

C O N T E N T S

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THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

1.
Twas on the good ship Venus
My God you should have seen us
The figure head was a moll in bed
And the mast an elephants penis.
- CHORUS: (after each verse)
'Friggin in the riggin
Friggin in the riggin
Friggin in the riggin
Cause there's nothing else to do.
2.
The Captains name was Ugger
The dirty filthy bugger,
He wasn't fit to shovel shit
Upon a government lugger.
3.
The first mate's name was Ardy,
A bastard bold and bandy,
They filled his bum with boiling rum,
For pissing in the brandy.
4.
The bosun's name was Hopper
He really had a whopper, (his neck,
Twice around the deck, thrice round,
And up his arse for a stopper.
5.
The cook's name was O'Malley,
He didn't dilley dalley,
He shot his bolt with such a jolt,
It white-washed half the galley.
6.
The cabin-boys name was Skipper,
A lively little nipper,
We filled his arse with broken glass,
And circumcised the Skipper.
7.
The captain's wife was Mable,
Whenever she was able,
She gave the crew their daily screw
Upon the galley table.
8.
The Captain's lovely daughter
Was swimming in the water,
When ecstatic squeals revealed that she
Had found her sexual quarter.
9.
Twas of the Chinese nation
We caused a great sensation
We sunk a junk with a flood of spunk
From mutual masturbation.
10.
The engineer was McTavish
The women he did ravish
His missing tool's at Istanbul
He was a trifle lavish.
11.
The second mate's name was Lester
A virgin hymen tester
Thro' thick hymens he shoved his prick
And left it there to fester.
12.
The ships dog's name was Rover
The whole crew did him over
They ground and ground that faithful
From Singapore to Dover. (hound.
13.
A homo was the purser
He couldn't have been worser
With all the crew he had a screw
Until they yelled "Oh no Sir."
14.
The cook whose name was Freeman
A dirty bloody demon
He fed the crew on menstrual stew
And foreskins fried in semen.
15.
The third mate's name was Morgan,
A homosexual gorgon
Three time a day he'd sit and play
With his reproductive organ.

* * *

THE GIRL ON BONDI BEACH

(Tune: Show Me The Way to go Home)

Show me the way to go home, said the girl on Bondi Beach,
I had a swimsuit about an hour ago, but it floated out of reach,
And all I have on now, is seaweed, sand and foam,
So give me a page from the Sunday Sun, and show me the way to go home.

* * *

MOBILE

Oh the Bishop is a bugger in Mobile
Oh the Bishop is a bugger in Mobile
Oh the Bishop is a bugger
And his brother is another
And they whop it up each other in Mobile.

Chorus: Singing I will if you will so will I
Singing I will if you will so will I
Singing I will if you will
I will if you will
Singing I will if you will so will I

Oh the girls they wear tin pants in Mobile, etc
But they take them off to dance
Everybody gets a chance in Mobile
Chorus

There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile, etc.
But there's keyholes in the doors
And there's knot holes in the floors in Mobile.
Chorus

There's a prostitute called Dinah in Mobile, etc.
And you'll find that when you grind her
That she's got the best vagina in Mobile.
Chorus

Oh the parson is perverted in Mobile, etc.
And his morals are inverted,
But there's thousands he's converted in Mobile.
Chorus

There's no paper in the bogs in Mobile, etc.
So they wait until it clogs
Then they saw it off in logs in Mobile.
Chorus

Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile, etc.
And they shit right in your eye
It's a pity cows don't fly in Mobile
Chorus

Frenchies are in short supply in Mobile, etc.
And that's the reason why
You'll see them hanging out to dry in Mobile.
Chorus

There's a poofster boy named Hunt in Mobile, etc.
And he thinks he's got a cunt
But he's only back to front in Mobile.
Chorus

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MOBILE (Cont.)

There's a man named Colonel Brown in Mobile, etc.
You can tell him by the wreath
Of pubic hairs around his teeth in Mobile.
Chorus

Oh, the virgins they are rare in Mobile, etc.
When they get their pubic hair
They're deflowered by the Mayor in Mobile.
Chorus

There's a lad named Dirty Danny in Mobile, etc.
And he likes his bit of fanny
And he gets it off his Granny in Mobile.
Chorus

There's a bastard acled Mercator in Mobile, etc.
Who's the greatest masturbator, fornicator
Cunt inflator in Mobile.
Chorus

There's a girl with no ambitions in Mobile, etc.
And when she isn't wishen, she gets it in the kitchen
From the local obstetrician in Mobile.
Chorus

Gentlemen of the drinking classes in Mobile, etc.
When you've finished with your glasses
You can shove 'em up your arses in Mobile.

* * *

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his wife in the middle of the night
And he called for his fiddlers three ...
Now every fiddler had a very fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he,
Oh fiddle like hell, like hell said the fiddler
Mighty men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare with the boys of the 'Varsity.

.... And he called for his drummers three
Now every drummer had a fine drum,
And a very fine drum had he
Oh thump it right up to the stump said the drummer,
Oh fiddle like hell, like hell said the fiddler,
Mighty men

OLD KING COLE (Cont.)

