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SELETAR HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



MEMBER'S HANDBOOK

DOWN DOWN SONG
WE CALL ON THE HARES
WHY ARE WE WAITING?
WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL?
SELETAR HASH IS ON THE PISS AGAIN
INTERNATIONAL HASH HYMN
FATHER ABRAHAM
ARSEHOLES ARE CHEAP TONIGHT
BENGALI ONE SO LONG
BHAYEE ON THE RUN
DINAH
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HARI HARI RAMASAMY
I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY
IRIAN JAYA
THE LADY OF THE MANOR
GANDHU'S BATANG
LAST NIGHT I LAID IN BED
THE LOBSTER SONG
PISSONYOU
SINGING IN THE RAIN
DOWN TO HER KNEES
ROEDEAN SCHOOL
THE BALL OF KERRYMUIR
THE LIMERICK SONG
AAHLAWETTA
THE ALPHABET SONG
MUSIC MAN
THE WILD WEST SHOW
AS I WAS WALKING
(I WANT A) GANG BANG
GIVE ME THAT GOOD OLD VINO
THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL
THREE GERMAN OFFICERS

DOWN DOWN SONG

Here's to _____,
He's true blue,
He's a Bastard,
Through and through,
He's a pisspot,
So they say,
Tried to go to heaven,
But he went the other way,
Drink it down, down, down ...

WE CALL ON THE HARES

We call on the hares
To sing us a song.
We call on the hares
To sing us a song.
So sing, you bastards, sing!
Or show us your ring.

WHY ARE WE WAITING?

(Melody: "Come Let Us Adore Him")

Why are we waiting?
Why are we waiting?
Oh, why are we waiting?
Oh, why, why, why?

(variations: masturbating, fornicating, et cetera)

WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL?

Why was he born so beautiful?
Why was he born at all?
He's no fucking use to anyone,
He's no fucking use at all.
So drink it down, down, down ...

SELETAR HASH IS ON THE PISS AGAIN

Seletar Hash is on the piss again
On the piss again
On the piss again
Seletar Hash is on the piss again
We want to wee-wee now

We want to wee-wee now
We want to wee-wee now
Seletar Hash is on the piss again
We want to wee-wee now

INTERNATIONAL HASH HYMN

(Melody: "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot")

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home,
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Comin' for to carry me home,
But still my soul feels heavenly bound.
Comin' for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends that I'm coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.

*(repeat verses with variations — humming and motions only,
silence and motions only, double-time)*

FATHER ABRAHAM

(often used for hash calisthenics to stretch and warm up before a run)

Leader:

Father Abraham had seven sons,
Seven sons had Father Abraham,
And he never smiled,
And he never cried,
All he did was go like this—With a right!

All (shout/actions):

With a right! *(extend right arm)*

Leader:

Father Abraham had seven sons,
Seven sons had Father Abraham,
And he never smiled,
And he never cried,
All he did was go like this—With a right!

All (shout/actions):

With a right! *(extend right arm)*

Leader:

And a left!

All (shout/actions):

And a left! *(extend left arm)*

More verses/actions:

With a right! *(extend right leg)*

With a left! *(extend left leg)*

And a HEEEE! *(hump pelvis)*

And a HUUHH! *(turn around, drop pants, moon pack)*

ARSEHOLES ARE CHEAP TONIGHT

Arseholes are cheap tonight,
Cheaper than other nights,
Small boys' ones are half a crown,
Standing up or bending down,
Big ones for bigger pricks,
Biggest ones cost three and six.
Get yours before they're gone,
Come now and try one.

BENGALI ONE SO LONG

(Melody: "Bengawan Solo")

Bengali one so long,
Melayu one potong,
Indian one so dark and strong,
Orang Puteh just like sotong.

All Hash Mens' hard and strong,
They can go for ten furlong,
Darling, please don't ask for tolong,
And we will carry on and on.

There is a lady in sarong,
She prefers it done on a palong,
To her surprise we can stand so long,
Because one fails the rest will carry on.

BHAYEE ON THE RUN

This is number one,
The Bhayee's on the run.
This is number two,
He is playing with his tool.

Chorus:

Oh Oh Oh Chan Malee Chan (Puki)
Chan Malee Chan (Lan Chow)

Chan Malee Chan
Kan Nee Naa Boo Chow Chee Bai

This is number three,
The Bhayee is up the tree.
This is number four,
He is lying on the floor.

This is number five,
The Bhayee screw his wife.
This is number six,
He is playing with his stick.

This is number seven,
The Bhayee's up in heaven.
This is number eight,
He is knocking at the gate.

This is number nine,
The Bhayee's on the line.
This is number ten,
He's gonna do it all again.

DINAH

Chorus:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A rich girl works in factories,
A poor girl works in stores,
But Dinah works down in Geylang,
With all the other WHORES!

