



THE BOY STOOD ON THE
BURNING DECK

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whilst all around were looking
For any way they could get off,
He stayed to do his cooking.

Whilst standing on that burning deck,
The flames they grew no thinner.
Will he save us? Will he heck,
He's trying to cook his dinner.

He cracked the eggs and turned the meat,
And how the onions sizzled.
He warmed his plate to start to eat
'Ere all around him frizzled.

The flames grew high and fierce and hot,
The rigging soon was ablazing.
They burned the sails, they burned the lot,
T'was really quite amazing.

The boy he wiped his sweating brow,
His cooking nearly finished.
The flames grew closer, nearer now,
All escape hopes diminished.

The food was cooked, done to a turn,
So he a parsnip mashes.
But then the lad began to burn,
And now he's nowt but ashes.



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