The Ball of Kerriemuir (Ballynore)

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'Twas on the first of August the party, it began.
Now, never shall I forget, me lads, the gatherin' of the clans

Singing, ``Who hae ye, lassie, (last nicht)
Who hae ye noo?
The ane that hae ye last time (The mon wha hae ye last nicht)
He canna hae ye noo."

'Twas the gatherin' o' the clans, mon, and everyone was there
A-playin' wi' the lassies an' twinin' curly hair

John McGowan, the father, was very surprised to see
Four and twenty maidenheads a hanging from the tree.

There was dancin' in the meadows, there was dancin' in the ricks,
Ye could nae hear the bagpipes for the swishing o' the pricks.

The bride was in the parlor explainin' to the groom
The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb.

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

The parson's daughter, she was there a sittin' way down front
A wreath of roses in her hair and a carrot up her c***.

The parson's wife, she was there her arse against the wall,
Shoutin' to the laddie boys, ``I'll take ye one an' all."

It's the first lady forward, and the second lady back
And the third lady's finger in the fourth lady's crack.

It's a' the ladies back, wi' yer arses tae the wall
If ye can't get f***ed at Keriemuir, ye'll never get f***ed at all!

The village priest, he was there and on the floor he sat
Amusing himself by abusing himself and catching it on his hat.
The undertaker, he went there dressed in a lime black shroud
Swinging on the chandelier and pissing on the crowd.

There was f***in' i' the stable, there was f***in' i' the ricks

An' ye couldna' hear the music for the swishin' o' the pricks.

The mayor's daughter, she was there and kept the crowd in fits
By jumpin' off the mantle piece and landin' on her tits.

There was screwing on the banister, screwing on the stairs
Ye couldna' see the carpet for the mess o' curly hairs.

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

The village postman, he was there. the puir mon had the pox
He could nae f*** the lassies, so he f***ed the letter box.

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

The groom by now was excited an' racin' through the halls
He was pullin' on his pecker an' showin off his balls.

Big John, the farmer, swore an oath, an' then he cursed an' grat
For his forty acre corn field was completely f***it flat.

The minister's wife was there as weel a' buckled to the front
Wi' a wreath o' roses roun' her arse an' thrissels roun' her c***.

The minister's dochter tae was there an' she gat roarin' fu'
Sae they doubled her ower the midden wa' an' bulled her like a coo.

And when the ball was over, the opinion was expressed:
Although they liked the music, the screwin' was the best.

Alternate chorus (braider Scots than most):

Wi' a fa'll dae it this time
Fa'll dae it noo?
The yin that did it last time
Canna dae it noo.

Note: Written in the 1880's to celebrate the comings and goings
of a supposed actual social event in the Kirriemuir district of
Scotland.RG

BR, RG , ARB

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