

Rugby Songs

- 1 Index
- 2 Alouette
- 3 Black Velvet Band
- 4 Dinah
- 5 If I were the .. (fill in)
- 6 If I were the marrying kind
- 7 My Bonny is over the ocean
- 8 Nancy Whiskey
- 9 Ruggers song
- 10 Seven Drunken Nights
- 12 The Duchess
- 13 The Limerick Song
- 16 The wild west show
- 17 What Shall We Do With A Homo Sailor
- 18 Yogi Bear

Alouette

CHORUS: Ooh *Alouette, gentille Alouette.*
Alouette, gentille plumerai.

(Start with chorus first and insert it between each verse.)

Leader: Do you like my curly hair?
Group: Yes, we like your curly hair.
Leader: my curly hair.
Group: Your curly hair.
Leader: Ooh Alouet.
Group: Oh Alouet.
Leader: OooooooooH!

=> CHORUS: *Alouette, gentille Alouette.*
Alouette, gentille plumerai.

Leader: Do you like my sweaty brows?
Group: Yes, we like your sweaty brows.
Leader: My sweaty brows.
Group: Your sweaty brows.
Leader: My curly hair.
Group: Your curly hair.
Leader: Ooh Alouet.
Group: Ooh Alouet.
Leader: OooooooooH!

=> CHORUS: *Alouette, gentille Alouette.*
Alouette, gentille plumerai.

(Continue in this fashion, adding the current descriptive phrase and then repeating all previous descriptive phrases.)

Leader: Do you like My blood-shed eyes?

 My broken nose?

 My two black teeth?

 My double chin?

 My two flat tits?

 My thick fat belly?

 My clammy thighs?

 My hairy thing?

Black Velvet Band

In a neat little town they call Belfast, Apprentice to trade I was found,
Many an hour sweet happiness,
Have I spent in this neat little town,
Till bad misfortune befell me,
Which caused me to stray from the land,
Far away from my friends and relations,
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

CHORUS: *Her eyes they shone like the diamond,
They call her the Queen of the land.
And her hair hung over her shoulders,
Tied up with a black velvet band*

Well I was out strolling one evening,
Not meaning to go very far
When I met with a pretty young damsel
She was selling her trade in a bar
She was both fair and handsome,
And her neck it was just like a swan,
And her hair it hung it over her shoulder,
Tied up with a black velvet band.

CHORUS: *Her eyes they....*

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid,
And the gentleman passing us by,
Well I knew she meant the doing of him,
By the look in her roguish black-eye,
The gold watch she took from his pocket,
And placed it right into my hand,
On the very first day that I met her,
Bad luck from the black velvet band.

CHORUS: *Her eyes they....*

Next morning before judge and jury
For our trial I had to appear
The judge, he said, "Young fellow
The case against you is quite clear
And seven years is your sentence
You're going to Van Dieman's Land
Far away from your friends and relations
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

CHORUS: *Her eyes they...*

So come all you jolly young fellows
I'd have you take warning by me
And whenever you're out on the liquor
Beware of the pretty colleen
They'll fill your with whiskey and porter
Until you're not able to stand
And the very next thing that you know
You're landed in Van Dieman's Land.

Dinah

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

A rich girl has a limousine,
A poor girl drives a truck,
But the only time that Dinah rides,
Is when she is having a fuck.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

If I Were the Marrying Kind

If I were the marrying kind
I thank the lord I'm not sir
the kind of rugger I would be
would be a rugby **Prop** sir.

'cause I'd support a hooker
and you'd support a hooker
we'd all support a hooker together
we'd be alright in the middle of the night
supporting hookers together

for the following verses change "Prop" with
the first line and "support hooker" with the
second. You'll get the idea.

2nd Row:

grab Crotch
sniff Butt

Flanker:

get off quick

Shorts:

go up your butt

Eight:

hold till you come

Fullback:

kick balls
(get fucked)

Any Forward:

get stripped
Halftime Orange:
get sucked

Mouthguard:

get licked
(get sucked)

Spectator:

get to watch

Spectator on a rainy day:

come in rubber
(be wet)

Spectator on a sunny day:

come again

Goal Posts:

get split
(stand erect)

Cleats:

get screwed

Groundskeeper:

trim bush
(do lines)

Whistle:

get blown

Boot:

come in boxes
(tied up)

Ball:

strapped in leather
(get touched)

Pitch:

grow weed
(be hard)

Team from far away:

come for hours

Team on a bus:

get off

Drunk Team:

get fucked up

Scrum:

go down

Rule Book:

get violated

If I were the marrying kind

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

*I'd find touch, she'd find touch,
We'd both find touch together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Finding touch together.*

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
The kind of man that I would be,
Would be a wing three-quarter.

