

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).