

Songs that Ought NOT to be Sung

-OR-

How to be guaranteed to offend at least one person at a
Bardic Circle.

-OR-

How to clear a fire of un-wanted prudes.

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For those of you who took the first class, you'll know I sprinkle commentary throughout the handout. This is no exception.

You'll notice that the Downright Offensive section is the biggest.

You're Welcome.

My Old Man

Suggested tune: "My Old Man's a Dustman" (Taken direct with minor omissions for space from Justinian's Online Songbook)

My old man's a Fighter, what do you think about that?
He wears a fighter's tabard, he wears a fighter's hat.
He wears a fighter's tunic, he wears a fighter's shoes,
And every day at Pennsic, he reads the daily news,

And some day, if I can.
I'm going to be a fighter, the same as my old man.

My old man's a Baron, what do you think about that?
He wears a Baron's tabard, he wears a nice gold hat.
He wears a Baron's tunic, and he wears leather shoes,
And every day at Pennsic, some one reads him the news

And some day, if I can
I'm going to be a Baron, the same as my old man.

My old man's the King! What do you think about that?
He wears a kingdom tabard, he wears a point hat
He wears embroidered tunics, and he wears pointy shoes.
And every day at Pennsic, he makes the front page news.

And some day, if I can
I'm going to be the King, the same as my old man.

My old man's a Pelican, what do you think about that?
He'll help you make a tabard; he'll help you make a hat
He'll help sew you a tunic, he'll help you cobble shoes
And every day at Pennsic, he helps put out the news

And some day, if I can
I'm going to be a Pelican, and help out my old man.

My old man's a Laurel, what do you think about that?
He wears a completely authenticated, fully documented tabard,
He wears a completely authenticated, fully documented hat
He wears a completely authenticated, fully documented tunic
He wears a completely authenticated, fully documented shoes
And every day at Pennsic, He refuses to read the Pennsic Independent,
Because his Persona would not have been able to understand English.

And some day, if I can
I'm going to be a Laurel, and criticize my old man.

My old man's a stick jock, what do you think about that?
He wears faded blue jeans, he wears a baseball cap
He wears a dirty tee shirt, and white Nike shoes,
And every day at Pennsic, he fights.

And some day, if I can
I'm going to be a stick jock, and beat up my old man.

Note from Justinian

I first heard this song as Pennsic XX being sung by some lovely ladies from the Riding of Hawkland Moor It was written by Lord Valentine, from Flaming Gryphon (or Fenix)

The Jolly Butcher

Traditional, As heard on UP by Great Big Sea

Oh won't you come along with me love
Come along with me!
Come for one night and be my wife
And come along with me

Well it is of the jolly butcher as you might plainly see
As he roved out one morning in search of company
He went into a tavern and a fair girl he did see
Ah come for one night, be my wife, oh come along with me

He called for liquor of the best
And he makes such fortune play
Come have a drink, it will make us think
That it is our wedding day

[Chorus]

Well he called for a candle to light their way to bed
And when he had her in the room these words to her he said,
"A sovereign I will give to you, for to embrace your charms
And all that night, that fair young maid, lied in the butchers' arms

[Chorus]

Oh, Early the next morning be sure it went his way
He looked unto that fair young maid and unto her did say,
"That sovereign that I gave to you, do not think me strange,
Well that sovereign that I gave to you will you give me back me change!"

[Chorus]

Well about a 12 months later he roved out once more
And he went into the tavern where he'd often been before
He wasn't in there very long when his fair maid he did see
And she brought forth a baby three months old and placed it on his knee

When he saw the baby, he began to curse and swear
And he said unto that fair young maid, "Why did you bring him here?!"
"Well he is your own, kind sir", she said, "Do not think me strange,
Well that sovereign that you gave to me, I gives you back your change!!"

[Chorus 2x]

*This was one of the first and few songs I have memorized and performed in the SCA. Oldie but a goodie.
And a nice surprise ending to anyone that hasn't heard it before.*

Little Piece of Wang

I've found a number of versions, but this is a good one. Anything in parenthesis is an alternate verse

When God made father Adam, sure He laughed and danced and sang
And He sewed up Adam's belly with a little piece of Wang

Now when the job was over, God said, "I've measured wrong"
For when the Wang was knotted, it was just a bit too long
"It's but eight inches long," said He, "I guess I'll let it hang"
And He left on Adam's belly, that little piece of Wang

And when it came to Mother Eve, it fairly made Him smart
For when the Wang was knotted, it was just a bit too short
"It leaves an awful crack" said He, "but I don't give a dang,
She can fight it out with Adam for that little piece of Wang"

And ever since that glorious day when human life began
It's been a constant struggle betwixt the woman and the man
For the woman swears to have the piece that on his belly hang,
To fill that awful crack that's left when the Lord ran out of Wang.

(And if you ask the woman and the man, they will agree
that they won't care if that battle lasts for all eternity)

So let us not be selfish, boys, with what the women lack,
But keep them busy on that Wang to fill the crack
For the good Lord never intended that it should idle hang,
When He placed on Adam's belly, that little piece of Wang

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: D7, G, E7, A7, D7, G, C#dim, G, B7, E7, A7, D7, and G. The lyrics are: "When the good Lord made Fa - ther A - dam, they say he laughed and sang. He sewed him up the bel - ly with a lit - tle piece of wang. But when he'd got it fin - ished. I guess he'd meas - ured wrong, for the piece he'd sewed him up with was ve - ry much too long."

When the good Lord made Fa - ther A - dam, they say he laughed and
sang. He sewed him up the bel - ly with a lit - tle piece of
wang. But when he'd got it fin - ished. I guess he'd meas - ured
wrong, for the piece he'd sewed him up with was ve - ry much too long.

Johnny/Jenny Be Fair

For a male singer, replace Johnny with Jenny and so forth. The Jenny below is OOP, but funny as hell.

Well, Johnny be fair and Johnny be fine and wants
me for to wed
And I would marry Johnny, but my father up and
said
I'm sad to tell you daughter what your mother
never knew
But Johnny is a son of mine and so he's kin to you

Well, Jimmy be fair and Jimmy be fine and wants
me for to wed
And I would marry Jimmy, but my father up and
said
I'm sad to tell you daughter what your mother
never knew
But Jimmy, too, is a son of mine and so he's kin to
you

Well, Billy be fair and Billy be fine and wants me
for to wed

And I would marry Billy, but my father up and
said
I'm sad to tell you daughter what your mother
never knew
But Billy, too, is a son of mine and so he's kin to
you

You never seen a girl so sad and sorry as I was
The boys in town are all my kin and my father is
the pa
If this continue I shall die a single miss
So I'll go to mother and complain to her of this

Oh daughter, haven't I taught you to forgive and to
forget
Even if this all is true, still you needn't fret
Your father may be father to all the boys in town,
still
He's not the one who sired you, so marry who you
will

Male Version

Jenny be fair, and Jenny be fine, and wants me for to
wed,
And I would marry Jenny, but my father up and said,
"I hate to tell you something, son, you maybe never
knew,
But Jenny's voted Democrat since Nineteen-Eighty-
Two."

Well, Julie be fair, and Julie be fine, and wants me for
to wed,
And I would marry Julie, but my father up and said,
"Now listen, boy, a girl's a toy for cold and lonely
nights,
And Julie's worked the last decade for women's' equal
rights."

Well, Mary is fair, and Mary is fine, and wants to
marry me,
But Father said, "You're out of your head, she's not
the girl for thee,
She works in an abortion clinic, lives with pain and
strife,
And might get blown to smithereens one night by
Right to Life."

Well, Rachel is cute, and thinks of me as husband-on-
the-hoof,
But when my father heard of it, he up and hit the roof:
"How can you think to marry her? My God, the girl's
a Jew!"
I didn't mention Stephanie, who's pagan through and
through.

Fine! Gail is cute, and Gail is tough, and wants to be
my pal.
But Dad said, "Marry her if you must, but don't
befriend a gal!"
I tried to tell him Gail does not want to marry me,
But Gail told him better than I -- best two falls out of
three.

Well, every time a woman seems to be the one for
me,
My father blows it all to Hell with his philosophy,
But I prefer my lady friends, and they have much
more class,
So I'll have an affair with whomever I care, and Dad
can kiss my ass.

Keyhole in the Door

Child Ballad No. 27

I had just come home and I took a room,
I was all settled down to recline,
When I saw a delectable maid go by,
To the room next door to mine
Like the bold Columbus then,
I set out to explore,
And I took up my position by
The keyhole on the door.

Chorus

The keyhole in the door,
My boys, the keyhole in the door
I took up my position
By the keyhole in the door.

She first took off her slippers,
Her dainty feet to show,
And then she took her knickers off
And revealed her so-and-so,
And when she stretched out on her bed,
I couldn't stand no more,
It was one, two, three, I turned the key
In the keyhole in the door

Chorus

The keyhole in the door,
My boys, the keyhole in the door
It was one, two, three, I turned the key
In the keyhole in the door

She didn't say a single word.
But she took me in her arms,
And pretty soon I was much engaged,
In charting all her charms
But just in case some other sailor
`D see the sights I saw,
I hung my trousers right above
The keyhole in the door.

Chorus

The keyhole in the door,
My boys, the keyhole in the door
I hung my trousers right above
The keyhole in the door.

That night I rode in glorious style,
And other things besides,
And on her lily white stomach, Boys,
I had such lovely rides
But when I woke next morning, Boys,
My instrument was sore
As if I had been using it
On the keyhole in the door.

Chorus

The keyhole in the door,
My boys, the keyhole in the door
As if I had been using it
On the keyhole in the door.

Be warned by this, young sailormen
And listen unto me,
What I caught then, no fishermen
Have ever caught at sea
Beware the pox, the hidden rocks,
That lie in wait ashore,
It's safer far to bend your spar
In the keyhole in the door.

Chorus

The keyhole in the door,
My boys, the keyhole in the door
It's safer far to bend your spar
In the keyhole in the door.

ONE MORE TIME

The keyhole in the door,
My boys, the keyhole in the door
It's safer far to bend your spar
In the keyhole in the door.

*I found this one online and met a wonderful lady
named Finn in Lochac. I just found out she was
made a Court Baroness... Wassail Finn!!!*

Roll Your Leg Over

Ok, here is the deal. I am going to put as many verses that I can find in, and I'm not even going to try to attribute them to people. Some I've found, some I've heard, some I've made up. This is by NO means a definitive list...make your own and see how long you can get it to go. I'm going to give you two pages of this, in two columns...Guy verses and Girl verses. I'm an equal opportunity offender.

