

2004.03.11-from-sinapse.arc2.ucla.edu--streaming--smegs--texts--songs-x1.txt  
ROWDY SONGS NOT SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN OR SMALL DOGS!  
-transcribed by Ioseph of Locksley  
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(as far as we know!)

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THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND  
-attributed to Rudyard Kipling, but probably not!

Oh the mistrels sing of an English king of many long years ago  
who ruled his Land with an iron hand tho his morals were weak and low  
his only outer garment was a dirty yellow shirt  
with which he served to hide his hide, but he couldn't hide the dirt

He was dirty, and lousy, and full of fleas  
but a Royal Tool hung to his knees  
God bless the Bastard King of England!

Now the Queen of Spain was an amorous Jane, a lascivious wench was she  
who heard about the prowess of this King from over the sea  
so she sent a Royal Message by a Royal Messenger  
to ask the King of England to spend the night with her

He was dirty and lousy and full of fleas  
but he kept his women by twos and threes....  
God Bless the Bastard King of England!

When Philip of France heard of this chance, he swore before his Court  
"The Queen prefers my rival just because mine's...somewhat short."  
So he sent the Count of Zippety-Zap  
to give to the Queen a Dose of Clap  
to pass it on to the Bastard King of England!

When the King of England heard the news, he cursed the Gallic farce  
and he up and swore by the Royal whore he'd have the Frenchman's arse  
So he offered half his Kingdom, and a piece of Queen Hortense  
To any Royal Subject who'd undo the King of France

So the brave young Duke of Buckingham went instantly to France  
He swore he was a fruitier; the King took down his pants.  
So in front of the throng he slipped on a thong  
and jumped on his horse and he galloped along  
dragging the Frenchman back to Merrie England!

When the king of England saw the sight he fainted dead on the floor,  
for during the ride his rival's hide had stretched...a yard...or more!  
and all the girls of England came down to London Town  
and shouted round the battlements "To hell with the British Crown!"

So Philip of France usurped the Throne  
his scepter was his Royal Bone  
with which he bitched the Bastard King of England!

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THE SQUIRE'S SONG

-Anonymous

-note: not for the weak-kneed!

Don't laugh when you see a Duke walk by  
For you may be the next to die!

To fight with him is suicide  
Especially if you "rhino-hide!"

As on the field your helm caves in;  
His sword is buried down to your chin!

They'll take you out to the family plot  
And there you'll wither, decay, and rot!

They'll take you out, and lower you down,  
And men with shovels will gather 'round!

They wrap you up in a big white sheet  
And bury you under about six feet!

And all goes well for about a week  
And then the coffin begins to leak!

The worms crawl in, the worms crawl out,  
The worms hold revels upon your snout!

They call their friends, and their buddies, too,  
They'll make a terrible mess of you!

Your body turns a slimey green  
And pus runs out like whipping cream!

Your hair turns white, your skin turns blue  
You don't look like you used to do!

Your eyes fall in, your teeth fall out,  
Your liver turns to sauerkraut!

And great big bugs with eyes of green  
Crawl in your liver and out your spleen!

You become a thing that's very rare  
A smell worse than your underwear!

So don't laugh when you see a Duke walk by  
For you may be the next to die!

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As I was sittin by the fire  
talking to O'Riley's daughter  
suddenly a thought came into my head:  
I'd like to shag O'Riley's daughter

(Chorus): Giddy aye ay, giddy aye ay,  
giddy aye ay for the one-ball Riley  
Giddy aye ay: (three claps or stomps)  
try it on yer own big drum!

Her hair was black and her eyes were blue  
The Colonel and the Major and the Captain sought her  
The Sergeant and the Private and the Drummer boy too  
All of 'em shagged O'Riley's daughter!

Riley played on the big bass drum;  
Riley had a mind for murder and slaughter  
Riley had a bright red glitterin eye  
and he kept that eye on his lovely daughter

while walking thru the park one day  
who should I spy but Riley's daughter?  
Never a word I had to say  
But "Don't you think we really oughter?"

Got me a bottle and a condom too,  
got me hands on Riley's daughter  
settled me down for a good old time  
doin' things we shouldn't oughter

Up the stairs and into bed  
I shagged and shagged until I stove her  
Never a word that maiden said  
just laughed like hell till the fun was over!

