

Back Home Again

(The Coast of Newfoundland)

Lyrics and Music © W.A. Gallant

A person was drawn back home to his native province. As he recounted the story of childhood memories and dreams of long ago, I was able to capture the imagery, the words and the

musical disposition which reflected not only the richness of his roots, but also the recollection of his most lofty dreams. —W.A. Gallant

Refrain) Coastal breakers draw me home as the blue sea spreads its foam from the shores I can see from mile to mile. I am called here once again as many folk and kin can tell to these waters of the banks of Newfoundland.

- 1) Humble folk and simple type in a land of rock and strife where the breeze keeps whisp'ring through the trees. Seabirds kiss the glist'ning sand and the sun the thistled strand on this island off the North Atlantic shore.
- 2) Driftwood flows just like my soul with the currents and the shoals to mem'ries of my lofty childhood dreams. Oh, to bask in comfort still on this soil I wish to live on this island off the North Atlantic shore.
- 3) Ocean salt pours through our veins of these waters we are heirs while our hearts delight in scenes so fair. How I long to go once more to the sea I'm longing for and this island off the North Atlantic shore.
- 4) Find an island that compares in the beauty that it shares. Life renewed, our spirits brave the sea. Let me linger here and stay 'till that ship calls me away from this island off the North Atlantic shore.
- 5) Though I see the golden shore and my wings like eagles soar in mystic dreams my heart still finds no rest. 'Till I'm called back here again like the dove and like the wren to this island off the North Atlantic shore.

1 G

Coas - tal brea - kers draw me home as the

3 D G D

sea spreads its foam. From the shores I can see from mile to mile. I am

6 G G C D

called here once a - gain as man - y folk and kin can tell to these

8 G A-7 D7 G (REFRAIN)

wa - ters off the banks of New - found land. Hum - ble

10 D A7 D G A7

and sim - ple type in a land of rock and strife. Where the

12 D A D

breeze keeps whisp - ring through the trees. Sea - birds kiss the glist - ning sand and the

15 G A7 D G A7 D

sun the this - tled strand on this Is - land off the North At - lan - tic shore.