

Mrs Barcock

(Ron Baxter)

Mrs Barcock stands by the shore
She waits there every tide
For 'Hope it springs eternal
But her tears she cannot hide
Her little ones cling to her skirts
Baby Margaret in her pram
Her father saw her just the once....
And then the war began.

Somewhere off the Northern Isles
September thirty nine
Was it by a submarine
Or by a drifting mine
That a dozen Fleetwood trawler hands
Who outward bound had sailed
Were lost, no trace e're found of those
Who'd sailed on the Wellvale.

To that mother the Council said
"Now let this be understood
We'll put them in an orphanage
It's for their own good."
"Though they have lost their father
Aye, and I have lost my man
You won't take my kids from me
'Cause I am still their mam!"

"I'll scrub floors, take washing in,
Sew blankets and braid nets
Before I let folk like you-
Hands on my children get.
Though you claim you have the power
And it's backed up by law
If that is right then you tell me
Why do we fight this war?"

"You say we fight for freedom,
Justice and liberty
But where then is my freedom
If you steal them all from me?
To keep my sons & daughters
I will fight you and prevail
They'll not loose their mam like their dad
Who died on the Wellvale.
RON BAXTER 2003