

The Blackthorn Bible

New Testament

with the Gospel
according to
Peter, Ned, Will and Bryan



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Introduction

It's been 40 years since Marshall Sturm lit up the skies and created the Blackthorn Rugby Football Club.

Over the years many ruggers have passed under Marshall's mantle and have worn the green and gold socks along with the shamrock and shillelagh patch. Many have, sadly, passed away. With the ebb and flow of so many teammates, the songs that are sung at rugby parties inevitably change. Some old classics no longer make it into the party mix while newer songs favored by younger players have become staples.

The original edition of the Blackthorn Bible was published in 1975 and has withstood the test of time these 36 years. With the celebration of Blackthorn's 40th anniversary, we thought it was time to update the Bible and publish the New Testament. The original introduction and many of the annotations are preserved for posterity.

The New Testament is dedicated to Marshall K. Sturm and Nevin Wood, whose love of the game and respect for the place of singing in that game made many a great singing session possible, and whose influence can be found in every page of this book. Below you will read their dedications and the song that most defined them. Thank you, Marshall and Nevin. We wish you were here to see this new edition.



Dedication

You were just talked into playing some crazy sport that they told you is a cross between soccer and football. Then with just one practice behind you, they tell you to follow an Italian prop around the field and "just do what he does." Muddy, still in your cleats, you go to a bar and see an even more bizarre sight – the rugby party. You are amazed to see grown men (and some women) raising their voices in song, acting out lyrics, twirling around, chanting, and even enjoying a sentimental ballad.

Last Spring season was Blackthorn's 81st. Forty years, eighty plus seasons of playing rugby and singing the John Galante song? Simply amazing. While playing the game at the highest possible level has always been the primary goal of the club, Blackthorn's identity derives from activity off the pitch as well as on the pitch. From the first post-match party in 1971 at Marshall Sturm's home on Bonnet Lane in Hatboro, Blackthorn has sung.

Over the years, many voices have come together under the Blackthorn banner, but this book is dedicated to two men who built Blackthorn into the club that it was and is: Marshall K. Sturm and Nevin Wood. They shared several redeeming traits. They both lived for the sport. No job was too small. You could see them carrying equipment to the "pitch," raising goal posts, lining the field, organizing a trip, coaching, acting as a club officer or just being a friend. This last attribute was their best.

Marshall K. Sturm

Marshall Sturm founded and nurtured the club. He recognized the role played by singing in forging a group of athletes into the timeless brotherhood that is a *complete* rugby club, a notion sadly lost among many today. Having such wisdom and acting on it made Marshall a valued club member; however, his ability to pass this awareness and appreciation on to generations of rugby players truly sets him apart.

Even before you reached the circle or bar, Marshall would be there acting as combination welcoming committee, census taker and entrepreneur. As he wrote down your info (so he could get you on the mailing list) he would simultaneously reach down, grab a pair of green and gold striped rugby socks and tell you what great deals he had out in his van. Sometimes in the circle and sometimes watching from his vantage point a few feet away, Marshall revelled in the camaraderie. He always had an eye on what was being sung, and when a favorite of his came up, he stepped forward and joined in.

Nevin Wood

Imagine if you will that Einstein had never discovered physics or Robin Williams had never found comedy. How limited might their lives have been? And how deprived might so many others have been? Similarly, it is impossible to imagine Nevin Wood's life without rugby in it, or to imagine Blackthorn singing without Nevin's influence. He played a major role in creating the first songbook and supported singing efforts throughout his life.

As you approached the singing circle, you noticed Nevin in the midst of song and action. As much as Nevin loved Rugby, he loved to sing. He would sing anytime, anywhere. After most singers had long gone home, Nevin would still be there with the hardcore, singing into the night.

They were both people who truly cared for their friends and family. Likewise, they continually gave everything they had for Blackthorn RFC. They both viewed singing at the party after the game, as a part of the game. When they both passed on, we lost their leadership, humor, stories, friendship, and especially their voice!

December 2011



GOLD MINE IN THE SKY

In memory of Marshall K. Sturm.

There's a Gold mine in the sky, far a-way
We will find it, you and I, some sweet day
There'll be clover just for you, down the line
Where the skies are always blue, pal of mine.

Take your time, old mule; I know you're growin' lame
But you'll pasture in the stars, when we strike that claim
And we'll sit up there and watch the world roll by
When we find that long lost gold mine in the sky.

Far away, far away
We will find that long lost gold mine some sweet day
And we'll say hello to friends who said goodbye
When we find that long lost gold mine in the sky.



TEDDY BEAR'S PICNIC

In memory of Nevin Wood.

If you go out in the woods today
You're sure of a big surprise.
If you go out in the woods today
You'd better go in disguise.

For every bear that ever there was
Will gather there for certain, because
Today's the day the teddy bears have their
picnic.

Chorus:

Picnic time for teddy bears,
The little teddy bears are having a lovely time
today.
Watch them, catch them unawares,
And see them picnic on their holiday.
See them gaily dance about.
They love to play and shout.
And never have any cares.

At six o'clock their mummies and daddies
Will take them home to bed
Because they're tired little teddy bears.

If you go out in the woods today,
You'd better not go alone.
It's lovely out in the woods today,
But safer to stay at home.

For every bear that ever there was
Will gather there for certain, because
Today's the day the teddy bears have their
picnic

Every teddy bear, that's been good
Is sure of a treat today
There's lots of wonderful things to eat
And wonderful games to play.



ORIGINAL INTRODUCTION

Unique. That's the one adjective which best describes this long awaited volume. However its detractors malign it or its enthusiasts promote it, "unique" will remain a safe answer for anyone asked to describe it.

So it is with great pleasure that we present after several years of compilation, the official songbook of the Blackthorn Rugby Football Club.

It is safe to say that within these covers you might find as wide a variety – or polarity – of songs as in any other collection. There are actually two volumes in this book. One contains songs you might sing to your mother; the other embodies songs your mother would never sing to you!

The following pages have been contaminated with a number of the most tasteless songs in the English – or nearly English language. The bawdy songs range from the old tried and true rugby favorites from Britain like the Ball of Kerryrmuir and Whoredean School to American adaptations and even a few originals by club members as in the ever popular "Beer Farts" by Ned Bachus.

The Bawdy songs presented here are in no way meant to be inclusive in terms of their verses, just as the book as a whole is in no way a definitive collection of bawdy songs. Rather it is a compilation of those songs and verses any of which you might hear if you stumbled into a Blackthorn rugby party. And as happens with so many books the very time consumed in putting the volume together renders many of the lyrics obsolete. But this will remain a pretty good jumping off point for some time, with enough lyrics to nauseate the entire family.

Only the Limerick Song was researched with any degree of thoroughness and after going through a few hundred limericks research was halted as it became impossible to distinguish the good from the bad. The latter group is included here as they are the more popular among

coarse ruggers who after all, makeup the backbone of good parties.

With the bawdy songs out of the way we turn to that other section of the book - which is a lot more difficult to explain.

Rugby parties usually proceed with the bawdy songs being worked over – and often overworked – first. As their number runs low the singing circle thins and the die hards prepare for Act II.

Except for a few specific sections like the sea music the songs are presented in fairly random order, much as they are sung at rugby parties. Thus on one page we find that fine old spiritual "Standing in the Need of Prayer" accompanied by "Teddy Bear's Picnic," which is not a part of the Negro Spiritual tradition as far as we know.

There are Spirituals, American traditional and mountain songs, sea shanties and fishing songs, songs from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Hebrides, as well as a number of Australian songs and some which defy classification.

Songs range from the humorous to the bitter, caustic, rollicking, sweet and sad. One may well wonder how they all fit together yet they do have one thing in common, and that is a general singability. A number of them have become as popular as any of the bawdy songs – "Wild Colonial Boy" or "Amazing Grace" for example.

We hope the composers of the various songs will forgive us for printing their material without permission considering the purpose is simply to get people singing their songs. And of course, getting people to sing songs is the whole purpose for this book.

You won't become an expert on bawdy or rugby songs using this book alone. Music is not included due to the enormous extra effort involved and because you can hear most of the tunes at a rugby party. Thus armed



with this compendium of lyrics and being familiar with the tune you are off and singing.

Why you are off and singing and more specifically, why you are singing bawdy songs is a question a lot of psychologists would have a field day with. We favor the obvious explanation – perhaps in self-defense – that it happens to be fun. Ridiculous I know but bawdy songs can't be written off as simply sexist because males too often bear the butt of the humor. Besides, both sexes enjoy singing them. The tunes are simple, the lyrics are easy to remember and the songs don't demand good voices. Such minor points coupled with the observation that people don't seem as self-conscious about singing these songs (especially after a few beers) may explain why rugby players enjoy them so.

This explanation is for and about Americans who are so self-conscious about singing in public. The British as everyone knows will sing at the drop of a scrumcap!

If you've been to a rugby party and thought it all very silly or you think it sounds ridiculous, then what the hell are you doing with this book and why were you at a party? So much for sophisticates and football players (two groups not often lumped together).

That's more than enough said. Get a beer, sit back, clear your throat and amaze your friends. There's bawdy humor, good songs, and hours of fun ahead.

Peter Brindle
October 1975
Philadelphia



WITH SONGS BY:

The Clancey Brothers

Roberts & Baron

Gordon Bock

Ewan MacColl

Pat Sky

Ian Campbell

Gilbert & Sullivan

J.N.C. Bachus

P.A. Brindle

J. Rolley

Stan Rogers

The Temptations

I Am Anonymous



The Blackthorn National Anthem





THE WILD COLONIAL BOY

This song has long been a favorite of Blackthorn and has been referred to as the Blackthorn National Anthem. Its popularity is understandable, since the roguish qualities of Jack Duggan are found to some extent in all of us.

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Duggan was his name.
He was born and raised in Ireland, in a place called Castlemaine.
He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy,
And dearly did his parents' love The Wild Colonial Boy.

At the early age of sixteen years he left his native home.
And to Australia's sunny shore he was inclined to roam.
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor, he shot James McAvoy.
A terror to Australia was The Wild Colonial Boy.

One morning on the prairie as Jack he rode along,
A-listening to the mocking bird a-singing a cheerful song,
Out stepped a band of troopers, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy,
They all set out to capture him, The Wild Colonial Boy.

"Surrender now, Jack Duggan, for you see we're three-to one.
Surrender in the Queen's high name for you're a plundering son."
Jack drew two pistols from his belt and proudly waved them high.
"I'll fight, but not surrender," said The Wild Colonial Boy.

