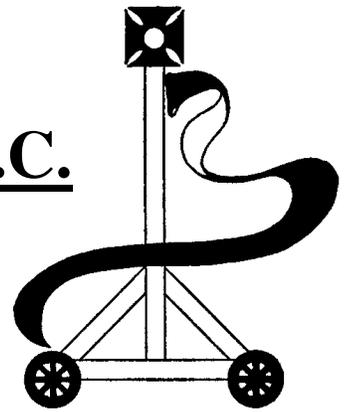


NORTHALLERTON R.U.F.C.

SONG BOOK

COMPILED BY CHRIS MARTIN



CONTENTS

| | |
|----|-------------------------------------|
| 1 | THRESHING MACHINE |
| 2 | DOWN IN THE VALLEY |
| 3 | ROVER |
| 4 | THE MAYOR OF BAYSWATER |
| 5 | TAMPAX FACTORY |
| 6 | FOUR & TWENTY VIRGINS |
| 7 | OLD MCDONALD |
| 8 | THERES A LADY IN.... |
| 9 | COCONUT GROVE |
| 10 | SLOOP JOHN B |
| 11 | BEASTIALITIES BEST |
| 12 | CHICAGO |
| 13 | I WISH THAT ALL THE LADIES |
| 14 | IN JARROWS FAIR CITY |
| 15 | WHAT IS THAT THERE? |
| 16 | YOGI BEAR |
| 17 | SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN |
| 18 | DOWN THE BLACK ALLEY |
| 19 | SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT |
| 20 | YESTERDAY |
| 21 | NORTHERN RANGER |
| 22 | VIC & BOB SONG |
| 23 | AROUND HER LEG |
| 24 | THREE GERMAN SOLDIERS |
| 25 | I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY |
| 26 | WILD ROVER |
| 27 | FOLLOW THE BAND |
| 28 | ILKLEY MOOR |
| 29 | CRAVEN A |
| 30 | FRIGGIN' IN THE RIGGING |
| 31 | BARNACLE BILL |
| 32 | ENGINEER SONG |
| 33 | CLEMENTINE |
| 34 | LLOYD GEORGE |
| 35 | FATHER ABRAHAM |
| 36 | DINAH |
| 37 | NORTHERN BASTARD |
| 38 | WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL |
| 39 | IRISH ROVER |
| 40 | DOWN IN ALABAMA |
| 41 | IRISH TINKER |
| 42 | OLD KING COLE |
| 43 | IF I WERE THE MARRYING KIND |
| 44 | BLAYDON RACES |
| 45 | SUNSHINE MOUNTAIN |
| 46 | J.C. |
| 47 | JERUSALEM |
| 48 | NATIONAL ANTHEM |
| 49 | O FLOWER OF SCOTLAND |
| 50 | MEN OF HARLECH (ALCOHOLICS VERSION) |

1) THRESHING MACHINE

I once knew a farmer and I knew him well,
 And he had a daughter and her name was Nell,
 She was so young and pretty and only sixteen,
 So I upped her and showed her my threshing machine.

CHORUS: I had her, I had her, I had her, I aye
 I had her, I had her, I had her, I aye
 She was so young and pretty, and only sixteen,
 So I upped her and showed her my threshing machine.

The barn door was open, and we stepped inside,
 And there in the corner some hay we aspired,
 Now she worked the throttle, and I worked the steam,
 And together we worked on my threshing machine.

CHORUS:

Now six months later and all is not well,
 Theres something the matter with our little Nell,
 And under her apron can clearly be seen,
 The dirty great marks of my threshing machine.

CHORUS :

O Father, O Father, I've come to confess,
 I've got a young girl in a terrible mess,
 Her dress is all tatters, her tits are all bear,
 And theres something inside her that shouldn't be there.

CHORUS :

O Son, O Son, you should have known better,
 When I was your age I used a used a french letter,
 O Father, O Father, you do me unjust,
 I was half way inside her when the f***ing thing bust.

CHORUS :

Now nine months later, and all is not well,
 A baby is born unto our little Nell,
 And under his nappy can clearly be seen,
 A brand new two cylinder threshing machine.

CHORUS :

2) DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Down in the valley was a wee sassy lassie with a black hairy assey la la la....

Along came a jocky with an upstanding cocky and was shagging sassy lassie with the black hairy assey la la la....

Wee Willy Wanky was a wanking in his hanky at the sight of the jocky with the upstanding cocky, who was shagging sassy lassie with a black hairy assey la la la

Old Mrs Macey was a sitting on the facey of Wee Willy Wanky who was wanking in his hanky at the sight of the jocky with his upstanding cocky, who was shagging sassy lassie with the black hairy assey la la la....

A man from down southy was a giving mouth to mouthy to a old Mrs Macey who was sitting on the facey of Wee Willy Wanky who was wanking in his hanky at the sight of the jocky with his upstanding cocky who was shagging sassy lassie with the black hairy assey la la la

A west country queer was a ramming it up the rear of the man from down southy who was giving mouth to mouthy to a old Mrs Macey who was sitting on the facey of Wee Willy Wanky who was wanking in his hanky at the sight of the jocky with the upstanding cocky who was shagging sassy lassie with the black hairy assey la la la....

