



CHESHUNT R.F.C.

U.S. TOUR

PREFACE

Welcome to the world of the definitive song book, jointly compiled by that famous duo Slasher Williams and Dai Laughing.

Full of inspired melodies, this publication is guaranteed to provide a suitable ditty for every occasion.

We have tried to include a cross-section of material that characterises the lavatorial blend of humour commonly encountered in the British rugby club.

The idea for this book was conceived during a metamorphosis from sobriety to an extreme hallucinatory state and as such a great deal of credit is due to a select band of fine English breweries without whom this book could never have been written.

A list of acknowledgments to the original authors of the songs is unfortunately not possible as many are anonymous and others have been forgotten. However, as most, if not all of the authors have long since perished, any credits on their behalf would be entirely superfluous.

CHESHUNT

October 1978

BRITISH SAILOR	1.
CLEMENTINE	2.
THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN GLEN	3.
IF I WE'RE THE MARRYING KIND	4.
I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY	5.
OH! SIR JASPER	6.
THE MAYOR OF BAYSWATER	7.
PISSING OVER THE RIVER	8.
SIDE BY SIDE	9.
J C	10.
MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK	11.
BYE BYE BLACKBIRD	12.
THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER	13.
CHRISTOPHER ROBIN	14.
MONTE CARLO	15.
THE ENGINEER'S SONG	16.
THE RED FLAG	17.
THE GOOD SHIP VENUS	18.
BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR	19.
CATS ON THE ROOFTOP:	20.
FANNY BAY	21.
FOUR AND TWENTY VIRGINS	22.
THE ALPHABET SONG	23.
RING THE BELL, VERGER	24.
NELLIE HAWKINS	25.
THE SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL	26.
SWEET VIOLETS	27.
MY GOOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN	28.
OLD KING COLE	29.
SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST	30.
JOHN PEEL	31.
THE BALLS OF O'LEARY	32.
COCK ROBIN	33.
THE LOBSTER	34.
GUIDE ME O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH	35.
ABIDE WITH ME	36.
NOW IS THE HOUR	37.

CLARENCE

In a cabin in a canyon
Searching for a man
I wait a minor forty nine
And his daughter Clementine.

Oh my darling, Oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine,
Thou art lost and gone forever
Oh my darling Clementine.

BRITISH SAILOR

Prove ye ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine.
Caught her foot against a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine.

Me no likee British sailor,
Yankee sailor pay one dollar more,
Me no likee British sailor,
Yankee sailor pay one dollar more.

Yankee sailor call me honey baby,
British sailor call me fucking whore,
Me no likee British sailor,
Yankee sailor pay one dollar more.

Yankee sailor fuck me once and finish,
British sailor fuck for ever more,
Me no likee British sailor,
Yankee sailor pay one dollar more.

2.

CLEMENTINE

In a cabin in a canyon
Excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner forty niner
And his daughter Clementine.

Chorus. Oh my darling, Oh my darling
Oh my darling Clementine,
Thou art lost and gone forever
Oh my darling Clementine.

Drove ye ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine.
Caught her foot against a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine.

Chorus.

Fair was she and like a lady
And her shoes were number nine
Little boxes without topses
Sandles were for Clementine.

Chorus.

Saw her lips above the water
Blowing bubbles down the line
I couldn't swim and so I lost her
Lost my darling Clementine.

Chorus.

How I grieved, Oh how I missed her
Missed my darling Clementine
But then I kissed her little sister
And I forgot my Clementine

Chorus.

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN GLEN

Mary from the mountain glen,
Seduced herself with a fountain pen,
The pen it broke and the ink ran wild,
And she gave birth to a blue-black child.

Chorus. They called the bastard Stephen,
 They called the bastard Stephen,
 They called the bastard Stephen,
 For that was the name of the ink, (not quink).

Stephen was a bonny child,
Pride and joy of his mother mild,
And all that worried her was this,
His steady stream of blue-black piss.

Mary of New Brighton pier,
Seduced herself with a bottle of beer,
The top came off and the froth ran wild,
And she gave birth to a sparkling child.

Chorus. They called the bastard Mitre,
 They called the bastard Mitre,
 They called the bastard Mitre,
 For that was the name of the beer.

IF I WERE THE MARRYING KIND

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the lord I'm not sir,
The kind of man that I would wed
Would be a rugby full-back.
He'd find touch,
I'd find touch
We'd both find touch together,
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Finding touch together.

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the lord I'm not sir,
The kind of man that I would wed
Would be a wing threequarter.
He'd go in hard, I'd go in hard
We'd both go in hard together,
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Going hard together.

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the lord I'm not sir,
The kind of man that I would wed
Would be a rugby scrum-half.
He'd put it in, I'd put it in
We'd both put it in together,
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Putting it in together.

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the lord I'm not sir,
The kind of man that I would wed
Would be a rugby hooker.
He'd strike hard, I'd strike hard
We'd both strike hard together,
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Striking hard together.

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the lord I'm not sir,
The kind of man that I would wed
Would be a rugby lock sir.
He'd push hard, I'd push hard
We'd both push hard together,
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Pushing hard together.

cont.

IF I WERE THE MARRYING KIND cont.

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the lord I'm not sir
The kind of man that I would wed
Would be a rugby referee.
He'd blow hard, I'd blow hard
We'd both blow hard together,
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Blowing hard together.

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the lord I'm not sir
The kind of man that I would wed
Would be a spectator.
He'd come again, I'd come again
We'd both come again together,
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Coming again together.

I DONT WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

I don't want to join the army,
 I don't want to go to war,
 I'd rather hang around Piccadilly underground,
 Living off the earnings of a high born lady.
 I don't want a bayonet up my arsehole,
 I don't want my bollocks shot away,
 I'd rather stay in England,
 In merry, merry England
 And fornicate my fucking life away.

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
 Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
 On Wednesday I confess, I lifted up her dress,
 Thursday night well oh Gawd blimey,
 Friday I laid my hand upon it,
 Saturday she gave my balls a tweak,
 And Sunday after supper, I rammed the fucker up her,
 And now I'm paying seven and six a week.

Call up the buggers in the Royal Marines,
 Call up the Queens artillery,
 Call up my brother, my sister and my mother,
 But for Gods sake don't call me.

THE MAYOR OF BATHWATER

OH SIR JASPER

Oh Sir Jasper do not touch me
Oh Sir Jasper do not touch me
Oh Sir Jasper do not touch me
As she lay between the lilly white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh Sir Jasper do not touch
Oh Sir Jasper do not touch
Oh Sir Jasper do not touch
As she lay between the lilly white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh Sir Jasper do not
Oh Sir Jasper do not
Oh Sir Jasper do not
As she lay between the lilly white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh Sir Jasper do
Oh Sir Jasper do
Oh Sir Jasper do
As she lay between the lilly white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh Sir Jasper
Oh Sir Jasper
Oh Sir Jasper
As she lay between the lilly white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh Sir
Oh Sir
Oh Sir
As she lay between the lilly white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh
Oh
Oh
As she lay between the lilly white sheets with nothing on at all.

THE MAYOR OF BAYSWATER

The mayor of Bayswater
Has got a lovely daughter,
And the hairs on her dickey dido hang down to her knee.

Chorus. One black one, one white one,
And one with a fairy light on,
And the hairs on her dickey dido hang down to her knee.

I've smelt it, I've felt it,
It's just like a bit of velvet,
And the hairs on her dickey dido hang down to her knee.

Chorus. If she was my daughter,
I'd have them cut shorter,
And the hairs on her dickey dido hang down to her knee.

Chorus. It would take a coalminer,
To find her vagina,
And the hairs on her dickey dido hang down to her knee.

Chorus. She slept with a demon,
Who washed her with semen,
And the hairs on her dickey dido hang down to her knee.

Chorus. She married an Italian,
With balls like a fucking stallion,
And the hairs on her dickey dido hang down to her knee.

Chorus. She married a yank,
But he'd only wank,
And the hairs on her dickey dido hang down to her knee.

And the hairs on her dickey dido, the hairs on her dickey dido
The hairs on her dickey dido hang down to her knee,
She's got room for a bargepole,
And then there's her arsehole,
A remarkable peehole,
You can take it from me.

PISSING OVER THE RIVER

I'm a fun loving boy, and I always enjoy,
Just pissing about on the river.
Watching the stunts of the cunts in the punts,
Who are pissing about on the river.

Cheering the eights as they finish the course,
They loosen their rollocks, and lay on their oars.
The victorious eight is awarded a plate,
For pissing about on the river.

The girls wait to welcome the crews at the locks,
They all love a stroke, now their kissing the cox.
I row to the bank, and have quite a wank,
While pissing about on the river.

SIDE BY SIDE

We got married on Friday,
The vicar said it was my day
When the guests were all gone,
And we were alone,
Side by side.

We got ready for bed then,
I very nearly dropped dead when,
Her teeth and her hair,
She placed on a chair,
Side by side.

I stood in blank amazement,
At her glass eye, so small,
Her arm, her leg, her bosom,
She placed on a chair by the wall.

I was broken hearted,
For most of my wife had departed,
So I slept on the chair,
There was more of her there,
Side by side.

Roll over Mabel,
It's better on the other side,
Without your drawers on,
We're overworked and underpaid,
Good evening friends.

J C

Five foot nine he's dīvine, changes water into wine,
Has anybody seen J C.
Wacky do, wacky do, wacky do.

He's real neat, he's real cool, he's just walked across my pool,
Has anybody seen J C.
Wacky do, wacky do, wacky do.

