

Fine Times In Camp #3

Traditional - as sung by LaRena Clark
Chord suggestions by Ian Bell

F F/D C F F Dm

Oh come all you young fel - lows and I'll sing you a song It's on - ly two ver - ses and it

Gm C C F B^b C F F/D

7 won't take too long It's all a - bout lum - ber - jacks you'll plain - ly see, and the win - ters we spent in

C7 Refrain: F F F/D C B^b or F

15 Camp Num - ber Three _____ We had fine _____ times in Camp Num - ber Three.

A lumbercamp song with a bare-faced lie in the first verse! The tune seems to have a bit in common with "Sweet Betsy From Pike". I suspect "Electric Light Concentrate" may be a brand of crosscut saw oil used to lubricate saw blades to keep them from binding. Overall it's not a bad song, but I'd strongly suggest omitting or reworking the seventh verse.

Oh, the first of all was our jolly old cook
He kept regular hours and he called us to chuck
And then you would hear him in the dead of night
You would hear him and he'd holler that it's almost daylight

Oh, the next was the sawyers and they'd make a saw bind
Their electric light concentrate you could not find
They would grind up their axes, to the bush they would go
And to see them clean up boughs, it was a grand show

Oh, there was a big team they called Paddy and Queen
And they'd haul the best loads that you've ever seen
They would pile, and they'd load the load ever so high
If the harness stood, Pat he would load them or die

Then there were four big teams; he drove four in a row
As a usual thing, he got stuck every load
And then you could hear him swear load as can be
Get up there in the traces, or it's crow bait you'll be

And the next is our blacksmith, and the man you know well
He would burn on the coal in the side of the hill
He would burn all the coke and likewise the charcoal
And his hooks could not catch in a thing he could hold

Oh the next is our foreman, and a very fine man
And he tried to get out all the logs a man can
But he never got rich and I'll tell you the cause
'Twas he went much too often to visit the squaws

Now the next is the scaler, and the man you know well
He got stuck on himself like a dizzy young thing
He got stuck on himself while he scaled a big log
And he could not tell punk from the hind of a hog

So it's now to conclude and not make it too long
I hope I have said and done nothing that's wrong
For my name is Watson as you plainly see
And I drove four big horses for Duncan and Dee.