



*The Cutter*  
*Author Unknown*

*When she steams into the harbor  
People don't flock 'round like bees;  
For she ain't no grim destroyer,  
No dark terror of the seas.  
And there ain't a load of romance  
To the guy that doesn't know,  
In a ship that just saves vessels  
When the icy northers blow.*

*But the men that sail the ocean  
In a wormy, rotten craft,  
When the sea ahead is mountains  
With a hell-blown gale abaft;  
When the mainmast cracks and topples,  
And she's lurching in the trough,  
Them's the guys that greet the "Cutter"  
With the smiles that won't come off.*

*When the old storm signal's flyin',  
Every vessel seeks a lee,  
'Cept the "Cutter", which ups anchor  
And goes ploughing out to sea,  
When the hurricane's a-blown'  
From the banks of old Cape Cod  
Oh, the "Cutter", with her searchlight,  
Seems the messenger of God.*