

Urger

1. Saginaw, Michigan, nineteen-and-one,
Whitefish were a-runnin', there was work to be done;
They named her *Henry Dornbos* when she slid from the ways,
To fish the ice-bound Michigan bays.

Chorus: She's got a bone in her teeth, she's blowin' smoke rings again,
And she's rollin' just a little on the western wind;
I'm walkin' down the lock like Grandpa did with his best gal,
To see *Urger* come a-rollin' down the Erie Canal.

2. Open up the wheelhouse, let me sit there and dream,
Thinking of the times this old tugboat has seem;
The diesel's resting quiet, did a brass whistle scream ?
Is she burning coal and running on steam ?
3. Tell me of her skippers then - the brothers Verduin -,
Sons of Dutch seamen of an earlier time.
The Johnston Brothers laid her keel and built her to be
As stout as ships that braved the North Sea.
4. Seas above the wheelhouse ! Lake Michigan storm.
Big *Latham* lost her rudder, bound to wreck on the shore.
Stoker, keep your boiler fired ! Her whistle must cry,
To bring *Dornbos* and the lifeboat close by.
5. Working as an icebreaker in March of 'thirteen,
Shifting floes trapped her, no help to be seen.
Hungry, cold and frightened crewmen prayed for their lives.
She's a lucky ship, and *Dornbos* survived.
6. Farewell to the fishing fleet in nineteen nineteen.
Northward to the Mackinac and eastward she steamed.
What forgotten wheelhouse poet gave her to bear
The name she's earned for so many years ?
7. A bell and a jingle to get underway,
She's never looked back, and she's not looking today.
Montauk to Lake Erie, Rouse's Point to Gravesend,
We're watching for *Urger* again !