

OLD ALLEYNIAN'S



OUR SONG BOOK

Old Alleynians Tour Song Book

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Dulwich College School Song

Pueri Alleynienses, quotquot annos quotquot menses

Fertur principum memoria,

Vivit Fundatoris nomen, unice virtutis omen

Detur soli Deo Gloria

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

Swing Low Sweet Chariot
Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, and
What did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home?
A band of angels comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' for to carry me home

If you get there before I do
Comin' for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm comin' too
Comin' for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' for to carry me home;

Flower of Scotland

O flower of Scotland
When will we see
Your like again,
That fought and died for
Your wee bit Hill and Glen
And stood against him
Proud Edward's Army,
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

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

O Flower of Scotland
When will we see
Your like again,
That fought and died for
Your wee bit Hill and Glen
And stood against him
Proud Edward's Army,
And sent him homeward
Tae think again.

The Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many a year,
And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
But now I'm returning with gold in great store,
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

And it's No, Nay, Never,
No, Nay, Never, No more,
Will I play the wild rover,
No, never, No more.

I went into an alehouse I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady my money was spent,
I asked her for credit, she answered me Nay,
Such custom as yours I could have every day.

Repeat chorus...

I brought up from my pockets 10 sovereigns bright,
And the landlady's eyes lit up with delight,
She said I have whiskey and wines of the best,
And the words that I spoke were only in jest

Repeat chorus...

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And when they've caressed me as oft times before,
I never will play the wild rover no more.

Repeat chorus...

Delilah

I saw the light on the night that I passed by her
Window,
I saw the flickering shadows of love on her blind,
She was my woman, as she deceived me I watched
And went out of my mind.

Chorus

My, my, my Delilah, Why, why, why Delilah,
I could see that girl was no good for me,
But I was lost like a slave that no man could free.

At break of day when that man drove away I was
Waiting,
I crossed the street to her house and I knocked
On her door,
She stood there laughing, I felt the knife in my
Hand and she laughed no more

My, my, my Delilah, Why, why, why Delilah,
So before they come to knock down the door
Forgive me Delilah I just couldn't take any more
Forgive me Delilah I just couldn't take any more

Always Look on the Bright Side of Life

Always look on the bright side of life
Always look on the light side of life

If life seems jolly rotten
Then there's something you've forgotten
An that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing
When you're feeling in the dumps
Don't be silly chumps
Just purse your lips and whistle
That's the thing.
And ...

Always look on the bright side of life
Always look on the light side of life

For life is quite absurd
And death's the final word
You must always face the curtain with a bow
Forget about your sin
And give the audience a grin
Enjoy it, it's your last chance anyhow

So...

Always look on the bright side of life
Always look on the light side of life

Life's a piece of shit
When you look at it
Life's a laugh and death's a joke ... it's true
You'll see it's all a show

Keep 'em laughing as you go
Just remember that the last laugh is on you

And ...

Always look on the bright side of life
Always look on the right side of life ...

The Wreck of the John B

We sailed on the sloop John B,
My grandpappy and me.
Round Nassau town we did roam.
Drinking all night, got into a fight,
I feel so broke up, I want to go home.

Chorus

So hoist up the John B's sails,
See how the mainsail's set
Send for the captain ashore, let me go home
I want to go home I want to go home
I feel so broke up, I want to go home

The first mate, he got drunk,
Broke in the captains trunk
Constable came aboard and took him away
Sheriff John Stone please let me alone
I feel so broke up I want to go home.

Chorus...

Poor cook he got the fits,
Threw away all the grits,
Then he took and ate up all of my corn,
Let me go home. I want to go home,
I feel so broke up I want to go home.

Chorus...

The captain is a wicked man
Beats us every time that he can
He don't care about old Grandpappy and me
Let me go home. I want to go home
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

Show me the Way to Go Home

Show me the way to go home,
I'm tired and I want to go to bed,
I had a little drink about an hour ago,
And its gone right to my head.

Wherever I may roam,
Through land or sea or foam,
You can always hear me
Singing this song,
Show me the way to go home.

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pasture seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Didja' Ever

Didja' ever
Didja' ever get
Didja' ever get one
Didja' ever get one of them
Didja' ever get one of them days, boys
Didja' ever get one of them days
When nothin' is right
from mornin' till night
Didja' ever get one of them days
Didja' ever get one of them days

Ya get up in the morning and turn the shower on
You're gettin' pneumonia, the hot hot water is gone
Freezin' sneezin'
You wanna dry your back
Didja' ever get one of them days
When there's no towel on the rack

Didja' ever
Didja' ever get
Didja' ever get one
Didja' ever get one of them

Didja' ever get one of them girls, boys
Didja' ever get one of them girls
Who's awful nice
But cold as ice
Didja' ever get one of them girls
Didja' ever get one of them girls

Girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls
You're at a drive-in movie
With a cute brunette
A countin' on the kisses that you figure to get
Closer, closer, then she hollers no!
Didja' ever get one of them girls
Who just wants to watch the show

Show, show, show, show, show, show, show
Didja' ever
Didja' ever get
Didja' ever get one
Didja' ever get one of them
Didja' ever get one of them days, boys
Didja' ever get one of them days
When nothin' is right
From mornin' to night
Didja' ever get one of them days
Didja' ever get one of them days

You're on a Sunday picnic
And then it starts to pour
You run through poison ivy, scratch until you're sore
Ants come dancin', carry off the bread
Didja' ever get one of them days
When you should a-stayed in bed

Didja' ever
Didja' ever get
Didja' ever get one
Didja' ever get one of them Daaaaays
When you should a-stayed in bed

Why was he born so beautiful

Why was he born so beautiful
Why was he born at all
He's no fucking use to anyone
He's no fucking use at all

He should be publicly pissed on,
He should be publicly shot (bang, bang),
He should be tied to a urinal,
And left there to fester and rot.

Has anybody seen JC?

There is a green hill not far away,
Beyond a city wall,
where our dear lord was crucified,
he died to save us all.
2, 3, 4
Feet together, arms out wide,
Its hard to boogie when your crucified.

REFRAIN (After every verse): Has anybody seen JC JC JC
JC?

Not since palm sunday riding on a donkey,
Has anybody seen JC JC JC JC?

Mother mary she's the most,
Shes been fucked by the Holy Ghost.

Jesus Christ he's so fine,
Played left back for Palestine

Jesus Christ he's so cool,
He walked across my swimming pool

Jesus Christ, he's so fine,
He turned water into wine

Jesus Christ he's so queer,
He should've turned it into beer!

Pontius Pilate, he's a git,
Left our saviour in the shit!

JC stands five foot nine,
Plays scum half for Palestine.

Hole in hands, holes in his legs,
Holes he going to carry those easter eggs?

He likes pain it's his addiction,
He's really into crucifixion.

Not since palm sunday riding on a donkey. Has anybody seen
JC JC JC JC?

I Used to Work in Chicago

CHORUS:

I used to work in Chicago,
at the old department store
I used to work in Chicago,
I don't work there anymore

Leader: A woman came in for a hammer

Group: A HAMMER FROM THE STORE

Leader: A hammer she wanted, nailed she got!

Group: Oh, I don't work there anymore!

Carpet she wanted, shag she got
Nail she wanted, screwed she got
Meat she wanted, sausage she got
Beef she wanted, pork she got

Pork she wanted, my roast beef she got
Camel she wanted, humped she got
Drill she wanted, a reamed she got
Jewellery she wanted, pearl necklace she got
KitKat she wanted, four fingers she got
Juicy Fruit she wanted, my Big Red she got
A piano she wanted, my organ she got
Lobster she wanted, crabs she got
Ham she wanted, porked she got
A Needle she wanted, pricked she got
Linoleum she wanted, laid she got
Fishing pole she wanted, my rod she got
Assistance she wanted, my AIDS she got
Coffee she wanted, my cream she got
Fuck she wanted, fuck she got
Kayak she wanted, my pink canoe she got
Front door she wanted, back door she got
Booze she wanted, lick her she got
Ruler she wanted, 12 inches she got
Eggs she wanted, laid she got
Stamps she wanted, licked she got
Saddle she wanted ridden she got
Calendar she wanted, date she got
Light switch she wanted, turned on she got

Yogi Bear

(Sung to the tune of "Camptown Races")

I know someone you don't know, Yogi, Yogi,
I know someone you don't know, Yogi, Yogi Bear.
Yogi, Yogi Bear. Yogi, Yogi Bear.

I know someone you don't know, Yogi, Yogi Bear.
Yogi has a little friend, Booboo, Booboo.
Yogi has a little friend, Booboo, Booboo Bear.
Booboo, Booboo Bear. Booboo, Booboo Bear
Yogi has a little friend, Booboo, Booboo.

Yogi has an enemy, Ranger, Ranger.
Yogi has an enemy, Ranger, Ranger Smith.
Ranger, Ranger Smith. Ranger, Ranger Smith.
Yogi has an enemy, Ranger, Smith.

Yogi likes it in the snow, Polar Bear.
Yogi likes it up side down, Koala Bear.
Yogi likes it in a car, Panda Bear.
Yogi's got a girlfriend, Suzy Bear.
Suzy likes it 'gainst the fridge, Polar Bear.
Booboo likes it up the ass, Brown Bear.
Yogi has a 10" cock, Black Bear.
Suzy likes to shave her pubes, Grizzly Bear.
Yogi likes it with a chew, Kodak, Bear.
Suzy wears crotchless panties, Teddy Bear.
Suzy's snatch it smells like cheese, Camembert.
Suzy she has great big tits, More than I can bear
Suzy likes to threesome, Lucky Bear.
Booboo likes it in a tree, Koala Bear.
Yogi likes lingerie, Teddy bear.

Tampon Factory

You can tell by the smell
that she isn't very well.
When the time of the
month comes around.

You can tell by the stain
that she really is in pain.
When the time of the
month comes around.

Chorus

It's a jamboree, it's the tampon factory.
Shout out your order load and clear.
They have small medium large,
Super duper fill the barge
When the time of the
month comes around.

You can tell by the stench
That something's rotten in her trench

You can tell by the crust
She won't want you to thrust

You can tell by the rope
That you haven't got a hope.

You can tell by her frown
That you'll have to go for brown

You can tell by the moaning
That she's leaking hemoglobin

You can tell by the flies
That are swarming round her thighs

You can tell by the taste
that it isn't salmon paste.

It will stick to your dick
If you don't fuck her real quick.

You can make her thingy sing
Just by pulling on the string

On The First Day Of Rugby

On the first day of rugby,
my true love gave to me:
A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck,
WORTH A FUCK.

On the second day of rugby,
my true love gave to me:
two herpy sores, and
A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck,
WORTH A FUCK.

three french whores
four flying fucks:
FIVE PUBIC HAIRS
six Sixty-Niners
seven sleazy sisters
eight aching assholes
nine nympho nuns
ten tonness of titties
eleven licking lesbos
twelve twitching twats

Clean Song

There was a young sailor who
Looked through the glass,
He spied a young mermaid with scales on her
Frightfully clean island where sea gulls fly over their nests
As she combed the long hair that hung over her
Shoulders and caused her to tickle and itch,
Yelled a sailor, "Well I'll be a son of a
Beautiful mermaid out there on the rocks
And the crew came-a-running, their hands on their
Caps while they crowded four deep on the rail
All eager to share in this fine piece of
Talk which the Captain soon heard from the watch
So he tied down the wheel and unbuttoned his
Crackers and cheese which he kept near the door
In hopes he might come on a sea-going
Happy, he knew he must use all his wits
So he called for a line to make fast to her
Tail, saying, Boys, we are finally going to find,
"Whether mermaids do better before or
"Be brave. my good fellows," the Captain next said
"And with lick we'll break through her maiden
Heading to starboard, they tacked with dispatch
And caught that fair mermaid right on the
Side and immediately hustled her down below decks
Where each had a crack at this wonder of
Setting her free after each had a pass
They tossed her back in with a splash on her
After a while they all noticed some scabs
And soon they broke out with the pox and the
Cursing and scratching, you know what I mean
This song may be dull, but it's frightfully clean.

Sunshine Mountain⁽¹⁾

I'm climbing up Sunshine Mountain,
Where the four winds blow, ho, ho,
I'm climbing up Sunshine Mountain,
Face all a-glow, oh, oh,
Turn your back on all your sorrows,
Reach up to the sky, i, i,
I'm climbing up Sunshine Mountain,
You and I, you and I..
(1. Song starts with leader standing on a chair. At end of each
verse point to a person not on a chair. They get up. Song
continues until everyone is on a chair.)

Beer Prayer

Our lager,
Which art in barrels,
Hallowed be thy drink
Thy will be drunk, I will be drunk,
At home as it is in the pub,
Give us this day our foamy head,
And forgive us our spillages,
As we forgive those who spill against us,
And lead us not into incarceration,

But deliver us from hangovers,
For thine is the beer, The Bitter, The Lager.

The Lobster

Oh Mr Fisherman back from the sea,
Have you a lobster you can sell to me ?

Chorus ;
Singing roll tidly oh, shit or bust,
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust.

