

Sing Us Another Dirty As Buggery



Warren Fahey

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The old brown cow said "Let's have another

Down behind the shrubbery

And I'll bring the rubbery",

The Old Black Bull said,

"You can go to buggery

Ain't gonna shag you no more".

From Carl Belle, Adelaide, 2008. The tradition still lives!

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Contents

| | |
|---|-----|
| SECTION 1: A Word of Thanks | 4 |
| SECTION 2: A Potted History of Australian Bawdry | 7 |
| SECTION 3: Let me Count the Ways I Love You | 40 |
| SECTION 4: Balls To You and Sweet Fanny Adams | 68 |
| SECTION 5: Please Don't Burn Our Shithouse Down | 112 |
| SECTION 6: The Bastard From The Bush | 167 |
| SECTION 7: Friggin' In The Riggin' | 231 |
| SECTION 8: Beasts Of Burden | 270 |
| SECTION 9: Lusty Smiths & Mouldy Maidenheads | 321 |
| SECTION 10: What A Pack Of Wankers | 359 |
| SECTION 11: Rock, Rattle & Roll Me Over In The Clover & Do It Again | 387 |
| SECTION 12: Keeping It In The Family | 442 |
| SECTION 13: Odds and Sods | 510 |
| SECTION 14: My God, How The Money Rolls In | 572 |
| SECTION 15: Don't Let Your Dingle Dangle In The Dirt | 638 |
| SECTION 16: Rugby Buggers And Boozing Buddies | 716 |
| SECTION 17: Holy Hell! | 739 |
| SECTION 18: Here's To The Horse's Arse | 771 |
| SECTION 19: A Selected List | 803 |
| SECTION 20: Index - First Lines | 813 |

A Word Of Thanks

Books like this just don't happen without the support and enthusiasm of many people and this collection is no exception.

I am extremely grateful to the many people who have provided me with songs, poems, ditties and reminiscences over the past four decades and, in particular, those who contributed to this bawdy collection. Some didn't give two hoots about having their name acknowledged and others asked to remain anonymous, usually adding, 'For Gawd's sake don't say you got that from me!'

Anonymity is part and parcel of collecting bawdry, especially since much of the material is scribbled down on the backs of beer mates, old note paper and bar chits as the collector needs to grab whatever is offered, however strange the circumstance. Whilst items in the collection are clearly attributed to those prepared to be named there were many others who freely gave of their collections, suggested likely contacts, sent me emails etc and the following names, in no particular order, are acknowledged without blame: Trevor Overton, Rowan Webb, Peter Nicholas Ellis, James McFarland, Alan Miller, Karl Tredenti, Leo Schofield, Molly Fradgely, Jonathan Culper, Julian Porter, Bob Bolton, Garry Steel, Peter Fitzsimmons, Denys Grundy, John Dengate, Graham McDonald, Frank Daniel, Bill Lindsay, Scott Fineran, Andrew Bleby, Rob Bath, Tony Stevens, Paddy Dick, Bill Wyoming, Len Sprong, Alan Brittain, Peter Wren, Tony McCall, Gary Gentry, Patricia Early, Elsie Elliott, Jack and Sheila van Endem, Jean Scott, John Polson, Bill Kesswell, Madison, Sue and George Lucas, Vic Blake, Ben Gallas, Carl Belle, Prue McDonald at the State Library of South Australia,

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A special thanks to some of my bawdy folklore collecting associates: Brad Tate, Peter Parkhill, Rob Willis (and on behalf of the late John Meredith), American bawdy collector Ed Cray, and the late and sorely missed trio of Wendy Lowenstein, Ron Edwards and Bill Scott. I make special mention of American associate, John Patrick, who has emerged as the English-speaking world's most determined annotator, collector and commentator on bawdry (although he would probably shrug at the suggestion), who generously and enthusiastically encouraged me to continue this collection and freely contributed to it. Finally, to my usual publisher, Harper Collins, who have successfully published several of my books including 'The Big Fat Book of Aussie Jokes' (highly recommended for those who enjoy a good filthy joke) but declined this one on the grounds that bawdry sounded a bit 'old fashioned'. They are, after all, the world's biggest publisher of the Bible. I thought it might have helped balance their catalogue!

I commend readers to the Oral History and Folklore Section of the National Library of Australia who hold the original field recordings of several of the songs in this book.

Similarly I must thank three Australians who without their efforts this collection would have been considerably slimmer: Malcolm Jones, a Perth Geodesist and Hydrography Surveyor (and a relative of Edward Dyson) who, because of his interest in Rugby songs, assembled and published a major collection because 'he thought it would be a good idea when the World Rugby Golden Oldies Tournament was held in West Australia in 1991'; John Croyston who sent me a rare folio of military songs he had stashed away; Jock McLachlan who sent me two rare Army Engineer's song folios,

and the late Donald Laycock who got the Australian bawdy ball rolling in the nineteen fifties.

