





They bantered us with their new boat And challenged every thing af loat; The ,, Horns" are left at Cairo town; The winning boat to wear them down; On board we've wood and grease enough, To win the race or blow her up . Chorus:

The boys, they all enjoy this fun, It's not the first time we have run, Our captain bets on every race, And when he drinks he ,, runs his face';' I saw him plank ten thousand down,

Oh crowd her hard with tar and pine, The other boat's ten miles behind; Telegraph wires are mighty slow, Our safty valves are tied below; I've bet my all I'm bound to win, And fill my pockets with the tin. Chorus:

New Orleans is a funny place, They stake their pile on every race, Sometimes they're flush, and then hard up; A trotting match for a silver cup; -Some bet to win and some to lose, With captain Joe, in Orleans town. Chorus: Oh that's the way the money goes. Chorus:

> Wood up my boys with coal and tar, She moves along like a shooting star, Memphis now is out of sight, Cairo will reach to morrow night, And then lay to and wait our time The bully boat of the ,, Lightning line ' Chorus: