

father rugby reveals...

vol. 1

*100 years or more of
the Bawdiest Singing
Verse ever known...
and others too...*

Off Hour Rockers
original music

p.o. box 62
East Norwich, N.Y.
11732

MS. note p. 5 by Jackie MARTLING.

RUGGER HUGGER presents...

Volume I

A Collection of the Most Celebrated Bawdy Singing
Verse Compiled Full and by Persons of Quality with
Intentions of Fitting Almost All Humors.

DEDICATION

These songs are inscribed
to the Gentlemen Ruggers of
the Green Wave whose devo-
tion to the true spirit of
RUGBY has given this book
birth and inspiration.

APPRECIATION

Jack Armstrong & J.E.A. Rich aka "Bob", Mat McConville & Ken Victor
Jackie Martling & Stan Smith, Pete Maud & Jackie Meehan
Without Whose Voice and Memory this Compilation would have been Impossible

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PREFACE

THE IDEA OF COMPILING RUGBY SONGS WAS FIRST ENTERTAINED A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO. ONE AFTERNOON AFTER A PARTICULARLY PLEASING MATCH I NOTICED SOMETHING LACKING IN THE SHOULD BE GAIETY OF THE OCCASION. AFTERALL, HALF THE GAME OF RUGBY IS THE DRINKING AND SINGING THAT ACCOMPANY THE SPORT. THE BEER FLOWED FREELY, BUT IT WAS IN THE SINGING THAT THE APPARENT FAULT LAY. ALMOST ALL OF THE INEXPERIENCED EITHER SHEEPISHLY CLUSTERED APART FROM THE CHORUS OR MUMBLED FOOLISHLY ALONG WITH THE MELODY. THE SITUATION WAS NOT DIFFICULT TO RESOLVE. ACTUALLY IT WAS RATHER FUN. AND SO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WHAT SO MANY OF YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR - YOUR VERY OWN GUIDE TO RUGBY SINGING.

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THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL

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 orifice 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-titty bum titty-titty-titty bum,
Bum titty-titty bum titty-titty bum. Aye.
Singing: Bum titty-titty bum titty-titty bum,
The arse hole is here to stay.

The sexual life of the ostrich is stranger than that of man.
At the height of the mating season she buries her head in
the sand.
When along comes the male of the species and sees this great
arse in the air,
Will he ask if it's male or female or does he really care.
--CHORUS

'Twas Christmas eve at harem and the eunuchs all were there,
Observing the vestigial virgins combing their pubic hair.
When the voice of Father Christmas came echoing through
the hall,
Asking what would you like for Christmas and the eunuchs all
answered balls.
--CHORUS

In the process of civilization from anthropoid down to man,
It is generally held that the Navy has buggered whatever it can.
But recent extensive researches conducted by Darwin and Ball,
Prove conclusively that the hedgehog can never be buggered
at all.
--CHORUS

But theorems were meant to be broken as in the postulate
written above,
Regarding the plight of the hedgehog and the boundaries of
sexual love,
For a crafty ol' naval bugger left his memoirs to Harvard & Yale,
Simply stating the fact that the hedgehog can be buggered by
shaving his tail.

THE RUGBY TINKER

The lady of the manor was dressing for the ball,
When she spied the rugby tinker tossing off against the wall;

CHORUS:

With his bloody great kidney wiper,
And with balls enough for three,
And a yard and a half of foreskin,
Hanging down below his knees.

She wrote to him a letter and in it she did say,
"I'd rather be shagged by you, sir, than his lordship any day;"

--CHORUS

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

--CHORUS

He mounted on his charger and on it he did ride,
His prick across his saddle and a ball on either side;

--CHORUS

He rode into the courtyard and on up to the hall,
"Bloody," cried the valet, "he has come to fuck us all;"

--CHORUS

He fucked them in the kitchen and fucked them in the stall,
And the way he shagged the valet was the funniest fuck of all;

--CHORUS

The tinker bagged the mistress and in ten minutes she was dead,
With a yard and a half of foreskin firmly wrapped about her head;

--CHORUS

He rode from out the manor and on into the street,
With little drops of semen pitter-pattering at his feet;

--CHORUS

The tinker he is dead now and buried in St. Paul's,
It took a team of oxen just to drag away his balls;

--CHORUS

Some say he went to heaven and some he went to hell,
Some say he shagged the devil and we know he shagged him we

--CHORUS

MRS. MURPHY

Give a cheer, give a cheer
For the men who drink the beer
In the cellar of Murphy's saloon.
They are brave, they are bold
And the stories that are told
In the cellar of Murphy's saloon.
For it's guzzle guzzle guzzle
As they pour it down their muzzle
And shout out their orders loud and clear:
"More beer."
For it's more more more
As the cops break down the door
In the cellar of Murphy's saloon.

Won't you put it in your mouth Mrs. Murphy,
For it only weighs a quarter of a pound,
It's got hair on its neck like a turkey
And it spits when you rub it up and down.

If I had the wings of an eagle
And the balls of a hairy baboon,
I'd fly up to the top of the mountain
And jack off on the man in the moon.

Now you say you're still a virgin
But you're cherry is **not there anymore**,
So why don't you quit trying to be so perfect
And do the thing that you're best known for.
For now you've got a throat like Linda Lovelace
And a cunt like the great cathouse whore,
So why don't you please do my peder a favor
And deep throat me on the barroom floor.

Now we've got a team called the Barbos
And peckers as long as a broom,
So won't you please do your pussy a favor
And keep us mother fuckers out of your room.
We'll eat you, beat you, and mistreat you,
While we're singing our dirtiest verse,
Then we'll stick it in your ear
And will dick you from the rear,
For that's how we build up our thirst.

Sung by the whore house quartet.
Did you go and get it? Not yet.
Are you gonne get it? You bet.
Who you gonne get it from? Ginnette.

this song compiled by me.

these two verses I

penned in 1975.

enjoy.

THE STREET OF A THOUSAND ARSE HOLES

In the Street of a Thousand Arse Holes
Neath the sign of swinging tit,
There lived a Chinese maiden
By the name of U-Flung-Shit.

CHORUS:

Her greasy twot
Was always hot,
U-Flung-Shit,
her name, her name,
U-Flung-Shit her name.

She sat beneath the joss sticks
With a smile of celestial bliss,
Her breath like scented lotus,
Her eyes like pools of piss.

--CHORUS

She thought of her lover, the bastard,
She thought of her pox ridden beaux,
She thought of the scores she'd had on the floors,
When up walked Won-Hung-Low.

--CHORUS

"Oh come to me, you bag of shit."
He cried with tits in hand,
"My love for you will last for hours
Like ice upon the burning sand."

--CHORUS

She raised herself on her starboard tit,
And gave her tits a tweak,
With smiles in her eyes she stared at him
And said, "Go shit a Peke."

--CHORUS

He clutched his tool with calloused hand
And beat it on the walls,
Removed his hat and trampled that
Then danced upon his balls.

--CHORUS

At length with anger screaming out
He pissed himself with spleen.
He went and shit and stamped in it,
His scrotum turned quite green.

