THE GREAT LAKES SONG
Written by Pat Dailey and Shel Silverstein, Performed by Pat Dailey

The Great Lakes are a diamond on the hand of North America,
A brightly shining jewel on the “friendship border” ring.
Freshwater highways, coming down from Canada,
All around the shoreline, you can hear them sing-

CHORUS
Sweet mother Michigan, father Superior, coming down from Mackinac and Sault Ste. Marie,
Blue water Huron, flow down to Lake Erie-o, fall to Ontario, and run on out to sea.

Hardy are the seamen on the ships that load the iron ore,
Sailing out of Thunder Bay and bound for Buffalo.
Hardy are the fishermen, just like their fathers were before,
Say, “they’ll bury me at sea, come my time to go.”

CHORUS
Oh, the tales the sailors spin, of mermaids singing in the wind,
The sinking of the Bessemer, the drowning of her crew.
Memories of waters crossed, of women won and fortunes lost,
Are etched upon their faces and their faded old tattoos.

Down below the quarterdeck, the old men mend the fishing nets,
And up above the windy bridge, the young men curse into the wind.
All along the Windsor straits, the wives and mothers lie awake, and
Pray Our Lady of the Lake to send them home again, singing...

CHORUS