He fired a shot at Kelly which brought him to the ground.
And turning round to Davis he received a fatal wound.
A bullet pierced his proud heart from the pistol of Fitzroy,
And that was how they captured him, The Wild Colonial Boy.



Essential Blackthorn





THE BALL OF KERRYMUIR

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

Chorus:

Balls to your partner, ass against the wall,
If you never get laid on Saturday night you'll never get
laid at all.

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

There was fucking in the hallways and fucking in the
ricks,
You couldn't hear the music for the swishing of the
pricks.

There was fucking in the kitchen and fucking in the
halls,
You couldn't hear the music for the clanging of the
balls.

The parson's daughter she was there, the cunning little
runt,
With poison ivy up her ass and thistles up her cunt.

The Vicar's wife, well she was there, a-sitting by the
fire,
Knitting rubber Johnnies out of india rubber tire.

The village idiot he was there sitting on a pole,
He pulled his foreskin over his head and whistled
through the hole.

Mrs. O'Malley she was there. She had the crowd in fits,
A-jumping off the mantelpiece and bouncing off her
tits.

The bride was in the kitchen explaining to the groom,
That the vagina not the rectum is the entrance to the
womb.

The village magician he was there, up to his favorite
trick,
Pulling his asshole over his head and standing on his
prick.

The village magician he was there, up to his usual trick,
A-pulling his foreskin over his head and disappearing up
his prick.

The village cripple he was there, he couldn't do much,
He lined the maidens against the wall and fucked them
with his crutch.

The village smithy he was there, sitting by the fire,
Doing favors for the maidens with a piece of red hot
wire.

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.

Now, farmer Giles he was there, his sickle in his hand
And every time he swung around he circumcised the
band.

The Vicar's wife she was there, back against the wall,
"Put your money on the table, lads, I'm fit to do ye all."

The Vicar and his wife were having lots of fun,
The parson had his finger up another lady's bum.

The village doctor he was there, he had his bag of
tricks,
And in between the dances he was sterilizing pricks.

Father O'Flanagan he was there, and in the corner he
sat,
Amusing himself by abusing -himself and catching in his
hat.

There was fucking in the couches. There was fucking in
the cots,



And lying up against the wall were rows of grinning
twats.

Farmer Brown he was there, a-jumping on his hat,
For half an acre of his corn was fairly fucking flat.

Giles he played a dirty trick, we canna let it pass,
He showed a lass his mighty prick then shoved it up her
ass.

Bayard Stockton he was there, and he was in despair,
He couldna get his prick through the tangles of her hair.

Jockie Stewart did his fucking right upon the moor,
It was, he thought, much better than fucking on the
floor.

Jock McVenning he was there, a-looking for a fuck,
But every cunt was occupied and he was out of luck.

Mike McMurdock when he got there, his cock was long
and high,
But when hefd fucked her forty times he was fucking
mighty dry.

McGardew-Roberts he was there, his prick was all alert,
But when half the night was done 'twas dangling in the
dirt.

The doctor's daughter she was there, she went to
gather sticks,
She couldna find a blade of grass for balls and standing
pricks.

The village builder he was there, he brought his bag of
tricks,
He poured cement in all the holes and blunted all the
pricks.

Little Jimmy he was there, the leader of the choir,
He hit the balls of the other lads, to make their voices
higher.

Now little Tommy he was there, But he was only.eight,
He couldna root the women, so he had to masturbate.

The village postman he was there, the poor man had
the pox,
He couldna fuck the lassies, so he fucked the letterbox.

The village idiot he was there a-leaning on the gate,
He couldna find a cunt so he had to flatulate.

The blacksmith's father he was there, a-roaring like a
lion,
He'd cut his cock off in the forge, so he used a red hot
iron.

The parson's daughter she was there a-sitting on the
floor,
And every, time she spread her legs, the vacuum closed
the door.

The village Marxist he was there, his manifesto in hand,
A-waiting for the time that supply would meet demand.

'Twas the gathering o' the clans and all the Scots were
there,
A-skirlin' on their bagpipes and strokin' pussy hair.

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

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

The chimney sweep he was there, but soon he got the
boot,
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot.

Down in the square the village dunce he stands,
Amusin' himself by abusin' himself and usin' both his
hands.

There was fucking in the bedroom, fucking on the
stairs.
Ye canna see the carpet for the come and curly hair.

For the elders of the church, fuckin' was too much
work,



So they sat around the table and had a circle jerk.

The groom was excited and racin' 'round the hall,
A-pullin' on his pecker an' showin' off his balls.

The king was in the countin' room a-countin' out his
wealth,
The queen was in the parlor a-playin' with herself.

The queen was in the kitchen, eatin' bread and honey,
The king was in the kitchen maid and she was in the
money

There was fuckin' in the parlor, fuckin' in the chairs,
You couldna see the people through the flying pubic
hairs.

The Irish Ambassador he was there standing straight
and proud,
Speaking from the balcony and pissing on the crowd.

John Brown the parson was quite annoyed to see,
Four and twenty maidenheads a-hangin' from a tree.

And when the ball was over, everyone confessed,
They all enjoyed the dancing, but the fucking was the
best.

And so the ball was over, they all went home to rest,
And the music had been exquisite, but the fucking was
still the best.

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 . . .

Spectator, cause I'd come again, you'd come again,
we'd all come again together.
We'll be alright in the middle of the night, coming again
together.

Scrum half, cause I'd put it in...

Prop, cause I'd support hookers...

Spectator in the rain, cause I'd wear rubbers...

Goal post, cause I'd stand erect...

Goal post No. 2, cause I'd block balls...

Half time orange, cause I'd get sucked...

Lock, cause I'd grab ass...

Second row, cause I'd push hard...

Hooker, cause I'd hook balls...

Referee, cause I'd fuck up...

Fullback, cause I'd find touch...

Wing, cause I'd never get it...

New pair of boots, cause I'd come in boxes...

Groundskeeper, cause I'd plug holes...

Groundskeeper No. 2, cause I'd sow seeds...

Groundskeeper No. 3, cause I'd lay lines...

Groundskeeper No. 4, cause I'd trim bush...

Referee's whistle, cause I'd get blown...

Blade of grass, cause I'd get bent...

Fly half, cause I'd whip it out...

Ball, cause I'd get pumped...

Touch line, cause I'd get laid...



BLACKTHORN SCRUM

This little cheer is brought to you from the mind (if you can call it that) of Stanley P.

Rat shit, bat shit,
Bucket full of come
Mother fuckin', chicken pluckin'
Blackthorn scrum

P.S. Stanley is a forward.

MY GIRL

My Girl is one of the shortest and sweetest of all the songs in the book. It receives rave reviews where ever it goes and certainly deserves them.

I love my girl, yes I do, yes I do.
I love her truly.
I love the hole she pisses through.
I love her lilly white tits
And the hair around her ass hole.
I'd eat her shit gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble
If she'd, ask me to.

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN

The maid of the mountain,
she pees like a bloody fountain

Chorus:

And the hairs on her dickie die doe
hang' down to her knees.
And the hairs, and the hairs,
And the hairs on her dickie die doe,
hang down to her knees.

One white one, one cherry one
and one with a dingleberry on

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

She married an Italian
with balls like a bloody stallion
You better' be ready
to roll them up like spaghetti

I've sucked it, I've fucked it
I've even loose rucked it

It would take a Welsh miner
to find her vagina

If she were my daughter
I'd have than cut shorter

She lives in a lighthouse
that smells like a bloody shithouse

I've kicked it, I've punched it
I've even got down and munched it

If you go down on her
watch out for the brown of her

I've seen it, I've seen it
I've layed in between it

She came from Melbourne
her hair strangled her first born

One black one, one white one
And one with a bit of shite on
And one with a fairy light on
to show us the way

ALLIKAZIP

Allikazip, allikazam
Son of a bitch,
God damn.
Alfa alfa horse's cock
Rah! Rah! Shit!



LUPE

This touching ballad about some rigger's mother has been responsible for us being thrown out of more than one bar.

It was down in cunt vally where the red river flows,
Where the whoremongers prosper and the cocksuckers grow,
That's where I met Lupe the girl I adore.
She's a hot fucking cock sucking Mexican whore.

Chorus:

Packer, pecker-boom, pecker, pecker-boom.

The first time I saw Lupe, she was a virgin of eight.
She was swinging to and, fro on the old garden gate,
The crossbar went under, the upright went in
And that started Lupe on a lifetime of sin.

She'll gnaw at your navel she'll gnaw at your nuts.
And if you're not careful she'll suck out your guts.
She'll wrap her legs 'round you till you think you'll die
I'd rather eat Lupe than sweet cherry pie.

The last time I saw Lupe was early last fall.
She was doing a striptease at a cocksucker's ball.
She'll charge you a quarter, no less and no more.
She's a hot fucking cocksucking Mexican whore.

Sad verse:

Now Lupe is dead and she lies in her tomb.
And maggots crawl out of her decomposed womb.
But the smile on her face seems to ask you for more.
She's a hot fucking cocksucking Mexican whore.

MARYANN BARNES

Starting slowly but gradually quickening to a breathless finish, this is one of the truly great rugby shorts.

Maryanne Barnes was the queen of all the acrobats,
She could do tricks that would give the guys the shits.
She could shoot green peas from her fundamental orifice,
Do a double somersault and catch it on her tits.

She's a great big fat fuck twice the size of me,
With hair around her ass like branches on a tree.
She can run, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane, drive a truck
That's the kind of girl that's gonna marry me.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Swing Low is one of the oldest of all the Negro Spirituals and possibly has its roots among Bantu tribes in southeast Africa. Rugby players however, have developed their own unique choreography for this one. P.B.

Chorus:

Swing low, sweet chariot,
comin' for to carry, me home.
Swing low, sweet -chariot,
comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over 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.

If you get there before I do,
comin' for to carry me home.
Tell all my friends I'm comin' there too,
comin' for to carry me home.

Hum.

Silent.

With GUSTO.

STANDING ON THE BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT

Giving credit where it's due, this great ditty would probably have slipped by us had it not been for the perseverance of its, chief promoter, the ubiquitous Hahnamon John Wetzel, wearing the coat of many colors.

Life presents a dismal picture
Dark and dreary as the tomb
Father's got an anal structure
Mother's got a fallen womb



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

On that same bridge ten years later
Picking blackheads from her crotch
She said, "Jack, I've never had it"
I said, "No, not fucking much"

Sister Sue had been aborted
For the forty second time
Brother Bill had been reported
For a homosexual crime.

