

CREIGHTON MINE IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME

A. R. A. Barrett, Composer – circa 1917 – To the tune of MacNamara's Band

You have wandered perhaps in cities, in towns or boroughs small,
Where high life is a tonic for which the wearied fall,
You may have seen Niagara, or perhaps Jerusalem, too,
But, if you haven't seen the Creighton Mine it's yet a treat for you.

The Nickel Range is a pasture from which many mouths are fed,
Without Copper Cliff or Creighton old Sudbury would be dead,
It supplies the world with nickel and Copper Cliff is the key.
Yet, a little home in Creighton Mine is good enough for me.

It's here you find the Dardanelles and Spanish town as well,
And from the many languages heard you'd think, here Babylon fell.
Every nation is represented from the man who picks the tea,
But no matter where they come from Creighton Mine looks good to me.

To see the Police in Creighton Mine parading up and down.
You'd think you were in Chicago or little New York town;
But a visit to the jail house, without a said fee
Make the sleeping camps of Creighton Mine look good enough for me.

We have our daily jitneys, with a charge that is so fickle
That your fare on a car to Sudbury makes a dollar look like a nickel.
Our athletes are famous though they do not draw a fee,
Yet, a little game in Creighton Mine is good enough for me.

We have our balls and parties with an orchestra sublime,
And our band of forty members are employees of the mine.
Our sporting club is organized and you can plainly see
We need a club house in Creighton Mine and that's a tip from me.

We spend our dough on amusement or sports most anywhere,
And you'll find the sports of Creighton Mine always on the square.
We do not live for luster, with me you will agree,
But, a bank account in Creighton Mine looks pretty good to me.

The Mines are run with a system never equaled anywhere;
The officers, Captains and foremen use precision and daily care
To give their men safety and comfort, and whoever you may be,
To be on the pay-roll of Creighton Mine is good enough for me.

CHORUS

For everyone sings of Creighton, for it's a big mark on the map,
Where copper and nickel come from and good things from a tap.
Its streets are rough and sidewalks scarce and Cabarets are few,
But it's Creighton Mine with a good old stein and that's the town for you.