

SRC Thor



SONGBOOK



FEBRUARI 2001





Voorwoord

Dit is het nieuwe songbook van SRC THOR. Zingen is een belangrijk onderdeel van het rugbyleven. Vooral op trips, ontvangsten en met name in de derde helft is zingen een leuke bezigheid. Menige rugbyclub heeft zijn eigen clublied en kent daarnaast nog enkele liederen. Met dit songbook is SRC THOR vrijwel uniek in Nederland. Geen andere vereniging heeft zo'n uitgebreide kennis van rugby liedjes. En in het buitenland is ook al gebleken dat niet iedere vereniging zo'n boekje als ons songbook heeft. SRC THOR kan derhalve weer goed voor de dag komen in binnen- en buitenland.

Ook in deze nieuwe versie zijn weer een aantal liederen toegevoegd en zijn enkele bestaande uitgebreid.

Het is de bedoeling dat als Thor of Thorrin je zeker enkele van de liedjes uit deze bundel uit je hoofd kent. Om te beginnen natuurlijk het Thorlied. Voor de duidelijkheid hier enkele praktische aanwijzingen voor nieuwelingen op zanggebied:

- De teams zingen om beurten en daarbij heb je respect voor elkaars gezang. Er wordt dus nooit doorheen geblèrd.
- Als je een lied inzet en halverwege de draad kwijt raakt volgt onherroepelijk het wel bekende: "Why was he born ..." en zal er een straf biertje moeten worden gedronken.
- Er wordt niet vals gezongen en geschreeuwd (indien mogelijk).

Maar het belangrijkste is dat iedereen plezier beleeft aan het zingen. Voor de nieuwe leden succes met het leren van de liedjes. Tot slot een speciaal woord van dank aan Louise de Jong voor de assistentie bij het samenstellen van dit nieuwe songbook. En verder iedereen die geholpen heeft met completeren van de liederen.

De songbook commissie 2000/2001.





Inhoudsopgave

Thorlied.....	11
Thor-vrouwenlied (1)	11
Thor-vrouwenlied (2)	12
Alouette	13
Als het kampvuur brandt	Error! Bookmark not defined.
An old engineer	14
As I was walking	15
Auld lang syne	16
Ball of Kerrymuir	16
Bananenlied.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Blood upon the risers	19
Bolide.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Bottle of wine	20
Buono sera	21
Chastity belt.....	22
Clementine	23
Cockles and mussels	24
De Egelantier.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
De nacht was lang	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Dinah	25
Doggies Meeting	26
Don't know much about	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Don't say no.....	27
Durex is a Girl's Best Friend	28
Een Beetje Verliefd.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.

Femmes Fatales.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Fiddlers green.....	28
Flower of Scotland.....	29
Frenchmansong	30
Future prospective.....	30
Grandfather's Cock.....	31
Grand old duke of York	31
He laid his hand upon my toe.....	31
I Met Whore in the Park.....	32
Hé Lellebel.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Hé, Chick-a- chick	33
Heipalenlied.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Het lied der losbandigheid	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Hymns and arias	34
I am the Music Man	35
I don't want to join the army.....	36
I used to work in Chicago	37
Ik ben Gerrit.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Ik verscheurde je foto	Error! Bookmark not defined.
I like the girls.....	38
I love my wife.....	38
In the Frontrow	39
Johanna.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Kees uit de Jordaan	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Kees uit de Jordaan (engels)	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Ketelbinkie	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Kleine Greetje uit de polder	Error! Bookmark not defined.



Lady in black	40
Large Balls.....	41
Last night.....	41
lavatory man	42
Lily the pink.....	42
Lion's hunt.....	43
Loch Lomond.....	44
Lulu.....	45
Malle Babbe.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Marleentje.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Marriage	45
Mayor of Bayswater.....	46
Meisjes met rode haren	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Miss Follow.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Moonlight Bay.....	47
My God, how the money rolls in	48
My name is Jack.....	49
My sister Belinda	51
My way	52
Nelly.....	53
Never walk alone	53
No balls.....	54
Oever van de Rotte	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Oever van de Rotte (Delftse versie).....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Oever van de Vliet.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Onder de wollen deken	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Op de grote stille heide	Error! Bookmark not defined.

Pack up your troubles.....	55
Pull back.....	55
Railroadsong	56
Rawhide.....	56
Red Flag.....	57
Roll a silver dollar	58
Roll me over	59
Roll out the barrel	60
Running Bear.....	60
Sambo	61
Scottish trip.....	61
Seven Drunken Nights	62
Sexual life of the camel.	63
Show me the way	65
Sir Jasper	66
Sixteen tons.....	66
Sloop John B.	67
Sophietje.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Standing on the bridge at midnight.....	68
Sunshine Mountain.....	69
Swing low	69
The black velvet band	69
The lobster.....	71
Titanic.....	72
Tipperary	73
Tom Dooley	74
vlaamse meisjes.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.



Walking down Canalstreet (HEPEN).....	75
Walking down Canalstreet. (DAMES)	75
Wankersong	76
We call on our captain.....	77
Whiskey in the jar	77
wild rover	78
Whoredean School	79
Why was he born.....	82
Wilhelmus	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Will you marry me.....	82
Yogi Bear.....	83
You are my sunshine.....	84
Index op eerste regel.....	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Index op keyword(s)	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Colofon	Error! Bookmark not defined.





THORLIED

There was a Thor, he was no good
He took a girl into the wood
Bye bye Thorhood

He laid her down in the green, green grass
Stuck his big prick in her arse
Bye bye Thorhood.

Maar nadat hij hem dat had gelapt
Heeft de boswachter hem toen gesnapt
Nu zit hij in een groot gevang
Met z'n tamp in een ijzeren tang
Thorlid, bye bye.

THOR-VROUWENLIED (1)

She was a Thor, she was no good
She could fly like Robin Hood
Bye bye Thorhood

Maar there was a great probleem
She had to be drunk before the game
Bye bye Thorhood.

En op een dag ging het dan ook mis
Dat heb je als er geen alcohol is
Terwijl ze rende werd ze rood
Ja, ze is nu wel morsdood
Thorlid, bye bye.

THOR-VROUWENLIED (2)

She was a Thor, she was no good
She took a Thorman to the wood
Bye bye Thorhood

They kissed and hugged and felt alright
Till at last the Thorman cried
"Ay ay Thorhood"

Want wat had zij hem nou gelapt
Ze had z'n - piep - eraf gehapt
Nu ligt hij in het ziekenhuis
Met een prothese in z'n kruis
Thorlid, bye bye.



ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentile Alouette
Alouette, gentile Alouette
How I love your curly hair
How I love your curly hair
Your curly hair, your curly hair
Alouette, Alouette, a-a-a-a-

How I love your misty eyes

- your broken nose
- your yellow teeth
- your double chin
- your two flat feet
- your hanging tits
- your boomsie-booms
- your bloody lips
- your two flat breasts
- your thick fat belly
- your dry hard cunt
- your glass hard eyes
- your sailing ears
- your bubbly nose
- your big big mouth
- your rubber chin
- your stowny teeth
- your long long neckfunny breast
- your fat fat thighs
- your wooden legs
- your iron kneesyour hairy feet
- your silly arms

AN OLD ENGINEER

An old engineer told me before he died
Ahum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
An old engineer told me before he died

And I've no reason to believe he lied
Ahum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum (2x)

That he had a wife with a cunt so wide
Ahum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
That he had a wife with a cunt so wide

That she was never satisfied
Ahum titty bum, titty bum, titty bum (2x)
So he built a prick of steel (2x)
Driven by a bloody great wheel.
Two brass balls were filled with cream (2x)
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.
Round and round went the bloody great wheel (2x)
And in and out went the prick of steel.
Up and up went the level of steam (2x)
And down and down went the level of cream.
Till at last the lady cried: (2x)
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied".

