

Abortion(Sung to the tune of "Jadda")

Abortion, Abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Abortion, Abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Well you get that poker nice and hot,
Then you shove it way up in her twat.
Oh Abortion, Abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Abortion, Abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Abortion, Abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Sticks and coat hangers and all the rest,
But I like Drano, it ' s the best.
Oh Abortion, Abortion, A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Baby Fuck, Baby Fuck, B-A-B-Y F-U-C-K (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Baby Fuck, Baby Fuck, B-A-B-Y F-U-C-K (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
First you throw the baby on the bed,
And then you fuck the soft spot in its head.
Oh Baby Fuck, Baby Fuck, B-A-B-Y F-U-C-K (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Blow Job, Blow Job, B-L-O-W J-O-B (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Blow Job, Blow Job, B-L-O-W J-O-B (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Eastside, westside, northside, south,
My baby likes it best when I cum in her mouth.
Oh Blow Job, Blow Job, B-L-O-W J-O-B (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Bum Fuck, Bum Fuck, B-U-M F-U-C-K (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Bum Fuck, Bum Fuck, B-U-M F-U-C-K (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Eastside, westside, northside, down,
My baby likes it best when I cum in her brown.
Bum Fuck, Bum Fuck, B-U-M F-U-C-K (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Dirtbag, Dirtbag, D-I-R-T-B-A-G (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Dirtbag, Dirtbag, D-I-R-T-B-A-G (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
They may be fat and they may be thin,
But - they 're all beauty queens when you get it in.
Dirtbag Dirtbag, D-I-R-T-B-A-G (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Hand Job , Hand Job, H-A-N-D J-O-B (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Hand Job, Hand Job, H-A-N-D J-O-B (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
You wrap your hand around your gland,
You slap it around 'til it just won't stand.
Hand Job, Hand Job, H-A-N-D J-O-B (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Muff Dive, Muff Dive, M-U-F-F D-I-V-E (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Muff Dive, Muff Dive, M-U-F-F D-I-V-E (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

She wraps her legs around your face,
You lick and slobber all over the place.
Muff Dive, Muff Dive, M-U-F-F D-I-V-E (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Poop Shoot, Poop Shoot, P-O-O-P S-H-O-O-T (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
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Back door, cornhole, it's a gas,
You ram that pecker right up her ass.
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Scrotum, Scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Scrotum, Scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Well it's mangle, rangey, and covered with hair,
But what would you do if it wasn't there?
Scrotum, Scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
I really mean it, S-C-R-O-T-U-M.

Smegma, Smegma, S-M-E-G-M-A (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Smegma, Smegma, S-M-E-G-M-A (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
It's white and cheesy, and it smells like taint,
But if you eat too much, you're liable to faint.
Smegma, Smegma, S-M-E-G-M-A (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Sodomy, Sodomy, S-O-D-O-M-Y (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Sodomy, Sodomy, S-O-D-O-M-Y (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
you put the sheep's legs inside your boots,
so she won't change her mind when you're about to shoot.
so domy, Sodomy, S-O-D-O-M-Y (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Swallow, Swallow, S-W-A-L-L-O-W (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Swallow, Swallow, S-W-A-L-L-O-W (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
She'll swallow it all and she'll swallow it well,
She'll swallow it all 'cause she ain't on the pill.
Swallow, Swallow, S-W-A-L-L-O-W (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Taint, Taint, T-A-I-N-T (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Taint, Taint, T-A-I-N-T (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
It's not the ass and it's not the cunt,
It's the little bit of heaven 'tween the rear and the front.
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Tit Fuck, Tit Fuck, T-I-T F-U-C-K (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
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Northside, southside, eastside, west,
My baby likes it best when I cum on her chest.
Oh Tit Fuck, Tit Fuck, T-I-T F-U-C-K (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)

Titties, Titties, T-I-T-T-I-E-S (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Titties, Titties, T-I-T-T-I-E-S (Ba-Bum, Bum, Bum)
Well their just a part of the epiderm,
But I like 'em best when they're big and firm.
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All The Nice Girls Love A Candle
(Ship Ahoy)

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.
Nice and greasy, slips in easy,
It's a young girl's pride and joy,
Just to walk along the front,
With a candle up her cunt.
Ship ahoy girls, ship ahoy.

Alouette

(Sung to the tune of "Alouette")

CHORUS: Alouette, gentille Alouette.
Alouette, gentille plumerai.

(Start with chorus first and insert it between each verse.)

Leader: Does she have the scraggly hair?
Group: Yes, she has the scraggly hair.
Leader: Scraggly hair.
Group: Scraggly hair.
Leader: Alouette.
Group: Alouette.
Leader: OH!

Leader: Does she have the furrowed brow?
Group: Yes, she has the furrowed brow.
Leader: Furrowed brow.
Group: Furrowed brow.
Leader: Scraggly hair.
group: Scraggly hair.
Leader: Alouette.
Group: Alouette.
Leader: OH!

(Continue in this fashion, adding the current descriptive phrase and then repeating all previous descriptive phrases.)

Two glass eyes?
Broken nose?
Two capped teeth?
Double chin?
Swinging tits?
Pot belly?
Clammy thighs?
Furry thing?

Anthony Claire

CHORUS: For they were large balls, large balls,
Twice as heavy as lead.
With a dexterous twist of his muscular wrist,
He threw them right over his head.

Now, there once was a man called Anthony Clair
He was a very fine jugulaire,
There wasn't a man who could compare
With the way he fiddled and played with his balls.

So bang your cock against the gong,
And fiddle and play with your balls.

Now, Anthony was walking down the street,
Just by chance he happened to meet,
A pretty young maid with a dog at her feet,
Watching him fiddle and play with his balls.

Now, Anthony swung 'em round and round,
Let 'em go with a hell of a bound,
Right on the head of the faithful hound,
Watching him fiddle and play with his balls.

Now, the maiden, she was overwrought,
Swore she'd take the case to court,
For in her opinion no man ought
To fiddle and play with his balls.

They took him to a magistrate,
Who put him in a cell in state,
And left him there to meditate,
And fiddle and play with his balls.

And when they took the case to court,
The lawyer of the lady sought,
To prove that Anthony shouldn't ought,
To fiddle and play with his balls.

The jury said, "It's a bloody disgrace,
Exposing yourself in a public place,
Whacking your tool in a lady's face,
Twisting and playing with your balls."

The judge and jury couldn't agree,
And the judge said, "It's plain to see,
And really and truly I cannot see,
Why a man shouldn't play with his balls."
Then Anthony gave the crowd a shock,
Bold as brass he left the dock,
Swinging his balls around his cock,
Twisting and playing with his balls.

And this is the moral of this song,
If you play with your balls, you can't go wrong,

A Rugby Toast

(Toast)

Here's to America,
Land of the puss.
Where one in the hand,
Is worth two in the bush.
But the girls all say,
If you can make it stand,
A push in the bush is worth two in the hand!

As I Was Walking

As I was walking through the woods,
I screwed myself, I knew I would,
I cried for help but no help came
And so I screwed myself again.

As I was walking through St. Paul's
The curate grabbed me by the balls,
I cried for help but no help came
And so he grabbed my balls again.

A Song About Turds

CHORUS: Toorala, Tooralay,
A rolling stone gathers no moss so they say;
Sing along with the birds
It's a beautiful song but it's all about turds.

There was an old lady who lived on West Street,
And she was all stopped up from too much to eat,
So she swallowed some pills without reading the box,
And the first thing she knew turds came flying like rocks.

She ran to the window and stuck out her ass,
Just as she did a young cowboy did pass,
He turned to the sound that he heard up on high,
And a bloody great turd hit him right in the eye.

He ran to the east and he ran to the west,
A bloody great turd hit him right in the chest.
He ran to the north and he ran to the south,
Another great turd hit him right in the mouth.

If ever you pass o'er the Flat River Bridge,
And see a young cowboy asleep on the ridge,
Just stop by the roadside and pray for a bit,
Drop a tear for a cowboy who is buried in shit.

A Toast To Beer

(Toast)

If I had a dog that could piss this stuff
And I was sure that dog could piss enough
I'd tie his head to the foot of my bed
And such his dick 'til we both dropped dead.

A Toast To Madge(Toast)

("Madge" is replaced by the name of the woman you want to honor.)

Here's to Madge, that filthy bitch
Whose cunt is lined with seven year itch
Green matter oozes between her toes
Filthy corruption flows through her nose.

Yet before I climb those scaly thighs
And suck those crusty tits
I'd rather drink a quart of buzzard's piss
And swim the River Shits.

Oh cunt, oh cunt, thy deep and bottomless]it
All matted with hair and covered with shit
Like a pole cat's ass that smellest so bad
Oh cunt, oh cunt, thou must be had.

A Toast To The Ladies

(Toast)

Here's to the breezes that blow through the trees
That lifts the girls' chemises above their knees
To show us what pleases, and teases, and squeezes
And gives us venereal diseases, By Jesus!

Barnacle Bill The Sailor(Sung to the tune of "Barnacle Bill the Sailor")

WOMAN'S VOICE: Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Cried the fair young maiden.

MAN'S VOICE: Oh, it's only me from across the sea.
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

WOMAN'S VOICE: Why are you knocking at my door?
Why are you knocking at my door?
Why are you knocking at my door?
Cried the fair young maiden.

MAN'S VOICE: 'Cos I'm young enough, and ready and tough.
Cried Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

Will you take me to the dance?
To hell with the dance down with your pants.

You can sleep upon the floor.
I'll not sleep on the floor you dirty whore.

You can sleep upon the mat.
Oh, bugger the mat you can't fuck that.

You can sleep upon the stairs.
Oh, fuck the stairs they haven't got hairs.

What's that running up my blouse?
It's only me mitt to grab yer tit.

You can sleep between my tits.
Oh, bugger your tits they give me the shits.

You can sleep between my thighs.
Bugger your thighs they're covered in flies.

You can sleep within my cunt.
Oh, bugger your cunt but I'll fuck for a stunt.

What's that running in and out?
It's only me cock, it's as hard as a rock.
What's that running down my leg?
It's only me shot that missed yer twat.

What if my parents should find out?
We'll eat your ma and blow your pa.

What if my mother should disagree?

If yer ma'll agree we'll make it three.

What if we should get VD?
We'll pick the sores and fuck some more.

What if we should get the (clap!)?
Gotta be willin' to take penicillin.

What if I should have a child?
We'll drown the bugger and fuck for another.

What if we should have a girl?
We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch.

What if we should have a boy?
He'll play rugby and fuck like me.

What'll we do when the baby's born
We'll drown the bugger and fuck for another.
What if you should go to jail?
I'll pick the lock with my ten-foot cock.

What if we should go to prison?
I'll swing my balls and knock down the walls.

Bestiality's Best!
(Sung to the tune of "Wallaby Song")

CHORUS: Bestiality's best boys, bestiality's best.
 Fuck a wallaby!
 Bestiality's best boys, bestiality's best.
 Fuck a wallaby!

Blow your rocks in an ox boys, blow your rocks in an ox.
Fuck a wallaby!
Blow your rocks in an ox boys, blow your rocks in an ox.
Fuck a wallaby!

In the spunk of a skunk boys, in the spunk of a skunk.
Fuck a wallaby!
In the spunk of a skunk boys, in the spunk of a skunk.
Fuck a wallaby!

In the rear of a deer boys, in the rear of a deer.
Fuck a wallaby!
In the rear of a deer boys, in the rear of a deer.
Fuck a wallaby!

Be Kind To Your Web-Footed Friends
(Sung to the tune of "Stars and Stripes Forever")

Be kind to your web-footed friends
For a duck may be somebody's mother
Be kind to your friends in the swamp
Where the weather is cool and damp
Now you may think that this is the end
Well it is ...

Bill Bailey(Sung to the tune of "Bill Bailey")

CHORUS: Rip roar a tie-tie-ay,
Rip roar a tie-tie-ay,
Rip roar a tie-tie.
Rip roar a tucky-tucky,
Rip roar a tucky-tucky-aaaay.

I saw Bill Bailey
Out with the ladies
Under a starry sky
Then along came his wife
With a bloody great knife
And she chopped off the end
Of his tooral-ly-ay, Hey!

Off to the courthouse
He was lumbered
Charged with adultery
But the charge wouldn't stick
For he hadn't a prick
Cause she chopped off the end
Of his tooral-ly-ay, Hey!

Black Velvet Band
(Sung to the tune of "Black Velvet Band")

CHORUS: Her eyes they shone like diamonds,
They call her the Queen of the land.
And her hair hung over her shoulders,
Tied up with a black velvet band.

In a neat little town they call Belfast,
Apprentice to trade I was found,
Many an hour sweet happiness,
Have I spent in this neat little town,
A sad misfortune came over me,
Which caused me to stray from the land,
Far away from my friends and relations,
Betrayed by the black velvet band.

I took a stroll down Broadway,
Meaning not long for to stay,
When who should I meet,
But this pretty fair maid,
Came a strolling along the highway,
She was both fair and handsome,
And her neck it was just like a swan,
And her hair it hung it over her shoulder,
Tied up with a black velvet band.

I took a strole with this pretty fair maid,
And the gentleman passing us by,
Well I knew she meant the doing of him,
By the look in her roguish black-eye,
The gold watch she took from his pocket,
And placed it right into my hand,
And the very first thing that I said was,
Bad luck to the black velvet band.

Boy Meets Girl

Boy meets girl, holds her hand,
Visions of a promised land,
Tender words, cling and kiss,
Crafty feel, heavenly bliss,
Nibble nipples, squeeze thighs,
Gets a beat, feels a rise,
Eyes ablaze, drawers down,
Really starts to go to town,
Legs outspread, virgin lass,
Fanny foams like bottled Bass,
Ram it home, moans of joy,
Teenage love, girl meets boy,
Love's a jewel, pearls he's won,
Shoots his **load**, what's he done,
Comes the pay off, here's the rub,
He's got her in the pudding club,
Comes the wedding, bridesmaids flap,
Love and cherish, all that crap,
A tubby tum, weighty gain,
Prams and nappies, labour pain,
Begins to realize what he **did**,
Nagging wife and screaming kid,
Sweats his prick off, works his stint;
Only pleasure is evening time,
When mattress creaks she's off again,
Can't forsake those sexy habits,
Breeding kids like bloody rabbits.

Brother Johnny

("Johnny" is replaced by the name of the person who messes up a solo.)

Here's to Brother Johnny, Brother Johnny, Brother Johnny.

Here's to Brother Johnny who's with us tonight.

He beats it, he eats it, he often mistreats it.

Here's to Brother Johnny who's with us tonight.

Bye, Bye, Blackbird
(Sung to the tune of "Bye, Bye, Blackbird")

Once a boy was no good,
Took a girl into a wood,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.

Laid her down upon the grass,
Pinched her tits and slapped her ass,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.

Took her where nobody else could find her,
To a place where he could really grind her,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.

Rolled her over on her front,
Shoved his prick right up her cunt,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.

But this 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,
Blackbird, Bye, Bye.

Then the judge came to his decision,
This poor sod got eighteen months in prison,
Blackbird, Bye, Bye.

So next time, boy, do it right,
Stuff her cunt with dynamite,
Blackbird, Bye, Bye.

By The Light

(Sung to the tune of "By The Light Of The Silvery Moon")

By the light,
tish, tish, tish, tish, tish, tish,
Of the flickering match,
tish, tish, tish, tish, tish, tish,
I saw her snatch,
tish, tish, tish, tish, tish, tish,
In the watermelon patch,
tish, tish, tish, tish, tish, tish.
By the light,
tish, tish, tish, tish, tish, tish,
Of the flickering match,
tish, tish, tish, tish, tish, tish,
I saw her gleam, I heard her scream, you are burning my snatch,
tish, tish, tish, tish, tish, tish,
With your God damned match,
tish, tish, tish, tish, tish, tish.

Cal Drinking Song

Oh, we had a little party down in Newport,
There was Harry, there was Larry, there was Grace.
Oh, we had a little party down in Newport,
And we had to carry Harry from the place.

Oh, we had to carry Harry to the ferry,
And we had to carry him to the shore.
And the reason that we had to carry Harry to the ferry,
Was that Harry couldn't carry anymore.

For San Fernando, for San Fernando,
The hills resound the cry, we're out to do or die.
For San Fernando, for San Fernando,
We'll win the game or know the reason why.

And when the game is over we will buy a case of booze,
And we'll drink to San Fernando 'til we wallow in our shoes.
So drink, tra-la-la
Drink, drank, drunk last night
Drunk the night before
Gonna get drunk tonight like we've never been drunk before
'Cause when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be
For I'm a member of the Souse family.
Oh, the Souse family is the best family
That ever came over from old Germany.
There's the Highland Dutch and the Lowland Dutch,
And the goddamn Dutch and the Irish.

Sing Glorious! Victorious!
One keg of beer for the four of us.
Sing Glory be to God that there are no more of us,
For one of us could drink it all alone, damned near.

Here's to the Irish. Dead drunk!
The lucky stiffs.
They had four fifths,
And a six pack, too. Brew 102.

Can You Walk A Little Way With It In?(Sung to the tune of "She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain")

Can you walk a little way with it in, with it in?

Can you walk a little way with it in?

"Oh," she answered with a smile,

"I can walk a fucking mile,

With it in, with it in, with it in."

Cathusalem

CHORUS: Hi ho Cathusalem, Cathusalem, Cathusalem,
Hi ho Cathusalem, Harlot of Jerusalem.

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

Though she screwed for many a year,
Of pregnancy she had no fear,
She washed her passage with beer,
The best in all Jerusalem.

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

His phallic limb was lean and tall,
His phallic art caused all to fall,
And victims lined the Wailing Wall,
That goes around Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree,
With customary whore-lust he,
Made up his mind to call and see,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

It was for her no fortune good,
That he needed to root his pud,
And chose her out of all the breed,
Of harlots of Jerusalem.

With artful eye and leering look
He took out from its filthy-nook,
His organ stisted like a crook,
The Pride of Old Jerusalem.

He put the whore against the slum,
And tied her at the knee and bum,
Just where the strain would come,
Upon the fair Cathusalem.

He seized the harlot by the bun,
And rattling like a Lewis gun,
He sewed the seed of many a son,
Into the fair Cathusalem.

Then up there came an Onanite,
With warty balls smeared with shit,
He'd sworn he would ball that night,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

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

He seized the bastard by his crook,
And with a single look,
Flung him over Kedren's Brook,
That babbles past Jerusalem.

The student gave a furious roar,
And rushed to even up the score,
And with his swollen cock did bore,
The rapist of Cathusalem.

And reeling full of rags and fight,
He pushed the bastard Onanite,
And rubbed his face in Cathy's shit,
The foulest in Jerusalem.

Cathusalem she knew her part,
She closed her ass and blew a fart,
That sent him flying like a dart,
Right over old Jerusalem.

And buzzing like a bumble bee,
He flew straight out towards the sea,
But caught his asshole in a tree,
That grows in old Jerusalem.

And to this day you still can see,
His asshole hanging from that tree,
Let that to you a warning be,
When passing through Jerusalem.

And when the moon is bright and red,
A castrated fern sails overhead,
Still raining curses on the head,
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.

It was a sight to make you sick,
To hear him grunt so fast & quick,
As he tore with his crooked dick,
The womb of fair Cathusalem.

As for the student and his lass,
Many a playful night did pass,
Until she joined the V.D. class,

For harlots of Jerusalem.

Cats On The Rooftop

CHORUS: Singing cats on the rooftop, cats on the tiles,
Cats with the clap and cats with the piles,
Cats with their asses wreathed in smiles,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

When you wake up in the morn with the devil of a stand,
From the pressure of the liquid on the seminary gland,
If you haven't got a woman use you own horny hand,
As you revel in the joys of masturbation.

The Regimental Sergeant Major leads a miserable life,
He can't afford a mistress and he doesn't have a wife,
So he puts it up the bottom of the Regimental Fife,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

When you find yourself in springtime with a surge of sexual joy,
And your wife has got the rag on and your daughter's rather coy,
Then jam it up the arse hole of your favorite choirboy,
As you revel in a smooth ejaculation.

The ostrich on the pampas is a solitary chick,
Without the opportunity to dip its wick,
But whenever it does it slips in thick,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The elephant's dong is big and round,
A small one weighs a thousand pound,
Two together shake the ground,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The oyster is a paragon of purity,
And you can't tell the he from the she,
But he can tell and so can she,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The donkey is a lonely bloke,
He hardly ever gets a poke,
But when he does he lets it soak,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The hippopotamus so it seems,
Rarely, if ever, has wet dreams,
But when he does he comes in streams,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

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.

The flea cavorts among the trees,
And there consorts with whom he please,
To fill the land with bastard fleas,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

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

The orangutan is a colorful sight,
There's a glow on its arse likke a pilot light,
As it jumps and it leaps in the night,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Long-legged curates grind like goats,
Pale-faced spinsters shag like stoats,
And the whole damn works stands by and gloats,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

A thousand verses all in rhyme,
To sit and sing them seems a crime,
When we could better spend our time,
Revelling in the joys of fornication.

Charlotte The Harlot

(Sung to the tune of "Sweet Betsy From Pike")

CHORUS: She's filthy, she's nasty,
She spits on the floor,
Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.

Way out in the wild west where the bullshit lies thick,
Where the women are women and the cowboys come quick,
There lives a fair maiden of forty or more,
Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.

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

She's easy, she's breezy, she's my hearts delight,
I'll fuck her by day and fuck her by night,
And each time I fuck her she shouts out, "Encore,"
I call that great fucking and I want some more.

One night on the prairie while riding along,
One hand on my pistol and one on my dong,
What should I spy but the maid I adore,
Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.

One night I was riding way down by the falls,
One hand on my pistol, the other on my balls,
What should I see but Charlotte using a stick,
Instead of the end of a cowpuncher's prick.

One night on the desert her legs opened wide,
A rattlesnake saw it and climbed up inside,
Now all the cowboys on Saturday night,
Come see the vagina that rattles and bites.

I leapt from my saddle and reached for her crack,
But the damn thing was rattling and bit me back,
I pulled out my six gun and aimed for its head,
But the damn thing misfired and shot Charlotte instead.

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

Faster and faster went my sturdy steed,
Until Charlotte rejoiced at the speed,
When all of a sudden my horse did backfire,
And shot Charlotte right into the mire.

He got Charlotte all covered in muck,
And said, "Oh dear, cowboy, what a glorious fuck,"
She stepped a pace forward and fell flat on the floor,
And that was the end of the cowpuncher's whore.

The funeral procession was forty miles long,
And all of the cowboys were singing the song,
"Here lies a maiden who never kept score,
Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpuncher's whore."

Charlotte The Harlot Lay Dying

CHORUS: "I've been had by the army, the navy,
By a bullfighting toreador,
By dages and dronges and dinges,
But never by maggots before,
So roll back your dirty old assholes,
And give me the cream of your nuts."
So they rolled back their dirty old assholes,
Sweet Home" on her guts.

And played "Home

Charlotte the Harlot lay dying,
A piss-pot supported her head,
The blow-flies were buzzing around her,
She lay on her left tit and said:

Charlotte the Harlot repented,
She'd never have another bang,
She wanted to go to heaven,
So she rolled on her right tit and sang:

Charlotte the Harlot was buried,
The town was much quieter than before,
But one night at the local brothel,
Her ghost appeared in the beer.

Christopher Columbo

CHORUS: His balls they were so round - o
His cock hung to the ground - o
That fornicating, copulating
Son-of-a-bitch Columbo.

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
A man whose name was Chris
Stood by the Trevi fountain
Indulging in a piss.

Along did come the Queen of Spain
And glimpsing there his dong,
Forthwith was smitten with desire
And knew not right from wrong.

"Oh, Isabelle," Columbo said,
A-waving of his balls,
"The world is round as these are,
I feel that duty calls."

"Just wait a bit," said Isabelle,
"And don't forget essentials,
For I've a mind to have a grind
And check on your credentials."

She gave her guest no time for rest,
The pace was fairly killing,
With legs apart he gave the tart
A cream and cherry filling.

With lustful shout they ran about
And practiced copulation,
And when they left to sail away
They'd doubled the population.

And when his men pulled out again,
And reckoned all their score up,
They'd caught a pox from every box
That syphilized all Europe.

Three ships set sail that sunny day,
They all were triple deckers,
The queen she waived her handkerchief
Columbo waived his pecker.

For forty days and forty nights
He sailed the broad Atlantic,
Columbo and his scurvy crew

For want of a screw were frantic.

The cabin boy, the cabin boy,
That dirty little nipper,
He packed his ass with broken glass
And circumcised his skipper.

The first mate's name was John,
They loved him like a brother,
And every night in the pale moonlight
They corn-holed each other.

The third mate's name was Higgins,
And Higgins had a big 'un,
Twice round his neck, twice round the deck,
The rest was used for riggin.

The cook, that rotten man,
He was a dirty demon,
He served the crew a menstrual stew,
And flavored it with semen.

An Indian maid ran down the beach,
Columbo he pursued her,
The white of an egg ran down her leg,
Columbo he unscrewed her.

And when they got to Yankee land,
The spied a Yankee harlot,
When they came her arse was lily-white,
When they left her arse was scarlet.

Christopher Robin

(Sung to the tune of "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.

Clementine
(Sung to the tune of "Clementine")

CHORUS: I owe my darlin', I owe my darlin',
I owe my darlin' Clementine,
Three bent pennies and a nickel,
Oh my darlin' Clementine.

There she stood beside the bar rail,
Drinking pink gins for two bits,
And the swollen whiskey barrels
Stood in awe beside her tits.

Eyes of whiskey, lips of water
As she sodden at me peer,
Dawns the daylight in her temple
With a fucking-warming leer.

Hung me guitar on the bar rail
At the sweetness of the sign,
In one leap lept out me trousers
Plunged into the foaming brine.

She was bawdy, she was busty
She could match the great Buzoom,
As she strained out of her bloomers
Like a melon tree in bloom.

Oh the oak tree and the cypress
never more together twine,
Since that creeping poison ivy
Laid its blight on Clementine.

Cockles and Mussels(Sung to the tune of "Molly Malone")

CHORUS: Alive, alive-o, alive, alive-o
 Singing cockles and mussels
 Alive, alive-o.

In Dublin's fair city where girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheel barrow, through streets broad and narrow
Singing cockles and mussels alive, alive-o.

She was a fishmonger, but sure twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they each wheeled the barrow, through streets broad and narrow
Singing cockles and mussels alive, alive-o.

She died of a fever and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Her ghost wheels her barrow, through streets broad and narrow
Singing cockles and mussels alive, alive-o.

Courtin' in The Kitchen

CHORUS: Tooral ooral ooral a, tooral ooral addy,
 Tooral ooral ooral ooral a, tooral ooral addy.

Come single belle and beau, unto me pay attention,
Don't ever fall in love for 'tis the devil's own invention.
Once I fell in love with a maiden so bewitchin',
Miss Henrietta Bell out of Captain Kelly's kitchen.

At the age of seventeen I was 'prenticed to a grocer,
Not far from Stephen's Green where Miss Henry used to go, Sir.
Her manners were sublime, she set me heart a twitchin',
And she invited me to a hooley in the kitchen.

Next Sunday being the day we were to have the flare up,
I dressed meself quite gay, an' I frizzed and oiled my hair up.
The captain had n-o wife, faith, he had gone out fishing,
So we kicked up high life down below stairs on the kitchen.

Just as the clock struck six we sat down to the table,
She handed tea and cake and I ate while I was able.
I drank hot punch and tea till me sides had got a stitch in,
And the hours passed quick away with the courtin' in the kitchen.

With me arms around her waist she slyly hinted marriage,
To the door in dreadful haste came Captain Kelly's carriage
Her eyes soon filled with hate and poison she was spitting,
When the Captain at the door walked straight into the kitchen.

She flew up off my knees, full five feet up or higher,
And over head and heels, threw me slap into the fire.
My new Repealer's coat, that I bought from Mr. Mitchell,
With a twenty shilling note, went to blazes in the kitchen.

I grieved to see my duds, all smeared with soot and ashed,
When a tub of dirty suds, right in my face she dashed.
As I lay on the floor and the water she kept pitchin',
The footman broke the door, and marched down into the kitchen.

When the Captain came downstairs, tho' he saw my situation,
In spite of all my prayers, I was marched off to the station.
For me they'd take no bail, tho' to get home I was itchin',
But I had to tell the tale, how I came into the kitchen.

I said she did invite me but she gave a flat denial,
For assault she did indict me and I was sent to trial.
She swore I robbed the house in spite of all her screetchin',
And I got six months hard for me courtin' in the kitchen.

Court of The Horny Five Sweetheart Song

CHORUS: In the mood, hard on crazy rhythm,
In the mood, hard on crazy rhythm,
In the mood, hard on crazy rhythm,
Up tight, and out of sight, and in the mood.

