

Fruvous Moxy

"The Mary Ellen Carter"

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originally performed by Stan Rogers

She went down last October in a pouring driving rain.

The skipper, he'd been drinking and the Mate, he felt
no pain.

Too close to Three Mile Rock, and she was dealt her
mortal blow,

And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low.

There were five of us aboard her when she finally was
awash.

We'd worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the
cost.

And the groan she gave as she went down, it caused
us to proclaim

That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise again.

Well, the owners wrote her off; not a nickel would they
spend.

She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her
sorry end.

But insurance paid the loss to them, they let her rest
below.

Then they laughed at us and said we had to go.

But we talked of her all winter, some days around the
clock,

For she's worth a quarter million, afloat and at the
dock.

And with every jar that hit the bar, we swore we would

remain

And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

Rise again, rise again, that her name not be lost

To the knowledge of men.

Those who loved her best and were with her till the end

Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

All spring, now, we've been with her on a barge lent by
a friend.

Three dives a day in hard hat suit and twice I've had
the bends.

Thank God it's only sixty feet and the currents here are
slow

Or I'd never have the strength to go below.

But we've patched her rents, stopped her vents,
dogged hatch and

porthole down.

Put cables to her, 'fore and aft and birded her around.

Tomorrow, noon, we hit the air and then take up the
strain.

And watch the Mary Ellen Carter Rise Again.

For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble
into scale.

She'd saved our lives so many times, living through the
gale

And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a sorry
grave

They won't be laughing in another day. . .

And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final blow

With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go

Turn to, and put out all your strength of arm and heart

and brain

And like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.

Rise again, rise again - though your heart it be broken

And life about to end

No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a
friend.

Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again

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