3) I KNOW A DOG WHOSE NAME IS ROVER

I know a dog whose name is rover, tra la la la la,
and when he shits he shits all over, tra la la la la

CHORUS : Sing!

Shit on the ceiling, shit on the floor,
Shit on the windows, shit on the door,
Shit all over rugby club tra la la la la

Peter - metre
Minky - stinky
Bunny - runny
Kelly - smelly
Frank - wank
John - song

4) THE MAYOR OF BAYSWATER

The Mayor of Bayswater, well he had a pretty daughter,
And the hairs on her dicki dido went down to her knees.

CHORUS : And the hairs, and the hairs,
And the hairs on her dicki dido went down to her knees.
One black, one white one,
And one with a bit of shite on,
And one with a fairy light on to show us the way

If she was my daughter, then I would have cut them shorter,
And the hairs on her dicki dido went down to her knees.

She came from the Rhonda, and rode like a f***ing Honda,
And the hairs on her dicki dido went down to her knees.

She married an Italian, with balls like a f***ing stallion,
And the hairs on her dicki dido went down to her knees.

She then married a nigger, whose balls were even bigger,
And the hairs on her dicki dido went down to her knees.

It took two Geordie dockers to fondle her knockers,
And the hairs on her dicki dido went down to her knees.

It took three Welsh minors to find her vagina,
And the hairs on her dicki dido went down to her knees.

It took me and two other chaps to open her piss flaps,
And the hairs on her dicki dido went down to her knees.

She lived up a mountain and came like a f***cking fountain,
And the hairs on her dicki dido went down to her knees.

I've seen it, I've smelt it, it's just like a piece of velvet,
And the hairs on her dicki dido went down to her knees.

I've stroked 'em, I've poked 'em, I've even rolled them up and smoked 'em,
And the hairs on her dicki dido went down to her knees.

5) TAMPAX FACTORY

You can tell by the smell that she is'nt very well,
When the time of the month comes around.

CHORUS: Singing I I I at the Tampax factory,
Long ones, short ones, some the size of three.

You can tell by the moaning, that she's losing haemoglobin,
When the time of the month comes around.

You can tell by the puddle, that her life is in a muddle,
When the time of the month comes around.

You can tell by the stench, that she's rotten in her trench,
When the time of the month comes around.

You can tell by the taste, that it isn't salmon paste,
When the time of the month comes around.

You can tell by the rope, that she hasn't got a hope,
When the time of the month comes around.

You can tell by the flavour, that it's not a taste to savour,
When the time of the month comes around.

You can tell from her frown, that she's leaking way on down,
When the time of the month comes around.

You can tell by her complexion, that you're wasting you're erection,
When the time of the month comes around.

You can tell by her twat that you'll have to shag the cat,
When the time of the month comes around.

You can tell 'cos she's num, that you'll have to take her up the bum,
When the time of the month comes around.

You can tell by the chair, that its her that's been sat there,
When the time of the month comes around.

Last verse:

So how can you blame us when we take her up the anus,
When the time of the month comes around.

6) 4 & 20 VIRGINS

4 & 20 virgins came down from Inverness,
And when the party was over, there was 4 & 20 less.

CHORUS:

Singing balls to your father, arse against the wall,
If you never get shagged on Saturday night, you'll never get shagged at all.

The local blacksmith he was there, his balls were made of brass,
Every time he hit the plank, sparks flew out his arse.

The local barber he was there, razor in his hand,
Swinging from the chandalier, he circumcised the band.

The village cripple he was there, he wasn't up to much,
He rammed them up against a wall, then shagged them with his crutch.

The village bricky he was there, his bricks were in a pile,
He took the virgins into his shed and layed them out in style.

The local farmer he was there, doing his usual trick,
He pulled his foreskin over his head and whistled down his prick.

The village idiot he was there, he tried to do the same,
He pulled his foreskin over his head and was never seen again.

The village dentist he was there, they say he makes a killing,
But when the virgins came to town, he did a different type of filling.

The vicars daughter she was there, doing her usual stunt,
Hanging from the ceiling by the suction of her c*nt.

The village economist he was there, pecker in his hand,
Waiting for the moment when supply would meet demand.

Little Thomas he was there, what do you think of that?
Amusing himself by abusing himself and catching it in a hat.

9) COCONUT GROVE

A man came down from the coconut grove,
 He was a mean mother f***er you could tell by his clothes,
 He wore a two piece pinny, and a three piece stitch,
 He was a c*nt licking, mother f***ing son of a bitch.

Well he walked through the jungle with his cock in his hand,
 Saying look at me, I'm the king of the land.
 Then he chased a pretty virgin up into a tree,
 Saying ooh my let me pussy be.

Then he lined a hundred virgins up against a wall,
 Said give me an hour and I'll f*ck 'em all.
 By sixty nine, he was doing fine, By ninety eight, his balls turned blue,
 So he backed off, jacked off and f*cked the other two.

And when he died he went straight to hell,
 Where he shagged the devils wife and his daughter as well.
 And on his tombstone all written in green,
 Is here lies the meanest mother f***ing machine.

