

The
Cherry Lifesavers R.F.C. Song Book

Edited By Richard Perrin
Cherry Lifesavers Rugby Football Club
Box 22123
Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada
S4S 7H4
January 20, 1996

Contents	
Contents	i
Wild Rover	1
The Engineer's Song	2
If I Were The Marrying Kind	4
Father Abraham	6
Why Was He Born So Beautiful	7
The Old Department Store	8
Swing Low Sweet Chariot	10
Buy Us a Drink	11
Old King Cole	12
The Ball Of Kirriemuir	14
Cats On The Rooftops	18
The Crawl	20
Home For a Rest	22
The Gambler	24
King Of The Road	26
Barrett's Privateers	27
How the Money Rolls In	29
Always Look On The Bright Side Of Life	32
Black Velvet Band	34
Danny Boy	38
The Old Sod	39
Northwest Passage	41
The Mary Ellen Carter	41
White Collar Holler	44
The Wreck Of The John B	45
Jamaica Farewell	46
Cigarettes, whiskey And wild wild women	47
Wild Rover	

I've played the 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.

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 custom as yours I could have any day."

chorus

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

chorus

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

chorus

The Engineer's Song

The engineer told me before he died
Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum
The engineer told me before he died
Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum

The engineer told me before he died
Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum
And I've no reason to believe he lied
Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum
Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum

He had a wife with a cunt so wide
Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum
He had a wife with a cunt so wide
Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum
He had a wife with a cunt so wide
Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum
That she could not be satisfied
Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum
Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum

So he built a prick of steel
Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum
So he built a prick of steel
Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum
So he built a prick of steel
Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum
Two brass balls and a bloody great wheel
Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum
Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum

The he filled those balls with cream
And the whole bloody issue was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the prick of steel

Higher and higher went the level of steam
Down and down went the level of cream

Then at last the maiden cried
"Enough, Enough, I'm satisfied"

Now we come to the tragic bit
For there was no way of stopping it

She was split from ass to tit

Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum
She was split from ass to tit

Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum
She was split from ass to tit

Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum
And the whole bloody issue was covered in.

Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses.
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over with shit, shit, shit!
If I Were The Marrying Kind1

If I were the marrying kind,
which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
The kind of man that I would be
would be a rugby.

Prop, Sir
Prop, Sir?
Oh, I'd support a hooker, you'd support a hooker
we'd all support a hooker together.
we'd be all right in the middle of the night,
Supporting hookers together.

chorus

Scrum Half, Sir
Scrum Half, Sir?
Oh, I'd put it in, you'd put it in,
we'd all put it in together.
we'd be all right in the middle of the night,
Putting it in together.
Lock: I'd sniff butt.
Number 8: I'd split cheeks.
Flanker: I'd hold it in
Stand-off #1: I'd whip it out
Stand-off #2: I'd pass it on
Center: I'd put it out, you'd put out
we'd all put out together
Winger: I'd get none
Fullback: I'd find touch, you'd find touch,
we'd all touch each other,.
Referee: I'd fuck her, he'd fuck me
we'd all get fucked together
Groundskeeper: I'd trim bush
Goal Post: I'd stand erect
Referee's whistle: I'd get blown
Water Bottle: I'd get sucked
Rugby Boot: I'd get smelly
Cleat: I'd get screwed
Ball: I'd get pumped
Weather Spectator #1: I'd get wet
Wet Weather Spectator #2: I'd come in rubbers
Fair Weather Spectator: I'd come again

Father Abraham2

Father Abraham, the seventh son sir,
The seventh son said Father Abraham.
And he never laughed, and he never cried,
All he did was go like this.

With the right!

and the left!

and the right!

and the left!

and a "hooah!"

and off with the shirts

and down with the pants

and let's get naked!
Why was He Born So Beautiful

Him. Him. Fuck him.

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.

So drink you mother fucker,
Drink you mother fucker
Drink, Drink, Drink!