Now we come to the tragic bit (2x)
There was no way of stopping it.
She was split from arse to tits (2x)
And the whole bloody issue was covered with ...

Sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses
Covered all over from arse to tits
Covered all over with shit, shit, shit.



AS I WAS WALKING

As I was walking past Saint Paul's
A queer, he grabbed me by the balls
I cried for help, but no help came
And so he grabbed my balls again.

As I was walking through a wood
I'd shit myself, I knew I would
I cried for help, but no help came
And so I shat myself again.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne
And days of auld lang syne, my dear
And days of auld lang syne
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne

And her's an hand, my trusty frien'
And gie's a hand o' thine
We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne
For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

BALL OF KERRYMUIR

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

Balls to your partner
Arse against the wall
If you've never been fucked
On a saturday night
You've never been fucked at all.



There was reeking in the parlour
And fucking on the stairs
You could hardly see the carpet
For a mass of curly hairs.

There was fucking in the kitchen
And fucking in the hall
You couldn't hear the music
For the clanging of the balls.

The village plumber, he was there
He felt an awful fool
He'd come eleven leagues or more
and forgot to bring his tool.

The chinese student, he was there
He couldn't get a ride
'Cause all the cunts went up and down
Instead from side to side.

The village idiot, he was there
He did his silly trick
He pulled his foreskin over his head
And vanished into his prick

The village cripple, he was there
He wasn't up to much
He put them up against the wall
And fucked them with his crutch.

The vicars wife, well she was there
She was sitting by the fire
Knitting rubber johnnies
Out of old India-rubber tyres.

The chimney sweeper, now he was there
But he soon got the boot
Fot every time he farted
He filled the room with soot.

The blacksmith's brother, he was there
A mighty man was he
He lined them up against the wall
And fucked them three by three.

The mayor's daughter she was there
She had the crowd in fits
A-jumping off the mantle piece
And bouncing off her tits.

The village postman, he was there
The poor man had the pox
He couldn't reach the lassies
So he fucked the letterbox.

And when the ball was over
They all went home to rest
The music had been exquisite
But the fucking was the best.



BLOOD UPON THE RISERS

Chorus:

He aint gonna jump no more
Gory gory gory what a helluva way to die (3x)
And he aint gonna jump no more

“Is everybody happy?” said the sergeant looking up
Our hero feebly answered “Yes” and then they stood him up
He leaped right out into the blast and looked down at the earth

And He aint gonna jump no more
Gory gory gory what a helluva way to die (3x)
And he aint gonna jump no more

He counted long, he counted loud, he waited for the shock
He felt the wind, he felt the clouds, he felt the awfull drop
He jerked the cord, the silk spilled out and wrapped around his
legs
The risers wrapped around his neck, connectors cracked his
doom
The lines were snarled and tied in knots, around his skinny bones
The canopy became his shroud, he hurtled to the ground

The days he’d lived and loved and laughed kept running through
his mind
He thought about the girl at home, the one he’d left behind
He thought about the medics and wondered what they’ll find

The ambulance was on the spot, the jeeps were running wild
The medics jumped and screamed with glee, they rolled their
sleeves and smiled
For it had been a week or more since last a chute had failed

He hit the ground, the sound was splat, his blood went spurting

high

His comrades then were heard to say "helluva way to die"
He lay there rolling round in the welter of his gore

There was blood upon the risers, there was brains upon the chute
Intestines were a-danging from his paratroopers boots
They picked him up, still in his chute and poured him from his
boots

BOTTLE OF WINE

Refrein:

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine
When 're you gonna let me get sober?
Leave me alone, let me go home,
Let me go home and start over.

Ramblin' around this dirty old town,
Singin' for nickels and dimes
Times getting tough, I ain't got enough
To get me a bottle of wine

Pain in my head, bugs in my bed,
Pants so old that they shine
Out on the street I tell the people I meet
"Buy me a bottle of wine"

The preacher will preach and the teacher will teach,
The miner will dig in his mine
I ride the rods, trusting in God
Huggin' my bottle of wine.



BUONO SERA

Buono sera signorina, buono sera
it is time to say goodnight to Napoli
though it's hard for us to whisper buono sera
with that old moon above the Mediterian sea
In the morning, signorina we'll go walking
with the mountains of the sun come into sight
By a little juwelryshop we'll stop and linger
while I buy you a wedding ring for you're finger
In the meantime let me tell you that I love you
Buono sera signorina, kiss me goodnight
Buono sera signorina, kiss me goodnight

CHASTITY BELT

I stand at your portals, my heart is a bleeding
a prisoner of love I'm unable to sleep
I can't seem to find all the love I'm seeking
so let down your draw bridge I'll enter your keep
enter you keep, nonny, nonny
enter you keep, nonny, nonny
let down your draw bridge I'll enter your keep

Oh sir, I deceived you for I'm not a maiden
I married Sir Oswald, the cunning old Celt
he's gone to the wars for twelve months or longer
and has taken the key to my chastity belt
chastity belt, nonny, nonny
chastity belt, nonny, nonny
taken the key to my chastity belt

Fear not gentle maiden for I know a locksmith
to his forge we'll go and on his door we'll knock
and we will inquire of his specialized knowledge
and see if he's able to unpin your lock
unpin your lock, nonny, nonny
unpin your lock, nonny, nonny
see if he's able to unpin your lock
Alas, Sir and Madam, to help I'm unable
my technical knowledge is of no avail
I can't find the secret to your combination
the cunning old bastard has fitted a Yale
fitted a yale, nonny, nonny
fitted a yale. nonny, nonny
the cunning old bastard has fitted a yale



I'm home from the wars with sad news of disaster
a terrible mishap I have to confide
while my ship was passing the rocks of Gibraltar
I carelessly dropped the key over the side
over the side, nonny, nonny
over the side, nonny, nonny
carelessly dropped the key over the side

Alas and alack, I'm locked up for ever
then up spoke a pageboy said leave this to me
if you will allow me to enter your chamber
I'll open it up with my duplicate key
duplicate key, nonny, nonny
duplicate key, nonny, nonny
I'll open it up with my duplicate key

CLEMENTINE

There she stood beside the barrail
Drinking pink gins for two bits
And the swollen whiskey barrels
Stood in awe beside her tits.

I owe my darlin', I owe my darlin',
I owe my darlin' Clementine
Three bent pennies and a nickel
Oh, my darlin' Clementine.

Eyes of whiskey, lips of water
As she sodden at me peer
Dawns the daylight in her temple
With a fucking warming leer.

Hung my guitar on the barrail
At the sweetness of the sign
In one leap leapt out of my trousers
Plunged into her foaming brine.

She was bawdy, she was bawdy
She could match the great Buzoom
As she strained out of her bloomers
Like melon tree in bloom.

