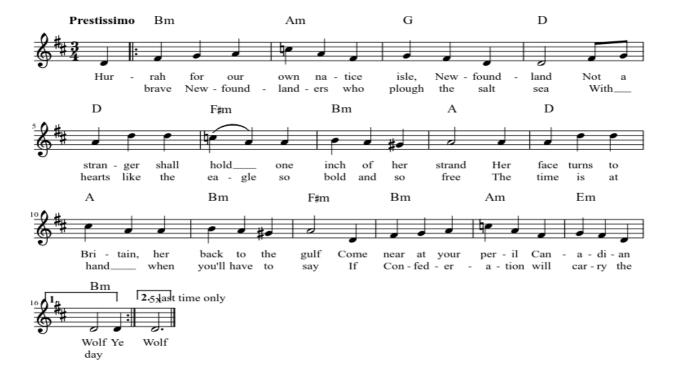
Anti-Confederation Song



If they take off the taxes how then will they meet, The heavy expense of the country's up-keep? Just give them the chance to get us in the scrape, And they'll chain us as slaves with pen, ink, and red tape.

Would you barter the right that your fathers have won, Your freedom transmitted from father to son? For a few thousand dollars of Canadian gold, Don't let it be said that your birthright was sold.

Then hurrah for our own native isle, Newfoundland! Not a stranger shall hold one inch of its strand! Her face turns to Britain, her back to the Gulf, Come near at your peril, Canadian Wolf!

break.

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