

By Charlie Ipcar, December 31, 2019
Tune: traditional after "Jim Jones of Botany Bay"
Key: C (7/F)

The Great Schooner *Wyoming*

Chorus:

C---F-----C-----F---C
She was the greatest schooner, that ever rode the waves
----F-----C----F---C--G
But one dark night she sank from sight, in-to a wat'-ry grave;
-----C-----F---G-----F
Capt. Glaesel and his gal-lent crew, will never more be seen;
-----C-----F---C---G-----C-----G-----C
They've found their final resting place, coiled down at Fiddler's Green.

C-----F---G-----F
The great *Wyoming* was launched with cheers, in nineteen hundred and nine;
----C-----G-----C-----F---C--G
Her riggers finished up their work; her brass and paint did shine;
-----C-----F---G-----F
They passed the hawser to the tug; down the Kennebec she sped,
C-----G-----C---G-----C
Once she'd cleared the Seguin Light, her canvas they did spread;
-----F-----C-----F---C
They set their course to the Southard, for the coal ports they were bound,
----F-----C-----F---C--G
For Newport News or No'folk, load-ing up for north-ern towns;
--C-----F---C---G-----F
A round trip run with a fav-or-ing wind would aver-age thirty days,
----C---F---C-----G-----C-----G-----C
But if the winds should prove un-fair, more weeks be-calmed she'd lay.

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.

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