**‘Way Up the Ucletaw**

Come, all, you bull – necked loggers,

And hear me sing my song,

For it is very short and it will not keep you long.

We had blankets for to travel,

Biscuits for to chaw.

We were in search of pitchbacks’

‘Way up the Ucletaw.

We’re leaving Vancouver

With sorrow, grief and woe,

Heading up the country

A hundred miles or so.

We had blankets for to travel,

Biscuits for to chaw.

We were in search of pitchbacks’

‘Way up the Ucletaw.

We hired fourteen loggers,

And we hired a man to saw.

We had a green horn cook,

And he run the hotcakes raw.

We had blankets for to travel,

Biscuits for to chaw.

We were in search of pitchbacks’

‘Way up the Ucletaw.