On the oaktree and the cypress
Never more together twine
Since that creeping poison ivy
Laid it's blight on Clementine.

COCKLES AND MUSSELS

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

Alive, alive, oho, alive, alive oho
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh.

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



She died of a fever
And no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
But her ghost wheels her barrow
Thro' streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh.

Dinah

Chorus:

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

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

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

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

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

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

DOGGIES MEETING

The doggies held a meeting
They came from near and far
Some came by motor-cycle
Some by motor-car.
Each doggy passed the entrance
Each doggie signed the book
Then each unshipped his arsehole
And hung it on the hook.
One dog was not invited
It sorely raised his ire
He ran into the meeting hall
And loudly bellowed, 'Fire'.
It threw them in confusion
And without a second look
Each grabbed another's arsehole
From another hook.



And that's the reason why, sir
When walking down the street
And that's the reason why, sir
When doggies chance to meet
And that's the reason why, sir
He will sniff another's arsehole
To see if it's his own.

DON'T SAY NO

Oh, my darling, don't say no
Onto the sofa you must go
Up with your petticoat
Down with your drawers
You tickle mine
And I'll tickle yours.

DUREX IS A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

A poke with a bloke may be quite incidental
Durex is a girl's best friend
You may get the works but you won't be parental
As he slides it in
You trust that good old latex skin
As he lets fly none gets by
'Cos it's all gathered up at the end
This little precaution
Avoids an abortion
Durex is a girls best friend

FIDDLERS GREEN

As I walked by the dockside one evening so fair
To view the salt water and taste the salt air
I heard an old fisherman singing a song:
Oh, take me away boys, me time is not long.

Wrap me up in my oilskin and jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you someday on Fiddlers Green.

Now Fiddlers Green is a place I've heard tell
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away.

Where the skies are all clear and there is never a gale
And the fish jump on board with one swish of their tail
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below, making tea for the crew.



When you're back on the dockside and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies there too
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it is free
And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree.

Now I don't want a harp nor a halo, not me
Just give me a breeze on a good rolling sea
I'll play me old squeeze box as we sail along
With the wind in the rigging to sing me a song.

FLOWER OF SCOTLAND

Oh flower of Scotland
When will we see your likes again
That stood and died for
Your wee bit hill and glen.

That stood against them ('gainst who?)
Proud Edward's army
And sent them homewards
To think again.

Those hills are bare now
And autumn leaves lie thick and still
For land that's lost now
But was so dearly held.

Those day's are passed now
And in the past they must remain
For we can still rise now
And be the nation again.

FRENCHMANSONG

A frenchman went to the lavatory
To enjoy a jolly good shit
He took his coat and trousers off
So that he could revel in it
But when he reached for the paper,
He found that someone had been there before
Ou est le papier? Ou est le papier?
Monsieur, monsieur, je blame it on you
Ou est le papier?

FUTURE PROSPECTIVE

So here we are.... (repeat every line) We're at it again
We're moving out,... we're moving in...

The other night we went to town
To have a drink and look around.

The hunkiest guy, I ever saw
Was sipping bourbon through a straw

I picked him up and laid him down
His tight blue jeans came tumbling down.

I pulled it in, I pulled it out
It felt so good I had to shout.

The wedding was a formal one
His father had a two-shot gun.

And now I have a mother in law
And four damned kids, they call me ma.
The moral of the story is clear



Instead of bourbon stick to beer.

GRANDFATHER'S COCK

My grandfather's cock was too long for his jock
So he dragged it ninety yards on the floor
It was bigger by far than the old man himself
And it weighed not a pennyweight more
With a horn on the morn of the day he was born
And a horn on the day that he died
My grandfather's cock was to long for his jock
So it stood for his honour and pride.

GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK

The grand old duke of York
He had ten thousand men
He marched them up to the top of the hill
And he marched them down again
And when they were up they were up
And when they were down, they were down
And when they were only half way up
They were neither up or down

Without the ups
Without the downs
Without the ups and the downs
Only the ups and downs

HE LAID HIS HAND UPON MY TOE.

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

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

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

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

I MET WHORE IN THE PARK

I met a whore in the park one day ya ho, ya ho (3x)
She said no joke, if you want a poke
Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

I put my hand upon her toe ya ho, ya ho (3x)
She said hey Joe you're way too low.
Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about, ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

I put my hand upon her knee ya ho, ya ho (3x)
She said I can see you're kiddin' me
Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

I put my hand upon her thigh ya ho, ya ho (3x)
She said with a sigh you're way too shy
Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

I put my hand upon her tit ya ho, ya ho (3x)
She said, "Hey rugger, you're getting it"
Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

I put my hand upon her twat ya ho, ya ho (3x)



She said hey rugger you hit the spot
Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

I put my dick into her mouth yo ho, yo ho (3x)
She said mmm, mhmh, mhmhm...
Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

I put her in a wooden box ya ho, ya ho (3x)
from havin' too many rugger's cocks
Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

I dig her up every now and then ya ho, ya ho (3x)
She did me before she'll do me again
Get in, Get out, quit fuckin' about ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

Now these few ruggers they went to hell ya ho, ya ho (3x)
The fucked the devil his wives as well
ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

HÉ, CHICK-A- CHICK

Singing hey chick-a-chick
fuck a little bit
follow the man
follow the man with his cock in his hand
singing hey chick-a-chick
fuck a little bit
follow the man
follow the man all the way

My husband's a dentist, a dentist, a dentist
a very fine dentist is he
all day long he fills holes, fills holes, fills holes
and when he comes home he fills me

plumber	stuffs pipes
jockey	rides horses
carpenter	screws screws
postman	licks stamps
taxidermist	stuffs animals
chef	whips cream
chef	beats eggs
lepidopterist	mounts butterflies
Sir Edmund Hilary	mounts Everest

My husbands a rapist a rapist a rapist
a very fine rapist is he
all day long he rapes girls, rapes girls, rapes girls,
so he's too fucking tired to rape me.

HYMNS AND ARIAS

We paid our weekly shilling for that january trip:
A long weekend in London, aye, without a bit of kip
There's a seat reserved for beer by the boys from Abercarn
There's beer, pontoon, crisps and fags, and a croakin' 'Calon Lan

And we are singing hymns and arias
'Land of my fathers', 'Ar hyd y nos'.

Into Paddington we did roll with an empty crate of ale
Will has lost at cards and now his Western Mail's for sale
But Will is very happy though his money all has gone:
He swapped five photos of his wife for one of Barry John.

We told the guard that we're from Wales, and asked 'Is Twickers
far?'

He said "You can catch a 48 man, but it isn't very far"
On the bus were boys from Blaina who'd been to see the Queen



So we had a quick Gymanfa, aye, it was the greatest London's seen.

We got to Twickers early and were jostled in the crowd
Planted leeks and dragons, looked for toilets all around
So many there we couldn't budge - twisted legs and pale
I'm ashamed we used a bottle that once held bitter ale.

Wales defeated England in a fast and open game
We sang "Cwm Rhondda" and "Delilah", damn, they sounded
both the same:
We sympathized with an Englishman whose team was doomed to fail
So we gave him that old bottle that once held bitter ale!

So it's down to Soho for the night, to the girls with the shiny beads
To the funny men with lipstick on, with evil minds and deeds
One said to Will from a doorway dark, damn, she didn't have
much on
But Will knew what she wanted, aye ... his photo of Barry John!

