

The Honest Woodcutter

Americana
Erik Koskinen

Verse

1. There was once an old wood - cut - ter. All day he chopped tree trunks. Then one day he dropped his i - ron ax. In - to a pool it sunk. A spir - it found the woods-man cry - ing. The man said, "Help me, please!" The spir - it dived in - to the deep pool the lost ax to re - trieve.

Chords: E, A, E, F#, B, B7, B, E, A, G#, A, E, B, E, A, E, B, E

Chorus

Al-ways tell the truth. Al-ways tell the truth. Chil-dren, don't ev - er lie. Al-ways tell the truth. Al-ways tell the truth. Re - wards will come by and by.

Chords: E, A, B, E, A, E, B, E

Verse 2

The spirit swam out of the pool,
a gold ax in its hand.
"That is not my ax," the man said.
"It's nice, but far too grand!"

The spirit dove again and brought out
a silver ax so fine.
"I'm sorry," said the honest woodsman,
"that's nice, but it's not mine."

Chorus

Verse 3

An iron ax the spirit brought out.
The woodsman danced with glee.
"For your honesty," the spirit said,
"you can keep all three!"

Chorus