FIELDS OF ATHENRY

By Pete St. John

By the lonely prison wall.
I heard a young girl calling.
Michael, they are taking you away, for you
stole Trevelyn's corn. So the young might see the morn.
Now a prisonship lies waiting in the bay.

Chorus:
Low lie, the Fields of Athenry, where
once we watched the small free birds fly. Our
love was on the wing, we had dreams and songs to sing.
It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry.

By a lonely prison wall
I heard a young man calling.
Nothing matters Mary when you're free,
Against the Famine and the Crown
I rebelled, they ran me down.
Now you must raise our child with dignity.

Chorus!

By a lonely harbour wall
She watched the last star falling.
And that prison ship sailed out against the sky.
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray,
for her love in Botany Bay.
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry

Note: Fields of Athenry was composed by Pete St. John in 1985. The song is popular with Irish rugby fans the world over, and can often be heard at Irish internationals. The song has also been adopted as the anthem of the London Irish rugby team.

Bye, Bye, Blackbird

(Sung to the tune of "Bye, Bye, Blackbird")

Once a boy was no good,
Took a girl into a wood,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.
Laid her down upon the grass,
Pinched her tits and slapped her ass,
Blackbird Bye, Bye,.
Took her where nobody else could find her,
To a place where he could really grind her,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.
Rolled her over on her front,
Shoved his prick right up her cunt,
Blackbird Bye, Bye,.
But this girl was no sport,
Took her story to a court,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.
Told her story in the morn,
All the jury had a horn,
Blackbird, Bye, Bye.
Then the judge came to his decision,
This poor sod got eighteen months in prison,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.
So next time, boy, do it right,
Stuff her cunt with dynamite,
Blackbird, Bye, Bye.

Why was he born so beautiful

Why was he born so beautiful
Why was he born at all
He's no fucking use to anyone
He's no fucking use at all

He should be publicly pissed on,
He should be publicly shot (bang, bang),
He should be tied to a urinal,
And left there to fester and rot.

So, DRINK chug-a-lug
Drink chug-a-lug
Drink chug-a-lug
DRINK!

Cats On The Rooftop

CHORUS:Singing cats on the rooftop, cats on the tiles,
Cats with the clap and cats with the piles,
Cats with their asses wreathed in smiles,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.
When you wake up in the morn with the devil of a stand,
From the pressure of the liquid on the seminary gland,
If you haven't got a woman use you own horny hand,
As you revel in the joys of masturbation.
The Regimental Sergeant Major leads a miserable life,
He can't afford a mistress and he doesn't have a wife,
So he puts it up the bottom of the Regimental Fife,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.
When you find yourself in springtime with a surge of sexual joy,
And your wife has got the rag on and your daughter's rather coy,
Then jam it up the arse hole of your favorite choirboy,
As you revel in a smooth ejaculation.
The ostrich on the pampas is a solitary chick,
Without the opportunity to dip its wick,
But whenever it does it slips in thick,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.
The elephant's dong is big and round,
A small one weighs a thousand pound,
Two together shake the ground,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.
The oyster is a paragon of purity,
And you can't tell the he from the she,
But he can tell and so can she,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.
The donkey is a lonely bloke,
He hardly ever gets a poke,
But when he does he lets it soak,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.
The hippopotamus so it seems,
Rarely, if ever, has wet dreams,
But when he does he comes in streams,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The camel likes to have his fun,
His night is made when he is done,
He always gets two humps for one,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.
The flea cavorts among the trees,
And there consorts with whom he please,
To fill the land with bastard fleas,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.
The ape is small and rather slow,
Erect he stands a foot or so,
So when he comes it's time to go,

As he revels in the joys of fornication.
The orangutan is a colorful sight,
There's a glow on its arse likke a pilot light,
As it jumps and it leaps in the night,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.
Long-legged curates grind like goats,
Pale-faced spinsters shag like stoats,
And the whole damn works stands by and gloats,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.
A thousand verses all in rhyme,
To sit and sing them seems a crime,
When we could better spend our time,
Revelling in the joys of fornication.

Cathusalem

CHORUS:Hi ho Cathusalem, Cathusalem, Cathusalem,
Hi ho Cathusalem, Harlot of Jerusalem.
In the days of old there lived a maid,
She was the Mistress of her trade,
A prostitute of high repute,
The harlot of Jerusalem.
Though she screwed for many a year,
Of pregnancy she had no fear,
She washed her passage with beer,
The best in all Jerusalem.
Now in a hovel by the wall,
A student lived with but one ball,
Who'd been through all, or nearly all,
The harlots of Jerusalem.
His phallic limb was lean and tall,
His phallic art caused all to fall,
And victims lined the Wailing Wall,
That goes around Jerusalem.
One night returning from a spree,
With customary whore-lust he,
Made up his mind to call and see,
The harlot of Jerusalem.
It was for her no fortune good,
That he needed to root his pud,
And chose her out of all the breed,
Of harlots of Jerusalem.
With artful eye and leering look
He took out from its filthy-nook,
His organ stisted like a crook,
The Pride of Old Jerusalem.
He put the whore against the slum,
And tied her at the knee and bum,
Just where the strain would come,
Upon the fair Cathusalem.

He seized the harlot by the bun,
And rattling like a Lewis gun,
He sewed the seed of many a son,
Into the fair Cathusalem.
Then up there came an Onanite,
With warty balls smeared with shit,
He'd sworn he would ball that night,
The harlot of Jerusalem.
So when he saw the grunting pair,
With roars of rage he rent the air,
Vowed that he would soon take care,
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.
He seized the bastard by his crook,

And with a single look,
Flung him over Kedren's Brook,
That babbles past Jerusalem.
The student gave a furious roar,
And rushed to even up the score,
And with his swollen cock did bore,
The rapist of Cathusalem.
And reeling full of rags and fight,
He pushed the bastard Onanite,
And rubbed his face in Cathy's shit,
The foulest in Jerusalem.
Cathusalem she knew her part,
She closed her ass and blew a fart,
That sent him flying like a dart,
Right over old Jerusalem.
And buzzing like a bumble bee,
He flew straight out towards the sea,
But caught his asshole in a tree,
That grows in old Jerusalem.

And to this day you still can see,
His asshole hanging from that tree,
Let that to you a warning be,
When passing through Jerusalem.
And when the moon is bright and red,
A castrated fern sails overhead,
Still raining curses on the head,
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.
It was a sight to make you sick,
To hear him grunt so fast & quick,
As he tore with his crooked dick,
The womb of fair Cathusalem.
As for the student and his lass,
Many a playful night did pass,
Until she joined the V.D. class,
For harlots of Jerusalem.

Christopher Columbo

CHORUS:His balls they were so round - o
His cock hung to the ground - o
That fornicating, copulating
Son-of-a-bitch Columbo.
In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
A man whose name was Chris
Stood by the Trevi fountain
Indulging in a piss.
Along did come the Queen of Spain
And glimpsing there his dong,
Forthwith was smitten with desire
And knew not right from wrong.
"Oh, Isabelle," Columbo said,
A-waving of his balls,
"The world is round as these are,
I feel that duty calls."
"Just wait a bit," said Isabelle,
"And don't forget essentials,
For I've a mind to have a grind
And check on your credentials."
She gave her guest no time for rest,
The pace was fairly killing,
With legs apart he gave the tart
A cream and cherry filling.
With lustful shout they ran about
And practiced copulation,
And when they left to sail away
They'd doubled the population.
And when his men pulled out again,
And reckoned all their score up,
They'd caught a pox from every box
That syphilized all Europe.

Three ships set sail that sunny day,
They all were triple deckers,
The queen she waived her handkerchief
Columbo waived his pecker.
For forty days and forty nights
He sailed the broad Atlantic,
Columbo and his scurvy crew
For want of a screw were frantic.
The cabin boy, the cabin boy,
That dirty little nipper,
He packed his ass with broken glass
And circumcised his skipper.
The first mate's name was John,
They loved him like a brother,
And every night in the pale moonlight

They corn-holed each other.
The third mate's name was Higgins,
And Higgins had a big 'un,
Twice round his neck, twice round the deck,
The rest was used for riggin.
The cook, that rotten man,
He was a dirty demon,
He served the crew a menstrual stew,
And flavored it with semen.
An Indian maid ran down the beach,
Columbo he pursued her,
The white of an egg ran down her leg,
Columbo he unscrewed her.

And when they got to Yankee land,
The spied a Yankee harlot,
When they came her arse was lily-white,
When they left her arse was scarlet.

Courtin' in The Kitchen

CHORUS:Tooral ooral ooral a, tooral ooral addy,
Tooral ooral ooral ooral a, tooral ooral addy.
Come single belle and beau, unto me pay attention,
Don't ever fall in love for 'tis the devil's own invention.
Once I fell in love with a maiden so bewitchin',
Miss Henrietta Bell out of Captain Kelly's kitchen.
At the age of seventeen I was 'prenticed to a grocer,
Not far from Stephen's Green where Miss Henry used to go, Sir.
Her manners were sublime, she set me heart a twitchin',
And she invited me to a hooley in the kitchen.
Next Sunday being the day we were to have the flare up,
I dressed meself quite gay, an' I frizzed and oiled my hair up.
The captain had n-o wife, faith, he had gone out fishing,
So we kicked up high life down below stairs on the kitchen.
Just as the clock struck six we sat down to the table,
She handed tea and cake and I ate while I was able.
I drank hot punch and tea till me sides had got a stitch in,
And the hours passed quick away with the courtin' in the kitchen.
With me arms around her waist she slyly hinted marriage,
To the door in dreadful haste came Captain Kelly's carriage
Her eyes soon filled with hate and poison she was spitting,
When the Captain at the door walked straight into the kitchen.
She flew up off my knees, full five feet up or higher,
And over head and heels, threw me slap into the fire.
My new Repealer's coast, that I bought from Mr. Mitchell,
With a twenty shilling note, went to blazes in the kitchen.
I grieved to see my duds, all smeared with soot and ashed,
When a tub of dirty suds, right in my face she dashed.
As I lay on the floor and the water she kept pitchin',
The footman broke the door, and marched down into the kitchen.
When the Captain came downstairs, tho' he saw my situation,
In spite of all my prayers, I was marched off to the station.
For me they'd take no bail, tho' to get home I was itchin',
But I had to tell the tale, how I came into the kitchen.
I said she did invite me but she gave a flat denial,
For assault she did indict me and I was sent to trial.
She swore I robbed the house in spite of all her screetchin',
And I got six months hard for me courtin' in the kitchen.

THE DOGGIES' MEETING

The doggies held a meeting,
They came from near and far,
Some came by motor?cycle,
Some by motor?car.
Each doggy passed the entrance,
Each doggy signed the book,
Then each unshipped his arsehole
And hung it on the hook.

One dog was not invited,
It sorely raised his ire,
He ran into the meeting hall
And loudly bellowed, "Fire."
It threw them in confusion
And without a second look,
Each grabbed another's arsehole,
From off another hook.

And that's the reason why, sir,
When walking down the street,
And that's the reason why, sir,
When doggies chance to meet,
And that's the reason why, sir,
On land or sea or foam,
He will sniff another's arsehole
To see if it's his own.

