

Rant & Roar

Great Big Sea

R: We'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfoundlanders
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below
Until we strikes bottom inside the two sunkers
When straight through the channel to Toslow we'll go

I'm a son of a sea-cook, I'm a cook in a trader;
I can dance, I can sing, I can reef the main boom,
I can handle a jigger, I cuts a fine figure
Whenever I gets in a boat's standing room

R: We'll rant and we'll roar...

Farewell and adieu to ye young maids of Valen,
Oderin and Presque, Fox Hole and Bruley
I'm bound for the westward to the wall with the hole in
I can't marry all, or in chokey I'll be

R: We'll rant and we'll roar... (2x)