



The Phantom Fleet

(by D.H. 'Buster' Brown)

As I looked down from the 'Angus L.', at the warships far below
Ships of our modern navy, with names I little know
And then I began to reminisce, my memory started to flow
I began to see a fleet of Ships, and its men of long ago

I saw the Micmac and the Haida, Cayuga and Atha-bee
Fort Erie, Maggie, then Swansea and Lauzon, coming home from overseas
I saw Algonquin now Nootka and St. Laurent, then Iroquois with Saguenay
Their tally-boards faint, hulls streaked with rust, from the wild Atlantic spray.

And some I see, to harbour come, as though through glasses dark
Then Skeena and Crusader, LaHulloise berthed outboard of Cape Scott
Now too there comes with imposing guns, once Uganda now lady Quebec
Dark, grey, indomitable and sinister, from the spot on which I stepped

Ships from the North Atlantic, from the Med and Caribbean Sea
The big Ships and the Small ships, returned for me to see
There's the Resolute and the Fundy, the Crescent and the Sioux
The Lanark and Inch Arran, the Mallard and the Loon.

And then I looked down at the Bonnie', as she's tugged from Jetty Four,
while inbound from Arctic waters, to take her space, ice-covered Labrador.
And just ahead at Jetty Five, my brothers beneath the sea,
I saw through a gray and muffled haze, Ambush, Astute... and Alderney.

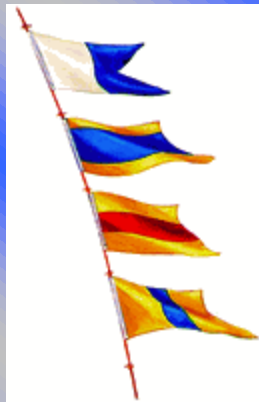
But mercifully hidden, are those brave men now stilled, their anguished cries
I cannot see them clearly now, "Must be the smoke that's in my eyes!"
Where now, ill-fated Sidon...Kootenays and Nipigon's JP Five
Whose men fought on to help their brothers, in vain to save their lives.

Where now Bill Boudreau Eric Harmon. . . Tom Pitt and 'Vern McLeod
Carroll, Wibberley, McKee and Danny Budge. . . don't forget our Captain Hal,
Gerry Lavery, Yogi Jelinek. . . The Catman, Fred McKee , Heroes-all you are
For they who have gone and left us, and sadly Crossed The Bar

I thought I saw them mustering aft, for ceremonial Morning Prayer
Then I heard the strains 'For Those In Peril'. . . rise in the morning air
Then darker grew the picture, as the lowering dusk came on
I looked down from the MacDonald Bridge, but all those Ships had gone

Those mighty Ships had vanished, aboard them those brave men
We'll surely never ever see, the likes of them again
So here we stand in our homeport Slackers, on the North Atlantic shore
With honoured pride remembering them, those men who've gone before

We who are left salute you, and raise a glass and say
As well, with pride you will ALL be remembered, on Battle Of The Atlantic Day



“Splice The Main Brace!”