

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\abdul.txt

Abdul the Bulbul Emir

[C]

The harems of Egypt are fine to behold,
The harlots the fairest of fair,
But the fairest of all was owned by a sheik,
Named Abdul Abulbul Emir.

A traveling brothel came down from the north,
'Twas privately run for the Czar,
Who wagered a hundred no one could outshag,
Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

A day was arranged for the spectacle great,
A holiday proclaimed by the Czar,
And the streets were all lined with the harlots assigned,
To Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

All hairs they were shorn, no frenchies were worn,
And this suited Abdul by far,
And he quite set his mind on a fast action grind,
To beat Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

They met on the track with cocks at the slack,
A starter's gun punctured the air,
They were both quick to rise, the crowd gaped at the size,
Of Abdul Abulbul Emir.

They worked all the night in the pale yellow light,
Old Abdul he revved like a car,
But he couldn't compete with the slow steady beat,
Of Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

So Ivan he won and he shouldered his gun,
He bent down to polish the pair,
When something red hot up his back passage shot,
'Twas Abdul Abulbul Emir.

The harlots turned green, the crowd shouted "Queen,"
They were ordered apart by the Czar,
'Twas bloody bad luck for poor Abdul was stuck,
Up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

The cream of the joke came when they broke,
'Twas laughed at for years by the Czar,
For Abdul, the fool, left half of his tool,

Up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

As "Ivan Skavinsky Scavar," this is number 182 in Paul Woodford's large collection of "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994).

[D]

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

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 price 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 honor 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 rist
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.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

The multitudes came
To applaud the ball game
Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

When Ivan had finished, he turned tot he 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.

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.

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.

As sung by Molly Bennett, June 23, 1996, at a workshop on bawdy songs held at the 16th Annual Summer Solstice Folk Music, Dance and Storytelling Festival, Calabasas, California. Ms. Bennett, of Aurora, Colorado, refurbished a partial text from oral tradition with the "B" text in the second edition of this work. In fact, this was a not infrequent occurrence among the supposedly "unlettered" folk, who used broadsides and chapbooks to restore incomplete texts. See my article, "'Barbara Allen': Cheap Print and Reprint," in *Folklore International: Essays in Traditional Literature, Belief, and Custom in Honor of Wayland Debs Hand*, edited by D. K. Wilgus (Hatboro, Pa.: 1967), pp. 41-51.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\aimee.txt

Aimee McPherson

The endnote to this song in the first edition of *Muse* noted, "Few bawdy songs still in circulation are satirical, for satire must have a specific, identifiable subject.

Pegged upon the topical, satirical songs generally have short life spans, the subject inevitably fading, it would seem, from popular memory."

Poking fun at the extra-pulpit adventures of Los Angeles evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson in 1926, perhaps this song was too specific, too well attached to the lady, too dependent upon memory of her escapades in "a little cottage by the sea" in Carmel, California. It seems not to have been generalized, not to have been localized (as happened with "She Was Poor But She Was Honest"), and has disappeared as public memory of McPherson herself dimmed.

Did you ever hear the story 'bout Aimee McPherson,

Aimee McPherson, that wonderful person?
She weighed a hundred-eighty and her hair was red,
And she preached a wicked sermon so the papers all said.

Chorus:
Heigh-dee, heigh-dee, heigh-dee, heigh,
Ho-dee, ho-dee, ho-dee, ho.

Aimee built herself a radio station
To broadcast her preachin' to the nation.
She found a man named Armistead who knew enough
To run the radio while Aimee did her stuff.

She held a camp meetin' out at Ocean Park,
Preached from early mornin' 'til after dark,
Said the benediction, folded up the tent,
An' nobody knew where Aimee went.

When Aimee McPherson got back from her journey,
She told her story to the district attorney.
Said she'd been kidnapped on a lonely trail;
In spite of a lot of questions, she stuck to her tale.

Well, the grand jury started an investigation,
Uncovered a lot of spicy information,
Found out about a love nest down at Carmel-by-the-Sea,
Where the liquor was expensive and the lovin' was free.

They found a cottage with a breakfast nook,
A foldin' bed with a worn-out look.
The slats were busted and the springs were loose,
And the dents in the amttress fitted Aimee's caboose.

Well, they took poor Aimee and they threw her in jail.
Last I heard, she was out on bail.
They'll send her up for a stretch, I guess.
She worked herself up into an awful mess.

Now Radio Ray is a goin' hound'
He's goin' yet and he ain't been found.
They got his description, but they got it too late;
Since they got it, he's lost a lot of weight.

Now I'll end my story in the usual way,
About this lady preacher's holiday.
If you don't get the moral, then you're the gal for me
'Cause they got a lot of cottages down at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

A concise accounting of the charismatic MacPherson's flamboyant career is in
Carey McWilliams, *Southern California Country* (New York, c. 1946), pp. 259-62; or in

Morrow Mayo, "Aimee Rises from the Sea," in *The New Republic*, December 23, 1929, pp 136 ff. Lately Thomas' *The Vanishing Evangelist* (New York, 1959) covers McPherson's disappearance, reappearance and subsequent brush with the grand jury in detail.

Aimee Semple McPherson, "Sister Aimee" to members of the gawdy, bombastic Four Square Gospel Church she founded in Los Angeles, reportedly disappeared while swimming at Venice Beach on May 18, 1926. She reappeared a month later, in Douglas, Arizona, "hysterical from torture and verging on a state of collapse," according to United News Service. As she told her imaginative story, she had been snatched up for a half-million-dollar ransom, then had escaped from the Gypsy (!) band of kidnappers holding her. As Mayo noted, "No woman ever told a more preposterous story in a balder manner or oftener. She undoubtedly believes it herself now."

The story could not survive close examination, no matter how much her devoted flock backed her. In fact, as the district attorney's investigation indicated, the divorced Sister Aimee had spent much of the time shackled up in a Carmel, California, resort with the engineer on her weekly radio broadcasts, Kenneth G. Ormiston, a married man.

Los Angeles District Attorney Asa Keyes fulminated for six months, vowing to bring conspiracy to obstruct justice charges against McPherson; "the phantom radio man," as the Hearst papers dubbed him; and two Temple employees who apparently covered up for their beloved Sister Aimee. Ormiston was arrested in Chicago, and returned to Los Angeles, languished in jail for a while, then was released. Keyes, looking to reelection decided the votes of Sister Aimee's loyal following were more important than convicting her for filing a false report with the police.

Sister Aimee, without Ormiston, returned to the pulpit, but the spectacular Sunday services in Angelus Temple would never quite be the same. She died in 1944, thrice divorced, embattled, lonely, but still claiming, "I only remember the hours when the sun shines, sister."

The version of the ballad here is from the singing of Phyllis Zasloff in Los Angeles, first in 1955, then again in 1964. She had learned it from a friend, "who learned it from someone, who learned it from someone. You know."

Zasloff's version is virtually identical with that sung by Pete Seeger as early as the mid-1950's, and later recorded on *Songs of Struggle and Protest* (Folkways FH 5233). Seeger includes the song in his *Bells of Rhymney* (New York, 1964), pp. 82-83, where he credits the song to John A. Lomax, Jr., who learned the ballad in California in the 1930's "from a hobo I think John said."

Zasloff sang the song to the tune of the American folk song "Willie the Weeper." Versions of that song are in Sandburg, p. 204; Spaeth, *Weep Some More*, pp. 123-26; Shay, *More Pious Friends*, pp. 76-77; and Randolph, III, pp. 272-73. The melody was borrowed, too, by Cab Calloway for a 1931 recording entitled "Minnie the Moocher."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\alphabet.txt

The Alphabet Song

Alphabet songs geared to particular trades were once common. Sailors and lumberjacks had them. So too did the sporting ladies.

[A]

"A" is for ass upon which we sit,
The external end and the passage for shit!

"B" is for balls, each man has a pair
In a wrinkled old sack all covered with hair!

"C" is for cunt, all juicy and slick;
It's home-sweet-home for a seven-inch prick!

"D" is for dittaling [diddling?] which never grows stale;
There's nothing so good as nice piece of tail!

"E" is for egg that is laid in the grass,
The object which comes from a speckled hen's ass!

"F" is for fart, that odorous breeze;
It's fully as bad as Limburger cheese!

"G" is for guts, that tangled up mass
That connects your belly with the hole in your ass!

"H" is for hair that surrounds her cunt;
To find the opening is a man's nightly hunt!

"I" is for inch. (Now don't make me smile!)
When she gives you an inch, you take half a mile!

"J" is for jisseem that's sticky like cream;
It spots up the sheets when you have a wet dream!

"K" is for king, who wears a crown on his bean;
His favorite sport is fucking the queen!

"L" is for love that fails to stick;
It starts in your head and ends in your prick!

"M" is for marriage, when a man gets a wife
And lives in misery the rest of his life!

"N" is for nuts that furnish the sap,
And sometimes the making of a good dose of clap!

"O" is for old, or rather the time,
When a man's prick won't stand up as [it did?] in his prime!

"P" is for prick, that petrified prong;
It ranges from four to twelve inches long!

"Q" is for quiver that comes with a thump;
It's a funny sensation when you shoot off your lump!

"R" is for rags that are used, I presume,
To wrap up a pussy that is in full bloom!

"S" is for safety, made of fish skin;
To do a job with one is surely a sin!

"T" is for tits, supposed to be sucked;
They never come fresh till a woman's been fucked!

"U" is for urine, a pot full of piss;
Ain't it just awful to use language like this?

"V" is for vermin that wiggle and twist
And hide in the hair when you go out to piss!

"W" is for woman, cradle of sin,
That's split half way from her ass to her chin!

"X" is for x-ray, a magnifying glass,
Used by a doctor to look up your ass!

"Y" is for yes; when a woman gets hot,
There's nothing but a prick to cool her twat!

"Z" is for zero, supposed to be cold;
The temperature of a man's balls at [when he's] ninety years
old!

The "A" text here, from Larson's "Barnyard" collection, p. 39, was collected from Idaho schoolchildren, circa 1930-40. A close variant is in volume II of Randolph's "Unprintable" collection, Blow the Candle Out (Fayetteville: University of Arkansas Press, 1992, pp. 617-618. That collection has four other versions, plus G. Legman's annotations of the bawdy texts.

[B]

In what seems to be a British and/or Australian version, the alphabet is fitted to the familiar tune of the nursery rhyme and children's song, "The Frog and the Mouse."

A is for arsehole all covered in shit,
"Heigh-ho," says Rowley,
B is the bugger who revels in it,
Singing, roly, poly, up' em and stuff' em,
"Heigh-ho," says Anthony Rowley.

C is for cunt all dripping with piss,

Heigh-ho, etc . . .

D is the drunkard who gave it a kiss, etc . . .

E is the eunuch with only one ball,

F is the fucker with no balls at all.

G is for goiter, gonorrhea, and gout,

H is the harlot who spreads it about.

I is for insertion, injection, and itch,

J is the jerk of a dog on a bitch.

K is the knight who thought fucking a bore,

L is the lesbian who came back for more.

M is the maidenhead all tattered and torn,

N is the noble who died on his horn.

O is for orifice all cunningly concealed,

P is for penis all pranged up and peeled.

Q is the Quaker who shat in his hat,

R is the Rajah who rogered the cat.

S is the shit-pot all filled to the brim,

T are the turds which are floating within.

U is the usher who taught us at school,

V is the virgin who played with his tool.

W is the whore who thought fucking a farce,

And X, Y, and Z you can shove up your arse!

As "Heigh-Ho, Says Rowley," this is number 178 in Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994). Woodford identifies the tune to which the song is sung as "Froggie Goes A-Courtin'."

Woodford's collection was gathered from among hashers, a number of whom in the Pacific Basin are from the British Commonwealth.

A variant of this form is in Hogbotel and Ffuckes, p. 31. That form is also used in some versions of "The Farmer's Curst Wife"(Child 278); see Bronson IV, pp. 187-189.

[C]

The Whore's Alphabet

A is for asshole, all tattered and torn

Hey! Ho! Says Rowley!

B is the bastard that's never been born

With a roly, poly, up 'em and stuff 'em

Hey HO! said Anthony Rowley!

C is for cunt, all dripping with jiss
D is the drunkard that gave it a kiss

E is the eunuch, with only one ball
F is the fucker with no balls at all

G is for gonorrhea, goiter and gout
H is the harlot what spreads it about

I for injection for syphilis and itch
J is the jerk of a dog on a bitch

K is the kiss that the virgin thinks nice
L is the lecher that puts it in twice

M is the monk, the dirty old sod
And N is the nun that he put in the pod

O is for orifice, now fully revealed
And P is for prick, with foreskin back-peeled

Q is the Quaker what shit in his hat
And R is the Roger that rogered the cat

S is for shit-can, all filled to the brim
And T are the turds all floating therein

U is the usher that pulled on his pud
And V is the virgin that wishes she could

W's the whore that made fucking her fast
And X, Y and Z you can shove up your ass

Under the title of "A is for..." and described as "traditional," this is included in the "Ioseph of Lockesley Black Book," a song collection which circulates in Society for Creative Anachronisms and Renaissance Fair circles, as forwarded by Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, June 26, 1996. No tune was indicated.

[D]

Given the rarity of this bawdy song, it is worth including the fragmentary text with its unusual chorus recorded by long-retired woodsman Lewis Winfield Moody for the Library of Congress, on AAFS 4972, July 21, 1941. The "jib boom" euphemism in the chorus suggests Moody's version is a sea song come ashore.

A is for asshole all covered with hair
And B is for bollocks that logn to be there.
C is for cunt...

Chorus:

"Oh, ding darling, ding darling, ding darling," said she,
"I'll be your dear darling, if you'll walk with me."
I winked and I blinked at your ol' magazine
And I shoved the jib boom in her scrubbing machine.

E is the end of a long shitting stick
And F is for fucker who fucked off his prick.
G is for gobbler all greasy and fat
And H is the hairy old ass of the cat.

I is _____ a mile and a half round
And J is the jolliest old whore in town.
L is the lousy old whorey itch.
K is the kissing-ass son of a bitch.

M is for maiden with long curly locks
And N is for _____ with flat-headed cocks.
O is for owl, that's stuck in the grass
And P is for prick, it'll [hang] down to your ass.

Q is for queen, that wants to suck
And R is for Rooshin that wants to fuck.
And S is for shithouse I ne'er did approach
And T stands for turd that upset the mail coach.

U is for _____
V is for virgin _____
W is for _____
And Z is for zigaroo. [sic]

Paul Woodford's omnibus collection of hash songs, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994), has an analagous parody set to the melody of the formerly popular song "A, You're Adorable." Because its oral currency is yet to be established, it is included here rather than given individual identity:

A, you've got asshole stains,
B, you've got balls for brains,
C, you've hardly got a cock at all,
D, like a dorker's tool,
E, your ass exudes stool,
F, your farts smell like fucking shit,
G, you've got gonorrhea,
H, hemorrhoids to your knees,
I, eyes that run and bleed and itch,
J, you can jack your jizz,
K, you can kiss my phizz,
L, fuckin' lousy son-of-a-bitch,
M-N-O-P, menstrual blood on your prick,

Q-R-S-T, alphabetically speaking you're S-H-I-T
U, make my pussy itch,
V-D down to your feet,
W-X-Y-Z,
I love to wander through the alphabet with you,
To tell the Hash what you mean to me.

There are other bawdy alphabet songs cited in Cazden's magnificent Catskill collection, pp. 43-45 and the comprehensive Notes to that collection, pp. 7-8. In addition, see MacGregor, pp. 111-114, with two texts from Australia. Morgan I, pp. 31-32, has a British text in the "Rowley" stanzaic form. Cleveland, p. 94, says New Zealand troops sang this during the second world war. Additional versions, without the bawdry, are in Helen Creighton and Doreen Senior, Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia;

As "The Sailor's Alphabet," the song was recorded by the contemporary singing group Fairport Convention in a version learned from A.L. Lloyd, Paul J. Stamler noted in a message to rec.music.folk on July 9, 1996. Ewan MacColl has recorded it on A Sailor's Garland, long out of print. Another group, the Boarding Party, sings the song on Tis Our Sailing Time (Folk Legacy). These versions are stamped with the "jolly Jack Tar" stage or broadside conventions:

A's for the anchor that lies at our bow.
B's for the bowsprit and the jibs all lie low.
C's for the capstan we all run around.
D's for the davits to lower the boat down.

Chorus:
Merrily, merrily, so merry sail we.
No mortal on earth like a sailor at sea.
Heave away, haul away, the ship rolls along.
Give a sailor his grog and there's nothing goes wrong.

E's for the ensign that at our peak flew.
F's for the foc's'le where lives our wild crew.
G's for the galley where the salt junk smells strong.
H is the halliards we hoist with a song.

I's for the eyebolt no good for the feet.
J's for the jibs, boys, stand by the lee sheet.
K's for the knightheads where the petty officer stands.
L's for the leeside hard found by new hands.

M's for the mainmast, it's stout and it's strong.
N's for the needle that never points wrong.
O's for the oars of our old jollyboat.
P's for the pinnace that lively do float.

Q's for the quarterdeck where the officers stand.
R's for the rudder that keeps the ship in command.
S's for the stunsells that drive us along.
T's for the topsail, to get there takes long.

U's for the uniform mostly worn aft.
V's for the vang's running from the main shaft.
W's for the water, we're on a pint and a pound,
And X marks the spot where old Stormy was drowned.

Y's for the yardarm needs a good sailorman.
Z is for Zoe, I'm her fancy man.
Z's also for zero in the cold wintertime,
And now we have brought all the letters in rhyme.

"Old Stormy" in the penultimate stanza is a reference to the legendary seaman Old Stormalong. See B.A. Botkin, A Treasury of American Folklore for details.

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His favorite sport is fucking the queen!

"L" is for love that fails to stick;
It starts in your head and ends in your prick!

"M" is for marriage, when a man gets a wife
And lives in misery the rest of his life!

"N" is for nuts that furnish the sap,
And sometimes the making of a good dose of clap!

"O" is for old, or rather the time,
When a man's prick won't stand up as [it did?] in his prime!

"P" is for prick, that petrified prong;
It ranges from four to twelve inches long!

"Q" is for quiver that comes with a thump;
It's a funny sensation when you shoot off your lump!

"R" is for rags that are used, I presume,
To wrap up a pussy that is in full bloom!

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To do a job with one is surely a sin!

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That's split half way from her ass to her chin!

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Used by a doctor to look up your ass!

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"Heigh-ho," says Anthony Rowley.

C is for cunt all dripping with piss,
Heigh-ho, etc . . .
D is the drunkard who gave it a kiss, etc . . .

E is the eunuch with only one ball,
F is the fucker with no balls at all.

G is for goiter, gonorrhea, and gout,
H is the harlot who spreads it about.

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

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

M is the maidenhead all tattered and torn,
N is the noble who died on his horn.

O is for orifice all cunningly concealed,
P is for penis all pranged up and peeled.

Q is the Quaker who shat in his hat,
R is the Rajah who rogered the cat.

S is the shit-pot all filled to the brim,
T are the turds which are floating within.

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

W is the whore who thought fucking a farce,
And X, Y, and Z you can shove up your arse!

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L is the lecher that puts it in twice

M is the monk, the dirty old sod
And N is the nun that he put in the pod

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Given the rarity of this bawdy song, it is worth including the fragmentary text with its unusual chorus recorded by long-retired woodsman Lewis Winfield Moody for the Library of Congress, on AAFS 4972, July 21, 1941. The "jib boom" euphemism in the chorus suggests Moody's version is a sea song come ashore.

A is for asshole all covered with hair
And B is for bollocks that logn to be there.
C is for cunt...

Chorus:

"Oh, ding darling, ding darling, ding darling," said she,
"I'll be your dear darling, if you'll walk with me."
I winked and I blinked at your ol' magazine
And I shoved the jib boom in her scrubbing machine.

E is the end of a long shitting stick
And F is for fucker who fucked off his prick.
G is for gobbler all greasy and fat
And H is the hairy old ass of the cat.

I is _____ a mile and a half round
And J is the jolliest old whore in town.
L is the lousy old whorey itch.
K is the kissing-ass son of a bitch.

M is for maiden with long curly locks
And N is for _____ with flat-headed cocks.
O is for owl, that's stuck in the grass
And P is for prick, it'll [hang] down to your ass.

Q is for queen, that wants to suck
And R is for Rooshin that wants to fuck.

And S is for shithouse I ne'er did approach
And T stands for turd that upset the mail coach.

U is for _____
V is for virgin _____
W is for _____
And Z is for zigaroo. [sic]

Paul Woodford's omnibus collection of hash songs, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994), has an analagous parody set to the melody of the formerly popular song "A, You're Adorable." Because its oral currency is yet to be established, it is included here rather than given individual identity:

A, you've got asshole stains,
B, you've got balls for brains,
C, you've hardly got a cock at all,
D, like a dorker's tool,
E, your ass exudes stool,
F, your farts smell like fucking shit,
G, you've got gonorrhea,
H, hemorrhoids to your knees,
I, eyes that run and bleed and itch,
J, you can jack your jizz,
K, you can kiss my phizz,
L, fuckin' lousy son-of-a-bitch,
M-N-O-P, menstrual blood on your prick,
Q-R-S-T, alphabetically speaking you're S-H-I-T
U, make my pussy itch,
V-D down to your feet,
W-X-Y-Z,
I love to wander through the alphabet with you,
To tell the Hash what you mean to me.

There are other bawdy alphabet songs cited in Cazden's magnificent Catskill collection, pp. 43-45 and the comprehensive Notes to that collection, pp. 7-8. In addition, see MacGregor, pp. 111-114, with two texts from Australia. Morgan I, pp. 31-32, has a British text in the "Rowley" stanzaic form. Cleveland, p. 94, says New Zealand troops sang this during the second world war. Additional versions, without the bawdry, are in Helen Creighton and Doreen Senior, Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia;

As "The Sailor's Alphabet," the song was recorded by the contemporary singing group Fairport Convention in a version learned from A.L. Lloyd, Paul J. Stamler noted in a message to rec.music.folk on July 9, 1996. Ewan MacColl has recorded it on A Sailor's Garland, long out of print. Another group, the Boarding Party, sings the song on Tis Our Sailing Time (Folk Legacy).

These versions are stamped with the "jolly Jack Tar" stage or broadside conventions:

A's for the anchor that lies at our bow.
B's for the bowsprit and the jibs all lie low.
C's for the capstan we all run around.
D's for the davits to lower the boat down.

Chorus:

Merrily, merrily, so merry sail we.
No mortal on earth like a sailor at sea.
Heave away, haul away, the ship rolls along.
Give a sailor his grog and there's nothing goes wrong.

E's for the ensign that at our peak flew.
F's for the foc's'le where lives our wild crew.
G's for the galley where the salt junk smells strong.
H is the halliards we hoist with a song.

I's for the eyebolt no good for the feet.
J's for the jibs, boys, stand by the lee sheet.
K's for the knightheads where the petty officer stands.
L's for the leese side hard found by new hands.

M's for the mainmast, it's stout and it's strong.
N's for the needle that never points wrong.
O's for the oars of our old jollyboat.
P's for the pinnacle that lively do float.

Q's for the quarterdeck where the officers stand.
R's for the rudder that keeps the ship in command.
S's for the stunsells that drive us along.
T's for the topsail, to get there takes long.

U's for the uniform mostly worn aft.
V's for the vang's running from the main shaft.
W's for the water, we're on a pint and a pound,
And X marks the spot where old Stormy was drowned.

Y's for the yardarm needs a good sailorman.
Z is for Zoe, I'm her fancy man.
Z's also for zero in the cold wintertime,
And now we have brought all the letters in rhyme.

"Old Stormy" in the penultimate stanza is a reference to the legendary seaman Old Stormalong. See B.A. Botkin, A Treasury of American Folklore for details.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\askmothe.txt

[Ask Your Mother]

Yet another teasing song, this one rather rare, taken from the J. Kenneth Larson typescript of Southeastern Idaho folklore, "Barnyard" (p. 43, number 43)

Ask your mother for a bar of soap
To watch the monkey climb the rope.
Ask you mother for fifty cents
He climbed so fast he skinned his
Ask to watch the elephant jump the fence;
He jumped so high he split the sky
And didn't come back till the Fourth of July!
Please climb onto the high seats,
For the elephant is going to
Pea-nuts, fifteen cents a sack!

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\askmothe-bak.txt

[Ask Your Mother]

Yet another teasing song, this one rather rare, taken from the J. Kenneth Larson typescript of Southeastern Idaho folklore, "Barnyard" (p. 43, number 43)

As your mother for a bar of soap
To watch the monkey climb the rope.
Ask you mother for fifty cents
He climbed so fast he skinned his
Ask to watch the elephant jump the fence;
He jumped so high he split the sky
And didn't come back till the Fourth of July!
Please climb onto the high seats,
For the elephant is going to
Pea-nuts, fifteen cents a sack!

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\astrakha1.txt

From Ioseph of Lockesley Black Book, as forwarded by Susan Johns, Austin, Texas,
6/26/94

*

*

ROGER OF ASTRAKHAN
-Traditional
(Tune: a variant of "Hinky, Dinky, Parlay Voo")

There was a Roger of Astrakhan
Yo ho! Yo Ho!
A most licentious, fucking man
Yo ho! Yo Ho!
Of wives he had a hundred and nine
Including his favorite concubine
Yo Ho ya buggers! Yo ho ya buggers!
Yo ho! Yo ho! Yo ho!

One day he had a hell of a stand
He called to a warrior, one of his band
Go down to the harem ya lazy swine
And fetch me favorite concubine

Oh the warrior fetched the concubine
A figure like Venus, a face divine
O Roger gave a significant grunt
And parked his pecker inside her cunt

O Roger bellowed loud and long
The maiden's cries were short and strong
And just when the ride had come to a head
They both fell thru the fucking bed!

They hit the floor with a hell of a dunt
And completely buggered the poor girl's cunt
And as for the Roger's significant cock
It never recovered from the shock

There is a moral to this tale
There is a moral to this tale
If you would try a girl at all:
Stick her up against the wall!

*

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\astrakha2.txt

192. THE RAJAH OF ASTRAKHAN

Melody--When Johnny Comes Marching Home

There was a Rajah of Astrakhan,
Yo ho, yo ho,
A most licentious fucking man,
Yo ho, yo ho,
Of wives he had a hundred and nine,

Including his favorite concubine,
Yo ho you buggers, yo ho you buggers,
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

One day he had a hell of a stand,
He called to a warrior, one of his band,
"Go down me my favorite concubine."
* * * * *

The warrior fetched the concubine,
A figure like Venus, a face divine,
The Rajah gave a significant grunt,
And rammed his penis up her cunt.

The Rajah's cries were loud and long,
The maiden's cries were sure and strong,
But just when all had come to a head,
They both fell through the fucking bed.

They hit the floor with a hell of a grunt,
Which completely bugged the poor girl's cunt,
And as for the Rajah's magnificent cock,
It never recovered from the shock.

There is a moral to this tale,
There is a moral to this tale,
If you would fuck a girl at all,
Stand her right up against the wall.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\away1.txt

AWAY WITH RUM (THE SONG OF THE TEMPERANCE UNION)

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band,
On the right side of temperance we do take our stand.
We don't use tobacco because we do think
That the people who use it are likely to drink.

CHORUS: Away, away with rum by gum,
With rum by gum, with rum by gum!
Away, away with rum by gum!
The song of the Temperance Union!
(Salvation Army)

We never eat fruitcake because it has rum
And one little bite turns a man to a bum,
Oh, can you imagine a sorrier sight

Than a man eating fruitcake until he gets tight?

We never eat cookies, because they have yeast,
And one little bite turns a man to a beast.
Can you imagine such a sorry disgrace,
As a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

We don't drink Coke or Pepsi, they're made from cocaine,
And you might as well shoot it right into your vein.
Oh, can you imagine a sorrier bind
Than rotting your teeth while blowing your mind. (1)

We never drop tea, cause it comes from a pot,
And that could be evil as likely as not,
We don't mind the taste, but it's really bad news,
To get busted for holding what Tom Lipton brews. (1)

We don't step on grapes because that's making wine,
And one single stomp turns a man to a swine.
Can you imagine a fouler defeat,
Than a man getting stonkered by licking his feet? (1)

Shun girls who are witty and pretty and kind
There's nothing like love for corrupting your mind.
At least in -our- circle it just isn't done
Our kids are adopted; we -never- have fun. (1)

We don't buy any cereal because its called mush
And one little bite turns a kid to a lush
Oh, can you imagine the pain of a Ma
To watch little Junior act just like his Pa! (2)

We don't take any rub-downs, stiff muscles to cure
Because alcohol turns a man to a boor
O, can you imagine a sorrier fate:
Than a man getting mass-aged 'till he can't stand up straight? (2)

We don't allow backrubs, we think they're a crime
We will always condemn them in song or in rhyme
An alcohol backrub is worse than straight gin:
When you think of the liquor absorbed thru your skin! (4)

We don't watch television because its a sin
To exhibit the body of a nude Rin-Tin-Tin
And all those bad cowboys a-shooting their guns!
And a-shooting again when they show the re-runs! (3)

When you go out dining, you're tempted to eat
All the delicacies on a menu elite
Remember this warning, on wine we've a ban;

Try spaghetti and meatballs and -not- coq au vin! (4)

We never drink milk, that's where kumiss comes from
And one tiny sip makes a Mongoloid bum!
Oh, can you imagine a sadder disgrace
Than a stone blind drunk Mongol with milk on his face? (5)

We never touch coffee, it makes our eyes gleam
At least, when they add irish whiskey and cream
Oh, can you imagine a fate so unkind
Than slugging down coffee, and getting stone-blind? (6)

Since eggnog is evil, we never eat eggs
Give way to one sin and who knows what comes neggst?
There might be excuses for brandy or gin
But who wants DTs on account of some hen? (6)

We wish you'd avoid putting ice in your drink
It harms your intestines and palate, we think
And if you escape that, it still isn't nice
To wake up hung over because of bad ice! (6)

We never drink water, they mix it with gin
Just one little sip and a man starts to grin
Oh, can you imagine a sillier clunk
Than a man swigging water until he's geshtunk? (6)

Now if you ride railroads with bar-cars on trains
You're giving the Devil the key to your brains
Think of a story that's sadder to tell
Than to start from Grand Central and wind up in Hell! (7)

We never eat jelly, they make it with wine
And one little bite turns a man to a swine
Can't you envision, in Hell he will roast,
That teen-ager drunk on his jelly and toast! (8)

We never use mouthwash, we know very well
That those who taste alcohol go straight to Hell
Oh, can you imagine a sorrier scene
Than a man down in Hell 'cause he used Listerine? (8)

We never eat choc'late, 'cause its just like sex
The endorphins will make you a moral wreck
You'll finish the bag-full, all covered with sweat....
And then you just -gotta- have a cigarette! (5)

We don't read Science-Fiction, 'cause its too complex
And Heinlein and Farmer just talk about sex!
That Lazarus Long is a Dirty Old Man

He's a Bad Example to set for a Fan! (5)

We never drink tea, for they mix it with wine
And one little drink turns a man to a swine
Oh can you imagine a sorrier sight
Than a man drinking tea, and singing all night? (0)

We never use money, 'cause that's gam-bol-in'
And that, my good friends, is surely a SIN
Our life may be simple, it's surely a bore
But what else can you do when you tend to be poor? (0)

We never sing folk (filk) songs, they're evil and crude
They celebrate Sin, and their language is lewd
The language is shocking, the politics vile
And their grammar and rhetoric ain't got no style! (6)

When you meet a folk (filk) singer, you haven't much choice
But to sit there and listen while they prove they have no voice
And the shockingest thing to imagine by far
Is a girl with a G-string....upon her guitar! (3)

We don't listen to filk songs, it isn't our dish
We don't like Bob Kanefski, and -hate- Leslie Fish!
We know all the filkers will wind up in Hell
And besides, all them filksongs have a real Fish-y smell! (5)

We don't listen to Rock, 'cause it's Satan's own vice
And the people who sing it are not very nice
Oh can you imagine, it fills us with dread
Me and the Bangles all sharing a bed! //YEAH!// (5)

We don't mess with computers, they're the Devil's own thing
And one little byte puts your mind in a sling!
Oh can you imagine a sorrier sight
Than a computer-nerd taking byte after byte! (5)

We don't play medieval, we think it's a cult
They wear funny clothing; they're quite difficult.
Oh can you imagine a worse thing to say
Than to say you're a member of the SCA? (5)

So drinking and eating and loving you see,
Are bound to destroy Spi-ri-tu-al-i-ty.
Our tastes are austere and our virtue is sure.
We don't have much fun, but our honor is pure. (1)

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band
On the right side of Temperance we do take our stand
We masturbate daily because we do think

That once you start screwing, you're likely to drink! (9)

30 verses

last update: 09/08/91

Known source credits:

The first three verses are the "traditional" ones.

- (0) Source unknown
- (2) Devera and Martin Marcus
- (3) Julius Kogan
- (4) Pat Herson
- (5) Joe Bethancourt
- (6) Dick Eney
- (7) Mark Glasser
- (8) Paula Smith
- (9) Jim Landau

--

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"Do not ascribe your own motivations to others:
at best it will break your heart, at worst, get you dead."

From Joe Fineman -- see fineman.3 for comments, if any

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\backroom.txt

In the Back Room

When you're tired of pitch and casino,
There's one little game we can play.
You will find it the bliss of all blisses.
If you'll step in, I'll show you the way.

There's hugging and loving and kissing,
The best things of life, you'll agree.
I will show you the gateway of heaven,
If you'll step in the backroom with me.

Nine days have passed over, my darling,

And, oh, how I wish I were dead,
For my peter is full of the essence of hell
And there's shankers all ringed round his head.

Good bye, all your women forever.
Farewell every chippy and whore.
When I think of the pains that I suffer
Then I wish I had said that before.

When I next feel desire's temptation
And my balls with a custard are full,
With industrious hand and quick motion,
I will step in the back room and pull.

Sent by Frank A. Partridge of Auburn, California, in an undated letter to Robert W. Gordon, it is number 3144 in the Inferno Collection of the Library of Congress. The fourth stanza is close to one in the stage mock entitled "Botany Bay," suggesting this song is sung to that tune.®PG-

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\bang1.txt

Bang Away, Lulu I

[G]

My Lulu went in swimming.
She found a dirty stick.
She fondled it and kissed it
'Cause she thought it was my prick.
By God, it was.

The rich girl has a watch of gold.
The poor girl one of brass.
But Lulu has no watch at all.
Her works are in her ass.
By God, they are.

The rich girl uses vaseline.
The poor girl uses lard.
But Lulu uses axle grease
That makes it twice as hard.
By God, it does.

I wish I was a diamond ring
Upon my Lulu's hand,
And every time she'd wipe her ass,
I'd see the Promised Land.
By God, I would.

I wish I was a locket
Upon my Lulu's breast.
Everytime she heaved a sigh
I'd see her cuckoo's nest.
By God, I would.

I wish I was a pisspot
Beneath my Lulu's bed,
And every time she'd take a piss
I'd see her maidenhead.
By God, I would.

I went to see my Lulu.
She took off all her clothes.
And every time she sucked me off,
She blew it through her nose.
By God, she did.

[H]

There was a girl named Lulu,
Who lived in a country town.
She tired to keep her reputation up,
But she couldn't keep her dresses down.

Chorus:
So bang away for Lulu,
Bang away good and strong.
Whatcha' goin' t' do for bangin'
When Lulu's dead and gone?

Rich girls wear the fancy drawers,
And poor girls wear the plain.
But my Lulu has no drawers at all
And gets there just the same.

Rich girls they use cold cream,
And poor girls they use lard.
But my Lulu uses axle-grease
And hits [sic] them twice as hard.

The rich girl's watch is made of gold.
The poor girl's is made of brass.
My Lulu has no watch at all;
Her movement's in her ass.

Some girls they fuck back and forth,
And some fuck round and round.
My Lulu does the figure eight

And never hits the ground.

[I]

I had a girl named Lulu;
She was a fairy queen.
With deep blue eyes and a Roman nose
And an asshole painted green.

Chorus:

Oh, bang away at Lulu!
Bang away good and strong!
For who's going to do your banging
When Lulu's dead and gone?

I wish I was a pisspot
Beneath my Lulu's bed,
And every time she took a pee,
I'd see her maidenhead.

I wish I was a diamond ring
Upon my Lulu's hand,
And every time she wiped her bum
I'd see the Promised Land.

The rich girls, they use vaseline.
The poor girls, they use lard.
But Lulu uses axle grease
And bangs 'em just as hard.

Rich girls have ruffles on their drawers.
The poor girl's drawers are plain.
Lulu wears no drawers at all,
But she gets there just the same.

The rich girl has a watch of gold.
The poor girl's watch is brass.
Lulu has no watch at all,
But she keeps time with her ass.

Lulu went out walking,
Came back to where she started.
She tried to sit to take a shit,
But all she did was farted.

Lulu went out walking,
A friend she chanced to pass.
He said, "How are your ovaries?"
She said, "And how's your ass?"

I took my Lulu to the engine house
The engine run by steam.
A red hot coal flew up her hole
And burned her magazine.

I took my Lulu to the circus,
The animals for to see.
The elephant got a hard on. ** This alternate is written on the typescript: "But
when she saw the elephant's balls."-
She wouldn't come home with me.

I took my Lulu to play some golf.
We certainly had fun.
We lost the ball, but in the rough,
I made a hole in one.

Lulu got arrested.
Ten dollars was the fine.
But Lulu said to the damned old judge:
"Take it out of this ass of mine."

Lulu had a baby.
It was born at four o'clock.
She went to feel its little cunt
And grabbed its little cock.

Lulu went to church one day
And climbed up on the steeple.
She pulled her little panties down
And nastied on the people.

Of all the beasts that roam the woods,
I'd rather be a boar.
At every jig, I'd make a pig,
And sometimes three or four.

I took my Lulu for a walk.
I said we'd pick some flowers.
Her little brother came along
And so we picked some flowers.

[J]

My Lulu's tall and slender.
My Lulu's long and thin.
Oh, I found her down behind the barn
Jacking off with a rolling pin.

My Lulu's long and slender.
My Lulu's tall and thin.

But when she spreads her legs apart,
You could drive four horses in.

I wish I was the nipple
Upon my Lulu's teat,
And every time the baby sucked,
I'd fill him full of shit.

My Lulu rode a motorbike,
And hit a telephone pole,
And ran it seven feet or more
Right up her damn asshole.

Lulu saw a football game.
The fullback kicked a punt.
They lost the ball for half an hour,
Then found it up her cunt.

The tramp stood on the doorstep
With a cock like a piece of hose.
He asked my Lu to suck it off
And blow it through her nose.

The G, H, I and J texts are all from the Hubert Canfield collection, gathered in 1926. Canfield's unidentified correspondent who sent in the J version labeled these "stray verses of 'Lulu.'"

[K]

My Lulu was arrested.
Ten dollars was her fine.
She said to the judge,
"God damn your soul, take it out of this old ass of mine."

Chorus:
Oh, it's bang away, my Lulu,
Bang away good and strong.
Where you gonna get your bangin'
When my Lulu's dead and gone?

Oh, I wish I was a diamond ring
Upon my Lulu's hand,
For every time she wiped her ass
I'd see the promised land.

I wish I was a shithouse rat,
Running on a hardwood floor.
Everytime she took a leak,
I'd see a little more.

Last chorus:

So, it's bang away, my Lulu,
Bang away good and stout.
Where you gonna get your bangin'
When your Lulu's all banged out.

The "K" text, with its unusual shift of choruses, is from fiddler William Bigford of Portland, Michigan, who sang it for Paul Gifford between 1975 and 1982.

[L]

Chorus:

Bang, bang, Lulu,
Lulu's gone away,
Who's gonna bang bang,
When Lulu's gone away?

Some girls work in factories,
Some girls work in stores,
But Lulu works in a honky tonk,
With forty other whores.

Lulu had a baby,
It was an awful shock,
She couldn't call it Lulu,
'Cause the bastard had a cock.

I took her to the pictures,
We sat down in the stalls,
And every time the lights went out,
She'd grab me by the balls.

She and I went fishing,
In a dainty punt,
And every time she caught a sprat,
She'd stuff it up her cunt.

I wish I were the silver ring,
On Lulu's dainty hand,
Then every time she scratched her ass,
I'd see the promised land.

I wish I were the chamber pot,
Under Lulu's bed,
Then every time she took a piss,
I'd see her maidenhead.

Lulu had two boyfriends,
Both were very rich,
One was the son of a banker,

The other a son-of-a-bitch.

Lulu had a boyfriend,
His name was Tommy Tucker,
He took her down the alley,
To see if he could fuck her.

Lulu had a boyfriend,
A funny little chap,
Every time they had a bit,
She'd get a dose of clap.

Lulu was a pretty girl,
She had a lot of class,
Mini-skirts she'd wear a lot,
To show off her pretty ass.

Lulu had a bicycle,
The seat was very sharp,
Every time she sat on it,
It would slip right in her arse.

Lulu had a boyfriend,
He was very fit,
Working all day on the farm,
His job was shoveling shit.

Lulu and a boyfriend,
A stunted little runt,
On day they went to have a bit,
And he vanished up her cunt.

Lulu had a little lamb,
She kept it in a bucket,
Every time the lamb jumped out,
The bulldog used to fuck it.

She and I went walking,
We walked along the grass,
She slipped on a banana peel,
And fell down on her arse.

Lulu made some porridge,
It was very thick,
Lulu wouldn't eat it,
She'd smear it on my dick.

Lulu's motorcycle,
It's seat was very blunt,
Every time she jumped on it,

It would stick her in the cunt.

In hashing circles, this is inexplicably sung to the melody of "Good Night, Ladies," according to Paul Woodford. It is number 140 in his collection of "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994).

Woodford also includes as number 135 in his anthology a song entitled "Dinah," sung to an unidentified tune, with its own chorus, but verses borrowed from the familiar "Lulu."

Chorus:

Dinah, Dinah, show us your leg,
Show us your leg, show us your leg,
Dinah, Dinah, show us your leg,
A yard above your knee.

I wish I were the diamond ring,
On Dinah's dainty hand,
Then, every time she wiped her ass,
I'd see the promised LAND, LAND, LAND!

The rich girl rides a limousine,
The poor girl rides a truck,
But the only ride that Dinah has,
Is when she has a RIGHT GOOD FUCK!

The rich girl uses a sanitary towel,
The poor girl uses a sheet,
But Dinah uses nothing at all,
Leaves a trail along the STREET, STREET, STREET!

The rich girl wears a ring of gold,
The poor girl one of brass,
But the only ring that Dinah wears,
Is the one around her ASS, ASS, ASS!

The rich girl wears a brassiere,
The poor girl uses string,
But Dinah uses nothing at all,
She lets the bastards SWING, SWING, SWING!

The rich girl uses Vaseline,
The poor girl uses lard,
But Dinah uses axle grease,
Because her cunt's so HARD, HARD, HARD!

The rich girl works in factories,
The poor girl works in stores,
But Dinah works in a honky-tonk,
With forty other WHORES, WHORES, WHORES!

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\betsy1.txt

From Unknown Wed 11 Jun 97 16:24:20

Path:

usc!howland.erols.net!newsfeed1-hme1!newsfeed.internetmci.com!152.163.199.19!portc03
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From: adg01369@aol.com (ADG01369)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk

Subject: Re: Songs that use melody from Sweet Betsy from Pike

Date: 12 Sep 1997 20:36:07 GMT

Lines: 7

Message-ID: <19970912203601.QAA13800@ladder02.news.aol.com>

NNTP-Posting-Host: ladder02.news.aol.com

X-Admin: news@aol.com

Organization: AOL <http://www.aol.com>

References: <APC&1'0'7c92df48'cfa@igc.apc.org>SnewsLanguage: English

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:124838

Then of course there's Dylan's "With God On Our Side"

Well it does!!! :)

Arlo Guthrie

"Make yourself useless as well as decorative" WWG

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\betsy2.txt

<link rel="stylesheet" type="text/css" href=>

From Unknown Wed 11 Jun 97 16:26:02

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk

Path: usc!howland.erols.net!ix.netcom.com!greg

From: greg@netcom.com (Greg Bullough)

Subject: Re: Songs that use melody from Sweet Betsy from Pike?

Message-ID: <gregEGEAx.Cv8@netcom.com>Organization: Netcom Online Communications
Services (408-241-9760 login: guest)

References: <3418A77C.2507@worldnet.att.net>

Date: Fri, 12 Sep 1997 12:20:57 GMT

Lines: 22

Sender: greg@netcom16.netcom.com

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:124805

In article <3418A77C.2507@worldnet.att.net> Bindle

<Bindlestiff@worldnet.att.net>writes:

>

>Having just discovered this newsgroup, I'm reminded of an old pursuit of
>mine: trying to find how many ways the basic melody line used in 'Sweet
>Betsy from Pike' has been used.
>
> 'Oh, do you remember sweet Betsy from Pike?
> She crossed the wild prairies with her husband Ike . . .'
>
> Of course, the tune is based on much older material from Britain and it
>often has some haunting minor variations in melody and chording. One I
>recall was, I think, 'The Soldier and the Sailor,' another was 'Master
>McGraw' a song about a racing dog. Does anyone out there recall any
>others.

'The Old Orange Flute,' Tommy Makem's bit about the Orange man who
turns Papist and then finds that is flute is unalterably Protestant.

Also a Clancy/Makem song, 'The Bold Thady Quill' seems to use something
quite similar.

Greg

```
C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\betsy3.txt
*****
<link rel="stylesheet" type="text/css" href=>
From Unknown Wed 11 Jun 97 16:27:13
Path:
usc!howland.erols.net!cpk-news-hub1.bbnplanet.com!su-news-feed1.bbnplanet.com!news.b
bnplanet.com!news.igc.apc.org!cdp!isilber
From: Irwin Silber <isilber@igc.apc.org>Newsgroups: rec.music.folk
Subject: Re: Songs that use melody from Sweet Betsy from Pike?
Message-ID: <APC&1'0'7c92df48'cfa@igc.apc.org>References:
<3418A77C.2507@worldnet.att.net>
Date: Fri, 12 Sep 1997 09:51:58 -0700 (PDT)
X-Gateway: notes@igc.apc.org
Lines: 7
Xref: usc rec.music.folk:124826
```

The original seems to be a song called "Villikins and His Dinah."
Lyrics in The Folksinger's Wordbook. The tune was often used by 18th
Century political rhymesters in America. Benjamin Franklin wrote one
called "The King's Own Regulars" masking fun of British troops. A Tory
song from the same period set to the tune of "Villikins" is called "The
Burrowing Yankees." (See "Songs of Independence.")
Irwin Silber

```
C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\betsy4.txt
*****
```

<link rel="stylesheet" type="text/css" href="../../../../../../"/>

From Unknown Wed 11 Jun 97 16:27:52

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk

Path:

usc!howland.erols.net!newsfeed1-hme1!newsfeed.internetmci.com!192.48.96.123!in1.uu.net!uucp5.uu.net!world!jcf

From: jcf@world.std.com (Joseph C Fineman)

Subject: Re: Songs that use melody from Sweet Betsy from Pike?

Message-ID: <EGF0uJ.FHx@world.std.com>Organization: The World Public Access UNIX, Brookline, MA

References: <3418A77C.2507@worldnet.att.net>

Date: Fri, 12 Sep 1997 21:54:19 GMT

Lines: 21

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:124843

Bindle <Bindlestiff@worldnet.att.net>writes:

> 'Oh, do you remember sweet Betsy from Pike?
> She crossed the wild prairies with her husband Ike . . .'

>Of course, the tune is based on much older material from Britain and
>it often has some haunting minor variations in melody and chording.
>One I recall was, I think, 'The Soldier and the Sailor,' another was
>'Master McGraw' a song about a racing dog. Does anyone out there
>recall any others.

A fairly recent addition is "The Moose Song":

I've had men & women, my life has been loose,
But I've never had anyone quite like a moose.

I think it's on DigiTrad.

--- Joe Fineman jcf@world.std.com

||: What sticks to the spoon doesn't get stirred. :||

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\betsy5.txt

From Unknown Wed 11 Jun 97 16:28:23

Path:

usc!iagnet.net!news.maxwell.syr.edu!newsfeed.internetmci.com!195.99.66.215!news-feed
1.eu.concert.net!news-peer.bt.net!btnet-feed2!btnet!peer1.news.dircon.net!newsserver
.dircon.co.uk!tdc!easmyth

From: easmyth@dircon.co.uk (E A Smyth)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk

Subject: Re: Songs that use melody from Sweet Betsy from Pike?
Date: 13 Sep 1997 23:05:16 +0100
Organization: via Direct Connection news service
Lines: 14
Message-ID: <easmyth.874188174@tdc>References: <3418A77C.2507@worldnet.att.net>
<5vbdb4\$a9t@camel3.mindspring.com>
NNTP-Posting-Host: tdc.dircon.co.uk
Xref: usc rec.music.folk:124901

Then there's the Scottish song about the stone of destiny, how it
got stolen, etc. I'll give you the last verse, though not in the dialect
I first heard it in:

So if you discover a stone with a ring
Just sit yourself down and crown yourself king.
There's not a man living can alter your claim
That you crowned yourself king on the destiny stane. (stone)
That's probably not quite right, but you get the idea. Eve

--

'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy comes with the morning.'

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\betsy6.txt

<link rel="stylesheet" type="text/css" href="//D:/web/html/style-sheet/style.css">

From Unknown Wed 11 Jun 97 16:28:48

Path:

usc!iagnet.net!newsfeed.direct.ca!news.he.net!Supernews73!supernews.com!Supernews69!
not-for-mail

From: Kyle Harris <wooftone@netvalue.net>Newsgroups: rec.music.folk

Subject: Re: Songs that use melody from Sweet Betsy from Pike?

Date: Fri, 12 Sep 1997 08:50:51 -0700

Organization: All USENET -- <http://www.Supernews.com>

Lines: 11

Message-ID: <341964DB.390F@netvalue.net>

References: <3418A77C.2507@worldnet.att.net>

Reply-To: woottone@netvalue.net

NNTP-Posting-Host: 19050@207.204.156.84

Mime-Version: 1.0

Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii

Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit

X-Mailer: Mozilla 3.0 (Win95; U)

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:124942

There's a cowboy song, "Punchin' the Dough", sung from the point of view
of the old camp cook:

Come gather 'round, waddies, I'll sing you a song

Stand back from the wagon, stay where you belong
I hear you complainin' I'm fussy and slow
While you're punchin' cattle, I'm punchin' the dough.

... and 5 or 6 more verses.

sue harris

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\bible1.txt

YOUNG FOLKS, OLD FOLKS
-Traditional

CHORUS: Young folks, old folks, everybody come
Come k) the Sunday School and have a lot of fun
Bring a stick of chewing gum and park it at the door
(Please check your chewing gum and razors at the door)
And we'll teH you Bible stories like you never heard befi)re!

God made the world in six days and rested on the seventh
According to the contract, it should have been the eleventh
But the carpenters were out on strike, the masons wouldn't work
So the foremen dug a hole and they filled it up with dirt

When they finished with the firmament they started on the sky
They hung it overhead and they lefi it there to dry
They studded it with stars made of pretty angel's eyes
To give us a little light when the moon forgot to rise

God made Satan, Satan made sin
God made a hot place to put Satan in
Satan didn't like it so he said he wouldn't stay
He's been acting like the devil ever since that very day!

Adam was the first man that ever was invented
Along came Eve, and then he was contented
Then came the Serpent, knocking at the door
Eve et the apple, and Adam et the core!

Adam was a gardener and Eve, she was his spouse
They got the sack for stealing fruit and went to keeping house
They lived a very quiet life, and peaceful in the main
Until they had a baby and they started raising Cain!

Adam was the first man, we all do believe
He had a wife and her name was Eve

She was fair to look upon, and oh how she could dance
And her dress was made of shredded wheat, and so were Adam's pants

Adam had two sons who didn't quite agree
The psychiatrists they conferred and said " 'Twas sibling rivalry!"
One day young Cain got angry, and somehow lost his head
Took out his Colt revolver and filled Abel full of lead!

Noah was a mariner and sailed around the sea
With half a dozen wives and a whole menagerie
He tried his hand a fishing so the Bible tale confirms
But he didn't have much luck 'cause he only had two worms!

Methuselah was crabby 'cause he couldn't take a joke
He had all the makings of an old and seedy bloke
His whiskers got so long that he couldn't see ahead
If he'd tucked in all the covers he could have used them for his bed!

Methuselah got famous, for he refused to die
"When ya gonna croak?" they asked, he answered, "Bye and bye!"
And when they pressed him for the date, Methuzy whispered "Hush!"
Then laughing thru his whiskers, he hollered "What's the rush?"
.89

Esau was a cowboy, a wild and wooly rake
Half the ranch belonged to him, and half to brother Jake
Now Esau thought the title to the property weren't clear
So he sold out to his brother for a sandwich and a beer

Onan, son of Judah, was a melancholy kid;
He'd jerk and jerk and jerk and jerk, and that was all he did.
But the Lord got angry, when Onan shunned his mate
So awfully hipped on self-abuse, he wouldn't fornicate!

Joseph was a shepherd and he kept his father's goats
His Daddy used to dress him in the very loudest coats
His brothers they got jealous and they threw him in a well
Joseph went to Heaven and the others went to

Joseph was a pretty boy, a very handsome kid
His boss' wife she eyed him, and straight'way flipped her lid
She grabbed him by his you-know-what, and sat him on her lap
But Joey wouldn't fall for that - he knew she had the clap!

Moses was a prophet, they found him by a brook
He was found by Pharaoh's daughter when she went in for a look
She took him home to Father, said she found him by the shore
Pharaoh merely smiled and said "I've heard that one before!"

Moses was a wise old bird who knew some fancy tricks
The 'gyppos tried some phoney stuff with magic walking sticks

Old Pharoah he pursued him, and the Israelites did flee
But Moses hexed the army, and drowned 'em in the sea!

Moses was the leader of the Israelitic flock,
He used to get spa water just by tapping on a rock.
But then, fi-om the multitude there came a mighty cheer,
For instead of getting water, he got Foster's Lager beer!

Joshua was ajazz cat - the greatest ever born
The wall of Jericho fell down when he blew on his horn
Pursuing all his enemies, he made the sun stand still
The sun it wouldn't listen, so he nailed it to a hill!

Here comes Ruth just looking all around
Just like the girls in my home town
Didn't wear any lipstick, or powder on her nose
But she got a fella, as everybody knows!

Meshach, Shadrach and Abednego
Told the King of Babylon where he could go
He put them in the furnace, and gave the door a slam
But they wore asbestos BVD's and didn't give a....hoot

Daniel was a stubborn man who wouldn't mind the King
The King said he'd nver heard of such a naughty thing!
Put Daniel in the lion's den, with Daniel underneath
But Daniel was a dentist, and he pulled the lion's teeth!

Salome was a dancer and she danced befi)re the King She wiggled and she wobbled and
she shook most everything "But" said the King, "We must have no scandal here!" "The
hell we won't!" Salome said, and kicked the chandelier!

.90

Samson was a guy from the P.T. Barnum school
He used to lifi five hundred pounds as stronginan in the show
'Til a lady named Delilah got him all fixed up with gin
They caught him bald-headed and the coppers ran him in!

But Samson wasn't satisfied, the pace got in his hair
He mooned around when the act was on and set himself a chair
He'd slain ten thousand Philistines with the jawbone of a mouse
But that weight-lifi act of Samson's brought down the house!

Solomon was a wise man, he had a lot of cash
Queen of Sheba came along, and Solly made a mash
I guess he thought that royalty was rather underpaid
For he took to writing proverbs, tho he was a King by trade!

Jeremiah was a wailer who cried both night and day
He bawled and bawled just bucketsful, and cried his eyes away
They asked him "Whatcha cryin' for?" He grabbed a handkerchief

"The worst, dear friends, has happened: my pecker won't get stiff!"

Elijah was an astronaut, a very clever flyer
He winged up to heaven in a chariot of fire
But when he reached the Pearly Gates, the Lord began to frown;
"Now listen here, Elijah, just haul those cinders down!"

Elijah was a prophet and he worked the County Fairs
He advertised his act with a set of dancing bears
He held a sale of prophecies 'most every afternoon
And he went up every evening in a gaudy silk balloon

Ahab had a lovely wife, her name was Jezebel
While hanging out the clothes one day, down off the roof she fell
"Your wife has gone all to the dogs," was what they told the King
But Ahab said he'd never heard of such a doggone thing!

Jonah was an emigrant, so runs the Bible tale
He took a steerage passage on a transatlantic whale
Jonah in the belly of the whale felt quite compressed
So he pushed a little button and the whale did the rest!

Goliath was a giant, and he was a rowdy cuss
Went around the countryside, looking for a fuss
When he saw David, he laughed till he bust
Then David heaved a rock and socked him on the crust!

John was a Baptist, whose look was hot as fire
He took one look at Salome and filled her with desire
She propositioned Johnny, but he wouldn't go to bed
So Johnny lost that piece of tail, and also lost his head!

Paul was a salesman who travelled far and wide
But tho he was a bachelor, he never went for hide
He scorned every female, and preached that sex was out
And 'twas all because Paul's peter was afflicted with the gout!

There are plenty of these Bible tales, I'll tell you more tomorrow
How Lot with the wife and family fled from Sodom and Gomorrah
But his wife turned to salt, to her very great dismay
And Lot moved out to the suburbs of L.A.!

91

EXTRA AND VARIANT VERSES:

God made Satan, and Satan made sin.
God made a cubbyhole to put Satan in.
Satan got mad and said he wouldn't stay.
The Lord said "You gotta, 'cause you can't get away."

Adam was the first man that ever was invented
He lived out his life and never was contented
He was made all out of mud and that's no lie
They hung on a fence in the sun to dry

Adam was the first man, Eve she was a mother
Cain was a wicked man because he slew his brother
Samson was a strong man, Noah built the Ark
Jonah was a fisherman got swallowed by a shark

Adam was the first man, Eve was his spouse,
They stopped eating fruit and set to keeping house
All was going pretty well, until the baby came
And then they started in a-raising Cain!

Adam was the first man, Eve was his spouse
They started in the Garden, together keeping house
All was going pretty well, until the baby came
And then they started in a-raising Cain!

Noah was a carpenter, walking in the dark
Stumbled on a hammer, and built himself an Ark
The rain came down in showers fine
And the Ark sailed away on scheduled time

Noah was a mariner and sailed around the sea
With half a dozen wives and a whole menagerie
He failed the first season when it rained for forty days
In that kind of weather, a circus never pays!

Jonah signed up for a transatlantic sail
He spent three days in the belly of a whale
Jonah got bored, and the whale got depressed
So Jonah pushed the button and the whale did the rest

Salome was a dancer and she danced the hootchy-cootch
She danced before the King and he liked her very much
"But" said the King, "We must have no scandal here!"
"The hell we won't!" Salome said, and kicked the
chandelier!

Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego
Wouldn't obey the King and so they had to go
Put 'em in a furnace to burn 'em up like chaff
But they had asbestos BVD's and gave the King a laugh!

-- collected by Joe Bethancourt and posted in "The Black Book of Locksley"

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\bigrock.txt

The Big Rock Candy Mountain

A typescript copy of this is No. 377 in the Gordon Inferno in the Library of Congress, sent to Gordon by Wheaton H. "Skin" Brewer of Lebanon, Oregon in 1927 under the title of "The Appleknocker's Lament." This version of McClintock's "The Big Rock Candy Mountain" is the only example seen of the fabled homosexual variant. The bracketed inserts are in the original typescript.

On a very fine day in the month of May
A great big bum (big burly) came hiking
And he seated his pratt (himself) 'neath a big green tree
Which was very much to his liking.

On the very same day in the month of May
A farmer's lad came hiking.
Said the bum to the son, "If you will come,
I'll show you some sights to your liking.

"I'll show you the bees in the cigarette trees,
The big rock candy mountains,
The chocolate heights where they give away kites
And the sody-water fountains.

"The lemonade springs where the bluebird sings,
The marbles made of crystal.
We'll join the band of Dangerous Dan
Who carries a sword and a pistol."

So the bum set out with the lad at his back.
For six long months they travelled,
Then the boy came back on the very same track
And this (sad) tale (he) unravelled.

"There are no bees in the cigarette trees,
No big rock candy mountains,
No chocolate heights where they give away kites,
Or sody-water foundatins.

"No lemonade springs where the bluebird sings,
No marble made of crystal.
There is no such man as Dangerous Dan
Who carries a sword and a pistol.

"He made me beg and steal his eggs (sit on his peg)
And he called me his jocker.

When I didn't get pies he blacked my eyes
And called me his apple-knocker.

"No more I'll roam from my very fine home.
I'll save my junkerino.
You can bet your lid that this old kid
Won't be no one else's punkerino."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\blackbul.txt

The Big Black Bull

The Canfield Collection, amassed in 1926, contained the text of a full version from Wisconsin, learned by the unidentified informant "some years ago."

The little black bull came down from the mountain.
Hooston, Yonny, Hooston!
The little black bull came down from the mountain
Long time ago.

Chorus:
Long time ago!
Long time ago!
The little black bull came down from the mountain
Long time ago!

His prick was long and his balls hung low.
Hooston, Yonny, Hooston!
His prick was long and his balls hung low.
Long time ago!

Long time ago!
Long time ago!
His prick was long and his balls hung low
Long time ago!

Similarly:
They turned him loose in a field of heifers.

He whet his tool on an ashen sapling.

Nine bull calves were born that season.

The little black bull went back to the mountain.

His prick was bent and his back was broken.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\blues.txt

The Blues

The large collection gathered in early 1926 by Hubert Canfield, of upper New York State, contains four different songs under such titles as "Nigger Blues" and "Chicago Blues."

Chicago Blues

Lonesome Man⁷ All were assumedly sent to Canfield by white correspondents, suggesting that there was considerable musical interaction between the races. Still, these have the feel -- if one can use such an "unscientific" term -- of being songs of black origin perhaps, but sung by whites.

[A]

Ashes to ashes,
And dust to dust,
If it wasn't for our assholes
Our bellies would bust.

Belly to belly,
With my asshole to the sun,
Gotta swing a mean prick
To make my baby come.

I pushed her back
Against the wall,
And her coozie flew open
Like a red parasol.

Takes a barrel of water
To make an engine run,
Takes a baby elephant
To make my sweety come.

A nickle's worth of cold cream,
A dime's worth of lard,
Vaseline your coozie
Till my cock gets hard.

Was belly to belly

When I jumped and I farted,
And that's how the trouble
All got started.

Filled her full of gizm,
Right up to her chin,
First we had triplets
And now we got twins.

If I had a woman
And she wouldn't fuck,
I'd knock out her eyeteeth
And make her suck.

Down in the barnyard
Saw a cow eating hay.
Saw the cow's sweet daddy
And I went away.

You got the jelly
An' I got the roll.
Let's put 'em together
And make sweet jelly-roll.

[B]

There's two kinds of people
I can't understand.
That's the cock-suckin' woman
And the cunt-lapping man.

If my body's a church
And my pecker's the steeple,
I'll hang by my balls
To accomodate the people.

Mama runs a whorehouse.
Papa tends the door.
Little borther Willie
Licks the gizm off the floor.

Mother's on the poor farm.
Father's in the jail.
Brother runs a cathouse
And sister peddles tail.

Mother takes in washing.
Papa drives a hack.
Brother sells bootleg
And baby pulls his jack.

Mother's in the hospital.
Father's in the jail.
Sister's in Boston
Where she has it for sale.

There's snakes on the mountain,
And eels in the sea,
But it was a red-headed woman
Made a wreck out of me.

[C]

Oh, I ain't the lieutenant,
Nor the lieutenant's son,
But I'll handle your privates
Till the lieutenant comes.

Oh, I'm not the iceman
Nor the iceman's son,
But I'll fill up your box
Till the iceman comes.

Oh, I ain't the admiral
Nor the admiral's son,
But I can give you semen
Till the admiral comes.

I ain't no jockey,
Nor a jockey's son,
But I'll do your easy riding
Till the jockey comes.

Oh, I ain't a Mormon,
Nor a Mormon's son,
But when it comes to booty,
I'm a second Brigham Young.

This "C" text was appended to the "B" text above. The editor has broken it out as a separate song here.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\boogie1.txt

48. ALI BOOGIE
Melody--???

CHORUS: I boogied last night,
And the night before,
I'm goin' back tonight,
And boogie some more.

Mama's on the bottom,
Papa's on the top,
Baby's in the attic,
Fillin' rubbers with snot.

Mama's on the bottom,
Papa's on the top,
Baby's in the cradle yellin',
"Shove it to 'er, Pop!"

Mama's in the hospital,
Papa's in jail,
Sister's in the corner cryin',
"Pussy for sale!"

I got a gal,
About six-foot four,
She fucks everything,
Like a two-bit whore.

I got a gal,
She lives on a hill,
She won't fuck,
But her sister will.

Papa's got a watch,
Mama's got a ring,
Sister's got a baby,
From shakin' that thing.

One and one makes two,
Two and two makes four,
If the bed breaks down,
We'll fuck on the floor.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Songs II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\boring.txt

Boring for Oil

Another euphemistic ballad, probably of American origin. According to Guy Logsdon, "This song may be the oldest bawdy oil occupation in tradition." Few texts have been recovered, however, and the ballad seems to have slipped from oral currency in recent years.

[A]

One morning I rambled. I met a fair maid
So handsome and lovely. To her I did say.
"For a very large fortune I'm willing to toil,
If you'll show me the place to go boring for oil."

This fair maid she stammered, "Young man, I declare!
I know well that place and I've watched it with care.
And no one has seen it since I was a child.
And if you will go there, you will surely strike oil."

Then says I to myself, "Then my fortune is made.
If she'll show me that place now, I'll see you well paid."
She heisted her garments to give me my start
And she showed me the place to go boring for oil.

Oh, I kissed that fair damsel a hundred times o'er,
And I made her be seated on Niagara's green shore.
She screamed and she hollered, "My bunghole will start.
You've busted my bladder a boring for oil."

[B]

As I walked out one morning in May,
I met a fair damsel and to her did say,
"It's all for a fortune I am willing to toil
If you'll show me some place to go boring for oil."

She stammered, she stammered, "Kind sir, I declare
I know of a place and I've nursed it with care.
And no one has seen it since I was a child,
And I'll show you there's no trouble in boring for oil."

Oh, I had not bored down more than six inches or so,
When the oil from my well, it so freely did flow.
She screamed and she hollered, "Oh! my character's spoiled!
You've busted my hamgut while boring for oil."

There are two versions of this infrequently collected ballad in the Archive of American Folk Song. The "A" text here, partially reprinted in Peters, Wisconsin, p. 263, was sung to a set of "The Wagoner's Lad" by Lewis Winfield Moody, 75, a lumberjack of Plainfield, Wisconsin. Recorded on AFS 4169 by Robert Draves, it was deposited in the Archive of American Folk Song by Helene Stratman-Thomas. A tape of the Stratman-Draves bawdy material was furnished by James P. Leary of Mt.

Horeb, Wisconsin.

Mr. Moody's tune bears a number of songs, including "The Wagoner's Lad" in Larkin, Singing Cowboy, p. 11; Sharp-Karpeles II, p. 3, "Married and Single Life"; Emma Dusenberry's version of "A Rich Irish Lady"; "Naavy Boots" in Palmer, p. 6.; and "Farewell to Tarwathie" in MacColl-Seeger, XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX [Biblio cite to come] The "B" text was sung by R. M. Davids of Cross X ranch, Woodmere, Florida, about 1924 and sent to Robert W. Gordon by the redoubtable collector Joanna Colcord. Gordon eventually donated it, with many of his other papers, to the Library of Congress' Archive of American Folksong.

Randolph, Roll Me in Your Arms: Unprintable Ozark Folksongs and Folklore, Vol. I (Fayetteville, University of Arkansas Press, 1992), pp. 58-60, prints four partial texts and a melody. Annotator G. Legman offers sources for other versions.

See also Logsdon, The Whorehouse Bells Were Ringing (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 199), pp. 160-62.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\bornbeau1.txt

17. WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL?

Melody--Itself

Why was he born so beautiful?
Why was he born at all?
He's no fuckin' use to anyone,
He's no bloody use at all.

(optional verses)

They say he's a joy to his mother,
But he's a pain in the asshole to me,

He's fresh as a daisy,
He drives me crazy,

So drink it down, down, etc . . .

From "Hash Hymns," edited by Paul Woodford, Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\caballer.txt

The Gay Caballero

This folk song was popularized -- in an expurgated version -- by a 1929 recording by Frank Crumit. Crumit's copyright notwithstanding, the song was in oral tradition

before his adaptation, and remained so after. The variety and inventiveness of the texts is unusual in so straightforward a narrative.

[C]

There once lived a gay young Lothario,
Who dwelt in a far-off castillio,
Who was stuck on his tra-la-la-lillio
And the works of his tweedle-dum-dee.

One night he went to the theatrio,
And met there a charming seniorio [sic].
He showed her his tra-la-la-lillio
And the works of his tweedle-dum-dee.

"Disgusting," cried out the seniorio,
"For I am the virgin Clarissio.
I've no use for your tra-la-la-lillio
Or the works of your tweedle-dum-dee."

He took her to his castillio,
And laid her upon a soft pillio,
And he showed her his tra-la-la-lillio
And the works of his tweedle-dum-dee.

"Delightful," cried out the seniorio.
"Though I am the virgin Clarissio,
I am stuck on your tra-la-la-lillio
And the works of your tweedle-dum-dee."

Then he went to see the doctorio,
Who said, "You've got the siffilio
In your handsome tra-la-lalillio
And the works of your tweedle-dum-dee."

Now he sits in his far-off castillio,
With a handful of cotton battilio,
Swabbing off his tra-la-la-lillio
And the works of his tweedle-dum-dee.

The Canfield collection has two other versions, both of five stanzas.

[D]

177. THE GAY CABALLERO
Melody--The Gay Caballero

Oh, I am a gay caballero,
Going from Rio de Janeiro,
With an exceedingly long latraballee,

And two fine latraballeros.

I went down to Tijuana,
Exceedingly fine Tijuana,
With my exceedingly long latraballee,
And my two fine latraballeros.

I met a gay senorita,
Exceedingly gay senorita,
She wanted to play with my latraballee,
And with one of my latraballeros.

Oh, now I've got the clapito,
Exceedingly painful clapito,
Right on the end of my latraballee,
And on one of my latraballeros.

I went to see a medico,
Exceedingly fine medico,
He looked at the end of my latraballee,
And at one of my latraballeros.

He took out a long stiletto,
Exceedingly long stiletto,
He cut off the end of my latraballee,
And one of my latraballeros.

And now I'm a sad caballero,
Returning to Rio de Janiero,
Minus the end of my latraballee,
And one of my latraballeros.

At night I lay on my pillow,
Seeking to finger my willow,
All I find there is a handful of hair,
And one dried-up latraballero.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\campmeet.txt

Camp Meeting Song

The Canfield collection gathered in 1926 had two versions of this politically incorrect parody sung to the melody of the Negro spiritual "Roll,

Jordan, Roll."

[A]

The old darktown revival,
They say it has no rival.
They pray to beat the devil,
Shouting, "Roll, Jordan, roll!"

Oh, sister, you've been called on
For some of the stuff you're setting on.
There's a brother in the corner with hard on,
Saying, "Roll, Jordan, roll."

Now, sister, don't you weaken.
Here is the handsome deacon.
Salvation he's a-seekin',
Singing, "Roll, Jordan, roll."

Hey, brother, park your "fannie."
Lay right down there with Annie,
Give her the old bananny,
And it's roll, Jordan, roll.

[B]

Canfield's notes to this version of "Camp Meeting Song" state these
"additional verses" are also to be sung to the melody of "Roll, Jordan, Roll."

Now, sister, pull him to you.
That deacon sure will screw you,
Singing, "Glory, hallelujah,
And it's roll, Jordan, roll."

Now, brother, take your prodpole
And shove it up her touchole, [sic]
Push salvation out of her asshole,
Moaning, "Roll, Jordan, roll."

Now, sister, you've done set it,
If Heaven comes, just let it;
Just let it lay, he'll get it,
Gruntin', "Roll, Jordan, roll."

Now, brother, there's a blister
A-comin' where you kissed her.
You sure have warmed that sister,
Breathin', roll, Jordan, roll.

Now, sister, hold him steady,

Just holler when you're ready,
He's apt to wet your teddy,
 Yellin', "Roll, Jordan, roll."

Now, brother, take your panky,
And wipe it on your hanky.
Just tell the sister thanky
 And we'll roll, Jordan, roll.

Tomorrow night the parson
Will teach the girls in person,
So don't come out with drawers on,
 Cause it's roll, Jordan, roll.

There are certainly dozens, perhaps scores of parodies of religious songs and prayers circulating in oral tradition. See, for examples, George Montiero, "Parodies of Scripture, Prayer, and Hymn," in *Journal of American Folklore* 77 (1963), pp. 45 ff.

The Canfield collection, gathered in 1926, has this, as sent by Ronald Werrenrath:

King Soloman and King David led merry, merry lives,
With very many lady friends and many, many wives,
But when old age crept up on them, with very many qualms,
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs and King David wrote the
 psalms.

Even quite young children learn these. Ten-year-old Anne Brunke of Los Angeles sang for her mother Jacqueline in 1959:

Hail Mary, full of grace,
Bless my boyfriend's hands and face.
Bless his head, full of curls,
And help him stay away from other girls.
Bless his arms, so big and strong,
And keep his hands where they belong.
 Amen.

To the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," Marjorie Best sang in San Diego prior to 1963:

Jesus saves his money at the First National Bank.
Jesus saves his money at the First National Bank.
Jesus saves his money at the First National Bank.
Jesus saves. Jesus saves. Jesus saves.

To the melody of a then-popular commercial for Pepsi Cola, the editor sang, circa 1945:

Christianity hits the spot.

Twelve apostles, that's a lot,
Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost,
Christianity is the most.

Babab also has this.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\canalst.txt

Walking Down Canal Street

Walking down Canal Street,
Knocking on every door,
Goddamn sonofabitch,
Couldn't find a whore.

When I finally found a whore,
She was tall and thin,
Goddamn sonofabitch,
Couldn't get it in.

When I finally got it in,
I turned it all about,
Goddamn sonofabitch,
Couldn't get it out.

When I finally got it out,
It was red and sore,
Goddamn sonofabitch,
You should never fuck a whore.

Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994) includes this as number 291 in his major collection of hash songs.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\case2.txt

Casey Jones II

Hubert Canfield's collecting in 1926 provides this version of the familiar ballad, but one so extended as to tell its own story of the demise of Casey. As such it merits consideration as a distinct ballad, though it too was obviously inspired by the stage song.

Come all ye tail-hounds if you want to hear
The story of a brave engineer.
Casey Jones was his name,
In a four-poster bed he won his fame.

His wife woke Casey at half past four,
And told her spouse she wanted some more.
He mounted to her belly, his trombone in his hand
And shoved it twelve inches into the promised land.

Then in the evening, looking rather pale,
He went to the cathouse to get his usual tail.
He said to the madam, ""Bring on all that you've got,
For I'm feeling mighty horny and I'll fuck the goddam lot."

He felt of his balls and his balls they hung low.
He looked at the whores all lying in a row.
He looked at the madam, and he said,
"I'll fuck the whole kaboodle but I'll soon be dead."

He got a heavy hard-on and started down the line,
And fucked them quick and pretty till he got to twenty-nine.
As slipped in his pecker, a tear stood in his eye,
He said, "I'm going to fuck you last thing before I die."

He worked for forty minutes, and he came for twenty-five.
When he'd shot his wad out, he was only half alive.
They laid him on the sofa and stood around in tears,
And said, "He is the grandest man we've screwed in many
years."

Said Casey to the doctor just before he died,
"There are two more girls I wish that I could ride."
The doctor asked, "Who can they be?"
"Bow-legged Susan and Hot-cunt Marie."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\casey.txt

From: Barry Gold <barryg@sparc.SanDiegoCA.ATTGIS.COM>Date: Sun, 13 Aug 95 07:44:53
PDT

X-To: bawdy-1@bdragon.jjm.com

Subject: Casey and the Bat

Message-Id: <9508131444.AA27301@sv303.SanDiegoCA.attgis.com>

X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: Multiple.recipients.of.Bawdy.Filking@jjm.com
Reply-To: bawdy-1@bdragon.jjm.com
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com
Status: RO
X-Status: A

Well, here it is at last, typed in and (I hope) proofread.
Personally, I don't think it's anywhere near as good as "Eskimo Nell".
But it's certainly a long, bawdy recitation.

CASEY AND THE BAT

Things had been extra quiet at
The Mudville Bar, that night;
For there hadn't been an argument,
And there hadn't been a fight.

The boys were leaning on the bar
Having a drink or two,
With nothing much to think about,
And nothing much to do.

They'd had a masturbation race
A night or two before;
They'd got a bitch and dog, last night,
And bred 'em, on the floor.

But now these harmless little games,
Were over, through and done;
And not a one of them could think
Of how to have some fun.

And just as Grogan muttered low;
"I wish he had a whore."
The damndest bat in forty states
Stood leering in the door.

Her legs were bowed, her ass was broad
Her waist but slightly less,
Her teats (without an uplift bra)
Were bigger than Mae West's.

Her skirt was short, her gloves were long
Her hat we'd best forget.
In all your life, you've never seen
A sadder sight, I'll bet.

"Who wants to fuck?" this vision whined.
"I only charge a buck."
But several said, "We'd not fuck you
At seven cents a fuck".

She said, "If that's the case, may I
Suggest a little bout?
I've got a sawbuck here that says
No man can tire me out."

The crowd looked at each other, then
They looked at her awhile.
"I do believe she means it, boys."
Said Grogan with a smile.

"Of course I do," the Venus said,
"I'll fuck from now til dawn."
And Grogan winked, "O.K.", he said
"I think we'll take you on."

The bet was covered, the bat lay down
And opened up her pants;
"Come on," she said. "Who's gonna be
The first to take a chance?"

"It is a chance," Pat Grogan said.
"To fuck you is a sin.
But I'll be first, I made the bet."
And he lay and stuck it in.

For seven minutes Grogan worked
Before his pecker bent--
Then young Mike Shea came twice in ten
In spite of good intent.

And Big McGillicuddy lay
Half-hour on the whore
And when he rose, all limbered up,
She gaily called for more.

The Monohan and Hanrahan
And old Mulvaney tried;
And then poor Grogan tried again
(Although he nearly died).

And through it all, the bat lay there
And squirmed and moaned and farted
And ended up as gay and calm
And fresh as when she started.

And all the barflys muttered low
At Grogan's second break;
The honor of the Mudville Bar
Was certainly at stake.

Then Alderman O'Conner said,
"The issue seems in doubt.
Who will uphold our honor, men,
And tire this bastard out?"

And as they stood and wondered
At that omnivorous womb,
None other than big Casey
Came striding in the room.

"Ray!" cried the weakened heroes,
No longer feeling sick,
"Casey will surely conquer
With his omnipotent prick."

They quickly tell their story,
Their qualms and fears all gone,
And mighty Casey smiles at them
And says, "I'll take her on."

Said Shea, "The neighbor boys would like
To see this, like as not.
I say, let's have 'em hold the bout
Down in Mulvaney's lot."

"We will," responded Grogan,
"And we won't do this like bums.
I'll act as sort of umpire,
to tell if each one comes."

No sooner said than done, the crowd
Hurried to get a place
To see great Casey and the bat
Commence the nookey race.

There was ease in Casey's manner
As he sank onto the grass,
There was pride in Casey's bearing
As he fiddled with her ass.

And as unto the watching crowd
He lightly doffed his hat,
Each watcher knew that he'd come through
When Casey fucked the bat.

Two hundred eyes were on him
As his balls dragged in the dirt,
A hundred tongues applauded
As he wiped them on her skirt.

And now he sinks between her thighs
And now he grins a grin,
And the crowd all grins in sympathy
As Casey sticks it in.

He gets his hands around her ass
And starts to bearing down,
She twines her legs around his thighs
And starts to go to town.

And minute after minute passed
And still they reared and bucked,
And pitched and tossed, and rocked and rolled,
And fucked, and fucked, and fucked.

Till presently her movements sped
But Casey's seemed to slow.
He had the look of someone who
Is just about to 'blow'.

She gave a sudden thrilling twist.
The dirty deed was done!
"Hot damn!" said Casey soulfully,
And the umpire said, "Strike one."

"Fake," cried the maddened watchers,
And echo answered, "Fake."
But Casey pulled his penis out
And gave the thing a shake.

And as the watchers saw it drip
A drop of pearly dew,
Their cries died out in silence
For they knew that it was true.

But Casey lay right down again,
To go right back to work.
"There's plenty more where that came from,"
Said Casey with a smirk.

Then stern he looks down at the bat
And, sterner, at them all.
And proud, he looks down at his prick,
Which never droops at all.

He lies back down upon the bat,
He breathes a sigh and then,
He spits upon his prick for luck.
And sticks it in again.

This time he didn't work so fast
And Coyne was heard to say:
"Can this be caution, do ye think?"
"'Tis wisdom, man," said Shea.

But his slow and steady movements
Didn't seem to please the femme;
For she started in to working at
1000 R.P.M.

There didn't seem a single trick
That woman didn't know.
She twisted up and twisted down
And twisted to and fro.

Tell Casey, after quite a while
Grunted a dreadful grunt,
And rammed his pecker, fast and hard
Into her grasping cunt.

He pulled it out, and sheepishly
He wiped its dripping head.
"I guess I come," said Casey, and
"Strike two!" the umpire said.

The crowd was silent, filled with awe,
And then they gave a groan.
"I don't believe she's human,"
There were many heard to moan.

But Casey, still magnanimous,
Lifted a warning hand.
"I'll win," he said, "But, Holy Mike!
She fucks to beat the band."

Again he sticks his penis in,
Again he starts to poke,
And for half an hour or more
Keeps up a steady stroke.

But every time he brings it down
The bat comes up to meet him.
And all the crowd is tense and taut
For fear that she will beat him.

And Casey feels his feelings rise
And strains to keep from coming.
And as for her, she gaily works,
And damn it all, she's humming.

And now his face gets redder as
He tries to hold it back.
He mutters as his penis hard,
Slips in and out her crack.

And now he strains, and tries to stop,
And now he lets it go.
And now her womb is shattered
By the force of Casey's 'blow'.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land
The folks are getting rich.
And maybe Hitler's still alive
The God-damned son-of-a-bitch!

And somewhere little boys fuck girls
Without a care or doubt.
But there is gloom in Mudville;
Mighty Casey has struck out.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\caviar.txt

Caviar Comes from Virgin Sturgeon

[D]

Chorus:

Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon,
The virgin sturgeon is a very fine fish,
The virgin sturgeon needs no urging,
That's why caviar is my dish.

I gave caviar to my girlfriend,
She's a virgin through and through,
Since I gave my girlfriend caviar,
There ain't nothing she won't do.

I gave caviar to my bow-wow,

All the other doggies looked agog,
He had what those bitches needed,
Wasn't he a lucky dog?

I gave caviar to my grandpa,
Grandpa's age is ninety-three,
Last time that I saw grandpa,
He's chased grandma up a tree.

My father was a lighthouse keeper,
He had caviar for his tea,
He had three children by a mermaid,
Two were kippers, one was me.

As "Virgin Sturgeon," this is number 36 in Paul Woodford's "Hash Songs II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994). He notes it is sung to the familiar tune of "Rueben, Rueben."

Joseph Bethancourt's "The Black Book of Locksley" has a version current in Society for Creative Anachronisms and/or Renaissance Faire circles.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\chamber.txt

Chamber Lye

Gershon Legman states in his Horn Book, p. 378, and the later second volume of the Randolph "Unprintable" collection, Blow the Candles Out, pp. 659-662, that this song was originally published during the Civil War. It was subsequently reprinted as a broadside, and introduced with a explanation attributing the ballad to "a local wit" of the vicinity of Salem, Alabama.

[A]

"During the latter part of the Civil War, the Confederacy was short of salt petre, one of the most necessary ingredients of gunpowder. The following advertisement in the Salem, Alabama Sentinel shows an original method of obtaining a supply:

"The ladies of Salem are respectfully requested to preserve their chamber lye, as it is very needful in the cause of the Confederacy in the manufacture of nitre, a necessary ingredient of gunpowder. Wagons with barrels will be sent to residences daily to collect and remove the same.

"(signed) John Harrolson
"Agt. Ordnance & Minging Bureau
"C.S.A."

"The scheme was so novel that a local wit perpetrated the following:

"John Harrolson, John Harrolson, you are a funny creature,
You've given to this cruel war, a new and curious feature.
You'd have us think, while every man is bound to be a fighter,
The women, bless their pretty dears, should save their pee for
nitre.

"John Harrolson, John Harrolson, where did you get the notion
To send the barrels around the town to gather up the lotion?
We thought the women's duty done in keeping house and
diddling,
But now you'd set the pretty dears to patriotic piddling.

"John Harrolson, John Harrolson, do, pray, invent a neater
And somewhat less immodest way of making your saltpetre.
The things's so very queer, you know, gunpowder-like and
cranky,
That when a lady jerks her brine she shoots a bloody Yankee.

"A copy of this found its way through the lines and a Vermont corporal wrote
the following which was sent back to the Rebel camp:

"John Harrolson, John Harrolson, we read in song and story,
How women's tears in all these years have sprinkled fields of
glory,
But ne'er before did women help their race in deeds of
slaughter,
'Till Southern beauties dried their tears and went to making
water.

"No wonder, John, your boys are brave. Who wouldn't be a
fighter?
If every time he shot his gun, he used his sweetheart's nitre?
And, vice versa, what could make a Yankee soldier sadder,
Than dodging bullets fired from a pretty woman's bladder?

"We've heard it said a subtle smell still lingered in the
powder,
And as the smoke grew thick and the din of battle louder,
That there was found in this compound a serious objection:
The soldiers could not sniff it without causing an erection.

"'Tis clear now why desertion is so common from your ranks:
An Arctic nature's needed to withstand Dame Venus' pranks.
A Southerner can't stand the press -- when once he's had a
smell.
He's got to have a piece or bust -- the peace can go to hell.

This "A" text, only the second recovery published, was contributed to the
Canfield Collection in 1926-1927 by an unidentified informant. It is close to the
text in Randolph II.

[B]

A broadside in the Gordon Inferno of the Library of Congress' folksong archive, No, 3916, "An Incident of the Late War," updates the song to the Spanish-American War. The broadside begins with a headnote -- including the curious use of the English pound sterling sign:

"The latest accounts to hand state that the value of the ammunition used by Admiral Dewey at the bombardment of Manila was only æ9,400 and by the Atlantic fleet at Santiago about æ20,000. At Manila 5,681 projectiles are now said to have been fired and at Santiago 7,581 shells.

"During the latter period of the Spanish-American War, the supply of ammunition in the Spanish Camp was so short that a member of their Ordnance Department devised a scheme for providing the necessary ingredient, Saltpetre, and as an experiment inserted the following advertisement in a Manila Newspaper:--

"'The ladies of Manila are respectfully requested to preserve their Chamber Lye as it is very needful to the cause of Spain in the manufacture of nitre, a necessary ingredient of gunpowder. Wagons with barrels will be sent to residences daily to collect and remove the same.'

"(Sgd.) 'Don Camara'"

Don Camara, Don Camara, you are a funny creature;
You've given to this cruel war a new and curious feature.
You'd have us think, while every man is bound to be a fighter,
The women (bless the pretty dears) should save their P for
nitre.

Don Camara, Don Camara, where did you get the notion
To send your barrels round the town to gather up the lotion?
We though the woman's duty done in keeping house and diddling,
But now you'd put the pretty dears to patriotic piddling.

Don Carama, Don Camara, do pray invent a neater
And somewhat less immodest way of making your Saltpetre.
The thing's so very queer, you know, gunpowder-like and
cranky
That when a lady "jerks her brine," she shoots a bloody
Yankee.

"One copy of the above was sent home to New York where a wag saw it and sent the following reply:

Don Camara, Don Camara, we've read your song and story.
How women's tears in all these years have sprinkled fields of glory;
But ne'er before did women help their braves in deeds of
slaughter
Till Spanish beauties dried their tears and went to making
water.

No wonder, Don, your boys are brave,-- who would not be a
fighter,
If every time he shot a gun he used his sweetheart's nitre?
And vice versa, what would make a Yankee soldier sadder
Than dodging bullets fired from a pretty woman's bladder?

We've heard it said a subtle smell still lingered in this
powder
And as the smoke grew thicker and the din of battle louder
That there was found in this compound a serious objection,--
The soldiers could not sniff it without getting an erection.

'Tis clear now why desertion is common in our ranks;
An Arctic nature's needed to withstand Dame Nature's pranks.
A Yankee boy can't stand the press when once he's had a smell;
He's got to have a "bit" or bust, -- the cause can go to Hell.

Manila, P.I.; July 4th, 1899

[C]

Finally, John Harrolson, aka Don Camara, becomes Von Hindenberg, and the
satirical song is adapted to the first world war.

Von Hindenburg, Von Hindenburg,
You are a funny creature.
You've given the cruel war
A new and funny feature.
You'd have us think while every man
Is bound to be a fighter,
The women, bless their hearts,
Should save their pee for nitre.®PG-

Von Hindenburg, Von Hindenburg,
Where did you get the notion
Of sending barrels 'round the town
To gather up the lotion?
We thought a woman's duty was
Keeping house and diddling,
But now you've put the little dears
To patriotic piddling.

Von Hindenburg, Von Hindenburg,
Pray do invent a neater
And somewhat less immodest way
Of making your saltpetre.
For fraulein fair of golden hair
With whom we all are smitten
Must join the line and jerk her brine
To kill the bloomin' Briton.

Von Hindenburg, Von Hindenburg,
We read in song and story
How many tears in all the years
Have sprinkled fields of glory.
But ne'er before have women helped
Their braves in bloody slaughter,
'Til German beauties dried their tears
And went to making water.

Non wonder, Von, your boys are brave
Who wouldn't be a fighter,
If every time he shot his gun
He used his sweetheart's nitre?
And vice versa, what would make
An Allied soldier sadder,
Than dodging bullets fired from
A pretty woman's bladder?

We've heard it said a subtle smell
Still lingers in the powder.
The battle-smoke grows thicker now
And the din of battle louder.
That there is found to this compound
A serious objection.
A soldier cannot take a whiff
Without having an erection.

And it is clear now why desertion
Is so common in your ranks.
An Arctic nature's baddly needed
To stand Dame Nature's pranks.
A German cannot stand the strain
When once he's had a smell.
He's got to have a piece or bust
The Fatherland to hell."

As noted in the first edition, the version may ultimately derive from Immortalia. (It is included in the 1927 edition, pp. 101-02, and the 1968 reprint, p. 114-15.) The text was forwarded to the editor by Dale Koby, who was later to edit the 1968 reprint of Immortalia. Koby apparently "recreated" the song from print by adding its original melody, "Maryland, My Maryland" or "Oh Tannenbaum."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\charlot1.txt

Charlotte the Harlot I

For reasons of space, a fuller list of the appearances of the "Villikins"/"Sweet Betsy" tune was cut from the second edition. Readers instead were referred to the first. That omission is corrected here.

Sets of this most commonly found of the "come-all-ye" melodies carry the following songs:

Ireland -- "The Kerry Recruit" in O Lochlainn, Irish, p. 2; "The Old Orange Flute," Ibid., p. 100; "Von Shilly, Von Shilly" in Daiken, p. 18; "Master McGrath" on Patrick Galvin's Irish Drinking Songs (Riverside 12-604), the notes to which mention "Nottingham Fair" as being sung to "Villikins"; "The Mountjoy Hotel," written by Phil O'Neill in 1918, and sung by Galvin on Irish Humor Songs (Riverside 12-616); and see also the second part of "Buachaill an Chuil Dualaigh" in O'Sullivan, p. 54. England -- "Still I Love Him" sung by Isla Cameron on English and Scottish Love Songs (Riverside 12-656) and the same in Sedley, Seeds, p. 242; "The Dover Sailor" in Kidson, Garland, p. 20; "The Bold Princess Royal" in Seeger-MacColl, p. 57, and Purslow, Marrow Bones, p. 5; "The Liverpool Packet" in Hugill, pp. 466-69, where "The Jolly Herring," "The Jolly Ploughboy," "Still I Love Him," "The Old Orange Flute," "Ratcliffe Highway" and "The Towrope Girls" ("The Liverpool Judies") are mentioned as using the tune; "The Ballad of Wadi Maktilla" in Henderson; "The Drunkard's Song" in Stubbs, p. 31; "The Cruel Ship's Carpenter" in Purslow, Wanton Seed, p. 30; "A German Clockwinder" in McCarthy, p. 41; "Keepers and Poachers" in Palmer, Vaughan Williams, p. 39 and "The Foggy Dew," English Dance and Song XXXVI, No. 2 (Summer, 1974), p. 59. It is said to carry "The Jolly Ploughboys" in Berkshire and Surrey, according to Broadwood and Maitland, p. 65.

Australia -- "Bluey Brink" as sung by A.L. Lloyd on Australian Bush Songs (Riverside 12-606), and printed in Long and Jenkin, pp. 83-84; "Bold Tommy Payne," Ibid., pp. 89-90; "A Nautical Yarn," ibid., pp. 143-44; "Botany Bay," in Anderson, pp. 8-9, but lacking the signature first bars, though still "Villikins"; "Weston and His Clerk" Ibid., pp. 51-52; "Sold," Ibid., pp. 89-90; "Caledonia" in Meredith and Anderson, p. 85; and the first melodic phrase of "The Little Fish," Ibid., p. 133.

Canada and the United States -- "Lord Lovel" in Flanders, Ancient Ballads, II, p. 150, the "A" version; "One Morning in May," Brown, V, pp. 11 ff., versions "A," "A1" and "C"; "Bonnie Annie" (Child 24) in BFSSNE, X (1935), p. 11, and reprinted in Bronson, I, p. 304; "Henry Green and Mary Wyatt" in that journal, XII (1937), p. 16; "Pretty Polly" ("The Cruel Ship's Carpenter") in Leach, Folk Ballads, p. 20; "The Crowd of Bold Sharemen" in Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 240, citing also "The Dreadnought" melody as "Villikins" in Colcord, p. 90; "Burns' Log Camp" in Doerflinger, pp. 217-18, and Manny and Wilson, pp. 66-67; "Clay Morgan" in Sharp-Karpeles, II, p. 274; "Lakes of Col Fin," in Flanders et al, New Green Mountain, p. 32; and the last two phrases of "Johnny Doyle," p. 248, which is close to the textually unrelated "William Taylor" in Hamer, Garner's Gay, p. 34. Other Canadian sources are "Kelly the Pirate" Creighton, p. 151; "Squarin' up Time" in Fowke-Johnston, p. 88; "H'Emmer Jane" in Fowke-Johnston, More, pp. 156-7; "The Wild Cart Back on the Pipe Line," in Manny and Wilson, p. 185, is "Villikins" in the first and last phrases, and "Brennan on the Moor," in the middle two. Peacock, I, has "Hard Times," p. 57, "Squarin'-Up Time," p. 98; "A Crowd of Bold Sharemen," p. 113; and "Fish and Brewis," p. 123, all to sets of "Villikins." The second half of "Villikins" turns up as "Leather Britchers," p. 71. Hopkins has two songs, "The Battle of Halifax" and "A-25" to the melody.

"Blooming Wilderness," according to Samuel Bayard's note in Jackson, Another Sheaf,

p. 164; and "Tourelay" in Lynn, p. 114.

Norman Cazden cites four north woods songs using sets of "Villikins" in Fowke, Lumbering, pp. 64, 84, 168, 187; there is another on p. 203.

The extent of the tune family, and the relationship of "Villikins" to the melody for some versions of "Lord Randall," is explored in Barry, Eckstorm and Smyth, pp. 67-69, where the north woods ballad "The Prince Edward Island Boys" is mentioned as being sung to the tune. See too Bronson, I, p. 378, citing "The Riddle Song" (Child 46), No. 4; and "Bonnie James Campbell" (Child 210), No. 3, in III, p. 291, as using the tune. Schinhan has two versions of the melody and eight additional references in Brown, IV, pp. 263-64.

Bronson I, pp. 204-212, identifies 26 versions of "Lord Randall" (Child 12) said to be sung to "Villikins" sets. No doubt there is some "Villikins" influence on these tunes, in particular on the second and third phrases, but this editor would not place them as central to the tune family. First, the signature phrase is absent. Second, the variants after number 39 are clearly sung to sets of "The Wagoner's Lad," as Bronson himself notes. As great as "Villikins'" tune family is, it does not stretch to include "The Wagoner's Lad." (For that song, see Brown IV, pp. 157-162, and Sharp-Karpeles II, pp. 3, 123; Larkin, Singing Cowboy, p. 11; "Farewell to Tarwathie," in MacColl and Seeger; "Navy Boots," in Palmer, p. 6; and "Sally" ["A Rich Irish Lady"], the first song sung by Emma Dusenberry in the Seeger-Cowell manuscript.

Members of the "Villikins" tune family are most easily spotted by the introductory tonic, then the outline of the major triad in the first bar(s) and the repeated fifth that follows immediately. For an example of the use of that trademark motif, and little else, in a "Villikins"-derived melody, see "Sally Monroe" in Leach, Folk Ballads, p. 108; "The Sheepwasher's Lament" in Long and Jenkin, p. 103; or "The Bold Princess Royal" in Kidson, Garland, pp. 334-35. "High Germany," *ibid.*, pp. 82-83, embroiders that formula in his first and last phrases. The signature phrase seems intrusive in "Colin's Ghost" as given in Purslow, Marrow Bones, p. 16; and in "Paddy Sheehan" in Matthews and Anderson, p. 88. "The Red Light Saloon" in Brand, p. 50, on the other hand, is sung to "Villikins" with a slight modification of that trademark first phrase.

"Sweet Betsy" carries more than its share of other bawdy texts. (See the index) Randolph's "Unprintable," pp. 282-84, has rowdy stanzas added to the familiar Gold Rush text. The melody is also borrowed for "An Inch Above Her Knee," pp. 541-42. Fowke, "Bawdy Ballads from Ontario," pp. 53-54, reports the rare "Boring for Oil" to our melody. See also "Dinky Di," below.

"Charlotte the Harlot," in this first version, has not seen print often. It appears on Brand's Bawdy Western Songs (Audio Fidelity 1920). Logue-Vicarion, No. XXXIV, has an incomplete text. Laycock, pp. 228-29, fuses lyric verses from "Charlotte I" to "Blinded by Turds."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\charlot3.txt

Charlotte the Harlot III

[B]

'Twas down in Cunt Valley, where Red Rivers flow
Where cocksuckers flourish, and maidenheads grow,
'Twas there I met Lupe, the girl I adore,
My hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

Now Lupe popped her cherry when she was but eight,
Swinging upon the old garden gate.
The cross-member broke and the upright went in,
And she finished her life in a welter of sin.

She'll fuck you, she'll suck you, she'll tickle your nuts,
And if you're not careful, she'll suck out your guts.
She'll wrap her legs round you till you think you'll die.
I'd rather eat Lupe than sweet cherry pie.

Now Lupe's dead and buried, and lies in her tomb,
While maggots crawl out of her decomposed womb,
The smile on her face is a sure cry for more,
My hot fucking, cocksucking Mexican whore.

In 1992, this song directly led to the temporary suspension of Theta Xi fraternity at UCLA. According to the Los Angeles Times of October 2, 1992, Allen Yarnell, assistant vice chancellor for student and campus life, described the songbook as "ugly, sexist, racist and homophobic. We deplore it." Though she personally found the song offensively sexist and racist both, Ms. Kelly Besser graciously furnished a copy of the Theta Xi songbook to the editor.

[C]

'Twas down in cunt valley where red rivers flow,
Where cocksuckers flourish and maidenheads grow,
'Twas there I met Lupe, the girl I adore,
She's a hot fucking, cocksucking, Mexican whore.

Chorus:

She'll fuck you, she'll suck you, she'll tickle
your nuts,
And if you're not happy, she'll suck out your guts,
She'll wrap her legs 'round you till you want to die,
But I'd rather eat Lupe than sweet cherry pie.

When Lupe was a young girl of just about eight,
She'd swing to and fro on the back garden gate,
The crossmember parted, the upright went in,
And since then she's lived in a welter of sin.

Now Lupe is dead and she lays in her tomb,
The worms crawl around in her decomposed womb,

The smile on her face, well, it says "Give me more,
I'm a hot fucking, cocksucking, Mexican whore."

As "Lupe," this variant of Charlotte the Harlot III is included in Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994). It too uses the melody of "Sweet Betsy from Pike."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\charlot31.txt

141. LUPE (Charlotte the Harlot III)
Melody--Sweet Betsy From Pike

'Twas down in cunt valley where red rivers flow,
Where cocksuckers flourish and maidenheads grow,
'Twas there I met Lupe, the girl I adore,
She's a hot fucking, cocksucking, Mexican whore.

CHORUS: She'll fuck you, she'll suck you, she'll tickle
 your nuts,
And if you're not happy, she'll suck out your guts,
She'll wrap her legs round you till you want to die,
But I'd rather eat Lupe than sweet cherry pie.

When Lupe was a young girl of just about eight,
She'd swing to and fro on the back garden gate,
The crossmember parted, the upright went in,
And since then she's lived in a welter of sin.

Now Lupe is dead and she lays in her tomb,
The worms crawl around in her decomposed womb,
The smile on her face, well, it says "Give me more,
I'm a hot fucking, cocksucking, Mexican whore."

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\charlot5.txt

Charlotte the Harlot V

Under the title of "Carolina," this comparatively rare version of the ballad is from the large collection of hashing songs sent by Paul Woodford in June, 1996. It too uses "Sweet Betsy from Pike."

Way down in Alabama where the bullshit lies thick,
The girls are so pretty that the babies come quick,
There lives Carolina, the queen of them all,
Carolina, Carolina, the cowpuncher's whore.

She's handy, she's bandy, she shags in the street,
Whenever you meet her, she's always in heat,
If you leave your fly open she's after your meat,
And the bouquet of her cunt knocks you right off your feet.

One night I was riding way down by the falls,
One hand on my pistol, one hand on my balls,
I saw Carolina there using a stick,
Instead of the end of a cowpuncher's prick.

I caressed her, undressed her, and laid her down there,
And parted her tresses of curly brown hair,
Inserted the prick of my sturdy roan horse,
And then there began a strange intercourse.

Faster and faster went my sturdy steed,
Until Carolina rejoiced at the speed,
When all of a sudden my horse did backfire,
And shot Carolina right into the mire.

Up got Carolina all covered in muck,
And said, "Oh dear, what a glorious fuck,"
Took two paces forward and fell to the floor,
And that was the end of that cowpuncher's whore.

This is No. 131 in Paul Woodford's "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994).

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\chicago.txt

I Used to Work in Chicago

J. Kenneth Larson has in his "Barnyard" omnibus a fragment of this from Southeastern Idaho, collected between 1920 and 1952. It is given as a "vulgar stanza learned from grade school children." (p. 43)

When I was in Chicago,
I worked in a department store;
I worked in a hosiery department --
I did, but I don't anymore.

A lady came asking for garters.
I asked her what kind she wore.
She pulled up her dress and said, "Rubber."
I did, but I don't anymore.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\chisholm.txt

The Chisholm Trail

[D]

I fucked her standing and I fucked her lying,
And if I'd had wings I'd have fucked her flying.

Oh, I took her by the hand and I spun her all around,
And I fucked her seven times before she hit the ground.

Oh, I took her by the hand, and I laid her in the grass,
And I rammed ten inches up her damned old ass.

Oh, I fucked her on the floor and up against the wall,
And I fucked her in the shithouse, the damndest place of all.

Oh, I wouldn't fuck a nigger; I'll be damned if I would.
Their hair's all kinky and their cunt's no good.

This is from the Hubert Canfield collection of 1926, offered by a correspondent who distinguished it from another two-stanza ditty he called "Cowboy Song."

Oh, I jumped on my horse and I rode around the herd,
And I ate my dinner off an old cow turd.

I went to the boss to get my pay roll,
And I galloped downtown to get some tallow on my pole.

Though there are no identifying choruses given, "Cowboy Song" appears to be "Chisholm Trail" or "Gonna Tie My Pecker to My Leg" once more. The common finger-ring/promised-land verse -- also used in "Bang, Bang Lulu" -- floats independently. See Randolph-Legman, I, pp. 196-198.

[E]

Oh, I started for Kansas City on November 23rd,
And I tell you, boys, we had a mighty big herd.
Singing', "Ti-yi-yippy-yippy-yay."

Oh, I stepped up to his daughter and I handed her a quarter,
Says she, "Kind sir, I'm a gentleman's daughter."
Singing', "Ti-yi-yippy-yippy-yay."

Oh, I stepped up to her, placed a dollar in her hand,
Says she, "Kind sir, will you drove Tom's stand?" [sic]
Singing', "Ti-yi-yippy-yippy-yay."

Oh, I caught her on the waist, and I threw her on th grass,
And I showed her the wiggle of a cowboy's ass.
Singing', "Ti-yi-yippy-yippy-yay."

With my pecker in my hand, I grabbed a heifer by the tail,
And I showed her the way of a long [sic] star trail.
Singing', "Ti-yi-yippy-yippy-yay."

Sung by William Bigford of Portland, Michigan, to Paul Gifford of Flint,
Michigan, prior to 1982. For a biography of Bigford, see "Gilderoy" below.

Paul Gifford

has forwarded a message posted on the newsgroup rec.music.country.old-time
on November 14, 1996, from Dave Douglass <banjo@best.com>noting he had heard

"two different bawdy ways to sing the chorus to the 'Old Chisolm
Trail' (both collected in Texas). One is, 'Had to tie my pecker to my leg,
to my leg' and the other is, 'Had to tie my root 'round a tree, 'round a
tree.'"

Clearly the epic survives in oral tradition.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\clementi1.txt

132. CLEMENTINE

Melody--Darling Clementine

There she stood beside the bar rail,
Drinking pink gins for two bits,
And the stinking whiskey drinkers,
Stood in awe before her tits.

CHORUS: I own my darlin', I owe my darlin',
I owe my darlin' Clementine,
Three bent pennies and a nickle,
Oh my darlin' Clementine.

Eyes of whiskey, lips of water,
As she vomits in my beer,
Greets the daylight at her window,
With a fucking warming leer.

Hung me guitar on the bar rail,
At the sweetness of the sign,
In one leap leapt out me trousers,
Plunged into the foaming brine.

She was bawdy, she was lusty,
She had no match in her bazoom,
As they sprang forth from her bodice,
Like a melon tree in bloom.

Oh the oak tree and the cypress,
Never more together twine,
Since that creeping poison ivy,
Laid its blight on Clementine.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\deadwhor1.txt

134. DEAD WHORE

Melody--My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside,
I knew right away she was dead,
The skin was all gone from her tummy,
The hair was all gone from her head.

CHORUS: Dead whore, dead whore,
I knew right away she was dead, was dead.
Dead whore, dead whore,
I knew right away she was dead.

And as I lay down there beside her,
I knew right away I had sinned,
So I put my lips to her sweet pussy,
And sucked out the load I shot in.

CHORUS: Sucked out, sucked out,
I sucked out the load I shot in, shot in,
Sucked out, sucked out,
I sucked out the load I shot in.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\doggies1.txt

28. THE DOGGIES' MEETING

Melody--Itself

The doggies held a meeting,
They came from near and far,
Some came by motorcycle,
Some came by motorcar.
Each doggy passed the entrance,
Each doggy signed the book,
Then each unshipped his arsehole,
And hung it on the hook.
One dog was not invited,
It sorely raised his ire,
He ran into the meeting hall
And loudly bellowed, "Fire!"
It threw them in confusion,
And without a second look,
Each grabbed another's arsehole
From off another hook.
And that's the reason why, sir,
When walking down the street,
And that's the reason why, sir,
When doggies chance to meet,
And that's the reason why, sir,
On land or sea or foam,
He will sniff another's arsehole,
To see if it's his own.

This is from Paul Woodford's "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994). Hoffman has assigned it Motif Number A2471.1.1 Why dogs smell one another's assholes. He cites an Ozark text in Randolph II, 516 ff.
Another, older version is in "The Stag Party."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\farmer.txt

There Once Was a Farmer

[B]

Another variant of the Immortalia text, this is from the Canfield collection of 1926.

There was an old farmer who sat on a rock,
Watching the little boy play with his --
Marbles and cronies in the springtime of yore,
When his little companion was great big fat --
Decent young lady who sat on the grass
When she rolled over showed the shape of her --
Shoes and her stockings, which fitted her like a duck.
She said she was learning a new way to --
Bring up her children and teach them to knit
While a boy in the pasture was taking a --
Pretty little girlie down to the crick,
Where she said he would show her the length of his --
Rowboat, which was anchored down by the falls,
On the way down he slipped and he injured his --
Finger and he cursed like a Jew.
He wished he had a gun with which he could hunt
And started out on the trail of a --
Rabbit, which bounded away over the sod,
You may think this is bullshit,
But it isn't, by God!

[C]

Idaho schoolchildren provided J. Kenneth Larson with this variant. It is in Larson's typescript "Barnyard" collection (p. 43, number 42).

There was an old woman who lived by a creek.
She watched the little boys play with their
Marbles and toys in the springtime of yore.
Along came a lady who looked like a
Decent young lady; she lay on the grass,

And when she turned over you could see her
Shoes and stockings, they fit like a duck.
She said she was learning a new way to
Sew and knit. The boys in the barn are picking up
The contents of the barnyard.
And if this isn't poetry, it's horseshit, by God!

[D]

287. THERE WAS AN OLD FARMER
Melody--???

There was an old farmer who sat on a rock,
Shaking and waving his big hairy
Fist at the ladies next door in the Ritz,
Who taught the young girls to play with their
Kite strings and marbles and all things galore,
Along came a lady who looked like a
Decent young lady, but walked like a duck,
She thought she'd invented a new way to
Bring up the children, to sew and to knit,
The boys in the stable were shoveling
Litter and paper from yesterday's hunt,
And old farmer Potter was having some
Cake in the stables and singing this song,
And if you think it's dirty,
You're fucking well wrong!

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\fiddle.txt

Fiddle Tunes

Seemingly dozens of traditional fiddle tunes have bawdy verses attached to them. Indeed, it appears that fiddlers know only these bawdy stanzas to the tunes and probably use them as mnemonics to bring the melodies to mind.

In his monograph *Folk Music in a Newfoundland Outport*, Gordon S. A. Cox reports, "Sometimes a fiddle would provide the music for a dance, and on occasions a cornet would play, but usually it was the button accordion.... The seasoned accordion player would often sing the slang [sic] words to himself that were associated with the tune, although he would never sing them in public. For example, with 'Cock o' th' North' it would be,

"Chase me, Charlie, I got barley
Up the leg o' my drawers.

"For 'Road to the Isles,'

"She's a great big son of a bitch,
Twice as big as mine,
O Nellie, hold your belly close to mine.

"She had hair upon her belly
Like the branches on a pine.
O Nellie, hold your belly close to mine."

Further deponent sayeth not. Cox, Folk Music in a Newfoundland Outport (Ottawa: Canadian Centre for Folk Culture Studies Paper No. 32, National Museum of Man, 1980), pp. 58-59, footnotes omitted."

But in addition to the William Bigford collection from Central Michigan, there is the even larger group of ribald lyrics sung to fiddle tunes amassed in the Ozarks by Vance Randolph. (See the references below.)

And to geographical spread of this practice of attaching scatological or ribald material to instrumental tunes, add age.

According to David Johnson, writing in his Scottish Fiddle Music in the 18th Century, "...many of the older tunes had bawdy titles or were associated with obscene lyrics...." Only with the turn of the 19th Century, Johnson continues, "when people rapidly became less outspoken about sex," did the practice falter.

Fiddle players "could not play old tunes like The Highland lassie's lovely thing, Jockie's fu' [drunk] and Jennies fain [eager], Whip her below the covering, The bride has a bonny thing, Wanton towdie [female genitals], Had [hold] the lass till I win at her or I'll hae her awa [have it off with her] in spite of her minnie [mother] in company without causing grievous embarrassment." Johnson, Scottish Fiddle Music (Edinburgh: John Donald Publishers Ltd., 1984), p. 244. The Highland lassie's lovely thing, Jockie's fu' and Jennie's fain, Whip Her Below the Covering, Bride Has a Bonnie Thing, The Wanton Towdie Had the Lass Till I Win at Her, I'll Hae Her Awa in Spite of Her Minnie,

If such fiddle tunes died out in Scotland because of what Bertrand Bronson has called the "unfortunate nonce associations," not so in the American colonies. At least two of the tunes that Johnson states fell into decline in the Old Country seem to have persevered in the new: "The Lea Rig," also known less ambiguously as "O Lassie, Art Thou Sleeping Yet?" and the familiar "Green Grow the Rushes, Oh." Samuel Bayard collected six versions of the first and no less than thirteen of the second from Pennsylvania fiddlers.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\fiddle1.txt

Thu Nov 24 08:11:05 1994

From: J Lani Herrmann <lanih@uclink.berkeley.edu>To: Multiple recipients of list <folktalk@leo.vsla.edu>Subject: Re: Jerry Holland

X-Listserver-Version: 6.0 -- UNIX ListServer by Anastasios Kotsikonas
X-Comment: Folk Music Discussion Group
Status: 0
X-Status:

> A friend of mine is trying to locate Jerry Holland, who wrote
> Brenda Stubbard's Reel. She thinks he may be living in Cape Breton.
> If any of you know how to reach him, it will be very much appreciated.
>
> Please let me know and I'll pass the information along.
> Thanks very much,
>

> Ellen Sinatra (IBVBEMS@MVS.OAC.UCLA.EDU)
Paul Cranford (Box 42, Little River, Cape Breton, NS, Canada,
BPC 1110) published Jerry Holland's original collection of
fiddle tunes (new edition, 1992) and is most likely to be
able to pass on messages. (He's also a first-class source
of new and old tunebooks and recordings.) -- Cheers, Lani

< || > Lani Herrmann * graduate student * School of Library and Info. Studies
< || > lanih@info.Berkeley.EDU * Univ. of California, Berkeley CA 94720-4600
< || > home: 5621 Sierra Ave., Richmond, CA 94805-1905 *

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\firemans1.txt

174. FIREMAN'S SONG

Melody--Itself

Clang, clang, clang,
And the goddamn fire went out.
Oh for the life of a fireman,
To ride on a fire engine red,
To say to a team of white horses,
"Give me head, give me head, give me head!"

My father is a fireman,
He puts out fires.

My brother is a fireman,
He puts out fires.

My sister Sal is a fireman's gal,
She puts out, too.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\folsom.txt

From garst@sunchem.chem.uga.edu Tue Oct 7 12:33:44 1997
Return-Path: <garst@sunchem.chem.uga.edu>Received: from listmail.cc.uga.edu
(listmail.cc.uga.edu [128.192.232.10])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP
id MAA08197 for <cray@almaak.usc.edu>; Tue, 7 Oct 1997 12:33:42 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from sunchem.chem.uga.edu by listmail.cc.uga.edu (LSMTP for Windows NT
v1.1a) with SMTP id <0.63D3A240@listmail.cc.uga.edu>; Tue, 7 Oct 1997 15:33:41 -0400
Received: from [128.192.5.76] (garst.chem.uga.edu [128.192.5.76]) by
sunchem.chem.uga.edu (8.8.5/8.8.3) with ESMTP id PAA06159 for <cray@almaak.usc.edu>;
Tue, 7 Oct 1997 15:33:40 -0400 (EDT)
Message-Id: <l03110709b0603d3237e8@[128.192.5.76]>Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"
Date: Tue, 7 Oct 1997 15:39:15 -0400
To: Ed Cray <cray@almaak.usc.edu>From: John Garst
<garst@sunchem.chem.uga.edu>Subject: Big Jim Folsom
Status: RO
X-Status: A

Ed,

I was just browsing in The Erotic Muse (second edition) and noticed the Big Jim Folsom song, pp 132-133. This song was sung by my fraternity at Mississippi State College in 1950-54. The tune was similar the one you print, but a little different (second phrase goes up to C, instead of A, and steadily descends to G, instead of jumping around - end of last phrase steadily descends from A to F instead of jumping around, as I recall). Our 4 verses were similar to the ones you print with minor variations.

1st verse, 3rd line: When she met that Christian gentleman, Big Jim Folsom
2nd verse (identical with the one you print)
3rd verse (identical with your 4th verse)
4th verse: Now the moral of this story,
Don't you (donchu) walk the streets at night,
You might meet that Christian gentleman, Big Jim Folsom,
And forget to do what's right.

Within a few years of when I came to the University of Georgia in 1963, I heard this song performed in public by a sorority washboard band. They used your third verse as their fourth (as in the Mississippi State version) with the following 3rd line: With that Alabama gentleman, Big Jim Folsom.

I haven't heard this song in recent years, but then, I haven't much been where I might have.

john garst garst@sunchem.chem.uga.edu

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\footprin.txt

Footprints on the Dashboard

The Canfield collection contains these two stanzas, without tune. The "whipstock" reference suggests it predates the automobile, but, in any event, the find firmly dates this text to 1926 -- well before Douglas and Arnold might have adapted "Humoresque."

I'm sending you a token
Of the whipstock that was broken
And the footprints on the dashboard upside down.
And the spots upon the cushion
Where someone's been a-pushin'
And my daughter Venus has not not come aroun'.

I'm the guy that did the pushin',
Left the spots upon the cushion
And the footprints on the dash board upside down.
Since I met your daughter Venus,
I've had trouble with my penis.
Wish I'd never seen your God damned town.

Another text is in the Rivinius collection, dating from the early 1940's, in Philadelphia.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\frankie.txt

Frankie and Johnny

[E]

Frankie and Johnny were lovers.
Oh, my good God, how they loved.
Swore to be true to each other
Just as true as the stars above.
 He was her man,
 But he done her wrong.

Frankie and Johnny got married.
They were happy as everyone knows

Till Frankie gave Johnny some money
To buy him some new clothes.

He was her man
But he done her wrong.

Johnny went down to the cat-house,
House with only two doors,
Spent all of Frankie's money
On the [cunts] and the parlor [whores] **Here the correspondent has carefully
inserted dashes, seemingly one for each letter of the forbidden word."

He was her man
But he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner
To get her a cool glass of beer.
She says, "Mister Bartender,
Has my lovin' man been here?"

"Been her and gone,
'Bout an hour ago."

"Ain't gonna tell you no story.
Ain't gonna tell you no lie,
Johnny went down to the cat-j\house
To call on Nellie Bly.

If he's your man,
He's a-doin' you wrong."

Frankie went down to the cat-house.
She didn't go there for fun.
Under her blue gingham apron
Was a Colt steel 44 gun,

Lookin' for her man,
What done her wrong.

Frankie, she went to the cat-house
Looked in the window so high.
There she saw her Johnny
In bed with Nellie Bly.

He was her man,
But he done her wrong.

Frankie bust into the cat-house,
Pistol in her hand,
"Stand back, ye [whores], on yer -----,
I'm a-lookin' for my man,
And I'll get him too,
The son of a [bitch].

Johnny, he ran down the back stairs,
Hollerin', "Honey, don't shoot!"

But Frankie cut loose with her forty-four
And the gun went root-ta-toot-toot!
She shot her man
What done her wrong.

"Turn me over easy.
Turn me over slow.
Turn me over easy
That bullet hurts me so.
I was her man,
But I done her wrong."

Then came the funeral procession,
Moving easy and slow.
Frankie, she sat by the window
And watched the mourners go
To bury her man
What done her wrong.

"Rubber-tired buggy,
Double-seated hack
Take my Johnny to the cemetary
But bring his [pecker] back,
Best part of the man
What done me wrong."

Frankie, she sits in her parlor
Tellin' her sister Fan,
"Whatever you do, don't never
Marry no gamblin' man.
[God damn] their souls.
They'll do you wrong."

So if you should ever get married,
Don't think it's all fun.
Remember the tale of Frankie,
How she used her forty-four gun
To shoot her man
What done her wrong.

But if you marry a sportin' woman,
Be sure you treat her right.
Kick her [ass] out every morning,
Take her money every night,
The [God damn cunt],
She's a-doin' you wrong.

Donald C. Foster of Binghamton, New York, writing to Robert W. Gordon on April 14, 1925, noted hearing this for the first time in Ithaca, New York, in 1912 or 1913, sung by a fellow Cornell student in the back room of a local saloon.

"The singer was a student whose name I can't remember, but he was a Southerner and if I am not mistaken a Texan. The song was sung to an accompaniment of improvised chords on a piano and made such a hit that the singer was required to oblige with an encore -- and sang the whole thing through again!"

Since that time, Foster wrote, he had heard other versions, including "three or four verses which tell of the arrest, trial and execution of Frankie via the electric chair, evidently late additions." Foster's text is now Number 1020 in the Gordon "Inferno" at the Library of Congress' Archive of American Folk Culture.

The Canfield Collection has a letter written in 1926 offering a few stanzas of this ballad known "for years."

By 1920, wrote another of Hubert Canfield's correspondents, there were no less than 81 stanzas current at the University of Montana.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\gifford1.txt

From GIFFORD_P@lib.flint.umich.edu Mon Oct 23 10:18:19 1995

From: "Paul M. Gifford" <GIFFORD_P@lib.flint.umich.edu>To: Ed Cray
<cray@mizar.usc.edu>Date: Mon, 23 Oct 1995 13:16:43 EDT

Subject: Re: Old smutty song series

Priority: normal

X-mailer: Pegasus Mail v3.22

Message-ID: <B59CF3454F8@lib.flint.umich.edu>Status: RO

X-Status: A

> Date sent: Mon, 23 Oct 1995 08:58:57 -0700 (PDT)

> From: Ed Cray <cray@bcf.usc.edu>> To: "Paul M. Gifford"
<GIFFORD_P@lib.flint.umich.edu>> Subject: Re: Old smutty song series

> Paul:

>

> Your collection of the fiddler's quatrains could be very important! Did
> you ever transcribe them?

>

> I have always wondered if musicians did not use the quatrains as mnemonic
> devices to remember the tunes. There are a dozen or so of them in the
> second volume of Randolph's Unprintable Songs from the Ozarks.

>

>

> Would you be willing to share your material with me?

>

> Ed

Sure, why not. I transcribed them (on a typewriter) years ago, but more recently I started to enter them into a computer, but didn't finish the task. I was thinking of doing a kind of "memorial" pamphlet to give to friends. I'm not a folklorist, so you could

probably make better use of them. Actually I thought of writing you some time ago.

What about "politically incorrect" ethnic songs---"The Irishman's Shanty," "I Don't Love a Nigger," etc.? I've heard a lot of different versions of the first one, so it's pretty widely known, at least in Michigan.

Here are Bigford's versions:

(to "Irish Washerwoman"):

Did you ever go into an Irishman's shanty
Where fleas and bedbugs and mice were a-plenty
A three-legged stool and a table to match
And a hole in the floor for the chickens to scratch

(to "Miss McLeod's Reel"):

I don't love a Nigger,
I'll be damned if I do

I don't love a Nigger,
I'll be damned if I do

I don't love a Nigger,
I'll be damned if I do

Their hair is wooly
and their bags is too.

I know that Vance Randolph's collection has versions of some of the songs that Bill Bigford used to sing.

Most of the songs I transcribed came from Bill Bigford, but some others came from Walt Taylor and another guy, but some I learned from casual contacts. I played music around a lot, and sang some of more acceptable quatrains, and occasionally someone might come up and

whisper a song in my ear, so I don't necessarily know where they came from.

There's one particularly filthy lumberjack song, sung to the melody of "Solomon Levi," which has some lines like:

And when I get to Ludington, I think I am a man

I'll wander up and down the streets with the dodger in my hand

Until I meet some pretty lass, who chanced to go apast

[Then something about ramming it up her ass, etc., causing blood, etc.; also the song has the line "Suck my snotty old fuck stick until your upper lip gets sore," etc.---Allusions to sodomy, rape, etc.]

I'll be in touch.

Paul Gifford

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\gifford2.txt

Thu Jul 4 01:50:33 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

From: Ed Cray <cray@bcf.usc.edu>Date: Tue, 2 Jul 1996 09:42:34 -0700 (PDT)

X-To: Mark A Mandel <mam@world.std.com>X-Cc: Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking
<bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>Subject: Re: Women's bawdy folk & filk

Message-Id: <Pine.SUN.3.92.960702093240.6708C-100000@mizar.usc.edu>X-Listname: Bawdy
Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

Mark:

While I cannot be sure that William Bigford of Portland, Michigan, who died at age 88 in 1986, after working as a farmer and laborer (and fiddler) did not see a copy of **Pills to Purge Melancholy** (1719), I can make these observations:

- 1) Bigford sang some 50 songs for fellow musician and librarian Paul Gifford of Flint, Michigan. Only a handful were ballads, and 'This Way, That Way' was the only one from **Pills**.
- 2) That book has many songs that would appeal to a singer.
- 3) But, that book was out of print for 250 years, unavailable even in good reference libraries, until a small reprint in the mid 1960's intended for scholars.
- 4) Bigford's version follows the stanzaic shape, but not the exact words of the **Pills** text.
- 5) Finally, I have not yet seen the tune -- Gifford is sending it -- but if it is different from that in **Pills** it will lend support to my theory that the song has lurked in oral tradition undiscovered until Gifford found it.

As for D'Urfey picking up something from oral tradition and putting it in his book: He did, often with some polishing, and always new arrangements of the melodies, and this song may well be one of those "finds." But it does not change the fact that Bigford's is the only version discovered to date -- so far as I know.

Ed

On Mon, 1 Jul 1996, Mark A Mandel wrote:

- >
- > On Sun, 30 Jun 1996, Chris Croughton wrote:
- >
- > > On Fri, 28 Jun 1996, Ed Cray wrote:
- > >
- > >
- > > >By the way, I was sent recently, collected from a now deceased,

> > >80-year-old woodsman and fiddler, a bawdy song that has existed in oral
> > >tradition at least since 1719 when it was printed in D'Urfey's *Pills to
> > >Purg Melancholy* -- yet has never been collected (or perhaps reported)
> > >before. Now that is staying power.
> >
> > Wow, that's a long time. Any idea how much it has changed since then?
> >
>
> Ed, I don't want to deny the staying power of oral tradition, but two
> questions:
>
> 1. Did D'Urfey *collect* it from oral tradition, or did he(?) print a
> nontraditional (new at the time) composition, which then could have
> entered o.t. from PtPM?
>
> 2. Print being durable -- witness your reference to it after almost three
> centuries -- how can you be sure the old man didn't pick it up from PtPM,
> or (directly or indirectly) from someone else who had done so in all the
> time between?
>
> Dr. Whom, Consulting Linguist, Grammarian, Orthoepist, and
> Philological Busybody
>
>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\gilderoy.txt

Gilderoy

Up jumped Sally with her feet upon the drum,
The hair round her monkey was as red as any plum.
The down around her ass was as black as any coal,
And the dung balls jungled 'round her old asshole.

Fiddler William Bigford recorded some forty-five songs, most of them bawdy, for fellow musician and collector Paul M. Gifford prior to 1982. In forwarding the material, Gifford wrote these biographical notes about Bigford, who was born in 1898 in Farwell, Michigan. (Farwell, like the other towns mentioned, is in central Michigan.)

His father worked in the lumber camps in the vicinity. In his teens, the family moved to Marion, Michigan. Bill married Crystal, daughter of a lumbermill operator, and had eleven children. He worked as a farmer and laborer, moving to Portland, Michigan, in the '40s, though he returned to live near Marion in the '60s. He returned to Portland, where he lived the remainder of his life. [Bigford died in 1986.-- Ed.]

He played a fiddle and bow he had made (he had several, using local materials). His father also was a fiddler, who played in what Bill considered an older style, playing more hornpipes and tunes like "Money Musk" and "Beaux of Oak Hill." Bill played square dance tunes, but also a lot of foxtrots and tunes he learned off the radio or juke box.

He had a sizeable repertoire of songs, most, but not all, of them somewhat dirty. He liked to sing these and tell jokes after he'd had a few drinks.... Of his songs, some he probably learned from his father, who, Bill said, was a good singer. Others he may have learned as a child or young man....

I first met Bill in 1972 and played music with him regularly from about 1975 to 1982 or so. Using a cassette recorder, I taped these at parties, in the car while traveling, or in other impromptu situations. I would transcribe them later, and, if there were questions (Bill had no teeth and liked to chew a cigar stub, so sometimes his enunciation wasn't the clearest), I would ask him later what the word was.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\girl1.txt

*

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 tufis 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!

MttNDANE: 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 ofien
I broke a spring, or some damn thing
I diddled her to her coffin

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

"The Black Book of Locksley"

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\girlfrom1.txt

137. THE GIRL FROM BALTIMORE
Melody--???

Oh she went to the church just to pray for the people,
But the funk of her cunt knocked the cross off the steeple.

CHORUS: She's a dirty motherfucker,
She's a rotten whore,
She's the girl from Baltimore.
What did the drunk say?
Boom titty-boom titty-boom titty-boom,
Titty-boom titty-boom titty-boom titty-boom.

Oh she went to the well just to make a wish,
But the . . . knocked off all the fish.

Oh she went for a ride on her motorcycle,

But the . . . knocked the chain off the cycle.

She visited Jakarta on a medical trip,
But the . . . just continued to drip.

She laid a Wednesday run just for a caper,
Using the . . . instead of using paper.

She laid it round a . . . late one afternoon,
But the . . . knocked the star off the moon.

She took a short cut just to get back quicker,
But the . . . made the shiggy thicker.

She led them down a cliff just to test their reaction,
But the . . . made them lose all their traction.

They made her sing a song at the end of the day,
But the . . . made the circle go away.

At last she was a leaver and we gave her a mug,
But the . . . was enough to fill her jug.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\girlleft.txt

The Girl I Left Behind Me

[D]

Oh, I stuck my nose up a nannygoat's ass
The stink was enough to blind me,
And I left my prick for a walking stick
With the girl I left behind me.

The Canfield collection offers yet another ditty set to "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and can be dated to 1926. The same was sung by fiddle player Walt Taylor of Bridgeport, Michigan, for Paul Gifford in the late 1970's.

The Bigford collection, made in Michigan circa 1982 but dating to the first decades of the century, has the "jumped-in-bed"/"lied-like-hell" verses.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\gonnatie.txt

Gonna Tie My Pecker to My Leg

See the notes following the "D" version of "Chisholm Trail," above.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\graymare.txt

The Old Gray Mare

As noted in Muse II, p. 198, the melody for "The Old Gray Mare" carries other bawdy songs. One of rural origins, which seems to have lost its currency in urban America, is "She Shit on the Whiffletree." Only because of its scarcity do we include this from the Canfield Collection of 1926:

The old gray mare she whooped on the whiffle-tree,
Whooped on the whiffle-tree, whooped on the whiffle-tree.
The old gray mare she whooped on the whiffle-tree,
Down in Alabam'.

Chorus:

Down in Alabam', down in Alabam',
The old gray mare she whooped on the whiffle-tree,
Down in Alabam'.

Randolph-Legman has the only other reported version of this in Vol. I, p. 154. Webster's defines "whiffletree" as the pivoted, swinging bar to which a team's harnesses are attached and by which a wagon or carriage is drawn.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\halleluj.txt

Hallelujah, I'm a Bum

In the Canfield Collection, this quatrain to the melody of "Revive Us Again" is entitled, without explanation, "The Akron Strike Song." It may be a faint memory of the I.W.W., which popularized similar songs.

Hallelujah, I'm a bum, bum,
Hallelujah, bum again,

Hallelujah, give us a hand-out,
And we'll strike again.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\heiress.txt

The Sterilized Heiress

Like "Aimee McPherson" this satirical song seems not to have long survived public memory of the event that inspired it.

Oh, I am the sterilized heriess,
The butt of all laughter of rubes.
I'm comely, I'm rich, I'm a bit of a bitch,
And my mother ran off with my tubes.

Chorus:

Fie on you, mater, you scoundrel,
For stealing my feminine joys.
Restore my abdomen and make me a woman.
I want to go out with the boys.

The butler and second man scorn me.
No more do they use my door key.
The cook from Samoa has spermatozoa
For others, but never for me.

Imagine my stark consternation
On feeling the rude surgeon's hands.
Exploring my person was surgeon McPherson
And fiddling around with my glands.

No action in court can repay me
For stealing the peas in my pod.
Oh, where are the yeggs who took all my eggs?
I'll cut off their bollocks, by God!

Last chorus:

Fie on you, mater, you scoundrel,
For stealing my feminine joys.
I've nothing but anger for Margaret Sanger.
I want to go out with the boys.

A fragment of this song was forwarded to the editor after a broadcast appeal for bawdy songs. Appended was this note:

This bawdy song was chanted to me by my college classmate _____ in

Connecticut in 1941. The subject is the case in which the heiress sued her mother (or guardian) for a large sum of money because she had been left an inheritance provided she produced an heir -- and the mother apparently undertook to prevent the girl from producing this heir. (I won't even sing this one to my husband -- so I guess it's either very bawdy or crude.)

A fuller text, credited to the collection of Gershon Legman, is in Songs of Roving and Raking, p. 82; the same is in Legman's own The Limerick, pp. 241-42, where he identifies the heiress as Anne Cooper Hewitt and ascribes the song to the late Gene Fowler, p. 441. Babab, p. 93, reprints it again.

There are two variants of this in the editor's collection, both from Southern California. Abrahams has forwarded a virtually identical copy from Texas in a manuscript collection dated April 17, 1959. Another, collected in 1956, is in the Indiana University Folklore Archives from East Lansing, Michigan.

The melody here is borrowed from the English music-hall song "Botany Bay." The editor has been informed that it is also sung to the tune of "Rosin the Beau" in some New York state schools of higher education. The version in the Western Kentucky Folklore Archives housed at UCLA is to be sung to "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean." Babab uses an unidentified popular song.

The multiplicity of tunes suggests this song has traveled as much by written copy as it has aurally. ®PG-

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\hermit.txt

The Hermit

A hermit once lived in a beautiful dell,
And it is no legend, this story I tell,
So my father declared, who knew him quite well,
The hermit.

He lived in a cave by the side of the lake,
Decoctions of herbs for his health he would take,
And only of fish could this good man partake
On Friday.

And most of his time he spent in repose.
Once a year he would bathe both his body and clothes.
How the lake ever stood it, the Lord only knows,
And He won't tell.

One day as he rose, dripping and wet,
His horrified vision three pretty girls met;
In matters of gallantry, he wasn't a vet,
So he blushed.

He grabbed up his hat that lay on the beach,
And covered up all that its wide brim would reach,
Then he cried to the girls in a horrified screech,
 "Go away!"

But the girls only laughed at his pitiful plight,
And begged him to show them the wonderful sight,
But he clung to his hat with all of his might
 To hide it.

But just at this moment a villainous gnat
Made the hermit forget just where he was t.
He struck at the insect, and let go of the hat --
 "Oh, horrors!"

And now I have come to the crux of my tale.
At first he turned red, then he turned pale,
Then he offered a prayer, for prayers never fail,
 So 'tis said.

Of the truth of this tale, there is no doubt at all.
The Lord heard his prayer and He answered his call:
Though he let go the hat, the hat didn't fall.
 A miracle!

This version, proffered without music by Dale Koby as collected in northern California in 1961, in all probability should be credited to the handsomely gotten up, under-the-counter Immortalia of 1927.

Oscar Brand apparently learned the text from that book as well, then fitted it to a set of the melody for "Roll Your Leg Over" to record it on Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads, II (Audio Fidelity 1806). That version is in Brand's book of the same name, pp. 74-75.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\hesitate.txt

Hesitation Blues

O.E. Stark forwarded this to Hubert Canfield from Kansas City, Kansas, on January 23, 1936, calling it "Chicago Blues." His covering letter states: "I first heard it in 1916. while living in El Paso, among the honky-tonks of Juarez."

[A]

Fire on the mountain, snake in the grass.
I'm mighty rooty for a piece of ass.

Chorus:

Oh, tell me, how long must I wait?
Can I get you now, or must I hesitate?

Whiskey by the bottle, coffee by the pound,
Can't lay up a nickle for whoring around.

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,
If women don't get you, liquor must.

Honey for breakfast, and honey for tea,
But honey in bed is what appeals to me.

Belly to belly, and skin to skin,
Two things a-rubbin' and one goin' in.

Ridin' in the saddle, givin' her the gourd,
Diggin' in the short rows, Ah, my Lord.

A variant of the first verse and chorus runs:

Fire in the mountain, water in the pail,
I'm mighty rooty for a piece of tail.

Chorus:

Oh, tell me, how long have I got to wait?
Can I have you now, or must I hesitate?

[B]

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
If I don't get some booty, my pecker will rust.

Chorus:

Oh, Honey, How long have I gotta wait?
Do I get it now or must I hesitate?

Belly to belly and chin to chin,
Open up your legs and let your daddy in.

Money is money; I love it somehow.
Booty is booty, if it's hung on a cow.

A fist full of teats and mouth full of tongue,
Takes a long-peckered daddy to make his baby come.

Belly to belly and skin to skin,
Old maids try fuckin', but nothing goes in.

Baby, stop yo' bawlin'; Honey, hush yo' cryin'.

Daddy's got a peter measures three by nine.

Old fashioned fuckin's a thing of the past.
If ya wanna keep yer sweetie, ya gotta kiss her ass.

A bowl full of sugar, a spoonful of salt,
If I don't get my booty, it's my own damn fault.

If all the booty was across the sea,
It's a damn fine swimmer I'd surely be.

If the ocean was whiskey and I was a duck,
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up.

Both "A" and "B" are from the Canfield collection, firmly dated to
January-March, 1926.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\hireo.txt

Hi Reo, Dandy Oh!

[A]

As I was going down the street,
 Hi reo, dandy oh!
Two whores I chanced to meet,
 Hi reo, dandy oh!

One called me "Stud," and I called me "Mare,"
 Hi reo, dandy oh!
I fucked the one with the little brown hair.
 Hi reo, dandy oh!

All the next nine days to the Doc I went,
To get my cock sucked out at the end!

In came a nurse with an old greasy rag;
She washed my cock and squeeze my bag!

In came a doctor with a knife and block'
At one whack, off came my cock!

All the next two weeks I spent in bed,
With a stub of a cock without any head.

It's all over now -- wish I had it to do again!

A nine-inch cock and a head as big again!

Come all you young men, take warning by me:
Never fuck the first whore you see!

[B]
]

As I was going down the street,
Two pretty maidens I chanced to meet.

One was fair, very fair.
She called me "Stud" and I called her "Mare."

The other was dark, with curly locks;
She gave me the clap, and I gave her the cock!

Now, before the doctor I did stand,
My rotten peckeer in my hand!

He had a hatchet and a block.
With one whack he cut off my cock.

And now that I'm well and free from pain,
I'll go back to the stump and try it again.

Both texts are from J. Kenneth Larson's typescript "Barnyard Folklore of Southeastern Idaho," collected between 1920 and 1952, a copy of which is deposited in the American Folklife Center, Library of Congress. Larson does not give a melody.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\humoresq.txt

Humoresque

[E]

Passengers will please refrain
>
From flushing toilets while the train
>
Is standing in the station
>
I love you.
>
>

If you have to pass some water,
>
Kindly call the Pullman Porter.
>
He'll place a vessel in the vestibule.
>
>

If this method is in vane,
>
You may break a window pane.
>
This novel method's used by very few.
>
>
Tramps and hobos underneath
>
May catch it in the nose and teeth.
>
And they may bite off more than they can chew.
>
>

Forwarded by Charles Baumerich <zippy@usa.net>(ZiPpY the Cyberpimp)
on September 24, 1996, this version was sent to him by Dennis L. Gill from Eglin
Air Force Base, Florida. It is a representative of the hashers' repertoire.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\irishwas.txt

Ditties

The Irish Washerwoman

[B]

There lived an old lady way down in Dundee
And out of her asshole there grew a plum tree.
It grew so high you couldn't see the top.
You tickle her much and you see the plums drop.

[C]

Oh, Rory O'More, he got up in the night.
He felt of his balls to see if they's all right.
He put her on the bed and then on the floor.

Says Rory, "Now, easy, don't tease me no more."

[D]

I fucked an old lady, God damn her, God damn her.
She fucked herself with a shoemaker's hammer.
The hammer was blunt, and so was her cunt,
And so was the kid that come out with a jump.

The "B-D" quatrains are from the considerable repertoire of the late William Bigford, of Portland, Michigan. They were collected by fellow musician Paul Gifford of Flint, Michigan, prior to 1982. (See the extended note about Bigford and Gifford under "Fiddle Tunes," below.)

Gifford also collected from Bigford a version of the "A" text in Muse II. Larson's "Barnyard" typescript has it from Idaho schoolchildren, ca. 1920-1952.

[E]

She ripped and she tore and she shit on the floor.
She wiped her ass on the knob on the door.
The moon shone bright on the top of her tit
And she brushed her teeth with bluebird shit.

A nonsense rhyme that seems to float from tune to tune, this was collected by Paul Gifford of Flint, Michigan, from Rahn Wright, a barber in Williamston, Michigan. Wright was about 40 years old when Gifford collected this in the late 1970's. This verses also appears as a second stanza in "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\ivan.txt

From folktalk@leo.vsla.edu Wed Jan 4 11:51:16 1995

From: Bill Steele <ws21@cornell.edu>To: Multiple recipients of list
<folktalk@leo.vsla.edu>Subject: Re: lyrics for WWII folk song?
X-Listserver-Version: 6.0 -- UNIX ListServer by Anastasios Kotsikonas
X-Comment: Folk Music Discussion Group
Status: RO
X-Status:

>Hey folks,

>

>Here's a message that I just got and wasn't sure what to do with. Does this
>ring a bell with anyone. I don't know if it was a reworked traditional tune
>or even sort of a werid Al reworking of one of the pop songs of the day.

>I've never heard of this. If you have any clues, please relay them to the
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><lrc@transit.nyser.net> >
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>>songs? I know that this is a tough one but I'd appreciate an answer even
>>if it's that you don't have a clue. Thanks for your help.
>>
>>Larry Cook

Sounds like a reference to what may be my favorite song of all time, The
Ballad of Abdul Abulbul Amir. This is a tongue-in-cheek narrative of a
battle between Abdul and the aforementioned Ivan during the Crimean War.
The song was written by Percy French, an Irish music-hall performer, around
1860-some (I have the exact info at home, if anyone wants it.) He was
ripped off by a London publisher who published a slightly different version
of the song as "Anonymous," so it often appears that way in books. A radio
singer named Frank Crummit recorded it on two different 78s in the 1930s
and it was a major hit. What he recorded was closer to the ripoff version
than the original, and that's the way most people, including me, sing it.
Sorry Percy. The version Larry heard may have been some sort of parody
applied to WWII, though.

Bill Steele
ws21@cornell.edu

"Not all my songs are Garbage!"

From FROMAS@CMS.CC.WAYNE.EDU Sun Jan 15 09:23:04 1995
Return-Path: FROMAS@CMS.CC.WAYNE.EDU
Received: from CMS.CC.WAYNE.EDU (CMS.CC.WAYNE.EDU [141.217.1.3])

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\ivan2.txt

From ad@dcs.st-and.ac.uk Fri Apr 19 03:26:41 1996
Return-Path: ad@dcs.st-and.ac.uk
Received: from tamdhu (tamdhu.dcs.st-and.ac.uk [138.251.192.40])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with SMTP
id DAA07289 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Fri, 19 Apr 1996 03:26:36 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from grant.dcs.st-and.ac.uk by tamdhu (4.1/SMI-4.1)
id AA05626; Fri, 19 Apr 96 11:25:57 BST
Received: from [138.251.192.26] (bruichladdich) by grant.dcs.st-and.ac.uk
(4.1/SMI-4.1)
id AA05174; Fri, 19 Apr 96 11:25:55 BST
X-Sender: ad@talisker
Message-Id: <v01510100ad9cef87b6c7@[138.251.192.26]>Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"
Date: Fri, 19 Apr 1996 11:24:49 +0200
To: rhubarb@nicoh.com (Jim McWilliam)
From: ad@dcs.st-and.ac.uk (Tony Davie)
Subject: Dirty Verses
Cc: cray@bcf.usc.edu
Status: RO
X-Status: A

Hi Jim,

I've been looking at the Bawdy Songs in Ken's archive and, under the assumption that you feed him stuff in the same way as the limericks, here are some extras for you to pass on to him:

Abdul Abulbul Emir (extra verses)

The peasants did shout when the announcement came out
in an ad in the Gulf Gazetteer
and plunged into debt to get in their bet
on Abdul Abulbul Emir

For Abdul would ride with his bride by his side,
his face all flushed with desire;
he had it decried that he could outride
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar

It was only the Jews who wagered he'd lose
with the slander their prince was a queer;
but the rest of the Persians would believe no perversions
of Abdul Abulbul Emir

Count Ivan agreed, Prince Abdul agreed,
to compete in the city's bazaar;
ten merchants were shot, to secure a clear spot
for Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

...

The Sultan rode by with a wide open fly
expecting the women to cheer,
but all eyes were fixed on the two massive pricks
of Ivan and Abdul Emir.

Czar Petrovich II attended the do,
with a telescope watched from afar,
while one of his band pulled him off in the sand
as a tribute to Ivan Skavar.