*I'd go hard, she'd go hard,
We'd both go hard together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Going hard together.*

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
The kind of man that I would be,
Would be a centre-back Sir.

*I'd pass out, she'd pass out,
We'd both pass out together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Passing out together.*

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

*I'd wipe it out, she'd wipe it out,
We'd both wipe it out together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Wiping it out together.*

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

*I'd put it in, she'd put it in,
We'd both put it in together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Putting it in together.*

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

*I'd strike hard, she'd strike hard,
We'd both strike hard together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Striking hard together.*

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

*I'd bind tight, she'd bind tight,
We'd both bind tight together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Binding tight together.*

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

*I'd go down, she'd go down,
We'd both go down together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Going down together.*

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

*I'd blow hard, she'd blow hard,
We'd both blow hard together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Blowing hard together.*

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

*He'd come again, I'd come again,
We'd both come again together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Coming again together.*

My Bonny is over the ocean.

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

Chorus:

Bring back, bring back,
oh bring back my Bonny to me, to me (2x)

My one skin lies over my two skin.
My two skin lies over my three.
My three skin lies over my foreskin.
Oh pull back my foreskin for me.

Chorus:

Bring back, bring back,
oh bring back my Bonny to me, to me (2x)

The captain he has a young daughter.
A fair maid as you can all see.
She has trouble in passing her water.
And so they have blamed it on me.

Chorus:

Bring back, bring back,
oh bring back my Bonny to me, to me, (2x)

The team referee is a bastard.
His whistle blows each time we pass.
But since we caught him under the shower.
His whistle's been shoved up his ass.

Chorus:

Bring back, bring back,
oh bring back my Bonny to me, to me (2x)

Nancy Whiskey

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O

**I'm a weaver, a Calton weaver, I'm a rash and a roving blade
I have silver in my pouches and I follow the roving trade**

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Whiskey-O

**I cam in by Glasgow City, Nancy Whiskey I chanced they smell
I went in, sat down beside her, seven long years I loved her well**

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O

**The more I kissed her, the more I loved her, the more I kissed her, the more she smiled
I forgot my mother's teaching, Nancy Whiskey had me beguiled**

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O

**I rose early in the morning, to slake my thirst, it was my need
I tried to rise but I was not able, Nancy Whiskey had me by the knees**

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O

**Come all you weavers, you Calton weavers, come all you weavers, where ever you be
Beware of Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey, she'll ruin you like she ruined me**

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, one more time:

Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy Whiskey
Whiskey, Whiskey, Nancy-O

Rugger song

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

Refrain:

**Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about
ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.**

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

Refrain

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

Refrain

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

Refrain

I put my hand upon her tit...
ya ho ya
I put my hand upon her tit...
ya ho ya
I put my hand upon her tit
she said, "hey rugger, you're getting it"

Refrain

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

Refrain

I put my dick into her mouth...
yo ho, yo ho,
I put my dick into her mouth...
yo ho, yo ho,
I put my dick into her mouth,
She said mmm, mhmh, mhmhm...

Refrain

I put her in a wooden box
ya ho, ya ho
I put her in a wooden box
ya ho, ya ho
I put her in a wooden box,
from havin' too many rugger's cocks

Refrain

I dig her up every now and then
ya ho, ya ho
I dig her up every now and then
ya ho, ya ho
I dig her up every now and then,
she did me before she'll do me again

Refrain

Now these few ruggers they went to hell
ya ho, ya ho
Now these few ruggers they went to hell
ya ho, ya ho
Now these few ruggers they went to hell,
they fucked the devil his wives as well

ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

Seven Drunken Nights

As I went home on Monday night, as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a horse outside the door, where my own horse should be.
I called me wife and said to her, "Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that horse outside the door, where my own horse should be

*Chorus: Uh you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool. And still you can not see
That's the lovely sow that my mother sent to me
Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more
But a saddle on a sow, sure I never saw before.*

As I went home on Tuesday night, as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a coat behind the door, where my own coat should be.
I called me wife and said to her, "Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that coat behind the door, where my own coat should be?