... And he called for his flutists three
Now every flutist had a fine flute,
And a very fine flute had he,
Oh root tiddly oot tiddly oot said the flutists,
Oh thump it right up to the stump said the drummer
Oh fiddle like hell, like hell said the fiddler,
Mighty men

... And he called for his jugglers three
Now every juggler had a fine ball
And a very fine ball had he,
Oh throw your balls in the air said the juggler,

... And he called for his coalmen three
Now every coalman had a very fine sack
And a very fine sack had he,
Want it in the front or the back said the coalman,

... And he called for his tailors three
Now every tailor had a very fine needle,
And a very fine needle had he,
Thread it in and out, in and out said the tailor,

... And he called for his painters three
Now every painter had a fine brush,
And a very fine brush had he,
Wop it up and down, up and down said the painters,

... And he called for his horsemen three,
Now every horseman had a fine horse,
And a very fine horse had he,
Oh ride it up and down, up and down said the horseman,

... And he called for his axemen three
Now every axeman had a fine axe,
And a very fine axe had he,
h chop it right back to the stump said the axemen,

... And he called for his surgeons three
Now every surgeon had a fine knife,
And a very fine knife had he,
Cut it round the knob and make it throb said the surgeons,

... And he called for his butchers three
Now every butcher had a fine block,
And a very fine block had he,
Put it on the block and chop it off said the butchers,

... And he called for his fishermen three,
Now every fisherman had a fine rod,
And a very fine rod had he,
Mine is six foot long said the fisherman,

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OLD KING COLE (Cont.)

... And he called for his huntsmen three
Now every huntsman had a fine horn,
And a very fine horn had he,
Up with the horn in the morn said the huntsmen,

... And he called for his parsons three
Now every parson had a fine book,
And a very fine book had he,
Goodness gracious me said the parson
Up with the horn in the morn said the huntsmen,
Mine is six foot long said the fisherman,
Put is on the block and chop it of said the butcher,
Cut it round the knob and make it throb said the surgeon,
Oh chop it right back to the stump said the axemen,
Oh ride it up and down, up and down said the horsemen,
Wop it up and down, up and down said the painters,
Thread it in and out, in and out said the tailors,
Want it in the front or the back said the coalman,
Oh throw your balls in the air said the jugglers,
Oh root tiddly oot tiddly oot said the flutists,
Oh thump it right up to the stump said the drummer
Oh fiddle like hell, like hell said the fiddler,
Mighty men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare with the boys of the 'Varsity.

* * * *

MY BLUE BEDROOM

There's a little red light,
And a turn to the right,
Brings you to my blue bedroom.
There's a haggard face on the pillow case
A form devine, she's a knockdown whore
She's been had before
But tonight she's mine
My Molly and me, we will never be three
We're too careful in my blue bedroom

* * * *

Here's to the girl with the turned up nose,
The turned in eyes and the turned down toes,
With the turned up heat and the turned down light,
And the hunch I had turned out all right.

* * * *

THE ALPHABET SONG

A is for arseholes all covered in hair
 "Heigh Ho! says Rolly
B is the bugger that wished he were there
 With a roolly polly up 'em and stuff 'em
 "Heigh Ho! says Antony Rolly

C is for cunt all dripping with piss
D is the drunkard that gave it a kiss.

E is for eunichs with only one ball
F is the fucker with no balls at all.

G is for gonorrhoea, goitre and gout
H is the harlot that spread it about.

I is injection for clap, pox and itch
J is the jerk of a dog on a bitch.

K is the king who thought fucking a bore
L is the lesbian who came back for more.

M is for maidenhood all tattered and torn
N is for noble who died with a horn.

O is for orifice gently revealed
P is for penis all pranged up and peeled.

Q is the quaker who shot in his hat
R is the roger who rogered the cat.

S is the shitpot all filled to the brim
T is the turds that are floating therein.

U is the usher who taught us at school
V is the virgin that played with his tool.

W is the whore who thought fucking a farse
X Y and Z you can stuff up your arse.

* * * *

If a hat factory girl gets felt once a week,
A miller gets his oates three times a week,
A builder gets an erection every three months,
The table cloth gets jerked off after the meal
A dentist gets 17/6 for putting tools in a girl's mouth
Then why the hell should a doctor get 30/- for coming once.

ABDUL A BULL BULL EMIR

The maidens of Russia were fair to behold
But the harlots were better by far,
And the best one to mount was owned by a count,
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Came a travelling brothel^{II} came to the town
'Twas owned by a Turk from afar,
And oft did he brag that he could out-shag
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Well fixed was the date for this spectacle great,
A holiday proclaimed by the Czar,
The streets were all lined with harlots assigned
To Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

They arrived at the track with their tools on the slack,
The starter's gun punctured the air,
And midst cheers and sighs, the prick did arise
Of Abdul a Bull Bull Emir.

The cunts were all shorn, and no frenchies were worn,
And Abdul's arse revved like a car,
But he couldn't compete with the slow steady beat
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Now Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun,
And bent down to polish his pair...
When something red hot up his back passage shot
'Twas Abdul a Bull Bull Emir.

The ladies turned green, and the men shouted "Queen!"
They were ordered apart by the Czar,
But Abdul was stuck (It was bloody hard luck)
Up Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Now the cream of this joke when apart they were broke
Was laughed at for years by the Czar.
For Abdul, poor fool, left three parts of his tool
Up Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

* * * *

"To the hills men!"

"What about the women?"

"Fuck the women."