...

The harlots were shorn, no frenchies were worn;
Abdul's arse revved up like a car;
but he couldn't compete with the long even beat
of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

...

[Alternate verse]
The harlots turned green and the men shouted 'Queen!'
- they were ordered apart by the Czar -
but alas they were stuck; it was jolly bad luck
for Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

They needed a crane, a tractor and chain
to rescue the unfortunate peer;
Ivan said in a huff, 'I've had quite enough
of this Abdul Abulbul Emir

...

The moral, dear friend, of this pitiful end
is plain for all who hear:
when seeking your bit, don't get stuck in the shit
like Abdul Abulbul Emir

(From The World's Best Dirty Songs by Don Laycock)

A Note about 'The Ball of Ballynoor'. Ballynoor [Ballynure] is in Ireland and you can't come 'down from Inverness' which is in Scotland to Ballynoor. The place is KIRRIEMUIR and I INSIST that 'The Ball of Kirriemuir' is the correct title. Everyone I know agrees with me on this and indeed before looking at the archive I'd never even heard of it as Ballynoor. To reinforce the argument, the chorus which is in Ken's archive:

Wha'l do ye las' nicht, wha'l do ye noo,
The one tha' do ye las' nicht canna do ye noo.

is not only Scottish dialect, but it's ABERDEEN/ANGUS dialect!
By the way, Kirriemuir is not more than 40 miles from here but I'm not biased!!

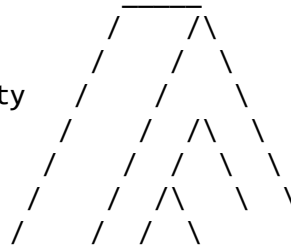
I send you the whole of the version in Don Laycock's book and leave you to sort out the extra verses. It has a prissy 'anglified' chorus. I think the above is better.

Damn! The scanner is being used by others. I'll send it you later.

Cheers

Tony Davie
Tel: +44 1334 463257
Fax: +44 1334 463278
ad@dcs.st-and.ac.uk

Computer Science
St.Andrews University
North Haugh
St.Andrews
Scotland
KY16 9SS



C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\ivan3.txt

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<folktalk@leo.vsla.edu>Subject:
Re: lyrics for WWII folk song?
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X-Comment: Folk Music Discussion Group
Status: R0
X-Status:

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Bill Steele
ws21@cornell.edu

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\iyiyi.txt

I-Yi-Yi-Yi

[D]

Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, <sjohns@mail.utexas.edu>forwarded on June 22,
1996, an extended version of "Waltz Me Around Hrothgar" -- our song as sung in
Renaissance Faire circles. According to Ms. Johns, one Gibbon the Troubador
performs it, singing the chorus to the melody of
"Celito Lindo" while the verses are spoken. "Who wrote it," Ms. Johns concluded, "I
have no
idea."

Chorus:

Ai, ai, ai, ai!

I am drunker than you are

.
So sing me another verse

,
That's worse than the other verse

,
And waltz me around again, Hrothgar!

In some versions, Ms. Johns noted, the second line of the chorus "gets changed often to reflect a limerick used in the verse before":

Ai, ai, ai, ai

,
Your sister's in love with a carrot...

"In Gibbon the Troubadour's version, the last line of the chorus is 'Waltz me around by my willy.'"

Ms. Johns identified her sources and the presumed authorship of some of the verses. Included here are only those limericks she credited as "traditional," or the editor has identified as traditional. Additional verses from Renaissance Faire circles are posted by Joseph Bethancourt on his web page.

A limerick packs laughs anatomical
Into space that is quite economical
But the good ones we've seen
So seldom are clean
And the clean ones so seldom are comical!

While Titian was mixing rose madder
He espied a nude girl on a ladder
Her position, to Titian
Suggested coition
So he climbed up the ladder and had 'er!

A wanton young lady from Wembly
Reproached for not acting quite primly,
Answered, "Heavens above!"
"I know sex is not love!
But it's such an attractive facsimile!"

There was a young lass from Bryn Mawr
Who committed a dreadful faux pas
She loosened a stay
In her décolleté
Exposing her je ne sais quoi!

There once was an old man of Lyme
Who married three wives at a time
When asked: "Why a third?"
He replied: "One's absurd!"
"And bigamy, sir, is a crime!"

There once was a young knight from Kent
Whose thing was so long that it bent!
To save himself trouble
He'd put it in double,
And instead of coming, he went!

A serious thought for today
Is one that may cause dismay:
Just what are the forces
That bring little horses
If all the big horses say "Neigh?"

There was a young man from Racine
Who invented a "Doing Machine"
Concave and convex
It could "do" either sex,
But oh, what a bastard to clean!

There was a young couple named Kelly
Who walked around belly-to-belly
Because, in their haste,
They used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly!

At the Revel last night down in Crewe
I found a large mouse in the stew
Said the waiter "Don't shout,
And wave it about,
Or the King will be wanting one, too!"

There was a young lady named Greene
Who grew so abnormally lean
And flat and compressed
That her back touched her chest
And sideways, she couldn't be seen!

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose prick was so long he could suck it.

Said he, with a grin,
As he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear was a cunt, I could fuck it!"

There once was an old maid from Wooster
Who thought that a man had seduced her
When looking around,
She finally found:
'Twas only the bedpost that goosed her!

There was an old lady from Munich
Who was ravished one night by a eunuch
At the height of her passion
He slipped her a ration
From a squirt-gun concealed in his tunic!

There once was a mighty stick-jock
Who had holes down the length of his cock
When he got an erection
He'd play a selection
From Johann Sebastian Bach!

An attractive young lady named Myrtle
Had quite an affair with a turtle.
What is more phenomenal
A swelling abdominal
Showed Myrtle the Turtle was fertile!

An unfortunate fellow named Chase
Had an ass that was badly misplaced
He showed indignation
When investigation
Proved that few persons shit thru their face!

A Roman, who hailed from Gazondom
Used a dried hedgehog's hide for a condom.
His mistress did shout
As he pulled the thing out
"Dc gustibus non disputandum!"

A habit obscene and unsavoury
Holds the Vicar of Wessex in slavery
With maniacal howls
He deflowers young owls
Which he keeps in an underground aviary!

There was a young harlot from Crewe
Who filled her vagina with glue
She said, with a grin,
"If they pay to get in,

They'll pay to get out of it, too!"

There was a young lawyer named Rex
Who was sadly deficient in sex
Arraigned for exposure
He said, with composure,
"De minimus non curat lex!" (The law is not concerned with
small things.)

There was an old lady of Tring
Who, when somebody asked her to sing
Replied, "Isn't it odd?
I can never tell 'God
Save The Weasel' from 'Pop Goes The King!'"

A young poet, whose name was McMahon
Wrote verse that never would scan
When they said, "But the thing
Doesn't move with a swing,
He said: "Yes, but I like to get as many words into the last line as I possibly can!"

There once was a man named Old Jossil
Who found a most int'resting fossil
He could tell by the bend
And the knot in the end,
T'was the pecker of Paul the Apostle!

There once was a man from Rangoon
Who was born by the light of the moon
He had not the luck
To be born of a ftick
But a wet-dream scraped up with a spoon!

There once was a man from Shambock
Who played the bass viol with his cock
With massive erections
He rendered selections
From Johaim Sebastian Bach!

There once was a girl from Milpitas
Who had a great yen for coitus
Her athletic friend
Had an itch on the end,
So now she has ath-el-ete's foetus!

There once was a girl from Mobile
Had a cunt made of crucible steel
Her greatest sex-thrill

Was a rotary drill
And an off-center emery wheel!

A broken-down harlot named Truppe
Was heard to confess, in her cups,
"The height of my folly
Was to diddle a collie,
But I got a nice prize for the pups!"

There once was a man named Grost
Who had an affair with a ghost
He said, with a spasm,
At the height of orgasm,
"I think I can feel it, almost!"

There once was a Corsair named Bates
Who did the fandango, on skates;
He fell on his cutlass
Which rendered him nutless,
And practically useless on dates!

There was a young lady named Cager
Who, as the result of a wager,
Consented to fart
The whole oboe part
Of Mozart's Quartet in F Major.

There was a young lady from York
Who was greatly adverse to the stork
But no matter how firm,
She feared no man's sperm,
For she plugged it up first with a cork!

There was an old Count from Svoboda
Who would not pay a whore what he owed her,
So, with great savoir-faire,
She stood on a chair,
And pissed in his whiskey-and-soda!

There was a young lady from Arden
Who was blowing a man in a garden,
He said, in a huff:
"Do you swallow the stuff?"
She answered him: " (gulp!) Beg your pardon?"

The lovely young Countess of Bole
Had a sense of humor most droll
To a masquerade ball
She wore nothing at all,
And backed in as a Parker House Roll!

There was a young man from old Sparta
Who was a magnificent farta
He could fart anything
From "God Save the Queen,"
To a solo from "La Traviata!"

On the chest of a Countess named Gail
Was tatooed the price of her tail,
And on her behind,
For the sake of the blind,
Was the same information, in Braille!

All the lady apes ran from King Kong
For his dong was unspeakably long,
But a friendly giraffe
Took his yard-and-a-half
And ecstatically broke into song!

A maiden who lived in Virginny
Had a cunt that could bark, neigh and whinny.
The hunting set chased her,
Fucked, buggered, then dropped her
For the pitch of her organ went tinny! (S) ** The stanzas marked by Ms. Johns with
an (S) are taken from the Singapore Hash House Harriers, which may account for the
Anglophonic rhymes in some of them.~

There once was a young girl of Devon
Who was raped in a garden by seven
High Anglican priests,
The lascivious beasts!,
For such is the Kingdom of Heaven. (S)

When a woman in strapless attire
Found her breasts working higher and higher,
A guest, with great feeling,
Exclaimed "How appealing!
Do you mind if I piss in the fire?" (S)

There was a young lady from Trent
Who said that she knew what it meant
When he asked her to dine,
Private room, lots of wine,
She knew, oh, she knew...but she went! (S)

There was a young lady named Hitchin
Who was scratchin' her crotch in the kitchen.
Her mother said "Rose"
"It's the crabs, I suppose..."
She said, "Yes, and the buggers are itchin'!" (S)

There was a young man of St. James
Who indulged in the jolliest games.
He lighted the rim
Of his grandmother's quim
And laughed as she pissed thru the flames! (S)

A fellow whose surname was Hunt
Trained his prick to perform a slick stunt.
This versatile spout
Could be turned inside out
Like a glove, and be used as a cunt! (S)

There was a young girl from Darjeeling
Who could dance with such exquisite feeling.
There was never a sound
For miles around
Save for fly-buttons hitting the ceiling! (S)

A hermit who had an oasis
Thought it the best of all places.
He could pray and be calm
'Neath a pleasant date-palm,
While the lice on his pecker ran races! (S)

The last time I dined with the King
He did quite a curious thing:
He sat on a stool
And took out his tool,
And said, "If I play, will you sing?" (S)

The gay young Duke of Buckingham
Stood on the bridge at Rockingham,
Watching the stunts
Of the cunts and the punts,
And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em! (S)

A mathematician named Ball
Had a hexahedronical ball,
And the cube of its weight
Times his pecker, plus eight,
Was four-fifths of five-eighths fucking all! (S)

There was a young student of Trinity
Who shattered his sister's virginity.
He buggered his brother,
Had twins by his mother,
And took double honours in Divinity! (S)

There was a young fellow named Scott

Who took a girl out on his yacht,
But, too lazy to rape her,
He made darts of brown paper,
Which he languidly threw at her twat! (S)

There was a young ~lady from Exeter
So pretty, that men craned their necks at her.
One went so far
As to wave from his car
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her! (S)

There was a young fellow named Kimble
Whose prick was exceedingly nimble,
But fragile and slender,
And dainty and tender,
So he kept it enclosed in a thimble! (S)

An organist, playing at York,
Had a prick that could hold a small fork,
And, between obligattos,
He'd munch at tomatoes
To keep up his strength while at work!

There once was a tart from Madrid
Who learned she was having a kid.
By holding her water
Three months and a quarter,
She drowned the poor bastard, she did! (T)

From the depths of the crypt at St. Styles
Came a scream that resounded for miles
Said the Vicar, "Good gracious!"
Has Father Ignatius
Forgotten the Bishop has piles?"

Said Queen Isabella of Spain,
"I'd like it just now and again,
But please let me explain,
By 'now and again,'
I mean NOW, and AGAIN! and AGAIN! (U)

A Duchess with features cherubic
Was famed for her area pubic
When they asked her its size,
She exclaimed in surprise:
"Do you want that in square feet...or cubic?"

T'was a randy young wench down in Dover
Whose passion was such that it drove her

To cry when you came
"Oh dear! What a shame!
Methinks that we'll have to start over!"

A lascivious Scotsman from Neap
Remarked as he ravished a sheep
"I'm hoping I shall
Someday hump a gal,
But they're neither as tight, nor as cheap!"

There was a young girl in Berlin
Who was fucked by an elderly Finn.
Though he diddled his best,
And fucked her with zest,
She kept asking, "Hey, Pop, is it in?"

I wooed a stewed nude in Bermuda,
I was lewd, but my God! she was lewder.
She said it was crude
To be wooed in the nude,
I pursued her, subdued her, and screwed her!

There was a young sailor from Brighton
Who said to his girl, "You~re a tight one."
She replied, "Pon my soul,
You're in the wrong hole;
There's plenty of room in the right one."

A young woman got married at Chester,
Her mother she kissed and she blessed her.
Says she, "You~'re in luck,
He's a stunning good fuck,
For I~'ve had him myself down in Leicester."

There was a young lady of Dover
Whose passion was such that it drove her
To cry, when you c~ame,
"Oh dear! What a shame!
Well, now we shall have to start over."

There was a young fellow named Goody
Who claimed that he wouldn't, but would he?
If he found himself nude,
With a gal in the mood,
The question's not would he, but could he?

There was a young plumber of Leigh
Who was plumbing a girl by the sea.
She said, "Stop your plumbing,
There's somebody coming!"

Said the plumber, still plumbing, "It's me."

Said a lecherous fellow named Shea,
When his prick wouldn't rise for a lay
"You must seize it, and squeeze it,
And tease it, and please it,
For Rome wasn't built in a day."

My back aches. My penis is sore.
I simply can't fuck any more.
I'm dripping with sweat,
And you haven't come yet;
And, my God! it's a quarter to four!

The spouse of a pretty young thing
Came home from the wars in the spring.
He was lame but he came
With his dame like a flame!
A discharge is a wonderful thing.

The limerick form is complex
Its contents run chiefly to sex.
It burgeons with virgins
And masculine urgin's,
And swarms with erotic effex.

There was a young fellow named Lancelot,
Who his neighbors all looked on askance a lot
Whenever he'd pass
A presentable lass,
The front of his pants would advance a lot.

In the Garden of Eden lay Adam,
Complacently stroking his madam,
And loud was his mirth
For on all of the earth,
There were only two balls -- and he had 'em.

There was a young girl of Cah'lina,
Had a very capricious vagina
To the shock of the fucker
'Twould suddenly pucker,
And whistle the chorus of "Dinah."

The nipples of Sarah Sarong,
When excited, are twelve inches long.
This embarrassed her lover
Who was pained to discover
She expected no less of his dong.

There was a young idler named Blood,
Made a fortune performing at stud,
With a fifteen-inch peter,
A double-beat metre,
And a load like the Biblical flood.

There was a young woman in Dee
Who stayed with each man she did see.
When it came to a test
She wished to be best,
And practice makes perfect, you see.

A young man with passions quite gingery
Tore a hole in his sister's best lingerie.
He slapped her behind
And made up his mind
To add incest to insult and injury.

If you're speaking of actions immoral
Then how about giving the laurel
To doughty Queen Esther,
No three men could best her
One fore, and one aft, and one oral.

There was a young man of Kildare
Who was fucking a girl on the stair.
The bannister broke,
But he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in mid-air.

There was a young fellow named Tucker
Who, instructing a novice cock-sucker,
Said, "Don't bow out your lips
Like an elephant's hips,
The boys like it best when they pucker.

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

There was a young girl named Anheuser
Who said that no man could surprise her.
But Pabst took a chance,
Found Schlitz in her pants,
And now she is sadder Budweiser.

A Salvation lassie named Claire
Was having her first love affair.

As she climbed into bed
She reverently said,
"I wish to be opened with prayer."

There was a young fellow named Gluck
Who found himself shit out of luck.
Though he petted and wooed,
When he tried to get screwed
He found virgins just don't give a fuck.

There was a young girl from Sofia (pron: So-fire)
Who succumbed to her lover's desire.
She said, "It's a sin,
But now that it's in,
Could you shove it a few inches higher?"

There was a young girl who begat
Three brats, by name Nat, Pat, and Tat.
It was fun in the breeding
But hell in the feeding,
When she found there was no tit for Tat.

There was a young lady of Maine
Who declared she'd a man on the brain.
But you knew from the view
Of the way her waist grew,
It was not on her brain that he'd lain.

There once was a floozie named Annie
Whose prices were cosy -- but canny:
A buck for a fuck,
Fifty cents for a suck,
And a dime for a feel of her fanny.

A harlot of note named Le Dux
Would always charge seventy bucks,
But for that she would suck you,
And wink-off and fuck you.
The whole thing was simply de luxe!

There was an old whore named McGee
Who was just the right sort for a spree.
She said, "For a fuck
I charge half a buck,
And I throw in the ass-hole for free."

A licentious old justice of Salem
Used to catch all the harlots and jail 'em.
But instead of a fine
He would stand them in line,

With his common-law tool to impale 'em.

Ethnologists up with the Sioux
Wired home for two punts, one canoe.
The answer next day
Said, "Girls on the way,
But what the hell's a 'panoe'?"

There was a young Corsair at sea **Apparently a traditional limerick has been adapted to Renaissance Fair circumstances."
Who said, "God, how it hurts me to pee."
"I see," said the mate,
"That accounts for the state
Of the captain, the purser, and me."

There was a young lady of Clewer
Who was riding a horse, and it threw her.
A man saw her there
With her legs in the air,
And seized the occasion to screw her.

And then there's a story that's fraught
With disaster -- of balls that got caught,
When a chap took a crap
In the woods, and a trap
Underneath -- Oh, I can't bear the thought!

There was a young man with a hernia
Who said to his surgeon, "Gosh-dernya,
When carving my middle
Be sure you don't fiddle
With matters that do not concern ya."

There was a young man of Khartoum
Who lured a poor girl to her doom.
He not only fucked her,
But buggered and sucked her
And left her to pay for the room.

There was an old rake from Stamboul
Felt his ardor grow suddenly cool.
No lack of affection
Reduced his erection
But his zipper had just caught his tool.

A squeamish young fellow named Brand
Thought caressing his penis was grand,
But he viewed with distaste
The gelatinous paste
That it left in the palm of his hand.

She made a thing of soft leather,
And topped off the end with a feather.
When she poked it inside her
She took off like a glider,
And gave up her lover forever.

A vigorous fellow named Bert
Was attracted by every new skirt.
Oh, it wasn't their minds
But their rounded behinds
That excited this loveable flirt.

There was a young lady from China
Who mistook for her mouth her vagina.
Her clitoris huge
She covered with rouge
And lipsticked her labia minor.

A psychoneurotic fanatic
Said, "I take little girls to the attic,
Then whistle a tune
'Bout the cow and the moon,
When the cow jumps, I come. It's dramatic."

There was a young girl from Hong Kong
Whose cervical cap was a gong.
She said with a yell
As a shot rang the bell,
"I'll give you a ding for a dong."

Van Gogh found a whore who would lay,
And accept a small painting as pay.
"Vive l'Art!" cried Van Gogh,
"But it's too fucking slow
I wish I could paint ten a day!"

A young man who lived in Khartoum
Was exceedingly fond of the womb.
He thought nothing finer
Than the female vagina,
So he kept three or four in his room.

There was a young farmer of Nant
Whose conduct was gay and gallant,
For he fucked all his dozens
Of nieces and cousins,
In addition, of course, to his aunt.

There was a young lady named Smith

Whose virtue was largely a myth.
She said, "Try as I can
I can't find a man
Who it's fun to be virtuous with."

When the judge, with his wife having sport,
Proved suddenly two inches short,
The good woman declined,
And the judge had her fined
By proving contempt of the court.

The mathematician Von Blecks
Devised an equation for sex,
Having proved a good fuck
Isn't patience or luck,
But a function of Y over X.

A lady athletic and handsome
Got wedged in her sleeping room transom.
When she offered much gold
For release, she was told
That the view is worth more than the ransom.

An elderly pervert in Nice
Was long past wanting a piece.
So he'd jack off his hogs,
His cows and his dogs,
'Til his parrot called in the police!

There was a young Scot up the way
Who buggered his father one day
Saying, "I like it rather
To stuff it up Father.
He's clean, and there's nothing to pay!"

[E]

A number of alternative or substitute lines for the chorus are included in the Phi Kappa Psi songbook current at UCLA in 1991-1992, a copy of which was furnished by Ms. Kelly Besser.

Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Your mother sucks bat shit from cave walls.

Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Your mother sucks golf balls through hose pipe.

Similarly:
Your mother makes soup with used condoms.
Your mother plays leapfrog with unicorns.

Your brother got AIDS from your father.
Your mother sucks moose cum off pine cones.

A virtually identical set is in "The Songbook of Sigma Pi," UCLA, circa 1990-1992, a copy of which was furnished by Ms. Besser.

Additional limericks gathered from various sources are included in the Limerick Appendix.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\iyiyi2.txt

207. GIVE ME THAT GOOD OLD VINO
Melody--Itself

I like my gin--it helps me get in,
But give me that good old vino.
I like my vino,
It gives me a stand supremo.

CHORUS: Aye, yi-yi-yi,
Si, si, senora,
My seester Belinda she pissed out the winder,
And filled my brand new sombrero.

I like my Shiner--nothing could be finer,
But give me . . .

I like my brandy--it makes me feel randy.

I like my Anker--it helps me wank-a.

I like my stout--it helps me get out.

I like my rum--it helps me come.

I like my coke-a--it helps me poke-a.

I like my beer--it helps gonorrhea.

I like my wine--it stiffens the vine.

I like my claret--it stiffens the carrot.

I like my liquor--it makes me come quicker.

I like my schnapps--it helps cure the clap.

I like my Foster--it helps me accost her.

I don't like my Schlitz--it gives me the shifts.

I don't like my Bud--it softens the pud.

I don't like my Coors--it tastes like old sewers.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\jimtaylo.txt

Jim Taylor

[A]

My name is Jim Taylor,
My cock is a whaler,
My bollocks weigh ninety-four pounds.
And when I fuck Anna,
I fuck 'er, God damn 'er,
I drive her ass into the ground.

[B]

My name is Tom Taylor,
My cock is a whaler,
My balls weigh forty-four pounds.
If you know any ladies
That want any babies,
Just tell them Tom Taylor's in town.

The melody for this boast, or advertisement, has not be found. The "A" text is from the collection made by Dale Koby in northern California in the early part of the 1960's. Eminger Stewart, in a letter from San Francisco, October 7, 1959, to the editor, provided the "B" text. Paul Gifford collected a slight variant of "A" from William Bigford, of Portland, Michigan, prior to 1982.

A variant of the "A" version is in Larson's "Barnyard" collection, gathered in Idaho from schoolchildren without a tune. (P. 43, no. 45.)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\johnbrow1.txt

183. JOHN BROWN'S PENIS

Melody--Battle Hymn of the Republic

John Brown's penis was a bloody awful sight,
Mucked about with gonorrhoea and buggered up with shite,
The agonies of syphilis kept him awake all night,
But he still went rogering along.

CHORUS: Oh, the hoary old seducer,
Oh, the hoary old seducer,
Oh, the hoary old seducer,
He still went rogering along.

The color of his water was sort of orange-ale,
Little gonorrhoea germs within his scrotum played,
In spite of these inconveniences, he went on undismayed,
Yes he still went rogering along.

Girls would come from miles around to his baronial hall,
To see his giant penis and one remaining ball,
And view the rows of maidenheads all hung around the wall,
And he still went rogering along.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\johnnybe1.txt

Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, to Cray, 6/22/96, as sung in SCA and Renaissance Fair circles:

SONG

Johnny Be Fair : Author Unknown

Oh, Johnny be fair and Johnny be fine and wants me for to wed.
And I would marry Johnny but me father up and said,
"I'm sad to tell you, daughter, what your mother never knew,
But Johnny is a son of mine, and so is kin to you."

Oh, Robin be fair, and

Oh, Sean be fair, and

(Change names as needed, repeat as many times as you want.)

You never saw a girl so sad and sorry as I was,
The boys in town are all my kin and my father is the cause.

If life should thus continue I will die a single miss,
So I will go to Mother and complain to her of this.

"Well, daughter, haven't I taught you to forgive and to forget,
And if your father sowed his oats, well, still you needn't fret.
Your father may be father to all the boys, but still,
He's not the one who sired you, so marry who you will."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\johnsons.txt

Johnson's Boarders

One Monday night I got my chance.
I run my hand up in her pants.
"You're welcome to do that," says Blanche,
"For you're one of Johnson's boarders."

I laid her down upon the floor
And fucked her fifteen times or more,
And Blanche would sure have been a whore
If she's stayed with Johnson's boarders.

When Martin seen what I had done
He grabbed the old man, just for fun,
And cornholed that old son-of-a-gun,
He was one of Johnson's boarders.

And then along come Harry Hunt.
He grabbed poor Blanche right by the cunt
And fucked her both in back and front,
Like one of Johnson's boarders.

Contributed by Charles E. Roe in a June, 1929, letter to Robert W. Gordon,
this is number 3756 in the Gordon Inferno collection at the Archive of American Folk
Song, Library of Congress.

The index to the Gordon collection, p. 7, notes the ballad was sung by one
"'Greeley,' a lumberjack, in 1895. Said he learned in Maine, about ten years
before." But for a fragment, it is the only text recovered of this song.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\jones.txt

Wild Bill Jones

"I include this mainly because Wild Bill's reckless story snatches a grace from the old balladry -- two stanzas from 'The Lass of Roch Royal' (Child, No. 76)."

One day when I was rambling around,
 I met up with Wild Bill Jones
A-walking and a-talking to my Lula girl.
 I bid him to leve her alone.

"Well," said he, "my age is twenty-three --
 Too old to be controlled."
I drew my revolver from my side
 And destroyed that wild boy's soul.

He rolled and staggered and fell to the round,
 And he gave a dying moan,
And he placed his eyes on my Lula girl's face,
 Saying, "Darling, you're left all alone."

They carried me down to Beadsonville
 And locked me up in jail,
But the saddest thing I ever knew,
 Little Lula wouldn't go on my bail.

"Go bring me a pillow to lay my head on
 And a hammer for to beat out my brains,
For whiskey started me downward,
 And women have made me deranged."

Lula answered me with a quick reply,
 Come and listen to what she said:
"Poor boy, I know you're in trouble to-day,
 But never hand down your head."

"O who's going to shoe your little feet,
 And who's going to glove your little hand,
And who's going to kiss your rosy red cheek
 When I'm in some far-off land?"

"O my papa will shoe my little feet,
 And mamma will glove my hand,
And you can kiss my red rosy cheeks
 When you come from a far-off land."

I got dollars in my pocketbook
 And a forty-five in my hand.
If you want to go out with a rowdy, boys,
 Cme and follow a gamblin' man.

O pass your jugs and your bottle around,
Let's all get on a spree.
To-day was the last of Wild Bill Jones;
To-morrow'll be the last of me.

-- A.P. Hudson, Folksongs of Mississippi (Chapel Hill, 1936), pp. 239-40.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\kathusal.txt

Kathusalem

In days of old there lived a maid,
She was mistress of her trade,
A prostitute of high repute,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

Chorus:

Hi, ho, Cathusalem,
Cathusalem, Cathusalem,
Hi, ho, Cathusalem,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

And though she fucked for many a year,
Of pregnancy she had no fear,
She washed her passage out with beer,
The best in all Jerusalem.

Now in a hovel by the wall,
A student lived with but one ball,
Who'd been through all, or nearly all,
The harlots of Jerusalem.

His phallic art was lean and tall,
His phallic art caused all to fall,
And victims lined the wailing wall,
That goes around Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree,
With customary whore-lust he,
Made up his mind to call and see,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

It was for her no fortune good,
That he should need to root his pud,
And choose her out of all the brood,
Of harlots of Jerusalem.

For though he paid his women well,
This syphilitic spawn of hell,
Struck down each year and tolled the bell,
For ten harlots of Jerusalem.

Forth from the town he took the slut,
For 'twas his whim always to rut,
By the Salvation Army hut,
Outside of Old Jerusalem.

With artful eye and leering look,
He took out from its filthy nook,
His penis twisted like a crook,
The Pride of Old Jerusalem.

He leaned the whore against the slum,
And tied her at the knee and bum,
Knowing where the strain would come,
Upon the fair Cathusalem.

He seized the harlot by the bum,
And rattling like a Lewis gun,
He sowed the seed of many a son,
Into the fair Cathusalem.

It was a sight to make you sick,
To hear him grunt so fast and quick,
While rending with his crooked prick,
The womb of fair Cathusalem.

Then up there came an Onanite,
With warty prick besmeared with shite,
He'd sworn that he would goal (gaol?) that night,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

He loathed the art of copulation,
For his delight was masturbation,
And with a spurt of cruel elation,
He saw the whore Cathusalem.

So when he saw the grunting pair,
With roars of rage he rent the air,
And vowed that he would soon take care,
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.

Upon the earth he found a stick,
To which he fastened half a brick,
And took a swipe at the mighty prick,
Of the student of Jerusalem.

He seized the bastard by the crook,
With a burning furious look,
And flung him over Kedrun's Brook,
That babbles past Jerusalem.

The student gave a furious roar,
And rushed to even up the score,
And with his swollen prick did bore,
The cunt of fair Cathusalem.

And reeling full of rage and fight,
He pushed the bastard Onanite,
And rubbed his face in Cathy's shite,
The foulest in Jerusalem.

Cathusalem she knew her part,
She closed her cunt and blew a fart,
That sent him flying like a dart,
Right over Old Jerusalem.

And buzzing like a bumble bee,
He flew straight out towards the sea,
But caught his arsehole in a tree,
That grows in Old Jerusalem.

And to this day you still can see,
His arsehole hanging from that tree,
Let that to you a warning be,
When passing through Jerusalem.

And when the moon is bright and red,
A castrated form sails overhead,
Still raining curses on the head,
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.

As for the student and his lass,
Many a playful night did pass,
Until she joined the VD class,
For harlots of Jerusalem.

This second form of the ballad, apparently English-in-origin, circulates among hashers, men and women who race in a combination of cross-country running and hare and hounds. Following rugby tradition, hashers traditionally climax their meets with beer and bawdy song.

Paul Woodford's "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994) includes this as number 138, noting it is sung to the tune of "London Bridge Is Falling Down."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\kids.txt

From abbysale@orlinter.com Thu Sep 18 03:44:38 1997
Return-Path: <abbysale@orlinter.com>Received: from chicago.orlinter.com
(chicago.orlinter.com [209.4.111.5])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMT
id DAA04166 for <cray@rcf.usc.edu>; Thu, 18 Sep 1997 03:44:38 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from unknown (209.4.111.111) by chicago.orlinter.com
(Rockliffe SMTPRA 1.2.2) with SMTP id <B0000220417@chicago.orlinter.com>;
Thu, 18 Sep 1997 06:42:28 -0400
From: abbysale@orlinter.com (Abby Sale)
To: Ed Cray <cray@rcf.usc.edu>Subject: Stuff posted to r.m.f
Date: Thu, 18 Sep 1997 06:43:58 GMT
Message-ID: <34227f79.17329221@mail.orlinter.com>
References: <Pine.SV4.3.94.970916091319.14987E-100000@almaak.usc.edu>In-Reply-To:
<Pine.SV4.3.94.970916091319.14987E-100000@almaak.usc.edu>X-Mailer: Forte Agent
1.5/32.451
MIME-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit
Status: RO
X-Status: A

I forward to you the following Vital Exchange:

In article <341ee714.4949088@snews2.pdfpo.com>, Abby Sale
<abbysale@orlinter.com>writes <snip>>-- -- -- -- --

-- -- -- -- --
> abbysale@orlinter.com
>
> As I sat under the apple tree,
> A birdie sent his love to me,
> And as I wiped it from my eye,
> I said, Thank goodness, cows can't fly.
> The Lore & Language of Schoolchildren
> by I & P Opie
>-- -- -- -- --

Abby,

When I was a kid in the '50's (in Cornwall, England) we used to have a
chant which went:

Farmer working in his field looked up to the sky
little birdie flying by
dropped a message in his eye.
Angry farmer wiped his eye,
said "Thank goodness cows can't fly."

Just thought you'd be interested!

=====

On Tue, 16 Sep 1997 22:22:49 GMT, jcf@world.std.com (Joseph C Fineman) wrote:

```
> Little birdie in the sky,  
> Let a white one in my eye.  
> I'm a big boy, I don't cry,  
> But gosh, I'm glad that cows don't fly.  
>  
> -- Southern California, ca. 1945  
>  
> Oh the seagulls they fly high  
> And they shit right in your eye:  
> It's a good job cows don't fly  
> In Mobile.  
>  
> -- Scotland, 1958  
>  
>ObMusic: the latter version has a tune.  
>  
>--- Joe Fineman      jcf@world.std.com
```

=====

On Wed, 17 Sep 1997 08:42:57 +0100, Paul Brewer <paul@vitamins.demon.co.uk>wrote:

```
>>  
>I think your last comes from a bawdy song we used to sing when I was in  
>the Air Training Corps in the '60's which included  
>  
>Thre's no paper in the bogs in Mobile  
>Theres no paper in the bogs in Mobile  
>Theres no paper in the bogs  
>so they wait until it clogs  
>and they saw it into logs in Mobile  
>  
>In th bogs there is no paper in Mobile  
>In the bogs there is no paper in Mobile  
>In the bogs there is np paper  
>so they wait until it's vapour  
>and they light it with a taper in Mobile  
>  
>Well they built themselves a lighthouse in Mobile  
>well they built themselves a lighthouse in Mobile  
>oh they built themselves a lighthouse  
>the gulls used it as a shite-house
```

>now the lighthouse is a white house in Mobile
>
>Oh the seagulls they fly high in Mobile
>oh the seagulls they fly high in Mobile
>oh the seagulls they fly high
>and they shit right in your eye
>It's a good job cows don't fly in Mobile
>
>I believe there was a chorus, but I can't recall it.
>
>This is probably also a rugby song as well, because I seem to remember
>it being issued on a record of rugby songs in the '70's. In other words,
>one of the many 'male bonding' songs!
>
>But is it folk?!

=====

-- -- -- -- --

I am Abby Sale - abbysale@orlinter.com (That's in Orlando)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\lassie.txt

Lassie, Art Thou Sleeping Yet?

Around the house, she scattered her water,
And in the house, she pissed in the platter,
And around the house, she scattered her water,
The old lady shit in the haymow.

The old man up with an old rusty sword,
To fight, and the old lady up with handful of turd,
And they fit for two hours without sayin' a word,
The old lady shit in the haymow.

Collected from fiddler Walt Taylor, of Bridgeport, Michigan, in the "late '70's," by Paul M. Gifford of Flint, Michigan. See "The Old Lady Shittin' in the Haymow," below.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\lehigh1.txt

The Lehigh Valley

[B]

Give me a drink, bartender,
Two stones I have in my pants.
Jesus Christ Almighty!
Can't you give a bum a chance?

For I was once young and handsome,
Money to burn and good clothes,
Till I took to lapping cunts,
And got chancres on my nose.

Twas down in the Lehigh Valley,
Me and my pal, Lou,
There we pimped for a whore house,
And a God damned good one too.

Twas there I met my Nelly.
She had just turned twenty-six,
And there wasn't a broad in the valley.
Who could beat her sucking pricks.

But along came a brass-band actor,
And he stole my Nell away.
But I'll hunt the runt who stole my cunt
If it takes till Judgment Day.

It's just a year gone by
Since my Nell got taken wrong.
He shoved it up her bung-hole,
A place where it don't belong.

Then back to her mother's arms she flew,
Back to her mother's teats.
There she came down with the diarrhea,
And died of the raving shits.

Shit! You should have seen it!
By the steaming ton it flew.
She flooded the Lehigh Valley,
And we lived on diarrhea stew!

So give me a drink, bartender,
And I'll be on my way,
And I'll hunt the runt who stole my cunt
If it takes till Judgment Day!

[C]

Let me sit down and rest, stranger.
My balls are all covered with gleet.** The meaning of "gleet" seems to have eluded

the compilers of the standard slang and canting dictionaries.⁻
Don't offer me sponge cake and ice cream,
I didn't shit on that seat.

It was down in the Lehigh Valley,
Me and my brother Lew,
We were pimping for a flesh factory,
And we were damn good ones too.

I got stuck on a bladder called Fanny,
And she were clean out of sight.
She could fuck like a mink in the daytime
And suck to a finish at night.

She was the pride of the valley,
And she was a dandy flyer.
But I, I had Bright's Disease in my kidneys
And I couldn't satisfy her.

It's the same old story, stranger:
There came a city chap, one of those oily-assed fiends,
Who'd been rolling his bludgeon in Boston,
Where they feed them on pork and beans.

He war the guy for my Fanny,
Young, and he had lots of tin.
Why his balls were big as your hat, stranger,
And he'd a prick like a coupling pin.** This would date the song to before the
first world war and the ARA's imposition of rules that banned the old loop and pin
couplers.⁻

She got stuck on his game did my Fanny,
And he played his cards so neat
That in six months she was back in the valley
Crawling again at my feet.

She told me as how he had left her,
Left her with a bottle of Zip,
And she took a dose from the bastard,
The guy with the syphilis lip.

She told me as how he had sold her,
Sold her for what she had brung,
And when she got worse she got shankers
All over her mouth and tongue.

Well, I must be going, stranger.
I've nothing more to say,
But I'll find the runt that stole my cunt
If it takes me till Judgment Day.

[D]

'Twas a stormy winter's evening,
And the boys were gathered round,
The glowing stove in Murphy's place
That was called the "Hole in the Ground."

When in there drifted a hobo,
A ragged and unkempt chap,
With the marks of dissipation,
Written all over his map.

"Don't stare at me, bartender,
I didn't shit in your seat.
I've just come down from the mountains
With my balls all covered with gleet.

"'Twas down in the Lehigh Valley,
Me and my old pal, Lu,
We were pimps there for whorehouse
And god damn good ones too.

"I had a girl named Nellie.
She wasn't so awfully tough,
But I had a disease of the kidneys
And I couldn't give her enough.

"When along came a city feller,
One of those oily-assed fiends,
The kind who'd stick his plunger
In a dish of pork and beans.

"Bartender, he frenched my Nellie.
He kissed it and stole her away.
That's what drove me to drink, boys,
And that's why I'm here today.

"So, give me a drink, bartender,
And I'll be on my way,
For I'll catch the runt what stole my cunt,
If it takes till Judgment Day."

These three texts, all without music, are from the Canfield collection, assembled in early 1926. There is no evidence they are song texts; and internal evidence suggests they were declaimed rather than sung.

[E]

The oldest text to hand, dated March 3, 1918, is in the Robert W. Gordon

"Inferno," Number 3913, and possibly sent to Gordon from Cleveland, Ohio.
Effectively, it is a paraphrase of the last six stanzas of the "D" version.

Don't look at me that way, mister,
I didn't shit on the seat.
I just came down from the mountains
And me balls are itching with gleet.

We hail from Lehigh Valley,
Me and my brother Lou.
We were pimps in a whorehosue
And God damn good ones too.

Now I had a girl named Ivy
And she was just the stuff.
There weren't nothing wrong with her liver.
By God, you couldn't give her enough.

But along came a guy named Duncan
And he was a city chap.
He took her off in the mountains
And gave her a dose of the clap.

Then along came a Mexican greaser.
He was handsome and rich.
He took her off and raped her,
The pink whiskered son of a bitch.

So that's why I'm here tonight, sir,
And it's here I'm going to stay,
For I'll catch the run that stole my cunt
If it takes me till Judgment Day.

[F]

Down in the Lehigh Valley,
Me and me old pal Lew
Was pimpin' for a whorehouse,
And a god damned keen one too.

I had a gal; her name was Nell
She wasn't very rough,
But I had Bright's disease in the kidneys
And I couldn't screw her enough.

Along come this city chap,
He was handsome and rich.
He stole the affection, took my Nell,
That dirty son of a bitch.

Now, just one more drink, boys,
And I'll be on my way
To hunt the runt that stole my cunt
If it takes 'til Judgment Day.

Recited by Orrin Miller of Scottville, Michigan, in 1977 to Paul Gifford, of Flint, Michigan. Miller, a native of Mason County, Michigan, was retired at the time, supporting himself by knitting stocking caps.

This version of the "Bright's disease/kidney" variant represents the classic process of folk tradition, that is, the pruning of the narrative to the essential elements.

[G]

Folklorist Roger Abrahams on April 17, 1959, forwarded a fragment of a ballad that seems to be fading from tradition.

It was down in the Lehigh Valley,
My brother George and I,
We ran the village whorehouse,
Selling whiskey on the sly.

There was a girl named Nellie,
Oh, she was mighty tough.
No matter how much you screwed her,
She never had enough.

One day a city slicker
Caught my Nellie on the sly...

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\lehigh2.txt

Lehigh Valley II

This second bawdy ballad inspired by the 19th Century parlor song seems not to have flourished.

It was down in the Lehigh Valley,
In early Sixty-three,
We were panning soand in the Rio Grande,
Cross-eyed Bill and me.

When Bill got stuck on a gal named Nell,
Well, she warn't so goldurned bad,

But he brought her up to the house to live,
And I was a rooty lad.

While Cross-eyed Bill was panning in the creek
As it trickled through the trees nearby,
Nell and I'd be at it,
A-tearing off a trick on the sly.

Well, spring rolled by in the old Lehigh,
And Nell dropped twins, you see,
One was a cross-eyed son-of-a-bitch
And the other looked just like me.

This was given to the editor in 1964 by Dale Koby, then of Los Angeles, and is the only version in the editor's files. Koby had no tune for his version, which is probably from Immortalia (1927), p. 144. Koby was later an editor at Pendulum Books, which brought out the 1968 edition of Immortalia.®PG-

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\lil.txt

Lil

[A]

Immortalia has this?

Her name was Lil; she was a beauty.
She lived in a house of ill repute [pron: re-pu-tee].
From far and wide men came to see
Lil sans her negligee.
Lil sans her negligee.

She was young and she was fair.
She had long, yellow, golden hair.
She drank too much of the demon rum
And she smoked hashish and opium.
And she smoked hashish and opium.

Day by day our Lil grew thinner
From insufficient proteins in her.
She grew deep hollows in her chest
Till she had to go round completely dressed.
Till she had to go round completely dressed.

She went to the house physician
To prescribe for her condition.

"You have got," the doctors say,
"Pernicious anemia [pron: a-neem-i-ya]."
"Pernicious anemia."

She took treatments in the sun
And drank Scotts emulsion.
Three times daily, she took yeast
But still her clientele increased. [sic]
But still her clientele increased.

And as she lay in her despair,
She lifted up her arms in prayer.
"Lord," she said, "please set me free."
But the good Lord would not hear her plea.
But the good Lord would not hear her plea.

And as she lay in her dishonor,
She felt the hand of the Lord upon her.
"Lord," she said, "my soul repents."
But it's going to cost you fifty cents."
But it's going to cost you fifty cents."

This was sent in January, 1990, by F. Markoe Rivinius, of Philadelphia, noting he first heard it sung by S.A. of Washington, D.C., in 1945. He notes he has since heard the same tune from three different singers.

[C]

155. POOR LIL
Melody--???

Her name was Lil and she was a beauty,
She came from a house of ill repute,
But she drank too deep of the demon rum,
She smoked hashish and opium.

She was young and she was fair,
She had lovely golden hair,
Gentlemen came from miles to see
Lillian in her déshabillé.

Day by day her form grew thinner,
From insufficient protein in her,
She grew two hollows on her chest,
Why, she had to go around completely dressed.

Now clothes may make a gal go far,
But they have no place on a fille de joie,
Lillian's troubles started when
She concealed her abdomen.

She went to the house physician,
To prescribe for her condition,
"You have got," the doc did say,
"Pernicious anem-i-a."

She took to treatments in the sun,
She drank of Scott's Emul-si-on,
Three times daily she took yeast,
But still her clientele decreased.

For you must know her cliente-le,
Rested chiefly on her belly,
She rilled this thing like the deep Pacific,
It was something calorific.

As Lillian lay in her dishonor,
She felt the hand of the Lord upon her,
She said, "Me sins I now repents,
But Lord, that'll cost you fifty cents."

This is the story of Lillian,
She was one girl in a million,
And the moral to her story is,
Whatever your line of business is,
Fitness wins!

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\littlebi.txt

[There Was a Little Bird]

[A]

Oh, there was a little bird
And he shit a little turd
 Upon my granny's threshold.
He stretched his neck
And he shit about a peck
 Before he closed his asshole.

From William Bigford's repertoire, courtesy of Paul Gifford.

[B]

There was a little bird
And he shit a little turd,
And he flew over into the garden,
And he stretched his little neck
And he shit about a peck,
And then flew across the River Jordan.

This variant, from the Larson, "Barnyard" collection (p. 41, No. 4), suggests an alternate melody, a hymn tune.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\littlebi1.txt

271. LITTLE BIT OFF THE TOP
Melody--When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When I was eight days old, me boys,
Hurrah, Hurrah,
When I was eight days old, me boys,
Hurrah, Hurrah,
The rabbi came with a big sharp knife,
And I surely thought he'd take my life,
But all he took was a, Little bit off the top.

Oh, that is what they call a bris,
Hurrah, Hurrah,
Oh, that is what they call a bris,
Hurrah, Hurrah,
And if the rabbi should happen to miss,
It surely makes for an interesting piss,
But all he took was a,
Little bit off the top.

The rabbi, he is called a moyl,
Hurrah, Hurrah,
The rabbi, he is called a moyl,
Hurrah, Hurrah,
And over me he sure did toil,
I thought that I'd end up a goil,
But all he took was a,
Little bit off the top.

Oh, circumcision is all right,
Hurrah, Hurrah,
Oh, circumcision is all right,

Hurrah, Hurrah,
But every morning and every night,
You aim to the left and pee to the right,
But all he took was a,
Little bit off the top.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\lonesome.txt

Lonesome Man

While Hubert Canfield retitled this "Nigger Blues I" in his 1926 collection, his unidentified contributor subtitled this a "southern mountain song." Black it may be in origin, but it is the white tradition that is sampled here.

Apples in the cupboard,
Peaches on the shelf,
I'm damned tired
Of sleeping by myself.

Birds on the mountain
Fishes in the sea,
Takes a big-legged woman
To make a fool of me.

Possums in the high wood,
Rabbits in the flat.
My cock's a-stickin' out
For a place to hang my hat.

In hell is the Devil
And in Heaven, God.
Jesus Christ knows I need
Some tallow on my rod.

Coons in the cornfield,
On the ridge is deer
Old woman came by,
Hadn't fucked in forty year.

Yaller birds is yaller,
Black birds is black,
Little girl came by,
Warn't old enough to crack.

Laurel on the mountain,

On the bottom is grass.
I'll catch me a tom cat,
Run a pecker up his ass.

Wanderin' in Sandburg?

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\lullaby.txt

From Kate_Early_at_Erie2_1@facs.org Mon Sep 15 08:24:17 1997
Return-Path: <Kate_Early_at_Erie2_1@facs.org>Received: from facs.org (facs.org [204.242.159.2])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP
id IAA12944 for <cray@almaak.usc.edu>; Mon, 15 Sep 1997 08:24:16 -0700 (PDT)
Received: by firegate.facs.org id <13442-1>; Mon, 15 Sep 1997 10:23:21 -0500
Date: Mon, 15 Sep 1997 11:14:54 -0500
From: "Kate Early" <Kate_Early_at_Erie2_1@facs.org>Message-Id:
<97Sep15.102321cdt.13442-1@firegate.facs.org>
To: Ed Cray <cray@almaak.usc.edu>Subject: Re[4]: songs about abortion
Status: RO
X-Status:

Howdy, Ed,

The age of the revenants is, I think, vital to the ballad theme in "Cruel Mother." (If such a word is at all useful.) Or, if you prefer, the "gestalt." I think it does represent, at you note, the what-might-have- been. I think that is what we grieve when anyone dies young. Don't you?

Yes, indeed. We are sad, but not surprised, when the old die, but shocked when the young die.

Just where did your father sing "Today is the day"? Rosalie Sorrels first sang that lullaby (she still sings it in performance) ca. 1960 for me. The text is slightly bawdy (as is everything I touch, apparently):

Today is the day they give
babies away With a half a pound
of tea
If you know any ladies who want any
babies, Just send them around to me.

Dad sang the first two lines, repeating the "with a half a pound of tea" phrase a couple times to us in our house in Oak Park, IL, in the

late 50s and early 60s when we kids were young and annoying. He used the same bouncy, jig-time, tune to sing:

"I love to go swimmin' with bowlegged women
And dive between their knees,"

another song that he never sang all the way through.

I think the second half of Rosalie's version comes from the racy song about Yan Yansen who lives in Wisconsin and works in the lumbermills here, recorded by Carl Sandburg. I believe Yan is offering to supply the ladies with babies, not to take their existing babies off their hands...

Kate

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\lydia.txt

Lydia Pinkham

®IP5~Despite frequent reports earlier in the century, this once popular quatrain-ballad has eluded the editor. There would seem to be some question whether "Lydia" has continued in oral tradition in the last generation.

[A]

Chorus:

Then we'll sing, we'll sing, we'll sing of Lydia Pinkham,
Savior of the human race.
How she makes, she bottles, she sells her vegetable compound,
And the papers publish her face.

Widow Brown, she had no children,
Though she loved them very dear,
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled some vegetable
compound,
And now she has them twice a year.

Willie Smith had peritonitis
And he couldn't piss at all.
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled some vegetable compound,
And now he's a human waterfall.

Mrs. Jones had rotten kidneys;
Poor old lady couldn't pee.
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled some vegetable

compound,
And now they pipe her out to sea.

Geraldine, she had no breastworks
And she couldn't fill her blouse.
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled some vegetable
compound,
And now they milk her with the cows.

Arthur White had been castrated
And he had not a single nut.
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled some vegetable compound,
And now they hand all 'round his butt.

Billy Black lacked hair on his balls,
And his pecker wouldn't peck,
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled some vegetable compound,
Now it's as long as a gy-raffe's neck.

[B]

Chorus:
Oh, we'll sing, we'll sing, we'll sing
To Lydia Pinkham, Pinkham, Pink,
And her boon to the human race.
We'll sing to Lydia Pinkham;
She wipes the pimples off your face.

Mrs. Morehouse kept a whorehouse
But her girls weren't worth a dime.
So she gave them vegetable compound.
Now they're working overtime.

Mrs. Jones, she had no breastworks;
She was flat across the prow.
Then she took some vegetable compound.
Now they milk her like a cow.

Mary Anne, she loved her father,
But she blushed because his penis was so long.
So she took some vegetable compound.
Now she's conscious of no wrong.

Lovely Beryl, she was sterile.
Husband couldn't make a hit.
So she took some vegetable compound.
Now two babies suck each tit.

Mrs. Darrow was so narrow
That a toothpick was too thick.

So she took some vegetable compound.
Now there's room for an elephant's prick.

[C]

Chorus:

Let us sing, sing, sing
To Lydia Pinkham, Pinkham, Ping,
And her love for the human race.
How she makes her vegetable compound
While the papers publish her face, publish her face.

Oh, it sells for a dollar a bottle
Which is very cheap, you see,
And if one doesn't cure you
She will sell you six for three.

Mrs. Brown, she had no children
Which grieved her sore, my dear.
She took a bottle of Lydia's compound
Now she has a litter a year.

Willie Jones, he went to Harvard
Where he had a sad mishap.
Took two bottles of Lydia's compound,
But it wouldn't cure the clap.

Mrs. Smith had female weakness
And she thought it women's yield.
Took three bottles of Lydia's compound
And can plow a ten-acre field.

Mrs. White had bladder trouble,
And she thought she couldn't pee.
Took four bottles of Lydia's compound.
Now they pipe her to the sea.

[D]

Sing, oh, sing of Lydia Pinkham
And her love for the huamn race.
How she makes her Vegetable Compound
And the papers publish her face.

Oh! it sells for a dollar a bottle
And it cures all manner of ills
And is more highly recommended
Than Releeve Ladies' Pills.

Sister Susie had no breastworks.

She had nothing 'neath her blouse
Till she took one bottle of compound.
Now they milk her with the cows.

Widow Brown had female weakness,
Bearing down pains like needles and pins;
Soaked her feet in Vegetable Compound
And became the mother of twins.

Mrs. Jones has urinitis.
Indeed, she couldn't pee at all.
But she drank one bottle of compound
And, behold! a waterfall.

Tommy Brown, he went to Harvard
Where he met with an awful mishap
Took ten bottles of Lydia's compound
But it would not cure the clap.

[E]

Mrs. Brown was constipated.
It was hard for her to pass.
She took five bottles of Lydia's compound
And wears afaucet in her ass.

Mrs. Blue had monthly troubles.
It was hard for her to leak.
She took six bottles of Lyida's compound.
She comes sick now twice a week. [sic]

Mrs. Smith had diarrhea,
Couldn't sleep for Nature's call,
Took two bottles of Lydia's cvomponent.
Now she sleeps right through it all.

Mrs. Jackson had lumbago,
Felt as though her back was broke,
Took four bottles of Lydia's compound.
Now she gives an eight-inch stroke.

Nellie Johnson lost her cherry.
She was ruined, without a doubt.
Took two bottles of Lydia's compound,
Now she's glad that it is out.

Sarah Jones was nearly thirty,
And had never been seduced,
Took three bottles of Lydia's compound,
Now she practices self-abuse.

[F]

Chorus:

Oh, we sing, we sing, w e sing of Lydia Pinkham
And her love for the human race!
She invented a wonderful compound,
And now the papers publish her face.

Oh, Mrs. Jones had bladder trouble,
And she couldn't take a pee;
So she drank, she drank, she drank a bottle of compound,
And now they pipe her out to sea.

Oh, Mrs. Smith, she had no breastworks
Which made her husband raise a row;
So she drank, she drank, she drank two bottles of compound,
And now they milk her like a cow.

Oh, Mrs. Brown had woman's weakness
And she shad no children dear;
So she drank, she drank, she drank three bottles of compound,
And now she has them twice a year.

[G]

Mrs. Brown had a female weakness,
And she had no children dear'
So she wrote to Lydia Pinkham,
And now she's having seven a year.

Chorus:

Sing, Oh, sing (Oh sing, oh sing)
Of Lydia Pinkham (Pinkham, Pinkham)
And her love for the human race.
How she sells her Vegetable Compound,
And the papers publish her face.

[H]

Chorus:

We'll drink and drink and drink

To Lydia Pinkham, Pinkham, pink

,
The savior of the human race

.
She invented medicinal compound,

Most applicacious in every case.

Ebenezer thought he was Julius Caesar

,
So they put him in a home

,
And they gave him medicinal compound

,
And now he's Emperor of Rome.

According to Gershon Legman, annotating the first volume of Randolph's "Unprintable" collection, *Roll Me in Your Arms*, pp. 485-489, this quatrain-ballad is sung to the hymn tune "I Will Sing of My Redeemer." It celebrates the tonic first marketed in 1869 by Mrs. Isaac Pinkham, whose face enhanced the label and the company's standing newspaper ads alike. The alcohol-laced tonic, having weathered both the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906 and the long drought of Prohibition (1919-1933) was still available in the 1980s.

The "A" text, from the mother of a former student, was printed in the first edition of *The Erotic Muse*, p. 56, but dropped from the second on the dual grounds of a lack of oral currency, and a lack of space. Though space is no longer a factor in the electronic world of the 'Net and the Web, the lack of oral currency argument still pertains. This

The "B" through "G" versions of the song printed here are from the Canfield collection made in the late 1920s. Only the "C" text, identified by Canfield's informant as "University of Michigan version," has any provenience.

Significantly, "Lydia Pinkham" is one of the most frequently encountered songs in the Canfield collection, yet it is rarely recovered just seventy years later. As use of the patent medicine itself has dwindled, so too has the satire sung about it. Bawdy and inoffensive variants of this circulated simultaneously in oral tradition. Sandburg, p. 210; Leach, p. 106; Lynn, p. 49; Loesser, p. 281; *Immortalia* (1927) pp. 19-20; and the 1968 reprint, pp. 38-39, all had it from the first decades of the century. Additionally, Reuss mentions "some interesting documentation" for midwestern campus versions, p. 27, but prints no text or tune.

Five other citations -- three with texts -- have come to light since the publication of the first edition of *The Erotic Muse*. Leonard Tushnet, M.D., *The Medicine Men* (New York, 1971), p. 24, states "Lydia Pinkham survives only in bawdy ballads."

Shaw, p. 9, obliquely mentions the song, giving it currency in Great Britain.

Morgan II, p. 105, has four stanzas and a chorus from British tradition, but close to American versions. Getz I, pp. L-9, 10, has two versions from Air Force songbooks. Hart's *Immortalia*, III, pp. 82 ff., has 10 stanzas and a tune.

Jeff Mach <td@eden.rutgers.edu> on June 19, 1996, posted to the usegroup bawdy-l bdragon.shore.net the fragmentary "H" text with the comment, "The only 'Lydia Pinkham' I know is sung by an Irish group, and, if

'tis the same song, is presumably rather cleaned up...

"

Despite these reports, there would seem to be some question whether "Lydia" has continued in oral tradition in the last generation.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\marannmc1.txt

144. MARY ANN McCARTHY

Melody--Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams,
Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams,
Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams,
But she didn't get one son of a bitchin' clam.

All she got was oysters,
All she got was oysters,
All she got was oysters,
And she never got one son of a bitchin' clam.

She dug up all the mud there was in San Francisco Bay,
She dug up all the mud there was in San Francisco Bay,
She dug up all the mud there was in San Francisco Bay,
And all she ever got was crabs.

All she ever got was crabs,
All she ever got was crabs,
All she ever got was crabs,
And she never got one son of a bitchin' clam.

She waded in the water till her ass it dug the sand,
She waded in the water till her ass it dug the sand,
She waded in the water till her ass it dug the sand,
But all she ever got was piles.

All she ever got was piles,
All she ever got was piles,
All she ever got was piles,
And she never got one son of a bitchin' clam.

She went to every party that the Army ever gave,
She went to every party that the Army ever gave,
She went to every party that the Army ever gave,
But all she ever got was clap,

All she ever got was clap,
All she ever got was clap,
All she ever got was clap,
And she never got one son of a bitchin' clam.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\mcleod.txt

Jan 27 14:47:13 1995

Return-Path:

From: "Charles D. Jones" <CJONES@SFASU.EDU>Subject: Re: Miss McLeod's

X-To: Irish Traditional Music List

<IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET@cunyvm.cuny.edu>To: Multiple recipients of list IRTRAD-L

<IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>Status: RO

X-Status:

By the time the tune, Miss McLeod's Reel reached the South- west U.S. it had a new set of words and is called Hop High Ladies, or Did You Ever See The Devil, Uncle Joe?

f_jonescd@titan.sfasu.edu

Charles D. Jones

Nacogdoches, TX.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\mcleod2.txt

Fri, 3 Feb 1995 15:23:10 -0600

Reply-To: Irish Traditional Music List <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>Sender: Irish Traditional Music List <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>From: Lawrence E Mallette

<mallette@BCM.TMC.EDU>Subject: Miss McLeod's Reel

X-To: irtrad-l@irlearn.ucd.ie

To: Multiple recipients of list IRTRAD-L <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>Status: RO

X-Status:

Charlie Jones gave the alternate Texan names of Miss McLeod's

Over 30 years ago Samual Bayard collected several versions of this tune in rural Pennsylvania that were going under the titles Do You Want to Go the Heaven Uncle Joe, TheVirginia Reel, Old Mammie Knickerbocker, and The Enterprise and Boxer. According to Bayard, the tune was first published in Neil Gow's _Collection of Strathspey Reels. A Fifth Collection_, Edinburg 1809, titled "Mrs. McLeod of Raasay's Reel, Communicated by Mr. McLeod."

Reference: Samuel P. Bayard: Dance to the Fiddle, March to the Fife. Pennsylvania State University Press, University Press and London, 1982, page 480.

Larry

mallette@bcm.tmc.edu

From

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\mermaid.txt

File this as a new one, "The Mermaid", after "Ship's in the Harbor."

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Sun Jun 23 18:59:27 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTTP

id SAA10524 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Sun, 23 Jun 1996 18:59:26 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with UUCP id VAA14898; Sun, 23 Jun 1996 21:57:33 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)

id AA03433; 23 Jun 96 04:18:43 -0500

From: Jeff Mach <td@eden.rutgers.edu> Date: Sat, 22 Jun 96 12:03:06 EDT

X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Subject: The Clean Song (anyone know a variation?)

Message-Id: <CMM-RU.1.5.835459386.td@er6.rutgers.edu> X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Precedence: bulk

Status: RO

X-Status: A

Hi, all! I've heard a variation of the tune below that I liked much better...if anyone has those lyrics, I'd be much obliged to see 'em...

-Jeff M.

RU Rocky Horror Guy

"The Clean Song"

There was a young sailor who looked through the glass,
Looked through the glass,
Looked through the glass,
And spied a young mermaid with scales on her

island where sea gulls flew over their nests
She combed the long hair that hung over her

Shoulders and caused her to tickle and itch
The sailor cried out, "There's a beautiful

"Mermaid a-sitting out there on the rocks!"
The crew came a-runnin', all grabbbbing their

Glasses and croweded foour deep to the rail,
All eager to share in this fine piece of

News which the captain soon heard from the watch
He tied down the wheel and he reached for his

Crackers and cheese which he kept near the door
In case he might come on a ravenous

Mermaid, he knew he must use all his wits
Crying "Through out a line and we'll lasso her

"Flippers, and then we will finally find
If mermaids are better before or

"Be brave my good fellows," the Captain then said
With fortune we'll break through her mer-maiden-"

Heading to starboard they tacked with dispatch
And caught that fair mermaid just under her

Elbows and hustled her down below decks
Where each took a turn at her feminine

Setting her free at the end of the farce,
She splashed to the waves, landing flat on her

After a while one man noticed some scabs
And soon they broke out with the pox and the

Scratching with fury and cursing with spleen
This song may be dull, but it's frightfully clean.

--

Bawdy Mailing List

To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net

--

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\mexican1.txt

Date: Sat, 13 Aug 1994 01:28:33 -0700

To: 72772.2633@compuserve.com

From: zippy@usa.net (Pikes Peak H4)

Subject: Mexican National Anthem

Cc: cray@mizar.usc.edu

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OF MEXICO

"The Donkey and the Taco"

Andele, andele, por favor

Donde esta mi tequila?

(sfx. pistol shots) Bang Bang Bang Bang.

Eiiii Eiiii Yii Yi Yi
Look et de teets on dat one;

My sister's a wergen and so iz my mom,
For six hundered pesos I let you get on.

Eiii Eiiii Yiiiiii Bang Bang Bang,

My burro iz so grande.

Eii Bang Bang Yiii Bang

Madre de Dios, diz iz de life,

Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang.

I newer wan to leeve diz stinkin' place

To go back to stinkin' Puerto Rico,

You stinkin' get my meaning, chico!

Bang EEEEEEEEEIIIIiiiiiiiiiiiYYYIIii

Hey. look et de teets on dat utter one,

Dat one is de best one,
ah Bang Bang Bang.

Look it ower Meester, it'z all for sale.

Eiii Yiii Bang

.
From our toez to our sombreros,

We're juzz wacky caballeros.

Bang.
Donkeys an' tacos forever.

NOTE: These are generally the lyrics, though they don't necessarily have to appear in this order... or at all. It is not uncommon to substitute other lyrics, save for the last line, but these are the ones that have been in most versions.

"The Donkey and the Taco" has no official author/composer but is instead attributed to a group of San Diego domestics who would, as they rode in the trucks that brought them to work, sing. Sometimes they pretended to be "bandidos" and made threatening gestures out of the back of the truck to pedestrians, but that's another story. The unofficial anthem of Mexico is called "Dust for Sale." It doesn't have any lyrics but is hummed - and usually by people who are trying to act inconspicuous.

(All of the above by Brian McConnachie)

ZiPpY
Pikes Peak H4

--

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\missmcle.txt

Miss McLeod's Reel

Oh, I don't like niggers, I'll be damned if I do.
I don't like niggers, I'll be damned if I do.
I don't like niggers, I'll be damned if I do.
Their heads are curly and their bags is too.

From William Bigford. (See "Gilderoy" above.)

[The Old Woman Shittin' in the Haymow]

A-rippety shit and away she went,
Her ass stuck out like a Canada cent,
And every jump she took she spent.
The old lady she shit in the haymow.

From William Bigford, who merely recited it. The title and tune identification was furnished by dulcimer player Chet Parker of Rockford, Michigan, who called the melody "Jefferson and Liberty" or "The Old Woman Shittin' in the Haymow." He added that soldiers in the Civil War sang the song, according to collector Paul Gifford.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\mnemonic.txt

Fiddle Tunes

Seemingly dozens of traditional fiddle tunes have bawdy verses attached to them. Indeed, it appears that fiddlers know only these bawdy stanzas to the tunes and probably use them as mnemonics to bring the melodies to mind.

The tradition of scatological or ribald material attaching to instrumental tunes is old. According to David Johnson, writing in his *Scottish Fiddle Music in the 18th Century*, "...many of the older tunes had bawdy titles or were associated

with obscene lyrics...." Only with the turn of the 19th Century, "when people rapidly became less outspoken about sex," did the practice falter. Fiddle players "could not play old tunes like The Highland lassie's lovely thing, Jockie's fu' [drunk] and Jennies fain [eager], Whip her below the covering, The bride has a bonny thing, Wanton towdie [female genitals], Had [hold] the lass till I win at her or I'll hae her awa [have it off with her] in spite of her minnie [mother] in company without causing grievous embarrassment."

If such fiddle tunes died out in Scotland because of what Bertrand Bronson has called the "unfortunate nonce associations," not so in the United States. At least two of the tunes that Johnson states fell into decline in the Old Country seem to have persevered in the new: "The Lea Rig," also known less ambiguously as "O Lassie, Art Thou Sleeping Yet?" and the familiar "Green Grow the Rushes, Oh." Samuel Bayard collected six versions of the first and no less than thirteen of the second from Pennsylvania fiddlers. (Dance to the Fiddle, March to the Fife, pp. 158-162 and 530-532.)

GilderoyUp jumped Sally with her feet upon the drum,
The hair round her monkey was as red as any plum.
The down around her ass was as black as any coal,
And the dung balls jungled 'round her old asshole.

Fiddler William Bigford recorded some forty-five songs, most of them bawdy, for fellow musician and collector Paul M. Gifford prior to 1982. In forwarding the material, Gifford wrote these biographical notes about Bigford, who was born in 1898 in Farwell, Michigan. (Farwell, like the other towns mentioned, is in central Michigan.)

His father worked in the lumber camps in the vicinity. In his teens, the family moved to Marion, Michigan. Bill married Crystal, daughter of a lumbermill operator, and had eleven children. He worked as a farmer and laborer, moving to Portland, Michigan, in the '40s, though he returned to live near Marion in the '60s. He returned to Portland, where he lived the remainder of his life. [Bigford died in 1986.-- Ed.]

He played a fiddle and bow he had made (he had several, using local materials). His father also was a fiddler, who played in what Bill considered an older style, playing more hornpipes and tunes like "Money Musk" and "Beaux of Oak Hill." Bill played square dance tunes, but also a lot of foxtrots and tunes he learned off the radio or juke box.

He had a sizeable repertoire of songs, most, but not all, of them somewhat dirty. He liked to sing these and tell jokes after he'd had a few drinks.... Of his songs, some he probably learned from his father, who, Bill said, was a good singer. Others he may have learned as a child or young man....

I first met Bill in 1972 and played music with him regularly from about 1975 to 1982 or so. Using a cassette recorder, I taped these at parties, in the car while traveling, or in other impromptu situations. I would transcribe them later, and, if there were questions (Bill had no teeth and liked to chew a cigar stub, so sometimes his enunciation wasn't the clearest), I would ask him later what the word was.

Lassie, Art Thou Sleeping Yet?

Around the house, she scattered her water,
And in the house, she pissed in the platter,
And around the house, she scattered her water,
The old lady shit in the haymow.

The old man up with an old rusty sword,
To fight, and the old lady up with handful of turd,
And they fit for two hours without sayin' a word,
The old lady shit in the haymow.

Collected from fiddler Walt Taylor, of Bridgeport, Michigan, in the "late '70's," by Paul M. Gifford of Flint, Michigan. See "The Old Lady Shittin' in the Haymow," below.

Miss McLeod's Reel

Oh, I don't like niggers, I'll be damned if I do.
I don't like niggers, I'll be damned if I do.
I don't like niggers, I'll be damned if I do.
Their heads are curly and their bags is too.

From William Bigford. (See "Gilderoy" above.)

[The Old Woman Shittin' in the Haymow]

A-rippety shit and away she went,
Her ass stuck out like a Canada cent,
And every jump she took she spent.
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From William Bigford, who merely recited it. The title and tune identification was furnished by dulcimer player Chet Parker of Rockford, Michigan, who called the melody "Jefferson and Liberty" or "The Old Woman Shittin' in the Haymow." He added that soldiers in the Civil War sang the song, according to collector Paul Gifford.

Pigtown Fling

[A]

The night was dark and the river was muddy.
I got so drunk I couldn't keep steady.
I give a little whoop and I give a little yell.
The horse run away, throwed the buggy all to hell.

From William Bigford. (See "Gilderoy" above.)

[B]

Dog shit a rye straw longer than a riddle-o.
Dog shit a rye straw, longer than a fiddle bow.

Dog shit a catfish, bigger than a minner-o.
Dog shit a catfish big enough for dinner-o.

Are "Rye Straw" and "Pigtown Fling" the same tune?

Rosin the Bow [Beau]

[A]

I fucked an old lady, God damn her.
God damn her old soul, she was dead.
The maggots rolled out of her asshole,
The hair was all off of her head.

From William Bigford. (See "Gilderoy" above.)

[B]

Did you ever see Sally make water?
She pisses a beautiful stream.
It measures an inch and a quarter
And you can't see her belly for steam.

Collected by Paul Gifford from Fenton Watkins, who was born in 1885 in South Haven, Michigan, and died in 1980 in Birmingham, Michigan. Watkins, wrote Gifford, "played the fiddle and dulcimer and had worked with horses most of his life."

Where the River Shannon Flows

There's a pretty spot on Nellie,
Just an inch below her belly,
Where the hair is nice and curly,
That is where I like to roam.

And the moment that I meet her,
I will stick right in my peter,
For there's not a cunt that's sweeter
Than on my little Irish rose.

Collected from fiddler Walt Taylor, of Bridgeport, Michigan, in the "late '70's," by Paul M. Gifford of Flint, Michigan.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\mnemonic1.txt

Fri, 1 Nov 1996 11:27:33 -0800 (PST)

From: Lani Herrmann <lanih@bliss.SIMS.Berkeley.EDU>To: cray@mizar.usc.edu

Subject: Have you read this yet?

Status: RO

X-Status: A

From: Brad Leftwich <leftwich@indiana.edu>Newsgroups: rec.music.country.old-time

Subject: Re: BullFrog Songs

Date: Mon, 28 Oct 1996 15:34:46 +0000

Organization: Indiana University

Reply-To: leftwich@indiana.edu

NNTP-Posting-Host: leftwich.ucs.indiana.edu

Mime-Version: 1.0

Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii

Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit

X-Mailer: Mozilla 2.0 (Macintosh; I; PPC)

Wayne Erbsen wrote:

>

> If anyone can think of a good bullfrog song or two, I'd sure appreciate it!

Well, most of the bullfrog verses I know of would need some tailoring before they could be presented in public.

My dad sings some off-color verses to the tune of "Great Big Taters in Sandy Land":

Way down south in Rankety Dank

The bullfrogs jump from bank to bank

They split their *ss from shank to shank

Before they reach the other bank.

Or, alternatively,

Way down south in Rankety Dank

The bullfrogs jump from bank to bank

It tickles the young frogs clean to the heart

To hear the old frogs jump and f*rt.

Tommy Jarrell sang a bullfrog verse to "Police":

Bullfrog jumped from bank to bank
this morning

Bullfrog jumped from bank to bank
this morning

Bullfrog jumped from bank to bank,

Skinned his old *ss from shank to shank
this morning

In polite company he'd substitute "Skinned his old back..."

And I think Clyde Davenport sings a verse, I don't remember to what
tune (someone else can probably help out here; I think the tune is on
his Puncheon Camp tape), about

Way down South in New Orleans
Bullfrog sewing on a sewing machine

I may not have that quite exactly right -- but it's interesting,
because another of my father's verses to "Great Big Taters" that I
mentioned above, is:

Way down south in Nicotine

Polecat jumped on a sewing machine

Sewing machine so very fast

Took 99 stitches in the polecat's *ss.

It's a polecat rather than a bullfrog, but from Clyde's verse it looks like they may be interchangeable.

--Brad Leftwich

leftwich@indiana.edu

PS. Received your printout yesterday in good shape, thanks very much.

Didja know that Sara Cleveland (upstate NY) sang a version of "Bum she-ittity"? (I don't think I have the text but might could have a tape somewhere. Best get in touch with Sandy Paton, or maybe if Kenny Goldstein's tapes are available somewhere)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\monroe.txt

[Monroe Is a Beautiful Creature]

Monroe is a beautiful creature,
Just ninety-nine feet in the hole [sic].
She fucked herself with a fork handle,
And run the tines up her asshole.

I met Monroe in the morning,
Her ass was all covered with blood.
I asked her what was the matter;
She said she'd been fucked by a stud.

I met Monroe in the morning,
She said she'd had a beautiful dream.
She dreamed she'd been fucked by a steamboat
And had a small threshing machine.

From the repertoire of fiddler William Bigford of Portland, Michigan (1898-1986), collected by Paul Gifford of Flint, Michigan.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\moose.txt

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Tue Sep 6 16:39:51 1994
Return-Path: zippy@usa.net
Received: from cns.cscns.com (root@cns.cscns.com [192.156.196.1])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.6.8.1/8.6.4) with SMTP
id JAA21525 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Tue, 6 Sep 1994 09:47:45 -0700
Received: from [192.156.196.103] (port3.cns-annex.usa.net) by cns.cscns.com
(4.1/SMI-5.1)
id AA21896; Tue, 6 Sep 94 10:41:28 MDT
Message-Id: <9409061641.AA21896@cns.cscns.com>
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"
Date: Tue, 6 Sep 1994 10:49:53 -0700
To: Sandra_Demi@transarc.com
From: zippy@usa.net (Pikes Peak H4)
Subject: Moose Song
Cc: cray@mizar.usc.edu, 72772.2633@compuserve.com
Status: RO
X-Status:

> As Songmeister Extraordinaire, I thought you might be interested
> in this song I stumbled across. I don't have a tune for it, but
> for some reason the cadence of it seems familiar (like some other
> hash song or old beer drinking song). Have you seen this one
> before? If you know of (or come up with) a tune for it, please
> let me know!

Yo Satan!

Your version of the "Moose Song" had two verses that were new to me (the ones indicated with a ">" below). The melody is "Sweet Betsy From Pike", the same tune that "Lupe (Loopy) the Mexican Whore" and "Charlotte the Harlot" are sung to. Could you please tell me where you stumbled across your version? I'm in cahoots with a Professor from USC who's published a scholarly collection on the "roots" of bawdy songs. He likes to know as much about each song as possible, so your assistance in this regard would be appreciated.

Thanks for the contribution. The latest and greatest version of the "Moose Song" follows:

.c.236. MOOSE SONG

.i.ANIMALS:Moose Song, ;
Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike

When I was a young lad I played with the girls,
I'd fondle their titties and twirl their curls,
But my true love ran off with a classmate named Bruce,
I never got treated that way by a moose.

CHORUS: (sung while making antlers on head with hands)
Moose, moose, I love a moose,
I've never had anything quite like a moose,
My life has been merry,
My women been loose,
But nothing compares to the love of a moose.

When I'm in the mood for a very fine lay,
I go to the closet and pull out some hay,
I open the window and spread it around,
Because moose will come running when hay's on the ground.

Women like pearls and diamonds and cars,
I spend all my money on them in the bars,
But a moose is content to be tied to a tree,
While I find other mooses to satisfy me.

> 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
> As the feeling you gets when you humps with a Moose.

(Wimmin's Verse)
All my past lovers did brag about size,
Those tales of twelve inches were nothing but lies,
But a moose is the size that a man ought to be,
That's why from now on its only mooses for me.

When I was much younger I read dirty books,
I stroked myself with each gazing look,
But nothing can make my eyes start to twinkle,
Like the feeling I get jacking off to Bullwinkle.

Now that I'm older and on into my years,
I'll have you know I shed no tears,
While I sit by the fire with a glass of Mateuse,
Playing hide the salami with Marvin the moose.

CF: Ed Cray, USC
Flying Booger, Aloha H3

ON-ON!
ZiPpY
Pikes Peak H4
Colorado Springs, CO, USA

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Tue Sep 6 16:42:52 1994
Return-Path: zippy@usa.net
Received: from cns.cscns.com (root@cns.cscns.com [192.156.196.1])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.6.8.1/8.6.4) with SMTP
id OAA06847 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Tue, 6 Sep 1994 14:06:11 -0700
Received: from by cns.cscns.com (4.1/SMI-5.1)
id AB26227; Tue, 6 Sep 94 15:00:12 MDT
Message-Id: <9409062100.AB26227@cns.cscns.com>
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"
Date: Tue, 6 Sep 1994 15:08:30 -0700
To: cray@mizar.usc.edu
From: zippy@usa.net (Pikes Peak H4)
Subject: Moose Song
Status: RO
X-Status:

Ed, Booger:

As you can see a dead end.

ZiPpY

>Thanks for the additional verses and the tune (which, unfortunately, I
>don't know, but perhaps I can find it). Personally, I prefer my
>verses since they're *all* womens' verses...

>

>Here's the full text of the message in which I found the Moose Song.
>This message was posted on netnews.rec.pets.cats and cross-posted to
>many other newsgroups. I contacted Alec Habig to see if he had a tune
>for it. His response was as follows:

>

>> "Alec Habig" <ahabig@bigbang.astro.indiana.edu>writes:
>> I don't know what the tune is, having never heard it sung (only
>> typed). If you come up with a tune that works, let me know! Hmm...

>> maybe the theme from Mr. Ed? Dunno. Music isn't exactly my strong
>> suit :)
>>
>> PS - sorry for the off-topicness, but rumour is that the way to
>> pacify alt.bigfoot people is to send them Moose poetry for some
>> unknown reason.
>> --
>
>On On,
>Satan
>
>----- Forwarded message begins here -----

>admin@wizard.net (The ArchWizard) writes:
>>
>> Let's give the moose the noose!!!
>>
>> The ArchWizard
>
>Hmm. I'll contribute more than a m00se haiku on Mr. A.Wizard's part.
>Here's a whole song - author unknown, mildly lewd, but entertaining
>nonetheless. Also entirely off-topic (nearly) everywhere, but what
>the hey.
>
> Alec
>
>PS - could this be the secret alt.bigfoot anthem??
>
> ----- THE M00SE SONG -----
>
> When I was a young girl I used to like boys,
> I fondled their thighs and played with their toys,
> But me boyfriend 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 closet and gets me some hay,
> I opens me window and spreads it around,
> 'Cause Moose always comes when there's hay on the ground!
>
> Chorus
>
> 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!
>
> Chorus
>
> 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
> As the feeling you gets when you humps with a Moose!
>
> Chorus
>
> (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 the Moose!
>
> Chorus
>
>
>--
> Alec Habig, Indiana University High Energy Astrophysics
> ahabig@bigbang.astro.indiana.edu
> <http://astrowww.astro.indiana.edu/personnel/ahabig/>
> Ted Kennedy's car has killed more people than my guns.

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Tue Sep 6 16:42:52 1994
Return-Path: zippy@usa.net
Received: from cns.cscns.com (root@cns.cscns.com [192.156.196.1])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.6.8.1/8.6.4) with SMTP
id OAA06847 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Tue, 6 Sep 1994 14:06:11 -0700
Received: from by cns.cscns.com (4.1/SMI-5.1)
id AB26227; Tue, 6 Sep 94 15:00:12 MDT
Message-Id: <9409062100.AB26227@cns.cscns.com>
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"
Date: Tue, 6 Sep 1994 15:08:30 -0700
To: cray@mizar.usc.edu
From: zippy@usa.net (Pikes Peak H4)
Subject: Moose Song
Status: RO
X-Status:

Ed, Booger:

As you can see a dead end.

ZiPpY

>Thanks for the additional verses and the tune (which, unfortunately, I
>don't know, but perhaps I can find it). Personally, I prefer my
>verses since they're *all* womens' verses...

>

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>> suit :)

>>

>> PS - sorry for the off-topicness, but rumour is that the way to
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>> unknown reason.

>> --

>

>On On,
>Satan

>

>----- Forwarded message begins here -----

>admin@wizard.net (The ArchWizard) writes:

>>

>> Let's give the moose the noose!!!

>>

>> The ArchWizard

>

>Hmm. I'll contribute more than a m00se haiku on Mr. A.Wizard's part.
>Here's a whole song - author unknown, mildly lewd, but entertaining
>nonetheless. Also entirely off-topic (nearly) everywhere, but what
>the hey.

>

> Alec

>

>PS - could this be the secret alt.bigfoot anthem??

>

> ----- THE M00SE SONG -----

>

> When I was a young girl I used to like boys,
> I fondled their thighs and played with their toys,
> But me boyfriend 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 closet and gets me some hay,
> I opens me window and spreads it around,
> 'Cause Moose always comes when there's hay on the ground!
>
> Chorus
>
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>
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> As the feeling you gets when you humps with a Moose!
>
> Chorus
>
> (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 the Moose!
>
> Chorus
>
>
>--
> Alec Habig, Indiana University High Energy Astrophysics
> ahabig@bigbang.astro.indiana.edu
> http://astrowww.astro.indiana.edu/personnel/ahabig/
> Ted Kennedy's car has killed more people than my guns.

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Fri Sep 9 08:07:49 1994

Return-Path: 72772.2633@compuserve.com

Received: from arl-img-2.compuserve.com (arl-img-2.compuserve.com [198.4.7.2])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.6.8.1/8.6.4) with ESMTP

id AAA28319 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Fri, 9 Sep 1994 00:17:41 -0700

Received: from localhost by arl-img-2.compuserve.com (8.6.4/5.940406sam)

id AAA04651; Fri, 9 Sep 1994 00:48:36 -0400

Date: 09 Sep 94 00:44:43 EDT
From: Paul Woodford <72772.2633@compuserve.com>
To: Zippy <zippy@usa.net>Cc: Ed Cray <cray@mizar.usc.edu>, Satan
<sandra_demi@transarc.com>Subject: Moose
Message-ID: <940909044442_72772.2633_FHM75-1@CompuServe.COM>
Status: RO
X-Status:

Dear Zippy, Satan, and Ed,

Nothing new here, but since my version of the Moose Song is arranged a little differently, I thought I'd share it with you. Thank you, Satan, for the new verses. Thank you, Zippy, for finally naming that elusive tune. I'm about convinced that "Sweet Betsy" is the Universal Melody. Seems to go with just about anything, with the certain exception of those damn Frank Zappa songs.

42. MOOSE SONG

Melody-Sweet Betsy from Pike
Contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4
Some verses by Flying Booger
Some verses contributed by Satan, Pittsburg H3

Chorus (sung while making antlers on head with hands): Moose, moose, I love a moose,
I've never had anything quite like a moose,
My life has been merry,
My women been loose,
But nothing compares to the love of a moose.

When I'm in the mood for a very fine lay,
I go to the closet and pull out some hay,
I open the window and spread it around,
Because moose will come running when there's hay on the ground.

Harriers' verses:

When I was a young lad I played with the girls,
I'd fondle their titties and twirl their curls,
But my true love ran off with a classmate named Bruce,
I never got treated that way by a moose.

Women like pearls and diamonds and cars,
I spend all my money on them in bars,
But a moose is content to be tied to a tree,
While I find other mooses to satisfy me.

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
As the feeling you gets when you humps with a moose.

Harriettes' verses:

All my past lovers did brag about size,
Those tales of twelve inches were nothing but lies,
But a moose is the size that a man ought to be,
That's why from now on it's mooses for me.

When I was much younger I read dirty books,
I stroked myself with each gazing look,
But nothing can make my eyes start to twinkle,
Then getting it off with that stud Bullwinkle.

Now that I'm older and into my years,
I'll have you know that I shed no tears,
While I sit by the fire with a glass of Mateus,
Playing hide the salami with Marvin the Moose.

On On,
Flying Booger
Aloha H3, Hawaii

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Sat Sep 17 09:09:28 1994
Return-Path: zippy@usa.net
Received: from cns.cscns.com (root@cns.cscns.com [192.156.196.1])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.6.8.1/8.6.4) with SMTP
id UAA17415 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Fri, 16 Sep 1994 20:43:15 -0700
Received: from [192.156.196.106] (port6.cns-annex.usa.net) by cns.cscns.com
(4.1/SMI-5.1)
id AA14856; Fri, 16 Sep 94 21:37:11 MDT
Message-Id: <9409170337.AA14856@cns.cscns.com>
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"
Date: Fri, 16 Sep 1994 21:45:44 -0700
To: cray@mizar.usc.edu
From: zippy@usa.net (Pikes Peak H4)
Subject: More Moose!
Cc: 72772.2633@compuserve.com, Sandra_Demi@TRANSARC.COM, ZippyP2H4@aol.com
Status: RO
X-Status:

Hey guys, thought the Moose thing was over, and what do I stumble upon, a searchable WWW page of folksongs! (If any of you have WWW access, let me know and I'll send you the address of the folksong

page.) So more Moose, and Satan, you'll like this one, cuz it's hardcore, bra-burning, man-hating. Will send other stuff I cull from this source in the next few days.

I LIKE A MOOSE (Wimmin's Version)

By: Anne Bredon

Tune: Villikins and His Dinah

There's an infamous song goin' 'round 'bout a moose
It's really quite funny and quite full of juice,
But all of it's told from a masculine view,
And a lot of us women want to get a piece too.

CHORUS:

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

I figured it all out one day by myself.
When my man went off and left me on the shelf,
He'd found him a new love, a nubile moose-ess
Which gave me a bad case of rampant distress.

"What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose."
Said I as I set out to find me a moose;
But I ran into problems that men do not mind,
For male moose are seasonal creatures, you'll find.

I hunted in winter, I hunted in spring,
I hunted all summer and found not a thing;
But I found my moose when leaves started to fall
And...oh brother! did I have a ball.

With my arms 'round his barrel, my feet by his tail
I hanged and we banged and we really did flail,
Bouncing and jouncing I came with a roar
I never had had such a great lay before.

But autumn soon passed and so I said goodbye
I'll be here next year when the leaves start to fly;
Yes I will return when the leaves start to fall
And we'll ball and we'll ball and we'll ball and we'll ball.

And so, my dear sisters, I have to confess
Being balled by a moose, it is really the best
But you'll make out with others for most of the year
For male moose are seasonal creatures, I fear.

A bear in the winter is furry and warm

And if you don't tickle, he'll do you no harm.
I spring try an eagle, his feathers are light
That is if you are not afraid of great height.

In summer, I fear, you must make do with men.
But, not to worry, soon fall comes again.
Then you can return to your own faithful moose
And revel in supremely scrumptious screws.

```
*****
* On-On!           * "I value kindness to human beings first of all, *
* ZiPpY           * and kindness to animals. I don't respect the   *
* Pikes Peak H4   * law; I have a total irreverence for anything    *
* Colorado        * connected with society except that which makes *
* Springs, CO     * the roads safer, the beer stronger, the food   *
* USA             * cheaper." Brendan Behan                        *
*****
```

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Sat Sep 17 15:07:00 1994
Return-Path: zippy@usa.net
Received: from cns.cscns.com (root@cns.cscns.com [192.156.196.1])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.6.8.1/8.6.4) with SMTP
id JAA27887 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Sat, 17 Sep 1994 09:45:50 -0700
Received: from [192.156.196.116] (port16.cns-annex.usa.net) by cns.cscns.com
(4.1/SMI-5.1)
id AA04108; Sat, 17 Sep 94 10:39:45 MDT
Message-Id: <9409171639.AA04108@cns.cscns.com>
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"
Date: Sat, 17 Sep 1994 10:48:19 -0700
To: Ed Cray <cray@bcf.usc.edu>From: zippy@usa.net (Pikes Peak H4)
Subject: Re: More Moose!
Status: RO
X-Status:

> 1) Do send the address to the WWW folksong stash.

Ed, it's:

<http://web2.xerox.com/digitrad>

Used the keyword "bawdy" and got 79 hits. Also, another WWW resource
I found was the Rugby Song page which led me to the Folk Song page.
the Rugby Song page's descriptive info is:

<http://rugby.phys.uidaho.edu/rugby/Songs/songs.html>

> 2) Now, let me get it straight: on this list you found another version of

> the Moose song credited to Anne Bredon? Do we know her? My question is
> directed to determining if this song is actually passed around in oral
> tradition, that is, whether the song has a known author, or whether folks
> feel they can change the version they have learned as the mood overcomes
> them. (That is, in my mind, one of the two determinants of "folk song."
> The other is whether it lasts over time, from one generation to the next
> -- though "generation" is not the demographer's 33 years, but a variable
> span often as short as, say, four years for a high school generation.)

I don't know. She's credited, but who she is I dunno. Maybe if you
fish about in the Folksong Page, you'll be able to get closer to the
answers of your questions. Have fun (Earl Warren won't mind if you
ignore him for a few minutes).

```
*****
* On-On!           * "I value kindness to human beings first of all, *
* ZiPpY, GM        * and kindness to animals. I don't respect the *
* Pikes Peak H4    * law; I have a total irreverence for anything *
* Colorado         * connected with society except that which makes *
* Springs, CO      * the roads safer, the beer stronger, the food *
* USA              * cheaper." Brendan Behan *
*****
```

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Mon Sep 19 18:46:30 1994

Return-Path: demi+@transarc.com

Received: from po2.transarc.com (po2.transarc.com [192.54.226.2])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.6.8.1/8.6.4) with SMTP

id IAA13114 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Mon, 19 Sep 1994 08:54:19 -0700

Received: by po2.transarc.com (5.54/3.15) id <AA04801>for cray@mizar.usc.edu; Mon,
19 Sep 94 11:52:33 EDT

Received: via switchmail; Mon, 19 Sep 1994 11:52:32 -0400 (EDT)

Received: from boswell via qmail

ID </afs/transarc.com/service/mailqs/q1/QF.wiTPC0eSMUE4M000pu>;

Mon, 19 Sep 1994 11:51:41 -0400 (EDT)

Received: from boswell via qmail

ID </afs/transarc.com/usr/demi/.Outgoing/QF.kiTPBteSMUE4I9q1R=>;

Mon, 19 Sep 1994 11:51:21 -0400 (EDT)

Received: from BatMail.robin.v2.12.CUILIB.3.45.SNAP.NOT.LINKED.boswell.sun4.40
via MS.5.6.boswell.sun4_40;

Mon, 19 Sep 1994 11:51:21 -0400 (EDT)

Message-Id: <ciTPBt2SMUE4I9q1EM@transarc.com>Date: Mon, 19 Sep 1994 11:51:21 -0400
(EDT)

From: Sandra_Demi@transarc.com

To: cray@mizar.usc.edu, zippy@usa.net (Pikes Peak H4)

Subject: Re: More Moose!

Cc: 72772.2633@compuserve.com, ZippyP2H4@aol.com

In-Reply-To: <9409170337.AA14856@cns.cscns.com>

References: <9409170337.AA14856@cns.cscns.com>

Status: 0

X-Status:

Thanks for the additional verses. I, however, prefer the verses I sent to you; I think all of them can be used as women's verses, and I think they are more creative and funnier than the ones Anne Bredon wrote. Several of the verses Zippy sent me are good, too, but his chorus is male-oriented. BTW, I did find the music to "Sweet Betsy >From Pike"; is the tune (or tunes?) Anne B. lists the same?

Sandy (aka Satan)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\moose10.txt

From Joe Fineman, May 15, 1994

^[l][w]The Moose Song^[w0

[Tune: "Sweet Betsy from Pike"]

When I was a young man, I used to like girls:
I'd tickle their tummies and play with their curls --
Till my girlfriend ran off with a salesman named Bruce.
Now ye'd never be treated that way by a moose!

And it's moose, moose, I like a moose.
I've never had anything quite like a moose:
I've had men and women, my life has been loose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

Whenever I feels I'm in need of a lay
I goes to the closet and I gets me some hay.
I goes to the window and spreads it around --
'Cause a moose always comes when there's hay on the ground!

I've done it with all sorts of beasties with hair;
I'd do it with snakes if their fangs wasn't there.
I've had me a chicken, a duck and a goose;
But I've never had anything quite like a moose!

Purple gorillas on Saturday nights,
Lions and tigers -- they puts up a fight;
But it's just not the same when ye slams their caboose
As the feeling ye get when ye're humpin' a moose!

[slowly...]

Now I am old and advancing in years.
I looks back on life and I sheds me no tears.
I sits on the porch with a glass of Mateus --
Playin' hide-the-salami with Minnie the Moose!

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\moose11.txt

Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, to Cray, 6/22/96, as sung in SCA and Renaissance Fair circles:

The Moose Song

Page 68

FILK

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

CHORUS

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.

CHORUS

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.

CHORUS

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.

CHORUS

Now that I'm 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.

CHORUS

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\moose12.txt

33. MOOSE SONG

Melody--???

CHORUS (sung while making antlers on head with hands):

Moose, moose, I love a moose,
I've never had anything quite like a moose,
My life has been merry,
My women been loose,
But nothing compares to the love of a moose.

®PG-

When I'm in the mood for a very fine lay,
I go to the closet and pull out some hay,
I open the window and spread it around,
Because moose will come running when there's hay on the
ground.

HARRIERS' VERSES: When I was a young lad I played with
the girls,
I'd fondle their titties and twirl their curls,
But my true love ran off with a classmate named Bruce,
I never got treated that way by a moose.

Women like pearls and diamonds and cars,
I spend all my money on them in bars,
But a moose is content to be tied to a tree,
While I find other mooses to satisfy me.

Now that I'm older and into my years,
I'll have you know that I shed no tears,

While I sit by the fire with a glass of Mateus,
Playing hide the salami with Marvin the Moose.

HARRIETTES' VERSES: All my past lovers did brag about size,
Those tales of twelve inches were nothing but lies,
But a moose is the size that a man ought to be,
That's why from now on it's mooses for me.

When I was much younger I read dirty books,
I stroked myself with each gazing look,
But nothing can make my eyes start to twinkle,
Then getting it off with that stud Bullwinkle.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Songs II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\moose2.txt

From bdragon!bawdy-owner Thu Mar 14 01:15:58 1996
Return-Path: bdragon!bawdy-owner
Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with SMTP
id BAA10911 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Thu, 14 Mar 1996 01:15:57 -0800 (PST)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP by shore.shore.net with UUCP id AA10690
(5.67a/IDA-1.5 for cray@mizar.usc.edu); Thu, 14 Mar 1996 04:14:58 -0500
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)
id AA00154; 13 Mar 96 15:30:59 -0500
From: rburtonw@nyx.net (Roger Burton-West)
Date: Wed, 13 Mar 96 09:54:25 MST
X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Subject: Moose
Message-Id: <9603131654.AA07575@nyx.net>
X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status: A

Folks,

It occurred to me that some people might not have seen this one (such as
someone on the list who asked me about it a few days ago). It's from
Filk File 6 (Kay Shapero's collections from the alt.music.filk

group/echo).

THE MOOSE SONG

(version known to Walt Leipold)

(to a tune something like "Sweet Betsy from Pike")

When I'm in the mood for a very good lay,
I go to the closet and get me some hay,
I go to the woods and I spread it around,
For the moose come out when there's hay on the ground

(chorus)

And it's moose! Moose! I want a moose!
I have never had anything quite like a moose!
I've had many women, my life has been loose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose

When I was a young man I did it with girls,
I fondled their breasties and played with their curls,
But my true love ran off with a salesman named Bruce...
Now, I've never been treated like that by a moose.

(chorus)

Well, I've done it with all sorts of beasties with hair,
I'd do it with snakes if their fangs weren't there,
I've done it with llamas and sheepdogs and goose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

(chorus)

Oh, gorillas are fun on a Saturday night,
And lions and tigers can put up a fight,
But it's not quite the same when I ram their caboose,
As the feeling I get when I hump on a moose.

(chorus)

Well, now that I'm old and advanced in my years,
When I look at my past I'll shed me no tears,
As I sit in my rocker with a glass of Mateus,
Playing hide the salami with Millie the Moose!

(chorus)

THE MOOSE SONG

(as known to Joe Bethancourt)

-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
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!

The English are said to like boars who've had corn
The Celtics 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!

(passed on by) Roger

```
--
/~~\_/~~ BEWARE ,,, |~) _ _ _ _ _ |~) _ _ _ _ _ \ \ / _ _ _ |
| #=#=====of==# | |~\(_)(_|(/_| _ |_)|_|_|_|(_)| | \ \ / (/_\|
\_/_~\_/_ FILKER ``' _| rburtonw@nyx.net <- main address
                        http://www.studentaccess.com/hp/ROGER/ <- web page
```

It did what? Well, it's not supposed to do that.

```
--
Bawdy Mailing List
To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net
--
|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn
|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net
```

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Wed Jun 12 09:43:28 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP
id JAA26036 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Wed, 12 Jun 1996 09:43:26 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with
UUCP id MAA28403; Wed, 12 Jun 1996 12:43:21 -0400 (EDT)
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)
id AA00154; 13 Mar 96 15:30:59 -0500
From: rburtonw@nyx.net (Roger Burton-West)
Date: Wed, 13 Mar 96 09:54:25 MST
X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Subject: Moose
Message-Id: <9603131654.AA07575@nyx.net>
X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

Folks,

It occurred to me that some people might not have seen this one (such as someone on the list who asked me about it a few days ago). It's from Filk File 6 (Kay Shapero's collections from the alt.music.filk group/echo).

THE MOOSE SONG
(version known to Walt Leipold)
(to a tune something like "Sweet Betsy from Pike")

When I'm in the mood for a very good lay,
I go to the closet and get me some hay,
I go to the woods and I spread it around,
For the moose come out when there's hay on the ground

(chorus)
And it's moose! Moose! I want a moose!
I have never had anything quite like a moose!
I've had many women, my life has been loose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose

When I was a young man I did it with girls,
I fondled their breasties and played with their curls,
But my true love ran off with a salesman named Bruce...
Now, I've never been treated like that by a moose.

(chorus)

Well, I've done it with all sorts of beasties with hair,
I'd do it with snakes if their fangs weren't there,
I've done it with llamas and sheepdogs and goose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

(chorus)

Oh, gorillas are fun on a Saturday night,
And lions and tigers can put up a fight,
But it's not quite the same when I ram their caboose,
As the feeling I get when I hump on a moose.

(chorus)

Well, now that I'm old and advanced in my years,
When I look at my past I'll shed me no tears,
As I sit in my rocker with a glass of Mateus,
Playing hide the salami with Millie the Moose!

(chorus)

THE MOOSE SONG

(as known to Joe Bethancourt)

-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,

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I've even tried hump-backs that humped back on me!
Sharks are quite good, tho they're hard to pull loose
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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!

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!

(passed on by) Roger

```
--
/~~\_/~~\ BEWARE ,,, |~) _ _ _ _ _ |~) _ _ _ _ _ \ \ \ / _ _ _ |
| #=#=====of==# | |~\(_)(_/ _ _ |_)|_|_|_|(_)| | \ \ \ (/ _ _ |
\_/_\_/ FILKER ``' _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
                                     rburtonw@nyx.net <- main address
                                     http://www.studentaccess.com/hp/ROGER/ <- web page
```

It did what? Well, it's not supposed to do that.

--

Bawdy Mailing List

To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net

--

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\moose3.txt

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Fri Jul 11 01:50:41 1997

Return-Path: <bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net>Received: from mizar.usc.edu
(mizar.usc.edu [128.125.253.135])

by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP

id BAA16661 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Fri, 11 Jul 1997 01:50:41 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP

id BAA18729 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Fri, 11 Jul 1997 01:50:40 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with
UUCP id EAA17485; Fri, 11 Jul 1997 04:50:21 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.970109)

id AA03870; 08 Jul 97 05:34:09 -0500

From: captain <captain@armadillo.net>Date: Mon, 7 Jul 1997 10:02:35 -0500 (CDT)

X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Subject: The Moose Song

Message-Id: <199707071502.KAA21133@forest.armadillo.net>

X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Received: from forest.armadillo.net (captain@forest.armadillo.net [204.29.135.11])
by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with SMTP id LAA29571 for
<bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>; Mon, 7 Jul 1997 11:02:44 -0400 (EDT)
Received: (from captain@localhost) by forest.armadillo.net (8.6.12/8.6.9) id
KAA21133 for bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net; Mon, 7 Jul 1997 10:02:35 -0500
In-Reply-To: <Pine.SV4.3.94.970701100024.27505D-100000@almaak.usc.edu>from "Ed Cray"
at Jul 1, 97 10:06:54 am
X-Mailer: ELM [version 2.4 PL24]
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset=US-ASCII
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit
Status: RO
X-Status: A

-----BEGIN PGP SIGNED MESSAGE-----

An entity claiming to be Ed Cray wrote:

>

> I am interested in collecting versions of two songs/tales that circulate
> in oral tradition: "The Wild West Show" and "The Moose Song."

A perfunctory search for "the moose song" with alta
vista returned at least these two versions, which I've
copied below.

I find the bawdy mailserver to be in perfect working
order. I do **not** get copies of the things I send to
the list, but why would I want to read my own mail? ;-)

Happy Birthday Ed.

Now, on with the songs....

The Moose Song
from <http://www.chivalry.com/cantaria/lyrics/moose.html>

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.

Chorus

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.

Chorus...

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.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

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.

Chorus...

The Moose Song

from <http://www.ieway.com/~billw/moose.html>

When I was a young lad I used to like girls,
I played with their bodies and fondled their curls.
Till my girl ran off with a Captain named Bruce.
Oh you'll never get treated like that by a moose!

Chorus:

Then its moose, moose, I want a moose.
I have never had anything quite like a moose.
I've had many women, me life has been loose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

When I'm in the mood for a good lay,
I go to the closet and get me some hay.
I open the window and spread it around,
Cause the moose always come when there's hay on the ground!

Chorus:

I've done it with all sorts of beasties with hair;
I'd do it with snakes if their fangs were not there,
I've done it with llamas, sheep, dogs and a goose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose!

Chorus:

Now a gorilla is all right for a Saturday night,
And lions and tigers they put up a fight.
But it's just not the same when you slam their caboose
Like the feeling you get when you hump on a moose.

Chorus:

The king of the gods is a fellow named Zeus,
On top of Olympus with an urge to seduce.
They offered him virgins but he'd just refuse,
"Screw all of your virgins and bring me a moose!"

Chorus:

Oh, the bride of ol' Bill, it's never been told
Had surrendered her virtue indecently bold
But she still has her "Moose" - she's happily his wife
Proof even a woman can have one for life.

Chorus:

When I go a huntin', I don't take a gun,
I just take myself and have lots of fun.
I get up behind them, then get myself loose,
Now I've never had anything quite like a moose!

Chorus:

And now I am old and advanced in my years.
As I look o'er my life, I will shed me no tears.
So I sit in my chair with a glass of prune juice,
Playing hide the salami with Matilda the Moose!

Chorus:

- - -

+-----+

Message-Id: <3.0.32.19970715062800.007ae8b0@ice.net>

X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Received: from cube.ice.net (root@cube.ice.net [206.102.146.5]) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with ESMTTP id HAA05628 for <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>; Tue, 15 Jul 1997 07:30:43 -0400 (EDT)
Received: from ice.ice.net (slip220.ice.net [206.102.146.220]) by cube.ice.net (8.8.5/8.8.5) with SMTP id GAA19440 for <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>; Tue, 15 Jul 1997 06:30:42 -0500
X-Sender: kwalsh@ice.net
X-Mailer: Windows Eudora Pro Version 3.0 (32)
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"
Status: RO
X-Status: A

I first heard it in in the SCA, around 1980, but I found it in the "Hiberninan Rugby Club Hymnal" dated 1975 also

The Cat of Ghosts and Shadows
Wargamer, SCA Herald, Keeper of the Alt.Callahans pages
Captain of the Free Trader Beowulf
<http://www.ice.net/~kwalsh>

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Bawdy Mailing List
To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net
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|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn
|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Sat Jul 19 21:17:38 1997
Return-Path: <bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net>Received: from mizar.usc.edu (mizar.usc.edu [128.125.253.135])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTTP
id VAA06112 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Sat, 19 Jul 1997 21:17:38 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTTP
id VAA20465 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Sat, 19 Jul 1997 21:17:35 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with UUCP id AAA16897; Sun, 20 Jul 1997 00:17:31 -0400 (EDT)
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.970109)
id AA04301; 19 Jul 97 04:10:05 -0500

From: Kevin Walsh <kwalsh@ice.net>Date: Fri, 18 Jul 1997 06:09:44 -0500
X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Subject: Re: The Moose Song
Message-Id: <3.0.32.19970718060942.007a6c90@ice.net>
X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Received: from cube.ice.net (root@cube.ice.net [206.102.146.5]) by shore.shore.net
(8.8.3/8.8.2) with ESMTP id HAA15068 for <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>; Fri, 18 Jul
1997 07:12:29 -0400 (EDT)
Received: from ice.ice.net (slip223.ice.net [206.102.146.223]) by cube.ice.net
(8.8.5/8.8.5) with SMTP id GAA24760 for <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>; Fri, 18 Jul
1997 06:12:28 -0500
X-Sender: kwalsh@ice.net
X-Mailer: Windows Eudora Pro Version 3.0 (32)
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"
Status: RO
X-Status:

No I cant, other than the Hibernian Rugby Club was someplace on the East
Coast, New York possibly.

I havent found anybody in the SCA that was willing to claim responsibility
for it for that matter.

The Cat of Ghosts and Shadows
Wargamer, SCA Herald, Keeper of the Alt.Callahans pages
Captain of the Free Trader Beowulf
<http://www.ice.net/~kwalsh>

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Bawdy Mailing List

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To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net

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|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\moose5.txt

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Tue Jul 8 02:36:10 1997
 Return-Path: <bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net>Received: from mizar.usc.edu
 (mizar.usc.edu [128.125.253.135])
 by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTTP
 id CAA29083 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Tue, 8 Jul 1997 02:36:09 -0700 (PDT)
 Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
 by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTTP
 id CAA20155 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Tue, 8 Jul 1997 02:36:11 -0700 (PDT)
 Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with
 UUCP id FAA29651; Tue, 8 Jul 1997 05:35:54 -0400 (EDT)
 Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.970109)
 id AA03744; 07 Jul 97 04:52:55 -0500
 From: kay.shapero@salata.com (Kay Shapero)
 Date: 05 Jul 97 10:51:20 -0800
 X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
 X-Cc: kwalsy@ice.net
 Subject: The Moose Song
 Message-Id: <120_9707051804@salata.com>
 X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
 To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
 Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
 Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
 Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
 Precedence: bulk
 Received: from netcomsv.netcom.com (uucp13.netcom.com [163.179.3.13]) by
 shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with SMTP id WAA23280 for <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>;
 Sat, 5 Jul 1997 22:10:17 -0400 (EDT)
 Received: from salata.UUCP by netcomsv.netcom.com with UUCP (8.6.12/SMI-4.1)
 id TAA07981; Sat, 5 Jul 1997 19:05:20 -0700
 Received: by salata.com (0.99.970109)
 id AA02600; 05 Jul 97 18:04:17 -0800
 Organization: An Internet Gateway
 Cc: kwalsy@ice.net
 Status: RO
 X-Status: A

On <Jun 29 06:32>, kwalsh@ice.net (Kevin Walsh) wrote to the bawdy list.

k>Hi All, I am looking for verses to the Moose Song
 k>which I have heard bits and pieces of for years at
 k>assorted SCA events mostly.

Here's what I've got:

THE MOOSE SONG
 (version known to Walt Leipold)

(to a tune something like "Sweet Betsy from Pike")

When I'm in the mood for a very good lay,
I go to the closet and get me some hay,
I go to the woods and I spread it around,
For the moose come out when there's hay on the ground

(chorus)

And it's moose! Moose! I want a moose!
I have never had anything quite like a moose!
I've had many women, my life has been loose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose

When I was a young man I did it with girls,
I fondled their breasties and played with their curls,
But my true love ran off with a salesman named Bruce...
Now, I've never been treated like that by a moose.

(chorus)

Well, I've done it with all sorts of beasties with hair,
I'd do it with snakes if their fangs weren't there,
I've done it with llamas and sheepdogs and goose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

(chorus)

Oh, gorillas are fun on a Saturday night,
And lions and tigers can put up a fight,
But it's not quite the same when I ram their caboose,
As the feeling I get when I hump on a moose.

(chorus)

Well, now that I'm old and advanced in my years,
When I look at my past I'll shed me no tears,
As I sit in my rocker with a glass of Mateus,
Playing hide the salami with Millie the Moose!

(chorus)

THE MOOSE SONG

(as known to Joe Bethancourt)

-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
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!

The English are said to like boars who've had corn
The Celtics 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!

--
Bawdy Mailing List
To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net
--
|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn
|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\moose6.txt

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Tue Jul 8 02:36:12 1997
Return-Path: <bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net>Received: from mizar.usc.edu
(mizar.usc.edu [128.125.253.135])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTTP
id CAA29090 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Tue, 8 Jul 1997 02:36:11 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTTP

id CAA20159 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Tue, 8 Jul 1997 02:36:14 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with
UUCP id FAA29373; Tue, 8 Jul 1997 05:34:47 -0400 (EDT)
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.970109)
id AA03744; 07 Jul 97 04:52:41 -0500
From: Alan Thiesen <thiesen@CS.Stanford.EDU>Date: Sat, 5 Jul 1997 12:11:10 -0700
(PDT)
X-To: Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>Subject: Re:
The Moose Song
Message-Id: <Pine.GS0.3.94.970705120846.11263A-100000@Xenon.Stanford.EDU>X-Listname:
Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Received: from Xenon.Stanford.EDU (Xenon.Stanford.EDU [171.64.64.24]) by
shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with ESMTP id PAA24457 for
<bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>; Sat, 5 Jul 1997 15:11:12 -0400 (EDT)
Received: from localhost (thiesen@localhost)
by Xenon.Stanford.EDU (8.8.4/8.8.4) with SMTP
id MAA11393 for <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>; Sat, 5 Jul 1997 12:11:11
-0700 (PDT)
In-Reply-To: <3.0.32.19970629083219.007af350@ice.net>
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; charset=US-ASCII
Status: RO
X-Status:

On Sun, 29 Jun 1997, Kevin Walsh wrote:
> Hi All, I am looking for verses to the Moose Song

Enjoy.

-- Alan

THE MOOSE SONG
(version known to Walt Leipold)
(to a tune something like "Sweet Betsy from Pike")

When I'm in the mood for a very good lay,
I go to the closet and get me some hay,
I go to the woods and I spread it around,
For the moose come out when there's hay on the ground

(chorus)
And it's moose! Moose! I want a moose!
I have never had anything quite like a moose!

I've had many women, my life has been loose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose

When I was a young man I did it with girls,
I fondled their breasties and played with their curls,
But my true love ran off with a salesman named Bruce...
Now, I've never been treated like that by a moose.

(chorus)

Well, I've done it with all sorts of beasties with hair,
I'd do it with snakes if their fangs weren't there,
I've done it with llamas and sheepdogs and goose,
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

(chorus)

Oh, gorillas are fun on a Saturday night,
And lions and tigers can put up a fight,
But it's not quite the same when I ram their caboose,
As the feeling I get when I hump on a moose.

(chorus)

Well, now that I'm old and advanced in my years,
When I look at my past I'll shed me no tears,
As I sit in my rocker with a glass of Mateus,
Playing hide the salami with Millie the Moose!

(chorus)

THE MOOSE SONG
(as known to Joe Bethancourt)
-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
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!

The English are said to like boars who've had corn
The Celtics 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!

--
Bawdy Mailing List
To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net
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|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn
|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\moose7.txt

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Tue Jul 8 02:36:33 1997
Return-Path: <bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net>Received: from mizar.usc.edu
(mizar.usc.edu [128.125.253.135])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTTP
id CAA29135 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Tue, 8 Jul 1997 02:36:32 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTTP
id CAA20170 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Tue, 8 Jul 1997 02:36:34 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with
UUCP id FAA29774; Tue, 8 Jul 1997 05:36:21 -0400 (EDT)
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.970109)
id AA03744; 07 Jul 97 04:52:57 -0500
From: Jeff Mach <td@eden.rutgers.edu>Date: Sun, 6 Jul 97 2:30:35 EDT
X-To: bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net
Subject: The Moose Song
Message-Id: <CMM-RU.1.5.868170635.td@er7.rutgers.edu>X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk

Received: from er7.rutgers.edu (er7.rutgers.edu [165.230.180.135]) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with SMTP id CAA16848 for <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>; Sun, 6 Jul 1997 02:30:37 -0400 (EDT)
Received: (from td@localhost) by er7.rutgers.edu (8.6.12+bestmx+oldruq+newsunq/8.6.12) id CAA02572 for bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net; Sun, 6 Jul 1997 02:30:35 -0400
Status: RO
X-Status: A

Here are a few verses...I have more.

(to: "Sweet Betsy From Pike")

When I was a young man, I used to like girls
I played with their bodies, and fondled their curls
But my girlfriend ran off with a salesman named Bruce
Now you'll never get treatment like that from a moose

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 it's been loose
But I've never had anything quite like a moose

Now I've made it with all kinds of creatures with hair
I've done it with snakes when their fangs weren't there
I've done it with chickens, three ducks, and a goose
But I've never had anything quite like a moose

So it's moose...

(and many more verses, oft ending with:)

Now the women of the world are attracted to me
They ask me on over, and have me 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

So it's moose, moose....

-Jeff Mach
Searching For That One Lovely Moose

--

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|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn
|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Tue Jul 15 01:30:11 1997
Return-Path: <bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net>Received: from mizar.usc.edu
(mizar.usc.edu [128.125.253.135])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP
id BAA21086 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Tue, 15 Jul 1997 01:30:11 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP
id BAA21281 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Tue, 15 Jul 1997 01:30:07 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with
UUCP id EAA19823; Tue, 15 Jul 1997 04:30:02 -0400 (EDT)
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.970109)
id AA04052; 14 Jul 97 04:30:07 -0500
From: Jim Trigg <jtrigg@hoflink.com>Date: Fri, 11 Jul 1997 11:28:21 -0400
X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Subject: Re: Inquiry
Message-Id: <199707111527.LAA04521@linet02.li.net>
X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Received: from linet02.li.net (root@linet02.li.net [199.171.6.12]) by
shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with SMTP id LAA28542 for <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>;
Fri, 11 Jul 1997 11:27:41 -0400 (EDT)
Received: from 0.0.0.0 (jtrigg@hoflink.com [199.173.65.2]) by linet02.li.net
(8.6.12/8.6.6) with SMTP id LAA04521 for <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>; Fri, 11 Jul
1997 11:27:37 -0400
X-Mailer: Microsoft Internet Mail & News for Macintosh - 3.0
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit
Status: RO
X-Status:

On Tue, 1 Jul 1997 at 10:06:54 -0700 (PDT), Ed Cray <cray@almaak.usc.edu>wrote:

>The other, "The Moose Song," is comparatively new, or is to me at any
>rate. I first obtained a copy about three years ago, gave it little
>thought, and then discovered it was much more widely known than I
>imagined, and it had many more verses. Thus it is a folk song, and grist
>for my special mills.

The Moose Song is significantly older than that. I first heard about 20

verses back in 1984 or 1985, and it was hardly new then. It is widely known in the SCA, and that's the only place I've heard it.

>If you are willing to share the versions you might know, will you please
>let me know where and when you learned the song/tale, and from whom. I
>would like to include it in the electronic supplement to my scholarly
>anthology of American bawdy folk songs, _The Erotic Muse._

I don't really know any version, but I have a few versions on file. Three of them actually came from this list a couple of weeks ago, but I'll see if I have any others.

Jim Trigg, Lord High Everything Else (RL/DNRC) O-
Jamie FitzGeorge, AOA, Archer, Seastar Pursuivant (SCA)
Rian N'ha Famira, elven mage (HF PBEM)

--

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C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\moose8.txt

.49

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, twn ducks and a goose,

Rut 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
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 fi)r 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!)

.50

The Moose Song (Cont.)

The English are said to like boars who've had corn
The Celtics 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!

"The Black Book of Locksley"

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\moose9.txt

Tue, 27 Sep 1994 13:47:07 -0700

To: cray@mizar.usc.edu, 72772.2633@compuserve.com

From: zippy@usa.net (Pikes Peak H4)

Subject: SOTM - OCT 94

Status: 0

X-Status:

>Date: Tue, 27 Sep 1994 13:27:01 -0700

>To:StrayDog

>From:zippy@usa.net (Pikes Peak H4)

>Subject:SOTM - OCT 94

>

>

Gentlemen:

Here's the Global Trash Song of the Month for October.

>

Old stuff Ed and Flying Booger, except the tune recognition

>footnote I've added.

>

>

>ZiPpY

>

>-----

>

>

MOOSE SONG

>

Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike (aka: Villikins and His Dinah)

>

Short version from ZiPpY's collection. Additional verses

>from Flying Booger, Aloha H3, and Satan, Pittsburg H3.

>

>

CHORUS:

>(sung while making antlers on head with hands):

>Moose, moose, I love a moose,

>

I've never had anything quite like a moose,

>

My life has been merry,

>

My women been loose,

>

But nothing compares to the love of a moose.

>

>When I'm in the mood for a very fine lay,

>

I go to the closet and pull out some hay,

>

I open the window and spread it around,

>

Because moose will come running when there's hay on the ground.

>

>Harriers' verses:

>

>

When I was a young lad I played with the girls,

>

I'd fondle their titties and twirl their curls,

>

But my true love ran off with a classmate named Bruce,

>

I never got treated that way by a moose.

>

>Women like pearls and diamonds and cars,

>

I spend all my money on them in bars,

>
But a moose is content to be tied to a tree,
>
While I find other mooses to satisfy me.
>

>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
>
As the feeling you gets when you humps with a moose.
>

>Harriettes' verses:
>

>All my past lovers did brag about size,
>
Those tales of twelve inches were nothing but lies,
>
But a moose is the size that a man ought to be,
>
That's why from now on it's mooses for me.
>

>When I was much younger I read dirty books,
>
I stroked myself with each gazing look,
>
But nothing can make my eyes start to twinkle,
>
Then getting it off with that stud Bullwinkle.
>

>Now that I'm older and into my years,
>
>I'll have you know that I shed no tears,
>
>While I sit by the fire with a glass of Mateus,
>
>Playing hide the salami with Marvin the Moose.
>

For those not recognizing "Sweet Betsy from
Pike/Villikins and His Dinah" by their titles
>alone, a cross reference to what may be a more
>familiar use of the tune may be helpful. The tune
>is the same as that used for "Charlotte the Harlot",
>"Farting Contest", and "Lupe (Loopy) the Mexican
>Whore". The melody is quite common and widely known.
>
>In fact, Ed Cray writes in "The Erotic Muse - American
>Bawdy Songs" (University of Illinois Press, 1990) that:
>"The Villikins melody that carries 'Charlotte' is the
>most used 'come-all-ye' in Anglo-American balladry.
>A numbing profusion of songs travels on the tune and
>its variants..."
>
>I'm therefore reasonably certain that you know the tune
>since so many songs, both dirty and clean, use it. If
>you don't know it, simply ask around hash circles for
>"Loopy", and once you hear a fragment of the tune you'll
>no doubt have instant recognition.

>
>ZiPpY

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\motherin1.txt

149. MY MOTHER-IN-LAW
Melody--Itself

One night in gay Par-ee,
I paid five francs to see

A big fat French lady,
Tattooed from head to knee.
And on her jaw was a British man-of-war,
And on her back was a Union Jack,
So I paid five francs more,
And running up and down her spine
Was the Bangkok Hash in line,
And on her lily-white bum
Was a picture of the rising sun,
And on her fanny
Was Al Jolson singing Mammy,
How I loves her, how I loves her,
How I loves my mother-in-law.

I loves my mother-in-law,
She's nothing but a dirty old whore,
She nags me day and night,
And I can't do fuck-all right,
She's coming home today,
But I hope she stays away,
Now isn't it a pity,
She's only one titty,
And she's in the family way.
Last night I greased the stairs,
Put thumbtacks on the chairs,
I hope she breaks her back,
Because I do love wearing black.

She drinks all my brandy,
And makes my dog feel randy,
How I loves her, how I loves her,
How I loves my mother-in-law.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\myfather.txt

My Father Was a Fireman

The first stanza is declaimed, rather than sung, in exaggerated parlando fashion. The second is sung.

Oh, for the life of a fireman,
To ride on a fire engine red,
To say to a team of white horses,
"Go ahead, go ahead, go ahead."

My father was a fireman.
He puts out fires.
My brother is a fireman.
He puts out fires.
My sister Sal is a fireman's gal.
She puts out too.

This was sung by retired Air Force officer Wally Fey for Bill Getz of Redwood City.
The tape was furnished by Getz.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\mynameis.txt

[My Name Is John Williams]

Like sailors in port, lumberjacks in town had trouble with the sportin'
ladies. This was sung in the Michigan woods to the tune of "Solomon Levi."

Oh, my name is John Williams, my age is twenty-one.
I am an old bull puncher, and a roarin' son of a gun.
So _____. I think you' better git,
And don't you dare to kicketh me, or I'll whip you till
you shit.

Oh, swamper, cut that knot off, you lop-cock son of a whore,
Or suck my snotty old fuck stick till your upper lip gets
sore.
And when I go to Ludington, I think I am a man,
I'll wander up and down the streets with the dodger in
my hand.

Until I meet some pretty lass, who chanced to go a-past,
I'll introduce her to my tool and run it up her ass.
I'd run it up her little guts until she took a fit,
And when I pulled my dodger out, it was covered with
blood and shit.

And the phlegm flew up on her arsehole to run a flouring mill,
And the spendings out her damned old snatch woulda filled a
barrel swill,
And when I got to camp again, I found I had the pox,
I wished to Christ that I'd stayed to home and screw my old
up-ox.

Oh, I did her up in axle grease and tied her in a rag,
Oh, curse the whore that sucked me up, I wish I were a stag.

This was collected by Paul Gifford of Flint, Michigan, from Orin Miller, a fiddler from Mason County, Michigan, in 1977. Miller was retired, and supported himself by knitting stocking caps, Gifford noted.

In singing this unique ballad, Miller's memory seems to have failed him at times.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\myonesk1.txt

92. MY ONE SKIN

Melody--My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

My one skin hangs down to my two skin,
My two skin hangs down to my three,
My three skin hangs down to my foreskin,
My foreskin hangs down to my knee.

CHORUS: Roll back, roll back,
Roll back my foreskin for me, for me.
Roll back, roll back,
Please roll back my foreskin for me.
My body lies over the ocean,
My body lies over the sea,
My father lies over my mother,
And that's how they created me.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\noballs.txt

No Balls at All

[C]

Come all you young drunkards give ear to my tale,
I'll tell you a story that will make you turn pale,
It's about a young lady so pretty and small,
Who married a man who had no balls at all.

Chorus:

No balls at all, no balls at all,
She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.

"Oh mother, oh mother, oh pity my luck,
I've married a man who's unable to fuck,
His toolbag is empty, his screwdriver's small,
The impotent wretch has got no balls at all."

Chorus:

No balls at all, no balls at all,
The impotent wretch has got no balls at all.

"My daughter, my daughter, don't be so sad,
I had the same problem with your dear old dad,
But there's many a man who'll give ear to the call,
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all."

Chorus:

No balls at all, no balls at all,
To the wife of a man who has no balls at all.

The pretty young girl took her mother's advice,
And she thought the whole thing was exceedingly nice,
An eighteen-pound baby was born in the fall,
But the poor little bastard had no balls at all.

Chorus:

No balls at all, no balls at all,
The poor little bastard had no balls at all.

According to Paul Woodford, this hashers' version of "No Balls at All" is sung to the ubiquitous tune of "Sweet Betsy from Pike." The text is number 94 in Woodford's "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994).

[D]

The Hubert Canfield Collection gathered in 1927 contains three versions similar to the "B" text in the second edition of *The Erotic Muse*. One offers a postscript to the story:

So she got an apartment and sent out the word,
And if she fucked one, she fucked a helluva herd.
Now a bouncing big baby is born every fall
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

Chorus:

What! No balls at all!
No! No balls at all!
On the wife [son?] of the man who had no balls at all.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\nolie.txt

That's No Lie

I went down home about four o'clock.
I knocked on the door and the door was locked.
I went to the window but when I peeked in.
A big buck nigger was a-easing it in
 To my baby, to my baby,
 Into my baby, and that's no lie.

Baby, baby, have you forgot
The night I humped you in the vacant lot?
I backed your ass up against the fence
And you've been taking it ever since.
 That's no lie, baby, that's no lie, babe.
 You've been taking it. That's no lie.

A "proto-blues" from the Canfield collection of 1926, without source or provenience. Its assignment here is arbitrary.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\oldgray1.txt

34. THE OLD BROWN COW
Melody--The Old Gray Mare

The old brown cow went pffftz against the wall,
The old brown cow went pffftz against the wall,
The old brown cow went pffftz against the wall,
And the wall was covered in SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Songs II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\oldman.txt

There Was an Old Man

[A]

The Brighton locale identifies this as English in origin. It is from the Canfield collection made in the United States in 1926.

There was an old man at Brighton last year,
Whose hobby was swimming around the pier.

He dove and he swam way out to the rocks,
And amused all the ladies by shaking his --
 Fist at the copper who stood on the shore,
 The very same copper who pulled him before.

They pursued in small boats, but were unable to pass
For the thrifty old rascal would thens how his --
 Wondrous maneuvers in swimming so fine,
 His wonderful msucles before and behind.

This man had a sister at Brighton last year,
Whose hobby was swimming around the same pier.

She dove like a dog and swam like a duck
And showed by her motions she knew hot to --
 Frolic in water quite uop to her chin
 And not be drawned as so many have been.

Her suit of blue serge was the finest of fits,
And showed to advantage the swell of her --
 Tidy contour from her head to her feet.
 Twas just the right thing and exceedingly neat.

When tired of swimming, for shells she would hunt,
And go through the motions of washing her --
 Clothes in the ocean so deep and so blue,
 Thinking thereby she would make them look new.

When tired of swimming, for shore she would start,
And enjoy the strange pleasure of letting a --
 Fresh swell roll over her dainty toes,
 And wash the sand from off her hose.

[B]

One day I was sunning myself on the beach
And observed the form of a wonderful peach.
She dived, and she rolled and she swam like a duck
And she showed by her motions that she knew how to --

Swim in water way up to her chin
Though she never was drowned as others had been.
And whenever in front of rock she would pass
I observed the shape of her wonderful --

Swimming in water way up to her chin.

Though she never was drowned as others had been.
And whenever I got a good view of her front
I admired once more her wonderful --

Swimming in water way up to her chin.
Though she never was drowned as others had been.
And whenever I think of this girl in a dream,
I always wake up half smothered in --

Great big waves way up to my chin
And nearly am drowned as others have been.

This unusual form of the teasing song, with a "chorus" embedded in the first lines of the verses, is from the Canfield collection, dated to 1926.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\oldsmoky1.txt

154. ON TOP OF OLD SOPHIE
Melody--On Top of Old Smoky

On top of old Sophie,
All covered in sweat,
I've used fourteen rubbers,
But she hasn't come yet.

For fucking's a pleasure,
And farting's relief,
But a long-winded lover,
Will bring nothing but grief.

She'll kiss you and hug you,
Say it won't take long,
But two hours later,
You're still going strong.

So come all you lovers,
And listen to me,
Don't waste your erection,
On a long-winded she.

For your root will just wither,
And your passion will die,
And she will forsake you,
And you'll never know why.

From Paul Woodward, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\oldteam.txt

[I Had an Old Team]

I had an old team named Peddler and Joe,
Not a damned inch would the sons of bitches go!
 Twiddly dang! Tiddly dang!

Joe, the old oft horse, he was black.
He had no hair on whole behind.
 Twiddly dang! Tiddly dang!

Peddler, the old nigh mare, she was with foal.
You can see nine miles of her old asshole.
 Twiddly dang! Tiddly dang!

 This is perhaps a fragment of a longer ballad. It was sung by William Bigford, then of Portland, Michigan, to Paul Gifford between 1975 and 1982. For details about Bigford, a fiddle player, see the note to "Gilderoy."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\pigtown.txt

Pigtown Fling

[A]

The night was dark and the river was muddy.
I got so drunk I couldn't keep steady.
I give a little whoop and I give a little yell.
The horse run away, throwed the buggy all to hell.

 From William Bigford. (See "Gilderoy" above.)

[B]

Dog shit a rye straw longer than a riddle-o.
Dog shit a rye straw, longer than a fiddle bow.

Dog shit a catfish, bigger than a minner-o.
Dog shit a catfish big enough for dinner-o.

 Are "Rye Straw" and "Pigtown Fling" the same tune?

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\pinkham1.txt

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Fri Jun 21 08:52:18 1996
Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP
id IAA28894 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Fri, 21 Jun 1996 08:52:16 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with
UUCP id LAA15056; Fri, 21 Jun 1996 11:50:00 -0400 (EDT)
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)
id AA03283; 19 Jun 96 04:23:48 -0500
From: Jeff Mach <td@eden.rutgers.edu>Date: Tue, 18 Jun 96 15:31:52 EDT
X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Subject: Re: Scavenger Hunt
Message-Id: <CMM-RU.1.5.835126312.td@er6.rutgers.edu>X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

The only "Lydia Pinkham" I know is sung by an Irish group, and, if
'tis the same song, is presumably rather cleaned up...

"We'll drink and drink and drink
To Lydia Pinkham, pinham, pink
The savior of the human race
She invented medicinal compound,
Most applicacious in every case"

^^^chorus

"Ebenezer thought he was Julius Caesar
So they put him in a home
And they gave him medicinal compound
And now he's Emperor of Rome"

^^^sample verse.

Any help at all?

-JM
Rutgers Rocky Guy

--

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To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

To (un)sub-cribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net

--

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\pioneers.txt

The Pioneers

[C]

Those mountaineers have hairy ears.
They piss through leather britches.
They bang their cocks against the rocks.
They're hardy sons of bitches.

Those mountaineers, they give three cheers
For Hell and all its trifles.
They bang their balls upon the walls
And pepper them with rifles.

The mountaineers, they're hung like steers.
They'll shag a yawning chasm.
They flop their nuts against their butts,
And shoot a mean orgasm.

The mountaineers, they love their beers,
And quaff one every minute.
They drain their jocks in big stone crocks,
And wash their faces in it.

The mountaineers, they shed no tears.
They're full of quips and frolics.
They poop foul gas from out their ass
To cool their iron bollocks.

Those mountaineers can shift their gears
And shit in all directions.
They wipe their ass on broken glass
Or on their proud erections.

Those mountaineers with hoots and jeers
Bewail a cuntless nation.
They jab their tools in army mules
In abandoned masturbation.

Those mountaineers, they have no fears
Of crab-infested niches.
They scratch their pricks with sandy bricks
When annoyed by lousy itches.

[D]

Oh, mountaineers have shaggy ears.
They diddle not with trifles.
They hang their balls on canyon walls
And shoot at them with rifles.

They pound their cosk upon the rocks,
Those hardy sons of bitches.
They wipe their ass with broken glass,
And care not if it itches.

When tail is rare, they rape the bear,
And tie her in half hitches,
Nor hesitate to masturbate
Within their leather britches.

They use their pricks for walking sticks
In crossing muddy ditches.
They fuck their wives with carving knives
And flog their teats with switches.

They brew their booze from boots and shoes,
A drink they seem to relish.
They shave their jaws with crosscut saws,
Which makes them look quite hellish.

They always throw their balls, you know,
At women and at babies.
They're full of snot and other rot
And covered o'er with scabies.

From dark till dawn with one bone on,
They fuck their clappy wenches.
From dawn till dark, they beat their bark

And screw knotholes in benches.

With limber tools they flail their mules
And warm their offsprings' britches.
With stiffened cocks they pry up rocks
And boost Fords out of ditches.

The mountain lass is full of pash.
They crack nuts in their snatches.
They love to screw an hour or two
Bare-ass in bramble patches.

The mountain twat is boiling hot.
It covers pricks with blisters.
A stranger once tried lapping cunts
And singed off all his whiskers.

Those hardy cunts use double shunts
And mighty heaves and passes,
That pull the pricks of common hicks
And set them on their asses.

They ne'er despair when prick is rare,
But frig themselves with cactus,
Or mount a jack upon their back
Which gives them lots of practice.

These C and D texts are from the Hubert Canfield Collection, assembled in the first months of 1926. No tune was indicated.

[E]

The pioneers have hairy ears,
They piss through leather britches;
They wipe their ass on broken glass,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

When cunt is rare they fuck a bear.
They knife him if he snitches;
They knock their cocks against the rocks,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

They take their ass upon the grass
From fairies, wolves, or witches;
Their two-pound dinks are full of chinks,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

They fuck a horse without remorse
And beat him if he twitches;
Their mighty dicks are full of nicks,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

To make a mule stand for the tool,
He's beat with hickory switches;
They use their pricks for walking sticks,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

Great joy they reap from tugging sheep
In sundry bogs and ditches,
Nor care a damn if it's a ram,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

When booze is rare, they do not care.
They take a shot of Fitch's;
They fuck their wives with butcher knives,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

Sent by Joe Fineman, on May 15, 1994, as sung in the Boston area four decades earlier.

[F]

The pioneers have hairy ears,
They piss through leather britches,
They wipe their ass with broken glass,
Those tough old sons of bitches.

When cunt is rare, they fuck a bear,
They knife him if he snitches,
They knock their cocks against the rocks,
Those hardy sons of bitches.

They take their ass upon the grass,
In bushes or in ditches,
Their two-pound dinks are full of kinks,
Those rough-hewn sons of bitches.

Without remorse, they fuck a horse,
And beat him if he twitches,
Their two-foot pricks are full of nicks,
Those mean old sons of bitches.

To make a mule stand for the tool,
They beat him with hickory switches,
They use their pricks for walking sticks,
Those gnarled old sons of bitches.

Great joy they reap from cornholing sheep,
In barns, or bogs, or ditches,
Nor give a damn if it be a ram,
Those grimy sons of bitches.

They walk around, prick to the ground,
And kick it if it itches,
And if it throbs, they scratch it with cobs,
Those mighty sons of bitches.

This is number 191 in Paul Woodford's "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994). Woodford notes it is sung to the melody of "Son of a Gambolier."

From Joe Fineman, ca. May 15, 1994

THE PIONEERS

The pioneers have hairy ears,
They piss through leather britches;
They wipe their ass on broken glass,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

When cunt is rare they fuck a bear:
They knife him if he snitches;
They knock their cocks against the rocks,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

They take their ass upon the grass
From fairies, wolves, or witches;
Their two-pound dinks are full of chinks,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

They fuck a horse without remorse
And beat him if he twitches;
Their mighty dicks are full of nicks,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

To make a mule stand for the tool,
He's beat with hickory switches;
They use their pricks for walking sticks,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

Great joy they reap from tugging sheep
In sundry bogs and ditches,
Nor care a damn if it's a ram,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

When booze is rare they do not care:
They take a shot of Fitch's;
They fuck their wives with butcher knives,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\pioneers2.txt

191. THE PIONEERS

Melody--Son of a Gambolier

The pioneers have hairy ears,
They piss through leather britches,
They wipe their ass with broken glass,
Those tough old sons of bitches.

When cunt is rare, they fuck a bear,
They knife him if he snitches,
They knock their cocks against the rocks,
Those hardy sons of bitches.

They take their ass upon the grass,
In bushes or in ditches,
Their two-pound dinks are full of kinks,
Those rough-hewn sons of bitches.

Without remorse, they fuck a horse,
And beat him if he twitches,
Their two-foot pricks are full of nicks,
Those mean old sons of bitches.

To make a mule stand for the tool,
They beat him with hickory switches,
They use their pricks for walking sticks,
Those gnarled old sons of bitches.

Great joy they reap from cornholing sheep,
In barns, or bogs, or ditches,
Nor give a damn if it be a ram,
Those grimy sons of bitches.

They walk around, prick to the ground,
And kick it if it itches,
And if it throbs, they scratch it with cobs,
Those mighty sons of bitches.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\publicly1.txt

13. THEY OUGHT TO BE PUBLICLY PISSSED ON

Melody--My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

They ought to be publicly pissed on,
They ought to be publicly shot,
They ought to be tied to a urinal,
And left there to fester and rot,
Drink it down, down, etc . . .

From "Hash Hymns II," edited by Paul Woodford, Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\puff1.txt

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Mon Jul 7 02:10:11 1997
Return-Path: <bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net>Received: from mizar.usc.edu
(mizar.usc.edu [128.125.253.135])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP
id CAA00830 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Mon, 7 Jul 1997 02:10:11 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP
id CAA01738 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Mon, 7 Jul 1997 02:10:10 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with
UUCP id FAA18176; Mon, 7 Jul 1997 05:09:59 -0400 (EDT)
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.970109)
id AA03532; 05 Jul 97 05:07:19 -0500
From: cclose@academy.net.au (C)
Date: Fri, 4 Jul 1997 18:31:55 +0930
X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Subject: Puff The Killer Codpiece {filk}
Message-Id: <199707040901.SAA08986@dialin.academy.net.au>
X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Received: from dialin.academy.net.au (root@dialin.academy.net.au [203.19.105.21]) by
shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with ESMTP id FAA19551 for
<bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>; Fri, 4 Jul 1997 05:02:17 -0400 (EDT)
Received: from PPP.academy.net.au (ppp03.academy.net.au [203.19.105.68]) by
dialin.academy.net.au (8.7.6/8.7.3) with SMTP id SAA08986 for
<bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>; Fri, 4 Jul 1997 18:31:55 +0930
X-Sender: cclose@academy.net.au
X-Mailer: Windows Eudora Version 1.4.4
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"
Status: RO
X-Status:

I find this is very silly
and charming and amusing
on first hearing.

It was written by Laura (who prefers to remain
anonymous as she is ashamed of it)
and Yvonne Deitrich (lady Mathilda of Innilgard)

Puff The Killer Codpiece

Puff found his creation
at the hands of a fair young maid
twas made of beads and golden lace
and fourteen yards of braid

She sadly o'er extended
her rather meagre skill
the resulting great monstrosity
possessed amazing will

She sadly had forgotten
her needle to remove
and when her lord did put it on
his undoing it did prove

Seated in the feast hall
all heard his mighty roar
as puff the killer codpiece
laid him on the floor

The king was quite unsettled
the queen was horrified
as chirugens carried out a lord
who wished that he had died

We've seen him at later tournaments
still dressed with grace and flair
in flowing robes and graceful skirts
with ribbands in his hair

So all ye fair young maidens
if you your lord would serve
be careful with your needles
your pleasure to preserve

If it is to be published anywhere I have the right
to give the go ahead etc. I think it is a sing once every
two years song. There *was* a chorus but I

got rid of it about eight years ago.
I am pretty sure i nixed
another verse too, but
even the creators dont remember.

It remains alive and sung:)
lots and lots of really stupid songs
get forgotten so I make it my
business to record them.

The next one I will post is "wreck the halls"
by toft and co.
but I will try to wait until someone else has
made a contribution..

Carol

(warning-- killer sig below)

Carol Close Adelaide, South Australia
The Big Scary exHousewife (seperated on 1st May)

Charter member, Wise Women Of The Web | Poetry Webring founder/maintainer |
Generic Homepages Association, #Member 18 | us undernet addict |
Geocities SoHo Volunteer | Authorised Rolling Scrolling Status Surfer |
Maeva Torfadottir in the SCA- Bohemia Innilgard's blue feather Household has arrived

Lachlan b 20/12/95 is perfect Alexander b 29/11/93 and is perfect
What me, a biased mother?

<http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/2141/poetweb.htm>
International Poetry Webring more than 800 sites linked together.

The Big Scary housewife is unwell at present

Typos are the resposibility of anyone willing to take the blame.

--

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|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\redriver1.txt

109. SIT ON MY FACE (VERSION # 2)

Melody--Red River Valley

Come and sit on my face if you love me,
Come sit on my face if you care,
Let me look into your Red River Valley,
And stare into your pubic hair.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\redtrain.txt

The Little Red Train

[C]

The engineer was at the throttle,
 She blew, she blew.
The engineer was at the throttle,
 She blew, she blew.
The engineer was at the throttle,
 Jerking off in a whiskey bottle,
And away she blew, the son of a bitch she blew.

Similarly:

The fireman he was shoveling coal,
A red-hot cinder flew up his asshole.

The brakeman was a-cleaning the lamps,
And all of a sudden he shit in his pants.

The switchman forgot to turn the switch,
And the train ran over the son of a bitch.

The porter was making up a berth
Fucking a whore for all he was worth.

The mailman was sorting out the mail,
And tearing off a piece of tail.

The hobo he fell off the struts,
And forty-nine cars ran over his nuts.

The baggageman sitting on a truck,
He and his girl playing stick-finger-up.

The conductor was sitting in the can,
And when he came out he was of a man.

The agent was a lazy mick,
Stamped the checks witht he end of his prick.

The president sat in his private car,
Squirting semen wide and far.

The secretary was a dirty cur.
He fucked the fair stenographer.

The dining car crew were all in a heap,
For tail was dear but ass was cheap.

The newlyweds, in lower nine,
Were up to their necks in steaming brine.

The old lady sat in the Pullman car,
A-fucking herself with a coupling bar.

The drummer lay in the upper berth,
A-flogging his dummy for all he [was] worth.

The engineer expected a wreck,
And he shit his pants clear up to the neck.

This is from the Hubert Canfield collection, gathered in the first months of 1926. Canfield's informant was not credited on the typescript.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\redwing.txt

Red Wing

The original ballad, according to an e-mail message by Mark Thomas on January 12, 1994, "was originally a Tin Pan Alley song from 1907, words by Thurland Chattaway, music by Kerry Mills. The original sheet music is reproduced in the collection Take Me Out to the Ball Game, and Other Favorite Song Hits, 1906-1908 edited by Lester S. Levy, published by Dover, 1984. Lyrics of 'Red Wing' are about a forlorn Indian maiden."
The text runs:

There once was an Indian maid,
A shy little prairie maid,
Who sang a lay, a love song gay,
As on the plain she'd while away the day;

She loved a warrior bold,
This shy little maid of old,
But brave and gay, he rode one day
To battle far away.

Now, the moon shines tonight on pretty Red Wing,
The breeze is sighing, the night bird's crying,
For afar 'neath his star her brave is sleeping,
While Red Wing's weeping
her heart away.

She watched for him day and night,
She kept all the campfires bright,
And under the sky, each night she would lie,
And dream about his coming by and by;

But when all the braves returned,
the heart of Red Wing yearned,
For far, far away, her warrior gay,
fell bravely in the fray.

The Ring-Dang-Doo

[D]

I met a girl the other night.
She surely was a lovely sight.
I gave her hugs and kisses too,
And tired to feel her ring-dang-doo.

Chorus:
Oh, ring-dang-doo, oh, what is that?
Soft and round like a pussy cat,
Soft and round and split in two,
"Why that," she said, "is my ring-dang-doo."

She took me down into her cellar
And said I was a damned fine feller.
She gave me wine and whiskey too,
And let me play with her ring-dang-doo.

She laid her down upon her bed,
And put a pillow 'neath her head.
She took my cock-a-doodle-doo
And slipped it in her ring-dang-doo.

The jizzum came just like a flood.
The bedclothes they were soaked with blood.
I screwed her twice and she came too,
And washed the blood from her ring-dang-do.

We tried it lying on the floor
And standing up behind the door,
And tried it upside, downside too,
I couldn't quit diddling her ring-dang-doo.

Her mother said, "You God damned fool,
He broke your hymen with his tool.
So pack your kit and then skidoo,
And go to hell with your ring-dang-doo."

So now she is a dirty whore
With a painted sign above the door:
Two dollars now and two-bits two,
To take a crack at her ring-dang-doo.

The years went by and ring-dang-doo
Taught nice young fellows how to screw.

One dollar cash, six bits will do
To take a crack at ring-dang-doo.

This is from the Canfield Collection amassed in 1926 from a number of correspondents nationally. Canfield had another which adds after the "father" verse of "A":

"Oh, mother dear, I'm not to blame;
When you were young you did the same.
From sweet sixteen to sixty-two,
My old man played with your ring-dang-doo."

[E]

Down on the farm, where I met Sue,
I used to play with her ring dang doo!

She moved to town and became a whore,
And she painted a sign and put above her door:

"Come all you young, and you old ones, too,
Come take a pop at my ring dang doo."

I took one pop at her ring dang doo,
And that is why I sing to you.

My cock has rotted through and through
Since I took that pop at her ring dang doo!

Sung by Phenoi Deschamps, J. Kenneth Larson's Idaho informant, who provided a number of unusual songs. No tune is indicated in the Larson "Barnyard" typescript.

[F]

Chorus:

The ringadangdoo, pray what is that?
It's furry and soft, like a pussycat,
It's got a crack down the middle, and a hole right through,
That's what they call the ringadangdoo.

I once knew a girl, her name was Jean,
The sweetest girl I'd ever seen,
She loved a boy who was straight and true,
Who longed to play on her Ringadangdoo.

So she took him to her father's house,
And crept inside as quiet as a mouse,
And they shut the door and the window too,
And he played all night on her Ringadangdoo.

The very next day her father said,
"You've gone and lost your maidenhead!
You can pack your bag and suitcase too,
And bugger off with your Ringadangdoo."

So she went to town and became a whore,
And hung a red light outside her door,
And one by one and two by two,
They came to play on her Ringadangdoo.

There came to that town a son of a bitch,
Who had the pox and the seven-year itch,
He had gonorrhea and syphilis too
So that was the end of her Ringadangdoo.

Paul Woodford's "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994) gives this as number 104,
sung to the melody of "How Dry I Am."

[G]

This recitation ???????????????? was forwarded by John Garst
<garst@sunchem.chem.uga.edu

>on October 11, 1997. BLACK currency as a toast? See Abrahams?

Well, when I was young,
and we moved away,

Well, I left behind
all my friends that day.

Well, it made me sad
until my new neighbor girl,

Showed me her ring dang do.

Well, a ring dang do
, what the heck is that?

Well it's soft and warm
, just like a pussycat.

And like a pussycat,
you can pet it too.

Me and that girl
liked to play at her house.

One day me and that girl
played up on her couch.

When her mom walked in,
honest unannounced

,
Well, I got scared
and I tried to run.

But her mom grabbed me
by my tommygun.

Well, about that time
little tommy sprayed.

Her hands got wet and I slipped away

From that Ring Dang Do,
what the heck is that?

Well, it's soft and warm,
just like a pussycat.

And like a pussycat,
you can pet it too.

]

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\rosinbow.txt

Rosin the Bow [Beau]

[A]

I fucked an old lady, God damn her.
God damn her old soul, she was dead.
The maggots rolled out of her asshole,
The hair was all off of her head.

From William Bigford. (See "Gilderoy" above.)

[B]

Did you ever see Sally make water?
She pisses a beautiful stream.
It measures an inch and a quarter
And you can't see her belly for steam.

Collected by Paul Gifford from Fenton Watkins, who was born in 1885 in South Haven, Michigan, and died in 1980 in Birmingham, Michigan. Watkins, wrote Gifford, "played the fiddle and dulcimer and had worked with horses most of his life."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\ryewhisk1.txt

209. RYE WHISKEY

Melody--Itself

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey,
Rye whiskey, I cry.
If I don't get rye whiskey,
I surely will die.

If the ocean were whiskey,
And I were a duck,
I'd swim to the bottom,
And drink my way up.

Sometimes I drink whiskey,
Sometimes I drink gin,
It doesn't really matter,
The state that I'm in.

Sometimes I drink whiskey,
Sometimes I drink rum,
I only do that,
When I want to come.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\salvat'n1.txt

210. SALVATION ARMY SONG

Melody--Itself

We're coming, we're coming,
Our brave little band,
On the right side of justice,
We'll all take a stand.
We don't smoke tobacco because we all think,
That people who smoke are likely to drink.

CHORUS: Away, away with rum by gum,
With rum by gum, with rum by gum,
Away, away with rum by gum,
The song of the Salvation Army.
Rum chug-a-lug, rum chug-a-lug, rum bum bum.

We never eat fruit cake,
Cause fruit cake has rum,
And one little bite turns a man to a bum.
Oh, can you imagine a sorrier sight,
Than a man eating fruit cake until he is light?

We never eat cookies, Cause cookies have yeast,
And one little bite turns a man to a beast.
Oh, can you imagine a greater disgrace,
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

There's Viceroy cigarettes for people who think,
And Ban deodorant for people who stink,
But thinking and stinking are not right by me,
I get my kicks from Saigon tea.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\sexborin.txt

107. SEX IS BORING
Melody--FrŠre Jacques

Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Gonna cut my fingers off,
One by one . . .

Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Pulling out my pubic hairs,
One by one . . .

Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Poking out my eyes,
One by one . . .

Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Cutting off my gonads,
One by one . . .

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\sexualli.txt

The Sexual Life of the Camel

Hubert Canfield had a two-stanza set of this in 1926 from Kansas City, Kansas, sung to the tune of "My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean." His correspondent, Allen B. Brown, wrote that the song was "sung by Harvard Law students, mostly grads from other schools, to annoy the regular Harvard men."

[C]

After long and exhaustive researches
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall,
It has been conclusively proven
The hedgehog can't be buggered at all.

After further exhaustive researches,
It has been conclusively shown
That comparative safety at Harvard
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

[D]

Another in the Canfield collection, under the title of "Hedgehog Song," is localized to Williams College, and is apparently sung to the tune of "Botany Bay":

Let's sing to old Ephraim Williams
Who found the school at Billville.
When he went to his death by the Injuns
He left all his boodle by will.

Chorus:

Singing touralie [pron: "i in bite" according to the ms.],
 uralie, yentee.
Singing touralie-uralie-yay.

Singing touralie-uralie-yentee.
Singing touralie-uralie-yay.

So, here's to old Ephraim Williams,
And here's to the old Mohawk Trail,
And here's to the Indian maiden
Who gave him his first piece of tail.

Exhaustive and painful researches
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall
Have conclusively proved that the hedgehog
Can scarcely be buggered at all.

But further experimentation
Has incontrovertably shown
That comparative safety at Harvard
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

But alas! for the ass of the hedgehog!
And alas! for the quills in his tail --
For when Harvard's culture's triumphant
The resources of nature must fail.

And here's to the girls of New Haven
And here's to the streets that they roam,
And here's to their children, goddam 'em --
Who knows, but they may be your own.

[E]

From tzf@LPL.Arizona.EDU Mon Jul 7 15:33:58 1997
Return-Path: <tzf@LPL.Arizona.EDU>Received: from parallax.LPL.Arizona.EDU
(parallax.LPL.Arizona.EDU [128.196.145.137])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with SMTP
id PAA07373 for <cray@rcf.usc.edu>; Mon, 7 Jul 1997 15:33:56 -0700 (PDT)
Received: by parallax.LPL.Arizona.EDU (SMI-8.6/SMI-SVR4)
id PAA05023; Mon, 7 Jul 1997 15:33:13 -0700
Date: Mon, 7 Jul 1997 15:33:13 -0700
From: tzf@LPL.Arizona.EDU (Terry Friedman via parallax)
Message-Id: <199707072233.PAA05023@parallax.LPL.Arizona.EDU>
To: cray@rcf.usc.edu
Subject: Re: Christians
X-Sun-Charset: US-ASCII
Status: RO
X-Status: A

Ed,

Since I'm new to the list I threw camel out as a teaser, since it might
be old hat. Still not sure, since today's postings indicate that

you're something of a collector, whether you're suggesting I put it up for all or you're just interested in possible variants. Please repost if you think it's something others might be interested in.

I learned this from Dave Firestein a few years ago. I don't know what the source tune is (indeed, I suspect it changes a bit each time we sing it), but it's in 3/4. I've since seen it in some bawdy collections on my shelves, sometimes lacking the Lydia interlude (which seems to have slipped my mind too for the moment: what's there is approximate)

The sexual life of the camel
is stranger than anyone thinks
when the camel starts to get passionate
he starts to make love to the sphinx
But the sphinx's celestial anatomy
is crammed with the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
and the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Oh....
when Lydia goes to make water
she shoots an incredible stream
she pisses for hours and hours
till you can't see the stars through the steam
Which has nothing to do with the camel
Or the (?)
But is only a (brief intermission)
Till the chorus comes round once again:

Oh..
The sexual life

From tzf@LPL.Arizona.EDU Thu Jul 17 14:14:36 1997
Return-Path: <tzf@LPL.Arizona.EDU>Received: from parallax.LPL.Arizona.EDU
(parallax.LPL.Arizona.EDU [128.196.145.137])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with SMTP
id OAA22220 for <cray@rcf.usc.edu>; Thu, 17 Jul 1997 14:14:35 -0700 (PDT)
Received: by parallax.LPL.Arizona.EDU (SMI-8.6/SMI-SVR4)
id OAA01605; Thu, 17 Jul 1997 14:13:23 -0700
Date: Thu, 17 Jul 1997 14:13:23 -0700
From: tzf@LPL.Arizona.EDU (Terry Friedman via parallax)
Message-Id: <199707172113.OAA01605@parallax.LPL.Arizona.EDU>
To: cray@rcf.usc.edu
Subject: Re: Sexual Life of the Camel
X-Sun-Charset: US-ASCII
Status: RO
X-Status: A

Ed,

Read the rest of the \$%^#*\$%^\$ message! Or am I just hallucinating that I already included answers - possibly unsatisfactory - with the song?

Ok, in case my senility is at fault - I learned camel here in Tucson, from one Dave Firestein, mandolin player extraordinaire but camel seems to be the only thing he ever sings, usually as we're cleaning up after jams. Probably first heard him sing it in 1992, give or take a year or so. I dunno where he learned it, but it is in several published works.

Tune: "The sexual life of the camel". If it's based on any earlier tune then it's one I don't know, or perhaps don't recognize in the current rendition. As I may have already said: it's always 3/4-ish (nominally: it's not accented as a waltz), but I suspect that the exact tune changes from month to month.

Um, there isn't any problem fitting "Lydia" into the same melodic line as the rest of the song - the melody contours change slightly, but not drastically.

That's all I can think of to say, short of writing it out, which isn't really a reasonable task for my email editor.

terry

[F]

2 Jun 1993 01:13

mJoseph C Fineman: >Canonical hedgehog list, first release
I forgot to contribute the following old song:

Exhaustive experimentation
By Darwin & Huxley & Hall
Has proved that the ass of the hedgehog
Can scarcely be buggered at all.

Subsequent investigation
Has incontrovertibly shown
That relative safety at Harvard
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

In the process of syphilization
>From anthropoid apes down to man,
The prize is awarded to Harvard

For fucking whatever it can.

But the hedgehog, that tough little bastard,
Has spines to protect it from rapes.
Yet the Yale men have answered its challenge
And now fuck it the way they do apes.

Why don't they do up at Harvard
What freshmen are doing at Yale?
To successfully bugger the hedgehog,
They shave all the quills off its tail.

--

Joe Fineman

jcf@world.std.com

[G]

35. THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL
Melody--My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean?
(Take turns leading verses)

The sexual life of the camel,
Is stranger than anyone thinks,
At the height of the mating season
He tries to bugger the Sphinx.
But the Sphinx's posterior sphincter
Is clogged 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, aye.
Singing, bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-bum,
Bum-titty, bum-titty, aye.

In the process of civilization,
From the anthropoid ape down to man,
It is generally held that the Navy
Has buggered whatever it can,
Yet recent extensive researches
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall,
Conclusively prove that the hedgehog
Has never been buggered at all.

We therefore believe our conclusion
Is incontrovertibly shown,
That comparative safety on shipboard
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.
Why haven't they done it at Spithead,

As they've done it at Harvard and Yale,
And also at Oxford and Cambridge,
By shaving the spines off its tail?

So come all you hashers,
And to the occassion arise,
Grab yourselves a hedgehog,
And enjoy a real suprise.
The following instructions,
Will ensure you do not fail,
Simply ream out its ass with a hosepipe,
And shave the spines off its tail.

The sexual life of the ostrich,
Is hard to understand.
At the height of the mating season,
It buries its head in the sand,
And if another ostrich finds it,
Standing there with its ass in the air,
Does it have the urge to grind it,
Or doesn't it bloody well care?

It was Christmas Eve in the harem,
The eunuchs all standing there,
A hundred dusky maidens,
Combing their pubic hair.
When along came Father Christmas,
Striding down the marble halls,
When he asked what they wanted for Christmas,
The eunuchs all answered, "Our balls!"

Oh, the old men were having a birthday,
Standing at the bar,
Thinking about the old times,
Thinking back so far.
When along came a youthful maiden,
By Christ she was so fair,
When she asked what they'd like for their birthday,
The old men all shouted, "Hair!"

My name is Cecil,
I come from Leicester Square,
I wear open-toed sandals,
And a rosebud in my hair.
For we're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs,
For we're all queers together,
That's why we all go out in pairs.

My name is Basil,

My friend's name is Bond,
When we go out together,
They call us Basilden Bond.
For we're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs,
For we're all queers together,
That's why we go out in pairs.

I went for a ride on a "Puff Puff,"
I found I had to stand,
A little boy offered me his seat,
So I went for it with my hand.
For we're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs,
For we're all queer together,
That's why we go out in pairs.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Songs II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\shamus.txt

[Shamus O'Riley]

This unique ballad sent to Hubert Canfield in 1927 may be of British origin, but is assigned here because of its provenience -- and its melody, the ubiquitous-in-the-United-States "Roving Wreck of Poverty" or "Son of a Gambolier." Whatever, it appears to be another of the "exotic" ballads which sprang up after the Crimean War.

A lad named Shamus O'Riley
Once lived in Erin's Isle.
A bully boy for fucking,
And he did it up in style.
He fucked all the girls in Ireland
From the Channel to the Main,
Then skipped it off to Turkey
To look for hotter game.

He got into the harem
Where the sultan kept his tail.
The girls were overjoyed to see
A husky big-whanged male.
They hid him in the shit-house
Of the sultan's Ivory towers,
And those that wanted fucking
Had to stand in line for hours.

He took them in succession
 Hardly topping off for meals,
And the harem soon was ringing
 With delighted girlish squeals.
For big cunts or little cunts,
 He filled them one and all,
Upon the floor or shit-house seat,
 Or up against the wall.

Things went hot and heavy
 For just about a year,
Then the sudden flood of babies
 Struck the sultan rather queer.
Ninety wives had bastards
 Each with flaming orange hair,
And the sultan he set out to find
 The why and when and where.

He sought the tower shit-house
 To meditate and crap.
And there he found our Shamus
 Lying in Fatima's lap
With his thumb stuck up her arse-hole
 And his peter up her twat.
The sultan grabbed him by the balls,
 And beaned him with a pot.

He yelled for guards and soldiers,
 And roared, "Bring on my knives,
For I've got the bloody bastards
 Who's bene fucking who my wives!
"I'll cut his bloody nuts off
 And make him eat them raw.
I'll tear his bloody cock out
 And cram it down his craw!"

But his angry heart was softened
 When he saw how Shamus wept.
He only tossed him down a dungeon
 Where a lioness was kept.
The lioness was then in heat.
 Shamus leapt upon her back,
And sent his mighty joy-prong
 A-whizzing up her crack.

Shamus cried, "Tis hotter tail
 Than I've had in all my life."
But the Sultan crept behind him,
 And disballed him with a knife.

The harem girls went on a strike,
For they craved that penis back,
But O'Riley died of a broken heart,
And his lioness died of clap.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\shannon.txt

Where the River Shannon Flows

There's a pretty spot on Nellie,
Just an inch below her belly,
Where the hair is nice and curly,
That is where I like to roam.

And the moment that I meet her,
I will stick right in my peter,
For there's not a cunt that's sweeter
Than on my little Irish rose.

Collected from fiddler Walt Taylor, of Bridgeport, Michigan, in the "late '70's," by Paul M. Gifford of Flint, Michigan.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\shanty.txt

Irishman's Shanty

Did you ever go into an Irishman's shanty,
Where money is scarce but whisky is plenty,
A three-legged stool and a table to match?
You open the door and you get some snatch.

Paul Gifford learned this while working as a musician at Mackinac Island, Michigan, between 1975 and 1985. The song, in bawdy and presentable versions, "is still pretty widespread in Michigan," Gifford wrote, "and not infrequently someone would sing a version of it."

The last line of the text above is alternatively: "A basket and door that you shut with a latch."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\sitonfac.txt

Sit on My Face

Now my father said to me, "When yu take a wife.
You're gonna have to fuck her for the rest of your life.
You're gonna have to keep her dressed in silk and lace
So you gotta have her sit right down on your face."

Refrain:

You gotta sit, sit, sit, sit on my face.
You gotta sit, sit, sit, sit on my face.
You gotta sit, sit, sit on my face.

Well, I took my father's word and I got a wife
And on my wedding night I had the time of my life.
You shoulda seen it, guys, it was an awful disgrace.
She climbed upon the bureau and JUMPED on my face.

Well, my new wife died just the other day.
She died for the lack of a satisfying lay.
On her headstone I did place:
"Here lies a girl who just sat on my face."

Sent by F. Markoe Rivinius, of Philadelphia, who was unable to remember a
tune for this. "JUMPED" in the second stanza is entered here as Rivinius sent it to
indicate some sort of emphasis.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\sole.txt

From woodford@wizard.com Tue Sep 10 13:29:51 1996

"

To: cray@mizar.usc.edu

From: Paul Woodford <woodford@wizard.com> Subject: The Sole

Cc: zippy@usa.net

Status: RO

X-Status:

Hi, Ed!

I'm sure you're busy with the history project, but thought you might want to add this one to your collection. I'm looking for the melody, and will probably send this on to digitrad as well. Unless, of course, you know it . . . ?

Regards,
Flying Booger

THE SOLE

What a wonderful fish the sole is,
A wonderful fish is the sole ...
Wonderful fish, served hot on a dish,
Are soles, are soles, are soles

The Sole Song (for want of a better name) is one of about six I collected from my father, so I have no written music for that yet. What I like is folk music - I'm not really into bawdy songs, but I have a passing interest, especially if they have some history.

It was quite amusing when I got it. We were staying with my parents near Durham over Xmas, and went to a party thrown by a neighbour who was an ex navy man. My brother noticed that Dad was getting merry, so arranged with Eric (the host) to spike his drinks a bit...

When we got him home, almost legless, he was singing songs for me that he'd learnt in the army. My Mum was fussing round saying "Francis, the door needs bolting etc etc..." - "Oh get away woman, I'm busy..."

I'd never heard him swear before!

Enough rabbit,
On-on /Yogi

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\stlouis.txt

There Was a Girl

This satiric quatrain has had a long life. The editor heard it, sung to "St. Louis Woman," in elementary school in the 1940s in Los Angeles.

There was a girl of Memphis, Tenn.,
Who frigged herself with a fountain pen.
The cap came off, the ink ran wild.
She was brought to bed with a Negro child.

From the Canfield collection of 1926.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\takelegs1.txt

165. YOU TAKE THE LEGS OFF BETTY GRABLE

Melody--???

You take the legs off Betty Grable,
You take the hair from Myrna Loy,
You take the tits off old Jane Russell,
And the ass off a baby boy.
You take the hands and face off some old clock,
And brother, when you're through,
The only thing that's missing is the C-U-N-T,
And that, you sorry sack of shit, is YOU-U-U!

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\thais.txt

Thais

Written by Newman Levy and published in his Opera Guyed (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, c. 1923, renewed 1951), this redaction of the Massenet opera of the same name

also saw print in the underground publication Immortalia in 1927, pp. 19-20. It is included too in the 1968 reprint, p. 128.

The passage of writer-attorney Levy's poem into oral tradition is not so easily traced. The tune, if any, to which Levy intended his poem to be sung is nowhere indicated. The unique version of the song, with minor changes wrought in Levy's original, was sung to the editor by Phyllis Zasloff in Los Angeles, about 1955. Her melody is a variant of "Son of a Gambolier."

One time in Alexandria, wicked Alexandria,
The night life was exciting in that city by the Nile,
There lived, historians report, the pride of Nile's famed
 resort,
The pride of Pharoah's noble court, and Thais was her name.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\thisold1.txt

198. THIS OLD MAN

Melody--Knick Knack Paddy-Whack

This old man, he fucked one,
Don't you know he had such fun,

CHORUS: With a knick-knack paddy-whack,
He fucked his dog alone,
Fucked his dog and made him groan.

This old man, he fucked two,
A baby rabbit and a kangaroo . . .

This old man, he fucked three,
Put up mirrors so he could see . . .

This old man, he fucked four,
Three wasn't enough so he bought a whore . . .

This old man, he fucked five,
Two were dead and three alive . . .

This old man, he fucked six,
Has his sister turning tricks . . .

This old man, he fucked seven,
The youngest one was just eleven . . .

This old man, he fucked eight,

One sucked him raw and it felt great . . .

This old man, he fucked nine,
God, this orgy is just divine . . .

This old man, he fucked ten,
All he could say was, "Do it again!"

This old man, he fucked eleven,
Died of V.D. and went to heaven,
With a knick-knack paddy-whack,
Now his dog's alone,
No one left to make him groan.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\thisoldm1.txt

219. HASHER MEN (AND WOMEN)

Melody--This Old Man

(*** = Your favorite Hash)

HARRIETTES' VERSES: Knick knack paddy whack give themselves a bone,
*** men have sex alone.

*** men, they play one,
They think they have all the fun.

*** men, they play two,
They can't get it up to screw.

*** men, they play three,
They think they get sex for free.

*** men, they play four,
They can't get it up to score.

*** men, they play five,
They don't have enough sex drive.

*** men, they play six,
Little men with little dicks.

*** men, they play seven,
Masturbation is their heaven.

*** men, they play eight,

They can't get their dicks in straight.

*** men, they play nine,
They take theirs up from behind.

*** men, they play ten,
Little boys who think they're men.

HARRIERS' VERSES: Knick knack paddy whack give themselves a tickle,
*** women use a pickle.

*** women, they play one,
They don't know how to get it on.

*** women, they play two,
They say, "Not now, I've got the flu."

*** women, they play three,
They say, "Not now, I've got to pee."

*** women, they play four,
They say, "Not now, who's at the door?"

*** women, they play five,
They'll cut your balls off with a knife.

*** women, they play six,
They're never satisfied with our pricks.

*** women, they play seven,
Life without sex is their idea of heaven.

*** women, they play eight,
They always seem to have a headache.

*** women, they play nine,
Their sex lives are in decline.

*** women, they play ten,
If they were better looking they might get some men.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\titanic1.txt

From owner-ballad-l@miagra.ucsf.edu Thu Jul 10 23:59:29 1997

Return-Path: <owner-ballad-l@miagra.ucsf.edu>Received: from mizar.usc.edu

(mizar.usc.edu [128.125.253.135])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTTP
id XAA06970 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Thu, 10 Jul 1997 23:59:29 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from miagra.ucs.indiana.edu (miagra.ucs.indiana.edu [129.79.5.181])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTTP
id XAA16961 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Thu, 10 Jul 1997 23:59:27 -0700 (PDT)
Received: (from majordom@localhost)
by miagra.ucs.indiana.edu (8.8.5/8.8.5/1.2skh) id BAA24777
for ballad-l-outgoing; Fri, 11 Jul 1997 01:59:22 -0500 (EST)
Received: from cayman.ucs.indiana.edu (cayman.ucs.indiana.edu [129.79.5.187])
by miagra.ucs.indiana.edu (8.8.5/8.8.5/1.2skh) with ESMTTP id BAA24770
for <ballad-l@majordomo.ucs.indiana.edu>; Fri, 11 Jul 1997 01:59:18 -0500
(EST)
Received: from almaak.usc.edu (almaak.usc.edu [128.125.253.166])
by cayman.ucs.indiana.edu (8.8.5/8.8.5/1.13IUPO) with ESMTTP id BAA12506
for <ballad-l@indiana.edu>; Fri, 11 Jul 1997 01:59:15 -0500 (EST)
Received: from localhost (cray@localhost)
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with SMTP
id XAA06944 for <ballad-l@indiana.edu>; Thu, 10 Jul 1997 23:59:14 -0700
(PDT)
Date: Thu, 10 Jul 1997 23:59:14 -0700 (PDT)
From: Ed Cray <cray@rcf.usc.edu>To: ballad-l@indiana.edu
Subject: Re: The Titanic
Message-ID: <Pine.SV4.3.94.970710235831.3552B-100000@almaak.usc.edu>MIME-Version:
1.0
Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; charset=US-ASCII
Sender: owner-ballad-l@indiana.edu
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Wed, 09 Jul 1997 21:59:44
From: Paul Woodford <woodford@wizard.com>To: Ed Cray <cray@almaak.usc.edu>Cc: ZiPpy
<zippy@usa.net>Subject: Re: Greetings

Hi, Ed!

Thanks for checking in. How's your book going? Roosevelt, was it?
Please let me know, because I do plan to buy and read it once it's
published - since I've been in my 50s, history is unaccountably more
interesting to me than it was before.

Do you have any knowledge of the campfire song about the Titanic? I've
been trying to dig out the original song for a couple of years now, and
haven't gotten anywhere. I'll attach the version I know, but I'm sure it's
nowhere close to the original. Might be a good song to unearth if we can
get to it before the movie comes out.

Retirement has been berry berry good to me so far - I'm praying the money

will last long enough that I'll be able to accept a job I want, rather than one I must accept to keep food on the table.

If you know anyone in the flight safety business, please let them know there's a foul-minded pilot looking for a job!

Sincerely,
Paul Woodford
woodford@wizard.com

THE SINKING OF THE TITANIC

Melody--Itself

There are many versions of this song; not all are written down. This one contains some home-made verses--F.B.

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue,
And they thought they'd built a ship the water couldn't get through.
But an iceberg on the wave, sent it to its watery grave,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus: It was sad, (so sad), it was sad, (too bad),
It was sad when that great ship went down,
To the bottom of the . . . HUSBANDS AND WIVES, LITTLE CHILDREN LOST THEIR LIVES!
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they sailed from Plymouth, England, and were halfway to the shore,
When the rich refused to associate with the poor.
So they put the poor below, where they were the first to go,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Chorus): UNCLES AND AUNTS, THEY PISSED RIGHT IN THEIR PANTS!

Oh, that ship was full of sin, and the sides about to burst,
When the captain shouted, "Women and children first!"
Then he tried to send a wire, but the wires were all on fire,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Chorus): CHILDREN, THEY CRIED, AS THE WAVES SWEEP O'ER THE SIDE!

Oh, the crew was not afraid, as they tried to lower boats,
But the waves were cruel, and nary a boat would float.
So they put on their lifevests, and prepared themselves for death,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Chorus): LADY ASTOR IN HER GOWN, HAD TO WATCH HER HUSBAND DROWN!

Oh, the captain was at fault, and was just about to flee,
When the band struck up with "A-Nearer My God to Thee!"
And the steerage passengers, were left to drown like curs,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Chorus): HOW THEY DID PLEA, AS THEY SLIPPED BENEATH THE SEA!

(Special verse): But in the captain's cabin, the spirits they did find,
And they began to swill, as they floated in the brine.
And the liquor in their veins, kept them warm upon the main,
It was glad when that great ship went down!

(Special Chorus): It was glad (so glad), it was glad (so glad),
It was glad when that great ship went down,
To the bottom of the . . . CHAMPAGNE AND WHISKEY, THEY WENT DOWN FEELING
FRISKY!
It was glad when that great ship went down.

Oh, the moral of this story is very plain to see,
You must wear your life preserver when you are out to sea.
Or you may find yourself aswim, facing fate that's all too grim,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Chorus): MIGHTY OR MEEK, YOU CAN'T TREAD WATER FOR A WEEK!

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>Otherwise, congratulations on your retirement. The nation is once more
>protected.
>
>Ed
>
>
>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\titanic2.txt

From owner-ballad-l@miagra.ucs.indiana.edu Thu Jul 10 23:59:12 1997
Return-Path: <owner-ballad-l@miagra.ucs.indiana.edu>Received: from mizar.usc.edu
(mizar.usc.edu [128.125.253.135])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP

id XAA06935 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Thu, 10 Jul 1997 23:59:12 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from miagra.ucs.indiana.edu (miagra.ucs.indiana.edu [129.79.5.181])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP
id XAA16955 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Thu, 10 Jul 1997 23:59:10 -0700 (PDT)
Received: (from majordom@localhost)
by miagra.ucs.indiana.edu (8.8.5/8.8.5/1.2skh) id BAA24762
for ballad-1-outgoing; Fri, 11 Jul 1997 01:58:31 -0500 (EST)
Received: from cayman.ucs.indiana.edu (cayman.ucs.indiana.edu [129.79.5.187])
by miagra.ucs.indiana.edu (8.8.5/8.8.5/1.2skh) with ESMTP id BAA24755
for <ballad-1@majordomo.ucs.indiana.edu>; Fri, 11 Jul 1997 01:58:28 -0500
(EST)
Received: from almaak.usc.edu (almaak.usc.edu [128.125.253.166])
by cayman.ucs.indiana.edu (8.8.5/8.8.5/1.13IUPO) with ESMTP id BAA18788
for <ballad-1@indiana.edu>; Fri, 11 Jul 1997 01:58:25 -0500 (EST)
Received: from localhost (cray@localhost)
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with SMTP
id XAA06852; Thu, 10 Jul 1997 23:58:23 -0700 (PDT)
Date: Thu, 10 Jul 1997 23:58:23 -0700 (PDT)
From: Ed Cray <cray@rcf.usc.edu>Reply-To: Ed Cray <cray@rcf.usc.edu>To: Paul
Woodford <woodford@wizard.com>cc: ballad-1@indiana.edu
Subject: Re: The Titanic
In-Reply-To: <3.0.1.16.19970709215944.30e74d5c@wizard.com>
Message-ID: <Pine.SV4.3.94.970710184338.26728A-100000@almaak.usc.edu>MIME-Version:
1.0
Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; charset=US-ASCII
Sender: owner-ballad-1@indiana.edu
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

Paul:

Your version of this ballad is about the longest I have seen. As for its history, I can say this much:

The "camp" song you and I know -- "Little bitty children lost their lives" -- is descended from a gospel song.

Question is: was it a white gospel or a black gospel song.

There are something like four types of this ballad, some white, some black, as well as a "toast" featuring a black trickster called "Shine." For a text of the toast, see Roger Abrahams' _Deep Down in the Jungle_, pp. 117-123.

The earliest printed report of the gospel song similar to the camp song is in Henry's _Folk-Songs of the Southern Highlands_, a version dated to August, 1929. Henry's notes cite an earlier version in White's _American Negro Folk-Songs_, published in 1928, p. 347. He states they are the same ballad, with some 50 verbal differences. No tunes are given.

The Brown Collection from North Carolina, Vol II, pp. 662 ff., and IV, pp. 314-317, have multiple versions -- to a scattering of tunes. The "A" text borrows from "The Golden Willow Tree" [Child 286], is dated as early as 11/15/1914 and ostensibly copied from a broadside written April 13, 1914, by a white man, "Coon" Martin of Granite Falls, No. Car. That "A" text has elements, lines, motifs found in your "camp" song.

By 1920, the text seems to have solidified into something close to what we have now, particularly with the trademark line in the chorus, "It was sad when that great ship went down." The Brown "D" text is a good example.

The first report of the tune with which I am familiar is Brown's "E" version, dated to March, 1940.

I do not have any references to race, country or gospel recordings, though I am sure they exist. Which is why I am posting this to ballad-1. Our colleagues there are likely to wax long on this.

The "camp song" version, without your raunchy interpolations, is in Leisy's Songs for Picking and Singing, published in 1960, pp. 24-25. That it is in this collection suggests just how popular it had become in the 48 years since its creation. (Leisy provided texts and tunes for singalongs.)

I will forward your original query and the text you have to ballad-1 in the next message.

Ed

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\titanic3.txt

From woodford@wizard.com Wed Jul 9 22:08:57 1997

Return-Path: <woodford@wizard.com>Received: from snark.wizard.com

(root@snark.wizard.com [199.171.28.3])

by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTTP

id WAA02179 for <cray@almaak.usc.edu>; Wed, 9 Jul 1997 22:08:57 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from 199.171.28.3 (woodford@snark.wizard.com [199.171.28.3])

by snark.wizard.com (8.8.5/8.8.5) with SMTP id WAA07315;

Wed, 9 Jul 1997 22:08:52 -0700 (PDT)

Message-Id: <3.0.1.16.19970709215944.30e74d5c@wizard.com>

X-Sender: woodford@wizard.com

X-Mailer: Windows Eudora Pro Version 3.0.1 (16)

Date: Wed, 09 Jul 1997 21:59:44

To: Ed Cray <cray@almaak.usc.edu>From: Paul Woodford <woodford@wizard.com>Subject:

Re: Greetings

Cc: ZiPpy <zippy@usa.net>In-Reply-To:

<Pine.SV4.3.94.970704230216.25221A-100000@almaak.usc.edu>Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"
Status: RO
X-Status: A

Hi, Ed!

Thanks for checking in. How's your book going? Roosevelt, was it? Please let me know, because I do plan to buy and read it once it's published - since I've been in my 50s, history is unaccountably more interesting to me than it was before.

Do you have any knowledge of the campfire song about the Titanic? I've been trying to dig out the original song for a couple of years now, and haven't gotten anywhere. I'll attach the version I know, but I'm sure it's nowhere close to the original. Might be a good song to unearth if we can get to it before the movie comes out.

Retirement has been berry berry good to me so far - I'm praying the money will last long enough that I'll be able to accept a job I want, rather than one I must accept to keep food on the table.

If you know anyone in the flight safety business, please let them know there's a foul-minded pilot looking for a job!

Sincerely,
Paul Woodford
woodford@wizard.com

THE SINKING OF THE TITANIC

Melody--Itself

There are many versions of this song; not all are written down. This one contains some home-made verses--F.B.

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue,
And they thought they'd built a ship the water couldn't get through.
But an iceberg on the wave, sent it to its watery grave,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus: It was sad, (so sad), it was sad, (too bad),
It was sad when that great ship went down,
To the bottom of the . . . HUSBANDS AND WIVES, LITTLE CHILDREN LOST THEIR LIVES!
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they sailed from Plymouth, England, and were halfway to the shore,
When the rich refused to associate with the poor.
So they put the poor below, where they were the first to go,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Chorus): UNCLES AND AUNTS, THEY PISSED RIGHT IN THEIR PANTS!

Oh, that ship was full of sin, and the sides about to burst,

When the captain shouted, "Women and children first!"
Then he tried to send a wire, but the wires were all on fire,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Chorus): CHILDREN, THEY CRIED, AS THE WAVES SWEPT O'ER THE SIDE!

Oh, the crew was not afraid, as they tried to lower boats,
But the waves were cruel, and nary a boat would float.
So they put on their lifevests, and prepared themselves for death,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Chorus): LADY ASTOR IN HER GOWN, HAD TO WATCH HER HUSBAND DROWN!

Oh, the captain was at fault, and was just about to flee,
When the band struck up with "A-Nearer My God to Thee!"
And the steerage passengers, were left to drown like curs,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Chorus): HOW THEY DID PLEA, AS THEY SLIPPED BENEATH THE SEA!

(Special verse): But in the captain's cabin, the spirits they did find,
And they began to swill, as they floated in the brine.
And the liquor in their veins, kept them warm upon the main,
It was glad when that great ship went down!

(Special Chorus): It was glad (so glad), it was glad (so glad),
It was glad when that great ship went down,
To the bottom of the . . . CHAMPAGNE AND WHISKEY, THEY WENT DOWN FEELING
FRISKY!
It was glad when that great ship went down.

Oh, the moral of this story is very plain to see,
You must wear your life preserver when you are out to sea.
Or you may find yourself aswim, facing fate that's all too grim,
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(Chorus): MIGHTY OR MEEK, YOU CAN'T TREAD WATER FOR A WEEK!

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C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\titanic4.txt

From woodford@wizard.com Wed Jul 9 22:08:57 1997

Return-Path: <woodford@wizard.com>Received: from snark.wizard.com

(root@snark.wizard.com [199.171.28.3])

by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP

id WAA02179 for <cray@almaak.usc.edu>; Wed, 9 Jul 1997 22:08:57 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from 199.171.28.3 (woodford@snark.wizard.com [199.171.28.3])

by snark.wizard.com (8.8.5/8.8.5) with SMTP id WAA07315;

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Message-Id: <3.0.1.16.19970709215944.30e74d5c@wizard.com>

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Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"

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C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\turkey.txt

"Turkey in the Straw"

In the second edition of this work, a handful of wandering verses sung to
the melody of this familiar fiddle tune was gathered under the title of "There Was
an Old Lady."
Better had they been identified as verses of "Turkey in the Straw." More variants
have come to hand.

[A]

Oh, she riddled and she diddled and she shat on the floor,
And she wiped her arse on the knob of the door.
And the moon shown down on the end of her tit,
And she brushed her teeth with bluebird shit.

This is from Canfield's 1926 collection.

[B]

While the quatrain entered under "A" uses only the melody of the verse of "Turkey in the Straw," this mock square dance call also employs the turn of the tune, the second strain of the melody, as well. It was contained in the Canfield collection.

Oh! the cat couldn't kitten and the dog couldn't pup,
And the old man couldn't get his proposition up.
Oh! the first lady forward and the second lady back,
And the third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack.
Swing your partner! Grease your pole!
Go to hell, God damn your soul!
Oh! the first lady forward and the second lady back,
And the third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack.

[C]

And a slight variant of the "C text, again from Canfield's collection, with the contribution's instruction: "To be used for 'Virginia Reel' or square dances."

First lady forward, second lady pass
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's ass.
Ladies with the bad breath balance to the wall.
Go to hell, go to hell; God damn you all.

First lady backward, second lady front,
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's cunt.
Ladies with the monthlies balance to the wall.
Go to hell, go to hell' God damn you all.

[D]

The Canfield Collection made in 1926 has this scatological ditty set to the familiar tune.

I dreamt last night and the night before
That the devil was a-knocking on the shit-house door.
I went down stairs to let him in,
And he cracked my ass with a rolling pin.
I ran upstairs to crawl into bed,

And fell in the pisspot over my head.
I couldn't swim and the I couldn't float,
A great big turd slid down my throat.

[E]

A variant of "D," this is from the William Bigford collection. (See the entry under "Gilderoy," below.) The first stanza is a variant of a commonly found children's nonsense rhyme.

I dreamt last night, the night before,
Two tom cats at the stairway door.
I went downstairs to let them in.
They knocked me down with a rollin' pin.

I went upstairs to go to bed;
I fll in the pisspot, ass over head.
I went downstairs to dry my frock;
Fell in the fire and I burnt my cock.

[F]

Said the little red rooster to the little red hen,
"I ain't see you lay in God knows when."
Said the little red hen to the little red rooster,
"You don't fuck me as much as you used to."

From William Bigford. (See "Gilderoy" below.)

[G]

I went upstairs and I had good luck.
Seventeen maidens I did fuck.
Seven of them, I knocked up,
The end of my whole monkey chunk [sic].

From William Bigford. (See "Gilderoy" below.)

[H]

Went upstairs to get a glass of cider,
There I saw a bedbug jackin' off a spider.
I went downstairs to get a glass of gin.
There I saw the sons of bitches doin' it again.
Said to myself, "That'll never do,"
So I jumped in the corner and I jacked off too.

From William Bigford. (See "Gilderoy" below.)

[I]

Old Mother Hubbard went a-floatin' down a stream,
Her ass full of buttermilk, her cunt full of cream.
Old Mother Nickamocker doesn't give a damn,
Just let a nigger fuck her as any other man.

Old Mother Hubbard was churning her butter,
Along came Bill and sore he'd fuck her.
He drew down his breeches and pulled out his slag;
He sho'ed it up into her clear to his bag.

From William Bigford. (See "Gilderoy" below.) Collector Paul Gifford added a note: "I've heard the tune 'Miss McLeod's Reel' called 'Old Mother Knickerbocker,' which I suspect is another version of [melody for] this song."

[J]

The Indiana University Folklore Archives contained this extended lyric to "Turkey in the Straw," given by Dale Tooley of Boulder, Colorado, in 1953, to Phil Savage. The "long-tailed Studebaker," and so on is borrowed from "The Tinker."

Oh, there was an old lady at the age of sixty-three.
She said, "Please, sonny, won't you stick it into me
With your long-tailed Studebaker, asshole-belly-shaker,
Hi-ho, lady-maker [sic] hangin' to your knee.

Oh, little Tommy Tucker, he came from France.
He played his fiddle at the fiddle-fuckers' dance,
With his long-tailed Studebaker, asshole-belly-shaker,
Hi-h, lady-maker hangin' to his knee.

Oh, a fly flew into the grocery store.
He shit on the counter and he pissed on the floor.
He farted in the coffee and he barfed in the tea.
It splashed on the counter and it got on me.

Chorus:
Come on you bastards, come on your whores,
Pull up your dresses, pull down your drawers.
First lady up and the second lady back,
Third lady's finger in the fourth lady's crack.
Sung by the whorehouse quartet.

Cazden, Haufrecht and Studer, p. 614, present the rival claims to the authorship of this familiar tune. The chorus here is the original "Old Zip Coon" melody, to which new verses were added in the mid-1800's.

[K]

This is an aggregation of quatrains sung to the familiar melody, collected by Hubert Canfield in 1926. According to Canfield's unidentified informant, the last verse is sometimes used as a chorus.

I dreamt last night and the night before
That the devil was a-knocking on the shit house door.
I went down stairs to let him in
And he cracked my ass with his rolling pin.

I ran upstairs to crawl into bed
And fell in the pisspot over my head.
I couldn't swim and I couldn't float,
And a great big turd slid down my throat.

I went downtown to buy a penny drum
Knocked on the door and nobody come.
I picked up a brick and broke the glass.
Out come the Devil a-sliding on his ass.

The Devil shit a monkey and the monkey shit a flea.
The flea shit a sailor and they all went to sea.
The sea begun to roar, the piss begun to pour,
The sailor got a hard-on and couldn't get ashore.

Oh, here's to Sally, who's a goddam whore.
She wiped her ass on the knob of the door.
The moon shone bright on the end of her tit,
And she brushed her teeth with bluejay shit.

Oh, she rolled over once and she rolled over twice,
And she rolled over three times, Jesus Chris~t!
The hair on her coozie was strawberry color,
And the fleas up her ass were fucking one another.

Here's to the Kaiser, the son of a bitch,
May he died of the pox and the seven-year itch.
We'll batter his balls with a seven-pound hammer
Till his asshole whistles "The Star Spangled Banner."

The old man sat on a barbed wire fence
Screwing up his nuts with a monkey wrench,
The grass grew up and tickled his balls
And his gun went off in his overalls.

Fill up the bowl, boys, fill up the bowl,
And drink to the dean, God damn his soul.
We'll all be there when he calls the roll
For we're all going to Heaven up the dean's asshole.

[L]

Chorus:

Oh, the cow kicked Nelly in the belly last night (three times)
But the farmer says she'll be all right.

Leader:

Second verse, same as the first, a little bit louder and a little bit worse.

(Repeat chorus)

Leader:

Third verse, same as the first . . .

(And so on through ten verses, each louder and worse than the one before, or until stoned by the pack)

Under the title "The Cow Kicked Nelly," this is number 25 in Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994). Woodford notes it is sung to the melody of "Turkey in the Straw." Since this single quatrain is merely repeated, it is filed here as a version of "Turkey in the Straw," rather than as a separate song.

[M]

Oh, the wiggle of her ass would make a dead man come,
And the nipple on her tit is as big as my thumb,
She's a mean motherfucker, she's a great cocksucker,
She's my girl, she fucks!

Another from Paul Woodford's "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994), "Short Song," (number 161) is to be sung to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\violets.txt

Sweet Violets

285. SWEET VIOLETS

Melody--Sweet Violets

(Take turns leading verses)

CHORUS: Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over in SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

My father was a coal miner,

A coal miner that he was.
Sometimes he'd shovel up coal dust,
And sometimes he'd shovel up SHIT!

My brother was a pilot,
A pilot that he was,
Sometimes he'd land on the runway,
And sometimes he'd land in the SHIT!

My wife, she died on the toilet,
She died of a horrible fit,
And to satisfy her last wishes,
She was buried in six feet of SHIT!

My father went to the woodshed,
Some wood he wanted to split,
But when he grabbed hold of the handle,
He found it was covered with SHIT!

Phyllis Quat kept a sack in the garden,
I was curious I must admit,
One day I stuck in my finger,
And pulled it out covered in SHIT!

I sat in a gold lavatory,
In the home of the Baron of Split,
The seat was encrusted with rubies,
But as usual the bowl contained SHIT!

My brother he worked in a sewer,
Some lamps they had to be lit,
One evening there was an explosion,
And my brother was covered in SHIT!

Phyllis Quat took a bag to her boy-friend's,
But the paper was old and it split,
Now the boyfriend and Phyllis have parted,
For the bag was packed quite full of SHIT!

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

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

Hopkins, p. 154, has the "Sweet Violets" melody and nine pungent verses from Canadian military sources:

®NJ`INSERT HOPKINS SWEET VIOLETS
®JU`

Now I took my best girl airplane riding,
She sat in the front of the pilot.
And when the aeroplane landed,
She was covered all over with

My father he works in a sewer,
He works very hard for his bit.
And when he comes home in the evening,
His clothes are all covered in

Now Mary she was a milkmaid,
And on her stool she did sit.
And when she had finished her milking,
The cow filled the pail full of

Now I once had rich uncle,
Who died in the course of a fit,®PG`
And just to fulfill his last wishes,
We buried him in six feet of

Now once there was an old boozier,
Who always got himself lit.
And when he'd pass out completely,
His pants always filled up with

I went out to the woodshed.
Some wood it had to be split.
I picked up the axe by the handle,
It was covered all over with

One day they had an inspection
To see if the rifles were fit,
but when they opened the breeches
They found there [sic] were loaded with

Now this is the end of my story,
It's not very much I admit,
But if anyone here feels offended,
Stick your head in a bucket of

From Unknown Sun 18 Feb 96 03:54:26

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk

Path:

usc!math.ohio-state.edu!howland.reston.ans.net!gatech!newsfeed.internetmci.com!in1.uu.net!world!jcf

From: jcf@world.std.com (Joseph C Fineman)

Subject: Re: Song "Sweet Violets"

Message-ID: <DpLw0v.B1x@world.std.com>Organization: The World Public Access UNIX, Brookline, MA

References: <4ka2td\$20e@dfw-ixnews3.ix.netcom.com>

Date: Tue, 9 Apr 1996 17:46:06 GMT

Lines: 44

oksteve@ix.netcom.com(Stephen) writes:

>Does anybody remember a song- "Sweet Violets"- of the early 1950's?

You mean "Sweet Violets" has an _original version_? %^) I've never heard anything but bawdy parodies of it.

In the mid 1950s I heard kids sing

In the springtime, in the springtime, in the springtime of yore,
I knew a young lady who was quite a
Beautiful lady; she lay in the grass,
And when she rolled over, she'd show me her
Ruffles & tuffles & sometimes a tuck,
And she promised to show me a new way to
Bring up our daughters & teach them to knit,
While the boys in the horse barn were shoveling
Hay for the horses, which is quite an art,
But, boy, does it smell when the horse lets a

Sweet violet, sweeter than all the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over with sweet violets.

(A friend & I have written a much better version, but I forbear.)

I suspect that the original is a good deal older.

In Scotland in 1959 a version of "The Wheel" was current that ended

Now we come to the bitter bit:
There was no method of stopping it.
The maid was split from C**T-TO-TIT!
And the whole fucking issue was covered with

Sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over with SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

I would be delighted to hear where all this came from.

--

Joe Fineman jcf@world.std.com
495 Pleasant St., #1 (617) 324-6899
Malden, MA 02148

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\violets2.txt

From Unknown Sun 18 Feb 96 03:55:15

Path:

usc!howland.reston.ans.net!newsfeed.internetmci.com!netnews2.nwnet.net!news.u.washin
gton.edu!hoosiers

From: hoosiers@u.washington.edu (Mary Loveless)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk

Subject: Re: Song "Sweet Violets"

Date: 9 Apr 1996 23:26:23 GMT

Organization: University of Washington, Seattle

Lines: 54

Message-ID: <4kermv\$cap@nntp4.u.washington.edu>

NNTP-Posting-Host: homer03.u.washington.edu

NNTP-Posting-User: hoosiers

In article <DpLw0v.B1x@world.std.com>,

Joseph C Fineman <jcf@world.std.com>wrote:

>oksteve@ix.netcom.com(Stephen) writes:

>

>>Does anybody remember a song- "Sweet Violets"- of the early 1950's?

>

My older sisters taught this to me in the '50s. I think it was a
top-forties hit, printed on sheet music.

Oh, there once was a farmer who took a young miss

In back of the barn where he gave her a lecture
on chickens and eggs

And told her that she had such beautiful manners

And ???? ???? a girl of such charms

A girl that he wanted to take in his washing and ironing

And then if she did

They would get married and raise lots of

SWEET VIOLETS, sweeter than all the roses,

Covered all over from head to toe

Covered all over with SWEET VIOLETS

The girl told the farmer that he'd better stop
And she called her father and he called a taxi
And got there before very long
For someone was doing his little girl right,
For a change, and so that's why he said
"If you marry her son, you're better off single,
For 'tis my belief that all a man gets out of marriage is

SWEET VIOLETS, sweeter than all the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe
Covered all over with SWEET VIOLETS

The farmer decided he'd wed anyway
And started in planning for his wedding suit,
Which he purchased for only one buck,
And then he found that he was just out of money
And Left in the lurch, standing and waiting
At the front of the story, so it just goes to show
That all a girl wants from her man is his

SWEET VIOLETS, sweeter than all the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe
Covered all over with SWEET VIOLETS

--
Mary Loveless, Secretary Senior
Department of Psychosocial
and Community Health, 5-0839, 357263
School of Nursing, University of Washington

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\violets3.txt

From Unknown Sun 18 Feb 96 03:56:34

Path:

usc!math.ohio-state.edu!howland.reston.ans.net!newsfeed.internetmci.com!sgigate.sgi.
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us.com!james

From: james@nucleus.com (james)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk

Subject: Re: Song "Sweet Violets"

Date: 10 Apr 96 18:03:34 GMT

Organization: AGT Advanced Communications

Lines: 27

Message-ID: <316bf7f6.0@news.cyberstream.net>
References: <4ka2td\$20e@dfw-ixnews3.ix.netcom.com>
<DpLw0v.B1x@world.std.com>NNTP-Posting-Host: cyber.cyberstream.net

Joseph C Fineman (jcf@world.std.com) wrote:
: oksteve@ix.netcom.com(Stephen) writes:

: >Does anybody remember a song- "Sweet Violets"- of the early 1950's?
: I suspect that the original is a good deal older.
: I would be delighted to hear where all this came from.

Cray, Ed. The Erotic Muse. U. of Illinois Press. 1992. Page 223.

The second chorus is fashioned from the last three lines of
the song "Sweet Violets" by J. K. Emmet as it was sung in
his now-forgotten play of 1882, Fritz Among the Gypsies.
... Those lines run:

Oh, sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses,
Zillah, darling one, I plucked them
And brought them to you.

Repopularized in a 1951 recording by Dinah Shore, with words
and music credited to Cy Cohen and Charles Crean, that version
was "adapted from a folk song," according to Jacobs (p. 226).

All my best,
James Prescott (james@nucleus.com) (PGP user)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\westvirg1.txt

151. NANCY BROWN (She Came Rollin' Down the Mountain)
Melody--???

Way out in West Virginia lived a gal named Nancy Brown,
You ain't never seen such beauty in a city nor a town,
Oh she lived up in the mountain,
Yes she lived up in the mountain,
Oh she lived up in the mountain mighty high.
And so it is related, not a bit contaminated,
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

Now there came the local cowboy with his guitar and his
song,

He took Nancy to the mountain but she still knew right
from wrong,
She came rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain mighty fine.
And despite that cowboy's urgin' she remained the village
virgin,
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

Then there came the village deacon with his phrases sweet
and kind,
He took Nancy to the mountain but she still could read
his mind,
She came rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain mighty fine.
And they say that that there deacon didn't get what he
was seekin',
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

But there came the city slicker with his thousand dollar
bills,
He put Nancy in his Packard and drove up in them thar
hills,
Oh they stayed up on the mountain,
She was laid upon the mountain,
Oh they stayed up on the mountain all that night.
She came down next mornin' early more a woman than a
girl,
And her mother kicked the hussy out of sight.

SLOW: Now the end of our ditty finds Nancy in the city,
And by all accounts she's doin' mighty swell,
For she's winin',
And she's dinin',
And she's on her back reclinin',
And those West Virginia skies can go to hell.

NORMAL TEMPO: But there came the big Depression, caught
our slicker by the pants,
He had to sell his Packard and give up his little Nance,
So she went back to the mountain,
Yes she went back to the mountain,
Oh she went back to the mountain mighty sore.
Now the cowboy and the deacon get the thing that they
were seekin',
For she's nothing but a West Virginia whore.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\winnipeg.txt

The Winnipeg Whore

[C]

My first trip up the Chippewa River,
My first trip to the American shore,
There I met a Miss O'Flannigan,
Commonly known as the Winnipeg whore.

Says she to me, "I think I know you.
Sling your ass across my knee.
We'll go up and do some shagging,
A dollar a half with be my fee."

Some were singing; some were dancing.
Some lay drunk upon the floor.
I was over in the corner
Socking the blocks to the Winnipeg whore.

She was fiddling; I was diddling.
Neither of us knew just what it was about
Till she grabbed my watch and pocketbook.
"Holy Jesus!" I cried out.

In came the pimps and the whores and the bitches,
Must have been a score or more.
You'd have laughed till you shit your britches
To see my ass fly out that door.

This is the oldest known version of this ballad, the text contributed to the
Hubert Canfield collection in the first months of 1926.

[D]

The very first time I was in Denver,
The very first time I was away from home,
I thought I'd take a stroll down yonder;
So I strolled into the Denver Home.

The minute I walked through the doorway,
A big fat whore stepped up to me.
"A dollar and half for the first few punches!"
And she slapped her ass upon my knee!

A dollar and a half was her proposition,

A dollar and a half and I pay no more,
And she parked her ass upon my knee
And I felt like falling through the floor!

Little did I care what I was doing,
Little did I care what I was about.
I went to all the balls and dances,
And threw my money all about.

The pimps and whores came crowding round me;
There must have been a hundred or two.
They robbed me of my gold and silver;
They robbed me of my gold watch too.

Little did I care what I was doing,
Little did I care what I was about.
But when they stole my gold and silver,
Then bloody murder I cried out!

Then all the whores came crowding round me.
I thought there were a million or more.
And you'd shit your pants and die a-laughing
To see my ass shag out the door!

J. Kenneth Larson in his "Barnyard" typescript, p. 21, attributes this to two singers, Terrell Lish and Alden Blasdel. Apparently it is a pastiche of two versions, which may account for the intrusive [?] "balls and dances" after the lady has sat on his lap.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\woodpecker.txt

The Woodpecker's Hole

[B]

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Take it out, take it out, take it out,
REMOVE IT!"

I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back,
REPLACE IT!"

Replaced/turn it round/REVOLVE IT!
Revolved/turn it back/REVERSE IT!
Reversed/in and out/RECIPROCATATE IT!
Reciprocated/slow it down/RETARD IT!
Retarded/once again/REPEAT IT!
Repeated/let it go/RELEASE IT!
Released/pull it out/RETRACT IT!
Retracted/take a whiff/REVOLTING!

In his collection of "Hash Songs II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994), Paul Woodford indicates this is sung to the melody of "Dixie."

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C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\yankeedo.txt

Yankee Doodle

Yankee doodle had a cat, and he was double-jointed.
He took him to the blacksmith's shop to get his pecker
pointed.

Chorus;

Yankee doodle, doodle doo, Yankee doodle dandy,
Yankee doodle, keep right on and keep the money handy.

Oh, Yankee doodle had a cat, and he was folly frolicked, [sic]
Everytime he caught a rat, he caught him by the bollocks.

From the William Bigford collection gathered by Paul Gifford prior to 1982.
See under "Gilderoy" below.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\american\yogibear1.txt

39. YOGI BEAR SONG

Melody--Camptown Races

(Take turns leading verses)

There is a bear in the deep dark woods,
Yogi, Yogi,
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

CHORUS (repeat previous verse): Yogi, Yogi Bear,
Yogi, Yogi Bear,
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Yogi has a little friend,
Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo . . .

Boo-Boo has a girlfriend,
Cyndi, Cyndi . . .

Yogi has a girlfriend,
Suzi, Suzi . . .

Cyndi has a shaven snatch,
Grizzly, Grizzly . . .

Cyndi wears crotchless undies,
Teddy, Teddy . . .

Cyndi likes it on the ice,
Polar, Polar . . .

Cyndi gets what she deserves,
Pregnant, Pregnant . . .

Suzi likes it up the rear,
Dirty, Dirty . . .

Suzi's boyfriend has no teeth,
Gummi, Gummi . . .

Suzi's snatch it smells like cheese,
Camel, Camel . . .

Suzi she has great big tits,
More than, More than (I can bear) . . .

Suzi gets four bits an hour,
Jingle, Jingle . . .

Cyndi's tampon has no string,
Cotton, Cotton . . .

Yogi didn't use a condom,
Daddy, Daddy . . .

Boo-Boo likes it upside down,
Koala, Koala . . .

Yogi didn't wipe his butt,
Brown, Brown . . .

Yogi got a case of crabs,

Itchy, Itchy . . .

Yogi lights Kuwaiti farts,
Saddam, Saddam . . .

Boo-Boo likes to stroke his tool,
Wanker, Wanker . . .

Yogi also likes young boys,
Poofter, Poofter . . .

Yogi he has HIV,
Dying, Dying . . . (ad nauseam)

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Songs II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\airforce1.txt

Date: 10 Oct 94 03:52:45 EDT

From: Paul Woodford <72772.2633@compuserve.com>

To: Ed Cray <cray@mizar.usc.edu>, Zippy <zippy@usa.net> Subject: Martial Musical Merriment

Hey guys,

Last week my father mailed me a songbook I didn't know he'd borrowed, and that I'd been looking for for years. It's the songbook my squadron mates and I put together in Alaska in 1982, when I was assigned to the 43rd TFS. I never was in a fraternity or on a sports team, so it wasn't till I began flying fighters in 1978 that I started hearing drinking songs (which are very popular in the military, of course). By the time I got to Alaska I'd memorized a hundred or so, and with the help of other pilots a songbook emerged. You already know most of those songs. What I love about this songbook, however, are the old Air Force flyin' and fightin' songs, from WWI to WWII to Korea to Vietnam. Some of them are great fun to sing, particularly Dear Mom. I think I'm going to add a military section to Hash Hymns III and throw these in. Any help you can give me with melodies, etc, is greatly appreciated.

On On,
Flying Booger

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

Melody--???

We stand 'neath resounding rafters,
The walls around are bare.
They echo back our laughter,
Seems that the dead are all there.

Chorus:
Stand to your glasses steady,
This world is a world of lies.
Here's a health to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next man to die.

Denied by the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the ones we held dear.
The good have all gone before us,
To show where our comrades have gone.

In flaming Spad and Camel,
With wings of wood and steel.
For mortal stakes we gamble,
With cards that were stacked for the deal.

Note: I wish I knew the history of this song. It doesn't have the expected

American military mix of optimism and cynicism, so I suspect it originated in another country, maybe Germany or England.

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Melody--???

Come on and join the Air Force, and get your flying pay.

You never have to work at all, just fly around all day.

While others toil and study hard, and soon grow old and blind,

We'll take the air without a care, and you will never mind.

Chorus:

You'll never mind,
you'll never mind,

Oh, come and join the Air Force,

And you will never mind!

Come on and get promoted, as high as you desire,

You're riding on a gravy train, when you're an Air Force flyer.

But just when you're about to be a general you'll find,

The engines cough, the wings fall off, and you will never mind.

And when you loop and spin her, with an awful tear,

You find yourself without your wings, but you will never care.

For in about two minutes more, another pair you'll find,

You'll fly with Peter and his angels sweet, and you will never mind.

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit,
You see your prop come to a stop, the Goddamn engine's quit.
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind,
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind.

I fly up to the Yalu, in my F-Eighty-Six,
And here's on thing that you can send to Congress in your TWX,
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits,
It will be up there all by itself, 'cause I will shit and git!

Oh, someday you'll meet a MiG-15, he'll shoot you down in flames,
No use in bellyaching and calling the bastard names,
You'll lose your wings, don't worry, Mac, another pair you'll find,
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet, and you will never mind.

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn,
About the groundling's point of view, and all that sort of ham.
We want a hundred thousand ships, of each and every kind,
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind!

Note: This song has been around since the 1930s, when Fokkers instead of MiGs shot you down. A "TWX," pronounced "twix," is a message. The verse from the Korean War and the final verse (the Air Force became a separate service in 1948) are clearly newer additions, but that's where it stops--it seems Vietnam didn't add a verse.

THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS

(Korea version)

Melody--Same

as

It was midnight in Korea,
all the pilots were in bed,

When up stepped Colonel _____,
and this is what he said:

"I hate the Goddamn place!

Mustangs, gentle pilots,
Mustangs one and all,

Mustangs, gentle pilots,"
and the pilots shouted, "Balls!

"

Then up stepped a young lieutenant
with a voice as harsh as brass,

"You can take those Goddamn Mustangs, Jack,
and shove 'em up your ass!"

Chorus:

Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah,

Throw a nickel on the grass,

Save a fighter pilot's ass.

Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah,

Throw a nickel on the grass,

And you'll be saved!

Cruising down the Yalu
doing three-twenty per,

I called to my flight leader,
"Oh, won't you save me, sir?"

Got two big flak holes in my wing,
my tanks ain't got no gas,

Mayday, mayday, mayday!
Got six MiGs on my ass!"

I flew my traffic pattern,
to me it looked all right,

My airspeed read 130,
my God, I racked it tight,

I turned into the final,
my engine gave a wheeze,

"Mayday, mayday, mayday!
Spin instructions, please!

"

Fouled up my crosswind landing,
my left wing hit the ground,

Came a call from tower:
"Pull up and go around."

Racked that Mustang in the air
a dozen feet or more,

I'm on my back, it's worse than flak,
why did I use full bore?

Split S into my bomb run,
I got too Goddamn low,

I pressed the bloody button,
let both my babies go,

I sucked the stick back in my gut--
I hit a high-speed stall,

Now I won't see my mother
when the work's all done this fall!

They sent me up to Pyongyang,
the brief said "Skoshe ack-ack,
"

But by the time I got there,
the wings were holed by flak.

My aircraft went into a spin,
it would no longer fly,

"Mayday, mayday, mayday!
I'm too young to die!"

I bailed out from that Mustang,
my landing was top line,

With my E and E equipment,
I made for our front line.

But when I opened up my ration tin
to see what was in it,

The Goddamn quartermaster
had filled the thing with shit!

Now in this Commie prison camp,
I am obliged to sit,

For one cannot go very far
on a ration tin of shit.

If I am ever free again,
I will no longer fly,

But I'll have quartermaster balls
for breakfast till the day I die!

Note: "Skoshe" is Japanese for "little"; "E and E" is "escape and evasion."

THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS (Vietnam version)

Melody--Same

We were cruising over Hanoi, doin' four and fifty per,
When I called to my flight leader, "Oh, won't you save me, sir?
The SAMs are hot and heavy, the MiGs are on our ass,
Take us home, flight leader, please don't make another pass!"

Chorus:
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass,
Save a fighter pilot's ass.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass,
And you'll be saved.

I rolled into my bomb run, trying to set the pipper right,
When a SAM came off the launch pad, and headed for our flight.
Then number two informed me, "Hey, four, you better break!"
I racked that Goddamned plane so hard, it made the whole thing shake.

I started my recovery, it seemed that things would be all right,
When I felt the damnedest impact, saw a blinding flash of light.
We held the stick with all our might, against the binding force,
Then number two screamed out at us, "Hey, four, you've had the course!"

I screamed at my back seater, "We'd better punch on out,

Eject! Eject! You stupid shit!" in panic I did shout.

I didn't wait around to see if Joe had got the word,

I reached between my legs and pulled, and took off like a bird.

As I descended in my chute, my thoughts were rather grim,

Rather than be a prisoner, I'd fight them to the end.

I hit the ground and staggered up, and looked around to see,

And there in blazing neon, Hanoi Hilton welcomed me.

(Slowly) The moral of this story is, when you're in Package Six,

You'd better Goddamn look around, or you'll be in my fix.

I'm here at Hanoi Hilton, with luxury sublime,

The only thing that's not so great--I'll be here a long, long, long time.

Note: "SAMs" are surface-to-air missiles. American military planners divided Vietnam into "Route Packages" for air operations. "Route Package Six," also known as "Route Pack Six," included Hanoi and environs, the most heavily-defended part of the country.

STRAFE THE TOWN

Melody--Ring the Bells and Call the People

Strafe the town and kill the people,

Lay your high drags in the square.

Roll in early Sunday morning,

Catch them while they're still at prayer.

Drop some candy to the orphans,
Watch them as they gather 'round.
Use your 20 millimeter,
Mow the little bastards down.

See the fat old pregnant women,
Running through the field in fear.
Run your 20 mike mike through them,
Hope the film comes out real clear.

Strafe the town and kill the people,
Hit them with your poison gas.
See them throwing up their breakfast,
As you make your second pass.

Note: "High drags" are bombs; "20 millimeter" (or "mike mike") are rounds from the aircraft's cannon.

RED RIVER VALLEY

Melody--Same

To the Red River Valley we are going,
For to get us some trains and some trucks.
But if I had my say so about it,
I'd still be at home in the sack.

Come and sit by my side at the briefing,

Do not hasten to bid me adieu.

To the Red River Valley we're going,

And I'm flying four in Flight Blue.

We went for to check on the weather,

And they said it was clear as could be.

I lost my wingman around the field,

And the rest augered in out at sea.

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going,

S-2 said there's no flak on the way.

There's a dark overcast over the target,

I'm beginning to doubt what they say.

To the valley they say we are going,

And many strange sights will we see.

But the one there that held my attention,

Was the SAM that they threw up at me.

To the valley he said he was flying,

And he never saw the medal that he earned.

Many jocks have flown into the valley,

And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission,

Tonight at the bar Teak Flight will sing.

But we're going to the Red River Valley,

And today you are flying my wing.

Oh, the flak is so thick in the valley,

That the MiGs and the SAMs we don't need.

So fly high and down-sun in the valley,

And guard well the ass of Teak Lead.

Now things turn to shit in the valley,

And the briefing I gave, you don't heed.

They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton,

And it's fish heads and rice for Teak Lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley,

In the States it had always been fun.

But with thunder and lightning all around us,

Twas the last AAR for Teak One.

When he came to a bridge in the valley,

He saw a duty that he couldn't shun.

For the first to roll in on the target,

Was my leader, old Teak Number One.

Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target,

With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead.

But he never pulled out of his bomb run,

Twas fatal for another Teak Lead.

So come sit by my side at the briefing,

We will sit there and tickle the beads.

For we're going to the Red River Valley,

And my call sign for today is Teak Lead.

Note: "S-2" is intelligence; "AAR" is pronounced A-A-R, and stands for air-to-air refueling.

ITAZUKE TOWER

Melody--???

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,

I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun.

My coolant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1,

You'd better get the crash crew out and get them on the run."

"Listen, Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
I cannot call the crash crew out, it is their coffee hour.
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see,
So take it once around again, you're not a VIP."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on my final, I'm running on one lung.
I'm gonna land this Mustang no matter what you say,
I'm gonna get my charts squared up before that Judgement Day."

"Now listen, Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,

We'd like to let you land right now, but we haven't got the power.
We'll send a note through channels and wait for the reply,
Until we get permission back, just chase around the sky."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm up in Pilot's Heaven and my flying days are done.
I'm sorry that I blew up, I couldn't make the grade,
I guess I should have waited till the landing was okayed."

TCHEPONE

Melody--The Strawberry Roan
("Sweet Betsy from Pike" might work, too)

I was hangin' around ops, just spendin' my time,
Off of the schedule, not earnin' a dime,
A colonel comes up and he says, "I suppose
You fly a fighter, from the cut of your clothes."

He figgers me right, "I'm a good one," I say,
"Do you happen to have me a target today?"
Says yes he does, a real easy one,
"No sweat, my boy, it's an old-time milk run."

I gets all excited and asks where it's at,
He gives me a wink and a tip of his hat.
"It's three-fifty miles to the northwest of home,
A small peaceful hamlet that's know as Tchepone."
(Ah, you'll sure love Tchepone!)

I go get my G-suit and strap on my gun,
Helmet and gloves, out the door on the run;
Fire up my Phantom and take to the air,
Two's tucked in tight and we haven't a care.

In forty-five minutes we're over the town,
>From twenty-eight thousand we're screamin' on down.
Arm up the switches and dial in the mils,
Rack up the wings and roll in for the kill.

We feel a bit sorry for the folks down below,
Of destruction that's comin' they surely don't know;
But the thought passes quickly, we know a war's on,
And on down we scream toward peaceful Tchepone.

Release altitude, and the pipper's not right,
I'll press just a little and lay 'em in tight;
I pickle those beauties at two-point five grand,
Startin' my pull when it all hits the fan.

A black puff in front, and then two off the right,
Then six or eight more and I suck it up tight;
There's small arms and tracers and heavy ack-ack,
It's scattered to broken with all kinds of flak.

I jink hard to left and head out for the blue,
My wingman says, "Lead! They're shootin' at you!"
And still comes the fire from the town of Tchepone.
(Dirty, deadly Tchepone!)

I make it back home with six holes in my bird,
With the colonel who sent me I'd sure like a word;
But hell's nowhere around, though I look near and far,
Hell's gone back to Seventh to help run the war.

I've been 'round this country for many a day,
I've seen the things that they're throwin' my way;
I know that there's places I don't like to go, down in the Delta and in
Tally-Ho,
But I'll bet all my flight pay the jock ain't been born,
Who can keep all his cool when hell's over Tchepone.

Note: "Dial in the mils" is about depressing the pipper, which is depressed
in miliradians, which . . . well, it's about setting up the bomb sight,
okay?

DASHING THROUGH THE SKY
Melody--Jingle Bells

Dashing through the sky,
In a Foxtrot one-oh-five,
Through the flak we fly,
Trying to stay alive.

The SAMs destroy your calm,
The MiGs come up to play,
What fun it is to strafe and bomb,
The T.R.V. today!

Chorus: CBUs, Mark 82s, Seven-fifties, too,
Daddy Vulcan strikes again,
Our Christmas gift to you.

Head's up Ho Chi Minh,
The Fives are on their way,
Your luck it has give in,
There's going to be hell to pay.

Today it is our turn,

To make you gawk and stare,
What fun it is to watch things burn,
And blow up everywhere!

Note: "T.R.V.," I'd have to guess, is a particular target. "Daddy Vulcan" refers to the aircraft's Vulcan cannon.

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Melody--Popeye the Sailor Man?

Don't give me a P-38,
The props they counter-rotate,
They're scattered and smitten
from Burma to Britain,
Don't give me a P-38.

Chorus:
Just give me operations,
Way out on some lonely atoll,
For I am too young to die,
I just want to grow old.

Don't give me a p-39,
The engine is mounted behind,
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in,
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me a Peter Four-Oh,

A hell of an airplane I know,
A ground loopin' bastard, you're sure to get plastered,
Don't give me a Peter Four-Oh.

Don't give me a P-51,
It was alright for fighting the Hun,
But with coolant tank dry, you'll run out of sky,
Don't give me a P-51.

Don't give me a P-61,
For night flyin' is no fun,
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark,
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me an F-84,
She's just a gound-lovin' whore,
She'll whine, moan, and wheeze, and she'll clobber the trees,
Don't give me an F-84.

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt,
It gave many a pilot a jolt,
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug,
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt.

Don't give me a jet Shooting Star,

It'll go, but not very far.

It'll rumble and spout, but soon will flame out,

Don't give me a jet Shooting Star.

Don't give me an F-86,

With wings like broken match sticks,

They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover,

Don't give me an F-86.

Don't give me an F-89,

Though Time says they'll really climb,

They're all in the States, all boxed up in crates,

Don't give me an F-89.

Don't give me an F-94,

It's never established a score,

It may fly in weather, but won't hold together,

Don't give me an F-94.

Don't give me an 86-D,

With rockets, radar, and A/B,

She's fast, I don't care, she blows up in midair,

Don't give me an 86-D.

Don't give me a C-45,

So slow it stalls out in a dive,
A ground loop built in it, and bird colonels in it,
Don't give me a C-45.

Don't give me a C-54,
Six inches of rugs on the floor,
And we'll go fat-cattin' from here to Manhattan,
Don't give me a C-54.

Don't give me a B-45,
The pilots don't get back alive,
The MiG-15's chase 'em, they soon will erase 'em,
Don't give me a B-45.

Don't give me a One-Double-Oh,
The bastard is ready to blow,
The A/B is there, but you're sayin' a prayer,
Don't give me a One-Double-Oh.

Don't give me an F-102,
It never goes up when it's blue,
An all-weather coffin, that flames out so often,
Don't give me an F-102.

Don't give me a Phantom 4C,

Radar, co-pilot, A/B,

It may be some fun, but it don't have a gun,

Don't give me a Phantom 4C.

DEAR MOM

Melody--Itself

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today,

He crashed his OV-10 on the Ho Chi Minh highway.

He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass,

Hmm, hmm, hmmmmm.

He flew across the fence to see what he could see,

And there it was, as plain as it could be.

There was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load.

Hmm, hmm, hmmmmm.

He got right on the horn, and gave the DASC a call,

"Send me air, I've got a truck that's stalled."

The DASC said, "That's all right, I'll send the Stinger Flight,
For I AM THE POWER!"

Those Hornets checked right in, gunfighters two by two,

Low on gas and tanker overdue.

They asked the FAC to mark, just where the truck was parked,

Hmm, hmm, hmmmmm.

That Bronco rolled right in , with his smoke to mark,

EXACTLY where that truck was parked.

But now the rest is in doubt, 'cause he never pulled out,

Hmm, hmm, hmmmmm.

(With reverence): Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today,

He crashed his OV-10 on the Ho Chi Minh Highway.

He made a rocket pass, then he busted his ass,

Hmm, hmm,

FUCK HIM!

(Sung to "Camptown Races"): Motherfucker's dead, motherfucker's dead,
Son's comin' home in a body bag,
Oh, doo dah day!

(Spoken): How did he go? STRAIGHT IN!
What was he doing? THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE!
Hell of a deal. WHOEEE!

Cocksucker, motherfucker, eat a bag of shit,
Cunt hair, douche bag, bite your mother's tit.
We're the best fighter squadron, all the others suck.
Bronco FAC, Bronco FAC, rah, rah, FUCK!

Note: "FAC" = forward air controller; "DASC" = direct air support
coordinator; "Stinger Flight," "Hornets" = aircraft and crews of the 43rd
Tactical Fighter Squadron.

NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

Melody--???

We shoot the sick, the young, the lame,
We do our best to maim,
Because the kills all count the same,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Chorus: Napalm sticks to kids,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Flying low across the trees,
Pilots doing what they please,
Dropping frags on refugees,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Goods in the open, making hay,
But I can hear the gunships say,
"There'll be no Chieu Hoi today,"
Napalm sticks to kids.

See those farmers over there,

Watch me get them with a pair,
Blood and guts just everywhere,
Napalm sticks to kids.

I've only seen it happen twice,
But both times it was mighty nice,
Shooting peasants planting rice,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Napalm, son, is lots of fun,
Dropped in a bomb or shot from a gun,
It gets the gooks when on the run,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Drop some napalm on a farm,
It won't do them any harm,
Just burn off their legs and arms,
Napalm sticks to kids.

CIA with guns for hire,
Montagnards around a fire,
Napalm makes the fire go higher,
Napalm sticks to kids.

I've been told it's not so neat,
To catch gooks burning in the street,
But burning flesh, it smells so sweet,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Children sucking on a mother's tit,
Wounded gooks down in a pit,
Dow Chemical doesn't give a shit,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Bombardiers don't care a bit,
Just as long as the pieces fit,
When you stuff the bodies in a pit,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Eighteen kids in a No Fire Zone,
Rooks under arms and going home,
Last in line goes home alone,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Chuck in a sampan, sitting in the stern,
They don't think their boats will burn,
Those damn gooks will never learn,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Cobras flying in the sun,

Killing gooks is lots of fun,
Get one pregnant and it's two for one,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Shoot civilians where they sit,
Take some pictures as you split,
All your life you'll remember it,
Napalm sticks to kids.

NVA are all hard core,
Flechettes never are a bore,
Throw those PSYOPS out the door,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Gather kids as you fly over town,
By throwing candy on the ground,
Then grease 'em when they gather 'round,
Napalm sticks to kids.

Note: "Frag" = fragmentation bombs. "Flechettes" are bits of tiny anti-personnel scrapnel coated with a strong blood de-coagulant. "PSYOPS" is Army-ese for psychological operations, which, coupled with the references to the CIA, Montagnards, and gunships, makes me think this song came out of the spook community.

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

Melody--???

By the ring around his eyeball,
You can tell a bombardier;
You can tell a bomber pilot,
By the spread around his rear;
You can tell a navigator,
By his sextants, charts, and such;
You can tell a fighter pilot,
BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH!

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Melody--(If You Wanna Go to Heaven, Clap Your Hands?)

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States,
They're off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing,
The place is full of brass, sitting around on their fat ass,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

Oh, a bomber pilot never takes a dare,
Oh, a bomber pilot never takes a dare,
The autopilot on, he's reading novels in the john,
Oh, a bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray,
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray,
They are all in USOs, wearing womens' fancy clothes,
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray.,

Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice,
Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice,
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population,
Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice.

IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE

Melody--Oh Lord, It's Hard to be Humble

Oh Lord, it's hard to be humble,
When you're flying the great F-15.
I can't wait to strap on my Eagle,
She's one helluva mean gray machine.
To know her is to love her,
By God?you know what I mean!
Oh Lord, it's hard to be humble,
When you're flying the great F-15.

We're proud to be Hornets,
We're the best and we just can't be beat.
Just ask the boys who've fought us,

They'll tell you we don't know defeat.
To know us is to love us,
We're one helluva bunch of good guys.
Oh Lord, it's hard to be humble,
When you know that you're rulin' the skies.

The MiGs they can't ignore us,
But we hope they'll give it a try.
All we ask is a chance to meet them,
We'll blow 'em right out of the sky.
Like we said, we try to be humble,
And for those who don't see it that way,
Thank God we're fightin' on your side,
'Cause we mean every word that we say.

YANKEE AIR PIRATE

Melody--???

I am a Yankee air pirate,
With DTs and blood-shot eyeballs,
My nerves are all run down from bombing downtown,
>From SAM breaks and bad bandit calls.

Chorus: A Yankee air pirate, a Yankee air pirate, a Yankee air pirate am I,
A Yankee air pirate, a Yankee air pirate, if I don't get my hundred I'll
die.

I've carried iron bombs on the outboards,
Flown fast CAP for F-One-Oh-Thuds,
I've sniveled a counter or two once or twice,
And sweated my own rich red blood.

I've been downtown to both bridges,
To that Nguyen, Dep, and Phuc Yen,
And if you ask me, then I'm sure you can see,
There's no place up there I ain't been.

BENEATH A KOREAN WATERFALL

Melody--???

Beneath a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day,
Beside his shattered Sabrejet, a young pursuiter lay.
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead,
So listen to the very last words, the young pursuiter said:

"We're gling to a better land where everything is bright,
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles, play poker every night!
We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing,
And all our crews are women--Oh death, where is thy sting!"

"Oh death, where is thy sting, ting-a-ling,
Oh death, where is thy sting?

The bells of hell will ring, ring-a-ling,
For you but not for me!"

"Oh, ring-a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass,
Ring-a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass,
Ring-a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass,
Better days are coming bye and bye!"

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\asshole1.txt

278. PATRIOTIC SONG
Melody--Itself

Asshole, asshole,
A soldier I would be. To piss, to piss,

Two pistols on my knee.

Fuck you, fuck you,
For curiosity.

To fight for the old cunt, to fight for the old cunt,
To fight for the old country.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\barbed1.txt

From: abbysale@orlinter.com (Abby Sale)
Newsgroups: uk.music.folk,rec.music.folk
Subject: Re: "I know where they are"
Date: Thu, 08 May 1997 10:48:14 GMT

Eric Berge <edberge@nospam.here>wrote:

>showing them swilling rum in a dugout. The illustrations are very
>amusing - if anyone wants, I can scan and post them as binaries,
>or email them privately.

Yes. Me! Me!

> WHAT DO THE COLONELS AND THE GENERALS DO

That's great. I'll have to get the book.

> Said I ought to lay the Kaiser's hips to rest,
> Dirty little job for Jesus,

>I am guessing that "hips" in the third line is a stand in for something >else, much
as "thigh" is in various biblical verses.

Maybe. And, although I'm generally prone to accept the bawdy
interpretation, maybe just means "kill." Ie, put him on the ground.

On Wed, 07 May 1997 09:24:57 GMT, George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk (George
Hawes) wrote:

>>> It seems to
>>>me that that excellent verse in an earlier post, about the Privates dying
>>>on the barbed wire, is a product of the folksong revival of the '50's and
>>>'60's.
>

>What on earth made him think that I don't know . .

>

I think there may be a clear difference between American & British versions. In the US it seems to be _printed_ as privates in the mud. But I recall hearing it in the 60's as on the barbed wire. I've never heard or seen a "regiment" verse until now.

>

>And Roy Palmer's investigations suggest that early in the war
>the song existed without the last verse, which was added after
>the Somme.

That's an interesting part of it. Hmmm. I think you've got it, George.

-

Getting close, I think. In any event, with the above information, the Board of Directors at <Happy>Central have already authorized me to reveal that they've ruled to agree with J.J.Farrell on the song. That is, it fully represents the Battle of the Somme, whether or not it turns out to be provably specifically written (or updated) about it.

This is very quick work for them.

I am Abby Sale - abbysale@orlinter.com (That's in Orlando)

----- Forwarded Message Follows -----

Path:

szdc2!super.pdfpo.com!ix.netcom.com!news.webspan.net!feed1.news.erols.com!disgorge.news.demon.net!demon!dispatch.news.demon.net!demon!i-cubed.demon.co.uk!i-cubed.co.uk!news

From: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk (George Hawes)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk

Subject: Re: "I know where they are"

Date: Wed, 07 May 1997 18:37:59 GMT

Organization: i-cubed Limited, Cambridge

Message-ID: <5kqhsd\$bn@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>

References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <33697210.13116236@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k3htu\$qoe@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <5kc8hh\$q8k@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>

<337025c0.21403456@snews2.pdfpo.com>

Reply-To: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk

NNTP-Posting-Host: postmanpat.i-cubed.co.uk

X-NNTP-Posting-Host: i-cubed.demon.co.uk

X-Newsreader: Forte Free Agent 1.0.82

Lines: 172

Xref: szdc2 rec.music.folk:35940 uk.music.folk:7152

X-Agent-Group: rec.music.folk

abbysale@orlinter.com (Abby Sale) wrote:

>It occurs to me that there is no version of this in DT or other online
>songbases I've tried. Also (to my surprise) I don't have it on record.
>And it is an important song. Usually just treated as a joke.

>Since George seems quite familiar with it, I suggest he be "assigned" to
>putting together either a "legitimate"

It seems the copy I have of 'Hanging on the old barbed wire' has a number of the middle verses snipped from it. Given that a fairly full version appears earlier in the thread, can I be excused from Abby's onerous task? (i.e. will someone please send the version from the thread on to DT?)

As I mentioned before, my source is:

What a Lovely War - British Soldiers Songs from the Boer War to the present day
Roy Palmer; pub. Michael Joseph, 1990
(sorry I don't have the ISBN)

The following information re: 'Barbed wire' from that source may be of interest:

J B Priestly, having dismissed the Music Hall song 'Your King and Country' as "Drivel" observed that 'In the trenches the troops would sing a wider range of songs, including the marching songs, nonsense songs and other popular songs of the time. The patriotic songs seem to be unknown.'

He also commented on 'Barbed wire' "I cannot listen to it unmoved" #1

This song was also incorporated into a long poem, In Parenthesis, by David Jones. While I've found references to this poem in two sources I've yet to locate the poem itself (David Jones being a sufficiently common name to make library searching rather tedious!!)

Returning to Priestly, he considered there to be three classes of soldiers songs during the Great War

- * bawdy
- * lugubrious and homesick, without patriotic sentiment of any kind
- * sharply concerned with military life from the view-point of the disillusioned private soldier

and he believed 'Barbed wire' to be the best example of the

third type.

Priestly believed the songs would not survive beyond the end of the war. Palmer quotes another statement of this view; In the words of Rifleman Bill Teake, "These 'ere songs are no good in England. They 'ave too much guts in them." #2

#1 From Margin Released, 1962.

#2 From Soldier Songs: MacGill (no date given)

Regards

George

(ie, actually collected in the
>field) version or else a usable collated but unbawdlerized version. Sorry
>about suggesting this in the embarrassing public, George, but that's life.

>Dolph, in _Sound Off_ admits his is a very bawdlerized version:

> "I'll Tell You Where They Were."

> If you want to know where the generals were,
> I'll tell you where they were,
> Yes, I'll tell you where they were,
> Oh, I'll tell you where they were,
> If you want to know where the generals were,
> I'll tell you where they were,
> Back in gay Paree!
> (Spoken) How do you know?
> I saw them! I saw them!
> Back in gay Paree!
> I saw them,
> Back in gay Paree!

> If you want to know where the colonels were,
> Way behind the lines.

> ...the majors
> Playing with the mademoiselles.

> ...the captains
> Down in the deep dugout.

> ...the sergeants
> Drinking up the privates' rum.

> ...the privates

> Up to their necks in mud!

>Lomax, in _Amer Bal & F S_ has an inverted one:

>He got it from _Songs My Mother Never Taught Me_, 1929

> "If You Want to Know Where the Privates Are"

> If you want to know where the privates are

> I'll tell you where they are,

> I'll tell you where they are,

> Yes, I'll tell you where they are.

> If you want to know where the privates are--

> I'll tell you where they are,

> Up to their ears in mud.

> I saw them, I saw them--

> Up to their ears in mud and slime.

> If you want to know where the privates are,

> I'll tell you where they are--

> Up to their ears in mud.

>

> ...the sergeants

> Clipping the old barbed wire.

> ...the captains

> Drinking the privates' rum.

> .the officers

> Down in theie deep dug-out.

> ...the generals

> Back in gay Paree.

>On Fri, 02 May 1997 08:32:43 GMT, George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk (George

>Hawes) wrote:

>>jjf@dsbc.icl.co.uk (J.J.Farrell) wrote:

>>

>>>In article <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>,

>>>Abby Sale <abbysale@orlinter.com>wrote:

>>>>On 29 Apr 1997 02:12:30 +0100, jjf@dsbc.icl.co.uk (J.J.Farrell) wrote:

>>

>>

>>>

If you want to see the Privates, I know where they are,

>>>

I know where they are, I know where they are,

```
>>>
If you want to see the Privates, I know where they are,
>>>
They're dangling on the old barbed wire.
>>
>>>
I saw them, I saw them, dangling on the old barbed wire,
>>>
I saw them, dangling on the old barbed wire.

>>
>>Just as there's a vast number of earlier verses to the above
>>(too many to sing at one sitting), there are interesting
>>variants on this last one; the two which spring to mind are

>>
>>    If you want to find the regiment . . .

>>and
>>
If you want to find your husband . . .

>>
>>But I've always known it as 'find' rather than 'see', and
>>also 'hanging on the old barbed wire . . . '

>>
>>To my mind the most powerful of the songs from WW1
>>
```

```
>-- -- -- -- --
>I am Abby Sale - abbysale@orlinter.com (That's in Orlando)
```

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\barbed2.txt

From: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk (George Hawes)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk

Subject: Re: "I know where they are"

Date: Wed, 07 May 1997 09:24:57 GMT

In article <19970505135600.JAA03637@ladder01.news.aol.com>,
>slhinton17@aol.com (SLHinton17) writes:

>> It seems to
>>me that that excellent verse in an earlier post, about the Privates dying
>>on the barbed wire, is a product of the folksong revival of the '50's and
>>'60's.

What on earth made him think that I don't know . .

Most of the versions quoted by old soldiers have the privates up to their
>necks in mud but follow it with a verse which says that the "old
>battalion" is hanging on the wire. This is as it's given in Brophy and
> Partridge: Songs and Slang of the British Soldier (1930)

And Roy Palmer's investigations suggest that early in the war
the song existed without the last verse, which was added after
the Somme.

Regards

George

Forwarded Message Follows -----

Path:

szdc2!super.pdfpo.com!ix.netcom.com!news.maxwell.syr.edu!disgorge.news.demon.net!dem
on!dispatch.news.demon.net!demon!i-cubed.demon.co.uk!i-cubed.co.uk!news

From: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk (George Hawes)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk

Subject: Re: another song for Anzac Day

Date: Wed, 07 May 1997 09:21:48 GMT

Organization: i-cubed Limited, Cambridge

Message-ID: <5kph9f\$89t@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>

References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <337294e2.7847278@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5klvl2\$ds1@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk>
Reply-To: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk
NNTP-Posting-Host: postmanpat.i-cubed.co.uk
X-NNTP-Posting-Host: i-cubed.demon.co.uk
X-Newsreader: Forte Free Agent 1.0.82
Lines: 32
Xref: szdc2 rec.music.folk:35819 uk.music.folk:7124
X-Agent-Group: rec.music.folk

jjf@dsbc.icl.co.uk (J.J.Farrell) wrote:

>In article <337294e2.7847278@snews2.pdfpo.com>,
>Abby Sale <abbysale@orlinter.com>wrote:
>>
>On 1 May 1997 03:48:37 +0100, jjf@dsbc.icl.co.uk (J.J.Farrell) wrote:
>>
>>> I saw them, I saw them, dangling on the old barbed wire,
>>
>>"I'll Tell You Where They Are" is about the battle of the Somme? I never
>>realized. Sure makes sense that it would be. Thanx.

>I don't know that it was about the Somme

It wasn't; it predates the Somme, but without the last verse.
This according to Roy Palmer (see my post in another thread once
I get it together!!)

>but the sight of
>dead and dying soldiers hanging on barbed wire for days or weeks at
>a time was commonplace.

Indeed, but the most common versions have this verse as 'the
regiment' (or similar) hanging on the old barbed wire; it's that
scale which, I suggest, characterises it as being of the Somme
or later?

Regards

G.

Forwarded Message Follows -----

Newsgroups: uk.music.folk,rec.music.folk
Date: Tue, 06 May 97 17:33:26

From: Eric Berge <edberge@nospam.here>Subject: Re: "I know where they are"
Lines: 69
X-Newsreader: NEWTNews & Chameleon -- TCP/IP for MS Windows from NetManage
References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <33697210.13116236@snews2.pdfpo.com>
<5k3htu\$goe@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>
<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <5kc8hh\$q8k@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>
<337025c0.21403456@snews2.pdfpo.com>
Message-ID: <NEWTNews.862965269.8480.Eric_Berge@tirnanog>MIME-Version: 1.0
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NNTP-Posting-Host: 129.37.242.242
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Xref: szdc2 uk.music.folk:7120 rec.music.folk:35795
X-Agent-Group: rec.music.folk

In Article<337025c0.21403456@snews2.pdfpo.com>, <abbysale@orlinter.com>writes:

> Lomax, in _Amer Bal & F S_ has an inverted one:
> He got it from _Songs My Mother Never Taught Me_, 1929
>
>
"If You Want to Know Where the Privates Are"
>
>

If you want to know where the privates are
> Up to their ears in mud and slime.
>
>
...the sergeants
> ...the captains
> .the officers
> ...the generals

I actually have a copy of _Songs MMNTM_ (JJNiles and Douglas Moore, Illustrated by A.A.Walgren, 1929); Lomax must have gotten his version from more sources than this (...Runs over to bookcase and hauls out Lomax... Nope, he doesn't say). SMMNTM only has verses for Privates/Generals/Captains/Sergeants, in that order, although the words correspond exactly to those Abby listed.

Oddly enough, the accompanying Walgren illustrations for the song are for the privates and the missing verse about officers, the latter showing them swilling rum in a dugout. The illustrations are very amusing - if anyone wants, I can scan and post them as binaries, or email them privately.

The note for the song reads as follows (partially duplicated in Lomax):

"There is a lot more truth in this song than one is likely to suspect, official reports of Army Operations to the contrary notwithstanding.

The version we have here was passed on to us by Orian Hoskinson, originally of the Field Service and later, Lieut. Hoskinson, A.S.U.S.A., arriving, however, by the Aviation Cadet route. "

The last song in the book is also a good one, and might be a relative of "If you want to know...", so I'll post it:

WHAT DO THE COLONELS AND THE GENERALS DO
(A song that explains itself - and how!)

Colonel said that Kaiser William surely was a pest,
Dirty little job for Jesus.
Said I ought to lay the Kaiser's hips to rest,
Dirty little job for Jesus,

Oh, what do the Generals and the Colonels do...
I'll tell you, I'll tell you
Figger out just how the privates ought to do
The dirty little jobs for Jesus.

Now when I run away they said I was afraid to die,
Doin' dirty little jobs for Jesus.
I said the only reason why I run was 'cause I couldn't fly,
Doin' dirty little jobs for Jesus.

Oh, what etc...

Fifty thousand privates died for democracy,
Dirty little job for Jesus.
Twenty major generals got the D.S.C.,
Another dirtly little job for Jesus.

Oh, what etc...

Eric Berge
edberge@ibm.net

----- Forwarded Message Follows -----

Path:

szdc2!super.pdfpo.com!newsfeed.direct.ca!news.maxwell.syr.edu!disgorge.news.demon.net!
demon!dispatch.news.demon.net!demon!i-cubed.demon.co.uk!i-cubed.co.uk!news

From: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk (George Hawes)
Newsgroups: rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk
Subject: Re: "I know where they are"
Date: Tue, 06 May 1997 10:50:38 GMT
Organization: i-cubed Limited, Cambridge
Message-ID: <5kn23u\$cf@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>
References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <33697210.13116236@snews2.pdfpo.com>
<5k3htu\$qoe@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>
<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <5kc8hh\$q8k@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>
<337025c0.21403456@snews2.pdfpo.com>
Reply-To: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk
NNTP-Posting-Host: postmanpat.i-cubed.co.uk
X-NNTP-Posting-Host: i-cubed.demon.co.uk
X-Newsreader: Forte Free Agent 1.0.82
Lines: 26
Xref: szdc2 rec.music.folk:35752 uk.music.folk:7107
X-Agent-Group: rec.music.folk

abbysale@orlinter.com (Abby Sale) wrote:

>It occurs to me that there is no version of this in DT or other online
>songbases I've tried. Also (to my surprise) I don't have it on record.
>And it is an important song. Usually just treated as a joke.

>Since George seems quite familiar with it, I suggest he be "assigned" to
>putting together either a "legitamate" (ie, actually collected in the
>field) version or else a usable collated but unbowdlerized version. Sorry
>about suggesting this in the embarrassing public, George, but that's life.

Actually I have a version as published by Roy Palmer (who
normally seeks de-sanitised versions); one of my kids used it in
a school project on that period (unfortunately between the two
of them they managed three projects drawing on song material
from that period, so it's not absolutely straight forward . . .)

Regards

G,

----- Forwarded Message Follows -----

Path:

szdc!super.pdfpo.com!newsfeed.direct.ca!news.maxwell.syr.edu!news-peer.sprintlink.ne

t!news.sprintlink.net!Sprint!newsxfer3.itd.umich.edu!oleane!weld.news.pipex.net!pipe
x!plug.news.pipex.net!pipex!tank.news.pipex.net!pipex!hex.dsbc.icl.co.uk!dsbc.icl.co
.uk!not-for-mail

From: jjf@dsbc.icl.co.uk (J.J.Farrell)
Newsgroups: rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk
Subject: Re: another song for Anzac Day
Date: 6 May 1997 01:57:06 +0100
Organization: Fujitsu, Bracknell, UK
Lines: 21

Message-ID: <5klvl2\$ds1@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk>
References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>
<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <337294e2.7847278@snews2.pdfpo.com>
NNTP-Posting-Host: eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk
Xref: szdc rec.music.folk:35714 uk.music.folk:7095
X-Agent-Group: rec.music.folk

In article <337294e2.7847278@snews2.pdfpo.com>,
Abby Sale <abbysale@orlinter.com>wrote:
>On 1 May 1997 03:48:37 +0100, jjf@dsbc.icl.co.uk (J.J.Farrell) wrote:
>
>> I saw them, I saw them, dangling on the old barbed wire,
>
>"I'll Tell You Where They Are" is about the battle of the Somme? I never
>realized. Sure makes sense that it would be. Thanx.

I don't know that it was about the Somme - I was thinking of a song
reference to keep the thread vaguely relevant to the groups, and that
one seemed appropriate to what I'd said.

Barbed wire was used heavily throughout the Western Front, and I would
guess along all the others as well. The start of the battle of the
Somme might have been one of the biggest instances, but the sight of
dead and dying soldiers hanging on barbed wire for days or weeks at
a time was commonplace.

--

My opinions; I do not speak for my employer.

----- Forwarded Message Follows -----

Path:
szdc!super.pdfpo.com!newsfeed.direct.ca!news.maxwell.syr.edu!news-peer.gsl.net!portc
01.blue.aol.com!audrey02.news.aol.com!not-for-mail
From: jmoul81075@aol.com (JMoul81075)
Newsgroups: rec.music.folk
Subject: Re: "I know where they are"
Date: 5 May 1997 22:04:58 GMT
Organization: AOL, http://www.aol.co.uk
Lines: 19
Message-ID: <19970505220400.SAA06558@ladder01.news.aol.com>

References: <19970505135600.JAA03637@ladder01.news.aol.com>
NNTP-Posting-Host: ladder01.news.aol.com
X-Admin: news@aol.com
X-Newsreader: AOL Offline Reader
Xref: szdc rec.music.folk:35706
X-Agent-Group: rec.music.folk

In article <19970505135600.JAA03637@ladder01.news.aol.com>,
slhinton17@aol.com (SLHinton17) writes:

> It seems to
> me that that excellent verse in an earlier post, about the Privates dying
> on the barbed wire, is a product of the folksong revival of the '50's and
> '60's.

Most of the versions quoted by old soldiers have the privates up to their
necks in mud but follow it with a verse which says that the "old
battalion" is hanging on the wire. This is as it's given in Brophy and
Partridge: Songs and Slang of the British Soldier (1930)

John Moulden
Singer, Percussionist, Writer, Lecturer,
Researcher, Publisher, Song Hunter
Ulstersongs Mail Order (Books and Cassettes)
<http://members.aol.com/jmoul81075/ulstsong.htm>

----- Forwarded Message Follows -----

Path:
szdc!super.pdfpo.com!newsfeed.direct.ca!portc01.blue.aol.com!newstf02.news.aol.com!n
ewstf01.news.aol.com!audrey02.news.aol.com!not-for-mail
From: slhinton17@aol.com (SLHinton17)
Newsgroups: rec.music.folk
Subject: Re: "I know where they are"
Date: 5 May 1997 13:57:41 GMT
Organization: AOL <http://www.aol.com>
Lines: 35
Message-ID: <19970505135600.JAA03637@ladder01.news.aol.com>
References: <862758128.948.0@fylde.demon.co.uk>
NNTP-Posting-Host: ladder01.news.aol.com
X-Admin: news@aol.com
Xref: szdc rec.music.folk:35683
X-Agent-Group: rec.music.folk

I've heard this song more like this:

If you want to know where the GENERALS were,
I'll tell you where they were.
I'll tell you where they were.

I'll tell you where they were.
If you want to know where the GENERALS were,
I'll tell you where they were.
They were back in gay Paree. (How do you know?)
I saw them! I saw them!
Back in gay Paree I saw them.
Back in gay Paree.

COLONELS -- 'way behind the lines.

MAJORS -- Flirting with the mademoiselles.

CAPTAINS--down in the deep dugout.

LIEUTENANTS -- riding the Sergeant's ass.

SERGEANTS -- drinking the privates' beer.

PRIVATES -- up to their necks in mud.

You'll find a slightly different version in Wanda Willson Whitman: SONGS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD. (NY: Crown Publishers, Inc., 1969.) It seems to me that that excellent verse in an earlier post, about the Privates dying on the barbed wire, is a product of the folksong revival of the '50's and '60's.

Sam Hinton
La Jolla, CA

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\barbed3.txt

Forwarded Message Follows -----

Path:

szdc2!super.pdfpo.com!newsfeed.direct.ca!news.maxwell.syr.edu!disgorge.news.demon.net!demon!dispatch.news.demon.net!demon!fylde.demon.co.uk!not-for-mail

From: tom@fylde.demon.co.uk (tom morgan)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk

Subject: Re: "I know where they are"

Date: Sun, 04 May 1997 22:02:06 GMT

Message-ID: <862758128.948.0@fylde.demon.co.uk>

References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <33697210.13116236@snews2.pdfpo.com>
<5k3htu\$goe@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>
<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <5kc8hh\$q8k@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>
<337025c0.21403456@snews2.pdfpo.com>
NNTP-Posting-Host: fylde.demon.co.uk
X-NNTP-Posting-Host: fylde.demon.co.uk
X-Newsreader: Forte Free Agent 1.0.82
Lines: 49
Xref: szdc2 rec.music.folk:35635 uk.music.folk:7078
X-Agent-Group: rec.music.folk

abbysale@orlinter.com (Abby Sale) wrote:

>
It occurs to me that there is no version of this in DT or other online
>songbases I've tried. Also (to my surprise) I don't have it on record.
>And it is an important song. Usually just treated as a joke.

You have somewhat sanitized versions. At the time the song was a sung
a little more brutally, with the first line:

If you want the bloody general - etc

If you want the bloody colonel - etc

If you want the bloody major - etc

If you want the bloody quarter-bloke - etc

If you want the bloody sergeant - etc

Ending up with:

If you want the old battalion, we know where they are - etc.

Also worth noting:

Outside a lunatic asylum one day,

A gunner was beaking up stones.

Out came a lunatic to pass the time of day,

"Mornin', Gunner Jones.

How much a week do you get for doing that?"

"Seven bob," he replied.

And the lunatic stopped, as his bloody jaw dropped

And he threw back his head and cried.....

"Come inside, you silly bugger, come inside.

I thought you had more sense,

Working for the army? take my tip -
Act a bit barmy
and become a lunatic.

You get your three meals reg'lar.

And two new suits beside,

What? Seven bob a week?

With a wife and kids to keep?

Come inside you silly bugger, come inside."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\barbed4.txt

Forwarded Message Follows -----

:

rec.music.folk

I learned this version at the Darlington
(Golden Cock) folk workshop/singaround in 1970

If you want to see our Seargent ("our" pronounced ow-er)

I know where he is,

I know where he is,

If you want to see our Seargent

I know where he is.

He is lying on the canteen floor

.
I've seen him, I've seen him

.
He is lying on the canteen floor

.
I've seen him, I've seen him

.
Lying on the canteen floor

.
Our Major - safe in his deep duggout. <or snug, or sitting>Our Quartermaster -
boozing on the Private's rum

Our General - miles and miles behind the Line

If you want to see our Privates

I know where they are,

I know where they are,

If you want to see our Privates

,
I know where they are.

They are hanging on the front line wire

I've seen them, I've seen them

They are hanging on the front line wire

I've seen them, I've seen them

Hanging on the front line wire <silence>>>To my mind the most powerful of the songs
from WW1

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\beside.txt

Beside a Belgian Water Tank

This is an adaptation of the American quatrain ballad, "The Dying Hobo," which was popularized by Jimmie Rodgers with a recording released on February 8, 1929. Norman Cohen, in his usually thorough manner, gives a comprehensive history of the song(s) that travel under this and similar titles. See Long Steel Rail, pp. 357-360.

The first recovered military adaptation of the folk song is printed in Dolph, pp. 113-114. Since that work was initially copyrighted in 1929, and the Canfield collection dates of January through March of 1926, would give this version, "The Young Observer," precedence as the oldest reported.

Beside a Belgian waterfall
One sunny summer's day,
Beneath his shipwrecked battle-plane
A young observer lay,
His pilot on the telegraph pole
Was not completely dead,
And as he breathed his very last words,
The young observer said,

"We're going to a better land
Where everything is bright,
Where the whiskey grows on bushes,
Play poker every night.
You never have to work at all,
Just sit around and sing,
And there are beaucoup wild women,
Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\cadence.txt

From Unknown Mon 09 Jun 97 02:11:16

Path: usc!howland.erols.net!newsserver.jvnc.net!news.merck.com!internal.merck.com

From: FirstName LastName <exchangeid@merck.com>Newsgroups: rec.music.folk

Subject: Re: Cadence Calls (was Re: Are Carols Folk Music?)

Date: Thu, 04 Sep 1997 15:08:36 -0400

Organization: Merck & Co., Inc.

Lines: 55

Message-ID: <340F0734.539C@merck.com>

References: <5u76ae\$40u@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>

<APC&1'0'7c92df45'ae4@igc.apc.org><NEWTNews.873268546.4434.Eric_Berge@tirnanog><T+gF3CA8ETD0EwAZ@beaufort.demon.co.uk><5ukd6u\$qva@camel3.mindspring.com>

<NEWTNews.873356583.12376.Eric_Berge@tirnanog><5umnhp\$sk@camel3.mindspring.com>

Reply-To: firstname_lastname@merck.com

NNTP-Posting-Host: news.merck.com

Mime-Version: 1.0

Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii

Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:124104

> > " Actually, military cadence calls may be one of the few living folk forms
> >out there", so I certainly agree with you on that point.

>

> Must have missed your line. Sorry.

>

> >Your comment on the history of cadence calls is interesting - is that known,

> >or inferred from other information? Is there some sort of source on this?

> >When were cadence calls first recorded?

>

> There is a book on the subject..I think it's called "Singing Soldiers"

> by a folklorist I believe his name is Niles. I'll have to check on

> it. Not sure when these were first recorded if you mean mechanical

> recordings. Check Library of Congress, Folkarts Division. (Maybe).As

> to the inception of the calls, not sure that anyone is able to

> document when these calls began.

>

>

Cadence Calls actually date back much further than that...

Baron Von Stueben, on loan to the Continental Army during the revolution, arranged the majority of what is still used today as the Manual of Drill... This is a point that new Privates, even today, must learn and remember. The Cadence, or Jody Call, finds its origins there. Singing while marching has always been popular... Yankee Doodle, for instance, could arguably be called one of the longest surviving Cadence Calls!

Jody gets its name from the lines "Jody Got My Girl And Gone" as in:

Ain't no use in looking back, Jody's got your Cadillac.

Ain't no use in going home, Jody's got your girl and gone.

While it is true that African-American soldiers have certainly contributed to the Jody Call in various ways, so have many other "sub-groups" of the Army and Marines. It is, truly, one of the last

"functional folk" genres left. It keeps soldiers in time, it passes the time, it teaches (sometimes bluntly), it is also often funny.

And it's not every soldier that is good at it!

There are a number of good books available on the subject, the best I've seen called "The Jody Call," it contains a good history, and two volumes of collected calls from various services for various reasons (mostly, of course, cleaned up!).

-Christian Bauman <http://www.pobox.com/~camphoboken>
ducksquack@hotmail.com
former SeaDog, 1098th US Army Waterborne

The contents of this message express only the sender's opinion.
This message does not necessarily reflect the policy or views of
my employer, Merck & Co., Inc. All responsibility for the statements
made in this Usenet posting resides solely and completely with the
sender.

From Unknown Mon 09 Jun 97 02:11:33

Path:

usc!howland.erols.net!cpk-news-hub1.bbnplanet.com!news.bbnplanet.com!firehose.mindspring.com!news.mindspring.com!usenet

From: hamprod@atl.mindspring.com

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk

Subject: Re: Cadence Calls (was Re: Are Carols Folk Music?)

Date: Thu, 04 Sep 1997 16:22:29 GMT

Organization: MindSpring Enterprises, Inc.

Lines: 30

Message-ID: <5umnhp\$sk@camel3.mindspring.com>

References: <5u76ae\$40u@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>

<APC&1'0'7c92df45'ae4@igc.apc.org><NEWTNews.873268546.4434.Eric_Berge@tirnanog><T+gF3CA8ETD0EwAZ@beaufort.demon.co.uk><5ukd6u\$qva@camel3.mindspring.com>

<NEWTNews.873356583.12376.Eric_Berge@tirnanog>Reply-To: hamprod@atl.mindspring.com

NNTP-Posting-Host: user-38lc8gt.dialup.mindspring.com

X-Server-Date: 4 Sep 1997 16:27:37 GMT

X-Newsreader: Forte Free Agent 1.0.82

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:124088

Eric,

Eric Berge <edberge@spambegone.ibm.net>wrote:

>You seem to have missed the line later on in that paragraph where I said
> " Actually, military cadence calls may be one of the few living folk forms
>out there", so I certainly agree with you on that point.

Must have missed your line. Sorry.

>Your comment on the history of cadence calls is interesting - is that known,
>or inferred from other information? Is there some sort of source on this?
>When were cadence calls first recorded?

There is a book on the subject..I think it's called "Singing Soldiers"
by a folklorist I believe his name is Niles. I'll have to check on
it. Not sure when these were first recorded if you mean mechanical
recordings. Check Library of Congress, Folkarts Division. (Maybe).As
to the inception of the calls, not sure that anyone is able to
document when these calls began.

>PS I have a mail order catalogue which offers tapes of this kind of thing
>for sail; I've been contemplating ordering some.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\colonelb.txt

[Colonel Bogey March]

If the far-flung military forces of the British Empire had one anthem during
World War II, it was this:

Hitler has only got one ball;
Goering has two, but they're quite small;
Himmler is somewhat sim'lar,
But poor old Goebbels has no balls at all.

Sent by Rowland Berthoff, professor of history, emeritus, at Washington
University, St. Louis, who explained this was of British origin, but known by
American troops as well. In fact, it was a "G.I. favorite," New York Daily News
writer David Hinckley wrote in an article published December 6, 1991.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\colonelb1.txt

180. HITLER, HE ONLY HAD ONE BALL
Melody--Colonel Bogey March

Hitler, he only had one ball,
Goering, had two but very small,
Himmler, had something simmler,

But poor old Goebbels had no balls at all.
(Whistle melody for chorus)

Frankfurt, has only one beer hall,
Stuttgart, die m,,dchen all on call,
Munich, ve lift our tunich,
To show ve Chermens have no balls at all.

(HASHER'S NAME), is very short, not tall,
And blotto, for drinking Singha and Skol,
A Cherman, unlike (HASHER'S NAME),
Because (HASHER'S NAME) has no balls at all.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\friggin1.txt

from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP
id JAA22063 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Fri, 14 Jun 1996 09:46:07 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with
UUCP id MAA26205; Fri, 14 Jun 1996 12:44:25 -0400 (EDT)
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)
id AA02998; 14 Jun 96 00:18:31 -0500
From: rafe@cix.compulink.co.uk (Rafe Culpin)
Date: Thu, 13 Jun 96 20:11 BST-1
X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net, rafe@cix.compulink.co.uk
Subject: Bursts of Bawdy
Message-Id: <memo.211259@cix.compulink.co.uk>X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

Something seems to have unclogged. I thought this list was totally
dead, but have just received a big stack of messages going back to
February but only just sent from the server.

Most of it's too out of date to reply, but:

The (n)th mate's name was Hopper
By Christ he had a whopper
Twice round the deck
Twice round his neck

And up his arse for a stopper

The (n+1)th mate's name was Carter
By God he was a farter
WHen the wind wouldn't blow
And the ship wouldn't go
Carter the farter would start 'er

--

Bawdy Mailing List

To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net

--

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Fri Jun 14 09:51:13 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

</body>

</html>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\frigging.txt

The Frigging Fusileers

This rouser apparently began life in the British Army; after World War I it was brought to the United States, and adapted to various college uses.

[A]

Eyes right, assholes tight,
Foreskins to the front;
We're the boys from Illinois
We're always chasing cunt.

Refrain:

We're the soldiers of the night
And we'd rather fuck than fight.
We're members of the clappy Engineers.

This is from the Hubert Canfield Collection, 1926. A variant from the same collection has it as "The Skinback Fusileers."

[B]

Eyes right! Assholes tight!
Foreskins to the rear!
We're the boys who make no noise,
We've all got gonorrhea.

Refrain:
Oh, we're the heroes of the night,
For we'd rather fuck than fight,
We're the heroes of the Skinback Fusileers.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\fuckmach1.txt

58. THE ENGINEER'S DREAM ®MDIN` (The Fucking Machine)
Melody--Itself

An engineer told me before he died,
Ah-humm, ah-humm,
An engineer told me before he died,
Ah-humm, ah-humm,
An engineer told me before he died,
I have no reason to believe he lied.
Ah-humm, ah-humm-ah-humm-ah-humm-ah-humm-ah-humm,

He had a wife with a cunt so wide (three times),
That she could never be satisfied.

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

The balls of brass he filled with cream, etc . . .
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

He tied her ankles to the foot of the bed, etc . . .
He tied her wrists above her head.

There she lay demanding a fuck, etc . . .
He shook her hand and wished her luck.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel, etc...
In and out went the prick of steel.

Up and up went the level of steam, etc . . .
Down and down went the level of cream.

Till at last the maiden cried, etc . . .
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied!"

(SLOWLY . . .)

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

(BACK TO SPEED . . .)

Round and round went the bloody great wheel, etc...
In and out went the prick of steel.

Up and up went the level of steam, etc . . .
Down and down went the level of cream.

She was split from ass to tit, etc . . .
And the whole fucking issue was covered in SHIT, SHIT,
SHIT!

OTHER ENDINGS (OPTIONAL):

The moral of this story is mighty clear, etc . . .
Never fuck and engineer.

The last time, sir, that prick was seen, etc . . .
It was over in England fucking the Queen.

It jumped off her, it jumped on him, etc . . .
And then it buggered their next of kin.

It jumped upon an uptown bus, etc . . .
And the mess it made caused quite a fuss.

Nine months later a child was born, etc . . .
With two brass balls and a bloody great horn.

Now we come to the bit that's grim, etc . . .
It finished with her and started on him.

Now we come to the bit that's blue, etc . . .
It finished with him and it's looking for YOU!

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\gorygory1.txt

This is a parody of a parody, apparently, modeled upon "He Ain't Gonna Jump No More"

224. SHE AIN'T GONNA FUCK NO MORE (Gory, Gory

Melody--Battle Hymn of the Republic

My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the whore,
Who had fucked all round Jakarta, but had never come before,
She'd fuck and suck most anything and she had a running sore,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

CHORUS: Gory, gory, hallelujah,
Gory, gory, hallelujah,
Gory, gory, hallelujah,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

She hung around the Tankard and she danced at Tanamour,
And with all the fucking that she'd done, she'd never come before,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

That whore went round Jakarta in and out of every bed,
But though she tried with all her might, her cunt felt almost dead,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

She almost quit then in despair, but then she had a flash,
She said "I've tried most every thing, but haven't tried the HASH!
And all those wankers are so pissed up, they'll never see the rash,"
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

And so one steaming Monday night, she found the Anker truck,
She could see by the crazed looks in their eyes that she would have some luck,
So she strolled into the circle and challenged anyone to a fuck,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Hash Master was in control and so he stepped up first,
But sadly the man had drunk too much and overquenched his thirst,
When he pulled his flaccid penis out, she laughed like she would burst,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Joint Hash Masters took a turn, they stepped up one by one,
But with each prick she gave a sigh, for still she hadn't come,
She said, "You're no good at fucking, you'd best go back and run,"
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Masters of Music tried their hands but couldn't do a thing,
One was so tired from running, all that he could do was sing,
The other tried a shortcut, got his prick lost in her ring,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

Hash Cash stepped hard into the fray and tried to fill the breach,
But when he put it up inside she said it wouldn't reach,
So she grabbed the Secretary and she sucked him like a leech,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Scribe stepped up and cried, "The pen is mightier than the sword,"

But when he jumped upon her she just lay there looking bored,
She said, "You're really nothing when you've whored like I have whored,"
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Religious Advisor said a prayer and called upon the Gods,
The only way to make her come was with his divine rod,
But even with celestial help, he was like the other sods,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

All in the circle took their turns, the Germans and the Frogs,
The Aussies, Yanks, and Pommies and even a couple of dogs,
But the Dutchmen were the last in line to shed their running togs,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

When they all had finished she said, "There's something I must tell,
I've laid here in the circle and watched all your pricks swell,
But for all the good you've done for me, you can all go straight to hell,"
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

They each had tried her one by one as she lay upon the grass,
They'd jammed it up her cunt and mouth and some had tried her ass,
The one thing that they hadn't tried, was to fuck her all en masse,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

What alone they didn't do, they accomplished it in sum,
With three pricks between each finger and eighteen up her bum,
And sixteen each in cunt and mouth, she said, "I think I'm gonna come,"
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The city bells began to peel, her body began to shake,
Exploding rockets lit the sky, the earth began to quake,
That one massive orgasm was all that she could take,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

And when they climbed down off her and they looked upon the ground,
Nothing of her could be seen and nothing could be found,
They said though she was one good fuck, she'd never be a Hash House Hound,
For she ain't gonna fuck no more.

Number 225 moved to parody file

226. SUPER HASHER
Melody--Battle Hymn of the Republic

He started off at five, as the GM cried "On-On,"
Loping o'er the hedges to the blowin' of the horn,
But the run it was a righty, and the poor bloke went straight on,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

CHORUS: Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,

Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,
Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He ran through the bushes to the cheering of the throng,
Following their happy cries, he felt he wasn't wrong,
But the cunning little bastards were just stringing him along,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He ran on through the forests as the daylight turned to gray,
Searching for the flour, but it was far away,
And he knew he had to find it so he could run another day,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

It was approaching darkness, and many hills he'd crossed,
He'd traversed mighty rivers, as he dreamt of getting sauced,
But now he began to realize that he was just fucking lost,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He ran on past small shacks lit with dim and flickering tapers,
He damned the hare and co-hare for not laying much more paper,
And also the "Pervert," the bleeding fornicator,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He thought of all the hounds drinking Shiner at the truck,
And the bastards who left early so that they could have a fuck,
But our poor bloke was miles away, and he was out of luck,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

Oh, in the gathering darkness, he ran o'er the fields,
Trampling the new rice crops he could neither see nor feel,
But the farmer he was watching, and he began to squeal,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He thought that he might make it now, so gleefully he sang,
But then he glanced behind him, and the farmer bared his fangs,
And reached into his waistband for his trusty sharp parang,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

The farmer leapt out after him, his doorway still unshut,
For the only thing he'd wanted in all his life was but,
Some Hasher's balls adorning the mantel of his hut,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

In a blazing burst of speed our hound took off across the fields,
The farmer he was losing ground, but now his fate was sealed,
For ahead there was a shiggy-pit with no bloody way to yield,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He teetered on the edge of that dark and dismal pit,
And then, in desperation, he jumped into its midst,

And as he sank from sight he cried, "What a fucking crock of shit!"
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

So, if you go a'runnin' upon a Sunday night,
And come across a shiggy-pit upon the left or right,
Remember our poor Hasher and his shit-i-i-ful plight,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\guerrefi.txt

Après la Guerre Fini

Another from Canfield's Canadian correspondent, a World War I veteran.

Après la guerre fini
Anglais soldat parti.
Mademoiselle in the family way
Après la guerre fini.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\idrather.txt

[The Non-Commissioned Officers]

Oh, the non-commissioned officers,
They are the worst of all,
Up in the morning before the first call.
Squads right, squads left,
Left front into line,
And then the sons of bitches,
They give us double time.

Oh, it's home, boys, home,
Home we ought to be.
Home, boys, home,
In the Land of Liberty.
We'll hoist Old Glory
To the top of the pole,
And we'll all reenlist --
In a pig's asshole.

Frank L. Brown of Bella Vista, Arkansas, sent this to the editor in April, 1993, with the note: "I learned this on the U.S.S. Culgoa in 1919 en route home from France after World War I."

It appears to be a fusion of two songs.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\iknow.txt

From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:28:33

Path:

usc!math.ohio-state.edu!feeder.chicago.cic.net!feed1.news.erols.com!news-peer.sprint
link.net!news.sprintlink.net!Sprint!newsxfer3.itd.umich.edu!azure.xara.net!xara.net!
disgorge.news.demon.net!demon!dispatch.news.demon.net!demon!cavendish.demon.co.uk!ca
vendish.demon.co.uk!chris

From: Chris Ryall <chris@cavendish.demon.co.uk>Newsgroups:

rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk

Subject: Re: "I know where they are"

Date: Sun, 4 May 1997 10:54:51 +0100

Organization: cavendish

Distribution: world

Message-ID: <17eHUsArzFbzEwZT@cavendish.demon.co.uk>

References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<33697210.13116236@snews2.pdfpo.com> <5k3htu\$goe@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk>

<336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com> <5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk>

<5kc8hh\$q8k@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk> <337025c0.21403456@snews2.pdfpo.com>

Reply-To: Chris Ryall <chris@cavendish.demon.co.uk>NNTP-Posting-Host:
cavendish.demon.co.uk

X-NNTP-Posting-Host: cavendish.demon.co.uk

MIME-Version: 1.0

X-Newsreader: Turnpike Version 3.01 <ZgA9L1EKJSCclK17xxtD7G+VnY>Lines: 39

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116645

I learned this version at the Darlington
(Golden Cock) folk workshop/singaround in 1970

If you want to see our Seargent ("our" pronounced ow-er)
I know where he is,
I know where he is,
If you want to see our Seargent
I know where he is.

He is lying on the canteen floor
I've seen him, I've seen him

He is lying on the canteen floor
I've seen him, I've seen him
Lying on the canteen floor

Our Major - safe in his deep duggout <or snug, or sitting>Our Quartermaster -
boozing on the Private's rum

Our General - miles and miles behind the Line

If you want to see our Privates
I know where they are,
I know where they are,
If you want to see our Privates
I know where they are.

They are hanging on the front line wire
I've seen them, I've seen them
They are hanging on the front line wire
I've seen them, I've seen them
Hanging on the front line wire <silence>>>To my mind the most powerful of the songs
from WW1
Agreed.

--

Chris Ryll <snip # on reply>From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:28:36

Path:

usc!howland.erols.net!news.maxwell.syr.edu!disgorge.news.demon.net!demon!dispatch.ne
ws.demon.net!demon!fylde.demon.co.uk!not-for-mail

From: tom@fylde.demon.co.uk (tom morgan)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk

Subject: Re: "I know where they are"

Date: Sun, 04 May 1997 22:02:06 GMT

Message-ID: <862758128.948.0@fylde.demon.co.uk>

References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <33697210.13116236@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k3htu\$goe@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <5kc8hh\$q8k@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>

<337025c0.21403456@snews2.pdfpo.com>

NNTP-Posting-Host: fylde.demon.co.uk

X-NNTP-Posting-Host: fylde.demon.co.uk

X-Newsreader: Forte Free Agent 1.0.82

Lines: 49

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116650

abbysale@orlinter.com (Abby Sale) wrote:

>It occurs to me that there is no version of this in DT or other online
>songbases I've tried. Also (to my surprise) I don't have it on record.
>And it is an important song. Usually just treated as a joke.

You have somewhat sanitized versions. At the time the song was asung a little more brutally, with the first line:

If you want the bloody general - etc

If you want the bloody colonel - etc

If you want the bloody major - etc

If you want the bloody quarter-bloke - etc

If you want the bloody sergeant - etc

Ending up with:

If you want the old battalion, we know where they are - etc.

Also worth noting:

Outside a lunatic asylum one day,
A gunner was beaking up stones.
Out came a lunatic to pass the time of day,
"Mornin', Gunner Jones.
How much a week do you get for doing that?"
"Seven bob," he replied.
And the lunatic stopped, as his bloody jaw dropped
And he threw back his head and cried.....

"Come inside, you silly bugger, come inside.
I thought you had more sense,
Working for the army? take my tip -
Act a bit barmy and become a lunatic.
You get your three meals reg'lar.
And two new suits beside,
What? Seven bob a week?
With a wife and kids to keep?
Come inside you silly bugger, come inside."

From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:28:38

Path:

usc!howland.erols.net!newsxfer3.itd.umich.edu!portc01.blue.aol.com!newstf02.news.aol.com!newstf01.news.aol.com!audrey02.news.aol.com!not-for-mail

From: slhinton17@aol.com (SLHinton17)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk

Subject: Re: "I know where they are"

Date: 5 May 1997 13:57:41 GMT

Organization: AOL <http://www.aol.com>
Lines: 35
Message-ID: <19970505135600.JAA03637@ladder01.news.aol.com>
References: <862758128.948.0@fylde.demon.co.uk>
NNTP-Posting-Host: ladder01.news.aol.com
X-Admin: news@aol.com
Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116698

I've heard this song more like this:

If you want to know where the GENERALS were,
I'll tell you where they were.
I'll tell you where they were.
I'll tell you where they were.
If you want to know where the GENERALS were,
I'll tell you where they were.
They were back in gay Paree. (How do you know?)
I saw them! I saw them!
Back in gay Paree I saw them.
Back in gay Paree.

COLONELS -- 'way behind the lines.

MAJORS -- Flirting with the mademoiselles.

CAPTAINS--down in the deep dugout.

LIEUTENANTS -- riding the Sergeant's ass.

SERGEANTS -- drinking the privates' beer.

PRIVATES -- up to their necks in mud.

You'll find a slightly different version in Wanda Willson Whitman: SONGS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD. (NY: Crown Publishers, Inc., 1969.) It seems to me that that excellent verse in an earlier post, about the Privates dying on the barbed wire, is a product of the folksong revival of the '50's and '60's.

Sam Hinton
La Jolla, CA

From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:28:41

Path:

usc!math.ohio-state.edu!uwm.edu!news.he.net!news.maxwell.syr.edu!news-peer.gsl.net!p
ortc01.blue.aol.com!audrey02.news.aol.com!not-for-mail

From: jmoul81075@aol.com (JMoul81075)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk

Subject: Re: "I know where they are"

Date: 5 May 1997 22:04:58 GMT

Organization: AOL, <http://www.aol.co.uk>

Lines: 19

Message-ID: <19970505220400.SAA06558@ladder01.news.aol.com>

References: <19970505135600.JAA03637@ladder01.news.aol.com>

NNTP-Posting-Host: ladder01.news.aol.com

X-Admin: news@aol.com

X-Newsreader: AOL Offline Reader

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116724

In article <19970505135600.JAA03637@ladder01.news.aol.com>, slhinton17@aol.com (SLHinton17) writes:

> It seems to

> me that that excellent verse in an earlier post, about the Privates dying
> on the barbed wire, is a product of the folksong revival of the '50's and
> '60's.

Most of the versions quoted by old soldiers have the privates up to their necks in mud but follow it with a verse which says that the "old battalion" is hanging on the wire. This is as it's given in Brophy and Partridge: Songs and Slang of the British Soldier (1930)

John Moulden

Singer, Percussionist, Writer, Lecturer,

Researcher, Publisher, Song Hunter

Ulstersongs Mail Order (Books and Cassettes)

<http://members.aol.com/jmoul81075/ulstsong.htm>

From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:28:43

Path:

usc!howland.erols.net!rill.news.pipex.net!pipex!disgorge.news.demon.net!demon!dispat
ch.news.demon.net!demon!i-cubed.demon.co.uk!i-cubed.co.uk!news

From: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk (George Hawes)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk

Subject: Re: "I know where they are"

Date: Tue, 06 May 1997 10:50:38 GMT

Organization: i-cubed Limited, Cambridge

Message-ID: <5kn23u\$cf@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>

References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <33697210.13116236@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k3htu\$goe@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <5kc8hh\$q8k@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>

<337025c0.21403456@snews2.pdfpo.com>

Reply-To: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk

NNTP-Posting-Host: postmanpat.i-cubed.co.uk

X-NNTP-Posting-Host: i-cubed.demon.co.uk

X-Newsreader: Forte Free Agent 1.0.82

Lines: 26

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116768

abbysale@orlinter.com (Abby Sale) wrote:

>It occurs to me that there is no version of this in DT or other online
>songbases I've tried. Also (to my surprise) I don't have it on record.
>And it is an important song. Usually just treated as a joke.

>Since George seems quite familiar with it, I suggest he be "assigned" to
>putting together either a "legitimate" (ie, actually collected in the
>field) version or else a usable collated but unbowdlerized version. Sorry
>about suggesting this in the embarrassing public, George, but that's life.

Actually I have a version as published by Roy Palmer (who normally seeks de-sanitised versions); one of my kids used it in a school project on that period (unfortunately between the two of them they managed three projects drawing on song material from that period, so it's not absolutely straight forward . . .)

Regards

G,

From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:28:46

Path:

usc!howland.erols.net!cpk-news-hub1.bbnplanet.com!news.bbnplanet.com!disgorge.news.demon.net!demon!dispatch.news.demon.net!demon!i-cubed.demon.co.uk!i-cubed.co.uk!news

From: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk (George Hawes)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk

Subject: Re: "I know where they are"

Date: Wed, 07 May 1997 09:24:57 GMT

Organization: i-cubed Limited, Cambridge

Message-ID: <5kphfc\$89t@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>

References: <19970505135600.JAA03637@ladder01.news.aol.com>

<19970505220400.SAA06558@ladder01.news.aol.com>

Reply-To: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk

NNTP-Posting-Host: postmanpat.i-cubed.co.uk

X-NNTP-Posting-Host: i-cubed.demon.co.uk

X-Newsreader: Forte Free Agent 1.0.82

Lines: 27

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116835

jmoul81075@aol.com (JMoul81075) wrote:

>In article <19970505135600.JAA03637@ladder01.news.aol.com>,
>slhinton17@aol.com (SLHinton17) writes:

>> It seems to
>>me that that excellent verse in an earlier post, about the Privates dying
>>on the barbed wire, is a product of the folksong revival of the '50's and
>>'60's.

What on earth made him think that I don't know . .

>Most of the versions quoted by old soldiers have the privates up to their
>necks in mud but follow it with a verse which says that the "old
>battalion" is hanging on the wire. This is as it's given in Brophy and
>Partridge: Songs and Slang of the British Soldier (1930)

And Roy Palmer's investigations suggest that early in the war
the song existed without the last verse, which was added after
the Somme.

Regards

George

From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:28:48

Path:

usc!howland.erols.net!news.maxwell.syr.edu!news-feed.inet.tele.dk!zdc-e!super.pdfpo.
com!szdc!newsp.pdfpo.com!snews5

From: abbysale@orlinter.com (Abby Sale)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk

Subject: Re: "I know where they are"

Date: Tue, 06 May 1997 11:24:25 GMT

Organization: None

Lines: 14

Message-ID: <3370dce6.3355062@snews2.pdfpo.com>

References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <33697210.13116236@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k3htu\$qoe@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <5kc8hh\$q8k@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>

<337025c0.21403456@snews2.pdfpo.com> <862758128.948.0@fylde.demon.co.uk>

Mime-Version: 1.0

Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii

Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit

X-Newsreader: Forte Agent 1.0/32.390

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116840

On Sun, 04 May 1997 22:02:06 GMT, tom@fylde.demon.co.uk (tom morgan)
wrote:

>
>You have somewhat sanitized versions. At the time the song was asung
>a little more brutally, with the first line:
>
Exactly my own dissatisfaction with them.

Good start.

I am Abby Sale - abbysale@orlinter.com (That's in Orlando)

From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:28:51
Path:
usc!howland.erols.net!worldnet.att.net!news-peer.sprintlink.net!news.sprintlink.net!
Sprint!EU.net!uknet!usenet1.news.uk.psi.net!uknet!uknet!nplpsg!not-for-mail
From: atm@bae.npl.co.uk (Tom May)
Newsgroups: rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk
Subject: Re: "I know where they are"
Date: 7 May 1997 18:47:17 GMT
Organization: Corrosion, NPL
Lines: 46
Message-ID: <5kqinl\$97i\$1@lightning.cise.npl.co.uk>
References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <33697210.13116236@snews2.pdfpo.com>
<5k3htu\$qoe@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>
<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <5kc8hh\$q8k@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>
<337025c0.21403456@snews2.pdfpo.com> <5kn23u\$cf@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>
NNTP-Posting-Host: sinus.bae.npl.co.uk
Mime-Version: 1.0
X-Newsreader: WinVN 0.93.11
Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116871

In article <5kn23u\$cf@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>, George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk
says...

>abbysale@orlinter.com (Abby Sale) wrote:

>>It occurs to me that there is no version of this in DT or other online
>>songbases I've tried. Also (to my surprise) I don't have it on record.
>>And it is an important song. Usually just treated as a joke.

>>Since George seems quite familiar with it, I suggest he be "assigned"
to
>>putting together either a "legitamate" (ie, actually collected in the
>>field) version or else a usable collated but unbowdlerized version.

Sorry

>>about suggesting this in the embarrassing public, George, but that's

life.

>Actually I have a version as published by Roy Palmer (who
>normally seeks de-sanitised versions); one of my kids used it in
>a school project on that period (unfortunately between the two
>of them they managed three projects drawing on song material
>from that period, so it's not absolutely straight forward . . .)

>Regards

>G,

I'm sorry, I seem to have come in on the tail end of this thread, but if you are talking about the song also known as "Hanging on the Old Barbed Wire", I have a number of the verses (from various sources) which probably were never all sung together (there are too many for comfort). I can supply these if required.

Best Wishes

Tom

From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:28:54

Path:

usc!howland.erols.net!feed1.news.erols.com!disgorge.news.demon.net!demon!dispatch.news.demon.net!demon!i-cubed.demon.co.uk!i-cubed.co.uk!news

From: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk (George Hawes)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk

Subject: Re: "I know where they are"

Date: Wed, 07 May 1997 18:37:59 GMT

Organization: i-cubed Limited, Cambridge

Message-ID: <5kqhsd\$bn@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>

References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <33697210.13116236@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k3htu\$qoe@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <5kc8hh\$q8k@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>

<337025c0.21403456@snews2.pdfpo.com>

Reply-To: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk

NNTP-Posting-Host: postmanpat.i-cubed.co.uk

X-NNTP-Posting-Host: i-cubed.demon.co.uk

X-Newsreader: Forte Free Agent 1.0.82

Lines: 172

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116958

abbysale@orlinter.com (Abby Sale) wrote:

>It occurs to me that there is no version of this in DT or other online
>songbases I've tried. Also (to my surprise) I don't have it on record.
>And it is an important song. Usually just treated as a joke.

>Since George seems quite familiar with it, I suggest he be "assigned" to
>putting together either a "legitamate"

It seems the copy I have of 'Hanging on the old barbed wire' has a number of the middle verses snipped from it. Given that a fairly full version appears earlier in the thread, can I be excused from Abby's onerous task? (i.e. will someone please send the version from the thread on to DT?)

As I mentioned before, my source is:

What a Lovely War - British Soldiers Songs from the Boer War to the present day
Roy Palmer; pub. Michael Joseph, 1990
(sorry I don't have the ISBN)

The following information re: 'Barbed wire' from that source may be of interest:

J B Priestly, having dismissed the Music Hall song 'Your King and Country' as "Drivel" observed that 'In the trenches the troops would sing a wider range of songs, including the marching songs, nonsense songs and other popular songs of the time. The patriotic songs seem to be unknown.'

He also commented on 'Barbed wire' "I cannot listen to it unmoved" #1

This song was also incorporated into a long poem, In Parenthesis, by David Jones. While I've found references to this poem in two sources I've yet to locate the poem itself (David Jones being a sufficiently common name to make library searching

rather tedious!!)

Returning to Priestly, he considered there to be three classes of soldiers' songs during the Great War

- * bawdy
- * lugubrious and homesick, without patriotic sentiment of any kind
- * sharply concerned with military life from the view-point of the disillusioned private soldier

and he believed 'Barbed wire' to be the best example of the third type.

Priestly believed the songs would not survive beyond the end of the war. Palmer quotes another statement of this view; In the words of Rifleman Bill Teake, "These 'ere songs are no good in England. They 'ave too much guts in them." #2

#1 From Margin Released, 1962.

#2 From Soldier Songs: MacGill (no date given)

Regards

George

(ie, actually collected in the
>field) version or else a usable collated but unbawdlerized version. Sorry
>about suggesting this in the embarrassing public, George, but that's life.

>Dolph, in _Sound Off_ admits his is a very bowdlerized version:

> "I'll Tell You Where They Were."

> If you want to know where the generals were,
> I'll tell you where they were,
> Yes, I'll tell you where they were,
> Oh, I'll tell you where they were,
> If you want to know where the generals were,
> I'll tell you where they were,
> Back in gay Paree!
> (Spoken) How do you know?
> I saw them! I saw them!
> Back in gay Paree!
> I saw them,
> Back in gay Paree!

> If you want to know where the colonels were,
> Way behind the lines.

> ...the majors
> Playing with the mademoiselles.

> ...the captains
> Down in the deep dugout.

> ...the sergeants
> Drinking up the privates' rum.

> ...the privates
> Up to their necks in mud!

>Lomax, in _Amer Bal & F S_ has an inverted one:
>He got it from _Songs My Mother Never Taught Me_, 1929

> "If You Want to Know Where the Privates Are"

> If you want to know where the privates are
> I'll tell you where they are,
> I'll tell you where they are,
> Yes, I'll tell you where they are.
> If you want to know where the privates are--
> I'll tell you where they are,
> Up to their ears in mud.
> I saw them, I saw them--
> Up to their ears in mud and slime.
> If you want to know where the privates are,
> I'll tell you where they are--
> Up to their ears in mud.

> ...the sergeants
> Clipping the old barbed wire.

> ...the captains
> Drinking the privates' rum.

> .the officers
> Down in theie deep dug-out.

> ...the generals
> Back in gay Paree.

>On Fri, 02 May 1997 08:32:43 GMT, George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk (George
>Hawes) wrote:

>>jjf@dsbc.icl.co.uk (J.J.Farrell) wrote:

>>

>>>In article <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>,

>>>Abby Sale <abbysale@orlinter.com>wrote:

>>>>On 29 Apr 1997 02:12:30 +0100, jjf@dsbc.icl.co.uk (J.J.Farrell) wrote:

>>

>>

>>> If you want to see the Privates, I know where they are,
>>> I know where they are, I know where they are,
>>> If you want to see the Privates, I know where they are,
>>> They're dangling on the old barbed wire.

Yes. Me! Me!

> WHAT DO THE COLONELS AND THE GENERALS DO

That's great. I'll have to get the book.

> Said I ought to lay the Kaiser's hips to rest,
> Dirty little job for Jesus,

>I am guessing that "hips" in the third line is a stand in for something >else, much as "thigh" is in various biblical verses.

Maybe. And, although I'm generally prone to accept the bawdy interpretation, maybe just means "kill." Ie, put him on the ground.

On Wed, 07 May 1997 09:24:57 GMT, George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk (George Hawes) wrote:

>>> It seems to
>>>me that that excellent verse in an earlier post, about the Privates dying
>>>on the barbed wire, is a product of the folksong revival of the '50's and
>>>'60's.

>
>What on earth made him think that I don't know . .

>
I think there may be a clear difference between American & British versions. In the US it seems to be _printed_ as privates in the mud. But I recall hearing it in the 60's as on the barbed wire. I've never heard or seen a "regiment" verse until now.

>
>And Roy Palmer's investigations suggest that early in the war
>the song existed without the last verse, which was added after
>the Somme.

That's an interesting part of it. Hmmm. I think you've got it, George.

-
Getting close, I think. In any event, with the above information, the Board of Directors at <Happy>Central have already authorized me to reveal that they've ruled to agree with J.J.Farrell on the song. That is, it fully represents the Battle of the Somme, whether or not it turns out to be provably specifically written (or updated) about it.

This is very quick work for them.

-- -- -- -- --
I am Abby Sale - abbysale@orlinter.com (That's in Orlando)

From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:29:00
Newsgroups: uk.music.folk,rec.music.folk
Date: Tue, 06 May 97 17:33:26
From: Eric Berge <edberge@nospam.here>Subject: Re: "I know where they are"

Lines: 69

X-Newsreader: NEWTNews & Chameleon -- TCP/IP for MS Windows from NetManage

References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <33697210.13116236@snews2.pdfpo.com>
<5k3htu\$goe@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>
<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <5kc8hh\$q8k@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>
<337025c0.21403456@snews2.pdfpo.com>

Message-ID: <NEWTNews.862965269.8480.Eric_Berge@tirnanog>MIME-Version: 1.0

Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; charset=US-ASCII

NNTP-Posting-Host: 129.37.242.242

Path:

usc!math.ohio-state.edu!howland.erols.net!feed1.news.erols.com!news-xfer.netaxs.com!
hammer.uoregon.edu!arclight.uoregon.edu!news-m01.ny.us.ibm.net!ibm.net!news2.ibm.net
!129.37.242.242

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116811

In Article<337025c0.21403456@snews2.pdfpo.com>, <abbysale@orlinter.com>writes:

> Lomax, in _Amer Bal & F S_ has an inverted one:
> He got it from _Songs My Mother Never Taught Me_, 1929
>
> "If You Want to Know Where the Privates Are"
>
> If you want to know where the privates are
> Up to their ears in mud and slime.
>
> ...the sergeants
> ...the captains
> .the officers
> ...the generals

I actually have a copy of _Songs MMNTM_ (JJNiles and Douglas Moore, Illustrated by A.A.Walgren, 1929); Lomax must have gotten his version from more sources than this (...Runs over to bookcase and hauls out Lomax... Nope, he doesn't say). SMMNTM only has verses for Privates/Generals/Captains/Sergeants, in that order, although the words correspond exactly to those Abby listed.

Oddly enough, the accompanying Walgren illustrations for the song are for the privates and the missing verse about officers, the latter showing them swilling rum in a dugout. The illustrations are very amusing - if anyone wants, I can scan and post them as binaries, or email them privately.

The note for the song reads as follows (partially duplicated in Lomax):

"There is a lot more truth in this song than one is likely to suspect, official reports of Army Operations to the contrary notwithstanding. The version we have here was passed on to us by Orian Hoskinson, originally of the Field Service and later, Lieut. Hoskinson, A.S.U.S.A., arriving,

however, by the Aviation Cadet route."

The last song in the book is also a good one, and might be a relative of "If you want to know...", so I'll post it:

WHAT DO THE COLONELS AND THE GENERALS DO
(A song that explains itself - and how!)

Colonel said that Kaiser William surely was a pest,
Dirty little job for Jesus.
Said I ought to lay the Kaiser's hips to rest,
Dirty little job for Jesus,

Oh, what do the Generals and the Colonels do...
I'll tell you, I'll tell you
Figger out just how the privates ought to do
The dirty little jobs for Jesus.

Now when I run away they said I was afraid to die,
Doin' dirty little jobs for Jesus.
I said the only reason why I run was 'cause I couldn't fly,
Doin' dirty little jobs for Jesus.

Oh, what etc...

Fifty thousand privates died for democracy,
Dirty little job for Jesus.
Twenty major generals got the D.S.C.,
Another dirtly little job for Jesus.

Oh, what etc...

Eric Berge
edberge@ibm.net

From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:29:03
Newsgroups: uk.music.folk,rec.music.folk
Date: Tue, 06 May 97 19:38:19
From: Eric Berge <edberge@nospam.here>Subject: Re: "I know where they are"
Lines: 17
X-Newsreader: NEWTNews & Chameleon -- TCP/IP for MS Windows from NetManage
References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <33697210.13116236@snews2.pdfpo.com>
<5k3htu\$qoe@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>
<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <5kc8hh\$q8k@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>
<337025c0.21403456@snews2.pdfpo.com>
<NEWTNews.862965269.8480.Eric_Berge@tirnanog>Message-ID:
<NEWTNews.862972822.377.Eric_Berge@tirnanog>MIME-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; charset=US-ASCII

NNTP-Posting-Host: 129.37.242.141

Path:

usc!howland.erols.net!ais.net!arclight.uoregon.edu!news-m01.ny.us.ibm.net!ibm.net!news2.ibm.net!129.37.242.141

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116822

PS to my last post...

In Article<NEWTNews.862965269.8480.Eric_Berge@tirnanog>, <edberge@nospam.here>writes:

```
>      WHAT DO THE COLONELS AND THE GENERALS DO
>      (A song that explains itself - and how!)
>
>      Colonel said that Kaiser William surely was a pest,
>      Dirty little job for Jesus.
>      Said I ought to lay the Kaiser's hips to rest,
>      Dirty little job for Jesus,
```

I am guessing that "hips" in the third line is a stand in for something else, much as "thigh" is in various biblical verses.

