

Indianapolis Womens Rugby Football Club (IWRFC)
THE HOYDENS

OFFICIAL SONGBOOK....well sort of

Camaraderie, Drinking, and Song are each important parts of Rugby.....so learn the damn words!!!!!!

I met a whore in the park	2
I used to work in Chicago	3
Monday is a working day.....	4
Pelee Isle 7's	5
If I were the marrying kind.	6
The Titanic	7
We call on our captain	8
“shoot the boot”	8
Practice who needs practice?	8
You are my sunshine.....	9
Follow the band.....	10
The 12 hours of rugby.....	11
I wish all the fella's.....	14
Jesus can't play rugby	15
Dominiquer	16
Ruggers go where I send thee	18
The Rugger's Prayer	21
I'm a little teapot.....	21
Yogi Bear	22

I Met a Whore in the Park
(sung to the tune When Johnny
Comes Marching Home)

I met a whore in the park one day
Ya ho, ya ho
I met a whore in the park one day
Ya ho, ya ho
I met a whore in the park one day
She said hey rugger, you wanna lay

Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about
Ya ho, ya ho, ya ho

I put my hand upon her toe
Ya ho, ya ho
I put my hand up on her toe
Ya ho, ya ho
I put my hand upon her toe
She said hey rugger you're way to low.

Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about
Ya ho, ya ho, ya ho

I put my hand upon her knee
Ya ho, ya ho
I put my hand upon her knee
Ya ho, ya ho
I put my hand upon her knee
She said hey rugger you're kiddin' me

Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about
Ya ho, ya ho, ya ho

I put my hand upon her thigh
Ya ho, ya ho
I put my hand upon her thigh
Ya ho, ya ho
I put my hand upon her thigh
She said hey rugger you're way to shy

Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about
Ya ho, ya ho, ya ho

I put my hand upon her tit
Ya ho, ya ho
I put my hand upon her tit
Ya ho, ya ho
I put my hand upon her tit
She said hey rugger your getting it

Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about
Ya ho, ya ho, ya ho

I put my hand upon her twat
Ya ho, ya ho
I put my hand upon her twat
Ya ho, ya ho
I put my hand upon her twat
She said hey rugger you hit the spot.

Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about
Ya ho, ya ho, ya ho

I used to work in Chicago

(soloists volunteer for each verse by raising their beer and are chosen by the consensus pointing at them)

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

A women came in for some paper.

Some paper from the store?

Paper she wanted, a ream she got!

Oohh! I don't work there anymore!

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

A women came in for some jewelry.

Some jewelry from the store?

Jewelry she wanted, a pearl necklace she got!

Oohh! I don't work there anymore!

Other lines.

Carpet she wanted, shagged she got

Nails she wanted, screwed she got

Translator she wanted, cunning linguist she got

Fuck she wanted, fucked she got

Helicopter she wanted, my chopper she got

KitKat she wanted, four fingers she got

Batteries she wanted, Smell's double d's she got

Pies she wants, crème filled she got

Drawing board she wanted, Spicy's flat chest she got

(this one is bad) Bread she wanted, (name from other team)'s yeast infection she got

365 condoms, 365 condoms she wanted a good year she had

Ruler she wanted, 6 inches she got

Monday's a Working Day.

(sung with a leader in call and response)

Monday's a working day!

Monday's a working day!

How is your mother?

Alright

How is your sister?

Too tight

When was the last time?

Last night

When is the next time?

Tonight

Is everybody happy?

You bet your ass we are!!

Do-do-do-do-do-do-do-do

Do-do-do-do-do-do-do!! (spin around here with your beer on your head.....no I'm serious)

HERE IS THE ORDER

Monday's a working day!

Tuesday's a finger day!

Wednesday's a smoking day!

Thursday's a fucking day!

Friday's a drinking day! (don't say anything.....drink your beer)

Saturday is a rugby day!

Sunday is the Lord's day (look angelic and say....)

AMEN

Pelee Isle 7's

(sung to the Gilligan's Island theme song)

Now sit right back and you'll hear a tale
A tale of a rugby team
A trip from Indy to Canada
With a drunken theme

The Hoydens make the long trip every year
For Pelee 7's.
To deprive ourselves of sleep and put
Our livers to the test, our livers to the test

The border patrol started getting rough
They said rugby teams are banned
Now we sign in as handball players who
Have rugby balls in hand, have rugby balls in hand

Like years before we will perform
The usual tournament tricks
Like drunkenness
The stripper, too
A million beers

Someone's girlfriend
A police car
The procession of a naked woman
Hoydens on PELEE ISLAND.

