

and Pete with gun in hand.

They blazed away on their randy way, 8
no man their fire withstood,
And many a bride who was hubby's pride
knew pregnant widowhood.

They made the strand of the Rio Grande 9
at the height of a blazing noon,
And to slake their thirst and do their worst
They sought Black Mike's saloon,

Came crashing in with doors aswing. 10
Both prick and gun flashed free:
"According to sex, you poxy wrecks,
you drinks or f***s with me."

Now they knew of the fame of our hero's name 11
from the Horn to Panama,
And with nothing worse than a muttered curse
those cowhands sought the bar.

And the women too his habits knew 12
down on the Rio Grande,
And forty whores pulled down their drawers
at Deadeye Dick's command.

They saw the fingers of Mexico Pete 13
twitch on the grigger grip;
'Twas death to wait -- at a fearful rate
those whores began to strip.

Now Deadeye Dick was breathing quick 14
with lecherous snorts and grunts
As forty arses were bared to view,
to say nothing of forty c***s.

Now forty arses and forty c***s -- 15
you'll see, if you use your wits
And are pretty slick at arithmetic --
that's likewise eighty tits.

And eighty tits is a gladsome sight 16
for a man with a raging stand;
They may be rare in Berkeley Square,
but not on the Rio Grande.

Dick backed to the door and the number one whore 17
could see in the chandelier's prism

As he sprung through air, his ballocks all bare
and sprayed her with his jism.

His phallic limb was in fighting trim 18
as he backed and took a run.

He made a dart at the nearest tart
and scored a hole in one.

He bore the whore to the sandy floor 19
and f***ed here deep and fine,
And though she grinned, it put the wind
up the other thirty-nine.

When Deadeye Dick lets loose his prick, 20
he's got no time to spare,
For with speed and length combined with strength,
he fairly singes hair.

So Deadeye Dick, he f***s 'em quick, 21
and flinging the first aside,
He was making a gin at the second quim,
when the swing doors opened wide.

Then there entered into that hall of sin -- 22
yes, into that harlots' hell --
A lusty maid who was unafraid,
and her name was ESKIMO NELL.

By this time Dick had got his prick 23
well into number two,
When Eskimo Nell lets out a yell
and says to him, "Hey -- you".

The hefty lout, he turned about.24
Both knob and face were red.
With a dextrous flick of his muscular prick,
the tart flew o'er his head.

With a lustful leer he said, "Look here, 25
just get into the queue:
I've got to mate with thirty-eight
before I get to you.

But Eskimo Nell, she stood it well 26
and looked him in the eyes;
With utter scorn she scanned the horn
that rose from his hairy thighs.

She blew a puff from her cigarette 27

onto his steaming knob;
So utterly beat was Mexico Pete,
he forgot to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell 28
in accents calm and cool:
"You cunt-struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp,
do you call that thing a tool?"

If this here town can't take that down", 29
she sneered to the cowering whores,
"There's one little c*** that can do the stunt,
and it's Eskimo Nell's, not yours."

She shed her garments one by one 30
with an air of conscious pride,
Till at last she stood in her womanhood,
and they saw the Great Divide.

It's fair to state it was not so great, 31
but it had a solid rim;
Viewed from without, it left no doubt
of the tensile strength within.

She seated herself on a table top, 32
where someone had left a glass.
With a twitch of her tits, she crushed it to bits
with the cheeks of her muscular arse.

She flexed her knees with supple ease 33
and spread her legs apart;
With a final nod to the randy sod,
she gave him the cue to start.

But Dick he knew a trick or two 34
and meant to save his powers,
For if he'd a mind he could stand the grind
for a couple of f***ing hours.

So Deadeye Dick with his king of a prick 35
prepared to take his time,
For a miss like this was f***ing bliss,
so he staged a pantomime.

He winked his arsehole in and out, 36
and make his balls inflate
Until they looked like granite knobs
on top of a garden gate.

He rubbed his foreskin up and down; 37
his knob increased in size;
His mighty prick grew twice as thick
and almost reached his eyes.

He polished the rod with rum and gob 38
to make it steaming hot,
And to finish the job he sprinkled the knob
with a cayenne pepper pot.

Then neither did he take a run,39
nor did he take a leap,
Nor did he stoop, but made a swoop
and a steady forward creep.

He took his sight as a gunman might 40
along that fearsome tool,
And the dead-slow glide as it slid inside
was calculating, cool.

Have you seen the massive pistons41
on the giant CPR
with the driving force of a thousand horse?
Well, you know what pistons are,

Or you think you do, if you've yet to view 42
the power that drives that prick
Or the work that's done on a nonstop run
by a man like Deadeye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was an infidel,43
as good as a whole harem,
With the strength of ten in her abdomen
and her rock-of-ages beam.

Amidships she could stand the rush 44
like the flush of a water-closet,
And she grasped his cock like the Chatwood lock
on the National Safe Deposit.

She lay for a while with a subtle smile, 45
the grip of her c*** grew keener;
Then giving a sigh she sucked him dry
with the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this feat in a way so neat 46
as to set at complete defiance
The primary cause and the basic laws
that govern sexual science.

She calmly rode through the phallic code 47
that for years had stood the test:
The accepted rules of established schools
in a second or two went west.