THE ENGINEER'S SONG

An engineer told me before he died,
Ah-humm, ah-humm,
An engineer told me before he died,
Ah-hum dee-dee-hum dee-dee-hum dee-dee-hum,
An engineer told me before he died,
I have no reason to believe he lied.
Ah-hum dee-dee-hum dee-dee-hum dee-dee-hum,
Ah-hum dee-dee-hum dee-dee-hum dee-dee-hum.

He had a wife with a cunt so wide, *(three times)*
That she could never be satisfied.

So he built a prick of steel, *(three times)*
And the whole fucking thing was driven by a wheel.

Two brass balls were filled with cream, *(three times)*
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

In and out went the prick of steel, *(three times)*
Round and round went the bloody great wheel.

Up and up went the level of steam, *(three times)*
Down and down went the level of cream.

Till at last the maiden cried, *(three times)*
"Enough! Enough! I'm satisfied!"

(Slowly . . .)

Now we come to the tragic bit, *(three times)*
There was no way of stopping it.

(Back to speed . . .)

She was split from ass to tit, *(three times)*
And the whole fucking issue was covered in,
Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over in SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

HARI HARI RAMASAMY

Chorus:

Hari hari Ramasamy jalan sana sini
Bila dia balik dia taror dia punya bini
Jin ga ra jin ga lay meenachi, jin ga ra jin ga lay
Ulagam poora poka paaru thangala jin ga lay.

I don't smoke cigarette, even if you belanja.
Cigarette is dangerous, I only smoke ganja.

Anchor beer and Guinness stout make strong your body.
But there is nothing like Ramasamy toddy.

Every day I wake up half past six.
I brush my teeth then go back to sleep.

Every day go to school half past eight.
Tell the teacher not my fault, bus driver late.

Every day saya tengok perumpuan saya tak boleh tahan.
Bila saya balek saya pakai saya punya tangan.

Tonight I go back half past one.
My wife ask why, I say "Seletar hash run."

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

I don't want to join the army,
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around Picadilly Underground,
Living off the earnings of a high born lady.
I don't want a bayonet up me arsehole,
I don't want me bollocks shot away,
I'd rather stay in Seletar,
Merry, Merry, Seletar,
Before they take my fucking life away, gor blimey . . .

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
On Wednesday, Success, I lifted up her dress,
Thursday I saw It,
Friday I put me hand upon it,
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak (Tweak! Tweak!)
And Sunday after supper, I rammed the fucker up 'er,
And now she earns me forty bob a week, gor blimey.

IRIAN JAYA

(Melody: "Mull of Kintyre")

Far have I traveled and much have I seen,
Had blow jobs from Bancis and fucked things obscene,
Been crippled by herpes and things far more dire,

But if you want a blow job go to Irian Jaya.
Chorus: Irian Jaya,
To be gobbled by natives is what I desire,
They practice on blowpipes in Irian Jaya.

Been rogered in Rio and poked in Peru,
Been massaged in Manila and then had a screw,
Been fucked in Llanelli by a Welsh male boys' choir,
But for the height of perversion go to Irian Jaya.

Met a girl in the jungle with a bone through her nose,
Cunt like a mantrap and strong I suppose,
Bush like a yardbroom that's made out of wire,
So be careful of pussy in Irian Jaya.

Oh the skirt she was wearing was made out of grass,
It only just covered her sweet little ass,
I felt an erection getting higher and higher,
As I followed that lady from Irian Jaya.

She put down her basket, took hold of my tool,
Pulled back the foreskin and started to drool,
Curled her lips round it, and sir I'm no liar,
They still have headhunters in Irian Jaya.

THE LADY OF THE MANOR

(Melody: "Ghostriders in the Sky")

The lady of the manor was dressing for the ball
When she saw the village tinker pissing up against a wall
With his great big kidney wiper and his balls the size of three
And a yard-and-a-half of foreskin hanging down below his knees.

The lady wrote a letter and in it she did say
"I'd rather be fucked by you, sir, than his lordship any day!"
With his great big kidney wiper and his balls the size of three
And a yard-and-a-half of foreskin hanging down below his knees.

The tinker got the letter, and when it he did read

His balls began to fester and his prick began to bleed
With his great big kidney wiper and his balls the size of three
And a yard-and-a-half of foreskin hanging down below his knees.

He mounted up his pony and rode up to the strand
With his foreskin 'cross his shoulder and his penis in his hand
With his great big kidney wiper and his balls the size of three
And a yard-and-a-half of foreskin hanging down below his knees.

He rode up to the manor, he rode up to the hall
"God save us," cried the butler, "he's come to fuck us all!"
With his great big kidney wiper and his balls the size of three
And a yard-and-a-half of foreskin hanging down below his knees.