10) SLOOP JOHN B

We sailed on the sloop john B, my Grand father and me,
 Around Newcastle town we did roam,
 Drinking all night, got into a fi-i-ight,
 I feel so pissed up- shit I want to go home. (For a quick wank)

CHORUS: So hoist up the John B sail, sheet out the main sail,sail,
 Call on the captain and so let me go home.
 I want to go home, I want to go ho-o-ome,
 I feel so pissed up, shit i want to go home.

The captains an evil man, gets pissed whenever he can.
 He doesn't give a shit for me and my boys,
 The captains a sod, he thinks he is Go-o-od,
 I feel so pissed up, shit, I want to go home.

The first mate, he got drunk, broke into the captains trunk,
 The constable had to come and take him away,
 Oh Sheriff John Stone, why dont you leave us alo-o-ne
 I feel so pissed up, shit, I want to go home.

11) BEASTIALITIES BEST

Beastialities best boys, beastialities best, shag a wallaby!
Have a snog with a frog boys, have va snog with a frog, shag a wallaby!

Shove your load up a toad

Intercourse with a horse

Go in deep with a sheep

Up the rear of a deer

Fornicate with a snake

69 a porcupine

Screw with a shrew

Up the twat of a cat

Shove your pole up a mole

Shoot your sperm up a worm

Give some cock to a croc

Get release in a fleece

12) CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago, in an old department store,
I used to work in Chicago, I dont work any more.

A lady came in for some nails, some nails from the store,
Nails she wanted, screw she got, I dont work any more.

Carpet Shag!
Walnut Whip!
Building Erection!
Kit Kat 4 fingers!
Pepsi 7 Up!
Duck ... Duck she wanted, I misunderstood!
Ruler 12"!
Turkey Gobbled!
Paxo Stuffing!
Assistance AIDS!
Camel Hump!
Rat poison Badger bated!
Ornament Stuffed eagle she wanted, stuffed beaver she got!
Record Take That she wanted, Take That! she got.
Wheat Rape!
Hammer Nailed!
Firework Good banning!
Egg Laid!
Air line ticket Aerlingus she wanted, cunnylingus she got!
Fast car Hot rod!
Blue beret Purple helmet!
Milk Cream!
Velvet Felt!
Paste Spread!
Helicopter Chopper!
Poodle Hot dog!
Sausage Porking!
Suitcase Trunk!
LP Long player!
Sports bag Adidas she wanted, Le coq sportif she got!
Paper.... Ream!

13) I WISH THAT ALL THE LADIES...

I wish that all the ladies were pies on a shelf,
And I was a baker, I'd stuff 'em all myself.

CHORUS: Singing Hey Barbariba... etc.

I wish that all the ladies were holes in the road,
And I was a dumper truck, I'd fill 'em with my load.

I wish that all the ladies were statues of Venus,
And I was a sculpter, I'd sculpt 'em with my penis.

I wish that all the ladies were bricks in a pile,
And I was a bricky, I'd lay them out in style.

I wish that all the ladies were waves on the ocean,
And I was a surfer, I'd ride 'em with my motion.

I wish that all the ladies were ships on the sea,
And I was the sea, I'd let them ride upon me.

I wish that all the ladies were babes in a cot,
And I was a paedifile, I'd shag the f***ing lot.

I wish that all the ladies were pipes that were blocked,
And I was a plumber, I'd plunge them with my cock.

I wish that all the ladies were bells in a tower,
And I was a bellman, I'd bang 'em every hour.

I wish that all the ladies were bats in a steeple,
And I was the king bat, There'd be more bats than people.

I wish that all the ladies were tampons soaked in blood,
And I was dracula, I'd lick out all I could.

I wish that all the ladies were ewes in a shed,
And I was a prize ram, I'd tup 'em till they bled.

I wish that all the ladies were B 59's,
And I was a Spitfire, I'd buzz up their behinds.

14) IN JARROW'S FAIR CITY

In Jarrow's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel barrow through the back streets of Jarrow,
Singing ,'*rugby club*' are wankers, Alive, Alive o'!

CHORUS: Alive Alive-o, Alive Alive-o,
Singing, '..... Are wankers Alive, Alive- o'!

She was a fishmonger, and sure twas no wonder,
For so were her mother and father before,
And she wheels her wheel barrow through the back streets of Jarrow.
Singing,..... are wankers, Alive, Alive-o'!

She died of a fever, and no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
But her ghost wheels her barrow through the back streets of Jarrow,
Singing are wankers , Alive Alive-o'!

15) WHAT IS THAT THERE ?

What is that there, why is there?
That is my sweatbox la la la la.

What is that there, why is it there?
That is my eyeblinker la la la la.
Eyeblinker, sweatbox and knicky knicky knacker noo,
Thats what they taught me when I was at school.

What is that there, why is it there?
That is my snot blower la la la la.
Snot blower, eyeblinker, sweatbox and knicky knicky knacker noo.
Thats what they taught me when I was at school.

Bullshitter
Tit swinger
Tummy rumbler
Trouble maker
Fart blower
Arse kicker

16) YOGI BEAR

I know a big brown bear, Yogi, Yogi, I know a big brown bear, Yogi, Yogi bear.

