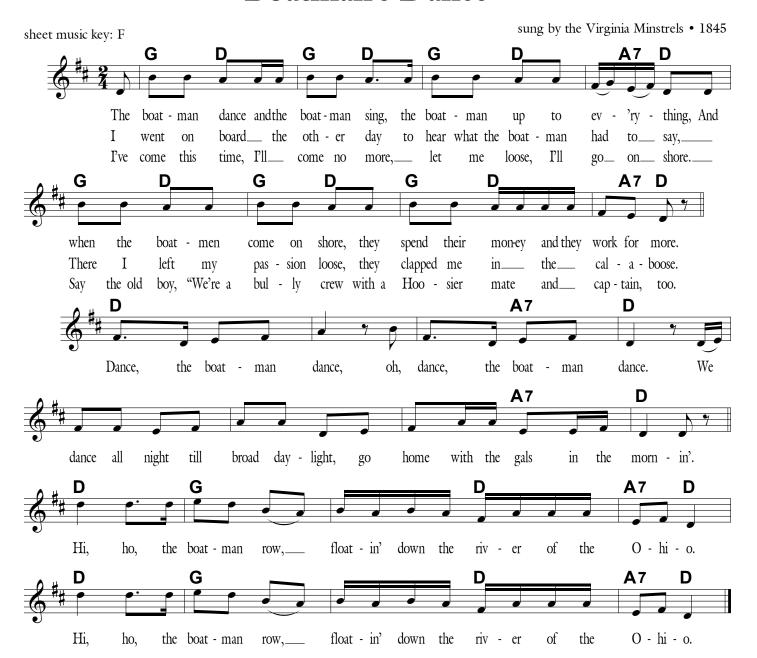
Boatman's Dance



When you go to the boatmen's ball, Dance with my wife or don't dance at all. Sky blue jacket, tarpaulin hat, Look out, boys, for the nine-tail cat.

When the boatman blows his horn, Look out, old man, your hog is gone. He stole my sheep, he stole my shoat, Then put 'em in the bag and tote 'em to the boat.

Over the mountain, slick as an eel, The boatman slide down on his heel. The wind did blow, the waves did toss, I believe to my soul, the boatman's lost.

Old-Time Songs Arranged for Stringed Instruments Hoyle Osborne • www.hoyleosborne.com • mail@hoyleosborne.com