

THE GIRL PAT

In the Humber bar on a freezin' night, sharp end of thirty-five
I was brim full of ale, far away from the gale, & the happiest man alive
For the bold Dod Orsborne was raising a crew, & offering wealth & fame
On a venturesome trip in a brand new ship, & the Girl Pat was her name



They sailed away on All Fools Day
Their needs were small & few
A penny school atlas, a brand new boat
And a good stout Grimsby crew

She was built to fish the North Sea coast, her owners' joy & pride
Ah but no herring shoal was to be our goal as we sailed on the mornin' tide
For the Orsborne brothers had heard of gold, long buried in foreign parts
Its whereabouts known to those two alone, so they'd not enquired for charts

It was south to Dover first we struck, then the Channel we swiftly sailed
Then around from Calais to the Bay of Biscay, where alas! our engines failed
So by canvas alone we steered for Spain, & landed at Cape Finisterre
Where we found some relief from tinned corned beef, but the engines couldn't repair

So for fifteen days 'neath a blisterin' sky in murderous heat sailed we
And we feared under sail that our quest must fail in that cruel Atlantic Sea
And wherever we tried for repairs or supplies, small welcome there we found
Till the Girl struck sand forty miles from land, high & dry of Etienne Sound



Well the wind soon blew an almighty gale, & we
thought our end was due
All starved & afraid, we knelt & prayed, though a
tough, hard North Sea crew
Three terrible days we waited in dread till she
floated off that bar
With a limp & a list, knowin' well we'd me missed,
we slipped into Dakar

To obtain repairs, supplies & fuel, our skipper disguised his name
For in every port the Girl was sought, & we'd have to conceal her fame
He swore he'd settle before we sailed, & the foolish merchants agreed
To an engine trial, but after a mile, we made for sea at full speed

Now the news flashed round the globe, to say the Girl Pat had been found
To the west we sailed with the world on our trail, till we saw South American ground
But a Georgetown gunboat was lying in wait, then oh! how we gave them a show
What a furious race as their boat gave chase, till at length, she took us in tow

When the crew got back to Grimsby Town, we'd a heroes' welcome there
For we'd sailed her well through the gates of hell, & of troubles we'd had our share
But the doubty Orsbornes were sent for trial, & got eighteen & twelve months hard
For taking & stealing the best little boat to come out of an English yard!