

Bawdy Songs

The Chandler's Wife

A man walked into the chandler's shop some candles for to buy,
He looked around the chandler's shop but no one did he spy.
So he turned upon his heels and to the door he sped
When he heard the sound of a <KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK> up above his head.
When he heard the sound of a <KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK> up above his head.

Well this young man was a bold young man so up the stairs he sped,
And very surprised was he to find the chandler's wife in bed;
And with her was a fine young man of most incredible size,
And they were having a <KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK> right before his eyes.
And they were having a <KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK> right before his eyes.

When the fun was over and done and the lady raised her head,
She was quite surprised to find him standing by the bed
"If you would keep my secret sir, if you would be so kind,
You may drop in for a <KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK> whenever you feel inclined."
"You may drop in for a <KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK> whenever you feel inclined."

So, many a day and many a night when the chandler wasn't home,
Down to the chandler shop, for candles he would roam.
But nary a one she gave to him , but gave to him instead,
Just a little bit more of the <KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK> to light his way to bed.
Just a little bit more of the <KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK> to light his way to bed.

So, all you married men take heed, whenever you go to town,
If you must leave your woman alone, be sure to tie her down.
Or, if you would be kind to her, just lay her right down on the floor,
And give her so much of that <KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK> she doesn't want any more.
And give her so much of that <KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK> she doesn't want any more.

Itches in Me Britches

I was born of Geordy parents one day when I was young
That's how the Geordy language became my native tongue
That I was a pretty baby, my mother she would vow
The girls all ran to kiss me, well I wish they'd do it now

Oh, I wish they'd do it now, oh, I wish they'd do it now
I've got itches in me britches and I wish they'd do it now

Well when I was only six months old, the girls would handle me
They'd clutch me to their bosoms and they'd bounce me on their knees
They would rock me in the cradle and if I made a row
They'd tickle me, they'd cuddle me, I wish they'd do it now

Oh, I wish they'd do it now, oh, I wish they'd do it now
I've got itches in me britches and I wish they'd do it now

At sixteen months as fine a lad as ever could be seen
The girls all liked to follow me right down to the green
They'd make a chain of buttercups and drop it on my brow
Then they'd roll me in the clover, well I wish they'd do it now

Oh, I wish they'd do it now, oh, I wish they'd do it now
I've got itches in me britches and I wish they'd do it now

Well the Eastern girls would go with me to swim when it was mild
Down to the river we would go and splash about a while
They'd throw the water over me, duck me like a cow
Then they'd rub me nice all over, Oh, I wish they'd do it now

Oh, I wish they'd do it now, oh, I wish they'd do it now
I've got itches in me britches and I wish they'd do it now

Well its awful lonely for a lad to live a single life
I think I'll go down to the dance tonight and find meself a wife
Oh I have got six brindled pigs, likewise one fat sow
There'll be plenty love and bacon for the girl who'll love me now

Oh, I wish they'd do it now, oh, I wish they'd do it now
I've got itches in me britches and I wish they'd do it now

A Lusty Young Smith

A lusty young smith at his vice stood a-filing.
His hammer laid by but his forge still aglow.
When to him a buxom young damsel came smiling,
And asked if to work in her forge he would go.

With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle bang jingle.
With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle high ho.

"I will," said the smith, and they went off together,
Along to the young damsel's forge they did go.
They stripped to go to it, 'twas hot work and hot weather.
They kindled a fire and she soon made him blow.

With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle bang jingle.
With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle high ho.

Her husband, she said, no good work could afford her.
His strength and his tools were worn out long ago.
The smith said "Well mine are in very good order,
And now I am ready my skill for to show."

With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle bang jingle.
With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle high ho.

Red hot grew his iron, as both did desire,
And he was too wise not to strike while 'twas so.
Said she, "What I get I get out of the fire,
So prithee, strike home and redouble the blow."

With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle bang jingle.
With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle high ho.

Six times did his iron, by vigorous heating,
Grow soft in her forge in a minute or so,
But as often was hardened, still beating and beating,
But the more it was softened, it hardened more slow.

With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle bang jingle.
With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle high ho.

When the smith rose to go, said the dame full of sorrow:
"Oh, what would I give could my husband do so.
Young smith with your hammer come hither tomorrow,
But please could you use it once more 'ere you go!"

With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle bang jingle.
With a jingle bang jingle bang jingle high ho.

The Moose Song

When I was a young lad I used to like girls,
I'd play with their corsets and fondle their curls.
'Till one day, my lady I caught with some churl,
Now you'd never get treated that way by a moose.

Moose, moose, I likes a moose,
I've never had anything quite like a moose.

I've had lots of lovers, my life has been loose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

Now when I'm in need of a very good lay,
I go to my closet and get me some hay.
I go to my window and spread it around.
'Cause moose always come when there's hay on the ground.

Moose, moose, I likes a moose,
I've never had anything quite like a moose.
I've had lots of lovers, my life has been loose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

Gorillas are all right on Saturday night,
Lions and tigers, they puts up a fight.
But it's just not the same when you slam your caboose,
As the feeling you get when you humps with a moose.

Moose, moose, I likes a moose,
I've never had anything quite like a moose.
I've had lots of lovers, my life has been loose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

I've done it with beasties with long flowing hair,
I'd do it with snakes if their fangs were not there.
I've done it with walrus, a monkey, and goose,
But it's just not the same when you screw with a moose.

