

Unknown

"Driving Saw Logs On The Plover"

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DRIVING SAW LOGS ON THE PLOVER

There walked on Plover's shady banks
One evening last July
A mother of a shanty boy
And doleful was her cry
Saying, "God be with you, Johnny
Although you're far away
Driving saw logs on the Plover
And you'll never get your pay

"Oh Johnny, I gave you schooling
I gave you a trade likewise
You need not been a shanty boy
Had you taken my advice
You need not gone from your dear home
To the forest far away
Driving saw logs on the Plover
And you'll never get your pay
"Come all young men take warning
And listen to what I say
Driving saw logs on the Plover
And you'll never get your pay

"Oh Johnny, you were your father's hope
Your mother's only joy
Why is it that you ramble so
My own, my darling boy?
Oh what could induce you, Johnny
From your own dear home to stray
Driving saw logs on the Plover
And you'll never get your pay

"Why didn't you stay upon the farm
And feed the ducks and hens
And drive the pigs and sheep each night
And put them in their pens
For better for you to help your dad
To cut his corn and hay
Than drive saw logs on the Plover
And you'll never get your pay

"Come all young men take warning
And listen to what I say
Driving saw logs on the Plover
And you'll never get your pay"

A log canoe came floating
A down the quiet stream
As peacefully it glided
As in some young lover's dream
A youth stepped out upon the bank
And thus to her did say
"Dear mother, I have jumped the game
And I haven't got my pay"

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recorded by Helen Schneyer on Folk Legacy's The
Continuing
Tradition
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