

The E-ri-e Canal (Anonymous, 1800s) (C)

[Erie Canal \(the E-ri-e was a-risin\)](#) by The Weavers
[The Erie Canal](#) by Burl Ives – [Erie Canal](#) by Pete Seeger

Intro C | G7 | C | F | C | G7 | C

C G7 C
We were forty miles from Albany, forget it I never shall
G7 C F C G7 C
What a terrible storm we had one night, on the E - ri - e Ca-nal

Chorus 1

C G7 C
Oh, the E-ri-e was a-risin', and the gin was a-getting' low
G7 C F
And I scarcely think we'll get a drink
C G7 C C G7 C
Till we get to Buffa - lo - o - o, Till we get to Buffa - lo.

C G7 C
Well, the barge was full of barley, and the crew was full of rye;
G7 C F C G7 C
The captain he looked down on me, With a dag-gone wicked eye.

Chorus 2

C G7 C
Oh, the E-ri-e was a-risin', and the gin was a-getting' low
G7 C F
And I scarcely think we're gonna get a little drink.
C G7 C C G7 C
Till we get to Buffa - lo - o - o, Till we get to Buffa - lo.

C G7 C
Well, the captain he stood up on deck, with a spyglass in his hand.
G7 C F C G7 C
And the fog it was so dog-gone thick that he couldn't spy the land. **Chorus 2**

C G7 C
Now two days out from Syracuse the vessel struck a shoal.
G7 C F C G7 C
We'd like to all be foundered on a chunk of Lacka-wanna coal. **Chorus 2**

C G7 C
The cook she was a grand old gal, she wore a raggedy dress;
G7 C F C G7 C
We heisted her u-upon the pole as a signal of dis-tress. **Chorus 2**

C G7 C
Now the captain he got married, the cook she went to jail
G7 C F C G7 C
And I'm the only son of a sea cook left to tell the tale. **Chorus 2 (2x)**

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