

E-ri-e

 G
We were forty miles from Albany
 D7 G
Forget it, I never shall.
 D7 G C
What a terrible storm we had one night,
 G D7 G
On the E-ri-e Canal.

Chorus:

D7 G D7 G
Oh the E-ri-e was a- rising,
 D7 G
And the gin was a- getting low.
 D7 G C
And I scarcely think we'll get a drink,
 G D7 G
Till we get to Buffalo,
 C D7 G
Till we get to Buffalo.

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

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

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

The cook she was a grand old gal,
She wore a ragged dress,
We heisted her upon the pole
As a signal of distress.

The wind begins to whistle,
The waves begin to roll,
We had to reef our royals
On that raging Canal.

When we got to Syracuse,
Off-mule he was dead,
The nigh mule he got blind staggers
We cracked him on the head.

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