*Chorus: Oh you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool. And still you can not see
That's a woollen blanket that my mother send to me.
Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more.
But buttons on a blanket sure, I never saw before.*

As I went home on Wednesday night, as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a pipe upon the chair, where my own pipe should be.
I called my wife and said to her, will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns that pipe upon the chair, where my own pipe should be?

*Chorus: Oh you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool. And still you can not see,
That's the lovely tin-wistle, that my mother send to me.
Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more,
But tobacco in a tin-wistle, sure I never saw before*

As I went home on Thursday night, as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw two boots beneath the bed, where my own boots should be.
I called my wife and I said to her, will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns them boots beneath the bed, where my own boots should be?

*Chorus: Oh you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool. And still you can not see,
They're two lovely Geranium pots that my mother send to me.
Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more,
But laces in Geranium pots, sure I never saw before.*

As I went home on Friday night, as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a head upon the bed where my own head should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that head upon the bed where my own head should be

*Chorus: Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool, still you can not see
That's a baby boy that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But a baby boy with his whiskers on I never saw before*

As I went home on Saturday night, as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw two hands upon her breasts where my old hands should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns them hands upon your breasts where my old hands should be

*Chorus: Oh you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool. And still you can not see, That's a lovely night gown that me mother sent to me
Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But fingers in a night gown sure I never saw before.*

As I went home on Sunday night, as drunk as drunk could be.
I saw a thing in her thing where my old thing should be
Well, I called me wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that thing in your thing where my old thing should be

*Chorus: Oh you're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool. And still you can not see,
They're two lovely Geranium pots that my mother send to me.
Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more,
But laces in Geranium pots, sure I never saw before.*

The Duchess

ALL TO REPEAT LOUDLY:

The Duchess was a dressing
A dressing for the ball
When she saw her tinker
Wanking off against the wall

A DRESSING, A DRESSING
FOR THE BALL, FOR THE BALL
HER TINKER, HER TINKER
AGAINST THE WALL, AGAINST THE WALL

Refrain

*With his bloody kidney wiper and his balls the size of three,
and a yard above her foreskin, hanging down below his knee
Hanging down, swinging free.....YO-HO, YO-HO
And a yard above her foreskin, hanging down below his knee*

The Duchess wrote a letter
And in it she did say
I'd rather fuck with you Rip
Than my husband any day

A LETTER, A LETTER
SHE DID SAY, SHE DID SAY
WITH YOU RIP, WITH YOU RIP
ANY DAY, ANY DAY

Refrain

He rode up to the castle
Rode right into the hall
"Lord save us",
cried the chambermaid
"He's come to fuck us all"

THE CASTLE, THE CASTLE
INTO THE HALL, INTO THE HALL

THE CHAMBERMAID, THE CHAMBERMAID
FUCK US ALL, FUCK US ALL

Refrain

Well first he did the Duchess
And then the maidens too
But the fuckin' of the butler
Was the worst I'm telling you

THE DUCHESS, THE DUCHES
THE MAIDENS TOO, THE MAIDENS TOO
THE BUTLER, THE BUTLER
TELLING YOU, TELLING YOU

Refrain

The fuckin' of the butler
It wasn't awful farce
When he got his erection
He composed the butlers arse

THE BUTLER, THE BUTLER
AWFUL FARSE, AWFUL FARSE
ERECTION, ERECTION
THE BUTLERS ARSE, THE BUTLERS ARSE

Refrain

That tinker is dead and gone now
He's probably gone to hell
Where he's surely up the devil
And I'm sure he's up and well

AND GONE NOW, AND GONE NOW
GONE TO HELL, GONE TO HELL
THE DEVIL, THE DEVIL
UP AND WELL, UP AND WELL

Refrain

The Limerick Song

Chorus:

Ai, Yai, Yai, Yah

Si, Si, Signora

My sister Belinda

She pissed out the window

Right into my Whiskey and soda

There once was a woman named Alice

With a dynamite stick for a phallus

They found her vagina

In South Carolina

Her tits were blown out to Dallas

Chorus

There once was a rabbi from Peru

Who tried eternally to screw

His wife said, "Oy Vey!"

