

THE VINDICATRIX

Have you heard of Mrs Drysdale? - no reason why
you should,
Unless you were a Vindi Boy recalling pretty good,
She's the smartly painted figurehead from your
training ship,
Which started life in `93 down a launching slip.

Many thousand old boys have memories of her,
Men from Vindicatrix I'm sure will all concur,
Training there was tough, discipline a blast,
But the making of a seaman from boy to man at last.

They came, perhaps, from cities, a village or the
plough,
And grew aboard the Vindi - with Drysdale on the
bow,
Learning by the hard times, the hunger and the
strife,
The hale and hearty culture and friends made there
for life.

The lads were taught seafaring ways, ` afore they
went abroad,
Instilled in them the values, that helped them stand
assured,
Eventually they sailed away, each with doughty crew,
Plying trade around the world where the `duster`
flew.

They joined the ranks of steadfast men, who kept our
commerce flowing,
Withstanding foe and stormy seas when the winds
were blowing,
All for one and shipmates - when the devil knocks,
Stemming from their early days hard by Sharpness
docks.

A kindred spirit bonds them, by sailing `neath the
stars,
The sea their life and laughter when living under
spars,
Boldly then, they stood the worst, in peace, or war
convoys,
Nothing less would one expect - from Vindicatrix
boys.