(The Guys Lines)

If all the young ladies were little white rabbits
I'd be a hare and I'd teach 'em bad habits

If all the young ladies were sweet fruits and berries
I'd handle their melons and nibble their cherries

If all the young girls were like fish in a pool
I'd be a shark with a waterproof tool

If all the young girls were like cows in the pasture
I'd be a bull and fill them with rapture

If all the young girls were like mares in the stable
I'd be a stallion and show them I'm able

If all the young ladies were locks on a gate
I'd be a key and insert and rotate

I wish all the girls were like statues of Venus
I'd be a Greek with a petrified penis.

If all the young ladies were little red foxes
And I were a hunter I'd shoot up their boxes

If all the young girls were like trees in the forest
And I were a woodsman, I'd split their clitoris

If all the young girls were like telephone poles
I'd be a squirrel, stuff my nuts in their holes
(opt. I'd grab my red pecker to stick in their holes)

If all the young ladies were winds of the sea
I'd be a sail and I'd let them blow me

If all the young ladies were fish in the ocean,
I'd be a shark and I'd raise a commotion.

If all the young ladies were sheep in the clover,
I'd be a ram and I'm ram them all over.

If all the young ladies were birds in their nests
I'd be an egg and lie under their breasts

If all the young girls were like coals in the stoker
I'd be a fireman and shove in my poker

If all the young ladies belonged to the Horde
I'd be a yak herd and -never- be bored!

If all the young ladies were doors of stout wood
And I were a knocker I'd bang 'em up good

If all the young ladies were singing this song
It would be twice as bawdy, and six times as long!

If all them young ladies was wheels on a car,
Then I'd be the piston and go twice as far.

If all the young ladies were bats in a steeple
And I were a bat there'd be more bats than people

If all the young ladies were bells in a tower
And I were a sexton, I'd bang every hour

If all the young ladies were built like a shoe,
I'd be a foot and do what I could do.

If all the young girls were linear spaces,
And I were a vector, I'd aim for their bases.

If Lassies were wine glasses, and filled up with rum
A rub round the lips would make them all hum!

If all them young lassies were kittens with fur
I'd give all a good reason to pppuuurrr

If all of them lassies were statues of Venus,
I'd be equipped with a petrified penis.

I wish all the ladies was little white flowers,
And I was a bee, I'd suck them for hours

I wish all the ladies were moles in the grasses
And I were a mole, I'd smell the molasses

I wish all young lasses were like wine in a glass
Then I'd get so drunk, I'd fall on my ass

Ladies Verses

If all the young laddies were fine silks and laces
And I were an iron, I'd sit on their faces

I wish all the laddies were like pipes in the yard,
After I drained them they'd still remain hard.

If all the young laddies were coconuts sweet
I'd suck out their juices and chew on their meat

If all the young laddies were merry go rounds
I'd mount up and we'd go up and down

If all the young laddies were big wooden stairs
They'd go up mine and I'd go down theirs

If all the young laddies were bottles of beer
I'd give good head and they'd be of good cheer

If all the young laddies were cocks in the hay
I'd be a hen and I'd have a good lay

If all them young laddies were papier-mâché -able,
I'd have them, discard them; they're biodegradable.

If all them young laddies were firemen bold,
I'd visit their station and slide down their pole.

If all of our laddies were skins of fine wine,
I'd go after yours once I'd finished off mine.
(You let me taste yours then I'll let you taste mine)

If all them young laddies were flowers in the soil,
I'd water their roots; for long stems I would toil.

If laddies were washcloths with soap in my tub,
I'd lather all over and have a good scrub.

If all of them laddies would set down their mugs,
I'd quench all their thirsts with one taste from my jugs.

If all the young laddies were fire that scorches,
I'd be the flame and would heat up their torches.

If all them young laddies were puppies full grown,
I'd let them know where to bury their bone.

If all the young laddies were waves in the sea,
I'd stand on the shoreline and let them pound me.

For all those young laddies attempting to woo,
Your luck will improve if you bathe and shampoo
If all them young laddies were cones of ice cream
The was that I'd lick them just might seem obscene

To all the young laddies here's a word to the wise,
The lasses love tickling but what matters is size.

If all the young laddies were butchers so sweet,
I'd swing on their hooks and I'd pound on their meat

If all the young laddies had needles for dicks,
When they gets to sewin', you should beware their pricks.

If all the young laddies were planets in space,
And I were a rocket, I'd land on their face

If laddies were sailing in channels quite thin
I'd be the lighthouse and guide them all in

If all the young laddies were singing this song,
I'd be over too quick and be half as long...

If all the young laddies were singing this ditty
it'd be twice as long, but just half as witty

If all them young laddies was milk in a cup
And I were a kitten, I'd lick them all up

If all them young laddies were economy cars,
And I were the fuel, with me they'd go far.

If laddies were watches in shiny gold cases,
Then I'd be the hands and sit on their faces

If all them young laddies were sweets and hard candy,
I'd suck on a few when I's feeling randy

If all them young laddies were airplanes in flight,
I'd be the hanger and hold them all night

If all them young laddies were grapes in the sun,
I'd grab a big bunch; squeeze their juice one by one.

If all them young laddies were bakers of pies,
And I were the bread yeast, I'd make them all rise

If all them young laddies were potters of clay,
I'd sit on their wheels and rotate all day

If laddies were barrels of whiskey rye
I'd turn on their spigots and drink them all dry.

If laddies were clouds all fluffy and gray,
I'd be the wind and I'd blow them all day.

If all them young laddies were whales in the sea,
I'd be a minnow and let them eat me.

If all them young laddies were needles and pins
And I were the cushion, I'd hold their pricks in

If laddies were chocolates in which to indulge
I'd reach for the ones with the largest bulge

If laddies were knights in search of romances
I'd bed the ones with the longest lances

If all them young laddies were ball swinging wreckers,
We'd all be impressed by the strength of their peckers

The Limerick Song

From Roll me Over Songbook, John Valby, and random internet dirty limericks.

This song is another one like Roll Your Leg Over. You can replace both the limericks and the line in the Ay yi yi yi bit. The worse you can get, the better.

Chorus:

Ay, ay, ay ay
*In China they do it with chili **
So sing me another verse
That's worse than the other verse
And waltz me again by my Willie

*(alternate lines)

Your mother, she swims after long ships
The long ships rejected your mother

There was a young harlot from Kew
Who filled in her vagina with glue
She said with a grin,
"If they pay to get in,
Then they'll pay to get out again too!"

There was a young girl named Ann Heiser
Who swore that no man could surprise her
But Pabst took a chance
Found a Schlitz in her pants
And now she is sadder Budweiser

There was a young lady of Ealing
Endowed with such delicate feeling
When she read on the door
'Don't piss on the floor'
She lay down and pissed on the ceiling

There was a young man from Peru,
who fell asleep in his canoe,
while dreaming of Venus,
he played with his penis
and woke up covered in goo.

The last time I dined with the King
He did a most curious thing.
He sat on a stool,
Took out his tool,
And said, "if I play will you sing?"

There was a young man from Saint Paul
Who went to a masquerade ball.
Just for a stunt
He went dressed as a cunt,
And was fucked by a dog in the hall.

There once was a man named Ray
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
But the heat of his prick

Your grandma licks bat shit off of cave walls
Your sister solicits in kennels
Your cousin gives blow jobs to camels
Your sister does squat thrusts on hydrants
It takes leather balls to play rugby
Your sister runs the blowjob booth at the county fair
Your brother fucks butterball turkeys
Your mother goes down for Egyptians
Your Father can't get lucky on payday

Turned the clay into brick
And tore all his foreskin away

Here's to the girl named Louise
Who's pubic hair hung to her knees
the crabs came together,
and knitted a sweater
so in Winter her cunt would not freeze!

I know of a horny boy Matt
Who played with a vampire bat
With his dick in his hand
His voice did command
"Try sucking the blood out of that!"

There was an old woman from Leith
Who would circumcise men with her teeth
It wasn't for fame,
or love of the game
but to get at the cheese underneath.

There once was a girl from Nantucket.
Her boyfriend was about to up-chuck it.
she said with a grin,
wipe that cum from your chin.
I told you it's my job to suck it!

There once was a girl from Nantucket
Who crossed the sea in a bucket,
And when she got there
They asked for a fare
So she pulled up her dress and said "FUCK IT"

There once was a man named Sprockett
Who walked with his hand in his pocket
He was able to hide
What he was doing inside
Till he shot off like a Fourth of July rocket.

There once was a vampire named Mabel,
who's period was notoriously stable
So one night in June
she sat with a spoon
and drank herself under the table

There was a young man from Iraq,
Which had holes down the side of his cock,
His boyfriend Umberto,
could play the concerto,
by Johannes Sebastian Bach.

There was a young man from Marsailles,
Who lived on clap-juice and snails,
When he couldn't afford these,
He lived on the cheese,
He scraped from his cock with his nails.

I'm told of a Bishop of Birmingham,
Who buggered young boys while confirming them,
To roars of applause,
He tore down their drawers,
And pumped the epsicople sperm in 'em.

There once was a lady from Nizus,
Who had breasts of two different sizes,
One was small,
and round like a ball
And the other was big and won prizes

Said a woman with open delight,
My pubic hair's perfectly white.
I admit there's a glare,
But the fellows don't care
They locate it more quickly at night.

A certain young fellow from Ransome
Had a dame seven times in a hansom.
When she shouted for more,
Said he from the floor,
The name, miss, is Simpson, not Samson.

There was a young lady from Kew
Who said, as the bishop withdrew,
Oh, the Vicar is quicker
And thicker and slicker
And four inches longer than you.

There was a young lady in France
Who hopped on a Bus in a Trance
Three passengers fucked her

Besides the conductor
And the Driver shot twice in his pants.

There was an old man of Duluth
Whose cock was shot off in his youth.
He fucked with his nose,
And his fingers and toes,
And he came through a hole in his tooth.

There once was a man from Marcasse
Who had balls fashioned of brass
When jangled together
They played 'Stormy Weather'
And lightning shot out of his ass.

There once was a man named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in a cave.
Oh what the hell,
I'll get used to the smell.
And think of the money I'll save.

There once was a girl who couldn't shit,
Because she kept playing with 'er clit.
The doctor said 'stop!'.
So she pulled off her top,
And started to play with her tit!

A mortician who practiced in Fyfe
Made love to the corpse of his wife
"I couldn't know, judge,
She was cold, didn't budge,
Just the same as she acted in life!"

There was a young lady named Hilda
Who went for a walk with a builder
He knew that he could
And he should and he would
And he did -- and goddamn nearly killed her!

There was a young man from Berlin
Whose tool was the size of a pin
Said his girl with a laugh
As she fondled his shaft
"Well, this won't be much of a sin!"

