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U.F.O. ONTARIO

by
Morris
Manley

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Dedicated to the United Farmers

U. F. O. ONTARIO

Rhyme and tune by
MORRIS MANLEY

Moderato

The ones in pow'r up to the hour, are far-mers we all know, — The
I met a friend of mine one day, his name was Hen-ry Gow, — He

men who toil and till the soil, on hills and low-lands low; — They
did-n't care for ci-ty life, but loved to drive a plow; — We

raise the hen and know just when, to sow the grain for flour, — They
stood and talked a-bout the crops, and fields of gold-en grain, — His

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feed us all so give a call, for Dru - ry and his power.—
old gray mare she gave a kick, and knocked me in the lane.—

Chorus

U. F. O. Boys, stands for ev - 'ry right,

Mis - ter Dru - ry is the man, who is their lead - ing light;— The

far - mers work for all con - cerned, good gov - ern - ment is their fight,—

U. F. O. On - ta - ri - o, They're all right.—

"U.F.O., ONTARIO"

FIRST VERSE

The ones in power up to the hour are farmers we all know,
The men who toil and till the soil on hills and lowlands low,
They raise the hen and know just when to sow the grain for flour;
They feed us all, so give a call for Drury and his power.

CHORUS

U. F. O. boys stand for ev'ry right!
Mr. Drury is the man who is their leading light;
The farmers work for all concerned, good government is their fight;
U. F. O., Ontario — they're all right.

SECOND VERSE

I met a friend of mine one day, his name was Henry Gow;
He didn't care for city life, but loved to drive a plow.
We stood and talked about the crops and fields of golden grain;
His old gray mare she gave a kick and knocked me in the lane.

THIRD VERSE

Bill Jones he took his mother-in-law out in a boat one day,
The lake was rough and made her sick, which turned her dark hair gray;
The boat upset, she could not swim, she then began to scream.
Bill shouted: "Close your periscope and be a submarine."

FOURTH VERSE

Now everything is going up, the price is never right —
The bread we eat, the old tough meat, and rents are out of sight;
The coal we burn it makes us yearn, it seems like precious gold;
We'll have to pull to get the wool from lambkins in the fold.

Chorus to be sung after each verse.

MORRIS MANLEY