THE YELLOW STREAM

BY

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Price Five Dollars
I'll tell you a little story
Just a story that I've heard
And you'll swear it's all a fable
But it's Gospel every word

When the Lord made father Adam
They say he laughed and sang
And sewed him up the belly
With a little piece of whang

But when the lord was finished
He found he'd measured wrong
For when the whang was knotted
It was several inches long

Said He "'Tis but eight inches
So I guess I'll let it hang."
So he let it on Adams belly
That little piece of whang

When the Lord made Mother Eve
I imagine he did snort
When he found the whang He sewed her with
Was many inches short.

"Twill leave an awful gap", said he.
"But I should give a dang.
She can fight it out with Adam,
For that little piece of whang".

So ever since that day
When human life began
There's been a constant struggle
Twixt the woman and the man

Women swear "They'll have that piece
That from our bellies hang
To fill the awful crack left when
The Lord ran out of whang."

So let us not be jelous boys
With that which women lack
But lend that little piece of whang
When eer you get a crack
PETE'S SKUNK HUNT

Im hunt de bear Im hunt the moose
Sometime Im hunt de rat
Las week Im take ma ax an go
To hunt de skunk pole cat

Ma fren Bill say hees ver good fur
Same time good for to eat
So I tell ma wife I get fur coat
Same time some ver good meat

I walk two tree four mile
I feel one awful smell
I tink dat skunk hees gone an die
An fur coats gone to hell

Bime by I see de skunk
Close up by one big tree
I sneek up ver close behind
I tink he no see me

Bime by I get up ver close
I raise ma ax up high
Dat goddam skunk he up an plunk
Trow something in ma eye

Bime by I drop da ax
An light out for de shuck
I tink about a million skunk
Hees climb upon ma back

Ma wife shees meet me at de door
She sick on me de dog
Shees say you no sleep here tonite
Go out an sleep with hog

I try to get in de hog pen
Jees Crise now what you tink
Dat goddam hog no stand for dat
On account of awful stink

So Im hunt de skunk no more
To get his fur an meat
For if hees piss he smell so bad
Jees Crise what if he sheet?
I'm thinking of the rainy right
The rest had hurried home
And we in Deacon Foster's pew
Were sitting all alone
You were a seeker then dear Will
But not of things above
THE LENGTH THE DEPTH THE BREADTH
THE HEIGHTH
Of everlasting love

Oh! what sweet words of love you spoke
And kissed away each tear
And how I trembled at the thought
Lest someone should appear
But when you turned the lights all out
To guard against surprise
I BADE FAREWELL TO EVERY FEAR
AND WIPED MY WEEPING EYES

I thought could I these doubts remove
These gloomy doubts that rise
And SEE THE CANAAN THAT WE LOVE
WITH UNBECLOUDED EYES!
And as you climbed the pulpit stairs
And viewed the landscape o'er
NOT JORDAN'S STREAM NOR DEATH'S COLD FLOOD
COULD FRIGHT US FROM THE FLOOR

And when you fixed the cushions up
And I reclined at ease
The pulpit pillow 'neath my head
And you on bended knees
With your warm kisses on my lips
How could I stay your hand
THE VEIL WAS LIFTED AND BY FAITH
YOU VIEWED THE PROMISED LAND

And Oh when rapturous feeling
Thrilled every nerve and when
I cried "OH LORD MY HEART IS TOUCHED"
You shouted out "AMEN"
My very soul was all ablaze
I thought that I could see
THE LAND OF REST FULL OF DELIGHT
THE HEAV'N PREPARED FOR ME (Over)
A REHERSAL

I thought A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE
With mingled fear and shame
How anxiously I watched dear Will
'Till I came 'round again.
In my distress I strove
To check the welling tears
THE PRECIOUS BLOOD POURED FREELY FORTH
AND CONCURRED ALL MY FEARS.

But that was many years ago
And I've no doubt that you
Remember still the rainy night
In Deacon Foster's pew?
But oh, my first experience
Will ne'er forgotten be
While down the stream of life we glide
To our Eternity.

==I'M GETTING OLDER==

I see my finish sure anb surer
Every year.
For I'm getting poor anb poorer
Every year.
My wits are getting thicker
My jokes don't get a snicker
With less capacity for liquor
Every year.

The women, theyey are sweeter
Every year.
There is more demand for Peter
Every year.
But mine, it gets no bigger
And I'm slower on the trigger
And cut less anb less a figure
Every year.
It was down in the Lehigh Valley
In the spring of sixty-three
We were pannin' sand in the Rio Grande
My cross-eyed pardner, Bill and me.

When Bill got stuck on a gal named Nell
Well, she warn't so goldanged bad
But he brought her to the house to live
He knewed I was a horney lad.

While cross-eyed Bill was pannin'
   In the creek as it trickled by
Nell 'n I'd be tearin' off a piece
   Lip to lip, ass to ass, thigh to thigh.

Finally Spring rolled 'round in the ol' Lehigh
   And Nell dropped twins you see.
One was a cross-eyed son-of-a-bitch
   The other looked just like me....

==MISS MALONE==

I met Miss Malone in the graveyard
   I laid Miss Malone on a stone
And when I socked each stroke to her
   You could hear all the dead people moan.

I met Miss Malone in the barnyard
   And she was all covered with mud.
When I asked her what had happened
   She said she'd been climbed by a stud.

==KING DAVID==

David with a sigle stone
   The great Goliath slew.
But when he fucked Uriah's wife
   He found he needed two.

==HIS ONLY LIMITATION==

My cock has been in many cuntz
But in never more than one at once.
==PARODY ON THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET==

How dear to my heart is the old fashioned Harlot
When fond recollections present her to view.
The madam the whore house the beer by the car lot
And e'en the delight of the old fashioned screw

You may talk as you like of these new innovations
Imported from France of which I've heard tell
But give me the natural carnal sensations
Of the old fashioned harlot whose surname
was Belle

Now dear to my heart was the old fashioned harlot
As she lay legs outstretched on her sumptuous bed
While I, an impetuous horney young varlet
Drove my dick to the hub in her spoiled maidenhead

With her musk and her smile and her very bad
grammer

She had cast over me quite a Paphian spell
And I dearly delighted to fondle and cram her
The old fashioned harlot whose surname was Belle

How dear to my heart was the old fashioned harlot
Whose regular price was five dollars a leap
I was really fond of those women in scarlet
With whom I was wont on occasion to sleep

You may sing as you like of the old oaken bucket
That hung or that swung in moss girdled well
But give me the strumpet with leisure to fuck it
Like the old fashioned harlot whose surname
was Belle
There was an old man
   Sitting on a rock
Watching little doys
   Playing with their....
Agates and marbles
   In springtime of yore
while in the bushes
   They watched a fat....
Brunette young lady
   Sitting in the grass
When she rolled over
   You could see her shapely....
Shoes and stockings
   That fit her like a duck
She said that she was learning
   A new way to....
Bring up her children
   And teach them to knit
As over in the bushes
   They were taking a....
Little companion
   Down to the docks
And said that they'd show him
   The length of their....
By now you see
   The lines don't fit
And probably think
   It's a lot of.....By God it is.

==A DOG FOR SALE==

A nice brown dog as sound as a ring
Will be eight years old if he lives
   'till spring
He'll piss on your carpet—shit on your grass
Has three white feet and a hole in his ass
His head bulges out and his ass caves in
But he's a damn fine dog for the shape he's in
==LYDIA PINKHAM==

You've heard of Lydia Pinkham
And her compound so refined
It turns pricks to flowing fountains
And makes cunts grow on behind

Widow Brown she had no kids
Though she loved them dearly
So she swallowed this compound
And now she has them yearly

Bill Smith had peritonitis
He couldn't piss at all
He took he gargled some compound
Now he's a human waterfall

Mrs. Jones had rotten kidneys
Poor old lady couldn't pee
She took she gargled some compound
Now they pipe her to the sea

Geraldine had no breastworks
She couldn't fill her blouse
She took she gargled some compound
Now they milk her with the cows

Frankie was a bearded lady
But his pecker wouldn't peck
He took he swallowed some compound
Now 'tis like a giraffe's neck

==JIM TAYLOR==

My name is Jim Taylor
My cock is a whaler!
My bullocks weigh ninety-four pounds

And when I fuck Anna
I fuck her goddam her
I drive her ass into the ground
==THE JOLLY TINKER==

There was a jolly tinker  
And he came from Dungaree  
With a yard and a a half of fungas  
Hanging down below his knee.

The landlady’s daughter  
Coming from the ball  
Saw the jolly tinker  
Lashing piss against the wall.

"Oh tinker, oh tinker  
I'm in love with you."

"Oh tinker, oh tinker  
Will half a dollar do?"

He screwed her in the parlor.  
He fucked her in the hall.  
And the servant said, "By Jesus,  
He'll be crawling on us all."

"Oh daughter, oh daughter,  
You were a silly fool  
To get busy with a man  
Who has a penis like a mule."

"Oh mother, oh mother  
I thought that I was able  
But he split me up the front  
From my cunt upto my navel."

==A FOOLS PRAYER==

A fool there was and he made his prayer  
To a rag, abone, and a hank of hair  
He placed his bone in the hank of hair  
But the fool was fooled, for the rag  
was there.
==WHAT MY WIFE WANTS TONIGHT==

I wonder what my wife will want tonight
Wonder if she will start
to fuss and fight
I wonder if she can tell
that I've been raising Hell
I wonder if she'll know
that I am tight?
My wife is just as nice
as nice can be
I hope she doesn't feel
too nice toward me
For an afternoon of joy
is Hell on the old boy
I WONDER WHAT MY WIFE
WILL WANT TONIGHT??

==A PASTORAL==

The shepherder lay in the tall tall grass
And his favorite dog lay close to his ass
Through a hole in his worn blue overalls
A toothless ewe was licking his balls
A magpie sat on a fence close by
And gazed on the scene with watchful eye
His gun went off and the old ewe quit
The hound dog yelped—and the magpie shit

==POOR WHITE TRASH==

The rich man uses vaseline
The poor man uses lard
The nigger uses axle grease
But he gets it twice as hard

==HIZZEN AND HERN==

Drifting down the stream of Izen
They were seated in the stern
She had placed her hand on hizzen
And he had his hand on hern
==THE DARING FLY==

The little fly flew by the door
Then flew into the grocery store
He shit on the cheese then shit on the ham
Then wiped his feet on the grocery man

When the grocery man saw what he had done
He went and loaded his gatling gun
He chased the fly all over the place
And tried to shoot him square in the face

But the little fly was awfully slick
And showed the grocery man a trick
He flew all around the store and then
Went over and shit on the ham again

And when he'd finished his dirty work
He went over and lit on the lady clerk
And climbed up her leg way past her knee
And tickled her till she laughed with glee

He fluttered so fast that he made her sigh
And softly she murmured "Oh my, Oh my"
Then she closed her legs and held her breath
The poor little fly was smothered to death

== A TOAST ==

A social glass
And a social lass
Go very well together
But a social lass
With a social ass
I think a damned sight better
Here's to the glass
And the lass and the ass
May we meet in all kinds of weather
We'll drink from the glass
Frig the lass in the ass
And make us both feel better

==THE CIVIL WHORE==

The postman came on the first of May
The policeman came the very next day
Nine months later there was hell to pay
Who fired the shot--The Blue or the Gray!?
'Twas a sunny morn in June
The Bee had put his pipes atune
And buzzed his way across the field
While the birds their love song spied
He buzzed and ate full many an hour
Then crawled into a dainty flower
And curled himself up for a nap
The same as any drowsy chap

A Cow came browsing through the moor
And toward the dainty flowerlet bore
Not knowing that the Bee was there
She put it on her bill of fare
So rudely 'wakened from his doze
His Beeship's fiery temper rose
"Old Cow" he said "I'll sting you deep
When I have finished with my sleep"

So cuddled in his darksome den
Quite soon he went to sleep again
He slumbered on 'til early dawn
But when he awoke THE COW WAS GONE....

==GOOSEY BILL==

We buried our friend Bill today
A companion of pipe and bowl
We've been on many a drunk together
Damn his good old soul
I always had Bill bested
When it came to drinking booze
But the man who could beat Bill fucking
Never walked in a pair of shoes
He always had a bone on
And ready to spill his lump
Said he'd give his place in heaven
For a first class piece of cunt
It wasn't booze that killed old Bill
Nor cunt that took him away
A fly crawled up his asshole
And tickled poor Bill to death...
Don't look at me that way stranger
I didn't shit in your seat
I've just come down from the mountains
And my balls are covered with gleet

I've been up in the Lehigh Valley
Me and my old pal Lou
A pimping for a whorehouse
And a godammed fine one too

It was there that I fucked my Nellie
She was the village belle
I was but a low down pander
But I loved that gal like hell

Along came a city slicker
All handsome and gay and rich
And he stole away my Nellie
The stinkin' son-of-a-bitch

I'm just restin' my ass a moment
And then I'm on my way
But I'll get that runt that swiped my cunt
If it takes till judgment day

==CHANSON ANTIQUE==

Gather your rosebuds while you may
Old "TIME" is still a-flying
And the Penis that is stiff today
Tomorrow will be dying

==MARY'S LITTLE WATCH==

Mary had a little watch
She swallowed it one day
And now she's taking cascarets
To pass the time away

But as the time went on and on
The watch refused to pass
So if you want to know the time
Just look up Mary's ass
The pioneers have hairy ears
   And piss through leather breeches
They wipe their ass on broken glass
   Those hardy sons-a-bitches

When cunt is rare they fuck a bear
   And knife him if he snitches
They knock their cocks against the rocks
   Those hardy sons-a-bitches

They take their ass upon the grass
   From fairies or from witches
Their two pound dinks are full of kinks
   Those hardy sons-a-bitches

Without remorse they fuck a horse
   And beat him if he twitches
Their mighty dicks are full of nicks
   Those hardy sons-a-bitches

To make a mule stand for the tool
   He's beat with hickory switches
They use their pricks for walking sticks
   Those hardy sons-a-bitches

Great joy they reap from buggering sheep
   In sundry bogs and ditches
Nor give a damn if it be a ram
   Those hardy sons-a-bitches

When booze is rare they do not care
   They take a shot at Fitches
They fuck their wives with butcher knives
   Those hardy sons-a-bitches

==INVITATION==

There are so many feather beds
So many little maidenheads
There's practically no use
For sodomy or self-abuse
Oh Ring dang doo, pray what is that
So soft so warm like a pussy cat
So warm and round and split in two
She said "It was her Ring Dang Doo."

She took me down in her cellar
Said "I was a damn fine feller
She fed me wine and whiskey too
And let me play with her Ring Dang Doo"

You God Damn Fool" her mother said
"You've gone and broken your maiden-head."
"So pack your trunk and suit case too
And go to Hell with your Ring Dang Doo."

She went down town, became a whore
Hung up a sign outside her door
One dollar down or less will do
To take a crack at my Ring Dang Doo.

They came by twos, they came by fours
Until at last they came by scores
But she was glad when they were through
For they had ruined her Ring Dang Doo.

And now she lies beneath the sod
Her soul, they say went not to God
And down in hell when Satan's blue
He takes a whirl at her Ring Dang Doo.

