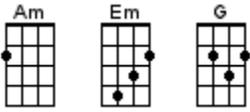


# Hurry Up, Harry 🇨🇦

Traditional (c.1849-1900) capturing life in an Ontario lumber camp  
As sung by LaRena Clark 1960 and collected by Edith Fowke



**6/8 TIME means / 1 2 3 4 5 6 / or**  
**/ 1 2 /**

**INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [Am] / [Am] / [Am] / [Am]↓**

Come [Am] all you true-born shanty boys and [G] listen unto me  
[G] And when e're a woodsman, that [Am] you may chance to see  
We [Am] are a merry set of boys, so [G] handsome, young, and [Em] fine  
And [Am] spend a jolly [Em] winter, a-[G]cutting down the [Am]↓ pine

## CHORUS:

So it's [Am] hurry up Harry, and [G] Tom or Dick or Joe  
And [G] you may take the pail boys, and [Am] for the water go  
In the [Am] middle of the splashing, the [G] cook will "dinner" [Em] cry  
And you'd [Am] ought to see them [Em] hurry up  
For [G] fear they'd lose their [Am] pie [Am]

There's [Am] blackstrap molasses, and [G] buns as hard as rock  
[G] Tea that's boiled in an old tin pail, and [Am] smells just like your sock  
The [Am] beans they are sour, and the [G] porridge thick as [Em] dough  
When [Am] we have stashed this [Em] in our craw, it's [G] to the woods we'll [Am]↓ go

## CHORUS:

Then it's [Am] hurry up Harry, and [G] Tom or Dick or Joe  
And [G] you may take the pail boys, and [Am] for the water go  
In the [Am] middle of the splashing, the [G] cook will "dinner" [Em] cry  
And you'd [Am] ought to see them [Em] hurry up  
For [G] fear they'd lose their [Am] pie [Am]

A-[Am]hitching up our braces and a-[G]binding up our feet  
A-[G]grinding up our axes for our [Am] breed is hard to beat  
A-[Am]shouldering up our crosscuts, and [G] through the woods we [Em] go  
We [Am] make a jolly [Em] set of boys, a-[G]trudging through the [Am]↓ snow

## CHORUS:

Then it's [Am] hurry up Harry, and [G] Tom or Dick or Joe  
And [G] you may take the pail boys, and [Am] for the water go  
In the [Am] middle of the splashing, the [G] cook will "dinner" [Em] cry  
And you'd [Am] ought to see them [Em] hurry up  
For [G] fear they'd lose their [Am] pie [Am]

So [Am] deeply in the pine tree, we [G] notch to guide its fall  
And [G] not a man among us but will [Am] hear that timber call  
A-[Am] crashing to the ground and we [G] fall to with a [Em] will  
A-[Am]trimmin' up the [Em] branches and a-[G]swearin' fit to [Am]↓ kill

**CHORUS:**

Then it's [Am] hurry up Harry, and [G] Tom or Dick or Joe  
And [G] you may take the pail boys, and [Am] for the water go  
In the [Am] middle of the splashing, the [G] cook will "dinner" [Em] cry  
And you'd [Am] ought to see them [Em] hurry up  
For [G] fear they'd lose their [Am] pie [Am]

Ar-[Am]riving at the shanty with [G] tired and wet feet  
We [G] all take off our socks and boots, our [Am] supper for to eat  
At [Am] nine o'clock or thereabout, in-[G]to the bunk we [Em] crawl  
To [Am] sleep away the [Em] few short hours, un-[G]til the morning [Am]↓ call

**CHORUS:**

Then it's [Am] hurry up Harry, and [G] Tom or Dick or Joe  
And [G] you may take the pail boys, and [Am] for the water go  
In the [Am] middle of the splashing, the [G] cook will "dinner" [Em] cry  
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