If you run into, a five foot jew, covered in thorns,
Changing water into wine, you can bet your life that he's dīvine.

Holy Mary she's the most, she got fucked by the holy ghost,
Has anybody seen J C - not since ascencion,
Has anybody seen J C - not since communion,
Has anybody seen J C,
Wacky do, wacky do, wacky do.

11

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MY GRANDFATHERS COCK

My Grandfathers cock was too long for his jock,
So it dragged ninety yards on the floor.
It was bigger by half than the old man himself,
And it weighed not a pennyweight more.
With a horn on the morn of the day that he was born,
And a horn on the day that he died.
My Grandfathers cock was too long for his jock,
So it stood by my Grandmothers side.

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

Once was a boy, was no good,
Took his girlfriend to a wood,
Bye, bye, blackbird.
Laid her down upon the grass,
Squeezed her tits and pinched her arse,
Bye, bye, blackbird.
Took her where nobody else could find her,
Tied her arms and legs right up behind her,
Slapped her back, slapped her front,
Shoved his prick right up her cunt,
Blackbird, bye, bye.

But this girl was no sport,
Took her story to the court,
Bye, bye, blackbird.
Told her story all forlorn,
Judge and jury had the horn,
Bye, bye, blackbird.
Said the judge, you are a silly bastard,
Never try and do it when your plastered,
Next time son, do it right,
Stuff her up with dynamite,
Blackbird, bye, bye.

So this boy, he tried again,
Took her down a leafy lane,
Bye, bye, blackbird.
Stuffed her up with dynamite,
Had a piss, had a shit,
Bye, bye, blackbird.
Suddenly there was a great commotion,
Followed by a fucking great explosion,
There's a cunt on a tree,
Hanging there for all to see,
Blackbird. bye. bye.

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

If all the whores with dirty drawers
Were lying in the Strand
Do you suppose, the Walrus said
That we could raise a stand?
I doubt it, said the Carpenter
But wouldn't it be grand?
And all the while the dirty sod
Was coming in his hand.

When you were only sweet sixteen
And had a little quim
You stood before the looking glass
And put one finger in
But now that you are old and grey
And losing all your charm
I can get five fingers in
And half my fucking arm.

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN

Little boy sitting at the foot of the stairs,
Lovingly clutching some little white hairs.
Oh my just fancy that,
Christopher Robin's castrated the cat.

Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Lily-white hands are caressing his head.
Oh my could not be worse,
Christopher Robin is shagging his nurse.

Little boy sits on the lavatory pan,
Gently caressing his little old man.
Flip flop into the tank,
Christopher Robin is having a wank.

MONTE CARLO

As she walked along the Bois de Boulogne
With a heart as heavy as lead,
She wishes that she were dead
She has lost her maidenhead.
Her heart in a funk and covered with spunk,
Her knickers were torn and her cunt was worn,
She's the girl that lowered the price at Monte Carlo.

As he walked along the Bois de Boulogne
With his prick upon the stand,
The girls all say it's grand
To take it in their hand.
You give them a bob and they're on the job,
Pulling the foreskin over the knob,
Of the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

THE RED FLAG

'Twas on Gibraltar's rock so fair,
I saw a maiden lying there.
And as she lay in sweet repose,
A puff of wind blew up her clothes.
A sailor who was passing by,
Tipped his hat and winked his eye.
And then he saw to his despair,
She had the red flag flying there.

The working class can kiss my arse,
I've got the foreman's job at last.
I'm out of work and on the dole,
You can stuff the red flag up your hole.

THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

'Twas on the good ship Venus,
By god you should have seen us,
The figure head was lying in bed
Sucking a dead mans penis.

Chorus. Frigging in the rigging,
 Wanking on the planking,
 Tossing on the crossing,
 There was fuck all else to do.

The captain's name was Slugger,
He was a dirty bugger,
He wasn't fit to shovel shit
On any bugger's lugger.

Chorus. The first mate's name was Topper,
 By gad he had a whopper,
 Twice round the deck, once round his neck.
 And up his arse like a stopper.

The first mate's name was Topper,
By gad he had a whopper,
Twice round the deck, once round his neck.
And up his arse like a stopper.

Chorus. The second mate's name was Andy,
 His balls were long and bandy,
 They filled his arse with molten brass
 For pissing in the brandy.

The second mate's name was Andy,
His balls were long and bandy,
They filled his arse with molten brass
For pissing in the brandy.

Chorus.

The captain's randy daughter,
Was swimming in the water,
Delighted squeals came as the eels
Entered her sexual quarter.

Chorus.

The cook whose name was freeman,
He was a dirty demon,
He fed the crew on menstrual stew
And hymens fried in semen.

Chorus.

THE ENGINEERS SONG

An engineer told me before he died,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 An engineer told me before he died
 And I've no reason to believe he lied,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum.

He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 He had a wife with a cunt so wide.
 That she was never satisfied,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum.