There was a young fellow from Kent
Whose prick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble
He put it in double
And instead of coming, he went

This song can go forever. Just keep coming up with insults in the chorus and limericks for the verses.

My God how the Money Rolls In

This song comes from the Roll Me Over songbook. I got a great load from this book. I will now reference this as RMO. I'll place it in the bibliography.

Oh, and the tune is to My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.

My Father makes book on the corner,
My Mother makes second hand gin
My sister makes love for a tuppence
My God how the money rolls in!

Chorus:

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 Brother's a poor missionary
He saves fallen women from sin
He'll save you a blonde for a shilling
My God, how the money rolls in.

My Uncle's an artist and painter;
He turns out a beautiful fin
He sells them ten cents on the dollar
My God, how the money rolls in.

My Aunt is a boarding-house keeper,
She takes little working girls in
They put a red light in the window
My God, how the money rolls in.

My Grandma sells cheap prophylactics
She punctures the heads with a pin
For Grandpa gets rich from abortions
My God, how the money rolls in.

Shove It Home

Here's another quick one. Still from Roll MeOver.

I gave her inches one,
Shove it home, shove it home
I gave her inches one
Shove it home
I gave her inches one
She said "Johnny, ain't in fun,
Put your belly next to mine
and shove it home."

I gave her inches two
She said "Johnny, I love you..."

I gave her inches three
She said "Johnny, I got to pee..."

I gave her inches four
She said "Johnny, I want more..."

I gave her inches five
She said "Johnny, look alive..."

I gave her inches six
She said "I've seen bigger pricks..."

I gave her inches seven
She said "Golly, ain't it heaven..."

I gave her inches eight
She said "Johnny, ain't this great?..."

I gave her inches nine,
She said "Johnny, ain't it fine?..."

I gave her inches ten
She said "Can't you come again?..."

I gave her inches twenty
She said "Johnny, that's-a-plenty,
Put your pecker in your pants,
And shove off home!"

Abuse

By Feleamid MacDougall (Ken Ruh)

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Verse 3 from Pendar the Bard (Pendar Munro)

Verses 7 and 8 by Owen the Blind (Owen Hutchins)

Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike

I've been tied up with leather and beaten with
chains
I've bathed in lime Jell-O and suffered great pain!
My dear, I'll be truthful, I won't be obtuse
I know it's our first date, but I want abuse!

CHORUS

Abuse! Abuse! I like abuse!
I've never had anything quite like abuse
I've had lots of lovers who tied me up loose
But I never had anything quite like abuse.

My mother and father think I'm kinda sick
Lighting my pubic hair up with a Bic.
My brothers and sisters think I am obscene
Using sandpaper dildos with no Vaseline
(Chorus)

Now whippings I'd get when e're I would be bad
And spankings I'd get when I made my folks mad
So I'd disobey them and break all my toys
Now punish me "Mommy", I've been a bad boy!
(Chorus)

I like small furry creatures who claw and who bite
There's something about that that's tingly and tight
There is but one drawback to this kinky mode
You've got to use duct tape or they will explode
(Chorus)

Necrophilia, really, I think is the best
The don't laugh at you when you get undressed
They never get angry, they never get miffed
And the best thing about them is they're always
stiff!
(Chorus)

I like meeting new people as I go on my way

I never do suffer for something to say
I walk into biker's bars, calling them gay
Bike chains and pool cues, they just make my day
(Chorus)

I've been tied up with leather and tied up with
twine
And even silk stockings, they work out just fine.
But I hit on something that might cause some
dread,
Rope is for wimps, I'll use barbed wire instead
(Chorus)

Bestiality, really, I think is quite neat
Any old mammal, if it is in heat
Now you might be asking how this is abuse
You'd know if you ever tried doing a moose!
(Chorus)

Now those of you gentles who've heard this sad
song
May say it's too bawdy, may say it's too long
May say I'm disgusting, or my morals are loose
But I guess we all get our fair share of abuse

ENDING CHORUS (much slower)

Abuse! Abuse! I like abuse!
I've never had anything quite like abuse
I've had lots of lovers who tied me up loose
But I've never had anything....

(Spoken) Sticks and Stones may break my bones,
But whips and chains excite me!

.... Quite like abuse!!!

*Ok it had to be done. And the more astute of you will realize that this would logically lead into
the Moose Song. Well, no. Not going to happen. I do have some standards.*

No, not really. Hmm...I guess I could distill down some of the 6 pages of text I have...

But...No...you can't make me... Dammit...I hate you people.

The Moose Song

Ok, here. I'll give you one page of verses, with male and female stuff. Oh, and this comes from both Justinian and Pendar.

Guy Verses

When I was a young lad I used to like girls
I'd play with their bodies and fondle their curls
'Till my wife ran away with a salesman named Bruce
You'd never get treated that way by a Moose

Chorus:

**And its Moose, Moose, I like a Moose
I've never had anything quite like a Moose
I've had many women, my life has been loose
But I've never had anything quite like a Moose**

When I'm in the mood for a very good lay
I go to the closet and get me some hay
I open the window and spread it around
'Cause Moose always 'come' when there's hay on the ground

Now gorilla are fine for a Saturday night
But lions and tigers they put up a fight
And its just not the same when you slam their caboose
Like the feeling you get when you hump on a Moose

I've done it with all sorts of beasties with hair
I'd do it with snakes if their fangs were not there
I've done it with a walrus, a duck and a goose
But I've never had anything quite like a Moose

Ladies will sometimes go down on their knees
But they aren't really anxious to please
So if you really want to step up a rung
Just hang from a rack and try some Moose tongue

And now I am old and advanced in my years
As I look o'er my life I will shed me no tears
So I sit in my chair with my glass of Matuse
Playing hide the salami with Marvin the Moose

Woodchucks are all right, except that they bite
And foxes and rabbits won't last through the night
Cows would be fun, but they're hard to seduce
But you never need worry should you find a moose

I've found many women attracted to me
A few of them have had me over for tea
Some say they love me, when they're feeling loose
I'd trade the world's women for one lovely moose

Step into my study and you will find there
A black stripped tiger and a scruffy maned bear
You'll know the elephant 'cause his skin is so loose
But the one that is winking you know is the Moose.

Girl Verses

There's an infamous song goin 'round 'bout a moose
It's really quite funny and quite full of juice
But all of it's told from a masculine view
And a lot of us women want to get a piece too

Chorus

**Moose, Moose, I want a moose
I've never had anything quite like a moose
I've had lots of others, my life has been loose
But I've never had anything quite like a moose**

I figured it all out one day by myself
When my man went off and left me on the shelf
He'd hound him a new love, a nubile moose-ess
Which gave me a bad case of rampant distress

"what's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose."
Said I as I set out to find me a moose
But I ran into problems that men do not find
For male moose a seasonal creatures, you'll find

I hunted in winter, I hunted in spring
I hunted all summer and found not a thing
But I found my moose when leaves started to fall
And...Oh Brother! Did I have a ball.

With my arms 'round his barrel, my feet by his tail
I hanged and we banged and we really did flail
Bouncing and jouncing I came with a roar
I never had had such a great lay before

But autumn soon passed and so I said goodbye
I'll be here next year when the leaves start to fly
Yes I will return then the leaves start to fall
And we'll ball, and we'll ball, and we'll ball and we'll ball.

And so my dear sisters, I have to confess
Being balled by a moose, it is really the best
But you'll make out with others for most of the year
For male moose are seasonal creatures I fear

A bear in the winter is furry and warm
And if you don't tickle, he'll do you no harm
In spring try an eagle, his feathers are light
That is if you are not afraid of great height

In summer, I fear you must make do with men
But, not to worry, soon fall comes again
Then you can return to your own faithful moose
And revel in supremely scrumptious screws.

There...I hope you're happy. Sickos.

Scotland's Depraved
(Goliath Songbook Version)

Unknown

To the tune of “Scotland the Brave”

Bring out the whiskey mother. I'm so thirsty
mother.
Bring out the sheep I'm so lonely tonight.
Bring out the sheets of rubber. Bring out the peanut
butter.
England's forever but Scotland's deprived.

Bring out the whiskey mother. I'm so thirsty
mother.
Bring out the condoms I'm so restless tonight.
Bring out my little brother, I'll have no other lover.
England's forever but Scotland's deprived.

Bring out the whiskey mother. I'm so thirsty
mother.
Bring out the grease I'm feeling frisky tonight.
Bring out my little sister. Lord knows I've really
missed her.
England's forever but Scotland's depraved.

Bring out the whiskey mother. I'm so thirsty
mother.
Bring out the prize ram I'm so horny tonight.
And when I'm done with humpin' We'll all feast
on mutton.
England's forever but Scotland's depraved.

Out in the fields of heather Bring out the whips of
leather.
Whip me most soundly lassie and hear me rave.
Down where the streams a' winding bring out the
ropes for binding.
England's forever but Scotland's depraved.

My Grandfather's Cock

Digital Tradition, Tune of My Grandfather's Clock

My grandfather's cock was too long for his pants [jock],
And it dragged several feet on the floor,
It was longer by half than the old man himself,
And it weighed near a hundredweight more.
He'd a horn on the morn of the day he was born,
It was always his pleasure and pride,
But it dropped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

Chorus: Ninety years without cracking it,
What a cock! What a cock!
He spent his life whacking it,
What a cock! What a cock!
But it drooped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

My grandfather's cock was too long for his strides,
 So he lent it to the woman next door,
 She grabbed it by the point, and pulled it out of joint,
 So he swore he'd never lend it anymore.
 He'd a horn on the morn of the day he was born,
 It was always his pleasure and pride,
 But it drooped, shrank, never to rise again,
 When the old man died.

Whip It In, Whip It Out

Author unknown

Music based on “When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again”
attributed to Patrick S. Gilmore, 1863

I put my hand upon her leg, yo ho, yo ho.

I put my hand upon her leg, yo ho, yo ho.

I put my hand upon her leg

She said “My lord, don’t tease me so

Whip it in, whip it out, quit fucking about

Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

I put my hand upon her thigh, yo ho, yo ho,

I put my hand upon her thigh, yo ho, yo ho,

I put my hand upon her thigh

She said “My lord, you’re making me high

Whip it in, whip it out, quit fucking about

Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

I put my hand upon her hair, yo ho, yo ho

I put my hand upon her hair, yo ho, yo ho

I put my hand upon her hair

She said “My lord, you’re getting there

Whip it in, whip it out, quit fucking about

Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

I put my hand upon her tit, yo ho, yo ho

I put my hand upon her tit, yo ho, yo ho

I put my hand upon her tit

She said “My lord, you’ve missed a bit

Whip it in, whip it out, quit fucking about

Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

I put my hand upon her twat, yo ho, yo ho

I put my hand upon her twat, yo ho, yo ho

I put my hand upon her twat

She said “My lord, you’re getting me hot

Whip it in, whip it out, quit fucking about

Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

Now my love’s in an old pine box, yo ho, yo ho

Now my love’s in an old pine box, yo ho, yo ho

Now my love’s in an old pine box

She couldn’t handle a ten inch cock

Whip it in, whip it out, quit fucking about

Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

This tune may be a little late, 19th century, but at least everyone knows the tune without having to think and you can get the whole fire rollicking.

