The official Rugby Tour Guide
NTNUI – Rugby
2003

The Rules

What Goes on Tour Stays on Tour

Do not point

Do not use the word ‘drink’ in any language

Always have your Tour Guide on you

Left hand drinking, right hand for penalties

The songs

The wild rover

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer
But now I’m returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

For it’s no nay never
No nay never no more
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more.

I went to an alehouse, I use to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me nay
Such customs like yours I can hard any day.

I then took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landladies eyes opened wide with delight
She said I've whiskeys and wines of the best
And the words that she told me were only in gest.

I went to my parents confessed what I'd done
And asked them to pardon their prodigal son
And as they caressed me as oft' times before
I never will play the wild rover no more.

I went to a shithouse, I use to frequent
And I told the attendant my money was spent
I asked him politely to open the door
He said no bloody likely you shit on the floor.

I've been a wild rover for most of my life
But now I’ll settle down and I’ll take me a wife
I’ll build a logcabin and keep the wolf from the door
And I'll never will play the wild rover no more.

Cockles and Mussels

In Dublin's fair city,
where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheel'd her wheel barrow
Thro' streets broad and narrow

Crying "Cockles and Mussels alive, alive O!"
Alive, alive O! Alive, alive O
Crying Cockles and Mussels Alive, alive O!

She was a fishmonger,
But sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they each wheel'd their barrow
Thro' streets broad and narrow,

She died of a fever
And no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone;
But her ghost wheels her barrow
Thro' streets broad and narrow

Sunshine Mountain

We're climbing on the Sunshine Mountain
Where the little breezes blow
We're climbing on the Sunshine Mountain
Faces all aglow
Turn, turn your back on sorrow
Reach up to the sky
We're climbing on the Sunshine Mountain
You and I.

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, and
What did I see,
Comin' for to carry me
home?
A band of angels comin'
after me,
Comin' for to carry me
home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' for to carry me
home

If you get there before I do
Comin' for to carry me
home,
Tell all my friends I'm
comin' too
Comin' for to carry me
home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' for to carry me
home;
Sometimes I'm up,
Sometimes I'm down,
Comin' for to carry me
home;

Yet still my soul feels
heavn'ly bound,
Comin' for to carry me
home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' for to carry me
home

Father Abraham

Father Abraham had seven sons.
And seven sons had Father Abraham.
And he never laughed.
And he never cried.
All he did was go like this.

With a left arm
With a right arm
With a left leg
With a right leg
With a big head
With a little head

I used to work in Chicago

I used to work in chicago at an old department store,
I used to work in chicago i don't work there anymore

A LADY CAME IN for some paper
SOME PAPER FROM THE STORE?
Paper she wanted, a ream she got
I DON'T WORK THERE ANYMORE!

I used to work in chicago at an old department store,
I used to work in chicago i don't work there anymore

A LADY CAME IN for some jewelry
SOME JEWELRY FROM THE STORE?
Jewelry she wanted, a pearl necklace she got
I DON'T WORK THERE ANYMORE!

And similarly:

Carpet she wanted, shag she got
Nail she wanted, screw she got
Fishing rod she wanted, my pole she got
Meat she wanted, sausage she got
Beef she wanted, pork she got
Helicopter she wanted, my chopper she got
Camel she wanted, hump she got
Translator she wanted, cunning linguist she got
KitKat she wanted, four fingers she got
Pencil Newton-Raphson she wanted, pen iteration she got
Fuck she wanted, fuck she got

Yogi

I know a bear that you all know,
Yogi, YOGI,
I know a bear that you all know,
Yogi, Yogi Bear.
YOGI, YOGI BEAR,
YOGI, YOGI BEAR,
I KNOW A BEAR THAT YOU ALL KNOW,
YOGI, YOGI BEAR.

Yogi's got a little friend,
Booboo, BOOBOO,
Yogi's got a little friend,
Booboo, Booboo Bear.
BOOBOO, BOOBOO BEAR,
BOOBOO, BOOBOO BEAR,
YOGI'S GOT A LITTLE FRIEND,
BOOBOO, BOOBOO BEAR.