Yes sir, yes sir, I have two,
The biggest of the bastards I will sell to you.
Chorus

I took the lobster home, but I didn't have a dish,
So I put it in the place where the missus has a piss.
Chorus

In the middle of the night, the missus arose,
Sat on the piss-pot and turned up her toes.
Chorus

Up jumped the lobster with a smile on his kisser,
Reached up a claw and grabbed her on the pisser.
Chorus

The missus said ``Fred," I said ``What ?"
She said ``Look, there's a lobster dangling from my twat !"
Chorus

The missus grabbed a poker, and I grabbed the broom,
And we chased the fucking lobster round and round the room.
Chorus

We hit it on the head and we hit it on the side,
We hit the fucking lobster till the bastard died.
Chorus

The moral of the story - the moral is this,
Always have a shuffy before you have a piss.
Chorus

That's the end of my story, there isn't anymore,
There's an apple up my arsehole - you can have the core.
Chorus

Another end to my story, I don't give a fuck,
There's an orange up my arsehole - you can have a suck.
Chorus

The Alphabet

A is for ARSEHOLE all covered in shit, Hey Ho Said Roley,
And B is the BASTARD who revels in it,

Chorus ;
With a Roley Poley up 'em and stuff 'em
Hey Ho ! said Anthony Roley.

C is for Cunt all dripping with piss, Hey Ho Said Roley,
And D is for DRUNKARD who gives it a kiss,
Chorus

E is for EUNUCH with only one ball, Hey Ho Said Roley,
And F is for FUCKER with no balls at all,
Chorus

G is for GONORRHOEA, GOITRE & GOUT, Hey Ho Said
Roley, and H is for HARLOT that dishes it out,
Chorus

I is the Irresistible ITCH, Hey Ho Said Roley,
And J is the JERK of a dog on a bitch,
Chorus

K is the KING of the Cannibal Isle, Hey Ho Said Roley,
And L is his LOVER who plays with his piles,
Chorus

M is for MAIDENHEAD tattered and torn, Hey Ho Said
Roley,
And N is the NOBLE who died on the horn,
Chorus

O is for ORIFICE open and wide, Hey Ho Said Roley,
And P is for PENIS that slips up inside, Chorus
Q is for QUAKER who shat in his hat, Hey Ho Said Roley,
And R is the RECTOR who roddered the cat,
Chorus

S is for SHITPOT all filled to the brim, Hey Ho Said Roley,
And T is the TURD that is floating therein,
Chorus

U is for USHER at the girls school, Hey Ho Said Roley,
And V is the VIRGINS that play with his tool,
Chorus

W is a Whore who thinks FUCKINGS'S a FARCE,
Hey Ho Said Roley, and X, Y & Z you can STUFF UP your
arse,
Chorus

The Engineer

An engineer told me before he died,
Chorus ;
A Hum - Titty Bum, Titty Bum, Titty Bum,
A Hum - Titty Bum, Titty Bum, Titty Bum.
An engineer told me before he died,

And I've no reason to believe he lied,
Chorus

He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
Chorus
He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
That she could never be satisfied,
Chorus

So he built a bloody great wheel,
Chorus
So he built a bloody great wheel,
Two brass balls and a prick of steel,
Chorus

The two brass balls he filled with cream,
Chorus
The two brass balls he filled with cream,
And the whole bloody issue was driven by steam
Chorus

He laid his wife upon the bed,
Chorus
He laid his wife upon the bed,
And tied her legs behind her head,
Chorus

He put the machine in a place to fuck,
Chorus
He put the machine in a place to fuck,
He switched it on and wished her luck,
Chorus

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
Chorus
Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel,
Chorus

Up and down went the level of steam,
Chorus
Up and down went the level of steam,
Down and down went the level of cream,
Chorus

Now we come to the very sad bit,
Chorus
Now we come to the very sad bit,
There was no way of stopping it,
Chorus

She was split from cunt to tit,
Chorus
She was split from cunt to tit,
And the whole fucking issue was covered in shit,
Chorus
The moral of the story is,
Chorus
The moral of the story is,
Always fit a safety switch. Chorus

Balls Of Kerrymuir

Four & twenty virgins came down from Inverness,
And when the ball was over there was four and twenty less.

Chorus ; Balls to your partner, arse against the wall,
If you never get Fucked on a saturday night,
You'll never get Fucked at all.

The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox,
He couldn't fuck the women so he Fucked the letterbox.
Chorus

The village plumber he was there, he felt a fucking fool,
He walked eleven miles or more and forgot to bring his tool.
Chorus

There was fucking in the hallways and fucking in the ricks,
You couldn't hear the music for the swishing of the pricks.
Chorus

There was fucking in the ante-room and fucking on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpet for the short and curly hairs.
Chorus

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

The vicar's wife she was there, sitting by the fire,
Knitting rubber johnnies from an indian rubber tyre.
Chorus

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

The village Smithy he was there, sitting by the fire,
Doing abortions by the score with a piece of red hot wire.
Chorus

The Smithy's brother he was there, a mighty man was he,
He lined them up against the wall and fucked them three by three.
Chorus

Giles he played a dirty trick, we cannot let it pass,
He showed a lass his mighty prick and shoved it up her arse.
Chorus

Jock McTavish he was there, his prick was long and broad,
When he Fucked the farmers wife she had to be rebored.
Chorus

Little Tommy he was there, he was only eight,
He couldn't fuck the women so he had to masterbate.
Chorus

And when the ball was over, everyone confessed,

They all enjoyed the dancing, but the fucking was the best.
Chorus

Whoredean

We are from Whoredean, good girls are we,
We take a pride in our virginity,
We take precautions, Like having abortions,
For we are from Whoredean school.

Chorus ; Up school, Up school, Up school,
Right Up School, SHIT !
La dee da, two fingers up your crutch,
La dee da, three fingers are too much. Hey !

When we go to the beach for a swim,
People remark on the size of our quim,
You can bet your bottom dollar,
It's like a horse's collar, for we are from Whoredean school.
Chorus

Our Headmaster, he is a fool,
He's really got a gi-normous tool,
It's alright for tunnels, and Queen Mary's funnels,
But no good for Whoredean school.
Chorus

Our math's master, he is a fool,
He's only got a teeny weeny tool,
It's alright for keyholes, and little girlies wee holes,
But no good for Whoredean school.
Chorus

Our gym mistress, she is the best,
She teaches us to develop our chest,
We wear tight sweaters, and carry french letters,
For we are from Whoredean school.
Chorus

Our French mistress, her name is Jane,
She only likes it now and again,
And again and again, and again and again,
For we are from Whoredean school.
Chorus

At the bottom of our garden there lives a tramp,
He is a deserter from the local army camp,
We call him Hector, vagina inspector,
For we are from Whoredean school.
Chorus

Our Headmistress, you cannot beat,
She lets us go out walking the street,
We sell our titties, for threepenny bitties,
For we are from Whoredean school.
Chorus

Ring The Bell Verger

Chorus ;

Ring the bell Verger, ring the bell ring,
Perhaps the congregation
will condescend to sing,
Perhaps the village organist, sitting on his stool,
Will play upon the organ and not upon his tool.

Down in the garage chauffeur lies,
Masters wife between his thighs,
Masters voice comes from afar,
Stop fucking wife and start fucking car.
Chorus

Verger in the belfry stood,
In his hands his great big pud,
From afar the vicar yells,
Stop pulling pud and start pulling bells.
Chorus

Down in the kitchen, butler and cook,
Very quietly having fuck,
Mistress voice comes with a squeal,
Stop fucking cook and cook fucking meals.
Chorus

Ocean liner, nine days late,
Stoker stoking Stoker's mate,
Captains voice comes down the wire,
Stop stoking mate and start stoking fire.
Chorus

Barnacle Bill

Who's that knocking on my door ? (3 times)
Cried the fair young maiden.
It's only me from over the sea said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
(twice)

Why do you knock on my door ? (3 times)
Cried the fair young maiden.
I'm young enough and ready and tough,
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (twice)

I'll come down and let you in (3 times)
Cried the fair young maiden.
Come open this door, I've been here before,
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (twice)

You may sleep upon the floor (3 times)
Cried the fair young maiden.
Oh bugger the floor you dirty old whore,
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (twice)

You may sleep upon the mat (3 times)
Cried the fair young maiden.
Oh bugger the mat you can't fuck that,
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (twice)

You may sleep upon the stairs (3 times)
Cried the fair young maiden.
Oh bugger the stairs they haven't got hairs,
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (twice)

You can sleep between my tits (3 times)
Cried the fair young maiden.
Oh bugger your tits they give me the shits,
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (twice)

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

You can sleep within my cunt (3 times)
Cried the fair young maiden.
Oh bugger your cunt I'll fuck for a stunt,
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (twice)

What if there's a baby born (3 times)
Cried the fair young maiden.
We'll drown the bugger and fuck for another,
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor. (twice)

Thrashing Machine

'Twas way down in Devon that I did hear tell,
I first set my eyes on our little Nell,
She was so pretty and only sixteen,
When I ups and I shows 'er my Thrashing Machine.

Chorus ;

I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'er I ay,
I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'er I ay,
I 'ad 'er by night and I 'ad 'er by day,
And I ups and I shows 'er the West Country way.

The barn door was open and I steps inside,
Some hay in the corner I espied,
She worked the throttle and I worked the steam,
When I ups and I shows 'er my Thrashing Machine.
Chorus

Oh father, oh father, I've come to confess,
I've left a young maid in a hell of a mess,
Her blouse is all tattered, her tits are all bare,
And there's something inside her that shouldn't be there.
Chorus

Oh son, oh son, you should have known better,
To woo a fair maid without a french letter,
Oh father, oh father, you do me unjust,
I used one of yours and the fucking thing bust.
Chorus

Six months later all is not well,
The poor little maid is beginning to swell,
And under her apron can clearly be seen,
The terrible works of my Thrashing Machine.
Chorus

Nine months later all has gone well,
A new little babe for our little Nell,
And under his nappy can clearly be seen,
A brand new two cylinder Thrashing Machine.
Chorus

Dinah

A rich girl rides a limousine,
A poor girl rides a truck,
But the only ride that Dinah gets,
Is when she has a fuck.

Chorus ;

Dinah, Dinah, show us your leg,
Show us your leg, show us your leg,
Dinah, Dinah, show us your leg,
A yard above your knee.

A rich girl wears a brassiere,
A poor girl uses string,
But Dinah uses nothing at all,

She lets the bastards swing.
Chorus

A rich girl uses vaseline,
A poor girl uses lard,
But Dinah uses axle grease,
Because her cunt's so hard.
Chorus

A rich girl uses a sanitary towel,
A poor girl uses a sheet,
But Dinah uses nothing at all,
It trails along the street.
Chorus

A rich girl wears a ring of gold,
A poor girl one of brass,
But the only ring that Dinah has,
Is the one around her arse.
Chorus

Sailor Boy

All the nice girls love a candle,
All the nice girls love a wick,
For there's something about a candle
Which reminds them of a prick, prick, prick.
Nice and greasy, slips in easy,
Its a girlies pride and joy,
Its been up our Lady Jane,
And its going up again,
Ship Ahoy, Ship Ahoy.

Cats

When you wake up in the morning
& you're feeling rather coy,
Your missus has a headache and you cannot get no joy,
So you stuff it up the arsehole of your second eldest boy,
As you revel in the joys of fornication.

Chorus ;
Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,
Cats with syphilis, cats with piles,
Cats with their arseholes wreathed in smiles,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

When you wake up in the morning with the devil of a stand,
From the pressure of the liquid on your seminary gland,
If you haven't got a woman,
Then you've got to use your hand,
As you revel in the joys of fornication.
Chorus

The Regimental Sergeant Major has a fucking horrid life,
He can't afford a mistress, and he doesn't have a wife,
So he stuffs it up the arsehole of the Regimental Fife,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.
Chorus

When you find yourself in springtime with a surge of sexual
joy,
And your wife has got the rags on and your daughters acting
coy,
Then you stuff it up the arsehole of your favourite choirboy,
As you revel in the joys of fornication.
Chorus

The ostrich in the desert is a solitary chick,
Without the opportunity to go and dip his wick,
But when he does, he slips it in thick,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.
Chorus

The ape is large and rather slow,
Erect he stands, a foot or so,
So when he comes its time to go,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.
Chorus

The elephant, so it seems,
Very seldom has wet dreams,
But when he does, he comes in streams,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.
Chorus

Poor old donkey, poor old moke,
Very seldom has a poke,
But when he does, he lets it soak,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.
Chorus

Now the camel likes to have his fun,

His night is made when he is done,
He always gets two humps for one,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.
Chorus

In Mobile

All the eagles they fly high in Mobile, (mow-beel)
repeat
All the eagles they fly high, and they shit right in your eye,
Its a good job cows don't fly in Mobile.

Chorus ;_
In Mobile, in Mobile, in mo,
in mo, in mo, in Mobile,
(repeat last 2 lines of verse)

All the seagulls have a lighthouse in Mobile,
repeat
All the seagulls have a lighthouse
and they use it as a shitehouse,
Now the lighthouse is a whitehouse in Mobile.
Chorus

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

There's a shortage of bogpaper in Mobile,
repeat
There's a shortage of bogpaper, so they wait until it's vapour,
And they light it with a taper in Mobile.
Chorus

There's a shortage of san(itary) towels in Mobile,
repeat
There's a shortage of san towels, so they wait until it fouls,
And then dig it out with trowels in Mobile.
Chorus

Oh the Vicar is a bugger in Mobile,
repeat
Oh the Vicar is a bugger, but the Curate is another,
So they bugger one another in Mobile.
Chorus

There's a Jew by the name of Cohen in Mobile,
repeat
There's a Jew by the name of Cohen,
To the Christian Church he's going,
'Cos his foreskin keeps on growing in Mobile.
Chorus

Black Bull

The big black bull came down from the mountain,
Houston Sam Houston,
The big black bull came down from the mountain
Long time ago

Chorus ;

It was a long time ago - o - o,
A long time ago - o - o,
_(repeat first line of verse)
Long time ago.