If I were the marrying kind

(soloists volunteer for each verse by raising their beer and are chosen by the consensus pointing at them)

If I were a marrying kind
I thank the lord I'm not sir
the kind of woman that I would be
Would be a rugby #####

Prop sir

Why is that sir?

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

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

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

2nd row
sniff butt **ALSO**
grab crotch

scrum half
put it in

halftime orange
get sucked

inside center:
look for the hole

flanker:
get off quick

shorts:
go up your butt

mouth guard:
get licked **ALSO**
get sucked

spectator:
get to watch

eight:
hold till you come

fullback:
get fucked **ALSO**
kick balls

any forward
get stripped

spectator on a rainy day
come in rubbers

spectator on a sunny day
come again

grounds keeper #1
trim bush

grounds keeper #2
do lines

boot
come in boxes **ALSO**
tied up

cleats
get screwed

ball
get pumped **ALSO**
strapped in leather
ALSO
get touched

pitch:
grow weed *ALSO*
be hard

scrum:
go down

upright
I'd stand erect

team from far away:
come for hours

rulebook:
get violated

wing
I'd never get

team on a bus:
get off

whistle
get blown

practice jersey
come out of the closet

drunk team:
get fucked up

The Titanic (in honor of Sicily and Julie who learned this song from CJ and used to sing it to us)

When they build the ship Titanic
To sail the ocean blue
They thought they'd made a ship
Where the water will never come through
But the good Lord raised his hand
And the ship will never land.
It was sad when the great ship went down

And it was sad, so sad
It was sad when the great ship when down
To the bottom of the sea
It was sad when the great ship when down

They were 30 miles from shore
When they heard a mighty roar
And the rich refuse to associate with the poor
So they put them down below
Where they were the first to go
It was sad when the great ship went down

Then they lowered down their lifeboats
To the dark stormy sea
And the band started playing
Near my Lord to me
Husbands and wives,
Little children lost their lives
It as sad when the great ship went down.

We call on our captain

We call on our captain to sing us a song
We call on our captain to sing us a song
So sing, you bastard, sing
Or show us your ring
But we don't want your ring
So sing, you bastard, sing.

Shoot the boot

Ask first and last name of individual partaking of the boot. "shoot the boot" is to be sung prior to the shooting.

Smell Green, Smell Green
Is a horse's ass
She's the meanest
She sucks a horse's penis
Smell Green is a horse's ass
I won't drink beer with any old man that won't drink beer with a rugby fan
So drink beer, drink beer motherfucker drink beer.

(disclaimer: this song is merely using Smell's name as an example by no means is it indicating that Smell Green is a horse's ass)

Practice, who needs practice?

Don't know much about scrums and mauls
Don't know much about passing balls
After half a game I almost die
Never manage to make a try
But I do know that I like beer
And if you give me one then it is clear
What a wonderful rugger I could be.

Don't know much about tackling
Don't know much about dummying
When the ball has come I'm sure I'll miss
'cause I don't know what a straight line is
but I do know how to scream and shout
let no one tell me to shut my mouth
oh, what a wonderful rugger I could be

You are my sunshine

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are gray
You never know dear how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away.

The other night dear, as I lay sleeping
I dreamed that you were by my side
Then I awoke dear, so disillusioned
You had gone and so I cried.

You are my dildo, my twin speed dildo
You make me happy when skies are gray
You'll never know dear how much I love you
Please don't take my batteries away

The other night dear, as I lay sleeping
I dreamed that you were right inside
Then I awoke dear, so disillusioned
You had gone and so I cried

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are gray
You'll never know dear how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away

Follow the Band

(soloists volunteer for each verse by raising their beer and are chosen by the consensus pointing at them)

My lover's a mason, a mason, a mason
A very fine mason is he/she
All day he/she lays bricks, he/she lays bricks, he/she lays bricks
And when he/she comes home he/she lays me.

Chorus:
Singing drink a little bit, fuck a little bit,
Follow the band (TOOT TOOT)
Follow the band with your beer/tits in your hands.
Dance a little bit, fuck a little bit,
Follow the band.
Follow the band all the way.

carpenter:
pound nails
pounds me

plumber:
sucks pipes
sucks me

baker:
kneads dough
kneads me

piano player:
fingers keys
fingers me

skier:
jumps humps
humps me

postman:
licks stamps
licks me

jockey:
rides horses
rides me

taxidermist:
stuffs animals
stuffs me

swimmer:
swims laps
laps me

chef:
whips cream
whips me

The 12 hours of rugby
(tune: 12 days of Christmas)

In the first hour of rugby, my prop she asked of me:

- * Why is my beer mug empty?

In the second hour of rugby, my prop she asked of me:

- * Where are the seconds?, and
- * Why is my beer mug empty?

In the third hour of rugby, my prop she asked of me:

- * Why don't they tackle?
- * Where are the seconds?, and
- * Why is my beer mug empty?

In the fourth hour of rugby, my prop she asked of me:

- * What is the smell?
- * Why don't they tackle?
- * Where are the seconds?, and
- * Why is my beer mug empty?

In the fifth hour of rugby, my prop she asked of me:

- * Why did they kick?
- * What is the smell?
- * Why don't they tackle?
- * Where are the seconds?, and
- * Why is my beer mug empty?

In the sixth hour of rugby, my prop she asked of me:

- * Who ate my twinkies?
- * Why did they kick?
- * What is the smell?
- * Why don't they tackle?
- * Where are the seconds?, and
- * Why is my beer mug empty?

In the seventh hour of rugby, my prop she asked of me:

- * Why are they whining?
- * Who ate my twinkies?
- * Why did they kick?
- * What is the smell?
- * Why don't they tackle?
- * Where are the seconds?, and
- * Why is my beer mug empty?

In the eighth hour of rugby, my prop she asked of me:

- * Who needs a minute?
- * Why are they whining?
- * Who ate my twinkies?
- * Why did they kick?
- * What is the smell?
- * Why don't they tackle?
- * Where are the seconds?, and
- * Why is my beer mug empty?

In the ninth hour of rugby, my prop she asked of me:

- * When do we eat?
- * Who needs a minute?
- * Why are they whining?
- * Who ate my twinkies?
- * Why did they kick?
- * What is the smell?
- * Why don't they tackle?
- * Where are the seconds?, and
- * Why is my beer mug empty?

In the tenth hour of rugby, my prop she asked of me:

- * Who knocked that on?
- * When do we eat?
- * Who needs a minute?
- * Why are they whining?
- * Who ate my twinkies?
- * Why did they kick?
- * What is the smell?
- * Why don't they tackle?
- * Where are the seconds?, and
- * Why is my beer mug empty?

In the eleventh hour of rugby, my prop she asked of me:

- * Where is the beer?
- * Who knocked that on?
- * When do we eat?
- * Who needs a minute?
- * Why are they whining?
- * Who ate my twinkies?
- * Why did they kick?
- * What is the smell?
- * Why don't they tackle?
- * Where are the seconds?, and
- * Why is my beer mug empty?

In the twelfth hour of rugby, my prop she asked of me:

- * Why do we do this?
- * Where is the beer?
- * Who knocked that on?
- * When do we eat?
- * Who needs a minute?
- * Why are they whining?
- * Who ate my twinkies?
- * Why did they kick?
- * What is the smell?
- * Why don't they tackle?
- * Where are the seconds?, and
- * Why is my beer mug empty?

In the final hour of rugby, my loosehead/tighthead asked of me:

- * Who knocked that on?
- * Why did they kick?
- * Who knocked that on?
- * Why did they kick?
- * Who knocked that on?
- * Why did they kick?
- * Who knocked that on?

(.....continues until leader signals)

And "Why is my beer mug empty?"

I wish all the fella's

(soloists volunteer for each verse by raising their beer and are chosen by the consensus pointing at them)

I wish all the fella's were bells in a tower
And I was the chaplain
I'm bang them hour.

Hey, Bobbareeba
Hey, Bobbareeba

Fuck me, Bobbareeba
Fuck me, Bobbareeba

Now continue with the below suggestions and after each insert

Hey, Bobbareeba
Hey, Bobbareeba

Fuck me, Bobbareeba
Fuck me, Bobbareeba

I wish all the fella's were light switches on the wall
I'd turn them on and off
Until they blew a bulb

I wish all the fella's were carpet on the floor
And I was the vacuum
I'd suck them till they were sore

I wish all the fella's were breads, cakes, and pies
And I was the baker
I'd get them hot and watch them rise

I wish all the fella's were boards in a pile
And I was the hammer
I'd nail till they smiled

Jesus can't play rugby

(soloists volunteer for each verse by raising their beer and are chosen by the consensus pointing at them)

Jesus can't play rugby because his father is the ref
Jesus can't play rugby because his father is the ref.

Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves (sprinkle the ruggers with beer or whatever is in
your glass)
Free beer for all the ruggers
Free beer for all the ruggers
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves

Continue with Jesus can't play rugby because.....

SUGGESTIONS:

His headgear is illegal
His father is the coach
He only has 12 friends
His hands have holes in them
He can't catch the ball

Dominiquer

(this song is sung as a group pointing at the parts and gradually getting more intense and loud as the song progresses to the end. If done right you will barely be able to breathe when it is over) ☺ enjoy.

I put my hand on my shoulder and what do we have here?
This is my Dominiquer, my darling, my dear (point to your head)
Das what I learned in my school work today

I put my hand on my shoulder and what do we have here?
This is my brow sweater, my darling, my dear.
Dominiquer, brow sweater, rah rah!!
Das what I learned in my school work today

I put my hand on my shoulder and what do we have here?
This is my eye blinker, my darling, my dear.
Dominiquer, brow sweater, eye blinker, rah rah!!
Das what I learned in my school work today

I put my hand on my shoulder and what do we have here?
This is my snot blower my darling my dear.
Dominiquer , brow sweater, eye blinker, snot blower, rah rah!!
Das what I learned in my school work today

I put my hand on my shoulder and what do we have here?
This is my bull-shitter my darling my dear
Dominiquer , brow sweater, eye blinker, snot blower, bull-shitter, rah rah!!
Das what I learned in my school work today

I put my hand on my shoulder and what do we have here?
This is my milk shaker my darling my dear
Dominiquer , brow sweater, eye blinker, snot blower, bull-shitter, milk shaker, rah rah!!
Das what I learned in my school work today

I put my hand on my shoulder and what do we have here?
This is my belly acher my darling my dear.
Dominiquer, brow sweater, eye blinker, snot blower, bull-shitter, milk shaker, belly acher, rah rah!!
Das what I learned in my school work today

I put my hand on my shoulder and what do we have here?
This is my joy maker my darling my dear.
Dominiquer, brow sweater, eye blinker, snot blower, bull-shitter, milk shaker, belly acher, joy maker, rah rah!!
Das what I learned in my school work today

I put my hand on my shoulder and what do we have here?
This is my poop shooter my darling my dear.
Dominiquer , brow sweater, eye blinker, snot blower, bull-shitter, milk shaker, belly
acher, joy maker, poop shooter, rah rah!!
Das what I learned in my school work today

I put my hand on my shoulder and what do we have here?
This is my knee bender my darling my dear.
Dominiquer, brow sweater, eye blinker, snot blower, bull-shitter, milk shaker, belly
acher, joy maker, poop shooter, knee bender, rah rah!!
Das what I learned in my school work today

I put my hand on my shoulder and what do we have here?
This is my shit kicker my darling my dear.
Dominiquer, brow sweater, eye blink, snot blower, bull-shitter, milk-shaker, belly acher,
joy maker, poop shooter, knee bender, shit kicker, rah rah!!
Das what I learned in my school work today.(**hold this one out as long as you can**)

TOTAL EXHAUSTION HITS

Ruggers Go Where I Send Thee (Old Ball State song)

Ruggers go where I send thee
How shall I send thee
I shall send the one by one
One for the little bitty rookie
Soaked in beer and blood stains
Drunk, drunk, drunk go home get laid on a Saturday night.

Ruggers go where I send thee
How shall I send thee
I shall send thee two by two
Two for the two too drunk for school
Lying in the bathroom; puking in the toilet
One for the little bitty rookie soaked in beer and blood stains
Drunk, drunk, drunk go home get laid on a Saturday night.

Ruggers go where I send thee
How shall I send thee
I shall send thee three by three
Three for the three that drank for free
Two for the two too drunk for school
Lying in the bathroom; puking in the toilet
One for the little bitty rookie soaked in beer and blood stains
Drunk, drunk, drunk go home get laid on a Saturday night.

Ruggers go where I send thee
How shall I send thee
I shall send thee four by four
Four for the four to poor to pay the whore
Three for the three that drank for free
Two for the two too drunk for school
Lying in the bathroom; puking in the toilet
One for the little bitty rookie soaked in beer and blood stains
Drunk, drunk, drunk go home get laid on a Saturday night.

Ruggers go where I send thee
How shall I send thee
I shall send thee five by five
Five for the five that keep the party alive
Four for the four to poor to pay the whore
Three for the three that drank for free
Two for the two too drunk for school
Lying in the bathroom; puking in the toilet
One for the little bitty rookie soaked in beer and blood stains
Drunk, drunk, drunk go home get laid on a Saturday night.

Ruggers go where I send thee
How shall I send thee
I shall send thee six by six
Six for the six to pick up chicks
Five for the five that keep the party alive
Four for the four to poor to pay the whore
Three for the three that drank for free
Two for the two too drunk for school
Lying in the bathroom; puking in the toilet
One for the little bitty rookie soaked in beer and blood stains
Drunk, drunk, drunk go home get laid on a Saturday night.

Ruggers go where I send thee
How shall I send thee
I shall send thee seven by seven
Seven for the seven that went to slim jim heaven
Six for the six to pick up chicks
Five for the five that keep the party alive
Four for the four to poor to pay the whore
Three for the three that drank for free
Two for the two too drunk for school
Lying in the bathroom; puking in the toilet
One for the little bitty rookie soaked in beer and blood stains
Drunk, drunk, drunk go home get laid on a Saturday night.

Ruggers go where I send thee
How shall I send thee
I shall send thee eight by eight
Eight for the eight to drunk to masturbate
Seven for the seven that went to slim jim heaven
Six for the six to pick up chicks
Five for the five that keep the party alive
Four for the four to poor to pay the whore
Three for the three that drank for free
Two for the two too drunk for school
Lying in the bathroom; puking in the toilet
One for the little bitty rookie soaked in beer and blood stains
Drunk, drunk, drunk go home get laid on a Saturday night.

Ruggers go where I send thee
How shall I send thee
I shall send thee nine by nine
Nine for the nine that snorted a line
Eight for the eight to drunk to masturbate
Seven for the seven that went to slim jim heaven

Six for the six to pick up chicks
Five for the five that keep the party alive
Four for the four to poor to pay the whore
Three for the three that drank for free
Two for the two too drunk for school
Lying in the bathroom; puking in the toilet
One for the little bitty rookie soaked in beer and blood stains
Drunk, drunk, drunk go home get laid on a Saturday night.

Ruggers go where I send thee
How shall I send thee
I shall send thee ten by ten
Ten for the ten that did it again
Nine for the nine that snorted a line
Eight for the eight to drunk to masturbate
Seven for the seven that went to slim jim heaven
Six for the six to pick up chicks
Five for the five that keep the party alive
Four for the four to poor to pay the whore
Three for the three that drank for free
Two for the two too drunk for school
Lying in the bathroom; puking in the toilet
One for the little bitty rookie soaked in beer and blood stains
Drunk, drunk, drunk go home get laid on a Saturday night.

The Rugger's Prayer

Our lager,
Which art in barrels,
Hallowed be thy drink.
Thy will be drunk,
(I will be drunk),
At home as it is in the pub.
Give us this day our foamy head,
And forgive us our spillages,
As we forgive those who spill against us.
And lead us not to incarceration,
But deliver us from hangovers.
For thine is The Beer, The Bitter, and The Lager.
For ever and ever.

BARMEN.

I'm a little rugger

I am a little rugger short and stout
Here is my titties
Here is my twaut
When I get all steamed up I love to SHOUT
Tip me over and eat me out!

Yogi Bear

There's a bear that we all know, yogi, yogi
There's a bear that we all know, yogi, yogi bear
yogi, yogi bear
yogi, yogi bear
There's a bear that we all know, yogi, yogi bear

Yogi has a best friend, boo boo, boo boo
Yogi has a best friend, boo boo, boo boo bear

Yogi has a girl friend, Cindy

Boo boo is just three feet tall, perfect

Cindy doesn't shave her twat, grizzly

Cindy doesn't clean her twat, gummy
(or Boo boo's boyfriend has no teeth, gummy)

Cindy likes it up the ass, Brown bear

Cindy likes is on the fridge, polar

Cindy likes is black or white, panda

Cindy likes it long and hard, cucum, cucum
Cindy likes it long and hard, cucum, cucumbear
(or Yogi's dick is long and green, cucum)

Cindy hates it up the butt, hard to, hard to
Cindy hates it up the butt, hard to, hard to bear
OR
Cindy hates it up the ass, something, something
Cindy hates it up the ass, something she can't bear

Cindy likes whips and chains, masochistic
Cindy likes whips and chains, masochistic bear

Yogi has a 12 inch cock, Black bear

Yogi has an enemy, Ranger, Ranger
Yogi has an enemy, Ranger, Ranger SMITH

Ranger has a 12 inch cock, liar, liar
Ranger has a 12 inch cock, liar, liar SMITH