

SHEDDER'S FOREVER

Now there is a town,
Yorkshire Fisherman's town.
A town where James Cook once called home,
He sailed out to sea from the Port of Whitby
To Australia he did roam.

Good Lasses and Lads
Raise you glasses and cheer,
Whitby, Staithes, Little Beck hand in hand.
We are Shedder's together,
We are Shedder's forever
From the Moor and the Coast here we stand.

Cutting the cloth,
Turning the lathe,
Spinning the Potters wheel,
We are Shedder's together,
We are Shedder's forever,
Like a ship with an even keel.

Good lasses and Lads
Raise your glasses and cheer,
Companions we work hand in hand,
We are Shedder's together,
We are Shedder's forever,
From the Moor and the dale here we stand

Cutting the cloth,
Turning the lathe,
Spinning the Potters wheel,
We are Shedder's together,
We are Shedder's forever,
Like a ship with an even keel.

Phil Smith
(Tunesmithy)