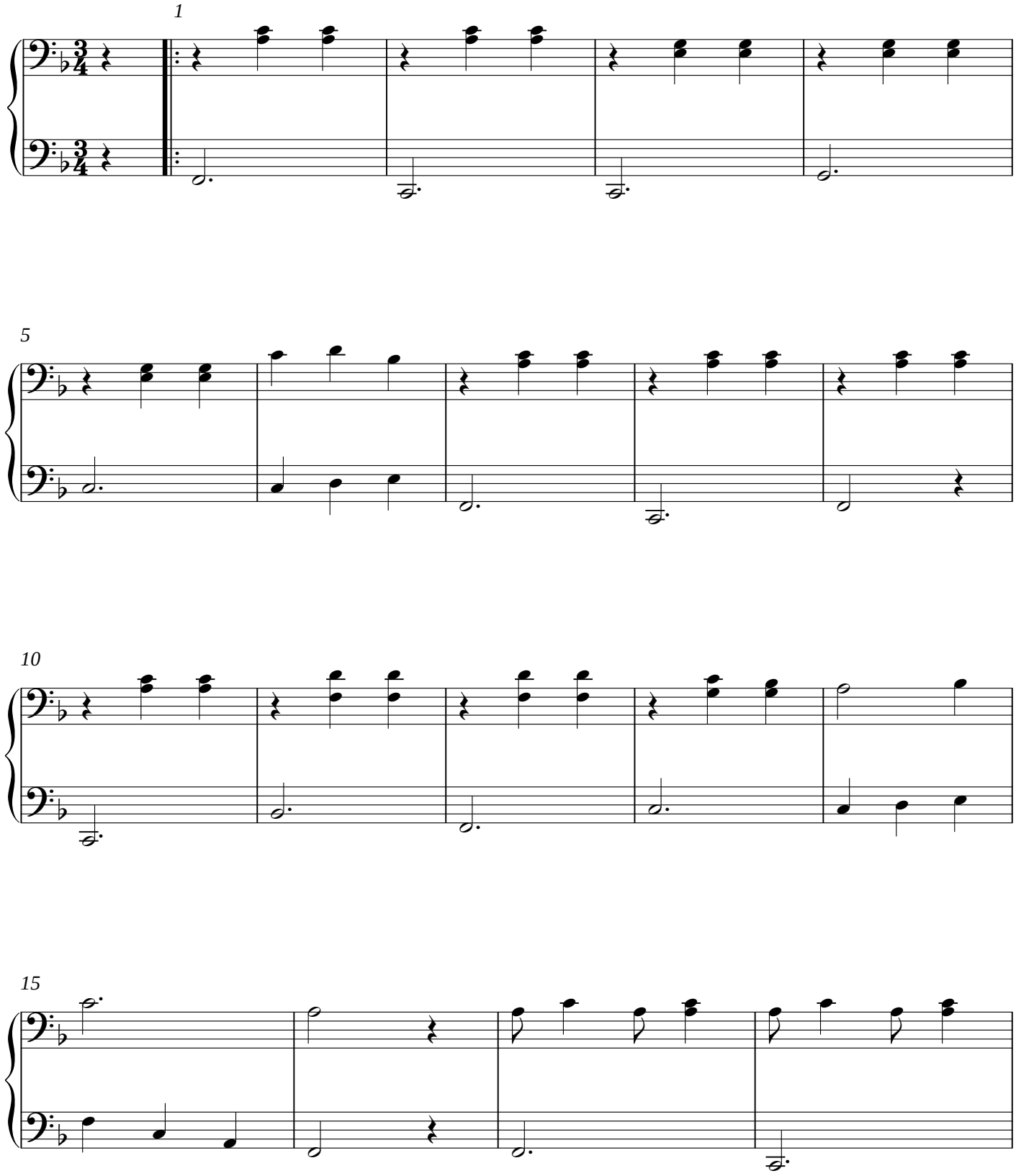
The Frozen Logger

Secondo

James Stevens, 1928

American folk song, Roud 5470
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen



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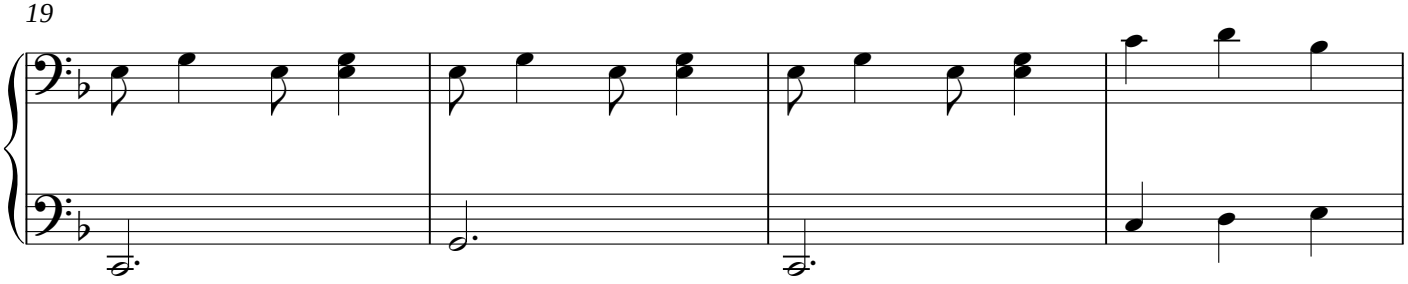

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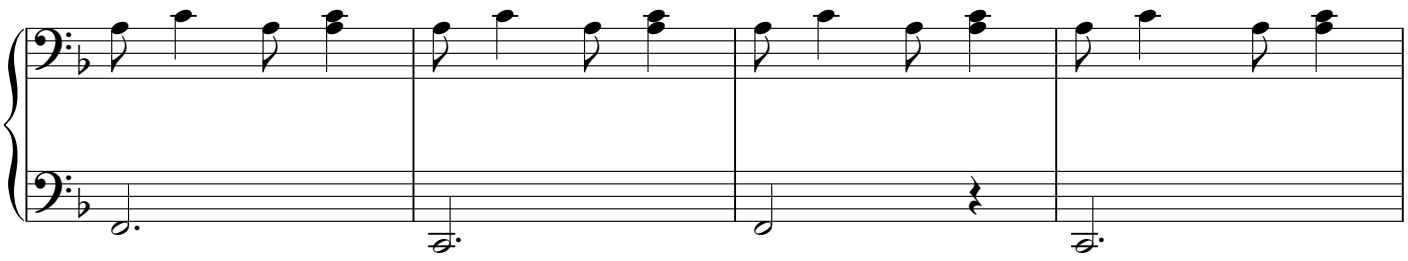

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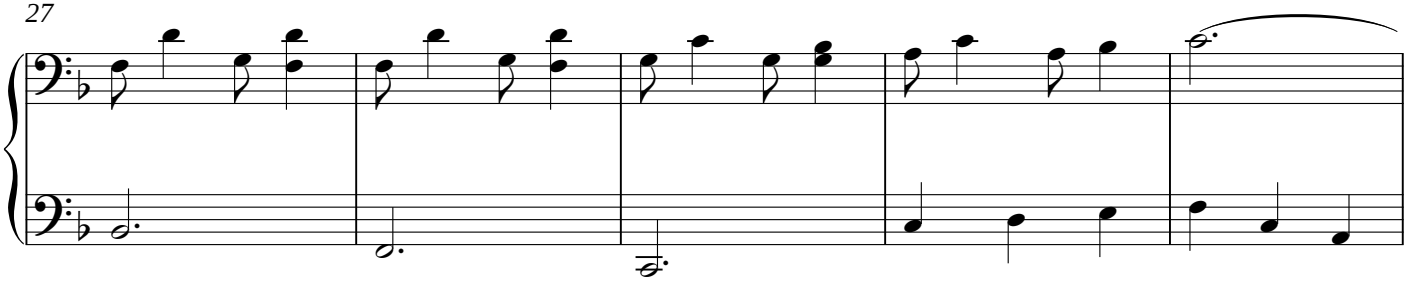

