

unexpurgated

Worries & Sick Glycer

unexpurgated



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A lazy young lady named May
Was a torrid but troublesome lay.
She was prone to conceive,
So made haste to achieve
A bed with a built in Bidet.

« limericks »

INTRODUCTION

Perhaps we can best approach an informal collection of this type by quoting the following excerpt from "The Widening Stain", W. Bolingbroke Johnson, Alfred A. Knopf, 1942.

" 'A good limerick is produced by meditation, labor, and prayer.'

'What, a mere limerick?'

'Scorn not the limerick. It is our commonest and most beloved verse-form. It has its own perfection. Try making any alteration in its structure; every alteration is for the worse. Like all art, the beauty of a perfect limerick arises from the fitting of a beautiful, gem-like thought to a strict and difficult pattern. I call it the 'poor man's sonnet'.'

'It's the only important verse-form which the English have invented. And the strange thing is that it did not come into the open in English poetry until about a hundred years ago. How could it have escaped Shakespeare, for instance, or Milton?'

'Edward Lear invented it, didn't he?'

'No. He took it over from an anonymous collection of verses for children entitled: ANECDOTES AND ADVENTURES OF FIFTEEN GENTLEMEN, which was published about 1820. My own theory is that it was developed from nursery rhymes. 'Hickory, dickory, dock' is in limerick form, and is probably very ancient. It suggests in its wording an old gypsy spell, which begins: 'Ekkeri, akai-ri, you kair-an.' And that suggests the numerals in Sanskrit, and also the very ancient Anglo-Cymric score, by means of which the shepherds still count their sheep. Fascinating how things hook up. 'Dance a baby diddy' is

a limerick too, come to think of it. Well, I imagine that the illustrious, though unknown, writer of the ANECDOTES AND ADVENTURES OF FIFTEEN GENTLEMEN realized the possibilities in the thumping rhythm and brought it for the first time into literature."

This collection is entirely haphazard, and makes no pretension to any sort of completeness. It represents primarily a selection from the classics sprinkled with various recent originals. We do not think that the authors desire specific credit, so will mention only that among their number are many of the most brilliant and charming young writers of California.

In cases where two or more variants were available, we have included only the best, except in those cases where two variants seemed of equal merit. There are also a few deviations from the classic purity of the true limerick form which we hope you will find interesting and instructive. Any changes made in editing were only to correct scansion or non sequiturs, and every effort was made to preserve the original sentiment.

We wish to caution the scholar of the danger of surfeit. For maximum enjoyment we would specify no more than one page in any one hour. Of course, once one is familiar with the contents, this volume will be used primarily as a reference work, and (we hope), a source of literary inspiration.

In closing may we trust that sufficient additional material of merit will come to our notice to permit the compiling of a second volume?

1 There was a young lady named Rose
With erogenous zones in her toes.
 She was quite onanistic
 'Til a foot-fetichistic
Young man became one of her beaux.

2 There was a young Miss from Cape Cod
Who at soldiers would not even nod:
 But she tripped in a ditch
 And some son-of-a-bitch
Of a corporal raped her, by God!

3 There was a young fellow named Skinner
Who took his best girl out to dinner;
 At quarter past nine
 They started to dine;
At quarter past ten it was in her;
 (not Skinner, the dinner).

The above, when repeated by an English friend,
came out as follows:

4 There was a young fellow named Tupper
Who took his best girl out to supper;
 At quarter past nine
 They sat down to dine;
At quarter past ten it was up 'er;
 (not Tupper, blast it, some fellow named Skinner).

- 5 It was just as I feared it would be,
I sat next to the Duchess at tea.
Her rumblings abdominal
Were simply phenomenal,
And everyone thought it was me!
- 6 Adolescent Elizabeth Barrett
Was found by her ma in the garret.
She had rammed a large diamond
Some way past her hymen
And was shoving it home with a carrot.
- 7 Said a nasty old man of Freehold:
"The young of today, I am told,
"Are so used to the nude
"That it doesn't seem lewd—
"Oh gee, but it's great to be old!"
- 8 There was a young lady named Gorham
Who behaved with extreme indecorum;
She gave Mrs. Grundys
A glimpse of her undies,
(The first time I knew that she wore 'em!)
- 9 "As to pants", said a fellow in Putnam,
"Though I wear 'em, I never will butnam;
"It may only, I know, be a
"Mild caustrophobia,
"But I terribly fear being shutnam."

- 10 There was a young man from Chalot
Took his girl for a ride on his yacht.
Too lazy to rape her,
He made darts out of paper,
Which he leisurely flicked at her twatt.
- 11 There was a young fellow named Swose
Who could jack himself off with his toes.
He could do it so neat
He fell in love with his feet,
And christened them Myrtle and Rose.
- 12 A phenomenal fellow of Weston
Has near fifty-five feet of intestine;
Though a signal success
In the medical press,
It isn't much good for digestin'.
- 13 A scholar who came from Ohio
Was consumed by a passion for Clio.
I don't know what you use
When you ravish a Muse,
But you never can tell till you try-o.
- 14 There was a young man named McFee
Who was stung in the balls by a bee.
He made oodles of money
By oozing pure honey
Every time he attempted to pee.

- 15 There was a bold fireman named Glass
Whose balls were constructed of brass.
When tinkled together
They'd play "Stormy Weather",
While lightning shot out of his ass.
- 16 Said a lass, being laid in a shanty,
"Hey buddy, it's going in slanty!"
Said the man from above:
"Hush hush, now, my love;
"I ride as I please, I'm Duranty".
- 17 There was a young pansy named Brougham
Who went up to a lesbian's rougham.
There they argued all night
As to who had the right
To do what, and with which, and to whougham.
- 18 There was a young man from Pajoder
Who refused a tough whore what he owed her.
So she jumped out of bed
With her cunt flaming red,
And pissed in his whiskey-and-soder.
- 19 Once a talented chap named Astaire
Commenced an affair in a chair.
On the thirty-ninth stroke
The furniture broke,
But he finished up fine in mid-air.

- 20 There was a young lady from Twickinham
Who took every cock without pickin' 'em.
She knelt on the sod
And prayed to her God
To lengthen and strengthen and thicken 'em.
- 21 There was a young fellow named Fletcher
Was reputed an infamous lecher.
When he'd take on a whore
She'd need a rebore,
And they'd carry him out on a stretcher.
- 22 There was a young man from Pawtucket
Lured a pig to a thicket to fuck it.
The pig, with a leer,
Said, "Beg pardon; I'm queer.
"If you'll breeze around front, I shall suck it".
- 23 There was a young choir-boy from Devon
Who was raped in a hay-stack by seven
High Anglican priests—
(Lascivious beasts)—
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
- 24 There was an old lady named Greene
Whose musical ear was not keen.
She said, "It is odd,
"But I cannot tell 'God
"Save the Weasel' from 'Pop Goes the Queen'!"

