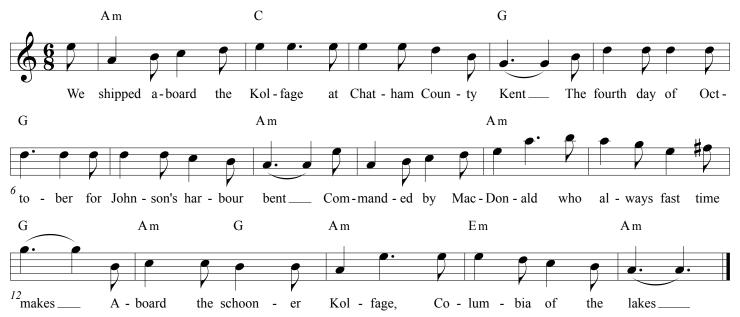
## A Trip On The Schooner Kolfage

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



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 sprit 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 strucke 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 disappers from view It's goodbye to Cap. McDonald, here's our best regards to you.