Backwoodsman

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Oh, it's well do I remember the year of 'forty-five
I think myself quite happy to find myself alive
I harnessed up my horses, my business to pursue
And I went a-hauling cordwood as I often used to do.

Now I only hauled one load where I should have hauled four
I went down to Omemee and I could not haul no more
The taverns they being open, good liquor was flowing free
And I hadn't emptied one glass when another was filled for me.

Now I met with an old acquaintance, and I dare not tell his name
He was going to a dance and I thought I'd do the same
He was going to a dance where the fiddle was sweetly played
And the boys and girls all danced till the breaking of the day.

So I puts me saddle on me arm and started for the barn
To saddle up old grey nag, not thinking any harm
I saddled up old grey nag and I rode away so still
And I never drew a long breath till I came to Downeyville.

So when I got to Downeyville the night was far advanced
I got upon the floor for to have a little dance
The fiddler he being rested, his arm being stout and strong
Played the rounds of old Ireland for four hours long.

Now my father followed after, I've heard the people say
He must have had a pilot or he never would found the way
He looked in every keyhole that he could see a light
Till his old grey locks were wet with the dew of the night.

From Penguin Book of Canada Folk Songs by Edith Fowke