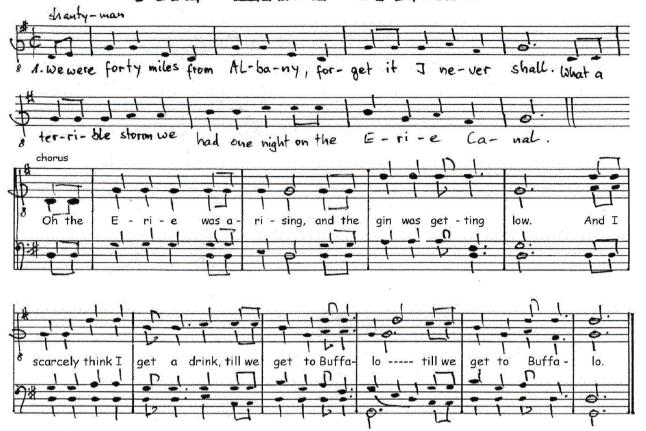
70



2. We were loaded down with barley We were chock-full up on rye. The captain he looked down at me With his gol-durn wicked eye.

Chorus

3. Our captain, he came up on deck, With a spy glass in hins hand, And the fog, it was so darned thick, That he couldn't spy land

Chorus

4. The wind begins to whistle The waves begin to roll We had to reef our royals On that ragin' canal.

(and) Chorus

5. Two days out from Syracuse The vessel struck a shoal; We like to all be drownded On a chunk o' Lackawanna coal.

Chorus

6. We hollered to the captain
On the towpath, treadin' dirt
He jumped on board and stopped the leak
With his old red flannel shirt.

Chorus

7. When we got to Buffalo
The off-mule, he was dead;
The nigh mule got blind staggers
We cracked him on the head.

Chorus

8. The captain he got married The cook, he went to jail; And I'm the only son-of-a-gub That's left to tell the tale

Chorus