A COLLECTION OF
SEA SONGS
AND
DITTIES
FROM THE STORES OF
DAVE E. JONES
SONG NO. 1

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND
THE MINSTRELS SING OF A BRITISH KING
WHO LIVED LONG YEARS AGO,
AND Ruled THE LAND WITH AN IRON HAND
BUT HIS MIND WAS WEAK AND LOW.
HIS ONLY UNDER GARMENT
WAS A LEATHER UNDERSHIRT
WHICH SERVED TO HIDE HIS SCURVY HIDE,
BUT FAILED TO HIDE THE DIRT.

HE LOVED TO CHASE THE BOUNDING STAG
THROUGHOUT THE ROYAL WOOD.
HE WAS ALSO FOND OF APPLEJACK
AND PULLING THE ROYAL PUD.
HIS TERRIBLE TOOL HUNG DOWN TO HIS KNEES,
IT WAS WILD'AND WOOLY AND FULL OF CHEESE.
OH, A SON OF A BITCH
WAS THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND.

NOW THE QUEEN OF SPAIN WAS AN AMOROUS DAME
AN AMOROUS DAME WAS SHE,
AND SHE LOVED TO FOOL WITH THE ROYAL TOOL
OF THE KING ACROSS THE SEA.
SO SHE SENT A SPECIAL MESSAGE
BY A SPECIAL MESSENGER
TO ASK THE KING TO COME AND SPEND
A WEEK OR MORE WITH HER.
WHEN PHILIP OF FRANCE HEARD THIS REPORT,
HE SAID UNTO HIS ROYAL COURT,
THE QUEEN PREFERENCES MY RIVAL
BECAUSE MY HORN IS SHORT,
SO HE SENT THE COUNT OF SIPPENSAP,
TO GIVE THE QUEEN OF SPAIN THE CLAP,
AND DIDN'T GIVE A DAMN
FOR MERRIE OLD ENGLAND.

WHEN NEWS OF THIS FOUL DEED DID REACH
MERRIE OLD ENGLAND'S HALLS,
THE KING HE SWEORE BY THE SHIRT HE WORE,
HE'D HAVE THE FRENCHMAN'S BALLS.
SO HE OFFERED HALF HIS KINGDOM
AND THE HAND OF HIS WHORE HORTENSE,
TO ANY ROYAL SUBJECT
WHO WOULD NUT 'THE KING OF FRANCE.

THE LOYAL DUKE OF SUSSEX
THEN BETOOK HIMSELF TO FRANCE,
HE CALLED THE KING A FRUITIER,
AND THE KING TOOK DOWN HIS PANTS,
THEN OVER HIS PRONG HE THREW A THONG
AND JUMPED IN THE SADDLE
AND GALLOPED ALONG,
BACK TO TH' BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND.
THE KING THREW UP HIS BREAKFAST
AND WALLOPED ON THE FLOOR,
FOR DURING THE RIDE THE FRENCHMAN'S PRIDE
HAD STRETCHED A YARD OR MORE.
THE WOMEN THEY ALL GATHERED 'ROUND
THE GATES OF LONDON TOWN,
AND SHOUTED OUTSIDE THE PALACE,
TO HELL WITH THE ENGLISH CROWN.

THE FRENCHMAN THEN USURPED THE THRONE,
AND HIS SCEPTRE WAS THE ROYAL BONE
WITH WHICH HE DOWNED
THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

SONG NO. 2

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

WHEN I WAS A WORKING GIRL
DOWN IN DRURY LANE,
MY MASTER HE WAS GOOD TO ME,
MY MISTRESS WAS THE SAME.

ALONG CAME A SAILOR, AS HAPPY AS COULD BE,
AND HE WAS THE CAUSE OF ALL MY MISERY,

HE ASKED ME FOR A CANDLE STICK
TO SHOW HIM UP TO BED,
HE ASKED FOR A HANDERCHIEF
TO TIE AROUND HIS HEAD.
AND I LIKE A SILLY GIRL, THINKING IT NO HARM,
I JUMPED INTO THE SAILOR'S BED
TO KEEP THE SAILOR WARM.

SINGING BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS,
COATS OF NAVY BLUE,
HE CAN CLIMB THE RIGGIN'
LIKE HIS FATHER USED TO DO.

EARLY IN THE MORNIN', AT THE BREAK OF DAY,
A FIVE POUND NOTE HE GAVE TO ME
AND THESE WORDS HE DID SAY

HERE YOU ARE MY DARLIN',
FOR THE DAMAGE I HAVE DONE,
MAYBE YOU'LL HAVE A DAUGHTER
OR MAYBE YOU'LL HAVE A SON.

IF YOU HAVE A DAUGHTER,
TAKE HER ON YOUR KNEE,
IF YOU HAVE A SON,
SEND THE BASTARD OUT TO SEA.

SINGING BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS,
COATS OF NAVY BLUE,
HE CAN CLIMB THE RIGGIN'
LIKE HIS FATHER USED TO DO.
SONG NO. 3

BOLLICKY BILL
(TUNE TO BARNACLE BILL, THE SAILOR)

WHO'S THAT KNOCKING AT MY DOOR,
SAID THE FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN,
WHO'S THAT KNOCKING AT MY DOOR,
SAID THE FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN,
'TIS ONLY I, 'TIS ONLY I,
SAID BOLLICKY BILL, THE SAILOR,
I'LL COME DOWN AND LET YOU IN,
SAID THE FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN,
I'LL COME DOWN AND LET YOU IN
SAID THE FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN,
AND WHAT DO I GET IF I DO COME IN,
SAID BOLLICKY BILL, THE SAILOR
I'VE A CUSHION BETWEEN MY THIGHS
SAID THE FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN
I'VE A CUSHION BETWEEN MY THIGHS,
SAID THE FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN,
AND I'VE GOT A PIN THAT WILL JUST FIT IN,
SAID BOLLICKY BILL, THE SAILOR,
WHAT IF I SHOULD HAVE A CHILD
SAID THE FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN,
WHAT IF WE SHOULD HAVE A CHILD,
SAID THE FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN,
WRING THE NECK OF THE SON OF A BITCH,
SAID BOLLICKY BILL, THE SAILOR.
SONG NO. 4

MAID OF AMSTERDAM

IN AMSTERDAM THERE'D WELT A MAID,
MARK WELL, WHAT I DO SAY,
IN AMSTERDAM THERE DWELT A MAID
AND SHE WAS MISTRESS OF HER TRADE,
I'LL GO NO MORE A-ROAMING WITH YOU FAIR MAID,

-- CHORUS --

A-ROAMING, A-ROAMING,
SINCE ROAMING WAS MY RUIN,
I'LL GO NO MORE A-ROAMING
WITH YOU FAIR MAID.

