MAINE / MARITIMES FOLKLORE COLLECTION
ACCESSION NA 502

DEPOSITOR: Stephen Files
TITLE OF PAPER OR PROJECT: "Dirty Songs Collected at the University of Maine" (Fo 134)
SUMMARY: Folklore materials collected in Orono, ME in the Spring of 1969.
TYPED OR HANDWRITTEN? Typed

TABLE OF CONTENTS

I. Introduction

II. Songs Collected at a Party March 7, 1969
- Introductory Material
- "Mini the Mermaid"
- "The Chicken Song"
- "Walkin' Down Canal Street"
- "Roll Me Over In the Clover"
- "Christofo Columbo" (fragment)
- "Hey La De La De"
- "Aye Yie Yie Yie"
- "The 12 Days of Christmas"
- "My Ding-A-Ling"
- "Mama's Little baby"
- "Brassiere"
- "She Likes to Gang Bang"
- "These Are the Things That Remind Me of You"

III. Part Two Songs collected from 4 informants
- Informants: Doug Archer, Sue Files, Jim Hendricks and Wayne Carpenter
- "Christopher Columbo"
- "Roll Me Over in the Clover"
- "In Durby Town"
- "Life's Just a Game of Chance"
- "These Foolish Things Remind Me of You"
- "Waltz With Your Partner"

IV. Part Three Sigma Phi Epsilon Songbook
- "Do They Hang Too Low"
- "Vagina in the Morning"
- "Virgin in the Town"
- "Ball of Yarn"
- "Footprints on the Dashboard"
- "Pi-phi-pie"
- "She was a Virgin"
- "Sweet Violets"
- "Four Letter Words"
- "Ricker Cheer"
- "Ratshit Sheer"
- "Load Her Up and Bang Away"
- "Parties and Banquets and Balls"
- "Roll Your Leg Over"
- "In the Halls"

"Men of Epsilon Cheer"
"Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye"
"Ten Pounds of Titty"
"How the Money Rolls In"
"Plymouth Town"
"Cats on the Rooftops"
"Six Old Whores From Baltimore"
""I'm A Fairy"
"Bell Bottomed Trousers"
"Rolling Down the Mountain"
"Brassiere"
"Gatherin' Of the Clan"
"Last Night I Stayed Up to Masturbate"
"The Good Ship Venus"
"Roll Me Over"
"I Know A Girl"
"The Ants"
"Sarah, Sarah"
"Whiskey Bar"
"Rockin' Jesus" or "Be-Boppin' Jesus"
"My Name is Jesus"
"On Top of Old Sophie"
"We Had Some Chickens"
"12 Days of Christmas"
"Lay Your Girls on Roughs of Holly"
"Christmas Day"

V. Official Lyric Book of Sigma Phi Epsilon [mimeographed]
"Drink Beer"
"Rum, Rum"
"Anthem"
"Wonderful Sig Ep Girl"
"I Want A Beer"
"Souse Family"
"Whiskey, Whiskey, Whiskey!"
"That Lady In Red"
"She Plays College Basketball"
"Let's All Drink and Go Naked"
"How the Money Rolls In"
"Lady Godiva"
'The Sweetheart of Six other Guys"
"Yea Boo"
"We Had Some Chickens"
"No Hiding Place Down Here"
"The Little Brown Mouse"
"Donna"
"Don't Sell Daddy No More Wine"
"San Francisco Bay Blues"
"I Call Your Name"
"The House of the Rising Sun"
"Today"
"Scotch and Soda"
"Four Strong Winds"

"Don't Think Twice It's All Right"
"These Friends of Mine"
"Puff the Magic Dragon"
"Tell Old Bill"
"Salty Dog"
"Mister Tambourine Man"
"Lemon Tree"
"Abilene"
"In China They Never Eat Chile"
"Ain't She Sweet"
"Baby Face"
"Ballin' the Jack"
"Button up Your Overcoat"
"Bye Bye Blackbird"
"Carolina in the Morning"
"Daisy Daisy"
"The Darktown Strutter's Ball"
"Five Foot Two Eyes of Blue'
"The Gang That Sang Heart of Me"
"Goody Goody"
"I Found A Million Dollar Baby"
"If You Knew Suzie"
"I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter"
"I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover"
"It Had to Be You"
"Ja-Da"
"K-K-K-Katy"
"Ma He's Making Eye's At Me"
"Margie"
"Oh You Beautiful Doll"
"Oklahoma"
"On the Sunny Side of the Street"
"Put On Your old Grey Bonnet"
"The Saints Go Marching In"
"Shine On Harvest Moon"
"Show Me the Way to Go Home"
"Side By Side"
"Sweet Georgia Brown"
"Tiptoe Through The Tulips With Me"
"Toot Toot Tootsie"
"Waiting For the Robert E. Lee"
"Yes, Sir, That's My Baby"
"Yes We Have No Bananas"
"You Are My Sunshine"
"Sip-A-Dee-Doo-Da"
"You're the Cream in My Coffee"
"Down By the Old Mill Stream'
'East Side West Side"
"For Me and My Gal"
'Frankie and Johnny"
"In a Shanty in Old Shanty Town"
"In the Good Old Summer Time"
"It's been a Long, Long Time"

"I Want a Girl"
"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"
"Lazy River"
"Ol' Man River"
"My Wild Irish Rose"
"Paper Doll"
"Rock-A-Bye Your Baby With a Dixie Melody"
"Sleep"
"Sleepy Time Gal"
"Summertime"
"Tumbling Tumbleweeds"
"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"
"Wiffenpoof Song"
"You Were Meant For Me"
"Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer"
"O, Come All Ye Faithful"
"Hark! the Herald Angels Sing"
"Jingle Bells"

5020

4/24/69

"DIRTY" SONGS

collected at the University of Maine

A

by

Stephen Files

Fo 134

April, 1969

Good job. A lot of stuff here. An index of songs would have been nice, but hell you can't have everything

INTRODUCTION

The following collection consists of three parts. The first two parts were collected and transcribed by myself, and the third part which was obtained from Bob Gardner, at Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity, who compiled the songs last year. Similar versions have not been placed together as is so common with many other collections, because I feel that it is more important to group the songs as to the time and place of discovery. In approaching the songs in this manner, one attains a stronger feeling for the tradition as a definite unity rather than a mere exposure to a group of song centering on a particular topic with no relationship to the actual environment in which they exist.

Except for Part Three and Doug Archer's song "Christopher Columbo," all the songs were tape recorded. In all cases the songs are represented exactly as they were sung, disregarding any censorship. My one regret is that I lacked the knowledge to transcribe the tunes, but at least the presence of the tape somewhat compensates for this lack. The songs on the tape are numbered the same as those appearing in the text in part One and

U.M.
Ono

Part Two.

Before completing this collection, I showed my final draft to a number of students here on campus. The most significant comments have been that they were familiar with many of the songs in my collection and that in some cases they knew more verses to a particular song. However, what seemed more important was that in a number of cases someone would ask if I had a particular song not present in my collection. It is on this evidence that I would encourage, as Dr, Ives suggested to me, that other collections be made in this area. The "Dirty" Song Tradition, at present, is very alive on this campus, and an interested person with the time, a tape recorder, and a typewriter, could do an extensive and valuable study.

CONTENTS

page

PART ONE.....1

(1.) MINI THE MERMAID.....3

(2.) THE CHICKEN SONG.....4

(3.) WALKIN DOWN CANAL STREET.....6

(4.) ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER.....7

(5.) CHRISTOFO COLOMBO.....8

(6.) HEY LA DE LA DE.....9

(7.) AYE YIE YIE YIE.....10

(8.) THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.....13

(9.) MY DING-A-LING.....15

(10.)MAMA'S LITTLE BABY.....16

(11.)BRASSIERE.....17

(12.)SHE LIKES TO GANG BANG.....18

(13.)THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT REMIND ME OF YOU.....19

PART TWO.....21

(14.)CHRISTOPHER COLUMBO.....23

(15.)ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER.....25

(16.)IN DURBY TOWN.....26

(17.)LIFE'S JUST A GAME OF CHANCE.....27

(18.)THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU.....28

(19.)WALTZ WITH YOUR PARTNER.....29

PART THREE.....31

STAG SONGS OF MAINE ALPHA,SIGMA PHI EPSILON.....32

PART ONE

PART ONE

The songs in this section were collected at a party I held at my apartment for the express purpose of collecting "dirty" songs. All the people that came to the party were aware of my purpose. The party was held on Friday night, the 7th of March, 1969. Aside from the purpose of collecting songs, I was interested in discovering if any restraint would be used by the boys in the presence of girls. During the party I was able to make a number of interesting observations.

The tradition of singing "dirty" songs maintains many of the same traits that exist in Northern Anglo-American Singing Tradition. Although the girls knew many of the songs, occasionally prompting the singers when they forgot lines, and often sang the choruses and group songs, the individual singing was done almost exclusively by the males. The only exception was my wife singing "She Likes To Gang Bang," but even in this instance she was accompanied by a male and required a good deal of prodding before she would sing. Thus, as is true in Northern Anglo-American Tradition, men do the majority of the singing at social functions.

The next similarity occurring in both traditions is that of drinking, but possibly even more important when singing "dirty" songs. Before anyone wanted to sing in front of the mike or their date, for that matter, they wanted the security of a few beers under their belts.

The dirtiest song, in the group's opinion, was "These Are The Things That Remind Me Of You." At different times in the evening someone would start this song and someone else would pipe up and say that he was'nt drunk enough to sing that song yet. However, at the end of the evening when everyone had drunk their fill and a half, the song was sung as the "Grand Finale."

Earlier I mentioned that I was interested to discover if any restraint would be used by the boys with the presence of girls. At the opening of the party, the boys seemed concerned with being too "gross", but as the evening lengthened censorship died. One obvious factor that accounted for the change was the absorbtion of liquor. However, much of the change in behavior was a result of getting used to the situation, or rather a kind of "breaking the ice." Once the group got over the initial embarrassment of the songs and the nervous giggles changed into hearty laughter, the restraints were lifted and the evening easily progressed from the "The Chicken Song" to "These Are The Things That Remind Me Of You."

In conclusion, the three most prevalent points coming out of the party were the exclusive roll of the male singer, the importance of drink, and the absence of male restraint in the presence of females.

MINI THE MERMAID

Andy Payson

Have you ever heard of Mini the Mermaid
Down at the bottom of the sea,
Down amoung the corals, there she lost her morals
She was good to me.

And you can easily see she's not my mother
Cause my mother's forty-nine,
And you can easily see she's not my sister,
Cause I wouldn't do that to such a hell-of-a good friend of mine

And you can easily see she's not my sweetie,
Cause she's so damned refined,
She's just a hell-of-a-good kid who didn't know what she did
A casual friend of mine, who needed money,
A casual friend of mine.

The Chicken Song

Stephen Files

learned the song from Peter Mercier, a former fraternity brother of Files's

1. I had a chicken who wouldn't lay eggs
   I had a chicken no eggs would she lay,
   One day that rooster came in our yard
   And caught that chicken right off her guard.

2. She's layin eggs now just like she used to
   Ever since that rooster came in our yard
   She's layin eggs now just like she used to
   Ever since that rooster came in our yard.

3. I had a cow who wouldn't give milk
   I had a cow no milk would she give,
   One day that rooster came in our yard
   and caught that cow right off her guard.

4. She's givin eggnog just like she used to
   Ever since that rooster came in our yard,
   She's givin eggnog just like she used to
   Ever since that rooster came in our yard.

5. I had a tree no fruit would it bear
   I had a tree no fruit would it bear
   (I said to my wife, "we're losen money)
   (Now this ain't funny it won't bear fruit")
   One day that rooster came in our yard
   and caught that tree right off it's guard.

   these two lines should have been in the first two stanzas but were forgotten.

6. It's givin eggplants just like it used to
   Ever since that rooster came in our yard
   It's givin eggplants just like it used to
   Ever since that rooster came in our yard.

7. I had a rooster it wouldn't lay hens
   I had a rooster no hens would it lay,
I said to my wife,"We're losen money
   Now this ain't funny no hens would he lay."
One day that Hen came into our yard
   And caught that rooster right off his guard.

8. He's layin hens now just like he used to
   Ever since that rooster came in our yard,
He's layin hens now just like he used to
   Ever since that rooster came in our yard.

502010

Walkin Down Canal Street

Danny O'Connel

1. Walkin down Canal Street knockin on every door,
God damn son-of -a-bitch couln't find a whore.

2. When I finally found her she was tall and thin,
God Damn son-of-a-bitch I counldn't get it in.

(can hardly hear this)

3. When I finally got it in wiggled it all about,

God damn son-of -a-bitch I couldn't get it out.

4. When I finally got it out it was red and sore,
God damn son-of-a-bitch I'll never fuck a whore.

Roll Me Over In The Clover

Wil Sterns

Chorus
Roll me over lay me down and do it again,
Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

1. Now this is number one and the fun has just begun,
2. Now this is number two and he's got me by the shoe,
3. Now this is number three and she's got me by the knee,
4. Now this is number four and she's got me on the floor,
5. Now this is number five and his hand is on my thigh,
6. Now this is number six and we're really in a fix,
7. Now this is number seven and it really feels like heaven,
8. Now this is number eight and it's really feelin great,
9. Now this is number nine and we're really feelin fine,
10. Now this is number ten and we're ready to start again.

Christofo Colombo (fragment)
The group had learned the verses from
Doug Archer.

1. In fourteen ninty-two Columbus sailed from It-talee
He shit in every parking lot and pissed in every alley,
He knew the world was round-o,he knew what could be found-o
That masterbating,casterating son-of-a-bitch Columbo.

2. Roy Roy,the cabin boy,that dirty little nipper,
He lined the first mates ass with glass and circumsized the skipper
He knew the world was round-o,he knew the world was round-o
That masterbating casterating son-of -bitch Columbo.

3. The captains wife was Maybel,She layed when shee was able,
da,da,etc. he nailed her to the table,
But they knew the world was round-o,they knew what could be found-o

The last part of the first line(sailed from It-talee), and the first part of the sixth line up to "glass",I couldn't make out from the tape,so I went to the T.K.E. house and Charlie Martel,who had been at the party when the song was sung,supplied the above words.

