

(1)

(...)

(2)

The International

"Tis' the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The International Party  
Shall be the human race.

Arise, ye pris'ners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For Justice thunders condemnation  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chain shall bind us  
Arise ye slaves; No more in travail  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught; we shall be all.

We want no condescending saviours,  
To rule us from a judgement hall;  
We workers ask not for their favours  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,  
Taxation drains the victim's blood;  
The rich are free from obligations,  
The laws the poor delude.  
Too long we've languished in subjection,  
Equality has other laws;  
"No rights," says she, "without their duties  
No claim on equals without cause."

Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story  
But how they plundered toil?  
Fruits of the people's toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In voting for their restitution,  
The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,  
The party we of all who work;  
The earth belongs to us, the people,  
No room here for the shirk!  
How many on our flesh have fattened!  
But if the noisome birds of prey  
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,  
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

(3)

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

(Written by Florence Reece, a participant in the struggle to organize the miners in Harlan County, Kentucky, 1931)

Oh come all ye workers,  
Good news to you I'll tell  
Of how the good old union  
Has come in here to swell.

CHORUS: Which side are you on?  
Which side are you on?  
Which side are you on?  
Which side are you on?

My daddy was a miner,  
And I'm a miner's son,  
And I'll stick with the union  
Till every battle's won.

Solidarity Forever

(One of the most popular of Wobbly songs, written in 1915 by IWW poet Ralph Chaplin)

When the union's inspiration through the  
workers' blood shall run,  
There can be no power greater anywhere  
beneath the sun,  
For what force on earth is weaker than  
the feeble strength of one?  
But the union makes us strong!

CHORUS

Solidarity forever,  
Solidarity forever,  
Solidarity forever,  
For the union makes us strong!

It is we who plowed the prairies, built  
the cities where they trade,  
Dug the mines and built the workshops,  
endless miles of railroad laid;  
Now we stand outcast and starving, midst  
the wonders we have made,  
But the union makes us strong!

They have taken untold millions that  
that they never toiled to earn,  
But without our brain and muscle not a  
single wheel can turn,  
We can break their haughty power, gain  
our freedom when we learn  
That the union makes us strong!

In our hands is placed a power greater  
than their hoarded gold,  
Greater than the might of atoms, magnified  
a thousand fold,  
We can bring to birth a new world from  
the ashes of the old,  
For the union makes us strong!

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

They say in Harlan County,  
There are no neutrals there;  
You'll either be a union man  
Or a thug for J.H. Blair.

Oh workers, can you stand it?  
Oh tell me how you can.  
Will you be a lousy scab  
Or will you be a man?

Don't scab for the bosses,  
Don't listen to their lies.  
Us poor folks haven't got a chance  
Unless we organize.

(4)

UNION MAID

(Written by Woodie Guthrie in 1940)

There once was a union maid, who never  
was afraid,  
Of goons and ginks and company finks  
And the deputy sheriffs that made the raid.  
She went to the union hall, when a  
meeting it was called.  
And when the company boys came round,  
She always stood her ground.

CHORUS

Oh, you can't scare me, I'm stickin'  
to the union,  
I'm stickin' to the union, I'm  
stickin' to the union,  
Oh you can't scare me I'm stickin'  
to the union,  
I'm stickin' to the union, till  
the day I die.

This union maid was wise,  
to the tricks of the company spies,  
She couldn't be fooled by company stools  
She'd always organize the guys;  
She'd always get her way.  
When she struck for higher pay  
She'd show her card to the company  
guard  
And this is what she'd say:

So women who want to be free  
Just take a tip from me  
Get you a job that's a union job  
And fight like hell for liberty  
Single life ain't hard  
When you've got a union card  
You might even have a happy life  
As a union man and wife

(Third verse by Hilda Thomas)

(Tune: "Red Wing")

\*\*\*\*\*

(6)

THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

(by Joe Hill)

Long-haired preachers come out every night  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's  
right,

But when asked about something to eat,  
They will answer in voices so sweet:

CHORUS: You will eat (You will eat)  
By and by (By and by)  
In that glorious land in the sky  
(Way up high)  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when  
you die.. (That's a lie!)

And the Starvation Army they play,  
And they sing and they shout and they pray,  
Till they get all your coin on the drum;  
Then they tell you when you're on the bum:

Holy rollers and jumpers come out  
And they holler and jump and they shout  
But when eating time comes round they say,  
"You will eat on that glorious day."

(5)

JOE HILL

(Joe Hill was an IWW organizer and songwriter.  
He was framed and executed on a murder charge  
in Utah in 1915. His last words were a  
telegram to Big Bill Haywood: "Don't waste  
time mourning. Organize.")

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night  
Alive as you and me.  
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead."  
"I never died," says he.  
"I never died," says he.

"In Salt Lake, Joe, by God," says I,  
Him standing by my bed,  
"They framed you on a murder charge."  
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead,"  
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."

"The copper bosses killed you, Joe,  
"They shot you, Joe," says I.  
"Takes more than guns to kill a man,"  
Says Joe, "I didn't die."  
Says Joe, "I didn't die."

And standing there as big as life  
and smiling with his eyes,  
Joe says "What they forgot to kill  
Went on to organize.  
Went on to organize."

"Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me,  
"Joe Hill ain't never died.  
Where workingmen are out on strike  
Joe Hill is at their side.  
Joe Hill is at their side."

"From San Diego up to Maine  
In every mine and mill,  
Where workers strike and organize,"  
Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill."  
Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill."  
\*\*\*\*\*

If you fight hard for children and wife  
Try to get something good in this life,  
You're a sinner and bad man they tell,  
When you die you will go straight to hell.

Workingmen of all countries unite;  
Together we'll stand and we'll fight,  
When this world and its wealth we have  
gained,  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

LAST CHORUS: You will eat (You will eat)  
By and by (By and by)  
When you've learned how to  
cook and to fry  
Chop some wood,  
I will do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet  
by and by.  
(That's no lie!)

(7) MINER'S LIFE

(The phrase "Keep you eye upon the scale" refers to the coal owners' practice of underweighing the miners' coal cars before the unions got control of weighing)

A miner's life, is like a sailor's  
Board a ship to cross the wave;  
Ev'ry day his life's in danger,  
Still he ventures, being brave.  
Watch the rocks, they're falling daily;  
Careless miners always fail!  
Keep your hand upon the dollar,  
And your eye upon the scale.

CHO: Union miners, stand together!  
Heed no operator's tale!  
Keep your hands upon the dollar,  
And your eye upon the scale.

You've been docked and docked my boys  
You've been loading two for one,  
What have you to show for working  
Since this mining has begun?  
Worn-out boots and worn-out miners,  
In your shanties sleep on rails,  
Keep your hand upon the dollar,  
And Your eye upon the scale!

In conclusion, bear in mem'ry,  
Keep the watchword in your mind:  
God provides for ev'ry worker  
When in union they combine.  
Stand like men, and fight together,  
Victory for you'll prevail:  
Keep you hand upon the dollar,  
And your eye upon the scale!

\*\*\*\*\*

(9)

THE BANKS ARE MADE OF MARBLE

I've travelled cross this country,  
From shore to shining shore;  
And it really made me wonder,  
All the things I've heard and saw.

CHO: And the banks are made of marble  
With a guard at every door,  
And the vaults are stuffed with silver  
That the workers sweated for.

I saw the weary farmer,  
Plowing sod and loam;  
And I heard the auction hammer,  
As it hammered down his home.

I saw the seaman standing,  
Idly by the shore;  
And I heard the bosses saying,  
Got no work for you no more.

\*\*\*\*\*

(8) HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM!

(This song was written in the 1890's by a travelling organizer, later a Wobbler, Harry McClintock. It became particularly popular during the 1930's)

Oh why don't you work, like other men do?  
How the hell can I work when there's no  
work to do?

CHO: Hallelujah I'm a bum,  
Hallelujah, bum again!  
Hallelujah, give us a handout  
to revive us again!

I went to a house: I knocked on the door;  
The lady said "Scram bum, you've been  
here before."

I went to a house: I asked for some bread.  
The lady came out, said "The baker is dead."

Oh I love my boss, he's a good friend of  
mine;  
That's why I am out starving on this  
bread line.

Oh, why don't you save all the money  
you earn?  
If I didn't eat, I'd have money to burn.

\*\*\*\*\*

I saw the weary miner,  
Scrubbing coal dust from his back;  
And I heard his children crying  
Got no coal to heat the shack.

I've seen my brothers working  
Throughout this mighty land,  
And I've prayed we'd get together  
And together make a stand.

LAST CHO: Then we'd own those banks of  
marble.  
With a guard at every door,  
And we'd share those vaults of  
silver  
That the workers sweated for..

\*\*\*\*\*

(10)

HARD TRAVELING (by Woodie Guthrie)

I been havin some hard travelin, I thought  
you knowed;  
I been havin some hard travelin, way down  
the road,  
Hard travelin, Hard gamblin, hard drinkin,  
hard ramblin,  
I been havin some hard travelin Lord.

I been doin some hard-rock minin, I thought  
you knowed.  
I been leanin on a pressure drill, way down  
the road.  
Hammer flyin, air-hose suckin, six feet of  
mud I sure been muckin,  
I been havin some hard travelin Lord.

I been workin that Pittsburgh steal, I  
thought you knowed;  
I been pourin that red-hot slag, way down  
the road.  
I been blastin, I been firin, I been duckin  
red hot iron,  
I been havin some hard travelin Lord.

I been layin in a hard rock jail, I thought  
you knowed;  
I been layin out ninety days, way down  
the road.  
Damned old judge, he says to me, "Ninety  
days for vagrancy"--  
I been havin some hard travellin Lord.

I been hittin some hard harvestin, I  
thought you knowed;  
I been hittin some rough handlin, way down  
the road.  
Cut that wheat, stack that hay, try to  
make about a dollar a day,  
I been havin some hard travellin Lord.

I been hittin that Lincoln Highway, I  
thought you knowed;  
I been hittin that sixty-six, way down  
the road.  
Heavy load and a worried mind, lookin  
for a woman that's hard to find--  
I been havin some hard travellin Lord.

\*\*\*\*\*

(12)

COLOURS

Yellow is the colour of my true love's hair  
In the morning when we rise  
In the morning when we rise  
That's the time  
That's the time  
I love the best.

Blue is the colour of the sky  
In the morning when we rise  
(continue as above)

Green is the colour of the sparkling corn  
In the morning when we rise  
(continue as above)

(11)

RICHARD NIXON TOLD THE NATION

(By Tom Paxton.)

I got a letter from Tricky Dick, it said  
this is your lucky day,  
Its time to put your khaki trousers on,  
Though it may seem very queer we have no  
jobs to give you here,  
So we are sending you to Vietnam.

CHORUS: And Richard Nixon told the nation,  
Have no fear of escalation,  
I am trying everyone to please,  
Though it isn't really war,  
We're sending fifty thousand more  
To help save Vietnam from Vietnamese.

I jumped off the old troop ship, I sank in  
mud up to my hips,  
I cursed until the captain called me down:  
"Never mind how hard it's raining,  
think of all the ground we're gaining,  
Just don't take one step outside of town."

We buzz around in helicopters, like a  
bunch of big grasshoppers,  
Searching for the Vietcong in vain;  
They left a note that they had gone, they  
had to get back to Saigon,  
Their government positions to maintain,

Every night the local gentry, sneak out  
past the sleeping sentry,  
They go out to join the old VC;  
In their nightly little dramas,  
They put on their black pyjamas,  
Then come lobbing mortar shells at me.

So I sit in this rice paddy, wondering  
about big daddy,  
Yet I know that Richard loves me so.  
Yet how sadly I remember, way back yonder  
in November,  
When he said I'd never have to go.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mellow is the feeling that I get  
When I see her, mmmmm  
When I see her, mmmmm  
That's the time  
That's the time  
I love the best.