I PUT MY ARM AROUND HER WAIST
MARK WELL WHAT I DO SAY,
I PUT MY ARM AROUND HER WAIST,
SAID SHE, YOUNG MAN YOU'RE IN SOME HASTE
I'LL GO NO MORE A-ROAMING WITH YOU FAIR MAID.

I PLACED MY HAND UPON HER KNEE,
MARK WELL WHAT I DO SAY,
I PLACED MY HAND UPON HER KNEE,
YOUNG MAN, SAID SHE, YOU'RE RATHER FREE,
I'LL GO NO MORE A-ROAMING WITH YOU FAIR MAID.

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I PLACED MY HAND UPON HER THIGH,
MARK WELL WHAT I DO SAY,
I PLACED MY HAND UPON HER THIGH,
YOUNG MAN, SAID SHE, YOU'RE RATHER HIGH,
I'LL GO NO MORE A-ROAMING WITH YOU FAIR MAID.

I PLACED MY HAND UPON HER PATCH,
MARK WELL WHAT I DO SAY,
I PLACED MY HAND UPON HER PATCH,
YOUNG MAN, SAID SHE, THAT'S MY MAIN HATCH,
I'LL GO NO MORE A-ROAMING WITH YOU FAIR MAID

SONG NO. 5

(TUNE--THE EAGLES THEY FLY HIGH IN MOBILE)

OH, THEY DON'T KNOW NAVIGATION
ON THE TEAL, ON THE TEAL,
OH, THEY DON'T KNOW NAVIGATION
ON THE TEAL.
OH, THEY DON'T KNOW NAVIGATION,
SO THEY PRACTICE MASTURBATION,
AND THEY'RE HELL ON FORNICATION,
ON THE TEAL.
SONG NO. 6

TEARFUL LITTLE EARFUL

I AM LOOKING FOR A SURGEON,
FOR I'VE CEASED TO BE A VIRGIN,
IT'S A TEARFUL LITTLE EARFUL,
I'M ABOUT TO BE A MA.

I WAS ONLY A BEGINNER
BUT NOW I'M A FULL FLEDGED SINNER,
IT'S A TEARFUL LITTLE EARFUL,
I'M ABOUT TO BE A MA.

IF I'D JUST USED SOME PRECAUTION
AND LOVED IN MORE PROPORTION
I WOULDN'T NEED AN ABORTION,
AS I DO DO DO DO DO NOW,

GIRLS IN ANY TRANSACTION
DON'T GIVE TOO MUCH SATISFACTION
AND YOUR EARFUL WILL BE CHEERFUL,
AND YOUR KID WILL HAVE A PA.

SONG NO. 7

ANNA

I LOVE A GIRL NAMED ANNA,
FROM BUTTE, MONTANA,
THE REASON THAT I LOVE HER,
SHE'S DEAD, GOD DAMN HER.
SONG NO. 8
PEARL
I KNEW A GIRL HER NAME WAS PEARL,
AND SHE WAS PRETTY FLIGHTY,
THE MOONLIGHT LIT ON THE NIPPLE OF HER TIT
OH, JESUS CHRIST, ALMIGHTY.

SONG NO. 9
SALLY BROWN
(ANCHOR CHANTY)
OH, SALLY BROWN, I LOVE YOUR DAUGHTER,
WEIGH, HEY, ROLL AND GO.
OH, I LOVE THE PLACE WHERE SHE MAKES WATER,
AND I'LL SPEND MY MONEY ON SALLY BROWN.

SONG NO. 10
THE RHINOCEROS
THE RHINO SORE ASS, SO IT SEEMS,
VERY Seldom HAS WET DREAMS,
BUT WHEN HE DOES, HE COMES IN STREAMS,
AND REVELS IN THE JOYS OF COPULATION.
CATS ON THE HOUSE TOPS, CATS ON STILES,
CATS WITH SYPHILLIS, CATS WITH PILES,
CATS WITH ASS HOLES WREATHED IN SMILES,
AS THEY REVEL IN THE JOYS OF COPULATION.
SONG NO. 11

BROADWAY
(TUNE--SAILING OVER THE BOUNCING MAIN).

BROADWAY'S A TAME STREET
'COMPARSED TO OUR MAIN STREET,
ALL LIT UP ON SATURDAY NIGHT.
RIGHT FROM PERKIN'S CORNERS
TO THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
YOU CAN SEE THE JOHNNY HORNERS
STANDING ON THE CORNERS:
LOOKING THEM OVER
THE GIRLS FROM THE CLOVER
CORN FED AND GALLOPING UP AND DOWN,
THO' THEIR SKIRTS ARE MADE OF GINGHAM,
IT'S THE SAUCY WAY THEY SWING 'EM,
BRINGS THE DRAMA TO OUR HOME TOWN.

SONG NO. 12

NELLIE

I LOVE TO SEE NELLIE MAKE WATER,
SHE PISSES A BEAUTIFUL STREAM
SHE SHOOTS IT A MILE AND A QUARTER
AND YOU CAN'T SEE HER ASSHOLE FOR STEAM.
SONG NO. 13
AMONG MY SOUVENIRS

THOUGH YOU WENT DOWN ON ME IN DAYS THAT USED TO BE
I LIVE IN PREGNANCY AMONG MY SOUVENIRS AN OLD DOUCHE BAG OR TWO
A CUNDRUM TIED WITH BLUE WITH WHICH WE USED TO SCREW AMONG MY SOUVENIRS
I COUNT THEM ONE BY ONE THE TIMES YOU USED TO COME THEY WEREN'T ENOUGH YOU BUM
I PRACTICED MASTURBATION I COUNT EACH JAZZ AND SCREW AND OTHER THINGS WE'D DO
I'LL HAVE A CHILD BY YOU AMONG MY SOUVENIRS.

SONG NO. 14
CAVIA

(TUNE-REUBEN-REUBEN)

CAVIA, CAVIA COMES FROM STURGEON, STURGEON IS A VIRGIN FISH, VIRGIN STURGEON NEEDS NO URGING, THAT'S WHY CAVIA IS MY DISH,
SONG NO. 14

BERMUDA

I WOOED A NUDE IN BERMUDA,
SHE WAS SHREWED BUT I PROVED I WAS SHREWDER,
SHE SAID IT WAS RUDE TO BE WOOED IN THE NUDE,
BUT I WOOED HER, PURSUED HER
AND SCREWED HER.

