



MUNICH HASH HOUSE HARRIERS SONG BOOK

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International Hash Hymn

(Tune of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot")

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 that I'm coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.

Hash Hymn (with gestures)

A series of gestures/movements accompany the lyrics

Swing low sweet chariot

Gesture swinging motion with arms, kiss fingers, snapping reins

Comin' for to carry me home

Gesture simulated masturbation, hold up four fingers, hold up two fingers, cradle arms, point to self, make arch over head with arms

Swing low sweet chariot

Gesture swinging motion with arms, kiss fingers, snapping reins

Comin' for to carry me home

Gesture simulated masturbation, hold up four fingers, hold up two fingers, cradle arms, point to self, make arch over head with arms

I looked over Jordan and what did I see

Gesture point to eye shade eyes with hand, sweeping motion with arm, jump shot ala Michael Jordan, question mark motion in air, point to eye, shade eye with hand

Comin' for to carry me home

Gesture simulated masturbation, hold up four fingers, hold up two fingers, cradle arms, point to self, make arch over head with arms

A band of angels coming after me

Gesture play "air" trombone, place thumbs in armpits and flap arms, masturbate, point over shoulder, point to self

Comin' for to carry me home

Gesture simulated masturbation, hold up four fingers, hold up two fingers, cradle arms, point to self, make arch over head with arms

If you get there before I do

Gesture question mark motion in air, point to someone, point over shoulder, mark letter "B" in air, four fingers, point to eye, squat as defecating

Comin' for to carry me home

Gesture simulated masturbation, hold up four fingers, hold up two fingers, cradle arms, point to self, make arch over head with arms

Tell all my friends I'm comin' too

Gesture cup hands around mouth as if shouting, sweeping motion with arms, point to self, fornication motion with hands, point to self, simulated masturbation, hold up two fingers

Comin' for to carry me home

Gesture simulated masturbation, hold up four fingers, hold up two fingers, cradle arms, point to self, make arch over head with arms

Repeat:

with reverence (humming only), silently (motions only), double time (quickly)

This is your Hashing song

This is your Hashing song,
It isn't very long.....
Drink it down, down, down...

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4,...

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1,
On your head!

Hymn

Hymn, hymn
Fuck him

Why Are We Waiting

Why are we waiting
We could be masturbating
O why are we waiting
So fucking long?
(Why why why why why why why)
Why are we waiting
We could be fornicating
O why are we waiting
O why are we waiting
O why are we waiting
So fucking long?

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

They Say He's a Joy to His Mother

They say he's a joy to his mother
But he's a pain in the asshole to me



What a Wank

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank wank wank
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank wank wank
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank wank wank
What a wank, what a wank wank wank

Get a Life

Get a life, get a life, get a life life life
Get a life, get a life, get a life life life
Get a life, get a life, get a life life life
Get a life, get a life life life

Bullshit

Bullshit, bullshit, its sounds like bullshit
To me, to me,
Bullshit, bullshit, its sounds like bullshit to me!

Meet the Hashers

(Flintstones tune)

Hashers, meet the hashers
We're the biggest drunks in history
From the Hash of Munich
We are leaders in debauchery
Half-minds, trailing shiggy through the years
Watch us, as we down a lot of beers
Down down, down down down down,
Down down down down down down down down
Down down down down down
Down down down down down down

Here's to Brother (Sister) Hasher

Here's to Brother Hasher
Brother hasher, brother hasher
Here's to Brother Hasher
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 motherfucker
Drink motherfucker, drink motherfucker
Here's to Brother Hasher
May he chug-a-lug

You are my Hashshit

(Tune of "You Are My Sunshine")

You are my hashshit,
My loving hashshit
You make me happy
When skies are gray

You'll never know boys
How much we love them
Please don't take my hashshit away

The other day boys,
While we were hashing
We saw our GM
Masturbate
We saw two others
AutoHashing
And then the beer truck was late

The Hash House Harriers

(Tune of "Addams Family" - snapping fingers)

Their drinking is compulsive and
Their running is convulsive
They're morally repulsive
The Hash House Harriers

Chorus: (Snap fingers twice with words Down Down)

Da da da da, Down Down
Da da da da, Down Down
Da da da daa, da da da daa
Da da da da, Down Down

Their flatulence is rude and
Their genitals protrude when
They're running in the nude in
The Hash House Harriers

Chorus

They're always shiggy tracking,
From constantly bushwacking,
Intelligence they're lacking
The Hash House harriers

Down Down Down

He's the Meanest

He's the meanest
He sucks the horse's penis
He's the meanest
He's the horse's ass
Ever since he found it (hey!)
All he does is pound it (hey!)
He's the meanest
He's the horse's ass
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug
Drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug



Now You've Finally Shut Up

Male version

Now you've finally shut up
You sorry son of a bitch
So drink your beer, get out of here
You make my asshole itch

Female version

Now you've finally shut up
You've finally quit your bitchin'
So drink your beer, get out of here
And get back in the kitchen

Other version

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

He's a Hasher, He's True Blue

He's a hasher, he's true blue
He's a hasher, through and through
He's a pisspot, so they say
He'll never go to heaven 'cause he'll go the other way

Other version:

And he'll never get to heaven in a long long day

Traditional Down-Down Song

Here's to (*insert name here*)
He's true blue,
He's a Hasher,
Through and through,
He's a pisspot,
So they say,
Tried to go to heaven,
But he went the other way,
Drink it down, down, down...