Yogi, Yogi bear, Yogi, Yogi bear, I know a big brown bear, Yogi, Yogi bear.

Yogi has a little friend, boo boo, boo boo,

Yogi has a little friend, boo boo, boo boo bear.

Yogi has an enemy, Ranger, Ranger,

Yogi has an enemy, Ranger, Ranger Smith.

Yogi has a girlfriend, Suzi, Suzi,

Yogi has a girlfriend, Suzi, Suzi bear.

Suzi's into whips and chains, kinky, kinky,

Suzi's into whips and chains, kinky kinky bear.

Yogi uses featherlight, clever, clever,

Yogi uses featherlight, clever, clever bear.

Ranger put a hole in it, bastard, bastard,

Ranger put a hole in it, bastard, bastard Smith.

Now Yogi uses extra strong, care bear, care bear,

Now Yogi uses extra strong, care c' care, care bear.

Yogi's got a green dick, cucum, cucum,

Yogi's got a green dick, cu, cu, cucumbear.

Yogi's got a cheesy dick, camon, camon,

Yogi's got a cheesy dick, camon, camonbear.

Yogi's got a spotty dick, grisly, grisly,

Yogi's got a spotty dick, grisly, grisly bear.

Yogi likes it on the fridge, polar, polar,

Yogi likes it on the fridge, polar, polar bear.

Yogi likes it upside down, koala, koala,

Yogi likes it upside down, koala, koala bear.

Yogi likes it in a car, panda, panda,

Yogi likes it in a car, panda, panda bear.

Yogi like'd it in the fifties, teddy, teddy,

Yogi like'd it in the fifties, teddy, teddy bear.

17) SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes,
 She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes,
 She'll be *cumming* round the mountain, *cumming* round the mountain,
 Coming round the mountain when she comes.

CHORUS: Singing ' I will if you will, so will I, I will if you will, so will I,
 Singing, I will if you will, I will if you will, I will if you will so will I.

She's got a lovely little titilatng smile, shes got a lovely little titilating smile,
 She's got a lovely little *titty*, lovely little *titty*, lovely little titilating smile.

She's got a lovely little Arsenal scarf, shes got a lovely little Arsenal scarf,
 She's got a lovely little *arse*, lovely little *arse*, lovely little Arsenal scarf.

She's got a lovely little country house in Wales,
 She's got a lovely little country house in Wales,
 She's got a lovely little *cunt*, a lovely little *cunt*,
 A lovely little country house in Wales.

She's got a lovely little pear tree too, shes got a lovely little pear tree too,
 She's got a lovely little *pair*, a lovely little *pair*,
 A lovely little pear tree too.

19) DOWN THE BLACK ALLEY

The first night I met her, I met her in green, all in green, all in green,
I thought she was a scream, Down the black alley where no body goes.

The next night I met her , I met her in brown, all in brown, all in brown,
I pulled her knickers down, Down the black alley where no body goes.

The next night I met her, I met her in pink, all in pink, all in pink,
She made my fingers stink, Down the black alley, wherte no body goes.

The next night I met her, I met her in black, all in black, all in black,
I stuck it up her crack, Down the black alley where no body goes.

The next night I met her, I met her in blue, all in blue, all in blue,
She said the baby's due, Down the black alley, where no body goes.

The next night I met her, I met her in thorn, all in thorn, all in thorn,
She said the baby's born, Down the black alley where no body goes.

The next night I met her, I met her in lime, all in lime, all in lime,
She said the baby's fine, Down the black alley where no body goes.

The next night I met her, I met her in red, all in red, all in red,
She said the baby's dead, Down the black alley where no body goes.

The next night I met her, I met her in tellow, all in yellow, all in yellow,
She had another fellow, Down the black alley where no body goes.

The last night I met her I met her in check, all in check, all in check,
I broke her f***ing neck, down the black alley where no body goes.

19) 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.

(Humming)

(Under water)

(Silence)

If I get to heaven before you do, coming for to carry me home,
I'll dig a hole and shit on you, coming for to carry me home.

20) YESTERDAY

Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away,
 Now it looks as though they're here to stay,
 Oh I believe in yesterday.

CHORUS: Why she had to stay I dont know, I was too pissed,
 Now I've payed the price, and it seems I've caught all this.

Syphallis, how the f***ing hell did I get this?
 Something tingly running through my piss,
 Oh I believe in syphilis.

Lepracy, I'm not half the man I used to be,
 Bits and pieces falling off of me,
 Oh I believe in lepracy.

HIV, what the f***ing hell is wrong with me,
 Seems I'm finished, there's no cure for me,
 Oh I believe in HIV.

21) NORTH RANGER.

I want to be a North ranger,
 I want to live a life of danger,
 Skydiving, sixty nining,
 This is the lady I love best,
 Many a time I've sucked her breast,
 F***ed her standing,
 F***ed her lying,
 If she'd had wings, I'd have f***ed her flying,
 Now she's dead, not forgotten,
 I'll dig her up, and f**k her rotten.

22) VIC AND BOB SONG.

