

# **HAMILTON HORNETS RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB**



## **OFFICIAL SONG BOOK**

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[www.HamiltonRugby.com](http://www.HamiltonRugby.com)

# NATIONAL ANTHEM / HYMNE NATIONAL

## O CANADA



O Can - a - da! Our home and na - tive  
O Can - a - da! Ter - re de nos aï -

land! True pa - triot love in  
eux, Ton front est ceint de

all thy sons com - mand With glow - ing hearts we  
fleur - rons glo - ri - eux! Car ton bras sait por - ter l'é -

see thee rise, The True North strong and free! From  
pé - é - e, Il sait por - ter la croix! Ton his -

far and wide O Can - a - da, we stand on guard for thee.  
toire est une é - po - pé - é - e Des plus bril - lants ex - ploits

God keep our land glo - rious and free!  
Et ta va - leur, de foi trem - pée,

O Can - a - da, we stand on guard for thee.  
Pro - té - ge - ra nos foy - ers et nos droits.

O Can - a - da, we stand on guard for thee.  
Pro - té - ge - ra nos foy - ers et nos droits.

# **BUBBLES**

*(sung to the tune of "Bread of Heaven")*

I'm forever blowing bubbles, pretty bubbles in the air,  
They fly so high, they nearly reach the sky.  
Then like my dreams they fade and die.

I'm forever blowing bubbles,  
pretty bubbles in the air,  
pretty bubbles in the air.

We don't play for adoration, caring not for victory.  
We just play for inspiration, Hornets R. F. C. are we!

Balls to \_\_\_\_\_ \*

Balls to \_\_\_\_\_ \*

We won't play them anymore.

We won't play them anymore.

AAAAAssholes.

*\*insert name of rival here.*

## **Why was He / She born so beautiful**

*Sung to a person after they do or omit to do something that deserves ridicule!*

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 ought be publicly pissed on.

He ought be publicly shot (bang, bang),

He ought 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!

## I Wish That All The Ladies

**Leader:** I wish that all the ladies.

**Group:** I wish that all the ladies.

**Leader:** And I was the bell keep.

**Group:** And I was the bell keep.

**Leader:** Were bells in a tower.

**Group:** Were bells in a tower.

**Leader:** I'd Bang'em every hour.

**Group:** I'd Bang'em every hour.

### Chorus

**Leader:** Singin' HAY BOB A RE BOB

**Group:** HAY BOB A RE BOB

**Leader:** HAY BOB A RE BOB

**Group:** HAY BOB A RE BOB

I wish that all the Ladies.

Were pies on a shelf.

And I was a baker.

I'd eat them all myself.

I wish that all the Ladies.

Were statues of Venus.

'Cause then they'd have no arms.

To push away my penis.

I wish that all the Ladies.

Were toads on the road.

And I was a trucker.

I'd cream'em with my load.

I wish that all the Ladies.

Were sheep grassing grass.

And I was a Shepherd.

I'd shag'em up the A@#.

I wish that all the Ladies.

Were bricks in a pile.

And I was a Mason.

I'd lay'em all in style.

I wish that all the Ladies.

Were fish in the sea.

And I was a sperm whale.

I'd save'em all for me.

I wish that all the Ladies.

Were lines on a highway.

And I was a Trucker.

I'd drive'em all my way.

## Swing Low Sweet Chariot

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.

If you get there before I do,  
Coming for to carry me home.  
Tell all my friends I'm coming after you  
Coming for to carry me home.

The brightest day I ever saw  
Coming for to carry me home.  
When Jesus washed my sins away  
Coming for to carry me home.

I'm sometimes up and some times down  
Coming for to carry me home.  
But still my soul seems heavenly bound  
Coming for to carry me home.

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

# The Gambler

(Kenny Rogers)

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.

