

Ryans And The Pittmans

The musical notation consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp). The first staff has chords G, Em, and Am. The second staff has chords D, D, Am, and D. The third staff has chords G, G, Em, and Am. The fourth staff has chords D, G, Am, D, and D7. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes.

Chorus:

We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfoundlanders,
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below,
Until we strike bottom inside the two sunkers,
When straight through the Channel to Toslow we'll go.

My name it is Robert, they call me Bob Pittman.
I sail in the Ino with Skipper Tom Brown.
I'm bound to have Polly or Biddy or Molly,
As soon as I'm able to plank the cash down.

I'm a son of a sea-cook, and a cook in a trader,
I can dance, I can sing, I can reef the mainboom;
I can handle a jigger, and cuts a fine figure,
Whenever I gets in a boat's standing room.

If the voyage is good then this fall I will do it,
I wants two pound ten for a ring and the priest,
A couple o' dollars for clean shirts and collars,
And a handful o' coppers to make up a feast.

There's plump little Polly, her name is Goldsworthy,
There's John Coady's Kitty, and Mary Tibbo;
There's Clara from Bruley, and young Martha Foley,
But the nicest of all is my girl in Toslow.

Farewell and adieu to ye fair ones of Valen,
Farewell and adieu to ye girls in the cove;
I'm bound for the Westward, to the wall with the hole in,
I'll take her from Toslow the wide world to rove.

Farewell and adieu to ye girls of St. Kyran's,
Of Paradise and Presque, Big and Little Bona,
I'm bound unto Toslow to marry sweet Bidy,
And if I don't do so, I'm afraid of her da.

I've bought me a house from Katherine Davis,
A twenty-pound bed from Jimmy McGrath;
I'll get me a settle, a pot and a kettle,
Then I'll be ready for Bidy --- Hurrah!

I brought in the Ino this spring from the city,
Some rings and gold brooches for the girls in the bay;
I brought me a case-pipe --- they call it a Meerschaum,
It melted like butter upon a hot day.

I went to a dance one night in Fox Harbour,
There were plenty of girls, so nice as you wish;
There was one pretty maiden a-chawing of frankgum,
Just like a young kitten a-gnawnig fresh fish.

Then here is a health to the girls of Fox Harbour,
Of Oderin and Presque, Crabbe's Hole and Bruley;
Now let ye be jolly, don't be melancholy,
I can't marry all, or in chokey I'd be.

Rhythm: jig