He spied a heifer in the pasture,
Houston Sam Houston,
He spied a heifer in the pasture, long time ago.
Chorus

There was a fence around that pasture,
Houston Sam Houston,
There was a fence around that pasture, long time ago.
Chorus

He jumped that fence and he `Oofed' that heifer,
Houston Sam Houston,
He jumped that fence and he `Oofed' that heifer,
Long time ago.
Chorus

He missed his mark and he `Fffd' on the pasture,
Houston Sam Houston,
He missed his mark and he `Fffd' on the pasture,
Long time ago.
Chorus
The big black bull returned to the mountain,
Houston Sam Houston,
The big black bull returned to the mountain, long time ago.
Chorus

His head hung low but his balls hung lower,
Houston Sam Houston,
His head hung low but his balls hung lower, long time ago.
Chorus

Alluette

Chorus ;
Alluette, jaunté Alluette,
Alluette, jaunté plumerie.

1st person: "How I love your stringy hair,"
reply : "How I love your stringy hair,"
1st person : "Your stringy hair,"
reply : "Your stringy hair,"
* repeat here any previous verses *
1st person : "Alluette ! "
reply : "Alluette ! Oh...."
Chorus
How I love your bloodshot eyes...

How I love your snotty nose...

How I love your craggy teeth...

How I love your double chin...

How I love your swinging tits...

How I love your nebulous navel...

How I love your hairy arse...

How I love your knocking knees...

How I love your sweaty feet..

How I love your Oom Papa... song speeds up

Three German Officers

Three German Officers crossed the line,
Parlez-vous,
Three German Officers crossed the line,
Parlez-vous,
Three German Officers crossed the line,
They Fucked the women and drank the wine,
Inky, pinky parlez-vous - o - o.

as above...

They came upon a wayside inn,
Shat on the mat and walked right in,
Oh landlord have you a daughter fair,
Lily-white tits and golden hair,

At last they got her on the bed,
Shagged her till her cheeks were red,

And then they took her to a shed,
Shagged till she was nearly dead,

They took her down a shady lane,
Shagged back to life again,

They shagged her up, they shagged her down,
They shagged her right around the town,

They shagged her in, they shagged her out,
They shagged her up her waterspout,

Seven months went by and all was well,
Eight months went and she started to swell,

Nine months went, she gave a grunt, UGH !
A little white bastard popped out of her cunt,

The little white bugger he grew and grew,
He shagged his mother and sister too,

The little white bugger he went to hell,
He shagged the devil and his wife as well,

All Queers Together

The sexual life of a camel, is stranger than anyone thinks,
At the height of the mating season,
He tries to bugger the sphinx,
But the sphinx with the wisdom of Allah,
Fills his arse with the sands from the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

1st Chorus ;

Singing Bum Titty, Bum Titty, Titty Bum,
Bum Titty Bum Titty ay,
Singing, Bum Titty, Bum Titty, Titty Bum,
Singing, Bum Titty Bum Titty ay.

Now the sexual life of an Ostrich, is hard to understand,
We know this remarkable creature,
Will bury his head in the sand,
When another one comes up behind it,
And sees his great arse in the air,
Does he up with his chopper and grind it,
Or doesn't he fucking well care.

1st Chorus

Oh, recent researches at Oxford, confirmed by Huxley and all,
Conclusively prove that the hedgehog,
Cannot be buggered at all,
Oh why don't they do it at Oxford,
The same way they do it at Yale,
When they successfully bugger the hedgehog,
By shaving the hairs off its tail.

1st Chorus

Oh, I went for a ride on a chuff-chuff,
There was hardly room to stand,
A little boy offered me his seat,
So I grabbed it with both my hands,

2nd Chorus ;

Cos we're all queers together,
That's why we go round in pairs,
Yes we're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs.

Oh, what do you want said the waiter, pensively picking his
nose,
Two hard boiled eggs you old bastard,
You can't stick your fingers in those,
2nd Chorus

Oh, my name is Cecil, I live in Leicester Square,
I walks down Piccadilly, with a rose-bud in my hair,
2nd Chorus

Oh, my is Basil, my friends name is Bond,
We're always together, they call us Basildon-Bond,
2nd Chorus

'Twas Christmas night in the harem,

The Eunuchs were standing there,
Watching the fair young maidens, combing their pubic hair,
When the voice from the Sultan
Came echoing through the hall,
Saying what do you want for Christmas,
And the Eunuchs all answered BALLS.
2nd Chorus

Sing Us Another One

There was a young lady from Itching,
Sat scratching her crutch in the kitchen,
Her Mother said, ``Rose, it's pox I suppose,"
She said, ``Bollocks, get on with your knitting."

Chorus ;

That was a beautiful song,
Sing us another one,
Just like the other one,
Sing us another one do.

There was a young fella named Dave,
Who found a dead whore in a cave,
It took him some pluck to have a cold fuck,
But look at the money he saved.
Chorus

There was a young girl from Australia,
Whose cunt did smell like a dahlia,
At 5p a smell it went very well,
At 10p a lick was a failure. Chorus
There was a young girl from Cape Cod,
Who thought that all babes came from God,
It wasn't the Almighty who lifted her nighty,
It was Roger the lodger the sod.
Chorus

There was a young lady from Gannon,
Who had an affair with the Reverend Buchanan,
She said with a grin, as he slipped it right in,
With those balls you should be a Cannon.
Chorus

There was a young man from Bengal,
Who had a hexagonal ball,
Its molecular weight was his prick times eight,
And twice the square root of fuck all.
Chorus

There was a young maid from Mobile,
Whose cunt was made of blue steel,
She got her thrills from pneumatic drills,
And off-centred emery wheels.
Chorus

There was a young nun from Siberia,
Endowed with a virgin interior,
Until an old monk jumped into her bunk,
And now she's the Mother Superior.

Chorus

There was a young Scot from Delray,
Who buggered his father one day,
Saying I like it rather, to stuff it up father,
He's clean and there's nothing to pay.
Chorus

There was a young plumber of Lea,
Who was plumbing a girl by the sea,
She said, ``Stop your plumbing, there's somebody coming.'
Said the Plumber still plumbing, ``It's me !"
Chorus

The gay young Duke of Buckingham,
Stood on the bridge at Rockingham,
Watching the stunts of the cunts on the punts,
And the tricks of the pricks that were stuffing 'em.
Chorus

There was a young girl from Azores,
Whose cunt was covered in sores,
All the dogs in the street, would lick the green meat,
That hung in festoons from her drawers.
Chorus

Red Flag

The working class can kiss my arse,
I've got the foremans' job at last.
I'm out of work and on the dole,
You can stuff the red flag up your hole.
The working class can kiss my arse,
I've got the foremans' job at last.

'Twas on Gibraltors rocks so fair,
I saw a maiden lying there,
And as she lay in sweet repose,
A puff of wind blew up her clothes.
The working class can kiss my arse,
I've got the foremans' job at last.

A sailor who was passing by,
Tipped his hat and winked his eye,
And then he saw to his despair,
She had the red flag flying there.
The working class can kiss my arse,
I've got the foremans' job at last.

No Balls At All

Come you old drunkards give ear to my tale,
This short little story will make you turn pale,
Its about a young lady, so pretty and small,
Who married a man who had no balls at all.
Chorus:
No balls at all, no balls at all,
(last line of verse)

The night of the wedding she leapt into bed,
Her breasts were a-heaving; her legs were well spread,
She reached for his penis, his penis was small,
She reached for his balls; he had no balls at all.
Chorus

Mother, Oh Mother, oh pity my luck,
I've married a man who's unable to fuck,
His tool bag is empty, his screwdriver's small,
The impotent wretch has got no nuts at all.
Chorus

Oh daughter, Oh daughter, now don't feel sad,
I had the same trouble with your dear old dad,
There's many a man who will come to the call,
Of the wife of the man with no bollocks at all.
Chorus

Now the daughter she followed her mother's advice,
And found the proceedings exceedingly nice,
An eleven pound baby was born in the Fall,
But the poor little bastard had no balls at all.
Chorus

spoken: NO TESTICLES WHATSOEVER !

Kaththusalem

In days of old there lived a maid,
She was the mistress of her trade,
A prostitute of high repute, the harlot of Jerusalem.

Chorus:
Hi Ho Kathusalem, Kathusalem, Kathusalem,
Hi Ho Kathusalem, the Harlot of Jerusalem.

It was a fact, she had a crack,
With hair so thick it could contract,
To fit the tool of any fool, who fucked in all Jerusalem.
Chorus

Now in a hovel by the wall, a student lived with but one ball,
Who'd shagged them all, or nearly all,
The harlots of Jerusalem.
Chorus

One night returning from a spree, his customary hard had he,
And on the street he chanced to meet,
The harlot of Jerusalem.
Chorus

He laid her down upon the grass,
Lifted her dress above her arse,
He grabbed his prick and made a pass,
At the fuck-hole of Jerusalem.
Chorus

But she was low and underslung,

He missed her twat and hit her bung,
Planted the seeds of many a son,
In the arse-hole of Jerusalem.
Chorus

Along came an Israelite, the bloody awful bastard shite,
He said he'd come to spend the night,
With the harlot of Jerusalem.
Chorus

So when he saw the grunting pair,
With roars of rage he rent the air,
And vowed that he would soon take care,
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.
Chorus

He seized the student by his crook,
And swearing on the Holy Book,
He flung him into Gabriel's brook,
That flows throughout Jerusalem.
Chorus

Our hero rising from his plight,
Got the Israelite the bloody shite,
And stuffed him up with all his might,
The arse-hole of Kathusalem.
Chorus

Kathusalem, she knew her part,
She spread her legs and blew a fart,
And blew the bastard all apart, right over old Jerusalem.
Chorus

And buzzing like a bumble bee,
He caught his arse-hole on a tree,
Let that to you a warning be,
When passing through Jerusalem.
Chorus

She gave birth to illigits, little shits with swinging tits,
Who sold their slits for threepenny bits,
The Harlots of Jerusalem.
Chorus.

John Brown

John Brown's prick was a fucking awful sight,
Mucked about with gonorrhoea and bugged up with shite,
The agonies of syphilis kept him awake all night,
But he still went rogering along.

Chorus:
Oh the hoary old seducer
Oh the hoary old seducer
Oh the hoary old seducer
He still went rogering along

The colour of his water was a sort of orange-ade,
Little gonorrhoea germs within his scrotum played,

In spite of inconveniences, he went on undismayed,
Yes he still went rogering along.
Chorus

Girls would come from miles around to his Baronial Hall,
To see his giant prick and his one remaining ball,
And see the rows of maidenheads all hung around the wall,
But he still went rogering along.
Chorus

Drive It On

I gave her inches ONE and drove it on,
I gave her inches ONE and drove it on,
I gave her inches ONE, she said, "Honey, this is fun,
Put your belly close to mine and drive it on."

I gave her inches TWO and drove it on,
I gave her inches TWO and drove it on,
I gave her inches TWO, she said, "Honey, I love you,
Put your belly close to mine and drive it on."

THREE... "Honey, please fuck me !"
FOUR.... "Honey, give me more !"
FIVE.... "Honey, I'm alive !"
SIX..... "Honey, this is kicks !"
SEVEN... "Honey, this is heaven !"
EIGHT... "Honey, this is great !"
NINE.... "Honey, this is fine !"
TEN..... "Honey, come again !"

Good Ship Venus

'Twas on the good ship Venus,
My God you should have seen us,
The figure-head was a whore in bed,
And the mast was a rampant penis.

Chorus

Frigging in the rigging, tossing on the crossing,
Wanking on the planking,
There was fuck all else to do.

The captain's name was Slugger, he was a dirty bugger,
He wasn't fit to shovel shit, from one place to another.

Chorus

The first mate's name was Cooper,
By Christ he was a trooper,
He jerked and jerked until he worked, himself into a stupor.

Chorus

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

Chorus

The Bo'sun's name was Lester,
He was a fanny tester,
Through hymens thick he shoved his prick,
And left it there to fester.

Chorus

A homo was the Purser,
He couldn't have been much worser,
With all the crew he had a screw, until they yelled,
"Oh no sir!"

Chorus

The captain's randy daughter,
Was swimming in the water,
Delighted squeals revealed that eels,
Had found her sexual quarter.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

The end of this narration,
Came in jubilation,
For they sunk the junk in a sea of spunk,
Caused by masturbation.

Chorus

Fuck 'Em All

Fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall,
FUCK all the blond cunts and all the brunets,
Don't be too choosy, just fuck all you gets,
'Cause we're saying goodbye to them all,
As back to the barracks we crawl,
You'll get no erection at short-arm inspection,
So prick up you men, fuck 'em all.

Fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall,
Fuck all the cunts 'til you break it in two,
You'll get no loving where you're going to,
'Cause we're saying goodbye to them all,
As back to the barracks we crawl,
So get your big prick up and give it a stick up,
Cheer up my lads, fuck 'em all.

Lydia Pinkham

Chorus:

We'll drink, a drink, a drink,
To Lydia Pink, a Pink, a Pink,
Saviour of the human race,
For she invented a medicinal compound,
Most efficacious in every case.

Now Mr Brown had a very small penis,
He could hardly raise a stand,
So they gave him the medicinal compound,
Now he comes in either hand.

Chorus

Now Arthur White had very small knackers,
They were just like a couple of peas,
So they gave him the medicinal compound,
Now they hang below his knees.

Chorus

Geraldine, she had no breastworks,
She could hardly fill her blouse,
So they gave her the medicinal compound,
Now they milk her with the cows.

Chorus

Billy Black lacked hair on his bollocks,
And his pecker wouldn't peck,
So they gave him the medicinal compound,
Now he can wrap it round his neck.

Chorus

Roll Me Over

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

Chorus:

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

Oh this is number two, and my hand is on her shoe....
Oh this is number three, and my hand is on her knee....
Oh this is number four, and we're rolling on the floor....
Oh this is number five, and the bee is in the hive....
Oh this is number six, and she said she liked my tricks....
Oh this is number seven, and we're in our seventh heaven....
Oh this is number eight, and the nurse is at the gate....
Oh this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine....
Oh this is number ten, and we're at it once again....
Oh this is number twenty, and she said that that was plenty....
Oh this is number thirty, and she said that that was dirty....
Oh this is number forty, and she said "you are naughty"....

She Was Poor

She was poor but she was honest,
Victim of a rich man's whim,
First he fucked her, then he left her, & she had a child by him.

Chorus :

It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor what gets the blame,
It's the rich that gets the pleasure,
Ain't it all a bleeding shame.

Then she came to London city,
Just to hide her bleeding shame,
But a Labour leader fucked her,
Put her on the streets again.

Chorus

See him riding in a carriage,
Past the gutter where she stands,
He has made a stylish marriage,
While she wrings her ringless hands.

Chorus

See him seated in his Rolls Royce,
Driving homeward from the hunt,
He's got riches from his marriage,
She's got corns upon her cunt.

Chorus

See her on the bridge at midnight,
Picking blackheads from her crutch,
She said, "Sir, I've never 'ad it."
I said, "No, not fucking much."

Chorus

See her stand in Piccadilly,

Offering her aching quim,
She is now completely ruined,
And it's all because of him.

Chorus

Then there came a wealthy pimp,
Marriage was the tale he told,
She had no one else to turn to,
So she sold her cunt for gold.

Chorus

Life Presents

Life presents a dismal picture, life is full of tears and gloom,
Father's got an anal stricture, mother's got a fallen womb,
Nurse has chronic menstruation,
never laughs and never smiles,
What a dismal occupation: cracking ice for father's piles.

Brother Bill has been deported, for a homosexual crime,
Sister Sue has been aborted, for the forty-second time,
Even now the baby's started having epileptic fits,
Everytime it coughs, it vomits, everytime it farts, it shits.

In a small brown paper parcel, wrapped in a mysterious way,
Is an imitation rectum, Grandad uses twice a day,
Yet we are not broken hearted, neither are we up the spout,
Aunty Mabel has just farted, blown her arsehole inside out.

Virgin Sturgeon

Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon,
The virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish,
The virgin sturgeon needs no 'urigin,
That's why caviar is my dish.

I gave caviar to my girl friend,
she was a virgin tried and true,
Ever since she had that caviar,
There 'aint nothing she won't do,

I gave caviar to my grandpa,
Grandpa's age is ninety three,
The very next time I saw my grandpa,
He'd chased grandma up a tree.

My father was a lighthouse keeper,
He had caviar for his tea,
He had three children by a mermaid,
Two were kippers, one was me.

I gave caviar to my bow-wow, all the others looked agog,
He had what those bitches wanted,
Wasn't he a lucky dog.

The female clam is optimistic, shoots her eggs out in the sea,
She hopes her suitor as a shooter,
Hits the selfsame spot as she.

Oysters are prolific bi-valves,
Rear their young ones in their shell,
How they piddle is a riddle, but they do so what the hell.

Ring A Rang A Roo

I had a girl in East Dulwich, she was so young just sixteen,
She had blond hair and blue eyes too,
And she had a ring-a-rang-a-roo.

Chorus : Oh the ring-a-rang-a-roo,
Pray what is that ?
It's soft and warm like a pussy cat,
With hair all round and split in two,
That's what they call the ring-a-rang-a-roo.

She took me down into her cellar,
And said that I was a mighty fine fella,
She fed me wine and whiskey too,
And let me play with her ring-a-rang-a-roo.
Chorus

She took me up into her bed,
And placed a pillow beneath my head,
Took out my cock-a-doodle-doo,
And stuck it in her ring-a-rang-a-roo.
Chorus

Her mother said, "You dirty bitch,
You've gone and ruined your virginship,
So pack your bags and suitcase too,
And go and sell your ring-a-rang-a-roo.
Chorus

She went to town to become a whore,
She placed a sign above the door,
"One dollar each and three for two,
To take a crack at my ring-a-rang-a-roo."
Chorus

They came by two's, they came by four's,
Until at last they came in scores,
But she was glad when they were through,
For they had ruined her ring-a-rang-a-roo.
Chorus

Now along came Pete, the son of a bitch,
He had blue balls & the seven year itch,
He had the pox and syphallis too,
And gave them all to the ring-a-rang-a-roo.
Chorus

The army came, the army went,
The price went down to 50 cents,
They got the clap and syphilis too,
All for the love of her ring-a-rang-a-roo.
Chorus

And now she's dead and buried deep,
Her body lies in Regent Street,
Her tits hang on the city wall,
And her pussy floats in alcohol.
Chorus

Woodpecker Song

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it."

I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it."

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Turn it round, turn it round, turn it round, revolve it."

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out, retract it."

I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff, REVOLTING."

The Mayor Of Bayswater

The Mayor of Bayswater has got a pretty daughter,

Chorus:

And the hairs on her dicky-di-dow
hang down to her knees,
One black one, one white one,
And one with a little shite on,
And the hairs on her dicky-di-dow
hang down to her knees.

I've smelt it, I've felt it, its just like a bit of velvet,
Chorus

I've seen it, I've seen it, I've been right between it,
Chorus

She slept with a demon, who washed her with semen,
Chorus

She married an Italian with balls like a fucking stallion,
Chorus

It would need a Coal-miner to find her vagina,
Chorus

If she were my daughter, I'd have them cut shorter,

And the hairs, on her dicky-di-dow,
The hairs, on her dicky-di-dow,
The hairs, on her dicky-di-dow,
Hang down to her knees,
Hang down, hang down, hang down, hang down,
And the hairs on her dicky-di-dow,
Hang down to her knees.

Wayward Boy

I walked the street with my prick to my feet,
I heard a voice come to me,
A lovely maid looked out and said,
"I need someone to screw me !"
Said I, "My dear, you needn't fear,
For I have heard your pleading,
It's very plain I can ease your pain,
I've got just what you're needing."

I've heard of you, my wayward boy,
Your name is known quite widely,
But I can't come down, I'm sad to say,
My door is bolted tightly.
My father is a Minister, my maidenhead does cherish,
So every night he locks me tight, so horny do I perish.

She stood out there in the midnight air,
With the wind blowing up her hinder,
And her arse all bare and her cunt all hair,
So I climbed up right behind her.

Said I, "Young maid, don't be afraid,
The pleasures can be thrilling,
If you're someone who wants some fun,
The wayward boy is willing."

She jumped into bed and covered up her head,
And she swore that I couldn't find her,
But I knew damned well she lied like hell,
So I jumped in right behind her.
I shoved old Pete right through the sheet,
And up her organ grinder, the white of an egg ran down her
leg,
And the rest remained inside her.

On the very next stroke, the damn bed broke,
Her father came a-gunning,
I hit the floor with my prick all sore,
I got to my feet a-running.
I left that lass in my bare arse, as a shotgun blast did find me,
For weeks in bed I was picking out lead,
With a mirror held behind me.

As years went by, I thought with a sigh,
When fancy did remind me,
So one fine day I made my way, to the girl I left behind me,
She was still locked in to keep off men,
She didn't look much older,
But she'd had her joys; three girls, four boys,
And a baby on her shoulder.

O'REILLYS DAUGHTER

Sitting in O'Reilly's bar one day,
Telling yarns of blood & slaughter,
Suddenly a thought came to my mind,
Why not fuck O'Reilly's daughter ?

Chorus :

Yippy I aye, yippy I oh,
Yippy I aye for the one eyed Reilly,_
Rub it up, stuff it up, balls and all,
Hey jig-a-jig, shag on.

I took the fair girl by the hand,
Gently swung my left leg over,
Never a word the sweet child said,
Laughed like hell till the fun was over.
Chorus

I fucked her till her tits were flat,
Filled her up with soapy water,
She won't get away with that,
If she doesn't have twins then she damn well oughta.
Chorus

I heard footsteps on the stairs,
Who could it be but the one-eyed Reilly,
Two horse pistols in his hands,
Looking for the man who fucked his daughter.
Chorus

I grabbed O'Reilly by the hair,
Shoved his head in a pail of water,
Rammed those pistols up his arse,
Damn sight further than I shagged his daughter.
Chorus.

As I go walking down the street,
People shout from every corner,
"There goes that God-damned son-of-a-bitch
Who did shag O'Reilly's daughter."
Chorus

MONK OF GREAT RENOWN

There was an old monk of great renown,
There was an old monk of great renown,
There was an old monk of great renown,
Who fucked all the women around the town.

Chorus :

(spoken) The old sod, the dirty old sod,
The bastard deserves to die.

(sung) Glory glory hallelujah,

(spoken) Let us pray.

A prayer for the constipated.....SHIT

A prayer for the frustrated.....FUCK

A prayer for the menstruated....BLOODY HELL

He took a maid to the Abbot's bed, (3x)
And fucked and fucked her till she was dead.
Chorus

His brother monks cried out in shame, (3x)
So her fucked her and fucked her to life again.
Chorus

He met another by the mill, (3x)
And shagged her and shagged her up the hill.
Chorus

He met another in the hay, (3x)
And put her in the family way.
Chorus

His brother monks to stop his frolics, (3x)
Put a nail through his arse and cut off his bollocks.
Chorus

And now he's dead and in his box, (3x)
The dirty old bastard has got the pox.
Chorus

And now the moral I will tell,
And now the moral I will tell,
When all the world just feels like hell,
Just shag and shag till all is well.

SEVEN OLD LADIES

Oh dear, what can the matter be ?
Seven old ladies were locked in the lavatory,
They were there from Monday t'ill Saturday,
And nobody knew they were there.

The first was the wife of the deacon of Dover,
She was known as a bit of a rover,
She went to relieve a slight pressure of water,
And nobody knew she was there.

The second old lady was old Mrs Bickle,
Her urge was sincere, her reaction was fickle,
She hurdled the door, she'd forgotten her nickel,
And nobody knew she was there.

The third old lady was Hildegard Foyle,
She hadn't been living according to Hoyle,
She was relieved when the swelling was only a boil,
And nobody knew she was there.

The fifth old lady was Abigail Humphrey,
Who settled inside to make herself comfy,
And then she found she could not get her bum free,
And nobody knew she was there.

The sixth old lady was Emily Clancy,
She went there 'cause something tickled her fancy,
But when she got there it was ants in her pantsy,
And nobody knew she was there.

The seventh old lady was Elizabeth Spender,
She went there to repair a suspender,
It snapped up and ruined her feminine gender,
And nobody knew she was there.

The janitor came in the early one morning,
He opened the door without any warning,
The seven old ladies their seats were adorning,
And nobody knew they were there.

YOH0

He put his hand upon her toe, Yoho, Yoho,
He put his hand upon her toe, Yoho, Yoho,
He put his hand upon her toe,
She said "Marine, you're mighty slow,
Get in, get out, stop fucking about,
Yoho, Yoho, Yoho."

He put his hand upon her knee, Yoho, Yoho,
He put his hand upon her knee, Yoho, Yoho,
He put his hand upon her knee,
She said "Marine, you're teasing me, get in,
Get out, stop fucking about,
Yoho, Yoho, Yoho."

He put his hand upon her thigh, Yoho, Yoho,

He put his hand upon her thigh, Yoho, Yoho,
He put his hand upon her thigh,
She said "Marine, you're mighty sly, get in,
Get out, stop fucking about,
Yoho, Yoho, Yoho."

He put his hand upon her snatch, Yoho, Yoho,
He put his hand upon her snatch, Yoho, Yoho,
He put his hand upon her snatch,
She said "Marine, you're up to scratch,
Get in, get out, stop fucking about,
Yoho, Yoho, Yoho."

He put his hand upon her tit, Yoho, Yoho,
He put his hand upon her tit, Yoho, Yoho,
He put his hand upon her tit,
She said "Marine, squeeze it a bit, get in,
Get out, stop fucking about,
Yoho, Yoho, Yoho."

And now she is in London town, Yoho, Yoho,
And now she is in London town, Yoho, Yoho,
And now she is in London town,
She's fucking with the boys from miles around,
Get in, get out, stop fucking about,
Yoho, Yoho, Yoho.

