

ULSA
SESHED SINGERS
SONGBOOK



WEBSITE EDITION

Song Book Index

The Mendip Caver	1
The Hard Caver.	1
The Ranting Caver.	1
Neoprene Ned.....	2
The Lardy Caver.....	2
The Wild Caver.	2
Caving Anthem.	3
A rare cave, a rattling cave.	3
The Twelve ULSA Busmeets	3
The Alphabet Song.	4
I'm a Caver.	4
Mr Cock-Up	5
Penyghent Pot.	5
Caving Matilda.....	5
The SRT Song.....	6
Old Farmer Bastard.....	6
Time Flies by.	6
Jerusalem.....	7
A Sailor.....	7
The Philosopher's Song.	7
Dan, Dan the Lavatory Man.	7
Flush the Magic Toilet.....	8
Drinking Song.	8
SRT Epics.....	9
Yesterday.....	9
Swinsto Long Crawl Song.....	10
Ten ULSA Cavers.....	10
Oh Battery Pack.....	11
ULSA Tackle store.....	11
I Can See Clearly Now.....	12
Cavin' Star.....	12
Oh Why The Hell Do We Go Caving?	13
TRANSPORT TO THE DALES	14
- THE RANT	
An Ode to the Settle to Carlisle Railway.....	15

The Mendip Caver.

I am a Mendip Caver,
I rant incessantly,
about my epic in Swildons,
down at sump sixty-three.

Chorus:
Mendip Cavers are so brave
that sometimes they go in their caves,
I wonder if we'd be like that
if our caves were so crap.

I am a Mendip Caver,
I've never heard of wellies,
I cave in leather working boots,
my feet are very smelly.

(chorus)

I am a Mendip Caver,
I once made for the Dales,
but got lost on the motorway,
and ended up in Wales.

(chorus)

I am a Mendip Caver,
our caves they are alright,
in fact some of them are so big,
you even need a light.

(chorus)

The Hard Caver.

(Tune: The Wild Rover)

I've been a potholer for many a year,
and I've spent all my money on black rubber gear.
But now I'm returning with caves in great store,
and I never will play the hard caver no more.

And it's no nay never,
no nay never no more.
will I play the hard caver,
no never no more.

I went to a system I used to frequent,
and I found to my horror my water was spent.
I looked for a streamway, there wasn't one there,
such water-less systems are happily rare.

And it's no nay etc....

Tuneless Song Co. 2000

I took from my wet-suit an instrument white,
to help me get out of my terrible plight.
I filled up the chamber with a liquid quite pure,
but it wasn't water, of that I'm quite sure.

And it's no nay etc....

The Ranting Caver.

(Tune: Pinball Wizard)

Every since I've been in ULSA,
I've ranted at you all,
all the guidebook grade V's,
I must have done them all,
Penyghent, King and Crescent,
even Mossdale too,
now on busmeets,
what's there left to do?

Chorus: He's a ranting caver,
a really boring git,
a ranting caver,
giving you bullshit.

Down my favorite cave,
I'm rigging at my best,
my mates just found the entrance,
and I did all the rest.
I never do have epics,
my trips are all so smooth,
and when I'm in the boozier,
I let the ranting flow.

(chorus)

I've even done Black Shiver,
and all of Gaping Ghyll,
knowing all the passages,
my rant is full of thrills.
I can rig a good rebelay,
which has no rub at all.
This old ranting git,
has been down Psycho Crawl.

(chorus)

Neoprene Ned.

(Tune: Barnacle Bill the Sailor)

"Who's that climbing up the pitch,
who's that climbing up the pitch,
who's that climbing up the pitch,"
said the lifeliner.

"Bugger and f___ I think I'm stuck!"
said Neoprene Ned the caver,
"Bugger and f___ I think I'm stuck!"
said Neoprene Ned the caver.

"You may rest upon the ledge," etc.
said the lifeliner.

"F___ the ledge, I'll fall off the edge"
said Neoprene Ned the caver, etc.

"You can climb to the bottom,"
"Shit and damn, I'll stay where I am,"

"You could climb around that rock,"
"Could I shit, I wouldn't fit,"

"You must jump into that pool,"
"You bas___d you, I'm piss wet through,"

"Now you're back upon the ground,"
"F___ the ground, I nearly drowned,"

"Let's explore the lower series,"
"You're on your own, I'm f___ing off home,"

The Lardy Caver.

I am a lardy caver,
a really bloated git,
who needs polyunsaturates?
We know that's all bullshit.
I cast a great big shadow
when the sun is in the sky,
and get stuck in bedding planes
that are nearly two foot high.

