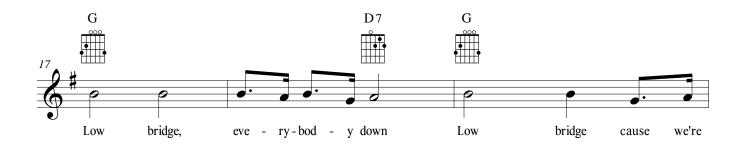
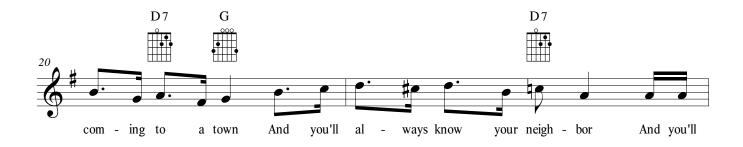
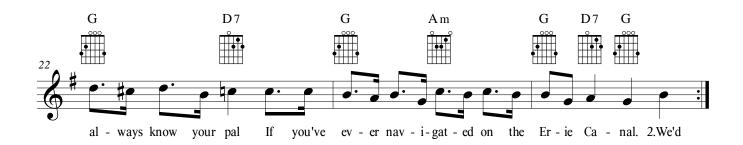
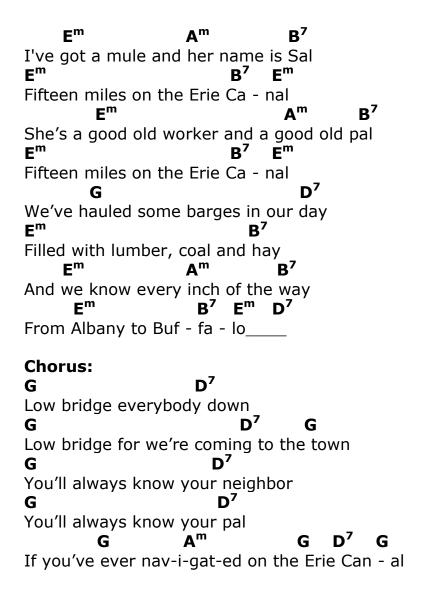
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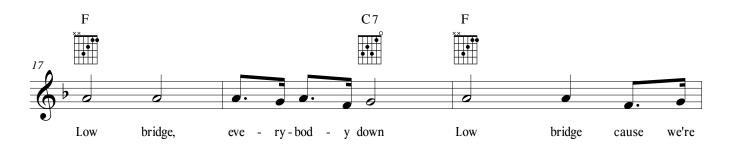
We better get along on our way, old gal Fifteen miles on the Eire Canal Cause you bet your life, I'd never part with Sal Fifteen miles on the Eire Canal Git up there, mule, here comes a lock We'll make Rome about six o'clock One more trip and back we'll go Right back home to Buffalo

Chorus

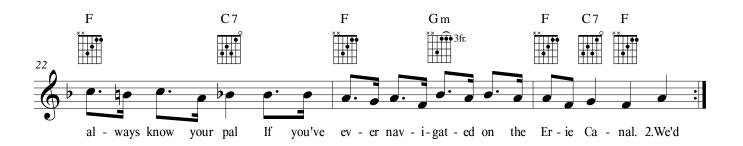
Don't have to call when I want my Sal Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal She trots from her stall like a good old gal Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal I eat my meals with Sal each day I eat beef and she eats hay And she ain't so slow if you want to know She put the 'buff' in Buffalo

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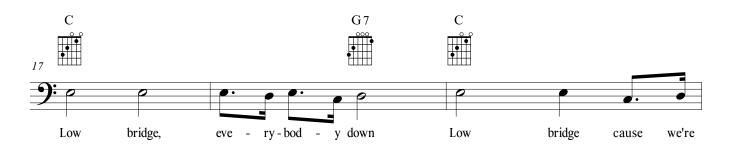




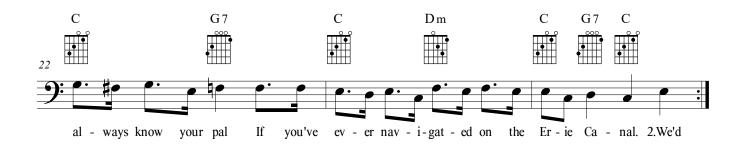


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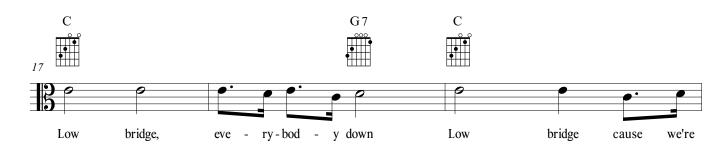


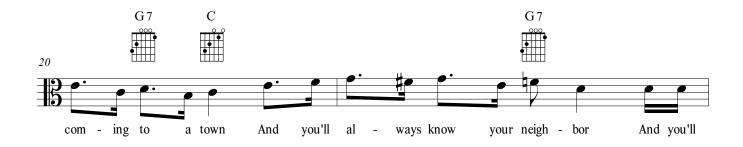


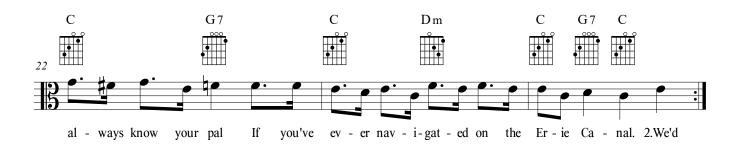


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Ukulele



