

THE MERCHANT NAVY MAN

You have seen him in the street, staggering on groggy feet,
you have seen him clutch the pavement for support.
You have seen him arm in arm with a maid of doubtful charm
who was leading Johnny "safely" into port.

You have shuddered in disgust as he grovelled in the dust,
you have shuddered when you saw him on the spree.
BUT - you haven't seen the rip of his lonely dismal ship
ploughing furrows through a mine infested sea.

You have cheered our naval lads in their stately iron-clads,
you have spared a cheer for Tommy Atkins too.
You have shuddered in a phunk when you read: Big Mail Boat Sunk",
but you never cared a damn about the crew.

You mourned the loss of every steamer, and the cost it made you brood,
but you never said: Well done, Sailor" to the man who brought you food.
He brings your wounded home through a mine infested zone,
he ferries all your troops across at night.

He belongs to no brigade, he is neglected, underpaid,
BUT he's always in the thickest of the fight.
He fights the lurking Hun with his eighteen pounder gun,
he will ruin Adolf Hitler's little plan.

He is a HERO - He is a NUT, he is a blinding limit – BUT he is just a MERCHANT NAVY
SAILORMAN.