And now she's in a wooden box, Yoho, Yoho,
And now she's in a wooden box, Yoho, Yoho,
And now she's in a wooden box,
She died from an overdose of pox,
Get in, get out, stop fucking about, Yoho, Yoho, Yoho.

LITTLE RED TRAIN

A little red train came down the track, she blew, she blew,
A little red train came down the track, she blew, she blew,
A little red train came down the track,
And I don't give a damn if she never comes back,
And she blew-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo.

The engineer was at the throttle, she blew, she blew,
The engineer was at the throttle, she blew, she blew,
The engineer was at the throttle,
A-jacking off in a whisky bottle,
And she blew-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo.

The fireman he was shovelling coal, she blew, she blew,
The fireman he was shovelling coal, she blew, she blew,
The fireman he was shovelling coal,
Right up the engineer's arsehole,
And she blew-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo.

The switchman he was at the switch, she blew, she blew,
The switchman he was at the switch, she blew, she blew,
The switchman he was at the switch,
A-swishing away like a son of a bitch,
And she blew-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo.

A blonde was in the dining car, she blew, she blew,
A blonde was in the dining car, she blew, she blew,
A blonde was in the dining car,
A-sucking away on a black cigar,
And she blew-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo.

A porter was waiting in the car, she blew, she blew,
A porter was waiting in the car, she blew, she blew,
A porter was waiting in the car,
To take the place of the black cigar,
And she blew-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo.

The flagman he stood out in the grass, she blew, she blew,
The flagman he stood out in the grass, she blew, she blew,
The flagman he stood out in the grass,
The staff of the flag run up his arse,
And she blew-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo.

Hobo Bill was riding the rods, she blew, she blew,
Hobo Bill was riding the rods, she blew, she blew,
Hobo Bill was riding the rods,
When ninety nine cars rolled over his cods,
And she blew-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo.

The railroad cop was in the yard, she blew, she blew,
The railroad cop was in the yard, she blew, she blew,
The railroad cop was in the yard,
Holding his billy and making it hard,
And she blew-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo.

TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me,
A blow job in a pear tree

On the second day of
Two sweaty gonads
Three French letters
Four inches wet
Five dripping cunts
Six shooting hard ons
Seven shrivelled testes
Eight maidens bleeding
Nine knobs a-throbbing
Ten twats a-twitching
Eleven empty scrotums
Twelve fairies fucking

RUGBY SONG (If I Were The Marrying Kind)

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
The kind of man that I would wed,
Would be a rugby hooker,

He'd hook balls, I'd hook balls,
We'd both hook balls together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Hooking balls together.

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
The kind of man that I would wed,
Would be a rugby second row,

He'd push hard, I'd push hard,
We'd both push hard together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Pushing hard together.

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
The kind of man that I would wed,
Would be a rugby lock.

He'd bind tight, I'd bind tight,
We'd both bind tight together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Binding tight together.

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
The kind of man that I would wed,
Would be a rugby scrum half.

He'd put it in, I'd put it in,
We'd both put it in together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night

Putting it in together.

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
The kind of man that I would wed,
Would be a rugby stand off.

He'd open up, I'd open up,
We'd both open up together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Opening up together.

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
The kind of man that I would wed,
Would be a rugby centre.

He'd go straight, I'd go straight,
We'd both go straight together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Going straight together.

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
The kind of man that I would wed,
Would be a rugby wing.

He'd go fast, I'd go fast,
We'd both go fast together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Going fast together.

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
The kind of man that I would wed,
Would be a rugby full back.

He'd kick hard, I'd kick hard,
We'd both kick hard together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Kicking hard together.

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
The kind of man that I would wed,
Would be a rugby referee.

He'd blow hard, I'd blow hard,
We'd both blow hard together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night
Blowing hard together.

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not, sir,
The kind of man that I would wed,
Would be a rugby spectator.

He'd come again, I'd come again,
We'd both come again together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night

Coming again together.

SIR JASPER

She wears her silk pyjamas in the summer when its hot,
She wears a woollen nighty in the winter when its not,
But later in the Springtime and early in the Fall,
She jumps into bed with nothing on at all.

Chorus :

She's a most immoral lady,
She's a most immoral lady,
She's a most immoral lady,
As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all
Oh Sir Jasper do not touch me ! (x3)
As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh Sir Jasper do not touch ! (x3)
As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh Sir Jasper do not ! (x3)
As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh Sir Jasper do ! (x3)
As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh Sir Jasper ! (x3)
As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh Sir ! (x3)
As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh ! (x3)
As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Glory, glory Hallelujah, see the devil coming to yer,
He's going to put his pitchfork through yer,
For jumping into bed with nothing on at all.

KNOBBY HALL

Oh his name was Knobby Hall, Knobby Hall,
Oh his name was Knobby Hall, Knobby Hall,
His name was Knobby Hall, and he only had one ball,
But it's better than none at all, fuck 'em all.

They say he stabbed his wife, stabbed his wife,
They say he stabbed his wife, stabbed his wife,
They say he stabbed his wife, but it wasn't with a knife,
No, it wasn't with a knife, fuck 'em all.

Oh the judge's name was Dick, name was Dick,
Oh the judge's name was Peck, name was Peck,
The judge's name was Peck, said,
"You killed her with your prick,
We shall stretch your fucking neck, fuck 'em all."

Oh the parson he come, he did come,
Oh the parson he come, he did come,
The parson he did come, with his tales of Kingdom Come,
He can shove them up his bum, fuck 'em all.

To the gallows he must go, he must go,
To the gallows he must go, he must go,
To the gallows he must go, and those buggers down below,
Think its all a bloody show, fuck 'em all.

He saw Lily in the crowd, in the crowd,
He saw Lily in the crowd, in the crowd,
He saw Lily in the crowd, and he hollered right out loud,
"Fuck you, Lily, ain't yer proud, fuck 'em all."

Well the hangman's name was Goose, name was Goose,
Well the hangman's name was Goose, name was Goose,
The hangman's name was Goose,
Had a cock so long and loose,
That he used it as a noose, fuck 'em all.

Now in heaven he does dwell, he does dwell,
Now in heaven he does dwell, he does dwell,
In heaven he does dwell, and he wasn't feeling well,
'Cause the whores are down in hell, Fuck 'EM ALL.

THE TINKER

The Lady of the Manor was dressing for the ball,
When she espied a tinker pissing up against the wall.

Chorus :
With his bloody great kidney-wiper,
And his balls the size of three,
And a yard of dirty foreskin, hanging down below his knee.
Hanging down, swinging free, hanging down, we're all thick,
And a yard of dirty foreskin hanging down below his knee.

The lady wrote a letter, and in it she did say,
I'd rather be fucked by a tinker than his Lordship any day.

Chorus

The tinker got the letter, and when it he did read,
His balls began to fester, and his prick began to bleed.
Chorus

He mounted on his charger, and to her place did ride,
With his balls slung o'er his shoulder,
And his prick strapped to his side.
Chorus

He fucked them in the parlour, he fucked them in the hall,
The butler cried, "Gawd save us, he's come to fuck us all."
Chorus

He fucked the groom in the parlour, and the Duchess in her
pew,
But then he fucked the butler and the butler's pet mole too.
Chorus

He rode off from the manor, he rode into the street,
Little drops of semen, pitter pattering at his feet.
Chorus

Some say the tinker's gone now, gone fucking down to hell,
All set to fuck the devil, and I bet he fucks him well.
Chorus

THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes illegal whisky,
My mother makes illicit gin,
My sister sells sin on the corner,
My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus :
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in,
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in.

My mother's a bawdy house keeper,
Every night when the evening grows dim,
She hangs out a little red lantern,
My God how the money rolls in.
Chorus

My brother's a curate in Torquay,
He's saving poor girlies from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a guinea,
My God how the money rolls in. Chorus
My Grandad makes cheap prophylactics,
He punctures the end with a pin,
Grandma performs the abortions,
My God how the money rolls in.
Chorus

My uncle is whittling out candles,
From wax that is specially soft,
He says it will come in real handy,
If ever his business drops off.

Chorus

My sister's a barmaid in Soho,
For a shilling she'll strip to the skin,
She's stripping from morning to midnight,
My God how the money rolls in.
Chorus

I've lost all my cash on the horses,
I'm sick from the illicit gin,
I'm falling in love with my blow-up doll,
My God what a cunt I've become.

CUNT, CUNT, my God what cunt I've become, become,
CUNT, CUNT, my God what a cunt I've become.

BANG BANG LULU

Chorus :
Bang Bang Lulu, Lulu's gone away,
Who are we gonna bang bang, when Lulu's gone away,

I took her to the pictures, we sat down in the stalls,
Every time the lights went out, she grabbed me by the
Chorus

She and I went fishing in a dainty little punt,
Every time I hooked a sprat, she stuffed it up her
Chorus

Lulu's got a rooster, Lulu's got a duck,
She put them in a bathtub to see if they would
Chorus

Lulu had a boyfriend, his name was Michael Hunt,
She used to like him very much, 'cos he kissed her on the
Chorus

Lulu had a baby, it was an awful shock,
She couldn't call it Lulu, 'cos the bastard had a
Chorus

Lulu had a bicycle, the seat was very blunt,
Every time she pedalled hard, it sunk into her
Chorus

I wish I was her chamber pot, 'twould be the height of bliss,
I'd see her lovely maidenhead, each time she took a
Chorus

DARKIE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Chorus:
Young folk, old folk, everybody come,
To the darkie Sunday School and we'll have lots of fun,
Bring your sticks of chewing gum, and sit upon the floor,

We'll tell you Bible stories that you never heard before.

Now Adam was the first man, so we're led to believe,
He walked into the garden and bumped right into Eve,
There was no one to show him but he quickly found the way,
And that's the very reason why we're singing here today.
Chorus

The Lord said unto Noah, "It's going to rain today."
So Noah built a fucking great Ark, in which to sail away,
The animals went in two by two, but soon got up to tricks,
Although they went in two by two, they came out six by six.
Chorus

Moses in the bullrushes, all wrapped up in swathe,
Pharaoh's daughter found him,
When she went down to bathe,
She took him back to Pharaoh and said,
"I found him on the shore."
And Pharaoh winked his eye and said,
"I've heard that one before."
Chorus

King Solomon and King David, lived most immoral lives,
Spent their time a-chasing after other people's wives,
The Lord spake unto both of them,
and it worked just like a charm,
'Cos Solomon wrote the Proverbs and
David wrote the Psalms.
Chorus

Now Samson was an Israelite, and very big and strong,
Delilah was a Philistine, always doing wrong,
They spent the week together, but it didn't get very hot,
For Delilah ran off with an Eskimo, and then she broke it off.
Chorus

BAKER'S BOY

The Baker's boy to the Chandlers went,
Some candles for to buy,
But when he got upon the spot, no-one did he es-spy,
So just when he was about to leave,
Thinking that all was dead,
He heard the sound of a rub-a-de-dub right above his head.

Oh, he heard the sound of a rub-a-de-dub
right above his head.

Now the Baker's boy was cunning and wise,
And he crept up those stairs,
And he crept up so silently, he caught them unaware,
And there he saw the Butcher's boy
Between his mistresses' thighs,
And they were having a rub-a-de-dub right before his eyes.

Oh, they were having a rub-a-de-dub right before his eyes.

Oh the Chandler's wife was much alarmed,
And leaping from the bed,
She turned unto the Baker's boy,
And this is what she said,
"If you would but my secret keep, then bear this fact in mind,
You can always come down for a rub-a-de-dub
Whenever you feel inclined"

Oh, you can always come down for a rub-a-de-dub
whenever you feel inclined.

Now the Baker's boy was filled with joy,
At the prospect of such fun,
He vowed he leap on to the bed
When the Butcher's boy was done,
But when he reached those shorter strokes,
How he kissed that Chandler's wife,
For he vowed he'd have a rub-a-de-dub everyday of his life.

Oh, he vowed he'd have a rub-a-de-dub everyday of his life.

Now in the morn when he awoke, all over he did ache,
His back was sore, his balls were raw, all over he did shake,
But when he looked at his John Tom,
He saw he'd done the trick,
For the consequences of his rub-a-de-dub
Was pimples on his prick.

Oh, the consequences of his rub-a-de-dub • was pimples on
his prick.

The Chandler returned and entered the shop,
And quickly smelt a rat,
Seeing his wife all naked there, her hand upon her twat,
The Chandler's wife ran from the room,
Expecting the boy had fled,
But he was having a rub-a-de-dub all by himself in bed.

Oh, he was having a rub-a-de-dub all by himself in bed.

Now the Baker's boy to the doctor's went
Some ointment for to buy,
The doctor looked him up and down,
And heaved a mighty sigh,
"My boy, my boy," the doctor said,
"You've been a bloody fool,
For the consequence of your rub-a-de-dub
Is I've got to cut off your tool !"

Oh, the consequence of your rub-a-de-dub is • I've got to cut
off your tool !

The moral of this story is, I'm sure that you should know,
Enthusiastic amateurs are worse than any pro,
And if you would a wooing go, and self control you lack,
Whenever you have a rub-a-de-dub, be sure to wear a mack.

Oh, whenever you have a rub-a-de-dub,
be sure to wear a mack.

