

I'M GONNA ROAM

(Words & Music: Mike Ford)

from the album "Canada Needs You - vol. 1" - MapleMusicRecordings

I am Canadian says the beer company but is it only as a consumer of geography
I'll tell you bout heros and hearts and invention from coast to coast to coast comprehension
Beyond what the satellite dish and dispenca and confuse, currupt,
Condense us to a dribble a nibble a scribble in the scramble for my
Eyes and my attention forget the pre-amble Just show me the land embraced by the Sea
From Antigonish to Zeballos BC tell me more about this place and I'll call it home
Canada, across your big map I'm gonna roam

I'M GONNA ROAM...

Municipalities and regional directives legislators, caisse populaire collectives
here comes a cold snap - snap election the paper and the pulp or the wilderness protection
On this blue-green globe maybe a mission A missive to the masses or a manifest position
To be more than just hewers and veivers and drawers but stewards for Mother earth -
Sons and daughters flocking to the top half of turtle island island island - I am the turtle -
Whether in from the Airport just last week or 20 Centuries ago today followin the creeks
AND the rivers to the lakes to the swirlin sea Over 30 million chapters in our history
Here to make of this land a hospice and home cross your big map - Canada - I'm gonna roam

I'M GONNA ROAM...

Just like Champlain roaming into freshwater Harriet Tubman with Liberty's daughter
Husbands and across the Pacific in steamers Painters and preachers and poets and dreamers
Star-watchers, seedplanters, mystics and traders Hunters and hikers, militia-evaders
Bundled with bandages, bedrolls and cases Hungry for freedom and wide open spaces

What is my ecological footprint and what about topographic photographic diagram models
Whats the message hidden in the blue-box bottles tell me a story about a northern dominion oh
Canada what is your opinion 'bout how they're gettin' really noble on the globalization
Economic motion of the money of the nation Union Station business battle
Co-nected by song to the riverman's paddle up into the winter hinterland who's who
Bay street condo and birch-bark canoe paddle to the sea and for dinner get me home
Canada across your big map I'm gonna roam

I'm Gonna Roam Over the Berring Straight

I'm Gonna Roam Over the blue Atlantic

I'm Gonna Roam Quietly Underground

I'm Gonna Roam Over the hills

I'm Gonna Roam Leaving a world behind

I'm Gonna Roam Learning my new surroundings

I'm Gonna Roam Wondering what we find

I'm Gonna Roam Founding a nation of foundlings

LES VOYAGEURS

(Words & Music: Mike Ford)

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12 short men in a birch-bark station wagon
Stuffed to the gunnels for a six-week haul
Cuttin through the rapids and the waves like a water dragon
Bid farewell to Montreal (Adieu Adieu a Montreal)

Stroke by stroke up the Ottawa and Mattawa
The Nipissing and French into Georgian Bay
Sault Ste Marie by Michimilimackinaw
Lake Superior with hell to pay (Lac Superieur a traverser)

With a (belch) and a (fart) and a (hork spit clang)
And a (bzzzz slap) paddle all the day
En roulant ma boule dans un canot qui coule
La vie damnee des engages

LES VOYAGEURS

LES VOYAGEURS

80 kilo packs on my back portagin'
Roots trippin' up my moccasin boots
Sell my soul for a fire and a foot massage
A pipe and a game a' Trivial Pursuits (Allumez la pipe au bout d' la route)

Tump-lined wannigan, bug filled pemmican
Muskeg rum kegger rendezvous
Hard Tack tamarack do it over all again
Skeeters and the feeders an a salt-pork stew (les moustiques dans le ragout)

With a (belch) and a (fart) and a (hork spit clang)
And a (bzzzz slap) paddle all the day
En roulant ma boule dans un canot qui coule
La vie damnee des engages

LES VOYAGEURS

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Skins of the martin, otter and rat - Raccoon and squirrel and beaver top hat
White-tail deer and a lynx and a mink and a thin bark skin keep ta it outta the drink

White-water whirlpool fear run thru me
14 white crosses on the shore
Gift of tobacco for Gitchi Goomi
L'oeil de la mort sur les hommes du nord LES VOYAGEURS...

