The S.S. "Minto"

Bob Farmer

She was known to many as "The Lady of the Lake."

You could watch her come for miles, or you could follow in her wake.

They shipped her from Toronto in a thousand parts or more,

Reassembled in Nakusp, at the shipyards on the shore.

Her big wheel a-churning, Her engines a-burning

You could hear her rolling through the night

With a heave and a ho and away we go, Roared the captain to the crew of the

S. S. "Minto;" They were sea-faring men, but they're inland 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 follow 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.