Finally, a big round of applause to Valda Low of Mountain Tracks for assembling the e-book and wallowing through all this filth.

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The real challenge in assembling this ebook was to adhere to a cut off date.

Every time I thought I could finish I came across more material. Even as I write this I have some oral histories to tape for the National Library, three of them singers of bawdy songs. Maybe I will need to issue a revised edition.

If you have bawdy songs, poems, toasts and reminiscences you would like to add to the collection please send them to wfahey@bigpond.net.au or Australian Folklore Unit, P.O. Box 262, Potts Point, NSW 2011, Australia.

Lusty Smiths & Mouldy Maidenheads

Classic Songs About Thrashing Machines and Chastity Belts



Wit and Mirth: Or Pills to Purge Melancholy is the title of a large collection of songs by Thomas D'Urfey, published between 1698 and 1720, which in its final six-volume edition, held over 1,000 songs and poems. The collection started as a single book compiled and published by Henry Playford who had succeeded his father John

'The Dancing Master' Playford as the leading music publisher of the period. Over the next two decades, *Pills* went through various editions and expanded into five volumes; in 1719 Thomas D'Urfey reordered and added to the work to produce a new edition (also in 5 volumes) with the title *Songs Compleat, Pleasant and Divertive*, published by Jacob Tonson. Volumes I and 2 now consisted entirely of songs (words, not tunes) by D'Urfey. The edition sold out quickly and in the second printing D'Urfey reverted to the *Pills to Purge Melancholy* title. He added Volume 6 in 1720. Many of the songs in the collection would be described as *bawdy* or *erotic* and many invoked the lusty smith and his cohorts.

Innuendo in song was extremely popular in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries however it goes back much further to the Elizabethan era when so many lyric songs and ballads were composed and circulated by troubadours. Many of these songs were especially composed for the Royal Courts where innuendo titillated an otherwise conservative upper class.

The common folk have no such regard for politeness and many of the songs underwent radical change when they entered the oral tradition. The smiths got lustier, the sailors saltier and the fair damsels in the dell got quite boisterous.



It must be remembered that farming was the main field of work for most of the population, right up to the mid-nineteenth century, and this explains the preoccupation with farm tools, livestock and other sexual analogies in the songs.

There was also quite a lot of sexual misadventure between the social classes.: very *Moll Flanders* with young gentlemen chasing milkmaids, squires turned cuckold, knights falling prey to rampant sexual urges and farm hands conquering ‘*Sweet Bess*’ the farmer’s daughter.

The fascinating aspect of this section is that several of these old songs found their way into the Australian tradition. A good example is the very old song, ‘*The Trooper Watering His Nag*’, with its innuendo of the horse representing the man’s penis and the watering well, the woman’s entry. I cite two versions of this song as

'Green Leaves Upon the Green' and *'Green Light Upon the Green'*, the first collected from Bill Harney in the late 1960s, and the other from Basil Cosgrove in the seventies. The songs have differing tunes and texts but are essentially the age-old story.

IN DAYS OF OLD WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD

(Tune: *'The Honeymoon Song'* AKA *'Bald-headed End of the Broom'*)

In days of old when knights were bold,
And paper wasn't invented,
They wiped their arse with Mallee grass,
And had to be contented.

Refrain: To be contented, to be contented,
They wiped their arse with Mallee grass,
And had to be contented.

In days of old when knights were bold
And frangers weren't invented
They wrapped their cocks in woollen socks
And had to be contented

In days of old when knights were bold
And women weren't invented

They drilled a hole in a wooden pole

And had to be contented

From John Croyston, 2005. Laycock had some of these verses as a selection of unconnected verse. But this is obviously a running set. Some verses, especially variants of the first verse, have appeared as graffiti. Mallee grass, from rural Victoria, is a rough option! 'Frangers' are French letters.

MY BEAUTIFUL MUFF

(Tune – *'Dumble Down Deary'*)

A handsome young damsel, one cold winter's night,

Away from her home she did happen to glide.

She was wrapped up very warmly with hair rather rough,

And in front she did wear a most beautiful muff.

It's my own and I'll wear it,

So don't you come near it,

You'll spoil it; you'll tear it,

My beautiful muff.

Oh, she toddled on slowly away down the street,

Till a handsome young spark she did happen to meet.

He glided up slowly and said, sure enough,

“It's Miss, you do wear a most beautiful muff.”



“Oh, my muff is the finest that ever you saw,
And all the young lads its attraction does draw.
It’s lined with red velvet, and the outside is rough,
And as warm as a stole is my beautiful muff.”

“Oh, my muff is my own, and it’s nothing to you,
With me and my muff you’ll have nothing to do;
It’s a gift from Mama and it’s elegant stuff,
And close top my jacket’s my beautiful muff.”

Now the night being cold, she felt rather inclined
To go into a tap to have biscuits and wine,
Oh, the wine being strong she fell asleep fast enough,
And the lads they played hell with her beautiful muff.

