

Sweet Minerva

*Sweet Minerva, Sweet Minerva, Sweet Minerva*

*Chorus*

*Sweet Minerva waits for me, anchor down and homeward bound,  
Heading for St Andrews Quay, Sweet Minerva set me free.*

Heavy rain from Humber skies,  
Wipe the water from my eyes,  
My love's clearly in my mind,  
Glad to leave this trawl behind.

*Chorus*

Captive North of Killingholme,  
Wanting so much to be home,  
Prisoner of the waiting tide,  
Heart and home are still denied.

*Chorus*

Kingston nights shine bright once more,  
Diamond lights and dazzling shore,  
Smoke house terrace all my own,  
Hessle road and harbour home.

*Chorus*

See my woman standing by,  
See that rare look in her eye,  
Tonight I'll keep her close to me,  
Forget the trials of the sea.

*Chorus*

Settling done and some to spare,  
Pay the ovel man his share,  
Two days on then back to sea,  
Arctic waters wait for me.

*Chorus*

*Sweet Minerva, Sweet Minerva, Sweet Minerva.*

*Note: The Minerva is a riverside pub in Hull (Minerva was the roman goddess of wisdom)  
Trawlers returning from the fishing grounds sometimes had to anchor while waiting for the  
tide to enable entry to the fish dock in sight of the pub. After three dry weeks in arctic waters  
it must have been torture. An ovel man, I understand, is a money lender.*