

(1)  
BILL BOTTOM TROUSERS

CHORUS

Singing a bell bottom trousers, coats of Navy blue,  
Let him climb the rigging like his daddy used to do.

Now once there was a waitress in the Prince George Hotel,  
Her mistress was a lady, and her master was a swell.  
They knew she was a simple girl, and lately from the farm,  
So they watched her carefully, to keep her from all harm.

CHORUS

The forty-second fuseliars came marching into town,  
And with'em came a compliment of rapists of Ireknown.  
They busted every maidenhead that come within their spell,  
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel.

CHORUS

Next came a company of the Prince of Wales Hussars,  
They piled into the whore houses and they packed along the bars,  
Many a maiden, mistress, and a wife before them fell,  
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel.

CHORUS

One day there came a sailor, an ordinary bloke,  
A bulging at the trousers with a heart of solid oak,  
At sea without a woman for sever years or more,  
There wasn't any need to ask what he was looking for.

CHORUS

He asked her for a candlestick to light his way to bed,  
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head,  
And speaking very gently, just as if he meant no harm,  
He asked her if she'd come to bed, just so's to keep him warm.

CHORUS

She lifted up the blanket, and a moment there did lie,  
He was on her, he was in her, in the twinkling of an eye.  
He was out again, and in again, and blowing up a storm.  
But the only word she spoke to him: I hope you're keeping warm.

CHORUS

Then early in;the morning, the sailor he arose,  
Saying: Here's a two pound note, my dear, for the damage I have caused.  
And if you have a son, send the bastard out to sea.

CHORUS

And now she sits aside the dock, a baby on her knee,  
Awaiting for the sailing ships, a comin' home from sea.  
Waiting for the jolly tars in Navy uniforms,  
And all she wants to do, my boys, is keep the Navy warm.

CHORUS

SEVEN OLD LADIES

CHORUS

Oh dear, what can the matter be  
Seven old ladies locked in the lavatory  
They were there from Monday to Saturday  
Nobody knew they were there.

(MORE TO COME)

The first old lady was Elizabeth Porter  
She was the deacon of Dorechester's daughter  
She went to relieve a slight pressure of water  
Nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS

The second old lady was Abigail Splatter  
She went there 'cause something was surely like madder  
When she got there it was only her bladder  
And nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS

The third old lady was Ameba Garpickle  
Her urge was sincere--her reaction was fickle  
She hurdled the door; she'd forgotten her nickle  
And nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS

The fourth old lady was Hildegard Foglo  
Was relieved when the swelling was only a boil  
She hadn't been living according to Hoyle  
And nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS

The fifth old lady was Emily Grancy  
She went there 'cause something tickled her fancy  
When she got there, it was ants in her panty  
And nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS

The sixth old lady was extremely fertile  
Her name was O'Conner, the boys called her Myrtle  
She went there to repair a hole in her girdle  
And nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS

The seventh old lady was Agatha Bender  
She went there to repair a broken suspender  
It snapped up and ruined her feminine gender  
And nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS

The janitor came in the early morning  
He opened the door in the early morning  
And seven old ladies their seats were adorning

CHORUS

OH, LITTLE HOUSE ON BEACON STREET

(Tune: Oh Little  
Town of Bethlehem)

Oh, little house on Beacon Street  
How bright they red light shown- (shown)  
There was but one cop on the street,  
And he was bribery prone.

But then the Vice Squad stepped in  
And closed your familiar doors.  
The joys and fears of many men  
Went with your well-trained whores.

CHRISTMAS DAY

(tune: frere Jacques)

Christmas Day, Christmas Day,  
Save your tree, save your tree,  
Shove it up the chimney, shove it up the chimney,  
Goose Saint Nick, goose Saint Nick.

THE THERMODYNAMICS FINAL

Free energy and entropy were whirling in his brain  
With partial differentials and Greek letters in their train  
With Delta, sigma, gamma, theta, epsilon and pi  
Were driving him distracted as they danced before his eyes.

