

The Log Driver's Song

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To remind us that logging is a cross-country activity, here's a fine song from Ontario's fine singer, Mac Beattie.



There's a val - ley I know where the tall tim - bers grow, Where the Ot - ta - wa



Ri - ver flows swift - ly a - long; In the spring if you go where the



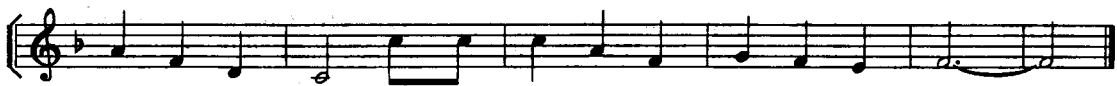
head - wat - ers flow, You will hear this old Log Driv - er's song: Yo -



hip, hip - ho, Keep the logs on the go, Keep 'em roll - ing and



toss - ing, and send the spray high; Yo - hip, hip - ho, through the



ra - pids be - low Where the Ot - ta - wa Riv - er flows by.

There's a valley I know where the tall timbers grow,
Where the Ottawa River flows swiftly along;
In the spring if you go where the headwaters flow,
You will hear this old Log Driver's song:

Chorus

Yo-hip, hip-ho, Keep the logs on the go,
Keep 'em rolling and tossing, and send the spray high;
Yo-hip, hip-ho, through the rapids below
Where the Ottawa River flows by.

In the fall of the year they pack up their gear
For Coulonge and the Schyan, and all camps along;
In rain or in shine for to fall the white pine,
And sing this old Log Driver's song.

In the long years gone by when the red pine stood high;
Kipewa to Black River the timber did fall;
In the spring of the year when the big drive did steer,
You could hear this old Log Driver's call:

It's a mighty long tow from Desjoachims to Chenaux,
By Pembroke and Chapeau down to Campbell's Bay,
At Portage du Fort where they'd stop for a port,
And tune up the fiddles to play.

For that valley I yearn; someday I'll return
Where the Ottawa River flows swiftly along,
And if I'm still alive, I'll go back on the drive
And sing this old Log Driver's song: