

There in one town, close to the sea, stands a homely hostelry  
With a welcoming red lamp above the door  
And young maidens there you'd see dispensing christian charity  
Though they would accept donations - for the poor

One of these lassies soon began to tek a shine to our young man  
And asked him if he'd like to learn Norwegian  
But no cunning linguist, he said he preferred geography  
That night he learned a lot about her region

There's many deckies who can say they've seen the beauty of Norway  
Her snowy mountains standin' huge & firm & full  
From her plain all smooth & broad to her welcoming fjord  
That's harboured every crew from Grimsby, aye, & Hull!

But, for pleasure, all must pay, & let it just suffice to say  
Poor young Bert was tired & smarting in the morning  
But a dose of Arctic snow soon helped to make the stinging go  
And a frozen tongue soon cured him of his yawning

To the White Sea north we steamed, through a freezing hell it seemed  
Where we must perform our task without delaying  
And the skipper's words, like rocks, fell on the deck in frozen blocks  
We had to warm them up to hear what he was saying

How us men endured the cold was a wonder to behold  
You couldn't blame us if we sneaked a tot of rum  
The we'd trawl & gut the cod, fill the hold & say: Thank God!  
Turn her round, then it was Grimsby, here we come!

But there was peril then from ice, & keeling over isn't nice  
For Arctic water's not a pleasant place to swim in  
Bert pitched in with us & swore the sea'd not have him, not before  
He'd a chance to meet some more Norwegian women

There was no time to relax; every deck-hand grabbed an axe  
Now get crackin'! growled the skipper with a cough  
For the ice was buildin' fast around our hull, our ropes & mast  
Why, we nearly had our bulwarks frozen off!

We worked like Trojans, every one, till at length, the battle won  
We urged our ship on southwards with a will  
And when Scotland came in view, it was a short haul home, we knew  
Cos from there, you see, the water runs downhill

At about mid-day we docked, & the duty-free unlocked  
Every hand was given baccy, fags & rum  
Bert then, grinning like loon, staggered onto the pontoon  
Sayin': What a trip! I aren't half glad I come!