You're Stupid

You're stupid, you're stupid,
You're so damn dumb;
Even with your mama there
You're just a shot of cum.
Drink it down, down, down...

Other version:

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

Shiggy Shaggy

Shiggy Shaggy, Shiggy Shaggy
Oi, Oi, Oi
Shiggy Shaggy, Shiggy Shaggy
Oi, Oi, Oi,

Shitty Trail

(Tune of "Mickey Mouse Club")

S-H-I-T-T-Y
T-R-A-I-L
Shitty trail (It sucked!)
Shitty trail (Totally fucked!)
I'd rather sit here
And drink my beer
Than run your shitty trail

The Hashers Go Running One by One

(Tune of "The Ants go marching")

The Hashers go running one by one, On-On! On-On!
The Hashers go running one by one, On-On! On-On!
The Hashers go running one by one,
The little one stops to shoot his cum.
And they all go running down to the ground
To get out of the shite, boom, boom, boom

Two by Two - have a screw
Three by Three - take a pee
Four by Four - slam a whore
Five by Five - go muff dive
Six by Six - pick up tricks
Seven by Seven - pinch eleven
Eight by Eight - masturbate
Nine by Nine - do a line
Ten by Ten - get laid again

Ole Zooma, Zooma, Zooma! (Zulu Warrior)

Ole Zooma, zooma zooma
Ole Zooma, zooma, hey!
Drink it doooown, you mighty warrior
Drink it down, you chief, chief, chief

Other version:

Olé zooma zooma zooma
Olé zooma zooma hey
Olé zooma zooma zooma
Olé zooma zooma hey
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!



Fuck Off

Fuck off, fuck off
Fuck off, fuck off
Fuck off, fuck off, fuck off
Fuck off, fuck off
Fuck off, fuck off
Fuck off, fuck off, fuck off
Fuck off, fuck off
Fuck off, fuck off
Fuck off, fuck off, fuck off

Monday Is a Wanking Day

Leader: Today is Monday!

All: Today is Monday!

Leader: Monday is a wanking day! (*wanking motion*)

All: Monday is a wanking day! (*wanking motion*)

Chorus:

Leader: Is everybody happy?

All: You bet your ass we are!

All: (*raise cups over heads and make one complete turn while humming*)

Da da dut da da, da da dut da da

Leader: Today is Tuesday!

All: Today is Tuesday!

Leader: Tuesday is a finger day! (*fingering motion*)

All: Tuesday is a finger day! (*fingering motion*)

Leader: Monday is a wanking day! (*wanking motion*)

All: Monday is a wanking day! (*wanking motion*)

Chorus:

Wednesday is a hmmm day! (*stick tongue between 2nd & 3rd fingers*)

Thursday is a drinking day! (*raise glass in salute*)

Friday is a fucking day! (*humping motions, cheering, happiness*)

Saturday is a hashing day! (*running motions, cheering, happiness*)

Sunday is a hashing day (*low key, almost quiet*)

Where, Oh Where, Were You Last Week?

Where, oh 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 bastard, you weren't even here

So we fucked all the virgins and drank all the beer

The Wild Hasher

I've been a wild hasher for many a year

And spent all my money chasing women and beer

But now I'm returning with an itch and a sore

I swear I will never be wanking no more

Chorus:

And it's no nay never (right up your ass!)

No nay never no more

Will I play the wild hasher

No never no more

I went to a whorehouse where often I'd been

And told the madame what a plight I was in

She said she was sorry, but what could she say

In that state of health I could get me no lay

Chorus

I took out my pecker, such source of delight

For many a girl during many a night

But the landlady said: You've just run out of luck

I won't let you get any girl for a f*&@

Chorus

I'll return to my parents, confess what I've done

And ask them to pardon the prodigal son

And if they forgive me as oft times before

I swear I'll never be wanking no more

Chorus

He Oughta Be Publicly Pissed On

He oughta be publicly pissed on

He oughta be publicly shot (bang bang)

He oughta be tied to a urinal

And left there to fester and rot

He's Alright

He's alright, he's alright

He's got a little dick but he's alright

You're #1

(*Use hand with fingers to count down*)

You're not number 5.

