

On the Sunday morning, just at the hour of ten  
The Bigler

On the Sunday morning, just at the hour of ten,  
When the tug Mico Robert towed the schooner Bigler, through Lake Michigan.  
O, there we made our canvas in the middle of the fleet,  
And the wind hauled to the south'ard, boys, so we had to give her sheet.

Chorus:

Watch her, catch her, jump in her ju-baju,  
Give her sheet and let her go,  
The lads will pull her through.  
And don't you hear her howling  
When the wind was blowing free  
On our down trip to Buffalo from Milwaukee.

2. The wind comes down from the south southeast; it blows both stiff and strong,  
You'd ought to've seen that little schooner Bigler as she pulled out Lake Michigan.

O, far beyond her foaming bows, the fiery lights aflame,  
With every stitch of canvas and her course was wing and wing.

Chorus:

3. Passing by the Proctors the wind was blowing free,  
Sailing by the Beavers with the Skillaglee on our lea,  
O, we hauled her in full and bye as close as she would lie,  
And we weathered Waugoshance to enter the Straits of Mackinaw.

Chorus:

4. At Huron we made Presque Isle Light and then we tore away,  
The wind it being fair, for the Isle of Thunder Bay.  
Then the wind it shifted and the night it came on dark,  
The captain kept a sharp lookout for the light at Point aux Barques.

Chorus:

5. We passed the light and kept in sight of Michigan north shore,  
A-boomin' for the river as we'd often done before,  
When just abreast of Port Huron Light, both anchors we let go,  
And the Sweepstake came 'longside and took the Bigler in tow

Chorus:

6. She took the seven of us in tow, all of us fore and aft,  
She towed us down to Lake St. Clare and stuck us on the flat.  
Then eased the Hunter's tow line to give us all relief,  
The Bigler fell astern and went into a boat called the Maple Leaf.

Chorus:

7. And then the Sweepstake towed us out beyond the river light,  
Lake Erie for to roam and the blustering winds to fight,  
The wind being from the south'ard, it blew a pretty gale,  
And we took it as it came for we could not carry sail.

Chorus:

8. We made the Eau and passed Long Point, the wind now blowing free,  
We bowled along the Canada shore, Port Colborne on our lee,  
What is that that looms ahead? We knew as we drew near,  
That blazing like a star, shone the light on Buffalo Pier.

Chorus:

9. And now we're safely moored in the Buffalo Creek at last,  
And under Brigg's elevator the Bigler is made fast.  
And in some lager beer saloon we'll let the bottle pass,  
For we're all happy shipmates and we like a social glass.

Chorus: