

Hiawatha Redux

by Jim Mullen and crew of Cuchulainn

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shores of Big Sea Water,
Stood the J's from Narragansett,
Newport built on Narragansett.

Just above them rose the mast heads,
Rose the white and billowed mainsails,
Rose the headsails to the toppers,
Bright above the curling water,
Beating o'er the sunny water,
Gliding on the Big Sea Water.

Pat and crew took a lead,
Advantaged on the sunny water,
Racing o'er the Big Sea Water.

With vim and vigor Garry ventured
Out in current none the wiser.

Heading east to right hand courses,
Roxanne rocked in lesser current.

Blue Chinook from mountain highest,
Tahoe's gleaming deep blue water,
Came down into Gitche Gumee,
Far away to Big Sea Water.

Fresh from winning biggest races,
Ass from Stanford came upon us,
Passing boats from all directions.
Even freighters need be wary,
When the donkey turns and whinnies,
Then sites the mark and lays it fairly,
Shortcut on the busy water,
O'er the shining Big Sea Water.

Teresa and the ladies' challenge
Walloped Duffy, Bay and River,
Braving sand bars to be faster,
Beating up the rushing water,
Far away from Big Sea Water.

Aidan brought an Irish mistress,
Miss Demeanor, colleen fairest,
Lovely in the foggy morning,
Smiling o'er the dimpled waters,
Singing out to Big Sea Waters.

Black came in as James Bond II,
Licensed fully for the killing.
Drinks were stirred, never shaken,
Bond girls posed, distracting racers,
Black then won while others gawked them,
Suave and cool on glamorous waters,
Distracting all on Big Sea Waters.

Newly entered in J-boat racing,
Case and Mojo joined the fleet to
Fight it out in Gitche Gumee,
Moving up on shining waters,
Catching boats on Big Sea Waters.

Pride of Erin, our Cuchulainn,
Gathered speed and smited racers,
Rolled o'er boats on Pablo waters,
On the shimmering Big Sea Waters,
By the shores of Gitche Gumee.

But today we finished slower,
Closely after Ultimatum.
Thus we have to bow down humbly,
Offering up a toast to winners,
Offering up a six of lagers,
Offering up a toke of peace pipe,
Offering up in sporting verses,

Warm congrats to all who're faster
Than our loping time today.

Yes, we've lost our race today,
But we had a wondrous venture,
Just to be on Pablo waters,
Just to be near Gitche Gumee,
Just to be on shining waters,
Just to be on Big Sea Waters.

Monstrous ebbs and howling westies,
Swirling pools and heaving waters,
Not Nirvana, Gitche Gumee,
But in morn and evening shadows,
Bridges spanning settled waters,
Gleaming city looking westward,
Oh such wondrous sites to savor,
We are lucky just to see it,
By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Racing on the gleaming waters,
Loving life on Big Sea Waters.