DINAH

A rich girl has a limousine
A poor girl has a truck
But the only time that Dinah rides
Is when she has a fuck.

Chorus: Dinah, Dinah, show us your leg,
show us your leg,
show us your leg,
Dinah, Dinah, show us your leg,
A yard above your knee.

A rich girl has a brassiere,
A poor girl uses string,
But Dinah uses nothing at all
She lets the bastards swing.

A rich girl has a ring of gold,
A poor girl has one of brass,
But the only ring that Dinah has
Is the one around her arse.

A rich girl uses Vaseline,
A poor girl uses lard,
But Dinah uses axle grease
Because her cunt's so hard.

A rich girl uses a sanitary towel,
A poor girl uses a sheet,
But Dinah uses nothing at all,
Leaves a trail along the street.

Eyes Right

(Chanted)

Eyes right,
Skin back tight,
Bollocks to the front.
We're the boys who make no noise,
When we go hunting cunt.
We're the riders of the night,
And we'd rather fuck than fight.
We're the riders of the (your team's name) RFC.

Fa La La

CHORUS:Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
I'll be up your flue in a minute or two,
'Cause I know where to find it.
It's around the front and it's called the c**t,
And the asshole's right behind it.
My darling Grace, I love your face,
I love you in your nightie.
When the moonlight flits across your tits,
Oh, Jesus Christ Almighty.
I'll be up your gash as quick as a flash,
'Cause I am Jack the Ripper.
Though some have hairs -and some are bald,
But they all smell like a kipper.
I'll be between your thighs despite your lies,
Because you love me deary.
I'll be up and down and in and out,
Until you are too weary.
You'll be on your knees and begging please,
Because you are so horny.
I'll be round about and up your spout,
And gone before the morning.
The very best time I ever had,
Is when I take out Lucy.
'Cause after we dine and after we dance,
I get to eat her pussy.

In the Frontrow - The Prop Forward Song

To the tune of The Wild Rover

I've been a propforward as long as I know,
and will always do nothing but play the frontrow.
You might think we're crazy, just stupid or dumb,
but without us you wouldn't win one single scrum.

CHORUS:

And it's close, tight, together,
never back we will go.
Cause we'll always be playing,
in the frontrow.

I stand in between them, and hooker's my name,
striking at balls is my favourite game.
Channels and tactics, just give me a call,
cause I am by far the smartest of all.

Our numbers are easy, they're one, two and three,
or in the same order, it's a, b and c.
It's common logic, we're always up front,
ask us a question, we'll probably HUH

No second or backrow, no scrumhalf or back,
we are the pillars of both team and pack.
You may wonder why, but you will never know,
unless you have tried to play in the frontrow.

Scrummage is easy, we say "peace-a-cake",
we push them around til we hear something break.
Referee or others, we don't give a fuck,
we are the best in a fast forward ruck.

Our job in the lineout's is lift and protect,
and hand-off opponents in case they object.
Wheeling a maul is great fun to do,
cause if we are lucky we get to score too.

You might not believe it, we sometimes do think,
it most likely happens when we need a drink.
Running makes thirsty and energy's spilt,
that's why our stomachs are constantly filled.

Now that you know what the frontrow's about,
guess what we think when we give you a shout
Dropping a ball may look clumsy to you,
but winning a scrum is what we're born to do.

Gentlemen Should Please Refrain

(Sung to the tune of "Poisoning Pigeons in the Park")

Gentlemen should please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the station for a while.
We encourage contemplation
While the train is in the station,
Cross your legs and grit your teeth and smile.

If you wish to pass some water
You should sing out for a porter
Who will place a basin in the bog;
Tramps and hoboes undeneath
Get it in the eye and teeth,
But that's what comes from being underdog.

Drinking while the train is moving
Is another way of proving,
That control of eye and hand is sure;
We like our clients to be neat,
So please don't wet upon the seat,
Or, even worse, don't splash upon the floor.

If the Ladies' Room be taken,
do not feel the least forsaken,
Never show the sign of sad defeat,
Try the Gents across the hall,
and if some man has felt the call
He'll courteously relinquish you his seat.

If these efforts are in vain,
then simply break the window pane,
This novel method's used by very few,
We go strolling through the park,
a-goosing statues in the dark
If Peter Pan can take it, why can't you?

Harlequin's Lament

Scrum halves and centers and forwards, too.
Thumbs up their assholes with fuck-all to do.
Drinking our beer in the company of fools.
May the lord piss on you sideways.
May the lord piss on you sideways.
May the lord piss on you sideways.
'Tis the Harlequin's Lament.
The first thing we ask for, we ask for is beer.
Beautiful, wonderful, glorious beer.
If we can have one beer, why can't we have ten?
Why can't we own a brewery?
Why can't we own a brewery?
Why can't we own a brewery?
'Tis the Harlequin's Lament.

The next thing we ask for, we ask for is girls.
Beautiful, wonderful, glorious girls.
If we can have one girl, why can't we have ten'?
Why can't we own a whorehouse?
Why can't we own a whorehouse?
Why can't we own a whorehouse?
'Tis the Harlequin' s Lament.

The last thing we ask for is boys.
The last thing I ask for is boys.
Beautiful, wonderful, glorious boys.
If we can have one boy, why can't we have ten?
Why can't we own a scout troop?
Why can't we own a scout troop?
Why can't we own a scout troop?
Tis the Harlequin's Lament.

Court of The Horny Five Sweetheart Song

CHORUS: In the mood, hard on crazy rhythm,
In the mood, hard on crazy rhythm,
In the mood, hard on crazy rhythm,
Up tight, and out of sight, and in the mood.
She's got nipples on her tits just as big as your thumb.
She's jot somethin' 'tween her legs to make a dead man cum.
She's got shoo-fly pie - apple pandowdy,
Makes your balls rise up and makes your pecker say "Howdy"'.
You can huff and you can puff and you can strut your stuff,
But you can't eat enough of her wonderful muff!
Oh, the nipples on her tits are as big as my thumb.
The wiggle of her ass will make a dead man cum.
She's a mean mother fucker and a great cocksucker.
She's my girl; she fucks.

The Italian National Anthem - Fratelli d'Italia

Lyrics by Goffredo Mameli

Fratelli d'Italia,
l'Italia s'e' desta,
dell'elmo di Scipio
s'e cinta la testa.
Dov'e la vittoria?
Le porga la chioma,
che schiava di Roma
Iddio la creo'.

Stringiamoci a coorte,
siam pronti alla morte.
Siam pronti alla morte,
l'Italia chiamo'.
Stringiamoci a coorte,
siam pronti alla morte.
Siam pronti alla morte,
l'Italia chiamo', si'!

Noi fummo da secoli
calpesti, derisi,
perche' non siam popoli,
perche' siam divisi.
Raccolgaci un'unica
bandiera, una speme:
di fonderci insieme
gia' l'ora suono'.

Uniamoci, uniamoci,
l'unione e l'amore
rivelano ai popoli
le vie del Signore.
Giuriamo far libero
il suolo natio:
uniti, per Dio,
chi vincer ci puo'?

Anybody Seen J C ?

Chorus
Has anybody seen J C
J C, J C, J C, J C.
Not since Easter Monday,
Riding on a Donkey.
Has anybody seen J C
J C, J C, J C, J C

Virgin born, head of thorn
Resurrects the dead at dawn

That J C, he's devine
Changes water into wine.

Virgin Mary, She's the most
She's been fuck by the Hole Ghost

Cleans up temples it is said
Raises spastics from their bed

J C, He's so cool
Boogies across my swimming pool

Took three loaves and five fish
Feed five thousand piece of piss

Lots of songs, raises cheers,
In the charts two thousand years

Holes in hands, Holes in Feet,
Carries his cross down the street,

Holy Ghost, He's the most,
Gets them pissed on wine and toast,

Banished fear and gave us hope,
Went one better than the Pope,

Love he gave, faith he took,
Still the Worlds best selling book,

Save our souls, fun we poke,
Sorry God its just a joke.

J C stands five foot nine,
Plays scrum half for Palestine.

Arms out wide, feet are tied,
It's hard to boogie when your crucified.

If I were the marrying kind

if i were a marrying kind
i thank the lord i'm not sir
the kind of man that i would be
would be a rugby +++++++++

prop sir

prop sir?

'cause i'd support a hooker
and you'd support a hooker
we'd all support a hooker together

we'd be alright in the middle of the night
supporting hookers together

*(the next verses change "prop" with the first line
and "support a hooker" with the second line)*

2nd row
sniff butt

scrum half
put it in

halftime orange
get sucked

spectator on a rainy day
come in rubbers

spectator on a sunny day
come again

goal post
stand erect

grounds keeper #1
trim bush

grounds keeper #2
do lines

boot
come in boxes

cleat
get screwed

ball
pumped

whistle
blown

To listen to this song, click here

The Lady Of The Manor

To the tune of "Ghostriders in the Sky"

The Lady of the Manor was dressing for the Ball,
When She saw the Village cripple tossing off up against the wall.

Chorus:

With His rare old kidney wiper and his balls the size of three
and a yard and a half of foreskin
hanging down below his knee.

So She wrote to him a letter, a letter she did write,
saying "I'd rather be had by you sir than my husband any night"
With your rare old kidney wiper and your balls the size of three
and a yard and a half of foreskin
hanging down below his knee.

So he mounted his white charger, the finest in the land
and he rode up to the manor with his penis in his hand

Chorus

Now he rode up to the manor, he rode up to the hall,
when "God blimey" cried the Butler he's come to fuck us all

Chorus

Well he fucked them in the bedrooms and he fucked them in the hall,
and he even fucked the pictures that were hanging up against the wall

Chorus

Now some say he went to heaven, some say he went to hell,
some say he fucked the devil and the devils wife as well

Chorus

Yipeeeeiyyyaaaaa yipeeeeiyyyooooo
foreskins in the sky.

She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain

She was coming round the mountain doin' ninety,
When the chain on her motorcycle broke,
Now she's lying in the grass,
With the muffler up her ass,
And her tits a-playin' Dixie on the spokes.

NELLIE 'AWKINS

I first met Nellie 'Awkins
down the Old Kent Road.
Her drawers were hanging down,
'Cos she'd been with Charlie Brown,
I pressed a filthy tanner
in her filthy bleeding hand.
'Cos she was a low dozen whore.

She wore no blouses And I wore no trousers,
And she wore no underclothes,
And when she caressed me
She damn near undressed me
It's a thrill that no one knows.
I went to the doctor,
He said, "Where did you block 'er?"
I said, "Down where the green grass grows."
He said, quick as a twinkle,
The pimple on your winkle
Will be bigger than a red, red rose."

The sexual life of the camel

I have found many versions of this song, so here are two of the most common found:

Version 1

The sexual life of the camel
Is stranger than anyone thinks
At the height of the mating season
He tries to bugger the Sphinx
But the Sphinx's posterior orifice
Is filled with the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Version 2

CHORUS: Singin' rub titty titty rub titty titty
titty rub titty rub titty rub
rub titty rub titty yea.
Singin' rub titty titty rub titty titty
titty rub titty rub titty rub
The assholes are here to stay

(or)

CHORUS: We're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs, IN PAIRS!.
We're all queers together,
And nobody bloody well cares.