--CHORUS

His anger quickly mastered him,
He felt with fury black,
She stood on him and bared her quim
And pissed on the bugger's back.

--CHORUS

The Chinese maiden now is gone;
No longer does she sit,
In the Street of a Thousand Arse Holes
By the sign of the swinging tit.

--CHORUS

THE LOBSTER

Good morning Mister Fisherman
Good morning, Sir, said he;
Have you a lobster
You can sell to me?

CHORUS:

Singing ho tiddly ho
Shit or bust!
Never let your bollocks
Dangle in the dust!

Yes, Sir, said the Fisherman
I have two;
The biggest of the bastards
I will give to you.

--CHORUS

I took the lobster home
And I couldn't find a dish;
So I put it in the pot
Where the Missus has a piss.

--CHORUS

In the middle of the night
The wife got out of bed;
She piddled in the pot
Right on the lobster's head.

--CHORUS

The Missus gave a giggle
The wife gave a grunt;
A dirty big lobster
Hanging from her cunt.

--CHORUS

The wife grabbed the shovel
And I grabbed the broom;
We chased that fucking lobster
Round and round the room.

--CHORUS

We hit it on the head,
We hit it on the side;
We hit that fucking lobster
Till the bastard died.

--CHORUS

The moral of this story
The moral, it is this:
Always have a look - see
Before you have a piss.

ESKIMO NELL

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 prick 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 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 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 fucking 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 drink or fuck with me."

They'd heard of the prick
called Dead-eye Dick,
From the Maine to Panama
And with scarcely worse
than a muttered curse
Those dagos sought the bar.

The girls too knew 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 fearful rate
Those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick
With lecherous snorts and grunts
So forty arses were bared to view
And likewise forty cunts.

Now forty cunts and forty arses
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 her to the sandy floor
And there he fucked 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 were red.

She glanced 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,
"There'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 arse.

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 fucking bliss
So he played the pantomime.

He flexed his arse hole to and fro
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 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 no infidel,
As good as whole harem
With the strength of ten in her abdomen
And the rock of ages between.

Amid stops she could take the stream
Like the flush of a watercloset,
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 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 anaesthetic.

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 jarring jolt of his blue-nosed Colt
He rammed 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 smiled 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 two poor cocks could do.
"When next, my friend, that you intend
To sally forth for fun
Buy Dead-eyed Dick a sugar stick
And 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 Mexico Pete
Slunk out of the Rio Grande,
Dead-eye Dick with his useless prick
And Pete with no gun in his hand.

O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER

Sitting one night in O'Reilly's bar
Drinking beer that was just like water,
Suddenly a thought ran through my head
I'd never fucked O'Reilly's daughter.

CHORUS:

Yi-di-I ay, Yi-di-I oh,
Yi-di-I ay for the one-eyed Reilly.
Rub-it-up, shove-it-up, balls and all
Jig-a-Jig. Très bon.

I took her gently by the hand
Led her upstairs like a lamb to slaughter
Laid her gently on the bed
And quickly cocked my left leg over.

--CHORUS

I fucked her standing,
I fucked her lying
If she'd had wings,
I'd have fucked her flying.

--CHORUS

I heard Reilly coming up the stairs
Up the stairs intent on slaughter
With two pistols in his hand
Looking for the fellow that fucked his daughter.

--CHORUS

I grabbed O'Reilly by the hair
Stuck his head in the bucket of water
Rammed his pistols up his hole
A fucking sight quicker than I'd shagged his
daughter.

--CHORUS

Now I'm growing old and grey
And my tool is growing shorter
But until my dying day
I'll remember O'Reilly's daughter.

--CHORUS

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

I took my Missus horse riding, horse riding
She stuck it as long as she could;
She stuck it and stuck it
Until she said "fuck it",
My arse hole is not made of wood.

CHORUS:

Singing High Jig-a-Jig, Fuck a little pig.
Follow the band, Follow the band all the way.
Singing High Jig-a-Jig, Fuck a little pig.
Follow the band, Follow the band all the way.

I took my wife for a ramble, a ramble
Along a country lane.
She caught her left tit on a bramble, a bramble
And arse over bollocks she came.

--CHORUS

I asked her if it had hurt her, had hurt her
If she had gone through any pain.
Before she could answer, could answer, could answer,
She was arse over bollocks again.

--CHORUS

CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT

Way out in the Wild West where the bullshit lies thick,
Where the women are women and the cowboys come quick,
There lives a fair maiden of forty or more:
Charlotte the harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.

CHORUS:

She's filthy, she's nasty,
She spits on the floor.
Charlotte the harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.

One night on the prairie while riding along,
One hand on my pistol and one on my dong,
When should I spy but the maid I adore:
Charlotte the harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.

--CHORUS

One night on the desert her legs opened wide,
A rattlesnake saw it and climbed up inside,
Now all the cowboys on Saturday night
Come see the vagina that rattles and bites.

--CHORUS

I leapt from my saddle and reached for her crack,
But the damn thing was rattling and biting me back.
I pulled out my six gun and aimed for its head,
But the damn thing misfired and shot Charlotte instead.

--CHORUS

Up got Charlotte all covered in muck
And said, "Oh dear, cowboy, what a glorious fuck."
She stepped a pace forward and fell flat on the floor,
And that was the end of the cowpuncher's whore.

--CHORUS

The funeral procession was forty miles long,
And all of the cowboys were singing this song:
"Here lies a maiden who never kept score:
Charlotte the harlot, the cowpuncher's whore.

--CHORUS

THE HOLE IN THE ELEPHANT'S BOTTOM

I wanted to go on the stage
And now my ambition I've gotten,
In pantomime I'm all the rage
As the - hole in the elephant's bottom.

His balls they hang so low
I think I could knott'em,
As I wink at the girls in the pit
Through the - hole in the elephant's bottom.

The man who plays the front part
Is absolutely rotten,
All he can do is to fart
Through the - hole in the elephant's bottom.

There are pockets inside the cloth
For two bottles of Bass, if you've got'em,
But they hiss and they boo when I blow out the froth
Through the - hole in the elephant's bottom.

Now my part hasn't got any words
But there's nothing that can't be forgotten,
I spend all my time pushing property turds
Through the - hole in the elephant's bottom.

Some may think that this story is good
And some may believe that it's rotten,
But those that don't like it can stuff it right up
The hole in the elephant's bottom.

DO YOURS HANG LOW?

Do your balls hang low,
Do they dangle to and fro,
Can you tie them in a knot,
Can you tie them in a bow,
Can you sling 'em o'er your shoulder
Like a continental soldier,
Do your balls hang low?

DON'T SAY NO

Oh, my darling, don't say no,
Onto the sofa you must go.
Up with your petticoat,
Down with your drawers,
You tickle mine
And I'll tickle yours.

QUEEN OF ALL THE FAIRIES

Oh, she was a cripple with only one nipple
To feed the baby on.
Poor little fucker, he'd only one sucker
To start his life upon.

Twenty-one, never been done,
Queen of all the fairies.

