

## The Ancient and Old Irish Condom

The Ancient and Old Irish Condom  
(Celtic Pride) (Tune: "Rosin the Beau")

I was up to me arse in the muck, Sir,  
With a peat contract down in the bog  
When me shovel it struck something hard, Sir,  
That I thought was a rock or a log'

'Twas a box of the finest old oak, Sir,  
'Twas a foot long, and four inches wide  
And not giving a damn for the Fairies  
I just took a quick look inside

Now I opened the lid of this box, Sir,  
And I swear that my story is true  
T'was an ancient and old Irish condom  
A relic of Brian Boru'

'Twas an ancient and old Irish condom  
'Twas a foot long, and made of elk hide,  
With a little gold tag on it's end, Sir,  
With his name, rank, and stud fee inscribed

Now, I cast me mind back thru the ages  
To the days of that horny old Celt  
With his wife lyin' by on the bed, Sir,  
As he stood by the fire in his pelt

And I thought that I heard Brian whisper  
As he stood in the fire's rosy light  
"Well, you've had yer own way long enough, dear...  
'Tis the hairy side outside, tonight."

RD