The Ancient and Old Irish Condom

Anonymous To the tune of "Rosin the Bow" Recorded by "Celtic Pride: In Strange Form"
(I got this from Pendar too...)

I was up to me arse in the muck, Sir,
With a peat contract down in the bog
When me shovel it struck something hard, Sir,
That I thought was a rock or a log
T'was a box of the finest old oak, Sir,
T'was a foot long, and four inches wide
And not giving a damn for the Fairies
I just took a quick look inside

Now I opened the lid of this box, Sir,
And I swear that my story is true
T'was an ancient and old Irish condom
A relic of Brian Boru
T'was an ancient and old Irish condom
T'was a foot long, and made of elk hide,
With a little gold tag on it's end, Sir,
With his name, rank, and stud fee inscribed

Now, I cast me mind back thru the ages
To the days of that horny old Celt
With his wife lyin' by on the bed, Sir,
As he stood by the fire in his pelt
And I thought that I heard Brian whisper
As he stood in the fire's rosy light
"Well, you've had yer own way long enough, dear...
"Tis the hairy side outside, tonight."



Last Night I Stayed at Home

Anonymous to the tune of Funiculi, Funicula, Words from Pendar and the RMO Songbook

Male Version

Last night, I stayed at home and masturbated,
It felt so good, I knew it would
Last night, I stayed at home and masturbated
It felt so nice, I did it twice
You should have seen me on the short stroke
It felt so grand, I used my hand
You should have seen me on the long stroke
It felt so neat, I used my feet

Smash it, Bash it, Slam it on the floor
Wrap it 'round the bed post, cram it in the door
Now there are some who say
That sexual intercourse is great
But for maximum satisfaction
I prefer to masturbate

Female Version

Last night, I stayed awake and masturbated,
With many a groan, I was alone.
Last night, I stayed awake and masturbated,
With a stick of rattan, who needs a man?
You should have seen me on the upstroke,
Rattan is great, it beats a mate.
You should have seen me on the downstroke,
Who needs a lord, I've got a sword!...TWO...THREE...FOUR
Hump it, pump it, do it on the floor,
Do it with the bedpost, do it more and more,
Rattan is grand, rattan is grand,
Rattan is grand, rattan is grand,
Rattan's so very grand it's so much better than a man! Hey!

Ok...now...without further ado...I present...

The Ball of Ballynoor

Compiled from all of my sources: Pendar, RMO Songbook, the Internet, random Bards throughout the Knowne Worlde. Not the entire list, but a damn lot of them.

Chorus:

Singing Balls to yer Partner
Arse against the wall

If ye cannot get laid on a Saturday Night (at the Pennsic War)
Ye canna get laid at'all

Oh the Ball,
Of Ballynoor
Where yer wife and my wife
Were fucking on the floor

It started out so simple like:
each lad and lassie mated
But pretty soon the doin's
got so bloody complicated!

Four and twenty virgins
came down from Cuinimore
Only two got back again,
and they were double bore!

Four and twenty virgins
Came down from Inverness,
And when the ball was over
There were four and twenty less.

The village pervert he was there,
scratchin' at his crotch
But no one minded him at all,
he was only there to watch!

The village carpenter he was there,
with his prick of wood
He made it when he lost his own,
and it worked just as good!

Several lusty wenches
gathered round the door
And tripped the men as they came
thru,
but beat 'em to the floor!

The village druggist he was there,
grinnin' like a fox
He'd sold out of condoms,
so he sold 'em dirty socks!

The tailor was a busy man;
his work went to his head
Sewing up the stretched out cunts
with miles and miles of thread!

The Queen, she had a chicken,
the King he had a duck,
So they put them on the table
to see if they would fight!

The cows were wearin' bridles,
the horses wearin' bits
The Queen she wore two harness
rings
thru the nipples of her tits!

Bunny Foo foo he was there,
hoppin' thru the wood,
Boppin' the Good Fairy like
a horny rabbit should!

(insert name) was also there,
(s)he was a sight to see,
They bent him (her) o'er the table
and the rest was Greek to me!

Anne Bolyn was also there,
even tho she's dead,
She's terrific on her back, me boys,
but better giving head!

The village baker he was there,
and looking pretty mean;
A shouting that the girls were tarts,
and pumping them full of cream!

The village blacksmith he was
there,
his balls were made of brass,
And every time he laid a girl
the sparks flew out his ass!

The village hooker she was there,
a lying on the floor,
And every time she ope'd her legs,
the suction closed the door!

(Insert name), she was there,
a lady quite perverse;
She'd worn out all the peckers
so she went from bed to wurst!

I saw a Musketeer there,
a-practicin' his craft
Getting off a round
every minute and a half!

"What the hell's a 'sporrán'?"
the lassie loudly begged;
She was answered: "It's the hairy
thing
between a Scotsman's legs!"

There was doin' in the kitchen,
And doin' it on the stones.
Ye couldna hear the music
For the wheezin' and the groans.

First they did it simple,
Then they tried it He's an' She's
But when the Ball was over,
They were doin' fives and threes

Mrs. John, the Preacher's wife
Was quite amazed to see
Four and twenty Maidenheads
A-hangin' on the tree

And of those bonny virgins,
Let me tell you one thing more
Nine months later, Inverness
had four and twenty more

First lady forward,
Second lady pass
Third lady's finger's up the
Fourth lady's ass...

Fifth lady over,
sixth lady front,
Seventh lady's finger up
the eighth lady's cunt!

Ninth lady up, now;
tenth lady back,
Eleventh lady's finger
in the twelfth lady's crack!

Thirteenth lady in the door,
fourteenth lady out,
Fifteenth doin' the doorknob,
with a joyful shout!

Sixteenth fainted dead away,
seventeenth was drunk,
Eighteenth in the bathtub,
a'bathin' in the spunk!

The Queen was in the kitchen,
Eating bread and honey.
The King was in the
Chambermaid
And she was in the money.

There was doin's on the sofa,
There was doin's in the chair,
They found the trampoline,
there was doin's in the air!

They were doin' in the bedrooms,
An' doin' on the stairs
Ya couldna see the carpet
for the piles o'pubic hairs

There was lasses wi' the syphilis,
An' lasses wi' the piles
An' lasses wi' their assholes
all wreathed up in smiles

The Schoolmaster, now he was
there,
A'goin at it some
Calculating by algebra
The time that he would come

John the Blacksmith he was there,
He thought it was a game
He did a lassie seven times,
But wouldna see her hame!

Oh, the village Postman he was
there,
The poor man had the pox
He couldna' do the ladies
So he did the letter box!

The village Merchant, he was
there,
His slide rule in his hand,
Figuring out exactly when
Supply would meet demand.

The village Magician cavorted
around,
Doin' his vanishing trick
He pulled his foreskin over his
head,
And vanished into his prick!

The Chimney Sweeper he was
there,
Of that there was no doot
Pretty soon he farted
And he filled the air with soot.

The village Masochist he was
there,
A-beggin' for some blows
The Sadist merely looked at him,
and softly answered "No!"

The village Butcher, he was there,
A cleaver in his hand.
And every time he turned around,
He circumcised the band

The Deacon's Wife, well she was
there,
Her butt against the wall.
"Put cash upon the table, boys,
I'm goin' to do ye all."

The Parson's Wife was also there,
a-sittin' down in front
A wreath of posies in her hair,
A carrot up her cunt

Of course the village Elders
Were far too old to firk,
They sat around the table and
They had a circle jerk

The village idiot, he was there—
Can you picture that?
Amusing himself by abusing
himself
And catching it in his hat.

(insert name) she was there,
singin' a lament
Gettin' help with the higher notes
from the gentleman in her tent!

Oh the village barber he were
there,
a sittin by the fire,
Performing cheap abortions
with a red-hot piece o' wire!

The village cobbler walked right in
with his leather and his awl
Makin' kinky garments
for the weirdo's at the ball!

A Lord and Lady Herald
were bein' circumspect:
The one said it was "rampant"
the other said "erect!"

The jester was dancin' naked,
all but his bells and cap
Nobody applauded...
but they all gave him the Clap!

The Best Man, he's a standin',
Talking to the Groom
"The front, the front, and not the
back
Is the entrance to the womb!"

The Groom was in the corner,
oiling up his tool,
The Bride was in the icebox
Her private parts to cool

And when the ball was over,
Everyone confessed,
"The music was exquisite,
But the doin' was the best!"

I think I'll end it there for now. I hope everyone has learned something and will be going out into the Knowne Worlde and abusing the ears of many a campfire Bardic Circle.

I intend to hold a Bawdic Circle every War I'm in attendance at, so ask or check the Bards by Day/Night books.

Credits and Acknowledgements

All my Songs came from one of the following

Ontario Renaissance Festival Pub Sing
Compiled by Chris Stankitis

Various Sources found by randomly looking up titles on the Internet.

An old copy of The Montegarde Bardic Book I inherited
Compiled by Kataryna Dragonweaver

An awesome book a gentle (I cannot remember her name for the life of me) recommended:
Roll Me Over – A collection of bawdy songs

I got a dump of stuff from Pendar Munro and Gideon Lydiard.

I also ravaged the personal collections of the Bards of Ealdormere, esp. Master Hector of the Black
Heights and THL Justinian Clarus

Find more of all the Bards of Ealdormere (not me though) at

www.bards.ca

Campfire Drinking Songs

**By
Lord Gyric of Otershaghe**

**A collection of songs to encourage frivolity and a
measure of fun to any campfire comprised of people
with a sense of humour and the absurd.**

**All Songs are public domain, or credited where able. If you know the author of a song, please tell me so I
can meet them...**

Good Company

**Let union be in all our hearts
Let all our hearts be joined as one
We'll end the day as we begun
We'll end it all in pleasure.**

Chorus:

Right falla-ralla-ralla, Too-rah-lei-do

**Right falla-ralla-ralla, Too-rah-lei-do
Right falla-ralla-ralla, Too-rah-lei-do
While we are together.**

**Good company is what we're here for
Singing, dancing, drinking beer for
Naught that one could shed a tear for
While we are together.**

Chorus

**Old King Henry in all his glory
Told each wife a different story
Of all the things that we delight in
While we are together.**

Chorus

**Grab the bottle as it passes
Do not fail to fill your glasses
Water drinkers are dull fellows
While we are together.**

Chorus

LOCAL S.C.A.

