

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Tobacco Song

The Tobacco Song
(traditional Newfoundland)

Ye fellows smokes tobacco, come pity my case
I'm here on this island without a damn taste
Surrounded by ice and encompassed with snow
In search of that weed I don't know where to go

Oh, the great God of Heaven have pity on I
And send me some 'baccy or else I will die
'Tis six weeks or better since I had a draw
And I can't remember when I had a draw

Ye fellows smokes tea, well ye'd better beware
It is very scarce and most damnable dear
And my opinion a good cup of tea
Would suit you far better than to smoke it away

Ye fellows smokes moss, the worse robbers of all
Goes away with their bags picking that in the Fall
If they'd leave it alone, sure 'twould keep their house tight
But they're only just making a fool of the pipe

I can't smoke the stuff I sees some people smoke
Such as withrod and shavings and strands of old rope
Some they say was it is good to chew
But it loosens your teeth, puts a kink in your jaw

If the wind veers northeast then the ice it will go
We'll all get some 'baccy St Peter's I know
Every man with his tavern stuck out of his gob
And to hell we'll shove shavings, spuce rind, and withrod

From the collection of Andrew Draskoy, andrew@bransle.ucs.mun.ca
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