

## **And The Hares**

Tune: The Ash Grove

### **Chorus:**

Leader: And the hairs,  
Pack: And the hairs,  
Leader: And the hairs,  
Pack: And the hairs,  
Leader: And the hairs,  
Pack: On her dicky-di-doe,  
Hang down to her knees.

One black one, one white one,  
And one with a bit of shite on,  
And one with a little light on to  
Show us the way.

### **Verses:**

I've smelled it, I've felt it,  
It's just like a bit of velvet.

I could not believe my eyes,  
When I peered down between her thighs.

If she were my daughter,  
I'd have her cut them shorter.

I've seen it, I've seen it,  
I've lain right in between it.

I stroked 'em and poked 'em.  
I rolled 'em and smoked 'em.

You'd need a coal miner,  
To find her vagina.

She stayed on a cattle ranch,  
And came like an avalanche.

She says she is not a whore,  
But she bangs like a shithouse door.

She lives on malted milkshake,  
And roots like a bloody rattlesnake.

She married an Italian,  
Who fucked like a stallion.

She divorced the Italian,  
And married the stallion.

She married a Spaniard,  
With a prick like a bloody lanyard.

The split of her beaver,  
Looks just like June Cleaver's.

She slept with a demon,  
Who drowned her with semen.

Her cat's name is Boris,  
And it plays with her clitoris.

The aroma it lingers,  
It smells like fish fingers.

She sat on the waterfront,  
With the waves lapping up and down her cunt.

I've licked it and kissed it,  
It tastes like a chocolate biscuit.

You can drive a Morris Minor,  
Right up her vagina.

It was always hit-or miss,  
Whether I could find her clitoris.

She went to Arabia,  
And got camel drool on her labia.

She stayed in Seattle,  
And went down on cattle.

The light is so glitorous,  
When it shines off her clitoris.

Her vagina was squishy,  
And smelled a bit fishy.

She went with a Hash House Harrier,  
Who fucked her but wouldn't marry her.

### **A, B, C, D, E, F, G**

Tune: Alphabet Song

A, B, C, D, E, F, G,  
Won't you sing a song with me?  
Grab a beer and raise your cup,  
Lose that hat cuz it's bad luck,  
And when we say to drink it down,  
Finish that beer and make a crown.

H, I, J, K, L-M-N-O-P.  
Better get ready 'cause the beer's flowin' free.  
Fill your vessel to the brim,  
Don't you wish you had some quim,  
Raise your beer mug to your lips,  
Get ready to take some dainty sips.

Q,R,S and T-U-B, W and X-Y-Z,  
Now you're ready to make whoopee,  
Just remember this or you are dead,  
Never never ever say head (oh, shit)

Head? Who said head?  
I'll take some of that, etc

### **Air Force Song, Dirty Version**

Off we go into the deep, wet, pussy  
Wiggling our tails, looking for eggs  
Other ones will drip down her leg  
But I'm the one who found the hole in the condom

Off I go, reaching my goal  
Oh yes, that's it!  
Oh no, it's shit!  
Hey! He cuckde her in the Hershey hole!

### **Amazing Beer**

Tune: Amazing Grace

A- maz-ing beer,  
A taste profound,  
A whole keg just for thee!  
The pack is lost,  
But home you've found,  
The beer check you can see

### **Asshole**

Asshole, asshole,  
A soldier I will be.  
To piss, to piss,  
To pistols on my knee.  
For cunt, for cunt,  
For country and for Queen.  
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,  
A soldier I will be.

### **Battle Hymn Of The Hasher**

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

His eyes have seen the horror of the steepness of the trail, His ears have heard the whining  
of the whining Hashers' tale, His  
Lips have felt the passing of this nation's finest ale, This hasher's done it all!

Glory, Glory, Ale and Lager!  
Glory, Glory, Ale and Lager!  
Glory, Glory, Ale and Lager!  
Now drink it down, down, down!

## Beery Bunch

Tune: Brady Bunch Theme Song

Here's the story,  
Of a thirsty hasher,  
Who was running at the back of a pack.  
Every bad trail that there was,  
Well he found it.  
He must have ran for miles!

It's the story,  
Of some sacred nectar,  
That was chilling with a mind of it's own.  
It was one beer,  
Sitting in the cooler,  
Yet it still had no foam.

'till the circle,  
When the hasher met the nectar.  
And he knewwww it  
Just couldn't stick around.