So he built a bloody great wheel,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 So he built a bloody great wheel
 Two brass balls and a prick of steel,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum.

The two brass balls were filled with cream,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 The two brass balls were filled with cream.
 The whole bloody issue was driven by steam,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 Round and round went the bloody great wheel
 In and out went the prick of steel,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum.

Till at last the maiden cried,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 Till at last the maiden cried
 Enough, enough I'm satisfied,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum.

THE ENGINEER'S SONG cont.

Down and down went the level of cream,
Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
Down and down went the level of cream
Up and up went the level of steam,
Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum.

Now we come to the tragic bit,
Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
Now we come to the tragic bit
There was no way of stopping it,
Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum.

She was split from arse to tit,
Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
She was split from arse to tit
And the whole bloody issue was covered in shit,
Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum.

THE ENGINEERS SONG

An engineer told me before he died,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 An engineer told me before he died
 And I've no reason to believe he lied,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum.

He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 He had a wife with a cunt so wide.
 That she was never satisfied,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum.

So he built a bloody great wheel,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 So he built a bloody great wheel
 Two brass balls and a prick of steel,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum.

The two brass balls were filled with cream,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 The two brass balls were filled with cream,
 The whole bloody issue was driven by steam,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 Round and round went the bloody great wheel
 In and out went the prick of steel,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum.

Till at last the maiden cried,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 Till at last the maiden cried
 Enough, enough I'm satisfied,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum,
 Ah bum titty, bum titty, bum titty bum.

18a
THE GOOD SHIP VENUS cont.

The cabin boys name was kipper,
A dirty little nipper,
They stuffed his arse with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper.

Chorus.

The bosun's name was Lester,
He was a hymen tester,
Through hymens thick he shoved his prick
And left it there to fester.

Chorus.

The purser's name was Carter,
And Christ he was a farter,
They heard the roar in Singapore
And at Monza as a starter.

Chorus.

The lookout's name was Banner,
He'd do anything for a tanner,
His favourite trick was to loosen his prick
And tighten his balls with a spanner.

Chorus.

The ship's dog name was Rover,
The whole crew did him over,
The ground and ground the faithful hound
From Wellington to Dover.

Chorus.

So now we end this serial,
Through lack of good material,
I wish you luck and freedom
Diseases venereal.

Chorus.

BRITISH SAILOR	1.
CLEMENTINE	2.
THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN GLEN	3.
IF I WE'RE THE MARRYING KIND	4.
I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY	5.
OH! SIR JASPER	6.
THE MAYOR OF BAYSWATER	7.
PISSING OVER THE RIVER	8.
SIDE BY SIDE	9.
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MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK	11.
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THE ENGINEER'S SONG	16.
THE RED FLAG	17.
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THE SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL	26.
SWEET VIOLETS	27.
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OLD KING COLE	29.
SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST	30.
JOHN PEEL	31.
THE BALLS OF O'LEARY	32.
COCK ROBIN	33.
THE LOBSTER	34.
GUIDE ME O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH	35.
ABIDE WITH ME	36.
NOW IS THE HOUR	37.

Who's that knocking on my door?
Who's that knocking on my door?
Who's that knocking on my door?
Cried the fair young maiden,
Oh, its only me from over the sea
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Chorus.

You can sleep upon the mat,
You can sleep upon the mat,
You can sleep upon the mat,
Said the fair young maiden.
Bugger the mat you can't fuck that,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Chorus.

You can sleep upon the stairs,
You can sleep upon the stairs,
You can sleep upon the stairs,
Said the fair young maiden.
Bugger the stairs they got no hairs,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Chorus.

You can sleep between my tits,
You can sleep between my tits,
You can sleep between my tits,
Said the fair young maiden.
Bugger your tits they give me the shits,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Chorus.

You can sleep between my thighs,
You can sleep between my thighs,
You can sleep between my thighs,
Said the fair young maiden.
Bugger your thighs they give me a rise,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Chorus.

You can sleep within my cunt,
You can sleep within my cunt,
You can sleep within my cunt,
Said the fair young maiden.
Bugger your cunt but I'll fuck for a stunt,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Chorus.

What if we should have a child?
What if we should have a child?
What if we should have a child?
Said the fair young maiden.
Abort the bugger and fuck for another,
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

CATS ON THE ROOFTOP

When you wake up in the morning
With the devil of a stand
From the pressure of the liquid
On the seminary gland.
If you haven't got a woman
Then you'll have to use your hand
As you revel in the joys of masturbation.

Chorus. Cats on the rooftops
 Cats on the tiles
 Cats with syphillis
 Cats with piles
 Cats with their arseholes wreathed in smiles
 As they revel in the joys of fornication.

When you find yourself in springtime
With a surge of sexual joy
And your wife is at her mothers
And your daughters rather coy
Then ram it up the jacksie
Of your favourite choirboy
As you revel in a smooth ejaculation

Chorus.