I like the smell of women that are fatter,
 And I like the smell of fanny batter,
 And I do too but it doesn't really matter,

CHORUS: So come on lets have a sniff of it,
 Lets have a whiff of it,
 Lets have a little bit more.
 Be de de dum be de dum de de dum de dum
 Be de de dum be de dum de de dum de dum.

I like the smell of women that are fitter,
 And I like the smell of Yorkshire bitter,
 And I like women who take it up the shitter,
 So...

I like the smell of farm yard manure,
 And I like the smell of Demi Moore,
 And I like the smell of a dirty whore,
 So...

I like the smell of a wheat crop with bunt,
 And I like the smell of the local fox hunt,
 And I like the smell of a well cheesy cunt,
 So...

I like the smell of Claudia Schiffer,
 And I like the smell of a well rolled reifer,
 And I like her, and I'd like to beef her,
 So...

I like the smell of heifers down the auction mart,
 And I like the smell of a well dirty tart,
 And I like the smell of a well brewed fanny fart,
 So...

I like the smell of the race hoarse Mary Hinge,
 And I like the smell of a well singed minge fringe,
 Though sometimes the smell of one makes me cringe.
 So...

23) AROUND HER LEG.

Around her leg, she wears a yellow garter,
She wears it in the September, and the merry month of May,
And if you ask her why the hell she wears it,
She wears it for Northallerton boys, far, far away.

CHORUS: Far away.... etc.

Around the park she wheels a perambulator
She wheels it in September, and the merry month of May,
And if you ask it why the hell she wheels it,
She wheels it for Northallerton boys, far, far away.

And in the pram, there sits a bouncing baby,
It bounces in September, and the merry month of May,
And if you ask it why the hell it bounces,
It bounces for Northallerton boys, far, far away.

And in the house, her father keeps a shotgun,
He keeps it in September, and the merry month of May,
And if you ask him why the hell he keeps it,
He keeps it for Northallerton boys, far, far away.

And now she sits, and weeps upon a gravestone,
She's weeping in the September, and the merry month of May,
And if you ask her why the hell she's weeping,
She's weeping for Northallerton boys, far, far away.

24) THREE GERMAN SOLDIERS

Three German soldiers crossed the line, Parlez- vous
 Three German soldiers crossed the line, Parlez- vous
 Three German soldiers crossed the line, shagged the women, and drank the wine.
 Inky pinky parlez- vous.

They came across this little Inn,
 Opened the door and went right in.

Oh, Landlord have you a daughter fair,
 Lily-white tits and golden hair.

At last they got her on the bed,
 Shagged her till her cheeks were red.

And they took her to the shed,
 Shagged her till she was nearly dead.
 They took her down a shady lane,
 Shagged her back to life again.

25) I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY.

I don't want to join the Army, I don't want to go to war.
 I'd rather hang around Piccadilly underground,
 Living of the earnings of a high class lady.
 I don't want a bayonet up my arsehole,
 I don't want my bollocks shot away - *shot away!*
 I'd rather stay in Northallerton, in merry merry Northallerton,
 And fornicate my f***ing life away - cor blimey!

On Monday I touched her on the ankle,
 On Tuesday, I touched her on the Knee - *on the knee!*
 On Wednesday I confess, I lifted up her dress,
 On Thursday I saw it - cor blimey!
 On Friday I put my hand upon it,
 On Saturday, she gave my balls a squeeze - *Balls a squeeze!*
 On Sunday after supper, *woof woof !!!* I rammed the f***er up her,
 And now I'm paying 4 and 6 a week - cor blimey!

On Monday....etc.

26) THE WILD ROVER.

I've been a wild rover for many a year, and I've spent all my money on whisky 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, ney, never, - right up your c*nt!
No ney never no more, shall I play the wild rover, no never no more.

I went to an alehouse I used to frequent, and told the landlady my money was spent,
I asked her for credit, she answered me ney, for custom like yours I can get any day.

So I pulled from my pocket, three gold sovereigns bright,
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
Now the words that I spoke sir were only in jest,
I have wine and whiskeys and ales of the best.

So now I'm returning to dad and to mum, and I'll ask them to welcome their prodigal son.
And if they'll have me back as they have before,
Then I never will play the wild rover no more.

To market, to market with my uncle Jim,
When somebody threw a tomato at him,
Well tomatoes are harmless when just in their skin,
But this here tomato was still in its tin.

27) FOLLOW THE BAND.

My wife is a jockey, a jockey, a jockey,
My wife is a jockey, a jockey is she,
She rides horses all night, she rides horses all day,
And when she comes back she rides me.

CHORUS: Singing, shag a little bit, wank a little bit, follow the band,
Follow the band with your cock in your hand.

My wife is a bricky, a bricky, a bricky,
My wife is a bricky, a bricky is she,
She lays bricks all night, and she lays bricks all day,
And when she comes back she lays me.

My wife is a lion tamer, a lion tamer, a lion tamer,
My wife is a lion tamer, a lion tamer is she,

She whips lions all night, she whips lions all day,
And when she comes back, she whips me.

