

WAY UP THE UCLETAW

Come, all you bull-necked loggers,
And hear me sing my song,
For it is very short
And it will not keep you long.

Chorus

*We had blankets for to travel,
Biscuits or to chew.
We were in search of pitchbacks'
'Way up the Ucletaw.*

We're leaving Vancouver
With sorrow, grief and woe,
Heading up the country
A hundred miles or so.

Chorus

We hired fourteen loggers,
And we hired a man to saw.
We had a greenhorn cook,
And he run the hotcakes raw.

Chorus