

THE LYMERIC SONG
IN CHINA THEY NEVER EAT CHILI

CHORUS: I, yi, yi, yi
In China they never eat chili,
Oh, here comes another verse,
It's worse than the other verse,
So waltz me around again, Willy.

A lymeric packs laughs astronomical
Into space that is quite economical,
But the good ones we've seen
So seldom anr clean
And the clean ones so seldom are comical.

There was a young lady from Guam
Who observed, "The Pacific's so calm
That there can't be a shark;
I'll just swim for a lark."

...
Let us now sing the twenty-third psalm.

God's plan had a hopeful beginning,
But Man spoiled his chances by sinning.
We trust that the story
Will end in God's glory
But at present the other side's winning.

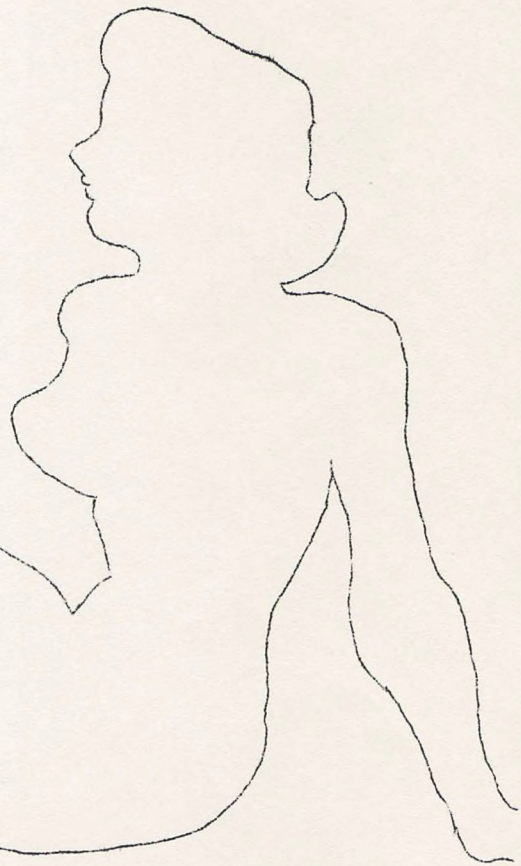
A serious thought for today,
Is one that may cause some dismay,
Just what are the forces

That bring little horses
If all of the horses say "Nay."

There was a young lady named Banker,
Who slept while the ship lay at anchor.
She awoke in dismay
When she heard the mate say,
"Now hoist up the topsheet and spanker."

There once was an old man of Lyme,
Who married three wives at a time.
When asked, "Why a third?"
He replied, "One's absurd,
And bigamy, sir, is a crime."

An Indian maiden, a Sioux,
As tempting as fresh honey dew
Would show off her knees,
As she strolled past tepees,
And she'd hear the braves call, "Wioux, wioux."



There once was a maiden of Siam,
Who said to her lover, young Kiam,
"If you kiss me, of course,
You will have to use force,
But, God knows, you are stronger than I am."

A girl who weighs many an oz
Used language I will not pronoz,
Her brother, one day,
Pulled her chari right away;
He wanted to see if she'd boz.

There was a young lady from Greene,
Who grew so abominably lean,
And flat and compressed
That her back touched her chest
And sideways she couldn't be seen.

A wanton young lady from Wimbley,
Reproached for not acting quite primly,
Answered, "Heavens above,
I know sex isn't love,
But it's such an attractive facsimile."

There was a young lady named Twillings,
Who went to the dentist for fillings,
Because of deprevitym
He filled the wrong cavity,
Now Twilling is missing the filling.

There was a young boy named Herkin,
Whose mother caught him jerkin' his gherkin,
"Hey, Herkin," she said,
"you're out of your head.
The gherkin's fer ferkin' not jerkin'."

There was a young girl named Alice,
Who used dynamite for a phallus.
They found her vagina
In North Carolina
Her ass was in Buckingham Palace.

