

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Land God Gave to Cain

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(music trad.; words by Pat and Joe Byrne and Clyde Rose)

Long before the white man came  
To haul the shining cod  
When the wild and stately caribou  
Traversed the snow-clad sod  
The native man he walked these hills  
And he fished the silvery lakes  
Content with what the land would yield  
Not one bit more would take

But soon the word it was put out  
To every country  
For to find a northern passage from  
The sea to the shining sea  
And the first to come were trappers  
Then the men of God who preached  
That they would return in hundredfold  
An equal share to each

For years the men of Newfoundland  
Those fishermen so poor  
Sent down each year in springtime for  
To fish on the Labrador  
But soon the fish they were all gone  
With the fur it was the same  
And the native suffered silently  
In the land God gave to Cain

The years went by, and as time passed  
The companies moved in  
For ore, and wood, and the hydro power  
The struggle it did begin  
And the working men on both sides  
Tried to live their lives the same  
And the native suffered silently  
In the land God gave to Cain

But now it's for the future  
Both sides do shed a tear  
For the old ways they are passing like  
The caribou and hare  
And now they all are wondering

If it was all in vain  
And the native suffers silently  
In the land God gave to Cain

AJS  
apr97