SONG NO. 15

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE SAID THE WAITER,
AS HE STOOD THERE PICKING HIS NOSE,
HARD BOILED EGGS, YOU SON OF A BITCH,
YOU CAN'T GET YOUR FINGERS IN THOSE,

SONG NO. 16

RHODA

RHODA, RHODA RAN A PAGODA, PAGODA.
SHE SOLD ICE CREAM, MILK, AND SODA, SODA,
NO MILK MAN EVER LEFT HIS CAN
AT THE PRETTY PAGODA RHODA RAN.
SONG NO. 17

I'M HUNT DEM BEAR, I'M HUNT BULL MOOSE,
SOME TIME I'M HUNT DE RAT;
UND NOW I TAK MY HAT UND GUN-
UND HUNT DEM SKUNK POLE CAT.

MY FREN BILL SAYS VER' GOOD FUR
SOME TAMS VER' GOOD MEAT;
I TELL MY WIFE I GET FUR COAT-
MADE SOMETINGS GOOD TO EAT.

I WALK FIVE, SIX, TWO, THREE, FOUR MILE
I FEEL ONE AWFUL SMELL;
I T'INK DAT SKUNK, SHE GO UND DIE
FUR COAT -- SHE'S GONE TO HELL.

BIME BY -- I SEE DAT SKUNK
CLOSE UP BEHIND DE TREE;
I SNEAK UP VER', VER' CLOSE
I T'INK SHE DON'T SEE ME.

I SNEAK VER', VER' CLOSE
UND RAISE MY HAX UP HIGH
THE GOT DAM' SKUNK SHE UP UND 'PLUNK
T'ROW' SOMETINGS IN MY EYE!

SACRE BLEU, I T'INK 'I'M BLIND
JES' CRI, I NO CAN SEE;
I RUN AROUND, UND 'ROUND UND 'ROUND
UND BUNK IN DE GOT DAM' TREE:
I DRAP MY GUN, BY GOT I RUN
UND LIGHT OUT FOR DE SHACK
I T'INK ONE THOUSAND SKUNKS
SHE CLIMB UP MY BACK.

MY WIFE SHE MEET ME AT DA DOOR
UND SICK ON ME DE DOG;
SHE SAY 'YOU CAN' SLEEP HERE TONIGHT
GO OUT UND SLEEP WITH HOG!

I TRY FER TO CLIMB IN HOG' PEN
JES' CRI', 'NO, WHAT YOU T'INK?
THE GOT DAM' HOG SHE UP UND LEAVE
ON 'COUNT OF AWFUL STINK!

SO I'M HUNT DEM SKUNKS NO MORE;
FERGIT HIS FUR UND MEAT;
FOR IF HIS PEE HE SMELL SO BAD-
JES' CRI', WHAT IF HE SHEET?

SOONG NO. 18

PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE REFRAIN
FROM FLUSHING TOILETS WHILE THE TRAIN
IS STANDING IN THE STATION, I LOVE YOU.

WE ENCOURAGE CONSTIPATION
WHILE THE TRAIN IS IN THE STATION
DESSERT MOONLIGHT MAKES ME DREAM OF YOU,
IF YOU FEEL YOU MUST MAKE WATER
PUSH THE BELL AND CALL THE PORTER
HE'LL BRING A VESSEL TO THE VESTIBULE.

IF THE TOILET IS NOT HANDY
REMEMBER EX-LAX IS NOT CANDY
SAY A LITTLE PRAYER FOR ME AND YOU!

SONG NO. 19

FOUR OR FIVE TIMES

I TOOK MY GIRLIE OUT SAILING,
THE WIND WAS BLOWING QUITE FAST.

SO I TOOK A REEF IN MY SHIRT TAIL
AND RAMMED THE JIBBON UP HER ASS,
FOUR OR FIVE TIMES, FOUR OR FIVE TIMES.

I TOOK MY GIRLIE OUT ROWING.
THE BOAT STUCK FAST ON A ROCK.
AND AFTER A WHILE I TURNED WITH A SMILE
AND GENTLY INSERTED MY COCK,
FOUR OR FIVE TIMES, FOUR OR FIVE TIMES,
MY GIRLIE CAME UP FROM THE STABLE
AND SHE WAS ALL COVERED WITH MUD.
AND AFTER A WHILE SHE TURNED WITH A SMILE,
MY DEAR I'VE BEEN JABBED BY A STUD,
FOUR OR FIVE TIMES, FOUR OR FIVE TIMES.
SONG NO. 20
GIN AND ANGUSTORA

THEN SNAP YOUR FINGERS, HA-HA-HA
THEN SNAP THE OTHERS, HO-HO-HO-
WHAT CARE WE IF THE DAY BE FINE
ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER AND THE GIRL BE MINE,
WE WILL SET OUR SAILS AND SAIL AWAY
NO PIRATE 'ER WAS BOLDER
WHERE 'ERE WE GO WE'LL FEAR NO FOE,
ON THE GOOD SHIP GIN AND ANGUSTORA.

AS MRS. ADRIANCE PUT THE PEARLS IN HER PANTS
WHEN THE GOOD SHIP STARTED OUT TO SEA.
SAID SHE TO HERSELF,

AS SHE TOOK THEM OFF THE SHELF,

"WHAT A FINE PLACE THIS WILL BE,
NO JOLLY JACK TAR DARE GO SO FAR
IF HE DID, OH HOLLY GEE"
SAID WILLY CANTER LOBE,

AS HE STARTED INTO PROBE,
"THIS LOOKS PRETTY GOOD TO ME."

SONG NO. 21
THE JOLLY TINKER

NOW THERE WAS A JOLLY TINKER
WHO CAME OVER FROM FRANCE
CAME OVER ESPECIALLY
TO LEARN TO F**K AND DANCE
(CHORUS)

SING A BUZZA-BUZZA BUZZA-BUZZA
BUZZA-BUZZA BOO
SING A BUZZA-BUZZA BUZZA-BUZZA BOO.

WELL, THE SHIP WHICH HE CAME OVER IN,
THE WOMEN WERE SO FEW
FIRST HE FUCKED THE CAPTAIN,
THEN HE FUCKED THE CREW.

(CHORUS)

WELL, THE SHIP WHICH HE CAME BACK IN,
THE WOMEN HAD THE POX
SO HE SHINNIED UP THE MAST
AND HE FUCKED THE DOUBLE BLOCKS

(CHORUS)

AND HE WENT IN THE CABIN,
TO GET A GLASS OF CIDER
AND THERE HE FOUND A BED BUG
A-JERKIN' OFF A SPIDER

(CHORUS)

NOW MY SONG IS ENDED
I CAN'T SING ANY MORE
THE APPLE'S UP MY ASS HOLE
AND YOU CAN HAVE THE CORE
SONG NO. 22
HEDGEHOG

EXHAUSTIVE EXPERIMENTATIONS
BY DARWIN AND HUXLEY AND HALL
HAVE SHOWN THAT THE ASS OF THE HEDGEHOG
CAN SCARCELY BE BUGGERED AT ALL.