"If you continue this way"

"The Messiah will come before you

Chorus

There was a young lady from Itching,

Sat scratching her nose in the kitchen,

Her Mother said, "Rose, it's pox I suppose,"

She said, "Bollocks, get on with your knitting."

Chorus:

That was a beautiful song,

Sing us another one,

Just like the other one,

Sing us another one do.

There was a young fella named Dave,

Who found a dead whore in a cave,

It took him some pluck to have a cold fuck,

But look at the money he saved.

Chorus

There was a young girl from Australia,

Whose cunt did smell like a dahlia,

At 5p a smell it went very well,

At 10p a lick was a failure.

Chorus

There was a young girl from Cape Cod,

Who thought that all babes came from God

It wasn't the Almighty who lifted her nighty,

It was Roger the lodger the sod.

Chorus

There was a young lady from Gannon,

Who had an affair with the Reverend

Buchanan,

She said with a grin, as he slipped it right in,

With those balls you should be a Cannon.

Chorus

There was a young man from Bengal,

Who had a hexagonal ball,

Its molecular weight was his prick times eight,

And twice the square root of fuck all.

Chorus

There was a young maid from Mobile,

Whose cunt was made of blue steel,

She got her thrills from pneumatic drills,

And off-centered emery wheels.

Chorus

There was a young nun from Siberia,

Endowed with a virgin interior,

Until an old monk jumped into her bunk,

And now she's the Mother Superior.

Chorus

There was a young Scot from Delray,

Who buggered his father one day,

Saying I like it rather, to stuff it up father,

He's clean and there's nothing to pay.

Chorus

There was a young plumber of Lea,

Who was plumbing a girl by the sea,

She said, ``Stop your plumbing,

there's somebody coming.'

Said the Plumber still plumbing, ``It's me !"

Chorus

The gay young Duke of Buckingham,

Stood on the bridge at Rockingham,

Watching the stunts of the cunts on the punts,

And the tricks of the pricks that were stuffing

'em.

Chorus

There was a young girl from Azores,

Whose cunt was covered in sores,

All the dogs in the street, would lick the green

meat,

That hung in festoons from her drawers.

Chorus

There once was a lady called Annie,
Who had fleas, lice and crabs up her fanny,
To get up her flue was like touring the zoo,
There were wild beasts in each nook and
cranny.

Chorus:

*That was a horrible rhyme,
Sing us another one, just like the other one,
Sing us another one do.*

An insatiable nymph from Penzance,
Travelled by bus to south Hants,
Five others fucked her, besides the conductor,
And the driver came twice in his pants.

Chorus

There was a young man from Nantucket,
Whose cock was so long he could suck it,
He said with a grin as he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear was a cunt, I could fuck it."

Chorus

There was a young girl named McCall,
Whose cunt was exceedingly small,
But the size of her anus was something quite
heinous,
It could hold seven pricks and one ball.

Chorus

There was a young man of St James,
Who indulged in the jolliest games,
He lighted the rim of his grandmother's quim,
And laughed as she pissed through the
flames.

Chorus

There was a young man named Hentzel,
Who had a terrific long pencil,
He went through an actress, two sheets and a
mattress,
And shattered the family utensil.

Chorus

There once was a rabbi named Keith,
Who circumcised men with his teeth,
It was not for the treasure, nor sexual
pleasure,
But to get to the cheese underneath.

Chorus

There was a young man named Adair,
Who was fucking a girl on the stair,
The banister broke, and by doubling his
stroke,
He finished her off in mid air.

Chorus

There was a young lady from Munich,
Who was ravished one night by a eunuch,
At the height of her passion he slipped her a
ration,
From a squirt gun concealed in his tunic.

Chorus

A policeman from near Clapham junction,
Had a penis that just wouldn't function,
For the rest of his life he misled his wife,
With some snot on the end of his truncheon.

Chorus

There was a young man of Jaipur,
Whose cock was shot off in the war,
So he painted the front to resemble a cunt,
And set himself up as a whore.