"Is there time?"

h
once.

LITTLE ANGELINE

She was sweet sixteen, little Angeline
Always dancing on the village green
Never had a thrill, was a virgin stil,
Poor little Angeline.

Now the local Squire had a low desire
Filthiest bastard in the whole damn Shire,
He had set his heart on the vital part
Of poor little Angeline.

Came the village fair, and the Squire was there
Masterbating on the village square
When he chanced to see the dainty knee
Of poor little Angelin.

She had raised her skirt to avoid the dirt
As she skipped bewteen the puddles of the Squires last squirt
And his cock grew raw at the sight he saw
Of poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat and he said "Your cat
Hass been run over and is squashed quite flat,
Now my car's in the Square, and I'll take you there,
Poor little Angeline.

How that filthy turd should have got that bird
As she climed right in without a word.
As they drove away you could hear them say,
"Poor little Angeline.

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

When he'd oiled her well, he took her to a dell
And there he gave her bloody fucking hell
And he tried his luck on a low-down fuck
With poor little Angeline.

With a cry of rape he raised his cape
Poor little Angeline had no escape
Now it's time some-one came to save the name
Of poor little Angeline

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

LITTLE ANGELINE (Cont.)

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

Now the window of his cell overlooked the dell
Where the Squire with Angie was giving her hell,
And there upon the grass he recognised the arse
Of Poor little Angeline.

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

When he arrived at the spot he saw what was what
He tied the villians penis in a double reef knot
As the Squire lay upon his guts, he got a kick in the nuts
From poor little Angeline.

"Oh blacksmith, blacksmith. I love you true
And I can tell by your trousers that you love me too
Here I am undressed, you can do the rest
Cried poor little Angeline

Now it would be wrong, here, to end this song,
For the blacksmith had a penis fully one foot long
And his natural charm was as thick as your arm
LUCKY LITTLE ANGELINE.

* * * *

Why should we be poor
Why should we be poor
Me mum's a bit of a prostitute
Me dad's a bit of a whore.
Me sister walks the town,
Me brother sells his brown;
And I'm a bit of a fuck meself
So why should we be poor.

* * * *

PASSION - The feeling you feel when you feel you are going
to feel a feeling that you have never felt before.

t squirt

JOHN PEEL

"Do ye ken John Peel?" "Yes I know the bugger well
With a head on his hammer like the Inchcape bell.
Nine inches on the slack, twelve inches on the swell,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,
Cats with syphilis, gonorrhoea piles,
Cats with their arse-holes breathed in smiles
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

Do ye ken John Peel, with his cock in a sling
And his two brass balls going ting-a-ling-a-ling.
He's lying in the grass with a carrot up his arse
And he wont take it out till the morning.

Now the elephant is a junny bloke,
He very seldom has a joke,
But when he does he lets it soak,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The hippopotamus is seems
Very rarely has wet dreams,
But when he does, it comes in streams,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Now a funny old fish is the old sperm whale
With a funny little diddle tucked under his tail,
And he rides his missus in the teeth of a gale
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Oh the sergeant major leads a solitary life,
He hasn't got a woman, and he hasn't got a wife,
So he satisfies himself with a regimental life
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

If you wake up in the morning with you penis in your hand,
And you have a funny feeling in your seminary gland
If you haven't got a woman, then pull it in your hand
In the dark early hours of the morning.

The poor domestic doggie on the chain all day
Never gets a chance to let himself go gay,
So he licks at his dick in a frantic way
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The owls in the trees, the cats on the tiles;
One fucks in solitude, the other fucks in files,
You can hear delighted howls and the shrieks for miles
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

JOHN PEEL (Cont.)

Now I met a girl and she was a dear,
But she gave me a dose of gonorrhoea:
Fools rush in where angels fear
As I revel in the joys of copulation.

Wake up in the morning with thoughts of sexual joy
And you wife has got the monthlies, and you daughter says she's coy
Just rip it up the rectum of your eldest boy,
As you revel in the joys of copulation.

* * * *

THE MONK OF PRIORY HALL

There was a monk of great renown
There was a monk of great renown
There was a monk of great renown,
He fucked all the harlots around the town
He fucked all the harlots around the town.

Chorus:

The old bastard. The old sod.
What'll we do with him? Fuck him!
Let us pray -

Glory Glory Allelulah -- Shit
Balls to Mr. Winklestein, Winklestein, Winklestein
Balls to Mr. Winklestein, dirty old man
For he keeps us waiting while he's masturbating
So balls to Mr. Winklestein, dirty old man.
He ups 'em and he downs 'em
He fucks 'em and he drowns 'em
So balls to Mr. Winklestein, dirty old man.

The monk stood in the Priory Hall (3)
He fuck a nun against the wall (2)

The other monks looked down in shame (3)
And wished they could do the same (2)

There came a maid with downcast eyes (3)
They bashed it in between her thighs (2)

They buried her beneath the grass (3)
The dug he up and fucked her arse (2)

* * * *

Many a tight nut has been loosened by a small wench.

A gal can be mighty nice when she wants.

THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM

In days of old there lived a maid
Who used to do a roaring trade
A prostitute of ill repute
The harlot of Jerusalem.

Chorus:

Hi Ho Kafoozalem Kafoozalem Kafoozalem
Hi Ho Kafoozalem the Harlot of Jerusalem.

