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The Dying Lumberman

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One day I was walking out on the mountain,
A wood robin was singing. I happened to spy
A handsome young lumberjack on the banks of the river,
All dressed in white linen, and laid out to die.

cho: So beat your drum lowly, and play your fife slowly
And play the Dead March as you carry me along,
Oh, take me to the mountain, and lay the sod o'er me
For I'm a wild lumberjack, and I know I've done wrong.

Once out in the forest I used to go slashing;
Once in the big timbers I used to be gay.
I first took to drinking, and then to card playing,
Was shot in the breast, and I'm dying today.

Go, some one, and write to my gray-headed mother
And also to my brothers and sisters so dear;
But there is another far dearer t}ian mother,
Who'd bitterly weep if she knew I was here.

Go, some one, and bring nie a cup of cold water-
A cup of cold water, the poor woodsie said;
But ere it had reached him his spirit had vanished-
Gone to the Giver, the poor fellow was dead.

From the Penguin Book of Folk Ballads, Friedman
DT #350
Laws B1