

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The R.C.M.P

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(Pat Barry)

1. Well, they say that our Arctic is empty
Thirty-five square miles per man
But some heroes are there who are doing their share
To populate out northern land: well there's

cho: Priests and preachers and teachers,
Hudson's Bay Company
Northern Affairs men and Navy and airmen,
As well as the RCMP.

2. All claim to love our poor Indian;
Why, the Eskimo touches their heart
Whether out on patrol or saving a soul
They're right in there, doing their part: all those...
Bush pilots and whalers and reefer barge sailors...

3. Well, there's five thousand kids in the Arctic,
All loyal Canadians like me
And they answer with pride for they've nothing to hide,
The facts of their family tree: you see there's...
And doctors, no doubt, who left their wives out...

4. When it's time for these men to go "outside",
Their wives and their families to see,
It's with tears in their eyes that they bid their goodbyes
To those kids that cry, "Daddy, take me!" but off go those...
Government clerks and public works,...

5. All claim that they'll be back "later",
But they must lose their taste for the cold
They're awaited with prayers by the kids that are theirs -
Three cheers for our heroes so bold! Hurrah for...
That last seismic crew and Steffanssen too...

by Pat Barry, to Peter Usher, to Al Cox, Vancouver, 1969.

(alt. chorus: Government inspectors and D.E.W. line
defectors - from Chris Rawlings, Regina Folk Festival, 1978).

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