Moose, moose, I likes a moose,
I've never had anything quite like a moose.
I've had lots of lovers, my life has been loose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

Now that I am old and advanced in my years,
I look back on my life and shed me no tears.
As I sit in my chair with my glass of Matheus,
Playing Hide-The-Salami with Melba the Moose.

Moose, moose, I likes a moose,
I've never had anything quite like a moose.
I've had lots of lovers, my life has been loose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

Roll Your Leg Over ("Wench Version")

If all of the girls were bells in a tower
And I was a clapper, I'd bang one each hour

Chorus:

Go roll your leg over, roll your leg over
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

If all of the girls were fish in the ocean
And I was a wave (or whale) I would teach them the motion.

I wish all of the girls were fish in a pool
And I was a whale with a waterproof tool.

If all of the girls were little white rabbits
And I was a hare, I would teach them bad habits.

If all them young ladies was up for improvement.
I'd give them some help with a ball-bearing movement.

If all them young ladies was little white kittens
And I was the tom cat, I'd give them new fittin's

If all them young ladies was B-29's,
And I was a fighter, I'd buzz their behinds.

If all them young ladies was bats in a steeple
And I were a bat---there'd be more bats than people.

If all them young ladies was diamonds and rubies
And I were a jeweler, I'd shine up their boobies.

If all them young ladies was wheels on a car,
Then I'd be the piston and go twice as far.

If all them young ladies was rushes a-growing,
I'd take out my scythe and set out a-mowing.

If all them young ladies was bricks on a pile,
Then I'd be the mason and I'd lay them in style.

If all the young ladies were singing this song
It would be twice as dirty and three times as long.

And here is the wench-version:

If all the young laddies were little white flowers,
I'd be a bee a suck them for hours

If all the young laddies were keys to a gate,
I'd be the lock, insert and rotate

If all the young laddies were cows by a stream
I'd lay meself down and lick up the cream

If all the young laddies were fish in the ocean
I'd be the waves and show them the motion

If all the young laddies were waves in the sea
I'd be the shore and I'd let them lick me

If all the young laddies were ships on the sea,
I'd be the waves and I'd let them ride me

If all the young laddies were pies on a shelf
I'd be the baker and eat them meself

If all the young laddies were boards on the floor
I'd lay meself down and make them creak more

If all the young laddies were hounds on a spree
I'd be the fox and I'd let them chase me

If all the young laddies were flames in a fire
I'd be the bellows and blem them all higher

If all the young laddies were sharks in the sea
I'd be a minnow and let them eat me

If all the young laddies were bricks in a pile,
I'd be the mason and lay them with style

If all the young laddies were steeds in a stable
I'd be the groom and mount all I'm able

If all the young laddies were grapes in the sun
I'd brab a big bunch, squeeze their juice one by one

If all the young laddies were bakers of pie
I'd be the bread yeast and make them all rise

If all the young laddies were potter of clay
I'd sit on their wheels and rotate all day

If all the young laddies were grapes on the vine
I'd be the one to make them all wine

If all the young laddies were Toms on the prowl
I'd be the kitten that makes them all yowl

If all the young laddies became nice chew toys
I'd be the one who had trained all those boys.

If all the young laddies were barrels of whiskey rye
I'd turn on their spigots and drink them all dry

If all the young laddies were butchers so sweet
I'd hang on their hooks and I'd pound on their meat

If all the young laddies were clouds puffy and gray
I'd be the wind and I'd blow them all day

If all the young laddies were sailed in channels quite thin
I'd be the light-house and guide them all in

If all the young laddies were milk in a cup
I'd be a kitten and lick them all up

If all the young laddies were watches in shiny gold cases
I'd be the hands and I'd sit on their faces

If all the young laddies were singin' this ditty
IT WOULD BE TWICE AS LONG, BUT JUST HALF AS WITTY

If all the young laddies were big as they say
Then nary a lass would be walkin' this day!

The Scotsman

A Scotsman clad in kilt left the bar one evening fair
And one could tell by how he walked he'd drunk more than his share
He staggered on until he could no longer keep his feet
Then stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.
Ring ding diddle diddle i de o
Ring di diddle i o
He stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

Later on two young and lovely girls just happened by,
And one says to the other with a twinkle in her eye
You see yon sleeping Scotsman who is young and handsome built
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath their kilt.
Ring ding diddle diddle i de o
Ring di diddle i o
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath their kilt.

They crept up to the sleeping Scotsman quiet as could be
Then lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see
And there behold for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt
Was nothing but what Gold had graced him with upon his birth.
Ring ding diddle diddle i de o
Ring di diddle i o
There was nothing there but what God gave upon his birth.

They marveled for a moment then one said we'd best be gone
But let's leave a present for our friend before we move along
They took a blue silk ribbon and the tied it in a bow
Around the bonnie spar that the Scot's lifted kilt did show.
Ring ding diddle diddle i de o
Ring di diddle i o
Around the bonnie spar that the Soct's lifted kilt did show.

The Scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled toward a tree
Behind a bush he lifts his kilt and gawks at what he sees
Then in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes
He said, "Lad I don't know where you've been but I see you won
first prize".
Ring ding diddle diddle i de o
Ring di diddle i o
"Oh Lad I don't know where you've been but I see you won first prize!"