

# Lamentable Laminates

## *The singable wipe-down Speleosongbook*

<b>Yorkshire Underground</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Caving Matilda</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Hard Caver</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Lay me down on Mendip's Pastures</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Cardbide with me</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Do you hear the cavers sing?</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>No more ladders</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>'SRT' (Let it be)</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>Going Underground</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Speleorhapsody</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>Doline (Jolene)</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>Seasons without Sun</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>Country Roads</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>Together in Electric Gleams</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>Caver Man (Piano man)</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>Limestone Cowboy</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>Caver (Human)</b>	<b>18</b>

I have been pestered over the years to create a songbook that can be produced at a point in an evening at which people are drunk enough to sing but too drunk to reliably handle anything made out of paper. This of course is the logical conclusion to the pissed paradox and I hope you are attempting to read this paragraph whilst in the middle of glorious debauchery. I have made a small attempt to credit the writers of songs but as it's mainly that prick Rostam Whatever-the-fuck-his-surname-is I've put (RN) next to the name.

Yours insincerely,

# Yorkshire Underground

(unattributed)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the Yorkshire Underground  
I have seen blind fish and shrimps there living far beneath the ground  
I have traveled waters deep and swift, a river's secret womb  
Forever I'll go down

Oh forever we'll go caving  
Oh forever we'll go caving  
Oh forever we'll go caving  
For spel-e-ol-o-gy

I have climbed in secret places which the sun has never seen  
I have crawled along a bedding plane, an eight inch rocky seam  
My lamp has shown me wonders made by nature's hand alone  
Forever I'll go down

I have been down all the famous holes and many more besides  
I have traversed down in Juniper boots sliding on the side  
I have counted all the pitches down in darkest Penyghent  
Forever I'll go down

Meregill, Rowten, Washfold, Rift, and Long Kin East and West  
Mosssdale, Gingling, Tatham Wife, these are but the best  
The caving is so fine that I'll go down them all again,  
Forever I'll go down

And when I die, please grant me this, my final dying wish  
Don't cover me up in soil and earth, or burn me into ash  
But bring me up here to the Dales and lie me in GG  
Forever I'll go down

# Caving Matilda

(unattributed)

Once a jolly caver came upon a swallet hole,  
under the shade of a juniper 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, down came the thunder rain  
up came the waters - turf brown sea,  
and he sang as the water flowed into that bedding plane,  
who'll come a caving Matilda with me.

Caving Matilda.....

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

Caving Matilda.....

# Hard Caver

(unattributed)

My first day at Uni, a fresher so neat,  
Some boozy old cavers I happened to meet  
I asked to go caving, they answered me  
"Nay,  
Such wiegees as you we can find any day.

*And it's no, nay, never; no, nay, never no more,  
Will I play the Hard Caver; No never, no more.*

I took from my pocket, a cheque book so bright,  
the treasurer's eyes opened wide with delight.  
"With pleasure we'll greet you as one of our rank,  
as soon as your cheque has been cleared by the bank.

They sold me a light at exorbitant price,  
and a little black helmet, 'twas ever so nice.  
I went with them caving, P8 was the place,  
There were only two drowned and three lost without trace.

I've been up to Yorkshire, to Mendip and Wales,  
I've been down the pots and I've sampled the ales.  
And now I'm returning with stories to tell,  
of waters that rose, and of boulders that fell.

The pitches in Yorkshire all end in dead

sheep.  
To find them you wander through snow ten feet deep.  
We set out for Swinsto, found King Pot instead,  
So we free-dived the sumps to came out at Keld Head.

The Peak District's perfect for caving they say,  
Yes P8 and Giants are full everyday.  
We'll paint the town pink and drink copiously,  
Then go and vomit in Colostomy.

There's no caves on Mendip,  
or so goes the tale,  
so prowess in caving is measured in ale.  
Now Swildon's is deep and quite wet I'll admit.  
The streamway is sporting, but Shatter is shit!

Now Wales is a speleophilologist's delight.  
The names are so long that you can't say them right.  
So don't blame the wiegees who say O.F.D.,  
'cos it's easier by far than  
OgofLlanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwl-Illantisiilio-gogogof Ffynnon Ddu.

Now all I have left is a tatty wetsuit,  
a clapped out old NiFe cell and half an old boot.  
My clothes are so ragged, my beard is so long,  
Thank God that's the end of my horrible song.



# Lay me down on Mendip's Pastures

(unattributed)

Lay me down in Mendip's  
Pastures  
Where nobody us can see  
Gently tie my hands behind me  
And let all your passions free

Wank my penis, Wank my penis  
Wank me till I come no more  
Wank me till I come no more

When we're down in Swildons  
cavern's  
Where from sight we hidden be  
I'll remove my wetsuit trousers  
And I'll leave to rest to thee

Shag my arsehole, Shag my  
arsehole  
Shag me till I want no more  
Shag me till I want no more

When at last we reach the  
Hunters  
Tie me to the sign outside  
There I'll hang in drunken stupor  
While you savagely tan my hide

Whip my buttocks, Whip my  
buttocks,  
Whip me till I want no more  
Whip me till I want no more

When at last we go to bed  
In the caving hut that night  
Crawl into my sleeping bag  
And then squeeze my bollocks  
tight

Squeeze my bollocks, Squeeze  
my bollocks  
Squeeze them till I scream no  
more  
Squeeze them till I scream no  
more

# Carbide with me

(RN)

Abide with me; O deep beneath the ground.  
The darkness deepens; the mystery around.  
When other cavers, share the sights I see.  
The spirit of adventure, carbide with me.

Yearning for a frontier, seeking nature's edge;  
Crossing over canyons, leaping ledge to ledge;  
Never let abate, our curiosity-  
O Thou who changest not, carbide with me.

Hiding from the sun, on every pleasant day;  
Underneath the surface, time will fade away.  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Forego the sunshine, carbide with me.

Care for your companion, their life is in your hand;  
A trusting bond so deep, that few will understand.  
Battle against rivers, which flow so forcefully.  
My mind's at peace when you, carbide with me.

See familiar faces, tell all those tales tall.  
Spare us no secrets, we're cavers one and all.  
Remember those who've fallen, a close community;  
In life, in death, will you, carbide with me.

# Do you hear the cavers sing?

(RN)

Do you hear the cavers sing?  
Singing along like drunken men?  
It is the music of a people  
Of the subterranean!  
In an off key pitch we start  
Beating the table for the drums  
And the melody departs  
When the chorus comes.

A:

Oh I call out all the verses,  
To Hard Caver that I know.  
I'm sure there was order,  
That was 7 pints ago

B:

A passage of rite,  
Is to sing through the night, sing  
with me...

All:

Do you hear the cavers sing?  
Singing along like drunken men?  
It is the music of a people  
Of the subterranean!  
In an off key pitch we start  
Beating the table for the drums  
And the melody departs  
When the chorus comes.

C:

Will you wank my penis  
Caving matilda comes with me  
Threeskin over foreskin

For spe-le-ol-ogy!

And the sound of the pub

Is: BALLS to Craven pothole club

All:

Do you hear the cavers sing?  
Singing along like drunken men?  
It is the music of a people  
Of the subterranean!  
In an off key pitch we start  
Beating the table for the drums  
And the melody departs  
When the chorus comes.



# No more ladders

(To the tune of Hymns and Arias by Max Boyce - RN)

I'm not averse to P8,  
Even in the wet.  
I may have been there loads of times.  
It's Derbyshire's safe bet.  
But there's one thing that annoys me,  
when not rigged with a rope.  
That waterfall plus a ladder,  
Well I just cannot cope.

*And we were singing,  
no more ladders.  
I can't be gladder,  
to be out of there.*

We went down a cave with freshers,  
who were ill prepared.  
They had a lamp between them,  
and they looked very scared.  
And when we were at the bottom,  
just when we couldn't quit.  
One turned to me and said;  
Oh I really need a shit.

So I thought to myself quickly,  
well we need a con-tain-er.

What about the hygiene?  
Well he now is a cave-er.  
I used my ingenuity,  
Did what did have to be done.  
I'm so sorry that he used...  
Your new daren drum.

Oh we met some guys from MUSC,  
(loud booing)  
When we were in the cave.  
They were trampy, smelly and beardy.  
They hadn't learnt to shave.  
They said please help us, we're  
hungry.  
Our food has now all gone.  
So we handed over to them,  
Your new daren drum.

Now the fresher has the darren drum,  
As he was forced to buy.  
It brings up happy memories,  
And a tear to his eye.  
What name befits this treasure?  
That did the MUSCovites in,  
His beloved Vladimir, your old POO  
TIN

# ‘SRT’ (Let it be)

(RN)

If you want to cave in Yorkshire, and look at what there is to see.  
I'm afraid you gotta learn SRT.  
It may be a giant faff, but it's for your safety  
A whole new world will be yours with SRT.

