

CHORUS:

The bells will ring the drums will beat, hurrah!  
hurrah!

When he comes striding up the street, hurrah! hurrah!

The Queen shall bid him for her guest,

And pin the medals on his breast,

And we'll all feel gay when Tommy comes marching  
home.

---

## The Sailors of the King

Sailors! sailors! lads in navy blue loyal, true, and brave,  
Loudly, proudly Britain calls to you o'er the ocean  
wave;

When you talk and sing about the sea, as you sail afar;

Don't forget to sing your Emperor and king was a  
British Tar.

CHORUS:

Sons of the sea so true, my lads,  
Are you, my lads, in blue my lads,  
Gallant every crew my lads,  
Are the boys of Britannia's King!  
Sailing East, or sailing West,  
Upon the mighty ocean crest;  
Handy men you do your best!  
The sailors of the King.

Northward, southward, east, and in the west waves a flag  
to-day;

Binding an Empire true in bonds the best 'neath one  
sceptre's sway;

Sailors, sailors, as in days of old, like the sons of yore,  
Loyal every crew you will guard it too, safe, from  
shore to shore!



---

Words and Music to be had at Garland's Bookstore.