MOTHER MARKS'
MANY HA HA'S

BY MARKS
AN R.M. PRODUCTION

VOLUME \(X\) (IN ENGLISH 10)
Howdy Doodie

Howdy Doodie sat on a bench
Howdy Doodie got clubbed with a wrench
All of the doctors although it was dull
Couldn't get the wrench out of his skull

Mary's Lamb

Mary had a little lamb
A little cheese, a little jam
A little pie, a little milk
A little roast, wrapped in silk
A little toast, a little pop
A little stew that looked like slop
An ice-cream soda, topped with fiz
Oh how sick our Mary is.
LITTLE JACK HAIR

LITTLE JACK HAIR
Sat in a Chair
Eating a Horseshoe Pie
He stuck in his Finger
And he pulled out a Ringer
And said "It hasn't been Fried"

LITTLE TOMMY DANDY

LITTLE TOMMY DANDY
Swipes all his Candy
What shall he eat?
We just said Candy

How shall he cut it
Without no teeth
How shall he marry
Than Pimply little Thief
Hey Doodle Doodle

Hey Doodle Doodle
A cat ain't a poodle
A cow licks a lick
He really didn't
Jump over the moon
Cause he'd be in the Olympics

Rub a Dub Sputter

Rub a Dub Sputter
Three drunks in a cutter
And what have they mastered
A thief, a vendor and
A two-bit bartender
And all of 'ems really plastered
THE QUEEN OF SPADES

THE QUEEN OF SPADES
LAID SOME EGGS
ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY
THE KNAVE OF SPADES
TOOK THEM EGGS
STOLE 'EN CLEAN AWAY

THE KING OF SPADES
WANTED 'EM EGGS
AND BEAT THE KNAVE TO DEATH
AND TODAY IT'S SAID
WHERE HE LAIS DEAD
"POOR KNAVE, PEACE IN REST"
LITTLE MISS MUFF IT

LITTLE MISS MUFF IT
LIKE TO ROUGH IT
SHE WAS REAL TOUGH, THEY SAY
WHEN A BIG SPIDER
SAT DOWN BESIDE HER
SHE CHEWED ON IT ALL DAY
by MARKS

GEORGY PORKY

GEORGY PORKY, WHAT A GUY
KISSED THE GIRLS, AND MADE 'EM CRY
WHEN THE BOYS CAME OUT THAT DAY
GEORGY PORKY RAN AWAY
MAYBE NOT NOW, BUT CERTAINLY THEN
WHAT A NEUROTIC HE MUST OF BEEN
by MARKS
John & Jill

John & Jill went up the hill
To get really pie-eyed
John got drunk, the cheap little punk
And Jill got plastered after.

by MARKS

The Crooked Man

There was a crooked man
Who walked a crooked mile.
He crooked a silver sixpence
In his crooked little style.

He bought a drunk kitten
Which caught a big black rat,
Which had big black wings.
It really was a rat.

by MARKS
THE BOOZE THAT JACK DRANK

THIS IS THE BOOZE THAT JACK DRANK

THIS IS THE GLASS THAT HELD
THE BOOZE THAT JACK DRANK

THIS IS THE FACTORY
THAT MADE THE GLASS THAT HELD
THE BOOZE THAT JACK DRANK.

THIS IS THE WORKER
THAT WORKS IN THE FACTORY
THAT MADE THE GLASS, THAT HELD
THE BOOZE THAT JACK DRANK.

THESE ARE THE SOCKS
WHICH ARE WORN BY THE WORKER
THAT WORKS IN THE FACTORY
THAT MAKES THE GLASS, THAT HELD
THE BOOZE THAT JACK DRANK.

HOW IN THE HECK
DO WE GET FROM BOOZE
TO A LAYMAN'S DIRTY SOCKS

BY MARKS
Wee Willie Stinky

Wee Willie Stinky
   runs through the town
Upstairs, downstairs
   in his nightgown
Rapping on the windows
Crying through the lock

"Hey Everybody
   It's now eight o'clock."
Now it isn't verified
A rumor's going around
That Wee Willy Stinky
Ain't mentally sound
Hey Hey Store Clerk

Hey, Hey, Store Clerk
Have you got some cigs?
Yes sir, three bits,
Dish it out, dig?

One for the maker,
One for the store, and
One for the guy
Who sweeps in the floor.

What we is made of

What are little boys made of?
What are little boys made of
Booze and things, and a bunch of nicotine
That what little boys are made of

What are little girls made of?
What are little girls made of
Notes and purses, loud and soft curses
That's what little girls are made of
Old King Cole

Old King Cole
Was as thin as a pole
In fact, a pole was he
He sang a song
A song he sang
Now, not a kingdom has he

A Dillar, a Penny

A Dillar, a Penny
A Midnight Ninny
What makes you come so soon?
You was due here in March
And now it's only June
The Rumble That Night

He left town late.

He felt the great hill

They felt the hill;

That's why he was teary

They all went down.

He had to climb some steps.

He felt great now.
Do Ya' Wanna Be Blue?

Do Ya' Wanna Be Blue?

Do Ya' Wanna Be Blue?

If Ya' Wanna Be Blue

Here's What Ya' Do

One Way To Get Blue

Here's What Ya' Do

Ya' Pick On A Bully,

And You'll Be Black 'n' Blue

If Ya' Don't Like The Latte

And Still Wanna Be Blue

Ya' Hold Your Breath

Yes, Ya' Do, Yes, Ya' Do.

Cause When Ya' Hold Your Breath

Ya' Know What, 'Chal' Ya' Go

Ya' Slowly Change

To A Light Shade Of Blue

A Still More Popular

Way To Get Blue

Is To Sit On Ice

It's Freezes You
AND THERE YA' GOT IT
IF YA' WANNA BE BLUE
YA' CAN GET BEAT UP, SIT ON ICE
OR HOLD YOUR BREATH TO.

BUT THERE'S STILL ANOTHER WAY
THAT YOU CAN GET BLUE
LE TO THE CIRCLE, AND UP COME (M. M.)
AND HAVE SOMEONE POINT YOU.
The Letter

by Marks

"You have served well
in the French army.
"So, I give you this note
To take with thee.
"Yes, you served well
I was very proud.
"To have you, my friend,
in my crowd.
"

"Thank you," said Barney.
"Well, I'll see you around.
And away strolled Barney
to America grounds.
"Thank goodness," cried Barney.
"Was I in a clench.
"I'm glad he never found out
I couldn't read French.
"

Four years ago
His heart was broken, you see
And away he fled
to the French army.
Now he was out
and that pretty day
he was goin' back
to Good ol' U.S.A.
He got a taxi,
and on the way to the boat, 
Barney produced
that unread French note.

And then to the driver
he innocently said
"Read me this note; 
tell me what's said."

The driver took
one look at the note
and said "Get out,
you gotta walk to the boat."
"Why," asked Barney
"because of that note I just read, 
I'd never be you 
I'd rather be dead."
Barney got out and began to walk and then to himself. He began to talk. "I'm goin' to miss my boat. Because of that letter, I guess I better hurry if I'm going to get her."

Barney missed his boat but he didn't stop. He stayed at a hotel where he asked a bell hop. "Hey buddy, come here. And read me this letter. I'll give you a buck, and I'll feel better."

"Okay Mr. Barney. Just give me the note." He took the letter and read what was wrote. "I'm not known, to have a big mouth, but I gotta tell my boss!" And Barney was kicked out.
That night, poor Barney slept in the street; his nose was freezing, so was his feet. But the next morning, he caught his boat. Then finally, home he began to float.

Then Barney learned French, was spoken by the cabin boy. He could read him the note! Oh, what joy! He called the kid that looked at the note. He told the captain Barney was kicked off the boat.

For days he floated in a life raft. He talked to himself and then he laughed. Yes, slowly was Barney cracking up. He would of gone mad but a boat picked him up.
It was a French Vessel*
A nice little boat
Barn wanted to stay
So he hid the note.
Finally he got home
To the U.S.A.
To him, it was a joyous
Wonderful day.

He got off the boat
And went to his brother
Because staying with him
Was his darling mother.
He went to her
Because he hoped
That she could
Read him the note.
Because his mother
Was French, you see
And her darling mother
Had taught it to her.

He caught a subway
To his brother's home
Where there was hugging & kissing
And carrying on.

* No relation to the vessel
When the commotion settled down
Barn searched his pockets
Where he found
The trouble bringing, 'ol French note
He said to his mother,
"Read me what's wrote."

His mother read over the note
And then
The very next morning
She disowned him.

Years went by
And Barney got old
He became a bum
It is told.
The bums were organized
And if in hopping a train
You hurt yourself,
They care for their lame.
One beautiful night
while sitten' round the fire
Barney found out the head bum
had been a French squire.

He walked up to him
and maudlinly said
"Read me this note, Mister
Before I'm gone I'm dead
This note has ruined my life
It may seem kind of funny
But if it wasn't for this note,
I'd be famous and have money."

"Okay, sonny boy
I'll read you the letter
In fact, I'll read it out loud
I think that it would be better."

Barn handed it to the man
His eyes were getting moist wetter
He would finally find out
What was written in the letter.
Into his old feeble hands
the letter, took the squire

his hands were shaking, he dropped
the note

and it floated into the fire
The Conductor
by Marks

The mighty conductor stood on stage
And gave the crowd a bow
And then he turned to the band
And gave them a smile.

Then he waited
Til the applause quieted down
Yes, he was a good conductor
The best, pound for pound.

Then he raised his arms
And touched a light wire
He gave a scream, the crowd looked
There came a flash of fire

He did a hop,
A skip, a jump
Triple on his stand
And fell on his jump.

No, you could never find a better crowd
If you looked for days and days
Cause this musical talented man
Was a conductor in two ways.