

R.E. MARKS

S.C.I.I.A.E.S. CENSORED SONGBOOK

In the interests of public morality the executive of the S.C.I.I.A.E.S. has gathered together the most vile, corrupting and degrading of the student songs and published them in this single volume, in order that its members may know the enemy and fight it in its own domain. This may be done by members singing them often and frequently to as large an audience as possible, so that the resulting wave of disgust and revulsion will restrain even the most thick-skinned non member from ever again mouthing these obscenities.

May 1962
Melbourne

the Society for the Containment of Immoral
Impulses Amongst Engineering Students

S.C.I.I.A.E.S. CENSORED SONGBOOK ARGUS TOFT

(PATRON)

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BE PURE

3

For all loyal adherents to the S.C.I.I.A.E.S.
we publish the words of the anthem "Pure as the
Lily" , sung to the tune of "Ivory Tower".

Be pure, be pure, be pure as the lily,
Reject your old sinful ways,
Don't smoke, don't drink, take your hands off
that filly,
Be chaste for the rest of your days.
Be wholesome, be wholesome,
And rember the words that we say-
Be pure, be pure, be pure as the lily,
But don't ask us to show you the way.
Amen.....

SHE WAS PURE BUT SHE WAS HONEST

She was poor, but she was honest,
Victim of the squire's game;
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she lost her honest name.

Chorus: It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor that gets the blame;
It's the rich that lives in clover,
Ain't that a bleeding shame.

Then she ran away to London,
For to hide her grief and shame.
There she met another squire,
And she lost her name again.

In the rich man's arms she flutters
Like a bird with broken wing;
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in his splendid mansion,
Entertaining with the best,
While the girl he has ruined,
Entertains a sordid guest.

See him in the House of Commons,
Making laws to put down crime,
While the victim of his passions
Trails her way thro' mud and slime.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
She says "Farewell, blighted love,"
Then a scream, a splash -- Good heavens,
What is she a-doin' of?

4
Then they dragged her from the river,
Water from her clothes they wrang,
For they thought that she was drowned,
But the corpse got up and sang.

It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor that gets the blame,
It's the rich that lives in clover,
Ain't that all a bleedin' shame.

CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT LAY DYING

Charlotte the harlot lay dying
A piss hat supported her head
The blowflies were buzzing around her
She rolled on her left tit and said,

Chorus: I've been fucked by the army the navy
By a bullfighting toreador
By dingoes and drongoes and dagoes
But never by maggots before.
So roll back your dirty old forlskins
And give me the cream of your nuts
So they rolled back their dirty old
foreskins
And played "Home sweet Home" on her guts.

Charlotte the harlot repented
She'd never have another bang
She wanted to go to heaven
She lay on her right tit and sang.

Chorus:

Charlotte the harlot was buried
The town was quieter than before
But one night at the local brothel
Her ghost it appeared at the door.

Chorus:

THE SHITHOUSE BLUES

Dan, Dan, the sanitary man,
Superintendant of the lavatory pan,
He puts out the paper and he changes the towels
Accompanied by the rhythm of the rumbling bowels
Hot shit! I got the shithouse blues
Hot shit! I wanna do it in my shoes.

JOHN PEEL

'Do ye ken John Peel?' 'Yes, I know the bugger well
With a head on his hammer like the Icnhcape bell,
Nine inches on the slack, twelve inches on the swell,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,
Cats with syphilis, gonorrhea, piles,
Cats with their arseholes breathed in smiles
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

Do ye ken John Peel with a cock in a sling
And his two brass balls going ting-a-ling-a-ling,
He's lying in the grass with a carrot up his arse
And he won't take it out till morning.

Now the elephant is a funny bloke
He seldom has a poke
But when he does he lets it soak,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The hippopotamus it seems
Very rarely has wet dreams,
But when he does it comes in streams
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Now a funny old fish is the old sperm whale
With a funny little diddle tucked under his tail,
And he rides his missus in the teeth of a gale
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Oh the sargeant major leads a solitary life,
And he hasn't got a woman, and he hasn't got a wife
So he satisfies himself on the regimental fife,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

If you wake up in the morning with your penis in your
hand,
And you've got a funny feeling in your seminary gland,
If you haven't got a woman, then pull it in your hand
In the dark early hours of the morning.

The poor domestic doggie on the chain all day,
Never gets a chance to let himself go gay,
So he licks at his dick in a frantic way
As he revels in the joys of copulation

The owls in the trees, the bats on the tiles;
One fucks in solitude, the other fucks in files,
You can hear the happy howls and the shrieks for miles
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

Now I met a girl and she was a dear,
But she gave me a dose of gonorrhea:
Fools rush in where angels fear....
As I revelled in the joys of copulation.

When you wake up in the morning with thoughts of
sexual joy
And your wife has got the monthlies and your daughter sa
says she's coy;
Just rip it up the rectum of your eldest boy,
As you revel in the joys of copulation.

NELLIE DARLING

Oh I love the smell of Nellie's perspiration
These little one cannot have too much
But I make one tiny stipulation
That its better from your armpits than your crutch.

Oh your arsehole's like a stovepipe, Nellie darling
And the nipples on your tits are turning green
There's a yard of lint protruding from your vulva
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a thousand crabs a'crawling round your arsehole
And when you piss, youy piss's green as grass
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle
So make one dear and shove it up your arse.

THE MARRYING KIND

If I were the marrying kind, Sir
And you can bet I'm not, Sir
The girl I'd choose to share my bed
Would be a girl, Sir.

'Cos I would fuck and she would fuck
And we would fuck together
Oh what fun in the middle of the night
Fucking hard together.

'Cos I would push; bully; bang; hit; etc....

Choru

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For v
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6

7

CRAVEN 'A'

Chorus:

Craven A , never heard of fornication
Craven A , silly little fool
Craven A , quite content with masturbation
Thought a cunt was something you were called
at school.

His arrival at the varsity was quite grotesque
He laid his great penis on the tutor's desk
Said the tutor, 'If it stays there in its present state
I'll be forced to use that penis for a paperweight.'

Chorus.....

Now the tutor said, 'There is one thing I must impress
You must not masturbate in academic dress'.
So Craven just to show he didn't give a fuck
Tossed himself off on the inkwell shouting,
'One for luck'.

Chorus.....

Now Suzy was the daughter of the landlady
She brought her cunt up every morning with a cup of tea
And she'd been done so often that the courts declare
Her vagina constitutes a public thoroughfare.
Chorus.....

DIGGING UP FATHERS GRAVE

There digging up Fathers grave,
To build a sewer,
And they're digging it up regardless of expense;
Now they're digging up his remains,
To make way for shithouse drains,
To irrigate some moll's new residence.

COR BLIMEY

Now Father all his life was never a quitter,
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now,
For when that john's complete,
He'll just hold that shithouse seat,
And he'll only let them shit when he'll allow.

COR BLIMEY

pipeline for his crap,

Now what's the use of loving a religion,
And to think that when youre dead your troubles cease,
But if some Arts chap,
Wants a pipeline for his crap,
He'll never let the old sod rest in peace.

COR BLIMEY

But wont ther be some constipation,
And wont those shit bound toffs begin to rage,
But they're getting what they deserve,
For having the fucking ~~nerve~~,
For fucking around with an old Honest Workman's grave.

COR BLIMEY.

NEVER ROOT

(Tune: Never Smile at a Crocodile)

Never root with a prostitute
Never stop a while and give your bolt a shot,
Dont be taken by her welcome grin
She's imagining how much you'll get when you slip in.

Never root with a prostitute
Even though she says you've got a beaut
Dont be rude, never mock, use your head and not your
cock,

But never root with a prostitute.

Never root with a prostitute
Though you may be well hung
And know how to kiss with your tongue
There's one kind of bag not to slag
when you're on the run.

So never root with a prostitute
Even though she says you've got a beaut
Dont be rude, never mock, use your head and not your
cock.

And never root with a prostitute.

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CHORUS:
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THE HARLOT OF JERYSALEM
(virgin 1)

In days of old there lived a maid
Who used to do a roaring trade
A prostitute of ill repute,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

CHORUS:

Hi Ho KafooZalem, Kafoozalem, Kafoozalem,
Hi Ho Kafoozalem, the harlot of Jerusalem.

She lived within the palace walls
And round the walls were hung the balls
Of every cootthat tried to root
The harlot of Jreusalem.

Nearby there lived an arab tall
Who with his prick could move a wall
It was the pride of nearly all
The harlots of Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree
He saw her there beneath a tree
And vowed that very night that he
Would lay her in Jerusalem.

He took her to a shady nook
And from his open fly he took
A penis like a butchers hook
The finest in Jerusalem.

He laid her down upon her back
And tried to shove it up her crack
But had no luck in trying to fuck
The harlot of Jerusalem.

Kafoozalem she gave a grunt
And with a snap she shut her cunt
And threwhim high into the sky
Far beyond Jerusalem.

Away he flew across the sea
Across the Sea of Gallilee
And caught hisbuttocks in a tree
Three leagues beyond Jerusalem.

And there he hangs unto this day
And seen by all who pass that way
The silly ape that tried to rape
The harlot of Jerusalem.

CAFOOZALEM (virgin 2)

In days of old there lived a maid
Aprostitute, a renegade,
Who plied her roaring, whory trade
Close by Jerusalem.

CHORUS:

Hi Ho Cafoozalem, Cafoozalem, Cafoozalem
Hi Ho Cafoozalem, the harlot of Jreusalem.

There lived our hero by the wall,
Although he only had one ball,
He fucked the harlots one and all
All around Jerusalem.

One day this town was sorely blight
With a dirty shit of an Israelite
Who vowed he'd spend a pleasant night
In the cunt of Cafoozalem.
He took her to a shady nook
And from beneath his cloak he took
Apenis like a reaping hook
The scourge of all Jerusalem.

He laid her on the earthen floor
and ground and ground on that old whore
Till his penis grew quite sore
The same as all Jerusalem

Up came our hero full of light
And when he saw that Israelite
Heshoved him up with all his might
The cunt of Cafoozalum.

Now Cafoozalem she know her part
She squeezed her cunt and blow a fart
And out he shot just like a dart
Out of Jerusalem.