(Tune: "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen")

Arrest these merry gentles, nay, it would be so unkind,
If you'll but wait a moment, sir, we will relieve your mind.
We are not escaped lunatics, so kindly us unbind,
For we are your local S C A, SCA,
For we are your local S C A.

These men aren't wearing dresses, sir, Those are not pantyhose.

No, those are tights and tunics, sir, They are medieval clothes.
And men were really macho then, As everybody knows,
So please do not look upon us that way, that way.
For we are your local S C A.

We recreate past ages, sir, And that is all we do.
Please give our swords and knives to us, We'd like our axes, too.
Return us all our weapons, sir, The act you will not rue,
For we mostly use them for display, display.
For we are your local S C A.

We really are not dangerous Although we like to fight.
We do it on a tourney field, You see, so it's all right.
And we wear lots of armour, too, Like any noble knight,
And use our wooden sticks to whale away, whale away,
For we are your local S C A.

Oh, we pavanne in public, sir, The horse bransle do, also.
Full many a fine feast attend And to a revel go.
And all that night we sing and drink, For free the mead doth flow,
Then drive four hundred miles the next day, the next day.
For we are your local S C A.

We have a King and Prince who do Our loyalty command
This is Three Rivers Barony, The finest in the land.
And we are on our way to court, But not the one you planned.
Oh, please let us go upon our way, our way.
For we are your local S C A.

Arrest these merry gentles, nay, Discretion you should use.
For we are lords and ladies, sir, So how can you refuse.
I say, that is a lady, sir, You should not her abuse.
It is not genteel to act this way, this way,
And lock up your local S C A.

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG GIRL
-L. Crowe
(Tune: "The Ash Grove")

When I was a young girl and very protected
I thought that the Mongols were to be decried.
But now I am older, and I found out different,
I've learned that a Mongol shall not be denied!
And I say to myself, this is not as I planned,
This burning and sacking and looting of towns!
I could have been Queen, but things turned out different;
And if you've a knife, you've no need for a Crown!

One day I went walking, one morning for pleasure,
I there met the Mongol who soon changed my life!
He had me; I had him; we then had each other,
I bore him a son, and he took me to wife!
And I say to myself, as I dress for the War,
In leathers and furs with my braids hanging down:
My life may be strange, but it never is boring!
And if you've a knife, you've no need for a Crown!

*

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN

-Peter S. Beagle

(Tune: "The Ash Grove")

When I was a young man and very well thought of
I couldn't ask aught that the ladies denied
I nibbled their hearts like a handful of raisins
And I never spoke love but I knew that I lied.
But I said to myself Ah, they none of them know
The secret I shelter and savor and save
I wait for the one who will see through my seeming
And I'll know when I love by the way I behave.

The years drifted over like clouds in the heavens
The ladies went by me like snow on the wind
I charmed and I cheated, deceived and dissembled
And I sinned and I sinned and I sinned and I sinned
But I said to myself, ah, they none of them see
There's part of me pure as the whisk of a wave
My lady is late but she'll find I've been faithful
And I'll know when I love by the way I behave.

At last came a lady both knowing and tender
Saying you're not at all what they take you to be
I betrayed her before she had quite finished speaking
And she swallowed cold poison and jumped in the sea
And I say to myself when there's time for a word
As I gracefully grow more debauched and depraved
Ah, love may be strong, but a habit is stronger
And I knew when I loved by the way I behaved

Old Maid in the Garret

**Now I've often heard it said from me father and me mother
That the going to a wedding is the making of another
Well, if this be so, I will go without a biddin'
O kind providence, won't you send me to a wedding**

**And its O dear me, how would it be,
If I die an old maid in a garret**

Well, now there's my sister Jean, she's not handsome or good looking
Scarcely sixteen and a fella she was courting
Now she's twenty-four with a son and a daughter
Here am I at forty-four and I've never had an offer

I can cook and I can sew and I can keep the house right tidy
Rise up in the morning and get the breakfast ready
There's nothing in this wide world would make me half so cheery
As a wee fat man to call me his own deary

And its O dear me, how would it be,
If I die an old maid in a garret

Now come landsman, come townsman, come tinker or come tailor
Come fiddler or come dancer, come ploughboy or come sailor
Come rich man, come poor man, come fool or come witty
Come any man at all won't you marry out of pity

Well now I'm away home for there's nobody's heeding
Nobody's heeding to poor old Trudy's pleading
I'll hie the way home to my own lonesome garret
If I can't get a man, then I'll surely get a pirate.

Beer, Beer, Beer

Beer, Beer, Beer, Tiddily Beer, Beer, Beer, Beer...

A long time ago, way back in history
When all there was to drink was nothing but cup of tea
A long came a man by the name of Charlie Mops
And he invented a wonderful drink and he made it out of hops.

Oh, he might have been an admiral, a sultan or a King
And to his praises we will always sing,
Look what he has done for us; he's filled our lives with cheer
The Lord bless Charlie Mops the man who invented beer.

Beer, Beer, Beer, Tiddily Beer, Beer, Beer, Beer...

A barrel of malt a bushel of hops you stir it around with a stick
The kind of lubrication that make your engine tick
Forty pints of wallop a day will keep away the cracks
It's only two and fifty pounds a pint, and five percent in tax!

The White Heart, The Dragon Inn, the Royal Oak as well
One thing you can be sure of it's Charlie's beer they sell
Come on all ye lucky lads at eleven o'clock she stops
Five short seconds to remember Charlie Mops
One... Two... Three... Four... Five...

Oh, he might have been an admiral, a sultan or a King
And to his praises we will always sing,
Look what he has done for us; he's filled our lives with cheer
The Lord bless Charlie Mops the man who invented beer.

Beer, Beer, Beer, Tiddily Beer, Beer, Beer, Beer...

Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl

Chorus

Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over
Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over
For tonight we'll be merry, merry be
For tonight we'll be merry, merry be
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Here's to the man who drinks dark ale and goes to bed right mellow
Here's to the man who drinks dark ale and goes to bed right mellow
He lives as he ought to live
He lives as he ought to live
And he dies a damn good fellow.

Chorus

Here's to the man drinks water pure and goes to bed right sober
Here's to the man drinks water pure and goes to bed right sober
He falls as the leaves do fall
He falls as the leaves do fall
He'll be dead by next October.

Chorus

Here's to the lass who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother
Here's to the lass who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother
She's a foolish, foolish thing
She's a foolish, foolish thing
For she'll never get another.

Chorus

Here's to the lass who steals a kiss and stays to get another
Here's to the lass who steals a kiss and stays to get another
She's a boon to all mankind
She's a boon to all mankind
And soon she'll be a mother.

Chorus

Health to the Company

Kind friends and companions come join me in rhyme
Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine
Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain
For this company might never all meet here again.

Chorus:

**So here's a health to the company, and one to my lass
Let us drink and be merry, all out of one glass
Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain
For this company might never all meet here again.**

**So here's a health to the wee lass, that I love so well
For style and for beauty there's none can excell
She smiles upon my countenance as she sits upon my knee
Sure, there's no-one on earth who's as happy as me.**

Chorus

**So here's a health to their majesties, that we love so well
For wit and for wisdom there's none can excell
With wit and with wisdom they rule our country
Sure, there's no one on earth who's as happy as we.**

Chorus

**Our ship lies at harbor, she's ready to dock
I wish her safe landed without any shock
If ever I should meet you by land or by sea
I will always remember your kindness to me.**

Chorus

**Here's a health to the Blacksmith
Who kindled my flame
And one to the chandler who lit it again
Come landlord and brewer pray generous be
For were gathered together with dear company.**

Chorus

Boozin'

**What are the joys of the single young man?
Why Boozin, Bloody well Boozin'
And what is he doing whenever he can?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'**

**You may think I'm wrong and you may think I'm right
I don't want to argue, I know you can fight
But what do you think we'll be doing tonight?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'.**

Chorus:

**Boozin', Boozin' just you and I
Boozin', Boozin', when we are dry
Some do it openly, some on the sly
But we all are bloody well Boozin'.**

**What are the joys of the poor married man?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'.
And what is he doing whenever he can?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'.
He goes out at night and makes many a call
He come home quite late and he gives his wife all
But what brings him home hanging on to the wall?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'.**

Chorus

**Why do the priests and the bishops run down?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'.
And what are they damning in every town?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'.
The stand on the street corners, they rant and they shout
They shout about things they know nothing about
(Hark the Harold Angles sing, beer's the cure for everything)
But what are they doing when the lights are all out?
Why Boozin', Bloody well Boozin'.**

Chorus

All For Me Grog

Chorus:

Well, it's all for me grog

Me jolly, jolly grog
Its all gone for beer and tobacco
For I spent up all me tin, on the lassies drinking gin
And across the western ocean I must wander.

Well, it's all for me hat
Me jolly, jolly hat,
Its all gone for beer and tobacco
For the brim is all worn out and the feather's kicked about
And me head is looking out for better weather

Chorus

Well, it's all for me shirt
Me jolly, jolly shirt
Its all gone for beer and tobacco
For the sleeves are all worn out, the lapel is kicked about
And me chest is looking out for better weather

Chorus

Well, it's all for me pants
Me jolly, jolly pants
Its all gone for beer and tobacco
For the legs are all worn out, and the cuffs are kicked about
And me arse is looking out for better weather

Chorus

Well, it's all for me bed
Me jolly, jolly bed
Its all gone for beer and tobacco
For I leant it to a whore, and she broke it to the floor
And the springs are looking out for better weather

Chorus

Wild Rover

I've been a 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.**

Chorus:

**And it's no, nay, never, (right up yer Kilt!)
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 a custom as yours I could have any day."**

Chorus

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

Chorus

**I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they forgive me as oftentimes before
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.**

Chorus

The Cockerell Song

By Ivor Biggun
From the Album: "More Filth! Dirt Cheap"

Some folks like a pussy, a budgie or a tit
Some take up with a Spaniel pup
That fills up the house with [woof, woof] shit
Myself now I keep chickens
And I've a favourite one
He's Dick my little cockerel
And I don't know where he's gone

[Chorus]
Has anyone seen my cock
My big Rhode Island Red
He's mostly pink with a little bit of blue
And purple on his head
He stands straight up in the morning
And he gives my wife a shock [scream]
Has anybody seen, anybody seen
Anybody, anybody seen my cock

He's a stiff necked little upstart
And I've known him all my life
He's my pride and pleasure
And a torment to my wife
Sometimes he's magnificent
And sometimes small and thin
But he puffs up like a pigeon
When you tickle him under the chin

Chorus

He has two enormous wattles hanging down
They're the best you'll ever find
Madam, you may stroke him if you like
If you feel that way inclined
Be careful he doesn't spit in your eye though

Chorus x 2

Has anybody seen, anybody seen
Anybody, anybody seen his cock

Four Letter Words Place holder

Oh Sir Corin Placeholder

Roll Your Leg Over Placeholder

Old Dun Cow Placeholder

The Widow Placeholder

Don't Sail There Placeholder

No Balls at All Placeholder

I'm a Rover and seldom Sober Placeholder

Bawdy Campfire Ballads

A guide for beginners

-OR-

How to find like-minded people at a
campfire...or be asked to leave.