OGGIE LAND

Half a pound of flour and rice, makes a lovely cracker,
Just enough for you and I, cor bugger janner,
Oh how happy us'll be, when us gets to the West Country,
Where the oggies grow on trees, cor bugger janner.

Where be that blackbird to, I know where he be,
He be up yon worzel tree, and I be after he.
Now he sees I, and I sees he, and he knows I be after he,
With a bloody great stick I'll hack 'ee down,
Blackbird I'll have 'ee.

Twenty five years I worked on this farm,
And you can't take the piss out of I,
And we'll all go down to oggie land,
To oggie land, to oggie land,
And we'll all go down to oggie land,
Where they can't tell the difference
Between tissue paper, tissue paper,
Marmalade and jam, Hey ! Milk with the hard on, ICE
CREAM !

GRANDFATHER'S COCK

My Grandfather's cock was too long 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 a horn on the morn of the day that he was born,
And a horn on the day that he died,
My Grandfather's cock was too long for his jock,
So it stood for his honour and pride.

SAMBO

Sambo was a lazy coon, who used to sleep in the afternoon,
So tired was he, so tired was he.

Off to the forest he would go,
Swinging his bollocks too and fro,
When along came a bee, a bloody great bumble bee,
Bzz, bzz, bzz, bzz.

Get away you bumble bee, I ain't no rose,
I ain't no syphilitic flower, get off my fucking nose.
Get off my nasal organ, don't you come near.
If you want a bit of fanny, you can fuck my granny,
But you'll get no arsehole here.

Arsehole rules the Navy, arsehole rules the Navy,
Arsehole rules the navy, but you'll get no arse from me.

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN

Little boy kneels at the foot of the stairs,
Clutched in his hand are a bunch of white hairs.
Oh my just fancy that, Christopher robin castrated the cat.

Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Lily-white hands are caressing his head,
Oh my, couldn't be worse,
Christopher Robin is shagging his nurse.

Little boy sits on the lavatory pan,
Gently caressing his little old man,
Flip flop into the tank, Christopher Robin is having a wank.

DID YOU EVER SEE ?

Oh, I got an Auntie Sissy, and she's only got one titty,
But it's very long and pointed,
And the nipple's double jointed.

Chorus:
Did you ever see ? Did you ever see ?
Did you ever see, such a funny thing before.

Now I've got a cousin Daniel, and he's got a cocker spaniel,
If you tickled him in the middle,
He would lift his leg and piddle.
Chorus

Now I've got a cousin Ned, who doth pee himself in bed,
And if you're unbelieving, you should come and see our
ceiling.
Chorus

Oh, I've got a cousin Rupert,
Who doth play full back for Newport,
They think so much about him,
That the'd rather play without him.
Chorus

Now I've got a brother Matthew,
Who is always cleaning statues,
One day while cleaning Venus,
He fell down and broke his penis.
Chorus

Now I've got a cousin Michael who doth ride a motorcycle,
He can come down from the Gower in a quarter of an hour.
Chorus

Well I've got a sister Anna who plays the grand piano,
And she rama-rama-rama-rama-rama-rama-RAMA.
Chorus

BLINDED BY TURDS

There was an old lady who lived in our town,
Whose arsehole was stuffed with the great smelly brown,
She took a large dose without reading the box,
Before she could strip, turds were flying like rocks.

Chorus:
Singing Too-ra-la, oo-ra-la, oo-ra-la ay,
Too-ra-la, oo-ra-la, oo-ra-la ay,
(last 2 lines of verse)

She ran to the window and stuck out her arse,
Just as a night watchman happened to pass,
He smelled a strong fart settling down on that place,
When a fucking big turd hit him straight in the face.
Chorus

He ran to the east and he ran to the west,
When a fast flying turd landed right on his chest,
He ran to the north and he ran to the south,
When a huge dark brown turd hit him right in the mouth.
Chorus

So next time you walk out be careful of shit,
Look out where you walk and don't step in it,
And pity the watchman whose sign bears these words,
"I am an old man who was blinded by turds."
Chorus

And as you pass by, please do not spit,
On the sorrowful fellow who's blinded by shit.

A - ROVIN'

In Plymouth Town there lived a maid,
Mark well what I do say,
In Plymouth Town there lived a maid,
The mistress of her hoary trade,
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid.

Chorus:

A-rovin', a-rovin, since fuckin's been my ruin,
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid.

I put my hand upon her knee, mark well what I do say,
I put my hand upon her knee,
She said "Young man, you're rather free."
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid.
Chorus

I put my hand upon her thigh, mark well what I do say,
I put my hand upon her thigh,
She said "Young man, you're rather high."
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid.
Chorus

I put my hand upon her snatch, mark well what I do say,
I put my hand upon her snatch,
She said "Young man, that's my main hatch."
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid.
Chorus

As I put my hand upon her quim, mark well what I do say,
As I put my hand upon her quim,
She said "For fuck's sake shove it in !"
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid.
Chorus

She rolled me over on my back, mark well what I do say,
She rolled me over on my back,
And fucked so hard my balls did crack.
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid.
Chorus

And when she spent my whole year's pay,
Mark well what I do say,
And when she spent my whole year's pay,
She slipped her anchor and sailed away.
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid.
Chorus

APPLE TREE

In the shade of the old apple tree, a pair of fine legs I did see,
With some hair at the top, and a little red spot,
It looked like a cherry to me.

In the shade of the old apple tree,
That's were Hilda first showed it to me,
It was hairy and black, and she called it her crack,
It looked like a subway to me.

Well I took out my forty foot pole,
And shoved it right down that dark hole,
I bounced once or twice, it really felt nice,
In the shade of the old apple tree.

As I poked her with my pride of New York,
Which fitted in just like a cork,
I said, "Darlin' don't scream, while I fill you with cream,
In the shade of the old apple tree."

And as we both lay on the grass,
With my two hands around her fat arse,
She said, "If you'll be true, you can have another fuck too,
In the shade of the old apple tree.

KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

I was invited for the weekend to a ball at Chumleigh Hall,
To celebrate the wedding of Sue Vere and cousin Paul,
I read the guest list over, and imagine my delight,
When I found sweet Fanny Adams
Had come to spend the night

Chorus :

Oh the keyhole in the door, my boys, the keyhole in the door,
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

I left the ballroom early, just after half-past nine,
And as I hoped to find it, her room lay next to mine,
So like that man Columbus, I set off to explore,
And took up my position by the keyhole in the door.
Chorus

She first removed her stockings, her silken legs to show,
And then her frilly panties to reveal her fur below,
"Now take off all the other things," was all I could implore,
And silently I gripped the knob,
And crossed the threshold door.
Chorus

Silently I shut the door, and took her in my arms,
And sooner than I'd expected, discovered all her charms,
And in case another person, should see the sights I saw,
I hung my pair of trousers o'er the keyhole in the door.
Chorus

That night I rode in glory, as I plumbed the girl's insides,
And on her heaving belly, had many a splendid rides,
But when I woke next morning, my cock was red and sore,
And it felt that I'd been screwing through
The keyhole in the door.
Chorus

H.A.N.D.

I laid my hand upon her knee, she said,
"Young man you're very very free."

Chorus :
With your hand, with your hand, with your H-A-N-D hand.

So I laid my hand upon her toe, she said,
"Young man, you're very very low."
Chorus

So I put my hand upon her calf, she said,
"Young man you're there by half."
Chorus

So I put my hand upon her thigh, she said,
"Young man you're getting rather high."
Chorus

So I put my hand upon her rear, she said,
"Young man you're getting rather near."
Chorus

So I put my hand upon her bum, she said,
"Young man you'd better use your thumb."
Chorus

So I laid my hand upon her quim, she said,
"Young man you'd better put it in."
Chorus

So I put it in and waggled it about, she said,
"Young man you'd better take it out."
Chorus

So I took it out and wiped it on the grass, she said,
"Young man now stick it up your arse."
Chorus

SWEET VIOLETS

Phyllis Twat she died in the springtime,
She expired in a terrible fit,
We fulfilled her last dying wish, sir,
She was buried in six feet of

Chorus :
Sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses,
Covered all over from arse to tit, covered all over in shit.

Phyllis Twat kept a sack in the garden,
I was curious I must admit,
One day I stuck in my finger, and pulled it out covered in
Chorus

Phyllis Twat took a bag to her boyfriend's,
But the bag was old and it split,
Now the boyfriend and Phyllis have parted,

For the bag was quite packed full of
Chorus

I sat on a gold lavatory, in the home of the baron of Split,
The seat was encrusted with rubies,
But as usual the bowl contained
Chorus

There was a professional farter,
Who could flatulate ballads and airs,
He could poop out the Moonlight Sonata,
And accompany musical chairs, singing
Chorus

One day he attempted an opera,
It was hard but the fool wouldn't quit,
With his head held aloft, he suddenly coughed,
And collapsed in a big heap of
Chorus

Well, now my song it has ended,
And I really must make my exit,
And if any of you feel offended, stick your head in a bucket of
.....
Chorus

THREE JEWS FROM JERUSALEM

There were three Jews from Jerusalem,
There were three Jews from Jerusalem
JERRY-JERRY-JERRY-USALEM,
JERRY-JERRY-JERRY-USALEM
There were three Jews from Jerusalem.

The first one's name was Issac, the first one's name was Issac,
EYSIE-EYSIE-EYSIE-SUCK-SUCK-SUCK, EYSIE-EYSIE-
EYSIE-SUCK-SUCK-SUCK
The first one's name was Issac.

The second one's name was Joseph,
The second one's name was Joseph,
JOSIE-JOSIE-JOSIE-SIPH-SIPH-SIPH, JOSIE-JOSIE-
JOSIE-SIPH-SIPH-SIPH
The second one's name was Joseph.

The third one's name was Jehosaphat,
The third one's name was Jehosaphat,
JOSIE-JOSIE-JOSIE-FART-FART-FART,
JOSIE-JOSIE-JOSIE-FART-FART-FART
The third one's name was Jehosaphat.

They went for a ride in a charabang,
They went for a ride in a charabang,
CHARA-CHARA-CHARA-BANG-BANG-BANG, CHARA-
CHARA-CHARA-BANG-BANG-BANG
They went for a ride in a Charabang.

There was a mighty thunderclap,
There was a mighty thunderclap,
THUNDER-THUNDER-THUNDER-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP,
THUNDER-THUNDER-THUNDER-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP
There was a mighty thunderclap.

The car went over a precipice, the car went over a precipice,
PRECI-PRECI-PRECI-PISS-PISS-PISS, PRECI-PRECI-
PRECI-PISS-PISS-PISS
The car went over a Precipice.

They were taken off to hospital,
They were taken off to hospital,
HOSI-HOSI-HOSI-TOOL-TOOL-TOOL, HOSI-HOSI-HOSI-
TOOL-TOOL-TOOL
They were taken off to hospital.

The hospital was in Norfolk, the hospital was in Norfolk,
NORI-NORI-NORI-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK,
NORI-NORI-NORI-FUCK-FUCK-Fuck
The hospital was in Norfolk.

There were no beds a-vacant, there were no beds a-vacant,
VAY-AY-AY-AY-CUNT-CUNT-CUNT,
VAY-AY-AY-AY-CUNT-CUNT-Cunt
There were no beds vacant.

They laid them on a palliasse, they laid them on a palliasse,

PALLY-ALLY-ALLY-ARSE-ARSE-ARSE, PALLY-ALLY-
ALLY-ARSE-ARSE-ARSE,
They laid them on a palliasse.

This is where we finish it, this is where we finish it,
FINI-FINI-FINI-SHIT-SHIT-SHIT,
FINI-FINI-FINI-SHIT-SHIT-SHIT
This is where we finish it.

RAJAH OF ASTRAKAN

The was a Rajah of Astrakan, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,
A most licentious cunt of a man, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,
Of wives he had one hundred and nine,
Including his favourite concubine,
Yo-ho, yer buggers, Yo-ho, yer buggers, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-
ho.

One day when he had a hell of a stand, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,
He called to a warrior, one of his band, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,
"Go down to my harem, you lazy swine,
And fetch my favourite concubine,"
Yo-ho, yer buggers, Yo-ho, yer buggers, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-
ho.

The warrior fetched the concubine, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,
A figure like Venus, a face divine, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,
The Rajah gave a significant grunt,
And parked his prick right up her cunt,
Yo-ho, yer buggers, Yo-ho, yer buggers, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-
ho.

The Rajah bellowed loud and long, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,
The maiden's cries were short and strong, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,
But just when the ride had come to a head,
They both fell through the fucking bed,
Yo-ho, yer buggers, Yo-ho, yer buggers, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-
ho.

They hit the floor with a hell of a crack, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,
Which completely ruined the poor girl's twat, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,
And as for the Rajah's magnificent cock,
It split down the middle because of the shock,
Yo-ho, yer buggers, Yo-ho, yer buggers, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-
ho.

There is a moral to this tale, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,
There is a moral to this tale, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,
If you would try a girl at all,
Stick her right up against the wall,
Yo-ho, yer buggers, Yo-ho, yer buggers, Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-
ho.

SOMBRERO

I-Yi-Yi-Yi, si, si, Senoira,
My sister Belinda just pissed out the window,
All over my brand new sombrero.

