

## Crooked Jack

Seven Nations

Come on Irishmen both young and old  
With adventure in your soul  
There are better ways to spend your days  
Then by working down a hole  
I was tall and true all of 6 foot 2  
Til they broke me across my back  
By a name I'm known that is not my own  
For they call me crooked Jack  
And I curse the day I went away  
To work on those hydro dams  
All our sweat and tears our hopes and fears  
Bound up with shuttering jams  
For I've seen men old before their time  
Their faces worn and gray  
But I never thought that I myself  
Would soon be the self same way  
And they say that honest toil is good  
For the body and the soul  
But I'll tell you boys it's for sweat and blood  
That they want you down the hole