Freedom is a word I rarely use  
Without thinking, mmmmm  
Without thinking, mmmmm  
Of the times  
Of the times  
When I've been low

\*\*\*\*\*

THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'

Come gather round people wherever you roam,  
And admit that the waters around you have  
grown,  
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched  
to the bone,  
If your time to you is worth savin';  
Then you;d better start swimmin' or you'll  
sink like a stone:  
For the times they are ac-changin'.

Come you writers and critics who prophesy  
with your pens;  
And keep your eyes wide the chance won't  
come again;  
And don't speak to soon, for the wheel's  
still in spin,  
And there's no telling who that it's naming;  
And the loser now will be later to win,  
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come you senators, congressmen, please heed  
the call,  
Don't stand in the doorway, don't block up  
the hall,  
For he who gets hurt will be he who has  
stalled:  
The battle outside ragin';  
Will soon shake your windows and rattle  
your walls,  
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come you mothers and fathers throughout  
the land;  
And don't criticize what you don't  
understand.  
Your sons and your daughters are beyond  
your command,  
Your old road is rapidly agin',  
Please get out of the new one if you can't  
lend your hand,  
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn, the curse it is  
cast,  
The slow one now will later be fast,  
As the present now will later be past,  
The order is rapidly fadin',  
And the first one now will later be  
last,  
For the times they are a-changin'.

\*\*\*\*\*  
(15)

MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE

Michael row the boat ashore  
Hallelulia  
Michael row the boat ashore  
Hallelulia

Sister help to trim the sails  
Hallelulia  
Sister help to trim the sails  
Hallelulia.

River Jordan is chilly & cold  
Hallelulia  
Chills the body but not the soul,  
Hallelulia.

River is deep and the river is wide  
Hallelulia  
Milk and honey on the other side,  
Hallelulia.

\*\*\*\*\*

WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THIS LAND

When I first came to this land ) REPEAT  
I was not a wealthy man ) first 3  
So I got myself a shack ) lines each  
I did what I could ) verse  
And I called my shack ) changing  
Break my back ) underlined  
O the land was sweet and good ) word as  
I did what I could. ) shown below.

(Repeat first two lines as above)

So I got myself a horse  
I did what I could  
And I called my horse  
Lame of course  
And I called my shack  
Break my back  
O the land was sweet and good  
I did what I could.

And I called my cow  
No milk now

And I called my pig  
Not very big

And I called my duck  
Out of luck

And I called my wife  
Run for your life

And I called my son  
My work's done.

\*\*\*\*\*

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE

Where have all the flowers gone  
Long time passing  
Where have all the flowers gone  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the flowers gone  
Picked by pretty girls every one  
When will they ever learn  
When will they ever learn.

Where have all the young girls gone?  
Gone with young men every one.

Where have all the young men gone?  
Gone for soldiers every one.

Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Gone to graveyards every one.

Where have all the graveyards gone?  
They'veGone to pretty flowers  
Every one.

Repeat verse 1.

\*\*\*\*\*

(17)

THIS LAND

As I went walking that ribbon of highway  
I saw above me that endless skyway  
I saw below me that golden valley  
This land was made for you and me.

CHORUS: This land is your land  
This land is my land  
From Bona Vista to Vancouver  
Island  
From the redwood forest to the gulf  
stream water  
This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps  
To the sparkling sand of her diamond desert  
And all around me a voice was sounding  
This land was made for you and me.

CHORUS

The sun came shining and I was walking  
And the wheatfields waving and the dust  
was rolling  
As the fog was lifting a voice was  
calling  
This land was made for you and me.

CHORUS

\*\*\*\*\*

(18)

THIS TRAIN

This train is bound for glory--this train  
This train is bound for glory--this train  
This train is bound for glory  
If you ride it you must be holy  
This train is bound for glory this train

This train don't pull no extra--this train  
This train don't pull no extra--this train  
This train don't pull no extra  
Don't pull nothin but de Midnight special  
This train don't pull no extra--this train.

