

The Alberta Homesteader

My name is Dan Gold, an old bachelor I am
I'm keeping old batch on an elegant plan
You'll find me out here on Alberta's bush plain
A-starving to death on a government claim.

So come to Alberta, there's room for you all,
Where the wind never ceases, and the rain always falls
Where the sun always sets and there it remains
Till we get frozen out of our government claim.

My house it is built of the natural soil
The walls are erected according to Hoyle
The roof has no pitch, it is level and plain
And I always get wet when it happens to rain.

My clothes they are all ragged, my language is rough
My bread is case-hardened and solid and tough
My dishes are scattered all over the room
And my floor gets afraid of the sight of the broom.

How happy I feel when I roll into bed
The rattlesnake rattles a tune at my head
And the little mosquito, devoid of all fear
Crawls over my face and into my ear.

The little bed-bug, so cheerful and bright,
It keeps me up laughing two-thirds of the night
And the smart little flea with tacks in his toes
Crawls up through my whiskers and tickles my nose.

You may try to raise wheat, you may try to raise rye
You may stay there and live, you may stay there and die
But as for myself, I'll no longer remain
A-starving to death on a government claim.

So farewell to Alberta, farewell to the west
It's backwards I'll go to the girl I love best
I'll go back to the east and get me a wife
And never eat cornbread the rest of me life!