Ain't it a pity she'd only one titty
To feed the baby on.
Poor little bugger, he'll never play rugger,
Nor grow up big and strong.

Twenty-one, never been done,
Queen of all the fairies.

And as he got older and bolder and bolder,
And took himself in hand,
And flipped and flipped
and flipped and flipped,
To the tune of an army band.
They tried him in the infantry,
They tried him on the land and sea,
The poor little bugger had no success,
He left everything in a terrible mess,
We see no hope for him unless
He joins the W. R. A. F.

Twenty-one, never been done,
Queen of all the fairies.

THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

Twass on the good ship Venus
By God you should have seen us,
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast the captain's penis.

CHORUS:

Yo! Ho! Ho! We haven't got any more beer.
There's frigging on the rigging;
Wanking on the planking,
Tossing on the crossing,
There was fuck all else to do.

The captain of this lugger
He was a dirty bugger,
He wasn't fit to shove shit
From one place to another.

--CHORUS

The captain's wife was Mabel
Whenever she was able,
She'd fornicate the second mate
Upon the galley table.

--CHORUS

The ship's cook's name was Freeman
My God was he a demon,
He fed the crew on menstrual stew
And hymens fried in semen.

--CHORUS

The captain had a daughter
Who fell into the water,
We heard her squeal and we knew an eel
Had found her sexual quarter.

--CHORUS

The first mate's name was Carter
By God he was a farter,
When the high winds would cease
They'd use Carter the farter to starter.

--CHORUS

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

--CHORUS

The cabin boy was Kipper
A dirty little nipper,
We stuffed his arse with broken glass
To circumcise the skipper.

--CHORUS

The ship's dog's name was Rover
The whole crew had him over,
We ground and ground that faithful hound
From Singapore to Dover.

--CHORUS

Twas on the China station
We caused a great sensation,
We sunk a junk in a sea of spunk
Through mutual masturbation.

--CHORUS

RUGBY ALMA MATER

The rugby boys are out on the piss again,
Out on the piss again, out on the piss again.
The rugby boys are out on the piss again,
We want to wee-wee now - what do we want, boys.
We want to wee-wee now, we want to wee-wee now.
The rugby boys are out on the piss again,
We want to wee-wee now.

The rugger huggers want too much of fucky fucky,
Too much of fucky fucky, too much of fucky fucky.
The rugger buggers want too much of fucky fucky.
We want to wee-wee now, we want to wee-wee now.
The rugby boys are out on the piss again,
We want to wee-wee now.

I'M YOUR MAILMAN

I feel happy, I feel gay
Cause I come twice,
I'm your mailman.

I don't mess with keys on locks,
I just stick it in your box,
I'm your mailman.

I can come in any kind of weather,
For you see my bag is made of leather.
Oh! Pat your knockers, ring your chimes,
For you see mine is fine,
I'm your mailman
With the longest route in town.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HIS NAME IS...

CHORUS:

I don't know what his name is and wherever he may be,
Just listen while I tell you what he did to me!

I went through the front gate
Like a good girl should,
And he slipped round the back way
Like I knew he would.

--CHORUS

I went in the front door
Like a good girl should,
And he slipped in behind me
Like I knew he would.

--CHORUS

I went up the stairs
Like a good girl should,
And he came up behind me
Like I knew he would.

--CHORUS

I went in my bedroom
Like a good girl should,
And he slipped in behind me
Like I hoped he would.

--CHORUS

I took all my clothes off
Like a good girl should,
And he took off his trousers
Like I knew he would.

--CHORUS

I put on my 'jamas
Like a good girl should,
And then he took them off again
Like I knew he would.

--CHORUS

I got into bed
Like a good girl should,
And he got in beside me
Like I knew he would.

--CHORUS

I laid on my side
Like a good girl should,
But then he turned me over
Like I knew he would.

--CHORUS

CHORUS:

I don't know what his name is and wherever he may be,
It's none of your damned business what he did to me!

THE DOGGIES' MEETING

The doggies held a meeting,
They came from near and far,
Some came by automobile,
Some by motor-car.

And when they had assembled,
According to the book,
Each doggie hung his arse hole,
On any bloody hook.

And when they were assembled
Complete with ladies fair,
Up stood a scruffy mongrel
And shouted out, "Fire."

The dogs flew in a panic
And without a second look;
Each doggy grabbed an arse hole
From any bloody hook.

And now you know the reason,
Why doggies as they roam,
Sniff other doggies' arse holes
To see if it's his own.

CAN YOU WALK A LITTLE WAY WITH IT IN?

Can you walk a little way with it in, with it in.
Can you walk a little way with it in.
"Oh," she answered with a smile, "I can walk
a fucking mile
With it in, with it in, with it in."

AS I WAS WALKING

As I was walking through the woods,
I screwed myself I knew I would,
I cried for help but no help came
And so I screwed myself again.

As I was walking through St. Paul's
The curate grabbed me by the balls,
I cried for help but no help came
And so he grabbed my balls again.

COURT OF THE HORNY FIVE SWEET HEART SONG

Oh, the nipples on her tits
Are as big as my thumb.
The wiggle of her ass
Will make a dead man come.
She's a mean mother fucker
And a great cock sucker.
She's my girl; she fucks.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

I don't want to join the Army,
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around
Piccadilly Underground,
Living off the earnings of a high born lady.
I don't want a bullet my arse hole,
I don't want my bollocks - shot away,
I'd rather stay in England, merry, merry England,
And fornicate my bloody life away!

On Monday I touched her on the ankle,
On Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
On Wednesday night success I lifted up her dress,
On Thursday I saw you know what,
On Friday I put my hand upon it
And Saturday she gave my balls a tweak.
And on Sunday after supper, I rammed the fucker up her,
Now I'm paying seven and six a week.

I don't want to join the Navy
I don't want to go to sea,
I just want to go
Down to old Soho
Tickling all girlies in their um-tiddly-um-pum.

I don't want a bayonet up my arse hole,
I don't want my knackers shot away,
I'd rather live in England, merry, merry England,
And fornicate my bloody life away!

RODRIGUEZ THE MEXICAN PERVERT

Aye Aye Aye Aye
Rodriguez the Mexican pervert,
He ate out his mother
And cornholed his brother,
Waltz me around by my willy.

There once was a man from Rangoon,
Whose farts could be heard to the moon.
When you'd least expect'em
They'd explode from his rectum
With the force of a raging typhoon.

CHORUS: Aye Aye Aye Aye
Your mother swims after troop ships*
So let's have another verse
That's worse than the other verse,
Waltz me around by my willy.

In the Garden of Eden lay Adam,
Complacently stroking his madam,
For he knew in his mirth
That on all of the earth
There were only two balls and he had them.
--CHORUS

There was a young woman from Wheeling,
Who professed of no sexual feeling.
Until a cynic named Boris
Nibbled at her clitoris
And they scraped poor Wheeling from the ceiling.
--CHORUS

There once was a young man from Kajowels,
Whose diet consisted of bowels.
When he couldn't get this,
He drank prostitute piss
And scrapings from sanitary towels.
--CHORUS

*Second Verse of Chorus subject to change - e.g.