Nurse has chronic menstruation
Never laughs and never smiles
Mine's a dismal occupation
Cracking ice for Grandpa's piles

It's a small brown paper parcel
Wrapped in a mysterious way
In an imitation rectum
Grandpa uses twice a day

Joe the postman called this morning
Stuck his prick through the front door
We could not despite endearment
Get it out till halfpast four

Even now the baby's started'
Having epileptic fits
Every time it coughs is spews
Every time it farts it shits

Yet we are not brokenhearted
Neither are we up the spout
Aunty Mabel has just farted
Blown her asshole inside out

Standing on the bridge at midnight
She said, "Jack, it's much too wide"
So I grabbed on her clitoris
And I swung from side to side

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

T'was Grace that taught my heart to fear.
And Grace, my fears relieved.
How precious did that Grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Amazing Grace I love your face
I love you in your nightie
When the moonlight flits across your tits
Oh Jesus Christ Almighty!

WHOREDEAN SCHOOL

We are from Whoredean, good girls are we,
We take no pride in our virginity,
Wo take precautions, and avoid abortions,
For we are from Whoredean School.

Chorus:

Up school, up school, up school,
Hey up school, shit!
Da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da,
Hey! Da, da, da, you're finger's up your ass

Our house mistress, she can't be beat,
She lets us go walking in the street,
We sell our titties for threepenny bitties
Outside of Whoredean school.

Our school nurse, she is a beaut,
Teaches us to swerve when our boyfriends shoot,
It saves many marriages, and forced miscarriages,
For the girls ' from Whoredean school.

Our school physician, we, call him doc
You ought to see the size of his cock,
He puts it on the table, we stamp it with our label,
OK for Whoredean school.



Our head prefect, her name is Jane,
She only wants it, now and again,
And again, and again, and again,
And she's just right for Whoredean school.

Our gym teacher, he is a fool
He only has a teeny weeny tool.
It's all right for keyholes, and little girlie's peepholes,
But not right for Whoredean school.

Our school gardener he makes us drool,
You ought to see the size of his tool,
It's all right for tunnels and Queen Mary's funnels,
And just right for 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.

We have a new girl, her name is Flo,
Kobody thought that she could have a go,
But she surprized the Vicar, by raising him quicker,
Than anyone from Whoredean school.

When we go down to the sea for a swim,
The people remark at the size of our quim
You can bet you', bottom dollar,
lit's as big as a horses collar,
For we are from' Whoredean school.

HORSE'S ASS

John Galante, John Galante,
John Galantte is a horse's ass.
He is the meanest, he sucks a horse's penis
John Galante is a horse's ass.

His face is a museum all the people, come to see hin
John Galante is a horse's ass.
He is a dilly, he drives us all so silly,
John Galante is a horse's ass.

Note: if you do not have a John Galante on your team
just insert the name of your favorite player.

ITALIAN GREETING

This is a favorite salutation from, our Italian players
Mario and Lino Giampaolo.

(Insert name of opposition), (repeat name)
(Repeat name), del buco del cul
(use appropriate arm motion for the next line, shoving
right fist into the air while slapping right bicept with left
hand)

Vaffancul, vaffancul, vafancul

Translation:

The hole of the ass
Shove it up your ass.

ON THE PISS AGAIN

Oh, the Blackthorn, lads are on the piss again,
On the piss again, on the piss again
The Blackthorn lads are on the piss again,
Wes vo gotta wee wee now.
We've gotta wee wee now.

Oh the (insert name of competition) lads have got the
crabs again...
They've gotta scratch some now...

Oh the Blackthorn girls are on the piss again....
Theysve gotta whiz some now...

Oh the (insert name of competition) girls are on the rag
again...
Thoyfvo gotta bleed some now. ...

ASS-OLE

A ditty brought to the club by charter member Alex
Doe, aka, Aldo or Aldo Rae.

Ass-ole, ass-sole, a soldier went to war
Fuh cue, fuh cue, fuh curiosity
Two piss, two piss, two pistols by his side
Your cunt, your cunt, your country t'is of thee.



THREE JOLLY COACHMEN

A rollicking drinking song which seems not to have lost its popularity with age. P.A.B.

Throe jolly coachman sat in an English tavern,
Throe jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern,
And they decided, and they decided, and they decided,
To have another flagon.

Heres to the nan who drinks water pure
and goes to bed quite sober,
Heres to the nan who drinks water pure
and goes to bed quite sober,
He'll fall as the leaves do fall,
He'll fall as the leaves do fall,
He'll fall as the leaves do fall,
He'll die before October.

Here's to the nan who drinks dark ale
and goes to bed quite mellow,
Here's to the nan who drinks dark ale
and goes to bed quite mellow,
He lives as he ought to live,
He lives as he ought to live,
He lives as he ought to live,
For he's a jolly good follow.

The landlord fills the flowing bowl
until it doth run over,
The landlord fills the flowing bowl
until it doth run over,
For tonight will ne'er lbe,
For tonight will ne'er lbe,
For tonight will ne'er lbe,
Tomorrow I'll be sober.

Now here's to the girl who steals a kiss
and runs to tell her mother,
Now here's to the girl who steals a kiss
and runs to tell her mother,
She's a foolish,foclish girl,
She's a foolish,foclish girl,
She's a foolish,foclish girl,
For she'll not get another.

Now here's to the girl who steals a kiss
and stays to steal another,
Now here's to the girl who steals a kiss
and stays to steal another,
She's a boon to all mankind,
She's a boon to all mankind,
She's a boon to all mankind,
For she'll soon be a mother.

THE WILD ROVER

This good lesson for all of us about a reformed rover is quite popular today both in the Isles and in Australia as well, according to the Clancy Brothers. P.B.

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.

Chorus:

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

I went into an ale house I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked for a bottle, she answered me, "Nay,
Such a custom of yours I can get any day."

Then out of ny pocket I took sovereigns bright,
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said, "I have whiskies and wines of the best."
And the words that I said were, sure, only in jest.

I'll go back to my parents, confess what I've done,
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they caress me as oftimes before,
Then I never will play the wild rover no more.



THE BEER FARTER

The tune to this song is The Wild Rover, but the words are from the past songmaster of Blackthorn, Ned Bachus.

Oh, the flatus is famous throughout our fair land
And its power and glory are at your command
You only need summon the roar from your pit
And soon you'll evoke a loud fragment of shit

Chorus:

Oh it sticks to your asshole
And it stinks when you ball
For there's no farts like beer farts
No, no farts at all
You nay talk of your bean farts, your belches and burps
But to rival a beer fart there's nothing on earth
Sometimes oh so quiet, but oftimes quite loud
And in either tho case you can clear any crowd

So go eat your chilli and drink lots of wine
And you may think your own farts impeccably fine
But lend me an ear, and a nose if you will
And just one of my beer farts will make you quite ill

Oh, they call me the Farter from out of the East
I've farted on beer I would not give a beast
But whether it's Guinness or local brewed piss
My farts can't be rivaled for timbre or pitch

I've farted in England, I've farted in Eire
And to fart round tho world is my one great desire
Tho stench of my beer farts is known the world o'er
And medical science provides no known cure

I started in Philly, I'll end God knows where
But when I die you'll know by the stench in the air
They'll bury me under a full keg of beer
With a tube from my asshole to poison the air

WALTZING MATILDA

The words to this esng are by Andrew Paterson, a minor Australian poet. The word billabong is a combination of two aborigine words biila meaning water and bong meaning dead. The word means stagnant water or water hole. A jumbuck is a sheep. And you thought we didn't know anything. This song is dedicated to Ed Hewitt our representative in Australia.

The version most familiar in America follows, but the more authentic Australian version appears below it, along with some explanation of the terms that may be unfamiliar to you.

Once a jolly swagman sat beside the billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he sat and waited by the billabong
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me

Chorus:

Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me
And he sang as he sat and waited by the billabong
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink beside the billabong
Up jumped the swagman and seized him with glee
And he sang as he tucked that jumbuck in his tuckerbag
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me

Down came the stockman, riding on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three.

"Where's the jolly jumbuck you've got in your
tuckerbag?

You'll come a waltzing matilda with me



Up jumped the swagman and plunged into the
billabong,
"You'll never catch me alive," cried he
And his ghost may be heard as you ride beside the
billabong,
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me.

Authentic Australian Version, credited to A.B. (Banjo)
Paterson:

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong, Under
the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited 'til his billy
boiled
"Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me?"

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me
And he sang as he watched and waited 'til his billy
boiled,
"Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me?"

Along came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong, Up
jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tucker
bag,
"You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me."

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tucker
bag,
"You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me."

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three, "Whose is
that jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?"
"You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me."

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me "Whose is
that jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?"
"You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me?"

Up jumped the swagman, leapt into the billabong,
"You'll never catch me alive," said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by the
billabong,
"Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me?"

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by the
billabong,
"Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda, with me?"

Explanation of Australian Slang As Used in the Song :

- Billabong: A waterhole.
- Billy: A can or small kettle used to boil water for tea.
(Ed. Note: See above – they don't know as much as they think they do.)
- Coolabah tree: A type of native tree in Australia
- Jumbuck: A sheep. There are 20 times as many sheep as there are people in Australia.
- Matilda: Although there are several schools of thought, Matilda as originally used means is of Teutonic origins and means Mighty Battle Maiden, referring to the women in camps during the Thirty Year Wars in Europe. Later this more commonly referred to the great army coats or blankets that soldiers rolled into a swag and tossed over their shoulders while marching.
- Squatter: At one time, squatters claimed (seized) land for themselves in addition to land that they had been granted. Eventually through the continuous occupation of the land, their claims were legitimised in the eyes of the law.
- Swagman: Someone who lives on the open road. A hobo. The term came from the canvas bag that they would carry their bedroll and/or belongings in.



- Trooper: In Australia's early days, there was no police force. The colony was protected by and policed by soldiers and even when a police force was eventually formed, they were still referred to as 'troopers'.
- Tucker bag: A knapsack or bag for storing food in the bush.