Suddenly a footstep on the stair  
who should it be but Riley out for slaughter  
with two pistols in his hands  
lookin for the man that shagged his daughter

Grabbed Old Riley by the ball,  
rammed his head in a pail of water  
shoved them pistols up his ass  
a damn sight quicker than I shagged his daughter!

As I go walkin' down the street  
People shout from every corner  
There's the randy sonofabitch  
That finally shagged Old Riley's daughter!

Now all you lasses, all you maids  
Answer me now, and don't speak shyly  
would you have it straight and true  
Or the way I gave it to One-Ball Riley?

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THE COUNTESS' GARTER  
-Anonymous  
(Tune: "Cornell's Alma Mater")  
(& only sing it when you KNOW your listeners!)

High above a Countess' garter, high above her knee  
Lies the key to her successes: her virginity!  
Once she had it, now she's lost it  
It is gone for good!  
She goes down for belted fighters  
Like a Countess should!  
Lift her skirts, Oh lift them gently,  
Lay her on the grass!  
Often are the times I've dreamed of  
A piece of Countess' ass!

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TAIL TODDLE  
-Traditional Scots  
recorded by the Mitchell Trio

Our guidwife held o'er to Fife  
For tae buy a coal-riddle  
Lang or she cam back agin  
Tammie gart my tail toddle!

(Chorus): Tail toddle, tail toddle  
Tammie gars my tail toddle  
But an' ben we diddle-doddle  
Tammie gars my tail toddle!

Wen I'm deid I'm out o'date  
Wen I'm seik I'm fu' o'trouble  
Wen I'm weel I stap about  
An' Tammie gars my tail toddle!

Jenny Jack she gae'd a plack  
Helen Wallace gae'd a bottle  
Quo' the bride "It's o'er little  
For tae mend a broken dottle!"

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THE GOOD SHIP VENUS  
-Anonymous

It was on the good ship Venus  
My God, you should have seen us!

The Captain's name was Morgan  
By God, he was a gorgon!

The figurehead was a whore in bed, Ten times each day sweet tunes he'd play  
And the mast, an upright penis! On his reproductive organ!

The Captain of this lugger The Captain's wife was Mable  
He was a dirty bugger! To screw, she wasn't able  
He wasn't fit to shovel shit So the dirty shits, they nailed her tits  
From one place to another! Across the Captain's table!

The Mate's name it was Andy  
By God, he had a dandy!  
Till they crushed his cock with a jagged rock  
For coming in the brandy!

The second mate was Hooper  
By God, he was a trooper!  
He jerked and jerked until he worked  
Himself into a stupor!

The cabin boy, the cabin boy, The Captain's dog was Rover  
The dirty little nipper; We rolled that poor dog over  
He filled his ass with broken glass, Ten times each day all along the way  
And circumcised the Skipper! From Calais back to Dover!

The Captain's daughter, Mable,  
was ready, willing and able,  
To fornicate with the second mate  
Upon the chartroom table!

The Captain's daughter, Mary,  
Had never lost her cherry,  
The men grew bold, and offered gold:  
Now there's no Virgin Mary!

The Captain's other daughter  
Fell in the deep sea water  
Delighted squeals revealed that eels  
Had found her sexual quarter!

Aboard the good ship Venus  
We sailors all were henious:  
It was our fate to masturbate  
And that develops meanness!

The trip it was exciting  
The pleasures were inviting  
All day we blew - all night we'd screw  
By artificial lighting!

One day the good ship foundered And when we reached our station  
On crags our bags were pound(er)ed We found to our elation  
We stubbed our cocks against the rocks, The ship had sunk in a sea of spunk  
And then, we all were drownd(er)ed! From mutual masturbation!

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IN DAYS OF OLD  
-Anonymous & Ioseph of Locksley  
(Tune: "The Girl I left Behind Me")

SCA: In days of old, when knights were bold,  
And rubbers weren't invented;  
They used old socks

To cover up their jocks  
And babies were prevented!  
But now we're in the SCA  
And we always get our fill, sir!  
For the boys take matters firm in hand  
And the girls are on the Pill, sir!

In days of old, when knights were bold,  
And women weren't particular  
They lined them up  
Against the wall  
And diddled 'em perpendicular!  
But now we're in the SCA  
And any old way is fine, sir!  
So choose your lass and go to town,  
As long as she's not mine, sir!

In days of old, when knights were bold  
And paper not invented  
They wiped their ass  
With tufts of grass  
And, thereby, were contented!  
But now we're in the SCA  
And a public park's a gas, sir!  
For a toilet seat is very neat  
When you have to park your ass, sir!