First he fucked the upstairs maid, he caught her on the stairs.
He fucked her 'til the friction caught alight her pubic hairs.
With his great big kidney wiper and his balls the size of three
And a yard-and-a-half of foreskin hanging down below his knees.

Next he went to the kitchen, for the cook was now his goal.
He soon unrolled his mighty rod and thrust it in her hole.
With his great big kidney wiper and his balls the size of three
And a yard-and-a-half of foreskin hanging down below his knees.

And then he found the downstairs maid, he fucked her in the hall,
But when he fucked the butler, 'twas the cruelest fuck of all.
With his great big kidney wiper and his balls the size of three
And a yard-and-a-half of foreskin hanging down below his knees.

And then he fucked the lady, in ten minutes she was dead
With a yard-and-a-half of foreskin wrapped around her head
With his great big kidney wiper and his balls the size of three
And a yard-and-a-half of foreskin hanging down below his knees.

The tinker he is dead now, he's buried in St. Paul's.
It took four-and-twenty choirboys to carry in his balls.
With his great big kidney wiper and his balls the size of three
And a yard-and-a-half of foreskin hanging down below his knees.

The tinker he is dead now, and sure he's gone to hell
And there he fucks the devil, and I'm sure he fucks him well
With his great big kidney wiper and his balls the size of three
And a yard-and-a-half of foreskin hanging down below his knees.

Yippee-Eye-Ay, Yippee-Eye-Oh, Ghostriders in the sky

GANDHU'S BATANG

(Melody: "Ghostriders in the Sky")

(Lyrics by Dick "Dirty Hacker" Roark)

In Kampong Lada Hitam, Ramasamy has a hut
Where he goes when he's not hashing or out fucking with some slut
And then one day, his *bini* at the river washing clothes
Spied a naked, bathing Gandhu, with his *batang* to his toes.

Ai yi yi yoooo! Ai yi yi yaaaaaay! Gandhu *punya batang besar!*

So, Ramasamy's *bini*, she lifted up her dress
And showed it all to Gandhu, which put him in distress
With a great shake and a shudder, he pulled up his old sarong
With his great big kidney wiper hanging down so dark and long

Ai yi yi yoooo! Ai yi yi yaaaaaay! Gandhu *punya batang jadi keras!*

The *bini*, she was frightened and she ran away for home
Gandhu thundered up the bank, his mouth was full of foam
While women screamed and fainted, and the men all looked in awe
At Gandhu's mighty *batang*, which was now up to his jaw

Ai yi yi yoooo! Ai yi yi yaaaaaay! Gandhu *punya batang berdiri!*

The *bini*, she ran like the wind, she ran up to the hut
But Gandhu bounded in great leaps, thanks to his mighty strut
And Ramasamy's *bini* never even reached the door
Before she found herself impaled on Gandhu's mighty bore

Ai yi yi yoooo! Ai yi yi yaaaaaay! Gandhu *punya batang banyak siok!*

Gandhu burst right through the door with Ramasamy's mate
Whose arms and legs were flailing 'round like Ramasamy's gate

Then Gandhu spied the neighbor girl, in her sari oh so new
And I am sure that you can guess the next thing he would do

Ai yi yi yoooo! Ai yi yi yaaaaay! Gandhu *punya batang bahaya!*

The neighbor girl, she kicked and screamed, and clawed and bit and spit
And grabbed and pounded furiously, but still it wouldn't fit
She tried to turn and run away, but Gandhu grabbed her hair
He shoved his *batang* up her bum and raised her in the air

Ai yi yi yoooo! Ai yi yi yaaaaay! Gandhu *punya batang kuat!*

And then the maid from Sri Lanka, she burst upon the scene
She grabbed him by his mighty tool, which now was turning green
And then she stuffed it up her cunt, she stuffed it to the seam
And Gandhu, with a mighty roar, let fly his load of cream

Ai yi yi yoooo! Ai yi yi yaaaaay! Gandhu *punya batang sudah datang!*

So then the maid from Sri Lanka withdrew his sagging spike
And she took away his wallet, keys and then his motorbike
And left him lying spent and dead on Ramasamy's floor
She laughed and spat upon his face and quietly closed the door

Ai yi yi yoooo! Ai yi yi yaaaaay! Gandhu *punya batang jadi lembek!*

Now the moral of this story, to all is very clear
Gandhu thought himself a Tiger, feared both far and near
But a Sri Lankan hooker took his measure in her stride
And now he's just a dead pussy who was taken for a ride

Ai yi yi yoooo! Ai yi yi yaaaaay! Gandhu *punya batang da jahanam!*

Gandhu *da mati!*

LAST NIGHT I LAID IN BED

(Melody: "Funiculi, Funicula")

Last night I laid in bed and masturbated,
It felt so good, I knew it would.
Last night I laid in bed and masturbated,

It felt so nice, I did it twice.