- (1) Your sister eats guams off bat caves
- (2) Your sister does pushups on flagpoles
- (3) Your father beats off in confession

There was a young woman from Azores
Whose body was covered with sores.
All the dogs in the street
Would lick the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers.
--CHORUS

All the female apes were afraid of King Kong,
Because his wanger was exceedingly long.
Til a friendly giraffe
Ate his yard and a half
And ecstatically burst into song.
--CHORUS

There was a young man from Cape Horn,
Who wished he had never been born.
And he wouldn't have been
Had his father seen
That the end of his rubber was torn.
--CHORUS

There was a young plumber of Lee,
Who was plumbing his girl by the sea.
Said she, "Stop your plumbing;
There's somebody coming."
Said the plumber still plumbing, "It's me."
--CHORUS

There was a young man of St. James,
Who indulged in the most vulgar of games.
He lit up the rim
Of his Aunt Hilda's quim
And laughed as she pissed through the flames.
--CHORUS

There once was a hermit named Dave,
Who kept a dead whore in his cave.
I must admit
It smelled like shit
But think of the money he saved.
--CHORUS

The last time I dined with the King,
He did quite an unkingly thing.
While up on the throne
He pulled out his bone
And said, "If I play, will you sing?"

--CHORUS

The jolly old Bishop of Birmingham
Buggered three maids while confirming them.
As they kneeled seeking God,
He excited his rod
And pumped his Episcopal sperm in 'em.

--CHORUS

There was a young man of New Treaver,
Who had sexual intercourse with a beaver.
The result of his screw
Was a birchbark canoe
Three ducks and an Irish retriever.

--CHORUS

A comely young widow of Ransom
Was ravished three times in a hansom.
When she cried out for more
A voice from the floor
Said, "Lady, I'm Simpson, not Samson."

--CHORUS

The gay young Duke of Buckingham
Stood on the bridge at Rockingham
Watching the stunts
Of the cunts midst the grunts
And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em.

--CHORUS

There once was a skater named Yeats,
Who attempted the splits while on skates.
But he fell on his cutlass
Which rendered him nutless
And now he is useless on dates.

--CHORUS

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 honor in Divinity.

--CHORUS

From the depths of a crypt at St. Giles
Came a scream that resounded for miles.
Said the bishop, "Good Gracious,
Has Father Ignatious
Forgotten the vicar has piles."

--CHORUS

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.

--CHORUS

There once was a young Dr. Zuck
In whose ears his wife's nipples got stuck.
With his thumb up her bum
He could hear himself come
Thus inventing the telephone fuck.

--CHORUS

That same old Duke of Rockingham
He wrote a book on cunts and fucking 'em.
But a dirty old Turk
Wrote a much better work
On tits and the 12 ways of sucking 'em.

--CHORUS

The three old witches of Kent
Took a man into a tent.
The three dirty bitches
They pulled down his britches
And jumped on his cock til it bent.

--CHORUS

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That poor young fellow from Kent
Whose cock was so exceedingly bent,
To save him some trouble
He put it in double
And instead of coming he went.

--CHORUS

There was a young girl from Yorkshire,
Who succumbed to her lover's desire.
She said, "Oh John, it's a sin;
But now that it's in
Could you shove it a few inches higher?"

--CHORUS

There was a young man from Brighton,
Who thought He had found a tight one.
He said, "Oh my love,
It fits like a glove."
She said, "But you're not in the right one."

--CHORUS

There was a young lawyer named Springer,
Got his testicles caught in the wringer.
He hollered with pain
As they went down the drain,
"From now on I'll just use my finger."

--CHORUS

There was a young man named Pete,
Who was a bit indiscreet.
He pulled on his wong
Till it grew very long
And dragged down a two lane street.

--CHORUS

A young man whose sight was myopic
Thought sex and incredible topic,
So poor were his eyes,
That despite its great size,
His prick appeared microscopic.

--CHORUS

There was a young man from Stroud
Who was screwing a girl in a crowd;
A man up in front
Said, "Hmmm, I smell cunt."
Just like that, not very loud.

--CHORUS

Coitus upon a Cadaver
Is the ultimate way you can have 'er
Her inanimate state
Means a man needn't wait
And eliminates all the palaver.

--CHORUS

COORTIN' IN THE KITCHEN

Come single belle and beau, unto me pay attention,
Don't ever fall in love for 'tis the devil's own invention.
Once I fell in love with a maiden so bewitchin'
Miss Henrietta Bell out of Captain Kelly's kitchen.

CHORUS:

Tooral ooral ooral ooral a, tooral ooral addy,
Tooral ooral ooral ooral a, tooral ooral addy.

At the age of seventeen I was 'prenticed to a grocer
Not far from Stephen's Green where Miss Henry used to go, Sir,
Her manners were sublime, she set me heart atwitchin'
And she invited me to a hooley in the kitchen.

--CHORUS

Next Sunday being the day we were to have the flare up,
I dressed meself quite gay, an' I frizzed and oiled my hair up,
The Captain had no wife, faith, he had gone out fishing,
So we kicked up high life down below stairs in the kitchen.

--CHORUS

Just as the clock struck six we sat down to the table,
She handed tea and cake and I ate while I was able,
I drank hot punch and tea till me sides had got a stitch in
And the hours passed quick away with the coortin' in the kitchen.

--CHORUS

With me arms around her waist she slyly hinted marriage,
To the door in dreadful haste came Captain Kelly's carriage,
Her eyes soon filled with hate and poison she was spitting,
When the Captain at the door walked straight into the kitchen.

--CHORUS

She flew up off my knees, full five feet up or higher,
And over head and heels, threw me slap into the fire,
My new Repealer's coat, that I bought from Mr. Mitchell,
With a twenty shilling note, went to blazes in the kitchen.

--CHORUS

I grieved to see my duds, all smeared with sut and ashed,
When a tub of dirty suds, right in my face she dashed.
As I lay on the floor and the water she kept pitchin'
The footman broke the door, and marched down into the kitchen.

--CHORUS

When the Captain came down-stairs, tho' he saw my situation,
In spite of all my prayers, I was marched off to the station.
For me they'd take no bail, tho' to get home I was itchin'
But I had to tell the tale, how I came into the kitchen.

--CHORUS

I said she did invite me but she gave a flat denial,
For assault she did indite me and I was sent to trial.
She swore I robbed the house in spite of all her screetchin'
And I got six months hard for me coortin' in the kitchen.

--CHORUS

THE MAYOR OF BAYSWATER

The Mayor of Bayswater
He has a lovely daughter.

CHORUS:

And the hairs on her dicki di do
Hang down to her knees.
One black one, one white one
And one with a little shite on,
And one with a little light on
To show us the way.

If she were my daughter,
I'd have them cut shorter.

--CHORUS

She lives on a cattle ranch,
And shits like bloody avalanche.

--CHORUS

She sits on a mountain
And pisses like bloody fountain.

--CHORUS

I've smelt it and felt it
It feels like a piece of velvet.

--CHORUS

I've ate it and fucked it
Ane even loose rucked it.