She lived within the palace walls
And round the walls were hung the balls
Of every coot that tried to root
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

Nearby there lived an Arab tall
Who with his prick could move a wall
It was the pride of nearly all
The Harlots of Jerusalem.

One night, returning from a spree
He saw here there beneath a tree
And vowed that very night that he
Would lay her in Jerusalem.

He took her to a shady nook
And from his open fly he took
A penis like a butcher's hook
The finest in Jerusalem.

He laid her down upon her back
And tried to shove it up her crack
But had no luck in trying to fuck
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

Kafoozalem she gave a grunt
And with a snap she shut her cunt
And threw him high into the sky
Far beyond Jerusalem.

Away he flew across the sea
Across the Sea of Gallilee
And caught his bollocks in a tree
Three leagues beyond Jerusalem.

And there he hangs unto this day
And seen by all who pass that way
The silly ape that tried to rape
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

I AIN'T GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD

Oh! The deacon went down, (Oh, the deacon went down)
In the cellar to pray, (In the cellar to pray,)
He found ten gallons and (He found ten gallons,)
And stayed all day. (And stayed all day.)
Oh, the deacon went down in the cellar to pray,
He found ten gallons and stayed all day.

Chorus

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more,
Oh, I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

Oh, you can't go to Heaven in a Ford coupe
You've got to go in a Chevrolet.

Oh, you can't go to Heaven in a submarine,
Cos the Lord don't like no tinned sardine.

Oh, You can't go to Heaven with a bottle of gin,
Cos the Lord wont let no spirits in.

Oh you can't go to Heaven in a sleeping bag,
Cos there ain't no room for your wings to wag.

Oh, you can't go to Heaven on a pair of skis,
You'll slide right past St. Peter's knees.

You can't go to Heaven on roller skates,
You'll roll right past those pearly gates.

Oh, you can't go to Heaven with A.N.A.,
Cos their old planes don't fly that way.

Oh you can't go to Heaven with a bottle o' beer,
Cos the Lord'll say, "No grog in here!"

Oh, you can't go to Heaven with chewy on your chin,
You'll stick to the gates as you pass in.

Oh, you can't go to Heaven in a feather bed,
Cos you'll never get up when the prayers are read.

Oh you can't go to Heaven in a woman's arms,
Cos St. Pauls decries those feminine charms

Oh, if you get to Heaven before I do,
Just bore a hole, and pull me through.

That's all there is, there ain't no more,
St. Peter said as he slammed the door.

* * * *

Where do mothers learn all the things they tell their
daughters not to?

SHARES IN THE VERY BEST COMPANIES

(Tune: "My Bonny lies over the Ocean.....")

I've shares in the very best companies,
In tramways, tobacco and tin,
In brothels in Rio de Janiero,
My God, how the money rolls in.

Chorus:

Rolls in! Rolls in!
See how the money rolls in, rolls in!
Rolls in! Rolls in!
My God, how the money rolls in!

With wealth in the big German steel-works
No wonder I helped Hitler win,
For when he supressed the trades unions,
My God, how the money rolled in.

My father sent field guns to Franco,
My brother raised loans for Berlin,
My uncle sent scrap iron to Tokyo,
To make sure the money rolled in.

My cousin's a starting price bookie,
My mother sells synthetic gin,
My sister sells sin to the sailors
My God, how the money rolls in.

My brother's a curate in Sydney,
He's saving young gurlies from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar,
My God, how the money rolls in.

We've started an old fashioned gin shop,
A regular palace of sin,
The principal girl is my grandma,
My God, how the money rolls in.

* * * *

"Did you have a good time on your date with the Siamese twins?"

"Well, yess and no."

THE TINKER

There was a fair young Duchess
Returning from a ball,
When she chanced to spy a tinker,
A-pissing on the wall.

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 knees;
Hanging down Inches thick,
Hanging down What a prick!

So she wrote to him a letter
And in it she did say,
I'd rather be fucked by a tinker
Than a husband any day.

The tinker got the letter,
The message he did read,
His prick began to quiver
And his balls began to bleed.

He mounted on his charger
And on it he did ride,
With his prick along the saddle,
And his balls on either side.

He rode up to the castle
He rode up to the wall,
"God save us!" cried the butler
"He comes to do us all."

He rode in through the gateway,
Did the cat upon the stairs;
On enetering the boudoire,
Caught the duchess unawares.

He went down to the kitchen,
And fucked the servants all,
But the way he bummed the butler
Was the shittiest deed of all.

* * * *

Home is the only place you can scratch where it itches.

ON THE ----- DAY OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas, my true love said to me
One french letter very filthy.

On the second day of Christmas my true love said to me
Two virgin queens,
And a french letter very filthy.

On the third day of Christmas, my true love said to me
Three boy scouts,
Two virgin queens,
And a french letter very filthy. etc.

Four windmill girls

Five choir boys

Six convicted vicars

Seven sex-starved sisters

Eight useless eunuchs

Nine naughty nymphs

Ten tired trollops

Eleven lecherous lesbians

Twelve twitching twats

* * * *

CASTRATED DINOSAUR: A colossal fossil with a docile tossil

DACHSHUND: A lowdown son of a bitch.

LOUSY BASTARD: One who sits and scratches himself while his
father and mother are being married.

