The True 
Newfoundlander

Words and Music © Lem Snow

I'm a true Newfoundlander for one summer's day

I was born by the sea-shore in Notre Dame Bay Where

old Father Neptune the sod of the sea With wind-storms and

dolphins was having a spree I'm a true Newfoundlander
The True Newfoundlander

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I'm a true Newfoundlander, for one summer day
I was born by a seashore in Notre Dame Bay,
Where old Father Neptune, the god of the sea,
With windstorms and dolphins was having a spree:
I'm a true Newfoundlander.

You see I was borne on the wing of the storm
Where Mother soon found me, a baby just born;
There for some years we all dwelt by the sea
Where Mother and Father were parents to me:
They were both Newfoundlanders.

My father was English of Scottish descent;
Was "happy go lucky" wherever he went.
My mother had kin on the Emerald Isle
Where her great grandparents had lived for a while:
They were not Newfoundlanders.

One day I got married, which took me to church,
Where all but my wife left me there on the lurch.
In time we had children to the number of five,
And since their all living, each one is alive.
They are all Newfoundlanders.

I came down the line from the Picts and the Scots
And landed right here on those Newfoundland rocks;
'Tis here I shall live till the day that I die
Then go to my Home 'way up in the sky
Like a "True Newfoundlander!"