

**THE BIGLER'S CREW**

[LAWS #D8]

**F** **F** **G -** **C** **C**  
COME ALL MY BOYS AND LISTEN, A SONG I'LL SING TO YOU,  
**C** **C** **G** **F**  
IT'S ALL ABOUT THE BIGLER AND OF HER JOLLY CREW.  
**G** **Dm** **Dm -** **Am** **Am**  
IN MILWAUKEE LAST OCTOBER I CHANCED TO GET A SIGHT  
**C** **Dm** **F -** **C**  
IN THE SCHOONER CALLED THE BIGLER BELONGING TO DETROIT.  
**Dm** **Dm** **C** **C**  
CHO: WATCH HER, CATCH HER, JUMP UP ON HER JUBER JU,  
**C** **C**  
GIVE HER THE SHEET AND LET HER SLIDE,  
**G** **F**  
THE BOYS WILL PUSH HER THROUGH;  
**G** **Dm** **Am** **Am**  
YOU OUGHT TO SEEN US HOWLING, THE WINDS WERE BLOWING FREE,  
**C** **G - F** **Dm** **G**  
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.

FROM FOLK SONGS OUT OF WISCONSIN, PETERS  
DT #611  
LAWS D8

**If you have corrections, or the chords to any of these songs, please send an e-mail and we will make the changes as soon as possible. Thank you.**

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