



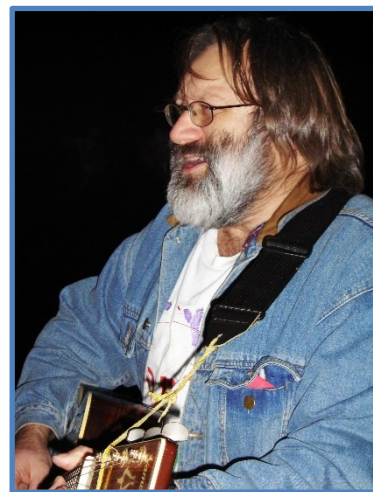
Duck Lake, MB 2005

NRE Songbook

Songs written by
David Bruce and Ivan Emke,
with the help of a few others...



Taschereau, QC 2006



Twillingate, NL 2005

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Research is not only about proposals, data-collection, analysis, and manuscripts. If you work it right—there can be plenty of singing and dancing involved.

This is especially true for research with rural and remote communities where kitchen parties, community gatherings, line-dancing, musicians, and working songs are part of local life.

These songs are some of our “working songs”—inspired by the people we met, shaped by David and Ivan’s wit, and supported by the talent that emerged as we worked together. We are thankful for this time together and the cleverness that made it possible.

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Version 2.3, 2022-12-18 <http://nre.concordia.ca>

Bill's Farewell to the NRE

(To the tune of "Farewell to Nova Scotia")

The funds were dwindling in the bank
The students were 'bout to be set free
All members of the team seemed inclined for a rest
And I only hope that there'll be rest for me

Chorus:

So farewell to N.R.E., you bloody S.O.B.
You have sapped all my time, stole my energy
So when I am lying back in my cozy office chair
Will you ever leave a footnote just to show I was there

So come all you themes, come gather up your thoughts
The time it is much shorter than you'd realized
Write up your insight flyers, publish your results
Its up to us to get that knowledge mobilized

The grant was sinking in the west
The grads were singing on every leave
All nature seemed to be at rest
But still there was no rest for me

Farewell to the NRE, the SSHRC based grant
May your papers, dark and dreary be
For when I am far away, on the Japanese coast
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?

I grieve to leave my research grant
I grieve to leave my comrades all
And my many research colleagues who I always hold
so dear
And we really just need to sit and have a beer

I had three projects and they are at rest
They felt like irons on my chest
But a poor weary grantee the likes of me
Must be tossed and forgotten on the lonesome sea



Gatineau, QC 2006

Academic Passage

(To the tune of "Northwest Passage")

Chorus:

Oh just one more grant, then I could retire happy
To see the hand of Harper holding out a cheque so grand
Tracing one clear line throughout all my work on rural
Get the politicians' heads out of the sand

A researcher will spend their days a'pouring over facts
Splitting hairs and drawing charts and filling all the cracks
There comes a time when even that cannot the lone heart cheer
And all he wants is three more funded years.

Chorus

A data geek like me I need a steady source of fix
Some numbers to regress, chi-squares and
Pearson's R to mix
Some factors to rotate, watch the findings to
appear
But all I want is three more funded years



Twillingate, NL 2006

Chorus

Westward from fair Twillingate, 'tis there 'twas said to lie
The SSHRC Grant for the policy for saving rural's hide
Seeking valued outcomes, building assets on the way
But still cannot agree on what to say

Chorus

Use those 'terms' so carefully, not to be misunderstood
Capacity, and capital, cohesion, neighbourhood
Cause you never know who'll challenge them, who'll put them to the test
Peter, Greg or Tom or some other pest

Bankable Project Blues

Got me a sharp idea, I wrote up a business plan
I put on a 3-piece suit, and I went to see the man
Yeah, I asked him for some money, but he ever-so quickly refused
Now I'm sittin' here with an unfashionable suit and those
Bankable Project Blues

I called up my MP, took him out to lunch
He mustn't have eaten all week, cause it sure cost me a bunch
I asked him for a favour, he picked his teeth and gave me bad news
Now I'm sittin' here with an unfashionable suit and a big bill from Visa, and
those Bankable Project Blues

I applied to ACOA, I approached HRSDC
Called up Western Diversification, Lord I even dropped by the NRE
I asked them for some research funds, but all they offered me was their
views
Now I'm sittin' here with an unfashionable suit and a big bill from Visa, and four
worthless research applications, and those
Bankable Project Blues

I brushed up on my French, went to the Caisse Populaire
Thought they'd be sympathetic, but they really didn't seem to care
J'ai dit, "donnez-moi d'argent," mais malheureusement ils refusent
Now I'm sittin' here with an unfashionable suit and a big bill from Visa,
and four worthless research applications, and quelques phrases de francais,
and those Bankable Project Blues



