

Hattie Dunn

Bill Troxler

① In eighteen eighty-four Hattie Dunn rode down the ways
They raised her masts and tightened up her stays
Forty years hauling bales in the coastal trade
Steady work for calloused hands working men happy to be paid.

② Not making way – and looking for a late May gale
Her canvas sagged - the sea never wet the rail
In ballast bound for Charleston – and a load of bailed-up cotton
This packet course was final run of the schooner Hattie Dunn

Chorus

Hattie Dunn your days are done but your sails are set and they're flying free
Your sheets are slack and with a broken back you slip beneath the foam
Gliding 16 fathoms down you lie in a sandy home.
Four years of war and likely more death on land and sea

③ Off Winter Quarter Shoal on a sea like school-house slate
As four bells rang, - Hattie Dunn hove to
Captain Holbrook and his crew, they knew their fate
U-151 blew the garboard plank and the Hattie Dunn was through.

④ Unarmed and slow Hattie Dunn was a coward's mark
Seven more ships joined her in the ocean dark
The men were set adrift pulling oars to get away
In war, you know, life hangs low between a tyrant and a his prey

Chorus

⑤ The crew is long forgotten the Great War's done
You can hear their fear at the bark of every gun
The bones of Hattie Dunn rot on the ocean floor
And the peace was rotten too – it's the endless curse of war

Final Chorus

Hattie Dunn your days are done but your sails are set and they're flying still
Captain Holbrook take my letters - I don't know if I'll get home
Four years of war and likely more I forgot just why we kill

Am F
It's an endless curse, my country first.
It's an endless curse, my country first
It's an endless curse, my country first

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