

If I Were The Marrying Kind

If I were the marrying kind,
And let's thank the lord I'm not sir,
The kind of girl I'd like to marry would be a fullbacks daughter.
I'd find touch,
She'd find touch,
We'd both find touch together.
We'd be alright in the middle of the night finding touch together.

If I were the marrying kind,
And let's thank the lord I'm not sir,
The kind of girl I'd like to marry would be a flankers daughter.
I'd go hard,
She'd go hard,
We'd both go hard together.
We'd be alright in the middle of the night going hard together.

Inside center...Pass out
Fly half...Whip it out
Scrum half...Put it in
Scrum half...Handle balls
Hooker...Strike hard
Prop...Hold it up
Second Row...Push hard
Referee...Blow hard
Fullback...Drop balls
Prop...Bind tight

Has Anybody Seen JC?

5-foot 9 and he's divine,
he turns water into wine.
Has anybody seen JC?
Mother Mary she's the most,
she got screwed by the Holy Ghost.
Has anybody seen JC?
He's so neat, he's so cool,
walked across my swimming pool.
Has anybody seen JC?
Has anybody seen JC?
Not since ascension
Has anybody seen JC?
Riding on a pony
Has anybody seen JC?

The Wild Rover

I've played the wild rover for many a year,
and I've 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 custom as yours I can find 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 Wreck Of The 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.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

Yesterday

Yesterday.
The vicar came home just to roger me,
Eight hours later he's still on top of me,
Oh I believe in yesterday.

Syphilis.
How the hell did I ever get this?
Oh the pain whenever I take a piss,
Oh I believe in syphilis.

Leprosy.
I'm not half the man I used to be,
Every time I cough things just fall off of me,
Oh I believe in leprosy.

Gonorrhoea.
Now it's even spread up to my ear,
How the hell did it ever get here.
Oh I believe in gonorrhoea.

Amputees.
You don't even have to spread their knees,
You can slide it in and out with ease,
Oh I believe in amputees.

Birth control.
It's the only way to save your soul,
when you're coming up your girlfriends hole.
Oh I believe in birth control.

Be Kind To Your Web-Footed Friend

(Sung to the tune of "Stars and Stripes Forever")

Be kind to your web-footed friends
For a duck may be somebody's uncle
And if you think that this is the end
Well it is ...

Molly Malone

CHORUS: Alive, alive-o, alive, alive-o
Singing cockles and mussels
Alive, alive-o.

In Dublin's fair city where girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheel barrow, through streets broad and narrow
Singing cockles and mussels alive, alive-o.

She was a fishmonger, but sure twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they each wheeled the barrow, through streets broad and narrow
Singing cockles and mussels alive, alive-o.

She died of a fever and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Her ghost wheels her barrow, through streets broad and narrow
Singing cockles and mussels alive, alive-o.

Bread of Heaven

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.

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.

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

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 can 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.

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

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

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time,
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God,
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance Divine,
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here,
Among those dark Satanic mills ?

Bring me my bow of burning gold,
Bring me my arrows of desire,
Bring me my spear ! O clouds, unfold,
Bring me my Chariot of Fire,
I will not cease from mental fight;
Nor Shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England's green and pleasant land.

The Alphabet song

"A" is for asshole, all tattered and torn
"Hey-ho," says Rowley.
"B" is for the bugger who's never been born,
Singing roly, poly, up'em and stuff'em,
"Hey-ho," says Anthony Rowley.
"C" is for cunt all dripping with piss,
"Hey-ho," says Rowley.
"D" is for the drunkard who gave it a kiss,
Singing roly, poly, up'em and stuff'em,
"Hey-ho," says Anthony Rowley.
"E" is for the eunuch with only one ball,
"Hey-ho," says Rowley.
"F" is for the fucker with no balls at all,
Singing roly, poly, up'em and stuff'em,
"Hey-ho," says Anthony Rowley.
"G" is for goiter, gonorrhoea, and gout,
"Hey-ho," says Rowley.
"H" is the harlot who spreads it about,
Singing roly, poly, up'em and stuff'em,
"Hey-ho," says Anthony Rowley.
"I" is for insertion, injection and itch,
"Hey-ho," says Rowley.
"J" is the jerk of a dog on a bitch,
Singing roly, poly, up'em and stuff'em,
"Hey-ho," says Anthony Rowley.
"K" is for knight who thought fucking a bore,
"Hey-ho," says Rowley.
"L" is the lesbian who came back for more,

