

# Isle of Nfld

Bert Cuff

In the cold Ca - na - dian wa - ters, north from the coast of  
Those chid - hood days were some - thing, care - free all the time.  
I'd love to watch the sail - boats as they glide across the

5  
Maine, there's an is - land called New - found - land, swept by snow, wind and  
There's a girl in ev - ery sto - ry and you know there's one in  
bay; to see a - gain the farm - ers sow the seeds and cut the

9  
rain; On the is - land there's a vil - lage with its  
mine; She broke my heart so of - ten and it  
hay; You see, the is - land has no strang - ers, ev - ery -

13  
cus - toms and its ways, the lit - tle town of Car - man - ville, my  
stays a lit - tle sore. That's the rea - son I left home and  
bo - dy is your friend; the lit - tle is - land of New - found - land, I'd

17  
home of child - hood days. Where the peo - ple make a li - ving on the  
can't go back no more.  
love to see a - gain.

22  
land and on the sea, there are peo - ple on that is - land that mean the world to me;

28  
I wish I had the po - wer to change the course of time, and live a - gain in

34  
New - foundland, my home of child - hood time.