THE OAK ISLAND MYSTERY

(Words & Music: Mike Ford)

from the album "Canada Needs You - vol. 1" - MapleMusicRecordings

I've traveled the world - I've sailed all seven seas
Found many a treasure - solved great mysteries
From the Sphinx's grand riddle to those missing car keys
No puzzle can fool me for long

But there's one mystery that enrages my guts
And I swear that I'll solve it no ifs ands or buts
All my friends say it's driving me totally nuts
And they've had it with tagging along (to an...)

Island in the Nova Scotia mist where lies a secret that no pirate can resist
Under mainsail many a man has heard the tale of gold and silver and perhaps a Holy Grail
In special code on ancient maps through secret doors and booby traps
It beckons all who live by sea and salt and sail

*WHAT'S BURIED UNDER OAK ISLAND? - WHAT DON'T THEY WANT ME TO FIND?
WHAT'S HIDDEN DOWN THERE AND WHY'D THEY TAKE SUCH CARE
TO LEAVE THIS ENIGMA BEHIND?*

They've dug and dug and found so many clues within Each generation sees more hunters joining in
One thing's for sure, whomever put the treasure there had great engineering skill and savoir-faire
Was it Egyptians who outdid their work upon the pyramids or was it Vikings with a thousand men to spare
Was it Atlantis workers sent from a sinking dying continent well all I know is that I gotta get my share!

*WHAT'S BURIED UNDER OAK ISLAND? - WHAT DON'T THEY WANT ME TO FIND?
WHAT'S HIDDEN DOWN THERE AND WHY'D THEY TAKE SUCH CARE
TO LEAVE THIS ENIGMA BEHIND?*

Some say swashbucklers buried stolen jewels from France along with Joan of Arc's half-toasted underpants
While others swear that Shakespeare's secret manuscript is what lies hidden in this Nova Scotia crypt
Or does the secret passageway connect to unclaimed sailor's pay
that was meant for Old Bombay but never shipped?
Or does something more risqué lie in a cavern and decay
please won't somebody say what evidence I've skipped

*WHAT'S BURIED UNDER OAK ISLAND? - WHAT DON'T THEY WANT ME TO FIND?
WHAT'S HIDDEN DOWN THERE AND WHY'D THEY TAKE SUCH CARE
TO LEAVE THIS ENIGMA BEHIND?*

The years go on and still this mystery survives and legend says the pit will claim seven lives
As I revue the guarded treasure's many tricks my calculations show so far there've been just six
Who have mysteriously drowned or gotten trapped way underground
Or tangled strangled in the reeds and salty brine
And as I creep so carefully 'round the Oak Island mystery I fear the seventh life it takes

just might be mine!!!

LA PATRIOTE

(Words & Music: Mike Ford)

from the album "Canada Needs You - vol. 1" - MapleMusicRecordings

She's standing in the public square - she listens to them speak
Of the fraudulence and flatulence they call the Chateau Clique
And how the Gouverneur's asleep and how the judges all grow fat
And dying crops and cholera of Mille-Huit-Cent-Trente-Quatre
 With eloquence, injustices are attacked by Papineau
 But others say melt your spoons to bullets - which way shall we go?

Suivez La Patriote!

She sees the proud and angry habitants, Les Fils de Liberte
She celebrates at St Denis and at St Charles joins the fray
She hears of victory and setback, new recruits and new defections
She sees the water lit up gold by fire in all directions
 She sees men hiding in cellars, messengers grabbed and cut down
 Confusion, rumours from the south, - and English soldiers in her own town

Suivez La Patriote!

Now she sees white flags in the windows, homes turned to smoking ash
Broken Patriotes bound up in chains in the streets of Ste Eustache
Loyal men from 1812 now get the noose or Van Deiman's Land
And for the peoples' future, assimilation planned
 But awoken is a destiny that would not be stilled again
 La belle espoire, le beau risque de la nation Canadienne

Suivez La Patriote

Suivez La Patriote

Suivez La Patriote

Suivez La Patriote!