Eric Berge
edberge@ibm.net

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\iknow2.txt

From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:31:29

Path:

usc!howland.erols.net!cpk-news-hub1.bbnplanet.com!news.bbnplanet.com!disgorge.news.demon.net!demon!dispatch.news.demon.net!demon!i-cubed.demon.co.uk!i-cubed.co.uk!news

From: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk (George Hawes)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk

Subject: Re: another song for Anzac Day

Date: Fri, 02 May 1997 08:32:43 GMT

Organization: i-cubed Limited, Cambridge

Message-ID: <5kc8hh\$q8k@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>

References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <33697210.13116236@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k3htu\$qoe@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk>

Reply-To: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk

NNTP-Posting-Host: postmanpat.i-cubed.co.uk

X-NNTP-Posting-Host: i-cubed.demon.co.uk

X-Newsreader: Forte Free Agent 1.0.82

Lines: 39

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116543

jjf@dsbc.icl.co.uk (J.J.Farrell) wrote:

>In article <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>,

>Abby Sale <abbysale@orlinter.com>wrote:

>>On 29 Apr 1997 02:12:30 +0100, jjf@dsbc.icl.co.uk (J.J.Farrell) wrote:

<interesting post snipped>> If you want to see the Privates, I know where they are,

> I know where they are, I know where they are,

> If you want to see the Privates, I know where they are,

> They're dangling on the old barbed wire.

> I saw them, I saw them, dangling on the old barbed wire,

> I saw them, dangling on the old barbed wire.

Just as there's a vast number of earlier verses to the above
(too many to sing at one sitting), there are interesting
variants on this last one; the two which spring to mind are

If you want to find the regiment . . .

and

If you want to find your husband . . .

But I've always known it as 'find' rather than 'see', and
also 'hanging on the old barbed wire . . . '

To my mind the most powerful of the songs from WW1

Regards

G.

>--

> My opinions; I do not speak for my employer.

From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:31:31

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk

Path:

usc!howland.erols.net!cpk-news-hub1.bbnplanet.com!news.bbnplanet.com!rill.news.pipex
.net!pipex!newsfeed.ed.ac.uk!strath-cs!dcl-cs!bath.ac.uk!exxdgdc

From: exxdgdc@bath.ac.uk (Douglas Clark)

Subject: Re: another song for Anzac Day

Organization: Guest of Bath University Computing Services, UK

Message-ID: <E9Go4C.AJo.B.ss1@bath.ac.uk>References:

<33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <33697210.13116236@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k3htu\$goe@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk>

<Pine.GS0.3.95-960729.970430093535.6887F-100000@draco.dur.ac.uk>Date: Wed, 30 Apr 1997 17:19:24 GMT
Lines: 23
Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116570

In the referenced article, Roger Gawley <Roger.Gawley@durham.ac.uk>writes:

>
>
>
>On 29 Apr 1997, J.J.Farrell wrote:
>
>
>> Your comment reminds me of one made some years later by Lady Astor,
>> which inspired a great traditional song:
>>
>> ...
>> We are the D-Day dodgers,
>> Way out in Italy.
>
>Lady Astor says she never said it. Good song though.
>

Hamish Henderson wrote it.

--

Douglas Clark
69 Hillcrest Drive,
Bath, Somerset, BA2 1HD, UK
voice: +44 1225 427104
mailto: D.G.D.Clark@bath.ac.uk
Benjamin Press: <http://www.bath.ac.uk/~exxdgdc>

From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:31:34

Path:

usc!howland.erols.net!news-peer.sprintlink.net!news.sprintlink.net!Sprint!zdc-e!super.pdfpo.com!szdc!newsp.pdfpo.com!snews2

From: abbysale@orlinter.com (Abby Sale)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk

Subject: Re: another song for Anzac Day

Date: Fri, 02 May 1997 11:41:01 GMT

Organization: None

Lines: 16

Message-ID: <337294e2.7847278@snews2.pdfpo.com>

References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <33697210.13116236@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k3htu\$goe@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk>

Mime-Version: 1.0

Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii

Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit

X-Newsreader: Forte Agent 1.0/32.390

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116580

On 1 May 1997 03:48:37 +0100, jjf@dsbc.icl.co.uk (J.J.Farrell) wrote:

>
>A lot of both, I think. The strategies pursued were usually utterly
>stupid, and the methods of pursuing them were utterly callous.

Well put. So be it.

>
> I saw them, I saw them, dangling on the old barbed wire,

"I'll Tell You Where They Are" is about the battle of the Somme? I never realized. Sure makes sense that it would be. Thanx.

I am Abby Sale - abbysale@orlinter.com (That's in Orlando)

From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:31:36
Path:
usc!howland.erols.net!rill.news.pipex.net!pipex!disgorge.news.demon.net!demon!dispat
ch.news.demon.net!demon!docpussers.demon.co.uk!davedoc
From: davedoc <davedoc@docpussers.demon.co.uk>Newsgroups:
rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk
Subject: Re: another song for Anzac Day
Date: Sun, 04 May 1997 10:54:05 +0000 (GMT)
Organization: Organisation name, location. Telephone/Fax?
Message-ID: <ant0410050b07e\$@docpussers.demon.co.uk>References:
<33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <33697210.13116236@snews2.pdfpo.com>
<5k3htu\$goe@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk>
<Pine.GS0.3.95-960729.970430093535.6887F-100000@draco.dur.ac.uk><E9Go4C.AJo.B.ss1@ba
th.ac.uk>NNTP-Posting-Host: docpussers.demon.co.uk
X-NNTP-Posting-Host: docpussers.demon.co.uk
MIME-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; CHARSET=ISO-8859-1
X-Newsreader: ANT RISCOS Marcel [ver 1.09]
Lines: 26
Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116643

In article <E9Go4C.AJo.B.ss1@bath.ac.uk>, Douglas Clark
<URL:mailto:exxdgdc@bath.ac.uk>wrote:

>
> In the referenced article, Roger Gawley <Roger.Gawley@durham.ac.uk>writes:
> >
> >On 29 Apr 1997, J.J.Farrell wrote:
> >
> >> Your comment reminds me of one made some years later by Lady Astor,
> >> which inspired a great traditional song:
> >>
> >> ...
> >> We are the D-Day dodgers,
> >> Way out in Italy.

> >>
> >>
>>>>>> Snip & reply
>>>>>> D-Day Dodgers
>>>>>> Try < CD-THE YETTIES - 'Out In The Green Fields'
>>>>>> Ref: CDRR 500 Compact Disc 1990 issue
>>>>>> REQUEST Contemporary Series - CONIFER RECORDS LIMITED UK.
>>>>>> Track 15 (4mins & 27sec's)
>>>>>> Great Melody - Thats if you like Dorset Singing !!!!!
>>>>>>
--
Doc

From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:31:39

Path:

usc!howland.erols.net!cpk-news-hub1.bbnplanet.com!news.bbnplanet.com!newsxfer3.itd.u
mich.edu!oleane!weld.news.pipex.net!pipex!plug.news.pipex.net!pipex!tank.news.pipex.
net!pipex!hex.dsbc.icl.co.uk!dsbc.icl.co.uk!not-for-mail

From: jjf@dsbc.icl.co.uk (J.J.Farrell)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk

Subject: Re: another song for Anzac Day

Date: 6 May 1997 01:57:06 +0100

Organization: Fujitsu, Bracknell, UK

Lines: 21

Message-ID: <5klvl2\$ds1@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk>

References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>
<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <337294e2.7847278@snews2.pdfpo.com>

NNTP-Posting-Host: eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116732

In article <337294e2.7847278@snews2.pdfpo.com>,

Abby Sale <abbysale@orlinter.com>wrote:

>On 1 May 1997 03:48:37 +0100, jjf@dsbc.icl.co.uk (J.J.Farrell) wrote:

>

>> I saw them, I saw them, dangling on the old barbed wire,

>

>"I'll Tell You Where They Are" is about the battle of the Somme? I never

>realized. Sure makes sense that it would be. Thanx.

I don't know that it was about the Somme - I was thinking of a song
reference to keep the thread vaguely relevant to the groups, and that
one seemed appropriate to what I'd said.

Barbed wire was used heavily throughout the Western Front, and I would
guess along all the others as well. The start of the battle of the
Somme might have been one of the biggest instances, but the sight of
dead and dying soldiers hanging on barbed wire for days or weeks at
a time was commonplace.

--

My opinions; I do not speak for my employer.

From Unknown Fri 09 May 97 06:31:42

Path:

usc!math.ohio-state.edu!howland.erols.net!rill.news.pipex.net!pipex!disgorge.news.demon.net!demon!dispatch.news.demon.net!demon!i-cubed.demon.co.uk!i-cubed.co.uk!news

From: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk (George Hawes)

Newsgroups: rec.music.folk,uk.music.folk

Subject: Re: another song for Anzac Day

Date: Wed, 07 May 1997 09:21:48 GMT

Organization: i-cubed Limited, Cambridge

Message-ID: <5kph9f\$89t@shiny.i-cubed.co.uk>

References: <33645796.8030598@snews2.pdfpo.com> <336919b3.18497563@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5k90a5\$m1n@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk> <337294e2.7847278@snews2.pdfpo.com>

<5klvl2\$ds1@eccles.dsbc.icl.co.uk>

Reply-To: George.Hawes@i-cubed.co.uk

NNTP-Posting-Host: postmanpat.i-cubed.co.uk

X-NNTP-Posting-Host: i-cubed.demon.co.uk

X-Newsreader: Forte Free Agent 1.0.82

Lines: 32

Xref: usc rec.music.folk:116834

jjf@dsbc.icl.co.uk (J.J.Farrell) wrote:

>In article <337294e2.7847278@snews2.pdfpo.com>,

>Abby Sale <abbysale@orlinter.com>wrote:

>>On 1 May 1997 03:48:37 +0100, jjf@dsbc.icl.co.uk (J.J.Farrell) wrote:

>>

>>> I saw them, I saw them, dangling on the old barbed wire,

>>

>>"I'll Tell You Where They Are" is about the battle of the Somme? I never

>>realized. Sure makes sense that it would be. Thanx.

>I don't know that it was about the Somme

It wasn't; it predates the Somme, but without the last verse.

This according to Roy Palmer (see my post in another thread once

I get it together!!)

>but the sight of

>dead and dying soldiers hanging on barbed wire for days or weeks at

>a time was commonplace.

Indeed, but the most common versions have this verse as 'the regiment' (or similar) hanging on the old barbed wire; it's that scale which, I suggest, characterises it as being of the Somme or later?

Regards

G.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\intro.txt

Eyes Right, Foreskins Tight

In a letter to the editor on Janaury 17, 1995, Professor Emeritus Rowland Berthoff of Washington University, St. Louis, notes of his service in the U.S. Army, 1941-1945:

The military songs were sung, in my experience, by junior officers, officer candidates, etc., a minority at least of whom had been college boys, and not by enlisted men (I was in turn each of these). In fact, my enlisted bunkies [in Panama] were genuinely shocked by the standard limericks, though they, of course, used the same words constantly as punctuation. After the war, in a reserve unit, I picked up other songs... learned by fellow officers who had been stationed in England during the war.

And we did sing "The Caissons Are Rolling Along" (And the Coast Artillery's "Old King Cole"), which are genuine army folklore unlike the civilian-composed "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" or "American Patrol" or "Rodger Young"...

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\itazuke1.txt

From ZiPpy, October 26, 1994, as downloaded from Digital Tradition:

AIR FORCE 801

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar

I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before

Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream, and hear old Merlin moan,

I'll wait a bit and say a prayer and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801

I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1
You'd better call the crash crew, and get them on the run.

Air Force 801, this is Itazuke tower
I cannot call the crash crew, this is their coffee hour
You're not cleared in the pattern, that is plain to see
So take it on around again, we have some VIP.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun
My engine's runnin' ragged, and the coolant's gonna blow
I'm gonna prang a Mustang, so look out down below.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final, and running on one lung
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say
I've gotta get my charts fixed up before that Judgment Day,

Air Force 801, this is Judgment Day
You're in Pilot's Heaven, and you are here to stay
You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to Hell

Tune: Wabash Cannonball

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\joinarmy.txt

I Don't Want to Join the Army

The Canfield collection has the earliest recovered version of this, gathered in 1926, as "The Conscientious Objectors Song":

Call out the Army and the Navy.
Call out the rank and the file.
Call out the Territorials,
They'll face the danger with a smile.
Call out the brave Colonials,
They're sure to win the victory.
Call out my brother,
My sister or my mother,
But for Christ sake
Don't call me.

Something of a similar sentiment is contained in the now seemingly scarce fragment patterned after a British broadside ballad, "Home Dearie Home." Apparently current after World War I, this is from the Hubert Canfield collection, ca. 1916.

It's home, boys, home. It's home we ought to be,
Home, boys, home, in God's country.
We'll nail Old Glory to the top of the pole
And we'll all re-enlist -- in a pig's asshole.

Similarly, Canfield has this soldiers' song, which Dolph, p. 99, credits to a Lieutenant Gitz Rice:

I want to go home.
I want to go home.
The bullets they whiz
And the cannons they roar.
Oh, I don't want to go
Up the line any more.
Take me over the sea
Where the German he can't get at me.
Oh my, I don't want to die,
I want to go home.

A tune is in Dolph, pp. 99-100.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\joinarmy1.txt

72. I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

Melody--Itself

I don't want to join the army,
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around Picadilly Underground,
Living off the earnings of a high born lady . . .
I don't want a bullet up me arsehole,
Don't want me buttocks shot away,
I want to stay in England,
Jolly, jolly England,
And fornicate me bloomin' life away, gor blimey

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
On Wednesday, I confess, I lifted up her dress,
Thursday I saw you-know-what,
Friday I put me hand upon it,
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak (Tweak! Tweak!)
And Sunday after supper, I put the old boy up 'er,
And now she earns me forty bob a week, gor blimey

Call out the Regimental Army,
Call out the Navy and Marines,
Call out me mother,
Me sister and me brother,
But for God's sake,
Don't call me, gor blimey

73. I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE CONVENT

Melody--Itself

I don't want to join the convent,
Purity is really quite a bore,
I'd rather hang around my Phuket playing ground,
Living off the earnings of an off-shore expat,
I don't want to waste my life a virgin,
I don't want to count my rosary,
I'd rather stay in Phuket, lovely, lovely Phuket,
And fornicate my fuckin' life away, gor blimey.

Monday I got myself deflowered,
Tuesday I moved into his house,
On Wednesday I declared, you Hashers aren't so bad,
Thursday a climax! Oh, gor blimey,
Friday he told me he was leaving,
Saturday he flew to Singapore,
And Sunday starts the party,
To celebrate his parting,
And now I've got eight weeks to fuck around, gor blimey.

I don't want to raise a family,
I'm not cut out for nine to five,
I'd rather hang around my Phuket playing ground,
Living off the earnings of an off-shore expat,
I don't care if I don't go to heaven,
I don't want to go there all alone,
I'd rather stay in Phuket, lovely, lovely Phuket,
And fornicate my fuckin' life away, gor blimey.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\lilimar1.txt

[Lili Marlene]

No song was as beloved, or burdened with parodies, as the German sentimental ballad "Lili Marlene." Written by _____ and published in _____, it was borrowed by British, then American troops for parodies. One American version was written at the end of the war by troops anxious to be discharged:

Dear Mr. Truman, won't you send us home?
We have conquered Napoli and we have conquered Rome.
We have subdued the master race.
There must be lots of shipping space.
Let those at Rome see home.
Let those at home see Rome.

Contributed by Rowland Berthoff, professor of history emeritus, at Washington University, St. Louis, in a letter to the editor on January 28, 1995.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\machine.txt

The Fucking Machine

[B]

An airman told me before he died
(I don't know if the bastard lied)
About a maiden with a cunt so wide
That she could not be satisfied.

And so they constructed a prick of steel,
Driven by a crank and a bloody great wheel,
Two brass balls they filled with cream,
And the whole damned contraption was run by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the shaft of steel,
Until at last the maiden cried,
"Enough! Enough! I'm satisfied."

But now there comes the tragic bit:
There was no way of stopping it;
From cunt to asshole she was split,
And the whole damned contraption was covered in shit.

Rowland Bethoff, professor of history, emeritus, Washington University in St. Louis, learned this from an RAF veteran in 1952. No tune was indicated.

[C]

There once was a man who went to sea,
Who told this tale of woe to me,
There once was a maid with a twat so wide,
She never could be satisfied.

So they went and built a big fucking wheel,
With balls of brass and a big cock of steel.
The balls were filled with boiling cream,
And the whole fucking issue was run by steam.

And around and around went the big fucking wheel,
And in and out went the big cock of steel,
Until at last the maid, she cried,
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

But there is a moral to this bit:
There was no way of stopping it.
The maid was torn from twat to tit,
And the whole fucking issue went up in shit!

Taken from the "Songs of Theta Xi" manual printed at UCLA in 1992 -- which

resulted in the fraternity's temporary suspension. (See the note on "Charlotte the Harlot," in the Undergraduates Coarse section.) No tune is indicated -- that presumably being passed on orally. A copy of the songbook was furnished by Ms. Kelly Besser.

An identical copy is in "The Songs of Sigma Pi, Upsilon Chapter," compiled at UCLA, circa 1990-1992.

[D]

Leader:

Oh, once there was an engineer,

Chorus:

Oh, rump-titty-bum-titty bum titty bum.

Leader:

Oh, once there was an engineer,

Chorus:

Oh, rump-titty-bum-titty bum titty bum.

Leader:

Who had a wife with cunt so wide

That she could never be satisfied.

Chorus:

Oh, rump-titty-bum-titty bum titty bum.

Oh, rump-titty-bum-titty bum titty bum.

Similarly:

And so he built a great fucking wheel

With balls of brass and a prick of steel.

The balls of brass were filled with cream

And the whole fucking thing was powered by steam.

He shook her hand and wished her luck,

And pulled the lever labelled "Fuck."

Round and round went the big fucking wheel,

And in and out went the prick of steel.

Till finally the woman cried,

"At last! At last! I'm satisfied!"

And now there comes the tragic bit:

There was no way of stopping it.

Oh, she was split from twat to tit

And the whole fucking thing was covered with shit.

From Brett Glass (glass@leland.Stanford.edu), August 29, 1995.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\mademo.txt

Mademoiselle from Armentieres

No woman achieved the popularity of the legendary mademoiselle from Armentieres, or Gay Paree, or other villes during the first world war. While carefully scrubbed texts still found their way into children's music books, the soldiers' original is much more vibrant.

Because unexpurgated texts from the World War I era are hard to come by, the multiple versions gathered in early 1926 by Hubert Canfield are reprinted here as texts A-L.

The A, B, C and D texts obviously are derived from, or owe inspiration to "Snapoo." Those verses are often intermingled with other, unrelated stanzas exemplified in the E-L texts.

The unusual stanzaic form shared by "Mademoiselle," "Snapoo," and "The Little Red Train" apparently facilitates borrowings between these songs. See the L text, here, with verses from "The Little Red Train" intruding in "Mademoiselle."

[A]

Mademoiselle of Armentieres,
Parlez-vous?
Mademoiselle of Armentieres,
Parlez-vous?
Up ze stairs and in ze bed,
And there she lost her maidenhead.
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous?

First three months and all is well,
Parlez-vous?
First three months and all is well,
Parlez-vous?
First three months and all is well
The next three months she begins to swell.
Hinky, dinky, parlez-vous?

Nine months gone, she gave a grunt,
And a little marine jumped out of her cunt.

The little marine, he grew and grew,
And now he's scragging the women too.

The little marine went over the top
And made the Kaiser such his cock.

The little marine he sailed away,
And left his girl in the family way.

[B]

Landlord, have you some fine wine
For a tired soldier from the line.

Oui, m'sieur, I've a daughter fine
Of graceful form and slender line.

They went upstairs and went to bed
And then he took her maidenhead. (or)
And zowie! went her maidenhead.

Three months passed and all was well.
Six months passed and there was hell
For a little kid began to yell. [sic]

Nine months passed and she did grunt
And a little marine came out of her cunt.

The little boy, he grew and he grew
So now he's in the army too.

The little marine, he grew so fine
That now he's screwing them two at a time.

The French, they are a funny race.
[They fight with their feet and they fuck with their face.]

The general won the Cross of War.
Nobody knows what he got it for.
Perhaps it was for fucking a whore.

The dog marines were first in France
And made the Kaiser shit in his pants.

[C]

Dear lady, have you a girl so fine
Fit for a soldier from the line?

Oh, yes, I have a daughter so fine,
Fit for a soldier from the line.

They went upstairs to go to bed,
And then he took her maidenhead.

Three months passed an all was well,

And then her belly began to swell.

Three months more and she gave a grunt,
And out rolled a recruit from her old red cunt.

This young recruit he grew and grew
And now he's fucking the ladies too.

[D]

Up the stairs and into the bed (3)
And there he broke her maidenhead.

The first three months were very well.
The second three months she began to swell.
The third three months she gave a grunt
And a red-headed bugger jumped out of her cunt.

And the red-headed bugger, he grew and grew,
And now he is fucking the women too.

And the red-headed bugger he got the pox,
And now they've got him in a great big box.

[E]

Landlord, have you some ruby wine
That's fit for an officer of the line?

Landlord, have you a daughter fine
That would suit an officer of the line?

[F]

Mademoiselle from Armentieres
Hadn't been jazzed in forty years.

Mademoiselle from gay Dijon
She gave me clap with a safety on.

Mademoiselle of Kemmel Hill,
She won't jig-jig but her mother will.

Mademoiselle from Bar le Duc,
She came to Paree to gobble the goo.

Mademoiselle, have you any cunt?
Send it up to the American front.

A mademoiselle from gay Paree

She fucked a boy from Company B.

Madam, have you a daughter fair
With lily white tits and raven hair?

The French they are a peculiar race
They fight with their feet and fuck with their face.

Many and many a married man
Wants to go back to France again.

[G]

The captain he's a-carryin' a pack,
Hope to Christ it breaks his back.

The M.P.'s behind the lines
Fucking the women and drinking the wines.

The Y.M.C.A. went over the top
To get the soldier to suck his cock.

The Y.M.C.A. went over the top
To feed the soldier on their slop.

The Jewish marines went over the top
To pick up the pennies the doughboys did drop.

Many a son of Abraham
Ate his ham for Uncle Sam.

The dog marines were first in France
And made the Kaiser shit his pants.

The general won the cross of war
But God knows what he got it for.

[H]

In a letter dated March 19, 1926, Archie Coates of New York City wrote to Hubert Canfield's associate, Alan Steyne:
"I suppose you have already millions of verses for the famous 'Parley-voo.' Do they perchance include:

The general got the Croix de Guerre.
The son of a bitch was never there.

Mademoiselle from gay Paree
Had the chancre and gave it to me.

The little Marine he grew and he grew
And now he's shaggin' the women too.

The little marine went over the top
To let the Kaiser suck his ---- (not such a good rhyme)

Which are all the verses I ever heard sung in our detail."

[I]

The officers get all the steak,
And all we get's the belly-ache.

Go down the street and turn to your right,
And spend ten francs to stay the night.

The Medical Corps went over the top,
And soon they'll be skinning the Kaiser's cock.

The M.P.'s say they won the war,
Standing on guard at a cafe door.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres
Hasn't been fucked for forty years.

[J]

The A.E.F. si coming back,
But the mamerselles have not their jack.
Hinkey pinkey parlez-vous.

The Y.M.C.A. has gone over the top
To pick up the pennies the doughboys drop.
Hinkey pinkey parlez-vous.

Mamerselle from gay Paree,
I asks, "Do you fuck?" and she says, "Oui, oui!"
Hinkey pinkey parlez-vous.

I screwed her in an old latrine,
Cost two francs and was trŠs bean.

[K]

On April 28, 1926, from Rancagua, Chile, Canfield received a letter from an ex-member of the Canadian Army now employed with the Steam Railroad Department of Braden Copper Co. (Unfortunately, the signature page seems to have disappeared.) The letter contained "Mademoiselle" and six other songs included in this Supplement: "Down in Arizona," "Goodbye," [CQ] "We Are Sam Hughes' Army," "We Haven't Seen Old Currie," "Apres la Guerre Fini," and "When This Fucking War Is Over."

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parlez-vous.
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parlez-vous.
Up the stairs and into bed,
It only costs a franc, she said.
Hinky dinky parlez-vous.

The Yanks are having a hell of a time, parlez-vous.
The Yanks are having a hell of a time, parlez-vous.
The Yanks are having a hell of a time,
Fucking the girls behind the line.
Hinky dinky parlez-vous.

Mademoiselle from Boule Renade,
Fucked herself with a hand grenade.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Juke-a-loo for souvenirs

Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Hasn't been fucked for forty years.

Mademoiselle from Boule Renade
Fucks the boys for a lemonade.

Mademoiselle, have you got any wine
Fit for a soldier from the line.

The second stanza here is a sneering reference to the period from American entry into the war and June, 1918, during which General John J. Pershing refused to put his green troops into the line under British or French command.

[L]

Mademoiselle from Armatieres [sic], parlez-vous?
Mademoiselle from Armatieres, parlez-vous?
Mademoiselle from Armatieres,
She hasn't been fucked for forty years.
Inky-dinky parlez-vous?

Mademoiselle from Armatieres [sic], parlez-vous?
Mademoiselle from Armatieres, parlez-vous?
Mademoiselle from Armatieres,
The soldier's cock brought her to tears.
Inky-dinky parlez-vous?

The fireman he was shoveling coal, parlez-vous?
The fireman he was shoveling coal, parlez-vous?
The fireman he was shoveling coal;
He shoved it up the engineer's hole.

Inky-dinky parlez-vous?

The conductor was punching tickets for France, parlez-vous?
The conductor was punching tickets for France, parlez-vous?
The conductor was punching tickets for France;
He saw a lady without any pants.
Inky-dinky parlez-vous?

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\monkeys.txt

The Monkeys Have No Tails

This is a relic of the Spanish-American War and the subsequent Philippine "Insurrection" at the turn of the 20th Century. It is sung to the melody known on college campuses as "They Had to Carry Harry to the Ferry."

Oh, the caribous have no hair in Merivales.
Oh, the caribous have no hair in Merivales.
Oh, the caribous have no hair.
That's the reason they are bare.
Oh, the caribous have no hair in Merivales.

Oh, the kiddies wear no pants in Mindanao.
Oh, the kiddies wear no pants in Mindanao.
Oh, the kiddies wear no pants.
They were eaten off by ants.
Oh, the kiddies wear no pants in Mindanao.

Oh, the ladies wear no teddies in Manila.
Oh, the ladies wear no teddies in Manila.
Oh, the ladies wear no teddies.
So they call them ever-readies.
Oh, the ladies wear no teddies in Manila.

Oh, the monkeys have no tails in old Luzon.
Oh, the monkeys have no tails in old Luzon.
Oh, the monkeys have no tails.
They were bitten off by whales.
Oh, the monkeys have no tails in old Luzon.

Oh, the women get no tail in Zamboanga.
Oh, the women get no tail in Zamboanga.
Oh, the women get no tail
For their husbands are in jail.
Oh, the women get no tail in Zamboanga.

There's a virgin in Cebu, so they say.
There's a virgin in Cebu, so they say.
There's a virgin in Cebu,
And today she is just two.
There's a virgin in Cebu, so they say.

The stanzaic form is that of the "In Kansas" cycle, and certainly this screed may descend from that song. It is included here, among the military songs, because 1) it is sung to an unrelated melody; and 2) its currency can be traced to the Phillipine occupation at the turn of the century.

This in Number 3801 in the Gordon "Inferno," housed in the Archive of American Folk Culture, Library of Congress. It was sent anonymously to Robert G. Gordon in 1931.

Dolph's Sound Off,

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\nervous.txt

If You're Nervous in the Service

Armed with a five-string banjo, Private Pete Seeger was sent to the Marianas to entertain the troops during the second world war. While there, he learned this sardonic parody to the tune of the popular song "Pretty Baby." The song refers to the practice of the military services discharging women who became pregnant.

If you're nervous in the service
And you don't know what to do,
Have a baby, have a baby.
If you're hurried and you're worried
And you're feeling kind of blue,
Have a baby, have a baby.
If you're tired of regimentation
And you don't like your chow,
And you'd go back to civilization
If you only knew how,
I can help you, pretty Wavie,
If you'd like to leave the Navy;
Just have a pretty baby on me.
 I really mean it!
 Just a pretty baby on me.

In an open letter dated September 16, 1945, Seeger reported from Saipan that this song was supposedly composed by "stateside WAVES." The masculine orientation revealed in the last lines would seem to belie that.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\samhughe.txt

We Are Sam Hughes' Army

This was sent to Hubert Canfield by the Canadian correspondent who contributed the J version of "Mademoiselle from Armentieres." The air of sardonic protest marks it as a true soldier's song, rather than the artificial moral builder like "Over There."

The contributor notes: "This was sung to a hymn. I know the tune, but cannot recall the name -- think it was "Three in One" or "Blessed Trinity." Sung by the early Canadians, who went over under the Sam Hughes regime, and who found their rifles [Ross] defective."

We are Sam Hughes's Army.
We are his Infantry.
We can not fight, we can not shoot
What fucking good are we?
And when we get to Berlin,
The Kaiser he will say,
"Hoch, hoch, mein Gott, what a hell of a lot!
The Canadian Infantry."

We beat you up at Vimy,
We hammered you on the Aisne.
We gave you hell at Neuve Chappell
And here we are again.
And when we get to Berlin
The Kaiser he will say,
"Mein Gott, Von Kluck,
We're shit out of luck,
Here's the Canadian Infantry."

Vimy Ridge, Aisne and Neuve Chappell were bloody battles in the British sector in 1917. Alexander Von Kluck led the German army in the field at the beginning of the war.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\sgtmajor.txt

The Sergeant Major's Daughter

Oh, she don't act like she oughter,
She's the segeant major's daughter.
She goes strolling through the garden
Where the roses grow the thickest.
When she can't find grass to wipe her ass,
She wipes it on the picket.

Chorus:
Rinky dinky doodle dum,
Stick your finger up your bum.
Pull it out and smell your thumb,
Rinky dinky doodle dum.

According to Leonard Nason, writing from Paris prior to January 22, 1927, to Robert W. Gordon, this is a fragment of Second Cavalary Regiment origin. It is number 2432 in the Gordon "Inferno" Collection in the Archive of American Folk Culture, Library of Congress.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\snapoo.txt

Snapoo

The Canfield collection contained two versions of "Snapoo." The first -- the "D" text here reportedly as sung by the Archangel Expeditionary Force in the Soviet Union in 1918-1919 -- has a mock German refrain that smacks of the song's origins. The line, "Die Hiemen go Fadle," might be read as "The hymen is broken."

[D]

There was an old soldier who cross the Rhine,
Slapoon.
There was an old soldier who cross the Rhine,
Slapoon.
There was an old soldier who cross the Rhine,
And he stopped in a tavern to buy him some wine.
Slapoon, Slapoodle,
Die Hieman go Fadle,
Slapoon.

Said he: "Dear Mutter, your daughter is fine."
Slapoon.
Said he: "Dear Mutter, your daughter is fine."
Slapoon.
Said he: "Dear Mutter, your daughter is fine."
"She ought to be fucked with a prick like mine."

Slapoon, Slapoodle,
Die Hieman go Fadle,
Slapoon.

"Oh, no! you see my daughter's too young."
Slapoon.

"Oh, no! you see my daughter's too young."
Slapoon.

"Oh, no! you see my daughter's too young,
For you and she would surely get hung."
Slapoon, Slapoodle,
Die Hieman go Fadle,
Slapoon.

"Oh, no, dear Mutter, I'm not too young."
Slapoon.

"Oh, no, dear Mutter, I'm not too young."
Slapoon.

"Oh, no, dear Mutter, I'm not too young.
For I've been fucked by many a one."
Slapoon, Slapoodle,
Die Hieman go Fadle,
Slapoon.

"Oh, then, dear daughter, if you're not too young."
Slapoon.

"Oh, then, dear daughter, if you're not too young."
Slapoon.

"Oh, then, dear daughter, if you're not too young.
Just pull up your dress and let him get on."
Slapoon, Slapoodle,
Die Hieman go Fadle,
Slapoon.

"Oh, see, dear Mutter, he's into me now."
Slapoon.

"Oh, see, dear Mutter, he's into me now."
Slapoon.

"Oh, see, dear Mutter, he's into me now.
Like Solomon's bull had it into the cow."
Slapoon, Slapoodle,
Die Hieman go Fadle,
Slapoon.

Six months come. Nine months did pass.
Slapoon.

Six months come. Nine months did pass.
Slapoon.

Six months come. Nine months did pass.
A young Yankee soldier jumped out of her ass.

Slapoon, Slapoodle,
Die Hieman go Fadle,
Slapoon.

[E]

A soldier came over from [from over the?] Rhine,
Snapoo!
He stopped at a tavern to buy him some wine.

Chorus:
Snapooder, Snapeeder, folango feeter,
Charcoal and salpetre,
Asshole, fartless heater,
Snapoo!

"Oh, tavern keeper, your daughter looks fine.
Snapoo!
She ought to be fucked by a soldier from Rhine."

"Oh, no, fine soldier, she's much too young.
Snapoo!
You'd puncture her belly and ruin her bung."

"Oh, no, Father, I'm not too young.
Snapoo!
"I've stood it three fingers clear up to the thumb."

"Oh, father, he's on me now.
Snapoo!
He fucks just like the bull on the cow."

"Oh, father, he's biting my tits.
Snapoo!
It feels so good it gives me the shits."

"Oh, father, I'm all of a quiver.
Snapoo!
He's knocked my shit-bag clear over my liver."

Six months of the year went by,
Snapoo.
And her apron strings, they would not tie.

When nine months of the year had passed,
Snapoo!
A little Dutch soldier hopped out of her ass.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\snapoo1.txt

199. THREE GERMAN OFFICERS

Melody--Mademoselle from Armentiers
(Take turns leading verses)

Three German officers crossed the Rhine,
Parlez-vous.
Three German officers crossed the Rhine,
Parlez-vous.
Three German officers crossed the Rhine,
They fucked the women and drank the wine,
Inky dinky, parlez-vous.

They came upon a wayside inn, etc . . .
Shat on the mat and walked right in,
Inky dinky, parlez vous.

Oh landlord have you a daughter fair,
With lily-white tits and golden hair?

Oh yes I do but she's too young,
To sleep with a stinking German hun.

At last they got her on a bed,
Shagged her till her cheeks were red.

And then they took her to a shed,
Shagged her till she was nearly dead.

They took her down a shady lane,
Shagged her back to life again.

They shagged her up, they shagged her down,
They shagged her right around the town.

They shagged her in, they shagged her out,
They shagged her up her waterspout.

Seven months and all was well,
Eight months went and she began to swell.

Nine months went, she gave a grunt,
And a little Kraut bastard popped out of her cunt.

The little Kraut bugger he grew and grew,

He shagged his mother and sister too.

The little Kraut bugger he went to hell,
He shagged the Devil and his wife as well.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\snapoo2.txt

227. THREE VISITING HASHERS (Three German Officers
Crossed the Rhine)
Melody--Inky-Dinky, Parlez-Vous
(Take turns leading verses)

Three visiting hashers came over here,
Parlez-vous,
Three visiting hashers came over here,
Parlez-vous,
Three visiting hashers came over here,
To fuck our women and drink our beer,
Inky-dinky, parlez-vous.

They came upon a down-down, etc . . .
Pissed on the fire and drank a round,
Inky-dinky parlez-vous.

Oh G.M., have you a harriette fair,
With blowjob lips and stringy hair?

Oh yes, but she's too new,
To sleep with stinking hashers like you.

Oh, Grand Master, I'm not too new,
After all, I slept with you.

Yes, that's true, but you're so sweet,
Perhaps you could just suck their feet.

Feet are fine, but I prefer,
That they ride on my mound of fur.

Up the old stairs she was led,
They threw her down upon the bed.

They tied her to the leg of the bed,
And fucked her till her cheeks were red.

Then they took her to the shed,
And fucked her till she was nearly dead.

They took her down a shady lane,
And fucked her back to life again.

They fucked her up, they fucked her down,
They fucked her all around the town.

They fucked her in, they fucked her out,
They fucked her up her water spout.

Three months went by and all was well,
Another month and she began to swell.

Nine months later she gave a grunt,
And a little hasher popped out of her cunt.

The little hasher he grew and grew,
He fucked the Joint Master and On Sec too.

The little hasher he went to hell,
And there he started a hash as well.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\somedie.txt

Some Die of Drinking Whiskey

While Hubert Canfield gave no indication of the melody to which this cautionary verse is sung, the tune would appear to be "The British Grenadiers." Whatever, the song clearly had currency ca. World War I.

Some die of drinking whiskey.
Some die of drinking beer.
Some die of the diabetes,
And some of the diarrhea.
[But of all the dread diseases
There is none that I so fear,]
As the drip, drip, drip,
And the drop, drop, drop
Of the God damned gonorrhea.

Canfield had a second version that substituted for the two bracketed lines the following:

But all the whole world over,
There's nothing half so sure,

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\warover.txt

When This Fucking War Is Over

Sung to the familiar hymn tune "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," this song from the first world war was contributed by a Canadian correspondent to Hubert Canfield in 1926.

When this fucking war is over,
Oh, how happy we will be.
When the fighting all is over,
And once again we are free.
 No more church parades on Sunday.
 No more asking for a pass.
 We will tell the sergeant major
 To shove his passes up his ass.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\wehavent.txt

[We Haven't See Old Currie]

Canfield's Canadian correspondent contributed this in 1926 with the explanation that "Currie" was in command of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. A parody to be sung to the tune of "He's a Cousin of Mine," this has the tone of a true soldiers' song.

We haven't seen old Currie for a hell of a time.
We never see the dirty bastard up in the line.
We went to Mons to see what he was doin'
We found the Canadian Army in a fucking state of ruin.
Oh, we haven't seen old Currie in a hell of a time.
He may have been blown up by a mine -- we hope so.
He had a horror of trenches.
Fuck him! He's no cousin of mine.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\ws_ftplog.txt

2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\AIRFORCE.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes
AIRFORCE.1
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\ASSHOLE.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes ASSHOLE.1
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\BARBED.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes BARBED.1
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\BARBED.2 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes BARBED.2
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\BARBED.3 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes BARBED.3
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\BARBED.4 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes BARBED.4
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\BESIDE <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes BESIDE
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\CADENCE <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes CADENCE
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\COLONELB <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes COLONELB
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\COLONELB.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes
COLONELB.1
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\FRIGGIN.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes FRIGGIN.1
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\FRIGGING <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes FRIGGING
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\FUCKMACH.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes
FUCKMACH.1
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\GORYGORY.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes
GORYGORY.1
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\GUERREFI <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes GUERREFI
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\IDRATHER <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes IDRATHER
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\IKNOW <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes IKNOW
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\IKNOW.2 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes IKNOW.2
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\INTRO <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes INTRO
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\ITAZUKE.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes ITAZUKE.1
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\JOINARMY <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes JOINARMY
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\JOINARMY.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes
JOINARMY.1
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\LILIMARL <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes LILIMARL
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\MACHINE <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes MACHINE
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\MADEMO <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes MADEMO
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\MONKEYS <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes MONKEYS
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\NERVOUS <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes NERVOUS
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\SAMHUGHE <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes SAMHUGHE
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\SGTMAJOR <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes SGTMAJOR
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\SNAPOO <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes SNAPOO
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\SNAPOO.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes SNAPOO.1
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\SNAPOO.2 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes SNAPOO.2
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\SOMEDIE <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes SOMEDIE
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\WAROVER <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes WAROVER
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\WEHAVENT <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes WEHAVENT
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\YELLOW <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes YELLOW
2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\eyes\YELLOWRO.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/eyes
YELLOWRO.1

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\yellow.txt

She Wore a Yellow Ribbon

[A]

This two-stanza fragment [?] is from the Hubert Canfield collection, gathered in 1926. No source was given.

Around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon
She wore in in Decmeber, and in the month of May,
And when they asked her why the hell she wore it,
She said 'twas for her lover who was far, far away.

Chorus:
Far away! Far away! Far away! Far away!
She said it's for her lover who was far, far, away.

Around the block she pushed a baby carriage,
She pushed it in December, and in the month of May,
And when they asked her why the hell she pushed it,
She said 'twas for her lover who was far, far away.

[B]

As former Oberlin undergraduate Rowland Berthoff noted in a letter, this song "hardly qualifies as bawdy now, but seemed so" both at school prior to the second world war and later in the army.

Around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon;
She wore it in the springtime and in the merry month of May.
[Or: She wore it in the winter and the merry month of May.]
And if you asked her why the hell she wore it,
She wore it for a Williams man [soldier] who was far, far
away.

Around her leg she wore a purple garter;
She wore it in the springtime in the merry month of May.
And if you asked her why the hell she wore it,
She wore it for a Williams man who was far, far away.

Down the street she wheels a baby carriage;
She wheels it in the springtime in the merry month of May.
Amd if you ask her why the hell she wheels it,
She wheels it for a Williams man who is far, far away.

Contributed by Rowland Berthoff, professor of history emeritus, at

Washington University, St. Louis. In a letter to the editor on January 25, 1995, Berthoff wrote "it was familiar to me both in college and in the army. Why it was always attached to Williams College I have no idea."

[C]

At Fort Jackson, South Carolina, in 1986, writes K.T. Hoke, a variant of the song was used as a marching cadence.

Around her neck, she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore in in the springtime and the merry month of May,
And if you asked her why the heck she wore it,
She wore it for that private who was far, far away.
Far away, far away.
She wore it for that private who was far, far away.

Around the block, she pushed a baby carriage,
She pushed it in the springtime and the merry month of May,
And if you asked her why the hell she pushed it,
She pushed it for that private who was far, far away.
Far away, far away.
She pushed it for that private who was far, far away.

Behind the door, her daddy kept a shotgun,
He kept it in the springtime and the merry month of May,
And if you asked him why the fuck he kept it,
He kept it for that private who was far, far away.
Far away, far away.
He kept it for that private who was far, far away.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\eyes\yellowro1.txt

79. INCEST TIME IN TEXAS

Melody--Yellow Rose of Texas (Cray -- ??? "When Its Round Up Time in Texas")

When it's incest time in Texas,
When there's no cunt to be found,
Your mother's in the bathroom,
With her panties halfway down,

No time for masturbation,
No time to beat your meat,
When it's incest time in Texas,
Mother-fucking can't be beat!

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\limerick\limerick.txt

From Unknown Sun 18 Feb 96 03:40:34

Path:

usc!elroy.jpl.nasa.gov!swrinde!howland.reston.ans.net!newsfeed.internetmci.com!newsfeeder.servtech.com!news1.io.org!clio.trends.ca!worldlinx.com!telos1.telos.ca!usenet

From: "Donald B. McNairn" <dmcnairn@connect.reach.net>Newsgroups:

alt.jokes.limericks

Subject: Some Limericks

Date: Fri, 05 Apr 1996 07:31:20 -0500

Organization: NetReach International

Lines: 25

Message-ID: <31651298.71E5@connect.reach.net>

NNTP-Posting-Host: c59.reach.net

Mime-Version: 1.0

Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii

Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit

X-Mailer: Mozilla 2.0 (Win95; I)

Here is some more limericks -

There was a young fellow named Bill
Who took an atomic pill,
 His navel corroded,
 His asshole exploded,
And they found his nuts in Brazil.

I lost my arm in the army,
I lost my leg in the navy,
 I lost my balls
 Over Niagara Falls,
And I lost my cock in a lady.

There was a young girl from Sofia
Who succumbed to her lover's desire.
 She said, "It's a sin,
 But now that it's in,
Could you shove it a few inches higher?"

There was a young fellow named Simon
Who tried to discover a hymen,
 But he found every girl
 Had relinquished here pearl
In exchange for a solitaire diamond.

limerick.2

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Sun Jun 29 12:29:05 1995

Path:

usc!howland.reston.ans.net!news.moneng.mei.com!news.ecn.bgu.edu!ecom4.ecn.bgu.edu!no
t-for-mail

From: cujs7@uxa.ecn.bgu.edu (Jonatha Steckelberg)

Newsgroups: alt.jokes.limericks

Subject: Re: Any limericks writers out there?

Date: 29 Jun 1995 12:29:05 -0500

Organization: Educational Computing Network, Illinois USA

Lines: 42

Message-ID: <3sunt1\$i95@ecom4.ecn.bgu.edu>

References: <3s0edi\$dc2@news.ualr.edu> <3sh5v8\$ivg@news.bu.edu>

<3sjab9\$1l3@nnrp3.primenet.com> <DAr0At.8vt@world.std.com>NNTP-Posting-Host:
ecom4.ecn.bgu.edu

Status: RO

X-Status:

In article <DAr0At.8vt@world.std.com>,

Joseph C Fineman <jcf@world.std.com>wrote:

>buyensl@primenet.com (Lorrill Buyens) writes:

>

>>Ay, ay, ay-ay!

>>In China it never grows chilly,

>>So give us another verse

>>That's worse than the first verse,

>>And make sure that it's foolish and silly!

>

>The adult version of that chorus, used with all manner of limericks, is

>

>Ay, ay, ay-ay!

>In China they do it for chili,

>So let's have another verse

>That's worse than the other verse --

>Waltz me around again, Willy.

>

>The second line may be varied cyclically as follows:

>

>In Chile they do it with turkeys.

>In Turkey they do it with grease.

>In Greece they do it for china.

or if you want like the ones John Valby does

Your mother swims after troop ships
the troop ships send your mother back
your father refills cream doughnuts

your sister can suck start a Harley
your mother and sister are cousins
your father sucks farts out of old sofas
your sister goes down for a quarter
your brother spent a dollar on my (your) sister
your mother rides bicycles without seats
your sister's the two minute drill for the Cowboys
your mother douches with Drano
etc atc

Jon Steckelberg
On On

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Mon Jun 30 08:31:57 1995
Path:
usc!elroy.jpl.nasa.gov!swrinde!cs.utexas.edu!uunet!in1.uu.net!portal.austin.ibm.com!
bocanews.bocaraton.ibm.com!watnews.watson.ibm.com!news.manassas.ibm.com!news@cc5
From: Angus Scrotum <angus@meat.whistle>Newsgroups: alt.jokes.limericks
Subject: Re: Any limericks writers out there?
Date: 30 Jun 1995 08:31:57 GMT
Organization: Save The Ho's Foundation
Lines: 22
Message-ID: <3t0cpt\$e1e@news.manassas.ibm.com>
References: <3s0edi\$dc2@news.ualr.edu> <3s8ech\$rsq@crl10.crl.com>
<3sh5v8\$ivg@news.bu.edu> <3sjab9\$113@nnrp3.primenet.com>
NNTP-Posting-Host: pen550.lexington.ibm.com
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit
X-Mailer: Mozilla 1.1N (X11; I; AIX 2)
X-URL: news:3sjab9\$113@nnrp3.primenet.com
Status: RO
X-Status:

>There's a childrens' song which consists of a basic tune to which any
>limerick you please (clean ones, of course, since it's a CHILDREN'S song)
>can be, and is supposed to be, sung. In between "verses" is supposed to
>come the following chorus:

>
>Ay, ay, ay-ay!
>In China it never grows chilly,
>So give us another verse
>That's worse than the first verse,
>And make sure that it's foolish and silly!
>

Umm, Ummm....

The once was a man from Nantucket...
Ah shit...

-Angus

From MAILER-DAEMON Fri Jan 19 15:43:17 1996
Received: from chaph.usc.edu (chaph.usc.edu [128.125.253.133])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP
id PAA20209 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Fri, 19 Jan 1996 15:43:16 -0800 (PST)
Received: from idunnoyownname (cray.usc.edu [128.125.67.40])
by chaph.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with SMTP
id PAA07239 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Fri, 19 Jan 1996 15:42:50 -0800 (PST)
Message-Id: <199601192342.PAA07239@chaph.usc.edu>
To: cray@mizar.usc.edu
Subject: Lookin' fer Limericks-Their HERE! (fwd)
Date: Tue, 28 Nov 95 07:19:49 PST
X-Mailer: WinVN 0.93.14
References: <4dil5p\$10v@globe.indirect.com>
MIME-Version: 1.0
Status: RO
X-Status:

-----Forwarded-----

Path:
usc!news.cerf.net!news.sprintlink.net!newsfeed.internetmci.com!globe.indirect.com!usenet
From: olbob@bslnet.com (Shagnasty McFilt)
Newsgroups: alt.jokes.limericks
Subject: Lookin' fer Limericks-Their HERE!
Date: 17 Jan 1996 11:05:29 GMT
Organization: bslnet.com
Lines: 500
Message-ID: <4dil5p\$10v@globe.indirect.com>
NNTP-Posting-Host: prc036.bslnet.com
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: Text/Plain; charset=US-ASCII

A mathematician named Hall
Has a hexahedronical ball,
And the cube of its weight
Times his pecker's, plus eight
Is his phone number -- give him a call..

A pretty young maiden from France
Decided she'd "just take a chance."

She let herself go
For an hour or so
And now all her sisters are aunts.

A remarkable race are the Persians;
They have such peculiar diversions.
They make love the whole day
In the usual way
And save up the nights for perversions.

A team playing baseball in Dallas
Called the umpire blind out of malice.
While this worthy had fits
The team made eight hits
And a girl in the bleachers named Alice.

A wanton young lady from Wimley
Reproached for not acting quite primly
Said, "Heavens above!
I know sex isn't love,
But it's such an entrancing facsimile."

A widow who fancied a man some
Was diddled three times in a hansom.
When she clamored for more
Her young man became sore
And exclaimed "My name's Simpson not Samson."

A worried young man from Stamboul
Founds lots of red spots on his tool.
Said the doctor, a cynic,
"Get out of my clinic;
Just wipe off the lipstick, you fool!"

An architect fellow named Yoric
Could, when feeling euphoric,
Display for selection
Three kinds of erection --
Corinthian, ionic, and doric.

He hated to mend, so young Ned
Called in a cute neighbor instead.
Her husband said, "Vi,
When you stitched up his torn fly,
Did you have to bite off the thread?"

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam,
Massaging the bust of his madam,
He chuckled with mirth,
For he knew that on earth,

There were only two boobs and he had 'em.

Said a horny young girl from Milpitas,
"My favorite sport is coitus."

But a fullback from State
Made her period late,
And now she has athlete's fetus

Said a swinging young chick named Lyth
Whose virtue was largely a myth,

"Try as hard as I can,
I can't find a man
That it's fun to be virtuous with."

My back aches, my pussy is sore;
I simply can't fuck any more;

I'm covered with sweat,
And you haven't come yet,
And my God, it's a quarter to four!

There once was a couple named Kelley,
Who lived their life belly to belly.

Because in their haste
They used Library Paste,
Instead of Petroleum Jelly.

There once was a freshman named Lin,
Whose tool was as thin as a pin,

A virgin named Joan
From a bible belt home,
Said "This won't be much of a sin."

There once was a hacker named Ken

Who inherited truckloads of Yen
So he built him some chicks
Of silicon chips

And hasn't been heard from since then.

There once was a lady from Exeter,
So pretty that men craned their necks at her.

One was even so brave
As to take out and wave
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her.

There once was a plumber from Leigh,
Who was plumbing his maid by the sea,

Said she, "Please stop plumbing,
I think someone's coming!"
Said he, "Yes I know love, it's me."

There once was a queen of Bulgaria
Whose bush had grown hairier and hairier,
 Till a prince from Peru
 Who came up for a screw
Had to hunt for her cunt with a terrier.

There once was a Scot named McAmeter
With a tool of prodigious diameter.
 It was not the size
 That cause such surprise;
'Twas his rhythm -- iambic pentameter.

There once was a young man named Gene
Who invented a screwing machine
 Concave and convex
 It served either sex
And it played with itself in between.

There was a bluestocking in Florence
Wrote anti-sex pamphlets in torrents,
 Till a Spanish grandee,
 Got her off with his knee,
And she burned all her works with abhorrence.

There was a gay countess of Bray,
And you may think it odd when I say,
 That in spite of high station,
 Rank and education,
She always spelled cunt with a "k".

There was a young girl from Hong Kong
Whose cervical cap was a gong.
 She said with a yell,
 As a shot rang her bell,
"I'll give you a ding for a dong!"

There was a young girl named Sapphire
Who succumbed to her lover's desire.
 She said, "It's a sin,
 But now that it's in,
Could you shove it a few inches higher?"

There was a young girl of Angina
Who stretched catgut across her vagina.
 From the love-making frock
 (With the proper sized cock)
Came Tocata and Fugue in D minor.

There was a young girl of Darjeeling
Who could dance with such exquisite feeling

There was never a sound
For miles around
Save of fly-buttons hitting the ceiling.

There was a young lady from Maine
Who claimed she had men on her brain.
But you knew from the view,
As her abdomen grew,
It was not on her brain that he'd lain.

There was a young lady named Clair
Who possessed a magnificent pair;
At least so I thought
Till I saw one get caught
On a thorn, and begin losing air.

There was a young lady named Hall,
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball.
The dress caught on fire
And burned her entire
Front page, sporting section, and all.

There was a young lady named Twiss
Who said she thought fucking a bliss,
For it tickled her bum
And caused her to come
.siht ekil gniyl ylbatrofmoc elihW

There was a young lady of Norway
Who hung by her toes in a doorway.
She said to her beau
"Just look at me Joe
I think I've discovered one more way."

There was a young man from Bel-Aire
Who was screwing his girl on the stair,
But the banister broke
So he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in mid-air.

There was a young man named Crockett
Whose balls got caught in a socket.
His wife was a bitch,
And she threw the switch,
As Crockett went off like a rocket.

There was a young man of Cape Horn
Who wished he had never been born,
And he wouldn't have been
If his father had seen

That the end of the rubber was torn.

There was a young man of St. John's
Who wanted to bugger the swans.
But the loyal hall porter
Said, "Pray take my daughter!
Those birds are reserved for the dons."

There was a young whore from kaloo
Who filled her vagina with glue.
She said with a grin,
"If they pay to get in,
They can pay to get out again too!"

There was an old man of the port
Whose prick was remarkably short.
When he got into bed,
The old woman said,
"This isn't a prick; it's a wart!"

There was an old pirate named Bates
Who was learning to rhumba on skates.
He fell on his cutlass
Which rendered him nutless
And practically useless on dates.

There was a young sailor from Brighton
Who remarked to his girl "your a tight one"
she replied "Pon my soul"
you're in the wrong hole
There's plenty of room in the right one.

There was a young man from Nantucket,
Whose dick was so long he could suck it,
And he said, with great glee,
As it hung past his knee,
"If my nose were a cunt, I could fuck it."

There once was a man from Belfast
Whose balls were made out of brass.
In stormy weather
They clanged together,
And lightning shot out of his ass.

There once was a young man from Kent,
whose dick was so big it bent.
To save him some trouble,
he put it in double,
and instead of coming, he went.

There once was a young lady called Li
Who once tried dynamite for a thrill.
They found her vagina
in North Carolina,
and bits of her tits in Brazil.

There once was a lady from Chichester
whose face would make Saints in their Niches stir.
Her elegant style
and warm smile,
made the Bishop of ChechesterUs breeches stir.

There once was a man named Dave
Who found a dead whore in a cave
She looked rather sad
And smelled really bad
But think of the money he saved.

There was a young man from Nantucket,
Whose dick was so long he could suck it,
And he said, with great glee,
As it hung past his knee,
"If my nose were a cunt, I could fuck it."

There once was a young lady called Lil,
who once tried dynamite for a thrill.
They found her vagina
in North Carolina,
and bits of her tits in Brazil.

There once were three girls from Birmingham
And this is the story concernig 'em.
They lifted the frock
And tickled the cock
Of the bishop who was confirming them.

Now the bishop was nobody's fool
He'd gone to a great public school.
So he lowered their britches
And buggered those bitches
Using his big old saintly tool

The skater, Barbara Ann Scott
Is so fuckingly 'winsome' a snot
That when she posed on her toes
She elaborately shows
Teeth, fat ass, titties and twat

There was a fair maiden from Aberystwyth
Who took grain to the mill to make grist with

The miller's son Jack
Threw her down on her back
And united the organs they pissed with.

There once was a young man named Bart
Who strained every shit through a fart.
Each tip-tapered turd
Was the very last word
In this deft and most intricate art.

There was an old man from Leeds,
who swallowed a packet of seeds
Great tufts of grass
sprouted out of his ass
and his balls were all covered with weeds.

There once was a young trollop from Dallas
who loved getting diddled with a phallus
she squealed with great delight
when it was done just right
And she felt like the Queen of the Palace.

Though Gennifer's love was illicit
Her story was bold and explicit
She still can remember
Bill's under-size member
And how she won't really miss it!

Through Congress his budget plan sailed
With all those good points it entailed
But when it was read
So many then said
Bill Clinton had surely inhaled.

There once was a Prez name of Bill,
With a mandate that he just must fill.
Without thought, rhyme, or reason,
It's the left that he's pleasin',
With his hand in the company till.

There once was a Prez from Hot Springs,
With a Flair for Affairs and Hot Flings!
His wife - A Ballbuster -
Was a real General Custer -
Of Health Coverage Arrows and Slings!

So now we have Clinton the greenie
With nothing upstairs in his beanie
A character midget
Who's still chaising Gidget

And foolin around with his weenie.

There once was an ignorant mob,
Who supported a political slob,
 But with hardly a dent
 Above forty percent
He now has the president's job.

Bill Clinton's a very slick dude
Who loves to do things in the nude;
 So he pulled off his pants
 Did the tax-and-spend dance,
And now the whole country's been screwed.

When Slick Willie jogs to the mall
Hillary Rodham will soon get a call
 For when he stops to pee
 He's going to see
That her number's all over the wall

There once was a Lady named Rodham,
Who demanded appointments and got 'em.
 So by gender and race,
 They all took their place,
In the Clinton's Gomorrah and Sodham.

With a Commander-In-Chief that is weak,
Who suffers a broad yellow streak.
 Good soldiers are nervous,
 With queers in the service,
That their bunk mate's a sexual freak.

Slick Willy's top lip bears inspection
>From doctors astute at detection
 With no cold related
 The cause can be stated
It's the other type Herpes infection.

When the Army and Navy and Air Force
Are turning to queers as a resource,
 The only thing missin'
 Is Al and Bill kissin'
And that's no doubt comin's of course.

There once was a man named Slick Willy
Who told the whole nation a dilly
 "I'm your President, folks."
 But enough with the jokes,
Will you tell us who's president, really?

When Bill and Hillary Slick
Made known their political clique
 Of Lesbians and gays,
 And folks with strange ways
The world became Billary sick.

There is a new president named Bill
With a liberal wife name Hill
 She will not bake a cookie
 And will give him no nookie
But he knows that Gennifer will.

Bill Clinton has said quite a lot.
And his listeners deserved what they got;
 But the times he has lied.
 And the things he's denied
Convinced me he's still smoking pot.

John Hickey received some nice flowers
>From Clinton the man of great powers
 This would be eclectic
 Has shown he's dyslexic
He meant to give hickies to Flowers.

Bill says that our taxes must grow
So redistribution can flow
 But Nancy has said it
 And we won't forget it
When dealing with dopes, just say no.

So now we have Clinton the greenie
With nothing upstairs in his beanie
 A character midget
 Who's still chasing Gidget
And fooling around with his weenie.

Old mother Hubbard
Went to the cubbard
To get her poor dog a bone
 When she bent over
 Rover drove her
And found out he had a bone of his own!

There was a young man from McNair
Who liked to screw on the stairs
 On the sixty eighth stroke
 The banister broke
And he did sixty nine in the air!

There once was a whore from Azores

Whose pussy was covered with sores
The dogs in the street
Would lick the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers

With Robert, her boyfriend, Miss Cobb
Would nod when engaged in a job.
It was wrongfully said
She was bobbing her head,
When she really was heading her Bob.

"Since my sex is bisex," cried Caset,
"I've chosen a city thet's racy!
With it's either-or zest,
I get letters addressed
To WASHINGTON, D.C. and A.C.!"

Wyatt Earp chewed tobacco - the clod!-
Which conduced to a habit quite odd:
When he popped out his chaw
While he practiced his draw,
It was clear he'd be shooting his was!

Her sidesaddle progress was slow;
No track tout would rate her a pro.
Said Godiva, "I rode
While the townspeople oh'd
Not to win or to place - but to show!"

An expansive old harlot named Knapp
Had a snatch that she used to entrap
Pioneers heading West,
And it wasn't in jest
She was known as the Cumberland Gap.

Here's a quote from an actress named Hart,
Who was quizzed on her X-rated start;
"Since the star's giant prick
Measured three inches thick,
I began with a challenging part!"

From jkmtsm@earthlink.net Mon Jun 24 20:34:22 1996
Return-Path: jkmtsm@earthlink.net
Received: from iberia.it.earthlink.net (iberia-c.it.earthlink.net [206.85.92.119])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP
id UAA06632 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Mon, 24 Jun 1996 20:34:20 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from jkmtsm (pool035.maxf.los_angeles.ca.us.dynip.earthlink.net

[206.250.105.235]) by iberia.it.earthlink.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with SMTP id UAA02247 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Mon, 24 Jun 1996 20:34:08 -0700 (PDT)
Message-ID: <31CF5C25.6383@earthlink.net>
Date: Mon, 24 Jun 1996 20:25:25 -0700
From: James & Toni Mattis <jkmtsm@earthlink.net>X-Mailer: Mozilla 2.01 (Win95; U)
MIME-Version: 1.0
To: Ed Cray <cray@mizar.usc.edu>Subject: All the limericks on my handout & some that didn't survive my second round of censorship
Content-Type: message/rfc822
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 8bit
Content-Disposition: inline
Status: RO
X-Status:

X-Mozilla-Status: 0001
Message-ID: <31C0E6D0.5C0F@earthlink.net>
Date: Thu, 13 Jun 1996 21:13:04 -0700
From: James Mattis <jkmtsm@earthlink.net>X-Mailer: Mozilla 2.01 (Win95; U)
MIME-Version: 1.0
To: Molly Bennett <billbenne@aol.com>Subject: A bunch of limiricks, ASCII text
Content-Type: message/rfc822
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 8bit
Content-Disposition: inline

X-Mozilla-Status: 0001
Message-ID: <31BF9D5C.4FD4@earthlink.net>
Date: Wed, 12 Jun 1996 21:47:24 -0700
From: James Mattis <jkmtsm@earthlink.net>X-Mailer: Mozilla 2.01 (Win95; U)
MIME-Version: 1.0
To: bill, benne@aol.com
Subject: A bunch of limiricks, ASCII text
Content-Type: text/plain; charset=iso-8859-1
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 8bit
Content-Disposition: inline; filename="Limerick.txt"

LIMERICKS

The following matierial is >indecent< and persons under 18 years old, or who would be offended by original sins and improbable sexual misadventures should stop reading at this point. The source is on the Web, "Hash Songs" (<http://www.usa.net/~zippy/songtoc.html>), which also has the lyrics to over 400 bawdy songs, some of which are not for the tourists. There's a link there to the "Digital Tradition Folk Songs Database" (<http://web2.xerox.com/digitrad>), which has the words to thousands of songs, most of which are not indecent. This printing is missing a few limericks, not out of deference to Congress or other fools, but because the nerd who saved this file (WordPerfect 6.1 for DOS) hated them (yuck!). This is not to imply that I think that the rest are tasteful they aren't. Some homicide and morbid secretions are still out in cyberspace. Adultery, bestiality, defamation of British clergy, and occasional solid digestive waste remain. Enjoy. Try these

tricks at your own risk!

jkmtsm@earthlink.net

When a woman in strapless attire,
Found her breasts working higher and higher,
A guest, with great feeling,
Exclaimed, "How appealing!
Do you mind if I piss in the fire?"

There was a young man from Australia,
Who went on a wild bacchanalia,
He buggered a frog,
Two mice, and a dog,
And a bishop in fullest regalia.

There was a young lady named Anna,
Who stuffed her friend's cunt with a banana,
Which she sucked bit by bit,
>From her partner's warm slit,
In the most approved lesbian manner.

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam,
Just stroking the butt of his madam,
He was quaking with mirth,
For in all of the earth,
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

There was a young lady called Alice,
Who pissed in the Archbishop's chalice,
It was not for the need,
She committed the deed,
Out of simple sectarian malice.

A young married couple from Aberystwyth,
Knew another you couple they played whist with,
They all managed when able,
To reach under the table,
And play with what the other ones pissed with.

There was a young man from Abersysthwyth,
Who said the girl he just kissed with
"That hole in your crotch,
Is for fucking and such,
And not just a gadget to piss with."

There was a young lady called Annie,
Who had fleas, lice and crabs up her fanny,
To get up her flue,
Was like touring the zoo,
There were wild beasts in each nook and cranny.

There was a young girl from Assizes,
Whose breasts were of two different sizes,
The left one was small,
Sweet nothing at all,
The right one was large and won prizes.

There once was a lady from Arden,
Who sucked a man off in a garden,
He said, "My dear Flo,
Where does all that stuff go?"
And she said, (Swallow hard) - I beg pardon?"

There was a young lady named Alice,
Who thought of her cunt as a chalice,
One night sleeping nude,
She awoke, feeling lewd,
And found in her chalice a phallus.

There was a young man from Australia,
Who painted his arse like a dahlia,
The drawing was fine,
The color divine,
But the scent--ah, that was a failure.

There once was a young girl from Belize,
Who said to her lover, "Oh please,
You would heighten my bliss,
If you played more with this,
And paid less attention to these.

A habit both vile and unsavory,
Kept the Bishop of London in slavery,
With lecherous howls,
He deflowered little owls,
That he kept in an underground aviary.

There once was a fellow from Beverly,
Went in for fucking quite heavily,
He fucked night and day,
Till his ballocks gave way,
But the doctors replaced them quite cleverly.

There once was a fairy named Bloom,
Who took a queer up to his room,
They fought half the night,
To see who had the right,
To do what, where, and how to whom.

There was a young fellow named Babitt,

Who could screw nine times like a rabbit,
But a girl from Lahore,
Could do it twice more,
Which was just enough extra to crab it.

There once was a Duchess of Bruges,
Whose cunt was incredibly huge,
Said the King to this dame,
As he thunderously came,
"Mon Dieu! Apres Moi, Le deluge!"

Sir Reginald Basington Bart,
Went to a masked ball as a fart,
He had painted his face,
Like a more private place,
And his voice made the dowagers start.

There was a young fellow named Brewster,
Who said to his wife as he goosed her,
"It used to be grand,
But just look at my hand,
You ain't wiping as clean as you used 'ter."

There was a young man of Bengal,
Who went to a fancy dress ball,
Just for a stunt,
He dressed up as a cunt,
And was fucked by a dog in the hall.

There was a young trucker named Briard,
Who had a young whore that he hired,
To fuck when not trucking,
But trucking plus fucking,
Got him so fucking tired he got fired.

There was a young sailor named Bates,
Who danced the fandango on skates,
He fell on his cutlass,
Which rendered him nutless,
And practically useless on dates.

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno,
Said, "Fucking is one thing I do know,
A woman is fine,
A boy is divine,
But a llama is 'numero uno'."

There was a young man from Bengal,
Who had a rectangular ball,
The square of its weight,

Plus his penis times eight,
Was two-fifths of five eighths of fuck all.

There once was a fellow from Beverly,
Went in for fucking quite heavily,
He fucked night and day,
Till his bullocks gave way,
But the doctors replaced them quite cleverly.

When her daughter got married in Bicester,
Her mother remarked as she kissed her,
"That fellow you've won,
Is sure to be fun,
Since tea he's fucked me and your sister."

Then there was the Bishop of Birmingham,
Who screwed all the girls while confirming 'em,
To the roars of applause,
He would pull down their drawers,
And inject his Episcopal Sperm in 'em.

There was a young man of Bombay,
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay,
But the heat of his prick
Turned the clay into brick,
And it rubbed all his foreskin away.

A certain your maiden from Babylon,
Decided to lure all the rabble-on,
By dropping her shirt,
And raising her skirt,
Exposing a market to dabble-on.

There once was a young man from Boston,
Who tried to get laid in an Austin,
There was room for his ass,
And four gallons of gas,
But his balls hung outside and he lost 'em.

There were two young ladies of Birmingham,
And this is the story concerning 'em,
They lifted the frock,
And diddled the cock,
Of the Bishop as he was confirming 'em.

But the Bishop was nobody's fool,
He'd been to a large public school,
He pulled down their britches,
And diddled those bitches,
With his ten-inch Episcopal tool.

But that didn't bother these two,
They said as the Bishop withdrew,
"The Vicar is slicker,
And quicker and thicker,
And longer and stronger than you."

There's a charming young lady named Beaulie,
Who's often been screwed by yours truly,
But now -- it's appalling,
My balls always fall in!
I fear that I've fucked her unduly.

There was a young sailor from Brighten,
Who said to his girl "You're a tight 'un,"
She replied, " 'Pon my soul,
You're in the wrong hole,
There's plenty of room in the right 'un."

There was a young damsel named Baker,
Who was poked in a pew by a Quaker,
He yelled, "My God! What,
Do you call that -- a twat?
Why the entrance is more than an acre!"

There was a young lady named Brent,
With a cunt of enormous extent,
And so deep and wide,
The acoustics inside,
Were so good you could hear when you spent.

There once was a Queen of Bulgaria,
Whose bush had grown hairier and hairier,
Till a Prince from Peru,
Who came for a screw,
Had to hunt for her cunt with a terrier.

There was a young girl who begat,
Three brats, by name Nat, Pat and Tat,
It was fun in the breeding,
But hell in the feeding,
When she found she had no tit for Tat.

There was a young fellow named Bliss,
Whose sex life was strangely amiss,
For even with Venus,
His recalcitrant penis,
Would never do better than this.

There was a young lady in Brent,

When her old man's pecker is bent,
She said with a sigh,
"Oh why must it die?
Let's fill it with Portland Cement."

On the bridge sat the Bishop of Buckingham,
Thinking of twats and of sucking 'em,
And watching the stunts,
Of the cunts in the punts,
And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em.

There was a young fellow named Bouch,
Who invited a girl to a couch,
He said, "Pretty young miss,
I will take you, I wish,
Horizontally, vertically, crouch."

The Bishop of Alexandretta
Loved a girl and he couldn't forget her,
So he thought he'd enshrine her,
As the Holy Vagina
In the Church of the Sacred French Letter.

"In Boston," said Jane, "it makes sense
To go for the specialty; hence
I've come to get scrod."
And her friend said, "That's odd,
You've used the past pluperfect tense."

There once was a learned baboon
Who always played on the bassoon.
For he said, "it appears
That in billions of years,
I shall finally hit on a tune."

Classical hasher, the Flying
Booger, would get a girl sighing.
By praising her twat in
Both Greek and in Latin
Then fucking her 'til she was dying.

That dirty old hasher Flying Booger
Was looking for a perverted hooker.
He found a vision in satin
Who knew Greek but no Latin
So up the Hershey highway he took her.

That old aussie hasher named Bruce,
Had a dick that was really no use,
But in bed with his Sheila,

With his fingers he'd feel her,
And his tongue would then lap up her juice.

There was a bloke in Calcutta,
Who did a shit in the gutter,
Sun was so hot,
Melted his balls on the spot,
And off they flowed like butter.

There once was a novice at Chichester,
Whose form made the saints in their niches stir.
One morning at matins,
Her bosom 'neath stains,
Made the Bishop of Chichester's britches stir.

An unfortunate fellow named Chase,
Had an ass that was badly misplaced,
He showed indignation,
When an investigation,
Proved that few persons shit through their face.

The new cinematic emporium,
Is not just a super sensorium,
But a highly effectual,
Heterosexual,
Mutual masterbatorium.

A nasty old bugger of Cheltenham,
Once shit in his bags as he knelt in 'em,
He sold them at Ware,
To a gentleman there,
Who didn't much like what he smelt in 'em.

A fisherman off of Cape Cod,
Who attempted to bugger a cod,
When up came some scallops,
That nibbled his bullocks,
And now he's eunuch, by God.

There was a young harlot of Crete,
Who was hawking her meat in the street,
Ambling out one fine day,
In a casual way,
She clapped up the whole British fleet.

There was a young woman of Croft,
Who played with herself in a loft,
Having reasoned that candles,
Could never cause scandals,
Besides which they did not go soft.

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

A policeman from near Clapham Junction,
Had a penis which just wouldn't function,
For the rest of his life,
He misled his poor wife,
With a snot on the end of his truncheon.

There was a young lady of Cheam,
Who crept into the vestry unseen,
She pulled down her knickers,
And likewise the Vicar's,
And said, "How about it, ol' bean?"

A pretty young thing from Cape Cod,
Said, "Good things come only from God."
But 'twas not the Almighty
Who lifted her nightie,
But Roger the lodger, the sod.

There was a young man from Calleen,
Who invented a fucking machine,
He pulled out the choke,
And the bloody thing broke,
And mixed both his balls into cream.

A lady while dining at Crewe,
Found an elephant's dong in her stew,
Said the waiter, "Don't shout,
Or wave it about,
Or the others will all want one too.!"

King Louis gave a lesson in class,
One time he was sexing a lass,
When she used the word 'Damn'
He rebuked her: "Please ma'am,
Keep a more civil tongue in my ass."

There once was a passionate young Celt,
Who'd an urge to know how a cock felt,
One went in hard and straight,
But the heat was so great,
The she found she had caused it to melt.

There was a young lady of Crewe,

Whose cherry a chap had got through,
Which she told to her mother,
Who fixed her another,
Out of rubber and red ink and glue.

There was a young lady from Crewe-Pitt,
Who did something amazingly stupid,
After her lover had spent,
She douched with cement,
And later gave birth to a statue of cupid.

There once was a girl from Decator,
Who was laid by a big alligator,
Now nobody knew,
The results of that screw,
'Cuz after he laid her he ate her.

To his bride said the one-eyed detective,
"Can it be that my eyesight's defective?
Has your east tit the least bit,
The best of your west tit,
Or is it a trick of perspective?"

"For the tenth time, dull Daphne," said Chlo,,
"You told me my bosom is snowy,
You've made much fine verse on,
Each part of my person,
Now do something - there's a good boy."

There was a young lady from Dee,
Whose hymen was split into three,
And when she was diddled,
The middle string fiddled,
"Nearer, My God, To Thee."

There was a young girl of Darjeeling,
Who could dance with such exquisite feeling,
There was never a sound,
For miles around,
Save of fly buttons hitting the ceiling.

There was a strong man of Drumrig,
Who one day did seven times frig,
He buggered three sailors,
Four butchers, two tailors,
And ended by fucking a pig.

There was an old man of Duluth,
Whose cock was shot off in his youth,
He fucked with his nose,

And with fingers and toes,
And he came through a hole in his tooth.

There was a young lady of Dexter,
Whose husband exceedingly vexed her,
For whenever they'd start,
He'd unfailingly fart,
With a blast that damn nearly unsexed her.

The prior of Dunstan St. Just,
Consumed with erotical lust,
Raped the Bishop's prize fowls
Buggered four startled owls,
And a little green lizard, that bust.

A deacon of Tantary-Crim,
Whose notions of fucking were grim,
Used to get lots of fun
Out of stuffing a nun
With the sign of the cross on her quim.

There once was a whore on the dock
>From dusk until dawn she sucked cock
'Til one day it's said
She gave so much head
She exploded and whitewashed the block

An Eskimo on his vacation,
Took a night off to succumb to temptation.
'Ere the night was half through,
The Eskimo was, too,
For their nights are of six months' duration.

There once was a hasher from Fort Worth,
Whose tool was of unusual girth,
When a girl from the south,
Took his dick in her mouth,
She said, "I'm sorry I can't say the last verth."

There was a young lady from France,
Who decided to take just one chance.
For an hour or so,
She just let herself go,
And now all her sisters are aunts.

There once was a Filipino hombre,
Who ate rice, pescado y legumbre.
His trousers were wide,
And his shirt hung outside,
And this, I may say, was costumbre.

A TV anchor named Hughes,
Had a ratings trick that couldn't lose,
When an item was hot,
It's taped to her twat,
And she's on the air spreading the news.

There once was a girl from Hoboken,
Who claimed her cherry was broken,
>From riding a bike,
On a cobblestone pike,
But it was really broken from pokin'.

There once was a girl named Ann Heiser,
Who claimed no man could surprise her,
But Pabst took a chance,
Found Schlitz in her pants,
And now she is sadder Budweiser.

A hillbilly farmer named Hollis,
With possums and snakes sought his solace,
His children had scales,
And prehensile tails,
And voted for Governor Wallace.

A towering boor named Infernal,
Sported organs of sex internal,
When an insensitive lass,
Did take him to task,
He replied, "Contraria contrariis curantur-al."
("Things are cured by their opposite-als")

The aged Archbishop of Joppa,
Said, "I think circumcision improper,
If the organ is small,
But I don't mind at all,
About cutting a slice off a whopper."

They say Jack and his best girlfriend Jill,
One nice day went and climbed up a hill.
Was it water they're after?
Then why all the laughter?
And how come Jill made sure of her pill?

There was a young couple named Kelly,
Who once got stuck belly to belly,
Because in their haste,
They used library paste,
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young fellow from Kent,
Whose prick was so long that it bent,
To save himself trouble,
He put it in double,
And instead of cumming - he went.

There was a young lady of Kew,
Who said as the Curate withdrew,
"The Vicar is slicker,
And quicker and thicker,
And two inches longer than you."

That selfsame young lady of Kew,
Said as the vicar withdrew,
"The Verger's emerger
Is longer and lurger
And he gets his balls in too."

There was a young fellow named Keith,
Who liked to be fondled beneath.
It was fun, he decided,
But only provided
The girl used her lips, not her teeth.

There was a young lawyer named Rex,
With diminutive organs of sex,
When hauled in for exposure,
He replied with composure,
"De minimis non curat lex."
["Law does not concern itself with trivial things."]

A Scotsman who lived by the Loch,
Had holes down the length of his cock,
When he got an erection,
He would play a selection,
>From Johann Sebastian Bach.

Where is Little Boy Blue this fine morn?
In the haystack as sure as you're born,
But he isn't asleep;
He's with Little Bo-Peep;
And just look where he's putting his horn.

"As for screwing," said Little Miss Muffet,
"I proclaim here and now that I love it.
I defy the authority
Of the Moral Majority.
They can take all their preaching and stuff it."

A disgusting young man named McGill,

Made his neighbors exceedingly ill,
When they learned of his habits,
Involving white rabbits,
And a bird with a flexible bill.

There once was a young man from Missouri,
Who fucked with a terrible fury,
'Till hauled into court,
For his bestial sport,
And condemned by a poorly hung jury.

There once was a man named McNamiter,
With a tool of prodigious diameter,
But it wasn't the size,
That opened girls eyes,
'Twas his beat - iambic pentameter.

There once was a man named Magoo,
Who went paddling out in a canoe,
When he hit a rock,
He quickly grabbed his cock,
And surfaced with a hand full of goo.

There once was a fellow named McSweeney,
Who spilled some gin on his weenie,
Now just to be couth,
He added vermouth,
And slipped his girl a martini.

There was a young lady from Maine,
Who enjoyed copulating on a train.
Not once, I maintain,
But again and again,
And again and again and again.

There was a young lady from Munich,
Who was ravished one night by a eunuch,
At the height of her passion,
He slipped her a ration,
>From a squirt gun concealed in his tunic.

There was a young woman named Melanie,
Who was asked by a man, "Do you sell any?"
She replied, "No siree,
I give it away for free.
To sell it, dear sir, is a felony.

There was a young man of Nantucket,
Whose prick was so long he could suck it,
He said, with a grin,

As he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear were I cunt, I'd fuck it."

A chap down in Oklahoma,
Had a dick that could sing LaPaloma,
But the sweetness of pitch,
Couldn't put off the hitch,
Of impotence, size and aroma.

At the orgy I fucked twenty-two,
And man, was I glad to get through,
A whole night of sexing,
Turns boring and vexing,
But at orgies, what else can you do?

She wasn't what one would call pretty,
And other girls offered her pity.
So nobody guessed,
That her Wasserman test,
Involved half of Oklahoma City.

There once was a fellow named Perkin,
Who was constantly jerkin' his yerkin,
Said his father with a plea,
"Son won't you listen to me,
Your yerkin's not for jerkin' it's fer ferkin."

A frustrated virgin named Pugh,
Once dreamed she was having a scrugh,
Repenting her sin,
She awoke with chagrin,
At finding it perfectly trugh.

There was a young lady called Phoebe,
Who kept a small tame amoebae,
The wee piece of jelly,
Would crawl on her belly,
And tenderly murmur "Ich liebe."

There was a young man from Paree,
Who buggered an ape in a tree,
The result was quite horrid,
All ass and no forehead,
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There was an old lady from Phlox,
Who set dynamite off in her box,
When asked the sensation,
She cried with elation,
"It's better than elephant cocks!"

There was a young fellow named Rick,
Who was cursed with a spiraling dick,
He started to hunt,
For a twisted up cunt,
That would match his curly-cue prick.

He found one and took it to bed,
And then in dismay he dropped dead,
For that spiraling snatch,
Though nearly a match,
Had cum with a left-handed thread.

There was a young man from Rancine,
Who invented a fucking machine,
Concave or convex,
It could fit either sex,
And jerk itself off in between.

There was a young lady from Sidney,
Who took it right up to the kidney,
One fellow by heck,
Went right up to his neck,
He had a big one now, didn't he?

There once was a monk from Siberia,
Whose life it grew drearier and drearier,
He did to a nun,
What he shouldn't have done,
And now she's a mother superior.

There was a young woman named Sally
Who loved an occasional dally.
She sat on the lap
Of a well-endowed chap,
And said, "ooh, you're right up my alley."

While Titian was mixing rose madder,
He espied a nude girl on a ladder.
Her position to Titian,
Suggested coition,
So he climbed up the ladder and had 'er.

A lady astrologist in Vancouver,
Once captured a man by maneuver.
Influenced by Venus,
She jumped on his penis,
And nothing on Earth could remove her.

There once was a lady from Wheeling,

Who protested she lacked sexual feeling,
'til a cynic named Boris,
Touched her clitoris,
And they scraped her off the ceiling.

A methodical fellow named Wade
Could recall every girl that he'd laid.
He recorded each poke,
Every thrust, every stroke,
And precisely how much he had paid.

ZiPpY, the musical hasher,
Was, unfortunately, a very poor dancer,
When he tried to gyrate,
To the words he'd create,
He always tripped on his wanker.

At altitude hashed our friend ZiPpY,
(Pikes Peak where the air is quite nippy)
When being the hare
He'd jerk off everywhere
And his cum froze and made the trail slippery

limerick.3

from aphex.direct.ca (root@aphex.direct.ca [199.60.229.6])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.6/8.7.3/usc) with ESMTP
id RAA08145; Fri, 25 Oct 1996 17:54:09 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from [204.174.242.35] ([204.174.242.35]) by aphex.direct.ca with ESMTP id
<270290-25574>; Fri, 25 Oct 1996 17:13:55 -0700
Message-Id: <v0300780cae9043e2b6f2@[204.174.243.94]>Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"
Date: Fri, 25 Oct 1996 17:11:36 -0700
To: sking@direct.ca (S.M. King)
From: sking@direct.ca (S.M. King)
Subject: Bawdy.Net Collage #104
Status: RO
X-Status:

"I am sick unto death of obscure English towns that exist seemingly
for the sole accommodation of these so-called limerick writers -- and
even sicker of their residents, all of whom suffer from physical

deformities and spend their time dismembering relatives at fancy dress balls." -- Editor of the Limerick Times (Limerick, Ireland)

(I don't know if the above quote is accurate)

This Collage is dedicated to the .5% of Bawdy.Net subscribers who come from that wonderfully named Irish town (city?) of Limerick, a place I've always wanted to visit. And I even have addresses of people I can stay with! :-).

Anyway, here is another "All Limerick Collage"!

Mark sends:

There once was a sailor named Rick
Who was feeling really quite sick
He made it to shore,
had sex with a whore,
and now he's got bumps on his dick!

Prime sends these:

A wanton young lady from Wimley
Reproached for not acting quite primly
Said, "Heavens above!
I know sex isn't love,
But it's such an entrancing facsimile."

A worried young man from Stamboul
Founds lots of red spots on his tool.
Said the doctor, a cynic,
"Get out of my clinic;
Just wipe off the lipstick, you fool!"

An architect fellow named Yoric
Could, when feeling euphoric,
Display for selection
Three kinds of erection --
Corinthian, ionic, and doric.

There was a young girl named Sapphire
Who succumbed to her lover's desire.
She said, "I know it's a sin,
But now that it's in,
Could you shove it just a few inches higher?"

There was a young girl of Angina
Who stretched catgut across her vagina.
>From the love-making frock
(With the proper sized cock)
Came Tocata and Fugue in D minor.

Daniel says that this one is "to be recited in an outrageous Cockney
accent":

There were three young ladies from Birmingham
And this is the scandal concerning 'em
They lifted the frock
And tickled the cock
Of the Bishop engaged in confirming 'em.

Now, the Bishop was nobody's fool;
He'd been to a large public school!
So he lowered their britches,
And *buggered* the bitches
With his eight-inch episcopal tool.

Then up spake the lady from Kew
And said, as the Bishop withdrew,
"The Vicar
Was quicker
And thicker
And slicker
And longer
And stronger
Than you!"

Steve warns that "This one is gross. I am sorry if it offends,
however it was a favorite of my rugby team." Rugby team, huh? Well,
that should be all the warning anyone needs!:

There once was a man from McGearth.
He was the nastiest mother fucker on earth.
While fucking his mother and jerking off his brother
He licked up his sisters afterbirth.

John sends:

There was an old man from Calcutta
who looked through a hole in his shutter
but all that he saw
was his wife on the floor
and the ass of the man that was upper

Lyle sends:

There was a young woman named Melanie
Who was asked by a man, "Do you sell any?"
She replied, "No, siree, I give it for free
To sell it dear sir, is a felony."

Allan sends this one which I'm *sure* is hilarious. :-):

The "plumber" limerick has many variations, as well as translations.
My limerick book has it in French, and Latin, as well as the
following German, my favorite:

Es Giebt ein Arbeiter von Tinz
Er schlaft mit ein' Madel von Linz
Sie sagt, "halt sein' plummen
Ich hore Mann kommen."
"Jacht, jacht", sagt der Plummer, "Ich binz."

Eric says " This is the world's most obscene limerick. All of the
really, really bad words have been replaced with either 'dit' or
'dah':

Dit dah dit dah dit,
Dit dah dit dah dah.
Dit dah dit,
Dit dah dah,
Dit dah dit dah fuck.

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S.M. King
Bawdy.Net

limerick.4

Newsgroups: alt.jokes.limericks

From: jcf@world.std.com (Joseph C Fineman)

There once were two ladies of Birmingham,
And this is a story concerning 'em:
 They lifted the frock
 And tickled the cock
Of the bishop, while he was confirming 'em.

Now that bishop was nobody's fool:
He'd been to divinity school,
 So he hauled down his breeches
 And screwed those two witches
With his holy episcopal tool.

Now one of those gals was named Sue,
And Sue said, when the bishop was thru.
 "The vicar was quicker
 And slicker and thicker
And two inches longer than you."

--

Joe Fineman	jcf@world.std.com
239 Clinton Road	(617) 731-9190
Brookline, MA 02146	

From: Christopher.Gold@src.ulaval.ca (Christopher Gold)
Newsgroups: alt.jokes.limericks
Subject: The Plumber
Date: 30 Jun 1995 15:04:16 GMT

There was a young plumber (McPhee)
Was plumbing his girl by the sea.
Said the girl: "Quit your plumbing,
There's somebody coming!"
Said the plumber, still plumbing, "That's me!"

limerick.5

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Mon Nov 24 11:28:41 1995

Newsgroups: alt.jokes.limericks

From: mcripps@computan.on.ca (Mervyn Cripps)

Subject: mathematical limericks

Date: Fri, 24 Nov 1995 11:28:41 GMT

A challenge for many long ages
Had baffled the savants and sages.
Yet at last came the light:
Seems old Fermat was right
To the margin add 200 pages.

"Let \mathbb{V} over \mathbb{P} be inverted
With the square root of $\mathbb{M}\mathbb{U}$ inserted
 \mathbb{N} times into \mathbb{V} ...
The result, Q.E.D.,
Is a relative!" Einstein asserted.

A dozen, a gross and a score,
Plus three times the square root of four,
Divided by seven,
Plus five times eleven,

is nine squared plus zero, no more.

A mathematician confided
That a Mobius strip is one-sided
You'll get quite a laugh
If you cut it in half
For it stays in one piece when divided.

I used to think math was no fun,
'Cause I couldn't see how it was done.
Now Euler's my hero,
for I now see why $e^{i\pi} = -1$.

One and one make two,
But if one and one should marry,
Isn't it queer-
Within a year
There's two and one to carry.

This poem was written by Jon Saxton (an author of math textbooks).

$$((12 + 144 + 20 + (3 * 4^{(1/2)}))) / 7 + (5 * 11) = 9^2 + 0$$

Or for those who have trouble with the poem:

A Dozen, a Gross and a Score,
plus three times the square root of four,
divided by seven,
plus five times eleven,
equals nine squared and not a bit more.

'Tis a favorite project of mine
A new value of pi to assign.
I would fix it at 3
For it's simpler, you see,
Than 3 point 1 4 1 5 9.

("The Lure of the Limerick" by W.S. Baring-Gould, p.5. Attributed to
Harvey L. Carter).

If inside a circle a line
Hits the center and goes spine to spine
And the line's length is "d"
the circumference will be
times 3.14159

If $(1+x)$
(real close to 1)
Is raised to the power of 1
Over x, you will find
Here's the value defined:
2.718281...

Here's a limerick I picked up off the net a few years back -- looks better
on paper.

$$\int_1^{\sqrt[3]{3}} z^2 dz \times \cos\left(\frac{3 \times \pi}{9}\right) = \ln(\sqrt[3]{e})$$

Which, of course, translates to:

Integral z-squared dz
 from 1 to the cube root of 3
 times the cosine
 of three pi over 9
 equals log of the cube root of 'e'.

And it's correct, too.

A mathematician named Klein

Thought the Mobius Band was divine.

Said he, "If you glue

The edges of two

You get a weird bottle like mine.

"

A challenge for many long ages

Had baffled the savants and sages.

Yet at last came the light:

Seems old Fermat was right--

To the margin add 200 pages.

-- Paul Chernoff

limerick.6

October 24, 1994, ZiPpy sent:

Two spectres who screwed in a chasm

Had a simultaneous spasm.

With a howl of despair

The invisible pair

Was splattered with ectoplasm.

(Hollow-Weenie Limerick)

limerick.7

42. LIMERICKS

Some limericks by Flying Booger
Take turns telling limericks

CHORUS: Aye, aye, aye, aye,

(insert personal insult): Your mother's a whore on a troopship,

So sing me another verse that's worse than the other verse, And waltz me around by my willie.

(more insults): Your mother and father were brothers

Your brother fills empty cream donuts

Your father eats your brother's cream donuts

Your sister eats bat shit off cave walls

Your mother sucks farts from dead chickens

Your mother and sister are brothers

Your sister leaves slime trails like snails

Your mother does squat thrusts on fireplugs

Your brother eats grandfather's donuts

Your sister douches with Drano

Your sister swims after troop ships
(And catches them)
(And swims back)
Your sister's in love with a carrot
Your sister goes down for a quarter
Your sister sucks moose cum off pine cones
Your father does eight-year old Brownies
Your mom uses Frisbees for diaphragms
Your sister got turned down by hashers
Your mother eats shit and lives
Your mother's vibrator is made by John Deere
Your mother uses hamsters for tampons
Your sister rides bikes without seats
Your mother's so dry the crabs carry canteens
Your mother goes down on Rush Limbaugh
Rush Limbaugh goes down on your sister

When a woman in strapless attire,
Found her breasts working higher and higher,
A guest, with great feeling,
Exclaimed, "How appealing!
Do you mind if I piss in the fire?"

A hasher observed on his bum,
A boil as big as his thumb,
The doc said "Let's lance it,"
The hasher said, "Eat shit,
Medice, cura te ipsum."
(physician, heal thyself)

There was a young man from Australia,
Who went on a wild bacchanalia,
He buggered a frog,
Two mice, and a dog,
And a bishop in fullest regalia.

There was a young lady named Anna,
Who stuffed her friend's cunt with banana,
Which she sucked bit by bit,
From her partner's warm slit,
In the most approved lesbian manner.

A hasher, disgustingly vile,
Was swallowed by a crocodile,
Who digested his skin,
And most things within,
But choked on his membrum virile.

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam,
Just stroking the butt of his madam,

He was quaking with mirth,
For on all of the earth,
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

There was a young lady named Alice,
Who pissed in the Archbishop's chalice,
It was not for the need,
She committed the deed,
But simple sectarian malice.

A front-running bastard named Moffat,
At seduction was one very cool cat,
He'd spread open their thighs,
With sweetly-voiced lies,
While whispering "Exitus acta probat."
(the end justifies the means)

A young married couple from Aberystwyth,
Knew another young couple they played whist with,
They all managed when able,
To reach under the table,
And play with what the other ones pissed with.

A mathematician named Fine,
Always showed her classes a good time,
Instead of multiplication,
She taught fornication,
And never got past sixty-nine.

There was a young dino named Barney,
Whose treatment of kids was quite smarmy,
He'd probe every hole,
Then swallow 'em whole,
Till his shit looked like chili con carne.

There was a young lady from Munich,
Who was ravished one night by a eunuch,
At the height of her passion,
He slipped her a ration,
From a squirt gun concealed in his tunic.

There once was a woman from Phlox,
Who set dynamite off in her box,
To describe the sensation,
She cried with elation,
"It's better than elephant cocks!"

A woman from South Carolina,
Placed fiddle strings 'cross her vagina,
With proper sized cocks,

What was sex, became Bach's
Toccata and Fugue in D Minor.

An unfortunate fellow named Chase,
Had an ass that was badly misplaced,
He showed indignation,
When an investigation,
Proved that few persons shit through their face.

A horny old hasher from Brest,
Showed up at Down-Downs undressed,
When the harriettes all ran away,
He said, "There'll be another day,
Dum vita est, spes est."
(while there's life, there's hope)

A certain young maiden from Babylon,
Decided to lure all the rabble-on,
By dropping her shirt,
And raising her skirt,
Exposing a market to dabble-on.

There's a charming young lady named Julie,
Who's often been screwed by yours truly,
But now . . . it's appallin',
My balls always fall in!
I fear that I've fucked her unduly.

There once was a rabbi from Keith,
Who circumcised men with his teeth.
It was not for the treasure,
Nor sexual pleasure,
But to get at the cheese underneath.

While Titian was mixing rose madder,
He espied a nude girl on a ladder.
Her position to Titian,
Suggested coition,
So he climbed up the ladder and had 'er.

There once was a novice at Chichester,
Whose form made the saints in their niches stir.
One morning at matins,
Her bosom 'neath stains,
Made the Bishop of Chichester's britches stir.

A Roman who hailed from Gadondom,
Used a fried hedgehog's hide for a condom.
His mistress did shout,
As he pulled the thing out,

"De gustibus non disputandum!" (there is no disputing taste)

There was a young man from Aberystwyth,
Who said to the girl he just kissed with,
"That hole in your crotch,
Is for fucking and such,
And not just a gadget to piss with."

There was a young lady called Annie,
Who had fleas, lice, and crabs up her fanny,
To get up her flue,
Was like touring the zoo,
There were wild beasts in each nook and cranny.

The OnSec from old Tallahassee
Found his dick turning into a cacti,
When his friends said "Who did it,"
He said, "I don't know shit,
But undoubtedly, Dux femina facti."
(a woman is the perpetrator of the deed)

There was an old whore from the Azores,
Whose cunt was all covered in sores,
Even dogs in the street,
Wouldn't touch the green meat,
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There was a young girl from Assizes,
Whose breasts were of two different sizes,
The left one was small,
Sweet nothing at all,
The right one was large and won prizes.

There was a young lady in Brent,
Whose old man's pecker was bent,
She said with a sigh,
"Oh why must it die?
Let's fill it with Portland Cement."

There was a young man of Koblenz,
The size of whose balls was immense,
One day playing soccer,
He sprung his left knocker,
And kicked it right over the fence.

There was a young lady named Alice,
Who used dynamite for a phallus,
They found her vagina,
In North Carolina,
Her arsehole in Buckingham Palace.

There once was a lady from Arden,
Who sucked a man off in a garden,
He said, "My dear Flo,
Where does all that stuff go?"
And she said, (swallow hard) "I beg pardon?"

There was a young lawyer named Rex,
With diminutive organs of sex,
When hauled in for exposure,
He replied with composure,
"De minimis non curat lex."
(the law does not concern itself with trivial things)

She wasn't what one would call pretty,
And other girls offered her pity.
So nobody guessed,
That her Wasserman test,
Involved half of Oklahoma City.

There was a young lady named Alice,
Who thought of her cunt as a chalice,
One night sleeping nude,
She woke, feeling lewd,
And found in her chalice a phallus.

There once was a Filipino hombre,
Who ate rice, pescado y legumbre.
His trousers were wide,
And his shirt hung outside,
And this, I may say, was costumbre.

There was a young man from Australia,
Who painted his arse like a dahlia,
The drawing was fine,
The color divine,
But the scent, Ah, that was a failure.

There was a young fellow named Babitt,
Who could screw nine times like a rabbit,
But a girl from Lahore,
Could do it twice more,
Which was just enough extra to crab it.

A lady astrologist in Vancouver,
Once captured a man by maneuver.
Influenced by Venus,
She jumped on his penis,
And nothing on Earth could remove her.

There was a young lady of Dexter,
Whose husband exceedingly vexed her,
For whenever they'd start,
He'd unfailingly fart,
With a blast that damn nearly unsexed her.

When Hillary said there would be no,
White males on the cabinet or she'd go,
An ex-lover named Flowers,
Said, "Will, use your powers,
Te hominum esse memento."
(remember you are a man)

There was a young lady from France,
Who decided to take just one chance.
For an hour or so,
She just let herself go,
And now all her sisters are aunts.

There was a young lady from Maine,
Who enjoyed copulating on a train.
Not once, I maintain,
But again and again,
And again and again and again.

An Eskimo on his vacation,
Took a night off to succumb to temptation.
'Ere the night was half through,
The Eskimo was, too,
For their nights are of six months' duration.

There once was a Duchess of Bruges,
Whose cunt was incredibly huge,
Said the King to his Dame,
As he thunderously came,
"Mon Dieu! Après moi, le deluge!"

Sir Reginald Basington Bart,
Went to a masked ball as a fart,
He had painted his face,
Like a more private place,
And his voice made the dowagers start.

There was a young fellow named Brewster,
Who said to his wife as he goosed her,
"It used to be grand,
But just look at my hand,
You ain't wiping as clean as you used 'ter."

There was a young man of Bengal,

Who went to a fancy dress ball,
Just for a stunt,
He dressed up as a cunt,
And was fucked by a dog in the hall.

There was a young trucker named Briard,
Who had a young whore that he hired,
To fuck when not trucking,
But trucking plus fucking,
Got him so fucking tired he got fired.

There was a young sailor named Bates,
Who did the fandango on skates,
He fell on his cutlass,
Which rendered him nutless,
And practically useless on dates.

A woman from on the Equator,
Once went out to sea on a freighter,
She was screwed by the master,
An utter disaster,
But the crew all made up for it later.

I once knew a girl named Maureen,
Her cunt was a mass of gangrene,
But health nuts, she found,
Would still eat her mound,
'Cause maggots are high in protein.

There once was a whore on the dock,
From dusk unti dawn she sucked cock,
Till one day, 'tis said,
She gave so much head,
She exploded and whitewashed the dock.

There was a young man of Belgrave,
Who kept a dead whore in a cave,
He said, "I admit,
I'm a bit of a shit,
But think of the money I save."

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno,
Said, "Fucking is one thing I do know,
A woman is fine,
And sheep are divine,
But a llama is numero uno."

There was a young man from Bengal,
Who had a rectangular ball,
The square of its weight,

Plus his penis times eight,
Was two-fifths of five-eighths of fuck all.

There once was a poet named Dude,
Whose wife was a bit of a prude,
But after a beer,
She'd start feeling queer,
And ask the whole room if they screwed.

There once was a fellow from Beverly,
Went in for fucking quite heavily,
He fucked night and day,
Till his ballocks gave way,
But the doctors replaced them quite cleverly.

There once was a Bishop of Buckingham,
Who wrote "Assholes and Twelve Ways of Rooting 'em,"
He then went berserk,
When outdone by a Turk,
Who wrote "Goats and Twelve Ways of Fucking 'em."

When her daughter got married in Bicester,
Her mother remarked as she kissed her,
"That fellow you've won,
Is sure to be fun,
Since tea he's fucked me and your sister."

Then there was the Bishop of Birmingham,
Who screwed all the girls while confirming 'em,
To the roars of applause,
He'd pull down their drawers,
And inject his Episcopal sperm in 'em.

There was a young man of Bombay,
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay,
But the heat of his prick,
Turned the clay into brick,
And it rubbed his foreskin away.

There was a young man of Trieste,
Who loved his young wife with such zest,
That despite all her howls,
He sucked out her bowels,
And puked up the mess on her chest.

There was a bloke in Calcutta,
Who did a shit in the gutter,
Sun was so hot,
Melted his balls on the spot,
And off they flowed like butter.

There once was a young man from Boston,
Who tried to get laid in a Nissan,
There was room for his ass,
And three gallons of gas,
But his balls hung outside and he lost 'em.

There was a young sailor from Brighton,
Who said to his girl, "You're a tight 'un."
She replied, "'Pon my soul,
You're in the wrong hole,
There's plenty of room in the right 'un."

There was a young damsel named Baker,
Who was poked in a pew by a Quaker,
He yelled, "My God!
What do you call that--a twat?
Why the entrance is more than an acre!"

There was a young lady named Brent,
With a cunt of enormous extent,
And so deep and wide,
The acoustics inside,
Were so good you could hear when you spent.

There once was a Queen of Bulgaria,
Whose bush had grown hairier and hairier,
Till a Prince from Peru,
Who came for a screw,
Had to hunt for her cunt with a terrier.

There was a young girl who begat,
Three brats, by name Nat, Pat, and Tat,
It was fun in the breeding,
But hell in the feeding,
When she found she had no tit for Tat.

There was a young fellow named Bliss,
Whose sex life was strangely amiss,
For even with Venus,
His recalcitrant penis,
Would never do better than this.

A poofter from old Khartoum,
Lured two lesbians up to his room,
They argued all night,
Over who had the right,
To do what, and with which, and to whom.

A nasty old bugger of Cheltenham,

Once shit in his bags as he knelt in 'em,
He sold them at Ware,
To a gentleman there,
Who didn't much like what he smelt in 'em.

There once was a man of Cape Nod,
Who attempted to bugger a cod,
When up came some scallops,
That nibbled his ballocks,
And now he's a eunuch, by God.

There was a young woman of Chester,
Who said to the man who undressed her,
"I think you will find,
That it's better behind,
As the front is beginning to fester."

There was a young woman of Croft,
Who played with herself in the loft,
Having reasoned that candles,
Could never cause scandals,
Besides which they did not go soft.

There was a poor wretch from Cape Horn,
Who wished he'd never been born,
He wouldn't have been,
If his father had seen,
That the end of his rubber was torn.

A policeman from near Clapham Junction,
Had a penis which just wouldn't function,
For the rest of his life,
He misled his poor wife,
With a snot on the end of his truncheon.

There was a young lady of Cheam,
Who crept into the vestry unseen,
She pulled down her knickers,
And likewise, the vicar's,
And said, "How about it, old bean?"

A pretty young thing from Cape Cod,
Said, "Good things come only from God,"
But 'twas not the Almighty,
Who lifted her nightie,
But Roger, the lodger, the sod.

There was a young man from Killeen,
Who invented a fucking machine,
He pulled out the choke,

And the bloody thing broke,
And mixed both his balls into cream.

A lady while dining at Crewe,
Found an elephant's dong in her stew,
Said the waiter, "Don't shout,
Or wave it about,
Or the others will all want one, too."

King Louis, the exemplar of class,
One time was romancing a lass,
When she used the word, "Damn,"
He rebuked her, "Please ma'am,
Keep a more civil tongue up my ass."

There was an old man of Duluth,
Whose cock was shot off in his youth,
He fucked with his nose,
And with fingers and toes,
And he came through a hole in his tooth.

There was a young lady of Kew,
Who said as the Bishop withdrew,
"The Vicar is slicker,
And quicker and thicker,
And two inches longer than you."

The selfsame young lady of Kew,
Said as the Vicar withdrew,
"The Verger's emerger,
Is longer and larger,
And he gets his ballocks in too."

A habit both vile and unsavory,
Kept the Bishop of London in slavery,
With lecherous howls,
He deflowered little owls,
That he kept in an underground aviary.

There was a young lady called Phoebe,
Who kept a small tame amoebae,
The wee piece of jelly,
Would crawl on her belly,
And tenderly murmur "Ich liebe."

A shiftless young man from Kent,
Made his wife fuck the landlord for rent,
But as she got older,
The landlord got colder,
And now they live in a tent.

There was a young couple named Kelly,
Who were found stuck belly to belly,
Because in their haste,
They used library paste,
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young lady of Trail,
Who offered her body for sale,
She was kind to the blind,
For on her behind,
Her prices were written in Braille.

A clever young harlot from Kew,
Filled up her vagina with glue,
She said, with a grin,
"If they'll pay to get in,
They can pay to get out of it too."

There was a young fellow from Kent,
Whose tool was most horribly bent,
To save himself trouble,
He put it in double,
And instead of coming, he went.

There was a young man of Nantucket,
Whose prick was so long he could suck it,
He said, with a grin,
As he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear were I cunt, I'd fuck it."

Classical hasher, the Flying Booger,
Had all the girls sighing,
By praising their twats in,
Both Greek and in Latin,
Then fucking them till they were dying.

A towering boor named Infernal,
Sported organs of sex internal,
When an insensitive lass,
Did take him to task,
He replied, "Contraria contrariis curantur-al."
(Things are cured by their opposite-als)

A man on a farm in Moritz,
Once planted two acres of titz,
They came up in the fall,
Pink nipples and all,
Then he leisurely chewed them to bitz.

The brilliant young physicist Fisque,
Was determined a security risque,
For acts of perversion,
Were his main diversion,
At which one can only say, "Tisque."

A frustrated virgin named Pugh,
Once dreamed she was having a scrugh,
Repenting her sin,
He awoke with chagrin,
At finding it perfectly trugh.

To his bride said the one-eyed detective,
"Can it be that my eyesight's defective?
Has your east tit the least bit,
The best of your west tit,
Or is it a trick of perspective?"

A guru from eastern Tibet --
Now this is the strangest one yet --
Had a member so long,
So pointed and strong,
He could skewer six yaks en brochette.

A hillbilly farmer named Hollis,
With possums and snakes sought his solace,
His children had scales,
And prehensile tails,
And voted for Governor Wallace.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\limerick\limerick1.txt

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Mon Jun 30 22:11:33 1995

Newsgroups: alt.jokes.limericks

From: jcf@world.std.com (Joseph C Fineman)

There once were two ladies of Birmingham,
And this is a story concerning 'em:
They lifted the frock

And tickled the cock
Of the bishop, while he was confirming 'em.

Now that bishop was nobody's fool:
He'd been to divinity school,
So he hauled down his breeches
And screwed those two witches
With his holy episcopal tool.

Now one of those gals was named Sue,
And Sue said, when the bishop was thru.
"The vicar was quicker
And slicker and thicker
And two inches longer than you."

--
Joe Fineman jcf@world.std.com

239 Clinton Road
(617) 731-9190
Brookline, MA 02146

C:\Ed Cray Collection\limerick\limerick2.txt

From: Christopher.Gold@src.ulaval.ca (Christopher Gold)
Newsgroups: alt.jokes.limericks

Subject: The Plumber

Date: 30 Jun 1995 15:04:16 GM

There was a young plumber (McPhee)

Was plumbing his girl by the sea.

Said the girl: "Quit your plumbing,

There's somebody coming!"

Said the plumber, still plumbing, "That's me!"

C:\Ed Cray Collection\limerick\ws_ftplog.txt

2003.05.11 11:43 B C:\muse\limerick\LIMERICK <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/limerick
LIMERICK

2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\limerick\LIMERICK.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/limerick
LIMERICK.1

2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\limerick\LIMERICK.2 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/limerick
LIMERICK.2

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\arovin.txt

A-Rovin'

[C]

In Amsterdam I met a maid.

Mark well what I do say!

In Amsterdam I met a maid

And she was mistress of her trade.

 No more to go a-roving

 With you, fair maid.

Chorus:

A-roving, a-roving,

A-roving's been my ru-i-ane [sic],

No more to go a-roving
With you, fair maid.

I took that lady for a walk.
Mark well what I do say!
I took that lady for a walk
And we had such a loving talk.

I put my hand upon her waist.
She said, "Young man, you're in great haste."

I put my hand upon her knee.
She said, "Young man, you're very free."

I put my hand upon her thigh.
She said, "Young man, you're drawing nigh."

I put my hand upon her patch.
She said, "Young man, that's my main hatch."

In consequence of our fair spree,
She promised she'd be true to me.

In two weeks' time I was badly bent
So, sadly off to sea I went.

In three weeks' time while out to sea
A soldier had her on his knee.

Furnished without tune by Pasadena, California, attorney Roger Gray, a parttime performer at the Renaissance Pleasure Faire. Gray has deliberately gathered songs from various sources, both oral and printed, for presentation as a "strolling minstrel" at the pageant.

[D]

In Plymouth town there lives a maid.
Bless you, young women.
In Plymouth Town there lives a maid.
Now mind what I do say.
In Plymouth town there lives a maid.
She is the mistress of her trade.

Chorus:
I'll go no more a'rovin' with you fair maid!
A'rovin', a'rovin', since rovin's been my ru-i-n,
I'll go no more a rovin with you fair maid!

I took this fair maid for a walk.

Bless you young women.
I took this fair maid for a walk.
Now mind what I do say.
I took this fair maid for a walk
And we had a lovin' "talk."

Chorus:

I put my hand upon her knee.
Bless you young women.
I put my hand upon her knee.
Now mind what I do say.
I put my hand upon her knee.
She said, "My Lord, you are quite free."

Chorus:

I put my hand upon her thigh.
Bless you young women.
I put my hand upon her thigh.
Now mind what I do say.
I put my hand upon her thigh.
She said, "My Lord, you are quite high."

Chorus:

She said, "My Lord, you are quite bold."
Bless you young women.
She said, "My Lord, you are quite bold."
Now mind what I do say.
She said, "My Lord, you are quite bold."
Until she saw my purse of gold.

Chorus:

I took her hand into my own.
Bless you young women.
I took her hand into my own.
Now mind what I do say.
I took her hand into my own
And we went to her own home.

Chorus:

She dearly loved to scratch and bite.
Bless you young women.
She dearly loved to scratch and bite
Now mind what I do say.
She dearly loved to scratch and bite
She kept me up the whole damn night

Chorus:

Her methods were unorthodox
Bless you young women.
Her methods were unorthodox
Now mind what I do say
Her methods were unorthodox
She gave to me the Spanish Pox

Chorus:

This strange disease she gave to me
Bless you young women.
This strange disease she gave to me
Now mind what I do say.
This strange disease she gave to me
I paid for it, but you may have it free.

Chorus:

Under the title of "I'll Go No More A-Rovin,'" this is included in the
filk-song omnibus, "The Black Book of Locksley," compiled by Joseph Bethancourt of
Tucson, Arizona. It is described there as "traditional, Elizabethan period," though
it has acquired new verses.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\baffled.txt

The [Baffled] Knight

There was a knight and he was young,
A-riding along the way [sic], sir.
And there he met a lady fair
Among the cocks of hay, sir.
Down, derry, down.

Quoth he, "Shall you and I, lady,
Among the grass lay down-o?
And I will take especial care
Of rumpling of your gown-o."
Down, derry, down.

"If you go along with me
Unto my father's hall, sir
You shall enjoy my maidenhead
And my estate and all, sir."

Down, derry, down.

He mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon another
And then they rid upon the road
Like sister and like brother.

Down, derry, down.

And when she came to her father's house
All moated 'round about, sir.
She step'ed straight within the gate
And shut this young man out, sir.

Down, derry, down.

"Here is a purse of gold," she said.
"Take it for your pain, sir.
And I will send my father's man
To go home with you again, sir."

Down, derry, down.

"And if you meet a lady fair
As you go through the town, sir.
You must not fear the dewy grass
Nor the rumpling of her gown, sir."

Down, derry, down.

"And if you meet a lady gay
As you go by the hill, sir,
If you will not when you may,
You shall not when you will, sir."

Down, derry, down.

This resurrected version of "The Baffled Knight" (Child 112) was furnished in 1994 by Pasadena, California, attorney Roger Gray, who spends some weeks appearing as a traveling player in Southern California's Renaissance Pleasure Faire. Seeking Elizabethan "authenticity" in dress, manner, speech and song, these performers have researched traditional songs, and reintroduced them in limited oral currency among performers and patrons of the Faire.

Gray learned the ballad in 1990 from a tape recording made by an unknown singer. See also Gray's version of "The Trooper and His Nag," below.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\bagpipe1.txt

214. BAGPIPE SONG

Melody--Scotland the Brave

Here's to the lassie with the black hairy assie,
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

CHORUS: Hold chair upside down to simulate bagpipes; make droning sound and tap
throat to form notes . . .

Na na na na na na na, Na na na na na na na,
Na na na na na na na,
Na na na na . . .

Then there was the jockey with his upstandin' cocky,
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie,
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Then there was the cranky who was wankin' in his hankie,
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky,
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie,
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Then there was the queerie who was leerin' through his
beerie,
At the sight o' the cranky who was wankin' in his hankie,
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky,
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie,
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Then there was the harlot makin' money in the car lot,
To support the a' queerie who was leerin' through his
beerie,
At the sight o' the cranky who was wankin' in his hankie,
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky,
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie,
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Then there was the HASHER who was posin' as a flasher,
Hustlin' johnnies from the harlot makin' money in the car lot,
To support the a' queerie who was leerin' through his
beerie,
At the sight o' the cranky who was wankin' in his hankie,
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky,
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie,
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Then there was the wenchy doin' down-down on a benchie,
For the pleasure o' the HASHER who was posin' as a
flasher,
Hustlin' johnnies from the harlot makin' money in the car lot,
To support the a'queerie who was leerin' through his
beerie,
At the sight o' the cranky who was wankin' in his hankie,
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky,

Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie,
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Now the moral o' this ditty is when in Honolulu City,
And you're with your favorite girlie chasin' hairs all
short and curly,
Just remember to take her hashin' and to give her a good
bashin',
And keep her away from the wenchy doing down-down on the
benchie,
For the pleasure o' the HASHER who was posin' as a
flasher,
Hustlin' johnnies from the harlot makin' money in the car lot,
To support the a' queerie who was leerin' through his
beerie,
At the sight o' the cranky who was wankin' in his hankie,
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky,
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie, Who was
liftin' up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\ballyarn.txt

Ball of Yarn

Seemingly, this has enjoyed a more extended narrative than extant versions of the ballad would indicate. The available evidence -- in particular the sophisticated rhyme scheme of A-A-B-C-C-B -- would suggest that this began life as a popular song. The Canfield collection has fragments that hint of a somewhat more elaborate story:

[D]

In the merry month of May,
When the dogs begin to play
And the roosters chase the hens around the barn,
Says the jenny to the jack,
"[Won't you] Climb onto my back,
And we'll wind up that little ball of yarn."

Oh, I went down into town
And started lookin' 'round.
And I seen a gal that made my balls to yearn,
So I says, "Come with me,
And we'll lie 'neath yonder tree,
And we'll wind up that little ball of yarn."

[E]

"Oh, no sir," said she,
"You're a stranger to me.
And I fear you might do me some harm,
But for a ten dollar bill
We'll go over that hill,
And we'll wind up that little ball of yarn."

Now I'm sitting in the pit
With my shirt tail full of shit,
And the bedbugs playing billiards with my balls.
For the cinches are so thick
From my asshole to my dick
That you cannot tell my buttocks from my balls.

[F]

This is the most complete of the modern texts the editor has seen. It is number 50 in Paul Woodford's anthology "Hash Songs II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994).

Chorus:
Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,
Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,
That's when I spun her little ball of yarn.
Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,
Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,
That's when I spun her little ball of yarn.

It was in the month of June,
When the flowers are in bloom,
I found her sitting out behind the barn.
As she shoveled up the gobs,
I gently pinched her knobs,
And asked to spin her little ball of yarn.

She undressed before my sight,
We went at it all the night,
Her little body shaking stem to stern.
And the blackbird and the robin,
Saw her little butt a'bobbin,
As I spun her little ball of yarn.

It was two months after that,
In the office where I sat,
Never dreaming she had done me any harm.
And a doctor dressed in white,
Said, "Man, your pecker is a sight,
It's been tangled in a little ball of yarn."

It was nine months to the day,
In the bathtub where I lay,
I felt a heavy hand upon my arm.
And a policeman with a hose,
Said, "Get up and get your clothes,
You're the father of a little ball of yarn."

In my prison cell I sit,
In my bathroom and my shame,
The shadow of my pecker on the wall.
And the ladies as they pass,
Stick hatpins in my ass,
And little mice play hopscotch with my little ball of yarn.

®IP5, "See too "The Jailer's Song," in the "Second Hand Muse" section, below.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\bastard.txt

The Bastard King of England

The Canfield Collection contains a letter signed by R. E. Banta of Crawfordsville, Indiana, in 1926, who passes on a story from a friend attributing the authorship of "Bastard King" to a "literary gentleman [who] was at that time continuing the good work of whoever started the Frank Merriwell or Tom Swift or possibly Elsie Dinsmore series."

During the early part of the first world war, Banta wrote, this writer had been called upon to "give some sort of entertainment at a farewell for a departing batch of second lieutenants." Sufficiently liquored, he did.

The song spread rapidly, for Banta notes "all the versions I've heard -- from widely separated origins..." are quite similar. The Canfield report of the song is the earliest noted, edging the 1927 Immortalia printing by a year.

[B]

Oh, the minstrels sing of an English King,
Of many long years ago,
He ruled his land with an iron hand,
Though his mind was weak and slow.
He loved to hunt the royal stag,
Around the royal wood,
But better by far he loved to sit,
And pound the royal pud.

Chorus:

He was lousy and dirty and covered in fleas,
The hair on his balls hung down to his knees,

God bless the bastard King of England.

Now the Queen of Spain was an amorous Jane,
And a sprightly wench was she,
She longed to fool with the royal tool,
From far across the sea.
So she sent a royal message,
With a royal messenger,
To invite the King of England down,
To spend the night with her.

Now Ol' Philip of France he heard by chance,
Within his royal court,
And he swore, "She loves my rival best,
Because my tool is short.
I'll give the Queen a dose of clap,
To pass it on to the bastard King of England."

When news of this foul deed was heard,
Within the royal halls,
The King he swore by the royal whore,
He'd have the Frenchman's balls,
He offered half the royal purse,
And a piece of Queen Hortense,
To any British subject,
Who would do the King of France.

So the noble duke of Middlesex,
He took himself to France,
He swore he was a fairy,
So the King let drop his pants,
Then on Philip's dong he slipped a thong,
Leaped on his horse and galloped along,
Dragging the Frenchman back to merry old England.

When they returned to London town,
Within fair England's shores,
Because of the ride King Philip's pride,
Was stretched a yard or more,
And all the whores in silken drawers,
Came down to London town,
And shouted round the battlements,
"To hell with the British crown."

And Philip alone usurped the throne,
His scepter was his royal bone,
With which he ditched the bastard King of England.
Rule, Britannia, marmalade and jam,
Five Chinese crackers up your asshole,
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang.

This is from that perverse blend of cross-country running, hare and hounds, and rugby traditions known as hashing, ostensibly sung to the the melody of "The Irish Washerwoman."

Verses three, five and seven each appear to be missing two lines. The chorus is also missing a line, but can be fitted to the tune despite that.

With a tune indicated, it is number 169 in Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994); the same is in Professor Zippy, Songmeister (Charles Baumerich), The Definitive Song Book of the Hash House Harriers (Colorado Springs, Colo.: Pikes Peak H4, c. 1994), pp. 10-11. Neither explain how the last verse is to be sung.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\bellbott.txt

Bell Bottom Trousers

[D]

Professor Emeritus Rowland Berthoff of Washington University, St. Louis, forwarded this text with the explanation that it was certainly learned while he served in the army during World War II, and may have been learned even earlier, at Oberlin College, Ohio, circa 1940. It is close to the "A" text also dating from the same period and from college currency.

Once there was a barmaid who lived in Drury Lane;
The master he was kind to her, the mistress was the same.
Along came a sailor as drunk as he could be,
And he was the cause of all her misery.

Chorus:

Singing bell-bottom trousers and coats of navy blue,
He'll climb the rigging like his daddy used to do.

He asked her for a candle to light his way to bed;
He asked her for a kerchief to tie about his head.
Like an innocent little maiden, expecting no harm,
She jumped into the sailor's bed to keep the sailor warm.

Early in the morning, about the break of day,
He handed her a five-pound note, and with it he did say,
"Take this, my darling, for the misery I have done;
Maybe you'll have a daughter and maybe you'll have a son.
If you have a daughter, bounce the darling on your knee;
And if you have a son, send the bastard out to sea.

[E]

The Canfield collection, gathered in early 1926, has under the title of "The Servant Maid's Lament," a variant halfway between the "A" and "C" texts given in the second edition of this work.

When I was but a serving girl
Way down in New Orleans,
I had a mysterious happening,
That brought to me my shame.

I met up with sailor
Who'd just come back from sea
And that was the beginning
Of all my misery.

Canfield wrote in the margins a variation of that stanza:

I met up with a sailor
Who'd just come back from France.
I knew he was a sailor
By the buttons on his pants.

He asked me for a candle
To light his way to bed.
He asked me for a handkerchief
To tie around his head.

And like a foolish maiden,
Not thinking it no harm,
I jumped into that sailor's bed,
To keep him nice and warm.

He put his arms around me,
And kissed me there in bed,
Then, with his nine-inch Johnson bar, ** A Johnson bar is a speed or throttle control in a locomotive cab. It became an early 20th Century euphemism for the penis.
He broke my maidenhead.

And early in the morning,
When that sailor boy awoke,
He reached into his pocket
And he handed me a note.

"You take this, my darling,
For the wrong that I have done,
For in nine months you're going to have
A daughter or a son.

"And if it is a little girl

Just rock her on your knee,
But if it is a little boy,
Why, send him out to sea.

"With his bell-bottomed trousers,
And his jumper made of blue,
Let him climb up the masthead
Like his daddy used to do."

Now all ye pretty maidens,
A warning take from me:
Oh, never let a sailor put
His hand above your knee.

I let a sailor do it once
And you can plainly see,
He went away and left me with
A baby on my knee.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\bellsof1.txt

167. BALLS OF O'LEARY
Melody--Itself

The balls of O'Leary,
Are wrinkled and hairy,
They're stately and shapely,
Like the dome of Saint Paul's.
The women all muster,
To view that great cluster,
Oh, they stand and they stare,
At the bloody great pair,
Of O'Leary's balls.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\blackbirds.txt

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Sat Oct 11 11:16:00 1995
Path: usc!howland.reston.ans.net!nntp.crl.com!crl10.crl.com!not-for-mail
From: pstamler@crl.com (Paul J. Stamler)
Newsgroups: rec.music.folk

Subject: Re: Blackbirds and Thrushes-Lyrics
Date: 11 Oct 1995 11:16:00 -0700
Organization: CRL Dialup Internet Access (415) 705-6060 [Login: guest]
Lines: 42
Message-ID: <45h1l0\$ajq@crl10.crl.com>
References: <45gpl9\$2bt@mark.ucdavis.edu>
NNTP-Posting-Host: crl10.crl.com
Status: RO
X-Status:

Richard Darsie (darsie@ece.ucdavis.edu) wrote:
: Greetings,

: I'd like to get the complete lyrics to this wonderful song. I heard
: it *years* ago sung by an eastern Washington traditional songster
: named John Elwood (you out there, John?). I can only remember the
: first verse:

[snip, with regrets]

The version of "Blackbirds and Thrushes" you have is new to me; sounds lovely. Meanwhile, here's a different version:

If maidens would sing, like blackbirds and thrushes (2x)
How many young men would hide in the bushes
Sing fol-de-rol, tol-de-rol, fol-de-rol-day.

If maidens would run like hares on the commons (2x)
How many young men would take horse and go hunting...

If maidens would swim like fish in the water (2x)
How many young men would undress and dive after...

If maidens would dance like rushes a-blowin' (2x)
How many young men would take scythes and go mowin'...

If maidens would sleep like sheep on the mountain (2x)
How many young men would lie down beside them...

This was slightly folk-processed from a version in Peter Kennedy's "Folksongs of Britain and Ireland" (Oak Pub., 1984 ed.). The more usual version has it "sheep on the commons" and "hares on the mountain", but Kennedy's informant (Dickie Lashbrook, a travelling Cornish chimney sweep) preferred it as given here. So do I, if only because "sheep on the mountain" conjures up the old stories on mountain sheep bred with the on their right side a different length from those on the left, so they can stand on the slopes. Seems they come in two strains: clockwise and counterclockwise...

Peace.
Paul

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Sat Oct 11 21:29:19 1995
Path: usc!howland.reston.ans.net!newsjunkie.ans.net!news-m01.ny.us.ibm.net!usenet
From: edberge@ibm.net
Newsgroups: rec.music.folk
Subject: Re: Blackbirds and Thrushes-Lyrics
Date: Wed, 11 Oct 95 21:29:19 PDT
Lines: 64
Message-ID: <NEWTNews.813472460.31142.edberge@edberge.ibm.net>References:
<45gpl9\$2bt@mark.ucdavis.edu> <45h1l0\$a jq@crl10.crl.com>
NNTP-Posting-Host: slip37-242-90.ibm.net
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; charset=US-ASCII
Status: RO
X-Status:

In Article<45h1l0\$a jq@crl10.crl.com>, <pstamler@crl.com>write:

> Richard Darsie (darsie@ece.ucdavis.edu) wrote:
> : Greetings,
>
> : I'd like to get the complete lyrics to this wonderful song. I heard
> : it *years* ago sung by an eastern Washington traditional songster
> : named John Elwood (you out there, John?). I can only remember the
> : first verse:
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>
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> How many young men would take horse and go hunting...
>
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>
> If maidens would sleep like sheep on the mountain (2x)
> How many young men would lie down beside them...

(snip)

> Peace.

> Paul

This appears to be a clean relative of "Roll your leg over"
(to be found on "Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads", book and record,
by Oscar Brand).

Sample Verses:

If all them young ladies was sheep in the clover,
I'd be a ram and I'd ram 'em all over.
Roll your leg over, roll your leg over, roll your leg over
The man in the moon.

If all them young ladies was bells in a tower,
I'd be a sexton and I'd bang on the hour.
Roll etc...

If all them young ladies was wheels on a car,
I'd be a piston and I'd drive twice as far.
Roll etc...

And so on.

I observe the tune for this fits the meter of the song
quoted above (+/- a repeat) pretty well, to boot.

Eric Berge
edberge@ibm.net

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\blinded.txt

Blinded by Shit

There was a young maiden named Madeline Schmidt,
Who went to the doctor 'cause she couldn't shit,
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass,
Up went the window and out went her ass!

Chorus:

It was brown, brown, shit all around,
It was brown, brown, shit all around,
It was brown, brown, shit all around,
And the whole world was covered in SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!

A handsome young copper was walking his beat,
He just happened to be on that side of the street,
He looked up so innocent, he looked up so shy,
And a big wad of shit hit him right in HIS EYE!

That handsome young copper he cursed and he swore,
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore,
And beneath London Bridge you can still see him sit,
With a sign 'round his neck saying BLINDED BY SHIT!

Two fast moving Hashers came running along,
Throwing flour and paper and singing their song,
Singing, "Hi-Diddle-Diddle," and flogging their donges,
The hares were trail-setting, the pack wouldn't be long.

The hares found the copper alone by the pit,
Threw flour in the holes where his eyes used to fit,
The hares led the pack by a block and a bit,
Said, "We'll lead the damn pack through these puddles of SHIT!"

The hares led the pack to the edge of the pit,
They slipped and they slid in the puddles of shit,
They fell in the shiggy, right up to their tails,
Ere they sank out of sight, they marked it TRUE TRAIL!

The pack followed bravely, the pack followed true,
They followed the hares into that vile brew,
They followed true trail right into the pit,
Soon the whole pack of Hashers was drowning in SHIT!

This tale has a lesson if you think a bit,
Don't follow true trail right into the pit,
Remember that hares can be damn bloody fools,
And in Hashing, like loving, there's NO FUCKING RULES!

The British stage (?) song is adapted by hashers, those cross-country runners who follow a trail laid down by a "hare," the whole group ending in a grand beer bust with bawdy songs as entertainment.
Under the title of "Madeline Schmidt," this extension of "Blinded by Shit" is number 142 in Paul Woodford's collection, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994). It is sung to the ubiquitous melody of "Sweet Betsy From Pike."

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C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\blowman.txt

Blow the Man Down

Sent to Hubert Canfield in the first months of 1926 by an unidentified correspondent, this is an adaptation of the British ballad "While Cruising Round Yarmouth," fitted to the call-and-response of the most famous of all sea chanteys. It is missing the stanzas which might give it leave to be included in an anthology of bawdy songs.

As I was a-walking down Paradise Street,
To me way-ay, blow the man down,
A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow,
As I took in all sail and cried, "Way enough now!"

I hailed her in English; she answered me clear,
"I'm from the Black Arrow bound to the Shakespeare."

So I tailed her my flipper and took her in tow,
And yardarm to yardarm away we did go.

But as we were going, she said unto me,
"There's a spanking full-rigger just ready for sea."

That spanking full-rigger to New York was bound;
She was very well manned and very well found.

But as soon as that packet was clear of the bar,
The mate knocked me down with the end of a spar.

And as soon as that packet was out on the sea,
'Twas devilish hard treatment of every degree."

So I give you fair warning before we belay:
Don't never take heed of what pretty girls say."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\bolloch.txt

Bollochy Bill the Sailor

Variants of this familiar folk song identifying the protagonist as Abel, Abram or Ephraim are not often encountered, as in this from the Hubert Canfield 1926

collection:

[B]

"Who's that knocking at the door?"

Asked the fair ladee [sic].

"Who's that knocking at the door?"

"It's Ephrim [sic] Brown, the sailor."

"I'm undressed and in my bed,"

Said the fair ladee.

"I'm undressed and in my bed,"

Said the fair ladee.

"Two can sleep as well as one,"

Said Ephrim Brown, the sailor.

"Then lift the latch and come right in,"

Said the fair ladee.

"What's that hairy thing I see?"

Asked Ephrim Brown, the sailor.

"That's my fairy pincushion,"

Said the fair ladee.

"I have a pin that will just fit in,"

Said Ephrim Brown, the sailor.

"I have a pin that will just fit in,"

Said Ephrim Brown, the sailor.

"Oh, what if I should have a child?"

Asked the fair ladee.

"I'd wring the son of a bitch's neck,"

Said Ephrim Brown, the sailor.

"What if there should an inquest be?"

Asked the fair ladee.

"Twould be a damn bad thing for you!"

Said Ephrim Brown the sailor.

"Now stow your gab and spread your leg,"

Said Ephrim Brown the sailor.

"While I slip in my Long John peg,"

Said Ephrim Brown the sailor.

[C]

Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, forwarded this by e-mail on June 22, 1996, explaining it was sung (presumably after hours) at Renaissance Fair encampments. Her "Barnacle Bill the Sailor" is sung by groups of men and women alternating the verses. Despite that, the ballad retains its perverse hostility to women.

Women:

"Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?"
Said the fine young maiden

Men:

"Open the door you fucking whore,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"Open the door you fucking whore,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

Women:

"Will you take me to the dance?
Will you take me to the dance?
Will you take me to the dance?"
Said the fine young maiden.

Men:

"Screw the dance and drop your pants,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"Screw the dance and drop your pants,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

Women:

"What if my parents should come home?
"What if my parents should come home?
"What if my parents should come home?"
Said the fine young maiden.

Men:

"I'll kill your Pa and fuck your Ma,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"I'll kill your Pa and fuck your Ma,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

Women:

"What if we should have a girl?
"What if we should have a girl?
"What if we should have a girl?"
Said the fine young maiden.

Men:

"I'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"I'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

Women:

"What if we should have a boy?
"What if we should have a boy?
"What if we should have a boy?"
Said the fine young maiden.

Men:
"I'll take him to sea, so he can fuck like me,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"I'll take him to sea, so he can fuck like me,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

[D]

As "Barnacle Bill the Sailor," this is entered on pages 26 and 27 of the "Black Book of Locksley," a collection of bawdy songs gathered by Joseph Bethancourt of Tucson, Arizona, as sung in Society for Creative Anachronism, Renaissance Fair, and filking circles.

The third verse is intrusive, a borrowing from the sea chantey "Whiskey Johnny."

"Who's that knocking at my door?"
"Who's that knocking at my door?"
"Who's that knocking at my door?"
Said the fair young maiden.

"It's only me from over the sea,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"So open the door you fucking whore,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"I drink my whiskey when I can,
For whiskey is the life of man.
I drink it from an old tin can,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"I'll come down and let you in,
"I'll come down and let you in,
"I'll come down and let you in,"
Said the fair young maiden.

"So hurry before I bust in the door,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"I just got laid and I want some more,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"I'm newly come upon the shore,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"I'm newly come upon the shore,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"And this is what I'm looking for,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
A jade, a maid, or even a whore,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Will you take me to the dance?
Will you take me to the dance?
Will you take me to the dance?"
Said the fair young maiden.

"Screw the dance and drop your pants,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"I'll fuck you when I have the chance,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"I'll fuck you once, I'll bugger you twice,
Then try a different kind of vice
It may be fun, but it isn't nice,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"What if my parents should come home?
What if my parents should come home?
What if my parents should come home?"
Said the fair young maiden.

"I'll kill your pa and fuck your ma,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"And then I'll give a loud huzzah,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"So get into bed or it's on the floor."
'Cause whattya think I came here for?
You're just another stinking whore,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Oh, your whiskers scrape my cheeks,
Oh, your whiskers scrape my cheeks,
Oh, your whiskers scrape my cheeks,"
Said the fair young maiden.

"I'm dirty and lousy and full of fleas,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"I'll stick my mast in whom I please,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"My flowing whiskers give me class.
The sea horses ate them instead of grass.
If they hurt your cheeks, they'll tickle your ass,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"What if we should have a girl?
What if we should have a girl?
What if we should have a girl?"
Said the fair young maiden.

"I'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"For I come here to scratch my itch,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"I fuck 'em warm, I fuck 'em cold,
I fuck 'em young, I fuck 'em old,
I don't care if they're shy or bold,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"What if we should have a boy?
What if we should have a boy?
What if we should have a boy?"
Said the fair young maiden.

"I'll take him to sea, and he'll fuck like me,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"He'll wind up on the gallows-tree,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"So tuck your ankles behind your ears,
Shut up your mouth and dry your tears.
I'm a leering, jeering privateer,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Oh, when will we be wed?
Oh, when will we be wed?
Oh, when will we be wed?"
Said the fair young maiden.

"You foolish girl, it's nothing but sport,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"I've got me a wife in every port,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Off I go on another tack,
To give some other fair maid a whack,
But keep it oiled till I come back,"
Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

284. SOME DIE OF DRINKING WATER

Melody--Itself (Cray: "The British Grenadiers")

Some die of drinking water,
And some of drinking beer,
Some die of constipation,
And some of diarrhea.
But of all the world's diseases,
There's none that can compare,
With the drip, drip, drip of the syphilitic prick
Of a British Grenadier (or Hash House Harrier).

When he goes forth in battle,
His weapon in his hand,
The lasses fall like cattle,
There's none can make a stand.
But when the campaign's over,
It's the he feels so queer,
With the drip, drip, drip of the syphilitic prick
Of a British Grenadier (or Hash House Harrier).

And when he does retire,
To take his well-earned rest,
There burns an ancient fire,
To do what he does best.
And yet, the truth is bitter,
There's one thing he does fear,
It's the drip, drip, drip of the syphilitic prick
Of a British Grenadier (or Hash House Harrier).

I like the girls who say they will,
And I like the girls who won't.
I hate the girls who say they will,
And then they say they won't.
But of all the girls I like the best,
I may be wrong or right,
Are the girls who say they never will,
But look as though they might.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\brownhar.txt

The Bonnie Brown Hare

This is one of a large group of ballads of young men who rove out, encounter a maid, and euphemistically or metaphorically have sex with her. Most, like this fragment, are probably of British origin -- we in the colonies tend to be rather more blunt than clever about our bawdry -- and seem to have disappeared in the United States.

This text, without tune, is in the Larson "Barnyard" collection, p. 22, credited to Bobby Grant as sung prior to 1952.

One morning in April
At the dawn of day,
With my gun on my shoulder
To the woods I did stray.

I met a fair maiden
Whose cheeks were of rose,
Her hair down in ringlets,
And eyes black as coal[s].

I asked the fair maiden,
"Oh, maiden so fair,
Could you tell me where, oh, where
Could I find the brown hair?"

She answered me shyly.
She answered me low.
"Beneath my white petty
The brown hair doth grow!"

I laid her down gently
Beneath the shade of a tree
And I cocked my big rifle
Above her white knee.

She swooned and she fainted;
Her color all fled.
I stooped and I kissed her
For I thought she were dead.
 Then she opened her eyes,
 Gently and said:

"Your aim is true, sir,
Your bullets so fair.
Won't you fire once more
At my bonnie brown hair?"

"Oh, no, my fair maiden,
My powder is spent.
My bullets are gone
And my ramrod is bent."
 And I cannot fire on.

"But meet me tomorrow
Beneath the shade of the tree,
And if the weather proves fair,
I'll fire once more at your bonnie brown hair."

Another version and a handful of citations of other appearances of this apparently rare ballad are in Vance Randolph, Roll Me in Your Arms: "Unprintable" Ozark Folksongs and Folklore, Volume I (Fayetteville: University of Arkansas Press, 1992), pp. 43-44.

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C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\bugharue.txt

[Bugharue]

There was a little gal and she lived in a town,
And she always was a-teasing me to pay her for a gown.
 Tum a ladge bough har rue bugarue bugarue
 Tum a ladge bugarue.

Her neck was long and yellow and string around her rags,
And her tits hung down like a pair of saddlebags.
 Tum a ladge, etc.

Her cock hung down like the leaves of a table
And it split clear around from her ass to her navel.
 Tum a ladge, etc.

Oh, the scabs on her ass were like the scales on a salmon,
And the crabs on her cock were going half-hammond. [sic]
 Tum a ladge, etc.

Oh, she promised for to meet me at the early break of day,
And according to her promise, she didn't disobey.
 Tum a ladge, etc.

Oh, I took her around the waist and I laid her on the ground,
And according to my promise, I paid her for the gown.
 Tum a ladge, etc.

Oh, she began to laugh and I began to grin,
And there I lay pokin' eleven inches in.
 Tum a ladge, etc.

She became worried and she lolled out her tongue,
And while I was fucking her, she fiddled out some dung.
Tum a ladge, etc.

And when the old bitch got her belly full of cream,
She stuck a paddle up her ass and started up a stream.
Tum a ladge, etc.

Collected by Blaine Stubblefield, this is included in the Utah State
University folklore archives and was forwarded by J. Barre Toelken.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\capstan.txt

Every Ship Has a Capstan

Every ship has a capstan, has a capstan, has a capstan.
Every good ship has a capstan, and a capstan has pawls,
And every young girl likes a young man
With a big pair of balls.

Sheet out your main t'gan't'sail, your main t'gan't'sail,
your main t'gan't'sail,
Sheet out your main t'gan't'sail and let the good ship go
free.

This was forwarded to Robert W. Gordon by J.N. West on November 10, 1924.
No other information is provided for what is now Number 365 in the Gordon "Inferno"
at the Archive of American Folk Culture, Library of Congress.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\chrisrob1.txt

Date: Sat, 22 Oct 1994 21:26:37 -0700

To: Ed Cray <cray@mizar.usc.edu>From: zippy@usa.net (Pikes Peak H4)

Subject: Christopher and Alice

Got the following from my friend Ian Cumming in Houston last weekend
. It's a nursery rhyme of
sorts. I particularly like his explanation of "plate."

Enjoy

ZiPpY

CHRISTOPHER AND ALICE

Inside the yard at Buckingham Palace

Christopher Robin went down on Alice

"Dear little Christopher knows his stuff

At 'Trying the Beard' and 'Noshing the Muff,'
"

Says Alice

Inside the yard at Buckingham Palace

Christopher Robin's still gobblin' Alice

"One more time, then after lunch

I'll reciprocate and 'Munch the Trunch' "

Says Alice

Christopher Robin is getting his knob in

Alice is down and gobblin' Robin

She won't say a word while 'Tonguing the Tool'

"Cos it's rude to talk when your mouth is full"

Says Alice

They're plating away at Buckingham Palace

Alice plates Robin and Robin plates Alice

They're laying down upon the turf

"Nothing compares with a 'Soixante Neuf'"

-

Says Alice

"ZiPpY, Plate (verb transitive) is short for Plate of Ham, rhyming slang for Gam, short for Gamarouche [sic], slang for Cunnilingus, or more specifically Penilingisism. Aren't you glad I shared that with you. Ian.

"

On 10/24/94, ZiPpy added, "Ian performed it in a kind of sing-song nursery rhyme fashion. He says

it's from his childhood in the '30s.

"

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\cockrobn1.txt

24. COCK ROBIN

Melody--Who Killed Cock Robin

Who killed cock robin?

"I," said the sparrow,

"With my bow and arrow,

I killed cock robin."

CHORUS: Oh-h-h-h the birds of the air said,

Fuck it! Let's chuck it!

When they heard cock robin

Had kicked the fucking bucket!

When they heard-d-d-d cock robin-n-n-n

Had kicked the fucking bucket!

Who saw him die?

"I," said the owl,

"With my little trowel,

I'll dig the grave."

Who'll ring the bell?
"I," said the bull,
"With my mighty tool,
I'll ring the bell."

Who'll say the prayer?
"I," said the rook,
"With my little book,
I'll say the prayer."

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\codfish.txt

The Cod Fish Song

[B]

"Oh, mister fisherman, home from the sea,
Have you got a lobster you will sell to me?"

CHORUS: Singing ai-tiddly-ai, shit or bust,
Never let your ballocks dangle in the dust.

"Yes sir, yes sir, I have three,
And the biggest of the bastards I will sell to thee."

So I took the lobster home, but I couldn't find a dish,
I put the fucking lobster where the missus has a piss.

In the middle of the night, as you well know,
The missus got up to have a heave ho.

Well, first there came a groan, and then there came a
grunt,
And the bloody lobster grabbed her by the cunt.

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

We hit it on the head, we hit it on the side,
We hit that fucking lobster till the bastard died.

Oh, the story has a moral, and this is it,

Always have a look before you take a shit.

That's the end of my story, there isn't any more,
There's an apple up my asshole, and you can have the
core.

Down in Nagasaki the monkey fucked the cat,
And all the cat could do was fuck the monkey back.

As "The Lobster Song," this is number 32 in Paul Woodford's "Hash Songs II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994). Woodford's omnibus collection was gathered at air force bases around the Pacific Rim from "hashers," men and women who for sport engage in an adult form of Hare and Hounds that involves difficult cross-country running. At the end of a hash meet, like weekend rugby players, the participants consume numerous beers, and sing bawdy songs. The hash repertoire melds songs drawn from at least four song traditions: United States Air Force, rugby, Australian and New Zealand.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\crafty.txt

The Crafty Maid's Policy

[A]

Come listen a while, and I'll sing you a song

Of three merry gentlemen riding along.

They spied a fair maid, and to her did say,

"We're afraid this cold morning will do you some harm."

"Oh, no, kind sir," said the maid, "You're mistaken

If you think this cold morning will do me some harm.

There's one thing I crave, and it lies 'twixt your legs;

If you'll give me that, it will keep me warm!"

"Why then, since you crave it, my dear, you shall have it

If you'll come with me to yonder green tree,
And then, since you crave it, my dear, you shall have it!
I'll stand these two gentlemen witness to me!"

Straightway he lighted, and quickly, she mounted;
And staring the gentleman hard in the face
said,
"You knew not my meaning; you wrong understood me." <dramatic pause>And away she
went galloping down the long lane!

"Oh, gentlemen, lend me one of your horses
That I might ride after her down the long lane!
If I overtake her, I warrant I'll make her
Return unto me my own horse again!"

But as soon as she saw the gentleman coming
She instantly then took a pistol in hand,
Saying, "Doubt not my skill, or that you I would kill
I'll have you stand back, or you are a dead man!"

"Oh, why do you spend your time here in talking?
Oh why do you spend your time here in vain?
Come, give her a shilling, it's what she deserves,
And I warrant she'll give you your horse back again."

"Oh, no, kind sir, you are vastly mistaken.
If it is his loss, well, it is my gain!

And you were the witness that he give it to me!"

And away she went galloping down the long lane.

This *"*very* mildly bawdy ballad"* was posted on the usegroup bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net by Chris Coughton (chris@keris.demon.co.uk), with a request for information about it. "I don't have an attribution, so if anyone can tell me anything about it or corrections I'll be grateful

," Coughton acknowledged.

In a reply, the editor suggested:

"Your ballad, 'The Crafty Maid's Policy' seems to be a broadside [?] redaction of the English and Scottish popular ballad known as 'The Baffled Knight,' and numbered 112 in the canonical collection of those "muckle songs" gathered by Francis J. Child in the 19th C.

