

A DECKIE'S LAMENT

It was on one pleasant evening all in the month of June
With me kit bag on me shoulder, I strolled off the Pontoon
With the Faroe Isles behind me I didn't have a care
As I made me way to the taxi rank this side of Riby Square

A dark young girl approached me - she said her name was Mave
I own she did not know me, I bein' in need of a shave
She put her arm about me & said: Hello, young chap
And I shyly blushed as I felt her hand grip hold of me kit bag strap

Oh tell to me young fisherman, are you off the Kandahar?
Do you know a bloke called Dickie, a deckie like what you are?
I said: My poor young frail thing, it grieves me so to say
But your deckie Dickie shacked up with a hippy when we docked at Stornaway

She cried: Oh now what shall I do? I truly am undone
I can't live without my Dickie - at least not without one
I said to her: Don't fret now, oh dry your eyes please do
Just come with me down this alleyway & I'll take care of you

Down by the side of the NatWest Bank I comforted her well
Her knees were all a-tremble & so were mine as well
Then when she'd got composed, she asked me for three pound
So I gave her thirty bob & we was satisfied all round

She wasn't much to look at, but for tonight she'd do
So I took her into Cottie's bar, where we both downed a few
For I do respect the ladies - I takes good care of them
But I lost her in a game of fives & threes in the P & M

So come all you trusting deckhands & a warnin' take from me
If you want a faithful sweetheart, don't bugger off to sea
For I trusted one meself, lads, but she soon proved untrue
For that night I learned young Mave earned twelve pound fifty from our crew!

(With apologies to Anon, composer of "The Claudy Banks")

Note: For non-Grimbarians, Cottie's Bar & The P & M (Pestle & Mortar) are famed Grimsby pubs, formerly much patronised by thirsty trawlermen