And buzzing like a bumble bee
He left his knackers on a tree
And there they for all to see
Outside Jerusalem.

RINGY DANG DOO

O she took me down into the cellar
 And she told me I was a very fine feller,
 O she fed me wine and whisky too
 And she placed my hand on the RINGY DANG DOO.

CHORUS

O the RINGY DANG DOO, pray what is that?
 With fur all round like a pussy cat,
 With a hole in the middle and split in two,
 That's what they call the RINGY DANG DOO.

2Get out of here", her father said,
 Since you have lost your maidenhead.
 So she packed her bags and suitcase too
 And she left it at place with the RINGY DANG DOO.

O she went to town and became a whore,
 And she hung her sign outside her door.
 And they came in ones and two by two,
 Just to sample the joys of the RINGY DANG DOO.

O she left that town the son of a bitch,
 With a load of the jack and the seven year itch
 O she had V.D. and syphilis too,
 And she carried it all in the RINGY DANG DOO.

O the RINGY DANG DOO is a thing of the past,
 Now all the young lads whop it up the arse.
 If you want any more it's up to you
 That's all there is of the RINGY DANG DOO.

BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

Daisy, Daisy show me your grassy land
 I'm half crazy, my cock is on the stand,
 You are of the feminine gender
 Your crutch is soft and tender
 You sit in front, I'll tickle your cunt
 On a bicycle built for two.

Johnny, Johnny show me your long red cock,
 I'm half crazy wanting that sudden shock.
 You are of the masculine gender,
 Your cock is long and slender,
 I'll sit in front, you'll tickle my cunt
 On a bicycle built for two.

TINKER'S SONG

Oh there was a fair young maiden riding
 homeward from a ball,
 Perchance to meet a tinker pissing up against
 a wall,

Chorus:
 With his great big kidney swiper and his balls
 as big as three;
 And a yard and a half of foreskin hanging
 down below his knee.
 Hanging down, swinging free
 Inches thick, what a prick,
 With a good yard and a half of foreskin
 hanging down below his knee.

So she wrote to him a letter and in it
 she did say
 I'd rather be fucked by tinkers than my
 husband any day.

Chorus:

So he mounted on his charger and to the
 castle he did ride,
 With his tool wrapped round the saddle
 and a ball on either side.

Chorus:

He rode up to the castle and knocked upon
 the door,
 "God save us", cried the butler, "he's come to
 fuck us all."

Chorus:

Oh he fucked the fair young maiden then he
 fucked the servants all.
 But the way he bummed the butler was the
 bottler of them all.

THAT BOSOM PAL OF MINE

Oh, how I love that bosom pal of mine (twice)
 Oh, how I love that bosom (twice)
 Oh how I love that bosom pal of mine.

She has a lovely country estate

She has a lovely navel uniform

Oh I can't wait to get in her new car

Have you seen her lovely bottom set of teeth.

Oh she has a lovely thy-roid gland.

Oh I'd like to give her a baby Austin car.

Have you ever seen her dress up on the line?

Oh I'd like to take her pants down to the cleaners.

THE MONK

There was a monk of great renown,
 There was a monk of great renown,
 There was a monk of great renown,
 He fucked all the harlots around the town,
 He fucked all the harlots around the town.

Chorus:

The old bastard, The old sod.

What will we do with him?

Fuck him.

Let us spray-

Glory Glory Allelulah-- Shit.

Balls to Mr. Winklestein, Winklestein, Winklestein,

Balls to Mr. Winklestein, dirty old man

For he keeps us waiting while he's masturbating

So balls to Mr. Winklestein, dirty old man.

He upsem, he downs 'em

He fucks 'em, he drowns 'em

So balls to Mr. Winklestein, dirty old man.

The monk stood in the Priory Hell, (3)

He fucked a nun against the wall. (2)

The other monks locked up in shame, (3)

And wished that they could do the same. (2)

There came a maid with downcast eyes, (3)
They bashed it in between her thighs. (2)

They buried her beneath the grass, (3)
Then dug her up and fucked her arse. (2)

MOBILE

Oh the Bishop is a bugger in Mobile
Oh the Bishop is a bugger in Mobile
Oh the Bishop is a bugger
And his brother is another
And they wop it up each other in Mobile.
Chorus:

Singing I will if you will so will I
Singing I will if you will so will I
Singing I will if you will
I will if you will
Singing I will if you will so will I.

Oh, the girls they wear tin pants in Mobile, etc.
But they take them off to dance
Everyone gets a chance in Mobile.
Chorus.....

There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile, etc
But there's keyholes in the doors
And there's knot holes in the floors.
Chorus.....

There's a prostitute called Dinah in Mobile, etc
And you'll find that when you grind her
That she's got the best vagina in Mobile.
Chorus.....

Oh, the parson is perverted in Mobile, etc
And his morals are inverted,
But there's thousands he's converted in Mobile.
Chorus.....

There's no paper in the bogs in Mobile, etc
So they wait until it clogs
Then they saw it off in logs in Mobile.
Chorus.....

Oh, the eagles they fly high in Mobile, etc
And they shit right in your eye
It's a pity cows don't fly in Mobile.
Chorus.....

Frenchies are in short supply in Mobile, etc
And that's the reason why
You'll see them hanging out to dry in Mobile.
Chorus.....

There's a poofster boy called Hunt in Mobile, etc
And they think he's got a cunt
But he's only back to front in Mobile.
Chorus.....

There's a bloke by name of Keith in Mobile, etc
You can tell him by the wreath
Of pubic hairs around his teeth in Mobile.
Chorus.....

Oh, the virgins they are rare in Mobile, etc
When they get their pubic hair
They're deflowered by the Mayor in Mobile.
Chorus.....

There's a lad named Dirty Danny in Mobile, etc
And he likes his bit of fanny
And he gets it off his Granny in Mobile.
Chorus.....

There's a bastard called Mercator in Mobile, etc
Who's the greatest masturbator, fornicator
Cunt inflater in Mobile.
Chorus.....

There's a girl with no ambitions in Mobile, etc.
And when she isn't wishing, she gets it in the kitchen
From the local obstetrician in Mobile
Chorus.....

Gentlemen of the drinking classes in Mobile, etc.
When you've finished with your glasses
You can shove them up your arses in Mobile.
Chorus.....

THE CLEAN SONG

There once was a sailor, he looked thru the glass
And spied a fair maiden with scales on her
Island where seagulls fly over the nest
She combed the long hair that hung over her
Shoulders and caused it to tickle and itch
The sailor cried out there's a beautiful
Mermaid out sitting there on the rocks
The crew came a running a'grabbing their
Glasses all eager to share in this fine piece of news
That the captain soon heard from the
Watch. He put on his pants which he kept by the door
In case he might someday encounter a
Mermaid. He now he must use all of his wits
Crying throw out a line we'll lasso her
Flippers, felling free just after the farce
She splashed in the waves and fell flat on her
After coming with spleen
This song may seem dull but its certainly
Clean..

IN DAYS OF OLD

In days of old when knights were bold ,
And paper was'nt invented!
They wiped their arse with mallee grass
And had to be contented.
To be contented,
they had to be contented.

In days of old when knights were bold,
And frangers weren't invented
They wrapped their cocks in woolen socks
And had to be contented.
To be.....

In days of old when knights were bold,
And women were'nt invented
They drilled a hole in a wooden pole
And had to be contented
To be

THE PASSENGERS

The passengers will please refrain from flushing while the train is in the
 Station, Darling, Darling I love you
 We encourage constipation while the train is in the station
 Moonlight always makes me think of you.
 If you wish to pass some water, kindly call the Fullman porter
 He will place a vessel in your room,
 If the porter isn't near, then try the platform in the rear
 The one in front is likely to be full.
 If the women's room be taken, never feel the least forsaken
 Never show a sign of sad defeat,
 Try the men's room 'cross the hall, and if some man has had to call
 He'll graciously relinquish you his seat.
 If these efforts are in vain then simply break the window pane
 This novel method's used by very few,
 We go strolling through the park, using statues in the dark,
 If Mr. Pitt can do it, so can you.

LITTLE ANGELINE.

She was sweet sixteen ~~little~~ Angeline
 Always dancing on the village green
 Never had a thrill, was a virgin still
 Poor little Angeline.

Now the local squire had a low desire
 Filthiest barsted in the whole damned shire
 He had his heart on the vital part
 Of poor little Angeline.

Came the village fair and the squire was there
 Masterbating on the village square.
 When he chanced to see the dainty knee
 Of poor little Angeline

She had raised her skirt to avoid the dirt
 As she skipped between the puddles of the squire's last squirt
 And his knob grew raw at the sight he saw
 Of poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat and he said, "Your cat
 Has been run over and is squashed quite flat,
 Now my car's in the square, and I'll take you there"
 Poor Little Angeline

Now that filthy turd should have got that bird,
 But she climbed right in without a word.
 As they drove away you could hear them say
 Poor little Angeline.

They had not gone far when he stopped the car
And took little Angeline into a bar
Where he gave her a gin just to make her sin
Poor little Angeline.

When he oiled her well, he took her to a dell
And there he gave her bloody fucking hell
And he tried his luck on a low down fuck
Poor little Angeline.

With a cry of rape he raised his cape,
Poor little Angeline had no escape
Now its time someone came to save the name
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the village blacksmith was brave and bold
And loved Angeline for years untold
And he vowed he'd be true whatever they'd do to
Poor little Angeline.

But sad to say that very same day
The blacksmith had gone to jail to stay
For coming in his pants at the local dance
With poor little Angeline.

Now the window of the cell overlooked the dell
Where the squire with Angie was giving her hell
And there upon the grass he recognized the arse
Of poor little Angeline.

Now he got such a start he let go a fart and
Blew that whole bloody jail apart
And he ran like shit lest the squire should split
His poor little Angeline.

Oh blacksmith oh blacksmith I love you true
And I can tell by your trousers that you love me too
Here I am undressed you can do the rest
Cried poor little Angeline.

Now it would be wrong here to end this song
For the blacksmith had a penis fully one foot long
And his natural charm was as thick as your arm
Lucky little Angeline.

LIFE PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE

Life presents a dismal picture
Full of sorrow and of gloom:
Father has an anal stricture,
Mother has a fallen womb.
Brother Percy's been deported
For a homosexual crime,
Sister Sue has been aborted
For the forty-second time.

