

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Harry Dunn

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I once did know a charming lad whose name was Harry Dunn;
His father was a farmer in the township of Odun;
He had everything he wanted, a farm of good land;
He only wanted to have a time in the woods of Michigan.

On the morning that he left his home I heard his mother say,
"Now Harry dear, take my advice and do not go away.
Don't leave your aged parents, likewise your sisters three,
For something seems to tell me no more your face I'll see."

But Harry only laughed at her, saying, "Mother, do not fear,
For when the winter is over, I am coming straight back home
With lots of money for you to spend; now don't you understand
I only want to have a time in the woods of Michigan?"

He started for Bay City, hired out to a lumberjack king.
The very next place he found himself was in the woods at Pinconning.
He worked along for three long months; oftentimes he would write home
Saying, "Winter will soon be over, and I am coming straight back home."

One morning when young Harry arose, on his face he wore no smile.
Calling his chum outside the door, his name was Charlie Lile,
Saying, "Charlie, I had an awful dream; it fills my heart with woe;
I fear there is something wrong at home, and to home I ought to go."

But Charlie only laughed at him. That pleased him for a time.
At length he said to Harry, "It is time to fall the pine."
They worked along until ten o'clock upon that fatal day
When a hanging limb came down on him and crushed him to the clay.

His comrades gathered around him and drug the limb away.
I was standing close beside him; these words I heard him say,
"Now comrades, I am dying; my hour will come right soon;
May God in his great mercy look down on my friends at home."

In two or three days after, a coffin was sent home
Containing all was left on earth of poor young Harry Dunn.
And when his mother saw him, she fell down like a stone;
They picked her up and her heart was broke when Harry was sent home.

Likewise his poor old father who was never known to smile,
In two or three days after, he followed his loving child.

In two or three days they buried that poor old man;
So you can see what a dreadful curse hangs over Michigan.

Come all you brave lumbering boys, wherever you all may be,
Likewise and pay attention to these few lines from. me.
Don't leave your aged parents but stay home while you can;
And when you go out to have a time, stay away from the woods of Michigan.

FRom Ballads and Songs of Michigan, Gardner
Collected from Dune Walker, MI
DT #767
Laws C14
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