

Letters to Java

[Music]



[A slideshow plays showing photographs taken by the International Drillers from the oil fields where they worked. It includes photos of the drillers, their friends and family, and the machinery they used. It is set to the song "Letter from Java (Foreign Drillers)" by Bernie Gilmore.]

Lyrics: *The streets here are wide and bound by trees
The mountains high as one can see
The perfume from the flowers rare
Seems to always fill the air
And skies reveal a morning star
Above the ancient antiar
It's here I walk upon the strand
As I live out a dream in a foreign land*

*Like miners digging gold
Like poets with stories untold
We're called to do what we can
And live out a dream in a foreign land*

*Just yesterday in all the heat
I made my way through crowded streets
And joined the other men to toil
And dig in the ground for foreign oil*

*You see my dear when other men
Stayed to work in Enniskill'n
I felt the urge to lend my hand
And live out a dream in a foreign land*

*Like miners digging gold
Like poets with stories untold
We're called to do what we can
And live out a dream in a foreign land.*

[*Music*]

Text: Foreign Drillers 2
Created by Oil Museum
Soundtrack: Letter from Java
Artist: Bernie Gilmore