GHOST’S OF SHOTLEY

Hush all is still on Laundry Hill,  
No creak of oars on water still,  
Gone the stamp of boots in line of drill,  
No more harsh words from Crushers Bold.

Now only Ghosts Parade those grounds  
And polished decks and squeegees pull,  
No fags are dragged, or cough sound  
No dickie fronts or jersey wool.

The Mast still reaches for the sky,  
No beating hearts to climb its cleats,  
No homesick lads in beds now cry  
No sticky buns we thought were treats.

Still blows that chill from waters deep  
And screams the gulls above the parade,  
No working party these roads to sweep  
Gone with the times then plans were made.

Yet if you stand where once you did  
And let you mind remember past,  
Of Jumbo, Taff, Big Fred, Young Sid  
When for we lads our die was cast.

Now all but gone, but all still there  
So long ago when each did care  
In number ones you could compare  
All shipmates true, but love so rare.

Now close your eyes think back to those days,  
Our blood was warm, our youth was gold,  
We left that school, marched past that gate  
Young sailors, we, our knowledge old.

You took us in as boys and turned us into men!

This was posted on the Notice Board in H.M.A.S.LEEUWIN in Perth W.A. and passed on by the son of a Ganges boy, John Glaister.