IN THE DUCK POO, THAT'S WHAT WE DO

COME ON IN, THE WATER'S FINE

YOU ARE IN, MY HEART FOREVER

OH MY DARLING – SERPENTINE

It all started, from a fresh spring

Westbourne damned by **Caroline**

What a nice lake, did the Queen make

A woman made our Serpentine.



Women and men, Persie, Chloe, Ben,

Future cygnets, under nine

Waters care not for your gender

Just enjoy, our Serpentine



Kathleen Murphy, trekked from Pinner

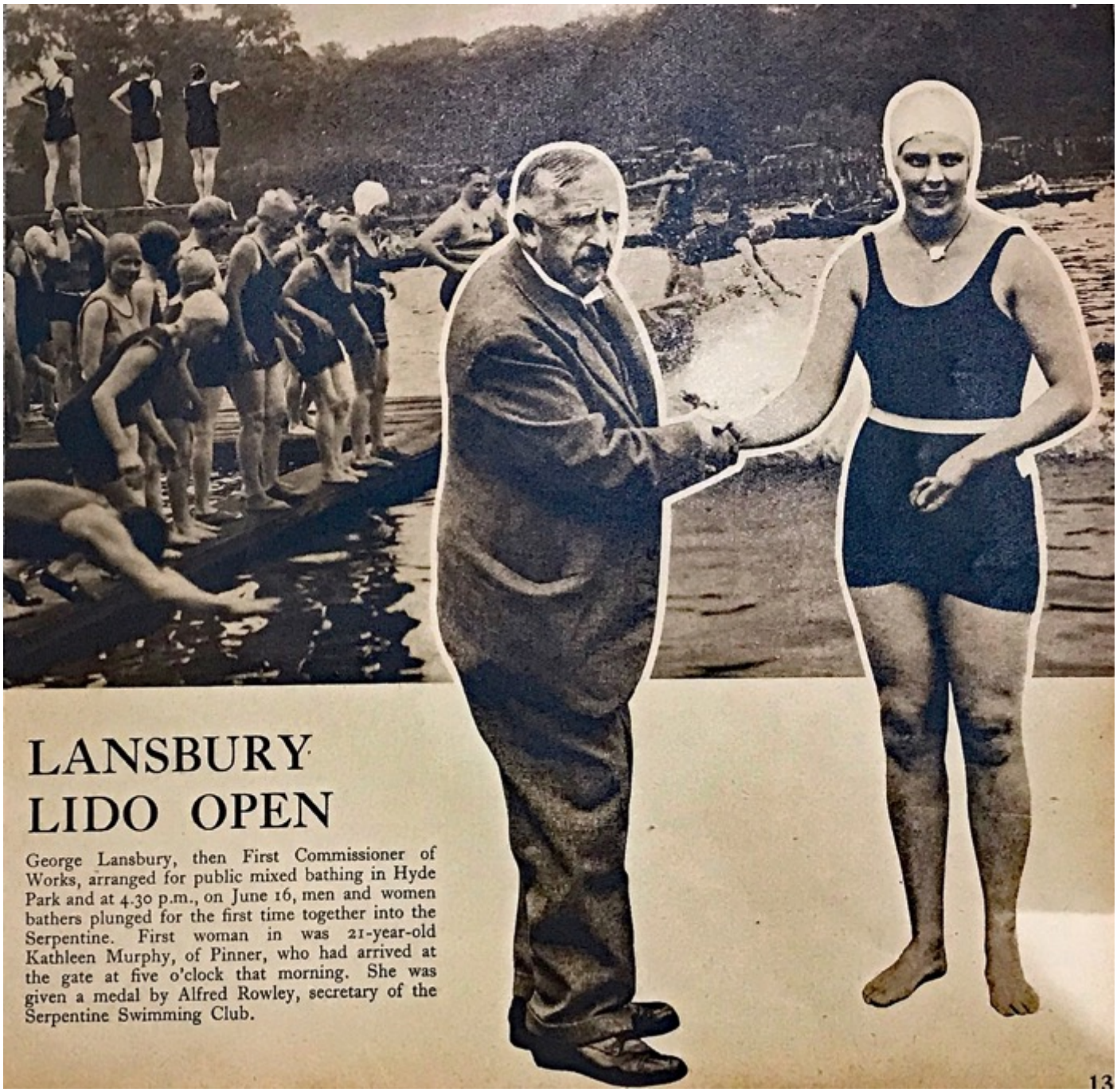
In nineteen thirty - before nine

Waiting 12 hours to be the first

Mixed bather in' Serpentine



A bit more about Kathleen Murphy 16 June 1930



LANSBURY LIDO OPEN

George Lansbury, then First Commissioner of Works, arranged for public mixed bathing in Hyde Park and at 4.30 p.m., on June 16, men and women bathers plunged for the first time together into the Serpentine. First woman in was 21-year-old Kathleen Murphy, of Pinner, who had arrived at the gate at five o'clock that morning. She was given a medal by Alfred Rowley, secretary of the Serpentine Swimming Club.

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In 1930, on June 16 at 4.30pm, men and women bathers swam for the first time, together, in the Serpentine.

First woman in was Kathleen Murphy, of Pinner, who had arrived at the gate at 5.00am that morning.

Kathleen was given a medal by Alfred Rowley, secretary of the Serpentine Swimming Club.

Alan Lacey, World War Pilot

Sank a German sub or two.

Over ninety he's still swimming

Loyal member, of our crew.



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70 Serpies, swam to France*

20 women 'till this time,