The 'original' has a number of spin-offs, but the thrust of it seems to be that a man seeks to bed a maid traveling to her father's house or castle, and she evades rape by persuading him to ride with her to her father's house. When they arrive, she bolts inside, laughing at the dupe, saying he should have taken her when he would, for now he can't.

The melody, collected often by Cecil Sharp and Ralph Vaughn Williams in England in the early years of the century, is featured in R V-W's "English Folk Song Suite."

An American variant on the theme is "Katie Morey."

A request for the melody prompted Coughton to reply on June 15, 1996, that he got the ballad "from a girl in America (in Chicago, or around there)," Cassy Beach, who eventually provided the melody indicated at [A].

On June 21, 1996, Ms. Beach noted in an e-mail that she "learned it at a filksing at a Science Fiction Convention some 10 years

earlier. (If you don't know what a filksing is, it's, well, kind of science fictional folksinging... Chris Coughton can probably explain it better than I!

"I do not know the attribution," Ms. Beach added. "One of the 'charms' of a filksing [see below] is that

everybody sings songs by ANYBODY, without necessarily giving credit where credit is due, unfortunately. I was once told who wrote it, but of course I didn't have any paper or pencil to record it...

Apparently, it is not a true "traditional" song, as I once thought, but does, in fact, have a fairly modern origin."

Ms. Beach offered instruction on her own performance:

"Rhythmically this song is very heavily 3/4 time.. The

beat is strongly ONE two three ONE two three ONE two three throughout. If there's any doubt as to how to squeeze a few extra syllables into a particular line, bear that in mind, and put the emphasis where it feels right in the sentence. For example, the second verse, rhythmically, is:

'Oh, NO-o fine SIR, said-the MAID you're misTAKEn, if-you THINK this cold MORning would DO me some HARM. there's ONE thing I CRAVE, and-it LIES twixt your LEGS; if YOU'LL give me THAT, it WILL keep me WARM.

,

"I tend to slightly shorten or lengthen notes depending on the verse, depending on the lyric, in order to lend emphasis. I also tend to put in a moderately long pause (not really a rest, more of a suspension of the time for a second) for dramatic tension and to let people fill in the blank with the obvious scatological [bawdy?] situation after 'and, staring the gentleman hard in the face, said "You knew not my meaning; (very slight break) you wrong understood me..." (pregnant pause) and away she went galloping....

' Also I put in a strong ritard on the last verse and hit the words hard for '"and YOU were the witness that _ HE _ GIVE _ IT _ TO _ ME_" ('"he) give it to me'" are really pretty much dotted quarter notes>; then a full measure rest, and a tempo for 'and away she went galloping down the long lane!'"

"I've only ever heard it performed a-cappella. Since I don't play an instrument well enough to appear in public, that's how I do it, too!

, Coughton wrote.

Filk singing, according to the "Frequently Asked Questions, No. 1" downloaded from the internet newsgroup rec.music.filk on August 18, 1996, is "the folk music of the science fiction/fantasy fan community." It is an agglomeration of parodies and original material, both humorous and serious, dealing with science-fiction and fantasy themes, according to Nick Smith of the LA Filkharmonics.

Said to have begun as much as fifty years ago at science fiction conventions, the original songs were parodies about the singers and those in attendance. Over time, Smith continued, people came to enjoy the songs for their own sake, and eventually song books and recordings were issued. "Over the last decade, Filk Music has reached the point where there are entire Filk Music gatherings, conventions, recording companies, and publications. Filk Music includes song parodies, original songs, and slightly musical poetry. It's a fun way to indulge in a little musical creativity, especially if you are a science fiction or fantasy fan as well as musically inclined.

The name, news group moderator Kay Shapero, added, the name started out as a typo of "folk" and "was gleefully adopted by all and sundry as a term for what is after all a somewhat unusual subset."

>

>Anyway; here's the first verse:

>

```

>[3/4] {}
>      D | \G B C | D+      D- E- | D \A C | B+ \ G |
>      Come, lis-ten a while, and I'll sing you a song, of
>
>      /G E D | C D E | F G. E- | D+ / G |
>      Three mer-ry gen-tle-men rid-ing a- long. They
>
>      G \D E | F+ F | E D C | B+ \G- G- |
>      spied a fair maid, and to her did say, "We're a-
>
>      / D D E | F \A B | C B. \G- | G+ , | ,+ /D
>      fraid this cold mor-ning will do you some harm. "Oh...."
>
>

```

[B]

An identical text, with no tune indicated, was forwarded by Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, on June 22, 1996, as sung in Renaissance Fair and Society of Creative Anachronism circles in that region. It is included in the Xeroxed songbook "The Black Book of Locksley," which is attributed to Joseph Bethancourt of Tucson, Arizona.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\creeping.txt

Creeping and Crawling

This British ballad apparently made its way to the United States after the Great War in abbreviated, and broadly humorous form. It was sent to Hubert Canfield in the early months of 1926 by an unidentified informant under the title "One Night Late in August."

Judging from the emphasis on the regimental number, this seemingly stems from British Army currency. Lacking long and celebrated regimental histories -- a half dozen cavalry units seem the great exception -- American soldiers tended to identify themselves by the larger division.

[A]

One night late in August Mary lay a-sleeping.

One night late in August Mary lay a-sleeping.

When along came a corp'ral on his hands and knees a-creeping.

With his long funny-doodle dangling way down to his
knees.

When three months were over, Mary fell a-weeping.
When three months were over, Mary fell a-weeping.
She wept for the corp'ral on his hands and knees a-creeping.
 With his long funny-doodle, etc.

When six months were over, Mary grew fatter,
When six months were over, Mary grew fatter,
And everyone wondered who the hell had been at her.
 With his long funny-doodle, etc.

When nine months were over, Mary burst asunder,
When nine months were over, Mary burst asunder,
And out jumped a kid with a remimental number,
 And his long funny-doodle, etc.

Hubert Canfield had a second, and similar, version in which "Nellie" is the heroine. Joseph Fineman points out that the song is recorded by Oscar Brand on his Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads (AFLP 1906) and is included in his book of the same name, p. 44.

Brand adds a last stanza:

Young ladies, take warning:
Be sure to keep from under
The spell of the sergeant.
Your virtue he will plunder.

A virtually identical text and tune are in Tony McCarthy, Bawdy British Folk Songs (London: Wolfe Publishing Limited, 1972), pp. 101-102.

[B]

As Mary, dear Mary, one day was a-lying,
As Mary, sweet Mary, one day was a-lying,
She spotted her John, at the door he was spying,
With his tol de riddle, tol de riddle, lo de rol lay.
 With his tol de riddle, tol de riddle, lo de rol lay.

Oh Johnny, dear Johnny, oh do not come to me,
Oh Johnny, pray Johnny, oh do not come to me,
Or else I'm quite certain that you will undo me,
With your tol de riddle, tol de riddle, lol de rol lay.
 With your tol de riddle, tol de riddle, lo de rol lay.

But Johnny, dear Johnny, not liking to look shady,
But Johnny, sweet Johnny, not liking to see shady,
Why he downed with his breeches and treat his lady
With his tol de riddle, tol de riddle, lol de rol lay.
 With his tol de riddle, tol de riddle, lo de rol lay.

Oh Johnny, dear Johnny, you'll make me cry murder,

Oh Johnny, pray cease this, you'll make me scream murder.
But she soon changed her note, and she murmured, "In further.
With your tol de riddle, tol de riddle, lol de rol lay."
 With your tol de riddle, tol de riddle, lo de rol lay.

Now Mary, dear Mary, grew fatter and fatter,
Now Mary's, sweet Mary's plump belly grew fatter,
Which plainly did prove that her John had been at her,
With his tol de riddle, tol de riddle, lo de rol lay.
 With his tol de riddle, tol de riddle, lo de rol lay.

This version, which Legman states is a literary rewrite of the folk song, is printed in *Randiana, or Excitable Tales*, a once scarce bit of 19th Century erotica. The pseudonymous Pisanus Fraxi, that is, Henry Spencer Ashbee, fixes the publication of the book to New York in 1884. See his *Catena Librorum Tacendorum* (London, 1885), p. 485.

[C]

On a tape recording made by San Diego bookseller and concert organizer Lou Curtiss in his home, onetime Kentucky union organizer Jim Garland sang this variant under the title "Crawling and Creeping."

Early one morning came crawling and creeping.
Early one morning came crawling and creeping.
Early one morning came crawling and creeping.
I spied a fair maid while snoring and sleeping.
 Lay over, lay over, lay your left leg over mine.

Similarly:

I said, "Fair maid, may I come to bed to you?"
She snored and replied, "I'm afraid you'll undo me."

I said, "No, fair maid, I won't undo you."
She snored and replied, "Then come to bed to me."

"You got on drawers and I can't under them."
She snored and replied, "Then just take a knife to them."

"I ain't got a knife since I can remember."
She snored and replied, "There's one on the window."

In about nine months and wasn't that a wonder,
That it hadn't got killed in the lightning and thunder."

In posting the text to the newsgroup ballad-1 by e-mail on January 25, 1996, Barry O'Neill <oneill@homey.som.yale.edu> noted he had taken it from a Rounder recording, *Just Something My Uncle Told Me*, made from the Curtiss tape and edited by Mark Wilson. (Garland, the husband of the legendary Aunt Molly Jackson, is credited with

two songs once popular in union and left-wing circles, "I Don't Want Your Millions, Mister" and "The Death of Harry Sims.")

O'Neill added that he had heard Tom Gilfellon of the High Level Ranters sing a "nice" version that ended:

"Young women are given to frisking and fooling.
I leave them alone and attend to my schooling."

[D]

A fourth branch of the family tree tells yet another story: of the lover creeping and crawling into Mary's chamber -- only to be rebuffed. This version, transcribed by Paul Stamler, is from a 1934 recording on Perfect Records by Asa Martin and James Roberts, and rereleased on Oh My Little Darling (New World 245).

I dreamed last night I was a-crawling and a-creeping,
I dreamed last night I was a-crawling and a-creeping,
Crawled in the room where Mary was sleeping,
But I ain't gonna do it no more.

I stepped on a tack that was sticking in the floor,
I stepped on a tack that was sticking in the floor,
And bipped my nose on the knob of the door,
But I ain't gonna do it no more.

Mary woke up and she called the law,
Mary woke up and she called the law,
The next step I made was the city hall,
And I don't want to do it no more.

The judge said, "Young man, don't you laugh."
The judge said, "Young man, don't you laugh."
This crawlin' and creepin's gonna be your last.
You'll never want to do it no more."

So he gave me nine months for a-crawling and a-creeping
So he gave me nine months for a-crawling and a-creeping
For going in the room where Mary was sleeping,
But I ain't gonna do it any more.

Mitch Rice cites in an electronic communication another, and apparently quite similar, 78 rpm record by the Three Tobacco Tags beginning:

Late last night I was a-crawlin' and a-creepin'.
Late last night I was a-crawlin' and a-creepin'.
Late last night I was a-crawlin' and a-creepin'.
And I went to the room where Mary was a-sleepin',
And I ain't a-gonna do it no more!

The "Tobacco Tags," Rice writes, were a white string band from the Raleigh-Durham

area in the 1930's. In their version, Mary wakes and calls the law. The narrator concludes: "They gave me nine months for crawlin' and creepin' / And I ain't a-gonna do it no more!"

Similar only in that it also uses the A-A-A-B-C-or-refrain stanzaic form is Charles Ingenthron's version contained in Vance Randolph, *Roll Me in Your Arms:*

"Unprintable" *Ozark Folksongs and Folklore*, Volume I (Fayetteville: University of Arkansas Press, 1992), p. 34.

Paul Stamler questions whether this American ballad is, in fact, a version of the British texts. He notes that in the British texts the sex is consensual, in this American version it is not. Further, the oldest British texts center around cutting the drawstring of the man's pants with a "knife in the window" -- an element entirely absent here. (Cray notes that a Freudian might argue that cutting the drawstring is a form of symbolic castration, but after the man and woman cut the drawstring they have sex.)

In fact, the various ballads traveling under the alliterative title "Creeping and Crawling" seem to transform themselves easily. They are probably best identified by their relatively unusual stanzaic structure of a repeated first line, then a rhyming third line, followed by a single-line refrain or tag. (Cray notes that the A-A-B line pattern is most common in the traditional country blues of the American South.)

The celebrated English folk singer Harry Cox of Norfolk, recorded for Peter Kennedy in 1953 a text with the usual repeated first line, and a nonsense or teasing refrain -- in this case probably borrowed from "The Tinker." It is printed in Kennedy, *Folksongs of Britain and Ireland* (1975) as No. 178, "The Knife in the Window." In that text, Johnny creeps into Nancy's room and eventually cuts his "breeches" with a knife in the window. Then:

All the night long how they rolled and they tumbled,
All the night long how they rolled and they tumbled,
Before daylight i' the morning Nancy's nightgown he crumpled,
 With his long fol-the-riddle-i-do, right down to his
 knees.

Nine months later, their child is born.

In some British versions, "The Knife in the Window" borrows verses from "Hares on the Mountain" probably as a result of the fact that "Hares" verses use the same stanzaic pattern of A-A-B with the nonsense refrain in the fourth line. For texts of this collected by Cecil Sharp, see James Reeves, *The Idiom of the People* (New York, 1965), pp. 119-20.

"Hares" is, in fact, an older song, descended from the magical transformation contest of the witch and warlock in "The Twa Magicians" (Child 44). See the notes to "Roll Your Leg Over," below.

"Sally" is clearly a variant of "Knife in the Window," recounting the tale of the welcome night visit. (Sharp apparently deemed "Hares" and "Sally" to be the same song since they shared similar melodies.)

The present editor would suggest that the "A" text here, and its congener "The Sergeant" in Brand and elsewhere, are reductions of the older British ballad "Creeping and Crawling." Because of its stanzaic form, "Creeping" adapts to other tunes ("Hares on the Mountain," for example) and acquires stanzas from still others

such as "Sally, My Dear."

Possibly there was once a night visit form of the song that attached the sequence of three months, six months, nine months after. Then the little understood "Knife in the Window" business gets trimmed away, leaving something like our "A" text here. G. Legman provides a rambling set of notes about this ballad in his annotation to volume one of the "Unprintable Ozark Folksongs and Folklore" collected by Vance Randolph, Roll me in Your Arms (Fayetteville: University of Arkansas Press, 1992). There he asserts that "the true original of all these strains... is "The Snoring Maid" in The New Academy of Complements (London, 1669), pp. 181-82. That statement must be qualified by the observations here.

Information about the ballad and its analogues was provided in e-mail correspondence to the editor by Joseph Fineman, Dick Greenhaus, Chuck Larkin, Mitch Rice, John Roberts, Paul J. Stamler and Holly Tannen.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\cruising.txt

The Gun Tackle Fall

The perils to seamen on shore do not seem to have changed much over the centuries, as this song, originally a 19th Century broadside makes clear. According to Stan Hugill, who spent a lifetime collecting sea songs -- including this one:

London's "Ratcliffe Highway, in the old days, was a tough quarter, full of pubs and 'dives,' its pavements cluttered with drunks, pimps, crimps, and prostitutes... Just the place to spend a pound -- and there were many Pollies and Sallies awaiting to help Sailor John spend it with gusto. Nowadays this famous highway is still there, but under another name. It is called Commercial Road.

In the third stanza here, the maiden states she is sailing in ballast, that is, she is not carrying cargo, and by extension, is unattached.

Just listen to me and a story I'll tell
All about an adventure that did me befall.
As I was out cruising the town for to spree,
I met a fair lass goin' wing and wing free,
 Singin' fal-diddle-laddie,
 Fal-diddle-laddie
 Folderol-day, di-doodle-die-day.

Now the country she came from I couldn't tell which,
But judged by her appearance I think she was Dutch,
For she flew the tricolor; her masts they were low;
She was round in the counter and bluff on the bow.
 Singing, etc.

"Oh, what is your cargo, fair maiden," I cried.
"I'm sailing in ballast, kind sir," she replied,

"And I'm as fast-going clipper as ever was seen,
And I'm just fit for you for my hold is swept clean."
Singing, etc.

So I handed me hawser and took her in tow,
And yardarm in yardarm away we did go.
We chaffed on so lightly, so frisky and gay
Till we came to an anchor down Ratcliffe Highway.
Singing, etc.

Then I fired away at her all to me desire,
And all the night long I kept up a sharp fire.
My shot-locker got empty and me powder was spent
And me gun it wanted spongin' for 'twas choked in the vent.
Singing, etc.

Says I, "Fair Lass, now it's time to give o'er.
For between wind and water I've sculled you ashore."
And I never before saw shots fired so well
But she had a hole in her counter to sink her to -- Jerusalem.
Singing, etc.

Known also as "While Cruising Round Yarmouth" or "Ratcliffe Highway," it is recorded by A.L. Lloyd and Ewan MacColl on Blow Boys Blow (Tradition 1026). Hugill, pp. 200-01, prints it with two verses deliberately omitted; Doeflinger, pp. 114-16, has it in fragmentary form. The melodies for the refrains of all three of these variants have points of similarity; the tunes for the stanzas are less clearly related. Hugill offers a second, unexpurgated variant in his Songs of the Sea (New York: McGraw Hill, 1977), p. 74, sung to an unrelated tune.

The text printed here was mailed, without tune, to Robert W. Gordon sometime in the late 1920's, and was culled from the Gordon Collection of American Folk Song at the University of Oregon by J. Barre Toelken. No further information is available.

</html>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\cuckoo1.txt

26. THE CUCKOO

Melody--Itself

The cuckoo is a funny bird,
Who sits in the grass,
With his wings neatly folded,
And his beak up his ass.
In this strange position,

He can only say, "Twit!"
'Cause it's hard to say, "Cuckoo,"
With a beak full of shit.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\cuckoo's1.txt

The Cuckoo's Nest

Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, forwarded this on June 22, 1996, as sung in Society for Creative Anachronisms and Renaissance Fair circles:

As I was a-walking one morning in May,
I met a pretty fair maid and unto her did say.
"I'll tell you me mind, it's for love I am inclined
And me inclination lies in your cuckoo's nest."

Refrain:

Some like a girl who is pretty in the face,
And some like a girl who is slender in the waist.
Ah, but give me a girl who will wriggle and will twist.
At the bottom of the belly lies the cuckoo's nest.

"Me darling," says she, "I am innocent and young.
I scarcely can believe your false deluding tongue.
Yet, I see it in your eyes and it fills me with surprise
That your inclination lies in me cuckoo's nest."

"Me darling," says he, "if you see it in me eyes,
Then think of it as fondness and do not be surprised.
I love you, me dear, and I'll marry you, I swear,
If you'll let me clap my hand upon your cuckoo's nest."

"Me darling," says she, "I can do no such thing.
Me mother often told me it was committing sin,
Me maidenhead to lose and me sex to be abused,
So, I'll thank you not to think upon me cuckoo's nest."

"Me darling," says he, "it is not committing sin,
But common sense should tell you it is a pleasing thing
For you were brought into this world to increase and do your
And to help a man to heaven in your cuckoo's nest."

best

"Me darling," says she, "I cannot you deny.
You've surely won me heart by the rolling of your eye.
Yet, I see it in your eyes that your courage is surprised

So gently lift your hand unto me cuckoo's nest."

This couple they got married and soon they went to bed
And there this pretty fair maid she lost her maidenhead
In a small country cottage they increase and do their best
And he often claps his hand upon her cuckoo's nest.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\cucumber.txt

55. CUCUMBER SONG

Melody--Botany Bay

A restless young lady from Phuket,
Developed a wonderful trend,
To purchase cucumbers for pleasure,
'Cause she found they were better than men.

CHORUS: So line up for your cucumbers, ladies,
They're selling for two bucks apiece,
Your frustrated days are all over,
'Cause cucumbers never get pissed.

In Asia they're eaten with chilies,
In Britain they're put between bread,
But in Phuket we use them as teddies,
'Cause we know that they'll never want head.

They'll never leave stains on the mattress,
They're happy to live in the fridge,
The loo seat is never left standing,
And I've never seen cucumber kids.

So watch out you self-centered guys,
You're not quite as great as you think,
There's no guarantee it will work again,
And we can't trade you in when it shrinks.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\derbyram.txt

The Darby Ram

[C]

Oh, I went off to Darby town.
It was on one market day,
And I saw the biggest ram's herd,
'Twas ever fed on hay.

Chorus:
Sing hi-ho, Darby,
Oh Darby, Darby day,
And that was the biggest ram's herd
'Twas ever fed on hay.

Now, don't go near this ram, sir,
While he feed the grass [sic]
For he'll snuff you up his nostrils
And blow you out his ass.

Now the horns that grew on this ram, sir,
Now, they were made of brass.
One grew out of his forehead
And the other grew out of his ass.

Took all the oxen in Darby town
To roll away his bones.
Took all the women in Darby town
To rolls away his stones.

Now the man that wrote this song, sir,
Is neither poor nor rich,
But the man that sang this song, sir,
Is a lyin' son of a bitch.

[D]

Hubert Canfield's correspondents sent two fragments of this in response to his advertised appeal in early 1926. One hints that the quatrain ballad may have been veering in another direction:

There was a ram in Darby Town
Who had two horns of brass.
And one stuck out of his forehead
And the other stuck out of his,
 Out of his, out of his --

Chorus:
Maybe you don't believe me,
Maybe you think I lie.

But you can go to Darby Town
And see the same as I.

There was a man in Darby Town
Whose whiskers were so thick
That it took the girls an hour and a half
To find the end of his,
End of his, end of his --

Chorus:
Maybe, etc.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\dickdarb.txt

[Dick Darby, the Cobbler]

In both the first and second editions, this song was printed only in the notes to
"My God, How the Money Rolls in."
For the first time, a more or less contemporary version of the song is at hand, and
"Dick Darby" earns independent status:

[A]

I met the old lady one morning,
She said she would stand me a fight.
I knocked her on her ass in the millpond,
And then she bid me, "Good night."

Chorus:
With a twink, twink, twinkle I twaddled,
And a twink, twink, twinkle I twayed,
With a hoofer and poofer and leddle,
And whack fi diddle all day.

My old lady, she's humped and crumped,
Cross-eyed, bow-legged and black.
She sure beat the devil for scolding,
Her tongue goes clickety clack.

®IP5, ~Sung by William Bigford of Portland, Michigan, to Paul Gifford,
between 1975 and 1982. (See "Gilderoy," below.)

[B]

Though reports are few, apparently this song has had a long career in the United
States. This single stanza was learned in Sullivan County, Missouri, in 1911, where

it was sung by a "small town braggart type, about 19."

My father was hung as a horse thief.
My mother was burned as a witch.
I have seventeen sisters in the whorehouse,
And I'm a cock-sucking son of a bitch.

Contributed by an anonymous correspondent, this is number 380 in the Robert W. Gordon California collection in the Archive of American Folk Culture, Library of Congress.

The Brown Collection (II, pp. 456-57) prints under the title "Nobody's Coming to Marry Me," a song the informant called "My Father's Hedger and Ditcher," and dated to 1862.

My father's a hedger and ditcher;
My mother does nothing but spin;
And I am a handsome young lassie,
But money comes slowly in.

Chorus:
And it's oh, dear, what will become of me?
Oh, dear, what shall I do?
There's nobody coming to marry me,
There's nobody coming to woo.

Last night the dogs did bark.
I went to the window to see.
Someone was going a-hunting,
But no one was hunting for me.

The headnote by Henry Belden and Arthur Palmer Hudson cites a bibliographic entry in The Journal of American Folklore XXXIX (1926), p. 187 listing a number of garland and songbook prints, both English and American, of this song. The note by the redoubtable G.L. Kittredge says the stage song was sung in New York City in 1811 by the mother of Edgar Allen Poe, a stage favorite at the time. History Professor Emeritus Rowland Berthoff of Washington University, St. Louis, sent the following quatrain, learned at Officer Candidate School at Camp Davis, North Carolina, in 1943. Though he indicated no tune, it is obviously inspired by the 'My God':

My father played football for Harvard'
My brother played golf for Purdue;
My sister played tennis for Vassar;
Now I'm playing hockey for you.

"Hockey," Berthoff explained, is a euphemism for shit. To the literature of the sexually dysfunctional family add this (apparent) poem, from the Canfield collection gathered in 1926-1927. It is seemingly inspired by, or owes something to the once-popular "Little Willie" rhymes.

Grandpa

Grandpa had a fresh young bride
And a whorehouse on the side.

Grandpa's always up to tricks.
Ain't he cute? He's eighty-six.

Imitate him if you can.
Grandpa is a grand old man.

Grandpa's funny when he teases
Girls, and gives them diseases.

Grandpa's in his joking way,
Stole the baby's balls away.

Now our little sister's dead
Since he broke her maidenhead.

Grandpa always shouts with joy
When he kills a little boy.

Grandpa's dying. Hear him cough?
Grandpa's bit his penis off.

Now he's done with all his tricks
At the age of eighty-six.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\dickydi.txt

The Hairs on Her Dicky Di Do

The Mayor of Bayswater,
He has a lovely daughter,
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doe,
Hang down to her knees.

SINGER: And the hairs,
PACK: And the hairs,
SINGER: And the hairs,
PACK: And the hairs,
SINGER: And the hairs,
PACK: On her dicky-di-doe,
Hang down to her knees.
One black one, one white one,

And one with a bit of shite on,
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doe,
Hang down to her knees.

I've smelt it, I've felt it,
It's just like a bit of velvet.

I've seen it, I've seen it,
I've lain right in between it.

She slept with a demon,
Who drowned her with semen.

If she were my daughter,
I'd have her cut them shorter.

She lives on the mountain,
And pees like a bloody fountain.

She stayed on a cattle ranch,
And came like a bloody avalanche.

She says she is not a whore,
But she bangs like a shithouse door.

She lived on malted milkshake,
And rooted like a bloody rattlesnake.

She married an Italian,
With balls like a fucking stallion.

She married a Spaniard,
With a prick like a bloody lanyard.

She went with a Hash House Harrier,
Who fucked her but wouldn't marry her.

I stroked 'em and poked 'em,
I rolled 'em and smoked 'em.

You'd need a coal miner,
To find her vagina.

She sat on the waterfront,
With the waves lapping up and down her cunt.

I've licked it and kissed it,
It tastes like a chocolate biscuit.

You can drive a Morris Minor,

Right up her vagina.

Under the title of "Mayor of Bayswater's Daughter," this is number 145 in Paul Woodford's collection of "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994). Like all other versions recovered, it is sung to the tune of "The Ash Grove."

</html>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\dismal.txt

Life Presents a Dismal Picture

[C]

Life is full of disappointments,
Dull and empty as a tomb,
Father's got a strictured penis,
Mother has a fallen womb.

Uncle Ted has been deported
For a homosexual crime.
Sister Sue has just aborted
For the forty-second time.

Now the fun has really started,
Now we're really up the spout:
Auntie Jane has gone and farted,
Blown her asshole inside out.

The maid has chronic constipation,
Never laughs and seldom smiles;
Hates her dismal occupation
Crushing ice for Grandpa's piles.

This World War II version was included by Paul Fussell in his penetrating Wartime (New York: Oxford University Press, 1989), p. 266. Fussell states it was sung to yet another melody, "She Was Poor but She Was Honest."

</body>

</html>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\drunkens1.txt

173. DRUNKEN SAILOR
Melody--Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Earlye in the morning?

CHORUS: Way, hey, and up she rises,
Way, hey, and up she rises,
Way, hey, and up she rises,
Earlye in the morning.

Put him to bed with the captain's daughter (three times) . . .
Earlye in the morning.

Hang him by the balls in a running bowline . . .
Earlye in the morning.

Shave his crotch with a rusty razor . . .
Earlye in the morning. Shove a hosepipe up his arsehole . . .
Earlye in the morning.

Tie his prick in a double half-hitch . . .
Earlye in the morning.

That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor . . .
Earlye in the morning.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\dyinghar.txt

The Dying Harlot

Though it bears little resemblance to its weepy forebearer, the ballad of the sailor dying at sea known variously as "(Wrap Me up in My) Tarpaulin Jacket," in fact, "The Dying Harlot" has a long history.

The probably 19th Century "Tarpaulin Jacket" was modified during the first world war to become a lament for a dying aviator. Two generations later, Australian, New Zealand, British and American fighter pilots had turned the pilot into a prostitute, and the lament had become screed like "Sam Hall."

These three versions are given as Number 136 in Paul Woodford's anthology of "Hash Hymns II," collected around the Pacific Basin, and printed in Honolulu, Hawaii, in 1994, for use by hashers.

All three are sung to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

[A]

Oh, a strapping young harlot lay dying,

A pisspot supporting her head,
And all the young bludgers were 'round her,
As she leaned on her left tit and said,

"I've been stuffed by the Dutchies and Negroes,
I've been stuffed by the Spaniards so tall,
I've been stuffed by the English and Irish,
In fact, I've been fucked by them all.

"So wrap me in foreskins and Frenchies,
And bury me deep down below,
Where all those young bludgers can't catch me,
The place where all good harlots go."

[B]

A dirty old harlot lay dying,
A pisspot supporting her head,
All around her the bludgers were crying,
As she leant on her left tit and said,

"I've been fucked by the French and the English,
The Germans, the Japs, and the Jews,
And now I've come back to Australia,
To be buggered by bastards like you,

"So haul back your filthy old foreskins,
And give me the pride of your nuts."
So they hauled back their filthy old foreskins,
And played "Home Sweet Home" on her guts.

[C]

The dirty old harlot lay dying,
A cunt-rag supported her head,
The blowflies around her were buzzing,
As she turned on her left tit and said,

"I've been fucked by the army and navy,
By a bull-fighting toreador,
By Abos and dingoes and dagos,
But never by blowflies before."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\family.txt

from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTTP
id JAA25825 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Wed, 12 Jun 1996 09:42:01 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with
UUCP id MAA28092; Wed, 12 Jun 1996 12:41:58 -0400 (EDT)
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)
id AA09831; 09 Mar 96 14:48:57 -0500
From: buyensl@primenet.com (Lorrill Buyens)
Date: Thu, 7 Mar 1996 14:06:19 -0700 (MST)
X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Subject: Perversion of Bach
Message-Id: <199603072106.OAA21713@usr3.primenet.com>
X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

The following message popped up on Galaxynet about 2 years ago:

Sung to the tune of Bach's Second Symphony in #E Minor...hehehe

I'm sitting in this prison with my hands upon my knees
And me arse is casting shadows on the walls,
And the mice are playing stick from me belly to me prick,
And the rats are playing football with me balls.

I'm in jail for rape, and me brother's in here too,
Me sister is a Pro who works the Strand...
Me mother works the docks, cause me father's arsing queers,
We're the greatest fucking family in the land...

--

Bawdy Mailing List

To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net

--

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Wed Jun 12 09:44:04 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTTP

id JAA26098 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Wed, 12 Jun 1996 09:44:02 -0700 (PDT)

</body>

</html>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\farting1.txt

.33

*

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 fi)r 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 ft)rce and thunder!

Now, Mrs. McDowd reckoned nothing of this
For she'd had some weak tea, and was all wind arid 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 diguified 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 mc 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!

-- As collected by Joe Bethancourt and posted in "The Black Book of
Locksley"

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\finest.txt

The Finest Fucking Family in the Land

Oh, my sister Lily is a whore in Picadilly,
And my mother is another in the Strand.
My father flogs his arsehole 'round the Elephant and
Castle,
We're the finest fucking family in the land.

There's a man deep in a dungeon with his hand upon his truncheon,
And the shadow of his prick upon the wall.
And the ladies as they pass stick their hatpins up his arse,
And the little mice play billiards with his balls.

There's a little green urinal to the north of Waterloo,
And another a little farther up.
There's a member of our school playing tunes upon his tool,
While the passers-by put pennies in his cup.

Have you met my Uncle Hector; he's a cock and ball inspector
At a celebrated public school.
And my brother sells French letters, and a patent cure for wetters,
We're not the best of families, ain't it cool.

As "My Sister Lily" this is Number 150 in Paul Woodford's large collection of
air force and hash songs, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994). It is sung to
the melody of "Do Ye Ken John Peel." The second stanza seems intrusive in this song

of obvious British origins.

In the newly evolving form of Xeroxlore circulating on the World Wide Web, comes this mock letter to newspaper columnist "Dear Abby," forwarded by Jennifer Cray on July 15, 1997:

Dear Abby
:

I am writing to your advice-column because of a serious problem I am facing. You see, I am a Vietnam-era deserter from the U. S. Marines, and I have a cousin who works for Microsoft. My mother peddles Nazi literature to Girl Scouts and my father (a former dentist) is in jail for 30 years for raping most of his patients while they were under anesthesia. The sole supports of our large family, including myself and my \$500-a-week heroin habit, are my uncle (master pick-pocket Benny "The Fingers") and my aunt and kid sisters, who are well-known streetwalkers.

My problem is this: I have just gotten engaged to the most beautiful, sweetest girl in the world. She is just sweet sixteen, and we are going to marry as soon as she can escape from reform school. To support ourselves, we are going to move to Mexico and start a fake Aztec souvenir factory staffed by child labor. We look forward to bringing our kids into the family business. But -- I am worried that my family will not make a good impression on hers, once she has a chance to meet them.

In your opinion, Abby, should I -- or shouldn't I -- let her know about my cousin who works for Microsoft?

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\finest1.txt

From jencray@corp.webtv.net Tue Jul 15 11:18:42 1997
Return-Path: <jencray@corp.webtv.net>Received: from mizar.usc.edu (mizar.usc.edu [128.125.253.135])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTTP

id LAA25876 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Tue, 15 Jul 1997 11:18:38 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from dotdot.artemis.com (firewall-user@doornail.artemis.com
[206.67.152.67])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP

id LAA10181 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Tue, 15 Jul 1997 11:18:36 -0700 (PDT)
Received: (from uucp@localhost) by dotdot.artemis.com (8.7.5/8.7.3) id LAA00148;
Tue, 15 Jul 1997 11:18:26 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from burgher.artemis.com(204.254.74.92) by dotdot.artemis.com via smap
(3.2)

id xma000102; Tue, 15 Jul 97 11:18:01 -0700

Received: from [172.17.104.143] (dhcp-104-143.artemis.com [172.17.104.143]) by
burgher.artemis.com (8.8.5/8.7.3) with ESMTP id LAA03889; Tue, 15 Jul 1997 11:18:00
-0700 (PDT)

X-Sender: jencray@pophost-1

Message-Id: <v03007807aff16f66e500@[172.17.104.143]>Mime-Version: 1.0

Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"

Date: Tue, 15 Jul 1997 11:18:47 -0700

To: Ed Cray <cray@mizar.usc.edu>, Marc Igler <MIGLER@pawebweekly.com>From: Jennifer
Cray <jencray@corp.webtv.net>Subject: more funnies ...

Status: RO

X-Status: A

X-Sender: anita@pophost-1

Date: Tue, 15 Jul 1997 10:31:55 -0700

To: artemis@corp.webtv.net

From: Anita Simoni <anita@corp.webtv.net>Subject: a quick laugh....

Mime-Version: 1.0

Sender: owner-artemis@corp.webtv.net

Precedence: bulk

Dear Abby -

>>>>

>>>> I am writing to your advice-column because of a serious problem I
>>>> am facing. You see, I am a Vietnam-era deserter from the U. S.
>>>> Marines, and I have a cousin who works for Microsoft. My mother
>>>> peddles Nazi literature to Girl Scouts and my father (a former
>>>> dentist) is in jail for 30 years for raping most of his patients
>>>> while they were under anesthesia. The sole supports of our large
>>>> family, including myself and my \$500-a-week heroin habit, are my
>>>> uncle (master pick-pocket Benny "The Fingers") and my aunt and kid
>>>> sisters, who are well-known streetwalkers.

>>>>

>>>> My problem is this: I have just gotten engaged to the most
>>>> beautiful, sweetest girl in the world. She is just sweet sixteen,
>>>> and we are going to marry as soon as she can escape from reform
>>>> school. To support ourselves, we are going to move to Mexico and
>>>> start a fake Aztec souvenir factory staffed by child labor. We
>>>> look forward to bringing our kids into the family business. But
>>>> -- I am worried that my family will not make a good impression on
>>>> hers, once she has a chance to meet them.

>>>>
>>>> In your opinion, Abby: Should I -- or shouldn't I -- let her
>>>> know about my cousin who works for Microsoft?
>>>>
>>>>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\fireship.txt

The Fire Ship

Roger Thompson, in his *Unfit for Modest Ears* (Totowa, N.J.: Rowman and Littlefield, 1979), p. 87, notes the use of this title to identify diseased prostitutes as early as 1691 by the minor poet Richard Ames in a 19-page screed entitled "The Female Fire-Ships. A Satyr Against Whoring In a Letter to a Friend just come to Town" and published in London by E. Richardson.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\flashnel.txt

Flash Nell

This is both a choice recovery, and a puzzlement for it is unreported in standard collections of sea songs. There is an engaging, straightforward quality to the text of what appears to be a true last leaf of traditional foc'sle singing.

There is a young damsel, a damsel of fame,
A moll of the highway, Flash Nell is her name.
She cruised in the Bay and loudly did bawl,
"Rig out your long jib booms, your bollocks and all."

Her dress she unbent; she brailed up her chemise,
And hauled down her silk stockings my actions to please.
She slipped my jib boom 'tween her lilywhite thighs,
Saying, "Blimey, young sailor, oh, ain't it a size!"

I rode her a watch and an hour or so more,
Till my jib boom felt limber and my bobstay grew sore.
I emptied my bollocks and felt I was done.
No charge in the locker to fire off my gun.

"For quarter, for quarter," to her I did cry.
"No quarter, bold sailor," Flash Nell did reply.
"You have the best quarters that I can afford; ["I have the best quarters that you can afford;?]

So turn to with your fucking or jump overboard."

In the last verse, the typist has seemingly switched pronouns. It is apparently the woman who has the best quarters.

This offspring (?) of "Ratcliffe Highway" -- it shares verses with Hugill's version of that ballad in Songs of the Seven Seas, pp. 200-201 -- was learned about 1927 by M.D. Little of Long Island City, New York. Little contributed it to Robert W. Gordon's Adventure magazine series; it is now number 3915 in the Gordon "Inferno" collection of the Archive of American Folk Culture in the Library of Congress. In his cover letter, Mr. Little dated the song to the mid-19th Century, "when Ratcliffe Highway, London, was at its 'best,' teeming with whores and 'homeward bounders' from the Indians, China and Australia. 'The Bay' was a sailor designation for Tiger Bay or Pennington Street. It lies off and parallel with the Ratcliffe Highway."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\folderol.txt

[With His Long Fol-de-Rol]

Oh mother, dearest mother,
I think you are to blame
For at the age of sixteen
You used to do the same.
You left your relations,
Your friends and your all,
To follow off [sic] my father
With his long fol de rol.

A fragment sent on March 3, 1927 -- now Number 2641 in the Gordon "Inferno" collection at the Library of Congress' Archive of American Folk Culture -- by the redoubtable M.D. Little of Long Island City. Mr. Little added the note: "Scotch, before 1880, Canada."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\fourold.txt

Four Old Whores

This third version of "Four Old Whores," under the title of "The Whorey Crew," is from the Hubert Canfield collection. It was gathered in the early months of 1926 from an unidentified correspondent who replied to a solicitation Canfield had placed in American Mercury, Nation, and The New Yorker.

[C]

There were five whores from New Orleans,
Sipping their beer and wine,
And the only conversation was
"Your woof's no bigger than mine."

"Listen to me," said the first whore,
"My woof's of the largest class.
A ship sailed up one evening
And never touched a mast."

Chorus:

"So tickle my tits, you bastards,
And smell of my slimy slue,
And kiss my arse, you dirty fucks,
I'm one of the whorey crew."

"You're a liar," said the second whore,
"My woof's as big as the moon,
A ship sailed up in November and
Never came down till June."

"You're a liar," said the third whore,
"For mine's the largest of all.
A fleet of steamers floated up,
And never came down at all."

"You're a liar," said the fourth whore,
"For mine's the biggest of all.
The splashing of my monthlies
Is like Niagara Falls."

"You're liars," said the fifth whore,
"My woof's as big as the air.
The sun and moon revolve about
And never singe a hair."

Laast chorus:

"So tickle my tits, you bastards,
And smell of my slimey slue,
R-r-r-r-r-rattle your nuts against my guts,
I'm captain of the crew."

[D]

In a pencilled addenda overleaf, Canfield has written two additional stanzas:

"You're a liar," said the sixth whore.
"For mine's as big as a river."

The ducks swim in and the ducks swim out
And not one rumbled a feather."

"Oh, bullshit," yawned the third one.
"Mine's wide as the heaven's blue.
I've room of Halley's comet
Plus an asteroid or two."

[E]

As "Three Old Whores from Tottin'ham," this is sung at Southern California's
Renaissance Pleasure Faires -- after hours, to be sure.

Oh, three old whores from Tottin'ham
Sat sipping their cherry wine,
When one whore says to the other one,
"None is bigger than mine."

Chorus:
Oh, pull up the sheets, me hardies,
Scrub the decks with brine.
Bend to the oars, you lousy whores,
For none is bigger than mine.

"You're a liar," says the first old whore,
"Mine's as big as the sea.
The ships go in and the ships go out
And ne'er do bother me."

"You're a liar," says the second old whore,
"Mine's as big as the air.
The ships go in and the ships go out
And ne'er do tickle a hair."

"You're a liar," says the third old whore,
"Mine's as big as the moon.
The ships go in at the first of the year
And ne'er sail out until June."

"You're a liar," says the first again.
"I ['d] blush to be so small.
For many a fleet has sailed right in
And ne'er sailed out at all."

Furnished in 1994 by Pasadena, California, attorney Roger Gray, who makes annual
appearances as a strolling minstrel at the Renaissance Pleasure Faire.

[F]

Three old whores from Baltimore

Were drinking sherry wine,
And one of them says to the other two,
"None is bigger than mine."

CHORUS: So haul on the sheets me hearties,
Sprinkle the decks with brine,
Bend to the oars, you lousy whores,
None is bigger than mine.

"You're a liar," said the second old whore,
"Mine's as big as the sea.
The ships sail in and the ships sail out,
With nary a tickle to me."

"You're a liar," said the third old whore,
"I've had me a thousand men.
There's some go by and there's some go in,
And there's some what never come out again."

"You're both liars," said the first old whore,
"Mine's as big as the air.
Why the sun could set in the crack of my cunt,
And never burn a pubic hair."

As "None is Bigger than Mine," this is from Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II"
(Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994). Woodford indicates no melody.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\gaelic.txt

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Sun Aug 11 10:14:56 1996

Path:

usc!math.ohio-state.edu!uwm.edu!lll-winken.llnl.gov!enews.sgi.com!news.sgi.com!news.
msfc.nasa.gov!newsfeed.internetmci.com!btnet!dispatch.news.demon.net!demon!scot.demo
n.co.uk!craig

From: Craig Cockburn <craig@scot.demon.co.uk>Newsgroups:

rec.music.celtic,rec.music.makers.bagpipe,soc.culture.celtic,soc.culture.scottish,so
c.culture.irish,uk.music.folk,rec.music.folk,rec.org.sca

Subject: Article on traditional Scots Gaelic singing

Followup-To: poster

Date: Sun, 11 Aug 1996 10:14:56 +0100

Organization: Mo dhachaidh

Lines: 13

Distribution: world

Message-ID: <KFJLIFAQSaDyEwJY@scot.demon.co.uk>NNTP-Posting-Host: scot.demon.co.uk

Keywords: Gaelic, Singing

X-NNTP-Posting-Host: scot.demon.co.uk

MIME-Version: 1.0

Xref: usc rec.music.celtic:40338 rec.music.makers.bagpipe:15711
soc.culture.celtic:73655 soc.culture.scottish:33155 soc.culture.irish:47034
rec.music.folk:99287 rec.org.sca:173411

Status: RO

X-Status:

All,

Updated article on traditional Gaelic singing now online at

<http://www.smo.uhi.ac.uk/~craig/gaelsong.html>

this version includes further reading, some additional information and
links to related pages.

--

Craig Cockburn ("coburn"), Du\n E/ideann, Alba. (Edinburgh, Scotland)

<http://www.smo.uhi.ac.uk/~craig/>

Sgri\obh thugam 'sa Gha\idhlig ma 'se do thoil e.

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Mon Aug 12 21:06:16 1996

Path:

usc!howland.erols.net!swrinde!news.sgi.com!enews.sgi.com!EU.net!usenet2.news.uk.psi.
net!uknet!usenet1.news.uk.psi.net!uknet!dispatch.news.demon.net!demon!folkwise.demon
.co.uk

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\garter.txt

[The Tying of the Garter]

Like "The Bonny Brown Hair," this too is a clever rather than obscene
ballad, neatly tied up in euphemisms. And this too, sadly, seems to have fallen
from oral tradition in the United States.

As I was going to Salisbury

Upon a market day

Why, there I met a pretty fair maid

And she was going my way.

And she was going my way, sir,

With butter and eggs to sell,

And we jogged along together,

With a titty-for-aw-for-ell.

And as we jogged along, sir,
Side by side,
By some strange change it happened, sir,
That her garter came untied.

Her garter came untied, sir,
A hand's breadth e'er the knee.
And we jogged along together,
With a titty-for-aw-for-ee.

"And would you be so very good,
And would you be so free,
And would you be so very good
As to do it up for me?"

"Why yes, fair main, and that I will
When we get to yonder hill."
And we jogged along together,
With a titty-for-aw-for-ill.

When yonder hill was reached, sir,
The grass it was so green
That the tying up of that garter, sir,
Was the prettiest sight e'er seen
For she spread wide her lily-white thighs,
And I slipped in between
And we jogged along together,
With a titty-for-aw-for-een.

"And now I must be going, sir,
My butter and eggs are sold
And I have lost my maidenhead
Which makes my heart run cold.
For I have lost my maidenhead
To a man that I abhor,
And he's a dirty son of a bitch
And I'm a bloody whore.

Under the title of "As I Was Going to Salisbury," this typescript was
labelled: "Lark Hill, Salisbury Plains, Nov. 1914." (Apparently Gordon's
unidentified informant learned the ballad while in Great Britain.) It is now Number
3918 in the Gordon "Inferno" collection at the Library of Congress' Archive of
American Folk Culture.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\girlslov.txt

130. ALL THE NICE GIRLS

Melody--???

All the nice girls like a candle,
All the nice girls like a wick,
Because there's something about a candle,
That reminds them of a prick.
Nice and greasy, slips in easy,
It's the surest way to joy,
It's been up the Queen of Saipan,
And it's going up again,
Syph ahoy, syph ahoy.

All the nice boys like a harlot,
All the nice boys like a whore,
Because there's something about a harlot,
That they've never known before.
She'll be willing, for a shilling,
And she'll pep you up, my boy,
But she'll leave you on the rocks,
With a bloody good dose of pox,
Syph ahoy, syph ahoy.

All the parsons like a choir boy,
All the parsons like a bum,
Because there's something about a choir boy,
That would make an angel come.
Roll him over, sleep in clover,
It's a curate's only joy,
And you needn't give a rap,
For you'll never catch the clap,
Syph ahoy, syph ahoy.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\gob.txt

A Gob is a Slob

After three centuries this seems to have fallen out of favor, despite a veiled recording by Oscar Brand on his Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads series, and a commercially successful rewrite with words and music credited to Brand released as "A Guy is a Guy" on a popular record in 1952.

I walked down the street like a nice girl should,
He followed me down the street like I knew he would,
Because a gob is a slob, wherever he may be.

Listen, my children, to what this sailor did to me.

For some hint of the historicity of this, see D'Urfey's 1709 edition of Pills to Purge Melancholy for "A Knave Is a Knave" and "I Went to the Alehouse As an Honest Woman Should" in Farmer, Merry Songs, I, p. 179.

Folklorist Herbert Halpert recorded a version of this for the Library of Congress' Archive of American Folk Song. A text is in the Gordon Oregon collection, No. 3773, as forwarded by J. Barre Toelken.

Brand's recording is on volume II of his bawdy song series (Audio Fidelity 1806). Randolph's "Unprintable," pp. 293-296, has two texts, one said to date from the late 1880's. His headnote cites an article in Saturday Review for December 12, 1953, p. 43, in which Brand acknowledges basing his song on D'Urfey's "original."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\gonorrhea1.txt

63. GONORRHEA

Melody--Vilikins and His Dinah

When I left old Phuket, 'twas just yesterday,
I was given these words by the dear old R.A.,
"Be careful young Hashman, I want you to hear,
Don't go and get pissed up and catch gonorrhea."

CHORUS: Piss off with your troubles, I don't want to
know,
I don't get embarrassed wherever I go,
I like to go whoring and drink lots of beer,
And I never worry about gonorrhea.

I went down to the river and there on the bank,
I saw an old man who was having a wank,
Disgusted, I told him it'll make him go blind,
He said, "Son, it's so good I really don't mind."

I went round to a friend's house making some calls,
His old dog was sitting there just licking its balls,
I said, "That looks nice, I'd like to try that,"
Well, okay, but first give old Fido a pat.

Into the Rock Hard I happened to stroll,
To sit and perv on some lovely young moll,
One sat down beside me, 'twas when I awoke,
For the last twenty minutes I'd been ogling a bloke.

While out in the jungle and running with Hash,

I felt like a blow job and I had some spare cash,
I offered a young lady the sum of ten bucks,
She said, "Wait for the G.M., they say that he sucks."

Well I finally caught it, and I'll tell you this,
You cannot drink beer, and it hurts you to piss,
I've a little red sore that looks just like a chancre,
But I'd rather be poxed up than like you, you wanker.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\goodman.txt

Five Nights Drunk

The widow of cowboy song collector and singer Blaine Stubblefield, of Idaho, gave folklorist J. Barre Toelken a sheaf of the songs her husband had gathered in the 1920's and 1930's -- including some bawdy songs typed by Blaine Stubblefield's father. They included this version of "Five Nights Drunk"; entitled "High Bob and Cotton John."

[E]

Oh, I went to the barn for to see what I could see,
And there I found some gentlemen's horses, one, two, three.
 "You old fool, you blind fool! Can't you never see?
 Them there's some milk cows your mammy sent to me."

High Bob, and Cotton John,
Milk cows with reigns on, the like I never see.
Every time I go from home, there's something new to me.

Then I looked by the fireside to see what I could see,
And there I saw some gentlemen's boots, one, two, three.
 "You old fool, you blind fool! Can't you never see?
 Them there's some candle molds your mammy sent to me."

High Bob and Cotton John,
Candle molds with spurs on, the like I never see.
Every time I go from home, there's something new to me.

Then I looked up on the wall for to see what I could see,
And there hung some gentlemen's coats, one, two, three.
 "You old fool, you blind fool! Can't you never see?
 Them there's some coverlids your mammy sent to me.

High Bob and Cotton John,

Coverlids with buttons on, the like I never see.
Every time I go from home, there's something new to me.

Then I looked up on the joists for to see what I could see,
And there hung some gentlemen's hats, one, two, three.

"You old fool, you blind fool! Can't you never see?
Them there's some cheeses your mammy sent to me."

High Bob and Cotton John,
Cheese with a brim on, the like I never see.
Every time I go from home, there's something new to me.

Then I looked up on the bd for to see what I could see,
And there lay some gentlemen, one, two, three.
"You old fool, you blind fool! Can't you never see?
Them there's some milkmaids your mammy sent to me."

High Bob and Cotton John,
Milkmaids with whiskers on, the like I never see.
Every time I go from home, there's something new to me.

Toelken has another variant sung by Les Hartshorn that concludes:

Many miles have I traveled,
Ten thousands or more,
But milkmaids with bollocks on
I never saw before!

[F]

The other night I came home drunk as I could be,
When I spied a horse in the stable where my horse oughta be.
I said to my wife, my pretty little wife, "Explain this thing to me-
What's this horse doin' here in the stable where my horse oughta be?"

"You blind fool, you drunken old fool, can't you never see?
That's nothin' but an old milk cow my granny gave to me."

"I've traveled this wide world over
Ten thousand miles or more,

And a saddle on a milk cow
Has never been seen before."

The second night I came home drunk as I could be,
When I spied a hat on the hatrack where my hat oughta be.
I said to my wife, my pretty little wife, "Explain this thing to me-
What's this hat doin' here on the hatrack where my hat oughta be?"

"You blind fool, you drunken old fool, can't you never see?
That's nothin' but an old chamberpot my granny gave to me."

"I've traveled this wide world over
ten thousand miles or more,
And a J.B. Stetson chamberpot
has never been seen before."

The third night I came home drunk as I could be,
When I spied some pants upon the chair where my pants oughta be.
I said to my wife, my pretty little wife, "Explain this thing to me-
What's these pants doin' here upon the chair where my pants oughta be?"

"You blind fool, you drunken old fool, can't you never see?
That's nothin' but an old dishrag my granny gave to me."

"I've traveled this wide world over
ten thousand miles or more,
And zippers on a dishrag
have never been seen before."

The fourth night I came home drunk as I could be,

When I spied a head on the pillow where my head oughta be.

I said to my wife, my pretty little wife, "Explain this thing to me-
What's this head doin' here on the pillow where my head oughta be?"

"You blind fool, you drunken old fool, can't you never see?

That's nothin' but an old cabbage head my granny gave to me."

"I've traveled this wide world over
ten thousand miles or more,

And a mustache on a cabbage head
has never been seen before."

The fifth night I came home drunk as I could

...

As forwarded by Lorrill Buyens, on July 2, 1996. Ms. Buyens wrote that she learned the ballad "from a folk record I found in my high school's library about 12 years ago, and the record title and singer are long-forgotten."

[G]

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."
"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, as drunk as a drunk could be,
I saw a coat behind the door, where my coat should be.
So I called to my wife, and I said to her, "Would you kindly tell to me,
Who owns that coat behind the door, where my coat should be?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you drunk, you silly old fool; Can't you plainly see?
That's a lovely blanket that my mother sent to me."

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

Wednesday night... a pipe upon the chair... lovely tin-whistle... But tobacco in a
tin-whistle I've never seen before!

Thursday night... two boots beneath the bed... two geranium-pots... But laces in
geranium-pots I've never seen before!

Friday night... a head upon the bed... a baby boy... But whiskers on a baby boy I've
never seen before!

Saturday night... a rise beneath the sheets... a shillelagh... But knackers on a
shillelagh I've never seen before!

(Or alternatively: Saturday night... a rise beneath the sheets... a hammer... "A
hammer with a head like that I've never seen before!")

When I came home on Sunday night as drunk as drunk could be,
I saw a man walk out the door, a little after three! (Audience shouts: "A.M.!")
So I called to my wife, and I said to her, "Would you kindly tell to me,
Who was that man walk out the door a little after three?" (Audience shouts: "A.M.!")

"Oh, you're drunk, you drunk, you silly old fool; Can't you plainly see?
That's an English tax-man my mother sent to me."
"Well, it's many a day I've travelled a hundred miles or more
But an Englishman that could last till three I've never seen before."

As "Seven Nights Drunk," this is attributed to Seamus McCafferty in the
collection "The Black Book of Locksley." For more about this Xeroxed anthology
forwarded by Susan Johns in June, 1996, see the note under "The Sea Crabb," [G].

[H]

197. THE TRAVELER (Three Nights Drunk)
Melody--Itself

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was a hat upon the rack,
Where my hat ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that hat on the rack,
Where my hat ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool, you silly old fool,
You're drunk as a sot can be,
That's not a hat upon the rack,

But a chamberpot you see."

"Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a jerry with a hatband on,
I never saw before."

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was a horse in the stable,
Where my horse ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is this horse in the stable,
Where my horse ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool, you silly old fool,
You're drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a horse in the stable,
But a milch cow you do see."
"Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a milch cow with a saddle on,
I never saw before."

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was a head on the pillow,
Where my head ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me.
Whose is this head a-lying there,
Where my head ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool, you silly old fool,
You're drunk as a souse can be,
That's not a head on the pillow,
But a football you do see."
"Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a football with a mustache on,
I never saw before."

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was a cock inside my bed,
Where my cock ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me.
Whose is this cock a-standing there,
Where my cock ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool, you silly old fool,
You're drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a cock a-standing there,
But a carrot that you see."

"Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a carrot with ballocks on,
I never saw before."

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was a stain on the counterpane,
And it didn't come from me.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me.
Whose is this stain on the counterpane,
Which didn't come from me?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool, you silly old fool,
You're drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a stain on the counterpane,
But some baby's milk you see."
"Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But baby's milk that smelled like come,
I never saw before."

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was a woman inside my bed,
Where my dear wife should be.
So I said to this woman, who wasn't bad-looking,
"Explain this thing to me.
Who are you, a-lying there,
Where my dear wife should be?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool, you silly old fool,
You're drunk as a cunt can be.
This ain't your house, I ain't your wife,
You're not living at all with me."
"Well I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
It's the fifth time that I've stuffed this bird,
She ain't never complained before."

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994). For more about this collection, see "The Codfish Song," version B, above.

The theme of the cuckolded husband returning home to outwit his wife and her

paramour occurs repeatedly and persistently in folklore. The folktales of old have metamorphosed into jokes, such as this, posted by S.M. King <sking@KingInfoMedia.com> on September 14, 1997 in his

"Bawdy.Net All Female Collage #196
.":

"Ahuva sends:

A husband went to work at 9 in the morning as usual. For some reason he had to be back home later during the day while running some errands. When he entered the house, he was surprised to see his wife in bed with a man whose head was between her breasts. The husband demanded, "What on earth are you doing?"

The stranger stammered, "I'm listening to music!"

The husband shoved the stranger aside and said, "Let me listen."

He also between her breasts. He exclaimed suspiciously, "I can't hear any damn music."

"Of course not," quipped the stranger, "You're not plugged in!"

Hubert Canfield's collection gathered in early 1926 contained two partial texts, one of which identifies "Our Goodman" as "Rollicking John." Additional printed versions are in Sweet Bunch of Daisies, pp. 21-23.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\greengro1.txt

64. GREEN GROW THE RASHES O
Melody--Green Grow the Rushes O

Green grow the rashes O,
Green grow the rashes O,
The sweetest bed I ever had,
Was the bellies of the lassies O.

We're all full from eating it,
We're all dry from drinking it,
The parson kissed the fiddler's wife,
And couldn't preach for thinking of it.

There's a pious lass in town
Godly Lizzy Lundy O,

She mounts the peak throughout the week,
But fingers it on Sunday O.

Lizzie is of large dimension,
There is not a doubt of it,
The soccer team went in last night,
And none has yet come out of it.

Jockie's wife she thought she'd shave it,
Threw him in a pretty passion,
Shouting he'd not have a wife,
Whose private parts were out of fashion.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\howasham1.txt

70. HOW ASHAMED I WAS
Melody--???

I met her on the Hash, how ashamed I was,
I met her on the Hash, how ashamed I was,
I met her on the Hash, I thought I'd try a bash,
Oh gor blimey how ashamed I was!

I touched her on the knee she said "You're fairly free."

I touched her on the thigh she said "You're fairly high."

I touched her on the spot she said "I'd rather not."

When I put it in she said "You're rather thin."

Then when I did come she said "You're up my bum."

So then I took it out she said "No need to pout."

So I tried to put it back but my prick had gone quite
slack.

Then she took me in her hand and she made my roger stand.

Then she climbed up on the top I tried to make her stop.

She rode me like a horse I came again, of course.

But still she wanted more she must have been a whore.

And then my tool grew thinner I couldn't keep it in her.

Then she called me a nasty name "You fucking Hashers are
the same."

all

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\huntsmen.txt

Three Jolly Huntsmen

This song is of respectable antiquity, though it is now known largely in an expurgated children's form. According to G. Legman, it can be dated to 1613 and Fletcher and Shakespeare's joint production of Two Noble Knights in which a character sings:

There were three fooles, fell out about an howlet,
The one said it was an owle, the other he said, Nay,
The third he said it was a hawke, and her bels were cut
away.

[A]

Andrew M. Turner of Berkeley, California, mailed a text of this song to Robert W. Gordon on December 12, 1925. Turner wrote that he learned the song in Australia. It is contained in the Gordon California Collection in the Archive of American Folk Song at the Library of Congress.

Three jolly men went a-hunting
And nothing could they find.
They came unto a cow dung
And that they left behind.
The Scotchman says, "That's a cow dung."
The Englishman says, "Nay."
And Paddy says, "That's a custard pie
With the custard blown away."

Three jolly men went a-hunting
And nothing could they find.
They came unto a pumpkin
And that they left behind.
The Scotchman says, "That's a pumpkin."
The Englishman says, "Nay."
And Paddy says, "That's a tater
But it's in the family way."

Three jolly men went a-hunting
And nothing could they find.
They came unto a knothole
And that they left behind.
The Scotchman says, "That's a knothole."
The Englishman, he says, "Nay."
And Paddy says, "That's a horse's arse
But the horse has run away."

For a full discussion of the song, see Cazden, Haufrecht and Studer, pp. 570-573, and their accompanying Notes, pp. 111-112. Legman's historical notes accompany the only other bawdy version of this to see print, in Vance Randolph, Roll Me in Your Arms, "Unprintable" Ozark Folksongs and Folklore," edited with an introduction by G. Legman, Volume I, (Fayetteville: University of Arkansas Press, 1992), pp. 306-307.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\ilikecoc1.txt

75. I LIKE COCK
Melody--Three Blind Mice

I like cock,
I like cock,
See how they rise,
See how they rise,
They fit so nicely and feel so grand,
They come in all sizes, all shapes and brands,
There's nothing finer than making them stand,
'Cause I like cock,
I like cock.

76. I LIKE CUNT
Melody--Three Blind Mice

I like cunt,
I like cunt,
Tight little cunt,
Tight little cunt,
Up against railings I've often stood,
Fucking young ladies and doing them good,
It's so much better than pulling your pud,
'Cause I like cunt,
I like cunt.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\immorall1.txt

160. SHE'S A MOST IMMORAL LADY
Melody--Battle Hymn of the Republic

She wears her silk pajamas in the summer when it's hot,
She wears her woolen nightie in the winter when it's not,
But later in the springtime, and early in the fall,
She jumps between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at
all.

CHORUS: She's a most immoral lady,
She's a most immoral lady,
She's a most immoral lady,
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at
all.

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 lily-white sheets with nothing on at
all.

Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch! (X 3)

Oh, Sir Jasper do not! (X 3)

Oh, Sir Jasper do! (X 3)

Oh, Sir Jasper! (X 3)

Oh, Sir! (X 3)

Oh! (X 3)

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\inkansas.txt

In Kansas

The Canfield collection of 1926 has two versions from unidentified contributors
under the title "In Mobile."

[B]

Oh, potatoes they grow small,
 In Mobile,
Oh, potatoes they grow small,
 In Mobile,
Oh, potatoes they grow small,
And they dig them in the fall,
And they eat them skin and all,
 In Mobile.

Oh, they chew tobacco thin,
 In Mobile,
Oh, they chew tobacco thin,
 In Mobile,
Oh, they chew tobacco thin,
And it leads out on their chin,
And they lick it in again,
 In Mobile.

Oh, the eagles they fly high,
 In Mobile,
Oh, the eagles they fly high,
 In Mobile,
Oh, the eagles they fly high,
And they shit down in your eye,
Oh, I'm glad that cows don't fly,
 In Mobile.

Oh, the only cow is dead,
 In Mobile,
Oh, the only cow is dead,
 In Mobile,
Oh, the only cow is dead,
So they milk the bull instead,
For the children must be fed,
 In Mobile.

Oh, there are not many whores,
 In Mobile.
Oh, there are not many whores,
 In Mobile.
Oh, there are not many whores,
They fuck knotholes in the floors,
And the keyholes in the doors.
 In Mobile.

But the women-folks are prime,
 In Mobile.
But the women-folks are prime,
 In Mobile.
But the women-folks are prime,

You can screw them for a dime,
And they dose you every time,
In Mobile.

[C]

The men are small and tough,
In Mobile.
The men are small and tough,
In Mobile.
And the girls are big and rough.
So they never get enough
In Mobile.

The eagles now fly higher
In Mobile.
The eagles now fly higher
In Mobile.
Since one hit a trolley wire
And set its balls on fire
In Mobile.

[D]

Paul Woodford advises that in hashing circles, this is sung to the tune of "Over There," the Irish famine song known also as "The Praties They Grow Small." Like many of the songs in Woodford's collection, this hints of its possible source in English tradition with the use of slang terms such as "bogs" for "toilets," and "bugger" instead of "cornhole."

Oh, the eagles they fly high in Mobile, in Mobile,
Oh, the eagles they fly high in Mobile,
Oh, the eagles they fly high,
And they shit right in your eye,
Thank the Lord that cows don't fly,
In Mobile.

CHORUS:
In Mobile, in Mobile,
In Mo, in Mo, in Mobile,
A-a-sshole, a-a-sshole, a-a-a-sshole.

There's a girl by the name of Dinah in Mobile, in Mobile,
There's a girl by the name of Dinah in Mobile,
There's a girl by the name of Dinah,
Who thinks there's nothing finer,
Than a prick up her vagina,
In Mobile.

Oh the vicar is a bugger in Mobile, etc.,

And the curate is another,
And they bugger one another,
In Mobile.

There's a shortage of bog paper in Mobile, etc.,
So they wait until it vapors,
Then they light it with a taper,
In Mobile.

If you're ever thrown in jail in Mobile, etc.,
Well there's no need for bail,
'Cause the sheriff's wife's for sale,
In Mobile.

Oh, the Hashers get no tail in Mobile, etc.,
So for want of recreation, they indulge in masturbation,
It's a hell of a situation,
In Mobile.

Oh, there's a brand-new lighthouse in Mobile, etc.,
Which the birds use for a shit-house,
Now the lighthouse is a white house,
In Mobile.

There's a shortage of good bogs in Mobile, etc.,
So they wait until it clogs,
Then they saw it up in logs,
In Mobile.

There's a man by the name of Hunt in Mobile, etc.,
Who thought he had a cunt,
But his balls were back to front,
In Mobile.

There's a man by the name of West in Mobile, etc.,
Who thought he had a breast,
But his balls were on his chest,
In Mobile.

Oh, the girls they wear tin undies in Mobile, etc.,
And they take them off on Sundays,
You should see the boys on Mondays,
In Mobile.

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

Oh, the parson is perverted in Mobile, etc.,

And his morals are inverted,
There's a thousand he's converted,
In Mobile.

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

The virgins they are rare in Mobile, etc.,
When they get their pubic hair,
They're deflowered by the mayor,
In Mobile.

Oh, the girls they wear tin pants in Mobile, etc.,
And they take them off to dance,
All the fellows get a chance,
In Mobile.

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

There's a bastard named Mercator in Mobile, etc.,
Who's the greatest fornicator,
Masturbator, cunt-inflater,
In Mobile.

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

Oh, men of drinking classes in Mobile, etc.,
When you've finished with your glasses,
You can shove them up your asses,
In Mobile.

Oh, the chemists are the key men in Mobile, etc.,
Selling dehydrated semen,
To emasculated he-men,
In Mobile.

Oh, the privates wash the dishes in Mobile, etc.,
And they dry them on their britches,
Oh, the dirty sons of bitches,
In Mobile.

Oh, the sergeant is a bugger in Mobile, etc.,

And the corporal is another,
And they bugger one another,
In Mobile.

Oh, they drink their whisky neat in Mobile, etc.,
Till it drops them off their feet,
And they cannot get a beat,
In Mobile.

Oh, I chased the colonel's daughter in Mobile, etc.,
And I shagged her when I caught her,
Now the daughter's got a daughter,
In Mobile.

Oh, the cows they are all dead in Mobile, etc.,
So they milk the bulls instead,
'Cause the bastards must be fed,
In Mobile.

This is number 272 in Paul Woodford's collection, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994), and sent on computer disc to the editor. Woodford advises his readers to "take turns leading verses."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\intro.txt

Old, New, Borrowed, Blue

The songs and ballads in this section are in the main from the British Isles and can claim more than respectable antiquity. Indeed some of these earlier works may have inspired one of the earliest of recorded protests against bawdy songs, William Prynne's condemnation of lascivious songs -- among other evils -- in his *Histriomastix* of 1633.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\irish.txt

From <@helios.edvz.univie.ac.at:owner-irtrad-1@IRLEARN.UCD.IE> Sat Jan 21 04:59:43 1995

Return-Path: <@helios.edvz.univie.ac.at:owner-irtrad-1@IRLEARN.UCD.IE>

Received: from AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UniVie.AC.AT (helios.edvz.univie.ac.at [131.130.1.2])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.6.8.1/8.6.4) with SMTP
id EAA29125 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Sat, 21 Jan 1995 04:59:35 -0800
Message-Id: <199501211259.EAA29125@mizar.usc.edu>
Received: from AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UNIVIE.AC.AT by AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UniVie.AC.AT
(IBM VM SMTP V2R2) with BSMTP id 8270; Sat, 21 Jan 95 13:58:24 MEZ
Received: from AEARN.ACO.NET (NJE origin LISTSERV@AEARN) by
AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UNIVIE.AC.AT (LMail V1.2a/1.8a) with BSMTP id 0840; Sat,
21 Jan 1995 13:58:20 +0100
Date: Sat, 21 Jan 1995 06:57:35 -0600
Reply-To: Irish Traditional Music List <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>Sender: Irish
Traditional Music List <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>From: Jack Marshall Bevil
<jmbevil@TENET.EDU>Subject: Re: Borrowing Irish tunes (was: Re: Background
Info)
To: Multiple recipients of list IRTRAD-L <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>In-Reply-To:
<199501202130.PAA10399@Paula-Formby.tenet.edu>
Status: RO
X-Status:

On Fri, 20 Jan 1995, Scott DeLancey wrote:

> On Fri, 20 Jan 1995, ghost wrote:
>
> > Folk tunes were frequently appropriated to be rewritten as religious music.
> > Of interest to irtrad-l is an "early music" song about Lazarus...to the tune
> > of "Star of the County Down".
>
> SotCD was also set as a hymn by Ralph Vaughn Williams (?? I'm pretty
> sure)--it's in the Episcopal hymnal as "When Jesus Left His Father's
> Throne".
>
> Scott DeLancey
>

Correct. The hymn-tune title is "Kingsfold," and the melody was collected
by Vaughan Williams. The association with "Dives and Lazarus" was made
after this collection. The text that RVW took with the tune was "The
Ploughboy's Dream." A splendid orchestral setting of this tune is
RVW's "Five Variants of 'Dives and Lazarus'."

J. MARSHALL BEVIL
(jmbevil@tenet.edu)

From <@helios.edvz.univie.ac.at:owner-irtrad-l@IRLEARN.UCD.IE> Mon Jan 23 02:14:18
1995
Return-Path: <@helios.edvz.univie.ac.at:owner-irtrad-l@IRLEARN.UCD.IE>
Received: from AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UniVie.AC.AT (helios.edvz.univie.ac.at [131.130.1.2])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.6.8.1/8.6.4) with SMTP
id CAA23313 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Mon, 23 Jan 1995 02:14:11 -0800
Message-Id: <199501231014.CAA23313@mizar.usc.edu>
Received: from AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UNIVIE.AC.AT by AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UniVie.AC.AT

(IBM VM SMTP V2R2) with BSMTMP id 0549; Mon, 23 Jan 95 11:04:59 MEZ
Received: from AEARN.ACO.NET (NJE origin LISTSERV@AEARN) by
AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UNIVIE.AC.AT (LMail V1.2a/1.8a) with BSMTMP id 8176; Mon,
23 Jan 1995 10:36:06 +0100
Date: Sun, 22 Jan 1995 13:02:13 -0500
Reply-To: "Eileen M. Condon" <econdon@morgan.ucs.mun.ca>Sender: Irish Traditional
Music List <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>From: "Eileen M. Condon"
<econdon@morgan.ucs.mun.ca>Subject: Borrowing Irish Tunes (Hymns)
X-To: Irish Traditional Music List <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.bitnet>X-cc:
Multiple recipients of list IRTRAD-L <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.bitnet>To: Multiple
recipients of list IRTRAD-L <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>In-Reply-To:
<199501211258.JAA15820@piva.ucs.mun.ca>
Status: RO
X-Status:

Scott, JMB, ghost: What a groovy thread. I've wanted to start a
list of these folk-and-hymn tunes for a while. A Roman
Catholic hit on the SotCD or "Kingsfold" tune is "I Heard the Voice of
Jesus Say...":

I heard the voice of Jesus say
Come unto me and rest
Lay down thou weary one lay down
Thy head upon my breast

I came to Jesus as I was
Weary and worn and sad
I found in him a resting place
And he has made me glad...

There are some fine lines between holiness and parody...and
I have a feeling Van Morrison is getting acid indigestion, wherever he is.
JMB: Did you find that tune title in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*?

Eileen Condon
Memorial U of NF

From <@helios.edvz.univie.ac.at:owner-irtrad-l@IRLEARN.UCD.IE> Thu Jan 26 10:59:17
1995
Return-Path: <@helios.edvz.univie.ac.at:owner-irtrad-l@IRLEARN.UCD.IE>
Received: from AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UniVie.AC.AT (helios.edvz.univie.ac.at [131.130.1.2])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.6.8.1/8.6.4) with SMTP
id KAA08747 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Thu, 26 Jan 1995 10:59:10 -0800
Message-Id: <199501261859.KAA08747@mizar.usc.edu>
Received: from AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UNIVIE.AC.AT by AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UniVie.AC.AT
(IBM VM SMTP V2R2) with BSMTMP id 7176; Thu, 26 Jan 95 19:39:15 MEZ
Received: from AEARN.ACO.NET (NJE origin LISTSERV@AEARN) by
AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UNIVIE.AC.AT (LMail V1.2a/1.8a) with BSMTMP id 7688; Thu,
26 Jan 1995 19:39:05 +0100

Date: Thu, 26 Jan 1995 11:42:50 CST
Reply-To: Irish Traditional Music List <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>Sender: Irish
Traditional Music List <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>From: Cliff Moses
<CMoses@SWRI.EDU>Subject: Borrowing Irish Tunes
X-To: IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET@cunyvm.cuny.edu
To: Multiple recipients of list IRTRAD-L <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>Status: RO
X-Status:

I no longer have the original inquiry that started this discussion, but I seem to remember that the question dealt with Irish tunes and Scottish tunes being borrowed from each other or haven a common ancestry. Brendan Breathnach makes mention of this in a couple places in his bok Folk Music and Dances of Ireland. (ISBN 0-85342-509-4)

In one place he states that jig "The Campbells are Coming" and Miss McLeod's Reel" come from the same air. I haven't found a copy of The Campbell's are coming" so I haven't checked this. But I remember in talking with Noel Rice of Baal Tinne one time, he thought this often the case. Has anyone else considered this?

B.B. also claims that a strong case case be made for a number of well-known Irish reels having a Scots ancestry. Lord McDonald and Miss McLeod are Scottish reels that became popular in Ireland after being printed in Dublin. Bonnie Kate was composed by Daniel Dow, a fiddler from Perthshire in 1760; the original title was The Bonnie Lass of Fisherrow. Dow also composed Bonnie Anne of which Follow Me Down to Carlow is a variant. Another one of Dow's compositions, Moneymusk, was popular in Ireland for doing the Highland fling. Lord Gordon's Reel is a highly developed form of The Duke of Gordan's Rant. The Perthshire Hunt was composed by Miss Sterling of Ardoch and publised in 1780; in Ireland it became known as The Boyne Hunt. The Fairy Reel was composed by Neil Gow for the Fife Hunt Ball held in 1802; it was so poular in Ireland that a special dance, Cor na Sioga, is performed to it. Other reels of Scottish origin include Rakish Paddy (Cabar Feigh or The Deer's Horn), John Frank (Col. McBain), Greig's Pipes, Lucy Campbell, The Ranting Widow (Hopetoun House), and the Flogging Reel.

Be that as it may, we all know that the tunes wouldn't be played in the same style in Scotland and Ireland.

Best regards,
Cliff Moses

From <@helios.edvz.univie.ac.at:owner-irtrad-l@IRLEARN.UCD.IE> Fri Jan 27 05:28:28 1995

Return-Path: <@helios.edvz.univie.ac.at:owner-irtrad-l@IRLEARN.UCD.IE>

Received: from AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UniVie.AC.AT (helios.edvz.univie.ac.at [131.130.1.2])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.6.8.1/8.6.4) with SMTP

id FAA29354 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Fri, 27 Jan 1995 05:28:23 -0800

Message-Id: <199501271328.FAA29354@mizar.usc.edu>

Received: from AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UNIVIE.AC.AT by AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UniVie.AC.AT

(IBM VM SMTP V2R2) with BSMTMP id 6567; Fri, 27 Jan 95 14:24:45 MEZ
Received: from AEARN.ACO.NET (NJE origin LISTSERV@AEARN) by
AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UNIVIE.AC.AT (LMail V1.2a/1.8a) with BSMTMP id 6555; Fri,
27 Jan 1995 14:24:39 +0100
Date: Fri, 27 Jan 1995 08:10:52 -0500
Reply-To: Irish Traditional Music List <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>Sender: Irish
Traditional Music List <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>From: Sally Sommers
<ssommers@ACS.BU.EDU>Subject: Re: Borrowing Irish Tunes
X-To: IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET@BROWNVN.brown.edu
To: Multiple recipients of list IRTRAD-L <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>Status: RO
X-Status:

Cliff asked about the tunes "The Campbells Are Coming" and "Miss McLeod's
Reel".

When I first read that statement in Breathnach's book, I was puzzled as
well: didn't seem quite right. I asked my fiddle teacher about it, in
fact, basically because he was teaching me the jig "The Burnt Old Man"
at the time.

He mulled a bit, then began to play the jig tune as a reel: it works!
Try it! ("The Burnt Old Man", I forgot to mention, IS the tune "The
Campbells Are Coming", Irish-style). My confusion with Breathnach's
claim, it turned out, was that "Miss McLeod's" can be played in several
keys, depending on the tradition from which your particular favorite
version comes from.

Breathnach also goes on to say that the tune is Scottish in origin (as
are many reels in the Irish/Scottish/Cape Breton/American nexus) and
has been popular since at least the seventeenth century in Ireland.
(And, it's one of my great favorites, too!) Thanks, Cliff, for
bringing it to mind.

-Sally (ssommers@acs.bu.edu)

From <@helios.edvz.univie.ac.at:owner-irtrad-l@IRLEARN.UCD.IE> Tue Jan 31 02:13:27
1995
Return-Path: <@helios.edvz.univie.ac.at:owner-irtrad-l@IRLEARN.UCD.IE>
Received: from AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UniVie.AC.AT (helios.edvz.univie.ac.at [131.130.1.2])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.6.8.1/8.6.4) with SMTP
id CAA08395 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Tue, 31 Jan 1995 02:13:00 -0800
Message-Id: <199501311013.CAA08395@mizar.usc.edu>
Received: from AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UNIVIE.AC.AT by AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UniVie.AC.AT
(IBM VM SMTP V2R2) with BSMTMP id 9815; Tue, 31 Jan 95 11:00:50 MEZ
Received: from AEARN.ACO.NET (NJE origin LISTSERV@AEARN) by
AWIUNI11.EDVZ.UNIVIE.AC.AT (LMail V1.2a/1.8a) with BSMTMP id 6841; Tue,
31 Jan 1995 10:46:07 +0100
Date: Tue, 31 Jan 1995 04:24:11 -0500
Reply-To: Irish Traditional Music List <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>Sender: Irish
Traditional Music List <IRTRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>From: John Walsh

<walsh@MATH.UBC.CA>Subject: Re: Borrowing Irish Tunes
X-To: ITRAD-L@irlearn.bitnet
To: Multiple recipients of list ITRAD-L <ITRAD-L@IRLEARN.BITNET>In-Reply-To:
<9501262146.AA13472@raven.math.ubc.ca> from "Cliff Moses" at Jan
26, 95 11:42:50 am

Status: RO

X-Status:

Cliff Moses writes:

> In one place he states that jig "The Campbells are Coming"
> and Miss McLeod's Reel" come from the same air. I haven't
> found a copy of The Campbell's are coming" so I haven't
> checked this.
> [and he then follows it with much interesting lore]

More, more! I like to find out about the tunes I play--seems to
give 'em even more character. Does anyone else have any stories or lore
about tunes that they'd like to share?

I'll toss in a little tidbit about the Pigtown Fling for starters.
(No idea what or where Pigtown is, or how the tune got to be called a
fling: everyone plays it as a reel. But that's the name it usually goes
under in Ireland these days.) It's in William Walsh's "Irish Tunes for the
Scottish and Irish War Pipes" as Keltan's Reel, and it's well-known to US
country fiddlers--which is where I first learned it myself--as Stony
Point, the Wild Horse, and the Wild Horse at Stony Point. (It's in the
Fiddler's Fakebook.) Evidently it was common in New England around the
turn of the century, since it--at least, its first part--appears as a
recurring theme in Charles Ives' 2nd symphony--it's in at least 3 of the
five movements (along with numerous other fiddle tunes, and popular tunes
of the day such as Camptown Races.)

Cheers,
John Walsh
walsh@math.ubc.ca

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\jackie.txt

Jackie and His Master

This is a comparatively rare find in the United States. A British ballad brought to
the New World, it seems not to have survived in recent years.

check asaniyev Secret Russian Tales - is this in there. Also hoffmann for motif

Jackie and his master, a wager they did lay
That the one that had the shortest dink the wager had to pay.

Singing, ta de di di ump de ay,
Tudie de ump di ay.

So they measured them around and they measured them about
And Jackie's was the longest by four inches and a snout.

The maid was in the barn and I think she was to blame
When she oversaw the measurement she went and told the dame.

The dame went to the barn, some eggs for to hunt,
And she stooped down to buckle her shoe, a mouse run up her
cunt.

She went to the door and hollered loud and shrill
And the old man heard her while working in the mill.

The old man came running just as fast as he could walk
Saying, "What's the matter, dame? I thought I heard you
talk."

"There's a mouse up my old belly gut! Oh, God, how he doth
gnaw,
And if you do not get him out, he'll eat away my maw.

The old man went to the door, and hollered loud and shrill,
And Jackie overheard him while plowing on the hill.

Jackie he came running just as fast as he could walk,
Saying, "What's the matter, master? I thought I heard you
squawk."

"There's a mouse up my wife's belly gut! Oh, God, how he doth
gnaw.
And if we do not get him out, he'll eat away her maw.

"I'll give you twenty dollars if you'll only get him out,
For your dink it is the longest, by four inches and a snout."

"Twenty dollars is not my wages, neither is it my price.
For not less than fifty dollars shall my dink go hunting
mice."

So Jackie took her by the middle small, and gently laid her
down
And every jig and half a jig he whirled the mouse around.

The old woman being cunning had the mouse up in her sleeve,
And when Jackie had tickled her tail enough, she gave the
mouse a heave.

The old man stood by with a club, and as the mouse ran up the
wall,
He hit a hell of a lick, and missed it after all.
Tu di di um de ay.
Tu di di um de ay.

Sent by R. M. Davids of the Cross-X Ranch in Windmere, Florida in 1924, this is
number 37 in the Gordon Collection at the Library of Congress Archive of American
Folk Culture.

Hoffman does not file it under J2301, gullible husbands; or K1221.1, blacksnakes in
her ass; or 1221.1.1, priest's member as fishing rod, which has close parallels;

[B]

A second version of the ballad is somewhat the worse for wear. Unclear in this
variant is that Jackie bests his master in length, and roots out the intruder.
Missing too is the sometimes occurring twist of the wife releasing the mouse from
her sleeve while Jackie is servicing her.

Jackie and his master got into a dispute,
And all it was about which had [sic] the biggest root.

Chorus:
Saying, whack tie fol de ri o come, tithery eithery a.

Jackie and his master went up on the hill to plow.
Jackie said to his master, "We can measure now."

They measured all around and they measure all about,
And Jackie out-measured Paddy two inches in the snout.

The old woman went to the barn some eggs for to hunt,
And a mouse ran up her petticoat and then straight up her
cunt.

She ran to the horn and she blew it very shrill
And Paddy overheard her a-plowing on the hill.

He ran to the house just as fast as he could fly,
Saying, "What's the matter, mother? I thought I heard you cry."

"I went to the barn some eggs for to hunt,
And a mouse ran up my petticoat and then stright up my cunt."

He took her round the middle, and laid her on the floor,
But Paddy couldn't reach him by two inches and some more.

He ran to the horn and he blew it very shrill,
And Jackie overheard him a-plowing on the hill.

He ran to the house just as straight as he could fly,
Saying, "What's the matter, mother? I thought I heard you
cry."

"I went to the barn some eggs for to hunt,
And a mouse ran up my petticoat and then straight up my cunt."

Then he took her round the middle and he laid her on the
ground,
And every gig that Jack would make, he'd bob his tail around.

Jackie [Paddy?] stood out in the yard, a stick within his hand,
And he swore he would kill that mouse if it ever came on land.

This is included among the songs and ballads that the widow of
collector-singer Blaine Stubblefield sent to folklorist J. Barre Toelken of Utah
State University. This ballad was typed out by Stubblefield's father, M.
Stubblefield, who said he learned it from W.P. Warnock of Enterprise, Oregon.
Stubblefield assembled much of his collection of western songs in the 1920s and
1930s.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\johnson.txt

From: abbysale@sundial.sundial.net (Abby Sale)
To: ballad-l@indiana.edu, digitrad@world.std.com
Subject: Wee wees
Date: Thu, 20 Jun 1996 11:10:46 GMT
Message-ID: <31c92f4a.610706@mailhost.sundial.net>
X-Mailer: Forte Agent .99e/32.227
Sender: owner-ballad-l@indiana.edu
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

I've recently come across "The Johnstown Girls" in Randolph's
"Unprintable" collection, _Blow the Candles Out_ (edited Legman). I'm
much intrigued by it so I thought I'd try & put together everything I had
lying around in the house on it & have a closer look.

Then I figured, what the hell, I might as well waste your band-width &
see if any of youse guys had any thoughts on it. Are all these co-
descendant? Any interesting internal things? Is it an American
survival of mystical stuff? Huh? What?

Re: "The Wee Wee Man," (#38) Bronson says this hasn't been found in tradition since 1824. The primary text was in Herd (1776) & it was set to a jig tune for Johnson's Musical Museum. The two have been reprinted together with little change ever since. Bronson doubts it could ever have actually been sung to this tune. A good tune, but unlikely with these words.

=====

Bronson's single text from three identical sources; all but identical to Child A:

"The Wee Wee Man"

As I was walking all alone,
 Between a water and a wa',
And there I spied a wee wee man,
 And he was the least that ere I saw.
His legs were scarce a shathmont's length, [about 6 inches]
 And thick and thimber was his thighs, [heavy, massive]
Between his brows there was a span,
 And between his shoulders there was three.

He took up a meikle stane,
 And he flang't as far as I could see,
Though I had been a Wallace wight, [strong as Wallace]
 I couldna liften't to my knee.
O wee wee man, but thou be strong,
 O tell me where thy dwelling be,
My dwelling's down at yon' bonny bower,
 O will you go with me and see.

On we lap and awa we rade,
 Till we came to yon bonny ha',
Where the roof was o' the beaten gould,
 And the floor was o the crystal a'.
When we came to the stair foot,
 Ladies were dancing jimp and sma',
But in the twinkling of an eye,
 My wee wee an was clean awa'.

' Use QBASIC, BASICA or GWBASIC to run all from here to the bottom ****
ON KEY(7) GOSUB 3000: KEY(7) ON
PLAY "O2 L8 Mf T90 mn"
CLS
PRINT "Type (F7) to stop"
PRINT : PRINT
' probably 1 flat; 6/8
FOR i = 1 TO 17

```

READ sphincter$
PRINT i; ". "; sphincter$
PLAY sphincter$
NEXT i
DATA "      b
DATA "      >c. <b-16 a a g e
DATA "      >c. <b-16 >c <c d e
DATA "      >c. <b-16 a a g e
DATA "      g e d d4 b-
DATA "      >c. <b-16 a a g e
DATA "      >c. <b-16 >c d4 e
DATA "      c. <b-16 a a b- >c
DATA " <g e d d4 e16 f16
DATA "      g4 e g4 e
DATA "      >c. <b16 >c <c d e
DATA "      g4 e g4 >c
DATA "      <a f d d e f
DATA "      g4 e g4 e
DATA "      >c. <b-16 >c d4 e16 d16
DATA "      c. <b-16 a a. b-16 >c
DATA " <g e d d4
3000 '
' ****

```

=====

I ignore the Steeleye Span version as altogether unlikely and almost certainly just an Anglicization of Child A.

=====

"The Johnstown Girls"

...We rode and we rode all down the lane,
And such a sight it never was seen,
But four and twenty Johnstown girls
A-dancing naked on the green.

Such a gettin' upstairs I never did see
Such a gettin' upstairs it don't suit me.

We romped and wrestled all that day,
And fucked her well all through the night,
.....
The Johnstown girls don't need no light.

When I woke uo my love was gone,
And she had took her fill of me.
I rode a many-un down the lane,
But the Johnstown girls I never did see.

#183 in Blow the Candles Out. No tune. Sung for Randolph in 1942 in Arkansas. Respondent had learned it in 1910. The editor, Legman calls this Randolph's most interesting recovery in the Ozarks. He only goes so far as to agree that "is somehow suggestive of 'The wee Wee Man.'"

It gets a bit confused here, but Legman then seems to give a c1928 version from Brown's North Carolina. The following, Legman says, is the only recovery from tradition of a clear "Wee Wee Man" version since 1828.

Oh, I went walking one fine day upon the Gomont pier O,
I saw a little fairy man, no bigger than my ear O.

He wore a coat all gold and green, no bigger than a thimble,
But he was strong as any buck, like a gandy dancer nimble.

I took him up and I set him down, and I put him on my knee,
And there he threw a mitch-ed stone as far as could see.

I told him he was a fine, brave man, and as strong as he could be,
And he said to me, My bucko lad, come you along with me.

So I went his way along the lane, and soon we found a castle,
And a fine naked lady came out to see if I would rassle.

(The singer self-censored a verse on the girl's physical qualities)

She was the gayest wench for bed I ever saw in al my life,
If elder Thomson had been there, she could have been his wife.

We lay in a bed all covered with pearl, and I did often kiss her,
And now at night alone in my bunk I surely do often miss her.

When I woke up and found her gone, I knew I could not stay,
So I spied around for my little man, but he had gone away.

=====

A black net-fishing shanty from Florida. Collected in 1940. Well sung by The Boarding Party on Folk-Legacy

"Johnson Girls"

Johnson girls is a-mighty fine girls,
Walk around, honey, walk around.
Johnson girls is mighty fine girls,
Walk around, honey, walk around.

Neat in the waist and got mighty fine legs
&c.

Great big legs and teeny-eensy feet.
&c.

Beefsteak, beefsteak, make a little gravy,
Your thing, my thing make a little baby.

Way down south they got the jewmaka jam, [hot enough to knock your
Hot like cayenne, but it's good, goddamn. cock off, I guess]

Johnson girls is a-mighty fine girls,
Johnson girls is mighty fine girls,

=====

"The Johnson Boys"

Lomax, _F S of North Amer_

Johnson boys, raised in the ashes,
Never knew how to court a maid,
Turn their backs and hide their faces,
Sight of a pretty girl makes them afraid. (3x)

Johnson boys went a-courtin',
The Coon Creek girls so pretty and sweet,
They couldn't make no conversation,
They didn't know where to put their feet. (3x)

The Johnson boys, they went a-huntin',
Took two dogs and went astray,
Tore their clothes and scratched their faces,
They didn't get home till the break of day. (3x)

The Johnson boys went to the city,
Ridin' in a Chevrolet,
They came home broke and a-walkin',
They had no money for to pay their way. (3x)
Shame, O shame on the Johnson boys.

No attribution except "sung by Lily Mae Ledford, see Brown, Folk
Ballads from North Carolina, v.III"

=====

The Weavers do "Meet the Johnson Boys" also with no attribution:

Johnson boys was born in the ashes,
Didn't know how to court a maid,
Turn their backs and hide their faces,
Sight of a pretty girl makes them afraid. (5x)

Johnson boys they came a-courtin',
Coon Creek girls so pretty and sweet,
They couldn't make no conversation,
Didn't know where to put their feet. (5x)

Johnson boys, they went a-courtin',
Ridin' in a Chevrolet,
They came home broke and a-walkin',
Had no money to pay their way. (5x)

Johnson boys eat peas and honey,
They have done it all of their life,
Makes the taste mighty funny,
But it keeps them on the knife. (5x)

Johnson boys will never get married,
They'll live single all of their life,
They're too scared to pop the question,
There ain't no woman that'll be their wife. (5x)
Shame, O shame on the Johnson boys.

=====

Three "Johnson" songs from DigTrad. (Note "johnson" is a common enough euph. for "penis" and thus not necessarily an accidentally chosen title.)

"Johnson Boys"

I hear them Johnson boys a-coming
Singing and a-hollering and shooting off their guns;
All the other fellers scared as the devil,
Johnson boys has got 'em on the run (2x)

Johnson boys, won't do to mess with,
They stick together just like glue.
If you start any kind of trouble,
They'll beat the hell out of you. (2x)

Johnson boys went to the mountain
They didn't reckon long to stay,
Met up with some high-borned ladies
Didn't get back till the break of day.

Johnson boys, getting mighty sassy
Johnson boys, think they're men,
Comb their hair and wash their faces
Look pretty good for the shape they're in.

Johnson boys, they went a-courtin'
Johnson boys, they didn't stay.
Reason why they went no further,
Had no money fur to pay their way.

Johnson boys, raised in ashes
Didn't know how to court a maid;
Turned their backs and hid their faces
Sight of a purty girl made them afraid.

Johnson boys, brave and hearty,
They knows how to court old maids.
Kiss and hug and call 'em honey,
Rush up pretty girls, don't be afraid.

Johnson boys, play your fiddle,
Johnson boys, sing your song,
Johnson boys, hug in the middle,
Hug in the middle and you can't go wrong.

Johnson boys, mowin' in the meadow
Big black snake bit one on the toe;
He commenced a-yellin' and a-hollerin'
It's a sight to see them Johnson boys go!

>From Frank Proffitt
filename[JHNSNBOY

"Johnson Boys" 2

Have you heard the many a story,
Told by old and young with joy,
About the many deeds of daring
That was done by the Johnson boys ?

cho: Hop up, pretty girls, don't be afraid (2x)

The Johnson boys were boys of honor,
They knew how to court the maids,
They knew how to hug and kiss them,
Hop up, pretty girls, don't be afraid

They were lads of skill and courage
And their sight was very far
And they joined their country's service
In that awful Civil War,

They were scouts in the rebel's army

And were known far and wide
When the Yankees saw them coming
They throw down their guns and hide.

>From New Lost City Ramblers
Originally recorded by Al Hopkins and the Buckle Busters
filename[JHNSNBY2

"Johnson Gals"

Want to get to heaven, yes I do
I want to get to heaven with the Johnson crew

Want to get to heaven, don't want to be late
Want to go through the Pearly Gates

Oh my Lord can't you see
That you can't get to heaven with a fool like me

See them girls dressed so fine
They ain't got Jesus on their minds

Everywhere in this world I go
Can't get around for the calico

filename[JOHNGALS
CB

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\keach1.txt

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Sun Jul 2 09:41:13 1995
Date: Sun, 2 Jul 1995 09:41:11 -0700 (PDT)
From: Ed Cray <cray@mizar.usc.edu>To: ballad-1@indiana.edu
Subject: Tale Types
Message-ID: <Pine.SUN.3.91.950702093311.2567A-100000@mizar.usc.edu>MIME-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; charset=US-ASCII
Status: 0
X-Status:

Last month someone asked about Aarne-Thompson and MT numbers, that is, the
classification of tales similar to Child, Laws and Coffin numbers.

I responded, pointing out that various ballads told the same story as

folktales and could themselves be listed under the MT numbers.

Coincidentally, my daughter sent me this "joke" (folktale) which she plucked from the Internet. It is an updated version of MT 1725 and MT 1730, which has ballad analogues: "The Keach i' the Keel" (Child 28?), "The Parson and the Bosun," etc. The theme is that the cuckolded husband is duped into carrying the basket (with the wife's lover hidden inside) from the house and to safety, thus compounding his cuckoldom.

I send this just to demonstrate on a Sunday morning the incredible viability of folklore, even in a mass-communciated urban setting.

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: 29 Jun 95 10:45:00 PDT

From: NKOVACS@uoeap.ucsb.edu

Three men were standing in line to get into heaven one day. Apparently it had been a pretty busy day, though, so Peter had to tell the first one, "Heaven's getting pretty close to full today, and I've been asked to admit only people who have had particularly horrible deaths. So what's your story?"

So the first man replies: "Well, for a while I've suspected my wife has been cheating on me, so today I came home early to try to catch her red-handed. As I came into my 25th floor apartment, I could tell something was wrong, but all my searching around didn't reveal where this other guy could have been hiding. Finally, I went out to the balcony, and sure enough, there was this man hanging off the railing, 25 floors above ground! By now I was really mad, so I started beating on him and kicking him, but wouldn't you know it, he wouldn't fall off.

So finally I went back into my apartment and got a hammer and starting hammering on his fingers. Of course, he couldn't stand that for long, so he let go and fell -- but even after 25 stories, he fell into the bushes, stunned but okay. I couldn't stand it anymore, so I ran into the kitchen, grabbed the fridge and threw it over the edge where it landed on him, killing him instantly. But all the stress and anger got to me, and I had a heart attack and died there on the balcony."

"That sounds like a pretty bad day to me," said Peter, and let the man in.

The second man comes up and Peter explains to him about heaven being full, and again asks for his story.

"It's been a very strange day. You see, I live on the 26th floor of my apartment building, and every morning I do my exercises out on my balcony. Well, this morning I must have slipped or something, because I fell over the edge. But I got lucky, and caught the railing of the balcony on the floor below me. I knew I couldn't hang on for very long, when suddenly this man burst out onto the balcony. I thought

for sure I was saved, when he started beating on me and kicking me. I held on the best I could until he ran into the apartment and grabbed a hammer and started pounding on my hands. Finally I just let go, but again I got lucky and fell into the bushes below, stunned but all right. Just when I was thinking I was going to be okay, this refrigerator comes falling out of the sky and crushes me instantly, and now I'm here."

Once again, Peter had to concede that that sounded like a pretty horrible death.

The third man came to the front of the line, and again the whole process was repeated. Peter explained that heaven was full and asked for his story.

"Picture this," says the third man, "I'm hiding naked inside a refrigerator..."

###

From owner-ballad-l@indiana.edu Tue Jul 4 17:13:12 1995
On 01 Jul 95 22:41:11, cray@mizar.usc.edu said:

cr> Last month someone asked about Aarne-Thompson and MT numbers, that is,
cr> the classification of tales similar to Child, Laws and Coffin numbers.

cr> Coincidentally, my daughter sent me this "joke" (folktale) which she
cr> plucked from the Internet. It is an updated version of MT 1725 and MT
cr> 1730, which has ballad analogues: "The Keach i' the Keel" (Child 28?),
cr> "The Parson and the Bosun," etc. The theme is that the cuckolded
cr> husband is duped into carrying the basket (with the wife's lover
cr> hidden inside) from the house and to safety, thus compounding his
cr> cuckoldom.

cr> Three men were standing in line to get into heaven one day.

It's a good story. Thanx. I assume it's the same as "The Man In the Kraut Tub?" I have that in Richard Chace's American Folk Tales & Songs (I also have him reading it on a re-issue CD.) In Kraut, no one dies, no husband, but the first lover is inadvertantly saved by the second lover. Also a good, funny story.

Chace says it's from North Carolina where it's referred to as a "step-husband" tale. On relating it in Richmond, he learned it's the 2nd story on the 7th day in Boccaccio.

Enduring is right! But I guess this is one of those basic themes.

--- Blue Wave/Max v2.12 [NR]

--

|Fidonet: Abby Sale

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\kerrymui.txt

The Ball of Kirriemuir

[C]

'Twas the gatherin' o' the clans,
And a' the lads were there,
A-feeling o' the lassies
Amang their gowden hair.

Chorus:

Fa di' ye last nicht,
Fa'll dae ye noo?

The yin that di' ye last nicht

Cannae dae ye noo. ** Rowland Berthoff, who contributed this version, explained:
"Northeast dialect -- Kirriemuir is there, a village, not a 'region,' and not
pronounced Kerry-more!"

There was firkin' in the parlor
And firkin' in the ricks.
Ye couldna hear the music
For the swishin' o' the pricks.

There was firkin' in the parlor
And firkin' on the stairs.
Ye couldna see the carpet
For the cunts and curly hairs.

The Laird o'Lanerkie rade oot
About his Gothic halls,
To exercise his horses
And reactivate his balls.

The "C" text here was sent by Professor Emeritus Rowland Berthoff of St.
Louis in a letter to the editor on Janaury 17, 1995, with the explanation he had

learned it about 1940 while at Oberlin College, Ohio. He stated he had sung it while in the army, 1942-1946.

[D]

Chorus:

Singin' who do ya las' nich, who do ya noor?
The one who do ya las' nich, he cannot do ya noor.

The ball o', the ball o', the ball o' Ballynoor
Where your wife and my wife were doin' it on the floor.

Balls to your partner, ass against the wall,
If you ne'er been shagged on a Saturday night you ne'er
been shagged at all.

Oh, they did it in the parlor and they did it on the stairs.
You could not see the carpet for the come and curly hairs.

First they did it singles, then they did it he's and she's,
But when the ball got rollin' they did it fives and threes.

Four and twenty maidens came down from Inverness,
And when the ball was over there were four and twenty less.

The vicar's wife came into town, very surprised to see
Four and twenty maidenheads a-hanging from a tree.

The village vicar, he was there, dressed in a great white
shroud,
Swingin' from the chandelier and pissing on the crowd.

The county sheriff, he was there, along with all the rest.
The ladies flocked to him because he was the best.

The village constable was there with his sword in his hand.
He turned around so quickly that he circumcised the band.

The deacon's wife, she was there, her butt against the wall.
"Put your money on the table, boys, I've come to do you all."

The deacon's daughter, she was there, her ass against a chair.
The prettiest bum you ever [saw] was a-stickin' in the air.

His other daughter, she was there, a-standing up in front,
With the smile upon her face and a carrot up her cunt.

The deacon himself, he was there, enjoyin' the ladies too.
"I'll sin so much I'll go to Hell before this night is
through."

The village prostitute was there, a-lyin' on the floor.
Ev'rytime she opened her legs the suction closed the door.

The whalin' captain, he was there, a -standin' on the deck,
But when the prostitute was through, he looked just like a
wreck.

Oh, she did the whaler's earlobes and she did th whaler's
nose,
But when she got to his harpoon, he hollered, "Thar she
blows!"

The queen was in the parlor, eating bread and honey.
The king was in the chambermaid, and she was in the money.

When the king was through with her, he sent her out to play.
She met the Duke of Wales there and had another lay.

The royal jester, he was there, performin' his favorite trick.
He'd hypnotize the ladies with the swingin' of his prick.

The letter-carrier, he was there, the poor man had the pox.
He could not do the ladies so he did the letterbox.

The village drunkard, he was there, an ale within his hand.
He said he'd laid his way across the whole of Eng-e-land.

Beneath the spreading chestnut tree the village idiot sat
Amusing himself by abusing himself and catching it in his hat.

When the ball was over ev'ryone confessed
The music was exquisite, but the doin' it were the best.

Furnished without tune by Pasadena, California, attorney Roger Gray, a
parttime performer at the Renaissance Pleasure Faire. Gray has deliberately
gathered songs from various sources, both oral and printed, to present as a
"strolling minstrel" at the pageant.

[E]

Roger Gray also furnished these additional verses from a variant text:

Do you remember the ball of Ballinoor,
When your wife and my wife were doin' it on the floor?

Chorus:
Who did you last, lass?
Who's doin' ya now?
The one who did you last, lassie,

Canna do ya now.

They did it in the garden, they did it on the stones,
You couldna hear the music for the wheezin' and the groans.

They did it in the parlor, they did it in the halls.
The double-backed beasties were rompin' wall-to-wall.

Our own lord sheriff he was there and didna havbe much fun
For ev'ry other person were his daughter or his son.

He kissed the lady's hair, he kissed the lady's mouth.
But she were pointin' northerly, and he were pointin' south.

The Puritan's wife she was there, a-dancin' at the ball:
"Put your money on the table, lads, I'm gonna do you all."

The Puritan's wife she were there, her face white as a sheet.
The line of men to try their luck wound out into the street!

The shire shepherd he was there but we were all asleep.
He couldna find a lady so he did it with his sheep.

The village crier he was there, his hand upon his bell,
And ev'ry time his lady came the whole wide world could tell.

The village crier he was there, reading a proclamation,
Crying the names of everyone involved in fornication.

[F]

Oh the ball, the ball of Ballyknure,
Where your wife and my wife were doin' it on the floor,

Chorus:
Singing, "Wha' do ya, lassie? and wha' do y'noo?
I'm the man what did y' last, lass, I canna do y'noo."

[or]
Singin' "Who hae ye, lassie? Who hae ye noo?
The ane that had ye last time, he canna hae ye noo.

The queen was in the parlour, eatin' bread and honey.
The king was in the chambermaid and she was in the money.

The village idiot, he was there, a-sittin' by the fire,
Attempting masturbation with an India-rubber tyre.

Oh, the village postman, he was there, the poor man had the
pox.

He couldna' do the ladies so he did the letter box.

The queen of England, she was there, backed against the wall,
"Put your money on the table, boys, I'm going ta do you all."

The count and countess, they were, a-doin' on the stair.
The bannister borke, and down they fell, they finished in mid-air.

There was music in the garden; there was music in the sticks.
You couldna hear the music for the swishin' o' the pricks.

They were doin' it on the landing; they were doing it on the
stairs.
You couldna see the carpet for the wealth of public hairs.

The board of directors, there were there; they were shocked
to see
Four and twenty maidenheads a-hangin' from a tree.

John the blacksmith, he was there; he wouldna play the game.
He did a lassie seven times, but wouldna see her hame.

The village constable, he was there -- now whattaya think o'
that? --
Amusin' himself, by abusin' himself, and catchin' it in his
hat.

The village pervert, he was there, scratchin' at his crotch.
But no one minded him at all, he was only there to watch.

The village cripple, he was there, but he didna shag too much.
His old John Thomas had fallen off, so he did 'em with his
crutch.

It started out so simple-like: each lad and lassie mated,
But pretty soon the doin's got so bloody complicated.

The village chimney sweep was there, a really filthy brute.
For every time he farted, he covered 'em all with soot.

The local Cavaliers were there, in elegance they sat,
A-doin' things unusual with the feathers in their hat.

The village carpenter, he was there, with his prick of wood.
He made it when he lost his own, and it worked just as good.

Madame Heidi Fleiss was there, procuring for the blal.
"It's condoms all around," she said, "no llamas in the hall."

The old fishmonger he was there, a dirty stinkin' sod.

He never got a rise that night, so he diddled 'em with a cod.

Four and twenty virgins went down to Inverness
And when the ball was over, there were four and twenty less.

There was doin's on the porches, and doin's on the stones.
You couldna' hear the music for the loud and joyful moans.

_____, he was there, covered up with smiles.
Doin' thirty-two at once, and in amazing style.

_____, she was there, covered al in sweat,
Taking' on all comers, and she hasn't finished yet.

And in the morning early, the farmer nearly shat,
For four and twenty acres was nearly fuckit flat.

The minister's wife, she was there, buckled tae th' front
Wi' a wreath of rose around her arse, and thistles round her
cunt.

The village blacksmith, he was there, his balls were made of
brass,
And every time he laid a girl the sparks flew out his ass.

The sheriff's dochter, she was there, and kept us all in fits
By jumping off the mantlepiece and bouncing on her tits.

The local surgeon, he was there, with his knife in hand,
And every time he turned around, he circumsized a man.

The village fireman, he was there, quenchin' lassies' fires.
He diddled 'em in the fire truck, right beside the tires.

There was doin's in the bedrooms; there was doin's in the tub
'Til every single pecker there was worn down to a nub.

The bride was in the bedroom, explainin' to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb.

They tried it on the garden path, and once around the park,
And when the candles snotted out, they diddled in the dark.

First, they did it simple; then they tired it he's and she's,
But before the ball was over, they went at fives and threes.

Santa Claus was also there, and very drunk, I fear.
You'd be drunk there with him if you came just once a year.

James the First and Sixth was there, a sight you should have

seen.

He was the king of England but preferred to be the queen.

Anne Boleyn was also there, even tho' she's dead.
She's terrific on her back, me boys, but better giving head.

Pinocchio was also there, and quite a sight to see,
The ladies sat upon his face and shouted, "Lie to me!"

And when the ball was over, everyone confessed,
The music was exquisite but the 'doin's' were the best.

This apparently is an omnium gatherum rather than an actually sung version.
It was downloaded from an unidentified Internet site -- probably English in view of the spelling of "parlour" and "tyre" -- and distributed on June 23, 1996, at the 16th Annual Summer Solstice Folk Music, Dance and Storytelling Festival, Calabasas, California.

[G]

Let me tell you a little story

'Bout the Ball of Ballinore.

There were four and twenty pagans

Lying on the floor

.

Chorus:

Singing who had ye last night

And who had you now,

The man who had you last, lass,

He cannae have you now.

Four and twenty virgins

Come down from Inverness

,

And when the ball was over

There were four and twenty less

.

There was dancing in the courtyard,

Dancing in the halls

,

But you couldn't hear the music

Over the clapping of the balls

.

There was dancing in the ballroom,

There was dancing on the Ritz

But you couldn't hear the music

Over the squishing of the tits

.

Oh, the village idiot he was there

Who would have thought of that?

Amusing himself by abusing himself

And catching it in his hat

.

Oh, the court magician he was there

,

Up to his usual tricks

,

Pulling his foreskin over his head

And disappearing up his prick

,

Oh, the village elders they were there

But they were too old to work

.

So they sat in the corner

And they had a circle jerk

.

Oh the village leper he was there

,
Sitting on a log

,
Pulling the pieces off of him

And feeding them to his dog

.

The preacher's daughter she was there

,
Sitting right up front

,
With a wreath of roses on her head

And a carrot up her cunt

.

Oh the queen was in the counting-house

Eating bread and honey

The king was in the chamber --

Maid, and the maid was in the money

.

In posting this on December 7, 1996, to the newsgroup bawdy-1
(bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net), Denise Paolucci (stk5215@loki.stockton.edu) noted that

these verses of "Ball of Ballinore
" were sung "at/near the New York Renaissance Faire." She recalled them "off
the top of my head," then added, "but the last two verses we
always sing are:

And when the ball was over

This sentiment was expressed:

That the music was delightful

But the fucking was the best

.

Balls to your partner,

Ass against the wall

If you can't get laid at the Pennsic Wars

You can't get laid at all

.

(Spoken:) And you better just pop off and shoot yerself, laddie, 'cause
you're fucking pathetic."

[H]

Farther west in Renaissance Faire and Society for Creative Anachronism circles, one
version of "The Ball of Ballinour" [sic] runs:

The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.
The King was in the chambermaid
And she was in the money.

Chorus:

Balls to your partner,
Ass against the wall,
If you cannot get [fucked] on a Saturday night,
You cannot get [fucked] at all.

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

There was doin' in the kitchen,
And doin' it on the stones.
Ya couldna' hear the music
For the wheezin' and the groans.

The village butcher, he was there,
A cleaver in his hand.
And everytime he turned around,
He circumcised the band.

The deacon's wife, well, she was there
With her butt against the wall.
"Put your money on the table, boys,
'Cause I'm going to do you all."

The letter carrier, he was there.
The poor man had the pox.
He couldn't do the ladies,
So he did the letter box.

The village cripple he was there,
Can you imagine that?
Amusing himself by abusing himself,
And catching it in his hat.

The bride was in the bedroom
Talking to the groom.
"The front! The front! And not the back,
Is the entrance to the womb!"

When the ball was over
Everyone confessed,
"The doin' was exquisite,
But the doin' was the best!"

Electronically forwarded by Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, to the editor on June 22, 1996, this variant of "The Ball" was current among Renaissance Fair and Society for Creative Anachronism fanciers. It is printed in the "Black Book of Locksley," p. 66, compiled by Joseph Bethancourt of Phoenix, Arizona.

[I]

Four-and-twenty maidens came down from Inverness;
On the way back from Kennemore, there was four-and-twenty less.

Chorus:

Singin' balls to your partner, arse against the wall,
If ye canna get fucked on Saturday night ye'll ne'er get fucked at all.

On the road to Kennemore, such a sight to see.
Four-and-twenty maidenheads a-hangin' from a tree!

The village nurse, she was there, and she had us all in fits,

Jumpin' from the mantelpiece and landin' on her tits.

The undertaker, he was there, wearing a long black shroud,
Swingin' from the chandelier and pissin' on the crowd.

The village carpenter, he was there, and doing pretty good;
His John Thomas had fallen off, but he had one made of wood!

The village idiot, he was there, playing his favorite trick:
Pounding on his testicles and whistling through his prick.

The village parson, he was there, can you imagine that?
Amusin' himself by abusin' himself and catching it in his hat.

There was fuckin' in the hayloft, fuckin' in the ricks;
Ye couldna hear the band for the swishin' of the pricks.

The village cripple, he was there, but it didn't hamper him much;
He lined the women against the wall and fucked them wi' his crutch!

The bride was in the kitchen explainin' to the groom,
The cunt and not the rectum is the entrance to the womb.

There was fuckin' in the parlors, fuckin' in the halls.
Ye couldna hear the band for the bouncin' of the balls!

Lee S. Billings posted this version of "Ball" on the usegroup bawdy-1
<bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net
>with the explanation this is how he sang it in the Society for Creative
Anachronism. He noted the name of the town had changed "by the time I got hold of
it."

[J]

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 partners,
Arseholes against the walls,
If you never got laid on a Saturday night,
You'll never get laid at all.

Four and twenty prostitutes
Came up from Glockamore, **Probably intrusive from the popular song "How Are Things
in Glockamora," from the musical Brigadoon, which is set in a fanciful Ireland."
And when the ball was over
They were all of them double bore.

The village cripple he was there,
He wasn't up to much,
He lined 'em up against the wall,
And diddled 'em with his crutch.

The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey,
The King was in the chambermaid,
And she was in the money.

First lady forward,
Second lady back,
Third lady's finger
Up the fourth lady's crack.

The village policeman he was there,
The pride of all the force,
They found him in the stable,
Wanking off his horse.

The village plumber he was there,
He felt an awful fool,

He'd come eleven leagues or more
And forgot to bring his tool.

There was humping in the hallways
And humping in the ricks,
You couldn't hear the music
For the swishing of the dicks.

'Twas ballocks in the kitchen,
And ballocks in the halls,
You couldn't hear the music
For the clanging of the balls.

'Twas fellatio in the anteroom,
Cunnilingus on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpet
For the cunts and curly hairs.

Sandy McPherson he came along,
It was a bloody shame,
He fucked a lassie forty times,
And wouldna take her haim.

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

The vicar's wife, well she was there,
A-sitting by the fire,
Knitting rubber johnnies
Out of India rubber tire.

The village idiot he was there,
Sitting on a pole,
He pulled his foreskin over his head
And whistled through the hole.

Mrs. O'Malley she was there,
She had the crowd in fits,
A-jumping off the mantelpiece
And bouncing on her tits.

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

The village magician he was there,
Up to his favorite trick,

Pulling his arsehole over his head,
And standing on his prick.

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

The blacksmith's brother he was there,
A mighty man was he,
He lined them up against the wall
And buggered them three by three.

Now farmer Giles he was there,
His sickle in his hand,
And every time he swung around
He circumcised the band.

The vicar's wife she was still there,
Back against the wall,
"Put your money on the table, boys,
I'm fit to do ye all."

The vicar and his goodly wife
Were having lots of fun,
The parson had his finger
Up another lady's bum.

The village doctor he was there,
He had his bag of tricks,
And in between the dances
He was sterilizing dicks.

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

The vicar's wife was yet still there,
Dressed in a long white shroud,
Swinging on the chandelier
And pissing on the crowd.

They was shagging in the couches,
They was shagging in the cots,
And lying up against the wall
Were rows of grinning sots.

Farmer Brown he was there,
A-jumping on his hat,

For half an acre of his corn
Was fairly now fucked flat.

Giles he played a dirty trick,
We canna let it pass,
He showed a lass his mighty prick,
Then shoved it up her arse.

Bayard Stockton he was there,
Drunk beyond a doubt [pron: doot],
He tried to stuff the parson's wife,
But couldna get the root.

Jockie Stewart did his business
Right upon the moor,
It was, he thought, much better
Than pissing on the floor.

A couple of Hashers they were there,
A-looking for a fuck,
But every cunt was occupied
And they were out of luck.

Mike McMurdock when he got there,
His stand was long and high,
But when he'd shagged her forty times,
His balls were squeezed and dry.

McTavish, oh yes, he was there,
His piston long and broad,
And when he'd stroked the furrier's wife
She had to be rebored.

McCardew-Roberts he was there,
His flagpole all alert,
But when half the night was done,
It was dragging in the dirt.

The chimney sweep he was there,
They had to throw him out,
For every time he passed his wind,
The room was filled with soot.

The doctor's daughter she was there,
She went to gather sticks,
She couldna find a blade of grass,
For cunts and standing pricks.

The village builder he was there,
He brought his bag of tricks,

He poured cement in all the holes,
And blunted all the pricks.

Little Jimmy he was there,
The leader of the choir,
He hit the balls of all the boys,
To make their voices higher.

Now little Tommy he was there,
But he was only eight,
He couldna root the women,
So he had to masturbate.

The village postman he was there,
The poor man had the pox,
He couldna shag the ladies,
So he fucked the letterbox.

The village idiot he was there,
A-leaning on the gate,
He couldna find a partner
So he had to flatulate.

The blacksmith's father he was there,
A-roaring like a lion,
He'd cut is rod off in the forge,
So he used a red-hot iron.

And so the ball was over,
They all went home to rest,
And the music had been exquisite,
But the fucking was the best.

®IP5, "As "The Ball of Kerrymuir," this is in Paul Woodford's large compendium, "Hash Songs II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994).

[K]

It is only appropriate to include one version of this well-known quatrain ballad from Scotland. It was posted to the newsgroup rec.music.folk on June 22, 1994, by Joseph C Fineman <jcf@world.std.com> as learned in Scotland in 1959. Fineman noted, "The song usually goes by the title of 'The Ball of Kirriemuir' (or 'Ballynoor'). The first stanza goes

:

"Four and twenty virgins [or maidens] cam doon frae Inverness,
And when the ba' wis over there wis four and twenty less.

"The chorus is usually something like

:

"Singing, wha'll do ye this nicht, wha'll do ye noo?

The ane that had ye last nicht, he canna do ye noo.

"The number of stanzas is effectively
infinite.... The last stanza in a session
is usually

:

"When the ba' was over, they put it to the test:

Of a' the fucking goings-on, the fucking was the best.

"

There are numerous analogues to this quatrain ballad. See, for example, Simpson, pp. 638-639; and Volume III of *The Harp of Caledonia* (Printed and Published by E. Khull, Glasgow: 1819), pp. 337-341, which offers "The Worton Wedding"; sung to the tune "Dainty Davey";:

O' Sic a weddin' I've been at!

And O! what cap'rin' fightin' vap'rin'!

Priest and clerk, ad a' got drunk --

Rare doings then war there:

The Thuirsbys lads they fought the best;

The Worton weavers drank the maist;

But Brough-side lairds bang'd a' the rest,

For braggin' o' their gear,

And singing', --

Whurry whum, whuddle whum,

Whulty, whalty, wha, wha, wha,

And derry dyn duddke dyn

Derry eyden dee.

IX. The bride she cast up her accounts

In Rachel's lap, then pou'd her cap;

The parson's wig stood a' ajee;

The clerk sang Andrew Car;

Blin' Staig, the fiddler, gat a whack,

The bacon fleck fell on his back,

And neist his fiddle-stick they brak,
 'Twas weel it was nae waur,

For he sang -- Whurry whum, &c.

X. Now on the midden some were laid,
 A' havey, scavey, and kelavy;
The clogger and the taylor fought,
 Poor Snip gat twa black een:
Dick Wawby he began the fray,
But Jemmy Moffet ran away,
And crap owre head amang the ay,
 Folk say nat verra clean;
 Then they sang -- Whurry whum, &c.

XIII. The best on't was, the parson swore
 His wig was lost, a crown it cost,
He belch'd and hiccupp'd in and out,
 And said it wasn't fair:
Now daylight it began to peep,
The bridegroom off to bed did creep,
I trow he wadna mickle sleep,
 But whisht! -- I 'll say na mair.
 Only sing -- Whurry whum, &c.

The Harp of Caledonia is reprinted on Reel 63, No. 523, of "Sex Research: Early Literature from Statistics to Erotica: Guide to the Microfilm Collection [of the Kinsey Institute, Indiana University]," (Woodbridge, Conn.: Research Publications, 1983).

The melody usually associated with "Ball" is borrowed for other songs. See, for example, the sly quatrain "The Best Bed" in Gwen and Mary Polwarth, Folk Songs from the North (Newcastle-on-Tyne: Frank Graham, 1970), p. 21.

Abby Sale of Orlando, Florida, offered "an anecdote relating to your comment [in Muse II] about the possible actual ball being easier to get started because few Scottish ladies wore panties at the time.

A female friend from the Isle of Lewis (a professional folksinger, in fact) told me some tales of her remote village on that remote island: About 1950 came the advent of Pakistani house-to-house peddlers of whatever-you-need. This was a good and welcome service in the area of no local stores, regular deliveries, public transport or any facility for casual shopping. The peddler, having failed to sell any pots, pans, clothes or anything that trip to my informant's 72-year old mother, finally tried the latest French panties. Mrs M. said no, she didn't need any. Peddler said, well, surely you must, these are brand new in the UK. No, she said, don't need them. Peddler pressed: surely you must need panties. Absolutely not, she laughed, and lifting her long black skirts

clear over her head: "See? I never wear them."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\keyhole.txt

The Keyhole in the Door

[C]

In the second edition, the editor hypothesized that this ballad was originally a recitation, then later set to music. It was a reasoned guess, which seems to have proved true. The Canfield Collection, gathered in the first months of 1926, contained this extended double-stanza text, more a recitation than a song:

I left her in the parlor,
'Twas shortly after nine,
And by some stroke of fortune,
Her room was next to mine.
Resolved, like old Columbus,
New regions to explore,
I took a snug position
By the keyhole in the door.

And down upon the carpet,
I knelt upon one knee,
And waited there so patiently
To see what I could see.
She first took off her collar;
It fell upon the floor.
I saw her stoop to get it
Through the keyhole in the door.

And down upon the carpet,
Oh, what a sight to see,
She raised her silken garments
Above each dimpled knee.
A pretty bright blue garter
On each plump leg she wore.
Oh, what a glorious vision
Through the keyhole in the door.

Fair Doris then proceeded
To doff her pretty dress,
And then her undergarments,

Some fifty, more or less.
To tell the truth sincerely,
There may have been a score,
Of course, I couldn't count them
Through the keyhole in the door.

She then went to the fireside,
Her dainty feet to warm,
With nothing but her shimmy-shirt
To hide her glorious form.
Oh, please take off that shimmy,
And I'll ask for nothing more,
Ye Gods! I saw her do it
Through the keyhole in the door.

Then with my knuckles gently,
I rapped upon the door,
And after much imploring
I cross the threshold floor.
Fearing lest someone should see,
As I had seen before,
I hung her little shimmy
O'er the keyhole in the door.

That night I swam in glory,
And something else besides,
And on her snowy bosom,
I had a joyous ride.
And in the morning early
My tummy was so sore
As if I had been going
For the keyhole in the door.

[D]

A quarter century later, "The Keyhole in the Door" is firmly established as a song. The Indiana University Folklore Archive contains a text from Michigan specifically identified by the collector, Mary Wirick of Battle Creek, Michigan, as a "ballad," that is, a poem or lyric with tune attached. Ms. Wirick unfortunately does not give the tune as sung by her informant, C.F. Wirick of Hudson, Michigan.

I left the parlor early, I think it was scarcely nine,
And by some happy fortune her room came next to mine.
Resolved like bold Columbus new regions to explore,
So I took a snug position by the keyhole in the door.

Then she began disrobing, took off her pretty dress,
Likewise her undergarments, some fifty more or less.
To tell the truth sincerely, I think it was a score,
I couldn't count correctly through the keyhole in the door.

And now before the fire, her little feet to warm,
And nothing but a shimmy concealed that lovely form.
Says I, "Take off that shimmy. I'd ask for nothing more."
By God, I felt like jumping through that keyhole in the door.

Oh, you dreaming men of science, don't strain your eager eye
A-gazing at the planets that daily deck the sky.
But nature has more planets [wonders?] than all the world in
store,
But a telescope is nothing to that keyhole in the door.

[E]

And finally, a half-century and half-a-world away, hasher Paul Woodford collected a full text of the ballad.

The party ended early,
Twas only half past nine,
And by some stroke of bloody good luck,
Her room was next to mine.
And so like Christopher Columbus,
I started to explore.
I took up my position
At the keyhole in the door.
Oh, the keyhole, keyhole, keyhole,
The keyhole in the door.
I took up my position
At the keyhole in the door.

She sat down by the fireside,
Her lily white tits to warm,
With only a nylon chemise on,
To hide her naked form.
If only she would take it off,
What man could ask for more?
By God, I saw her take it off,
Through the keyhole in the door.
Oh, the keyhole, keyhole, keyhole,
The keyhole in the door.
By God, I saw her take if off,
Through the keyhole in the door.

With soft and trembling fingers,
I opened up the door,
With soft and trembling footsteps,
I crossed the bedroom floor.
And so that no other man could
See what I'd seen before,

I stuffed that nylon chemise up
The keyhole in the door.
 Oh, the keyhole, keyhole, keyhole,
 The keyhole in the door.
 I stuffed that nylon chemise up
 The keyhole in the door.

That night I slept in rapture,
And something else beside,
Upon her glorious bosom,
Had many a glorious ride.
That morning when I woke up,
My prick was mighty sore,
I felt as if I'd stuffed it up,
The keyhole in the door.
 Hey!

This is number 87, entered as "The Keyhole Song" in Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994). The last chorus breaks off abruptly.

G. Legman gives a considerable number of citations in documenting a history of this 19th Century British recitation which seems to have survived as a song through the 20th Century in the United States. See his notes in Vance Randolph, Roll Me in Your Arms: "Unprintable" Ozark Folksongs and Folklore, Volume I (Fayetteville: University of Arkansas Press, 1992), pp. 538-544. Legman is at some pains to deny this is a secondary form of "The Whummil Bore" (Child 27).

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\lament.txt

The Whore's Lament

"The Cowboy's Lament" is a familiar American folk song, celebrated for its perfect melding of text and tune. The distaff version, "The Whore's Lament," is not so well known.

[A]

As I walked down by King James' Hospital,
King James' Hospital, one morning in May,
There I espied a handsome young hooker
All wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.
"Come sit down beside me, my own dear sister,
Come sit down and don't mind if I cry.
For the bubos are aching and my poor heart is breaking

And with sad meditations I am going to die.

Chorus:

The beat the drums lowly and play the fife slowly.
Play the dead march as I'm carried along.
Take me to the churchyard and lay the sod o'er me
For I am a young whore and know I've done wrong.

Go send for the minister to pray o'er me.
Go send for the doctor to heal up my wound
And send for the young man that first did seduce me
So I may see him before I go home.
So cruel was the man that first did seduce me
That he did not tell me in time
That I might applied to the pills of white mercury.
Now I am a young whore cut down in my prime.

Once in the street I dressed to the fashion.
Once in the street I dressed so gay.
But it was first to the dance house and then to the ale house
And then to the whorehouse and now to the clay.
Let six jolly gamblers go carry my coffin.
Let six flaming whores go sing a song,
And in their hands carry a bunch of wild roses
So they can't smell me as they carry me along.

An unidentified contributor sent this member of "The Unfortunate Rake" cycle to the Gordon collection, relying apparently on a newspaper clipping from the Colorado Springs Sunday Gazette and Telegraph of January 27, 1924, reporting "Colorado Springs Man Claims Authorship of Famous Old Cowboy Ballad." It is number 3920 in the Gordon Inferno in the Archive of American Folk Song, Library of Congress.

For references to the far-flung "The Unfortunate Rake" cycle, see Laws Native American Balladry, p. 131; and his American Balladry from British Broad-sides, pp. 285-286, where it is numbered Q26; Kenneth Lodewick, "'The Unfortunate Rake' and His Descendants," Western Folklore XIV (1955) pp. 98-109; Wayland D. Hand, "The Cowboy's Lament," Western Folklore XVII (1968), pp. 200-205; and D.K. Wilgus, "The Aisling and the Cowboy," Western Folklore XXX TK XXX.

G. Legman provides additional cites and the only other plain-spoken text of this cycle in Vance Randolph, Blow the Candle Out: "Unprintable" Ozark Folksongs and Folklore, Volume II (Fayetteville: University of Arkansas Press, 1992), pp. 604-608.

[B]

The Dying Whore

This is one of a number of occupational adaptations of a classic British broadside ballad known as "The Unfortunate Rake." While it has been fitted to a number of diverse occupations, including that of a telephone lineman, its most famous setting is undoubtedly "The Cowboy's Lament."

"The Dying Whore" offers the distaff version.

[B]

For 'twas first to the alehouse
And then to the dance house
And then to the whorehouse
And then to my grave.

Chorus:

Oh, play the fife slowly and beat the drum lowly,
And play the whore's march as they carry me on.
And let six jolly sportsmen carry a bunch of red roses
So they will not smell me as they cary me on.

As "The Dying Whore," this text was sent to Alan Steyne, from New York City on March 30, 1926, to Hubert Canfield, and is included in the Canfield Collection.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\largeball1.txt

184. LARGE BALLS

Melody--???

Miss Jones was walking down the street,
When a young fellow she happened to meet,
Was giving the girls a hell of a treat,
Twisting and turning his balls.

CHORUS: But they were large balls, large balls,
Twice as heavy as lead (cha, cha),
And with two twists of his muscular wrists,
He threw them right over his head.
(Sera-aboom, sera-aboom, sera-aboom boom boom)

A policeman to the scene was called,
He said, "A lesson'll have to be taught,
Because it's certain that no one ought,
To be twisting and turning his balls."

The prisoner standing in the dock,
He gave the judge a hell of a shock,
Insisting on showing the jury his cock,
And twisting and turning his balls.

The judge he said, "The case is clear,
The fine will be a pint of beer,

For any young bugger that comes in here,
Twisting and turning his balls."

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\lusty2.txt

Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, to Cray, 6/22/96, as sung in SCA and Renaissance Fair circles:

Lusty Young Smith

(This is the version common in Ansteorra.)

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

CHORUS

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,
Unto the young damsel's forge they did go.
They stripped to go to it, 'twas hot work and hot weather.
She kindled the fire and she soon made him glow.

CHORUS

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 I am now ready my skill for to show.

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

Six times did his iron, by vigorous heating,
Grow soft in her forge in a minute or so,
And ere it were hard and yet heating and beating,
But the more it were soft, it did harden more slow.

CHORUS

The smith then would go, left the maid full of sorrow.
Oh, what would I give could my husband do so.
Good lad with your hammer come hither tomorrow,
And pray won't you use it once more ere you go!

CHORUS

Page 16
SONG

Lusty Young Smith

This version I found in "Bawdy Verse, A Pleasant Collection."
(ante 1700.)

A lusty young smith at his vice stood a-filing.
Rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out, in and out ho!
When to him a buxom young damsel came smiling,
And asked if to work at her forge, he would go.
With a rub rub rub rub rub, rub in and out
In and out, ho!

"A match" quoth the Smith, so they went away thither.
Rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out, in and out ho!
They stripped to go to it, 'twas hot Work and hot Weather.
She kindled a Fire and soon made him blow.
With a rub rub rub rub rub, rub in and out
In and out, ho!

Her husband, she said, could scarce raise up his Hammer,
His strength and his Tools were worn out long ago.
If she got her Journeymen, could any blame her?
"Look here!" quoth our Workman, "my Tools are not so."
With a rub rub rub rub rub, rub in and out
In and out, ho!

Red-hot grew his Iron, as both did desire,
And he was too wise not to strike while 'twas so.
Quoth she "What I get, I get out of the Fire,
So prithee strike Home and redouble the blow!"
With a rub rub rub rub rub, rub in and out
In and out, ho!

Six times, did his Iron, by vigorous heating
Grow soft in the Forge in a minute or so;
As often 'twas hardened, still beating and beating,
But the more it was softened, it hardened more slow.
With a rub rub rub rub rub, rub in and out
In and out, ho!

The Smith would then go. Quoth the Dame, full of sorrow
"O! What would I give could my Cuckold do so!
Good Lad, with your Hammer, come hither tomorrow;
But pray! can't you use it once more ere you go?"
With a rub rub rub rub rub, rub in and out
In and out, ho!

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\lustyetc.txt

"

To: Ed Cray <cray@mizar.usc.edu>From: buyensl@primenet.com (Lorrill Buyens)
Subject: Re: The Lusty Blacksmith (fwd)
Status: RO
X-Status: A

>Lorrill:

>

>Would you be so kind as to post the euphemistic songs you know? And tell
>me/us where you learned them? From whom? And the tunes, if identifiable?

I learned them from a tape that I made of some folk records of English songs
thirteen years ago. (I think the records were made by Folkways, but am no
longer sure.) The tunes appear to be original, as I've never heard them
connected with any other songs. I've forgotten the titles, also, but will
post them without them.

The tinker song:

As I was going down the road, at a door I chanced to knock.
The lady she came to the door, and said "Oh, can you stop
And try to mend a rusty hole that's never held a drop?"
Well indeed I did, don't you know I did,
To me right-faloodle-laddy, well indeed I did.

She took me through the kitchen and she took me through the hall,
The servants cried "The devil! Are you goin' to block us all?"

Well indeed I wasn't, don't you know I wasn't,
To me right-faloodle-laddy, well indeed I wasn't.

She took me to the bedroom to show me what to do.
She fell on the featherbed, and I fell on it too.
Well indeed I did, don't you know I did,
To me right-faloodle-laddy, well indeed I did.

She took up a fryin'-pan and she began to knock,
For to let the servants know that I was at me work.
Well indeed I was, don't you know I was,
To me right-faloodle-laddy, well indeed I was.

She put her hand into her pocket and pulled out a gold watch,
She said "Take this, me jolly tinker, for I know you are no botch."
Well indeed I wasn't, don't you know I wasn't,
To me right-faloodle-laddy, well indeed I wasn't.

She put her hand into her pocket and pulled out fifty pound,
She said "Take this, me jolly tinker, and we'll go another round."
Well indeed we did, don't you know we did,
To me right-faloodle-laddy, well indeed we did.

I've been a jolly tinker for forty years or more,
But such a rusty hole as that I never stopped before.
Well indeed I didn't, don't you know I didn't,
To me right-faloodle-laddy, well indeed I didn't.

The cobbler song:

This is just a little story, which to you I'm goin' to tell:
It's all about a butcher, who in London-town did dwell.
This butcher possessed a most beautiful wife,
But the cobbler he loved her more dearly than his life.
Singin' fol-de-riddle-ay-do, fol-de-riddle-o.

The butcher went to market for to buy an ox,
And then the little cobbler, sly as an fox;
He put on his Sunday-coat and courtin' he did go,
To see the jolly butcher's wife, because he loved her so.
Singin', etc.

When the little cobbler stepped into the butcher's shop,
The butcher's wife knew what was what and bade him for to stop.
"Oh," said he, "me darlin', have you got a job for me?"
"Well," she said, "you wait right here, and I'll go up and see."

Singin', etc.

When she reached the bedroom, she began to call,
She said "I have a job for you if you have brought your awl.
And if you do it workman-like, some cash to you I'll pay."
"Oh, thank you," said the cobbler, and began to stitch away.
Singin', etc.

As the cobbler was at work, a knock came on the door.
The cobbler scrambled out of bed and hid upon the floor.
"Oh," said she, "me darlin'! What will me husband say?"
But then she let the policeman in, along with her to play.
Singin', etc.

The butcher came from market in the middle of the night,
The policeman scrambled out of bed and soon was out of sight.
The butcher's wife so nimbly she locked the bedroom door,
But in her fright she quite forgot the cobbler on the floor.
Singin', etc.

Then the butcher kissed his wife and he got into bed.
"Something here is very hard," the butcher smiled and said.
She said "It is me rollin'-pin," and he began to laugh-
"How did you come to roll your dough with a policeman's staff?"
Singin', etc.

The butcher threw the truncheon underneath the bed,
It cracked the piddle-pot and hit the cobbler on the head.
"Oh, murder!" said the cobbler, said the butcher "Who are you?"
"I am the little cobbler that goes mendin' ladies' shoes."
Singin', etc.

This cobbler's song is related to "Keach and the Keel" -- Cray

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\marryme1.txt

119. WILL YOU MARRY ME? (DUET) ®MDIN`("The Keys to the Kingdom")
Melody--Itself

If I give you half-a-crown,
Can I take your knickers down?
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me?

If you give me half-a-crown,
You can't take my knickers down.
You can't marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
You can't marry me.

If I give you fish and chips,
Will you let me squeeze your tits?
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me?

If you give me fish and chips,
You may not squeeze my tits,
You can't marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
You can't marry me.

If I give you my big chest,
And all the money I possess,
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me?

If you give me your big chest,
And all the money you possess,
I will marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
I will marry you.

Get out of the door, you lousy whore,
My money was all you were lookin' for,
And I'll not marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
I'll not marry you.

®PG-

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\marseill1.txt

277. OU EST LE PAPIER?

Melody--Marseillaise

A Frenchman went to the lavat'ry,
To have him a jolly good shit,
He took his coat and his trousers off,
So that he could revel in it.
But when he reached for the paper,
He found that someone had been there before,
"Ou est le papier?
Ou est le papier?
Monsieur, monsieur, J'at fait manure.
Ou est le papier?"

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\miller.txt

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Sun Oct 19 10:49:43 1995
Path: usc!howland.reston.ans.net!nntp.crl.com!crl11.crl.com!not-for-mail
From: pstamler@crl.com (Paul J. Stamler)
Newsgroups: rec.music.folk
Subject: Re: Old smutty song series
Date: 19 Oct 1995 10:49:43 -0700
Organization: CRL Dialup Internet Access (415) 705-6060 [Login: guest]
Lines: 12
Message-ID: <46633n\$438@crl11.crl.com>
References:
<gifford_p.583.0013D242@lib.flint.umich.edu><gifford_p.606.00135D36@lib.flint.umich.edu>
NNTP-Posting-Host: crl11.crl.com
Status: RO
X-Status:

Paul M. Gifford (gifford_p@lib.flint.umich.edu) wrote:
: First is the miller, down by the mill
: For the want of water, his stones they lay still
: Up steps this fair damsel and sees him in want
: She run his old stones through the sluice of her cunt.

[rest of song regretfully snipped]

Sounds like a distant cousin of "The Ballad of Trades".

Peace.
Paul

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\monk.txt

The Monk of Great Renown

The Canfield collection, amassed in the late 1920s, has a text which seems to fall midway between the "A/B" and "C" versions in the second edition of The Erotic Muse.

[D]

There was a friar of great renown,
There was a friar of great renown,
And -- he --
Married a girl in our town,
Married a girl in our town,
Married a girl in our town.
Ha, ha, ha, shhhhh.

Similarly:

He took her to the marriage hall,
Fucked her up against the wall.

He took her to the marriage bed,
Fucked her until she was dead.

They took her to the burial ground,
Swore he'd have another round.

The friars prayed from eight to ten,
Fucked her back to life again.

[E]

There was a friar of great renown,
There was a friar of great renown,
There was a friar of great renown,
And then he fucked the girl from out of town,
Fucked the girl from out of town.

CHORUS (SPOKEN):

Ha, ha, ha,
Ho, ho, ho.
Horse shit.
That dirty old son of a bitch,
That rotten old cocksucker.
Fuck him.

He laid her on a downy bed,
He laid her on a downy bed,
He laid her on a downy bed,
And busted in her maidenhead.

He shoved it in until she died,
He shoved it in until she died,
He shoved it in until she died,
And then he fucked the other side.

He took her to the burial ground,
He took her to the burial ground,
He took her to the burial ground,
He thought he'd go another round.

The friar cried from grief and shame,
The friar cried from grief and shame,
The friar cried from grief and shame,
So he fucked her back to life again.

As "The Friar of Great Reknown," this is in Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Xeroxed collection, Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

Anti-Papist screeds have occupied British presses at least since the last quarter of the 17th Century. Roger Thompson notes in his *Unfit for Modest Ears* (Totowa, New Jersey: Rowman and Littlefield, 1979, pp. 140, that The Popish Courant weekly reported the (invented) misdeeds of clerics, nuns, bishops, monks and sundry Catholic divines.

"The typical convent, we learn in the second number, is a 'religious coneyborough' with usually an active father at work. Among rare sights, one of the rarest is a chaste nun, and the stews are 'more chaste, sober and modest than some monasteries.' The secular priests, says No. 6, 'keep Misses, Concubines and Common Strumpets... and the Devil has given them Nephews in abominable abundance.' The law of Sweden that all priests caught in the act shall be gelded 'strikes sad thought into our Nunneries.'" And so on.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\movingfa1.txt

288. THEY'RE MOVING FATHER'S GRAVE
Melody--I Wish I Were an Oscar Meyer Weiner

They're moving father's grave to build a sewer,
They're moving it regardless of expense,
They're moving his remains to lay down shithouse drains,
To satisfy some nearby residents.

Now, what's the use of having a religion?
For when you die your troubles never cease,
When some high-society twit needs a pipeline for his
 shit,
They won't let poor father rest in peace.

My father in his life was ne'er a quitter,
I'm sure that he'll not be a quitter now,
He'll put on a white sheet and haunt the shithouse seat,
And he'll only let them shit when he'll allow.

Oh, won't there be some pains of constipation!
And won't those shithouse bastards rant and rave!
But they'll get what they deserve, for they had the
 bloody nerve,
To bugger up a British workman's grave.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\mrspuggy1.txt

147. MRS. PUGGY-WUGGY
Melody--???

Mrs. Puggy-Wuggy has a square cut punt,
Not a punt cut square,
Just a square cut punt.
It's round in the stern and blunt in the front,
Mrs. Puggy-Wuggy has a square cut punt.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\mygod.txt

My God, How the Money Rolls In

[B]

"Mother makes brandy from cherries;
Pop distills whisky and gin;
Sister sells wine from the grapes on our vine,
Good grief, how the money rolls in!

This single stanza is credited to the otherwise unidentified Periscope Magazine (no date) in Eliot Asinof, 1919 (New York: Donald I. Fine, 1990) p. 266, but referring to Prohibition. If the stanza was published contemporaneous with the adoption of Prohibition in 1919, it would be the oldest noted.

[C]

My father makes book on the corner.
My mother makes second-rate gin.
My sister makes love for a quarter.
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 brother's a poor missionary.
He saves fallen women from sin.
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar.
My God, how the money rolls in.

My uncle's an artist and painter.
He turns out a beautiful fin.
He sells them ten cents on the dollar.
My God, how the money rolls in.

My aunt is a boarding house keeper.
She takes little working girls in.
She puts a red light in the window.
My God, how the money rolls in.

My grandmother makes prophylactics.
She pierces each one with a pin.
Grandpa does illegal abortions.
My God, how the money rolls in.

My one skin lies over my two skin.
My two skin lies over my three.
My three skin lies over my four skin.
Oh, roll back my foreskin for me.

Last chorus:

Roll back, roll back,
Roll back my foreskin for me, for me.
Roll back, roll back,
Roll back my foreskin for me.

Furnished without tune by Pasadena, California, attorney Roger Gray, a parttime performer at the Renaissance Pleasure Faire. Gray has deliberately gathered songs from various sources, both oral and printed, to present as a "strolling minstrel" at the pageant.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\mygod1.txt

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
By Darwin, and Huxley and Hall
Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog
Can hardly be buggered at all!

The East and the Middle are fighting
Trimaris and others join in
The Dark Horde makes book on the winner
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

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!

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!

Smilin' Ah is looking for people
To travel a long way with him

To auctions in old Persian markets
My God, how the money rolls in!

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!

Joseph of Locksley is Celtic,
Joseph of Locksley is thin,
Joseph 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!

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!

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!

-- "The Black Book of Locksley"

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\myhusban.txt

My Husband's A Mason

Occupation wordplay persists. Writing in 1926 to Hubert Canfield, O. E. Stark of Kansas City, Missouri, noted these two stanzas to "Chicago Blues";:

I ain't no jockey, nor a jockey's son,
But I'll do your easy-riding till the jockey comes.

I ain't no iceman, nor an iceman's son,
But I'll fill your box until the iceman comes.

Stark added, cryptically: "And so on through countless occupations," but giving us no more than this sample.

[G]

From: Darla Eleina Moonstar <aleisha@rocketmail.com>Date: Tue, 1 Jul 1997 12:23:41 -0700 (PDT)

X-

To: bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net

Subject: Bawdy Song

Message-Id:

This is a traditional piece, not a filk, but I thought everyone might enjoy it. It is also quite easy to sing (the only song I can keep in tune to!).

