



Naval Ode

Ian Mathieson

They have no grave but the cruel sea
No flowers lay at their head
A rusting hulk is their tombstone
Afast on the ocean bed.

They shall grow not old, as we that are
left grow old:

Age shall not weary them, nor the years
condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the
morning

We will remember them.

LEST WE FORGET