The sexual life of the camel is stranger than anyone thinks,
At the height of the mating season he tries to bugger the sphinx.
But the sphinx's posterior orifice is clogged by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel and the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

The sexual life of the ostrich is stranger than that of man.
At the height of the mating season she buries her head in the sand.
When along comes the male of the species and sees that ass flying high in the air,
He wonder's if it's male or female, and says "What the fuck do I care?!?"

The sexual life of a bullfrog is understood by some,
At the height of the mating season he crawls up the arse of his chum.
But this vile orifice is horrible and filled with foul gases and slime,
Which accounts for his croak and why he says "ugh" all the time.

In the anals of syphulization, from anthropod ape down to man,
It is commonly held that the Navy has buggered whatever it can.

But recent extensive researches, by Darwin and Huxley and Hall,
Conclusively prove that the hedgehog has never been buggered at all.

But theorems were meant to be broken as in the postulate written above,
Regarding the plight of the hedgehog and the boundaries of sexual love.
For a crafty ol' naval bugger left his memoirs to Harvard and Yale,
Simply stating the fact that the hedgehog can be buggered by shaving his tail.

Me daddy drives a motorcar, me mother rides a bike.
Me and me brother we hate each other so I masturbate on his trike.

My name is Bruce you know me, I live in Leicester Square,
With a pair of open toed sandals and a gardenia in me hair.

Me father fucks me mother, me mother fucks him back.
And when he's done with her he comes and rams it up me crack.

I went to sell me motorcar, expecting much the worst.
He asked me for my bottom price, I said lets talk about me motorcar first.

This morn' I went to my tailor. He said, "What can I do for you Jack?"
I said, "A pair of velvet trousers with the zipper up the back.!"

I road the puff puff yesterday, There was barely room to stand.
A little boy offered me his seat, so I took it in me hand.

'Twas Christmas eve at the harem and the eunuchs all were there,
Observing the vestigial virgins combing their public hair.
When the voice of Father Christmas cam echoing through the hall,
Asking what would you like for Christmas and eunuchs all answered balls.

The Scottish Trip

By Max Boyce

Oh! We went up to the highlands of Scotland,
To the land of the loch and the glen.
And we'll all bring our wives back a present,
So we can go next time again.
Singing...

Too-ral-ay, oo-ral-ay addy,
We went up by train and by car.
When the juice of the barley was flowing,
We all saw the game in the bar.

Oh! We loaded the bus up with flagons,
And left about twenty past seven.
We stopped fourteen times between Neath and Bridgend,
We were still in Glamorgan at eleven.
Singing...

Too-ral-ay, oo-ral-ay addy,
We went up by train and by car.
When the juice of the barley was flowing,
We all saw the game in the bar.

On the M5 Will spoke to the driver,
He said "Can you no stop this bus for a while?"
He said "Man alive, we're on the M5,
You'll have to hang on to Carlisle!"
Singing...

Too-ral-ay, oo-ral-ay addy,
We went up by train and by car.
When the juice of the barley was flowing,
We all saw the game in the bar.

Old Willie climbed out on the sun-roof,
And he stood on the bus in disgrace.
He wasn't to know that the bridge was so low,
But he died with a smile on his face.
Singing...

Too-ral-ay, oo-ral-ay addy,
We went up by train and by car.
When the juice of the barley was flowing,
We all saw the game in the bar.

He was splattered all over the pavement,

And his leek it was stuffed down his throat,
And I heard his friend say, as they scraped him away,
My ticket was inside his coat!
Singing...

Too-ral-ay, oo-ral-ay addy,
We went up by train and by car.
When the juice of the barley was flowing,
We all saw the game in the bar.

You're Just Too Good To Be True

You're just too good to be true
Can't take my eyes off of you
You'd be like heaven to touch
I wanna hold you so much
At long last love has arrived
And I thank God I'm alive
You're just too good to be true
Can't take my eyes off of you

Pardon the way that I stare
There's nothing else to compare
The sight of you leaves me weak
There are no words left to speak
So if you feel like I feel
Please let me know that it's real
You're just too good to be true
Can't take my eyes off of you

I love you baby and if it's quite all right
I need you baby to warm the lonely nights
I love you baby, trust in me when I say
Oh pretty baby, don't bring me down I pray

Oh pretty baby, now that I've found you stay
And let me love you baby, let me love you

You're just too good to be true
Can't take my eyes off of you
You'd be like heaven to touch
I wanna hold you so much
At long last love has arrived
And I thank God I'm alive
You're just too good to be true
Can't take my eyes off of you

ON THE FIRST DAY OF RUGBY

To the tune of "The Twelve days of Christmas"

On the first day of rugby,
my true love gave to me:
A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck,
WORTH A FUCK.

On the second day of rugby,
my true love gave to me:
two herpes sores, and
A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck,
WORTH A FUCK.

On the third day of rugby,
my true love gave to me:
three french whores
two herpes sores, and
A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck,
WORTH A FUCK.

On the fourth day of rugby,
my true love gave to me:
four flying fucks
three french whores
two herpes sores, and
A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck,
WORTH A FUCK.

On the fifth day of rugby,
my true love gave to me:
FIVE PUBIC HAIRS
four flying fucks
three french whores
two herpes sores, and
A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck,
WORTH A FUCK.

On the sixth day of rugby,
my true love gave to me:
six Sixty-Niners
FIVE PUBIC HAIRS
four flying fucks
three french whores
two herpes sores, and
A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck,
WORTH A FUCK.

On the seventh day of rugby,

my true love gave to me:
seven sleazy sisters
six Sixty-Niners
FIVE PUBIC HAIRS
four flying fucks
three french whores
two herpes sores, and
A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck,
WORTH A FUCK.

On the eighth day of rugby,
my true love gave to me:
eight aching assholes
seven sleazy sisters
six Sixty-Niners
FIVE PUBIC HAIRS
four flying fucks
three french whores
two herpes sores, and
A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck,
WORTH A FUCK.

On the nineth day of rugby,
my true love gave to me:
nine nympho nuns
eight aching assholes
seven sleazy sisters
six Sixty-Niners
FIVE PUBIC HAIRS
four flying fucks
three french whores
two herpes sores, and
A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck,
WORTH A FUCK.

On the tenth day of rugby,
my true love gave to me:
ten tonness of titties
nine nympho nuns
eight aching assholes
seven sleazy sisters
six Sixty-Niners
FIVE PUBIC HAIRS
four flying fucks
three french whores
two herpes sores, and
A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck,
WORTH A FUCK.

On the eleventh day of rugby,
my true love gave to me:

eleven licking lesbos
ten tonness of titties
nine nympho nuns
eight aching assholes
seven sleazy sisters
six Sixty-Niners
FIVE PUBIC HAIRS
four flying fucks
three french whores
two herpes sores, and
A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck,
WORTH A FUCK.

On the twelfth day of rugby,
my true love gave to me:
twelve twitching twats
eleven licking lesbos
ten tonness of titties
nine nympho nuns
eight aching assholes
seven sleazy sisters
six Sixty-Niners
FIVE PUBIC HAIRS
four flying fucks
three french whores
two herpes sores, and
A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck,
WORTH A FUCK.

Yogi Bear

Sung to the tune of "Camptown Races"

I know someone you don't know, Yogi, Yogi,
I know someone you don't know, Yogi, Yogi Bear.
Yogi, Yogi Bear. Yogi, Yogi Bear.
I know someone you don't know, Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Yogi has a little friend, Booboo, Booboo.
Yogi has a little friend, Booboo, Booboo Bear.
Booboo, Booboo Bear. Booboo, Booboo Bear
Yogi has a little friend, Booboo, Booboo.

Yogi has an enemy, Ranger, Ranger.
Yogi has an enemy, Ranger, Ranger Smith.
Ranger, Ranger Smith. Ranger, Ranger Smith.
Yogi has an enemy, Ranger, Smith.

Yogi likes it in the snow, Polar Bear.
Yogi likes it up side down, Koala Bear.
Yogi likes it in a car, Panda Bear.
Yogi's got a girlfriend, Suzy Bear.
Suzy likes it 'gainst the fridge, Polar Bear.
Booboo likes it up the ass, Brown Bear.
Yogi has a 10" cock, Black Bear.
Suzy likes to shave her pubes, Grizzly Bear.
Yogi likes it with a chew, Kodak, Bear.
Suzy wears crotchless panties, Teddy Bear.
Suzy's snatch it smells like cheese, Camembert.
Suzy she has great big tits, More than I can bear
Suzy likes to threesome, Lucky Bear.
Booboo likes it in a tree, Koala Bear.
Yogi likes lingerie, Teddy bear.

YESTERDAY

Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away.
Now it looks as though they're here to stay.
Oh, I believe in yesterday.
Suddenly, I'm not half the man I used to be,
There's a shadow hanging over me.
Oh, I yesterday came suddenly.
Why she had to go I don't know she wouldn't say.
I said something wrong, now I long for yesterday.
Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play.
Now I need a place to hide away.
Oh, I believe in yesterday.
Why she had to go I don't know she wouldn't say.
I said something wrong, now I long for yesterday.
Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play.
Now I need a place to hide away.
Oh, I believe in yesterday.
Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm

Birth control, could be the saviour of your soul.
With your dick inside your girlfriends hole.
Oh, I believe in Birth control.
Suddenly, an unexpected pregnancy,
There's a shotgun hanging over me.
Yes I believe in Birth control. Why I had to cum I don't know I couldn't say.
I did something wrong, now I long for yesterday.
Sypholis, it all started with a simple kiss,
Now, it hurt when I take a piss.
Now I believe in Sypholis

Leprosy, What a sorry mess I am to see.
Even friends can't stand to look at me.
Oh, I despise my leprosy.
Gradually, I'm not half the man I used to be.
Pieces keep on falling off of me.
It happens now so gradually.
When my tongue fell off,
I don't know, I couldn't say.
I said, [*garbled*] "zump ping wong".
Now I long for that sweet day
When I had no
Leprosy.
Making with me could never be.
Yes, I've lost my chance for ecstasy.
Oh I despise
My leprosy.

THE ALPHABET

A is for arseholes all covered in hair,
Chorus: Heigh Ho said Rolly.

B is the Bugger that wishes he were there,
Chorus: With a rolly polly,
up 'em and stuff 'em,
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly.

C is for cunts all dripping with piss,
D is the Drunkard who gave it a kiss.

E is for Eunuch with only one ball.
F is, for fuckers with no balls at all.

G is for Gonorrhoea, Goitre and Gout,
H is f or Harlot that spread it about.

I is Injection for clap, pox and itch.
J is for jerk of a dog on a bitch.

K is for King who thought fucking a bore,
L is for Lesbian who came back for more.

M is for Maidenhead tattered and torn.
N is for Noble who died with a horn.

O is for Orifice gently revealed.
P is for pussy all Pranged up and Peeled.

Q is the Quaker who came in his hat,
R is the Roger who rogered the cat.

S is the shit pot all full to the brim.
T is the turds that are floating within.

U is the Usher who taught us at school.
V is the Virgin that played with his tool.

