

An independent old rower

I mind the time when the boats were all wood
If you could set in them at all you knew where you stood.
We used to talk long over pints of strong ale
Now we communicate by Google e-mail

Remember the day the boats we acquired
We dragged them along to the old cow byre
With many's a curse and many's a shout
To get the boats in we threw the cows out!

If we fell in we might get a bit cold,
It did us no harm, it was good for the soul.
Now there are thousands of forms to be done
They have taken the risk out of just having fun.

The rowing stroke is now so much refined
If you don't do it right you'll be left far behind.
I mind the old days; I know I rowed fast!
Or maybe the old head has jumbled the past.

Off to Healey one year I did go
To see the grand style and fit bucks who could row.
'Dear boy' sez an auld fella, 'you are hereto enjoy
Have two pints of Pimms and don't be so coy'.

We now row indoors, with no boat to be seen
On a yoke they all call a rowing machine.
A mighty big wheel flies around and around
You can row like old Harry but never gain ground.

What a grand job the whole crew has done
Racing around and still having fun.
The Coaches have worked their fingers to the bone,
Although some have said that their hearts are of stone.

Boys let me tell you, we have come a long way
Our grand wee rowing club is hereto stay.
We no longer face scorn when we go to a race
We can hold our heads up, look the world in the face.

I now row in midstream, with a fine unique style,
Avoiding the ramp by a nautical mile,
And I know full well I'm no longer a goer
But I am what I am, an independent old rower.