Now when she awoke, she cried with surprise,
“My muff it is ruined for ever,” she cried.
“Oh, the lads they’ve got near it and played it queer tricks
And they’ve knocked out of shape my most beautiful muff.”

Now all you young girls, who stroll out at night,
Be wary of the lads on whom you would light;
They’ll booze you up quickly and that fast enough,
And tear a great hole in your beautiful muff.”

Folk Songs of Australia, J. Meredith/Hugh Anderson. This song has an old pedigree and was sung to a waltz tune. Meredith commented that “*My Beautiful Muff*” was always a favourite with the drinkers in the back parlour of the Centennial (Gulgong hotel). On winter’s nights, Tom Gibbons would sit there in front of the log fire, and sooner or later a request would be made for him to ‘*give lip to it*’. *Everybody joined in the chorus, “My own and I’ll wear it...”*

In researching the song I found a reference in James Hepburn’s *A Book of Scattered Leaves (Poetry of Poverty in Broadside Ballads in 19th Century England. Vol. 2. 2000)*, where he suggests the song was probably composed by the broadside publisher, John Morgan, whose name appears on some of the original broadside (although this could also imply he was the publisher). Morgan was the composer of several lightly sexual ballads including ‘*New Rigs At The Races*’ and ‘*Blow the Candle In*’. [Recorded version by the Celebrated Knockers & Knackers Band - sample or buy on iTunes](#)

GREEN LEAVES UPON THE GREEN

(Tune: ‘*The Trooper Watering His Nag*’)

There was a little cocky and he lived close by,
Upon the green leaves, upon the green,
And he had a son of a very rough kind,
And you know very well what I mean.

And there was another cocky who lived close by,
Upon the green leaves, upon the green,
And he had a daughter of a very rough kind,
And you know very well what I mean.

And they placed them both to bed one night,

Upon the green leaves, upon the green,
To see which one would tempt the other first,
And you know very well what I mean,

She placed her hand upon his hip,
Upon the green leaves, upon the green,
And said, "what's this that stands so stiff?
And you know very well what I mean.

That is my horse that drinks at the well
Upon the green leaves, upon the green.
Yes, that is my nag that rears and swells
And you know very well what I mean.

"But what is this hangs under his chin?"
Upon the green leaves , upon the green,
"'Tis the bags he puts his fodder in."
And you know very well what I mean.

Said he, "What is this?" Said she, "'tis a well
Upon the green leaves, upon the green
Where your Nag can drink his fill."
And you know very well what I mean.

"But what if my Nag should chance to slip in?"

Upon the green leaves, upon the green,

"Then catch hold of the grass that grows on the brim."

And you know very well what I mean.

"But what if the grass should chance to fail?"

Upon the green leaves, upon the green,

"Shove him in by the head, pull him out by the tail."

And you know very well what I mean.

Bill Harney sang this version. I located a tape recording in the State Library of South Australia's Oral History Collection. The original song was printed in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy* and has been popular ever since. It is related to the common folk tales of country innocence. Laycock published the standard '*Trooper Watering His Nag*' in *The Best Bawdry*. I am printing two locally collected versions for comparison.

Recorded version by the *Celebrated Knockers & Knackers Band* - [sample or buy on iTunes](#)

GREEN LIGHT UPON THE GREEN

(Tune: '*The Trooper Watering His Nag*')

There was an old woman and she lived well,

Oh green light upon the green,

She had a daughter that'd do the same,

And you know darn well what I mean.

There was an old farmer and he lived by,
Oh green light upon the green,
He had a son that'd do the same,
And you know very well what I mean.

This young couple was put to bed together,
Oh green light upon the green,
To see if one could be covered by the other,
And you know very well what I mean.

He placed his hand upon her thigh,
Oh green light upon the green,
“Oh what is this where the grass grows high?”
And you know very well what I mean.

“That is my spring where the grass grows high,”
Oh green light upon the green,
“That is my spring and it never runs dry,”
And you know very well what I mean.

She placed her hand upon his thigh,
Oh green light upon the green,
“Oh what is this with its head so high?”

And you know very well what I mean.

“That is my horse and he is very dry,”

Oh green light upon the green,

“Well, lead your horse up to my spring,”

And you know very well what I mean.

“What if my horse refuses to drink?”

Oh green light upon the green,

“If he don’t drink, push the bugger right in,”

And you know very well what I mean.

“How will you know when he’s had enough?”

Oh green light upon the green,

He’ll sweat at the brow and he’ll foam at the mouth,

And you know very well what I mean.

How will you know when he’s going to die?”

Oh green light upon the green,

“You’ll feel the last tear tumble out of his eye,”

And you know very well what I mean.

From Basil Cosgrove, collected by Wendy Lowenstein, Armidale, NSW, 1970. Extensive notes by A. L. Lloyd appeared in *Australian Tradition Magazine*, 1974. No. 36.