First I gave it the short strokes,
Just tickled the crown, just tickled the crown,
Then I gave it the long strokes,
Straight up and down, straight up and down.
Smashed it, bashed it, crashed it on the floor.
Rammed it, crammed it, slammed it in the door,
Some people say that sexual intercourse is absolutely grand,
But, speaking for myself, I'd rather use my hand!

THE LOBSTER SONG

"Hello, mister fisherman, how are you,
Have you a lobster you will sell to me?"

Chorus:

Singing ai-tiddly-ai, shit or bust,
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust.

"Yes sir, yes sir, I have two,
And the biggest of the bastards I will sell to you."

So I took the lobster home, and I put it in a dish,
I put it in a dish where the missus has a piss.

In the middle of the night, as you well know,
The missus got up to let her water flow.

At first I heard a groan, and then I heard a grunt,
And then I saw the fucking lobster hanging from her cunt.

The missus grabbed the brush, and I grabbed the broom,
And we chased the fucking lobster round and round the room.

We hit it on the head, we hit it on the side,
We hit that fucking lobster till the bastard died.

Oh, the story has a moral, and this is it,
Always have a shafty before you have a piss.

That's the end of my story, there isn't any more,

There's an apple up my asshole, and you can have the core.
Down in Nagasaki the monkey fucked the cat,
And all the cat did was fuck the monkey back.

Now that the story is over, as you all know,
Kindly bend over and let me have a go.

PISSONYOU

(Muffdiver's favorite from the Seoul HHH)

Pissonyou, pissonyou,
Pissonyou, pissonyou,
In Russian it means "I love you."
If I had my way I'd pissonyou all day,
Pissonyou, pissonyou, pissonyou.

Shitonyou, shitonyou,
Shitonyou, shitonyou,
In Russian it means "I love you."
If I had my way I'd shitonyou all day,
Shitonyou, shitonyou, shitonyou.

Cumonyou, cumonyou,
Cumonyou, cumonyou,
In Russian it means "I love you."
If I had my way I'd cumonyou all day,
Cumonyou, cumonyou, cumonyou.

Pissonyou, shitonyou,
Cumonyou, pissonyou,
In Russian it means "I love you."
If I had my way I'd pissonyou all day,
Pissonyou, shitonyou, cumonyou.

SINGING IN THE RAIN

(Melody: "Singing in the Rain")

Chorus:

I'm singing in the rain,
Just singing in the rain,
What a glorious feeling,
I'm hap-hap-happy again.

Hold it! Thumbs up!
Hunka-zakka, hunka-zakka, hunka-zakka

Repeat chorus adding new line and action each time:

Fists together!
Elbows together!
Chest up!
Stomach in!
Bums out!
Knees together!
Ankles together!
Toes out!
Tongues out!
T-shirt off!
Shorts off!

DOWN TO HER KNEES

(Also known as "The Mayor of Bayswater's Daughter")

(Melody: "The Ash Grove")

One black one, one white one,
And one with a bit of shite on,
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doe,
Hang down to her knees.

Chorus:

Leader: And the hairs,
Pack: And the hairs,

Leader: And the hairs,
Pack: And the hairs,
Leader: And the hairs,
Pack: On her dicky-di-doe,
Hang down to her knees.
One black one, one white one,
And one with a bit of shite on,
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doe,
Hang down to her knees.*

Verses:

I could not believe my eyes,
When I peered down between her thighs.

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

I've seen it, I've seen it,
I've lain right in between it.

I stroked 'em and poked 'em,
I rolled 'em and smoked 'em.

You'd need a coal miner,
To find her vagina.

She lives on the mountain,
and pees like a bloody fountain.

She stayed on a cattle ranch,
And came like a bloody avalanche.

She says she is not a whore,
But she bangs like a shithouse door.

She lives on malted milkshake,
And roots like a bloody rattlesnake.

She married an Italian,
With balls like a fucking stallion.

She divorced the Italian,
And married the stallion.

She married a Spaniard,
With a prick like a bloody lanyard.

She divorced the Spaniard,
And ran off with the bloody lanyard.

She went with a Hash House Harrier,
Who fucked her but wouldn't marry her.

ROEDEAN SCHOOL

We are from Roedean, good girls are we,
We take great pride in our virginity,
We take precautions and avoid abortions,
For we are from the Roedean School.

Chorus:

Up school, up school, up school,
Right up school!
Laah-lah, laah-lah, lah, lah, lah, lah, lah,
Laah-lah, laah-lah, lah, lah, lah, lah, lah.

Our school porter, he is a fool,
He's only got a teeny weeny tool,
All right for keyholes and little girlies' peeholes,
But not for girls from Roedean School.

When we go out to the vicar's for tea,
He likes to bounce us up and down on his knee,
He feed him brandy, which makes him feel randy,
For we are from Roedean School.

