



The (Abridged) Black Annis
On-line Songbook



Black Annis are pleased to supply this short selection of songs for your enjoyment. We have tried to choose the ones with choruses and /or well-known tunes. We hope you enjoy singing them as much as we do and that you do so in the melodious style which we aspire to, but rarely achieve.

NICK AND THE RAT

Tune: Matty Groves

(A true story, reproduced here by kind permission of Nick Waldon)

A hangover, a hangover, and the worst one of the year
Nick Waldon rose and he felt like death after a night on the beer.
"I'll have to find an aspirin and then I'll take a nap,
But first to ease my aching guts I'll go and have a crap"

But as he sat there on the bog, examining his toes,
Around his private parts he felt some whiskers and a nose
"A rat! A rat!" Nick Waldon cried, and leaped into the air
The people who lived ten doors down could hear his screams from there

But when he felt a bit more calm he knew what he must do
He went and got a bottle of bleach and poured it down the loo
He flushed and flushed a thousand times but it was all in vain
For when he tiptoed back to look the rat was there again

Nick slammed the toilet lid down and secured it with a brick
"I'll call the Council rat control and get them out here quick"
"Come out, come out, you've got to come out, oh please come now," Nick cried
For when I lift my toilet seat I see a rat inside

"I can't come out, I won't come out, I shan't come now my friend
For I only work a five-day week and this is the weekend.
I'm afraid that Monday is the earliest I can come
But never mind, it could've been worse, he could have bit your bum"

Nick now had constipation; he just didn't want to go.
It's just as well, cos Monday came and the rat man didn't show.
He came at last on Tuesday and he quickly shut the door
The deed was done the very next thing and Ratty was no more.

"Thank God for that" Nick Waldon cried "I don't know what to say.
There's just one thing I'd like to know: where were you yesterday?"
"I'm sorry" said the rat man "that I didn't get to you
I thought I had a mouse job on but that was a rat job too"

The moral of this story is uncomfortably plain:
Be quick when you go, for you never know just what lies down your drain.

SAINT HILDEGUND

Tune: It is pleasant and delightful (and the larks they sang melodious)

There once was a father and daughter who planned
To travel on a pilgrimage to the far Holy Land
But Hildegund was very young, and her father said he was afraid
Men would try to have their way with her, if they knew she was a maid

Now Hildegund knew that since she had been ten
She had always been pestered by dirty old men
And so she agreed with him, and they came up with a cunning plan
She would change her name to Joseph, and she'd dress up as a man

When she put her clothes on how happy was she
For going dressed as a man, she felt so safe and free
And when they got home again, well she threw her dresses all away
And she said, I'm dressing as a man until my dying day

But men in those days were expected to wed
And Hildegund knew that she'd be found out in bed
And so she decided there was only one thing to be done
And she signed up to a monastery, cos a man can't be a nun

So Hildegund's life became pure and devout
And in due course she died, and the monks laid her out
When they stripped her body, well the holy brothers they were stunned
As they found that brother Joseph was sister Hildegund

We're not very sure why they made her a saint
For cross-dressing's OK, but miraculous it ain't
But we know she's up there now, and she's singing with a heavenly choir
Raise your glasses to Saint Hildegund; she's the one that we admire.

The Nutting Girl

It's of a fit young farmer
Though he was shy and slow
And one fine day at harvest time
A-nutting he did go
And it's of a fair young maiden

Just in her eighteenth year

And she was thinking seriously
Of planning her career

CHORUS:

**She longed to be a surg-e-on
She'd dream't it all her life
For she was always very quick
And clever with a knife
With a snip snip here
And a chop chop there
And a whack to his fol-dol-day
And what few nuts that young man had
She stole them clean away**

The farmer saw some hazelnuts
He gathered them in haste

He put them in a little bag

And hung it round his waist
The maiden was quite peckish, and so
When this caught her eye
She thought, "I'll have that young man's nuts
Or know the reason why"

She went up to the farmer and

She said "hello my dear,
I wonder could you see your way
To furth'ring my career?
Now I'll lie down upon the ground
And you must do the same

At doctors and at nurses
We'll play a little game.

The farmer looked her up and down
And thought "I could do worse"
He said "I'll play the patient then
And you can play the nurse"

She puts her arm around his waist
And quick his purse string cuts
She slips her hand into his bag
And makes off with his nuts

The farmer was outraged by this
And in a voice so high

He called her a castrating bitch
Which she did not deny.
So listen all you young men
Don't let yourselves be tricked
If you play games with maids with knives
Your nuts may well get nicked.