I AM THE MUSIC MAN

I am the Music Man
I come from far away
What can I play

And I can play the piano, piano, piano
And I can play the piano, pia-, pia-, piano

He is the Music Man
He comes from far away
What can he play?

And I can play the saxofoon, etc....

- piccolo
- sprouting whale
- with my self
- pick my nose
- etc. etc.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

I don't want to join the army, I don't want to go to war
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly Underground
Living off the earnings of a high-class lady
I don't want a bayonet up my arse hole
I don't want my bullocks shot away
No, I'd rather stay in Delft
In merry, merry Delft,
And fornicate my fucking life away.

Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
On Wednesday, success, I lifted up her dress
On Thursday I saw it, Cor Blimey!
Friday I laid my hand upon it
Saturday she gave my balls a twitch
On Sunday after supper, I rammed the fucker up 'er
And now I'm paying thirty bob a week Cor Blimey!

Call on the army and the navy, call on the rank and file
Call on the territorial army, they face danger with a smile
You can call upon the boys of the old brigade
To set old England free
You can call upon my brother, my sister and my mother,
but for fucks sake don't call me.



I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

Chorus:

I used to work in Chicago
In an old department store
I used to work in Chicago
But I don't work there anymore

A lady came in the shop one day and asked me for some
nails

Nails from the store
Nails she wanted, screwed she got
I don't work there anymore

A lady came in the shop one day and asked me for some
cigarettes

Cigarettes from the store
Cigarettes she wanted, shag she got
I don't work there anymore

Chickens	-	Cock
Needles	-	Pricks
Kitkat	-	Four fingers
Floppy disks	-	Harddrive
Piano	-	My organ
Helicopter	-	Chopper
Meat	-	Pork, Sausage
Paper	-	Ream
Big Mac	-	Whopper
Jewelry	-	Pearl necklace
Carpet	-	Floor
Fishing rod	-	My pole
Camel	-	Humped
Translator	-	Cunning linguist Etc.

I LIKE THE GIRLS

Some die of drinking water
And some of drinking beer
Some die of constipation
And some of diarrhoea
But of all the world's diseases
There's none that can compare
With the drip, drip, drip
Of a syphilitic prick
And they call it gonorrhoea.

I like the girls who say they will
I like the girls who won't
I hate the gils who say they will
And then say they won't
But of all the girls I like the best
I may be wrong or right
Are the girls who say they never will
But look as though they might.

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do
I love her dearly, I love her hole she pisses through
I love her tits, diddly-its, diddly-its
And her nut-brown arsehole
I eat her shit gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble
With a rusty spoon.



IN THE FRONTROW

(melodie the Wild Rover)

I've been a propforward as long as I know,
And will always do nothing but play the frontrow.
You might think we're crazy, just stupid or dumb,
But? Without us you wouldn't win one single scrum.

Chorus:

And it's close, tight, together,
Never back we will go.
Cause we'll always be playing,
In the frontrow.

I stand inbetween them, and hooker's my name,
Striking at balls is my favourite game.
Channels and tactics, just give me a call,
Cause I am by far the smartest of all.

Our numbers are easy, they're one, two and three,
Or in the same order, it's a, b and c.
It's common logic, we're always up front,
Ask us a question, we'll probably HUH

No second or backrow, no scrumhalf or back,
We are the pillars of both team and pack.
You may wonder why, but you will never know,
Unless you have tried to play in the frontrow.

Scrummage is easy, we say "piece of cake",
We push them around 'til we hear something break.
Referee or others, we don't give a fuck,
We are the best in a fast forward ruck.

Our job in the lineout's is lift and protect,
And hand-off opponents in case they object.
Wheeling a maul is great fun to do,
Cause if we are lucky we get to score too.

You might not believe it, we sometimes do think,
It most likely happens when we need a drink.
Running makes thirsty and energy's spilt,
That's why our stomachs are constantly filled.

Now that you know what the frontrow's about,
Guess what we think when we give you a shout
Dropping a ball may look clumsy to you,
But winning a scrum is what we're born to do.

LADY IN BLACK

She is a lady in black
She earns a living on her back
Singing ahahahaha, singing poepipoepidoe (2x)
She is a lady in red
She was the best I ever had
Singing heeheeheehee, hoehoehoehoehoe (2x)

...blue, she likes to do it with some glue.
...gold, but I think she was far to old.
...grey, she lies to do it in the hay.
...pink, and she makes my finger stink.
...green, she's the living sexmachine.
...white, and she swallowed it down right.
...brown, she was moving up and down.
...from the north, she likes to do it back and forth.
...from the south, she likes to take it in her mouth.
...from the west, every night she does her best.
...from the east, and she does it like a beast.



...from the States, and she did it with my mates.
...from Greece, and I toke her on her knees.

LARGE BALLS

Miss Jones was walking down the street
When a young fella she happened to meet
Who was giving the girls a helluva treat
By twisting and turning his balls.

For they were large balls, large balls
Twice as heavy as lead
With a dexterous twist
Of his muscular wrist
He threw them right over his head.

A policeman to the scene was brought
He said, "I'll have to take you to court
'Cos it's certain that nobody ought
To be twisting and turning his balls."
The prisoner standing in the dock
Gave the judge a helluva shock
By insisting on showing the jury his cock
And twisting and turning his balls

The judge he said, "The case is clear
The fine will be barrel of beer
For any young bugger who comes in here
Twisting and turning his balls."

LAST NIGHT

Last night I laid in bed and masturbated
It did me good, I knew it would
Tonight I will repeat the operation

It's my desire to pull the wire
First I try the long stroke
Up and down, up and down
Then I try the short stroke
Round and round, round and round
Squeeze it, heave it, pinch it in the door
Smash it, crash it, bangd it on the floor
Some people say that sexual intercourse is grand
But speaking for myself I'd rather use my fucking hand.

LAVATORY MAN

Down in the subway
Underneath the ground
There's an awful lot of bullshit
Hanging around
Some is wet, some is dry
Some don't smell, but me o' my
Dan, Dan, the lavatory man
He's the superintendent of the shithouse-gang
Picking up the papers, rolling up the towels
Working to sound of the grumbling bowels
Plipperdepop, a sound is heard
It's only the sound of a slippery turd
Plipperdepop, hear them drop
Do the oakey coakey to the shithouse-rock.

LILY THE PINK

We'll have a drink, a drink
To Lilly the pink, the pink, the pink
The saviour of the human race
For she invented a wondrous compound
To make man fuck with style and grace.



Now mister Morgan had a very small organ
He could hardly raise a stand
So Lilly the pink gave him her wondrous compound
And now he comes in either hand.

Now mister Dooley had very small goolicks
They were the size of processed peas
So Lilly gave him the wondrous compound
And now they hang below his knees.
Now Mrs. Walker had tiny knockers
They hardly showed beneath her blouse
So Lilly gave her wondrous compound
Now they milk her with the cows.

LION'S HUNT

Chorus:

We're going on a lion's hunt
We're not scared
We've got guns
We've got bullets
We are men

We come to a mountain
Can't go over it
Can't go under it
We've got to go around it

We come to a river
Can't go around it
Can't go over it
We've got to go through it

We come to a forest

Can't go around it
Can't go over it
We've got to walk through it

We come to a lion
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAgh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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 want to gae
On the bonnie bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

Oh, ye'll tak' the highroad
And I'll tak' the low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye
But me and my true love
We'll 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 purple hue the Highland hills we view
An' the moon comin' out in the gloamin'.
The wee birdies sing an' the wild flowers spring
An' in sunshine the waters lie sleepin'
But the broken hart it kens nae second spring
Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greeting.