Italy
A.M.

Hey La De La De

a group effort

Chorus- Hey la de la de la de, hey la de la de lo,
Hey la de la de la de, Hey la de la de lo.

1. I know a girl all dressed in green,
Hey lade lade lo,
She goes down like a submarine,
Hey lade lade lo.
Chorus

2. I know a girl who is dressed in black,
Hey lade lade lo,
She spends her whole life on her back,
Hey lade lade lo.
Chorus

3. I know a guy named Buffalo Bill,
Hey lade lade lo,
He won't do it but his buffalo will
Hey lade lade lo.
Chorus

4. I know a girl from Boston Mass.
Hey lade lade lo,
She's got freckles on her ass,
Hey lade lade lo.
Chorus

5. I know a girl from old Kuntuck,
Hey lade lade lo,
She could really throw a fuck,
Hey lade lade lo.
Chorus

6. I know a girl who's dressed in pink,
Hey lade lade lo,
She's the one that made my finger stink,
Hey lade lade lo
Chorus

Boston
Kentucky

Aye Yie Yie Yie Robert Harlow

Chorus Aye Yie Yie Yie, in China they do it for chilly
So let's have another verse that's worse than the other verse
and waltz me around by my willie.

1. There once was a girl named Hall
Wore a paper dress to the ball,
Her dress caught on fire and burned her entire,
Front page sports section and all.
Chorus

2. There once was a man from Saint Claire
Who corn-holed an unwilling bear,
The ugly old brute took a swipe at his root,
And now all he's got left is some hair.
Chorus

3. There once was a girl named Alice
Used a dynamite stick for a fallace,
They found her ~~virgina~~ vagina in North Carolina.
Her ass-hole in Buckingham Palace.
Chorus

4. There once was a women from Cape Cod
Who thought all her kids came from God,
But it wasn't the Almighty who crawled up her nighty
It was Roger the lodger by God.
Chorus

5. There once was a girl from Carolina
Who had a giant virgina,
When it wasn't in use she'd drain out the juice
And use it to dock ocean-liners.
Chorus

Cap Cod

China
Quebec
North Carolina
Buckingham Palace, Engl.

6. There once was a man from Kent
Whose pecker was so long it was bent,
To avoid further trouble he stuck it in double
and instead of coming he went.
Chorus

7. There once was a guy from Nantucket
Had a cock so long he could suck it,
He said with a grin as he wiped off his chin
If my ear were a cunt I would fuck it.
Chorus

8. There once was a girl from Sidney
Who said she could take it to her kidney,
Along came a guy from Quebec and put it up to her neck
My, he had a long one didn't he.
Chorus

9. There once was a man from Belaire
Who was screwing his girl on the stair,
On the thirty-third stroke the banister broke
So he finished her off in the air.
Chorus

10. There once was a girl from Calcutta
Who greased up her snatch with some butter,
It might have been greasy but it sure went in easy
It was a trick she learned from her mudder.
Chorus

11. There once was a young girl from Wheeling
Who had the funniest feeling,
She layed on her back and tickled her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling.
Chorus

Kent England
Nantucket, Mass.
Sidney, Australia
Belaire (?)
Calcutta,
Wheeling, W. Virginia

12. There once was a girl from Madrass
Who had a peculiar ass,
It wasn't tiny and pink as you probably think
It was gray ,had long ears and ate grass;

Verses 8 through 12 were not sung but were recited by different people after Robby Harlow sang the first seven.

The eighth verse was recited by Howie Fields.

The ninth verse was recited by Larry Vaughan.

The tenth verse was recited by Robby Harlow,who said he had heard it in a movie.

The eleventh verse was also recited by Harlow. Before he sung it one of the girls had helped him remenber the verse.

The Twelfth verse was recited by Charles Martel.

Spain

The Twelve Days Of Christmas (Revised)

Sung by the group

1. On the first day off Christmas my true love gave to me,
A hand job in a fur tree.

2. On the second day of Christmas my true love gave to me,
Two brass balls and a hand job in a fur tree.

3. On the third day of Christmas my true love gave to me,
Three french ticklers,two brass balls and a hand job in a fur tree.

4. On the forth day of Christmas my true love gave to me,
Four duch bags,Three french ticklers,etc.

5. On the fifth day of Christmas my true love gave to me,
Five golden dorks,etc.

6. On the sixth day of Christmas my true love gave to me,
Six sisters sucking,etc.

7. On the seventh day of Christmas my true love gave to me,
Seven withered nipples,etc.

8. On the eighth day of Christmas my true love gave to me,
Eight buckets of vomit,etc.

9. On the ninth day of Christmas my true love gave to me,
Nine niggers nipping,etc.

10. On the tenth day of Christmas my true love gave to me,
Ten peters pumping,etc.

11. On the eleventh day of Christmas my true love gave to me,
Eleven lesies lapping,etc.

12.On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave to me,
Twelve twats a twitching,etc.

This song has been around as long as I've been at college,and almost invariably is sung at an occasion such as my party. Among my fraternity members it is the best known of its type,and I have been to a number of parties when it has been sung.

My Ding-a-Ling

Tom Ross

Chorus:
My ding-a-ling my ding-a-ling my ding-a-ling is the cutest thing,
My ding-a-ling my ding-a-ling want you to play with my ding-a-ling.

1. When I was young there was a girl next door
played with her yoyo on a string,
She played with a yoyo on a string
I'd play with my ding-a-ling.
Chorus

2. When I was young and went to Sunday school
the preacher used to prech us the golden rule,
But when the choir stood up to sing
I sat and played with my ding-a-ling.
Chorus

Mama's Little Baby

Larry Vaughan

Chorus Mama's little baby loves short ones short ones,
Mama's little baby loves short ones dick.

1. Douch bag on the bed post,skin upon the floor,
Mama's little baby's been a whore since four.
Chorus

2. Put your pecker in her mouth,hang your balls from her nose,
Mama's little baby's gonna honk your hose.
Chorus

At the end of this song,someone mentioned that there were more verses to this song and if so it remains as a fragment, however the informant didn't know of any other versions.

As is fairly obvious,the tune comes from the better known song of the same title.

Brassiere

Sung by Larry Vaughan

1. Brassiere,it holds the things I love so dear
   And when she shoves them in my ear
   My balls go into second gear,
   Brassiere.

2. Jockstrap,it holds the things she loves to lap
   And when she gives that strap a snap
   I think I'll almost take a crap
   Jockstrap.

She Likes to Gang Bang

sung by Sue Files and Larry Vaughan

1. She likes to gang bang she always will
   Because a gang bang gives her such a thrill,
When she was younger and in her prime,
   She used to gang bang all the time.

2. And there was Grandma swinging on the outhouse door
   Without her nighty,
Swinging on the outhouse door
   As if she owned it,
Swinging on the out house door.

These Are The Things That Remind Me Of You

sung by the majority of the boys present,
I can remember it being sung by the seniors
in my fraternity when I was a freshman.

1. A bloody fetus on a marble slab
A toothless blowjob in a taxi cab,
A toothless blowjob in a taxi cab
These are the things that remind me of you.

2. Two tons of titi in a loose brassiere
A cunt that twitches like a mooses ear,
Ejaculations in my beer
These are the things that remind me of you.

3. A bloody kotex left in a toilet bowl
Your pubic hairs in my cereal
The creeping crud about your hole
These are the things that remind me of you

4. A bloody abortion in a double-bed
Your hairy thighs wrapped around my head,
Well I'll be fucked until I'm dead
These are the things that remind me of you.

PART TWO

PART TWO

This section contains songs collected from four informants. One of the most significant aspects of this part is that it helps to establish three of the songs as quite prevelent in "Dirty" Song Tradition. The first song, "Christopher Columbo", sung by Doug Archer, correlates with the fragment, "Christofo Colombo," in Part One. As I mentioned with the songs the boys had remembered their verses (the 1st, last, and 3rd.) from a stag party their freshman year when Doug had sung the song. Even more signigicant, in the Sig Ep's collection (Part Three), "The Good Ship 'Venus'" verses one, three, six, and seven are very similar to the second, tenth, third, and seventh verses in Doug's song. Likewise, my wife's version of "Roll Me Over In The Clover" follows the same structure as the one version sung at the party although the words are somewhat different. In the Sig Ep collection, except for the fact that the point of view is from the male rather than the female and that it has an eleventh verse, the the version is almost identical to my wife's version. The last song that shows up in all three parts is "These Foolish Things Remind Me Of You." Except for a few rearranged lines, it is almost identical to

"These Are The Things That Remind Me Of You" in Part One. Also."Ten Pounds Of Titty" in Part Three shows marked resemblance to the two above songs, These three songs demonstrate the subtle as well as some of the obvious changes that are created as a result of an oral tradition.

The final area that needs clarification is my wife's contrabutions to this collection. She is the only female who would sing for me. She sang all her songs at our home and without any audience save myself and the recorder. Although she knew the songs at the time when I had the party,she refrained from singing them at that time and instead sang them in private. It seems to follow,then, that,as is in Northern Singing Tradition, the female even though she knows the songs she does not sing them in public but rather is a passive carrier of the tradition of "dirty" songs.

Christopher Columbo

by Doug Archer 4/8/69

In fourteen-hundred-ninety-two
Came Diego from It-talee
He shit in every parking lot
And pissed in every alley.

Chorus: For he knew the world was round-o
And that it could be found-o
That masturbating, casterating
Son of a bitch Columbo

We sailed on the good ship Venus
My God you should have seen us
The figure head was a whore in bed
And the mast an erected penis.

Chorus

Now the captains wife was Mabel
Went down when she was able
Those dirty shits they nailed her tits
Right to the daptains table.

Chorus

The first mates mame was Andy
My God he had a dandy
They smashed his cock upon a rock
For coming in the brandy.

Chorus

The captain loved his first mate
He loved him like a brother
And every night at half past eight
They would corn hole each other.

Chorus

The second mates mame was Morgan
My God he had a long-un
From six to eight he'd flagellate
Upon his sexual organ.

Chorus

The captain had a daughter
They threw her in the water
You could tell by the squeals the electric eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

Chorus

The captain was a strong man
As sturdy as a mast pole
He grabbed the first mate by the cock
And rammed it up his ass-hole.

Chorus

The captains wife was eager
But her hole was oh so meager
The crew pulled a train in the pourin rain
Now compared to the hold its beeger.

Chorus

Italy

Roy Roy the cabin boy
That dirty little nipper
He lined the first mates ass with glass
And circumsized the skipper.

Chorus

Now the trip is ended
The crew was all expended
The captain fell from off the bridge
And his prick got broke and bended.

Chorus

The boys who sung Christofo Colombo (5.) had learned their version from Doug. Doug typed up all the verses he could remember, but said that he prefered not to sing in the tape recorder. He said that if he had a few beers in him he might be persuaded at some other time. He said that their were more verses to the song but that he couldn't remember them, and that the verses he knew he had learned from Bob Bean who was a brother in T.K.E. fraternity .

U.M.

Roll Me Over In The Glover

by Sue Files

4/8/69

Chorus: Lay me down,roll me over do it again,do it again
Lay me down roll me over do it again.

1. Oh,this is number one and the fun has just begun,
Chorus

2. Oh,this is number two,and my boyfriend's at my shoe,
Chorus

3. Oh,this is number three and his hand is on my knee,
Chorus

4. Oh,this is number four and he's got me on the floor,
Chorus

5. Oh,this is number five and his pecker did a dive,
Chorus

6. Oh,this is number six and I'm really in a fix,
Chorus

7. Oh,this is number seven and I'm in a seventh heaven,
Chorus

8. Oh,this is number eight and the doctor's at the gate,
Chorus

9. Oh,this is number nine and the twins are doing fine,
Chorus

10. Oh,this is number ten and I'm ready to do it again,
Chorus

Sue,my wife , learned this song while in High School

In Durby Town by Sue Files

4/8/69

1. In Durby Town,in Durby Town t'was men who work in a ditch,
One was the son of a millionaire the other a son-of-a-
Hocus-pocus donna mocus if you think its a lie
You can go to Durby Town and see it the same as I.

2. In Durby Town,in Durby Town t'was men who worked on a truck,
One was learnin' canasta The other was learnin' to
Hocus-pocus donna mocus if you think its a lie
You can go to Durby Town and see it the same as I.

3. In Durby Town,in Durby Town t'was men who work in a well,
One went to heaven the other went to,
Hell-o operator give me number nine,
If there is no answer shove it up your
Behind the door there is a piece of glass
If you do not like it you can shove it up your
Ask me no questions tell me no lies
If you ever get hit with a bucket of shit be sure to close your eyes.

This song was learned from Dick Hebb,a Phi Mu Delta,at the University of Maine.

U.M.

502031

Life's Just A Game Of Chance

Jim Kendricks and Wayne Carpenter 4/9/69

1. My latest acquisition, was a steadfast ambition
To assume the prone position with you .

Chorus: Let's fuck, life's just a game of chance,
Let's fuck, pull down your underpants,
Let's fuck on through the night.

2. My latest sensation, was a sexual gratification
Achieved through fornification with you.

Chorus:

Wayne said that he learned this from a boy who's now in the Army, but who attended Ohio Wesleyen University before entering the Army.

This and the next two song were collected at Tau Kappa Epsilon Fraternity house. The two boys are pledges in this house and I was told that they knew some songs, so I asked them if they would be willing to sing some for me and they consented. When I asked them if they always sang their songs with guitar accompanyment, they replied that they did.

Ohio -
U.M. -

These Foolish Things Remind Me Of You

by Jim Kendricks and Wayne Carpenter
4/9/69

1. A bloody fetus on a marble slab
A toothless blowjob in a taxi cab
A slimy hard-on with a syphilitic scab
These foolish things remind me of you.

2. A bloody abortion in a double bed
Those hairy thighs wrapped around my head
Well I'll be fucked until I'm dead
These foolish things remind me of you.