From Rosie George, to Sam Mould

Their hearts remain at Serpentine

(*73 more like, but it didn't quite rhyme)





Gordon Brodie, the club crooner

Power meter on his chest.

Inserts coins to swim faster

Great pacemaker, he's the best.



Still in training, when it's raining

That's our Norman and Lorraine,

Skinny dipping in Lake Annecy

Never in our 'Serpentaine'.

CENSORED

IN THE DUCK POO, THAT'S WHAT WE DO

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Serpie swimmers, now sing warmly

Swimmers here, and from the past.

It's your present and our future,

Toasting ones, who didn't last.

Ron 'the Con', Cockney strong man

Ashes spread like fine wine

Decanted, to the bottom.

His spirit's in our Serpentine



Father **Titmuss**, and **Bob Kelly**

Up there early, Christmas Day.

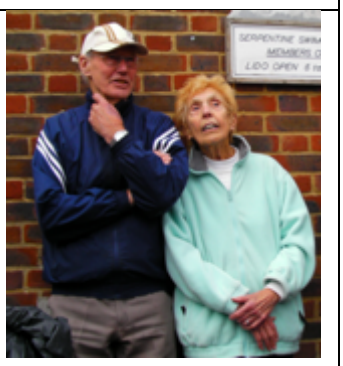
On the boards, were **Bill** and **Cyril**

Heaven's swimmers guide the way.

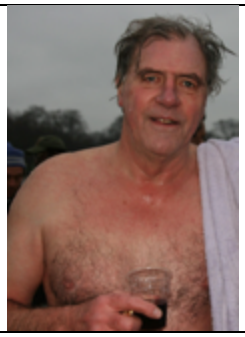


Bob Kelly





Cyril & Yvonne

Tony Cuthbert, one fine night Into the pond, he did trip Was he boozing – or just snoozing No – he blamed his dodgy hip	
We remember all the others Swimmers gone for whom we pine. Angels wearing water wings, Swim in heaven's **Serpentine**.	
After our swim, we drink hot tea A lot of chat and then we dine Bakers bring cake, to our lovely lake Posh nosh at the Serpentine.	
On the boards now, waters must flow Faces changing with the time, Any time of year, Serpies swim here Hotel Duck Poo Serpentine.	

	IN THE DUCK POO, THAT'S WHAT WE DO **COME ON IN, THE WATER'S FINE** **YOU ARE IN, MY HEART FOREVER** **OH MY DARLING – SERPENTINE**	