

The E-ri-e

We were forty miles from Albany Forget it, I never shall What a terrible storm we had one night On the Erie Canal

Chorus: *Oh, the Erie was rising And gin was getting low And I scarcely think we'll get a drink Till we get to Buffalo*

The winds began to whistle And the waves began to roll And we had to reel our royals On the raging canal

We were loaded down with barley We were chuck up full of rye And the captain he looked at me With his goldurn wicked eye

Two miles out from Syracuse The vessel struck a shoal And we like to all been foundered On a chunk o' Lackawanna coal

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

When we get to Syracuse The off mule he was dead The nigh mule got blind staggers And we cracked him on the head

The cook she was a grand old gal She wore a flowered dress We hoisted her upon the pole As a signal of distress

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

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