TURN THEM OOOT!

(Words & Music: Mike Ford)

from the album "Canada Needs You - vol. 1" - MapleMusicRecordings

*TURN THEM OOT, TURN THEM OOT - THE TORIES GET THE BOOT
WE'LL RISE AGAINST THE FAMILY COMPACT AND QUICKLY TURN THEM OOT!!!!!!*

Have ya read my latest tract about the family compact
It tells how they are scum and let me tell ye that's a fact

*TURN THEM OOT, TURN THEM OOT - THE TORIES GET THE BOOT
WE'LL RISE AGAINST THE FAMILY COMPACT AND QUICKLY TURN THEM OOT!!!!!!*

World-wide in this present day, reform and justice are on their way
But in backwards upper Canada it's all currupion and decay

*TURN THEM OOT, TURN THEM OOT - THE TORIES GET THE BOOT
WE'LL RISE AGAINST THE FAMILY COMPACT AND QUICKLY TURN THEM OOT!!!!!!*

Canadians....

Do ye love freedom?
Would you like to own yer own land?
Have judges that respect ye?
Have the roads paved a bit?
Would ye like to roll up the rim to win?
Be swallowed up by the United States???
.....Then we'll have to do it on our ourselves!!!!

*TURN THEM OOT, TURN THEM OOT - THE TORIES GET THE BOOT
WE'LL RISE AGAINST THE FAMILY COMPACT AND QUICKLY TURN THEM OOT!!!!!!*

So if you've had it with their bull, you farmers can be quite helpful
Grab your pitchforks and we'll march for government that's responsible!

*TURN THEM OOT, TURN THEM OOT - THE TORIES GET THE BOOT
WE'LL RISE AGAINST THE FAMILY COMPACT AND QUICKLY TURN THEM OOT!!!!!!*

*TURN THEM OOT, TURN THEM OOT - THE TORIES GET THE BOOT
WE'LL RISE AGAINST THE FAMILY COMPACT AND QUICKLY TURN THEM OOT!!!*

SIR JOHN A (YOU'RE O.K)

(Words & Music: Mike Ford)

from the album "Canada Needs You - vol. 1" - MapleMusicRecordings

In the mid-1800's the political situation in B.N.A. was straining...
Annexationist favour was gaining, and in the South,
a horrible bloodbath known as the Civil War was raining
Would this insatiable appetite turn north towards the seperate colonies?
Some began speaking of a new option called Confederation
And although not initially a cheerleader of the plan,
One man emerged as its central architect architect architect

*SIR JOHN A...YOU'RE O.K...TELL ME WHAT WOULD YOU SAY
IF YOU WERE HERE TODAY*

In Charlestown and Quebec City the leaders debated the new plan
Political deadlock between Canada East & West would be broken
Reciprocity between the colonies would be awoken
And the sharing between have and have-not provinces would be much more than just a token

*SIR JOHN A...YOU'RE O.K...TELL ME WHAT WOULD YOU SAY
IF YOU WERE HERE TODAY*

While civil war blood continued to spill, some feared loss of influence, loss of local power,
loss of culture, loss of ties to England
One man alone knew we needed a strong central government,
w/ Residual Powers Residual Powers Residual Powers

*SIR JOHN A...YOU'RE O.K...TELL ME WHAT WOULD YOU SAY
IF YOU WERE HERE TODAY*

*OH OH OH OLD TOMORROW OH OH OH CAN I BORROW OLD TOMORROW
JUST AN OUNCE OF YOUR GREAT STAMINA AND SKILL... That would be a thrill*

The delegation went to London England to finalize the preparations...
All went well except for one minor crisis...Sir John A, always fond of a tippie or six,
took to bed with a book, a bottle and a candle - he nodded off...
FATE INTERVENED as he awoke to the the smell of fire!
The curtains were on fire! The bed was on fire! Even his hair was on fire fire fire

