

## SOLENT SHRIMPER WEEK 2009

### THE COLLECTED WORKS (REVISED AND UPDATED)!

The following pieces were written during Solent Shrimper Week, in July 2009, in response to Trevor Thomas' suggestion that we all enter a limerick competition. While some stuck rigidly to the brief, others let their poetic creativity run wild. All the entries were read out during the end-of-week celebration hosted by Chichester Yacht Club. After hearing all of them, Trevor declared that it would be impossible to single out a winner. Photographs were taken by Tim Reid. (845).

#### Untitled

There was a white goose of Beaulieu,  
Who came quite often for tea.  
After knockings on hull,  
Came the question "To feed or to cull"  
That beautiful white goose of Beaulieu.

There's a self-draining cockpit in  
Shrimpers,  
That makes those missing out sound  
'whimpers.'  
But when caution prevails  
There are no wet tails  
In those valuable, rare wooden  
Shrimpers.

Ros, Shearwater (6)



like

#### Untitled

We dipped out at Chi  
And then felt a fool  
When Dreamtime bashed right through to Cowes.  
Then Chi Shrimps went South  
Via Cowes to Yar-mouth  
To the chagrin of Shrimpers from Poole.

Paul, Shearwater (6)

## **An Ode To Trevor**

There was a young man called Trevor,  
Who sailed around in his Shrimper.  
He took all his pals on a boat trip to Cowes,  
And stopped here and there for bad weather.

Jay hoisted his sail, and then had some ale,  
And Liz sang a song for her supper.  
Clifford broke down, and then acted the clown,  
While changes were made to his rudder.

We all had such fun, in the rain and the sun,  
With some thrills but no spills, we felt better.  
As we all depart home, at the end of this poem,  
A special thanks to our friend, Captain Trevor.

Julia and Mike, Redwing (881).

## **Northney**

A great welcome and smile from our Trevor,  
Who told us about the great weather.  
We made for our berth at a glide,  
And put fenders over port side.  
We had tea and cakes with 'Shearwater,'  
And drank more tea and cakes than we oughta.

We dined and ate well,  
And drank wine that was swell,  
And sang a few songs from the past.  
It was then time to go,  
At the end of the show,  
It's Shrimpers who make it, you know.

Paul and Angela, Carla-Louise (727).

## **Untitled**

On a passage from Rock to Bosham  
I met up with Shrimpers, lots of 'em.  
A friendlier bunch would be hard to meet,  
Perhaps I should do this more often!

Julian, Bybyn-Bubyn (384).

## Untitled

When the wind and the tide kindly allows  
Mad Shrimpers head off for West Cowes.  
One rounded Land's End, whilst others did wend  
Their ways as they pointed their bows.

“It's not very far to the River Yar”  
Cried Trevor haranguing the crews  
“The weather looks dirty, so we'll leave at 1.30.  
You can then use those nice shiny loos.”

The RYS, with its enormous yachts  
Made us Shrimpers look like little dots.  
Then to Yarmouth we suddenly came at long last –  
“Get in quick here now – there's no going past.”

It had been a long day – with the wind on the nose,  
So ceasing to worry, right after the curry,  
Some faded away for a doze.

For a doze is all you can sometimes achieve  
In a Shrimper's narrow bunk.  
If you're a bit of a hunk, or just a great chunk,  
Such discomfort is hard to believe.





Now Trevor (he's clever) in his morning brief  
Suggested an excursion up-river.  
What a good spot for a raft-up lunch  
And nothing too harsh on the river.

What a wonderful spot is Bucklers Hard  
To tarry an extra day.  
Barbecued 'sup,' and wine in your cup  
And all in the Land of Gay.



Due East we came for twenty-five miles  
With a backing wind to face.  
It would have been tough, all tacking, no slacking,  
But actually it wasn't too bad really.

Past Mother Bank and on we went  
Thru the dolphin or twix the forts  
A tack or two to get us through  
Now we've passed by both the ports.

Shall we head for West Pole mark,  
Or bear away across Hayling Bay?  
What would Sharland have done, we he about?  
Oh hell, let's head for the Bar and keep our fingers crossed!

A howling gale forecast for Fri,  
Poor Trevor again – it's do or die!  
Tempting no – that far-off Nab  
Maybe not now quite so fab.

