# Seagull Stew

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

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**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]**

**[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 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]**

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'd **[C]** sit at the table and **[G]** eat seagull **[C]** stew **[C]↓**

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[www.bytownukulele.ca](http://www.bytownukulele.ca)