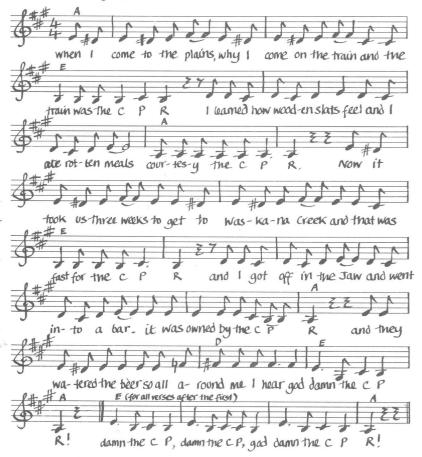
God Damn the CPR!



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When I come to the plains why I come on the train And the train was the CPR I learned how wooden slats feel and I ate rotten meals Courtesy of the CPR Now it took us three weeks to get to Waskana Creek And that was fast for the CPR And I got off in the Jaw and went into a bar It was owned by the CPR And they watered the beer so all around me I hear God damn the CPR!

Now this man comes to me and he says, "I can see That you've got a hunger for land.

Well, I got a small place and she ain't no disgrace (in fact, she'll do your kind just grand).

Now she's easy to find, just take a trip down the line Until you come to some nice black loam

And then go beyond and when you come to a pond You're fifty miles south of home.

Put your name on this line and now that you've signed You're in debt to the CPR (you fool!)

Debt to the CP, debt to the CP, in debt to the CPR!"

Well I plowed up my ground just a-walkin' around Behind an old plow and a horse

And I planted my grain and I looked out for rain But the heat kept a-gettin' worse

Oh, when she finally come out, why I let out a shout And all the hoppers come a-hoppin' around And whatever they left was destroyed like the rest When the hail came a-poundin' down

So now there's only one thing that I wanta sing God damn the CPR! I mean it!

Damn the CP, damn the CP, god damn the CPR!

Oh, I married a wife and we begun a hard life In a one-room, sod-roof shack

And we had us some kids and just gettin' them fed Was like enough to break our backs.

And then this CPR man comes rollin' by in his train And he promised her a gayer time

Now my wife went away without a word to say

She even left my socks on the line So now there's only one thing that I wanta sing God damn the CPR

Yes, damn the CP, damn the CP, god damn the CPR!

Well, I bin here fifty years and I'm in debt to my ears And the kids left ages ago

I got rhumatiz and I fergit where things is And I can't stand the sight of snow

I know where my troubles come from!

And the neighbours are gone and I'm usually alone

And the furnace keeps goin' on the bum But though I'm gettin' old and I'm often mighty cold Oh, yes I do, so I'm a-tellin' you God damn the CPR Damn the CP, damn the CP, god damn the CPR! The freight-rates! Damn the CP, damn the CP, god damn the CPR! The rail-line shutdowns! Damn the CP, damn the CP, god damn the CPR! And the profits!

Damn the CP, damn the CP, god damn the CPR!

Geoffrey Ursell, originally from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, makes songs that reflect the hardships and injustices he sees around him. His language is that of the people he sings for—farmers, workers, anyone who is getting short-changed—and his themes reflect their struggles, with the weather, with the finance companies and with the CPR. Besides songs, he also writes poetry, novels, short stories, plays and some journalism. Geoffrey presently lives in Regina, and his record "Prairie

Grass Prairie Sky: Music from Saskatchewan" is available from: Caragana Records, c/o 2226 McTavish St., Regina, Sask. S4T 3X2. Some of his work, including "God Damn the CPR!" has been published in an excellent anthology of Canadian songs, *Singin' About Us*, edited by Bob Davis and compiled by Bruce Burron (James Lorimer & Company, 35 Britain St., Toronto, Ont. M5A 3V8: 144 pp. \$5.95).

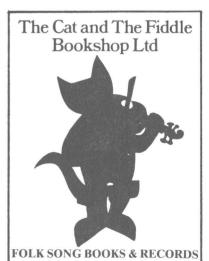
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