

The Backwoodsman

Traditional via Emerson Woodcock
Chord suggestions by Ian Bell

D C Am D D

It's well I do re - mem - ber the year of for - ty - five I found my - self quite

D C G D D C

⁶ hap - py to find my - self a - live I har - nessed up my Hor - ses My bssi - ness to pur -

G D C Am D

¹² sue And went out haul - ing cord - wood as I oft - ten used to do.

Now I only hauled one load, where I should have hauled four
I got down to Omemee, and I could not haul no more
The taverns, they being open, good liquor was flowing free
And I hadn't emptied one glass, when another was filled for me

Now I met with an old acquaintance, and I dare not tell his name
He was going to a dance and I thought I'd do the same
He was going to a dance, where the fiddle was sweetly played
And the boys and girls all danced till the breaking of the day

So I puts me saddle on me arm and started for the barn
To saddle up old grey nag, I thought I'd do no harm
I saddled up the old grey nag and rode away so still
And I never drew a long breath, till I came to Downeyville.

So when I got to Downeyville the night was far advanced
I got up on the floor, to have a little dance
The fiddler, he being rested, his arm being stout and strong
Played the rounds of old Ireland for four hours long

Now, my father followed after, so I've heard the people say
He must have had a pilot or he never would found the way
He looked in every keyhole that he could see a light
Till his old grey locks were wet with the dew of the night.