CHORUS

SINGING TIDDLE-I-I DDLE-I-ADDIE,
SINGING TIDDLE-I-I DDLE-I-AYE,
SINGING TIDDLE-I-I DDLE-I-ADDIE,
SINGING TIDDLE-I-I DDLE-I-AYE.

CONCLUSIVE RESEARCHES AT HARVARD
HAVE INCONTRAVERTABLY SHOWN
THAT, COMPARATIVE SAFETY AT HARVARD
IS ENJOYED BY THE HEDGEHOG ALONE.

(CHORUS)

ALAS FOR THE ASS OF THE HEDGEHOG
ALAS FOR THE QUILLS ON HIS TAIL
WHEN HARVARD'S CULTURE'S TRIUMPHANT
THEN NATURE'S RESOURCES MUST FAIL

(CHORUS)

IN THE PROCESS OF CIVILIZATION
FROM ANTHROPOID APE UNTO MAN
THE PALM IS AWARDED TO HARVARD
WHERE THEY'VE REPLACED NATURE BY HAND.

(CHORUS)
SONG NO. 23

TOPSAIL HALYARD CHANTY

AS I WENT THROUGH THE CLOVER FIELDS,
HI RANDY DANDY OH,
I SAW TWO WHORES KICK UP THIER HEELS,
GALLOPING RALLOPING DANDY OH.

ONE NAMED SAL THE OTHER NAMED SUE,
HI RANDY DANDY OH,
SAID I TO SUE, I'LL SOCK IT TO YOU,
GALLOPING RALLOPING DANDY OH,

I LAID HER DOWN BEHIND A STUMP,
HI RANDY DANDY OH,
AND MADE HER ASS GO BUMPITY BUMP,
GALLOPIN RALLOPING DANDY OH.

A WEEK WENT BY AND ALL WAS WELL,
HI RANDY DANDY OH,
AND THEN MY PRICK BEGAN TO SWELL,
GALLOPING RALLOPING DANDY OH,

THEN TO THE DOCTOR I DID GO,
HI RANDY DANDY OH,
MY PRICK AND BOLLiCKS FOR TO SHOW,
GALLOPING RALLOPING DANDY OH.

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YOUNG MAN, SAID HE, YOU'RE IN A FIX,
HI RANDY DANDY OH.
YOU'LL LOSE YOUR LIFE OR HALF YOUR PRICK,
GALLOPING, RALLOPING DANDY OH.

I THOUGHT TEN INCHES I COULD LOSE,
HI RANDY DANDY OH,
IF THE OTHER TWELVE HE WOULD EXCUSE,
GALLOPING RALLOPING DANDY OH.

HE LAID IT OUT UPON A BLOCK,
HI RANDY DANDY OH,
AND CUT TEN INCHES OFF MY COCK,
GALLOPING RALLOPING DANDY OH.

SO NOW I'M CURED AND WELL AGAIN,
HI RANDY DANDY OH,
BRING ON YOUR WHORES WE'LL SCREW 'EM AGAIN,
GALLOPING RALLOPING DANDY OH.

### SONG NO. 24
### JACK THE SAILOR

JACK, OH JACK WAS A SAILOR LAD
AND HE WENT ASHORE FOR SOME GIN,
HE RAPPED AND HE TAPPED
AND HE RAPPED AND HE TAPPED
BUT NOBODY SEEMED 'TO BE IN.

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HE RAPPED AND HE TAPPED
AND HE TAPPED AND HE RAPPED
BUT EVERY ONE WAS IN BED.
WHEN HE SUDDENLY HEARD A RAP A TAP TAP ON THE WINDOW RIGHT OVER HIS HEAD.

COME IN, COME IN, MY SAILOR LAD
THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT ME
AND I HAVE THE FINEST RAP A TAP THAT EVER A JACK DID SEE,

AND SHE STOOD THERE WITH A FORM SO FAIR
AND A FACE LIKE PEACHES AND CREAM.
COME IN, COME IN, MY SAILOR LAD
AND IN HE DID CAREEN.

HE PRESSED HER, HE SQUEEZED HER,
LOOKED INTO HER COAL BLACK EYES,
AND HE SHOVED THE HEAD OF HIS RAP A TAP IN THE WINDOW BETWEEN HER THIGHGS.

AND WHEN HE GOT UP FROM THAT BED OF LOVE,
HE SWERE SHE WASN'T A WHORE.
FOR HE KNEW BY THE FEEL OF HER RAP A TAP TAP THAT NO ONE'D BEEN THERE BEFORE.

A WEEK WENT BY AND JACK DID SIGH,
AS IN HIS HAMMOCK HE SWUNG,
HE COULD TELL BY THE FEEL OF HIS RAP A TAP TAP HIS FLYING JIBBOOM WAS SPRUNG.
SONG NO. 25

CHARLOTTE

EYES RIGHT, FORESKIN TIGHT;
ASS HOLES TO THE FRONT,
WE'RE THE BOYS THAT FIGHT THE WARS,
WE LOVE OUR RUM AND CUNT.
WE'RE THE HEROES OF THE NIGHT
AND WE'D RATHER FUCK THAN FIGHT,
FOR WE ARE THE FORESKIN FUSILLIERS.

I'M CHARLOTTE, THE HARLOT,
THE QUEEN OF THE WHORES.
THERE'S CLAP IN PICCADILLY
AND THEY SAY THAT I'M THE CAUSE.
OH, HELL WHAT A SMELL WHAT,
WHEN I TAKE DOWN ME DRAWERS,
I'M CHARLOTTE, THE HARLOT,
THE QUEEN OF THE WHORES.

GUARD TO THE GUARDROOM, DISMISS.

SONG NO. 26

BLACKBIRDS

(TUNE: - BYE BYE BLACKBIRD)

HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO DANCE AND SING,
HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO SHAKE THAT THING
BYE, BYE, BLACKBIRD.
HE PUT HIS HAND BENEATH MY DRESS,
AND THERE HE FOUND THE BLACKBIRD'S NEST.
BYE, BYE, BLACKBIRD.
HE TOOK ME TO HIS COTTAGE IN THE WILDDWOOD
AND THERE HE TOOK ADVANTAGE
OF MY CHILDHOOD.
HE CAME ONCE - I CAME TWICE
HOLY JUMPING JESUS CHRIST
BLACKBIRD, GOOD-BYE.

