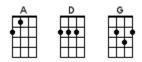
# Seagull Stew

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 was nothing 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, some 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 a family in the 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]** 

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We **[D]** used to get up at **[G]** four every **[D]** morning The **[D]** dog and the bunker to the 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]** 

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We **[D]** used to go over to **[G]** Mister Bill **[D]** Martin's A **[D]** gallon of kerosene 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]** 

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