

W.D. Lawrence

Scott Price, Bryan Christensen

Chorus: She wasn't the finest, but she was the largest
That anyone had ever seen
And she was designed to give Scotia and Lawrence
A place in marine history
With a ninety foot main yard and fifty foot breadth
And sails that reached into the sky
Yes she was impressive like none come before her
Her greatness could not be denied

In 1869 W.D. Lawrence he lived
A life filled with luxury
An established ship owner and ship builder he
Had everything he would need
But most men of power they cannot resist it
They hunger for something much more
To live on in history they must do something not done before

Chorus

His friends called it folly they thought him quite daft
For risking his name on a dream
But Lawrence saw clearly his vision burned bright
No critics could keep it unseen
"A kite rises against the wind not along with it"
He was oft heard to say
So he started to build the greatest ship of the day

Chorus

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Five years passed and the dream was complete
From Maitland to England she'd sail
The docks and the piers all echoed with cries
"The pried of Scotia unveiled"
Ten years she sail each turning a profit
None could believe it was so
Then Lawrence he sold her to Norway she did go

Chorus

Bridge: Then in a storm she was caught
 Upon her hull fury was wrought
 Her masts were torn down she was left to float on the sea

As Canada's greatest her days were now done
Her reign it had come to an end
Towed back to Gravesend a fitting last port
The ship was finally condemned
Sold to the French for a mere fifteen hundred
These were the last of her days
And so ends the story of the largest tall ship ever made

Chorus