

Unknown Artist, Alumbering We Go

A-Lumbering We Go

Come all ye sons of freedom throughout old Michigan,
Come all ye gallant lumbermen, come list to a shantyman.
From the banks of the Muskegon where the rapid waters flow
We'll range the wildwoods o'er while a-lumbering we go.
The music of our burnished axe shall make the woods resound,
And many a lofty ancient pine shall tumble to the ground.
At night around our shanty fire we'll sing while rude winds blow
We'll range the wildwoods o'er while a-lumbering we go.
I am a jolly shantyboy as you shall soon discover,
To all the dodges I am fly, a hustling pinewoods rover.
A peavey hook it is my pride, an axe I well can handle,
To fell a tree or punch a bull get rattling Johnny Randle.
I met a girl in Saginaw and she lives with her mother
And I defy all Michigan to find such another;
She's tall and slim, her hair is red, her face is plump and pretty,
She's my daisy Sunday-best-day girl, and her front name stands for
Kitty.
I took her to a dance one night. A mossback gave the bidding
Silver Jack he bossed the shebang, and big Dan played the fiddle.
We danced and drank the livelong night with fights between the dancing
Till Silver Jack cleaned out the ranch and set the mossbacks prancing.
From Fowke, Lumbering Songs of the Northern Woods.
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