She's got nipples on her tits just as big as your thumb.
She's got somethin' 'tween her legs to make a dead man cum.
She's got shoo-fly pie - apple pandowdy,
Makes your balls rise up and makes your pecker say "Howdy".
You can huff and you can puff and you can strut your stuff,
But you can't eat enough of her wonderful muff!

Oh, the nipples on her tits are as big as my thumb.
The wiggle of her ass will make a dead man cum.
She's a mean mother fucker and a great cocksucker.
She's my girl; she fucks.

Daisy(Sung to the tune of "Daisy")

Daisy, Daisy,
Give me your answer do.
I'm half crazy,
Six inches into you.
It won't be a stylish entry,
I can't afford a frenchie.
But you'll look sweet,
Between the sheets,
When I'm six inches into you.

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
And we'll tell you Bible stories
That you've 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 there to show him
But he quickly found the way
And that's the very reason
Why we're singing here today.

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

Now Moses in the bullrushes
Was all wrapped up in swathe
Pharaoh's daughter found him
When she went down there 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.

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.

Now Samson was an Israelite
And very big and strong
Delilah was a Philistine
Always doing wrong
They spent a week together

Diamond Lily

Oh her name is Diamond Lily
She's a whore in Piccadilly,
And her brother has a brothel in the Strand,
Her father sells his arse hole
At the Elephant and Castle,
They're the richest fucking family in the land.

There's a man deep in a dungeon
With his hand upon his prick
And the shadow of his prick upon the wall
And the ladies as they pass
Stick their hat-pins up his arse,
And the little mice play billiards with his balls.

There's a little green urinal
To the north of Waterloo
And another a little further up,
There's a member of the army
Playing tunes upon his dick
While the passers-by put pennies in his cup.

Did You Ever See

CHORUS: Did you ever see,
Did you ever see,
Did you ever see,
Such a funny thing before.

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.

I've got a cousin Daniel,
And he's got a cockerspaniel,
If you tickled 'im in the middle
He would lift his leg and piddle.

Oh, I've got a cousin Rupert,
He plays outside center for Newport,
The think so much about him
That they always play without him.

Oh, I've got a cousin Anna,
And she's got a grand piana,
And she ram aram arama,
Till the neighbors say "God Damn Her."

Dont Say No(Chanted)

Oh, my darlin', don't say no,

Onto the sofa you must go.

Up with your petticoat,

Down with your drawers,

You tickle mine

And I'll tickle yours.

Do Yours Hang Low?

(Sung to the tune of "Do Your Ears Hang Low")

Do your balls hang low?

Do they dangle to and fro?

Can you tie them in a knot?

Can you tie them in a bow?

Can you sling 'em o'er your shoulder

Like a Continental Soldier?

Do your balls hang low?

Eskimo Nell
(Recited)

Gather round all you whores
Gather round and hear this story.

When a man rows old, & his balls grow cold
And the tip of his prick turns blue,
It bends in the middle like a 1 string fiddle
He can tell you a tale or two.

So pull up a chair, and stand me a drink
And a tale to you I'll tell
Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
And a harlot called Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Go forth in search of fun
It's Dead-eye Dick that slings the prick
And Mexican Pete the gun.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Are sore, depressed and sad
It's always a cunt that bears the brunt
But the shooting ain't so bad.

Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Live down by Dead Man's Creek
And such was their luck they'd had no fuck
For nigh on half a week.

Just a moose or two and a caribou,
And a bison cow or so,
And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly prick
This fucking was mighty slow.

So do or dare this horny pair
Set forth for the Rio Grande,
Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick
And Pete with his gun in his hand.

And as they blazed their noisy trail
No man their path withstood,
And many a bride, her husband's pride
A pregnant widow stood.

They reached the strand of the Rio Grande
At the height of a blazing noon,
And to slack their thirst and do their worst
They sought Black Mike's Saloon.

And as they pushed the great doors wide
Both prick and gun flashed free.
According to sex, you bleeding wrecks, You
drink or fuck with me."

They'd heard of Dead-eye Dick,
From Maine to Panama
So with scarcely worse than a muttered cur
Those dagos sought the bar.

The girls too knew his playful ways
Down on the Rio Grande,
And forty whores pulled down their drawer
At Dead-eye Dick's command.

They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete
Itch on the trigger grip
And they didn't wait, at fearful rate
Those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick
With lecherous snorts and grunts
So forty arses were bared to view
And likewise forty cunts.

Now forty cunts and forty arses
If you can use your wits,
And if you're slick at arithmetic,
Makes exactly eighty tits.

Now eighty tits are a gladsome sight
For a man with a raging stand
It may be rare in Berkeley Square
But not on the Rio Grande.
Now Dead-eye Dick had fucked a few

On the last preceding night,
This he had done just to show his fun
And to wet his appetite.

His phallic limb was in fucking trim,
As he backed and took a run
He made a dart at the nearest tart
And scored a hole in one.

He bore her to the sandy floor
And there he fucked her fine
And though she grinned
It put the wind up the other thirty-nine.

When Dead-eye Dick lets loose his prick
He's got no time to spare,
For speed & length combined with strength
He fairly singses hair.

He made a dart at the next spare tart,
When into that harlot's hell
Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid,
And her name it was Eskimo Nell.

By this time Dick had got his prick
Well into number two
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell,
She bawled to him, "Hey you."

He gave a flick of his muscular prick
And the girl flew over his head,
And he wheeled about with an angry shout.
His face and his prick were red.

She glanced our hero up and down,
His looks she seemed to decry,
With utter scorn she glimpsed the horn
That rose from his hairy thigh.

She blew the smoke from her cigarette
Over his steaming knob
So utterly beat was Mexican Pete
He failed to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell
In accents clear and cool,
"You cunt struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp.

You call that thing a tool?"

"If this here town can't take that down,"
She sneered to those cowering whores,
"There's one little cunt can do the stunt,
It's Eskimo Nell's, not yours."

She stripped her garments one by one
With an air of conscious pride
And as she stood in her womanhood
They saw the great divide.

She seated herself on a table top
Where someone had left his glass,
With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits
Between the cheeks of her arse.

She flexed her knees with supple ease,
And spread her legs apart,
With a friendly nod to the mangy sod
She gave him the cue to start.

But Dead-eye Dick knew a trick or two,
He meant to take his time,
And a girl like this was fucking bliss
So he played the pantomime.

He flexed his arse hole to and fro
And made his balls inflate
Until they looked like granite knobs
Up on a garden gate.

He blew his anus inside out,
His balls increased in size,
His mighty prick grew twice as thick
Till it almost reached his eyes.

He polished it up with alcohol,
And made it steaming hot
To finish the job he sprinkled the knob
With a cayenne pepperpot.

Then neither did he take a run
Nor did he take a leap,
Nor did he stoop, but took a swoop
And a steady forward creep.

With piercing eye he took a sight
Along his mighty tool,
And the steady grin as he pushed it in
Was calculatedly cool.

Have you seen the giant pistons
On the mighty C.P.R.
With the driving force of a thousand horse.
Well, you know what pistons are.

Or you think you do. But you've yet to learn
The ins and outs of the trick
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run
By a guy like Dead-eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was no infidel,
As good as whole harem
With the strength of ten in her abdomen
And the rock of ages between.

Amid stops she could take the stream
Like the flush of a watercloset,
And she gripped his cock like a Yale Lock
On the National Safe Deposit.

But Dead-eye Dick could not come quick,
He meant to conserve his powers,
If he'd a mind he'd grind and grind
For a couple of solid hours.

Nell lay for a while with a subtle smile,
The grip of her cunt grew keener,
Squeezing her thigh she sucked him dry
With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this trick in a way so slick
As to set in complete defiance
The basic cause and primary laws
That govern sexual science.

She calmly rode through the phallic code
Which for years had stood the test,
And the ancient rules of the classic schools
In a second or two went West.

And so my friends we come to the end
Of copulation's classic

The effect on Dick was sudden and quick
And akin to an anesthetic.

He fell to the floor, and knew no more
His passions extinct and dead
And he did not shout as his prick fell out
Though 'twas stripped right down to a thread

Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet
To avenge his pal's affront,
With jarring jolt of his blue-nosed Colt
He rammed it up her cunt.

He rammed it up to the trigger grip
And fired three times three
But to his surprise she closed her eyes
And smiled in ecstasy.

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet
"Bully", she said, "for you.
Though I had guessed that was the best
That you two poor cocks could do."

"When next, my friend, that you intend
To sally forth for fun
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick
And yourself an elephant gun.

"I'm going back to the frozen North,
Where the pricks are hard and strong.
Back to the land of the frozen stand
Where the nights are six months long.

"It's hard as tin when they put it in
In the land where spunk is spunk
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream
But a solid frozen chunk.

"Back to the land where they understand
What it means to fornicate,
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed
And the babies masturbate.

"Back to the land of the grinding gland,
Where the walrus plays with his prong,
Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair
That's where they'll sing this song.

"They'll tell this tale on the Arctic Trail
Where the nights are sixty below,
Where it's so damn cold that the Johnnies are sold
Wrapped up in a ball of snow.

"In the valley of death with baited breath
That's where they'll sing it too,
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle,
And the rotting corpses screw.

"Back to the land where men are men,
Terra Bellicum,
And there I'll spend my worthy end
For the North is calling: 'Come.'"

So Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Slunk out of the Rio Grande,
Dead-eye Dick with his useless prick
And Pete with no gun in his hand.

Eyes Right
(Chanted)

Eyes right,
Skin back tight,
Bollocks to the front.
We're the boys who make no noise,
When we go hunting cunt.
We're the riders of the night,
And we'd rather fuck than fight.
We're the riders of the (your team's name) RFC.

Fa La La

CHORUS: Fa la
Fa la la.

I'll be up your flue in a minute or two,
'Cause I know where to find it.
It's around the front and it's called the cunt,
And the asshole's right behind it.

My darling Grace, I love your face,
I love you in your nightie.
When the moonlight flits across your tits,
Oh, Jesus Christ Almighty.

I'll be up your gash as quick as a flash,
'Cause I am Jack the Ripper.
Though some have hairs -and some are bald,
But they all smell like a kipper.

I'll be between your thighs despite your lies,
Because you love me deary.
I'll be up and down and in and out,
Until you are too weary.

You'll be on your knees and begging please,
Because you are so horny.
I'll be round about and up your spout,
And gone before the morning.

The very best time I ever had,
Is when I take out Lucy.
'Cause after we dine and after we dance,
I get to eat her pussy.

Fanny Bay

If you ever go across the sea to Darwin,
Then maybe at the closing of the day,
You will see the local harlots
at their business,
And watch the sun go down on Fanny Bay.

Some are black and some are white,
And some are brindle,
And some are young
and some are old and grey,
But what will cost you twenty quid
in Lower Crown Street,
Will cost you half a zac in Fanny Bay.

Farmer's Daughter

CHORUS: I had her, I had her, I had her away.
I had her, I had her, I had her away.
(Repeat last two lines of each verse.)

I knew a farmer and I knew him well.
He had a daughter and her name was Nell.
She was so pretty and only sixteen,
When I showed her the works of my Thrashing Machine.

The barn door was open and I stepped inside.
Off in the corner so softly I spied.
She worked the throttle and I worked the steam,
As I showed her the works of my Thrashing Machine.

Well, three months went by and all was not well.
Something had happened to our little Nell.
For under her pinny could clearly be seen,
The diabolical works of my Thrashing Machine.

Now, nine months went by and a doctor was called.
Unto sweet Nellie a baby was born.
And under his nappy could clearly be seen,
A brand new, twin cylinder Thrashing Machine.

Fuck Him
(Chanted)

He ought to be publicly pissed on.
He ought to be publicly shot. Bang! Bang!
And stuffed in a bloody urinal,
To lay there to fester and rot.
So him, him, FUCK HIM!

Gentlemen Should Please Refrain(Sung to the tune of "Poisoning Pigeons in the Park")

Gentlemen should please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the station for a while.
We encourage contemplation
While the train is in the station,
Cross your legs and grit your teeth and smile.

If you wish to pass some water
You should sing out for a porter
Who will place a basin in the bog;
Tramps and hoboes undeneath
Get it in the eye and teeth,
But that's what comes from being underdog.

Drinking while the train is moving
Is another way of proving,
That control of eye and hand is sure;
We like our clients to be neat,
So please don't wet upon the seat,
Or, even worse, don't splash upon the floor.

If the Ladies' Room be taken,
do not feel the least forsaken,
Never show the sign of sad defeat,
Try the Gents across the hall,
and if some man has felt the call
He'll courteously relinquish you his seat.

If these efforts are in vain,
then simply break the window pane,
This novel method's used by very few,
We go strolling through the park,
a-goosing statues in the dark
If Peter Pan can take it, why can't you?

Glorious Beer(Sung to the tune of "Food" from the opera Oliver)

CHORUS: Beer, beer, glorious beer,
Fill yourself right up to here.
Drink a good deal of it, make a good meal of it.
Stick to your old fashion beer,
Don't be afraid of it, drink till you're made of it.
Now all together a cheer,
Up with sale of it, down with a pale of it.
Glorious, glorious beer.

Now I won't sing of Sherbet and water
For Sherbet and beer will not rhyme
'ne working man can't afford Champagne
It's a bit more than two D a time
So I'll sing you a song of a garle
A garle that I love so dear
I all owe to that grand institution
That beautiful tonic called beer, beer, beer.

It's the daddy of all lubricators
The best thing there is for the neck
Can be used as a gargle or lotion
By persons of every sect
Now we know who the goddess of wine was
But was there a goddess of beer
If so let's drink to her health boys
And wish that we'd got her here, here, here.

So up, up with Brandies and sodas
But down and down with the beer
It's good for you when you're hungry
You can eat it without any fear
So mop up your beer while you're able
Of four-half let's have our fill
And I know you'll all join me in wishing
Good luck to my dear uncle Bill, Bill, Bill.

Harlequin's Lament

Scrum halves and centers and forwards, too.
Thumbs up their assholes with fuck-all to do.
Drinking our beer in the company of fools.
May the lord piss on you sideways.
May the lord piss on you sideways.
May the lord piss on you sideways.
'Tis the Harlequin's Lament.

The first thing we ask for, we ask for is beer.
Beautiful, wonderful, glorious beer.
If we can have one beer, why can't we have ten?
Why can't we own a brewery?
Why can't we own a brewery?
Why can't we own a brewery?
'Tis the Harlequin's Lament.

The next thing we ask for, we ask for is girls.
Beautiful, wonderful, glorious girls.
If we can have one girl, why can't we have ten?
Why can't we own a whorehouse?
Why can't we own a whorehouse?
Why can't we own a whorehouse?
'Tis the Harlequin's Lament.
The last thing we ask for is boys.

The last thing I ask for is boys.
Beautiful, wonderful, glorious boys.
If we can have one boy, why can't we have ten?
Why can't we own a scout troop?
Why can't we own a scout troop?
Why can't we own a scout troop?
'Tis the Harlequin's Lament.

He's Dirt Bastard
(Chanted)

For he's a dirty bastard,
Scum of the earth.
Born in a whorehouse.
Shit on, pissed on, shoved around the universe.

Of all the son-of-a-bitches,
he is the worst.
Born down in (city of your choice),
The armpit of the universe.

So him, him, FUCK HIM!

Here's To The Split

(Toast)

Here's to the split that never heals,
The longer you rub it the better it feels.
And all the soap this side of hell,
Can't wash away that fishy smell.

His Father Was A Eunuch
(Chanted)

His father was a eunuch,
He had no balls at all.
What could have been the use of him,
Is more than I recall.
Band, Bang, FUCK HIM.

Hitler Has Only Got One Ball

CHORUS: Hitler has only got one ball,
Stalin has two, but very small.
Himmler is very similar,
And poor old Goebbels has no balls at all.

We are from (your team's name) RFC.
We are always out to win.
Men, men very strong,
We are the forwards and backs again.

And if the forwards push very hard,
Backs play with all their hearts.
Men, men very strong,
We are the forwards and backs again.

Hold'Em Down You Zulu Warrior
(Sung to the tune of "Zulu Warrior")

Hold 'em down you Zulu Warrior,
Hold'em down you Zulu Chief,
Chief! Chief! Chief! Chief!
I za ka zumba zumba zumba.
I za ka zumba zumba zay.
I za ka zumba zumba zumba.
I za ka zumba zumba zay.

I'm A Gentleman Of Leisure, Of Nobility, And Pleasure

CHORUS: Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,
 I've a mind to spin
 your little ball of yarn,
 Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,
 I've a mind to spin
 your little ball of yarn.

I'm a gentleman of leisure, of nobility and pleasure,
With manners of the manor and the morals of the barn,
And when I met a lady in the forest green and shady,
I asked if I could spin her ball of yarn.

She gave her kind consent and behind the bush we went,
And I said: "My dear, there's no cause for alarm."
So I laid her on the ground and with expertise so sound,
I went on to spin her little ball of yarn.

It was nine months after that in my manor where I sat,
I saw a figure coming past the barn,
And a big man with a truncheon quite disturbed my Sunday luncheon,
was father of a little ball of yarn.

I'm Your Mailman

I feel happy, I feel gay
Cause I come twice a day.
I'm your mailman.

I don't mess with keys on locks,
I just stick it in your box.
I'm your mailman.

I can come in any kind of weather,
For you see my bag is made of leather.
I'm your mailman.

Oh! Pat you knockers, ring your chimes,
For you see mine is fine.
I'm your mailman,
With the longest route in town.

I Don't Know What His Name Is...

CHORUS: I don't know what his name is and wherever he may be,
Just listen while I tell you what he did to me!

I went through the front gate
Like a good girl should,
And he slipped round the back way
Like I knew he would.

I went in the front door
Like a good girl should,
And he slipped in behind me
Like I knew he would.

I went up the stairs
Like a good girl should,
And he came up behind me
Like I knew he would.

I went in my bedroom
Like a good girl should,
And he slipped in behind me
Like I hoped he would.

I took all my clothes off
Like a good girl should,
And he took off his trousers
Like I knew he would.

I put on my 'jamas
Like a good girl should,
And then he took them off again
Like I knew he would.

I got into bed
Like a good girl should,
And he got in beside me
Like I knew he would.

I laid on my side
Like a good girl should,
But then he turned me over
Like I knew he would.

FINAL

CHORUS: I don't know what his name is and wherever he may be,
It's none of your damned business what he did to me!

I Don't Want To Join The Army

CHORUS: I don't want to join the army,
I don't want to go to war.
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly Underground,
Living on the earnings of a high born lady.
I don't want a bayonet up me asshole,
I don't want me balls shot away.
I'd rather stay in England, in merry, merry England,
And fornicate me fucking life away. Go blimey ...

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
And Wednesday, I must confess, I lifted up her dress,
Thursday I saw you know what,
Friday I laid me 'and upon it,
Saturday she gave me balls a twitch, twitch, twitch,
And Sunday after supper, I rammed me fucker up 'er,
And now I'm paying 76 a week. Go blimey ...

SECOND

CHORUS: I don't want to join the Navy.
I don't want to go to sea.
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly Underground,
Living on the earnings of a high born lady.
I don't need no Frenchy women,
London's full of girls I never had.
I want to stay in Blight, Lord Gawd Almighty,
Following in the footsteps of me dad.

I Don't Wanna Talk About It

CHORUS: I don't wanna talk about it how you broke my heart.
If I stay here just a little bit longer,
If I stay here won't you listen to my heart, OH my heart.

I can tell by your eyes that you're probably been crying forever
And the stars in the sky don't mean nothing to you there a mirror.

If I stand all along will the shadow hide the color of my heart
Blue for the tears, black for the night spears
And the stars in the sky don't mean nothing to you there a mirror.

If I Were The Marrying Kind

CHORUS: If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not sir, The kind of man that I would be...

... WOULD BE A RUGBY FULLBACK.
I'd find touch, she'd find touch,
We'd both find touch together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Finding touch together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY HOOKER.
I'd strike hard, she'd strike hard,
We'd both strike hard together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Striking hard together.

... WOULD BE AN INSIDE CENTER.
I'd pass it out, she'd pass it out,
We'd both pass it out together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Passing it out together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY REFEREE.
I'd fuck up, she'd fuck up,
We'd both fuck up together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Fucking up together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY PROP.
I'd support a hooker, she'd support a hooker, We'd both support a hooker
together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Supporting a hooker together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY FLY-HALF.
I'd whip it out, she'd whip it out,
We'd both whip it out together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Whipping it out together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY SCRUM-HALF. I'd put it in, she'd put it in,
Wed both put it in together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night, Putting it in together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY HALF-TIME ORANGE.
I'd get sucked, she'd get sucked,
We'd both get sucked together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Getting sucked together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY SPECTATOR.
I'd come again, she'd come again,
We'd both come again together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,

Coming again together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY SECOND ROW.
I'd push hard, she'd push hard,
Wed both push hard together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Pushing hard together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY GROUNDSKEEPER.
I'd trim bush, she'd trim bush,
We'd both trim bush together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Trimming bush together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY TICKET TAKER.
I'd punch holes, she'd punch holds,
We'd both punch holes together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Punching holes together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY SPECTATOR IN THE RAIN.
I'd wear rubbers, she'd wear rubbers,
We'd both wear rubbers together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Wearing rubbers together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY NUMBER EIGHT MAN.
I'd sniff ass, she'd sniff ass,
We'd both sniff ass together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Sniffing ass together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY GOAL POST.
I'd stand erect, she'd stand erect,
We'd both stand erect together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Standing erect together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY ASSISTANT GROUNDSKEEPER.
I'd fill holes, she'd fill holes,
We'd both fill holes together,
We'd be all right in the middle of the night,
Filling holes together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY REFEREE'S WHISTLE.
I'd get blown, she'd get blown,
We'd both get blown together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,

Getting blown together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY TOUCH LINE.

I'd get laid, she'd get laid,
We'd both get laid together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Getting laid Together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY PARTIER.

I'd keep it up, she'd keep it up,
We'd both keep it up together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Keeping it up together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY WING-FORWARD.

I'd come early, she'd come early,
We'd both come early together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Cumming early together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY WING.

I'd go hard, she'd go hard,
We'd both go hard together,
We'd be alright in the-middle of the night,
Going hard together.

... WOULD BE ANOTHER RUGBY WING.

I'd never get it, she'd never get it,
We'd both never get it together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Never getting it together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY SECOND ASSISTANT GROUNDSKEEPER. I'd sow

seeds, she'd sow seeds,
We'd both sow seeds together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Sowing seeds together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY SPECTATOR FROM 100 MILES AWAY. I'd eat
out, she'd eat out,

We'd both eat out together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Eating out together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY BOOT.

I'd come in a box, she'd come in a box,
We'd both come in a box together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Coming in a box together.

... WOULD BE A RUGBY FULLBACK NUMBER TWO.
I'd kick balls, she'd kick balls,
We'd both kick balls together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Kicking balls together.

I Love My Wife

I love my wife;
I love her truly;
I love the hole
She pisses through.
I love her tits-tittly-tits-tittly-tits
And her nut brown arse hole.
I would eat her shit,
Chomp, chomp, gobble, gobble
With a rusty spoon,
With a rusty spoon.

Incest Time In Texas

(Sung to the tune of "The Yellow Rose Of Texas")

When it's incest time in Texas
And your father is out of town,
Your mother is in the bathroom
With her panties halfway down,
No time for masturbation,
No time to beat your meat,
When it's incest time in Texas
Motherfuckin' can't be beat!

In Duluth

CHORUS: In Duluth, In Duluth In D', in D', in D', in Duluth,
(Repeat last two lines of each verse)
Oh the eagles they fly high in Duluth.
Oh the eagles they fly high in Duluth.
Oh the eagles they fly high and they shit right in your eye,
Thank the Lord that cows don't fly in Duluth.

There's a man by the name of Hunt in Duluth.
There's a man by the name of Hunt in Duluth.
There's a man by the name of Hunt and he thought he had a cunt,
But his arse was back to front in Duluth.

There's a shortage of good bogs in Duluth.
There's a shortage of good bogs in Duluth.
There's a shortage of good bogs so they wait until it clogs,
Then they saw it off in logs in Duluth.

There's a shortage of bogpaper in Duluth.
There's a shortage of bogpaper in Duluth.
Mere's a shortage of bogpaper so they wait until it's vapor,
Then they light it with a taper in Duluth.

There's a man by the name of Smith in Duluth.
There's a man by the name of Smith in Duluth.
There's a man by the name of Smith and he thinks that he can't sniff,
Foul odor from the syph in Duluth.

Oh they teach the babies tricks in Duluth.
Oh they teach the babies tricks in Duluth.
Oh they teach the babies tricks and by the time that they are six,
The suck their father's pricks in Duluth.

It's a fuck of a situation in Duluth.
It's a fuck of a situation in Duluth.
It's a fuck of a situation and they're sunk in masturbation,
For there ain't no fornication in Duluth.

There's a shortage of good whores in Duluth.
There's a shortage of good whores in Duluth.
There's a shortage of good whores but there's keyholes in the doors,
And there's knotholes in the floors in Duluth.

There's a man by the name of Best in Duluth.
There's a man by the name of Best in Duluth.
There's a man by the name of Best and he thought he had a breast,
But his balls were on his chest in Duluth.

There's a girl by the name of Doris in Duluth.
There's a girl by the name of Doris in Duluth.
There's a girl by the name of Doris and her boyfriend's name is Horace,
And he tickles her clitoris in Duluth.

Oh the vicar is a bugger in Duluth.
Oh the vicar is a bugger in Duluth.
Oh the vicar is a bugger and the curate is another,
So they bugger one another in Duluth.

There's a whore called Dirty Dinah in Duluth.
There's a whore called Dirty Dinah in Duluth.
There's a whore called Dirty Dinah and they say there's nothing finer,
Than a trip up her vagina in Duluth.

There's a man by the name of Brock in Duluth.
There's a man by the name of Brock in Duluth.
There's a man by the name of Brock with a multi-colored cock,
Like a stick of candy rock in Duluth.

Oh the girls they wear tin pants in Duluth.
Oh the girls they wear tin pants in Duluth.
Oh the girls they wear tin pants but they take them off to dance,
Everybody gets a chance in Duluth.

There's a knot hole in the floor in Duluth.
There's a knot hole in the floor in Duluth.
There's a knot hole in the floor and we use it for a whore,
There's some cocks that are sore in Duluth.

Oh a seagull saw a lighthouse in Duluth.
Oh a seagull saw a lighthouse in Duluth.
Oh a seagull saw a lighthouse and he thought it was a shithouse,
Now the lighthouse is a white house in Duluth.

Oh the ladies have big tits in Duluth.
Oh the ladies have big tits in Duluth.
Oh the ladies have big tits and they hang down to their clits,
And we munch them all to bits in Duluth.

Inside Those Red Plush Breeches

CHORUS: Inside those red plush breeches,
Inside those red plush breeches,
Inside those red plush breeches,
That kept John Thomas warm.

John Thomas was a servant tall
Pride and joy of the servants' hall,
Although he only had one ball,
Inside his red plush breeches.

Of all the servants at the servants' post,
Mary was the one he loved the most,
And she'd keep her hands as was as toast,
Inside his red plush breeches.

Mary had an illegit
awful green and face like shit,
And every time she looked at it,
She cursed those red plush breeches.

Now Mary laid poor John a trap,
And he fell for it like a sap,
And now he's got a dose of clap,
inside those red plush breeches.

In The Shade Of The Old 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.

I pulled out my pride of New York
It fitted it 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 ass
She said, "If you'll be true
You can have fuck too!
In the shade of the old apple tree."

It's The Same The Whole World Over

CHORUS: It's the same the whole world over; it's the poor what gets the blame;
It's the rich what gets the gravy; ain't it all a fucking shame.
(or)
It's the same the whole world over; it's the pack which gets the blame;
It's the backs who get the glory; ain't it all a fucking shame.

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

See him with his hounds and horses,
See him strutting at his club,
While the victim of his wenching
Sips her gin inside a pub.

Then she came to London City,
Just to hide her bleeding shame,
But a politician fucked her
And put her on the streets again.

See him in the House of Commons,
Passing laws to combat crime,
While the victim of his evil
Walks the streets at night in shame.

See him riding in a carriage,
Past the gutter where she stands,
He has made a stylish marriage
At the mercy of syphilitic hands.

See him sitting at the theatre,
In the front row with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined
Entertains a sordid guest.

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

See her stand in Piccadilly,
Offering up her aching quim,
She is now completely ruined
And the cause of all is him.

It was on the bridge at midnight,
Throwing shitballs at the moor,

She said 'Sir, I'm still a virgin.'
But she spoke too fucking soon.