25 There was once a mechanic named Bench
Whose best tool was a sturdy gut-wrench.
 With this vibrant device
 He could reach in a trice
The innermost parts of a wench.

26 There was a young fellow of Leeds
Who swallowed a package of seeds.
 Long blades of green grass
 Soon grew from his ass,
And his balls they were covered with weeds.

27 There was a young girl whose propriety
Had made her the pet of society.
 She still is the pet
 Of the very best set,
But for ways which provoke notoriety.

28 One night a young lady named Ransom
Was ravished four times in a hansom;
 When she cried out for more
 A voice from the floor
Said "Madam, I'm Simpson, not Samson."

29 There was a young man from Saint Paul
Who claimed he had only one ball;
 But two little bitches
 Tore open his britches
And disclosed he had no balls at all.

30 There was a young lady named Alice
Who peed in a Catholic chalice.
 She committed this deed
 From a natural need,
And not from sectarian malice.

31 I went out with the Duchess to tea.
She asked, "Do you fart when you pee?"
 I replied with great wit,
 "Do you belch when you shit?"
(Which, I think, left the honors with me.)

32 There was once a young Nubian prince
Whose cock would make elephants wince.
 Once, while socking the sperm
 To a large pachyderm,
He slipped, and he's not been seen since.

33 There was a young man from Belgore
Who had only one inch, and no more.
 It was all right for key-holes
 And little girls' pee-holes,
But no use at all with a whore.

34 There was a young lady named Grace
Who took all she could in her face;
 But an adequate lad
 Gave her all that he had,
And blew tonsils all over the place.

35 There was a young priest from Madrid
Who said as he baptised a kid,
 " 'Twould give me great joy
 'To bugger this boy.
"I'll be damned if I don't!" And he did!

36 A wicked old Sappho from Greece
Said, "I much prefer to a piece
 'To have my pudenda
 'Softly rubbed by the end o'
"The pink little nose of my niece."

37 There's a singer in Long Island City
Whose form is impressively pretty;
 She is often addressed
 By the name of "Beau Chest",
Which is thought to be tasteful and witty.

38 A cad with designs on a virgin
Made her swallow champagne by his urgin';
 But he went much too far
 When he bought caviar,
For it made her reflect on the sturgeon.

39 There was a young miss of Bermuda
Who said of her fiance, "Who'da
 'Believed he would look
 'Like a god in a book!"
(She must have been thinking of Buddha).

40 A morbid young miss of Westminster
Was in terror of being a spinster;
 But they say that you can't
 Make a spinster enceinte,
And that was what really convinced her.

41 To a rapid young lady of Erie
Her mother is stuffy and dreary,
 Saying, "Young ingenues
 'Should never confuse
" 'To date' and 'To fecundate', deary."

42 There was a young nun from Peru
Who dreamed she was screwed by a Jew.
 She awoke in the night
 In a terrible fright
And found it was perfectly true.

43 A lecherous fellow named Knair
Once attempted to bugger a bear,
 But the treacherous brute
 Made a pass at his fruit,
And left only buttons and hair.

44 There is a young man in Assizes
Who has testes of two different sizes.
 The one is so small
 It can't matter at all,
But the other has won several prizes.

- 45 A solicitous woman named Flynn
Tried to save her dear daughter from sin.
So she filled up her crack
With a coat of shellac,
But the boys picked it out with a pin.
- 46 There was a young man from Duluth
Who broke off his tool in his youth.
He could fuck with his nose
And his ears and his toes,
And come through a hole in his tooth.
- 47 There was a young man from Saint Paul
Who went to a fancy-dress ball,
And just for a stunt
He dressed as a cunt,
And was fucked by a dog in the hall.
- 48 There was a young lady named Blount
Who had a rectangular cunt.
She learned for diversion
Posterior perversion,
Since no one could fit her in front.
- 49 There was a young lass of Doncaster
Who'd do it with whomever aster.
She did it so nice
That she jacked up the price,
And no one could get it but Jesus H. Christ,
Or possibly John Jacob Astor.

- 50 There was a young fellow from Ghent
Whose prick was so long that it bent.
To save the girls trouble
He'd put it in double,
So, instead of his coming, he went.
- 51 There was a young lady named Hatch
Who doted on music by Bach.
She said, "It's not fussy
"Like Brahms or Debussy;
"Sit down and I'll play you a snatch."
- And the result of referring to the above (by first line only) in a letter to a friend was the following:—
- 52 There is a young lady named Hatch
Who constantly scratches her snatch.
'Tis not for sensation
Of sweet masturbation,
But because of some crabs she can't catch.
- 53 There was a young lady from Thrace
Whose corset one day would not lace.
Her mother said, "Nelly,
"There's more in your belly
"Than ever went in through your face!"
- Thais Condensed:—
- 54 A handsome young monk in a wood
Told a girl she should cling to the good.
She obeyed him, and gladly;
He repulsed her, but sadly:
"My dear, you have misunderstood."

55 There was a young man of St. John's
Who was caught as he buggered the swans.
He was stopped by the porter,
Who said, "Try my daughter;
"The swans is reserved for the Dons."

56 There was a young couple named Kelly
Who went around belly to belly.
You see, in their haste
They'd used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly.

57 There was a young lass of Detroit
At coition was very adroit.
She could shrink her vagina
To a pin-point or finer,
Or widen it out like a quoit.

58 There once was a hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in a cave.
He said, "I confess
"It's a bit of a mess,
"But think of the money I save!"

59 There was a young man of Cambrai
Made love to a girl in a sleigh:
The weather was frigid,
And though he was rigid
He produced only lemon frappé.

60 There was a young man of Bombay
Who made him a cunt out of clay.
The heat of his prick
Turned the clay into brick,
Which wore all his foreskin away.

61 There was a young fellow of Utah
Who constructed a condom of putah.
He said, "I confess
"You feel nothing, or less,
"But it renders you safe as a nutah."

62 "For the tenth time, dull Daphnis," said Chloe,
"You have told me my bosom is snowy;
"You have made much fine verse on
"Each part of my person;
"Now **DO** something, there's a good boy!"

63 There was a young lady named Letta
Whose favorite garb was a swetta.
She said, "It reveals
"Even while it conceals,
"And revealing is all for the betta."

64 There was a young fellow named Morgan
Who possessed an unusual organ;
The end of his dong,
Which was nine inches long,
Was tipped with the head of a gorgon.

65 In La France once a cleveir young man
Met a girl on the beach down at Cannes.
Said the mademoiselle,
"Eh, m'sieu, vot ze 'ell?
"Stay away where eet ees not son-tam!"

66 There was a young girl whose divinity
Preserved her in perfect virginity,
"Til a candle, her nemesis,
Caused parthenogenesis;
Now she thinks herself one of the Trinity.

67 A composer named Bela Bartok
Tied violin strings to his cock.
When he had an erection
He'd play a selection
By Johann Sebastian Bach.

68 There was an old bishop of Dee
Who went into the garden to pee.
He said, "Pax vobiscum,
"Why doesn't the piss come?
"I must have the c-l-a-p!"