Chorus:

*That was a jolly old rhyme, sing us another
one,
Worse than the other one, sing us another
one do.*

There was an old girl of Silesia,
Who said, "As my cunt doesn't please ya,
You might as well come up my old slimy bum,
But be careful my tapeworm don't seize ya."

Chorus

There was a young man from Poole,
Who found a red ring round his tool,
He ran to the clinic, but the doctor, a cynic,
Said, "That's only lipstick, you fool."

Chorus

There was a young fellow named Bill,
Who took an atomic pill,
His navel corroded, his arsehole exploded,
And they found his burnt nuts in Brazil.

Chorus

There was a young man of Canute,
Who was troubled by warts on his root,
He put acid on these, and now when he pees,
He can finger his root like a flute.

Chorus

There was an old person of Gosham,
Who took out his bollocks to wash 'em,
His wife said, "Now Jack, if you don't put them
back,
I'll step on your scrotum and squash 'em."

Chorus

Did you hear about young Henry Lockett ?
He was blown down the street by a rocket,
The force of the blast blew his balls up his
arse,
And his pecker was found in his pocket.

Chorus

There was a young lady of Tring,
Who sat by the fire to sing,
A piece of charcoal, flew up her arsehole,
And burnt all the hair off her quim.

Chorus

There was a young man of Bombay,
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay,
But the heat of his prick, turned it into a brick,
And chafed all his foreskin away.

Chorus

A certain young fellow named Dick,
Liked to feel a girl's hand on his prick,
He taught them to fool, with his rigid old tool,
Till the cream shot out, white and thick.

Chorus

A bus-man named Abner McFuss,
Liked to suck off old men on his bus,
Then go out and sniff turds, and the arseholes
of birds,
He sure was a funny old cuss.

Chorus

There was a young man named Morell,
Who played with his prick till he fell,
When to get up he started, he suddenly farted,
And fell down again from the smell.
Chorus

A parson who lived near Camborne,
Looked down on all women with scorn,
E'en a boy's fat, white bum, could not make
him come,
But an old man's piles gave him the horn.

Chorus:

*That was a rude old rhyme, sing us another
verse,
Worse than the other verse, sing us another
one do.*

A mortician who practiced in Fife,
Made love to the corpse of his wife,
"How could I know, Judge, she was cold, did
not budge,
Just the same as she'd acted in life."

Chorus

A Sultan of old Istanbul,
Had a varicose vein on his tool,
This evoked joyous grunts, from his harem of
cunts,
But his boys suffered pain at the stool.

Chorus

There was an old man of Kentucky,
Said to his old woman, "Oi'll fuck 'ee."
She replied, "Now you wunt, come anigh my
old cunt,
For your prick is all stinking and mucky."

Chorus

There was a young mate of a lugger,
Who took out a girl just to hug her,
"I've my monthlies," she said, "and a cold in
the head,
But my bowels work well.....Do you bugger ?"

Chorus

There was a young man of Bengal,
Who went to a fancy dress ball,
Just for a stunt, he dressed up as a cunt,
And was fucked by a dog in the hall.

Chorus

There was a young man named McBride,
Who could fart whenever he tried,
In a contest he blew, two thousand and two,
Then shit and was disqualified.

Chorus

The wild west show

Chorus: We're off to see the wild west show,
The elephant and the kangaroo-oo-oo-oo,
Never mind the weather, as long as we're together,
we're off to see the wild west show.

1. Ladies and gentlemen, in the first cage we have the Laughing Hyena.

Chorus: The laughing Hyena? Incredible! Fantastic! Unbelievable!
Jesus Christ! What kind of fucking animal is that?

**The Laughing Hyena lives in the mountains.
Once every year he comes down to eat, once every year he comes down to drink and
once every year he comes down to have sexual intercourse.**

Chorus: Incredible! Fantastic! Unbelievable!

Chorus: We're off to see the wild west show, The elephant and the kangaroo-oo-oo-oo,
Never mind the weather, as long as we're together, we're off to see the wild west
show.

2. Ladies and gentlemen in the next cage we have the Oeha-oeha-bird.

Chorus: The Oeha-oeha-bird? Incredible! Fantastic! Unbelievable!
Jesus Christ! What kind of fucking animal is that?

