HOGAN'S LAKE

Oh, come all you brisk young fellows that assemble here tonight, Assist my bold endeavors while these few lines I write. It's of a gang of shantyboys I mean to let you know, They went up for Thomas Laugheren through storm, frost, and snow.

'Twas up on the Black River at a place called Hogan's Lake Those able-bodied fellows went square timber for to make. The echo of their axes rung from shore to shore—
The lofty pine they fell so fast, like cannons they did roar.

There was two gangs of scorers, their names I do not mind.
They ranged the mountains o'er and o'er their winter's work to find.
They tossed the pine both right and left, the blocks and slivers flew—
They scared the wild moose from their yards, likewise the caribou.-

Our hewers they were tasty and they ground their axes fair— They aimed their blows so neatly I am sure they'd split a hair. They followed up the scorers, they were not left behind— To do good work I really think all hands are well inclined.

Bill Hogan was our hewer's name, I mean to let you know— Full fourteen inches of the line he'd split with every blow. He swung his axe so freely, he done his work so clean, If you saw the timber hewed by him, you'd swear he used a plane.

Tom Hogan was our foreman's name, and very well he knew How to conduct his business and what shantyboys should do. He knew when timber was well made, when teams they had good loads, How to lay it up and to swamp it out, and how men should cut the roads.

At four o'clock in the morning the teamsters would awake.
They'd go out and feed their horses; then their breakfasts they would take.
"Turn out, me boys," the foreman cries when each horse is on the road,
"You must away before 'tis day, those teams for to unload."

If you were in the shanty when they came in at night, To see them dance, to hear them sing, it would your heart delight. Some asked for patriotic songs; some for love songs did call. Fitzsimmons sung about the girl that wore the waterfall.