I am a lardy caver,
I struggle through grade 3's,
the Cheese Press gets me every time,
that famous Long Churn squeeze.
I only cave on ladders,
it's not because I'm crap,
when SRT rope takes my weight
it stretches 'til it snaps.

Some cavers are dead skinny,
they're tall instead of wide,
the only caving they enjoy
just has to be grade 5.
But if you eat like I do
there's no need to be that hard,
I am such a fat bastard
because all I eat is LARD!

Lard, lard, lard, lard, lard, lard, lard, lard,
Lovely Lard, la la lovely lard!
Lovely Lard, la la lovely lard!
Lard, lard, lard, lard, lard, lard, lard, lard,

The Wild Caver.

(Tune: The Wild Rover)

I've been a wild caver for many a year,
and spent all my money on prussiking gear.
I went to my department with goals galore,
and promised to play the wild caver no more.

Chorus: And it's no nay never,
no nay never no more,
shall I play the wild caver,
no never no more.

I went to a gear shop I used to frequent,
and told Alan Steele that my money was spent,
I asked him for credit, he answered me nay,
for custom like yours I can get any day.

(chorus)

Then out of my pockets I drew pound coins bright,
and Alan Steele's legs flew apart with delight,
I've krabs and I've jammers, wetsuits of the best,
but the words that I spoke were only in jest.

(chorus)

I went to my department, confessed what I'd done,
and asked them to take back their prodigal son,
and in arms of comfort as oft times before,
I promised to play the wild caver no more.

(chorus)

I've burnt all my guidebooks and sold all my krabs,
I'll attend all my lectures and write up my labs,
but come the exam time, fed up with the lot,
it's off to the Dales and down Penyghent Pot.
(chorus)

Caving Anthem.

(Tune: What Do You Think!!)

We don't cave for adoration,
we don't cave for charity,
we just cave for inspiration,
and for speleology.

Speleology, speleology,
balls to the Northern Pennine Club,
(Pennine Club)
balls to the Northern Pennine Club.

'Cos the Northern Pennine Club are a rotten set of
bas___ds,
they're not fit to cave with us.
(they're not fit to cave with us)

We are the Northern Pennine Club,
we do our caving in the pub,
we cave along from pub to pub,
'cos we are the Northern Pennine Club.

A Rare cave, a Rattling cave.

A rare cave, a rattling cave,
a cave upon a hillside-o.
A rare cave, a rattling cave,
a cave upon a hillside-o.

And in that cave there was a streamway,
a rare streamway, a rattling streamway.
And the streamway in the cave,
and the cave upon a hillside-o.

A rare cave, a rattling etc.....

And in that streamway there was a boulder,
a rare boulder, a rattling boulder,
And the boulder in the streamway,
and the streamway in the cave,
and the cave upon a hillside-o.

A rare cave, a rattling etc.....

And on that boulder there was a belay.....

And on that belay there was a bolt.....

And on that bolt there was a hanger.....

And on that hanger there was a spreader.....

And on that spreader there was a ladder.....

And on that ladder there was a rung.....

And on that rung there was a wellie.....

And in that wellie there was a wet-sock.....

And in that wet-sock there was a foot.....

And on that foot there was a toe.....

And in that toe there was a blood-vessel.....

And in that blood-vessel there was some blood.....

And in that blood there was a corpuscle.....

The Twelve ULSA Busmeets.

(Tune: The 12 Days Of Christmas)

On my first ULSA busmeet
I discovered where we stopped,
A wetsuit in a gear shop.

On my second ULSA busmeet
I discovered where we stopped,
Two Squalid Crawls,
and a wetsuit in a gear shop.

etc. etc.

On my twelfth ULSA busmeet
I discovered where we stopped,
Twelve lardy breakfasts,
Eleven pints of beer,
Ten drafting digs,
Nine festering furries,
Eight ranters ranting,
Seven frightened freshers,
Six crashed buses,
Five caff creme eggs,
Four late starts,
Three knackered ropes,
Two Squalid Crawls,
and a wetsuit in a gear shop.

The Alphabet Song.

A is for Aven it's high and it's wide,
B's for the Belay to which we are tied,
C's for the C-links on which our ladder is set,
And D's for the Duck, it's long and it's wet.

Singing merrily, merrily, so merry cave we,
no mortal on earth like a caver can be.
Climb away, crawl away, cave dark and long,
give a caver his Mars bar and nothing goes wrong.

E's for the Exit that's so far away,
F's for the F___er who left the belay,
G's for the Gour-pools we wash ourselves in,
And H is for the Helictites we love to kick in.

Singing.....

