

The hog-eye man is the man for me,
He came a sailin' from o'er the sea

And a hog-eye!
Railroad man with his Hog-Eye,
Row the boat ashore with her Hog-Eye, Oh,
What she wants is a Hog-Eye man!

Oh Sally's in the garden pickin' peas,
Her golden hair hangin' down to her knees.

And hand me down my walkin' cane,
I'm going to see Miss Sally Jane.

Oh, the Hog-Eye man gave a fond look of love,
And it charmed Sally's heart which is pure as a dove.

Oh, and who's been here since I been gone,
Some big buck man with his sea-boots on.

If I catch him here with me Sally any more,
I'll sling me hook and go to sea some more.

Oh, Sally in the parlor a-sittin' on his knee,
A-kissin' of the sailor who'd come o'er the sea.

Sally in the garden siftin' sand,
And the hog-eye man sittin' hand in hand.

Sally in the garden pickin' peas,
With a little hog-eye all sittin' on her knees.

Oh, the hog-eye man is the man for me,
For he is blind and he cannot see.

Oh, in San Francisco, there she'll wait,
For the hog-eye man to come through her gate.

Oh, a hog-eye ship and a hog-eye crew,
A hog-eye mate and a skipper too.

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