Not number 4, 3, or 2.

But number 1 (*use middle finger*)

Put your Left Leg

Put your left leg over my shoulder;

Put your right leg over my shoulder.

Mmmm, mmuuhmff.

Drink it down, down, down...

Put your Left Tit

Put your left tit over my shoulder;

Put your right tit over my shoulder.

Brrrrr, brrrr (*shaking head left to right vigorously*)

Drink it down, down, down...



Love Me Tender

Love me tender
Love me sweet
Wrap your lips around my meat
Hold me close and watch me grin
As my cum runs down, down, down, down...

Head!

Head!
Who said head?
I'll take some of that,
So I did, and it was good
And there was much rejoicing.
We fucked for hours
Uprooting trees & bushes & flowers,
We fucked like Vikings
With horns on our HEAD!
HEAD! Who said head?

We Met Your Sister

We met your sister last night
She was tearing up the town...
She was missing teeth, and her pussy reeked
But we still went down, down, down...

Hold It in Your Hand, Mrs. Murphy

Hold it in your hand, Mrs. Murphy
It only weighs a quarter of a pound
It's got hair round its neck like a turkey
And it spits when you jerk it up and down, down, down, down...

Her Right Tit Hangs Down

Her right tit hangs down to her belly
Her left tit hangs down to her knee
If her right tit hung down to her left tit
She'd get lots more willie from me

His One Skin Hangs Down

His one skin hangs down to his two skin
His two skin hangs down to his three
His three skin hangs down to his foreskin
His foreskin hangs down to his knees
Roll back, roll back
Roll back his foreskin for him, for him
Roll back, roll back
Roll back his foreskin for him

Twenty Toes

There's a game called 20 toes,
It's played around the town,
Girls play with ten toes up,
The boys with ten toes down, down, down, down...

The Nipples on Her Tits

Oh, the nipples on her tits are as big as my thumb
And the wiggle in her ass would make a dead man cum
She's a cool motherfucker
She's a real cocksucker
She's a harriette.

Incest Time in Texas

(To "Yellow Rose of Texas")

When it's incest time in Texas,
When there's no cunt to be found,
Your mother's in the bathroom,
With her panties halfway down,
No time for masturbation,
No time to beat your meat,
When it's incest time in Texas,
Mother-fucking can't be beat!

My Body Lies Over the Ocean

My body lies over the ocean
My body lies over the sea
My father laid over my mother
And that's how they created me

If Your Girlfriend Tastes Like Shit

If your girlfriend tastes like shit, roll her over. *(other version: turn her over)*
If your girlfriend tastes like shit roll her over.
If your girlfriend tastes like shit, then its probably not her clit.
If your girlfriend tastes like shit roll her over.
Drink it down, down, down...

If Your Boyfriend Tastes Like Shit

If your boyfriend tastes like shit, roll him over
If your boyfriend tastes like shit, roll him over
If your boyfriend tastes like shit, he's really pushing it
If your boyfriend tastes like shit roll him over
Drink it down, down, down, down...

Get it Up

(Tune of "Rawhide")

Get it up, get it in, get it out, don't mess my hair do,
You've got a dick but you should lick, move that tongue around,
Hit the spot, make me hot,
I will scream out loud.

Get it up, get it in, get it out, don't mess my hair do,
You've got a dick but you should lick, move that tongue around,
Suck my toes, insert your hose,
Make my juices flow.



Get it up, get it in, get it out, don't mess my hair do,
You've got a dick but you should lick, move that tongue around,
When I am done and I have cum,
We'll start another round.

Get it up, get it in, get it out, don't mess my hair do,
You've got a dick but you should lick, move that tongue around.

Hot Vagina

Hot vagina for your breakfast,
Hot vagina for your lunch,
Hot vagina for your dinner,
Just munch, munch, munch, munch, munch.
It's so speedy and nutritious,
Bite-size and ready to eat,
So take a tip, go eat your mom;
Hot vagina can't be beat.

Gang Bang

Chorus:

We're going to have a gang bang, oh yes we should
Cause a gang bang makes me feel so good
When I was younger and in my prime
I used to gang bang all the time
But now I'm older and going grey, I only gang bang twice a day

Knock, knock
Who's there?
Ivor
Ivor who?
Ivor kinda a feeling that I'd like to have a gang bang
Oh yes I would ...

Anita
Anito who?
Anita to have another gang bang

Brenda – Brenda over the table and let's have another gang bang
Turner – Turner over and let's have another gang bang
Tijuana – Tijuana bring your mother to the gang bang
Betty – Betty'll have a sore dick when we've had another gang bang
Orange – Orange you glad we're going to have another gang bang
Aspen – Aspen too much time waiting for another gang bang
Europa – Europa to the bedpost and we'll have another gang bang
Police – PPPPLease can we have another gang bang
Lena – Lena up aganst the wall and we'll have another gang bang
Sharon – Sharon share alike if we're going to have a gang bang
Shirley – Shirley we're going to have another gang bang
Eisenhower – Eisenhower late for the gang bang
Gladiator – Gladiator out before he had another gang bang
Kenya – Kenya tell me when we're going to have another gang bang

Anna – Anna need to have another gang bang
Digger – Digger up again and let's have another gang bang

S & M Man

Chorus:

The S & M Man
The S & M Man
The S & M Man because he mixes it with love
And makes the hurt feel good
The hurt feel good

Who can take a hammer
Wave it overhead
Slam it on his pecker
Till he wishes he were dead (*Chorus*)

Who can take a bicycle
Take away the seat
Put his girlfriend on it
Push her down a bumpy street

Who can take a chainsaw
Rev it up on high
Shove it up her arse
Just to hear her scream and sigh

Who can take a chainsaw
Cut the bitch in two
Fuck the bottom half
And throw the other part to you

Who will run through barbed wire
Ripping up his flesh
Turn right around
And repeat the bloody mess

Who can take a lightbulb
Shove it up her arse
Fuck her up the rear
Till she's shitting chunks of glass

Who can take just two bricks
Take one in each hand
Bang them on his balls
Like the cymbals in a band

Who wears pants with zippers
And no underwear
Then pulls them up and down
And rips out his pubic hair



Who can take a bottle
Shove up it up your arse
Hit it with a hammer
And line your arse with glass

Who can take your scrotum
Stick it with a pin
Hang on a bunch of weights
Till it drags down to your shins

Who would take a condom
Put pepper in the ring
Use it on the wife
Cause she twitches when it stings

Who can take two ice picks
Stick one in each ear
Ride her like a Harley
While he fucks her up the rear

Who would take your kids out
Out on a picnic binge
Put them on the fire
And watch the buggers singe

Who can take a glass rod
Shove it up his prick
Put in on a table
And smash it with a brick

Who would take a nun
Bend her across a pew
Fuck her from behind
Till she wishes she was jew

Who could take a puppy
Grab it by the ears
Fuck it up the arse
Till it sheds those puppy tears

Who would take a baby
Throw it on the bed
Turn the kid around
And fuck the soft spot on its head

The Hairs of Her Dickey Di-Do

Also known to purists as "The Mayor of Bayswater"; see other start below.

Chorus:

And the hairs (and the hairs)
And the hairs (and the hairs)

And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees

One black one, one white one, and one with a little shite on
And one with a little light on, to show us the way

She's not a great looker, but everyone took 'er
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees

You'd need a coal miner to find her vagina
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees

If she were my daughter I'd have them cut shorter
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees

I've touched it, I've licked it, it tastes just like brisket
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees

She lived by the waterfront, with the waves lapping up and down her cunt
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees

She married an Italian, who was hung like a fucking stallion
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees

She divorced the Italian, and married the stallion
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees

I folded her lips back, and there found a six-pack
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees

It was always hit-or-miss, whether I could find her clitoris
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees

I reached into her thing, and there found my class ring
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees

I've licked it, I've felt it, it was just like velvet
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees

She says that she's not a whore, but she bangs like a shithouse door
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees

The aroma it lingers, it smells like fish fingers
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees

She stayed in Seattle, and went down on cattle
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees

She met a Hash House Harrier, who fucked her but wouldn't marry her
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees

It'd take a brontosaurus to eat her clitoris
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees



It'd take a bloody wrecker to extract your pecker
And the hairs of her dicky di-do hung down to her knees

It's like going through a forest, to find her clitoris
And the hairs of her dicky di-do hung down to her knees

Her love thought he'd seduced her, but turned out he'd only goosed her.
And the hairs of her dicky di-do hung down to her knees

On her first trip through Melbourne, she strangled her first-born
And the hairs of her dicky di-do hung down to her knees

She lives on a cattle ranch, and shits like a bloody avalanche
And the hairs of her dicky di-do hung down to her knees

If she were my daughter, I'd have her cut it much shorter
And the hairs of her dicky di-do hung down to her knees

On a trip through Vladivostock, she sampled a bit of horse cock
And the hairs of her dicky di-do hung down to her knees

She sits on a mountain, and pisses like a bloody fountain
And the hairs of her dicky di-do hung down to her knees

I flicked it, I licked it, I even drop- kicked it
And the hairs of her dicky di-do hung down to her knees

I fucked her, I sucked her, I even loose-rucked her
And the hairs of her dicky di-do hung down to her knees

I touched it, I poked it, I even rolled and smoked it
And the hairs of her dicky di-do hung down to her knees

It takes a hashier from Halve Mein to fuck her a dozen times
And the hairs of her dicky di-do hung down to her knees

Other start:

The Mayor of Bayswater, he had a lovely daughter
And the hairs of her dicky di-do hung down to her knees

A Soldier I Will Be

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

Would You Like a Finger?