There was a young man from Nantucket,
Whose prick was so long he could suck it.
Said he, with a grin,
While wiping his chin,
"If my ear were a cunt, I could fuck it."

There was a young couple named Kelley,
Who walked around belly to belly
Because in there haste
They used Carter's paste
Instead of petroleum jelley.

TOTOSDECBHSB-3

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

There was a young man from Podunk,
Who fell asleep in a trunk.
He drempt that Venus
Was stroking his penis,
And awoke with a trunkful of gunk.

There was a young man from Degress
Whose balls were made out of brass.
When he clanged them together
They played "Stormy weather"
And lightning shot out of his ass.

There was a young maid from Cape Cod,
Who thought all things were made by God.
It wasn't the Almighty
Who lifted her nightie,
It was "Sneaky Pete from down the street
With a pound and a half of swinging meat."

(a more refined version)

There was a younge maid from Cape Cod,
Who thought all things were made by God.
It wasn't the Almighty
Who lifted her nighty,
It was Roger the Logger, by God.

There was a young man from Dundee,
Who fucked an ape in a tree.
Ther results were most horrid,
All ass and no forehead
Six balls and a purple goatee.

There was an old lady from Wooster
Who thought that a man had seduced her;
But when she looked around,
She finally found
It was only the bedpost that goosed her.

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his Ford for an Austin.
There was room for his ass
And a gallon of gas,
But his balls hung down low and he lost 'em.

There once was a pirate named Gates
Who patrolled the deck on his skates.
He slipped on his cutlass
Which rendered him nutless
And practically useless on dates.

TOTOSDECBHSB-4

There once was a girl from Azores
Whose cunt was all covered with sores.
The dogs in the street
Wouldn't touch the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There was a young man from Calcutta
Who spent all his life in a gutter.
The sun was so hot
It roasted his cock
And melted his balls into butter.

There was an old man from Beiritz
Who planted an acre of tits.
They came up next fall
Red nipples and all
And he leisurely chewed them to bits.

There was a young girl named Sue
Who was caught with her mouth full of goo.
She gave the excuse
For her mouth full of juice
"Instead of fucking, I blew."

There was a young girl from Nantucket
Who went to sea in a bucket
But when she got there
She hadn't the fare
So she pulled out her twat and said, "Fuck it."

There was a young man named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said I admit
I'm a bit of a shit
But think of the money I save.

There was a young man named McNaire
Who was fucking a girl on the stair.
The banister broke
So he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in the air.

An attractive young lady named Myrtle
Had quite an affair with a turtle
What is more phenomenal
A swelling abdominal
Showed Myrtle the turtle was fertile.

There was a young man from Racine
Who invented a fucking machine
Concave and convex
It would screw either sex
But, oh, what a bastard to clean.

THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

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

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

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

The first mate's name was Morgan
By God, he was a gorgan
From half past eight he'd play till late
Upon the captain's organ.

The second mate's name was Andy
By God he was a dandy
Till they crushed his cock with a rock
For coming in the brandy.

The third mate's name was Cooper
By God he was a trooper
He jerked and jerked until he worked
Himself into a stupor.

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

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

The captain's daughter Sable
They laid her on a table
And all the crew would come and screw
As oft as they were able.

The captain's young gest daughter
Was washed into the water
Her plaintive squeels announced that eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

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

BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR

Who's that knocking at my door (3 times) cried the fair young maiden
It's only me from over the sea, said Barnacle Bill the sailor

I'll come down and let you in, said the fair young maiden
Just open the door and lay on the floor, said Barnacle Bill the sailor
Won't you please come in and dance, said the fair young maiden
To hell with dance, pull down your pants, said Barnacle Bill the sailor
What's that running down my leg, cried the fair young maiden
It's only a shot that missed the spot, said Barnacle Bill the sailor
What if Ma and Pa should see, cried the fair young maiden
We'll fuck your Ma and suck your Pa, said Barnacle Bill the sailor
What if we should have a child, cried the fair young maiden
We'll dig a ditch and burry the bitch, said Barnacle Bill the sailor

THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My brother makes booze in the bathtub
My sister makes synthetic gin
My sister makes love on the side
My God how the money rolls in

CHORUS: Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in

My mother's a boarding house keeper
Each night as the lights grow dim
She hangs a red light in the window
My God how the money rolls in

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

ON TOP OF OLD SOPHIE

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 some 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.