IVAN SCAVINSKY SCAVAR

The harems of Egypt are fine to behold,
The harlots the fairest of fair,
But the fairest, a Greek, was owned by a sheikh,
Named Abdul Abulbul Emir.

A travelling brothel came down from the north,
'Twas run privately for the Tsar,
Who wagered a hundred no one could out shag,
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

A great fucking contest was set for the day,
A holiday proclaimed by the Tsar,
And the streets were all lined with harlots assigned,
To Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

Old Abdul arrived with a snatch by his side,
His eye bore a leer of desire,
He claimed he could prong more cunts with his dong,
Than Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

They met on the track with their pricks at the slack,
A starter's gun punctured the air,
They were both quick to rise, the crowd gasped at the size,
Of Abdul Abulbul Emir.

The cunts were all shorn and no rubbers were worn,
On the prongs of the pimp and the peer,
But the pimp's steady stoke soon left without hope,
The chance of the Abulbul Emir.

When Ivan had finished, he turned to the Greek,
And laughed as she shook with great fear,
She swallowed his pride: he buggered the bride,
Of Abdul Abulbul Emir.

So Ivan had won and he shouldered his gun,
He bent down to polish his gear,
When something red hot up his back passage shot,
'Twas Abdul Abulbul Emir.

The harlots turned green, the crowd shouted "Queen !"
They were ordered apart by the Tsar,
'Twas bloody bad luck for Abdul was stuck,
Up Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

Now the cream of the joke when apart they were broke,
Was laughed at for years by the Tsar,
For Abdul the fool, left half his tool,
Up Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

The fair Grecian maiden a sad vigil keeps,

With a husband whose tastes have turned queer,
She longs for the dong that once did belong,
To Abdul Abulbul Emir.

THE PHILOSOPHERS' DRINKING SONG

Immanuel Kant was a real pissant
Who was very rarely stable.

Heidegger, Heidegger was a boozy beggar
Who could think you under the table.

David Hume could out-consume
Schopenhauer and Hegel

And Wittgenstein was a beery swine
Who was just as schloshed as Schlegel.

There's nothing Nietzsche couldn't teach ya
'Bout the raising of the wrist.
Socrates, himself, was permanently pissed.

John Stuart Mill, of his own free will,
On half a pint of shandy was particularly ill.

Plato, they say, could stick it away,
Half a crate of whisky every day.

Aristotle, Aristotle was a bugger for the bottle.
Hobbes was fond of his dram,

And René Descartes was a drunken fart.
'I drink, therefore I am.'

Yes, Socrates, himself, is particularly missed,
A lovely little thinker,
But a bugger when he's pissed

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole,
And a bugger for his hole was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Now every fiddler had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he,
Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee, said the fiddlers,
Merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare as the boys from OARFC.

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole,
And a bugger for his hole was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his tailors three.
Now every tailor had a fine needle,
And a very fine needle had he,
Stick it in and out, in and out, said the tailors,
Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee, said the fiddlers,
Merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare as the boys from OARFC.

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole,
And a bugger for his hole was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his jugglers three.
Now every juggler had a fine ball, and very fine ball had he,
Throw your balls in the air, said the jugglers,
Stick it in and out, in and out, said the tailors,
Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee, said the fiddlers,
Merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare as the boys from OARFC.

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole,
And a bugger for his hole was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his butchers three.
Now every butcher had a fine chopper,
And very fine chopper had he,
Put it on the block, chop it off, said the butchers,
Throw your balls in the air, said the jugglers,
Stick it in and out, in and out, said the tailors,
Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee, said the fiddlers,
Merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare as the boys from OARFC.

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole,
And a bugger for his hole was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his horsemen three.
Now every horseman had a fine saddle,
And very fine saddle had he,
Ride it up and down, up and down, said the horsemen,
Put it on the block, chop it off, said the butchers,
Throw your balls in the air, said the jugglers,
Stick it in and out, in and out, said the tailors,
Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee, said the fiddlers,
Merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare as the boys from OARFC.

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole,
And a bugger for his hole was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his huntsmen three.
Now every huntsman had a fine horn,
And very fine horn had he,
Wake up in the morn with a horn, said the huntsmen,
Ride it up and down, up and down, said the horsemen,
Put it on the block, chop it off, said the butchers,
Throw your balls in the air, said the jugglers,
Stick it in and out, in and out, said the tailors,
Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee, said the fiddlers,
Merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare as the boys from OARFC.

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole,
And a bugger for his hole was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his coalmen three.
Now every coalman had a fine sack,
And very fine sack had he,
Want it in the front or the back, said the coalmen,
Wake up in the morn with a horn, said the huntsmen,
Ride it up and down, up and down, said the horsemen,
Put it on the block, chop it off, said the butchers,
Throw your balls in the air, said the jugglers,
Stick it in and out, in and out, said the tailors,
Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee, said the fiddlers,
Merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare as the boys from OARFC.

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole,
And a bugger for his hole was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his policemen three.
Now every policeman had a fine beat,
And very fine beat had he,
I got the beat, got the beat, said the policemen,
Want it in the front or the back, said the coalmen,
Wake up in the morn with a horn, said the huntsmen,
Ride it up and down, up and down, said the horsemen,
Put it on the block, chop it off, said the butchers,
Throw your balls in the air, said the jugglers,
Stick it in and out, in and out, said the tailors,
Fiddle diddle dee diddle dee, said the fiddlers,
Merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare as the boys from OARFC.

CAROLINA

Way down in Alabama where the bullshit runs thick,
The girls are so pretty the babies come quick,
There lives Carolina, the girl I adore,
My hot fucking, cock sucking Mexican whore.

She's handy, she's bandy, she shags in the street,
Whenever you meet her, she's always on heat,
If you leave your flies open, she's after your meat,
And the smell of her cunt knocks you right off your feet.

One night I was riding down by the falls,
One hand on my pistol, the other on my balls,
I saw Carolina using a stick,
Instead of the end of a cow-puncher's prick.

I caressed her, undressed her and laid her down there,
And parted the tresses of curly brown hair,
Inserted the prick of my sturdy horse,
And then there began a strange intercourse.

Faster & faster went my sturdy steed,
Until Carolina rejoiced at the speed,
When all of a sudden my horse did back fire,
And shot Carolina right into the mire.

Up got Carolina all covered in muck,
And said, "Oh my dear, what a glorious fuck."
Took two paces forward, fell flat on the floor,
And that was the end of the cow-puncher's whore.

US DEVON BOYS

Us Devon boys have hairy ears,
We piss through leather breeches,
We wipe our arse on broken glass, us hardy sons of bitches.

When cunt is rare we fuck a bear, we knife him if he snitches,
We knock our cocks against the rocks,
Us hardy sons of bitches.

We wipe our arse upon the grass, in bushes or in ditches,
Our two pound cocks are full of knots,
Us hardy sons of bitches.

Without remorse we fuck a horse, and beat him if he twitches,
Our two foot dicks are full of nicks, us hardy sons of bitches.

To make a mule stand for the tool,
We beat him with hickory switches,
We use our pricks for walking sticks, us hardy sons of bitches.

Great joy we reap from fucking sheep,
In barns or bogs or ditches,
Nor give a damn if it be a ram, us hardy sons of bitches.

We walk around, prick to the ground, and kick it if it itches,

And if it throbs, we scratch with cobs, us hardy sons of bitches.

WEE WEE SONG

When I was just a wee wee tot,
They took me from my wee wee cot,
Put me on my wee wee pot, to see if I could wee or not.
When they found that I could not,
They took me from my wee wee pot,
Put me in my wee wee cot, where I wee weed quite a lot.
Now I'm old and getting grey, I can only wee wee once a day.

TOOTHBRUSH

Missed a Saturday dance, shat all over the floor,
Cleaned it up with my toothbrush - don't clean my teeth much anymore !

FOUR OLD WHORES

There were four old whores of Baltimore,
Drinking beer and wine,
The topic of conversation was, "Mine is bigger than thine."

Chorus :
Roly Poly, tickle my holey, smell of of my slimey flue,
Then drag your nuts across my guts,
I'm one of the whorey crew.

The first old whore from Baltimore said,
"Mine's as big as the air,
The birds fly in, the birds fly out, and never tickle a hair."
Chorus

The second old whore from Baltimore said,
"Mine's as big as the moon,
The men jump in, the men jump out,
And never touch the womb."
Chorus

The third old whore from Baltimore said,
"Mine's as big as the sea,
The ships sail in, the ships sail out,
And leave their rigging free."
Chorus

The fourth old whore from Baltimore said,
"Mine's the biggest of all,
The sun could set in the crack of my arse,
Not singeing a hair at all."
Chorus

CASEY JONES

Casey Jones was a son of a bitch,
Drove a steam engine through a forty foot ditch,
Pissed on the whistle and shit on bell,
And he went through Chicago like a bat out of hell.

Chorus:

Casey Jones, mounted to his cabin,
Casey Jones, had his pecker in his hand,
Casey Jones, mounted to his cabin,
"Bend over ladies, I'm a railroad man."

It happened one morning about a quarter to four,
Pulled up in front of a whorehouse door,
Climbed through the window with his cock in his hand,
Said, "I'll prove I'm a railroad man."
Chorus

He lined a hundred whores up against the wall,
And he bet ten dollars he could fuck 'em all,
He fucked ninety eight and his balls turned blue,
He took a shot of whisky and fucked the other two.
Chorus

Casey Jones was a son of a bitch,
His balls were covered with the whorehouse itch,
He left that house with his pecker in his hand,
Says to the whores, "I'm a railroad man."
Chorus

Casey Jones said before he died,
There were five more things he would like to ride,
Bicycle, tricycle, automobile,
A bow legged nigger and a ferris wheel.
Chorus

They were rolling down the line about half past two,
Casey pissed in the fire and the boiler blew,
That was the end of Casey Jones's reign,
As the stinking fucker who drove a train.
Chorus

I DON'T WANNA JOIN THE ARMY

I don't want to join the Army, I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around Picadilly underground,
Living off the earnings of a high born lady.
Don't want a bayonet up my arsehole,
I don't want my bollocks shot away,
I rather stay in England, merry, merry England,
And fornicate my fucking life away, Gorbliney.

Chorus :

Call out the buggers of the Queen's Marines,
Call out the Artillery,
Call out my mother, my sister and my brother,
But for fuck's sake don't call me.

I don't want to be a soldier, don't want to be a man of Mars,
I wanna to go down to old Soho,
Shagging all the girlies who are ready and willing.
I don't need no foreign women,
London's full of girls I never had,
I'd rather stay in England, merry, merry England,
Following in the steps of my old Dad, Gorbliney.
Chorus

On Monday I touched her on the ankle,
On Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
On Wednesday with SUCCESS ! I lifted up her dress,
On Thursday night we went to the pictures,
Friday I got my hand upon it,
On Saturday she gave my balls a tweak,
But on Sunday after supper, I stuffed the fucker up her,
And now I'm paying seven and six a week, Gorbliney.
Chorus

BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

Oh, the minstrels sing of an English King,
Who lived long years ago,
Who ruled his land with an iron hand,
But his mind was weak and low.
He used to hunt the royal stag, within the royal wood,
But better than this he loved the bliss of pulling his royal pud.

Chorus :

He was dirty and lousy and covered in fleas,
His terrible tool hung down to his knees,
God save the bastard King of England.

The Queen of Spain was an amorous dame,
And a silly old witch was she,
For she longed to fool with his majesty's tool,
So far across the sea.
So she sent a royal message, with a royal messenger,
Inviting the king to bring his ding,
And spend the week with her.
Chorus

When news of this reached Philip of France,
He swore before his court,
"The Queen prefers my rival because my dork is short."
So he sent the Duke of Zippety-Zap,
To slip the Queen a dose of clap,
To pass it on to the bastard King of England.
Chorus

When news of this foul dastardly deed,
Reached fair Windsor Hall,
The king swore by the royal whore,
He'd have the Frenchman's balls.
So he offered half his kingdom,
And the contents of the Queen's pants,
To any loyal subject who would nut the king of France.

Chorus

So the noble Duke of Middlesex, he took himself to France,
He swore he was a fairy, so the king took down his pants.
On Philip's dong he tied a thong,
Leaped on his horse and galloped along,
Dragging the Frenchman back to merry England.
Chorus

Now the king threw up his breakfast,
and shat all over the floor,
For during the ride, the Frenchman's pride
Has stretched a yard or more.
And all the whores in their silken drawers,
Came down to London town,
And shouted around the battlements,
"To hell with the British crown !"
Chorus

Rule Britannia, marmalade and jam, five Chinese crackers up
yer arsehole Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang, BANG.

DOGGIES MEETING

The doggies held a meeting, they came from near and far,
Some came by motor-cycle, and some by motor car.
Each doggy passed the doorway,
Each doggie signed the book,
And then unshipped his arsehole, and hung it on a hook.
One dog was not invited, it sorely raised his ire,
He ran into the meeting, and loudly shouted, "FIRE !"
It threw them in confusion, and without a second look,
Each grabbed another's arsehole, from off another hook.

And that's the reason why, sir, when walking down the street,
And that's the reason why, sir, when doggies chance to meet,
And that's the reason why, sir, on land or sea or foam,
He will sniff another's arsehole, to see if it's his own.

