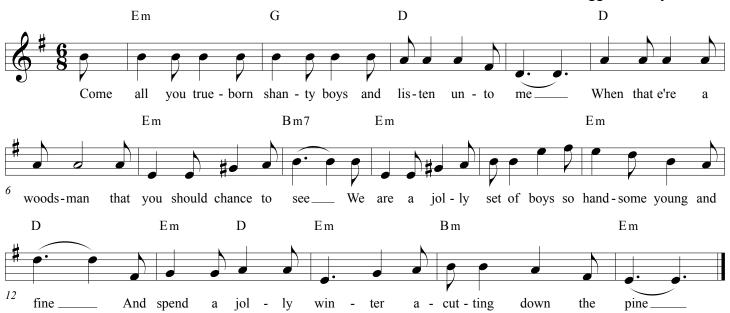
HURRY UP, HARRY

Traditional as sung by LaRena Clark Chord Suggestions by Ian Bell



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.