Why are we waiting?
Why are we waiting?
He must be masturbating.
Oh why, why, why?
The Old Department Store3

I used to work in Chicago
In the old department store.
I used to work in Chicago,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for a hammer,
A hammer from the store.
A hammer she wanted, nailed she got,
I don't work there anymore.

chorus

A woman came in for some nails,
Nails from the store.
Nails she wanted, screwed she got,
I don't work there anymore.

chorus

A woman came in for some paper,
Paper from the store.
Paper she wanted, a ream she got,

I don't work there anymore.
A screen door. the back door
Some Meat. my sausage
A hammer. banged
A Carpet. shagged
A Fishing rod. my rod
Some Beef. porked
A Camel. humped
A helicopter. my chopper
A KitKat. four fingers
etc.
Swing Low Sweet Chariot4

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home.
A band of angels, coming after me,

Coming for to carry me home.
Buy US a Drink

Buy us a drink
And we'll sing you a song
of the chances you missed,
and the love that went wrong.
If you can't buy whiskey,
Stand us a pint,
And we'll lug'er strait down,
And we'll sing half the night.

Lug'er down,
Lug'er down.
As long as there's light in the day,
For you'll get no more sup, when you're number is
up,
And they lay you to rot in the grave.

There's girls in the parlours,
There's girls in the bars.
They paint on the smiles, so you don't see the scars.
They get lots of offers,
But not much respect
For raising three kids on a government cheque.

chorus
Old King Cole5

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
and a merry old soul was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Now every fiddler had a very fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he,

Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee,
said the fiddlers,
what merry merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare,
With the Lifesavers R.F.C.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his tailors three.
Now every tailor had a very fine needle,
And a very fine needle had he,
Stick it in and out, in and out,
said the tailors,
Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee,
said the fiddlers,
what merry merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare,
with the Lifesavers R.F.C.
The jugglers had two very fine balls: throw your balls
in the air
The butchers had choppers: put it on the block, chop it
off.
The barmaids had candles: pull it out, pull it out,
pull it out.
The cyclists had pedals: round and round, round and
round
The flutists had flutes: root diddly-oot-diddly-oot.
The painters had brushes: wop it up and down, up and
down.
The horsemen had saddles: ride it up and down, up and
down.
The carpenters had hammers: bang away, bang away, bang
away.
The surgeons had knives: cut it round the knob, make it
throb.
The parsons had very great alarm: goodness gracious me.
The fishermen had rods: mine is six feet long.
The huntsmen had horns: wake up in the morn with a
horn.
The coalmen had sacks: want it in the front or the
back?
The Ball Of Kirriemuir6

'Twas on the first of August the party, it began.
Now, never shall I forget, me lads, the gatherin' of
the clans

Singing, "who hae ye, lassie, (last nicht)
who hae ye noo?
The ane that hae ye last time (The mon wha hae ye
last nicht)
He canna hae ye noo."

Singin' "who'll do it this time,
who'll do it a' noo?
For the man who did it last time,
Canna doo it noo."

Singing, wha'll dae it this time?
wha'll dae it noo?
The yin that did it last time
Cannae dae it noo.

Singing, "Balls to your partner,
Ass against the wall.
If you can't get fucked on a Saturday night,
You can't get fucked at all.

'Twas the ball of Kirriemuir, mon, and everyone was
there
A-playin' wi' the lassies an' twinin' curly hair.

chorus

John McGowan, the father, was very surprised to see
Four and twenty maidenheads a hanging from the tree.

chorus

There was fuckin' in the meadows, there was fuckin' in
the ricks,
Ye could nae hear the bagpipes for the swishing o' the
pricks.

The bride was in the parlour explainin' to the groom
The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the
womb.

Mr. MacFudge the parson, he went among the weemen,
He took puir Nellie on his knee, and filled her full o'
semen.

Puir wee Nellie she found out, to her great
consternation,
That she by some strange means or ither, was increasing
his congregation.

The parson's daughter, she was there, a sittin' way
down front
A wreath of roses in her hair and a carrot up her cunt.