It was on the bridge at midnight,
Squeezing blackheads from her crotch,
She said, "Sir, I've still not had it."
He said, "No, not fucking much!"

See her on the bridge at midnight,
Looking down with-baited breath,
"A plague upon all cowards,"
She cried falling to her death.

It was on the bridge at midnight,
Where the rich man met his fate,
Her curse had found her coward
And he was doomed to masturbate.

They dragged her from the river,
Water from her clothes the wrung,
They thought that she was drowned
Till her corpse got up and sung.

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

In a little country cottage,
There her grieving parents live,
Though they the fizz she sends them
Yet they never will forgive.

I Used To Work In Chicago

CHORUS: I used to work in Chicago
In a department store.
I used to work in Chicago
I did but I don't any more.

A woman came in and asked for a dress,
I asked her what dress she adored,
A jumper she said so jump her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a card,
I asked her what card she adored,
A poker she said so poke her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a dog.
I asked her what dog she adored,
A cocker she said so cock her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for some shoes
I asked her what shoes she adored,
A slipper she said so slip her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a cake,
I asked her what cake she adored,
A layer she said so lay her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a ball,
I asked her what ball she adored,
A rubber she said so rub her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for some booze
I asked her what booze she adored,
Liquor she said so lick her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for hardware,
I asked her what hardware she adored,

A screw she said so screw her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a girdle,
I asked her what girdle she adored,
"Rubber!" she said, and rub her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a pet,
I asked her what pet she adored,
"A pussy!" she said, I took the hint,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a hat,
I asked her what hat she adored,
"Felt!" she said, so felt her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a ticket,
I asked her what ticket she adored,
"Bangor!" she said, so bang her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a dairy,
I asked her what dairy she adored,
"Cream!" she said, so cream her I did,
I don't work there anymore.

Ivan Scavinsky Scavar

(Sung to the tune of "Ivan Scavinsky Scavar")

The harems of Egypt are fine to behold;
The harlots the fairest of fair,
But the fairest of all,
Was owned by a sheik named,
Abdul Abulbul Amir.

A traveling brothel
Came down from the north,
'Twas run privately for the Czar,
Who wagered no one could out shag,
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

A day was arranged for the spectacle great,
A holiday proclaimed by the Czar,
And the streets were all lined
With the harlots assigned to,
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

Old Abdul came in with a snatch by his side,
His eye bore a leer of desire,
And he started to brag
How he would out shag,
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

All hairs were shorn and no frenchies were worn,
And this suited Abdul by far,
And he's quite set his mind
On a fast action grind to beat,
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

They met on the track with prick at the slack,
A starter's gun punctured the air,
They were both quick to rise,
The crowd gaped at the size of,
Abdul Abulbul Amir.

They worked all the night in the pale yellow light,
Old Abdul he reved like a car,
But he couldn't compete
With the slow steady beat of,
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

So Ivan he won and he shouldered his gun,
He bent down to polish the pair,
When something red hot
Up his back passage shot,
'Twas Abdul Abulbul Amir.

The harlots turned green,
The crowd shouted "Queen,"

They were ordered apart by the Czar,
'Twas bloody bad luck for Abdul was stuck up,
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

The cream of the joke came when they broke,
'Twas laughed at for years by the Czar,
For Abdul the fool
Left half his tool up
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

Jack And Jill

(Sung to the tune of "Jack and Jill")

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jill came down with half a crown
But not for fetching water.

Jesus Saves(Sung to the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

CHORUS: Free beer for all the workers.
Free beer for all the workers.
Free beer for all the workers,
'Till the red revolution begins.

Jesus puts His money in the Bank of Montreal,
Jesus puts His money in the Bank of Montreal,
Jesus puts His money in the Bank of Montreal,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Jesus plays goalie for the Toronto Maple Leafs,
Jesus plays goalie for the Toronto Maple Leafs,
Jesus plays goalie for the Toronto Maple Leafs,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Jesus walks on water, He's the lifeguard at our pool,
Jesus walks on water, He's the lifeguard at our pool,
Jesus walks on water, He's the lifeguard at our pool,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Jesus makes a Trojan cause I used one last night,
Jesus makes a Trojan cause I used one last night,
Jesus makes a Trojan cause I used one last night,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Jesus He sells condoms, He's the only one in town,
Jesus He sells condoms, He's the only one in town,
Jesus He sells condoms, He's the only one in town,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Jesus can't play touch judge, cause His arms point both ways,
Jesus can't play touch judge, cause His arms point both ways,
Jesus can't play touch judge, cause His arms point both ways,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Jesus can't kick for touch, cause His feet are nailed together,
Jesus can't kick for touch, cause His feet are nailed together,
Jesus can't kick for touch, cause His feet are nailed together,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

John Peel

Do you ken John Peel
With his balls of steel
And his prick of brass
And his celluloid arse,
Do you ken John Peel
With his balls of steel
And it all comes out in the morning.

Jonestown(Sung to the tune of "Downtown")

CHORUS: You're in Jonestown - drinking with Reverend Jim.
Jonestown - chances are mighty slim.
Jonestown - people are dropping like flies.

When you're broke and your religion's a joke,
You can always go - to Jonestown
When life's incomplete only one man to meet,
Now won't you come and see - Jim Jones.

Watch him as he stirs the vat of Kool-aid that's so lethal.
Listen to the anilushed cries of all the dying people.
No one survived.
The Reverend's a most gracious host,
So let's lift up our cups in the ultimate toast.

(CHORUS)

There was Congressman Ryan on his mission of spyin'
But he would not drink - with Jim Jones.
It was such a disgrace they had to blow off his face,
Now tell me who's to blame - Jim Jones.

Well this forced the Rev to put his final plan in action,
Then they drank the brew and saw with great satisfaction,
- Everyone died
Their deaths were both painful and slow,

But when to live is to die, there's only one way to go.

(CHORUS)

So the screams were a little loud - Jonestown.
Manson would sure be proud - Jonestown.
The Kool-Aid is waiting for you.

Knockers

CHORUS: Oh, those knockers
Great big mama knockers
She's got a knocker here and a knocker over there
She's got a knocker here and a knocker there
And in between the knockers she's got a little hair
But oh, those knockers
Great big mama knockers
She's got a knocker here and a knocker over there

She's got a bra sized 39
You get inside it feels so fine

She's got a bra sized 56
You get inside and get your kicks

She's got a cunt like dynamite
When it explodes it still stays tight

She's got a bra sized 29
Titties are small but areolas are fine.

Let Me Call You Sweetheart

(Sung to the tune of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart")

Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you.
Let me rub your titties,
'Til they're black and blue.
Let me stroke your vulva,
'Til it's filled with goo.
Let's play hide the weeney,
Up your old wazoo.

Life Presents A Dismal Picture

Life presents a dismal picture
Dark and dreary as the womb,
Father's got an anal stricture
Mother's got a fallen womb.

Sister Sue has been aborted
For the forty-second time,
Brother Bill has been deported
For a homosexual crime.

Nurse has chronic menstruation,
Never laughs and never smiles,
Mine's a dismal occupation
Cracking ice for Grandpa's piles.

In a small brown paper parcel
Wrapped in a mysterious way
Is an imitation rectum
Granddad uses twice a day.

Joe the postman called this morning,
Stuck his prick through the door,
We could-not despite endearment
Get it out till half-past four.

Even now the baby's started
Having epileptic fits,
Every time it coughs it spews
Every time it farts it shits.

Yet we are not broken-hearted,
Neither are we up the spout,
Aunty Mabel has just farted,
Blown her arse hole inside out.

Lil

Although a lady of ill-repute
Lilian Barker was a beaut,
And it was really deemed an honor
To be allowed to climb upon her.

Her lovely face was smooth and fair,
And golden was her flowing hair,
Yet pot and hash and cruel cocaine
Had ravaged heart and soul and brain.

Lil could take with sly content
A trooper or his regiment,
Hyperbole it sometimes seems,
Is not confined to wishful dreams.

But soon she had to see a doctor
To find out what disease had pocked her.
The diagnosis short and clear
Revealed a dose of gonorrhoea.

As Lilian lay in her disgrace,
She felt the devil kiss her face,
She said, "Now mate I'm always willing
But first let's see your silver shilling."

Lulu

CHORUS: Oh gang bang Lulu, Lulu's goin' away.
Who we gonna gang bang, when Lulu's gone away?

Some girls work in factories,
Some girls work in stores,
But my girl works in a whorehouse,
With forty other whores.

I took her to the pictures,
We sat down in the stalls,
And every time the lights went out,
She grabbed me by the balls.

She and I went fishing,
In a dainty punt,
And every time I hooked a fish,
She stuffed it up her cunt.

I wish I was a silver ring,
Upon my Lulu's hand,
And everytime she scratched her cunt,
I'd see the promised land.

Lulu had a puppy,
Lulu had a duck,
She put them in the bathtub,
To see if they would fuck.

A rich girl has a bra,
A poor girl uses string,
but Lulu uses neither,
She lets the bastards swing.

A rich girl has a ring of gold,
A poor girl one of brass,
The only ring that Lulu has,
Is the one around her ass.

A rich girl uses Vaseline,
A poor girl uses lard,
Lulu uses axle-grease,
Because her cunt's so hard.
Lulu had a baby,
It was an awful shock,
She couldn't call it Lulu 'cos,
The bastard had a cock.

A rich girl uses Kotex,
A poor girl a sheet,
Lulu uses nothing at all,
It dribbles in the street.

Lulu had a boyfriend,
His name was Tommy Tucker,
He took her to the bushes,
To see if he could fuck her.

Lulu met a fisherman,
Fishing for some bass,
Instead of catching fish that day,
He got a piece of ass.

Lulu met a breakaway,
She liked the way he rucked,
The breakaway liked Lulu,
He liked the way she fucked.

Lulu met a scrum half,
Sat down in his lap,
Lulu got the scrum half,
The scrum half got the clap.

Lulu had two boyfriends,
Both named Mitch,
One was a son of a baker,
The other was a son-of-a-bitch.

Lulu met a rugby team,
She liked the way they played,
The team liked Lulu,
They liked the way she laid.
A rich girl drives a limousine,
A poor girl drives a truck,
But the only ride that Lulu has,
Is when she has a Fuck.

A rich girl uses tampons,
A poor girl uses rags,
Lulu uses nothing at all,
Or shoves up burlap bags.

I wish I was a chamber pot,
Under Lulu's bed,
And every time she took a piss,
I'd see her maidenhead.

Lupe(Sung to the tune of "Red River Valley")

'Twas down in Cunt Valley where the red river flows,
Where cocksuckers flourish and maidenheads grow.
'Twas there I met Lupe the girl I adore,
She's my hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

She got her first piece at the ripe age of eight,
As she swung back and forth on the old garden gate.
The cross member broke and the upright ran in,
And she's lived ever since in a welter of sin.

She'll suck you, she'll fuck you, she'll gnaw on your nuts,
And if you're not careful she'll suck out your guts.
She'll wrap her legs round you 'til you think you'll die,
Oh I'd rather eat Lupe than sweet cherry pie.

Now Lupe is dead as she lies in her tomb,
As the maggots crawl into her decomposed womb.
The smile on her face seems to say "Give me more!"
She's my hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

Lydia Pinkham

CHORUS: So we'll drink, drink, drink to Lydia Pinkham,
 The savior of the human race,
 The human race.
 Oh, she makes, she bottles, she sells the Vegetable Compound,
 And any man can sit on her face,
 Sit on her face.

Now, Mr. _____ had a very small penis,
He could barely make it stand,
Make it stand.
So we gave him the Vegetable Compound,
Now he come in either hand,
In either hand

Now Miss _____ had a very small bosom,
They scarcely showed beneath her blouse,
Beneath her blouse.
So we gave her the Vegetable Compound,
And now they milk her with the cows,
With the cows.

Now, Mr. _____ had very small testes,
They looked like a couple of peas,
Couple of peas.
So we gave him the Vegetable Compound,
Now they hang below his knees,
Below his knees.

Maggie May

CHORUS: Oh, my darling Maggie May
They have taken her away,
And no more down Lime Street will she roam
For the judge he guilty found her
For robbing a homeward bounder,
That dirty, robbin', no good Maggie May .

I was a sailor bound for home,
All the way from Sierra Leone,
And two pound ten a month
Had been my pay,
As I jingled in my tin
I was sadly taken in
By the lady of the name of Maggie May.

She was chained and sent away
From Liverpool one day.
The lads they cheered
As she sailed down the bay,
An' every sailor lad
He only was too glad,
They'd sent the old tart to Botany Bay.

When I steered into her
I just hadn't a care
I was cruisin' up and down
Ol' Canning Place.
'She was dressed in a gown so fine,
like a frigate of the line,
And I bein' a sailorman, gave chase.

Oh Maggie, Maggie May,
They have taken you away,
To stay on Van Dieman's cruel shore.
Oh you robbed many a whaler
And many a drunken sailor,
But you'll never cruise
Round Liverpool no more.

She gave me a saucy nod,
And I like a farmer's clod
Let her take me line abreast in tow,
And under all plain sail
We ran before the gale
And to the Crow's Rest Tavern
We did go.

Next morning when I awoke,
I found that I was broke.
No trousers, coat or wallet could I find,
And when I asked her where
She said, "My dear young sir,
You'll find them in the pawnshop
Number nine."

To the pawnshop I did go,
No trousers could I find,
So the cops they came
And took this girl away.
Oh, you thieving Maggie May,
You robbed me of my pay,
It'll pay your fare out to Botany Bay.

Masturbation

Last night I laid awake and masturbated,
It felt so good, I knew it would.
Last night I laid awake and masturbated,
It felt so nice, I did it twice.

You should have seen me on the short strokes,
It felt so grand, I used my hand.
You should have seen me on the long strokes,
It felt so neat, I used my feet.

Slam it, ram it, throw it on the floor,
Wrap it around the bed post, slam in in the door.
Some people think that fornication is so neat,
But I would rather stay at home, and calmly beat my meat.
Eeeeeeeeee!

Men

Men, men, men, men, men, men, men, men
Oh, it's great to be on a ship with men
We'll sail across the sea
Oh, we don't know where we'll land or when
But it's great to be with men
It's great to be with men.

'Cause men can sweat and men can stink
And no one seems to care
Oh, we'll throw the dishes in the sink
And clog the drain with hair-o
Clog the drain with hair-o.

Men, men, men!
On a ship all filled with men
We'll never have to lift the seat
There's no one here but men, men, men, men
Men, men, men, men.

We're men and friends until the end
and none of us are sissies
At night we sleep in separate beds
And blow each other kissies
Blow each other kissies.

Men, men, men!
On a ship all filled with men
So batten down the ladies' room
There's no one here but men, men, men, men
Men, men, men, men.

Oh, there's men above and men below
And men down in the galley
There's Butch and Spike and Biff and Bill
And one that we call Sally
One that we call Sally.
Men, men, men!

On a ship all filled with men
So throw your rubbers overboard
There's no one here but men!
Ah Men!

Miss Milly

Young Miss Milly was sweet and fair,
With snow white tits and curly hair,
Oh, unhappy maiden.
Her heart was happy, her step was light,
But she was a fool and one dark night

She got herself put in a pregnant plight
By a lecherous, lewd and
lustful cruel deceiver.

She went to this home but as she'd feared
The filthy old bastard had disappeared,
Oh, unhappy maiden.
Her mother declared: "Get out, you whore.
So never again dare to darken my door,
With your lecherous, lewd and
lustful cruel deceiver."

All night she wandered through the snow
How she suffered who can know,
Oh, unhappy maiden.
And when the morning cockerel cried,
Poor abandoned Milly had died
Frozen stiff as she lay outside.
Oh, the lecherous, lewd and
lustful cruel deceiver.

Hark all you young maidens,
the moral is clear
If you trust these foul bastards,
you'll shed many a tear
Like this oh, so unhappy maiden.
So bear this in mind: the semen may spill
And you'll find yourself getting more than your fill.
Precautions are best;
take a birth control pill
With your lecherous, lewd and
lustful cruel deceiver.

Monte Carlo

As she walked along the Bois de Boulogne
With a heart as heaavy as lead
She wishes that she was dead
She had lost her maidenhead
Her heart in a funk and covered with scorn
Her knickers were torn
and her cunt was worn
She's the girl that lowered the price
at Monte Carlo.

As he walked along the Bois de Boulogne
With his prick upon the stand
The girls all say it's grand
To take it in their hand
You give them a bob and they're on the job
Pulling the foreskin over the knob
Of the man who broke the bank
at Monte Carlo.

Mrs. Murphy

Give a cheer, give a cheer
For the men who drink the beer
In the cellar of Murphy's saloon.
They are brave, they are bold
And the stories that are told
In the cellar of Murphy's saloon.
For it's guzzle, guzzle, guzzle
As they pour it down their muzzle
And shout out their orders loud and clear:
"More beer."
For it's more, more, more
As the cops break down the door
In the cellar of Murphy's saloon.

Won't you put it in your mouth Mrs. Murphy,
For it only weighs a quarter of a pound,
It's got hair on its neck like a turkey
And it spits when you rub it up and down.

If I had the wings of an eagle
And the balls of a hairy baboon,
I'd fly up to the top of the mountain
And jack off on the man in the moon.

Now you say you're still a virgin
But your cherry is not there anymore,
So why don't you quit trying to be so perfect
And do the thing that you're best known for.

For now you've got a throat like Linda Lovelace
And a cunt like the great cathouse whore,
So why don't you please do my pecker a favor
And deep throat me on the barroom floor.

Now we've got a team called _____,
And peckers as long as a broom,
So won't you please do your pussy a favor
And keep us mother fuckers out of your room.

We'll eat you, beat you, and mistreat you,
While we're singing our dirtiest verse,
Then we'll stick it in your ear and dick you from the rear,
For that's how we build up our thirst.

Sung by the whore house quartet.
Did you go and get it? Not yet.
Are you gonna get it? You bet.
Who you gonna get it from? Ginnette.

My God How The Money Rolls In
(Sung to the tune of "Bring Back My Bonnie")

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 father makes book on the corner,
My mother makes illicit gin,
My sister sells kisses to sailors,
My God how the money rolls in.

If ever his business wears off.

I've lost all me cash on the horses,
I'm sick from the illicit gin,
I'm falling in love with my father,
My God what a mess I'm in.

My cousin's a Harley Street surgeon,
With instruments long, sharp, and thin,
He only does one operation,
My God how the money rolls in.

My aunt keeps a girl's seminary,
Teaching young girls to begin,
She doesn't ask where they finish,
My God how the money rolls in.

Uncle Joe is a registered plumber,
His business is in holes and in tin,
He'll plug your hole for a tanner,
My God how the money rolls in.

My sister's a barmaid in Sydney,
For a shilling she strips to the skin,
She's stripping from mom to midnight,
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor missionary,
He saves fallen women from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a guinea,
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.

My grandad sells cheap prophylactics,
And punctures them all with a pin,
For grandma gets rich from abortions,
My God How the money rolls in.

My uncle is carving out candles,
From wax that is surgically soft,
He hopes it'll fill up the gap,

My Old Man

CHORUS: Sing a little bit,
Fuck a little bit.
Follow the band, toot, toot,
Follow the band with your cock in your hand.

My old man was a miner, a miner,
Worked all day in the pit.
Sometimes he'd shovel up coal dust,
And sometimes he'd shovel up shit.

My old man is a carpenter, a carpenter,
And a mighty fine carpenter is he.
All day long he screws screws in
And then he comes home screws me.

My old man is a taxidermist, taxidermist,
And a might fine taxidermist is he.
All day long he stuffs animals,
And then he comes home and stuffs me.

My old man is a trumpeter, a trumpeter,
And a very fine trumpeter is he.
All day long he blows trumpets,
And then he comes home and blows me.

Nelli 'Awkins

I first met Nellie 'Awkins
down the Old Kent Road.
Her drawers were hanging down,
'Cos she'd been with Charlie Brown,
I pressed a filthy tenner
in her filthy bleeding hand.
'Cos she was a low down whore.

She wore no blouses
And I wore no trousers,
And she wore no underclothes,
And when she caressed me
She danm near undressed me
It's a thrill that no one knows.
I went to the doctor,
He said, "Where did you blocker?"
I said, "Down where the green grass grows."
He said, quick as a twinkre,
"The Dimple on your winkle
Will be bigger than a red, red rose."

Nelly Cartwright

CHORUS: Oh the moon shines down
 on Nelly Cartwright,
 She couldn't fart right,
 her twat was airtight,
 And though she tried
 she couldn't start right,
 With a knife she'd watched her
 Promised Land.

Nell was a mountain maid
Who always was afraid,
That a drunken sot might fill her twat,
As she lay sleeping in the shade,
She took her fears in hand
and filled it up with sand
To keep the boys from stolen joys
In Nelly's Promised Land.

Now there was a trapper wise,
Who sought out Nelly's prize,
With a dead coyote on the end of his boot,
He made young Nelly open her eyes,
But as soon as she came to life
She reached for her hunting knife,
A flash in the air, a cry of despair,
And she severed his love life.

Oh women if you want to be wives
Put away those knives,
The men might pay for a lay in the hay,
But they're not gonna pay
for the rest of their lives,
My old mother said
if you're lying in your bed,
If you can't get aid, don't reach for a blade,
Have a bloody good fuck instead.

No Balls At All

CHORUS: No balls at all, no balls at all,
 She married a man who had no balls at all.

Come all you drunkards, give ear to my tale,
This short little story will make you turn pale,
It's about a young lady - so pretty and small,
Who married a man who had no balls at all.

How well she remembers the night they were wed,
She rolled back the sheets and crept into bed,
She felt for his prick, how strange, it was small,
She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Mommy, oh mommy, 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 balls at all.

Daughter, my daughter, now don't be so sad,
I had the same trouble with your dear old pad,
There's many a man who'll come to the call,
Of the wife of the man who's got no balls at all.

The pretty young girl took her mother's advice,
And found the whole thing exceedingly nice,
An eleven pound baby wog bom in the fall,
To the wife of the man who has no balls at all.

The husband was joyous, got high as a kite,
The sight of that infant filled him with delight,
Though its head was too large, and its body too small,
The great thing about him - he had no balls at all.

O'Reilly's Daughter

CHORUS: Hi yi yi - Hi yi, yi, Hi yi yi,
The one-eyed Reilly.
Rub-it-up, shove-it-up, balls and all
Play it on your old base drum.

ALTERNATE

CHORUS: Yi-di-I-ay, Yi-di-I-oh,
Yi-di-I-ay for the one-eyed Reilly.
Rub-it-up, shove-it-up, balls and all
Jig-a-jig. Tres bon.

Jack O'Flannagan is my name,
I'm the king of copulation,
Drinking beer my claim to fame,
Shagging women my occupation.

I grabbed O'Reilly by the hair,
Stuck his bead in a bucket of water,
Rammed his pistols up his arse,
Damned quicker than I shagged his daughter.

Walking through the town one day,
Who should I meet but O'Reilly's daughter,
Not a word to her did say
But don't you think we really oughter.

Come you virgins, maidens fair,
Answer me quick and true no slyly,
Do you want it fair and straight and square,
Or the way I give it to the one-eyed Reilly.

Sitting one night in O'Reilly's bar
Drinking beer that was just like water,
Suddenly a thought ran through my head
I'd never tucked O'Reilly's daughter.

Now I'm growing old and grey
And my tool is growing shorter,
But until my dying day
I'll remember O'Reilly's daughter.

I took her gently by the hand
Led her upstairs like a lamb to slaughter,
Laid her gently on the bed
And quickly cocked my left leg over.

I tucked and tucked her on the bed,
Shagged and shagged until I stove her,
Having lost her maidenhead
She laughed like hell when the fun was over.

I fucked her standing
I fucked her lying,
If she'd had wings
I'd have fucked her flying.

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 really oughter.

I heard footsteps on the stairs,
Old Man Reilly bent on slaughter,
With two pistols in his hand
Looking for the man who fucked his daughter.

Old King Cole

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,

And a merry old soul 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 very fine fiddle,

And a very fine fiddle had he.

Fiddle like fuck, like fuck said the fiddler,

What merry men are we.

There's none so fair as can compare with the boys of the (your team) RFC.

Replace underlined words with the following words for other verses:

Jugglers

Juggler --Balls

Balls

Ball in the air, in the air said the jugglers

Barmaids

Barmaid -- Cunt

Cunt

Pull it out, pull it out said the barmaids

Cyclists

Cyclist -- Cycle

Cycle

Round and round said the cyclists

Flutists

Flutist --Flute

Flute

Root-diddly-oot-diddly-oot, said the flutists

Tailors

Tailor --Needle

Needle

Thread it in and out, in and out said the tailor

Horsemen

Horseman -- Horse

Horse

Wop it up and down, up and down said the horsemen

Carpenters

Carpenter --Hammer

Hammer
Bang away, bang away said the carpenters

Coalmen
Coalmen -- Shovel
Shovel
Do you want it in the front, or the back said the coalmen

Surgeons
Surgeon -- Scalpel
Scalpel
Cut it around the knob, and make it throb said the surgeons

Butchers
Butcher -- Cleaver
Cleaver
Cut it in half, in half said the butchers

Parsons
Parson -- Shroud
Shroud
"Goodness gracious me!" said the parsons

Fishermen
Fisherman -- Fish
Fish
Minus six feet long said the fishermen

Huntsmen
Huntsman -- Bow
Bow
Up with the horn, in the morn said the huntsmen

Once There Was A Servant Girl Whose Name Was Mary Jane

CHORUS: Singing bell-bottom trousers,
coats of navy blue
Let him climb the rigging
like his Daddy used to do.

Once there was a servant girl
whose name was Mary Jane,
Her mistress she was good to her
She knew she was a country girl,
just lately from the farm,
And so she did her bloody best
to keep the girl from harm.

The forty-second Army Corps
came in to paint the town,
A band of bawdy bastards
and rapists of renown,
They busted every maidenhead,
and staggered out again,
But they never made the servant girl
who lived in Drury Lane.

Next there came the Fusiliers,
and a band of Welsh Hussars
They piled into the brothels,
they packed into the bars.
The maidens and the matrons
were seduced with might and main,
But they never made the servant girl
whose name was Mary Jane.

Early in the morning
when the sailor'd had his grind
He gave to her a ten bob note
to pacify his mind
Saying: "If you have a daughter
bounce her on your knee,
If you have a son
send the bastard out to sea."

Early one evening a sailor came to tea
And that was the start of all her misery,
At sea without a woman
for forty months or more,
There wasn't any need to
ask what he was looking for.

He asked her for a candle
to light his way to bed,
He asked her for a pillow
to rest his weary head,
Then using very gentle words,
as if he meant no harm
He asked the maid to come to bed
just to keep him warm.

She lifted up the covers
just a moment there to lie,
But he's got his dick inside her
before she could bat an eye,
And though he'd got her maidenhead
she showed no great alarm,
And the only words she said to him were:
"I hope you're keeping warm."

Now all you servant girls
take a warning from me,
Don't ever let a sailor
get an inch above the knee,
She trusted one, the ninny,
in his Naval uniform,
Now all she wants to do, me boys,
is keep the Navy warm.

O Unhappy Bella

Bella was young and Bella was fair,
With bright blue eyes and golden hair,
O unhappy Bella!
Her step was light and her heart was gay,
But she had no sense, and one fine day
She got herself put in the family way
By a wicked, heartless, cruel deceiver.

Poor Bella was young, she didn't believe
That the world is hard and men deceive,
O unhappy Bella!
She said, "My man will do what's just,
He'll marry me now, because he must."
Her heart was full of loving trust
In a wicked, heartless, cruel deceiver.

She went to his house; the dirty skunk
Had packed his bags and done a bunk,
O unhappy Bella!
Her landlady said, "Get out, you whore,
I won't have your sort a-darkening my door."
Poor Bella was put to affliction sore
By a wicked, heartless, cruel deceiver.

All night she tramped the cruel snows,
What she must have suffered nobody knows,
O unhappy Bella!
And when the morning dawned so red,
Alas, alas, poor Bella was dead,
Sent so young to her lonely bed
By a wicked, heartless, cruel deceiver.

So thus, you see, do what you will,
The fruits of sin are suffering still,
O unhappy Bella!
As into the grave they laid her low,
The men said, "Alas, but life is so."
But the women chanted, sweet and low,
"It's all the men, the dirty bastards!"

Poor Little Angeline

She was sweet sixteen on the village green,
Pure and innocent was Angeline,
A virgin still, never known a thrill
Poor little Angeline.

At the village fair the Squire was there
Masturbating on the village square
When he chanced to see the dainty knee
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the village squire had but one desire
To be the biggest fucker
in the whole damn shire,
He had set his heart on the vital part
Of poor little Angeline.

