

Songs

<u>Black velvet band</u>	<u>Malle Babbe</u>	<u>Whiskey in the Jar</u>
<u>Dinah</u>	<u>Mayor of Bayswater</u>	<u>Wild Rover</u>
<u>Diok Lied</u>	<u>Molly Malone</u>	
<u>Dirty Ould Town</u>	<u>Oever van de Rotte</u>	
<u>Drie Oktober</u>	<u>Oever van de Vliet</u>	
<u>Flower of Schotland</u>	<u>Sloop John B.</u>	
<u>He laid his hand upon my toe...</u>	<u>The marrying kind</u>	
<u>I am a woman sir</u>	<u>Tipperary</u>	
<u>Ik ben een vrouw meneer</u>	<u>Titanic</u>	
<u>Leyden Girls</u>	<u>Walking down canal street</u>	

Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they call Belfast, apprenticed to trade I was bound
and manys the hour of sweet happiness I spent in that neat little town
till bad misfortune came o're me which sent me away from the land
far away from my friends and companions betrayed by the black velvet band

CHORUS

Her eyes the shined like a diamond (2 claps)
you'd think she was queen of the land (2 claps)
and her hair hung over her shoulder
tied up with a black velvet band (2 claps)

As I went strolling down Broadway not intending to stray very far
I met with a frolicksome damsel applying her trade in a bar
a watch she stole from a customer and slipped it right into my hand
the very first day that I met her, bad luck to the black velvet band CHORUS

Before judge and jury next morning, both of us were to appear
a gentleman claimed his jewelry and the case against us was quite clear
seven long years transportation right down to Van Dieman's Land
far away from my friends and companions betrayed by the black velvet band CHORUS

So come all ye jolly young fellows I'll have you take warnin' by me
whenever you're out in the liquor me lads beware of the pretty colleens
for they'll fill you with whiskey and porter till you are not able to stand
and the very next thing that you know me lads, you've landed in Van Dieman's Land

Dinah

CHORUS

Dinah, Dinah, show us your legs
Show us your legs
Show us your legs
Dinah, Dinah, show us your legs
A yard above your knee.

A rich girl drives a limousine
A poor girl drives a truck
But the only ride that Dinah has
Is when she has a fuck.

A rich girl wears a brassiere
A poor girl uses string
But Dinah uses nothing at all
She lets the bastards swing.

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 vaseline
A poor girl uses lard
But Dinah uses axle grease
Because her cunt's so hard

A rich girl does it on the bed
a poor girl on the floor
but Dinah does it standing up
so she gets 2 inches more

A rich girl uses a big towel
A poor girl uses sheets
But Dinah uses nothing at all
And leaves a trail along the streets.

DIOK-lied

Ik zat laatst in mijn stamcafé
daar kreeg ik toch een leuk idee.
we richten een Rugby club op.....
de tent stond op z'n kop.
De castelijn als een vergiet
die zei toen: juh dat ken toch niet.
daar mot je voor gaan trainen
blauwe plekken op je benen
maar ik zei je mot niet zeuren
van de week gaat het gebeuren jaaaaah....

REFREIN
Ooooo wat is het toch fijn
Om bij DIOK te zijn
Altijd hebben we gein
Op het veld
Langs de lijn
Ooooo wat is het toch fijn

Om bij diok te zijn
 Altijd hebben we gein
 Glaasie bier
 Glaasie wijn

We deden mee aan een toernooi
 dat werd mij toch een klerezooi .
 want <naam> is die schele daar.
 die stortte van ellende in elkaar.
 De vorige dag toen was het feest
 de hele ploeg was teut geweest
 en toen was toch de concentratie weg
 zo slecht was het nog nooit wat was dat erg .
 De scheids die had een reuze lol
 dus 'k geef er 1 een suize bol
 effe later was het knokke
 alles ging aan brokke
 maar toen wij naar huis toe gingen
 begon er iemand zacht te zingen....: REFREIN

ooooo wat is het toch fijn.
 Om bij DIOK te zijn .
 Altijd hebben we gein .
 Op het veld.
 Langs de lijn.
 Oooo wat is het toch fijn .
 Om bij DIOK te zijn .
 Zing maar allemaal mee
 Falderiee faldereee
 Hoortuh ris.
 Juh ken je nog wat met juh orruh dan REFREIN

