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Erie Canal (Mule Named Sal)

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(THomas S. Allen)

I've got an old mule and her name is Sal
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal
She's a good old worker and a good old pal
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal
 We've hauled some barges in our day
 Filled with lumber, coal, and hay
 And we know every inch of the way
From Albany to Buffalo

Low bridge, everybody down
Low bridge for we're coming to a town
And you'll always know your neighbor
And you'll always know your pal
If you've ever navigated on
The Erie Canal

We'd better look around for a job, old gal
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
You bet your life I wouldn't part with Sal
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal
 Giddap there gal, we've passed that lock
 We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock
 One more trip and then we'll go
Right back home to Buffalo

Low bridge, everybody down
Low bridge, I've the finest mule in town.
Once a man named Mike McGinty
Tried to put it over Sal
Now he's way down on the bottom of
The Erie Canal

Oh, where would I be if I lost my pal?
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
Oh, I'd like to see a mule as good as Sal
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
 A friend of mine once made her sore
 Now, he's got a broken jaw
 'Cause she let fly with her iron toe
And kicked him into Buffalo.

Low bridge, everybody down,
Low bridge, I've the finest mule in town.
If yo're looking for trouble
Better stay away from Sal
She's the only fightin' donkey on the Erie Canal

I don't want to call when I want my Sal
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
She trots from her stall like a good old gal,
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
 I eat my meals with Sal each day,
 I eat beef and she eats hay
 She ain't so slow if you want to know
She put the "Buff" in Buddalo.

Low bridge, everybody down,
Low bridge, I've the finest mule in town
Eats a bale of hay for dinner
And on top of that, my Sal
Tries to drink up all the water in the Erie Canal.

note: A Tin-Pan Alley song, written in 1905, that is now part of
the folk (and college glee-club) tradition. RG

SOF