

## The Old Skipper

### The Old Skipper

#### AFS 1611 A1

I'm an old canal boat skipper with black snake in hand, So fare you well, darling, my mules will not stand. The line's on the deadeye, for Portsmouth I'm bound, And I love the old towpath, best place I have found.

I've been on the lakes and the rivers, oh, boy, But my dear Silver Ribbon is the place I enjoy. 'Tis a place oh so matchless, each day new things born, And I love to boat wheat and the big yellow corn.

There's tanbark and hoop poles, wet goods, merchandise, Clay, coal, brick and lumber, cordwood, stone, and ice. Yes, all that was needed, we boated, dear pal, Best time of our lives we had on the canal.

I will not be a rover, for I love my boat, I am happy, contented, yes work, dream and float. My mules are not hungry, they're lively and gay, The plank is pulled on, we are off on our way.

Yes, all kinds of people I meet now and then, But I am no angel yet would be a man. ??? grows diamonds, I know them [of old?], They rob my poor pockets of silver and gold.

I played for a nickel, I played for a dime, I won all the money and mixed it with mine. I've gambled in Cleveland in Portsmouth the same, But gambling don't pay for you lose it again.

## Library of Congress

I don't want your whiskey you're no friend of mine, Would kill my poor body and poison my mind. I'd wake in the morning, yes stagger and reel, Have hiccups a-plenty, how bad I would feel.

I'm ragged, I'm ragged, I'm ragged I know, But nobody's business how ragged I go. I eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry, If nobody kills me I'll live till I die.

My bed is not feather, soft cotton, no, no, But I love my old fiddle, mouth organ, and jewels. I'll live my own life 'tis the best I can do, And if you don't like me I'll never harm you.

She said now his skipper, "My heart you have won, We'll settle it all and with you I will run. There will be no questions, my love it is true, And the same you have told me and skipping with you."

I kicked up my heels, and I cried out her ???, "I'm a proud jolly boatman with many in-laws." "You're an old [up north?] skipper, you're clever and wild." This pretty young damsel said cute with a smile.

"I never will leave you, I'll never come clean," She said "Kiss my hand just again and again. I'll go where you go and with you I will dwell, And whatever comes with you I shall be well."

The fun is all over now we will go home, And put things in order as some of our own. I like a gay time but I love just one gal, She's the pride of my heart and the dear old canal.