CHORUS

Glory Glory dear old Thermo  
Glory Glory dear old Thermo  
Glory Glory dear old Thermo  
We'll pass you by and by.

Heat content and fugacity revolved within his brain  
Like molecules and atoms that you never have to name  
And logarithmic functions doing cakewalks in his dreams  
And partial molal quantities devouring chocolate creams.

CHORUS

They asked him on this final if a mole of any gas  
In a vessel with a membrane through which hydrogen could pass  
Were compressed to half its volume what the entropy would be  
If two thirds of delta sigma equalled half of delta pi.

CHORUS

He said he guessed the entropy would have to equal four  
Unless the second law would bring it up a couple more  
But then; it might be seven if the Carnot law applied  
Or it almost might be zero if the delta T should slide.

CHORUS

The professor read his paper with a corrugated brow  
For he knew he'd have to grade it; he didn't quite know how  
Till an inspiration-in his cerebellum suddenly smote  
As he seized his trusty fountain pen, and this is what he wrote.

CHORUS

Just as you guessed the entropy, I'll have to guess your grade  
But the second law won't raise it to the mark you might have made.  
For it might have been a hundred, if your guesses were all good,  
But I think it must be zero 'til they're rightly understood.

FINAL CHORUS

Glory Glory dear old Thermo  
Glory Glory dear old Thermo  
Glory Glory dear old Thermo  
We'll try again next year.

THE SWEETHEART OF SIX OTHER GUYS  
(tune: Sweetheart of Sigma Chi)

The girl of my dreams has dyed her hair,  
A brilliant shade of red.  
She drinks, she smokes, she tells dirty jokes,  
She hasn't a brain in her head.  
She thinks that liquor makes the world go round  
She drinks more than you or I  
The girl of my dreams ain't as dumb as she seems  
She's the sweetheart of six other guys.

THE MONEY ROLLS IN  
(tune: My Bonnie lies over the Ocean)

My brother makes booze in the bathtub  
My sister makes synthetic gin  
My sister makes love on the side,  
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 mother's a boarding house keeper  
Each night as the lights grow dim  
She hangs a red light in the window  
My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS

My brother's a great missionary  
He saves ~~down~~ girls from sin  
For five bucks he'll save you a nice one  
My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS

CATS ON THE ROOFTOP

(tune: John Peel)

There were cats on the rooftops,  
Cats on the tiles, cats with the syphilis,  
Cats with the piles,  
Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles,  
Reveling in the joys of fornication.

Now the hippotomas, so it seems  
Hovers, povers, his wet dreams,  
But when it comes, it comes in streams,  
Reveling in the joys of fornication.

Oh, you woke up in the morning with an  
upright stand,  
Its urinary pressure of the prostrate gland,  
And you haven't got a woman, so you jerk it  
off by hand,  
Reveling in the joys of masturbation.

GOD BLESS FREE ENTERPRISE

(Tune: God Bless America)

God bless free enterprise, system divine  
Stand beside her  
And guide her  
Just so long as the profits are fine.  
Good old Wall Street, may she flourish,  
Corporations, may they grow.  
God bless free enterprise, the status quo.  
God bless free enterprise, the status quo.

CAPITALIST WAR SONG

Come all ye Union haters  
Red and Labor baiters  
Fight, Fight, Fight for Capital

Have the bloody sabre  
Crush the rights of labor  
Fight, fight, fight for Capital.

Damn, Damn, Damn, Damn  
Damn the stupid masses  
Fight, fight, fight, fight  
For the upper classes.

(Repeat first verse)

[NOTE MILD "LEFTISH"  
FAKE REVOLT]

THREE JOLLY COACHMEN

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern  
Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern  
And they decided, and they decided, and they decided,  
To have another flagon.

Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,  
Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,  
For tonight we'll merr-eye be--for tonight we'll merr-eye be,  
For tonight we'll merr-eye be--tomorrow we'll be sober.

