

We were forty miles from Albany
The Erie Canal

We were forty miles from Albany,
Forget it, I never shall!
What a terrible storm we had one night
On the Erie Canal.

Refrain:

Oh, the Erie was rising,
And gin was getting low,
And I scarcely think we'll get a drink
Till we get to Buffalo.

2. The winds began to whistle,
And the waves began to roll,
And we had to reel our royals
On the raging canal.

Refrain:

3. We were loaded down with barley,
We were chuck up full of rye,
And the captain, he looked at me
With his gol-durn wicked eye.

Refrain:

4. Two miles out from Syracuse
The vessel struck a shoal,
And we like to all been foundered
On a chunk o' Lackawanna coal.

Refrain:

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

Refrain:

6. When we get to Syracuse
The off-mule he was dead,
The nigh mule got blind staggers,
And we cracked him on the head.

Refrain:

7. The cook she was a grand ol' girl,
She had a ragged dress.
We hoisted her upon a pole
As a signal of distress.

Refrain:

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

Refrain: