

Making the Camps Like Home

By:Richard Brazier

Music by Stephen Collins Foster

Way down upon the Kootenai River,
Out West a way,
There's where the lumberjacks are working
Only eight hours a day.
There's where the boss am most unhappy,
As sadly he roams,
For he sees how the logger's One Big Union
Am making the camps just like home.

Now, the days are short and happy.
Eight hours we work then roam.
Oh, loggers, our lives no more are dreary
For we're making the camps just like home.

Think of the rotten camps so filthy,
Where we lived long,
And of dollars spent on jobs and whisky.
Christ! How we jacks were stung!
Now, since the jacks have got together,
No more will we roam.
We'll fight to make our jobs still better
And make all the camps home.

Now, the days are short and happy.
Eight hours we work then roam.
Oh, loggers, our lives no more are dreary
For we're making the camps just like home.