

VISIT THE MINING MUSEUM

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KIWANIS CLUB OF COBALT, INC., CANADA
Proceeds for Charitable Purposes

The COBALT SONG

Words by L.F. STEENMAN
Music Arr. by R.L. MAC ADAM



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The Cobalt Song

Music by permission of Musgrave Music Co.,Ltd, Toronto

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Piano introduction musical notation in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment of quarter notes.

Musical notation with lyrics: *Till Ready*
You may talk a - bout your

The notation includes a fermata over the first measure of the vocal line, followed by a melodic line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

Musical notation with lyrics: ci - ties And all the towns you know With trol - ley cars and

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythm of chords and single notes.

Musical notation with lyrics: pave-ments hard And The - a - tres where you go You can have your lit - tle

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythm of chords and single notes.

Musical notation with lyrics: au - to And car-riag - es so fine But it's hob nail boots and a

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythm of chords and single notes.

flan - nel shirt in co - balt town for mine

CHORUS

For we'll sing a lit - tle song of co - balt If you don't live there it's

your fault Oh you co-balt where the big gin rick - ies flow Where

all the sil - ver comes from And you live a life and then some Oh you

co-balt You're the best old town I know. For we'll know.

THE COBALT SONG

Written February, 1910

You may talk about your cities and all the towns you know,
With trolley cars and pavements hard and theatres where you go,
You can have your little auto and carriages so fine,—
But it's hob-nail boots and a flannel shirt in Cobalt town for mine.

Old Porcupine is a muskeg, Elk Lake a fire trap,
New Liskeard's just a country town and Haileybury's just come back;
You can buy the whole of Latchford for a nickel or a dime,—
But it's hob-nail boots and a flannel shirt in Cobalt town for mine.

Elk Lake was only a bubble, Gowganda had a few,
Old Larder Lake was just a fake, Lorrain was a whisper too,
Swastika is a rockpile, hot air is Porcupine,—
But it's hob-nail boots and a flannel shirt in Cobalt town for mine.

We've got the only Lang Street; there's blind pigs everywhere,
Old Cobalt Lake's a dirty place, there's mud all over the square,
We's got the darndest railroad, that never runs on time,—
But it's hob-nail boots and a flannel shirt in Cobalt town for mine.

We've bet our dough on hockey and swore till the air was blue,
The Cobalt stocks have emptied our socks with the dividends cut in two,
They don't get any of our money in darned old Porcupine,—
But it's hob-nail boots and a flannel shirt in Cobalt town for mine.

CHORUS

For we'll sing a little song of Cobalt,
If you don't live there it's your fault.
Oh, you Cobalt, where the big gin rickies flow
Where all the silver comes from,
And you live a life and then some,
Oh, you Cobalt, you're the best old town I know.