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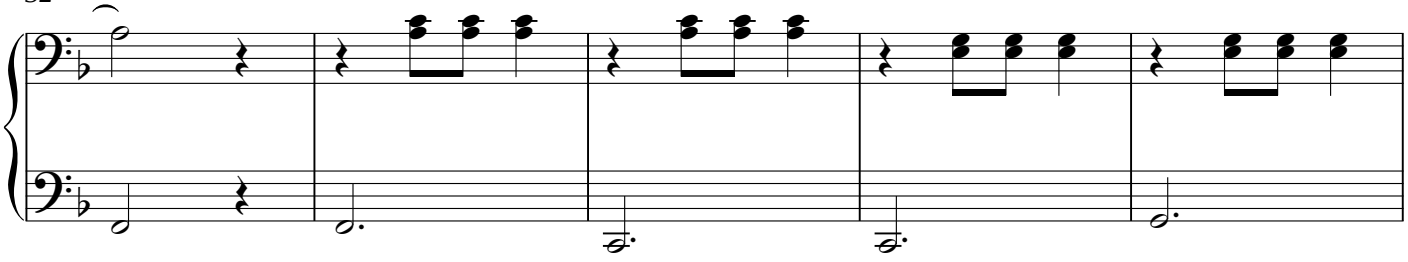

