

Morm

Off Straddie's shore, he'd cast with grace,
A quiet smile upon his face.
He loved the sea, he loved the spin A cheeky poke, a lucky win.

A caring dad, a husband true, He gave his all in all he'd do. Prim and neat, yet full of flair, With jokes and mischief everywhere.

For friends in need, he'd go full stride – With heart and humour, love and pride.

Now in our hearts he'll always stay,

A gentle soul who lit the way.

