RING THE BELL VERGER

CHORUS-
Ring the bell verger, ring the bell
Perhaps the congregation will condescend to sing
Perhaps the fucking organist sitting on his stool
Will play upon the organ and not upon his tool

1.
Down in the garage the chauffeur lies
His mistress' wife between his thighs
Suddenly a voice is heard from afar
Stop, fucking wife (start fucking car)

2.
Up in the belfry the bellringer stands
Pulling on his wire with his great hands
Suddenly a voice is heard full of hope
Stop, pulling wire (start pulling rope)

3.
Down in the graveyard the gravedigger kneels
Bending a choirboy in his trousers round his knees
Suddenly a voice is heard full of soul
Stop, frigging choirboy (start digging hole)

QUEEN STREET GIRLS

1. We are of Queen Street, good girls and
We know the range of virginity
We take precautions, prevent abortions
We are the Queen Street Girls
Ta ra ra ra -

2. Our headmistress she is a bitch
She only does it when she starts to itch
She feeds us brandy, makes us feel randy
We are the Queen Street Girls
Ta ra ra ra-

3. Our headmaster he is a brick
He has a very, very small prick
Alright for keyholes, not for lasses
But not for the Queen Street Girls
Ta ra ra ra-

4. Our head porter he is a fool
He has a very, very small tool
Alright for tunnels, Queen Mary Funnel
But not for the Queen Street Girls
Ta ra ra ra-

5. Our Head jibbin he is so nice
Trundles his penis using a vice
We use a candle, he turns the handle
We are the Q.S.G
3 JOLLY JACK

CHORUS-
Jolly Jack stood up, walked down the aisle
With his organ on his back - Jack
The parson from the pulpit said
You can walk that organ back - Jack
You can walk that organ back.
1.
The parson of a cockside church
Got up one day and said
Some dirty bastard's shit himself
I'll punch his fucking head
2. They started off with Hearts of Oak
And they finished with Old Lang Syne
The parson from the pulpit said
You have had your fucking tune.
3. The Verger read the village news
Amid three rousing cheers
I said Brown he said, had just conceived
After 15 fucking years
4. The parson from the pulpit said
We'll now pass round the plate
Then someone from the back cried out
You're far too fucking late
5. The offering was then received
It really was absurd
Sixteen annas, one rupee and
A great big steaming turd

6. Love thy neighbour on the text
The Parson made this clear
Kindliness and thoughtfulness
Or I'll punch your fucking ear.

4 OLD KING COLE.

CHORUS-
Old king Cole was a bugger for his ole
And a bugger for his hole was he
He called for his wife in the middle of the night
And he calls for his fiddlers three
Now every Fiddler has a fine Fiddle
And a very fine fiddle has he
Oh fiddle when you like, when you like
Cried the Fiddlers
For merry merry men are we
There's none so fair as can compare
With the boys of the

2. Printers - Fine brush-cap it up &
3. Butchers - Fine block-bush it on the bu
4. Tailors - Fine needle-whip it in & out
5. Cougars - Fine bag - shove it in the
6. Jugglers - Fine balls - throw your balls
7. Huntsmen - Fine horn - I've got the Hor

5 THE TINKER

CHORUS-
With his bloody great kidney wiper
And his balls the size of three
And a yard and a half of foreskin
Hanging down below his knee
Hanging down ... inches thick
Swinging free ... what a prick
With a yard and a half of foreskin
Hanging down below his knee.

1.
Oh, a lady in her boudoir
Was a dressing for the ball
When she spied a tinker
Fissing up against the wall

2. The lady wrote a letter
And in it she did say
She'd rather be fucked by the tinker
Than his lordship any day

3. The tinker got the letter
The tinker read it well
His balls began to fester
And his prick began to swell

4. He jumped upon his charger
And on it he did ride
His balls up on the saddle
And his foreskin by his side

5. He rode into the courtyard
He rode into the Hall
Cor-blimey said the butler
He has come to fuck us all

6. He stuffed them on the staircase
He stuffed them in the hall
But the butler in the pantry
Was the dirtiest fuck of all

7. The tinkers dead and gone now
He's buried in St. Paul's
It took four and twenty men
To carry just his balls.

8. Some say he went to heaven
Some say he went to hell
Some say he fucked the devil
If he did he'd fuck him well.
THE ALPHABET.

A is for wasehole all covered in shit
Hey ho says Roly
B is for the bastard who roves in it
With a roly-poly gammon & spinach
Hey ho says Antony Roly
C is for the cunt all dripping in piss
D is for the drunkard who gave it all
E is for Funnock with only one ball
F is for the fucker with no balls at all
G is for goitre, gonorrhoea and guts
H is for harlot who spreads it about
I is for the inkspot which makes your balls itch
J is for the jerk of a dog on a bitch
K is for kingbull which hangs to the fl
L is for lazy licentious whore.
M is for maidenhead all tattered & torn
N is for the noble who died on the horn
O is for the office already revealed
P is for the penis so readily pleased
Q is for the quaker who shit in his hat
R is for roger who Rogered the cat
S is for the shitpot full to the brim
T is for the turds that are floating then
U is for the usher who ushered in school
V is for the verger who plays with histoos
W is for whore who thought fucking force
And X Y Z you can stuff up your arse.

7 ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR.
The harum of Egypt are great to behold
The women are fairest of fair
But the fairest a Greek she was owned
By a sheik named Abdal A...A...
A travelling brothel was brought to
to town
By a Russian who came from afar
He issued a challenge to all who could
fucking
Now the crowd thought it mean
And the queen she turned green
They were ordered to part by the Tsar
But alas they were stuck, it was
fucking hard luck
On Ivan S... S...
Now the cream of the joke, it was when
they were broke,
They were laughed at by years by the
Tsar
For Abdul the fool left the flange of
his tool
Up Ivan S... S....

1 8 NO THE MONEY ROLLS IN.
My father makes counterfeit money
My mother brews synthetic gin
My sister sells kisses to sailors
My gott how the money rolls in
Rolls in, money rolls in.

2 My brother's a slum missionary
Saving young virgins from sin
He'll save you a blind for a shilling
My gott how the money rolls in

3 My aunt keeps a girls seminary
Teaching young girls to begin
She doesn't say where they are to finish
My gott how the money rolls in

9 THE SEXUAL DESIRES OF A CAMEL.
The sexual desires of a camel
Are stranger than anyone thinks
For the life long desire of the camel
Was to mount and bugger the sphinx
But the sphinx's sexual organ
Was blocked by the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile

2 Intensive researches at Oxford
By Harrington, Hurley, and Bali hedgehog
Have proved that the prickly was a
Has hardly been buggered at all
And further exhaustive inquiries
Have incontrovertibly shown
That comparative safety at Oxford
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

5 Don't tell my daddy I'm a virgin
Don't tell my mother I'm pure
Don't tell my sister I'm chaste
For the shock it would kill them I'm
sure
There was a family of harlots and qu'eras
Established in '73
And they've all had part in the business
And the only exception is me.
CHORUS

Oh the keyhole in the door, the keyhole in the door,
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door
And by a stroke of bloody good luck,
her room was next to mine,
So just like Chris Columbus I decided to explore
And took up my position by the keyhole in the door

CHORUS

She sat down by the fireside her lillywhite toes to warm
And only a flimsy shiny net concealed her naked form
If only she would take it off what man could ask for more
By Christ I saw her do it by the keyhole in the door

With soft and trembling fingers I opened up the door
And then with dainty footsteps I crept across the sill
And so that no one else would see
What I had seen before
I stuffed her lillywhite shiny through the keyhole in the door

That night I slept in rapture and something else besides
And on that lillywhite bosom had many a blissful ride
When I awoke next morning my penis felt so sore
I felt as if I'd stuffed it through the keyhole in the door

So come all ye astronomers you men who are so wise
Ye men who scan the heavens with telescopes to your eyes
I will tell you one thing and I'll tell you one thing more
You're telescope's got fuck all on the KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR.
THE BEAST

An old man told me before he died
Now I know that the bastard lied
He had a wife with a cunt so wide
She could never be satisfied

So he built a great big wheel
Two balls of brass and a prick of steel
The balls of brass were filled with
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great
In a wet went the prick of steel (wheel)
Till at last the maiden cried
Enough, enough, I'm satisfied

Now we come to the bitter bit
There was no way of stopping it
And she was split from cunt to tit
And the whole fucking issue was covered
In sweet violets, sweeter than the roses
Covered all over from head to toe
Covered all over in SHIT.

