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