

## OLD MOKE PICKIN' ON THE BANJO

He-bang, she-bang, daddy shot a bear  
Shot it in the stern, me boys, and never turned a hair  
We're all from the railroad, too-rer-loo  
And the old moke pickin' on the banjo.

***Hooraw! What the hell's the row?  
We're all from the railroad, too-rer-loo  
We're all from the railroad, too-rer-loo  
And, the old moke pickin' on the banjo!***

Pat, get back, take in yer slack. Heave away, me boys;  
Heave away, me bully boys, why don't ye make some noise?  
We're all from the railroad, too-rer-loo  
And the old moke pickin' on the banjo.

Roll her, boys, bowl her, boys, give 'er flamin' gip,  
Drag the anchor off the mud, an' let the barstard rip !  
We're all from the railroad, too-rer-loo  
And the old moke pickin' on the banjo.

Rock-a-block, chock-a-block, heave the caps'n round,  
Fish the flamin' anchor up, for we are outward bound.  
We're all from the railroad, too-rer-loo  
And the old moke pickin' on the banjo.

Out chocks, two blocks, heave away or bust,  
Bend yer backs, me bully boys, kick up some flamin' dust.  
We're all from the railroad, too-rer-loo  
And the old moke pickin' on the banjo.

Whisky-O, johnny-O, the mudhook is in sight,  
'Tis a hell-of-a-way to the gals that wait, an' the ol' Nantucket Light;  
We're all from the railroad, too-rer-loo  
And the old moke pickin' on the banjo.