I's for the Eye-bolt that's set in the wall,
J's for the Jerk when some poor bugger falls,
K's for the Krab, our lives we hang on,
And L's for the Ladder down the pitch dark and long.

Singing.....

M's for the Mud, of which there's too much,
N's for the Neoprene that splits at the crutch,
O is for the Orifice from which we do piss,
And P's for the Piss which comes from the orifice.

Singing.....

Q's for the Queue at the head of the climb,
R's for the Rift where we spend so much time
S is for the Sump which comes at the end,
And T's for the Tackle on which we depend.

Singing.....

U's for the Underground for which we do crave,
V's for the Vandals who are wrecking our cave,
W's for the Women of which there are some,
And X, Y and Z you can stick up your bum!

Singing.....

I'm a Caver.

I emerged from a squalid cave onto a sunny fell,
that last squeeze past the rotting sheep
had really made me smell.

A Grockle who was out walking came up
and asked me why,
I put myself through this ordeal
and this was my reply.....

I'm a Caver, I'm a Caver, a Caver am I,
I'm a Caver, I'm a Caver, through those caves I fly.
I'm a Caver, I'm a Caver, a Caver that's me,
bedding crawls and ladder climbs, even SRT.

While in a cave the other day
a muddy duck I found,
such obstacles are common place
when crawling underground.
I wallowed in and struggled through
like a true masochist,
why do I do these stupid things?
My reasoning is this.....

(chorus)

I go down caves that are flood prone
when the weather is good,
instead of sitting in the sun
just like you rather would.
You won't find me just sitting on
the surface up above,
it may be dark and damp here but
I'll stay down here because.....

(chorus)

Mr Cock-Up.

(Tune: The Chimney Sweep Song from Mary Poppins)

If you go caving with ULSA or LUUSS,
don't let Mr. Cock-Up get onto the bus.
You won't ever see him but you'll know when he's there,
'Cause the bus gets a puncture and there's no bloody spare.

Chorus: Mr. Cock-Up's a bastard of the highest degree,
He will screw up your day, just you wait and see.
He's about as useful as a Leeds student grant,
Now here's the next verse of this f___ing rant.

Mr. Cock-Up, he lives in the LUUSS tackle store,
and tangles the ropes that you're looking for.
He hides in a corner while you're packing your sack,
and when nobody's looking he'll steal the ropes back.

(chorus)

In deep caves he'll drive you quickly round the bend,
when halfway down the last pitch you find your rope ends.
You clip in your cows-tails and try to turn back,
but can't find your jammers and then drop your rack.

(chorus)

You go to the Dales to have a good time,
and do a wet cave 'cos the weather looks fine.
The duck has just sumped 'cos the cave is in flood,
and you know you won't get out in time for the pub.

(chorus)

Penyghent Pot.

In north Ribblesdale, 'neath limestone and shale,
of potholes there are quite a lot.
But the queen of them all is Niagara Falls,
in the bowels of Pen-y-ghent Pot.
Below Pen-y-ghent Pot,
the pennines are covered in shite.
It's always the same when you mention the name,
the C.R.O. run off in fright.
So this is my story, this is my song,
I've been down this pothole too f___king long.
So roll up your ladders, lifeline and belay,
and we'll come back to Pen-y-ghent some other day.
Up the pitch, up the pitch,
and away, and away,
and we'll come back to Pen-y-ghent some other day.

Caving Matilda.

(Tune: Waltzing Matilda)

Once a jolly caver camped by a swallet hole,
under the shade of a rowan tree,
and he sang as he tied his ladder to a stalagmite,
who'll come a caving Matilda with me.

Caving Matilda, caving Matilda,
who'll come a caving Matilda with me,
and he sang as he tied his ladder to a stalagmite,
who'll come a caving Matilda with me.

Deep beneath the surface, far inside a bedding plane,
where oh where can the through route be?
and he sang as he heard the murmur of a waterfall,
who'll come a caving Matilda with me.

Caving Matilda.....

Up popped a cloud burst, flooded down that swallet hole,
down to that bedding plane turf brown sea,
and he sang as the water flowed into that bedding plane,
don't come a caving Matilda with me.

Caving Matilda.....

Up drove the rescue, seated in an ambulance,
out jumped the wardens, ONE, TWO, THREE!
and they sang as they sat and waited for the sun to shine,
who'll come a caving Matilda with me.

Caving Matilda.....

Deep beneath the surface, far inside that bedding plane,
there lies a caver never to be seen,
and his voice may be heard as you pass by that swallet hole,
singing don't come a caving Matilda with me.

Caving Matilda.....

The SRT Song.

