

Tribute to Newfoundland

(A' Ye Tramps an' Hawkers, Homes of Donegal, Lily of the West, Peter Emberly, others.)

traditional Irish, Scottish
♩ = 180

words by Little Johnny Cameron, arr. the Fumbling Fingers

G C G C G



'Twas just a year a - go to - day, I left my em - 'rald isle _____

G C G Em



To the shores of lo - vely New - found - land, I've tra - veled ma - ny a mile;

G C G Em



The peo - ple there they wel - comed me with o - pen heart and hand, _____

G C G C G



Sure I thought that I was home a - gain in dear old I - re - land. _____

4th Verse Em Am D G



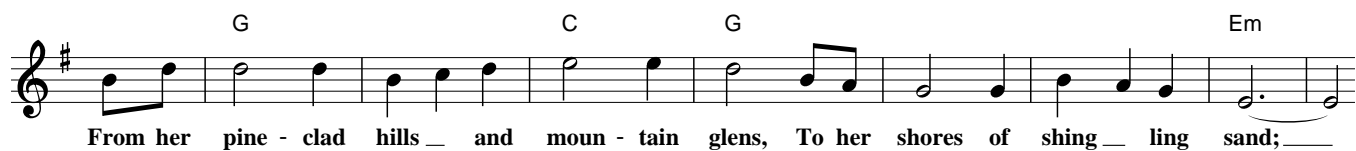
When the time has come and I must go to my land a - cross the sea, _____

G C G Em



This love - ly i - sle of New - found - land will still be call - ing me. _____

G C G Em



From her pine - clad hills and moun - tain glens, To her shores of shing - ling sand; _____

G C G C G



God bless and keep you as you are We love you, New - found - land. _____

Tribute to Newfoundland

'Twas just a year ago today, I left my emerald isle,
To the shores of lovely Newfoundland, I've traveled many a mile;
The people there they welcomed me with open heart and hand,
Sure, I thought that I was home again in dear old Ireland.

There's Kellys, Murphys and Malones, O'Briens and O'Hares,
As fine a bunch of lads, me boys, as ever can compare;
As farmers and as fishermen they came across the sea,
To this island they call Newfoundland, my second home to me.

From Corner Brook to Carbonear and on to old St. John's,
You'll always find a welcome there and hear some Irish songs;
It lifts my heart and it fills my eyes to hear those songs again,
And it makes us proud that we can say we are Irishmen.

When the time has come and I must go to my land across the sea,
This lovely isle of Newfoundland will still be calling me.

From her pine-clad hills and mountain glens,
To her shores of shingling sand;
God bless and keep you as you are...
We love you, Newfoundland.

Spoken:
God bless and keep you as you are...
We love you, Newfoundland.

Come A' ye Tramps an' Hawkers

O come a' ye tramps and hawker-lads
an' gaitherers o' bla'
That tramp the country roun' and roun',
come listen one and a'
I'll tell tae ye a rovin' tale,
an' places I hae been
Far up into the snowy north,
or sooth by Gretna Green.

I've seen the high Ben Nevis
that gangs towerin' tae the moon
I've been roun' by Crieff an' Callander
an' by Bonny Doon
I've been by Nethy's silvery tide
an' places ill tae ken
Far up into the stormy north
lies Urquart's fairy glen

Sometimes noo I laugh tae mysel'
when dodgin' along the road
Wi' a bag o' meal slung upon my back,
my face as broun's a toad
Wi' lumps o' cheese and tattie-scones
or breid an' braxie ham
Nae thinking whar' I'm comin' frae
nor thinkin' whar I'm gang.

I'm happy in the summer-time
beneath the dark blue sky
Nae thinkin' in the mornin'
at nicht where i'm gang to lie
Bothies or byres or barns,
or oot amangst the hay
And if the weather does permit,
I'm happy a' the day.

Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond,
they've oft been seen by me
The Dee, the Don, the Devron,
that a' flows tae the sea
Dunrobin Castle, by the way,
I nearly had forgot
And the reckless stanes o' cairn
that mairks the hoose o' John
o' Groat.

I've been by bonny Gallowa',
an' often roun' Stranraer
My business leads me anywhere,
I travel near an' far
I've got that rovin' notion
I wouldna like tae loss
For It's my daily fare
an' as much'll pay my doss.

I think I'll gang tae Paddy's Lan',
I'm makin' up my mind
For Scotland's greatly altered noo,
I canna raise the wind
But if I can trust in Providence,
if Providence should prove true
I'll sing ye's a' of Erin's Isle
when I come back to you.

Notes: rev: v1.0, 29 Oct, 2007 – wdm

Other titles: (A' Ye) Tramps an(d) Hawkers, Beltane Time, Wind That Shakes the Corn, Young Man from Canada.