Twillingate, NL 2005

O Billy Boy

(To the tune of "O Danny Boy")

O Billy Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen and down the mountain side
The money's gone and all the projects dying
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide

But come you back, when SSHRCs into outreach
Or when FCM calls you for linkages
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow
O Billy Boy, O Billy Boy, I love you so

And if you come when all the money's dying
And I am down in Springhill or Blissfield
You'll come and find me in Lot 16
And kneel and say a prayer for me

And I shall hear, tho' soft you trod in Rhineland
And all my dreams are made in Spalding, and
If you will not fail to say that capacity
Is all we need to save rural community

O Billy Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen and down the mountain side
The money's gone and all the projects dying
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide



Twillingate, NL 2005



Whitehorse, YT 2008



Vermilion, AB 2007

Leading in sites

(To the tune of “Bottle of Wine”)

Leading in sites, lagging in sites
When you gonna let me get over
Leave me alone, let me go home
Let me go back and start over

Ramblin' round, in Taschereau town
Studies for nickels and dimes
Time's getting rough, I ain't got enough
To publish my paper on time
(chorus)

Little hotel, older than hell
Way down in Rhineland that year Blankets are thin,
I lay there and grin I got four relations to spare
(chorus)

Pain in my head, bugs in my bed
Too many themes on the line
Out on the street, tell the people I meet
Build governance and you'll fine (chorus)

Seguin is great, Usbome is great Springhill won't dig in the mine
Late in the day, we trust in Ray
Sheddin' labour all of the time. (chorus)



Gimli, MB 1996



Duck Mountain, MB 2005

Blowin' in the Wind

How many sites must a man research
Before he wins a SSHRC grant?
Yes'n how many sites must we hold a workshop
Before we cover the span?
Yes'n how many models must Governance dream up
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many days spent in Gatineau
All the site reps in a flurry.
Yes'n how many times Greg said "focus"
Before Tom said not to worry
Yes'n how many regressions will it take
I don't know but let's all hurry.
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.



Vermilion, AB 2007

How many networks do we really
need? Partnerships, alliances, all?
Reimer has had one too many night terrors
Afraid the themes would never gel
Tell him he'll sleep better on this very night
Now we're sayin' goodbye to it all
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.



Twillingate, NL 2005

Lord of the Grant

(To the tune of “Lord of the Dance”)

I danced the Prairies when the grant was begun
And I danced in the East, the Centre and for fun
I came from the land and I danced for the SSHRC
With social cohesion I had my birth

Chorus:

Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the Lord of the GRANT said he
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be
And I'll lead you all in the grant said he

I danced for Peter and the policies
But they would not dance and they would not follow me
I danced for all others, for Greg and Tom
They danced with me and the grant went on

Chorus

I danced in Mackenzie and in Ferintosh
So many people said it was a wish
We asked and we counted and we looked up high
And we took the story to the PRI

Chorus

In danced in Twillingate when the sky turned black
It's great to dance with a grant on your back
We have too many themes but they all work till noon
We just need to publish and really soon

Chorus

I danced in Benito it was just last year
I danced out in Rhineland 'cause I had a beer
I'll live in you if you'll live in me
For I am the Lord of the grant, said he!

Chorus



Twillingate, NL 2004



Ferintosh, AB 2005

Reimer's Privateers

Oh the year was 1997,
How I wish I was in Springhill now.
A letter of marque from Montréal
To more rural sites than I'd recall.

Chorus:
God damn that SSHRC. I was told,
We'd break the ground, we'd bust the mould
We'd peer review, shed no tears
I'm a broken man on the research pier
The last of Reimer's volunteers.

O William Reimer gathered us round,
How I wish I was in Neguac now.
For 20 brave folk all researchers who
Would make for him the NRE crew.

The HQ office was a sickening sight,
How I wish I was in Blissfield now.
The desks all cluttered, the carpet in rags
And Reimer in the scruppers had the leads and the lags.

On Beckley's day we put to sea,
How I wish I was in Taschereau now.
We were 91 days to Arctic Bay
We were asking questions all the way.

On the 96th day we met again,
How I wish I was in Usborne now.
When a bloody great concept hove in sight
That social cohesion we made to fight.

That new economy filled with gold,
How I wish I was in Carden now.
It was broad and fat and covered with muck
And to catch her took three million bucks.



Inuvik, NT 2008

On the ship there were four jolly themes,
How I wish I was in Rhineland now.
Environment it made a stench
And Governance all spoke in French.

We need some Service was the cry,
How I wish I was in Spalding now.
But the Queen of all, Communication
It surely was the one most fun.

Too much info from the field,
How I wish I was in Hussar now.
Oh the 4 relations haunt my dreams
The craziest project I've ever seen.