Uncle Charlie has a chancre
Caught from uncle Henry's wife
May's in bed with menstruation,
Auntie's at the change of life.
Life presents a dismal picture:
No one hardly ever smiles;
Mine's a gloomy occupation
Crushing ice for Grandpa's piles.

Life presents a dismal picture-
Found a foetus in a case:
Dr. Bowden says it's murder-
Of sister Anne there trace
Brother Bill's emasculated
For the safety of the,
Sister Anne is now frustrated
No man's safe around our place.

As for me I had a discharge
With mercury I did enoint,
But it was not worth a cracker:
Now I've got a Charcot's joint.
Gonococcal Salpingitis
It has blocked my tubes for me;
So you see my dearest doctor,
It's no use to do a D. and C.

SEXIATUS MANIA

S xiatue mania
Frustratatum randium
Sexiatue mania
Frustratatum renñium
Prostitutum contraceptum
Hand et fingum mesturbatum
Satisfactor relievium
Satisfactor relievium.

TELL US ANOTHERIE

A giddy young trollop at Yale
Had verses tatooed on her tail,
And below her behind
For the sake of the blind
Was a duplicate version in braille.

CHORUS: OH, that was a dirty old rhyme,
Tell us another, dirty as buggery,
Tell us another, do, please do.

There was a young lady from Thrace,
Whose corsets grew too tight to lace.
Her mother said "Nelly", there's more in your belly,
Than ever went in through your face."

There once was a lady of the Azores,
Whose cunt was all covered in sores,
Even dogs in the street wouldn't lick the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There once was a lady of Exter
Who made all the men crane their necks at her,
And some who were brave would gallantly wave
The distinguishing marks of their sex at her.

There once was a monk from Siberia
Whose morals were rather inferior
He did to a nun what he shouldn't have done,
And now she's a mother superior.

There was a young lady called Starkie,
Who had an affair with a darkie,
The result of this sin was quadruplets, not twins,
One black, and one white, and two khaki.

There was a young man from Australia,
Who painted his rear like a dahlia,
The drawing was fin, the colour divine,
But the smell of the bloom was a failure.

A lesbian once in Khartoum,
Asked a fairy boy up to her room
They spent the whole night in a hell of a fight
As to which should do what and to whom.

The dirty old bishop of Buckingham
Was thinking of tits and of sucking 'em,
While watching the stunts of the cunts in the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em.

There was a young lad from the Yarra
Whose prick was as big as a marrow,
So he said to his tart "Cop this for a start,
And I'll whell my balls up in a barrow."

There was a young girl from Dakota
Who lived in a Chinese pagode,
The walls of the halls were lined with the balls
And the tools of the fools who had rode her.

There was a young man from Ferth
Who was the dirtiest bastard on earth,
When his wife was confined, he pulled down the blind
And licked up the green afterbirth.

There was a young man from the Alice
Who pissed in the Archbishop's chalice,
But it wasn't the need which prompted the deed,
But pure sectarian malice.

There was a young lady from Csit,
Who went to a twopenny closet;
And when she got there, she could only pass air,
That wasn't worth twopene, was it?

In the garden of Eden sat Adam
As he played with the twot of his madam;
He chuckled with mirth, as he thought: On this earth
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

There was a young man of Kings,
Whose mind dwelt on heavenly things,
His earthly desire was a boy from the choir,
With an arse like a jelly on springs.

There was a young lady of fashion,
Who had oodles and oodles of passion,
To the bridegroom she said, on the night she was wed
"Here's one thing the State can't ration".

There was a young lady of Erskine
And the cheif of her charms was a fair skin,
But the sable she wore, (and minks galore)
She earned whilst wearing her bare skin

Oh knock-kneed Sam McGuzzen
Who married his bow legged cousin.
Some people say love finds a way,
But for Sam and his cousin it doesn't.

There was a young lady from York
Said to a Frenchman who gnawed at her fork
"my cunt is dripping, so stop your sipping
And use your cock as a cork."

There once was a girl from Lieth,
Who sucked young men off with her teeth
It wasn't for pleasure she adopted this measure
But to get at the cheese underneath

There was a young man from Pardon,
Whose sort sucked him off in the garden
He said "Hey Flo, where did it go?"
She said "Hup, beg your pardon?"

There was a young man from Kildare
Who started a root on a stair,
When the bannister broke, he just quickened his stroke
And finished her off in mid air.

There was a young fellow of Leeds,
Who swallowed a packet of seeds,
In a month, silly arse, he was covered in grass,
And couldn't sit down for the weeds.

There was a young splinterish lass
Who constructed her panties of brass
When asked "Do they chafe?" She said "Yes, but its safe
Against pinches and pins in your arse."

A midget, once quite indiscreet,
Went to a dance in the street
One frigid December, he froze every member,
And crept away to retreat.

A fanatic gun-lover called Crust
Was perverse to the point of disgust
His idea of a peach had a 16" breach
And a pearlhandled 44 bust.

There once was a msiden from Multry
Whose knowledge was quite desultery,
She explained like a sage, adolescence- the stage
Between puberty and adultery.

There was a young lady from Sydney
Who could take it right up to the kidney,
But a man from the South got it up to her mouth,
He got his money's worth didn't he!

There once was a fellow from Kent
Whose tool was horribly bent
To save himself trouble he put it in double
And instead of cumming he went.

There once was a chap from St. Kilda
Who took out a girl called Matilda
He said that he could, and he should, and he would
And he did and he fucking well killed her.

There once was a man named Jim
Who had a girl who ate hymen
It wasn't her size that attracted his eyes
But the crystallized cum on the rim.

There was a young man from Horsham
Who took out his balls to wash 'em
His mother said "Jack, if you don't put them back
I'll stand on the buggers and squash 'em".

There was a pert lass from Madras
Who had a peculiar arse
Not rounded and pink like you'd probably think,
But was grey, had long ears and ate grass.

There was a young man from Nabs
Who lived on pox pickings and scabs
If he got sick on spew, which he often would do;
His wives monthly blood brought him through

There was a young man from Bermuda
Who liked his tart nude when he wooed her
She thought it was rude to be wooed in the nude
But the fellow was shrewder and screwed her

There was a young lady called Mable
Who liked it best on the table
What a cunt of a whore, she'd take 200 or more
And invite any back who were able.

A girl of uncertain nativity
Had a sense of extreme sensitivity
When she sat on the lap of a German or Jap
She would sense fifth column activity.

The spouse of a pretty young thing
Came home from the wars in the spring
He was lame but he came with his hand on his cane,
A discharge is a wonderful thing.

There was a young man from Rangoon,
Who was an unfortunate houn,
He hadn't the luck to be born by a fuck,
But by a wet dream fed in by a spoon.

There was a young girl from Bengal
Who went to the birth control ball.
Took all her accessories; letters and pecaries,
And didn't get asked at all.

A policeman from Tottenham junction
Lost the use of his sexual function
For the rest of his life he deceived his wife
By dextrous use of his trunchion.

There was a young man from St. Paul
Who had shexagonal ball
The square of his ~~xxx~~ date, plus his penis times eight
Was two fifths of five eights of fuck all.

There was a young chap from the cape
Who foolishly took on an ape
The ape said "You fool, you'll bugger your tool,
And put my arse out of shape."
There was a young girl in Japan,
There was a young girl in Japan
Who went for a ride in a tram,
The dirty conductor got up and fucked her
And now she's wheeling a prem.

There was a young girl from Bengal
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball,
The dress caught fire, and burnt her entire
Front page, sporting section and all.

A dirty old bastard called Dave
Used to keep a dead whore in a cave,
"I know it's disgusting, but shebonly needs dusting
And think of the money I save".

There was a young man from Cape Horn,
Who wished that he'd never been born.
He wouldn't have been if his father had seen,
That the end of his letter was torn.

There was a young Jewess called Grace,
Who sucked off one of her race
In spite of her howls, she sucked out his bowels
And spat them back into his face.

There was a young lady of Kew,
Who said as the Bishop withdrew,
"The vicar was quicker and slicker and thicker
And nine inches longer than you."

There was a fellow from Peru,
Who lived on cat's jerk-off and spew,
When he tired of these, he lived on the cheese
That under his foreskin grew.

There once was a monastery monk,
Who went off to sleep on a bunk,
He dreamt that Venus was stroking his penis
And woke with a handful of spunk.

A dirty old man from Calcutta,
Once raped a young girl in the gutter
The heat of the sun burnt a hole in his bum
And melted his balls into butter.

There was an old hag from Jahore,
Who was covered with syphilis sore,
Great sheets of green meat hung in lengths to the street
For the dogs to lick up and gnaw.

There once was a dentist named Chome
Who had a young patient from Rome
In a fit of depravity, he filled the wrong cavity
Now she's nursing the filling at home.

There once was a lady called Myrtle,
Who had an affair with a turtle
The next day at dawn, she gave birth to a prawn,
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

Said the Duke to the Duchess elective,
"Is my eyesight becoming defective?
Is the east tit the least te best of the west tit
Or is it my lack of perspective?"

There was a young man from Rhiems
Who used to have wet dreams,
With commendable wit, he encased them in shit,
And sold them as chocolate creams

There was a young baker from Tottenham
Who used to bake pies and put snot in 'em
She also interned the turds of the birds,
And whopped off young dogs till they shot in 'em

THE BALL OF KERRYMOOR

Have you heard of the ball, the ball of Kerry Moor,
Where four and twenty virgins were lying on the floor,

Chorus (No. 1.)

Singing, "who'll do me t is time, who'll do me now,
The one who did me last time must've used a plough."

First lady forward, second lady back,
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack.

Chorus (Alternative)

Singing, "Balls to your partner, Arse against the wall,
If you've never been shagged on a Saturday night
You've never been shagged at all."

There was fucking in the hallways and fucking in the ricks,
You could'nt hear the music for the swishing o' the pricks.

Sandy McPherson he came along, it was a bloody shame,
He fucked a lassie forty times, and would'na take her home.

The Parson's daughter she was there, the cunning little runt,
With poison ivy up her arse, and thistle up her cunt.

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness,
But after the ball was over there were four and twenty less.