ROVIN'

In Plymouth town there lived a maid
Bless you young women
In Plymouth town there lived a maid
Oh mind what I say
In Plymouth town there lived a maid
And she was mistress of her trade
I'll go no more a rovin' with you fair maid

Chorus:

A rovin' a rovin' since rovin's been my ru-i-in
I'll go no more a rovin' with you fair maid

i took this fair maid for a walk
Bless yon young women
I took this fair maid for a walk
Oh mind what I say
I took this fair maid for a walk
And we had such a loving talk
I'll go no more a rovin' with you fair maid

O didn't I tell her stories too
Bless you young women
O didn't I tell her stories too
Oh mind what I say
O didn't i toll her whoppers too
Of the gold I found in Timbuctoo
I'll go no more a rovin' with you fair maid

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

This is an unusual song in that the 'heave' and 'haul' in the chorus rarely fall together in a shanty as they do here. The former is usually employed in capstain and the latter in halyard shanties. It called for improvisation by the shantymen and was popular at the capstain and pumps. It apparently originated in the days of Australian emmigration. She-oak was the name for a high-proof beer popular in South Australia in the 19th century. –P. B.

In South Australia I was born,
Heave away! Haul away!
In South Australia 'round Cape Horn,
We're bound for South Australia

Chorus:

Haul away your Ruler King,
Heave away! Haul away!
Haul away you'll hear me sing,
We're bound for South Australia.

South Australia is my native land,
Heave away! Haul away!
Mountains rich in quartz and sand,
We're bound for South Australia.

Gold and wood brings ships to our shores.
And our coal will load many more,

As I walked out one morning fair,
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair,

I shook her up, I shook her down,
I shook her 'round and 'round the'town,

There's only one thing grieves me mind,
To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind,

There's a packet anchored off the pier,
There's a bar ashore with foamin' beer,



Heave! Oh heave! And we'll all go ashore,
Where we will drink with the girls galore,

Oh Nancy slings she-oak at the bar,
And welcomes sailers from afar,

In the dance hall there you'll pick your girl,
With golden hair and teeth of pearl,

She'll waltz you 'round in a dizzy dance,
While you're half drunk and in a trance,

In the arms of girls we'll dance and sing,
For she-oak will be Ruler King,

Drunk! For she-oak's gone to our head,
The girls can put us all to bed,

Now if you go around Cape Horn,
You'll wish to God ye never was born,

Now one more haul an' that'll do,
For we're the gang to pull 'er through.

BLOOD-RED ROSES

This is a halyard shanty - a real 'Cape Horner.' Probably a British shanty originating in the early 19th century, it was very popular both in Liverpool and Yankee ships, as well as whalers. It was used in the movie "Moby Dick" as the 'Piquod' gets under way. It probably originated on British troop transports during the Napoleonic wars, 'blood-red roses' meaning the red-coated soldiers.

Such a halyard shanty was used when a steady intermittent pull was called for, as in hoisting the yards.

Me bonnie bunch o' roses, O!
Go down, ye blood-red roses, go down!
'Tis time for us to roll an' go!
Go down, ye blood-red roses, go down!

Chorus:

Oh! Ye pinks 'n' posies,
Go down, ye blood-red roses, go down!

Oh, yes, me lads, we'll roll alee,
Go down, ye blood-red roses, go down!
We'll soon be far away from sea.
Go down, ye blood-red roses, go down!

We're bound away around Cape Horn,
You'll wish to God, you'd niver bin born.

Around Cape Horn we're bound to go,
A chasin' whales through ice an' snow.
It's around Cape Horn we're bound to sail,
For that is where we'll catch the whale.

Me boots an' clothes are all in pawn,
It's mighty drafty 'round the Horn.

'Tis growl ye may but go ye must,
If ye growl too hard your head they'll bust.

The gals are waiting right ahead,
A long strong pull should shift the dead.

Them Spanish whores are pullin' strong,
Hang down me lads it won't take long.

Oh, rock an' shake 'er is the cry,
The bloody topm'st sheave is dry.

Just one more pull an' that'll do,
For we're the boys, to kick 'er through.

Me dear ol' mother she wrote to me,
Oh, son, dear son, come home from sea.

You've had your pay and to sea you'll go,
For that is where the whale-fish blow.



HAUL AWAY JOE

When I was a little boy, so me mother told me, to me
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe. (Chorus)
That if I did not kiss the girls
My lips would all grow mouldy, to me
Way haul away we'll haul away Joe. (Chorus)

First I met a Spanish girl and she was fat and lazy, to me
Then I met an Irish gal, who damn near drove me crazy,
to me

I found myself a Yankee girl and sure she wasn't civil, to
me

So I stuck a blast upon her back and sent her to the
devil, to me

So listen while I sing to you about my darlin' Nancy, to
me
She's copper bottom clipper built she's just my style
and fancy, to me

King Louie was the king of France before the revolution,
to me
And then he got hie head cut off which spoiled his
constitution, to me

Saint Patrick was a gentleman and he came from
decent people, to me
He built a church in Dublin town and on it set a steeple,
to me

From Ireland then he drove the snakes and drank up all
the whiskey, to me
Which nade him dance and sing a jig he felt so fine and
frisky, to me

Way haul away, we're bound for fairer weather, to me
Way haul away, we'll haul or hang together

Way haul away, we'll surely make her render
Way haul away, we'll either bust or bond her

BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

Oh, the year was 1778, HOW I WISH I WAS IN
SHERBROOKE NOW!

A letter of marque came from the king,
To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen,

Chorus:

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

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town, HOW I WISH I WAS IN
SHERBROOKE NOW!

For twenty brave men all fishermen who
would make for him the Antelope's crew

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight, HOW I WISH I
WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags
And the cook in scuppers with the staggers and the jags

On the King's birthday we put to sea, HOW I WISH I
WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

We were 91 days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way

On the 96th day we sailed again, HOW I WISH I WAS IN
SHERBROOKE NOW!

When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
With our cracked four pounders we made to fight

The Yankee lay low down with gold, HOW I WISH I WAS
IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

She was broad and fat and loose in the stays
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days

Then at length we stood two cables away, HOW I WISH
I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

Our cracked four pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in



The Antelope shook and pitched on her side, HOW I
WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!

Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the Maintruck carried off both me legs

So here I lay in my 23rd year, HOW I WISH I WAS IN
SHERBROOKE NOW!

It's been 6 years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday

JONESTOWN

Parody of "Barrett's Privateers" written by Nando
Brasatto of the Blackthorn R.F.C. Sometimes
performed on the heels of the last verse of the original.

Oh, the year was 1978
How I wish I was in Jonestown now
A man showed us a way out of the sin
Of the everyday life in the County Marin

CHORUS:

God damn us all, we were told
we'd drink Kool-Aid and never grow old
We'd give our cash, checks and gold
Now I'm a broken man who's growing cold
The last of Jimmy Jones's fold

From the California coast we put to sea
How I wish I was in Jonestown now
We were 91 days without any pay,
But, man, we were sharing the experience all the way

CHORUS

Jimmy showed us how to think for ourselves
How I wish I was in Jonestown now
Then a Yankee film crew hove in sight
And God knows why, we made to fight

CHORUS

Now, here I lay with my very first cult
How I wish I was in Jonestown now
It's been a year since we sailed away
And I just made Delaware yesterday

CHORUS

SCHMIDT'S

The jingle from the '70s for Schmidt's of Philadelphia,
"one beautiful beer." Or so the slogan went. It was
opular at Blackthorn post-game parties as part of a
medley of beer jingles. Always sung with gusto and
raised glasses, although the glasses were not
necessarily filled with Schmidt's.

They love us in Seattle
They love us in St. Paul
They even love us in Milwaukee
And it drives 'em up a wall
'Cause they can't get what we've got here
The great, great taste of our Schmidt's Beer.

They love us (Schmidt's!)
They love us (Schmidt's!)
And it makes us so darn proud
At Schmidt's
It makes us so darn proud
At Schmidt's
It makes us so darn proud
Schmidt's!

CRYIN' HOLY UNTO MY LORD

Chorus:

Cryin' holy unto my lord, cryin' holy unto my lord
If I could I surely would
Stand on that rock where Moses stood

Lord I ain't no stranger now, Lord I ain't no stranger
now

I've been introduced to the father and the son
Oh lord I ain't no stranger now

Oh sinner run and hide your face,
Oh sinner run and hide your face,
Run to the rock and hide your face
The rock cried out no hidin' place.



OLD TIME RELIGION

Chorus:

Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
It's good enough for me

We will worship father zeus,
In his temple we'll hang loose,
Eating roast beef au jus,
That's good enough for me.

We will worship Aphrodite,
she's cute but a little flighty,
In he flimsy see through nighty,
That's good enough for me.

We will worship like the druids,
Drinking strange and fermented fluids,
Running naked through the woods,
That's good enough for me.

We will worship Sun Myung Moon,
Even though he is a goon,
All our money he'll have soon,
That's good enough for me.

Well my room mate worships Buddha,
No idol could be cuter,
Comes in copper, bronze, and pewter,
That's good enough for me.

We will worship Zarathrustra,
We will worship like we used to,
I'm a Zarathrustra booster,
That's good enough for me.

We laugh at your religion,
Make fun of your superstition,
Unless of course you're Jew or Christian,
That's good enough for me.

BOOZIN'

Now what are the joys of single young man?
Why boozing, bloody well boozing,
And what is he doing whenever he can?
Why boozing, bloody well boozing,
You may think I'm wrong, or you may think I'm right,
I'm not going to argue, I know you can fight,
But what do you think we are doing tonight?
Why boozing, bloody well boozing.

Chorus:

Boozing, boozing, just you and I,
Boozing, boozing, 'till we run dry;
Some do it openly, some on the sly,
But they all are bloody well boozing.

And what are the joys of a poor married man?
Why boozing, bloody well boozing.
And what is he doing whenever he can?
Why boozing, bloody well boozing.
He comes home at night and he gives his wife all,
He goes out a-shopping, makes many a call.
But what brings him home hanging onto the wall?
Why boozing, bloody well boozing.

And what do the Salvation Army run down?
Why boozing, bloody well boozing.
And what are they banning in every town?
Why boozing, bloody well boozing.
They go on TV, they rave and they shout,
They shout about things they know nothing about,
But what are they doing when the lights are turned out?
Why boozing, bloody well boozing.



STANDIN' IN THE NEED OF PRAYER

Chorus:

It's me, it's me, oh Lord
Standing in the need of prayer;
It's me, it's me, oh Lord
Standing in the need of prayer.

Not my mother, not my father
But it's me, oh Lord
Standing in the need of prayer.

Not my brother, not my sister
But it's me, oh Lord
Standing in the need of prayer.
Not my elder, not my leader
But it's me, oh Lord
Standing in the need of prayer.

