'Twas in the spring of ninety-eight, the news came to our town. Of gold up in the Yukon, lying thick upon the bag. She packed it so damn heavy, 'twas all that I could ground. A 'bible for my spirit, some stockings for my fields. Says I, 'I think I'll head out, see what adventure yields.' You can talk about your Stanfields -- they're wooly and they're warm -- There's BUD's a cut above the rest those Penman's Combinations that keep a man from harm. tell you, boys I've put them to the test.
'Twas in the spring of ninety-eight, the news came to our town,
Of gold up in the Yukon, lying thick upon the ground,
And I'd had it with spreading shit up on my father's fields,
Says I, "I think I'll head on out, see what adventure yields."
My mother's tear fell in her beer, she sighed and packed my bag.
She packed it so damn heavy, 'twas all that I could drag:
A bible for my spirit, some stockings for my soles,
Two suits of father's Penman's and she'd mended all the holes.

You can talk about your Stanfields -- they're wooly and they're warm --
There's BVD's a cut above the rest --
It's those Penman's Combinations that keep a man from harm --
I tell you, boys, I've put them to the test.

That winter in the Chilkoot Pass, the going got quite tough.
Without two suits of Penman's, I'd have frozen off my duff.
An over-eager grizzly came and bit me on the thigh --
Got so much wool among his fangs, he choked right up and died.
Out on them creeks for weeks and weeks, a feller gets some fleas.
But thanks to Penman's woolies, I soon brought them to their knees.
For when a flea got near to me, I turned them undies round.
A week's trek through that matted wool brought but the strongest down.

My mother often prayed for me; she prayed that I'd stay pure.
She'd heard about them Dawson bars, how they were packed with girls.
Her prayers were answered. Though I tried, I couldn't get too near --
The power in them Penman's kept all mortal sinners clear.
And now I'm back upon the farm, it's true I'm getting old.
I'm raising sheep for Penman's mills; I never catch a cold.
Folks say I look and smell like one -- that's quite true, you see,
They shear me every springtime since those Penman's grewed on me!

Penman's Combinations
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Band members Farrell Boyce and George MacDonald each wrote five of the songs
on the twelve-song cassette "Band in the Park", a recent tape by the foursome
Raspberry Jam. Of this song, Farrell writes, "It was written for an appearance in
Paris, Ontario, former home of Penman's mills. It is dedicated to the memory of my
maternal grandmother, who made me wear Penman's Combinations in mild Vancouver winters." Farrell's address is 305 Northshore Blvd. W., Burlington, ON L7T 1A6.