69 There was a young man from East Anglia
Whose loins were a tangle of ganglia.
His mind was a webbing
Of Freud and Kraft-Ebbing
And all other sorts of new fanglia.

70 There was a young lady from Munich
Who was screwed every day by a eunuch.
He did it by hand
With a synthetic gland,
Which he hid in the folds of his tunic.

71 There was a young lad of Nantucket
Whose prick was so long he could sucket.
He said, with a grin,
As he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear were a cunt, I could fucket."

72 There was a young lady of Worcester
Who was for the church a strong borcestor.
In spite of all urgin'
She stayed grimly virgin,
And fainted when anyone gorcestor.

73 A young bride was once heard to say,
"Oh dear, I am wearing away!
"The insides of my thighs
"Look just like mince pies,
"For my husband won't shave every day."

74 There was a young fellow named Fitts
Who planted ten acres of tits.
They came up in the fall,
Pink nipples and all,
And he leisurely chewed them to bits.

75 There was a young lady named Hilda
Who went driving one night with a builda.

He said that he should,
That he could and he would,
And he did and it pretty near killda.

76 There was a young girl of Gibraltar
Who was raped as she knelt at the altar.
It really seems odd
That a virtuous God
Should answer her prayers and assault her.

77 There was a young lassie named Phyllis
Was deflowered one night in a Willys;
Before they were through
Her spine was askew,
And I very much fear that it still is.

78 There was once a sad Maitre d'hotel
Who said, "They can all go to hell!
"What they do to my wife—
"Why, it ruins my life;
"And the worst is, they all do it well."

79 There was a young lady of China
Who had a vivacious vagina.
You attempted to fuck her:
The damn thing would pucker,
And whistle a chorus from "Dinah".

80 A lady was once heard to weep,
"My figure no more I can keep.
"It's my husband's demand
"For a tit in each hand;
"But the bastard will walk in his sleep!"

81 There was a young fellow named Hall
Who confessed, "I have only one ball,
"But the size of my prick
"Is God's dirtiest trick;
"For my girls always ask, 'Is that all?' "

82 There was a young lady named Riddle
Who had an untouchable middle.
She had many friends
Because of her ends,
Since it isn't the middle you diddle.

83 There was a young girl of Cape Cod
Who thought babies were fashioned by God.
But 'twas not the Almighty
Who hiked up her nighty;
'Twas Roger the lodger, by God!

84 While Titian was mixing rose madder
His model posed nude on a ladder.
The position to Titian
Suggested coition,
So he leapt up the ladder and had 'er.

85 There was a young laddie named Perkin
Who was always a-jerkin' his gherkin.
His mother said, "Perkin,
"Stop jerkin' your gherkin.
"A gherkin's for ferkin', not jerkin'."

86 There was a young sculptor named Phidias
Who never did anything hideous.
But he carved Aphrodite
Without any nighty,
And shocked all the people fastidious.

87 On the S. P. there once was a starter
Who was a most eloquent farter.
He could play anything
From "God Save the King"
To Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata".

88 There was a young lady of Rhodes
Who sinned in unusual modes.
At the height of her fame
She abruptly became
The mother of four dozen toads.

89 There was a young man from the Coast
Who had intercourse with a ghost.
At the height of orgasm
Said the pallid phantasm:
"I think I can feel it— almost."

90 A fancy young pansy, Paul Potts,
Met a whore in a store down in Watts.
Sneered the queer, "Shoo, you floosiel!"
Roared the whore, "Don't be choosyl"
"After all, my dear Paul, you're ersatzl!"

91 A lesbian lassie named Anny
Desired to appear much more manny.
So she whittled a pud
Of mahogany wood,
And let it protrude from her cranny.

92 There was a young man of Hongkong
Who had a trifurcated dong:
A small one for sucking,
A big one for fucking,
And a **honey** for beating a gong!

93 The thoughts of the rabbit on sex
Are seldom, if ever, complex;
For a rabbit in need
Is a rabbit indeed,
And does just as a person expects.

94 An heir to the Portugese crown
Had a strange way of going to town.
With maniacal howls
He deflowered young owls,
And polished his prick on their down.

95 A lady of Grecian nativity
Was gifted with great sensitivity.
She'd sit on the laps
Of Germans or Japs
And sense their fifth column activity.

96 There was a young man from Calcutta
Who played with himself in the gutter,
But a touch of the sun
Shone down on his gun
And turned all his cream into butter.

97 There was a young man of Racine
Who invented a fucking machine.
Both concave and convex,
It would fit either sex,
And was modern, convenient, and clean.

98 There was a young man of Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree.
The result was most horrid,
All arse and no forehead,
Three balls and a purple goatee.

99 Poor nymphomaniacal Alice
Used a dynamite stick for a phallus.
They found her vagina
In North Carolina,
And picked up her rectum in Dallas.

100 There was a rough mate off a lugger
Met up with a girl and did hug her.
"I've my monthlies," she said,
"And a cold in the head,
"But my bowels are clear; do you bugger?"

101 There was a young queen of Fashoda
Who kept a peculiar pagoda.
The walls of the halls
Were behung with the balls
And the tools of the fools who bestrod'a.

102 There was a young lassie of Exeter
So fair all the men craned their necks at her;
And one was so brave
As to take out and wave
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her.

103 A basso profundo named Springer
Got his testicles caught in a wringer.
"My God!" he exclaimed,
"I perceive I am maimed.
"This will wreck my career as a singer!"

104 A singular folk are the Persians,
They delight in all sorts of diversions.
They screw every day
In the usual way,
And spend every night in perversions.

- 105 There was a young girl of St. Paul:
Dressed in newsprint, she went to a ball.
But her dress caught on fire
And she burned up entire,
Front page, sporting section, and all.
- 106 An elderly gal of St. Paul
Once went to a Birth-Control Ball.
She bought every device
Regardless of price,
But nobody asked her at all.
- 107 Said the redheaded Mme. Lupescu,
As she came to Roumania's rescue,
"It's a wonderful thing
"To be under a king;
"Is Democracy better? I escuel"
- 108 There was a young fellow from Boston
Who traded his Ford for an Austin.
He had room for his ass
And one gallon of gas,
But his balls dangled out and he lost 'em.
- 109 There was a young girl called O'Brien
Who sang Sunday School hymns to a lion.
Of this lady there's some
In the lion's tum-tum,
And the rest is an angel in Zion.

- 110 There was a young lady of Leicester
Who said to the man who undressed her,
"I think you will find
"That it's better behind.
"The front is beginning to fester."
- 111 On a maiden a man once begat
Bouncing triplets named Nat, Tat, and Pat.
'Twas fun in the breeding
But hell in the feeding;
She had never a spare tit for Tat.
- 112 There was a young man of Australia
Who painted his seat like a Dahlia.
The painting was fine,
The texture divine,
But the perfume, alas, was a failia.
- 113 There was a young girl of Montpasse
Who had an unusual ass.
It was not, as you'd think,
Soft, rounded, and pink,
But was large, had grey ears, and ate grass.
- 114 There was a young man from Peru
Who had nothing whatever to do.
So he took out his carrot
And bugged a parrot,
And sent the result to the zoo.

115 From out of the crypt of St. Giles
Came a scream that resounded for miles.
Said the vicar, "Good gracious!
"I believe St. Ignatius
"Has forgotten the Bishop has piles."

116 There was an old fellow named Price
Who dabbled in all sorts of vice.
He tried virgins and boys,
And mechanical toys,
And on Mondays he meddled with mice.

117 There was a young girl of Darjeeling
Who danced with such exquisite feeling,
Not a murmur was heard,
Not a sound, not a word,
But the fly-buttons hitting the ceiling.

118 I once knew a nude in Bermuda,
A nude who was shrewd; I was shrewda.
She cooed, "It is lewd
"To be wooed in the nude."
So I stewda, and wooeda, and screwed.

119 There was a young lady named Arden
Who gobbled a gob in a garden.
The sailor said, "Fluff,
"Do you swallow that stuff?"
She looked up and replied, "(Ulp!) Beg pardon?"

120 There was a young man from Glenchasm
Who had a tremendous orgasm.
In the midst of his thralls
He burst both his balls
And covered an acre with plasm.

121 There was a young lady of Chichester
Whose allure made the saints in their niches stir.
One morning at matins
The curves of her satins
Made the Bishop of Chichester's britches stir.

122 There was a young Turkish cadet
Who did the Goddamnedest thing yet:
His prong was so long,
And so sharp and so strong,
That he buggered six Greeks, en brochette.

123 A king sadly said to his queen,
"In parts you have grown far from lean."
"I don't give a damn,
"You've always liked ham."
She replied, and he gasped, "How obscene!"

124 There was a young man with a fiddle
Who asked of his girl, "Do you diddle?"
She replied, "Yes, I screw,
"But prefer to with two;
"It's twice as much fun in the middle."

125 "Last night" said a lassie named Ruth,
"In a long-distance telephone booth
"I enjoyed the perfection
"Of an ideal connection—
"I was screwed, if you must know the truth."

126 A surly and pessimist Druid,
A defeatist, if only he knew it,
Said, "The world's on the skids,
"And I think having kids
"Is a waste of good seminal fluid."

127 A Peruvian laddie named Bruno
Said, "Of love there is one thing I do know.
"Young women are fine,
"Fat boys are divine,
"But a llama— Ah! Numero uno!"

128 A wonderful tribe are the Sweenies,
Renowned for the length of their peenies.
The hair on their balls
Sweeps the floors of the halls,
But they don't look at women, the meanies.

129 There was a young student from Buckingham
Wrote a treatise on cunts, and on fucking 'em.
But a clever young Turk
Eclipsed this great work
With a treatise on cocks, and on sucking 'em.

130 There was a young pansy named Gene
Who cruised a sadistic marine.
Said the man with a smirk
As they got down to work,
"In this game the Jack beats the Queen."

131 On her bosom a beauteous young frail
Had illumined the price of her tail;
And on her behind,
For those who were blind,
The same was embroidered, in Braille.

132 There was a young girl named Ann Heuser
Who swore that no one could surprise her;
But Pabst took a chance,
Put Schlitz in her pants,
And she sadly went home, pale Budweiser.

133 There was a young man, a Maltese,
Who could even screw horses with ease.
He'd flout natural laws
In this manner because
Of his dong, which hung down to his knees.

134 There was a bright fellow of Vendre
Whose transgressions the whole world did ponder.
To gossips and press
He'd tell all, but confess
The whole story in double entendres.

135 There was a young Sheik of Algiers
Who said to his harem, "My dears,
"You may think it odd of me,
"But I've given up sodomy.
"Tonight there'll be fucking!" (Loud cheers!)

136 A virile young man of Touraine
Had vesicles no one could drain.
With an unbroken flow
Thrice the course he would go,
Then roll over and start in again.

137 Said an airy young fairy named Jess,
"The oral requires some finesse;
"While in method the anal
"Is terribly banal,
"And the trousers will get out of press."

138 There was a young lady named Myrtle
Who had an affair with a turtle.
In a year and a day
She became preggy, they say,
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

139 There was a young fellow named Hyde
Who fell into a privy and died.
Along came the sexton,
Fell into the next one,
So now they're interred side by side.

140 There was a young lady of Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling;
So she lay on her back
And tickled her crack,
And watered all over the ceiling.

141 There was a young artist named Victor
Who purchased a boa constrictor.
He intended to sketch her,
But decided, (the lecher!),
To fuck her instead of depict her.

142 There was a young lady of Spain
Who was fucked by a monk in a drain.
They did it again,
And again and again,
And again and again and again.

143 There was a young lady of France
Who got on a freight train by chance.
The engineer fucked her,
As did the conductor,
But the fireman went off in his pants.

144 A lisping young lady named Beth
Was saved from a fate worse than death
Seven times in a row,
Which unsettled her so
That she quit saying "No" and said "Yeth".

145 There was a young man of Belgravia
Who believed not in God nor his Savior.
He walked down the Strand
With his prick in his hand,
And was pinched for indecent behavior.

146 There was a young lady of Dallas
Invented a singular phallus.
It came and it went,
And when it was spent
It proceeded to fill up the chalice.

147 There was a young lady of fashion
Had superabundance of passion.
As she leapt into bed
With her boy friend, she said,
"Here's one thing those bastards can't ration!"

148 There was a young lady named Eva
Who filled up her bath to receive-a.
She took off her clothes
From her head to her toes,
And a voice from the keyhole yelled, "Beava".

149 There was a young lady named Lichen
Who was scratching her pratt in the kitchen.
Her mother said, "Rose,
"It's crabs, I suppose."
"It is, and b'Jesus they're itchin'."

150 There was a young man from Cape Horn
Who wished he had never been born.
Nor would he have been
If his parents had seen
That the end of the rubber was torn.

151 There was a young plumber named Leigh
Was plumbing his girl by the sea.
Said she, "Stop your plumbing,
"I hear someone coming."
"Aha!" said the plumber, "That's me."

152 There was a young lady at sea
Said, "Gosh, but it hurts me to pee."
"I see," said the mate,
"That accounts for the state
"Of the captain, the purser, and me."

153 There was a young girl named Louise
Who said to her lover, "Pul-leasel
"While you're toying with this
"You could double my bliss
"If you'd pay some attention to these."

154 There was a young fellow named Hensel
Whose tool was as sharp as a pencil.
He went through an actress,
The spring and the mattress,
And punctured the bedside utensil.

155 A Salvation Lassie named Claire
Was having her first love affair.
As she climbed into bed
She reverently said,
"I wish to be opened with prayer."

156 To his girl said the lynx-eyed detective,
"Can it be that my eyesight's defective?
"Is your east tit the least bit
"The best of your west tit,
"Or is it the fault of perspective?"