--CHORUS

I've touched it and poked it
And even rolled and smoked it.

--CHORUS

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

A woman came in and asked for a dress,
I asked her what dress she adored,
A jumper she said so jumper I did,
I did but I don't anymore.

CHORUS:

I used to work in Chicago
In a department store,
I used to work in Chicago,
I did but I don't anymore.

A woman came in and asked for a card,
I asked her what card she adored,
A poker she said so poker I did,
I did but I don't anymore.

--CHORUS

A woman came in and asked for a dog,
I asked her what dog she adored,
A cocker she said so cocker I did,
I did but I don't anymore.

--CHORUS

A woman came in and asked for some shoes,
I asked her what shoes she adored,
A slipper she said so slipper I did,
I did but I don't anymore.

--CHORUS

A woman came in and asked for a cake,
I asked her what cake she adored,
A layer she said so layer I did,
I did but I don't anymore.

--CHORUS

A woman came in and asked for a ball,
I asked her what ball she adored,
A rubber she said so rubber I did,
I did but I don't anymore.

--CHORUS

A woman came in and asked for some booze,
I asked her what booze she adored,
Liquor she said so liquor I did,
I did but I don't anymore.

--CHORUS

A woman came in and asked for hardware,
I asked her what hardware she adored,
A screw she said so screw her I did,
I did but I don't anymore.

--CHORUS

WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL

Why was he born so beautiful?
Why was he born at all?
He's no fucking use to anyone;
He's only got one ball.
Him, Him, fuck him!!!

WE'RE ALL QUEERS TOGETHER

I went for a ride on the tram-tram,
It was crowded and I had to stand,
When a sweet little boy offered his seat,
I reached for it with my hand.

CHORUS:

Oh, we're all queers together,
Excuse us whilst we go upstairs.
Yes, we're all queers together,
And heretofore shall travel in pairs.

I went to sell my motorcar.
I went to the man from Hertz.
He asked me what was my bottom price,
I said, "Let's sell my car first."

--CHORUS

THE ENGINEER'S DREAM

An engineer told me before he died,
And I've no reason to believe he lied.
He had a wife with a cunt so wide
That she was never satisfied.

So he built a bloody great wheel,
With balls of brass and a prick of steel.
The two brass balls he filled with cream
And the whole bloody issue was driven by steam.

He placed his wife upon the bed,
And tied her legs behind her head.
He set the machine in position to fuck,
And wished his wife the best of luck.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel.
Til at last his wife, she cried,
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

Up and up went the level of steam,
Down and down went the level of cream.
Til at last his wife she cried,
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

Now we come to the tragic bit,
There was no way of stopping it.
She was split from arse to tit
And the whole bloody issue was covered with shit.

Now we come to the part that's grim,
It jumped off her and jumped on him.
Nine months later a child was born
With balls of brass and a bloody great horn.

THE BALL OF KERRYMUIR

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

CHORUS:

Balls to your partner,
Arse against the wall,
If you never get laid on a
Saturday night,
You'll never get laid at all.

There was fucking in the hallways
And fucking in the ricks,
You couldn't hear the music
For the swishing of the pricks.

--CHORUS

There was shagging in the kitchen
And shagging in the halls,
You couldn't hear the music for
The clanging of the balls.

--CHORUS

There was balling on the couches;
There was balling on the cots,
And lined up against the wall
Were rows of dripping twats.

--CHORUS

The village butcher he was there
Cleaver in his hand,
And everytime he turned around
He circumcised the band.

--CHORUS

The village cripple he was there
He wasn't up to much,
Aligning the virgins against the wall
And fucking them with his crutch.
--CHORUS

Now little Willy he was there
But he was only eight,
He couldn't catch a harlot,
So he had to masturbate.
--CHORUS

The bride was in the kitchen
Explaining to the groom
That the cunt and not the rectum
Is the entrance to the womb.
--CHORUS

The village magician he was there
Up to his favorite trick,
Pulling his foreskin over his head
And disappearing in his prick.
--CHORUS

Mrs. O'Malley she was there,
She had the crowd in fits,
A jumping off the mantelpiece
And bouncing off her tits.
--CHORUS

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

The village postman he was there,
The poor man had the pox,
He couldn't fuck the ladies
So he fucked the letterbox.
--CHORUS

There was fucking in the ante-room
And fucking on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpet
For the mass of pubic hairs.

--CHORUS

The village economist he was there,
His tool and bag in hand,
Waiting for the moment
That supply would meet demand.

--CHORUS

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

--CHORUS

And when the ball was over
Everyone confessed,
They all enjoyed the dancing,
But the fucking was the best.

--CHORUS

And so the ball was over
All went home to rest,
The music had been exquisite
Still the fucking was the best.

--CHORUS

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN GLEN

There was a maid of the mountain glen
Seduced herself with a fountain pen.
The pen it broke and the ink ran wild
And she gave birth to a blue-black child.

CHORUS:

They called the bastard Stephen,
They called the bastard Stephen,
They called the bastard Stephen,
His father's name was Quink.

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

CHORUS:

They called the bastard Stephen,
They called the bastard Stephen,
They called the bastard Stephen,
His father's name was Quink.

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

CHORUS:

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

DOWN THE PLUGHOLE

A mother was bathing her baby one night;
Twas a poor little thing and a delicate sight;
The mother was poor and the baby was thin
For twas only a skeleton covered with skin.

The mother turned round for the soap off the rack;
She was only a moment but when she turned back;
Her baby was gone and in anguish she cried,
"Oh where is my baby," and the angels replied:

"Your baby has gone down the plughole
Your baby has gone down the plug
The poor little thing was so skinny and thin
It should have been bathed in a jug."

Your baby is perfectly happy
He won't need a bath anymore
Your baby has gone down the plughole
Not lost, but gone before."

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
Thank the Lord that cows don't fly in Mobile.

CHORUS:

In Mobile, in Mobile, in-mo in-mo in Mobile
Arse holes, arse holes, arse holes in Mobile.

There's a man by the name of Hunt in Mobile
There's a man by the name of Hunt in Mobile
There's a man by the name of Hunt and he
 thought he had a cunt
But his arse was back to front in Mobile.

--CHORUS

There's a shortage of good bogs in Mobile
There's a shortage of good bogs in Mobile
There's a shortage of good bogs so they
 wait until it clogs
Then they saw it off in logs.

--CHORUS

There's a shortage of bogpaper in Mobile
There's a shortage of bogpaper in Mobile
There's a shortage of bogpaper so they
 wait until it's vapor
Then they light it with a taper in Mobile.

--CHORUS

There's a man by the name of Smith in Mobile
There's a man by the name of Smith in Mobile
There's a man by the name of Smith and he
 thinks that he can't sniff
Foul odor from the syph in Mobile.

--CHORUS

Oh they teach the babies tricks in Mobile
Oh they teach the babies tricks in Mobile
Oh they teach the babies tricks and by
the time that they are six,
They suck their fathers' pricks.

--CHORUS

It's a fuck of a situation in Mobile
It's a fuck of a situation in Mobile
It's a fuck of a situation and they're
sunk in masturbation,
For there ain't no fornication in Mobile.