Not the preacher, not the sinner
But it's me, oh Lord
Standing in the need of prayer.

JOHN THE GENERATOR

Gospel song "John the Revelator" seemed to serve as inspiration for John Herald's "John the Generator." The legendary urban bluegrass musician and singer, who during the '70s lived in Philadelphia, performed this song to great acclaim with the John Herald Band.

Herald, an original member of The Greenbriar Boys and a standout with Mud Acres, the '70s all-star ensemble that included Happy and Artie Traum, Maria Muldaur and others, was a favorite of several Blackthorn folk music aficionados, and his song, sung a capella, became a hit at rugby parties, usually sung during the religious revival portion of the evening, along with songs such as "Old Time Religion," "Standing In the Need of Prayer," "Joshua F't the Battle of Jericho," and "Crying Holy Unto My Lord."

Unsubstantiated rumor has it that John the Generator was also the name of a home-made water pipe once used by the Pueblo Indians to smoke dried herbs. Search Amazon for Herald's CDs if you want a taste of the great folk revival of the Sixties that holds up.

Now frustration has gotten so much in the fashion
I'm afraid it's going to spread all over the nation
From father to mother, from sister to mother
People don't like the habit of mistrusting each other

CHORUS:

Tell me who's that a-coming?

John the Generator

Who's that coming?

John, John, John

Who's that a-coming?

John the Generator

John the Generator with his work clothes on

Now they say for every action, there is a reaction
I believe the our children gonna make a retraction
People wanting reasons, people asking questions
People getting tested when they get no suggestions
He's been with the miner, he's seen the shoe-shiner
The red man, the poor man, the souls of this land
He sees if you've got the millions and the millions got
you
He sees a whole lot of people with nothing to do

CHORUS

Now, it's neighbor telling neighbor, brother telling
sister
Stranger telling stranger, missus telling the mister
They bought him and they caught him
They deported him and slaughtered him
They crissed him, they crossed him
But we ain't ever lost him

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE and wait for John to come
'round.



SUNSHINE MOUNTAIN

(Leader starts by climbing a chair and the song continues until every pair of feet are off the floor.)

We're, climbing up the sunshine mountain,
Where the four winds blow...

We're climbing up the sunshine mountain,
Faces all a glow...

Don't turn your back on trouble,
Reach up tho the sky.

We're climbing up the sunshine mountain,
You and I



Songs You Can't Sing to Your Mother





I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

Chorus:

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

A lady came in for some gloves
I asked her what kind she wished.
Rubber she said, so rub her I did.
And I don't work there anymore.

hat – felt – felt her I did
cake – layer – lay her I did
dress – jumper – jump her I did
shoes – pump – pump her I did
poultry – goose – goose her I did
ticket – to Bangor – bang her I did
fasteners – screws – screw her I did
hardware – nails – nail her I did

MAILMAN

Make me happy, make me gay,
That's why I come twice a day.

I'm your mailman.

Bang your knockers, ring your bell,
Don't you think that I'm just swell.

I'm your mailman.

I can come in any kind of weather
Don't you know my sack is made of leather.

I don't need no keys or locks,
I just stuff it in your box.

I'm your mailman.

SCROTUM

Scrotum, scrotum. . . S-C-R-O-T-U-M

ba bum bum bum.

Well it's shaggy and it's baggy and covered with hair,
but what would you do if it wasn't there?

Scrotum, scrotum. . . S-C-R-O-T-U-M

ba bum bum bum.

Handjob, handjob...H-A-N-D-J-O-B

ba bum bum bum.

Well there's long strokes and there's short strokes and
there's in between.

Just ask your girl, she'll know what you mean.

Handjob, handjob...H-A-N-D-J-O-B

ba bum bum bum.

Blowjob, blowjob...B-L-O-W-J-O-B

ba bum bum bum.

Well she'll huff it and she'll puff it and she'll
do it real fine

just give her a chance and she'll blow your mind,

Blowjob, blowjob...B-L-O-W-J-O-B

ba bum bum bum.

THE WOODPECKER

I stuck my finger in the woodpecker's hole
and the woodpecker said,"God bless my soul."

Take it out (Take it out)

Take it out (Take it out)

Take it out

Remove It

I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole
and the woodpecker said,"God bless my soul."

Put it back (Put it back)

Put it back (Put it back)

Put it back

Replace It

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole
and the woodpecker said,"God bless my soul."

Turn it 'round (Turn it 'round)

Turn It 'round (Turn it 'round)

Turn It 'round

Revolve it



I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole
and the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul."
The other way (The other way)
The other way (The other way)
The other way
Reverse it

I reversed my finger In the woodpecker's hole
and tho woodpecker said, "God bless my soul."
In and out (In and out)
In and out (In and cut)
In and out
Reciprocate it

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpecker's hole
and the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul."
Take it out (Take It out)
Take it out (Take It out)
Take it out
Retract it

I retracted my finder from the woodpecker's hole
and the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul."
Take a whiff (Take a whiff)
Take a whiff (Take a whiff)
Take a whiff
Revolting

The tune for "The Woodpecker" is derived from, though not identical to that southern favorite, Dixie. And appropriately enough this particular adaptation was encountered by Blackthorn RFC on its southern tour in Florida, in the spring of '73. In the true spirit of Francis of Assisi this charming little ditty is simply another fanciful tale of man's oneness with the animal world. PAB

ON THANKSGIVING

Another seasonal song Thanksgiving looks innocent enough but ruggers like to stagger the singing of the verse. Group B begins line 1 when group A has moved on to line 2. C begins line 1 while B is on 2 and A is on 3. Anyway, after a few go rounds it climaxes with everyone chanting the last line. Don't ask me why. This is also known as a "round."

According to Wikipedia, a round is a musical composition in which two or more voices sing exactly the same melody (and may continue repeating it indefinitely), but with each voice beginning at different times so that different parts of the melody coincide in the different voices, but nevertheless fit harmoniously together. It is one of the easiest forms of part singing, as only one line of melody need be learned by all parts, and is part of a popular musical tradition. They were particularly favoured in glee clubs, which combined amateur singing with drinking on a regular basis. Glee club, rugby club, what's the difference?

On thanksgiving, on thanksgiving,
don't eat bread, don't eat bread.
Stuff it in the turkey, stuff It in the turkey,
eat the bird, eat the bird.

WAS IT YOU WHO DID THE PUSHING?

This song was the brainchild of the child-brained Jim Rolley who wrote its first verses. The rest were written late one night at Rolley's Landsdale estate, during a farewell party for Ned Bachus in 1972. Ned and the song both came back. Good things come in pairs?

Was it you who did the pushing,
Left the stains upon the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down?

Was it you, you sly woodpecker
Got into my girl Rebecca?
If it was you'd better leave this town.

Well, it was I who did the pushing,
Left the stains upon the cushion.
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.

But ever since Ifve had your daughter,
I've had trouble passing water.
So I guess we're even all-around.



OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
Ho called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
How every fiddler had a very fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he,
Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee, said the fiddlers,
What merry merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare,
With Blackthorn R.F.C.

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

The jugglers had two very fine balls
Throw your balls in the air.

The butchers had choppers
put it on the block, chop it off.

The barmaids had candles
pull it out, pull it out, pull it out.

The cyclists had pedals
Round and round, round and round.

The painters had brushes
wop it up and down, up and down.

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

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

The fishermen had rods
Mine is six feet long.

The coalmen had sacks.
Want it in the front or the back?

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

Chorus:

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 born lady
I don't want a bayonett up me arse hole
I don't want me buttocks shot away
For I'd rather stay in England
In merry merry England
And fornicate my bloody life away

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
On Wednesday afternoon, I grabbed her pantaloons,
Thursday I touched her on the thigh,
Friday I had fee hand upon it,
Saturday I gave it such a twitch,
That on Sunday after supper,
I rammed me fucker up her
And now I'm paying 7/6 a week.

Call out the army and the navy
Call out the air corps and the reserves
Call out me mother,
Me sister and me brother,
But blimy, don't call me.

Chorus

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.



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 mother's a bawdy house-keeper,
Every 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.

Uncle Joe is a registered plumber,
His business in holes and in tin,
He'll plug your hole for a tanner,
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor missionary,
He saves fallen women from sin,
Ho'll save you a blonde for a guinea,
My God how the money rolls in.
My Grandad sells cheap prophylactics,
And punctures the head with a pin,
For Grandma gets rich from abortions,
My God how the money rolls in.

My uncle is carving out candles,
From wax that is surgically soft,
He hopes it'll fill up the gap
If ever his business wears off.

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

My aunt keeps a girls' seminary,
Teaching young girls to begin,
She doesn't say where they finish,
My God how the money rolls in.

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

BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR

WOMAN'S VOICE:

Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Cried the fair young maiden.

MAN'S VOICE:

Oh, it's only me from over the sea.
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

WOMAN'S VOICE:

Why are you knocking at my door?
Why are you knocking at my door?
Why are you knocking at my door?
Cried the fair young maiden.

MAN'S VOICE:

'Cos I'm young enough, and ready and tough.
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

Will you take me to the dance?
To hell with the dance down with your pants.

You can sleep upon the floor.
I'll not sleep on the floor you dirty whore.

You can sleep upon the mat.
Oh, bugger the mat you can't fuck that.

You can sleep upon the stairs.
Oh, fuck the stairs they haven't got hairs.

What's that running up my blouse?
It's only me mitt to grab yer tit.

You can sleep between my tits.
Oh, bugger your tits they give me the shits.



You can sleep between my thighs.
Bugger your thighs they're covered in flies.

You can sleep within my cunt.
Oh, bugger your cunt but I'll fuck for a stunt.
What's that running in and out?
It's only me cock, it's as hard as a rock.

What's that running down my leg?
It's only me shot that missed yer twat.

What if my parents should find out?
We'll eat your ma and blow your pa.

What if my mother should disagree?
If yer ma'll agree we'll make it three.

What if we should get VD?
We'll pick the sores and fuck some more.

What if we should get the clap?
Gotta be willin' to take penicillin.

What if I should have a child?
We'll drown the bugger and fuck for another.

What if we should have a girl?
We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch.

What if we should have a boy?
He'll play rugby and fuck like me.

What'll we do when the baby's born?
We'll drown the bugger and fuck for another.

What if you should go to jail?
I'll pick the lock with my ten-foot cock.