SRT, SRT, SRT, SRT.  
2 points of attachment, SRT.

How can I get up that pitch, 50 meters above me?  
I've slowly got to prussic, SRT.  
Even though I will be sweaty, it's something which we can agree.  
It's better than a ladder, SRT.

SRT, SRT, SRT, SRT.  
2 points of attachment, SRT.

SRT, SRT, SRT, SRT.  
2 points of attachment, SRT.  
And when your arms are aching, and your legs are jelly,  
oh you know there is a cause; it's SRT.  
When strung up on a cowstail, just think carefully.  
There's always an answer with SRT.

SRT, SRT, SRT, SRT.  
2 points of attachment, SRT.

# Going Underground

(RN)

Some people might say that caving isn't  
fun  
They'd rather be out relaxing in the sun.  
People might say I would hate to crawl.  
And squeeze through places very small.  
But something you must bear in mind.  
Cavers are humans of a different kind.  
We like having bruises for all to see  
And wallowing in our misery  
In the name of speleology.

We're pseudo-sado-masochists  
We cave all day and at night get pissed.  
We're going underground, (going  
underground)  
Get kitted up give the farm a pound  
Going underground, (going underground)  
We'll be broken and ache all over  
tomorrow

Some cavers like to play around with rope  
Though a lot of them could do with soap.  
Before you go you must try to faff.  
Especially if you want to photograph

You hide the misery on your face,  
When you see the Peli case.  
The SLR needs a little tweak  
and you're so cold you cannot speak  
Your bones and joints begin to creak

What's the point and what's the worth?  
You'll never win a Hidden Earth!  
We're going underground, (going  
underground)  
Get kitted up give the farm a pound  
Going underground, (going underground)  
We'll be broken and ache all over  
tomorrow

We got to the layby and got exposed  
Put on my furry but my body froze  
We turned around as we heard a scream  
Ramblers had come across the scene!

Going underground, I'm going  
underground!  
Going underground, I'm going  
underground!

# Speleorhapsody

(Queen - Lyrics by Tom Smith)

Is this a real cave?  
It's a bit of a joke  
Caught in a rockslide  
No escape from this boulder choke  
Open your heart  
Look in to the dark and see  
I'm just a caver (Caver)  
I do speleology  
Any time, day or night  
Big and wide, wet or tight  
Any way the draft blows  
Doesn't really matter to me, to me

Bugger, just dropped a krab  
Well isn't that a bitch  
Now I can't rig this fucking pitch  
Bugger, this trip had just begun  
But now I've gone and thrown it all away  
Bollocks, ooh  
Didn't mean to make you cry  
If we're not back again this time tomorrow  
Call CRO, CRO as if nothing really matters

Too late, my wetsuit's split  
Sent shivers down my spine  
Bollocks gone back up inside  
Sorry, everybody  
You need to know  
Gotta stop and tell you that we're very lost  
Bollocks, oooooooh (Anyway the draft blows)  
I don't want to die  
Sometimes wish I'd never come caving at all

[Guitar Solo]

I see a little silhouetto on a rock  
Stalagmite, Stalagmite, will you do the  
Photogaying

Scurion for lighting, very, very bright i see  
(shitty duo) shitty duo (shitty duo) shitty duo, shitty duo  
Why's it broke.  
I do not know-o-o-o-o  
I'm just a caver nobody loves me  
He's just a caver from a poor uni club  
Spare him this trip from this shit fx3

Caving time where to go, where the hell to go?  
To Calswark! No, I do not want to go  
Lets just go  
To Bagshaw! I do not want to go  
Lets just go  
To Giants! I do not want to go  
Lets just go (Do not want to go )  
Lets just go (Do not want to go ) (Never, never, never, never)  
Lets just go, o, o, o, o  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no  
(Oh fucking hell, fucking hell)  
Fucking Hell, Lets just go  
The Devils Arse has a new dig put aside for me, for me, for me!

So you think that a flood pulse will trap me inside  
Stupid cave wants to trap me and leave me to die  
Oh, Peak, can't do this to me, Peak  
Just gotta get out, just gotta get right outta here

[Guitar Solo]  
(Oooh yeah, Oooh yeah)

All our lights are dead  
Nobody can see  
No-one left a callout  
No-one left a callout, oh shit

Any way the draft blows...

