

The S.S. "Minto"

Bob Farmer



She was known to ma-ny as "The La-dy of the Lake,



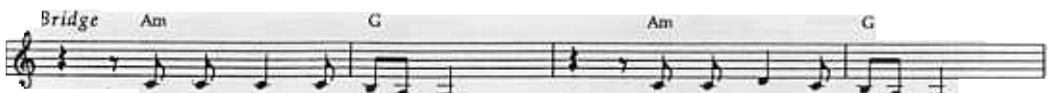
You could watch her come for miles, or you could fol-low in her wake.



They shipped her from To-ron-to in a thou-sand parts or more,



Reas-sem-bled in Na-kusp, at the ship-yards on the shore.



Her big wheel a-chur-ning, Her en-gines a-bur-ning



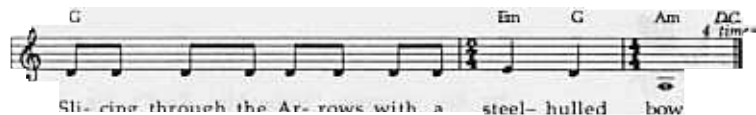
You could hear her ro-lling through the night.



With a heave and a ho and a-way we go, Roared the cap-tain to the crew of the



S. S. "Min-to;" They were sea-fa-ri-ng men, but they're in-land now,



THE S.S. "MINTO"

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CHORUS: With a heave and a ho and away we go,
Roared the captain to the crew of the S.S.
"Minto";
They were seafaring men, but they're inland
now,
Slicing through the Arrows with a steel-
hulled bow.

She was known to many as "The Lady of the Lake";
You could watch her come for miles, or you could fol-
low in her wake;
They shipped her from Toronto in a thousand parts or
more;
Reassembled in Nakusp, at the shipyards on the shore.

BRIDGE: Her big wheel a-churning,
Her engines a-burning;
You could hear her rolling through the
night.

They launched her in November, year 1898;
The S.S. "Minto" was her chosen name;
Commanded she was by first master Captain Gore,
To service the inland ports on the Arrow Lake shores.

She cruised the Lower and the Upper Arrow Lakes
With 134 miles was her course to take;
From Robson at the bottom to Arrowhead at the top,
Her journey named the "milk run", at each and every
stop.

This old paddle-wheeler can be seen no more these days;
For 55 years her upturned bow split through the waves;
But now she's just a memory reflecting through the haze;
With a Viking funeral, she was buried in Galena Bay.