

THE MULES THAT WALKED OUR FO'C'SLE DECK

X The mules that walked our fo'c'sle deck,  
They were two mules of fame;  
They sailed the Lakes for many a year,  
"Napoleon" and "Bones" their names.

X Our cabin boy was the caps'n mate,  
The mules the caps'n crew;  
Their ears were long, their heels were light,  
But sailing they knew.

X They'd weigh the anchor, kedge the snip,  
And hoist the flowing sail;  
But, like all sailormen ashore,  
They sometimes there would fail.

X Old Bones was long and lank and slow,  
His ears flopped when he walked;  
Napoleon was not near his size,  
And he kept his long ears cocked.

X They came aboard at Calvin's yard,  
We anchored them in the bow;  
And set our course for the Upper Lakes  
With all speed the wind allowed.

X As we went rolling up the Lake  
Into a nor'west breeze,  
Napoleon stood with his legs apart,  
Old Bones was at his ease.

X And every time the mate would shout,  
"Stand-by to come about!"  
They'd snift their tails to the weather rail  
Without ever looking out.

X Then one day <sup>up</sup> on our starboard tack,  
Port Dalousie did loom,  
We all stood by upon the deck  
And topped the long jibboom.

X Our mules we led o'er the landward rail  
To tow us through the locks,  
But they decided they'd rather sail,  
And stood there like a rock.

X The mule-boy beat old Bones and swore,  
But nothing could prevail;  
A canaller jumped upon the bank  
And twisted Napoleon's tail.

The loading <sup>waneys</sup>timbers squeeked and squawked,  
And made some doleful sounds;  
Our mules just thought it was love talk  
As they walked the caps'n 'round.

They walked the caps'n 'round and 'round  
In calm, in sun, and storm;  
They walked the deck ten thousand miles,  
Where a splintered path they'd worn.

We filled the hold, we piled the deck,  
Then hauled out in the Lake—  
Old Bones, you are a shipmate true,  
But Napoleon should be mate!