

FORCE TEN

Words & music by Ron Baxter & Bob Watson

Freely with Marked Emphasis



Far off to the west of the west of the Den - mark Strait. Force



Ten! --- Con - ceived in an - ger from the spawn of hate, Force



Ten! --- Out of the womb of ter - ror torn, the

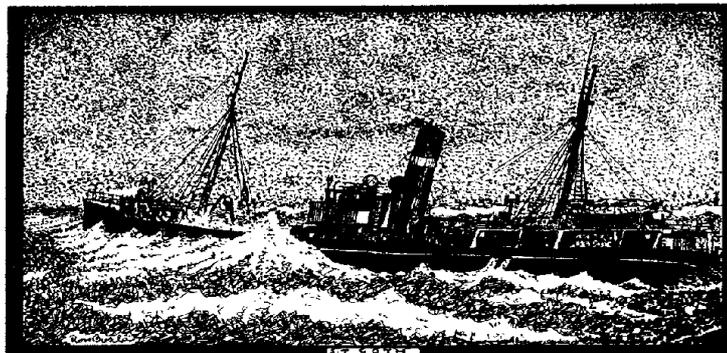


Wid - ow Mak - er she was born, Her ve - ry breath brought



fear and death, Force Ten Force Ten! -----

On 9th December 1948, contact was lost with ST GOTH, and she was presumed lost with all hands somewhere north of Iceland. In 1998, her funnel caught in the net of another trawler, whose skipper was coincidentally born on the day GOTH went down. Funnel returned to Fleetwood and now displayed outside local ASDA store.



ST GOTH: Ink Drawing by Ron Baxter

FORCE TEN

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Far off to the west of the west of the Denmark Strait, * Force 10 *,
Conceived in anger from the spawn of hate, * Force Ten *;
Out of the womb of terror torn, the Widow-Maker wind was born,
Her very breath brought fear and death, ** Force Ten, Force Ten **.

On icy seas turned boiling by her wrath, *
It's woe betide what's standing in her path; *
Steam trawler **GOTH** from Fleetwood Town,
Out on the Arctic fishing grounds,
No hiding place, a gale to face, Force Ten, Force Ten.

No time to heed the warning when it came, *
The Widow-Maker lives up to her name, *
Rampaging fast across the sea, shrieking like some wild banshee,
No shelter's near, the storm severe, * *

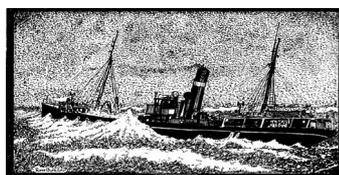
No final message telling of distress, *
Unlucky **GOTH**, her fate's not hard to guess *
Top heavy from the frozen spray, for wind and waves an easy prey,
And twenty brave men in their graves, * *

In Mary's church, a woman kneels to pray *
For the **GOTH**, as hopes all slowly fade away: *
"Shine, Stella Maris, on the sea, and bring my man home safe to me."
She wept, it seemed the heavens slept, Force Ten, Force Ten.

Somewhere off Iceland, cold on the ocean floor, *
GOTH's added to the Widow-Maker's score; *
Way up aloft we'll meet her crew, God willing when our time falls due,
On Heaven's shore, where there's no more Force Ten, Force Ten.

When fifty years had dulled the sad regret, *
GOTH's funnel caught a fishing trawler's net, *
Icelandic skipper he was born the very day that **GOTH** went down:
Now we know where to say our prayers, and curse Force Ten!

Beyond Cape Farewell, west of the Denmark Strait, *
Another Widow-maker's at the gate, *
Shipping forecast loud and clear says: "Strong winds gusting, gale severe,
Force Nine maybe, but locally Force Ten," **Force Ten.**



Steam Trawler GOTH by Ron Baxter