MUNDANE:

Last night I slept in a hollow log  
With the girl I love beside me;  
Tonight I sleep in a feather bed  
And she's right there beside me

She jumped in bed and covered up her head  
And said I couldn't find her  
But she knew damn well she lied like hell  
So I jumped in bed beside her!

I diddled her once, I diddled her twice,  
I diddled her once too often.....  
I broke a spring, or some damn thing  
I diddled her to her coffin.....

(shouted:) DAMN! DAMN! DAMN! DAMN!

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ABDUL EL BULBUL, EMIR!  
-Anonymous

In the harems of Egypt it's good to behold  
The fairest of harlots appear,  
But the fairest, a Greek  
Was owned by a sheik  
Named Abdul el Bulbul Emir!

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A traveling brothel came into the town  
Run by a pimp from afar  
Whose great reputation  
Had traveled the nation:  
'Twas Ivan Skidavitsky Skavar!

Abdul the Bulbul arrived with his bride  
A prize whose eyes shone like a star  
He claimed he could prong  
More cunts with his dong  
Than Ivan Skidavitsky Skavar!

A day was arranged for the spectacle great;  
A visit was planned by the Czar!  
And the curbs were all lined  
With harlots reclined  
In honour of Ivan Skavar!

They met on the track with their tools hanging slack  
Dressed only in shoes and a leer,  
Both were fast on the rise  
but folks gasped at the size  
Of Abdul el Bulbul Emir!

The cunts were all shorn, and no rubbers adorned  
The prongs of the pimp and the peer,  
But the pimp's steady stroke  
Soon left without hope  
The chance of the Bulbul Emir!

They worked thru the night til the dawn's early light  
The clamor was heard from afar  
The multitudes came  
To applaud the ball game  
Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar!

When Ivan had finished, he turned to the Greek,  
And laughed when she shivered in fear  
She swallowed his pride,  
He buggered the bride  
Of Abdul el Bulbul, Emir!

When Ivan was done, and was wiping his gun,  
He bent down to polish his gear;  
He felt, up his ass,  
A hard pecker pass;  
'Twas Abdul el Bulbul, Emir!

(more)

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Abdul El Bulbul Emir (cont.)

The crowd loudly howled that it was a foul,  
They were ordered to part, by the Czar,  
But fast they were jammed;  
The pecker was crammed  
In Ivan Skidavitsky Skavar!

Now, the cream of the joke, when apart they were broke,  
Was laughed at for years by the Czar:  
For Abdul the Bulbul  
Left most of his tool  
In Ivan Skidavitsky Skavar!

The fair Grecian maiden a sad vigil keeps  
With a husband whose tastes have turned queer...  
She longs for the dong  
That once did belong  
To Abdul el Bulbul, Emir!

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VIRGIN STURGEON  
-Anonymous  
(Tune: "Ruben, Ruben")

Caviar comes from virgin sturgeon  
Virgin sturgeon's a mighty fine fish  
Virgin sturgeon needs no urgin'  
That's why caviar is my dish!

The oyster's a prolific bivalve  
Keeps its' innards in its' shell,  
How they diddle is a riddle,  
But they do, so wotthell!

Shad roe comes from scarlet shad fish  
Shad fish have a very sad fate:  
Pregnant shad fish is a sad fish  
Got that way without a mate!

The trout is just a little salmon,  
Just half-grown, and minus scales,  
But the trout, just like the salmon  
Can't get on without his tail!

Mrs. Clam is optimistic  
Shoots her eggs out in the sea  
Hopes her suitor is a shooter  
Hits the selfsame spot as she!

Give a thought to the happy codfish  
Always there when duty calls,  
Female cod fish is an odd fish  
From her come your cod fish balls!

The green sea-turtle's mate is happy  
With her lover's winning ways  
First he grips her with his flipper  
Then they flip for days and days!

A lucky fish is the common starfish  
When for offspring they essay;  
Yes, me hearties, they have parties  
In the good old fashioned way!

I fed caviar to my Lady  
She was a virgin tried and true  
Now that virgin needs no urgin'  
Now there's nothin' she won't do!

I fed caviar to my grandpa  
He was a man of ninety-three  
Shouts and screams were heard from  
grandma  
As he chased her up a tree!

I fed caviar to my rooster  
I fed caviar to my cow,  
Now the barnyard sure looks funny:  
All the cows have feathers now!