(Tune: Land of Hope and Glory)

When this f___ing pitch is over,
no more prussiking for me,
I will buy electron ladders,
you can stuff your SRT.
I will get a hauling party,
they will haul with all their might,
and the climbing of those ladders,
will be a positive delight.

When this bloody crawl is over,
no more bedding planes for me,
I will get a blasting license,
and open it with T.N.T.
No more struggling through squeezes,
no more flat-out bedding crawls,
I will make them big and easy,
so you can walk right through them all.

When this f___ing cave is over,
no more potholing for me,
I will go to Bernie's cafe,
and have a pint mug full of tea

Old Farmer Bastard.

Farmer Bastard had a farm,
E I E I O
And on that farm he had some caves,
E I E I O
With a dig dig here and a dig dig there,
Here a dig, there a dig,
Everywhere a dig dig!

Farmer Bastard had a farm,
E I E I O
And on that farm he had some Dobermanns,
E I E I O
With a rip rip here and a rend rend there,
Here a rip, there a rip,
Everywhere a snarl snarl!

Farmer Bastard had a farm,
E I E I O
And on that farm he had some shotguns,
E I E I O
With a bang bang here and a bang bang there,
Here a bang, there a bang,
Everywhere a bang bang!

Farmer Bastard had a farm,
E I E I O
And on that farm he had some Lawyers,
E I E I O
With a sue sue here and a sue sue there,
Here a writ, there a writ,
Everywhere a writ writ,

Farmer Bastard had a farm,
E I E I O
And on that farm he had a minefield,
E I E I O
With a boom boom here and a boom boom there,
Here a boom, there a boom,
Everywhere a boom boom!

Time Flies by.

Time flies by when you are caving in the Dales,
Derbyshire or Mendip, Ireland or South Wales.
Up the pitches, down the pitches to our destination,
stopping off at Bernie's for some sausages and
bacon.

Time flies by when you are caving in the Dales,
Derbyshire or Mendip, Ireland or South Wales.

Time flies by when you are caving down a cave,
some think we are loonies, some think we are brave.
Under boulders, over boulders to our destination,
admiring the splendor of a beautiful formation.
Time flies by when you are caving down a cave,
some think we are loonies, some think we are brave.

Time flies by when you are abseiling on rope,
pitch is very scary, wonder if you'll cope.
Rigging a re-belay to get to our destination,
pausing as you struggle to get past a deviation.
Time flies by when you are abseiling on rope,
pitch is very scary, wonder if you'll cope.

Time flies by when you are crawling through a duck,
water won't be too high if you are in luck.
In the water, underwater to our destination,
let's head to the New Inn where we'll get some
lubrication.

Time flies by when you are crawling through a duck,
water won't be too high if you are in luck.

Jerusalem.

And did those feet in ancient times,
walk upon England's mountains green,
and was the Holy Lamb of God,
on England's pleasant pastures seen.
And did the countenance divide,
shine forth upon those shrouded hills,
and was Jerusalem builded here,
among those dark satanic hills.

Bring me my bow of burning gold,
bring me my arrows of desire,
bring me my spear, oh clouds unfold,
bring me my chariots of fire.
I shall not cease from mental strife,
nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
till we have build Jerusalem,
in England's green and pleasant land.

A Sailor.

There once was a sailor who sat on a rock,
Waving and shaking his big hairy fist,
At the ladies next door in the Ritz,
Who were teaching the children to play with their
Yo-yo's and jigsaws and all things galore,
when in walked a lady who looked like a
decent young lady but walked like a duck,
Who thought she'd invented a new way to
bring up her children, to sew and knit,
While the farmboys in the farmyard were shovelling up
litter and rubbish from yesterdays hunt,
And the farmer was enjoying a nice piece of cake!

The Philosopher's Song.

(Tune: As Per the Monty Python Original!!)

Emanuel Kant was a real piss-ant
who was very rarely stable,
I degger, I degger was a boozy beggar,
he could drink you under the table,
David Hulme could out consume
Willard Freadrich Hagel,
And Witkensein was a beery swine,
who was just as shloshed as Schlagel.

There's nothing Nietcher couldn't teach
about the raising of the wrist,
Socrates himself was permanently pissed.

John Stuart Mill of his own free will
on half a pint of shandy was particularly ill.
Plato they say could stick it away,
half a pint of whisky every day.
Aristotle, Aristotle was a bugger for the bottle,
Hoffner was fond of his dram,
And Rene Descartes was a drunken fart,
"I drink therefore I am".

Yes Socrates himself is particularly missed....
A lovely little thinker,
but a bugger when he's pissed!

Dan, Dan the Lavatory Man.

Deep down, underneath the ground,
There's a whole lot of bullshit lying all around,
Some of it is wet, and some of it is dry,
and some of it stinks to heaven high.

Dan, Dan the lavatory man,
he's the chief superintendant of the shithouse clan.
Picking up the paper, rolling up the towels,
working to the rhythm of the rumbling bowels.

There's a gurgle in the pipes, Dan wakes from his
nap,
someone on the surface in having a crap.
Plip, plop, hear them drop,
Honkey tonk baby it's the shithouse rock.

Dan, Dan, etc.....

Down in the subway, a sound is heard,
it's the rumble and the tumble of the falling turd.
Splish, splash, mind your shoes,
Yeehar! it's the shithouse blues.

Flush the Magic Toilet.

(Tune: Puff the Magic Dragon)

Flush the magic toilet lived by the sea,
and frolicked in the Autumn mist from Scarborough to
Whitby,

Flush the magic toilet filled up the sea,
polluting northern beaches for the likes of you and me.

Little Susy Snodgrass loved that rascal loo;
and Flush he did love Susy with a love so rare and true,
His bowl was made of silver, his pipes were just the
same,
and water came cascading down when you pulled his little
chain.

He cleaned himself with Harpic, with Brobat and with
spit,
just so he was all nice and clean when Susy came to sit.
Little Susy Snodgrass used Flush every day,
She'd sit for hours and hours just to pass the time of
day.

No one else could use him for he would make them blush,
for when they'd finished what they'd done he would
refuse to flush,
He would wait for hours till Susy did next come,
and you should hear his pipework sing at the touch of
Susy's bum.

Then one day it happened, Susy came no more,
they traded him in for an inside loo with an underheated
floor,
when he was quite certain this was his final day,
he took an overdose of Harpic and he flushed himself
away.

Drinking Song.

As I was walking one fine morning,
in the month of June, by The Jug and the Spoon,
a birdie sat on an ivy bunch,
and the song it sang was a Jug O' Punch.

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo,
a birdie sat on an ivy bunch,
and the song it sang was a Jug O' Punch.

What more perversion can a man desire,
than to whip his girl by an open fire,
A Kerry pippin to crackle and crunch,
aye and on the table a Jug O' Punch.

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo etc....

Even the doctor with all his art,
cannot cure a man of a broken heart,
Even the cripple forgets his hunch,
When he's safe outside of a Jug O' Punch.

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo etc....

When I 'm dead and I 'm in my grave,
there is just one thing that I do crave
Just lay me down in my native peat,
with a Jug O' Punch at my head and feet.

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo etc....

SRT Epics

On a cold and frosty morning,
I went up to Leck Fell.
Had to get changed in the wind and rain
and it was just sheer hell.
Armed with tons and tons of rope
I headed underground.
The stream was thundering down the pot,
it was an awesome sound.

Chorus

I'm having an epic underground
as grim as it can be.
I wish this was a ladders trip
instead of SRT.
This is a major cock-up
we've nowhere left to go.
The cave's in flood, we've missed the pub
and here comes C.R.O.!

I slipped and fell into the stream
and was washed along so fast.
Oh you could really hear me yell
as I bounced along on my arse.
The deafening roar just up ahead,
it had to be a pitch.
I grabbed a flake as I flew into space
and hung there thinking "SHI T!!!!!!!"

I gained a ledge and looked for bolts
and found that there were lots.
I tried to sort the rope out
but it was tangled up in knots.
When sorted out and the pitch was rigged
so I started to go down,
But I had to put a reelay in
on a bolt that was unsound.

I clipped my cowstails to the bolt
and it pulled out from the rock!
I decided I was going out
when I got over the shock.
My carbide light was playing up
and things were looking black.
Then I found I had no jammers
and at this point dropped my rack!

Yesterday

Yesterday, all this squalour seemed so far away,
but now I know it's here to stay,
it seems like I've been here all day.
Suddenly, mud is coming way over my knees,
I wish that I was in Bernies,

If I was there I'd be so pleased.
But now, I am stuck down here,
in this squalid shite-hole.
I think, that coming down here,
was a big own goal.

Yesterday, things were not looking nearly so grey,
but now there seems no other way,
to get back to the light of day.
Suddenly, all this limestone is surrounding me,
the squeeze is an impossibility,
I wish I was in a grade III.
But now, I am stuck down here,
in this squalid shite-hole.
I think, that coming down here,
was a big own goal.

