

**Isle of Nfld**

*Bert Cuff*

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Capo II

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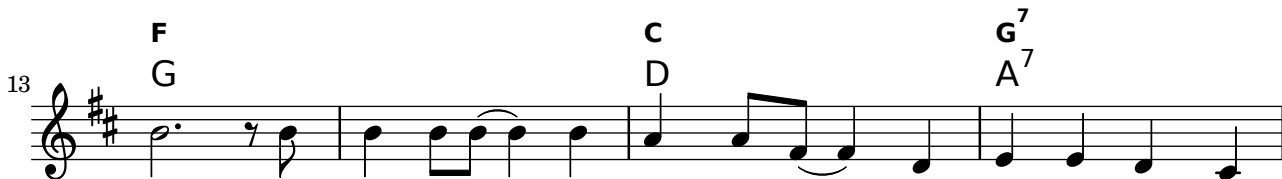
In the cold Ca - na - dian wa - ters, north from the coast of  
 Those chid-hood days were some-thing, care - free all the  
 I'd love to watch the sail - boats as they glide across the



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



rain; On the is - land there's a vil - lage with its customs and its  
 mine; She broke my heart so of - ten and it stays a lit - tle  
 hay; For this is - land has no strangers, ev - ery - bo - dy is your



ways, the lit - tle town of Car - man - ville, my home of child-hood  
 sore. That's the rea - son I left home and can't go back no  
 friend; the lit - tle isle of New-found-land, I'd love to see a -



days. Where the peo-ple make a li-ving on the land and on the  
 more.  
 gain.



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

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I wish I had the po - wer to change the course of time, and

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live a-gain in New-found-land, my home of child-hood time.

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