

Crooked Jack

Seven Nations

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(Traditional; arranged by Seven Nations) 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

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