Here's to the man drinks water pure, and goes to bed quite sober,  
Here's to the man drinks water pure and goes to bed quite sober  
He falls as the leaves do fall; falls as the leaves do fall,  
Falls as the leaves do fall; he'll die before October.

Here's to the man who drinks dark ale and goes to bed quite mellow  
Here's to the man who drinks dark ale and goes to bed quite mellow  
He lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to live,  
Lives as he ought to live; he'll die a jollu good fellow.

Here's to the girl that steals a kiss and runs to tell her mether  
Here's to the girl who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother  
She's a foolish foolish ting, she's a foolish foolish thing  
She's a foolish foolish thing; for she'll not get another.

Here's to the girl who steals a kiss, and stays to steal another,  
Here's to the girl who steals a kiss, and stays to steal another,  
She's a boon to all mankind, she's a boon to all mankind,  
She's a boon to all mankind; for she'll soon be a mother.

FAR, FAR AWAY

Around her hair, she wore a purple ribbon,  
She wore it in the springtime, and in the month of May,  
And if you ask her why the hell she wore it,  
She wore it for her Tech man who's far far away.  
Far away, far away, far away, far away,  
She wore it for her tech man who is far, far away;

Around her knee, she wore a purple garter,  
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May,  
And if you ask her why the hell she wore it,  
She wore it for her Tech man who is far, far away.  
Far away, far away, far away, far away,  
She wore it for her Tech man who is far, far away.  
Around the block she pushed a baby buggy, etc.

Behind the door her father keeps a shotgun, etc.

On the wall she keeps a marriage license, etc.

CIGARETTES

cigarettes will ruin your life  
spoil your health  
ruin your baby (REPEAT)  
poor little innocent child.

THE GOOD SELF VENUS

CHORUS:

Aboard the good ship Venus  
 You really should have seen us  
 With a figurehead of a whore in bed  
 And a mast of a phallic genus.

The captain of the lugger  
 Was known as a filthy bugger  
 Declared unfit to shovel shit  
 From one ship to another

CHORUS

The cabin boy's name was Chipper  
 A randy little nipper  
 He made a pass with a broken glass  
 And circumsized the skipper.

CHORUS

The first mate's name was Morgan  
 Boy God he was a gorgan  
 From half past eight he'd play tell late  
 Upon the captain's organ

CHORUS

The captain's wife was Charlotte  
 Born and bred a harlot  
 Her thighs at night were lily white  
 By morning they were scarlet.

CHORUS

The captain's daughter Mabel  
 Though young was freash and able  
 To fornicate with the second mate  
 Upon the chartroom table.

CHORUS

The captain's youngest daughter  
 Was washed into the water  
 Her plaintive squeals announced that eels  
 Had found her sexual quarter

CHORUS

The ship dog's name was Rover  
 We turned the poor thing over  
 And ground and ground that faithful hound  
 From Tenerief to Dover.

CHORUS

And when we reached our station,  
 Through skilful navigation  
 The ship got sunk in a wave of gunk  
 From too much fornication.

CHORUS

## THE SWISS NAVY (TUNE: The Old Grey Mare)

We don't have to march in the infantry, ride in the cavalry,  
 Shoot in the artillery,  
 We don't have to fly over Germany We're in the Swiss Navy.  
 We're in the Swiss Navy, we're in the Swiss Navy.  
 Oh, we don't have to march in the infantry, etc. (repeat verse)

We can drink champagne with the best of them,  
 Gin with the worst of them, beer with the rest of them.  
 We are the empire's big hairy chested men,  
 We're in the Swiss Navy  
 We're in the Swiss Navy, we're in the Swiss Navy.  
 Oh, we can drink champagne with the best of them, etc. (Repeat verse)

10  
LADY GODIVA

(Rambling  
Wassche)  
from Ga.  
Tech.

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 man 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, drink rum and come along with us,  
For we don't give a damn for any damn 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 from me this horse and leads me to a bar  
~~Was a bleary eyed survivor and a drunker than I~~,  
The man who took her from her steed and led her to a bar,  
Was a bleary eyed survivor and a drunker than I  
My father was a miner from the Northern malamute,  
My mother was a mistress of a house of ill repute,  
~~She had a son who was a drunker than I~~,  
The last time that I saw them, these words rang in my ears,  
Go to MIT you son of a B\_\_\_\_\_ and join the engineers.

The Army and the Navy went out to have some fun,  
They went down to the taverns where fiery liquors run,  
But all they found were empties for the engineers had come,  
And traded all their instruments for gallon kegs of rum.

Sir Francis Drake and all his ships set out for Cuzlais way,  
They heard that the Spanish rum fleet was headed out their way,  
And thought ~~that the Spanish rum fleet was headed out their way~~, say:

(palimpsest out)

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 and an engineer discoursed,  
Why the damn thing's only concrete and should be reinforced.

Ptinceton's run by Wellesley, Wellesley's run by Yale,  
Yale is run by Vassar; and Vassar's run by ta!  
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 up to physics lab and amputate his balls,  
And if he hollars Uncle, I'll tell you what we'll do,  
We'll stuff his ass with broken glass and seal it up with glue.

MIT was MIT when Harvard was a pup,  
And Mit will be MIT when Harvard's busted 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.

(PROVEANCE)

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 wrote the figures, his left hand traced the curves.

WHEN I CAME HOME

The first night I came home, drunk as I could be,  
 I saw a horse in the stable, where my horse ought to be,  
 "Come here little wifey, explain yourself to me  
 Why is there a horse in the stable, where my horse ought to be"  
 "Why you durn foll, you blame old fool, can't you ever see,  
 It's only a milk cow my mother sent to me."  
 Now I've been living in this world, forty years or more  
 And I never saw a milk cow with a saddle on before.

The next night, when I came home, drunk as I could be,  
 I saw a coat on the coat rack, where my coat ought to be.  
 "Come here, little wifey, explain yourself to me  
 Why is there a coat hanging on the rack where my coat ought to be"  
 "Why you durn fool, you blame fool, can't you ever see  
 It's only a bed quilt my mother gave to me."  
 Now I've been living in this world forty years or more  
 And I never saw a bed quilt with pockets on before.

The next night, when I came home, drunk as I could be,  
 I saw a pair of pants on the table where my pants ought to be,  
~~Why is there~~ "Come here little wifey, and explain yourself to me,  
 Why is there a pair of pants on the table where my pants ought to be."  
 "Why you durn fool, you blame fool, can't you ever see,  
 It's only a petticoat my mother gave to me."  
 Now I've been living in this world forty years or more  
 And I never saw a petticoat with suspenders on before.

The next night when I came home, drunk as I could be,  
 I saw a head lying on the bed, where my head ought to be,  
 "Come here, little wifey, explain yourself to me  
 Why is that head on the pillow where my head ought to be"  
 "Why you durn fool, you blame fool, can't you ever see,  
 It's only a cabbage head my mother gave to me."  
 Now I've been living in this world forty years or more,  
 And I never saw a cabbage head with a moustache on before.

HERE'S TO GOOD OLD BEER

Here's to good old beer, drink her down, drink her down,  
 Here's to good old beer, drink her down, drink her down,  
 Here's to good old beer, for it makes you feel so queer,  
 Here's to good old beer, drink her down, down, down.

## CHORUS

Rolling home, dead drunk, rolling home dead drunk,  
 By the light of the silvery mo-o-n,  
 Happy as the day when the students get away,  
 As we go rolling, rolling home (dead drunk).