The Thermal Vest Tune: Cuckoo's Nest

One morning in December I was feeling very cold
I came across a young man and said to him so bold
"Oh excuse me but I must admire the way in which you're dressed
You look so warm I'm sure you have a thermal vest"

*Oh some like a man who never gives them any rest
And some like a man who has hairs upon his chest
But the man with something extra is the man I like the best
For covering his belly is his thermal vest*

"Well really" said he "I am surprised you show no shame,
For I'll tell you plainly I know your little game
For me mother's often warned me to beware young women, lest
They try to clap their hands upon me thermal vest"

"Me darling" says I "You are afraid of me, I see
But I can assure you your honour's safe with me
So don't be apprehensive, and do not be distressed
I do not want your body, just your thermal vest"

Well he was most reluctant to let me have my way
I think he must have been afraid of what his mum might say
But by pleading and persuading I tried and did my best
And at last he let me wear his lovely thermal vest

So we kept each other warm through all the winter frost and snow
But when the summer came it was time for him to go
But still I sometimes think of him when I lay down to rest
Especially when I'm wearing his thermal vest

STAND LIKE A MAN (Tune: Stand By Your Man)

A song written especially for our fool, Big Willy.

Sometimes it's hard to be a woman
Especially when you're dressed up like a man
One day I had a
Very full bladder
Desperate to go and use the can
But the attendant wouldn't let me
And from the Ladies' I was banned
Her word was final:
Use the urinal
For after all, you're just a man.

*Stand like a man
You know that you can make it
Though you may have to fake it
Stare straight ahead and shake it
Stand like a man
No need to be self-conscious
Though you have nothing in your hand
Stand like a man!*

Sometimes I wonder why I bother
I chat up all the women, cos I can
But I'm put in this position
Where I have these inhibitions
About being propositioned by a man.
Oh yes it's hard to be a woman
Especially when you're dressed up like a man
But I have found one blessing
To all this damn cross-dressing:
It keeps the punters guessing what I am.

I'd really like to do more female bonding
Go out with the girlies here and there
But I haven't much in common
With your ordinary woman
I can't knit, and I don't use Tupperware
I once went to a friend's Ann Summers party
But I could tell the others found me weird
I had to admit it
There wasn't much that fitted
And you can't wear crotchless knickers with a beard.

The Wholefood Song (Tune: The farmer's toast)

(One of our earlier songs, which you might find a bit dated. Just think of it as traditional.)

Come, poor folk and wealthy, who wish to be healthy
Attend unto us and be chastened
For you may think you're neat cos you do not eat meat
But that's no grounds for feeling complacent
You won't have arrived till you've somehow contrived
To eat your nut cutlets al fresco
And have pure soya spread on your own home baked bread
And never go shopping at Tesco

*Sing Fol de rol diddle, sing fol de rol dee
And never go shopping at Tesco*

Oh we don't like free trade, and the veg are all sprayed
So we are all quite self sufficient
We can have a hot shower thanks to solar power
It's clean though it isn't efficient
Our clothes are home spun and we have such great fun
Playing strange tuneless songs on recorder
We eat bran and brown rice, and it may not taste nice
But our bowels are in fine working order

When we go to the pub, we don't go for the grub
But real ales by the score if they've got 'em
Though we'll only drink that if it's cloudy and flat
With hops floating round at the bottom
We watch mine host strut with his hands on his gut
And discourse on original gravity
And when the pint's done, we continue the fun
Swapping jokes in the damp outside lavatory

We travel by bike because we don't like
To add to pollution and traffic
Our food's additive free and we drink herbal tea
And our medicines are homeopathic
We feed our children ourselves till they're three, six or twelve
As we think it's disruptive to wean 'em
And if they are good and behave as they should
For a treat we'll go camping at Greenham

Well you wouldn't be wrong if you thought that this song
Was all lies and exaggeration

For we hang round in bars, we own houses and cars
And some of us even eat bacon
We smoke forty a day though we know that they say
We all will die riddled with cancers
But however we act, people still think we're cracked
Because we are all morris dancers

Placenta

Tune: Bread and Roses

(one of our most frequently requested songs. Probably because the chorus is very easy. It consists of singing “placenta” at the end of every verse.)

One day as I was driving, and I had some way to go
To while away the hours I turned on the radio
And there was Jenny Murray, the Woman’s Hour presenter
Who told me of a pate made entirely of placenta

I understand placenta is an acquired taste
But though it’s good to know that they do not go to waste,
The butchers will be flummoxed when their customers all enter
And ask them for some bacon and a quarter of placenta

Oh you can feed a family and still use only one
But there are implications if this catches on
I fear for restaurant critics as they eat their grilled polenta
For they must all be worried that the next course is placenta

As they go eating, eating, through the menus of their days
One thousand tasty morsels, one thousand canapés
Are flushed with all the radiance of a sudden bright magenta
And they wonder what they’re eating and they hope it’s not placenta

But there are compensations – you won’t get BSE
And anyone can grow one – though it takes a pregnancy
And antenatal midwives (the pregnant woman’s mentor)
Will tell her she needs iron – and you get that from placenta

Next time you’re entertaining, try placenta a l’orange
And afterwards for pudding, placenta with blancmange
You can decorate your table with flowers at the center
But save the place of honour for a platter of placenta