

1890 about 1890

# COOKSHIRE MILL SONG.

There's Ives and Pope proprietors of Cookshire mill,  
They own a gold mine, pockets well filled ;  
Ives is first to Ottawa, then back to the mill ;  
Says, " My boys, you shan't stand still."

CHORUS.

For those are the rules of the bold lumbermen ;  
We are jolly mill boys all.

There's William Bailey is foreman still,  
First to the office and then to the mill ;  
Unload logs when they get behind,  
And has an eye to business the rest of the time.

CHORUS.

There's Baker, Secretary for the mill,  
You'll find him in the office with a good will.  
Foots up the bills, passes them in ;  
That is the way to get the tin.

CHORUS.

At six in the morning, Barlow is the first to come,  
To oil the engine so she'll run ;  
At half past six when the whistle blows,  
To warn the men above theres no lack of steam below.

CHORUS.

There's Pinkham, always on time,  
Rings the bell to give Barlow the sign ;  
Saws the lumber neat and free,  
Never gets tight or goes on a spree.

CHORUS.

There's Le Page, who rolls the logs,  
Handles the taps, and drives the dogs ;  
Turns them over so quick and smart,  
The carriage is always ready to start.

CHORUS.

There's Pat Burns runs the auger saw,  
Wildest Irishman that ever used a paw ;  
Understands the business ; sticks to it,  
Never gets tired or wants to quit.

CHORUS.

There's Geo. French, then comes in,  
Trims all the lumber thick or thin,  
And cuts it off any length you please,  
Seems to do it with perfect ease.

CHORUS.

There's William Wilford always on hand,  
Marks the lumber neat and grand.  
Friendly, willing, full of fun ;  
Gives Rousseau lumber on the run.

CHORUS.

There's Jestin Veave, runs the slab saw —  
Is a good man to work—has no jaw.  
When blocked up—frightened to death,  
Then he goes for it right and left.

CHORUS.

There's Henry Laplant is a clever man—  
Does as much work as any mill hand ;  
Butts the lumber, and saps it low ;  
Saws clap boards—keeps barber shop too.

CHORUS.

There's Tommy Cooper—I nearly left out,  
A fine young fellow, so short and stout ;  
Saps the lumber so smooth and true,  
Its fun to see him put it through.

CHORUS.

There's Willis Barlow—runs the drag saw—  
Fine a lad as ever went to war.  
Does the work neat and trim—  
Is quite handy at any thing.

CHORUS.

Then there comes a steer log wheel,  
Sit down on the rope ; up with your heels ;  
But if the chain should break and go,  
Clide French on the top shouts Ouillet out below.

CHORUS.

There's Willard, of course you all know  
Is a great mill man, Ruf. Pope says so ;  
Gums the saws, files them too,  
Makes them cut for the whole mill crew.

CHORUS.

There's George Noble, always around  
To cull the lumber to see its sound :  
Has the cars loaded in splendid shape ;  
A jolly good fellow—always wide awake.

CHORUS.

There's Horace Sawyer, the ex-sub Boss,  
Resigned in a very good cause ;  
Up North River then did steer,  
To scale the lumber, and see the deer.

CHORUS.

There's Fred Hurd—is under him.  
Works so hard is getting thin.  
His hard work, I understand,  
Is playing poker, and holding a full hand.

CHORUS.

The boys say our pay is small,  
When dollar a day will pay us all ;  
If Ives and Pope don't give us more pay,  
We'll make a strike and go away.

CHORUS.

Fifteenth of the month when it does come,  
Into the office William Bailey will run—  
Cheer up ! Cheer up ! without delay ;  
Fear not, my boy's for its pay-day.

CHORUS.

Mr. Bebo you must now be aware,  
And of your lame horse take good care ;  
Be very careful whilst turning around,  
And wide awake on the dumping ground.

CHORUS.

There's Charlie, the mill fireman, is German descent,  
Came to Cookshire, house to rent.  
If he would use dry wood, hide the green,  
The boilers would be hot and plenty of steam,

CHORUS.

When the night watch comes to relieve the mill crew,  
Cleans the mill all out anew,  
Runs the engine, fires too,  
Trims the lamps, and that will do.

CHORUS.

There's William Frazier who composed the mill song,  
With Mr. Willard to help him along ;  
If you are dissatisfied or uneasy still,  
Craves your pardon with a good will.

CHORUS.