The parson's wife, she was there, her arse against the
wall,
Shoutin' to the laddie boys, "I'll take ye one an'
all."

The minister's scivvy, she was there, she was all
dressed in blue,
They tied her to the barn door, an' bulled her like a
coo.

It's the first lady forward, and the second lady back
And the third lady's finger in the fourth lady's crack.

It's a' the ladies back, wi' yer arses tae the wall
If ye can't get fucked at Kirriemuir, ye'll never get
fucked at all!

The village priest, he was there, and on the floor he
sat
Amusing himself by abusing himself and catching it on
his hat.

The undertaker, he went there dressed in a lime black
shroud
Swinging on the chandelier and pissing on the crowd.

The mayor's daughter, she was there, and kept the crowd
in fits

1996.01.20-from-www.lifesavers.ca--lifesavers--songbook.txt
By jumpin' off the mantle piece and landin' on her
tits.

There was screwing on the banister, screwing on the
stairs
Ye couldna' see the carpet for the mess o' curly
hairs.

The village idiot, he was there, he was a perfect fool.
He sat beneath the oak tree and whittled off his tool.

The village postman, he was there, the puir mon had the
pox
He could nae fuck the lassies, so he fucked the letter
box.

The chimney sweep, he was there, we had to put him oot,
For ev'ry time he farted, he filled the room wi' soot.

The groom by now was excited an' racin' through the
halls
He was pullin' on his pecker an' showin off his balls.

The doctor's wife, oh, she was there, she wasna very
weel,
For she had to make her water, in the midst of ev'ry
reel.

The butcher's wife, oh, she was there, she also wasna
weel,

For she had to go and piddle, after ev'ry little feel.

There was fuckin' in the courtyard, fuckin' in the
halls,
You couldna hear the music, for the janglin' of the
balls.

Jock MacGregor he was there, all in a new Ford truck,
They asked him if he'd have a dram, but he said he'd
rather fuck.

The Session Clerk, oh, he was there, it was a fuckin'
shame,
He rode a lassie a' the nicht, and wouldna see her
hame.

The minister's daughter she was there, all draped up to
the front,
wi' roses round her cute wee arse, but thistles up her
cunt.

Four an' twenty dairymaids, lyin' out all bare,
You couldna see the daisies, for the cunts an' curly
hair.

The Church Precentor he was there, he came in trews of
tartan,
They didna like the colour, for they said 'twas done by
fartin'.

The farmer's son, oh, he was there, an' he was in the
byre,

1996.01.20-from-www.lifesavers.ca--lifesavers--songbook.txt
Introduc'in' masturbation, with an Indian rubber tire.

The village bobby he was here, he'd put on fancy socks,
He fucked a lassie forty times, an' found she had the
pox.

The teacher from the school was there, she didn't bring
her stick,
She wasn't much to look at, but she sure could take the
prick.

The village grocer he was there, he had a muckle stand,
He couldn't get a woman, so he worked it off by hand.

The village cripple he was there, he wasn't up to much,
He couldn't get a hard on, so he shagged 'em wi' his
crutch.

The King was in the counting house, a-countin' out his
wealth,
The Queen was in the parlour, a-diddlin' with herself.

The Queen was in the parlour, a-eating bread and honey,
The King was in the chambermaid, an' she was in the
money.

The King's magician, he was there, playing his
favourite trick,
He pulled his foreskin over his head, and vanished up
his prick.

Then he did another, it really was a farce,
He stuck his head between his legs, and vanished up his
arse.

The village smithy he was there, his balls were made of
brass,
And ev'ry time he tried to fuck, he slid off on his
ass.

The smithy's wife, oh she was there, she thought it was
a farce,
To lie down on her stomach, and to take it up her arse.

The rugby prop, he was there, he made the people stare,
For when he took his troosers down, he looked just like
a bear.

Farmer Johnson, he was there, an' he just cursed an'
spat
For forty acres of his oats were fucked completely
flat.

