

to the tune of "Lord of the Dance" (but start with a chorus)

chorus
Chop split roll logs with a peavey
We are the Woods Team of C & T
We'll canoe and saw wherever we may be
We are the Woods Team of C & T

We paddled on the pond while the wind did blow
We J-stroked and portaged as it began to snow
And we coached each other "Is that dot split or no?"
"As you roll that log get your peavey low"

chorus

The next day's events started on the Green
With Hooke's contraption like none we've ever seen
We threw our axes pulp and chain so fine
Did pole climb and v-chop in amazing time

chorus

Bucked and crosscut cookies off a cant of pine
Horizontal choppers grunted in a line
Fire builders singed their eyebrows fellers hit their stake
And we scoot loaded logs in just one take

chorus

We lashed down our sandbags on a wooden rack
It's hard to run with a packboard on your back
As each heat started you could hear us hoot
"Move it! Move it! Run until you boot!"

chorus

We went to the feed and our spirits soared
The awards went out and we took home quite a hoard
The debbers sang and danced for all to see
We are the Woods Team of C & T

chorus