My wife's an achiever, an achiever, an achiever,
My wife's an achiever, an achiever is she,
She succeeds all night, and she succeeds all day,
And when she comes back, she sucks me.

My wife is a tax inspector, a tax inspector, a tax inspector,
My wife is a tax inspector, a tax inspector is she,
She screws people all night, she screws people all day,
And when she comes back she screws me.

Baker/ kneads dough/ needs me
Skier/jumps humps/ humps me

28) ON ILKLEY MOOR BAHT 'AT

1) Where 'as thou been since I saw thee, I saw thee? On Ilkley Moor baht 'at
Where 'as thou been since I saw thee, I saw thee?

Where 'as thou been since I saw thee - (Oh get your tits out please!)

(On a bike in the middle of the night!)

CHORUS: On Ilkey Moor baht 'at, wheres that? On Ilkey Moor baht 'at, where's that?

On Ilkey Moor baht 'at, where the ducks play football!

2) Thou's been a courting Mary Jane. 3) Thou's going to catch thi death of cold.

4) Then we shall have to bury thee. 5) Then worms shall come and eat thee up.

6) Then ducks shall come and eat up worms. 7) Then we shall come and eat up ducks.

8) Then we shall all have eaten thee. 9) There is a moral to this tale.

10) Dont go a courting Mary Jane.

29) CRAVEN A

Craven A, never heard of fornication,

Craven A, always pulling on his tool,

Craven A, quite content with masturbation,

Thought a c*nt was something you were called at school.

etc.

30) FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING !

Twas on the good ship Venus,
 By God you should have seen us,
 The figurehead was a whore in bed,
 Astride a rampant penis.

CHORUS: Frigging in the rigging, frigging in the rigging,
 Frigging in the rigging 'cos there's f*ck all else to do.

The captain's mate was topper,
 By God he had a whopper,
 Twice round the deck, once round his neck,
 And up his arse was topper!

The captain's wife was Mable,
 Whenever she was able,
 She gave the crew a daily screw,
 Upon the kitchen table.

The captain's dog was Rover,
 The whole crew did him over,
 They ground and ground that faithful hound,
 From Singapore to Dover.

The cabin boy was Nipper,
 By Christ he was a ripper,
 Shoved broken glass up his arse,
 And circumcised the skipper.

31) BARNACLE BILL

Who's that knocking at my door...? cried the fair young maiden.
It's only me from over the sea, cried Barnacle Bill the sailor.

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

You can sleep upon the floor...
Oh bugger your floor you dirty old whore.

You can sleep upon my mat...
Oh bugger your mat, you can't shag that.

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

You can sleep between my thighs...
At last your c*nt, well I'll shag for a stunt.

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

32) THE ENGINEERS SONG.

An engineer told me before he died, bar-um, bar-um...
An engineer told me before he died, bar-um, bar-um...
An engineer told me before he died, his wife could never be satisfied, barum ..etc.

And so they built a prick of steel... Driven by a great big wheel!

Now the prick of steel was filled with cream, And the great big wheel was driven by
steam

Well round and round went the great big wheel, And in and out went the prick of steel.

Up and up went the level of steam, And down and down went the level of cream.

At last she cried "I'm satisfied", You could tell she was by the tears in her eyes.

But the engineer could not stop it, And she was split from arse to tit.

As she was split from arse to tit, The whole place was covered in shit.

The moral of the tale is clear, Never trust an engineer.

33) CLEMENTINE.

In a cavern, in a canyon, Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty miner, And his daughter Clementine.

CHORUS: Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine,
Thou art lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy, And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses, Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water, Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter, Fell into the foaming brine.

Saw her lips above the water, Blowing bubbles mighty fine,
But alas I was no swimmer, So I lost my Clementine.

In the corner of the church yard, Where the myrtle boughs entwine,
Grow the roses in their posies, Fertilised by Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, Dressed in garments soaked in brine,
Though in life I used to hug her, Now she's dead I draw the line.

How I missed her, how I missed her, How I missed my Clementine,
But I kissed her little sister, and forgot my Clementine.

34) LLOYD GEORGE !

(Whilst doing the conga.)

Lloyd Geoge knew my father, Father knew Lloyd George!
Lloyd George knew my fa-a-ather, Father knew Lloyd George.

35) FATHER ABRAHAM.

Father Abraham, seven sons he had, Seven sons he had Father Abraham,
And he never laughed, and he never cried, all he did was go like this...

To the left, To the right, ties off etc....

36) DINAH.

A rich girl has a limousine, a poor girl has a truck,
But the only time that Dinah rides is when she has a f*ck!

CHORUS: Dinah, Dinah, show us your leg, show us your leg, show us your leg,
Dinah, Dinah, show us your leg, a yard above your knee!

A rich girl has a brassiere, a poor girl uses string,
But Dinah uses nothing at all, she just lets the bastards swing!

A rich girl uses Vaseline, a poor girl uses lard,
But Dinah uses axel grease, because her c*nts so hard!

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

A rich girl uses tampons, a poor girl uses a sheet,
But Dinah uses nothing at all and leaves a trail along the street

37) NORTHERN BASTARD!

