

DISRESPECT

I won't forget seafaring men that lost their lives at sea,
With unremitting courage they sailed for you and me,
The Channel and the Med. - Russian convoys too,
North and South Atlantic, where `ere the ensign flew.

The far off Indian Ocean and our coastal routes,
Anywhere a U- boat - points her tubes and shoots,
Torpedoes striking ammo - heard three hundred miles away,
Or tankers full of petrol in firestorm hell display.

Laden craft with iron ore - their plates just blown asunder,
Engines pounding full ahead, driving them straight under,
Other ships took longer, but lethal just the same,
Sinking with their lifeboats or going up in flame.

It was each merchant vessel, with a doughty crew,
Strove to keep its cargo, boldly steaming through,
A quarter of our seamen were sent to Neptune's hold,
Their resting place is sacred below the waves enfold.

Now it seems that divers, on a desecrating spree,
Found some tombs of seamen and it's clear to me,
'Tis not a leisure pastime or treasure hunting game,
But disregard to brave men and thoughtless evil shame.

Relatives and veterans demand that common law,
Stop this wicked practise near the ocean floor,
Leave our reluctant heroes to their endless sleep,
Not disrespect our Seamen and make the angels weep.

Joe Earl June 2005