

No. 44.

CHORUS.—HALLELUJAH!

THE MUSS TREASURY OF SONG

Allegro

FRANO. Hal - le - lu - jah,

ALTO. Hal - le - lu - jah,

TENOR. Hal - le - lu - jah,

BASS. Hal - le - lu - jah,

Allegro. ♩ = 72

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Caving Matilda
(Tune: Waltzing Matilda)

1. Once a jolly caver camped by a swallet hole
Under the shade of a rowan tree.
And he sang as he tied his ladder to a stalagmite,
"Who'll come a-caving Matilda with me?"

*Chorus:

Caving Matilda, caving Matilda,
Who'll come a-caving Ma'ldawith me?
And he sang as he tied his ladder to a stalagmite,
"Who'll come a-caving Matilda with me?"

2. Deep beneath the surface, far inside the Master Cave,
"Where," said the caver, "can the through route be?"
And he sang as he heard the murmur of a waterfall,
"Who'll come a-caving Matilda with me?"

*Chorus

3. Up came a cloudburst, poured down that swallet hole,
Up rose the water - turf brown sea.
And he sang as the water rose into his bedding plane,
"Who'll come a-caving Matilda with me?"

*Chorus

4. Up came the rescue mounted on an ambulance,
Out jumped the wardens - One! Two! Three!
And they sang as they sat and waited for the sun to shine,
"Who'll come a-caving Matilda with me?"

*Chorus

5. (Slowly)
Deep beneath the surface, far inside that bedding plane
There lies a caver ne'er to be free.
And his voice may be heard as you pass by that swallet hole,
"Who'll come a-caving Matilda with me?"

*Chorus (Presto)

- * (The third line of the chorus is the same as the third line of the previous verse)

The Day We Went To Yorkshire-O!
(Tune: "Rotherhay-O!")

One day when we had nothing to do,
There was Lank, myself and others too.
A bloody horrible festerous crew
The day we went to Yorkshire-O!
We all set off down Market Street,
Couldn't care less for snow or sleet.
At half past 'leven we all did meet
At the ol' New Inn in Clapham-O!

Chorus:

Dur-a-ma dur-a, dur-a-ma day!
Dur-a-ma du ma darlin' O!
Du-a-ma du-ra, du-a-ma day,
The day we went to Yorkshire-O!

We wandered up onto Leck Fell.
The farmer he said, "Go to hell!"
And Wood he farted such a smell
As has never been smelt in Yorkshire-O!
We had to escape this cloud of grot -
So whether the farmer liked it or not,
We all set off down Lost Johns Pot
The day we went to Yorkshire-O!

Chorus.....

There was Wilcox with his fiery beard,
Of pitches he was not a-feared,
And Menastrey Pitch he quickly cleared
On an eighty five foot ladder-O!
We lowered him down upon a rope
And in the water he did grope.
The bugger hadn't got a hope of
Of finding the New Roof Traverse-O!

Chorus.....

'Twas deep inside the Master Cave
And for our pints we all did crave,
And Wilcox started for to rave,
"We'll never be out by half ten-O!"
So for the surface we set out
With glorious visions of pints of stout.
'Twas half past one when we got out
Of that horrible hole in Yorkshire-O!

Chorus.....

We all jumped into the Dormobile,
And Derek, he was at the wheel.
All our fates he tried to seal
On the rocky road to Clapham-O!
We rolled up to the ol' New Inn,
We kicked the door and walked straight in,
And Hollands face it was quite grim
On that horrible day in Yorkshire-O!

Chorus.....

New Holland was a bit of a lout -
He overcharged us for the stout.
And quick as we could we all got out
To the ruinous hut in Clapham-O!
We all lay down upon our backs
And someone started burning sacks.
And smoke it poured from all the cracks
Of that ruinous hut in Clapham-O!

Chorus.....

