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*