The Erie Canal





I've got a mule, 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 haul'd some barges in our day, Fill'd them with lumber, coal and hay, And we know every inch of the way From Albany to Buffalo,

Chorus

Low bridge, everybody down, Low bridge for we're going through a town, And you always know your neighbour, 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 miles on the Erie Canal. 'Cause you bet your life I'd never part with Sal, Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal. Get up there mule, here comes a lock, We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock. One more trip and back we'll go, Right back home to Buffalo. Oh, where would I be if I lost my pal? Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal. Oh, I'd like to see a mule as good as Sal, Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal. A friend of mine once got sore, Now he's got a broken jaw, 'Cause she let fly with her iron toe And kicked him into Buffalo.

You'll soon hear them sing about my gal, Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal. It's a darn fine ditty 'bout my darn fool Sal, Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal. Oh, any old band will play it soon Darn fool words and darn'd fool tune, You'll hear it sung before you go, From Mexico to Buffalo.