Singing roly, poly, up'em and stuff'em,
"Hey-ho," says Anthony Rowley.
"M" is for maidenhead all tattered and torn,
"Hey-ho," says Rowley.
"N" is the noble who died on his horn,
Singing roly, poly, up'em and stuff'em,
"Hey-ho," says Anthony Rowley.
"O" is for orifice all cunningly concealed,
"Hey-ho," says Rowley.
"P" is the penis all pranged up and peeled,
Singing roly, poly, up'em and stuff'em,
"Hey-ho," says Anthony Rowley.
"Q" is the Quaker who shat in his hat.
"Hey-ho," says Rowley.
"R" is the Rajah who rogered the cat,
Singing roly, poly, up'em and stuff'em,
"Hey-ho," says Anthony Rowley.
"S" is the shit-pot all filled to the brim,
"Hey-ho," says Rowley.
"T" is the turds which are floating within,
Singing roly, poly, up'em and stuff'em,
"Hey-ho," says Anthony Rowley.
"U" is the usher who taught us at school,
"Hey-ho," says Rowley.
"V" is the virgin who played with his tool,
Singing roly, poly, up'em and stuff'em,
"Hey-ho," says Anthony Rowley.
"W" is the whore who thought fucking a farce,
"Hey-ho," says Rowley.
And "X", "Y", and "Z" you can shove up your arse,
Singing roly, poly, up'em and stuff'em,
"Hey-ho," says Anthony Rowley.
Singing roly, poly, up'em and stuff'em,
"Hey-ho," says Anthony Rowley.

Galaxy Song

Whenever life gets you down, Mrs. Brown,
And things seem hard or tough,
And people are stupid, obnoxious, or daft,
And you feel that you've had quite enough . . .

Just remember that you're standing on a planet that's evolving,
And revolving at 900 miles an hour,
That's orbiting at 19 miles a second, so it's reckoned,
A sun that is the source of all our power.
The sun and you and me and all the stars that you can see,
Are moving at a million miles a day
In an outer spiral arm, at 40,000 miles an hour,
Of the Galaxy we call the Milky Way.

Our galaxy itself contains 100 billion stars,
It's 100,000 light years side to side,
It bulges in the middle, 16,000 light years thick,
But out by us it's only 3,000 light years wide,
We're 30,000 light years from galactic central point,
We go round every 200 million years,
And our galaxy is only one of millions or billions,
In this amazing and expanding Universe.

The Universe itself keeps on expanding and expanding,
In all of the directions it can whizz,
As fast as it can go, at the speed of light you know,
12 million miles a minute, and that's the fastest speed there is,
So remember when you're feeling very small and insecure,
How amazingly unlikely is your birth,
And pray that there's intelligent life in space,
Because there's bugger all down here on Earth.

The Scottish Trip.

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 fannies 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...

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...

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...

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...

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.

Sunshine Mountain

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

Roll A Silver Dollar

You can roll a silver dollar, down along the ground,
and it will roll, because its round
A woman doesn't know what a good man she's got,
until she puts him down, down down, down,
Listen, my honey, listen to me, I want you to understand,
That like a silver dollar goes from hand to hand,
so a woman goes from hand to hand,
Because a man without a woman,
Is like a ship without a sail,
he's like a boat without a rudder
is like a fish without a tail,
I say a man without a woman is like a wreck upon the shore
But if there's one thing worse in this universe it's a woman,
oh yes a woman, I said a woman without a man

Abe, Abe, Abe my boy what are you waiting for now
You promised to marry me some day in June
Its never too late and its never too soon
All the family they keep on asking me, which day? what day? I'm in the family way
Abe, Abe, Abe my boy what are you waiting for now

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:

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:

Chorus:

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

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)

Chorus (You've lost that lovin feeling)

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

Build Me Up Buttercup

Why do you build me up (build me up) Buttercup, baby
Just to let me down (let me down) and mess me around
And then worst of all (worst of all) you never call, baby
When you say you will (say you will) but I love you still
I need you (I need you) more than anyone, darlin'
You know that I have from the start
So build me up (build me up) Buttercup, don't break my heart
"I'll be over at ten", you told me time and again
But you're late, I wait around and then (bah-dah-dah)
I went to the door, I can't take any more
It's not you, you let me down again
(Hey, hey, hey!) Baby, baby, try to find
(Hey, hey, hey!) A little time and I'll make you mine
(Hey, hey, hey!) I'll be home
I'll be beside the phone waiting for you
Ooo-oo-ooo, ooo-oo-ooo
Why do you build me up (build me up) Buttercup, baby
Just to let me down (let me down) and mess me around
And then worst of all (worst of all) you never call, baby
When you say you will (say you will) but I love you still
I need you (I need you) more than anyone, darlin'
You know that I have from the start
So build me up (build me up) Buttercup, don't break my heart
You were my toy but I could be the boy you adore
If you'd just let me know (bah-dah-dah)
Although you're untrue, I'm attracted to you all the more
Why do I need you so
(Hey, hey, hey!) Baby, baby, try to find
(Hey, hey, hey!) A little time and I'll make you mine
(Hey, hey, hey!) I'll be home
I'll be beside the phone waiting for you
Ooo-oo-ooo, ooo-oo-ooo
Why do you build me up (build me up) Buttercup, baby
Just to let me down (let me down) and mess me around
And then worst of all (worst of all) you never call, baby
When you say you will (say you will) but I love you still
I need you (I need you) more than anyone, darlin'
You know that I have from the start
So build me up (build me up) Buttercup, don't break my heart
I-I-I need you-oo-oo more than anyone, baby
You know that I have from the start
So build me up (build me up) Buttercup, don't break my heart