

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.