LULU

Chorus:

Bang, bang Lulu, Lulu's gone away
Who is gonna bang bang, now Lulu's gone away

Lulu is a pretty girl, she's got a lot of class
many skirts she always wears, because she shows her ...

Lulu has a bicycle, the seat of it very bunt
Everytime she jumps on it, it sticks into her ...
Lulu had a boyfriend, a skinny little rat
When she let him have a bang, he vanished in her ...

Lulu had a boyfriend, his name was Tommy Tucker
He took her down the alley, to see if he could ...

Lulu had a boyfriend, his name was Michael Hunt
she liked him the best because, he kissed her on her ...

Now she has two boyfriends, both are very rich
One's a son of a banker, the other one's a son of a ...

MARRIAGE

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

And he'd find touch and I'd find touch

We'd both find touch together
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Finding touch together

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

And he'd go hard and I'd go hard
We'd both go hard together
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Going hard together

center three-quarter - pass it out
rugby fly-half - whip it out
rugby scrum-half - put it in
rugby hooker - strike hard
big propforward - bind tight
rugby flanker - swing it out
referee - blow hard

MAYOR OF BAYSWATER

The mayor of Bayswater
Has got a pretty daughter.

And the hairs on her dicky-dido
Hangs down to her knees -
One black one, one white one,
And one with a bit of shit on
And one with a fairy light on
To show us the way.

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



I've seen it, I've seen it	I've lain right between it.
She went to Glamorgan	Her cunt like a barrel organ.
If she was my daughter	I'd have 'em cut shorter.
She slept with a demon	Who washed her with semen.
She married an Italian	With balls like a fucking stallion.
She divorced the Italian	And married the fucking stallion.
She lived on a mountain	And pissed like a bloody fountain.
It took a Welsh miner	To find her vagina.

MOONLIGHT BAY

We were walking alone, down Moonlight Bay
You could hear the darkies singing
They seemed to say
What did they say, what did they say?
You have stolen my heart
Don't go away
As we sang those old sweet lovesongs
Down Moonlight Bay.

The bells were ringing, for me and my girl
Everybody is knowing
To wedding we're going
Everybody is showing
Every Susy and Sall.
They're fornicating for me and by girl
They're masturbating for me and by girl
And some day soon we're gonna build a home
For three or four or sixty-four
In Loveland
For me and my girl.

MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father was hung for sheep steeling
My mother was burnt for a wick
My sister's a bawdy house keeper
And I am a son of a bitch

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 father makes book on the corner
My mother makes illicit gin
My sister sells kisses to sailors
My God, how the money rolls in

My mother's a bawdy house keeper
At night when the evening grows dim
She hangs out a little red lantern
My God, how the money rolls in

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

My sister's a barmaid in London
For a shilling she'll strip to the skin
She's stripping from morning 'till midnight
My God, how the money rolls in

My aunt keeps a girl's seminary



She teaches young girls to begin
She doesn't say where they will finish
My God, how the money rolls in

I've lost all my cash on the horses
I'm sick of the illicit gin
I'm falling in love with my nephew
My God, what a mess I am in

MY NAME IS JACK

Well my name is Jack
I'm a necrophiliac
I fuck dead women,
And I fill them with my semen.
I get so frustrated;
When women are cremated.
Burial is a must!
Cause you can't fuck dust!

Well my name is Al,
I'm a homosexual.
I fuck boys and men,
When ever I can.
I get so frustrated,
When men are constipated.
Diarrhoea is a must,
Because it's shit or bust.

Well my name is Al,
I'm a homosexual.
I'm from that kind,
Who likes it from behind.
And when I die some day,
I'll still be gay.

Because I get fucked by jack.
The fucking necrophyliac.

Well my name is Guss,
I'm incestuous.
I fuck my mother,
And my little brother.
And when they die;
I do not cry.
I become like Jack.
The fucking necrophyliac.

Well my name is Dutroux,
I like little children too.
I lock them up,
To get a good fuck.
And when they die;
I do not cry,
Because I can sell them to Jack
The fucking necrophyliac.

Well my name is Mary,
And I like it ordinary.
With someone that lives,
And that is no relative.
They must be grown up,
And I never lock them up.
I'm proud to say I'm not a gay.
So guys shut up,
And try to get a normal fuck.



MY SISTER BELINDA

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay
Si, Si, Signora
My sister Belinda
She pissed out her window
Right into my whiskey and soda.

I like the gin
It helps to get in
Get in, get out da vino
Ay, ay, da vino
Da vino est so supremo, oho

Refrein

Well I like the brandy, it makes me so handy etc...
Well I like the rum, it helps me to come
Well I like the whiskey, it makes me feel friskey
Well I like the beer, it makes me feel queer
Well I like the beer, it makes me come clear
Well I like the stout, it helps me get out
Well I like the rum, it helps me to come
Well I like the sherry, it helps me to carry
Well I like the brandy, it makes me feel randy
Now I like ricard, it makes me get hard
Well I like the wine, it makes me feel fine
Well I like the coke, it helps me to poke
Well I like the guinness, it helps me to finish

MY WAY

And now the end is near
And so I face the final curtain
My friend, I'll say it clear
I'll state my case of which I'm certain
I lived a life that's full
I travelled each and every highway
And more much more than this
I did it my way.

Regrets, I've had a few
But then again to few to mention
I did what I had to do
And saw it through without exemption
I planned each charted course
Each careful step along the byway
And more much more than this
I did it my way.
Yes there were times, I'm sure you know
When I bit off, more than I could chew
But through it all when there was doubt
I ate it up and spit it out
I faced it all and I stood tall
And did it my way.

I've loved I've laughed and cried
I've had my fill my share of losing
And now as tears subside
I find it all so amusing
To think I did all that
And may I say not in a shy way
Oh no, oh no not me



I did it my way.
For what is a man what has he got
If not himself than he has not
To say the things he truly feels
And not the words of one who kneels
The records shows I took the blows
And did it my way.

NELLY

You can't kick Nelly in the belly in the barn
You can't kick Nelly in the belly in the barn
You can't kick Nelly in the belly in the barn
Till the green grass grows around her.

Second verse, same as the first
A little bit louder and a little bit worse.

You can't kick Nelly etc.

NEVER WALK ALONE

When you walk, through a storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark
At the end of a storm
There's a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of life.

Walk on through the wind
Walk on through the rain
Let your dreams reach out
On and on
Walk on, walk on

With hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone
You'll never walk alone.

NO BALLS

Come you old drunkards, give ear to my tale
This short little story will make you turn pale
It's about a young lady, so pretty and small
Who married a man who had no balls at all.

No balls at all, no balls at all
She married a man who had no balls at all.

How well she remembered the night they were wed
She rolled back the sheets and they crept into bed
She felt for his prick, how strange it was small
She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Oh mommy, oh mommy, oh pity my luck
I've married a man who's unable to fuck
His toolbag is empty, his screwdriver is small
The impotent wrench has got no balls at all.