Swinsto Long Crawl Song

(Tune: I t's a Long Way to Tipperary)

I t's a long way, to Valley Entrance,
it's a long way, to go.
I t's a long way, to Valley Entrance,
via Rowten Sumps, wouldn't you know!
I t's a long way, to Valley Entrance,
it's a long way, to go.
But we'll get there and we haven't a care,
it's a long way, we know!

I t's a long way, to Valley Entrance,
it's a long way, to go.
There's a lot of junctions down here,
and they all lead to Rowten Sumps,
wouldn't you know!
I t's a long way, to Valley Entrance,
it's a long way, to go.
But we'll find the way if it takes all day,
it's a long way, we know!

Ten ULSA Cavers

(Tune: Ten Green Bottles)

10 ULSA cavers sat in the tackle store
10 ULSA cavers sat in the Tackle store
and when one ULSA caver cried TEA! can't cope with
more!
there were 9 ULSA cavers sat in the tackle store

9 ULSA cavers driving to the dales
9 ULSA cavers driving to the dales
And when one ULSA caver found he was in Wales
There were 8 ULSA cavers driving to the dales

8 ULSA cavers went to the Pennine hut
8 ULSA cavers went to the Pennine hut
And when one ULSA caver blew off half his foot
There were 7 ULSA cavers at the Pennine hut

7 ULSA cavers rolled the minibus
7 ULSA cavers rolled the minibus
And when one ULSA caver cried eh! what's all the fuss?
There were 6 ULSA cavers inside that minibus

6 ULSA cavers heading down Echo Pot
6 ULSA cavers heading down Echo Pot
And when the fat ULSA caver, wouldn't fit the slot
There were 5 ULSA cavers heading down Echo Pot

5 ULSA cavers stuck down Alum pot
5 ULSA cavers stuck down Alum pot
And when one ULSA caver cried....Water? That don't
worry me a lot!!
There were still 5 ULSA cavers stuck down Alum pot

5 ULSA cavers paddling the boat
5 ULSA cavers paddling the boat
And when one ULSA caver cried f##k me this boat
don't float!
There were 4 ULSA cavers clinging to the boat

4 ULSA cavers crawling under the moor
4 ULSA cavers crawling under the moor
And when one ULSA caver couldn't take no more
There 3 ULSA cavers crawling under the moor

3 ULSA cavers at the bottom of Pen-y-ghent
3 ULSA cavers at the botton of Pen-y-ghent
And when one ULSA caver found his carbide spent
There were 2 ULSA cavers at the bottom of Pen-y-
ghent

2 new ULSA cavers lost on I reby fell
2 new ULSA cavers lost on I reby fell
And when one ULSA caver cried....Do you know this
area well?
There were still 2 new ULSA cavers lost on I reby fell

2 ULSA cavers packing up the gear
2 ULSA cavers packing up the gear
And when one ULSA caver (Watty) cried...I can't
cope without more beer!
There was 1 ULSA caver packing up the gear.

1 ULSA caver hanging on a rope
1 ULSA caver hanging on a rope
And when that one ULSA caver found the rope had
broke
There was no ULSA caver hanging on the rope

Oh Battery Pack

(Tune: Oh Christmas Tree - ish)

Oh battery pack, Oh battery pack
Why are you so fat?
You get stuck on bits of rock
I hate you, you're a twat

Chunks of flesh, ripped from my waist
I wish you were some other place
Oh battery pack, Oh battery pack
Why are you so fat?

Oh Carbide light, Oh carbide light
Why are you so f*****g shite?
Why do you, always go out
When the cave gets slightly tight

You're waters gone, you won't turn on
I wish I had a better one
Oh Carbide light, Oh carbide light
Why are you so f*****g shite?

Oh tackle bag, Oh tackle bag
Why are you so hard to drag?
Dangling from a donkeys dick
At every corner you do stick

You're straps are broke, I've lost all hope
I can't be arsed to drag this rope
Oh tackle bag, Oh tackle bag
Why are you so hard to drag?

Oh SRT kit, Oh SRT kit
Why are you so shit?
In every crawl you do snag
I'd rather drag a tackle bag

Once on the rope, on the pitch
You're all twisted, you f*****g bitch
Oh SRT kit, Oh SRT kit
Why are you so shit?

Oh Figure of Eight, Oh Figure of Eight
You're the knot I love to hate
Once under load, I know you'll hold
Impossible to undo, or so I'm told

A neat bowline I'd rather tie
The truth I tell, I'd never lie
Oh Figure of Eight Oh Figure of Eight
You're the knot I love to hate

Oh bus-meet, Oh bus-meet
To organize is no mean feat
Five pick up points and fifteen folk
I'm telling you this ain't no joke

I t's never full on any day
But who cares, lets go anyway
Oh bus-meet, Oh bus-meet
To organize is no mean feat

ULSA Tackle store

(Tune: Yellow Submarine)

In the land where I was born
Lived a man who used to cave
And he told me of his tales
Under those hills, the Yorkshire Dales.

