A CLASSICAL PIECE OF ROYAL NAVAL POETRY

Their blood ran cold with horror
As they gazed on the awful scene
Their faces paled with anguish
And their gills turned faintly green

For seldom has anyone suffered
As they did that horrible day
Never before have humans
Behold such a grisly display.

There on the deck before them
The shattered remnants flowed
And a steady stream of crimson
Sought its level on the Burma Road.

And they stood in breathless silence
As men who were stricken dumb
for they had just seen the duty P/O
Drop a case of Pussers rum...

R.I.P.

*Copied from Royal Naval Association Orkneys Page*