Cheering the Queen

Cheering the Queen
(Cyril Tawney)

It happened on a Summer's day in nineteen fifty-four,
We went to greet Her Majesty a-comin' from the Tour.

cho: On a British submarine, on a British submarine,
When sixty solid sailors went cheering of the Queen.

Their Lordships said "Now cheer, me boys, but mind you make it smart,
There's nothing looks so ragged as the cheering from your heart."

Well, when we saw the signal boys, it made our innards freeze
"On the order 'one' you hold your hats at forty-five degrees."

"At forty-five degrees", me boys, that's what their lordships
said,
"On the order 'two' you wave your hats three times around your head."

"And when you go to shout, me boys, be careful what you say,
The word you use for cheerin' is Hurrah, not Hooray."

We sailed towards Britannia, boys, the finest ever seen,
But every man was standing like a petrified marine.

But when we reached the moment, boys, that every skipper dreads
A swarm of gnats as big as bats descended on our heads.

The boat was filled with wavin' arms and the air was filled with cries
As every man cursed and fought to keep' em from his eyes.

The Duke he scratched his head as he watched us slowly part
"That's the first time I've seen sailor boys cheerin' from their hearts."

We waved our way across the bay till we were out of sight
We waved our way all through the day and on into the night.

Ah! the day we met the Queen, me boys, the day I won't forget
If we hadn't dived to ninety feet we'd all be wavin' yet.

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