

Melledgan

She is sitting in the lamp light, with her sewing in her lap
She can finish this job quickly while the baby has her nap
She is stitching his initials on the ankle of each sock
They help to keep him warm and dry until his ship can dock

But there's a darker purpose to this custom and design
She does not want to think about, imagine or define
For if his ship should founder on some other shore
And those on board should perish to sail the sea no more
The letters that she stitched for him with so much love and
care
Will speak his name when he cannot to those who find him
there

The winter wind is rushing now along the narrow street
Battering the harbour wall with rain and snow and sleet
This is the sort of weather that she dreads when he's away
And dreams of some far distant time when he'll come home to
stay.

Then later in the early Spring his ship set sail again
But there were storms with raging winds that blew at gale
force ten
A swirling blizzard hid the danger of the rocks below

That did their dreadful damage amidst the falling snow
With tattered sails and shattered hull the ship could not
survive

And neither could the luckless crew, not one came back alive
His lifeless form was carried at the mercy of the tide
Until it reached Melledgan on the northern western side

He was taken to St. Agnes to his final resting place
In a corner of the churchyard there was found a space
Alongside other mariners who shared the same sad fate
Who lost their lives upon the sea when heaven wouldn't wait

So sleep in peace great grandfather, your line still lives and
grows

Your story's not forgotten, as every record shows

I wish that I had known you, to hear the tales you'd tell

But you are there in the blood we share and that does very
well.

Jan Rees

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