3. Ten pounds of titty in a loose brassiere
A cunt that twitches like a mooses ear
Ejaculations in my beer
These foolish things remind me of you.

4. A bloody cotex in a toilet bowl
A slimy safe hanging from your hole
Those pubic hairs in my cereal
These foolish things remind me of you.

The boys said that they learned this song from Pete Giftos, Who was a Phi Mu Delta and who now lives in Bangor .

Bangor

Waltz With Your Partner

sung by Wayne Carpenter 4/9/69

Chorus: Waltz with your partner your ass against the wall,
If you've never been laid on Saturday night
You've never been laid at all.

1. Oh the farmer's daughter she was there sitting in front of the fire
Knitting contraceptives out of an Indian rubber tire, singing,
Chorus

2. Oh the farmer's son he was there sitting upon a stool
He pulled his foreskin over his head and whistled through his tool,
singing,
Chorus

3. Oh the village idiot he was there sitting on a mat
Amusing himself by abusing himself and catching it all in his hat,
singing,
Chorus

Wayne said that he had learned this song at home.

a variant of "The Ball of Kirriemuir"

PART THREE

PART THREE

This collection of songs was acquired from Bob Gardner, a brother in Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity here on campus. I went to their house with the intention of recording some "dirty" s ongs sung by members of their fraternity, however no one was in the mood to sing "dirty" songs or as they put it no one was really "fired up". One boy who was supposed to know many of the songs wasn't there and,when they had a "stag" party, they usually sang from the song book I have included as Part Three. Bob was helpful and noted in the margins the origin of the song if he knew it. A number of the songs came from an Oscar Brand record album.

From the Sig Ep's reluctance to sing for me coupled with that of Doug Archer's behavior, it seems probable that the "Dirty" Song Tradition is restricted quite regidly to a party gathering. Singers of "dirty" songs prefer jovial companions, a smoky atmosphere,and a few beers before they really feel like opening up their repetoires.

One final point worth mentioning is that in this collection a number of the "dirty" songs make use of tunes from other songs,and in some cases ,such as"The Twelve Days Of Christmas," even use the same structure of an other song. This is also true with a number of the songs in the first two parts.

STAG SONGS OF MAINE ALPHA, SIGMA PHI EPSILON

Dedicated to brothers whose sincere search for carefree carousing has never been strangled by academic pressures.

U.M.

Sung in house for years. Originally from some other song sheet I think.

DO THEY HANG TOO LOW (tune: "Turkey in the Straw")

1) Do they hang too low, do they swing to and fro?
Can you tie 'em in a knot, can you tie 'em in a bow?
Can you throw 'em on your shoulder like a European soldier?
Do they hang too low in the morning?

CHORUS: Any old storm, any old port,
Life is long, love is short.
Better get a woman, get a woman if you can,
If you can't get a woman, get a clean old man!

2) Do they feel too tight, do they rattle when you fight?
Can you keep 'em out of harm, can you keep 'em out of sight?
Do they irritate your knees, do they tear your BVD's?
Do they hang too low in the morning?

3) Do they hang way down, do they drag along the ground?
Do they feel cool and nice when they slide along the ice?
Do they irritate when you snag 'em on the gate?
Do they hang too low in the morning?

4) Do they hang too loose from self abuse?
Do they tangle in a knot, do they bang around a lot?
Do they twist and kink, do you wish that they would shrink?
Do they hang too low in the morning?

Sung in house for years

VAGINA IN THE MORNING (tune: "Carolina in the Morning")

1) Nothing could be finer than to be in her vagina in the morning,
Nothing could be sweeter than her lips upon your peter
in the morning;
Sliding off her nightie, When her thighs are spread,
Slipping into the saddle, Riding her off the bed!
Feeling out her gender, being sure you bend her tender
in the morning,
As your organ triples while she strokes it with her nipples
in the morning,
When you're feeling horny at the start of a day,
Wake her for some fucking and promiscuous play, since
Nothing could be finer than to be in her vagina in the morning!

2) Nothing brings elation like a bit of fornication in the morning
Nothing's built for fucking like the muscle she's been sucking
in the morning,
Feeling her blond tresses, brush across your thighs,
Knowing how much she wants it, watching her passion rise;
Nothing could be fewer than the days you do not screw her
in the morning,
When her sexy boobies cause your cock to part her pubies
in the morning,
When you're feeling horny at the start of the day,
Wake her for some fucking and promiscuous play, since
Nothing could be finer than to be in her vagina in the morning!

VIRGIN IN THE TOWN by J.K.S., '68 (tune:"Tavern in the Town")

1) There is a virgin in the town, in the town,
Who tells her dates she won't go down, won't go down,
But she's so tough it's really plain to see
Her reputation won't stop me!

written by guy in verse.

CHORUS: Watch me well, for I will woo her
'Till she finally lets me screw her
And remember that the best of girls get laid, get laid.
I'll make her horney as can be, as can be
Untill she wants it desperately, desperately,
Then I'll bang her box 'neath a weeping willow tree,
And what a fine thrash it will be!

2) My neighbor's wife is very tough, very tough!
He doesn't fuck her quite enough, quite enough,
So her horney state has led me to decide,
I must keep her satisfied.

3) This is the way I get my tail, get my tail.
Do the same and you can't fail, you can't fail;
But if you're charm can't coax a girl to sin,
Tell me, and I will break her in.

Bawdy Songs Backroom Ballads

BALL OF YARN

Sean Brand

1) It was the month of June when the flowers were in bloom,
I found her sweeping out behind the barn;
As she shoveled up the gobs, I so gently pinched her knobs,
And asked to "spin her little ball of yarn".

CHORUS: "Ball of yarn" ("ball of yarn")
"Ball of yarn" ("ball of yarn")
It was then I "spun her little ball of yarn";
"Ball of yarn" ("ball of yarn")
"Ball of yarn" ("ball of yarn")
It was then I "spun her little ball of yarn".

2) She undressed before my sight; we went at it all that night;
Her little frame was shakin'stem to stern;
And the blackbird and the robbin watched her little butt
a-bobbin';
It was then I "spun her little ball of yarn".

3) It was two months after that in the office were I sat,
Never dreaming that she'd done me any harm;
A docter dressed in white said, "Your pecker is a sight,
It's been tangled in a 'little ball of yarn'."

4) It was nine months to the day, in the bathtub where I lay,
I felt a heavey hand upon my arm;
And a policeman quietly said, "Get dressed and come with me,
Your're the father of a little ball of yarn"

5) In my prison cell I sit with my coat-tails in the sh..ade,
The shadow of my finger on the wall,
And the ladies as they pass, shove their hatpins up my ...ears
And the little mice play hopscotch with my....

FOOTPRINTS ON THE DASHBOARD (tune: 1st 8 measures of Humoresque")

3

House Song

The Question:
Was it you who did the pushin'
Left the stains upon the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside-down?
Was it your sly hardwood pecker
That got into my girl, Rebecca?
If it was, you'd better leave this town.

The Reply:
Yes, 'twas me who did the pushin'
Left the stains upon the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
But since I got into your daughter,
I've had trouble passing water,
So I'd say we're even all around.

Urelated Verses;
Passengers will please refrain
From using toilets while the train
Is standing in the station, I love you.
For little brats beside the tracks
will pick it up in paper sacks
And take it home to mother, I love you.

If you wish to pass some water,
Kindly try the pullman porter,
He'll place a vessel in the vestibule.
If the porter is'nt there
Then try the platform in the rear,
The one in front is likely to be cool.

If these efforts are all vain,
Then simply break the window pain,
This novel method's used by very few.
Let's go strolling through the park,
A-goosing statues in the dark,
If Sherman's horse can take it so can you.

PI-PHI PIE (tune "Far Above Kyuga's Waters")

House Song

Far above the Pi-Phi's garter, way above her knee
Stands the symbol of her virtue, her virginity.
Lift her skirt up, higher, higher, far above her thigh,
There's nothing in the world like eating Pi-Phi pie.

4

SHE WAS A VIRGIN

She was a virgin in her freshman year;
She was a virgin in her sophmore year;
She never drank, nor swore, nor smoked, nor pet;
She was the idol of the campus you may bet.
Then she met a man from S.P.E.
Who put an end to her virginity;
Now she's a whore in Orono, Orono,
The mother of a Theta Chi,....the dirty bastard,
The mother of a Theta Chi.....and there was Granny
Swinging on the outhouse door,
....without her nightie,
What to hell's a nightie for?
....we wear pajamas.
Mabel, get off the table,
The two bits are for the beer!

or

Mabel, get off the stickshift,
It's not what you're looking for!

Short Ending:

....and there was Granny
Swinging on the outhouse door,
....without her nightie,
Swinging on the outhouse door,
(And it was cold!!!!)

SWEET VIOLETS

There once was a farmer who lived by the crick,
On Saturdays and Sundays he played with his,...
Horses and chickens and the woman next door,
You could tell by her actions that she was a ....
Swimmer, a diver, a regular duck,
She was teaching her husband a new way to....
Bring up the children who come in a kit,
While the men in the barnyard were shoveling...

Chorus: Sweet violets.
Sweeter than all the roses.
Cover me over from head to toe
With sweet violets.

I know that these verses are scanty.
The rhyme seems too much for my wit.
I start out like Shakespeare and Dante,
But somehow I end up with....

Well, now that my story is ended,
And I must make my exit.

If any of you feel offended,
Stick your head in a barrel of ....

Orono

FOUR LETTER WORDS

Oscar Brand Record

1) You may speak of a "movement" or "sit on the seat",
Have a "Passage" or "stool" or just simply "excreet",
Or say to the others, "I'm going out back,"
and groan in pure joy in a little wood shack.
You can "go lay a cable" or "do number 2",
Or "sit on the toiddy" or "make a do-do";
But ladies and men who are socially fit,
Under no provication will "go take a SHIT"!

CHORUS: Four letter words, four letter words
That never say quite what they mean.
We'd rather be known for our hypocrite ways,
Than as vulgar, impure, and obscene.

2) When dinner is hearty with onions and beans,
With bacon and garlic and claret and greens,
Your bowels get busy distilling a gas
That nature insists be permitted to pass!
You're very polite, you try to exhale
Without noise or purfume, but frequently fail;
Expecting no noise, you may give it a start,
When it booms all the boys will agree it's a FART!

3) While strolling in parks in your best pair of pumps
One often will tred on these dung-colored lumps.
Some call them "droppings", some say "manure;
These certain rank objects are found in the sewer.
Cows leave "meadow muffins", horse flys leave "specks";
Sea gulls let fly on the backs of you necks;
But though euphamisms may seem quite obsurd,
Whatever you do, never call it a TURD!

4)"It's a cavern of joy" you are thinking of now,
A "warm tender field just awaiting the plow";
It's a "quivering pigeon" caressing your hand",
Or the "national anthem" that makes us all stand"
Or perhaps it's a "flower", a "grotto", a "well",
The "hope of the world" or a "velvety hell";
But friend, heed theis warning: Beware the affront,
Don't try Anglo-Saxon and call it a CUNT!

RICKER CHEER

House Cheer

Ricker once, Ricker twice, Holy jumpin' Jesus Christ!
Bim bam, God damn, Rah, rah, SHIT!

RATSHIT CHEER

House Cheer

Ratshit, batshit, suck your mother's tit!
Cocksucker, motherfucker, eat a bag of shit!
Oh! Motherfuck!

LOAD HER UP & BANG AWAY ("Skip to my Lou")

Well up she came and down she got,
Then she showed me her "you know what"
Asked me if I'd like a shot, with my 18-pounder!

Chorus: Load her up and bang away, load her up and bang away,
Load her up and bang away, with my 18-pounder!

I tried her box, I found it locked;
Tried her back door, found it locked;
I just went off half-cocked, with my 18-pounder!

I took her to a shady dell, released my safety, banged like hell;
I missed the bull's eye, but drilled a well, with my 18-pounder!

I took her down beside the docks & sighted at her pretty box,
I missed her box but crushed some rocks, with my 18-pounder!

Two hot barrels in the bed, I missed her snatch & hit her head,
It ricocheted and I killed her dead, with my 18-pounder!

I took her to the burial ground, I dug a hole and layed her down,
Then just for practice, one more round, with my 18-pounder!

PARTIES AND BANQUETS AND BALLS

There was a man from county Claire, a noble man beyond compare;
He was famous everywhere, as a man with prodigious....

Chorus: Parties, banquets, and balls, my boys,
Parties, banquets, and balls.
Parties and banquets and banquets and parties
And balls, balls, balls!

Oh they were big & they were red, Round as the sun & heavy as lead,
He could swing them around his head, this man with prodigious...

One day while walking down the street, A fair young maid he chanced to meet;
She thought it would be a delectable treat to twirl his prodigious..

She twirled them up & she twirled them down,
She twirled them square, & she twirled them round;
Alas, she was crushed by a great rebound of a really prodigious...

At first a shriek & then a yell, The police came by & on him fell;
They locked him up in a dungeon cell with a 10 pound weight on his ..

And now he sits in durance vile, & eyes them all with a twisted smile,
And sighs and thinks once in a while of the maid who played with his ....

So if you're well endowed, take heed!
Respect the sack, protect the seed,
No matter how those girls may plead,
Don't let them play with your ....

[redacted]
502043

7 Standard
Oscar Brand

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

SAMPLE VERSE:
I wish little girls were like fish in the ocean,
If I were a whale, I would show them the motion!

CHORUS:
Oh roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over,
Oh roll your leg over, it's better that way!

1) ...fish in the pool, ...shark with a waterproof tool!
2) ...cows in the pasture,...bull, I would fill them with rapture!
3) ...mares in the stable,...stallion, I'd show them I'm able!
4) ...bricks in a pile, ...mason, I'd lay them in style!
5) ...little red foxes, ...hunter, I'd shoot in their boxes!
6) ...bats in the steeple,...bat, there'd be more bats than people!
7) ...little white rabbits...hare, I'd teach them bad habits!
8) ...trees in the forest,...woodsman, I'd split their clitoris!
9) ...telephone poles, ...squirrel, I'd stuff nuts in their holes
10) ...diamonds and rubies,...jeweler, I'd polish their boobies!
11) ...coals in the stoker,...fireman, I'd shove in my poker!
12) ...statues of Venus, ...god, with a petrified penis!
13) ...wheels on a car, ...piston, and go twice as far!
14) ...bells in a tower, ...sexton, I'd bang every hour!
15) ...holes in the road, ...dump truck and dump in my load!

IN THE HALLS

SAMPLE VERSE:
It's gin, gin, gin, that makes you want to sin
In the halls. In the halls.
Oh it's gin, gin, gin, that makes you want to sin
In the halls of Sigma Phi Epsilon!

House Song

CHORUS:
My eyes (my eyes) are dim (are dim), I can (I can) not see.
I have (Hey!) not (Ho!) brought my specks with me!

1) It's Carling Black Label, that makes you grab for Mabel, etc.
2) It's water, water, water, that makes you feel you oughta, etc.
3) It's scotch, scotch, scotch, that gets you in the crotch, etc.
4) It's hot roast duck, that makes you want a sandwich, etc.
5) It's Friday night grunt, that makes you want some beer, etc.

ETC. for beer-queer; booze-snooze; wine-fine; coke-choke; rye-cry; H_2O-go; whiskey-friskey; ....and others!

MEN OF EPSILON CHEER

House Song

We are the men of Epsilon, the rapers of the night,
We're dirty sons-of-bitches, we'd rather fuck than fight! ...Oh,
Hidy, hidy, Christ Almighty, who the fuck are we?
We are the men of Epsilon, the <u>best</u> fraternity! ...<u>Hey</u>!

Originally from Sig Ep Chapter in Pennsylvania

Standard

AYE, AYE, AYE, AYE

CHORUS: Aye, aye, aye, aye; In China they never eat Chile.
So let's have another verse that's worse than the other verse, and waltz me around again Willy!

1) There was a young boy named Perkin, who was always jerkin' his gerkin'.
His mother said, "Perkin! Stop jerkin' your gerkin'.
Your gerkin's for ferkin' not jerkin'!"

2) A stupid young girl named Alice, used a dynamite stick for a fallace.
They found her vagina in North Carolina, and her two tits in Buckingham Palace!

3) There was a young man from Nantucket,
Whose prick was so long he could suck it.
He said with a grin as he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear were a cunt, I could fuck it!"

4) 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!

5) There once was a queen of Fashoda who lived in a golden pagoda.
The walls of her halls were festooned with the balls
And the tools of the fools who bestrode her!

6) There was a young fellow named Howells,
Had a terrible time with his bowells.
His wife, so they say, cleaned them out every day
With special elongated trowels!

7) There was a swift Sig Ep from Maine,
Who screwed a young broad on the train.
Not once, I maintain, but again, and again,
And again, and AGAIN, and AGAIN!

8) There was a young girl from Mobile
Whose snatch was as hard as blue steel.
She got all her thrills from pneumatic drills
And off-center emery wheels!

9) There is a young girl from Detroit
Who at screwing has proved quite adroit.
She can close her vagina to a pinpoint or finer
Or throw it out wide like a quoit!

Michigan
Alabama
Maine
Nantucket
Exeter

10) There was a young lady from Exeter
So sexy that men craned their necks at her.
One was even so brave as to take out and wave
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her!

11) There was an old lady of late whose sewing needles weren't straight.
While her sewing looked funny, she saved Kotex money
From the fact that she couldn't men-straight!

China
Engl.
N. Carolina

12) Said Red Riding-hood's wolf with a roar,
"I'm about to start eating you raw."
She stamped both her feet,
Crying, "Eat, eat, eat, eat!!
Doesn't anybody fuck anymore??"

13) There was a young man from Kent,
Whose prick was so long it was bent.
To save himself trouble, he put it in double,
And instead of coming he went.

14) A worried young man from Stanbul,
Discovered red spots on his tool.
Then said the doctor, a cynic, "Get out of my clinic,
Just wipe off the lipstick you fool!"

15) A lady while dining at Crew,
Found an elephant's prick in her stew.
Said the waiter, "Don't shout, or wave it about,
For others will want one too."

16) There once was a whore at Yale,
With her price list tatooed on her tail.
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind,
She had it embroided in Braille.

17) There was a young man from Racine,
Who was weened at the age of sixteen.
He said, "I'll admit, there's no milk in the tit,
But think of all the fun it has been.

18) There was a young man from Lynn,
Whose tool was the size of a pin.
Said his girl with a laugh, As she fondled his staff,
"This won't be much of a sin."

19) A young bride was once heard to say,
"Oh dear I'm withering away,
The inside of my thighs, look like mincemeat pies,
For my husband won't shave every day."

20) There was a young plumber named Lee,
Who was plumming his girl by the sea.
She said, "Stop plumming, somebody's coming,"
He said, "The only one's coming is me."

21) There was a young sailor from Brighton,
Who remarked to his girl, "Its a tight one."
She replied, "Shut your face, you're in the wrong place,
There's plenty of room in the right one."

22) One night a girl had an affair,
With a fellow all covered with hair.
The she picked up his hat, and realized that
She'd been had by Smoky the Bear!

23) There was a young man named Glass,
Who had two nuts made of brass.
When he rubbed them together, they played "Stormy Weather,"
And lightning shot out of his ass.

Brighton Mass
Mass. Lyn
Wisconsin
Kent
Istanbul
New Haven, Conn

24) There once was a man named McGruden,
Who met a nude and he wooed her.
She thought it was crude, to be wooed in the nude,
But McGruder was shrewd and he screwed her.

25) A pretty young maiden from France.
Decided that she'd take a chance.
She let herself go, for an hour or so,
And now all her sisters are Aunts.

26) A fairy who lived in Cartoom,
Took a lesbian up to his room.
They argued all night, over who had the right,
To do what and with which and to whom.

27) A pretty young lady from Norway,
Who hung by her heels in a doorway,
Told her young man, "Get off the divan."
I think I've discovered one more way."

House Song
Sig is not Known.

TEN POUNDS OF TITTY

Ten pounds of titty in a loose brassiere
Flap in the breeze like a moose's ear,
Ejaculations in my beer,
These things remind me of you.

A bloody abortion on a marble slab,
A toothless blowjob in a taxicab,
A slimy hard-on with a syphlitic scab,
These things remind me of you.

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN (My Bonnie)

House Song
Also on
Oscar Brand
record.

Additional Verses:

My Grandma sells cheap prophylactics,
And punctures the heads with a pin,
'Cause Grandpa gets rich from abortions,
My Lord, how the money rolls in.

My uncle is whittling out candles,
From wax that is specially soft,
He says that they'll come in real handy,
If ever his business drops off.

I've lost all my dough on the horses,
I'm sick from the synthetic gin,
I'm falling in love with my father,
My Lord, what a mess I am in.

France
India
Norway

PLYMOUTH TOWN

In Plymouth town there lived a maid, mark well what I do say,
In Plymouth town there lived a maid, the mistress of her hoary trade

Chorus

I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid,
Aroving, aroving, for roving's been my ru-i-in,
I'll go no more aroving with you fair maid.

Oscar Brand

I put my hand upon her toe, mark well what I do say,
I put my hand upon her toe,
She said you're stooping mighty low.

I put my hand upon her calf, mark well what I do say,
I put my hand upon her calf,
She said young man you're there by half.

I put my hand upon her thigh, mark well what I do say,
I put my hand upon her thigh,
She said young man your're getting nigh.

I put my hand upon her rear, mark well what I do say,
I put my hand upon her rear,
She said young man, you're pretty near.

Twas then she let her garments fall, mark well what I do say,
Twas then she let her garments fall,
She said young man now you know all.

I took one look and almost died, mark well what I do say.
I took one look and almost died,
Twas the captain of the F.B.I.

CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS ("John Peel")

The crocadile is a funny animile, He rates his mate only once in a while, But when he does he floods the Nile, as he revels in the throngs of fornication.

Chorus Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,
Cats with the clap and the crabs and the piles,
Cats with their butts all wreathed in smiles,
As they revel in the throngs of fornication.

Oscar Brand

The hippo's rump is big and round, The small ones weigh a thousand pound, Two together shake the ground, as they revel in the throng of fornication.

The baboon's rear is an eerie sight, there's a glow below like a neon light, As it waves like a flag in the jungle night, as he revels in the throngs of fornication.

The camel has a lot of fun, his night's complete when he is done, He always gets two humps forone, as he revels in the throngs of fornication.

The clam is a model of chastity and you can't tell the he from the she, But she can tell, and so can he, as they revel in the throngs of fornication.

Plymouth

The queen bees flit among the trees and there consort with whom they please, and fill the land with sons of bees, as they revel in the throngs of fornication.

Five hundred verses all in rhyme, to sit and sing them seems a crime, when we could better spend our time as we revel in the throngs of fornication.

SIX OLD WHORES FROM BALTIMORE ("Vive la Compange")

use song

There were 6 old whores from Baltimore, drinking beer and wine,
The topic of conversation was, "Mine is bigger than thine!"

ith ifferent words, n 'at Out" album

Chorus Roly poly, tickle my holey, smell of my slimy trough,
Drag your nuts across my guts, I'm one of the whorey crew.

The first old whore from Baltimore said,
"My hole's as big as the air.
The birds fly in, the birds fly out, and never touch a hair."

The second old whore from Baltimore said,
"My hole's as big as the moon.
The men jump in, the men jump out, and never touch the womb."

The third old whore from Baltimore said,
"My hole's as big as the sea,
The ships sail in, the ships sail out, and leave their rigging free.

The fourth old whore from Baltimore said,
"My hole's the biggest of all.
A man went in in the spring-time, and didn't come out till fall."

The fifth old whore from Baltimore said,
My hole's as big as a school.
Schoolboys gain their knowledge there, but not the golden rule.

The sixth old whore from Baltimore said,
"My hole's down there to please.
So go in and out and all about, doing what comes naturally!"

Tentative

I'M A FAIRY ("Pop Goes the Weasel")

I don't go out with girls anymore,
I don't intend to marry,
I just stay home and play with myself,
Wheee.....I'm a fairy!!

Baltimore

13

BELL-BOTTOMED TROUSERS

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,
And so they watched her carefully to keep the girl from harm.

Chorus

Bell-bottomed trousers, coat of navy blue,
Let him climb the rigging, like his daddy used to do.

Oscar Brand

The forty-second Fusiliers came marching into town,
And with them came a complement of rapists of reknown,
They busted every maidenhead that come within their spell,
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel.

Next come a company of the Prince of Wales' Hussars,
They piled into the whorehouse and they packed along the bars,
Many a maid and mistress and a wife before them fell,
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel.

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

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, as if he meant no harm,
He asked her if she'd come to bed just so's to keep him warm.

She lifted up the blanket and a moment there did lie,
He was on her, he was in her, in the twinking of an eye,
He was out again, and in again, and plowing up a storm,
And the only word she said to him, "I hope you're keeping warm."

Early in the morning, the sailor he arose,
A-saying, "Here's a fiver for the damage I have caused,"
If you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee,
If you have a son, send the bastard out to sea."

And now she sits beside the dock, a baby on her knee,
a-waiting for the sailing ships, a-coming from the sea,
A-waiting for the jolly tars in Navy uniform,
And all she wants to do, my boys, is keep the Navy warm.

14

ROLLING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN ("She's Coming Round the Mountain")

In the hills of West Virginie lived a girl named Nancy Brown,
She was the finest filly for many miles around.
The Deacon came avisiting the valley down below,
He almost reached the summit, but no further would she go.
And she came rolling down the mountain, she came rolling down the mountain, She came rolling down the mountain shouting, "No!"
And she didn't give the Deacon what ever he was seeking,
She remained as pure as West Virginie snow.

Along came a drummer and he wooed her with a song,
He took her to the mountains, but she still knew right from wrong.
She came rolling down the mountain, she came rolling down the mountain, She came rolling down the mountain breathing scorn,
And she left her bold companion to the coyotes in the canyon,
She remained as pure as West Virginny corn.

Along came a trapper with his phrases sweet and kind,
He took her up the mountain, but at last she read his mind.
She came rolling down the mountain, she came rolling down the mountain, She came rolling down the mountain piggy-back,
She remained, as I have stated, not one whit contaminated,
She remained as pure as Pappy's applejack.

Along came a city slicker with his hundred dollar bills,
He took her in his limousine away up in the hills.
And she stayed up in the mountain, she stayed up in the mountain,
And she stayed up in the mountain all that night,
She returned next morning early, more a woman than a girlie,
And her pappy chased the hussy out of sight.

Now she's living in the city, she's living in the city,
She's living in the city mighty swell,
She is dancing, she is dining, on her fanny she's reclining,
And the West Virginny hills can go to Hell!

BRASSIERE ("Brazil")

COUNTERPART: (same words over and over as a background)
Suck that tit, Bite that nipple off.

MELODY: Brassiere
You hold the things I find so dear,
And when you stick them in my ear,
My cock goes into second gear!

Warm thighs
Between you female sweetness lies,
And when you spread before my eyes,
My cock swells up to giant size!

GATHERIN' OF THE CLAN

1) 'Twas the gatherin' of the clansmen, and all the lads were there,
A-feelin' for the lassies, amongst the pubic hair, singin'

Chorus: Wha' do you last night, wha' do you now?
The man who do you last night, he cannot do you now!

Possibly Oscar Brand record.

2) Oh the village parson he came in and was surprised to see
Four and twenty maiden-heads a-hangin' from a tree!

3) Oh the fiery colonel, he was there, he'd fought among the Boers;
He jumped up on the table and he shouted for the whores, singin'

4) And the village cripple, he was there, but could not do too much,
So he lay there on the carpet and he diddled 'em with his crutch!

5) Oh the chimney sweep, he was there, but they had to put him out,
For every time he passed some wind he filled the room with soot!

6) And there was doin' in the burrow and some doin' in the oats;
Now most was doin' lassies, but some was doin' goats, singin'

7) Oh the queen was in the parlor, countin' out her wealth;
The king played with the countess, the baron played with himself!