==HIS GREATEST FEAR==

Some die from drinking whiskey
Some die from drinking beer
Some die from diabetis
And others from diarrheal
But of all the damn diseases
I really dread or fear
I'ts the drip drip and the drop drop
Of the damned old gonorrhea.
Just what is meant by this word Hell?
They sometimes say "It's cold as Hell"
Sometimes they say "It's hot as Hell"
When it rains hard "It's Hell" they cry
It's also "Hell" when it is dry
They "Hate like Hell" to see it snow
A "Hell of a wind" when it starts to blow
Now "How in Hell can anyone tell"
"What in Hell" they mean by this word HELL?
This married life is "Hell" they say
When he comes in late "There's Hell to pay"
When he starts to yell "It's a Hell of a note"
It's "Hell" when you have a kid to tote
It's "Hell" when the doctor sends his bills
For: "A Hell of a lot" of trips and pills
"Figure like Hell" and you'll know real well
Just what is meant by this word "Hell"
"Hell yes", "Hell no" and "Oh Hell" too
"The Hell you don't" and "The Hell you do"
And "What in "Hell" and "The Hell it is"
"The Hell with yours", "The Hell with his"
Now "Who in Hell" and "Oh Hell where"
And "What in Hell do you think I care"?
But "The Hell of it is" "It's as sure as Hell"
We don't know "What in Hell" is "Hell"

==TWO LETTERS==

I'm sending you a token
Of a buggy whip that's broken
And of footprints
On the dashboard upside down
There are grease spots on the cushion
Giving evidence of pushin'
And our daughter Venus
Hasn't come aroun'

I'm the guy that done the pushin'
Put the grease spots on the cushion
On the dashboard upside down
Since I've had your daughter Venus
I have had a troubled penis
And I wish I'd never seen
Your gosh darned town
Lil was the best our camp produced
And of all the gents what Lillian "goosed"
Had no such "goosen'" nor never will
Since the Lord raked in poor Lady Lil

We once had a big bet in our town
Thar wern't no geezer that could brown
Lil to a finish, any style-
And no bloke ever made the trial

'Cept Short Pete the half-breed galoot
Who wandered in from Scruggins Creek
His taking it surprised us all
For Pete he warn't so big and tall

But when he yanked his tool out thar
And laid it out across the bar
We 'lowed how Lil had met her fate
But thar warn't no backing out that late

And so we 'ranged to have the mill
Behind the whore-house on the hill
Where all the boys could get a seat
And watch that half-breed brown his meat

Lil' start was like a gentle breeze
That swayed the noddin' cypress trees
But when het up she screwed for keeps
And laid her victims out in heaps

She tried her twists an double biffs
And all such maneuvers known to quiffs
But Pete was there with every tack
And kept a lettin out more Jack

It made us cocksmen fairly sick
To see that half-breed shove in prick
She gave Short Pete a lively mill
And wore the grass half off the hill

Till finally she missed her shot
And Short Pete had her on the pot
But she died game just let me tell
And had her boots on when she fell

SO WHAT THE HELL BILL--WHAT THE HELL
She lay stark naked between the sheets
So nice and fat and chubby
And I myself beside her lay
My hand upon her bubby.

I kissed her lips in crazy glee
And 'neath her chin did chuck her.
Our thighs did intermingle
And I began to fuck her.

"Pull out" she cried. "Pull out pull out
Or I'll get into trouble.
I did and on her snow white breast
That stream did squirt and bubble.

I looked into her frightened face
And with a smile of mirth
I said, "I guess that is the youngest child
That you have ever nursed."

She scooped it up with one fair hand
And with a glad "Ha Ha"
She threw the load into my face
And said, "Child, kiss your papa".

==IN MOBILE==

Oh the men they wash dishes in Mobile
Oh the men they wash dishes in Mobile
Oh the men they wash the dishes
And they dry them on their britches
Oh the dirty sons-a-bitches in Mobile.

The cows they are all dead in Mobile
The cows they are all dead in Mobile
The cows they are all dead
So they milk the bulls instead
'Cause babies must be fed in Mobile.

Oh they teach the babies tricks in Mobile
Oh they teach the babies tricks in Mobile
Oh they teach teach the babies tricks
By the time that they are six
They suck their father's pricks in Mobile.
==IN MOBILE==

Oh the Eagles they fly high in Mobile
Oh the Eagles they fly high in Mobile
Oh the Eagles they fly high
And from way up in the sky
They shit squarley in your eye, in Mobile.

==WHY DOGS LEAVE A NICE FAT BONE==

The dogs once held a meeting
They came from near and far
Some came in flashy autos
And some came in a car.

But before inside the hall
They were allowed to look
They had to take their assholes off
And hang them on a hook.

They all walked in, one by one
Mother son and sire.
But no sooner were they seated
Than someone hollered "Fire".

They all rushed out In a bunch
They had no time to look
So each one grabbed an asshole
And took it off the hook.

They got their assholes all mixed up
It made them awfully sore
To think they'd lost the asshole
They'd always worn before

And that's the reason why
When you go down the streets
A dog will stop and swap a smell
With every dog he meets.

And that's the reason why
A dog will leave a bone
To smell another's asshole
In hopes to find his own.
AUTO DRIVING RULES

If she has never been driven before
Cover her inlet valves with grease
Feel her shaft fore and aft, examine her bore
Her toggle joint finger with ease.

As she starts warming up just lift up the hood
Turn her over if she feels dead.
Then work the pistons slowly but good
'Till you heat up her cylinder head.

Always start off with a very slow speed
'Til you feel her vibrations begin.
And when her clutch takes hold very much
Open it up and drive it all in.

If she starts to shoot in her muffler
And her carburater floods, it's no good.
If you don't keep your transmission going
When she starts to boil over the hood.

Put on your brakes - then throw out your clutch
Wash radiator out with water.
Pull down the hood with the same dainty touch
Rinse the gun off with which you have shot her.

BUT
If you know that a stranger was running her
And she's soiled, let me say this mister
"Touch not that spot, regardless of purr,
Or you'll repent with a nice burning Blister.

WHAT A MAN=

I grabbed my gal
Threw her on the grass.
My toe hold slipped
And I rammed it up her ass.
I fucked her standin'
And Ifucked her lyin'
If she had wings
I'd have fucked her flyin'....
== A TOAST ==

Here's to the men!
When I meet 'em I like 'em
When I like 'em I kiss 'em
When I kiss 'em I love 'em
When I love 'em I let 'em
When I let 'em I lose 'em
      Goddam 'em

==MARY'S MAIDENHEAD==

Mary had a maidenhead
She cherished it most dearly
But since she took a boy to bed
It has acted up most queerly

=="HERE'S TO THE GIRL"==

Here's to the girl with pretty blue eyes
Who wears red hose and has big thighs
She has no cock but that's no sin
She has a nice little hole to put one in

==THE SPLIT==

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

==MOONLIGHT==

I love her in her evening gown
I love her in her nightie
    But when moonlight flits
    Between her tits
Jesus Christ Almighty!

The Cat Stood On The Burning Deck

==HOT PUSSY==
There was a young fellow named Charteris
Put his hand where his lady's garter is
  Said she "I don't mind
    But up higher you'll find
The place where my pisser and farter is."

There was a young lady of Barking Creek
Who used to have monthlies twice a week
  A fellow from Woking
    Said "How provoking
You don't get any poking so to speak"

There was a young fellow—a banker
Had bubo, itch, pox and chancre
  He got all the four
    From a dirty old whore
So he wrote her a letter to thank her

There was a young man from Vinsizes
Whose bullocks were different sizes
  His prick when at ease
    Hung down to his knees
Now what must it be when it rises?

There was an old lady from Groff
Who lived on green apples and snuff
  When she couldn't get these
    She lived on the cheese
She scraped from the end of her twat

There was an old man from Nantucket
Whose cock was 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"

There was a young man from Kent
Whose prick was so long that it bent
  To save himself trouble
    He put it in double
And instead of coming he went

There was a young woman in Dee
Who stayed with each man she did see
  When it came to a test
    She wished for the best
For practice makes perfect you see
There was an old maid in Duluth  
A striver and seeker of truth  
This pretty wench  
Was adept at French  
And said "All else was uncouth".

There was an old man from Bengal  
Who swore he had only one ball  
But two sons-of-bitches  
Took down his britches  
And found he had no balls at all.

There was a young man from Natal  
Who was fucking a Hottentot gal  
She said, "You're a slaggard  
He said, "you be buggered  
I want to fuck slow, and I shall."

There was an old lady from France  
Who hopped from a train in a trance  
The engineer fucked her  
So did the conductor  
And the brakeman went off in his pants.

There was a young man from Marseilles  
Who lived on clap juice and snails  
When tired of these  
He lived on the cheese  
From his prick he picked with his nails.

There was a young girl from Lancaster  
Who'd do anything anyone asked her  
But when she got spliced  
She got so high priced  
Only Christ and John Jacob Astor.

There was a young girl named LeMay  
Who was put in the family way  
By the mate of a lugger  
An ignorant bugger  
Who always spelled cunt with a K.

There was a young Frenchman from Brest  
Who sucked off young girls with a zest  
In spite of their howls  
He sucked out their bowels  
And spit all the shit on their breast.
There was a young lady from Lichin
Was scratching her cunt in the kitchen
Her mother said "Rose
"It's crabs I suppose"
"Yes and by Heck they are itchin"

There was a young girl from Anheuser
Who said that no man could surprise her
But Pabst took a chance
Found Schlitz in her pants
And now she is sadder Budweiser

There was a young man from Brighton
Who thot that he'd now found a tight 'un
He said "Oh my love
It fits like a glove"
Said she "You're not in the right 'un

There was an old bird of Dundee
Who went on a hell of a spree
He wound up the clock
With the end of his cock
And diddled his wife with the key

There once was a Scotchman named Dave
Who screwed a dead whore in a cave
When asked if ashamed
Said I can't be blamed
Just think of the money I save"

There was a young lady named Hester
Who said to the man who undressed her
"If you do not mind
Please enter behind
The front is beginning to fester"

There was a young man from Yale
Who was exceedingly pale
He spent his vacation
In self masturbation
Because of the high price of tail

There was a young plumber named Lee
Who was plumbing his girl by the sea
Said Lee while still plumbing
"I hear someone coming"
Said she "Don't worry--it's me"
I am the king of Siam,
For women I don't give a damn,
    You may think odd of me
    But I prefer sodomy.
What a hell of a bugger I am.

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

There was a young lady at sea,
Who said, "How it hurts me to pee,"
    "I see", said the mate
    "that accounts for the state
Of the captain, the purser and me."

There was an old maid of Twickenham,
Who took all the cocks without picken' 'em;
    She knelt on the sod
    And prayed to her God;
To lengthen and strengthen 'em.

There was a young man named Paul,
Whose cock was exceedingly small,
    He buggered a bug
    On the edge of a rug,
And the bug didn't feel it at all.

There was an old man from Decatur,
Who took out his red-hot pertater,
    He tried at her dent
    But the damned thing just bent,
So he got down on his knees and ate 'er.

There was an old maid of Wheeling,
who had a most terrible feeling,
    She layed on her back
    And opened her crack
And sprinkled the flys on the ceiling.

A skinny old maid named Dunn
Wed a short peckered son-of-a-gun,
    She said, "I don't care
    If there isn't much there
God knows that its better than none.
There was a young man from Lynn
Whose cock was the size of a pin
    Said his girl with a laugh
    As she felt of his staff
"This won't be much of a sin"

There once was a girl from Seelcia
Who said "If my twat don't please ya
    And if you don't mind
    You may try my behind
But be careful my tapeworm don't seize ya"

A coon who was out with his Liz
Said "Baby let's get down to biz
    Said she "That can't be
    Less youse stronger 'en me
But Honey I reckon you is"

Winter is here with his grouch
The time when you sneeze and you slouch
    You can't take your woman
    Canoeing or swimming
But a lot can be done on a couch

There was a young lady from Lynn
In bed with an old man named Wynn
    Though he tried his best
    And diddled with zest
She kept asking "My Love is it in?"

Ninety years old was Flynn
He went to a Hookshop to sin
    But try as he would
    It did him no good
For all he had left was the skin

There was an old fellow of Greenwich
Who lived upon cabbage and spinach
    He had such a tool
    It was wound on a spool
In-ich by in-ich by in-ich

There was an old man of Peru
Who found he had nothing to do
    So he went to the garret
    And stayed with the parrot
And sent the result to the zoo
A fool there was and he met a belle
   Even as you and I
And he took her to a swell hotel
   Even as you and I
And he thought himself a smart young gink
As he wrote "and wife" with pen and ink
And slyly gave the clerk a wink
   Even as you and I

They went up the hallway and into a room
   Even as you and I
Trying their best to look bride and groom
   Even as you and I
Now she was Frisco's most famous belle
And the fool was all set to give her Hell
But when you're past forty you never can tell
   Even as you and I

She took off her undies—showed her white breast
   Even as you and I
He stripped right down to the hair on his chest
   Even as you and I
They jumped into bed, his brain was afire
Anxious as Hell and mad with desire
And then he discovered he had a flat tire
   Even as you and I

The fool sat up and he made a prayer
   Even as you and I
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
   Even as you and I
And for once in his life he prayed on
   the square

But the gorgeous dame did not seem to care
For he became a face-man then and there
   Even as you, not I....

==KISSING==

A man may kiss his wife goodbye
The rose may kiss the butterfly
The wine may kiss the frosted glass
And you my friend may kiss my ass
In India in royal state
Dwelt an illustrious potentate
When he would pass the throngs would roar
"Behold the Khan of Kuspidor!"
With mighty chest and skin of yellow
He was a most imposing fellow
And when in his regalia dressed
Diamonds and rubies spanned his breast
To care for his domestic duties
He kept a thousand brunette beauties
Who swarmed around his royal knees
Living a life of royal ease
It kept his massive bullocks busy
Running the gamut from Maud to Lizzie
And when he took his royal pleasure
The juice would fill a gallon measure
The mass of hard-on that he carried
He'd plunge in every puss he married
Or to the horror of his harem
He'd wave it at them just to scare 'em
Tho strong and valorous in his might
The Khan would rather frig than fight
His dames acclaimed with one accord
"The prick is mightier than the sword"
Each night the Khan would hit his bed
He'd have a fresh trapped maidenhead
Which after fondling with his finger
He'd finish with his hairy stinger
No dusky damsel dodged his wiles
He could smell cunt a thousand miles
Sometimes the Khan would play the fool
And let the lady lip his tool
But "After all" he used to say
"I like the good old fashioned way"
But time went on the story said
Rebellion reared its horrid head
And all the people to a man
Went out one night and rushed the Khan
And now the people bow no more
Unto the Khan of Kuspidor
'Tis said he's way down deep in Hades
Running his red-hot tool in ladies
Did you ever hear of the gruesome fate
That befell the heroine Hookshop Kate?
Tho now she has passed to the great beyond
She once was the queen of the demi-monde
She was not so handsome as looks go
But talk about jazzing that girl could go
And the one pet brag of Hookshop Kate
Was that she had never met her mate

When the gold stampede caused a restless mush
Hookshop Kate got right in the rush
She cast all civilized tools adrift
For she heard that the cocks in the north froze stiff

And figured that guys with frozen pep
Would never have to watch their step
For conventional methods were out of date
In a frigging match with Hookshop Kate

She landed in Fairbanks on winter’s night
And issued her challenge to all in sight
And all the miners who tested her powers
Were frigged to a whisper inside an hour
And the records show that before spring came
That every man in town was lame
For no one could travel the rapid gait
That was set by amorous Hookshop Kate

With an air of contempt she sallied forth
And bade farewell to the frozen north
She headed straight for Hawaii’s Isles
Where men were decked in nature’s smiles
Hoping in vain that the naked truth
Would show her a man with pep and youth
But alas she was doomed to the same sad fate
For none was the equal of Hookshop Kate

The Hawaiians placed her on a throne
And crowned her queen of the Frigging Zone
Where she reigned supreme for two short years
One morning her subjects found her in tears
When they asked the cause she only sighed
And they knew she longed to be satisfied
'Twas then they resolved to find a mate
Who could crimp the back of Hookshop Kate
They inserted a luring sensuous "ad"
In the woman's monthly and it had
A very wondrous quick effect
In bringing news of things erect
A bookseller came upon the scene
And asked to be ushered to the queen
For he claimed he knew of a potentate
Who could outfrig great Hookshop Kate
'Twas a shepherder from a distant isle
Who had never been tempted by woman's wile
He spent his life with his wandering flock
Developing by hand his phenomenal cock
'Twas a daily task for him they said
To frig sixty sheep ere he went to bed
When this happy tale reached Hookshop Kate
She summoned this sheepish potentate

The bookseller found him flat on a rock
Breaking coconuts with his muscular cock
And he laughed up his sleeve and placed a bet
On the frigging that Hookshop Kate would get
He convinced the herder that frigging sheep
Was an action base profane and cheap
As a bookseller will he proved that fate
Had called him to satisfy Hookshop Kate

When they arrived on Hawaii's shore
The town was bedecked as never before
And the band was playing to welcome them in
And all was in readiness to begin
The herder and bookseller led the parade
Followed by virgins and Redlight Jade
And the whole procession marched in state
To the very door of Hookshop Kate

The fray was scheduled for ten o'clock
Meanwhile the herder tuned up his cock
By trying it out on a dozen dames
Who admitted that he was a bundle of flames
As the hour grew near the betting was great
The number of times would be marked on a slate
'Twas a frig to a finish without a wait
Much to the delight of Hookshop Kate
When the clock struck ten a breathless pause
The shepherd entered mid great applause
In front his pants stuck out two feet
In anticipation of one great treat
While in the chamber with curtains drawn
Was Hookshop Kate just egging him on
Outside the crowd decided to wait
And see what would happen to Hookshop Kate
And all that night the vigil was kept
And not a single eye had slept
And the moans and groans and grunts inside
Swayed the great throng like an ebbing tide
They all left their marks on their butts behind
And not one dry spot could you find
But all sat tight to learn the fate
Of Her Frigging Highness Hookshop Kate

Next morning the bookseller came with the key
To decide what the herder's fate should be
He found the slate as he felt in the dark
Passed it out to the crowd to examine the mark
They counted a hundred and sixty or more
Then the bookseller threw wide open the door
When the lights went on to their surprise
This is the sight that met their eyes

With a happy smile propped up in bed
The famous Hookshop Kate was dead
While under the bed the shepherder guy
Jerked off at the post without batting an eye
And he murmured at each violent jerk
And in the intervals between each squirt
"All your Hookshop cunt you can keep
If you'll hurry me back to my lovely sheep"

==THRILLS AND SHOCKS==

They say you may get thrills and shocks
In many different ways
But the difference between these thrills
And shocks
Is but twenty eight short days......
THE PERSIAN KITTY

A Persian Kitty perfumed and fair
Strayed through the kitchen door for air
When a tom cat lean and lithe and strong
And dirty and yellow came along

He sniffed at the perfumed Persian Cat
And he strutted about with much eclat
And thinking a bit of time to pass
He whispered "Kiddo you've got some class"

"That's fitting and proper" was her reply
As she arched the whisker over her eye
"I'm ribboned, I sleep on a pillow of silk
And daily they bathe me in certified milk"

"Yet we're never contented with what we've got
I try to be happy but happy I'm not
And I should be joyful, I should indeed
For I am highly pedigreed"

"Cheer up" said the tom cat with a smile
"And trust to your new found friend for a while
You need to escape from your back-yard fence
My Dear, all you need is experience"

New joys of life be then unfurled
As he told her tales of the outside world
Suggesting at last with a luring laugh
A trip for two down the primrose path

The morning after the night before
The Kitty came home at half past four
The innocent look in her eyes had went
But on her face was a smile of content

In after days when children came
To the Persian Kitty of pedigreed fame
They were not Persian but black and tan
She told him their pa WAS A TRAVELING MAN
==WOULD YOU==

If in all this world there were but two
And all the world were good and true
And if you were sure that no one knew
WOULD YOU?

If you had dreamed of pajmas blue
And a strange arm encircling you
And then awoke and found it true
WOULD YOU?

If all the world were good and bright
And I stayed with you all the night
Then if I had turned out every light
WOULD YOU....say "GOOD NIGHT"???