Follow the Band

Oh, my husband's a farmer, a farmer, a farmer,

My husband's a farmer is he.

All day he plows fields, he plows fields, he plows fields,

And at night he comes home and drinks tea!

Chorus:

Sing, hey diggy diggy

Jig a little piggy

Follow the band

Follow the band

Follow the band

Hey diggy diggy

Jig a little piggy

Fall in and follow the band

Oh, my husband's a sexton, a sexton, a sexton

My husband's a sexton is he

And all day he bangs bells, he bangs bells, he bangs bells,

And at night he comes home and drinks tea!

Oh, my wife is a glaizer, a glaizer, a glaizer,

My wife is a glaizer is she

And all day she blows glass, she blows glass, she blows glass,

And at night she comes home and drinks tea!

Oh, my husband's a groom, a groom, a groom,

My husband's a groom is he

And all day he mounts horses, mounts horses, mounts horses

And at night he comes home and drinks tea!

Oh, my husband's a mason, a mason, a mason,

My husband's a mason is he

All day he lays bricks, he lays bricks, he lays bricks,

And at night he comes home and drinks tea!

Oh, my wife is a jockey, a jockey, a jockey,

My wife is a jockey is she

All day she rides nags, she rides nags, she rides nags,

And at night, she comes home--and nags me!

My husband's a miner, a miner, a miner,

My husband's a miner is he

All day he goes down, he goes down, he goes down,

And at night he comes up,--and goes down!

89. MARRIAGE A LA MODE ("MY Husband's a _____")
Melody--Itself
(Take turns leading verses)

CHORUS: Hey jig-a-jig, fuck a little pig,
Follow the band,
Follow the band with my gland in your hand,
Hey jig-a-jig, fuck a little pig,
Follow the band,
Follow the band all the way.

My husband's (wife/boyfriend/girlfriend) a butcher, a
butcher, a butcher,
A very fine butcher is he.
All day he stuffs sausage, stuffs sausage, stuffs
sausage,
At night he comes home and stuffs me.

Jockey/rides thoroughbreds/rides me.

Carpenter/whacks nails/whacks me.

Sergeant/chews ass/chews me.

Airline pilot/bores holes/bores me.

Private/eats shit/eats me.

Postman/licks stamps/licks me.

Bus Driver/drives buses/drives me.

Lion Tamer/tames lions/tames me.

Plumber/reams pipes/reams me.

Pervert/molests children/molests me.

Pianist/tickles ivory/tickles me.

Psychoanalyst/analyzes patients/anal-izes me.

Pimp/beats whores/beats me.

Stool Pigeon/fingers crooks/fingers me.

Policeman/cuffs crooks/cuffs me.

Ropemaker/ties knots/ties me.

Baker/kneads dough/needs me.

Asthmatic/sucks air/sucks me.

Student/fucks off/fucks me.

Lawyer/screws clients/screws me.

Chimney Sweep/pokes smokestacks/pokes me.

Guitarist/plays licks/licks me.

Hasher/runs trail/snores.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

See too the punning in "The Jolly Trades-men" as printed in Thomas D'Urfey's 1720 edition of Pills to Purge Melancholy, Vol. 6, pp. 91-92, cited as well in the notes to "I Used to Work in Chicago."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\neverwed1.txt

Maids, When You're Young, Never Wed an Old Man SONG

An old man came courting me,
 Hey doo-rum down. (This line often done as "Me being young")
An old man came courting me,
Fain he would marry me
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man.

CHORUS

For they've got no falloorum, falliddle, falloorum
They've got no falloorum, falliddle all day.
They've got no falloorum,
They've lost their ding doo-rum
So, maids, when you're young, never wed an old man.

Now, when we went to church,
Hey ding, doo-rum down.
Now, when we went to church,

Hey doo-rum down.
When we went to church,
He left me in the lurch
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man.

CHORUS

Now, when we went to bed,
Hey ding, doo-rum down.
Now, when we went to bed,
Hey doo-rum down.
Now, when we went to bed,
He neither done nor said
Maids, when you're young, never wed an old man.

CHORUS

Now, when we went to sleep,
Hey ding, doo-rum down.
Now, when we went to sleep,
Hey doo-rum down.
Now, when we went to sleep,
Out of bed I did creep
Into the arms of a jolly young man.

FINAL CHORUS

And I found his falloorum, falliddle, falloorum,
I found his falloorum, falliddle all day.
I found his falloorum, he got my ding doo-rum
So, maids, when you're young, never wed an old man.

From Susan Johns, Austin, Texas, 6/22/96, as sung in SCA and Renaissance Fair circles.

This is from Goldstein English recording.</body>

</html>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\nicegirl1.txt

130. ALL THE NICE GIRLS

Melody--???

All the nice girls like a candle,
All the nice girls like a wick,
Because there's something about a candle,
That reminds them of a prick.
Nice and greasy, slips in easy,

It's the surest way to joy,
It's been up the Queen of Saipan,
And it's going up again,
Syph ahoy, syph ahoy.

All the nice boys like a harlot,
All the nice boys like a whore,
Because there's something about a harlot,
That they've never known before.
She'll be willing, for a shilling,
And she'll pep you up, my boy,
But she'll leave you on the rocks,
With a bloody good dose of pox,
Syph ahoy, syph ahoy.

All the parsons like a choir boy,
All the parsons like a bum,
Because there's something about a choir boy,
That would make an angel come.
Roll him over, sleep in clover,
It's a curate's only joy,
And you needn't give a rap,
For you'll never catch the clap,
Syph ahoy, syph ahoy.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\ninetime1.txt

Nine Times A Night

SONG

A handsome young sailor from London came down
He's been paid off his ship in old Liverpool Town
They asked him his name and he answered them quite
I belong to a family called Nine Times A Night.

Well a handsome young widow who still wore her weeds
her husband had left her his money and deeds
Resolved she was on her conjugal rights
And to soften her sorrows with Nine Times A Night.

So she's called to her serving maids, Ann and Amelia
To keep a watch out for this wonderful sailor
And if ever he happened to chance in their sight
To bring her fond tidings of Nine Times A Night.

She was favored by fortune the very next day
These two giggling girls saw him coming their way
They rushed up the stairs full of amorous delight
crying "Here comes that sailor with his Nine Times A Night."

She's jumped out of bed and she's pulled on her clothes
and straight to the hall door like lightning she goes
She's looked him once over and gave him a smack
And a bargain was struck - No more sailing for Jack!

The wedding was over, the bride tolled the bell
Jack trimmer her sails five times and that pleased her well
She vowed to herself she was satisfied quite
But she still gives sly hints about Nine Times A Night.

Says Jack, "Me dear bride, you mistook me quite wrong
I said to that family I did belong
Nine times a night's a bit hard for a man
I couldn't do it meself, but me sister she can!"

From Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, to Cray, 6/22/96, as sung at various Renaissance
Fairs, SCA events</body>

</html>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\northatl1.txt

275. THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON
Melody--???

CHORUS: Away, away with fife and drum,
Here we come, full of rum.
Looking for women who peddle their bums,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

When we arrived in Montreal,
She spread her legs from wall to wall.
She took the captain balls and all,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

A'sailing up and down the coast,
Now here's the thing we love the most,
To fuck the girls and raise a toast,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

Well, off the coast of Labrador,

We took on board a floating whore.
We fucker her forty times or more,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

A'sailing up to Newfoundland,
Each sailor had his prick in hand,
Oh say, my boys, can you make it stand?
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

And when our ship is in drydock,
The whores around us all do flock.
It's every man unfurl your cock,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\oldking1.txt

From Joe Fineman, ca. May 15, 1994

OLD KING COLE

as sung at St Andrews University, 1959

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
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 fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he.
 "Fiddle-de-fiddle-de-dee," said the fiddlers,
 "Merry, merry men are we.
 There's none so fair as can compare
 With the boys of the varsity."

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a bugger for his hole was he.
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his tailors three.
Now every tailor had a fine needle,
And a very fine needle had he.
 "Stick it in and out, in and out," said the tailors.
 "Fiddle-de-fiddle-de-dee," said the fiddlers,
 "Merry, merry men are we.
 There's none so fair as can compare
 With the boys of the varsity."

...painters...
...a fine brush...
 "Slap it up and down, up and down,"...

...jugglers...
...three fine balls...
 "Throw your balls in the air,"...

...coalmen...
...a fine bag...
 "Do you want it in the front or in the back,"...

...bakers...
...a dozen fine buns...
 "Fill those buns with cream,"...

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\oldking2.txt

189. OLD KING COLE
Melody--Old King Cole
(Take turns leading verses)

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Now every fiddler had a very fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he.
 Fiddle-diddle-dee, diddle-dee, said the fiddlers,
 Merry, merry men are we,
 There's none so fair that can compare,
 With the boys of the HHH.

LEADER: How's your father?
PACK: ALL RIGHT!
LEADER: How's your mother?
PACK: SHE'S TIGHT!
LEADER: How's your sister?
PACK: SHE MIGHT!
LEADER: When was the last time?
PACK: LAST NIGHT!
LEADER: When is the next time?
PACK: TONIGHT!
LEADER: How's your arsehole?

PACK: FULL OF SHITE!

Old King Cole, etc . . .
And he called for his tailors three,
Now every tailor had a very fine needle,
And a very fine needle had he.
Stick it in and out, in and out, said the tailors,
Fiddle-diddle-dee, diddle-dee, said the fiddlers,
Merry, merry men are we, etc . . .

Jugglers three--two very fine balls.
Throw your balls in the air, said the jugglers.

Butchers three--a very fine chopper.
Put it on the block, chop it off, said the butchers.

Barmaids three--a very fine candle.
Pull it out, pull it out, said the barmaids.

Cyclists three--two very fine pedals.
Round and round, round and round, said the cyclists.

Flutists three--a very fine flute.
Root diddly-oot, diddly-oot, said the flutists.

Painters three--a very fine brush.
Wop it up and down, up and down, said the painters.

Horsemen three--a very fine saddle.
Ride it up and down, up and down, said the horsemen.

Carpenters three--a very fine hammer.
Bang away, bang away, bang away, said the carpenters.

Surgeons three--a very fine scalpel.
Cut it round the knob, make it throb, said the surgeons.

Fishermen three--a very fine rod.
Mine is two feet long, two feet long, said the fishermen.

Huntsmen three--a very fine horn.
Wake up in the morn with a horn, said the huntsmen.

Coalmen three--a very fine sack.
Want it in the front or the back, said the coalmen.

Durmmers three--a very fine drum.
Thump it right up to the stump, said the drummers.

Axemen three--a very fine axe.

Chop it right back to the stump, said the axemen.

Parsons three--a very fine book.

Goodness, gracious me, said the parsons.

Ladies three--a very fine cat.

Come and pet my pussy, said the ladies.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\peggy.txt

Pretty Peggy

There was a rich merchant all riding one day
When he spied Pretty Peggy all by the highway.
He called to his coachman and loudly did say,
"There's a pretty fair damsel, go bring her this way."

"There's fifty gold dollars if you will comply
All in my bedchamber this night for to lie."
At the sight of the gold, she gave her consent.
So into this bed chamber pretty Peggy she went.

She played with his old boy with her lily-white hand
Which caused every hair on this old boy to stand,
Which caused every hair on this old boy to play
Over hills and green valleys and so far away.

With hugging and kissing he soon fell asleep,
When out of his arms pretty Peggy did creep.
She sifted his pockets of a large sum of gold
Gold rings, a gold watch and diamonds I'm told.

'Twas early next morning this merchant arose.
'Tis raving distracted, they thought he would go.
He called for his horses to take a long ride,
Thinking to spy pretty Peggy down by the seaside.

He rode the beach up and he rode the beach down
But nothing of Peggy could there be found.
Three times he did pass her but didn't her know.
She laughed in her sleeve, saying, "There goes my beau."

Now Peggy is rich and lives by the seashore.

She swears by her Maker she'll whore it no more,
Unless some poor sailor is sadly in want
For the tars of Columbia shall never lack [cunt].

Sent by R.M. Davids of Cross-X Ranch, Woodmere, Florida, to Robert W. Gordon, this is in the Davids manuscript in the Gordon "Inferno" collection at the Library of Congress.
Not clear in this version is the reason the rich merchant cannot spy Pretty Peggy at the seashore. In a stanza missing here, the young lady has disguised herself as an old crone. For a fuller text of this rare ballad, see

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\peggy1.txt

From olsonw@erols.com Fri Jan 23 15:47:22 1998
Return-Path: <olsonw@erols.com>Received: from smtp2.erols.com (smtp2.erols.com [205.252.116.102])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.8/8.8.8/usc) with ESMTP
id PAA26130 for <cray@almaak.usc.edu>; Fri, 23 Jan 1998 15:47:21 -0800 (PST)
Received: from olsonw (dam-as13s28.erols.com [207.172.140.28])
by smtp2.erols.com (8.8.8/8.8.5) with SMTP id SAA04776
for <cray@almaak.usc.edu>; Fri, 23 Jan 1998 18:47:21 -0500 (EST)
Message-ID: <34C92C0C.53C8@erols.com>
Date: Fri, 23 Jan 1998 18:47:24 -0500
From: "W. B. OLSON" <olsonw@erols.com>Reply-To: olsonw@erols.com
X-Mailer: Mozilla 3.01 (Win95; U)
MIME-Version: 1.0
To: "Cray, Ed." <cray@almaak.usc.edu>Subject: Katy Cruel
Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit
Status: RO
X-Status: A

Ed,

[Katy Cruel's sister? The two references I saw to the source of "Katy Cruel" said nothing about music in the book, which, if I recall correctly, was owned by Phillips Barry. No copy listed in NUC.]

English: "Fancy Lad," eight verse broadside, c 1800?, text given below. Copy sent to me about 1969 by Frank Purslow, from Bodleian 2806 c 17 (123), formerly Douce 10. Nancy here evidently works as prostitute while her own fancy lad is in Quod (gaol).

FANCY LAD.

When first I came to town,
They call'd me lovely Nancy,
But now they've chang'd my name,
And call me the soldier's fancy.

[Cho.] Go along, Go along, Bob,
Go along, Bob's a-dying,
Go along, Go along, Bob,
Your fancy girl's a-crying.

I will buy my love a coat,
Silver buttons on it,
I will let them see
I am the girl can do it.

Now when my love comes home,
I will roll in riches,
And I will buy my love
A pair of buckskin breeches.

I for beef and pork,
You for peas and pudding,
Put a clean pair of sheets on the bed,
For the fancy lads are coming.

When first I came to town,
I had not a gown to wear O,
But now I have nine or ten,
For the fancy lads to tear O.

O once I had a bed,
But now I am forc'd to plank it,
Hang and take the jade,
She stole my bed and blanket.

Then in came merry Peggy,
Hang her ragged fortune,
She pawn'd her best blue brat, (sic)
To raise her lad a quartern.

My fancy lad's in Quod,
I am free and willing,
To work by night or day,
And get an honest shilling.

Swindels, Manchester

Bruce Olson

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\plenipot.txt

The Plenipotentiary

Bound into the Folger Library's copy of Festival of Anachreon (London: Printed by L. Holland, 1789), is Songs by Captain Morris, Part the Second, with no publication indicia. On pp. 1-8 is "The Plenipotentiary," a multiple stanza poem telling how "all the nations fell sick for the Tripoli p---k of the great Plenipotentiary."

Each sluice c-nted bawd, who was knock'd all abroad
Till her premises gap'd like a grave, Sir,
Hop'd luck was so thick, she should feel the Turk's p---k
As all others were lost in her cave, Sir.
The nymphs of the stage his fine parts did engage,
 Made him free of the grand seminary.
And the gentle Signeors open'd all their back-doors
 To the grand plenipotentiary.

(Reference to the Festival of Anarchreon courtesy of W. Bruce Olson.)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\poorbut.txt

She Was Poor but She Was Honest

The Canfield collection of 1926 contains two short versions of this mock Cockney song of social protest. One choice stanza laments:

See 'im sittin' in the hopera,
In the front row of the pit,
While the little girl 'e ruined
Trudges 'ome through piles of shit.

</body>

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C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\redflag1.txt

THE RED FLAG

(Tune: "Ø 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 Lified 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 perterbed
For, come what may, full well she knew, The brave Red Flag would see her thru!

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!

_ - The Black Book of Locksley

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\redplush1.txt

181. INSIDE THOSE RED PLUSH BREECHES
Melody--???

John Thomas was a servant tall,
The pride and joy of the servant's hall,
Although he only had one ball,
Inside those red plush breeches.

CHORUS: And he wore red plush breeches,
And he wore red plush breeches,
And he wore red plush breeches
That kept John Thomas warm.

Out of all the servants at the servant's post,
Mary was the one he loved the most.
And for her his ball would roast,
Inside those red plush breeches.

They went for a walk one moonlit night,
The stars were out and the moon was bright.
Things became extremely tight,
Inside those red plush breeches.

They found a stump to sit upon,
They found a stack to lay upon,
Next day Mary sewed buttons on,
That pair of red plush breeches.

Mary had an illegit,
It's face looked like a piece of shit.
And every time she looked at it,
She cursed those red plush breeches.

Now Mary laid poor John a trap,
And he fell for it like a sap,
And now he's got a dose of clap,
Inside those red plush breeches.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\reillysd.txt

O'Reilly's Daughter

[C]

As I sat by O'Reilly's bar,
Listening to his tales of blood and slaughter,
Thoughts came running through my mind
That I might shag O'Reilly's daughter.

Chorus:
Fiddle-eye-oh, fiddle-eye-aye,
Fiddle-eye-oh for the One-Ball Reilly,
Rig-a-dig-dig, balls and all,

Rub-a-dub-dub, shag all.

I grabbed that maiden by the hair,
Threw my left leg up and over,
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more,
Shagged until the fun was over.

There came a knocking at the door;
Who should be there but her goddamned father,
Two horses postols in his hands,
Looking for the one who shagged his daughter.

I grabbed that bastard by the balls,
Shoved his head in a pail of water,
Shoved those pistols up his ass,
Went right back and shagged his daughter.

As I go walking down the street,
People shout from every corner,
"There goes the goddamned son of a bitch,
The one who shagged O'Reilly's daughter."

Rowland Berthoff, professor of history, emeritus, Washington University at St. Louis, sang this at Oberlin College, Ohio, circa 1940; and then in the U.S. Army, from 1942 to 1946.

[D]

Sitting in O'Riley's bar one day,
Drinking whiskey, passing water,
Suddenly a thought came to my mind,
I'd like to fuck O'Riley's daughter.

Chorus:
Giddy-I-A, giddy-I-O,
Giddy-I-A, for the one-eyed Riley,
Rough 'em up, stuff'em up, balls and all,
Play it on your old bass drum.

Her hair was black, her eyes were blue,
The colonel, the major, and the captain sought her,
The regimental goat and drummer boy too,
But they never had a fuck with O'Riley's daughter.

Lack O'Flanagan is my name,
I'm the king of copulation,
Drinking beer my claim to fame,
Fucking women my occupation.

Walking through the town one day,

Who should I meet but O'Riley's daughter,
Never a word to her did say,
But, "Don't you think we really oughter?"

Up the stairs and into bed,
There I cocked my left leg over,
Marianne was smiling then,
Smiling still when the fuck was over.

Fucked her till her tits were flat,
Filled her up with soapy water,
She won't get away with that,
If she doesn't have twins then she really oughter.

Suddenly footsteps on the stairs,
Old man O'Riley bent on slaughter,
Bloody great pistol in his hand,
Looking for the one who fucked his daughter.

He fired the pistol at my head,
Missed me by an inch and a quarter,
Hit his daughter Marianne,
Right in the place where she passes water.

I grabbed O'Riley by the hair,
Shoved his head in a bucket of water,
Rammed his pistol up his ass,
A damn sight quicker than I fucked his daughter.

Old man O'Riley's dead and gone,
Shall we bury him? Not fucking likely,
We'll nail him to the shithouse door,
And there we'll bugger him twice nightly.

Come you virgins, maidens fair,
Answer me quick and true, not slyly,
Do you want it straight and square,
Or the way I gave it to one-eyed Riley?

Marianne's dead but not forgotten,
Let's dig her up and fuck her rotten!

As "One-Eyed Riley," this is Number 190 in Paul Woodford's large collection published in "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994). Woodford gives no indication how the last, incomplete stanza is sung -- or who "Marianne" might be.

</body>

</html>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\riddle1.txt

Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, to Cray, 6/22/96, as sung in Renaissance Fair circles:

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SONG

The Riddle

My pretty maid I fain would know
What thing it is will breed delight
That strives to stand, yet cannot go
That feeds the mouth that cannot bite?

Refrain: (repeat after each verse)

With a humble dum grumble dum
humble dum, grumble dum
humble dum, grumble dum, hey!

It is a pretty pricking thing
A pleasing and a standing thing
It was the truncheon Mars did use
A bedward bit which maidens choose

It is a shaft of Cupid's cut
'Twill serve to rove, to prick, to butt
There's never a maid, but by her will,
Will keep it in her quiver still

It is a friar with a bald head
A staff to beat a cuckold dead
It is a gun which shoots point blank
And hits betwixt a woman's flank

It has a head much like a mole's
And yet it loves to creep in holes
The fairest she that e'er took life
For love of this became a wife!

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\ringbell1.txt

Set by Joe Fineman, ca. May, 1994

RING THE BELL, VERGER

As sung at St Andrews University, 1958

^[S^A D s l t D^[T
CHO.: Ring the bell, verger, ring the bell, ring.
^[S^A D R M D l R t^[T
 Perhaps the congregation will condescend to sing.
^[S^A t R F M D t R D^[T
 Perhaps the village organist, sitting on his stool,
^[S^A D s l t D^[T
 Will play upon the organ instead of on his tool.

Up in the belfry the verger stands,
Jerking his gherkin with his fucking big hands.
Voice from the pulpit shouts "Bloody hell!
Stop jerking gherkin -- start jerking bell!"

Time for collection soon came round.
No one told me what was found.
This is the rumour that I heard:
Four French francs and a fucking big turd.

Down the aisle the choir passes,
Vicar's eye upon their arses.
They have got a lot to lose:
Which one will the vicar choose?

Ocean liner ten days late,
Stoker stoking stoker's mate.
Captain's voice comes down the wire:
"Stop stoking stoker -- stoke fucking fire!"

There in the garage the chauffeur lies,
Vicar's wife between his thighs.
Master's voice comes from afar:
"Stop fucking woman -- start fucking car!"

Down in the kitchen, in a nook,
Cook and chef lie, having fuck.
Vicar's wife from the dining-room squeals:

"Stop fucking cooks -- cook fucking meals!"

I have given the tune in sol-fa above the chorus, with the lower octave in lowercase. The tune to the stanzas is the same. In "Strike the Bell, Second Mate" -- from which the chorus & first stanza of this song probably derive -- the chorus is slightly differentiated, which is a point in its favor. On the other hand, the tune to "Ring the Bell, Verger" has more harmonic interest, esp. in the invitation to use a relative-minor chord at the end of the 3rd line; perhaps, indeed, it is actually a hymn tune.

In the dialect used, "fuck" does rhyme with "nook". In the last three stanzas, the last line was shouted rhythmically rather than sung.

The wit in this song wears rather thin by the end, unless one appreciates it in the proper context:

"...I attended last Tuesday a student-union 'gaudie' (= a sing, from 'Gaudeamus') that degenerated into a fine raunchfest. They know most of our songs & a few more, and have better tunes, & a fine collection of limericks; tho I was able to supply them with a few imports, and -- incredibly -- 'The Bastard King of England' is unknown here. The room was packed; there was much beer; someone put his fist thru a window to let in the night air; and when the whole thing broke up we all paraded down to the pier, singing 'The Wheel' (= 'The Fucking Machine') to the tune of the Doxology while little old ladies peered out of lighted windows...." (From a letter home, October 1958)

11 May 93 14:08

Thomas Apple: >>Scotsman's Kilt Lyrics, "I see you won first prize"

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\ringbell2.txt

280. RING THE BELL VERGER

Melody--Itself

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.

Ocean liner five months late,
Stoker stoking stoker's mate,

Captain's voice comes down the wire,
"Stop stoking mate and start stoking fire!"

Lordship's chauffeur in the garage lies,
Lordship's wife between his thighs,
Lordship's voice comes from afar,
"Stop fucking wife and start fucking car!"

Part-time barman in the four-ale lurks,
Tossing off with erratic jerks,
The landlord's voice begins to moan,
"Stop pulling plonker and start pulling foam!"

Verger in the belfry stood,
Grasped in his hand, his mighty pud,
From afar the vicar yells,
"Stop pulling pud and start pulling bell!"

Old time convict in the compound stands,
His pick lies idle in his hands,
The warden's voice begins to moan,
"Stop picking prick and start picking stone!"

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\rollleg1.txt

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

If all the young ladies were little white rabbits I'd be a hare and I'd teach 'em
bad habits

CHORUS: Roll your leg over, roll your leg over Roll your leg over and do it again!

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

If all the young laddies were cocks in the hay I'd be a hen and I'd have a good lay

If all the young ladies were bats in a steeple And I were a bat there'd be more bats
than people

If all the young ladies were bells in a tower And I were a clapper I'd bang every
hour

If all the young laddies were fine silks and laces And I were an iron I'd sit on
their faces

If all the young ladies were doors of stout wood And I were a knocker I'd bang 'em up good

If all the young ladies were stones in a mill And I were some grain, between them I'd spill

If all the young laddies were coconuts sweet I'd suck out their juices and chew on their meat

If all the young ladies were winds of the sea I'd be a sail and I'd let them blow me

If all the young ladies were birds in their nests I'd be an egg and lie under their breasts

If all the young laddies were merry go rounds I'd mount up and we'd go up and down

If all the young ladies were locks on a gate I'd be a key and insert and rotate

If all the young ladies were pure as they say All the young men would be happy and gay!

If all the young ladies were big wooden stairs They'd go up mine and I'd go down theirs

If all the young ladies were bottles of brew I'd pop their tops with my built in corkscrew

If all the young laddies were bottles of beer I'd give good head and they'd be of good cheer

(more)

60

Roll Your Leg Over (cont.)

If all the young ladies were sweet fruits and berries I'd munch on melons and nibble on cherries

If all the young girls were like fish in a pool I'd be a shark with a waterproof tool

If all the young girls were like fish in the brookie I'd be a trout and get me some nookie

If all the young girls were like cows in the pasture I'd be a bull and fill them with rapture

If all the young girls were like mares in the stable I'd be a stallion and show them I'm able

I wish all the girls were like statues of Venus And I were equipped with a petrified penis

If all the young ladies were little red foxes And I were a hunter I'd shoot up their boxes

If all the young girls were like trees in the fi)rest And I were a woodsman, I'd split their clitoris

If all the young girls were like telephone poles I'd be a squirrel and stuff nuts in their holes

If all the young girls were like diamonds and rubies I'd be a jeweler and polish their boobies

If all the young girls were like coals in the stoker I'd be a fireman and shove in my poker

If all the young ladies belonged to the Ilorde I'd be a yakherd and -never- be bored!

If all the young ladies were singing this song It would be twice as bawdy, and six times as long!

-- The Black Book of Locksley

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\rollleg2.txt

Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, to Cray, 6/22/96, on "Ball" in Renaissance Fair circles:

Roll Your Leg Over

If all the young ladies were little white rabbits
I'd be a hare and I'd teach 'em bad habits

CHORUS	-	Roll your leg over, roll your leg over Roll your leg over the man in the moon
--------	---	--

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

If all the young laddies were cocks in the hay
I'd be a hen and I'd have a good lay

If all the young ladies were bats in a steeple
And I were a bat there'd be more bats than people

If all the young ladies were bells in a tower
And I were a clapper I'd bang every hour

If all the young laddies were fine silks and laces
And I were an iron I'd sit on their faces

If all the young ladies were doors of stout wood
And I were a knocker I'd bang 'em up good

If all the young ladies were stones in a mill
And I were some grain, between them I'd spill

If all the young laddies were coconuts sweet
I'd suck out their juices and chew on their meat

If all the young ladies were winds of the sea
I'd be a sail and I'd let them blow me

(continued next page)

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SONG

Roll Your Leg Over
(continued)

If all the young ladies were birds in their nests
I'd be an egg and lie under their breasts

If all the young laddies were merry go rounds
I'd mount up and we'd go up and down

If all the young ladies were locks on a gate
I'd be a key and insert and rotate

If all the young ladies were pure as they say
All the young men would be happy and gay

If all the young laddies were big wooden stairs
They'd go up mine and I'd go down theirs

If all the young ladies were bottles of brew
I'd pop their tops with my built in corkscrew

If all the young laddies were bottles of beer
I'd give good head and they'd be of good cheer

If all the young ladies were sweet fruits and berries
I'd munch on melons and nibble on cherries

If all the young ladies were singing this song
(--Sorry, the last line is missing. HELP!--)

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SONG

Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, to Cray, 6/22/96, as sung in Renaissance Fair circles
and SCA events

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\rollleg3.txt

283. ROLL YOUR LEG OVER
Melody--Oh, Sally, My Dear

If all the young girls were like fish in the ocean,
I'd be a whale and I'd show them the motion.

CHORUS: Oh, roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over,
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

If all the young girls were like fish in a pool,
I'd be a shark with a waterproof tool.

If all the young girls were like fish in the brookie,
I'd be a trout and I'd get me some nookie.

If all the young girls were like winds on the sea,
I'd be a sail and I'd have them blow me.

If all the young girls were like cows in the pasture,

I'd be a bull and I'd fill them with rapture.

If all the young girls were like mares in the stable,
I'd be a stallion and show them I'm able.

If all the young girls were like bricks in a pile,
I'd be a mason and lay them in style.

If all the young girls were like bells in a tower,
I'd be a clapper and bang them each hour.

If all the young girls were like telephone poles,
I'd be a squirrel and stuff nuts in their holes.

If all the young girls were like gals down in Sydney,
I ain't got much left but I've still got one kidney.

If all the young girls were like B-29s,
I'd be a jet fighter and buzz their behinds.

If all the young girls were like coals in a stoker,
I'd be a fireman and shove in my poker.

If all the young girls were like statues of Venus,
And I were equipped with a petrified penis.

If all the young girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee,
I'd be a G-string; oh boy, what I'd see.

If all the young girls were like sheep in the clover,
I'd be a ram and I'd ram them all over.

If all the young girls were like pancakes in Texas,
I'd be a Texan and eat them for breakfast.

If all the young girls were like grapes on the vine,
I'd be a plucker and have me a time.

If all the young girls were singing this song,
It'd be twice as dirty and five times as long.

If all the young girls were like trees in the forest,
I'd be a woodsman and climb their clitoris.

If all the young girls were diamonds and rubies,
I'd be a jeweler and polish their boobies.

If all the young girls were like little white flowers
I'd be a bee and suck them for hours.

If all the young girls were linear spaces,
And I were a vector, I'd aim for their bases.

If all the young girls wore dresses with patches,
I'd tear off their patches to get at their snatches.

If all the young girls were vessels of clay
I'd be a potter and make them all day.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\sailorla.txt

A Sailor Lad

Probably best known as "The Chandler's Wife," this ballad was widely popularized by both a popular song redaction in the 1950's and a mildly bawdy version recorded by Oscar Brand.

It is set to a tune commonly known as "The Lincolnshire Poacher," invariably identified by the three or four knocks on the table in the third or seventh line of the verses.

[A]

A sailor lad to shore was sent,
A bottle of wine to bring,
And when he arrove [sic] at the landlord's door,
Not a soul could he find there in.

He rapped, he tapped, he called aloud
But no[t] a voice replied
Until he heard something go rap tap tap
At the window over his head.

So Jack he raised his eyes aloft
To see what he could see,
And he caught the smile of a fair young face
And a wink from a bright blue eye [pron: eee].
She rapped, she tapped, she beckoned to Jack
And he could not refuse,
For when he though[t] of her rap tap tap
He could not well refuse.

So Jack he gaily tripped aloft
With pants and waistcoat blue,
Tarpaulin hat and hair in curls
And a buckle all on his shoe.

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

When Jack he rose up off of her
 He swore that she was no whore
 For he knew by the blood on his rat tat tat [sic]
 That she never had done so before.

This fragmentary version of the British broadside ballad was sent to Robert W. Gordon, then writing a column of "old songs men used to sing" for Adventure magazine, by M.D. Little, of Long Island City, New York, on February 10, 1927. Mr. Little and the contemporaneous informant of the "B" version were apparently of the last generation to recall the ballad. Since then, the ballad seems to have slipped the collector's net. For further references, see Malcolm Laws' American Balladry from British Broadsides????????????

[B]

This fragment is included in the Canfield collection of folk songs sung in the United States in 1926, though it is both British in origin and much older. Canfield's unidentified informant or correspondent added, "This is an old favorite of 15-20 years ago at the Columbia Crew Quarters at P'Ksie [Poughkeepsie]."

A sailor boy went out one night,
 To get a bottle of rum,
 And he knocked and he knocked and he knocked and he knocked
 But never a soul would come.
 He beat upon the tavern door,
 As if to wake the dead,
 When sudden he heard a RAT-A-TAT-TAT
 In the chamber overhead.

"Come up, come up," the maiden said,
 "And you and I'll agree,
 That I've the finest RAT-A-TAT-TAT
 That ever you did see!"

[The singer's memory failed him, until the last two lines of the song.]

* * * * *

They found him nursing his RAT-A-TAT-TAT
 In the chamber overhead!

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\sally1.txt

157. SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Melody--Itself

Sally in the alley, sifting cinders,
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man,
Wind from her bloomers blew out six winders,
Cheeks of her ass went BAM! BAM! BAM!

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\samhall.txt

Samuel Hall

[B]

This is worth printing in full only because raucous texts of "Sam Hall" are so infrequently reported. It is from the Hubert Canfield Collection, gathered by Canfield in 1926, with the intention of publishing an unexpurgated anthology of bawdy songs, a project sadly abandoned. No tune or source was indicated on the typescript in the Canfield collection.

Oh, my name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall.

My name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall.

My name is Samuel Hall, and I hate you one and all.

You're a bunch of muckers all,

Damn your eyes, blast your souls, bloody bums.

For I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said, so 'tis said.

For I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said, so 'tis said.

For I killed a man 'tis said, and I left him there for dead

With a bullet through his head,

Damn his eyes, blast his soul, bloody bum.

Oh, the Padre he did come, he did come, he did come.

Oh, the Padre he did come, he did come, he did come.

Oh, the Padre he did come, and he looked so doggone blum,

When he talked of Kingdom Come.

Damn his eyes, blast his soul, dirty bum.

The sheriff he came too, he came too, he came too.
The sheriff he came too, he came too, he came too.
The sheriff he came too, and he brought his boys in blue.
Oh, they were a dirty crew.
Damn their eyes, blast their soul, dirty bums.

So they put me here in quod, here in quod, here in quod.
So they put me here in quod, here in quod, here in quod.
So they put me here in quod, with a chain and iron rod
And I can't get out, by God,
Damn their eyes, blast their souls, dirty bums.

So it's up the rope I go, up I go, up I go.
So it's up the rope I go, up I go, up I go.
So it's up the rope I go and my friends all down below,
Saying, "Sam, I told you so."
Damn their eyes, blast their souls, dirty bums.

I saw Nelly in the crowd, in the crowd, in the crowd.
I saw Nelly in the crowd, in the crowd, in the crowd.
I saw Nelly in the crowd and she looked so doggone proud
That I hollered right out loud,
"Damn your eyes, blast your soul, dirty bum."

So let this be my knell, parting knell, parting knell.
So let this be my knell, parting knell, parting knell.
So let this be my knell and I'll see you all in Hell
And I hope you sizzle well,
Damn your eyes, blast your soul, dirty bum.

[C]

Paul Woodford, then an air force fighter pilot stationed at a number of air bases ringing the Pacific Rim, was a prodigious collector of songs and ballads sung by military personel, as well as those sung by "hashers," that is, cross-country runners who pursued a "hare" in organized meets. The hashers, like rugby players, generally ended the event with a beer bust. (Indeed, a number of hashers are members of the British Commonwealth.)

Of interest is that Woodford has identified the melody for this version of "Sammy Small" as that of the Scots song of rebellion, "Ye Jacobites by Name." That song is probably best known from a recording by Ewan MacColl, made in the 1960s. In short, he has collected the song from a presumably sophisticated, and certainly a knowledgeable informant.

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I only have one ball,
But it's better than none at all, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I shot a man, fuck 'em all, etc . . .

They say I shot him in the head, with a fucking piece of
lead,
Now the silly fucker's dead, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all, etc . . .
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, from a fucking piece of
string,
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the parson he will come, fuck 'em all, etc . . .
Oh, the parson he will come, with his tales of kingdom
come,
He can shove 'em up his bum, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all, etc . . .
Oh, the hangman wears a mask, for his silly fucking task,
What a silly fucking ass, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the sheriff'll be there too, fuck 'em all, etc . . .
Oh, the sheriff'll be there too, with his silly fucking crew,
They've got fuck-all else to do, so fuck 'em all.

(WITH REVERENCE)

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all, etc . . .
I saw Molly in the crowd, and I felt so goddamn proud,
That I shouted right out loud, FUCK 'EM ALL!

Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all, etc...
Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, though it was a fucking
joke,
Now my goddamn neck is broke, so FUCK 'EM ALL!

®IP5`This is number 195 in Paul Woodford's, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii,
1994), a copy of which he has forwarded on computer disc.

To the many tune analogues given in Muse II, add the following:
"Put in All," in Thomas D'Urfey, ed., Pills to Purge Melancholy, Vol. VI
(London: 1720), p. 251, a bawdy song that begins:

A Young Man and a Maid, put in all, put in all,
Together lately play'd, put in all,
The Young Man was in Jest,
O the Maid she did protest:
She bid him do his best, put in all, put in all.

and concludes:

When they had ended sport, put in all, put in all,
She found him all too short, put in all;
For when he'd done his best,

The Maid she did protest,
'Twas nothing but a Jest, put in all, put in all.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\scots.txt

I would like to purchase a good traditional Scottish folk music CD for
> my brother-in-law. He's a minister in Missouri on a very limited
> budget and rarely ever adds any new music to his household.
>
> Please email me privately with all suggestions.
> Thanks in advance.

I'd want to know how you define "traditional" and what kind of Scottish music you want...pipe bands? instrumentalists? singers?

I'm not sure where you're located, but an excellent place to get music like this is Elderly Instruments in East Lansing, Michigan. They're the largest Martin Guitar dealer in the world. Most of their business is mail order. They have a large, large list of CDs, tapes and books that they carry at very reasonable prices [not to mention musical instruments]. Also, the staff would be more than happy to advise you and what would be good - they're all musicians and really know they're stuff. Sorry, I don't have their phone number, though...it's at home. Ma Bell's information, though, would have it. I can't recommend them highly enough.

Just off the top of my head, I'd have to suggest some of these artists/bands (in no particular order):

- * The House Band (several recordings) - from Northumberland (The Border)
This band is wonderful. They sing excellent songs. Lineup includes guitar, keyboards, breton bombarde (oboe-like instrument from Brittany).
- * Dougie MacLean (several recordings) - from Dunkeld Scotland.
He has a very unique sound; he sings and plays (sometimes at the same time highland bagpipes, the cauld wind pipes (bellows blown bagpipes),
australian
aboriginal instrument the didgeridoo, as well as the more ordinary ones.
- * The Battlefield Band (many recordings) - mix vocals, bagpipes, keyboards, guitars and woodwinds. pioneered the use of electronic keyboards in traditional music.
- * Ossian (several recordings) - similar to Battlefield band, but different.
- * Archie Fisher (excellent traditional singer)
- * 'Cilla Fisher and Artie Trezies (sp?) - Archie Fisher's daughter and son-in-law)
- * The Rankin Family - family band from Nova Scotia - excellent
- * Nic Jones - excellent singer - unfortunately only a couple of recordings available - his career was cut short due to serious auto

accident several years ago that resulted in serious brain damage
from which he has never really recovered.

- * Jean Readpath - excellent voice - good albums "Songs of Robert Burns" and
"The Lady Nairn Songbook" (titles approximate since I'm at work) Lady

Nairn

wrote many excellent poems/songs in the late 18th century
(contemporary w/Bobbie Burns)

</body>

</html>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\scotsman1.txt

From Joe Fineman, ca. May 15, 1994

THE SCOTSMAN'S KILT

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.

cho: 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 God 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 they 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 Scot'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
He said, "Lad I don't know where you've been but I see you won
first prize."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\seacrab.txt

The Sea Crab

The Canfield collection, amassed in the first months of 1926 from correspondents across the country, has a variant whose narrative deteriorates into slapstick. Canfield's unidentified contributor attributed this version to "barge men."

[C]

Come along jolly fishermen, we love you very well --
Holy gee, but ain't it cold?
Come along jolly fishermen, we love you very well.
Have you any more soft shell crabs for to sell?
Singing one-eye, two-eye, die.

I grabbed that crab by the very backbone,
And I lugged and I lugged until I got the bastard home.

When I got home Mary Jane was asleep.
So I put it in the piss pot for the night to keep.

In the middle of the night, Jane got up to do her due,
And the God damn sea crab grabbed her by the flue.

Said she, "John Henry! just as sure as you're born,
There's a devil in the piss pot got me by his horn."

Said the old lady, "Put on your overalls."
And the damned sea crab grabbed me by the balls.

Said she, "John Henry, can't you do a little bit?"
And she socked me in the eye with a stocking full of shit.

Now my story's ended and I can't say no more,
There's an apple up my asshole and you can have the core.

[D]

A second, unattributed variant in the Canfield collection provides an alternative to the unexpected "stocking full of shit" line:

I said, "Mary Ann, won't you let a little fart
To blow his face and your ass apart."

Mary Ann she tried and she tried a little bit
And she filled the crab's face full of shit.

[E]

Dating from approximately the same era as the two Canfield versions, a text collected by Garrard Berk [sp?] of Minneapolis, Minnesota, runs under the title of "Musha De, Musha Die":

"Oh, Fisherman, oh, fisherman, I wish you well.
Have you any soft shells you wish to sell?
Musha de, musha die.

Yes, kind sir, I have but two,
And I am keeping them here purposely for you.
Musha de, musha die.

Well, I grabbed one by his backbone,
And I rustled and I tussled 'til I got the bastard home.
Musha de, musha die.

When I got home Mary Ann was asleep,
And I put the crab in the pisspot for to keep.
Musha de, musha die.

Mary Ann got up for to use the pot,
And the god-damned crab caught her by the twat.
Musha de, musha die.

Says Mary Ann to me, "Pat, as sure as you're born,
There's a divil in the pisspot and he's got me on his horn."
Musha de, musha die.

And now, kind folks, my story is o'er.
There's an apple in me asshole and you all can have the core.
Musha de, musha die.

This stage-Irish version was sung by Sergeant Andrew Boyke, U.S.A. (ret.) sometime prior to 1950 when it was contributed to the Michigan State University folklore archive.

Sgt. Boyke, "of Irish descent, enlisted in the army previous to the first world war," Berk wrote of his informant. "He is a tough, hearty and kindly fellow of some fix feet in height. For the past eight years he has been the military instructor at the St. Paul Academy. he seldom swears or tells an off-color story but when he does, there are no holds barred."

The text is now archived as MSU FSMTZ.1 (Folksongs: Misc. Titles: Ballads: Humorous: 20) in the Indiana University Folklore Archives.

[F]

Oh, the goddamn crab, he hid behind a stone,
And I pulled and I pulled till I got the bastard home.
Sing folderol deriddly addy ay.

When I got home, Mrs. Murphy was asleep.
So I put him in the pisspot just for to keep.
Sing folderol, etc.

In the night, Mrs. Murphy, she got up to do her dues,
And the goddamn crab, he got her by the flues.
Sing folderol, etc.

Says she, "Mr. Murphy, as sure as you're born,
There's a devil in the pisspot stickin' in his horn."
Sing folderol, etc.

And just to make sure, I raised up her clothes.
The goddamn crab, he got me by the nose.
Sing folderol, etc.

Says I, "Mrs. Murphy, can you allow me a little fart
To blow my nose and your ass apart?"
Sing folderol, etc.

Oh, she squeezed and she squeezed, and she squeezed a
little bit,
She filled my face right full of shit.
Sing folderol, etc.

This is the end of my song and I'll sing to you no more.
There's an apple in my asshole and you can take and core.
Sing folderol, etc.

Collected by Paul Gifford of Flint, Michigan, from fiddler William Bigford prior to 1982. Bigford, born in 1898, was a lifelong musician and singer. For Bigford's biography, see "Gilderoy," in this "Something Old" section or in the "Introduction" to this supplement.

[G]

This version of the ballad is virtually word-for-word the first recovered, in the Percy Folio Manuscript dated to 1620. As such it presents an interesting problem for contemporary folklorists.

Forwarded to the editor by Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, on June 22, 1996, this version is reportedly sung in Society of Creative Anachronisms and Renaissance Faire circles. Those like Johns who participate in these staged events are painstaking in their effort to recreate the past. In this case, a knowledgeable, though unidentified researcher has located either a copy of the Percy folio manuscript or its recent reprinting. (See above.)

However, that source does not indicate a tune. Thus those in the 20th Century who have deliberately sought to recreate an artificial past have done no more than those who used the 19th Century Forget Me Not Songster as a source for the words to any number of ballads in oral tradition.

If we accept as traditional collected Forget Me Not texts of "Barbara Allen" (Child 84), then logically we must term this later, deliberate recreation equally traditional. Both use printed texts to preserve or revivify a ballad.

In the case of "Barbara Allen," singers apparently knew one of the four tunes associated with the ballad, and needed only a text, offered by the songster, to create song. In the case of "The Sea Crab," the singers have borrowed a familiar traditional tune:

[What is tune of "The Sea Crab"?]

As "The Sea Crabb" [sic], Miss Johns' text is printed in a Xeroxed song collection attributed to Joseph Bethancourt of Tucson, Arizona, "The Black Book of Locksley," p. 73, where it is credited to the unseen "Bawdy Verse, A Pleasant Collection."

It was a man of Africa had a fair wife,
Fairest that ever I saw the days of my life.

With a ging, Boys, ging, ging, boys, ging.
Tarradiddle, farradiddle, ging, boys, ging!

This goodwife was big-belly'd and with a lad
And ever she longed for a sea crabb.

With a ging, Boys, ging, ging, boys, ging.
Tarradiddle, farradiddle, ging, boys, ging!

The goodman rose in the morning and put on his hose
He went to the seaside and followed his nose.

With a ging, etc.

Says, "God speed, Fisherman, sailing on the sea;
Hast thou any crabbs in thy bote for to sell to me?"
With a ging, etc.

"I have crabbs in my bote one, two, three.
I have crabbs in my bote for to sell thee."
With a ging, etc.

The good man went home and ere he wist
Put the crabb in the Chamberpot where his wife pisst,
With a ging, etc.

The good wife she went to do as she was wont:
Up started the Crabfish and catcht her by the cunt.
With a ging, etc.

"Alas," quoth the goodwife, "that ever I was born;
The Devil is in the pisspot and has me on his horns."
With a ging, etc.

"If you be a crabb or crabfish by kind,
Thou'll let thy hold go with a blast of cold wind."
With a ging, etc.

The good man laid to his mouth and began to blow
Thinking thereby that the Crabb would let go.
With a ging, etc.

"Alas!" quoth the goodman, "that ever I came hither;
He has joined my wife's tail and my nose together!"
With a ging, etc.

The good man called his neighbours in with great wonder
To part his wife's tail and his nose asunder.
With a ging, etc.

[G]

This version of the ballad is virtually word-for-word the first recovered in print, the Percy Folio Manuscript dated to 1620. As such it presents an interesting problem for contemporary folklorists.

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 Tarradiddle, farradiddle, ging, boys, ging!

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 With a ging, Boys, ging, ging, boys, ging.
 Tarradiddle, farradiddle, ging, boys, ging!

The goodman rose in the morning and put on his hose
He went to the seaside and followed his nose.
 With a ging, etc.

Says, "God speed, Fisherman, sailing on the sea;
Hast thou any crabbs in thy bote for to sell to me?"
 With a ging, etc.

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I have crabbs in my bote for to sell thee."
 With a ging, etc.

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 With a ging, etc.

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 With a ging, etc.

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The Devil is in the pisspot and has me on his horns."
 With a ging, etc.

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Thou'll let thy hold go with a blast of cold wind."
 With a ging, etc.

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Thinking thereby that the Crabb would let go.
 With a ging, etc.

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He has joined my wife's tail and my nose together!"
With a ging, etc.

The good man called his neighbours in with great wonder
To part his wife's tail and his nose asunder.
With a ging, etc.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\seacrab1.txt

From olsonw@erols.com Wed Jan 28 14:40:38 1998
Return-Path: <olsonw@erols.com>Received: from smtp2.erols.com (smtp2.erols.com
[207.172.3.235])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.8/8.8.8/usc) with ESMTP
id OAA24115 for <cray@almaak.usc.edu>; Wed, 28 Jan 1998 14:40:36 -0800 (PST)
Received: from olsonw (207-172-138-41.s41.as5.dam.erols.com [207.172.138.41])
by smtp2.erols.com (8.8.8/8.8.5) with SMTP id RAA27151
for <cray@almaak.usc.edu>; Wed, 28 Jan 1998 17:40:34 -0500 (EST)
Message-ID: <34CFB3E5.246A@erols.com>
Date: Wed, 28 Jan 1998 17:40:37 -0500
From: "W. B. OLSON" <olsonw@erols.com>Reply-To: olsonw@erols.com
X-Mailer: Mozilla 3.01 (Win95; U)
MIME-Version: 1.0
To: "Cray, Ed." <cray@almaak.usc.edu>Subject: Sea Crab
Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit
Status: RO
X-Status:

A Combat Between an Ale-Wife and a Sea Crab.
Tune, 'Gentleman's Frolic'

I pray now atten to this ditty
Which I here in brief will unfold,
You'll find it is wonderous pritty,
And true too as ever was told.

There was a young beautiful woman
In the town of Dublin does dwell,
And as it is frequent and common
A cup of good ale she did sell.

Her husband being a saylor
Young seamen the house did frequent
Who never in kindness would fail her
Because she did give them content.

A seaman went to the salt water
And there he did straitway contrive
To catch a sea crab, which he brought her,
It being both large and alive.

This delicate sea crab now being
The largest that ever was known,
Her husband and she strait agreeing
That they wou'd not eat it alone.

And therefore their friends they invited
To tast of their delicat cheer
Who was (I must tell you) afrighted
When they a sad outcry did hear.

The goodwife said to her maid Dolly
'Come hither, thou dragletail'd drab,
This night we'll be merry and jolly
And therfore go boyl the sea crab.'

Now Dolly did presently take it
And she being busie, poor soul,
Immediately then did forsake it
And laid it in a wooden bowl.

The maid then was call'd by her master
To know when the crab would be drest;
There meanwhile fell out a disaster
Which is the whole cream of the jest.

The mistress immediately after
When where the poor crabfish did stand;
Having a great need to make water
She took the same bowl in her hand.

Her flood-gates were open and running
As if it had been a full tide;
The sea crab as if then a-sunning
Immediately turned on one side.

Now as the warm water was working
The sea crab did struggle the more
And caught her fast by her merking [-merken, privy hair
At which she did bitterly roar.

Now Dolly a flagon was filling
When her dame received this wound,
Who roar'd out like one that was killing
And frightened the neighbours all round.

As soon as the seamen did hear her,
Good lack, they came running with speed,
But she would let no one come near her
But her loving husband indeed.

The old man he loved her dearly,
He pittied her case, neve doubt,
And that he might see the more clearly
He pull'd his best spectacles out.

And Dolly did then hold the candle,
Mean while up her clothes he did peep;
But O, how the sea crab did handle
Her husband and cause him to weep.

His wife's sad misfortune he pity'd
And kept his head under her cloaths;
At length by the sea crab he was fitted,
Who took him fast by the nose.

And thus they were coupl'd together
That night for an hour or two;
Said they, 'Call the neighbours in hither,
This pain we can never go thro'.

The sea crab lay griping and goring
And with his claws held them both fast
And ther they stood crying and roaring,
The neighbours came all in at last.

The maiden she there held the candle
While the neighbours the claws did unfix
And now they are resolved to handle
This crab for his impudent tricks.

The Tryal and Condemnation of the Sea Crab.

The crab that had caus'd this confusion
And did their choice supper prevent,
The old woman said in conclusion [young before crab attack
Deserved most just punishment.

It was but according to reason--
Since he had done this with his claw--
That night he should lye in a prison
And suffer according to law.

Nex morning a court was erected
And old Mother Widgeon was therre

Whom all the people respected:
She sat in the principle chair.

The old woman spoke in a fury
In order to punish this deed,
'I'd have you impanel a jury
That we may to justice proceed.

The crab being brought to his tryal
And held up his claw to the bar,
His charge being read by the loyal
Concerning a wound and a scar.

A scar he had given the woman
And wounded the nose of the man,
'These crimes they are very uncommon,
Make the best defence you can.'

The old women's tongues they run nimble
And streight for a verdict did call,
The sea crab did stand there and tremble
And made them no answer at all.

The jury came to Mother Widgeon
And brought in their verdict at last,
And guilty he was, they alledging,
And thus the poor sea crab was cast.

But ho, the vast court of old women
At first was not all of a mind
For some was for pulling and limbing
And other for beating him blind.

Because he presum'd to peep under
And fasten his claw on the place
And catch'd the man's nose to a wonder
Creating shame and disgrace.

They in their judgement was confounded
But yet at the length they agree,
Which was: that the crab should be drowned--
And streight he was thrown into the sea.

[from Hugh Shields' 'Old Dublin Songs', 1988. Sheilds suggested
also a related tune "Moll Roe".

Bruce Olson

X:1

T:The Gentleman's Frolic (The Rant)

L:1/8
M:9/8
K:G
GAG GFE FED|GFG AGA B2c|ded dBG AFD|EFG AFD G2|]

X:2
T:Untitled- (Moll Roe in the Morning)
N:A. Bland's score for 'The Poor Soldier', 1783
N:excess (chorus part) omitted

L:1/8
M:9/8
K:E
B|e e e f g e d c B|e e e f d B B2 .a|g f e f g e d c B|\
c A c B G E E2|]

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\sevenold.txt

Seven Old Ladies

[B]

Chorus:

Oh dear, what can the matter be?

Seven old ladies locked in the lava'try,

They were there from Sunday to Saturd'y,

Nobody knew they were there.

They said they were going to have tea with the Vicar,

They went in together, they thought it was quicker,

But the lavat'ry door was a bit of a sticker,

And the Vicar had tea all alone.

The first was the wife of a deacon in Dover,

And thought she was known as a bit of a rover,

She liked it so much she thought she'd stay over,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs Bickle,
She found herself in a desperate pickle,
Shut in a pay booth, she hadn't a nickel,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter,
She went in to pass some superfluous water,
She pulled on the chain and the rising tide caught her,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Abigail Humphrey,
Who settled inside to make herself comfy,
And then she found out she could not get her bum free,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Pamela Mason,
She couldn't wait so she used the basin,
And that was the water I washed my face in,
I didn't know she was there.

The next old lady was Elizabeth Spender,
Who was doing all right till a vagrant suspender,

Got all twisted up in her feminine gender,
And nobody knew she was there.

The last was a lady named Jennifer Trim,
She only sat down on a personal whim,
But she somehow got pinched 'twixt the cup and the brim,
And nobody knew she was there.

But another old lady was Mrs McBligh,
Went in with a bottle of booze on the sly,
She jumped on the seat and fell in with a cry,
And nobody knew she was there.

This version of the ballad was sent by Charles Baumerich, self-described as "the unofficial Song Master of the Hash House Harriers, the international Drinking Club with a Running Problem". Like his friend and colleague Paul Woodford, Baumerich has compiled what he describes as "a fairly extensive collection of bawdy songs (400+) on the WWW at

<http://www.usa.net/~zippy/songtoc1.html>

.

[C]

Chorus:
Oh dear, what can the matter be?
Seven old ladies locked in the lavat'ry,
They were there from Sunday to Saturd'y,
Nobody knew they were there.

They said they were going to have tea with the Vicar,
They went in together, they thought it was quicker,

But the lavat'ry door was a bit of a sticker,
And the Vicar had tea all alone.

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But another old lady was Mrs. McBligh,
Went in with a bottle of booze on the sly,
She jumped on the seat and fell in with a cry,
And nobody knew she was there.

As "Seven Old Ladies," this is number 159 in Paul Woodford's "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994). Woodford and Baumerich are friends and frequent correspondents, sharing texts for their song books. This would explain the similarity of their versions perhaps.

[D]

This pastiche of verses was sent to the editor by electronic mail on March 26, 1997. Inadvertantly the name of the correspondent has been lost, but those of his/her sources remain identified by first name. As with all texts, it is sung to the melody of "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be."

Stephen's:

The next one was old Mrs Humphrey

.
She was there so cosy and comfy
.
She was there cause she couldn't get her bum free
.
Nobody new she was there

The next one was old Mrs Trigger

.
She went there to escape from the Vicar
.
She was quick but the Vicar was quicker
.
Nobody knew she was there.

The first woman's name was Elizabeth Bender

.
She went there to fasten her left leg suspender.

She got it mixed up in the feminine gender

.
Oh, what a sordid affair

.

Bill's:

The second old lady was old Mrs Bridget

.
She'd three cups of tea and started to fidget
.
She went up the stairs just in order to ditch it,
And nobody knew she was there.

Particia's:

Next in was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter
,
Who had to relieve herself of superfluous water
.
She was doing just fine until a high tide caught her
,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was fat Mrs. Humphrey
,
Plunked herself down and got real comfy.

Then got caught in the seat and could not get her bum free
,
And nobody knew she was there.

The fourth to go in was poor Mrs. Frickle
,
Who found herself caught in a terrible pickle
.
She needed to go but could not do a trickle
,
And nobody knew she was there.

"Praetorius":

The second one's name was Georgina Porter.
She was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter.
She only went in to pass overdue water,
And nobody knew she was there.

The Third one's name was Dorothy Humphrey
.
She only went in to make herself comfy
.
But then she found that she could not get her bum free.
And nobody knew she was there.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\sheep.txt

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Fri Jun 14 09:44:21 1996
Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP
id JAA21844 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Fri, 14 Jun 1996 09:44:17 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with
UUCP id MAA26079; Fri, 14 Jun 1996 12:43:30 -0400 (EDT)
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)
id AA02998; 14 Jun 96 00:18:24 -0500
From: sjohns@mail.utexas.edu (Elaine Rien)
Date: Thu, 13 Jun 1996 13:25:46 -0500
X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Subject: Re: Sheep song question + "Hitler, He Only Had One Ball"
Message-Id: <199606131825.NAA05017@smtp.utexas.edu>
X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

>

> Is anyone familiar with a song containing the lyric "I need another
>lover, no, not my brother, mother! I need a sheep to keep me warm through
>the night..."?

>

I know it as the Trimarian Sheep Song done to the tune of Scotland the Brave
I've also heard it refered to as Scotland Depraved

*

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
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!

Bring me my dear old sister
Oh God! How I've missed her
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!
Bring me my dear Aunt Mary
Oh God! She's so damn hairy
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!

Bring me my dear grandmother
I'd wish for none the other
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!
I need a lover, mother
You'll do if there's no other
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!

(bridge) Sheep never talk about it
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!

*

Susan Johns a.k.a. Elaine Rien Austin, Tx\Bryn Gwlad, Ansteorra
"I don't suffer from insanity, I enjoy every minute of it"

— —

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To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net

— —

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

```
|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net
```

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Fri Jun 14 09:44:34 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP

id JAA21880 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Fri, 14 Jun 1996 09:44:32 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with UUCP id MAA26167; Fri, 14 Jun 1996 12:44:12 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)

```
id AA02998; 14 Jun 96 00:18:28 -0500
```

From: c4winds@teleport.com (Clan of the Four Winds)

Date: Thu, 13 Jun 1996 12:13:50 -0700

X-To: bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net

Subject: Re: Sheep song question + "Hitler, He Only Had One Ball"

Message-Id: <199606131911.MAA29261@desiree.teleport.com>

X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Precedence: bulk

Status: R0

X-Status:

>

```
> Is anyone familiar with a song containing the lyric "I need another
>lover, no, not my brother, mother! I need a sheep to keep me warm through
>the night..."?
```

Hmm, the version I've heard (but can't seem to get my hands on) is Scotland's Depraved (or Scotland is Bi,one of the two)" HAndcuffed my brother, mother. I want another lover...." and it degenerates from there... If anyone has this I want it badly

Charlene

--

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--

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Sun Jun 16 09:59:19 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP

id JAA11468 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Sun, 16 Jun 1996 09:59:18 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with UUCP id MAA14386; Sun, 16 Jun 1996 12:58:25 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)

id AA03126; 16 Jun 96 04:37:22 -0500

From: kay.shapero@salata.com (Kay Shapero)

Date: 15 Jun 96 09:03:44 -0800

X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Subject: Sheep song question

Message-Id: <380_9606151502@salata.com>

X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Precedence: bulk

Status: RO

X-Status:

t> Is anyone familiar with a song containing the lyric "I need
t>another
t>lover, no, not my brother, mother! I need a sheep to keep me
t>warm through
t>the night..."?

Not quite, though it sounds a bit like Scotland's Depraved:
SCOTLAND'S DEPRAVED

Words: miscellaneous and anonymous Scots of many nationalities
of the College of St. Golias
Tune: the first verse of Scotland the Brave

[the final verse (not written) is nothing more than a series of
"baa baa baa" to the tune]

Bring out the whiskey mother
I'm so thirsty mother
Bring out the sheep
I'm so lonely tonight
Bring out the sheets of rubber
Bring out the peanut butter
England's forever but Scotland's depraved

Bring out the whiskey mother
I'm so thirsty mother
Bring out the condoms
I'm so restless tonight
Bring out my little brother
I'll have no other lover
England's forever but Scotland's depraved

Bring out the whiskey mother
I'm so thirsty mother
Bring out the grease
I'm feeling frisky tonight
Bring out my little sister
Lord knows I've really missed her
England's forever but Scotland's depraved

Bring out the whiskey mother
I'm so thirsty mother
Bring out the prize ram
I'm so horny tonight
When I'm done with humpin'
We'll all feast on mutton
England's forever but Scotland's depraved

Out in the fields of heather
Bring out the whips of leather
Whip me most soundly lassie
And hear me rave
Down where the streams' a'winding
Bring out the ropes for binding
England's forever but Scotland's depraved

Baa baa baa baa baa baa baa...

copyright? Are YOU kidding???

--

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|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Sun Jun 16 10:01:15 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP

id KAA11557 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Sun, 16 Jun 1996 10:01:13 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with UUCP id MAA14340; Sun, 16 Jun 1996 12:58:16 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)

id AA03125; 16 Jun 96 04:36:34 -0500

From: Chris Croughton <chris@keris.demon.co.uk>Date: Fri, 14 Jun 96 04:52:32 GMT

X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Subject: Sheep song question + "Hitler, He Only Had One Ball"

Message-Id: <Snews.960614.045232.chris.6434@keris.demon.co.uk>X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Precedence: bulk

Status: RO

X-Status:

On Thu, 13 Jun 96, Jeff Mach wrote:

> Is anyone familiar with a song containing the lyric "I need another
>lover, no, not my brother, mother! I need a sheep to keep me warm through
>the night..."?

>

> And, though I've sadly never learned the name of the famous classical
>piece to which this is set, I also offer for you:

It's the "Colonel Bogie" march.

> "Hitler, he only had one ball
> Eva had two but they were small
> Himler
> Had something sim'lar
> And Mr. Goebals
> Had no balls
> At all..."
>

> Hm, I didn't realize 'till now that I couldn't spell Goebals!

I first learned it (in the late 60s) as:

Hitler has only got one ball.
The other is in the Albert Hall.
His mother,
The dirty bugger,
Cut it off when he was small...

However, your version goes with Rafe Culpin's "Lord of the Rings" filk better, so I regard the one I learned as a local variation:

Sauron has only got one ball,
Morgoth has two but very small,
Saruman
Is not a True man,
And the Nazgul have no balls at all!

```
-----  
| chris@keris.demon.co.uk | FIAWOL (Filking Is A Way Of Life) |  
-----^-----
```

--

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To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net

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|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\sheep1.txt

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Thu Jun 13 11:06:59 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP

id LAA06308 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Thu, 13 Jun 1996 11:06:44 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with UUCP id OAA03034; Thu, 13 Jun 1996 14:04:42 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)

id AA02955; 13 Jun 96 04:21:37 -0500

From: Jeff Mach <td@eden.rutgers.edu>Date: Thu, 13 Jun 96 3:09:49 EDT

X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Subject: Sheep song question + "Hitler, He Only Had One Ball"

Message-Id: <CMM-RU.1.5.834649789.td@er6.rutgers.edu>X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status: A

Is anyone familiar with a song containing the lyric "I need another lover, no, not my brother, mother! I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night..."?

And, though I've sadly never learned the name of the famous classical piece to which this is set, I also offer for you:

"Hitler, he only had one ball
Eva had two but they were small
Himler
Had something sim'lar
And Mr. Goebals
Had no balls
At all..."

Hm, I didn't realize 'till now that I couldn't spell Goebals!

-JM
RU Rocky Horror Guy

--

Bawdy Mailing List

To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net

--

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Thu Jun 13 11:06:13 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP

id LAA06212 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Thu, 13 Jun 1996 11:06:03 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with UUCP id OAA02613; Thu, 13 Jun 1996 14:02:43 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)

id AA02955; 13 Jun 96 04:21:17 -0500

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\thisway.txt

[This Way and That Way]

This is perhaps the rarest of the songs in this anthology -- at least no other 20th Century finds seem to have been reported. It was collected between 1975 and 1982 by Paul Gifford from fellow musician William Bigford of Portland, Michigan. (See the notes to "Gilderoy" below.)

Oh, the first is the miller, lived down by the mill,
For the want of a water, his stones they lay still.
Up steps the fair damsel and sees him in want.
She run his old stones through the sluice of her cunt.

Chorus:

Oh, it's this way and that way and do what you will.
For I'm sure I've said nothing that you can take ill.
So don't be offended, as long as I don't,
For the women all let the men feel of their cunt.

Next is the fisherman, down by the brook,
For all that he lacks is a line for his hook.
Up steps this fair damsel and sees him in want,
She spun him a line from the hair on her cunt.

Next is the barber, a-shaving a man,
Up steps this fair damsel, says, "Shave me if you can."
The answer he gave her: "My razor is blunt."
She told him to sharpen it on the rim of her cunt.

As "Tom Tinker," this is printed in the 1719 edition of Pills to Purge Melancholy, Vol 6, p. 205; and reprinted in John S. Farmer, Merry Songs and Ballads Prior to the Year A.D. 1800, Vol. I, pp. 171 ff. That text begins:

Tom Tinker's my true love, and I am his Dear,
And I will go with him his Budget to bear;
For of all the young Men he has the best luck,
All the Day he will Fuddle, at Night he will----
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

It runs on for another twelve stanzas, only one of which is a parallel to the three above:

I met with a Barber with Razor and Balls,
He fligger'd and told me for all my brave [c]alls;
He would have a stroke, and his words they were blunt,
I could not deny him the use of my----

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\thisway2.txt

[This Way and That Way]

This is perhaps the rarest of the songs in this anthology -- at least no other 20th Century finds seem to have been reported. It was collected between 1975 and 1982 by Paul Gifford from fellow musician William Bigford of Portland, Michigan. (See the notes to "Gilderoy" below.)

Oh, the first is the miller, lived down by the mill,
For the want of a water, his stones they lay still.
Up steps the fair damsel and sees him in want.
She run his old stones through the sluice of her cunt.

Chorus:

Oh, it's this way and that way and do what you will.
For I'm sure I've said nothing that you can take ill.
So don't be offended, as long as I don't,
For the women all let the men feel of their cunt.

Next is the fisherman, down by the brook,
For all that he lacks is a line for his hook.
Up steps this fair damsel and sees him in want,
She spun him a line from the hair on her cunt.

Next is the barber, a-shaving a man,
Up steps this fair damsel, says, "Shave me if you can."
The answer he gave her: "My razor is blunt."
She told him to sharpen it on the rim of her cunt.

As "Tom Tinker," this is printed in the 1719 edition of Pills to Purge Melancholy, Vol 6, p. 205; and reprinted in John S. Farmer, Merry Songs and Ballads Prior to the Year A.D. 1800, Vol. I, pp. 171 ff. That text begins:

Tom Tinker's my true love, and I am his Dear,
And I will go with him his Budget to bear;
For of all the young Men he has the best luck,
All the Day he will Fuddle, at Night he will---
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

It runs on for another twelve stanzas, only one of which is a parallel to the three above:

I met with a Barber with Razor and Balls,
He fligger'd and told me for all my brave [c]alls;
He would have a stroke, and his words they were blunt,
I could not deny him the use of my---

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\threechi1.txt

289. THREE CHINESE CRACKERS

Melody--Hail Britannia

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam,
Three Chinese crackers up your ass-hole,
Bang! Bang! Bang!

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam,
Two Chinese crackers up your
asshole,
Bang! Bang! (and so on . . .)

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\threshin.txt

The Threshing Machine

'Twas way down in Devon that I did hear tell,
I first set my eyes on our little Nell,
She was so pretty and only sixteen
When I ups and I shows 'er my thrashing machine.

Chorus:

I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'her, I 'ad 'er, I ay

I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'her, I 'ad 'er, I ay

I 'ad 'er by night and I 'ad 'her by day,
And I ups and I shows 'er the West Country way.

The barn door was open and I steps inside,
Some hay in the corner I espied,
She worked the throttle and I worked the steam,
When I ups and I shows 'er my thrashing machine.

"Oh, father, oh, father, I've come to confess,
I've left a young maid in a hell of a mess,
Her blouse is all tattered, her tits are all bare,
And there's something inside her that shouldn't be there."

"Oh, son, oh, son, you should have known better,
To woo a fair maid without a French letter."

"Oh, father, oh, father you do me unjust.
I used one of yours and the fucking thing bust."

Six months later all is not well,
The poor little maid is beginning to swell,
And under her apron can clearly be seen,
The terrible works of my thrashing machine.

Nine months later all has gone well,
A new little babe for our little Nell,

And under his nappy can clearly be seen,
A brand new two-cylinder thrashing machine.

As sung to the ubiquitous "Sweet Betsy from Pike," this ballad is reasonably well known in rugby circles, though not often reported. It was forwarded to the editor in October, 1996, by Mike Williams of Devon, England, as sung by Ron Wyman who learned the

song in Devon about 1955. Wyman's version is available from V.R. Products, Axminster, Devon

EX13 6HS UK (telephone: 0297 55303).

A request for information about the ballad posted on October 21, 1996, to the usegroup mailing list bawdy-1 (bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net) elicited a response from Abby Sale of Orlando, Florida, noting of the chorus of "Threshing Maching"

I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'her, I 'ad 'er, I ay

I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'her, I 'ad 'er, I ay

I 'ad 'er by night and I 'ad 'her by day,

And I ups and I shows 'er the West Country way.

"

Some marginal help here. 'The Old German Clockwinder' has no obvious relationship to tune or song but the chorus is:

I toodalum, I toodalum, I toodalum, I aye;

I toodalum, I toodalum in the old fashioned way.

I toodalum, I toodalum, I toodalum, I aye;

Well, I winds 'em by night and I mends 'em by day.

In response to the same message, Lee Billings (lee-billings@juno.com) on October 22, 1996

, replied, "There's a version of this on Michael Longcor's "Lovers, Heroes, and Rogues." The present editor has not heard that recording.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\tinker.txt

The Tinker

[C]

A comely dame of Islington had got a leaking copper.
The hole that let the liquor run was wanting of a stopper.
A jolly tinker undertook and promised her most fairly
With a thump, thump, thump and a nick-nak-knock to do her
business rarely.

He turned the vessel to the ground, said he, "A good old
copper.
But it well may leak for I have found a hole in't that's a
whopper.
But never doubt a tinker's stroke although he's black and
surly.
With a thump, thump, thump and a nick-nak-knock, he'll do
your business rarely ["purely" in the original]."

The man of metal ["mettle" in the original] opened wide his
budget's mouth to please her.
Says he, "This tool I've [we] oft employed about such jobs as
these are."
With that the jolly tinker took a stroke or two most kindly.
With a thump, thump, thump and a nick-nak-knock, he did her
business finely.

As soon as he [Crock] had done the feat, he cried, "It's very
hot-o.
This thrifty labor makes me sweat. Give me a cooling pot-o."
Says she, "Bestow the other stroke before you take your
farewell
With a thump, thump, thump and a nick-nak-knock and you may
drink a barrel."

This is an intermediate form between the Child ballad and the modern song about a
tinker "lashing piss against the wall." Published in Thomas D'Urfey's 1720 edition
of Pills to Purge Melancholy, Vol VI, p. 296, its original title(s) was "The
Traveling Tinker, and the Country Ale-Wife; or The Lucky Mending of the Leaky
Copper."

- Until recently, it was believed to have fallen from oral tradition.
As "The Jolly Tinker" however, this has enjoyed a resurrection in popularity,
sung by strolling players and entertainers at Southern California's Renaissance

Pleasure Faires. It was furnished in 1994 by Roger Gray, a Pasadena, California, attorney, who moonlights during summer months as one of these traveling minstrels, wearing authentic costume and singing these old ballads.

Gray learned the song from a tape recording made prior to 1990. (See too his versions of "The Baffled Knight" and "The Trooper and the Maid," below.)

It is interesting to note the working of oral/aural transmission even when, as in this instance, the singer is deliberately seeking to preserve or recreate the archaic.

In particular, incomprehensible words -- the last stanza's "crock," dialect for a metal pot -- shift to the understandable.

Legman asserts that Robert Burns' "Clout the Cauldron" is the direct antecedent to "The Tinker" here. In fact, the Burns song itself is descended from "The Tinker" as printed in Merry Drollery of 1661, p. 134; and reprinted in John S. Farmer's Merry Songs and Ballads, Vol. I, pp. 142-147. That same volume, pp. 41-46, reprints the more likely progenitor of the modern bawdy song, "Room for a Jovial Tinker: Old Brass to Mend," from the Roxburghe Ballads, Vol. III, p. 230.

[D]

This is a rather more modern version, sent in an e-mail by Marc Ortlieb on June 15, 1996, with the following note:

"Damned if I can remember where this one came from. It's to the tune of "Ghost Riders in the Sky." I vaguely remember singing it to fans in Birmingham, Alabama, when I was over that way in 1981.

"

The editor has inserted punctuation.

A lady in a carriage was returning from a ball

,

When she came upon a tinker pissing up against the wall

.

Chorus

:

With his one long kidney wiper

,

And his balls as big as three

,

And a yard and a half of foreskin

Hanging down below his knee

.

(Add on alternate choruses)

Hanging low

,

Swinging free

,

With a yard and a half of foreskin

Hanging down below his knee

.

She dismounted from her carriage and to him she did say

,

"I'd rather have a tinker than a vicar any day

."

Chorus

Well, he mounted up his thoroughbred and to the hall did ride

With his prick upon the pommel and a ball on either side

.

Chorus

He dismounted from his thoroughbred and strode into the hall

.

"God help us!" cried the butler. "He's come to fuck us all!"

Chorus

Well, he fucked the fair young lady and he fucked the servants all

But the bumming of the butler was the bottler of them all.

Chorus

[E]

Similarly, version this from Air Force and hasher circles is sung to the same popular song melody, "Ghost Riders in the Sky." A headnote advises the singers "take turns leading verses." The chorus, with its "syphil-i-o, syphil-i-a" directly parodies "yippie-i-o, yippie-i-a" of the original song.

The lady of the manor
Was dressing for the ball (for the ball, for the ball),
When she spied a tinker,
Pissing up against the wall (against the wall, against the wall).

CHORUS:

With his great big kidney wiper,
And his balls the size of three,
And a yard and a half of foreskin (fiveskin, sixskin)
Hanging down below his knees.
Syphil-I-O, syphil-I-A,
Muff divers in the sky.

The lady wrote a letter,
And in it she did say,
"I'd rather be fucked by you, sir,
Then his lordship any day."

The tinker got the letter,
And then it he did read,
His balls began to fester,
And his prick began to bleed.

He mounted on his donkey,
And he rode up to the strand,
His balls across his shoulders,
And his penis in his hand.

He rode up to the mansion,
The rode up to the hall,
The butler cried, "God save us!
He's come to fuck us all!"

He fucked the cook in the kitchen,
He fucked the maid in the hall,
And then he fucked the butler,
The dirtiest trick of all.

And then he fucked the mistress,
In ten minutes she was dead,
With a yard and a half of foreskin,
Hanging round her head.

The tinker is now dead, sir,
They say he's gone to hell,
And there he fucks the devil,
I hope he fucks him well.

This is from Paul Woodford's large anthology of "Hash Hymns II," gathered while on tours of duty with the air force around the Pacific Basin, and published by Xerox in Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994.

The Tinker II

Mature reflection suggests that this is a secondary version of "The Tinker" rather than a variant of "The Tinker" as published in the second edition of The Erotic Muse.

Oh, there was a little tinker and he came from France;
He came to America to fiddle, fuck, and dance
 With his long, lean liver,
 Kidney-wash and baby maker
 Hanging to his knees.

The ship that he came over on, the women were but few.
So first he fucked the captain and then he fucked the crew
 With his long, etc.

The little tinker died and he went to hell;
He swore he'd fuck the Devil if he didn't treat him well.
 With his long, etc.

"How do you do, Mr. Devil; God bless you to your soul.
Let me exercise my pecker in your hairy ass hole."
 With his long, etc.

Then all the little devils went shouting through the hall,
"We'd better get him out of here before he fucks us all!"
 With his long, etc.

J. Kenneth Larson's "Barnyard" typescript credits this to an otherwise unidentified Phenoi Deschamps. It was collected on southwestern Idaho sometime between 1920 and 1952.

It is unusual, in that it owes something to "The Farmer's Cursed Wife" (Child 278), in which the Devil makes off with the farmer's wife, takes her to hell, where she so asserts herself that the little devils fear she "will kill us all," and the Devil returns her to the farmer.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\trooper.txt

The Trooper and His Nag

There was an old woman lived under a hill.
La lay-la lay lally-lally-low.
She had good beer and ale for to sell.
Lally-low, lally-low, lally-lally-lally-low.

She had a daughter, her name was Sis.
She kept her at home for to welcome her guests.

There came a trooper riding by.
He called for drink most plentiful-ly [var: plentiful, aye.].

When one pot was out he called for another.
He kissed the daughter before the mother.

[And] when night came on to bed they went.
It was with the [her] mother's own consent.

Quoth she: "What is this, so stiff and warm?"
"'Tis [It's] Ball, my nag! He will do you no harm."

"But what is this hangs under his chin?"
"'Tis the bag he puts his provender [plunder] in."

"Quoth he: "What is this?" Quoth she: "'Tis a well
[Var: "What is this?" quoth he. Quoth she, "~'Tis a well]
Where Ball, your nag, can drink his fill."

"But what if my nag should chance to slip in?"
"Grab hold of the grass that grows on the brim.

"But what if the grass should chance to fail?"
"Shove him in by the head; pull him out by the tail!"

This is a bawdy variant of Child 299, "The Trooper and the Maid." It was, presumably, learned from a book by an unknown singer who then recorded it on a tape recording prior to 1990. The recording relaunched the ballad in at least a limited oral and/or printed tradition among performers at Southern California's annual Renaissance Pleasure Faire.

It was furnished in 1994 without tune by Pasadena, California, attorney Roger Gray, a parttime performer at the Renaissance Pleasure Faire. Gray has deliberately gathered songs from various sources, both oral and printed, to present as a "strolling minstrel" at the pageant.

Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, to Cray, 6/22/96, as sung in SCA and Renaissance Fair circles:

SONG

The Trooper Watering His Nagg
(c. 1707) Found in "Bawdy Verse, A Pleasant Collection"

There was an Old Woman lived under a hill
Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo!
She had good Beer and ale for to sell
Ho, Ho, had she so, had she so.

She had a daughter, her name was Siss
Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo!
She kept her at home for to welcome her guests
Ho, Ho, did she so, did she so.

There came a trooper riding by
Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo!
He called for drink most plentifully
Ho, ho, did he so, did he so.

When one pot was out, he called for another
Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo!
He kissed the daughter before the mother
Ho, ho, did he so, did he so.

It was with the mother's own consent
Ho, ho was it so was it so
Quoth she "What is this so stiff and warm?"
Sing trolly etc.
'Tis Ball, my nagg; he will do you no harm"
Ho, ho, won't he so, won't he so.

But what is this hangs under his chin?
Sing trolly etc.
'Tis the bag he puts his provender in
Ho, ho, etc.

Quoth he, "What is this?"; Quoth she,bla "'Tis a well
Sing trolly, etc.
"Where Ball, your nag, may drink his fill"
Ho, ho, etc.

"But what if my nag should chance to slip in
Sing trolly etc.
Then catch hold of the grass that grows on the brim
Ho, ho, etc.

"But what if the grass should chance to fail
Sing trolly etc.
Shove him in by the head, pull him out by the tail
Ho, ho, etc.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\trouser1.txt

96. ONE-EYED TROUSER SNAKE

Melody--???

Oh, I got a little creature,
I suppose you'd call him a pet,
And if there's something wrong with him,
I don't have to see the vet.
He goes everywhere that I go,
Whether sleeping or awake,
God help me if I ever lose,
Me one-eyed trouser snake.

CHORUS: Oh me one-eyed trouser snake,
Oh me one-eyed trouser snake,
God help me if I ever lose,
Me one-eyed trouser snake.

One day I got reading in an old sky pilot's book,
About two starkers innocents who made the world go crook,
They reckoned it was a serpent that made Eve the apple
take,
Crikey, 'twas no flaming serpent, 'twas Adam's one-eyed
trouser snake.

I met this arty sheila who I'd never met before,
And something kind of told me she banged like a dunny
door,
I said, "Come up and see my etching," she said, "I hope
it's not a fake,"
She wasn't disappointed with me one-eyed trouser snake.

So come all you little sheilas and listen to me song,
The moral of the trouser snake is as short as it is long,

Beware of imitation, don't lock your bedroom door,
When me pajama python bites you, you'll be screaming out
more.

for

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\twamagic.txt

The Folk Process

Page 0PN

The Twa Magicians
(Child 44)

In his monumental anthology The English and Scottish Popular Ballads, Francis James Child notes this story of the dueling magicians is known throughout Europe, in Turkey and Persia, and may ultimately be traced to Buddhist legendry. His single English language text was from the north of Scotland, and was gathered by one of the earliest folksong scholars, David Buchan prior to 1828.

The lady stands in her bower door,/As straight as willow wand;
The blacksmith stood a little forebye,/Wi hammer in his hand.

"Well may ye dress ye, lady fair,/Into your robes o red;
Before the morn at this same time,/I'll gain your maidenhead."

"Awa, awa, ye coal-black smith,/Would ye do me the wrang
To think to gain my maidenhead,/That I hae kept sae lang!"

Then she had hadden up her hand,/And she sware by the mold,
"I wudna be a blacksmith's wife/For the full o a chest o gold.

"I'd rather I were dead and gone,/And my body laid in grave,
Ere a rusty stock o coal-black smith/My maidenhead shoud
have."

But he has hadden up his hand,/And he sware by the mass,
"I'll cause ye be my light leman/For the hauf of that and
less."

Chorus:

O bide, lady, bide,/And aye he bade her bide;
The rusty smith your leman shall be,/For a' your muckle pride.

Then she became a turtle dow,/To fly up in the air,
And he became another dow,/And they flew pair and pair.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

She turnd hersell into an eel,/To swim into yon burn,
And he became a speckled trout,/To gie the eel a turn.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

Then she became a duck, a duck,/To puddle in a peel,
And he became a rose-kaimed drake,/To gie the duck a dreel.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

She turnd hersell into a hare,/To rin upon youn hill,
And he became a gude grey-hound,/And boldly he did fill.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

Then she became a gay grey mare,/And stood in yonder slack,
And he became a gilt saddle./And sat upon her back
Was she wae, he held her sae,/And still he bade her bide;
The rusty smith her leman was,/For a' her muckle pride.

Then she became a het girdle,/And he became a cake,
And a' the ways she turnd hersell,/The blacksmith was her
make.
Was she wae, &c.

She turned hersell into a ship,/To sail out ower the flood;
He ca'ed a nail intil her tail,/And syne the ship she stood.
Was she wae, &c.

Then she became a silken plaid,/And stretchd upon a bed,/
And he became a green covering,/And gaind her maidenhead.
Was she wae, &c.

forebye - nearby

hadden - held

mold - earth

rusty - surly

stock - a "term of disparagement" meaning lacking in vitality or youth (Child V, p. 379)

light - wanton, unchaste (OED)

leman - lover, mistress, paramour

muckle - great

puddle - swim

peel - pool

rose-kaimed - rose-combed

make - mate, consort, match

het - hot

ca'ed - drove

syne - then, afterwards

stood - arrested progress or thought (OED); in this case, perhaps a double-entendre

The Two Magicians

This version of the ballad was collected some 75 years after Buchan's by Cecil Sharp in Somerset. He published an arrangement for voice and piano in his One Hundred English Folksongs in 1916. Sharp's asymmetrical melody, by the way, is a mixture of "John Dory" and the ubiquitous "Lincolnshire Poacher."

O, she look'd out of the window as white as any milk;
But he look'd into the window as black as any silk.

Chorus:

Hulloa, hulloa, hulloa, hulloa, you coal black smith! You have done me no harm.
You never shall change my maiden name [sic] that I have kept so long.
I'd rather die a maid, yes, but then she said, and be buried all in my grave
Than I'd have such a nasty, husky, dusky, musty, fussy coal-black smith, a maiden I
will die.

Then she became a duck,/A duck all on the stream;
And he became a waterdog/And fetch'd her back again.

Then she became a hare,/A hare upon the plain;
And he became a grey-hound dog/And fetch'd her back again.

And she became a fly,/A fly all in the air;
And he became a spider/And fetch'd her to his lair.

Oh, Sally, My Dear

Sharp also collected a song/ballad, which he published only in expurgated fashion, clearly descended from "The Twa Magicians."

Oh, Sally, my dear, I mean for to wed you. (2)
Then try if you must, but don't say I misled you.
Sing whack fol-the-diddle-di-do,
Sing whack fol-the-day.

If all them young girls was hares on the mountain, (2)
The men would take guns and would set to a-huntin'.
Sing whack &c.

If all them young girls was rushes a-growin, (2)
The men would take scythes and would set to a-mowin'.
Sing whack &c.

Hares on the Mountain

George Gardiner and Robert and Henry Hammond, clergymen who combed Wiltshire and Dorset for folksongs about the turn of the century, gathered this obvious descendant

of "Sally." The text is from Stephen Sedley's The Seeds of Love (London: 1967).

If pretty maids could run like hares on the mountain,
They would laguh for to see the young men run a hunting.
Sing whack fol the diddle whack fol the didle
Whack fol the diddle-i-do.

If pretty maids could fly like blackbirds and thrushes
They would laugh for to see the young men beat the bushes.

If pretty maids could swim like ducks on the water
They would laugh for to see the young men wobbling after.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\twamagic2.txt

Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, to Cray, 6/22/96, on "Ball" in Renaissance Fair circles:

SONG

Two Magicians

(There are variations on the words for this one,
the final verse in particular. There is also another
version with a totally different tune, but similar story.)

She looked out of the window
As white as any milk
He looked in at the window
As black as any silt

CHORUS

Hello, hello, hello, hello
You, coal-black smith,
You have done to me no harm,
But you never shall have me maidenhead
That I have kept so long.
I'd rather die a maid, ah, but then she said
And be buried all in me grave
Than to have such a nasty, husky,
Dusty, fusty, musty coal-black smith.
A maiden I will die.

She became a duck, a duck all on a stream,
And he became a waterdog and fetched her back again.
(repeat chorus after each verse)

She became a star, A star all in the night,
And he became a thundercloud and muffled her out of sight.

She became a rose, a rose all in the wood,
And he became a bumblebee and stung her where she stood.

She became a nun, a nun all dressed in white,
And he became a catholic priest and prayed for her by night.

She became a trout, a trout all in a brook,
And he became a feathered fly who caught her with his hook.

She became a corpse, a corpse all in the ground,
And he became the cold cold clay and smothered her all around.

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Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, to Cray, 6/22/96, as sung" in SCA and Renaissance Fair circles:

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\twelveda1.txt

229. TWELVE DAYS OF INTERHASH
Melody--Twelve Days of Christmas

On the twelfth day of Interhash,
My true love gave to me--

Twelve twats a'twitching,
Eleven leaping lesbians,
Ten torn testicles,
Nine gnawed off nipples,
Eight aching assholes,
Seven sucking sisters,
Six sixty-niners,
Five pubic hairs!
Four calling girls,

Three French whores,
Two shit house doors,
And a lube job in her fur tree.

Twelve heinous sins,
Eleven hashers drinking,
Ten tits a-swinging,
Nine S. C. B.'s swimming,
Eight whistles blowing,
Seven long B. T.'s,
Six puffs of flour,
Five frosty beers!!!!!!!
Four bimbos walking,
Three hares a-laying,
Two D. O. T.'s,
And a trail with a lot of shiggy.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\vanessa1.txt

[Error] - File could not be written...

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\vanessa2.txt

From: Abby.Sale@animece.oau.org (Abby Sale)

Date: 07 Oct 94 08:44:01 -0500

Subject: Vanessa

Message-Id: <bdb_9410091621@animece.oau.org>Organization: Anime Central BBS

To: alfred!ucf-cs!bcf.usc.edu!cray

Status: RO

X-Status:

Uu> Thank you for "Vanessa" and for your kind instructions -- which I
Uu> needed. Do you think this is another of the English music hall songs,

With regret, I never learned anything of the song's background. I
learned it in 1967 from the singing of Jenny Aguter (not the actress)
who was then president of the Edinburgh University Folksong Society. I
was the treasurer. Although bawdry was always welcome, this was the
actual annual dirty song night. "Vanessa Picklegin" was new to Scotland.

Internal evidence implies (but certainly doesn't dictate) the song is
Irish: "One night for a jar..." being the common Irish term for a mug
of beer. Occasionally heard in chic London. Also the level of grammar &

non-slang points to Irish. Such a song, if London, would likely throw in some Cockney words or phrases. "The stand in hand," tho, struck me as very unusual. Never otherwise head it. "a hard" is common throughout British Isles.

If you don't have it, I'd be happy to send a tape of my pride-and-joy record, Ewan MacColl's _Songs from the Merry Muses of..._ It was a semi-under-the-counter production in 1962, with full notes and words. (My major interest is the English & especially Scottish ballad. To me, MacColl, although English, is the perfect singer.)

I have Dick's complete Burns, with tunes. Sadly, although he included many Burns things that appeared both in _MM_ and elsewhere, and refers often to _MM_ songs, he left out specifically _MM_ material. Re-publications of the _MM_ never seem to include tunes. Almost none of Burn's poems _except_ the bawdy ones ever went into tradition. Maybe because they were mostly just a re-working of songs that had been in tradition in the first place.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\vicardoc1.txt

200. VICAR IN THE DOCKSIDE CHURCH
Melody--Itself

The vicar in the dockside church,
One Sunday morning said,
"Some dirty bastard's shat himself,
I'll punch his fucking head."
Well, up jumped Jock from the third row back,
And he spat a mighty go-o-ob,
"I'm the one who shat himself,
You can chew my fucking kno-o-ob,
You can chew my fucking knob."

The organist played Hearts of Oak,
Mixed up with Auld Laung Syne,
The preacher then got up and said,
"You've had your fucking time."
The organist waltzed down the aisle,
With his organ on his back,
Then up jumped Jock and hollered out,
"You can waltz that bastard ba-a-ck,

You can waltz that bastard back."

Sweet Jenny Lynd got up to sing,
She warbled like a thrush,
The vicar from his pulpit said,
"By God you're fucking lush."
"That's right," said she, "but I'm not for free,
It's thirty bob a ti-i-me."
Then up jumped Jock and hollered out,
"Hands off, you bastards, she's mi-i-ne,
Hands off, you bastards, she's mine."

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\warranty.txt

Date: Wed, 21 Aug 1996 18:13:53 -0700
Message-Id: <9608220113.AA24015@bliss.SIMS.Berkeley.EDU>
From: Lani Herrmann <lanih@bliss.SIMS.Berkeley.EDU>To: BALLAD-L@INDIANA.EDU
Subject: 19 years old; second try. Still Ballads of the missing parts!
Sender: owner-ballad-l@indiana.edu
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

Apparently I had my other head on yesterday, and composed a lengthy Tome on this subject, then saved a copy for myself but forgot to mail it! So I am condemned to do all that typing again, and have only myself to blame. I quote:

Intrigued, I spent way too much time last night unraveling threads in the strangest places. First, Laws, Native American Balladry, p. 26:

Ballads, presumably of variety stage origin but distinctly related to the fabliaux of British broadside balladry are "The Old Maid and the Burglar," "The Warranty Deed," In the first two, men are shocked to discover that women who seem physically sound are actually wearers of wigs, false teeth, and glass eyes....

and on p. 241:

H 23 THE OLD MAID AND THE BURGLAR (The Burglar Man)
While the burglar is hiding under the bed, the old maid removes her teeth, her glass eye, and her wig. She discovers him and threatens to blow off the top of his head unless he marries her. He replies, "Woman, for the Lord's sake, shoot!" [refs: Hudson, Brown II, Davis,

and 2 LC recs]

H 24 THE WARRANTY DEED (The Wealthy Old Maid)

When the bride prepares to retire for the night, she first washes away roses from her cheeks, then removes her wig and her false teeth, and finally casts aside her cotton padding. The bridegroom flees. His mistake was in not insisting on a warranty deed. [refs: Randolph III, Sturgis]

So the song is a type pretty well known and documented.

J. Barre Toelken (still a singing folklorist, or a folklorist who sings) recorded the "Unfortunate Man" long ago, on Prestige 13023, "A Garland of American Folklore." I think this is likely to be a version of "The Warranty Deed," and my mind's ear insists on replaying Oscar Brand's voice, or perhaps Burl Ives's.

The specific text you cite I found in at least two places: on Arnold Keith Storm's 1984 recording of "Patched up old devil," apparently learned from Keith Storm's father (FSA-18 "Take the News to Mother," probably still available):

As I was out walking down by the seaside,
(It) was there, by chance, a fair dame I espied,
She was tall, neat and handsome, and the truth I'll unfold,
I took her to be eighteen or nineteen years old.

The story continues in 7 stanzas, ending in

Now, come all you young men, take a warning from me:
Examine your Polly from her head to her knee,
Disregarding my folly, and you may behold
Some patched up old devil of ninety years old.

I did review that tape Gale Huntington made for me a couple of eons ago, and some more bits of info fell out: he said he found the version he sang in a journal/logbook kept by Sam Mingo and the tune in _The Clown's Songster_. He proceeded to sing:

As I was a-walking one night 'neath the shade,
I spied a fair damsel all nipped up so grand,
She had feathers and finery and jewels and gold,
She said she was a virgin, yes a virgin,
Only nineteen years old.

Her fingers were a-taperin' and her neck like a swan,
Her nose it was turned up and her voice not too strong,
In three weeks we married, and the wedding bells tolled,
I'd married me a virgin, yes a virgin,
Only nineteen years old.

The wedding party broke up, and we retired to our rest,
But my hair it stood up on end when my bride she undressed,
For a cartload of wadding she first did unfold,
Which I thought was most peculiar, yes peculiar,
For one nineteen years old.

She then unscrewed her left leg just about to the knee,
She pulled off some fingers, I counted just three,
Then she took out her eyeball, on the carpet it rolled,
Thinks I: Is this a virgin, yes a virgin,
Only nineteen ...

She wiped off her eyebrows, and I thought I would faint
When she scraped off her old face a whole cartload of paint,
The she took off her wig, and her bald pate well told
That this was no virgin, no virgin,
Not nineteen ...

She pulled out her false teeth, and I jumped up in terror,
For her nose and her chin, they did come together,
Then I out from that chamber, nevermore to behold
No fair young virgin, no virgin,
Not nineteen ...

So, young men, take a warning, if to church you do go,
Be sure your bride is perfect from tiptop to toe,
Or you'll pay for your folly, and lkie me you'll be sold
For a patched-up old strumpet, no virgin,
Almost ninety-nine years old!

Note that most lines appear to be very similar; the one peculiarity of Gale's version is the little repeated phrase that serves to focus attention on the presumption in question. Second, the tune he sang (the one from the Clown's Songster) is very close to the one I found (to a song with similar structure, though without the repeated phrase) in the girl-scout songbook The Ditty Bag, edited by Janet Tobitt.

I recently posted an attempt at the abc-notation of this tune, which is printed with:

My Lovyer Is a Sailor Lad (from The Ditty Bag, ed. Janet Tobitt)
(n.b. retrieved from sometimes unreliable memory; I can't find the book)

My lovyer is a sailor lad, so galyant and bold
He's tall as a [?flagstaff], only ninteen years old,
And he sails the wild ocean to ports far and near,
And my heart it is a-heav-i-ing because he is not here.

Oh, once he was apprentic-ed to be a carpenteer,

But a sea-faring life he did very much prefeer,
His spirit was so tormentuous, so fierce to behold,
This young man, bred a carpenteer, only nineteen years old.

My heart it is a-heav-i-ing just like the rolling sea,
In hopes that my sailor lad will come back to me,
For there's lots of pretty maidens in the world, I am told,
Especially for a young man only nineteen years old!

This one sounds as if it were meant to be a music-hall showpiece with the exaggerated pronunciation of a comic ballad. Tobitt gives a source-person but little other info.

On the same little bit of tape I had preserved two more (and different) versions, sung to other popular-song tunes. The first happened during one of Jonathan Eberhart's wacky-song 'workshops' at a GetAway (Folklore Society of Greater Washington's annual fall weekend camp) in rural Maryland a decade or so ago. Several voices [I think I know who some of you are!] join in piecing this one (so to speak) together.

To the chorus of "After the Ball":

After the ball was over,
Nellie took out her glass eye,
Stood her peg leg in the corner,
Hung up her [?shame] to dry,
Put her false teeth in a glass jar,
Hung up her hair on the wall,
There wasn't much left of old Nellie,
After the ball.

Comment: this one seems a bit less well-crafted than those previous.

The last (at last!) in this mini-series was sung by a British visitor at a Plowshares (San Francisco Folk Music Center) concert, also quite some time ago. He had the perfect delivery for it: up-tempo and dry. Tune: "Side by Side":

I got married last Friday,

The vicar said it was my day,
When the crowds had gone,
We settled right down
Side by side.

We got ready for bed then,
I got the shock of my life when
Her teeth and her hair
She placed on the chair,
Side by side.

(bridge)
I stood in frank amazement,
When a glass eye so small,
Her arms, her legs, her bosom
She placed on a chair by the wall.

Well, I was brokenhearted,
'Cause most of my wife had departed,
So I slept on the chair,
'Cause there was more of her there,
Side by side.

Thanks (I think) for putting the question that made me get around to getting all this stuff together, loose ends and all. (So: does anyone out there have something to add? The blues version??? Not to mention what Alan Dundes would make of the general scenario!)

(Added to re-posting: I see that someone has contributed a couple of

other good versions, including an Irish one. Any chance of posting a tune to match?) -- Aloha, Lani

<||> Lani Herrmann * graduate * School of Library and Information Studies
<||> lanih@info.sims.Berkeley.edu * Univ. of California, Berkeley 94720-4600
<||> home: 5621 Sierra Avenue, Richmond, CA 94805-1905 * (510) 237-7360

From owner-ballad-l@miagra.ucs.indiana.edu Thu Aug 22 05:57:42 1996

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\warranty2.txt

Thu, 22 Aug 96 08:55:08 EDT

X-Sender: wade@gc1.pmc.uconn.edu

Message-Id: <v01530502ae41c3aa8401@[137.99.200.21]>Mime-Version: 1.0

Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"

To: ballad-l@indiana.edu

From: wade@pmc.uconn.edu (Wade Tarzia)

Subject: Re: A ballad for librarians/plus the "hag" motif

Sender: owner-ballad-l@indiana.edu

Precedence: bulk

Status: RO

X-Status:

>HANDIER NINETY THAN NINETEEN YEARS OLD

>

>

Oh, as I was a-walking way down by the strand

>

I espied a fair damsel so handsome and grand [snip]

Curious and curiouser -- do such songs form a song-type? This seems to be a reversal of an old motif from at least medieval times, in which man (usually a knight?) marries a hag knowingly but she later turns into a beautiful woman because of his honesty in fulfilling some terms in marrying the hag, etc.

Now here our young fella becomes penalized for NOT having

sex before marriage nor insisting on inspecting his bride as if she were livestock! (Honest to Gawd, men just can't win no matter what they do. ;-)) Also the ballad reminds me of _Utopia_, in which the men and women *do* inspect each other before marriage. (Was Moore also reacting to the medieval motif, or an early version of this ballad, I wonder?)

-- yours in would-be balladry
</body>

</html>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\warranty3.txt

Thu, 22 Aug 1996 12:12:02 -0400

Date: Thu, 22 Aug 1996 12:12:02 -0400 (EDT)

From: dick greenhaus <digitrad@world.std.com>To: Jamie Moreira
<JMOREIRA@cox.nsac.ns.ca>Cc: Theresa Kappus <tkappus@minotpl.ndak.net>,

Dan Goodman <goodman@freenet.msp.mn.us>,
ballad-l@indiana.edu

Subject: Re: A ballad for librarians

There are a few other variations on the dismantled bride theme in the Digital Tradition. One, Jimmy Driftwood's Very Unfortunate Man, was quite popular some thirty years ago; another to the tune of Side by Side was current in the British Army in WWII.

dick greenhaus

</body>

</html>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\warranty4.txt

Tue, 20 Sep 1994 00:35:32 -0400

Date: 20 Sep 94 00:32:37 EDT

From: Paul Woodford <72772.2633@compuserve.com>

To: Zippy <zippy@usa.net>Cc: Ed Cray <cray@mizar.usc.edu>Subject: Need Help w/Song

ZiPpy, Ed,

My version of "Side by Side," or the "Wedding Song," has a bad verse. I got this song from two sources (Sharkey Ward's "Jacksing" and a xeroxed hash songbook), and they both have a screwed-up third verse, which looks to be made up of parts to two verses, poorly remembered. I'll include both third verses, Sharkey's first. Any ideas? Do either of you have a complete version of this, or do you think someone on the WWW folksong net could help? If not, I'll put it on the hash net and see what happens.

WEDDING SONG

Melody-Side by Side

We got married on Sunday,
The party didn't finish till Monday,
And when the guests had gone home,
We were alone,
Side by side.

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

(Her little glass eye to follow,
Her wooden leg so small,
Along with other attachments,
She placed on a chair by the wall.)

(Well the shock did very near kill me,
When her glass eye did fall,
Then her leg and her arm,
She placed by the chair,
Side by side.)

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

Thanks and On On,
Flying Booger

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\warranty5.txt

115. WEDDING SONG
Melody--Side by Side

We got married on Sunday,
The party didn't finish till Monday,
And when the guests had gone home,
We were all alone,
Side by side.

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

Well the shock did very near kill me,
When her glass eye did fall,
Then her leg and her arm,
She placed against the chair,
Side by side.

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

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Songs II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\warranty6.txt

From: "Jamie Moreira" <JMOREIRA@cox.nsac.ns.ca>To: Theresa Kappus
<tkappus@minotpl.ndak.net>,
Dan Goodman <goodman@freenet.msp.mn.us>, ballad-l@indiana.edu
Date: Wed, 21 Aug 1996 17:17:39 AST
Subject: Re: A ballad for librarians
Priority: normal
X-mailer: Pegasus Mail v3.22
Sender: owner-ballad-l@indiana.edu
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

> Yes, I'm still looking for A Nineteen-year-old....the song, that is!
> It was suggested it may be a version of a cautionary ballad (thanks
> William!), so...does anyone have a good folklore collection?
>

>
> Theresa Kappus
> Minot Public Library
> 516 2nd Ave. SW
>

The following version of Handier Ninety was collected in 1987 from Fred Redden, a Nova Scotia singer whose repertoire consists mainly of Irish broadside and music hall songs. The second stanza is missing a line, but that's how Redden sang it. I've also included a crude transcription of the tune, which will play back on a QuickBASIC interpreter (see below).

I haven't had much luck finding other versions (none in print), but cf. "The Burglar and the Old Maid" (Laws H23) and "The Warranty Deed" (Laws H24). Redden also sang a song called "By the Bright Silvery Light of the Moon" (text appended) which is in the same vein.

Hope this helps

Cheers
Jamie Moreira

HANDIER NINETY THAN NINETEEN YEARS OLD

Oh, as I was a-walking way down by the strand
I espied a fair damsel so handsome and grand
She had buckles and brooches of silver and gold
Says I, "Now what a dandy, and only nineteen years old"

Well, I courted her truly in two weeks we were wed
In two weeks we were married and the wedding bells tolled
I'd married me a dandy only nineteen years old

Well, the wedding being over we retired to rest
You can bet I was astounded when my wife did undress
Such an armload of paddings as my wife did unfold
Says I, "Now what a dandy, and only nineteen years old"

Well, she took off her cork leg right off to her knee
She unbuttoned her fingers until I counted three
Then she plucked out her glass eye on the floor it did roll
Says I, "Now what a dandy, and only nineteen years old"

Well, she took off her eyebrows, I thought I would faint
She took from her face a good bucket of paint
Then she took off her wig and her bald head soon told
She was handier ninety than to nineteen years old

Now, come all you young fellows when courting you go
Examine your true love from her head to her toe
For if you don't do it, you're bound to be sold
To a patched up old geyser about ninety years old

[The following "program," run through a QuickBASIC interpreter,
will play a rough approximation of the tune. The shape of the
melody is accurate but, as sung by Redden, the tune has more of a
dotted rhythm. To play, cut and paste the following lines into
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not work with BASIC or BASICA interpreters.

Also, don't remove the apostrophe's in front of the first three
lines -- they instruct the interpreter to ignore the line.

Bear in mind that tempo may be affected by the clock speed of the
machine you are using: I wrote this out on a very old and slow
machine so playing back on a 386 or better may require
adjustment. To do so, reduce the first value -- "T100" (i.e.
Tempo 100 bpm) -- of the opening PLAY line. The tune should be sung
moderate to moderately slow.]

-----CUT AFTER THIS LINE-----

'Tune to "Nineteen Years Old" as sung by
'Fred Redden, Elmsvale, Nova Scotia, July 1987

'To play, import into QBASIC and press <F5>PLAY
"T10002L16CEL8GEGCEL16DEL8FD01B02L4C"
PLAY "L8G03CCC02FEL16EFL8AAA02L4G"
PLAY "L8G03CCC02FEL16EFL8AAAL4A"
PLAY "L16EFL8GEL16GGL8CEL16DEL8FD01B02L4C"

-----CUT ABOVE THIS LINE-----

BY THE BRIGHT SILVERY LIGHT OF THE MOON

It was one evening in Roscrae, in the merry month of May,
When the roses and the heather were in bloom,
A young lady passed me by and she gave me the glad eye
By the bright silvery light of the moon.

Well, I got an awful fright; it was true-love at first sight,
And I thought I couldn't marry her too soon.

We got married right away in the abbey near Roscrae,
By the bright silvery light of the moon.

Well, it started getting late and she asked me for to wait,
And when I got up to the door of her bedroom.
Well, there upon a chair was her teeth and golden hair,
By the bright silvery light of the moon.

Well, there was more for me in store when she began to snore,
Oh, she nearly blew the blankets cross the room,
And there upon a peg was a great big wooden leg,
By the bright silvery light of the moon.

Well, I grabbed her by the head and I dragged her out of bed,
And like a broken doll she lay there in the gloom.
It would break a million hearts to see all of her spare parts,
By the bright silvery light of the moon.

So young men take my advice, always look at the lady's twice,
For they're always out to catch us poor gossoons.
Pull her teeth and pull her hair, just to see if she's all there,
By the bright silvery light of the moon.

From lanih@bliss.SIMS.Berkeley.EDU Wed Aug 21 17:00:50 1996
Return-Path: lanih@bliss.SIMS.Berkeley.EDU
Received: from nak.berkeley.edu (nak.Berkeley.EDU [128.32.206.21])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP
id RAA14719 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Wed, 21 Aug 1996 17:00:49 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from bliss.SIMS.Berkeley.EDU (bliss.SIMS.Berkeley.EDU [128.32.226.47]) by
nak.berkeley.edu (8.7.3/8.6.10) with SMTP id RAA09082 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Wed,
21 Aug 1996 17:00:48 -0700 (PDT)
Received: by bliss.SIMS.Berkeley.EDU; (5.65/1.1.8.2/11Oct95-0830AM)
id AA24051; Wed, 21 Aug 1996 17:01:07 -0700
Date: Wed, 21 Aug 1996 17:01:07 -0700
Message-Id: <9608220001.AA24051@bliss.SIMS.Berkeley.EDU>
From: Lani Herrmann <lanih@bliss.SIMS.Berkeley.EDU>To: cray@mizar.usc.edu
In-Reply-To: <Pine.SUN.3.92.960821094549.22166A-100000@caroli.usc.edu>(message from
Ed Cray on Wed, 21 Aug 1996 09:47:51 -0700 (PDT))
Subject: Re: A Lost Ballad Found
Status: RO
X-Status:

Try again:

Date: Mon, 19 Aug 1996 11:24:15 -0500
From: Theresa Kappus <tkappus@minotpl.ndak.net>To: STUMPERS-L@crf.cuis.edu
Subj: ?Nineteen-year-old (song)

Yes, I'm still looking for A Nineteen-year-old....the song, that is!
It was suggested it may be a version of a cautionary ballad (thanks William!), so...does anyone have a good folklore collection?

A patron is looking for a old song that was sung to him back in the early '30's. Our local expert on these things suggested it may be have been sung by one of the travelling "cowboy bands". The title may be "Nineteen-Year-Old" or "Just a Nineteen-Year-Old".

First verse:

As I was out strolling one day on the strand,
I met a fair maiden all dressed up so grand,
With ribbons and laces and jewels of fine gold,
She sure was a Daisy for a nineteen-year-old.

So he marries her in verse two, but in verse three:

She took off her right leg just below the knee,
She took off her fingers, I think she left three,
And out on the carpet her glass eye did roll.
She sure was a Daisy for a nineteen-year-old.

She removes more body parts, of course and seems "more like ninety" by the end of the song. The patron has written down the words from memory, but he wants to check them to see if they're correct. He would also like the music if it's available. I think he will be interested in the words to "The Unfortunate Man" posted by William Gisler, but we're still looking for "his" song.

Thanks for your help!

Theresa Kappus
Minot Public Library
516 2nd Ave. SW

The late Gale Huntington of Martha's Vineyard used to sing a version of this very tale. I may be able to dig up tune and lyrics, but don't hold your breath.

Once long ago in Washington, D.C. I heard a *blues* version of this, sung by Ed M....

I've been keeping my ears open (a net of the most informal kind!) for more versions of this ballad-of-the-missing-parts, but without further success so far. So I'd also be interested if you hear of any, with citations/references/quotations if possible!

The only other song I know of with the referent "nineteen years old" is a ditty in one of Janet Tobitt's Girl Scout songbooks, entitled "My Lovyer Is a Sailor Lad," which harps on the fellow's age, but doesn't have any missing parts. She does name a source (collected

from a person) but gives no other information -- perhaps she herself learned it from this person?

And, of course, there is the song that Peter Bellamy used to sing about a sailor that survived to be ninety years old. If I remember correctly, he was missing a limb, but 'twasn't funny.

Happy hunting! -- Aloha, Lani

From: WOOD@jcvaxa.jcu.edu
Date: Tue, 20 Aug 1996 13:29:07 -0500 (EST)
Subject: nineteen year old

This ballad is on an old theodore Bikel record from the early sixties. When I get home I will check since I have the album--I even think the name is a "girl Nineteen years Old"

C Wood
John Carroll University

From: Lani Herrmann <lanih@bliss.sims.berkeley.edu>To: BALLAD-L@indiana.edu
Subject: ?Nineteen years old, only. Tune

Here goes: the tune Gale Huntington used to sing his version. The key is arbitrary.

X: 1
T: The Virgin only Nineteen Years Old
M: 3/4
S: Gale Huntington; from Sam Mingo's logbook
K: G
D|GBG|FAc|dcA|F/2D/2-D
D|GBG|FAc|ddg|d2
B/2c/2|ddg|d/2e/2~fA|cBA|F/2D/2-D
D|GBA/2G/2|FAA/2G/2|FA
f/2e/2|DCA|G2||

Pocket explanation:

The | are barlines.

M is the time signature; the 4 gives the value of the 'standard' note, in this case a quarter-note.

K is the key signature.

The notes: C is middle C; D is the note above that, etc.

C, is the octave below

c is an octave above middle C

c' is the octave above, i.e. two octaves above middle c

+ is a sharp sign; ~ a 'flat' sign.

The hyphen - ties two notes of the same pitch together (adds their time values)

Have fun. -- Aloha, Lani

From: "Jamie Moreira" <JMOREIRA@cox.nsac.ns.ca>To: Theresa Kappus
<tkappus@minotpl.ndak.net>,
Dan Goodman <goodman@freenet.msp.mn.us>, ballad-l@indiana.edu
Date: Wed, 21 Aug 1996 17:17:39 AST
Subject: Re: A ballad for librarians

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cf. "The Burglar and the Old Maid" (Laws H23) and "The Warranty Deed"
(Laws H24). Redden also sang a song called "By the Bright
Silvery Light of the Moon" (text appended) which is in the same
vein.

Hope this helps

Cheers
Jamie Moreira

HANDIER NINETY THAN NINETEEN YEARS OLD

Oh, as I was a-walking way down by the strand
I espied a fair damsel so handsome and grand
She had buckles and brooches of silver and gold
Says I, "Now what a dandy, and only nineteen years old"

Well, I courted her truly in two weeks we were wed
In two weeks we were married and the wedding bells tolled
I'd married me a dandy only nineteen years old

Well, the wedding being over we retired to rest

You can bet I was astounded when my wife did undress
Such an armload of paddings as my wife did unfold
Says I, "Now what a dandy, and only nineteen years old"

Well, she took off her cork leg right off to her knee
She unbuttoned her fingers until I counted three
Then she plucked out her glass eye on the floor it did roll
Says I, "Now what a dandy, and only nineteen years old"

Well, she took off her eyebrows, I thought I would faint
She took from her face a good bucket of paint
Then she took off her wig and her bald head soon told
She was handier ninety than to nineteen years old

Now, come all you young fellows when courting you go
Examine your true love from her head to her toe
For if you don't do it, you're bound to be sold
To a patched up old geyser about ninety years old

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PLAY "L8G03CCC02FEL16EFL8AAA02L4G"
PLAY "L8G03CCC02FEL16EFL8AAAL4A"
PLAY "L16EFL8GEL16GGL8CEL16DEL8FD01B02L4C"

-----CUT ABOVE THIS LINE-----

BY THE BRIGHT SILVERY LIGHT OF THE MOON

It was one evening in Roscrae, in the merry month of May,
When the roses and the heather were in bloom,
A young lady passed me by and she gave me the glad eye
By the bright silvery light of the moon.

Well, I got an awful fright; it was true-love at first sight,
And I thought I couldn't marry her too soon.
We got married right away in the abbey near Roscrae,
By the bright silvery light of the moon.

Well, it started getting late and she asked me for to wait,
And when I got up to the door of her bedroom.
Well, there upon a chair was her teeth and golden hair,
By the bright silvery light of the moon.

Well, there was more for me in store when she began to snore,
Oh, she nearly blew the blankets cross the room,
And there upon a peg was a great big wooden leg,
By the bright silvery light of the moon.

Well, I grabbed her by the head and I dragged her out of bed,
And like a broken doll she lay there in the gloom.
It would break a million hearts to see all of her spare parts,
By the bright silvery light of the moon.

So young men take my advice, always look at the lady's twice,
For they're always out to catch us poor gossoons.
Pull her teeth and pull her hair, just to see if she's all there,
By the bright silvery light of the moon.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\warranty7.txt

A Beautiful Young Nymph Going to Bed (1731)

Corinna, Pride of _Drury-Lane,_
For whom no Shepherd sighs in vain;
Never did _Covent Garden_ boast
So bright a batter'd, strolling Toast;
No drunken Rake to pick her up,
No Cellar where on Tick to sup; [credit]

Returning at the Midnight Hour;
Four stories climbing to her Bow'r;
Then, seated on a three-legg'd Chair,
Takes off her artificial Hair:
Now, picking out a Crystal Eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her Eye-Brows from a Mouse's Hyde,
Stuck on with Art on either Side,
Pulls off with Care, and first displays 'em,
Then in a Play-Book smoothly lays 'em.
Now dextrously her Plumpers draws, [see below]
That serve to fill her hollow Jaws.
Untwists a Wire; and from her Gums
A Set of Teeth completely comes.
Pulls out the Rags contriv'd to proip
Her flabby Dugs and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely Goddess
Unlaces next her Steel-ribb'd Bodice;
Which by the Operator's Skill,
Press down the Lumps, the Hollows fill,
Up goes her Hand, oiff she slips
The Bolsters that supply her Hips.
With gentlest Touch, she next explores
Her Shankers, Issues, running Sores,
Effects of many a sad Disaster;
And then to each applies a Plaister.
But must, before she goes to Bed,
Rub off the Dawbs of White and Red;
And smooth the Furrows in her Front,
With greasy Paper stuck upon't.
She takes a _Bulus_ e'er she sleeps; [a large pill]
And then between two Blankets creeps.
With Pains of Love tormented lies;
Or if she chance to close her Eyes,
Of _Bridewell_ and the _Compter_ dreams, [a whore's prison]
And feels the Lash, and faintly screams;
Or, by a faithless Bully drawn,
At some Hedge-Tavern lies in Pawn; [a low alehouse]
Or to _Jamaica_ seems transported,
Alone, and by no Planter courted;
Or, near Fleet-Ditch's_ oozy Brinks,
Surrounded with a Hundred stinks,
Belated, seems on watch to lye,
And snap some Cully passing by; [simpleton]
Or, struck with Fear, her Fancy runs
On Watchmen, Constables and Duns [an importunate creditor]
From whom she meets with frequent Rubs,
But, never from Religious Clubs;
Whose Favour she is sure to find,
Because she pays 'em, all in Kind.

Corinna wakes. A dreadful Sight!
Behold the Ruins of the Night!
A wicked Rat her Plaister stole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his Hole.
The Crystal Eye, alas, was miss't;
And _Puss_ had on her Plumpers p---st.
A pigeon pick'd her Issue-Peas; [see below]
And _Shock_ her tressesj fill'd with Fleas.
 The Nymph, tho' in this mangled Plight,
Must ev'ry Morn her Limbs unite.
But how shall I describe her Arts
To recollect the scatter'd Parts?
Or shew the Anguish, Toil, and Pain,
Of gath'ring up herself again?
The bashful Muse will never bear
In such a Scene to interfere.
Corinna in the Morning dizen'd, [dressed up]
Who sees, will spew; who smells, be poison'd.

"Plumpers" are either a device for smoothing out the cheeks, or false bosoms, according to Henley and Farmer's Dictionary.

Issue-peas are, according to the editor, "peas or other small globular bodies put in surgical issues to keep up the effects of irritation."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\watkins.txt

From owner-ballad-1@miagra.ucs.indiana.edu Wed Feb 26 14:22:42 1997

Return-Path: <owner-ballad-1@miagra.ucs.indiana.edu>Received: from
miagra.ucs.indiana.edu (miagra.ucs.indiana.edu [129.79.5.181])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP

id OAA07097 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Wed, 26 Feb 1997 14:22:39 -0800 (PST)

Received: (from majordom@localhost) by miagra.ucs.indiana.edu (8.7.5/8.7.3/1.1skh) id RAA02113 for ballad-l-outgoing; Wed, 26 Feb 1997 17:20:26 -0500 (EST)
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Date: Wed, 26 Feb 1997 16:19:43 -0600 (CST)
From: Erich Schraer <erich@wubios.wustl.edu>X-Sender: erich@wubios
To: Ballad-L@indiana.edu
Subject: Watkin's Ale (Re: Ballad Index ideas)
In-Reply-To: <v03007800af33aa4f6e35@[199.86.33.52]>Message-ID: <Pine.SOL.3.95.970226160602.29324C-100000@wubios>MIME-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; charset=US-ASCII
Sender: owner-ballad-l@indiana.edu
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

On Fri, 21 Feb 1997, Robert B. Waltz wrote:

And on a related topic -- in Chappell I find the melody, but no words, to a piece called "Watkins Ale." It's a fun melody, and the Baltimore Consort has a nice, subtly bawdy, recording. But I can't find out any more. Anyone know anything about this piece?

This is a few days late, but I didn't see that anyone else answered this. "Watkin's Ale" is not really folk, but is an anonymous Elizabethan song. The words can be found in Joseph Lilly's A Collection of Seventy-Nine Black-letter Ballads and Broad-sides. My copy is a reprint of the 1867 edition. In there it's titled:

A Ditty delightfull of mother Watkins ale,
A warning wel wayed, though counted a tale.

Below are the words.

--Erich

--

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+-----+
| Erich Schraer                               Division of Biostatistics |
| Phone: (314)362-3681                       Washington University Medical School |
| Fax: (314)362-2693                         660 S. Euclid Ave., Box 8067 |
| Email: erich@wubios.wustl.edu                St. Louis, MO 63110 |
+-----+
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There was a maid this other day,
And she would needs go forth to play;
And as she walked she sithd and said,
I am afraid to die a mayd.

With that, behard a lad,
What talke this maiden had,
Whereof he was full glad,
And did not spare
To say, faire mayd, I pray,
Whether goe you to play?
Good sir, then did she say,
What do you care?

For I will, without faile,
Mayden, giue you Watkins ale;
Watkins ale, good sir, quoth she,
What is that I pray you tel me?

Tis sweeter farre then suger fine,
And pleasanter than muskadine;
And if you please, faire mayd, to stay
A little while, with me to play,

I will giue you the same,
Watkins ale cald by name,--
Or els I were to blame,
In truth, faire mayd.
Good sir, quoth she againe,
Yf you will take the paine,
I will it not refraine,
Nor be dismayd.

He took this mayden then aside,
And led her where she was not spyde,
And told her many a prety tale,
And gaue her well of Watkins ale.

Good sir, quoth she, in smiling sort,
What doe you call this prety sport?
Or what is this you do to me?

Tis called Watkins ale, quoth he,
Wherein, faire mayd, you may
Report another day,
When you go forth to play,
How you did speed.
Indeed, good sir, quoth she,
It is a prety glee,
And well it pleaseth me,
No doubt indeed.

Thus they sported and they playd,
This yong man and this prety mayd,
Vnder a banke whereas they lay,
Not long agoe this other day.

When he had done to her his will,
They talkt, but what it shall not skill;
At last, quoth she, sauing your tale,
Giue me some more of Watkins ale,
Or else I will not stay,
For I must needs away,--
My mother bad me play,--
The time is past;
Therefore, good sir, quoth she,
If you haue done with me.
Nay, soft, faire maid, quoth he,
Againe at last
Let vs talke a little while.
With that the mayd began to smile,
And saide, good sir, full well I know,
Your ale, I see, runs very low.

This yong man then, being so blamd,
Did blush as one being ashamde;
He tooke her by the midle small,
And gaue her more of Watkins ale;
And saide, faire maid, I pray,
When you goe forth to play,
Remember what I say,
Walke not alone.
Good sir, quoth she againe,
I thanke you for your paine,
For feare of further staine,
I will be gone.
Farewell, mayden, then quoth he;
Aduie, good sir, againe quoth she.
Thus they parted at last,
Till thrice three months were gone and past.

This mayden then fell very sicke,
Her maydenhead began to kicke,
Her colour waxed wan and pale
With taking much of Watkins ale.
I wish all maydens coy,
That heare this prety toy,
Wherein most women ioy,
How they doe sport;
For surely Watkins ale,
And if it not be stale,
Will turne them to some bale,
As hath report.
New ale will make their bellies bowne,
As trial by this same is knowne;
This prouerbe hath bin taught in schools,--

It is no iesting with edge tooles.

Thrise scarcely changed hath the moon,
Since first this pretty tricke was done,
Which being harde of one by chance,
He made thereof a country dance;
And, as I heard the tale,
He cald it Watkins ale,
Which neuer will be stale,
I doe beleeeue;
This dance is now in prime,
And chiefly vsde this time,
And lately put in rime.
Let no man greeue
To heare this merry iesting tale,
That which is called Watkins ale;
It is not long since it was made,--
The finest flower will soonest fade.

Good maydes and wiues, I pardon craue,
And lack not the which you would haue;
To blush it is a womans grace,
And well becometh a maidens face,
For women will refuse
The thing that they would chuse,
Cause men should them excuse
Of thinking ill;
Cat will after kind,
All winkers are not blind,--
Faire maydes, you know my mind,
Say what you will.
When you drinke ale beware the toast,
For therein lay the danger most.
If any heere offended be,
Then blame the author, blame not me.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\wayward.txt

The Wayward Boy

[B]

She stood right there in the moonlight bare,

While I undid her nighty.
The moonlight lit on the end of her tit,
By Jesus Christ Almighty!

Oh, she jumped into bed, pulled the covers o'er her head,
And swore I couldn't find her.
I knew damned well she lied like hell,
So I jumped right in behind her.

[C]

A blue-eyed girl, a fair haired girl
All dressed in pink and yellow,
Two ruby lips, two milk-white tits,
Oh, what a lucky fellow!

A week goes by, and then a sigh,
Alas, a sigh of sorrow.
Two pimples pink upon his dink,
And he'll have more tomorrow.

[D]

She jumped into bed and covered up her head
And said I couldn't find her.
But I knew damned well she lied like hell,
So I jumped right in behind her.

She ripped and she tore and she rolled on the floor,
And she wiped her as on the knob of the door,
But the knob was glass and she cut her ass,
And she ain't my gal no more.

[E]

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!

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 ofien
I broke a spring, or some damn thing
I diddled her to her coffin

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

The "B" and "C" versions were gathered by Hubert Canfield from correspondents around the country in 1926 with an eye towards publication. Unfortunately, and for unknown reasons, that unexpurgated book was never published. The "D" text was sent to the present editor by Professor Emeritus Rowland Berthoff of Washington University, St. Louis, with the note that he learned it at Oberlin College, Ohio, about 1940.

The "E" text -- clearly a conflation of two entirely different songs sharing the same borrowed melody -- is from "The Black Book of Locksley," an anthology of bawdy songs sung by members of the Society for Creative Anachronisms and participants in Renaissance Fair and filk-song gatherings. The collection was made by Joseph Bethancourt of Tucson, Arizona; Susan Johns graciously forwarded a digital copy of the manuscript in June, 1996. This "E" text is entitled "In Days of Old" in the Locksley/Bethancourt collection, where authorship is attributed to "Anonymous and Ioseph [sic] of Locksley." The tune called for there, is "The Girl I left Behind Me."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\weewee1.txt

292. WEE WEE SONG

Melody--Itself

When I was just a wee wee tot,
They put me on my wee wee pot.
There I was to wee wee,
Wee wee quite a lot.

CHORUS: Wee wee, wee wee, wee wee.

So there I sat on my wee wee pot.
But wee wee I could not.
So they put me in my wee wee cot,
There I wee weed quite a lot.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\westwhor1.txt

Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, to Cray, 6/22/96, as sung in SCA and Renaissance Fair circles:

The Westminster Whore

(c. 1610) Found in "Bawdy Verse, A Pleasant Collection" Page 72
SONG

As I went to Westminster Abby
I saw a younge Wenche on her backe,
Cramminge in a Dildo of Tabby
Into her Cunt Till 'twas ready to crack.

"By your leave" said I, "Pretty Maid,
Methinks your sport is but drye?"
"I can get no better" she said; "Sir,
And I'll tell you the reason why."

"Madame P. hath a Thing at her breech,
Sucks up all the scad of the Town;
She's a damn'd lascivious Bitch
And fucks for half-a-Crown."

"Now, the Curse of a Cunt without Hair
And ten thousand Poxes upon her;
We pore whores may go hang in dispaire;

We're undone by the Maydes of Honour."

Then in Loyalty, as I was bound,
Hering her speak in this sort.
I fuckt her thrice on the ground,
And bid her speak well of the Court.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\wheniwas.txt

When I Was Young

The Canfield in-gathering has two fragmentary versions of this -- dating the redaction back to 1926. The fullest compresses the ballad to:

It was at a ball I met him,
He asked me for a dance.
I knew he was a sailor
By the buttons on huis pants.

It was in my mother's hallway
That I was led astray.
It was in my mother's bedroom
That I was forced to lay.

He laid me down so gently.
He raised my dress so high.
He said, "My darling, Nellie,
We'll do it now or die."

Now all you gay young maidens,
Just take a tip from me,
And never let a sailor
Get an inch above your knee.

He'll kiss you and caress you.
He'll swear he loves you true,
But when he's got your cherry,
He'll say, "To hell with you."

In a letter to Canfield's associate, Alan N. Steyne, Archie Coates of New York City, on March 19, 1929, wrote that "another gem which I have heard, but never learned... begins 'Twas in my mother's hallway,/That I was led astray.'" According to Coates, it is to be sung to the tune "Christmas in the Harem," which may be another title for "Christmas in the Workhouse."

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\whenlady1.txt

164. WHEN LADY JANE BECAME A TART
Melody--Those in Peril on the Sea?

It fairly broke the family's heart,
When Lady Jane became a tart,
But blood is blood and race is race,
And so to save the family face,
They bought her an expensive flat,
With "Welcome" written on the mat.

It was not long ere Lady Jane,
Brought her patrician charms to fame,
A clientele of sahibs pukka,
Who regularly came to fuck 'er,
And it was whispered without malice,
She had a client from the Palace.

No one could nestle in her charms,
Unless he wore ancestral arms,
No one to her could gain an entry,
Unless he were of the landed gentry,
And so before her sun had set,
She'd worked her way through Debrett.

When Lady Anne became a whore,
It grieved the family even more,
But they felt they couldn't do the same,
As they had done for Lady Jane,
So they bought her an exclusive beat,
On the shady side of Jermyn Street.

When Lord St. Clancy became a nancy,
It did not please the family's fancy,
And so in order to protect him,
They did inscribe upon his rectum,
"All commoners must now drive steerage,
This fucking hole is reserved for peerage."

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\whiskey.txt

Whiskey Johnny

Another chantey, this gleaned from the Hubert Canfield Collection of 1926 is included here not for its bawdry, but for its scarcity.

Whiskey is the life of man,
Whiskey, Johnny!
I'll drink whiskey while I can,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Oh, whiskey straight and whiskey strong,
Whiskey, Johnny!
Give me some whiskey and I'll sing you a song,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Oh, whiskey makes me wear old clothes,
Whiskey, Johnny!
Whiskey gave me a broken nose,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Whiskey killed my poor old dad,
Whiskey, Johnny!
Whiskey drove my mother mad,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Is whiskey comes too near my nose,
Whiskey, Johnny!
I tip it up and down she goes,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

I had a girl, her name was Lize,
Whiskey, Johnny!
She puts whiskey in her pies,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

My wife and I cannot agree,
Whiskey, Johnny!
She puts whiskey in her tea,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

Here comes the cook with the whiskey can,
Whiskey, Johnny!
A glass of grog for every many,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

A glass of grog for every man,
Whiskey, Johnny!
And a bottle full for the chanteyman,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\wildrove1.txt

294. YOU WON'T FIND ANY COUNTRY

Melody--The Wild Rover

I've searched the world over, excitement I've sought,
But all my experience was dearly bought.

CHORUS: So it's no, nay, never,
No nay never no more,
You won't find any country,
Where it pays you to score.

To tap a Yank for a good screw, in my belief,
Is like asking Mrs. Custer to give to Indian relief,
in the last year or two they've not used their tush,
'Cause they're shagged up the arse by a cowboy called
Bush.

The Dutch they just sit there, asshole on bike,
One finger up nostril and one in a dyke,
And if they feel chilly when these things they perform,
They put their caps up girls' pussies to keep their heads warm.

Now haircuts for Germans are four times the price,
They charge for each corner and go over it twice,
And if you pick up a harlot now don't throw her out,
Though her snatch it smells strongly, they just love
sauerkraut.

The Swiss nation at loving are antiseptic,
They put germolene, not vaseline, on their prick,
The Swiss yodel is to cover their sheeps' anguished
calls,
For their Toblerone pricks make triangular holes.

The Aussies are known for their intake of beer,
And they've all been in Sidney, now isn't that queer,
To keep flies off from their hat corks are hung,
'Cause a zipper can be painful if caught on the tongue.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\oldnew\ws_ftplog.txt

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WARRANTY.7

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WS_FTP.LOG

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\angeline1.txt

156. POOR LITTLE ANGELINE

Melody--???

She was sweet sixteen and the village queen,
Pure and innocent was Angeline,
A virgin still, never known a thrill,
Poor little Angeline.

At the village fair, the Squire was there,
Masturbating in the middle of the square,
When he chanced to see the dainty knee,
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the village squire had a low desire,
To be the biggest bastard in the whole damn shire,
He had set his heart on the vital part,
Of poor little Angeline.

As she lifted her skirt to avoid the dirt,
She slipped in the puddle of the squire's last squirt,
And his knob grew raw at the sight he saw,
Of poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat and said, "Miss, your cat,
Has been run over and is squashed quite flat,
But my car is in the square and I'll take you there,
Oh dear little Angeline."

Now the filthy old turd should have got the bird,
Instead she followed him without a word,
And as they drove away, you could hear them say,
Poor little Angeline.

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

When he'd oiled her well, her took her to a dell,
And there he gave her merry hell,
And he tried his luck with a low-down fuck,
On poor little Angeline.

With a cry of "Rape," he raised his cape,
Poor little Angeline had no escape,
Now it's time someone came to save the name,
Of poor little Angeline.

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

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

Now the window of his cell overlooked the dell,
Where the squire was giving poor Angeline hell,
As she lay on the grass he recognized the ass,
Of poor little Angeline.

Now he got such a start that he let out a fart,
Which blew the prison bars wide apart,
And he ran like shit lest the squire should split,
His poor little Angeline.

When he got to that spot and saw what was what,
He tied the villain's penis in a granny knot,
As he lay on his guts he was kicked in the nuts,
By poor little Angeline.

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

Now it won't take long to finish this song,
For the blacksmith had a penis over one foot long,
And his phallic charm was as brawny as his arm,
Happy little Angeline.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\burson-bak.txt

From folktalk@leo.vsla.edu Tue Mar 5 18:33:53 1996

To: shammer@leo.vsla.edu

From: Ed Cray <cray@bcf.usc.edu>To: Multiple recipients of list
<folktalk@leo.vsla.edu>Subject: The Night of the King's Castration
X-Listserver-Version: 6.0 -- UNIX ListServer by Anastasios Kotsikonas
X-Comment: Folk Music Discussion Group
Status: RO
X-Status:

Herewith the version of "The Night of the King's Castration" as collected
by Dean Burson at UCLA in 1959 from an unidentified fraternity brother.

'Twas the night of the king's castration; the royal ball was coming off.
Counts, discounts and no-counts stood around the courtyard, camel-dunging
one another, for bullshit was as yet unheard of.

Then in came Daniel with his balls slung over his shoulder. "What ho!"
cried Daniel.

"Asshole," said the king.

"Then suck it!" roared Daniel, thereby scoring a point fo the common people.

Now this made the king very angry, and he ordered Daniel to come forth.

But Daniel slipped on a lion [camel?] turd and came fifth. This made Daniel so furious that he picked up the lion turd and threw it at Random. But Random ducked and it hit the king.

Now, this made the king even more angry, so he ordered Daniel to be thrown into the den of lions. There was Daniel in the midst of all those roaring, snarling beasts. But of course you could easily recognize Daniel by the large green parasol which he always carried.

Suddenly, one of the lions seized Daniel by the left gonad. "Ouch!" cried Daniel. "It tickles."

"What tickles?" asked the king.

"Testicles!" roared Daniel, thereby scoring another point for the common people. Upon hearing this, all the ladies in the courtyard took out their tits and tittered.

Now this made the king exceedingly angry, and so he inquired, "Where's the queen?"

"M'lord, she is on the royal crapper."

"And is she well supplied with paper?"

"M'lord, she has forty reams of the finest linen."

"It is good," said the king. "And where's the princess?"

"Oh, she is upstairs in bed with laryngitis."

"I'll kill that fucking Greek!" cried the king. "Oh well, fuck the princess!"

And fifty thousand loyal subjects were trampled in the rush, for in those days, the king's word was law, and the king ruled with an iron hand.

This made the king exceedingly angry, and in exasperation he cried, "Oh, shit!" And fifty thousand loyal subjects squatted and grunted in unison, for in those days the king's word was law, and the king ruled with an iron hand.

Later in the evening, the king entered the royal boudoir and beheld the queen, lying in nature's attire. "Roll over!" cried the king.

"I'll be fucked if I will!" said the queen.

"You'll be corn-hauled [sic] if you won't" cried the king.

Upon hearing this, the queen shit a gold brick, for in those days a

square asshole was [a] symbol of royalty.

When the king saw this, he cried, "Balls!" not because he wanted to, but because he had two.

And the queen replied, "Balls? If I had two I could be king!"

I would appreciate hearing from those of you who have heard of this recitation, or recall portions (or other versions) of it. It is unusual, for it has contributed at least four rather well-known "jokes" or "witticisms" in oral tradition. Many know one- or two-liners from it.

Ed Cray
cray@mizar.usc.edu

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\bursontxt.txt

The Night of the King;'s Castration

This version of "The Night of the King's Castration" as collected by Dean Burson at UCLA in 1959 from an unidentified fraternity brother.

Four decades or more later, it remains the fullest, most comprehensive version of this bawdy recitation yet collected.

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Counts, discounts and no-counts stood around the courtyard, camel-dunging
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But Random ducked and it hit the king.

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"Ouch!"
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This recitation is unusual,
for it has contributed at least four rather well-known "jokes" or
"witticisms" in oral tradition. Many know one- or two-liners from it.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\dan.txt

Corn-holed Dan McGrew

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up
In one of them Yukon halls,
And the kid that handled the music box
Was stealthily scratching his balls.
The Frisco Kid has his hand on the tits
Of the lady that's known as Lou,
While there on the floor, on top of a whore,
Lay dangerous Dan McGrew.

Then out of the night that was black as a bitch
And into the din and the smoke,

Strode a rusty old prick with a crick in his dick
And a rusty old load in his poke.
His pants were spot and cover with spit
That looked like the white of an egg.
His balls hung low and swung to and fro
Whenever he moved his leg.

In his rugged old clothes he stood read to hose
Any bitch who wandered his way,
He beat on his meat, a most talented feat,
And shouted he wanted to play.
His face was as red as a baboon's ass,
And the passion within it burned.
He pulled out his dong; it was thick and was long,
And everyone's asshole squirmed.

He shouldered his way through the flea-bitten crowd,
His hand clutched the crotch of his pants,
And he looked like a man with a dose of the clap
In the last stage of St. Vitus' dance.
Then the lights went out and I dropped to the floor
As the stranger sprang in the dark.
There were sighs and moans and farts and groans
As his donicker found its mark.

The wind it blew and the shit it flew
And I looked 'about the darkened room,
And there on the floor, on top of the whore
Two forms were stacked in the gloom.
The lights came on and the stranger arose,
His cock hung limber and blue,
And there on the floor, on top of the whore,
Lay corn-holed Dan McGrew.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\eskimo.txt

Date: Fri, 21 Jul 95 22:36:31 -0700
From: "P. Alan Thiesen" <thiesen@CS.Stanford.EDU>To: bawdy-1@bdragon.jjm.com
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Status: RO
X-Status:

THE BALLAD OF ESKIMO NELL

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold,
and the end of his knob turns blue;

When it's bent in the middle like a one-string fiddle,
he can tell a tale or two.

So find me a seat and stand me a drink
and a tale to you I'll tell

Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
and the gentle Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
go out in search of fun,

It's usually Dick who wields the prick
and Mexican Pete the gun.

And when Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
are sore, depressed, and mad,

'Tis the cunt that usually bears the brunt,
so the shooting ain't so bad.

There was rarely a day without a lay,
and usually two or three

For Dead-eye Dick, his kingly prick
was always like a tree.

Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
had been hunting in Deadman's creek.

And they'd had no luck in the way of a fuck
for nigh on half a week.

Just a moose or two and a caribou, and a bison cow or so;

And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly prick this fucking was mighty slow.

So do or dare, this horny pair set out for the Rio Grande.
Dead-eye Dick with his muscular prick and Pete with his gun in hand.

As they rode down the trail without no tail, Pete was mad as hell
For Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick had fucked the horse as well.
They blazed a trail of randy tail, and none their path withstood.
And many a bride who was hubby's pride knew pregnant widowhood.

They came to a town as the sun went down, and met a scurvy crew
Looking for fun, Pete whipped out his gun, and he knew just what to do.
Their leader big, a farting pig, got six holes in his chest
While Dead-eye Dick, with his massive prick, took care of all the rest.

They made the strand of the Rio Grande at the height of a blazing noon.
So to slake their thirst and do their worst, they sought out Black Mike's Saloon.
They opened the doors on the men and whores, both prick and gun flashed free;
"According to sex, you bleedin' wrecks, you drinks or fucks with me."

Now they'd heard of the prick called Dead-eye Dick from the Horn to Panama;
And with nothing worse than a muttered curse those cowhands sought the bar.
The women, too, knew his playful ways, from down on the Rio Grande;
And forty whores took down their drawers at Dead-eye Dick's command.

The women were scared they'd all be mared. This really is no lie,
For Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick was hard to satisfy.
They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete twitch on the trigger grip.
'Twas death to wait. At a fearful rate those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick with lecherous snorts and grunts
As forty asses were bared to view, to say nothing of forty cunts.
Now forty asses and forty cunts, you'll see if you use your wits
And rattle a bit of arithmetic is likewise eighty tits.

And eighty tits is a gladsome sight for a man with a raging stand.
More may be there in Berkeley Square but not on the Rio Grande.
Our dead-eye Dick, he fucks 'em quick, so he backed and took a run
And he laid a dart and the nearest tart, and scored a bull in one.

Her cunt was bore to a sandal floor. He fucked her deep and fine
And though she grinned, it put the wind up the other thirty nine.
Our dead-eye Dick, he fucks 'em quick, and flinging the first aside,
He was making ag'in at the second quim when the door swung open wide.

And into that hall of sin and vice, into that harlot's hell,
Came a lusty maid who was never afraid, and her name was Eskimo Nell.
The hefty lout, he turned about, both knob and face were red.

With a single flick of his mighty prick, the tart flew o'er his head.

But Eskimo Nell, she stood it well, and looked him in the eyes.
With the utmost scorn, she glimpsed the horn that rose from his hairy thighs.
She blew a puff from her cigarette onto his steaming knob.
So utterly beat was Mexican Pete he forgot to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell in actions calm and cool,
"Ah, ya cunt-drunk shrimp of a Yankee pimp, you call that thing a tool?
"If this here town cannot take that down," she sneered to the cowering whores,
There's one little cunt who can do that stunt. It's Eskimo Nell's, not yours."

She shed her garments one by one, with an air of conscious pride
'Til at last she stood in her maidenhood and they saw the Great Divide.
She laid right down on the tabletop where someone had left a glass.
With a twitch of her tits, she crushed it to bits between the cheeks of her ass.

She bent her knees with supple ease and opened her legs apart.
With final nod to the randy sod, gave him the cue to start.
But Dead-eye Dick, with his king-sized prick, prepared to take his time,
For a girl like this was fucking bliss, so he staged a pantomime.

He winked his arse-hole in and out, and made his balls inflate
'Til they looked like the granite knobs on top of a garden gate.
He rubbed his foreskin up and down. His knob increased in size.
His mighty prick grew twice as thick and almost reached his eyes.

He polished that rod with rum and gob, to make it steaming hot
And to finish the job he sprinkled the knob with a cayenne pepper pot.
He didn't have to take a run, or yet a flying leap;
But bent right down and came 'long side with a steady forward creep.

Then he took a sight as a gunman might along his mighty tool
And shoved his lust with a dextrous thrust, firm, calculating, and cool.
Have you seen the giant pistons on the mighty C.P.R.?
With the punishing force of a thousand horse. You know what pistons are.

Oh you think you do, but you've yet to learn the awe inspiring trick
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run by a man like Dead-eye Dick.
But Eskimo Nell was an infidel. She equalled a whole harem
With the strength of ten in her abdomen and a rock of ages dam.

Amidships the rush, she could stand like the flush of a modern water closet.
So she grasped his cock like the Chatwood lock on the National Safe Deposit.
She lay for a while with a subtle smile while the grip of her cunt grew keener.
And giving a sigh, she sucked him dry with the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this feat in a way so neat as to set at complete defiance
The primary cause and the basic laws that govern sexual science.
She calmly rode through the phallic fold which for years had stood the test

And the ancient laws of the classic school, in a moment or two, went West.

