

## THE ARDMORE ENGINEERS SONG

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are, the Engineers,  
We can. we can, we can, we can demolish 40 beers,  
Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum, drink rum and come along with us,  
For we don't give a damn for any old-man who don't give a damn for us.

My father was a hunter who was practising to shoot,  
My mother was a mistress from a house of ill repute,  
The last time that I saw them, these words rang in my ear.  
Get out of here you son of a bitch and join the Engineers.

A maiden and an Engineer were sitting in the park,  
The Engineer was busy doing research after dark.  
His scientific method was a marvel to observe,  
While his right hand wrote the figures, his left hand traced the curve.

The Army and the Navy were out to have some fun,  
Down to the local boozers where the fiery liquors run,  
but all they found were empties for the Engineers had come,  
And traded all their instruments for gallon kegs of rum.

Sir Francis Drake and all his ships set out for Calais Bay,  
They heard the Spanish rum fleet was heading out that way,  
But the Engineers had beat them by a night and half a day,  
And though they drank for all that time, you still could hear them say ---.

Now Caesar went to Egypt at the age of fifty-three,  
But Cleopatra's blood was warm, her heart was young and free,  
And every night when Julius said, "Goodnight," at 3 o'clock,  
There was a Roamin' Engineer waiting round the block.

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride.  
To show the local citizens the colour of her hide,  
My father who was standing there, an Engineer of course,  
Was the only one who noticed that Godiva rode a horse.

She said, "I've come a long long way, and I will go as far,  
With the man who takes me from this horse and leads me to a bar.  
The man who took her from her stead, and shouted her a beer,  
Was a well-dressed, perfect gentleman - a drunken Engineer.