As she lifted up her skirt
to avoid the dirt
She slipped in a puddle
of the Squire's last squirt,
At the sight he saw,
how his dick grew raw
For poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat and said:
"Miss, your cat
Has been run over and is squashed quite flat
Now my car is in the square
and I'll take you there
Oh poor little Angeline."

Now the filthy old turd
should have got the bird
But she climbed right in with a word,
As they drove away you could hear them:
"Poor little Angeline."

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

When he'd oiled her well

he took her to a dell
There to give her bloody tucking hell,
And he tried his luck with a low down fuck
On poor little Angeline.

With a cry of "Rape" he raised his cape,
Poor little Angeline had no escape,
Now it's time someone came
to save the name
Of poor little Angeline.

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

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

Now the window of his cell
overlooked the dell
Where the squire was giving
little Angeline hell,
And there on the grass he observed the fuck
Of poor little Angeline.

Now he got such a start that he let out a fart
And blew the whole bloody jail apart,
And he ran like shit
lest the Squire should split
His poor little Angeline.

When he got to the spot
and he saw what was what
He tied the villain's balls
in a granny knot,
For there upon the grass
was the imprint of the arse
Of poor little Angeline.
"Oh, blacksmith true, I love you, I do,

And I can tell by your trousers
that you love me too,
Here I am undressed,
come and do your best,
Cried poor little Angeline.

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

Pubic Hair(Sung to the tune of "Baby Face")

Pubic hair, you've got the cutest little
Pubic hair
Nothing in the world can compare
To your pubic hair
Penis or vagina, nothing could be finer.

Pubic hair, I'm in heaven when I'm in your underwear
I didn't need a shove, I took a mouthful of
Your delicious pubic hair.

A vagina for your breakfast, a vagina for your lunch
A vagina for your dinner.
A vagina, munch, munch, munch!

So take a tip from Tom
And never eat your mom
A vagina can't be beat.

Put On Your Bustle

Put on your old bustle
And get out and hustle
For tomorrow the rent man is due.
Put your cunt in clever
With another loaded level
Don't return without a quid or two.

Put on your old suspenders
And get to mixing up the genders
There isn't any risk anyway.
The stud's been altered
And the bull's been haltered
In that good old fashioned way.

Put on your old pink panties
The ones that were your auntie's
Let's have a shageree in the hay.
While they're working in the field
We'll see what the crop can yield
In that good old fashioned way.

Put on your old grey corset
If it don't fit force it
For the army is moving in today.
As the bee makes honey
Let your cunt make money
In that good old fashioned way.

Put on the old green ointment
The fleas disappointment
And kill the buggers where they lay.
How it tickles and itches
It'll kill the sons-of-bitches
In that good old fashioned way.

Queen Of All The Fairies

CHORUS: Twenty-one, never been done,
 Queen of all the fairies.

Oh, she was a cripple with only one nipple
To feed the baby on.
Poor little tucker, he'd only one sucker
To start his life upon.

Ain't it a pity she'd only one titty
To feed the baby on.
Poor little bugger, he'll never play rigger,
Nor grow up big and strong.

And as he got older and bolder and bolder,
And took himself in hand,
And flipped and flipped and flipped and flipped,
To the tune of an army band.

They tried him in the infantry,
They tried him on the land and sea,
The poor little bugger had no success,
He left everything in a terrible mess.

We see no hope for him unless
He joins the W.R.A.F.

Red Flag

CHORUS: The working class can kiss my ass,
 I've got the foreman's job at last.
 The proletariat can kiss my fundamental orifice;
 I'm upper class and off the dole,
 So shove that red flag up your hole.

'Twas on Gibraltar's rock so fair
I saw a maiden lying there,
And as she lay in sweet repose,
A nasty wind blew off her clothes.

A sailor who was passing by
Removed his cap and winked his eye,
But as he saw to his despair,
She had the red flag flying there.

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 his
organ, And not upon his tool.

Down in the belfry chauffeur lies,
Vicar's wife between his thighs.
Voice from pulpit from afar,
"Stop fucking wife and start fucking car."

Verger in the belfry stood,
Grasped in his hand, his mighty pud.
From afar the vicar yells,
"Stop pulling pud and pull fucking bells."

Ocean liner six days late,
Stoker stoking stoker's mate,
Voice from Captain o'er the wire,
'Stop fucking mate, start fucking fire."

Rip My Knickers Away

CHORUS: Rip my knickers away,
Rip my knickers away,
I don't care what becomes of me,
As long as you finger my C-U-N-T.
Rip my knickers away, away,
Rip my knickers away,
Down the front, down the back,
Round the cunt, round the crack,
Rip my knickers away.

Be I Berkshire, be I buggery,
Oi koms up from Wareham,
Oi knows a gal with calico drawers,
And I knows how to tear 'em.

Walkin' by the field one day
I heard a maiden crying,
"Oh, please don't rip me knickers off, Jack,
You'll get there by and byin'."

Rodriguez, The Mexican Pervert

CHORUS: Aye, yi, Yi, Yi,
Your mother swims out to meet troop ships.
(Your mother does pushups on flagpoles.)
(They do it in China for chile.)
(They do it in Chile for china.)
(Your mother eats bat shit off cave walls.)
(Your mother thinks bedpans are soup bowls.)
(Your sister gives hand jobs on subways.)
(Your father gets cum in his mustache.)
(You brother beats off in confession.)
(Your father smells little girl's bicycle seats.)
(Your sister does squat-thrusts on fireplugs.)
(or any other distasteful verse you can think of)
So let's have another verse
That's worse than the other verse,
And waltz me around by my willy.

And his balls were covered with weeds.

There once was a man from Rangoon,
Whose farts could be heard to the moon.
When you'd least expect 'em,
They'd explode from his rectum,
With the force of a raging typhoon.

Aye, yi, yi, yi
Rodriguez, the Mexican pervert.
He ate out his mother
And cornholed his brother,
And waltzed me around by my willy.

The jolly old Bishop of Birmingham,
He bugged 3 maids while confirming 'em,
As they knelt seeking God,
He excited his rod,
And pumped his episcopal sperm in'em.

There once was a lady from Peru,
Who filled her vagina with glue,
She said with a grin,
If they'll pay to get in,
They'll pay to get out of it too.

There once was a man named Skinner,
Who took a young lady to dinner,
At quarter past ten it was in her,
Dinner, not Skinner,
Skinner was in her before dinner.

There was a couple named Kelly,
Who were stuck belly to belly,
Because of their haste,
They used library past,
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There once was a man from Boston,
Who drove around in an Austin,
There was room for his ass,
And a gallon of gas,
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

There was a young lady of Cheam,
Who crept into the vestry unseen,
She pulled down her knickers,
Likewise the vicar's,
And said, "How about it, old bean'?"

There was a young fellow from Leeds,
Who swallowed a package of seeds,
Great tufts of grass,
Sprouted out of his ass,

There once was a man from Racine,
Who built a big fucking machine,
Concave or convex,
It would fuck any sex,

Oh but what a bastard to clean.

There was a young German named Ringer
Who was screwing an opera singer,
Said he with a grin,
"Well, I've sure got it in!"
Said she, "It ain't your finger?"

There was a young lady named Hitchin,
Scratching her crotch in the kitchen,
Her mother said, "Rose,
It's the crabs I suppose?"
She said, "Yes and the buggers are itchin."

There was a young man of St. James,
Who indulged in the jolliest games,
He lighted the rim,
Of his grandmother's quim,
And made her piss through the flames.

There was a young woman named Wheeli
Who professed of no sexual feeling,
Until a cynic named Boris,
Nibbled at her clitoris,
Wheeling was scraped from the ceiling.

A hermit who had an oasis,
Thought it the best of all places,
He could pray and be calm,
'Neath a pleasant date palm,
While the lice on his penis ran races.

There was a young lady of Exeter,
So pretty, men craned their necks at her,
One went so far,
As to wave from his car,
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her.
There once was a man from Nantuckett,
With a cock so long he could suck it,
He said with a grin,
As he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear was a cunt I could fuck it."

Female apes were afraid of King Kong,
Since his wanger was exceedingly long,
Until a friendly giraffe,
Ate his yard and a half,
And ecstatically burst into song.

There was a young lady from Trent,
Who said she knew what it meant,
When he asked her to dine,
Private room, lots of wine,

She knew, she knew, but she went.

There once was a man named Cash,
Who had balls made out of brass,
When they swung together,
They played Stormy Weather,
And lightening shot out his ass.

In the Garden of Eden lay Adam,
Complacently stroking his madam,
For he knew in his mirth,
That on all of the earth,
There were only two balls and he had 'em.

A fellow whose surname was Hunt,
Trained his prick to do a stunt,
This versatile spout,
Could be turned inside out,
like a glove and be used as a cunt.

There once was a man from Kajowels,
Whose diet consisted of bowels,
When he couldn't get this,
He drank prostitute piss,
And scrapings from sanitary towels.

There was a woman from the Azores,
Whose body was covered with sores,
All the dogs in the street,
Would lick the green meat,
That hung down from her drawers.

That poor young fellow from Kent,
Whose cock was so exceedingly bent,
To save himself the trouble,
He ut it in double,
And instead of coming he went.

There once was a man named Bruno,
About tucking sheep he do know,
Lambs are fine,
And rams are divine,
But Lamas are numero uno.

There was a young lady named Hilda,
Who went for a walk with a builder,
He knew that he could,
And he should, and he would,
So he did, and he damn near killed her.

A young man with passions quite gingery,
Tore a hole in his Sister's best lingerie,
He slapped her behind,
And made up his mind,
To add incest to insult and injury.

There was a young lady of Crewe,
Whose cherry a chap had got through,
Which she told to her mother,
Who fixed her another,
Out of rubber, red ink, and glue.

When a lecherous priest at Leeds,
Was discovered, one day in the weeds,
Astride a young nun,
He said, "Christ this is fun,
Far better than fondling one's beads."

There was a young lady of Twickerham,
Who regretted men had no prick in 'em,
On her knees everyday,
To her God she would pray,
To lengthen, strengthen, and thicken 'em.

There was a young girl named McCall,
Whose cunt was exceedingly small,
But the size of her anus,
Was something quite heinous,
It could hold seven cocks and one ball.

There was a young parson named Binns,
Who talked about women and things,
But his secret desire,
Was a boy in the choir,
With a bottom like jelly on springs.

There was a young man of high station,
Who was found by a pious relation,
Making love in a ditch,
To I won't say a bitch,
But a woman of no reputation.

There was a young girl of Detroit,
Who at fucking was very adroit,
She could squeeze her vagina,
To a pinpoint or finer,
Or open it out like a quoit.

There was a young maid from Mobile,

Whose cunt was made of blue steel,
She got her thrills,
From pneumatic drills,
And off-centered emery wheels.

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.

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

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 he, still plumbing, "It's me."

There was an old man of Dundee,
Who came home as drunk as could be,
He wound up the clock,
With the end of his cock,
And bugged his wife with the key.

There was a young man from Lynn,
Whose cock was the size of a pin,
Said his girl with a laugh,
As she fondled his shaft,
"This won't be much of a sin."

An elderly pervert in Nice,
Who was long past wanting a piece,
Would jack-off his hogs,
His cows and his dogs,
Till his parrot called the police.

There was a young man from Cape Horn,
Who wished he had never been born,
And he wouldn't have been,
Had his father seen,
That the end of his rubber was torn.

The last time I dined with the King,
He did quite an unkingly thing,
While up on the throne,

He pulled out his bone,
And said, "If I play, will you sing?"

A comely young widow of Ransom,
Was ravished three times in a hansom,
When she cried out for more,
A voice from the floor,
Said, "Lady, I'm Simpson, not Sampson."

There once was a skater named Yeats,
Who attempted the splits while on skates,
But he fell on his cutlass,
Which rendered him nutless,
And now he is useless on dates.

From the depths of a crypt at St. Ciles,
Came a scream that resounded for miles,
Said the bishop, "Good gracious,
Has Father Ignatious
Forgotten the vicar has piles?"

There was an old Duke of Rockingham,
Who wrote a book on cunts and tucking 'em,
But a dirty old Turk,
Wrote a much better work,
On tits and 12 ways of sucking 'em.

There was a young girl from Yorkshire,
Who succumbed to her lover's desire,
She said, "Oh John, it's a sin,
But now that it's in,
Would you shove it a few inches higher?"

There was a young man from Brighton,
Who thought he had found a tight one,
He said, "Oh my love,
It fits like a glove."
She said, "But it's not in the right one."

There was a hermit from Behave,
Who kept a dead whore in his cave,
She only had one tit,
And smelled like shit,
But think of the money he saved.

There was a man of New Treaver,
Who had intercourse with a beaver,

The result of his screw,
Was a birchbark canoe,
Three ducks and an Irish retriever.

The gay young Duke of Buckingham,
Stood on the bridge at Rockingham,
Watching the stunts,
Of the cunts midst the grunts,
And all of the pricks fucking 'em.

There was a student of Trinity,
Who popped his sister's virginity,
Bugged his brother,
Had twins by his mother,
And took double honor in Divinity.

There once was a young Dr. Zuck,
In his ears her nipples got stuck,
With his thumb up her bum,
He could hear himself come,
Thus inventing the telephone tick.

The three old witches of Kent,
Took a man into a tent,
The three dirty bitches,
They pulled down his britches,
And jumped on his cock til it bent.

There was a young man named Pete,
Who was a bit indiscreet,
He pulled on his wong,
Until it grew very long,
And dragged down a two lane street.

There was a young man from Stroud,
Who was screwing a girl in a crowd,
A man up in front,
Said, "Hmmm, I smell cunt."
Just like that, not very loud.

There was a young lawyer named Springer,
Got his testicles caught in the wringer,
He hollered with pain
As they went down the drain,
"From now on I'll just use my finger."

Coitus upon a cadaver,
Is the ultimate way you can have 'er,
Her inanimate state,
Means a man needn't wait,

And eliminates all the palaver.

There once was a chick named Alice,
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus,
When she got hot,
It finally went pop,
And they found her tits outside of Dallas.

There once was a girl from Nantucket,
Who went to France in a bucket,
When she got there,
They asked for her fare,
She lifted up her dress and said fuck it.

I once knew a man named Magruder,
Who met a nude and he wooed her,
The nude thought it crude,
To be wooed in the nude,
But Magruder was shrewder and screwed her

There was a young girl from France,
Who jumped on a bus in a trance,
Six passengers fucked her,
Besides the conductor,
And the driver shot twice in his pants.

A pansy by the name of Bloom,
Took a lesbian up to his room,
They talked the whole night,
As to who had the right,
To do what, with which, and to whom.

There was a young man named Mirkin,
Who kept on jerkin' his gherkin,
Said his wife to Mirkin,
"Your duty you're shirkin',
That gherkin's for firkin', not jerkin'."

A young man whose sight was myopic,
Thought sex an incredible topic,
So poor were his eyes,
That despite its great size,
His prick appeared microscopic.

I once knew a girl named Delores,
Who had a six-inch clitoris,
While singing a chorus,
Her voice was so hoarse,
I checked her ID and it said Boris.

I once knew a man from LaGrange,
His mind was completely deranged,
In playgrounds he hung,
Looking at ten year old bun,
This was his home on the range.

There was a girl from Cape Cod,
Who thought babies were from God,
But 'twas not the Almighty,
Who hiked up her nightie,
'Twas Roger, the lodger, by God.

There once was a man named Hans,
Who planted an acre of cunts,
When in the fall,
They came up pubic hairs and all,
Hans ate cunts for months.

There was a young lady named Duff,
With a lively, luxuriant muff,
In his haste to get in her,
One eager beginner,
Lost both his balls in the rough.

There was a young man of Kildare,
Fucking a girl on the stairs,
The bannister broke,
But he doubled his stroke,
And finished her off in midair.

I once knew a man named Peese,
It was said he was quite a tease,
But along came Jan,
Who spread him some ham,
And together they made some cheese.

There was a young Turkish cadet,
And this is the damnedest one yet,
His tool was so long,
And incredibly strong,
He could bugger six Greeks en brochette

There was a dentist Malone,
Who fondled a girl patient alone,
But in his depravity,
He filled the wrong cavity,
And my how his practice has grown.

There once was a man named O'Dool,
Who had an enormous tool,
He'd use it to plow,
Or didle a cow,
Or as a cue stick at pool.

There once was a man from Shirue,
Who had warts all over his root,
He put acid on these,
And now when he pees,
He fingers his dick like a flute.

There was a soldier from Kildare,
Who fondled a girl in his chair,
At the sixty-third stroke,
The chair done broke,
And his gun went off in the air.

Roll Me Over In The Clover
(Sung to the tune of "In The Clover")

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

This is number one and the fun has just begun.

Oh, this is number two and my head is on her shoe.

Oh, this is number three and my hand is on her knee.

Oh, this is number four and we're grinding on the floor.

Oh, this is number five and I'm ready to muff dive.

Oh, this is number six and she said, "I love your tricks."

Oh, this is number seven and we're in tucking heaven.

Oh, this is number eight and the nurse is at the gate.

Oh, this is number nine and the quints are doing fine.

Oh, this is number ten and we're at it once again.

Roller, Roller

Roller, Roller, Roller, Roller

Roller, Roller, Roller, Roller

Roll a silver dollar down upon the ground

And it will roll, because it's round

A woman doesn't know what a good man she's got

Until she turns him down, down, down, down

Listen my honey, listen to me

I want you to understand

As a silver dollar goes from hand to hand

A woman goes from man to man

A man without a woman is like a ship without a sail

Or a boat with a rudder

A fish without a tail

A man without a woman is like a wreck upon the sand

There's only one thing worse in the universe

And that's a woman (a what?)

I said a woman with a man

AB, AB, AB my boy

What are you waiting for now

You promised to marry me some day in June

It's never too late and it's never too soon

Oh! All the family keeps on asking me

Which way, what way, I'm in the family way

AB, AB, AB my boy

What are you waiting for now

I'm gonna wait til the sun shines Nellie

As the clouds go drifting by

We'll be so happy Nellie in the sweet by and by

Down Lover's Lane we'll wander

Sweethearts you and I

I'm gonna wait til the sun shines Nellie

In the sweet by and by

I don't want to go home, I don't want to go home

I'm in love with a beautiful girl

Down in the sewer shovelling manure

Listen to the turds go Clap! Clap! Clap!

Roll Your Leg Over

CHORUS: O, roll your leg over
O, roll your leg over
O, roll your leg over
It's better that way.

I wish all little girls were like fish in a pool,
And I were a shark with a waterproof tool.

I wish all little girls were like chocolate sundays,
And I were a spoon I would dip in their undies.

I wish all little girls were like fish in the ocean,
And I were a whale so I could show them the motion.

I wish all little girls were like bricks in a pile,
And I were a mason so I could lay them in style.

I wish all little girls were like mares in the stable,
And I were a stallion so I could show them I'm able.

I wish all little girls were like cows in the pasture,
And I were a bull so I could fill them with rapture.

I wish all little girls were like fish in the brookie,
And I were a trout so I could get me some nookie.

I wish all little girls were like winds on the sea,
And I were a sail so I could have them blow me.

I wish all little girls were like B-29's,
And I were a jet so I could buzz their behinds.

I wish all little girls were like trees in the forest,
And I were a woodsman so I could split their clitoris.

I wish all little girls were like diamonds and rubies,
And I were a jeweler so I could polish their boobies.

I wish all little girls were like coals in the stoker,
And I were a fireman so I could shove in my poker.

I wish all little girls were like statues of Venus,
And I were the man with the petrified penis.

I wish all little girls were like little white rabbits,
And I were a hare to teach them bad habits.

I wish all little girls were like telephone poles,
And I were a squirrel to stuff nuts in their holes.

I wish all little girls were like little red foxes,
And I were a hunter so I could shoot up their boxes.
I wish all little girls were like bats in a steeple,
And I were a bat so there'd be more bats than people.

I wish all little girls were like bells in a tower,
And I were a clapper to bang by the hour.

I wish all little girls were like pieces of pie,
And I were a fork so I would fork till I die.

I wish all little girls were like small desert cactus,
And I were a pin, I would prick theirs for practice.

We sing long, we sing loud, we sing all about it,
But only because we've been doing without it.

Royal Marine

In the depths of deepest Africa
Where no one's ever been
lies the body of an elephant
Shagged to death by the Royal Marines.
Royal Marines.
Royal Marines.
Shagged to death by the Royal Marines.

In the depths of deepest Antarctica
Where no one dares to go
Lies the body of a polar bear
Shagged to death by an Eskimo (Bambam).
Eskimo (Bambam).
Eskimo (Bambam).
Shagged to death by an Eskimo (Bambam).

Rugby Alma Mater
(Sung to the tune of "Alma Mater")

The rugby boys are out on the piss again,
Out on the piss again, out on the piss again.
The rugby boys are out on the piss again,
We want to wee-wee now - what do we want, boys.
We want to wee-wee now, we want to wee-wee now.
The rugby boys are out on the piss again,
We want to wee-wee now.

The rugger huggers want to much of fucky fucky,
Too much of fucky fucky, too much of fucky fucky.
The rugger huggers want too much of fucky fucky.
We want to wee-wee now, we want to wee-wee now.
The rugby boys are out on the piss again,
We want to wee-wee now.

THE GAME OF RUGBY

With 30 men engaged, even the simplest game can become congested. So there are laws. This is what this section is about. It won't tell you how to win, but it will tell you how to play.

Here, first of all, is a brief description of the game:

Rugby football is a ball handling game. Each side has 15 players; eight forwards and seven backs. The forwards deliver the ball to their backs, who advance with speed and cunning, passing it from one to another, or not, as the passion takes them. Thus they try to cross their opponent's goal line and ground the ball. This (worth four points) is a "try," they then try a kick at goal (two more points). This kick is taken anywhere on a line perpendicular to the place of score. Play is continuous until someone scores, breaks a law, or propels the ball into touch (which of course means "out of bounds"). Any player may run with the ball, pass it, or kick it. It is illegal to pass it forward; fumble so that it bounces forward; lie on it; throw it into touch; or hold on to it after a tackle. There is also a law against offside play. Minor infractions result in a scrum; blunders bring the other side a penalty kick. Armor is prohibited; there is nothing under a Rugby shirt but steaming flesh. There are four substitutions permitted, but only if a player is injured. Blocking, tripping, and obstructing are barred; only the ball-carrier may be tackled.

The Field

On the facing page you will see how a Rugby field is properly marked out. These are the perfect dimensions; they aren't always possible, and so some fields are smaller. But none may be larger; the center line must be in the middle; the 22 meter line must be 22 meters from the goal line; and so on.

Before we play a hypothetical game, let's take a closer look at this field. Play can go on anywhere within the outer boundaries, i.e., the dead ball line at each end and the touch line is only from one goal-line to the other. This is important when we come to scrums and lineouts, which can only happen in the field-of-play.

Also, please note that the goal-lines and touch lines are not in the field-of-play. If the ball lands on a touch line, it's out of play; if a player grounds the ball on his opponent's goal-line, he has scored. A try can be scored anywhere in your opponent's in-goal area, but not on the touch in goal line or the dead ball line. Finally, when a ball is said to be "in touch," it is in fact out of play: on or over a touch line.

Now that the hogwash is over, we can get on with the slaughter.

along each side. But the
when we come to scrums

_ Starting the Game

Well, not quite. Although we have two teams on the field (all except for old Harry, who's still in the changing room, frantically searching for his jockstrap), they have to decide which team is playing which way. The captains confer with the referee, a coin is spun, and the winner makes his choice - either to take the kick-off or to select ends. He can't do both.

This kick-off is taken from the center of the half way line. This is the method of starting the game

and re-starting it after a score or after half-time. If the score is an unconverted try, the kick-off must be a drop kick. Otherwise, it's always a place kick. In any case, the kicker's team must be behind him when he kicks the ball, and their opponents must be on or beyond the ten meter line parallel to the half way line.

To start the game, the ball must reach this ten meter line, unless, after it is kicked, an opponent rushes for-ward and plays it first. But it must not go straight into touch (or over the dead ball line) without bouncing or hitting an opponent. After all, the whole idea of the kick-off is to

get the game started.

So you see that, before the most hungover player can raise even a mild sweat, several things can go wrong.

You might take the wrong kind of kick, or kick from the wrong spot, or kick before the referee is ready to start the game. Or your opponents might stand too near, or charge too soon.

If any of these happen, you take the kick again.

Then again, your kick might not go far enough, or it might go too far - straight into touch. If it's not far enough, your opponents have a choice: you kick again, or there is a scrum in the center. If it's too far, their choice is wider: you kick again, or there is a scrum at the center of the half way line, or the kick stands and you have a line-out at the half way line.

But if any of your side is in front of the ball when it's kicked, then there is no two ways about it: the referee orders a scrum at the center of the half way line.

Let us assume that your boot is true, and both teams stand where they should, and the kick-off is, in fact, successful.

Splendid! What now?

Well, almost anything. The ball is descending in the receivers' half, the kicker's team is off in hot pursuit, and the first man from either side to get the ball is free to run with it, pass it, kick it, dribble it, or bounce it on his thick skull, if he wants to.

His opponents are free to tackle him, or wrench the ball from his sticky grasp, or immobilize him by winding their hairy arms about his writhing form.

Thus occupied, the players can - and do - keep the game going indefinitely. There is no limit to the number of players who can play the ball, and the attack may swing from end to end of the field without pause. Only three things can halt the game: a score, an infringement of a

law, or the ball's going into touch.

Accidents and Crimes

Suppose the second has happened. Someone's broken a law. What the hell could it be? Remember that the referee is not obliged to tell, and that you have no right to ask. So read carefully.

THROW-FORWARD. You must not throw the ball forward. Put another way, you must pass it along or behind an imaginary line running through the ball and parallel to the goal-lines.

KNOCK-ON. This is a fumbled catch - but fumbled so that the ball bounces from the hand or arm

toward the opponents' dead ball line. This is important. Suppose you fumble a catch and the ball falls from you toward your own dead ball line. Perfectly legal. What's more, there are two exceptions to the knock-on law:

1. If the ball is knocked-on by a player who is charging down an opponent's kick.
2. If the ball is unintentionally knocked-on by a player while catching it direct from a kick or pass - and if he recovers the ball before it touches the ground or another player.

In these cases the game goes on without pause.

If you jump for a ball in a line-out and knock it forward, it is always a knock-on.

A knock-on, remember, has to be off the hand or arm and hit the ground or another player prior to the offender catching it. A forward bounce from the chest or shoulder is not a knock-on.

TACKLING. Everybody knows when he's tackled. Right? Well, here's the definition of Law 18:

A tackle occurs when a player carrying the ball in the field-of-play is held by one or more opponents so that while he is so held he is brought to the ground or the ball comes into contact with the ground. If the ball carrier is on one knee, or, both knees, or is sitting on the ground, or is on top of another player who is on the ground, the ball carrier is deemed to have been brought to the ground.

The tackler, too, must allow his opponent to let go of the ball; in fact neither man may interfere with it until he's on his feet again.

But note that, to be tackled, you must be held. If you simply get knocked over, you can perform a somersault and the ball can touch the ground, but you are not tackled, and you may get up and run on, or lie where you are and pass the ball. It's only when you are tackled that it's illegal to pass the ball off the ground.

Three conditions must be met, right? One: it has to be in the field-of-play. Two: the man has to be held. Three: the ball touches the ground; or man, ball, and opponent together touch the ground.

Do we hear ugly mutterings from back of the crowd? Are there present some whose primitive instincts cry out and say damn-it-all man, a tackle's a tackle so stop all this nitpicking about did

_ the ball touch the ground or didn't the ball touch the ground? And what's more, which swine pinched my beer?

FAILURE TO RELEASE THE BALL AFTER A TACKLE. The laws say that when you're tackled, you must pass or release the ball immediately, and get up or roll clear of it. No ifs or buts; even when it means an almost certain try against you, you must allow the ball to be played at once.

This, of course, means that your opponent has then to release you. And you're perfectly entitled to get up and pick up the ball again straight away. And to be tackled again, release the ball, get up, seize it or kick it and so on. This law works both ways: the tackled player must be allowed to release the ball. No player, from either side, may try to pull it from him.

LYING ON THE BALL. Clearly, this is as bad as not releasing the ball after a tackle. There are times when you have to fall on the ball, but however grave the situation, you must then abandon your human-sacrifice role and do something. You may play the ball, or roll out of the way, or get up, as long as you do it at once. The opportunities are endless, as long as you seize them quickly.

OFF-SIDE PLAY. The off-side law is simple, but in application it can get a bit complicated. It deserves a page all to itself and it's going to get it. For the moment, all you need to know is Law 24:

Off-side means that a player is in a position in which he is out of the game and is liable to penalty.

