

## The Tale of the Gator-Wrangler

Dm-----F—C--Dm  
'Twas in the year of sev-en-ty-six,  
----C---F- Dm--- C----Dm  
Ap-ril, the twenty-sixth day,  
-----C-----Dm  
When I shipped a-board the "Mitchell,"  
-----F-----G-----Dm  
From New Or-leans we steamed a-way,  
-----C---Dm  
I was put in charge of livestock  
-----F-----G-----Dm  
But much to my dis-may,  
-----F--C---Dm  
It was three hun-dred alligators  
-----C-F-----Dm----C--Dm  
That was be-ing shipped that day.

Them gators was packed in boxes  
Of every shape and size;  
The smallest were six inches long  
But much to my surprise,  
Some were fourteen feet in length,  
And I feared what was inside,  
For they rattled up and down,  
And rolled from side to side.

There was no need to feed them,  
Or so the purser said;  
But I must keep them very moist  
Or they would soon be dead;  
So I dipped a pail in the river  
And emptied it on a crate;  
After doing that three hundred times  
I was in some sorry state.

That night I had a dreadful dream:  
Them gators had broke free,  
And was roaming 'bout the biler deck  
As if upon a spree;

Just then I heard a piercing scream  
Which gave me a great shock;  
I tumbled from my bunk  
And rushed to check my stock.

There was gators in the dining room;  
There was gators on the guards;  
There was gators smoking in the lounge;  
And some was playing cards;  
There was gators in the galley  
Chumping cold-cuts by the score;  
Each had a napkin 'round its neck,  
And then they roared for more!

A gator bellied up to the bar  
The bartender was sore afraid;  
Though he had whiskey, rum, and rye,  
He had no Gatorade;  
Just then a shady lady  
Waltzed into the bar;  
A gator held her in his arms,  
I knew trouble was not too far.

Then the whole place exploded,  
There was gators everywhere;  
I said, "I'm a gator-wrangler!"  
They didn't seem to care;  
Just then the purser shook me,  
Stirred me from my dream,  
"It's time to water them gators, lad,  
And mop the biler deck clean."

So now I'm back on shore, me boys,  
In fair Cincinnati town;  
And them gators and the purser  
Won't soon see me around;  
This trip has been my misfortune  
And caused me for to roam;  
I am a gator-wrangler,  
And a long, long way from home!