BACK YOUR ASS AGAINST THE WALL, HERE I COME,
BALLS AND ALL
BYE, BYE, BLACKBIRD;
I MAY NOT HAVE A HELLUVA LOT,
BUT WHAT I'VE GOT WILL FILL YOUR TWAT.
BYE, BYE, BLACKBIRD;
WRAP YOUR LEGS AROUND ME
TIGHTER, TIGHTER, TIGHTER;
I CAN FEEL THE LOAD IS GETTING
LIGHTER, LIGHTER, LIGHTER.
SHAKE YOUR ASS, AND SHAKE THOSE TITS
TILL MY BIG RED SNAPPER SPITS;

SONG NO. 28
SHELTERING PALMS
DOWN BENEATH THE SHELTERING PALMS,
I TOOK MY GIRL ONE NIGHT,
IN THE PALE MOONLIGHT,
I LAID HER RIGHT DOWN IN THE GRASS.
OH, BOY, HOW SHE COULD WIGGLE HER ASS!
ALL THE BIRDIES WERE HUMMING,
HUMMING, HUMMING.
AND I CRIED I AM COMING, COMING, COMING,
SO SHE THREW HER ARMS ABOUT ME AND CRIED,
"OH, HONEY, WAIT FOR ME."

SONG NO. 29
THE OLD MAID

THE OLD MAID SAT BY THE FIRE
THE TOM CAT SAT BESIDE HER
SHE DIDN'T GIVE A DAMN FOR THE OLD TOM CAT,
AND SHE PULLED HER SKIRTS UP HIGHER
AND SHE PULLED HER SKIRTS UP HIGHER
AND SHE PULLED HER SKIRTS UP HIGHER
SHE DIDN'T GIVE A DAMN FOR THE OLD TOM CAT,
AND SHE PULLED HER SKIRTS UP HIGHER,

THE TOM CAT SAW IT NAKED
AND FOR A RAT DID TAKE IT.
HE MADE ONE SPRING FOR THE OLD MAID'S THING,
MY GOD HOW HE DID SHAKE IT
MY GOD HOW HE DID SHAKE IT
MY GOD HOW HE DID SHAKE IT
HE MADE ONE SPRING FOR THE OLD MAID'S THING,
MY GOD HOW HE DID SHAKE IT.
THE OLD MAID SHIT AND STARTED,
THE TOM CAT SPIT AND FARTED,
THEY MADE SUCH A DIN

THAT THE NEIGHBORS RUSHED IN,
AND THE CAT AND THE QUIFF WERE PARTED,
AND THE CAT AND THE QUIFF WERE PARTED,
AND THE CAT AND THE QUIFF WERE PARTED,
THEY MADE SUCH A DIN

THAT, THE NEIGHBORS RUSHED IN
AND THE CAT AND THE QUIFF WERE PARTED.

THEY SENT FOR A FAMOUS PHYSICIAN
TO DETERMINE THE OLD MAID'S CONDITION.
HE SAID WITH A GRUNT AS HE LOOKED AT HER CUNT
HE'S BIT RIGHT THROUGH THE PARTITION,
HE'S BIT RIGHT THROUGH THE PARTITION,
HE'S BIT RIGHT THROUGH THE PARTITION.
HE SAID WITH A GRUNT AS HE LOOKED AT HER CUNT
HE'S BIT RIGHT THROUGH THE PARTITION.

NOW WHEN YOU SIT BY THE FIRE,
AND PULL YOUR SKIRTS UP HIGHER,
THERE'S A MUCH BETTER STUNT
YOU CAN DO WITH YOUR CUNT
THAN AROUSE A TOM CAT'S IRE,
THAN AROUSE A TOM'S IRE,
THAN AROUSE A TOM CAT'S IRE,
THERE'S A MUCH BETTER STUNT
YOU CAN DO WITH YOUR CUNT
THAN AROUSE A TOM CAT'S IRE,
SONG NO. 30

THE ASS HOLE OF ZEUS

OLD JUPITER ONCE CALLED
A COUNCIL OF GODS
TO SETTLE A QUESTION
WHICH HELD THEM AT ODDS.
THIS QUESTION WAS HOW
TO MAKE MORTALS ABSTAIN
FROM DELIGHTS OF THE FLESH,
AND LUSTFUL DOMAIN,
OLD NEPTUNE WAS THERE
AND THE GOD OF THE FISH,
WAS HEARD TO SAY POOH,
FURTHERMORE REMARK FISH,
AND THAT IT WAS UTTERLY USELESS TO TRY
TO KEEP MEN FROM SNEAKING AWAY ON THE SLY.

THEY ALL LOOKED DISGUSTED
AND VOTED THAT HE
DEBARRED FROM THE COUNCIL
FOR FOULNESS SHOULD BE.
SO HE SAT ON HIS ASS
ON THE EDGE OF THE CROWD,
AND VENTED HIS THOUGHTS
AS OCCASION ALLOWED.
FIRST APPOLO GOT UP
AND WOULD HAVE OUT HIS SAY
I'VE SURE THAT MY PLAN
IS THE VERY BEST WAY,
I'D TIE LONG SPIKES
ON THE PARTS OF THE MALE,
SO THAT ALL ATTEMPTS AT COISSION WOULD FAIL.
'TIS CRUDE, I ADMIT, BUT I THINK IT WOULD DO.
YOU'RE RIGHT BLESSED NEPTUNE
AND KISS MY ASS TOO.
THEN MINERVA AROSE.
AND BEGGED LEAVE TO PROPound,
A PLAN SHE DEVISED
FROM HER WISDOM PROFOUND.
ENGAGE MEN IN LEARNING
AND CULTURE THEIR MINDS
AND THEN THEY FORGET.
ALL ABOUT THEIR BEHINDS.
CARNAL PLEASURES ARE OUT
WHEN MEN STUDY REAL ART.
OLD "NEP" EASED HIS BALLOCKS
AND LET A GREAT PART.
DIANA TO BATTLE WOULD SEND ALL THE MEN,
ENGAGE THEM IN STRIFE; SHE ARGUED, AND THEN.
I'LL HAVE THEM ALL HACKED
IN THEIR GENITAL PARTS,
CO NO BALL WILL REMAIN.
WHERE A SWORD BLADE CAN HIT.
OLD NEPTUNE LAUGHED LOUDLY
AND SHOUTED BULLSHIT.

