THE BACKWOODSMAN - as sung by Ezra “Fuzzy” Barhight (1874-1968)

Suggested chords (in 2/4 time): D/Am/G/D/D D/D/D/Am/Am D/D/D/Am/Am D/Am/G/D/D

I got up last Monday morning just half past five
I thought it was quite lucky for I found myself alive
I harnessed up my horses my labor to pursue
So I went to hauling wood as I used for to do

The ale house being open and the liquor it being free
As fast I emptied one glass another was filled for me
I didn’t haul but one load when I used for to haul four
For I stayed so long in Stonedam I couldn’t haul no more

Well I met with my companion his name I will not tell
He told me that night where there was to be a ball
I was hard to persuade but at length I did agree
That I'd meet him that night where the fiddler was to be

Well my father followed after me the neighbors so they say
He must have had a pilot or he never'd have found his way
He peeked in every crack and corner where he could spy a light
Till his locks were all wet with the dews of the night

We had got on the floor, four of us to take a dance
(The fiddler being willing and the night it being advanced)
And the fiddler being willing and his arm it being strong
Played the “Ground of Old Ireland” for four hours long

Now daylight is a dawning and we have danced enough
We'll spend one half an hour just a getting cash for Cuff
We'll go home to our plough boy we'll whistle and we'll sing
And we never will be catched in such a scrape again

One more thing I'll have to say before I go away
I hope you all will hear me and listen to what I say
Just when you'll hear of another ball I'll pray you'll let me know
For I'm just as good a fiddler as ever drawed the bow