**The Oeha-oeha-bird is a bird with very large balls,
every time it lands it says: Oeha-oeha, oeha-oeha.**

Chorus: Incredible! Fantastic! Unbelievable!

Chorus: We're off to see the wild west show, The elephant and the kangaroo-oo-oo-oo,
Never mind the weather, as long as we're together,
we're off to see the wild west show.

3. Ladies and gentlemen in the next cage we have the Urang-utang.

Chorus: The Urang-utang? Incredible! Fantastic! Unbelievable!
Jesus Christ! What kind of fucking animal is that?

**The Urang-utang is a monkey with two great brass balls and when he's
swinging through the trees you hear: Urang-utang, Urang-utang.**

Chorus
Chorus

Similar:

4. The Bye-bye-bird: Sits on a gate. Every time someone leaves, it says: Oh piss off

5. The Where-for-the-fuck-am-I-tribe: Small people living in tall bushes
So they jump high, look around and yell: Where for the fuck am I.

What Shall We Do With A Homo Sailor ?

What shall we do with a homo sailor,
What shall we do with a homo sailor,
What shall we do with a homo sailor,
Early in the morning.

Chorus:

*Hooray and up she rises, hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises, early in the morning.*

Put him in bed with the captain's daughter,
Put him in bed with the captain's daughter,
Put him in bed with the captain's daughter,
Early in the morning.

Chorus:

*Hooray and up she rises, hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises, early in the morning.*

Tie him by his bollocks to the mainsail,
Tie him by his bollocks to the mainsail,
Tie him by his bollocks to the mainsail,
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Encourage him to shag a dead donkey,
Encourage him to shag a dead donkey,
Encourage him to shag a dead donkey,
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Walk the plank being buggered by his bum-boy,
Walk the plank being buggered by his bum-boy,
Walk the plank being buggered by his bum-boy,
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Shave his pubes with a rusty razor,
Shave his pubes with a rusty razor,
Shave his pubes with a rusty razor,
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Bugger him with the ship's main cannon,
Bugger him with the ship's main cannon,
Bugger him with the ship's main cannon,
Early in the morning.

Chorus

Yogi Bear

Soloist volunteer for each verse during the previous by raising their hand, and are chosen by a chairman (or the consensus) pointing at them. Everyone sings words in capital letters. I know a bear that you all know,

Yogi, YOGI,
I know a bear that you all know,
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Chorus: *YOGI, YOGI BEAR,
YOGI, YOGI BEAR,
I KNOW A BEAR THAT YOU
ALL KNOW,
YOGI, YOGI BEAR.*

Yogi's got a little friend,
Booboo, BOOBOO,
Yogi's got a little friend,
Booboo, Booboo Bear.

Chorus: *BOOBOO, BOOBOO BEAR,
BOOBOO, BOOBOO BEAR,
YOGI'S GOT A LITTLE
FRIEND,
BOOBOO, BOOBOO BEAR.*

Yogi's got a girlfriend,
Suzy, SUZY,
Yogi's got a girlfriend,
Suzy, Suzy Bear.

Chorus

Suzy uses whips and chains,
Kinky, KINKY,
Suzy uses whips and chains,
Kinky, kinky Bear.

Chorus

Yogi's got an enemy
Ranger, RANGER
Yogi's got an enemy
Ranger, Ranger Smith

Chorus

Yogi's dick is ten inch long,
Lucky, LUCKY
Yogi's dick is ten inch long,
Lucky, lucky Bear.

Chorus

Yogi's dick is long and green,
Cucum, CUCUM,
Yogi's dick is long and green,
Cucum, Cucumber.

Chorus

Suzy takes it from behind,
Horny, HORNY,
Suzy takes it from behind,
Horny, horny Bear.

Chorus

Suzy hates it up the arse
Something, SOMETHING,
Suzy hates it up the arse
Something, something she can't bear

Chorus

Yogi likes it upside down
Koala, KOALA,
Yogi likes it upside down
Koala, Koala Bear.

Chorus

Yogi likes it in the fridge
Polar, POLAR,
Yogi likes it in the fridge
Polar, Polar Bear.

Chorus

Yogi's got a cheesy knob
Camum, CAMUM,
Yogi's got a cheesy knob
Camum, Camembert Chorus: