

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Maid of Newfoundland

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Ye muses nine with me combine, Your aid I do invite
To sing in praise of her I love, My own sweet-heart's delight;
To sing in praise of her I love, Your aid I do demand.
She's a lady fair I do declare, And she dwells in Newfoundland.

The wild rose on its native tarn spreads fragrance o'er the gale;
The modest lily sweetly shines in every silent vale.
The violet on its liquid bed do silently expand;
But I know a flow'r exceeds them all which dwells in Newfoundland.

The daisy decks the sleeping green; the primrose loves the shade;
The bluebell hangs its drooping head in many a silent vale.
A modest emblem of herself that sweet and fragrant band
I shall repine till thou art mine, Dear Maid of Newfoundland.

The diamond sparkles bright and clear in many a queenly crown;
The virgin pearl beneath the sea lies many a fathom down.
The diamond, pearl, and peerless gem of Africa's sunny strand
Cannot compare, I do declare, with the Maid of Newfoundland.

'Twas on the coast of Labrador where first I saw this maid;
On Battle's cold and stormy shore, where first my heart had strayed.
Oh, I were rich or powerful, her hand I would demand,
Oh, I would die without one sigh for the Maid of Newfoundland.

I've seen the maids of many lands, on many a foreign shore,
The French, the Greek, the Portuguese, likewise the swarthy Moor,
Chinese, Maylay, Australian maids, and the girls of Hindustan,
But for beauty rare, they can't compare with the Maid of Newfoundland.

Diana was a virgin fair, beauteous and comely too,
But not one safe, kind sentiment of woman's worth she knew.
Her heart was cold, she did disdain sweet Hymen's guiding hand.
Oh, love's Dian', I wish thou wert mine, my Dear Maid of Newfoundland.

I wish that I could speak her name, but prudence seals my tongue.
It's enough to know she's beautiful, both handsome, fair, and young.
Her winning smiles and artless wiles would soon your love command.
Oh, yes, I ween, she's nature's queen, Dear Maid of Newfoundland.

Her beauteous love both day and night I shall attempt to win,
And I shall pray that she admit to Cupid's wiles give in.

But should I fail to win her love, I will seek some foreign strand,
Where I will part with a broken heart from the Maid of Newfoundland.

Traditional

From the singing of the Kenny Family from Kitchuses, NFLD

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