

HURRY UP, HARRY

Traditional as sung by LaRena Clark
Chord Suggestions by Ian Bell

Em G D D

Come all you true-born shan - ty boys and lis - ten un - to me — When that e're a

Em Bm7 Em Em

⁶ woods-man that you should chance to see — We are a jol - ly set of boys so hand - some young and

D Em D Em Bm Em

¹² fine — And spend a jol - ly win - ter a - cut - ting down the pine —

Life in a lumber camp. I feel like this tune - a close relative of "The Bigler" and "Hurling Down The Pine", wasn't really born to live in a standard "folk" chord progression. You'll have to make up your own mind about how you feel singing a G# over an E minor chord. I'm not really convinced about the B minor either.

Refrain:

*So it's hurry up Harry, and Tom or Dick or Joe
And you may take the pail boys, and for the water go
In the middle of the splashing, the cook will dinner cry
And you'd ought to see them hurry up, for fear they'd lose their pie*

There's blackstrap molasses, and buns as hard as rock
Tea that's boiled in an old tin pail, and smells just like your sock
The beans they are sour, and the porridge thick as dough
When we have stashed this in our craw, it's to the woods we go

A-hitching up our braces and a-binding up our feet
A-grinding up our axes for our kind id hard to beat
A-shouldering our crosscut saws and through the woods we go
We make a jolly set of boys, a-trudging through the snow

So deeply in the tree of pine we notch to guide its fall
And not a man amongst us but will hear the timber call
And when it crashes to the ground, we'll fall to with a will
A-trimming up the branches and a-swearing fit to kill

Arriving at the shanty, wet, tired, and with wet feet
We all take off our socks and boots, our supper for to eat
At nine o'clock or thereabout into our bunks we'll crawl
To sleep away the few short hours until the morning call.