

Mine-Sweeping Trawlers

**Not ours the fighter's glow
the glory, and the praise.
Unnoticed to and fro
we pass our dangerous ways.**

**We sift the drifting sea,
and blindly grope beneath;
obscure and toilsome we,
the fishermen of death**

**But when the great ships go
to battle through the gloom,
our hearts beat high to know
we cleared their path of doom.**



Edward Hilton-Young