ANGEL: A female spirit who spends most of her time wishing she
could trade her harp for an upright organ.

MASTURBATION: A solo played on a private organ.

QUEEN: A man who likes his vice versa.

THE ARMY LATRINE

(Tune: 'Begin the Beguine'....)

My job is to clean and army latrine,
I'm the man with the plan for the pan that everyone uses,
The paper's OK, on both sides the news is,
All's perfectly clean in my army latrine.

I scrub it all night, I scrub it all day,
I keep it the way, the way you'd expect it;
And when it gets high I just disinfect it,
And everything's clean in my army latrine.

I scrub it again at four in the morning,
My coppers join in, we polish the chains;
And then we are scrubbing away forever,
And wondering if ever we'll get out that stain.

What notions divine - what raptures I've seen,
But along comes a crowd to destroy the work I've created,
They just let it fly, don't care where they place it;
You see what I mean, in my bloody latrine.

If a man is a freak and must leak like a creek, let him pay
I've placed pots for the clots who take shots in every direction
I've sandpapered each face so each base can establish connection
But it all goes unseen in my army latrine.

No they won't keep it clean, that bloody latrine,
Though the seats are all neat and complete underneath wooden lodges,
But they still get it wet like an artist's palette 'round the edges
But I stand aloof - they can't hit the roof,
That's the one place that's clean, in my bloody latrine.

* * * *

FATHER'S DAY: Nine months before labour day

Sir FRANCIS DRAKE: The man who circumcised the world with a
forty-foot cutter.

HUSBAND: What is left of a lover after the nerve has been
killed.

METALLURGIST: A man who can look at a platinum blonde and tell
whether she is a virgin or a common ore.

ALIMONY: The screwing you get for the screwing you got.

she

TELL US ANOTHERIE

A giddy young trollop at Yale
Had verses tatooed on her tail
And below her behind,
For the sake of the blind,
Was a duplicate version in braille.

Chorus:

Oh, that was a dirty old rhyme,
Tell us anotherie, dirty as buggery,
Tell us anotherie do, please do.

There once was a lady from Thrance,
Whose corsets grew too tight to lace,
Her mother said, "Molly, there's more in your belly
Than ever went through your face."

There once was a lady of the Azores,
Whose cunt was all covered in sores,
Even dogs in the street wouldn't lick the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There once was a lady from Exeter
Who made all the men crane their necks at her,
And some who were brave would gallantly wave
The distinguishing marks of their sex at her.

There once was a monk from Siberia,
Whose morals were rather inferior,
He did to a nun what he shouldn't have done,
And now she's a Mother Superior.

There was a young lady called Starkie
Who had an affair with a darkie,
The result of this sin was quadruplets, not twins
One black, one white and two khaki.

There once was a young man from Australia,
Who painted his rear like a dahlia,
The drawing was fine, the colour divine,
But the smell of the bloom was a failure.

A lesbian once in Khartoum,
Asked a fairy boy up to her room
They spent the whole night in a hell of a fight
As to which should do what and to whom.

The dirty old Bishop of Buckingham
Was thinking of tits and sucking 'em,
While watching the stunts of the cunts in the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em.

TELL US

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TELL US ANOTHERIE (Cont.)

There was a young man from Rangoon
Who was an unfortunate houn,
He hadn't the luck to be born by a fuck,
But by a wet dream fed by a spoon.

There was a young girl from Bengal,
Who went to a birth control ball,
Took all her accessories, French letters and pecaries,
And didn't get asked at all.

A policeman from Tottenham Junction
Lost the use of his se ual function,
For the rest of his life, he deceived his wife,
By dextrous use of his trunchion.

There was a young man from St. Paul,
Who had a hexagonal ball,
The square of his date, plus his penis times eight,
Was two fifths of five eighths of fuck all.

There was a young chap from the Cape,
Who foolishly took on an ape,
The ape said, "You fool, you'll bugger your tool,
And put my arse out of shape."

There was a young lady from Japan,
Who went for a ride in a tram,
The dirty conductor got up and fucked her,
And now she's wheeling a pram.

There was a young lady from Currie Hall
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball,
The dress caught fire, and burnt her entire,
Front page, sporting section and all.

A dirty old bastard called Dave,
Used to keep a dead moll in a cave,
He said, "I admit I'm a bit of a shit
But look at the money I save.

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

There once was a Jewess called Grace,
Who sucked off one of her race,
In spite of his howls she sucked out his bowels,
And spat them right back in his face.

TELL US ANOTHERIE (Cont.)

There said a young lady from York
To a Frenchman who gnawed at her fork,
"My cunt is dripping, so stop your sipping,
And use your cock as a cork."

There once was a girl from Lieth,
Who sucked men off with her teeth,
It wasn't for pleasure she adopted this measure,
But to get at the cheese underneath.

There was a young man from Bardon,
Whose sort sucked him off in the garden,
He said, "Hey Flo, where did that one go?"
She said, "Hup, beg your pardon!"

There was a young man from Kildaire,
Who started to root on a stair,
When the bannister broke, he just quickened his stroke
And finished her off in mid-air.

There was a young fellow from Leeds
Who swallowed a packet of seeds,
In a month, silly arse, he was covered in grass,
And couldn't sit down for the weeds.