Well I drink ten pints and I drink ten more, and I'm not even plastered,
And I beat my wife with an iron bar, 'cos I'm a northern bastard!
What do we do... Well...etc.

38) WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL...

Why was he born so beautiful, why was he born at all?
He's no f***ing use to anyone, he's no f***ing use at all!
He deserves to be publicly pissed on, he deserves to be publicly shot,
And left in the nearest urinal, and left there to f***ing well rot.

Get it down you Zulu warrior, get it down you Zulu chief, chief, chief. etc...

39) THE IRISH ROVER

On the fourth of July 1806, we set sail from the sweet cove of Cork,
 We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks for the grand City Hall in New York,
 'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore and aft,
 And oh, how the wild wind drove her, she stood several blasts,
 She had twenty seven masts and they called her the Irish Rover

We had 1 million bags of the best sligo rags, we had 2 million barrels of stone,
 We had 3 million sides of old blind horses hides, we had 4 million barrels of bones,
 We had 5 million hogs, and 6 million dogs and 7 million barrels of porter,
 We had 8 million bails of old nanny goats tails in the hold of The Irish Rover.

There was awl Mickey Coote, who played hard on his flute,
 When the ladies lined up for a set, He was tootlin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille,
 Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet. With his smart witty talk,
 He was cock of the walk, and he rolled the dames under and over,
 They all new at a glance when he took up his stance that he sailed in The Irish Rover.

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,
 There was Hogan from County Tyrone, There was Johnny McGurk
 Who was scared stiff of work, And a man from Westmeath called Malone,
 There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule, and fighting Bill Treacy from
 Dover,
 And your man, Mick MacCann From the banks of the Bann,
 Was the skipper on the Irish Rover.

We had sailed 7 years, when the measles broke out, and the ship lost it's way in the fog,
 And that whale of a crew was reduced down to two, just myself and the Captain's old dog.
 Then the ship struck a rock, Oh Lord! what a shock, the bulkhead was turned right over,
 Turned 9 times around, and the poor old dog was drowned - 2,3!
 And the last of The Irish Rover.

40) DOWN IN ALABAMA

Down in Alabama where the Niggers shovel coal,
 A Nigger shoved his shovel up another Niggers hole,
 Said the foreman to the nigger, your here to shovel coal,
 And not to shove your shovel up another Niggers hole.

CHORUS: Manuana, manuana,
 Is my banana big enough for you?
 Oh someone make my rhubarb rise la la la la
 Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise, to its natural size, market gardenable size –
 oh baby!
 My rhubarb refuses to rise 'cos
 My baby don't love me, my baby don't love me
 My baby don't love me no more!

Down in Alabama where the niggers cut the grass,
 A nigger cut the hairs on another niggers arse
 Said the foreman.....

Down in Alabama where the lepers decompose,
 A leper picked the spots on another lepers nose
 Said the foreman.....

Down in Alabama where the granny's sit and nit,
 A granny shoved her needle in another granny's tit
 Said the foreman.....

Down in Alabama where the niggers brew their beer,
 A nigger shoved his bottle up another niggers rear
 Said the foreman.....

Down in Alabama where the niggers like to sing,
 A nigger shoved his johnson up another niggers ring
 Said the foreman.....

Down in Alabama where the ladies learn to swim,
 A lady put a finger up another ladys quim
 Said the foreman.....

41) THE IRISH TINKER

The lady of the manor
 Was dressing for the ball
 When she spied an Irish tinker
 Tossing off against the wall

Chorus

With his bloody great kidney wiper
 And balls the size of three
 And a yard and a half of foreskin
 Hanging down below his knee

The lady wrote a letter
 And in it she did say
 I'd rather f*ck with you sir
 Than the squire any day

The tinker got the letter
 And when it he did read
 His balls began to fester
 And his penis it did bleed

He mounted on his horse
 And rode toward the strand
 His balls across his shoulder
 And his penis in his hand

He rode up to the manor
 He rode a great white stride
 With his penis on the saddle
 And a ball on either side

He rode up to the manor
 He rode up to the hall
 Said the maid to the mistress
 He's come to f*ck us all

He f**ked the cook in the kitchen
 He f**ked the maid in the hall
 He even f**ked the tom cat
 As it scrambled up the wall

At last he f**ked the maiden
 Two minutes she was dead
 With a yard and a half of foreskin
 Hanging round her head

They say the tinkers dead sir
 They say he went to hell
 Where they say he f**ked the devil
 And I know he f**ked him well.

42) OLD KING COLE

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 men are we
 But theres none so fair as can compare to NORTHALLERTON RFC

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 men are we
 But theres none so fair as can compare to NORTHALLERTON RFC

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 jugglers three
 Now every juggler had very fine balls
 And very fine balls had he
 Chuck 'em in the air, in the air said the jugglers...
 Stick it in and out, in and out said the tailors...
 Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee said the fiddlers
 What merry men are we
 But theres none so fair as can compare to NORTHALLERTON RFC

.....
 And he called for his butchers three
 Now every butcher had a mighty fine chopper
 A mighty fine chopper had he
 Put it on the block, chop it off said the butchers...

