

Unknown Artist "Alumbering We Go"

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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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