Fish and chips in stormy tent  
From Northney to us kindly lent,  
And so to Chi to end our trip  
Our farewell sup so let's all let rip.

Trevor we all would like to thank  
For planning our trip without a blip  
Great fun to be upon the sea  
And anyway – no-one sank!

Richard and Eve, Tixall 2 (1021)

### **The Ballad of Saucy Ann Two**

There was an old sea dog called Clifford,  
Who tacked Saucy Ann round to windward.  
He pushed hard on the tiller  
And sheared off the rudder,  
While his pintles flew off down the river.



There was a sea captain called Terry,  
Who sailed Jubilate with Kathie.  
They heard a faint Mayday  
From over at Beaulais  
And sped to the rescue...last Tuesday.

“You’ve taken your time,”  
Cried Mike from the brine,  
“Our ship has begun to heave ho.  
We haven’t got steerage  
And there’s much too much windage,  
But there’s plenty of wine down below.”

“We’ve come to your rescue,  
We couldn’t have left you,”  
Called Terry, aloft on the bridge.  
“We’ll make fast your boat to keep her afloat,  
Then I’ll salvage what’s left in your fridge.”

So here is the end, an ode to remember,  
Of pintles, nails, gudgeons and blades.  
They can all be rebuilt  
In silver and gilt  
With the rudder in Champion Timber!!

Gill and Steve, Nellie B (CY9)

## **Ode to Saucy Ann Two**

Twelve years and more, safely and securely,  
She bore her wrinkly crew.  
Sailing in France, Holland and in choppy waters nearer home,  
Her reputation grew.

“Look yonder a yellow hull” they cry.  
“Must mean the arrival of Clifford, Mike and maybe Terry.”  
From below decks comes the joyous sound of popping corks,  
A signal to the rafted Shrimper fleet: “Make merry!”

Alas, now, where Nelson’s wooden hulls were launched,  
Saucy Ann rests in Agamemnon’s Yard – high and dry, and prop and rudderless.  
But fear not, our champion’s call has gone to chandlers far and wide:  
“Saucy Ann must be restored – regardless.”



So worry no more – our little boat,  
A phoenix of ochre hue,  
Will soon take wing again intact.  
And with shouts of “Windward boat keep clear,” and  
“Race you all to Cowes and back.”

Mike King, Saucy Ann Two (705).

### **Untitled**

There was a cool sailor named Trevor  
With plans exceedingly clever  
To Cowes, Yarmouth and Beaulieu we went  
A voyage around the Solent.

We had some Sun,  
And winds varied for fun.  
A friendly bunch,  
I have a hunch  
There’ll be more trips to come!

Anon (3)



## Rhyme of the Ancient Shrimper

Oh joy of joy we're planning a cruise

When did we last have such good news?

Well my hearties, my faithful few

We're **excited** on Guillemette, she and her crew.

The day we departed the wind blew strong

And, yes – you've guessed it, before very long

Well my hearties, my faithful few

We got **wet** on Guillemette, she and her crew.

The waves built up and pitched us around

Oh how much safer on solid ground.

Well my hearties, my faithful few

We were **worried** on Guillemette, she and her crew.

Should we turn tail and fly back home?

No! We'll crash on through the spume and foam.

Well my hearties, my faithful few

We're **tough** on Guillemette, she and her crew.





Look over there! Its Cowes at last.  
Soon we'll be snug and tied up fast.  
Well my hearties, my faithful few  
We're **happy** on Guillemette, she and her crew.

A frothing pint and dinner with friends  
This is how our long day ends.  
Well my hearties, my faithful few  
We're **tired** on Guillemette, she and her crew.

And now its time to say goodbye  
As I wipe a salty tear from my eye  
Well my hearties, my faithful few  
We're **sad** on Guillemette, she and her crew.

Ian Haussauer, and crew – Chris Haussauer  
Guillemette (554)

### **Untitled**

On the good ship Saucy Ann  
There was a naughty man.  
He knew all the saucy sayings of days gone past  
Indeed he left other Shrimpers aghast.  
He always loved a party  
Especially on Jubilate  
But now he stopped singing for ever  
By command of our commodore Trevor.

Clifford, Saucy Ann Two (705).