

Seven Nations, Crooked Jack

Come on Irishmen both young and old
With adventure in your soul
There are better ways to spend your days
Then by working down a hole

I was tall and true all of 6 foot 2
Til they broke me across my back
By a name I'm known that is not my own
For they call me crooked Jack

And I curse the day I went away
To work on those hydro dams
All our sweat and tears our hopes and fears
Bound up with shuttering jams

For I've seen men old before their time
Their faces worn and gray
But I never thought that I myself
Would soon be the self same way

And they say that honest toil is good
For the body and the soul
But I'll tell you boys it's for sweat and blood
That they want you down the hole