And now, my friend, we draw to the end of this copulating epic.
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick, and it came to an end aesthetic.
And he didn't shout as his tool came out. It was stripped down to a thread.
He slipped to the floor and knew no more, his passions extinct and dead.

And Mexican Pete, he sprang to his feet to avenge his friend's affront.
With a fearful jolt, he drew his Colt, and rammed it up her cunt.
He shoved it up to the trigger grip, and fired three times three.
But to his surprise, she rolled her eyes and smiled in ecstasy.

She leapt to her feet with a smile so sweet. "And bully," she said, "for you.
Though I might have guessed, it's about the best you phony fuckers do.
"When next your friend and you intend to sally forth for fun,
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick and get yourself a bun.

"I'm goin' back to the frozen North, the land where spunk is spunk
Not a tricking stream of lukewarm cream, but solid frozen chunk.
"Back to the land where they understand what it means to fornicate.
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed and infants copulate.

"I'm goin' home to frozen Nome where all girls know the trade.
They're taught from birth, for all they're worth, and mighty men get laid.
"Ah, back to the land of the mighty stand where the nights are six months long.
Where the polar bear whacks off in his lair, that's where they'll sing this
song.

"They'll tell this tale on the arctic trail where the nights are sixty below.
Where it's so damn cold, French letters are sold wrapped up in a ball of snow.
"They'll sing this song where the mighty prong is never long at rest.
And the poorest stand you'll find in this land can rival the world's best.

"In the Valley of Death, with bated breath, it's there they'll sing it, too.
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle, and moldering corpses screw."
So, saying no more, Nell went out the door, and strode off smiling swell.
And through dry and wet, no one will forget the Ballad of Eskimo Nell.

From bdragon!bawdy-owner@jjmhome.jjm.com Tue Jul 25 09:48:34 1995
Return-Path: bdragon!bawdy-owner@jjmhome.jjm.com

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\eskimo1.txt

From Unknown Sat 25 May 96 00:28:16

Path:

usc!newshub.csu.net!csulb.edu!hammer.uoregon.edu!arclight.uoregon.edu!super.pdfpo.com!zdc-e!news.maxwell.syr.edu!EU.net!usenet2.news.uk.psi.net!uknet!usenet1.news.uk.psi.net!uknet!uknet!lyra.csx.cam.ac.uk!news.ox.ac.uk!sable.ox.ac.uk!mert0236

From: mert0236@sable.ox.ac.uk (Thomas Womack)

Newsgroups: rec.music.filk

Subject: Re: Banned from Argo?

Date: 3 Dec 1996 00:10:27 GMT

Organization: Oxford University, England

Lines: 330

Message-ID: <57vr5j\$et4@news.ox.ac.uk>

References: <memo.28777@cix.compulink.co.uk><329d2fc6.12499886@news.idt.net>

<57ups0\$obi@vixen.cso.uiuc.edu>

NNTP-Posting-Host: sable.ox.ac.uk

janet ann dornhoff (dornhoff@students.uiuc.edu) wrote:

: zsero@mail.idt.net (Zev Sero) writes:

: >I came into filk just *after* Banned From Argo got banned from
: >filkrooms, so it was more than a year before I first heard it
: >sung live, and that was at the moral equivalent of a newbie
: >session - for some reason I can't remember, I was in the
: >filkroom *at* the scheduled start time (I'm sure it wasn't on
: >purpose), and Roberta sang it. The only other time I've heard
: >it is when Leslie did it at Conterpoint.

: I got into filk about five years ago, and can only get to one con
: a year, and I've *never* heard it played live. I had to buy the
: Star Trek Comedy tape in order to hear what the heck this song
: was, and why people wore buttons reading "Banned from Argo" at cons.

: (Similarly, I *still* have no idea what "Eskimo Nell" is, other than
: the tuneless snippets in DreamPark.)

Eskimo Nell : (from <http://www.erdw.ethz.ch/~hovey/zh3/songs/lied.008600.html>)

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold,
And the tip of the tool turns blue,
And it bends in the middle like a one-string fiddle,
He can tell you a tale or two.

So pull up a chair, and stand me a drink,
And a tale to you I'll tell,
Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
And harlot called Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Go forth in search of fun,

It's Dead-eye Dick that slings the prick,
And Mexican Pete the gun.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Are sore, depressed and sad,
It's always a cunt that bears the brunt,
But the shooting ain't so bad.

Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Lived down by Dead Man's Creek,
And such was their luck that they'd had no fuck,
For nigh on half a week.

Just a moose or two and a caribou,
And a bison cow or so,
And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly prick,
This was mighty slow.

So do or dare, this horny pair,
Set forth for the Rio Grande.
Dead-eye Dick with his might prick,
And Pete with his gun in his hand.

And as they blazed their noisy trail,
No man their path withstood,
And many a bride, her husband's pride,
A pregnant widow now stood.

They reached the sand of the Rio Grande,
At the height of the blazing noon,
And to slack the thirst and do their worst,
They sought Black Mike's Saloon.

And as they pushed the great doors wide,
Both prick and gun flashed free,
"According to sex, you bleeding wrecks,
You'll fuck or you'll drink with me.

They'd heard of the prick of Dead-eye Dick,
From Main to Panama,
And with scarcely worse that a muttered curse,
Those Dingoes sought the bar.

The girls too know his playful ways,
Down on the Rio Grande,
And forty whores pulled down their drawers,
At Dead-eye Dick's command.

They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete,
Itch on the trigger grip,

And they didn't wait at a fearful rate,
Those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick,
With lecherous snorts and grunts,
As forty arses were bared to view,
And likewise forty cunts.

Now forty arses and forty cunts,
If you can use your wits,
And if you're slick at arithmetic,
Makes exactly eighty tits.

Now eighty tits are a gladsome sight,
For a man with a raging stand,
It may be rare in Berkeley Square,
But not on the Rio Grande.

Now Dead-eye Dick had fucked a few,
On the last preceding night,
This he had done just to show his fun,
And to whet his appetite.

His phallic limb was in fucking trim,
As he backed and took a run,
He made a dart at the nearest tart,
And scored a hole in one.

He bore this whore to the sandy floor,
And there he ground her fine,
And though she grinned, it put the wind,
Up the other thirty nine.

When Dead-eye Dick lets loose his prick,
He's got no time to spare,
For speed and length combined with strength,
He fairly singes hair.

He made a dart at the next spare tart,
When into that Harlot's Hell,
Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid,
And her name was Eskimo Nell.

By this time Dick had got his prick,
Well into number two,
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell,
She bawled to him: "Hey, you!"

He gave a flick of his muscular prick,
And the girl flew over his head,

And he wheeled about with an angry shout,
His face and his balls were red.

She glanced our hero up and down,
Her tits were proud and high,
With utter scorn she glimpsed the horn,
That rose from his hairy thigh.

She blew the smoke from her cigarette,
Over his steaming knob.
So utterly beat was Mexican Pete,
That he failed to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell,
In accents clear and cool:
"You cunt-struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp,
You call that a 'kingly tool'?

"If this here town can't take that down,"
She sneered to those cowering whores,
"There's one little cunt that can do the stunt,
It's Eskimo Nell's not yours."

She stripped her garments one by one,
With an air of conscious pride,
And as she stood in her womanhood,
They saw the great divide.

She seated herself on table top,
Where someone had left his glass.
With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits,
Between the two cheeks of her ass.

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

But Dead-eye Dick knew a trick or two,
He meant to take his time,
And a girl like this was fucking bliss,
So he played the pantomime.

He flexed his arsehole in an out,
And made his balls inflate,
Until they looked like granite knobs,
On top of a garden gate.

He blew his anus inside out,
His balls increased in size,

His mighty prick grew twice as thick,
Till it almost reached his eyes.

He polished it up with alcohol,
And made it steaming hot,
To finish the job he sprinkled the knob,
With a cayenne pepper pot.

Then neither did he take a run,
Nor did he take a leap,
Nor did he stoop, but took a swoop,
And a steady forward creep.

With piercing eye he took a sight,
Along his mighty tool,
And the steady grin as he pushed it in,
Was calculatedly cool.

Have you seen the giant pistons,
On the might C.P.R.
With the driving force of a thousand horse?
Well, you know what pistons are.

Or you think you do. But you've yet to learn,
The ins and outs of the trick,
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run,
By a guy named Dead-eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was no infidel,
As good as a whole harem,
With the strength of ten in her abdomen,
And the rock of ages between 'em.

She could take the stream of a lover's cream,
Like the flush of a water closet,
And she gripped his cock like a Chatswood Lock,
On the National Safe deposit.

But Dead-eye Dick could not come quick,
He meant to conserve his powers,
If he'd had a mind he'd grind and grind,
For a couple of solid hours.

Nell lay for a while with a subtle smile,
The grip of her cunt grew keener,
With a squeeze of her thigh she sucked him dry,
With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this trick in a way so slick,
As to set in complete defiance,

The basic cause and primary laws,
That govern sexual science.

She calmly rode through the phallic code,
Which for years had stood the test,
And the ancient rules of the Classic schools,
In a second or two went West.

And so my friends we come to the end,
Of copulation's classic,
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick,
And akin to an anesthetic.

He fell to the floor and knew no more,
His passions extinct and dead,
And he did not shout as his prick fell out,
Though 'twas stripped right down to a thread.

Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet,
To avenge his pal's affront,
With a jarring jolt he rammed his Colt,
Right up her gaping cunt.

He rammed it hard to the trigger guard,
And fired it three plus three,
But to his surprise she closed her eyes,
And squealed with ecstasy.

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet,
"Bully," she said, "for you."
"It's hard to believe that was the best,
That you poor cunts could do.

"When next, my friend, that you intend,
To sally forth for fun,
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick,
Any yourself an elephant gun.

"I'm going back to the frozen North,
Where the pricks are hard and strong,
Back to the land of the frozen stand,
Where the nights are six months long.

"It's hard as tin when they put it in,
In the land where spunk is spunk,
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream,
But a solid frozen chunk.

"Back to the land where they understand,
What it means to fornicate,

Where even the dead sleep two in a bed,
And the babies masturbate.

"Back to the land of the grinding gland,
Where the walrus plays with his prong,
Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair,
That's where they'll sing this song.

"They'll tell this tale on the Arctic trail,
Where the nights are sixty below,
Where it's so damn cold that the Johnnies are sold,
Wrapped up in a ball of snow.

"In the valley of death with baited breath,
That's where they'll sing it too,
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle,
And the rotting corpses screw.

"Back to the land where men are men,
Terra Bellicum,
And there I'll spend my worthy end,
For the North is calling: 'Come'."

So Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Slunk out of the Rio Grande,
Dead-eye Dick with his useless prick,
And Pete with no gun in his hand.

Yes, when a man grows old and his balls grow cold,
And the end of his tools turns blue,
And the hole in the middle refuses to piddle,
I'd say he was fucked, wouldn't you?

--
Tom

The Eternal Union of Soviet Republics lasted seven times longer than
the Thousand Year Reich

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\eskimo2.txt

From: Barry Gold <barryg@sparc.SanDiegoCA.ATTGIS.COM>To: bawdy-1@bdragon.jjm.com
Subject: Re: your mail
Message-Id: <9507242304.AA06778@sv303.SanDiegoCA.attgis.com>
X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
Reply-To: bawdy-1@bdragon.jjm.com
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com

Status: RO
X-Status: A

There are, of course, other classic bawdy song-stories, such as

- . Casey and the Bat
- . The Bastard King of England
- . The Hermit

The first two above are nowhere near as good as Eskimo Nell, in my estimation, while The Hermit is notable for the cleanliness of its language.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\eskimo3.txt

Date: Mon, 24 Jul 95 10:00:55 PDT
From: Barry Gold <barryg@sparc.SanDiegoCA.ATTGIS.COM>To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com
Subject: Eskimo Nell
Message-Id: <9507241700.AA01088@sv303.SanDiegoCA.attgis.com>
X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com
Status: RO
X-Status:

The version Alan Thiesen posted differs in several places from the one in my trad. But, rather than just putting mine in, I've decided to combine them, using what I consider the best parts of both.

Wherever I've changed Alan's version, I marked the line with a ! at the beginning. Sometimes the ! marks a completely new line, sometimes a change as small as adding or deleting a monosyllable to make the scansion a little smoother.

THE BALLAD OF ESKIMO NELL

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold, and the end of his knob
turns blue;
! When it's bent in the middle like a one-string fiddle, he can tell

a yarn or two.

So find me a seat and stand me a drink and a tale to you I'll tell
Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexico Pete and the gentle Eskimo Nell.

! When Dead-eye Dick and Mexico Pete go forth in search of fun,
It's usually Dick who wields the prick and Mexico Pete the gun.
And when Dead-eye Dick and Mexico Pete are sore, depressed, and mad,
'Tis the cunt that usually bears the brunt, so the shooting ain't so bad.

There was rarely a day without a lay, and usually two or three
For Dead-eye Dick, his kingly prick was always like a tree.
Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexico Pete had been hunting in Deadman's creek.
And they'd had no luck in the way of a fuck for nigh on half a week.

Just a moose or two and a caribou, and a bison cow or so;
And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly prick this fucking was mighty slow.
So do or dare, this horny pair set out for the Rio Grande.
Dead-eye Dick with his muscular prick and Pete with his gun in hand.

As they rode down the trail without no tail, Pete was mad as hell
For Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick had fucked the horse as well.
! They blazed a trail of randy tail, and no man their path withstood.
And many a bride who was hubby's pride knew pregnant widowhood.

! useless quatrain deleted

They made the strand of the Rio Grande at the height of a blazing noon.
! And to slake their thirst and do their worst, they sought Black Mike's Saloon.
They opened the doors on the men and whores, both prick and gun flashed free;
"According to sex, you bleedin' wrecks, you drinks or fucks with me."

Now they'd heard of the prick called Dead-eye Dick from the Horn to Panama;
And with nothing worse than a muttered curse those cowhands sought the bar.
The women, too, knew his playful ways, from down on the Rio Grande;
And forty whores took down their drawers at Dead-eye Dick's command.

The women were scared they'd all be mared. This really is no lie,
For Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick was hard to satisfy.
They saw the fingers of Mexico Pete twitch on the trigger grip.
'Twas death to wait. At a fearful rate those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick with lecherous snorts and grunts
As forty asses were bared to view, to say nothing of forty cunts.
Now forty asses and forty cunts, you'll see if you use your wits
And rattle a bit of arithmetic is likewise eighty tits.

And eighty tits is a gladsome sight for a man with a raging stand.
More may be there in Berkeley Square but not on the Rio Grande.
Our dead-eye Dick, he fucks 'em quick, so he backed and took a run
And he laid a dart and the nearest tart, and scored a bull in one.

! Down he bore to the sandy floor. He fucked her deep and fine
And though she grinned, it put the wind up the other thirty nine.
Our dead-eye Dick, he fucks 'em quick, and flinging the first aside,
He was making ag'in at the second quim when the door swung open wide.

And into that hall of sin and vice, into that harlot's hell,
! Strode a lusty maid who was unafraid, and her name was Eskimo Nell.
(additional couplet)
! Our Dead-eye Dick who fucks 'em quick was well in twenty-two
! When Eskimo Nell let out a yell and said to him, "Hey...you!"

The hefty lout, he turned about, both knob and face were red.
With a single flick of his mighty prick, the tart flew o'er his head.
But Eskimo Nell, she stood it well, and looked him in the eyes.
With the utmost scorn, she glimpsed the horn that rose from his hairy thighs.

She blew a puff from her cigarette onto his steaming knob.
So utterly beat was Mexico Pete he forgot to do his job.
! It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell in accents calm and cool,
"Ah, ya cunt-drunk shrimp of a Yankee pimp, you call that thing a tool?

! "If this here town can't take that down," she sneered to the cowering whores,
There's one little cunt who can do that stunt. It's Eskimo Nell's, not yours."
She shed her garments one by one, with an air of conscious pride
'Til at last she stood in her maidenhood and they saw the Great Divide.

She laid right down on the tabletop where someone had left a glass.
With a twitch of her tits, she crushed it to bits between the cheeks of her ass.
She bent her knees with supple ease and opened her legs apart.
With final nod to the randy sod, gave him the cue to start.

But Dead-eye Dick, with his king of a prick, prepared to take his time,
For a girl like this was fucking bliss, so he staged a pantomime.
He winked his arse-hole in and out, and made his balls inflate
Until they looked like the granite knobs on top of a garden gate.

He rubbed his foreskin up and down. His knob increased in size.
His mighty prick grew twice as thick and almost reached his eyes.
He polished the rod with rum and gob to make it steaming hot,
And to finish the job he sprinkled the knob with a cayenne pepper pot.

! He didn't back to take a run, or yet a flying leap;
But bent right down and came 'long side with a steady forward creep.
Then he took a sight as a gunman might along his mighty tool
And shoved his lust with a dextrous thrust, firm, calculating, and cool.

Have you seen the giant pistons on the mighty C.P.R.?
With the punishing force of a thousand horse. You know what pistons are.
Oh you think you do, but you've yet to learn the awe inspiring trick

Of the work that's done on a non-stop run by a man like Dead-eye Dick.

! But Eskimo Nell was an infidel. She equalled a whole hareem
! With the strength of ten in her abdomen and a rock of ages beam.
Amidships the rush, she could stand like the flush of a modern water closet.
So she grasped his cock like the Chatwood lock on the National Safe Deposit.

She lay for a while with a subtle smile while the grip of her cunt grew keener.
And giving a sigh, she sucked him dry with the ease of a vacuum cleaner.
She performed this feat in a way so neat as to set at complete defiance
! Both the primary cause and the basic laws that govern sexual science.

[I'm not sure of the value of the next couplet, but I'm leaving it in.]
She calmly rode through the phallic fold which for years had stood the test
And the ancient laws of the classic school, in a moment or two, went West.
And now, my friend, we draw to the end of this copulating epic.
! The effect on Dick was sudden and quick, and akin to an anaesthetic.

! He slipped to the floor and he knew no more -- his passions extinct
! and dead --
! He didn't shout as his tool came out. It was worn down to a thread.
! And Mexico Pete, he sprang to his feet to avenge his pal's affront.
With a fearful jolt, he drew his Colt, and rammed it up her cunt.

! He shoved it up to the trigger grip, and fired three and three.
But to his surprise, she rolled her eyes and smiled in ecstasy.
She leapt to her feet with a smile so sweet. "And bully," she said, "for you.
! Though I might have guessed, it's about the best you phony lechers do.

"When next your friend and you intend to sally forth for fun,
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick and get yourself a bun.
! "I'm going back to the frozen North, to the land where spunk is spunk
! Not a tricking stream of lukewarm cream, but a solid frozen chunk.

"Back to the land where they understand what it means to fornicate.
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed and infants copulate.
"I'm goin' home to frozen Nome where all girls know the trade.
They're taught from birth, for all they're worth, and mighty men get laid.

! "Back to the land of the mighty stand where the nights are six months long.
Where the polar bear whacks off in his lair, that's where they'll sing
this song.

"They'll tell this tale on the arctic trail where the nights are sixty below.
Where it's so damn cold, French letters are sold wrapped up in a ball of snow.
[weak couplet deleted]
"In the Valley of Death, with bated breath, it's there they'll sing it, too.
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle, and moldering corpses screw."

[And that's a _fine_ place to end it. I suspect Alan's final

couplet was added by someone other than the original author(s).]

From bdragon!bawdy-owner@jjmhome.jjm.com Sun Aug 13 15:39:23 1995
Return-Path: bdragon!bawdy-owner@jjmhome.jjm.com

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\eskimo4.txt

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Wed Jul 16 01:34:04 1997
Return-Path: <bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net>Received: from mizar.usc.edu
(mizar.usc.edu [128.125.253.135])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP
id BAA12238 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Wed, 16 Jul 1997 01:32:43 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP
id BAA12693 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Wed, 16 Jul 1997 01:31:27 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with
UUCP id EAA02171; Wed, 16 Jul 1997 04:30:18 -0400 (EDT)
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.970109)
id AA04185; 15 Jul 97 13:23:46 -0500
From: Christopher Croughton <crough45@amc.de>Date: Tue, 15 Jul 1997 08:01:03 +0100
X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Subject: Re: Eskimo Nell
Message-Id: <97Jul15.085647gmt+0100.16646@internet01.amc.de>
X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Received: from amc.de (mail.amc.de [193.96.219.1]) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2)
with ESMTP id DAA13247 for <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>; Tue, 15 Jul 1997 03:01:28
-0400 (EDT)
Received: by internet01.amc.de id <16646>; Tue, 15 Jul 1997 08:56:47 +0100
In-Reply-To: <Pine.SV4.3.94.970708080959.7165A-100000@almaak.usc.edu>from "Ed Cray"
at Jul 8, 97 04:11:56 pm
X-Mailer: ELM [version 2.4 PL24 PGP3 *ALPHA*]
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset=US-ASCII
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit
Status: RO
X-Status:

Ed Cray wrote:

> An exchange of messages re: this poem suggests that some of you may have
> heard this epic sung. Have any of you sung it? And if so, to what tune?

I just found that it scanned (the version I had, anyway) to "Rolling
Down to Old Maui" (better known in folk circles (pun unavoidable) as
"Falling Down on New Jersey" / "Falling Down on Milton Keynes"), so that's
the tune I use. With the bit about:

So pull up a chair, and buy me a drink,
And a tale to you I'll tell,
Of Dead-eye Dick with his muscular prick,
And the harlot called Eskimo Nell.

as an occasional chorus.

> Until now, I had known this only as a recitation.

I've only heard of it from other people as a recitation, until someone
here mentioned another tune (Anthony or Joy?). I would like to hear the
'real' tune if there is one (or one which is at least known by other people
for it)..

Chris

--

Bawdy Mailing List

To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net

--

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\eskimo5.txt

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Sat Jul 19 01:11:19 1997

Return-Path: <bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net>Received: from mizar.usc.edu
(mizar.usc.edu [128.125.253.135])

by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP

id BAA25765 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Sat, 19 Jul 1997 01:11:19 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP

id BAA07018 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Sat, 19 Jul 1997 01:11:15 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with UUCP id EAA21396; Sat, 19 Jul 1997 04:10:51 -0400 (EDT)
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.970109)
id AA04265; 18 Jul 97 04:18:21 -0500
From: Joy Hilbert <hilbert@hilbert.demon.co.uk>Date: Thu, 17 Jul 1997 17:04:40 +0100
X-To: Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>Subject: Re: Eskimo Nell
Message-Id: <C\$nZSKAYKkzzEwuz@hilbert.demon.co.uk>X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Received: from punt-1.mail.demon.net (punt-1c.mail.demon.net [194.217.242.136]) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with SMTP id PAA19291 for <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>; Thu, 17 Jul 1997 15:00:24 -0400 (EDT)
Received: from hilbert.demon.co.uk ([194.222.35.149]) by punt-1.mail.demon.net id ab1408667; 17 Jul 97 19:52 BST
X-Sender: Anthony & Joy Hilbert <hilbert@hilbert.demon.co.uk>In-Reply-To: <97Jul15.085647gmt+0100.16646@internet01.amc.de>
Mime-Version: 1.0
X-Mailer: Turnpike Version 3.03a <qnF+oIBJCUcQZHRk2Mj5GxNyBP>Status: RO
X-Status:

Christopher Coughton wrote:

>I've only heard of it from other people as a recitation, until someone
>here mentioned another tune (Anthony or Joy?). I would like to hear the
>'real' tune if there is one (or one which is at least known by other people
>for it)..

Sorry if I caused confusion: the "other tune" I referred to was for "Old Maui". (The one on the Jolly Jack recording.) I've never heard a tune for "Eskimo Nell".

But good luck in your quest...

--

Anthony Hilbert

"What is written without thought is read without pleasure."

- Samuel Johnson

--

Bawdy Mailing List

To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net

--

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\eskimo6.txt

ESKIMO NELL -- Amalgamated

WARNING: The text below contains plenty of four-letter words as well as violence & male sexual vanity, which serious persons might take it to glorify rather than satirize.

This version is based on five sources:

- A. Posted by Abby Sale.
- D. The Dirty Song Book by Jerry Silverman (Stein & Day, New York, 1982; ISBN 0-8128-2800-3, 0-8128-6118-3), pp. 56-58. The only version that is supplied with a tune, this one is deviant in other respects as well: it is much shorter (only 22 stanzas of the length given below, arranged as 11 double stanzas), and yet some lines appear in none of the other versions. Thanks, Dolores Nichols, for pointing out the presence of this version in a book that I had.
- R. Why Was He Born so Beautiful and Other Rugby Songs (Sphere Books, London, 1967, 1973; ISBN 0722162251); posted by Hugh T. Atkins.
- S. Copy of a typescript in circulation at St Andrews University, Scotland, 1959. Not sung there.
- W. The World's Best Dirty Songs by Don Laycock (Angus & Robertson, North Ryde, Australia, 1987; HarperCollinsPublishers, London; ISBN 0 207 15408 2). Labeled "Recitation", though in a songbook.

The stanzas are numbered on the right. I have made the first one 0 because it appears only in D & is probably a floating stanza.

The existence of D perhaps excuses the continuation of this thread on rec.music.folk, tho it seems to be agreed that this poem is not in general circulation as a song. For further ObMusic content, someone might tell us what manner of folk instrument a one-string fiddle is (see stanza 1).

All the versions are significantly different, not only in details but in the presence or absence of various lines and in the ordering of some of the stanzas. However, S & W are pretty close, as are A & R.

I have included everything that occurred at least once, except for a

couple of scraps that are inconsistent. In particular, for the first two lines of 44, D has

>From all his years of fucking queers,
he knew that now this was it.

which also has a dreadful forced rhyme (was IT / CLOSet). W has, before 18,

Now Deadeye Dick had screwed a few
on a spree the previous night;
This he had done in a spirit of fun
to whet his appetite.

Likewise in A. But this contradicts 5-6, so I have left it out. Where, as in most lines, there are two or more versions, I have chosen the one that seems to me best with regard to rhyme, meter, and rhetoric.

I have made the spelling & punctuation uniform. Since this is imitation Robert Service, it properly consists of heptameters. Writing it that way, however, would make the lines too long for most people's screens, so I have followed all the versions but S in breaking each line at the caesura, but have indented the second half & not capitalized it.

*

Though set in the U.S., this ballad is clearly unAmerican in view of the use of "arse", "French letter", "put the wind up", "queue", and "quim". Mention of the CPR (Canadian Pacific Railroad) in all versions but D, together with the heroine's epithet, is fair proof of Canadian origin. This, however, makes a puzzle of the "Berkeley Square" wisecrack (16), which occurs in all versions, tho respelled "Barclay" in D. Is there a place in Canada so named? Or is the one in London famed throughout the Commonwealth as an abode of wimps? (Cf. Kipling's "Tomlinson" -- which, by the way, you may hear as a song on Leslie Fish's tape _The Undertaker's Horse_.)

Don't look at me that way, stranger, 0
my pants ain't full of shit,
It's just this God-damned syphilis
eating me bit by bit.

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold 1
and the tip of his knob turns blue,
And it's bent in the middle like a one-string fiddle,
he can tell you a tale or two.

So fill my glass and I'll park my arse 2
and a tale to you I'll tell
Of Deadeye Dick and Mexico Pete
and the gentle Eskimo Nell.

Now when Deadeye Dick and Mexico Pete
go forth in search of fun,
It's usually Dick who wields the prick,
and Mexico Pete the gun.

And when Deadeye Dick and Mexico Pete
are sore depressed and mad,
It's mainly cunt that bears the brunt,
so the shooting ain't too bad.

Now Deadeye Dick and Mexico Pete
had been working Dead Man's Creek,
And they'd had no luck in the way of a fuck
for nigh on half a week --

Just a moose or two, and a caribou, 6
and a bison cow or so,
And since Deadeye Dick's was the king of pricks,
he found this fucking slow.

So do or dare, this horny pair
 set out for the Rio Grande,
 Deadeye Dick with his muscular prick,
 and Pete with gun in hand.

They blazed away on their randy way, 8
no man their fire withstood,
And many a bride who was hubby's pride
knew pregnant widowhood.

They made the strand of the Rio Grande 9
at the height of a blazing noon,
And to slake their thirst and do their worst
They sought Black Mike's saloon,

Came crashing in with doors aswing. 10
Both prick and gun flashed free:
"According to sex, you poxy wrecks,
you drinks or fucks with me."

Now they knew of the fame of our hero's name 11
from the Horn to Panama,
And with nothing worse than a muttered curse
those cowhands sought the bar.

And the women too his habits knew 12
down on the Rio Grande,
And forty whores pulled down their drawers
at Deadeye Dick's command.

They saw the fingers of Mexico Pete 13
twitch on the grigger grip;
'Twas death to wait -- at a fearful rate
those whores began to strip.

Now Deadeye Dick was breathing quick 14
with lecherous snorts and grunts
As forty arses were bared to view,
to say nothing of forty cunts.

Now forty arses and forty cunts -- 15
you'll see, if you use your wits
And are pretty slick at arithmetic --
that's likewise eighty tits.

And eighty tits is a gladsome sight 16
for a man with a raging stand;
They may be rare in Berkeley Square,
but not on the Rio Grande.

Dick backed to the door and the number one whore 17
could see in the chandelier's prism
As he sprung through air, his ballocks all bare
and sprayed her with his jism.

His phallic limb was in fighting trim 18
as he backed and took a run.
He made a dart at the nearest tart
and scored a hole in one.

He bore the whore to the sandy floor 19
and fucked here deep and fine,
And though she grinned, it put the wind
up the other thirty-nine.

When Deadeye Dick lets loose his prick, 20
he's got no time to spare,
For with speed and length combined with strength,
he fairly singes hair.

So Deadeye Dick, he fucks 'em quick, 21
and flinging the first aside,
He was making a gin at the second quim,
when the swing doors opened wide.

Then there entered into that hall of sin -- 22
yes, into that harlots' hell --
A lusty maid who was unafraid,
and her name was ESKIMO NELL.

By this time Dick had got his prick 23
well into number two,
When Eskimo Nell lets out a yell
and says to him, "Hey -- you".

The hefty lout, he turned about. 24
Both knob and face were red.
With a dextrous flick of his muscular prick,
the tart flew o'er his head.

With a lustful leer he said, "Look here, 25
just get into the queue:
I've got to mate with thirty-eight
before I get to you.

But Eskimo Nell, she stood it well 26
and looked him in the eyes;
With utter scorn she scanned the horn
that rose from his hairy thighs.

She blew a puff from her cigarette 27
onto his steaming knob;
So utterly beat was Mexico Pete,
he forgot to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell 28
in accents calm and cool:
"You cunt-struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp,
do you call that thing a tool?

If this here town can't take that down", 29
she sneered to the cowering whores,
"There's one little cunt that can do the stunt,
and it's Eskimo Nell's, not yours."

She shed her garments one by one 30
with an air of conscious pride,
Till at last she stood in her womanhood,
and they saw the Great Divide.

It's fair to state it was not so great, 31
but it had a solid rim;
Viewed from without, it left no doubt
of the tensile strength within.

She seated herself on a table top, 32
where someone had left a glass.
With a twitch of her tits, she crushed it to bits
with the cheeks of her muscular arse.

She flexed her knees with supple ease 33
and spread her legs apart;
With a final nod to the randy sod,
she gave him the cue to start.

But Dick he knew a trick or two 34
and meant to save his powers,
For if he'd a mind he could stand the grind
for a couple of fucking hours.

So Deadeye Dick with his king of a prick 35
prepared to take his time,
For a miss like this was fucking bliss,
so he staged a pantomime.

He winked his arsehole in and out, 36
and make his balls inflate
Until they looked like granite knobs
on top of a garden gate.

He rubbed his foreskin up and down; 37
his knob increased in size;
His mighty prick grew twice as thick
and almost reached his eyes.

He polished the rod with rum and gob 38
to make it steaming hot,
And to finish the job he sprinkled the knob
with a cayenne pepper pot.

Then neither did he take a run, 39
nor did he take a leap,
Nor did he stoop, but made a swoop
and a steady forward creep.

He took his sight as a gunman might 40
along that fearsome tool,
And the dead-slow glide as it slid inside
was calculating, cool.

Have you seen the massive pistons 41
on the giant CPR
with the driving force of a thousand horse?
Well, you know what pistons are,

Or you think you do, if you've yet to view 42
the power that drives that prick
Or the work that's done on a nonstop run
by a man like Deadeye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was an infidel, 43
as good as a whole harem,
With the strength of ten in her abdomen
and her rock-of-ages beam.

Amidships she could stand the rush 44
like the flush of a water-closet,
And she grasped his cock like the Chatwood lock
on the National Safe Deposit.

She lay for a while with a subtle smile, 45
the grip of her cunt grew keener;
Then giving a sigh she sucked him dry
with the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this feat in a way so neat 46
as to set at complete defiance
The primary cause and the basic laws
that govern sexual science.

She calmly rode through the phallic code 47
that for years had stood the test:
The accepted rules of established schools
in a second or two went west.

And so, my friend, we approach the end 48
of this copulative epic:
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick
and akin to anesthetic.

He slipped to the floor and knew no more, 49
his passions extinct and dead.
He didn't shout as his tool fell out;
it was fairly stripped of its thread.

Then Mexico Pete he sprang to his feet 50
to avenge his pal's affront;
With a jarring jolt of his blue-nosed Colt,
he rammed it up her cunt.

He shoved it hard to the trigger guard 51
and fired two times three,
But to his surprise she rolled her eyes
and sighed in ecstasy.

Said Eskimo Nell, "You've rung my bell; 52
I'm ready to explode.
Oh Pete, my sweet, can you repeat?"
Said he, "I've shot my load".

She rose to her feet with a smile so sweet, 53
and "Bully", she said, "for you,
Though I might have guessed that would be the best
you Yankee simps could do.

When next your friend and you intend 54
to sally forth for fun,
Get Deadeye Dick a sugar stick
and buy yourself a bun.

I thought you jerks could give me the works", 55
she said in accents cool,
"But I guess I must go to the land of snow
to find a man with a tool.

I'm going forth to the frozen north, 56
where the pricks are hard and strong,
That is the land of the all-night stand --
and the nights are six months long!

It's hard as tin when you stick it in 57
in the land where spunk is _spunk_:
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream,
but a solid frozen chunk.

That is the land where they understand 58
what it means to copulate,
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed
and the infants masturbate.

Yes, I'm going forth to the frozen north, 59
where a whore can do no wrong,
Where the Arctic blizzard sticks deep in your gizzard
like fourteen inches of dong,

Back again to where men are men, 60
to the Terra Bollicum.
It's there I'll spend my worthy end,
for the north is calling _Come!_"

So Deadeye Dick and Mexico Pete 61
slunk out from the Rio Grande,
Deadeye Dick with his nackered prick,
and Pete with no gun in his hand.

But in the land of the grinding gland, 62
where the walrus plays with his prong,
Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair,
that's where they'll sing this song.

They'll tell this tale on the Arctic trail 63
where the nights are sixty below,
Where it's so damn cold, French letters are sold
wrapped up in a ball of snow.

In the Valley of Death, with bated breath, 64
it's there they'll sing it too,
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle
and the mouldering corpses screw.

Date: Thu, 31 Mar 1994 15:03:12 +0100 (BST)

From: Q.J.Cumbes@exeter.ac.uk
To: jcf@world.std.com
Subject: One stringed fiddle

Hi Jo, thanks for the trip down memory lane, with Nell
In UK , I think a one stringed fiddle is also known as a Phonofiddle.
It has a long neck and horn at the bottom. It is played between your
legs like a cello. The horn amplifies the sound instead of a big body.
They have a sort of jokey novelty image, but the Victorians took them
seriously!!!!
Hope this helps.
Quinton.

>From jcf@world.std.com Thu Mar 31 10:34:49 1994
Date: Thu, 31 Mar 1994 10:34:49 -0500 (EST)
From: Joseph C Fineman <jcf@world.std.com> Subject: Re: One stringed fiddle
To: Q.J.Cumbes@exeter.ac.uk
In-Reply-To: <18212.9403311403@singer>
Message-ID: <Pine.3.89.9403311012.A12724-0100000@world.std.com> MIME-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; charset=US-ASCII

Joe Fineman	jcf@world.std.com
239 Clinton Road	(617) 731-9190
Brookline, MA 02146	

On Thu, 31 Mar 1994 Q.J.Cumbes@exeter.ac.uk wrote:

> In UK , I think a one stringed fiddle is also known as a Phonofiddle.
> It has a long neck and horn at the bottom. It is played between your

> legs lie a cello.

Fair enough so far! But is it bent in the middle?

(I can't help being reminded of the legendary conductor bawling out a cellist: "Between your legs you have an instrument capable of giving pleasure to thousands, and all you can do is scratch it.")

%^)

Date: Mon, 11 Apr 1994 08:52:48 +0100 (BST)

From: Q.J.Cumbes@exeter.ac.uk

To: Joseph C Fineman <jcf@world.std.com> Subject: Re: One stringed fiddle bending!!!!

Hi there, just caught up on things.

A Phonofiddle can't "bend in the middle", the neck is too stiff.

It is a properly made instrument, using quality woods and beautifully finished. ie. hardwood finger boards etc.

My initial thought was that it was fretted, but on reflection perhaps it isn't. My friends of a time back used to play them, and delight in sliding painfully up to the next note in the tune. Frets would hinder this??

There is also old Music Hall acts that used them. I remember on T.V. seeing an old film of such. The story, thin as it was, revolved around 2 men . One sat down on the beach, in a deck chair, on the sands, and had little child's bucket and spade in hand. This was put on the sand. Later, another joined him with bucket and spade as well. I can't remember it all, except in due course, the bucket was fitted onto a peg on the back of the spade, an unobtrusive wire was tensioned over the bucket, and a wonderfully surreal duet was performed on the sands in deckchairs!!! It was wonderful. A lot of these "novelty" acts were so talented musically, they could play anything properly, not just get the odd note out.

I seem to be rambling, still it's my first day back, so I'm allowed. Don't know where this leaves your one stringed fiddle, but it was fun thinking about it!!!

Does "bending" refer to sliding up to the note, like you can bend a note on a guitar by pushing the string up???. From memory, it is strung so loose that as I said, it slides up notes so easily.

Anyway, I'm off to do some work.... see you!

Quinton.

>From jcf@world.std.com Mon Apr 11 14:25:59 1994

Date: Mon, 11 Apr 1994 14:25:58 -0400 (EDT)

From: Joseph C Fineman <jcf@world.std.com> Subject: Re: One stringed fiddle bending!!!!

To: Q.J.Cumbes@exeter.ac.uk

In-Reply-To: <4282.9404110752@singer>

Message-ID: <Pine.3.89.9404111455.A12515-0100000@world.std.com>MIME-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; charset=US-ASCII

Thanks for your reminiscences, which I was delighted to have, even tho they appear to shed little light on the instrument mentioned in "Eskimo Nell". Perhaps there is another kind of one-string fiddle that does have a bend; or perhaps the author had only a vague idea of what one was, and put it in for the sake of the rhyme.

Yours &c,

Joe Fineman jcf@world.std.com
239 Clinton Road (617) 731-9190
Brookline, MA 02146

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\eskimo7.txt

Note that a woman is thanking Fineman for the full text.

Date: Mon, 4 Apr 1994 11:11:31 -0700
From: Andrea Aldridge <n9040513@henson.cc.wvu.edu>To: jcf@world.std.com
Subject: The Ballad of Eskimo Nell

Good soul, help and mercy, I pray you!

I have been off-net for several weeks, and so when you posted this gem (for which I have been searching for years), I missed it! If you still have the file, could you do me the inestimable favour of e-mailing it to me? I will call down blessing on you and your descendants (or whatever other expression of gratitude you prefer)for your kindness.

Awaiting your response with breathless anticipation,

Andrea Aldridge
n9040513@henson.cc.wvu.edu

Date: Fri, 29 Apr 1994 22:25:40 -0700
From: Andrea Aldridge <n9040513@henson.cc.wvu.edu>To: jcf@world.std.com
Subject: Re: The Ballad of Eskimo Nell

Thank you! Thank you, thank you, thank you!!! My access to my account has been limited (through the kindness of a friend who lives 25 miles away), and I haven't been able to check my account for almost a month. I'm sorry I couldn't thank you earlier, but I have only just now got on line. It's wonderful! A hell of a lot of effort show, and the song is the delightfully filthiest thing I have ever read. thank you especially for the commentary and the references you included; I have long searched for Silverman's Dirty Song Book, and this inspires me to continue.
Thanks again!!!

Andrea Aldridge

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\eskimo8.txt

POEMS & JOKES

40. THE BALLAD OF ESKIMO NELL Dramatic Recitation

Gather round all you whorey,
Gather round and hear this story!

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold,
And the tip of his tool turns blue,
And it bends in the middle like a one-string fiddle,
He can tell you a tale or two.

So pull up a chair and stand me a drink
And a tale to you I'll tell,
Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
And a harlot named Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Go forth in search of fun,
It's Dead-eye Dick that slings the prick,
And Mexican Pete the gun.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Are sore, depressed, and sad,
It's always a cunt that bears the brunt,
But the shootin' ain't so bad.

Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Lived down by Dead Man's Creek,
And such was their luck they'd had no fuck
For nigh on half a week.

Just a moose or two and a caribou,
And a bison cow or so,
And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly wick,
The action was mighty slow.

So do or dare this horny pair
Set forth for the Rio Grande,
Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick,
And Pete with his gun in his hand.

And as they blazed their noisy trail
No man their path withstood,
And many a bride, her husband's pride,
A pregnant widow stood.

They reached the strand of the Rio Grande
At the height of a blazing noon,
And to slake their thirst and do their worst,
They sought Black Mike's Saloon.

And as they pushed the great doors wide
Both prick and gun flashed free,
"According to sex, you bleeding wrecks,
You'll drink or fuck with me."

They'd heard of the man called Dead-eye Dick,
From Maine to Panama,
And with scarcely worse than a muttered curse,
Those dagos sought the bar.

The girls too knew of his playful ways
Down on the Rio Grande,
So forty whores pulled down their drawers
At Dead-eye Dick's command.

They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete
Twitch on the trigger grip,
And they didn't wait at a fearful rate,
Those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick
With lecherous snorts and grunts,
Soon forty asses were bared to view,
And likewise forty cunts.

Now forty asses and forty cunts,
If you can use your wits,
And if you're slick at arithmetic,
Makes exactly eighty tits.

Now eighty tits are a gladsome sight
For a man with a raging stand,
It may be rare in Berkeley Square,
But not on the Rio Grande.

Now Dead-eye Dick had bungoled a few
On the last preceding night,
This he had done just to show his fun,
And to whet his appetite.

His phallic limb was in ramming trim
As he backed and took a run,
He made a dart at the nearest tart,
And scored a hole in one.

He bore her to the sawdust floor
And there he swived her fine,
And though she grinned it put the wind
Up the other thirty-nine.

When Dead-eye Dick lets loose his prick
He's got no time to spare,
For speed and length combined with strength,
He fairly singes hair.

He made a dart at the next spare tart,
When into that harlot's hell
Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid,
And her name it was Eskimo Nell.

By this time Dick had got his prick
Well into number two,
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell,
She bawled to him, "Hey you!"

He gave a flick of his muscular prick
And the girl flew over his head,
And he wheeled about with an angry shout,
His face and his prick burning red.

She stared our hero up and down,
His looks she seemed to decry,
With utter scorn she glimpsed the horn
That rose from his hairy thigh.

She blew the smoke from her cigarette
Over his steaming knob,
So utterly beat was Mexican Pete,
He failed to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell,
In accents clear and cool,
"You cunt-struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp,
You call that thing a tool?"

"If this here town can't take that down,"
She sneered to those cowering whores,
"Here's one little cunt can do the stunt,
It's Eskimo Nell's, not yours."

She stripped her garments one by one
With an air of conscious pride,
And as she stood in her womanhood,
They saw the great divide.

She seated herself on a table top
Where someone had left his glass,
With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits,
Between the cheeks of her ass.

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

But Dead-eye Dick knew a trick or two,
He meant to take his time,
And a girl like this was sexual bliss,
So he played the pantomime.

He flexed his buttocks to and fro
And made his balls inflate,
Until they looked like the granite knobs
On top of a garden gate.

He blew his anus inside out,
His organ increased in size,
His mighty prick grew twice as thick,
Till it almost reached his eyes.

He polished it up with alcohol
And made it steaming hot,
To finish the job he sprinkled the knob
With a cayenne pepperpot.

Then neither did he take a run
Nor did he take a leap,
Nor did he stoop, but took a swoop,
And a steady forward creep.

With piercing eye he took a sight
Along his mighty tool,
And the steady grin as he pushed it in,
Was calculatedly cool.

Have you seen the giant pistons
On the mighty C.P.R.,
With the driving force of a thousand horse,
Well, you know what pistons are,

Or you think you do. But you've yet to learn
The ins and outs of the trick,
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run
By a guy like Dead-eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was an infidel,
As good as a whole harem,
With the strength of ten in her abdomen,
And the rock of ages between.

She could take the stream of a lover's cream
Like the flush of a water closet,
And she gripped his cock like the Chatsworth lock
On the National Safe Deposit.

But Dead-eye Dick would not come quick,
He meant to conserve his powers,
If he'd a mind he'd grind and grind
For a couple of solid hours.

Nell lay for awhile and then with a smile,
The grip of her twat grew keener,
With a squeeze of her thigh she sucked him dry,
Like a brand-new vacuum cleaner.

She performed this trick in a way so slick
As to set in complete defiance
The basic cause and primary laws
That govern sexual science.

She calmly rode through the phallic code
Which for years had stood the test,
And the ancient rules of the classic schools,
In a second or two went West.

And so my friends we come to the end
Of copulation's classic,
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick,
And akin to an anesthetic.

He fell to the floor and knew no more,
His passions extinct and dead,
And he did not shout as his tool slipped out,
Although it was stripped to a thread.

Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet
To avenge his pal's affront,
With a jarring jolt his blue-nosed Colt,
He jammed it up her cunt.

He rammed it up to the trigger grip
And fired three times three,
But to his surprise she closed her eyes
And squealed in ecstasy.

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet,
"Bully," she said, "for you.
Though I might have guessed that that was the best
That you poor pussies could do."

"When next, my friend, that you intend
To sally forth for fun,
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick,
And yourself an elephant gun."

"I'm going back to the frozen North,
Where cocks are hard and strong,
Back to the land of the frozen stand,
Where the nights are six months long."

"It's hard as tin when they put it in,
In the land where spunk is spunk,
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream,
But a solid frozen chunk."

"Back to the land where they understand
What it means to fornicate,
Where even the dead sleep two to a bed
And the babies masturbate."

"Back to the land of the grinding gland,
Where the walrus plays with his prong,
Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair,
That's where they'll sing this song."

"They'll tell this tale on the Arctic trail,
Where the nights are sixty below,
Where it's so damn cold that the Rubbers are sold
Wrapped up in a ball of snow."

"In the valley of death with bated breath
That's where they'll sing it too,
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle,
And the rotting corpses screw."

"Back to the land where men are men,
Terra Bellicum.
And there I'll spend my worthy end,
For the North is calling, 'Come.'"

So Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete
Slunk out of the Rio Grande,
Dead-eye Dick with his useless prick,
And Pete with no gun in his hand.

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold,
And the tip of his tool turns blue,
And the hole in the middle refuses to piddle,
I'd say he was fucked, wouldn't you?

From "Hash Hymns II," collected and edited by Paul Woodford, Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\eskimo9.txt

DATE 21 July 95

From: "P. Alan Thiesen" <thiesen@CS.Stanford.EDU>To: bawdy-1@bdragon.jjm.com

Message-Id: <9507220536.AA12432@Xenon.Stanford.EDU>

X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

Reply-To: bawdy-1@bdragon.jjm.com

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com

Status: RO

X-Status:

THE BALLAD OF ESKIMO NELL

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold, and the end of his knob turns blue;
When it's bent in the middle like a one-string fiddle, he can tell a tale or two.
So find me a seat and stand me a drink and a tale to you I'll tell

Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete and the gentle Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete go out in search of fun,
It's usually Dick who wields the prick and Mexican Pete the gun.
And when Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete are sore, depressed, and mad,
'Tis the cunt that usually bears the brunt, so the shooting ain't so bad.

There was rarely a day without a lay, and usually two or three
For Dead-eye Dick, his kingly prick was always like a tree.
Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete had been hunting in Deadman's creek.
And they'd had no luck in the way of a fuck for nigh on half a week.

Just a moose or two and a caribou, and a bison cow or so;
And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly prick this fucking was mighty slow.
So do or dare, this horny pair set out for the Rio Grande.
Dead-eye Dick with his muscular prick and Pete with his gun in hand.

As they rode down the trail without no tail, Pete was mad as hell
For Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick had fucked the horse as well.
They blazed a trail of randy tail, and none their path withstood.
And many a bride who was hubby's pride knew pregnant widowhood.

They came to a town as the sun went down, and met a scurvy crew
Looking for fun, Pete whipped out his gun, and he knew just what to do.
Their leader big, a farting pig, got six holes in his chest
While Dead-eye Dick, with his massive prick, took care of all the rest.

They made the strand of the Rio Grande at the height of a blazing noon.
So to slake their thirst and do their worst, they sought out Black Mike's Saloon.
They opened the doors on the men and whores, both prick and gun flashed free;
"According to sex, you bleedin' wrecks, you drinks or fucks with me."

Now they'd heard of the prick called Dead-eye Dick from the Horn to Panama;
And with nothing worse than a muttered curse those cowhands sought the bar.
The women, too, knew his playful ways, from down on the Rio Grande;
And forty whores took down their drawers at Dead-eye Dick's command.

The women were scared they'd all be mared. This really is no lie,
For Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick was hard to satisfy.
They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete twitch on the trigger grip.
'Twas death to wait. At a fearful rate those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick with lecherous snorts and grunts
As forty asses were bared to view, to say nothing of forty cunts.
Now forty asses and forty cunts, you'll see if you use your wits
And rattle a bit of arithmetic is likewise eighty tits.

And eighty tits is a gladsome sight for a man with a raging stand.
More may be there in Berkeley Square but not on the Rio Grande.
Our dead-eye Dick, he fucks 'em quick, so he backed and took a run

And he laid a dart and the nearest tart, and scored a bull in one.

Her cunt was bore to a sandal floor. He fucked her deep and fine
And though she grinned, it put the wind up the other thirty nine.
Our dead-eye Dick, he fucks 'em quick, and flinging the first aside,
He was making ag'in at the second quim when the door swung open wide.

And into that hall of sin and vice, into that harlot's hell,
Came a lusty maid who was never afraid, and her name was Eskimo Nell.
The hefty lout, he turned about, both knob and face were red.
With a single flick of his mighty prick, the tart flew o'er his head.

But Eskimo Nell, she stood it well, and looked him in the eyes.
With the utmost scorn, she glimpsed the horn that rose from his hairy thighs.
She blew a puff from her cigarette onto his steaming knob.
So utterly beat was Mexican Pete he forgot to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell in actions calm and cool,
"Ah, ya cunt-drunk shrimp of a Yankee pimp, you call that thing a tool?
"If this here town cannot take that down," she sneered to the cowering whores,
There's one little cunt who can do that stunt. It's Eskimo Nell's, not yours."

She shed her garments one by one, with an air of conscious pride
'Til at last she stood in her maidenhood and they saw the Great Divide.
She laid right down on the tabletop where someone had left a glass.
With a twitch of her tits, she crushed it to bits between the cheeks of her ass.

She bent her knees with supple ease and opened her legs apart.
With final nod to the randy sod, gave him the cue to start.
But Dead-eye Dick, with his king-sized prick, prepared to take his time,
For a girl like this was fucking bliss, so he staged a pantomime.

He winked his arse-hole in and out, and made his balls inflate
'Til they looked like the granite knobs on top of a garden gate.
He rubbed his foreskin up and down. His knob increased in size.
His mighty prick grew twice as thick and almost reached his eyes.

He polished that rod with rum and gob, to make it steaming hot
And to finish the job he sprinkled the knob with a cayenne pepper pot.
He didn't have to take a run, or yet a flying leap;
But bent right down and came 'long side with a steady forward creep.

Then he took a sight as a gunman might along his mighty tool
And shoved his lust with a dextrous thrust, firm, calculating, and cool.
Have you seen the giant pistons on the mighty C.P.R.?
With the punishing force of a thousand horse. You know what pistons are.

Oh you think you do, but you've yet to learn the awe inspiring trick
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run by a man like Dead-eye Dick.
But Eskimo Nell was an infidel. She equalled a whole harem

With the strength of ten in her abdomen and a rock of ages dam.

Amidships the rush, she could stand like the flush of a modern water closet.
So she grasped his cock like the Chatwood lock on the National Safe Deposit.
She lay for a while with a subtle smile while the grip of her cunt grew keener.
And giving a sigh, she sucked him dry with the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this feat in a way so neat as to set at complete defiance
The primary cause and the basic laws that govern sexual science.
She calmly rode through the phallic fold which for years had stood the test
And the ancient laws of the classic school, in a moment or two, went West.

And now, my friend, we draw to the end of this copulating epic.
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick, and it came to an end aesthetic.
And he didn't shout as his tool came out. It was stripped down to a thread.
He slipp

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\first.txt

Sat, 16 Nov 1996 21:36:35 -0800 (PST)

From: Jacob Faturechi <jacobf@scf.usc.edu>To: Ed Cray <cray@phakt.usc.edu>Subject:
poem (fwd) <fwd>(fwd)

Message-ID: <Pine.SV4.3.94.961116213450.22672C-100000@phakt.usc.edu>MIME-Version:
1.0

Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; charset=US-ASCII

Status: RO

X-Status: A

Since you collect folk songs, I thought you might be interested in the
following Internet poem. It is one of three of its kind. I have received
it at least 3 different times from 3 different sources. Everyone's seen it
and it is pretty funny.

Shema, Yisrael, | Jacob Faturechi <jacobf@usc.edu>Adoshem Elokeinu |
| U N I V E R S I T Y
Adoshem Echad. | of
Listen, Israel, | S O U T H E R N C A L I F O R N I A
the Lord our G-d | Piece of the Web <<http://www-scf.usc.edu/~jacobf/>>is one Lord.
| Research Page <<http://www-rcf.usc.edu/~jacobf/>>Deuteronomy 6:4 |
talk jacobf@castor.usc.edu

**** My Very First Time ****

The sky was dark
The moon was high
All alone just she and I
Her hair was soft
Her eyes were blue
I knew just what
She wanted to do
Her skin so soft
Her legs so fine
I ran my fingers
Down her spine
I didn't know how
But I tried my best
I started by placing
My hands on her breast
I remember my fear
My fast beating heart
But slowly she spread
Her legs apart
And when I did it
I felt no shame
All at once
The white stuff came
At last it's finished

It's all over now
My first time ever
At milking a cow.....

Miss Garlanda Jocelyn Peterson

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Sun Dec 1 01:13:03 1996
Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.6/8.7.3/usc) with ESMTP
id BAA22903 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; </body>

</html>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\goose1.txt

Christmas Goose

Twass at an inn in Manchester: "The Cornstalks" was the sign,
A famous public where commercials used to stop and dine.
A traveler, one Christmas eve -- so long had been his use --
Stopped in to spend his holiday and choose his Christmas goose.

All around the greenwood, so early in the morn,
The merry, merry huntsman blows his silver bugle horn.

He sipped his pint of sherry wine and smoked his mild cigar,
He chatted with the customers and people at the bar,
And not a thought of wickedness here entered in his head,
Until the chambermaid appeared, to light him up to bed.

At length he grew so amorous, he hugged her on the stairs,
He kissed her at the chamber door before he said his prayers.
He gave to her a guinea to prevent her being vexed,
And then he blew the candle out, and you can guess what next.

Next Christmas time came round again, which filled his heart with
glee,
He wandered round from town to town, and strange sights did he see.
Till he ended up in Manchester, and put up for the night
At The Cornstalks, which twelve months before had filled him with
delight.

He walked into the coffee-room, as jaunty as can be,
Where many a rooster like himself was waiting for his tea.
He ordered of the very best the landlord could produce,
Then called the waiter back to say, "Now don't forget the goose."

Right speedily a tray was brought, with eatables galore,
And by the selfsame chambermaid he'd kissed twelve months before.
But, nothing loath, he raised the cloth, whereon a heap was piled,
Instead of eatables thereon, was a big fat bumping child.

Enraged at seeing the others laugh, "What is this here?" said he.
"Come sit you down beside me, and I'll tell you, Sir," said she.
"Last Christmas you so generous was -- nay, do not look so strange:
You gave to me a guinea, and I've brought you back your change."

... -> Arthur Howard -> Anabel Graetz -> ...

--

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\miracle.txt

This recitation is from Joe Fineman:

I went out to take a friggin walk by the friggin reservoir
a-wishin for a friggin quid to pay my friggin score,
my head it was a-achin and my throat was parched and dry,
and so I sent a little prayer, a wingin to the sky.

And then there came a figgin falcon and he walked upon the waves,
and I said, "A friggin miracle!" and sang a couple staves
of a friggin churchy ballad I learned when I was young.
The friggin bird took to the air, and spattered me with dung.

I fell upon my friggin knees and bowed my friggin head,
and said three friggin Aves for all my friggin dead,
and then I got upon my feet and said another ten.
The friggin bird burst into flame -- and spattered me again.

The burnin bird hung in the sky just like a friggin sun.
It seared my friggin eyelids shut, and when the job was done,

the friggin bird flashed cross the sky just like a shootin star.
I ran to tell the friggin priest -- he bummed my last cigar.

I told him of the miracle, he told me of the Rose,
I showed him bird crap in my hair, the bastard held his nose.
I went to see the bishop but the friggin bishop said,
"Go home and sleep it off, you sod -- and wash your friggin head!"

Then I came upon a friggin wake for a friggin rotten swine
by the name of Jock O'Leary, and I touched his head with mine,
and old Jock sat up in his box and raised his friggin head.
His wife took out a .44, and shot the bastard dead.

Again I touched his head with mine and brought him back to life.
His smiling face rolled on the floor, this time she used a knife.
And then she fell upon her knees, and started in to pray,
"It's forty years, O Lord," she says, "I've waited for this day."

So I walked the friggin city mongst the friggin halt and lame,
and every time I raised em up, they got knocked down again,
cause the love of God comes down to man in a friggin curious way,
but when a man is marked for love, that love is here to stay.

And this I know because I've got a friggin curious sign;
for every time I wash my head, the water turns to wine!
And I gives it free to workin blokes to brighten up their lives,
so they don't kick no dogs around, nor beat up on their wives.

Cause there ain't no use to miracles like walkin on the sea.
They crucified the Son of God, but they don't muck with me!
Cause I leave the friggin blind alone, the dyin and the dead,
but every day at 4 o'clock, I wash my friggin head.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\night.txt

The Night of the King's Castration

'Twas the night of the king's castration; the royal ball was coming off. Counts,
discounts, and no-counts stood around the courtyard, camel-dunging one another, for
bullshit was as yet unheard-of.

Then in came Daniel, with his balls slung over his shoulder. "What ho!" cried
Daniel.

"Asshole," said the king.

"Then suck it!" roared Daniel, thereby scoring a point for the common people.

Now this made the king very angry, and he ordered Daniel to come forth. But Daniel slipped on a lion turd and came [in] fifth.
This made Daniel so furious that he picked up the lion turd and threw it at random; but Random ducked and it hit the king.
Now, this made the king even more angry, and so he ordered Daniel to be thrown into the den of lions. There was Daniel in the midst of all those roaring, snarling beasts. But, of course, you could easily recognize Daniel by the large green parasol which he always carried.
Suddenly, one of the lions seized Daniel by the left gonad.
"Ouch!" cried Daniel. "It tickles."
"What tickles?" asked the king.
"Testicles!" roared Daniel, thereby scoring another point for the common people.
Upon hearing this, all the ladies in the courtyard took out their tits and tittered.
Now, this made the king exceedingly angry, and so he inquired, "Where's the queen?"
"M'lord, she is on the royal crapper."
"And is she well-supplied with paper?"
"M'lord, she has forty reams of the finest linen."
"It is good," said the king. "And where is the princess?"
"Oh, she [is] upstairs in bed with laryngitis."
"I'll kill that fucking Greek!" cried the king. "Oh, well, fuck the princess."
And fifty thousand loyal subjects were trampled in the rush, for in those days the king's word was law, and the king ruled with an iron hand.
This made the king exceedingly angry, and in exasperation he cried, "Oh, shit!"
And fifty thousand loyal subjects squatted and grunted in unison, for in those days the king's word was law, and the king ruled with an iron hand.
Later in the evening, the king entered the royal boudoir, and beheld the queen, lying in nature's attire. "Roll over!" cried the king.
"I'll be fucked if I will!" said the queen.
"You'll be corn-hauled [sic] if you won't!" cried the the king.
Upon hearing this the queen shit a gold brick. For in those days, a square asshole was a symbol of royalty.
When the king saw this he cried, "Balls!" not because he wanted to, but because he had two.
And the queen replied, "Balls? If I had two, I could be king!"

-- Collected by Dean Burson, at UCLA, in 1959 from an
unidentified fraternity brother

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\nite2.txt

From folktalk@leo.vsla.edu Fri Mar 8 16:04:43 1996

Subject: Re: bawdy poem hard-to-find
Kathryn LaMar whispered in utmost secrecy:

>

>Yes, I would like a copy (or access thereto) of the "Night of the King's
>Castration." Does just one listmember count as "group" permission, or do you
>need permission from each individual? Perhaps you could send it to the list
>with a subject heading like "Lyrics That Could be Considered Offensive" so
>that potential offendeas could set their killfiles ahead of time.

Here's my copy...offensive alert....

T'was the night of the King's Castration & they were throwing a
royal ball -- his left one. The King cried, not because he had
to, but because he had too! (high, squeaky voice here)

"Balls," cried the Queen, "If I had two, I'd be King."
The counts, dis-counts, and no-accounts were sitting squarely
about the Round Table throwing camel turds, for in those days,
Bullshit was unknown. In rode David on a tall stud horse; in
strode the King in a diamond-studded jock strap.
"Hole," cried David. "What hole?" cried the King.
"Ass-hole!" cried David, thus scoring one for the common people.

"Where's the Princess," cried David. "She's in bed with
diphtheria," replied the King. "What, is that damned Greek son
of a bitch back again?" cried David. For his impudence, David
was thrown in the lair of the Mangy Beast.

He circled the Beast and grabbed him by the left nut.
"Ouch, that tickles," said the Beast. "What tickles?" Queried
David. "Test-tickles," replied the Beast, thus scoring one for
the Mangy Beast. David squeezed harder and the Beast shit at
random, but Random ducked and shit at the King. "Ah, shit,"
cried the King, and 60,000 loyal subjects bent and grunted to
their utmost, for as we all know, in those days,

The King's Word was Law.

David squeezed harder, and the Beast died. For his bravery, he
was called forth, but he slipped on a camel turd and came in
fifth. But, there was still no sign of the Princess. "Where's
the Princess," screamed David. "Ah, screw the Princess" replied
the King, and that, my friends, is how 60,000 loyal subjects
died in a mad rush to reach the Princess's bedchamber; for as we
all know, in those days,

The King's Word was Law.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\portions1.txt

97. THE PORTIONS OF A WOMAN

Melody--???

Now the portions of a woman
That appeal to a man's depravity,
Are fashioned with the most exquisite care.
And that what may seem to you
To be a simple little cavity,
Is really an elaborate affair.

Now, we doctors who have taken time
To study these phenomena,
In numbers of experimental dames,
Have made a little list
Of all these feminine abdomena,
And given them their Latin names.

There's the vulva, the vagina,
And the jolly perineum.
And the hymen which is sometimes found in brides,
And lots of other gadgets.
You would love if you could see 'em,
There's the clitoris, and Christ knows what else besides.

Now it makes us rather tired,
When you idle laymen chatter,
About the things to which we've just referred.
And to hear you give a name
To such a complicated matter,
With such a short and unattractive word.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\recitati.txt

Rhymes and Recitations

Mary had a little lamb.
She gave him castor oil.
And everywhere that Mary went
He fertilized the soil.

-- Michael Doder, (idirect.com) Canada, 1996

A fart it is a pleasant thing.
It gives the belly ease.
It warms the bed and soothes the mind
And suffocates the fleas.

-- J.A. O'Connor, (zetnet.co.uk) 1996

Mama, Mama, what is that
Sticks out on papa like a baseball bat?
Shut your mouth, you dirty brat!
That's what keeps your mama fat.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 1

Mrs. Woodin made a puddin'
On a Sunday [sunny?] day.
Mr. Martin came a-fartin',
Blew it all away.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 2

A monkey and a baboon
Were sitting on the grass.
The monkey stuck his finger
Up the baboon's ass.
The baboon said,
"Goddam your soul!
Keep your dirty finger
Out of my asshole!"

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 3

The he-cat sat on a high board fence.
The she-cat sat on the ground.
The tom made a pass at the pussycat's ass,
And the world went around and around.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 5

Father went a-hunting
To shoot himself a bear.
He shot him in the asshole
And never touched a hare [sic].

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 7

See R.C. Seeger, Animal/American Folksongs for Children {?}

Charlie, barley, buckwheat straw,

Twenty pinches is the law.
Pinch me now, pinch me then,
Pinch me when I fart again.

Upshag, downshag, kick, cuff or box,
Long-eye pull, or pinches, or taps?

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 6

A taunt, apparently, combining a counting-out rhyme and a forfeit, used when a child farts.

Charley, barley, butter and eggs,
Kissed the girls between the legs.
And when the girls went out to pee,
Charley, barley, followed to see,
And when the girls began to cry,
Charley, barley, rock-and-rye.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 43, No. 44

I've got the shankers
And the blueballs too.
The shankers don't hurt
But the blueballs do.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 8

I've got a girl in Indiana;
She can handle my big banana.
She can whistle, she can dance,
She's got whiskers in her pants.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 9

When a man grows old, his pecker gets cold,
And the end of his pecker turns blue.
When he tries to diddle, it bends in the middle.
Did it ever happen to you?

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 10

If you shit while you're eating,
The devil you're feeding!
If you piss on your dink,
You give him a drink!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 20

I wish I had a load of bricks
To build my chimney higher,

To keep the girls around the town
From pissing in my fire!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 21

Oh, won't you come over to my shithouse?
It's nice and shady there.
The wind blows up around your ass
And tickles your curly hair.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 23

When I was young and in my prime,
I used to jack off all the time.
But now I'm old, I've got more sense.
I use the knothole in the fence.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 24

This is a nonsense rhyme, unless the homosexual practice of the glory hole had spread to small town southern Idaho in the 1920-1950 period.

The country girl is the girl for me.
You can lay her on the grass,
Lift up her lily-white petticoats,
And tickle her on the ass!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 25

Sally went down a new-cut road,
And I went down behind her.
She stooped over to tie her shoe,
And then I saw her hinder!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 26

A song fragment.

Old Balaky Baraky had but one stone;
The hair on his ass was strawberry roan.
Old Balaky, the butcher, had but one nut.
He fucked his grandmother and had to be cut.
He went away and came back in the fall
Married to a woman with no pussy at all.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 27

"Balaky Baraky" is an echo [?] of an older ballad. File there? Or at least refer

to distaff "No Balls at All."

By the bar, by the bar,
Where I smoked my first cigar,
And the dollars in my pockets rolled away.
It was there that by chance
I slipped it in her pants
And now she's in the family way!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 28

A parody of a popular song?

I wouldn't marry old Joe's girl,
And I'll tell you the reason why:
She bloes her nose in the cornbread dough
And calls it custard pie!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 29

From "Old Joe Clark"

May the bleeding piles torment you,
And the corns adorn your feet,
And the itching crabs by millions
Crawl out on your balls and eat.
And when you are old
And a syphilitic wreck,
May you fall through your asshole
And break your fucking neck!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 30

I asked a little nigger to let me frig her,
But she said, "Wait till the hole grows bigger."
I waited till the hole got bigger,
And in about nine months she had a little nigger.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 31

I fucked her in my dreams;
I listened to her screams.
When I awoke the bed was soaked
For I had fucked her in my dreams.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 32

A limerick gone awry?

There was a woman from Connecticut
Who was good looking from face to butt.
She was a shithouse poet,
Had brains and yet didn't know it.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 33

Listen, listen,
The cat's a-pissin'.
Where, where?
Under the chair.
Run, run,
And get your gun.
Never mind,
It's all done.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 34

'Tis a long-haired slut for a wolf hound.
'Tis a spotted sow for a boar.
'Tis a red-headed girl for a son of a bitch.
'Tis a blue-eyed boy for a whore.
Amen.

-- Unidentified New York City correspondent to Alan Steyne, March 30, 1926, in the Canfield collection.

For God made man
And man made money.
And God made bees
And bees made honey.
And God made a rabbit
And sent it through the grass
And God made a dog
For to like the rabbit's ass.

-- Unidentified New York City correspondent to Alan Steyne, March 30, 1926, in the Canfield collection.

Chancres, blue-balls, crabs and lice.
I've had 'em all and some of 'em twice.
But the cock sucker who cuts a whore's price
Is a son of a bitch, by Jesus Christ!

-- Unidentified New York City correspondent to Alan Steyne, March 30, 1926, in the

Canfield collection.

The vermiform appendix is a good thing to possess.
Twill make moments of happiness from moments of distress.
Did you ever meet a maiden with a decent reputation
Who has chanced to meet a fellow who is tired of masturbation,
Who is young and handsome also, and he has a husky cock?
The maiden's folks are shortly to receive an awful shock.
There's going to be a basrard in the family! Joy, oh, gloat!
The old man swears to Jesus that he's goging to cut its
throat.
They rush her to a hospital, the doc takes out his knife,
It costs the old gent lots of dough; it was expensive kife,
But the maiden's rep's unsullied and the world goes on the same.
It's called appendicitis and it saves the girl's good name.

-- Signed "Isosocles," this is in the Canfield collection

It was Christmas on the Island.
The convicts all were there,
Gathered around the table
To eat their Christmas fare.

Up spoke the dear old warden,
And his voice rang through the halls,
"Merry Christmas, all ye convicts!"
And the convicts answered, "Balls!"

Then again up spoke the warden,
And his voice was choked with sobs,
"For that you'll get no dinner,
You goddam dirty slobs!"

And then spoke an ancient convict,
His face hgard, and bold as brass.
"Then take your god dam dinner
And shove it up your ass!"

-- Canfield collection, no name given

December snow was blowing
Against the prison walls.
"Merry Christmas," said the warden.
The convicts answered, "Balls."

And one old convict added
In a voice as harsh as brass,
"You can take that Christmas pudding, sir,

And shove it up your ass."

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

Adam and Eve sat on a rock.
Said Eve to Adam, "I see your cock."
Said Adam to Eve, "Have you no shame
To call my prick by such a name?"

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

Here I sit all broken hearted --
Jitney out and only farted.

-- O.E. Stark of Kansas City, Missouri, to Hubert Canfield 2/12/1926

Come all ye Concord Chippies
And hearken unto me!
Never trust a St. Paul's Boy
An inch above the knee!

I trusted one, the son of a bitch,
As you can plainly see,
And he left me in the hell of a fix
With a baby on my knee.

-- F.R.F. to Hubert Canfield, noting, "The following poem ... was a popular one when I was in boarding school -- St. Paul's, Concord, N.H. -- and was felt to extoll the prowess of the St. Paul boys" circa 1900.

The Old Sport

I ain't got no money, but if I was rich
I'd go dead broke on that son of a bitch.
When he gets started, hell make 'em all itch,
He'll win in a walk, by gosh!

-- O.E. Stark, Kansas City, Missouri, executive director of the Business District League, January 14, 1926, to Canfield

Coming Home from the Wake

If you go to the wake, I'll tell you to beware.
If you go to the wake, young Roger will be there.
And he'll take you in his arms to shield you from all harms,
In the morning you'll be sorry coming from the wake.

The wake being over, and morning comng on,
Roger took Nellie through the fields of corn.
Said Roger to Nellie, "Let's sit down and have a chat,
And I'll show you the game they call shoot-the-cat."

They sat down on a rock as you may suppose,
And pretty soon Roger began to pull up Nellie's clothes;
Said Nellie to Roger, "Now, what are you at?"
Said Roger to Nellie, "Why I'm going to shoot your cat."

Six months passed by, and three more a-coming on,
Nellie brought forth a charming son.
"We will name it, we will name it, we will name it for his
sake.
We will name it Shoot-the-Kitten-Coming-Home-from-the-Wake."

And when this young bastard had grown to be a man,
He went down town with his cock in his hand.
And every lady he met, he'd give it a little shake,
And then he'd shoot their kitten coming home from the wake.

-- Orville A. Welsh to Canfield, n.d.

For Ireland was Ireland when England was a pup
And Ireland will be Ireland when England's gobbled up,
So get down upon your bloody knees upon the bloomin' grass,
And stick your dirty English face right up my Irish ass.

-- Orville A. Welsh to Canfield, n.d.

Our Lil

Now Lil taught school when she first went west,
But she guv that up cuz she liked fuckin' best.
'Twas a standin' bet for miles around'
There warn't no man could hold Lil down,
Till over the hill from Mount Cayoot
Come half-breed Bill, the hulking brute;
And as he ambled acrost the squar',
And banged his tool upon the bar,
They all knew Lil had met her fate --
Thar warn't no backin' out that late.
They decided to hold this mill
Behind the shit house on the hill
Where all who came might get a seat

To see the redskin bury his meat.

Lil started out as the gentle breeze
That wafts the skirts 'bout women's knees.
Then she bumped, and thumped, and double-humped
And did things unknown to common cunts,
But Bill was there at every trick
Jes kep' on lettin' ut more prick.
The grass was burnt for miles around
Whre Lil's ass had touched the ground.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Only once did Lil miss a pat
And then the half-breed nailed her flat.
They left her skirt and took her drawers
And nailed 'em to the barroom doors
In memory of that plucky whore, Lil
She had her boots on when she fell.
So what the hell, boys, what the hell.

Sent by W. B. Sanders, Jr., of New Haven, Conn., on January 16, 1926, to Alan Steyne; in Canfield collection.

Graffiti

Some come here to show their wit,
But I am here to think and shit.

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

Some come here to sit and think,
And some come her to shit and stink.
But I come here to play with my dink!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 19

My bus is leaving,
I cannot linger.
So here goes
With my middle finger.

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

Be like Dad, not like Sis,
Lift the seat before you piss.

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

Christmas Present

Der next night was Christmas. Der night it was still.
Der stockings were hung by der chimney to fill.
Nodding was stirring at all in der house
For fear dot St. Nicholas was nix cum crause.

Der children var dried and put in der bed
And Mutter in nightgown and I on ahead
Was searching around in der closet for toys.
Ve krept about quiet not to make noise.

Die Mutter was bringing de toys in her gown
Und showing her person from up der vaist down.
She have come to der crib of our littlest boy,
Our youngest, der sweetest, our pride and our joy.

His eyes vide open, he peeked from his cot
Und seen everyting wot his Mutter has got,
But he never notice der toys in her lap.
He just asked, "For who is dot liddle fur cap?"

Den Mutter sed, "Shoosh," but she smiled with delight.
"I think I give dat to your Vadder tonight."

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

This is in The Stag Party, a bit fuller version.

Two old whores going down the street,
No hats on their heads, no shoes on their feet.
Too old to fuck, too proud to suck.
Just two old whores, shit out of luck.

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

It gave the family quite a start
When lady Jane became a tart.
But pride is pride, and race is race
And so to save the family's face,
They bought her an exclusive beat
On the sunny side of Jermyn Street.

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940, who explains that London's Jermyn Street, "which runs parallel to Picadilly, a block to the south, is still a fashionable shopping street, but, no longer, as it was when this rhyme was composed, a place where very attractive streetwalkers might be engaged."

"What'll you have?" the waiter said

As he stood there picking his nose.,
"Hard boiled eggs, you son-of-a-btch.
You can't put your finger in those."

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

I used to tickle my grandfather's balls
With a little light oil and a feather,
But the thing that amused the old gentleman most
Was my knocking them gently together.

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

Here's to the girl of South Bend,
Who always used a fountain pen.
One day the cork went wild.
Now she's nursing a negro [sic] child.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 17

See "St. Louis Woman"

Ham and eggs between your legs,
A little bit of gravy;
Your machine and my machine
Can make a little baby.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 18

Limericks

A horny co-ed from Miletus
Was exceedingly fond of coitus,
Till a halfback from State
Made her period late
And now she has athlete's foetus.

-- F. Markoe Rivinius, Philadelphia, 1940

There was an old woman from France,
Who boarded a train by chance.
The engineer fucked her,
And so did the conductor,
And the brakeman jacked off in her pants.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 11

There was a young man from Chinee
Who went in an alley to pee.
"Mine golly! mine sissy!
My cock it no pissy!
I thinka so maybe clapee!"

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 12

A variant of this is in The Stag Party

There was an old woman from Wheeling
Who had a most wonderful feeling;
She lay on her back
And ticked her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 13

Poor old Robinson Crusoe,
He had no woman to screw; so
He sat on a rock
And played with his cock
And shot it all over the seashore [sic].

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 14

There was a young man from Boston,
Who bought for himself an Austin.
There was room for his ass,
And a gallon of gas,
But his balls hung out, and he lost 'em.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 15

There was a young man from St. Claire
Who screwed his wife on a chair.
On the forty-nine stroke
The furniture broke
And his gun went off in the air~!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 16

A woman from Sleepy Hollow
Got all of the men folks to follow.
They played with her crack,
But she took all their jack,
And gave the blueballs to them all-o!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 35

A little old man from St. Chester
Decided to tackle his sister,

But all that he packed
Was a wrinkled old sack,
And all that she had was a blister!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 36

There once was a good from Sheepshit
Who proved to be only a half-wit.
His girl friend he bumped,
And, seeing her cunt,
"My God!" he cried, "I've cracked it!"

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 37

There was a young lady from Nantuckett
Who soaked his sore cock in a bucket.
"Oh, never, no more
Will I fuck a whore!
I'd rather have somebody suck it."

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 43, No. 41

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\recitations.txt

From bdragon!bawdy-owner Sat Mar 9 20:50:30 1996
Return-Path: bdragon!bawdy-owner
Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with SMTP
id UAA08199 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Sat, 9 Mar 1996 20:50:26 -0800 (PST)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP by shore.shore.net with UUCP id AA02362
(5.67a/IDA-1.5 for cray@mizar.usc.edu); Sat, 9 Mar 1996 23:49:54 -0500
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)
id AA09831; 09 Mar 96 14:48:59 -0500
From: buyensl@primenet.com (Lorrill Buyens)
Date: Thu, 7 Mar 1996 14:41:17 -0700 (MST)
X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Subject: PI stories
Message-Id: <199603072141.OAA00354@usr3.primenet.com>
X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

I posted the following PI anecdote, which I read in a book of children's playground rhymes, songs, stories & etc. from the 60's, on Fidonet about 2 years ago:

My name is _____. I'm a private investigator. I was working late one night when I heard a knock on my door. It nearly scared me out of my secretary. A woman came into my office and pointed two 38's at me, she also had a gun. She told me she'd heard that I was the best private dick in town, and she wanted to hire me. I told her I'd take the case.

When we got to her car, we found that it had a flat tire. She pumped, I pumped, she pumped, I pumped, then I got the jack. We were driving along when a rock flew through the window and hit her where it hurts - it also broke my glasses.

When we got to her house we found that the door was locked. I went in and out and in and out, then she gave me the key. There was a chocolate cake in the kitchen. She had a piece, I had a piece, she had a piece, I had a piece, then we cut the cake. She told me that she had 13 sisters. They were all very fine. I felt like a jackrabbit jumping from hole to hole.

When I got back to the office the next day I couldn't stop thinking about her. I had a lump in my throat and a lump in my pants. I called in my secretary.

This prompted an Australian guy to send me the following version:

I'm a private eye. I was sitting in my Adelaide office, when there was a knock at the door, which scared me half out of my secretary. Then my first case came in and I polished off 2 bottles. I'm so tough I wear clothes out from the inside. Suddenly this tall blonde walked past, I knew she was tall as I was on the third floor. The phone rang and I knew something was wrong as I don't have a phone. It was a girl, and then I knew there was something definately wrong, because she told me so. I raced down the stairs and called a cab, the cab stopped with a jerk, the jerk got out and I got in. The driver took the curb at 80 mph, but a cop stopped us and told the driver to put the curb back. We kept on the footpath because there was a sign saying 'KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROADS.'

Then we were out of the city. I knew this because we weren't hitting as many pedestrians. When we came to my client's house she greeted me with a burning kiss, then she took the cigarette out of her mouth and kissed me again. She pointed two 38's at me, she also had a gun. She had the most beautiful blonde hair, on her head, too. She had teeth like the ten commandments - all broken. She had the most beautiful eyes - in fact, one kept staring at the other one.

There was a man on the floor. He had stab wounds to the heart, bullet wounds to the head, and slashed wrists - he was dead. I took her for a drive in the country, when a brick came through the window, hit her left tit, and broke four of my fingers. Then the car got a flat tire. She pumped, I pumped and she pumped again, then we got out and fixed the tire.

When I took her home, she asked me for some rootbeer. The root was nice,

the beer was flat. I was giving her a goodnight kiss when she closed her legs and broke my glasses!

--

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|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

From bdragon!bawdy-owner Sat Mar 9 20:51:34 1996

Return-Path: bdragon!bawdy-owner

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with SMTP

id UAA08215 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Sat, 9 Mar 1996 20:51:31 -0800 (PST)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP by shore.shore.net with UUCP id AA02688

(5.67a/IDA-1.5 for cray@mizar.usc.edu); Sat, 9 Mar 1996 23:50:47 -0500

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)

id AA09832; 09 Mar 96 14:49:07 -0500

From: chris@keris.demon.co.uk (Chris Croughton)

Date: Fri, 08 Mar 96 21:14:20 GMT

X-To: bawdyl@keris.demon.co.uk

Subject: The Night of the King's Castration

Message-Id: <1619@keris.demon.co.uk>

X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Precedence: bulk

Status: RO

X-Status:

Ed Cray wrote:

>Herewith the version of "The Night of the King's Castration" as collected
>by Dean Burson at UCLA in 1959 from an unidentified fraternity brother.

>

>I would appreciate hearing from those of you who have heard of this
>recitation, or recall portions (or other versions) of it. It is unusual,
>for it has contributed at least four rather well-known "jokes" or
>"witticisms" in oral tradition. Many know one- or two-liners from it.

OK, this is the version from my mailserver, as sent to me. It's not exactly the same as yours - it's shorter, but there are some additions as well.

The person who sent it to me said: "I transcribed it from a really *BAD* tape that a former roommate brought back from an interkingdom event a couple of years ago" - I think folk drift has hit it hard <g>...

=====

T'was the night of the King's Castration & they were throwing a royal ball -- his left one. The King cried, not because he had to, but because he _had_ two! (high, squeaky voice here)

"Balls," cried the Queen, "If I had two, I'd be King." "Nuts," said the Prince, "I've got two and I'm not King." The counts, dis-counts, and no-accounts were sitting squarely about the Round Table throwing camel turds, for in those days, Bullshit was unknown. In rode David on a tall stud horse; in strode the King in a diamond-studded jock strap. "Hole," cried David. "What hole?" cried the King. "Ass-hole!" cried David, thus scoring one for the common people.

"Where's the Princess," cried David. "She's in bed with diptheria," replied the King. "What, is that damned Greek son of a bitch back again?" cried David. For his impudence, David was thrown in the lair of the Mangy Beast.

He circled the Beast and grabbed him by the left nut. "Ouch, that tickles," said the Beast. "What tickles?" Queried David. "Test-tickles," replied the Beast, thus scoring one for the Mangy Beast. David squeezed harder and the Beast shit at random, but Random ducked and shit at the King. "Ah, shit," cried the King, and 60,000 loyal subjects bent and grunted to their utmost, for as we all know, in those days,

The King's Word was Law.

David squeezed harder, and the Beast died. For his bravery, he was called forth, but he slipped on a camel turd and came in fifth. But, there was still no sign of the Princess. "Where's the Princess," screamed David. "Ah, screw the Princess" replied the King, and that, my friends, is how 60,000 loyal subjects died in a mad rush to reach the Princess's bedchamber; for as we all know, in those days,

The King's Word was Law.

| chris@keris.demon.co.uk | FIAWOL (Filking Is A Way Of Life) |
-----^-----

This message is void in Germany, China, the United States,
and other places where free speech is prohibited by law.

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|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn
|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

From cray@mizar.usc.edu Sat Mar 6 09:34:39 1996
Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com
Received: from transfer.stratus.com (transfer.stratus.com [134.111.1.10])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP
id JAA04938 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Wed, 6 Mar 1996 09:34:36 -0800 (PST)
Received: from light.jjm.com (light.hqsl.stratus.com [134.111.105.15]) by
transfer.stratus.com (8.7.4/8.7.3) with ESMTP id MAA14403; Wed, 6 Mar 1996 12:32:09
-0500 (EST)
Received: from jjmhome.jjm.com (root@jjmhome.jjm.com [198.114.254.1]) by
light.jjm.com (8.7.3/8.7.3) with ESMTP id MAA25791; Wed, 6 Mar 1996 12:32:07 -0500
(EST)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP (Ubdragon@localhost) by jjmhome.jjm.com (8.7.3/8.7.3)
with UUCP id MAA12350; Wed, 6 Mar 1996 12:18:39 -0500 (EST)
X-Authentication-Warning: jjmhome.jjm.com: Ubdragon set sender to
bdragon!bawdy-owner using -f
Received: by bdragon.jjm.com (0.99.960124)
id AA09461; 06 Mar 96 06:03:55 -0500
From: Ed Cray <cray@bcf.usc.edu>Date: Tue, 5 Mar 1996 18:30:36 -0800 (PST)
X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com, folktalk@leo.vsla.edu
Subject: The Night of the King's Castration
Message-Id: <Pine.SUN.3.91.960305180908.14668C-100000@mizar.usc.edu>X-Listname:
Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

Herewith the version of "The Night of the King's Castration" as collected
by Dean Burson at UCLA in 1959 from an unidentified fraternity brother.

'Twas the night of the king's castration; the royal ball was coming off.
Counts, discounts and no-counts stood around the courtyard, camel-dunging
one another, for bullshit was as yet unheard of.

Then in came Daniel with his balls slung over his shoulder. "What ho!"
cried Daniel.

"Asshole," said the king.

"Then suck it!" roared Daniel, thereby scoring a point fo the common people.

Now this made the king very angry, and he ordered Daniel to come forth. But Daniel slipped on a lion [camel?] turd and came fifth. This made Daniel so furious that he picked up the lion turd and threw it at Random. But Random ducked and it hit the king.

Now, this made the king even more angry, so he ordered Daniel to be thrown into the den of lions. There was Daniel in the midst of all those roaring, snarling beasts. But of course you could easily recognize Daniel by the large green parasol which he always carried.

Suddenly, one of the lions seized Daniel by the left gonad. "Ouch!" cried Daniel. "It tickles."

"What tickles?" asked the king.

"Testicles!" roared Daniel, thereby scoring another point for the common people. Upon hearing this, all the ladies in the courtyard took out their tits and tittered.

Now shtis made the king exceedingly angry, and so he inquired, "Where's the queen?"

"M'lord, she is on the royal crapper."

"And is she well supplied with paper?"

"M'lord, she has forty reams of the finest linen."

"It is good," said the king. "And where's the princess?"

"Oh, she is upstairs in bed with laryngitis."

"I'll kill that fucking Greek!" cried the king. "Oh well, fuck the princess!"

And fifty thousand loyal subjects were trampled in the rush, for in those days, the king's word was law, and the king ruled with an iron hand.

This made the king exceedingly angry, and in exasperation he cried, "Oh, shit!" And fifty thousand loyal subjects squatted and grunted in unison, for in those days the king's word was law, and the king ruled with an iron hand.

Later in the evening, the king entered the royal boudoir and beheld the queen, lying in nature's attire. "Roll over!" cried the king.

"I'll be fucked if I will!" said the queen.

"You'll be corn-hauled [sic] if you won't" cried the king.

Upon hearing this, the queen shit a gold brick, for in those days a square asshole was [a] symbol of royalty.

When the king saw this, he cried, "Balls!" not because he wanted to, but because he had two.

And the queen replied, "Balls? If I had two I could be king!"

I would appreciate hearing from those of you who have heard of this recitation, or recall portions (or other versions) of it. It is unusual, for it has contributed at least four rather well-known "jokes" or "witticisms" in oral tradition. Many know one- or two-liners from it.

Ed Cray
cray@mizar.usc.edu

--

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|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.jjm.com

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Wed Jun 12 09:42:20 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP

id JAA25847 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Wed, 12 Jun 1996 09:42:19 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with UUCP id MAA28174; Wed, 12 Jun 1996 12:42:15 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)

id AA09831; 09 Mar 96 14:48:59 -0500

From: buyensl@primenet.com (Lorrill Buyens)

Date: Thu, 7 Mar 1996 14:41:17 -0700 (MST)

X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Subject: PI stories

Message-Id: <199603072141.OAA00354@usr3.primenet.com>

X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Precedence: bulk

Status: RO

X-Status:

I posted the following PI anecdote, which I read in a book of children's playground rhymes, songs, stories & etc. from the 60's, on Fidonet about 2 years ago:

My name is _____. I'm a private investigator. I was working late one night when I heard a knock on my door. It nearly scared me out of my secretary. A woman came into my office and pointed two 38's at me, she also had a gun. She told me she'd heard that I was the best private dick in town, and she wanted to hire me. I told her I'd take the case.

When we got to her car, we found that it had a flat tire. She pumped, I pumped, she pumped, I pumped, then I got the jack. We were driving along when a rock flew through the window and hit her where it hurts - it also broke my glasses.

When we got to her house we found that the door was locked. I went in and out and in and out, then she gave me the key. There was a chocolate cake in the kitchen. She had a piece, I had a piece, she had a piece, I had a piece, then we cut the cake. She told me that she had 13 sisters. They were all very fine. I felt like a jackrabbit jumping from hole to hole.

When I got back to the office the next day I couldn't stop thinking about her. I had a lump in my throat and a lump in my pants. I called in my secretary.

This prompted an Australian guy to send me the following version:

I'm a private eye. I was sitting in my Adelaide office, when there was a knock at the door, which scared me half out of my secretary. Then my first case came in and I polished off 2 bottles. I'm so tough I wear clothes out from the inside. Suddenly this tall blonde walked past, I knew she was tall as I was on the third floor. The phone rang and I knew something was wrong as I don't have a phone. It was a girl, and then I knew there was something definately wrong, because she told me so. I raced down the stairs and called a cab, the cab stopped with a jerk, the jerk got out and I got in. The driver took the curb at 80 mph, but a cop stopped us and told the driver to put the curb back. We kept on the footpath because there was a sign saying 'KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROADS.'

Then we were out of the city. I knew this because we weren't hitting as many pedestrians. When we came to my client's house she greeted me with a burning kiss, then she took the cigarette out of her mouth and kissed me again. She pointed two 38's at me, she also had a gun. She had the most beautiful blonde hair, on her head, too. She had teeth like the ten commandments - all broken. She had the most beautiful eyes - in fact, one kept staring at the other one.

There was a man on the floor. He had stab wounds to the heart, bullet wounds to the head, and slashed wrists - he was dead. I took her for a drive in the country, when a brick came through the window, hit her left tit, and broke four of my fingers. Then the car got a flat tire. She pumped, I pumped and she pumped again, then we got out and fixed the tire.

When I took her home, she asked me for some rootbeer. The root was nice, the beer was flat. I was giving her a goodnight kiss when she closed her

legs and broke my glasses!

--

Bawdy Mailing List

To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net

--

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Wed Jun 12 09:42:54 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP

id JAA25937 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Wed, 12 Jun 1996 09:42:51 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with UUCP id MAA28278; Wed, 12 Jun 1996 12:42:49 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)

id AA09832; 09 Mar 96 14:49:07 -0500

From: chris@keris.demon.co.uk (Chris Croughton)

Date: Fri, 08 Mar 96 21:14:20 GMT

X-To: bawdyl@keris.demon.co.uk

Subject: The Night of the King's Castration

Message-Id: <1619@keris.demon.co.uk>

X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Precedence: bulk

Status: RO

X-Status:

Ed Cray wrote:

>Herewith the version of "The Night of the King's Castration" as collected

>by Dean Burson at UCLA in 1959 from an unidentified fraternity brother.

>

>I would appreciate hearing from those of you who have heard of this

>recitation, or recall portions (or other versions) of it. It is unusual,

>for it has contributed at least four rather well-known "jokes" or

>"witticisms" in oral tradition. Many know one- or two-liners from it.

OK, this is the version from my mailserver, as sent to me. It's not exactly the same as yours - it's shorter, but there are some additions as well.

The person who sent it to me said: "I transcribed it from a really

BAD tape that a former roommate brought back from an interkingdom event a couple of years ago" - I think folk drift has hit it hard <g>...

=====

T'was the night of the King's Castration & they were throwing a royal ball -- his left one. The King cried, not because he had to, but because he had two! (high, squeaky voice here)

"Balls," cried the Queen, "If I had two, I'd be King." "Nuts," said the Prince, "I've got two and I'm not King." The counts, dis-counts, and no-accounts were sitting squarely about the Round Table throwing camel turds, for in those days, Bullshit was unknown. In rode David on a tall stud horse; in strode the King in a diamond-studded jock strap. "Hole," cried David. "What hole?" cried the King. "Ass-hole!" cried David, thus scoring one for the common people.

"Where's the Princess," cried David. "She's in bed with diptheria," replied the King. "What, is that damned Greek son of a bitch back again?" cried David. For his impudence, David was thrown in the lair of the Mangy Beast.

He circled the Beast and grabbed him by the left nut. "Ouch, that tickles," said the Beast. "What tickles?" Queried David. "Test-tickles," replied the Beast, thus scoring one for the Mangy Beast. David squeezed harder and the Beast shit at random, but Random ducked and shit at the King. "Ah, shit," cried the King, and 60,000 loyal subjects bent and grunted to their utmost, for as we all know, in those days,

The King's Word was Law.

David squeezed harder, and the Beast died. For his bravery, he was called forth, but he slipped on a camel turd and came in fifth. But, there was still no sign of the Princess. "Where's the Princess," screamed David. "Ah, screw the Princess" replied the King, and that, my friends, is how 60,000 loyal subjects died in a mad rush to reach the Princess's bedchamber; for as we all know, in those days,

The King's Word was Law.

| chris@keris.demon.co.uk | FIAWOL (Filking Is A Way Of Life) |
-----^-----

This message is void in Germany, China, the United States,
and other places where free speech is prohibited by law.

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--

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Wed Jun 12 09:43:47 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP

id JAA26067 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Wed, 12 Jun 1996 09:43:44 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with UUCP id MAA28469; Wed, 12 Jun 1996 12:43:41 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)

id AA00353; 16 Mar 96 10:04:32 -0500

From: buyensl@primenet.com (Lorrill Buyens)

Date: Fri, 15 Mar 1996 14:17:05 -0700 (MST)

X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Subject: Rome poem

Message-Id: <199603152117.OAA03587@usr1.primenet.com>

X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Precedence: bulk

Status: RO

X-Status:

>From _WAR BIRDS: Diary of an Unknown Aviator_ (George H. Doran Company; 1926). Since the author was anonymous, I attribute little, if any, truth to the story behind the poem. <g>For a while one of the boys [American pilots stationed in England] was

playing around with a very charming young lady who more or less owed allegiance to a big diplomat who was in Holland on a mission of state. She had a beautiful apartment and he was more or less enjoying himself in the absence of the baron. But the gentleman returned suddenly and he was henceforth out of luck. We were all kidding him about it one night and Springs [friend of the author] after listening a while retired and penned a poem on the subject. We all told him how rotten the meter was but he said that was charged up to poetic license. Here's a copy of the revised version:

A portly Roman Senator was sipping his Rock and Rye,
When a classic Vestal Virgin caught his educated eye;
"Ah, ha," he cried, enraptured, "that's just about my style,
Behold the old come-hither look, that makes the wild men wild!"

The old boy was no novice, for he'd served his time in Gaul,
And he saw she was a chicken and the flapper pose a stall,
So he flashed a roll of talents and she flashed him back a smile,

And she shrugged her architecture in a manner to beguile.

While the young bucks wagered drachmae that his game would never win,
He was letting her drive the chariot and chucking her under the chin.
They dined at the smart Lucullus, saw the Coliseum show,
Supped at the Appian Roadhouse where the party's never slow;
They drank a lot of Roman punch and shook a wicked hip,
For she taught him the Tiber Grapevine and the Herculeum Dip.

Said he, "If you're a Vestal, it's because you've had no chance,--
I can see that you're ambitious by the charming way you dance,
I'm getting rather lonely and I've got a tidy bit,
Oh, really, you must come over." She answered, "Tempus fugit."
As he gave his chariot number to the chasseur at the door,
He heard the garcon whisper, "Sine qua non, caveat emptor."

He gave her a three-horse chariot, a flat with a cellar of booze,
And introduced her as his niece, who had moved from Syracuse.
He bought her Carthaginian Togas, her sandals came from Thrace,
And her B.V.D.'s were Grecian and were trimmed with Persian lace.
Her hair was bound with fillets of platinum and gold,
And she sprayed her dainty tonsils with a vintage rare and old.

The young bucks were green with envy, which but aroused his mirth,
And he boasted, "To hell with all expense, I'm getting my money's worth."
But he had to go to Naples, where some rents were overdue,
While she lingered by the Tiber, complaining of the flu.
And no great time elapsed ere the wise ones slyly winked,
And they whispered, "Habeas corpus," as their golden goblets clinked,
For it was gossiped at the banquets and told o'er games of cards,
That a certain dashing Shavetail of Julius Caesar's Guards,
Was bringing home the bacon, had a latchkey to the flat,
Had soused himself in pre-war stock and was staging a terrible bat.

Now the Senator in Naples was leasing out his piers,
When the gossip from the Tiber was wafted to his ears,
He cursed his Naples real estate and paged his charioteer,
As he scorched along the highway, he pumaced off his spear.

He broke the record back to Rome and arrived with a terrible shout,
But the Shavetail heard him on the stairs and escaped by the gutter spout.
The Senator surveyed his flat, with bottles everywhere,
And picked up some scattered plumage and bits of odd tinware.

The lady wept in anguish, but he only mocked her cries,
"I gave you rings for your fingers, now they're beneath your eyes."
The sweet young thing was cagey, she'd expected his return,
And she exclaimed, "Semper fidelis, won't you ever learn!"

"Dear Caesar came to see me, said Pompey's getting hot,

And the Legion's drilling badly and the Navy's gone to pot;
So to stimulate recruiting, I've been flirting with this Wop,"
And she slipped her toga's shoulder strap, and displayed a fancy clock.

And the fat and portly Senator bethought himself of Gaul,
And when garrisoned in Egypt how he used to pay a call
On a dusky amorous maiden with a houseboat on the Nile,
Whose lingering caresses made Army life worth while;
His thoughts went back to Britain, and he stroked a scarred chin
Where an angry Celtic husband had expressed his deep chagrin.
And he recalled how his upright figure and the polish his armor bore
Had intrigued the Spanish maidens on that temperamental shore.

And his anger soon abating, he replaced the truant strap,
And she said, "Carpemus diem," as he gave her--cheek a slap;
He patted the touseled curly locks, that on his shoulder lay,
And thought, "She's not hors de combat, 'tis part of an Officer's Pay."

--

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--

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

From bdragon!bawdy-owner@jjmhome.jjm.com Tue Jul 25 04:47:19 1995

Return-Path: bdragon!bawdy-owner@jjmhome.jjm.com

Received: from transfer.stratus.com (transfer.stratus.com [134.111.1.10])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.6.12/8.6.4) with ESMTP

id EAA14182 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Tue, 25 Jul 1995 04:47:18 -0700

Received: from light.jjm.com (light.hqsl.stratus.com [134.111.105.15]) by
transfer.stratus.com (8.6.11/8.6.11) with ESMTP id HAA24934; Tue, 25 Jul 1995
07:47:06 -0400

Received: from jjmhome.jjm.com (root@jjmhome.jjm.com [198.114.254.1]) by
light.jjm.com (8.6.12/8.6.12) with ESMTP id HAA28477; Tue, 25 Jul 1995 07:47:05
-0400

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (Uxsmids@localhost) by jjmhome.jjm.com (8.6.12/8.6.12)
with UUCP id HAA15333; Tue, 25 Jul 1995 07:44:49 -0400

Received: by bdragon.jjm.com (0.99.950303)

id AA04213; 24 Jul 95 18:18:14 -0500

Date: Mon, 24 Jul 95 10:00:55 PDT

From: Barry Gold <barryg@sparc.SanDiegoCA.ATTGIS.COM>To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com

Subject: Eskimo Nell

Message-Id: <9507241700.AA01088@sv303.SanDiegoCA.attgis.com>

X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com

Status: RO

X-Status:

The version Alan Thiesen posted differs in several places from the one in my trad. But, rather than just putting mine in, I've decided to combine them, using what I consider the best parts of both.

Wherever I've changed Alan's version, I marked the line with a ! at the beginning. Sometimes the ! marks a completely new line, sometimes a change as small as adding or deleting a monosyllable to make the scansion a little smoother.

THE BALLAD OF ESKIMO NELL

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold, and the end of his knob
turns blue;

! When it's bent in the middle like a one-string fiddle, he can tell
a yarn or two.

So find me a seat and stand me a drink and a tale to you I'll tell
Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexico Pete and the gentle Eskimo Nell.

! When Dead-eye Dick and Mexico Pete go forth in search of fun,
It's usually Dick who wields the prick and Mexico Pete the gun.
And when Dead-eye Dick and Mexico Pete are sore, depressed, and mad,
'Tis the cunt that usually bears the brunt, so the shooting ain't so bad.

There was rarely a day without a lay, and usually two or three
For Dead-eye Dick, his kingly prick was always like a tree.
Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexico Pete had been hunting in Deadman's creek.
And they'd had no luck in the way of a fuck for nigh on half a week.

Just a moose or two and a caribou, and a bison cow or so;
And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly prick this fucking was mighty slow.
So do or dare, this horny pair set out for the Rio Grande.
Dead-eye Dick with his muscular prick and Pete with his gun in hand.

As they rode down the trail without no tail, Pete was mad as hell
For Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick had fucked the horse as well.
! They blazed a trail of randy tail, and no man their path withstood.
And many a bride who was hubby's pride knew pregnant widowhood.

! useless quatrain deleted

They made the strand of the Rio Grande at the height of a blazing noon.
! And to slake their thirst and do their worst, they sought Black Mike's Saloon.
They opened the doors on the men and whores, both prick and gun flashed free;
"According to sex, you bleedin' wrecks, you drinks or fucks with me."

Now they'd heard of the prick called Dead-eye Dick from the Horn to Panama;

And with nothing worse than a muttered curse those cowhands sought the bar.
The women, too, knew his playful ways, from down on the Rio Grande;
And forty whores took down their drawers at Dead-eye Dick's command.

The women were scared they'd all be mared. This really is no lie,
For Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick was hard to satisfy.
They saw the fingers of Mexico Pete twitch on the trigger grip.
'Twas death to wait. At a fearful rate those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick with lecherous snorts and grunts
As forty asses were bared to view, to say nothing of forty cunts.
Now forty asses and forty cunts, you'll see if you use your wits
And rattle a bit of arithmetic is likewise eighty tits.

And eighty tits is a gladsome sight for a man with a raging stand.
More may be there in Berkeley Square but not on the Rio Grande.
Our dead-eye Dick, he fucks 'em quick, so he backed and took a run
And he laid a dart and the nearest tart, and scored a bull in one.

! Down he bore to the sandy floor. He fucked her deep and fine
And though she grinned, it put the wind up the other thirty nine.
Our dead-eye Dick, he fucks 'em quick, and flinging the first aside,
He was making ag'in at the second quim when the door swung open wide.

And into that hall of sin and vice, into that harlot's hell,
! Strode a lusty maid who was unafraid, and her name was Eskimo Nell.
(additional couplet)
! Our Dead-eye Dick who fucks 'em quick was well in twenty-two
! When Eskimo Nell let out a yell and said to him, "Hey...you!"

The hefty lout, he turned about, both knob and face were red.
With a single flick of his mighty prick, the tart flew o'er his head.
But Eskimo Nell, she stood it well, and looked him in the eyes.
With the utmost scorn, she glimpsed the horn that rose from his hairy thighs.

She blew a puff from her cigarette onto his steaming knob.
So utterly beat was Mexico Pete he forgot to do his job.
! It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell in accents calm and cool,
"Ah, ya cunt-drunk shrimp of a Yankee pimp, you call that thing a tool?

! "If this here town can't take that down," she sneered to the cowering whores,
There's one little cunt who can do that stunt. It's Eskimo Nell's, not yours."
She shed her garments one by one, with an air of conscious pride
'Til at last she stood in her maidenhood and they saw the Great Divide.

She laid right down on the tabletop where someone had left a glass.
With a twitch of her tits, she crushed it to bits between the cheeks of her ass.
She bent her knees with supple ease and opened her legs apart.
With final nod to the randy sod, gave him the cue to start.

But Dead-eye Dick, with his king of a prick, prepared to take his time,
For a girl like this was fucking bliss, so he staged a pantomime.
He winked his arse-hole in and out, and made his balls inflate
Until they looked like the granite knobs on top of a garden gate.

He rubbed his foreskin up and down. His knob increased in size.
His mighty prick grew twice as thick and almost reached his eyes.
He polished the rod with rum and gob to make it steaming hot,
And to finish the job he sprinkled the knob with a cayenne pepper pot.

! He didn't back to take a run, or yet a flying leap;
But bent right down and came 'long side with a steady forward creep.
Then he took a sight as a gunman might along his mighty tool
And shoved his lust with a dextrous thrust, firm, calculating, and cool.

Have you seen the giant pistons on the mighty C.P.R.?
With the punishing force of a thousand horse. You know what pistons are.
Oh you think you do, but you've yet to learn the awe inspiring trick
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run by a man like Dead-eye Dick.

! But Eskimo Nell was an infidel. She equalled a whole hareem
! With the strength of ten in her abdomen and a rock of ages beam.
Amidships the rush, she could stand like the flush of a modern water closet.
So she grasped his cock like the Chatwood lock on the National Safe Deposit.

She lay for a while with a subtle smile while the grip of her cunt grew keener.
And giving a sigh, she sucked him dry with the ease of a vacuum cleaner.
She performed this feat in a way so neat as to set at complete defiance
! Both the primary cause and the basic laws that govern sexual science.

[I'm not sure of the value of the next couplet, but I'm leaving it in.]
She calmly rode through the phallic fold which for years had stood the test
And the ancient laws of the classic school, in a moment or two, went West.
And now, my friend, we draw to the end of this copulating epic.
! The effect on Dick was sudden and quick, and akin to an anaesthetic.

! He slipped to the floor and he knew no more -- his passions extinct
! and dead --
! He didn't shout as his tool came out. It was worn down to a thread.
! And Mexico Pete, he sprang to his feet to avenge his pal's affront.
With a fearful jolt, he drew his Colt, and rammed it up her cunt.

! He shoved it up to the trigger grip, and fired three and three.
But to his surprise, she rolled her eyes and smiled in ecstasy.
She leapt to her feet with a smile so sweet. "And bully," she said, "for you.
! Though I might have guessed, it's about the best you phony lechers do.

"When next your friend and you intend to sally forth for fun,
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick and get yourself a bun.
! "I'm going back to the frozen North, to the land where spunk is spunk

! Not a tricking stream of lukewarm cream, but a solid frozen chunk.

"Back to the land where they understand what it means to fornicate.
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed and infants copulate.
"I'm goin' home to frozen Nome where all girls know the trade.
They're taught from birth, for all they're worth, and mighty men get laid.

! "Back to the land of the mighty stand where the nights are six months long.
Where the polar bear whacks off in his lair, that's where they'll sing
this song.

"They'll tell this tale on the arctic trail where the nights are sixty below.
Where it's so damn cold, French letters are sold wrapped up in a ball of snow.
[weak couplet deleted]
"In the Valley of Death, with bated breath, it's there they'll sing it, too.
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle, and moldering corpses screw."

[And that's a fine place to end it. I suspect Alan's final
couplet was added by someone other than the original author(s).]

From bdragon!bawdy-owner@jjmhome.jjm.com Sun Aug 13 15:39:23 1995
Return-Path: bdragon!bawdy-owner@jjmhome.jjm.com
Received: from transfer.stratus.com (transfer.stratus.com [134.111.1.10])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.6.12/8.6.4) with ESMTP
id PAA05696 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Sun, 13 Aug 1995 15:39:21 -0700
Received: from light.jjm.com (light.hqsl.stratus.com [134.111.105.15]) by
transfer.stratus.com (8.6.11/8.6.11) with ESMTP id SAA17413; Sun, 13 Aug 1995
18:39:03 -0400
Received: from jjmhome.jjm.com (root@jjmhome.jjm.com [198.114.254.1]) by
light.jjm.com (8.6.12/8.6.12) with ESMTP id SAA12257; Sun, 13 Aug 1995 18:39:02
-0400
Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by jjmhome.jjm.com (8.6.12/8.6.12) with
UUCP id SAA08573; Sun, 13 Aug 1995 18:09:10 -0400
Received: by bdragon.jjm.com (0.99.950801)
id AA05625; 13 Aug 95 12:08:18 -0500
From: Barry Gold <barryg@sparc.SanDiegoCA.ATTGIS.COM>Date: Sun, 13 Aug 95 07:44:53
PDT
X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com
Subject: Casey and the Bat
Message-Id: <9508131444.AA27301@sv303.SanDiegoCA.attgis.com>
X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: Multiple.recipients.of.Bawdy.Filking@jjm.com
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com
Status: RO
X-Status: A

Well, here it is at last, typed in and (I hope) proofread.
Personally, I don't think it's anywhere near as good as "Eskimo Nell".
But it's certainly a long, bawdy recitation.

CASEY AND THE BAT

Things had been extra quiet at
The Mudville Bar, that night;
For there hadn't been an argument,
And there hadn't been a fight.

The boys were leaning on the bar
Having a drink or two,
With nothing much to think about,
And nothing much to do.

They'd had a masturbation race
A night or two before;
They'd got a bitch and dog, last night,
And bred 'em, on the floor.

But now these harmless little games,
Were over, through and done;
And not a one of them could think
Of how to have some fun.

And just as Grogan muttered low;
"I wish he had a whore."
The damndest bat in forty states
Stood leering in the door.

Her legs were bowed, her ass was broad
Her waist but slightly less,
Her teats (without an uplift bra)
Were bigger than Mae West's.

Her skirt was short, her gloves were long
Her hat we'd best forget.
In all your life, you've never seen
A sadder sight, I'll bet.

"Who wants to fuck?" this vision whined.
"I only charge a buck."
But several said, "We'd not fuck you
At seven cents a fuck".

She said, "If that's the case, may I
Suggest a little bout?

I've got a sawbuck here that says
No man can tire me out."

The crowd looked at each other, then
They looked at her awhile.
"I do believe she means it, boys."
Said Grogan with a smile.

"Of course I do," the Venus said,
"I'll fuck from now til dawn."
And Grogan winked, "O.K.", he said
"I think we'll take you on."

The bet was covered, the bat lay down
And opened up her pants;
"Come on," she said. "Who's gonna be
The first to take a chance?"

"It is a chance," Pat Grogan said.
"To fuck you is a sin.
But I'll be first, I made the bet."
And he lay and stuck it in.

For seven minutes Grogan worked
Before his pecker bent--
Then young Mike Shea came twice in ten
In spite of good intent.

And Big McGillicuddy lay
Half-hour on the whore
And when he rose, all limbered up,
She gaily called for more.

The Monohan and Hanrahan
And old Mulvaney tried;
And then poor Grogan tried again
(Although he nearly died).

And through it all, the bat lay there
And squirmed and moaned and farted
And ended up as gay and calm
And fresh as when she started.

And all the barflys muttered low
At Grogan's second break;
The honor of the Mudville Bar
Was certainly at stake.

Then Alderman O'Conner said,
"The issue seems in doubt.

Who will uphold our honor, men,
And tire this bastard out?"

And as they stood and wondered
At that omnivorous womb,
None other than big Casey
Came striding in the room.

"Ray!" cried the weakened heroes,
No longer feeling sick,
"Casey will surely conquer
With his omnipotent prick."

They quickly tell their story,
Their qualms and fears all gone,
And mighty Casey smiles at them
And says, "I'll take her on."

Said Shea, "The neighbor boys would like
To see this, like as not.
I say, let's have 'em hold the bout
Down in Mulvaney's lot."

"We will," responded Grogan,
"And we won't do this like bums.
I'll act as sort of umpire,
to tell if each one comes."

No sooner said than done, the crowd
Hurried to get a place
To see great Casey and the bat
Commence the nookey race.

There was ease in Casey's manner
As he sank onto the grass,
There was pride in Casey's bearing
As he fiddled with her ass.

And as unto the watching crowd
He lightly doffed his hat,
Each watcher knew that he'd come through
When Casey fucked the bat.

Two hundred eyes were on him
As his balls dragged in the dirt,
A hundred tongues applauded
As he wiped them on her skirt.

And now he sinks between her thighs
And now he grins a grin,

And the crowd all grins in sympathy
As Casey sticks it in.

He gets his hands around her ass
And starts to bearing down,
She twines her legs around his thighs
And starts to go to town.

And minute after minute passed
And still they reared and bucked,
And pitched and tossed, and rocked and rolled,
And fucked, and fucked, and fucked.

Till presently her movements sped
But Casey's seemed to slow.
He had the look of someone who
Is just about to 'blow'.

She gave a sudden thrilling twist.
The dirty deed was done!
"Hot damn!" said Casey soulfully,
And the umpire said, "Strike one."

"Fake," cried the maddened watchers,
And echo answered, "Fake."
But Casey pulled his penis out
And gave the thing a shake.

And as the watchers saw it drip
A drop of pearly dew,
Their cries died out in silence
For they knew that it was true.

But Casey lay right down again,
To go right back to work.
"There's plenty more where that came from,"
Said Casey with a smirk.

Then stern he looks down at the bat
And, sterner, at them all.
And proud, he looks down at his prick,
Which never droops at all.

He lies back down upon the bat,
He breathes a sigh and then,
He spits upon his prick for luck.
And sticks it in again.

This time he didn't work so fast
And Coyne was heard to say:

"Can this be caution, do ye think?"
"'Tis wisdom, man," said Shea.

But his slow and steady movements
Didn't seem to please the femme;
For she started in to working at
1000 R.P.M.

There didn't seem a single trick
That woman didn't know.
She twisted up and twisted down
And twisted to and fro.

Tell Casey, after quite a while
Grunted a dreadful grunt,
And rammed his pecker, fast and hard
Into her grasping cunt.

He pulled it out, and sheepishly
He wiped its dripping head.
"I guess I come," said Casey, and
"Strike two!" the umpire said.

The crowd was silent, filled with awe,
And then they gave a groan.
"I don't believe she's human,"
There were many heard to moan.

But Casey, still magnanimous,
Lifted a warning hand.
"I'll win," he said, "But, Holy Mike!
She fucks to beat the band."

Again he sticks his penis in,
Again he starts to poke,
And for half an hour or more
Keeps up a steady stroke.

But every time he brings it down
The bat comes up to meet him.
And all the crowd is tense and taut
For fear that she will beat him.

And Casey feels his feelings rise
And strains to keep from coming.
And as for her, she gaily works,
And damn it all, she's humming.

And now his face gets redder as
He tries to hold it back.

He mutters as his penis hard,
Slips in and out her crack.

And now he strains, and tries to stop,
And now he lets it go.
And now her womb is shattered
By the force of Casey's 'blow'.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land
The folks are getting rich.
And maybe Hitler's still alive
The God-damned son-of-a-bitch!

And somewhere little boys fuck girls
Without a care or doubt.
But there is gloom in Mudville;
Mighty Casey has struck out.

--

Bawdy Mailing List

To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-1@bdragon.jjm.com

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--

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Rhymes and Recitations

Mary had a little lamb.
She gave him castor oil.
And everywhere that Mary went
He fertilized the soil.

-- Michael Doder, (idirect.com) Canada, 1996

A fart it is a pleasant thing.
It gives the belly ease.
It warms the bed and soothes the mind
And suffocates the fleas.

-- J.A. O'Connor, (zetnet.co.uk) 1996

Mama, Mama, what is that
Sticks out on papa like a baseball bat?
Shut your mouth, you dirty brat!

That's what keeps your mama fat.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 1

Mrs. Woodin made a puddin'
On a Sunday [sunny?] day.
Mr. Martin came a-fartin',
Blew it all away.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 2

A monkey and a baboon
Were sitting on the grass.
The monkey stuck his finger
Up the baboon's ass.
The baboon said,
"Goddam your soul!
Keep your dirty finger
Out of my asshole!"

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 3

The he-cat sat on a high board fence.
The she-cat sat on the ground.
The tom made a pass at the pussycat's ass,
And the world went around and around.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 5

Father went a-hunting
To shoot himself a bear.
He shot him in the asshole
And never touched a hare [sic].

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 7

See R.C. Seeger, Animal/American Folksongs for Children {?}

Charlie, barley, buckwheat straw,
Twenty pinches is the law.
Pinch me now, pinch me then,
Pinch me when I fart again.
Upshag, downshag, kick, cuff or box,
Long-eye pull, or pinches, or taps?

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 6

A taunt, apparently, combining a counting-out rhyme and a forfeit, used when a child farts.

Charley, barley, butter and eggs,
Kissed the girls between the legs.
And when the girls went out to pee,
Charley, barley, followed to see,
And when the girls began to cry,
Charley, barley, rock-and-rye.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 43, No. 44

I've got the shankers
And the blueballs too.
The shankers don't hurt
But the blueballs do.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 8

I've got a girl in Indiana;
She can handle my big banana.
She can whistle, she can dance,
She's got whiskers in her pants.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 9

When a man grows old, his pecker gets cold,
And the end of his pecker turns blue.
When he tries to diddle, it bends in the middle.
Did it ever happen to you?

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 10

If you shit while you're eating,
The devil you're feeding!
If you piss on your dink,
You give him a drink!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 20

I wish I had a load of bricks
To build my chimney higher,
To keep the girls around the town
From pissing in my fire!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 21

Oh, won't you come over to my shithouse?
It's nice and shady there.
The wind blows up around your ass
And tickles your curly hair.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 23

When I was young and in my prime,
I used to jack off all the time.
But now I'm old, I've got more sense.
I use the knothole in the fence.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 24

This is a nonsense rhyme, unless the homosexual practice of the glory hole had spread to small town southern Idaho in the 1920-1950 period.

The country girl is the girl for me.
You can lay her on the grass,
Lift up her lily-white petticoats,
And tickle her on the ass!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 25

Sally went down a new-cut road,
And I went down behind her.
She stooped over to tie her shoe,
And then I saw her hinder!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 26

A song fragment.

Old Balaky Baraky had but one stone;
The hair on his ass was strawberry roan.
Old Balaky, the butcher, had but one nut.
He fucked his grandmother and had to be cut.
He went away and came back in the fall
Married to a woman with no pussy at all.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 27

"Balaky Baraky" is an echo [?] of an older ballad. File there? Or at least refer to distaff "No Balls at All."

By the bar, by the bar,
Where I smoked my first cigar,
And the dollars in my pockets rolled away.
It was there that by chance
I slipped it in her pants
And now she's in the family way!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 28

A parody of a popular song, "By the Sea, By the Sea"?

I wouldn't marry old Joe's girl,
And I'll tell you the reason why:

She bloes her nose in the cornbread dough
And calls it custard pie!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 29

From "Old Joe Clark"

May the bleeding piles torment you,
And the corns adorn your feet,
And the itching crabs by millions
Crawl out on your balls and eat.
And when you are old
And a syphilitic wreck,
May you fall through your asshole
And break your fucking neck!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 30

I asked a little nigger to let me frig her,
But she said, "Wait till the hole grows bigger."
I waited till the hole got bigger,
And in about nine months she had a little nigger.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 31

I fucked her in my dreams;
I listened to her screams.
When I awoke the bed was soaked
For I had fucked her in my dreams.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 32

A limerick gone awry?

There was a woman from Connecticut
Who was good looking from face to butt.
She was a shithouse poet,
Had brains and yet didn't know it.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 33

Listen, listen,
The cat's a-pissin'.
Where, where?
Under the chair.
Run, run,
And get your gun.
Never mind,
It's all done.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 34

'Tis a long-haired slut for a wolf hound.
'Tis a spotted sow for a boar.
'Tis a red-headed girl for a son of a bitch.
'Tis a blue-eyed boy for a whore.
Amen.

-- Unidentified New York City correspondent to Alan Steyne, March 30, 1926, in the Canfield collection.

For God made man
And man made money.
And God made bees
And bees made honey.
And God made a rabbit
And sent it through the grass
And God made a dog
For to like the rabbit's ass.

-- Unidentified New York City correspondent to Alan Steyne, March 30, 1926, in the Canfield collection.

Chancres, blue-balls, crabs and lice.
I've had 'em all and some of 'em twice.
But the cock sucker who cuts a whore's price
Is a son of a bitch, by Jesus Christ!

-- Unidentified New York City correspondent to Alan Steyne, March 30, 1926, in the Canfield collection.

The vermiform appendix is a good thing to possess.
Twill make moments of happiness from moments of distress.
Did you ever meet a maiden with a decent reputation
Who has chanced to meet a fellow who is tired of masturbation,
Who is young and handsome also, and he has a husky cock?
The maiden's folks are shortly to receive an awful shock.
There's going to be a basrard in the family! Joy, oh, gloat!
The old man swears to Jesus that he's goging to cut its
throat.
They rush her to a hospital, the doc takes out his knife,
It costs the old gent lots of dough; it was expensive kife,
But the maiden's rep's unsullied and the world goes on the same.
It's called appendicitis and it saves the girl's good name.

-- Signed "Isosocles," this is in the Canfield collection

It was Christmas on the Island.
The convicts all were there,
Gathered around the table
To eat their Christmas fare.

Up spoke the dear old warden,
And his voice rang through the halls,
"Merry Christmas, all ye convicts!"
And the convicts answered, "Balls!"

Then again up spoke the warden,
And his voice was choked with sobs,
"For that you'll get no dinner,
You goddam dirty slobs!"

And then spoke an ancient convict,
His face hgard, and bold as brass.
"Then take your god dam dinner
And shove it up your ass!"

-- Canfield collection, no name given

December snow was blowing
Against the prison walls.
"Merry Christmas," said the warden.
The convicts answered, "Balls."

And one old convict added
In a voice as harsh as brass,
"You can take that Christmas pudding, sir,
And shove it up your ass."

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

Adam and Eve sat on a rock.
Said Eve to Adam, "I see your cock."
Said Adam to Eve, "Have you no shame
To call my prick by such a name?"

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

Here I sit all broken hearted --
Jitney out and only farted.

-- O.E. Stark of Kansas City, Missouri, to Hubert Canfield 2/12/1926

Come all ye Concord Chippies
And hearken unto me!
Never trust a St. Paul's Boy
An inch above the knee!

I trusted one, the son of a bitch,
As you can plainly see,
And he left me in the hell of a fix
With a baby on my knee.

-- F.R.F. to Hubert Canfield, noting, "The following poem ... was a popular one when I was in boarding school -- St. Paul's, Concord, N.H. -- and was felt to extoll the prowess of the St. Paul boys" circa 1900.

The Old Sport

I ain't got no money, but if I was rich
I'd go dead broke on that son of a bitch.
When he gets started, hell make 'em all itch,
He'll win in a walk, by gosh!

-- O.E. Stark, Kansas City, Missouri, executive director of the Business District League, January 14, 1926, to Canfield

Coming Home from the Wake

If you go to the wake, I'll tell you to beware.
If you go to the wake, young Roger will be there.
And he'll take you in his arms to shield you from all harms,
In the morning you'll be sorry coming from the wake.

The wake being over, and morning comng on,
Roger took Nellie through the fields of corn.
Said Roger to Nellie, "Let's sit down and have a chat,
And I'll show you the game they call shoot-the-cat."

They sat down on a rock as you may suppose,
And pretty soon Roger began to pull up Nellie's clothes;
Said Nellie to Roger, "Now, what are you at?"
Said Roger to Nellie, "Why I'm going to shoot your cat."

Six months passed by, and three more a-coming on,

Nellie brought forth a charming son.
"We will name it, we will name it, we will name it for his
sake.
We will name it Shoot-the-Kitten-Coming-Home-from-the-Wake."

And when this young bastard had grown to be a man,
He went down town with his cock in his hand.
And every lady he met, he'd give it a little shake,
And then he'd shoot their kitten coming home from the wake.

-- Orville A. Welsh to Canfield, n.d.

For Ireland was Ireland when England was a pup
And Ireland will be Ireland when England's gobbled up,
So get down upon your bloody knees upon the bloomin' grass,
And stick your dirty English face right up my Irish ass.

-- Orville A. Welsh to Canfield, n.d.

Our Lil

Now Lil taught school when she first went west,
But she guv that up cuz she liked fuckin' best.
'Twas a standin' bet for miles around'
There warn't no man could hold Lil down,
Till over the hill from Mount Cayoot
Come half-breed Bill, the hulking brute;
And as he ambled acrost the squar',
And banged his tool upon the bar,
They all knew Lil had met her fate --
Thar warn't no backin' out that late.
They decided to hold this mill
Behind the shit house on the hill
Where all who came might get a seat
To see the redskin bury his meat.

Lil started out as the gentle breeze
That wafts the skirts 'bout women's knees.
Then she bumped, and thumped, and double-humped
And did things unknwon to common cunts,
But Bill was there at every trick
Jes kep' on lettin' ut more prick.
The grass was burnt for miles around
Whre Lil's ass had touched the ground.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Only once did Lil miss a pat
And then the half-breed nailed her flat.
They left her skirt and took her drawers
And nailed 'em to the barroom doors

In memory of that plucky whore, Lil
She had her boots on when she fell.
So what the hell, boys, what the hell.

Sent by W. B. Sanders, Jr., of New Haven, Conn., on January 16, 1926, to Alan Steyne; in Canfield collection.

Graffiti

Some come here to show their wit,
But I am here to think and shit.

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

Some come here to sit and think,
And some come her to shit and stink.
But I come here to play with my dink!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 19

My bus is leaving,
I cannot linger.
So here goes
With my middle finger.

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

Be like Dad, not like Sis,
Lift the seat before you piss.

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

Christmas Present

Der next night was Christmas. Der night it was still.
Der stockings were hung by der chimney to fill.
Nodding was stirring at all in der house
For fear dot St. Nicholas was nix cum crause.

Der children var dried and put in der bed
And Mutter in nightgown and I on ahead
Was searching around in der closet for toys.
Ve krept about quiet not to make noise.

Die Mutter was bringing de toys in her gown
Und showing her person from up der vaist down.
She have come to der crib of our littlest boy,
Our youngest, der sweetest, our pride and our joy.

His eyes wide open, he peeked from his cot
Und seen everyting wot his Mutter has got,
But he never notice der toys in her lap.
He just asked, "For who is dot liddle fur cap?"

Den Mutter sed, "Shoosh," but she smiled with delight.
"I think I give dat to your Vadder tonight."

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

This is in The Stag Party, a bit fuller version.

Two old whores going down the street,
No hats on their heads, no shoes on their feet.
Too old to fuck, too proud to suck.
Just two old whores, shit out of luck.

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

It gave the family quite a start
When lady Jane became a tart.
But pride is pride, and race is race
And so to save the family's face,
They bought her an exclusive beat
On the sunny side of Jermyn Street.

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940, who explains that London's Jermyn Street, "which runs parallel to Picadilly, a block to the south, is still a fashionable shopping street, but, no longer, as it was when this rhyme was composed, a place where very attractive streetwalkers might be engaged."

"What'll you have?" the waiter said
As he stood there picking his nose.,
"Hard boiled eggs, you son-of-a-btch.
You can't put your finger in those."

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

I used to tickle my grandfather's balls
With a little light oil and a feather,
But the thing that amused the old gentleman most
Was my knocking them gently together.

-- F. Markoe Rivinus, Philadelphia, ca. 1940

Here's to the girl of South Bend,

Who always used a fountain pen.
One day the cork went wild.
Now she's nursing a negro [sic] child.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 17

See "St. Louis Woman"

Ham and eggs between your legs,
A little bit of gravy;
Your machine and my machine
Can make a little baby.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 18

Limericks

A horny co-ed from Miletus
Was exceedingly fond of coitus,
Till a halfback from State
Made her period late
And now she has athlete's foetus.

-- F. Markoe Rivinius, Philadelphia, 1940

There was an old woman from France,
Who boarded a train by chance.
The engineer fucked her,
And so did the conductor,
And the brakeman jacked off in her pants.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 11

There was a young man from Chine
Who went in an alley to pee.
"Mine golly! mine sissy!
My cock it no pissy!
I thinka so maybe clapee!"

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 12

A variant of this is in The Stag Party

There was an old woman from Wheeling
Who had a most wonderful feeling;
She lay on her back
And ticked her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 13

Poor old Robinson Crusoe,
He had no woman to screw; so
He sat on a rock
And played with his cock
And shot it all over the seashore [sic].

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 14

There was a young man from Boston,
Who bought for himself an Austin.
There was room for his ass,
And a gallon of gas,
But his balls hung out, and he lost 'em.

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 15

There was a young man from St. Claire
Who screwed his wife on a chair.
On the forty-nine stroke
The furniture broke
And his gun went off in the air~!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 41, No. 16

A woman from Sleepy Hollow
Got all of the men folks to follow.
They played with her crack,
But she took all their jack,
And gave the blueballs to them all-o!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 35

A little old man from St. Chester
Decided to tackle his sister,
But all that he packed
Was a wrinkled old sack,
And all that she had was a blister!

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 36

There once was a good from Sheepshit
Who proved to be only a half-wit.
His girl friend he bumped,
And, seeing her cunt,
"My God!" he cried, "I've cracked it!"

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 42, No. 37

There was a young lady from Nantuckett

Who soaked his sore cock in a bucket.
"Oh, never, no more
Will I fuck a whore!
I'd rather have somebody suck it."

-- Larson, "Barnyard," p. 43, No. 41

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28. THE DOGGIES' MEETING

Melody--Itself

The doggies held a meeting,
They came from near and far,
Some came by motorcycle,
Some came by motorcar.
Each doggy passed the entrance,
Each doggy signed the book,
Then each unshipped his arsehole,
And hung it on the hook.
One dog was not invited,
It sorely raised his ire,
He ran into the meeting hall
And loudly bellowed, "Fire!"
It threw them in confusion,
And without a second look,
Each grabbed another's arsehole
From off another hook.
And that's the reason why, sir,
When walking down the street,
And that's the reason why, sir,
When doggies chance to meet,
And that's the reason why, sir,
On land or sea or foam,
He will sniff another's arsehole,
To see if it's his own.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

This is printed in The Stag Party, and may be by Eugene Field.

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45. TOASTS

TO A MAN:

May the bleeding piles possess him and adorn his bloody
feet,
May crabs the size of horseturds climb up his legs and
eat;
And when he's as old as I am and naught but a bloody
wreck,
May his head fall down through his asshole and break his
fucking neck.

TO YOUTH:

When I was a young man, I used to be so proud,
I had a cock so mighty, I wanted to shout out loud.
It never took a day off; it was always there,
And every morning when I shaved, it would stand and
stare.
Now I'm old and weary, my pilot light's gone out,
What used to be my sex appeal is now my water spout,
Oh, I'm gray and wrinkled, and it sure gives me the
blues,
To see the thing hang down my leg to watch me shine my
shoes.

When I was a little girl, I had a little quim;
I'd stand before the looking-glass, and put one finger in.
But now that I am old and gray, and losing all my charm,
I can get five fingers in, and half my fucking arm.

TO WOMEN:

Here's to the gash that never heals,
The more you touch it the better it feels,
Rub it and tub it and scrub it like hell,
You'll never get rid of that fishy old smell.

Here's to the girl who lives on the hill,
If she won't do it her sister will
Here's to her sister!

Here's to the breezes
That blow through the treeses
And lift girls' chemises
Way over their kneeses
And show us the creases
That twitches and squeezes
And teases and pleases
And carries diseases
By Jesus!

Here's to the lady dressed in black,

Once she walks by she never looks back,
And when she kisses, oh, how sweet,
She makes things stand that never had feet.

Here's to the girl who I love best,
I love her best when she's undressed,
I'd fuck her sitting, standing, lying,
If she had wings I'd fuck her flying,
And when she's dead and long forgotten,
I'll dig her up and fuck her rotten!

TO A LIFE WELL-LIVED:

Here's to me in my sober mood,
When I ramble, sit, and think.
Here's to me in my drunken mood,
When I gamble, sin, and drink.
And when my days are over,
And from this world I pass,
I hope they bury me upside down,
So the world can kiss my ass!

TO DRINK:

If I had a dog that could piss this stuff
(hold up beer mug)
And if I thought he could piss enough
I'd tie his head to the foot of the bed
And suck his dick till we both were dead!

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Songs II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\wildwest1.txt

17 Sep 96 04:16:44 -0500

From: abbysale@sundial.sundial.net (Abby Sale)

Date: Mon, 16 Sep 1996 11:37:54 GMT

X-

To: bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Subject: On this day.

A

Itta Bena, near Indianola MS: (Riley) B.B. King was born on 9/16/1925.

And it is said that years ago, down on Beale Street in Memphis, there was this young woman named Courtney. Now, Courtney had been around, as they say, she'd made the scene, and she was getting pretty cynical about relationships. So it was much to her surprise that one day, she met someone and fell absolutely head-over-heels in love with him. And Courtney fell in love with none other than blues legend B.B. King. Well, time went on, and Courtney and B.B. were just so in love with each other that one day, Courtney decided she would prove to B.B. just how much she loved him. So she went out and got B.B. King's initials tattooed on her bottom as a symbol of her love. That night, after one of his gigs, they went out and had a very romantic date; they had a wonderful meal, took a ride in a horse carriage, and then Courtney took B.B. to this really nice hotel. They were in their room kissing and hugging, and things started to get kind of hot. Suddenly Courtney pulled back a little and whispered into his ear, "B.B. honey, I got a surprise for you." She did this really erotic striptease, and B.B. was sitting on the end of the bed getting all excited. Finally, Courtney took off her last stitch of clothing, bent over, and kissed B.B. King passionately. Then she said "Now for your surprise." She turned around and bent over to show B.B. King that she'd had his initials tattooed on her bottom. B.B. took one look and said, "Who the hell's Bob?"

</body>

</html>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\wildwest2.txt

Fri, 20 Sep 1996 01:02:22 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with UUCP id EAA00465; Fri, 20 Sep 1996 04:02:06 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960714)

id AA01157; 19 Sep 96 04:07:08 -0500

From: cray <cray@bcf.usc.edu> Date: Wed, 18 Sep 1996 07:40:45 -0700 (PDT)

X-To: Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net> Subject: Re: On this day. I just thought you'dd like to know

Message-Id: <Pine.SUN.3.92.960918073923.16199A-100000@mizar.usc.edu> X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

And that reminds me of the lady acrobat who tatooed a "W" on one buttock, and another on the other buttock. And when she turned cartwheels she spelled, "Wow, Mom, Wow."

Ed

</body>

</html>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\wildwest3.txt

Menagerie

Van Amburgh is the man, who goes to all the shows,
He goes into the lion's den, and tells you all he knows;
He sticks his head in the lion's mouth, and keeps it there awhile,
And when he takes it out again, he greets you with a smile.

Chorus:

The elephant now goes round, the band begins to play,
The boys around the monkey's cage had better keep away.

First comes the African polar bear, oft called the iceberg's daughter.
She's been known to eat three tubs of ice, then call for soda water.
She wades into the water up to her knees, not fearing any harm,
And you may grumble all you please, and she don't care a "darn."

That hyena in the next cage, most wonderful to relate,
Got awful hungry the other day, and ate up his female mate;
He's a very ferocious beast, don't go near him, little boys,
For when he's mad he shakes his tail, and makes this awful noise (Imitation of growling).

Next comes the vulture, awful bird, from the mountains' highest tops.
He's been known to eat up little girls, and then to lick his chops;
Oh, the show it can't go on, there's too much noise and confusion,
Oh, ladies, stop feeding those monkeys peanuts, it'll injure their constitution.

As sung at Rochester University, and printed in S.C. Andrew, American College
Songster (Ann Arbor, Michigan: Sheehan & co., 1876), pp. 129-130.

The Royal Wild Beast Show"
by Alfred Lee

Come, stand aside, good people, all, and hear what I've to say;
But let the little deers [sic] come up, what's going for to pay;
At all the courts in Europe we are reckon'd quite the go.
Then pay your six pences and see the Royal Wild Beast Show.

Chorus:

The camomiles, the crocodiles, and all that you could wish,
The mice and rats, and tabby cats, and other kinds of fish,
A dozen sphinxes upside down, and standing in a row,
It's only sixpence each to see the Royal Wild Beast Show.

The first one is the kangaroo, you'll know him by his hump;
The next's the hippopotamus, you ought to see him jump;
The third's the alligator and he's such a one to crow.
He wakes us every morning in the Royal Wild Beast Show.

That pretty thing's the oogley bird, the other one's his aunt,
The third we call the pelican, the next the pelican:
The other one's the solon goose -- you mustn't call out bo!
Or you will hurt his feelings in the Royal Wild Beast Show.

The donkey in the corner with the tiger on his arm
Comes from Assyria, where once his father kept a farm;
That billy-goat that's dress'd in pink and walking rather slow
Is very hornimental in a Royal Wild Beast Show.

The tortoise, famous for his speed, unequal'd by a horse;
The parrot, too, who talks in polly-syllables, of course.
The raging elephants that roar when stormy winds do blow
Are also represented in the Royal Wild Beast Show.

The next one is a mighty ape, indeed, I tell you true.
It's only natural he should "go walking in the zoo;" [sic]
Our stock of monkeys, you'll observe, at present is but low.
They are so plentiful outside the Royal Wild Beast Show.

The last's the boa constrictor, who eats all he finds about --
Why, who's been fool enough to let the nasty critter out?
He's somewhere underneath the chairs, hi! mind your hullo!
He's very quick in clearing out the Royal Wild Beast Show.

-- Including in a "Miscellaneous Songs" section, pp. 185-86, of S.C. Andrew,
American College Songster (Ann Arbor, Michigan: Sheehan & co., 1876).

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\wildwest4.txt

37. THE WILD WEST SHOW

Melody--Itself

(Take turns leading verses)

CHORUS:

We're off to see the Wild West Show,

The elephant and the kangaroo-o-oo,
Never mind the weather, as long as we're together,
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

LEADER:

Now here, ladies and gentlemen, in the first cage we have the laughing hyena.

PACK:

The laughing hyena? Fantastic! Incredible! What the fuck is a laughing hyena?
Tell us about the son-of-a-bitch!!

LEADER:

This animal lives up in the mountains and once every year he comes down to eat.
Once every two years he comes down to drink, and once every three years he comes
down for sexual intercourse. What the hell he has to laugh about I don't know.

The Giraffe: This creature is the most popular animal in the animal kingdom. Why?
Every time he goes into a bar he says, "Gentlemen, the high-balls are on me."

The Famous Tattooed Lady: On the inside of her left thigh she has tattooed MERRY
CHRISTMAS, and on the inside of her right thigh she has tattooed HAPPY NEW YEAR, and
she'd like to invite you to come up between the holidays!

The Orangutan: This animal lives in the deepest jungle, and his scrotal sac is so
pliant and flexible that as he swings from branch to branch his balls go
ORANG-U-TANG, ORANG-U-TANG.

The Oster-reich: This animal, at the first sign of danger, buries its head in the
sand and whistles through the 'hole of the afternoon.

The Rhino-sauras: This animal, ladies and gentlemen, is reputed to be the richest
in the world. Its name is derived from the Latin "rhino" meaning money, and "sore
ass" meaning piles; hence, piles of money.

The Keerie Bird: This bird lives only in the Antarctic, and every time it lands on
the ice it says, "Keerie, Keerie, Keeriest, it's cold!"

Prince, the Rock 'n' Roll Star: Yes, ladies and gentlemen, living proof that Little
Richard and Liberace were once man and wife!

The Leo-pard: Yes, folks, the leopard has one spot on its coat for every day of the
year. What about leap year? George, lift up the leopard's tail and show the lady
the 29th of February.

The Winky Wanky Bird: Folks, by some mystery of nature, the nerves of this bird's
eyelids are connected to its scrotum. Every time it winks, it wanks, and every time
it wanks, it winks. Hey you, boy, stop throwing sand in the bird's eye!

The Ele-phant: The elephant has an enormous appetite. In one day it eats two tons
of hay, one dozen bunches of bananas, and twenty buckets of rice. Madam, please
don't stand too near the elephant. Madam? Madam? Oh, dear God! George, get the
shovel!

The Mathematical Impossibility: Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the girl you see before you in this cage was ate before she was seven!

The Oozle Woozle Bird: These birds fly in a line ahead formation, and at the first sign of danger, the last bird flies up the asshole of the bird in front, and so on up the line. The remaining bird then flies around in ever-decreasing circles, finally disappearing up its own fundamental orifice, from which it proceeds to shower shit and derision in all directions.

The Tri-angular: Folks, this animal has a triangular orifice. Hence the pyramids and the YWCA.

The Second Tattooed Lady: On one leg she has tattooed FIRE, and on the other leg she had tattooed BRIMSTONE, and in between it looks like HELL!

The Gay-zelle: This pretty little four-footed animal you see on your right, ladies and gentlemen, wot has the peculiarity that every time it leaps from rock to rock it farts, and the scientists are still trying to determine whether it farts because it leaps or whether it leaps because it farts.

The Well-Known Oolie-Goolie Bird: This bird, wot as you will observe if you look carefully at it, has no legs, and is called what it is, ladies and gentlemen, because when the male of the species comes in to land you can hear him cry, "Ooh, me goolies! Ooh, me goolies!"

The French Pervertable: This fine automobile is the last of it's kind, no longer for sale anywhere in the world. Notice the convertible top, the five-speed manual transmission, the automatic cruise control, and the dual halogen headlights. It seats two in the front and comfortably accomodates 69 in the back.

The Antique Sales Lady: The Antique Sales Lady sells only period furniture . . . everything has stains on it.

The Plumb Line Bird: This bird spends most of its time high above the world's oceans, circling in the jet stream until it spies what it is after. Immediately it folds its wings, dives toward the sea, and gathers an ever-increasing momentum until it reaches terminal velocity. At that precise moment it hits the surface of the sea but continues diving straight down, now with decreasing momentum, until, if it has got the timing precisely right, it comes to a stop behind a sardine which has just farted, whereupon it seizes the bubble in its beak for use in spirit levels.

The Circus Acrobat: If you will but observe the Circus Acrobat's ass you will observe a tattooed M on one cheek and a corresponding M on the other. When he bends over he spells MOM. When he stands on his head he spells WOW. When he turns cartwheels, he spells WOW MOM WOW.

The Famous Oooh-Aaah Bird: The male of this species, ladies and gentlemen, resides at the North Pole while the female resides at the South Pole. At the appointed season the male Oooh-Aaah flies south from the North Pole and the female Oooh-Aaah

flies north from the South Pole until they meet at the Equator, whereupon one can hear them call, "Ooooooooooh-Aaaaaaaaaah!"

The Tri-Angular Iceberg: A most uncommon iceberg, ladies and gentlemen, where on the first side you will see an Indonesian keeping a private school, and on the second side an American keeping a private school, while on the third side you will observe a polar bear sliding up and down, keeping his privates cool.

The Homosexual Sparrow: This bird is so called, ladies and gentlemen, because sometimes he flies backwards for a lark.

The Infamous Fuccari Tribe: This tribe, as you will see, dear friends, is composed of small-statured people who live in the middle of Africa, where the grass grows to an incredible height of 18 feet or more, and all day long the members of this tribe wander, calling, "Where the Fuccari? Where the Fuccari?"

The Fight Between the Snake and the Ostrich (Please note that this one is limited only by the teller's imagination and the audience's patience. So far the Guinness Book of Records has refused to list the longest known version, but a respectable average would be around 15 minutes. What follows is a bare outline; embellish it as you will): In the left-hand corner, ladies and gentlemen, stands the ostrich (to be followed by a life history of the contestant, fight record, size of jock strap, etc.), while in the right-hand corner stands the snake (ditto). And there, ladies and gentlemen, goes the bell for round one -- followed by a description of the fight this round, and all subsequent rounds, should take at least three minutes of fast talking, and should all end in the same way with the snake diving into the ostrich's mouth, wriggling swiftly through the ostrich's digestive apparatus, and emerging from its asshole. Because of this clever maneuver, each round goes to the snake, until the FINAL round, wherein the snake finally dives into the ostrich's mouth, swiftly wriggles through the ostrich's digestive apparatus, and is ABOUT to emerge from its asshole when the ostrich shoves its beak up its own asshole and says, "Now loop-the-loop, you bastard!".