Dirty Ould Town

I met my love in a gas works croft
 dreamed a dream, by the old canal
 kissed my girl by the fac'try wall
 dirty ould town, dirty ould town

I saw the clouds drift across the moon
 cats are crawling, all along the beat
 springs a girl to the streets at night
 dirty ould town, dirty ould town

I heard a siren, down by the docks
 saw a train, set the night on fire
 I smelled the spring on a smokey breeze
 dirty ould town, dirty ould town

I'm gonna get me, a good sharp ax
 shinin' steel tempered in a fire
 we'll chop you down, like a dead ould tree
 dirty ould town, dirty ould town

3 Oktober

REFREIN

3 oktober, 3 oktober
dan zijn we als een bal
3 oktober, 3 oktober
dan gaan we aan de lal
van 's morgens vroeg, tot 's avonds laat
de kroegen in en uit
een maag vol peen en ui
en een goeie bui
het is maar eens per jaar
dus neem er nog een paar
en als je niet meer eten kan
drink dan maar.

en wil je lekker swingen, dan weet ik nog een plek
daar heb je lol voor drie en voel je je te gek
alleen 1 ding is jammer, het is niet elke dag
hebbe we gelachen op die dag
voor dieren dag REFREIN

vanmorgen half 7 liep ik al in de stad
ik kocht een pondje paling en een zak patat
maar na mijn vierde haring
en mijn tweede broodje worst
nam ik een biertje want ik stierf van de dorst REFREIN

Flower of Scotland

O Flower of Scotland
When will we see
Your like again,
That fought and died for
Your wee bit Hill and Glen
And stood against him
Proud Edward's Army,
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

The Hills are bare now
And Autumn leaves lie thick and still
O'er land that is lost now
Which those so dearly held
That stood against him
Proud Edward's Army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

Those days are past now
And in the past they must remain
But we can still rise now
And be the nation again
That stood against him
Proud Edward's Army

And sent him homeward,
Tae think again.

O Flower of Scotland
When will we see
Your like again,
That fought and died for
Your wee bit Hill and Glen
And stood against him
Proud Edward's Army,
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

He laid his hand upon my toe...

He laid his hand upon my toe yoho yoho (3x)
I said young man you're rather low
Get in, get out, get fuckin' about yoho, yoho, yoho

He laid his hand upon my knee yoho, yoho (3x)
I said yound man you're rather free
Get in, get out, get fuckin' about yoho, yoho, yoho

He laid his hand upon my tigh yoho, yoho (3x)
I said young man you're rather high
Get in, get out, get fuckin' about yoho,yoho,yoho

He laid his hand upon my breast yoho yoho (3x)
I said young man you've mist the best
Get in, get out, get fuckin' about yoho, yoho, yoho.

I am a woman sir

I am a woman sir
As you already know
But I am more than that
Although it may not show
I am a runner sir, I am a fighter sir
It does not worry me, when people laugh at me
The bird you see, is not what she appears to be
The chick you think you see is only fantasy
I am a prop now sir, I am a flanker sir
Or I will kick balls high and I will score a try
And I can play scrum-half and I control the ball
Even as full-back sir, I am not yet too small
The scrum is heaving sir, with muscels rippling sir
Though I'm no bitch at all you'll find me in the maul
I know just what I want, I know I can go far
A WOMAN IS GOOD ENOUGH TO BE A RUGBY STAR

Ik ben een vrouw meneer

Ik ben een vrouw, meneer, dat had U al gezien
 Maar dat ik nog meer ben, dat wist U niet misschien
 Ik ren nu ook meneer, ik vecht nu ook meneer
 Ik raak niet van de kook, maar toch ga ik tekeer
 Daar gaat je snoezepoes, daar gaat je poppedijn
 Zoals ik eenmaal was, zo zal ik nooit meer zijn
 Ik ben nu prop meneer, ga in galop meneer
 Ik zit er bovenop en pak die bal dan weer
 Ik kan ook scrumhalf zijn en passen in de lijn
 En voor full back meneer ben ik nog niet te klein
 De scrum staat sterk meneer, door vrouwenwerk meneer
 Ik ben geen haaiebaai, maar toch druk ik een try
 Ik heb een eigen wil, ik heb een eigen brein
 DUS BEN IK VROUW GENOEG OM RUGBYSTER TE ZIJN

Leyden Girls

I wrote this for Margaret and Helen Leyden. The story is based on the truth.

