

SPRING IN PORT ISAAC

If the spring is as bad, as the winter we've had,
Lord help us in our little village.

With westerly blows, and Atlantic 'lows',
Have nigh drowned us all with their spillage.

Snow, blow and sleet, we've all grown webbed feet,
And are walking like gulls with the gout.

You'll be off your trolley if you carry a broolly,
You can bet it will turn inside out.

Isobars close together, means really bad weather.
It'll blow like a bat out of hell.

With the next pressure ridge, let's blow Brunei's bridge
And sail further south for a spell.

Like Captain Bligh's Bounty, our old sodden county
Could anchor right near the Equator.

We'd have endless fun, and bask in the sun
And think that life held nothing greater.

Wait a bit, in the blue, the sun's poking through,
Two days and not one drop of rain,

S. W. Water will say, "There's a drought on the way
Get out the standpipes again!!"

Eric Stokes

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