

THE EXTRA CREWMAN

You'll meet the boat's crew as they stop for a chat,
Playing darts in the Lion, swapping yarns on the Platt.
There's fifteen or more, some old hands, some new,
But always enough to make up a crew.
When the rockets go up, and the gulls rise and screech,
They'll stop in mid-sentence, and make for the beach.
Launched and away, oftimes it's calm,
They may be recalled, just another alarm.
But when the sea boils, force six or more blow,
It's left to the crew, they vote, and they go!
Someone's in trouble, no ifs and no buts,
Tramping round Lobber, three lads with guts.
Ask the folk of Penlee, the maroons doublecrack
Means you have to go out, not always come back.
Two hours or more, before they come in,
Sometimes exhausted, and soaked to the skin,
Wash down the boat, check fuel's O.K.
It's not unknown, for three 'shouts' a day
A chalk board's updated, 200 lives saved,
A surfer or sailor escapes a sea grave.
Proud of their job, proud of success,
Proud to be helping someone in distress.
So pause if you see our 'D' Class afloat,
Ask God to go with them, there's room in the boat.

Eric Stokes

taken from Port Isaac - Harbour of Love, published 1994