

# A Trip On The Schooner Kolfage

From the Ivan Walton Collection  
As sung by John "Red" MacDonald - Goderich, Ontario  
Traditional tune adapted by Ian Bell

Am C G

We shipped a-board the Kol-fage at Chat-ham Coun-ty Kent The fourth day of Oct-

G Am Am

<sup>6</sup>to-ber for John-son's har-bour bent Com-mand-ed by Mac-Don-ald who al-ways fast time

G Am G Am Em Am

<sup>12</sup>makes A-board the schoon-er Kol-fage, Co-lum-bia of the lakes

When asked about the tune of this song, Robert Reid of Red Bay told Ivan Walton, "I just use any tune that fits". In that spirit I have set it to a common melody that is used for "The Bigler's Crew and a number of other sailors' and lumber camp songs. Lots of other tunes would fit as well!

The tug Vick took our line at twelve o'clock at night  
And down the Thames we towed, midst moonbeams sombre light  
But when on Lake St. Clair, the wind came dead ahead  
We put the big hook out, and all went off to bed

Next morning we hoisted sail in a fresh wind from the east  
The Kolfage plowed the lake, through billows white as yeast  
We headed for the Cut, with all her sails unfurled  
And with bending masts we smashed the record of the world

A steamer hove alongside, and we ran her neck and neck  
Straight into the cut, our speed we would not check  
We struck her starboard bow, to keep her off the bank  
An' our fenders scrubbed her side as we came up with a yank

Angry words flew thick, their speed they had to check  
We damn near had a fight, every man was on the deck  
We cursed them high and low, they threatened to come aboard  
But the wind hauled to the south and up thr iver we roared

When Sarnia we reched, late afternoon that day  
The wind again contrary, we anchored in the bay  
We towed out in the morning, about a mile or so  
With the Catarac and Vienna, from Lake Ontario

All three then stripped for action, a race it was to be  
The Lake Ontario clippers claimed the supremacy  
With all our canvas set, we ran north like a steer  
And when that night came on, they were far off in the rear

Next day we reached Southampton, and anchored off the shore  
Just inside the harbour, while outside the seas did roar  
And there the schooner Fulton, inside the harbour we found  
In a waterlogged condition and also hard aground

At dawn we heaved our anchor and hoisted sail once more  
For northward up the lake, just off the rocky shore  
We sailed along the Cape, before a sou'west breeze  
And ran into a bay, among lumber piles and trees

We took in all our canvas, and tied up to the dock  
And twenty men came down along the ridge of the rock  
We then got out our dinner, for we were feeling lank  
And then got introduced to some twenty-four foot plank

But before we started the plank, oat bags we had to tote  
And twenty barrels of flour from the bosom of the boat  
We hoisted up the flour till our fingers began to swell  
But we'd gladly hoist the flour, if the planks had been in Hell

Now the vessel is all loaded, and we are on the shore  
And vow that planks and lumber, we'll handle nevermore  
The Kolfage rounds the bend, and disappears from view  
It's goodbye to Cap. McDonald, here's our best regards to you.