The undertaker he was there, enveloped in a shroud,
Swinging from the chandelier, and pissing on the crowd.

The village idiot he was there, sitting on a pole,
He pulled his foreskin over his head, and whistled
through the hole.

Mrs. O'Maleey she was there, she had the crowd in fits,
A jumping off the mantelpiece, and bouncing off her tits.

The bride was in the kitchen, explaining to the groom,
That the vagina, not the rectum was the entrance to the womb.

The village magician he was there up to his favourite Dick
Pulling his foreskin over his head and standing on his prick.

The village smithy he was there sitting by the fire
Doing abortions by the score with a lump of red-hot wire.

Nowfarmer Giles he was there, his sickle in his hand
And every time he swung around he circumcised the band.

The vicar's wife she was there, back against the wall
"Put your money on the table boys I'm fit to do you all."

The vicar & his wife were having lots of fun,
The parson had his finger up another lally's bum.

There was fucking on the highways & fucking in the lanes,
And you could'nt hear the music for the rattling of the stones.

The village doctor he was there, he had his bag of tricks
And in between the dances, he was sterilizing pricks.

Father O'Flanagan he was there, and in the corner he sat
Amusing himself by abusing himself, and catching it in his hat.

There was fucking in the couches, there was fucking in the cots
And lying up against the wall, were rows of grinning twots.

The village postman he was there, he had a load of pox
He couldna get a woman, so he shagged a letter box.

Farmer Brown he was there, a jumping on his hat,
For half an acre of his corn was fairly fucking flat.

----- played a dirty trick, we canna let it pass
He showed a lass his mighty prick and shoved it up her arse.

----- he was there, was drunk without a doot
He tried to stuff the parson's wife but couldna get the root.

----- had an even stoke, his skill was much admired
He gratified one cunt a time untill his strength expired.

----- oh he was there, and he was in despair,
He couldna get his penis through the tangle of the hair.

----- did his fucking oot upon the moor
It was, he though, much nicer than a fucking on the floor.

----- he was there a looking for a fuck,
But every cunt was occupied, so he was out of luck.

----- when he got there his prick was long and high
But when he'd fucked her forty times he was fucking mighty dry.

----- on he was the re, his prick was long and broad,
And when he'd fucked the farmer's wife she had to be rebored.

----- he was there, his prick was all alert,
But when half the night was done 'twas dangling in the dirt.

The chimn cy wweep he was there they had to throw him out
For every time he passed his wind the room was filled with soot

The doctor's daughter she was there, she went to gather sticks
 She couldna find a blade of grass for balls and standing pricks.

The village builder, he was there, he brought his bag of tricks
 He poured cement in all the holes and blunted half the pricks.

Little Jimmy he was there, he had it in his mitt
 He had the inclination but he couldna make it spit.

Now Uncle Willie he was there, the leader of the choir
 He bit the balls off all the boys to make their voices higher.

Now little Tommy he was there, but he was only eight
 he couldna root the women so he had to masturbate.

Sir Winston Churchill he was there, down behind the bar,
 When he couldna raise a fat he used a bleek cigar.

There was fucking in the hallways, and fucking on the stairs
 You couldna see the carpet for the bums and curly hairs.

There was fucking from the charderliers, and fucking in the halls
 And you couldna hear the bagpipes for the clanging of the balls.

And when the ball was over, they all went home to rest,
 They all enoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.

BARNACLE BILL

Who's that knocking at my door
 Who's that knocking at my door
 Who's that knocking at my door
 Cried the fair young maiden.
 Oh it's only me from across the sea
 Cried Barnacle bill the sailor....
 I'm young enough and ready and tough
 Cried Barnacle bill the sailor.

You can sleep upon the floor (3)
 Cried the fair young maiden
 Oh get off the floor you dirty old wh re
 Cried Barnacle bill ...etc.

THE CHINESE MAIDEN

In the street of a 'thousand' arseholes,
By the sign of the swinging tit,
There lived a Chinese maiden
By the name of Oo-Flung-Shit

Chorus

Her greasy twat
Was forever hot.

She sat beneath the joss sticks,
With a smile of celestial bliss.
Her breath like scented lotus
Her eyes like pools of piss.

Chorus

She thought of her lover a bastard,
She thought of her pox-ridden beaux,
She thought of the scores she'd had on the floors;
Then in walked Wun-Hung-Low.

Chorus

"Oh come to me you bag of shit!"
He cried with cock in hand.
"My love for you will last for hours
Like ice upon the desert sand."

Chorus

She raised herself on her starboard tit,
And idly scratched her crack.
With smiles in her eyes, she looked at him,
And she said "Go fuck your hat!"

THE MONK OF PRIORY HALL

There was an old monk of Priory Hall,
There was an old monk of Priory Hall.
Who bashed his balls against a wall.
They were huge balls, large balls,
Balls as heavy as lead,
Balls, Balls
With a dextrous flick of his muscular prick,
He could fling 'em right over his head,

Olé!

You can sleep upon the mat (3)
Cried the fair young maiden
Oh bugger the mat you can't fuck that
Cried Barnacle Billetc.

You can sleep upon the stairs (3)
Cried the fair young maiden
Oh bugger the stairs they havn't got hairs
Cried Barnacle Billetc.

You can sleep between my tits (3)
Cried the fair young maiden
Oh bugger your tits they give me the shits
Cried Barnacle Billetc.

You can sleep between my thighs (3)
Cried the fair young maiden
Oh bugger your thighs they're covered in flies
Cried Barnacle Billetc.

What will we do when the baby's born (3)
Cried the fair young maiden
Oh We'll drown the bugger and fuck for another
Cried Barnacle Billetc.

She married an Italian
With balls like a fucken' stallion...

She lived on a mountain
And she pissed like a bloody fountain....

She lived on a cattle-ranch
And shat like a bloody avalanche...

She married a demon
Who washed her with semen...

She bangs like a shit-house door
Swings back for more and more....

She sat on the window-sill
And sucked until she'd had her fill...

She married a Scotsman
Who tickled the twots-in-em'...

She could take any prick
But the butcher's dog's was too thick...

If she were my daughter
I'd make her cut 'em shorter....

She lived on malted milkshakes
And rooted like a bloody rattlesnake.....

SHARES IN THE VERY BEST COMPANIES

I've shares in the very best companies,
In tramwaays, tobacco & tin,
In brothels in Rio De Janiere,
Oh how the money rolls in.

Rolls in, rolls in,
See how the money rolls in, rolls in,
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in.

With wealth in the big German steel works,
No wonder I helped Hitler win,
For when he suppressed the traid unions,
My God how the money rolled in.

My father sent field guns to France,
My brother raised loans for Berlin,
My uncle sent scrap iron to Tojo,
To make sure the money rolled in.

My cousin's a starting price bookie,
My mother sells synthetic gin,
My sister sells sin to the sailors,
God, how the money rolls in.

My brother's a curate in Sydney,
He's saving the girlies from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar,
My God how the money rolls in.

Weve started an old fashioned gin shop,
A regular palace of sin,
The principal girl is my grandma,
My God how the money rolls in.

My father manufactures french letters,
My mother pricks them with a pin,
My sister performs the abortions,
My God how the money rolls in.

BRITISH GRENADIERS

Some die of diabetes & some of diarrrohea,
Some die of drinking whiskey & some of drinking beer,
But of all the worlds diseases
Theres none that can compare
With the drip, drip, drip,
From the end of your prick
Of the British Gonorrhoea.

Charlotte The Harlot

I was riding through Texas where the bullshit
lies thick,
I was ridin through Texas with my hand on
my prick,
When I suddenly saw her the girl I adore,
Twas Charlotte the Harlot the cowpunchers
whore,
CHORUS:

She's easy, she's greasy she lives on the
street,
And whenever you see her she's always on
heat,
She'll do it for a dollar come less or
come more,,
She's Charlotte the Harlot the cow punchers
whore

~~Chorus:~~
She lay on the bed and was feeling quite fit
When all of a sudden she felt like a shit,
So she up with the window and out with her
arse,
Pity help the poor bastard who happened to
x pass.
Chorus:

The poor old night watchman was pounding his
beat,
Up and down, up and down, up in the street,
When he heard great thunder, he looked up in
the sky,
And a bloody great turd hit him right in the
eye.
Chorus:

The poor old knightwatchman was blinded for
life
With seven screaming kids and a syphillitic
wife,
You'll see him on the corner of Market and
Pitt,
With a sign round his x neck saying, "Blinded
By Shit."
Ch orus.

CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT.

I was ridin' through Texas where the bullshit
lies thick,
When I suddenly saw her the girl I adore,
Twas Charlotte the harlot the cowpuncher's whore,
CHORUS:-

She's easy, she's greasy, she lives on the street,
And whenever you see her she's always on heat,
She'll do it for a dollar, come less or come
more,
She's Charlotte the Harlot the cowpuncher's whore.

She lay on the bed and was feeling quite fit,
When all of a sudden she felt like a shit,
So she up with the window and out with her arse,
Pity help the poor bastard who happened to pass.

CHORUS:- She's easy

The poor old night-watchman was pounding his beat,
Up and down, up and down, up in the street,
When he heard a great thunder, looked up in the sky
And a bloody great turd hit him fair in the eye.

CHORUS:- She's easy

The poor old night-watchman was blinded for life,
With seven screaming kids and a syphillitic wife,
You'll see him on the corner of Market and Pitt,
With a sign around his neck saying "Blinded by Shit.

CHORUS:- She's easy

The first time I met her she was all dressed in
white,
All in white, all in white,
I had my finger in tight,
And she followed me down to the valley below.

The next time I met her she was all dressed in pink,
All in pink, all in pink,
Oh how my finger did stink,
She followed me down to the valley below.

The next time I met her she was all dressed in peuce,
All in peuce, all in peuce,
I sucked her menstrual juice,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I met her she was all dressed in red,
 All in red, all in red,
 Oh how her hymen bled,
 Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I met her she was all dressed in mauve,
 All in mauve, all in mauve,
 Fucked by another cove,
 Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I met her she was all dressed in black,
 All in black, all in black,
 I got my money back,
 Down in the valley where she followed me.

