

## **Stan Rogers**

### **"Mary Ellen Carter"**

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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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