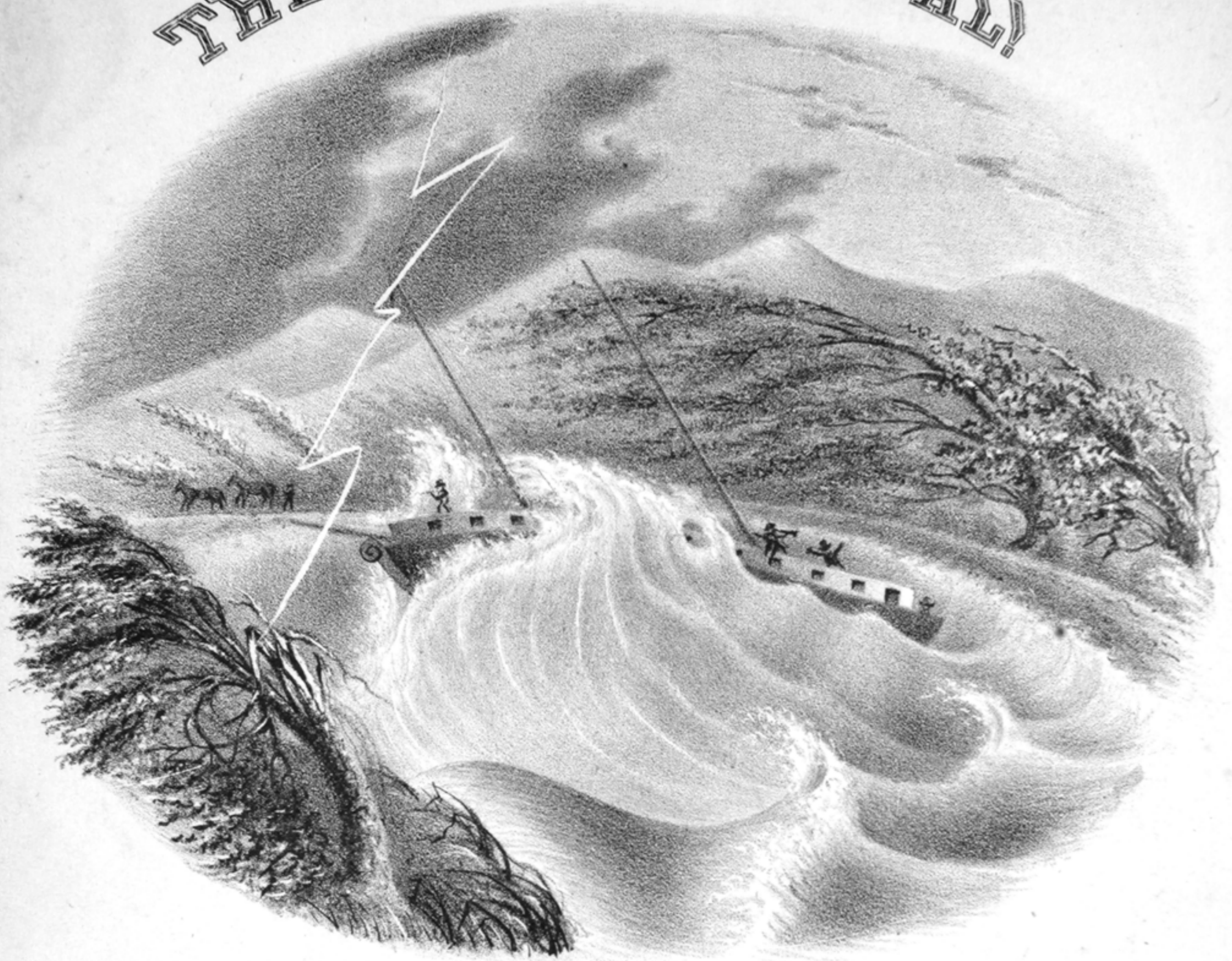


THE RAGING CANAL!



A Comic Song

Written and Sung by that

MOST CELEBRATED COMIC SINGER,

P. MORRIS,

And dedicated to his friends in his native city

NEW YORK.

Pr. 25^{cts} well.

Fleetwood lith.

NEW YORK,

Published by C. G. CHRISTMAN, 404, Pearl-st.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1844 by C. G. Christman in the Clerk's office in the district court for the southern district of New York.



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ANDANTE. *mf*

Come listen to my sto-ry ye *pp*

landsmen one and all, I'll sing to you the dangers of that

raging Ca - nal, For I am one of many who ex -

pects a watery grave. For I've been at the mer-cy of the

wind and of the wave.

When we left New York harbor it was the middle of the year,
 We put our helm hard a port and for Buffalo did steer,
 But when we got in sight of Alba'y we met a heavy squall,
 And we carried away our mizen mast on that Raging Canal.

She minded her helm just like a thing of life,
 The mate got on his knees uttering prayers for his wife,
 We threwed the provisions over board it was blowing such a squall,
 And we were put on short allowance on that Raging Canal,

It seemed as if the devil had work in hand that night,
 For our oil it was all gone, and our lamps they gave no light,
 The clouds began to gather and the rain began to fall,
 And we had to reef our royals on that Raging Canal.

Loud roared the dreadful thunder, the rain in deluge showered,
 The clouds were rent asunder, by lightnings vivid powers,
 The bowsman gave a hollow, and the cook she gave a squall,
 And the waves run mountain high on that Raging Canal.

The Captain came on deck and then begin to rail,
 He hollowed to the driver to take in more sail,
 The driver knocked a horse down and then gave a bawl,
 And we scudded under bare poles on that Raging Canal.