--CHORUS

IVAN SCAVINSKY SCAVAR

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 Amir.

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

Old Abdul came in
with a snatch by his side,
His eye bore a leer of desire,
And he started to brag
how he would out shag
Ivan Scavinsky Scavar.

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

They met on the track
with prick 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 Amir.

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 Scavinsky 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 Amir.

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

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

ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER

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.

Oh, This is number two and my head is on her shoe.
Oh, This is number three and my hand is on her knee.
Oh, This is number four and we're grinding on the floor.
Oh, This is number five and I'm ready to muff dive.
Oh, This is number six and she said, "I love your tricks."
Oh, This is number seven and we're in fucking heaven.
Oh, This is number eight and the nurse is at the gate.
Oh, This is number nine and the quints are doing fine.
Oh, This is number ten and we're at it once again.

--CHORUS (AFTER EACH VERSE)

INCEST TIME IN TEXAS

When it's incest time in Texas
And your father is out of town,
Your mother is 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
Motherfuckin can't be beat.

HOLD'EM DOWN YOU ZULU WARRIOR

Hold'em down you Zulu Warrior,
Hold'em down you Zulu Chief,
Chief! Chief! Chief! Chief!
I za ka zumba zumba zumba.
I za ka zumba zumba zay.
I za ka zumba zumba zumba.
I za ka zumba zumba zay.

CATS ON THE ROOFTOP

When you wake up in the morn 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 horn hand,
As you revel in the joys of fornication.

CHORUS:

Singing, cats on the rooftop, cats on the tiles,
Cats with the syph and cats with the piles,
Cats with their arse holes 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 arse hole of the Regimental Life,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

--CHORUS

When you find yourself in springtime with a surge of
sexual joy,
And your wife has got the razor and your daughter's
rather coy,
Then jam it up the jacksie of your favorite choirboy,
As you revel in a clean ejaculation.

--CHORUS

The ostrich on the pampa 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.

--CHORUS

The elephant's dong is big and round,
A small one weighs a thousand pound,
Two together shake the ground
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

--CHORUS

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.

--CHORUS

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.

--CHORUS

The hippopotamus so it seems,
Rarely, if ever, has wet dreams,
But when he does he comes in streams,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

--CHORUS

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.

--CHORUS

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

--CHORUS

A thousand verses all in rhyme,
To sit and sing them seems a crime,
When we could better spend our time,
Revelling in the joys of fornication.

--CHORUS

NO BALLS AT ALL

Come you old drunkards and give ear to my tale,
This short little story 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:

Balls, Balls, no balls at all.
She married a man who had no balls at all.

How well she remembered the night they were wed,
She rolled back the sheets and crept into bed.
She felt for his penis, how strange, it was small;
She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.

--CHORUS

Mother, Oh Mother, oh pity my luck,
I've married a man who's unable to fuck.
His tool bag is empty and his screwdriver's small,
The poor little bastard has no balls at all.

--CHORUS

Daughter, Oh Daughter, now don't be a sap,
I had the same trouble with your dear old Pap.
There's many a man who'll answer the call
Of the wife of the man who's had no fucking at all.

--CHORUS

The pretty young girl took her mother's advice
And found the whole thing exceedingly nice.
An eleven-pound baby was born in the fall,
But the poor little bugger had no balls at all.

--CHORUS

THE GANG BANG SONG

Knock! Knock!

Who's there?

Orange.

Orange who?

Orange you glad we're going to have a gang bang.

CHORUS:

We love a gang bang and always will,
Because a gang bang gives us such a thrill.
When we were younger and in our prime,
We used to gang bang all the time.
But now we're older and turning grey,
And only gang bang once a day.

Jewish.

Jewish who?

Jewish we had a gang bang.

--CHORUS

Eisenhower.

Eisenhower who?

Eisenhower late for a gang bang.

--CHORUS

Olive.

Olive who?

Olive a gang bang.

--CHORUS

Line.

Lina who?

Lina up against the wall we're going to have
a gang bang.

--CHORUS

WHOREDEAN SCHOOL

We are from Whoredean,
Whoredean girls are we,
We take no pride in our virginity,
We take precautions and avoid all abortions,
For we are from Whoredean School.

CHORUS:

Up school, up school, up school, right up school.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, hey,
La, la, la, three fingers up your arse.

Our house mistress you cannot beat.
She lets us go walking up and down the street.
We sell our titties for threepenny bitties,
Right outside Whoredean School.

--CHORUS

Our school doctor, oh Christ what a beaut,
He teaches us to jump back when our boyfriends shoot.
It saves many marriages and occasional miscarriages,
For we are from Whoredean School.

--CHORUS

Our head mistress, her name is Jane,
She only likes it now and again,
And again, and again, and again and again,
For we are from Whoredean School.

--CHORUS

We go to Whoredean, don't we have pluck.
We flop in bed without asking a buck.
Try us sometime boys and you may be in luck
For we are from Whoredean School.

--CHORUS

Our sports mistress she is the best,
She teaches us to develop our chest,
So we wear tight sweaters and carry French letters,
For we are from Whoredean School.

--CHORUS

We are at Whoredean each Whitson dance,
We don't wear bras and we don't wear pants,
We like to give our boyfriends a chance
For we are from Whoredean School.

--CHORUS

Our school porter he is a fool,
He's only got an itsy bitsy tool.
It's okay for keyholes and little girl's peeholes,
But not girls from Whoredean School.

--CHORUS

Our school gardner he makes us drool,
He's got an enormous, dirty, hairy tool,
It's just right for tunnels and Queen Mary funnels
And good girls from Whoredean School.

--CHORUS

We go to Whoredean, don't we have fun,
We know precisely how and when it's done,
When we lay back we always hole it one,
For we are from Whoredean School.

--CHORUS

We have a new girl, her name is Flo,
Nobody thought that she could have a go,
She surprised the Vicar by raising him quicker,
Than any girl at Whoredean School.

--CHORUS

When we go down to the Vicar's for tea,
He always lets us sit on his knee,
We make him randy and gives us candy,
For we are from Whoredean School.

--CHORUS

These girls from Cheltenham they are just sissies,
They get worked up over one or two kisses,
It takes wax candles and very long broom handles,
For we are from Whoredean School.

--CHORUS

We go to Whoredean we can be had,
Don't take our word, lad, just ask your old Dad,
He brings his friends for breathtaking trends,
For we are from Whoredean School.

--CHORUS

When we go down to the beach for a swim,
The boys all remark at the size of our quim,
You can hear them holler, "It's as big as a
horse's collar!"
We are from Whoredean School.

--CHORUS

BILL BAILEY

I saw Bill Bailey
Out with the ladies
Under a starry sky
When along came his wife
With a bloody great night
And she chopped off the end
Of his tooral-ly-ay, Hey!

CHORUS:

Rip roar a tie-tie-ay
Rip roar a tie-tie-ay
Rip roar a tie-tie
Rip roar a tucky-tucky
Rip roar a tucky-tucky-aaaay.