THEN JUPITER AROSE
AND WOULD HAVE OUT HIS SAY,
OF ALL THE PLANS THAT I'VE HEARD HERE TODAY
HERE'S ONE THAT I WISH TO GET OFF MY CHEST,
YOU'LL FIND IT SOMEWHAT
IN ADVANCE OF THE REST.
BUT HERE ALL THE GODS GOT A HELL OF A SHOCK,
FOR NASTY OLD NEPTUNE
HAD HAULED OUT HIS COCK,
HAD VENUS HALF NAKED AND DOWN ON HER BACK
AND WAS SOCKING HIS "PETER
LIKE HELL IN HER CRACK,
THEY ALL SHRIEKED TOGETHER
AND CASTOR AND POLLOCKS
GRABBED OLD "NEP"
BY THE BEARD OF HIS BALLOCKS,
BY PECKER OR ASS HOLE,
THEY DIDN'T CARE WHICH,
AND THREW OUT THE DIRTY SON OF A BITCH.

OLD JUPITER STILL ED AND MIGHTILY TRIED,
TO TAKE UP HIS PLANS
WHERE HE' D LAID THEM ASIDE.
BUT HE SAW NOTHING BUT VENUS,
STRETCHED OUT ON THE FLOOR,
WITH HER LITTLE PINK PART
Twitching away for some more,
So he hopped her and at this
All the gods followed sight
And the goddesses got
Such a scouring that night
That the splattering fluid
Flew over the sky,
And the milky way shows it
Quite plain to the eye.

And nasty old Neptune,
Who'd caused all this swell,
Was down by the shore
Raising miniature hell.
He called all his mermaids
To come turn about,
And he flogged each in turn
While his pecker was out.
For his tool was as hard
As the heart of a flint.
And was good for twelve hours
Almost without stint,
And he cried as on each
Of their bellies he'd fall,
By the ass hole of Zeus,
I was right after all.
SONG NO. 31

EVERY GOOD SHIP

EVERY GOOD SHIP HAS A MAINMAST,
AN UPSTANDING STICK
EVERY MAIDEN LOVES A SAILOR
WITH AN UPSTANDING
LOWER AWAY THE MAIN TOP GALLANTSAIL,
THE GOOD SHIP RIDES HEAVILY
EVERY MAIDEN LOVES A YOUNG MAN
WHO FOLLOW THE SEA.

EVERY GOOD SHIP HAS A TAFF RAIL,
ALL COVERED WITH BRASS
EVERY SAILOR LOVES A MAIDEN
WHO'S A GOOD PIECE OF
LOWER AWAY THE MAIN TOP GALLANTSAIL,
THE GOOD SHIP RIDES HEAVILY
EVERY MAIDEN LOVES A YOUNG MAN
WHO FOLLOW THE SEA.

EVERY GOOD SHIP HAS AN ANCHOR,
AN ANCHOR HAS A STOCK
EVERY MAIDEN LOVES A SAILOR
WITH A GREAT BIG ROUND
LOWER AWAY THE MAIN TOP GALLANTSAIL,
THE GOOD SHIP RIDES HEAVILY
EVERY MAIDEN LOVES A YOUNG MAN
WHO FOLLOW THE SEA.

PAGE 39
EVERY GOOD SHIP HAS A LONG BOAT,
AND THE LONG BOAT HAS ROW LOCKS.
EVERY MAIDEN LOVES A SAILOR
WITH A BIG PAIR OF LOWER AWAY THE MAIN TOP GALLANTSAIL.
THE GOOD SHIP RIDES HEAVILY.
EVERY MAIDEN LOVES A YOUNG MAN
WHO Follows THE SEA.

EVERY GOOD SHIP HAS MAINSAIL
ALL COVERED WITH BUNTS.
EVERY SAILOR LOVES A GOOD PORT
THAT'S ALL, FULL OF LOWER AWAY THE MAIN TOP GALLANTSAIL.
THE GOOD SHIP RIDES HEAVILY.
EVERY MAIDEN LOVES A YOUNG MAN
WHO Follows THE SEA.

SONG NO. 32

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN, I KNOW,
WHO CAME UP TO LONDON A SHORT WHILE AGO.
NOW THIS 'ERE OLD WOMAN WAS WILLING TO STAY
BUT THE NEIGHBORS WERE ALL GLAD
WHEN SHE WENT AWAY.
DOWN DOWN - SWEET COUNTY DOWN.

NOW THIS 'ERE OLD WOMAN GOT UP IN THE NIGHT
SHE SAYS FOR STRIKE ME PINK,
BUT I MUST HAVE A SHIT.
THERE'S NO USE OF TALKING
THESE THINGS THEY MUST PASS
SO UP GOES THE WINDOW
AND OUT GOES HER ASS.
DOWN, DOWN, SWEET COUNTY DOWN.

NOW A POOR OLD WATCHMAN, A SILLY OLD GUY
LOOKS UP AND HE GETS A FAT TURD IN HIS EYE
HE PUTS UP HIS HAND TO SEE WHERE HE'S HIT
AND SAYS 'GQ, BLIME, I'M BLINDED WITH SHIT.'
DOWN, DOWN, SWEET COUNTY DOWN.

NOW THIS POOR OLD WATCHMAN
IS BLINDED FOR LIFE
HE HAD FIFTEEN YOUNG KIDS
-AND A GREAT BIG FAT WIFE
ON A LONDON STREET CORNER
YOU'LL NOW SEE HIM SIT
WITH A SIGN 'ROUND HIS NECK
SAYING BLINDED WITH SHIT,
DOWN, DOWN, SWEET COUNTY DOWN,

SONG NO. 33

I'M AN OLD RHODE ISLAND ROOSTER
AND I LIVE DOWN ON THE FARM
I HAVE SO MANY CHICKENS
AND I KEEP THEM ALL FROM HARM
WHEN I WAKE UP IN THE MORNING
WITH MY COCK-A-DOODLE-DO
'YOU KNOW THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS
WE ROOSTERS HAVE TO DO.

CHORUS

CRACKING ICE, CRACKING ICE,
WE WERE ONLY CRACKING ICE
FOR GRANDPA'S PILES.
CRACKING ICE, CRACKING ICE
WE WERE ONLY CRACKING ICE
FOR GRANDPA'S PILES

SONG NO. 34

MONDAY I AM HAPPY
TUESDAY FULL OF JOY
WEDNESDAY THERE'S A PEACE WITHIN
THE DEVIL CAN'T DESTROY
THURSDAY AND FRIDAY
I'M WALKING IN THE LIGHT
SATURDAY IS A HEAVENLY DAY
AND SO IS SUNDAY NIGHT.

