Black Rock Pork

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I shipped aboard of a lumber boat
Her name was Charles O'Rourke.
And the very first thing that they rolled on board
Was a barrel of Black Rock Pork.

They fried a chunk for breakfast,
And a chunk for luncheon, too.
It didn't taste so goody-good,
And it was hard to chew.

From Buffalo to old New York,
They fed it to dear old me.
They boiled the barrel and the rest of the pork
And we had it all for tea.

From Songs of the Canallers, Hullfish
Collected from Lyman King