This train don't carry no gamblers--this train  
This train don't carry no gamblers--this train  
This train don't carry no gamblers  
No painted women, no midnight ramblers  
This train don't carry no gamblers--this train

Repeat: This train is bound for glory

\*\*\*\*\*

(19)

STRANGEST DREAM

Last night I had the strangest dream, I'd never dreamed before:  
I dreamed that men had all agreed to put an end to war.  
I dreamed I saw a mighty room, the room was full of men:  
The paper they were signing said they'd never fight again.

And when that paper was all signed, and a million copies made  
They all joined hands and bowed their heads, and grateful prayers were prayed.  
And people in the streets below were dancing round and round.  
And guns and swords and uniforms lay scattered on the ground.

\*\*\*\*\*

(18)

BLOWING IN THE WIND

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before ye'll call him a man  
And how many seas must the white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand  
And how many times must the cannonball fly  
Before it's forever banned.

CHORUS

The answer my friend, is blowing  
in the wind.  
The answer is blowing in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist  
Before it's washed to the sea  
And how many years must some people exist  
before they're allowed to be free  
And how many times can a man turn his  
head  
Pretending he just doesn't see

CHORUS (repeat)

How many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky  
And how many tears must one man shed  
Before he can hear people cry  
And how many deaths does it take till he  
knows  
That too many people have died.

CHORUS (repeat)

\*\*\*\*\*

(21)

GOING TO STUDY WAR NO MORE

Goin' to lay down my sword and shield, down by the riverside, down by the riverside, down by the riverside

I'm goin' to lay down my sword and shield down by the riverside.

I'm gonna study war no more.

CHORUS (Repeat last line six times.)

Goin' to put on my long white robe down by the riverside, down by the riverside, down by the riverside,

Goin' to put on my long white robe, down by the riverside, and study war no more.

CHORUS

Goin' to talk with the Prince of Peace down by the riverside, down by the riverside, down by the riverside,

Goin' to talk with the Prince of Peace down by the riverside, and study war no more.

CHORUS

I'm gonna join hands around the world, down by the riverside, down by the riverside, down by the riverside,

I'm gonna join hands around the world, down by the riverside, and study war no more.

CHORUS

\*\*\*\*\*

(22)

WHEN THE P.G.E. GOES THROUGH

Up in that far north country where the skies are always blue,  
They're waiting for that happy day when the P.G.E. goes through.  
The squawfish will be squawking and the moose will start to moo,  
The grizzly bears will grizzle when the P.G.E. goes through,

CHORUS: Oh, Lord! I know my toil will end  
When I hear that whistle coming round the bend.

They say that all the members of Urquhart's survey crew  
Will be working on the extra gang when the P.G.E. goes through.  
Bill Herlihy, he's got a gal, her name is Buckskin Sue,  
They're going on the trapline when the P.G.E. goes through.

When running lines on snowshoes, the snow grew very deep,  
Old Ab Richman, he dug a hole, crawled in and went to sleep,  
The snow blew in and covered him, but we know what to do.  
We'll dig him out in springtime when the P.G.E. goes through.

The hornets build their little nests up in the spruce and pine,  
They always sting the axemen who are cutting out the line.  
So if the railroad bends a bit like railroads shouldn't do,  
Just blame it on the hornets when the P.G.E. goes through.

\*\*\*\*\*

(23)

WAY UP ON THE MONASHEE RANGE

There's a strike at Misty Moon Lake,  
And I'm set and ready to go  
For there's ground that a fellow can stake  
But it's covered at present with snow  
Way up on the Monashee Range.

It's a long way off from the road,  
And the climb's a hard one to make;  
But my feet itch to pack a load  
On the trail to Misty Moon Lake.

So I'll wait till the hills get green;  
Then I'm off to hit the trail,  
For I want to see what's to be seen  
Whether we strike it rich or we fail,  
Way up on the Monashee Range.

(24)

THE OLD GO-HUNGRY HASH HOUSE

they

The flapjacks were leather-  
They'd stand up in any weather.  
You could sew them on a soles for your shoes.  
The syrup it was paint-  
If you smelled it you would faint;  
And the prunes were dated 'eighteen forty-nine.'

