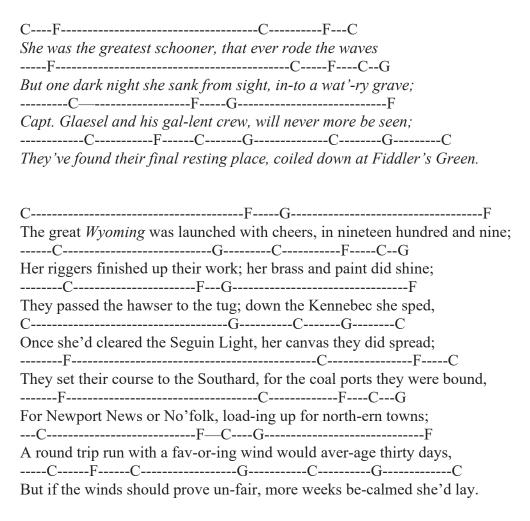
Key: C (7/F)

The Great Schooner Wyoming

Chorus:



Her six tall masts they scraped the sky, her frames were iron braced; Like a clipper ship she'd cut the waves, at thirteen knots she'd race; Fourteen sailors manned this schooner; they never needed more; The booms and anchor were raised by steam as they set sail from shore; They'd load their coal at No'folk, set sail for Portland Town, Reload her holds with ballast there, head south for another round; For fifteen years she plowed the waves, and served her masters well, 'Til her last trip, near Pollack Rip, she dove beneath the swell. The *Wyoming* set sail from No'folk, in nineteen twenty-four, With a fair wind blowing Nor' Nor'east, 'long the Eastern Shore; She slugged on past Montauk Point, then for Nantucket Sound, There she was nailed in a nor'east gale, as her bottom struck hard ground; Her keel was shattered when she struck, her masts rolled overboard, Great seas swept her slanted decks, through hatches water poured; There was no time to launch the boats, no time to pray or curse; No reprieve for those at sea; their fate could not be worse.

Next morning the Coast Watchers spied her wreckage from the dunes, All along Nantucket's shore, spars and planks were strewn; Of all her officers and crew no trace was ever found; Her shattered hull still filled with coal lies nine fathoms down; Wyoming's gone for many years, but her memory lingers on, The Shipyard's now a Museum, her sculpture greets the dawn; Her graceful frames are etched in white, six masts reach for the sky, She's now in truth a ship of dreams, from a world that's long gone by.

Chorus:

CFC	FC
She was the greatest schooner, that ever re-	ode the waves
F	CFCG
But one dark night she sank from sight, in-	to a wat'-ry grave;
G	F
Capt. Glaesel and his gal-lent crew, will no	ever more be seen;
G	CC
They've found their fin-al resting place, co	iled down-at Fiddler's Green.
G	CC
They've found their fin-al resting place, co	iled down at Fiddler's Green.