8) The school master, he was there, and worked by rule of thumb;
He figured out with logarithms just when he should come!

9) And the bride was in the kitchen, explaining to the groom;
"The front side, not the back side, is the entrance to the womb! "

10) Oh when the time was over, everyone confessed,
The music was exquisite, but the doin' was the best!

LAST NIGHT I STAYED UP TO MASTERBATE

On song sheet from MIT chapter, Mass.

Last night I stayed up to masterbate
It was so nice! I did it twice.
Last night I stayed up to pull my pud
It felt so good! I knew it would.
You should see me on the short strokes;
I use my hand; it's simply grand.
You should see me on the long strokes;
I use my feet; it's simply neat.
Smash it! Bash it! Beat it on the floor.
Smite it! Bite it! Ram it through the door.
I have some friends that seem to think that intercourse is
simply grand
But for all around enjoyment I prefer it in the hand.

16

THE GOOD SHIP "VENUS"

1) Aboard the good ship "Venus", you really should have seen us,
With a figurehead of a whore in bed, & a mast of a phallic genus!

Chorus: All night long from the midnight on,
All night long from the midnight on.

2) The captain of the lugger was quite a filthy bugger,
Declared unfit to shovel shit from one ship to another!

3) The cabin boy, named Chipper, was a dandy little nipper,
He made a pass with broken glass & circumcised the skipper!

4) The first mate's name was Morgan; By God he was a gorgon;
From half past 8 he'd play 'til late upon the captain's organ!

5) The captain's wife was Charlotte, born & bred a harlot,
Her thighs at night were lily white, by morning they were scarlet!

6) The captain's daughter Mabel, though young was fresh & able
To fornicate with the second mate upon the chart-room table!

7) The captain's youngest daughter was washed into the water.
Her joyful squeals announced that eels had found her sexual quarter

8) The ship's dog's name was Rover. We turned the poor thing over
And ground & ground that faithful hound from Tenerief to Dover!

9) And when we reached our station through skillful navigation,
The ship sunk in a wave of gunk from too much fornication!

ROLL ME OVER

Chorus: Roll me over in the clover, roll me over, lay me down
and do it again.

This is number one and the fun has just begun.
This is number two and my hand is on her shoe.
This is number three and my hand is on her knee.
This is number four and I've got her on the floor,
This is number five and it's coming out alive.
This is number six and I've got her in a fix.
This is number seven and we're on our way to heaven.
This is number eight and the doctor's at the gate.
This is number nine and the twins are doing fine.
This is number ten and I think I'll do it again.
This is number eleven and I should've stopped at seven!

17

I KNOW A GIRL

Oh, I know a girl who lives on a hill, Honey! Honey!
I know a girl who lives on a hill, Babe! Babe!
Oh, I know a girl who lives on a hill; she won't do it but her sister will!
Babe, oh babe of mine.

Standard House Song

Oh I don't want a Chevrolet, Honey! Honey!
I don't want a Chevrolet, Babe! Babe!
Oh, I don't want a Chevrolet; all I want is a girl to lay!
Babe, oh babe of mine.

I know a girl who comes from Nome.
Jumps on a man like a dog on a bone.

Two old maids a-settin' in the sand,
Each one wishin' the other was a man.

I got a gal in Cumberland Gap,
Got four kids that call me 'pap'!

Got another gal in Wichita,
Got 6 kids that call me Paw!

Got me a gal in Vera Cruz,
Got ten kids but I don't know whose.

I know a girl from Southern China,
She's got rice in her virgina!

I know a girl from North Korea,
She's got a case of gonorrhea!

THE ANTS (a marching song)

House Song

The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah;
The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah;
The ants go marching one by one, the little one stops to have some fun,
And they all go marching down, to the ground, to get out of the rain, 2,3,4.

...2 by 2, ...the little one gets some shit on his shoe, etc.
...3 by 3, ...the little one stops to take a pee, etc.
...4 by 4, ...the little one finds a virgin whore, etc.
...5 by 5, ...the little one waits for beer to arrive, etc.
...6 by 6, ...the little one farts, ...just for kicks, etc.
...7 by 7, ...the little one shoots a moon at heaven, etc.
...8 by 8, ...the little one stops to fornicate, etc.
...9 by 9, ...the little one stops to drink some wine, etc.
...10 by 10, ..we've finished this God damn song again, etc.

Vera Cruz
Nome
Cumberland
Witchita Ark.
N. Korea
China

18

SARAH, SARAH

1) Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a shoe-shine shop
All day long she sits and shines
All day long she shines and sits
Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a shoe-shine shop
Well, she sits and shines and shines and sits
Sits and shines and shines and sits
Sarah, Sarah sitting in a shoe-shine shop.

Standard Drinking Song in House

2) Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a cabaret
All day long she sips her Schletz
All day long it's Schlitz she sips etc.

3) Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a Chevrolet
All day long she sits and shifts
All day long she shifts and sits etc.

4) Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a gravel pit (Sauna bath)
All day long she sits and pits,
All day long she pits and sits, etc.

✓ Verses originated in house.

5) (Twice as fast.)

Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a sheet-slitting shop,
All day long she slits her sheets
All day long it's sheets she slits etc.

✓

WHISKEY BAR

Show me the way to the next whiskey bar,
Oh, don't ask why, Oh, don't ask why;
Show me the way to the next whiskey bar,
Oh, don't ask why, Oh, don't ask why.
For if we don't find the next whiskey bar,
I tell you we must die, I tell you we must die,
I tell you, I tell you, I tell you we must die.

Doors Album

Sung at Sugarloaf, caught on,

Chorus: Oh no, no no no no noooo, now must say good-bye,
We've lost our dear old mama, I must have whiskey on my bar.

Show me the way to the next little girl
Oh don't ask why, oh don't ask why,
Show me the way to the next little girl
Oh don't ask why, oh don't ask why.
For if we don't find the next little girl
I tell you we must die, I tell you we must die
I tell you, I tell you, I tell you we must die.

(Repeat chorus twice.)

now a house song.

19

ROCKIN' JESUS and/or BE-BOPPIN' JESUS

House Song

Choruses: Rockin' Jesus (Yea, yea, yea)
Rockin' Jesus (Yea, yea, yea)
I don't know who is my favorite Jew
Rockin' Jesis (Yea, yea, yea)

or

Be-boppin' Jesus, he's my savior
Be-boppin' Jesus, I'm gonna watch my behavior
Be-boppin' Jesus, you ain't no friend of mine.

1) His hands were nailed, His feet were tied.
Oh my God he was crucified,

2) The Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost
All got together for a wiener roast,

3) I don't care if it rains of freezes
As long as I've got my plastic Jesus

4) Virgin Mary, she's the most
She got laid by the Holy Ghost

MY NAME IS JESUS

House Song

1) My name is Jesus, the son of Joe
Hello hello hello hello-hello.
I've come to save you from sin and woe
Hello hello hello hello.

2) I walk on water in my bare feet
Hello hello hello hello-hello.
The people watching, they think it's neat.
Hello hello hello hello.

ON TOP OF OLD SOPHIE ("On Top of Old Smokey")

MIT Songsheet

On top of old Sophie, all covered with sweat,
I've used fourteen rubbers and she hasn't come yet.
For fucking's a pleasure, and farting's relief,
But a long-winded lover will bring nothing but grief.
She'll kiss you and hug you and say it won't take long,
But two hours later, you're still going strong.
So come all you lovers, and listen to me,
Don't waste your erection on a long-winded she.
For your root will just wither, your passion will die,
And she will forsake you, and you'll never know why.

WE HAD SOME CHICKENS (2 additional verses)

Standard

We had a tree,
No fruit would it bear...etc.

Its bearing eggplant,
Just like it used to,...etc.

We had a broad,
No piece would she give...etc.

She's going down now,
Just like she used to,...etc.

12 DAYS OF CHRISTMAS (tune: "12 Days of Christmas")
(sing in exactly the same form as the carol)

tunelessness

1) a hand job in the pantry
2) two douche bags
3) three French ticklers
4) four fragrent farts
5) five golden dorks
6) six sucking sisters
7) seven sultry sluts
8) eight erotic eunochs
9) nine nasty nymphos
10) ten tender titties
11) eleven lisping lesbies
12) twelve twitching twats

LAY YOUR GIRLS ON BOUGHS OF HOLLY (tune: "Deck the Halls")
(sing in exactly the same form as the carol)

house Song as far as know.

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

2) Choose you now, you lads, your lassie, fa la .....
Don't get dogs, be sure they're classy, fa la .....
Shed you now your gay apparrel, fa la .....
Have you tried it in a barrel, fa la .....

3) And when you have had your evening, fa la .....
Her apartment let's be leaving, fa la .....
Don you now your gay apparrel, fa la .....
Now you've had your Christmas Carol, fa la .....

CHRISTMAS DAY (tune: "Frere Jacque")
(can be sung as a round)

house Song

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!

OFFICIAL LYRICS

of

SIGMA PHI EPSILON FRATERNITY

University of Maine

"...Let every loyal Maine man sing!"

Maine

DRINK BEER

Drink beer, drink beer, oh come
drink beer with me,
For I don't give a damn for any
old man who won't drink beer
with me.

Bring out that old golden goblet
with that Sig Ep heart upon it,
And we'll open up another keg of
beer, "keg of beer".

For it ain't for knowledge that we
come to college,
But to raise hell while we're,
Raise hell while we're,
Raise hell while we're here.

So we will drink, drink, drink
to Epsilon
And we will raise our glasses high
And we will drink, drink, drink
To our fraternity,
And we'll be loyal 'til we die,
until we die.

We love our sacred brotherhood
and laud it to the sky,
And when the day is done we'll
drink just one to Sigma
Phi Epsilon.

RUM RUM

Rum, Rum, the footsteps coming
Beat like the sound of drumming
Beat for our voices humming
Sig Eps are we.

We march the road together
And we will sing forever
This bond will never sever
Sig Eps are we.

Mighty, we'll always be
A Brotherhood of unity
Glory to the golden heart
Of our Fraternity.

To Sigma, our hearts are clinging
Phi, through the air goes ringing
Epsilon, we'll keep on singing
Sig Eps are we.

Rum, rum, rum, rum.

ANTHEM

Dear old fraternity
All my life through
I'll love and cherish
The memory of you.
Should harm betide me
Thou e'er will guide me
Sigma, dear Sigma
Phi Epsilon true.

WONDERFUL SIG EP GIRL

Of all the girls of college yea
There's one that I've loved lon
For me she wears a golden heart
For her I sing this song---

My Sigma Phi Epsilon sweetheart
Wonderful Sig Ep girl
True as the heart that you're
wearing
You've set my heart in a whirl
Violets and roses
My heart discloses
Say that you love me too---
My Sigma Phi Epsilon sweetheart
Wonderful Sig Ep girl.

So good night,
And sleep tight
We'll be back
When the moon shines again
Sigma Phi Epsilon
Says, "Good Night."

I WANT A BEER

I want a beer, just like the be
That pickled dear old Dad.
It was a beer, and the only bee
That Daddy ever had.
A good old-fashioned beer
with lots of foam
It took ten men
to carry Daddy home
Yes, I want a beer
Just like the beer
That pickled my old man.

SOUSE FAMILY

Drink, drink, drink, drink
Drank, drank, drank, drank
Drunk, drunk, drunk, drunk

Drunk last night, drunk the night
before
I'm gonna get drunk tonight like
I've never been drunk before
For when I'm drunk, I'm as happy
as can be,
For I'm a member of the Souse
family.
Now the Souse family is the best
family
That ever came over from old Germany
There's the highland Dutch
and the lowland Dutch
There's the Rotterdam Dutch
and the gosh darn Dutch

CHORUS
Sing glorious, sing glorious
One keg of beer for the four of us
Sing "Glory be to God" that there
are no more of us
For one of us could drink it all
alone---Damn quick.

God made the Irish,---He didn't
make much
But they're a helluva lot better
Than the gosh darn Dutch (chorus)

What's that smell on the evening
breeze?
It's the gosh darn Dutch eating
Limburger cheese. (chorus)

WHISKEY, WHISKEY, WHISKEY!

For it's whiskey, whiskey, whiskey
That makes you feel so frisky
In the halls, in the halls.
For it's whiskey, whiskey, whiskey
That makes you feel so frisky
In the halls of Sigma Phi Epsilon
CHORUS
My eyes are dim, I cannot see.
I have not brought my specs with me
I have, hey!, not, hey!, brought
my specs with me.

THE LADY IN RED

Twas a cold winter evening
The guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar.
Then he turned and he said to the
lady in red, "Get out; you can't
stay where you are."
She wept a sad tear in her bucket
of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahea
When a gentleman dapper
Stepped out of the "phonebooth"
And these are the words that he said
"Her mother never told her the thing
a young girl should know,
About the ways of college men,
And how they come and go, mostly go
Now age has taken her beauty,
And sin has left its sad scar
So remember your mothers and
sisters, boys---
Let Nellie sleep under the bar.
B-A-R, bar."

SHE PLAYS COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Eight feet tall, what a gal
She plays college basketball
Has anybody seen my gal?

Cauliflower ears, guzzles beer,
She can eat half a steer,
Has anybody seen my gal?

Now when you run into an 8'2"
-Covered with hair--
Don't be surprised, it ain't your ey
Her mother was a grizzly bear.

Can she neck, what the heck,
She plays end for GA Tech.
Has anybody seen my gal?

LET'S ALL DRINK AND GO NAKED

(tune: For He's a Jolly Good Fellow
Let's all drink and go naked
Let's all drink and go naked
Let's all drink and go naked
And lay in a great big pile.

And lay in a great big pile
And lay in a great big pile
Let's all drink and go naked
And lay in a great big pile

Germany
Amsterdam

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN (My Bonnie)

My brother makes beer in the bathtub,
My father makes synthetic gin,
My sister makes love on the sofa,
My Lord, how the money rolls in!

CHORUS
Rolls in, rolls in, my Lord, how the money rolls in, rolls in,
Rolls in, rolls in, my Lord how the money rolls in!