CHORUS: Then we open up the gates  
O we rush in on roller skates  
In the old go-hungry hash house where I board!

The sausages were sawdust-  
It'd make you smile your broadest  
To hear them claim that they were made of pork!  
And we never got enough  
Of that beef that was so tough  
You couldn't stick the gravy with a fork!

The biscuits, they were wooden-  
And we had some cast-iron puddin-  
You couldn't break the pie crust with a club.  
O if you weren't a lover  
Of the landlady's daughter  
You'd never get a decent plate of grub.

\*\*\*\*\*

(26)

YOUNG TED BROWN

Young Ted Brown was a fine young man,  
At Westminster he staid-  
He used to attend the The-a-tre,  
And ran with the Fire Brigade.  
Ted, he took the Cariboo fever-  
Folks said he was a fool-  
But he rolled up his blankets,  
And started up the river,  
Riding on his old pack mule.

CHORUS: But he rolled up his blankets,  
And started up the river,  
Riding on his old pack mule.

Now, when he got up to the Mouth,  
And saw the piles of gold  
Staked on cards and won so free,  
Like '49 - days of old-  
Ted staked and lost the usual way-  
But he took all this quite cool,  
And he rolled up his blankets,  
And started on his way  
Riding on his old pack mule.

CHORUS (Repeat)

Next day he got to Williams Creek,  
Tho' he never had a dime-  
But he made a pile within a week,  
And left in double-quick time-  
Now you may see him at play any night  
To enjoy himself is his rule;  
He wears boiled shirts, and I saw him yesterday,  
A riding on his old pack mule.

CHORUS: He wears boiled shirts,  
And I saw him yesterday,  
A-riding on his old pack mule.

\*\*\*\*\*

(25)

TEAMING UP THE CARIBOO ROAD

Here comes Henry Currie  
He's always in a hurry  
Teaming up the Cariboo Road.  
He makes his horses go  
Through the dust and through the snow.  
Teaming up the Cariboo Road.  
You should see him sprintin'  
To the ball at Clinton  
Teaming up the Cariboo Road.

Chorus: When you hear that whip a-  
poppin'  
You know he's got a load.  
When you hear that sweet sing-  
ing  
"Stand up rowdy on the Cariboo  
Road."

Pete Egan as a rule  
To his horses he is cruel-  
Teaming up the Cariboo Road.  
He beats them with a rail,  
Puts fire in their tail-  
Teaming up the Cariboo Road.  
Ole Pete he looks so wicked  
When you ask him for a ticket  
Teaming up the Cariboo Road.  
At the sight of half-a-dollar  
He will grab you by the collar  
Teaming up the Cariboo Road.

The driver's on the desk  
With a rag around his neck  
Teaming up the Cariboo Road.  
While the swamper in the stable  
Makes sure the teams are able  
Teaming up the Cariboo Road.  
When the roads are in a mire  
Then the freighters earn their hire  
Teaming up the Cariboo Road.  
But they can best the weather  
When they all pull together  
Teaming up the Cariboo Road.

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(2&7)

KLONDIKE!

O come to the place where they struck it  
rich  
Come where the treasure lies hid,  
Where your hatful of mud is a five-pound  
note  
And a clod on your heel is a quid!

CHORUS: Klondike! Klondike!  
Label your luggage for Klondike!  
O there ain't no luck in the town to  
There ain't no work down  
Moodyville way  
Pack up your traps and be off I say  
Off and away to the Klondike!

O they scratches the earth and it tumbles  
out  
More than your hands can hold,  
For the hills above the plains beneath  
Are crackin' and bustin' with gold.

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FAR FROM HOME

Where mighty waters foam and boil  
 And rushing torrents roar  
 In Fraser River's northern soil  
 Lies hid the golden ore.

CHORUS: Far from home, far from home,  
 On Fraser River's shore  
 We labour hard, so does our bard  
 To dig the golden ore.

Far from home we miners roam  
 We feel its joys no more  
 These we have sold for yellow gold  
 On Fraser River's shore.