And we walked up to the fell
Dressed in plastic, now we all smell
Can't find the cave we're looking for
So home we're going now, to the tackle store

We all live in the ULSA tackle store, the ULSA
tackle store, the ULSA tackle store
We all live in the ULSA tackle store, the ULSA
tackle store, the ULSA tackle store

And our freshers are all cold
Our president is very old
The mountaineers are very gay

We all live in the ULSA tackle store, the ULSA
tackle store, the ULSA tackle store
We all live in the ULSA tackle store, the ULSA
tackle store, the ULSA tackle store

And we live a life of ease
As we phaff around drinking teas
Hearing tales of brave and yore
In the place we call the tackle store

We all live in the ULSA tackle store, the ULSA
tackle store, the ULSA tackle store
We all live in the ULSA tackle store, the ULSA
tackle store, the ULSA tackle store We all live in the
ULSA tackle store, the ULSA tackle store, the ULSA
tackle store
We all live in the ULSA tackle store, the ULSA
tackle store, the ULSA tackle store

I Can See Clearly Now

(Tune: I Can See Clearly Now!!)

I can see clearly now, my carbides on,
I can see all obstacles in my way.
Gone are the dark clouds that make it rain
Gonna be a bright, bright, sun shiny day

I think I can make it now my light is on
All of the dark feelings have disappeared
Is this the exit i've been praying for?
Its gonna be a bright (bright)Shite (shite) we've gone
the wrong way....

Look all around , there's nothin' but grey walls
Look straight ahead nothin' but grey walls

I can't see clearly now, 10 pints have gone
I can't see all obstacles in my way.
Gone is any memory of our trip today
Gonna be a shite (shite), shite (shite) hungover day

Cavin' Star

(Tune: Wandrin' Star)

I was born to be a Cavin' star,
I was born to be a Cavin' star,

Ladders were made to climb
Ropes are made to pack.
I've never seen a cave that didn't look better looking
back.

I was born to be a Cavin' star,

Mud can make you prisoner, and the rain can make
you sigh.
Carbide can burn your eyes, but only squeezes make
you cry.
The caff is made for comin' from, the pub for goin'
to,
which with any luck will be open 'til half two.

I was born to be a Cavin' star,
I was born to be a Cavin' star,

Do I know where hell is? Hell is down below.
Heaven is in the public house, it's time for me to go.
I was born to be a Cavin' star, a Cavin' a Cavin' star.

Mud can make you prisoner, and the rain can make
you sigh.
Carbide can burn your eyes, but only squeezes make
you cry.

The caff is made for comin' from, the pub for goin'
to,
which with any luck will be open 'til half two.

I was born to be a Cavin' star,
I was born to be a Cavin' star,

When you see me underground, don't hang me on a
rope,
or I'll begin to climb, and soon you know that I can't
cope.

I was born to be a Cavin' star, a Cavin' a Cavin' star.

Oh Why The Hell Do We Go Caving?

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

The bus-meet drives up the '65
The bus-meet drives on to the moor
Oh why the hell do we go caving?
The tea shop appeals so much more

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Ladders to me, to me
Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Ladders to me

My tackle's all packed up and ready
My ladders are coiled nice and tight
Oh why the hell do we go caving?
Perhaps I'm allergic to light?

(Chorus)

My oversuit was new and shiny
My oversuit was nice and clean
Oh why the hell do we go caving?
The rip in the arse is obscene

My SRT kit is quite scary
I've had it for many a year
Oh why the hell do we go caving?
The rope on it gives me the fear

I've just found my fine caving shreddies
I wash them and give them a clean
Oh why the hell do we go caving?
Obscene?...I'm not sure what you mean?

The Dinnermeet is a good social
There's people i've not seen for years
Oh why the hell do we go caving?
When we could just sit and drink beers

I'm suffering from mild hypothermia
I think I've just caught weils disease
Oh why the hell do we go caving?
Have you seen the f####g state of my knees

I think i've been stuck here a lifetime
It seems I've been stuck here for years
Oh why the hell do we go caving?
This squeeze is too tight for my ears

My hips are too big for the cartwheel
My arse is too big for the slot
My bollocks are still in the cheese press
My knees are down Penyghent Pot

I like to eat breakfast in Bernies
I like to sup Rose's fine tea
But as soon as I put on my wetsuit
I have to try very hard not to pee

TRANSPORT TO THE DALES - THE RANT

The following delights of poetry (?) have been included in their original form for your amusement – but bear in mind they are unedited and may not rhyme – but if you wish to put them to music – please feel free.....

Episode One.

Get the bus ???????

Get the bleedin' bus ???????

Why fester and be ill on a stinking filthy box of scrap iron for an hour and a half when you can all be whisked into the Dales by train? Just think: comfort, speed and efficiency. All can be yours when you choose to go by rail. What's more, they are non polluting at point of use, an important bit of factomation which all the greeny types will be quick to point out.

So just bear this in mind when you are waiting, freezing cold, at the bus stop:

When you're off to the Dales,
Just follow the rails.
It's never a pain
When you take the train.
It's better by far
Than the motor car.
The bus can't compare,
And you can't go by air.

Get on at Leeds city
Alight at Ben Rhydding
To think bus equals better
You've got to be kidding
A quick walk up the hill
Past the golf course until
You'll reach your destination
A short walk from the station

Andy Palmer - NZ.

Episode Two.

The permanent way
Beats with some ease
Waiting in rain for late buses
That arrive only in threes
We yearn for the days
Of the L, M & S
To take us to Clapham
And caverns measureless

Tuneless Song Co. 2000

The rattling rails
Of the Settle-Carlisle
Stirs the hearts of those who've
Not been in the Dales for a while
The train is convenient
For the pots of the Dales
Although this cannot be said
For those caves found in Wales

The bus cannot reach
The classic Black Shiver
and cannot compete for
Fine views of the river
When travelling with ULSA
Or caving with LUUSS
Please consider the superior
Alternative to the bus.

Rob Smallshire.

Episode Three.

I feel an urge to
respond to this bait,
We all know
BR trains run late.

An ULSA/LUSS Bus meet
I'm struggling to rhyme
Leaves promptly from Leeds
And arrives in good time.

Try getting a train
to stop for some grub,
Or hang around to ferry you
down to the pub.

Whether travelling to Mendip
Or down to south Wales
Or just for a day trip
out to the Dales

A bus is the answer
for all of you schemes
carrying you safely
to speleo dreams.

If you want a train
good luck with you fate,
I'll warn you again though
BR trains run late.

Jeremy Littler.

Episode Four.

To the Dales by bus
What a fuss!
To the Dales by train
What a pain!

To the Dales by lorry
You'll be sorry!
To the Dales by bike
It's not something you'd like!

We used to hitch
But now we're quite rich!
To the Dales by car
Hip hip hurrah!

Beardy And Dinny.

Episode Five.

Why all the debate?
The Bus will be late
Trains stop for leaves
Cars pinched by thieves
Bikes they will puncture
So ask - what are your legs for?

Walking my friends, the best way to do it!
While being quite slow, it is also quite true it
will trim you right up, make you feel fine
Your legs duly strengthened climb ladders quick time
While there may be few takers, the Road may be lonely
Bully for you - Who use Shanks' Pony!!!

Breadcake.

Episode Six.

It seems that the lorry and the bus fell from grace
Too slow for the Dales trip, too slow for the race
From the city to pothole how should one travel?
A mystery complex too hard to unravel.

So allow me to tell you the answer again
You've guessed it the best way to travel is by train
A campaign for old railway is just what is sought
To reopen lines closed without too much thought

A wee bit of funding and Ministerial compunction
And again Clapham station will be 'Clapham Junction'
Remember, you car folks, for your information
At Ingleton car park there once was a station

And don't forget Wensleydale (See northern book 1)
A more suitable venue for trains I know none
Soon the region will be criss crossed with rails
And once more potholers will train to the Dales.

The Echo Pot Flyer to Greenclose Central - such
passion
Believe me the railways will come back in fashion
At Black Shiver Parkway we'll be able to stop
And down from the platform to the first crawl we'd
drop.

I'm sorry Breadcake if this goes 'gainst the grain
You'd sooner be walking in wind and in rain
A noble pursuit but no time you will save
So as I train past you I'll give you a wave.

Andy Palmer - NZ

An Ode to the Settle to Carlisle Railway

We should recall the famous words of Sir Lupus
Curtsturgeon:

"No more the wheels go clickety clack
As you trundle through the Dales and trundle back.
No more the feeling of woe and frustration
As you realise the last train has just left the station.
The Settle Carlisle is no more
No longer will we look and shout out with awe
At the might and audacity of Victorian men
Who decided the route with a stroke of a pen
For clearly there is no place less well suited
For choosing where a railway line shall be routed."

Andy Palmer - NZ