ORDINARY SORTS OF MEN

Jon Heslop









Ordinary sorts of men with ordinary ways living out their normal lives in ordinary days. Carpenter and publican, fisherman and clerk, shopkeeper and schoolteacher go out into the dark.

Don't want to leave the wife warm bed, don't want to go to sea. But if I was there instead, who'd come and rescue me? So it's out into the cold, cold night, the wicked wind and rain to throw a life to sailormen and fetch them home again.

When the rocket sears the sky the boat is sent away. Ever ready, ever there, prepared both night and day to go out on the angry seas, no matter what the cost, to shine alight into the night to find the lone and lost.

There before the living gale where wind and water dance the little boat is held within the fickle hand of Chance. Battling the breakers as they fight from wave to wave, no room on board for fearful word, room only for the brave.

Ordinary sorts of men with ordinary ways living out their normal lives in ordinary days. No knights in shining armour, they who play heroic parts, just ordinary sorts of men with exraordinary hearts.