*SIR JOHN A...YOU'RE O.K...TELL ME WHAT WOULD YOU SAY
IF YOU WERE HERE TODAY*

Back home on July 1st 1867 a new nation celebrates its birth
Sir John A rollsup his sleeves -there's much work to be done
There were regions to appease, budgets to squeeze factions to please,
And a prairie to seize but most of all...The railroad!
Work of the iron road took more than 15 years of backbreaking, sometimes fatal labour...
And in the corridors of power, it took
WHEELING, DEALING, BESEECHING, PREACHING, PRAYING, DELAYING
And scandal scandal scandal scandal
One man had the wherewithall to ride the wild roller-coaster to its completion

*SIR JOHN A...YOU'RE O.K...TELL ME WHAT WOULD YOU SAY
IF YOU WERE HERE TODAY*

DARCY McGEE

(Words & Music: Mike Ford)

from the album "Canada Needs You - vol. 1" - MapleMusicRecordings

McGee when you were a young Irish man
You fought for the freedom of Ireland
And you weren't afraid to take a stand
'gainst Empire's pull and all that John Bull

But in famine your island did suffocate In Black '47, so in '48
On a fever ship McGee you stole away

*D' ARCY MCGEE, D' ARCY MCGEE
A NEW WORLD AWAITS YOUR VERSE AND HARMONY
D' ARCY MCGEE, D' ARCY MCGEE
IT'S A LONELY SAIL UNTO YOUR DESTINY*

Once landed you took up the immigrant's cause
Helped rescue the poor from the cruel cities' jaws
And your speeches filled halls with the sound of applause
That drowned out the drums of more hot-headed ones

Oh D'Arcy with such eloquence you sang
And soon Confederation's cheers and bells rang
And you thought that might drive the Fenian gang away

*D' ARCY MCGEE, D' ARCY MCGEE
A NEW WORLD AWAITS YOUR VERSE AND HARMONY
D' ARCY MCGEE, D' ARCY MCGEE
IT'S A LONELY STROLL UNTO YOUR DESTINY*

At the edge of the wilds where the leaders debate
Their one year-old nation, night session runs late
A silver-tongued speech then some drinks at the bar
You set off for home - oh look there you are
Bidding your colleagues a morning's goodnight
On Sparks Street you turn to your rooming house light
But a Fenian's there he don't like what you've said
He calls you a Judas, and aims for your head
The pistol explodes and the doorway runs red
With the blood of the rebel whose only weapon was song

Now six velvet-draped horses lead the mourners away
Down history's streets with Georges Etienne and John A
And sometimes I wish you could see us today
From so many lands.....with your songbook in hand

*D' ARCY MCGEE, D' ARCY MCGEE
A NEW WORLD AWAITS YOUR VERSE AND HARMONY - DARCY MCGEE*

LOUIS & GABRIEL

(Words & Music: Mike Ford)

from the album "Canada Needs You - vol. 1" - MapleMusicRecordings

OH OH OH OH LOUIS RIEL / HERE COMES YOUR FRIEND GABRIEL

Descended from the French Voyageurs on the prairie and the First Nation people like the Cree
New eyes looked out on the land of the buffalo, we call them the Metis
And they lived with the seasons of the sun and they lived between two worlds
Between the wild and the tame, a cultural bridge
Cousins of the earth, they spoke the French language

OH OH OH OH LOUIS RIEL / HERE COMES YOUR FRIEND GABRIEL

Louis Riel had a vision and a dream and the Metis wanted him to lead
And together they formed a wise resistance to Canada's expanding needs
And it resulted in a great rebellion and Louis got chased away
He some mistakes and he caught the blame
But he gave Manitoba its life and name

OH OH OH OH LOUIS RIEL / HERE COMES YOUR FRIEND GABRIEL

Gabriel Dumont - a Saskatchewan Metis, hero of the great northwest
As a marksman, hunter (gambler) or rider, he was always the best
And he spoke several Native languages and he was a gracious generous friend
He was loved by the Metis women and men
And he brought Louis back to lead them again

