

## **“The Cromarty Firth ”**

*Written by John B. Shivas*

Lapped by the waves of the Cromarty Firth,  
Stands dear Invergordon, the town of my birth.  
Oh how well I recall, when in my younger days,  
it was a famous, flourishing & busy Naval base.

How excited I'd be to see the old home fleet,  
Which, in those pre - “Jet” days no other Navy could beat.  
As they sailed majestically, right in thro' “The Sutors”,  
Then the heavy “clank” of chains, as they dropped anchors.

Twice every year, those mighty warships & tars came up,  
They'd be doing manoeuvres or play soccer for the “Kings Cup”.  
Yes, those Sailors and Marines, were well trained for action,  
and for the girls, on the weekends, proved to be an attraction.

Yes, thousands of Navy men, would be ferried to shore,  
and just as many young lassies, could have fun once more.  
Every dance hall was packed, as was every pub as well,  
the “Pickets” would “Book” any rowdy “Tar” for his ships cell.

So, when the fleet was in Port, Invergordon came alive,  
and for miles around, every type of business did thrive.  
As I recall that wonderful fleet, there was no finer,  
However, now a days, Invergordon now welcomes every ocean going liner.