

We came to Poole from far and near,
For the second cruise of the year.
We gathered eagerly at Lake Pier,
With sun and hope the wind would appear.
Our intrepid leader, the day before,
Had come off his bike and hit the floor,
Arm and ankle bandaged tight,
Patched with red blood, what a sight.
So on this day he would sail no more,
But sit on the shore with ice creams galore.

All rigged and ready for the off,
Small puffs of wind in sails would not be lost.
Beat up wind was long and slow,
When would Giggers make a show,
And when we got there the water was low,
No mud larks and all round.
On to a run all gentle and sound,
Sail past our launch place, a point then we round,
Find wind in our sails which adds lots of pace,
A beat up to Shipstal beach,
Lunch taken, that's a nice treat.

A beat up Wych channel, daggers up more than down,
Long and Round island passed, the main harbour we found,
Back into shallows round Green island we went,
Good water in South Deep was heaven sent.
Broad reach down the harbour to Shell Bay café,
Sails, boards, on the rocks for a short stay,
Coffee and tea sitting in the sun.

Back on our boards the entrance channel to get done,
The channel was choppy, the wind saw us through,
In the lee of Brownsea the wind had not got a clue,
It came here and there,
With no strength in its air.
Brownsea Island we all did clear,
And found nice steady wind which gave us some cheer.
A beat up the harbour, board on the rail,
The angle right for our landing to nail,
A great way to end a good sailing day,
Let's all be at Mersea for another good play.