Back in olden times
 when the Irish had a passing
 They'd empty out the parlor
 and wake them in their home
 they had a nice supply
 of food and drinks there
 for the tasting
 and they'd open up the doors and the mourners they would come

CHORUS

Oh those Leyden girls were Irish
 they were daring they were risky
 They'd put there saddest faces on
 and wear black Irish lace
 They'd say a quick prayer for the corpse
 and then drink Irish whiskey
 and they wouldn't know a soul
 dead or living in the place

The first thing every morning they would check the local paper
 looking for an Irish name
 amongst the fresh deceased
 and when they'd see a Murphy or O'Toole
 they'd plan their caper
 and they'd mark their social calendar for a mortuary feast

The girls were most excited when
 the paper came on Thursday
 They'd thank their lucky stars above
 to see an Irish name
 With refrigeration what is was
 they'd wake your man on Friday
 well a girl without a weekend date
 well that's an awful shame CHORUS

When death would strike the upper crust
a shaker or a mover
they'd rent a horse and carriage
to take them to the door
the risk was oh so very great that they would be discovered
so they'd roll their veils
down o're their face
and drink whiskey through a straw CHORUS

The girls had such a social life
that they would never wed
this social life was guaranteed
with the next fatality
they'd make sure the drinks
were cold and stiff in honor of the dead
and they'd tip the corpse a dollar
for his hospitality

Malle Babbe

Je schuimt de straten af en volgt het dievenspoor
van schooiers en soldaten, de petten op een oor
Je tilt je rokken op en lacht naar iedere man
Die in het donker wel durft, wat overdag niet kan.
En bij nacht in de kroegen hier, gaat je naam
In 't rond bij het blondschuimend bier.

Malle Babbe kom, Malle Babbe kom hier
Lekker stuk, malle meid lekker dier van plezier
Malle Babbe is rond, Malle Babbe is blond
een zoen op je mond Malle Babbe je lekkere.....

Ik ken ze één voor één, de heren van fatsoen
Ik zal ze nooit vergeten, zoals ze jou wel doen
Hoe vaak heb jij zo'n vent bezopen stom en geil
Niet aan je borst gedrukt, je lijf nat van z'n kwijl
En bij nacht in de kroegen hier, gaat je naam in 't rond
Bij het blondschuimend bier.

En...zondag's in de kerk, dan zit daar zo'n meneer
Stijf als een houten plank
Met spijkers in z'n kop te kijken in zijn bank
Een zwart lakens pak om zijn zondige lijf
Bang voor de duivel en bang voor zijn wijf
En zuinig een cent in het zakje doen
Zo koopt hij z'n ziel weer terug en zijn fatsoen
En jij moet achteraan in het donker blijven staan
zoals het hoort.

Maar eens dan komt de dag, dan luiden ze de klok
Dan draag jij witte bloemen en linten aan je rok
Wanneer wij met z'n twee, gearmd de kerk uitgaan
Wat zullen ze dan kijken daar denk ik altijd aan
Als bij nacht in de kroegen hier, ik je naam weer hoor
Bij het blondschuimend bier.

The mayor of Bayswater

The mayor of Bayswater
Has got a pretty daughter.

CHORUS

And the hairs..... on her dicki dilo (2 stemmen) 3x
Hangs down to her kneeeeee -
One black one, one white one,
And one with a bit of shit on
And one with a fairy light on
To show us the way.
And the hairs..... on her dicki dilo (2 stemmen) 3x

I've smelt it, I've felt it
It's just like a piece of velvet.

It took a Welsh miner
To find her vagina.

I've seen it, I've seen it
I've lain right between it.

She married an Italian
With balls like a fucking stallion.

She divorced the Italian
And married the fucking stallion.

