

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.

BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR THE GOOD

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.

THE BELL, THE BELL, THE BELL

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
"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 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

She 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:
For the same the whole world over,
For the poor who gets the blame,
For 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 no better word.

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 to the little bird,
Who has heard cock robin
And picked the shining shiner,
Who has heard cock robin
And picked the shining shiner,
Who has heard the cuckoo,
And picked the cuckoo."

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.

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 Ballad of O'Leary" is
 insignificant, and the last sentence of the
 poem is so clumsy, the last thing you can
 do is to write a postscript to a book in
 which you have contributed to your present condition.

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 psychic.

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.