



The  
Cherry Lifesavers R.F.C.  
Song Book

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# Wild Rover

I've played the wild rover for many a year  
And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer,  
And now I'm returning with gold in great store  
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

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

I went to an ale-house I used to frequent  
And I told the landlady my money was spent.  
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay  
Such custom as yours I could have any day."

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

## The Engineer's Song

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then at last the maiden cried  
“Enough, Enough, I’m satisfied”

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

She was split from ass to tit  
    Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum  
She was split from ass to tit  
    Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum  
She was split from ass to tit  
    Ah-hum titty Bum titty Bum titty Bum  
And the whole bloody issue was covered in...

Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses.  
Covered all over from head to toe,  
Covered all over with shit, shit, shit!

# If I Were The Marrying Kind\*

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

Prop, Sir

**Prop, Sir?**

Oh, I'd support a hooker, you'd support a hooker

**We'd all support a hooker together.**

**We'd be all right in the middle of the night,**

**Supporting hookers together.**

*chorus*

Scrum Half, Sir

**Scrum Half, Sir?**

Oh, I'd put it in, you'd put it in,

**We'd all put it in together.**

**We'd be all right in the middle of the night,**

**Putting it in together.**

Lock: I'd sniff butt...

Number 8: I'd split cheeks...

Flanker: I'd hold it in

Stand-off #1: I'd whip it out

Stand-off #2: I'd pass it on

Center: I'd put it out, you'd put out

**We'd all put out together**

Winger: I'd get none

Fullback: I'd find touch, you'd find touch,

**We'd all touch each other,...**

---

\* A soloist volunteers for each verse in the traditional fashion (by placing their beer over their head), and are chosen by consensus pointing at them. Everyone sings the chorus and the words marked in **bold**.

Referee: I'd fuck her, he'd fuck me  
We'd all get fucked together

Groundskeeper: I'd trim bush

Goal Post: I'd stand erect

Referee's Whistle: I'd get blown

Water Bottle: I'd get sucked

Rugby Boot: I'd get smelly

Cleat: I'd get screwed

Ball: I'd get pumped

Weather Spectator #1: I'd get wet

Wet Weather Spectator #2: I'd come in rubbers

Fair Weather Spectator: I'd come again

## Father Abraham<sup>\*</sup>

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

With the right!

and the left!

and the right!

and the left!

and a “hooah!”

and off with the shirts

and down with the pants

and let's get naked!

---

\* With Actions added every verse (left arm out, right arm out, left leg out, right leg out, pelvic thrust and so on).

# Why Was He Born So Beautiful

Him... Him... Fuck him.

Why was he born so beautiful?

Why was he born at all?

He's no fucking use to anyone.

He's no fucking use at all.

So drink you mother fucker,

Drink you mother fucker

Drink, Drink, Drink!

Why are we waiting?

Why are we waiting?

He must be masturbating.

Oh why, why, why?

# The Old Department Store\*

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

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

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

A woman came in for some paper,  
**Paper from the store.**  
Paper she wanted, a ream she got,  
**I don't work there anymore.**

A screen door... the back door

Some Meat... my sausage

A hammer... banged

A Carpet... shagged

A Fishing rod... my rod

Some Beef... porked

A Camel... humped

A helicopter... my chopper

---

\* A soloist volunteers for each verse in the traditional fashion (by placing their beer over their head), and are chosen by consensus pointing at them. Everyone sings the chorus and the words marked in **bold**.

A KitKat... four fingers

etc.

## Swing Low Sweet Chariot<sup>\*</sup>

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.

---

<sup>\*</sup> These two verses to the song are done with actions. Do the whole song, then the humming & silent versions (still with actions) of the first verse and finish with singing the first verse again. There are more verses to the song, but we don't use them.

## Buy Us a Drink

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

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

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

*chorus*

## Old King 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 merry men are we,  
There's none so fair as can compare,  
With the Lifesavers R.F.C.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he,  
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,  
And he called for his tailors three.  
Now every tailor had a very fine needle,  
And a very fine needle had he,  
Stick it in and out, in and out,  
said the tailors,  
Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee,  
said the fiddlers,  
What merry merry men are we,  
There's none so fair as can compare,  
With the Lifesavers R.F.C.

The jugglers had two very fine balls: throw your balls in the air  
The butchers had choppers: put it on the block, chop it off.  
The barmaids had candles: pull it out, pull it out, pull it out.  
The cyclists had pedals: round and round, round and round  
The flutists had flutes: root diddly-oot-diddly-oot.  
The painters had brushes: wop it up and down, up and down.

---

\* There are (obscene) actions for each person the king calls. Keep adding the people and actions.

The horsemen had saddles: ride it up and down, up and down.

The carpenters had hammers: bang away, bang away, bang away.

The surgeons had knives: cut it round the knob, make it throb.

The parsons had very great alarm: goodness gracious me.

The fishermen had rods: mine is six feet long.

The huntsmen had horns: wake up in the morn with a horn.

The coalmen had sacks: want it in the front or the back?

# The Ball Of Kirriemuir\*

'Twas on the first of August the party, it began.

Now, never shall I forget, me lads, the gatherin' of the clans

*Singing, "Who hae ye, lassie, (last nicht)*

*Who hae ye noo?*

*The aye that hae ye last time (The mon wha hae ye last nicht)*

*He canna hae ye noo."*

*Singin' "Who'll do it this time,*

*Who'll do it a' noo?*

*For the man who did it last time,*

*Canna doo it noo."*

*Singing, wha'll dae it this time?*

*Wha'll dae it noo?*

*The yin that did it last time*

*Cannae dae it noo.*

*Singing, "Balls to your partner,*

*Ass against the wall.*

*If you can't get fucked on a Saturday night,*

*You can't get fucked at all.*

'Twas the ball of Kirriemuir, mon, and everyone was there

A-playin' wi' the lassies an' twinin' curly hair.

*chorus*

John McGowan, the father, was very surprised to see

Four and twenty maidenheads a hanging from the tree.

*chorus*

There was fuckin' in the meadows, there was fuckin' in the ricks,

Ye could nae hear the bagpipes for the swishing o' the pricks.

---

\* Written in the 1880's to celebrate the comings and goings of a supposed actual social event in the Kirriemuir district of Scotland. Pick which chorus you want: this song has more names and ways to sing it than you could ever imagine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The mayor's daughter, she was there, and kept the crowd in fits  
By jumpin' off the mantle piece and landin' on her tits.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The butcher's wife, oh, she was there, she also wasna weel,  
For she had to go and piddle, after ev'ry little feel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The farmer's son, oh, he was there, an' he was in the byre,  
Introducin' masturbation, with an Indian rubber tire.

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

The teacher from the school was there, she didna bring her stick,  
She wasna much to look at, but she sure could take the prick.

The village grocer he was there, he had a muckle stand,  
He couldna get a woman, so he worked it off by hand.

The village cripple he was there, he wasna up to much,  
He couldna get a hard on, so he shagged 'em wi' his crutch.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Cats On The Rooftops

The donkey is a solitary moke,  
He very seldom gets a poke;  
But when he does, he lets it soak,  
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

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

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

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

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

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

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

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

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

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

# The Crawl

## *Spirit of the West*

Oh we're good old boys, we come from the north shore.  
Drinkers and carousers, the likes you've never seen.  
And this night by god, we'll drink 'til there is no more,  
From the Troller to the Raven, with all stops in between.

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

*And we're good old boys. We come from the north shore.  
Drinkers and carousers, the likes you've never seen.  
And this night by god, we drank 'til there was no more,  
From the Troller to the Raven, with all stops in between.*

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

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

# Home For a Rest

## *Spirit of the West*

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

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

### *chorus*

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

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

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

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

*You'll have to excuse me, I'm not at my best  
I've been gone for a month, I've been drunk since I left  
These so-called vacations will soon be my death*

*I'm so sick from the drink, I need home for a rest...*  
*Take me home...*

## The Gambler

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

He said, "Son, I've made a life  
Out of readin' people's faces  
An' knowin' what the cards were  
By the way they held their eyes.  
So if you don't mind my sayin'  
I can see you're out of aces  
For a taste of your whiskey  
I'll give you some advice."  
So I handed him my bottle  
And he drank down my last swallow  
Then he bummed a cigarette  
And asked me for a light.  
And the night got deathly quiet  
And his face lost all expression  
Said, "If you're gonna play the game, boy,  
You gotta learn to play it right!"

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

"Every gambler knows  
That the secret to survivin'

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

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

# King Of The Road

*Roger Miller*

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

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

I know every engineer on every train  
All of their children, all of their names  
Every handout in every town  
And every loft that ain't locked when no-one's around

I sing:

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

# Barrett's Privateers

*Stan Rogers*

Oh the year was seventeen seventy eight  
*How wish I was in Sherbrooke now!*  
A letter of marque came from the King  
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## What We Learnt At The School\*

She said where does it hurt?

I said here.

Dis is mein top-noggin

**Ya mama here.**

**Top-noggin**

**Ya mit damoule**

**That's what we learnt at the school.**

She said where does it hurt?

I said here.

Dis is mein head-butt-er

**Ya mama here.**

**Head-butt-er**

**Top-noggin** (keep adding parts as you go)

**Ya mit damoule** (turn around in a circle with your beer on your head)

**That's what we learnt at the school.**

top-noggin (top of head)

head-butt-er (forehead)

pig-finders (eyes)

snatch-smeller (nose)

cup cleaner (moustache)

thigh rubbers (cheeks)

clit tickler (tongue)

chin chomper (chin)

boob blockers (chest)

beer basket (belly)

mother-fucker (penis)

chin slappers (balls)

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\* Point to each body part as you say it and everybody turns around on the "Ya mit damoule" bit. A leader does the intro for each body part and everyone sings the words marked in **bold**.

## How the Money Rolls In

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

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

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

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

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

*Pull back, pull back,  
Oh, pull back my foreskin for me, for me.  
Pull back, Pull back,  
Oh, pull back my foreskin for me.*

# *Always Look On The Bright Side Of Life*

*Monty Python*

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

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

When you're feeling in the dumps,  
Don't be silly chumps,  
Just purse your lips and whistle – that's the thing!  
And... always look on the bright side of life...

(whistle)

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

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

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

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

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

# Kilted Yaksmen Anthem\*

*Ren & Stimpy*

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

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

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

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\* To the tune of "God Save the Queen"

## Loch Lomond

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

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

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

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

## Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they call Belfast  
Apprenticed in trade I was bound  
And many an hour of sweet happiness  
I spent in that neat little town  
Till bad misfortune befell me  
And caused me to stray from the land  
Far away from my friends and relations  
To follow the black velvet band

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds  
You'd think she was queen of the land  
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder  
Tied up in a black velvet band*

Well, I was out strolling one evening  
Not meaning to go very far  
When I met with a pretty young damsel  
She was selling her trade in a bar  
A watch, she took from a customer  
And slipped it right into my hand  
Then the law, they came and arrested me  
Bad luck to her black velvet band

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

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

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

*chorus*

## Danny Boy

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side  
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying  
'tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.

But come you back when summer's in the meadow  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow  
'tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow  
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

And if you come, when all the flowers are dying  
And I am dead, as dead I well may be  
You'll come and find the place where I am lying  
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me  
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be  
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me  
I simply sleep in peace until you come to me.

# The Old Sod

## *Spirit of the West*

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

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

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

### *chorus*

There's a bar in the rec room  
In the basement of our house  
A little shrine to Ballantynes  
Haig and Famous Grouse  
There's a sprig of purple heather  
From the land that once was mine

And Robbie's on the tea towel  
With the words to Auld Lang Syne

*chorus*

Well Canada's been good to us  
We've a living and a home  
We've all got central heating here  
And most are on the phone  
I'm a citizen of both countries  
And very proud to be  
The thistle and the maple leaf  
Are the emblems of the free

*chorus*

# Northwest Passage

*Stan Rogers*

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

Westward from the Davis Strait 'tis there 'twas said to lie  
The sea route to the Orient for which so many died;  
Seeking gold and glory, leaving weathered, broken bones  
And a long-forgotten lonely cairn of stones.

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

And through the night, behind the wheel, the mileage clicking west  
I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson and the rest  
Who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path for me  
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea.

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

# *The Mary Ellen Carter*

*Stan Rogers*

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

Well, the owners wrote her off; not a nickel would they spend.  
"She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her sorry end.  
But insurance paid the loss to us, so let her rest below."  
Then they laughed at us and said we had to go.  
But we talked of her all winter, some days around the clock,  
For she's worth a quarter million, afloat and at the dock.  
And with every jar that hit the bar, we swore we would remain  
And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

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

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

For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale.  
She'd saved our lives so many times, living through the gale  
And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a sorry grave  
They won't be laughing in another day. . .

And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final blow  
With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go  
Turn to, put out all your strength of arm and heart and brain  
And like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.

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

# White Collar Holler

*Nigel Russell*

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

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

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

Then it's home again, eat again, watch some TV  
Make love to my woman at ten-fifty-three  
I dream the same dream when I'm sleeping at night  
I'm soaring over hills like an eagle in flight

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

# The Wreck Of The John B

We come on the sloop John B  
My grandfather and me,  
'Round Nassau town we did roam  
Drinking all night, we got into a fight  
I feel so breakup, I want to go home

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

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

*chorus*

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

# Jamaica Farewell

*Lord Burgess*

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

*But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way  
Won't be back for many a day  
My heart is down, My head is turning around  
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston Town*

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

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

## Cigarettes, Whiskey And Wild Wild Women

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

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

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

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

*chorus*

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

*chorus*