULE IN A LAND OF HEATHER
AND LACK THE HEATHER ALE.

25

30

IT FORTUNED THAT HIS VASSALS,
RIDING FREE ON THE HEATH,
CAME ON A STONE THAT WAS FALLEN
AND VERMIN HID BENEATH.
RUDELY PLUCKED FROM THEIR HIDING,
NEVER A WORD THEY SPOKE:
A SON AND HIS AGED FATHER—
LAST OF THE DWARFISH FOLK.

35

40

THE KING SAT HIGH ON HIS CHARGER,
HE LOOKED ON THE LITTLE MEN;
AND THE DWARFISH ~~AND~~ SWARTHY COUPLE
LOOKED AT THE KING AGAIN.
DOWN BY THE SHORE HE HAD THEM; 45
AND THERE ON THE GIDDY BRINK—
“I WILL GIVE YOU LIFE, YE VERMIN,
FOR THE SECRET OF THE DRINK.”

THERE STOOD THE SON AND FATHER
AND THEY LOOKED HIGH AND LOW; 50
THE HEATHER WAS RED AROUND THEM, (2)
THE SEA RUMBLED BELOW.
AND UP AND SPOKE THE FATHER,
SHRILL WAS HIS VOICE TO HEAR:
“I HAVE A WORD IN PRIVATE, 55
A WORD FOR THE ROYAL EAR.

“LIFE IS DEAR TO THE AGED,
AND HONOR A LITTLE THING;
I WOULD GLADLY SELL THE SECRET,”
QUOTH THE PICT TO THE KING. 60
HIS VOICE WAS SMALL AS A SPARROW’S,
AND SHRILL AND WONDERFUL CLEAR:
“I WOULD GLADLY SELL MY SECRET,
ONLY MY SON I FEAR.

“FOR LIFE IS A LITTLE MATTER, 65
AND DEATH IS NOUGHT TO THE YOUNG;
AND I DARE NOT SELL MY HONOR
UNDER THE EYE OF MY SON.
TAKE HIM, O KING, AND BIND HIM,
AND CAST HIM FAR IN THE DEEP; 70
AND IT ’S I WILL TELL THE SECRET
THAT I HAVE SWORN TO KEEP.” (3)

THEY TOOK THE SON AND BOUND HIM,
NECK AND HEELS IN A THONG,
AND A LAD TOOK HIM AND SWUNG HIM, 75
AND FLUNG HIM FAR AND STRONG,
AND THE SEA SWALLOWED HIS BODY,
LIKE THAT OF A CHILD OF TEN;—
AND THERE ON THE CLIFF STOOD THE FATHER,
LAST OF THE DWARFISH MEN. 80

“TRUE WAS THE WORD I TOLD YOU:
ONLY MY SON I FEARED;
FOR I DOUBT THE SAPLING COURAGE
THAT GOES WITHOUT THE BEARD.
BUT NOW IN VAIN IS THE TORTURE, 85
FIRE SHALL NEVER AVAIL: (4)
HERE DIES IN MY BOSOM
THE SECRET OF HEATHER ALE.”

THE SHIPBUILDING SONG

(C) 2004 GLENN MCFARLANE

(based on "How to build a wooden ship...New Brunswick Style" (c) 1998, Dorothy Dearborn)

YOU START WITH THE KEEL FOR IT NEEDS TO COME FIRST
YOU PLACE IN THE STOCKS YOUR FINEST CUT BIRCH
THEN THE STERN AND THE BOW POSTS ARE FITTED RIGHT IN
FOR TO CARRY THE TIMBER TO MARKET



eyether

NEXT COME THE FRAMERS THEY WORK IN TWO GANGS
ON EITHER SHIP'S SIDES THE SKELETONS HANG
HOIST THEM TOGETHER THEN THE FORE AND THE AFT
FOR TO CARRY THE TIMBER TO MARKET

CHORUS: WAY, HO, SHIPBUILDING WE GO
FROM BATHURST AND SHIPPAGEN AND RICHIBUCTO
SAINT JOHN AND ST. ANDREWS (2, 4: ST. MARTINS) AND ALL IN BETWEEN
WE'RE THE SHIPBUILDING MEN OF NEW BRUNSWICK

THE PLANKERS DIVIDE TO WORK ON EACH FACE
THEY START WITH THE TOP ~~SIDES~~ THEN PICK UP THE PACE
BORING THE HOLES AND DRIVING THE NAILS
FOR TO CARRY THE TIMBER TO MARKET

DUB OFF THE ROUGH SPOTS TO MAKE A FINE LINE
CAULK UP THE SEAMS IN PLENTY GOOD TIME
STRENGTHEN THE SHIP WITH GREAT IRON KNEES
FOR TO CARRY THE TIMBER TO MARKET

