

Echoes of the Mekong

TYG 136

Words and music by
Anna Shannon

I had heard of the Me-kong long be - fore I learned to dive, And
o - ver the years she's been a big part of my life. She has taught ma - ny young
div - ers of the ways of the sea, She has giv - en up her
sec - rets from the past to men like me. And they launched a line,
and they set up a bree - ches Buoy, to take_ off an - y sur - viv - ors,
Young men in their prime were hauled a - shore Throw me a
line, hur - ry, make haste, me boys, or the
cru - el sea will take me. It can't be my time - - to go.
In the name of God throw me a line!

Lyrics on next page



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N.B:

The pattern
of the chorus
is irregular.
See verses
4, 7, 9 & 11

1. I had heard of the Mekong long before I learned to dive,
And over the years she's been a big part of my life.
She has taught many young divers of the ways of the sea,
She has given up her secrets of the past to men like me.
2. She started out her life as a high-class sailing yacht,
She weighed nine-hundred tons and could steam at sixteen knots.
She became H.M.S Mekong in 1915,
With six admiralty trawlers for her consorts out at sea.
3. In the middle of a storm the Mekong met her resting place,
She struck rocks and drove ashore on Gristhorpe Wyke's steep face.
Distress guns they were fired, the lifeboat could not put to sea,
But the rocket crew they braved the storm and hurried to the scene.
4. And they launched a line, and they set up a breeches buoy to take off any survivors,
Young men in their prime were hauled ashore.
5. They were taken to a farm knowing two men had lost their lives,
Fireman Chapilow and Davis, Johnny wept beside the fire.
And after a full role call they found another man had died,
Young Able Seaman Piper had been lost into the tide.
6. He was awakened in the early hours and fresh from his bed,
Had quickly pulled his clothing on and run up on the decks.
But the waves they swept him from his feet into the boiling spray,
Though he shouted to his comrades no-one heard him in the fray.
7. Throw me a line, hurry, make haste, me boys, or the cruel sea will take me.
It can't be my time to go. In the name of God throw me a line!
8. When I was twenty my uncle took me to the wreck for my first dive.
In the gloom I saw a sailor, his eyes frightened and wide,
He was waving in the water, his hair floated with the tide,
And to this day I often lay awake and hear his cries.
9. Throw me a line, hurry, make haste, me boys, or the cruel sea will take me.
It can't be my time to go. In the name of God throw me a line!
10. So if you feel drawn to the coastline when the waves are strong and high,
Then stand upon the scarred and rugged cliffs at Gristhorpe Wyke.
From the remnants of the wreck and shallow water where she lies,
You may hear a young man calling to his comrades on the tide.
11. Throw me a line, hurry, make haste, me boys, or the cruel sea will take me.
It can't be my time to go. In the name of God throw me a line!