W is the Whore who thought fucking a farce.
X, Y and Zyou can stuff up your arse.

Barnacle Bill The Sailor

Sung to the tune of "Barnacle Bill the Sailor"

WOMAN'S VOICE:
Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Cried the fair young maiden.

MAN'S VOICE:
Oh, it's only me from across the sea.
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

WOMAN'S VOICE:
Why are you knocking at my door?
Why are you knocking at my door?
Why are you knocking at my door?
Cried the fair young maiden.

MAN'S VOICE:
'Cos I'm young enough, and ready and tough.
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

Will you take me to the dance?
To hell with the dance down with your pants.

You can sleep upon the floor.
I'll not sleep on the floor you dirty whore.

You can sleep upon the mat.
Oh, bugger the mat you can't fuck that.

You can sleep upon the stairs.
Oh, fuck the stairs they haven't got hairs.

What's that running up my blouse?
It's only me mitt to grab yer tit.

You can sleep between my tits.
Oh, bugger your tits they give me the shits.

You can sleep between my thighs.
Bugger your thighs they're covered in flies.

You can sleep within my cunt.
Oh, bugger your cunt but I'll fuck for a stunt.

What's that running in and out?

It's only me cock, it's as hard as a rock.

What's that running down my leg?
It's only me shot that missed yer twat.

What if my parents should find out?
We'll eat your ma and blow your pa.

What if my mother should disagree?
If yer ma'll agree we'll make it three.

What if we should get VD?
We'll pick the sores and fuck some more.

What if we should get the (clap!)?
Gotta be willin' to take penicillin.

What if I should have a child?
We'll drown the bugger and fuck for another.

What if we should have a girl?
We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch.

What if we should have a boy?
He'll play rugby and fuck like me.

What'll we do when the baby's born
We'll drown the bugger and fuck for another.

What if you should go to jail?
I'll pick the lock with my ten-foot cock.

What if we should go to prison?
I'll swing my balls and knock down the walls.

Bestiality's Best

(Sung to the tune of "Wallaby Song")

CHORUS:Bestiality's best boys, bestiality's best.
Fuck a wallaby!
Bestiality's best boys, bestiality's best.
Fuck a wallaby!
Blow your rocks in an ox boys, blow your rocks in an ox.
Fuck a wallaby!
Blow your rocks in an ox boys, blow your rocks in an ox.
Fuck a wallaby!
In the spunk of a skunk boys, in the spunk of a skunk.
Fuck a wallaby!
In the spunk of a skunk boys, in the spunk of a skunk.
Fuck a wallaby!
In the rear of a deer boys, in the rear of a deer.
Fuck a wallaby!
In the rear of a deer boys, in the rear of a deer.
Fuck a wallaby!

THE MINSTRELS SING OF A BASTARD KING OF MANY LONG YEARS AGO

The minstrels sing of a Bastard King
of many long years ago
Who ruled his land with an iron hand,
Though his mind was creak and low,
His only outer garment
was a dirty yellow shirt
With which he tried to hide his hide,
But he couldn't hide the dirt.

Chorus: He was forty, fat and full of Fleas,
His sceptre sat between his knees,
God bless the Bastard
King of England.

Now the Queen of Spain was an amorous dame,
And a sprightly wench was she
And longed to play in a sexual way
With the King across the sea.
So she sent a secret message
With a secret messenger
To ask the King if he would string
Along to sleep with her.

Now Ol' Philip of France
he heard by chance
Within his royal court,
And he swore, "By God, she loves this slob
Because I'm rather short,"
So he sent the Duke of Suffering Sap
To give to the Queen a dose of clap
To pass it on to the
Bastard King of England.

When news of the foul deed was heard
Within fair London's walls
The King he swore by the Royal Whore
He'd have King Philip's life.
He offered half the royal purse
And a piece of Princess Claire
To any British subject
Who'd undo Philip the Fair.

The Duke of Northumberland
saddled his horse
And galloped off to France,
He swore he was a fairy,
The King let drop his pants,
Then in front of a throng
he slipped on a thong

Leaped on his horse and galloped along
Dragging the Frenchman back to Merrie Old England.

When the King of England saw the sight
He fell in a faint on the floor,
For during the ride his rival's hide
Was stretched a yard or more,
And all the whores in silken drawers
Came down to London town,

And shouted round the battlements,
"To Hell with the British Crown."
And Philip alone usurped the throne
His sceptre was his royal bone,
With which he ditched,
The Bastard King of England

Black Velvet Band

(Sung to the tune of "Black Velvet Band")

CHORUS: Her eyes they shone like the diamond,
They call her the Queen of the land.
And her hair hung over her shoulders,
Tied up with a black velvet band.
In a neat little town they call Belfast,
Apprentice to trade I was found,
Many an hour sweet happiness,
Have I spent in this neat little town,
Till bad misfortune befell me,
Which caused me to stray from the land,
Far away from my friends and relations,
Betrayed by the black velvet band.
Well I was out strolling one evening,
Not meaning to go very far
When I met with a pretty young damsel
She was selling her trade in a bar
She was both fair and handsome,
And her neck it was just like a swan,
And her hair it hung it over her shoulder,
Tied up with a black velvet band.
I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid,
And the gentleman passing us by,
Well I knew she meant the doing of him,
By the look in her roguish black-eye,
The gold watch she took from his pocket,
And placed it right into my hand,
On the very first day that I met her,
Bad luck from the black velvet band.
Next morning before judge and jury
For our trial I had to appear
The judge, he said, "Young fellow
The case against you is quite clear
And seven years is your sentence
You're going to Van Dieman's Land
Far away from your friends and relations
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

So come all you jolly young fellows
I'd have you take warning by me
And whenever you're out on the liquor
Beware of the pretty colleen
They'll fill your with whiskey and porter
Until you're not able to stand
And the very next thing that you know
You're landed in Van Dieman's Land.

Boy Meets Girl

Boy meets girl, holds her hand,
Visions of a promised land,
Tender words, cling and kiss,
Crafty feel, heavenly bliss,
Nibble nipples, squeeze thighs,
Gets a beat, feels a rise,
Eyes ablaze, drawers down,
Really starts to go to town,
Legs outspread, virgin lass,
Fanny foams like bottled Bass,
Ram it home, moans of joy,
Teenage love, girl meets boy,
Love's a jewel, pearls he's won,
Shoots his load, what's he done,
Comes the pay off, here's the rub,
He's got her in the pudding club,
Comes the wedding, bridesmaids flap,
Love and cherish, all that crap,
A tubby tum, weighty gain,
Prams and nappies, labour pain,
Begins to realize what he did,
Nagging wife and screaming kid,
Sweats his prick off, works his stint;
Only pleasure is evening time,
When mattress creaks she's off again,
Can't forsake those sexy habits,
Breeding kids like bloody rabbits.

Bread of Heaven

By William Williams 1717-91 & Peter Williams 1727-96

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou are mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fear subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction.
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

Calon Lan

Nid wy'n gofyn bywyd moethus,
Aur y byd na'i berlau man,
Gofyn rwyf am galon hapus,
Calon onest, calon lan
Tom and Max joined the choirs at Wembley in 1999

Chorus
Calon lan yn llawn daioni,
Tecach yw na'r lili dlos,
Does ond calon lan all ganu
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos

Pe dymunwn olud bydol,
Chwim adenydd iddo sydd:
Golud calon lan rinweddol
Yn dwyn bythol elw fydd

Chorus

Hwyr a bore fy nymuniad
Esgyn ar adenydd can
Ar i Dduw, er mwyn fy Ngheidwad,
Roddi imi galon lan

Chorus

ALL THE NICE GIRLS LOVE A CANDLE

All the nice girls love a candle,
All the nice girls love a wick,
For there's something about a candle
Which reminds them of a prick.
Nice and greasy, slips in easy,
It's a girl's pride and joy,
It's been up our Lady Jane
And it's going up again,
Ship ahoy, ship ahoy.

Charlotte The Harlot

(Sung to the tune of "Sweet Betsy From Pike")

CHORUS:She's filthy, she's nasty,
She spits on the floor,
Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.
Way out in the wild west where the bullshit lies thick,
Where the women are women and the cowboys come quick,
There lives a fair maiden of forty or more,
Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.
She's handy, she's bandy, she screws in the street,
Whenever you meet her she's always in heat,
If you leave your fly open she's after your meat,
And the small of her cunt knocks you right off your feet.
She's easy, she's breezy, she's my hearts delight,
I'll fuck her by day and fuck her by night,
And each time I fuck her she shouts out, "Encore,"
I call that great fucking and I want some more.
One night on the prairie while riding along,
One hand on my pistol and one on my dong,
What should I spy but the maid I adore,
Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.
One night I was riding way down by the falls,
One hand on my pistol, the other on my balls,
What should I see but Charlotte using a stick,
Instead of the end of a cowpuncher's prick.
One night on the desert her legs opened wide,
A rattlesnake saw it and climbed up inside,
Now all the cowboys on Saturday night,
Come see the vagina that rattles and bites.
I leapt from my saddle and reached for her crack,
But the damn thing was rattling and bit me back,
I pulled out my six gun and aimed for its head,
But the damn thing misfired and shot Charlotte instead.
I caressed her, undressed her, and laid her down there,
And parted the tresses of curly brown hair,
Inserted the penis of my sturdy horse,
And then there began a strange intercourse.
Faster and faster went my sturdy steed,
Until Charlotte rejoiced at the speed,
When all of a sudden my horse did backfire,
And shot Charlotte right into the mire.
He got Charlotte all covered in muck,
And said, "Oh dear, cowboy, what a glorious fuck,"
She stepped a pace forward and fell flat on the floor,
And that was the end of the cowpuncher's whore.
The funeral procession was forty miles long,
And all of the cowboys were singing the song,
"Here lies a maiden who never kept score,
Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpuncher's whore."

Charlotte The Harlot Lay Dying

CHORUS:"I've been had by the army, the navy,
By a bullfighting toreador,
By dages and dronges and dinges,
But never by maggots before,
So roll back your dirty old assholes,
And give me the cream of your nuts."
So they rolled back their dirty old assholes,
And played "Home Sweet Home" on her guts.
Charlotte the Harlot lay dying,
A piss-pot supported her head,
The blow-flies were buzzing around her,
She lay on her left tit and said:
Charlotte the Harlot repented,
She'd never have another bang,
She wanted to go to heaven,
So she rolled on her right tit and sang:
Charlotte the Harlot was buried,
The town was much quieter than before,
But one night at the local brothel,
Her ghost appeared in the beer.

CLEMENTINE

There she stood beside the bar rail
Drinking pink gins for two bits,
And the swollen whiskey barrels
Stood in awe beside her tits.

Chorus: I owe my darlin', I owe my darlin'
I owe my darlin' Clementine.
Three bent pennies and a nickel
Oh, my darlin' Clementine.

Eyes of whiskey, lips of water
As she sodden at me peer
Dawns the daylight in her temple
With a bollock-warming leer.

Hung me guitar on the bar rail
At the sweetness of the sign,
In one leap leapt out me trousers
Plunged into the foaming brine.

She was bawdy, she was busty,
She could match the great Buzoom,
As she strained out of her bloomers
Like a melon tree in bloom.