Every living thing will do it  
Without making lots of fuss  
When they do it, they don't rue it,  
So my darlin', why not us?

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SEVEN NIGHTS DRUNK  
-Traditional  
-From the singing of Seamus McCafferty

When I came home on Monday night, as drunk as drunk could be  
I saw a horse outside the door, where my old horse should be  
So I called my wife, (audience shouts: HEY WIFE!)  
And I said to her, would you kindly tell to me  
Who owns that horse outside my door, where my old horse should be?  
Oh, you're drunk, you drunk, you silly old fool,  
Can't you plainly see?  
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me



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Well it's many a day I've travelled, a hundred miles or more  
But a saddle on a sow I've never seen before!

When I came home on Tuesday night.....etc.

Saw a coat behind the door.....etc.

....Who owns that coat....

...that's a lovely blanket...

...But buttons on a blanket....etc.

When I came home on Wednesday night.....etc.

I saw a pipe upon the chair, where my old pipe should be..etc.

....Who owns that pipe....

...That's a lovely tin-whistle that my mother sent to me!

...But tobacco in a tin-whistle I've never seen before!

When I came home on Thursday night.....etc.

I saw two boots beneath the bed.....etc.

....Who owns those boots.....etc.

...They're two geranium-pots...etc.

...But laces in geranium-pots....etc.

When I came home on Friday night.....etc.

Saw a head upon the bed.....etc.

....Who owns that head.....etc.

...That's a baby boy...etc.

...but whiskers on a baby boy...etc.

When I came home on Saturday night....etc.

Saw a rise beneath the sheets.....etc.

....Who owns that rise.....

...It's nothing but a shillelagh...etc.

...But knackers on a shillelagh....etc.

(Alternate lyric: "Hammer" "A hammer with a head like that..")

When I came home on Sunday night...etc.

I saw a man walk out the door, a little after three! (shout: A.M.!)

....Who was that man.....after three (shout: A.M.!)

...That's an English tax-man....etc.

...But an Englishman that could last till three....etc.

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THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL, or MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN!  
-Anonymous

The sexual life of the Camel  
Is stranger than anyone thinks  
One night in a moment of passion  
He tried to deflower the Sphinx!

My cousin sells shields to the Tuchux  
The plywood they're made of is thin;  
I'm a doggone good Chiurgeon  
My God, how the money rolls in!

Now, the Sphinx's posterior anatomy  
Is covered with sand from the Nile.  
That accounts for the hump in the Camel,  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile!

My brother is a mercenary  
Hiring out to help you win  
Since both Kingdoms pay for his wages  
My God, how the money rolls in!

Exhaustive experimentation

The East and the Middle are fighting  
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By Darwin, and Huxley and Hall Trimaris and others join in  
Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog The Dark Horde makes book on the winner  
Can hardly be bugged at all! My God, how the money rolls in!

The Baron, he rides on a warhorse,  
with a fancy great helluva rig,  
He doesn't get there any faster,  
But it makes the old bastard feel big! Smilin' Ali is looking for people  
To travel a long way with him  
To auctions in old Persian markets  
My God, how the money rolls in!

The king, he sleeps in a feather bed  
The knights all sleep in their sacks;  
As a means of self-preservation,  
The squires all sleep on their backs! I'm just a poor mercenary  
I don't care if we lose or we win  
As long as you're still here on payday  
My God, how the money rolls in!

And here's to the girls of (insert name)  
And here's to the alleys they roam,  
And here's to their dirty-faced bastards,  
God bless 'em, they may be your own! Ioseph of Locksley is Celtic,  
Ioseph of Locksley is thin,  
Ioseph writes satire to order,  
My God, how the money rolls in!

My father makes illegal whiskey,  
My mother makes illegal gin,  
My sister runs guns for the Dark Horde:  
My God, how the money rolls in! Petruccio is an Italian  
He is an expert at Sin  
He has a stable of gerbils  
My God, how the money rolls in!

My brother's a poor missionary  
He saves little girlies from Sin!  
He'll save you a blonde for 5 dollars  
My God, how the money rolls in! The Dark Horde really likes fighting  
We want your side to win  
We've cornered the market on duct tape  
My God, how the money rolls in!

And here's to the Outlands' new Navy!  
Let's all give them three cheers!  
The first submarine made of adobe....  
It's been down for thirty-two years! Elric, he drives a hard bargain  
While trading for leather or skins  
He'll let you keep yours for a cookie!  
My God, how the cookies roll in!

