

She sails the broad Atlantic  
On the Newfie-Derry Run  
Hunting for U-boats  
Which she has found is one

She is Senior Ship of Group C-8  
When she's with her convoy there is no fate  
Because she carried a gunner's mate  
And for the enemy there is deadly fate

She has never failed to do her chores  
She has a heart like an apple core  
Her food is polluted, her rum is diluted  
Who could ask for anything more?

And when the Stone Town pulls into Derry  
Her crew are all very merry  
Because the mail will soon be here  
And then ashore for lots of beer.

She ties up at Jetty seventeen  
As happy as a fairy queen  
While at sea she has taken lots of heaves  
Now one third of her crew will go on leave

When she has been in port 7 days  
The navy says she has to pay  
And sends her off to sea again  
To fight the U-boats in Convoy Lanes

So she is off on another trip  
The great big mighty metal ship  
So to you Germans, here's a few tips.  
You cannot sink any of her merchant ships

In the middle of the ocean the U-boats dare  
Not to come in contact with the "Stone Town" so fair  
So Admiral Doenitz please beware  
Of a real fighting ship which in your navy is so rare

Forward she has twin 4 inch  
And aft a 12 Pdr that's a cinch  
Here is a warning to all U-boats  
Stay clear of us or we will cut your throats

After 14 days at sea  
She arrives in Newfie-Derry  
Looking very young and snappy  
And once again her crew is happy

Soon they will be getting their pay  
Which means another drinking day  
And the Shore Patrol will be on hand  
To bring back aboard every man

Now the "Stone Town" is due for fame  
For those Japs it's a terrible shame  
Not because of her name  
But the fame she is going to claim

Now I will end this short story  
Of the "Stone Town" and all her glory  
Here's three cheers to you  
And all of your fighting crew.

L/Smn. M. Dudley  
H. M. C. S. "Stone Town"