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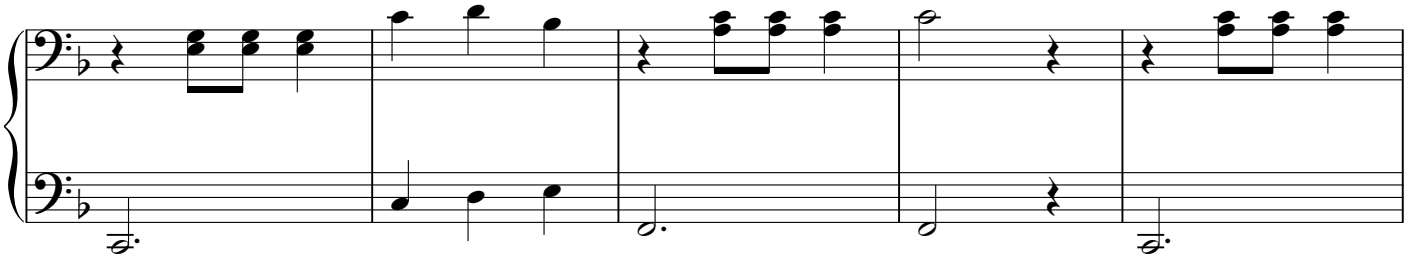
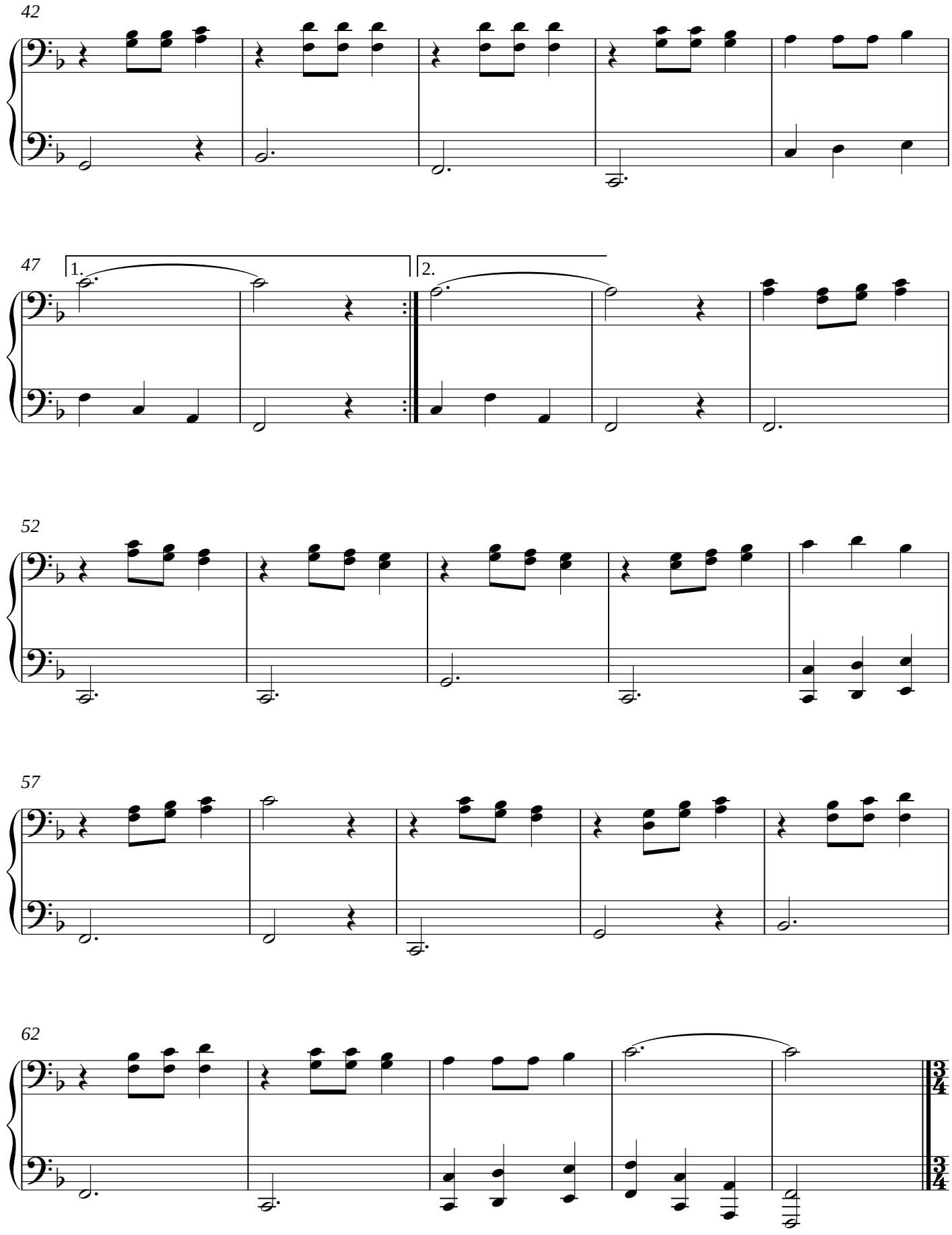


