STEAMBOAT SAL

By FRED FISHER
WILLIE RASKIN
and BOB CAUSER

Allegro moderato

Piano

Vamp

Voice

See that great big steam-boat com-ing
Once up-on the o-cean blue she
down the Mis-sis-sip-pi,
Now she's slow-ing up as she is
cau-sed a great com-mo-tion,
When a row-dy sail-or through her
head-ing for the pier.
See the cap-tain wav-ing And the
cab-in tried to peep. You should have heard him hol-lor When she

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crowd go nearly dip-py Ev'-ry-bo-dy shouting
grabbed him by the col-lar, She knock'd him and she sock'd him in the
or-de of the deep.

Chorus
Steam-boat Sal -
She's a sen-ti-men-tal sort of gal.
And Oh! how she loves the O-

-ocean so blue,- She likes the cap-

Steamboat Sal 5
Steamboat Sal— She's a Mississippi,

River belle,— And on her last trip they say, they say,

That she caused an awful row, somehow.

Oh! I know why the captain takes her.
Oh! She gave me her picture when she
on each trip, It takes an awful lot these days to
said "A-dieu," And ev'-ry oth-er sail-or has her

man a ship Steam-boat Sal
picture too Steam-boat Sal

She's a reg-u-lar gal
She's a reg-u-lar gal

Oh! Her To Patter

Steamboat Sal 5 Prof only
Patter

Hands are full of blisters, just from pulling ropes and twist-ers, she could throw a bale of cotton from the star-board to the pier, oh! Her father was a Czech and her mother was Slava-ko, she could chew a plug tobacco, wear an anchor on each ear. One day a storm turned the boat right upside down. Just like a pup, we thought that she would drown; But she came up and just turned the boat around. You can’t keep a good man down. Oh!

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