So here's to the war at Estrella  
Where all of us landed in gaol,  
And here's to the (insert name) maidens,  
who gave us our first piece of tail! Elric's a traveling merchant  
With a band of his very large friends  
He'll sell you your lives for your silver  
My God, how the money rolls in!

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11

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OLD DRUBBED DING  
-Anonymous  
(Tune: "Old Used Queen")

Once I was a swyver of the finest kind, a ruler of the bed  
But now I spend my days as an old used thing and I find I'm rubbed too red!  
With a hey-ho derry up and down I sing,

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never any fun for an old drubbed ding!

My owner spends his time in solemn prayer, and dreams of naked flesh  
I spend MY time in clothbound walls getting slapped when we're too fresh  
With a hey-ho derry up and down I sing,  
never some relief for an old drubbed ding!

The other men they sit and talk of baring, thrust and fling  
But when I come out the wenches flee, and won't give me a thing  
With a hey-ho derry up and down I sing,  
never any girls for an old drubbed ding!

The other ones can rise and dive and frolic near the ass  
I'm the Model of Priapus, I'm hard as hell, but must not make a pass!  
With a hey-ho derry up and down I sing  
never any fun for an old drubbed ding!

But someday soon there'll be a change, in Martin Luther's "rise,"  
And the Reformation's opening "shot" will land between his eyes!  
With a Hey-ho derry up and down WE'LL sing,  
Then there will be FUN for an old drubbed ding!

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TRIMARIAN SHEEP SONG  
-Anonymous  
(Tune: Scotland the Brave)

Bring me some whiskey, mother  
I'm feeling frisky, mother  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!  
I need a lover, mother  
No, not my brother, mother  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!

Gerbils don't make it, mother  
They just can't take it, mother  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!  
Owls, bats and other critters  
Just tend to give me jitters  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!

(bridge) Sheep never talk about it

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They never ever doubt it  
Always so placid, affectionate and nice!

Give me that lanolin  
Better than flannel-in  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!

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IT TAKES A NASTY MAN  
-Braden the Bard  
(Tune: "It Takes a Worried Man")

It takes a nasty man, to sing a nasty song (3X)  
I'm nasty now, and I'll be nasty all night long!

Every single morning I insist on breakfast in bed  
So my Lady wraps her legs around my head!

I say my bedtime prayers when the Mission bell rings eight  
O send me, Lord, a girl that wants to fornicate!

They call me short, dark and handsome but I thank God they're wrong  
How can I be short, at a full nine inches long?

My Liege Lord says I'm slow, but his daughter doesn't mind  
It's 'cause I'm slow, that I get a little behind....!

I've got hair everywhere, from my head down to my feet  
And in my mouth it gets stuck between my teeth!

I'll give you some kissin', girl, every single night  
If you want more than that, the line forms to the right!

They say you are what you eat, I answer "Is that a fact?"  
If that is true, I'm a nymphomaniac!

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13

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THE RED FLAG  
(Tune: "O Tannenbaum," "Maryland," &c.)

while walking 'cross the rocks so bare  
I saw a maiden lying there  
And as she lay in sweet repose  
A breath of wind blew up her clothes  
A mongol who was passing by  
Lifted his hat and winked his eye  
And then he saw, to his despair,  
She had the Red Flag waving there!

The mongol would not be denied  
He said "By God, I'll slip inside!"  
He stripped down to his underwear,  
And soon his ass was shining bare  
The maiden she was not disturbed  
Nor in the slightest bit perturbed  
For, come what may, full well she knew,  
The brave Red Flag would see her thru!

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The mongol he was shivering  
His mighty prick was quivering.  
But soon he knew he'd met his match,  
He could not penetrate her snatch!  
Try as he might, his path was blocked,  
All he could do was fire half-cocked;  
To quit the fray he did prepare,  
And leave the goddam Red Flag there!

The moral of this tale is plain,  
But pardon me if I explain;  
In love, or war - it matters not,  
You never, ever waste a shot!  
The mongol's judgement was at fault  
To penetrate the maiden's vault  
With Red Flag flying, let it pass:  
Just shove it up the maiden's ass!

OPTIONAL CHORUS:

The peasant class can kiss my ass!  
I've got my Peerage, now, at last!  
Don't bother me, I cannot work,  
I'm in a Peerage Circle Jerk!

