

The Hog-Eye Man

Go fetch me down me riding cane
For I'm off to see me darlin' Jane
With a hog-eye
Railroad navie with his hog-eye
Roll ashore and a hog-eye, oh
She wants the hog-eye man

Oh, the hog-eye men are all the go
When they come to San Francisco

Now, it's who's been here since I've been gone
Well, a railroad navie with his sea boots on

Oh, Sally in the garden, picking peas
Her golden hair hanging down to her knees

Oh, sally in the garden, shelling peas
With a little hog-eye all sitting on her knees

Well, a hog ship, and a hog-eye crew
Hog-eye mate and a skipper too