Off to the courthouse
She was lumbered
Charged with adultery
But the charge wouldn't stick
For he hadn't a prick
Cause she chopped off the end
Of his tooral-ly-ay, Hey!

--CHORUS

SOME DIE OF DRINKING WATER

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 a syphilitic prick
And they call it gonorrhea.

I like the girls who say they will,
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.

WOODPECKER SONG

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker cried, "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 cried, "God bless my soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back,
Replace it."

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker cried, "God bless my soul,
Turn it round, turn it round, turn it round,
Revolve it."

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker cried, "God bless my soul,
Turn it bout, turn it bout, turn it bout,
Reverse it."

I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker cried, "God bless my soul,
In and out, in and out, in and out,
Rotate it."

I rotated my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out,
Retard it."

I retarded my finger from the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker cried, "God bless my soul,
Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff,"
Revolting!

RED FLAG

Tw'as on Gibraltar's rock so fair
I saw a maiden lying there,
And as she lay in sweet repose,
A nasty wind blew off her clothes.

A sailor who was passing by
Removed his cap and winked his eye.
But as he saw to his despair,
She had the red flag flying there.

CHORUS:

The working class can kiss my ass,
I've got the foreman's wife at last.
The proletariat can kiss my fundamental
orifice;
I'm upper class and off the role,
So shove that red flag up your hole.

A SONG ABOUT TURDS

There was an old lady who lived on West Street
And she was all stopped up from too much to eat,
So she swallowed some pills without reading the box
And the first thing she knew turds came flying like rocks.

CHORUS:

Toorala, Tooralay,
A rolling stone gathers no moss so they say;
Sing along with the birds
It's a beautiful song but it's all about turds.

She ran to the window and stuck out her ass
Just as she did a young cowboy did pass.
He turned to the sound that he heard up on high
And a bloody great turd hit him right in the eye.

--CHORUS

He ran to the east and he ran to the west;
A bloody great turd hit him right in the chest.
He ran to the north and he ran to the south;
Another great turd hit him right in the mouth.

--CHORUS

If ever you pass o'er the Flat River bridge,
And see a young cowboy asleep on the ridge,
Just stop by the roadside and pray for a bit,
Drop a tear for a cowboy whose buried in shit.

--CHORUS

TWELVE DAYS OF RUGBY

On the first day of rugby my true love gave to me:

- (1) a hand job in the hair tree
- (2) two shit house doors
- (3) three French whores
- (4) four fuckers fucking
- (5) five pubic hairs
- (6) six syphilitics
- (7) seven swinging scrotums
- (8) eight aching arse holes
- (9) nine gnawed off nipples
- (10) ten torn off testicles
- (11) eleven licking lesbians
- (12) twelve twitching twats.

THE RAJAH OF ASTRAKHAN

There once was a Rajah of Astrakhan, yo-ho, yo-ho,
The dirty old Rajah of Astrakhan, yo-ho, yo-ho,
He had more than one hundred wives, and twice as
many concubines,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho heave ho.

He woke one night with a helluva stand, yo-ho, yo-ho,
And called the chief of his warrior band, yo-ho, yo-ho,
Go, my friendly warrior kind, and fetch my favorite
concubine,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho heave ho.

He fetched his favorite concubine, yo-ho, yo-ho,
Her face and her figure were both divine, yo-ho, yo-ho,
But all the Rajah did was grunt and stuffed his tool
right up her cunt,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho heave ho.

The Rajah was getting all heated and red, yo-ho, yo-ho,
The pace of his work had gone to his head, yo-ho, yo-ho,
But just as the fuck was reaching a head, both poor buggers
fell out of bed,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho heave ho.

They hit the floor with a helluva smack, yo-ho, yo-ho,
Which completely shattered the woman's crack, yo-ho, yo-ho,
And as for the Rajah's once proud cock, it never withstood
the terrible shock,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho heave ho.

Now at night when the Rajah's in bed, yo-ho, yo-ho,
His once proud tool never raises its head, yo-ho, yo-ho,
All battered and bruised, and bent in the middle, it's all
the poor bugger can do to piddle,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho heave ho.

As to most stories there's a moral to tell, yo-ho, yo-ho,
And, of course, there's a moral to this one as well, yo-ho, yo-ho,
When screwing a pro, or a conc' or a whore, don't do it too
hard or you'll fall on the floor!
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho heave ho.

THE RUGBY ALPHABET

A is for ARSE holes all tattered and torn,

CHORUS: "Hey Ho," said Rolly.

B is for BASTARD who wishes he'd never been born,

CHORUS: Singing, "Rolly polly, up'em and stuff'em"
"Hey Ho," said Anthony Rolly.

C is for CUNT all dripping with piss,

--CHORUS

D is the DRUNKARD who gave it a kiss.

--CHORUS

E is for EUNUCH with only one ball,

--CHORUS

F is for FAGGOT with no balls at all.

--CHORUS

G is for GONORRHEA, GOITER AND GOUT,

--CHORUS

H is for HARLOT who spread it about.

--CHORUS

I is INJECTION for clap, pox and itch,

--CHORUS

J is JERK of a dog on a bitch.

--CHORUS

K is for KING who thought fucking a bore,

--CHORUS

L is for LESBIAN who came back for more.

--CHORUS

M is for MAIDENHEAD lost and forlorn,

--CHORUS

N is for NOBLE who died with a horn.

--CHORUS

O is for ORIFICE gently revealed,

--CHORUS

P is for PENIS with foreskin back peeled.

--CHORUS

Q is the QUAKEr who came in his hat,
--CHORUS
R is for RUGGER who buggered the cat.
--CHORUS

S is the SHIT pot all full to the brim,
--CHORUS
T is the TURDS that are floating within.
--CHORUS

U is the USHER who taught us at school,
--CHORUS
V is the VAGINA that enveloped his tool.
--CHORUS

W is the WHORE who thought sucking a farce,
--CHORUS
X, Y and Z you can stuff up your arse.
--CHORUS

BYE, BYE, BLACKBIRD

Once a boy was no good,
Took a girl into a wood,
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.
Laid her down upon the grass,
Pinched her tits and slapped her arse,
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 prick right up her cunt.
Blackbird, bye, bye.

But this girl was no sport,
Took her story to a court,
Bye, bye, Blackbird.
Told her story in the morn,
All the jury had a horn,
Blackbird, bye, bye.
Then the judge came to his decision,
This poor sod got eighteen months in prison,
So next time, boy, do it right,
Stuff her cunt with dynamite.
Blackbird, bye, bye.

RULE BRITANNIA

Rule Britannia marmalade and jam
Three crackers up your arse hole.
Bang! Bang! Bang!

Rule Britannia marmalade and jam
Five Chinese crackers up your arse hole.
Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Rule Britannia marmalade and jam
Five thousand crackers up your arse hole.
Whoosh!!!

IT'S THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

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

CHORUS:

It's the same the whole world over;
It's the poor what gets the blame;
It's the rich what gets the gravy
And it's all a fucking shame.

See him with his hounds and horses,
See him strutting at his club,
While the victim of his wenching
Sips her gin inside a pub.

