

We Will Rock You (tune by Queen)

(Thumping brooms and hand slap on thigh or chest to set the pace - THUMP, THUMP, SLAP)

Buddy we are curlers, we like to play in the cold even though we are quite old

We've got whiskey in our veins, aches and pains, but we're still ready to curl a few games.

Verses may be solo or
by small group or by
entire choir

AND

WE WILL, WE WILL ROCK YOU,

WE WILL, WE WILL ROCK YOU

Entire choir sings chorus

Our bodies are old and we feel the cold, we're a wee bit tired if the truth be told,

But our smiles still gleam, we're living the dream, we're here in Scotland the Canadian team!

AND

WE WILL, WE WILL ROCK YOU,

WE WILL, WE WILL ROCK YOU

Entire choir sings *the
Canadian team!*

Entire choir sings chorus

We are Canadians my friend, and we'll be polite right to the end,

But we won't surrender, if you score an 8-ender,

We'll keep on sweeping, 'til our hearts stop beating,

..... PAUSE

AND

WE WILL, WE WILL ROCK YOU!

No thumping or stamping
during this verse.

Entire choir sings final line

All wave brooms and shout STRATHCONA CUP!

The Good Old Curling Game (Stompin Tom)

Choir hums: Announcer introduces the beginning.

Choir Sings:

We came down, to this nice town, to play the Scottish game.

5 years have passed, since we played last, Strathcona Cup's the name.

Well you all know, we like to crow, about the times we've won.

But if we lose, there's always booze, we're here to have some fun.

Oh the good old curling game, is the best game you can name,
And the best game you can name, is the good old curling game.

Choir hums: Announcer introduces the middle.

Choir Sings:

At the half way point, and I feel my joint, could use some time to mend.

But my chance is gone, the game is on, so I'll play another end.

I really think I should have a drink, it'll lift my spirits up.

And help me play another day, I love Strathcona Cup.

Oh the good old curling game, is the best game you can name,
And the best game you can name, is the good old curling game.

Choir hums: Announcer introduces the end. "Oh My Goodness!"

Choir Sings:

Oh the good old curling game, is the best game you can name,
And the best game you can name, is the good old curling game.

Oh the good old curling game, is the best game you can name,
And the best game you can name, is the good old curling game. (slowly)

These Are the Reasons That I Love to Curl

(sung to the tune These are a Few of My Favourite Things)

In turns and out turns and vigorous sweeping, Good shots and bad shots without any weeping,
Sweeping so hard that my head starts to whirl, These are the reasons that I love to curl.

Leads are important 'cause they throw the guard shots, Seconds throw take outs, they're usually
hard shots,

Thirds need finesse, 'cause they tap and they roll, Skips have the easiest shots I've been told.

When the snow falls, when the skip calls, It's that time of year,

To curl at the club and then off to the pub with my friends to drink pints of beer.

Push brooms are handy, they make sweeping easy, But when I have to sweep hard I get wheezy,
Please throw it harder I can't catch my breath, Your light weight shots could result in my death.

Drinking at midnight when you should be dozin', 8 am draw times when you feel half frozen,

Playing hung over and feeling quite ill, Skips shouting "sweep" makes you think you could kill.

When the aches come, when the pains come, when I'm feeling sore,

I toss down a whiskey and soon I feel frisky and then I can curl once more.

Oh Beautiful Strathcona Cup (to the tune of America the Beautiful)

Oh beautiful Strathcona Cup we long to see thee shine,
We've come to curl our Scottish friends, soon after Auld Lang Syne,
We'd love to lift you o'er our heads, declare our victory,
But win or lose we celebrate, our great camaraderie.

Oh beautiful, Strathcona Cup, a prize we all desire,
Inspire us to be our best, ignite our inner fire,
Strathcona Cup, Strathcona Cup, our curling history,
You call us here to celebrate our great camaraderie.

VERSION 1:

Choir sings together, entire song

VERSION 2:

Choir hums the tune in the background.

Single voice reads the words in time to the music.

Choir then sings the final 2 lines again together.

Curling, Curling

Curling, curling, this is the game for me, no ice hockey, I've got a wonky knee,
My sweeping is ineffective, my out-turn quite defective,
And if I don't think, and have a drink, after 4 ends I'll have to pee.

Curling, curling, the game that I hold so dear,
I feel dandy dressed in my curling gear,
I've got fancy shoes with slider, my newest pants are wider,
And win or lose, I always choose to relax and enjoy a beer.

Curling, curling, the game played with stones on ice,
It's frustrating when I miss the same shot twice,
I thought that I threw it cleanly, I wanted it so keenly,
So let me throw a draw again and I'll try not to miss it thrice.

Curling, curling, we're here where it all began,
It's the best game, perfect for every man,
You don't have to be a thinker, it helps if you're a drinker,
So we lift our cup, and drink it up, and give thanks to our curling clan.

Repeat slowly

And give thanks to our curling clan.

The Bonspieler's Waltz

If you ask any girl from the parish around,
What pleases her most from her head to her toes,
She'll say "I'm not sure that it's business of yours
But I do like to waltz with a bonspieler".

CHORUS *For he goes sweeping down from tee-line to tee-line,
That's where the bonspieler learns to step lightly,
It's sweeping down from tee-line to tee-line,
A bonspieler's waltz pleases girls completely.*

When the bonspiel is on she'll come down to the rink,
To see all the lads as they slide down the ice,
She knows that we'll always be up for a drink,
And she can't wait to waltz with a bonspieler.

CHORUS

To humour her parents she's had to give way,
And dance with the doctors and merchants and lawyers,
Their manners are fine but their feet are of clay,
For there's none with the style of a bonspieler.

CHORUS

Now she's had her chances with all sorts of men,
But none are so fine as the lads with the brooms,
So when the tour's over and we're home again,
Then she'll waltz once again with her bonspieler.

CHORUS

Curlers Get a Bad Rap

CHOIR CHANTS: SWEEP HARDER HURRY HURRY

Yo, you say you know how to curl
but that ain't right, cause you throw stones like a girl,
and you can't slide or glide or take a ride on the ice,
you got to push from the hack and let the rock go nice.

You got to sweep it, you got to feel the burn,
you got to hold it, you got to throw the right turn,
you got to walk the talk and just throw the rock,
and hit the broom with the weight and hope they don't sweep it late.

Cause there's the hog line, and it's no friend to you,
if you don't cross it, you buy the beer for your crew,
and you can draw or tap or freeze or peel,
but it's hard to make a shot cause of the way that you feel.

Cause you been drinking, all those beers at the pub,
what were you thinkin, this is Strathcona Cup,
you shoulda gone straight to bed and got 8 hours of dozin,
now you're standing on the ice and you feel half frozen.

So you start, but you're still a little high,
you throw a dart, but there ain't no bull's-eye,
and if you throw a double there ain't no extra points,
but if you throw it hard you're gonna injure your joints.

Cause you crouch down, you got to slide real straight,
and then you're sweepin, the thing you really hate,
you play the whole game on ice, with rocks, not a ball,
if you're not steady on your feet you're gonna slip and fall.

CHOIR STOPS CHANTING

Cause this ain't football!

Oh Flower of Scotland

Oh flower of Scotland
When will we see your like again
That fought and died for
Your wee bit hill and glen
That stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again

The hills are bare now
And autumn leaves lie thick and still
O'er land that is lost now
Which those so dearly held
That stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again

Those days are passed now
And in the past they must remain
But we can still rise now
And be the nation again
That stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again

Oh Canada

O Canada!

Our home and native land!

True patriot love in all thy sons command.

Car ton bras sait porter l'épée,

Il sait porter la croix!

Ton histoire est une épopée

Des plus brillants exploits.

God keep our land glorious and free!

O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

ENGLISH AULD LANG SYNE

Should *old* acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?
Should *old* acquaintance be forgot, and *old lang syne*?

CHORUS:

*For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,
we'll take a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne.*

And surely you'll *buy* your pint *cup*! and surely I'll *buy* mine!
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

CHORUS

We *two have* run about the *slopes*, and *picked* the *daisies* fine;
But we've wandered *many* a weary *foot*, since auld lang syne.

CHORUS

We *two have* paddled in the *stream*, from morning sun till dine;
But seas between us *broad have roared* since auld lang syne.

CHORUS

And there's a hand my trusty *friend*! And *give me* a hand o' thine!
And we'll *take* a right *good-will draught*, for auld lang syne.

CHORUS

ORIGINAL SCOTTISH

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and auld lang syne*?

CHORUS:

*For auld lang syne, my jo, for auld lang syne,
we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.*

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup! and surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

CHORUS

We twa hae run about the braes, and pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit, sin' auld lang syne.

CHORUS

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn, frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd sin' auld lang syne.

CHORUS

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere! and gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught, for auld lang syne.

CHORUS

Strathcona Cup (to the tune of YMCA)

Old man, throwing stones on the ice,
I said old man, every end you throw twice,
I said old man, you'll be paying the price,
If you play 3 games in 1 day.

Old man, there's a place you can go,
I said old man, it will cost you some dough,
You will only (pause) play 2 games in a row,
And you're sure to have a good time.

BAH BAH BAH BAH BAH

It's fun to curl in the Strathcona Cup,
It's fun to curl in the Strathcona Cup
You get to travel around,
You get to make some new friends,
You get to have a few whiskeys and beers.

It's fun to curl in the Strathcona Cup,
It's fun to curl in the Strathcona Cup,
You compete for the cup, and you never give up,
You'll remember this all of your years.

It's fun to curl in the Strathcona Cup!

It's a Long way to Cross the Ocean

(Sung to the tune of "It's a Long way to Tipperary")

It's a long way to cross the ocean

It's a long way to go

It's a long way to curl the Scottish

To play the greatest game we know

Goodbye to our Rye Whiskey

Hello to your Scotch!

It's a great time to be in Scotland

Thanks for hosting us.

O' Curling

[O Canada]

Oh, Curling, our game on pebbled ice
Draw, raise and hit, with all our skip's advice
With graceful form, we glide our rocks
For fans upstairs to see,
And hope like hell, Oh Curling
Don't call a guard for me
We thank this game, for all it's given me
Oh Curling, we owe our hearts to thee
Oh Curling, we owe our hearts to thee.

WRAP UP SONG

Be kind to your Maple Leaf friends,
'Cause in five years you're coming to play us,
Remember the good times we had,
Whether scores were good or bad,
Now you may think that this is the end - WELL IT IS!

