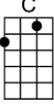
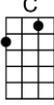
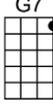
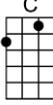
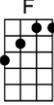
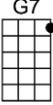
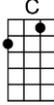


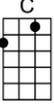
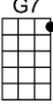
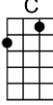
THE FROZEN LOGGER (BAR)-James Stevens

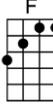
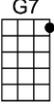
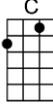
3/4 123 12 (without intro)

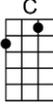
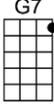
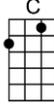
Intro:  (4 measures)

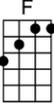
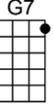
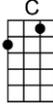
  
As I sat down one evening within a small ca-fe

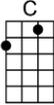
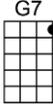
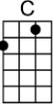
  
A forty year old waitress to me these words did say:

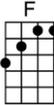
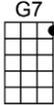
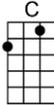
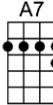
  
"I see that you are a logger, and not just a common bum

  
'Cause nobody but a logger stirs his coffee with his thumb

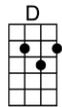
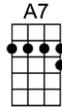
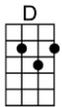
  
My lover was a logger, there's none like him to-day;

  
If you'd pour whiskey on it he would eat a bale of hay

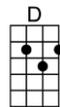
  
He never shaved his whiskers from off of his horny hide;

   
He'd just drive them in with a hammer and bite them off in-side

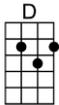
p.2. The Frozen Logger



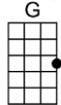
My lover came to see me upon one freezing day;



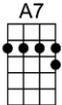
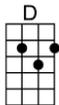
He held me in a fond embrace which broke three verte-brae



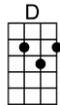
He kissed me when we parted, so hard that he broke my jaw;



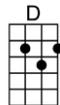
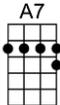
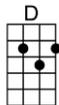
I could not speak to tell him he'd for-got his macki-naw



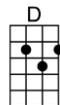
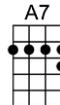
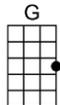
I saw my logger leaving, sauntering through the snow



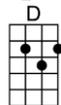
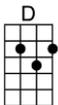
Going bravely homeward at forty-eight be-low



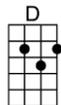
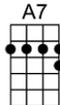
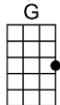
The weather it tried to freeze him, it tried its level best;



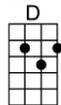
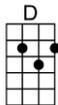
At a hundred degrees below zero, he buttoned up his vest



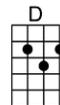
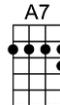
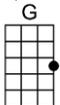
It froze clean through to China, it froze to the stars a-bove;



At a thousand degrees below zero, it froze my logger love



And so I lost my lover, and to this cafe I come



And here I wait till someone stirs his coffee with his thumb."

THE FROZEN LOGGER - James Stevens

3/4 123 12 (without intro)

Intro: C (4 measures)

C G7 C
As I sat down one evening within a small ca-fe

F G7 C
A forty year old waitress to me these words did say:

C G7 C
"I see that you are a logger, and not just a common bum

F G7 C
'Cause nobody but a logger stirs his coffee with his thumb

C G7 C
My lover was a logger, there's none like him to-day;

F G7 C
If you'd pour whiskey on it he would eat a bale of hay

C G7 C
He never shaved his whiskers from off of his horny hide;

F G7 C A7
He'd just drive them in with a hammer and bite them off in-side

D A7 D
My lover came to see me upon one freezing day;

G A7 D
He held me in a fond embrace which broke three verte-brae

D A7 D
He kissed me when we parted, so hard that he broke my jaw;

G A7 D
I could not speak to tell him he'd for-got his macki-naw

D A7 D
I saw my logger leaving, sauntering through the snow

G A7 D
Going bravely homeward at forty-eight be-low

D A7 D
The weather it tried to freeze him, it tried its level best;

G A7 D
At a hundred degrees below zero, he buttoned up his vest

D A7 D
It froze clean through to China, it froze to the stars a-bove;

G A7 D
At a thousand degrees below zero, it froze my logger love

D A7 D
And so I lost my lover, and to this cafe I come

G A7 D
And here I wait till someone stirs his coffee with his thumb."