# Doline (Jolene)

(RN)

Doline, doline, doline, doline.  
A scooped depression lying in the floor  
Doline, doline, doline, doline.  
Sinkholes that I must explore.  
When loess overlies  
Fissured limestone it supplies  
A way for soil to sink, from the scene.  
And we know that as down it goes,  
Its action is to suffose  
Depressions anew, my Doline.

Sinkholes from a soil drill  
Remnants of glacial till  
Dots the Dales as Dolines

Through collapse, a cave destroyed  
leaves a gasping gaping void  
a Karstic cavity, my Doline.

Doline, doline, doline, doline.  
Shakeholes open to the sky.  
Doline, doline, doline, doline.  
What secrets underneath you lie?

Tiankengs Tomo Sotano  
and lots more names just for a hole  
A rose, thy name is doline.

Mine workings collapse and rot  
Pepper hills with slips and pots.  
Industrial forget-me-nots, Dolines

Doline, doline, doline, doline.  
You know I just want to explore.  
Doline, doline, doline, doline.  
I'll take your plunge forevermore.  
Doline, doline.

# Seasons without Sun

(RN)

Goodbye to you my topside life,  
It's like I've stabbed you with a petzl  
knife.

But now I fit the tightest squeeze,  
Hop over boulders as I please,  
Caving's brought me to my knees.

Goodbye my friends I don't know why,  
My weekend story's just met with a  
sigh.

And you say no it's not for me,  
I'm claustrophobic can't you see,  
I live a dull normality.

Well we have joy, we have fun,  
We have seasons without sun.  
And the tan we accrue,  
Is just a sign a shower's due.

Goodbye Papa don't wait for me,  
Never leave a callout with your family.  
What you need's a caving hunk,  
With the sex life of a monk,  
But he's probably too drunk.

Goodbye Papa, I'm off abroad.  
Totally safe now that I am insured.  
Yes that spit looks good to me,  
Dodging all of the debris.  
And some rope rub on type B.

We have joy, we have fun,

We have seasons without sun.  
And the tan we accrue,  
Is a sign a shower's due.

We have joy, we have fun,  
We have seasons without sun.  
And the tan we accrue,  
Is a sign a shower's due.

Goodbye to you my student club.  
The extra beat in my Lub Dub Dub.  
I left University  
Was heartbroken to be free  
No more speleology.

Goodbye to you my caving life,  
Now that I'm married to my caring wife.  
I see my photos on the wall,  
But now my children are my all.  
I'll take them caving 'cause they're  
small.

We have joy, we have fun,  
We have seasons without sun.  
And the tan we accrue,  
Is a sign a shower's due.

We have joy, we have fun,  
We have seasons without sun.  
And the tan we accrue,  
Is a sign a shower's due.

# Country Roads

(RN)

Friday evening, up to yorkshire, down the motorway, turn off into darkness.

Ride meanders, fight winds and waters brave, but that's just the A Sixty Five, Not our sodding caves,

Country roads, take me home to the place I belong.

West Kingsdale, Bull Pot Farm, take me home, country roads.

Almost there now, lost in hedgerows, oh another turning it seems nobody knows.

Look at those dolines, are they caves or are they mines? Of course you're in Derbyshire, can't you see the fifty signs?

Country roads, take me home to the place I belong.

West Swirl Passage, Down in Oxlow, take me home, country roads.

The steep inclines, land disappears, But the darkness comes to soothe our fears.

And the road signs I cannot fathom why, but that's because I'm English  
yr iaith is lost on I

Country roads, take me home to the place I belong.

West to Wales, down the valleys, take me home, country roads.

# Together in Electric Gleams

(RN)

I started on an FX3,  
Couldn't see in front of me.  
'Til it was time to go  
Time to go away (out of the cave)

Upgraded to a duo.  
A fourteen LED.  
And it's too dim  
Its just too dim to see  
Too dim to see.

There'll always be a better.  
A better light it seems  
(Light never ends)  
But we'll always be together  
Together in Electric Gleams.

There might be romance in  
carbide,  
But I'm sure you will agree  
That you can't beat,  
Electricity (Lovely LEDs)

I've tried returning to a light,  
That I used back in the day.  
Limited sight,  
It's just not the way to play,  
The way to play!

There'll always be a better.  
A better light it seems  
(Light never ends)  
But we'll always be together  
Together in Electric Gleams.

There'll always be a better.  
A better light it seems  
(Light never ends)  
But we'll always be together  
Together in Electric Gleams.

