This was remembered, written down and sent to us by James M

As told by Henry Kipper at Little Snoring Village Hall

That all begun many years ago, one cold, dark, rainy, windy, misty, drizzly Boxin' Day. When a fair young damson, was saying fare the well to her sailor boy. In the time-honour manner. Fair the well, she said.

Then, just as he turned to leave, the swung his kit kat over his shoulder, she begged him not to go. She said, "Please! Please! Please! Do not go!" But he was deaf to her pleas. And he went.

And that might have been the end of the tale. But that wouldn't have been much of a tale if it was, would it now?

So he sailed away, and he sailed, and he sailed, and he sailed, and he sailed. Well there's not much else to do if you're a sailor now, is there? He sailed until he come to the Cape of Bob Hope. Then, just at that moment, a terrible storm blew up in his face. And he was wrecked and ruined! Cast adrift! On the rocks! Shaken but not stirred! And downded.

And that might have been the end of the tale. But meanwhile, back home in her cottage in Sidestrand, the fair young damson was fast asleep. And in her dream, she thought she saw her sailor boy, standing by her bedside. All clad in ghastly white and dripping seaweed.

"Oh!" she said, "Oh, whatever are you doing in a maiden's bedroom at this time-a night? And making a mess on the carpet."

But the sailor boy looked straight through her. And he spoke in an awful, sort of an eerie, ghastly sort of a voice.

He said to her, "DO-OOO NOOOT WEEEEP!"

And she said, "Well I weren't going to."

But the sailor boy looked straight through her again and he spoke, "WE SHALL BOTH LIE IN ONE GRAVE TO-OOGETHER"

And she said, "I ain't lying in no grave with no one. Bugger off!"

Then, just at that moment, he mysteriously…. Buggered off.

Through the bedroom wall. Repeating his ghastly words. “WE SHALL BOTH AAARRRGGHH!” Because, you see the bedroom was up in the attic.

And when the fair young damson woke up in the morning, she couldn’t remember anything about her dream. Although she did wonder about the hole in the wall, and the mess on the carpet of course.

And that might have been the end of the tale. Well, as a matter of fact that is the end of the tale, so, well, the end. Thank you very much.