

The Ball Of Kerrymuir
Misc Traditional

This is sorta a Jim Croce song--he does a version of it on Jim Croce Live: The Final Tour, but that version is much shorter (only about half a dozen verses) and his version is arranged for two guitars (this version is for one, as I have major problems playing two guitars at the same time). If you re feeling ambitious and sober enough to handle it, playing archipeggio figures instead of just strumming the chords sounds pretty great.

G 320003
E7 022130
A7 x02223
D xx0232
A x02220

[Chorus]

A
Singin
D
Balls to your partner,

Your ass against the wall.

G
If you can t get laid on a Saturday night,
A7
You ll never get laid at all.

-or-

D
Who hae ye last nicht,

An who hae ye noo?

G
The man wha hae ye last nicht,
A7
He canna hae ye noo.

D
Four and twenty virgins

Come down from Inverness.

G **D**
When the ball was over
E7 **A**
There were four and twenty less.

[Chorus]

There was doin in the parlour,
There was doin on the stones.
You couldn t hear the music
For the wheezin and the groans.

[Chorus]

The undertaker, he was there,
All wrapped up in a shroud,
Swingin from the chandalier,
And peein on the crowd.

[Chorus]

The village cripple, he was there,
But he couldn t do that much.
So he lined the ladies against the wall
And did em with his crutch.

[Chorus]

Miss Molly McFearson
Was standin way up front,
With some posies in her hand,
And a carrot up er cunt.

[Chorus]

The village postman, he was there,
Though the poor lad had the pox.
He couldn t do the lassies,
So he did the letterbox.

[Chorus]

The village magician, he was there,
He gave us all a laugh.
He pulled his foreskin over his head,
And vanished up his ass.

[Chorus]

The fruit-picker s daughter, she was there,
And always within reach.
Offerin the men all they could eat,
And for only three pence each.

[Chorus]

The young lad Johnny, he was there,
Though only a lad of eight.
He couldn t find a woman there,
So he had to masterbate.

[Chorus]

The eunich and someone s wife
Had a little tryst.
He didn t have much that would work,
So he had to use his fist.

[Chorus]

First lady forward,
Second lady aft.
Third lady s finger
Up the fourth lady d ass.

[Chorus]

The deaf mute lad, he was there,
And didn t have much to say.
Waitin for the lasses to pass out,
And doin em where they lay.

[Chorus]

The stableboy, he was there,
And couldn t do much worse.
So he went down to the stables
And did his favourite horse.

[Chorus]

The queen was in the kitchen
Eating bread and honey.
The king was in the chambermaid,
And she was in the money.

[Chorus]

The shepherdboy, he was there,
And had a secret hard to keep.
He did the ladies when he could,
But otherwise did his sheep.

[Chorus]

The Catholic priest was standin around,
Watchin them in the hall.
Finally he had all he could take,
And did the hole in the wall.

[Chorus]

A Fanciscan Friar was in the courtyard,
Naked in the sun.

Drinkin the sacrificial wine,
And doin an ugly nun.

[Chorus]

The bride was in the parlour
Explaining to the groom
That the vagina, not the rectum
Is the entrance to the womb.

[Chorus]

The sailor was all excited,
And racing down the halls,
A-sumblin on his pecker
And a-trippin o'er his balls.

[Chorus]

The Lord of the castle was runnin around,
Raisin up his kilts.
Propositionin the nearest lady,
Lassie, quick, before it wilts.

[Chorus]

The pickpocket s wife, she was there,
A bonnie little thing.
Many a lad gained a disease,
But lost their favourite ring.

[Chorus]

The Baker s wife, she was there,
Dancing in the streets.
She obviously enjoyed her husband s bread,
But got an infection from the yeast.

[Chorus]

The drunkerd found the village whore,
Dressed up in her lace.
But the ups and downs made him ill,
And he threw up in her face.

[Chorus]

The village baker, he was there,
And looking pretty mean.
A-shoutin that the girls were all tarts,
And a-pumpin them full of cream.

[Chorus]

The village blacksmith, he was there,
With his balls made of brass.
And every time he laid a lass,
The sparks flew out her ass.

[Chorus]

The village harlot, she was there,
A-lyin on the floor.
And every time she opened her legs,
The suction closed the door.

[Chorus]

There was doin in the hallways,
There was doin on the stair.
You couldn t find the carpet
For the pile of pubic hair.

[Chorus]

The blacksmith s wife, she was there,
A-sittin by the fire,
Performing abortions by the hour
With a red-hot brand of wire.

[Chorus]

The village butcher, he was there,
A cleaver in his hand.
And every time he turned around,
He circumcised a man.

[Chorus]

In the middle of the ballroom
The village idiot sat,
Amusin himself by abusing himself,
And catching it in his hat.

Don t blame me,
Yours etc.,