

## THE ERIE CANAL

Setz: PD  
11/10  
M+T: trad

*Shanty-man*

1. We were forty miles from AL-ba-ny, for-get it I ne-ver shall. What a  
ter-ri-ble storm we had one night on the E-ri-e Ca-nal.

*chorus*

On the E-ri-e was a-ri-sing, and the gin was get-ting low. And I  
scarcely think I get a drink, till we get to Buffa-lo ---- till we get to Buffa-lo.

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.

*Chorus*

*(and)*  
5. Two days out from Syracuse  
The vessel struck a shoal;  
We like to all be drowneded  
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*

*(and)*  
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*