

THE EVE OF THE SINKING OF THE 'SIR GALAHAD'



Sir Galahad, Sir Galahad
My heart for you doth weep
You're going to die tomorrow
So that fifty souls can sleep

For on a cold June morning
Rained madness from the sky
Our soldiers, screamed and perished
You heard and knew not why

You burnt and writhed and twisted
And you knew all their pain
But you kept it all within you
Your memories and our slain

Your burning funeral pyre
Was there for all to see
A reminder of man's inhumanity
And of how stupid we can be

But when you die Sir Galahad
The picture God will see
Mankind washing its conscience
In this cold and bitter sea

So Sir Galahad we will sink you
We will send you to the deep
Lay quiet in your watery grave
And guard our soldiers sleep

For your name will stand in history
As guardian of our slain
You will die with honour
While men will bare the shame

*(This poem was written by Jack Crummie, bosun on the
Tugboat "Typhoon" and handed to WO2 Viner.)*