Monongahela Sal

Monongahela Sal
(Robert Schmertz: recorded 1947.)

She was born in an old Mannessan Alley
Her Ma and her Pa named her Sal
She Grew up to be the pride of the valley,
Typical Monongahela gal.

She was smart, she was pert, she was pretty---
And the bloom of health was on her cheeks
But she bought it in Monongahela City
And the druggist swore that it would last for weeks.

cho: Roll on, roll on Monongahela,
Roll on past the O-Hi-O
Roll past the All-i-quippy,
Down to the Mississippi
Clear to the Gulf of Mexico.

One night Sal was strollin' by the river
When she saw the "Jason" standing nigh
Her heart gave a leap and a quiver
When she spied the handsome pilot's roving eye.

His name, you must know, was Moat Stanley
And he wore a fancy sporting coat.
He was tall, dark and handsome, and manly
Slickest pilot ever steered a boat.

cho: Roll On, roll on Monongahela,
Where the catfish and the carp left long ago.
You used to be so pure,
But now you're just a sewer,
You're messing up the Gulf of Mexico.

Well, Moat gave a toot on the whistle
And the "Jason" backed water at the stern,
And Sal, stepping light as a thistle
Stepped up and took Moat Stanley's hand in her'n.
It was love, careless love, by the river
It was love, careless love, by the shore.
And I'm sure that the good Lord will forgive her,
For she never knew what love was like before.

cho: Roll On, roll on Monongahela.
Away from the ice and snow,
I think you're mighty lucky
To roll past old Kentucky,
Clear to the Gulf of Mexico.

He swore that he always would love her
As they locked through the old Amsworth dam.
But that night, overboard he did shove her
And then Moat Stanley took it on the lam.

Well, no one could say our Sal was sickly.
She didn't even take time out to bawl.
She just high-tailed it out for Souickly
Slappin' out a fast Australian crawl.

cho: So Roll on, roll on, Monongahela
And lap the waters gently at Dravo
Where they're back to making barges
At much more normal charges
Than the LSTs they made a year ago.

Then Sal jumped a freight for Rochester
She swore she would have Moat Stanley's gore.
From a yard bull who tried to molest her
She went and took a great big '44.

Now Sal hit the grit, right at Beaver
And the Jason was a-comin' round the bend
In the pilot house stood Moat, the gay deceiver
Says Sal," I'm sure to get him in the end."

cho: Roll on, roll on, Monongahela,
And blow, gentle breezes, blow
'Cause it's getting mighty smoggy
And the folks are getting groggy
I've lived here all my life and I should know.

So raisin' that big shooting iron
Sal pumped six bullets into Moat
And when she had finished her firin'
She'd sure messed up that fancy sporting coat.

Now Sal to the judge said, "Good Mornin!"
The jury foreman said," Not Guilty, gal";
So let all you pilots take warnin'
Don't mess around Monongahela Sal!

cho:

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