

## 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



