

THE GUN WITH THE FOUR INCHES BORE

She ploughed through the Bay, that September day
In the war that was meant to end war,
From Brest thro' to Barry, on her stern Milly carried
A gun with a four inches bore.

She ran out of luck, as a torpedo struck,
And blew up with an almighty roar,
The gallant old tub, was sunk by a sub,
With her gun with the four inches bore.

Brave men died that day, and Endellion's clay
Holds their mortal remains evermore,
Let's remember with pride, the day they died,
With the gun with the four inches bore.

She lay down on the bed, protecting her dead,
Five miles from Port Isaac's shore,
Just one more statistic, her only ballistic,
A gun with a four inches bore.

Seven decades went by, some lads said they'd try,
To bring the old ordnance ashore,
Toiling deep under waves, they raised from its grave,
The gun with the four inches bore.

Free at last, and afloat, a fisherman's boat,
Laid it gently on Port Isaac's floor,
Set up, she stands guard, in the Bloody Bones yard,
The gun with the four inches bore.

She points to the Bay, silent today,
Like her shipmates, who went long before,
Whisper a prayer, for those who were there,
With the gun with the four inches bore.

In memory of two brave seamen: W. S. Eaton and A. K. Hocking

Eric Stokes