In general play the player is in an off-side position because he is in front of the ball when it has been last played by another player of his team.

In play at scrummage, ruck, maul, or line-out the player is off-side because he remains or advances in front of the line or place stated in, or otherwise infringes, the relevant sections of this Law.

Note that you don't get penalized just for being off-side (everybody's off-side at some time or another) but for being off-side and taking part in the game. Also note that this off-side law doesn't apply to the scrummage, ruck, maul, or line-out, which have their own, curious, off-side laws.

CHARGING, OBSTRUCTION, FOUL PLAY, AND MISCONDUCT. Because Rugby is a contact sport, and because play is continuous, spirits sometimes get high and players do things which - if they were to contemplate them for two or three weeks from some solitary mountain-top - they might regret. This is a fat lot of good to an opponent whose calf the teeth marks have not yet begun to heal; and so the laws in their wisdom deal firmly with foul play.

A good starting point: you may tackle only the man with the ball. This means that you must not:

1. Charge, block, or obstruct any other player in anyway, whichever side has the ball.
2. Try to run the ball through players of your own team who are in front of you. For one thing, you're using them as a shield. For another, you're bringing them into the game when they're off-side.
3. Lay hands on, charge, obstruct, or in anyway interfere with an opponent who does not have the ball, except in a scrum. (We'll get to scrums in a minute.) "Laying hands on" includes holding a man's shorts or jersey. Note, however, that you may drag away a player who is lying near the ball - but not in a scrum.
4. Hack, kick, or trip an opponent even if he has the ball. (They used to, though. When Rugby was played and in the 1850's, hacking was part of the game. You picked out an opponent of you hacked away at each other's shins. This was an inheritance from bare-knuckled boxing in the 18th Century, when contestants wore sharpened boots to speed things up. Hacking is definitely out now!)
5. Strike an opponent. Curiously enough, the laws say nothing about striking someone on your own side. But I doubt if the referee would accept a plea of mistaken identity, so the best thing is not to hit anyone at all.
6. Tackle early or late or dangerously. This law is strictly applied. Tackle a man when he's not expecting it, and you may seriously injure him. And if you tackle a man dangerously - with the intention of injuring him - you have no right to be playing at all. This lies at the heart of the game, and at the heart of the spirit of the game (if a spirit can have a heart). **The** whole point of Rugby is that every player should be as free as possible to go for the ball. Once you stop thinking about where the ball is and how your team can get it, and start thinking about that ugly, redheaded forward on the other side and how you can get him - then you might as well go home and watch television.

You're in the wrong game.

So much for the commercial. Now for the product. What constitutes "Charging, Obstruction, etc."? Here goes...

1. If you're running for the ball, you must not charge or punch an opponent who is also running for the ball, except shoulder to shoulder. (This last bit is surprisingly little known.)
2. You must not obstruct an opponent by getting or being in front of a player on your side who has the ball.
3. When your side has won the ball from a scrum, you must not, if you are part of the scrum, get in the way of an opponent who is coming round the scrum and going for the ball. It's amazing how some wing forwards behave when their side has won the ball from a scrum. They rise like startled pheasants, their elbows stick out like teapot handles and they rotate slowly, as if they are trying to establish which way is north. In fact they're trying to stop the opposing wing forward from getting at their scrum-half. This is unfair, and very illegal.
4. You must not willfully cause a scrum to collapse. Sounds obvious, but you'd be surprised what odd ideas some people get. Damned dangerous, anyway.
5. You must not obstruct an opponent in any way while the ball is out of play, or be guilty of any form of misconduct. This is a useful catch-all law. It covers all the stupid things that nobody playing in the right spirit would ever think of, such as undoing an opponent's bootlaces, sneering at his mustache, or leering at his girlfriend. The bit about misconduct covers things like starting an argument, or contradicting the referee's decision (probably the most futile thing anyone could do).
6. You must not waste time. Even if you are (a) exhausted (b) desperate, you must not deliberately break a law or otherwise deliberately stop the game except by kicking to touch or over the dead ball line. For instance, you must not intentionally knock-on, throw-forward, or throw the ball from the field-of-play into touch, touch in goal, or over your dead ball line. And you must not waste time by such crude and obvious devices as kicking the ball into the next county, hiding the referee's whistle, etc.

That pretty well covers the infringements that are likely to stop play (outside of scrums and line-outs).

So what now? Can we get on and re-start play somehow or another? Certainly. But first:

Breaking and Entering

Hold everything. Here's old Harry, just arrived in a panic, ten minutes late, having found his jockstrap stuffed up his left boot. Shall we let him rush onto the field and join in the game?

Not on your life! The referee is in charge of this game, and nobody enters or leaves it without his permission. Harry waits on the touch line until he's caught the referee's eye and gets permission to go on, which will only be given during stoppage of play. (This law applies at half-time, too: nobody leaves the field without the referee's say-so.)

Right! Now we can re-start the game, following the stoppage or infringement.

Penalties and Penances

The method of re-starting depends on the reason for stopping. If a player accidentally breaks a minor law (knocks-on, for example), play re-starts with a scrum at the spot where the infringement took place, and the other (non-offending) team has the advantage of putting the ball into the scrum. But if a player does something that is avoidable, something completely contrary to the idea of the game (e.g., off-side play; obstruction; late tackling), his team is generally penalized with a penalty kick at the place of the infringement.

Here are the infringements previously described, with their respective penalties:

1. Forward pass - scrum.
2. Knock-on - scrum.
3. Failure to release ball after tackle - penalty kick.
4. Lying on the ball - penalty kick.
5. Taking part in game when off-side - penalty kick at place of infringement or scrum at place where ball was last played by offending team, at choice of non-offending team.
6. When running for ball, charging opponent also running for ball (except shoulder to shoulder); when an outside player in scrum, obstructing opponent; being in front of player of his own team who has ball, so as to obstruct opponent; having ball and forcing way through players of own team in front of him - penalty kick.
7. Holding, pushing, charging, obstructing, or grasping opponent who does not have ball, except in scrum; hacking, kicking, or **tripping** opponent; striking opponent; late, early, or dangerous tackling; causing scrum to collapse (whew!); while ball is out of play, interfering with opponent, or being guilty of **mis-conduct** - offending player is sent off
if he repeats offense - penal p or
or cautioned that he will be sent off @ kick penalty try
(we get to that later). If he repeats offense, player must be sent off; he takes no more part in match and referee reports him to appropriate disciplinary authority.
8. Wasting time - penalty kick.
9. Willfully throwing into touch, etc. - penalty kick.

GAME STARTS. SORT OF. Good! Now we know where we stand. Let's assume that the Blue team is playing the White team. Blue kicks-off, a White player catches the ball and passes it to another White player, who knocks the ball on. What does the referee do?

For a couple of seconds, nothing. He watches closely to see whether or not the advantage law applies. This is an interesting law, and it'll come in for more attention. Right now all you need to know is its essence: when one side breaks a law and the other side gets an advantage, the referee lets the game go on.

We assume that the Blues gain no advantage from the White knock-on. The referee orders a scrum at the spot where the White player knocked the ball on, and the Blue scrum-half puts the ball in.

The Scrum, In Sickness and In Health

Next question: what is a scrum? Subjectively, to most it's a groaning, steaming, shuddering mass of humanity, in which eight interlocked Blue men strive to shove eight interlocked White men off the ball, and vice-versa. The laws take a sterner view.

For international play and U.S. senior level representative play, a scrum need meet only three requirements:

1. Each front row shall be formed by three players.
2. The head of a player in a front row shall not be next to the head of a player of the same team.
- _ 3. The scrum must contain a minimum of five players at all times until it ends.

-nat's all: get two front rows, each of three men, plus two other members, all properly interlocked so that the heads of opposing players are next to each other, and you have a scrum. What more, the laws say as soon as the two front rows have closed top-ether, the ball shall be put in without delay.

Normally, of course, each team has eight players shoving in a scrum. But it's not essential. The legal minimum is five, and there's no maximum. All 15 can get down and push if they want to. But you can't have more - or less - than three in each front row.

For all other U.S. levels of play (all matches below Senior representative levels): "The team putting the ball into a scrummage shall determine the number of players or each team participating in the scrummage, with a minimum of seven players in each team required at all times during the scrummage." For the remainder of this dissertation we will be using this level of play when addressing requirements of the scrum, or Rugby in general.

A scrum may take place only in the field-of-play. If the infringement happened near touch, the referee will move the scrum so that it is at the five meter line; if it happened in or near the in-goal area, he will make sure that no scrum takes place within five meters of the goal line.

Wherever the referee orders the scrum, that's where it must be when the ball is put in. You can get down and push your opponents all around the field, but it will be wasted effort, for the referee will simply bring the scrum back to the spot where he ordered it, before he will allow the ball to be put in. At this time, the scrum should be stationary and square; that is, a middle line between the two front rows should be parallel to the goal lines.

The scrum is down, cursing softly under its breath. Now may the Blue scrum-half put the ball in? Well, let's make sure everything else is kosher, first.

How are the players in the front row binding? Have the hooker and his props all got a firm, continuous grip on each other, at or below the armpits? What of the other players in the scrum - are they all binding with a least one arm and hand to a teammate? Or are they merely leaning, which is illegal? Does any front row player have both feet off the ground at the same time, which is illegal? Are his feet so placed as to allow a clear tunnel, or are they raised or advanced so as to obstruct the entry of the ball, which is illegal? Are his feet crossed or otherwise not in a position for an effective forward shove, which is illegal? Are the second row players (locks) binding around the hips of the props, not through the crotch - all of which is illegal? If any player infringes these laws, the referee awards a free kick.

In this case, the Blue and White scrum is immaculate - tightly bound, four- square, and admirably tunneled.

PUTTING THE BALL IN. He, poor dumb sap, has little choice. Law 20(9) lays down exactly what he shall do, and it reads like a correspondence course in stoking boilers:

The player putting in the ball shall:

- a) stand one meter from the scrummage and midway between the two front rows,
- b) hold the ball with both hands midway between the two front rows at a level midway between his knee and ankle,
- c) from that position put in the ball

without any delay or without feint or backward movement, i.e., with a single forward movement, and

ataq nick speed straight along the middle line so that it first touches the ground immediately beyond the width of the nearer prop's shoulders.

All this is only right and fair, of course. The idea of the scrum is to give both sides an even chance of winnings, the ball, so both sides must know roughly how, where, and when it is going to appear. So the scrum-half mustn't "dummy" or feint his putting the ball in.

So the Blue scrum-half puts the ball in. Nobody in the front rows moves a foot forward until -Z he ball touches the ground. The rest of the scrum can heave and strain, but the front rows .,Oust keep their feet where they are, until:

BOP! Tie ball lands, just beyond the Blue loose head prop, and suddenly the tunnel is **frill** of flying feet. Now a front row layer can strike with either foot, as long as he doesn't take

qu
both feet off the ground together.

GETIJ If you think putting the ball into the scrum is complicated, you ought to read the law about getting it out of the scrum. You used to need two solicitors (lawyers) and a road map to work it out.

@uckily for you, that's all changed. Everything is now delightfully simple.

As long as the ball doesn't emerge from either end of the tunnel, it doesn't matter where it comes out. It can pop out between the prop's legs, or it can be heeled all the way through the first, second, and third rows, or it can exit by any intermediate route. If it does, exit via the tunnel, the same scrum-half puts it in again.

The ball must not be wilfully held in the scrummage after a foot or any lock (second row) has reached the original middle line of the scrummage. It doesn't come out immediately a free kick is awarded to the non-offending team at the place of infringement.

No front row player may deliberately kick the ball back out of the tunnel the way it came in. And no player who is not in the front row may play the ball with his foot while it's in the tunnel. T'he laws say no more than three men in the front row, and you can't get around that by having an india-rubber poacher in your second row.

Please note that the team not responsible for the stop age puts the ball in. Now a stoppage doesn't

have to be an infringement. It could be

a completely fruitless loose maul, caused by a defender's falling on the ball; in which case, the defending team having caused the stoppage,

the attacking side puts the ball in.

Once the scrum-half has chosen which side of the scrum to put the ball in, he can't change his mind and go round to the other side.

If you have been following closely, you will now expect some wise words about the off-side law and how it applies to the scrum.

All in good time. Let us leave the forwards to sweat and strain a little longer, while we get the laws of the loose scrum or ruck out of the way. Suffering is good for the soul, if a forward has a soul.

THE LOOSE SCRUM OR RUCK. Use 21 definition: A ruck, which can take place only in the field-of-play, is formed when the ball is on the ground and one or more players from each team are on their feet and in physical contact, closing around the ball between them. "In physical contact" is shoving, in plain English. Then you have a ruck. NOTE: FOR A RUCK THE BALL MUST BE ON THE GROUND.

Immediately, several laws come into being. They apply both to a ruck and to a scrum.

You must not pick up the ball in the scrum or ruck, with either your hands or your legs.

You must not intentionally fall or kneel in the scrum or ruck, or intentionally make it collapse, or lie near the ball and not do your best to roll away. (You know all that by now.)

Once the ball comes out of a scrum or ruck, (unless, in a scrum, it comes out of the tunnel) no player may throw, kick, or knock it back in.

Finally, a player must not jump on top of other players in a ruck.

We shall now heel the ball from the scrum or ruck.

Off-Side Play (BAD)

Assume that the Blue team wins the ball and the Blue scrum-half seizes it, and sets off towards his opponent's goal line.

Good old Harry, playing at fly-half for the Blues and eager to make amends for arriving late, has overrun the Blue scrum-half and is now two meters in front of him. So Harry is off-side and, for all the good he can do, is out of the game until he gets himself on-side.

Note that the referee has not yet whistled the game to a halt. Harry is not criminally off-side until he takes an active part in the game.

This he now does:

The Blue scrum-half rather than pass the ball to Harry and so

1. Commit a forward pass; or
2. Make Harry criminally offside;

decides to kick ahead, and he taps the ball five meters forward.

_ Harry - a man with a brain like cold cauliflower - sees his chance for glory and gallops after it. Instantly, he's in trouble. Whether he reaches the ball first, or tackles a White player who has the ball, or simply gets in someone's way, Harry is illegally off-side.

The referee whistles up and penalizes the Blues. He awards the White either a penalty kick at the place of infringement - i.e., where Harry was - or a scrum at the place where the Blue scrum-half last played the ball - i.e., the spot from which the Blue scrum-half kicked the ball.

The choice of penalty-kick-back-here or set-scrum-up-there may seem pointless in this case, where there's only about five meters between them. But you will see, in the next example, that it makes sense.

The Whites choose to take the penalty kick. (There's a lot more to the penalty kick which we'll cover later.) They attempt to gain ground with a long punt to touch.

The ball fails to go into touch, however, and the Blue full-back catches it. (This makes the other Blues, who are all in front of him, off-side.) Blue full-back also attempts a long kick to touch, but he too fails, and the ball goes straight to a White player. And who should be standing a few meters from him but Harry, criminally off-side again! -For the laws say that it is illegal for a player who is off-side if "...he approaches or remains within ten meters of an opponent waiting to play the ball or the place where the ball pitches."

In other words, Harry should have foreseen that he would be within ten meters of the White player waiting to catch the Blue full-back's kick, and he should have got the hell out of there.

So the referee penalizes him again. And this time, you can see the sense of giving the Whites a choice: either to take a penalty kick from the spot where Harry was standing, or a scrum at the spot where the Blue full-back kicked. The penalty kick would be from somewhere in mid-field, but the scrum would be deep in the Blues' half, perhaps even close to their line a good attacking position for Whites. (If the Blue full-back had been in his own in-goal when he kicked, the scrum would form five meters from the goal line, on a line parallel to the touch lines.)

On-Side Play (GOOD)

We have dealt with off-side as if it were an unavoidable condition, like having red hair or being named Harry.

This is not so. There are no less than six ways by which an off-side player can become on-side:

1. When a teammate, who kicked the ball when behind him, runs in front of him in the field-of-play or in-goal.
2. When a teammate, carrying the ball, has run in front of him.
3. When he himself runs behind his teammate who last played the ball.

4. When an opponent carrying the ball has run five meters.
- _ 5. When an opponent has intention |@| touched the ball but not caught it.
6. Vvhen an opponent has played the ball, i.e., kicked, passed, or dropped it.

(Sections 1 and 6 only apply if the off-side player is also retiring ten meters from an opponent waiting to play the ball.)

Now all this makes sense. The laws are against off-side play, and so they make you (if you are off-side) give your opponent some extra freedom to make up for it. You have to take yourself ten meters off from him, and let him run five meters with the ball, or play it.

A couple of odds and ends. You must not shout "All on-side," or words to that effect, when aLiyone on your side is off-side, or you'll be penalized.

If you're in an off-side position and the ball, or a player carrying it, accidentally touches you - that is, in a way you couldn't avoid - you are "accidentally off-side," and the referee will order a scrum.

Above all, get this: you can only be off-side if you are in front of someone on your team who was the last to play the ball. Being off-side is not simply a matter of being in front of the ball. You can be meters in front of the ball and be completely right, if your opponents have the ball or were the last to play it.

The off-side line, then, is a line through a player in your team who has the ball or who last played it.

Now that you have thoroughly mastered that, I have reluctantly to inform you that there are exceptions and complications. Namely, the off-side law in scrums, rucks, mauls, and line-outs.

More Off-Sides: Scrums, Rucks, or Mauls

In any scrum, ruck, or maul the off-side line is not normally a matter of where the ball is, or of who last played it. Instead, the laws treat the entire scrum as if it were a single person, and so the scrum off-side line runs through the tail end of the stern of the scrum - what Law 24B describes as "...the hindmost foot of the player's team in the scrummage." This means, of course, that a scrum has two off-side lines - one for each side.

If you're not in the scrum, or one of the two opposing scrum-halves, you have to get back behind your side's off-side line without delay, and stay **behivnd** it as long as the scrum lasts.

If you are the scrum-half for the team who did not win the hook, you have to keep both feet behind the original mid-line of the scrum as long as the ball is in the scrum. If you are the scrum-half for the team who won the hook, you have to keep both feet behind the ball as long as it's in the scrum.

If you're not in a ruck or maul and you want to be, you must enter it from your side, not your opponents'. nat means getting back behind the ball before you lend your weight to the heaving mass. And if you don't join the ruck or maul, you must get behind the scrum off-side line until the ball emerges.

_ (But don't forget that before you can have a scrum off-side line, you must have a scrum, Tuck, or maul.)

So far, so clear? If you're not in a scrum, you stay behind all of it, unless you're a scrum-half, in which case you stay behind the ball or the original mid-line of the scrum, depending on whether your team won the hook or not. If you're not in a ruck or maul you stay behind all of it, unless you want to join it, in which case you get stuck in anywhere on your side of the ball.

The fact that the scrum-half has privileges at a scrum which he doesn't have at a ruck or maul is obvious when you think about it. In a scrum, everyone knows which player is scrum-half. He has a special job and he gets special treatment. But in the ruck or maul, any player could claim to be acting as scrum-half, so this player is treated like any other.

Remember, if you're in front of any part of a scrum, and you're not yourself in it, you are off-side, and unless you get back on-side as fast as you can the referee will make you suffer. "Loiterers," the law says sternly, "must be penalized."

No member of a scrum may leave the scrum once bound to it. However, there is one exception to this law. Suppose the player in the back row of the scrum - number eight - has the ball between his feet. Nothing prevents him from breaking, grabbing the ball, and making life difficult for the opposition. The instant he breaks from the scrum, the ball leaves it too; once he is out, the scrum off-side line ends. The moral is: the scrum-half isn't the only man who can play the ball once it's heeled back. So as soon as the ball comes out of the scrum you can go anywhere and do anything - subject to the regular laws.

o Needs It?

The line-out, too, has its own off-side law. But first we should establish exactly what a line-out is. There are plenty of line-outs in the game today - - far too many, some people think - so let us examine the entrails of this prolific fowl.

The purpose of a line-out is to start play after the ball has gone into touch. At least two players from each team line up in single parallel lines, five meters from the touch line at the place where the ball went into touch. The ball is thrown in to the line-out by an opponent of the player who last touched it or who carried it into touch. (If a White player kicks the ball into touch, a Blue player throws it in. If a White player kicks the ball and it touches a Blue player on its way into touch, a White player throws it in. If a White player has the ball and a Blue player forces him into touch, a Blue player throws it in. It's simply a matter of deciding who was the last player in contact with the ball.)

The ball must be thrown in so as to give both sides a fairly equal chance to get it. The line-out itself has to be five meters in, and nobody in the line-out may stop the ball from traveling those five meters. The two lines of players must leave a clear space between them until the ball leaves the hands of the player throwing it in. He must have both feet outside the field-of-play, and he must throw the ball so that it arrives at a point at right angles to the touch line - however strong the wind may be. If he doesn't, the opposing team has the option of themselves throwing

or the ball in or of taking a scrum 15 meters in. If they choose to take the line out, and if the throw is no good, the referee orders a scrum to the original team throwing the ball in, and that's that.

_ The farthest player in the line-out must not be past the 15 meter mark from the touch line.

Incidentally, there is no limit to the number of players you can have in a line-out, provided the opposing team puts no more into the line-out than the team throwing in the ball.

Let us now prepare to bring the line-out, like Frankenstein's monster, to life.

LINE-OUT TROUBLES. One interesting point is that you can get into trouble even before the line-out begins (which is when the ball leaves the hands of the player throwing it in).

For instance, you must not be off-side, which you will be if you're so much as a foot in front of a line at right angles to the touch line through the spot where the ball went into touch.

Nor may you push, charge, shoulder, or bind with another player of either side. This means you're not allowed to start forming a maul before the ball is thrown in. It also means you're not allowed to use another player as a prop to help you jump for the ball.

The same laws apply, with suitable changes, once the ball is thrown in. As soon as it goes five meters and touches the ground or a player, the ball itself becomes the mark through which the off-side line runs, and nobody in the line-out may step in front of it, unless he's tackling an opponent in the line-out. And a player in the line-out may hold, push, shoulder, or obstruct an opponent if the latter has the ball. Even so, a line-out player must not charge an opponent, even when the other man has the ball, except in an attempt to tackle him or to get the ball. No bulldozing for bulldozing's sake.

And no sloping off under the pretense of doubling back around the line-out either. If you peel off from the line-out so as to get nearer the ball, you must stay close to the line. Otherwise you'll be off-side under another off-side law, which we shall unveil to you.

LINE-OUTS AND THE REST. While the line-out is going on, what are the other players up to? The laws divide them into two categories:

1. Those participating in the line-out.
2. The rest.

Those participating in the line-out include the player throwing the ball in (normally the hooker), his opposite number in the other team, and one player from each team in position to take the ball when it's passed or knocked back, i.e., the scrum-half. As long as the line-out lasts, these hookers must do one of three things. Either they can stay where they are, between the touch line and the five meter line of the line-out; or they can join in the line-out when the ball's been thrown in; or they can get ten meters back, like the rest of their side. Normally, of course, they'll stay right where they are and eye each other darkly.

The rest (and this normally means the fly-half, inside and outside centers, the two wings, and the full-back) are at a line ten meters behind the place of the line-out and parallel to the goal-lines, or behind their own goal-line - whichever is the nearer. This is the off-side line for all players who are not taking part in the line-out. Any player who oversteps that line before the line-out has ended will - if the referee sees him - be penalized by a penalty kick to his opponents.

_ This creates a 20 meter wide no-man's land between the two teams. As you can't legally set foot in here as long as the line-out goes on, you might be interested in knowing how and when a line-out can end.

It does not necessarily end when the two clean lines have merged into a maul. Then, the important point to establish is this: is the ball on the ground? If it is, and a ruck is boiling around it, the line-out is over. Or if the ball is not on the ground and a maul forms, the line-out is over when the maul moves from the place of the line-out. Or if a player breaks away from the line-out with the ball, the

line-out's over. Or if the ball is passed or-kn -ocked back, or thrown beyond the farthest player in the line-out, it's over.

And the moment a line-out is over, both sides may advance from the ten meter mark.

Line-outs don't always have the military precision which the laws imply. In fact, some line-outs don't have a line at all.

Suppose Whites are attacking near Blues' goal line. Somehow, the Blue full-back gets the ball and, with the aid of a following wind, boots it deep into the White half, where it lands conveniently in touch. The White full-back dashes over and picks it up - but both teams are still puffing upfield, does he wait for them to arrive and form a line-out? Never! He throws the ball in, making sure that it goes five meters at right angles to the touch line, then dashes forward, scoops it up, brushes away a speck of dust and kicks triumphantly for touch.

At the point of all this is that a player doesn't have to wait until players of his own team have got back to the line-out or, if they're not in the line-out, are ten meters behind it before he throws

the

ball in. Nor will they be penalized for being off-side - as long as they're clearly in to get back without delay.

THE LINE-OUT - ODDS AND ENDS If, while jumping for the ball (and failing to get it) you cross the imaginary off-side line, the referee will not penalize you, unless you don't get back on your own side without delay.

If you have a player who can throw the ball far enough and straight enough, he may throw it beyond the line-out, and other players - the ones ten meters back - may lawfully run forward as soon as the ball leaves his hands, and get it. So, of course, may their opponents.

The scrum-half or hooker may lawfully run up to a gap in the line-out and take the ball, as long as he doesn't run into another player of either team in doing so.

Scoring and Other Rubbish

It's about time somebody scored something.

There are four ways of scoring in Rugby. Two of them are simply from kicks (penalty goal or drop goal) each scoring three points. The other two are a combination of grounding the ball in your opponents' in-goal and a kick at goal. Grounding the ball, alone, is known as a try, and scores four points, the resulting kick, if successful, is known as a conversion, and scores two more points; so the combination, known simply as a goal, is worth six points.

SCORING A TRY. To score a try, an attacking player must be the first to ground the ball in his opponents' in-goal. He doesn't have to carry the ball over the goal-line; he can chase a ball last played by someone else, and score. Or, he can ground it while it is under the feet of players who are participating in a ruck providing the ball has crossed the goal-line.

Note that word "ground." It means much more than "touch the ground." For instance, if you are thundering towards your opponents' goal-line with the ball and you get tackled just short, but the momentum of your irresistible drive is so great that it carries you onto or over the goal-line and you ground the ball - even if it has already touched the field-of-play - you score a try. Grounding the ball

means hold it in your hand and bring it in contact with the ground. If it's already on the ground, it means pressing down on it -by -hand(s) or arm(s), or falling on it so that it's anywhere beneath you from neck to waist.

But you're not listening, are you? You're worryin' h

about that guy who grounded a ball while it was under the feet of players taking part in a scrum, small voice keeps telling you that if somebody in a ruck or scrum handles the ball or falls on it while it's still in the ruck or scrum, then there is no health in him, right? Relax, and unscramble your brains. It's a try, isn't it? Which means that the ball and the ruck must have crossed the goal-line, mustn't they? Remember you can have a ruck or scrum only in the field-of-play! So it's not a Tuck or scrum anymore, is it? Well then, try to pay more attention in the future.

CONVERTING A TRY. By scoring a try, a team has the right to attempt a conversion. A conversion kick is taken exactly in front of the place where the try was scored, on a line parallel to the touch line. Anyone on the scoring side may take the kick, and he may take a place kick (with or without a placer to hold the ball) or a drop kick. All his team (except the placer) must be behind the ball when it is kicked, and all the opposing team must be behind the goal-line until the kicker begins his run or offers to kick. As soon as he does, they may charge.

A goal is scored if the ball goes over the opponents' cross bar without first touching the ground or any player - so if a team charges fast enough, they may be able to touch the ball and prevent a goal. However, if they charge too soon, or yell during the charge, the kicker has the option of taking the kick again without any charging at all. If the kicker uses a placer and kicks the ball

without its touching the ground, the kick is void. You don't have to take a conversion kick, of course. You can forget it and get on with the game.

PENALTY TRY. You don't have to cross the goal line to score a try, either. There is such a thing as a penalty try - rarely seen, fortunately - which the referee awards if he thinks a try would probably have been scored "...but for foul play of the defending team." A penalty try is always awarded between the posts.

PENALTY GOAL. A penalty goal results from a penalty kick. (You may hear a player describe a penalty kick as a "free kick" or a "free." It isn't anything of the kind; a free kick is something altogether different. He's probably an ex-soccer player who hasn't completely come to, yet.) Any player on the non-offending team may take this kick, and he can score by place kick or drop kick. He doesn't have to attempt a kick at goal from a penalty kick (see below for the rest of the law on penalty kicks), but once he's indicated to the referee by word or deed that he's going to attempt it, he can't change his mind.

DROP GOAL. A drop goal can be scored at any time during play, except direct from a kick-off, free kick, or drop-out (see below for the law on the 22 meter drop-out).