By

Lord Gyric of Otershaghe
Barony of Rising Waters
Kingdom of Ealdormere

lordgyric@yahoo.ca

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The Tale of the Unheralded Herald

Justin Eiler

Seems once there was a Herald
He'd stood too long in the sun.

He went to an SCA event
To have a little fun
Said Herald brought a guitar
With which he sang this rant
"Who says that Heralds cannot pun?
But they can only Cant!"

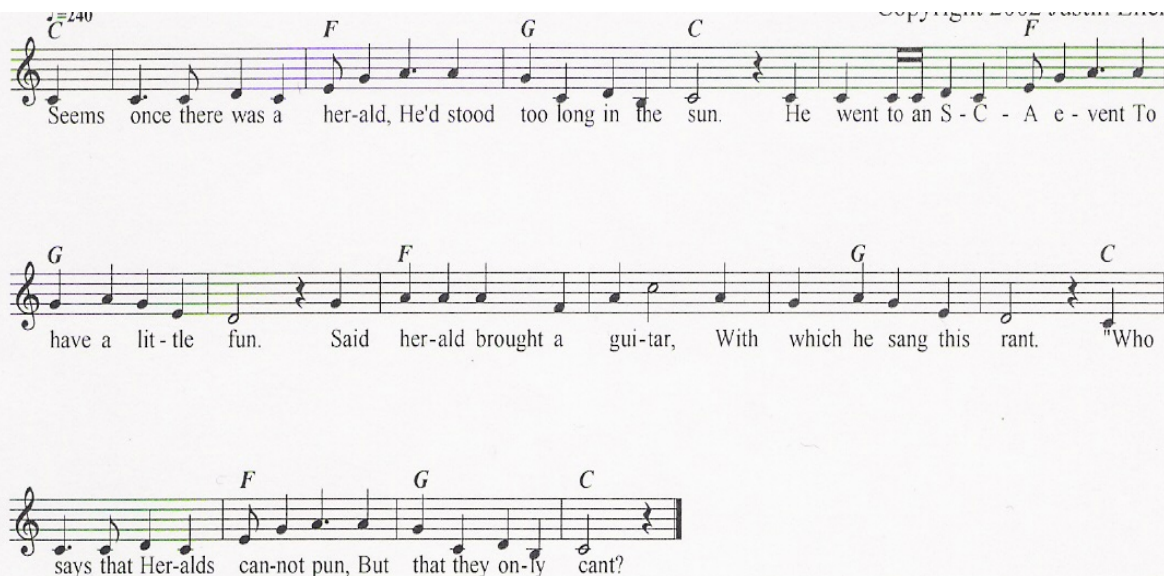
He found a quiet corner
Near a Bardic Circle's beat.
He stood up in his great big boots
(And that was no small feat)
He played and sang most pun-ishly
And did so night and day
And yet with all his singing,
He did not shout "Oyez!"

His lyrics – they were lousy
His tune – well it was worse
His language was most vile and foul
And moreso every verse!
He kept up with his singing

Until the King's Guard came
They told him "You must come with us
This in the Queen's own name."

They brought the punning Herald
To the Queen's pavilion nigh
He bowed unto Her Majesty
And saw wrath in Her eye.
She said, "You do offend me
With the verses that you sing.
Go ye, and pun nevermore
Or from a yardarm swing."

The sweating Herald left her
And his heart was beating fast.
He was wont to make more jokes
But his next, it was his Last!
The Guard said, "If you want to live
No more of the songs you sang."
The he said, "No noose is good
news...."
And smiling he was hanged!



All for the Birds

Traditional

Sing along Bawdy Songs & Backroom Ballads, 1962
Sent to me by Baroness Finn of Stowe in the Road, Kingdom of Lochac

There once was a Robin who lived in the West
He discovered a very strange egg in his nest
He turned to his wife with an angry remark
She said "Don't get ruffled, I did it just for a lark"

Chorus:

Toorala, Tooralay.
A rolling stone gathers no moss, so they say
Sing along, learn the words,
It's a wonderful song, but it's all for the birds!

A sparrow and vulture once met in the air
Soon they were coupling, a love hungry pair
The passionate vulture emitted some bleats
The sparrow inquired, "Am I hurting you sweets?"
(Chorus)

How to kiss a duck's bum without tasting the down
This answer has come from the men of renown
Endless experiments have those them the trick
First you blow, then you kiss but you've got to be quick
(Chorus)

There was once a parrot with strings on his feet
If you pulled on the right string he'd recite Della Bleat
If you pulled on the left string he'd act out a farce
If you pulled on them both he'd fall flat on his...beak
(Chorus)

So here's to the birds, let us sing loud their praise
Their Plumage, their habits, their natural ways
We're grateful for birds flying up in the sky
Just think of the fall out if Horses could fly!!!
(Chorus)

Beer, Beer, Beer

Ontario Renaissance Festival Pub Sing

Beer, Beer, Beer, Tidily Beer, Beer, Beer, Beer...

A long time ago, way back in history
When all there was to drink was nothing but cups of tea
A long came a man by the name of Charlie Mops
And he invented a wonderful drink and he made it out of hops.

Chorus

**Oh, he might have been an admiral, a sultan or a King
And to his praises we will always sing,
Look what he has done for us; he's filled our lives with cheer
The Lord bless Charlie Mops the man who invented beer.**

Beer, Beer, Beer, Tidily Beer, Beer, Beer, Beer...

A barrel of malt a bushel of hops you stir it around with a stick
The kind of lubrication that make your engine tick
Forty pints of wallop a day will keep away the cracks
It's only two and fifty a pint, and a hell of a lot of tax!
(Chorus)

The White Heart, The Dragon Inn, the Royal Oak as well
One thing you can be sure of it's Charlie's beer they sell
Come on all ye lucky lads at eleven o'clock she stops
Five short seconds to remember Charlie Mops
One... Two... Three... Four... Five...
(Chorus)

Oh, he might have been an admiral, a sultan or a King
And to his praises we will always sing,
Look what he has done for us; he's filled our lives with cheer
The Lord bless Charlie Mops the man who invented beer.

Beer, Beer, Beer, Tidily Beer, Beer, Beer, Beer...

If you have a local pub, or similar thing be it Pennsic or wherever, feel free to substitute the names of the bars. The ones named here were the three pubs at the ORF

Log Driver's Waltz

Traditional Canadian Song Copyright Wade Hemsworth

Recorded by Kate and Anna McGarrigle for animated Version, National Film Board of Canada

If you ask any girl from the parish around
What pleases her most from her head to her toes,
She'll say - I'm not sure that it's business of yours,
But I do like to waltz with a log driver.

Chorus:

For he goes burling down a-down the white water;
That's where the log driver learns to step lightly.
Its burling down, a-down white water;
A log driver's waltz pleases girls completely.

When the drive's nearly over, I like to go down
To see all the lads while they work on the river.
I know that come evening they'll be in the town
And we all want to waltz with a log driver.

To please both my parents I've had to give way
And dance with the doctors and merchants and lawyers.
Their manners are fine but their feet are of clay
For there's none with the style of a log driver.

I've had my chances with all sorts of men
But none is so fine as my lad on the river.
So when the drive's over, if he asks me again,
I think I will marry my log driver.

If you should ask a-ny girl from the pa-rish a-round what plea-ses her most from her
head to her toes, She'll say, I'm not sure that it's bus-'ness of yours, but I
do like to waltz with a log dri-ver. For he goes bir-ling down a- down white wa-ter;
That's where the log dri-ver learns to step light-ly. It's bir-ling down, a- down white
wa-ter; A log dri-ver's waltz plea-ses girls com- plete- ly.

I included this as an inside joke...this was a song from my formative years.

The Worm Song (High among the Heather)

By Taliesin, to the tune of The Blacksmith
Baroness Finn, Stowe on the Road, Kingdom of Lochac

A worm he met a lark, high among the heather
The lark said to the worm, "Let us talk together."
And she sang so sweet and clear, with her voice so tender
And the lark she killed the worm, high among the heather.

The lark she met a hawk, of the shiny feather
The hawk said to the lark, "Let us fly together."
And they flew so high on the wind, as they soared in splendor
And the hawk he killed the lark, high above the heather.

The hawk he met a fox, and he looked so clever
The fox said to the hawk, let us dine together
So the hawk flew down to the ground, as a bird should never
And the fox he killed the hawk, high among the heather.

The fox he met a man, with fine boots of leather
The man said to the fox, "Let us run together"
"You have fine fur." Said the man, "Warm in cold weather."
And he killed the fox as they ran, high among the heather.

The man he told a Thief of his trick so clever
"That is fine fur," Said the Thief, "And fine boots of leather."
And he killed the man, with his knife, there among the heather
And the worm said to the man, "Let us lie together"

And the worm said to the man, "Let us lie together"

The Celt came Back

Anonymous

Tune: The Cat came Back

Now one old King had troubles of his own,
He had a thick-skinned Bard that wouldn't leave
his home
He tried and he tried to send that Bard away
He sold him to a Dane going far, far away...

(Chorus)

But the Celt came back, the very next day
The Celt came back; they thought he was a
goner
But the Celt came back, he just wouldn't stay
away!

The local Baron said that he would shoot that
Celt on sight
So he loaded up his cannon with powder to the
sight
He waited and he waited for that Bard to come
around,
Itty-bitty pieces of the castle's all they found...

He gave him to a Visigoth going out East
Saying "Sell him to the Mongols; feed him to a
Beast!"
They got up to the channel, and they thought
they'd get across
Tomorrow they'll write off the 'Goth as bein' a
total loss...

He gave him to a serf with a ten-shilling note
Take him out on the lake, take him on a boat!
They tied a rock around his neck; it must have
weighed 10 stone
And now they drag the shoreline, 'cause the
boat came back alone...

The sent him to the Borgia's to have a little feast
Kill him off with poisoned wine, use cyanide at
least
He drank several barrels of the poisoned wine
that day
And now the Borgias have all...passed away....

