

## Ivor Biggun "The Yodelling Winker (misprint)"

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In far Switzerland  
Lives a goatherd who's hand  
Has a palm that is calloused and worn  
From his idle vice  
Despite mum's advice  
Not to play with his old alpine horn

When he stuck his c\*ck  
In a large cuckoo clock  
His helmet went right through the cranker  
He went "Yodel-o yodel-o yodel-o arghh!"  
And they call him the yodelling w\*nker

In the mountains up there  
Young women are rare  
And that's why the goatsherd depends  
On holes found in trees  
And emmental cheese  
And the a\*ses of four-legged friends

But one nanny goat  
Aimed a kick at his scrote  
And caught him one heck of a flanker  
He went "Yodel-o yodel-o yodel-o arghh!"  
And they call him the yodelling w\*nker

Oh Yodel-o-yodel-o-yodel-o-do  
He's singing so melodious  
His voice seems to go to a yodel-o-do  
Whenever he tightens his truss

\* While digging for sheep  
In a snowdrift so deep  
The corpse of a tourist he found  
She was stiff as a board  
But when she was thawed  
He 'ad 'er from all sides around

At the thirty-third stroke  
The maiden awoke  
And bit off his old hanky-panker  
He went "Yodel-o yodel-o yodel-o arghh!"

And they call him the yodelling w\*nker

(Adieu)

The valleys all echo

His yodel falsetto

"My darling please say where you are!"

From the mountaintop high

He hears this reply

"Baa... Baa... Baa... And your old lady too!"

\*Ivor's alternative couplet...

While having a sh\*te

In a snowdrift so white

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