There was a young splinterish lass,
Who constructed her panties of brass,
When asked, "Do they chafe?" She said, "Yes, but it's safe
Against pinches and pins in your arse."

A midget, one quite indiscreet,
Went to a dance in the street,
One frigid December, he froze every member,
And crept away to retreat.

A fanatic gun lover named Crust,
Was perverse to the point of disgust,
His idea of a peach, had a 16 inch breack,
And a pearl-handled 44 bust.

There once was a maiden from Multry,
Whose knowledge was quite desultery,
She explained like a sage, adolescence - the stage
Between Puberty and adultry.

There was a young lady from Sydney,
Who could not take it right up to the kidney,
But a man from the South got it up to her mouth
He got his money's worth didn't he?.

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TELL US ANOTHERIE (Cont.)

There was a ydung lady from Kew,
Who said, as the Bishop withdrew,
"The vicar was quicker and slicker and thicker
And nine inches longer than you."

There was a young fellow from Peru,
Who lived on cat's jerk-off and spew,
When he tired of these, he lived on the cheese
That under his foreskin grew.

There once was a monastery monk,
Who went to sleep in a bunk,
He dreamt that Venus was stroking his penis
And woke with a handful of spunk.

A dirty old man from Calcutta,
Once raped a girl in the gutter,
The heat of the sun burnt a hole in his bum,
And melted his balls into butter.

There was an old hag from Jahore,
Who was covered with syphilis sore,
Great sheets of green meat hung in lengths to the street,
For the dogs to lick up and gnaw.

There once was a dentist named Chome,
Who had a young patient from Rome,
In a fit of depravity he filled the wrong cavity,
Now she's nursing the filling at home.

There once was a lady called Myrtle
Who had an affair with a turtle,
The next day at dawn, she gave birth to a prawn,
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

Said the Duke to the Duchess elective,
"Is my eyesight becoming defective,
Is the east tit the least bit the best bit of the west tit,
Or is it my lack of perspective?"

There was a young man from Rhiems
Who used to have wet dreams,
With commendable wit, he encased them in shit,
And sold them as chocolate creams.

There was a young man called Geoff,
Who was exceedingly deaf,
When his wife said "Fuck", he thought she said "Suck",
And drank all the cum that was left.

TELL US ANOTHERIE (Cont.)

There was a young girl from Tottenham,
Who used to bake pies and put shot in 'em,
She also interned the turds of the birds
That wopped off the young dogs till they shot 'em.

There was a young man from the Yarra,
Whose prick was a big as a marrow,
So he said to his tart, "Cop this for a start,
And I'll wheel my balls up in a barrow.

There was a young girl from Dakota,
Who lived in a Chinese pagoda -
The walls of the halls were lined with the balls
And the tools of the fools that had rode her.

There was a young man from West Perth,
The dirtiest bastard on earth,
When his wife was confined, he pulled down the blind,
And licked up the afterbirth.

There was a young man from the Alice,
Who pissed in the Archbishop's Chalice,
It wasn't the need that prompted the deed,
But pure sectarian malice.

There was a young lady from Osit,
Who went to a twopenny closet;
And when she got there, she could only pass air,
And that wasn't twopence worth was it?

In the garden of Eden sat Adam,
As he played with the twat of his madam;
He chucked with mirth, as he thought on this earth
There's only two balls and he had 'em.

There was a young man of Kings,
Whose mind dwelt on Heavenly things,
His earthly desire was a boy from the choir
With an arse like a jelly on springs.

There was a young lady of fashion,
Who had oodles and oodles of passion,
To the bridegroom she said, on the night she was wed,
"Here's one thing that the State can't ration."

There was a young lady of Erskine
And the chief of her charms was her fair skin,
But the sable she wore, and the minks galore,
She earned while wearing her bare skin.

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TELL US ANOTHERIE (Cont.)

Oh knock-kneed Sam McGuzzen
Who married his bow-legged cousin.
Some people say, 'love finds a way,'
But for Sam and his cousin it doesn'.

A girl of uncertain nativity
Had a sense of extreme sensitivity,
When she sat on the lap of a German or Jap,
She could sense fifth column activity.

The spouse of a pretty young thing
Came home from the wars in the spring
He has lame, but he came, with his hand on his cane,
A discharge is a wonderful thing.

There was a young man called Burt
Who shot his bolt with a squirt,
It went in so fast, it went through to her arse
And stained the back of her skirt.

* * * *

FOGGY FOGGY DEW

Once I was a bachelor, I lived all alone,
I worked at the weavers' trade,
And the only thing I ever did wrong
Was to woo a fair maid.
I wooed her in the wintertime, and in the summer too,
And the only thing I ever did wrong
Was to keep her from the Foggy Foggy Dew.

One night she came to my bedside when I lay fast asleep,
She put her head upon my bed, and she began to weep,
She wept, she cried, she damn near died,
Ah Me! What could I do,
So I hauled her into bed and covered up her head,
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

Again I am a bachelor, I live with my son,
We work at the weavers' trade,
And every, every time I look into his eyes
He reminds me of the fair young maid,
He reminds me of the winter-time and the summer too,
And the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

* * * *

MEN OF SWEAT AND STEEL

I'm a hell of a hell of a hell of a hell of a hell of an engineer;
A hell of a hell of a hell of a hell of a hell of an engineer,
Like evry honest greaser, I like my lager beer;
I'm a rambling wreck of poverty, I'm a hell of an engineer.

