

## Old Blue Nell

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Old Blue Nell was a canal boat cook  
She worked once on our crew.  
She was old as the canal, far as anyone knew,  
And she always wore a dress of blue.

Chorus:        Her stews were the stuff of legends,  
                 Her pies so good you'd cry.  
                 But she took no orders from any man  
                 And she'd spit in the Captain's eye.

Old Blue Nell signed onto our boat For a Cincinnati run.  
She cut lumber from our load to feed her stove, And the captain, he stayed mum.  
We dined the first day on beefsteak, The next day, Muskrat Stew.  
I gained five pounds by the Loramie Summit, When at Lockington we went thru.

Old Blue Nell hopped off the boat When we entered at Lock One.  
It took six hours to get locked through And at Lock 6 she came on the run.  
She spent the day at the tavern, Drinking whiskey and playing cards  
And when she hopped on the boat with her whiskey bottle, She went to bed and slept    real hard.

When she woke, she didn't feel like cooking, So I prepared the food  
And the captain kicked her off at Piqua When she called him something rude.