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| Sailor.JPGSailor(2).JPGSailor(3).JPG*Nostalgia ......... Ode to The Good Old Days ...........*

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| There's mismusters, slop chits, tot time and payThere's rising and shining and hitting the hayThere's thickers and strongers and neaters as wellThere's DQ's and chokey and the tiller flat cellThere's aft and there's for'ard, abeam and abaftTo civvies this cackle seems awfully daftBut to us in the Andrew it doesn't seem strangeLike the draft chits the Jossman can always arrangeWe're always being seen off and getting green rubsAnd chasing up rubbers and looking for subsAnd going ashore like a great herd of cattleAnd getting filled in and put in the rattleThere's runs out to Honkers that to Jack are just fineThere's times when we say "O roll on my nine"And when nine comes and we're out on the doleIn old civvy street, where we don't know a soulWe think of the good times and wish we were backIn bells, silk and lanyard... A real tiddly Jack!  |

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