

Suffice it to say that we reached Lac La Biche
Weary and tired, 'tis true;
But the feeling in our hearts still strong
That we'd see the dam thing through;
Little we knew what ahead of us lay
On our run to the end of the steel,
And I guess the folks were afraid to tell
In case we would turn on our heel.

Our arrival there was the signal for cheers
Though we didn't feel worth a penny,
But we'll never forget the "Dinky's" pain
As it gasped out, "Two too many."
We mushed along to the river's bank
And we thought our joys begun,
As we saw the palatial boat tied up
At the bank 'neath the blazing sun.

But our pleasure had not very long to live,
For the boatman, I'd like to choke 'm,
Explained that his boat leaked like a sieve
And he hadn't a dam bit of oakum.
Then someone suggested us walking,
It seemed but a little thing,
We humped our packs and started off
While the "Hielianman" tried to sing.

We mushed along for the first few miles
And stopped now and then for a smoke,
But it wasn't long ere we stopped the song,
For it made us like to choke.
Tho' we all felt dead yet we plugged ahead
Through brush and nettles and mud,
And the uppermost thought in all our minds
Was to get Bill Henderson's blood.

There was James and Pace and the Hielianman,
Hamdon, Fish and Earl,
Billy and Henderson, all of us men,
With not a sign of a girl;
Those Pioneers may hike for days,
And mosey along without hurry,
But never was man so glad as we
When we landed in Fort McMurray.