# Seagull Stew

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

****

**INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 /**

**[D]** Here is the story I'll **[A]** tell unto **[D]** you **[D]**

When **[D]** we were just kids out **[G]** jiggin' for **[D]** tom cods

**[D]** Seemed like there **[D]** was nothing **[E7]** left for to **[A]** do **[A]**

If **[D]** you've mind to gather and **[G]** set at my **[D]** table

**[D]** Here is the story I'll **[A]** tell unto **[D]** you **[D]**

Our **[D]** father he died in a **[G]** town they call **[D]** Gander

**[D]** We were just kids, much **[E7]** too young to **[A]** care **[A]**

Our **[D]** mother got killed by **[G]** thunder and **[D]** lightning

**[D]** Sometime in August the **[A]** following **[D]** year **[D]**

**CHORUS:**

**[G]** Oh, those memories don't **[D]** bring us much **[A]** joy **[A]**

**[D]** Back in the days when we were both **[A]** boys **[A]**

No **[G]** turkey for Christmas but **[D]** we'd putter **[A]** through **[A]**

We'd **[D]** sit at the table and **[A]** eat seagull **[D]** stew **[D]**

We'd **[D]** sit at the table and **[A]** eat seagull **[D]** stew **[D]**

Our **[D]** sister was Madeline, **[G]** scarcely **[D]** sixteen

**[D]** Working for the family in the **[E7]** Copper Cove **[A]** mine **[A]**

She **[D]** had to come home, look **[G]** after four **[D]** children

**[D]** Scarce was the money and **[A]** hard were the **[D]** times **[D]**

**CHORUS:**

**[G]** Oh, those memories don't **[D]** bring us much **[A]** joy **[A]**

**[D]** Back in the days when we were both **[A]** boys **[A]**

No **[G]** turkey for Christmas but **[D]** we'd putter **[A]** through **[A]**

We'd **[D]** sit at the table and **[A]** eat seagull **[D]** stew **[D]**

We'd **[D]** sit at the table and **[A]** eat seagull **[D]** stew **[D]**

We **[D]** used to get up at **[G]** four every **[D]** morning

The **[D]** dog and the bunker to the **[E7]** woods we would **[A]** go **[A]**

To **[D]** get us some dry wood to **[G]** chop up as **[D]** kindle

To **[D]** light up the fire in our **[A]** Waterloo **[D]** stove **[D]**

**CHORUS:**

**[G]** Oh, those memories don't **[D]** bring us much **[A]** joy **[A]**

**[D]** Back in the days when we were both **[A]** boys **[A]**

No **[G]** turkey for Christmas but **[D]** we'd putter **[A]** through **[A]**

We'd **[D]** sit at the table and **[A]** eat seagull **[D]** stew **[D]**

We'd **[D]** sit at the table and **[A]** eat seagull **[D]** stew **[D]**

We **[D]** used to go over to **[G]** Mister Bill **[D]** Martin's

A **[D]** gallon of kerosene **[E7]** set in the **[A]** gloom **[A]**

He **[D]** said, "Sure young Matt it’s too **[G]** bright for the **[D]** rabbits

**[D]** Haul a great blanket on **[A]** over the **[D]** moon” **[D]**

**CHORUS:**

**[G]** Oh, those memories don't **[D]** bring us much **[A]** joy **[A]**

**[D]** Back in the days when we were both **[A]** boys **[A]**

No **[G]** turkey for Christmas but **[D]** we'd putter **[A]** through **[A]**

We'd **[D]** sit at the table and **[A]** eat seagull **[D]** stew **[D]**

We'd **[D]** sit at the table and **[A]** eat seagull **[D]** stew **[D]**

We'd **[D]** sit at the table and **[A]** eat seagull **[D]** stew **[D]↓**

****

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