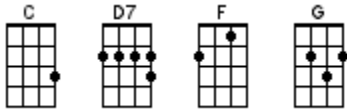


Seagull Stew

Ignatius Patrick Matthews (1950-2011) of Brent's Cove, NL



INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 /

[C] Here is the story I'll [G] tell unto [C] you [C]

When [C] we were just kids out [F] jiggin' for [C] tom cods
[C] Seemed like there [C] was nothing [D7] left for to [G] do [G]
If [C] you've mind to gather and [F] set at my [C] table
[C] Here is the story I'll [G] tell unto [C] you [C]

Our [C] father he died in a [F] town they call [C] Gander
[C] We were just kids, much [D7] too young to [G] care [G]
Our [C] mother got killed by [F] thunder and [C] lightning
[C] Sometime in August the [G] following [C] year [C]

CHORUS:

[F] Oh, those memories don't [C] bring us much [G] joy [G]
[C] Back in the days when we were both [G] boys [G]
No [F] turkey for Christmas but [C] we'd putter [G] through [G]
We'd [C] sit at the table and [G] eat seagull [C] stew [C]
We'd [C] sit at the table and [G] eat seagull [C] stew [C]

Our [C] sister was Madeline, [F] scarcely [C] sixteen
[C] Working for the family in the [D7] Copper Cove [G] mine [G]
She [C] had to come home, look [F] after four [C] children
[C] Scarce was the money and [G] hard were the [C] times [C]

CHORUS:

[F] Oh, those memories don't [C] bring us much [G] joy [G]
[C] Back in the days when we were both [G] boys [G]
No [F] turkey for Christmas but [C] we'd putter [G] through [G]
We'd [C] sit at the table and [G] eat seagull [C] stew [C]
We'd [C] sit at the table and [G] eat seagull [C] stew [C]

We [C] used to get up at [F] four every [C] morning
The [C] dog and the bunker to the [D7] woods we would [G] go [G]
To [C] get us some dry wood to [F] chop up as [C] kindle
To [C] light up the fire in our [G] Waterloo [C] stove [C]

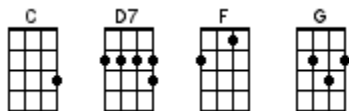
CHORUS:

[F] Oh, those memories don't [C] bring us much [G] joy [G]
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We'd [C] sit at the table and [G] eat seagull [C] stew [C]
We'd [C] sit at the table and [G] eat seagull [C] stew [C]

We [C] used to go over to [F] Mister Bill [C] Martin's
A [C] gallon of kerosene [D7] set in the [G] gloom [G]
He [C] said, "Sure young Matt it's too [F] bright for the [C] rabbits
[C] Haul a great blanket on [G] over the [C] moon" [C]

CHORUS:

[F] Oh, those memories don't [C] bring us much [G] joy [G]
[C] Back in the days when we were both [G] boys [G]
No [F] turkey for Christmas but [C] we'd putter [G] through [G]
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