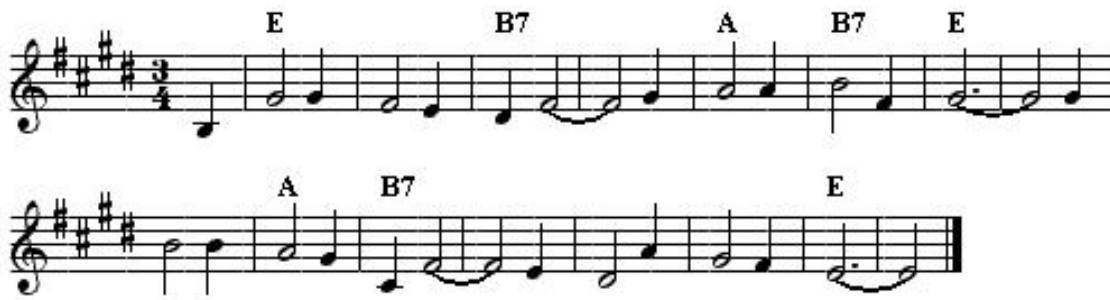


The Frozen Logger

James Stevens



1. As I sat down one evening
within a small cafe,
A forty year old waitress
to me these words did say:
2. "I see that you are a logger,
and not just a common bum,
'Cause nobody but a logger
stirs his coffee with is thumb.
3. My lover was a logger,
there's none like him today;
If you'd pour whiskey on it
he could eat a bale of hay
4. He never shaved his whiskers
from off of his horny hide;
He'd just drive them in with a hammer
and bite them off inside.
5. My lover came to see me
upon one freezing day;
He held me in his fond embrace
which broke three vertebrae.
6. He kissed me when we parted,
so hard that he broke my jaw;
I could not speak to tell him
he'd forgot his mackinaw.
7. I saw my lover leaving,
sauntering through the snow,
Going gaily homeward
at forty-eight below.
8. The weather it tried to freeze him,
it tried its level best;
At a hundred degrees below zero,
he buttoned up his vest.
9. It froze clean through to China,
it froze to the stars above;
At a thousand degrees below zero,
it froze my logger love.
10. They tried in vain to thaw him,
and would you believe me, sir
They made him into axeblades,
to chop the Douglas fir.
11. And so I lost my lover,
and to this cafe I come,
And here I wait till someone
stirs his coffee with his thumb."

Even though it is not a folk song (being written by James Stevens), it was included in Alan Lomax's **The Folk Songs of North America**.

The melody is an adaptation of a traditional tune known as "The Jealous Lover". The tune is similar to the one Woody Guthrie used for "The Philadelphia Lawyer".

I always thought this song was dumb but after I heard a recording by Pete Seeger, I found that it stuck in my head.