So here I lay in my 23rd year,
How I wish I was in Mackenzie now.
It's been eight years since we sailed away
And I just published yesterday.



Gatineau, QC 2006



Whitehorse, YT 2008

CRRF/NAF 2019

(To the tune of Rye Whiskey")

We're here at a conference, in old St. John's town
With the houses of colour, and the bars of renown.

Chorus:

Oh rural, dear rural, more rural I cry
Don't know what you are, but I hope you don't die.

We meet on a mountain, With a steady incline
Where the rain it falls sideways, and the sun never shines.

Drink coffee by the litre, eat pastries by the score
We clean off our plates, then we go back for more.

There are people in suits, In trousers and slacks
In sweaters and in T-shirts, with logos on the back.

Folks talk at the micros, presentations on screen
Hour after hour, We're all just some keen.



Vermilion, AB 2007



Twillingate, NL 2005

The Student's Lament

(To the tune of "I'll Fly Away")

Some glad evening, when this class is o'er, I'll walk away.
Pack my notes and throw them out the door, I'll walk away.

Chorus:

I'll walk away, with my B minus, I'll walk away.
Close the book, won't take another look, I'll walk away.

I had to take it, but I don't know why, I'll walk away.
On Rate my Professor I'm gonna let it fly, I'll walk away.

Chorus:

I'll walk away, with my solid C
I'll walk away



Taschereau, QC 2006

Close the book, won't take another look, I'll walk away.
No more rambling lectures byzantine, I'll walk away.
I made it through but only with caffeine, I'll walk away.

Chorus:

I'll walk away, with my D plus, I'll walk away.
Close the book, won't take another look, I'll walk away.

No more essays, I wrote one every day, I'll walk away
But then he said he wanted MLA, I'll walk away.

Chorus:

I'll walk away, I just hope I pass and don't have to
take it again... I'll walk away.
Close the book, won't take another look, I'll walk away.



Gatineau, QC 2006

Oh Rural, Dear Rural, More Rural I Cry

There's fonts big and small, flow charts and graphs
Pictures of buildings, And big shiny stats

Chorus:

Oh rural, dear rural, more rural I cry,
Don't quite know what you are, but I hope you don't die.

We piled onto buses, all loaded with snacks,
And we headed for rural, just to rest and relax.

Group one to a farm, Group two to a bay,
Group three to an island, Group four drank all day.

Chorus:

Oh rural, dear rural, more rural I cry,
Don't know what you are, but I hope you don't die

We learned about tourism, Teachers and twine
And what happened to Buchans, when the place lost its mine.

We'll all go home happy, With ideas so deep
But we're glad that it's over, Cuz we just need some sleep

Chorus



Lennox Island, PEI 2015



Grande Prairie, AB 1994



Twillingate, NL 2005

Will My Paper Go Unpublished

(To the tune of "Will the Circle")

I was standing with my latte, by the conference coffee bar
When an editor, I saw come striding, and I called him from afar

Chorus:

Will that paper that I sent you, will you publish it my friend? Or will you throw
it, in the dustbin, will I perish in the end?

Well, he said "I skimmed it over, and please don't take offense, but the method
is rather clumsy and the theory far too dense"

Chorus:

But will that paper that I sent you, will you publish it my friend? Or will you
throw it, in the dustbin, will I perish in the end?

To my dismay he kept on going, with a blow-by-blow review
My weak discussion, my frail conclusion, and the font that I used too.

Chorus:

But will that paper that I sent you, will you publish it my friend? Or will you
throw it, in the dustbin, will I perish in the end?

Oh I'm worried and I'm anxious, yes I freely do admit
And I spend all my days just praying for revise and resubmit

Chorus:

Oh, will that paper that I sent you, will you publish it my friend? Or will you
throw it, in the dustbin, will I perish in the end?



Gatineau, QC 2006



Ferintosh, AB 2005

Where Have All the Students Gone?

Where have all the students gone
From the NRE cradle?
They did some surveys, they talked to folks,
They laughed at all our jokes.

They crunched the numbers, they looked for trends,
But mostly they became our friends,
They asked “What do I have to learn?”
And “When will I ever earn?”

Where have all the students gone
From the NRE cradle?

We met amid farms, and fields, and pines
Days of Powerpoint and nights of wine
They’d sit up close, they’d nod their heads,
They’d write down everything we said
Thinking “What have I still to learn?”
“When will I ever earn?”

Where have all the students gone
From the NRE cradle?

Remember Andrea and Tara, and the Jennifers
Deatra and Mike and Anna, Sarah-Paul, Moses, Lee—120 in all

They now have jobs so grand
To pay their advisors’ pension plans
Yes—their taxes pay my pension plan



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