

The battleships are mighty,  
They're the backbone of the Fleet:  
Cruisers and destroyers, they all look plenty neat.  
The Armored Cruiser Squadron is famed on land and sea,  
But any doggoned submarine  
Is home, sweet home to me.

In the acrid breath of the engine room  
Where the diesels throb all day;  
Where you feel the chill of the deep sea gloom  
Through the plates so wet and gray;  
In the life you crave with a fierce desire  
Where your senses are keen and alive;  
Where you suddenly feel your pulse beat higher  
At the squawk-box command: "Dive, dive!"

The Mother sits by the severn side,  
Where Severn joins the Bay,  
And the great, gray ships go down the tide  
And carry her sons away.



Young and eager and unafraid  
As neophytes they kneeled;  
And watched their arms, and only prayed  
"Keep stain from every shield."  
Naught else they fear as they hunt their foes  
Through fog, and storm, and mine,  
Keen for the test of battle blows;  
But God make strong the hearts of those  
Who love, and are left behind.

“Sink ’em all, sink ’em all,  
Tojo and Hitler and all.  
Sink all their cruisers  
And carriers too—  
Sink all their tincans  
And their stinking crew—”

When the last war call has sounded,  
And the fleet will sail no more,  
When a lasting peace is founded,  
And no enemy threatens our shore,  
When at last they write the story,  
And the reason for vict'ry is seen,  
You will rise in honored glory,  
You mighty submarine.

Once again we are scourin' the seas for the Jappies,  
To smack 'em and sink 'em where e'er they may be,  
When the Red Sun looms up in front of the Skipper,  
He gets mad and he hollers "Get set—fire three."

—*Harder Hymn*

As we were a'wending our peaceful way homeward,  
With sinkin's chalked up to our wonderful score,  
All hands looking forward to the Royal Hawaiian,  
Then back to the *Harder* and out for some more.

—*Harder Hymn*

Sooner or later we'll put them all under,  
Our patrol runs will be a thing of the past,  
No charges, no bombin's, no sinkin's, no nothin',  
Then home for the crew of the *Harder* at last.

—*Harder Hymn*



We're proud to have sailed her, and proud to have fought  
her;  
Our Queen of the Seas, she always will be.  
We've followed the Skipper through hell and deep water. . . .

And so they did!  
To a man!  
To the end!

They followed Sam Dealey  
*Through Hell. . . .*

unleashed by exploding depth charges

And. . . .

into peacefully serene and silent

*Deep Water. . . .*

(Chorus)

Take her down, take her deep,

Don't stay near the surface,

For something about this appears to be wrong,

Take her down, take her deep,

Oh! Frankie, my Wonder,

Or 'Davey Jones' locker will be our new home.

Then we were submerged, torpedoes all ready,

The Captain was giving the bearings to Sam,

Frankie asked what was the dope on the tincans,

The Captain said "All clear" and then came a WHAM!