## TO CONTINUE:

Here's to good old whiskey, it makes you feel so frinsky....  
 Here's to good old sherry, for it keeps you bright and merry,....  
 Here's to sparkling ale, for it keeps you bright and hale,....  
 Here's to good old rum, for it'll turn you to a bum....  
 Here's to good hard cider, it will make you warm insides....  
 Here's to good old port, it gives you lots of sport....  
 Here's to good vermouth, for it makes you so uncouth.....



FOGGY FOGGY DEW

When I was a bachelor, I lived all alone  
 I worked at the weaver's trade;  
 And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong  
 Was to woo a fair young maid.  
 I wooed in the wintertime, and in the summer, too,  
 And the the only thing that I did that was wrong,  
 Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she knelt close by my side  
 When I was fast asleep  
 She threw her arms around my neck and then began to weep,  
 She wept, she cried, she tore her hair,  
 Alas, what could I do.  
 So all night long, I held her in my arms,  
 Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I'm a bachelor, I live with my son,  
 We work at the weaver's trade;  
 And every single time I look into his eyes  
 He reminds me of the winter time,  
 And of the summer too,  
 And of the many, many times, that I held her in my arms  
 Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

LAY YOUR GIRLS ON BOUGHS OF HOLLY

Lay your girls on boughs of holly,  
 Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.  
 That's a reason to be jolly,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.  
 Been so long I can't remember,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.  
 Think I had it last December,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.

Choose you now, you lads, your lassie,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.  
 Don't get pigs, be sure they're classy,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.  
 Shed you now your gay apparel,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.  
 Have you tried it in a barrel,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.

And when you have had your evening,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.  
 Her apartment let's be leaving,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.  
 Don you now your gay apparel,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.  
 Now we've made our Christmas Carol,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.

THREE PROMINENT BASTARDS

CHORUS:

Our parents forgot to get married,  
Our parents forgot to get wed,  
When the wedding bells chimed,  
It was always the time,  
Our parents were somewhere in bed.  
Thanks to our kindhearted parents  
We're kings in the land of the free  
The banker, the broker, the Washington joker,  
Three prominent bastards are we.

The children of the Baker make the most delicious bread,  
And the sons of Casanova fill the most exclusive beds.,  
The burdens and the hoisters and some others I could name,  
Have inherited the feature that perpetuates their fame.

My position in the structure of society I owe,  
To the qualities my parents, they bequeathed me long ago,  
For my father was a gentlemen and musical to boot,  
He used to play piano in a house of ill repute

My Mother was a Madam and a credit to the cult  
She liked my father's playing and I am the result,  
So to my Mom and Dad I have to give my thanks,  
I'm the chairman of the board of the county national bank.

In a cozy little cottage in a cozy southern dwel,  
A dear old fashioned farmer and his daughter  
She was pretty; she was charming, she was tender; she was mild,  
And her sympathies were such that she was frequently with child.

Oh, the year the hospitality became a record high,  
She had a little baby boy, which was I,,  
And whenever Ma was gloomy I could always make her grin,  
By childishly inquiring who my father might have been.

On a dusty little chain gang,  
On a dusty southern road,  
My lamented pappy made his permanent abode,  
Now some were there for cheating; for others stealing til they were caught  
But Dad's overwhelming secret was his weakness for assault.

His philosophy was simple and free from moral taint,  
So Pappy's list of victims was embarrassingly rich,  
Though one of them was mother,  
He could never tell which.

I've never gone to college, but I got me a degree,  
For I'm a perfect model of an S.O.B.,  
I'm a debit to the country, I'm a credit to my Dad,  
I'm the most expensive senator this country ever had.

[Osgood NASH]

THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE

I stuck my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God damn your soul;"  
Take it out...take it out...take it out...re--move it.

I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God damn your soul;"  
Put it back...put it back...put it back...re--plaze it.

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God damn your soul;"  
Turn around...turn around...turn around...re--volve it.

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God damn your soul;"  
Wrong way...wrong way...wrong way...re--verse it.

I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God damn your soul;"  
Take it out...take it out...take it out...re--move it.

(An unusually fussy woodpecker, eh what)