

Johnny Kizevs axe does swing,
Cuts roads for hauling everything,
At cutting roads George Morgan's head,
For timber waggon and the sled,
Squire Lolan, they call him Lue,
Lines timber for the men to hew,
His brother Aleck strikes the line,
For men that hew the sticks of pine,
Moses Porcier's hewing straight
On sticks of timber small and great,
William Stoker throws the chips
And the score blocks that he clips,
Amassy Bush a handy man,
And carpenter in caravan,
Charley Richards all the while
Helps cut the roads in best of style.

HARK ye thirty chosen men,
Lumbering on the hill and glen,
By day-light, lamp-light, or the moon,
In the morning rising soon.
The cook will rise at half-past four,
And then the cooking stove does roar,
Says helper up and raise the steam,
Drivers up and feed your team.
General Kippen keeps the book,
Thomas Hooey is chief cook,
His brother William's helping him,
To keep the shanty in good trim,
The cook himself will say the grace,
Let every workman take his place.
Pours out the tea in glittering tin,
Your empty basin fills again,
Hooey bakes his bread complete,
Bakes, boils and fries, and roasts the meat,
Long tables spread with fresh supplies,
Puddings, dumplings, cakes and pies,
With sauce and gravy for the same,
And meats on platters, wild and tame,