There'll always be a better.  
A better light it seems  
(Light never ends)  
But we'll always be together  
Together in Electric Gleams.



# Caver Man (Piano man)

(RN)

Oh it's half past 6 on a friday  
And everyone's up for a lark.  
No spirits are damped by the rain  
As we wait in the car park.

It's a long bloody drive up to Yorkshire  
Caravans on the A Sixty Five  
Oh 8 in a micra can't really get tighter  
Well maybe we'll get there alive!

Sing us a song you're a caver man.  
Sing us a song tonight.  
Well we're all in the mood for a  
melody,  
As the squeeze machine's feeling too  
tight!

We arrive at the hut for late evening,  
And the party's already in swing.  
Downing my scotch with my face in  
your crotch,  
As we're going to win pan and sling!

It slowly dawns on a fresher,  
That there's no sleeping bag spare.  
I'm afraid they're all full, you've no  
choice but pull.  
Or just pass out drunk over there.

Now the sunlight trickles through  
windows,  
And in the bunks you struggle to  
breathe.

By any means I need bacon and  
beans -  
No it's too late I'm going t'heave.

And the walk in's up a mountain,  
With the way on lost in the fog.  
With the farts that I brew, I am faecally  
due.  
Well do cavers shit in a bog?

Sing us a song you're a caver man.  
Sing us a song tonight.  
Well we're all in the mood for a  
melody,  
As the squeeze machine's feeling too  
tight!

Well it's half past 6 on a Saturday,  
Which means chilli or bolognaise.  
If veggies are heathens, then fuck  
what are vegans?  
Let's just go our separate ways.

The party's a little bit quieter,  
As people digest half a cow.  
But the music creeps in, along with  
more gin.  
And everyone's naked somehow.

Sing us a song you're a caver man.  
Sing us a song tonight.  
Well we're all in the mood for a  
melody,  
As the squeeze machine's feeling too  
tight!

# Limestone Cowboy

(RN)

I've caved in this karst so long  
Singin' the same old song  
I know every crack in these dirty crabwalks I squeeze in.  
Where struggle's the name of the game  
Try not to get washed away by the snow and the rain  
And though my leisure time's comprisin'  
Of roads to my demisin'  
But I'm gonna be where the lights are shinin' from me

Like a Limestone cowboy  
Hiding out in a cave with a stal splattered roof y'know  
Like a Limestone cowboy  
Existing away whilst hearing the waters flow,  
And watching the formations grow...

My friends think that I'm insane  
When I try to talk and explain  
Why get all these bruises and pain  
When I have an off day.  
And I'll talk of digging too  
Shoveling away with pick lying in the goo.  
And though my leisure time's comprisin'  
Of roads to my demisin'  
But I'm gonna be where the lights are shinin' from me

Like a Limestone cowboy  
Hiding out in a cave with a stal splattered roof y'know  
Like a Limestone cowboy  
Existing away whilst hearing the waters flow,  
And watching the formations grow...

Like a Limestone cowboy  
Hiding out in a cave with a stal splattered roof y'know  
Like a Limestone cowboy  
Existing away whilst hearing the waters flow,  
And watching the formations grow...

# Caver (Human)

(RN)

I know I read the survey.  
The morning before the trip.  
But I can't now remember.  
Should have laminated it.  
I'm sure I know this passage.  
I think that I've been here before.  
Climb the face, squeeze through there.  
It's the awkward crawl.

Are we human? Or are we Caver?  
I've sweaty wetsocks,  
but my hands are cold!  
And I'm on my knees,  
looking for an exit.  
Are we human, or are we caver?

I've traversed across Easegill.  
Done all the trips in OFD.  
Did Grand round Agen Allwedd.  
No mystery to me.  
So how can I forget?  
A trip I've done a thousand times.  
I turn around and realise why.  
It's a different cave.  
Are we human? Or are we Caver?

I've sweaty wetsocks,  
but my hands are cold!  
And I'm on my knees,  
looking for an exit.  
Are we human, or are we caver?

When I get home tonight,  
There's a trip report to write.  
There will be an omission,  
regarding my indecision.

Are we human? Or are we Caver?  
We found the entrance, and we pulled  
through!  
And I'm on my knees,  
looking for an exit.  
It's turbury pot....

Are we human? Or are we Caver?  
I've sweaty wetsocks, but my hands  
are cold!  
And I'm on my knees,  
looking for an exit.  
Are we human, or are we caver?