What if we should go to prison?
I'll swing my balls and knock down the walls.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

Two tons of titty in a loose brassiere,
A twat that twitches like a moose's ear,
Ejaculations in my beer,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A fresh raped virgin on a marble slab,
A toothless blow job in a taxi cab,
The puss that comes from your vaginal scab,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Naked photographs of Liberace,
The fragrant odor of your rotten crotch,
Syphilitic sores that make your face so blotchy,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A bloody Kotex in a toilet bowl,
Dingleberries in your brown asshole,
A pubic hair upon my breakfast roll,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A pool of blood beside a dying whore,
A moldy douchbag on a bar room floor,
I got her cherry, she was 94,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A bishop farting at his first high mass,
A lizzard knocking off a piece of ass,
A quivering cunt that's full of broken glass,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A pile of turds upon the ball room floor,
A prostitute that yells for more, more, more,
An aged cunt that's like a big trap door,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A baby sucking on a pubic hair,
A couple fucking on the back hall stair,
A cunt that's torn beyond repair,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A pubescent piglet at the junior prom,
An upset stomach when I ate your mom,
Slipped sperm deposited in your palm,
These foolish things remind me of you.



The rugby party in the old hayloft,
The players cheering, as you sucked me .off,
A hot white stream, the blast that made you cough,
These foolish things remind me of you.

That toothless smile when you reach your peak,
Gonorrhoea and a shot last week,
A fresh blown booger on an asses cheek,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Steaming semen and a Lorna Doone,
Farts from your ass playing a catchy tune,
Cunnilingus aided with a spoon,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Infected pimples looked like rosy rubies,
Symmetric stretch marks 'round your sagging boobies,
You picked your nose, and licked off all the goobies,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Head up my asshole and you had to sneeze,
Your flaxen triangle that harbored fleas,
Your recipe for mellow fumunda cheese,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A rusty dildo gave you quite a shock,
We stopped the bleeding with an old sweat sock,
Aborted fetus pickled in a crock,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Sunday trips to the Milwaulee zoo,
You blew a tiger and a kangaroo,
Jacked off a bear, your hair was filled with goo,
These foolish things remind me of you.

The tempting orifices in your nose,
Goey breakfast from between your toes,
The soiled crotch of your panty hose,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Whipped cream and the butterfly flick,
Dingleberries fondued on a stick,
Prophylactics dried upon my prick,
These foolish things remind me of you.

No FDS to stop the odor from it,
Loose goey bowels shot out like, Haley's Comet,
Two sweetheart straws, a glass of day old vomit,
These foolish things remind me of you.

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL

The sexual life of a camel
is stranger than anyone thinks
At the height of the mating season
He tries to bugger the sphinx
But the sphinx's posterior orifice
Is clogged by the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
and the sphinx's inscrutable smile

Chorus:

Singing rump tittie tittie
Rump tittie tittie tittie rump
Rump tittie tittie rump tittie tittie ay!
Singing rump tittie tittie
Rump tittie tittie tittie rump
The asshole is here to stay.
For we're all queers together
That's why we go 'round in pairs
Yes we're all queers together
Excuse un while we go upstairs.

Through the process of syphilization
From the anthrapoid ape down to man
It is commonly known that the navy
Has buggered what over it can
But recent extensive researches
by Darwin, Huxley and Hall
Has conclusively shown that tho hedgehog
Has never been buggered at all
Well they've done it at Oxford and Cambridge
They've done it at Harvard and Yale
They've successfully buggered tho hedgehog
by shaving the spines off it's tale.



THE ENGINEER'S SONG

After each line the chorus chimes:
A rum tittie, rum tittle, rum tittie, rum

The engineer told me before he died
And I've no reason to believe that he lied
He had a wife with a cunt so wide
That she could not be satisfied

So he built a bloody great wheel
With balls of brass and a prick of steel
The balls of brass he filled with cream
And the whole bloody issue was powered by steam

He placed his wife upon the bed
And tied her legs behind her head
Tele set the machine in a position to fuck
And wished his wife the best of luck

Round and round went tho bloody great wheel
And in and out went the prick of steel
Up and up went the level of steam
And down and down went the level of cream

Until at last his wife she cried
"Enough, enough I'm satisfied"
And now we come to the tragic bit
There was no way of stopping it

She was split from ass to tit
And the whole bloody issue was covered with shit
Now wo cento to the part that's grim
It jumped off her and jumped on him
Nine months later a child was born
With balls of brass and a big steel horn
A rum!

SONGS FOR WHEN YOU FUCK UP

Here are two fine songs that are particularly popular as they are traditionally sung to someone who has botched the verse of another song.

HE OUGHT TO BE PUBLICLY PISSED ON
He ought to be publicly pissed on

He ought to be publicly shot
And left in a public urinal
To lay there and fester and rot.
Him, him, fuck him!

WHY WAS HO BORN SO BEAUTIFUL?
Why was he born so beautiful?
Why was he born at all?
He's no fucking good to anyone,
He's no fucking' good at all.
Him, him, fuck him!

WILD WEST SHOW

Chorus:
We're off to see the wild west show,
The elephants and the kangaroo-oo-oo
No matter what the weather,
As long as we're together,
We're off to see the wild west show.

Caller

In this corner, ladies and gentlemen we have the Shark

Chorus

Fantastic, incredible, what, the bloody fuck is the Shark?

Caller

The Shark, ladies and gentlemen, is the only fish in the sea that eats seamen.

Giraffe...the only animal in the world that can walk into a bar and truthfully say, "The highballs are on me."

Mathematical Impossibility...The girl who was ate before she was seven.

Orangutang...an animal that has one ball made of brass and one ball-made of steel, and as he swings thru the trees, the only sound you can hear is O-rang-a-tang! O-rang-a-tang!

Queer Indian...he was a brave fucker.



Tattooed Lady...has an "M" tattooed on one ass cheek and a "W" tattooed on the other ass cheek. When she bends over it spells "MOM," when she stands on her head it spells "WOW," and when she does somersaults it spells "WOW, MOM WOW."

The other tattooed lady...has Merry Christmas tattooed on one thigh, and Happy New Year tattooed on the other thigh, and she'll be glad to have you come up between the holidays.

Vanishing Bird...a tiny bird with no defenses whatsoever, so when pursued by its enemies, it flies in ever-decreasing concentric circles until it vanishes up its own asshole

Fagowee Tribe...a tiny pigmy tribe that are only three feet tall, and they live in the five foot tall grasslands of deepest, darkest Africa and all day long, they go running around yelling "Where the Fagowee?"

Station Wagon...a very deceptive vehicle it is bigger than most people think. It's so big that you can get ate in the front seat and sixty-nine in the back.

The perverted furniture salesman...was recently locked up by the alert police force for attempting to sell a blood stained sofa as a period piece.

The cross between the Chinese and the French girl...I don't know what she is but if you take her home with you she eats your laundry.

The cross between the prostitute and the peanut butter sandwich...she's the only piece of tail that sticks to the roof of your mouth.

The queer bear...he laid his paw on the table.

The homosexual spider...he's always trying to play with another spider's fly.

The horny mouse...thee horny mouse is the most oversexed creature in the jungle. One day it was prowling through the jungle, horny as hell, when it spied

an elephant and proceeded to hump it. While the mouse was working away, the elephant happened to step on a thorn (all the while- being completely unaware of the mouse's 'struggles) and let out a loud bellow to which the mouse replied, "suffer, you bastard."

The porcupine... is the only animal in the world with 40,000 pricks. NO, you can't take him home with you madam.

The winkywanky bird...is an unusual creature. His foreskin is attached to his eyelids so that when he winks he wanks and when he wanks he winks. Please don't throw sand in his eyes lads.

The polar bear...lives in the middle of an iceberg. At the north end of the ice island the English ladies keep their English school, at the south end of the island, the French ladies keep their french school, and the polar boar in the middle keeps his private school.

The Crocigator...is the only animal with the head of a crocodile at one end and the head of an alligator at the other end of his body. This makes him the meanest animal in the world. How does he shit? What do you think makes him so mean?

The ooh ah bird...is a ntrango little creature. The male of tho species lives at the North Pole and the female at the South Pole. Around and round they fly and ne'er the twain do meet. But every leap year both sexes migrate toward the equator where they meet with the characteristic cry of "ooh ah, ooh ah."

The ohmenutz bird... is distinguished by the peculiar structure of its scrotal sac, which being three foot long as compared to the overall size of tho bird itself (being only 5-1/2 inches) is peculiar indeed. Anyway, this bird flies around the world, never tiring day after day, until finally it oust out of sheer fatigue it comes in for a landing, which indeed it does with the cry of "oh me nuts, oh me nuts.



The Siberian Snow Leopard...The only 600 pound pussy that will eat you.

The dentist...the only person who gets paid to put his tool in your mouth.

The (insert name of opposition)...rugger the only guy who can date a girl for six long months and not even get to hold her hand. So one night he gets all his courage together and as he is going up to her door says "how about a good night fuck, baby?" To which she replied "alright, good night, fuck."

The (insert name of opposition) rugger... the only guy who can go to bed, have a wet dream, and wake up with the crabs.

The (insert name of opposition) egotist...well this guy was so proud of his prick that he wrote on the bathroom wall "I've got 10 inches," under which a Blackthorn rugger wrote "Gee between the two of us we've got a full yard."

The Blackthorn rugger...every, time this guy goes over to his woman's for a fuck, he pole vaults in through the bedroom window.

The totem pole...Yes folks, the totem pole. Didn't you ever wonder why an Indian wore a jock strap?

ICH BIN MUSIKER

Ich Bin Musiker
Von dem Vaterlander
Ich kann spielen
Was kann spielen?
Auf meiner viola vio vio viola, vio vio viola
vio vio viola, vio vio viola.

Auf meiner trumpeta ba rump bum bum bum bum bum
ba 4x
piano pia pia piano 4x
tamburino ba ba ba ba ba ba 4x
telephone allo allo allo allo 4x
picalo pica pica picalo 4x
pantalo a zoom a zoom a zoom a zoom 4x

WILL YOU MARRY ME

If I give, you have a crown
Will you pull your knickers down?
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me?

In Falsetto:

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

Ed. Note: Change just the first two lines with:

If I give you half a note
Can I stuff it down your throat?

If I give you a dime of grass
Can I shove it up your ass?
If I give you an ounce of pot
Will you let me twist your twat?

If I give you a red rose
Can I stuff it up your nose?

If I give you fish and chips
Will you let me suck your tits?

If I give you a shot of gin
Will you let me fill your quim?