CHORUS

NEXT COMES THE DECK BOYS AND PUT HER UP FAST
THE CABINS AND HOUSES TO GO FORE AND AFT
THE SPAR MAKERS FINISH BY RAISING THE MASTS
FOR TO CARRY THE TIMBER TO MARKET

WATT →

NOW SHE'S READY FOR LAUNCHING COME GATHER ABOUT
EASE HER IN GENTLY AS YOU KNOCK THE PROPS OUT
THE TUGBOAT WILL GUIDE HER TO HER BERTH AT THE WHARF
FOR TO CARRY THE TIMBER TO MARKET

CHORUS TWICE

WINDSNIFFER

(C) 2004 GLENN MCFARLANE

G Am
 CHORUS: WINDSNIFFER TELL ME CAN THE TRAINS PASS TODAY
 D C G
 OR IS THERE A SOUTH EASTER RISING UP FROM THE BAY
 G Am
 THE BULLET SHE'S COMING WELL WHAT SHALL WE DO
 C G
 WINDSNIFFER IS IT SAFE TO PASS THROUGH
 (3, 5: WINDSNIFFER 'TIS ALL UP TO YOU)

G Am
 TWAS THE TURN OF THE CENTURY NEAR THE TOWN PORT AUX BASQUE
 D C G
 THE OLD NUMBER ONE WAS BLOWN CLEAR OFF THE TRACK
 G Am
 THOSE GALE FORCE WINDS COMING DOWN TABLE MOUNTAIN
 C D
 WOULDN'T LET ANY TRAIN PASS

TIME AND AGAIN THOSE FREIGHT TRAINS WERE LOST
 BUT THEY WOULDN'T REROUTE THEM FOR FEAR OF THE COST
 SO THE REID COMPANY FOUND THEM A NOVEL NEW WAY
 TO HELP THE TRAINS ON THEIR WAY

CHORUS

NOW LAUCHIE MCDUGALL WAS A FARMER BY TRADE
 BUT HE WAS KNOWN BETTER BY A GIFT THAT HE'D GAINED
 OF SNIFFING THE WIND AND DETECTING A GALE
 THEN HE'D CALL UP THE NEWFOUNDLAND RAIL

AND HE'D WARN THEM OF WINDS A HUNDRED MILES STRONG
 AND TELL THEM TO WAIT TIL THE STORMS HAVE DIED DOWN
 SOMETIMES THEY WONDERED HOW IT WAS THAT HE KNEW
 THAT THE TRAINS COULDN'T SAFELY PASS THROUGH

BUT MORE OF THEM LISTENED THAN THOSE WHO DID NOT
 TWAS BETTER TO WAIT THAN THE TRAIN TO GET CAUGHT
 LIKE THE TIME NEAR WRECKHOUSE WHEN THEY QUESTIONED HIS CALL
 AND LOST TWENTY TWO FREIGHT CARS IN ALL

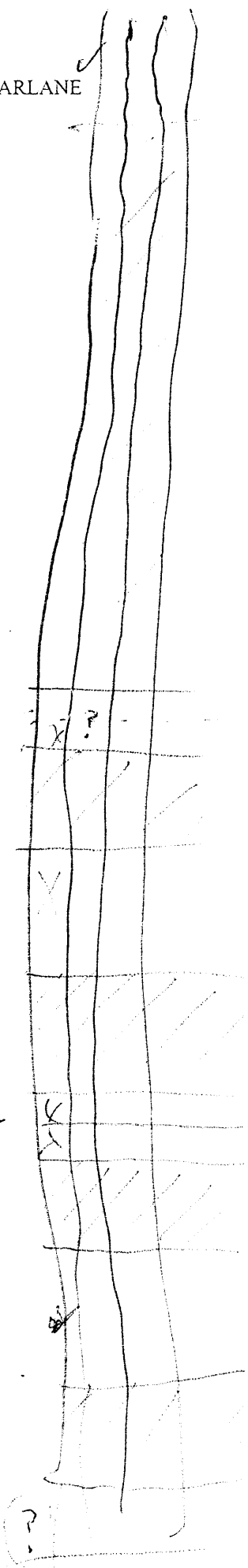
CHORUS, BREAK

DAY AFTER DAY LAUCHIE KEPT AT HIS POST
 KEEPING ATTUNED TO THE WINDS FROM THE COAST
 AND MANY'S THE TIME THAT HE'D PICK UP A GALE
 AND SAVE A TRAIN FROM DERAIL

FOR THIRTY YEARS LAUCHIE WAS THE HUMAN WIND GAUGE
 WHEN HE DIED HIS WIFE VOWED SHE'D CARRY THE NAME
 FOR SEVEN MORE YEARS SHE KEPT UP THE WATCH
 TO HELP THOSE TRAINS GET ACROSS

NOW THE TRAINS HAVE STOPPED RUNNING BUT THE WINDS STILL PREVAIL
 THEY RULE THE HIGHWAY LIKE THEY USED TO THE RAIL
 BUT DOWN AT THE TERMINAL IN THE TOWN PORT AUX BASQUES
 THERE STANDS A MEMORIAL PLAQUE

CHORUS TWICE



MY LIFE WITH THE VIKINGS
(CLAYTON COLBOURNE)

(C) 2005 G. MCFARLANE

G *D* *Em*
ELEVEN YEARS OLD IN '60 WHEN THEY LANDED ON OUR SHORE
Am *C* *D*
SEARCHING FOR EXPLORERS FROM CENTURIES BEFORE
G *D* *Em*
I'D NEVER SEEN A STRANGER FROM BEYOND THIS COASTAL TOWN
C *D*
SO I SPENT MY SUMMER TAILING THEM AROUND
G *D* *Em*
DECKER TOLD THEM OF THE RUINS WHERE WE PLAYED WHEN WE WERE KIDS
Am *C* *D*
THEY CARRIED PICKS AND SHOVELS TO SEARCH FOR TREASURES HID
G *D* *Em*
EVERY DAY THEY DUG AROUND THOSE TINY GRASSY MOUNDS
Am *C* *D* *G*
TO TRY AND SOLVE THE MYSTERIES OF THE ARTIFACTS THEY FOUND

CHORUS: *C* *G*
MY LIFE WITH THE VIKINGS FROM CHILDHOOD TO (LAST TIME: OLD) MAN
C *G* *D*
I'VE BUILT MY WHOLE CAREER HERE ON THIS TINY STRETCH OF LAND
C *G* *Em*
TRYING TO PIECE TOGETHER ALL THE HISTORY WE KNOW
Am *C* *D* *G*
AND PASS ALONG THE STORIES OF A THOUSAND YEARS AGO

SUMMER AFTER SUMMER THEIR VESSELS WOULD RETURN
WITH MORE AND MORE EQUIPMENT TO SEE WHAT THEY COULD LEARN
AND EVERY DAY I WATCHED THEM AND HOPED THAT THEY WOULD FIND
ANOTHER CLUE FROM SOME FORGOTTEN TIME
THEN ALONG CAME THE 70s AND I WAS HIRED BY THE PARKS
TO CARRY ON THE INGSTADS' ARCHAEOLOGICAL RESEARCH
IN '78 THEY CALLED THIS PLACE A WORLD HISTORIC SITE
AND THOUGH I HAVEN'T TRAVELLED MUCH I KNEW THAT THEY WERE RIGHT

CHORUS

WE OPENED THE MUSEUM IN 1981
AND TALKED TO ALL THE TOURISTS ABOUT THE THINGS WE DONE
THE STORY OF THE VIKINGS AND HOW THEY SETTLED HERE
I'VE DONE THIS TOUR FOR MORE THAN 20 YEARS
NOW ALL MY SONS AND DAUGHTERS HAVE MOVED FROM THIS OLD TOWN
AND WHEN SHE'S GONE THE PARK WILL GET THE HOUSE OF MY DEAR MOM
THESE DAYS I SPEND A LOT OF TIME IN SEARCH OF MOOSE AND WHALE
BUT EVERY TIME THE TOURISTS COME I LOVE TO TELL MY TALE

CHORUS (REPEAT LAST LINE)

The Sealers' Ball

*Be ye much of a hand aboard a vessel,
Aboard a vessel, aboard a vessel;
Be ye much of a hand aboard a vessel,
A-peltin' the puppy swiles, sir.*

Sure when we took 'em to the wharf,
We got six dollars and a half;
And when we took 'em to the store,
We got a dollar more, sir.

We wrote a letter the next day,
And we posted it without delay;
And we sent it off to Jimmy Baird,
For a couple of gallons o' rum, sir.

Now Saturday evenin' after tea,
A couple of gallons they came to we;
We took 'em down without bein' seen,
As far as Georgie Wall, sir.

Now Saturday evenin' you can see,
A couple of girls they came to we;
And an elegant time was had by all,
Till earlye in the mornin'!

Now a little disturbance then arose,
When everyone was picking their beaux;
When everyone had picked his own,
John Barke he had ne'er a one.

Jack Barke goes up to Jim McGee,
"Now what's ye doin along wi' she?
She used to go along wi' me,
And she'll do the same this marnin'."

So Jack and Jim get in a clinch,
And ne'er o' them would budge an inch;
And when the clinch broke up they found,
The lady she'd a-gone, sir.