Oh the oak tree and the cypress
Never more together twine,
Since that creeping poison ivy
Laid its blight on Clementine.

Christopher Robin

(Sung to the tune of "Christopher Robin")

Little boy kneels at the foot of the stairs
Clutched in his hand are a bunch of white hairs
Oh my just fancy that
Christopher Robin castrated the cat.
Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed
Lily-white hands are caressing his head
Oh my couldn't be worse
Christopher Robin is shagging his nurse.
Little boy sits on the lavatory pan
Gently caressing his little old man
Flip flop into the tank
Christopher Robin is having a wank.

Daisy

(Sung to the tune of "Daisy")

Daisy, Daisy,
Give me your answer do.
I'm half crazy,
Six inches into you.
It won't be a stylish entry,
I can't afford a frenchie.
But you'll look sweet,
Between the sheets,
When I'm six inches into you.

Alternate Version

Daisy, Daisy,
Give me your tits to chew,
I'm half crazy,
My balls are turning blue
I can't afford a condom,
A plastic bag will do,
But you'll look sweet,
Under the sheets,
With me on top of you.

Danny Boy

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling.
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone and all the flowers are dying,
'tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come you back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
'tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

And if you come, when all the flowers are dying,
And I am dead, as dead I well may be,
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me,
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be,
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me,
I simply sleep in peace until you come to me

Darkie Sunday School

CHORUS:Young folk, old folk, everybody come
To the darkie Sunday School
And we'll have lots of fun
Bring your sticks of chewing gum
And sit upon the floor
And we'll tell you Bible stories
That you've never heard before.

Now Adam was the first man
So we're led to believe
He walked into the garden
And bumped right into Eve
There was no one there to show him
But he quickly found the way
And that's the very reason
Why we're singing here today.

The Lord said unto Noah
"It's going to rain today"
So Noah built a bloody great Ark
In which to sail away,
The animals went in two by two
But soon got up to tricks
So, although they came in two by two
They came out six by six.

Now Moses in the bullrushes
Was all wrapped up in swathe
Pharaoh's daughter found him
When she went down there to bathe
She took him back to Pharaoh
And said, "I found him on the shore"
And Pharaoh winked his eye and said
"I've heard that one before.

King Solomon and King David
Lived most immoral lives
Spent their time a-chasing
After other people's wives
The Lord spake unto both of them
And it worked just like a charm
'Cos Solomon wrote the Proverbs
And David wrote the Psalms.

Now Samson was an Israelite
And very big and strong
Delilah was a Philistine
Always doing wrong
They spent a week together

Delilah

I saw the light on the night that I passed by her window
I saw the flickering shadows of love on her blind
She was my woman
As she deceived me I watched and went out of my mind
My, my, my, Delilah
Why, why, why, Delilah
I could see that girl was no good for me
But I was lost like a slave that no man could free
At break of day when that man drove away, I was waiting
I cross the street to her house and she opened the door
She stood there laughing
I felt the knife in my hand and she laughed no more
My, my, my Delilah
Why, why, why Delilah
So before they come to break down the door
Forgive me Delilah I just couldn't take any more

[insert trumpet solo here]

She stood there laughing
I felt the knife in my hand and she laughed no more
My, my, my, Delilah
Why, why, why, Delilah
So before they come to break down the door
Forgive me Delilah I just couldn't take any more
Forgive me Delilah I just couldn't take any more

Do Your Balls Hang Low?

(Sung to the tune of "Do Your Ears Hang Low")

Do your balls hang low?
Do they dangle to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?
Can you tie them in a bow?
Can you sling 'em o'er your shoulder
Like a Continental Soldier?
Do your balls hang low?

WHO'S THAT KNOCKING AT MY DOOR?

Cried the fair young maiden.
Oh, it's only me from across the sea,
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Why are you knocking at my door?
Cried the fair young maiden.
'Cos I'm young enough, and ready and tough,
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

You can sleep upon the floor.
Oh, get off the floor, you dirty old whore.

You can sleep upon the mat.
Oh, bugger the mat you can't fuck that.

You can sleep upon the stairs.
Oh, bugger the stairs they haven't got hairs.

You can sleep between my tits.
Oh, bugger your tits they give me the shits.

You can sleep between my thighs.
Oh, bugger your thighs they're covered in flies.

You can sleep within my cunt.
Oh, bugger your cunt but I'll fuck for a stunt.

What will we do when the baby's born?
Oh, we'll drown the bugger and fuck for another.

Durex is a Girl's Best Friend

Durex is a Girl's Best Friend
A poke with a bloke may be quite incidental
Durex is a girl's best friend
You may get the works but you won't be parental
As he slides it in
You trust that good old latex skin
As he lets fly non gets by
'Cos it's all gathered up at the end
This little precaution
Avoids an abortion
Durex is a girls best friend

Eskimo Nell

(Recited)

Gather round all you whorey

Gather round and hear this story.

When a man rows old, & his balls grow cold

And the tip of his prick turns blue,

It bends in the middle like a 1 string fiddle

He can tell you a tale or two.

So pull up a chair, and stand me a drink

And a tale to you I'll tell

Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,

And a harlot called Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete

Go forth in search of fun

It's Dead-eye Dick that slings the prick

And Mexican Pete the gun.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete

Are sore, depressed and sad

It's always a cunt that bears the brunt

Bat the shooting ain't so bad.

Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete

Live down by Dead Man's Creek

And such was their luck they'd had no fuck

For nigh on half a week.

Just a moose or two and a caribou,

And a bison cow or so,

And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly prick

This fucking was mighty slow.

So do or dare this horny pair

Set forth for the Rio Grande,

Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick

And Pete with his gun in his hand.

And as they blazed their noisy trail

No man their path withstood,

And many a bride, her husband's pride

A pregnant widow stood.

They reached the strand of the Rio Grande

At the height of a blazing noon,

And to slack their thirst and do their worst

They sought Black Mike's Saloon.

And as they pushed the great doors wide

Both prick and gun flashed free.

According to sex, you bleeding wrecks,

You drink or fuck with me."

They'd heard of Dead-eye Dick,

From Maine to Panama

So with scarcely worse than a muttered cur

Those dagos sought the bar.

The girls too knew his playful ways

Down on the Rio Grande,

And forty whores pulled down their drawer

At Dead-eye Dick's command.

They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete

Itch on the trigger grip

And they didn't wait, at fearful rate

Those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick

With lecherous snorts and grunts

So forty arses were bared to view

And likewise forty cunts.

Now forty cunts and forty arses

If you can use your wits,

And if you're slick at arithmetic,

Makes exactly eighty tits.

Now eighty tits are a gladsome sight

For a man with a raging stand

It may be rare in Berkeley Square

But not on the Rio Grande.

Now Dead-eye Dick had fucked a few

On the last preceding night,

This he had done just to show his fun

And to wet his appetite.

His phallic limb was in fucking trim,

As he backed and took a run

He made a dart at the nearest tart

And scored a hole in one.

He bore her to the sandy floor

And there he fucked her fine

And though she grinned

It put the wind up the other thirty-nine.

When Dead-eye Dick lets loose his prick

He's got no time to spare,

For speed & length combined with strength

He fairly singes hair.

He made a dart at the next spare tart,

When into that harlot's hell

Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid,

And her name it was Eskimo Nell.

By this time Dick had got his prick

Well into number two

When Eskimo Nell let out a yell,

She bawled to him, "Hey you."

He gave a flick of his muscular prick

And the girl flew over his head,

And he wheeled about with an angry shout.

His face and his prick were red.

She glanced our hero up and down,

His looks she seemed to decry,

With utter scorn she glimpsed the horn

That rose from his hairy thigh.

She blew the smoke from her cigarette

Over his steaming knob

So utterly beat was Mexican Pete

He failed to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell

In accents clear and cool,

"You cunt struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp.

You call that thing a tool?"

"If this here town can't take that down,"

She sneered to those cowering whores,

"There's one little cunt can do the stunt,

It's Eskimo Nell's, not yours."

She stripped her garments one by one

With an air of conscious pride

And as she stood in her womanhood

They saw the great divide.

She seated herself on a table top

Where someone had left his glass,

With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits

Between the cheeks of her arse.

She flexed her knees with supple ease,

And spread her legs apart,

With a friendly nod to the mangy sod

She gave him the cue to start.

But Dead-eye Dick knew a trick or two,

He meant to take his time,

And a girl like this was fucking bliss

So he played the pantomime.

He flexed his arse hole to and fro

And made his balls inflate

Until they looked like granite knobs

Up on a garden gate.

He blew his anus inside out,

His balls increased in size,

His mighty prick grew twice as thick

Till it almost reached his eyes.

He polished it up with alcohol,

And made it steaming hot

To finish the job he sprinkled the knob

With a cayenne pepperpot.

Then neither did he take a run

Nor did he take a leap,

Nor did he stoop, but took a swoop

And a steady forward creep.

With piercing eye he took a sight

Along his mighty tool,

And the steady grin as he pushed it in

Was calculatedly cool.

Have you seen the giant pistons

On the mighty C.P.R.

With the driving force of a thousand horse.

Well, you know what pistons are.

Or you think you do. But you've yet to learn

The ins and outs of the trick

Of the work that's done on a non-stop run

By a guy like Dead-eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was no infidel,

As good as whole harem

With the strength of ten in her abdomen

And the rock of ages between.

Amid stops she could take the stream

Like the flush of a watercloset,

And she gripped his cock like a Yale Lock

On the National Safe Deposit.

But Dead-eye Dick could not come quick,

He meant to conserve his powers,

If he'd a mind he'd grind and grind

For a couple of solid hours.

Nell lay for a while with a subtle smile,

The grip of her cunt grew keener,

Squeezing her thigh she sucked him dry

With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this trick in a way so slick

As to set in complete defiance

The basic cause and primary laws

That govern sexual science.

She calmly rode through the phallic code

Which for years had stood the test,

And the ancient rules of the classic schools

In a second or two went West.

And so my friends we come to the end

Of copulation's classic

The effect on Dick was sudden and quick

And akin to an anesthetic.

He fell to the floor, and knew no more

His passions extinct and dead

And he did not shout as his prick fell out

Though 'twas stripped right down to a thread

Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet

To avenge his pal's affront,

With jarring jolt of his blue-nosed Colt

He rammed it up her cunt.

He rammed it up to the trigger grip

And fired three times three

But to his surprise she closed her eyes

And smiled in ecstasy.

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet

"Bully", she said, "for you.

Though I had guessed that was the best

That you two poor cocks could do."

"When next, my friend, that you intend

To sally forth for fun

Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick

And yourself an elephant gun.

"I'm going back to the frozen North,

Where the pricks are hard and strong.

Back to the land of the frozen stand

Where the nights are six months long.

"It's hard as tin when they put it in

In the land where spunk is spunk

Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream

But a solid frozen chunk.

"Back to the land where they understand

What it means to fornicate,

Where even the dead sleep two in a bed

And the babies masturbate.

"Back to the land of the grinding gland,

Where the walrus plays with his prong,

Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair

That's where they'll sing this song.

