

THE FORESTER

Tune: Tipperary.

Up to bonny Glenmore came a forester one day,
Sure the snow was on the ground and everything was gray.
When he saw the soup and skilly, bread and bacon rare,
He sprang upon a lumber pile, and thus he rent the air:

Chorus: It's a long way to Grande Prairie,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Grande Prairie,
Where there's lots to eat, I know;
Good-bye Perth and Glasgow,
Fare thee well, Dundee;
It's a long long, way to Grande Prairie,
To my home o'er the sea.

Tommy got paraded to his forester C.O.,
Saying sure I want a transfer out of this and so
Send me down to Blighty and I'll join the A.S.C.—
But Tommy went to Wandsworth, where he didn't want to be.

Chorus.

Sandwiches for dinner, and it's heavy on the "sand,"
Work we get a-plenty in this God-forsaken land.
Sure we start at daybreak and it's dark before we're through.
And all we get for breakfast is a lot of sticky goo!

Chorus.

Once a month is pay day, and it's then the boys are gay:
Passes to Kingussie, and to Granton on the Spey,
Pretty girls are plenty, and there's lots of fizzy drink,
And when we get too noisy, sure they shove us in the clink.

Chorus.

But in spite of troubles, we're busy as the bees,
And at times we work in water, far above our knees,
Now and then a man is killed, but we should worry, oh,
And when the war is over sure it's home we're going to go.

Chorus.