Daughter, oh daughter, now don't be a sap
I've had the same trouble with your dear old pap
But there's many a man who will come to the call
Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all.

The pretty young lady took her mothers advice
And found the whole thing exceedingly nice
An eleven pound baby was born in the fall
But the poor little bastard had no balls at all.



PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.

While you have a lucifer to light your fag
Smile boys, that's the style.

What's the use of worrying
It never was worthwhile.

So, pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.

PULL BACK

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

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

My father lies over my mother
My mother lies over my brother
My brother lies over my sister
So pull back my foreskin for me.

RAILROADSONG

I've been working on the railroad
All my long live days
I've been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away
Can't you hear the whistle blowing
Rise up early in the morn'
Can't you hear the whistle blowing
Dinah won't you blow your horn.

Dinah won't you blow (3x) your horn.
Dinah won't you blow (3x) your horn.

There's someone in the kitchen with Dinah
Someone in the kitchen I know
Someone in the kitchen with Dinah
Playing on the old banjo.

Fi-fa-fiddly-a-yo (3x)
Playing on the old banjo.

RAWHIDE

Rollin', rollin', rollin', though the streams are swollen
Keep them doggies rollin', Rawhide
Rain and wind and weather
Hell bend for leather
Wishing my girl was by my side
All the things I'm missin'
Good fiddler, love and kissin'
Are waitin' at the end of my ride.



Move them up, hid them up, hid them up, move them up
Move them up, hid them up, Rawhide
Cut them out, ride them in, ride them in, cut them out
Cut them out, ride them in, ride them in, Rawhide.

Keep movin', movin', movin', though they're disapproving
Keep them doggies movin', Rawhide
Don't try to understand them
Just rope and trow and bland them
Soon we'll be livin' high and wide
My heart is calculatin'
My true love will be waitin'
Be waitin' at the end of my ride.

RED FLAG

The working class
Can kiss my arse
I've got the foreman's job at last
I'm out of work
And on the dole
You can stuff the Red Flag
Up your hole.

't was on Gibraltar's rock, so fair
I saw a maiden lying there
And as she lay in sweet repose
A puff of wind blew up her clothes
A sailor who was passing by
Tipped his hat and winked his eye
And then he saw to his despair
She had the Red Flag flying there.

ROLL A SILVER DOLLAR

Rolla, rolla, rolla, rolla (2x)
Roll a silver dollar down upon the ground
And it will roll, because it's round
A woman never knows what a good man she's got
Until she brings him down, down, down, down
Listen my honey, listen to me
I want you to understand
As a silver dollar rolls from hand to hand
A woman goes from man to man.

Because a man without a woman
Is like a ship without a sail
Or a boat without a rudder
Or a cat without a tail
A man without a woman
Is like a wreck upon the sands
There's only one thing worse
In the universe
And that's a woman (3x)
Without a man.

Amy, Amy, Amy my girl, what are you waiting for now
You promised to marry me someday in June
It's never too late and it's never too soon
All the family, they keep on asking me
Which way, what way
In the family
Amy, Amy, Amy my girl, what are you waiting for now.

We're gonna wait 'till the sun shines Amy
And the clouds go drifting by
We'll be so happy Amy
In the sweet old by and by



Down lovers lane we'll wander
Sweethearts you and I
We're gonna wait 'till the sun shines Amy
In the sweet old by and by.

I don't wanna go home, I don't wanna go home,
I'm in love with a beautiful girl.

ROLL ME OVER

Chorus:

Roll me over lay me down and do it again
Roll me over in the clover
Roll me over lay me down and do it again

And this in number one and the fun has just begun
And this in number two and my hand was on her shoe
And this in number three and my hand was on her knee
And this in number four and we're rolling on the floor
And this in number five and the bee is in the hive
And this in number six and she said she liked my tricks
And this in number seven and we are in seventh heaven
And this in number eight and the nurse is at the gate
And this in number nine and the twins are doing fine
And this in number ten and we start all over again

ROLL OUT THE BARREL

Roll out the barrel
We'll have a barrel of fun
Roll out the barrel
We've got the blues on the run
Tsjing-boom, taralel
Ring out a song of good cheer
Now it's time to roll the barrel
Cause the gang's all here.

RUNNING BEAR

On the banks of the river, stood Running Bear young indian brave
On the other side of the river, stood his lovely indian maid
Little White Dove was her surname, such a lovely sight to see
But their tribes fought with each other so their love could never be

Oh, Running Bear, loved Little White Dove
with a love that reached the sky
with a love as big as ocean
with a love that never died.

He couldn't swim the raging river, 'cause the river was too wide
He couldn't reach his Little White Dove, waiting on the other side
In the moonlight he could see her, throwing kisses 'cross the
waves
Her little heart was beating faster, waiting there for her young
brave.

Running Bear dived in the water, Little White Dove did the same
And they swam out to each other, through the swirling stream
they came
As their hands touched and their lips met, the raging river pulled
them down
Now they'll always be together in those happy hunting grounds.



SAMBO

Sambo was a lazy coon
Who went to sleep in the afternoon
So tired was he
So tired was he.

Off to the jungle he did go
Swinging his chopper to and fro
When along came a bee
A fucking great bumblebee.

Fly away you bumblebee
I ain't no rose
Get off my nasal
Get off my fucking nose.

Arse 'ole rules the navy
Arse 'ole rules the navy
Arse 'ole rules the aavy.

If you want some fanny
You fuck my granny
But you'll get no arse of me, oi!

SCOTTISH TRIP

O, we went up the Highlands of Scotland
To the land of the loch and the glen
And we'll all bring our wives back a present
So we can go next time again.

Singing too-ral-ay, oo-ral-ay, addy
We went up by train and by car
When the juice of the barley starts flowing

We all saw the game in the bar.

Oh, we loaded the bus up with flagons
And we left about twenty past seven
We stopped fourteen times between Neath and Bridgend
We were still in Glamorgan at eleven.

On the M5 Will spoke to the driver
He said: "Can you no stop this bus for a while?"
He said: "Man alive, we're on the M5
You'll have to hang on 'till Carlisle."

Old Willie climbed out on the sun-roof
And he stood on the bus in disgrace
But he wasn't to know that the bridge was so low
But he died with a smile on his face.

He was splattered all over the pavement
And his leek, it was stuffed down his throat
And I heard his friend say as they scraped Will away
"My ticket was inside his coat!"

SEVEN DRUNKEN NIGHTS

Well as I went home on a Mondaynight
As drunk as I could be
I saw a horse outside the door
Where my old horse should be
Well I called my wife and I said to her
Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that horse outside the door
Where my horse should be.

Ah, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool
Sill you cannot see that is a lovely saw



That me mother send to me
Well it is many a day I travelled a hundred miles or more
But a saddle on a saw sure I never saw before.

Tuesdaynight
a coat behind the door
a woolen blanket
buttons on a blanket

Thursdaynight
two boots beneath the bed
a lovely geraniumpots
laces in geraniumspots

Wednesdaynight
a pipe upon a chair
a lovely tinwistle
tabacco in a tinwistle

Fridaynight
a head upon the bed
a babyboy
a babyboy with his wishes on.

SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL.