--CHORUS

Then she came to London city,
Just to hide her bleeding shame,
But a politician fucked her
And put her on the streets again.

--CHORUS

See him in the House of Commons
Passing laws to combat crime,
While the victim of his evil
Walks the streets at night in shame.

--CHORUS

See him riding in a carriage
Past the gutter where she stands,
He has made a stylish marriage
At the mercy of syphilitic hands.

--CHORUS

See him sitting at the theatre
In the front row with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined
Entertains a sordid guest.

--CHORUS

It was on the bridge at midnight
Throwing shitballs at the moon,
She said, "Sir, I'm still a virgin."
But she spoke too fucking soon.

--CHORUS

It was on the bridge at midnight
Squeezing blackheads from her crotch.
She said, "Sir, I've still not had it,"
He said, "No, not fucking much."

--CHORUS

See her stand in Piccadilly
Offering up her aching quim.
She is now completely ruined
And the cause of all is him.

--CHORUS

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

--CHORUS

See her on the bridge at midnight
Looking down with baited breath,
"A plague upon all cowards,"
She cried falling to her death.

--CHORUS

It was on the bridge at midnight
Where the rich man met his fate,
Her curse had found her coward
And he was doomed to masturbate.

O UNHAPPY BELLA

Bella was young and Bella was fair
With bright blue eyes and golden hair,
O unhappy Bella!
Her step was light and her heart was gay,
But she had no sense, and one fine day
She got herself put in the family way
By a wicked, heartless, cruel deceiver.

Poor Bella was young, she didn't believe
That the world is hard and men deceive,
O unhappy Bella!

She said, "My man will do what's just,
He'll marry me now, because he must!"
Her heart was full of loving trust
In a wicked, heartless, cruel deceiver.

She went to his house; that dirty skunk
Had packed his bags and done a bunk,
O unhappy Bella!
Her landlady said, "Get out, you whore,
I won't have your sort a-darkening my door."
Poor Bella was put to affliction sore
By a wicked, heartless, cruel deceiver.

All night she tramped the cruel snows,
What she must have suffered nobody knows,
O unhappy Bella!
And when the morning dawned so red,
Alas, alas, poor Bella was dead,
Sent so young to her lonely bed
By a wicked, heartless, cruel deceiver.

So thus, you see, do what you will,
The fruits of sin are suffering still,
O unhappy Bella!
As into the grave they laid her low,
The men said, "Alas, but life is so,"
But the women chanted, sweet and low,
"It's all the men, the dirty bastards!"

THEY'RE DIGGING UP DAD'S REMAINS

They're digging up dad's remains to build a sewer;
They're doing the job regardless of expense;
They're digging up dad's remains to make way
for ten inch drains
To satisfy some rich man's residence,
'gor blieme!

Now father in his lifetime wasn't a quitter, a quitter;
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now;
Cause he'll dress up in a sheet and he'll haunt
that shithouse seat
And only let them toffs go when he allows,
'gor blieme!

Now won't there be some horrible constipation;
Oh won't the loose bound toffs oh rack and rave;
But it serves them bloody well right
For having the perishing nerve to much about
with a British workman's grave.

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife;
I love her truly;
I love the hole
She pisses through.
I love her tits-tittly-tits tittly-tits
And her nut brown arse hole.
I would eat her shit,
Chomp, chomp, gobble, gobble
With a rusty spoon,
With a rusty spoon.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you.
Let me rub your boobies
'Til their black and blue.
Let me stroke your vulva
'Til it's filled with goo.
Let's play hide the weeney
Up your old wazoo.

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In an email dated 4 Jun 2006, John Howe has this to say of the production of this book:

My name is John Howe and I single-handedly collected, wrote down, typed with the paid assistance of a young secretary who has since vanished from my memory, the entire volume of *Father Rugby Reveals*. I selected the name Jackie Meahan as my alter ego as I did not want my Mother to know what my education and rugby had produced.

The repertoire of songs had been collectively ingrained in my thinking after my four years playing rugby at Tulane University. Our songmaster and my mentor was Dr. Stanley Smith, who played rugby at Tulane while in medical school. At that time rugby in the South and elsewhere was virtually unknown as compared to today. Of course, such Tulanians as Laird Canby and Brian Travis as well as myself contributed our verses to the rugby singing tradition at Tulane. I can say without doubt that Stan Smith was the singing enthusiast who was mostly responsible for my continuing the tradition of bawdy songs.

I first began to contemplate a collection of rugby after game drinking songs after I returned from playing in England in 1974. It was whilst playing in Denver for the Barbarians RFC that the songs flourished and cleaner folk songs were added to the repertoire.

So at some point in 1975 myself with the financial help of Joe Chambers and Dick Larure put together, published privately and named the volume you have come to know as *Father Rugby Reveals Volume 1*. At that time I fully intended to put forth volume II as my interest in bawdy songs was at its peak.

So 500 paperbacks were published by the name RuggerHugger Inc., which was a name associated with the women who cavorted with rugby men.

The new songmaster was Jerry Cave as I recall and have heard that he too expanded his singing with the American University RFC and the Washington Irish RFC.

Outside contributors to *Father Rugby Reveals Volume 1* were Jackie Martling, the cousin a player on the Denver Barbarians RFC and Jack Armstrong, an Englishman whose game was soccer. He, as I recall, having since lost him but you may see him as the older gentleman in the front row of the cover page contributed heavily to the obscure songs that you have inquired about.

The photo of the cover page was taken in a rugby bar in Denver the name I have since forgotten.

I can name some of the players in the photo: Jim Russell, Pauls Hoskins, Paul Robertson, Dave Robbins, bare assed Matt McConville, Jack Armstrong. John Godsmann, and a barmaid from the establishment who we grabbed for some interest. If I have forgotten anyone, please forgive me.

My first excursion to sell the book was the Tulane Mardi Gras Rugby Tournament. The proceeds from that festival were spent gloriously in the experience that closely associates itself with rugby: the after games party of beer drinking and singing. All other sales of the book were sent out by me through a post office box within the USA and Canada. Any bookkeeping was never recorded but spent on beer.

Even at that time, having been away from New Orleans for some three years the songs had been expanded but not included, although thought about for Volume II. By that time I had moved on to other non literary endeavors.

I was delighted to learn from your research that *Father Rugby Reveals* was the second earliest written volume on bar songs written in the USA or, at least, that is how I heard you. It was also a delight to learn that the volume you sold or purchased for the record sum of \$75 got so far as France and Scotland and, as I heard from you brought somewhere in the vicinity of \$150 at resale.

It will be a great consolation for those involved that the game and names of the participants have come to such glorious recognition.

I am now involved in The Rugby Hour via the public access radio and that you [John Mehlberg] have consented to add to our archives an interview on your passionate website dedicated to 'bawdy drinking songs and folklore origin's and musical accompaniment.

Good Luck on such an admirable endeavor.

Once again I thank the Denver Barbarian RFC and mostly lawyer and doctor Stan Smith at my alma mater Tulane University for allowing me to make such a miniscule contribution to the rugby world in America.

John Howe