Hi JIG A JIG.

CHORUS-
Singing hi jig a jig, fuck a little pig
Follow the bend

Follow the bend with cock in your
Singing hi jig a jig, fuck a little pig follow the bend

Follow the bend all the way
1. My old man a joiner, a joiner, a joiner
A bloody fine joiner is he
All day he screws in, (3 times)
And when he comes home he screws me

2. My old man a printer (3 times)
A bloody fine printer is he
All day long he facsimiles, (3 times)
And when he comes home he facsimile me.

3. My old man a taxidermist etc.
A bloody fine one is he
All day he stuffs animals, etc
And when he comes home he stuffs me.

4. My old man a jockey etc
A bloody fine jockey is he
All day he rides horses etc,
And when he comes home he 'rides' me

14. MR. FISHERMAN

CHORUS
Singing hi tiddy hi shit or bust
Never let your bollucks dangle in the dust.

Good morning Mr. Fisherman
How do you do
Have you a lobster
That I can buy from you

2. Yes I have
I have two
One for me
And the other one for you

3. Oh I took the lobster home
And I couldn't find a dish
So I put it in the place where the missus has a piss

4. In the middle of the night
I'll have you know
The missus she got up
To use the so and so

5. The lobster gave a wriggle
The missus gave a grunt
And there was the lobster
Hanging from her cunt

6. The missus grabbed the stick
And I grabbed the broom
And we chased the fucking lobster
All around the room

7. Oh we hit it on the head
And we hit it on the side
Oh we hit that fucking lobster
'Til the bastard died

8. The moral of the story is very clear to see
Always have a shifty before you have a pee

9. This is the end
There's nothing any more
There's an apple up my arse
And you can have the core.
1. Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile
   " " " " " " " "
   Oh the eagles they fly high
   And they shit right in your eye
   It's a good job cows don't fly in Mobile.

2. There's nancy boy called Hunt in Mobile
   " " " " " " " "
   There's a nancy boy called Hunt
   Who thinks he's got a cunt
   But his arsehole's back to front & in Mobile

3. There's a shortage of good boys in Mobile
   " " " " " " " "
   So they wait until it clogs
   Then they saw it up in logs in Mobile

4. There's a shortage of bog paper in Mobile
   " " " " " " " "
   So they blow it off in vapour
   Then they light it with a taper in Mobile

5. "All the girls they wear tin pants" in Mobile
   " " " " " " " "
   But they take them off to dance
   Every bugger gets his chance in Mobile.

6. "Oh the Lord Mayor he's a bugger in Mobile"
   " " " " " " " "
   And the Town Clerk he's another
   So they bugger one another in Mobile.

7. There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile
   " " " " " " " "
   But there's keyholes in the doors
   And there's knotholes in the floors in Mobile.

CHORUS
Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles
Cats with syphilis, cats with lilies
Cats with their arse holes wreathed in smiles

As they revel in the joys of fornication
Dogs on the seashore, dogs on the rocks
Dogs with syphilis, dogs with yox
Dogs with great big festering cocks
As they revel in the joys of fornication

1. The armadillo in his shell
   Can't get a hard on very well
   But when he does he gives it hell
   As he revels in the joys of fornication

2. The poor old donkey is a solitary mope
   He very seldom gets a poke
   But when he does he lets it soak
   As he revels in the joys of fornication

3. The hippopotamus so it seems
   Very seldom has wet dreams
   But when he does he comes in streams
   As he revels in the joys of fornication

4. The poor old tiger is so moronic (tonic)
   He only has a poke now and then as a joke
   But when he does it supersonic
   As he revels in the joys of fornication

5. "When you wake up in the morning with a big cock-stand"
   Its the heat of the blanket on the prostate gland
   If your wife won't have it, then damn it, use your hand
   And you'll revel in the joys of fornication.

6. When you wake up in the morning full of sexual joy
   And your wife says no to your eldest daughter's coy
   Then just shove it up the arse hole of your eldest boy
   And you'll revel in the joys of fornication.
CHORUS

The sod, the dirty old sod, the bastard
Deserves to die... but... fuck him
Let us pray... Glory, Glory hallelujah
Sing balls to Mr. Finkenstein, etc
Balls to Mr. Finkenstein, the dirty old sod
He keeps us waiting while he masts his bat
Balls to Mr. Finkenstein the D.O.Sing

1. There was a monk of great renown (3 tim
Who met a virgin in the town.
We)

2. He took her to his secluded cell
And said by god I'll fuck you well
3. He lay her on his little white bed
And fucked her and fucked till she was
dead

4. His brother monks bowed their heads in
shame
So he rolled her over and did it again
5. His brother monks grew tired of his
frolics
So they took a great knife & out of his

Bollocks.

CHORUS

Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon
The virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish
The virgin sturgeon needs no urging
That's why caviar is my dish

1. I gave caviar to my rooster
He had nigh on forty wives
Now my rooster needs no booster
I should see those hens run for they lives

2. I gave caviar to my girl friend
She was a virgin staunch and true
If your girl friend needs some urging
Just give her some caviar too

3. I gave caviar to my grandpa
He was nigh on ninety three
The last time I saw dear old grandpa
He was chasing grandma up a tree

4. I gave caviar to my grandma
She was nigh on ninety two
The last time I saw dear old grandma
She had the broom stuck up her flue

5. I gave caviar to my uncle
He'd been sterile all his life
Even caviar wouldn't cure him
Thank the lord I'm not his wife

6. I gave caviar to my auntie
Auntie's age was ninety five
Now she lives on eggs and sherry
Benzadine and Spanish Fly.

7. The moral of this story is plain to see
When out with your girlfriend on a spree
Don't have a breakdown in your car
Just give her some caviar.

ON THE GODDESS, hole

I stuffed my finger up a woodpecker
The woodpecker said 'cor bless my sole
Take it out (3 times) Remove it

2. I removed, put it back, replace it it
3. I replace, turn it round, revolve it
4. I revolved, turn it round, fit it
5. I rotated, in & out, reciprocate it
6. I reciprocated... that's enough... recind it.

O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER,

CHORUS

Yippy-i-oy, yippy-i-oy, yippy-i-oy for
the one-eyed Reilly
Rub it up, stuff it up, balls and all
Stuff it up your old bass drum

1. As I was sitting by the fire
Drinking O'Reilly's rum & water
Suddenly a thought came to my head
I'd never shagged O'Reilly's daughter

2. Grabber the maiden by the hair
And then I threw my right leg over
Not a word did the maiden say
Laughed like fuck till the job was over

3. Heard a footstep on the stairs
There he stood the one-eyed Reilly
Bloody great pistols in his hand
Looking for the man who shagged his

4. I grabbed O'Reilly by the balls
Shoved his head in a bucket of water
Stuffed his pistols up his ass
A damned sight quicker than I shagged
his daughter

5. Now O'Reilly's dead and gone
Him on earth you'll see no more sir
We took half his coffin lid
To mend the hole in the shithouse door
sir.
22. LADY JANE

(Tune For those in peril on the sea)

1. It really 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's face
   They formed a most exclusive flat
   With welcome written on the mat

2. It hurt the family even more
   When Lady Jane became a whore
   They felt they could not do again
   What they had done for Lady Jane
   So they found a most exclusive beat
   On the shady side of Gurney Street

3. It was not to the family's fancy
   When Montague became a nancy
   In order that they might protect them
   They had tattooed upon his rectum
   Though other folks may travel steerage
   This passage is reserved for steersage.

23. BRIAN BARRUE

1. I was up to me yocksters in mude air
   Doing my bit in the bog
   When me spade struck on something quite
   Like a bit of bog oak or aloghead sir.

2. "Twas an ancient Irish old chest sir
   And not knowing what in it I'd find
   I chanced me luck with the fairies
   And took a wee, deep inside.

3. "Twas an ancient Irish french letter
   And what I am saying is true
   "Twas an ancient old Irish french letter
   A relic of Brian Barrue

4. "Twas an ancient old Irish french letter
   Made of elk hide on full a foot tall
   With a little brass plate at the end sir:
   Wi'his name and his stud fee and all

5. So I cast me mind back through the ages
   To the days of that hairy old Celt
   And I saw his dear wife on the bed sir
   And Brian Barrue in his selt.

6. And I heard him remarking quite plain
   "Now darling lets get this thing right
   I at night you had your own way dear
   'Tis the hairy side outside tonight!"
1. She was sweet 16 and the village queen
   Always dancing on the village green.
   She was a virgin still, never known the thrill.
   Poor little Angeline.

2. The village squire had but one desire
   To be the dirtiest bastard in the old damn shire.
   He had set his heart on the vital part
   Of poor little Angeline.

3. At the harvest fair, the squire was there
   Masturbating in the village square
   When he chanced to see the dainty knee
   Of poor little Angeline.

4. As she raised her skirt to avoid the dirt
   And stepped between the puddles of the squire's last skirt
   The sight he saw made his penis raw
   For poor little Angeline.

5. So he raised his hat and said your cat
   Has been run over and is squashed quite flat.
   My car is in the square & I'll take you there.
   Poor little Angeline.

6. So he took her to an inn where he filled her with wine.
   Till, Angeline was tempted into sin.
   Then he took her into a dell where he planned to give her a hell.
   Poor little Angeline.

7. Now the blacksmith held with faith
   26 LUCKY LITTLE ANGELINE.
   "Oh Salome, Salome you should see Salome Dancing there with her arse all bare
   Every little wriggle makes the boys all stare
   And the boys all murmur oh
   & the old sphinx winks & blinks & blink
   Right down where the sandbags grow
   She's a big fat cow twice the size of me
   Hit' hairs on her belly like the branch on a tree.
   She can run jump fight fuck wheel a barrow
   Push a truck, That's my girl Salome

   Oh she widdled & she waddled and she shit upon the floor.
   Then she wiped her arse on the nob of the door.
   The she ran around the room on the nipple of her tit
   & she served her name in the red hot why did she do it nob dy knows, (shut
   That's the way the story goes Monday night she takes it up her nose Tuesday night down between her toes
   Wednesday night she fucks like hell
   Thursday night she does as well
   Friday night she takes it up her nose, in between her fingers, down between her toes
   Saturday night she fucks like hell
   And she goes to church on Sundays.

8. Now the blacksmiths cell overlooks the dell
   Where the squire had planned on giving Annie hell
   And there in the grass he sort of recognised the arse
   Of poor little Angeline.

9. So with all his heart he released a fart
   And blew the prison walls a mile apart
   Then he ran like shit cause the squire took little Angeline.
   He should split.

10. When he got to the spot & saw what was
   He tied the villians penis ((( what
   In a bloody great knot
   To add to the fame he got a kick up the arse poor little Angeline. ((( arse.
27. LIFE PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE
Tune: Austria

1. Life presents a dismal picture
Dark and dreary as the tomb
Father has a penal stricture
Mother has a fallen womb
Sister Mary’s menstruation
Floods the countryside for the miles
I’ve a joyless occupation
Crushing ice for Grandma’s piles

2. Brother Bill has been deported
For a sodomy crime
Sister Anna’s been aborted
For the twenty-seventh time
Little Willie’s in the mad house
Father says he’s there for good
And it was the specialist’s verdict
Too much pulling of his pud

But we are yet downhearted
But we are not down and out
Grandma has just been and farted
Blown her arsehole inside out
Uncle got a double rupture
Truing hard to stuff himself
Life presents a dismal picture
Thank the Lord for National Health

28. THE GOOD SHIP VENUS (part 2)

CHORUS
Frigging in the rigging, frigging in the rigging, frigging in the rigging, thered be frigging all else to do

1. The ship was off Samoa
The crew they swam ashore
They filled the guts of the native sluts
With pure spermatosea

2. Twas in the Adriatic
The ship was nearly static
The rise and fall of cock and ball
Was purely automatic

3. Twas off the China station
We made our reputation
We sank, a junk in a sea of junk
By curraminal masturbation

34. THE GAY CAVALIER

1. There once was a gay cavalier
An exceedingly gay cavalier
The pride of his life it wasn’t his wife
But his alto, mezzo, tenor