... Kicks, Penalty and Free - The Difference Between

One of the penalties of having a penalty kick given against you is that you not only have to give the ball to your opponents so that they can do with it what they will; you have to clear off quickly and give them ten meters to do it in.

"Without delay" is a favorite phrase in the laws. When a penalty kick is awarded to your opponents, you must run, not walk, to or beyond a line parallel to your own goal-line and ten meters from the mark (or to your own goal-line, whichever is nearer). Just to rub it in, you then have to stand

completely still with your hands by your sides until they've taken the kick. Such are the wages of sin.

If you don't run back fast enough, the referee will penalize you another ten meters, and if you're still too **slow**, he'll move the penalty mark another ten meters up. This can go on indefinitely, or until the mark reaches the line five meters from your goal line. No penalty kick may be taken beyond this line.

Now, if your wits have been flashing like summer lightning, you will have pictured a situation where all the players were totally intermixed, somebody blundered, the referee gave one side a penalty kick, and they took the kick before their opponents had time to move ten centimeters, let alone ten meters.

"Does," you ask indignantly, "the referee penalize these helpless morons?"

Answer: No! If their failure to retire is the result of the remarkable speed with which their opponents have acted, the referee will let play continue. But the taking of the penalty kick doesn't automatically bring everyone back into the game: the offending-side must retire ten meters or to their own goal line even while the kick is being taken. They get back into the same only when they've retired ten meters, or when an opponent has run with the ball for five meters.

So much for the defenders. The attackers, naturally, have much greater freedom. The kick must be taken at or behind the mark, on a line through the mark parallel to the touch lines; and everyone in the kicker's team must be behind the ball (except a placer if one is used). Otherwise they can do what they like. Anyone can take the kick, and he may kick the ball in any direction, for any distance, to any player. However, the ball may not be place kicked for touch. With this one exception, the kicker can boot deep into touch, or he can tap it an inch and then pick it up and run with it or pass it. If the kick is taken for an infringement that occurred in-goal, the kicker shall take the kick five meters from the goal-line opposite the place of infringement. Whatever you do, a penalty kick has to be a kick: the boot or lower leg has to strike the ball. Tapping your toe-cap with the ball is not a kick. You don't have to take a penalty kick, by the way; you can choose to have a scrum instead.

A free kick gives the kicker much the same opportunities as a penalty kick, but without its aura of crime-and-punishment.

A free kick is a kick you are awarded when you make a fair-catch (mark). What, then, is a fair-catch? It's really three things happening at once: a catch, a complete cessation of all forward movement, and a strangled scream. You make a fair-catch by cleanly catching the ball on your side of the 22 meter line direct from a kick, knock-on, or throw forward by an opponent,

— if you simultaneously cease all forward motion, with both feet planted firmly on the ground, and should "Mark!" (The laws say you should "exclaim 'Mark' but if you're wise you'll bawl it as loudly as you can.) If the referee likes your performance, he'll whistle up and award you a free kick.

This is the only kick which the laws won't let just anybody take; only the player who made the fair catch can take the free kick. Like a penalty kick, it must be taken at or behind the mark on a line through the mark parallel to the touch lines, and it may be a place kick, drop kick, or punt.

Also as in a penalty kick, a free kick does force the opponents to retire ten meters. The opponents do not have to stand motionless, thinking evil thoughts, while a free kick is being taken: as soon as the ball touches the ground (for a place kick or the kicker starts his run or offers to kick (for a drop kick or punt), they may charge.

When a free kick is taken the ball must travel forward, at least as far as a line through the mark,

unless an opponent first plays it. If the opponents charge so resolutely that they prevent the kicker from kicking at all, the referee will order a scrum, if the attacking team doesn't obtain an advantage.

Some rare and exotic points: If a player makes a fair-catch but is injured so badly that he can't take the free kick, the referee will order a scrum. (If he made the catch in his in-goal, the scrum would be five meters out from the goal-line. If he made the catch in his in-goal and he could take the kick, the mark would be considered to be made on the goal-line.)

Note that, if a player is taking a placed free kick, he must use a placer, and he must not handle the ball after it has been placed on the ground. (By that time, his opponents will be charging, in any case.) And if he is taking a drop kick or punt, he has only one chance: as soon as he makes a move to kick the ball, his opponents may charge. And believe me, they will. Thoroughly! If they charge too soon, however, the referee will send them back and order "No Charge." The kicker may then try again, without harassment. If it's good old Harry taking the kick, he may have a brainwave and decide to exploit his freedom by taking a place kick. **The** moment he places the ball on the ground the kick is void: when taking a free kick, you must not handle the ball on the ground. You must use a Diacer. Naturally, everybody on the kicker's

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team - except the placer, if used - must be behind the ball when a free kick is taken.

Drop-Outs and Touch-Downs and Such

There is one other kick to be considered, before we get to the legal delights of the advantage law. That kick is the drop-out. We quote Law 15:

A drop-out is a drop kick awarded to the defending team.

And, we quote Law 14(3):

Except where the ball is knocked-on or thrown-forward or a try or goal is scored, if an attacking player kicks, carries, or passes the ball and it travels into his opponents' in-goal either directly or after having touched a defender who does not willfully attempt to stop, catch, or kick it, and it is there

_ grounded by a player of either team, or goes into touch-in-goal or over the dead ball line a drop-out shall be awarded.

The game is re-started with a drop-out from the 22 meter line (commonly called the 22 meter drop-out). This is a drop kick taken anywhere on or behind the 22 meter line. This line separates the two teams: the defending side must be behind the ball, and the attacking side must not charge over the line until the kick is taken.

The ball must reach the 22 meter line. If it doesn't, the opposing team may choose between another drop-out, or a scrum in the center of the 22 meter line. If the ball lands directly in touch, the opposing team has a wider choice: either accept the kick, have another drop-out, or have a scrum. If any of the kicker's team is in front of the ball when kicked, the referee will order a scrum. (All this, of course, is very similar to the kick-off law.)

The Advantage - What Good is It?

And now for the advantage law. This is something that infuriates ignorant players (who can't

understand why the referee doesn't immediately whistle for an obvious infringement) and delights experienced players (who appreciate a referee who interrupts the game as little as he can).

Advantage law is simple. When one side breaks a law, and the other side gains an advantage head

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1. From this, the referee allows the match to continue. This means the referee has to let play go on for a couple of seconds before he can decide whether or not an advantage has been gained. If it hasn't, he whistles up for the original infringement, and he may have to bring play back some distance in order to re-start the game.

Only two parts of the game are not subject to the advantage law. One is the kick-off, and the other is putting the ball into the scrum. Both must be done perfectly; the law allows for no mistakes. But the off-side law, the line-out, the scrum, and the drop-out are all subject to the advantage law. Note that an advantage does not have to be territorial: it can be tactical. It's up to the referee to judge. Fortunately, most referees are ex-players.

You may be astonished to learn that we have now reached the last major chunk of the laws of this admirable game. "Can," you ask yourself, "this magnificent sport be as simple?" The answer is "NO!" There are many subtleties not described here, and you will not completely understand Rugby until you read the Laws themselves.

The Inscrutable In-Goal

The last major chunk covers what goes on behind the goal-line, in the in-goal area. The laws still apply here, but they undergo some interesting modifications. An in-goal is not part of the field-of-play, so you can't have any scrums or line-outs there, for a start.

_ If a player - on either side - has the ball in an in-goal, and he's held so that he can't ground it, the referee will order a scrum, five meters out from the goal-line. And the attacking team always puts the ball into the scrum.

Similarly, if a defending player kicks, throws, or carries the ball over his own goal-line and a defending player touches it down there, the referee will order a scrum five meters out. This holds true even if the defending player holding the ball is forcibly moved from the field-of-play into the in-goal by the efforts of the attacking team and then the defending player touches it down. The attacking team once again puts the ball in.

However, if an attacking player kicks, throws, or knocks the ball and, on its way to the in-goal, it accidentally touches a defender (who does not willfully try to stop it) and a player from either side gets the touch-down or the ball crosses the touch-in-goal line or dead ball line, the referee will award a 22 meter drop-out.

If anything, the laws apply even more to the in-goal than to the field-of-play. The referee will be watching the defending team closely for any unfair play or unlawful interference that might prevent a probable try, and he'll keep an eye on the attacking side, too, in case they feel tempted to pull some chicanery to help themselves score.

Depending on the size of the wrench which the defending side throws into the works, the referee will order a five meter scrum or a penalty try. If it's the attacking side who have been bending the laws, he'll award a penalty kick five meters from the goal line opposite the place of infringement. In either case, of course, he may view the whole deplorable episode with such concern that he warns a player or even sends him off.

A special case offense committed in-goal is "misconduct while the ball is out of play." The penalty kick is awarded at the place where the ball would next be brought into play - at the center of the half way line (if a try has been scored) or at the 22 meter line (following a touch-down).

The defending side can't get away with murder behind their own line; never fear. If they indulge in off-side play, forward passes, knock-ons, and so on in their in-goal, they'll pay for

it. The scrum will go down five meters out, opposite the scene of the crime, and their opponents will put the ball in.

Balls, Boots, and All That

It only remains for us to touch on some of the more @scellaneous rubbish involved in playing Rugby.

The ball, for instance, must be a certain shape and size. See Law 2 for a description of the ball. And take a look at Law 4 while you're at it - Player's Dress. It boils down to this: you may wear shorts, jockstrap, jersey, stockings, boots, shin-pads (if completely under the stockings), and a cloth or leather scrum-cap - and nothin2 else. No shoulder pads, no armor, no brass knuckles, no crash helmets, etc. That includes buckles on belts, lumpy rings on fingers, and arms in plaster casts. Always hammer down the nails in your boots, too, and make sure the studs are regulation British Standard. The referee may inspect your boots and clothing at any

_ time, and make you change, if necessary - something which always tends to make the other side stare **coldly**, and mutter amongst themselves.

How long does a game last? The serious answer is: twice as long as each halt Lzw 5 says, in effect, that it's up to the captains to agree on the length of the game, but play shall be divided into halves. However, a half may not exceed 40 minutes. Most games are played 30, 35, or 40 minutes each way. The half-time interval lasts no longer than five minutes, after which the teams change ends.

Injury time is a maximum of one minute, unless it takes longer to remove the body from the

field. After one minute the injured player must get on or get off. The referee may allow play to continue during minor injuries unless:

1. continuation of play would be dangerous to the injured player, or
2. the injured player would be interfering with play, or
3. the injured player is in the front row, and a scrummage is required.

Time lost through legitimate delays like this is always made up in the half in which it occurs.

broken or untied bootlace is no reason for delaying play. The referee can whistle for „If-!;;me or no-side (the end of the game) at the end of the allotted playing time, but only the ball becomes dead, except when he has awarded a try, a fair-catch, or a penalty kick. .Li. each case, he allows the kick to be taken and the game goes on until the ball next becomes dead.

The ReE CHats Off)

A few words about the referee. He is sole judge of the law. Do not advise him, criticize him, or conunent aloud on his decisions, or you will be in deep trouble. He is not a policeman. His job is not to keep the peace amongst 30 thugs; it is to apply the laws. If you are determined to fight each other, no referee in the world can stop it. What he can do is send you off, which seems to negate the whole purpose of playing at all.

If you don't like the referee - if you think he's unfair, biased, or misinformed - keep quiet during the game. Send in your report to the Referees Society or your local sub-union immediately afterwards. But make sure you're in the right, first o-f all. However, no matter what the Referees Society's and/or your local sub-union's decision is about that particular referee, the game that was completed will stand as played. In rugby there is no higher authority during a specific game than the referee on the field. -

The referee cannot alter the laws, even if both teams are willing. The referee cannot instruct or advise either team before the ame starts. The referee cannot change a decision once he's made it, with one exception: if Ke did not know that the ball had gone into touch when he made his decision, he may change it. (So you see the complete futility of trying to argue with the referee. He won't argue, and he won't change his decision.)

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_ If the ball touches the referee in the field-of-play, he'll let the game go on unless he thinks one @ide got an advantage from his being touched, in which case he'll order a scrum. If he's touched in in-goal, the referee will base his decision on what probably would have happened, and award a try or a touch- down or a dead ball accordingly.

If the ball touches a spectator in an in-goal, and there's any doubt about what happened, the visiting team gets the benefit of the decision. This prevents skullduggery by over zealous home team supporters.

One of the things that distinguishes first-class Rugby from the kind of performance put on by, say, Extroverts Extra B versus Dunderheads Remnants, is the use to w@ich the players put their lungs.

Listen to a game between two first-class clubs, and what do you hear? The captains, the pack-leaders, and the referee; and that's all. The rest of the players are saving their breath to run with. Now go round the back of the clubhouse, trudge across three soggy meadows - and long before you can see it, you can hear the Extroverts vs. Dunderheads game. Thirty voices, each raised in brazen analysis, advice, or comment, bay like hounds at full-moon. Everyone is shouting and nobody is listening - least of all to the referee.

When the ref does make himself heard, they then want him to either (a) explain his decision, with particular reference to What Happened Last Week Against Loggerheads Extra 3rd C; or (b) change his decision, because Look What Happened in the First Half; or (c) tell them how long that law has been going on, because I For One Have Never Heard Of It, And Neither Has Ginger Here.

Oh well. Is this so terrible? Surely, as long as the players enjoy themselves ... ?

No! The point is that players who make too much noise change the nature of the game, and by changing it they spoil it for everyone. When a man talks so much that he misses the whistle and so makes the referee whistle up twice, and then goes on talking so that he doesn't hear the referee order a scrum-down and wanders off to form a line-out, and then when he's summoned back, wants

to know which player did what to briniz about the scrum - this man is dropping verbal bricks all over the fi6-ld. Whereas Rugby sh@uld be open and active, with the minimum of interruptions and intervals, he's slowing down the play, lengthening the intervals, and delaying the re-start.

And what makes it worse is that this unfairly hampers the fitter and better side. Suppose a Blue player is penalized for lying on the ball. Writes are right there, ready to take a short penalty and perhaps score. Should the Blue player be allowed to make them wait while he talks the situation over with the referee? Does he have the right to make the referee justify his decision? Clearly not!

And yet some players can get quite shitty when the reE tells them to shut up and get on with the game.

Just as some players think that the ret has a duty to tell them how much time is left for play. Or to stop everything while they tie up their boots.

_ Poor benighted fools, they should try reffing a few times. In fact, every player should, at least once. Then he'd understand. Maybe.

Touch Judges

Two touch judges assist the referee, one on each side of the ground. The touch judge holds up his flag when and where the ball, or a player carrying it, goes into touch, which is not necessarily the same as where the ball ends up, of course. @at matters is where the ball or the player crossed the touch line or touch in - al line - assuming the the wind does not blow it back again prior to its touching the grounfoor a spectator.

The touch judge holds up his flag to show when and where the ball goes into touch, and points with his other hand to the team entitled to throw the ball into the livne-out. He lowers his flag when the ball has been proverly thrown in; if it's not properly thrown in, he keeps his flag up as a signal to the rerere -e - who may, however, overrule him (if the non-offending side gains an advantage).

No Substitution, Even of Half-Wits

Tf you repeatedly break any of the laws, you are not only a nuisance but also a menace to the @,4iole game, and the referee will treat you accordingly. If you twice break any of the laws @,@.)ncerning foul play or misconduct, he must send you off and report you. If you repeatedly oreak any of the laws about charging or obstructions, he must send you off and report you. If you repeatedly break any other law, he must caution you and report you; and if you persist in repeatedly breaking the same law, he may then send you off.

Ignorance is no excuse, either. The effect on the game is the same whether or not you know you're repeatedly breaking a law. It's up to the referee to decide what constitutes "repeated infringements," and he may be more or less strict according to the experience and skilf of the teams who are playing.

Finale

This is the end. If you have ploughed through everything from the beginning, congratulations. I hope it helps you play better Rugby and enjoy the game more. And if you're one of those people who start at the end and read backward, good luck. You will shortly be ideally qualified to translate the laws of Rugby into Chinese.

Post Finale

For those fellow Ruggers who like to have a small nip of the bottle after a game, I have printed a fantastic punch recipe. This recipe makes enough for both teams. If extra persons are invited to the party, make a double batch.

_ RUGBYPUNCH
(Serves 60)

4 barrels of beer
24 gallons of West Indies rum
35 gallons of New England rum
35 pounds of loaf sugar
25 pounds of brown sugar
465 lemons (sliced - optional)

(It should be noted here that ample bathroom space, or a lot of trees, has to be provided for the persons enjoying this punch.)

Now, to be sophisticated (Rugby sophisticated?) when consuming this spicy punch, a list of ways to say "@rink Up" is provided below:

mud in your eye! prosit! salud! skall!
pura quanzu! a votre sante! eviva! nazdravical
banzai! mabuhay! proost!

Rule Britannia(Sung to the tune of "Rule Britannia")

Rule Britannia marmalade and jam,
Three firecrackers up your arse hole.
Bang! Bang! Bang!

Rule Britannia marmalade and jam,
Five Chinese firecrackers up your arse hole.
Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Rule Britannia marmalade and jam,
Five thousand firecrackers up your arse hole.
Whoosh!!!

Sambo Was A Lazy Coon

Sambo was a lazy coon
Went to sleep in the afternoon
So tired was he
So tired was he
Into the jungle he did go
Swinging his copper to and fro
When along came a bee
A fucking great bumble bee.

Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz,
Fuck off you bumble bee
I ain't no rose
I ain't syphillis tree
Get off my tucking nose
Get off my nasal organ
Don't you come near
If you want some honey
Better ask mummy cause you'll get no arsehole here.

Oh arsehole rules the navy
Arsehole rules the navy
Arsehold rules the navy but you'll get no arsehole here
Just beer, just beer, just beer, just beer.

—

Seven Old Ladies

(Sung to the tune of "Oh Dear What Can The Matter Be")

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Seven old ladies locked in the lavatory,
They were there from Sunday to Saturday,
Nobody knew they were there.

They said they were going to have tea with the Vicar,
They went in together, they thought it was quicker,
But the lavatory door was a bit of a sticker,
And the Vicar had tea all alone.

The first was the wife of a deacon in Dover,
And though she was known as a bit of a rover,
She liked it so much she thought she'd stay over,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs. Bickle,
She found herself in a desperate pickle,
Shut in a pay booth, she hadn't a nickel,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter,
Who went in to pass some superfluous water,
She pulled on the chain and the rising tide caught her,
And nobody knew she was there.

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

The next old lady was Elizabeth Spender,
Who was doing all right 'till a vagrant suspender
Got all twisted up in her feminine gender,
And nobody knew she was there.

The last was a lady named Jennifer Trim,
She only sat down on a personal whim
But she somehow got pinched twixt the cup and the brim,
And nobody knew she was there.

But another old lady was Mrs. McBligh,
Went in with a bottle to booze on the sly,
She jumped on the seat and fell in with a cry,
And nobody knew she was there.

She Went For A Ride In A Morgan

She went for a drive in a Morgan,
She sat with the driver in front.
He fooled with her genital organs:
The more vulgar-minded say "cunt."

Now she had a figure ethereal,
She auctioned it out to men's cocks,
And contracted diseases venereal:
The more vulgar-minded say "pox."

The dazzling peak of perfection,
There wasn't a prick she would scorn,
She gave every man an erection:
The more vulgar-minded say "hom."

Did you ever see Anna make water?
It's a sight that you ought not to miss.
She can lead for a mile and a quarter:
The more vulgar-minded say "piss."

If I had two balls like a bison
And a prick like a big buffalo,
I would sit on the edge of creation
And piss on the buggers below.

Sit On My Face(Sung to the tune of "Red River Valley")

On sit on my face and tell me that you love me.
I'll sit on your face and say I love you truly.
I love to hear you oralise,
When you're between my thighs,
You blow me away.

Sit on my face and let my lips embrace you.
I'll sit on your face until -you answer truly.
Life will be fine when we're both 69,
And we can sit on our faces in all kinds of places,
And wait 'til we're all blown away.

Some Die Of Drinking Water

Some die of drinking water
And some of drinking beer.
Some die of constipation
And some of diarrhea
But of all the world's diseases
There's none that can compare
With the drip, drip, drip
Of a syphilitic prick
And they call it gonorrhea.

I like the girls who say they will,
I like the girls who won't.
I hate the girls who say they will
And then they say they won't.
But of all the girls I like the best
I may be wrong or right
Are the girls who say they never will
But look as though they might.

Sonia Snell

This is the tale of Sonia Snell
To whom an accident befell,
An accident, as will be seen,
Embarrassing in the extreme.
It happened as it does to many
That Sonia went to spend a penny,
And entering with unconscious grace
The properly appointed Place,
There behind the railway station
She sat in silent meditation
Unfortunately unacquainted
The seat had recently been painted.
Too late did Sonia realize
Her inability to rise,
And though she struggled, pulled and yelled
She found that she was firmly held.
She raised her voice in mournful shout,
"Please, someone, come and get me out."
A crowd stood round and feebly sniggered,
A signalman said: "I'll be jiggered."
"Go blimey," said an ancient porter,
"We ought to soak her off with water."
The station master and his staff
Were most polite and did not laugh.
They tugged at Sonia's hands and feet
But could not shift her off the seat.
A carpenter arrived at last
And finding Sonia still stuck fast
Remarked: "I know what I can do."
And quickly sawed the seat in two.
Sonia arose, only to find
She'd a wooden halo on her behind,
But an ambulance drove down the street
And bore her off complete with seat.
They rushed the wood-bustled girl
Quickly into hospital
And grasping her hands and head.
Placed her face downwards on a bed.
The doctors came and cast their eyes
Upon the seat with some surprise.
A surgeon said: "Now mark my word
Could anything be more absurd?
Have any of you, I implore,
Seen anything like this before?"
"Yes," cried a student, unashamed,
"Frequently - but never framed."

Stormy Weather, Boys

CHORUS: Stormy weather, boys,
stormy weather, boys,
When the wind blows
the barge will go.

We wanna sail but we're out of luck,
The skipper's dead drunk
in the Dog and Duck.

Skipper come aboard with a girl on his arm,
Come along me pretty missy.
there's no cause for alarm.

He said he liked her very, very much,
He asked her if she'd shag
and she kicked him in the crutch.

Skipper's dead drunk in the Dog and the Duck
Asking the barmaid if he can have a fuck.

Cook said he shouldn't be a skipper on a punt
We're all agreed he's a silly old cunt.

Sunshine Mountain

We're going up sunshine mountain,
Where the four winds blow.
We're going up sunshine mountain,
Faces all a-glow.
Turn your back on sorrow and hold your head high,
We're going up sunshine mountain,
You and I.

(Repeat about 500 times.)

Sweet Violets(Sung to the tune of "Sweet Violets")

CHORUS: Sweet violets,
Sweeter than all the roses,
Covered all over from arse to tit
Covered all over with shit.

Phyllis Quat 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 -

Phyllis Quat 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 -

Phyllis Quat took a bag to her boy friend's
But the bag was old and it split,
Now the boy friend and Phyllis have parted
For the bag was packed quite full of -

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 -

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

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 shit.

Well, now my song it is ended
And I have finished my bit
And if any of you feel offended
Stick your head in a bucket of shit.

Swing-Low Sweet Chariot

(Sung to the tune of "Swing Low Sweet Chariot")

Swing-low sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home.
Swing-row sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan
And what did I see
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels coming after me
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm coming too
Coming for to carry me home.

(Should be sung loudly and accompanied with pantomime, then whistled and accompanied with pantomime, and then simply pantomimed without any other sounds.)

Take Me Out For A Good Ball
(Sung to the tune of "Take Me Out To Ile Ballgame")

Take me out for a good ball,
Lay me down on the ground.
Give me you penis and three stiff whacks,
If you come first, I won't ever come back.
For it's shoot, shoot, shoot for the hole please!
I can't believe you're so lame!
From the front, back, side, I don't care!
You're a damn bad lay!

Team Chant(Chanted)

We're a bunch of bastards,
Scum of the earth,
Filth of creation,
We're a bunch of masturbatin' sons of bitches,
Found in every whore house,
Drink, fight, and screw: mostly screw,
We of (insert your team name) RFC. say fuck you, FUCK YOU.

(ALTERNATE)(Shouted)

Cock suck, mother fuck, eat a bag of shit.
Asshole, douche bag, suck your mother's tit.
We're the best rugby team all the others suck.
(Insert your team name twice), yippee, yippee, fuck.

The Alphabet Song

A is for Asshole all tattered and torn,

CHORUS: Heigh Ho said Rolly.

B is the Bastard that's never been born,

CHORUS: With a roly polly, up 'em and stuff 'em,
Heigh Ho said Anthony Rolly.

C is for Cunt all dripping with piss,
D is the Drunkard who gave it a kiss.

E is for Eunuch with only one ball,
F is the Fucker with no balls at all.

G is for Gonorrhoea, Goiter, and Gout,
H is the Harlot that spreads it about.

I is Injection for syphilis and itch,
J is the Jerk of a dog on a bitch.

K is for King who thought tucking a bore,
L is the Lesbian who came back for more.

M is for Maidenhead tattered and torn,
N is the Noble who died with a horn.

O is for Orifice now gently revealed,
P is the Prick with the foreskin backpeeled.

Q is for the Quaker who shit in his hat,
R is the Roger who rogered the cat.
□ S is for Shitpot, all full to the brim,
T is the Turds that are floating within.

U is for Usher who taught us at school,
V is the Virgin who played with his tool.

W is for the Whore who made tucking a farce,

and X, Y, Z ... you can stuff up your arse.

The Bachelor's Son

CHORUS: And when I die I'll surely fry
 In the brimstone pots of hell,
 But until that day,
 And if you can pay,
 Then I have sin to sell.

I'm a bachelor's son and I live in sin
With another man's wife at The Cross,
I've a fantan pool, a two-up school,
A brothel and a fourpenny doss.

I've three ex-wives running sly grog dives,
And my brother forges ten-pound notes,
For a union on the rocks
We can rig a ballot box,
With a million phoney votes.

I sell sex to moral wrecks
And drugs to damn your nerves,
Abortions, too, I can fix for you
We've a special line for perves.

Lesbian love and incest, too,
And flagellists quite a few,
And I've a special file
marked "Utterly Vile"
And an embalmed corpse
For a homo-necrophile.

The Ball Of Kerrymuir (Balls To Your Partner)

CHORUS: Balls to your partner,
 Ass against the wall,
 If you've never been laid on Saturday night,
 You've never been laid at all.

Four and twenty virgins,
Came down from Inverness,
And when the ball was over
There were four and twenty less.

Four and twenty whores,
Came up from Glockamore,
And when the ball was over
They were all of them double bore.

The village plumber he was there,
He felt an awful fool,
He'd come eleven leagues or more
And forgot to bring his tool.

There was fucking in the hallways,
And fucking in the ricks,
You couldn't hear the music
For the swishing of the pricks.

They were fucking in the Barley.
They were fucking in the oats.
Some were fucking sheep,
but most were fucking goats.

There was fucking in the kitchen,
And fucking in the halls,
You couldn't hear the music for
The clanging of the balls.

There was fucking in the parlor,
And fucking on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpet
For the mass of public hairs.

I put my head upon her lap,
and she put hers in mine.
We sucked a bit and blowed a bit
and that's called sixty-nine.

The parson's daughter she was there,
The cunning little runt,
With poison ivy up her ass

And thistle up her cunt.

The village whore she was there,
Doing a really good stunt
Stuck to the ceiling
By the suction of her cunt.

The village idiot he was there
Sitting on a pole
Pulled his foreskin over his head
And whistled through the hole.

The mayors wife she was there
Lying on the floor
Every time she spread he legs
The suction closed the door

Grandma and Grandpa they were there
Sitting by the fire
Knitting prophylactics
Out of old rubber tires.

The village postman he was there
He had a case of the pox
Couldn't fuck the women
So he fucked a letter box.

Little Tommy he was there
He was only eight
Couldn't fuck the women
So he had to masturbate.

The blacksmith's brother he was there
A mighty stud was he
Lined 'em up against the wall
And fucked 'em three-by-three.

The village hooker she was there
Feeling mighty fine
Lined 'em up against the wall
And fucked 'em nine-by-nine.
The village rigger he was there
the mightiest of men

Lined 'em up against the wall
And fucked em ten-by-ten.

The village magician he was there
Up to his favorite trick
Pulling his asshole over his head
And standing on his prick.

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

Dino had an even stroke
His skill was much admired
He gratified one cunt at a time
Until his skill expired.

Jock McVennig he was there
A looking for a fuck
But every cunt was occupied
And he was out of luck.

Michael Lee when he got the there
His prick was long and high
But when he fucked her forty times
He was fucking mighty dry.

McTavish, oh yes, he was there
His prick was long and broad
And when he fucked the furriers wife
She had to be rebored.