From "Hash Hymns II," collected and edited by Paul Woodford, Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994

C:\Ed Cray Collection\recitations\ws_ftplog.txt

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2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\recitations\DAN <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/recitations
DAN

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C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\alladin.txt

Fri, 2 Aug 1996 11:39:03 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from slip-11-11.ots.utexas.edu (slip-20-9.ots.utexas.edu [128.83.128.137])
by smtp.utexas.edu (8.6.7/8.6.6) with SMTP id NAA28712 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>;
Fri, 2 Aug 1996 13:31:04 -0500
Date: Fri, 2 Aug 1996 13:31:04 -0500
Message-Id: <199608021831.NAA28712@smtp.utexas.edu>
X-Sender: sjohns@mail.utexas.edu
X-Mailer: Windows Eudora Version 1.4.4
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"
To: Ed Cray <cray@mizar.usc.edu>From: sjohns@mail.utexas.edu (Elaine Rien)
Subject: Disney Filk.
Status: RO
X-Status: A

Um, I don't know if you can use this one, but I found it on Oracle's humor site
Its bad. Its very bad. But its funny...

A Whole Nude World

Aladdin

I can show you my penis,
Big and sparkling and splendid,
I can make it extended
On my magic mattress ride.

I can open your thighs,
Rock your body like thunder,
Over, sideways, and under
On my magic mattress ride.

A whole nude world,
A new fantastic way to screw,
Everyone tells me "no,"
I need a blow,
So I can start my screaming.

Jasmine

A whole nude world,
My sizzling space you never knew,
But when you're way down there,
Engrossed in hair,

Now I'm in a whole nude world with you.

Aladdin

Now I'm in a whole nude world with you.

Jasmine

Unbelievable size,
Indescribable squealing,
Leaning, bending, and kneeling
At my moist and gaping thighs.
A whole nude world

Aladdin

Don't you dare close your thighs

Jasmine

A hundred thousand sperm in me

Aladdin

Hold your breath-- it gets better

Jasmine

I'm like a shooting star,
I've come so far,
I can't go back to my virginity.

Aladdin

A whole nude world

Jasmine

Every thrust of your thighs

Aladdin

With new positions we can screw

Jasmine

Every moment gets wetter

Both

I'll lick you anywhere,
Hey, I don't care,
Let me share this whole nude world with you.

Aladdin

A whole nude world

Jasmine
A whole nude world

Aladdin
That's where we'll be

Jasmine
That's where we'll be

Aladdin
A thrilling taste

Jasmine
Of my hot place

Both
To you from me.

Susan Johns a.k.a. Elaine Rien Austin, Tx\Bryn Gwlad, Ansteorra

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\amazing1.txt

From Ioseph of Lockesley Black Book, as forwarded by Susan Johns, Austin, Texas,
6/26/94

*

AMAZING BREASTS

-Joshua inb-Eleazar ha-Shalib

(Tune: "Amazing Grace" of course!)

Amazing breasts, how sweet and round
That snared a lech like me!
How wondrous did those breasts appear
The hour I first met thee!

I know not how thine hair doth curl
Nor know thine eyes their hue...
But I know each freckle, hair and shade
Of a somewhat...lower...view

In bodice and in corsets fine
Or hid 'neath gauzy weave

Such wondrous sights I ne'er did see,
Nor seeing, did believe!

From rolling hills to Alpine peaks
And back, mine eye doth roam
But it might be caught by a friendly smile
And entrapped, thus find a home!

*

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\bringing1.txt

From Ioseph of Lockesley Black Book, as forwarded by Susan Johns, Austin, Texas,
6/26/94

*

*

BRINGING IN THE SHEEP
-Anonymous

Bringing in the sheep
Bringing in the sheep
We must flock together
Bringing in the sheep

Bringing in the sheep
Bringing in the sheep
We are here to fleece you
Bringing in the sheep

Buggering the sheep!
Buggering the sheep!
Scotsmen are rejoicing!
Buggering the sheep!

Baa baa baa baa baa!
Baa baa baa baa baa!
Baa baa baa baa baa baa!
Baa baa baa baa baa!

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\byebyebl1.txt

22. BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

Melody--Bye-Bye Blackbird

Once a boy was no good,
Took a girl into the wood,
Bye, bye, blackbird.
Laid her down upon the grass,
Pinched her tits and slapped her ass,
Bye, bye, blackbird.
Took her where nobody else could find her,
To a place where he could really grind her,
Rolled her over on her front,
Shoved his wank right up her cunt,
Blackbird, bye, bye.

®PG-

But this girl she was no sport,
Took her story to a court,
Bye, bye, blackbird.
Told her story in the morn,
All the jury had a horn,
Bye, bye, blackbird.
Then the judge came to his decision,
The poor sod got eighteen months in prison,
So next time, boy, do it right,
Stuff her twat with dynamite,
Blackbird, bye, bye.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994).

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\carols.txt

From owner-ballad-l@miagra.ucs.indiana.edu Sat Dec 27 21:39:12 1997

Return-Path: <owner-ballad-l@miagra.ucs.indiana.edu>Received: from mizar.usc.edu
(mizar.usc.edu [128.125.253.135])

by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.8/8.8.8/usc) with ESMTP

id VAA02621 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Sat, 27 Dec 1997 21:39:12 -0800 (PST)

Received: from miagra.ucs.indiana.edu (miagra.ucs.indiana.edu [129.79.5.181])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.8/8.8.8/usc) with ESMTP

id VAA23300 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Sat, 27 Dec 1997 21:39:09 -0800 (PST)

Received: (from majordom@localhost)

by miagra.ucs.indiana.edu (8.8.5/8.8.5/1.2skh) id AAA08081

for ballad-1-outgoing; Sun, 28 Dec 1997 00:39:59 -0500 (EST)
Received: from belize.ucs.indiana.edu (belize.ucs.indiana.edu [129.79.5.188])
by miagra.ucs.indiana.edu (8.8.5/8.8.5/1.2skh) with ESMTP id AAA08071
for <ballad-1@majordomo.ucs.indiana.edu>; Sun, 28 Dec 1997 00:39:55 -0500
(EST)
Received: from almaak.usc.edu (almaak.usc.edu [128.125.253.166])
by belize.ucs.indiana.edu (8.8.5/8.8.5/1.13IUPO) with ESMTP id AAA30838
for <ballad-1@indiana.edu>; Sun, 28 Dec 1997 00:38:56 -0500 (EST)
Received: from localhost (cray@localhost)
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.8/8.8.8/usc) with SMTP
id VAA02613 for <ballad-1@indiana.edu>; Sat, 27 Dec 1997 21:38:54 -0800
(PST)
Date: Sat, 27 Dec 1997 21:38:54 -0800 (PST)
From: Ed Cray <cray@rcf.usc.edu>To: ballad-1@indiana.edu
Subject: Bawdy.Net Bah! Humbug! Collage (fwd)
Message-ID: <Pine.SV4.3.94.971227213528.1581B-100000@almaak.usc.edu>MIME-Version:
1.0
Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; charset=US-ASCII
Sender: owner-ballad-1@indiana.edu
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

----- Forwarded message (in part) -----

Date: Wed, 24 Dec 1997 23:24:01 -0500
From: bawdymom <bawdymom@bayern.hermesnet.net>To: Multiple recipients of BawdyNet -
Sent by <bawdymom@bayern.hermesnet.net>Subject: Bawdy.Net Bah! Humbug! Collage

A lot of subscribers know of my dislike for this particular holiday season.
But I've gotten so much good bawdy material I've got to send one out.

Bill sends:

The Safe Sex Carol
Tune: Deck the Halls

Deck your cock with lots of latex,
Fa la la la la la la la la la
'Tis the season to have safe sex,
Fa la la la la la la la la la
As you don your gay apparel,
Fa la la la la la la la la la
Put a condom on your barrel.

Oh Screw the Bank
Tune: Joy to the World

Oh, screw the Bank,
My checks have bounced!
Let Mastercard be damned.
Let er'ry bill be late,
That One Day Sale can't wait,
Let er'ry bill be late,
Let er'ry bill be late,
That sale at Marshall Fields
Just won't wait.

Santa Claus is Wearing a Gown
Tune: Santa Claus is Coming to Town

You better come out, you better not cry,
You better not pout, I'm telling you why
Santa Claus is wearing a gown.
He's making the switch,
He's leaving his wife,
He's gonna come out, to start a new life
Santa Claus is wearing a gown.
A secret he's been keeping,
It's made him awful tense.
He knows it will be better now,
whence comes down off that fence.
So you better come out,
you better not cry, you better not pout,
I'm telling you why.
Santa Claus is wearing a gown.

We need a Little K-Y now
Tune: We Need a Little Christmas Now

Haul out the condoms
Put one me before I,
start to sag again.
Put on my cock ring!
I may be rushing things, but,
grab my balls again now.
For we need a little K-Y
right this very minute.
Poppers and a dildo
propped up on the spinet
For I've grown a little hotter
grown a little harder
grown a little leaner,
grown a little meaner,
And I need a little angel,
sitting on my wiener,

need a little K-Y now.

Yvonne sends:

Bah Humbug Christmas

T'was the night before Christmas - Old Santa was pissed
He cussed out the elves and threw down his list
Miserable little brats, ungrateful little jerks
I have good mind to scrap the whole works

I've busted my ass for damn near a year
Instead of "Thanks Santa" - what do I hear
The old lady bitches cause I work late at night
The elves want more money - The reindeer all fight

Rudolph got drunk and goosed all the maids
Donner is pregnant and Vixen has AIDS
And just when I thought that things would get better
Those assholes from IRS sent me a letter

They say I owe taxes - if that ain't damn funny
Who the hell ever sent Santa Clause any money
And the kids these days - they all are the pits
They want the impossible ...Those mean little shits

I spent a whole year making wagons and sleds
Assembling dolls...Their arms, legs and heads
I made a ton of yo yo's - No request for them
They want computers and robots...they think I'm IBM!

If you think that's bad...just picture this
Try holding those brats...with their pants full of piss
They pull on my nose - they grab at my beard
And if I don't smile..the parents think I'm weird

Flying through the air...dodging the trees
Falling down chimneys and skinning my knees
I'm quitting this job...there's just no enjoyment
I'll sit on my fat ass and draw unemployment
There's no Christmas this year...now you know the reason
I found me a blonde.. I'm going SOUTH for the season!!

Lifted from Shawn King's bawdynet posting of 12/24/97 by Ed Cray.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\daisy1.txt

133. DAISY, DAISY
Melody--Daisy, Daisy

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true,
Daisy, Daisy, wouldn't you like to screw?
I really must beg your pardon,
But I've got a ten-inch hard-on,
From beating my meat against the seat,
Of a bicycle built for two.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Songs II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\diamonds1.txt

No. 153 (Extract. This is one stanza of three or four in Number 153.)

Parody on Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend

A poke with a bloke may be quite incidental,
Durex is a girl's best friend.
You may get the works,
But you won't be parental
As he slides it in,
You trust that good old latex skin,
As he lets fly, none gets by,
Cause it's all gathered up in the end.
This little precaution
Avoids an abortion,
Durex is a girl's best friend.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\doremi1.txt

21. BITCH A DOG
Melody--Do, Re, Mi

Bitch, a dog, a female dog,
Itch, a place for you to scratch,
Hitch, I pull my knickers up,
Grab, another word for snatch,
Bath, a place for making gin,
Sex, another word for sin,
Prick, a needle going in,

And that will bring us back to
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch . . .

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994).

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\doremi2.txt

29. FUCK (A DUCK)
Melody--Do, Re, Mi

Fuck a duck,
A female duck,
Screw a baby kangaroo,
Finger bang an orangutan,
Let an elephant eat you,
FEEL the penis of an eel,
WHACK the asshole of a yak,
MASTURBATE with a gnu,
That will bring us back to
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck . . .
Repeat with motions, humming, silence, etc . . .

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\endmonth1.txt

116. WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND
Melody--As the Cassions Go Rolling Along

You can tell by the stain that she's in a lot of pain
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by her stance she's got cotton in her pants
When the end of the month rolls around.

CHORUS: For it's hi, hi, hee, in the Kotex industry,
Shout out your sizes loud and strong:
Junior, Regular, Super-Duper, Bale of Hay!
For where e're we go you will always know
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her walk that you'll sit around and talk
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by the blotch that she's got a leaky crotch

When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her eyes there is blood between her
thighs

When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her pout that her eggs are falling out

When the end of the month rolls around.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\favorite.txt

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Sun Sep 1 19:54:09 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP

id TAA10209 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Sun, 1 Sep 1996 19:54:08 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with
UUCP id WAA04545; Sun, 1 Sep 1996 22:53:19 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960714)

id AA00315; 01 Sep 96 04:06:42 -0500

From: Chris Malme <minstrel@filkllore.demon.co.uk>Date: 31 Aug 96 07:00:38 +0000

X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Subject: FW: My Favorite Things

Message-Id: <ab4_9608310801@filkllore.demon.co.uk>X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Precedence: bulk

Status: RO

X-Status:

They say that filk is everywhere, just waiting to be discovered.

The following words were written by a friend of a friend, who had never
heard of filk before, but has been happily rewriting songs for years.

== Forwarded Message Follows =====

From: Graham TSM

Date: 24 August 1996 15:27

To: Stories

Subject: My Favorite Things

After killing myself laughing at Libby's wonderful rendition of this, I kept thinking of new words...so here, with thanks to Libby, is my plagiarised version. Apologies to just about everybody, from Julie Andrews onwards....he he.....

My favorite things

Dildoes and corsets and Chainmail Bikinis
Black Leather cages you lock on your weenies
Fetish and fashion and pierced nipple rings
These are a few of my favorite things...

When the lash bites
When the crop stings
When it hits the Spot
I simply remember my favorite things
And it makes me feel...so hot!!

Wrist cuffs and collars and straps of black leather
Chrome chains and Padlocks to hold them together
Tease whips and gags sort the girls from the boys
These are a few of my favorite toys....

Nip Clips and Clit clips and Ball gags and Blindfolds
Dildoes and butt plugs to stop up your assholes
Enema pipes and some new "KY" gel
All delivered in brown paper, so the neighbors can't tell....

Bottle green panties like the girls wore in school
A brief french maids outfit to make your mouth drool
Black halter tops and a PVC skirt
And a long leather whip ..oh yes, that will hurt!!

Floggers and paddles and crops of black leather
Rubber and latex are fun in all weather
Canes of rattan that deliver a sting
All these and more are my favorite things!!!

When the lash bites
When the crop stings
When it hits the Spot
I simply remember my favorite things
And it makes me feel...so hot!!

=====

--

Chris Malme
minstrel@filkllore.demon.co.uk
via Minstrel's Wyrmhole

--

Bawdy Mailing List

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To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net

--

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Tue Sep 3 08:19:55 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP

id IAA13257 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Tue, 3 Sep 1996 08:19:54 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with UUCP id LAA23435; Tue, 3 Sep 1996 11:19:52 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960714)

id AA00377; 03 Sep 96 04:04:15 -0500

From: Mark A Mandel <mam@world.std.com>Date: Mon, 2 Sep 1996 10:27:50 -0400 (EDT)

X-To: Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>Subject: Re:

FW: My Favorite Things

Newsgroups: rec.org.sca

Message-Id: <Pine.SGI.3.93.960902101046.24802A-100000@world.std.com>X-Listname:

Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Precedence: bulk

Status: RO

X-Status:

That is VERY nice! Here is something from my files, started by Magnus & Marion Kee and continued by yours truly, under the nom de reseau of SilverBlack***. Most of my family and singing companions aren't usually up for bawdy songs.

When I first wanted to repost this, I emailed Marion for permission, which she gave.

I think this might go nicely as a duet: She sings the first 2 verses, He the 2nd two, and duet chorus. At some point I realized that some females might be taking offense at much of the 2nd half, under the mistaken impression that it was His fantasy of what She would want. It's actually His fantasy of what He might enjoy. [M&M's distinction goes for me too**.]

*** The persona I used to maintain at alt.callahans: the guy with 50/50 black-and-silver hair and (after a while) a silver asymmetric beard. The hair is now about 10/40, but the beard is still as was.

-- Mark A. Mandel
FIJAGH
Now, *filking*, on the other hand...

From: Marion.Kee@A.NL.CS.CMU.EDU
Newsgroups: rec.org.sca
Date: 4 Jan 90

Magnus and I wrote this one in July of 1984, Note that the tune is still under copyright (Rodgers & Hammerstein [sic]). We didn't copyright the lyrics; add new verses at will (but DO try to make them scan!) Please note this song is intended for adult post-revel and SF/Fanta-con use. (Singing it at an event or meeting will almost certainly offend someone.)

** This is a modern filk of a modern song and probably makes us sound like a more exciting couple than we really are; however, we do both have a streak of chaos that takes delight in poking fun at our rather staid public personas . . .

*both of us speak dialects of American English where "dull" and "all" come very close to rhyming. Your mileage may vary.
--Marion (a.k.a. Marian Greenleaf)

[above text slightly edited from the posting in which the song appeared -- SB]

My Favorite Things
(Magnus 'n' Marian, A.S. XIX)

Black lace on garters, and manacles with leather,
Being tied down and caressed with a feather,
Just being bad so I'm spanked 'til it stings,
These are a few of my favorite things!

Collies and bathtubs filled up with lime jello,
Odd toys from Frederick's stashed under my pillow,
Playing with Spot while I talk on the phone,
These are the things that I do when alone--

During sermons and at meetings,
When life's getting dull,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And then I'm not bored--at all!*

[The following verses are mine. SB]

Red fishnet stockings and chrome-studded sashes,
K-Y and dildoes and long braided lashes,
Silk that drapes softly and satin that clings,
These are a few of my favorite things!

Nuns in sundresses who walk the high wire,
Intricate games played with blindfolds and fire,
Clips on my nipples attached to long strings,
These are a few of my favorite things!

NO SOLICITORS OVER 18

Religious, commercial, charitable, or otherwise

** Offenders will be COMPOSTED **

--

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|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

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Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP

id TAA10209 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Sun, 1 Sep 1996 19:54:08 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with
UUCP id WAA04545; Sun, 1 Sep 1996 22:53:19 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960714)

id AA00315; 01 Sep 96 04:06:42 -0500

From: Chris Malme <minstrel@filkllore.demon.co.uk>Date: 31 Aug 96 07:00:38 +0000

X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Subject: FW: My Favorite Things

Message-Id: <ab4_9608310801@filkllore.demon.co.uk>X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Precedence: bulk

Status: RO

X-Status:

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The following words were written by a friend of a friend, who had never heard of filk before, but has been happily rewriting songs for years.

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From: Graham TSM
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Subject: My Favorite Things

After killing myself laughing at Libby's wonderful rendition of this, I kept thinking of new words...so here, with thanks to Libby, is my plagiarised version. Apologies to just about everybody, from Julie Andrews onwards....he he.....

My favorite things

Dildoes and corsets and Chainmail Bikinis
Black Leather cages you lock on your weenies
Fetish and fashion and pierced nipple rings
These are a few of my favorite things...

When the lash bites
When the crop stings
When it hits the Spot
I simply remember my favorite things
And it makes me feel...so hot!!

Wrist cuffs and collars and straps of black leather
Chrome chains and Padlocks to hold them together
Tease whips and gags sort the girls from the boys
These are a few of my favorite toys....

Nip Clips and Clit clips and Ball gags and Blindfolds
Dildoes and butt plugs to stop up your assholes
Enema pipes and some new "KY" gel
All delivered in brown paper, so the neighbors can't tell....

Bottle green panties like the girls wore in school
A brief french maids outfit to make your mouth drool
Black halter tops and a PVC skirt
And a long leather whip ..oh yes, that will hurt!!

Floggers and paddles and crops of black leather
Rubber and latex are fun in all weather
Canes of rattan that deliver a sting

All these and more are my favorite things!!!

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=====

--

Chris Malme
minstrel@filkllore.demon.co.uk
via Minstrel's Wyrmhole

--

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--

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn
|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\favorite1.txt

46. A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

Melody--A Few of My Favorite Things

HARRIERS: Middle and Pinky and Index and Ring,
Throw in the thumb and you've got the whole thing,
It works just fine and it's also quite safe,
These are a few of my favorite things.

When the dawn breaks,
When I wake up,
And it's feeling hard,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And that's when it feels so good.

Penthouse and Playboy and something called Forum,
They're what I use to help start something going,
Centerfolds spread-eagled showing me pink,
These are a few of my favorite things.
When I'm lonely,
Really lonely,
By myself again,

I simply remember my favorite things,
And that's when it feels so good.

HARRIETTES: Dildos and vibrators and vaseline jelly,
That's what I use to set fires in my belly,
In and out up and down making me wet,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Men are useless,
I don't need them,
I'm the best I've had,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And that's when it feels so good.

Tight buns, silk undies, and erotic books,
Make me excited, I'm starting to cook,
I stir me up and the honey will come,
These are a few of my favorite things.

When I'm thinking,
Of a hard cock,
But I don't see one,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And that's when it feels so good.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1997)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\foolish1.txt

113. THESE FOOLISH THINGS
Melody--These Foolish Things
(Take turns leading verses)

A pair of boobies in a loose brassiere,
A cunt that twitches like a moose's ear,
A dirty rubber in my glass of beer,
These foolish things remind me of you.

CHORUS: Da-doo, da-doo, da-doo-da-doo-da-doo-doo-doo, etc . . .

A naked photograph of Liberace,
The smile you show when I say, "Such a hotche,"
Syphilitic scars that make your face so blotchy,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A running sore beside an open hole,
A Kotex floating in the toilet bowl,

A pubic hair on my breakfast roll,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Lipstick traces on an old French letter,
A dose of "you-know-what" that won't get better,
And when I piss it stings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

The dirty panties in the cracked washbasin,
The broken jerry that I washed my face in,
The bed with the creaking springs,
These foolish things remind me of you.

An old dead fetus on a marble slab,
A toothless blowjob in a taxi cab,
A great big hard on with a syphilitic scab,
These foolish things remind me of you.

When I awoke upon the morning after,
I saw your tits and pissed myself with laughter,
Oh, how the left one swings!
These foolish things remind me of you.

The birth control book with its well-worn pages,
The contraceptive which comes off in stages,
Oh, how my foreskin stings!
These foolish things remind me of you.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\fourleaf1.txt

27. DEAD DOG ROVER

Melody--I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover

I'm looking over,
My dead dog Rover,
That I over ran with the mower.
One leg is missing,
The other is gone,
The third leg is shredded,
All over the lawn.
You see there's no use explaining,
The one remaining,
It's spinning on the carport floor (the carport floor),
I'm looking over,
My dead dog Rover,

That I over ran, that I over ran,
That I over ran with the mower!

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994).

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\fourleaf2.txt

84. I'VE GOT A START ON A TWELVE-INCH HARD-ON
Melody--I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover

I've got a start on a twelve-inch hard-on
That I've had all afternoon.
Went to the doctor, he told me to cough,
I wish that he would have whacked it right off!
Come to me, Venus, massage my penis,
And shrivel it like a prune,
'Cause I've got a start on a twelve-inch hard-on
I'll probably have till June, till June.
I'll probably have till June.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\grandfat1.txt

188. MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK
Melody--My Grandfather's Clock

My grandfather's cock was too long for his pants,
And it dragged several feet on the floor,
It was longer by half than the old man himself,
And it weighed near a hundredweight more.

He'd a horn on the morn of the day he was born,
It was always his pleasure and pride,
But it dropped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

CHORUS: Ninety years without cracking it,
What a cock! What a cock!
He spent his life whacking it,
What a cock! What a cock!
But it drooped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

My grandfather's cock was too long for his strides,
So he lent it to the woman next door,
She grabbed it by the point, and pulled it out of joint,
So he swore he'd never lend it anymore.

He'd a horn on the morn of the day he was born,
It was always his pleasure and pride,
But it drooped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\hotvagin1.txt

69. HOT VAGINA

Melody--Yellow Rose of Texas

Hot vagina for your breakfast,
Hot vagina for your lunch,
Hot vagina for your dinner,
Just munch, munch, munch, munch, munch.
It's so speedy and nutritious,
Bite-size and ready to eat,
So take a tip, go eat your mom;
Hot vagina can't be beat.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\jada1.txt

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Thu Jul 31 01:20:09 1997

Return-Path: <bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net>Received: from mizar.usc.edu
(mizar.usc.edu [128.125.253.135])

by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP

id BAA27088 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Thu, 31 Jul 1997 01:20:09 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP

id BAA05823 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Thu, 31 Jul 1997 01:20:06 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with
UUCP id EAA21379; Thu, 31 Jul 1997 04:20:02 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.970109)

id AA04714; 30 Jul 97 04:42:46 -0500

From: shadow@krypton.rain.com (Leonard Erickson)

Date: Mon, 28 Jul 1997 21:57:24 PST

X-To: bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net
Subject: Nipples
Message-Id: <970728.215724.9d2.rnr.w165w@krypton.rain.com>
X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Received: from qiclab.scn.rain.com (root@qiclab.scn.rain.com [204.188.34.97]) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with SMTP id HAA26707 for <bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net>; Tue, 29 Jul 1997 07:06:09 -0400 (EDT)
Received: by qiclab.scn.rain.com (Smail-3.2.0.91 1997-Jan-14 #1) id <m0wtA6R-000UN6C@qiclab.scn.rain.com>; Tue, 29 Jul 1997 04:06:07 -0700 (PDT)
Received: by krypton.rain.com (rnr) via rnr; Mon, 28 Jul 1997 21:57:24 PST
Organization: Shadownet
X-Newsreader: rnr v2.20
Status: RO
X-Status: A

Here's a local SCA song gotten from www.teleport.com/~cedric/page8.html.

As requested here are the lyrics to the Rolling Thunder nipple song. If you haven't heard it sung you are kinda on your own for the tune, I am not musically inclined and have no idea where the tune was taken from. Traditionally we only sing this song late at night after we have all had a bit much too drink and don't really care what anyone thinks about our singing... (and the kids are hopefully all in bed)

Nipple, Nipple
N - i - double - p - l - e
Nipple, Nipple
N - i - double - p - l - e
well, they're round and they're brown
and they taste just great,
and when it's cold they stick out Straight!
Nipple, Nipple
N - i - double - p - l - e
They tell the weather!
N - i - double - p - l - e

Scrotum, Scrotum,
S - c - r - o - t - u - m
Scrotum, Scrotum,
S - c - r - o - t - u - m
Well, it's baggy and it's saggy
and it's covered with hair,
but where would you be,
if it just wasn't there?!?
Scrotum, Scrotum,
S - c - r - o - t - u - m
It holds your balls up!
S - c - r - o - t - u - m

Sheep, Sheep,
S - h - double - e - p
Sheep, Sheep,
S - h - double - e - p
well, they're wooly and they're fluffy
and they fit real tight,
and in your boots they fit just right!
Sheep, Sheep,
S - h - double - e - p
I really love 'em!
S - h - double - e - p

Penis, Penis,
P - e - n - i - s
Penis, Penis,
P - e - n - i - s
Well, it's long and it's strong
and some call it a schlong,
and when it's hard, you can't go wrong!
Penis, Penis,
P - e - n - i - s
You're gonna LOVE it!
P - e - n - i - s

(quick note: I picked this song up at a Household event in Ansteorra, most of the lyrics are correct but my memory was a little fuzzy on the sheep verse, so if you hear it sung a little different from time to time now you know why. Of course, we could just be really drunk also...)

Leonard Erickson (aka Shadow)
shadow@krypton.rain.com <--preferred
leonard@qiclab.scn.rain.com <--last resort

--

Bawdy Mailing List

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|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

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C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\kangaroo1.txt

Wed, 21 Sep 1994 10:11:09 +1000

From: Roger Holdsworth <roger_holdsworth@muwayf.unimelb.edu.au>Subject: Re: folk song

To: Ed Cray <cray@mizar.usc.edu>Dear Ed

: Just got a note from Graham McDonald of the Australian Folk Trust:

"Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport - your suggestion rings vague bells somewhere, but I have never come across any collected versions. Ron Edwards tells me that there is a very rude version Pull Me Dungarees Down Sport, which came later. The tune is more or less traditional, and opening lines about the stockman lying, dying come from the Dying Stockman/Cowboy/Soldier/Airman/etc family of songs. The rest is Rolf Harris', Ron suggests."

The accumulating wisdom!!

Roger Holdsworth

</body>

</html>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\kangaroo2.txt

20. BESTIALITY'S BEST

Melody--Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys
(Take turns leading verses)

CHORUS: Bestiality's best, boys,
Bestiality's best--FUCK A WALLABY!
Bestiality's best, boys,
Bestiality's best.

Oh, put your log up a dog, Claude,
Put your log up a dog--BESTIALITY!
Don't you fancy a dog, Claude,
Put your log up a dog.

Stick your lug in a slug, Doug,
Stick your lug in a slug--BESTIALITY!
Aren't you hot for a slug, Doug,
Stick your lug in a slug.

Slip your slew to a ewe, Lou,
Slip your slew to a ewe--BESTIALITY!
Don't you dream of a ewe, Lou,
Slip your slew to a ewe.

Get turned on by a duck, Chuck,
Get turned on by a duck--BESTIALITY!
Doesn't that make you go quack, Chuck,
Get turned on by a duck.

Tickle the clit of a gnat, Matt,
Tickle the clit of a gnat--BESTIALITY!
Isn't that just where it's at, Matt,
Tickle the clit of a gnat.

Rough love with a horse, Boris,
Rough love with a horse--BESTIALITY!
You gotta use force with a horse, Boris,
Rough love with a horse.

(Keep making up verses until begged to stop--following are some suggestions)

HARRIERS:

Make a llama a mama
Stick your dork in a stork
Make an eel squeel
Bring a flea to her knees
Stick your needle in a beetle
Drop some goo in a shrew

Skull fuck a duck

HARRIETTES:

Grind your mound on a hound
Rub your beaver on a retriever
Rub your cunt on an elephunt
Drip your juice on a moose
Rub your clitty on a kitty
Give your milk to an elk
Rub your box on a fox
Rub your clitoris on a hippopotamus
Drip your yeast on a wildebeest
Rub your twat on an ocelot
The best course is a horse

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\kangaroo3.txt

78. INCEST IS BEST

Melody--Tie Me Kangeroo Down, Boys
(Take turns leading verses)

CHORUS: Incest is best, boys,
Incest is best--FUCK A RELATIVE!
Incest is best, boys,
Incenst is best.

Give a piece to your niece, boys,
Give a piece to your niece--INCEST!
Give a piece to your niece, boys,
Give a piece to your niece, because . . .

Other verses:

Put your knob in Uncle Bob, boys . . .
Give a blow to your Bro, girls . . .
Shower your Sis with some piss, boys . . .
My significant other's my Brother, girls . . .
Shoot some goo on Aunt Sue, boys . . .
Do the bum of your Mum, boys . . .
Give a kiss to your Sis, boys . . .
Make love to your Coz, boys . . .
I've just had my Dad, girls . . .
Put your Sis in bliss, boys . . .
Let's fuck Uncle Buck, girls . . .
Rub your palm on your Mom, boys . . .
Hide the salami in your Mommie, boys . . .

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\macarena1.txt

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Fri Jul 11 01:50:23 1997
Return-Path: <bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net>Received: from mizar.usc.edu
(mizar.usc.edu [128.125.253.135])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTTP
id BAA16647 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Fri, 11 Jul 1997 01:50:23 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTTP
id BAA18724 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Fri, 11 Jul 1997 01:50:22 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with
UUCP id EAA17421; Fri, 11 Jul 1997 04:50:02 -0400 (EDT)
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.970109)
id AA03974; 10 Jul 97 00:26:09 -0500
From: stephen.griffin@bdragon.shore.net (Stephen Griffin)
Date: 10 Jul 97 03:31:02 GMT
Subject: Anyone remember the Macarena?
Message-Id: <65c_9707100026@bdragon.shore.net>
X-Ftn-To: hilbert@hilbert.demon.co.uk
X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Path: bdragon!stephen.griffin
References: <uRkypSAmgqvzEwpa@hilbert.demon.co.uk>Organization: Fidonet: ----> Black
Dragon Inn <----
Status: RO
X-Status:

Hello hilbert@hilbert.demon.co.uk!

Saturday July 05 1997 16:01, hilbert@hilbert.demon.co.uk wrote to
Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking:

This was written by Opie and Anthony of WAAF radio 107.3 Boston
Massachusetts.

h> This turned up on another list I was on. The person who posted
it
h> said
h> it was one of those things that floats around the Net without an

owner,

h> so I can't attribute it. Thought it might interest you.

h> Joy Hilbert

h> Hey, Masturbator (to the tune of the Macarena)

h> Sitting in my house, and I know that I'm alone,

h> Feeling kinda horny, got a jingle in my bone.

h> Go and grab a Penthouse its the one with Sharon Stone.

h> Hey Masturbator!!

h> I go a little faster and its feeling kind of nice,

h> Once ain't enough so I have to do it twice.

h> If you wanna spank the monkey I can give you good advice.

h> Hey Masturbator!!

h> I use some baby oil or a little Vaseline,

h> Laying down a towel so I keep my carpet clean.

h> Never shake my hand cause you don't know where its been

h> Hey Masturbator!!

h> I do it in the car when I'm driving down the street,

h> One hand on the wheel and the others on my meat.

h> I can't get out the car cause I'm sticking to the seat.

h> Hey Masturbator!!

h> Since I was a kid I have been a Masturbator,

h> choke the chicken, hum the knob, squeezing the tomato.

h> I've looked at Ms. November now I'm gonna decorate her.

h> Hey, Masturbator!!

h> Buffing the banana, Mr. Lizard shaking bacon,

h> Pounding on the flounder and its mayonnaise I'm making.

h> Spank the frank, wax the carrot, god my hand is aching.

h> Hey, Masturbator!!

Stephen

--

Stephen Griffin -Sysop/Sysadmin bdragon.shore.net f401.n333.z1.fidonet.org

Stephen Griffin 1:333/401

--

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C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\masturbator.txt

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Tue Jul 8 02:36:55 1997
Return-Path: <bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net>Received: from mizar.usc.edu
(mizar.usc.edu [128.125.253.135])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP
id CAA29174 for <cray@bcf.usc.edu>; Tue, 8 Jul 1997 02:36:55 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with ESMTP
id CAA20183 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Tue, 8 Jul 1997 02:36:57 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with
UUCP id FAA29556; Tue, 8 Jul 1997 05:35:31 -0400 (EDT)
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.970109)
id AA03744; 07 Jul 97 04:52:46 -0500
From: Anthony & Joy Hilbert <hilbert@hilbert.demon.co.uk>Date: Sat, 5 Jul 1997
21:01:42 +0100
X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Subject: Anyone remember the Macarena?
Message-Id: <uRkypSAmgqvzEwpa@hilbert.demon.co.uk>X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Received: from punt-1.mail.demon.net (punt-1c.mail.demon.net [194.217.242.136]) by
shore.shore.net (8.8.3/8.8.2) with SMTP id RAA05484 for <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net>;
Sat, 5 Jul 1997 17:28:01 -0400 (EDT)
Received: from hilbert.demon.co.uk ([194.222.35.149]) by punt-1.mail.demon.net
id ab1322460; 5 Jul 97 22:14 BST
Mime-Version: 1.0
X-Mailer: Turnpike Version 3.03a <qnF+oIBJCUcQZHRk2Mj5GxNyBP>Status: RO
X-Status:

This turned up on another list I was on. The person who posted it said
it was one of those things that floats around the Net without an owner,
so I can't attribute it. Thought it might interest you.

Joy Hilbert

Hey, Masturbator (to the tune of the Macarena)

Sitting in my house, and I know that I'm alone,
Feeling kinda horny, got a jingle in my bone.
Go and grab a Penthouse its the one with Sharon Stone.
Hey Masturbator!!

I go a little faster and its feeling kind of nice,
Once ain't enough so I have to do it twice.
If you wanna spank the monkey I can give you good advice.
Hey Masturbator!!

I use some baby oil or a little Vaseline,
Laying down a towel so I keep my carpet clean.
Never shake my hand cause you don't know where its been
Hey Masturbator!!

I do it in the car when I'm driving down the street,
One hand on the wheel and the others on my meat.
I can't get out the car cause I'm sticking to the seat.
Hey Masturbator!!

Since I was a kid I have been a Masturbator,
choke the chicken, hum the knob, squeezing the tomato.
I've looked at Ms. November now I'm gonna decorate her.
Hey, Masturbator!!

Buffing the banana, Mr. Lizard shaking bacon,
Pounding on the flounder and its mayonnaise I'm making.
Spank the frank, wax the carrot, god my hand is aching.
Hey, Masturbator!!

--
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|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\mexican.txt

Date: Sat, 13 Aug 1994 01:28:33 -0700

To: 72772.2633@compuserve.com

From: zippy@usa.net (Pikes Peak H4)

Subject: Mexican National Anthem

Cc: cray@mizar.usc.edu

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OF MEXICO

"The Donkey and the Taco"

Andele, andele, por favor

Donde esta mi tequila?

(sfx. pistol shots) Bang Bang Bang Bang.

Eiiii Eiiii Yii Yi Yi
Look et de teets on dat one;

My sister's a wergen and so iz my mom,
For six hundered pesos I let you get on.

Eiii Eiiii Yiiiiii Bang Bang Bang,

My burro iz so grande.

Eii Bang Bang Yiii Bang

Madre de Dios, diz iz de life,

Bang Bang Bang Bang Bang.

I newer wan to leeve diz stinkin' place

To go back to stinkin' Puerto Rico,

You stinkin' get my meaning, chico!

Bang EEEEEEEEEIIIIiiiiiiiiiiiYYYYIIi

Hey. look et de teets on dat utter one,

Dat one is de best one,
ah Bang Bang Bang.

Look it ower Meester, it'z all for sale.

Eiii Yiii Bang

.
From our toez to our sombreros,

We're juzz wacky caballeros.

Bang.
Donkeys an' tacos forever.

NOTE: These are generally the lyrics, though they don't necessarily have to appear in this order... or at all. It is not uncommon to substitute other lyrics, save for the last line, but these are the ones that have been in most versions.

"The Donkey and the Taco" has no official author/composer but is instead attributed to a group of San Diego domestics who would, as they rode in the trucks that brought them to work, sing. Sometimes they pretended to be "bandidos" and made threatening gestures out of the back of the truck to pedestrians, but that's another story. The unofficial anthem of Mexico is called "Dust for Sale." It doesn't have any lyrics but is hummed - and usually by people who are trying to act inconspicuous.

(All of the above by Brian McConnachie)

--

ZiPpY
Pikes Peak H4

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\mother1.txt

146. M-O-T-H-E-R

Melody--M-O-T-H-E-R

M is for the many things she gave me,
O is only that she's growing old (she's growing old),
T is for the tears she shed to save me (save me),
H is for her heart as pure as gold (as pure as gold),
E is for her eyes with lovelight shining (shining),
R is right and right she'll always be (she'll always be),
Put them all together, they spell MOTHER,
The one who means the world to me,
I don't mean maybe,
The one who means the world to me (the world to me).

F is for his farts that used to linger,
A is for his arse all racked with piles (all racked with piles),
T is for the turds he shed by finger (finger),
H is for his hole all wreathed in smiles (all wreathed in smiles),
E is for the eggs he used to dine on (dine on),
R is rotten and rotten they'd always be (they'd always be),
Put them all together, they spell FATHER, The one who
fouls the air for me,
I don't mean maybe,
The one who fouls the air for me (the air for me).

M is for the many times you made me,
O is for the other times you tried (the times you tried),
T is for those torturous long lost weekends (weekends),
H is for the hell that's in your eyes (that's in your eyes),
E is for your ever-lasting passion (passion),
R is for the ruin you made of me (you made of me),
Put them all together, they spell MOTHER,
And that is what I think I'm going to be,
I don't mean maybe,
And that is what I think I'm going to be (I'm going to be).

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\nellyhaw1.txt

153. NELLIE 'AWKINS

Melody--???

I first met Nellie 'awkins down the old Kent Road,
Her drawers were hanging down,

She'd just been with Charlie Brown.
I shoved a filthy tanner in her filthy rotten hand,
'Cause she was a dirty old 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,
What a pleasure, no man knows.
I went to the doctor--he said,
"Where did you knock her?"
I said, "Down where the green grass grows."
He said, "In less than a twinkle,
That pimple on your winkle,
Will be bigger than a big red rose."

CHORUS: Won't somebody make my rhubarb rise,
Dada dada da da,
Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise
To its natural size,
Market gardenin' size,
Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise
'Cause my baby don't love me,
My baby don't love me,
Oh my baby don't love me no more.

Parody on Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend

A poke with a bloke may be quite incidental,
Durex is a girl's best friend.
You may get the works,
But you won't be parental
As he slides it in,
You trust that good old latex skin,
As he lets fly, none gets by,
Cause it's all gathered up in the end.
This little precaution
Avoids an abortion,
Durex is a girl's best friend.

I caught a dose of pox a year ago,
I thought it was the clap and it would go.
But the more I waited, the worse it grew,
Now I've got galloping knob rot.
What can I do?
The other day I lost my starboard ball,
And now the other one's begun to fall,
I'm wasting away, I'll be sorry someday,
'Cause then I'll have no balls at all.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\nursery1.txt

43. POETRY

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
School one day, school one day,
It followed her to school one day,
And a big black dog fucked it!

Mary had a little sheep,
And with the sheep she went to sleep,
The sheep turned out to be a ram,
And Mary had a little lamb.

When Mary had a little lamb,
The doctor was surprised.
But when Old MacDonald had a farm,
The doctor nearly died.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Fingering his sister Mary.
He stuck in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "Ain't it supposed to be a cherry?"

Little Boy Blue . . .
Because he needed the money.

Little Miss Muffet,
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey.
Along came a spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And said, "What's in the bowl, bitch?"

Little Miss Muffet,
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey.
Along came another spider,
And crawled up inside her,

So she crushed it to death with her spoon.

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jumped over the candlestick,
Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jackie boy he singed his prick.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone.
But when old Mother bent over,
Rover he drove her, 'cause
He had a bone of his own.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get her poor daughter a dress.
When she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so was her daughter, I guess.

There once was an old lady,
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many kids that her
Cunt could stretch over a trash can.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water,
Jill came down with half a crown,
But not for fetching water.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
On an elephant.
Jill got down and helped
Jack off the elephant.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,
Had one fucking big omelette.

Collected by Paul Woodford, and published in "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, 1994).

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\parodies.txt

The Second-Hand Muse

Born in a Whorehouse

[B]

Born in a factory, work like a slave,
Women and whiskey are all that I crave.
Breaking in windows, knocking down doors,
Turning a Tri-Delt into a dirty old whore.

Oh, what a pleasure, drunk off my ass,
Banging some Tri-Delt, while tipping my glass.
Beautiful Tri-Delt, come back to me,
For I am your pimp and I'll do you for free.

Born in a mountain, raised in a cave.
Women and whiskey are all that I crave.
Breaking in windows, knocking down doors,
Turning a Tri-Delt into a dirty old whore.

Oh, what a pleasure, drunk off my rear,
Loving my baby, while drinking my beer.
Breaking in windows, knocking down doors,
Turning a Tri-Delt into a dirty old whore.

From the "Songbook of Sigma Pi," compiled at UCLA 1990-1992, courtesy of Ms. Kelly Besser. "Tri-Delts" are members of the Delta Delta Delta sorority.

The Jailer's Song

In my prison cell I sit with my fingers dipped in shit,
While the mice shoot craps upon the floor!
If you want to hear them fart, you just spread their legs
apart
And they'll blow you through the keyhole in the door!

In the prison cell I sit with my shirt-tail soaked with shit,
And my balls a-hanging loose upon the floor!
And the women, as they pass, shoot peanuts up my ass.
I don't wanna go to prison any more!

J. Kenneth Larson in his typescript "Barnyard Folklore of Southeastern Idaho," p. 5, did not indicate a tune for this. It may have been sung to the music of the verse of George Frederic Root's 1864 song "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" -- the identical first lines to be trusted. Root's original verses, however, do not use the telltale internal rhymes of the first and third lines.

The second stanza is a floater, appearing frequently as a last, fateful verse in "Ball of Yarn."

Darling, Let Me Tie Your Garter

Darling, let me tie your garter,
Up above your snow white knee,
And if my hand should stray up farther,
Darling, don't get sore at me.

This quatrain, from the Canfield collection of 1926, is sung to the melody of the 1873 popular song by Eben Rexford and Hart Pease Danks, "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Home on the Range

Oh, give me a home, where the beer bottles foam,
Where with blondes and brunettes I can play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
'Cause my wife is out working all day.

Published first in 1873, the art song upon which the parody is modeled is considered a traditional American song. It isn't. The parody is. It was gathered by actor and dialect coach Robert Easton from a member of the motion picture industry.

My Little Gray Bed

In my little gray bed at the Ritz,
Why, I throw all the men into fits.
We have cocktails at four,
And at six we have more,
And then they see things that they ne'er saw before.
If you like, come to seven-o-four,
Don't knock, just push open the door.
Oh, the men may come strong
But they never last long
In my little gray bed at the Ritz.

Another from the Canfield collection of 1926, this is set to the melody of ""My Little Gray Home in the West."

My Grandfather's Cock

Ta-Ra-Ra Boom De Ay

[E]

Professor Emeritus of History Rowland Berthoff, of Washington University, St. Louis, sent the following in a letter dated January 25, 1996:

----- is a friend of mine;

He will blow me any time,
For a nickel or a dime,
Fifteen cents for overtime.

Sung to the tune of "Ta-Ra-Ra Boom-De-Ay," Berthoff wrote, this was "overheard from an enlisted man (naming his buddy, only in jest), early 1944. The singer was killed in 1945; the other died recently."

F. Markoe Rivinus of Philadelphia sang this prior to 1940:

All dewey was the morning
Upon the first of May
And Dewey was our admiral
Down in Manila Bay.
Our Dewey sank the Spanish fleet
Beneath the ocean blue.
But do we feel discouraged?
I do not think we do!
 Too rah rah boom-de-ay!
 Have you had yours today?
 I had some yesterday.
 I need some more today.

Casey Got Hit with a Bucket of Shit
Old Aunt Sally
In the Cottage Next to Mine
Sweet Adeline
Mother
The Motherfucker's Ball

In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree

In the shade of the old apple tree,
Twas there that she gave it to me.
Syphilis and clap,
Bubu mayhap,
Crab lice and dirty chancree.

In the shade of the old apple tree,
There will be no more fucking for me.
With the palm of my hand,
I'll know pleasure grand,
In the shade of the old apple tree.

This is from the Canfield collection of 1926.

By the Light of a Flickering Match

Put on Your Old Gray Bustle

Put on your old rubber bonnet,
With some Vaseline upon it,
For you cannot have it any other way,
For it wouldn't do a lady
To have a little baby
A week before her wedding day.

This caution is from the Canfield collection, dated to 1926.

Let Me Ball You Sweetheart

[Down in Arizona]

This is a parody on "Ragtime Cowboy Joe," written by Lewis Muir, Grant Clarke and Maurice Abrahams, and published in 1912. It was contributed to the Hubert Canfield collection by a Canadian informant in April, 1926.

Down in Arizona a monkey fucked a cat
And all the poor old cat could do
Was fuck the monkey back,
Singing "Ragtime Cowboy Joe."

John Saw a Tulip

[B]

If you'll wear a condom,
A big rubber condom,
I'll take off my B.V.D.'s
You can caress me,
You can undress me,
You can go as far as you please.
Play with it, dearie,
And make it feel cheery,
It's down where the short hair grows.
You can come 'round on Sunday
And stay until Monday
If you'll wear that big rubber hose.

A parody on "When You Wore a Tulip" from the Canfield collection of 1926.

St. Louis Woman
Jada

In That Little Pink Nightie

[B]

There is persistence in oral tradition, even when the song is a more or less recently composed parody. Muse II, p. 282, had a version of this from Salinas, California, circa 1950. Ten years before, at Oberlin College, Ohio, Rowland Berthoff sang it this way:

That little blue nightie of mine;
When I wore it I always felt fine.
I remember the night, I was too tired to fight;
When you told me you loved me,
That made it all right.
Now a long time has passed since that night;
My little blue nightie's too tight.
I'll always adore it, but dammit, you tore it,
That little blue nightie of mine.

Carolina in the Morning

[C]

The Canfield collection of 1926 offers this third parody of the song originally published in 1922:

Once I met a fella,
And his testicles were yella,
In the morning.
I says most emphatic
"You're looking too gysmatic,
In the morning.
It is too late for screwing,
You masturbate, I see.
What you have been doing,
Doesn't appeal to me."

He says, "There are things finer
Than a juicy tight vagina,
In the morning.
For the cunt that softly squeezes
Brings disaster and diseases,
In the morning.
But the greatest pleasure
That a fellow can get,

Is to wake up and find
That his sheets are all wet. [That his dreams have been wet.]
 In the vening I was dreaming,
 And my bed was full of semen.
 In the morning!

Canfield's typescript has the alternative line written in, suggesting that he had two variants of this parody.

Oh, Mister Gallagher

Vaudevillians Ed Gallagher and Al Shean introduced their signature song in Ziegfeld Follies of 1922. This parody, from the Hubert Canfield collection, can be firmly dated to 1926.

"Oh, Mister Gallagher, oh, Mister Gallagher,
I see your little Nell is fond of pets.
 She has a rabbit and a dog,
 A turtle and a frog,
And two cockatoos that know their alphabets."

"Oh, Mister Shean, oh, Mister Shean,
Her choicest pet I think you've never seen.
 She keeps it out of sight,
 She lets me play with it at night."
"A Persian kitten, Mr. Gallagher?"
"Just plain pussy, Mr. Shean."

"Oh, Mister Gallagher, oh, Mister Gallagher,
I love to fish the brooks for perch and trout.
 This sylvan solitude
 Does my poet's nature good.
I feel inclined to dance around and shout."

"Oh, Mister Shean, oh, Mister Shean,
Keep quiet, for a funny thing I've seen.
 A man sitting in the sand,
 A long pole in his hand."
"Bait casting, Mister Gallagher?"
"Masturbating, Mister Sheen."

"Oh, Mister Gallagher, oh, Mister Gallagher,
Your sweetie called last night upon the phone.
 Said she felt inclined to play,
 But her husband was away,
And she was very lonesome all alone."

"Oh, Mister Shean, oh, Mister Shean,
I hurried off to cheer my darling queen.
 I had a lot of power,

And came in half an hour."
"In your speedster, Mister Gallagher?"
"On her sofa, Mister Shean!"

"Oh, Mister Gallagher, oh, Mister Gallagher,
The country surely is a lovely place.
The air so fresh and pure.
The maidens all demure,
And everyone presents a smiling face."

"Oh, Mister Shean, oh, Mister Shean,
I spent a summer once where fields were green.
The farmer's name was Water,
And he had a charming daughter."
"Do any farming, Mister Gallagher?"
"Only plowing, Mister Shean."

Goodby-ee

This unique text was sent to Hubert Canfield in 1926 by a Canadian correspondent whose name seems not to have been preserved. The contributor indicated it is "another version of 'Goodbye.'" Note the odd spelling, suggesting that in the original song, the second syllable is extended.

Just what original song this parodies is not clear, however.

Goodbye, goodbye,
Wipe the tear, baby dear, from your eye.
Tho' it's hard to part, I know,
I am tickled to death to go.
Goodbye, goodbye,
There's a silver lining in the sky.
"Oh, I say, Mrs. Brown,
If your daughter's out of town,
Will you take [it?] in your hand
Or in your eye?"

My Blue Bedroom
Doodle-De-Doo
Pubic Hair
Bye Bye Cherry
I've Got a Start on a Twelve-Inch Hard-on
Minnie the Mermaid
The Object of My Affection
These Foolish Things
Hot Vagina
The Last Time I Saw Paris
You Are My Sunshine

Sunday, Monday and Always
On Top of Old Smokey
Secret Love
Hey, Roll Me Over
Foam Rubber Pads

The S & M Man

Clearly, the shock threshold has risen in recent years. This is a deliberate attempt to "gross out" the listeners, in a contest perhaps for bad taste. It is a parody of the 1961 country and western song "Candy Man," written by Fred Neil and Beverly Ross, and sung by Ray Orbison.

[A]

INSERT ZIPPY HASH TEXT, pp. 109 ff.

[B]

The oral currency of this was in some question until the editor received copies, courtesy of Ms. Kelly Besser, of the "The Songbook of Sigma Pi, Upsilon Chapter," and the Phi Psi fraternity songbook, both from UCLA, circa 1991-1992. Though not clear from the typescript texts, this is probably sung as a leader-chorus, the chorus repeating the first and the second lines.

Who can take his organ?
Who can take his organ?
Dip it in Vaseline?
Dip it in Vaseline?
Ram it up inside you
Till it tickles your spleen?

Chorus:
The S and M man, the S and M man,
The S and M man 'cause he mixes it with love
And makes the hurtin' feel good,
The hurtin' feel good.

Who can take your right wrist?
Who can take your right wrist?
Cuff it to a stool?
Cuff it to a stool?
Spin you around
And whip you with his tool?

Who can take a dildo,
Boil it till it's hot,
Cover it with oil
And ram it up your twat?

Who can take a chain saw,
Shove it up your hole,
Turn the fucker on
And make a taco casserole?

Who can take a cheese grater,
Rub it on your tits,
Collect 'em all together
And eat the little bits?

Who can take some hot wax,
Pour it on your pubes,
Light a fuckin' match
And watch you run to get ice cubes?

Birth Control

The impish mood perseveres in oral tradition, judging from this comparatively recent parody of "Yesterday," the John Lennon and Paul McCartney song of 1965.

[A]

Birth control, it's enough to save your girlfriend's soul,
When you're crawling up inside her hole.
Oh, I believe in birth control.

Pregnancy. There's a shotgun hanging over me.
Now I have to face expectancy.
Oh, I believe in birth control.

Chorus:
Why'd I have to come.
I don't know, she wouldn't blow.
I stayed in too long
Now I long for birth control.

Syphilis, it all started with a simple kiss.
Now it hurts each time I take a piss.
Oh, I've contracted syphilis.

Leprosy, all my body parts are falling off of me.
I'm not half the man I used to be.
Oh, I've contracted leprosy.

From the Phi Psi fraternity songbook current at UCLA in 1991-1992, a copy of which was furnished by Ms. Kelly Besser.

[B]

An otherwise identical text from "The Songbook of Sigma Pi, Upsilon Chapter," dated 1992, but apparently compiled in 1990, adds this verse and second chorus between the "syphilis" and "leprosy" stanzas of the "A" text. The songbook was provided by Ms. Kelly Besser.

Yesterday, my dick was always coming out to play.
Now it needs a week just to hide away.
Oh, I believe in yesterday.

Second Chorus:
Why her box was sick,
I don't know. She wouldn't say.
Now my dripping prick
Won't get thick, like yesterday.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\pepsi.txt

CHRISTIANITY HITS THE SPOT (Tune: "Pepsi Cola hits the spot")

Christianity hits the spot
Twelve Apostles, that's a lot!
Holy ~ost and a Virgin too,
Christianity's the thing for you!

-- "The Black Book of Locksley"

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\rawhide1.txt

54. CHAPPED HIDE
Melody--Rawhide

Ballin', ballin', ballin',
That boy he keeps on callin',
His crabs, they keep on crawlin',
Chapped hide!

You thought he was the right one,
But he was a one-night stand one,
He's shootin' blanks with his gun, Chapped hide!

Pick him up, take him home, ride him hard, make him moan!

Wake him up, saddle up, Send him home!
Chapped hide . . . Yee Haw!!

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\sewagema1.txt

187. THE MUNICIPAL SEWERAGEMAN
Melody--Ghostriders in the Sky

The municipal sewerageman stood out upon the rim ('pon the rim, 'pon the rim),
The municipal sewerageman fell in and couldn't swim (couldn't swim, couldn't swim),
He sank down to the bottom,
He sank down like a stone,
You could hear the maggots cryin' out,
"You're on your fuckin' own."

CHORUS: Shitty-i-ayyy, Shitty-i-ohhh,
Ghost maggots in the overflow (overflow, overflow).

For six long days and weary nights he tried to stay afloat (stay afloat, stay afloat),
But every time he cried for help,
A turd caught in his throat (in his throat, in his throat),
He sank down to the bottom,
He sank down like a rock, You could hear the maggots,
Munchin' on his cock.

The moral of this story is if you should shovel shit (shovel shit, shovel shit),
Be careful of your footing,
Or you might end up in it (up in it, up in it),
You'll sink down to the bottom,
You'll sink down like a stone,
You'll hear the maggots cryin' out,
WHEEEE-AAAAAH-WHEEEE,
"You're on your fuckin' own."

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\silvery1.txt

53. BY THE LIGHT
Melody--By the Light of the Flickering Moon

By the light (by the light, by the light),
Of a flickering match,
I saw her snatch,
In the watermelon patch.

By the light (by the light, by the light),
Of a flickering match,
I saw it gleam, I heard her scream,
You are burning my snatch,
With your fucking match.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994).

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\sweetade.txt

163. SWEET ANTOINETTE
Melody--Sweet Adeline

Sweet Antoinette,
Your pants are wet.
You say it's sweat.
It's piss, I bet.
In all my dreams,
Your bare ass gleams.
You're the wrecker
Of my pecker,
Antoinette.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\tulip1.txt

91. MY LITTLE PINK PANTIES
Melody--??? ("When You Wore a Tulip")

I wore my panties,
My little pink panties,
And he wore his G.I. shorts.
He began to caress me,
And then he undressed me,
What a thrill we had in store.
He played with my titties,
My little pink titties,
And down where the short hairs grow.

His kisses grew sweeter,
He pulled out his peter,
And whitewashed my little red rose.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\ws_ftplog.txt

2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\ALLADIN <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second ALLADIN
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\AMAZING.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
AMAZING.1
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\BRINGING.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
BRINGING.1
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\BYEBYEBL.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
BYEBYEBL.1
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\CAROLS <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second CAROLS
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\DAISY.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second DAISY.1
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\DIAMONDS.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
DIAMONDS.1
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\DOREMI.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
DOREMI.1
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\DOREMI.2 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
DOREMI.2
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\ENDMONTH.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
ENDMONTH.1
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\FAVORITE <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
FAVORITE
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\FAVORITE.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
FAVORITE.1
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\FOOLISH.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
FOOLISH.1
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\FOURLEAF.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
FOURLEAF.1
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FOURLEAF.2
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\GRANDFAT.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
GRANDFAT.1
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\HOTVAGIN.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
HOTVAGIN.1
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\JADA.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second JADA.1
2003.05.11 11:44 B C:\muse\second\KANGAROO.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
KANGAROO.1
2003.05.11 11:45 B C:\muse\second\KANGAROO.2 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
KANGAROO.2
2003.05.11 11:45 B C:\muse\second\KANGAROO.3 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
KANGAROO.3

2003.05.11 11:45 B C:\muse\second\MACARENA.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
MACARENA.1
2003.05.11 11:45 B C:\muse\second\MASTURBA.TOR <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
MASTURBA.TOR
2003.05.11 11:45 B C:\muse\second\MEXICAN <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second MEXICAN
2003.05.11 11:45 B C:\muse\second\MOTHER.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
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PARODIES
2003.05.11 11:45 B C:\muse\second\PEPSI <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second PEPSI
2003.05.11 11:45 B C:\muse\second\RAWHIDE.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
RAWHIDE.1
2003.05.11 11:45 B C:\muse\second\SEWAGEMA.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
SEWAGEMA.1
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SILVERY.1
2003.05.11 11:45 B C:\muse\second\SWEETADE <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
SWEETADE
2003.05.11 11:45 B C:\muse\second\TULIP.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second TULIP.1
2003.05.11 11:45 B C:\muse\second\YANKDOOD.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
YANKDOOD.1
2003.05.11 11:45 B C:\muse\second\ZIPADEE.1 <-- aludra.usc.edu /ED/muse/second
ZIPADEE.1

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\yankdood1.txt

18. YANKEE DOODLE

Melody--I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy

Yankee doodle he's/she's a dandy,
He's/She's a hasher till he/she dies,
A real live asshole from the USA,
Pissed on by most other guys/girls.

Yank his/her doodle, it's a dandy,
Yank his/her doodle, zip his/her fly,
Yankee doodle ran the trail
Wanking off his/her doodle,
You are that yanking doodle guy/girl.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994).

C:\Ed Cray Collection\second\zipadee1.txt

Date: Wed, 7 Sep 1994 15:50:56 -0700

To: cray@mizar.usc.edu

From: zippy@usa.net (Pikes Peak H4)

Subject: new hash song

Cc: 72772.2633@compuserve.com

This is a new hash song used to call the hares to the ice.

> Yank My Wad of the Charleston H3 is the writer (unless he

> ripped it off and didn't tell us)

>

> Mr. Blue Balls

> (sung to: Zip-i-dee-do-da)

>

>

Zip-i-dee-do-da, Zip-i-dee-day

>

My oh my what a miserable lay.

>

Haring is great but, beerings the best

>

Time for your down-down, put the ice on the chest

>

>

Slap your ass cheeks 'round that ice hole

>

it's a fact

>

it's irrefutable

>

it's cold right on your pubicals

>

>

Zip-i-dee-do-da, Zip-i-dee-day

>

Down-downs are better than your miserable lay.

>

>
Mr. blue balls formed an icecicle
>
He's all cold
> and furry too
>
better find something to screw
>
>
Oh zip-i-dee-do-da, zip-i-dee-day
>
Hope you like ice cause thats where you'll stay
>
>
on on
>
Royal Canadian Mount Her,

CSCH3

Yo Ed,

Here's yet another one. Some explanation of hash culture might be useful. The hare lays the trail using marks usually made of flour and or chalk. The hounds try to follow the trail. At the end a ritualistic ceremony is held, variously called an On-On, On-In, or On-After. In most hashes the hare is either rewarded or penalized for the net worth of the trail as judged by the hounds. In either event, the result is a down-down -- a beer somewhere between 12 and 32 ounces, which is completely chugged or poured on the victim's head. In some hashes, prior to the doing the down-down itself, the hare is expected to sit bare-assed on a block ice for a period of time. Down-down's (and ice sitting) are not restricted to hares. Other reasons for down-downs include, but are not limited to: first timers (aka: new boots or virgins), new shoes (beer is drunk from one of the offending shoes), color coordinated apparel, the award of a hash name, being the FRB (front running bastard), being DFL (dead fucking last), visiting hashers, getting married/divorced/laid off, new baby, wearing a hat in the down-down circle, and anything else that comes to the collective mind of the hash.

CF: Flying Booger

ON-ON!

ZiPpY

GM, Pikes Peak H4

Colorado Springs, CO, USA

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\aloutte.txt

Alouette

[A]

Chorus:

All-a-wet-spot, juntti all-a-wet spot

All-a-wet-spot, juntti all-a-wet.

(Leader) Does she have a scraggly hair?

(Chorus) Yes, she has a scraggly hair.

(Leader) A scraggly hair?

(Chorus) A scraggly hair.

(Leader) She's all-a-wet.

(Chorus) She's all-a-wet.

Ah, ah, ah, ah.

All-a-wet-spot, juntti all-a-wet spot

All-a-wet-spot, juntti all-a-wet.

Similarly:

A high forehead

A furrow[ed] brow

Two buck teeth

A broken nose

A dimpled chin

A D.G. gut

A Kappa butt

Theta thighs

One black eye

Two big Rose-Bowl-sized, swinging tits

There is no indication in the typescript of Phi Kappa Psi fraternity songs at UCLA, circa 1991-92, that this is to be sung cumulatively. Other versions of "Alouette" are.

A copy of the songbook was provided to the editor by Ms. Kelly Besser. A similar text is in "The Songbook of Sigma Pi," compiled in 1990-1992 at UCLA, and furnished by Ms. Besser.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\bamboo.txt

The Big Bamboo

This is not commonly found, and the placement of the song among the collegiate may be in error. However, the two texts recovered, one from Illinois and this, from Stanford, hint at a college currency.

I asked my woman, what should I do
To make her happy and keep her true?
She said, "There's only one thing that I want from you:
A little piece of the big bamboo."

Chorus:
For the big bamboo, it grows good and long.
The big bamboo grows always strong.
The big bamboo grows straight and tall.
The big bamboo please one and all.

I gave my woman a banana plant.
She said, "This sure looks elegant.
It's much too nice to go to waste,
But it's much too soft to suit my taste."

I gave my woman a coconut.
She said, "My friend, this is okay, but
Though I know you want to be good to me,
What good is the nut without the tree?"

I gave my woman a sugar cane.
"Sweets to the sweet," I did explain.
She handed it back to my surprise.
She liked the flavor but not the size.

Ever since God created man,
He has pleased his woman as best he canm

But I find women are always true
To the man who gives them the big bamboo.

This is from the Harry A. Taussig Collection, gathered at Berkeley,
1958-1963. Taussig did not indicate a tune.

An identical text is in Walsh-Babab, Songs of Roving and Raking (1962), p.
65.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\bamboo1.txt

51. BIG BAMBOO

Melody--Working For the Yankee Dollar

I asked my lady what should I do,
To make her happy, not make her blue,
She said, "The only thing I want from you,
Is a little bitty of the big bamboo."

CHORUS: She wanted the big bamboo, bamboo,
Eye eye-eye eye-eye-eye,
Working for the Yankee dollar.

So I gave her a coconut,
She said, "I like him, he's okay,
But there's just one thing that worries me,
What good are the nuts without the tree?"

So I sold my lady a banana plant,
She said, "I like him, he's elegant,
We should not let him go to waste,
But he's much too soft to suit my taste."

So I bought my lady a sugar cane,
The fruit of fruits, I did explain,
But she was tired of him very quick,
She said, "I'd rather get my lips around your dip stick."

So I gave my honey a rambutan,
Soft and prickly, how the juices ran,
She said, "I've seen a fruit like this before,
But it had a long stalk and two pips in the core."

She met a chinaman, Him Hung Low,
They got married, went to Mexico,
But she divorced him very quick,

She said, "I want bamboo, not chopstick."

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\banglest.txt

Balls to Mister Banglestein

To the same tune, "Ach, Du Lieber Augustine," is fitted this fragment. On the printed page, it seems decided unfunny. Sung to the melody, it is humorous.

See the angels ascend up, ascend up, ascend up.
See the angels ascend up, ascend on high.

Ascend up, which end up, ascend up, which end up.
See the angels ascend up, ascend on high!

SOURCE????????????????????????????????

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\camel1.txt

From tzf@LPL.Arizona.EDU Mon Jul 7 15:33:58 1997
Return-Path: <tzf@LPL.Arizona.EDU>Received: from parallax.LPL.Arizona.EDU
(parallax.LPL.Arizona.EDU [128.196.145.137])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with SMTP
id PAA07373 for <cray@rcf.usc.edu>; Mon, 7 Jul 1997 15:33:56 -0700 (PDT)
Received: by parallax.LPL.Arizona.EDU (SMI-8.6/SMI-SVR4)
id PAA05023; Mon, 7 Jul 1997 15:33:13 -0700
Date: Mon, 7 Jul 1997 15:33:13 -0700
From: tzf@LPL.Arizona.EDU (Terry Friedman via parallax)
Message-Id: <199707072233.PAA05023@parallax.LPL.Arizona.EDU>
To: cray@rcf.usc.edu
Subject: Re: Christians
X-Sun-Charset: US-ASCII
Status: RO
X-Status: A

Ed,

Since I'm new to the list I threw camel out as a teaser, since it might be old hat. Still not sure, since today's postings indicate that you're something of a collector, whether you're suggesting I put it

up for all or you're just interested in possible variants. Please repost if you think it's something others might be interested in.

I learned this from Dave Firestein a few years ago. I don't know what the source tune is (indeed, I suspect it changes a bit each time we sing it), but it's in 3/4. I've since seen it in some bawdy collections on my shelves, sometimes lacking the Lydia interlude (which seems to have slipped my mind too for the moment: what's there is approximate)

The sexual life of the camel
is stranger than anyone thinks
when the camel starts to get passionate
he starts to make love to the sphinx
But the sphinx's celestial anatomy
is crammed with the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
and the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Oh....
when Lydia goes to make water
she shoots an incredible stream
she pisses for hours and hours
till you can't see the stars through the steam
Which has nothing to do with the camel
Or the (?)
But is only a (brief intermission)
Till the chorus comes round once again:

Oh..
The sexual life

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\camel2.txt

From tzf@LPL.Arizona.EDU Thu Jul 17 14:14:36 1997
Return-Path: <tzf@LPL.Arizona.EDU>Received: from parallax.LPL.Arizona.EDU
(parallax.LPL.Arizona.EDU [128.196.145.137])
by almaak.usc.edu (8.8.4/8.8.4/usc) with SMTP
id OAA22220 for <cray@rcf.usc.edu>; Thu, 17 Jul 1997 14:14:35 -0700 (PDT)
Received: by parallax.LPL.Arizona.EDU (SMI-8.6/SMI-SVR4)
id OAA01605; Thu, 17 Jul 1997 14:13:23 -0700
Date: Thu, 17 Jul 1997 14:13:23 -0700
From: tzf@LPL.Arizona.EDU (Terry Friedman via parallax)
Message-Id: <199707172113.OAA01605@parallax.LPL.Arizona.EDU>
To: cray@rcf.usc.edu
Subject: Re: Sexual Life of the Camel
X-Sun-Charset: US-ASCII
Status: RO

X-Status: A

Ed,

Read the rest of the \$%^#*\$^%\$ message! Or am I just hallucinating that I already included answers - possibly unsatisfactory - with the song?

Ok, in case my senility is at fault - I learned camel here in Tucson, from one Dave Firestein, mandolin player extraordinaire but camel seems to be the only thing he ever sings, usually as we're cleaning up after jams. Probably first heard him sing it in 1992, give or take a year or so. I dunno where he learned it, but it is in several published works.

Tune: "The sexual life of the camel". If it's based on any earlier tune then it's one I don't know, or perhaps don't recognize in the current rendition. As I may have already said: it's always 3/4-ish (nominally: it's not accented as a waltz), but I suspect that the exact tune changes from month to month.

Um, there isn't any problem fitting "Lydia" into the same melodic line as the rest of the song - the melody contours change slightly, but not drastically.

That's all I can think of to say, short of writing it out, which isn't really a reasonable task for my email editor.

terry

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\cardinal.txt

The Cardinals Be Damned

The practice of slandering rival institutions is of respectable age, if not antiquity. John Park See, writing to Hubert Canfield in 1927, noted, "Incidentally there are many scurrilous ballads in common use among college men about college men of other institutions..."

No surprise, the Canfield collection dating from 1926 has a three-stanza version current at the University of California, and sung to the tune of "I'm a Rambling Wreck of Poverty," also known as "Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech."

</body>

</html>

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\cats1.txt

23. CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS

Melody--John Peel (Take turns leading verses)

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 use your own horny hand,
As you revel in the joys of masturbation.

CHORUS: Cats on the rooftop, cats on the tiles,
Cats with the clap and cats with piles,
Cats with their arseholes wreathed in smiles,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The Regimental Sergeant Major leads a miserable life,
He can't afford a mistress and he doesn't have a wife,
So he puts it up the bottom of the Regimental Fife,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The Australian lady emu when she wants to find a mate,
Wanders round the desert with a feather up her date,
You should see that feather, when she meets her destined
fate,
As she revels in the joys of fornication.

The poor domestic doggie, on his chain all day,
Never gets a chance to get himself a lay,
So he licks himself in a frantic way,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The labors of the poofter find but little favor here,
But the morally leprous bastard has a peaceful sleep, I
fear,
As he dreams he rips a red-un up some dirty urchin's
rear,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The dainty little skylark sings a very pretty song,
He has a ponderous penis fully forty cubits long,
You should hear his high crescendo, when his mate is on
the prong,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The whale is a mammal, as everybody knows,
He takes two days to have a shag, but when he's in the
throes,
He doesn't stop to take it out; he piddles through his
nose,

As he revels in the joys of fornication.

When you find yourself in springtime with a surge of
sexual joy,
And your wife has got the rag on and your daughter's
rather coy,
Then jam it up the backside of your favorite choirboy,
As you revel in a smooth ejaculation.

The poor old rhinoceros, so it appears,
Never gets a grind in a thousand years,
But when he does, he makes up for arrears,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

In Egypt's sunny clime, the crocodile,
Gets a flip only once in a while,
But when he does, it floods the Nile,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The wild boar in the mud all day,
Thinks of the sows that are far, far away,
And the corkscrew motion of half a day,
As he revels in the joys of masturbation.

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

Now I met a girl who had a great rear,
And she gave me a dose of gonorrhea,
Fools rush in where angels fear,
As I reveled in the joys of fornication.

Little Mary Johnson will be seven next July,
She's never had a naughty, but she thought she'd like to
try,
So she took her daddy's walking stick and did it on the
sly,
As she reveled in the joys of fornication.

Long-legged curates grind like goats,
Pale-faced spinsters shag like shoats,
And the whole damn world stands about and gloats,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The ostrich in the desert is a solitary chick,
Without the opportunity to dip its wick,
But whenever it does, it slips in thick,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The ape is small and rather slow,
Erect he stands a foot or so,
So when he comes it's time to go,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

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.

The elephant's prong is big and round,
A small one scales a thousand pound,
Two together rock the ground,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The camel likes to have his fun,
His night is made when he is done,
He always gets two humps for one,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The donkey is a lonely bloke,
He hardly ever gets a poke,
But when he does he lets it soak,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The orangutan is a colorful sight,
There's a glow on its arse like a pilot light,
As it jumps and it leaps in the night,
As it revels in the joys of fornication.

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

The oyster is a paragon of purity,
And you can't tell the he from the she,
But he can tell and so can she,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

A thousand verses all in rhyme,
To sit and sing them seems a crime,
When we could better spend our time,
Reveling in the joys of fornication.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\college.txt

We Go to College

[C]

The Canfield Collection has this version, from Kansas City, Kansas, dated to 1926, and by a single year, the earliest recovered. Canfield's correspondent, Allen B. Brown, writes, "There are many, many verses, of which I know the following":

We are from Craig Hall, Craig Hall are we.
We are so God damned pure morally.
We don't like scandal; we use a candle.
We are the Craig Hall girls.
Balls, balls!

Well, every evening, at six o'clock
We watch the watchman piss on the rock.
We like to see him take out his cock.
We are the Craig Hall girls.
Balls, balls!

And every evening down by the gate
We all go there and then masturbate.
And all the fellows love to fornicate.
We are the Craig Hall girls.
Balls, balls!

Then every winter, at our annual dance,
We never wear our underpants.
We like to give the fellows a chance.
We are the Craig Hall girls.
Balls, balls!

And every summer, in spite of the heat,
We all go bare-ass out on the street.
We like to give the fellows a treat
We are the Craig Hall girls.
Balls, balls!

[D]

The Canfield collection also has an intriguing text with a cavalry or military reserve setting.

We are from Troop I, from Troop I are we.
We ride together, bare arsed and free,

God damn it!
We're from Lake Erie, we should be weary,
Troop I from Buffalo!

[E]

A two-stanza fragment in the Canfield collection, from Hollywood, California, localizes the song to "Braxton Hall" but retains the intrusive exclamation.

We are from Braxton, Braxton are we.
We haven't lost our virginity,
God damn it.
We want no scandal; we use a candle.
We are from Braxton Hall.

And when we give our big annual dance,
We never wear our little tin pants,
God damn it.
We want to give our fellows a chance.
We are from Braxton Hall.

[F]

The "Songbook of Sigma Pi," compiled 1990-1992 at UCLA, has two versions. The first here, "Pi Phi Girls," is similar to a text from Indiana cited by Richard Reuss (See Muse II, p. 299):

We are the Pi Phi's, Pi Phi's are we,
Happy go lucky, bareassed and free.
We never lose our virginity,
For we are the Pi Phi girls!
Balls, balls, balls!

And every night at seven o'clock,
We watch the houseboy play with his cock.
We like to see those big knockers rock
For we are the Pi Phi girls!
Balls, balls, balls.

And every night when we go to bed,
We never lose our dear maidenhead.
We always use a candle instead
For we are the Pi Phi girls!
Balls, balls, balls.

[G]

The second Sigma Pi version is a satirical thrust at rival fraternities Phi Kappa Psi and Tau Kappa Epsilon ["Teek"]. In the third stanza, "Boy George" refers

to a popular singer noted for his effeminate pose.

We are the Phi Kapps, Phi Kapps are we,
Butt-fucking faggots willing and free.
Our little weenies all measure three
For we are the Phi Kapp fags!
 Balls, balls, balls!

We are the Phi Kapps, scrawny and weak.
We like to take it right in the cheeks,
And we all came here when dung by Teek [sic]
For we are the Phi Kapp fags!
 Balls, balls, balls!

And every night at seven o'clock,
We like to suck on each other's cock.
We think that Boy George is a real fox
For we are the Phi Kapp fags.
 Balls, balls, balls!

And every day when we sit in class,
Acting obnoxious and passing gas,
We know that Sig Pi has lots of class,
For they are the Sig Pi studs!
 Balls, balls, balls!

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\columbo.txt

Christopher Columbo

In a letter to Hubert Canfield dated June 1, 1926, the American folk song collector Robert W. Gordon notes, "Your remarks on 'Christopher Columbo' surprise me. I had no idea that any version of the famous and notorious song that swept the country about 1898-1906 went back so far. The original words as I know them (entirely decent till the parody appeared) were copyright in 1894. The chorus went in part:

 "He sailed the world around-O.
 He knew land could be found-O.
 This navigator, hard and hoary,
* * * gyratory
 Christopho Columbo!"

Gordon then asks, "What was the form that appeared during the Civil War?" -- a question that suggests Canfield had located a very early version of a song later copyright and popularized.

Unfortunately, Canfield's correspondence does not survive; his find is lost

once more. However, his collection did contain four versions of the gyratory ballad. Two of the longer furnish the D and E texts here.

[D]

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two a guinea from Italee
Stalked 'round the streets of old Madrid, yelling, "Hot
tamale!"
He took his plans to Ferdinand, that monarch fat and lazy.
Says Ferdinand, "To hell with him, the goddam wop is crazy."

Chorus:
He swore the world was round-o.
His balls hung to the ground-o.
That masturbating sonovabitch
With the syph and the clap and the seven-year itch,
Christopher Columbo!

So he went forthwith to see the queen, this dago from Genoa,
And in love he fell with Isabel, that noted Spanish ho-ah.
The disposition of this maid was anything but sainted,
The orifice between her legs was very badly tainted.

He said unto the Queen of Spain, "You give me ship and cargo
And I'm a goddam son of a bitch, if I don't bring back
Chicago."
Says Isabel, "I see a chance to gratify the passion
That I've conceived for this here wop in truly Spanish
fashion."

They met at eight at the garden gate, Columbo scarcely knew
her,
But he laid her flat upon her back and tossed a fuck into her.
The queen put all her jewels in hock to get Columbo started.
She shed salt tears upon the dock; Columbo merely farted.

A week or more from the Spanish shore they heard a frightful
wailing.
They found Columbo on the bridge with his teeth sunk in the
railing.
At last he got so very ver' bad that he could only roar,
"I've caught the clap from Isabel, the dirty Spanish whore!"

Now doctors on this lousy ship were very far from many.
The only quack they had on board was a little shit named
Benny.
But Benny knew a thing or two, his smile was calm and placid
As he filled Columbo's pecker up with muriatic acid.

Columbo sailed and sailed along, across the rough Atlantic,

But when they found there was no tail, it almost drove them
frantic.

And after several weeks at sea Columbo grew so rooty
His cock stood at attention as it felt the call of duty.

He took his good old whanger out and laid it on the deck-o.
The first mate stumbled over it and damned near broke his
neck-o.

As he lay there on the quarterdeck close to the forward
masthole,
Columbo gave his cock a twitch and shoved it up his asshole.

"Oh, spare me, sire!" the first mate cried, "and I'll give you
my daughter."

"Bring on the bitch," bold Chris replied, "or I will give no
quarter."

The maiden fled across the deck, the villain he pursued her.
The white of an egg ran down her leg, the son of a bitch had
screwed her.

Upon the ship they had a monk, the monkey's name was Jumbo,
And all hands used to bugger him, especially Columbo.
The first mate swore, the first mate tore, and then the first
mate cried-o,

"You fucka my monk, my little monk, and now my monkey's
died-o."

For ninety days and ninety nights they sailed in search of
booty

Till on a shore they spied a whore, my God, she was a beauty.
The sailors leaped into the surf, shedding shirts and collars.
In fifteen minutes by the clock, she made ten thousand
dollars.

Columbo chased a nut-brown maid who resented his advances
Till he ran her up a cocoa palm and fucked her in the
branches.

For seven hours they kept it up and made a wild commotion,
The coconuts were shaken loose and fell into the ocean.

This island maid was very sweet, but her revenge was sweeter:
Columbo got a dose of syph with chancres on his peter.
So then he journeyed back to Spain where he was needed sorely,
For there the queen, with a lengthy beam, was masturbating
hourly.

He laid the New World at her feet but gave her greater rapture
When he laid her down upon the rug and set about to scratch
her.

It took a whole night's labor to satisfy her passion

And he filled her up with syphilis in thorough-going fashion.

[E]

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, a dago from Italee
Was walking on the streets of Spain, selling hot tomale.
He went up to the queen of Spain, said, "Give me ships and
cargo
And I'll be a cock-eyed son of a bitch if I don't bring back
Chicago."

Chorus:

For he knew the world was round-o,
And land it could be found-o,
This masturbating, fornicating
Christofo Colombo.

Now in the town of Madrid, the clapsters were not many,
And the very best clapster in the town was a God-damned Jew
named Benny.

Columbo he did go to him with a smile both calm and placid,
And Benny filled his peter up with muriatic acid.

Columbo had a one-eyed mate, he loved him like a brother.
They used to go down in the hold and lay on oen another.
The sailors were a whorey crew, they buggered anybody.
Columbo said that was the way that they all kept so ruddy.

And when they hove in sight of land, all were intent on booty.
A whore stood there upon the sand, Great Christ! she was a
beauty.

The sailors plunged into the deep, shedding coats and collars.
In fifteen minutes by the clock she made nine hundred dollars.

Columbo he did get last whack, his cock was red and fiery.
He started back into his ship to write it in his diary.
A mighty shout arose on board, "All hands, come weigh the
anchor!"
Columbo couldn't move a step; his balls were full of chancre.

Last Chorus:

Oh, his balls were large and round-o.
His cock hung to the ground-o,
This masturbating, fornicating
Son-of-a-bitch, Columbo.

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C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\columbo1.txt

COLUMBO

-Anonymous

CHORUS: He swore the world was round-o
America could be found-o
That masturbatin', fornicatin'
Son-of-a-bitch, Columbo!

In ft)urteen hundred and ninety two
A gob from old Italee
Went wandering thru the streets of Spain
A-pissing in the alley

In fourteen hundred and ninety two
The expedition started
Queen Isabel, she cried like hell
Columbus only farted

Columbus paced upon the deck
He knew it was his duty
He laid his whang into his hand
and said "Ain't that a beauty!"

The sailor's on Columbus' ship
Each had his private knothole
But Columbo was a superman
and used a padded porthole!

The bo's'ns mate fell overboard
The sharks did leap and frolic
They gobbled him up in one big bite
And shortly died of colic!

For forty days and forty nights
They sailed the broad Atlantic
Columbo and his lousy crew
For want of a piece were frantic!

They spied a whore upon the shore
And off came shirts and collars
In twenty minutes by the clock
She'd made ten thousand dollars!

With joyful shout they ran about
And practiced fornication

When they sailed, they left behind
Ten times the population!

Columbo went back to the Queen
Because it was his duty
He gave to her a dose of clap
He had no other booty

And when his men pulled out again
To take the homeward tour up
They'd caught the Pox from every box
That syphilized all Europe!

So they threw him in a stinking jail
And lefi him there to grumble
A ball and chain tied to his balls
So ended poor Columbo!

-- "The Black Book of Locksley"

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\columbo2.txt

;64Hm05 May 94 21:43
mAbby Sale: A dirty song
I still haven't been able to locate _Rugby Songs_ & _More..._.
Interlibrary loan has been no help. However, the endless quest
for quality & tradition has provided me with an abbreviated
American version. It's a single volume of selections from the
two books: _Locker Room Ballads_; (still no author) with a new
intro by Michael Green; (C) 1967 & 1968, Ace Books, NY, #441-48800-060.

Not many greats on the level of "Eskimo Nell" but a few good memories
of time-honored classics. The Locker Room, Campfire, Barracks songs:

(Prudes be cautioned, dirty words & humor ensues)

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBO

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
A man whose name was Chris
Stood by the Trevi fountain

Indulging in a piss.

CHORUS:

His balls they were so round-o
His cock hung to the ground-o
That fornicating, copulating
son-of-a-bitch Columbo.

Along did come the Queen of Spain
And glimpsing there his dong,
Forthwith was smitten with desire
And knew not right from wrong.

"Oh, Isabelle," Columbo said,
A-waving of his balls,
"The world is round as these are,
I feel that duty calls."

"Just wait a bit," said Isabelle.
"And don't forget essentials,
For I've a mind to have a grind
And check on your credentials."

She gave her guest no time for rest,
The pace was fairly killing,
With legs apart he gave the tart
A cream and cherry filling.

For forty days and forty nights
He sailed the broad Atlantic,
Columbo and his scurvy crew
For want of a screw were frantic.

And when they got to Yankee land
They spied a Yankee harlot
When they came her cunt was lilly-white
When they left her cunt was scarlet.

With lustful shout they ran about
And practiced copulation
And when they left to sail away
They doubled the population.

And when his men pulled out again,
And reckoned all their score up,
They'd caught a pox from every box
That syphilized all Europe.

A slander, but that's the
folk process for you.

... From: Abby.Sale@animece.oau.org //// FIDO: 1/363.137 //// Orlando, FL

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\columbo3.txt

172. COLUMBO, or THE GOOD SHIP VENUS
Melody--Columbus Sailed the Ocean Blue

An ancient song concerning the voyage of Christopher Columbus, sung in six parts.
Part the First
In which it is explained how this voyage came about and how the Queen of Spain
tearfully bade goodbye; Columbo's parting words to the Queen

In Fourteen Hundred Ninety-Two,
A gob from Italy,
Went wanderin' through the streets of Spain,
A pissin' in the alley.

CHORUS: He swung his balls around-o,
They nearly touched the ground-o,
That masturbatin', fornicatin'
Son of a bitch, Columbo.

In Fourteen Hundred Ninety-Two,
The expedition started,
Queen Isabelle, she cried like hell,
Columbo only farted.

Part the Second
In which we learn more about the brave explorer

Columbo paced upon the deck,
He knew it was his duty,
He laid his whang into his hand,
And said, "Ain't it a beauty?"

The sailors on Columbo's ship,
Had each his private knothole,
But Columbo was a superman,
And used a padded porthole.

Columbo had a one-eyed cat,
He kept it in the cabin,
He rubbed its ass with axle grease,

And started in a-jabbin'.

His cabin boy was Kipper,
A dirty little nipper,
They stuffed his ass with broken glass,
And circumcised the skipper.

Columbo had a first mate,
He loved him like a brother,
Every night in the pale moonlight
They buggered one another.

Part the Third

In which we are introduced to the Venus and its crew; and learn of some singular accomplishments

Aboard the good ship Venus,
By God, you should have seen us,
The figurehead, a whore in bed,
The mast, a throbbing penis.

CHORUS: There was friggin' in the riggin',
Wankin' on the plankin',
Masturbatin' on the gratin',
There was fuck all else to do.

The first mate's name was Paul,
He only had one ball,
But with that cracker he rolled terbaccer
Around the cabin wall.

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

The third mate's name was Morgan,
He was a grisly Gorgon,
Three times a day he strummed away
Upon his sexual organ.

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

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

Another cook was O'Malley,
He didn't dilly-dally,
He shot his bolt with such a jolt
He whitewashed half the galley.

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

The engineer was McTavish,
And young girls he did ravish,
His missing prick's in Istanbul,
He was a little lavish.

The engineer's mate was Carter,
By God, he was a farter,
When the wind wouldn't blow and the ship wouldn't go,
We'd get Carter the farter to start 'er.

A homo was the purser,
He couldn't have been worser,
With all the crew he had a screw,
Until they yelled, "Oh no, sir!"

Another one was Cropper,
Oh Christ, he had a whopper,
Twice round the deck, once round his neck,
And up his bum for a stopper.

The ship's dog's name was Rover,
The whole crew did him over,
They ground and ground the wretched hound
From Lisbon to the Indies.

Part the Fourth

Concerning what the sailors did for recreation and how it came that Columbo's
daughters were lost at sea and what became of them

Twas on the broad Atlantic,
Where the water's almost static,
The rise and fall of cock and balls
Was almost automatic.

The captain's wife was Mabel,
And whenever she was able,
She gave the crew its daily screw
Upon the galley table.

The skipper's daughter Mabel,
They fucked when they were able.
They tacked those tits, the dirty shits,
Right to the galley table.

The skipper's other daughter,
They tossed into the water.
Delighted squeals came as the eels
Entered her sexual quarter.

Part the Fifth

In which the New World is at last discovered, and how the sailors expressed their
joy at finding civilization

For forty days and forty nights,
They sailed the broad Atlantic.
Columbo and his scurvy crew,
For want of a piece were frantic.

They spied a whore upon the shore,
And off came shirts and collars,
In twenty minutes by the clock,
She'd made ten thousand dollars.

With a joyful shout they ran about,
And practiced fornication,
When they sailed they left behind,
Ten times the population.

The ladies of the nation,
Arose in indignation,
They stuffed their bums with chewing gum,
A smart retaliation.

And when his men pulled out again,
To take their homeward trip up,
They'd caught the pox from every box,
And syphilized all Europe.

Part the Sixth

In which Columbo at last returns to Spain, and how he delivers his plunder to the
Queen, and his reward

Columbo went in haste to the Queen,
Because it was his duty,
He gave to her a dose of clap,
He had no other booty.

So she threw him in a stinking jail,
And left him there to grumble,

A ball and chain tied to his balls,
So ended poor Columbo.

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

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\cornell1.txt

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!

"The Black Book of Locksley"*

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\doyourba.txt

Do Your Balls Hang Low?

[B]

At Oberlin College, Ohio, circa 1938-1942, the chorus was localized to:

Tiddley-winks, young man, get a woman it you can.
If you can't get a woman, get a clean old man.
From the dusty halls of Warner down to Ohly's on the corner,
If you can't get a woman get a clean old man.

Former student, later Professor of History Emeritus Rowland Berthoff
explained that Ohly's was a corner drug store. Some versions substituted for "clean

old man" "White House man," the White House a men's dormitory allegedly less virile than a rival "Embassy."

Another version, from Alabama, is in Sweet Bunch of Daisies, p. 93.

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C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\funiculi1.txt

90. MASTURBATION SONG

Melody--Funiculi, Funicula

Last night I stayed up late and masturbated,
It felt so good, I knew it would.
Last night I stayed up late to masturbate,
It felt so nice, I did it twice.
You should have seen me on the short strokes,
It felt so grand, I used my hand,
And you should have seen me on the long strokes,
It felt so neat, I used my feet.
Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor,
Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door,
Some people seem to think that fornication's grand,
But for all-around enjoyment, I prefer to use my hand!

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\gangbang1.txt

61. (I WANT A) GANG BANG

Melody--Itself

(Take turns leading verses)

CHORUS: I want a gang bang if I could,
Because a gang bang feels so good.
When I was younger and in my prime,
I used to gang bang all the time.
Now I'm older and getting gray,
I only gang bang once a day.

SINGER: Knock, knock.

PACK: Who's there?

SINGER: Ida.

PACK: Ida who?

SINGER: Ida want another gang bang if I could,
Because a gang bang feels so good, etc . . .

OTHER VERSES:

Ben/Ben dover and have another . . .

Turner/Turner over and have another . . .

Sam and Janet/Sam and Janet evening I'd have a . . .

Bob/Bob down and let's have another . . .

Orange/Orange you glad I didn't say Bob down and let's
have another . . .

Ranger/A ranger her for best entry at the . . .

Oliver/Oliver clothes were off at the . . .

Peter Meter/My peter'll meet her at the . . .

Dolly Parton/Dolly's partin' her thighs at the . . .

Tijuana/Tijuana bring your mama to the . . .

Kissinger/Kissinger's great but fuckin' her's better at
the . . .

Betty/Betty'll have a sore dick . . .

Europa/Europa to the bed post for the . . .

Extinct/Extinct like fish at the . . .

Eileen/Eileen her over the sofa at the . . .

Sharon/Sharon share alike at the . . .

Hedda/Hedda lotta sex at the . . .

Mason Dixon/Mason's Dixon's the girl at the . . .

Ima/Ima glad we had this . . .

Eisenhower/Eisenhower late for the . . .

Witchy/Witchy one your gonna fuck at the . . .

Kenya/Kenya gimme directions to the . . .

M. R./M. R. some nice-a tits at the . . .

Charlie Pride/Charlie pried her legs apart at the . . .

Banana/Banana na na na na na . . .(and so on)

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\godiva1.txt

Received: from jjmhome.jjm.com (root@jjmhome.jjm.com [198.114.254.1]) by
light.jjm.com (8.6.12/8.6.12)

Received: by bdragon.jjm.com (0.99.950801)

id AA05791; 16 Aug 95 06:32:14 -0500

From: buyensl@primenet.com (Lorrill Buyens)

Date: Tue, 15 Aug 1995 14:57:42 -0500

X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com

Subject: Engineers

Message-Id: <199508152157.0AA27613@mailhost.primenet.com>

X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: Multiple.recipients.of.Bawdy.Filking@jjm.com

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com

Status: RO

X-Status:

The following was sent to me about a year and a half ago, and I found it
amusing. Since I love to share, I thought I'd torture the list with it. <g>The
Engineers' Drinking Song (Lady Godiva)

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride
To show the royal villagers her fine and pure-white hide.
The most observant man of all, an Engineer of course,
Was the only one who noticed that Godiva rode a horse.

Chorus:

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the Engineers;
We can, we can, we can, we can demolish forty beers.
Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum all day, and come along with us;
'Cause we don't give a damn for any old man who don't give a damn for us!

She said, "I've come a long, long way, and I will go as far
With the man who takes me from this horse and leads me to a bar."
The man who took her from her steed and led her to a beer
Was a bleary-eyed surveyor and a drunken Engineer.

Godiva was a lady well-endowed, there is no doubt,
She never wore a stitch of clothes, just wound her hair about.
The first man who did make her was an Engineer, of course,
But on just one beer an artsy queer had made Godiva's horse.

Ace Towing roams the Cambridge streets each day and every night
Towing cars and stowing cars to hide them out of sight.
They tried to tow Godiva's horse, the Engineers said, "Hey!"
They towed away their towing truck, and now the Ace must pay!

Rapunzel let her hair down for two suitors from below,
So one of them could grab ahold and give the old heave-ho.
The prince began to climb at once, but soon came out the worst,
For the Engineer rode up a lift, and reached Rapunzel first.

Caesar set out for Egypt at the age of fifty-three,
But Cleopatra's blood was warm, her heart was young and free;
And every night when Julius said good-night at three o'clock,
A Roman Engineer was waiting just around the block!

Sir Francis Drake and all his ships set out for Calais Bay -
They'd heard the Spanish rum fleet was headed out that way.
But the Engineers had beat them, by a night and half a day,
And though as drunk as ptarmigans, you still could hear them say:

The Army and the Navy went out to have some fun,
They went down to the taverns where the fiery liquors run.
But all they found were empties, for the Engineers had come
And traded all their instruments for gallon kegs of rum.

An artsman and an Engineer once found a gallon can.
Said the artsman, "Match me drink for drink - let's see if you're a man."
They drank three drinks, the artsman fell - his face was turning green,
But the Engineer drank on and said, "It's only gasoline!"

An Engineer once stumbled through the halls of Building 10 -
That night he'd drunken rum enough to drown a dozen men.
In fact, the only things there were that kept him on his course
Were the boundary conditions and the Coriolis force.

An MIT computer man got drunk one fateful night.
He opened up the console and smashed everything in sight.
When they finally subdued him, the judge he stood before
Said, "Lock him up for twenty years, he's rotten to the core!"

Venus was a statue made entirely of stone
Without a stitch upon her - she was naked as a bone.
On seeing that she had no clothes, an Engineer discoursed,
"Why, the damn thing's only concrete, and should be reinforced!"

I happened once upon a girl whose eyes were full of fire.
Her physical endowments would have made your hands perspire.
To my surprise, she told me that she never had been kissed -
Her boyfriend was a tired Engineering scientist.

A maiden and an Engineer were sitting in the park -
The Engineer was working on some research after dark.
His scientific method was a marvel to observe:
While his right hand held the figure, his left hand traced the curves.

Princeton's run by Wellesley, and Wellesley's run by Yale,
And Yale is run by Vassar, and Vassar's run by tail;
Harvard's run by stiff pricks, the kind you raise by hand,
But Tech is run by Engineers, the finest in the land.

If we should find a Harvard man within our sacred walls,
We'll take him to the Physics lab and amputate his balls.
And if he hollers "Uncle!", I'll tell you what we'll do -
We'll stuff his ass with broken glass, and seal it up with glue.

And should there be a Harvard man a-strolling our Great Court,
We'll fetch a pail of river gunk and make him drink a quart.
The water of the River Charles can fix his every flaw,
And the Engineers all drink it 'cause it makes us what we are.

MIT was MIT when Harvard was a pup,
And MIT will be MIT when Harvard's time is up.
And any Harvard Son of a Bitch who thinks he's in our class
Can pucker up his rosy lips and kiss the beaver's ass.

An MIT surveyor once found the gates of Hell.
He looked the devil in the eye and said, "You're looking well!"
The devil looked right back at him and said, "Why visit me?
You've been through Hell already; you went to MIT!"

That Engineer from MIT, he tried to enter Heaven.
Saint Peter told the Engineer, "Get back to Building 7!"
The Engineer said he was damned if he was going home -
So he climbed atop the roof, and dropped through Heaven's dome.

A friend in ol' New Haven called me up the other day.
He said he was depressed because he hadn't got an A.
I said to him, "You idiot! Why did you go to Yale?
If you had come to MIT you'd still be on Pass/Fail!"

My father peddles opium, my mother's on the dole,
My sister used to walk the streets, but now she's on parole.
My brother runs a restaurant with bedrooms in the rear -
But they don't even speak to me, 'cause I'm an Engineer.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\goodship.txt

The Good Ship Venus

In a January 17, 1995, letter to the editor, Professor Emeritus Rowland Berthoff of Washington University, St. Louis, noted he sang this in the army during the second world war. "Most of your verses [in the second edition] are familiar, though the lines are sometimes rearranged." Then he added two additional stanzas:

The ship's dog's name was Rover,
His bed was no bed of clover.
We ground and ground that faithful hound
From Singapore to Dover.

We sailed to every nation
In search of new sensation.
We sailed that junk through seas of spunk
From mutual masturbation.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\highabov.txt

High Above a Theta's Garter

There is a winning, if stubborn persistence in oral tradition that keeps even slight songs alive through the generations. So it is with this variant on the parody first collected around 1959 at UCLA, and remembered to this day:

High above the Pi Phi's garter,
Way above her knee,
Lies the source of my contentment
Her virginity.
 Roll her over, every gently,
 Lay her on the grass.

All that I have ever wanted
A piece of Pi Phi ass.

This is included in the photocopied "Songbook of Sigma Pi," compiled at UCLA circa 1990-1992, a copy of which was furnished by Ms. Kelly Besser.

From Fort Benning, Georgia's Officers Candidate School, circa 1944, comes this variant of the sardonic "alma mater" of fledgling infantry officers given in the notes to "High Above a Theta's Garter." It was sent to the editor by Professor Emeritus Rowland Berthoff, who was a "birddog" or training officer there.

High above the Chattahoochie,
By the Upatoy,
Stands our noble alma mater,
Benning School for Boys.
 Ever forward, never backward,
 Follow me, they say;
 Those who die are goddamned lucky;
 The rest shall live in pain.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\ilovemy.txt

I Love My Girl

[B]

I love my girl,
Yes, I do. Yes, I do. Yes, I do.
I love the hole that
She pisses through.
I love her tits,
Tit-il-y-its, tit-il-y-its, tit-il-y-its,
Her nut-brown asshole.
I eat her shit,
Shit-el-y-its, shit-el-y-its, shit-el-y-its,
With a wooden spoon.

Not markedly different than the "A" text in Muse II (p. 362), this is included here in the interests of anal compulsion. It was collected in 1964 from a 21-year-old woman, an education major at then-San Fernando Valley State College, now Cal State University Northridge, and was forwarded by her instructor, Bess Lomax Hawes.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\knock.txt

Knock, Knock

At its height, the great "politically correct" controversy had university administrators in 1992-1993 censoring college songbooks and singers. At Georgetown University, according to the short-lived right-wing newspaper Heterodoxy (February, 1993, issue, p. 3), the school's rugby team "had sung an old standard based on the Knock, Knock. Who's There? routine, the answer being 'Tijuana.' 'Tijuana who? Tijuana bring your mother to the gang bang?' The team was not punished, according to Dean of Students Renee De Vigne, because its song, though offensive, was not directed at a specific individual."

The second edition of Muse had a version from USC. Appropriately, this supplement adds one from crosstown rival UCLA, as printed in the songbook of Sigma Pi, compiled circa 1990-1992. A copy was furnished to the editor by Ms. Kelly Besser.

[B]

Knock, knock!

Who's there?

Lena.

Lena who?

Lean 'er up against the wall.

We'll have a gang bang.

Yes, we will.

We'll have a gang bang.

What a thrill.

Chorus:

When I was younger, and in my prime,

I used to gangbang all the time.

Other verses:

Charlie Pride ** Charlie Pride is a popular country and western singer.~

Charlie pried her legs open

At the gang bang.

Yes, he did.

So he could fill her

Full of lovin'.

Eisenhower

I's an hour late

For the gang bang

Yes, I was.

So I missed out on

All the lovin'.

Gladiator

Glad he ate her
Before the gang bang,
Yes, he was,
'Cause we filled her
Full of vodka.

Urine

You're in for sloppy seconds
At the gang bang.
Yes, you are
'Cause we filled her
Full of vodka.

Tiajuana

Tiajuana bring your mother
To the gang bang?
Yes, you do
So we can fill her
Full of vodka.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\marrying1.txt

74. IF I WERE THE MARRYING KIND
Melody--Itself

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.

And he'd find touch, and I'd find touch,
We'd both find touch together,
We'd be all right in the middle of the night,
Finding touch together.

Wing three-quarter--go hard.

Centre three-quarter--pass it out.

Rugby fly-half--whip it out.

Rugby scrum-half--put it in.

Rugby hooker--strike hard.

Big pop-forward--bind tight.

Rugby referee--blow hard.

Spectator--come again.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\maryanne1.txt

143. MARY ANNE BURNS (Mary Anne Barnes, in Muse p. 359-61)

Melody--Itself

Mary Anne Burns is the queen of all the acrobats,
She can do tricks that'll give a guy the shits,
She can shoot green peas from her fundamental orifice,
Do a somersault and catch'em on her tits.
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch,
Twice as big as me,
Got hair on her ass like the branches on a tree,
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck,
Fly an airplane, drive a truck,
Mary Anne Burns is the girl for me.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\mrsmurph.txt

Mrs. Murphy's Daughter

"Mrs. Murphy, where's your daughter?
We came over to have some fun."
"She's upstairs makin' water.
She'll be down when she is done."

I love to see Mary make water.
She can make such a beautiful stream.
She can pee for a mile and a quarter.

You can't see her ass for the steam.

Harry A. Taussig collected this in Berkeley, between 1958 and 1963. The first verse turns up in "Songs of Raunch and Ill-Repute's version of "The Winnepeg Whore" (p. 28).

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\mygals1.txt

148. MY GIRL'S A VEGETABLE

Melody--My Girl's a Corker, She's a New Yorker

My girl's a vegetable,
She lives in a hospital . . .

CHORUS: I'd do most anything,
To keep her alive.

She has no arms or legs,
She looks like a pony keg . . .

She's got a new TV,
They call it an EKG . . .

Her EKG it does not rise,
But she still spreads her thighs . . .

My girl has long blond hair,
It's in patches here and there . . .

She can't get out of bed,
Still, she can give me head . . .

She's got no arms or legs,
She's got two wooden pegs . . .

I'm always guaranteed a blow,
Because she can't say no . . .

She has no feet or hands,
Her head's connected with rubber bands . . .

She might not live the night,
That means that she won't fight . . .

My girl lives in an iron lung,

But she can still give real good tongue . . .

My girl has leprosy,
Parts are always sticking to me . . .

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\nellydar1.txt

152. NELLIE DARLING

Melody--I Wish I Were an Oscar-Meyer Wiener

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe, Nellie darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green,
There's a thousand flies buzzing 'round your pussy,
Oh, you're the dirtiest, ugliest, rottenest, fucking bitch
I've ever seen.

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,
When you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass,
There's enough wax in your ear to make a candle,
So why not make one, dear, and shove it up your a-a-a-ss.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\next.txt

Sun, 1 Dec 1996 01:13:02 -0800 (PST)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.8.2/8.8.2) with UUCP id EAA16174; Sun, 1 Dec 1996 04:12:35 -0500 (EST)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960714)

id AA05592; 30 Nov 96 21:49:20 -0500

From: Dave Loomis <dloomis@nh.ultranet.com> Date: Sat, 30 Nov 1996 08:48:57 -0800

X-To: Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking <bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net> Subject: Re: New, um, .err..old(?) filk

Message-Id: <32A06579.A07@nh.ultranet.com>

X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Precedence: bulk

Status: RO

X-Status: A

This, a bit late, heard at my local folk pub:

'Tis Thanksgiving, 'Tis Thanksgiving
Don't eat bread, Don't eat bread,
Stuff it up the turkey, Stuff it up the turkey
Eat the bird. Eat the bird.

To the tune of Frere Jacques.

Dave

```
*****
*      Dave Loomis      *
*      164 Tuttle Lane  * (603) 431 5342      *
*      Greenland, NH 03840 * dloomis@nh.ultranetcom *
*****
* Hard drive, n. Driving from Maine to Florida using state roads. *
*      Dave's Computer Lexicon
```

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\raunch.txt

From: Joseph C Fineman <jcf@world.std.com>Subject: The Erotic Music
To: cray@bcf.usc.edu
Message-Id: <Pine.3.89.9409111713.C26932-0100000@world.std.com>Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; charset=US-ASCII
Status: RO
X-Status: A

Dear Mr Cray:

I am delighted to hear that you are preparing a new edition of your classic compilation. However, I was surprised to see your solicitation on the folk_music mailing list and not on the rec.music.folk Usenet newsgroup, where it is sure to receive far more replies & where in fact a good deal of bawdry has appeared from time to time. If you do not yet subscribe to that newsgroup, you will surely find it helpful.

I will make a compilation of the bawdy songs I happen to have on disk and send it to you presently. If you will send me a snailmail address, I'll send you photocopies of some unusual versions of songs that I learned at St Andrews University in Scotland in 1958-9.

In your first edition you give the date of _Songs of Raunch and Ill Repute_ as "circa 1960". In fact it came out in May 1958, while I was a senior at Caltech. I supplied some of the texts, but did not participate

in its production, which is why there are so many typos in it. I later heard that the following year the compilers were stopped for a traffic offense & found with a stack of copies in the back seat of the car. They had been so incautious as to print a price on the cover, and so they were obviously guilty of intent to sell. In order not to force them to miss any classes (thereby endangering their careers, the progress of science, and the national survival), they were put in jail for all the weekends of the spring term. Such was the quality of justice & of mercy in 1959.

Enjoy,

Joe Fineman	jcf@world.std.com
239 Clinton Road	(617) 731-9190
Brookline, MA 02146	

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\rollleg.txt

Roll Your Leg Over

[F]

Chorus:

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

Verses for men:

If all of them ladies were big, wooden stairs,
They'd go down mine and I'd go down theirs.

If all of them ladies were tall, slender poles
And I were a squirrel, I'd stuff nuts in their holes.

If all of them ladies were bitches in heat,
And I were their master, I'd give them some meat.

If all of them ladies were moles in the grasses
And I were a mole, I'd be full of mole-lasses.

If all of them ladies were little red foxes
And I were a hunter, I'd shoot up their boxes.

If all of them ladies were coals in the stoker

And I were a blacksmith, I'd shove in my poker.

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

If all of them ladies were finely brewed beer,
They'd give good head and I'd be of good cheer.

If all of them ladies were fish in a pool,
I'd be a carp with a waterproof tool.

If all of them ladies were chicken's a-scratchin'
And I were a cock, there'd be more eggs a-hatchin'.

If all of them ladies were shy little deer
And I were a stag, there'd be fawns ev'ry year.

If all of them ladies were locks on a gate
And I were a key, I'd insert and rotate.

If all of them ladies were proud, little fillies
And I were a stallion, I'd give them the willies.

If all of them ladies were mares in the stable
And I were a stallion, I'd show them I'm able.

If all of them ladies were forges a-heating,
And I were a blacksmith, my tool would [I'd ?] be beating.

If all of them ladies were bells in a tower
And I were a clapper, I'd bang ev'ry hour.

If all of them ladies were veg'tables growing
And I were a hoe, then their seeds I'd be sowing.

If all of them ladies were wine in a cup,
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up.

If all of them ladies were bottles of brew,
I'd pop all their corks with my built-in corkscrew.

If all of them ladies were merry-go-rounds,
I'd mount up and we'd go up and [go ?] down.

If all of them ladies were furry, white kittens
And I were a tomcat, I'd give 'em good fittin's.

If all of them ladies were mermaids a -splashin'
And I were a merman, I'd fill them with passion.

If all of them ladies were stretch out on their beds,
And I were a quilt, then I'd gain maidenheads. ** This harkens back to "The Two Magicians," which has a similar metaphor in the last stanza."

If all of them ladies were fish in the brookie,
And I were a bass then I'd give them some nookie.

If all of them ladies were little, brown mares
And I were a saddle, I'd cover their rears.

If all of them ladies were statues of Venus
And I were a sculptor, I'd have a hard -- chisel.

If all of them ladies were fish in a hole
And I were a fisherman, I'd use my pole.

If all of them ladies were made of swiss cheese
And I were a mouse, then their holes I would squeeze.

If all of them ladies were sweet fruits and berries,
I'd suck on melons and I'd chew on cherries.

If all of them ladies were as sweet as they say,
All us young men would be horny and gay.

If all of them ladies were flutes in a row
And I came along them [sic] their holes I would blow.

If all of them ladies were singing this song,
'Twould be three times as dirty and four times as long.

If all of them ladies were winds on the sea
And I'd be a sail, then I'd have them blow me.

If all of them ladies were fish in a pond
And I were a hook, then I'd catch ev'ry one.

If all of them ladies were fish in the ocean
And I were a whale, then I'd show them the motion.

If all of them ladies were bricks in a pile
And I were a mason, I'd lay them in style.

If all of them ladies were cows in a pasture
And I were a bull, I'd fill them with rapture.

If all of them ladies were little white rabbits
And I were another, I'd teach them bad habits.

If all of them ladies were unicorns prancing

And I were another, then we'd go romancing.

If all of them ladies were leaves on the trees
And I were a deer then I'd eat them with ease.

If all of them ladies were crumbs in a field
And I were a deer, then I'd have a good meal.

Furnished without tune by Pasadena, California, attorney Roger Gray, a parttime performer at the Renaissance Pleasure Faire. Gray has deliberately gathered songs from various sources, both oral and printed, to present as a "strolling minstrel" at the pageant.

There might be some question about the oral currency of some of the verses here; the "unicorns prancing," for example, has a self-conscious, literary quality unusual in traditional song.

[G]

Yet another version is in both the Phi Kappa Psi songbook used at UCLA in 1991-1992, and "The Songbook of Sigma Pi, Upsilon Chapter," compiled at that university in 1990, copies of which were graciously furnished by Ms. Kelly Besser. A number of the verses -- only a few of which are given here -- are recently coined.

Chorus:

Roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over.
Roll your leg over the Phi Psi's [Sig Pi's] are here.

I wish that all girls were like:

Strawberry sundaes and I were spoon, I would dip in their
undies.

D.G.'s [Delta Gamma's] in heat and I were a Phi Psi, I'd give
them my meat.

Big light house towers and I were a wave, I would slam them
for hours.

Pieces of shit and I were a fly, I would stick to their clit.

Bicycle riders and I were a seat, I would ride up inside her.

Arabian soil and I were from Exxon, I'd drill them for oil.

Holes in the road and I was a dump truck, I'd fill them with
my load.

I wish that all girls were singing this song; it'd be twice as
dirty and three times as long.

In the interest of as complete a record as possible, the editor notes that Margaret Wise Brown adapted what is said to be a Provençal love ballad dating to the troubadour period for her perennially popular children's book, *The Runaway Bunny*:

Two stanzas, without a source, are cited in Leonard S. Wise's biography, *Margaret Wise Brown* (Boston: Beacon, 1992), p. 149:

If you pursue me I shall become a fish in the water
And I shall escape you.
If you become a fish, I shall become an eel.

If you become an eel, I shall become a fox
And I shall escape you.
If you become a fox, I shall become a hunter,
And I shall hunt you...

The redoubtable F.J. Child, of course, notes many southern French and Catalan versions of the ballad of "The Two Magicians." This might be a translation of one.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\ undergrad\rollmeov.txt

Roll Me Over

This is number one and the fun has just begun,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

This is number two and his hand is on my shoe...

This is number three and his hand is on my knee...

This is number four and he's got me on the floor...

This is number five and his hand is on my thigh...

This is number six and I'm in a hell of a fix...

This is number seven and I'm on my way to heaven...

This is number eight and the doctor's at the gate...

This is number nine and the twins are doing fine...

This is number ten and I'm ready to do it again.

Rowland Berthoff, professor of history, emeritus, at Washington University, St. Louis, sang this at Oberlin College, Ohio, circa 1940, and in the U.S. Army, from 1942-1946. When in the army, Berthoff wrote, the third line was adapted to read, "Roll me over, Yankee soldier..."

[XX]

The Kenneth Larson "Barnyard" typescript contains a number of rhymes Larson collected between 1920-1950 in Idaho.
Number 38 (p. 43) runs:

Half-past one:
The fun is just begun!
Half-past two:
They think they're going to screw!
Half-past three:
He just went out to pee.
Half-past four:
They're doing it some more!
Half-past five:
The kid is now alive.
Half-past six:
She's taking all his prick!
Half-past seven:
She thinks she is in heaven!
Half-past eight:
The doctor's at the gate.
Half-past nine:
Again they're doing fine.
Half-past ten:
They're doing it again.
Half-past eleven:
They wish they'd quit at seven!
Half-past twelve:
They're tiredder than hell!

C:\Ed Cray Collection\ undergrad\rollmeov1.txt

Susan Johns of Austin, Texas, to Cray, 6/22/96, as sung in SCA and Renaissance Fair circles:

SONG

Roll Me Over

Chorus : Repeat after each verse.

Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Oh, this is number one,
We're going to have some fun.
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Oh, this is number two,
His hand is on my shoe.
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Oh, this is number three,
His hand is on my knee.
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Oh, this is number four,
We're rolling on the floor.
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Oh, this is number five,
His hand is on my thigh.
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Oh, this is number six,
He's teaching me some tricks.

Oh, this is number seven,
I think that I'm in heaven.

Oh, this is number eight,
It's really feeling great.

Oh, this is number nine,
It's really getting fine.

Oh, this is number ten,
We're going to start again.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\rollmeov2.txt

105. ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER

Melody--Roll Me Over in the Clover

(Take turns leading verses)

Well, this is number one,
And the fun has just begun,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

CHORUS: Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number two,
And my hand is on her shoe, etc . . .

Well, this is number three,
And my hand is on her knee, etc . . .

Well, this is number four,
And we're rolling on the floor, etc . . .

Well, this is number five,
And the bee is in the hive, etc . . .

Well, this is number six,
And she says she likes my tricks, etc . . .

Well, this is number seven,
And we're in our seventh heaven, etc . . .

Well, this is number eight,
And the nurse is at the gate, etc . . .

Well, this is number nine,
And the twins are doing fine, etc . . .

Well, this is number ten,
And we're at it once again, etc . . .

Well, this is number eleven,
And we start again from seven, etc . . .

Well, this is number twelve,
And she said, "You kan jag isalv," etc . . .

Well, this is number twenty,

And she said that that was plenty, etc . . .

Well, this is number thirty,
And she said that that was dirty, etc . . .

Well, this is number forty,
And she said, "Now you are naughty," etc . . .

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\romas.txt

Sun, 15 Jan 95 12:14:15 EST

From: David Romas <FROMAS@CMS.CC.WAYNE.EDU>Subject: Re: Treasure Trove
To: Ed Cray <cray@bcf.usc.edu>In-Reply-To: Your message of Wed, 11 Jan 1995
21:15:14 -0800 (PST)
X-Acknowledge-To: <FROMAS@WAYNEST1>Status: RO
X-Status: A

On Wed, 11 Jan 1995 21:15:14 -0800 (PST) you said:

>I hope I do not ask too much, but I wonder if you could note the tunes of
>some of the songs? When you say a tune is "significantly different than
>that in Muse," I am curious about it. Unidentified tunes, like "The
>Fireman Song," are also of interest.

>I have never had a good tune to "Shithouse Blues," though I know it was a
>"race" record of the 1930s. Can you provide a tune? Ditto "Scotsman's
>Kilt," "Doo-wah-diddlie" (new to me) and "If I had a Penis" (ditto).
>Your "Wild West Show" is very important, descended from a 19th Century
>song about "Van Amburgh's Show," an English circus. The first scholar to
>note it insists it is a recitation. We know better. Can you send me a
>tune? (Very exciting contribution, that is.)

We'll work on these points. Maybe we can sketch out a few bars of
music and/or send along an audio tape.

>I am grateful. And while I will credit the Chippewas (what town is
>Central Michigan located in?) I think you two deserve the real credit.

CMU is in Mt. Pleasant which is right smack in the center of lower
Michigan, "the middle of the mitten" as we say.

Mike asked me to send you the following note.

While doing some research in the Wayne State U. folklore archive I
found some narratives similar to what we call "Big Ass Lil". Have you
come across anything which is similar to our "Tight Twat Tina"? - Mike

Best,

David

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\rooftop1.txt

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTTP
id JAA22702 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Fri, 14 Jun 1996 09:51:11 -0700 (PDT)
Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with
UUCP id MAA26248; Fri, 14 Jun 1996 12:44:38 -0400 (EDT)
Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)
id AA02998; 14 Jun 96 00:18:34 -0500
From: mortlieb@vicnet.net.au (Marc Ortlieb)
Date: Fri, 14 Jun 1996 06:11:39 +1000
X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Subject: John Peel
Message-Id: <v01510101ade624a18e92@[203.10.73.16]>X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

Sorry if I'm repeating. I'm a very recent addition to this mailing list,
but I note that versions of "Do Ye Ken John Peel" have been posted. What
follows is a version I have from Adelaide University 1970

~JOHN PEEL~

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

Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,
Some with syphilis, and some with piles,
Each with his arsehole rivered in smiles
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

Do ye ken John Peel with a cock in a sling
And his two brass balls going ting-a-ling-a-ling
He's lying in the grass with a carrot up his arse
And he won't take it out until the morning.

Now the elephant is a very funny bloke

And he seldom ever has a poke
But when he does he lets it soak,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The hippopotamus it seems
Very rarely has wet dream
But when it does it come in streams
As it revels in the joys of copulation.

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

Oh the sargeant major leads a solitary life,
And he hasn't got a woman and he hasn't got a wife
So he satisfies himself on the regimental fife
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

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

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

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

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

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

=====
Marc Ortlieb
Who currently supports the Minneapolis in '73 WorldCon bid.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\rooftop2.txt

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Sun Jun 16 10:05:10 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTTP

id KAA11693 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Sun, 16 Jun 1996 10:05:09 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with UUCP id MAA14173; Sun, 16 Jun 1996 12:57:32 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.shore.net (0.99.960124)

id AA03124; 16 Jun 96 04:36:07 -0500

From: Dan Goodman <dsgood@winternet.com>Date: Fri, 14 Jun 1996 17:15:51 -0500 (CDT)

X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Subject: Re: The Hedgehog

Message-Id:

<Pine.SUN.3.91.960614171405.22146A-100000@parka.winternet.com>X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Precedence: bulk

Status: RO

X-Status:

Extensive researches at Sandhurst
By Darwin, Huxley, and Ball
Conclusively prove that the hedgehog
Has never been buggered at all.

Further extensive researches
Have quite conclusively shown
That comparative safety at Sandhurst
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

--

Bawdy Mailing List

To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-l@bdragon.shore.net

To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net

--

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

From 71043.2606@compuserve.com Sun Jun 16 19:57:40 1996

Return-Path: 71043.2606@compuserve.com

Received: from arl-img-6.compuserve.com (arl-img-6.compuserve.com [198.4.7.6])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with SMTP
id TAA26450 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Sun, 16 Jun 1996 19:57:39 -0700 (PDT)
Received: by arl-img-6.compuserve.com (8.6.10/5.950515)
id WAA13323; Sun, 16 Jun 1996 22:57:08 -0400
Date: Sun, 16 Jun 1996 22:56:53 -0400

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\samsam.txt

Sam, Sam, the Lavatory Man

[B]

Dan, Dan, the lavatory man,
Works all day in the crapping can,
Hands out soap and hands out towels
And listens to the music of the moving bowels.

Dan, Dan, the lavatory man,
Looks for his tips in the crapping can.
He works like hell and never growls
And is sure of a tip from each move of the bowels.

Dan, Dan, the lavatory man,
Nver gets tipped by a constipated man.
He knows damned well when a drummer howls
There won't be a tip without a move of the bowels.

Dan, Dan, the lavatory man,
Work like hell, make all you can,
Study the bowels and the action of the heart
And is there with the paper at the very first fart.

[C]

Dan! Dan! the lavatory man
Has full charge of the crapping can.
He picks up the papers ad he hands out the towels
And he listens to the rumble of the fat men's bowels.

Ffff! Ffff! a fart is heard
Followed by the sound of a splashing turd.
He finds his joy and greatest bliss
In the crackle of the paper and trickle of the piss.

Rah! Rah! Sis boom ah!
Oh, you shit house rag!

[D]

Sam, Sam, the lavatory man,
Chief engineer of the bubblin' can,
He passes out the paper and he passes out the towels,
And he keeps in the rhythm of the other man's bowels.
Down, down, round and round,
It's the shit-house blues.

[E]

Sam, Sam, the lavatory man,
Chief engineer of the building can,
He dishes out the paper; he hands out the towels.

* * * * *

Sam, Sam, he's doing his bit
Helping other people get rid of their shit.

[F]

Down in the subway
Way under the ground,
A little black porter,
Goes putting around,
Cleans out the basins,
And he washes the towels,
And he works to the rhythm
Of the movement of the bowels.
I've got the shit-house blues.

The Hubert Canfield collection gathered in 1926 has three versions of this, one text of this song identical to that printed in Muse II. The others, "B" and "C" here, are fuller.

The "D"- "F" variants were collected between 1946 and 1954 at Michigan State University and are archived in the Indiana University Folklore Archive as "Sam, the Lavatory Man."

Finally, Calvin Gilliam, a resident of the Veteran's Hospital in West Los Angeles in 1957, reported that the lines "Sam, Sam, the garbage man,/ Picks up the papers, picks up the towels/ To the rhythm of the constipated bowels" were used as a taunt in children's games in North Carolina.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\unclejoe.txt

Uncle Joe and Aunty Mabel

To the tune of "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" Rowland Berthoff, professor of history, emeritus at Washington University, St. Louis, sang a two-stanza version of this:

Hark, the herald angels sing,
"Beecham's Pills are just the thing,
Move you gently, meek and mild,
Two for man and one for child.
Regular administration,
Just the thing for constipation.
How can man to art aspire
If his soul is not on fire?"
Hark, the herald angels sing,
"Beecham's Pills are just the thing."

Uncle George and Auntie Mabel
Fainted at the breakfast table.
Let this be sufficient warning:
Never do it in the morning.
Ovaltine soon set them right;
Now they do it every night.
Uncle George is planning soon
To do it in the afternoon.
Uncle George is planning soon
To do it in the afternoon.

Berthoff learned the first verse at Oberlin College, Ohio, in 1940, and the second from Meredydd Evans, a Welsh folk singer, in 1955.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\ undergrad\venus1.txt

From bdragon!bawdy-owner@jjmhome.jjm.com Sat Feb 10 03:21:35 1996
Return-Path: bdragon!bawdy-owner@jjmhome.jjm.com
Received: from transfer.stratus.com (transfer.stratus.com [134.111.1.10])
by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP
id DAA20517 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Sat, 10 Feb 1996 03:21:33 -0800 (PST)
Received: from light.jjm.com (light.hqsl.stratus.com [134.111.105.15]) by
transfer.stratus.com (8.7.3/8.7.3) with ESMTP id GAA23228; Sat, 10 Feb 1996 06:20:36
-0500 (EST)
Received: from jjmhome.jjm.com (root@jjmhome.jjm.com [198.114.254.1]) by
light.jjm.com (8.7.3/8.6.12) with ESMTP id GAA13957; Sat, 10 Feb 1996 06:20:34 -0500
(EST)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (Uxsmds@localhost) by jjmhome.jjm.com (8.7.1/8.6.12) with UUCP id GAA29024; Sat, 10 Feb 1996 06:04:32 -0500 (EST)
X-Authentication-Warning: jjmhome.jjm.com: Uxsmds set sender to bdragon!bawdy-owner using -f
Received: by bdragon.jjm.com (0.99.950801)
id AA07471; 05 Feb 96 06:10:09 -0500
From: "P. Alan Thiesen" <thiesen@CS.Stanford.EDU>Date: Sun, 4 Feb 1996 18:58:08 -0800 (PST)
X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com
Subject: Good Ship Venus
Message-Id: <199602050258.SAA08381@Xenon.Stanford.EDU>
X-Listname: Bawdy Filking
To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)
Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com
Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com
Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com
Precedence: bulk
Status: RO
X-Status:

I posted this back in August, but at least two people on this list never saw it, so perhaps it never got through...

Here is "The Good Ship Venus." Improvements and additional verses are welcome. If there is interest, I could post the melody using Chris Crougton's ASCII music notation.

The Good Ship Venus

We sailed on the good ship Venus,
By God, you should have seen us.
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast was a red-hot penis.

Chorus: There was friggin' in the riggin'
Wankin' in the plankin'
Masturbatin' in the gratin'
There was fuck-all else to do.

The Captain of our lugger
Was born and bred a bugger
Declared unfit to shovel shit
From one place to another.

The Captain's daughter Mable
Was willing, firm and able
To fornicate with the Second Mate
Upon the chartroom table

The Captain's daughter Charlotte
Was born and bred a harlot
At night her thighs were lily-white
By morning they were scarlet

The captain's youngest daughter,
She fell into the water.
Her plaintive squeals announced that eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

The First Mate's name was Andy
An able man and randy
He used to cool his favorite tool
In a glass of the Captain's brandy

The first mate's name was Morgan,
By God, he was a gorgon.
Ten times a day he'd stop to play
With his reproductive organ.

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

The cook ...
...
He fed the crew on menstrual stew
And hymens fried in semen.

The bosun's name was Andy.
By God, he had a dandy.
They crushed his cock upon a rock
For coming in the brandy.

The cabin boy was chipper,
A cunning little nipper.
He lined his ass with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper.

The ship's dog's name was Rover
We rolled that poor dog over
And ground and ground that loyal hound
From Tenerife to Dover

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

--

Bawdy Mailing List

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To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.jjm.com

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|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn

|GateOp: root@bdragon.jjm.com

From bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net Wed Jun 12 09:41:04 1996

Return-Path: bawdy-owner@bdragon.shore.net

Received: from shore.shore.net (uucp@shore.shore.net [192.233.85.136])

by mizar.usc.edu (8.7.2/8.7.2/usc) with ESMTP

id JAA25617 for <cray@mizar.usc.edu>; Wed, 12 Jun 1996 09:40:47 -0700 (PDT)

Received: from bdragon.UUCP (uucp@localhost) by shore.shore.net (8.7.5/8.7.3) with UUCP id MAA27735; Wed, 12 Jun 1996 12:40:44 -0400 (EDT)

Received: by bdragon.jjm.com (0.99.950801)

id AA07471; 05 Feb 96 06:10:09 -0500

From: "P. Alan Thiesen" <thiesen@CS.Stanford.EDU>Date: Sun, 4 Feb 1996 18:58:08 -0800 (PST)

X-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com

Subject: Good Ship Venus

Message-Id: <199602050258.SAA08381@Xenon.Stanford.EDU>

X-Listname: Bawdy Filking

To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com (Multiple recipients of Bawdy Filking)

Reply-To: bawdy-l@bdragon.jjm.com

Errors-To: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com

Sender: bawdy-owner@bdragon.jjm.com

Precedence: bulk

Status: RO

X-Status: A

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The Good Ship Venus

We sailed on the good ship Venus,
By God, you should have seen us.
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast was a red-hot penis.

Chorus: There was friggin' in the riggin'
Wankin' in the plankin'
Masturbatin' in the gratin'

There was fuck-all else to do.

The Captain of our lugger
Was born and bred a bugger
Declared unfit to shovel shit
From one place to another.

The Captain's daughter Mable
Was willing, firm and able
To fornicate with the Second Mate
Upon the chartroom table

The Captain's daughter Charlotte
Was born and bred a harlot
At night her thighs were lily-white
By morning they were scarlet

The captain's youngest daughter,
She fell into the water.
Her plaintive squeals announced that eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

The First Mate's name was Andy
An able man and randy
He used to cool his favorite tool
In a glass of the Captain's brandy

The first mate's name was Morgan,
By God, he was a gorgon.
Ten times a day he'd stop to play
With his reproductive organ.

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

The cook ...

...

He fed the crew on menstrual stew
And hymens fried in semen.

The bosun's name was Andy.
By God, he had a dandy.
They crushed his cock upon a rock
For coming in the brandy.

The cabin boy was chipper,
A cunning little nipper.
He lined his ass with broken glass

Fm7
Masturbatin' in the gratin',
G C
There was fock all else to do.

That's the pattern for the whole song..apparently, it was on the Sex Pistols' "Great Rock 'N Roll Swindle" album in abbreviated form.. I also have some other verses, which I'll try to post later. If anyone wants to know how to play any of the chords, mail me.

-Jeff Mach
Rocky Horror Guy

--

Bawdy Mailing List

To post to the list, send a message to bawdy-1@bdragon.shore.net
To (un)sub-scribe, send a message to listserv@bdragon.shore.net

--

|Gateway: Black Dragon Inn
|GateOp: root@bdragon.shore.net

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\venus2.txt

THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

-Anonymous

It was on the good ship Venus The Captain's name was Morgan
My God, you should have seen us! By God, he was a gorgun!
The figurehead was a whore in bed, Ten times each da:,' sweet tunes he'd play
And the mast, an upright penis! On his reproductive organ!

The Captain of this lugger
He was a dirty bugger!
He wasn't fit to shovel shit
From one place to another!

The Captain's wife was Mable To screw, she wasn't able So the dirty shits, they
nailed her tit5 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 Another daughter. Charlotte
By God, he was a trooper! Born and bred a harlot
He jerked and jerked until he worked At night her thighs were lily white

Himself into a stupor! By morning they were scarlet!

The abin boy he cabin boy The Captain's dog was Rover Th~ dir'5 hill nipper:

We rolled that poor dog over {l tY:i~ ii~ as~ with broken glass. Ten times each
day all along the way ~ ~r~uir1Li~cd 'he Skipper. From Calais back to Dover!

Tn~c (aplain uau~\$Y~ icr. Mable, The Boatswains Mat: named Carter '~a ready
willing and abte. Was quite an able farter

~ 4:()~1cale witi the second mate Played anything fror~ "God Save the Queen Upofl
the ctiaartroom 'able To Beethoven's 'Moon' Sonata"

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

The Captain had a First Mate He loved him like a bn)ther gold: And every night n the
pale moonlight
They buggered one mother!

The Captain's other daughter The passengers were whiney
Fell in the deep sea water They'd drunk up all their winey
Delighted squeals revealed that eels From bed to bed thi-y looked for head
Had found her sexual quarter! But settled for some hiney.

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

The trip it was exciting
The pleasures were invitinL~
All day we blew - all night we'd screw
By artificial lighting!
The Captain had a one-eyed cat He kept it in the cabin He rubbed its ass with axle
grease
And started in a-jabbtn'!

One day the good ship foundered And when we reached our station
On crags our bags were pound(er)ed We found to OL:r 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 niasturbation!

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\venus3.txt

From: jcf@world.std.com (Joseph C Fineman)

Subject: Re: Request::Good Ship Venus Lyrics
Message-ID: <Cpuy98.5uG@world.std.com>Organization: The World Public Access UNIX,
Brookline, MA
References: <ben.768984786@coral><Cpu4G7.34r@calvin.edu>Date: Sun, 15 May 1994
19:03:08 GMT
Lines: 56

jslofs87@ursa.calvin.edu (Joel Slofstra) writes:

>ben@coral.cs.jcu.edu.au (Ben Cockfield) writes:

>>Does anyone have a copy of "The Good Ship Venus"? I did have but seem to
>>have misplaced it :(

>>It's the one that stars:
>>Twas on the good ship Venus
>>by Christ you should have seen us
>>The figurehead was a whore in bed
>>astride a rampant penis.

>that is a sex pistols songs of their "great rock and roll swinde" album

It is much older than the Sex Pistols; I first heard it around 1956.
The version I learned at St Andrews University in 1958 had the chorus

Frigging in the rigging,
Wanking on the planking,
Buggery in the snuggery:
There's fuck-all else to do.

Frigging = wanking = masturbating; Americans are apt to misunderstand
& imagine an impossibly acrobatic feat.

As the the words, there is a large overlap between this song and
various limericks. Some that I remember offhand are:

The naughty captain's daughter,
We threw her in the water.
Delighted squeals revealed the eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

The cabin boy, named Ripper,
A dirty little nipper --
He lined his arse with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper.

By skillful navigation
We reached our China station,
And sunk a junk in a hunk of spunk

By mutual masturbation.

'Twas in the Adriatic,
The crew became ecstatic.
The rise and fall of cock and ball
Was purely automatic.

That should do to go on. I suggest that further discussion of this
topic be moved to rec.music.folk.

--

Joe Fineman

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\venus4.txt

From: sPPP@hippo.ru.ac.za (Prof P Piacenza)
Subject: Re: Request::Good Ship Venus Lyrics
Message-ID: <CpwJFG.36C@hippo.ru.ac.za>Organization: Rhodes University, Grahamstown,
South Africa
References: <ben.768984786@coral>Date: Mon, 16 May 1994 15:38:02 GMT
Lines: 10

The Captain's daughter's name was Mabel
and she did all she was able,
she gave the crew their daily screw
upon the kitchen table.

--

Peter Piacenza

Subject: Re: Request::Good Ship Venus Lyrics
Message-ID: <CpwK5K.3y6@hippo.ru.ac.za>Organization: Rhodes University, Grahamstown,
South Africa
References: <ben.768984786@coral>Date: Mon, 16 May 1994 15:53:42 GMT
Lines: 18

A couple more from the rusty memory banks:

The Mate's name was Topper,
By Gad he had a whopper
once round the deck,
twice round his neck
and up his arse as a stopper.

The Helmsman's name was Carter,

By Gad he was a farter
when the wind wouldn't blow
and the ship wouldn't go
he acted as the starter.

--

Peter Piacenza

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\wegocoll1.txt

282. ROEDEAN SCHOOL

Melody--We Shall Not Be Moved
(Take turns leading verses)

We are from Roedean, good girls are we,
We take great pride in our virginity,
We take precautions and avoid abortions,
For we are from the Roedean School.

CHORUS: Up school, up school, up school,
Right up school!
Laah-lah, laah-lah, lah, lah, lah, lah, lah,
Laah-lah, laah-lah, lah, lah, lah, lah, lah.

Our school porter, he is a fool,
He's only got a teeny weeny tool,
All right for keyholes and little girlies' peeholes,
But not for girls from Roedean School.

When we go out to the vicar's for tea,
He likes to bounce us up and down on his knee,
He feed him brandy, which makes him feel randy,
For we are from Roedean School.

When we go down to the beach for a swim,
The people remark on the size of our quim,
You can bet your bottom dollar, it's big as a horse's
collar,
For we are from Roedean School.

Our head prefect, her name is Jane,
She only likes it now and again,
AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN,
For she is from Roedean School.

Our house mistress, she can't be beat,
She lets us go walking in the street,
We sell our titties for three-penny bitties,

Right outside of Roedean School.

Our sports mistress, she is the best,
She teaches us how to develop our chest,
We wear tight sweaters and carry French letters,
For we are from Roedean School.

Each week at Roedean we have a dance,
We don't wear bras and we don't wear pants,
We like to give all the fellows a chance,
For we are from Roedean School.

Our head gardener, he makes us drool,
He's got a great big dirty whoppin' tool,
All right for tunnels and Queen Mary's funnels,
And great for the girls at Roedean School.

We have a new girl, her name is Flo,
Nobody thought that she would have a go,
But she surprised the vicar by raising him quicker,
Than any other girl at Roedean School.

We are from Roedean, lesbos are we,
Caused by living in an all-girls dormit'ry,
It's light out at seven, candles out at eleven,
For we are from Roedean School.

We go to Roedean, don't we have fun,
We know exactly how it is done,
When we lie down we hole it in one,
For we are from Roedean School.

Those girls from Cheltenham, they are just sissies,
They get worked up over one or two kisses,
It takes wax candles and long broom handles,
To rouse the girls at Roedean School.

We go to Roedean, we can be had,
Don't take our word, boy, ask your old dad,
He brings his friends for breath-taking trends,
For we are from Roedean School.

In our winter we wear our J.D.'s,
Long combinations well below our knees,
It's all right for dragging, but no good for shagging,
For we are from Roedean School.

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\woodensp1.txt

77. I LOVE MY WIFE (Wooden Spoon)
Melody--Itself

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do,
I love her truly,
I love the hole that she pisses through,
I love her lily white tits and her ruby red lips,
And her little brown asshole,
I'd eat her shit, gobble-gobble, chomp-chomp,
With a rusty spoon (with a rusty spoon).

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\ws_ftplog.txt

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C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\yoho.txt

Yo Ho, Yo Ho

[B]

The "A" text of this formula song was from the University of Southern California. This "B" text is fittingly from cross-town rival UCLA.

I put my hand upon her toe, yo ho, yo ho.
I put my hand upon her toe, yo ho, yo ho.
I put my hand upon her toe;
She said, "Little boy, you're much too slow.
Get in, get out, stop fucking about, yo ho, yo ho."

I put my hand upon her knee, yo ho, yo ho.
I put my hand upon her knee, yo ho, yo ho.
I put my hand upon her knee;
She said, "Little boy, you're teasing me.
Get in, get out, stop fucking about, yo ho, yo ho."

I put my hand upon her breast... "Little boy, is that your best?"

I put my hand upon her twat... "Little boy, your making me hot."

I put my cock into her mouth..."Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm."

And now she lies in old pine box... She couldn't handle Theta Xi cocks.

We dig her up every now and then... We fucked her once,
We'll fuck her again.

Taken from the Theta Xi songbook of 1992, a copy of which was furnished by Ms. Kelly Besser. This song was one of those which led to the fraternity's temporary suspension that year.

[C]

A second text from UCLA, this from a Phi Kappa Psi songbook of 1991-1992, is similar:

I placed my hand upon her toe, yo ho, yo ho.
I placed my hand upon her toe, yo ho, yo ho.
I placed my hand upon her toe.
She said, "Phi Psi, you're way too low.
Shove it in, shove it out, quit fuckin' about, yo ho, yo ho.

I placed my hand upon her thigh.
She said, "Phi Psi, you're way too sly."

I placed my hand upon her tit.
She said, "Phi Psi, go for the clit."

I placed my hand upon her snatch.
She said, "Phi Psi, go for the hatch."

I placed my cock inside her mouth.
She said, "Phi Psi, AGHAAAAA!"

We laid her out in a pinewood box.
She died from sucking Phi Psi cocks.

We dig her up every now and then.
We fucked her once we'll fuck her again.

[D]

A third variant from UCLA, circa 1990-1992, is in "The Songbook of Sigma Pi," a photocopied text of which Ms. Kelly Besser furnished the editor. It is the only text which indicates that this is to be sung to "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again." Its stanzas run:

I put my hand upon her toe,
Chi O, Chi O.
I put my hand upon her toe,
Chi O, Chi O.
I put my hand upon her toe,
She said, "Hey, Pi,
You're way too low.
Get in. Get it out.
Stop fucking about."
Chi O. Chi O.

"Chi O" is the sorority Chi Omega.

Drive It On

[B]

Oh, I gave her inches one; she said, "Honey, this is fun.
Put your belly next to mine, drive it home, drive it home."

Oh, I gave her inches two; she said, "Honey, I love you.
Put your belly next to mine, drive it home, drive it home."

Oh, I gave her inches three; she said, "Honey, ooh, wee.
Put your belly next to mine, drive it home, drive it home."

Oh, I gave her inches four; she said, "Honey, give me more."

Oh, I gave her inches five; she said, "Honey, it's alive."

®RM73`Oh, I gave her inches six; she said, "Honey, I want more dick."

Oh, I gave her inches seven; she said, "Honey, this is
heaven."

Oh, I gave her inches eight; she said, "Honey, this is great."

Oh, I gave her inches nine; she said, "Honey, this is fine."

Oh, I gave her inches ten; she said, "Honey, do it again."

Oh, I gave her inches eleven; she said, "Honey, this is still heaven."

(Slow)

Oh, I gave her inches twelve; she said, "Honey, this is hell.
Put your dick back in your pants and drive me home, drive me home."

As printed in the "Songs of Theta Xi" songbook, UCLA, 1992, a copy of which was
furnished by Ms. Kelly Besser.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\yoho-bak.txt

Yo Ho, Yo Ho

She said, "Phi Psi, go for the clit."

I placed my hand upon her snatch.

She said, "Phi Psi, go for the hatch."

I placed my cock inside her mouth.

She said, "Phi Psi, AGHAAAAA!"

We laid her out in a pinewood box.

She died from sucking Phi Psi cocks.

We dig her up every now and then.

We fucked her once we'll fuck her again.

[D]

A third variant from UCLA, circa 1990-1992, is in "The Songbook of Sigma Pi," a photocopied text of which Ms. Kelly Besser furnished the editor. It is the only text which indicates that this is to be sung to "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again." Its stanzas run:

I put my hand upon her toe,

Chi O, Chi O.

I put my hand upon her toe,

Chi O, Chi O.

I put my hand upon her toe,

She said, "Hey, Pi,

You're way too low.

Get in. Get it out.

Stop fucking about."

Chi O. Chi O.

"Chi O" is the sorority Chi Omega.

Drive It On

[B]

Oh, I gave her inches one; she said, "Honey, this is fun.

Put your belly next to mine, drive it home, drive it home."

Oh, I gave her inches two; she said, "Honey, I love you.

Put your belly next to mine, drive it home, drive it home."

Oh, I gave her inches three; she said, "Honey, ooh, wee.

Put your belly next to mine, drive it home, drive it home."

Oh, I gave her inches four; she said, "Honey, give me more."

Oh, I gave her inches five; she said, "Honey, it's alive."

®RM73`Oh, I gave her inches six; she said, "Honey, I want more dick."

Oh, I gave her inches seven; she said, "Honey, this is
heaven."

Oh, I gave her inches eight; she said, "Honey, this is great."

Oh, I gave her inches nine; she said, "Honey, this is fine."

Oh, I gave her inches ten; she said, "Honey, do it again."

Oh, I gave her inches eleven; she said, "Honey, this is still
heaven."

(Slow)

Oh, I gave her inches twelve; she said, "Honey, this is hell.
Put your dick back in your pants and drive me home, drive me
home."

As printed in the "Songs of Theta Xi" songbook, UCLA, 1992, a copy of which
was furnished by Ms. Kelly Besser.

C:\Ed Cray Collection\undergrad\yohoyoho1.txt

80. I PUT MY HAND

Melody--When Johnny Comes Marching Home

I put my hand upon her toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my hand upon her toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my hand upon her toe,
She said, "Hey Hasher, you're way too low,
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my hand upon her knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my hand upon her knee,
She said, "Hey Hasher, you're teasin' me,
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my hand upon her tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her tit,
She said, "Hey Hasher, you're squeezin' it,
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her twat, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my hand upon her twat, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my hand upon her twat,
She said, "Hey Hasher, you've hit the spot,
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

Now she lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
Now she lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
Now she lies in a wooden box,
From sucking too many Hasher's cocks,
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

81. I PUT MY LIPS

Melody--When Johnny Comes Marching Home

I put my lips upon his toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my lips upon his toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my lips upon his toe,
He said, "Hey Harriet, you're way too low,
Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!"
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my lips upon his knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my lips upon his knee,
He said, "Hey Harriet, you're teasin' me,
Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!"
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my lips upon his tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my lips upon his tit,
He said, "Hey Harriet, I've just been bit,
Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!"
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his prick, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my lips upon his prick, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my lips upon his prick,
He said, "Hey Harriet, you're really sick,
Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!"
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

Now he lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
Now he lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
Now he lies in a wooden box,
From a severe case of small cox,
Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

From Paul Woodford, "Hash Hymns II" (Honolulu, Hawaii, 1994)