The ostrich in the desert
Is a solitary chick
Without the opportunity
To ever dip its wick
But whenever it does
It slips in thick
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Chorus.

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

Chorus.

The flea disports among the trees
And there consorts with whom he please
To fill the land with bastard fleas
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Chorus.

CATS ON THE ROOFTOP

When you wake up in the morning
With the devil of a stand
From the pressure of the liquid
On the solitary gland.

FANNY BAY

If you ever go across the sea to Darwin,
Then maybe at the closing of the day,
You will see the local harlots at their business,
And watch the sun go down on Fanny Bay.

Some are black and some are white
And some are brindle.
And some are young
And some are old and some are grey.
But what will cost you twenty pounds in Piccadilly,
You can get for fifty pence in Fanny Bay.

Four and twenty virgins
Came down from Inverness,
And when the ball was over
There were four and twenty less.

Chorus. Singing balls to your partner
And arse against the wall,
If you never get fucked on a Saturday night
You'll never get fucked at all.

The village plumber he was there
He felt an awful fool,
He'd come eleven miles or more
And forgot to bring his tool.

Chorus.

There was fucking in the kitchen
And fucking in the halls,
You couldn't hear the music
For the clanging of the balls.

Chorus.

The parson's daughter she was there
The cunning little runt,
With poison ivy up her arse
And a thistle up her cunt.

Chorus.

The vicar's wife she was there
Sitting by the fire,
Knitting contraceptives
Out of an India rubber tyre.

Chorus.

Mrs. O'Reilly she was there
She had the crowd in fits,
Jumping off the mantelpiece
And bouncing off her tits.

Chorus.

Father O'Flanagan he was there
And in the corner sat,
Amusing himself by abusing himself
And catching it in his hat.

Chorus.

The village smithy he was there
Sitting by the fire,
Doing abortions by the score
With a piece of red hot wire.

Chorus.

The bride was in the kitchen
Explaining to the groom,
That the vagina not the rectum
Was the entrance to the womb.

THE ALPHABET SONG

- A is for arseholes all covered in shit,
Heigh ho said Rolly.
- B is the bastard who revels in it,
Singing Rolly polly,
Up'em and stuff'em,
Heigh ho said Anthony Rolly.
- C is for cunt all dripping with piss,
Heigh ho said Rolly.
- D is the drunkard who gave it a kiss,
Singing Rolly polly,
Up'em and stuff'em,
Heigh ho said Anthony Rolly.
- E is for Eunuch with only one ball,
Heigh ho said Rolly.
- F is for fucker with no balls at all,
Singing Rolly polly,
Up'em and stuff'em,
Heigh ho said Anthony Rolly.
- G is for gonorrhoea, goitre and gout,
Heigh ho said Rolly.
- H is for harlot that spreads it about,
Singing Rolly polly,
Up'em and stuff'em,
Heigh ho said Anthony Rolly.
- I is for injection for clap, pox and itch,
Heigh ho said Rolly.
- J is the jerk of a dog on a bitch,
Singing Rolly polly,
Up'em and stuff'em,
Heigh ho said Anthony Rolly.
- K is for king who thought fucking a bore,
Heigh ho said Rolly.
- L is for lesbian who came back for more,
Singing Rolly polly,
Up'em and stuff'em,
Heigh ho said Anthony Rolly.
- M is for maidenhead tattered and torn,
Heigh ho said Rolly.
- N is for noble who died with a horn,
Singing Rolly polly,
Up'em and stuff'em,
Heigh ho said Anthony Rolly.
- O is for orifice gently revealed,
Heigh ho said Rolly.
- P is for prick all pranged up and peeled,
Singing Rolly polly,
Up'em and stuff'em,
Heigh ho said Anthony Rolly.

cont.

RING THE BELL, VERGER

Down in the belfry the chauffeur lies,
Vicar's wife between his thighs,
Voice from the pulpit from afar,
" Stop fucking wife and start the fucking car."

Chorus.

Ring the bell , verger,
Ring the bell , ring,
Perhaps the congregation
Will condescend to sing.
Perhaps the village organist,
Sitting on his stool,
Will play upon his organ,
And not upon his tool.

Vergers standing by church clock,
Grasped in his hand, his mighty cock.
From afar the vicar yells.
" Stop pulling cock, and pull the fucking bells."

Chorus.

Ocean liner six days late,
Stoker stoking stoker's mate,
Voice from the Captain over the wire
" Stop poking mate, and start poking fire."

Chorus.

NELLIE HAWKINS

I first met Nellie Hawkins
Down the Old Kent road.
Her drawers were hanging down,
'Cos she'd been with Charlie Brown.
I pressed a filthy tanner,
In her filthy bleeding hand.
'Cos she was a low down whore.

