

## The Boatman's Tin Horn

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The day passed in peace. The tilling was easy.  
The canal was in a good mood.  
Folks rode topside and enjoyed the quiet journey  
As they watched Ohio glide by.

Another boat passed on its way to Toledo  
Its mules looked tired and forlorn.  
But the birds' cheerful songs were soon drowned out  
When the boatman blew his tin horn.

Chorus:        There's a low bridge a comin'! Get the chairs back on deck.  
                  And lay down low so you don't break your neck.  
                  And the lockmaster listens from evening til morn  
                  For the boatman to blow his tin horn.

Night falls on the canal. The lantern were lit.  
Ladies in forward cabins. The men in the back.  
They passed 'round the bottle. Tall tales got steep.  
Then the card game started when the Captain's asleep.  
                  The salt pork and biscuits for breakfast were fine  
                  And I hoped that today I'd get a fish on the line.  
                  At the lock, Captain was beaten out of his turn  
                  After the boatman blew his tin horn.

It was a long, long journey through country and town  
The men with their cussing. The ladies in their gowns.  
We entered the last lock after six days of travel  
On the Miami and Erie Canal.