When we go down to the beach for a swim,
The people remark on the size of our quim,
You can bet your bottom dollar, it's big as a horse's collar,
For we are from Roedean School.

Our head prefect, her name is Jane,
She only likes it now and again,
AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN,
For she is from Roedean School.

Our house mistress, she can't be beat,
She lets us go walking in the street,
We sell our titties for three-penny bitties,
Right outside of Roedean School.

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

Each week at Roedean we have a dance,
We don't wear bras and we don't wear pants,
We like to give all the fellows a chance,
For we are from Roedean School.

Our head gardener, he makes us drool,
He's got a great big dirty whoppin' tool,
All right for tunnels and Queen Mary's funnels,
And great for the girls at Roedean School.

We have a new girl, her name is Flo,
Nobody thought that she would have a go,
But she surprised the vicar by raising him quicker,
Than any other girl at Roedean School.

We are from Roedean, lesbos are we,
Caused by living in an all-girls dormit'ry,
It's light out at seven, candles out at eleven,
For we are from Roedean School.

We go to Roedean, don't we have fun,
We know exactly how it is done,
When we lie down we hole it in one,
For we are from Roedean School.

Those girls from Cheltenham, they are just sissies,
They get worked up over one or two kisses,
It takes wax candles and long broom handles,
To rouse the girls at Roedean School.

We go to Roedean, we can be had,
Don't take our word, boy, ask your old dad,
He brings his friends for breath-taking trends,
For we are from Roedean School.

In our winter we wear our J.D.'s,
Long combinations well below our knees,
It's all right for dragging, but no good for shagging,
For we are from Roedean School.

THE BALL OF KERRYMUIR

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

Chorus: Singing, balls to your partners,
Arseholes against the walls,
If you never got laid on a Tuesday night,
You'll never get laid at all.

Four and twenty prostitutes
Came up from Glockamore,
And when the ball was over
They were all of them double bore.

The village cripple he was there,
He wasn't up to much,

He lined 'em up against the wall,
And diddled 'em with his crutch.

The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey,
The King was in the chambermaid,
And she was in the money.

First lady forward,
Second lady back,
Third lady's finger
Up the fourth lady's crack.

The village policeman he was there,
The pride of all the force,
They found him in the stable,
Wanking off his horse.

'Twas ballocks in the kitchen,
And ballocks in the halls,
You couldn't hear the music
For the clanging of the balls.

The parson's daughter she was there,
The cunning little runt,
With poison ivy up her bum,
And thistle up her cunt.

The vicar's wife, well she was there,
A-sitting by the fire,
Knitting rubber johnnies
Out of India rubber tire.

The village idiot he was there,
Sitting on a pole,
He pulled his foreskin over his head
And whistled through the hole.

Mrs. O'Malley she was there,
She had the crowd in fits,

A-jumping off the mantelpiece
And bouncing on her tits.

The bride was in the kitchen
Explaining to the groom,
That the vagina, not the rectum,
Is the entrance to the womb.

The village magician he was there,
Up to his favorite trick,
Pulling his arsehole over his head,
And standing on his prick.

The blacksmith's brother he was there,
A mighty man was he,
He lined them up against the wall
And buggered them three by three.

Now farmer Giles he was there,
His sickle in his hand,
And every time he swung around
He circumcised the band.

The vicar's wife she was still there,
Back against the wall,
"Put your money on the table, boys,
I'm fit to do ye all."

The village doctor he was there,
He had his bag of tricks,
And in between the dances
He was sterilizing dicks.

Giles he played a dirty trick,
We canna let it pass,
He showed a lass his mighty prick,
Then shoved it up her arse.

The doctor's daughter she was there,
She went to gather sticks,

She couldna find a blade of grass,
For cunts and standing pricks.

Little Jimmy he was there,
The leader of the choir,
He hit the balls of all the boys,
To make their voices higher.

Now little Tommy he was there,
But he was only eight,
He couldna root the women,
So he had to masturbate.

The village postman he was there,
The poor man had the pox,
He couldna shag the ladies,
So he fucked the letterbox.

And so the ball was over,
They all went home to rest,
And the music had been exquisite,
But the fucking was the best.

THE LIMERICK SONG

Chorus:

Aye, aye, aye, aye,
In Seletar we do it for Anchor.
So sing us another one that's just like the other one,
And waltz me around by my willie.

There once was a lady from Arden,
Who sucked a man off in a garden,
He said, "My dear Flo,
Where does all that stuff go?"
And she said (*swallow hard*) "I beg pardon?"

There was a young lady from France,
Who decided to take just one chance.

For an hour or so,
She just let herself go,
And now all her sisters are aunts.

There was a young lady from Maine,
Who enjoyed copulating on a train.
Not once, I maintain,
But again and again,
And again and again and again.

When her daughter got married in Bicester,
Her mother remarked as she kissed her,
"That fellow you've won,
Is sure to be fun,
Since tea he's fucked me and your sister."

There once was a Queen of Bulgaria,
Whose bush had grown hairier and hairier,
Till a Prince from Peru,
Who came for a screw,
Had to hunt for her cunt with a terrier.

There was a young woman of Croft,
Who played with herself in the loft,
Having reasoned that candles,
Could never cause scandals,
Besides which they did not go soft.

There was a poor wretch from Cape Horn,
Who wished he'd never been born,
He wouldn't have been,
If his father had seen,
That the end of his rubber was torn.

A pretty young thing from Cape Cod,
Said, "Good things come only from God,"
But 'twas not the Almighty,
Who lifted her nightie,
But Roger, the lodger, the sod.

There was a young lady of Kew,
Who said as the Bishop withdrew,
"The Vicar is slicker,
And quicker and thicker,
And two inches longer than you."

A shiftless young man from Kent,
Made his wife fuck the landlord for rent,
But as she got older,
The landlord got colder,
And now they live in a tent.

There was a young couple named Kelly,
Who were found stuck belly to belly,
Because in their haste,
They used library paste,
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young lady of Trail,
Who offered her body for sale,
She was kind to the blind,
For on her behind,
Her prices were written in Braille.

A clever young harlot from Kew,
Filled up her vagina with glue,
She said, with a grin,
"If they'll pay to get in,
They can pay to get out of it too."

There was a young fellow from Kent,
Whose tool was most horribly bent,
To save himself trouble,
He put it in double,
And instead of coming, he went.

There was a young plumber of Lea,
Who was plumbing a girl by the sea.
She said, "Stop your plumbing,

There's somebody coming!"
Said the plumber, still plumbing, "It's me."

There was a young man named Crockett,
Whose balls got caught in a socket.
His wife was a bitch,
And she threw the switch,
As Crockett went off like a rocket.

AAHLAWETTA

(Melody: "Alouette")

Chorus:

Aahlawetta, Shoneton Aahlawetta,
Aahlawetta, Shoneton Aahlaw-way.

Leader: Does she have ze stringy hair?

All: Oui, she has ze stringy hair.

Leader: Stringy hair,

All: Stringy hair,

Leader: Aahlawette! Aah, aah, aah . . .

Leader: Does she have ze furrowed brow?

All: Oui, she has ze furrowed brow,

Leader: Furrowed brow,

All: Furrowed brow,

Leader: Stringy hair,

All: Stringy hair,

Leader: Aahlawette! Aah, aah, aah . . .

Wooden eye (Yes I would!) . . .

Broken nose . . .

Blow job lips . . .

Two buck teeth . . .

Double chin . . .

Swinging tits . . .

Beer belly . . .

Bulbous butt . . .

Furry thing . . .

Leader: Now isn't she a nice-a girl?

All: Oui, she is a nice-a girl,

Leader: Nice-a girl,

All: Nice-a girl,

Leader: Aahlawette! Aah, aah, aah . . .

Chorus

Leader/all: How I love her (*repeat all*)

THE ALPHABET SONG

Leader: A is for arseholes all covered with hair.

Chorus: "Heigh ho," said Rolly.

Leader: B is the bugger that wished he was there.

Chorus: With a roly poly, up 'em and stuff 'em, "Heigh ho," said Anthony Rolly.

C is for cunt all dripping with piss.

D is the drunkard who gave it a kiss.

E is for eunuch with only one ball.

F is the fucker with no balls at all.

G is for gonorrhoea, goitre and gout.

H is the harlot that spread it about.

I is injection for clap, pox and itch

J is for jerk of a dog on a bitch

K is the king who thought fucking's a bore.

L is the lesbian who came back for more.

M is for maidenhead, tattered and torn.

N is the noble who died with a horn.

O is for orifice gently revealed.

P is for pricks that are pranged and peeled.

Q is the Quaker who fucks in his hat.

R is the Roger who rogered the cat.

S is the shit pot all full to the brim.

T is the turds that are floating within.

U is the usher that taught us at school.

V is the virgin who played with his tool.

W is the whore who thought fucking's a farce.

X Y Z you can stuff up your arse.

MUSIC MAN

Leader: I am the music man and I come from down your way, and I can play . . .

Pack: What can you play?

Leader: I can play the viola.

Chorus (singing & motions):

Oh, the vio-vio-vio-la, vio-la, vio-la, vio-vio-vio-la, vio-vio-la.

Leader: I am the music man and I come from down your way, and I can play . . .

Pack: What can you play?

Leader: I can play the piano.

Second Chorus:

Oh, the pia-pia-pia-no, pia-no, pia-no, pia-pia-pia-no, pia-pia-no,

Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-la, vio-la, vio-vio-vio-la, vio-vio-la.

