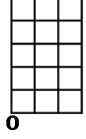
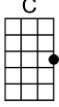


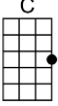
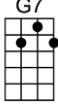
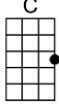
SING G



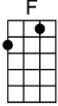
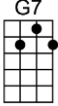
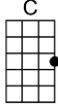
# THE FROZEN LOGGER - James Stevens

3/4 123 12 (without intro)

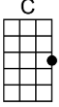
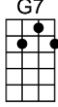
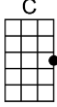
**Intro:**  (4 measures)

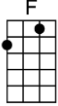
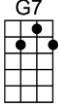
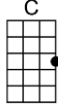
As I sat down one evening within a small ca-fe

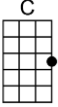
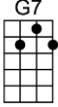
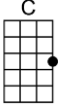
A forty year old waitress to me these words did say:

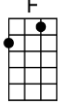
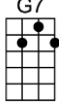
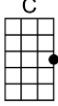
"I see that you are a logger, and not just a common bum

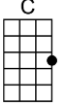
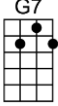
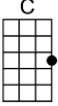
'Cause nobody but a logger stirs his coffee with his thumb

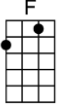
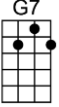
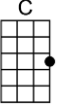
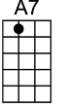
My lover was a logger, there's none like him to-day;

If you'd pour whiskey on it he would eat a bale of hay

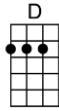
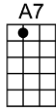
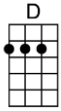
  

He never shaved his whiskers from off of his horny hide;

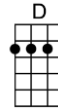
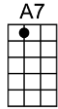
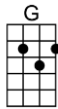
   

He'd just drive them in with a hammer and bite them off in-side

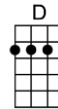
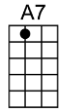
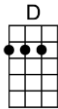
## p.2. The Frozen Logger



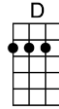
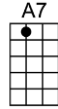
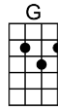
My lover came to see me upon one freezing day;



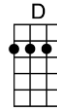
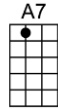
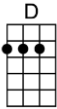
He held me in a fond embrace which broke three verte-brae



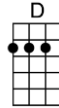
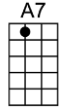
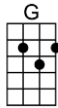
He kissed me when we parted, so hard that he broke my jaw;



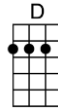
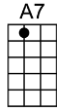
I could not speak to tell him he'd for-got his macki-naw



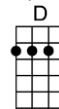
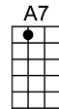
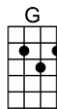
I saw my logger leaving, sauntering through the snow



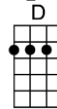
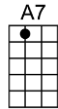
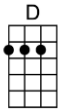
Going bravely homeward at forty-eight be-low



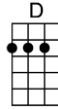
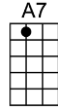
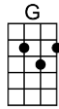
The weather it tried to freeze him, it tried its level best;



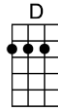
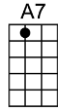
At a hundred degrees below zero, he buttoned up his vest



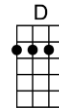
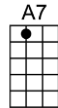
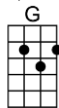
It froze clean through to China, it froze to the stars a-bove;



At a thousand degrees below zero, it froze my logger love



And so I lost my lover, and to this cafe I come



And here I wait till someone stirs his coffee with his thumb."

# THE FROZEN LOGGER - James Stevens

3/4 123 12 (without intro)

Intro: C (4 measures)

C G7 C  
As I sat down one evening within a small ca-fe

F G7 C  
A forty year old waitress to me these words did say:

C G7 C  
"I see that you are a logger, and not just a common bum

F G7 C  
'Cause nobody but a logger stirs his coffee with his thumb

C G7 C  
My lover was a logger, there's none like him to-day;

F G7 C  
If you'd pour whiskey on it he would eat a bale of hay

C G7 C  
He never shaved his whiskers from off of his horny hide;

F G7 C A7  
He'd just drive them in with a hammer and bite them off in-side

D A7 D  
My lover came to see me upon one freezing day;

G A7 D  
He held me in a fond embrace which broke three verte-brae

D A7 D  
He kissed me when we parted, so hard that he broke my jaw;

G A7 D  
I could not speak to tell him he'd for-got his macki-naw

D A7 D  
I saw my logger leaving, sauntering through the snow

G A7 D  
Going bravely homeward at forty-eight be-low

D A7 D  
The weather it tried to freeze him, it tried its level best;

G A7 D  
At a hundred degrees below zero, he buttoned up his vest

D A7 D  
It froze clean through to China, it froze to the stars a-bove;

G A7 D  
At a thousand degrees below zero, it froze my logger love

D A7 D  
And so I lost my lover, and to this cafe I come

G A7 D  
And here I wait till someone stirs his coffee with his thumb."