And so, my friend, we approach the end 48
of this copulative epic:
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick
and akin to anesthetic.

He slipped to the floor and knew no more, 49
his passions extinct and dead.
He didn't shout as his tool fell out;
it was fairly stripped of its thread.

Then Mexico Pete he sprang to his feet 50
to avenge his pal's affront;
With a jarring jolt of his blue-nosed Colt,
he rammed it up her c***.

He shoved it hard to the trigger guard 51
and fired two times three,
But to his surprise she rolled her eyes
and sighed in ecstasy.

Said Eskimo Nell, "You've rung my bell; 52
I'm ready to explode.
Oh Pete, my sweet, can you repeat?"
Said he, "I've shot my load".

She rose to her feet with a smile so sweet, 53
and "Bully", she said, "for you,
Though I might have guessed that would be the best
you Yankee simps could do.

When next your friend and you intend 54
to sally forth for fun,
Get Deadeye Dick a sugar stick
and buy yourself a bun.

I thought you jerks could give me the works", 55
she said in accents cool,
"But I guess I must go to the land of snow
to find a man with a tool.

I'm going forth to the frozen north, 56
where the pricks are hard and strong,
That is the land of the all-night stand --

and the nights are six months long!

It's hard as tin when you stick it in 57
in the land where spunk is _spunk_:
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream,
but a solid frozen chunk.

That is the land where they understand 58
what it means to copulate,
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed
and the infants masturbate.

Yes, I'm going forth to the frozen north, 59
where a whore can do no wrong,
Where the Arctic blizzard sticks deep in your gizzard
like fourteen inches of dong,

Back again to where men are men,60
to the Terra Bollicum.
It's there I'll spend my worthy end,
for the north is calling _Come!_"

So Deadeye Dick and Mexico Pete61
slunk out from the Rio Grande,
Deadeye Dick with his nackered prick,
and Pete with no gun in his hand.

But in the land of the grinding gland, 62
where the walrus plays with his prong,
Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair,
that's where they'll sing this song.

They'll tell this tale on the Arctic trail 63
where the nights are sixty below,
Where it's so damn cold, French letters are sold
wrapped up in a ball of snow.

n the Valley of Death, with bated breath, 64
it's there they'll sing it too,
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle
and the mouldering corpses screw.

This version is based on five sources:

A. Posted by Abby Sale.

D. _The Dirty Song Book_ by Jerry Silverman (Stein & Day, New York,
1982; ISBN O-8128-2800-3, O-8128-6118-3), pp. 56-58. The only
version that is supplied with a tune, this one is deviant in other

respects as well: it is much shorter (only 22 stanzas of the
--MORE--(6%)

length given below, arranged as 11 double stanzas), and yet some
lines appear in none of the other versions. Thanks, Dolores
Nichols, for pointing out the presence of this version in a book
that I had.

R. _Why Was He Born so Beautiful and Other Rugby Songs_ (Sphere
Books, London, 1967, 1973; ISBN 0722162251); posted by Hugh T.
Atkins.

S. Copy of a typescript in circulation at St Andrews University,
Scotland, 1959. Not sung there.

From: The World's Best Dirty Songs by Don Laycock (Angus & Robertson,
North Ryde, Australia, 1987; HarperCollinsPublishers, London; ISBN
0 207 15408 2). Labeled "Recitation", though in a songbook.

Note: The stanzas are numbered on the right. I have made the first one 0
because it appears only in D & is probably a floating stanza.
The existence of D perhaps excuses the continuation of this thread on
rec.music.folk, tho it seems to be agreed that this poem is not in
general circulation as a song. For further ObMusic content, someone
might tell us what manner of folk instrument a one-string fiddle is
(see stanza 1).

All the versions are significantly different, not only in details but
in the presence or absence of various lines and in the ordering of
some of the stanzas. However, S & W are pretty close, as are A & R.

I have included everything that occurred at least once, except for a
couple of scraps that are inconsistent. In particular, for the first
two lines of 44, D has:

From all his years of f***ing queers,
he knew that now this was it.

which also has a dreadful forced rhyme (was IT / CLOSet). W has,
before 18,

Now Deadeye Dick had screwed a few
on a spree the previous night;

This he had done in a spirit of fun
to whet his appetite.

Likewise in A. But this contradicts 5-6, so I have left it out.

Where, as in most lines, there are two or more versions, I have chosen
the one that seems to me best with regard to rhyme, meter, and
rhetoric.

I have made the spelling & punctuation uniform. Since this is
imitation Robert Service, it properly consists of heptameters.

Writing it that way, however, would make the lines too long for most
people's screens, so I have followed all the versions but S in

breaking each line at the caesura, but have indented the second half & not capitalized it.

Though set in the U.S., this ballad is clearly unAmerican in view of the use of "arse", "French letter", "put the wind up", "queue", and "quim". Mention of the CPR (Canada Pacific Railroad) in all versions but D, together with the heroine's epithet, is fair proof of Canada origin. This, however, makes a puzzle of the "Berkeley Square" wisecrack (16), which occurs in all versions, tho respelled "Barclay" in D. Is there a place in Canada so named? Or is the one in London famed throughout the Commonwealth as an abode of wimps?

JF