

KLONDIKE JOE

I'll tell you a story 'bout "Klondike Joe".
One heck of a tale that few of you know.
I'm sure you've all heard, or least you've been told,
how Joe made his fortune by dredging for gold.

When the Great War got goin' with all of it's noise,
he trained up a troop of machine gunnin' boys.
Joe couldn't go fighting in trenches he's told,
at age Fourty-seven, they said he's too old!

But Joe wanted action and after two years,
left Dawson for England, confounding his peers.
They made him a colonel and dressed him up fine.
Then sent him to Russia, behind Kaiser's line.

He went up to Moscow, their trains were all skewed,
they had no direction, their systems were crude.
He set up a schedule, each engine and car,
they made him a hero and gave him a star.

A little bit later ol' Joe was then told,
Romania's Queen was afraid for her gold.
It seems the Crown Jewels, the pride of their land,
were kept in a vault now in Bolsheviks hand.

"We beg you go back there and talk to the czars
we need those Crown Jewels, and all our gold bars."
Joe travelled on back to old Moscow again.
'cause they owed him a kindness for fixin' their train.

He went to the Kremlin, the man he then told.
"You owe me a favour, I want the Queens gold!"
He borrowed some boxcars, an engine so fine,
and with the Crown Jewels, fled south down the line.

When the Bolsheviks heard of his daring hijack,
they set out to stop him and bring it all back.
The first town he came to they opened up fire,
he laid on the whistle and throttled it higher.

They shot up his windows and shattered the glass,
Joe crouched in the engine and covered his brass.
The next town they trapped him, they blocked him in tight,
and Joe was arrested right there on the site.

They held him a captive in one of his cars.
The Bolsheviks feared he was friends with the czars.
Joe wanted to show them his old Klondike charm,
so he brewed up some tea, and he promised no harm.

He laced up that tea with Rye Whiskey so neat,
and well into morning, no guards on their feet.
Joe borrowed a pistol from one of those guards,
and found a good engine back out in the yards.

He prompted the driver to hook up his train,
an' before they could stop him, he's off to Romain.
Joe wouldn't give in to that Bolshevik crowd,
he had those Crown Jewels and guarded them proud.

He got all those treasures back home to their Queen,
and She and our Joseph were quite often seen.
Now prudence dictates that I don't say much more,
but there's rumours and stories that outlived the war.

Joe Whiteside Boyle went on to more fame,
and did himself proudly in life's biggest game.
He died and was buried on England's far shore.
Then fifty years later, came back home once more.