157 There was a young girl of Silesia
Who said, "If my twatt doesn't please ya,
"And if you don't mind,
"Stick it up my behind;
"But be careful my tapeworm don't seize ya."

158 There was a young lady named Spurgeon
Whose family all thought her a virgin
"Til they found her in bed
With her quim very red,
And the head of a baby emergin'.

159 There was a young fellow of Brest
Who sucked off his wife with such zest
That, in spite of her howls,
He drew out her bowels,
And spewed them all over her chest.

160 There was a young lady of Bhore
Who was courted by gallants galore.
Their ardent protestin'
She found interestin',
And ended her life as a virgin.

161 There was a young lady named Wilde
Who kept herself quite undefiled
By thinking of Jesus,
Venereal diseases,
And the trouble of bearing a child.

162 The people of Candlewood Knolls
Are very much troubled by Trolls
Who are driving their cars
And drinking in bars,
And voting for Thor at the polls.

163 At the prick-naming games in Atholl
This year's winner was Daniel O'Dole.
He'll tell you with bonhommie,
"I call mine metonymy,
"Because it's the part for the whole."

164 There was an old monk of Siberia
Whose life it grew drearier and drearier.
So he burst from his cell
With a hell of a yell
And buggered the Father Superior.

165 There was a young man of Pitlochry
Who buggered a girl in a rockery.
She said, "Why, you've come
"All over my bum!
"This isn't a fuck— it's a mockery!"

166 Said the Reverend Jabish McCotten,
"The waltz by the Fiend was begotten!"
"Oh pshaw!" said Miss Blythe,
"Let's give it a try—
"To the pure-minded all things are rotten."

167 There were two young ladies of Birmingham,
And this is the scandal concerning 'em:
They lifted the frock
And tickled the cock
Of the Bishop, as he was confirming 'em.

Now the Bishop was nobody's fool;
He'd attended parochial school.
So he slipped down his britches
And diddled the bitches
With a nine inch episcopal tool.

But that didn't bother those two.
They said, when the Bishop was through,
"The Vicar is quicker,
"And slicker and thicker,
"And longer and stronger than you."

SOCIALLY CONSCIOUS PORNOGRAPHY

We've socially conscious biography,
Esthetics, and social geography.
Today every field
Boasts its Marxian yield,
So now there's class-conscious pornography.

CHORUS:—

Oh, the worker is nobody's fool;
For by rights he's the man with the tool.
His ponderous prick'll
Arise with the sickle
And bugger the Fascists who rule.

Miss de Vaughan was a maker of panties
For all girls from subdebs to grand-aunties.
Her very best ad
Was herself, lightly clad,
In her three-ninety-five silken scanties.

CHORUS:—

So this wench is a capitalist,
She's our villain and ought to be hissed,
But she's lush and she's plump,
And a glimpse of her rump
Would teach Marx that there's something he's missed.

CHORUS:—

Now de Vaughan had resolved on a lock-out
To give Communist Labor the knock-out.
She said, "Fuck the foul fools."
(She'd attended good schools),
And took a fresh bottle of Hock out.

CHORUS:—

Joseph Smith was a sturdy longshoreman
(And an eminent amateur whoreman).
Just to be sympathetic
He grew peripatetic
'Til his picketing irked de Vaughan's doorman.

CHORUS:—

For this lout was a scab born and bred,
Who fainted whene'er he saw red:
In distress he reported,
But she only retorted,
"Run home and hide under your bed."

CHORUS:—

For her plans were peculiar and wicked,
As she thought, "He's a man, if a picket."
She lured him inside
And insidiously plied
The prick of the picket to lick it.

CHORUS:—

Joe's rod was as stiff as a rail,
But he couldn't let principles fail.
"You degenerate bitch,
"That's a trick of the rich;
"But the People prefer honest tail.

CHORUS:—

"You may tickle the cocks and the vanities
"Of the rich men who purchase your scanities,
"But the proud People's Front
"Calls for sound hairy cunt.
"So it's down with de Vaughan's panty-wanities."

CHORUS:—

He picked a soft couch in her office
And tore off her pants and ripped off his.
Then he showed her the rod
Marks the difference, by God,
Between what a man and a toff is.

CHORUS:—

Now our Joe was the first proletarian
Who had filled with his sperm the ovarian
Recess of de Vaughan,
Which had sheltered the spawn
Of unnumbered Fascists, all Aryan.

CHORUS:—

Next day his friends said, "You've been soaring.
"You're dead on your feet. Were you whoring?"
He replied, "Starving masses
"Mean more than plump asses.
"Last night from within I was boring."

CHORUS:—

And de Vaughan thought her troubles were over.
Her picket had left (to recover),
But he'd furnished her womb
With incipient bloom;
A fact she had yet to discover.

CHORUS:—

So after nine months, to the day,
The employer in labor pains lay.
As the boy hove in sight
He yelled, "WORKERSUNITE!"
And the doctors all fainted away.

CHORUS:—

The moral of this is, my child,
By rich promises don't be beguiled.

Remember that workers
Are eminent firkers,
And go left, if you must be defiled.

CHORUS:—

Oh, the worker is nobody's fool;
For by rights he's the man with the tool.
His ponderous prick'll
Arise with the sickle
And bugger the Fascists who rule.

« folk songs »

INTRODUCTION TO THE COLLECTION OF FOLK SONGS

Our greatest regret concerning this volume is that facilities were not available for reproducing the music to these fine old (and some not so old) songs. We know from experience that there is sufficient material here to thoroughly enliven that last half of a party when dancing has palled just a bit or has become a trifle precarious. We believe students of close harmony will find that these songs go very well after the old stand-bys (such as "Ivan Skavinsky Skavar" and Kipling's "The Women") have been sung.

The style of music has been indicated as best we could, and we can only hope that some member of your party can recall the melodies from these hints.

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN !

(Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

My father sells snow to the snowbirds;
My mother makes synthetic gin;
My sister makes love for a living;
My God how the money rolls in !

My brother's a young missionary,
He saves little girlies from sin;
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars;
My God how the money rolls in !

My uncle's an artist and printer;
He turns out a beautiful fin;
He sells them ten cents on the dollar;
My God how the money rolls in !

My aunt runs a girls' seminary,
To give girls a cultural in;
Her callers address her as "Madam";
My God how the money rolls in !

SHE CAME ROLLIN' DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

(Straight hillbilly, similar to "The Martins & the Coys")

In the hills of West Virginny
Lived a gal named Nancy Brown,
She was the fairest maiden
In city or in town.
One day there came a deacon,
A-seekin' for a thrill;
He took our little Nancy Brown
Away up in the hills.

CHORUS:—

She came rollin' down the mountain,
Rollin' down the mountain,
Rollin' down the mountain mighty wise;
For she didn't give the deacon
The thrill that he was seekin';
She's as pure as West Virginia's bluest skies.