THROW A NICKEL ON THE DRUM
THROW A NICKEL ON THE DRUM
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.
THROW A NICKEL ON THE DRUM
AND YOU'LL ALL BE SAVED.
SONG NO. 35

DOLLY GRAY

THE POLICEMAN HE CAME IN THE MORNING
AND HE STAYED ALL DAY.
THE POSTMAN HE CAME IN THE EVENING
AND HE NEVER WENT AWAY.
NOW MISS MURPHY HAS A BABY.
AND THE NEIGHBORS SAY,
"I WONDER WHO'S THE BABY'S FATHER—
THE BLUE OR THE GRAY."

SONG NO. 36

SIMMONS BED

I WANT TO WAKE UP IN THE NIGHT,
IN THE ARMS OF THE ONE I LOVE.
I WANT TO LIE THERE SLEEPING,
WITH THE PALE MOON CREEPING
IN THE STARRY SKIES ABOVE,
I WANT TO LIE THERE FOREVER,
WITH HER HOT LIPS PRESSSED TO MINE;
OH, THE NAUGHTY THINGS SHE TAUGHT ME,
IN THAT SIMMONS BED OF MINE.
SONG NO. 37
(TUNE--HI, HI, JERUSALEM).

IN ANCIENT DAYS THERE LIVED A MAID
WHO DAY BY DAY DID PLY HER TRADE
AND IN A YEAR HER FORTUNE MADE
AS A HARLOT IN JERUSALEM.

CHORUS

HI, HI, JERUSALEM, METHUSALEM, JERUSALEM
HI, HI, JERUSALEM
THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM.

REBECCA WAS A FLOOZY GOOT
A PROSTITUTE OF ILL REPUTE
BUT SHE COLLECTED LOTS OF LOOT
BUMMING AROUND JERUSALEM.

(CHORUS)

AS I WAS WALKING DOWN THE STREET
WHO SHOULD I MEET BUT OLD ST. PETE
LOOKING FOR A PIECE OF MEAT
FROM THE HARLOTS OF JERUSALEM,

(CHORUS)

REBECCA WAS A WARY TART
WHEN HE WAS PROBING IN HER PART
SHE SLYLY LET A GREAT BIG FART
AND BLEW HIM FROM HER LIKE A DART.
(CHORUS)

NEXT DOOR THERE LIVED A DAMNED OLD FOOL
WHO WITH HIS TOOL COULD RAISE A STOOL
AND EVERY MORNING, AS A RULE,
WITH IT HE SHOT A GAME OF ROOL.

(CHORUS)

THE SON OF A GUN HE SCATTERED HIS "MON"
HE WENT OFF LIKE A GATTLING GUN
AND LAID THE KEEL FOR MANY A SON
BEFORE HE LEFT JERUSALEM.

(CHORUS)

SONG NO. 38

RING DANG DOO

OH RING DANG DOO, NOW WHAT IS THAT
SO SOFT AND ROUND LIKE A PUSSY CAT
SPLIT UP THE MIDDLE WITH A HAIR OR TWO
SHE SAID THAT IS MY RING DANG DOO.

SHE SAID I WAS A DAMN NICE FELLAR
SHE ASKED ME DOWN INTO HER CELLAR
SHE FED ME WINE AND WHISKEY TOO
AND LET ME PLAY WITH HER RING DANG DOO.

PAGE 36
YOU GOD DAMNED FOOL HER MOTHER SAID
YOU'VE GONE AND BROKEN YOUR MAIDEN HEAD
SO PACK YOUR GRIP AND SUITCASE TOO
AND GO TO HELL WITH YOUR RING DANG DOO.

SHE WENT DOWN TOWN AND BECAME A WHORE
SHE HUNG THIS SIGN ABOVE HER DOOR
ONE DOLLAR DOWN AND MAYBE TWO
TO LET YOU PLAY WITH MY RING DANG DOO.

AND NOW SHE'S GOT THE CLAP
AND THE SYPHILLIS TOO
BECAUSE SHE LET ME PLAY
WITH HER RING DANG DOO,

SONG NO. 39
COMMODORE'S SONG

IF I HAD THE BALLS OF...
AND THE PRICK OF A REAR COMMODORE
I'D CLIMB TO THE TOP OF THE FLAG POLE
AND PEE ON THE PEOPLE ON THE FLOOR.

SONG NO. 40
SISTER SUSIE

OH ROLL JORDAN ROLL, ROLL JORDAN ROLL
SISTER SUE YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE CALLED ON
FOR SOME O' THAT STUFF YOU'RE SITTIN' ON
FOR EVERYBODY HERE'S GOT A HARD ON
OH ROLL JORDAN ROLL.
SONG NO. 41
OLD GRAY BONNET

Put on your old gray bustle,
And go out and hustle.
For tomorrow the rent man is due
While the bees are making honey,
Let your ass make some money
If you can't get a five take a two.

Put on your old rubber bonnet,
And be sure it is on it.
For I won't do it any other way.
I'm an old maiden lady
And I don't want a baby
On my golden wedding day.

Put on your old split panties,
The ones that were Auntie's
And we'll go for a tussle in the hay
In the fields of clover,
We will put one over
In the good old fashioned way.

Put on the old blue ointment,
To the crabs disappointment
Make a fresh application every day
Jesus Christ how it itches
But it kills the sons-a-bitches
In the good old fashioned way.
SONG NO. 42

DRINKING-SONG

FAR ABOVE THE YARD ARM,
THE SUN SHINES IN THE SKY.
SO LET'S HAVE ANOTHER LITTLE COCKTAIL
AND LET'S HAVE ANOTHER ÇUT O'RYE
IF ANY OLD GINK SHOULD OFFER US A DRINK.
OH, OH, LET IT BE SOON.

SONG NO. 43

TUNE--IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE)

OH, THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO WHISKEY
THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO GIN
THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO HIGHBALLS
TO DROWN YOUR SORROWS IN
THERE AIN'T BE NO CIGARETTES
TO MAKE YOU PALE AND THIN
THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO WOMEN
TO MAKE YOU SIN, SIN, SIN.
SONG NO. 44

NELLIE

(TUNE--WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS)

THERE'S A LITTLE SPOT ON NELLIE
AND IT'S JUST BELOW HER BELLY
WHERE THE HAIR GROWS SOFT AND CURLY
AND IS OFTEN FILLED WITH DEW
IT'S THE HOME OF MY SHILLALY
AND I SOCK IT TO HER DAILY
IT'S THE ONLY SPOT ON NELLIE
WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS.

SONG NO. 45

(TUNE--MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN)

MY FATHER MAKES COUNTERFEIT MONEY,
MY MOTHER MAKES SYNTHETIC GIN.
MY SISTER MAKES LOVE FOR A DOLLAR,
MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN.
MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN.

MY BROTHER'S A YOUNG MISSIONARY,
WHO SAVES YOUNG PEOPLE FROM SIN.
HE'LL SAVE YOU A BLOND FOR TEN DOLLARS,
MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN.
MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN.

