

Log Drivers Waltz, The

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If you should ask any girl from the parish a-round
What pleases her most from her head to her toes
She'll say: I'm not sure that it's business of yours
But I do like to waltz with a log driver, (for he goes)

For he goes birling down, a-down white water
That's where the log driver learns to step lightly
It's birling down, a down white water
A log drivers waltz pleases girls com-pletely

When the drive's nearly over, I like to go down
To see all the lads while they work on the river
I know that come evening they'll be in the town
And we all want to waltz with a log driver (for he goes)

For he goes birling down, a-down white water
That's where the log driver learns to step lightly
It's birling down, a down white water
A log drivers waltz pleases girls com-pletely

To please both my parents, I've had to give way
And dance with the doctors and merchants and lawyers
Their manners are fine, but their feet are of clay
For there's none with the style of a log driver (for he goes)

For he goes birling down, a-down white water
That's where the log driver learns to step lightly
It's birling down, a down white water
A log drivers waltz pleases girls com-pletely

I've had my chances with all sorts of men
But none is so fine as my lad on the river
So when the drive's over, if he asks me again
I think I will marry my log driver (for he goes)

For he goes birling down, a-down white water
That's where the log driver learns to step lightly
It's birling down, a down white water
A log drivers waltz pleases girls com-pletely