If I give you a pint of beer
Will you piss it in my ear?

Just to prove that I'm sincere
Let me stick it in your ear.

(The girl has denied all of these propositions – Ed.)

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 that you possess
I will marry, marry, marry, marry,
I will marry you.

Ho Ho Ho
You think your pretty funny.
You don't want me
You want me fuckin' money.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

Who killed cock robin?
"I" said the sparrow, "with my bow and arrow.
I killed cock robin."

Chorus:

Oh, the birds of the air said fuck it let's chuck it,
When they hoard cock robin had kicked the fuckin'
bucket.
When they heard cock robin had kicked the fuckin'
bucket.

Who saw him die?
"I" said the fly, "with my little eye.
I saw him die."

Who'll dig his grave?
"I" said the owl, "with my little trowel.
I'll dig his grave."

Who'll toll the bell?
"I" said the bull, "with my mighty tool.
I'll toll the bell."

GANG BANG

Knock, knock.
Who's there?

Irish
Irish who?

Chorus:

I wish I had a gang bang I always will
Because a gang bang gives me such a thrill
When I was younger and in my prime
I used to gang bang all the time
But now I'm older and getting grey
I only gang bang once a day

Justin
I'm just in tine for the...

Jewish
D'you wish you had a...

Gladiator...
Aren't you glad you ate her before the...

Dianne
I'm just dyin' for a...

Euripides
You rippa dees pants off and we'll have a...

Annonia
I'm only an hour late for the...

Police
Please let me in to the...



Songs You Can Sing to Your Mother





Songs of the British Isles



Armagh RFC



RED HAIRE MARY

As I went to the fair at Dingle,
One fine morning last July,
Going down the road before me,
A red haired girl I chanced to spy.

I stepped up to her and said, "Young lady,
My donkey it will carry two."
"Well, seeing as how you've got the donkey,
To the Dingle Fair I'll ride with you."

As we approached the town of Dingle,
I took her hand to say goodbye.
When a tinker man stepped up before me
And belted me in me left eye.

Now I was feeling kind of peevish,
Me poor old eye was sad and sore.
I gently tapped him with me hobnails
And he flew back through Murphy's door.
Ho went out to find his brother,
The biggest man you ever did see.
He gently tapped me with his knuckles
And I was minus two front teeth.

A constable came around the corner,
Ho said, "Young Dan you've broke the law."
When me donkey kicked him in the kneecap,
And he fell down and broke his jaw.

Well the red haired girl she kept on smiling,
"I'll go with you young man", she said.
"We'll forget about the priest this morning
And tonight we'll lie in Murphy's shed."

As we roamed through the fair together,
My black eye and her red hair,
Smiling gaily at the tinkers,
My God we were a handsome pair.

Chorus: (3rd through 6th verses)

Keep your hands off red haired Mary,
Her and I will soon be wed.
We'll see the priest this very morning,
And tonight we'll lie in a marriage bed.

Chorus: (7th and 8th verses)

Keep your hands off red haired Mary,
Her and I will soon be wed.
We'll forget about the priest this morning
And tonight we'll lie in Murphy's shed.

GALWAY BAY

This old Irish ballad was bastardised and then popularised by the Clancy Brothers. Its borderline respectability makes it ever popular.

Maybe someday I'll go back again to Ireland,
if my dear old wife would only pass away.
She's nearly got me heart broke with her naggin,
she's got a mouth as big as Galway Bay.

See her drinking 16 pints of Pabst Blue Ribbon,
and then she can walk home without a sway.
If the sea were made of beer not salty water,
she would live and die in Galway Bay.

See her drinking 16 pints at Pat Joe Murphy's,
when the barman says, "I think it's time to go."
Then she doesn't try to speak to him in Gaelic,
but in a language that the clergy do not know.

On her back she has tattooed a map of Ireland,
and when she takes her bath on Saturday,
She rubs the sunlight soap around by Clara
just to watch the suds roll down by Galway Bay.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

This solid hymn was written by Thomas Oliver in the 18th century with words by William Williams. It was translated from the Welsh in 1771. P.A.B.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Guide me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven
Feed me till I want no more,
Feed me till I want no more.



Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong deliv'rer, strong deliv'rer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,
I will ever sing to Thee.
I will ever sing to Thee.

Care and doubting, gloom and sorrow,
Fear and shame are mine no more.
Faith knows naught of dark tomorrow,
For my Savior goes before.
Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,
I will ever sing to Thee.
I will ever sing to Thee.

MOONSHINER

Chorus:

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler,
I'm a long way from home.
And if you don't like me then leave me alone.
I'll eat when I'm hungry,
I'll drink when I'm dry.
If the moonshine don't kill me,
I'll live till I die.

I've been a moonshiner for many a year,
I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer.
I'll go to some hollow and set up me still
And I'll sell you a gallon for a ten shilling bill.

I'll go to some hollow in this country,
Ten gallons of wash I can go on a spree.
No women to follow, the world is all mine,
And I love none so well as I love the moonshine.

Oh, moonshine, oh moonshine, oh how I love thee,
You killed me own father, and now ycu'll try me.
God bless all moonshiners, and bless all moonshine,
Their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine.

TIM FINNEGAN'S WAKE

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin' Street,
A gentle Irishman mighty odd,
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet
And to rise in the world he carried a hod.
You see he'd a sort o' the tipplin' way,
With a love for the liquor poor Tim was born,
To help him on with his work each day,
He'd a "drop ol the cray-thur" e'ery morn.'

Chorus:

Whack fol the da now, dance to your partner
Welt the floor your trotter's shake
Wasn't it the truth I told you,
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake.

One mornin' Tim was rather full,
His head felt heavy which made him shake,
He fell from a ladder, and he broke his skull,
And they carried him home his corpse to wake.
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
And laid him out upon the bed,
With a gallon of whisky at his feet,
And a barrel of porter at his head.

His friends assembled at the wake,
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,
First they brought in tay and cake,
Then pipes, tobacco and whisky punch.
Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
Such a nice clean corpse did you over see?
Tim Mavourneen why did you die?
Arrah hold your gob said Paddy McGhee.



Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job,
Oh Biddy says she, you're wrong I'm sure
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob,
And left her sprawling on the floor.
Then the war did soon engage,
'Twas woman to woman, and man to man,
Sheelaigh law was all the rage,
And a row, and a ruction soon began.

Then Mickey Maloney raised his head,
When a noggin of whisky flew at him,
It missed and falling on the bed,
The liquor scattered over Tim.
Tim revives see how he rises,
Timothy rising from the bed,
Said, "Whirl your whisky around like blazes,
Thanum an dial do you think I'm dead?"

ROSIN THE BOW

I've travelled this wide world all over,
And now to another I go
And I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome Old Rosin the Bow.
To welcome Old Rosin the Bow,
To welcome Old Rosin the Bow,
And I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome Old Rosin the Bow.
When he's dead and laid out on the counter
A voice you will hear from below
Saying send down a hogshead of whisky
To drink with Old Rosin the Bow.
To drink with Old Rosin the Bow,
To drink with Old Rosin the Bow
Saying send down a hogshead of whisky
To drink with old rosin the bow.

And got a half dozen stout fellows
And stack 'em all up in a row
Let them drink out of half gallon bottles
To the memory of Rosin the Bow.
To the memory of Rosin the Bow,
To the memory of rosin the bow,
Let 'em drink out of half gallon bottles
To the memory of Rosin the Bow.

Got this half dozen stout fellows
And let them all stagger and go
And dig a great hole in the meadow
And in it put Rosin the Bow.
And in it put Rosin the Bow,
And in it put Rosin the Bow,
And dig a great hole in the meadow
And in it put Rosin the Bow.

Get ye a couple of bottles
Put one at me head and me toe
With a diamond ring scratch upon them
The name of Old Rosin the Bow.
The name of Old Rosin the Bow,
The name of Old Rosin the Bow,
With a diamond ring scratch upon them
The name of Old Rosin the Bow.

I feel that old tyrant approaching
That cruel remorseless old foe
And I lift up my glass in his honor
Take a drink with Old Rosin the Bow.
Take a drink with Old Rosin the Bow,
Take a drink with Old Rosin the Bow,
And I lift up my glass in his honor
Take a drink with Old Rosin the Bow.

RODDY M'CORLEY

Oh see the fleet foot hosts of men,
Who speed, with faces wan
From Farmstead and from thresher's cot
Along the banks of Ban.
They come with vengeance in their eyes
Too late, too late are they,
For young Roddy M'Corley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome today.

Up the narrow street he stepped,
Smiling and proud and young;
About the hemp-rope on his neck
The golden ringlets clung.
There's never a tear in his blue eyes,
Both glad and bright are they
As young Roddy M' Corley goes to die
On the bridge of Toome today.



When he last stepped up that street
His shining pike in hand,
Behind him marched in grim array
A stalwart earnest band!
For Antrim town! For Antrim town!
He led them to the fray
As young Roddy M'Corley goes to die
On the bridge of Toome today.

There's never a one of all your dead
More bravely fell in fray,
Than he who marches to his fate
On the bridge of Toome today.
True to the last, true to the last,
He treads the upward way
And young Roddy M'Corley goes to die
On the bridge of Toome today.

UP THE LONG LADDER

Up the long ladder and down the short rope
To hell with King Billy and God bless the Pope
If that doesn't do we'll tear him in two
And send him to hell with their red white and blue

ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

This next song was always a favorite of Pat Hollis
who could always sing it faster and three octaves
lower than anybody else.

In the merry month of May, From my home I started,
Left the girls of Tuam, Nearly broken hearted,
Saluted father dear, Kissed my darlin' mother,
Drank a pint of beer, My grief and tears to smother,
Then off to reap the corn, And leave where I was born,
I cut a stout blackthorn, To banish ghost and goblin,
In a brand new pair of brogues, I rattled o'er the bogs,
And frightened all the dogs, On the rocky road to Dublin.

One, two, three, four five,
Hunt the hare and turn her
Down the rocky road
And all the ways to Dublin,
Whack-fol-lol-de-ra.

In Mullingar that night, I rested limbs so weary,
Started by daylight, Next mornin' light and airy,
Took a drop of the pure, To keep my heart from sinkin',
That's an Irishman's cure, Whene'er he's on for drinking.
To see the lasses smile, Laughing all the while,
At my curious style, 'Twould set your heart a-bubblin'.
They ax'd if I was hired, The wages I required,
Till I was almost tired, Of the rocky road to Dublin.

