



## Mary Mayne

A tribute to Duncan Taylor



I've served on the land and at school with a farm.  
With the power of my hand I've built fences and barn.  
I've a drive to excel that consumes all of me,  
But here all is well, as I bond with the sea.

So give me the lure of the wide, open sea  
With Channels to cross and a swimmer to lee  
And my burden I'll bear as we cast ourselves free  
In the care of God's hand that can guide you and me.

One day when the wind's blowing wild from the west  
And your swimmer is spent, having given of their best  
Then you'll think of those nights when you studied the charts  
And those letters-a-plenty from deep in their hearts.

And many's the thought that will eat at your mind,  
As you question each move, a solution to find.  
Is it bleak as it seems? Can you reach deep inside?  
Is there a way to the shore, to move with the tide?

Now when pilots set forth by the quarter moon  
And a new season starts in the days of June,  
Then Duncan and Fred will venture no more  
And Basil and Anne will be left on the shore.

For my body's returned to the earth of this land  
And my wife and my son have caressed my cold hand  
Then I'll return whence I came on the ebbing tide  
But I'll be sailing home solo on this final ride.

So, when the spray's in your face  
And the wind's calling my name  
I'll be here in my place  
On the Mary Mayne.

1<sup>st</sup> March 2005

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