"They'll tell this tale on the Arctic Trail

Where the nights are sixty below,

Where it's so damn cold that the Johnnies are sold

Wrapped up in a ball of snow.

"In the valley of death with baited breath

That's where they'll sing it too,

Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle,

And the rotting corpses screw.

"Back to the land where men are men,

Terra Bellicum,

And there I'll spend my worthy end

For the North is calling: 'Come.'"

So Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete

Slunk out of the Rio Grande,

Dead-eye Dick with his useless prick

And Pete with no gun in his hand.

Fanny Bay

If you ever go across the sea to Darwin,
Then maybe at the closing of the day,
You will see the local harlots
at their business,
And watch the sun go down on Fanny Bay.
Some are black and some are white,
And some are brindle,
And some are young
and some are old and grey,
But what will cost you twenty quid
in Lower Crown Street,
Will cost you half a zac in Fanny Bay.

Flower of Scotland

By Roy MB Williamson 1936-l990

O Flower of Scotland
When will we see
Your like again,
That fought and died for
Your wee bit Hill and Glen
And stood against him
Proud Edward's Army,
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

The Hills are bare now
And Autumn leaves lie thick and still
O'er land that is lost now
Which those so dearly held
That stood against him
Proud Edward's Army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

Those days are past now
And in the past they must remain
But we can still rise now
And be the nation again
That stood against him
Proud Edward's Army
And sent him homeward,
Tae think again.

0 Flower of Scotland
When will we see
Your like again,
That fought and died for
Your wee bit Hill and Glen
And stood against him
Proud Edward's Army,
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

To listen to the song, click here

Farmer's Daughter

CHORUS: I had her, I had her, I had her away.
I had her, I had her, I had her away.
(Repeat last two lines of each verse.)

I knew a farmer and I knew him well.
He had a daughter and her name was Nell.
She was so pretty and only sixteen,
When I showed her the works of my Thrashing Machine.
The barn door was open and I stepped inside.

Off in the comer so softly I spied.
She worked the throttle and I worked the steam,
As I showed her the works of my Thrashing Machine.
Well, three months went by and all was not well.
Something had happened to our little Nell.
For under her pinny could clearly be seen,
The diabolical works of my Thrashing Machine.

Now, nine months went by and a doctor was called.
Unto sweet Nellie a baby was born.
And under his nappy could clearly be seen,
A brand new, twin cylinder Thrashing Machine.

Fuck Him

(Chanted)
He ought to be publicly pissed on.
He ought to be publicly shot. Bang! Bang!
And stuffed in a bloody urinal,
To lay there to fester and rot.
So him, him, FUCK HIM!

Gareth Jenkins: The Best Rugby Coach in the West

You could hear the pundits' sound as they gathered in the ground
'Bout impending doom and thrashings when the Leicester boys came down
But one man wouldn't listen when they told him what was best
His name was Jenkins, and he coached the best rugby team in the west

Now Guscott he dismissed them, and Healey laughed and scoffed
And even JD in the box said they'd face the Tigers' wrath
They profiled Booth, the flyer, the try-scoring machine
And Johnson, Lions captain, all stong and big and mean

This stirred up Gareth - (Jenkins), and he coached the best rugby team in the west

Now Gareth had a rival, a big bear of a bloke
Called 'Dirty' Deano Richards who used to kill ball at a stroke
(He'd) led Leicester to the treble, was invincible they cried
Scarlets should lock their dressing room and do their best to hide

Poor Gareth - (Jenkins), and he coached the best rugby team in the west

For Cardiff were our only hope, no one had any doubt
But Rammage bottled on the day to flash the cards about
Northampton Saints they killed and spoiled, upon the ball they'd lie
To make sure that the Blue and Blacks would never get a try

That left just Gareth - (Jenkins), and he coached the best rugby team in the west

(So) to Stradey Park, the game kicked off, and for the first 10 minutes
Llanelli they were penalised and wasn't even in it!
(But) throuh Madden, Scott and Boobyer and Easterby who'd delve
Jones kept slotting them over and they went in 15-12

Which pleased ol' Gareth - (Jenkins), and he coached the best rugby team in the west

Garforth, he got sin-binned for persistent indiscretion
And Back, Kay, West and Corry's play was hardly worth a mention
But Austin, on the touchline, as the teams they re-emerged
Convinced the viewing public that the Leicester score would surge

That wound up Gareth - (Jenkins), and he coached the best rugby team in the west

Jenkins sat up in the stand, recently off his crutches
Tough rucking from the forwards ensured Steve found all his touches
Through McBryde, Wyatt and Finau, the gain-line they would breach
And Deano cussed and scowled and for his inhaler did reach

That tickled ol' Gareth - (Jenkins), and he coached the best rugby team in the west

At the end of 80 minutes, Steve Ryder was quite shocked
His beloved English champions' juggernaut had been road blocked
His superlatives dried up quicker than the Trent during a drought
Whilst Leicester and their backroom staff (found) the nearest door marked 'out!'

But the Beeb interviewed Gareth - (Jenkins), 'cos he coached the best rugby team in the west

The crowd spilled out onto the pitch, the scene was quite disgraceful
No coins were thrown, nor glass bottles were lobbed amongst the faithful
Just joyful chants and 'Sospan Fach,' no malice, hate or menace
As seen only the week before, upon the Ninian terrace

And the crowd sang Gareth - (Jenkins), for he coached the best rugby team in the west

SLOW

Now when success is in the air, we always hail the team
When failure looms, it's 'sack the coach' the critics always scream
After Saturday's performance higher things should come a-beckoning
And the national coaching job should be once more within his reckoning

From all four corners of our land salute the former flanker
Whose guile, enthusiasm, wit and pride would surely fill a tanker
Llongyfarchiadau i ti gyd, you've proved that 'West is Best'
As to the quarters, on you march, to $*@* in Callard's nest!

Pob lwc i ti Gareth! - (Jenkins), and he coached the best rugby team in the west

Glorious Beer

(Sung to the tune of "Food" from the opera Oliver)

CHORUS:Beer, beer, glorious beer,
Fill yourself right up to here.
Drink a good deal of it, make a good meal of it.
Stick to your old fashion beer,
Don't be afraid of it, drink till you're made of it.
Now all together a cheer,
Up with sale of it, down with a pale of it.
Glorious, glorious beer.

Now I won't sing of Sherbet and water
For Sherbet and beer will not rhyme
'ne working man can't afford Champagne
It's a bit more than two D a time
So I'll sing you a song of a garle
A garle that I love so dear
I all owe to that grand institution
That beautiful tonic called beer, beer, beer.

It's the daddy of all lubricators
The best thing there is for the neck
Can be used as a gargle or lotion
By persons of every sect
Now we know who the goddess of wine was
But was there a goddess of beer
If so let's drink to her health boys
And wish that we'd got her here, here, here.

So up, up with Brandies and sodas
But down and down with the beer
It's good for you when you're hungry
You can eat it without any fear
So mop up your beer while you're able
Of four-half let's have our fill
And I know you'll all join me in wishing
Good luck to my dear uncle Bill, Bill, Bill.

Green Green Grass Of Home

The old home town looks the same as I step down from the train,
and there to meet me is my Mama and Papa.
Down the road I look and there runs Mary hair of gold and lips like cherries.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

The old house is still standing tho' the paint is cracked and dry,
and there's that old oak tree I used to play on.
Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary, hair of gold and lips like cherries.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

[spoken:]

Then I awake and look around me, at four grey wall surround me
and I realize that I was only dreaming.
For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre -
arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak.
Again I touch the green, green grass of home.
Yes, they'll all come to see me in the shade of that old oak tree
as they lay me neath the green, green grass of home.

New Zealand Haka

Maori Version

Ka mate Ka mate
Ka ora Ka ora
Ka mate Ka mate
Ka ora Ka ora
Tenei Te Tangata Puhuruhuru
Nana i tiki mai whakawhiti te ra
Upane Upane
Upane Kaupane
Whiti te ra

English Version

It is death It is death
It is life It is life
It is death It is death
It is life It is life
This is the hairy man
Who caused the sun to shine again for me
Up the ladder Up the ladder
Up to the top
The sun shines!

An audio version of the Haka can be found Here

Hitler Has Only Got One Ball

CHORUS:Hitler has only got one ball,
Stalin has two, but very small.
Himmler is very similar,
And poor old Goebbels has no balls at all.
We are from (your team's name) RFC.
We are always out to win.
Men, men very strong,
We are the forwards and backs again.
And if the forwards push very hard,
Backs play with all their hearts.
Men, men very strong,
We are the forwards and backs again.

Irelands Call

Come the day and come the hour, come the power and the glory,
We have come to answer our country.s call from the four proud provinces of Ireland.

Ireland, Ireland together standing tall.
Shoulder to shoulder we.ll answer Ireland.s call!

From the mighty glens of Antrim, from the rugged hills of Galway,
From the walls of Limerick and Dublin Bay, from the four proud provinces of Ireland.

Ireland, Ireland together standing tall.
Shoulder to shoulder we.ll answer Ireland.s call!

Ireland, Ireland together standing tall.
Shoulder to shoulder we.ll answer Ireland.s call!

To listen to Ireland's Call click Here

Hymns and Arias

By Max Boyce

We paid our weekly shilling for that January trip:
A long weekend in London, aye, without a bit of kip.
There's a seat reserved for beer by the boys from Abercarn:
There's beer, pontoon, crisps and fags and a croakin 'Calon Lan'.

And we were singing hymns and arias,
'Land of my Fathers', 'Ar hyd y nos'.

Into Paddington we did roll with an empty crate of ale.
Will had lost at cards and now his Western Mail's for sale.
But Will is very happy though his money all has gone:
He swapped five photos of his wife for one of Barry John.

And we were singing hymns and arias,
'Land of my Fathers', 'Ar hyd y nos'.

We got to Twickers early and were jostled in the crowd;
Planted leeks and dragons, looked for toilets all around.
So many there we couldn't budge -twisted legs and pale:
I'm ashamed we used a bottle that once held bitter ale.

And we were singing hymns and arias,
'Land of my Fathers', 'Ar hyd y nos'.

Wales defeated England in a fast and open game.
We sang 'Cwm Rhondda' and 'Delilah',
damn, they sounded both the same.
We sympathised with an Englishman
whose team was doomed to fail
So we gave him that old bottle, that once held bitter ale!

He started singing hymns and arias,
'Land of my Fathers', 'Ar hyd y nos'.

So it's down to Soho for the night,
to the girls with the shiny beads;
To the funny men with lipstick on,
with evil minds and deeds.
One said to Will from a doorway dark,
damn, she didn't have much on.
But Will knew what she wanted,
aye...his photo of Barry John!

'Cos she was singing hymns and arias,
'Land of my Fathers', 'Ar hyd y nos'.

To listen to Max singing this classic, click here

Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water,
Jill came down with half a crown,
But not for fetching water.

Alternate Version

Jack and Jill went up a hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

Jack on Jill produced a thrill
When on the ground he got her,
Then went down and told the town
He tumbled Jill and gaffed her.

Jack to Jill thus did such ill
That Jill, to pay the rotter,
Told the town Jack's crown broke down
When he set out to shaft her.

