

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## You Ain't a Nova Scotian If You Don't Like Fish

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You can tell a Nova Scotian  
By the fragrance of the ocean,  
For they always wear the perfume of the North Atlantic spray  
But if you can't seem to smell 'em,  
There's another way to tell 'em  
For you'll always know a Bluenose by his diet right away!  
(spoken) What do we eat? We eat...  
Fish bones, herrin', oysters when we're daring.  
And we often take a bake of hake 'cause that's a dandy dish!  
To make chowder fit for dolphins, throw in everything but

sculpins

And you ain't a Nova Scotian if you don't like fish!

What we eats, until we're bustin'  
Most Albertans find disgustin'.  
For it seems salt cod's upsettin' to that dainty western tongue.  
And with faces hard and stony,  
They say "Herrin's too durn boney"  
But there's nothing for dissolving bones like Nova Scotian rum.  
(spoken) and so we eat:  
Cod cheeks, cod tongues, even though they're odd tongues  
Fish sticks and Digby chicks as dainty as you wish.  
We eat flat fish, like the flounder  
And some others that are rounder  
And you ain't a Nova Scotian if you don't like fish!

You won't find no haddock fillets  
In them Manitoba skilletts  
And away out in Saskatchewan they don't know fish from beets  
Way out in Red River Valley  
They can't tell scallops from tomally  
And you'll get no clams or salmon with your dandelion treats.  
(spoken) But us, we eat:  
Finnan haddie, good for lass or laddie  
And a smoked eel will make you feel  
Like dancin' ish a tish  
We cook up salimugundi  
Twenty seven ways from Sunday  
And you ain't a Nova Scotian if you don't like fish!

Now lest there be a mix-up

There's just one thing I should fix up  
For there's some that can't tell us from  
Newfoundlanders tried and true;  
We eat hake and cod and kippers,  
But we don't eat seal flippers  
And that's how you tell the difference, 'cause the Newfoundlanders do!

(spoken) We just eat:

Mackerel, pollock  
They never give you colic  
If you wash down your tuna  
with a little drink of squish  
We love a mess of shad roe  
<Herring>, cod and gaspereau  
And you ain't a Nova Scotian  
(By the Holy land o' Goshen)  
And you've never seen the ocean  
If you don't like fish!

Sung by Goux and Sulanowski

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