An' when the ball was over, the ladies all confessed,
They'd all enjoyed the dancin', but the fuckin' was the
best.
Cats On The Rooftops

The donkey is a solitary moke,
He very seldom gets a poke;

But when he does, he lets it soak,

As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles,
Cats with syphilis, cats with piles,
Cats with their arseholes wreathed in smiles
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

The hippopotamus so it seems,
Very seldom has wet dreams;
But when he does it comes in streams,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

chorus

Poor old bovine, poor old bull,
Very seldom gets a pull;
But when he does, the cow is full,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

chorus

Poor little tortoise in his shell,
Doesn't manage very well;
But when he does he fucks like hell,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

chorus

Now the hairy old gorilla is a sedentary ape,
Who very seldom does much rape;
But when he does he comes like tape,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

When you wake up in the morning and you're feeling full
of joy,
But your good wife isn't willing and your daughter's
gone all coy;

Then you've got to use the arsehole of your second
eldest boy,
As you revel in the joys of copulation.

When you wake up in the morning with a ten inch stand,
And there isn't any woman in the whole damned land;
Then there's nothing else to do but to take it in your
hand,
As you revel in the joys of masturbation.

When you wake up in the morning with your penis in your
hand,
And you have a funny feeling in your seminary gland;
If you cannot get a woman, try to get a clean old man,
As you revel in the joys of copulation.

Now I met a young girl who was a dear,
But she gave me a dose of gonorrhoea;
Fools rush in where angels fear
To revel in the joys of copulation.
The Crawl
Spirit of the west

Oh we're good old boys, we come from the north shore.
Drinkers and carousers, the likes you've never seen.

And this night by god, we'll drink 'til there is no
more,
From the Troller to the Raven, with all stops in
between.

well it all began one afternoon on the shores of
Ambroside.
we were sittin' there quite peacefully with the rising
of the tide,
when an idea it came to mind for to usher in the Fall
and we all agreed next Friday night we'd go out upon
the crawl.

And we're good old boys. We come from the north
shore.

Drinkers and carousers, the likes you've never seen.
And this night by god, we drank 'til there was no
more,
From the Troller to the Raven, with all stops in
between.

well we planned to have a gay old time, the cash we did
not spare.
we left all the cars at home, and paid the taxi fare.
I got out of horseshoe bay a little after five
from a table in the corner, I heard familiar voices
rise...

chorus

well spirits they ran high that night, old stories we
did share
of the days when we were younger men, and never had a
care.
And the beer flowed like a river and we drank the keg
near dry.
So we drained down all our glasses and were thirsty by
and by.

chorus

Port Royal Hotel, The Rusty Gull, Square Rigger and
Queen's Cross.
We started off with eight good boys, but half had
gotten lost.
And you'll never keep the lads together when their eyes
begin to rove.
And there were just the three of us that made it to
Deep Cove.

chorus

We arrived out at the Raven just in time for the last
call,
the final destination of this the first annual crawl.
we dug deep into our pockets, there was no money to be
found.
Nine miles home, and for walkin' we are bound.

chorus

Home For a Rest
Spirit of the West

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
I've been gone for a month, I've been drunk since I
left
These so-called vacations will soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink, I need home for a
rest...

We arrived in December and London was cold
So we stayed in the bars along Charing Cross Road
We never saw nothin' but brass taps and oak
Kept a shine on the bar with the sleeves of our coats

chorus

Euston Station the train journey north
In the buffet car we lurched back and forth
Past odd crooked dikes, through Yorkshire's green
fields
We were flung into dance as the train jiggled and reeled

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
I've been gone for a week, I've been drunk since I
left
These so-called vacations will soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink, I need home for a
rest...
Take me home...

By the light of the moon she'd drift through the
streets
A rare old perfume so seductive and sweet
She'd tease us and flirt as the pubs all closed down
Then walk us on home and deny us a round

The gas heater's empty, it's damp as a tomb
And the spirits we drank are now ghosts in the room
I'm knackered again, come on sleep take me soon
And don't lift up my head 'til the twelve bells of noon

You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best
I've been gone for a month, I've been drunk since I
left
These so-called vacations will soon be my death
I'm so sick from the drink, I need home for a
rest...
Take me home...
The Gambler

On a warm summer's evening
On a train bound for nowhere
I met up with a gambler
We were both too tired to sleep.
So we took turns a' starin'
Out the window at the darkness
The boredom overtook us
And he began to speak.

He said, "Son, I've made a life
Out of readin' people's faces
An' knowin' what the cards were
By the way they held their eyes.
So if you don't mind my sayin'

I can see you're out of aces
For a taste of your whiskey
I'll give you some advice."

So I handed him my bottle
And he drank down my last swallow
Then he bummed a cigarette
And asked me for a light.
And the night got deathly quiet
And his face lost all expression
Said, "If you're gonna play the game, boy,
You gotta learn to play it right!"

You gotta know when to hold ('em)
Know when to fold 'em
Know when to walk away
And know when to run.
You never count your money
When you're sittin' at the table
There'll be time enough for countin'
When the dealin's done.

"Every gambler knows
That the secret to survivin'
Is knowin' what to throw away
Knowin' what to keep.
'Cause every hand's a winner
And every hand's a loser
And the best that you can hope for
Is to die in your sleep."

And when he'd finished speakin'
He turned back toward the window
Crushed out his cigarette
Faded off to sleep.
And somewhere in the darkness
The gambler, he broke even
But in his final words I found
An ace that I could keep.
King Of The Road
Roger Miller

Trailers for sale or rent,
Rooms to let - fifty cents
No phone, no pool, no pets
Ain't got no cigarettes,
Ah, but two hours of pushing broom
Buys an eight by twelve four-bed room
I'm a man of means, by no means
King of the road.

Third boxcar, midnight train
Destination, Bangor Maine.
Old worn-out suit and shoes,
Don't pay no union dues,
I smoke old stogies I have found,
Short, but not to beg around
I'm a man of means, by no means
King of the road.

I know every engineer on every train
All of their children, all of their names
Every handout in every town

And every loft that ain't locked when no-one's around

I sing:

Trailers for sale or rent,
Rooms to let - fifty cents
No phone, no pool, no pets
Ain't got no cigarettes,
Ah, but two hours of pushing broom
Buys an eight by twelve four-bed room
I'm a man of means, by no means
King of the road.
Barrett's Privateers
Stan Rogers

Oh the year was seventeen seventy eight

How wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
A letter of marque came from the King
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

God Damn them all! I was told
We'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's privateers.

Oh Elcid Barrett cried the town,
How wish I was in Sherbrooke now!
For twenty brave men, all fishermen, who
would make for him the Antelope's crew,

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight.
She'd a list to port and her sails in rags,
And a cook in the scuppers with staggers and jags.

On the King's birthday we put to sea.
We were ninety-one days to Montego bay,
Pumping like madmen all the way.

On the ninety-sixth day we sailed again.
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four-pounders we made to fight

The Yankee lay low down with gold.
She was broad and fat and loose in stays,
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

Then at length we stood two cables away.
Our cracked four-pounders made an awful din,
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in.

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side.
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs,
And the maintruck carried off both me legs.

So here I lay in my twenty-third year.
It's been six years since we sailed away,
And I just made Halifax yesterday.
What we Learnt At The School?

She said where does it hurt?
I said here.

Dis is mein top-noggin
Ya mama here.

Top-noggin
Ya mit damoule
That's what we learnt at the school.

She said where does it hurt?
I said here.
Dis is mein head-butt-er
Ya mama here.

Head-butt-er
Top-noggin (keep adding parts as you go)
Ya mit damoule (turn around in a circle with your beer
on your head)
That's what we learnt at the school.
top-noggin (top of head)
head-butt-er (forehead)
pig-finders (eyes)
snatch-smeller (nose)
cup cleaner (moustache)
thigh rubbers (cheeks)
clit tickler (tongue)
chin chomper (chin)
boob blockers (chest)
beer basket (belly)
mother-fucker (penis)
chin slappers (balls)
How the Money Rolls In

My father makes book on the corner,
My mother makes synthetic gin;
My sister sells love for a living
My God, how the money rolls in.

Rolls in, rolls in
My God, how the money rolls in, rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in
My God, how the money rolls in.

My mother's a bawdy-house keeper
Each night when the action begins,
She hangs a red light in the doorway,
My God, how the money rolls in.

chorus

My cousin's a Harley Street surgeon,
with instruments long, short and slim.
He only does one operation,
My God, how the money rolls in.

chorus

My brother's a slum missionary,
He saves fallen women from sin.
He'll save you a blonde for a five dollars.
My God, how the money rolls in.

chorus

My auntie she rolls prophylactics.

She punctures the ends with a pin.
My uncle does all the abortions,
My God, how the money rolls in.

chorus

My brother lies over the ocean,
My sister lies over the sea.
My father lies over my mother,
And that's how they got little me.

chorus

My one skin lies over my two skin,
My two skin lies over my three.
My three skin lies over my four skin,
So pull back my foreskin for me.

Pull back, pull back,
Oh, pull back my foreskin for me, for me.
Pull back, Pull back,
Oh, pull back my foreskin for me.
Always Look On The Bright Side Of Life
Monty Python

Cheer up, Brian. You know what they say.
Some things in life are bad,
They can really make you mad.
Other things just make you swear and curse.
When you're chewing on life's gristle,
Don't grumble, give a whistle!
And this'll help things turn out for the best.
And.
. always look on the bright side of life!
(whistle)

Always look on the bright side of life.
If life seems jolly rotten,
There's something you've forgotten!
And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing,

When you're feeling in the dumps,
Don't be silly chumps,

Just purse your lips and whistle -- that's the thing!
And. always look on the bright side of life.

(whistle)

Always look on the bright side of life.
(whistle)

For life is quite absurd,
And death's the final word.
You must always face the curtain with a bow!
Forget about your sin -- give the audience a grin,
Enjoy it -- it's the last chance anyhow!

So always look on the bright side of death!
Just before you draw your terminal breath.
Life's a piece of shit,
When you look at it.

Life's a laugh and death's a joke, it's true,
You'll see it's all a show,
Keep 'em laughing as you go.
Just remember that the last laugh is on you!

And always look on the bright side of life.
(whistle)
Always look on the bright side of life
(whistle)
Kilted Yaksmen Anthem8
Ren & Stimpy

Our country reeks of trees
Our yaks are really large
And they smell like rotting beef carcasses
And we have to clean-up after them
And our saddle sores are the best
We proudly wear women's clothing
And searing sand blows up our skirts

And buzzards, they soar overhead
And poisonous snakes devour us whole
Our bones will bleach in the sun.

And we will probably go to hell
And that is our great reward
For being the-uh-roy-yal
Canadian kilted yaksmen
Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
where me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond

O' ye'll tak the high road and I'll tak the low
road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
For me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond

Tw'as there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep steep side o' Ben Lomond,
where in the purple hue, the Hieland hills we view,
And the moon coming oot in the gloaming.

chorus

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart will ken nae second spring again,'
Though the waifu' may cease fae their greeting

chorus

Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they call Belfast

Apprenticed in trade I was bound
And many an hour of sweet happiness
I spent in that neat little town
Till bad misfortune befell me
And caused me to stray from the land