Jack and Jill have split the bill
Since Jack led Jill to totter.
Half the town deals Jill a frown
And half greets Jack with laughter.

Brother Johnny

("Johnny" is replaced by the name of the person who messes up a solo.)

Here's to Brother Johnny, Brother Johnny, Brother Johnny.
Here's to Brother Johnny who's with us tonight.
He beats it, he eats it, he often mistreats it.
Here's to Brother Johnny who's with us tonight.

I Don't Want To Join The Army

CHORUS:I don't want to join the army,
I don't want to go to war.
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly Underground,
Living on the earnings of a high born lady.
I don't want a bayonet up me asshole,
I don't want me balls shot away.
I'd rather stay in England, in merry, merry England,
And fornicate me fucking life away. Go blimey ...

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
And Wednesday, I must confess, I lifted up her dress,
Thursday I saw you know what,
Friday I laid me 'and upon it,
Saturday she gave me balls a twitch, twitch, twitch,
And Sunday after supper, I rammed me fucker up 'er,
And now I'm paying 76 a week. Go blimey ...

SECOND
CHORUS:I don't want to join the Navy.
I don't want to go to sea.
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly Underground,
Living on the earnings of a high born lady.
I don't need no Frenchy women,
London's full of girls I never had.
I want to stay in Blighty, Lord Gawd Almighty,
Following in the footsteps of me dad.

To listen to this song, click here.

Jonestown

A favorite of upstate new york rugby. Sung to the tune of "Downtown."

When your down and your broke, and your religion's a joke
Why don't you go and see
Jim Jones
When your life's incomplete, there's only one man to meet
Why don't you go and see
Jim Jones

Refrain

Watch him mix the Cool aid in the vat so lethal
Listen to the anguished cries of all the dying people
Everyone dies.

The rev's the most gracious host
So, lift up your glasses, the ultimate toast
(So, lift up you glasses, the durge of the masses)
Your in Jonestown
Drink with the reverend Jim
Jonestown
Chances are mighty slim
Jonestown
People are dropping like flies.

Congressman Ryan, on a mission of spyin'
Would not drink with
Jim Jones
Such a public disgrace, they had to blow off his face
'Cause he would not drink with
Jim Jones

Refrain

First you cough and you wheeze, then you drop to your kness
From drinking Cool aid with
Jim Jones
You arrive back in the States, decomposed in your crates
From drinking Cool aid with
Jim Jones

Refrain

Jonestown, Jonestown (repeat in diminuendo)

Lovin' feelin'

You never close your eyes any more when I kiss your lips
There's no tenderness like before in your fingertips
You're trying hard not to show it.. baby
But baby, baby I know it...

Chorus:
You lost that lovin' feeling, wow that loving feeling
You lost that loving feeling now its gone gone gone o o o!

Now there's no welcome look in your eyes when I reach for you
and girl you're starting to criticise little things I do
it makes me just feel like crying baby,
Cos baby something beautiful's dying

Chorus:
You lost that lovin' feeling, wow that loving feeling
You lost that loving feeling now its gone gone gone o o o!

Baby, baby, I'd get down on my knees for you
if you would only love me like you used to do
We had a love, a love, a love you don't find every day
So don't don't don't let it slip away
baby baby, baby please
I need your love

Chorus:
Bring back that lovin' feeling, wow that loving feeling
Bring back that loving feeling now its gone gone gone o o o!

Chorus:
You lost that lovin' feeling, wow that loving feeling
You lost that loving feeling now its gone gone gone o o o!

ONCE THERE WAS A SERVANT GIRL WHOSE NAME WAS MARY JANE

Once there was a servant girl whose name was Mary Jane,
Her mistress she was good to her
She knew she was a country girl,
just lately from the farm,
And so she did her bloody best to keep the girl from harm.
Chorus: Singing bell?bottom trousers, coats of navy blue
Let him climb the rigging like his Daddy used to do.

The forty?second Army Corps came in to paint the town,
A band of bawdy bastards
and rapists of renown,
They busted every maidenhead,
and staggered out again,
But they never made the servant girl who lived in Drury Lane.

Next there came the Fusiliers,
and a band of Welsh Hussars
They piled into the brothels,
they packed into the bars.
The maidens and the matrons
were seduced with might and main,
But they never made the servant girl whose name was Mary Jane.

Early one evening a sailor came to tea
And that was the start of all her misery,
At sea without a woman for forty months or more,
There wasn't any need to ask what he was looking for.
He asked her for a candle to light his way to bed,
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head,
Then using very gentle words,
as if he meant no harm
He asked the maid to come to bed just to keep him warm.

She lifted up the covers just a moment there to lie,
But he's got his dick inside her
before she could bat an eye,
And though he'd got her Maidenhead she showed no great alarm,
And the only words she said to him were: "1 hope you're keeping warm."

Early in the morning when the sailor'd had his grind
He gave to her a ten bob note to pacify his mind
Saying: "If you have a daughter bounce her on your knee,
If you have a son send the bastard out to sea."

Now all you servant girls
take a warning from me,
Don't ever let a sailor
get an inch above the knee,
She trusted one, the ninny,
in his Naval uniform,
Now all she wants to do, me boys,
is keep the Navy warm

Mary Ann Barnes

Mary Ann Barnes is the queen of all the acrobats;
she can do tricks that will give a man the shits.
She can shoot green peas from her fundamental orifice,
do a double somersault and catch 'em on her tits.
She's a great big fat shit, twice the size of me,
hair on her ass like the branches in a tree.
She can swim, fight, shoot, fuck,
climb a tree or drive a truck.
She's the kind of girl that's gonna marry me!

"Drive a truck" is replaced by "form a ruck" in some renditions.

THE MOLE CATCHER

In Manchester city by the sign of The Plough
There lived a mole catcher,
I can't tell you how,

Chorus: With his la ti lie diddle,
and his la ti lie day.
He'd go out mole catching from morning till night,
And a young fellow would come for to visit his wife.

Now the mole catcher got jealous of all the same thing,
And he hid under the wash house to see what did come in.
Now this young fellow comes climbing over the stile,
And the mole catcher's watching with a crafty smile.
He knocks at the door and this he does say,
"Where is your husband, good woman, l pray?"
"He's gone out mole catching, you have nothing to fear."
Little did she know the old bastard was near.

They went up the stairs
and she gives him the sign,
But the filthy old fellow did creep up behind.
Now just as the young fellow reached the height of his frolics,
The mole catcher grabs him quite fast by the bollocks.
The trap it squeezed tighter, the mole catcher did smile,
"Here's the best mole we've caught in a while."

"I'll make you pay well for ploughing me ground
This little prank will cost you all of ten pound."
"Oh," says the young fellow,
"Christ gov, I don't mind,
For it only works out at tuppence a grind."

So come all you young fellows and mind what you're at,
Don't ever get yours caught in a mole catcher's trap.

Men of Harlech

Men of Harlech is a song about Owain Glyndwr's defence of Cambria from the English invaders. There are numerous versions of this classic Welsh song. As such, I have several different versions below. The first two are generally believed to be the first two recorded versions of this song.

Men Of Harlech - Gems of Welsh Melody (ed. John Owen, "Owain Alaw", 1860)

March ye men of Harlech bold, Unfurl your banners in the field,
Be brave as were your sires of old, And like them never yield!
What tho' evry hill and dale, Echoes now with war's alarms,
Celtic hearts can never quail, When Cambria calls to arms.

By each lofty mountain, By each crystal fountain,
By your homes where those you love Await your glad returning,
Let each thought and action prove, True glory can the Cymru move,
And as each blade gleams in the light, Pray "God defend the right!"

Clans from Mona wending, Now with Arvon blending,
Haste with rapid strides along The path that leads to glory,
From Snowdon's hills with harp and song, And Nantlle's vale proceeds a throng,
Whose ranks with yours shall proudly vie, "And nobly win or die!"

March ye men of Harlech go, Lov'd fatherland your duty claims,
Onward comes the Saxon foe, His footsteps mark'd in flames;
But his march breeds no dismay, Boasting taunts we meet with scorn,
Craven like their hosts shall flee Like mists before the morn.

On the foemen dashing, Swords and bucklers clashing;
Smite with will their savage band Nor think of e'er retreating:
But with a firm unflinching hand, In blood quench ev'ry burning brand,
And for each roof tree cast away A Saxon life shall pay.

Thus each bosom nerving, From no danger swerving,
Soon shall the invader feel The doom of fate rewarding;
They firmly grasp the flashing steel, And as ye strike for Cymru's weal,
Be this your cry, till life's last breath - "Our Liberty or Death!"

The song appeared next in The Songs of Wales, (ed. Brinley Richards, 1873).
In this version the words are by John Oxenford.

An audio rendition of this version is also available Here

Men of Harlech, march to glory, Victory is hov'ring o'er ye,
Bright eyed freedom stands before ye, Hear ye not her call?
At your sloth she seems to wonder, Rend the sluggish bonds asunder,
Let the war cry's deaf'ning thunder, Ev'ry foe appal.

Echoes loudly waking, Hill and valley shaking;
'Till the sound spreads wide around, The Saxon's courage breaking;
Your foes on ev'ry side assailing, Forward press with heart unfailing,
Till invaders learn with quailing, Cambria ne'er can yield.

Thou who noble Cambria wrongest, Know that freedom's cause is strongest
Freedom's courage lasts the longest, Ending but with death!
Freedom countless hosts can scatter, Freedom stoutest mail can shatter,
Freedom thickest walls can batter, Fate is in her breath.

See they now are flying! Dead are heaped with dying!
Over might has triumphed right, Our land to foes denying;
Upon their soil we never sought them, Love of conquest hither brought them,
But this lesson we have taught them, Cambria ne'er can yield.

Men of Harlech version found on web

Harlech, raise thy banners o'er us
See the foe array'd before us
Men of Meirion shout the chorus
Cambria live for aye!
Should until the cry is sounding
To our land's remotest bounding
And Eryri is resounding
Cambria live for aye!

Heroes, soldiers, rally
On the foe we'll sally
We will chase the hostile race
From stream and hill and valley
Conquest's banner proudly bearing
We'll exult in their despairing
Victory the shout declaring
Cambria live for aye!

Swords are reddening, life-blood poureth
Loud the din of battle roareth
Louder still the war-cry soareth
Cambria live for aye!

Spears and arrows swift are glancing
Trumpets sounding, charges prancing
Serried ranks with shouts advancing
Cambria live for aye!

Fierce his spirit rages
Who with foe engages
Hand to hand for Fatherland
With honour held for ages.
Wild the conflict, see they're reeling
Vengeance now the sword is dealing

Victory is thunder pealing
Cambria live for aye!

Welsh version of above song

Rhyfelgyrch Gwyr Harlech
Wele goelcerth wen yn fflamio
A thafodau tân yn bloeddio
Ar i'r dewrion ddod i daro
Unwaith eto'n un
Gan fanllefau tywysogion
Llais gelynion, trwst arfogion
A charlamiad y marchogion
Craig ar graig a g ryn.

Arfon byth ni orfydd
Cenir yn dragywydd
Cymru fydd fel Cymru fu
Yn glodfawr ym mysg gwledydd.
Yng ngwyn oleuni'r goelcerth acw
Tros wefusau Cymro'n marw
Annibyniaeth sydd yn galw
Am ei dewraf ddyn.