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

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

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

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

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

One day there came a sailor, an ordinary bloke,
A bulging at the trousers with a heart of solid oak.
At sea without a woman for seven years 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, just 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 twinkling of an eye.
He was out again, and in again, a plowing up a storm,
But the only word she spoke to him: I hope you're keeping warm.

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

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

THE SWEETHEART OF SIX OTHER GUYS

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

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

CHORUS: Oh roll your leg over,
Roll your leg over,
Roll your leg over,
The man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like fish in the ocean
And I were a whale I would show them the motion

I wish all the girls were like fish in the pool
And I were a shark with a water-cooled tool

I wish all the girls were like little red foxes
And I were a hunter I'd shoot in their boxes

I wish all the girls were like diamonds and rubies
And I were a jeweler, I'd polish their boobies

I wish all the girls were like sheep in a pasture
And I were a ram I would make them run faster

I wish all the girls were like Heddy Lamarr
They cost twice as much but they go twice as far

I wish all the girls were like bats in the steeple
And I were a bat. There'd be more bats than people.

I wish all the girls were like bricks in a pile
And I were a mason, I'd lay them in style

I wish all the girls were like B-29's
And I were a fighter I'd buzz their behinds

I wish all the girls were like bells in a tower
And I were a sexton, I'd bang by the hour

I wish all the girls were like trees in a forest
And I were a woodsman, I'd split their clitoris!

I wish all the girls were like ducks in a pond
And I were a hunter, I'd shoot till they're gone

I wish all the girls were like statues of Venus
And I were a god with a petrified penis

I wish all the girls were like coals in the stoker
If I were a fireman I'd shove in my poker

I wish all the girls were like telephone poles
And I were a squirrel I'd stuff nuts in their holes

I wish all the girls were like little white rabbits
And I were a hare I'd teach them bad habits

We laugh and we talk and we sing all about it
But we are the guys who are doing without it

NO BALLS AT ALL

Oh listen, my children, a story you'll hear.
A song I will sing you 'twill fill you with cheer.
A charming young maid was wed in the fall,
She married a man who had no balls at all.(WHAT?)

CHORUS: No balls at all, no balls at all,
She married a man who had no balls at all.

The night of the wedding she lept into bed,
Her breasts were a-heaving, her legs were well spread.
She reached for his penis, his penis was small,
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.(WHAT?)

Oh Mother, dear Mother, oh what shall I do?
I've married a man who's unable to screw.
For many long years I've evaded the call,
To marry a man who has no balls at all.(WHAT?)

Oh daughter, dear daughter, now don't feel so sad,
I had the same trouble with your dear old dad.
There are lots of young men who will answer the call
Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all.(WHAT?)

Now the daughter, she followed her Mother's advice
And she found the proceedings exceedingly nice;
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.(WHAT?)

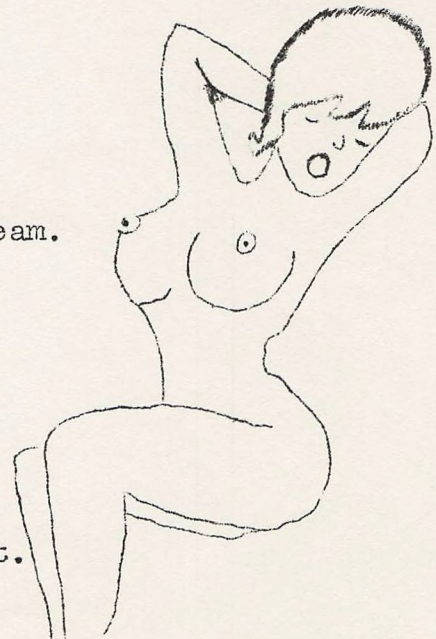
THE BIG RED WHEEL

An old sailor told me before he died,
I know not whether the bastard leid,
He told me of a maiden who
Never could be satisfied.

So for her he fashioned a big red wheel
And to it he fastened a prick of steel
Two balls of brass he filled with cream
And the whole fucking issue was run by steam.

Round and round went the big red wheel
In and out went the prick of steel
Until at last the maiden cried,
"Tarry awhile, I'm satisfied."

And now we come to the gory bit
Because there was no stopping it
And so she was torn from twat to tit
And the whole fucking issue blew up in shit.



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

LAST NIGHT I STAYED UP TO MASTERBATE

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.

THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE

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

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

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

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

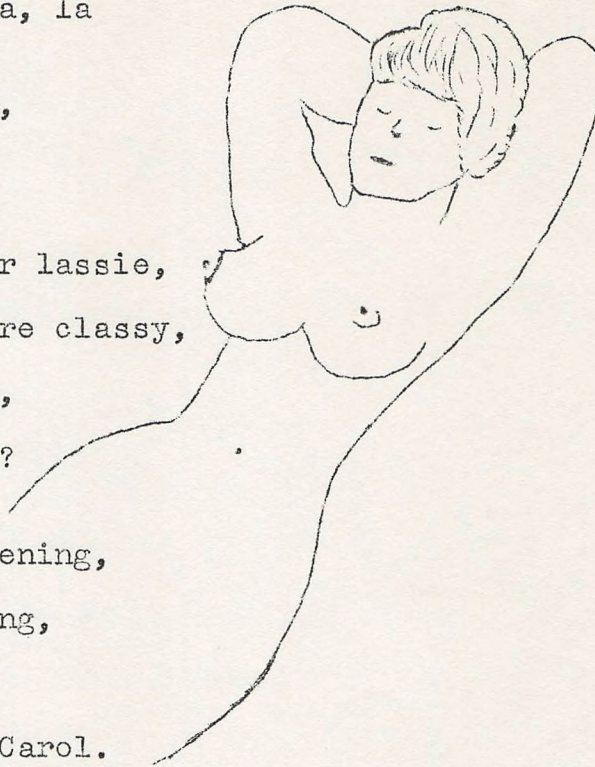
I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God damn your soul;"
Take it out...take it out...take it out...remove it.

LAY YOUR GIRLS ON BOUGHS OF HOLLY

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, la, etc.
 Been so long I can't remember,
 Fa, la, etc.
 Think I had it last December.
 Fa, la, etc.

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

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



THE FRESHMAN'S LAMENT

As I walked out of Room 10-250,
 As I walked out of lecture one day,
 I spied a poor freshman with slipstick and pencil
 With slipstick and pencil and so much to say.

I see by your outfit that you are a senior,
 These words he said as he slowly limped by.
 Come sit down beside me and solve this equation
 I've got a straight F and I'm saying goodbye.

I integrate slowly, my quiz marks are lowly,
 My theme was rejected; they said it's too clear.
 With farads and coulombs and joules, dynes and newtons,
 A Hell of a future, a Tech engineer.

I dream differentials and standard potentials,
 My mass action constants are always the same
 My chem lab assignments are dry lab refinements
 And chemistry lectures are always to blame.

Let all six coeds come carry my sliderule
 Let six happy seniors come help me along,
 For I'm a poor freshman with nothing but failures
 A poor striving student, but I've done no wrong.

This 1.3 freshman then transferred to Harvard
 There he soon got the best marks anyone had
 He's now living in comfort and making millions.
 I wonder if Harvard will take me post grad.

