

## The Ball of Ballynoor



O the ball, the ball of Ballynoor  
Where your wife and my wife lay fuckin' on the floor.

### Chorus:

Balls to your partner, Arse against the wall  
If you never been fucked on a Saturday night  
You you never been fucked at all

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness,  
When the ball was over, there were four and twenty less.

The bride was in the bedroom, a talking to the groom,  
The front! the front!! And not the back's the entrance to the womb.

The queen was in the parlor, eatin' bread and honey,  
The king was in the chambermaid, and she was in the money!

The deacon's wife, well she was there, with her butt against the wall,  
Put your money on the counter boys, I'm gonna convert you all.

There was fuckin' in the kitchen and fuckin' on the stones,  
Ya' couldna hear the music for the wheezin' and the groans.

The village butcher he was there, a cleaver in his hand,  
And every time he turned around, he circumcised the band.

The village blacksmith, he was there, his balls were made of brass,  
And when they clacked together, lightning shot out from his ass.

Cedric the Fiddler, he was there, 'tis true I tell you so,  
He entertained the ladies while he rosined up his bow.

Hawke the Balladeer was there, drunken as a lout,  
Strummin' on his instrument to see what would cum out.

The village chandler, he was there, filling in the cracks,  
His hand was in the honey comb, his wick was in the wax.

Some horny Vikings they were there, along with Eric the Red,  
They wore their horns inside their pants, instead of on their heads.

The Clan MacRaven, they were there, all around the keep,  
They ate up all the haggis, and they buggered all the sheep.

The letter carrier he was there, the poor man had the pox,  
He couldna fuck the lassies, so he fucked the letter box.

The village cripple, he was there, I did not like him much,  
He lined them up against the wall, and fucked them with his crutch.

The village drunkard, he was there, boisterous and loud,  
He was swinging from the chandelier and whizzin' on the crowd.

The village idiot he was there, can you imagine that?  
Amusing himself by abusing himself and catchin' it in his hat.

When the ball was over, everyone confessed,  
The music was exquisite, but the fuckin' was the best.

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Also known as the "Ball of Kerrymuir".

This is a collection of verses from various sources. There is no particular order to these and depending on the rate of alcoholic consumption by the singer(s), the verses can be sung in any order or, more probably, some will be omitted.