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My First Ten Years

by Trevor Jones

They've gone so fast these first ten years, since my hesitant first dance out
The 12th of March 2005 the Number Two was the date and place of that there is no doubt

As I watched the side dancing, I heard the bells a jingling as the sticks clashed to
and fro.

Eventually the time arrived and the Squire spoke up and said, 'it's time you had go!'

Nervously I joined the set, with five others who, if I remember rightly,
Were Ian, Steve M, Steve F with Dave and Chris, who danced so very sprightly
Ken struck up the tune and my knees they turned to jelly
I suddenly wished I was sat at home watching the blooming telly.

The dance was Lincolnshire Lads which I'd danced so much in practice
But this was now in public, and I was the new apprentice.
Once to ourselves, then the dance began, would I be able to remember
I'd only started practicing the first Monday in November.

Well, as you can see I got through that dance, and since danced hundreds more
I am so very proud to be a Morris Man of Grimsby, I can tell you that for sure
Since joining up I've had many a happy time
Though once or twice I've almost quit, now that would have been a crime!

In winter we dance boarder, that's border with an 'a', in praise of Stan the Boar
He reminds us of another Stan, without whom, we would not be, that's for sure.
In summer it is Cotswold, our hankies fluttering in delight
To welcome back the sunshine and the brighter lighter night

The singing that follows, most dance outs that we do
Are songs that have survived the test of time, till we have to say 'adieu'.
They are songs about the country, the seasons and the town
As well as many others about the beer and other alcohol the side regularly down

Then there are the Plough Plays, they're difficult to explain
Don't try and understand them or they may explode your brain
The words are often forgotten or we slip into the scripts of plays gone past
But no matter what, the crowd's pleasure seems unsurpassed

So as I look forward to the future, the thing I'd like the most
Is to carry on dancing up and down this great east coast
Very soon now, GMM will be half a century old
So 2017 will be a year of celebration, rightly tinged with gold

We need new blood to join us keep this thing alive
So come along to practice and help GMM survive
What we do is not old fashioned nor even very weird
We keep the old traditions alive so that Lincolnshire's history is revered

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