Oh, she wore no blouses
And I wore no trousers,
And we both wore no underwear.
When she caressed me
She damn near undressed me,
It's a thrill that no-one knows.
I went to the doctor,
He said " where did you cock her,"
I said " down where the green grass grows."
He said " quick as a twinkle,
That pimple on your winkle
Will be bigger than a red, red rose."

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL

The sexual life of a camel
Is stranger than anyone thinks,
At the height of the mating season
He tries to bugger the sphinx.
But the sphinx's posterior orifice,
Is blocked by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Chorus. Singing, bum titty, bum titty, titty bum,
Bum titty, bum titty eh!
Bum titty, bum titty, titty bum,
The arsehole is here to stay.
For we're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs,
Yes we're all queers together,
That's why we go round in pairs.

I went for a ride in a chuff chuff,
It was crowded and I had to stand.
Then a little boy offered me his seat,
So I felt for it with my hand.
For we're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs,
Yes we're all queers together,
That's why we go round in pairs.

Chorus.

My name is Cecil,
I live in Leicester Square,
I wear pink pyjamas,
And a rosebud in my hair.
Yes we're all queers together
That's why I keep winking at you,
Edith prefers me in yellow,
But Roger's just mad over blue.

Chorus.

Nasty Verse.

Grab hold of a dog by its bollocks,
And throw them up over your head.
Catch hold of a pussycat's cobbler's,
And stamp on its tool till it's dead.
Stick bricks up a kangaroo's arsehole,
And nails down the tool of a frog,
Dig up dead graanies and fuck'em,
And lick out the arse of a wog.

SWEET VIOLETS

Phyllis Quat she died in the sprintime,
She expired in a terrible fit,
We fullfilled her last dying wish, sir,
She was buried in six feet of

Chorus. Sweet violets,
Sweeter than the roses
Covered all over from head to tit
Covered all over in shit.

Phyllis Quat took a bag to her boyfriends',
But the bag was old and it split.
Now the boyfriend and Phyllis have parted,
For the bag was packed quite full of

Chorus.

There was a professional farter,
Who could flatulate ballads and airs.
He could fart out the moonlight sonata,
And accompany musical chairs.
One day he attempted an opera,
It was hard but the fool would't quit.
With his head helt aloft, he suddenly coughed,
And collapsed in a big heap of

Chorus.

Well now my song it is ended,
And I have finished my bit.
And if any of you feel offended,
Stick your head in a bucket of

Chorus.

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes book on the corner,
My mother makes illicit gin,
My sister sells kisses to sailors,
My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus. Rolls in, rolls in,
 My God how the money rolls in, rolls in,
 Rolls in, rolls in,
 My God how the money rolls in.

My grandma's a bawdy house keeper,
Every night when the evening grows dim,
She hangs out a little red lantern,
My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus.

My cousin's a Harley Street surgeon,
With instruments long, sharp and thin,
He only does one operation,
My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus.

My brother's a poor missionary,
He saves fallen women from sin.
He'll ^{save} you a blonde for a guinea,
My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus.

My grandad sells cheap contraceptives,
And punctures the end with a pin,
My cousin gets rich from abortions,
My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus.

My Aunt runs a girl's school in Surrey,
She teaches young girls to begin,
She doesn't say where they must finish,
My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus.

I've lost all my money on horses,
I'm sick from illicit gin,
I'm falling in love with my father,
Mt God, what a mess I'm in.

28

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole
And a bugger for his hole 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,
" Fiddle diddle diddle diddle dee," said the fiddlers
" Merry merry men are we," there's none so fair that can compare
With Cheshunt R.F.C.

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole
And a bugger for his hole was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night
And he called for his jugglers three.
Now every juggler had a fine set of balls
And a fine set of balls had he,
" Toss your balls in the air," said the jugglers
" Fiddle diddle diddle diddle dee," said the fiddlers
" Merry merry men are we," there's none so fair that can compare
With Cheshunt R.F.C.

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole
And a bugger for his hole was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night
And he called for his butchers three.
Now every butcher had a very fine chopper
And a very fine chopper had he,
" Slap it on the block, chop it off," said the butchers
" Toss your balls in the air," said the jugglers
" Fiddle diddle diddle diddle dee," said the fiddlers
" Merry merry men are we," there's none so fair that can compare
With Cheshunt R.F.C.

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole
And a bugger for his hole was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night
And he called for his painters three.
Now every painter had a very fine brush
And a very fine brush had he,
" Slap it up and down, up and down," said the painters
" Slap it on the block, chop it off," said the butchers
" Toss your balls in the air," said the jugglers
" Fiddle diddle diddle diddle dee," said the fiddlers
" Merry merry men are we," there's none so fair that can compare
With Cheshunt R.F.C.

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole
 And a bugger for his hole was he,
 He called for his wife in the middle of the night
 And he called for his surgeons three.
 Now every surgeon had a very sharp knife
 And a very sharp knife had he,
 "Cut it round the knob, make it throb," said the surgeons
 "Slap it up and down, up and down," said the painters
 "Slap it on the block, chop it off," said the butchers
 "Toss your balls in the air," said the jugglers
 "Fiddle diddle diddle diddle dee," said the fiddlers
 "Merry merry men are we," there's none so fair that can compare
 With Cheshunt R.F.C.

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole
 And a bugger for his hole was he,
 He called for his wife in the middle of the night
 And he called for his vicars three.
 Now every vicar was very alarmed
 And very alarmed was he,
 "Goodness gracious me, gracious me," said the vicars
 "Cut it round the knob, make it throb," said the surgeons
 "Slap it up and down, up and down," said the painters
 "Slap it on the block, chop it off," said the butchers
 "Toss your balls in the air," said the jugglers
 "Fiddle diddle diddle diddle dee," said the fiddlers
 "Mery merry men are we," there's none so fair that can compare
 With Cheshunt R.F.C.

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole
 And a bugger for his hole was he,
 He called for his wife in the middle of the night
 And he called for his fishermen three.
 Now every fisherman had a very fine rod
 And a very fine rod had he,
 "Mines six foot long, six foot long," said the fishermen
 "Goodness gracious me, gracious me," said the vicars
 "Cut it round the knob, make it throb," said the surgeons
 "Slap it up and down, up and down," said the painters
 "Slap it on the block, chop it off," said the butchers
 "Toss your balls in the air," said the jugglers
 "Fiddle diddle diddle diddle dee, said the fiddlers
 "Merry merry men are we," there's none so fair that can compare
 With Cheshunt R.F.C.

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole
And a bugger for his hole was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night
And he called for his huntsmen three.
Now every huntsman had a very fine horn
And a very fine horn had he,
"Wake up in the morn, with the horn," said the huntsmen
"Mines six foot long, six foot long," said the fishermen
"Goodness gracious me, gracious me," said the vicars
"Cut it round the knob, make it throb," said the surgeons
"Slap it up and down, up and down," said the painters
"Slap it on the block, chop it off," said the butchers
"Toss your balls in the air," said the jugglers
"Fiddle diddle diddle diddle dee," said the fiddlers
"Merry merry men are we," there's none so fair that can compare
With Cheshunt R.F.C.

Old King Cole was a bugger for his hole
And a bugger for his hole was he,
He called for his wife in the middle of the night
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 coalmen
"Wake up in the morn, with the horn," said the huntsmen
"Mines six foot long, six foot long," said the fishermen
"Goodness gracious me, gracious me," said the vicars
"Cut it round the knob, make it throb," said the surgeons
"Slap it up and down, up and down," said the painters
"Slap it on the block, chop it off," said the butchers
"Toss your balls in the air," said the jugglers
"Fiddle diddle diddle diddle dee," said the fiddlers
"Merry merry men are we," there's none so fair that can compare
With Cheshunt R.F.C.

SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST

She was poor but she was honest,
Victim of a rich man's whim,
First he fucked her, then he left her,
And she had a child by him.

Chorus. Its the same the whole world over,
 Its the poor what gets the blame,
 Its the rich what gets the pleasure,
 Aint it all a bleeding shame.

See him with his hounds and horses,
See him strutting at his club,
Whilst the victim of his whoring,
Drinks her gin inside a pub.

Chorus.

See her on the bridge at midnight,
Throwing snowballs at the moon,
She said "sir, I've never had it,"
But she spoke to fucking soon.

Chorus.

See her on the bridge at midnight,
Picking blackheads from her crutch,
She said "sir, I've never had it,"
He said "no, not fucking much."

Chorus.

See her stand in Piccadilly,
Offering her aching quim,
She is now completely ruined,
It was all because of him.

Chorus.

See him seated in his Rolls Royce,
Driving homewards from the hunt,
He got riches from his marriage,
She got corns upon her cunt.

Chorus.

See her on the bridge at midnight,
Moonlight shining from above,
Then a scream, a splash, oh fuck her,
She has killed herself for love.

Chorus.

THE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST

The was poor but she was honest,
Victim of a rich man's whim,
First he lured her, then he left her,
And she had a child by him.

Chorus:
The same the whole world over,
The poor who gets the blame,
The rich who gets the pleasure,
Ain't it all a pleasing shame.

See him with his hands and horses,
See him strutting at his dip,
Whilst the victim of his whoring,
Drinks her gin inside a tub.

Chorus

JOHN PEEL

See her on the bridge at the door,
Throwing snuffballs at the poor,
She said "ah, I've never loved it,"
But she spoke to looking poor.

D'ye ken John Peel
With his prick of steel
And his balls of brass
And his celluloid arse
D'ye ken John Peel
With his prick of steel
And it all comes out in the morning.

Chorus

COCK ROBIN

Who killed cock robin?
I said the sparrow.
With my bow and arrow,
I killed cock robin.

Chorus.

All the birds of the air said,
"Hail, hail, the king who lives!"
When they heard cock robin
Had killed the darling sparrow,
When they heard cock robin
Had killed the darling sparrow,

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY

The balls of O'Leary
Are massive and hairy
So round and so shapely
Like the dome of St Pauls
People all muster to view the great cluster
They stand and they stare
At the bloody great pair
Of O'Learys balls.

Chorus.

Chorus.

COCK ROBIN

Who killed cock robin?
I, said the sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
I killed cock robin.

Chorus. All the birds of the air said,
"Sod, shit and fuck it,"
When they heard cock robin,
Had kicked the fucking bucket,
When they heard cock robin
Had kicked the bucket, fuck it.

Who saw him die?
I said the fly,
With my little eye,
I saw him die.

Chorus.

Who'll dig the grave?
I said the owl,
With my little trowel,
I'll dig the grave.

Chorus.

Who'll toll the bell?
I said the bull,
Because I can pull,
I'll toll the bell.

Chorus.

Who'll read the sermon?
I said the rook,
With my little book,
I'll read the sermon.

Chorus.

Fisherman, fisherman
Home from the sea,
Have you a lobster
You will sell to me?

Chorus. Singing, roll tiddly oh,
Shit or bust,
Never let your bollocks
Dangle in the dust.

Oh yes sir, yes sir,
I have two
And the biggest of the bastards
I will sell to you.

Chorus.

So I took the lobster home
And I couldn't find a dish,
So I left it in the place
Where the missus has a piss.

Chorus.

Early in the morning
As you all know,
The missus got up
To let the water flow.

Chorus.

First there was a yell
Then there was a grunt,
There was the lobster
Hanging from her cunt.

Chorus.

The missus grabbed a brush
A I grabbed a broom,
And we chased the fucking lobster
Round and round the room.

Chorus.

Oh I hit it on the head
And I hit it on the side,
We hit the bloody lobster,
'Til the bastard died.

Chorus.

Oh the moral of the story
The moral is this,
Always have a shuftie
Before you have a piss.

Chorus..

TIM THE TINKER

The lady of the manor was a-dressing for the ball,
When she saw a highland tinker fucking up against a wall.

Chorus. With his bloody great kidney wiper,
And his balls the size of three,
And a yard-and-a-half of foreskin, foreskin, foreskin,
Hanging down below his knee.
Hanging down, swinging free,
Foreskins in the sky.

The lady wrote a letter and in it she did say,
She'd rather be fucked by a tinker than his lordship any day.

Chorus. The tinker got the letter and when it he did read,
His balls began to fester and his prick began to bleed.

Chorus. He mounted on his donkey and to her place did ride,
With his prick slung over his shoulder and his balls strapped to his side.

Chorus. He fucked them in the parlour, he fucked them in the hall,
The butler cried "Gawd save us he wants to fuck us all".

Chorus. He fucked the groom in his stable and the duchess in her pew,
And then he fucked the butler and the butler's pet mole too.

Chorus. Some say the tinkers gone now, gone fucking down to hell,
All set to fuck the devil, and we hope he does it well.

Chorus.

GUIDE ME O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

Guide me O thou great Jehovah
 Pilgrim through this barren land,
 I am weak but thou are mighty,
 Guide me with thy powerful hand,
 Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven
 Feed me now and evermore
 Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing streams do flow
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through
 Strong deliverer, Strong deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside,
 Death of death and hells destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaans side.
 Songs of praises, Songs of praises
 I will ever sing to thee,
 I will ever sing to thee.

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me; Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to it's close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where grave thy victory?
I triumph still if thou abide with me.

Hold thou cross before my closing eyes
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord abide with me.

POSTSCRIPT

As the final line of "The Ball of O'Leary" is
 insignificant, and the bar shuttle across
 down to be changed about, the last thing you can
 should anyone wish to write a postscript to a book in
 contributed to your present confusion.

Well there is no short answer to this postscript, but
 suffice to say that if you are able to comprehend what
 written here, albeit slowly, you have every reason to
 inner satisfaction as being one of the few who can
 claim to be bionic.

NOW IS THE HOUR

Now is the hour
 When we must say goodbye
 Soon I'll be sailing far across the sea
 While I'm away O please remember me
 When I return I'll find you waiting for me.

POSTSCRIPT

As the final line of " the Balls of O'Leary " fades into insignificant mumblings, and the bar shutters screech their way down to be clamped shut, the last thing you are wondering is why should anyone wish to write a postscript to a book that has contributed to your present comatose state.

Well there is no short answer to this poser, but let it suffice to say that if you are able to comprehend what is being written here, albeit slowly, you have every reason to feel immense inner satisfaction as being one of the few who can justifiably claim to be bionic.