

Donald Morrison

As I sit here remembering
Farquhar my only son
Strong and brave
Fallen mercy to the sea
Wee Rachel still asks
'Papa when is daddy coming home'
No heart to tell her
That her four year wait was pointless
She had even made her father a gift
From shells she found on the beach

I saw that horrific scene
A tragedy that can never be forgotten
200 souls murdered by the sea
Our brave boys washed ashore
Lying as still as the rocks
Many families waiting eagerly
Were now sobbing
Hoping there loved ones would be spared

Men jumping into the sea
Desperate to save someone – any one
Too painful to watch
I longed to wake up
From the nightmare
This didn't happen
But a cruel darkness
Fell on Lewis that night
Dawn would take a long time to break
On those who still
Sit here
Remembering

By Ewen Campbell 2X