**RED IRON ORE**

1. Come all you bold sailors that follow the Lakes,

On an iron ore vessel your living to make

I shipped in Chicago, bid adieu to the shore,

Bound away for Escanaba for red iron ore,

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

2. In the month of September on the seventeenth day

Two dollars and a quartet was all they would pay

And on Monday morning a trip we did take

On a ship called the *Roberts* sailing out in the lake

Derry down, down, down derry down.

3. The packet she howled ‘cross the mouth of Green Bay

And before her cut water she threw the white spray

She rounded out Sand Point and her anchor let go

We furled in the canvas and the watch went below

Derry down, down, down derry down.

4. Next morning we hove alongside the *Exile*

We soon made her fast to that iron ore pile

They lowered the chutes which soon started to roar

They’re fillin’ the ship with that red iron ore

Derry down, down, down derry down.

5. Some sailors took shovels and others took spades

And some took to sluicing each man to his trade

We looked like red devils, our backs they got sore

We cursed Escanaba and that red iron ore

Derry down, down, down derry down.

6. The dust got so thick you could scarce see your nose

It got in your eyes and it got in your clothes

We loaded the *Roberts* till she couldn’t hold more

Right up to the gunnels with the red iron ore

Derry down, down, down derry down.

7. We sailed her to Cleveland, made fast stem and stern

And with our companions we’ll spin a big yarn

Here’s a health to the *Roberts*, she’s strong and she’s true

Here’s a health to the bold boys who make up her crew

Derry down, down, down derry down.