

VALERIE COOMBE

JEREMY CREE AND THE SEA AND ME

To my sisters, the Sirens

We went for a holiday down by the sea,
Jeremy Cree and me,
te-hee,
Jeremy Cree and me.

And he was as mean as he could be,
a barnacle, sore to see,
was he,
was mean old Jeremy Cree.

“You’d better not go in the sea,”
said he,
said masterful Jeremy Cree.
“For a woman is feeble and frail, you see,
not deep and dangerous like the sea,
the cold, strong masculine sea,”
said he,
as he preened his powerful, glorious self,
by the glorious, powerful sea.

So I said nothing at all,
not me,
though I could swim stronger and further than he,
than mean old Jeremy Cree.
He would never have listened to me,
you see;
he would never have listened to me.

And as we were walking one night by the sea,
on a ledge by that dangerous sea,
oh, me,
I and Jeremy Cree,
te-hee,
I and Jeremy Cree
He fell “plop” right into the sea,

the cold, strong, masculine sea,
oh, me,
the blank, impervious sea.
“Help, help,” he cried, “for it’s cold and deep,
and the tide is so strong, so strong,” said he,
“it will carry me off,
far out to sea,
and I AM JEREMY CREE.”

And so it did,
poor Jeremy Cree.
It carried him off, far out to sea,
for it was too strong for me, oh, me,
a woman feeble and frail, as he
had said, when he warned me of the sea,
the deep and dangerous sea.
Though I could swim stronger and further than he,
he did not know *that*,
poor Jeremy Cree,
for he never listened to me.

And the day dawned, bright with a grin of glee;
and the birds shrilled, “cree; caree; cararee;”
and the waves frothed, “jurrum; plop-plop; jurrumree;”
till the sun beamed down on the laughing sea,
the wonderful, womanly sea;
where there was no sign, at all, to see
of poor old Jeremy Cree,
te-hee,
of mean old Jeremy Cree.

Only a woman, watching the sea,
a woman, feeble and frail,
like me,
feeble and frail
and free.