2. He went to a low down casino
An exceedingly low down casino
Wishing to use his alto, mezzo
His alto, mezzo, tenor

3. He there met a fair senorita
An exceedingly fair senorita
Who trod on the end of his alto, mezzo
His A N M etc

4. They went to a lowdown knockshoppo
An exceedingly " " "
And there he did use his Alto marfino
His A N M etc

5. He got a stiff dose of poxecto
An exceedingly strong dose of poxecto
Right on the end of his alto, mezzo
His A N M etc

6. Now he sits on the banks of the Rio
The exceedingly low " " "
End plays with the stump of his alto, mezzo
His A N M etc

The moral is that it is better
Always to wear a french letter
Right on the end of your alto, mezzo
The village postman he was there
He had a dose of pox
He couldn't fuck the women
So he stuffed a letter box

The village cripple he was there
He wasn't up to much
He couldn't fuck the women
So he stuffed them with his crutch

The village acrobat he was there
Trying to lead the band
Conducting with his penis
While he balanced on one hand

The Chinese student he was there
He tried to call but cry
For every cunt ran from arm to tit
And not one from thigh to thigh

The local surgeon he was there
His scalpel in his hand
And every time the music stopped
He circumcised the band

The doctor and the midwife
Went out to see the moon
There'll be another bastard
Floating down the sewer soon

The village virgin she was there
Sitting at the front
She had red roses in her hair
And barbed wire round her cunt

The village squire he was there
He wasn't there to dance
He was standing with a hard on
Waiting for his chance

The village chemist he was there
Trying to sell a potion
That made your arse go up and down
In simple harmonic motion

The chemists wife she was there
Sitting by the fire
Knitting contraceptives
From India rubber wire

When the ball was over
The villagers confessed
Although the band was bloody good
The fucking was the best.
ON the first day of Xmas my true love
sent to me
My Lord Montague of Beaulieu
2. On the 2nd day of Xmas my true love
sent to me
two virgin maids
And my Lord Montague of Beaulieu
3. Three boy scouts
4. four Windmill girls
5. Five choir boys
6. Six sex starved spinsters
7. Seven con iced vicars
8. Eight pimps pursuing
9. Nine naughty nancies
10. Ten torn off titties
11. Eleven lecherous lesbians
12. Twelve tools -a- twitching

CHORUS-
Oh lets all drink a drink
To Lydia Pink a pink a pink
The saviour of the human race
For she invented a mineral compound
efficaceous in every case
1. How little Willie from too much wanking
He could hardly raise a standard
and so they gave him a bottle of compound
Now he comes in either hand
2. Mrs. Smith had a very small breastwork
She could hardly fill her blouse
So they gave her a bottle of compound
Now they milk her along with the cows
3. Mr. Jones had a bladder obstruction
He could hardly see at all - see at all
So they gave him a bottle of compound
Now he knocks down the pisshouse wall

37. AT THE PARTING OF MY STAYS.

At the parting of my stays
Both my tits went different ways
And left my bosom bare
When you lifted up my skirt
Dragged my knickers in the dirt
And you seduced me there

You stuck your tool inside me
Your balls swung too & fro
But when I tried to grab them
They always swung too low

Oh you dirty rotten lout
Now you've put me up the spout
Are you contended now

---

38 SIR ROGER

Oh Sir Roger do not touch me
- - - - - - - - - - - -
As she lay between the lily white sheets with nothing on at all
Oh Sir Roger Do not touch
- - - - - - - - - - - -

34 PULL A DA PUD

Tonight I feel the need for masturbation
The feeling is good, I pull-a-da-pud
Tonight I feel the need for agitation
The feeling is grand I use my hand
You should see me wanking on the short stroke

I use-a-my right hand I use-a my right
You should see me wanking on the long stroke

I use-a-my left hand I use-a-my left
Waky it, crank it, bash it on the floor
Work it, jerk it, jam it in the door
Some people say to wank this way is really grand
But for personal satisfaction I would rather use my hand
Crash it, bash it, smash it on the floor
Work it, jerk it, trap it in the door
Some people say that intercourse is just the thing to do you good
But for personal satisfaction I would rather pull my pud.

Tune from 'Barber of Saville'.

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