43) IF I WERE THE MARRYING KIND

If I were the marrying kind, I thank the Lord I'm not, sir
 The kind of girl that I would wed would be a hooker's daughter
 'Cos I'd strike hard, she'd strike hard
 We'd both strike hard together
 And we'd be all right in the middle of the night
 Striking hard together.

Other verses

| | | |
|---------------------|---|----------------------|
| Full backs daughter | / | 'Cos I'd Find touch |
| Centre's daughter | / | 'Cos I'd Pass out |
| Scrum half's | / | 'Cos I'd Put in |
| Fly half's | / | 'Cos I'd Whip out |
| Loose heads | / | 'Cos I'd Bind tight |
| Referees | / | 'Cos I'd Blow hard |
| Groundsman's | / | 'Cos I'd Trim bush |
| Spectator's | / | 'Cos I'd not come |
| Goalpost's | / | 'Cos I'd stand erect |

44) BLAYDON RACES

I went to Blaydon Races, twas on the ninth of June,
 Eighteen hundred & sixty two, on a summers afternoon,
 We took the bus from Balmбра's and she was heavy laden
 And away we went along Collingwood Street, that's on the way to Blaydon

Chorus:

Whey me lads, ya should have seen us gannin,
 Passing folks along the road, just as they were standin'
 There were lots of lads & lasses there, all with smiling faces,
 Gannin' along the Scotswood Road, to see the Blaydon Races

We flew past Armstrongs factory, and up to the Robin Adair,
 Gannin' across the railway bridge, the bus wheel flew off there,
 The ladies lost their crinolines off, and the veils that hide their faces,
 I got two black eyes and a broken nose, gannin' to Blaydon Races.

Now when we got the wheel back on, away we went again,
 But them that had their noses broke, they went back ower hyem,
 Some went to the dispensary, and some to Doctor Gibbses,
 And some to the Infirmary, to mend their broken ribses.

Now when we got to paradise, a bonny game begun,
 There was four and twenty on the bus, man, how we danced and sung;
 They called me up to sing a song, I sang them Patsy Fagan,
 I danced a jig and swung me twig, the day we went to Blaydon.

We flew across the chain bridge and into Blaydon town,
 The Bellman he was calling out, they call him Jacky brown,
 I saw him talking to some folks, and he was them persuading
 To gan and see Geordie Riddleys show, in the Mechanics Hall in Blaydon

The rain it poured down all day, and made the ground quite muddy,
 Coffey Johnny had a white hat on, they were shoutin' 'who stole the cuddy'
 There was spice stalls and monkey shows, and old wives selling ciders
 And a chap with a hapeny roundabout, shoutin' 'noo my lads' for riders

45) SUNSHINE MOUNTAIN

(WHILST CLIMBING UP CHAIRS, TABLES ETC).

We're climbing up the sunshine mountain,
 Where the little wind doth blow.
 We're climbing up the sunshine mountain,
 Faces all a glow
 Turn, turn your back on sorrow,
 Reach up to the sky,
 We're climbing up the sunshine mountain,
 You and I, you and I.

46) JC

Has anybody seen J.C. wackado wackado wackado
Loaf of bread, piece of fish, feed 5000, a piece of piss

Has anybody seen J.C. wackado wackado wackado
He is holy, he's divine, He plays full back for Palistein

Has anybody seen J.C. wackado wackado wackado
Legs are crossed, arms outwide, it's hard to wank when you're crucified

Has anybody seen J.C. wackado wackado wackado
He's the man, he's so cool, walks right over my swimming pool

47) JERUSALUM

And did those feet in ancient times
Walk upon England 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 hills

Bring me my bow of burning gold
Bring me my arrow of desire
Bring me my spear! Oh clouds unfold
Bring me my chariots of fire
I shall not cease from mental fight
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green & pleasant land.

48) NATIONAL ANTHEM

God save our gracious queen
Long live our noble queen
God save the queen
Send her victorious
Happy and glorious
Long to reign over us
God save the queen

49) O 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, king Edwards army
And sent him homeward to think again

The hills are bare now and autumn leaves lie thick and still
 For land that is lost now was oh so dearly held

Chorus:

Those days are gone now and in the past they must remain
 For we can still rise now and be the nation again

Chorus:

50) MEN OF HARLECH (ALCHOS VERSION)

What's the use of drinking tea
 Indulging in sobriety
 And teetotal perversity
 It's healthier to booze
 What's the use of milk and water
 These are drinks that never oughta
 Be allowed in any quarter
 Come on, lose your blues
 Mix yourself a shandy
 Drown yourself in brandy
 Sherry sweet
 Or whiskey neat
 Or any kind of piss that's handy
 There's no f***ing sense in drinking
 Anything that doesn't make you stinking
 There's no happiness like sinking
 Wasted to the floor
 Put an end to all frustration
 Drinking may be your salvation
 End it all in dissipation
 Rotten to the core
 Aberrations metabolic
 Ceilings that are hyperbolic
 These are for the alcoholic
 Lying on the floor
 Vodka for the arty
 Lemonade was only made
 For drinking if your mothers at the party
 Steer clear of home made beer
 And anything that isn't labelled clear
 There is nothing else to fear
 Bottoms up my boys!!!