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## *DIAMOND JUBILEE*

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I did go down to the sea again. I saw it all on TV:  
The Pageant Grand of our Maritime Land; of The Queen and her Jubilee.  
There were large boats and small boats and others of middling sizes.  
The scale of it all left the viewer in thrall: and gasping at several surprises.

I did go down to the sea again, this morning, outside my front door:  
And yesterday's sight gave the utmost delight: We'd seen nothing like it before.  
HM The Queen, in her matters marine, survived and seemed happy about it,  
Whilst the D of E, a man of the sea, was dressed for the part, do not doubt it.

I did go down to the sea again, I did it the previous day.  
Our village street-party was cheerful and hearty, I'm wholly delighted to say.  
'Twas a barbecue, the best we could do, in our churchyard overlooking the sea.  
In best maritime rig we cremated a pig, on the Anglican side of the Dee.

I did go down to the sea again. The Pageant was very well done.  
On a miserable day the Thames was at play, allowing the Nation some fun.  
And the dank cold heard the bells tolled: the star was the new "Gloriana",  
To honour The Queen at that mem'orable scene, reminiscent of Victoriana.

I did go down to the sea again and the Devil inside of me queried  
At the jollity in this tale of the sea; and those roisterers all being ferried?  
Though our Diamond Crown has let nobody down, the World has now turned up the heat.  
For a Spithead Review, what could we still do? Where yesterday, please, was the Fleet?

Barrie Youde

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