She slept with a demon
Who washed her with semen.

She lived on a mountain
And pissed like a bloody great fountain.

If she was my daughter
I'd make her cut'em shorter.

It took a team of dutch fireman
to break through her hymen

Molly Malone

In Dublin fair city
Where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheel'd her wheelbarrow
Thro' streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh.

CHORUS

Alive, alive, oho, alive, alive oho

Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh.

She was a fish monger
And sure 't was no wonder
'Cause so were here father and mother before
And they each wheel'd their barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh. CHORUS

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
Thro' streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh. CHORUS

Oever van de Rotte

Aan de oever van de Rotte
Tussen Delft en Overschie
Zat een kikvors luid te wenen
Met een zuigling op haar knie.

Kijk eens even, sprak die moeder
Zie je ginds die ooievaar
't Is de moord'naar van je vader
Hij vrat hem op met huid en haar.

Godverdomme, sprak die kleine
Heeft die klootzak dat gedaan
Als ik later groot en sterk ben
Zal 'k hem op zijn donder slaan.

Nauwelijks sprak hij deze woorden
Of daar kwam de ooievaar
't Verging hem net zo als zijn vader
Hij vrat hem op met huid en haar.

Eenmaal binnen aangekomen
zag hij daar zijn vader staan
en toen zijn ze met z'n tweeën
door de nooduitgang gegaan

Luister even beste mensen
Naar de moraal van dit verhaal
Wil je ooit een ooievaar gaan neuken
dan zeker niet anaal

Oever van de Vliet

Aan de oever van de Vliet (3x:v.d. Vliet)
Zat kleine Piet (3x: kleine Piet)
met z'n piemeltje te spelen

En Marietje kwam maar niet. (3x: kwam maar niet)
 Bij het schijnsel van de maan (3x: v.d. maan)
 Kwam Marietje aan (3x: Marietje aan)
 Met haar rokje naar beneden
 Piet z'n piemeltje ging staan. (3x: piemeltje ging staan)

Wat er daarna is geschied (3x: is geschied)
 Vertel ik niet (3x vertel ik niet)
 Maar zo'n negen maanden later
 Was er weer een kleine Piet. (3x: kleine Piet)

Sloop John B.

we come on the sloop john B.
 my grandfather and me
 around Nassau town we did roam
 drinking all nigh
 got into a fight yeah, yeah,
 Well I feel so broke
 I want to go home
 Ba do ba, ba do ba, ba do ba.

CHORUS

So hoist up your John B. sail
 see how the mainsail's set
 call for the captain ashore....
 Let me go home ...(2 e stem:let me go home)
 I wanna go home...(2 e stem: I wanna go home)
 Won't you let me go hoooooome,
 yeeeah, well I feel so broke (2 e stem: shit!!)
 I wanna go home (2 e stem: paduba,paduba,paduba,)

the first mate, he got drunk,
 broke in the captains trunk,
 the constable had to come and take him away
 sheriff of John Stone
 why don't you leave me alone
 well I feel so broke
 I want to go home
 Ba do ba, ba do ba, ba do ba. CHORUS

a poor cook he caught the fits
 and threw away all my grids
 and then he took and he ate up all of my corn
 Let me go home,
 Why don't they let me go home, yeah,
 This is the worst trip I've ever been on
 Ba do ba, ba do ba, ba do ba. CHORUS

The marrying kind

If I were the marrying kind
 Which thanks the lord I'm not Sir

The kind of a man that I would wed
 Would be a rugby Full Back Sir
 And he'd find touch And I'd find touch
 We'd both find touch together
 We'd be alright in the middle of the night
 Finding touch together
 Wing three quarter ----- Go hard
 Rugby center ----- Pass it out
 Rugby fly half ----- Whips it out
 Rugby scrum half ----- Put it in
 Number eight ----- Squeezes hard
 Rugby flanker ----- Break up fast
 Rugby locker ----- Screw the scrum
 Prop forward ----- Hold it up (Bind tight)
 Rugby hooker ----- Hook balls (Strike hard)
 Referee ----- Blow hard
 Spectator ----- Come again

It's a Long Way to Tipperary

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
 As the streets are paved with gold, sure ev'ryone was gay;
 Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,
 Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:

It's a long way to Tipperary
 it's a long was to go
 It's a long way to Tipperary
 to the sweetest gal I know
 farewell to Piccadilly
 so long Leister Square
 It's a long way to Tipperary
 but my heart lies there

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O,
 Saying, "Should you not receive it,
 Write and let me know!
 If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear," said he
 " Remember it's the pen that's bad,
 Don't lay the blame on me."

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O.
 Saying. "Mike Mahoney wants to marry me, and so
 Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame
 For love has fairly drove me silly, hoping you're the same!"

The Titanic

They build the ship Titanic
 To sail the Ocean Blue
 They thought they build a ship
 That the water would never go through
 But the God Lord raised his hand

And the ship would never land
It was sad that the great ship went down

CHORUS

And it was sad, so sad (3x)
It was sad that the great ship went down
To the bottom of the sea (seeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaaaaaaa)
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives
It was sad that the great ship went down

They were 30 miles from shore
When they heard a mighty roar
And the Rich refused to social with the poor
So they put them down below
And they were the first to go
It was sad that the great ship went down CHORUS

So they lowered down the Live Boats
To the dark and stormy sea
And the band started playing
“near my lord to Thy”
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives
It was sad that the great ship went down CHORUS

Walking down canalstreet

Walking down canalstreet
Feeling rather high
God damn' son of a bitch
I couldn't find a guy

I finally found a guy
Meant to do it quick
God damn' son of a bitch
I couldn't find his dick

Finally found his dick
Had to give it a rub
God damn' son of a bitch
He couldn't get it up

He finally got it up
Feeling rather hot
God damn' son of a bitch
He couldn't find the spot

He finally found the spot
Then he spilled his stuff
Next time remember
That guys can only bluff.

Whiskey in the Jar

It's as I was going over the Cork and Kerry Mountains
 I met with Captain Farrel and his money he was countin'
 I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier
 sayin', "stand and deliver for I am your bold deceiver:

CHORUS

mush a ring a ma dor um dah (4 claps)
 whack for the daddy Oh (2 claps)
 whack for the daddy Oh
 there's whiskey in the jar (yell "HEY" with a simultaneous clap)

I counted up my money and it made a pretty penny
 I took that money home and I gave it to my Jenny
 she promised and she vowed that she never would deceive me
 but the devil take the women for they never can be easy CHORUS

I went into my chamber for to take a little slumber
 I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
 but Jenny took my charges and filled them up with water
 and sent for Captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter CHORUS

It was early in the mornin' before I rose to travel
 surrounded by the footmen and likewise Captain Farrel
 I went for my old pistol for they'd stolen my old rapier
 but I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken CHORUS

If anyone can save me it's my brother in the army
 I think that he is stationed in Cork or in Killarney
 and if he would be here we'd be rovin' in Kilkenny
 I know he'd treat be better than my darlin' sportin' Jenny CHORUS

Now some take delight in the fishin' and the fowlin'
 others take delight in the carriage wheels a rollin'
 I takes delight in the juice of the barley
 and countin' pretty women in the mornin' oh so early CHORUS

The wild rover

I've been a wild rover for many mo' years
 And I've spent all me money on whiskey and beers
 But now I'm returning with gold in great store
 And I never will play the wild rover no more.

CHORUS

For it's nooo naaay never (*loud*: hoist up your kilt!)
 No nay never no more
 Will I play the wild rover
 No never no more.

I went to an alehouse, I use to frequent
 And I told the landlady me money was spent
 I asked her for credit, she answered me nay
 Such customs like yours I can have every day.

I then took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright

And the landladies eyes opened wide with delight
She said I've whiskeys and wines of the best
And the words that she told me were only in gest.

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

I went to a shithouse, I use to frequent
And I told the attendant me money was spent
I asked him politely to open the door
He said no bloody likely you shit on the floor.

Ref. : (*loud*: shit! *i.p.v.* hoist up your kilt!)

I've been a wild rover for most of my life
But now I'll settle down and I'll take me a wife
I'll build a logcabin and keep the wolf from the door
And I'll never will play the wild rover no more.