

Written by John Balderson  
a referee who lived in Witney

There's a place just outside Witney  
Which is famous for it's steeple  
The name of this place is Bampton  
And it's full of the queerest people.

They're always full of beans there  
And want to let off steam.  
So to help them all to do it  
Albert Radband formed a team.

It's down the Buckland road  
You'll see them all for sure.  
They play in the farmer's field there  
By the stinking pile of manure.

You'll see football at it's best there  
And the whole damn team agrees  
That it's top of Division 1 they'd be  
If it wasn't for the referees.

In goal they have Frank Hudson  
Who's really not bad at all.  
If only sometimes he'd remember  
He's supposed to stop the ball.

At right-back it's Eric Truman  
Who never lets them past  
And slows down the out-side left a bit  
If he's anything like fast.

Left-back of course is Rodney Adams  
A tough hard tackling laddie  
Who cuts the opposition down to size  
Whenever he's in a paddy.

Next, at half-back is Simon Goddard  
The lads all call him "Skip"  
And for his very next birthday  
They're buying him a whip.

Alongside him plays Ginger Townsend  
Who plays it cool and calm  
And as long as Bampton's winning  
No-one comes to too much harm.

Now we come to Johnnie Marston  
Who plays strictly according to the plan  
And always tries to play the ball,  
Though he sometimes gets the man.

With Frankie Barrett it's different,  
As down the wing he hops  
Sets his sights on the enemy goal  
And the ball ends in the tree tops.

Philip Hewitson is at centre-half  
A player of the highest class  
Who thinks centre-forwards look better  
When they're flat out on the grass.

And "Todder" is Roger Siford  
All he thinks about is goals  
And this lad is never satisfied  
Unless the net is full of holes.

Mick Walsh is centre-forward  
He dashes through them all  
Though many a time he doesn't score  
Cause he forgets to take the ball.

George Siford is called "The Old Man"  
He speeds right down the pitch  
Sometimes he ends up scoring goals  
And sometimes in the ditch.

Terry Cravens a tricky winger.  
In fact I think you'll find  
He'll beat the left-back three times  
Then run the ball behind.

But when we come to Peter Hawks  
He stands in study deep  
And though his eyes are open  
You'd swear he was fast asleep.

While Willie Truman is a chap  
Who like his football tough  
And the referee is always telling him  
"Now that's enough of that"

So there it good Bampton folk  
The team that you support  
A nicer bunch you'll never find  
In any kind of sport.

They all enjoy their football  
And I don't want to get on your nerves  
So I think that I might be forgiven  
For not mentioning your reserves.

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Who never lets them past  
And down down the outside left a bit  
If he's anything like fast.

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Who onto the opposition down to size  
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