==THE MAN FROM CALCUTTA==
There was a young man from Calcutta
Who practised a curious trick.
He greased up his ass-hole with buttah
And there-in inserted his prick.
He adopted this measure so shady
Not for pleasure nor power nor self
But merely because a young lady
Had told him to go fuck himself...

==THE BULL==
Here's to the bull that roams the wood
He does the cows and heifers good
And if it weren't for his long long rod
We'd not have any beef, by God...
THE DIABETIC DOG

A farmer's dog came into town
His christian name was Runt
A noble pedigree had he
NOBLESSE OBLIGE his stunt

And as he trotted down the street
'Twas beautiful to see
His work at every corner
And his work at every tree

He watered every gateway too
And never missed a post
For piddling was his specialty
And piddling was his boast

The city curs looked on amazed
With a deep and jealous rage
To see such a simple dog
The piddler of the age

Then all the dogs from everywhere
Were summoned by a yell
To sniff the country stranger
And judge him by his smell

Some thought that he a king may be
Beneath his tail a rose
So every city dog drew nigh
And sniffed it up his nose

They smelled him over one by one
They smelled him two by two
And noble Runt in high disdain
Stood still 'till they were thru

Then just to show the whole shebang
He didn't give a damn
He trotted in a grocery store
And piddled on a ham

He piddled in a mackerel keg
He piddled on the floor
And when the grocer kicked him out
He piddled through the door
Behind him all the city dogs
Lined up with instincts true
To start a piddling carnival
And see the strange rthrough

They showed him ev'ry piddling post
They had in all the town
And started in with many a wink
To pee the stranger down

They sent for champion piddlers
Who were always on the go
Who sometimes did a piddling stunt
Or gave a piddling show

They sprung these on him suddenly
When mid-way in the town
Runt only smiled and polished off
The ablest white and brown

For Runt was with them every trick
With vigor and with vim
A thousand piddlers more or less
Were all the same to him

So he was wetting merrily
With hind legs kicking high
When most were hoisting legs in bluff
And piddling mighty dry

Then on and on Runt sought new grounds
By piles of scrap or rust
'Till ev'ry city dog went dry
And only piddled dust

But ever on went noble Runt
As wet as any rill
And all the city champion pups
Were peed to a stand-still
==THE DIABETIC DOG== (cont'd)

The Runt did free-hand piddling
   With fancy flirts and flings
Like "double-drip" and "gimlet-twist"
   And all those sorts of things

And all the time this country dog
   Did never wink or grin
But piddled blithely out of town
   As he came piddling in

The city dogs convention held
   To ask "What did defeat us?"
But no one ever put them wise
   That Runt had DIABETES

==THE SPANISH NOBILIO==

There once was a Spanish Nobilio
Who lived in an ancient castillio
He was proud of his tra la la lillio
   And the works of his tweedle dum dee

One day he went to the theatillio
   And there saw a lovely dancillio
Who excited his tra la la lillio
   And the works of his tweedle dum dee

Nine days later he saw his doctillio
He had a fine dose of clapillio
All over his tra la la lillio
   And the works of his tweedle dum dee

Now he sits in his ancient castillio
With his hands full of cotton wadillio
As he swabs off his tra la la lillio
   And it burns like old hell just to pee
==POOR OLD DICK==

At the close of our existence
When we've climbed life's golden stairs
And the chilly winds of autumn
Rudely toss our silvery hair
When we feel our manhood ebbing
And we're up to life's last ditch
And we find our faithful Peter
Sleeping soundly at the switch

Holy Mack'rel ain't it awful
Don't it make you awful sick
When the painful fact confronts you
That you got a lifeless dick?
Ain't it sad for us to know
When we take him on the street
That he ne'er again will wrestle
With the pussies that we meet?

That he ne'er again will bristle
On a wet and windy day
When some maiden shows her stocking
In that naughty funny way?
Oh my poor old loyal kingpin
How my heart goes out to you
For I cannot but remember
All the stunts you used to do

How I charmed the lovely maidens
And the dashing widows too
How you had the whole push wishing
For a little bit of you
Don't you think that I've forgotten
When each lovely girl you tried
I could never make you quit her
'Till she cried "I'm satisfied"

Think you then that I'll forget you
Just because you are so dead
And because when I command you
You refuse to raise your head?
No indeed my valiant comrad
Naught shall rob you of your fame
Henceforth you are just my pisser
And I'll love you just the same
I wish I was a diamond
    Upon my Lulu's hand
Then every time she'd wipe her ass
    I'd see the promised land

I wish I was a pee-pot
    Beneath my Lulu's bed
Then every time she took a piss
    I'd see her maidenhead

My Lulu had a baby
    She called it Sunny Jim
She dropped it in the pee-pot
    To see if it could swim

First it went to the bottom
    Then it came to the top
My Lulu got excited
    And grabbed it by its cock

I wish I was a candle
    Within my Lulu's room
Then every night at nine o'clock
    I'd penetrate her womb

My Lulu's tall and sprightly
    My Lulu's tall and thin
I caught her by a railroad track
    Jacking off with a coupling pin

My Lulu was arrested
    Ten dollars was her fine
So she said to the judge
    "Take it out of this ass of mine"

CHORUS

Bang away my Lulu
    Bang away good and strong
Oh what'll we do
For a damned good screw
    When our Lulu's dead and gone?