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14

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THE FARTING CONTEST  
(Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike)

I'll tell you a story that is sure to please  
Of a great farting contest at Sutton-on-Pease  
where all the best arses paraded the field  
To compete in a contest for various shields.  
Some tighten their arses and fart up the scale  
To compete for a cup, or a barrel of ale,  
while others, whose arses are biggest and strongest,  
Compete in the section for loudest and longest.

Now, this year's event had drawn quite a big crowd  
And the betting was even on Mrs. McDowd  
For it had appeared, in the evening edition,  
That this lady's arse was in perfect condition.  
Miss Bingle arrived amid roars of applause  
And promptly proceeded to pull off her drawers  
For, though she'd no chance in the farting display  
She'd the prettiest bottom you'd see in a day!

Now, young Mrs. Porter was backed for a place

though she'd often been placed in the deepest disgrace  
by dropping a fart on a Sunday in church  
And disturbing the sermon of Reverend McGurk!  
The ladies lined up, at the signal to start,  
And, winning the toss, Mrs. Jones to first fart;  
The people around stood in silence and wonder,  
while her wireless transmitted gale force and thunder!

Now, Mrs. McDowd reckoned nothing of this  
For she'd had some weak tea, and was all wind and piss;  
So she took up her place, and her arse opened wide,  
But, unluckily, shit, and was disqualified!  
Then young Mrs. Porter was called to the front  
And started by doing a wonderful stunt:  
She took a deep breath, and, clenching her hands,  
she blew the damned roof off the popular stands!

This left young Miss Bingle, who shyly appeared,  
And smiled at the clergy, who lustily cheered!  
And though it was thought that her chances were small,  
She ran out a winner, out-farting them all!  
She went to the rostrum with dignified gait,  
And took from the Vicar a set of gold plate,  
Then she turned to the clergy, with sweetness sublime,  
And, smiling, said "Come up and see me sometime!"

The clergy was shocked by Miss Bingle's remark,  
Though some felt a stirring 'neath vestment and sark,  
Perhaps t'was the wind - but who could have guessed?  
And that was the end of the farting contest!

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15

THE MOOSE SONG  
-Thomas Payton, et. al.  
(tune: "Betsy From Pike")

When I was a young girl (man) I used to like boys (girls),  
I fondled their tights (bodies) and played with their toys (curls),  
But me boy (girl) friend ran off with a salesman named Bruce,  
You'd never get treatment like that from a Moose!

CHORUS: So it's Moose, Moose, I like a Moose,  
I've never had anything quite like a Moose,  
I've had many 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 me stables and gets me some hay,  
I opens me window and spreads it around,  
'Cause Moose always comes when there's hay on the ground!

Now I've made it with all kinds of beasties with hair,  
I'd make it with snakes if their fangs were not there,  
I've made it with walrus, two ducks and a goose,  
But I've never had anything quite like a Moose!

Now gorillas are fine for a Saturday night,  
And lions and tigers, they puts up a fight,  
But it just ain't the same when you slams your caboose

2004.03.11-from-sinapse.arc2.ucla.edu--streaming--smegs--texts--songs-x1.txt  
As the feeling you gets when you humps with a Moose!

I've tried many beasties on land or on sea  
I've even tried hump-backs that humped back on me!  
Sharks are quite good, tho they're hard to pull loose  
But on dry land there is nothing quite like a moose!

woodchucks are all right except that they bite  
And foxes and rabbits won't last thru the night!  
Cows would be fun, but they're hard to seduce  
But you never need worry should you find a moose!

Step in my study, and trophies you'll find  
A black striped tiger and scruffy maned lion  
You'll know the elephant by his ivory tooth  
And the one that's a-winking, you know is the moose!

The lion succumbed to a thirty-ought-six  
Machine guns and tigers I've proved do not mix  
The elephant fell by a bomb with a fuse  
But I won't tell a soul how I did in the moose!

I've found many women attracted to me  
A few of them have had me over for tea  
Some say that they love me when they're feeling loose  
But I'd trade the world's women for one lovely moose!

The good Lord made Adam, and then He made Eve  
Said He: "If you sin now, I'll ask you to leave!"  
They left not because of Eve's forbidden fruit  
But 'cause Adam decided the moose there were cute!

(more!)

16

The Moose Song (Cont.)

The English are said to like boars who've had corn  
The Celts just dream of the young Unicorn  
The Germans, it's said, just need leather and rope  
But give me a moose and I'll no longer mope!