In Dublin next arrived, I thought it such a pity,
To be so soon deprived, A view of that fine city.
Then I took a stroll, All among the quality,
My bundle it was stole, In a neat locality;
Something crossed my mind, Then I looked behind;
No bundle could I find, Upon my stick a wobblin'.
Enquirin' for the rogue, They said my Connacht brogue,
Wasn't much in vogue, On the rocky road to Dublin.

From there I got away, My spirits never failin'
Landed on the quay As the ship was sailin';
Captain at me roared, Said that no room had he,
When I jumped aboard, A cabin found for Paddy,
Down among the pigs I played some funny rigs,
Danced some hearty jigs, The water round me bubblin',
When off Holyhead, I wished myself was dead,
Or better far instead, On the rocky road to Dublin.

The lads of Liverpool, When we safely landed,
Called myself a fool; I could no longer stand it;
Blood began to boil, Temper I was losin',
Poor old Erin's isle They began abusin',
"Hurrah my soul," sez I, My shillelagh I let fly;
Some Galway lads were by, Saw I was a hobble in,
Then with a loud hurray, They joined in the affray.
We quickly cleared the way, for the rocky road to Dublin.



Songs of the Sea





IRISH ROVER

On the fourth of July eighteen hundred and six
We set sail from the sweet cove of Cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the grand city hall in New York
'Twas a wonderful craft, she was rigged fore-and-aft
And oh, how the wild winds drove her.
She'd got several blasts, she'd twenty-seven masts
And we called her the Irish Rover.

We had one million bales of the best Sligo rags
We had two million barrels of stones
We had three million sides of old blind horses hides,
We had four million barrels of bones.
We had five million hogs, we had six million dogs,
Seven million barrels of porter.
We had eight million bails of old nanny goats' tails,
In the hold of the Irish Rover.

There was awl Mickey Coote who played hard on his flute
When the ladies lined up for his set
He was tootin' with skill for each sparkling quadrille
Though the dancers were fluther'd and bet
With his sparse witty talk he was cock of the walk
As he rolled the dames under and over
They all knew at a glance when he took up his stance
And he sailed in the Irish Rover

There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee,
There was Hogan from County Tyrone
There was Jimmy McGurk who was scarred stiff of work
And a man from Westmeath called Malone
There was Slugger O'Toole who was drunk as a rule
And fighting Bill Tracey from Dover
And your man Mick McCann from the banks of the Bann
Was the skipper of the Irish Rover

We had sailed seven years when the measles broke out
And the ship lost it's way in a fog.
And that whale of the crew was reduced down to two,
Just meself and the captain's old dog.
Then the ship struck a rock, oh Lord what a shock
The bulkhead was turned right over
Turned nine times around, and the poor dog was
drowned
I'm the last of the Irish Rover

DRUNKEN SAILOR

What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
What do you do with a drunken sailor,
Earl-eye in the morning!

Chorus:

Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Way hay and up she rises
Earl-eye in the morning

Shave his belly with a rusty razor,

Put him in the hold with the Captain's daughter,

Put him the back of the paddy wagon,

Throw him in the longboat 'til he's sober,

Tie him up in a runnin' bowline,

Take him and shake him and try and wake him,

Pull out the plug and wet him all over,

Put him in the scuppers with the hose pipe on him,

Tie his pubic hairs to the yardarm,

Make him play for (insert name of opposition) rugby,

Make him eat out Lupe's panties
(courtesy of John McLean)



THE OCEAN WAVES DO ROLL

(also called The Mermaid)

It was Friday morn when we set sail,
And we were not so far from the land,
When our captain, he spied a mermaid so fair,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Chorus:

Oh, the ocean waves do roll,
And the stormy winds do blow.
We old sailors are skipping at the top,
While the landlubbers lie down below, below, below,
Oh, the landlubbers lie down below.

And up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
And a fine old man was he.
"This fishy mermaid has warned me of our doom,
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea."

And up speaks the mate of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken man was he,
"Oh, I have a wife in Salem by the sea,
And tonight a widow she will be."

And up spoke the cabin-boy of our gallant ship,
And a brave young lad was he.
"Oh, I have a sweetheart in Plymouth by the sea,
And tonight she'll be weeping for me."

And up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,
And a crazy old butcher was he.
"Oh I care much more for my pots and my pans,
Than I do for the bottom of the sea."

Then three times around spun our gallant ship,
And three times around spun she.
And three times around spun our gallant ship,
And she went to the bottom of the sea.

SANTIANO

We're sailing 'cross the river from Liverpool
Heave aweigh, Santiano
'Round Cape Horn to Frisco Bay
Way out in Californ-i-o

So, heave her up and away we'll go
Heave aweigh, Santiano
So, heave her up and away we'll go
Way out in Californ-i-o

There's plenty of gold, so I've been told
Heave aweigh, Santiano
There's plenty of gold, so I've been told
Way out in Californ-i-o

So, heave her up and away we'll go
Heave aweigh, Santiano
Heave her up and away we'll go
Way out in Californ-i-o

Well, back in the days of forty-nine
Heave aweigh, Santiano
Back in the days of the good old times
Way out in Californ-i-o

So, heave her up and away we'll go
Heave aweigh, Santiano
Heave her up and away we'll go
Way out in Californ-i-o

When I leave ship, I'll settle down
Heave aweigh, Santiano
Marry a girl named Sally Brown
Way out in Californi-i-o

So, heave her up and away we'll go
Heave aweigh, Santiano
Heave her up and away we'll go
Way out in Californ-i-o



Songs of the States





THE SONG OF THE SALVATION ARMY

We're coming, we're coming
A bright yellow band
On the right side of temperance
We now take our stand

We don't chew tobacco
Because we all think
That the people who chew it
Are likely to drink

Chorus:

Away, Away, with rum, by gum
With rum, by gum
With rum, by gum

Away, Away, with rum, by gum
The song of the salvation army
We never eat cookies
Because they have yeast

And one little bite
Turns a man to a beast
Oh can you imagine
A sadder disgrace?

Than a girlscout in the gutter
With crumbs on her face
Away, Away, with rum, by gum
With rum, by gum

With rum, by gum
Away, Away, with rum, by gum
The song of the salvation army
We never eat fruitcake

Because it has rum
And one little bite
Turns a man to a bum
Oh can you imagine

A sorrier sight?
Than a man eating fruitcake
Until he gets tight
Away, Away, with rum, by gum

With rum, by gum
With rum, by gum
Away, Away, with rum, by gum
The song of the salvation army

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
'Twas blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

BANKS OF THE OHIO

I asked my love to take a walk
With me just a little ways
And as we walked she would talk
All about our wedding day

Chorus:

And only say that you'll be mine
In no others arms entwined
Down beside where the waters flow
On the banks of the Ohio



I plunged a knife into her breast
And told her she was going to rest
She cried "Oh Willy, don't murder me
I'm not prepared for eternity."

I drug her down to the river-side
And told she was going to die
An I there threw her into drown
And I watched her as she floated down

I was heading home between twelve and one
I cried "Lord, what have I've done?"
Ive murder the only girl i love
Because she would not be my wife

YOGI BEAR

I know a bear that you all know,
Yogi, Yogi,
I know a bear that you all know,
Yogi, Yogi Bear,
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,
Booboo, Booboo Bear,
Booboo, Booboo Bear,
Yogi's got a little friend,
Booboo, Booboo Bear.

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

Yogi has another friend,
Cindy, Cindy Bear.

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

Yogi's got a cheesy knob, cammum,
Camem, Camembert.

Suzi likes it on the fridge, polar,
Polar, Polar bear.

Booboo likes it up the ass, brown,
Brown, Brown bear.

Yogi's dick is long and green, cucum,
Cucum, cucumber.

Suzi doesn't to shave her pubes, grizzly,
Grizzly, grizzly bear.

Cindy wears crotchless undies,
Teddy, teddy bear.

Cindy likes it up the rear,
Dirty, dirty bear.

Suzi Bear has no teeth,
Gummi, Gummi bear.

Cindy she has great big tits,
More than, More than (I can bear).

Suzi gets four bits an hour,
Jingle, jingle bear.

Cindy's tampon has no string,
Cotton, cotton bear.

Boo-Boo likes it upside down,
Koala, Koala Bear.

Suzi does it with a Kennedy,
Teddy, Teddy Bear.

Yogi got a case of crabs,
Itchy, itchy bear.

Boo-Boo likes to stroke his tool,
Wanker, wanker bear.

Yogi also likes young boys,
Poofter, poofter bear.



Cindi has a girlfriend,
Klondike, Klondike bear.

Yogi likes to roll his own,
Smoky, Smoky bear.

Yogi didn't use a condom,
Daddy, daddy Bear.

Yogi uses condoms,
Clever, clever bear.

Boo-Boo pokes holes in them,
Naughty, naughty bear.

Cindy gets what she deserves,
Pregnant, pregnant bear.

Yogi has suspected AIDS,
Goodbye, goodbye bear.

MY GIRL

(Courtesy of Jimmy Gal)

I've got sunshine on a cloudy day.
When it's cold outside I've got the month of May.
I guess you'd say
What can make me feel this way?
My girl (my girl, my girl)
Talkin' 'bout my girl (my girl).

I've got so much honey the bees envy me.
I've got a sweeter song than the birds in the trees.
I guess you'd say
What can make me feel this way?
My girl (my girl, my girl)
Talkin' 'bout my girl (my girl).

Hey hey hey
Hey hey hey
Ooh

I don't need no money, fortune, or fame.
I've got all the riches baby one man can claim.
I guess you'd say

What can make me feel this way?
My girl (my girl, my girl)
Talkin' 'bout my girl (my girl).

I've got sunshine on a cloudy day
With my girl.

I've even got the month of May
With my girl



PARTING GLASS

Of all the money that ere I had, I spent it in good company.
And of all the harm that ere I've done, alas was done to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit, to memory now I cannot recall.
So fill me to the parting glass. Goodnight and joy be with you all.

Of all the comrades that ere I had, they're sorry for my going away,
And of all the sweethearts that ere I had, they wish me one more day to stay,
But since it falls unto my lot that I should rise while you should not,
I will gently rise and I'll softly call, "Goodnight and joy be with you all!"

Oh, if I had money enough to spend and leisure time to sit awhile
There is a fair maid in this town that sorely has my heart beguiled
Her rosey cheeks and ruby lips, she alone has my heart in thrall.
So fill me to the parting glass. Goodnight and joy be with you all.