LADY GODIVA

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride
To show the loyal villagers her fine and lily-white hide
The most observant man of all, an engineer of course
Was the only man who noticed that Godiva rode a horse.

Chorus:

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the engineers
We can, we can, we can, we can, we can demolish 40 beers
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 the steed and led her to a bar
Was a bleary-eyed surveyor and a drunken engineer.

My father was a miner from the Northern Malamute
My mother was a mistress for 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.

Venus was a statue made entirely of stone
Without a stitch upon her, she was naked as a bone
On seeing that she had no clothes an engineer discoursed
Why the damn thing's only concrete and should be reinforced.

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

Sir Francis Drake and all his ships set out for Calais bay
They heard the Spanish rum fleet was a-headed out their way
But the engineers had beat them by a night and half a day
And though drunk as ptarmigans, you still could hear them say,

An engineer and a maiden were sitting in the park
The engineer was working on some research after dark
His scientific method was a marvel to observe
His right hand wrote the figures while his left hand traced the curves.

Oh, Princeton's run by Wellesley, and Wellesley's run by Yale,
And Yale's run by Vassar, and Vassar's run by tail.
Harvard's run by stiff pricks, the kind you raise by hand,
But MIT is run by the engineers, the finest in the land.

Oh, MIT was MIT when Harvard was a pup
And MIT will be MIT when Harvard's busted up
And if there is a Harvard boy who thinks he's in our class,
Well he can pucker up his rosy lips and kiss the beaver's ass.

Now if we catch a Harvard boy within our sacred walls,
We'll take him to the physics lab and amputate his balls,
And if he hollers 'Uncle,' this is what we'll do
We'll stuff his ass with broken glass and seal it up with glue.

THE THERMODYNAMICS FINAL

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

CHORUS: Glory glory dear old Thermo, Glory glory dear old Thermo
 Glory, glory dear old thermo, we'll pass you by and by.

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

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

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

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

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

LAST CHORUS: Glory glory dear old thermo, Glory glory dear old thermo
 Glory glory dear old thermo, we'll try again next year.

THE BALLAD OF MIT

This is the story of a freshman named Charlie,
 It's a tragic and fateful tale.
 He took his tuition, all \$1700
 And he sent it off by mail.

CHORUS: Oh, did he ever get it; no, he never got in;
 And we'll tell you the reason why.
 If you only have \$1700,
 You're \$200 shy.

Charlie waits all day at the tables at Walker,
 Crying: "What will become of me?"
 If I can't afford to pay my tuition,
 I'll have to leave MIT."

Charlie went down to the student center
 Wearing a clean white shirt.
 He said, "You've got all of 66 million,
 Will \$200 hurt?"

(MORE)

THE BALLAD OF MIT (Cont.)

Now all you freshmen, don't you think it's a scandal
How the INSTITUTE makes you pay and pay.
So, come next September, give them \$1700
And we'll tell you what they'll say--

Oh, we won't let you in; no, we won't let you in.
And we'll tell you the reason why,
If you only have \$1700
You're \$200 shy.

FOLLOW THE DATUM NODE

When the quiz begins and Ernie calls,
Follow the datum node.
You can draw a matrix of another dual
If you follow the datum node.

CHORUS: Follow the datum node, follow the datum node,
For the quiz will be over in a minute or so,
If you follow the datum node.

I cut the nodes and I tied the links.
Follow the datum node.
Then I noticed that the circuit had sources and sinks.
Follow the datum node.

Similarly:

A current source here and a voltage source there.
Invoke Thevenin, Norton, and pull your hair.

The second problem's like the first.
But it's got more nodes and it's infinitely worse.

Now I've done this quiz midst sorrow and tears.
And I'll get a hundred after all these years.

So the last bell rang and I nearly died.
There's another problem on the other side.

LAST CHORUS: Follow the datum node, follow the datum node,
For the quiz is over and I'm going to fail
Cause I followed the datum node.

OH, LITTLE HOUSE ON BEACON STREET

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

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

