

## 54. She's Like the Swallow

Rubato, flowing  $\text{♩} = 108$

Flute

Newfoundland  
arr. Ann Wood

mp legato

She's

*mp*

*Reed.*      *Reed. simile*

like      the      swal - low      that      flies      so      high,      She's      like      the

10

riv - er      that      nev - er      runs      dry,      She's      like      the      sun - shine

10

15

on the lee shore. I love my love, and love is no

*poco rit.*

more. 'Twas out in the

*a tempo*

gar - den this fair maid did go, A pick - ing the beau - ti - ful

30

pri - ma - rose. The more she plucked, the more she

pulled, Un - til she got her a - pron full.

35

Twas out of those ros - es she

40

Twas out of those ros - es she

45

made a bed, A stone - y pil - low for her

50

head. She laid her down, no word she spoke, Un -

55

til this fair maid's heart was broke.

60

*p*

She's like the swal - low that flies so

*p*

high, She's like the riv - er that nev - er runs dry. She's

like the sun - shine on the lee shore. I love my

75

love, and love is no more.

80

*rit.*

## 55. A Great Big Sea

*d = 90*

*mf* Newfoundland Folk Song  
arr. C.C.

A great big sea hove in Long Beach, Whack fal - or - al tad - dle did - dle i - do. A great big sea hove in Long Beach and Gran - ny Snooks she lost her speech, To me right fol - did - dle all day.

A great big sea hove in the harbor  
Whack faloral taddle diddle ido.  
A great big sea hove in the harbor,  
Hove right up to Keough's Parlour.  
To me right foldiddle all day.

Mother, dear I wants a sack,  
Whack faloral taddle diddle ido.  
Mother, dear I wants a sack,  
With beads and buttons all down me back.  
To me right foldiddle all day.

Me boot is broke, me frock is tore,  
Whack faloral taddle diddle ido.  
Boot is broke, me frock is tore  
But Granny Snooks I do adore.  
To me right foldiddle all day.

Fish is gone and the flour is high,  
Whack faloral taddle diddle ido.  
Fish is gone and the flour is high,  
Granny Snooks she can't have I.  
To me right foldiddle all day.

She will have me in the fall,  
Whack faloral taddle diddle ido.  
If she don't I'll hoist my sail,  
Hove right up to old Canaille.  
To me right foldiddle all day.

A great big sea hove in Long Beach,  
Whack faloral taddle diddle ido.  
A great big sea hove in Long Beach,  
Granny Snooks she lost her speech.  
To me right foldiddle all day.

## 56. Oh My Love

Anon. 18th C  
arr. C.C.

$\text{♩} = 96$

1. *mp*

Oh my love,

Cm G7 Cm

*mp*

2. lov'st thou me? Then quick - ly come and save him that dies for thee.

G7 Cm

Song

## 57. Love Somebody

Gently  $\text{♩} = 112$

Craig Cassils

*mp*

*mp*

1. Love some - bod - y, start to - day,  
2. Love some - bod - y, start to - day,

love some - bod - y, find a way. Could be a neighbour,  
love some - bod - y, find a way. Could be a moth - er,

could be a friend, or may - be a fam - i - ly that needs to mend.  
could be a dad, or may - be a friend who's feel - ing kind of sad.