Then there came a western cowboy
With all his chaps and frills;
He also took our Nancy Brown
Away up in the hills.

CHORUS:—

She came rollin' down the mountain,
Rollin' down the mountain,
Rollin' down the mountain like a lamb;
For in spite of all his urgin'
She still remained a virgin;
She's as pure as West Virginia's home smoked
ham.

Then there came a city slicker
With his hundred dollar bills;
And he took our little Nancy Brown
Away up in the hills.

CHORUS:—

Oh, she stayed up in the mountains,
She stayed up in the mountains,
She stayed up in the mountains all that night.
She came down next mornin' early,
More a woman than a girlie,
And her poppy kicked the hussy out of sight.

Now she's livin' in the city,
Livin' in the city,
Livin' in the city mighty swell;
For she's through with cookin' vittles
And with washin' pots and kittles,
And the West Virginia hills can go to hell!

THE YELLOW RIBBON
(Mountain music)

In her hair she wore a yellow ribbon;
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May,
And when I asked her why the hell she wore it,
She wore it for her lover, who was far, far away.

CHORUS:—
Far away, far away,
Far away, far away,
She wore it for her lover, who was far, far away.

In the park she wheeled a baby carriage,
She wheeled it in the springtime and in the month of
May,
And when I asked her why the hell she wheeled it,
She wheeled it for her lover, who was far, far away.

CHORUS:—
Far away, far away,
Far away, far away,
She wheeled it for her lover, who was far, far
away.

Behind the door her father keeps a shotgun,
He keeps it in the springtime and in the month of May,
And when I asked him why the hell he kept it,
He kept it for her lover, who was far, far away.

CHORUS:—
Far away, far away,
Far away, far away,
He kept it for her lover, who was far, far away.

THE STERILIZED HEIRESS
(Slightly blue)

I'm only a sterilized heiress,
A butt for the laughter of rubes,
I'm comely and rich, but a venomous bitch,
My mother ran off with my tubes.

CHORUS:—
Oh fie on you, Mater, you dastard.
Oh bring back my feminine toys;
Restore my abdomen and make me a woman—
I want to go out with the boys!

Imagine my stark consternation
On feeling the surgeon's rude hands
Exploring my person— page Aimee McPherson—
And brutally snatching my glands!

CHORUS:—

The butler and second man shun me;
No more will they use my door key.
The cook from Samoa has spermatazoa
For others, but no more for me!

CHORUS:—

What ruling in court can repay me
For losing my peas in the pod—
My joyous fecundity's turned to mor'bundity;
Like Pickford, I'll have to try God.

CHORUS:—

BELL-BOTTOM TROUSERS

(Old English ballad)

Oh I was but a serving maid,
I lived in Drury Lane.
My master he was kind to me,
My mistress was the same.
Oh along came a sailor lad
With heart so bold and free,
And he caused all the trouble
That ever came to me.

CHORUS:—

Wearing bell-bottom trousers and coat of navy blue,
He'll climb up the riggin' like his daddy used to do.

He asked me for a candle
To light him to his bed;
He asked me for a kerchief
To wrap around his head.
Oh I was but a foolish maid
And thinking it no harm,
I hopped into that sailor's bed
To keep the sailor warm.

CHORUS:—

Wearing bell-bottom trousers and coat of navy blue,
He'll climb up the riggin' like his daddy used to do.

Oh early in the morning
He was gone when I awoke;
A letter on the mantle
With a soggy five-pound note,
"Oh this will help to pay for
"The mischief I have done,
"For you may have a daughter
"And you may have a son."

CHORUS:—

Wearing bell-bottom trousers and coat of navy blue,
He'll climb up the riggin' like his daddy used to do.

"If you have a daughter
"You may bounce her on your knee,
"But if you have a son,
"Send the bastard off to sea."

CHORUS:—

Wearing bell-bottom trousers and coat of navy blue,
He'll climb up the riggin' like his daddy used to do.

ONE NIGHT IN MAY

(Ballad)

One night in May, as Mary lay a-sleeping,
One night in May, as Mary lay a-sleeping,
Along came a corporal on hands and knees a-creeping,
With his long funny dingle-dangle way down to his
knees.

One month went by, and Mary was in clover.
One month went by, and Mary was in clover.
She wished that the corporal would come and do it
over,
With his long funny dingle-dangle way down to his
knees.

Three months went by, and Mary lay a-weeping.
Three months went by, and Mary lay a-weeping.
She wished that the corporal had never come a-
creeping,
With his long funny dingle-dangle way down to his
knees.

Six months went by, and Mary grew much bigger.
Six months went by, and Mary grew much bigger.
The neighbors all wondered just who the hell had
frigged her,
With his long funny dingle-dangle way down to his
knees.

Nine months went by, and Mary burst asunder,
Nine months went by, and Mary burst asunder,
And out jumped a corporal with regimental number,
And a long funny dingle-dangle way down to his
knees.

WHAT'S THE PARTY LINE ON LOVE

(Swing it)

I'm a dialectic dope—
How does Marx explain romance and devotion?
Do I need a purgin' for this anti-virgin-urgin'?
What's the party line on love?

It's so difficult to cope
With the problems of love midst class-war's commotion—
Does this neckin' hectic contradict the dialectic?
What's the party line on love?

Shoulda gal give Red Casanova permission
Before she's received a party decision?
I want a discussion with the all-highest Joe
On what every young party woman should know!

Have my hormones any hope?
Or must they be suppressed as a bourgeois deviation?
Does a little dalliance upset my Marxist balliance?
What's the party line on love?

I'm a dialectic dope.
Did Engles ever have a glandular explosion?
Are my feelings proletarian, opportunist, or sextarian?
What's the party line on love?

And how shall we counsel our hesitant virgin,
Who sighs, and suggests 'twould be better to merge in
The loftier movement of the masses for bread,
And defer the surrender of Love's maidenhead?

I'm a dialectic dope—
I'm all confused on carnal relations.
Can a Bolsheviki wikki wakki wikki?
What's the party line—

We need a party line—
Who's got the party line on love?

DON'T SWAT YOUR MOTHER, BOYS

(Gay Nineties Tear-Jerker)

Homeward from their labor
Two working men did come;
They were weary with their honest toil
And lighted up with rum.
Supper was not ready;
One aimed a brutal blow—
When the blue-eyed baby stopped them,
Saying, "Brothers, do not so."

CHORUS:—

"Don't swat your mother, boys,
"Just 'cause she's old;
"Don't mop the floor with her face.
"Think of her love as a treasure of gold
"Shining through shame and disgrace!
"Don't place the carving knife next to her eye,
"Don't wrap the lamp 'round her bean—
"Angels are watching from way up on high;
"Don't swat your mother, it's mean."

