

The Northwest Logger

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Am G Am

Come lis-ten all you peo-ple and a her-o I will show; he is the North-west

log-ger, been here a hun-dred years and more. He came in-to this coun-try where the

G Am G Am

Doug-las Fir does stand. He was the first in all the Earth such tim-ber to com-mand

Come listen all you people, a hero I will show—
 He is the Northwest logger, been here a hundred years and more.
 He came into this country where the Douglas Fir does stand.
 He was the first in all the Earth such timber to command.

The trees are measure of the man, and strength's not just in size;
 He came from many countries, shared with the world his prize.
 He looked for work with steel in hand, and made a forest fall—
 O where the tree dwells you could hear his warning "Timber!" call

But the Glory Days of Logging will never come again—
 They brought in new equipment and laid off half the men.
 From North Bend to Alberni, the mills are shutting down,
 And loggers stand in Manpower lines in every logging town

In Clayoquot and Carmanah, the giant fir trees fall:
 "You'll have no job, you'll get no pay, unless you cut it all—
 The forests are forever!" the timber barons cried,
 But clearcuts stare from a land laid bare, and now we know they lied.

The freighters still go rolling from many a lumber port,
 To ship whole logs across the sea, and sell the workers short.
 And the good earth spills from treeless hills, and the salmon streams are dead.
 For power and greed was their only creed, no matter what they said.

So come all you good loggers, it's time to take a stand.
 Let's join in solidarity to repossess the land!
 The companies have had their share, there is a better way:
 The logger who protects the woods is *the hero of today!*

Words (Stanzas 1 and 2) and music, Phil Thomas.
 Additional stanzas, Phil and Hilda L. Thomas.