

# Tickle Cove Pond

(Trad Nfld – FF Version)

♩ = 180

In \_\_\_ cut - tin' and haul - in', in frost and in snow, We're up a - gainst  
 I \_\_\_ knew that the ice be - came weak - er each day, But still took the  
 All \_\_\_ this I ig - nored with a whip - han - dle blow, For men are too  
 I \_\_\_ raised an a - larm you could hear for a mile, And neigh - bours turned

trou - ble that few peo - ple know And \_\_\_ on - ly with pa - tience and cou - rage and  
 risk and kept haul - in' a - way, One \_\_\_ eve - nin' in A - pril, bound home with a  
 stu - pid dumb crea - tures to know: The \_\_\_ ve - ry next mo - ment, the pond gave a  
 up in a ve - ry short while; You can al - ways de - pend on the Old - fords and

grit, And eat - - in' plain food can we  
 load, The mare showed some halt - - in' u - -  
 sigh, And up to our necks went poor  
 Whites To ren - - der a - - ssis - - tance in

keep our - selves fit. The hard and the ea - sy we  
 pon the ice road. She knew more than I did, as  
 Kit - ty and I. Now if I had ta - ken wise  
 all your bad plights. To help a poor neigh - bor is

take as it comes, And when ponds freeze o - ver, we shor - ten our runs, To \_\_\_  
 mat - ters turned out, And luck - y for me had I joined in her doubt, She \_\_\_  
 Kit - ty's ad - vice, I ne - ver would take the short cut on the ice, Poor \_\_\_  
 part of their lives. The same I can say for their chil - dren and wives. The \_\_\_

hur - ry my haul - in', with spring com - in' on, Near  
 turned round her head and with tears in her eyes As  
 crea - ture, she's dead and poor crea - ture, she's gone, I'll  
 bow - line was fas - tened a - - round the mare's neck, William

lost me my mare out on Tic - kle Cove Pond.  
 if she were say - in', "You're risk - ing our lives!"  
 ne'er get my wood out of Tic - kle Cove Pond.  
 White for a shan - ty song made a re - - quest.

5 There was no time for think - in', no time for de -

lay, So straight from his head came this song right - a - - way:

Cho:  
D7

Lay \_\_\_\_\_ hold, Will - iam Old - ford, lay hold Will - iam

White, Lay hold of the cor - dage and pull all your might,

Lay \_\_\_\_\_ hold of the bow - line and pull all you can, And

give me a lift for poor Kit on the pond.

### Tickle Cove Pond

In cuttin' and haulin', in frost and in snow,  
 We're up against trouble that few people know  
 And only with patience and courage and grit,  
 And eatin' plain food can we keep ourselves fit.  
 The hard and the easy we take as it comes,  
 And when ponds freeze over, we shorten our runs,  
 To hurry my haulin', with spring comin' on  
 Near lost me my mare out on Tickle Cove Pond.

cho: Lay hold, William Oldford, lay hold William White  
 Lay hold of the cordage and pull all your might,  
 Lay hold of the bowline and pull all you 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 evenin' in April, bound home with a load,  
 The mare showed some haltin' upon 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 sayin', "You're risking our lives!"

All this I ignored with a whip-handle blow  
For men are too stupid dumb creatures to know:  
The very next moment, the pond gave a sigh  
And up 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 out of Tickle Cove Pond.

I raised an alarm you could hear for a mile,  
And neighbours turned up in a very short while;  
You can always depend on the Oldfords and Whites  
To render assistance in all your bad plights.  
To help a poor neighbor is part of their lives  
The same I can say for their children and wives.  
The bowline was fastened around the mare's neck  
William White for a shanty song made a request  
There was no time for thinkin', no time for delay,  
So straight from his head came this song rightaway:

last chorus:

Lay hold, William Oldford, Lay hold, William White,  
Lay hold of the hawser and pull al your might,  
Lay hold of the bowline and pull all you can –  
And with that we got Kit out of Tickle Cove Pond.

rev: v1.0, March 2, 2015 – wdm