He gave him to a Knight, to use him for a pell
Saying "Beat him smartly, I wanna hear him
yell!"
The knight armored up, and sharpened up his
sword
No one's ever hear again of that Knightly lord...

*They gave him to a Pelican, to work him to the
bone
Make him wash the dishes, never to come home
She chained him to the kitchen sink, stacked
him up real mean
The Pelican was ne'er seen again, but at
least...the kitchen's clean...

*He gave him to a Laurel, apprentice for to be
Teach him silent arts like Norse Calligraphy
Teaching him to read & write, she made her last
mistake
Printing up his music was more than they could
take....

*The verses marked with an asterisk are verses I made up while I was typing this.
Although they may be merely adequate, I did this to show you how easy it is to make up
your own verses to songs like these. Include people you know, make it personal...it makes
the song more enjoyable when you lampoon friends...IE:*

They gave him to Og, to drink the Celt dead
Og took the challenge, put his helm upon his head
He matched him drink for drink, the match went on for days
The king knew his error when the bartender asked, "Who pays?"...

Young Ned of the Hill

Written by Ron Kavana and Terry Woods

Have you ever walked the lonesome hills
And heard the curlews cry
Or seen the raven black as night
Upon a windswept sky
To walk the purple heather
And hear the west wind cry
To know that's where the rapparee must die

Since Cromwell pushed us westward
To live our lowly lives
There's some of us have deemed to fight
From Tipperary mountains high
Noble men with wills of iron
Who are not afraid to die
Who'll fight with Gaelic honour held on high

Chorus

**A curse upon you Oliver Cromwell
You who raped our Motherland
I hope you 're rotting down in hell
For the horrors that you sent
To our misfortunate forefathers
Whom you robbed of their birthright
"To hell ye Connaught" may you burn in hell tonight**

Of one such man I'd like to speak
A rapparee by name and deed
His family dispossessed and slaughtered
They put a price upon his head
His name is known in song and story
His deeds are legend still
And murdered for blood money
Was young Ned of the hill

You have robbed our homes and fortunes
Even drove us from our land
You tried to break our spirit
But you'll never understand
The love of dear old Ireland
That will forge an iron will
As long as there are gallant men
Like young Ned of the hill

GLENWHORPLE (The 'G' Song) ©

(Source: *Songs From Front and Rear; A Collection of Canadian Serviceman's Songs of World War Two*)

There's a braw fine clan o'lads as ilk a man should ken
They are delit at the fichtin', they have clured a sicht o' men
They have suppit muckle whuskey when to kirk they gang be'en
The hielan' men of braw Glenwhorple!

CHORUS: Heught! Glenwhorple, hielan' men,
Great strong whuskey-suckin' hielan' men,
They were hard-workin', hairy-leggit hielan' men,
Slainte mhor, Glenwhorple!

They were founded by McAdam, who of all the men was first
He resided in Glen Eden and he pipit fit tae burst
Wi' a fig-leaf for a sporran and a perfect hielan' thirst
Till he stole away the apple from Glenwhorple!

When the waters o' the deluge drookit all the whole world o'er
The chieftain of the clan y'know his name was Sean McNoah
So a muckle boat he biggit and he sneckit up the door
And he sailed away from drooned Glenwhorple!

Old McNoah sent a piper out to see if there was land
He came back wi' an empty whuskey bottle in each hand
But they could'na understand him, he was fu' ye understand
For he'd found a public house aboon the water!

Well there was a jock named Joshua, a Sapper he by trade
He went awa' to Jericho aboon a muckle raid
And the walls they went a-tumblin', and with loot the lads were paid
For the sapping and the mining in Glenwhorple!

When wise King Solomon was ruler o'er the glen
He had a hundred pipers and a thousand fichtin' men
And ten thousand wives and concubines, for as I'm sure ye ken
He kept a pow'rful household in Glenwhorple!

**There was a birkie bangster; he was the ruler o'er the clan
His name it was T'Wallace and he was a fightin' man
And he went a bout the border and the southron turned and ran
From the dingin' o' the claymore in Glenwhorple!

* Many o' the clansmen went and left their heilan' homes
They loaded up on ships about the world to roam.
They were lookin' for a special place to call their very own
That's how Ealdormere became Glenwhorple!

**What a sight this morning wi' the clansmen on parade
Wi' the claymore and the piper and the broad Glenwhorple plaid
And the pipey almost sober and the chieftan na' afraid
O' seeing tartan spiders in Glenwhorple!

* Optional new verse by Cordigan D'arnot ** New verses by Hector of the Black Height
NOTE: Repeat chorus twice to end. "Slainte mhor," pronounced "slan-jah / v-oar," means "great health."

The Apprentice's Lament

Master Hector of the Black Height

I served me a Laurel for many a year,
I carded much wool and I brewed skunky beer
But now there's my Peer lying dead on the floor
And I never shall be an apprentice no more.

CHORUS:

And it's no, nay, never (cite me a source!),
No, nay, never, no more shall I be an apprentice,
No never, no more.

My Laurel took me to a special event;
My last two years' projects to judging were sent.
They asked me for documents, I told them nay,
"I've not tried to research since my high school days."
And it's no, nay, never...

I pulled out thick binders with copies to spare;
I showed them my primary source for yak hair.
I answered their questions with footnotes galore,
I boggled their minds and left jaws on the floor.
And it's no, nay, never...

I won the Queen's praises and took the first prize,
My Laurel said "WHAT?" and dropped dead from surprise.
So now I am free, with no Peer to inspire:
I hate to wash cars so I can't be a squire
And it's no, nay, never (cite me a source!),
No, nay, never, no more shall I be an apprentice,
No never, no more.

This is a great song to the tune of The Wild Rover written by Master Hector of the Black Heights.

For those of you who know of him, enough said. For those of you who don't...well, enjoy anyways.

That Old Black Rum

Traditional, these lyrics as done by Great Big Sea

I drank sixteen doubles for the price of one
Trying to find the courage to talk to one
I asked her for a dance
Not a second glance
My night had just begun

Well I drink to the father and the holy ghost
I'm kneeling at the altar of my nightly post
So I'll raise a glass, not the first nor last
Come join me in this toast

[Chorus:]

Because the old black rum's got a hold on me
Like a dog wrapped round my leg
And the old black rum's got a hold on me
Will I live for another day?
Hey, Will I live for another day?

Well the Queen of George Street just went walking on by
Walking on by with some guy who don't care
That she stood in line
Since half past nine
And spent three hours on her hair (On her hair!)

Well her friend is looking at me with an evil grin
I think the bloody racket might soon begin
I must have said some thing
To the George street queen
The boys are joining in!

[Chorus]

So I drank all of my money
And I slept out in the rain
Everyday is different but the nights they're all the same
You never see the sun on the old black rum
But I know I'm gonna do it again!

[Chorus 2x]

The Night that Paddy Murphy Died

Traditional, these lyrics as done by Great Big Sea

Oh the night that Paddy Murphy died, is a night I'll never forget
Some of the boys got loaded drunk, and they ain't got sober yet;
As long as a bottle was passed around every man was feelin' gay
O'Leary came with the bagpipes, some music for to play

Chorus:

That's how they showed their respect for Paddy Murphy
That's how they showed their honour and their pride;
They said it was a sin and shame and they winked at one another
And every drink in the place was full the night Pat Murphy died

As Mrs. Murphy sat in the corner pouring out her grief
Kelly and his gang came tearing down the street
They went into an empty room and a bottle of whiskey stole
They put the bottle with the corpse to keep that whiskey cold

Chorus

About two o'clock in the morning after empty'ing the jug
Doyle rolls up the ice box lid to see poor Paddy's mug
We stopped the clock so Mrs. Murphy couldn't tell the time
And at a quarter after two we argued it was nine

Chorus

They stopped the hearse on George Street outside Sundance Saloon
They all went in at half past eight and staggered out at noon
They went up to the graveyard, so holy and sublime
Found out when they got there, they'd left the corpse behind!

Chorus

Oh the night that Paddy Murphy died, is a night I'll never forget
Some of the boys got loaded drunk and they ain't been sober yet;
As long as a bottle was passed around every man was feelin' gay
O'Leary came with the bagpipes, some music for to play

Chorus

DO VIRGINS TASTE BETTER?

(Also known as - An Old Cliché Revisited)

-R. Farran

(Tune: "The Irish Washerwoman")

A dragon has come to our village today.
We've asked him to leave, but he won't go away.
Now he's talked to our king and they worked out a
deal.

No homes will he burn and no crops will he steal.

Now there is but one catch, we dislike it a bunch.
Twice a year he invites him a virgin to lunch.
Well, we've no other choice, so the deal we'll respect.
But we can't help but wonder and pause to reflect.

CHORUS: Do virgins taste better than those who are
not?

Are they salty, or sweeter, more juicy or what?
Do you savor them slowly? Gulp them down on the
spot?

Do virgins taste better than those who are not?

Now we'd like to be shed of you, and many have tried.
But no one can get thru your thick scaly hide.
We hope that some day, some brave knight will come
by.

'Cause we can't wait around 'til you're too fat to fly.

Now you have such good taste in your women for
sure,

They always are pretty, they always are pure.
But your notion of dining, it makes us all flinch,
For your favorite entree is barbecued wench.

CHORUS

Now we've found a solution, it works out so neat,
If you insist on nothing but virgins to eat.
No more will our number ever grow small,
We'll simply make sure there's no virgins at all!

CHORUS

DRAGON'S RETORT

(C) 1985 by Claire Stephens

(Tune: "Irish Washerwoman")

Well, now I am a dragon please listen to me
For I'm misunderstood to a dreadful degree
This ecology needs me, and I know my place,
But I'm fighting extinction with all of my race

But I came to this village to better my health
Which is shockingly poor despite all my wealth
But I get no assistance and no sympathy,
Just impertinent questioning shouted at me.

CHORUS: Yes, virgins taste better than those who are
not

But my favorite snack food with peril is fraught
For my teeth will decay and my trim go to pot
Yes, virgins taste better than those who are not

Now we worms are deep thinkers, at science we shine
And our world's complicated with every new line
We must quit all the things that we've done since the
flood

Like lying on gold couches that poison our blood

Well I'm really quite good almost all of the year
Vegetarian ways are now mine out of fear
But a birthday needs sweets I'm sure you'll agree
And barbecued wench tastes like candy to me

CHORUS

As it happens our interests are almost the same
For I'm really quite skillful at managing game
If I messed with your men would your excess decline?
Of course not, the rest would just make better time

But the number of babies a woman can bear
Has a limit and that's why my pruning's done there
Yet an orphan's a sad sight, and so when I munch
I'm careful to take out only virgins for lunch.