We run the Solar System and the Tramway trust as well,
And many of us who've left this earth are firing down in hell;
We'll write our names on scrolls of fame for many a thousand years
And still we'll sing our songs about the 'Varsity Engineers.

And wherever you may chance to roam, on land or sky or sea,
You will find a 'Varsity engineer wherever you may be;
And when you've left this mortal earth to sing for ever more
You will hear the 'Varsity ~~greasers~~ sing the song they sang before

Oh! One day a lighthouse keeper was looking out to sea,
He gave a yell and said, "Oh hell, a ship in distress I see;"
But the Captain of the hearty ship he bade him never fear,
For the man he had in the engine-room was a 'Varsity Engineer.

We blocked the city traffic and they didn't have a clue;
The Council got quite frantic and the cops were baffled too;
"Proceed by Grey Street Bridge, my lads," was all we had to say,
To confound the angry motorists for half a ruddy day.

When Hollywood's glamour dancer thought her legs would please the c
The boys in blue they thought so too and spread a guard around,
But when the limousine rolled up she didn't get a cheer,
For the 'Girl' who got the welcome was a 'Varsity Engineer.

Oh! we slave away and work all day upon the road to hell;
We blow the hills to smithereens, with dynamite and shell;
We find our El Dorado, and have our pot of beer;
And when we're broke we tell the joke to a 'Varsity Engineer.
I'm a hell of a hell of a hell etc.

* * *

DRUNK LAST NIGHT

Drunk last night
Drunk the night before,
Going to get drunk tonight like we've never been drunk before;
Here we are as happy as can be, 'cos we are the boys of the 'varsity

Glorious, victorious
One jug of beer between the four of us (bloody lot,
Thank God there are no more of us, 'cos one of us could drink the
Without his pants one; 'cos one of us could drink the bloody lot.

* * *

ESKIMO NELL

When men grow old and their pricks grow cold,
And the ends of their cocks turn blue,
And it bends in the middle, like an old string fiddle;
They can tell you a tale or two.

So pull up a chair, and brink me a drink
For I've a tale to tell
Of Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete
And a harlot named Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Were working Dead Man's Creek,
They had no luck in the way of a fuck
For nigh on half a week.

Save a moose ot two, and a caribou
And a bison, elk or sow,
But if you had a prick like Dead-Eye Dick,
You'd think that kinda slow.

So they hit the strand of the Rio Grand
And they sought Black Mike's saloon,
And straight away to slake their thirst,
They entered the old bar room.

As they passed through the swinging doors
Both gun and cock flashed free,
"According to sex, you bleeding wrecks,
You fucks or fights with me."

But Eskimo Nell, she stood it well,
With a glance from between her eyes
And looked at his horn, with the utmost scorn.
As it rose from his hairy thighs.

And she blew a whiff of the cigarette
Over his steaming knob;
So utterly beat was Mexican Pete
That he clean forgot his job.

'Twas Eskimo Nell who first broke the spell,
In accents clear and cool;
"You cunt-struck simp of a Yankee pimp,
Do you call that thing a tool."

"If this here town can't get that down,"
As she looked at the cowering whores,
"There's one cunt that will do the stunt,
That's Eskimo Nell for yours."

ESKIMO NELL (Cont.)

So she stripped off her garments one by one,
With an air of conscious pride;
When forth she stood in her womanhood,
They saw the great divide.

He bore her down to a table brown
Where someone had left a glass;
With a flick of her tits, she smashed it to bits
Between the cheeks of her arse.

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

But Dead-Eye Dick knew a trick or two,
And so he took his time;
With a girl like this it was fucking bliss
So he played a pantomime.

He flicked his foreskin up and down
And made his balls inflate
Until they resembled the granite globes
That stand at the garden gate.

He winked his arsehole in and out
And his balls increased in size,
His mammoth prick grew twice as thick
And reached up to his eyes.

He polished it with alcohol
To make it steaming hot;
And to finish the job, he sprinkled the knob
With the kayenne pepper pot.

He didn't back or take a run,
Or take a mighty leap;
And he didn't swoop but he took a stoop
And a steady forward creep.

With a piercing eye he took a sight
Along that giant tool,
And the dead slow way he put it away
Was calculating cool.

Eskimo Nell was an infidel,
And she equalled a whole harem;
And she had the strength of ten in her abdomen
And a rock of ages beam.

ESKIMO

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ESKIMO NELL (Cont.)

She gripped his cock like a Statewood lock
On the National safe deposit;
But Dead-Eye Dick would not come quick
(He meant to reserve his powers)
For when he'd a mind he could grind and grind
For a couple of solid hours.

So he lay awhile with a subtle smile,
And the grip of her cunt grew keener;
Then with a sigh, she sucked him dry,
With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

And now my friends, we come to the end
Of this copulatory epic,
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick,
Akin to an anaesthetic.

He slumped to the floor and he knew no more,
His passion was spent and dead,
Nor did he shout when his tool came out,
Though it certainly stripped the thread.

Now Mexican Peté jumped to his feet
To avenge his pal's affront,
And his long-nosed colt, with a jarring jolt
He shoved right up her cunt.

He rammed it home with a pistol grip
And fired it thrice times three;
But to his surprise she closed her eyes,
And smiled in ecstasy.

