TO SOLACE THE BLIND
TO SOLACE THE BLIND

-- "The Lecher's Legacy" --

Being
A Lusty Anthology
Of Lewd Limericks and Otherwise

Imprinted as
Ye Signe of Ye Phlying Phallus

LASCIVIUS and SALACIUS
Printers to the Trade

- Napoli -

MDCDXLIV
TO SOLACE THE BLIND

On the breast of a harlot from Yale
Was tattooed the price of her tail,
While on her behind,
To solace the blind,
The same was repeated in Braille.

There was an old hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in a cave.
He said, "I admit
I'm a bit of a shit,
But think of the money I save."

There was a young man named Adair
Who was fucking his girl on the stair.
When the banister broke
He doubled his stroke
And polished her off in mid-air.

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

(Ditographata in Italia)
There was a young sailor named Peak
Who kept his passions in check
   By thinking of rumors
   Of penile tumors
And beating his meat below deck.

There was a young man named McBride
Who fell in a privy and died.
   The next day his brother
   Fell into another,
And now they're interred side by side.

There was a young couple named Kelly
Who went through life belly to belly
   Because in their haste
   They used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly.

A couple named Johnston begat
Triplets - Nat, Pat, and Tat.
   But the joy in the breeding
   Was lost in the feeding
When they found there was no teat for Tat.

There once was a bishop of Kings
Who was fond of Madeira and thing,
   But his greatest desire
   Was a lad in the choir
Whose ass was like jelly on springs.

There once was a monk of Siberia
Whose life grew progressively drearier
   Till he did to a nun
   What he shouldn't have done,
And now she's a Mother Superior.

There was a young man from St. Cloud
Who was fucking his girl in a crowd.
   When someone up front
   Said "Hm, I smell cunt,"
Just quiet like that, not out loud.

There was a young lady of fashion
Who had oodles and oodles of pashion;
   To her lover she said,
   As they piled into bed /ration.
"This is one thing thode bastards can't
A lusty old man from the Cape
Kept his mattress in excellent shape,
   With pubic hairs plucked
   From the women he'd fucked
In the course of a lifetime of rape.

There was a young man of Port Said
Whose penis was tattered and frayed,
   Which earned him the taunts
   Of his elderly aunts,
And complaints from the women he laid.

There was a young lady of Sidney
Who could take it way up to the kidney,
   Till a guy from Quebec
Got it up to her neck, /he?
He really hd something there - - didn't

There was a young man from Cape Horn
Who wished he had never been born;
   And he mightn't have been,
But the rubber was thin
At the end, and the edges were worn.

There was a young woman named Alice
Who pissed in the Episcopal chalice;
   'Twas the great urge to piss,
Declared the young miss,
And not sectarian malice.

A careless young woman named Alice
Used a dynamite stick for a phallus;
   They found her vagina
In North Carolina,
And picked up her anus in Dallas.

I
There were two young ladies from Birming-
And this is the story concerng them:
   They lifted the frock
Ani tickled the cock
Of the Anglican bishop confirming them.

II.
Now the bishop was nobody's fool,
Not for nothing had he been to school,
   So he lowered his breeches
And battered those bitches
With his high archiepiscopal tool.
There was a young man from Bombay
Who fashioned cunt out of clay,
    But the heat from his prick
Turned the clay onto brick
And wore all his foreskin away.

There was a young man from Racine
Who invented a fucking machine;
    Both concave and convex
To fit either sex,
With a cup underneath for the cream.

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose prick was so long he could suck it;
    He said with a grin
As he wiped off his chin
"If my ear were a cunt, I could fuck it."

There was a young man from Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree;
    The result was most horrid,
All ass and no forehead,
Blue balls and a purple goatee.

Said the naughty old Bey of Algiers
To the girls in his harem: "My dears,
    You may think it odd of me,
But I have given up sodomy." 'cheers.'
"Hooray," cried they all, "and three

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

A lusty old pirate named Gates
Attempted a tango on skates;
    He fell on his cutlass
Which rendered him nutless
And totally useless on dates.

A lonely young woman Valerie
Bewailed her stenographer's salary.
    She was soon better paid
(In the world's oldest trade)
Entertaining at night in her gallery.
There was a young lady named Grimes
Who spent all her nickels and dimes
On satin and lace
To keep her in place
And keep her abreast of the times.

There was a young lady named Throstle
Who found an unusual fossile;
She could tell be the bend
And the knob on the end
'Twas the peter of Paul the Apostle.

There once was a widow named Reilley
Who esteemed her late husband most highly,
But caused a big scandal
When an umbrella handle
She made of his membrum virile.

There was a young man of Rangoon
Who bellowed and bayed at the moon;
It wasn't this luck
To be born of a fuck,
But a wet dream scooped up in a spoon.

There was a young lady of Chichester/stir;
Whose beauty made saints in their niches
And her silks and satins
At early morn matins /stir.
Made the bishop of Chichester's breeches

There was an old spinster of Worcester
Who dreamt that a man had seduced her;
She woke in the night
With a scream of delight; /her.
'Twas a lump in mattress that goosed

There was a young lady of Exeter /at her;
Whose beauty made men crain their necks
And one was so brave
As to take out and wave
The distinguishing sign of his sex at her.

There was a young lady of Thrace
Who found that her stays wouldn't lace;
Her father said "Nellie,
There's more in your belly
Than ever went in by your face."
There was a young man of Lucarne
Who thought it was love made him burn;
So he took his girl flowers
And queued up for hours,
Just patiently waiting his turn.

A passionate courtier of yore
Made love to the king’s favorite whore;
In the course of a diddle
Found the kind in the middle,
And didn’t know which he liked more,

In the midst of an anthem of Grace,
The choirmaster slipped from his place
To goose the soprano
In lingering manner,
And came back with a smile on his face.

A lecherous fellow named Clark
Raped a bird-loving maid in the park.
A splendid surprise,
Such vigor, such size —
She really just came for a lark.

There was a priest of Dundee
Who went to the bushes to pee;
He said "Pax vobiscum,
Why doesn’t the piss come?
I must have the C-I-A-P."

There once was a plumber named Lee
Who was plumbing his girl by the sea;
In the midst of his plumbing
She said "Hark, someone’s coming!"/me."
Said the plumber, still plumbing, "That’s

As Titian was mixing rose madder,
His model ascended the ladder;
Her position, to Titian,
Suggested coition,
So he climbed up the ladder and had her.

There was a young lady named Wilde
Who kept herself quite undefiled
By thinking of Jesus
And social diseases,
And the bother of having a child.
There was a young girl from Madrid
Who said she had never been rid;
Along came an Italian
With balls like a stallion
Who said that he could – and he did.

There was a young lady of Natchez
Whose garments were always in patches;
When comment arose
On the state of her clothes
She said "When Ah itches Ah scratches."

There was a young farmer named Fritz
Who planted an acre of teats;
When they came up in the fall,
Nipples and all,
He proceeded to chew them to bits.

There was a young woman named Rhoda
Who kept an immoral pagoda,
And the floors and the walls
Were bestrewn with the balls /her.
And the tools of the fools who bestrode

There was a young girl of Detroit
Who at fucking was very adroit,
She could contract her vagina
To a pinpoint or finer,
Or expand it the size of a quoit.

In the art of erotic diversion
Special mention must go to the Persian
Who diddles all day
In the usual way,
Thus saving the night for perversion.

There was an old maid from St. Paul
Who went to a birth-control ball,
Bought all the devices
At fabulous prices,
But nobody asked her at all.

An original miss from St. Paul
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball,
But the dress caught on fire
And charred her entire,
Front page, sport section and all.
There once was a farmer of Leeds
Who swallowed a packet of seeds;
   When the first week was over
   He was covered with clover,
And couldn't sit down for the weeds.

There was a young fellow of Johns
Who was trying to bugger some swans,
   When a voice from the garden
   Said "Ahem, beg pardon,
Those birds are reserved for the dons."

There was a musician named Jacques
Who played double-bass on his cock;
   With a mighty erection
   He played a selection
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

There was a shepherd named Bruno
Who said, "There is one thing I do know:
   A woman is fine,
   A sheep is divine –
But the llama is numero uno."

A lady named Magda Iupescu
Once came to Rumania's rescue.
   She said, "It's the thing
   To be under a king:
Who wants a republic, I ask you?"

Said a shepherd of central Eurasia,
As he warmed his hands at his brazier,
   "I'd much rather sleep
   With one of my sheep
Than with Brenda Diana Duff Frazier."

There was a young lady named Ransom
Who was ravaged three times in a hansom.
   When she cried out for more,
   Said a voice from the floor –
"Young lady, I'm Simpson, not Sampson."
There was an old whore from the Azores
Whose body was covered with sores
   Even dogs in the street
   Wouldn't sniff the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

Shed a tear for the WREN named McGinnis
Who brought her career to a finis.
   She did not understand
   The sudden command
To break out the Admiral's pinnace.

There once was a fairy named Blum
Who took a lesbian up to his room;
   They fought all that night
   About who had the right
To do what, with which, into whom.

There was a young lady named Hearst
Of whom was suspected the worst,
   Because o'er her bed
   Was this motto in red
"The customer always comes first."

A couple of niggers withdrew
Way back in the bushes to screw;
   Said the gal: "Honey bee,
   Take yo' hat off that tree, /through."
Gawd knows where we'll be when we're

A prissy old maid named Miss Hannah
Wrote a note to Burbank in this manner:
   "Could you spare a few hours
   From your birds and your flowers,
To put a pulse in the banana?"

In the Army and Navy the toast is
To the talented USO hostess
   Who was diddled and screwed
   While she tried to conclude
Which service could please her the mostest.

You have heard of the Greek named Melitus
And his ode on the Nubian foetus.
   But who now recalls
   How he fractured his balls
In research on Egyptian coitus?
There was a young lady named Drew
Who said, as the curate withdrew:
"The vicar is slicker
And quicker and thicker
And two inches longer than you."

Said the naughty old Sappho of Greece:
"What I much prefer to a piece
Is to have my pudenda
Rubbed hard by the end o'
The little pink nose of my niece."
Of the ten original copies of *To Solace the Blind: The Lecher’s Legacy Being a Lusty Anthology of Lewd Limericks and Otherwise* only one (copy no. 008) is known to exist — at the Leonard H. Axe Library, Pittsburg State University, Kansas.

This edition is not a photocopy of the original, but has been recreated in digital form, remastered if you will, to provide the look and feel of the original, including the original spelling, word wrap, and typographical errors.