

# The Frozen Logger

words & music by James Stevens  
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James Stevens, author of this Northwest classic, worked in the lumber camps as a youth, and listened as the loggers spun their yarns. He came of age, he says, when he could tell bigger lies than the other fellows! He later wrote down the stories and helped to popularize one of folklore's most beloved characters: Paul Bunyan.

The musical score is written on four staves in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols E, B7, A, and E7 are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: "As I set down one eve-ning in a tim-ber town ca-fe, A six-foot sev-en wait-ress, to me these words did say."

"I see you are a logger, and not a common bum,  
For no one but a logger, stirs his coffee with his thumb.

"My lover was a logger - there's none like him today --  
If you'd sprinkle whiskey on it, he'd eat a bale of hay.

"He never shaved the whiskers from off his horny hide,  
But he'd pound 'em in with a hammer, then bite 'm off inside.

"My lover came to see me one freezing winter day.  
He held me in a fond embrace that broke three vertebrae.

ard he broke my jaw,  
he'd forgot his mackinaw.

through the snow,  
rty-eight below.

it tried its level best --  
At a nunared degrees below zero, he buttoned up his vest.

"It froze clean down to China, it froze to the stars above.  
At one thousand degrees below zero, it froze my logger love.

"They tried in vain to thaw him, and if you'll believe me, sir,  
They made him into ax blades, to chop the Douglas fir.

"That's how I lost my lover, and to this cafe I come,  
And here I wait till someone stirs his coffee with his thumb.

"And then I tell my story, of my love they could not thaw,  
Who kissed me when we parted, so hard he broke my jaw."