TWO BOLD GENDARMES

From the brothels back in Sydney
 To the cunt-struck Japanese
 We have left a trail of bastards
 And no finer men are these
 But if we meet a dying harlot
 Or a syphilitic twat...
 We fuck 'em all... We fuck 'em all
 We fuck 'em all... We fuck 'em all
 We've got the harlots on the run
 We fuck 'em all... We fuck 'em all
 We fuck 'em all... We fuck 'em all
 There's not one that cant be done.

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

Chinese couple going wild
 Want to have a pure white child
 Seek advice what can be done
 But find no way of having one
 They watch TV and while they sit
 They find a way of having it
 On the job without delay
 Sideways is the Chinese way
 Baby born with great delight
 Little fellow pure and white
 Father proud and full of glee
 Tells what he learnt on TV
 "Hooley Dooley, he no fooley
 He put Persil on his toooley
 Wifey, Wifey, very canny
 Use Blue Omo on her fanny
 Wonder where the yellow went
 Brushed his balls with Pepsodent."

ESKIMONELL

Gather round all you whorey

Gather round and hear this story.

When a man grows old, and his balls go cold,
And the tip of his prick turns blue;
And it bends in the middle like an old string fiddle
He can tell you athing or two.
So pull up a chair, and buy me a drink,
And a tale to you I'll tell
Of dead-eyed Dick, of Mexican Pete,
And a harlot called Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-eyed Dick and Mexican Pete
Go forth in search of fun
Its Dead-eyed Dick that slings the prick
And Mexican Pete the gun.
When Dead-eyed Dick and Mexican Pete
Are sore, Depressed and sad,
It's always the c--- that bears the brunt
But the shooting ain't so bad.

Now Dead-eyed Dick and Mexican Pete
Lived down by Head Mans Creek
And such was their luck, they hadn't a f---
For well nigh on a week.
'cept a moose or two
And a Cribou and a bison cow or so
And as Dead-eye Dick was a great king-prick
He found things f---ing slow.

So dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Set forth for the Rio Grand
Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick
And Pete with gun in hand.
As they blazed their noisy trail
No man in their path withstood
And many a bride, her husband's pride,
A pregnant widow stood.

They reached the banks of the Rio Grand
On top of a blazing noon
And to slake their thirst, and do their worst,
They sought Red Mike's saloon
And as they pushed the great doors wide
Both prick and gun flashed free
Avoid the sex you bleeding wrecks
You'll drink or you'll Fu-- with me!

By this time Dick had got his prick, well into
number two

When Eskimo Nell let out a yell, she bawled to
him "Hey you!"

He gave a flick of his muscular prick, and the
girl flew over his head

And he wheel'd about with an angry shout, and
his face and his knob were red.

She glanced our hero up and down, his looks she
seemed to decry

She looked with scorn at his mighty horn, which
rose from his hairy thighs

She blew the smoke from the cigarette, right over
that steaming knob

And so dead beat was "Mexican Pete" that he failed
to do his job.

'Twas Eskimo Nell who broke the spell, in
accents clear and cool

You cunt struck simp of a Yankee pimp, you call
that thing a tool?

If this here town can't rake this down, she
sneered to those cowering whores

Here's one little cunt that can do the stunt,
here's Eskimo Nell's for yours,

She stripped her garments one by one, with an air
of conscious pride

And as she stood in her womanhood, they saw the
great divide

She seated herself on a tabletop, where someone
had left his glass

With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits
between the cheeks of her arse.

She flexed her knees with supple ease, and spread
her legs apart

And with a friendly nod to the rangy sod, she
gave him the cue to start

But Dead-eye Dick knew a thing or two, he meant
to take his time

A girl like this was fucking bliss so he played
the pantomime.

He flexed his foreskin to and fro, and made his
balls inflate
Until they looked like a couple of granite globes
on top of a garden gate
He worked his anus in and out, his balls increase
in size
His mighty prick grew twice as thick, till it
nearly matched his thighs.

He polished it up with alcohol and made it steami
-ing hot
And to finish the job he sprinkled the knob with
a Cheyenne pot
Then he did not take a run, he did not take a leap
He did not stoop, but took a swoop, and a steady
forword creep

With piercing eye he took a sight along his
mighty tool
And the steady grin as he pushed it in was calc-
ulating cool
Have you ever seen the pistons work on a giant
CBR
With a driving force of a thousand horse, well
you know what pistons are

Or you think you do! But you've yet to learn the
ins and outs of the trick
Of the work that's done on a non stop run, by a
guy like Dead-eye Dick
But Eskimo Nell was no infidel, as good as a
whole harem
With the strength of ten in her abdomen, and the
rock of ages between

Amidships she could
take a stream, like the flush of a water closet
And she gripped his cock like a Chatswood lock,
on a National Safe Deposit
But dead-eye Dick could not come quick, he meant
to conserve his powers
If he'd a mind he'd grind and grind for a couple
of solid hours

Nell lay for a while with a subtle smile, the grip
of her cunt grew keener
With a squeeze of her cunt she sucked him dry with
the ease of a vacuum cleaner
And so my friends we come to the end of copulation's
classic
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick like an
anaesthetic.

He fell to the floor and knew no more, his passions
extinct and dead 40

And he did not shout as his prick came out, though
it surely stripped its thread

Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet to avenge his
pals affront

With a jarring jolt of his blue nosed coit, he
rammed it up her cunt.

He rammed it up to the trigger grip and fired it
twice times three

But to his surprise she closed her eyes and
squealed in ecstasy

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet
"Bully" she said "for you"

"I might have known that that would be the best you
two poor cunts could do"

"When next my friends that you intend to sally
forth for fun

Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick and yourself an
elephant gun

I'm going back to the frozen north, where the pricks
are hard and strong

Back to the land of the frozen strand, where the
nights are six months long.

Its as hard as tin when they put it in, in the land
where spunk is spunk

Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream, but a
frozen solid chunk

Back to the land where they understand what it means
to fornicate

Where even the dead share a double bed and the
babies masturbate

Back to the land where men are men, Terra Bellicum

And there I'll spend a worthy end, for the North is
calling "Come."

So Dead -eye Dick and Mexican Pete, slunk out of
the Rio Grande

Dead -eye Dick with a useless prick
and Pete with no gun in his hand.

A VERSE OF APPRECIATION

When a man grows old, and his balls grow cold

And the tip of his prick turns blue

And the hole in the middle refuses to piddle

I'd say he was fucked, wouldn't you?

ROTO MARIO

There once was a gay caballero
An exceedingly gay caballero
And of course he had a Roto Marie
Ro- Roto, Mario.

He went to a low down casino
An exceedingly low down casino
And of course he took his Roto Marie
Ro- Roto Mario

He met there a gay senorino
An exceedingly gay senorino
And of course he used his Roto Marie
Ro- Roto Mario

He caught there a nasty disease
An exceedingly nasty disease
Right on the tip of his Roto Marie
Ro- Roto Mario

So he went to a learned doctoro
An exceedingly learned doctoro
Who cut off the tip of his Roto Marie
Ro- Roto Mario

Now he sits on a bank of the Rio
The exceedingly fast flowing Rio
And nurses the tip of his Roto Marie
Ro- Roto Mario

So beware all you gay caballeros
You exceedingly gay caballeros
If you don't want the pox, then put sox
on your cocks,
Ro- Roto Mario.

THE BREEZES

Here's to the breezes-
 Wot lifts the girls tweezees,
 Above their bare kneezees,
 And lets us all seezees,
 The things that us pleasees,
 And gives us diseasees,
 Be Jeezees.....

The breezes!

An interesting match took place here today, when the Hon. John Everhard brought over a team of Old Bastardians to meet a team of society ladies captained by Mrs. Wearwell. The proceedings were to be augmented by various lotteries, but the Chief Umpire ordered drawers off.

After tossing was done with it was seen that the men were going in first so the ladies assumed their positions on the ground. The ladies captain, however, was in slips and this made it difficult to force matters. Mr. Hardon, succeeded at last, cutting and pulling steadily. He and Mr. Cox put up a fine stand. Unfortunately when trying to pull to square leg Mr. Cox missed his stroke completely and out came his middle stump.

Mr. Woodcock followed and was at the crease twenty minutes displaying great patience. Then there was a sharp appeal from Miss Conduct and the umpire's finger went up. Some slackness was apparent in the field when Miss Carriage dropped a sitter in front of the pavillion and Miss Wantacock got her hand on a hard one but failed to hold it.

Mrs. R. Savatit drew frequent applause by showing her ability behind the sticks but in trying to take a short one she turned a complete somersault.

The men were all out by lunch and on resuming it was noticed that A. Testicle had been dropped and not suspended as was rumoured. Lord Foughskin was in his usual place at coverpoint, and the first two ladies, Phyl Chambers and Poppet Tupper opened with great vigour. Cox was tried (and he kept a beautiful length), but his balls were inclined to bump too much to the discomfort of the ladies.

Little Miss Virgo Intacta was cheered loudly when she faced John Everhard, but the wily John put up a long one that appeared to break in her crease and there was an ominous click and a groan was heard as she walked back to the pavillion.

Although he was keeping his balls low, Miss Ophelia Twott felt for one and hooked it to the delight of the crowd.

There was some faulty judgement when Miss Philpott shouted "I'm coming," and there were cries of "No!" and "Wait!", but in her excitement she started to run, and was run out. "Mike Hunt was too quick for me", she admitted later. Miss Hyamready faced the onslaught, but was over anxious and got her leg in front of a straight one and had no time to open out, as she said afterwards.

The match was a draw and the President, Lady Cumwell, says she would like a return match with the ladies on top next time.

THE ALPHABET SONG

A is for arseholes all covered in hair
Heigh Ho said Rolly
H is the bugger that wished he were there
With a roolly polly up 'em and stuff 'em
Heigh

C is for cunt all dripping with piss
D is the drunkard that gave it akiss

E is for eunichs with only one ball
F is for fucker with no balls at all

G is for gonorrhoea, goitre and gout
H is the harlot that spread it about

I is injection for clap, pox and itch
J is the jerk of adog on a bitch

K is the king who thought fucking a bore
L is the lesbian who came back for more

M is for maidenhood all tattered and torn
N is for noble who died whith a horn

O is for oriface gently revealed
P is for penis all pranged up and peeled

Q is the quaker who shot in his hat
R is the roger who rogered the cat

S is the shit pot all full to the brim
T is the turds that are floating withan

U is the usher who taught us at school
V is the virgân who played with his tool

W the whore who thought fucking a
X, Y and Z you can stuff up your arse.