The village dogcatcher
Proved he was no slouch
Went out and caught the neighbors dog
And fucked it on the couch.

The village gynecologist he was there
On a beaver hunt
Pulled down all the women's pants
And probed through all their cunts.

The village dunce he was there
All alone he stands
Amusing himself by abusing himself
And using both his hands.

The village idiot he was there,
Up to this and that,
Amusing himself by abusing himself,
And catching it in his hat.

The bride was in the kitchen
Explaining to the groom,
The vagina not the rectum
Is the entrance to the womb.

The village magician he was there,
Up to his favorite trick,
Pulling his foreskin over his head,
And disappearing up his prick.

The village giant he was there,
A mighty man was he,
He lined them up against the wall
And fucked them three by three.

The vicar and his wife were there,
Having lots of fun,
The parson had his finger
Up another lady's bun.

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

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

There was fucking on the couches,
There was fucking on the cots,
And lying up against the wall
Were rows of grinning twats.

Giles he played a dirty trick,
We cannot let it pass,
He showed a lass his mighty prick
Then shoved it up her ass.

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

Jackie Stewart did his fucking,
Right upon the moor,
It was, he thought, much better
Than fucking on the floor.

Jock McDougall he was there,
A looking for a fuck,

But every quim was occupied
And he was out of luck.

The huntsman's daughter she was there,
Tired from the hunt,
A wreath of roses around her ass
And a carrot up her cunt.

The chimney sweep he was there,
They had to throw him out,
For every time he passed some wind
The room was filled with soot.

The village economist he was there,
His prick held in his hand,
Waiting for the moment when
Supply would meet demand.

The village blacksmith he was there,
Sitting by the fire,
Doing abortions by the score
With a piece of red hot wire.

The village postman he was there,
The poor man had the pox,
He couldn't fuck the lasses
So he fucked the letter box.

The blacksmith's father he was there,
A roaring like a lion,
He'd cut his cock off in the forge
So he used his rod of iron.

Dino had an even stroke,
His skill was much admired,
He fucked away half the night
Until his cock expired.

The village butcher he was there,
Cleaver in his hand,
Every time he turned around
He circumcised the band.

The village virgin she was there,
All dressed in frilly pink,
She took the boys behind the fence
And made their fingers stink.

Willy Roberts he arrived,
His prick was all alert,
But when the night was done
"Twas dangling in the dirt."

Now little Willy he was there,
But he was only eight,
He couldn't catch a harlot
So he had to masturbate.

The village veteran he was there,
His balls were made of brass,
And when he blew a fart, my lads,
The sparks flew out his ass.

Little Jimmy he was there,
The leader of the choir,
He hit the balls of all the boys
To make their voices higher.

The village leper he was there,
Sitting on a log,
Peeling foreskin off his cock
And feeding it to his dog.

Another blacksmith he was there,
Tending to his fires,
Making prophylactics
Out of motorcycle tires.

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

The village cripple he was there,
He wasn't very much,
Took the girls behind the house
And fucked them with his crutch.

Wee MacGregor he was there,
His pint of beer he'd split,
It mingled with the semen
That was trickling down his kilt.

The mayor's daughter she was there,
She had the crowd in fits,
Sliding down the bannister
And bouncing on her tits.

The village stable boy he was there,
The bastard was quite coarse,
We caught him in the stable
With his cock inside a horse.

The village parson he was there,
All dressed up in his shroud,
Swinging on the chandalier

Pissing on the crowd.

And when the ball was over,
What a sight to see,
Four and twenty maidenheads
A hanging from a tree.

And when the ball was over,
Everyone did confess,
They all enjoyed the dancing
But the FUCKING was the best.

Mrs. O'Leary she was there,
Swingin' from the chandelier,
Spilling her menstrual juices
Into everybody's beer.

The village cook he was there,
The bastard was quite crude,
They caught him in the kitchen
Masturbating in the food.

The Jersey girl was standin' there,
Her but against the wall,
"Put your money on the table boys,
I'm goin' to do youse all!"

The parson's wife she was there,
And she was worst of all,
Pulled her skirt above her head
And shouted, "FUCK IT ALL."

The vicar's wife she was there,
Sitting by the fire,
Knitting contraceptives
Out of india rubber tires.

Sergeant Murphy he was there,
The pride of the Force,
They caught him behind the barn
Jacking off a horse.

And when the ball was over,
All the guests confessed,
The music was the finest
But the FUCKING was the best.

And so the ball was over,
All went home to rest,
The music had been exquisite
Still the FUCKING was the best.

And finally there was the Johnnie Rugger

He seemed like quite a stud.
But when it came to fucking
His pecker was a dud.

The Chastity Belt

O pray, gentle maiden,
let me be your lover,
Condemn me no longer
To mourn and to weep,
Struck down like a hart
I lie bleeding and panting
Let down your drawbridge
I'll enter your keep.
Enter your keep, nonny nonny,
Enter your keep, nonny nonny,
Let down your drawbridge,
I'll enter your keep.

Alas, gentle errant,
I am not a maiden,
I'm married to Sir Oswald,
The cunning old Celt,
He's gone to the wars
For a twelve month or longer
And taken the key
To my chastity belt.

Fear not, gentle maiden
For I know a locksmith.
To his forge we will go,
On his door we will knock
And try to avail us
Of his specialized knowledge
And see if he's able
To unpick your lock.

Alas, sir and madam,
To help I'm unable,
My technical knowledge
It is of no avail.
I can't find the secret
Of your combination
The cunning old Bastard
Has fitted a Yale.

I'm back from the wars
With sad news of disaster,
A terrible mishap
I have to confide,
As my ship was a-passing
The straits of Gibraltar
I carelessly dropped the key
Over the side.

Alas and alack, I am locked up forever
Then up stepped the page-boy me.

Saying leave this to me.
If you will allow me
To enter your chamber
I'll open it up with
My duplicate key.

The Church Song - Ding A Dong

On Sunday afternoon
While the church was turning out
The Vicar said to me,
"I bet I've been through
More women than you."
And the verger said, "You're on.
We'll stand by the gate
While the women pass by
And this shall be our sign
You ding Pong for the women you've had
And I'll ping pong for mine."

There were ding dongs
There were ping pongs
There were more ding dongs
Than there were more ping pongs
Till at last a woman went by
And the curate said, "Ding dong"
"Just a minute," said the Vicar,
"There's a mistake here
That is my wife I do declare."
"I don't give a bugger
I still been there
Ding a dong, ding a dong, ding a dong,
Ding Dong."

The Country Gentleman

CHORUS: Singing High Jig-a-Jig, Fuck a little pig.
Follow the band, Follow the band all the way.
Singing High Jig-a-Jig, Fuck a little pig.
Follow the band, Follow the band all the way.

I took my missus horse riding, horse riding
She stuck it as long as she could;
She stuck it and stuck it until she said, "Fuck it,
My arse hole is not made of wood."

I took my wife for a ramble, a ramble
Along a country lane.
She caught her-left tit on a bramble, a bramble
And arse over bollocks she came.

I asked her if it had hurt her, had hurt her
If she had gone through any pain.
Before she could answer, could answer,
She was arse over bollocks again.

The Erection Factory(Sung to the tune of "Caissons Go Rolling Along")

CHORUS: Oh, it's Hi Hi Hee at the Erection Factory,
Shout out your orders loud and clear: HARD ON!
But it isn't too much fun when you know he just can't cum,
As he tries for the (first, second, etc.) time around.

You can tell at a glance that he doesn't stand a chance
As he tries for the first time around.
You can tell by his look that he needs to read a book
As he tries for the first time around.

You can tell by the size that he'll never get a rise
As he tries for the second time around.
You can tell by the feel that he's not a man of steel
As he tries for the second time around.

You can tell by his shape that he's not a good bedmate
As he tries for the third time around.
You can tell by his pud that he's really just a dud
As he tries for the third time around.

You can tell by the meat that it's gonna be a feat
As he tries for the fourth time around.
You can tell by his prick that it's gonna be a trick
As he tries for the fourth time around.

You can huff, he can puff, but he'll never get it up
As he tries for the fifth time around.
You can tell by his cock that you'd rather use a sock
As he tries for the fifth time around.

You can tell by his mauls that he hasn't got the balls
As he tries for the sixth time around.
You can tell by the fuck that you're gonna have to suck
As he tries for the sixth time around.

You can tell by the hump that he takes it in the rump
As he tries for the seventh time around.
You can tell by the sag that he really is a fag
As he tries for the seventh time around.

You can tell by his face that he can't keep up the pace
As he tries for the eighth time around.

You can tell it's too late and he'll never penetrate
As he tries for the eighth time around.

You can tell by his face that he's really lost in space
As he tries for the ninth time around.
You can tell by the groan that you've worn him to the bone
As he tries for the ninth time around.

You can tell by the whine that he can't go one more time
As he tries for the tenth time around.
You can tell it's too late and you'll have to masturbate
As he tries for the tenth time around.

He can masturbate for months but he'll only cum just once
As he tries for the eleventh time around.
You can tell by the blast that this time will be the last
As he tries for the eleventh time around.

You can tell he's a rugger cause he's such a damn good lover
As he makes it the last time around!

The Gang Bang Song

LEADER: Knock! Knock!

GROUP: Who's There?

LEADER: Orange.

GROUP: Orange who?

LEADER: Orange you glad we're going to have a gang bang

CHORUS: ... and always Will,

Because a gang bang gives me such a thrill.

When I was younger and in my prime,

I used to gang bang all the time.

But now I'm older and turning grey,

I only gang bang once a day.

(Use this same basic format for other verses.)

Jewish.

Jewish who?

Jewish we had a gang bang...

Eisenhower.

Eisenhower who?

Eisenhower late for the gang bang...

Olive.

Olive who?

Olive a gang bang...

Lina.

Lina who?

Lina up against the wall, we're going to have a gang bang...

Santana.

Santana who?

Santana na na na na.....

Banana.

Banana who?

Banana na na na na.....

Orange.

Orange who?

Orange you glad I didn't say Santana na na na na

The Good Ship Venus

CHORUS: Yo! Ho! Ho! We haven't got anymore beer.
There's frigging on the rigging;
Wanking on the planking,
Tossing on the crossing,
There was fuck all else to do.

Twas on the good ship Venus,
By God you should have seen us,
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast the Captain's penis.

The captain of this lugger,
He was a dirty bugger,
He wasn't fit to shove shit
From one place to another.

The captain's wife was Mabel.
Whenever she was able,
She'd fornicate the second mate
Upon the galley table.

The ship's cook's name was Freeman,
My God was he a demon,
He fed the crew on menstrual stew
And hymens fried in semen.

The captain had a daughter,
Who fell into the water,
We heard her squeal and knew an eel
Had found her sexual quarter.

The first mate's name was Carter,
By God he was a farter,
When the high winds would cease
They's use Carter to start her.

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

The cabin boy was Kipper,
A dirty little nipper,
We stuffed his arse with broken glass
To circumcise the skipper.

The captain's name was Morgan,
By Christ he was a gorgon!
Ten times a day sweet tunes he's play.

On his productive organ.

The captain's daughter Mable,
They laid her on a table!
And all the crew would come and screw
As oft as they were able.

"Twas on a Chinese station,
We caused a great sensation.
We sunk a junk in a sea of spunk
By mutual masturbation.

The third mate's name was Paul,
He only had one ball.
But with cracker he rolled terbaccer
Around the cabin wall.

The captain's daughter Mary,
Had never lost her cherry.
The men grew bold and offered gold
And now there's no more Virgin Mary.

Another cook was O'Malley,
He didn't dilly dally.
He shot his bolt with such a jolt
He whitewashed half the galley.

The boatswain's name was Lester,
He was a hymen tester.
Thru hymens thick he stuck his prick
And left it there to fester.

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

The ship's dog's name was Rover,
The whole crew had him over,
We ground that faithful hound
From Singapore to Dover.

The engineer was McTavish

And young girls he did ravish,
His missing dick's at Istanbul
He was a trifle lavish.

A homo was the Purser,
He couldn't have been worsser,
With all the crew he had a screw,
Until they yelled: "Oh no sir."

So now we end this serial,
Through sheer lack of material.
I wish you luck and freedom from
Diseases venereal.

The Hairs On Her Dicki Di Do

CHORUS: And the hairs on her dicki di do
 Hang down to her knees.
 One black one, one white one
 And one with a little shite on,
 And one with a little light on
 To show us the way.

The Mayor of Bayswater
He has a lovely daughter.

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

She lives on a cattle ranch,
And shits like a bloody avalanche.

On her first trip through Melbourne,
She strangled her firstborn.

I've smelt it and felt it,
It feels like a piece of velvet.

I've ate it and fucked it,
And even loose rucked it.

I've touched it and poked it,
And even rolled and smoked it.

It would take a coal miner,
To find her vagina.

She married an Italian,
With balls like a bloody stallion.

She divorced the Italian,
And married the stallion.

It's like going through a forest,
To find her clitoris.

I licked it, I pricked it,
I even fly hacked it.
Her love thought he had seduced her,
But it turned out he'd only goosed her.

One black one, one white one,
The white one was semen.

On a trip through Vladivostock,
She sampled a bit of horsecock.

She sits on a mountain,
And pisses like a bloody fountain.

One green one, one red one,
The red one she bled on.

It takes a _____ rigger,
To get down and FUCK HER.

The Harlot of Jerusalem

CHORUS: Hey, hey, Kathusalem, Kathusalem, Kathusalem
Hey, hey, Kathusalem,
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

In the land of King Knute,
There lived a girl of ill repute,
A lusty, busty prostitute,
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

The boys would come from miles around,
Just to ride her up and down,
She only charged a half a crown,
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

There came a man from Palestine,
My God, he was a Frankenstein,
He thought he'd have himself a time,
On the Harlot of Jerusalem.

He laid her on a shady nook,
And from his pants the bastard took,
A penis like a butcher's hook,
For the Harlot of Jerusalem.

As she spread her legs apart,
She did cut a mighty fart,
That shot them like a tucking dart,
O'er the walls of Jerusalem.

As he flew on out of sight
He did find to his delight,
The legs still wrapped around him tight,
Of the Harlot of Jerusalem.

As he flew so fancy free,
His balls did catch upon a tree,
And there they hang for all to see,
The shame of all Jerusalem.

The Hole In The Elephant's Bottom

I wanted to go on the stage
And now my ambition I've gotten,
In pantomime I'm all the rage
As the hole in the elephant's bottom.

His balls they hang so low
I think I could knot 'em,
As I wink at the girls in the pit
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

The man who plays the front part
Is absolutely rotten,
All he can do is to fart
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

One night we performed in a farce
And they stuffed up the bottom with cotton,
But it split and I showed my bare arse
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

There are pockets inside the cloth
For two bottles of Bass, if you've got 'em,
But they hiss and they boo when I blow out the froth
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

Now my part hasn't got any words
But there's nothing that can't be forgotten,
I spend all my time pushing property turds
Through the hole In the elephant's bottom.

Some may think that this story is good
And some may believe that it's rotten,
But those that don't like it can stuff it right up
The hole in the elephant's bottom.

The Keyhole In The Door

CHORUS: Oh, the keyhole in the door, the door,
The keyhole in the door,
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

I was invited for the weekend
to a ball at Cholmondely 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.

The ball was one of splendor,
all the city nobs were there,
Touching up the ladies
like farmers at the fair,
And Fanny fairly dazzled
as she danced around the floor,
I resolved lie in wait for her
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 taking off my trousers
I set off to explore
And took up my position
by the keyhole in the door.

I hadn't long to wait there
wrapped in my dressing gown,
When I saw Fanny on the staircase,
retiring all alone,
She didn't lock her bedroom door
I couldn't ask for more,
And I crept out of the shadows
by the keyhole in the door.

First she 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.

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 her frilly panties
o'er the keyhole in the door.

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

The Kotex Factory
(Sung to the tune of "Caissons Go Rolling Along")

CHORUS: For it's Hi Hi Yee, in the Kotex Factory,
Shout out your sizes loud and clear.
Mumbo, Jumbo, Junior Miss, take it out when you piss.
For wherever you go, you will always know,
When the end of the month comes around.

You can tell from the stench that there's trouble in the trench,
When the end of the month comes around.

You can tell from the stink that your cock will come out pink,
When the end of the month comes around.

When she asks you for a dime, you will know it's her ragtime,
When the end of the month comes around.

When the sheets are all red, you will know it's time for head,
When the end of the month comes around.

You can tell from the smell, that tonight's gonna be hell,
When the end of the month comes around.

When she fondles in her purse, you will know she's got the curse,
When the end of the month comes around.

When you see that little white string, you will know she's got that thing,
When the end of the month comes around.

Pull that string, rip that cord, open up the old flood door,
RUN FOR COVER, IT'S A BLOODY GUSHER.

(ALTERNATE CHORUS AND VERSES.)

CHORUS: For it's high, high, hee in the Kotex factory,
Shout out your orders loud and strong.
Small! Medium! Large! Junior Miss! -Family Size!
Bale of Hay! Cotton Field!

You can tell by the rope that she's gonna tell you nope,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the smell that there's trouble in the well,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her walk that you're gonna sit and talk,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the look that you shoulda read a book,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her stance that you're only gonna dance,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the lump that you're only gonna dry hump,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the red that the best you'll get is head,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the pad that you're not gonna be a dad,
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her legs that she's about to drop her eggs,
When the end of the month rolls around.

The Lobster

CHORUS: Singing ho tiddly ho
Shit or bust!
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust!

"Good morning Mister Fisherman."
"Good morning, Sir." said he.
"Have you a lobster you can sell to me?"

"Yes, Sir." said the Fisherman.
"I have two;
The biggest of the bastards I'll sell to you."

I took the lobster home
And I couldn't find a dish;
So I used the pot where the missus has a piss

In the middle of the night
The wife got out of bed;
She piddled in the pot on the lobster's head.

The missus gave a giggle
Then she gave a grunt;
A dirty big lobster hanging from her cunt.

The wife grabbed the shovel
And I grabbed the broom;
We chased that lobster round the room.

We hit it on the head,
We hit in on the side;
We hit it 'till the bloody lobster died.

The moral of this story
The moral, it is this:
Always have a look-see before you have a piss.

The Lobster (ALTERNATE VERSES.)

"Good morning, Mr. Fisherman."
"Good morning, Sir." said he.
"Have you a lobster you could sell to me?"

"Oh, yes Sir, yes Sir.
I have two;
The biggest of the bastards I will sell to yo

Well, I took the bastard home,
To give the wife a treat;
I put it in the piss pot to keep it sweet.

in the middle of the night,
As you might guess;
The wife got up to take herself a piss.

Well, first she gave a squeal,
And then she gave a grunt;
Because that tucking lobster bit her on the cunt.

Well, I grabbed a mop,
And the wife grabbed a broom;
We chased the lobster right around the room.

Well, we beat him on the back,
We beat him on the side,
We beat the lobster until the bastard died.

There's a moral to my story,
Which is simply this;
Always take a shuftly before you take a piss.

This is the end of my story,
There isn't any more;
An apple's up my ass & you can eat the core.

The Maid Of The Mountain Glen

CHORUS: They called the bastard Stephen,
 They called the bastard Stephen,
 They called the bastard Stephen,
 For that was the name of the ink
 (Quink, Quink).

There was a maid of the mountain glen,
Seduced herself with a fountain pen.
The pen it broke and the ink ran wild,
And she gave birth to a blue-black child.

Stephen was a bonny child,
Pride and joy of his mother mild.
And all that worried her was this -
His steady stream of blue-black piss.

Mary of New Brighton Pier,
Seduced herself with a bottle of beer.
The top came off and the froth ran wild,
And she gave birth to a nut brown child.

FINAL

CHORUS: They called the bastard Frellfalls,
 They called the bastard Frellfalls,
 They called the bastard Frellfalls,
 For that was the name of the beer
 (Queer, Queer).

The Minstrels Sing Of A Bastard King Of Many Long Years Ago

CHORUS: He was forty, fat and full of fleas,
His scepter sat between his knees,
God bless the Bastard King of England.

The minstrels sing of a Bastard King
of many long years ago
Who ruled his land with an iron hand,
Though his mind was weak and low,
His only outer garment
was a dirty yellow shirt
With which he tried to hide his hide,
But he couldn't hide the dirt.

To Merrie Old England.

When the King of England saw the sight
He fell in a faint on the floor,
For during the ride his rival's hide
Was stretched a yard or more,
And all the whores in silken drawers
Came down to London town.

Now the Queen of Spain
was an amorous dame,
And a sprightly wench was she
And longed to play in a sexual way
With the King across the sea.
So she sent a secret message
With a secret messenger
To ask the King if he would string
Along to sleep with her.

And should round the battlements,
"To Hell with the British Crown."
And Philip alone usurped the throne
His scepter was his royal bone,
With which he ditched
The Bastard King of England.

Now Ol' Philip of France
he heard by chance
Within his royal court,
And he swore, "By God, she loves this slob
Because I'm rather short,"
So he sent the Duke of Suffering Sap
To give to the Queen a dose of clap
To pass it on to the
Bastard King of England.

When news of the foul deed was heard
Within fair London's walls
The King he swore by the Royal Whore
He'd have King Phillip's life.
He offered half the royal purse
And a piece of Princess Claire
To any British subject
Who'd undo Philip the Fair.

The Duke of Notherland saddled his horse
And galloped off to France,
He swore he was a fairy,
The King let drop his pants,
Then in front of a throng
He slipped on a thong
Leaped on his horse and galloped along
Dragging the Frenchman back

The Mole Catcher

CHORUS: With his la ti lie diddle,
 and his la ti lie day.

In Manchester city
by the sign of The Plough
There lived a mole catcher,
I can't tell you how,

He'd go out mole catching
from morning till night,
And a young fellow would
come for to visit his wife.

Now the mole catcher got jealous
of all the same thing,
And he hid under the wash house
to see what did come in.

Now this young fellow
comes climbing over the stile,
And the mole catcher's watching
with a crafty smile.

He knocks at the door
and this he does say,
"Where is your husband,
good woman, I pray?"

"He's gone out mole catching,
you have nothing to fear."
Little did she know
the old bastard was near.

They went up the stairs
and she gives him the sign,
But the filthy old fellow
did creep up behind.

Now just as the young fellow
reached the height of his frolics,
The mole catcher grabs him
quite fast by the buttocks.
The trap it squeezed tighter,
the mole catcher did smile,
"Here's the best mole
we've caught in a while."

"I'll make you pay well
for ploughing me ground.
This little prank will cost you
all of ten pound."

"Oh," says the young fellow,
"Christ gov, I don't mind,
For it only works out
at tuppence a grind."

So come all you young fellows
and mind what you're at.
Don't ever get yours caught
in a mole catcher's trap.

The Monk Of Great Renown

CHORUS: The old sod, the sod,
 The bugger deserved to die.

There was a monk of great renown,
Who shagged an innocent maid from town.

His brother monks they cried in shame,
So he turned her over and shagged her again.

He met another by the mill,
And shagged and shagged her up the hill.

He met another in the hay,
And put her in the family way.

He took her to the abbot's bed,
And shagged and shagged till she was dead.

But when the abbot cried, "Amen,"
He shagged her back to life again.

His brother monks to stop his mauls,
Put a nail through his dick and cut off his balls.

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.

The North Atlantic Squadron

CHORUS: Away, away with fife and drum
 Here we come full of rum
 Lookin' for women who'll peddle
 their bum
 On the North Atlantic Squadron

For forty days and forty nights
We sailed the broad Atlantic,
And never to pass a piece of arse,
It drove us nearly frantic.

The cock she ran around the deck
The Captain he pursued her,
He caught her on the afterdeck
The dirty bastard screwed her.

The cabin boy, the cabin boy,
The dirty little nipper,
He filled his bum with bubble gum,
And vulcanized the skipper.

The Captain loved the cabin boy,
He loved him like a brother,
And every night between the sheets
They cornholed one another.

The second mate did masturbate,
No dick was higher or wider
They cut off his dick upon a rock
For pissing in the cider.

In days of old when knights were bold,
And women weren't particular,
They lined them up against the wall
And fucked them perpendicular.

In days of old when men were bold,
And rubbers weren't invented,
They wrapped a sock around their cock
And babies were prevented.

We're off, we're off to Montreal,
We'll fuck the women, We'll fuck them all,
We'll pickle their cherries in alcohol,
On the North Atlantic Squadron.

There was a whore from Montreal,
She spread her legs from wall to wall,
But all she got was sweet fuck all

From the North Atlantic Squadron.

There was a whore from Singapore
Hung upside down inside a door,
And she was left split, worn and sore
By the North Atlantic Squadron.

The Portions Of The Female

The portions of the female
That appeal to man's depravity,
Are fashioned with considerable care,
And what at first appears
To be a modest cavity,
Is really as elaborate affair.
Now doctors who have studied
These feminine phenomena,
With numerous experiments on dames,
Have taken all the-items
Of the gentle sex's abdomina,
And given them all length Latin names.
There's the Vulva, the Vagina,
And of course the old Peronina,
And the Hymen that is often found in brides,
There's a lot of little things -
You'd love 'em if you see 'em,
The Clitoris and God knows what besides.
What a pity it is then,
That we common people chatter.
Of those mysteries to which I have referred,
And we use for such delicate
And complicated matter,
Such a very short and vulgar little word.
The erudite authorities who study
The geography
Of that obscure but entertaining land,
Are able to indulge a taste
For intricate topography,
And view the happy details close at hand.
But ordinary people though aware
Of their existence,
And complexities beneath the public know
Are normally content
Just to view them at a distance,
And treat them roughly speaking as a show.
And therefore when,
Probe the secrets of virginity,
Our methods are perhaps a little blunt,
We do not cloud the issue
With meticulous Latinity,
But call the whole concern a simple cunt.
For men have made this useful
And pleasure-giving article,
The topic of innumerable jibes,
And though the name is old
Which they have given to this particle,
It seems to fit the subject it describes.

The Puppy Song

The puppies had a meeting, they came from near and far,
And some they came by aeroplane and some by motor car.
And when they were assembled according to the book,
Each puppy took his asshole and hung it on a hook.

The meeting was successful for puppy, bitch, and sire,
Till some grey spotted mongrel stood up and shouted fire.
The puppies they all panicked and without a second look,
Took any flaming asshole from any flaming hook.

The puppies were pathetic, their asses were so sore,
For each one had an asshole he'd never had before.
And that's the only reason a dog will leave a bone,
To sniff some doggy's asshole to see if it's his own.

The Rajah Of Astrakhan

There once was a Rajah of Astrakhan, yo-ho, yo-ho,
The dirty old Rajah of Astrakhan, yo-ho, yo-ho,
He had more than one hundred wives, and twice as many concubines,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho, yo-ho, heave ho.

He woke one night with a helluva stand, yo-ho, yo-ho,
And called the chief of his warrior band, yo-ho, yo-ho,
Go, my friendly warrior kind, and fetch my favorite concubine,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho, yo-ho, heave ho.

He fetched his favorite concubine, yo-ho yo-ho,
Her face and her figure were both divine,, yo-ho, yo-ho,
But all the Rajah did was grunt and stuffed his tool right up her cunt,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho, yo-ho, heave ho.

The Rajah was getting all heated and red, yo-ho, yo-ho,
The pace of his work had gone to his head, yo-ho, yo-ho,
But as the fuck was reaching a head, both poor buggers fell out of bed,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho, yo-ho, heave ho.

They hit the floor with a helluva smack, yo-ho, yo-ho,
Which completely shattered the woman's crack, yo-ho, yo-ho,
And as for the Rajah's once proud cock, it never withstood the shock,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho, yo-ho, heave ho.

Now at night when the Rajah's in bed, yo-ho, yo-ho,
His once proud tool never raises its head, yo-ho, yo-ho,
All battered and bruised, and bent in the middle, it's all the poor bugger can do to piddle,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho, yo-ho, heave ho.

As to most stories there's a moral to tell, yo-ho, yo-ho,
And, of course, there's a moral to this one as well, yo-ho, yo-ho,
When screwing a pro, or a conc' or a whore, don't do it too hard or you'll fall on the floor!
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho, yo-ho, heave ho.

The Ram Of Derbyshire

CHORUS: If you don't believe me
 Or if you think I lie
 Go ask the girls of Derbyshire They'll tell you the same as 1.

There was a ram of Derbyshire
That had two horns of brass,
The one grew out of its head, sir,
The other grew out of its ass.

When the ram was young, sir,
It had a nasty trick
Of jumping over a five-barred gate
And landing on its prick.

When the ram was old, sir,
They put in a truck
And all the girls of Derbyshire
Came out to have a fuck.

When the ram was dead, sir,
They buried it in St. Paul's,
It took twelve men and a donkey cart
To carry away its balls.