Anger was arrested,
The strong men bowed in tears—
They were kinder to their mother
For her few remaining years.
Now her chair is empty,
Of her they sit and dream,
While the mem'ry of the baby
To their hearts to say will seem:

CHORUS:—

BALLAD OF FOUR PROMINENT BASTARDS

The Banker:—
I'm an autocratic figure in these democratic states,
I'm a dandy demonstration of hereditary traits.
As the children of the baker bake the most delicious breads,
And the sons of Casanova fill the most exclusive beds,
And the Roosevelts and Barrymores and others I could name
Inherit all the talents that perpetuate their fame,
My position in the structure of society I owe
To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.
My father was a gentleman, and musical to boot,
He used to play the fiddle in a house of ill-repute.
The madam was a lady and a credit to her cult—
She enjoyed my father's playing, and I was the result!
So my mammy and my daddy are the ones I have to thank
That I'm chairman of the board of a New York City Bank.

CHORUS:—

Oh, our parents forgot to get married,
Our parents forgot to get wed—
Did a wedding bell chime? It was always the time
When our parents were somewhere in bed.
Tra la la, when our parents were somewhere in bed.
So, thanks to our kind, loving parents,
We're kings in the land of the free,
Your banker, your broker, your Washington Joker,
Four prominent bastards are we.
Tra la la, four prominent bastards are we.

The Broker:—

In a pretty little farm house in a cozy little dell
A dear old-fashioned farmer and his daughter used to dwell;
She was pretty, she was charming, she was tender, she was mild,
And her sympathy was such that she was frequently with child;

The year her hospitality attained its record high
She became the happy mother of an infant— it was I.
Whenever she was gloomy I could always make her grin
By childishly inquiring who my father might have been.
Of the several "kind men" favored by the girls in mommy's set
A bondman from Seattle was an even money bet;
But such were mother's notions and such was her allure
That even Roger Babson wasn't absolutely sure.
Well, I took my mother's morals and I took my fathers crust
And grew up to be the head of a great investment trust.

CHORUS:—

Oh, our parents forgot to get married,
Our parents forgot to get wed—
Did a wedding bell chime? It was always the time
When our parents were somewhere in bed.
Tra la la, when our parents were somewhere in bed.
So, thanks to our kind, loving parents,
We're kings in the land of the free,
Your banker, your broker, your Washington Joker,
Four prominent bastards are we.
Tra la la, four prominent bastards are we.

The Politician:—

With a dusty penal gang on a torrid summer road
My late lamented daddy had his permanent abode;
Now some were there for stealing, but my daddy's only fault
Was an overwhelming weakness for criminal assault.
His philosophy was simple, and free from moral tape—
Seduction is for sissies— what a he-man wants is rape!
Daddy's total list of victims was embarrassingly rich
And one of them was mother— it doesn't matter which.
Well, I couldn't go to college but he got me a degree—
I reckon I'm a model of a perfect s-o-b.
I'm a debit to my country but a credit to my dad—
I'm the most expensive senator my country ever had.
I remember daddy's warning that raping is a crime,
Unless you rape the voters, a million at a time.

CHORUS:—

Oh, our parents forgot to get married,
Our parents forgot to get wed—
Did a wedding bell chime? It was always the time
When our parents were somewhere in bed.
Tra la la, when our parents were somewhere in bed.
So, thanks to our kind, loving parents,
We're kings in the land of the free,
Your banker, your broker, your Washington Joker,
Four prominent bastards are we.
Tra la la, four prominent bastards are we.

The Common Man:—

I'm an ordinary figure in these democratic states,
A pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits.
As the children of the cops possess the flattest feet,
As the daughter of the floosie has a wiggle to her seat,
So my position at the bottom of society I owe
To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.
My father was a married man, and what is even more,
He was married to my mother, a fact I oft deplore.
I was born in holy wedlock, consequently by and by
I was hooked by every bastard who had plunder in his eye.
I invested— I deposited— I voted every fall;
I savéd every penny— and the bastards took it all.
At last I've learned my lesson, I'm on the proper track,
I'm a self appointed bastard and I'm going to win it back!

CHORUS:—

Oh, our parents forgot to get married,
Our parents forgot to get wed—
Did a wedding bell chime? It was always the time
When our parents were somewhere in bed.
Tra la la, when our parents were somewhere in bed.
So, thanks to our kind, loving parents,
We're kings in the land of the free,
Your banker, your broker, your Washington Joker,
Four prominent bastards are we.
Tra la la, four prominent bastards are we.

VIOLET TIME

(Sentimental waltz tune)

Violate me in violet time
In the vilest way that you know—
Ruin me, ravage me,
Brutally, savagely,
On me no mercy bestow!
To the man who is gentle and kind I'm oblivious;
Give me a man who is lewd and lascivious!
Violate me in violet time,
In the vilest way that you know.

DAYDREAMS

(Jigtime)

Oh I wish I was a fascinatin' bitch,
I'd never be poor, I'd always be rich.
I'd live in a house with a little red light,
And I'd sleep all day and I'd work all night,
I'd take a rest about once a month
To drive my customers **wild**—
Oh I wish I was a fascinatin' bitch,
Instead of a legitimate child.

FATHER'S DAY

(Western ballad)

I'm the operator calling, if I may;
I've a tale to turn your hair and eyebrows grey.
It's a naughty gangster story,
Oh so bawdy, bold and gory,
And it happened on a happy father's day.

CHORUS:—

Oh, the G-men came and got him,
They surrounded him and shot him,
And the wagon took the crimson corpse away.
Oh they blasted out his navel
And they bounced it on the table,
Which was hardly apropos for father's day.

Dis is Muggsie on the phone, Ma, what's the lay?
How is papa now he's outta jail okay?
Is he snatchin' any brats
Just to keep himself in spats?
'Cause I wanna wish him happy father's day.

CHORUS:—

Oh, the G-men came and got him,
They surrounded him and shot him,
And the wagon took the crimson corpse away.
Oh they blasted through his gizzard
'Til the draught was like a blizzard,
Which was hardly apropos for father's day.

Dis is Sadie on the phone, Ma, feelin' gay.
How is papa like we kiddies always say?
Is he hangin' up his suit
In a house of ill repute?
'Cause I wanna wish him happy father's day.

CHORUS:—

Oh, the G-men came and got him,
They surrounded him and shot him,
And the wagon took the crimson corpse away.
Oh they filled his private colon
'Til with bullets it was swollen,
Which was hardly apropos for father's day.

Dis is Scarface on the phone, Ma, what's the lay?
How is papa like we kiddies always say?
Is he robbin' any banks?
And him never sayin' t'anks,
'Cause I wanna wish him happy father's day.

CHORUS:—

Oh, the G-men came and got him,
They surrounded him and shot him,
And the wagon took the crimson corpse away.
Oh they shot him through the liver
So the blood ran like a river,
Which was hardly apropos for father's day.

I'm the operator calling, if I may;
And your tale has turned my hair and eyebrows grey;
So give Mama my condolence
For the shooting and violence,
'Cause it must have been a horrid father's day.