GRANDFATHERS COCK

My grandfatners cock was to large for his jock
So it dragged ninety yards on the floor
It was bigger by far than the old man himself
And it weighed not a pennyweight more
With ahorn on the morn of the day he was born
And ahorn on the day that he died
But his cock flopped never to rise again
When grandma died.

JUST A BOY.

I remember the first time I tried it
I was just a green kid of fifteen
And even though she was much younger
She was far more composed and serene.

I was eager, yet awkwardly backward
Uncertain of how to proceed
But she seemed not to pay much attention
As I prepared to do the deed.

It was out in the barn, I remember,
At the close of a fine summer day,
And the evening was scented with clover
And the fragrance of new mown hay.

I remember I spoke to her softly
And the touch of her body was warm,
As I moved up lovingly towards her,
While she nestled her head in my arm.

Looking back on it now, I remember
How I stood when my head seemed to spin,
With the thoughts of the thing I planned doing,
Yet somehow afraid to begin.

Then later I found myself standing
Uncertain to stay or to run
And a feeling of pride then possessed me
As I knew the job was well done.

Twenty years have gone by since that evening
But I've never forgotten, I vow,
The thrill and the joy that I felt as a boy

ON THAT DAY WHEN I FIRST MET A GUY

BUGGARED

Tune: "Botany Bay"

For forty years I've been buggared
With horrible aches and pains
I've had every ailment I reckon
From rupture to varicose veins.
Singing too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-addity
Too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-aa
Singing too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-addity
Too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-aa.

Neuritis with me is a hobby
I've bunions and corns on my feet
And I seem to breed stones in my bladder
Like fuckin' great lumps of concrete.

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PETE THE PIDDLING PUP.

A farmer's dog once came to town,
His christian name was Pete.
His pedigree was two miles long
And his looks were hard to beat;
And as he trotted down the road
'Twas beautiful to see
His work on every corner,
His work on every tree.

He watered every gateway,
He never missed a post,
For piddling was his masterpiece
And piddling was his boast.
The city dogs looked longingly on
In deep and jealous rage,
To see the simple country dog the piddler of his age

Then all the dogs from far and wide
Were summoned with a yell,
To sniff this country stranger off,
And judge him by his smell.
They sniffed beneath his stumpy tail,
Their praise of him ran high,
And when one sniffed him underneath,
Pete piddled in his eye.

They smelled him over one by one,
They smelled him ywo by two,
And noble Pete in high disdain
Stood till they were through
Then Pete to show those city dogs
He didn't give a damn,
Walked right into a grocer's shop
And piddled on a ham.

He piddled on the onions,
He piddled on the floor,
And when the grocer kicked him out
He piddled on the door.
Behind him all the city dogs
Decided what they'd do;
They'd start a piddling carnival
To see the stranger through.

They'd show him all the piddling posts
They knew all round the town,
They started off with many winks
To wear the stranger down.
They called the champion piddlers,
Who were always on the go,
And sometimes held a piddling comp.,
On had a piddling show.

They sprang this on him suddenly,
 When halfway through the town,
 But Pete just piddled on and on,
 And wore the champions down.
 For Pete was with them every trick,
 With vigour and with vim,
 A thousand piddles more or less,
 Were all the same to him.

So he was kicking merrily,
 With hind leg kicking high,
 When most were lifting legs in bluff
 And piddling mighty dry.
 On and on, Pete sought new grounds
 On which to lay the dust,
 Till every other dog went dry.
 And gave up in disgust.

But on and on went noble Pete,
 To water every sandhill,
 Till all the city champions
 Were piddled to a standstill.
 Then Pete an exhibition gave
 Of all the ways to piddle,
 Like "double trip" and "family flip",
 And now and then a "dribble".

And all the time the country dog
 Did neither wink nor grin,
 But piddled blithely out of town
 As he had piddled in.
 The city dogs said "so long friend,
 Your piddling defeats us".
 But no-one ever put them wise
 That Pete had diabetes.

YOUR SPOONING DAYS

Your spooning days are over,
 Your pilot light is out;
 What used to be your water sex-appeal
 Is now your water spout.

You used to be embarrassed
 To make the thing behave
 For every blooming morning
 It would stand up and watch you shave.

But now you are growing old,
 It sure gives you the blues,
 To see the thing hang down your leg
 And watch you shine your shoes.

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This Saturday night the place was bright, for the boys were
all in town.
And the local sluts picked scabs from their cunts as they
slipped their knickers down.

With rise and fall of buttocks and thighs on a low slung
wicker bench,
The ADO was having a go at a ducky Kanaka wench.
A planter tall flicked the starboard of ball of laughing
Pete McGrick,
Who smiled and casually burned the hair from that gent's
prick.

A pink cheeked cadet in a lather sweat was pulling himself
in a glass,
While his mate gave a tug at a two pint jug that was jammed
into his arse.
But they stopped their fun at the roar of a gun and a voice
like a North SEA gale
"Gangway, by God, you turd born sod, make way for Jock McPail!"
Now Jock was a man of the Campbell clan, though his breed
exists no more
Though he roamed the seas, he hailed from Dumfries---was
Scot pure Scot to the core.
The long low line of the schooner fine was known in every
port.
When he took his ease, like a North Sea breeze, in inter-
sexual sport.

From Baring Strait to the Golden Gate it had blazed a
lusty trail,
Where countless whores had ample cause to recall the name
McPail;
Paid him well in trochous shell, had a wad of cash in bank,
Had a heart of gold and a cock, I'm told, as big as an
oxygen tank.

A whore in Singapore once made the boastful cry,
That dead or alive, no man in bed her lust could satisfy.
In the chilly dawn when the Sot had gone by the light of
the early dawn sun.
With palsied hands and ruptured glands, she repaired the
damage he had done.

Some Dago scum with the courage of rum, once made an
illtimed jest
Of slipping an old brass cannon down the back of the
Scotsman's vest.
With a wriggle and slip and a python grip, Jock clenched
the cheeks of his arse,
And the watchers saw, with awe, just a mass of twisted brass.

But the burly never cared a jot, so he slipped of his pants
 and vest,
 And thrice with his cock like a earthquake shock, he
 nudged his mighty crotch,
 And thrice it rose and fell to his toes, the foreskin X
 flickered back,
 And he pushed his ham like a battering ram, through the
 outh of that quivering crack.

With hardly a pause at the gaping jaws of that fur trimmed
 hole,
 Though the watchers saw in that cavernous maw, the bot-
 flies playing bowls,
 The mouth of that womb soon closed like a tomb on the
 confident smiling Jock
 And then with a snap she closed her trap, on his unsus-
 pecting cock.

For the Japanese tart had ~~showed~~ showed her the art in a
 spirit of innocent fun
 Though was ancient lore to the Jipponese where Sal had
 never seen it done.
 By twisting about the falopian tubes and contracting the
 walls of her twot,
 She showed with pride how a prick could be tied in a
 quite inextricable knot.

So the Scot was bound, he never had found a dilemma quite
 like this,
 And the watchers guessed by the sweat on his chest that
 something had gone amiss,
 With a pig-like grunt, he tugged at her cunt, gave a grunt
 you could almost feel,
 But never a squirm her twot held firm, with a grip like
 tempered steel.

He vainly thought as a last resort of a .45 calibre colt,
 So the muzzle he passed up that red-rimmed arse, jamming it
 home with a jolt
 As the gun gave a roar, the unruffled whore caught the slug
 in her teeth

But the burly Scot never cared a jot, so slipped of his
 pants and vest,
 And twice his cock, like an earthquake shock, pounded his
 hairy chest,
 And thrice it rose and fell to his toes, the foreskin
 flickered back,
 And he pushed his ham like a battering ram through the
 mouth of that quivering crack.

With hardly a pause at the gaping jaws of that fur-trimmed
 hole,
 (Though no watchers saw, in that cavernous maw, the bot-flies
 playing bowls)
 The mouth of that womb soon closed like a tomb on the
 confident smiling Jock,
 And then with a snap she closed her trap, on his
 unsuspecting cock.

For a Japanese tart had showed her the art in a spirit of
 innocent fun
 Though twas ancient lore to the Nipponese whore, Sal had
 never seen it done.
 By twisting about the falopian tubes, and contracting the
 walls of her twot,
 She showed with pride how a prick could be tied in a
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So the Scot was bound; he never had found a dilemma quite
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 And the watchers guessed by the sweat on his chest that
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 But with never a squirm her twat held firm, with a grip
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He vainly thought as a last resort of a .45 calibre colt
 So the muzzle he passed up that red-rimmed arse,
 jamming it home with a jolt;
 As the gun gave a roar, the unruffled whore caught the
 slug in her teeth

And twisting about she spat it out on the hardwood floor
beneath.

Then Jock fell back from that deadly crack, the painted
But Sal I was told relaxed her hold when she saw what she
had done.

She massaged his bum with boiling rum, but the time for
that had passed,
"Take care of your twot!" cried the gallent Scot, and then
he breathed his last.

Now you know where the giant mangrove stands at the foot
of Sabari Reach,
Where the old deserted shit-house stands on the sandy beach
At the close of the day a Scottish clay was burried beaneath
the dunes,
And the trunk of a tree as you still can see was carried
in classic runes.

And still they say at the close of day, when the sky is
dusky red,
And the sun . a crimson ball of flame, dips down past
Kwato Head.
Where the tall sea-vines are loud with the whine of
the nimble anophiles,
And the white hawk's cry is a lullaby and the roar
of the surf is ceased,
Then the air is rent by the Cambell's lament to the
lilt of Pibroch's wail,
As cock in hand on the coral strand, strides the ghost
of Jock McPhail.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM OF AN AWAS

A little maiden passing by
A little twinkling of the eye
A little smile a little date
To meet when the hour is late
A little promise not to tell
A little room in some hotel
A little fussing in some chair
A little messing of the hair.

A little drink a fond caress
A little question, the answer yes
A little shirt waist shed aside
A little breast that tried to hide
A little hand that went stealing inside
A little pleased with funny feeling
A little coaxing, a little teasing
A form revealed that is most pleasing.