The sexual life of the camel
Is stranger than anyone thinks
At the height of the mating season
He tries to bugger the sphinx
But the sphinx's posterior sphincter
Is all clogged by the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the sphinx's instructable smile

Chorus:

Singing bum-titty-bum-titty titty-bum-titty-bum
bum-titty-bum-titty hee (2x)

For we 're all friends together
that's why we go round in pairs
yes we 're all friends together
excuse us while we go upstairs
(in pairs, upstairs, in pairs).

In the process of syphilization
From the anthropoid ape down to man
It is generally held that the Navy
Has buggered whatever it can
Yet recent extensive researches
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall
Conclusively prove that the hedgehog
Has never been buggered at all.

We therefore believe our conclusion
Is incontrovertibly shown
That comparative safety on shipboard
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone
Why haven't they done it at Spithead
As they've done it at Harvard and Yale
And also at Oxford and Cambridge
By shaving the spines off its tail.

Alas my name is Cecil
I live in Lester Square
I wear a flowered waistcoat
and a rosebud in my hair
for we're all queers together
excuse us while we go upstairs (in pairs)



for we're all queers together
the asshole is here to stay.

While riding on the underground
there wasn't a seat to be had
a young man offered me his seat
so I took it in my hand.
for we're all queers together
excuse us while we go upstairs (in pairs)
for we're all queers together
the asshole is here to stay.

The sexual life of an ostrich
is stranger than that of man
in the height of the mating season
he buries his head in the sand
When along comes a male of the species
and sees that big ass in the air
does he ask if it's male or female
or doesn't he bloody well care.

T'was Christmas Eve in the Abbey
the Eunuchs all lined the stairs
watching the fair young maidens
combing their pubic hair
when along came old Santa (ho ho fuck)
he echoed all through the halls
saying what do you want for Christmas
the Eunuchs all said - Give Me Balls.....

SHOW ME THE WAY

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
Well I had a little drink about an hour ago

And it's gone right to my head
Wherever I may roam
Over land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home.

SIR JASPER

She wears a woolen pyjama in the winter when it's cold
She wears a silken nightie in the summer when it's hot
The best time to catch her is in springtime or in fall
When she lies between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all

Oh sir Jasper do not touch me (3x)
When she lies between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all

Oh sir Jasper do not touch (3x) etc.

She 's the most immoral lady (3x)
When she lies between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all

SIXTEEN TONS

Some people say a man is made out of mud
A poor man's made out of muscle and blood
Muscle and blood, skin and bones
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong

You load sixteen tons and what do you get
Another year over and deeper in debt
Saint Peter don't you call me 'cause I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store.

I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine



I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal
And the straw boss said: "Well bless my soul"

I was born one morning it was drizzling rain
Fightin' and trouble are my middle name
It was raised in a cane brake by an ole mama lion
Can't no high toned women make me walk the line.

If you see me comin' better step aside
A lot of men didn't and a lot of man died
One fist of iron, the other of steel
If the right one don't get you the left will.

SLOOP JOHN B.

We came up the sloop John B.
My grandpappy and me
Around Nassau town we used to roam
Drinking all night
Got into a fight
I feel so broken up, I wanna go home.

So hoist up the John B. sail
See how the main sail sets
Call for the captain ashore
And let me go home
I wanna go home
Why don't they let me go home
I feel so broken up, I wanna go home.

The first mate he got drunk
He broke in the captains trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Oh sheriff John Stone, why don't you let me go home

I feel so broken up, I want to go home.

The captain's a wicked man
Get's drunk whenever he can
He don't give a damn for pappy and me
He kicks us around, gets us in a frown
Well I feel so broken up, I wanna go home.

The first cook he caught fids
He took away all of my grids
Then he went and ate up all of my corn
I wanna go home, why don't you let me go home
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

STANDING ON THE BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT

Standing on the bridge at midnight
Throwing snowballs at the moon
She said: "Sir, I've never had it"
But she spoke so fucking soon.

It's the same the whole world over
It's the poor that get's the blame
It's the rich what get the pleasure
Ain't it all a fucking shame.

Standing on the bridge at midnight
Picking black-heads, from her crutch
She said: "Sir, I've never had it"
I said: "No, not fucking much!"

Standing on the bridge at midnight
She fall flat into the mud.



SUNSHINE MOUNTAIN

We're climbing on the Sunshine Mountain
Where the little breezes blow
We're climbing on the Sunshine Mountain
Faces all aglow
Turn, turn your back on sorrow
Reach up to the sky
We're climbing on the Sunshine Mountain
You and I.

SWING LOW

Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' for to carry me home

I looked over the Jordan, and what did I see
Comin' for to carry me home
A band of angels, comin' after me
Comin' for to carry me home.

mmmm - silent - shout.

THE BLACK VELVET BAND

Well in a neat little town they call Belfast
apprenticed to trade I was bound
and many an hour sweet happiness
have I spend in that neat little town
a slight misfortune came over 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 diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
and her hair it hung over her shoulder
tied up with a black velvet band

I took a stroll down Broadway
meaning not long for to stay
when who should I meet but this pretty rair maid
coming a traipsing along the highway
she was both fair and handsome
her neck it was just like a swan's
and her hair it hung over her shoulder
tied up with a black velvet band

Chorus

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
and a gentleman passing us by
well I knew she meant the doing of him
by the look in her roguish black eye
a gold watch she took from his pocket
and placed it right into my hand
and the very next thing I said was:
bad cess to the black velvet band

Chorus

Before the judge and the jury
next morning I had to appear
the judge he says to me: Young man
your case it is proven quit clear
we'll give you seven years penal servitude
to be spend far away from the land



far away from your friends and companions
betrayed by the black velvet band

Chorus

So come all you jolly young fellows
a warning take by me
if you are out in the town me lads
beware of the pretty colleens
they'll feed you with strong drinks, me lads mor ya
till you are unable to stand
and the very next thing you'll know is
you've landed in Van Diemensland

THE LOBSTER

Fisherman, fisherman
Home from the sea
Have you a lobster
You will sell to me.

Roll tiddly oh
Shit or bust
Never let your balls
Dangle in the dust.

Yes sir, yes sir
I have two
And the biggest of the bastards
I will sell to you.

So I took the lobster home
But couldn't find a dish
So I put it in a place
Where the misses has a piss.

Early in the morning
As you all know
The misses got up
To let the water flow.
First there was a yell
Then there came grunt
And out came the missus
With the lobster in her cunt.
The misses grabbed the brush
And I grabbed the broom
And we chased the fucking lobster
Round and round the room.

Oh we hit it on the head
And we hit it on the side
We hit the fucking lobster
Till it nearly died.

Oh the story has a moral
And the moral is this
Always have a shuft
Before you have a piss.

This is the ending of a song
And should you ask for more
There's an apple up my ass
And you can have the core.

TITANIC

When they build the ship Titanic
To sail the ocean blue
They thought they'd made a ship
Where the water will never come through



But the good Lord raised his hand
And the ship will never land
It was sad when the great ship went down
 And it was sad, so sad
 It was sad when the great ship went down
 To the bottom of the sea
 It was sad when the great ship went down

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

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

TIPPERARY

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day
As the streets are paved with gold, sure everyone was gay
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand an Leicester square
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there.

It's a long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know
Goodbye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester square

It's a long way to Tipperary
But my heart's right there.

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

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

TOM DOOLEY

Hang down your head Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head Tom Dooley
Poor boy you're bound to die.