CHORUS

Seven Nights Drunk

Traditional

When I came home on Monday night, as drunk as drunk could be
I saw a horse outside the door, where my old horse should be
So I called my wife, (audience shouts: HEY WIFE!)
And I said to her, would you kindly tell to me
Who owns that horse outside my door, where my old horse should be?
Oh, you're drunk, you drunk, you silly old fool,
Can't you plainly see?
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me
Well it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more
But a saddle on a sow I've never seen before!

When I came home on Tuesday night.....etc.
Saw a coat behind the door.....etc.
....Who owns that coat.....
...that's a lovely blanket...
...But buttons on a blanket....etc.

When I came home on Wednesday night.....etc.
I saw a pipe upon the chair, where my old pipe should be..etc.
....Who owns that pipe.....
...That's a lovely tin-whistle that my mother sent to me!
...But tobacco in a tin-whistle I've never seen before!

When I came home on Thursday night.....etc.
I saw two boots beneath the bed.....etc.
....Who owns those boots.....etc.
...They're two geranium-pots...etc.
...But laces in geranium-pots....etc.

When I came home on Friday night.....etc.
Saw a head upon the bed.....etc.
....Who owns that head.....etc.
...That's a baby boy...etc.
...but whiskers on a baby boy...etc.

When I came home on Saturday night....etc.
Saw a rise beneath the sheets.....etc.
....Who owns that rise.....
...It's nothing but a shillelagh...etc.
...But knackers on a shillelagh....etc.
(Alternate lyric: "Hammer" "A hammer with a head like that..")

When I came home on Sunday night...etc.
I saw a man walk out the door, a little after three! (shout: A.M.!)
....Who was that man.....after three (shout: A.M.!)
...That's an English tax-man....etc.
...But an Englishman that could last till three....etc.

There are other verses. During the Bawdic Circle last year, we discovered enough to get to 9 or 10 days drunk, but for the purposes of the song I've only included 7 days.

The Scotsman

Lyrics & Music: Bryan Bowers
Last 2 verses by Seamus O'Kennedy

A Scotsman clad in kilt left a bar one evening fair,
And one could tell by how he walked he'd drunk more than his share.
He fumbled 'round until he could no longer keep his feet
Then he stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.
Ring ding diddle iddle i dee o, ring di diddle di o
He stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

Now around that time two young and lovely girls just happened by
And one said to the other with a twinkle in her eye.
"See yon sleeping Scotsman so strong and handsome built?
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath their kilt."
Ring ding diddle iddle i dee o, ring di diddle di o
"I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath their kilt."

They crept up on the sleeping Scotsman quiet as could be,
And lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see.
And there, behold, for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt
T'was nothin' more than God had graced him with upon his birth.
Ring ding diddle iddle i dee o, ring di diddle di o
T'was nothin' more than God had graced him with upon his birth.

They marveled for a moment then one said "We must be gone.
Lets leave a present for our friend before we move along.
"For a gift they left a blue silk ribbon tied into a bow
Around the bonny star the Scot's kilt did lift and show.
Ring ding diddle iddle i dee o, ring di diddle di o
Around the bonny star the Scot's kilt did lift and show.

The Scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled for the trees.
And behind a bush he lifts his kilt and gawks at what he sees.
And in a startled voice he cries to what's before his eyes
"Ach, lad I don't know where ya' been, but I see ya' won first prize!"
Ring ding diddle iddle i dee o, ring di diddle di o
"Ach, lad I don't know where ya' been, but I see ya' won first prize!"

Our Scottish friend, still clad in kilt continued down the street.
And he hadn't gone a mile before a girl he chanced to meet
She said "I heard what's under there, tell me is it so?"
He said "Just slip your hand up miss if you'd really like to know."
Ring ding diddle iddle i dee o, ring di diddle di o
He said "Just slip your hand up miss if you'd really like to know."

She slipped her hand up under his kilt and much to her surprise
The Scotsman smiled and a very strange look came into his eyes.
She said "Oh, Sir, that's gruesome!" and then she heard him roar
"If you slip your hand up once again you'll find it's grew some more!"
Ring ding diddle iddle i dee o, ring di diddle di o
"If you slip your hand up once again you'll find it grew some mo

*I know everyone knows this, or at least they SHOULD. I included it so you would have all the words,
including the extra 2 verses not always widely known.*

And I like the damn song...sue me.

That *REAL* Olde Tyme Religion

Ok, I had to put on obnoxious one in. Last year I included stepping-stones for you to start with on Roll your Leg Over... I will put as many fun verses as fit on one page...I'm working on the definitive version. Any verses you have please send them to me.

Chorus:

Gimme that old time religion,
Gimme that old time religion,
Gimme that old time religion, it's
good enough for me.

We'll be met by Aphrodite,
She'll be out there in her nightie,
She is kind of wild and flighty, but
she's good enough for me!

If your rising sign is Aries,
You'll be taken by the fairies,
Meet the Buddha in Benares, Where
he'll hit you with a pie.

We will have a mighty orgy,
In the honour of Astarte,
It'll be one helluva party,
And that's good enough for me.

Azathoth is in his chaos,
Azathoth is in his chaos,
Now if only he don't slay us,
then that's good enough for me!

We will venerate Babastis,
We will venerate Bubastis,
If you want in, then just ask us and
you're good enough for me!

As for those who read of Conan,
As for those who read of Conan,
They're all followers of Onan,
and that's good enough for me!

There will be a lot of 'lovin'
when we're meeting in our coven,
Quit your pushin' and your shovin'
so there's room enough for me!

We will all bow down to Enlil,
we will all bow down to Enlil,
Pass your cup and get a refill,
with bold Gilgamesh the Brave.

We will read from the Kaballa,
We will read from the Kaballa,
It won't get us to Valhalla,
but it's good enough for me!

It was good enough for Loki,
It was good enough for Loki,
He thinks Thor's a little hokey,
but that's good enough for me.

We will all meet at Nirvana,
We will all meet at Nirvana,
Take a left turn at Urbana,
and you'll see the promised land.

We will all bow down to Mithras,
we will all bow down to Mithras,
Slay the bull and play the Zithras
on that resurrection day!

We will all sing Hare Krishna,
we will all sing Hare Krishna,
I can't find that in the Mishna, but
it's good enough for me!

Now you just might be a Pharisee,
Now you just might be a Pharisee,
Walk on fire, you get in free, and
that's good enough for me.

There are some who follow Shinto,
There are some who follow Shinto,
There's no telling what we're into,
but it's good enough for me.

I hear Valkyries a-coming,
In the air their song is coming,
They forgot the words--they're
humming,
yet they're good enough for me.

There are those who practice
Voodoo, There are those who
practice Voodoo,
I know I do-- I hope you do-- and are
good enough for me!

We will sacrifice to Yuggoth,
We will sacrifice to Yuggoth,
Burn a village to Yug-Sothos,
And the Goat of a Thousand Young!

It's the opera written for us,
We will all join in the chorus.
It's the opera about Boris,
Which is Godunov for me!

We will worship the god Loki
Who is the Norse god of chaos
Which is why this verse doesn't
rhyme or scan very well...
But it's good enough for me!

We will worship like Egyptians
Building tombs to put our stiffs in
In the subways write inscriptions
It's good enough for me

We will worship Zarathustra
We will worship like we useta
I'm a Zarathustra Booster
It's good enough for me

We will worship the god Buddha
Among the god's there's no one cuta
He comes in bronze and pewta
It's good enough for me

We will worship like the Druids
Drinking strange, fermented fluids
Running naked through the wo-ods
It's good enough for me

We will worship like the Quakers

It's good enough for me

We will go and worship Venus
She's the cutest but the meanest
Last week she bit my....Elbow
And it's good enough for me

We will pray to Father Zeus
IN his temple we'll hang loose
Eating roast beef with au jus
And that's good enough for me

When you go to worship Odin
You don't need a tie and coat on
Grab a sword and slap some woad on
And that's good enough for me

Shall we sing our praise to Thor
Though he leaves the maidens sore?
They always come back for more
So he's good enough for me

Let us dance with Dionysus
Get drunk on Mead with spices
And women who know what Vice is
They're good enough for me

All the hunters start convergin'
When Diana she's emergin'
It's too bad she's still a virgin
Yet there's hope enough for me

Let's go worship Great Cthulhu
You and me and Mr. Sulu
We'll run naked like a Zulu
And that's good enough for me

We went off to worship Venus
By the Gods! You should have seen
us
Now the Clinic has to screen us
And that's good enough for me

We will go and worship Isus
She's so helpful in a crisis
Hope she hasn't raised her prices
For she's good enough for me

Let us all give praise to Hermes
He will keep away the germies
With his staff entwined with
wormies
Which is good enough for me

We are the knights of Jedi
In us the Force is Red-i
Grab your sabers, throw confetti
It's all food enough for me

We will even worship Yoda
Though he's small as an iota
He fulfills his Jedi quota
Which is good enough for me

The Parting Glass

Of all the money that e'er I spent
I've spent it in good company
and all the harm that e'er I've done
Alas it was to none but me.

And all I've done for want of wit
to memory now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all.

If I had money enough to spend
And leisure to sit awhile

There is a fair maid in the town
That sorely has my heart beguiled.

Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips
I own she has my heart enthralled
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all.

Oh, all the comrades that e'er I had
Are sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that e'er I kissed
They'd wish me one more day to stay.

But since it falls unto my lot
That I should rise and you should not
I'll gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be with you all.

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 were ever
won't to gae
On the bonnie bonnie banks o' Loch
Lomond

Chorus:

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

T'was there that we parted in yon shady
glen,
On the steep steep side o' Ben Lomond,
Where in deep purple hue, the Hieland
hills we view,
And the moon coming out 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 never know
second spring again,
Though the woeful may cease for their
greeting

Chorus

I've included these two songs for a reason. No matter how fun and raucous a circle might be, it always must end. And somehow, even I can't seem to find a better way to end a circle than with one or both of these two songs. They hold a special place in my heart and my repertoire due to my time at the Renn Faire.

I hope they will you too.

Credits and Acknowledgements

All my Songs came from one of the following

Ontario Renaissance Festival Pub Sing
Chris Stankitis

Various Sources randomly looking up titles on the internet

An old copy of The Montegarde Bardic Book I inherited
Compiled by Kataryna Dragonweaver

An awesome book a gentle who I cannot remember her name recommended
Roll Me Over – A collection of bawdy songs

I got a dump of stuff from Pendar Munro and Gideon Lydiard.

I also ravaged the personal collections of works of the Bards of Ealdormere at
www.bards.ca