

PORCUPINE SONG - 1909

Words Major E.J. Holland V.C.

Music Maurice Scott

G Em D7 G

Sil-ver and gold in this coun-try cold are sought by each of us When

Am D Am D G

5 Fred La - Rose once stubbed his toes It made an aw - ful fuss. But wait un - til next

Em D7 D A D

10 sum-mer and I'll show you a mine In dear old Por cu pine Where the

D A D A7 D G

15 Chorus:
gold is nice and fine And I know that I'll get mine, for I have wart on my

Em D D7 A D A

20 fin-gers corns on my toes Claims up in Por-cu-pine and a cold in my

D G Em D G G D

26 nose So put on your snow shoes and hit the trail with me, to P O R C

G D G D

32 U P I N E that's me.

The melody was stolen from a popular 1909 "stage Irish" song called "Rings on her fingers - Bells on her Toes" look it up on YouTube if you're feeling brave. Verse two to four follow on separate sheet.

The Original Song of Porcupine Camp

Written in 1909. The Author Was
Major E. J. Holland, V.C. The
Tune Was "Rings on My
Fingers, Bells on
My Toes

In the Christmas issue of The Advance last year there was an article about the songs of the Porcupine gold camp. At the banquet last week in connection with the 25th anniversary of the discovery of the Porcupine gold mines one of the old-timers noted that it is some time since the original song was published. It was sung to the tune of "Rings on My Fingers, Bells on My Toes." And could the old-timers sing it! Well, you should have heard them. Here is the original song, as written in 1909, the author being no less a personage than the popular Major E. J. Holland, V.C.

The Porcupine Song

(Written by Major E. J. Holland, V.C.,
in 1909)

VERSE 1

Silver and gold in this country cold
Are sought by each of us.
When Fred Larose once stubbed his
toes

It made an awful fuss.
But wait until next summer
And I'll show you a mine
In dear old Porcupine,
Where the gold is nice and fine,
And I know that I'll get mine.

CHORUS

For I have warts on my fingers,
Corns on my toes,
Claims up in Porcupine
And a cold in my nose.
So put on your snowshoes
And hit the trail with me
To P-O-R-C-U-P-I-N-E, that's me.

VERSE 2

Jack Wilson came from Massey;
He went to Porcupine.
He hunted 'round prospecting ground
But never made a find.
He landed into Tisdale
And there he found the Dome.
Says he: "No more I'll roam
I'll hit the trail for home,
For I've found another home."

VERSE 3

Over the snow went Right-of-way
Joe,

To see that find so grand,
The gold in the quartz was as big as
warts
Upon a schoolboy's hand.
And A. A. Cole was with him,
That four-eyed engineer,
Says Joe: "Now have no fear;
I know the gold is here;
Then for Cobalt we will steer."

VERSE 4

Perhaps you think it's easy
To get to Porcupine,
You hire a rig at 222
And start off feeling fine,
You get to Father Paradis
And then you eat the bean
You don't feel quite so lean,
But you scratch and cuss and
scream,
And it ain't the pork and bean.

CHORUS

For you've got crumbs on your
fingers,
Lice in your clothes,
Claims up in Porcupine,
And what else God only knows,
So put on you snowshoes,
And hit the trail with me
To P-O-R-C-U-P-I-N-E—that's me.