

# Lard Clemens' Job

Trad.

Tune: Blue Mountain Lake  
from Ted Ashlaw's rendition of Miner Hill

With energy ♩ = 60



1. Come all you old tim-ers, wher - e'er you may be; Come sit your-self down and lis - ten to me, And I'll



tell you a stor - y that'll make you all sad, Of the scrub bunch of lum - ber - jacks



Lard Clem - ens had. Dear - y down, down, down dear - y down!

2. Here's to Lard Clemens, the fat greasy slob,  
Went way up on Mill Stream and took a log job  
To cut, skid and haul to the Harvester Mill,  
But he couldn't have done it without Windy Bill!  
Deary down, down, down deary down!

3. There's Bristol and Britton and Buck-Jim McCaw,  
Joe Twist, Fred Cook and Fatty Recor:  
The worst bunch of lumberjacks that ever was seen  
In that tar paper shantee way up on Mill Stream,  
Deary down, down, down deary down!

4. One Saturday morning, a Frenchman came in.  
He was ragged out in riches way up to his chin.  
He was short, thick and ignorant about like a toad  
And he came down from Frank Pepper's down on the Salt Road.  
Deary down, down, down deary down!

5. Here's to Frank Plantz that runs the shantee,  
The damn'dest little rascal you ever did see.  
He'd go around the shantee from morning 'til night;  
If you'd dare say one word he was ready to fight.  
Deary down, down, down deary down!

6. Four o'clock in the morning Frank Plantz, he would yell,  
"It's coming daylight, just as sure as hell!"  
When he called us to breakfast 'round the table we'd jam;  
If the coffee was cold, we'd cuss and we'd damn!  
Deary down, down, down deary down!

7. There's Mrs. Plantz, we all know her well;  
The soup that she feeds us is clear as a bell!  
Dinner and supper are most always late,  
But she doesn't do bad, for a road monkey's mate.  
Deary down, down, down deary down!

8. One night before supper, Ray Clemens got mad,  
Bawled hell out of Lard and the boys were all glad!  
And when he had finished Old Lard, he did foam,  
And he said to his brother, "Take that damn team home!"  
Deary down, down, down deary down!

9. One Saturday noon, everything, it was fine.  
Old Lard sent Bill Britton away down the line  
To sand that long hill to hold the old Lynn,  
And the way that he did it, it sure was a sin!  
Deary down, down, down deary down!

10. That very same trip, when the came to the hill,  
The Lynn left the road and they took a big spill.  
Bill Loveland got scared and let go of the wheel,  
And took a nosedive out through the windshield.  
Deary down, down, down deary down!

11. One Sunday morning, before it was light,  
Buck-Jim got mad and was ready to fight.  
Cook threw back the covers and jumped out of bed  
And he slapped Old Jim right on the bald head!  
Deary down, down, down deary down!

12. Jim Grace stood there with a queer looking grin,  
He dare not say one word lest Cook should slap him!  
He ran through the kitchen, all trebling with fear,  
"Let them fight and be damned, I won't interfere.  
Deary down, down, down deary down!

13. There's a little ditty about the boy they called Joe;  
He couldn't figure out what made the cat go.  
He couldn't figure out what made the thing run,  
So he took it apart - oh, the sun of a gun!  
Deary down, down, down deary down!

14. Come all you good people, adieu to you all,  
For Christmas is coming and I'm off to the falls,  
And when I get there, I'm off on a spree,  
For when I have money, the devil's in me!  
Deary down, down, down deary down!

Harvester Mill was outside of Redfield village.  
A 'road monkey' is a worker who maintained the roads.  
'The Lynn' was a tractor which pulled loads of logs out of the woods.  
'The cat' refers to a Caterpillar bulldozer.  
'The falls' probably refers to Lyons Falls.

*Notes on the song are by Leona Cheresnoski, granddaughter of John E. "Old Lard" Clemens.*

"The [song] relates to my logging operations in 1926 beyond the Jackson place on Mill Stream. The number of men in the small logging camps generally averaged from ten to twenty. At the present time this once beautiful timber land is grown up to brush." "Old Lard" John E. Clemens circa 1950