PAGE 40
SONG NO. 46

WHEN YOUR BALLS HANG LOW

WHEN YOUR BALLS HANG LOW,
   CAN YOU SWING THEM TO AND FRO,
CAN YOU TIE THEM IN A KNOT,
   CAN YOU TIE THEM IN A BOW,
CAN YOU TOSS THEM OE'R YOUR SHOULDER
LIKE A DIRTY BRITISH SOLDIER,
CAN YOU DO THE DOUBLE SHUFFLE,
   WHEN YOUR BALLS HANG LOW.

TIDDLE DI WINK, YOUNG MAN,
   GET A WOMAN IF YOU CAN,
IF YOU CAN'T GET A WOMAN,
   GET A CLEAN YOUNG MAN,
IF THE PRICK OF OLD GIBRALTAR
TOOK A FLYING SCREW OF MALTA,
COULD YOU GET YOUR PRICK AND BOLLICKS
   IN AN OLD TIN CAN.

SONG NO. 47

VASSAR, B. A.
(TUNE--LITTLE GRAY HOME IN THE WEST)

A PRETTY YOUNG VASSAR, B. A.
Puzzled her head all one day.
What the quotient would be
If C-U-N-T were divided by C-O-C-K,
A young Harvard student passed by,
she asked him her trouble to try,
with the utmost precision,
he made the division,
and the quotient was B-A-B-Y

**Song No. 48**

There was a young lady named Lou,
who said as the parson withdrew—
"Now the vicker is quicker,
and thicker, and slicker,
and two inches longer than you."

**Chorus**

That was a cute little rhyme
Sing us another one, do—oo—

There was a young man from Nantucket,
whose cock was so long he could suck it
and he said with a grin,
as he wiped off his chin—
"If my ear was a cunt I could fuck it."

**Chorus**
THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM SAMOA
WHO HAD JUST ONE INCH, AND NO MORE
IT WAS ALL RIGHT FOR KEYHOLES,
AND LITTLE GIRL'S PEE-HOLES
BUT NOT WORTH A DAMN TO A WHORE.

CHORUS

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN NAMED PERKIN
WHO WAS FURTIVELY JERKIN HIS GERKIN
HIS WIFE'S FACE GREW RED AS TO HIM SHE SAID
PERKIN YOU'RE SHIRKIN YOUR PERKIN

CHORUS

HERE'S TO OLD KING MONTAZUMA
FOR FUN HE BUGGERED A PUMA
THE PUMA ONE DAY
BIT BOTH BALLS AWAY
AN EXAMPLE OF ANIMAL HUMOR.

CHORUS

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN FROM PERU
WHO FOR WANT OF SOMETHING TO DO
WENT UP IN THE GARRET
AND BUGGERED THE PARROT
AND SENT THE RESULTS TO THE ZOO,

CHORUS
THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM KENT
WHOSE TOOL WAS SO LONG THAT IT BENT
SO TO SAVE HIMSELF TROUBLE
HE PUT IT IN DOUBLE
AND INSTEAD OF COMING, HE WENT.

CHORUS

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM WHEELING
WHO HAD A PECULIAR FEELING
SHE LAY ON HER BACK AND OPENED HER CRACK
AND PIDDLED ALL OVER THE CEILING.

CHORUS

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM BOMBAY
WHO TOOK HIS GIRL FOR A RIDE IN A SLEIGH
THE AIR WAS SO FRIGID
HIS BALLS THEY GREW RIGID
AND ALL HE COULD BRING FORTH
WAS SOME WHEY.

CHORUS

THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL FROM AUSTRALIA
WHO PAINTED HER ASS LIKE A DAHLIA
THE COLOR WAS THERE, THE PETALS QUITE FAIR
BUT THE ODOR — MY GOD WHAT A FAILURE.

CHORUS
LITTLE MARIE FROM GAY PAREE
PARLEZ-VOUS
LITTLE MARIE FROM GAY PAREE
PARLEZ-VOUS
LITTLE MARIE FROM GAY PAREE,
SHE HAD A DOSE AND GAVE IT TO ME
RINKY DINKY PARLEZ-VOUS

THE GENERAL GOT THE CROIX DE GUERRE
THE BASTARD WASN'T EVEN THERE
RINKY DINKY PARLEZ-VOUS.

UP THE STAIRS AND INTO BED
POPI WENT HER MAIDENHEAD
RINKY DINKY PARLEZ-VOUS.

THE FIRST LIEUTENANTS THEY CARRY THE RUM
WE HOPE TO HELL THEY GIVE US SOME
RINKY DINKY PARLEZ-VOUS.

THE SECOND LIEUTENANTS
THEY CARRY THE PACKS
WE HOPE TO HELL THEY BREAK THEIR BACKS
RINKY DINKY PARLEZ-VOUS.
SONG NO. 50

CHRISTOPHER COLOMBO

IN 1492 DISEASES WERE NOT MANY
THE ONLY DOCTOR IN THE LAND
WAS A GOD DAMN JEW NAMED BENNY
COLUMBUS, WENT TO HIM, ONE DAY
HIS FACE WAS CALM AND PLACID
BUT THE GOD DAMN FOOL FILLED UP HIS TOOL
WITH MURIATIC ACID.

CHORUS

FOR THEY SAY HIS BALLS WERE ROUND-O,
AND THEY HUNG DOWN TO THE GROUND-O;
THAT MASTURBATING, FORNICATING,
SON-OF-A-BITCH, COLOMBO...

'TWAS ON A SUNNY DAY, IN MAY,
THEY FINALLY GOT STARTED;
THE QUEEN WEPT BITTER TEARS---
COLOMBO HE JUST FARTED.

CHORUS

'COLOMBO HAD A MATE,
HE LOVED HIM LIKE A BROTHER,
AND EVERY DAY AT HALF PAST EIGHT,
THEY WENT DOWN ON EACH OTHER.

CHORUS
COLOMBO WAS A MAN,
FOR WHOM ALL WOMEN HANKER;
FOR ON HIS ASS HE HAD A BOIL,
AND ON HIS COCK A SHANKER,

CHORUS

FOR FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS
THEY SAILED THE BROAD ATLANTIC;
THE CREW THEY DEMANDED CUNT,
WHICH DROVE COLOMBO FRANTIC,

CHORUS

HE CHASED THE SAILORS ROUND AND ROUND,
AND FINALLY UP THE MAST-POLE;
AND ONE BY ONE HE DRAGGED THEM DOWN---
AND BUGGERED 'EM IN THE ASS HOLE.

CHORUS