By Charlie Ipcar, 5-14-2020

Based on a photo from the Library of Congress, 1905

And an article in the **Detroit Free Press**, 9/27/1905, p. 9

Tune based on *The Long Road Home* by Peter Massey © 2005

**Key: G (7/C)**

**Three Times 'Round**

G7------Am---------------------------G

It was midnight on the Lake; the end of watch drew near;

-----------Am-------------------------------------Dm

The Cap-tain sent for his first mate but be-fore he could appear,

---------------------------------------------------Am-------------------F

Cries for help came from astern so he swung "Juniata" 'round,

------C-------------------G--------------------Am-------------------F

But in the darkness of the waves no human trace was found;

------C-------------------G--------------------Am-------------------F-------G7

*But in the darkness of the waves no human trace was found*.

Sadly, they resumed their course, for Duluth they was bound,

Once more they heard desperate cries, once more they swung around;

Alas, no sign of struggling men in that wildly tossing sea;

For a second time they ceased their search, when cries were heard a-lee; (REF)

They swung her round once more and a zig-zag course they ran;

"Dead ahead there's a capsized skiff!" "Bring her to!" came the command;

A man and a boy were clinging there and were swiftly brought on board;

They'd almost died from the wind and waves but soon they were restored; (REF)

John Ruskie and his son set out from Oskar, Michigan,

Salvaging lumber from the Lake when their skiff capsized in the wind;

They climbed onto her bottom and clung on through the night;

The wind blew them far from shore; would they see the morning light? (REF)

But their prayers were answered in the night when "Juniata" swung around,  
Although they searched three times o'er before these two were found;

By early morn they'd made Duluth, or so the papers say,

And to Houghton Harbor they were returned on the following day. (REF)

Now Superior's a great inland sea, as you mariners know well,  
The waves can run mountain high, in a blink from a gentle swell;

And no one knows why some survive, while some sink 'neath the waves,

But "three time 'round" done the trick, spared both from a watery grave. (REF)