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

Once a boy was no good, he took a girl into a wood,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird,
Laid her down upon the grass,
Rubbed her belly and pinched her arse,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird,
He took her where no-one else could find her,
To a place where he could love and grind her,
Rolled her over on her front, and there he saw a lovely cunt.
Blackbird, Bye Bye.

Take off all your underwear, I don't care if you're bare,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird,
You learned me how to dance and sing,
Even how to shake my little thing,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird,
You took me to your bungalow in the wildwood,
And there I took advantage of your childhood,

I took off your lovely dress, looking for your blackbird's nest,
Blackbird, Bye Bye.

Back your arse against the wall, here I come balls and all,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird,
I know I haven't got a lot, but what I've got will fill your twat,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird,
Put your legs around me tighter honey,
Now my prick is starting to feel funny,
Hoist your arse and wiggle your tits, till the great big snapper
spits,
Blackbird, Bye Bye.

But the girl was no sport, took her story to a court,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird,
Told her story in the morn, all the jury had a horn,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird,
And then the judge came to his decision,
Now this poor sod got 18 months in prison,
So next time boy, do it right, stuff her fanny with dynamite,
Blackbird, Bye Bye.

When he came out he tried again,
Took her down a leafy lane,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird,
Stuffed her arse with dynamite, lit the fuse, had a shite,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird,
Suddenly there was a great explosion,
Followed by a fucking great commotion,
Now there's a minge up in a tree,
Hanging low and swinging free,
Blackbird, Bye Bye.
Blackbird, Bye Bye.

THE S & M MAN

Who can take a cheese grater, strap it to his arm
shove it up her cunt and make some pussy
parmesan?

**The S & M Man, The S&M Man,
'cause he mixes it with love
and makes the hurt feel good...
The hurt feel good...**

Who can take a pregnant chick, lay her on the bed.
Fuck her so hard that the fetus gives you head?

**The S & M Man, The S&M Man,
'cause he mixes it with love
and makes the hurt feel good...
The hurt feel good...**

Who can take just two bricks, hold one in each
hand,
bang them on his balls, like the cymbals in the

band?

**The S & M Man, The S&M Man,
'cause he mixes it with love
and makes the hurt feel good...
The hurt feel good...**

Who would take a condom, Put pepper in the ring,
Use it on the wife, 'cause she twitches when it
stings?

CHORUS

Who can take a Doberman, let him do a show,
Let him fuck your girlfriend, while he takes a
video?

CHORUS

Who takes jumper cables, clamps one on each tit,
Starts up the car, and electrocutes the bitch?

CHORUS (you get the idea...)

Who can take some shackles, chain you to the
walls,
Fill a glass with sperm, by lancing both your balls?

Who can take an old wood saw, rusty, but still cuts,
Saw it back and forth, 'til he cuts off both his nuts?

Who could take a girl scout, get a little nookie.
Punch her in the jaw, and steal her fucking cookies?

Who would use machinery, to masturbate at work,
Rip off his left testis, and pretend it didn't hurt?

Who can take some sandpaper, Gotta be 50 grit,
Rub it back and forth, 'til she has a bleeding clit?

Who can take a glass rod, shove it up his prick,
Put it on the table, and smash it with a brick?

Who gives children candy, takes them 'round the
block,
And rips up their innards, with the ramming of his
cock?

Who can take a feminist, punch her in the face.
Throw the bitch in the kitchen and yell, "Know your
fucking place!"

Who can take a baby, throw it on a pile,
And fuck it up its ass, Shish-ka-bob style?

Who can take a puppy, hold it by the ears,
Fuck it in the ass, until it sheds those puppy tears?

Who can take a vice clamp, clamp it on a tit
Squeeze the sucker down 'til it pops just like a zit?

Who can take a transient, rip out one of his eyes
Skull fuck the bastard while he listens to his cries?

Who can take a baby, lay it on a bed,
Turn the bugger over, fuck the soft spot in its head?

Who can take a chainsaw, cut the bitch in two,
fuck the lower half and give the other half to you?

Who can take two ice picks, shove 'em in her ears,
ride her like a Harley while he fucks her in the rear?

Who can take a tricycle, rip off the seat,
shove his little sister on it and kick her down the
street?

Who can take your scrotum, stick it with a pin,
Hang on a bunch of weights, 'til it drags down to
your shins?

Who can take your penis, tie it in a knot,
Tighter yet tighter, until the fucker rots?

Who can take three little boys, ages 4,6, and 8
lock 'em in a closet and make 'em masturbate?

Who can take a nun, bend her over the pew,
Fuck her fuck her fuck her till she wants to be a
Jew?

Who can take (name of friend or someone to pick
on)'s grandma, throw her on the lawn,
Fuck her in the grass while grandpa cheers you on?

Who can take a tampon, suck out all the blood,
Put it back in then pass it to his bud?

Who can go to an abortion clinic, sneak around the
back,
Rummage through the dumpster and grab a tasty
snack?

Who can go to an abortion clinic, *fuck* sneaking
round the back,
Enter through the front door and take one off the
rack?

OLD MCDONALD

Old McDonald had a farm Ei Ei Oh.
And on that farm he had some Geese,
Ei Ei Oh.

And the geese were gobbling here,
And the geese were gobbling there,
Gobbling here, gobbling there, gobbling
everywhere.

Oh, Old McDonald had a farm Ei Ei Oh.
And on that farm he had some Cows,
Ei Ei Oh.

And the cows were cowering here,
And the cows were cowering there,
Cowering here, cowering there, cowering
everywhere.
And the geese were gobbling here,
And the geese were gobbling there,
Gobbling here, gobbling there, gobbling
everywhere.

Oh, Old McDonald had a farm Ei Ei Oh.
And on that farm he had some Bulls,
Ei Ei Oh.

And the Bulls were bulling it here,
And the Bulls were bulling it there,
Bulling it here, bulling there, bulling it everywhere.
And the cows were cowering here,
And the cows were cowering there,
Cowering here, cowering there, cowering
everywhere.
And the geese were gobbling here,
And the geese were gobbling there,
Gobbling here, gobbling there, gobbling
everywhere.

Oh, Old McDonald had a farm Ei Ei Oh.
And on that farm he had some Rams,
Ei Ei Oh.

And the rams were ramming it here,
And the ram were ramming it there,
Ramming it here, ramming there, ramming it
everywhere.
And the Bulls were bulling it here,
And the Bulls were bulling it there,

Bulling it here, bulling there, bulling it everywhere.
And the cows were cowering here,
And the cows were cowering there,
Cowering here, cowering there, cowering
everywhere.

And the geese were gobbling here,
And the geese were gobbling there,
Gobbling here, gobbling there, gobbling
everywhere.

Oh, Old McDonald had a farm Ei Ei Oh.
And on that farm he had some Dragons,
Ei Ei Oh.

And the dragons were dragging it here,
And the dragons were dragging it there,
Dragging it here, dragging it there, dragging
everywhere.

And the rams were ramming it here,
And the ram were ramming it there,
Ramming it here, ramming there, ramming it
everywhere.

And the Bulls were bulling it here,
And the Bulls were bulling it there,
Bulling it here, bulling there, bulling it everywhere.
And the cows were cowering here,
And the cows were cowering there,
Cowering here, cowering there, cowering
everywhere.

And the geese were gobbling here,
And the geese were gobbling there,
Gobbling here, gobbling there, gobbling
everywhere.

Oh, Old McDonald had a farm Ei Ei Oh.

JINGLE BALLS

Dashing through the snow, almost in the nude,
Santa's bollocks glow, how nice to be so rude.
The bell at the whorehouse rings, he's reserved a cracking tart,
She always wears his foreskin down,
And at sixty-nine she don't fart.

Chorus:

Jingle balls, jingle balls, shag 'em all the way,
Oh what fun it is to ride on the eve of Christmas day, HEY,
Jingle balls, jingle balls, none of us are gay,
Oh what fun it is to shag on a one horse open sleigh.

Santa's on his way, his tunic's round his knees,
He's got his end away, and Rudolph ain't too pleased.
Up on the rooftop stood, rude thoughts his mind does dwell,
Starts playing with his pud, and some semen he does spill.
Chorus

The whore had squeezed him dry, Santa's got to go,
His foreskin she did fry, so he drags it in the snow.
Walks up to the sleigh, slips on a patch of come,
His legs are pulled away, he's got bruises on his bum.
Chorus

To Greenland he must go, to rest his mighty arse,
Children must now forgo, toys of which they've asked.
The moral is quite clear, while Santa's getting drunk,
To stop bruises on your rear, don't tread in reindeer spunk.
Chorus

WE WISH YOU A SHAG AT CHRISTMAS

We wish you a shag at Christmas,
We wish you a shag at Christmas,
We wish you a shag at Christmas, and all through the year.

Chorus:

Rubber johnies we bring to stuff up her quim,
We wish you a hump at Christmas and all through the year.

Now bring us some lusty women
Now bring us some lusty women
Now bring us some lusty women, and bring them out here.
Chorus

For we all like a bit of poking,
For we all like a bit of poking,
For we all like a bit of poking, so bring them out here.
Chorus

We won't go until we shag 'em,
We won't go until we shag 'em,
We won't go until we shag 'em, so bring them out here.
Chorus

I likes it when she sucks it,
I likes it when she sucks it,

I likes it when she sucks it, so why not suck here.
Chorus

FUCK OFF YOU DRUNKEN GENTLEMAN

Fuck OFF you drunken gentleman, you're in my fucking way,
Got to get home before the start of snowy Christmas day,
My wife is sa - ving herself for some midnight foreplay,
Then its the joining of pussy and cock,
Pussy and cock, then its the joi - ning of pussy and cock.

Fuck OFF yourself you dirty fat cunt, I haven't a fucking care,
What wife would want to shag with you
With a face like a grizzly bear,
I'll bet your foreskin's full of crabs,
The ones that stink and stare,
As you play with your tool and have a wank,
Have a wank, as you play with your tool and have a wank.

My wife has shaved her pubic hairs, she used my razor blade,
She slipped and nicked her clitoris, it made her quite afraid,
So I bent down and kissed it better, when she got laid,
And her orgasm made her moan and shout,
Moan and shout, and her orgasm made her moan and shout.

On Christmas morn I have the horn,
It makes the day complete,
My wife's a vegetarian, she does not eat red meat,
But she forgets this rule and eats my tool, it is a fucking treat,
It's more filling than e - gg and toast,
Egg and toast, it's more fi - lling than e - gg and toast.

Frosty the snowman gets so cold,
His hampton has just shrunk,
There is no hope of unsafe sex, his balls are free from spunk,
He'd love to get his end away, instead he gets quite drunk,
As he stands in the heat and melts his knob,
Melts his knob, as he sta - nds in the heat and melts his knob.

TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me,
A blow job in a pear tree
On the second day of
Two sweaty gonads
Three French letters
Four inches wet
Five dripping cunts
Six shooting hard ons
Seven shrivelled testes
Eight maidens bleeding
Nine knobs a-throbbing
Ten twats a-twitching
Eleven empty scrotums
Twelve fairies fucking

FA LA LA LA LA

Christmas comes but once a year,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la
If that was me I'd turn quite queer,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la
Christmas is the time for fucking,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la
Give your end a fucking good ducking,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la •

Paint your balls with grease and lacquer,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la
What joy to have a slippery knacker,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la
My woman shouts in gay abandon,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la
"Cock's not enough so slip the lot in !"
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la • la

Hoist her arse and wiggle your hips,
a-la-la-la-la, la la la la
Bend your neck and nibble her tits,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la
And when she writhes in fits of passion,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la • la
Ejaculate and slip her your ration,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la

When you're done, roll over and snore,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la •
But she ain't pleased 'cos she wants more,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la
You peer down at your old John Thomas,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la
The wrinkled old sod's had enough this Christmas,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la

So plug in your pneumatic drill, Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la
Guaranteed to give her a thrill,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la
And while she revels in self abuse,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la
You wonder why your root hangs loose,
Fa-la-la-la-la, la la la la

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A HOMO SAILOR ?

Chorus :
Hooray and up she rises, hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises, early in the morning.
What shall we do with a homo sailor,
What shall we do with a homo sailor,
What shall we do with a homo sailor, early in the morning.

Put him in bed with the captain's daughter,
Put him in bed with the captain's daughter,
Put him in bed with the captain's daughter,

Early in the morning.
Chorus

Tie him by his bollocks to the mainsail,
Tie him by his bollocks to the mainsail,
Tie him by his bollocks to the mainsail, early in the morning.
Chorus

Encourage him to shag a dead donkey,
Encourage him to shag a dead donkey,
Encourage him to shag a dead donkey, early in the morning.
Chorus

Walk the plank being buggered by his bum-boy,
Walk the plank being buggered by his bum-boy,
Walk the plank being buggered by his bum-boy,
Early in the morning.
Chorus

Shave his pubes with a rusty razor,
Shave his pubes with a rusty razor,
Shave his pubes with a rusty razor, early in the morning.
Chorus

Bugger him with the ship's main cannon,
Bugger him with the ship's main cannon,
Bugger him with the ship's main cannon,
Early in the morning.
Chorus

SING A SONG OF SYPHILIS

Sing a song of syphilis, a foreskin full of crabs,
Four and twenty blackheads, and a score or more of scabs.
And when the scabs were opened, the crabs began to sing.
And wasn't that a dirty thing to stick up Nellie's quim.