The campaign manager removed the words from the wall and thanked me for the effort. My friends from the Singers’ Circle phoned to offer condolences. It was no use. “Ben’s Revenge” was dead.

In February 1989, Lyn called and asked for the second verse of “Ben’s Revenge”. She wanted to perform the song at Teacher’s Convention the following day. I told her I’d get back to her with the second verse. Then, to make good on the promise, I sat down and wrote it. History had proven that “Ben’s Revenge” was not the right title. So I changed it to “There’s Gold in Them Thar Pills”. And here it is.

Rona Altrows

**THERE’S GOLD IN THEM THAR PILLS**

(née “Ben's Revenge”)

Words © 1989 by Rona Altrows
Music: “O Canada”

Fast off the mark
He left the pack behind,
Sailed for the gold
In nine point seven nine.
Eat your heart out, Carl,
You are hist’ry now;
Join the mass of common men,
For there’s not a soul
In this whole wide world
Can catch up with our Ben.
Mark well my words:
Canada, get set,
Next year he’s bound to run it faster yet. (repeat)

Well, maybe not –
The truth made children cry;
Ben says he’s clean
But test results don’t lie.
Mister Dubin, sir,
What is coming next?
Will this scourge on sport be stopped?
Will our legacy
To this nation’s kids
Be the pills our athletes popped?
Mark well my words,
You who compete:
Gold turns to rust when minds and bodies cheat. (repeat)

**Comptes-Rendus**

**Reviews**

EILEEN McGANN: *Elements*, Dragonwing Music DRGN 111

Eileen McGann is one of those uncommon Canadian singers who can effectively traverse the musical boundaries separating traditional from contemporary song. She has been a welcome performer lately at folk festivals across Canada, and this, her first record, is equally welcome.

The presentation of the songs is elaborate – sometimes a little overly so, I feel. Six singers provide backing vocals, at different times or in groups together; seven accompanying musicians are featured, among them Grit Laskin, Ken Whiteley, Garnet Rogers and David Woodhead, in addition to Eileen’s own guitar.
Yet in general, despite its complexity, the accompaniment is not so over-obtrusive as is the case on too many other records nowadays.

Eileen’s songs fall conveniently into five groups. Three tunes are traditional. Her unaccompanied version of “My Lagan Love”, that mysterious and bewitching Irish song that mixes reality and fantasy so elaborately, is splendid. Her version of “I Live Not Where I Love” is good, but I fervently wish that she hadn’t chosen to repeat its first verse at the end, since that, for me, transforms a properly climactic conclusion into a mere anticlimax. In contrast, the 16th-century variant of the traditional “Riddle Song” merits unreserved praise.