

RISING EARLY IN THE MORNING

Rising early in the morning,
 We proceed to light the fire,
Then our Majesty adorning
 In its workaday attire,
 We embark without delay
 On the duties of the day.

First, we polish off some batches
Of political dispatches,
 And foreign politicians circumvent;
Then, if business isn't pressing
And the crossword leaves us guessing
 We ratify some Acts of Parliament.
Then we probably review the household troops--
Who then help us to fight off the interest groups
Or receive with ceremonial and state
An anxious Middle Eastern potentate.
After that we generally
Go and dress our private valet--
(It's a rather nervous duty--he's a touchy little man)--
Write some letters literary
For our private secretary--
He is shaky in his spelling, so we help him if we can.
Then, in view of cravings inner,
We go down and order dinner;
Then we polish the Regalia and the Coronation Plate--
Spend an hour accomodating
All our Gentlemen-in-Waiting;
Or we run on little errands for the Ministers of State.

Oh, philosophers may sing
Of the troubles of a King;
Yet the duties are delightful, and the privileges great;
But the privilege and pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is to run on little errands for the Ministers of State.

CHORUS. Oh, philosophers may sing, etc.

Then to matters monetary
If the budget isn't scary
 Our accountant will have better things to do.
There is nothing more relaxing
Than enacting heavy taxing
 We'll refund it all within a year or two.
Then we help a fellow-creature out of debt
By requiring him to join our Cabinet.
It don't pay as much as banking but we think
It will definitely keep him off of drink.
Then we go and stand as sentry
At the Palace (private entry),
Marching hither, marching thither, up and down and to and fro,
While the warrior on duty
Goes in search of beer and beauty
(And it generally happens that he hasn't far to go).
He relieves us, if he's able,

Just in time to lay the table,
Then we dine and serve the coffee, and at half-past twelve or one,
With a pleasure that's emphatic,
We retire to our attic
With the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done!

Oh, philosophers may sing
Of the troubles of a King,
But of pleasures there are many and of worries there are none;
And the culminating pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done!

CHORUS. Oh, philosophers may sing, etc.