

I might be British but I loathe queueing. Or do I? Inspired by the rhythm of the hymn “Lord of the dance” by Sydney Carter) Pub. 1963 , 2001. Stainer and Bell.

**I queued in the morning when the sun came up
And I queued at the station and then for a cup
Of coffee at the café, where I queued some more
A flat white and waffle I just love this store.**

Queue, queue wherever you may go

I loathe queueing, so darn slow.

And I'll always avoid wherever I may go

The crowded places and the queues I know.

**I queued at the gates of dear old London Zoo
But when I got in I had to queue for the loo.
I queued to see the reptiles another queue for bears
And to see the penguins wobble on their beach in pairs.**

Queue, queue wherever you may go

I loathe queueing, it's so darn slow.

And I'll always avoid wherever I may go

The crowded places and the queues I know.

**I queued on a Sunday the worst day of the week
The tigers and giraffes I needed to take a peek.
I queued for an ice cream the weather was so hot
I queued again to find a quieter spot.**

Queue, queue wherever you may go

I loathe queueing, so darn slow.

And I'll always avoid wherever I may go

The crowded places and the queues I know.

**I sat by the fountain and ate a picnic lunch
Now I was worried, another long crunch
A queue for the exit, what a crying shame.**

I must get out before I go insane!

Queue, queue wherever you may go

I loathe queuing, so darn slow.

And I'll always avoid wherever I may go

The crowded places and the queues I know.

I once was in Italy, Rome to be precise

And wanted to catch a bus, so sought some advice.

At the tabaccaï I bought a city pass.

Then looked for a bus stop, no one to ask.

Queue, queue wherever I may be

I needed a queue to help guide me

But here in Rome no queue could I see

Which way I'd be going, little lost me.

Then all of a sudden the bus arrived

And out of nowhere a crowd appeared

Push, shove and crush like peas in a stew

I shouted out "I'm British where is the queue?"

Queue, queue wherever I may be

I needed a queue to help guide me

But here in Rome no queue could I see

Which way I'd be going, little lost me.

The original lyrics by Sidney Carter were inspired by both Jesus and the Hindu God Shiva in a statue of him in dancing pose. They were also intended as a tribute to Shaker music.

I have always adored the rhythm of this hymn and having researched the lyrics and Sidney Carter's explanation I embrace his inclusiveness and acceptance of all religions.

My words having nothing to do with the original lyrics just came to my mind out of the blue one morning as I woke with the tune in my head. A gift perhaps, from a passing early morning muse ?

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