

**WRECK OF THE JEANNIE C.**  
**(Stan Rogers)**

COME ALL YOU LADS, DRAW NEAR TO ME  
THAT I BE NOT FORSAKEN  
THIS DAY WAS LOST THE JEANNIE C  
AND MY LIVING HAS BEEN TAKEN

(CHORUS AFTER EACH VERSE): I'LL GO TO SEA NO MORE!

WE SET OUT ONE DAY IN THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE  
A DAY LIKE ANY OTHER  
MY SON AND I AND OLD JOHN PRICE  
IN THE BOAT NAMED FOR MY MOTHER

IT'S WELL YOU KNOW WHAT THE FISHING'S BEEN  
IT'S BEEN SCARCE AND HARD AND CRUEL  
BUT THIS DAY, BEGOD, WE SURE CAUGHT COD  
AND WE SANG AND LAUGHED LIKE FOOLS

I'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT IT WAS WE STRUCK  
BUT STRIKE WE DID LIKE THUNDER  
JOHN PRICE GAVE A CRY AND PITCHED OVERSIDE  
IT'S FOREVER HE'S GONE UNDER

NOW A LEAK WE'VE SPRUNG - LET THERE BE NO DELAY  
IF THE JEANNIE C WE'RE SAVING  
JOHN PRICE IS DROWNED AND SWEEPED AWAY  
I'LL PATCH THE HOLE WHILE YOU'RE BAILING

BUT NO LEAK I FOUND FROM BOW TO HOLD  
NO ROCK IT WAS THAT GOT HER  
BUT WHAT I FOUND MADE MY HEART STOP COLD  
FOR EVERY SEAM Poured WATER

"MY GOD," I CRIED AS SHE WENT DOWN  
"THAT BOAT WAS LIKE NO OTHER  
MY FATHER BUILT HER WHEN I WAS NINE  
AND NAMED HER FOR MY MOTHER..."

SURE I COULD HAVE ANOTHER MADE  
IN THE BOAT SHOP DOWN IN DOVER  
BUT I WOULD NOT LOVE THE KEEL THEY MADE  
LIKE THE ONE THE WAVES ROLL OVER

(REPEAT VERSE 1)  
I'LL GO TO SEA NO MORE!

# ***WRECK of the EDMUND FITZGERALD***

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down  
Of the big lake they call Gitche Gumi  
Superior, it's said, never gives up her dead  
When the skies of November turn gloomy

With a load of iron ore - 26,000 tons more  
Than the EF weighed empty  
That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed  
When the gales of November came early

*Oh say a prayer / For the men of the EDMUND FITZGERALD*

The ship was the pride of the American side  
Loaded deep at a mill in Wisconsin  
As the big freighters go it was bigger than most  
With a crew and a Captain well-seasoned

On good voyage terms with a couple of steel firms  
For the port of Detroit she was steering  
But later that night when the ship's bell rang twice  
Could it be the north wind she was feeling?

The wind in the wires made a tattletale sound  
And the waves took a piece of her railing  
Then every man knew, as the Captain did, too  
'Twas the witch of November come a-stealing!

The sky was like slate and the breakfast was late  
As the gales of November came slashin'  
When afternoon came it was all freezing rain  
In the face of a hurricane west wind

When supper time came the old cook came on deck  
Saying "Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya!"  
At seven p.m. the main hatchway gave in  
He said "Fellas, it's been good to know ya!"

The Captain then knew that the waves had smashed thru  
And the good ship was surely in peril  
And when later her lights were no longer in sight  
'Twas the end of the Edmund Fitzgerald!

(continued)

**N12**



# ***WRECK of the EDMUND FITZGERALD***

Does anyone know where the love of God goes  
When the waves turn the minutes to hours?  
The searchers all say she'd have made Whitefish Bay  
If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her

She might have split up or she might have capsized  
As she ploughed thru the furious waters  
Now all that remains are the faces and the names  
For the wives and the sons and the daughters

Lake Huron rolls on and Superior sings  
In the rooms of its ice-water mansions  
Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams  
Its islands and bays are for sportsmen

And farther below Lake Ontario  
Takes in what Lake Erie can send her  
As the iron boats go, the lake mariners know  
To beware of the gales of November!

On a cold winter day many gathered to pray  
In the Maritime Sailors' Cathedral  
The church bell it chimed and rang 29 times  
For each man on the EF

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down  
Of the big lake they call Gitche Gumi  
Superior, it's said, never gives up her dead  
When the gales of November come early!