Said Buxton, "Grange Rigg's not for me.
Juniper Gulf's my cup of tea!
And the leader I will be
In an S.S. Pot in Yorkshire-O!"
But all his words were just hot air,
The bugger went completely spare,
And spent the whole day in a chair
At the ol' New Inn in Clapham-O!

Chorus.....

4

Finale:

Says I, "I think I'll head for home,
And I never more will roam".
And I'm coughing still as I sing this poem
Of a horrible day in Yorkshire-O!

Chorus.....

The Speleopod

(Tune: Remotely like 'God rest you merry gentlemen)

A jolly decasextapod went down a cave one day,
"Fuck me!" said he, "It's a jolly good spree.
Down here I think I'll stay."
Now sixteen million years have past
And he has quite evolved.
All problems of environment have finally been solved.

Chorus:

He's a speleopod, a speleopod,
A speleopod trognostrus.
He's a speleopod, a speleopod,
A speleopod trognostrus!

Six of his sixteen hairy legs have now stratified.
He's grown a trunk and trumpet ears
And lost his twinkling eyes.
His adopted digestion utilises
Small free energy gains
And he lives quite successfully off rich organic veins.

Chorus.....

The orientation problem had first to be resolved,
And after only a million years the problem had been solved.
Using his newly developed trunk
As an ultrasonic source.
He picks up echoes with his ears
And so perceives his course.

Chorus.....

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His sexual organ petrified just like a stalagmite,
And in the mating season, the maidens they take fright.
For it's not much fun to take a tool
Whose length may run to yards,
And then run round for the rest of your life
Stuffed full of calcite shards

Chorus.....

One day a bexon Piltown Maid sat down upon the ground,
And speleoped detected her with his ultrasonic sound.
Now speleoped was a dirty old sod
So he thought he'd have a shot!
And that's how homotroglophiles
Were originally begot.

..... We're troglaphiles, we're troglaphiles,
We're homotroglophiles.
We're troglaphiles, we're troglaphiles,
We're homotroglophiles!!

The Saga of Constable Peckham

A certain young lady in Clapham did dwell,
Her name was Pitasimons - I knew her quite well.
She went to the doctors 'cuz she couldn't shite,
So he gave her some pills that would put her quite right.

Chorus:

Too-ra-loo, wait a bit!
Too-ra-loo, wait a bit!
It's a 'fuckin' good song
And it's all about shit!

She shat all that night and she shat all that day.
They hired contractors to cart it away.
You looked to your left and you leeked to your right -
There were mountains and mountains and mountains of shite!

Chorus.....

With a rather large fart she awoke in the night,
Her stomach was rumbling she wanted a shite.
She reached for the pot but 'twas full to the brim,
So she opened the window and stuck out her quim!

Chorus.....

Now Constable Peckham was out on his beat
When he happened to pass by the end of the street.
He thought he heard voices way up in the sky,
When a rather large turd hit him right in the eye!

Chorus.....

Now Constable Peckham was blinded for life
With six starving kids and a fuckin' great wife.
He stands on the corner by day and by night
With a sign round his neck saying 'Blinded by shite'.

Chorus.....

The Matienzo Song (Tune: The British Grenadiers)

Some talk of Gouffre Berger, and some of P.S.M.
Of caves in distant islands - we've heard enough of them.
For of all the worlds great caverns
There's none that can compare
With the caves we know in Matienzo
Within reach of Germans Bar!

Some talk of Trevor Ford and some of Harry Long,
Of Brookie and his brother and Antony Waltham.
But of all the worlds great 'cavers
There's none that can compare
With the men that go to Matienzo
And drink in Germans Bar!

Some climb electron ladder and some use S.R.T.
The French use motor winches and the Elden 'ab and p'.
But the best way to discover and find the easy route
Is to follow your nose where nobody goes
With the aid of a wellington boot!

Some oave on William Youngers and some on Tetleys mild,
Some folks they drink the whisky -
It almost drives them wild... BUT.....

Chorus:

I, I, I, I. I like the vino.
Me Auntie Marinda - she pissed out the window,
She pissed over my scumbrer!

1. I like the whisky, it makes me feel frisky,
But most of all I like the vino.
I like the vino.
Give me the good old vino!

Chorus.....

2. I like the beer, it makes me feel queer,
etc.....
3. I like the brandy, it makes me feel randy,
etc.....
4. I like Bacardi, it gives me a hardy,
etc.....
5. I like the gin, it helps me get in,
etc.....
6. I like the Guinness, it stiffens my penis,
etc.....
7. I like the ice, it makes me come twice,
etc.....
8. I like Aer Lingus, it gives free cunnilingus,
etc.....
9. I like the rum it helps me to come,
etc.....
etc.....etc.....etc.....etc.....etc.....

8

The Saga of Foxup Beck
(Tune: "Tannenbaum")

To Foxup Beck we all did come
With exploration to be done.
To find some caves was our intent
No matter how much time we spent.
We dug and dug for at least a week
Until we found what we did seek.
And then at last a cave we found -
'Twas only three foot underground

We called for Bog, and there he came
For 'tis rumoured he's insane.
"Just to prove that your a man.
Can you push it?" "Course I can!"

Take in the lifeline do
(Tune: Daisy, Daisy)

Take in, take in, take in the lifeline do.
I'm all quaking hanging down here for you.
I'm not a sylish climber,
I can't afford a clogger.
But I'm alright with my Oldham light
And electren ladder too.

Hold on, hold on, the lifeline's round my balls
I can't take in, not for the life of yours.
If you can't afford a clogger
You'd best climb up the ladder,
'Cos you can't use a prussik knot
When the rope's tied round my balls.

Climbing, climbing, climbing the ladder now.
It's so tiring, but I'll get up somehow.
I think I'm going to slip off,
There's nothing to get a grip of.
I'll be alright if you hold me tight,
I'm falling off right now!

9

(Sing in a high voice)

Help me, help me, the lifelines round my balls,
I can't take in not for the life of yours,
If you get back on the ladder
I'll even buy you a clogger

(Back to low voice)

Oh, thank God, you bloody sod,
You've ruined my married life!

The Armchair Caver

Chorus:

I'm a caver, I'r a caver from Manchester way.
I get all my pleasures the potholing way.
I may be a wage slave on Monday,
But I am a drunkard on Sunday.

I'm an armchair caver, there's none ever braver,
Not far from the pub do I roam.
I don't like cold water as much as I ought to
Or sumps that are covered in foam.
Great Douk to some may be easy
But to me it may be super severe,
And I don't go far into Yordas -
The prospect just fills me with fear.

Chorus.....

I looked for a cave and I felt very brave
For I knew that there were none to find,
And just to make sure that I stayed on the moor
I left all the ladders behind.
Now some go off to Spain in the summer
In search of new caves deep and long
And although I go there with them
It's just for the wine and the song

Chorus.....

The Penygent Gill Blues

(Tune: 'my 12 bar blues)

1. I ain't goir' down Penygent Gill no more!
I ain't goir' down Penygent Gill no more!
'Cos the caves in Penygent Gill are all too small!
2. Oh, Red Dog Pot is not the place for me
(repeat)
I really don't like the taste of Rhodamine B!
3. If you wanna go on a trip down Blishmire House
(repeat)
Don't as' me to go - I ain't no speleo-mouse!
4. If you think you are really strong and brave,
(repeat)
You'll change your mind after a trip down
Snorkel Cave!
5. I always thought that potholers were fools,
(repeat)
And now I'm sure after taking a look down Snooks.
6. Oh, Flamethrower Hole is a very fine hole indeed,
(repeat)
A para'fin torch is all you really need!
7. Well, Hall Pond Pot is a name to make you smile,
(repeat)
But the terminal sump is black and rather vile!
8. Unless you're less than one foot seven tall,
(repeat)
All the way down Hesleden Bergh you'll have to
crawl!
9. If streamway stomps are what give you a thrill,
(repeat)
Then keep well clear of the caves in Penygent Gill!