A pair of panties mostly lace
 A little blush upon the face
 A little shading of the light
 A little bed with sheets so white
 A little lovin g in the gloom
 A little sigh, a quiet room
 A pair of lips so warm and wet
 A little whisper, "Please, not yet."

A little pillow from the head
 Slipped beneath the hips instead
 A little effort to begin
 A little help to get it in
 Two little arms that grip me tight
 And then I ask "Does it feel alright?"
 She smiles and says, "Oh, it feels good,"
 And I reply, "I thought it would."

Two legs about my body twine
 Two happy eyes look into mine
 A little movement to and fro
 A little "Ah", a little "Oh".
 A bigger surge of something hot
 A little whisper, "Please, all you've got"
 Two little hearts that beat as one
 Two little lovers having fun
 A little effort to repeat
 A little spot upon the sheet

A little shower when we're through
 A little drink or maybe two
 A little sleep and finally then
 Breakfast in bed - at half past ten
 A little bill, a little tip
 A porter whistling, a pleasant trip
 Like little children after play
 A little weariness next day
 A little wish that you and I
 May have some more another day.

RING THE BELL VERGER

CHORUS

Ring the bell verger, ring the bell, ring
 Perhaps the congregation will condescend to sing
 Perhaps the bloody organist sitting on his stool
 Will start playing organ and stop playing tool.

Ocean liner seven days late
 'Cause the stoker's up the mate,
 Captain's voice comes down the wire
 Stop stoking mate and start stoking fire.

BBC announcer sits
 Twiddling with the typists tits
 Boss walks in and says with smiles
 Stop twiddling tits and start twiddling dials

Down in the basement cook she lies
 With the butler twist her thighs
 Mistress voice in angry mood
 Stop fucking cook and start fucking food.

In the garage mistress sits
 She has chauffeur play with tits
 Master's voice comes from afar
 Stop fucking mistress and start fucking car.

Up in the belfry the bell man sits
 Playing with his monster bit
 Verger's voice comes up from hell
 Stop pulling pud and start pulling bell.

THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole
 And the woodpecker said well bless my soul
 Take it out, take it out, Ree-e-move it!

I pulled my finger from the woodpecker's hole
 And the woodpecker said well bless my soul
 Put it back, put it back, Ree-e-place it!

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole
 And the woodpecker said well bless my soul
 Turn it round, turn it round, Ree-e-volve it!

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole
 And the woodpecker said well bless my soul
 Turn it back, turn it back, Ree-e-verse it!

I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole
 And the woodpecker said well bless my soul
 In and out, in and out, Ree-e-ciprocate it!

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpecker's hole
 And the woodpecker said well bless my soul
 Slow it down, slow it down, Ree-e-tard it!

I retarded my finger in the woodpecker's hole
 And the woodpecker said well bless my soul
 Pull it out, pull it out, Ree-e-tract it!

I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's hole
 And the woodpecker said well bless my soul
 Take a whiff, take a whiff, Ree-e-volting!

RAMONA

Ramona, I'm just returning from the hunt
 Ramona, I'm longing for your greasy cunt
 I'll press it, caress it and make a mess all over the floor
 I'll always remember how I slipped my arse through the door
 Ramona, if you should hear a baby call
 Ramona, we'll drown it in the waterfall
 I dread the morn when I awake and find no horn
 Ramona, you dirty old whore.

COLONEL BOGY

Hitler has only one brass ball,
 Goering has two but very small,
 Himmler has something similar,
 But poor old Goebbels has no balls at all.

ABDUL

The harems of Egypt are fair to behold
 The harlots the fairest of fair
 The best of all was owned by a Sheik
 Named Abdul A-Bulbul Emir

A travelling brothel came down from the north
 'Twas run privately for the Tsar
 Who wagered a hundred no-one could outroot
 Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar

Abdul came in with a snatch by his side
 His eye bore a look of desire
 and he did brag how he would outshag
 Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar

A date was arranged for the spectacle great
 A holiday proclaimed by the Tsar
 And the streets were all lined with the harlots assigned
 To Ivan Skavinsky Scavar

They met on the track with tools hanging slack
 The starter's gun shattered the air
 They were both quick to rise the crowd gasped at the size
 Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir

The harlots were shorn, no frenchies were worn
 And that suited Abdul by far
 And the caliph who knew had a quick bet or two
 On *Ivan Skavinsky Skavar*

They fucked all that night neath the pale yellow light
 Old Abdul he reved like a car
 But he could not compete with the slow steady best
 Of Ivan Skavinsky Scavar

Now Ivan had won and had sheltered hi gun
 He bent down to polish his pair
 When something red hot up his great passage shot
 'Twas Abdul A-Bulbul Emir

The harlots turned green, the crowd shouted "Queen"
 They were ordered apart by the Tsar
 It was bloody bad luck because Abdul was stuck
 Up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar

The cress of this joke came when they broke
 'Twas laughed at for years by the Tsar
 For Abdul the fool had left half his tool
 Up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar

O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER

Standing down in O'Reilly's bar
 Drinking O'Reilly's rum and water
 Suddenly a thought came to my head
 What say I up O'Reilly's daughter.

Chorus

Idi-iyay, idi-iyoy, idi-iyay for the one eyed Reilly
 Rub it up, stuff it up, balls and all
 Zing-a-zing-a-zing tres bon.

So I up the stairs and into bed
 Into bed with O'Reilly's daughter
 Not a word the maiden said
 But she laughed like shit when the deed was over.

I fucked her till her tits were sore
 Filled her up with soapy water
 She won't get away with that
 If she does'nt have twins then she bloody well orta.

I heard a footstep on the stairs
 Who should it be but one eyed Reilly
 Two horse pistols in his hand
 Looking for the bugger who upped his daughter.

I grabbed O'Reilly by the balls
 Shoved his head in a bucket of water
 Rammed those pistols up his arse
 Abloody sight harder than I'd upped his daughter.

As I go walking down the street
 People flock from every quarter
 Just to catch a glimpse of me
 The man who'd upped O'Reilly's daughter.

WAY DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Way down in the valley
 Where nobody goes
 There lives a young maiden
 Without any clothes
 Along came a swaggi, all tattered and torn
 Down went his britches and up went his horn
 Three months later all was well
 Six months she began to swell
 Nine months later she gave a grunt
 And six little swaggies lept out of her cunt.

THE WILD WEST SHOW

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the hippopotamus,
 The hippopotamus?
 Yes the hippopotamus is an amazing animal
 When its eyes are open its arsehole is closed
 And when its eyes are closed its arsehole is open
 Someone threw pepper in its eyes,
 And Christ he's got diarrhoea!

CHORUS

Oh we're off to see the wild west show,
 The elephant and the kangaroo-oo -oo
 Never mind the weather, we're all in this together
 We're off to see the wild west show.

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the Ooligooli bird
 The ooligooli bird?
 Yes the ooligooli bird is an amazing bird
 It flies but it has no legs
 And when it lands, oooooli - goooooli!

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the giraffe
 The giraffe?
 Yes the giraffe is an amazing animal
 It is the only animal in the jungle that can go into
 a bar and say "The high balls are on me!"

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the sphinx
 The sphinx?
 Yes the sphinx is an amazing animal
 It is the only animal with a triangular arsehole
 It shits bricks, hence pyramids!

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the tight skinned
 lizard

The tight skinned lizard?
 Yes the tight skinned lizard is an amazing animal
 Whenever it blinks it flips itself
 Someone threw pepper in its eyes,
 And it flogged itself to death!

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the rhinoceros
 The rhinoceros?
 Yes the rhinosorarse is an amazing animal,
 Its name comes from the ancient greek
 Rhino meaning money, sorarse meaning piles
 It is the richest animal in the jungle
 It has piles and piles of money!

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Here ladies and gentlemen we have the Oohah bird
The oohah bird?
Yes the oohah bird is an amazing bird
The male species lives in the north pole
The female species lives in the south pole
In spring they migrate
And when they meet,oooooohh -aahhhhh !

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the elephant
The elephant?
Yes the elephant is an amazing animal
It eats twelve hours a day, but only shits once a week
And when it shits it.....
Move away there please sonny
As I was saying it eats all the week and only shits...
Please move away sonny
And when it shits it shits...
Has anyone got a shovel?

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the orangatang
The orangatang?
Yes the orangatang is an amazing animal
It has balls of steel, and as it swings from vine
to vine through the jungle,
Its balls go orang - a - tang, orang - a - tang!

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the mountain goat
The mountain goat?
The mountain goat is an amazing animal,
It farts and jumps from crag to crag
It has science baffled,
As to whether the farts make it jump, or the jumps
make it fart!

MUNICIPAL DUNNY CART

The municipal dunny cart was loaded to the brim
The municipal dunny man fell in and could not swim
And as he was a-sinking, a-sinking like a stone
He heard the maggots crying out "There's no place
like home".
Urrr-iiine, Yippeè-i-ooo, nightmen in the sky.
They fished him out, it was too late, the maggots did
their work,
They left him by the roadside for the passersby to jerk.
The moral of this story then, if you should shovel shit,
Don't throw yourself into your work or you may drown in it.

ARMY LATRINES

My job is to clean the army latrines,
I'm the man with the plan for the pan that everyone uses.
The paper's O.K. on both sides the news is,
So you can read while in my latrine.

We scrub it all night, we scrub it all day,
I keep it the way, the way you'd expect it;
And when it gets high I just disinfect it,
And everything's clean in my latrine.

I scrub it again at four in the morning,
My coppers join in, we polish the chain;
And then we are scrubbing away forever,
And wondering if ever we'll get out that stain.

What motions divine - what raptures I've seen
But along comes a crowd to destroy the work I've created
They just let it fly, don't care where they place it;
You see what I mean in my latrine.

If a man is a freak and must leak like a creak, let him pay
I've placed pots for the clots who take shots in every
direction
I've sandpapered each face so each base can establish
connection
But it all goes unseen in my latrine.

No they won't keep it clean, that bloody latrine,
Though the seats are all neat and complete underneath
wooden ledges
But they still get it wet like an artist's palette
round the edges.
But I stand aloof - they can't hit the roof,
That's the one place that's clean, in my latrine.

ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER

Well this is number one and the fun has just begun
Roll me over in the clover, lay me down and do it
again.

CHORUS

Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Well this is number two and his hand is on my shoe,
Well this is number three and his hand is on my knee
Well this is number four and he's got me on the floor
Well this is number five and his hand is on my thigh
Well this is number six and his meat's between my hips
Well this is number seven and now it feels like heaven
Well this is number eight and the doctor's at the gate
Well this is number nine and the twins are doin' fine
Well this is number ten and here we go again,

Show Me the Way to go Home

Show me the way to go home,
Said the girl on the Bondi beach,
I had a little swimsuit 'bout an hour ago,
But it's floated out of my reach,
And all that I have now
Is seaweed, sand, and foam,
So give me a page of the Sunday Sun,
And show me the way to go home.

Grogging On

No cares have we to grieve us
No pretty little girls to deceive us
All we need is a piss to releive us
As we go grogging on
Grogging on, grogging on (repeat)
As we go grogging on

And we'll be full before long
As we go grogging on.

Drunk Last Night

Drunk last night, drunk the night before,
Going to get drunk tonight like we never got
drunk before,

Here we are as happy as can be,
'Cause we are the boys of the varsity.

Glorious, victorious,
One jug of beer between the four of us,
Thank God there are no more of us,
'Cause one of us could drink the bloody lot.
(Without his pants on)
'Cause one of us could drink the bloody lot.
(Roll over Mable,
Your navel's on the other side.)

Violate Me

Violate me in the violet time
In the violent way that you know,
Ravage me, savage me, bruise me and damage me,
On me no mercy bestow.....
The best things in life are free and oblivious,
Give me a girl who is lewd and lascivious,
Violate me, in the violet time,
In the vilest way that you know.

FOGGY FOGGY DEW

Once I was a bachelor, I lived all alone
 I worked at the weavers' trade;
 And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
 Was to woo a fair young maid
 I woo'd her in the winter time and in the summer too,
 And the only thing that I ever did wrong
 Was to keep her from the foggy foggy dew

One night she came to my bedside
 When I lay fast asleep,
 She laid her head upon my by and she began to weep,
 She sighed, she cried, she damn near died
 Ah, me! What could I do?
 So I pulled her into bed and covered up her head,
 Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son,
 We work at the weavers' trade;
 And every, every time that I look into his eyes
 He reminds me of the fair young maid.
 He reminds me of the winter time and of the summer too,
 And the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
 Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

THE ENGINEERS' SONG

An Engineer told me before he died
 I don't know whether the bastard lied,
 He said no matter how he tried,
 His wife was never satisfied.

So he made him a tool of tempered steel,
 Powered by a pulley and a bloody great wheel,
 With two brass balls he filled with cream,
 And the whole bloody issue was powered by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
 In and out went the tool of steel,
 'Til at last his poor wife cried,
 Enough, enough, I'm satisfied

Now this is the place of the bitter bit:
 There was no way of stopping it,
 From cunt to arse-hole she was split,
 And the whole bloody issue was covered in shit.

GOOD SHIP VENUS

'Twas on the good ship Venus
 My God you should have seen us
 The figure-head was a nud in bed
 Sucking red-hot penis.

The captain's name was slugger
 He was a dirty bugger
 He wasn't fit to shovel shit on any
 On any bugger's lugger

The first mate's name was Paul
 He only had one ball
 But with that knacker he rolled tobacco
 Round the cabin wall.

The second mate's name was Andy
 His balls were big and bandy
 They filled his arse with molten brass
 For pissing in the brandy.

The third mate's name was Morgan
 He was a silly gorgon
 Three times a day he strummed away
 Upon his sexual organ.

The captain's wife was Mabel
 And whenever she was able
 She gave the crew their daily screw
 Upon the messroom table.

The captain's beautiful daughter
 Was swimming in the water
 And delighted squeals came from the eels
 As they found her sexual quarter

A cook whose name was Freeman
 He was a dirty demon
 He fed the crew on menstrual stew
 And hymens fried in semen

Another cook was O'Malley
 He didn't dilly dally
 He shot his bolt with such a jolt
 He white-washed half the galley

The boson's name was Lester
 He was a hymen tester
 Through hymens thick he shoved his prick
 And left it there to fester

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The Engineer was M^CTavish
And young girls he did revish
His missing tool's at Istanbul
He was a trifle lavish

A homo was the purser
He couldn't have been worser
With all the crew he had a screw
Until they yelled "Oh no Sir"

Another one was Cropper
Oh Christ he had a whopper
Twice 'round the neck and 'round his neck
And up his bum for a stopper.

The cabin-boy was Kipper
A dirty little nipper
They stuffed his arse with broken glass
And circumcised the skupper

The ship's dog's name was Rover
The whole crew did him over
They ground and ground that faithful hound
From Singapore to Dover

The end of this narration
Came in jubilation
For the ship was sunk in a sea of spunk
Caused by masturbation.

THE MONKEY AND THE ALLIGATOR

The monkey and the alligator sat on the grass
The monkey shoved a finger up the alligator's arse
Singing Abadabadoo, Abadabadoo,
Don't let my baby know.

"Monkey", said the alligator, "Be a kind soul,
Kindly take your finger out of my arse-hole"
Mama is in bed, Papa on the top,
The child is in the cradle crying
"Put it in Top".

THREE PROMINANT BASTARDS.

Our parents forget to get married,,
 Our parents forgot to get
 For each flamin' time the wedding bells rang
 Our parents were somewhere in bed..

So its thanks to our kind-hearted parents,
 Were jacks in the land of the free,
 A banker, a smoker and a Washington joker,
 Three prominent bastards are we.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.

On the ---th day of christmas my true love said to me...

Twelve t witching twots
 Eleven lecherous lesbians
 Ten tired thollops
 Nine naughty nuns
 Eightuuseless eunicks.
 Six sexy sisters
 Five Choir Boys
 Four boy scouts
 Three windmill girls
 Two Virgin mexids
 And a French postcard very filthy..

WHEN YOU ARE OLD AND GREY - TOM LEHRER.

An awful liability
 lessened ability
 loss of fertility
 - s astrong possibility
 In all prothability
 I' ll lose my virility
 And you your fertility
 And desirability
 And this liability of total sterility
 Will lead to no filaty
 And sense of futility
 So lets act with agility
 W ile we still have the
 For we'll soon reach senility
 And lose the ability.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS

A trace of lipstick on that old french letter
A dose of syphilis that went got better
And when I piss it stings
These foolish things remind me of you.

A book on birth control with well thumbbed pages
That contraceptive that we've used for ages
Abed with creaky springs
These foolish things remind me of you.

A pair of underpants with semen stains on
Those dreadful evenings when you had the rags on
And when my wet dream clings
These foolish things remind me of you.

A night of passion in an old tin lizzio
That half smoked roofer that still still sends me dizzy
My public hair in strings
These foolish things remind me of you.

That whiske bottle that I used to piss in
That pair of stockings with the 'lastic missing
Oh how the slit clings
These foolish things remind me of you.

That ripe banana that you used when alone
Those open legs that welcomed me home
Oh hear those nuts ring
These foolish things remind me of you.

That worn out frenchie that I used to come in
That broken shithouse that you lost your bum in
Oh how my prick stinks
These foolish things remind me of you.

That red hot poker that you used before
That ten bob price of the local whore
Seewhat nine months will bring
These foolish things remind me of you.

A brothel ticket in my left hand pocket
Two controids in a heart shaped locket
Those little songs you sing
These foolish things remind me of you.

That leather sofa that we had those shags on
The night I slugged you had the rags on
Oh how the blood stain clings
These foolish things remind me of you.

Caviar
(The Virgin Sturgeon)

Caviar comes from the virgins sturgeon,
The virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish,
The virgin sturgeon needs no urgin,
Thats why cavier is my dish.
My ruddy it is.

I gave caviar to my girlfriend,
She was a virgin tried and true,
Ever since she had that caviar
There ain't nothing she won't do,
My ruddy oath there ain' t.

I gave cavier to my grandpa,
Grandpa's age is ninetythree,
And next time I saw grandpa
He had grandma on his knee,
My ruddy oath he did.

My father ~~x~~was the keeper of the Eddystone
lighthouse,
Slept with mermaids every night,
He had offspring, one, two, three,
Two were fishes and the other was me,
My ruddy oath he had.

Case of the Ill-Starred Lovers

They were married but not to-each other;
(Now I might as well make this explicit)
They could never cut loose from their marital
nose,
And were they forced to a passion ellicit.

With no hope for a happy finale,
With a future that led to a bleak end,
They agreed to enact a sad suicide pact
In a riotous fling on the weekend.

In a riotous fling on the weekend,
In a tourist motel by a rocks side,
Without any regrets they turned on the jets,
And awaited the carbon monoxide.
They awaited the carbon monoxide,
(they preferred it to shootin' or stabbin',
And they were going, but quick, but were
saved in time's nick
By the spouses who shared the next cabin.

RHODIANS SCHOOL

We are from Rhodians, Rhodians' girls are we,
We take no pride in our virginity,
We take no precautions, we like our abortions,
For we are from Rhodians school-up school-up school
Fuck the school!

La la-la la-la la-la-la-la. HOI !!

Our school mistress you cannot beat
She lets us go walking in the street,
We sell our titties for threepenny bitties
Right outside of Rhodians school-up etc.

Our school docter she is a beaut
She teaches us to swerve when our boyfriends shoot
It saves many marraiges and forced miscarraiges
For we are from Rhodians school-up etc.

Our sports mistress she is the best
She teaches us to develop our chest
So we wear tight sweaters and carry french letters
For we are from Rhodians school-up etc.

Our school porter he is a fool
He's only got a teeny-weeny tool
It's all right for keyholes and little girls' peeholes
But not much good for Rhodians school-up etc.

We have a new girl her name is Flo
Nobody thought that Flo would have a go
But she supriised the Vicar by rousing him quicker
Than any other girl at Rhodians school-up etc.

These girls from Cheltenham they are just sissies
They get worked up on one or two kisses
It takes wax candles and lang broom handles
To even exite the girls from Rhodians school-up etc.