

Take a Trip on the Canal if You Want to Have Fun (part 1 of 3)

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You may talk of your pleasure trips on the Great Lakes, But a trip on these canal boats, you bet, takes the cake. Beefsteak is tough as a fighting dog's mate, And the flies they play tag with the cook on the deck.

The potatoes she'll burn, let the coffee boil o'er, The fume nearly choke you so greasy the floor. The cook grooms a limit, you must eat or die, And when it's all over, you'll laugh till you cry.

So haul in the towline and take up the slack, Take a reef in your shirttail and straighten your back. Whatever you do be sure don't forget, Captain muse gently while the cook is on deck.

Oh, those were gay times and no equal have they, Whatever the weather we'd run night or day. If I owned the world on the ditch I would run, For no other place has such oceans of fun.

She's so fond of biscuits she makes them like rocks, And woe unto you if you fall in the locks. They do for a cannon, with them we kill snakes, You're not long onboard until every tooth aches.

Her paddle like leather, you need piece of steel, Whenever you eat them how strangely you feel. Her soups are the limit, though, yes, all her chow, We put it away but I won't tell you how.

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The water pail often you know would get dry, She'd open the window dips up a supply. In the food you could taste it, the captain would rare, But one look from her and the weather was fair.

She sure had an answer for all that was said, And if you would cross her she'd try raise the dead. Though wonders were many you'd laugh, cry or run, Take a trip on the canal if you want to have fun.

Downstream at the lock she would throw off the line, Beat the bow's man and snub string a paddle divine. Till the line hit the deadeye opened up that gate, But the work in the cabin she really did hate.

We all got disgusted the captain would snort, And threaten to fire her when we got in port. Her ways were so winning whatever may come, Take a trip on the canal if you want to have fun.

The superintendent when he was around, 'Twas custom to eat on the first boat he found. Sometimes he would hesitate, often object, But the first thing he knew was the cook up on deck.

Her hypnotic eyes and that wonderful smile, Would catch the old boy and he'd eat right for miles. Good times were abundant whatever may come, Take a trip on the canal if you want to have fun.

We all have our trouble but this rule we keep, Is move about easy the cook is asleep. We lock down our up with the greatest of care, And know what is coming if she gets a scare.

A great dry land sailor that smokes like a stove, The pipe drips so freely and so does her nose. The table she waits pack has put on more steam, Their glad to escape whether up or down stream.

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They lock Tenders Run when they pull in the locks, Collectors or ??? will play with their clocks. The passengers smile but they don't say a word, Her voice is the music she loves to be heard.

Troops use their bands but it all seems in vain, For when they are through she will start up again. She sure was a corker whatever our run, Take a trip on the canal if you want to have fun.

She knew just what deadeyes to put the line on, But [fit locks and drive sing the steersman the song?], Could steer while he ate and was oft at the stick, Was there with the goods if you wanted things quick.

She could wet scrub the decks and could run off a plank, Would jump with a pole from the boat to the bank. 'Twas life gay and easy whatever may come Take a trip on the canal if you want to have fun.