Now I've broken the laws in this god-awful state  
They've put me in prison and locked up the gate  
They say that tomorrow I'll swing from a noose  
But my last night I'll spend with a good sexy moose!

Next morning the Governor's word reached my ears  
"We've commuted your sentence to ninety-nine years!"  
"You won't get parole; not a five minute's truce,  
And your friend goes to Sing-Sing, he's so big-a-moose!"

(slowly) Now that I'm old and advanced in me years,  
I'll look back on me life, and I'll shed me no tears,  
As I sit in me chair with me glass of Mateuse,  
And play hide the salami with Marvin (Millie) the Moose!

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THE ANCIENT AND OLD IRISH CONDOM

-Anonymous

(Tune: "Rosin the Beau")

(Recorded: "Celtic Pride: In Strange Form")

I was up to me arse in the muck, Sir,  
with a peat contract down in the bog  
when me shovel it struck something hard, Sir,  
that I thought was a rock or a log

T'was a box of the finest old oak, Sir,  
T'was a foot long, and four inches wide  
and not giving a damn for the Fairies  
I just took a quick look inside

Now I opened the lid of this box, Sir,  
and I swear that my story is true  
T'was an ancient and old Irish condom  
A relic of Brian Boru

T'was an ancient and old Irish condom  
T'was a foot long, and made of elk hide,  
with a little gold tag on it's end, Sir,  
with his name, rank, and stud fee inscribed

Now, I cast me mind back thru the ages  
To the days of that horny old Celt  
with his wife lyin' by on the bed, Sir,  
As he stood by the fire in his pelt

And I thought that I heard Brian whisper  
As he stood in the fire's rosy light  
"Well, you've had yer own way long enough, dear...  
'Tis the hairy side outside, tonight."

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17

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THE BANTAM COCK  
(Recorded: "Celtic Pride: In Strange Form")

He was a fine upstanding bantam-cock  
So brisk, and stiff, and spry...  
with a springy step, and a jaunty plume,  
And a purposeful look in his eye  
In his little black laughing eye!

So I took him to the coop and introduced him to  
My seventeen wide-eyed hens  
And he tugged and he tugged as a hero tugged,  
And he bowed to them all, and then,  
He up and took 'em all again!

Then upon the peace of my ducks and geese  
He boldly did intrude  
And with glazed eyes and opened mouths  
They bore him with fortitude...  
And a little bit of gratitude!

He jumped my giggling guinea-fowl!  
He thrust his attentions upon  
Twenty hysterical turkeys,  
And a visiting migrant swan!  
And the bantam thundered on!

He groped my fan-tail pigeon doves,  
Page 16



My lily-white Columbine,  
And as I was lookin' at me budgerigar,  
He jumped my parrot from behind!  
And it was sittin' on me shoulder at the time!

But all of a sudden, with a gasp and a gulp,  
He clapped his wings to his head!  
He lay flat on his back with his feet in the air;  
My bantam-cock was dead!  
And the vultures circled overhead!

What a noble beast! What a champion cock!  
What a way to live and die!  
As I dug him a grave to protect his bones,  
From those hungry buzzards in the sky,  
The bantam opened up his eyes!

He gave me a wink, and a terrible grin,  
The way that rapists do....  
He said, "Do you see them silly daft buggers up there?  
They'll be down in a minnit 'er two!  
They'll be down in a minnit 'er two!"

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18

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THE MODEST WENCH  
-David of Bagulay

A comely young wench from the south  
Went travelling far and free  
She said "I'm searching for love as true as the dove!"  
And she came to the north country

CHORUS: Saying "I beg your pardon, Sir!  
I am but a modest wench....  
A lovely lively lusty busty rather outrageous wench  
But a modest one, nevertheless!"

She met with two grinning dwarves  
Said one to the other: "What bliss!  
You stand on her shoulder; together we'll hold her  
And give her a rousing kiss!"

She met with a leering banker  
Who said "Banking has various facets...  
I could invest all your money till the ledgers looked funny,  
But I'd rather hold onto your assets!"

She met with a hungry giant  
Who roared in stentorian tones  
"To pepper I'd falter; I'd rather assault her  
before I devour her bones!"

She met with a country lout  
who said, "Massage me here on this hummock.  
Like my girlfriend who felt she should stop at the belt

2004.03.11-from-sinapse.arc2.ucla.edu--streaming--smegs--texts--songs-x1.txt  
And never got up to my stomach..."