Now all young men take lesson o' this,
And never go fightin' about a miss;
'Cause all you'll do is start a big laugh,
And the lady she'll be gone. sir.

Yankee Privateer

Well, 'twas in the year of seventeen hundred and ninety three. The Yankee Privateers was raiding the coast of Newfoundland, robbing the Newfoundlanders of their codfish which was their only means of livelihood and as the saying used to go then, they used to use the Newfoundlander's heads for cannonballs.

Now William Kelly, he being the principal man in our place at that time, he called a meeting in his fish store to see what could be done because the population was on the hand of starving. Well, he made a thunderin' fine speech and he offered his old hooker to any six men who'd take her and go up to St. John's and bring down a load of provisions. Up speaks one, "I'll go." "Yes," says another, "I'll go," "I'll go," "I'll go," and I said lookit here now, boys, you can't all go. So we picked out six of the strappingest young men there was there in Salmonier at that time and me being youngest of them all, they selected me for Skipper and we fitted up William Kelly's old hooker for that trip up to St. John's.

Well, we arrived in St. John's and tied up at Baine Johnson's wharf OK. And we then loaded pork, beef, molasses and flour, and likewise, sir, a puncheon of rum which we placed on the quarter. Now owing to the wind being ahead, we never put her out. But next day, the wind being fair, we let her go.

We had a thunderin' fine time now along the shore until Darby Dulan, who was standing as lookout on the forward deck, he said he spied a sail which appeared to be a barque of about one hundred tons or more. And as he bore down on us, we thought he wanted to speak to us, and as he was flying the Custom House flag we didn't think it any harm. But when he rounded up around our quarter and down come the Custom House flag from his main peak, and up went the Stars and Stripes to his main top, Tarnation Moses !

"Well, never say die 'til you're dead boys," says I. "Maybe they're like the devil, not half so bad as they're painted. Anyhow, we'll hope for the best and prepare for the worst."

"Hooker ahoy," says he.

"Hoy, hoy to yourself sir," says I.

"Where you from," says he.

"St. Pierre," said I, "with a load of salt," thinking I might outwit him. But he being up to all sorts of tricks he knew 'twas a pack of lies.

"Surrender," said he.

"To who?" said I.

"To the Republic of the United States," said he.

"I'll be damned if I do," says I.

"You'll be damned if you don't then," says he, and jumping into his boat he said, "Let ten of my men jump in here with me," and it wasn't long before there was a bayonet pointed at each of our breasts.

"Now will you surrender?" says he.

"To your honour I will," says I, and it wasn't long before we was bound hand and foot and placed in the cabin of that Yankee Privateer. Well, they then hauled our old hooker up alongside and they unloaded pork, beef, molasses and flour.

"What's in the puncheon?" said he.

"Rum," said one of the crew.

"Fetch it along this way then," says he.

“Hush, hush,” said Mark to Darby Dulan, he hung his two daddlers right over his head. I said, “Hush, hush now, Mark me darling fella, keep your hands behind you’re back case someone come and later on you might get a chance to free us all.”

“Hush, hush,” said Darby Dulan, “I hear footsteps,” and just then, sir, the Captain’s head appeared in the companionway.

“How’re you now, me landlubbers,” said he.

“Fine sir,” said I.

“You’ll be no great spell that way then,” said he.

“That’s so much as you knows about it sir,” said I.

He said, “We’re going to scuttle your old hooker now.”

“Thank you kindly sir,” said I, and it wasn’t long before we heard them chopping, chopping, chopping and the gurgling sound told us our old hooker was gone to the bottom. Why we almost give up to despair.

But peeping on deck about one hour later we heard one hell of a ruckus up forward; and there they was, bailing the rum into ‘em. Yes my son, bailing it into ‘em. And I said, “Hold on now, boys, for about an hour or so.” So rushing on deck about three quarters of an hour later, each man seized an iron blaying pin and it wasn’t long before we had them Yankees bound hand and foot, they being too full of liquor to show much fight. And we placed some in her cabin, some more in her forecabin and, to their surprise, we placed a man at each companionway with a loaded musket which we found among the ship’s stores.

Now, we never had much trouble with them Yankees going down the shore as they being too securely bound. But owing to getting in the calm out there off Petty Harbour, we didn’t get into St. John’s until the next day and there we give our prize over to a British Man o’ War. And the Captain, being mighty pleased with us, give us four hundred and fifty pounds to be shared up among the crew, and fitted us up with a new hooker, and gave us new provisions, and started us all off for home again, ‘cause there they had us all give up for lost and sure and wasn’t we nearly, when we was captured and bound hand and foot and placed in the cabin of that Yankee Privateer.