

# The Lumberman's Life



Oh, a lum - ber - man's life\_\_\_ is a wear - i - some life, Though  
som call it free\_\_\_ from all care, With the ring-ing of the axe from  
mor - ning un - til night In the mid - dle of the for - est so drear.

Transported we are from the haunts of all men  
On the banks of some deep frozen stream,  
Where the wolves and the owl with their terrifying howls  
Disturb us of our nightly dreams.

It is sleeping in our cabin so bleak and so cold  
When the north piercing winds they do blow  
And as soon as the morning star does appear  
To the wild woods then we must go.

At four in the morning the cook he will call,  
“Out boys, it’s the break of the day.”  
And in broken slumbers the hours we do pass  
The cold wintry nights away.

When spring it comes in, double trouble does begin,  
For the water it is piercing cold.  
Dripping wet are our clothes and hands are nearly froze  
And our pickpoles we scarcely can hold.

Over rocks, shoals and sands there’s employment for all hands  
As our well bounding craft we do steer.  
Every rapid that we run we think it only fun  
And we never know when danger is near.

Now rafting I’ll give o’er and I’ll anchor save on shore  
Where I can live a quiet, sober life.  
No more will I roam, but contented stay at home  
With a kind and ever loving wife.

Scraps of songs picked up in the West Virginia mountains by my youngest brother:  
*Shady Grove, The Lumberman’s Alphabet, and The Lumberman’s Life.*