Other instruments:

Trom-bone, French Horn, Cym-balls, Pica-low, Sexa-phone, Big Bass

Drum, Boss' Knob, Shit House Door, Natalie Wood, Michael Jackson,

Grace Kelly, Pope John Paul, etc . . .

THE WILD WEST SHOW

Chorus: We're off to see the Wild West Show,
The elephant and the kangaroo-o-oo,
Never mind the weather, as long as we're together,
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

(Take turns leading verses)

Leader: Now here, ladies and gentlemen, in the first cage we have the laughing hyena.

Pack: The laughing hyena? Fantastic! Incredible! What the fuck is a laughing hyena? Tell us about the son-of-a-bitch!!

Leader: This animal lives up in the mountains and once every year he comes down to eat. Once every two years he comes down to drink, and once every three years he comes down for sexual intercourse. What the hell he has to laugh about I don't know.

The Giraffe—This creature is the most popular animal in the animal kingdom. Why? Every time he goes into a bar he says, "Gentlemen, the high-balls are on me."

The Famous Tattooed Lady—On the inside of her left thigh she has tattooed MERRY CHRISTMAS, and on the inside of her right thigh she has tattooed HAPPY NEW YEAR, and she'd like to invite you to come up between the holidays!

The Orangutan—This animal lives in the deepest jungle, and his scrotal sac is so pliant and flexible that as he swings from branch to branch his balls go ORANG-U-TANG, ORANG-U-TANG.

The Rhino-sauras—This animal, ladies and gentlemen, is reputed to be the richest in the world. Its name is derived from the Latin "rhino" meaning money, and "sore ass" meaning piles; hence, piles of money.

The Keerie Bird—This bird lives only in the Antarctic, and every time it lands on the ice it says, "Keerie, Keerie, Keeriest, it's cold!"

The Leo-pard—Yes, folks, the leopard has one spot on its coat for every day of the year. What about leap year? George, lift up the leopard's tail and show the lady the 29th of February.

The Winky Wanky Bird—Folks, by some mystery of nature, the nerves of this bird's eyelids are connected to its scrotum. Every time it winks, it winks, and every time it winks, it winks. Hey you, boy, stop throwing sand in the bird's eye!

The Mathematical Impossibility—Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the girl you see before you in this cage was ate before she was seven!

The Gay-zelle—This pretty little four-footed animal you see on your right, ladies and gentlemen, wot has the peculiarity that every time it leaps from rock to rock it farts, and the scientists are still trying to determine whether it farts because it leaps or whether it leaps because it farts.

The Well-Known Oolie-Goolie Bird—This bird, wot as you will observe if you look carefully at it, has no legs, and is called what it is, ladies and gentlemen, because when the male of the species comes in to land you can hear him cry, "Ooh, me goolies! Ooh, me goolies!"

The Circus Acrobat—If you will but observe the Circus Acrobat's ass you will observe a tattooed M on one cheek and a corresponding M on the other. When he bends over he spells MOM. When he stands on his head he spells WOW. When he turns cartwheels, he spells WOW MOM WOW.

The Female Mathematician—This lady, folks, believes that this (*hold fingers three inches apart*) is twelve inches.

The Famous Oooh-Aaah Bird—The male of this species, ladies and gentlemen, resides at the North Pole while the female resides at the South Pole. At the appointed season the male Oooh-Aaah flies south from the North Pole and the female Oooh-Aaah flies north from the South Pole until they meet at the Equator, whereupon one can here them call, "Ooooooooooh-Aaaaaaaaaah!"

The Infamous Fukawe Tribe—This tribe, as you will see, dear friends, is composed of small-statured people wot live in the middle of Africa, where the grass grows to an incredible height of 18 feet or more, and all day long the members of this tribe wander, calling, "Where the Fukawe? Where the Fukawe?"

AS I WAS WALKING

As I was walking through the wood,
I shat myself, I knew I would.
I cried for HELP, but no help came,
So I shat myself again.

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

As I lay sleeping in the grass,
Some bastard rammed it up my ass.
I cried for HELP, but no help came,
And so he rammed it up again.

There were two crows up in a tree,
As black as black as crows could be,
Said one black crow unto the other,
"You are one black enamel fucker."

(I WANT A) GANG BANG

Chorus: I want a gang bang if I could,
Because a gang bang feels so good.
When I was younger and in my prime,
I used to gang bang all the time.
Now that I'm older and getting gray,
I only gang bang once a day.

Leader: Knock, knock.

Pack: Who's there?

Leader: Ida.

Pack: Ida who?

Leader: Ida want another gang bang if I could,
Because a gang bang feels so good, etc.