The Ring Dang Doo

CHORUS: Now the Ring Dang Doo,
Pray, what is that?
So soft and round like a pussy cat,
So soft and round and split in two,
That's what they call the Ring Dang Doo.

I got a gal in New Orleans,
She's young, just sweet sixteen,
She's young, and pretty too,
And she's got what they call
The Ring Dang Doo.

Her tits hang on the city wall,
And her pussy floats in alcohol.

She took me down into her cellar,
She said I was a very fine feller,
She fed me with wine, and whiskey too,
And she let me play
With her Ring Dang Doo.

She took me up into her bed,
Placed a pillow beneath my head,
Took out my dick a doodle -- doo,
And stuck it in
Her Ring Dang Doo.

Now her mother said, "You goddamn fool,
You have broken the golden rule,
So pack your bags and your suitcase too,
And go to hell with
Your Ring Dang Doo."

Now she went to town to become a whore,
She placed a sign upon her door,
"Two dollars down, the rest I'll do,
To take a crack at
My Ring Dang Doo."

They came by fours, they came by twos,
First came the Japs, then came the Jews,
Then came the sailors, the Marines too,
Till they damn near ruined
Her Ring Dang Doo.

The army came and the army went,
The price went down to fifty cents,
They got the clap and the scabadoo,
When they all took a crack at
Her Ring Dang Doo.

And now she's dead and buried deep,
Her body lies on Chestnut Street,

There Was A Young Sailor

There was a young sailor who sat on a rock
Wailing his fists and abusing his...
Navel, a neighboring tavern was watching his fits
Teaching his children to play with their..-
Kites and their marbles as in days of yore
Along came a woman who looked like a...
Decent young lady who walked like a duck
She said she was learning a new way to...
Bring up the children and teach them to knit
While the boys in the barnyard were shoveling...
The contents of pigsty muck and the mire
The squire of the manor was pulling his...
Horse from the stable to go to the hunt
His wife in the boudoir was powdering her...
Nose and arranging her vanity box
And taking precautions to ward off the...
Gout and rheumatics which makes her feel stiff
Too well did she remember her last dose of..
What did you think I was going to say?
No you rude bugger that's all for today.

There Was A Priest, The Dirty Beast

There was a priest, the dirty beast,
Whose name was Alexander.
His mighty prick was inches thick
He called it Salamander.

One night he slept with the Gypsy Queen,
Whose face was black as charcoal,
But in the dark he missed his mark,
And sparks came out her arse hole.

A brat was born one rainy morn,
With a face as black as charcoal,
It had a prick ten inches thick
But it didn't have an arse hole.

The S&M Man
(Sung to the tune of "The Candy Man")

CHORUS: The S&M man,
The S&M man.
The S&M man,
'Cause he does it with love,
Makes the hurt feel good,
The hurt feel good.

Who can take two icepicks,
(ALL REPEAT)
And stick them in her ears?
(ALL REPEAT)

Rev her up like a Harley and drive her in the rear.
(THIS BEING THE BASIC FORMAT, SING THE FOLLOWING VERSES.)

Who can take a little boy,
And entice him into his car?
Fill 'm full of ludes and let him loose in a gay bar.

Who can take some thumbtacks,
And spread them on the floor?
Make'm dance barefoot 'till their feet are bloody and sore.

Who can take a butcher knife,
And wave it to and fro?
Cut off a little finger and see if it will grow.

Who can take a chicken,
And spread its little legs?
Reach up inside and pull out a dozen eggs.

Who can take a slingshot,
And two coconuts?
Then bend you over and shoot 'em up your butt.

The Sexual Life Of A Camel

CHORUS: Singin' rub titty titty rub titty titty
titty rub titty rub titty rub
rub titty rub titty yea.
Singin' rub titty titty rub titty titty
titty rub titty rub titty rub
The assholes are here to stay

(or)

We're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs, IN PAIRS!
We're all queers together,
And nobody bloody well cares.

The sexual life of the camel is stranger than anyone thinks,
At the height of the mating season he tries to bugger the sphinx.
But the sphinx's posterior sphincter is clogged by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel and the sphinx' inscrutable smile.

The sexual life of the ostrich is stranger than that of man.
At the height of the mating season she buries her head in the sand.
When along comes the male of the species and sees that ass flying high in the air,
He wonder's if it's male or female, and says "What the fuck do I care?!?"

The sexual life of a bullfrog is understood by some,
At the height of the mating season he crawls up the arse of his chum.
But this vile orifice is horrible and filled with foul gases and slime,
Which accounts for his croak and why he says "ugh" all the time.

In the anals of syphulization, from anthropod ape down to man,
It is commonly held that the Navy has buggered whatever it can.
But recent extensive researches, by Darwin and Huxley and Hall,
Conclusively prove that the hedgehog has never been buggered at all.

But theorems were meant to be broken as in the postulate written above,
Regarding the plight of the hedgehog and the boundaries of sexual love.
For a crafty ol' naval bugger left his memoirs to Harvard and Yale,
Simply stating the fact that the hedgehog can be buggered by shaving his tail.

Me daddy drives a motorcar, me mother rides a bike.
Me and me brother we hate each other so I masturbate on his trike.

My name is Bruce you know me, I live in Leicster Square,
With a pair of open toed sandles and a gardenia in me hair.

Me father fucks me mother, me father fucks him back.

And when he's done with her he comes and rams it up me crack.

I went to sell me motorcar, expecting much the worst.
He asked me for my bottom price, I said lets talk about me motorcar first.

This morn' I went to my tailor. He said, "What can I do for you Jack?"
I said, "A pair of velvet trousers with the zipper up the back.!"

I road the puff puff yesterday, There was barely room to stand.
A little boy offered me his seat, so I took it in me hand.

'Twas Christmas eve at harem and the eunuchs all were there,
Observing the vestigial virgins combing their public hair.
When the voice of Father Christmas cam echoing through the hall,
Asking what would you like for Christmas and eunuchs all answered balls.

These Foolish Things

Ten pounds of titty in a loose brassiere
Your twat a-twitchin like a moose's ear
Ejaculations in my glass of beer
These foolish things remind me of you, Dear.

Naked color photographs of Liberace
The way you say to me "Come lick my crotch"
Syphilitic scabs that make my face all blotchy
These foolish things remind me of you, Dear.

A pubic hair in my breakfast roll
A bloody Kotex in my toilet bowl
The festic odor of your pink asshole
These foolish things remind me of you, Dear.

An unborn fetus on a marble slab
Erected penis with a broken scab
A sloppy blow job in a taxi cab
These foolish things remind me of you, Dear.

The Street Of A Thousand Arse Holes

CHORUS: Her greasy twat
Was always hot,
U-Flung-Shit,
Her name, her name,
U-Flung-Shit her name.

In the Street of a Thousand Arse holes
Neath the sign of swinging tit,
There lived a Chinese maiden
By the name of U-Flung-Shit.

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

She thought of her lover, the bastard,
She thought of her pox ridden beaux,
She thought of the scores she'd had on the floors,
When up walked Won-Hung-Low.

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

She raised herself on her starboard tit
And gave her tits a tweak,
With smiles in her eyes she stared at him
And said, "Go shit a Peke."

He clutched his tool with calloused hand
And beat it on the walls,
Removed his hat and trampled that
Then danced upon his balls.

At length with anger screaming out
He pissed himself with spleen,
He went and shit and stamped in it
His scrotum turned quite green.

His anger quickly mastered him
He felt with fury black,
She stood on him and bared her quim
And pissed on the bugger's back.

The Chinese maiden now is gone
No longer does she sit,
In the Street of a Thousand Arse Holes
By the sign of the swinging tit.

The Tattooed Lady

One night in gay Paree
I paid five francs to see
A much tattooed lady
A big fat French lady
Tattooed from head to knee
And on her jaw
Was a British man-o-war
And in the middle of her back
Was a Union Jack
So I paid three francs more
And up and down her spine
Were the old die-hards-in line
And on her big fat bum
Was a picture of the rising sun
And on her fanny
Was Al Jolson singing "Mammy"
How I loves her, how I loves her
My mother-in-law.

I loves my mother-in-law
She is nothing but a dirty old whore
She nags me day and night
I can't do fuck all right
Last night I heard
she was coming round to stay Now isn't it a pity
She only has one titty
And in the family way.
Last night I greased the stairs
Put tin-tacks on the chairs
I hope she breaks her back
Because I do love wearing black
Now Tommy Tucker
Is a stupid little fucker
How I loves her, how I loves her,
How I loves my mother-in-law.

The Tulagi Song

CHORUS: Fuck'em all, fuck'em all,
 The long and the short and the tall,
 There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean,
 The tucking reserves got 'em all.

So we asked the Army to come to Tulagi,
General MacArthur said no,
He gave us the reason, it wasn't the season,
Besides there's no USO.

So we asked the Air Force to come to Tulagi,
The Air Force was quick to agree,
They bombed out my bunkie, two dogs and one donkey,
And seven platoons of jireens.

So we asked the Coast Guard to come to Tulagi,
The Coast Guard didn't appear,
They sent us a letter, said we like it here better,
Maybe we'll make it next year.

So we asked the Navy to come to Tulagi,
The Navy was pleased and agreed,
From four directions, with forty sections,
Oh what a fucked up stampede.

So we asked the Nurses to come to Tulagi,
The Nurses were quick to appease,
Their asses on tables, all bearing the labels,
Reserved for the officers please.

So here's to your corporals and all your 01's,
Here's to your sergeants and their bastard sons,
As we fondly do bid them farewell,
The long and the short and the tall,
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean,
The tucking reserves got 'em all.

The Virgin Sturgeon

CHORUS: My ruddy oath it is,
My ruddy oath it is.

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

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

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

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

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

Oysters are prolific bivalves,
Rear their young ones in their shell,
How they priddle is a riddle,
But they do, so what the hell.

The female clam is optimistic,
Shoots her eggs out in the sea,
She hopes her suitor as a shooter,
Hits the self-same spot as she.

The Walrus And The Carpenter

If all the whores with dirty drawers
Were lying in the Strand
Do you suppose, the Walrus said
That we could raise a stand?
I doubt it, said the Carpenter
But wouldn't it be grand
And all the while the dirty sod
Was coming in his hand.

When you were only sweet sixteen
And had a little quim
You stood before the looking-glass
And put one finger in
But now that you are old and grey
And losing all your charm
I can get five fingers in
And half my fucking arm.

The Wild Rover(Sung to the tune of "Wild Rover")

CHORUS: And it's no nay never, no nay never no more
Will I play the wild rover, no never no more.

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I spent all my money on whisky and beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I swear I will play the wild rover no more.

I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit she answered me no
It's custom like yours I can get any day.

I took from my pocket sovereigns so bright
That the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said she had whisky and beer of the best
And the words that she spoke were only in jest.

I'll go to my parents, confess what I've done
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And when they forgive me as oftentimes as before
Then I swear I will play the wild rover no more.

The Wild West Show

CHORUS: We're off to see the Wild West Show,
The elephants and the kangaroos,
No matter what the weather as long as we're together,
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have the Oh No Bird.
The Oh No Bird has legs three inches long,
But has testicles which hang down six inches,
And whenever it comes in for a landing,
It goes, "Oh no, oh no, oh no."

... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have the Crash Bam Bam Bam Bird.
The Crash Bam Bam Bam Bird is a very close relative
to the aforementioned Oh No Bird,
But unlike the Oh No Bird,
The Crash Bam Bam Bam Bird only roosts on corrugated tin roofs,
And when it comes in for a landing it goes crash bam bam bam.

... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have Lulu the tattooed lady.
She has a "W" tattooed on one side of her ass,
And she has a "W" tattooed on the other side of her ass,
And when she stands up it spells "WOW,"
And when she stands on her hands it spells "MOM,"
And when she does cartwheels it spells "WOW, MOM, WOW."

... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have Lulu the tattooed lady's sister.
On the inside of one thigh she has "MERRY CHRISTMAS" tattooed,
And on the inside of the other thigh she has "HAPPY NEW YEAR" tattooed,
And she invites all of you to come between the holidays.

... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have the Fuckgowee Tribe.
The Fuckgowee Tribe lives in deepest, darkest Africa,
In a land of six feet tall grass,
But the Fuckgowee Tribe stand only three feet tall,
And they go around all day saying "Where the fuck are we, where the fuck are we'?"

- ... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have the Mathematical Impossibility.
Yes, ladies and gentlemen,
The Mathematical Impossibility is the only girl in the whole world,
Who was ate before she was seven.
- ... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have the Admiral's Daughter.
Yes, the infamous Admiral's Daughter.
She is the final resting place for discharged semen.
- ... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have the Ch-Ch-Christ Bird.
This bird has one wing half as long as the other,
Thus it flies in ever decreasing concentric circles,
Until it flies up its own anal orifice, .
And then shouts, "Ch-Ch-Christ it's dark in here."
- ... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have the Bengal Tiger.
The Bengal Tiger is the only pussy in the whole world that eats you.
- ... Ladies and gentlemen,
In this corner we have the Dentist.
The Dentist is the only man you have to pay to put his tools in your mouth.

The Woman Marine Hymn
(Sung to the tune of "Davey Crockett")

CHORUS: Rosey, Rosey Rottencrotch,
 Pride of the Women Marines.

Born in a whorehouse, in Oceanside,
So ticking ugly, her mother cried.
Lived in a shack, on old North Hill,
Before the age of five, they had her on the pill.

At age seventeen, she joined the Corps,
Became like the rest, a duty whore.
Thought she was better, a superior lass,
I jumped up and told her, kiss my ass.

We sent her to school, they didn't teach her shit,
When she got out, she thought she was it.
Became the Gunner's favorite, his number one runt,
But we all know, she's just a slimy cunt.

Because her cheeks, were a little pink,
She was convinced, her shit didn't stink.
They made her a corporal, an NCO,
But all she did right, was give a good blow.

They're Digging Up Dad's Remains

They're digging up dad's remains to build a sewer;
They're doing the job regardless of expense;
They're digging up dad's remains to make way for ten inch drains
To satisfy some rich man's residence, 'gor blieme!

Now father in his lifetime wasn't a quitter, a quitter;
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now;
Cause he'll dress up in a sheet and he'll haunt the shithouse seat
And only let them toffs go when he allows, 'gor blieme!

Now won't there be some horrible constipation;
Oh won't the loose bound toffs oh rack and rave;
But it serves them bloody well right
For having the perishing nerve to muck about with a British workman's grave.

Those Old Red Flannel Drawers That Maggie Wore

CHORUS: Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore.

They were tattered, they were torn,
Round the crotch piece they were worn.

They were rotten down the front,
With the dripping of her cunt.

She put them in the sink,
My God, there was a stink.

They were hemmed in, they were tucked in,
They were the drawers that she was married in.

She put them on the mat,
And paralysed the cat.

She hung them on the line,
And the sun refused to shine.

She buried them in the ground,
Killed the grass for miles around.

Three German Officers
(Sung to the tune of "Inky, Dinky, Parlez-veus")

Three German officers crossed the Rhine,
Parlez-veus,
Three German officers crossed the Rhine,
Parlez-veus,
Three German officers crossed the Rhine,
They fucked the women and drank the wine,
Inky, dinky, parlez-veus.

They came upon a wayside inn,
Shit 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 a bed,
Fucked her till her cheeks were red.

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

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

They took her up in an aeroplane,
Squeezed her tits and made it rain.

They fucked her up, they fucked her down,
They tucked her right around the town.

They fucked her in, they fucked her out,
They fucked her up her waterspout.

Now she lives in our town,
Sells her cunt for half a crown.

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

Nine months went and she gave a grunt,
And a little white bugger popped out her cunt.

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

The little white bugger he went to hell,
He fucked the Devil and his wife as well.

Three Old Whores From Winnipeg

CHORUS: Oh, roly poly stick-a my holey,
Up my slimy slough,
I drag my balls across the halls,
I'm one of the sportin' crew.

Tree old whores from Winnipeg
Were drinking cherry wine,
Says one of them to the other two,
"Yours is smaller than mine."

"You're a liar," says the second old whore,
"Mine's as big as the sea,
Ships sail in and ships sail out
And never bother me."

"You're a liar," says the third old whore,
"Mine's as big as the moon
Ships sail in on the first of the year
And never come out till June."

"You're a liar," say the first again,
"Mine's as big as the air,
Ships sail in and ships sail out
And never tickle a hair."

"You're a liar," says the second again,
"Mine is bigger than all,
For many's the ship that sails right in
And never comes out at all."

The Titanic

Oh they built a ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue
and they thought they had a ship that the water'd never go through
But the good Lord raised his hand, said that ship will never land
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Oh they were not far from England, not very far from shore
When the rich refused to associate with the poor
So they put them down below where they'd be the first to go
It was sad when the great ship went down.

The ship was filled with sin and the sides about to burst
When the captain shouted "Women and children first!"
For help they tried to wire but the lines were all on fire
It was sad when the great ship went down.

They threw the life boats out on to the raging sea
As the band struck up with "Nearer my God to Thee."
Little children wept and cried as we threw them over the side
It was sad when the great ship went down.

We were down below trying to make that damn ship go
When the chief shouted out, "Boys she's gonna blow."
We heard a mighty crash and we knew our ass was grassed
It was said when the great ship went down.

The ship began to pitch and the lights began to flicker
and the captain shouted "Me gosh where's me liquor?"
He got completely ripped and went down with the ship
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Lady Astor looked around as she watched her husband drown
And the great Titanic made a gurgling sound
So she wrapped herself in mink as she watched that damn ship sink
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Duluth and Thunder Bay were scrumming on the deck
When the scrum half shouted "Boys she's gonna wreck!"
So we shouted out with fear, "**GIMME ANOTHER BEER!**"
It was sad when the great ship went down.

So they built another ship Titanic Number Two
And they thought they had a ship that the water'd never go through
But they christened it with beer and it sank right off the pier
It was sad when the great ship went down.

The moral of the story is very plain to see
Always wear your life preserver when you go out to sea
The Titanic never made it and never more shall be
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Intermix these....

Husbands and wives
little children lost their lives

Uncles and aunts
little children lost their pants

Sisters and brothers
everybody fucked each other

Brothers and sisters
Fucked until they all had blisters

Trojan Is A Girl's Best Friend

A poke with a bloke may be quite incidental,
Trojan is a girl's best friend,
You may get the works
But you won't be parental.
As he slides it in,
You trust that good old latex skin,
As he lets fly, none gets by
'Cos it's all gathered up in the end.
This little precaution
Avoids an abortion.
Trojan is a girl's best friend.

Victory Song

We don't play for adoration,
We don't play for victory.
We just play for inspiration,
We're the _____ R.F.C.
Balls to _____.
Balls to _____.
We won't play you anymore.
We won't play you anymore.

We Are Warriors

CHORUS: We are warriors!
Mighty, mighty warriors, We have bullets, And we got
rifles.

We went hunting,
Came upon a river,
Couldn't go under it,
Couldn't go over it,
Couldn't go around it,
Had to go through it!

We went hunting,
Came upon a mountain,
Couldn't go under it,
Couldn't go over it,
Couldn't go around it,
Had to go through it!

We went hunting,
Came upon a woman!
Couldn't go under her,
Couldn't go over her,
Couldn't go around her,
HAD TO GO THROUGH HER!

When Lady Jane Became A Tart

It fairly broke the family's heart
When Lady Jane became a tart
But blood is blood and race is race
And so to save the family face
They bought her an expensive flat
With "Welcome" written on the mat.

It was not long ere Lady Jane
Brought her patrician charms to fame
A clientele of sahibs pukka
Who regularly came to fuck her,
And it was whispered without malice
She had a client from the palace.

No one could nestle in her charms
Unless he wore ancestral arms
No one to her could gain an entry,
Unless he were of the landed gentry,
And so before her sun had set
She'd worked her way through Debrett.

When Lady Anne became a whore
It grieved the family even more,
But they felt they couldn't do the same
As they had done for Lady Jane,
So they bought her an exclusive beat,
On the shady side of Jermyn Street.

When Lord St. Clancy Became a nancy
It did not please the family fancy
And so in order to protect him
They did inscribe upon his rectum,
"All commoners must now drive steerage,
This arse hole is reserved for peerage."

Whoredean School

CHORUS: Up school, up school, tick the school,
La, la, la, la, la la la la la, hey,
La, la, la, la, la la la la la,
Three fingers up your ass!

We are from Whoredean, Whoredean girls are we,
We take no pride in our virginity,
We take precautions, and avoid-abortions,
We are from Whoredean School.

Our school doctor, she is a beaut,
Teaches us to swerve when our boyfriends shoot,
It saves many marriages, and forces miscarriages,
We are from Whoredean School.

We go to Whoredean, don't we have pluck,
We go to bed without asking a buck,
Try us sometime boys, you may be in luck,
We are from Whoredean School.

Our school gardener he makes us drool,
He's got a great big whopping, dirty tool,
All right for tunnels, and Queen Mary funnels,
And for the girls of Whoredean School.

We have a new girl, her name is Flo,
Nobody thought that she could have a go,
But she surprised the Vicar, by raising him quicker,
Than any other girl at Whoredean School.
We go to Whoredean, we can be had,
Don't take our word, boy, ask your old dad,
He brings his friends for breath-taking trends,
We are from Whoredean School.

Our house mistress you cannot beat,
She lets us go out walking the street,
We sell out titties for threepenny bitties,
We are from Whoredean School.

Our head mistress, her name is Jane,
She only likes it now and again,
And again, and again, and again,
We are from Whoredean School.

Our sport mistress she is the best,
Teaches us to develop our chest,
So we wear tight sweaters, and carry French letters,
We are from Whoredean School.

Our teacher Porter, he is a fool,

He's only got a teeny weeny tool,
It's only good for key holes, and little girlie's peeholes,
But not much for Whoredean School.

We go to Whoredean, don't we have fun,
We know exactly how it is done,
When we lie down we hole it in one,
We are from Whoredean School.

When we go down to the sea for a swim,
The people remark on the size of our quim,
You can bet your bottom dollar, it's as big as a horse collar,
We are from Whoredean School.

These girls from Cheltenham, they are just sissies,
They get worked up over one or two kisses,
It takes wax candles, and long broom handles,
To rouse the bowels of the girls from Whoredean School.

When we are invited to a dance,
We don't wear bras and we don't wear pants,
We like to give our boyfriends a chance,
We are from Whoredean School.

When we go down to the vicar's for tea,
He always lets us sit on his knee,
We make him randy and he gives us candy,
We are from Whoredean School.

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 ducking use at all. (or: He's only got one ball.)

So drink Mother-Fucker, Drink Mother-Fucker, Drink Mother-Fucker Drink!

So drink Mother-Fucker, Drink Mother-Fucker, Drink Mother-Fucker Drink!

Will You Marry Me?

(FIRST VERSE IS SUNG IN MASCULINE VOICE AND REPLY VERSE IS SUNG IN A FEMININE VOICE.)

If I give you half-a-crown, can I take your knickers down?
Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you give me half-a-crown, you can't take my knickers down.
You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't marry me.

If I give you fish and chips, will you let me squeeze your tits?
Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you give me fish and chips, I won't let you squeeze my tits.
You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't marry me.

If I gargle with Lavoris, can I suck on your clitoris?
Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you gargle with Lavoris, you can't suck on my clitoris.
You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't marry me.

If I give you half-a-note, can I shove it down your throat?
Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you give me half-a-note, you can't shove it down my throat.
You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't marry me.

If I give you a pound of grass, can I shove it up your ass?
Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you give me a pound of grass, you can't shove it up my ass.
You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't marry me.

If I give you half-a-quid, will you suck on my big squid?
Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you give me half-a-quid, I won't suck on your big squid.
You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't marry me.

If I give you a whole crown, will you blow me till you drown?
Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you give me a whole crown, I won't blow you till I drown.
You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't marry me.

If I give you silk and lace, can I spray it in your face?
Will you marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you give me silk and lace, you can't spray it in my face.
You can't marry marry marry marry, you can't marry me.

if I give you my big chest, and all the money that I possess,

Will You marry marry marry marry, will you marry me?

If you give me your big chest, and all the money that you possess,
I will marry marry marry marry, I will marry you.

Get out the door, you lousy whore, my money was all you were looking for.
I'll not marry marry marry marry, I'll not marry you.

Woodpecker Song

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker cried, "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 cried, "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 cried, "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 cried, "God bless my soul,
Turn it bout, turn it bout, turn it bout
Reverse it."

I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker cried, "God bless my soul,
In and out, in and out, in and out,
Rotate it."

I rotated 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!

Working Down The Sewer

CHORUS: Workin' down the sewer
 shovellin' up manure,
 That's the way the soldier
 does his bit, shovelling shit.
 You can hear the shovels ring
 with a ting-a-ling-a-ling,
 When you're working down
 the sewer with the gang.

Now the foreman said to me,
As he grabbed me by the arse,
"You're the dirtiest little bastard
That we have upon the job.
Your wages for the week
Will be five and twenty bob,
When you're working down
the sewer with the gang."

One morning after eight,
When I turned up at the gate,
The foreman said to me,
"Now fucking look 'ere mate,
If you won't come fucking early
Then you can't come fucking late,
When you're workin' down
the sewer with the gang."

Yo Ho

CHORUS: Get it in, get it out,
quit fuckin' about.
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

I put my hand upon her toe, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her toe, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her toe she said,
"Hey rigger yer much too low."

I put my hand upon her knee, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her knee, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her knee, she said,
"Hey rigger quit teasin'me."

I put my hand upon her thigh, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her thigh, yo ho, yo ho,
I put MY hand upon her thigh, she said,
"Hey rigger yer gettin' me high."

I put my hand upon her ear, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her ear, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her ear, she said,
"Hey rigger yer not even there."

I put my hand upon her nose, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her nose, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her nose, she said,
"Hey rigger gimme that hose."

I put my hand upon her mouth, yo ho, yo ho
I put my hand upon her mouth, yo ho, yo ho.
I put my hand upon her mouth, she said,
"Hey rigger start headin' south."

I put my hand upon her tit, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her tit, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her tit, she said,
"Hey rigger that's not quite it."

I put my hand upon her twat, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her twat, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my hand upon her twat, she said,
"Hey rigger now that's the spot."

I put my dick into her mouth, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my dick into her month, yo ho, yo ho,
I put my dick into her mouth, she said,

"Mmmmmmmugh ... Mmmmmmmugh ... Mmmmmugh."

And now she lies in a pinewood box, yo ho, yo ho,
And now she lies in a pinewood box, yo ho, yo ho,
And now she lies in a pinewood box, she sucked
Too many rigger cocks.

They dug her up and fucked her again, yo ho, yo ho,
They dug her up and fucked her again, yo ho, yo ho,
They dug her up and fucked her again, and again,
And again, and again, and again.

You're A Grand Old Fag(Sung to the tune of "Grand Old Flag")

You're a grand old fag,
And your wrinkled balls sag,
Your performance gets worse everyday.
You're an argument,
for abstinence,
A broomstick would be a better lay.
Every heart fears doom,
When you walk into the room,
Cause we've heard of your infamous fame,
Your limp old cock won't be forgot,
Cause we all know that you are lame.

Well you have no lust,
And your humps have no thrust,
You're a sad, sad excuse for a stud.
You should just give up,
Cause you can't get it up,
I think I would rather eat mud.
Well your body's rank,
And the tiger in your tank,
Is as dead as the rhythm you beat,
Cause we know the way that you perform,
You remind us of a creampuff in heat.

You Expect Me

FOR MEN TO SING:

You expect me to get down on my hands and knees
And eat your pussy like a rat eats cheese
Well, I like cheese but I ain't no rat
And I like pussy but not like that
Your drawers may be clean and trimmed in lace
But you'll never, ever, ever sit your lily white ass on this poor boy's face
And I wouldn't lie to you
Not one pound

FOR WOMEN TO SING:

You expect me to get down on my hands and knees
And lick your boner 'cause you want me to please
Well, I like boners that are big and fat
And I'd never eat a boner that looked like that
Your prick may be slick and ready to cream
But the closest you'll ever, ever, ever get to me is a good wet dream
And I wouldn't lie to you
Not one pound

Young Roger Of Kildare

Oh, mother, mother, dear
May I go to the fair
May I go with young Roger
Young Roger of Kildare
For I know he's kind and gentle
And will love me for my sake
And I know he will not harm me
Coming home from the wake.

Oh, daughter, daughter, dear
You may go to the fair
You may go with young Roger
Young Roger of Kildare
For I know he's kind and gentle
And will love you for your sake
But keep you legs close together
Coming home from the wake.

So she went to the fair
So she went to the fair
She went with young Roger
Young Roger of Kildare
So he stuffed her up with ice-cream
And he stuffed her up with cake
And he stuffed it right up her
Coming home from the wake.

Your Spooning Days

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

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

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