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

(English ballad, somewhat martial)

Oh the Bards they sing of an English king
Who lived long years ago,
He ruled his land with an iron hand
But his mind was weak and low.
He loved to hunt the royal stag
Within the royal wood,
But better than this he loved the bliss
Of pulling the royal pud.
The only garment that he wore
Was a little leathern shirt.
With this he tried to hide his hide,
But he couldn't hide his dirt.
His balls were hairy and full of fleas,
His terrible tool hung down to his knees.
All hail to the Bastard King of England.

The Queen of Spain was a sprightly dame,
And a sprightly dame was she.
She loved to fool with His Majesty's tool,
So far across the seas.
So she sent a royal message
By a royal messenger,
Inviting the king to come and spend
A week or two with her.
The King of France he shit in his pants
When he heard this vile report.
He said, "She loves that sonofabitch
"Because my dink's so short."
So he sent the Duke of Slippity Slap
To give the Queen a dose of clap
To pass on to that Bastard King of England.

When the news of this vile tragedy
Reached England's castle walls,
The King he swore by the shirt he wore
He'd have that Frenchman's balls.
So he offered half his kingdom
And a crack at the Queen Hortense
To any man within the land
Who could nut the King of France.
Now the Duke of Sussex hied away
'Til he reached the shores of France.
He swore he was a fruiter
And the King took down his pants.
He slipped a thong on the royal dong
And mounting his horse he rode along
Back to the castle gates of England.

The King threw up his breakfast
And shit upon the floor,
For in the ride the Frenchman's pride
Had stretched a yard or more.
Now all the girls of London Town,
They cried, "To hell with the British Crown!"
And Philip of France usurped the throne of England.

LIL

(New Orleans blues)

Her name was Lil, and she was a beauty,
And she lived in a house of ill repute.
The gentlemen came from far to see
Airy-fairy Lillian in her deshabillé.
Airy-fairy Lillian in her deshabillé.

Now Lil was comely, Lil was fair,
And she had lots of yaller hair.
But she drank too much of the Demon Rum,
And she smoked hashish and o-pi-um.
And she smoked hashish and o-pi-um.

And day by day her cheeks grew thinner
From insufficient protein in her.
She grew deep hollows in her chest
And she had to go around completely dressed.
And she had to go around completely dressed.

Now clothes may make a girl go far,
But they have no place on a fille de joie.
And Lillian's troubles all began
When she concealed her abdomen.
When she concealed her abdomen.

For you must know her clientelly
Rested largely on her belly.
She rolled it like the deep Pacific—
And that was something calorific.
And that was something calorific.

So Lil took treatments in the sun,
And she drank Scott's emul-si-on.
And she ate Mr. Fleischmann's yeast,
But still her clientelly decreased.
But still her clientelly decreased.

So Lillian went to the house physician
For him to prescribe for her condition.
He said, "You have, as we doctors say,
"Perni-ci-ous a-ne-mi-ay."
"Perni-ci-ous a-ne-mi-ay."

He offered to her for its view
His penthouse on Park Avenue.
He came to see her every day,
And he shot her with his big X-Ray.
And he shot her with his big X-Ray.

As Lillian lay in her dishonor
She felt the hand of the Lord upon her.
She cried, "Oh Lordy, I repents,
"But this is gonna cost you twenty-five cents!"
"But this is gonna cost you twenty-five cents!"

Now Lillian underwent baptism,
And she adopted mysticism.
And every night when she went to sleep
She prayed the Lord her soul to keep
High above Park Avenue.

ONE BALL RILEY

(Fast ballad)

As I was sittin' in O'Riley's bar
Listenin' to tales of blood and slaughter,
Came a thought into my head,
'Gonna go shag O'Riley's daughter.'

CHORUS:—

Tillie-i-ee, tillie-i-ay,
Give three cheers for the One Ball Riley,
Rub-a-dub-dub, balls and all,
Rig-ajig-ajig shag on.

First I threw her on the floor,
Then I threw my left leg over,
Shagged and shagged 'til she yelled for more,
Shagged until the fun was over.

CHORUS:—

Came a knocking at her door,
Who should it be but her God-damned father,
Two horse-pistols in his hands,
Lookin' for the guy what shagged his daughter.

CHORUS:—

First I grabbed him by the neck,
Shoved his head in a pail of water,
Shoved those pistols up his ass
Farther than I'd shagged his daughter.

CHORUS:—

When I go walking down the street
The people stand on every corner,
"There's that God-damned son-of-a-bitch,
"The guy that shagged O'Riley's daughter."

CHORUS:—

THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

(Old English ballad)

Oh, I am a bachelor, I live all alone,
I follow the weaver's trade,
And the only, only wrong
That I ever, ever did;
Was to woo a fair young maid.

I wooed her in the summer time,
And part of the winter too;
But the only, only harm
That I ever, ever did
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Oh, once late at night came a knocking at my door,
And 'twas the fair young maid;
The rain and the storm,
They were beating at my door,
And she was sore afraid.

She sighed, she cried, she damn near died,
So what was I to do?
I tucked her into bed
And I covered up her head
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Oh, I am a bachelor, I live with my son,
We follow the weaver's trade,
And every, every time
That I look into his eyes
I think on the fair young maid.

He 'minds me of the summer time,
And part of the winter too;
And he 'minds me most of all
Of the many, many times
That I kept her from the foggy, foggy dew.

THE PRISONER'S SONG

(Tune: "The Ruler of the Queen's Navee")

When I was a lad in 1906
I joined a group of Bolsheviks;
I read the Manifesto and Das Kapital;
I even learned to sing The International.

But I sang that song with a tune so true
That now I'm in the prisons of the Gay Pay Oo.
Yes, he sang that song with a tune so true
That now he's in the prisons of the Gay Pay Oo.

When Lenin and his boys the insurrection made
I found myself on the Barricade.
On Kerensky's troops I fired my gun
And I didn't stop shooting 'til the Reds had won.

But I shot that gun with an aim so true
That now I'm in the prisons of the Gay Pay Oo.
Yes, he shot that gun with an aim so true
That now he's in the prisons of the Gay Pay Oo.

When the NEP was started and the Troiks died
I found myself on Trotsky's side;
All went well 'til '28
When I was forced to capitulate.

But my capitulation had a ring so true
That now I'm in the prisons of the Gay Pay Oo.
Yes, his capitulation had a ring so true
That now he's in the prisons of the Gay Pay Oo.

From then 'til now I've had no peace,
My steps have been dogged by the secret police.
I've denounced the opposition with tongue and pen,
I've denounced the opposition time and again.

But Yagoda knew it wasn't true
So now I'm in the prisons of the Gay Pay Oo.
Yes, Yagoda knew it wasn't true
So now he's in the prisons of the Gay Pay Oo.

Oh, diversionists all, wherever you may be,
If you want to do as well as me,
Confess to wrecking and sabotage,
Confess to terrorism and espionage,

Adhere to the line of Trotsky true
And you'll star in an amalgam of the Gay Pay Oo.
Adhere to the line of Trotsky true
And you'll star in an amalgam of the Gay Pay Oo.