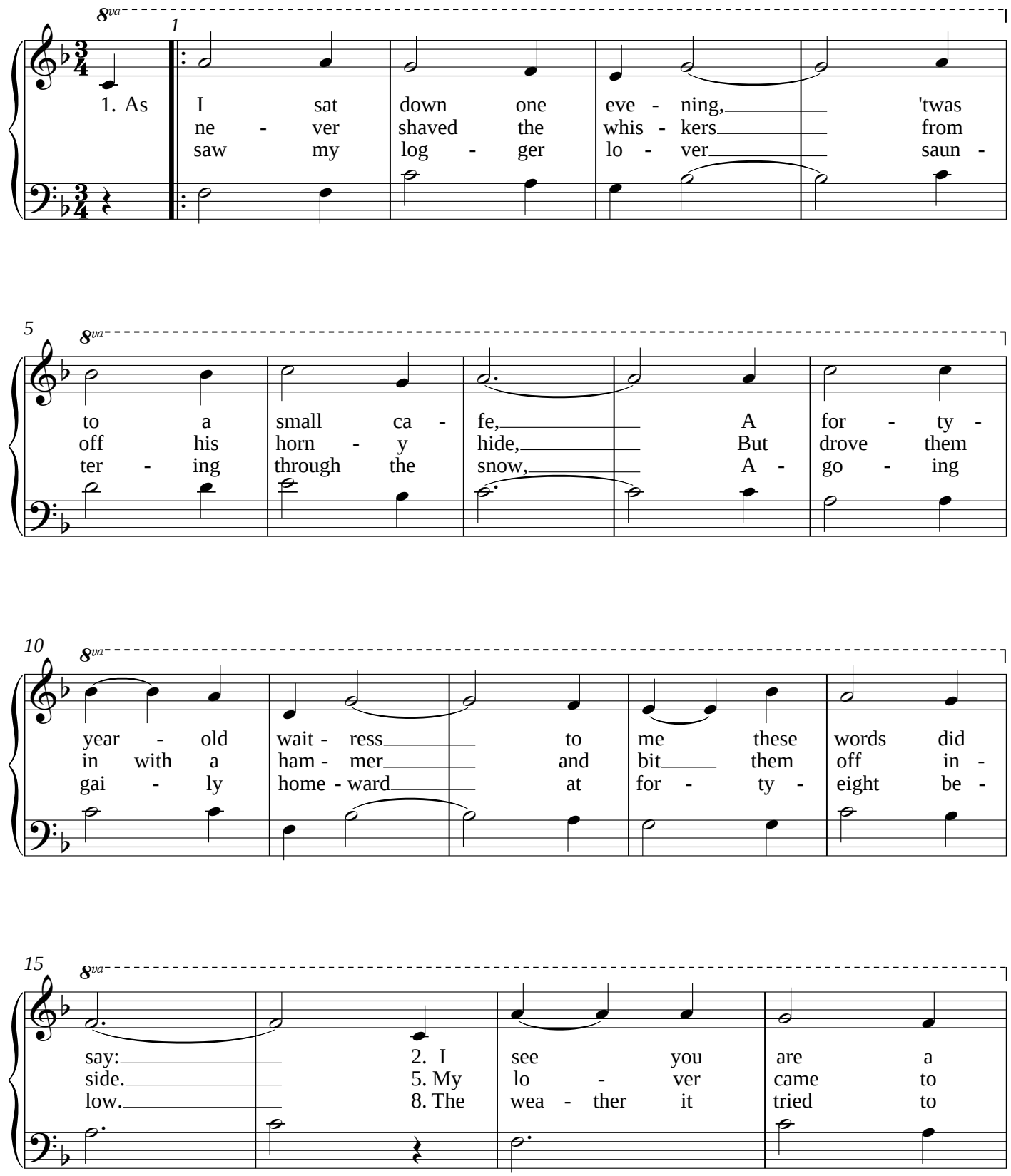

42
47
1.
2.
52
57
62
3/4
3/4

The Frozen Logger

Primo

James Stevens, 1928

American folk song, Roud 5470
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen



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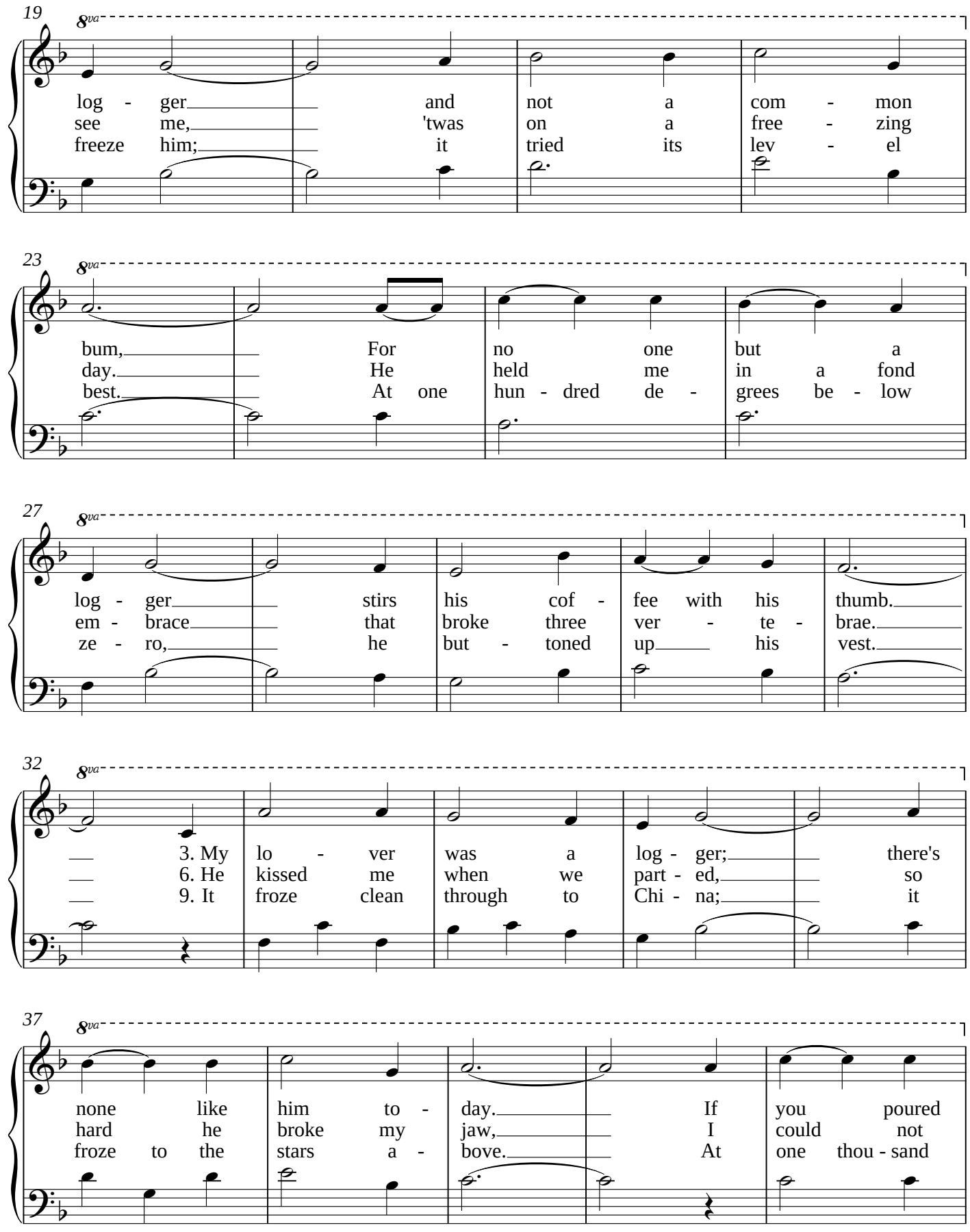
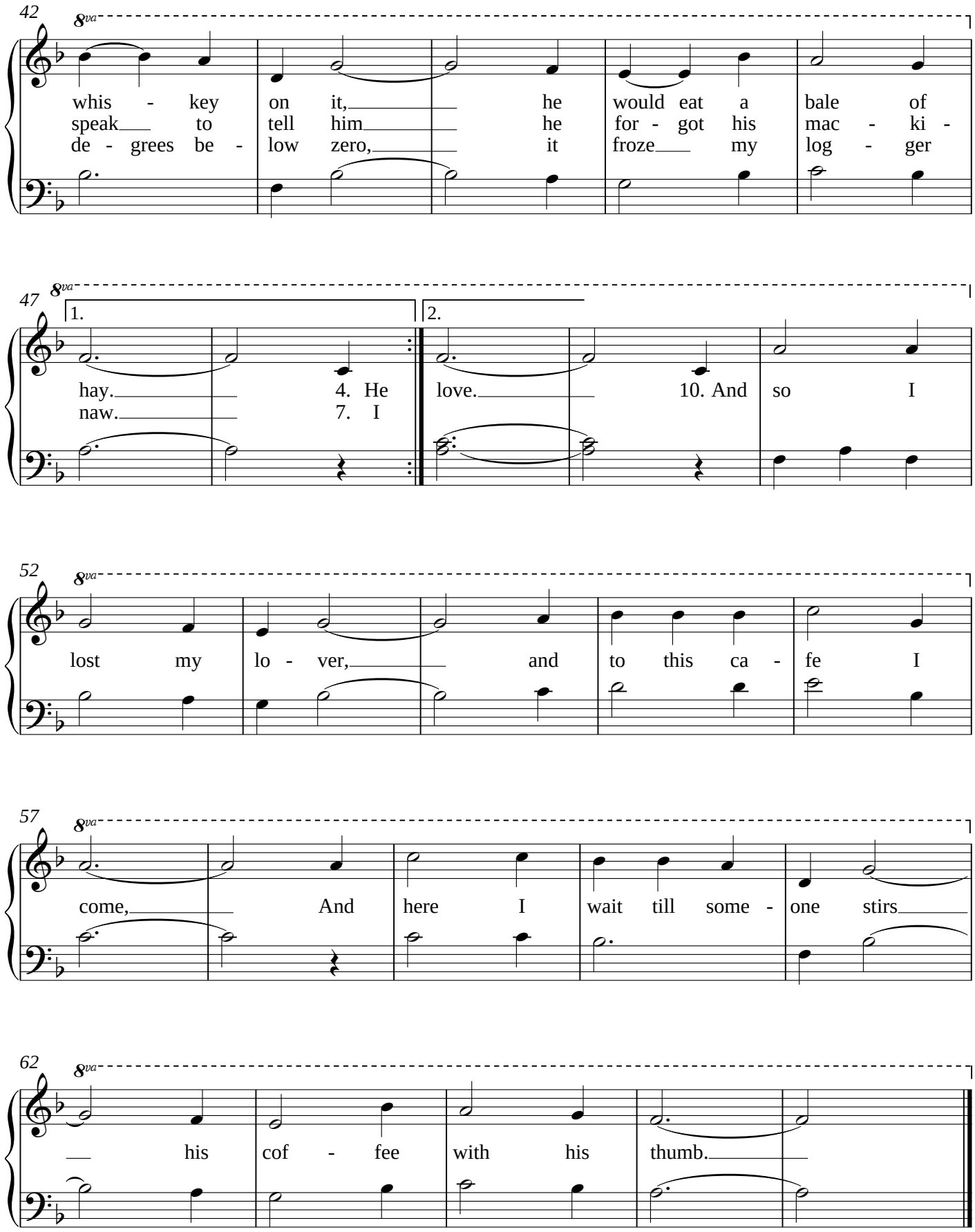

19
8va
log - ger and not a com - mon
see me, 'twas on a free - zing
freeze him; it tried its lev - el
23
8va
bum, For no one but a
day. He held me in a fond
best. At one hun - dred de - grees be - low
27
8va
log - ger stirs his cof - fee with his thumb.
em - brace that broke three ver - te - brae.
ze - ro, he but - toned up his vest.
32
8va
3. My lo - ver was a log - ger; there's
6. He kissed me when we part - ed, so
9. It froze clean through to Chi - na; it
37
8va
none like him to - day. If you poured
hard he broke my jaw, I could not
froze to the stars a - bove. At one thou - sand


42
8va
whis - key on it, he would eat a bale of
speak to tell him he for - got his mac - ki -
de - grees be - low zero, it froze my log - ger
47
8va
1.
2.
hay. 4. He love. 10. And so I
naw. 7. I
52
8va
lost my lo - ver, and to this ca - fe I
57
8va
come, And here I wait till some - one stirs
62
8va
his cof - fee with his thumb.