Far away from my friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
You'd think she was queen of the land
And her hair. it hung over her shoulder
Tied up in a 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
A watch, she took from a customer
And slipped it right into my hand
Then the law, they came and arrested me
Bad luck to her black velvet band

chorus

Before judge and jury next morning
For trial I had to appear
Then the judge, he said, "Me young fellow,
The case against you is quite clear
For seven years is your sentence
You're going to Van Dieman's Land
Far away from your friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band"

chorus

So come all you jolly young fellows
I'd have you take warning by me

And whenever you're out on the liquor, me lads
Beware of the pretty colleens
For they'll fill you with whiskey and porter
'Til you're not able to stand
And the very next thing that you know, me lads
You're landed in Van Dieman's Land

chorus

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.
The Old Sod

Spirit of the West

From the old sod to the new land
We came over by the score
We cut the ties, said goodbye
And closed the old world door
We settled on the prairies
In your cities and your towns
There's another oatmeal savage

Every time you turn around

And there's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod
Ah there's none more Scots
Than the Scots abroad
There's a place in our hearts
For the old sod

Well we soon found our own kind
Formed clubs and social nights
We practised on each other
Just to keep our accents right
For there's more tartan here
Than in all the motherland
We came 5000 miles
To the gathering of the clans

chorus

There's a bar in the rec room
In the basement of our house
A little shrine to Ballantynes
Haig and Famous Grouse
There's a sprig of purple heather
From the land that once was mine
And Robbie's on the tea towel
With the words to Auld Lang Syne

chorus

Well Canada's been good to us
We've a living and a home
We've all got central heating here
And most are on the phone

I'm a citizen of both countries
And very proud to be
The thistle and the maple leaf
Are the emblems of the free

chorus

Northwest Passage
Stan Rogers

Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest
Passage
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the
Beaufort Sea;
Tracing one warm line through a land so wild and
savage

And make a Northwest Passage to the sea.

Westward from the Davis Strait 'tis there 'twas said to
lie

The sea route to the Orient for which so many died;
Seeking gold and glory, leaving weathered, broken bones
And a long-forgotten lonely cairn of stones.

chorus

Three centuries thereafter, I take passage overland
In the footsteps of brave Kelso, where his "sea of
flowers" began
watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink
again
This tardiest explorer, driving hard across the plain.

chorus

And through the night, behind the wheel, the mileage
clicking west
I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson and the rest

who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path
for me
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea.

chorus

How then am I so different from the first men through
this way?
Like them, I left a settled life, I threw it all away.
To seek a Northwest Passage at the call of many men
To find there but the road back home again.

chorus

The Mary Ellen Carter
Stan Rogers

She went down last October in a pouring driving rain.
The skipper, he'd been drinking and the Mate, he felt
no pain.
Too close to Three Mile Rock, and she was dealt her
mortal blow,
And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low.
There were just us five aboard her when she finally was
awash.
We'd worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the
cost.
And the groan she gave as she went down, it caused us
to proclaim
That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise again.

well, the owners wrote her off; not a nickel would they
spend.
"She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her
sorry end.
But insurance paid the loss to us, so let her rest
below."
Then they laughed at us and said we had to go.

But we talked of her all winter, some days around the
clock,

For she's worth a quarter million, afloat and at the
dock.
And with every jar that hit the bar, we swore we would
remain
And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

Rise again, rise again, that her name not be lost
To the knowledge of men.
Those who loved her best and were with her till the end
Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

All spring, now, we've been with her on a barge lent by
a friend.
Three dives a day in hard hat suit and twice I've had
the bends.
Thank God it's only sixty feet and the currents here
are slow
Or I'd never have the strength to go below.
But we've patched her rents, stopped her vents, dogged
hatch and porthole down.
Put cables to her, 'fore and aft and girded her around.
Tomorrow, noon, we hit the air and then take up the
strain.
And make the Mary Ellen Carter Rise Again.

For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble
into scale.
She'd saved our lives so many times, living through the
gale
And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a sorry
grave
They won't be laughing in another day. . .
And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final blow
with smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go
Turn to, put out all your strength of arm and heart and
brain
And like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.

