

WHERE the East wind is brewed fresh and
fresh every morning,
And the balmy night-breezes blow straight
from the Pole,
I heard a destroyer sing : 'What an enjoya-
ble life does one lead on the North Sea Patrol !

'To blow things to bits is our business (and Fritz's),
Which means there are mine-fields wherever
you stroll.
Unless you've particular wish to die quick you'll a-
void steering close to the North Sea Patrol.

'We warn from disaster the mercantile master
Who takes in high dudgeon our life-saving rôle,
For every one's grouching at docking and dowsing
The marks and the lights on the North Sea
Patrol.'

[Twelve verses omitted.]