

# EMIGRANT FROM NEWFOUNDLAND

*Performed by:* Gerald Campbell

Dear Newfoundland, have I got to leave you,  
To seek employment in a foreign land?  
Forced from this nation by cruel starvation,  
I now must leave you, dear Newfoundland.

My youthful days I long remember,  
In that good old times we will see no more;  
With boys and girls from old Terra Nova,  
I now must leave to return no more.

Although with friends we feel sad at parting,  
Our aged parents on the pier will stand,  
For to wish farewell to their sons and daughters,  
Who is forced to leave your dear Newfoundland.

Your rocky mountains, your hills and meadows,  
Where I oft times played on summer's day;  
Where the happy picnics and merry parties,  
Are passed from view and the boys at play.

And oft in spring on a pleasant evening,  
To the Blockhouse go or the Battery stand,  
Where the crowd gathered eager to watch the sailors,  
Coming in the Narrows of Newfoundland.<sup>1</sup>

Our grand Regatta at that Quidi Vidi,  
I long to see in my native land;  
The *Lark*, the *Myrtle*, the *Lady Clover*,<sup>2</sup>  
That good old nation in a tradesman's land.

Although it's years since—<sup>3</sup>  
Although it's years since I took my stand,  
Near the greasy pole or the wheel of fortune,  
We'll get a day in dear Newfoundland.

---

<sup>1</sup> Editor's note: *The Blockhouse, Battery, and the Narrows* are all locations around St. John's Harbour.

<sup>2</sup> Editor's note: Kenneth Peacock collected a version of this song from Andrew Nash of Branch in 1961—more than a decade before Gerald Campbell recorded this version. Peacock records the ship names listed on this line as 'The Hawk and Myrtle and the Lady Glover' (Songs of the Newfoundland Outports, 1965, vol. 2, pp. 360–61). In the version collected from Michael Murphy of Trepassey, collector MacEdward Leach records the ship names as 'The Hawk, The Myrtle and the Lady Drover' ([http://www.mun.ca/folklore/leach/songs/NFLD2/3A-04\\_51.htm](http://www.mun.ca/folklore/leach/songs/NFLD2/3A-04_51.htm)).

<sup>3</sup> Editor's note: Kenneth Peacock records this line as 'All decked with bunting no more I'll see you' (Songs of the Newfoundland Outports, 1965, vol. 2, pp. 360–61); MacEdward Leach records this line as 'Tents decked with bunting I see before me,' referencing the mid-summer holiday celebrated in St John's called 'Regatta Day' ([http://www.mun.ca/folklore/leach/songs/NFLD2/3A-04\\_51.htm](http://www.mun.ca/folklore/leach/songs/NFLD2/3A-04_51.htm)).

For Newfoundland with your fisheries failing,  
Your sons and daughters must leave each fall;  
Forced by poverty and cruel taxation,  
The shores of Boston is the home for all.

Though your sons and daughters have crossed the waters,  
To seek employment in a foreign land,  
Our hearts are with you, dear Terra Nova,  
Your sparkling lakes and your hills so grand.

Should Confederation get on your nation,  
May peace and plenty your land provide;  
The Newfoundlanders with earth and soil,  
With any nation can go side by side.

Here is success to your dear old country,  
Your future brightness in the days of yore;  
May the Providence guide you with all your doing,  
Your hardy sons on your rock-bound shore.

Then keep your sons and your fairest daughters,  
Employment at home on your shores so grand;  
May the present generation add on your nation,  
Is the prayer of an emigrant from Newfoundland.