By C. Fox Smith, published in PUNCH Magazine,

Volume 198, June 19, 1940

As sung by Mike Kennedy, 5/17/12

**The Day of the Little Ships**

G---------------D-----------C------G

Long after the shadow of war is fled

G--------C --G--------D

And the last battle is fought

G--------------------------C------G

Men will remember the Little Ships

 G-------C ------------G---------D

And the great things that they wrought.

D---------G----------------C--------------G

We shall tell it over with laughter and tears

G---------------------D

The homely names they bore-

D-----G ------------------------C--------G

They, not meant for the bap-tis-m of fire

G--------C----------D-G

And the grim uses of war.

Paddler and dinghy and sailing barge

“Eagle” and “Queen” and “Belle,”

And the humble Marthas of all the port

That have no name to tell.

Let us remember them and their men

Who asked not fee or fame

But all that they knew was a job to do

And they spat on their palms and came.

They dared the hell of the shell swept dunes,

The hell of the bomb torn tide,

They cared not a damn if they sank or swam

Nor if they lived or died

Home they came from the coast of death,

Each with their tale of men

Stayed but to set them upon the shore

Then back into hell again.

Break

G------------------D----------C ----------G

Hereafter, while England’s cliffs still stand,

G------------------ C----G--D

And the Channel tides do roll,

G-----------------------C ----G

Let us remember the Little Ships-

G---------------------------C-----G

“How on the Day of the Little Ships”

G----C ---------D----G

They saved an army whole.