Rise again, rise again - though your heart it be broken
Or life about to end
No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a
friend.
Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.
White Collar Holler
Nigel Russell

well, I rise up every morning at a quarter to eight
Some woman who's my wife tells me not to be late
I kiss the kids goodbye, I can't remember their names
And week after week, it's always the same

And it's Ho, boys, can't you code it, and program it
right
Nothing ever happens in this life of mine
I'm hauling up the data on the UNIX line

Then it's code in the data, give the keyboard a punch
Then cross-correlate and break for some lunch
Correlate, tabulate, process and screen
Program, printout, regress to the mean

Then it's home again, eat again, watch some TV
Make love to my woman at ten-fifty-three

I dream the same dream when I'm sleeping at night
I'm soaring over hills like an eagle in flight

Someday I'm gonna give up all these buttons and things
I'll punch that time clock till it can't ring
Burn up my necktie and set myself free
Cause no-one's gonna fold, bend or mutilate me
The wreck Of The John B

We come on the sloop John B
My grandfather and me,

'Round Nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night, we got into a fight
I feel so breakup, I want to go home

So hoist up the John B sails
See how the mains'l's set,
Send for the captain ashore,
Let me go home
Let me go home
Let me go home
I feel so breakup
I want to go home

The first mate he got drunk,
Broke up the people's trunk
Constable had to come and take him away,
Sheriff Johnstone, please let me alone
I feel so breakup, I want to go home.

chorus

The stewardess she got stewed
Ran 'round the poop deck nude
Constable had to come and take her away
Sheriff Johnstone please let me alone
I feel so breakup, I want to go home.
Jamaica Farewell
Lord Burgess

Down the way where the nights are gay
And the sun shines gaily on the mountain top
I took a trip on a sailing ship
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop

But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down, My head is turning around

I had to leave a little girl in Kingston Town

Down at the market you can hear
Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear
Akee, rice, salt fish are nice
And the rum is fine any time of year

Sounds of laughter everywhere
And the dancing girls sway to and fro
I must declare my heart is there
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico
Cigarettes, whiskey And wild wild women

Cigarettes, whiskey and wild wild women
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane;
Cigarettes, whiskey and wild wild women
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane;

Once I was happy and had a good wife
I had enough money to last me for life
Then I met with a gal and we went on a spree
She taught me smokin' and drinkin' whiskey

chorus

Cigarettes are a blight on the whole human race
A man is a monkey with one in his face;
Take warning dear friend, take warning dear brother
A fire's on one end, a fools on the t'other.

chorus

And now good people, I'm broken with faith
The lines on my face make a well written page
I'm weavin' this story -- how sadly but true
On women and whiskey and what they can do

chorus

wild the cross at the head of my grave
For women and whiskey here lies a poor slave.
Take warnin' poor stranger, take warnin' dear friend
In wide clear letters this tale of my end.

chorus

-
- 1 A soloist volunteers for each verse in the traditional fashion (by placing their beer over their head), and are chosen by consensus pointing at them. Everyone sings the chorus and the words marked in bold.
 - 2 With Actions added every verse (left arm out, right arm out, left leg out, right leg out, pelvic thrust and so on).
 - 3 A soloist volunteers for each verse in the traditional fashion (by placing their beer over their head), and are chosen by consensus pointing at them. Everyone sings the chorus and the words marked in bold.
 - 4 These two verses to the song are done with actions. Do the whole song, then the humming & silent versions (still with actions) of the first verse and finish with singing the first verse again. There are more verses to the song, but we don't use them.
 - 5 There are (obscene) actions for each person the king calls. Keep adding the people and actions.
 - 6 Written in the 1880's to celebrate the comings and goings of a supposed actual social event in the Kirriemuir district of Scotland. Pick which chorus you want: this song has more names and ways to sing it than you could ever imagine.
 - 7 Point to each body part as you say it and everybody turns around on the "Ya mit damoule" bit. A leader does the intro for each body part and everyone sings the words marked in bold.
 - 8 To the tune of "God Save the Queen"