

Tickle Cove Pond

Tickle Cove Pond

1.2

1. In___ cut - tin' and haul - in', in frost and in snow, we're
 2. I___ knew that the ice be - came weak - er each day, but
 3. All___ this I ig - nored with a whip - han - dle blow, for
 4. I___ raised an a - larm you could hear for a mile, and

up a - gainst trou - bles that few peo - ple know. And___
 still took the risk and kept haul - in' a - way. One___
 men are too stu - pid dumb crea - tures to know. The___
 neigh - bours turned up in a ve - ry short while. You can

on - ly by pa - tience, with cou - rage and grit, and eat - in' plain
 eve - nin' in A - pril, bound home with a load, the mare showed some
 ve - ry next mo - ment, the pond gave a sigh, and up to our
 al - ways re - ly on the Old - fords and Whites, to - ren - der a -

food can we keep our - selves fit. The hard and the ai - sey we
 halt - in' u - pon the ice road. She knew more than I did, as
 necks went poor Kit - ty and I. Now if I had ta - ken wise
 ssis - tance in 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
 mat - ters turned out, and luck - y for me had I joined in her
 Kit - ty' ad - vice, I ne - ver would take the short cut on the
 part of their lives, the same I can say of their chil - dren and

runs. To___ hur - ry my haul - in', with spring com - in' on, near
 doubt. She turned round her head and with tears in her eyes, as
 ice. Poor_ crea - ture, she' dead and poor crea - ture, she' gone, I'll
 wives. The_ bow - line was fas - tened a - round the mare's breast, William

32 D⁷ G
1-3
Chorus:

lost me my mare_ on Tic-kle Cove Pond. Lay_ hold, Will-iam
 if she were say - in', you're risk-ing our lives!
 ne're get my wood out of Tic-kle Cove Pond.
 White for a shan - ty song made a re - quest.

38

Old-ford, lay hold Will-iam White, Lay hold of the cor-dage and pull all your

44

might, Lay_ hold of the bow-line and pull all you can, and give me a

51 4

lift for poor Kit on the pond. There was no time for think-in', no

57

time for de-lay, so straight from his head came this song right-a - way;

63

Lay_ hold, Will-iam Old-ford, lay hold Will-iam White, Lay hold of the

69

haw-ser and pull all your might, Lay_ hold to the bow-line and

75

pull all you can, and with that we pulled Kit out of Tic-kle Cove Pond!

Tickle Cove Pond

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 aisey 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 rely 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 of their children and wives.
 The bowline was fastened around the mare's breast
 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:

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