Oh would - you like - a finger in your ear
Or would - you like - a finger in your rear

(Beer held over head, twirling)

No sir, not fucking likely

Not fucking likely

Not fucking like-ly

Hey! Drink, drink, drink, drink....

2nd verse - my finger in your rear?

3rd verse - my finger in your beer?

Whip It Out at the Ball Game

(To the tune of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game")

Whip it out at the ball game

Wave it round at the crowd

Dip it in peanuts and cracker jack

If you like you can give it a whack

'Cause it's beat your meat at the ball game

If you don't come it's a shame

For it's one, two, you're covered in goo

At the old ball game

The Clap

He's got a dose of the clap on his lips

He's got a dose of the clap on his lips

He's got a dose of the clap on his lips

And all it does is go drip, drip, drip.

Drink it down, down, down...

Syphilis

(Tune of "Yesterday")

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

Masturbation

Last night I stayed at home and masturbated

It felt so good, I knew it would

Last night I stayed at home and masturbated

It felt so nice, I did it twice

You should have seen me on the short strokes

It felt so grand, I used my hand

Yes, you should have seen me on the long strokes

It felt so neat, I used my feet



Smash it, bash it, throw it on the floor
Wrap it around the bed post, stick it in the door
Some people say that sexual intercourse is something really grand
But me, I'd rather stay at home and work it off by hand

Ugly

Face down, ass up, that's the way we like to fuck yo mama.
Your mama, your mama says you're ugly.
U-G-L-Y, you don't have an alibi;
You're ugly, you're ugly. Your mama says yo ugly.
D-A-D-D-Y, you don't even know that guy.
You're ugly, you're ugly. Your daddy says yo ugly.
Drink it down, down, down...

Put Your Hands Against The Wall

Put your hands against the wall,
Here we cum, balls and all,
Bye, bye virgin....
Drink it down, down, down...

A Frenchman Went to the Lavatory

A Frenchman went to the lavatory
For him to have a jolly good shit, shit, shit
He pulled his pants and trousers down
So that he could revel in it
But when he reached for the paper
He saw that someone had been there before

Ou est le papier?
Ou est le papier?
Monsieur, monsieur
Je fait manure
Ou est le papier?

All Australians Are Born Illegitimate

All Australians are born illegitimate
Born illegitimate, born illegitimate
All Australians are born illegitimate
They're bastards through and through

They ain't got no birth certificates
Birth certificates, birth certificates
They ain't got no birth certificates
They're bastards through and through

They don't know who their daddy is
Who their daddy is, who their daddy is
They don't know who their daddy is
They're bastards through and through

Yogi Bear Song

(Tune of "Camptown Races")

There is a bear in Yellowstone,
Yogi, Yogi,
There is a bear in Yellowstone,
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Chorus:

Yogi, Yogi Bear,
Yogi, Yogi Bear,
There is a bear in Yellowstone,
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Other verses:

Yogi has a little friend, Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo
Boo-Boo has a girlfriend, Cyndi, Cyndi
Yogi has a girlfriend, Suzi, Suzi
Cyndi has a shaven snatch, Grizzly, Grizzly
Cyndi wears crotchless undies, Teddy, Teddy
Cyndi likes it on the ice, Polar, Polar
Cyndi gets what she deserves, Pregnant, Pregnant
Suzi likes it up the rear, Dirty, Dirty
Suzi's boyfriend has no teeth, Gummi, Gummi
Suzi's snatch it smells like cheese, Camem, Camem
Suzi she has great big tits, More than, More than (I can bear)
Suzi gets four bits an hour, Jingle, Jingle
Cyndi's tampon has no string, Cotton, Cotton
Yogi didn't use a condom, Daddy, Daddy
Boo-Boo likes it upside down, Koala, Koala
Yogi has a twelve-inch cock, Cindy's a lucky bear
Boo-Boo's only three feet tall, Yogi's a lucky bear
Boo-Boo likes it up the butt, Yogi's a lucky bear
Boo-Boo likes to stroke his tool, wanker, wanker
Yogi didn't wipe his butt, Brown, Brown
Yogi uses Afro-Sheen, Black, Black
Yogi got a case of crabs, Itchy, Itchy
Yogi lights Kuwaiti farts, Saddam, Saddam
Boo-Boo likes to stroke his tool, Wanker, Wanker
Yogi also likes young boys, Pooftee, Pooftee
Yogi has a cheesy dick, Camem, Camem
Yogi's dick is long and green, Cucum, Cucum
Yogi has an enemy, Ranger, Ranger (Smith)
Yogi uses condoms, Gummi, Gummi
Ranger pokes holes in them, Bastard, Bastard (Smith)
Yogi's into politics, Tony, Tony

Song ender:

Yogi he has HIV, Dying, Dying...
This song's gone on far too long, more than, more than...



The Old Brown Cow

The old brown cow went thfpppt! up against the wall
Thfpppt! up against the wall
Thfpppt! up against the wall
The old brown cow went thfpppt! up against the wall
And now it's covered with shit, shit, shit

There Was a Little Bird

There was a little bird
No bigger than a turd
Sitting on a telephone pole
He ruffled up his neck
And shit about a speck (*or peck*)
And puckered up his little asshole
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole
He puckered up his little asshole

When it's Hog-Calling Time

When it's hog-calling time in Nebraska
When it's hog-calling time in Nebraska
When it's hog-calling time in Nebraska
Then it's hog-calling time in Nebraska

Boom chug-a-lugga-lugga, boom chug-a-lugga-lugga
Boom chug-a-lugga-boom
Boom chug-a-lugga-lugga, boom chug-a-lugga-lugga
Boom chug-a-lugga-boom

(King Rongjon's air guitar solo)

Other verses:

When it's sheep-fucking time in New Zealand
When it's sheep-fucking time in New Zealand
When it's sheep-fucking time in New Zealand
Then it's sheep-fucking time in New Zealand

When it's cow-punching time in Texas
When it's cow-punching time in Texas
When it's cow-punching time in Texas
Then it's cow-punching time in Texas

Old McDonald

Old McDonald had a farm,
Ei-I-Ei-I-O
And on this farm he had a ram
Ei-I-Ei-I-O
With a ram ram here (*with pelvic thrusts*)
And a ram ram there,
Here a ram, there a ram,
Everywhere a ram ram,
Old McDonald had a farm
Ei-I-Ei-I-Oooo

Old McDonald had a farm,
Ei-I-Ei-I-O
And on this farm he had a whale
(Take a mouthful of beer and spray the crowd!)

Woodpecker Song

(Tune of "Dixie")

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my 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 bless my soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back,
REPLACE IT!"

Other verses:

Replaced/turn it round/REVOLVE IT
Revolved/turn it back/REVERSE IT!
Reversed/in and out/RECIPROCATE IT!
Reciprocated/slow it down/RETARD IT!
Retarded/once again/REPEAT IT!
Repeated/let it go/RELEASE IT!
Released/pull it out/RETRACT IT!
Retracted/take a whiff/REVOLTING!

Fuck a Duck

Fuck a duck, a female duck
Screw a baby kangaroo
Fingerbang an orangutang
Let an elephant do you
Feel the penis of an eel
Whack the asshole of a yak
Masturbate with a gnu
And that brings us back to
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck

Bestiality

Chorus

Bestiality's best, boys,
Bestiality's best
Shag a wallaby (*other version: Fuck a wallaby*)
Bestiality's best boys
Bestiality's best

Make a llama a mama, boys
Make a llama a mama – BESTIALITY
Make a llama a mama, boys
Make a llama a mama, cause...



Verses:

Stick your dork in a stork
Make an eel squeal
Rub your beaver on a retriever
Rub your box on a fox
Rub your clitty on a kitty
Rub your cunt on and elephunt
Grind your mound on a hound
Drip your juice on a moose
Give your milk to an elk
Cunnilingo with a dingo
Fool with the tool of a mule
Be a queer with a deer
Be a rotter with an otter
Be very pleasant with a pheasant
Bring a flea to its knees
Chuck your sperm in a worm
Come from behind with a hind
Do an illegal with an eagle
Do it funky with a monkey
Down the throat of a goat
Drink the pee of a bee
Drop some goo in a shrew
Ejaculate in a snake
Get a suck from a duck
Get in deep with a sheep
Get it out for a trout
Get under the tail of a snail
Get your release in a fleece
Give a lickin' to a chicken
Go and defile a crocodile
Be a pimp for a shrink
Have a deer from the rear
Have a frig with a pig
Have a rape with an ape
Have a shag with a stag
In the Bahamas with some llamas
In the dark with a shark
In the ear of a deer
By the litre with a cheetah
In the lake with a drake
Have a screw with a kudu
In the sack with a yak
Intercourse with a horse
Lick the clit of a nit
Make it limp with a chimp
Make some porn with a unicorn
Stick your log in a dog
Part the hair of a mare
Put it though a gnu
Put your noodle in a poodle

Rub the thigh of a fly
Shoot your load in a toad
Shove your willy up a filly
Sixty nine with a swine
Up the ass of a bass
Up the hole of a mole

Dough, The Stuff That Buys Me Beer

Dough, the stuff that buys me beer
Ray, the guy who brings me beer
Me, the guy who drinks the beer
Far, a long way to the beer
So, I'll have another beer
La(ff), and have another beer
Tea, no thanks I'll have a beer
And that brings us back to
D'oh! D'oh! D'oh! D'oh!

Small Beer

(Tune of "Small World")

It's a small beer after all,
It's a small beer after all,
It's a small beer after all,
It's a small small beer... drink it down down

Drink

(Tune of "Sing!")

Drink
Drink the beer
Belch out loud
Belch out strong
Drink of good times not bad
Drink of plenty not one.
Drink
Drink the beer
Down it quick to make it through the song
Don't worry that it's not good enough
For anyone else to down
Just drink
Drink the beer
Burp, burp, burp, burp, etc...

The Beer's Prayer

Our lager
Which art in barrels
Hallowed be thy drink
Thy will be drunk (or: I will be drunk)
At home as it is in the pub
Give us this day our foamy head
And forgive us our spillages



As we forgive them who spill against us
And lead us not into incarceration
But deliver us from hangovers
For thine is the beer, the bitter and the lager
Forever and ever

Give Me That Good Old Vino

I like my gin - it helps me get in,
But give me that good old vino.
I like my vino,
It gives me a stand supremo.

Chorus:

Aye, yi-yi-yi,
Si, si, senora,
My seester Belinda she pissed out the winder,
And filled my brand new sombrero.

I like my Shiner - nothing could be finer,
But give me my...

Other verses:

I like my brandy - it makes me feel randy
I like my Anker - it helps me wank-a
I like my stout - it helps me get out
I like my martini - it's good for the weenie
I like my rum - it helps me come
I like my coke-a - it helps me poke-a
I like my beer - it helps gonorrhea
I like my wine - it stiffens the vine
I like my ports - it helps me shoot quarts
I like my claret - it stiffens the carrot
I like my liquor - it makes me come quicker
I like my schnapps - it helps cure the clap
I like my Foster - it helps me accost her
I like my Sam Adams - it gives me orgasms
I don't like my Schlitz - it gives me the shits
I don't like my Bud - it softens the pud
I don't like my Zima - it gives me eczema
I don't like my Coors - it tastes like old sewers
I like my cider - it helps me fit inside her
I like my lager - it helps my knob harder
I like my whisky - it makes me feel frisky
I don't like light beer - it makes me queer
I like my champers - it helps fill my pampers
I like my Jack Daniels - it helps me fuck spaniels
I like my Mateus - it makes women loose
I like champagne – I can do it again
I like the brew – it helps me to screw
I like the sherry – it ripens the cherry
I like the wine – it helps my knob shine

I like the Pimms – it help with the quims
I like the cider – it helps me to ride her
I like the vodka – it helps me to knob her
I like the bitter – it help me to fit her

Amazing Hash

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
Till they get rid of me.

Jesus Can't Go Hashing

Jesus can't go hashing cause he's hanging on the cross
Jesus can't go hashing cause he's hanging on the cross
Jesus can't go hashing cause he's hanging on the cross
Jesus Saves, Jesus Saves, Jesus Saves

-cause the flour falls thru his hands
-cause he wears shiggy on his head
-cause the jew won't pay 5 bucks
-cause he's stuck behind a rock
-cause he has holes in his hands
-cause he only has 12 friends
-cause he walks on water
-cause he feels a little cross
-cause his dad laid all the trails
-cause a boulder is in his way
-cause his dad solves all the checks
-cause the Motherfucker is dead
-cause he turns the beer to wine
-cause he is only wearing sandals
-cause he gave up beer for Lent
-cause he is hitting on Magdalene
-cause he turns flour into bread

-Jesus can't sell hash shit cause he trashed the temple store
-Harriets love Jesus cause he got a lot of wood
-Harriets love Jesus cause he's hung like this (hold arms wide)
-All the girls love Jesus cause he always comes again
-Jesus can't lay falsies cause he leaves a trail of blood
-Moses can't go hashing cause he's got a lot of rules



Happy Birthday

Happy birthday, fuck you
Happy birthday, fuck you
Happy birthday, fuck you
Happy birthday, fuck you

Rule Britannia

Rule Britannia, marmalade and jam
Five Chinese crackers up your arsehole
BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the seas
Britons never, never, never shit green peas!

My Favourite Things

Hash marks on sidewalks and beer drinking floozies,
Situps and pushups and cuts that are oozing
Boobcheck and cockcheck and stops where you sing
These are a few of my favorite things

Trails that are shitty and loaded with shiggy
Mud-ridden, sloppy and all full of twigggy
Beer that is plenty and has a nice zing
These are a few of my favourite things.

Drinking from plungers and choking on backwash
Never pretending that we are at all posh
Mooning and wearing the craziest things
These are the reasons that I go hashing.