In cabins rude our daily food  
 Is quickly counted o'er  
 Peas, bread, salt meat is all we eat  
 And the cold earth is our floor.

Lonely our lives, no mothers, wives  
 Or sister's love runs o'er  
 When home we come at set of sun  
 To greet us at the door.

At night we smoke, then crack a joke  
 Try cards 'til found a bore.  
 Our goodnights said we go to bed  
 To dream of home once more.

With luck at last our harships past  
 We head for home once more.  
 We'll greet the sight with wild delight  
 Of California's shore.

And once on shore we never more  
 Will roam through all our lives  
 A home we'll find just to our mind  
 And call our sweethearts wives.

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THE BANKS OF THE SIMILKAMEEN

It was one Sunday morning I bid Grand Forks adieu  
 To beat my way to Oroville, a place that once I knew.  
 Over ties and railway crossings I beat my weary way  
 Until I met a maiden at the close of one hot day."

"Good eve, good eve, fair maiden! My money does me no good:

If it hadn't been for the coyotes I'd a stayed out in the wood."

"You're welcome, welcome, stranger. Although our home is plain,

We ne'er have turned a stranger out on the banks of the S'milkameen."

She took me to her mother's home: she treated me quite well.

Her hair in dark brown ringlets about her shoulders fell.

I tried to paint her beauty, but true, it was in vain,

For perfect was the Oroville girl on the banks of the S'milkameen.

I asked if she would marry me; she said it ne'er could be.

She said she had a lover and he lived in B.C.

She said she had a lover, and true she would remain

Until he came to claim her on the banks of the S'milkameen.

Adieu, adieu, fair maiden, I ne'er shall see you more,

But I'll ne'er forget your kindness or the cottage by the shore.

So adieu, adieu, fair maiden, I'll drink to the flowing stream;

I'll drink the health of the Oroville girl on the banks of the S'milkameen.

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MPA SONG

I'm just a nut in the M.P.A.  
 Silly all right and batty all day  
 The way things are going I'll stay this way  
 Happy as a nut in the M.P.A.

CHORUS:  
 My head goes boing dingaling  
 Boing Dingaling, Boing dingaling dong  
 And its doing it now as I'm singing this song

I see my shrink three times a week  
 He sure must think I'm an awful freak  
 But he hasn't seen me at my peak  
 As an M.P.A. nut the rest of the week

This house we have isn't normal at all  
 We put the floor on the ceiling and the  
 ceiling on the wall  
 The basement in the attic  
 And the attic in the hall  
 So come for a visit come one come all

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1918  
The first of the year was a very busy one for the office. We had a number of new clients and a large amount of work to do. The weather was very cold and the roads were very slippery. We had to be very careful when driving to work. The office was very busy and we had to work long hours. We had a number of meetings and a lot of work to do. The year was a very successful one for the office. We had a number of new clients and a large amount of work to do. The weather was very cold and the roads were very slippery. We had to be very careful when driving to work. The office was very busy and we had to work long hours. We had a number of meetings and a lot of work to do. The year was a very successful one for the office.

1919  
The second of the year was a very busy one for the office. We had a number of new clients and a large amount of work to do. The weather was very cold and the roads were very slippery. We had to be very careful when driving to work. The office was very busy and we had to work long hours. We had a number of meetings and a lot of work to do. The year was a very successful one for the office. We had a number of new clients and a large amount of work to do. The weather was very cold and the roads were very slippery. We had to be very careful when driving to work. The office was very busy and we had to work long hours. We had a number of meetings and a lot of work to do. The year was a very successful one for the office.

1920  
The third of the year was a very busy one for the office. We had a number of new clients and a large amount of work to do. The weather was very cold and the roads were very slippery. We had to be very careful when driving to work. The office was very busy and we had to work long hours. We had a number of meetings and a lot of work to do. The year was a very successful one for the office. We had a number of new clients and a large amount of work to do. The weather was very cold and the roads were very slippery. We had to be very careful when driving to work. The office was very busy and we had to work long hours. We had a number of meetings and a lot of work to do. The year was a very successful one for the office.