Ni chaiff gelyn ladd ac ymlid
Harlech! Harlech! cwyd i'w herlid
Y mae Rhoddwr mawr ein Rhyddid
Yn rhoi nerth i ni.

Wele Gymru a'i byddinoedd
Yn ymdywallt o'r mynyddoedd!
Rhuthrant fel rhaeadrau dyfroedd
Llamant fel y lli!

Llwyddiant i'n marchogion
Rwystro gledd yr estron!
Gwybod yn ei galon gaiff
Fel bratha cleddyf Brython
Y cledd yn erbyn cledd a chwery
Dur yn erbyn dur a dery
Wele faner Gwalia'i fyny
Rhyddid aiff â hi!

Men of Harlech by John Guard

1. Tongues of fire on Idris flaring,
News of foemen near declaring,
To heroic deeds of daring,
Call you, Harlech men.
Groans of wounded peasants dying,
Wails of wives and children flying,

For the distant succour crying,
Call you, Harlech Men.
Shall the voice of wailing,
Now be an unavailing,
You to rouse, who never yet
In battle hour were failing?
This our answer, crowds down pouring,
Swift as winter torrents roaring;
Not in vain the voice imploring
Calls on Harlech men.

2. Load the martial pipes are sounding,
Ev'ry manly heart is bounding,
As our trusted chief surrounding,
March we, Harlech men.
Short the sleep the foe is taking;
Ere the morrows morn is breaking,
They shall have a rude awakening,
Roused by Harlech Men.
Mothers, cease your weeping,
Calm may be your sleeping,
You and yours in safety now,
The Harlech men are keeping.
Ere the sun is high in heaven,
They yon fear, by panic riven,
Shall, like frightened sheep, be driven,
Far, by Harlech men.

Men of Harlech as sung by the Royal Regiment of Wales in the chapel at Rourkes Drift.

Men of Harlech -- Zulu Version

Men of Harlech stop your dreaming
Can't you see their spear points gleaming
See their warrior's pennants streaming
To this battle field

Men of Harlech stand ye steady
It cannot be ever said ye
For the battle were not ready
Stand and never yield

From the hills rebounding
Let this war cry sounding
Summon all at Cambria's call
The mighty force surrounding

Men of Harlech onto glory
This shall ever be your story
Keep these fighting words before ye
Cambria (Welshmen never) will not yield

The Outside Half Factory

By Max Boyce

I'll tell you a story,
'tis a strange and weird tale:
Of a factory in my valley,
not fed by road or rail.
It's built beneath the mountain,
beneath the coal and clay.
It's where we make the outside-halves,
that'll play for Wales one day.

Down by the council houses,
where on a quiet day,
You can hear the giant engines
digging up the clay.
No naked lights or matches
where the raw material's found
In the four-foot seams of outside-halves,
two miles below the ground.

We've camouflaged the mouth with stones,
from Bradford Northern spies:
>From plastic 'E-Type' Englishmen
with promise in their eyes.
And we've boarded up the entrance
for the way must not be shown;
And we'll tell them all to **** off
and make their ******* own!

My Dad works down in arms and legs
where production's running high.
It's he that checks the wooden moulds
and stacks them forty high,
But he's had some rejects lately,
'cos there's such a big demand;
So he sells them to the northern clubs,
and stamps them 'second-hand'.

It's there where Harry Dampers works,
it's where the money's best,
But now his health is failing
and the dust lies on his chest.
But he'll get his compensation
though his health's gone off the rails
When he sees that finished product
score the winning try for Wales.

But now the belts are empty,
came a sadness with the dawn.
And the body-press is idle,
and the valley's blinds are drawn.
Disaster struck this morning
when a fitter's mate named Ron
Cracked the mould of solid gold,
that once made Barry John.

Old Harry Dampers (struck with grief),
received the final call.
And old Harry has been taken to
the greatest outside-half of all.
Whose hands are kind and gentle,
though they bear the mark of nails,
So Harry stamped him 'Number Ten',
'cos he was made in Wales.

And the wheels will go on turning,
and trams will run on rails,
To that factory 'neath the mountain
making outside-halves for Wales.

THERE WAS A PRIEST, THE DIRTY BEAST

There was a priest, the dirty beast,
Whose name was Alexander.
His mighty dick was inches thick
He called it Salamander.

One night he slept with the Gypsy Queen,
Whose, face was black as charcoal,
But in the dark he missed his mark,
And sparks came out her arsehole.

A brat was born one rainy morn,
With a face as black as charcoal,
It had a dick ten inches thick,
But it didn't have an arsehole.

Running Bear

On the banks of the river,
stood Running Bear,
young Indian brave,
And on the other side of the river,
stood his lovely Indian maid.

Little White Dove was her name,
such a lovely sight to see,
But their tribes fought with each other,
And their love could never be.

Chorus:
O' Running Bear, loved little White Dove,
with a love as big as sky.
O' Running Bear, loved little White Dove,
with a love that couldn't die.

He couldn't swim the raging river,
because the river was too wide,
He couldn't reach his little White Dove,
Standing on the other side.

Through the moonlight he could see her,
Blowing kisses across the waves,
And his heart was beating faster,
Waiting for his Indian maid.

Chorus:
O' Running Bear, loved little White Dove,
with a love as big as sky.
O' Running Bear, loved little White Dove,
with a love that couldn't die.

Running Bear dove in the water,
Little White Dove did the same,
as they swam towards each other,
Through the swirling waters came.

As then their hands touched and their lips met,
The raging river dragged them down,
And now they'll always be together,
In that happy hunting ground.

Chorus:
O' Running Bear, loved little White Dove,
with a love as big as sky.
O' Running Bear, loved little White Dove,

with a love that couldn't die.

Chorus:
O' Running Bear, loved little White Dove,
with a love as big as sky.
O' Running Bear, loved little White Dove,
with a love that couldn't die.

Rugby Men

(Sung to the tune of "This Old Man")

Rugby man, He plays one,
He likes it right up the bum.
With a nick nack paddy wack
Give the ball a way
Women's rugby's what we play

He plays two, He can't get it up to screw.
He plays three, He’s not big enough for me.
He plays four, He may try but he can’t score.
He plays five, He likes to muff dive.
He plays six, Little man with a little dick.
He plays seven, Masturbation is his Heaven.
He plays eight, He always cums to fucking late.
He plays nine, He thinks his orgasms mine.
He plays ten, Little boys who think they're men.

Sosban Fach

Mae bys Meri-Ann wedi brifo,
A Dafydd y gwas ddim yn iach.
Mae'r baban yn y crid yn crio,
A'r gath wedi scrapo Joni bach.
Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tân,
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr,
A'r gath wedi scrapo Joni bach

Dai bach yn sowldiwr, Dai bach yn sowldiwr,
Dai bach yn sowldiwr, a gwt ei grys e mas

Mae bys Mari Ann wedi gwella,
A Dafydd y gwas yn ei fedd;
Mae'r baban yn y crud wedi tyfu,
A'r gath wedi huno mewn hedd.
Sospan fach yn berwi ar y tân
Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr
A'r gath wedi huno mewn hedd

Sloop John B

We sailed on the Sloop John B, my Grandpappy and me
around Nassau town we did roam
drinking all night, got into a fight
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

So hoist up the John B sails
see how the main sail sets
call for the Captain ashore let me go home,
let me go home, let me go home, I feel so broke up
I wanna go home.

The first mate he got drunk
broke in the Captains bunk
the constable had to come and take him away
the sheriff John Stone, why don't you leave me alone
I feel so broke up I wanna go home.

So hoist up the John B sails
see how the main sail sets
call for the Captain ashore let me go home,
let me go home, let me go home, I feel so broke up
I wanna go home.

The poor cook he got the fits
threw away all of the grits
and then he went and ate all of my corn
Oh let me go home, why don't ya let me go home
I feel so broke up I wanna go home.

So hoist up the John B sails
see how the main sail sets
call for the Captain ashore let me go home,
let me go home, let me go home, I feel so broke up
I wanna go home.

The Captain's a wicked man
beats up on us whenever he can
he don't give a damn about pappy and me
I wanna go home, why don't you leave us alone
this is the worst trip I've ever been on.

So hoist up the John B sails
see how the main sail sets
call for the Captain ashore let me go home,
let me go home, let me go home, I feel so broke up
I wanna go home.

Here's To The Split

(Toast)

Here's to the split that never heals,
The longer you rub it the better it feels.
And all the soap this side of hell,
Can't wash away that fishy smell.

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

Alternative version of Swing Low Sweet Chariot...

You can Stick your Fucking Chariot Up Your Arse - *sung to the tune of She'll be Coming Round the Mountain*

You can stick your fucking chariot up your arse,
You can stick your fucking chariot up your arse,
You can stick your fucking chariot,
Stick your fucking chariot,
You can stick your fucking chariot up your arse.

Be Kind To Your Web-Footed Friends

Sung to the tune of "Stars and Stripes Forever"

Be kind to your web-footed friends
For a duck may be somebody's mother
Be kind to your friends in the swamp
Where the weather is cool and damp
Now you may think that this is the end
Well it is ...

Welsh National Anthem

Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn annwyl i mi,
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri;
Ei gwrol ryfelwyr, gwladgarwyr tra mad,
Tros ryddid gollasant eu gwaed.

Cytgan:
Gwlad, gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad.
Tra mor yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,
O bydded i'r hen iaith barhau.

Hen Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,
Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn i'm golwg sydd hardd;
Trwy deimlad gwladgarol, mor swynol yw si
Ei nentydd, afonydd, i mi.

Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad tan ei droed,
Mae hen iaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed,
Ni luddiwyd yr awen gan erchyll law brad.
Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.

For the music to go with the words, Click Here

Welsh National Anthem (English Version)

The land of my fathers, the land of my choice,
The land in which poets and minstrels rejoice;
The land whose stern warriors were true to the core,
While bleeding for freedom of yore.

Chorus:
Wales! Wales! fav'rite land of Wales!
While sea her wall, may naught befall
To mar the old language of Wales.

Old mountainous Cambria, the Eden of bards,
Each hill and each valley excite my regards;
To the ears of her patriots how charming still seems
The music that flows in her streams.

My country tho' crushed by a hostile array,
The language of Cambria lives on to this day;
The muse has eluded the traitors' foul knives,
The harp of my country survives.

Wild Rover

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

Chorus:

And it's no, nay, never,
No nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more.

I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay
Such a custom as yours I could have any day."

Chorus:

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke sure were only in jest."

Chorus:

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they forgive me as ofttimes before
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus:

We'll Keep a Welcome in the Hillsides

Far away a voice is calling,
Bells from memory do chime
Come home again, come home again,
They call through the oceans of time.

We'll keep a welcome in the hillside.
We'll keep a welcome in the Vales
This land you knew will still be singing
When you come home again to Wales.

This land of song will keep a welcome
And with a love that never fails,
Well kiss away each hour of hiraeth
When you come home again to Wales.

Note: We'll keep a welcome in the hillsides is a traditional welsh song occasionally used at rugby events.