

There's a Johnny on the Spot

words by Cináed Ulric, Amhranai tan Brionglóid mka Jonathan-Jetski Thorn
to the tune of "When Johnny Comes Marchin' Home"

[At an event, I was singing at a small circle which held Mikal Hrafspa (Mikal the Ram) and at that time a gentleman who I believe was Prince of Calontir. One of the participants in the circle had to answer nature's call and left. We continued to sing and after quite a while Mikal or the Prince noted he must answer nature's call, and then noted our friend had been gone with his call for quite some time, so we all decided to answer the call so to speak in order to check on our friend. While walking to the "portacastles" Mikal or the Prince commented that we should be so lucky that we had the portacastles, but their value is often over looked, and a song should be written about them. Bad thing to do in front of my brain. I was in possession of a poem called "Ode to an Outdoor Toilet" and I used some of its lines, reworked them, added some SCA specifics, and behold, the song below.

I should also point out: I am grateful and appreciative of all SCA publications - it's just it was the closest thing we had to a Sear's catalogue, and that the last verse regarding Hurscarls was an act that they once *used* to do. I believe the practice was ordered to be stopped quite a while back.]

Many tales have been told of the wonders of old, (How dry I am)
'Bout crepe on the stairs and high button shoes, (How wet I'll be)
And we smile when we think of the old pen and ink and heralds bringing us news,
But there's something gone and I'll tell you here on this spot.

A biffy or dooley or privy or stooily, (How dry I am)
A porta-castle if you're so inclined. (How wet I'll be)
A good one or bad one, still each event has one, it's mem'ry stands clear in our mind.
For we're all relieved there's a Johnny on the spot.

The two holers stood at the edge of the wood, (How dry I am)
Next to the camping spot you find. (How wet I'll be)
But you pitch up your tent, without any vent, in the morning you wake up blind,
'Cause you camped downwind from a Johnny on the spot.

On the hot days of Spring, oh, the flies they would bring. (How dry I am)
And they'd fly and buzz as you sat on the seat. (How wet I'll be)
We did not mind the germs but those fat little worms used to crawl through the cracks at our feet,
But we're all relieved there's a Johnny on the spot.

Enough toilet tissue they never report, (How dry I am)
And you're the one who comes up short. (How wet I'll be)
The next thing you do with a groan and a sigh, is rip out a page from T.I.
Or The Complete Anarchist thrown down a Johnny on the spot.

A Lady in dance or a Knight on the field, (How dry I am)
A call is felt telling you to yield, (How wet I'll be)
So you run like the wind to the rooms of refuse and when you arrive they are all in use,
So you stand with cross legs next to the Johnny on the spot.

At a portacastle our King did go. (How dry he is)
The Royale Wine caused and overflow. (A regale fizz)
But a thief thought it neat to go steal the seat, now the King has nowhere to go,
For he's slipped halfway down a Johnny on the spot.

(A little slower)
Oh Hurscarls, whoever your leader may be, (Please take a note)
Whenever you get up to go take a pee. (You start a revolt)
You don't find the hole, You just make a straight line, and all we can see is the "moon" from behind.
And we wished you'd go find a Johnny on the spot.

(Now sung triple the normal tempo)

Oh! A biffy or dooley or privy or stooly, (How dry I am)

A porta-castle if you're so inclined. (How wet I'll be)

A good one or bad one, still each event has one, it's mem'ry stands clear in our mind.

For we're all relieved theeeeeeeeere's [pour some liquid to make a splattering sound for about 30 seconds] a Johnny on the spot! WHOO!