Met her on the mountain
There I took her life
Met her on the mountain
Stabbed her with my knife.

This 'll time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be
If it hadn't been for Greyson
It had been in Tennessee.

This 'll time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be
Down in some lonesome valley
Hanging from a wild oak tree.



WALKING DOWN CANALSTREET

Walking down Canalstreet
Knocking on every door
God damn' son of a bitch
I couldn't find a whore.

I finally found a whore
She was small and thin
God damn' son of a bitch
I couldn't get it in.

I finally got it in
Worked my way about
God damn' son of a bitch
I couldn't get it out.

I finally got it out
It was red and sore
The moral of this story is
Never fuck a whore.

WALKING DOWN CANALSTREET. (DAMES)

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

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

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

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

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

WANKERSONG

My mother said that I never should
Play with the naughty rude girls in the wood
Their giggling talk I could never understand
And that's why I fell in love with my right hand
And that's why:

I'm a wanker, I'm a wanker
And it does me good like it bloody well should
I'm a wanker, I'm a wanker
And I'm always pulling my pud.

I was 25 years old before I was kissed
Then I found that I preferred a swift-one of the wrist
It's cheap and convenient
You can't catch VD
It's available at any time
And it's absolutely free
And that's why:



Oh Mrs. Hand and your five lovely daughters
Thauk you for having me and being oh so kind
I've got pains in my arms and my donkey's growing shorter
My knees have turned to water and I think I'm going blind
I've wanked over Italy, I've wanked over Spain
I've wanked in an omnibus, I've even wanked in a train
I've used a badger and a melon and a cat
An inflatable Linda Lovelace and a Davy Crocket hat
And that's why:

WE CALL ON OUR CAPTAIN

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

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

As I was going over the far Kilkenny mountain
I met with captain Farrel and his money he was counting
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier
Saying stand and deliver or you'll be a bold deceiver.

Mush a ring da-de-doo da-de-da
Wreck pole to daddy-o
Wreck pole to daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar.

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me

But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

I went into my chamber all for to take a slumber
I dreamed of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
Jenny drew my turgeous and she filled them up with water
Then called far captain Farrel to be ready for the slaughter

It was early in the morning just before I rose to travel
Up came the band and footmen and likewise captain Farrel
I first produced my pistol for she'd stolen away me rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken.

If anyone can aid me it's me brother in the army
If I can find his station in Cork or in Killarney
If he come with me we'll go roaming in Kilkenny
I'm sure he'll take me better then me old missparting Jenny.

WILD ROVER

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

For it's no nay never
No nay never no more
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more.

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



I then took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landladies eyes opened wide with delight
She said I've whiskeys and wines of the best
And the words that she told me were only in jest.

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

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

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

WHOREDEAN SCHOOL

We are from Whoredean
Good girls are we
We take no pride in our virginity
We take our precautions
And we avoid abortions
For we are from Whoredean School.

Up school, up school, up school
Fuck the school, shit
La la la, la la la la la la
La la la, la la la la la la, shit.

Our headmaster, he is a fool
He only has a teeny-weeny tool
It's alright for keyholes
And little girly peeholes
But we are from Whoredean School.

Our sportmistress, she is the best
She teaches us to develop our chest
So we wear tight sweaters
And carry french letters
For we are from Whoredean School.

We are at Whoredean, each X-mas dance
We don't wear bra's and we don't wear pants
We like to give our
Boyfriends a chance
For we are from Whoredean School.

Our school-gardener, he makes us drool
He's got a great big dirty whopping tool
It's alright for tunnels
And the Queen Mary's funnels
And the girls from Whoredean School.

When we go down to the beach for a swim
People remark at the size of our whim
You can hear them holler
"It's like a horses collar"
For we are from Whoredean School.

We have a new girl, her name's Flo
Nobody thought she'd ever go
But she surprised the vicar
By raising him quicker
Than anyone from Whoredean School.



We go to Whoredean, don't we have fun
We know exactly how it is done
When we lie down
we hole it in one
For we are from Whoredean School.
Our head perfect, her name is Jane
she only likes it now and again
and again and again
and again and again
and again and again and again
Our house mistriss you cannot beat,
She lets us go walking in the street
We sell our titties
for three penny bitties
Right outside Whoredean School

Our school doctor, she is a beaut,
Teaches us to swerve when our boyfriends shoot
It saves many marriages
and forced miscariages
For we are from Whoredean School

We got to Whoredean, don't we have pluck
We go to bed without asking a buck
Try us sometimes boys
You may be in luck
For we are from Whoredean School

We go to Whoredean, we can be bad
Don't take our word, boy, ask your old Dad
He brings his friends
for breath taking trends
For we are form Whoredean School

Up school, up school, up school
fuck the school, shit!

WHY WAS HE BORN

Why was he born so beautiful
Why was he born at all
He's no fucking use to anyone
He's no fucking use at all

He's a bastard eyes so blue
He's a bastard through and through
He's a drunkard so they say
He thought he went to heaven
But he went the other way.
Drink it down, down, down,

WILL YOU MARRY ME

If I give you half a crown
Will you take your knickers down
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry
Will you marry me?

If you give me half a crown
I won't take my knickers down
I won't marry, marry, marry, marry
I won't marry you.

If I give you fish and chips
Will you let me feel your tits
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry
Will you marry me?



If you give me fish and chips
I won't let you feel my tits
I won't marry, marry, marry, marry
I won't marry you.

If I give you my big chest
And all the money I possess
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry
Will you marry me?

If you give me your big chest
And all the money you possess
I will marry, marry, marry, marry
I will marry you.

Ho, ho, ho, so you think your funny
You don't want me, you want my fucking money.

YOGI BEAR

I know a bear that you don't know, Yogi, Yogi
I know a bear that you don't know, Yogi, Yogi Bear
Yogi, Yogi bear, Yogi, Yogi Bear
I know a bear you don't know, Yogi, Yogi Bear

Yogi lives in Yellowstone, Yellow, Yellow
Yogi lives in Yellowstone, Yellow-, Yellowstone

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

Yogi's got a girlfriend, Scindy, Scindy
Yogi's got a girlfriend, Scindy, Scindy Bear

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

Yogi's uses feather light, feather, feather
Yogi's uses feather light, feather, feather light

Yogi's buggers Booboo Bear, Booboo, Booboo
Yogi's buggers Booboo Bear, Booboo, Booboo Bear

Ranger Smith fucks animals, animals, animals
Ranger Smith fucks animals, ani-, animals

Yogi's got a girlfriend, Suzi, Suzi
Yogi's got a girlfriend, Suzi, Suzi Bear

Suzi likes it on the fridge	-	polar bear	
Suzi likes it long and green	-	cucumber	
Yogi's does it with his mum	-	camembert	
...whips and chains	-	kinky	
...upside down	-	koala	
Suzy doesn't take the pill	-	silly	
Yogi uses condoms	-	smarty	
Yogi comes in black and white	-	panda	
Yogi does it with himself	-	master	Etc.....

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

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

The other night dear, as I lay sleeping
I dreamed that you were by my side
Then I awoke dear, so disillusioned



You had gone and so I cried.

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

The other night dear, as I lay sleeping
I dreamed that you were right inside
Then I awoke dear, so disillusioned
You had gone and so I cried.
You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are grey
You'll never know dear how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away.





Februari 2001





Februari 2001