That's when his shorts went  
Down around his ankles  
And the beer became a  
Down down down down down!

A down down down!  
A down down down!  
That's the waaaaaayyyyyyy  
It's became a down down down!

## Breathalyzed

Breathalyzed,  
Crystals turning green before my eyes.  
I can hardly realize,  
That I have just been breathalyzed.

Suddenly,  
There 's a policeman standing over me.

I'd like to punch him but he's six foot three,  
And I would like to stay alive.  
He said, "We'd like to test your blood for alcohol."  
I said, "Go away, you'll get nothing, Dracula."

Reality,  
Five hundred milligrams per 100 mils.  
Now they reckon, I'm a mobile still,  
And I have to be penalized.

Custody,  
When they took me to the local mick,  
I've never seen a policeman move so quick,  
But not as quick, as I got sick.

Misery,  
And the judge says I must join AA,  
And take the bus for 60 days,  
OH, why did I get breathalyzed?

Breathalyzed,  
Couldn't wait to get back to the car,  
But I hadn't gone very far,  
"til I again was breathalyzed.

### **Bye Bye Cherry**

Back your ass against the wall  
Here I come, balls and all  
Bye bye cherry

Won't your mother be disgusted  
When she finds you cherry's busted  
Bye bye cherry

Wrap your legs around a little tighter  
I can feel my loads is getting lighter  
Bye bye cherry

Shake that ass and wiggle those tits  
Until my little pecker spits

Bye bye cherry

### **DFL's Prayer**

Tune: Amazing Grace

Amazing Hash

How sweet the trail that saved a DFL like me  
I once was lost, But now I'm found  
The On-On I now see!

Just two more blocks and I'll be in  
The beer is waiting for me  
And when I'm there, I'll drink my share  
Til they get rid of me!

### **Dinah**

Dinah, won't you blow me  
Dinah, won't you blow me  
Dinah, won't you blow my horn  
Dinah, won't you blow me  
Dinah, won't you blow me  
Dinah, won't you blow my horn

Someone's in your sister's vagina  
Someone's in your sister I know  
Someone's in your sister's vagina  
Pumpin' like a dynamo

### **Does a Hasher?**

Does a hasher like to walk,  
Does a hasher like to run,  
Does a hasher like to be  
Where they're having all the fun?  
Can he drink a 12-ounce beer,

While his friends all sing and cheer,  
Now your time has come  
To drink it down, down, down...

### **Doh!**

Dough, the stuff that buys me beer  
Ray, the guy that sells me beer  
(Thanks, Ray!)  
Me, the guy that drinks the beer  
Far, a long way to the beer  
So, I'll have another beer  
La, I'll have another beer  
Tea, no thanks I'm having a beer  
Which will bring us back to...  
Down, down, down, down.

### **Down Down Song**

This is your down down song  
It isn't very long  
So drink it down, down, down, down...

#### **Down, Down, Down Your Beer**

Tune: Row, Row, Row Your Boat

Down, Down, Down your beer,  
To pay for your crime.  
Quit complaining about the taste,  
There's no sperm this time.

### **Formation**

Tune: Alouette

#### **Chorus:**

Fornication, I love fornication,  
Fornication, I love to fornicate.

Leader: How I like to be on top,  
Pack: Yes, she likes to be on top.



Leader: Be on top,  
Pack: Be on top!  
Leader: Fornicate,  
Pack: Fornicate!

**Other verses:**

Hide the salami  
Drive it deep  
Bump and grind  
Pump and hump

**Fuck A DUCK**

Fuck a duck, a female duck  
Screw a baby kangaroo  
Finger bang an orangutan  
Let an elephant do you  
Feel the penis of an eel  
Whack the asshole of a yak  
Masturbate with a gnu  
Which will bring us back to...  
Down, down, down, down.

**God Bless My Underpants**

God bless my underpants, Brand that I like,  
Stand inside them, And ride them,  
Between my buns when I run or I bike.

From the waistband, To the leg holes,  
To the fly flap, Wet with piss,  
God bless my underpants, They look like this.

**Harriers, They Play One**

Tune: This Old Man

Harriers, they play one,  
They think they have all the fun.

Chorus:

With a knick knack, paddy whack,  
Give themselves a bone  
Harreirs have sex alone.

Harriers, they play two,  
They can't get it up to screw.  
(Chorus)

Harriers, they play three,  
They think they get sex for free.  
(Chorus)

Harriers, they play four,  
They can't get it up to score.  
(Chorus)

Harriers, they play five,  
They don't have enough sex drive.  
(Chorus)

Harriers, they play six,  
Little men with little dicks  
(Chorus)

Harriers, they play seven,  
Masturbation is their heaven.  
(Chorus)

Harriers, they play eight,  
They can't get their dicks in straight.  
(Chorus)

Harriers, they play nine,  
They take theirs up from behind  
(Chorus)

Harriers, they play ten  
Little boys who think they're men.  
(Chorus)

## Harriettes, They Play One

Tune: This Old Man

Harriettes, they play one,  
All they want do do is cum..

Chorus:

With a knick knack, slap her ass,  
Poke her with my bone,  
This drunk hare will stumble home.

Harriettes, they play two,  
We just want to speckle you.  
(Chorus)

Harriettes, they play three,  
Won't you swallow my cum for me.  
(Chorus)

Harriettes, they play four,  
We like to see you on all fours.  
(Chorus)

Harriettes, they play five,  
If you don't swallow you'll get hives.  
(Chorus)

Harriettes, they play six,  
We just want to pole you with our dicks.  
(Chorus)

Harriettes, they play seven,  
But they all just wish it was eleven  
(Chorus)

Harriettes, they play eight,  
We all know you masturbate  
(Chorus)

Harriettes, they play nine,  
All they do is nag and whine.  
(Chorus)

Harriettes, they play ten  
If they were better looking,  
they'd get some men.  
(Chorus)

Harriettes, they play eleven,  
But all they can handle is only seven.

### **Hash House Harriers**

Tune: The Addams Family

Their drinking is compulsive and  
Their running is convulsive  
They're morally repulsive,  
The Hash House Harriers  
Da DA DA DA (Snap fingers twice) Repeat

Their flatulence is rude and  
Their genitals protrude when  
They're running in nude in  
The Hash House Harriers  
Da Da DA DA, Down Down,  
Da Da Da Da, Down Down

### **He Oughta Be Publicly Pissed On**

He outghta be publicly pissed on  
He oughta be publicly shot  
He oughta be tied to a urinal  
And left there to fester and rot.

### **He's a Hasher, He's Okay**

Tune Lumberjack Song (Monty Pytthon)

He's a hasher, he's okay,  
Works all day, comes out to play,  
Drinks it down without complaint,  
Or he wears it well.

Drink it!  
Wear it!  
Drink it!  
Wear it!

## Hello Penis

Tune: Sound of silence

Hello penis my old friend,  
I've come to play with you again,  
When those wet dreams come a-creeping,  
I spurt my seeds while I am sleeping,

And with your helmet  
Firmly planted in my hand,  
It will expand,  
While jerking off in silence.

In horny dreams I get a bone,  
I beat off on cobble stones,  
Beneath the halo of a street lamp,

I see a whore who's getting very damp,  
For five hundred bucks  
In a flash she's on her back,

She spreads her crack,  
And twitches her twat in silence.

Those who see and do not know,  
How to make my penis grow,  
I whipped you out so she might eat you,  
I stuffed you up into her pussy spew,

And then my sperm,  
Like silent raindrops fell,  
And turned to gel,  
While jerking off in silence.

And the ants came out and played,

In the fucking mess I'd made,  
But in heeding daddy's warning,  
That mom would find it in the morning,

So I rolled out of bed  
And wiped it up with my shirt,  
God, what a squirt!  
Jerking off in silence.

### **Here's to Brother Hasher**

Here's to brother hasher  
Brother hasher, brother hasher  
Here's to brother hashers, May he chug-a-lug

He's happy, he's jolly,  
He's fucked up by golly,  
Here's to brother hasher, May he chug-a-lug

So drink motherfucker, Drink mother fucker  
Drink motherfucker, Drink mother fucker  
Here's to brother hasher, May he chug-a-lug

### **He's The Meanest**

He's the meanest, He sucks the horse's penis,  
He's the meanest, He's a horse's ass.

All he does is pound it,  
Evers since he found it,  
He's the meanest, He's a horse's ass.

He's always pissing on us,  
He's rotten and dishonest,  
He's the meanest, He's a horse's ass.

### **I will survive**

Tune: Gloria Gaynor's "I will survive"

At first I was afraid, I was petrified,  
When you said you had 10 inches  
Load I almost died,  
But I spent oh so many years waiting  
For a man that long,  
That I grew strong,  
And I knew that I could take you on!

But there you are, another like,  
I was ready for a Big Mac  
And you've brought me a French Fry,  
I should have known that is was bullshit,  
Just a sad pathetic dream.  
Should have known there was no anaconda  
Lurking in those jeans!

Go on now go!  
Walk out that door!  
Don't you promise me 10 inches,  
Then turn up with only 4!

Were'nt you a prat to think  
I wouldn't call you out!  
Don't you know we're only kidding  
When we say size doesn't count!

**Chorus:**

I will survive, I will survive!  
Cause as long as I have batteries,  
MY sex life is gonna thrive,  
I will always have good sex  
With a hand ful of latex,  
I will survive, I will survive! Hey! Hey!

It took all my self control  
Not to laugh out loud,  
When I saw you little wiener standing tall  
and proud,  
But to hell with all your ego's  
And to hell with all your needs,  
Now I'm saving all my loving'

For a cordless multispeed!  
(chorus)

Go on now go!  
Get out of my sight!  
I'm going back to my appliance  
'Cause I know its length is right,  
And if I ever see your tiny cock at my door,  
You'll be counting up your inches  
As you pick them off the floor!  
Go on now Go!

### **Ice the Bitch**

Tune: Do, Re, Mi

Ice the bitch, yes ice the b itch...  
Numb, the price you have to pay,  
Sit, right there and down that beer,  
Yes, you pissed off the R.A.  
Damn, your ass is getting red,  
And, your lips are turning blue,  
Place, that mug above your head,  
And prove you downed that brew.

### **It's a Small Dick**

Tune: It's a Small World

Well it isn't long and it isn't thick,  
It gets hard too slow and it  
cums too quick, It gets lost in her twat,  
But it's all that he's got,  
It's a small, small, dick.  
It's a small dick after all,  
It's a small dick after all,  
Always limp from alcohol,  
It's a small, small, dick!

### **Little Bird**



There was a little bird, No bigger than a turd  
A- sitting on a telephone pole  
It ruffled up its neck, And shit about a peck  
And puckered up its little asshole

Ass hole, asshole, asshole, asshole  
It puckered up its little asshole

### **Love ME Tender**

Love me tender, love me sweet  
Wrap you r lips around my meat  
Watch me smile and watch me grin  
As the cum rolls down, down,  
down, down down etc...

### **Masturbation, To Males**

Tune: Alouette

Musterbation, he loves masturbation  
Masturbation, it's what he loves to do  
First he'll use his right hand  
Then he'll use his left hand  
Right hand,  
Left hand  
Right hand,  
Left hand  
Masturbation, it's what he'd rather do.

### **Masturbation, To Females**

Tune: Alouette

Masturbation, we love masturbation  
Masturbation, it's what we love to do  
First we'll use our right hand  
Then we'll use our left hand  
Right hand,  
Left hand  
Right hand,

Left hand  
Masturbation, while thinking about you.

### **Masturbation, Long Version**

Tune: Alouette

#### **Chorus:**

Masturbation, I love masturbation  
Masturbation, I love o masturbate,

Leader: How I like to choke my chicken,  
Pack: Yes, he likes to choke his chicken,  
Leader: Choke my chicken,  
Pack: Choke his chicken,  
Leader: Masturbate.  
Pack: Masturbate.  
(Chorus)

Harriers:  
How I love to...  
...Yank my chain  
...Flog my log  
...Lope my mule  
...Buff the banana  
...Whip my lizard  
... Beat my meat  
...Pull my pony

Harrietts:  
How I love to...  
... Swat my twat  
...Tease the beaver  
...Stroke my snatch  
...Tap my gap  
...Use three fingers  
...Moan and jerk  
...Rub my nub

### **More Beer**

Tune: Amazing Grace

**Chorus:**

A nice cold beer, How sweet it sounds.  
To save a drunk like me.

Stop. Drink some beer, catch your breath and resume.

I finished 1, but I'm not done,  
More beer, More beer, More beer.  
I love my wife, I love my beer.  
But if I had to choose,  
My dear old wife, who I love with my life,  
Would most undoubtedly lose.  
(Chorus)

I finished off 2, but I'm not through,  
More beer, More beer, More beer.  
I love my truck, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose,  
I'd sell my 4X4, Of which I do adore.  
For beer, I'd walk to the store.  
(Chorus)

I finished off 3, now I have to pee  
More beer, More beer, More beer.  
I love to fuck, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
It's beer for me, unless her pussy,  
Tastes like more beer, more beer  
(Chorus)

I finished off 4, but still want more,  
More beer, More beer, More beer.  
I love my dog, I love my beer,  
But if I had to choose,  
I sell my pet, to the vet,  
A dog for beer more beer.  
(Chorus)

I finished off 5, I'm still alive,  
More beer, More beer, More beer.  
I love my Mom, I love my beer

But if I had to choose,  
That drunken whore, It's me she bore,  
Still I choose more beer more beer.  
(Chorus)

I finished off 6, I've had my fix,  
[Or: "still need my fix"... to continue song!](#)  
Now you all must drink more beer.  
I love my house, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
My house might, might burn down,  
But I could still pound  
More beer, more beer, more beer  
(Chorus)

I just had 7, not yet to 11  
More beer, more beer, more beer  
I love my guns, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
If my aim is bad, then I'm still glad  
To have more beer, more beer  
(Chorus)

I just had 8, it's not too late  
To drink more beer, more beer  
I love fishing, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
If I lost my line, I wouldn't whine  
I'd drink more beer, more beer  
(Chorus)

I just had 9, I'm feeling fine  
More beer, more beer, more beer  
I love NASCAR, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
If I lost the race, I'd get shit-faced  
More beer, more beer, more beer  
(Chorus)

I just had 10, Don't know when to say when  
More beer, more beer, more beer  
I love my porch, I love my beer

But if I had to choose  
My rocking chair, won't always be there  
So I count on beer, more beer  
(Chorus)

I just had 11, but I'm still getting  
More beer, more beer, more beer  
I love my tools, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
If my power-drill exploded, I'd go get loaded  
On beer, more beer, more beer  
(Chorus)

I just had 12, from off my shelf  
More beer, more beer, more beer  
As you can tell, I love my beer  
I'm such a drunk, you see?  
When I fall down,  
You can drink my next round  
More beer, more beer, more beer!!

### **Mrs. Murphy**

Take it in your hand Mrs. Murphy  
For it only ways a quarter of a pound  
It's got hair on its neck like a turkey  
And it spits when you shake it up and down

### **Nipples**

Nipples, nipples  
N-I-P-P-L-E-S  
Lick them, flick them  
N-I-P-P-L-E-S  
Suck them, fuck them  
Play with them too  
That's where babies go to get food  
Oh nipples, nipples  
N-I-P-P-L-E-S

### **Oh Harriette, You're Beautiful**

Tune: America the Beautiful

You're beautiful, with spacious thighs,  
With freshly shaven pubes.  
With nipples so erect, and hard,  
On a pair of luscious boobs!

OH Harriette, Oh Harriette,  
Please spread your legs for me!  
And crown my wood, with something good,  
Before you have to pee!

### **Our GM**

Tune: From the Hall of Montezuma

There's a man we call our GM,  
Who's brave & fine & mad,  
And we 'll follow him forever,  
Though his mental state is bad.  
We'll run for him in sunshine,  
We'll run for him in rain,  
Though we know he's got a swelling,  
On the front part of his brain.  
Oh, he may have little black-outs,  
But they're only fairly slight,  
He has moments of depression,  
When the Hares don't get it right.  
He's got all the classic symptoms,  
Of advanced mental decay,  
Still we'll kill ourselves for GM,  
Despite what all the doctors say.

### **Rubber Dickie**

Tune: Rubber Ducky

Rubber dickie, you're the one,  
You make bedtime so much fun,  
Rubber dickie, I'm awfully fond of you,

(boop boop a doo)

Rubber dickie, toy of toys,  
When you're in me I make noise,  
Rubber dickie, you're my very best friend,  
It's true.

Every day when I make my way  
To my beddie,  
I find my rubber dickie is always  
Charged up and ready,  
I like to wear my teddy.

Rubber dickie, you're so fine,  
And I'm happy that you are mine,  
Rubber dickie, I'm awfully fond of,  
Rubber dickie, you're the magical wand of,  
Rubber dickie, you're the one  
That I love in me.

### **Swilligan' s Island**

Tune: Gilligan's Island

Just sip yer brew and you'll hear a tale,  
A tale of a drunken hash.  
That started with a keg of beer,  
And everyone got trashed. (Repeat)

The first hare was a brainless cooch,  
His co-hare was half as smart.  
Two hundred some odd half-minds,  
Took off in a cloud of farts. (Repeat)

The hills got steep, the shiggy deep,  
The back checks had them fooled.  
Then someone found the beer stop,  
And everybody drooled. (Repeat)

The mud had sucked their sneakers off.  
Their legs were ripped a lot.

But once they had their nectar,  
The trail they soon forgot. (Repeat)

The moral is no matter how,  
Much shiggy's on your trail,  
A hashin' twit don't give a shit,  
While he 's swilling his ale.

### **Syphilis**

Syphilis  
It all started with a little kiss  
Now I find it hard to take a piss  
Since I contracted Syphilis

Leprosy  
Body parts are falling off of me  
I'm not half the man I used to be  
Since I contracted Leprosy

### **Thank God She Finally Shut Up**

Tune: Looney Tunes Theme

Thank God she final shut up,  
She's always fuckin' bitchin',  
Now drink your beer, get out of here,  
Get back into the kitchen!

### **The Hasher Pukes Tonight**

Tunes: The Lion Sleeps Tonight

In the gutter, the slimy gutter,  
The Hasher pukes tonight.  
In the gutter, the slimy gutter,  
The Hasher pukes tonight.

Ooo weee ooo ooo weee ooo ooo ooo,  
Drink it down down down!  
Ooo weee ooo ooo weee ooo ooo ooo,



Drinik it down down down!

### **The Tired Hasher**

Tune: Itsy Bitsy Spider

The tired (name hash) Hasher,  
Went trudging up the hill,  
Stopped at the Beer Check,  
And there he drank his fill,  
And when the trail was over,  
His shoes were muddy brown.  
Though he was drunk already,  
He had to drink it down,  
Down, down, down ...

### **Where Were You?**

Where, where were you last week?  
Why did you make us hash all alone?  
You fat, lazy bastard, you weren't even here  
So we fucked all the virgins  
And drank all the beer

Down, down, drink it all down  
Drink it all down, drink all of that beer  
You fat, lazy bastards, you weren't even here  
So we fucked all the virgins  
And drank all the beer

### **Who Needs Sex?**

Tune: Three Blind Mice

Who needs sex? Who needs sex?  
It's no fun, it's no fun,  
You chase after women and what do you get?  
You grumble and fumble  
And break you in sweat,  
You wake up at daylight just deeper in debt,  
So who needs sex?

Who needs sex?

Who needs sex? Who needs sex?

It's no fun,

It's no fun,

You meet a new women and go on a date,

You hung and you kiss

And you think that it's great,

She gives you blue balls and you masturbate,

So, who needs sex?

Who needs sex?

Who needs sex? Who needs sex?

It's no fun, It's no fun

He grunts and he gasps

Like he's on a long run

He's in for a minute

Then he squirts on your bum

Then he falls asleep as soon as he's done

### **Why Was He Born So Beautiful?**

Why was he born so beautiful?

Why was he born at all?

He's no fucking use to anyone.

He's no fucking use at all.

He may be a joy to his mother,

But he's a pain in the asshole to me.

### **Wings of an Eagle**

If I had the wings of an eagle

And the balls of a hairy baboon

I'd fly to the ends of creation

And butt fuck the man in the moon

### **Yankee Doodle**

Yankee Doodle he's a dandy,  
Yankee Doodle do or die,  
A real live asshole from the USA  
Piss on the Fourth of July.

Yank my doodle, it's a dandy,  
Yankee Doodle zip your fly,  
Yankee Doodle limped to London,  
Wanking off his pony,  
You are that Yankee doodle guy.

### Yesterday

Tune: Yesterday

Yesterday,  
All my muscles seemed to feel OK,  
Now my body doesn't work today,  
OH, I went hashing yesterday.

Muscles ache,  
They'd be better if I'd stayed in bed,  
Now it feels as if they're made of lead,  
Wish I'd stayed at home instead.

Why I ran that hash,  
Was so rash,  
But what the heck,  
Now its clear,  
I'm a mare,  
Physical wreck.

Bloodshot eyes,  
And my tongue is twice its normal size,  
It's at times like this I realize,  
Hashing isn't all that wise.

Why I drank that beer,  
Isn't clear,  
It's just a blur,  
I don't feel so young,  
And my tongue,

Is lined with fur.

Yesterday,  
Running seemed a healthy game to play,  
Now my body is in disarray,  
Oh, I went hashing yesterday.

### **Yogi Bear**

Tune: Camptown Races

There is a bear in the deep dark woods,  
Yogi, Yogi,  
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

#### **Chorus:**

Yogi, Yogi Bear, Yogi, Yogi Bear,  
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Yogi has a little friend,  
Boo Boo, Boo Boo...

Boo Boo has a girlfriend,  
Cindy, Cindy...

Cindy doesn't shave down there,  
Grizzly, Grizzly...

Cindy wears lingerie,  
Teddy, Teddy...

Cindy likes it on the ice,  
Polar, Polar...

Cindy has no teeth,  
Gummi, Gummi...

Cindy's snatch smells like cheese,  
Camem, camem ( Camembert)...

Cindy has great big tits,  
More than, More than (I can bear)...

Cindy likes it upside down,  
Koala, Koala...

Cindy fucks a Kennedy,  
Teddy, Teddy...

Yogi doesn't wipe his butt,  
Brown, Brown...

Cindy has a girlfriend, Klondike, Klondike...

Yogi likes to roll his own,  
Smokey, Smokey...

Boo Boo's only three feet tall,  
Yogi's a lucky bear...

Cindy likes it twice a day,  
Yogi's a lucky bear...

Boo Boo has a twelve inch cock,  
Liar, Liar...

Cindy likes a menage a trios,  
Cindy, Cindy ( Cindy's my kind of bear)...

Boo Boo likes to stroke his tool,  
Wanker, Wanker...

Yogi also likes young boys,  
Pofter, Pofter...

Yogi uses condoms,  
Clever, Cleaver...

Boo Boo pokes holes in them,  
Naughty, Naughty...

Yogi didn't use a condom,

Daddy, Daddy...

Cindy gets what she deserves,  
Pregnant, Pregnant...

Cindy likes it up the rear,  
Dirty, Dirty...

Yogi's got a case of crabs,  
Itchy, Itchy...

Yogi uses Afro-Sheen,  
Black, Black...

Yogi joined the NRA,  
Right to, right not...

Yogi has a veggie dick,  
Cucum, Cucum (Cucumber)...

### **You're Stupid, You're Stupid**

You're stupid, you're stupid  
You're really fucking dumb  
If it wasn't for your mother  
You'd be stain of cum!

### **Zulu Warrior**

Ole, Zooma zooma zooma,  
Ole, Zooma zooma chief,  
Drink it down you Zulu warrior,  
Drink it down you Zulu chief,  
Drink it down you Zulu warrior,  
Drink it down you Zulu  
Chief, chief, chief!

Ole, zooma zooma zooma,  
Ole, zooma zooma chief,

Drink it down you ppfta warrior,  
Drink it down you poofta chief,  
Drink it down you poofta warrior,  
Drink it down you poofta  
Queef, queef, queef!

### **ALTERNATE HARE BLESSING**

#### **Hash Pledge of Allegiance**

I pledge allegiance, to the flag, of the (insert  
your hash here) hash house harriers.

And to the debauchery, for which it stands,  
One hash, without rules, incorrigible, with  
shiggy, and beer, for all.

### **ALTERNATE VIRGIN SONG**

#### **We've Got Virgins**

Tune: Frere Jaques

We've got virgins,  
We've got virgins'  
At our hash,  
At our hash,  
Gonna get'em drunked up,  
Gonna get'em fucked up,  
Down the hatch,  
Up the ass

### **NEW SHOES**

#### **Battle Hymn of The Hasher**

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

His feet will feel the dampness  
Of the clean foot ware he's worn  
His soul will sens the shame  
And wish that he had not bheen born  
All if him will suffer pain  
Like shiggy's sharpest thorn  
This Hasher's worn new shoes!

Glory, Glory, Ale and Lager!  
Glory, Glory, Ale and Lager!  
Glory, Glory, Ale and Lager!  
Now drink it down, down, down!

### **CELL PHONE VIOLATION**

#### **Moshi Moshi Ano Ne**

Tune: London Bridge is Falling Down

Moshi Moshi,  
Ano ne, Ano ne, Anone,  
Moshi Moshi, Ano ne, Asshole desu ka.

#### **Internationa Hash Hymn**

Tune: Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Note: gestures accompany words

#### **Chorus:**

Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home  
Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan and what did I see  
Coming for to carry me home  
A band of angels coming after me  
Coming for to carry me home

If you get there, before I do  
Coming for to carry me home  
Tell all my friends I'm coming too  
Coming for to carry me home

#### **Jesus Can't Go Hashing**

#### **Chorus:**

Free beer for all the hashers  
Free beer for all the hashers



Free beer for all the hashers  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

**Verse:**

Jesus can't go hashing cuz...  
He's hung like this.  
(hold arms stretched out wide)  
Jesus can't go hashig cuz...  
He's hung like this.  
Jesus can't go hash cuz...  
He's hung like this.  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Repeat chorus

Jesus can't go hashing cuz...  
The Jew won't pay 5 bucks

Jesus can't go hashig cuz...  
The flour falls through his hands

Jesus can't go hash cuz...  
The shiggy on his head

Jesus can't go hashig cuz...  
He's stuck behind a rock

Jesus can't go hash cuz...  
He turns the beer to wine

Jesus can't go hashig cuz...  
He's only got 12 friends

Jesus can't go hash cuz...  
The beer falls out his side

Jesus can't go hashig cuz...  
The mother fuckers dead

Jesus can't go hash cuz...  
Cause he runs like this  
(hopping, one foot to the other,

With arms stretched wide.)

Jesus can't go hashig cuz...  
His dad knows all the checks.

Jesus can't go hash cuz...  
His dress is white not red

Jesus can't go hash cuz...  
He's only wearing sandals

Jesus can't go hash cuz...  
He gave up beer for lent

Jesus can't go hash cuz...  
He turns the flour to bread

Jesus can't go hash cuz...  
He's busy getting nailed

Jesus can't go hash cuz...  
He's nailed to the cross

Jesus can't go hash cuz...  
He feels a little cross

Jesus we're only kidding,  
Jesus we're only kidding,  
Jesus we're only kidding,

Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

.....

### **Cougar**

Tune: Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star

Cougar, cougar on the prowl.  
Get that guy to make you grow!  
Now the cougar's in a cage.  
Oops! That guy was underage.  
Cougar, cougar don't you frown.  
Now it's time to drink it ...down down...

### **Give It a Blow**

Tune: Let it Snow

Well, the weather outside is frightful,  
But his dick is so delightful.  
If you really want to see it grow,  
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow.

Girls' version:

Her tits are so delightful,  
So if you want to see her fuck,  
Give'm a suck, give'm a suck, give'm a suck.

### **With an F, With an F, With an F-U-C**

Tune: William Tell Overture

With an F, with an F  
With an F-U-C  
With an F-U-C-K-Y-O-U  
With an F, with an F  
With an F-U-C  
With a K, Y-O-U

### **Blow your load (row your boat)**

Blow blow blow your load  
But not inside of me

I really love to ride your cock  
But babies aren't for me.

### **I'll get a beer into you**

Tune: I'll make a man out of you/Mulan

Let's get down to business  
To drink, some beers  
Did they send me waters?  
When I asked for beers?

You're the soberest bunch I've ever met  
But you can bet before we're trough  
Hasher I'll get a beer into you!  
Andrea sent March 15 at 11:13 AM  
Drink a beer!  
You must be drunk as an alcoholic!  
Drink a beer!  
Gotta drink up the whole saloon  
Drink a beer!  
Now you're one of the drunken hashers  
Singing songs that end up out of TUUUuuuUUuuunne!

### **(TITLE)**

Who's got pussy breath? You've got pussy breath!  
'Cause you've been doing that cunnalingaling,  
doing that cunnalingaling!  
Lickin that clam like it's strawberry jam!  
Doing that cunnalingaling!

### **(TITLE)**

Running trail in the hot sun,  
I ran the hash and the hash won,  
I ran the hash and the hash won,  
I needed beer but there was none!  
I ran the hash and the hash won!  
I solved no checks and it feels so bad,

Guess I'm dead fucking last!  
This is the worst trail that I've ever ran,  
I ran the hash and the hash won,  
I ran the hash and the . . .

### **Okinawa Harreittes**

We're the Okinawa Harriettes,  
and we've fucked a few Marines.  
We've done sailors and some air force too,  
but we come back too the green.  
Because we love their big ass rifles  
and we love their muscles too.  
We're the Okinawa Harriettes,  
and we'll fuck you in your blues.

### **God save the beer**

Tune: God Save the Queen/Sweet Land of Liberty

All Hashers hear our call!  
Raise glass and stand up tall!  
Join us and sing.  
For drunken revelry,  
And no more chastity,  
We drink our toast to thee:  
"God Save the Beer!"