And similarly:

Yogi's got a girlfriend, Suzi,
Suzi, Suzi Bear.
    Yogi's dick is long and green, cucum,
    Cucum, cucumber.
Yogi's got a cheesy knob, cammum,
Cammum, Camembert.
    Suzi likes it on the fridge, polar,
    Polar, polar bear.
Booboo likes it up the arse, brown,
Brown, brown bear.
    Suzi hates it up the arse, something,
    Something she cant bear.
Yogi's got an enemy,
Ranger
Ranger, Ranger Smith
    Suzi likes to shave her pubes, grizzly, Grizzly
    Suzi's boyfriend has no teeth, Gummi, Gummi
    Suzy's only three feet tall, perfect, perfect...
    Yogi has a 12 inch cock, lucky, lucky
    Suzi wears lingerie, teddy, teddy
    Suzi weights 500 pounds, more than, more than he can bear
    Yogi comes in black and white, panda, panda

Øl, øl og mere øl

Øl, øl og mere øl -
det e det sjønnaste eg vet.
Øl, øl og mere øl -
det e og blir min store kjærlighet.
Ja noen elsker kaffe
og snaps av fingerbøl,
men spar meg for andre laster
enn øl - øl - øl.

Eg satt på strandå med ei litå tytta
ei sommarnatt ved middelhavets kyst.
Hu beit meg litt i øyra å så sa hu:
Kjære gullet mitt,
nå må du gjør som du har lyst.

Øl, øl og mere øl -
det e det sjønnaste eg vet.
Øl, øl og mere øl -
det e og blir min store kjærlighet.
Ja noen elsker kaffe
og snaps av fingerbøl,
men spar meg for andre laster
enn øl - øl - øl.

Eg glede meg som gal te juleaften
eg telle dagar heilt fra første mai.
Eg skjelve når eg pakke ut presanger
det e ei salig stund,
for eg vett jo ka som e på vei.

Øl, øl og mere øl -
det e det sjønnaste eg vet.
Øl, øl og mere øl -
det e og blir min store kjærlighet.
Ja noen elsker kaffe
og snaps av fingerbøl,
men spar meg for andre laster
enn øl - øl - øl.

Les Champs-Elysées

Je m'baladais sur l'avenue le coeur ouvert à l'inconnu.
J'avais envie de dire bonjour à n'importe qui
N'importe qui et ce fut toi, je t'ai dit n'importe quoi,
Il suffisait de te parler, pour t'apprivoiser.

Aux Champs-Elysées, aux Champs-Elysées
Au soleil, sous la pluie, à midi ou à minuit,
Il y a tout ce que vous voulez aux Champs-Elysées

Tu m'as dit "J'ai rendez-vous dans un sous-sol avec des fous,
Qui vivent la guitare à la main, du soir au matin".
Alors je t'ai accompagnée, on a chanté, on a dansé
Et l'on n'a même pas pensé à s'embrasser

Hier soir deux inconnus et ce matin sur l'avenue,
Deux amoureux tout étourdis par la longue nuit.
Et de l'Etoile à la Concorde, un orchestre à mille cordes,
Tous les oiseaux du point du jour chantent l'amour

Montagnes Pyrénées

Dans le vestiaire étroit
2 petits bancs de bois
L'odeur d'huile camphrée
Le bruit sec des crampons
Sonnant sur le béton
Moi je n'ai pas oublié
Tu mets ton maillot
T'es tout neuf, t'es tout beau
Dieu sait si tu as peur
Un regard, quelques mots
Le rugby ca tient chaud
Le dimanche à 15 heures…

Si tu n'as jamais joué
Comment veux-tu comprendre
Qu'on ait le coeur serré
Lorsque revient Septembre

A l'heure de vérité
Plus question de tricher
Lorsqu'on est face à face
Ce petit homme en noir
Et ce ballon bizarre
Tout le reste s'efface
Et tu donnes et tu prends
Et tu cours dans le vent
Vers la terre promise
Et tu gagnes et tu perds
Paradis ou Enfer
Mais le temps cicatrise
Et le combat fini
Les frères ennemis
Ensembles sous l'eau pure
Avoir la même foi
Avoir les mêmes joies
Ca soigne les blessures
Et ca gueule à tue-tête
On oubli la défaite
Ou on chante la victoire
Toi qui n'as jamais chanté
Montagne Pyrénées
Et les chansons à boire…

The phone numbers
My own name and address