Then she rose to her feet with a smile so sweet,
"Bully!" she cried "for you."
"Though I might have guessed that this was the best
That you poor Yankees could do."

"When next my friends, you two intend
To go in search of fun,
Buy Dead-Eye Dick a sugar stick
And get yourself a bun."

"I'm going back to the frozen North
Where the pricks are hard and strong;
Where a fuck's a fight, and a fight's alright
And the nights are six months long."

"When you get it in, it's as hard as tin;
In the land where spunk is spunk;
Not a trickling stream of luke-warm cream,
But a solid icy chunk."

ESKIMO NELL (cont.)

Back to the land where they understand
What it means to copulate,
Where even the dead lie two in bed
And the infants masturbate,
Back to the land of MEN - "Terra Bolickum"
And there I'll spend a worthy end,
For the North is calling "Come!"

So Dead-Eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Slunk out of the Rio Grand;
Dead-Eye Dick with a useless prick,
And Pete with no gun in his hand.

* * * * *

JUST A BOY

I remember the first time I tried it
I was just a green kid of fifteen
And even though she was much younger
She was far more composed and serene.

I was eager, yet awkwardly backward
Uncertain of how to proceed
But she seemed not to pay much attention
As to how I prepared to do the deed.

It was out in the barn, I remember,
At the close of a fine summer day,
And the evening was scented with clover
And the fragrance of new mown hay.

I remember I spoke to her softly
And the touch of her body was warm,
As I moved up lovingly towards her,
While she nestled her head in my arm.

Looking back on it now, I remember
How I stood when my head seemed to spin,
With the thoughts of the thing I planned doing
Yet somehow afraid to begin.

Then later I found myself standing
Uncertain to stay or to run,
And feeling of pride then possessed me
As I knew the job was well done.

Twenty years have gone by since that evening
But I've never forgotten, I vow,
The thrill and the joy that I felt as a boy.

ON THAT DAY WHEN I FIRST MIKED A COW

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COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

Chinese couple going wild,
Want to have a pure white child,
Seek advice what can be done
But find no way of having one.
They watch TV, and while they sit
They find a way of having it -
On the job without delay,
Sideways is the Chinese way.
Baby born with great delight,
Little fellow pure and white,
Father proud and full of glee;
Tells what he learnt on T.V.,
"Hooley Dooley, he no fooley
He put Persil on his tooley,
Wifey, wifey, ver canny
She use blue Omo on her fanny
Wonder where the yellow went -
Brushed his balls with Pepsodent"

* * * *

YOUR SPOONING DAYS

Your spooning days are over,
Your pilot light is out;
What used to be your sex appeal
Is now your water spout.

You used to be embarrassed
To make the thing behave,
For every blooming morning
It would stand up and watch you shave.

But now you are growing old,
It sure gives you the blues,
To see the thing hang down your leg
And watch you shine your shoes.

* * * *

Some girls are like a zipper nightie - just pull one thing
and it's all off.

PETE THE PIDDLING PUP

A farmer's dog once came to town,
His Christain name was Pete.
His pedigree was two miles long
And his looks were hard to beat:
And as he trotted down the road
'Twas beautiful to see
His work on every corner,
His work on every tree.

He watered every gateway,
He never missed a post,
For piddling was his masterpiece
And piddling was his boast.
The city dogs stood looking on
In deep and jealous rage
To see a simple country dog
The piddler of his age.

Then all the dogs from far and wide
Were summoned with a yell,
To sniff this country stranger off,
And judge him by his smell.
They sniffed beneath his stumpy tail,
Their praise of him ran high,
And when one sniffed him underneath,
Pete piddled in his eye.

They smelled him all over, one by one,
They smelled him two by two,
And noble Pete in high disdain
Stood till they were through.
Then Pete, to show the city dogs
He didn't care a damn,
Walked right into a grocer's shop
And piddled on a ham.

He piddled on the onions,
He piddled on the floor,
And when the grocer kicked him out,
He piddled on the door,
Behind him all the city dogs
Decided what they'd do -
They'd start a piddling carnival
To see the stranger through.

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PETE THE PIDDLING PUP (Cont.)

They'd show him all the piddling posts
They knew around the town,
They started off with many winks,
To wear the stranger down.
They called the champion piddlers,
Who were always on the go,
And sometimes held a piddling com.,
Or had a piddling show.

They sprang this on him suddenly,
When halfway through the town,
But Pete just piddled on and on,
And wore the champions down.
For Pete was with them every trick,
With vigour and with vim,
A thousand piddles more or less,
Were all the same to him.

So he was kicking merrily,
With hind leg kicking high,
When most were lifting legs in bluff
And piddling mighty dry.
On and on, Pete sought new grounds
On which to lay the dust,
Until every other dog went dry,
And gave up in disgust.

But on and on went noble Pete,
To water every sandhill,
Till all the city champions
Were piddled to a standstill.
Then Pete an exhibition gave,
Of all the ways to piddle,
Like 'Double trip' and 'Family flip',
And now and then a 'Dribble'.

And all the time the country dog
Did neither wink nor grin,
But piddled blithly out of town
As he had piddled in.
The city dogs said, "So long, friend,
Your piddling will defeat us."
But no-one every put them wise
That Pete had diabetes.

* * * *