

Eternal Father, strong to save,
whose arm hath bound the restless wave;
In World War II we stood alone
before the time of jet and drone.
To keep the wolf from by our door
we called our allies and did implore.
But wolves there were in packs of steel,
waiting to shoot and maim and kill.
To feed the nation, we were frantic
to keep the lifeblood of the Atlantic.
But with ASDIC and technologies new
the wolves of steel came into view;
and we, by Thee, were truly blest
not to fear when sailing West.
And what of those who left these shores
this land of ours to sea no more?
The empty home, the cold iron grate,
let these not be times of hate;
for as we tonight the Port do pour
they feast with Thee, for evermore.
Amen