The Logdriver's Waltz

If you ask any girl from the parish around, 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 love to waltz with a log-driver." For he goes burling down the down-white water; That's where the log-driver learns to step lightly, Burling down the down-white water, A log-driver's waltz pleases girls completely.

If you ask any girl from the parish around, 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 love to waltz with a logdriver."

Chorus: For he goes burling down the down-white water; That's where the logdriver learns to step lightly, Burling down the down-white water, A logdriver's waltz pleases girls completely.

When the drive's nearly over, we love to go down To watch all the lads as they work on the river; We know that, come evening, they'll be in the town And we all love to waltz with a logdriver.

Now, to please both my parents I've had to give way And dance with the doctors, the merchants, the lawyers. Their manners are fine, but their feet are of clay; There's none with the style of my logdriver.

Now, I've had my chances with all sorts of men But there's none that's so fine as my lad from the river; And when the drive's over, if he asks me again, I think I will marry my logdriver.