Other verses:

Mister Bush/Mister Bush and came on her stomach
Ben/Ben dover and have another
Turner/Turner over and have another
Sam and Janet/Sam and Janet evening I'd have a
Bob/Bob down and let's have another
Orange/Orange you glad I didn't say Bob down and let's have another
Ranger/A ranger her for best entry at the
Oliver/Oliver clothes were off at the
Peter Meter/My peter'll meet her at the
Dolly Parton/Dolly's partin' her thighs at the
Tijuana/Tijuana bring your mama to the
Kissinger/Kissinger's great but fuckin' her's better at the
Betty/Betty'll have a sore dick at the
Europa/Europa to the bed post for the
Extinct/Extinct like fish at the
Eileen/Eileen her over the sofa at the
Sharon/Sharon share alike at the
Hedda/Hedda lotta sex at the
Mason Dixon/Mason's Dixon's a girl at the
Ima/Ima glad we had this
Eisenhower/Eisenhower late for the
Witchy/Witchy one your gonna fuck at the
Kenya/Kenya gimme directions to the
M.R./M.R. some nice-a tits at the
Charlie Pride/Charlie pried her legs apart at the
Banana/Banana na na na na na . . . (and so on)

GIVE ME THAT GOOD OLD VINO

I like my gin—it helps me get in,
But give me that good old vino.
I like my vino,
It gives me a stand supremo.

Chorus: Aye, yi-yi-yi,
Si, si, senora,
My seester Belinda she pissed out the winder,
And filled my brand new sombrero.

I like my Shiner—nothing could be finer,

But give me my . . .

Other verses:

I like my brandy—it makes me feel randy
I like my Anker—it helps me wank-a
I like my stout—it helps me get out
I like my martini—it's good for the weenie
I like my rum—it helps me come
I like my coke-a—it helps me poke-a
I like my beer—it helps gonorrhea
I like my wine—it stiffens the vine
I like my port—it helps me disport
I like my claret—it stiffens the carrot
I like my liquor—it makes me come quicker
I like my schnapps—it helps cure the clap
I like my Foster—it helps me accost her
I like my Sam Adams—it gives me orgasms
I don't like my Schlitz—it gives me the shits
I don't like my Bud—it softens the pud
I don't like my Zima—it gives me eczema
I don't like my Coors—it tastes like old sewers
I like my cider—it helps me fit inside her
I like my lager—it helps me feel larger
I like my whisky—it makes me feel frisky
I don't like light beer—it makes me queer
I like my champers—it helps fill my pampers
I like my Jack Daniels—it helps me fuck spaniels
I like my Mateus—it makes women loose

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL

The sexual life of the camel,
Is stranger than anyone thinks,
At the height of the mating season
He tries to bugger the Sphinx.
But the Sphinx's posterior sphincter
Is clogged by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Chorus: Singing, bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty, titty-bum,
Bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty, ay.
Singing, bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty, titty-bum,
The asshole is here to stay.

The sexual life of the ostrich,
Is hard to understand.
At the height of the mating season,
It buries its head in the sand,
And if another ostrich finds it,
Standing there with its ass in the air,
Does it have the urge to grind it,
Or doesn't it bloody well care?

In the process of civilization,
From the anthropoid ape down to man,
It is generally held that the Navy
Has buggered whatever it can,

Yet recent extensive researches
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall,
Conclusively prove that the hedgehog
Has never been buggered at all.

We therefore believe our conclusion
Is incontrovertibly shown,
That comparative safety on shipboard
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.
Why haven't they done it at Spithead,
As they've done it at Harvard and Yale,
And also at Oxford and Cambridge,
By shaving the spines off its tail?

So come all you hashers,
And to the occasion arise,
Grab yourselves a hedgehog,
And enjoy a real suprise.
The following instructions,
Will ensure you do not fail,
Simply ream out its ass with a hosepipe,
And shave the spines off its tail.

THREE GERMAN OFFICERS

(Melody: "Mademoiselle from Armentieres")

Three German officers crossed the Rhine,
Parlez-vous.

Three German officers crossed the Rhine,
Parlez-vous.

Three German officers crossed the Rhine,
They fucked the women and drank the wine,
Inky dinky, parlez-vous.

They came upon a wayside inn, etc . . .
Shat on the mat and walked right in,
Inky dinky, parlez vous.

Oh landlord have you a daughter fair,
With lily-white tits and golden hair?

Oh yes I do but she's too young,
To sleep with a stinking German hun.

At last they got her on a bed,
Shagged her till her cheeks were red.

And then they took her to a shed,
Shagged her till she was nearly dead.

They took her down a shady lane,
Shagged her back to life again.

They shagged her up, they shagged her down,
They shagged her right around the town.

They shagged her in, they shagged her out,
They shagged her up her waterspout.

Seven months and all was well,
Eight months went and she began to swell.

Nine months went, she gave a grunt,
And a little Kraut bastard popped out of her cunt.

The little Kraut bugger he grew and grew,
He shagged his mother and sister too.

The little Kraut bugger he went to hell,
He shagged the Devil and his wife as well.