Sweet, Chop Chop

Chinn/Chapman

If you walk down through the woods today
You won't believe your eyes
There's an old log cabin on the Greatway River
Underneath the rolling skies
A man called Woodrow all alone
You can hear the woodchop's cry
He swings his axe all day and chops the trees away

Chop chop chop you can hear him singing
Chop chop chop, as his axe is swinging
Chop chop chop through the woods it's ringing
Timber! Timber!
Chop chop chop, give it all you can
Chop chop chop sang the woodchop man
Chop chop chop through the woods it rang
Timber! Timber!

It's a bright light shines through the towering pines
You can hear the woodman's call
Through the raging rapids of the Greatway River
You can see the pine trees fall
As the sun goes down you can hear the sound
That echoes Woodrow's call
He puts his axe away until another day

Chop chop chop you can hear him singing
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Chop chop chop through the woods it rang
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