She met with a charming minstrel  
"At last sir can you show me true love?"  
He chortled with glee as he patted her knee  
He rubbed his hands as he fired up his glands  
He looked very droll as he turned into a troll  
And sneered "Certainly! From below or above!"

"I beg your pardon, sir!  
I -was- but a modest wench...  
A lovely lively lusty busty rather outrageous wench  
But a modest one....never the more!"

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THE SLEEPING SCOTSMAN  
-Anonymous  
(last 2 verses by Rich Bailey)

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

CHORUS: A ring-di-diddle-e-di do, a-ring-di-diddle-i-day  
He staggered off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

(following choruses as above, repeating last line of verse)

A pair of young and lovely girls just happened to come by  
And one said to the other, with a twinkle in her eye:  
"You see yon sleeping Scotsman, so strong and handsome built..  
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the kilt?"

They crept upon the sleeping Scotsman, quiet as could be,  
And lifted up his kilt above the waist, so they could see..  
And there, behold, for them to view, beneath his Scottish skirt  
T'was nothing but what God has graced him with 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!"  
So as a gift, they left a blue silk ribbon, tied into a bow,  
Around the Bonnie Star the Scottish kilt did lift and show!

The Scotsman woke to Nature's Call, and stumbled towards a tree  
Behind the bush, he lifts his kilt, and gawks at what he sees!  
Then, in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes:

2004.03.11-from-sinapse.arc2.ucla.edu--streaming--smegs--texts--songs-x1.txt  
"I ken na' whaur y'been, m'lad, but I see y'won First Prize!"

Our Scottish friend, still dressed in kilt, continued up the street  
He hadn't gone ten yards or more, when a lass he chanced to meet.  
She said: "I've heard what's underneath there, tell me, is it so?"  
He said: "Just slip your hand up, lass, if y'really want to know!"

So she slipped her hand right up his kilt, and much to her surprise,  
The Scotsman smiled, and a very strange look came into his eyes,  
She said: "why, sir, that's gruesome!" And then she heard him roar:  
"If you stick yer hand up once again, you'll find it grew some more!"

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PUFF, THE TRAGIC FAGGOT  
-Anonymous  
(Tune: "Puff, The Magic Dragon")

Puff, the tragic faggot, went on a spree  
And terrorized the people at the Nudist Colony!  
Little Jackie Paper, loved that rascal, Puff,  
But wished he wouldn't use so much of that "greasy kid stuff!"

CHORUS: Puff, the tragic faggot, went on a spree  
And terrorized the people at the Nudist Colony! (2X)

Together they would travel, like a boat with billowed sail  
Jackie kept his fingers pressed 'neath Puff's romantic tail  
Noble Kings and Princes bowed low whene're they came  
Pirates lowered EVERYTHING when Puff roared out his name!

A faggot lives for AGES, but not so little boys;  
Ding-a-lings and Faery Rings make way for other toys.  
One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more  
And Puff, the tragic faggot, he ceased his fearless roar.

His head was bent in sorrow, green tears fell like rain  
Puff no longer went to play along the "Cherry" Lane  
Without his lifelong friend, Puff could not be brave  
So Puff the tragic faggot sadly crept into his cave.

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MOLLY MALONE  
-Ioseph of Locksley

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls have no titties  
T'was there that I first met sweet Molly Malone  
You could have her for a penny, and be one of many,

2004.03.11-from-sinapse.arc2.ucla.edu--streaming--smegs--texts--songs-x1.txt  
But for sixpence she would act alive, alive-o!

Alive, alive-o! Alive alive-o!  
But for sixpence she would act alive, alive-o!

She was a street walker, and sure t'was no wonder  
For so were her mother and grandmother too,  
With a mattress on the barrow, thru streets broad and narrow,  
And for sixpence they would act alive, alive-o!

Alive, alive-o! Alive alive-o!  
And for sixpence they would act alive, alive-o!

She died of a fever, and no one could save her;  
It was caught from a folkie from Ontario,  
Now her ghost wheels the barrow thru streets broad and narrow  
But a ghost can't be had that's alive, alive-o!

Alive, alive-o! Alive alive-o!  
But a ghost can't be had that's alive, alive-o!

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This is one of several files comprising the Black Book  
of Song of Ioseph of Locksley, OL, OP, &c. Collect them  
All!