My mother's a boardinghouse keeper,
Each night as the light grows dim,
She hangs a red light in the window,
My Lord, how the money rolls in! (chorus)

My brother's a great missionary,
He saves young girls from sin,
For five bucks he'll save you a nice one,
My Lord, how the money rolls in! (chorus)

LADY GODIVA (Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride,
To show the royal villagers her fine and lily-white hide,
The most observant man around, 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, 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 me from this horse and leads me to a bar,"
The man who took her from her steed and led her to a beer
Was a bleary-eyed surveyor and a drunken engineer. (chorus)

My father was a miner from the northern malamute,
My mother was a mistress of a house of ill-repute,
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. (chorus)

The army and the navy, they went out to have some fun,
Down to the local tavern where the firery liquors run,
But when they got there they found the engineers had come
And traded all their instruments for gallon kegs of rum. (chorus)

Sir Francis Drake and all his ships set out for Calais Bay,
They'd heard the Spanish rum fleet was headed out their way,
But the engineers had beaten them by a night and half a day,
And though as drunk as ptarmigans, you still could hear them say:
(chorus)

Venus was a statue made entirely of stone
Without a stitch upon her she was naked as a bone
On seeing all this nudity, an engineer discoursed:
Why the damn thing's only concrete & should be re-inforced.(chorus)

Calais Ba

502062

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 booze 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!

YEA BOO (no tune)

We're going to build a tavern-YEA
With only one bar-BOO
A mile long-YEA
No beer served-BOO
Only hard liquor
Only one waitress
For every man
They all wear dresses
Made out of cellophane
No women on the second floor
Without a man
No beer sold on Sunday
We'll give it away
59 Costumes for the chorus line
60 women in the chorus line
Only one glass per customer
10-gallon glass
No necking on the dancing floor
No dancing on the necking floor.

WE HAD SOME CHICKENS

1(We had some chickens,
No eggs would they lay.
We had some chickens,
No eggs would they lay.
My wife said, "Honnney,
We're losing monnney;
We've got some chickens,
No eggs will they lay."
One day a rooster
Came in our yard,
And caught those chickens
Right off their guard....

They're layin' eggs now
Just like they used to
Ever since that rooster
Come in our yard!

2) We had a cow-wow,
No milk would she give.
We had a cow-wow,
No milk would she give.
My wife said,"Honnney,
We're losing monnney;
We've got a cow-wow,
No milk will she give."
One day that rooster,
Come in our yard,
And caught that cow-wow
Right off her guard....

She's giving eggnog
In waxed containers
Ever since that rooster
Come in our yard!

NO HIDING PLACE DOWN THERE

Oh, the Pi Phi's they are a bunch
of wrecks, bunch of wrecks
Oh, the Pi Phi's they are a bunch
of wrecks, bunch of wrecks
Oh, the Pi Phi's are a bunch
of wrecks, turn out the lights
Turn on the sex,
There's no hiding place down there
Halla-lu-ia, lu-ia
There's no hiding place down there.

Oh, the D.Z.'s, they are a bunch
of frills, bunch of frills
Oh, the D.Z.'s, they are a bunch
of frills, bunch of frills
Oh, the D.Z.'s are a bunch of
frills with footsteps on
their wondowsills
There's no hidinggplace down there
Halla-lu-ia, lu-ia
There's no hiding place down there

Oh, the Chi O's, they wear the low-
neck dress, low-neck dress
Oh, the Chi O's, they wear the low-
neck dress, low-neck dress
Oh, the Chi O's wear the low-
neck dress
It's cut so low I must confess,
There's no hiding place down there
Halla-lu-ia, lu-ia
There's no hiding place down there

Oh, the Phi Mu's they are so
tried and true, tried and true
Oh, the Phi Mu's they are so
Tried and true, tried and true
Oh, the Phi Mu's are so tried
and true
I have tried and so have you
There's no hiding place down there
Halla-lu-ia, lu-ia
No hiding place down there.

Oh, the A.O.Pi's they have no
chaperones, chaperones
Oh, the A.O.Pi's they have no
chaperones, chaperones
Oh, the A.O.Pi's have no
chaperones
Turn out the lights,
you're on your own
There's no hiding place down there
Halla-lu-ia, lu-ia
There's no hiding place down there

Oh, the Tri Delts they wear the
dresses tight, dresses tight
Oh, the Tri Delts they wear the
dresses tight, dresses tight
Oh, the Tri Delts wear their
dresses tight
Everything shows, but that's
all right
There's no hiding place down th
Halla-lu-ia, lu-ia
There's no hiding place down th

Oh, the A X, they wear their BV
Oh, the A X, they wear their BV
Oh the A X wear their BVD's
Through them you can see with e
There's no hiding place down th
Halla-lu-ia, lu-ia
There's no hiding place down th

THE LITTLE BROWN MOUSE

The liquor was spilled on the
bar-room floor,
And the bar was closed for the
night.

When out of his hole came the
Little Brown Mouse,
And he sat in the pale moonlight

He lapped up the liquor on the
bar-room floor,
And back on his haunches he sat.

And all night long you could
hear him roar:
Bring on the gosh darn cat.

The cat came out from his hole
in the wall,
And ate up the gosh darn mouse.

And the moral of this story goes
You can't have a drink on the
house.

DONNA

Refrain: Oh, Donna,.... Oh, Donna,....
Oh, Donna,.... Oh, Donna

I... had a girl, Donna ... was her name
Since ... she left me, I've never ... been the same, 'cause I
Loved ... my girl, Donna ... was her name.

Since ... she left me, I've been ... all alone,
All ... by myself, to wander ... and to roam, 'cause I
Loved ... my girl, Donna, where can you be? (Refrain)

(hum the refrain while one person speaks with dramatic emotion:)
"Oh, Donna! Now that you're gone.....
I don't know what I'll do!
I'm left all alone!... and so blue too" (ad lib)
(sing first verse again and then the refrain, fading at the end)

DON'T SELL MY DADDY NO MORE WINE

Chorus: Please don't sell my daddy no more wine, no more wine,
Mamma don't want him drinking all the time.
Please don't sell my daddy no more wine, no more wine,
He may be no good but he's still mine.

1) Late one night in old Joe's friendly bar room,
The men were standing drinking all alone;
Thinking of the days when they were younger,
Talking 'bout the women they had known.
When there in the dim light of the tavern,
A sweet young girl came softly to their side,
And to one man's surprise, he looked upon two tear-stained eyes,
And saw his own sweet daughter there inside. (Chorus)

2) "My daddy used to buy me pretty dresses, Now it's
Only hand-me-downs and worn-out shoes.
It's because of you, I know, that I wear these ragged clothes,
'Cause you're the man who sells my daddy booze." Her father
Looked down on the glass that he was holding,
As the tear drops trickled down in deep disgrace,
"I've been here just so long, now it's time that I was gone,
It's home to stay, I'll never see this place." (Chorus)

(sing after last chorus:)
Don't you do it, don't you do it,
Don't you sell him no more wine, no more wine.....
He may be no good but he's still mine!

SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES

I got the blues from my baby down by San Francisco Bay.
An ocean liner took her so far away.
I didn't mean to treat her so bad.
She was the best girl I ever had.
Said good-bye; made me cry; gonna lay right down and die.
Well I ain't got a nickle; ain't got a lousy dime.
If she ever comes back I think I'm gonna lose my mind.
If she ever comes back to stay, it's gonna be another
brand new day,
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.

You know I'm sitting here by my back door
Wonderin' which way to go.
The girl that I'm so crazy 'bout says she don't love me no more.
Think I'll grab me a freight train, 'cause I'm feelin' so blue;
Ride on through to the end of the line, thinkin' all about you.
Meanwhile in another city, just about to go insane,
I think I hear my baby, the way she used to call my name.
If she ever comes back to stay, it's gonna be another brand new day,
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.

I CALL YOUR NAME

I call your name, but you're not there.
Was I to blame, for being unfair?
Don't you know I can't sleep at night since you've been gone?
I never weep at night, I can't go on.
Don't you know I can't take it! I don't know who can.
I'm not gonna make it! I'm not that kind of man.
Don't you know I can't sleep at night, but just the same,
I never weep at night, I call your name.

THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

There is a house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun;
It has been the ruin of many a poor girl, and me I know I'm one.

My husband was a gambling man, he went from town to town,
And the only time he was satisfied was when he drank his
liquor down.

Mothers, tell your daughters not to do what I have done;
But to shun that house in New Orleans they call the
Rising Sun.

S.F. Bay, Calif
Louisiana

TODAY

Chorus:
Today while the blossoms still cling to the vine,
I'll taste your strawberries, I'll drink your sweet wine.
A million tomorrows shall all pass away,
Then I'll forget all the joy that is mine.... Today.

I'll be a dandy and I'll be a rover,
You'll know who I am by the song that I sing.
I'll feast at your table, I'll sleep in your clover,
Who cares what the morrow shall bring. (Chorus)

I can't be contentedd with yesterday's glory,
I can't live on promises winter to spring.
Today is my moment and now is my story,
I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing. (Chorus)

SCOTCH AND SODA

Scotch and soda, mud in your eye; Baby, do I feel high;
Oh me, oh my, do I feel high.
Dry martini, jigger of gin; Oh what a mood you've got me in;
Oh my, do I feel high!
People won't believe me, they'll think that I'm just braggin'.
But I could feel the way I do and still be on the wagon.
All I need is one of your smiles, the sunshine of your eye
Oh me, oh my, do I feel higher than a kite can fly.
Give me lovin', Baby, I feel high.

FOUR STRONG WINDS

Chorus:
Four strong winds that blow lonely, seven seas that run high,
All these things that don't change, come what may;
But our good times are all gone and I'm bound for moving on.
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way.

Think I'll go out to Alberta, weather's good there in the fall;
Got some friends that I can go to working for;
But I wish you'd change your mind if I asked you one more time,
But we've been through that a hundred times or more. (Chorus)

If I get there before snow flies, and if things are looking good,
You can meet me if I send you down the fare;
But by then it would be winter, not too much for you to do,
And the winds sure blow cold way up there. (Chorus)

alberta

DON'T THINK TWICE, IT'S ALRIGHT

It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, Babe.
It don't matter anyhow.
An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, Babe
If you don't know by now.
When the rooster crows at the break of dawn,
Look out your window and I'll be gone.
You're the reason I'm travelin' on.
Don't think twice, it's alright.

It ain't no use in turnin' on your light, Babe
That light I never knowed.
An' it ain't no use in turnin' on your light, Babe
I'm on the dark side of the road.
Still I wish there was something you would do or say
To try and make me change my mind and stay;
We never did too much talkin' anyway
So don't think twice, it's alright.

I'm walkin' down that long lonesome road, Babe
Where I'm bound, I can't tell.
But "good-bye" is too good a word, Babe
So I'll just say "fare thee well".
I ani't sayin' you treated me unkind;
You could have done better, but I don't mind.
You just sort of wasted my precious time;
Don't think twice, it's alright.

It ain't no use in callin' out my name gal,
Like you never did before.
It ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal.
I can't hear you any more.
I'm a-thinkin' and a-wonderin' all the way down the road,
I once loved a woman, a child untold;
I gave her my heart but she wanted my soul.
Don't think twice, it's alright.

THESE FRIENDS OF MINE

These friends of mine, we had some good times together.
Days of sunshine, days of rain.
Many jobs and many towns we worked and never
Cared-if we saw the same towns again.
Then one day we weren't quite so young as before;
Our mistakes weren't quite so easy to undo;
But by all these roads my friend, we traveled down
I'm a better man for just the knowin' of you.

These friends of mine, they never cared about tomorrow.
It was too early in the game.
They'd stay awhile until the day they'd got to wonderin'
If the far side of the hill looked the same;
And they settled down somewhere along the way
And some went on as some men do;
But by all these roads, my friend, we traveled down
I'm a better man for just the knowin' of you.

PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON

1) Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah-Lee,
Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal Puff
And brought him strings and sealing wax and other fancy stuff.
CHORUS: Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah-Lee,
Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah-Lee.

2) Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail,
Jackie kept a look-out perched on Puff's gigantic tail,
Noble kings and princes would bow whene'er they came,
Pirate ships would lower their flags when Puff roared out his name.
CHORUS
3) A dragon lives forever but not so little boys,
Painted wings and giant rings make way for other toys.
One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more, and
Puff that mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless roar.
CHORUS
4) His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain,
Puff no longer went to play along the cherry lane.
Without his lifelong friend, Puff could not be brave, so
Puff that mighty dragon sadly slipped into his cave.
CHORUS

TELL OLD BILL

1(Tell old Bill when he comes home this morning
Tell old Bill when he comes home this morning
Tell old Bill when he comes home to leave them downtown girls alone
This morning...this evening...so soon.
2) Old Sal was baking bread.....(etc.)
.....when she found out her Bill was dead.....(etc.)
3) She said, "Oh, no! It can't be so!".....(etc.)
....."My Bill left here an hour ago.".....(etc.)
4) She said,"Oh, no! This can't be!".....(etc.)
...."They killed my Bill in the third degree.".....(etc.)
5) Well, they brought Bill home in a hurry-up wagon.....(etc.)
.....Poor dead Bill, how his toes were draggin'.....(etc.)
6) (Repeat verse #1)

SALTY DOG

CHORUS: Salty Dog, Salty Dog, I don't want to be your man at all,
Honey, let me be your Salty Dog.
1) Down in the wildwood, sitting on a log, Singing a song about a
Salty Dog, Honey, let me be your Salty Dog.
CHORUS
2) Two old maids a-sittin' in the sand, Each one wishin' that the
other was a man.....(etc.) CHORUS
3) Worst day I ever had in my life, When my best friend caught me
kissin' his wife.....(etc.) CHORUS
4) God made a woman and He made her mighty funny, When you kiss her
'round the mouth, just as sweet as any honey....(etc.)
CHORUS

MISTER TAMBOURINE MAN

CHORUS: Hey, mister tambourine man, play a song for me
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey, mister tambourine man, play a song for me
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you.

Though I know that evening's empire has returned into sand,
Vanished from my hand, left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping;
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet,
I have no one to meet, and the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.
CHORUS
Take me on a trip upon your magic swirling ship
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip.
My toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heel's dreary wanderin'
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to feed, into my own parade
Cast your dancin' spell my way, I promise to go wanderin'
CHORUS

LEMON TREE

CHORUS:
Lemon Tree very pretty, and the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the poor lemon is impossible to eat.
Lemon Tree very pretty and the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the poor lemon is impossible to eat.

When I was just a little boy, my father said to me:
Come here and learn a lesson from the lovely Lemon Tree.
My son, it's most important, my father said to me,
To put your faith in what you feel and not in what you see.
CHORUS
Beneath that Lemon Tree one day, my love and I did lie,
A girl so sweet that when she smiled the sun rose in the sky.
We passed the summer lost in love beneath the Lemon Tree,
The music of her laughter hid my father's words from me.
CHORUS
One day she left without a word, she took away the sun,
And in the dark she left behind, I knew what she had done.
She left me for another, it's a common tale but true,
A sadder man but wiser now, I sing these words to you.
CHORUS

ABILENE

CHORUS: Abilene, Abilene, Prettiest town that I've ever seen.
Folks out there don't treat you mean, in Abilene, my Abilene

1) Sit alone every night; Watch the trains roll out of sight;
Don't I wish that they were carrying me, To Abilene, my Abilene.
CHORUS

2) Crowded city... ain't nothing free: Ain't nothing in this crowd for me;
Wish to my God that I could be, In Abilene, my Abilene.
CHORUS

IN CHINA THEY NEVER EAT CHILE

CHORUS: Ay, ay, ay, ay; In China they never eat chile.
So let's have another verse that's worse than the other verse
And waltz me around again Willie.

1) There was a young lady named Banker
Who slept while her ship lay at anchor.
She awoke in dismay, when she heard the mate say,
"Now hoist up the topsheet and spank her!"

2) There was an old of Lyme, who married 3 wives at a time.
When asked, "Why a third?" replied, "One's absurd,
And bigamy, sir, is a crime!"

3) There was a stout man of St. Bees
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp.
When asked, "Does it hurt?" he replied, "No, it doesn't,
But I'm sure glad it wasn't a hornet!"

4) There was a young fellow named Willie
Who acted remarkably silly
At an All-Nations ball, dressed in nothing at all,
He swore that his costume was Chile!

5) There was a young lady from Thrace
Whose corsets grew too tight to lace.
Her mother said,"Nellie, there's more to your belly
Than ever went in through your face!"

6) A serious thought for the day
And one that may cause dismay:
What are the forces that bring little horses
If all the big horses say "Neigh"???

7) There was a young girl from Grant's Pass
Who loved to tickle her ass.
Her favorite trick was to use a sharp stick
And scratch it while feeding it grass!

Chile
Lyme
Abalene
China

AIN'T SHE SWEET

Ain't she sweet? See her coming down the street!
Now I ask you very confidentially, ain't she sweet?

Ain't she nice? Look her over once or twice.
Now I ask you very confidentially, ain't she nice?

Just cast an eye in her direction
Oh, me! Oh, my! Ain't that perfection?

I repeat, don't you think that's kind of neat?
And I ask you very confidentially, ain't she sweet?

BABY FACE

Baby Face, you've got the cutest little baby face
There's not another one could take your place, Baby Face
My poor heart is jumping,
You sure have started something
Baby Face, I'm up in Heaven when I'm in your fond embrace.
I didn't need a shove, 'cause I just fell in love
With your pretty baby face.

BALLIN' THE JACK

First you put your two knees close up tight,
Then you sway 'em to the left and you sway 'em to the right,
Step around the floor kind of nice and light,
Then you twis' around and twis' around with all of your might,
Stretch your lovin' arms straight out in space
Then you do the Eagle Rock with style and grace,
Swing your foot way 'round then bring it back,
Now that's what I call Ballin' the Jack.

BUTTON UP YOUR OVERCOAT

Button up your overcoat when the wind is free.
Take good care of yourself; you belong to me!
Eat an apple every day. Get to bed by three.
Take good care of yourself; you belong to me!

Be careful crossing streets Oo-oo!
Don't eat meats Oo-oo!
Cut out sweets Oo-oo!
You'll get a pain and ruin your Tum-tum
Keep away from bootleg hootch, when you're on a spree.
Take good care of yourself; you belong to me.

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

Pack up all my care and woe, here I go, singing low,
BYE BYE BLACKBIRD.
Where somebody waits for me, sugar's sweet, so is she,
BYE BYE BLACKBIRD.
No one here can love or understand me.
Oh, what hard-luck stories they all hand me.
Make my bed and light the light, I'll arrive late tonight,
Blackbird, Bye, Bye.

CAROLINA IN THE MORNING

Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the morning.
No one could be sweeter than my sweetie when I meet her in the morning.
Where the glories twine around the door
Whispering pretty stories I long to hear once more.

Strolling with my girlie where the dew is pretty early in the morning
Butterflies all flutter up and kiss each little buttercup at dawn-ing
If I had Aladdin's lamp for only a day
I'd make a wish and here's what I'd say
Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the morning.

DAISY, DAISY

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage.
I can't afford a carriage.
But you'll look sweet, upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

Michael, Michael, here is your answer true:
I'm not crazy over the likes of you.
If you can't afford a carriage,
I'll not consent to marriage,
'Cause I'll be damned if I'll be jammed
On a bicycle built for two.

THE DARKTOWN STRUTTER'S BALL

I'll be down to get you in a taxi, Honey
You better be ready 'bout half past eight,
Now dearie, don't be late
I want to be there when the band starts playing
Remember when we get there, Honey,
The two-steps, I'm goin' to have 'em all
Goin' to dance out both my shoes,
When they play them "Jellie Roll Blues",
Tomorrow night at the Darktown Strutter's Ball.

FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE

Five foot two, eyes of blue
But, oh, what those five foot could do,
Has anybody seen my girl?
Turned-up nose, turned-down hose,
Never had no other beaus,
Has anybody seen my girl?

Now, if you run into a five foot two, covered with fur,
Diamond rings, and all those things,
Bet your life it isn't her.
But could she love, could she woo,
Could she, could she, could she coo?
Has anybody seen my girl?

Carolina

THE GANG THAT SANG HEART OF MY HEART

Heart of my heart, I love that melody.
Heart of my heart, brings back a memory.
When we were kids on the corner of the street
We were rough and ready guys,
But, oh, how we could harmonize.

Heart of my heart meant friends were dearer then.
Too bad we had to part,
I know a tear would glisten,
If once more I could listen,
To that gang that sang Heart of my Heart.

GOODY-GOODY

So you met someone who set you back on your heels, goody-goody!
So you met someone and now you know how it feels, goody-goody!
So you gave him your heart, too,
Just as I gave mine to you,
And he broke it in little pieces,
Now how do you do?

So you lie awake just singing the blues all night, goody-goody!
So you think that love's a barrel of dynamite, goody-goody!
Hooray and hallelujah,
You had it coming to ya,
Goody-goody for him,
Goody-goody for me,
And I hope you're satisfied, you rascal, you.

I FOUND A MILLION DOLLAR BABY

It was a lucky April shower,
It was the most convenient door.
I found a million dollar baby
In a five and ten cent store.

The train continued for an hour,
I hung around for three or four.
Around a million dollar baby,
In a five and ten cent store.

She was selling china
And when she made those eyes,
I kept buying china,
Until the crowd got wise.

Incidently,
If you should run into a shower,
Just step inside my cottage door,
And meet the million dollar baby
From the five and ten cent store.

IF YOU KNEW SUZIE

If you knew Suzie, like I know Suzie,
Oh! Oh! Oh!! What a girl!
There's none so classy as this fair lassie,
Oh! Oh! Holy Moses! What a chassis!
We went riding, she didn't balk.
Back from Yonkers, I'm the one who had to walk!
If you knew Suzie, like I know Suzie,
Oh! Oh! What a girl!

I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER

I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter
And make believe it came from you.
I'm gonna write words, oh, so sweet,
They're gonna knock me off my feet.
A lot of kisses on the bottom,
I'll be glad I got 'em
I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter
And make believe it came from you.

I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR LEAF CLOVER

I'm looking over a four leaf clover,
That I overlooked before.
One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain,
Third is the roses that grow in the lane.

No need explaining the one remaining,
Is somebody I adore.
I'm looking over a four leaf clover
That I overlooked before.

IT HAD TO BE YOU

It had to be you, it had to be you,
I wandered around, and finally found, the somebody who
Could make me true, could make me blue,
And even be glad, just to be sad, thinking of you.

Some others I've seen, might never be mean,
Might never be cross, or try to be boss, but they wouldn't do.
For nobody else gave me a thrill,
With all your faults, I love you still,
It had to be you, wonderful you, it had to be you.

Yonkers, N.Y.

JA-DA

Ja Da, Ja Da; Ja Da, Ja Da, Jing, Jing, Jing,
Ja Da, Ja Da, Ja Da, Ja Da, Jing, Jing, Jing,
That's a funny little bit of melody,
It's so soothing and appealing to me, (It goes)
Ja Da, Ja Da, Ja Da Ja Da, Jing, Jing, Jing.

K-K-K-KATY

Jimmy was a soldier, brave and bold,
Katy was a maiden with hair of gold,
Like an act of fate,
Kate was standing at the gate,
Watching all the boys on dress parade.

Jimmy with the girls was just a gawk,
Stuttered every time he tried to talk,
Still that night at eight,
He was there at Katy's gate
Stuttering to her this love-sick cry.

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore.
When the m-m-m-moon shines, over the cowshed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

MA(HE'S MAKING EYES AT ME)

Ma, he's making eyes at me!
Ma, he's awful nice to me!
Ma, he's almost breaking my heart.
I'm beside him, Mercy! Let his conscience guide him!

Ma he wants to marry me,
Be my honey bee.
Every minute he gets bolder,
Now he's leaning on my shoulder,
Ma, he's kissing me.

MARGIE

My little Margie, I'm always thinking of you,
Margie, I'll tell the world I love you,
Don't forget your promise to me,
I have bought a home and ring and everything, for Margie,
You've been my inspiration,
Days are never blue.
After all is said and done,
There is really only one,
Oh! Margie, Margie, it's you!

OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

Oh, you beautiful doll,
You great big beautiful doll,
Let me put my arms about you,
I could never live without you.

Oh, you beautiful doll,
You great big beautiful doll,
If you ever leave me, how my heart will ache.
I want to hug you but I fear you'll break.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, you beautiful doll.

OKLAHOMA

Oklohoma, where the wind comes sweeping down the plain,
And the waving wheat can sure smell sweet
When the wind comes right behind the rain.

Oklahoma, every night my honey lamb and I
Sit alone and talk and watch a hawk
Makin' lazy circles in the sky.

We know we belong to the land,
And the land we belong to is grand,
And when we say---
Yeeow! A-yip-i-o-ee-ay!
We're only sayin' you're doin' fine,
Oklohoma, Oklohoma, O.K.

ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

Grab your coat and get your hat,
Leave your worry on the doorstep,
Just direct your feet
To the sunny side of the street.

Can't you hear a pitter pat?
And that happy tune is your step
Life can be so sweet
On the sunny side of the street.

I used to walk in the shade
With those blues on parade,
But I'm not afraid,
This rover crossed over.

If I never have a cent
I'll be rich as Rockefeller.
Gold dust at my feet
On the sunny side of the street.

PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET

Put on your old grey bonnet with the blue ribbon on it,
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay,
And through fields of clover, We'll drive up to Dover,
On our golden wedding day.

Oklahoma
Dover

THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

And when the Saints go marching in,
And when the Saints go marching in,
Lord, how I want to be in that number,
When the Saints go marching in.

And when the revelation comes,
And when the revelation comes,
Lord, how I want to be in that number,
When the revelation comes.

(Similarly)
And when the new world is revealed.

And when the sun refuse to shine.

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

Oh, shine on, shine on harvest moon, up in the sky,
I ain't had no lovin' since April, January, June or July.

Show time ain't no time to stay outdoors and spoon,
So, shine on, shine on harvest moon for me and my gal.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home,
I'm tired and I want to go to bed,
I had a little drink about an hour ago,
And it's gone right to my head.

Wherever I may roam,
On land, or sea, or foam,
You can always hear me singing this song,
Show me the way to go home.

SIDE BY SIDE

Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money,
Maybe we're ragged and funny,
But we'll travel along, singing a song,
Side by side.

Oh, we don't know what's coming tomorrow,
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow,
But we'll travel the road, sharing our load,
Side by side.

Through all kinds of weather,
What if the sky should fall?
Just as long as we're together,
It doesn't matter at all.

When they've all had their quarrels and parted,
We'll be the same as we started,
Just traveling along, singing a song,
Side by side.

SWEET GEORGIA BROWN

No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.
Two left feet, but oh so neat, has Sweet Georgia Brown.
They all sigh and wanna die for Sweet Georgia Brown.
I'll tell you just why,
You know I don't lie (not much)

It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town.
Since she came , why it's a shame, how she cools 'em down.
Fellers she can't get are fellers she ain't met.
Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her, Sweet georgia Brown.

TIPTOE THROUGH THE TULIPS WITH ME

Tiptoe to the window, by the window, that is where I'll be-
Come tiptoe through the tulips with me.

Tiptoe from your pillow, to the shadow of a willow tree,
Come tiptoe through the tulips with me.

Knee deep in flowers we'll stray.
We'll keep the showers away.

And if I kiss you, in the garden, in the moonlight,
will you pardon me?
Come tiptoe through the tulips with me.

TOOT, TOOT, TOOTSIE

Toot, toot, tootsie, goo' bye.
Toot, toot, tootsie, don't cry.
The choo choo train that takes me
Away from you, no words can tell how sad it makes me.

Kiss me Tootsie, and then,
Do it over again.
Watch for the mail,
I'll never fail.
If you don't get a letter now and then, you'll know I'm in jail.

Tut, tut, Tootsie, don't cry,
Toot, toot, Tootsie, goo' bye.

WAITING FOR THE ROBERT E. LEE

Watch them shufflin' along
See them shufflin' along
Go take your best gal, real pal,
Go down to the levee, I said to the levee, and
Join that shufflin' throng.
Hear that music and song,
It's simply great, mate,
Waitin' on the levee,
Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee.

Gorgia

YES, SIR, THAT'S MY BABY

Yes, sir, that's my baby,
No, sir, don't mean maybe,
Yes, sir, that's my baby now.

Yes, ma'am, we've decided,
No, ma'am, we won't hide it,
Yes, ma'am, you're invited now.

By the way, by the way,
When we reach the preacher I'll say:

Yes, sir, that's my baby,
No, sir, I don't mean maybe,
Yes, sir, that's my baby now.

YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS

Yes, we have no bananas,
We have no bananas today.
We've string beans and HONions,
Cab-BAH-ges and scallions,
and all kinds of fruit and say;
We have an old-fashioned to-MAH-to,
Long Island po-TAH-to,
But, yes, we have no bananas,
We have no bananas today.

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,
You make me happy when skies are gray.
You'll never know, dear, how much I love you.
Please don't take my sunshine away.

The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping,
I dreamed I held you in my arms.
When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken,
So I held my head and I cried.

ZIP-A-DEE-DOO-DA

Zip- a- dee-doo-da, zip-a-dee-ay,
My, oh my, what a wonderful day.
Plenty of sunshine headin' my way,
Zip-a-dee-doo-da, zip-a-dee-ay.

Mister bluebird on my shoulder,
It's the truth, it's actch'll
Everything is satisfactch'll,

Zip-a-dee-doo-da, zip-a-dee-ay,
Wonderful feeling, wonderful day.

YOU'RE THE CREAM IN MY COFFEE

You're the cream in my coffee,
You're the salt in my stew.
You will always be my necessity,
I'd be lost without you.

You're the starch in my collar,
You're the lace in my shoe.
You will always be my necessity,
I'd be lost without you.

Most men tell love tales,
And each phrase dove-tails,
You've heard each known way,
This is my own way:

You're the heart of my love boat,
You're the captain and crew.
You will always be my necessity,
I'd be lost without you.

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream, where I first met you,
With your eyes so blue, dressed in gingham, too.
It was then I knew, that you loved me true.
You were sixteen, my village queen,
Down by the old mill stream.

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

East side, west side, all around the town,
The tots sang "Ring a Rosie", London Bridge is falling down."
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie O'Rourke
Tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks of New York.

FOR ME AND MY GAL

The bells are ringing for me and my gal,
The birds are singing for me and my gal,
Everybody's been knowing, to a wedding they're going,
And for weeks they've been sewing, every Susie and Sal.

They're congregating, for me and my gal,
The Parson's waiting, for me and my gal,
And sometime I'm goin' to build a home for two,
For three, or four, or more,
In Loveland, for me and my gal.

N.Y.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts,
Oh what a couple in love!
Frankie was loyal to Johnny,
just as true as the stars above.
He was her man,
But he done her wrong.

This is the end of my story,
This is the end of my song,
Frankie is down in the jailhouse,
And she cries the whole night long:
"He was my man,
But he done me wrong."

IN A SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN

It's only a shanty in old shanty town,
The roof is so slanty it touches the ground,
But my tumbled down shack,
By an old railroad track,
Like a millionaire's mansion is calling me back.

I'd give up a palace if I were a king,
It's more than a palace, it's my everything,
There's a queen waiting there with a silvery crown,
In a shanty in old shanty town.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
Strolling through the shady lanes,
With your baby mine;

You hold her hand and she holds yours,
And that's a very good sign,
That she's your tootsie-wootsie in
The good old summer time.

IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME

Just kiss me once, and kiss me twice,
Then kiss me once again,
It's been a long, long time.
Haven't felt like this my dear,
Since can't remember when,
It's been a long, long time.
You'll never know how many dreams I've dreamed about you,
Or just how empty they all seemed without you,
So kiss me once and kiss me twice,
Then kiss me once again,
It's been a long, long time.

I WANT A GIRL

I want a girl, just like the girl, that married dear old Dad.
She was a pearl, and the only girl that Daddy ever had.
A good old-fashioned girl with heart so true,
One who loves nobody else but you.
I I want a girl, just like the girl, that married dear old Dad.

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW

I wonder who's kissing her now,
Wonder who's teaching her how,
Wonder who's looking into her eyes,
Breathing sighs, telling lies;

I wonder who's buying the wine
For lips that I used to call mine,
Wonder if she ever tells him of me,
I wonder who's kissing her now.

LAZY RIVER

Up a lazy river by the old mill run,
That lazy, lazy river in the noonday sun,
Linger in the shade of a kind old tree,
Throw away your troubles, dream a dream with me.

Up a lazy river where a robin's song
awakes a bright new morning, we can loaf along.
Blue skies up above, everyone's in love,
Up a lazy river, how happy can you be?
Up a lazy river with me.

OL' MAN RIVER

Ol' man river, dat ol' man river,
He must know sumptin', but don't say nothin',
He jes' keeps rollin'
He keeps on rollin' along.

He don't plant 'taters, he don't plant cotton,
An' dem dat plants 'em is soon forgotten:
But ol' man river,
He jes' keeps rolling along.

You an' me, we sweat an' strain,
Body all achin' an' racked wid pain.
"Tote dat barge." "Lift dat bail."
Git a little drunk an' you'll land in jail.

Ah gits weary, an' sick of tryin',
Ahm tired of livin' an' feared of dyin',
But ol' man river,
He just keeps rollin' along.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish rose,
The sweetest flower that grows,
You may search everywhere, but none can compare,
With my wild Irish rose.

My wild Irish rose,
The dearest flower that grows,
And some day for my sake she may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

PAPER DOLL

I'm goin' to buy a paper doll that I can call my own,
A doll that other fellows cannot steal.
And the flirty, flirty guys with their flirty, flirty eyes,
Will have to flirt with dollies that are real.
When I come home at night she will be waiting,
She'll be the truest doll in all this world.
I'd rather have a paper doll to call my own
Than have a fickle-minded real life girl.

ROCK-A-BYE YOUR BABY WITH A DIXIE MELODY

Rock-a-bye your baby with a Dixie melody;
When you croon, croon a tune from the heart of Dixie.
Just hang my cradle, Mammy-mine,
Right on that Mason-Dixon Line.
And swing it from Virginia, to Tennessee with all the love that's in ya.

"Weep No More My Lady," Sing that song again for me;
And "Old Black Joe," just as though you had me on your knee;
A million baby kisses I'll deliver,
The minute that you sing that "Swanee River,"
Rock-a-bye your baby with a Dixie melody.

SLEEP

Sleep, sleep, sleep,
How we love to sleep.
At the close of the day
When the joys of the day fade away
And the memories sweet of the day repeat.
In our dreams they creep,
While we sleep, sleep, sleep.

Virginia
Tennessee

SLEEPY TIME GAL

Sleepy time gal, you're turning night into day,
Sleepy time gal, you've danced the evening away,
Before each silvery star fades out of sight,
Please give me one little kiss,
Then let us whisper "good night"
It's getting late, dear, your pillow's waitin'.

Sleepy time gal, when all your dancin' is through,
Sleepy time gal, I'll find a cottage for you,
You'll learn to cook and to sew,
What's more, you'll love it, I know,
When you're a stay-at-home, play-at-home, eight-o'clock
sleepy time gal.

SUMMERTIME

Summertime, and the livin' is easy,
Fish are jumpin', and the cotton is high.
Oh, your daddy's rich, and your ma is good-lookin',
So hush, little baby, don' you cry.

One of these mornin's, you're gonna rise up singin'.
Then you'll spread your wings, an' you'll take the sky.
But 'til that mornin', there's nothin' can harm you
With Daddy an' Mammy standin' by.

TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS

See them tumbling down,
Pledging their love to the ground,
Lonely but free I'll be found,
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

Cares of the past are behind,
No where to go but I'll find
Just where the trail will wind,
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

I know when night has gone that a new world's born at dawn,
I'll keep rolling along,
Deep in my heart is a song,
Here on the range I belong,
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

When Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure it's like a morn in spring.
In the lilt of Irish laughter,
You can hear the angels sing.

When Irish hearts are happy,
All the world seems bright and gay,
And when Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure they steal your heart away.

WIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Mory's, to the place where Louie dwells.
To the dear old temple ber I love so well.
Sing the Wiffenpoofs assembled with their glasses raised on high.
And the magic of their singing casts its spell.
Yes, the magic of their singing of the songs we love so well:
"Shall I Wasting" and "The Morning" and the rest.
We will serenade our Louie
While life and voice shall last,
And we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.

We're poor little lambs who have lost our way,
Baa, baa, baa.
We're little lost sheep who have gone astray,
Baa, baa, baa.
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree,
Doomed from here to eternity,
Lord, have mercy on such as we-
Baa, baa, baa.

YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME

You were meant for me.
I was meant for you.
Nature patterned you and when she was done,
You were all the sweet things rolled up into one.
You're like a plaintive melody,
That never lets me free.
For I'm content the angels must have sent you,
And they meant you just for me.

RODOLPH THE RED-NOSE REINDEER

Rodolph the Red-Nose Reindeer, had a very shiny nose,
And if you ever saw it, you would even say it glows.
All of the other reindeer, used to laugh and call him names.
They never let poor Rudolph join in any reindeer games.
Then one foggy Christmas Eve, Santa came to say:
"Rudolph, with your nose so bright, won't you guide my sleigh tonite?"
Then all the other reindeer laughed and shouted out with glee:
"Rudolph the Red-Nose Reindeer, you'll go down in history!"

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
Come and behold Him, born the King of angels;
O come let us adore Him (three times) ... Christ the Lord.

Adeste fideles, laeti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.
Natum videte, Regum angelorum;
Venite adoremus (three times) ... Do--minum.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King."

Christ, by highest heaven adored; Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Come, desire of nations, come; Fix us in thy humble home.
Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with man to dwell; Jesus, our Emanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King."

JINGLE BELLS

Dashing through the snow, in a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields we go - laughing all the way;
Bells on bobtail ring, making spirits bright;
What fun it is to ride and sing a sleighing song tonight.

(sing twice:) Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way.
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

****

INDEX

Abilene .. 12
Anthem .. 1
Ain't She Sweet .. 13
Baby Face .. 13
Ballin' the Jack .. 13
Button Up Your Overcoat .. 13
By the Old Mill Stream .. 22
Bye Bye Blackbird .. 13
Carolina in the Morning .. 14
Come, All Ye Faithful .. 29
Daisy, Daisy .. 14
Darktown Strutter's Ball .. 14
Deck the Halls .. 28
Donna .. 6
Don't Sell My Daddy No More Wine .. 6
Don't Think Twice, It's Alright .. 9
Down by the Old Mill Stream .. 22
Drink Beer .. 1
East Side, West Side .. 22
Eight Foot Tall .. 2
First Noel, The .. 28
Five Foot Two .. 14
For Me and My Gal .. 22
Four Strong Winds .. 8
Frankie and Johnny .. 23
Gang That Sang Heart of My Heart, The .. 15

Goody Goody .. 15
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing .. 29
House of the Rising Sun .. 7
How the Money Rolls In .. 3
I Call Your Name .. 7
I Found a Million Dollar Baby .. 15
I Want a Beer .. 1
I Want a Girl .. 24
I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now .. 24
If You Knew Suzue .. 16
I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter .. 16
I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover .. 16
In a Shanty in Old Shanty Town .. 23
In China They Never Eat Chile .. 12
In the Good Old Summertime .. 23
In the Halls .. 2
It Had to Be You .. 16
It's Been a Long, Long Time .. 23
Ja-Da .. 17
Jingle Bells .. 29
K-K-K-Katy .. 17
Lady Godiva .. 3
Lady in Red .. 2
Lazy River .. 24
Lemon Tree .. 11
Let's All Drink and Go Naked .. 2
Little Brown Mouse .. 5
Little Town of Bethlehem .. 28
Ma .. 18
Margie .. 17
Mister Tambourine Man .. 11
Money Rolls In, The .. 3
My Wild Irish Rose .. 25
No Hiding Place Down There .. 5
O Little Town of Bethlehem .. 28
O Come, All Ye Faithful .. 29
Oh, You Beautiful Doll .. 18
Oklahoma .. 18
Ol' Man River .. 24
On the Sunny Side of the Street .. 18
Paper Doll .. 25
Please Don't Sell My Daddy No More Wine .. 6
Puff, the Magic Dragon .. 10
Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet .. 18
Rock-a-bye Your Baby With a Dixie Melody .. 25
Rudolph, the Red-Nose Reindeer .. 27
Rum Rum .. 1
Saints, The .. 19
Salty Dog .. 10
San Francisco Bay Blues .. 7
Scotch and Soda .. 8
She Plays College Basketball .. 2
Shine On Harvest Moon .. 19
Show Me the Way to Go Home .. 19
Side By Side .. 19
Sidewalks of New York .. 22
Silent Night .. 28
Sleep .. 25
Sleepy Time Gal .. 26
Souse Family .. 2
Summer Time .. 26
Sweet Georgia Brown .. 13
Sweetheart of Six Other Guys .. 4
Sweetheart Song 1
Tell Old Bill .. 10
These Friends of Mine .. 9
Tiptoe Through the Tulips .. 20
Today .. 8
Toot, Toot, Tootsie .. 20
Tumbling Tumbleweeds .. 26
Twelve Days of Christmas .. 28
Waiting for the Robert E. Lee .. 20
We Had Some Chickens .. 4
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling .. 26
Whiskey, Whiskey, Whiskey .. 2
Wiffenpoof Song .. 27
Wonderful Sig Ep Girl .. 1
Yes, Sir, That's My Baby .. 21
Yea, Boo .. 4
Yes, We Have No Bananas .. 21
You Are My Sunshine .. 21
You're the Cream in My Coffee .. 22
You Were Meant For Me .. 27
Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Da .. 21

Please patronize our advertisers.