

## Stompin' Tom Connors

### "The Canadian Lumberjack"

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If I Sang about a saddle with a lasso and a gun,  
You'd thing about a cowboy beneath the prairie sun  
But I sing about a pine tree with a bucksaw and an axe  
I sing about a big man, The Canadian Lumberjack.  
Oh Hey! To the happy workin' bushman, Of Canada  
He's a lumberjack  
Oh Hey! To the master of the bushland  
He's born to live, By the big bold axe  
He's born to live, By the big bold axe  
With a whopper giant breakfast, of pancakes, beans  
and mush  
And then you'll hear him whistle all mornin' through the  
bush  
And when it comes to hard work there's just no turnin'  
back  
That son of a gun ironman, The Canadian Lumberjack  
Oh Hey! To the happy workin' bushman, Of Canada  
He's a lumberjack  
Oh Hey! To the master of the bushland  
He's born to live, By the big bold axe  
He's born to live, By the big bold axe  
And when his day is over, he'll talk with many chums

He'll sing about the sweetheart, He'll wed when  
springtime comes

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