## Sloop John B

We come on the sloop John B  
My grandfather and me  
Around Nassau town we did roam  
Drinking all night  
Got into a fight  
Well I feel so broke up  
I want to go home

### Chorus

So hoist up the John B's sail  
See how the mainsail sets  
Call for the Captain ashore  
Let me go home, let me go home  
I wanna go home, yeah yeah  
Well I feel so broke up  
I wanna go home

The first mate he got drunk  
And broke in the Cap'n's trunk  
The constable had to come and take him away  
Sheriff John Stone  
Why don't you leave me alone, yeah yeah  
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home

So hoist up the John B's sail  
See how the mainsail sets  
Call for the Captain ashore  
Let me go home, let me go home  
I wanna go home, let me go home  
Why don't you let me go home  
(Hoist up the John B's sail)  
Hoist up the John B  
I feel so broke up I wanna go home  
Let me go home

The poor cook he caught the fits  
And threw away all my grits  
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn  
Let me go home  
Why don't they let me go home  
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

### Chorus

## 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.

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

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

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

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

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

# **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...*

## I Don't want to be a Soldier

Oh, I don't want to join the Army  
And I don't want to go to war  
I just want to 'ang around  
Piccadilly underground  
Livin' off the earnings of an 'igh-class lady  
I don't want a bullet up me backside  
An' I don't want me knockers shot away  
I just want to stay in Hamilton  
Dirty Dirty Hamilton  
And fornicate me bloomin' life away

So call out the members of the Queen's Marines  
Call out the King's Artillery  
Call out me mother  
Me sister and me brother  
But for Chrissake don't call me

Monday night me 'and was on her ankle  
Tuesday night me 'and was on her knees  
Wednesday night, success!  
I lifted up her dress  
Thursday night I lifted up her silk chemise  
Well, Friday night I got me 'and upon it  
Saturday night I gave it just a tweak  
Sunday after supper  
I rammed the fucker up 'er  
And now I'm payin' thirty bob a week  
(Gorblimey...)

Call out the members of the Queen's Marines  
Call out the King's Artillery  
Call out me mother  
Me sister and me brother  
But for Chrissake don't call me

I don't want to be a soldier  
I don't want to join the fightin' class  
I just want to go  
Down to old Soho  
Pinchin' all the girlies in the shoulder blades  
Oh, I don't want to see the Queen's dominions  
Why Hamilton's full o' girls I've never 'ad  
I just want to stay in Hamilton  
Dirty Dirty Hamilton  
And follow in the footsteps of me dad

Call out the members of the Queen's Marines  
Call out the King's Artillery  
Call out me mother  
Me sister and me brother  
But for Chrissake don't call me.

## I Used to Work in Chicago

*CHORUS:*

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

**Leader:** A woman came in for a hammer

**Group:** A HAMMER FROM THE STORE

**Leader:** A hammer she wanted, nailed she got!

**Group:** Oh, I don't work there anymore!

**Leader:** A man came in for a donut

**Group:** A DONUT FROM THE STORE

**Leader:** A donut he wanted, my hole he got!

**Group:** Oh, I don't work there anymore!

Hammer(#2) he wanted, banged he got  
Carpet she wanted, shag she got  
Nail he wanted, screwed he got  
Fishing rod she wanted, my pole she got  
Meat she wanted, sausage she got  
Beef she wanted, pork she got  
Pork he wanted, my roast beef he got  
Camel she wanted, humped she got  
Drill she wanted, a reamed she got  
Jewellery she wanted, pearl necklace she got  
KitKat she wanted, four fingers she got  
Juicy Fruit she wanted, my Big Red she got  
Snap-on he wanted, my strap-on he got  
A piano she wanted, my organ she got  
Lobster he wanted, crabs he got  
Ham she wanted, porked she got  
A Hairdryer he wanted, a blow job he got  
A Needle she wanted, pricked she got  
Linoleum he wanted, laid he got  
Fishing pole she wanted, my rod she got  
Assistance she wanted, my AIDS she got  
Coffee she wanted, my cream she got  
Fuck she wanted, fuck she got  
Kayak he wanted, my pink canoe he got  
Burrito he wanted my fuzzy taco he got  
Front door he wanted, my back door he got  
Turkey he wanted, gobbled he got  
Booze she wanted, lick her she got  
Ruler she wanted, 12 inches she got  
Bread he wanted, yeast he got  
Eggs she wanted, laid she got  
Stamps he wanted, licked he got  
Saddle he wanted ridden he got  
Calendar he wanted, date he got  
Fan he wanted, blown he got  
Light switch he wanted, turned on he got  
Flowers he wanted, my two lips he got  
Cat he wanted, my pussy he got



# Marrying Kind

*Everyone:*

If I was the Marrying Kind, I thank the lord I'm not, Sir.  
I kind of woman / man that I would marry would be a rugby...

*One Person:* Prop, Sir.

*Everyone:* Prop, Sir? Why, Sir?

*One Person:* Cause she'd keep it up,  
And I'd keep it up,

*Everyone:* We'd both keep it up together.  
We'd be all right in the middle of the night.  
Keeping it up together.

*One Person:* Hooker, Sir.

*Everyone:* Hooker Sir? Why Sir?

*One Person:* Cause he'd strike hard,  
And I'd strike hard,

*Everyone:* We'd both strike hard together.  
We'd be all right in the middle of the night.  
Striking hard together.

prop ... support a hooker  
2<sup>nd</sup> row ... push hard  
8 man ... sniff butt  
scrum half ... put it in  
scrum half ... pass out  
fly-half ... whip it out  
winger ... spread it wide  
winger ... come to fast  
winger ... never get in

full back ... find touch  
full back ... kick balls  
referee ... fuck it up  
rugby player ... do it in the mud  
half time orange ... get sucked  
spectator in the rain ... come in rubbers  
spectator in the sun ... come again  
fan from 100 miles away ... eat out  
goal post ... stand erect

goal post ... get split  
rugby touch line ... get laid  
grounds keeper ... trim bush  
grounds keeper ... poke holes  
grounds keeper ... sow seeds  
boot ... come in a box  
cleat ... get screwed  
ball ... pumped  
whistle ... blown

# (Any Team) Are You Listening

(sung to the tune of "Walking in a Winter Wonderland")

(Any Team) are you listening  
On your schlong, the schmegmas glistening  
It's a beautiful night  
His asshole is tight,  
Shooting lusty loads across his face.

As you whack in the loose ruck,  
You can't wait till you butt fuck,  
It's a beautiful night  
His asshole is tight,  
Shooting lusty loads across his face.

*Bridge:*

In the scrum you play hide the sausage,  
Hooker screams "give it to me straight!"  
And you really want us to join you,  
But we would much rather fuck your dates.

Later on, as you butt ram,  
You're the shepherd  
He's the little lamb,  
It's a beautiful night,  
His asshole is tight,  
I'm glad I never played for (Any Team)

# 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 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.
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.	

# Hay Rugger

*(sung to the tune When Johnny Comes Marching Home.)*

I met a whore in the park one day, yo ho, yo ho  
I met a whore in the park one day, yo ho, yo ho  
I met a whore in the park one day  
She said "hey rugger, you wanna lay".

*Refrain:*

*Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.*

I put my hand upon her toe, yo ho, yo ho  
I put my hand upon her toe, yo ho, yo ho  
I put my hand upon her toe,  
she said "hey rugger you're way to low".

*Refrain*

I put my hand upon her knee, she said "hey rugger you're kiddin' me".  
I put my hand upon her thigh, she said "hey rugger you're way to shy".  
I put my hand upon her tit, she said, "hey rugger, you're getting it".  
I put my hand upon her ass, she said "hey rugger you're there at last".  
I put my hand upon her twat, she said "hey rugger you hit the spot"  
I put my dick into her mouth, She said "mmmh, mmmh, mmmh"  
I put her in a wooden box, from havin' too many rugger's cocks.  
I dig her up every now and then, she did me before she'll do me again.  
Now these few ruggers they went to hell, the fucked the devil his wives as well.  
yo ho, yo ho, yo ho

# **New Orleans Is Sinking**

*The Tragically Hip*

Bourbon blues on the street, loose and complete  
under skies all smoky blue-green  
I can't forsake a Dixie dead-shake  
so we danced the sidewalk clean.

My memory is muddy. What's this river that I'm in?  
New Orleans is sinking man, and I don't wanna swim!

Colonel Tom, what's wrong? What's going on?  
You can't tie yourself up for a deal  
He said "hey north you're south shut your big mouth,  
you gotta do what you feel is real"

Ain't got no picture postcards, ain't got no souvenirs  
my baby, she don't know me when I'm thinking bout  
those years.

Pale as a light bulb hanging on a wire  
sucking up to someone just to stoke the fire  
picking out the highlights of the scenery  
saw a little cloud that looked a little like me.

I had my hands in the river,  
my feet back up on the banks  
looked up to the Lord above  
and said "hey man thanks"  
sometimes I feel so good I gotta scream  
she said Gordie baby I know exactly what you mean  
she said .... she said ..... I swear to God she said...

My memory is muddy. What's this river that I'm in?  
New Orleans is sinking man and I don't wanna swim!

## **Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald**

*Gordon Lightfoot*

The legend lives on from the chippewa on down  
Of the big lake they called "Gitche Gumee"  
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead  
When the skies of November turn gloomy  
With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more  
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty.  
That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed  
When the "Gales of November" came early.

The ship was the pride of the American side  
Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin  
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most  
With a crew and good captain well seasoned  
Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms  
When they left fully loaded for Cleveland  
And later that night when the ship's bell rang  
Could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?

The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound  
And a wave broke over the railing  
And every man knew, as the captain did too,  
T'was the witch of November come stealin'.  
The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait  
When the Gales of November came slashin'.  
When afternoon came it was freezin' rain  
In the face of a hurricane west wind.

When suppertime came, the old cook came on deck sayin'.  
"Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya."  
At Seven P.M. a main hatchway caved in', he said  
"Fellas, it's been good t'know ya"  
The captain wired in he had water comin' in  
And the good ship and crew was in peril.  
And later that night when its lights went outta sight  
Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Does any one know where the love of God goes  
When the waves turn the minutes to hours?  
The searches all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay  
If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her.  
They might have split up or they might have capsized;  
May have broke deep and took water.  
And all that remains is the faces and the names  
Of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings  
In the rooms of her ice-water mansion.  
Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams;  
The islands and bays are for sportsmen.  
And farther below Lake Ontario  
Takes in what Lake Erie can send her,  
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know  
With the Gales of November remembered.

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed,  
In the "Maritime Sailors' Cathedral."  
The church bell chimed till it rang twenty-nine times  
For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.  
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down  
Of the big lake they call "Gitche Gumee".  
"Superior", they said, "never gives up her dead  
When the 'Gales of November' come early!"

## **Sunshine Mountain**

I'm climbing up the Sunshine Mountain, *(clinging motion)*  
Where the four wind blow. *(blow 4 times)*  
I'm climbing up the Sunshine Mountain, *(clinging motion)*  
Faces all a glow. *(hands to side of face, big smile)*  
Turn your back on sorrow, *(turn around, point to back)*  
reach up to the sky. *(arms reaching up)*  
I'm climbing up the Sunshine Mountain, *(clinging motion)*  
You and I... You and I... You and I...

*(repeat)*

## 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.

## 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.

Sifolise, it all started with a simple kiss,

Now, it hurt when I take a piss.

Now I believe in sifolise

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.

## **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 their men.

## **Doe a Beer...**

*(sung to the tune "Doe a Deer")*

Doe, a beer, a female beer.  
Rae, the man who pours me beer.  
Me, a girl who likes her beer.  
Far, a long long way for beer.  
So, I'll have another beer.  
Lagers not as good as beer.  
Tea, no thanks I'll have a beer.  
And that will bring us back to beer.

*(second verse same as the first – just use the word beer in place of everything)*

## **Hornets RFC**

We have a reputation  
for seducing little girls,  
and harassing old age pensioners  
and stealing babies toys.  
We are the ass holes of the universe  
We are the pricks you'll never see.  
We're a bunch of dirty bastards  
We are the Hornets R.F.C.

## **Why are we waiting?**

*(sung to the tune "Come all Ye Faithfull")*

Why are we waiting?  
Why are we waiting?  
Why are we waiting?  
Oh, Why why why?  
Why are we waiting?  
He / She must be masturbating.  
Why are we waiting?  
Oh, Why why why?

## **Sit On My Face**

*Monty Python*

Sit on my face and tell me that you love me.  
Sit on my face and I'll tell you I love you too.  
I love to here you oralize,  
When I'm between your thighs,  
You blow me away!  
Sit on my face and let my lips embrace you.  
I'll sit on your face and then our love will be true.  
Life can be fine is we all 69  
If we sit on our faces,  
And all sorts of places and play...  
We'll be blown a way.

## **FATHER ABRAHAM**

Father Abraham,  
had seven sons, Sir.  
had seven sons, Sir.  
Had Father Abraham.  
And they didn't laugh,  
And they didn't cry,  
All they did was go like this.....

With a left...  
And a right  
And a left  
And a right

## Tampon Factory

You can tell by the smell  
that she isn't very well.  
When the time of the  
month comes around.

You can tell by the stain  
that she really is in pain.  
When the time of the  
month comes around.

### Chorus

It's a jamboree, it's the tampon factory.  
Shout out your order load and clear.  
They have small medium large,  
Super duper fill the barge  
When the time of the  
month comes around.

You can tell by the stench  
That something's rotten in her trench

You can tell by the crust  
She won't want you to thrust

You can tell by the rope  
That you haven't got a hope.

You can tell by her frown  
That you'll have to go for brown

You can tell by the moaning  
That she's leaking hemoglobin

You can tell by the flies  
That are swarming round her thighs

You can tell by the taste  
that it isn't salmon paste.

It will stick to your dick  
If you don't fuck her real quick.

You can make her thingy sing  
Just by pulling on the string.

## Flower of Scotland

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.

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.

[written and composed by Roy MB Williamson 1936-1]

## Ring a Rang a Roo

I got a gal in Hamilton.  
Well she's so young just sweet sixteen  
She's so young and pretty too  
And she's got what they call a ring a rang a roo

### *Chorus*

*Well the ring a rang a roo. Prey what is that.  
It's got hair all around, like a pussy cat  
It's oval in shape, and split in two  
and that is what they call, a ring a rang a roo*

She took me down in to her cellar.  
And she told me I was a mighty fine fella  
She fed me wine and whiskey too  
And she let me play with her ring-a-rang-a-roo

She took me up into her bed  
Placed a pillow underneath my head  
She took out my cock a doodle doo  
And stuck it in her ring a rang a roo

Now her mother said you dirty bitch  
Your gone and ruined your virginship  
So pack your bags and suitcase too  
And go to hell with your ring a rang a roo

So she went to town to become a whore  
And she placed a sign upon her bedroom door  
Five dollars down, or two will do  
To take a crack at my ring a rang a roo

They came by ones, they came by threes  
She let them do just what they pleased  
First came the boys then the men too  
'till they damn near ruined her ring a rang a roo

## The Mayor of Bayswater

The Mayor of Bayswater  
Had a pretty daughter  
And the hairs on her dicky di do  
Went down to here knees

### *Chorus*

And the hairs on her dicky di do  
And the hairs on her dicky di do  
And the hairs on her dicky di do  
Hung down to her knees  
One black one, one white one  
And one with a bit of shite on  
And one with a fairy light on  
To show us the way

It took a welsh miner  
To find her vaginer

I licked it I flicked it  
I wound up and kicked it

She married an italian  
With balls like a fucking stallion

She came back from florida  
With a cunt like a corridor

She divorced the Italian  
And married a fucking stallion

She lived in a lighthouse  
That smelled like a shite house

If she was my daughter  
I'd have them cut shorter

## Zul u Warrior

Hang 'em down, you zulu warrior.

Hang 'em down, you zulu  
chief, chief, chief, chief.  
a zumba zumba zumba  
a zumba zumba zumba  
a zumba zumba zumba  
a zumba zumba zumba  
*[repeat]*



## **Barrett's Privateers**

(By Stan Rogers)

Oh, the year was 1778  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
When a letter of marquee came from the king  
to the scummiest vessel I've ever seen.

### **CHORUS**

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 I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
For twenty brave men, all fishermen, who  
Would make for him the Antelope's crew.

Well, the Antelope sloop was a sickening sight.  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
She'd a list to the port, and her sails in rags,  
And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers  
and jags.

On the king's birthday we put to sea.  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
We were 91 days to Montego Bay,  
Pumping like madmen all the way.

On the 96th day we sailed again,  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight.  
With our cracked four-pounders we made to fight.

Oh, the Yankee lay low down with gold.  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
She was broad and fat and loose in stays,  
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole  
days.

At length we stood two cables away.  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
Our cracked four-pounders made an awful din,  
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in.

The Antelope pitched and lay on her side.  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs,  
And the main truck carried off both my legs.

Now here I sit, in my twenty-third year.  
*How I wish I was in Sherbrooke now*  
It's been six years since we sailed away,  
And I just made Halifax yesterday.

## **Beastiality's Best**

### *Chorus*

Beastiality's best boys,  
beastiality's best;  
Beastiality's best boys,  
beastiality's best.

### *Verses*

Try the box of a fox boys,  
Try the box of a fox.  
Try the box of a fox boys,  
Try the box of a fox.

Choose the arse of a horse  
Taste the juice of a moose  
Stick your dick in a chick  
Go to sleep with a sheep  
Chew the goo from a moo (cow)  
Throw your log in a dog

Now and then with a hen  
Throw your load in a toad  
Lick the stink of a mink  
Have a fuck with a duck  
Snuggle up near a deer  
In the ear of a deer  
Give a chimp a limp  
Fill the hole of a mole  
Work your tool in a mule  
Intercourse with a horse  
69 with a swine  
Up the crack of a yak  
In the eye of a fly  
In the clit of a knit  
In the back door of a boar  
Shoot sperm up a worm  
In the cunt of a skunk  
Up the snatch of a cat

## ON THE FIRST DAY OF RUGBY

*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 herpy sores, and  
A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck,  
WORTH A FUCK.

three french whores  
four flying fucks:  
FIVE PUBIC HAIRS  
six Sixty-Niners  
seven sleazy sisters  
eight aching assholes  
nine nympho nuns  
ten tonness of titties  
eleven licking lesbos  
twelve twitching twats

## SINGING IN THE RAIN

I'm singing in the rain, just singing in the rain.  
What a glorious feeling, I'm happy again.  
Thumbs up! *[Group echoes.]*  
Toot-ta-ta-da, toot-ta-ta-da, toot-DA-DA. *[Group echoes.]*

*[Add each of the following, in turn:]*  
Elbows in, Knees together, Toes together, Bums out  
Chest out, Chin down, Tongue out

## What Shall We Do with the Drunken Rugger?

What shall we do with the drunken rugger,  
What shall we do with the drunken rugger,  
What shall we do with the drunken rugger,  
Early in the morning?

### *Chorus*

Hooray up she rises,  
Hooray up she rises,  
Hooray up she rises,  
Early in the morning.

Take him, rake him, try to wake him,...  
Give him lashings with a rope end,  
Bathe his wounds in salty water,  
Sling him in the shithouse till he's sober,  
Pull out the plug and wet him all over,  
Put him below until he's sober,  
Get a hose and wet him all over,  
Shave his balls with a rusty razor,  
Send him up the uprights until he falls down,  
That's what we'll do with the drunken rugger.

## The Days of the Week

Today is Monday. *[echo]*  
Monday is a finger day. *[echo]*

### *Chorus*

Is every body Happy?  
*You bet your ass we Happy!*

Today is Tuesday.  
Tuesday is a blowjob day.  
Monday is a finger day.

Wednesday is a wanking day.  
Tuesday is a blowjob day.  
Monday is a finger day.  
Today is Thursday. Thursday is a 69er day.  
Today is Friday. Friday is a funking day.  
Today is Saturday. Saturday is a **RUGBY** day.  
Today is Sunday. Sunday is a day of rest.  
And these are all days of the week.

## Quartermaster's Store

There were ants, ants in little tartan pants  
In the store, in the store,  
There were ants, ants in little tartan pants  
In the quartermaster's store.

### Refrain

My eyes are dim, I cannot see,  
I have not brought my specs with me,  
I - have - not - brought - my -  
spectacles - with - me.

There were turtles, turtles wearing rubber girdles  
There were rats, rats as big as alley cats  
There was cheese, cheese with shocking dirty knees  
There were eggs, eggs on little bandy legs  
There were kippers, kippers in little furry slippers  
There were beans, beans as big as submarines  
There was cake, cake that gives us tummy-aches  
There was Kate, Kate who likes to masturbate.  
There was Tom, Tom and his tiny little schlong.

## Amazing Grace

Amazing grace how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me.  
I once was lost but now am found,  
Was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved,  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares  
I have already come.  
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess within the vail,  
A life of joy and peace.

## Allouette

Alouette, gentile alouette  
Alouette, je te plumerai

Leader - How I love his balding head  
Group - Oh how we love his balding head  
Leader - His balding head  
Group - His balding head  
Leader - His allouette  
Group - His allouette

Beady eyes  
Big ugly nose  
Toothless grin  
Double chin  
Hairy back  
Saggy breasts  
Big beer gut  
Little dick  
Tiny balls  
Wide ass  
Stick legs

## SHE'LL BE COMIN' 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes. (*Whoo, whoo!*)  
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes. (*Whoo, whoo!*)  
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain,  
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain,  
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes. (*Whoo, whoo!*)

She'll be driving six white horses, when she comes, (*Whoa, there!*)  
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes. (*Hi babe!*)  
She'll be wearing silk pyjamas when she comes, (*Wolf whistle.*)  
And, we'll wear our bright red woollies when she comes, (*Scratch, scratch!*)  
Oh, we'll kill the old red rooster when she comes, (*Hack, hack!*)  
Oh, we'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes, (*Yum, yum!*)  
Oh, we'll all have indigestion when she comes, (*Burp, burp!*)

## **Riverboat Fantasy**

*(David Wilcox)*

Sittin' on a riverboat having a party, me and my Cajun queen.  
She's turning 21 on the Mississippi River, headin' down to New Orleans  
The year is 1894, oh come on Momma and love me some more.  
Her dark eyes flash like a gamblers rings, she shakes her pretty head and sings.

### **Chorus**

*Life for me is a Riverboat Fantasy, watchin' the sun go down.  
A rock and roll band with a reefer in my hand, now look at that wheel go round.  
Cocaine kisses and moonshine misses, that's the life for me.  
I'm sailing away from my heartache on a Riverboat Fantasy.*

I can't think, can't drink any more whiskey. I could have drunk a river dry.  
This old boat she just sitting in the moon light catching the gleam in here eye.  
Showers of rain come pouring down, the sky full of stars like a French lace gown.  
Slimmer, ghimmer, I think I'm gonna fall, wopps, catch me Momma that's all.

### **Chorus**

Delta Sun beats down like a hammer, it gives a low down blues.  
I got a cotton gin, a weave and spin, and shake the dust from my shoes.  
I've made my money, I've found me a honey, to tickle me under my chin.  
When the morning comes I'll ride into town and worry 'bout the shape I'm in.

### **Chorus**

## **Jonestown**

*(Sung to the tune of "Downtown")*

When your down and your broke  
and your religions a joke,  
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 your glasses, the drug 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 knees  
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)

## Lumberjack Song

*Monty Python*

I'm a lumberjack and I'm OK  
I sleep all night and I work all day.  
*He's a lumberjack and he's OK  
He sleeps all night and he works all day.*

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch,  
I go to the Lavatory  
On Wednesdays I go shopping  
and have buttered scones for tea.  
*He cuts down trees. He eats his lunch.  
He goes to the Lavatory  
On Wednesdays he goes shopping  
and has buttered scones for tea.  
He's a lumberjack and he's OK  
He sleeps all night and he works all day.*

I cut down trees, I skip and jump.  
I like to press wild flowers  
I put on women's clothing  
and hang around in bars.  
*He cuts down trees. He skips and jumps.  
He likes to press wild flowers  
He puts on women's clothing  
and hangs around in bars?  
He's a lumberjack and he's OK  
He sleeps all night and he works all day.*

I cut down trees, I wear high heels,  
suspendies and a bra.  
I wish I'd been a girlie,  
just like my dear Pappa.  
*He cuts down trees.  
He wears high heels?  
Suspendies... and a bra?*

*...He's a lumberjack and he's O K A Y  
He sleeps all night and he works all day.  
...He's a lumberjack and he's O K A Y  
He sleeps all night And he works all day.*

## Bruces' Philosophers Song

*Monty Python*

Emmanuel Kant was a real pissant  
Who was very rarely stable.  
Heidegger, Heidegger was a boozy beggar  
Who could think you under the table.  
David Hume could out-consume  
Wilhelm Freidrich Hegel.  
And Wittgenstein was a beery swine  
Who was just as schloshed as Schlegel.  
There's nothing Nietzsche couldn't teach ya,  
'bout the raising of the wrist,  
Socrates, himself, was permanently pissed.

John Stuart Mill, of his own free will  
On half a pint of shanty was particularly ill,  
Plato, they say, could stick it away,  
Half a crate of whisky every day.  
Aristotle, Aristotle, was a bugger for the bottle,  
Hobbs was fond of his dram,  
And Rene Descartes was a drunken fart,  
"I drink, therefore I am."  
Yes, Socrates, himself, is particularly missed,  
A lovely little thinker, but a bugger when he's pissed.

## That Roster

We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay.  
We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay.  
Until that Roster came into our yard.  
Their laying eggs now like they never did before.  
Ever since that roaster came into our yard.

We had some moo cows, no mike would they give.  
We had some sheep, no wool would they give.  
We had some elephants, no tusks would they grow.  
We had a stand off, no ball would he pass.