A Lumbering We Will Go

As sung by Lewis Winfield Moody
08-27-1940 Plainfield, WI

On the banks of the Wis Con, wheresoever the limpid waters flow, We'll tell our wild adventures and once were a lumbering go, And once were a lumbering go.

We'll tell our wild adventures and once were a lumbering go, With the noise of our saws, we made the wood re-son'd, And moving a tree of forest pine, it will tumble to the ground with a round our good camp fire, you'll sing while the old whistle howl, and we'll tell our wild adventures and once were a lumbering go, And once were a lumbering go, and we'll tell our wild adventures and once were a lumbering go, And once were a lumbering go, and we'll tell our wild adventures and once were a lumbering go, And once were a lumbering go.

You may talk about your past times, your pleasures and your play, But think of us, fell y, how barren while dwelling in our shade, we ask no better past times than to hunt the buck or go, and we'll tell our wild adventures, and o, m. A-L-O-G, and o, m. A-L-O-G, and we'll tell our wild adventures and once were a lumbering go, and we'll tell our wild adventures and once were a lumbering go, and you talk about your past times, your pleasures and your play, but
Verse 1.
On the banks of the Wisconsin, where the limpid waters flow,
We’ll tell our wild adventures and once more a-lumb’ring go.
And once more a-lumb’ring go, and once more a-lumb’ring go.
And we’ll tell our wild adventures and once more a-lumb’ring go.

Verse 2.
With the music of our axes, we’ll make the woods resound,
And many a raft of forest pine we’ll tumble to the ground.
At night around our good camp fire, oh you’ll sing while the wild winds blow,
And we’ll tell our wild adventures and once more a-lumb’ring go.
And once more a-lumb’ring go, and once more a-lumb’ring go.
And we’ll tell our wild adventures and once more a-lumb’ring go.

Verse 3.
You may talk about your pastimes, your pleasures, or your play,
But think of us jolly lumbermen, while dashing in our sleighs.
We ask no better pastimes than to hunt the buck or doe,
And we’ll tell our wild adventures and once more a-lumb’ring go.
And once more a-lumb’ring go, and once more a-lumb’ring go.
And we’ll tell our wild adventures and once more a-lumb’ring go.

Verse 4.
[Syllables missing] getting old, and our pockets getting warm,
We’ll each one take a little wife and settle on the farm.
With enough to eat, to drink, to wear, content through life we’ll go,
And we’ll tell our wild adventures and no more a-lumb’ring go.
And no more a-lumb’ring go, and no more a-lumb’ring go.
And we’ll tell our wild adventures and no more a-lumb’ring go.

*Transcription and lyrics from the Helene Stratman-Thomas Collection.*

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**Critical Commentary**

Transcriptions by Peters, p. 85, and HST.

**HST notes:**
In the Professional Papers series:
*Sung by Lewis Winfield Moody, age 75, Plainfield, 1940*
   Since Mr. Moody’s first verse is incomplete we have printed the words of the second verse. A Maine version designates the river as the Penobscot; Michigan version as the Tittabawassee.

**Editor’s notes:**
Edith Fowke writes that the version of “A-Lumbering We Go” she collected was a mixture between “two old woods songs”—“The Logger’s Boast” (first printed in 1851 in Maine) and “Bung Yer Eye”—which are “rare in tradition” but have been published many times (Fowke 32). Her text has some similarities to Mr. Moody’s song, but the tunes are quite different. Mr. Moody’s version includes the verses that Fowke designates as related to “The Logger’s Boast,” but does not bear any relation to “Bung Yer Eye.”

Alternate titles/related songs: “Lumbering we will go,” “Once more a-lumbering Go,” “A-Lumbering we go.”

**Sources:**


K.G.