I Kissed a Hasher (Katy Perry)

I kissed a Hasher and I liked it
The taste of her cherry chap stick
I kissed a Hasher just try it
I hope my boyfriend don't mind it
It felt so wrong, it felt so right
Don't mean I'm in love tonight
Drink it down down down...

All Summer Long (Kid Rock)

It was 1989 my thoughts were of drinking all night long
Caught somewhere between a boy and man
She was seventeen and she was far from in between
It was hashing time in good old Munich
Drink it down down down...

In München steht ein Hashers' House

In München steht ein Hashers' House
On On, g'suffa
Where beer runs free and trails run out,
On On, g'suffa
Trink it down down down down...



CHRISTMAS HASH SONGS

And So This Is Hashmas

(Tune of "And So This Is Christmas")

And so this is Hashmas,
And a Happy New Year,
Get in a drunk punch-up
And get socked in the ear,
(Hold your ear then)
Aarh-aarh-aarh-aarh

And so this is Hashmas
With a wink and leer
Let's eat too much turkey
And drink lots of beer
(Hold your belly)
Aarh-aarh-aarh-aarh

And so this is Hashmas
No need to look glum
We'll drink too much whiskey
And fall on our bum
(Grab your ass)
Aarh-aarh-aarh-aarh

And so this is Hashmas
What a load of crap,
Let's put it up your bottom
And cum on your back
(Gesture accordingly)
Oohh-aarh-oooh-aarh

Give It a Blow

(Tune of "Let it Snow")

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

It doesn't show signs of stopping
My dick is ready for hopping
If you want a really good show
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow

When it's time to kiss good-night,
How I'll hate going out in the storm!

Be careful now, don't you bite,
With your tongue you can keep it warm.

The fire is slowly dying,
And my dear, we're still good-bye-ing,
But as long as you want me so,
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow

I've Got a Bone for Christmas

(Tune of "I'll be home for Christmas")

I've got a bone for Christmas,
You can count on me,
Just a blow and mistletoe,
And condoms on the tree,
Far from home you'll find me,
Wanking till I scream.
I've got a bone for Christmas,
If only in my dream
Drink it down down down...

I saw Mommy Fucking Santa Claus

(Tune of "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus")

I saw Mommy fucking Santa Claus,
Underneath the Christmas tree at noon,
She didn't see me creep,
Down the stairs to have a peep,
She thought I was napping,
In my bedroom fast asleep,
Then I saw Mommy fucking Santa Claus,
Underneath his swaying big fat moon,
What a sight that would have been,
If Dad had only seen,
Mommy fucking Santa Claus at noon!

Silent Night

Silent Night, foggy night
Someone pfffft! Smells like shite,
Who's the bastard that dropped his guts,
I hope it blew a hole in his nuts,
That will make him sing high-er
And bring a tear to his eye.
Drink it down down down...



Jingle Balls

Jingle balls, jingle balls, jingle all the way,
Oh what fun, it is to run, around naked in this way,
Jingle balls, jingle balls, jingle all the way,
Oh what fun, it is to run, around naked Christmas Day.

Dashing round the block, not wearing any Dacks,
One hand on your cock, to give your balls more slack,
Bouncing up and down, as we run to and fro,
We'll jingle with your gen-i-tals wherever we may go.

Drink it down, down, down...

White Hashmas

I'm dreaming of a white Hashmas,
As I masturbate in bed,
Dreaming of juicy Lucy
And Rock Hard's floozies,
And a Katoey giving me head.
I'm dreaming of a a white Hashmas,
With every stroke of my old man,
Oh, I think I'm coming,
I know I'm coming,
Oh, won't Hashmas be so grand...

Drink it down, down, down...

Shitty Bells

(Tune of "Silver Bells")

Shitty sidewalks, snowy sidewalks,
Filled with Bright Hasher marks,
In the hares there's a feeling of panic,
People laughing, as we're assing,
Mooning smile after smile,
And on every street corner you'll hear...

Chorus:

This is hell! This is hell,
Losing the trail in the city
Shitty trail, hear us wail,
When will it be Down-Down time?

Hopping snowbanks, we're just pisstanks
As we track down the beer,
Making obscene remarks about *(enter a name here)*
Hares are racing, hounds are chasing
As the mile turns to 10
And the DFL screams from the rear

Chorus

Down down down...

XXXXXX the RA

(Tune of "Santa Claus is Coming to Town")

(Insert RA's name in the song)

You better not spit,
You better not whine,
You better not think,
I'm telling you why
(RA's name here) the RA's watching your ass

He's making a list
He's checking his butt
He's going find out who's naughty or nuts,
(RA's name here) the RA's watching your ass

He sees you when you're pointing,
He knows who's FRB
No camel toes or lunchbox pants,
Or beer drinking you will be

Oh, no holding up walls
Or private phone calls,
Or holding your balls,
I'm telling you all
(RA's name here) the RA's watching your ass