OH OH OH OH LOUIS RIEL / HERE COMES YOUR FRIEND GABRIEL

Sir John A. sent a couple thousand men to crush the second rebellion fast
Gabriel and Louis fought side by side but the resistance could not last
And Louis thought he was a Messiah and they caught him and made him hang
Gabriel cried as he escaped in the snow
Spent his last days in a wild west show

OH OH OH OH LOUIS RIEL / HERE COMES YOUR FRIEND GABRIEL

They had a vision of a new part of Canada made for the people of the plains
But Ottawa didn't want that kind of province in the great domain
And it mighta been a great step forward for diversity across the land
And today the Metis to their children tell
about the two great friends - Louis and Gabriel

OH OH OH OH LOUIS RIEL / HERE COMES YOUR FRIEND GABRIEL

OH OH OH OH LOUIS RIEL / HERE COMES YOUR FRIEND GABRIEL

CANADA NEEDS YOU

(Words & Music: Mike Ford)

from the album "Canada Needs You - vol. 1" - MapleMusicRecordings

Canada's century had barely begun
She needed millions more people to share in the fun
Of populating the prairies and building up steam
For the Boastin' bout the coast-to-coast Canadian dream!

So in England and Norway, Holland and the Ukraine
and in Germany and Greece the people heard the refrain
Of Canada boosters with pure prairie pride
Who sang a tunefull promise that could not be denied

They said "why be a pauper, a peasant or slave?
Why work for a landlord 'til you're in the grave?
When in a garden of Eden across the great sea
There's 160 acres for you totally free!

So why don't you.....

Leave your dirty crowded streets and be a king in Canada
There's an abundance of everything in Western Canada
Where it's never ever cold
And the streets are paved with gold
And you grow rutabegas bigger than a loaf of bread
tomatoes bigger than a horse's head

Across the sea on a luxury cruise you'll sail to Canada
A smiling man will let you choose your land in Canada
There's milk and honey and a kitchen sink
There's never any bugs or drought and the farts don't stink
And you'll grow wheat for eleven months every year
grapes for your wine barley for your beer
gold flakes floating in the atmosphere
Step up and volunteer for your new career

Grab your family and your sheepskin coat and find your rebirth
In the only piece of paradise that's left on the earth
Manitoba and the Great Northwest are calling it's true
Cuz you need Canada and Canada needs you!

A WOMAN WORKS TWICE AS HARD

(Words & Music: Mike Ford)

from the album "Canada Needs You - vol. 1" - MapleMusicRecordings

You see the sun come up on the homestead - and the life that the morning reveals
First the butter is churned, then to housework you turn
And by 9 you'll be out in the fields
Was a train that made you a farmer - you hear it call in the distance at night
It's headin' off to hills while you're feelin' the chills
Of a harvest that's frozen and white

*HEAR THE WHISTLE CRY
TO THE PRAIRIE SKY
A WOMAN WORKS TWICE AS HARD*

You're the doctor for the family and livestock
The nurse and teacher at the end of the day
Makin' Saturday's feast and some home remedies
While the men take the cards out and play
And after cleaning up the lot you embroider flowers like the old country knew
And designs to God in this house made of sod
And somewhere out there it's callin' you

*HEAR THE WHISTLE CRY
TO THE PRAIRIE SKY
A WOMAN WORKS TWICE AS HARD*

Before all those labour saving devices
She dealt with each crisis
Dust, wind, cold and ices
Woah Lord a Woman works twice as hard

She says "Maybe I'll go to the mountains
Maybe I'll go to the coast
Maybe I'll be more in the interior
Spreadin' fresh fruit on my toast
She says Maybe I'll get up to the Klondike
Where a woman's worth pure gold
When I'm prayin' for rain and I hear that train
I see a lifetime unfold

*HEAR THE WHISTLE CRY
TO THE PRAIRIE SKY
A WOMAN WORKS TWICE AS HARD*