

What a Beautiful Game

Played with the oval, divine rugby ball
Game of distinction, no class wall
Every game a construct, your own paradigm
A pass, a move, a kick, all sublime

The team and the Country, the best, all the time
Nation versus nation, time to draw the line
Stand together, ignore the weather
The beautiful game, scrum bound a tether

Meet fine folk, lunch a must
Best pie and peas, fill or bust
The game's soon on, opposition mere fodder
The whistle now gone, the results no bother

The beautiful game
Kept many a great name
Any cap to lay claim
It's international fame

When stories are told
They're tall and bold
No one dishes the blame
No malice all claim

No hooker's a looker
No prop try to stop
Call the second row, a big wanker
Here's a haymaker from the flanker
Quick ball to the eight
Crashes though a barn gate

Scrum half never doubt
He'll move with some clout
The fly half, busy about
Try anywhere he'll shout

Now the centre and the wing
They're very special, handsome thing
With the full back in attack
Let the lookers take the flack

After the game it's a party
Hail fellows, all hearty
He's gone, broken hearted
Have another, dearly parted

Yes a clique, one or two

Allick ado, just a few
Members bar, with cigar
Club tie and blazer, biggest belly by far

When the Nations they come up
It's now really time, to have a sup
Travel together, travel far
Lovely same people for a jar

When the scrum rushes in
Its one hell of a din
The lineout gets the call
Second row's, got the ball

Out the line, move it fast
Quick hands get it past
Oval ball well tucked in; down it goes on the line
It's sublime, what a try, such Rugby, so divine
Never tame, never lame
It's a beauty, what a game



