

The Bigler's Crew

THE BIGLER'S CREW

Come all my boys and listen, a song I'll sing to you, It's all about the Bigler and of her jolly crew. In Milwaukee last October I chanced to get a sight In the schooner called the Bigler belonging to Detroit.

cho: Watch her, catch her, jump up on her juber ju, Give her the sheet and let her slide, The boys will push her through; You ought to seen us howling, The winds were blowing free, On our passage down to Buffalo From Milwaukee.

It was on a Sunday morning about the hour of ten, The Robert Emmett towed us out into Lake Michigan; We set sail where she left us in the middle of the fleet, And the wind being from the southard, oh, we had to give her sheet. Then the wind chopped round to the sou-sou'west and blew both fresh and strong, But softly through Lake Michigan the Bigler she rolled on, And far beyond her foaming bow the dashing waves did fling, With every inch of canvas set, her course was wing and wing.

But the wind it came ahead before we reached the Manitous. Three dollars and a half a day just suited the Bigler's crew. From there unto the Beavers we steered her full and by, And we kept her to the wind, my boys, as close as she could lie.

Through Skillagalee snd Wabble Shanks, the entrance to the Straits We might have passed the big fleet there if they'd hove to and wait; But we drove them on bebefore us, the nicest you ever saw, Out into Lake Huron from the Straits of Mackinaw.

We made Presque Isle Light, and then we boomed away, The wind it being fair, for the Isle of Thunder Bay. But when the wind it shifted, we hauled her on her starboard tack With a good lookout ahead for the light at the Point Au Barques. We made the light and kept in sight of Michigan North Shore A-booming for the river as we'd oftimes done before; When right abreast Port Huron Light our small anchor we let go And the Sweepstakes came alongside and took the Bigler in tow.

The Sweepstakes took eight in tow and all of us fore and aft, She towed us down to Lake St. Clare and stuck us on the flats. She parted the Hunter's tow-line in trying to gived relief And stem and stern went the Bigler into the boat called Maple Leaf.

The Sweepstakes then she towed us outside the River Light, Lake Erie for to roam and the blustering winds to fight. The wind being from the southard we paddled our own canoe, With her nose pointed for the Dummy she's hell-bent for Buttalo.

We made the Oh and passed Long Point, the wind was blowing free. We howled along the Canada shore, Port Colborne on our lee What is it that looms up ahead, so well known as we draw near? For like a blazing star shone the light on Buffalo Pier. And now we are safely landed in Buffalo Creek at last, And under Riggs' elevator the Bigler she's made fast. And in some lager beer saloon we'll let the bottle pass, For we are jolly shipmates and we'll drink a social glass.

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