



the BH3 songbook



## **ON-ON, here we come!**

(mel. Cotton Fields)

Once I was an ordinary jogger,  
I met a hasher, a real fucker  
he would sing: ON-ON, here we come  
He was chasing a kind of bunny,  
surely that run looked more funny,  
I joined in: ON-ON, here we come

For we are the Hash House Harriers,  
and you may find us hilarious,  
but we know, that we're having fun.  
We're from Odense and Nyborg  
and we get our shares of Tuborg  
singing so: ON-ON, here we come

Now I am a full-blooded hasher  
a no-good fucking cocking dasher  
singing so: ON-ON, here we come.  
And I know I will be running  
'til the day I will be done in  
singing so: ON-ON, here we come.

For we are the Hash House Harriers,  
and you may find us hilarious,  
but we know, that we're having fun.  
We're from Odense and Nyborg  
and we get our shares of Tuborg  
singing so: ON-ON, here we come





## The Autohash Down-Down

(to the Beatles' Drive My Car, by Whiff)

Baby, you can drive my car,  
 We're not going very far-  
 Only to the next bar.  
 So baby, it's down down...  
 Down-down, down-down, yeah!  
 Down-down, down-down, yeah!

## SANTA CLAUS IS CUMMING ON YOU

Melody: *Santa Clause is Coming to Town*  
 by Whiff

Oh, you better beware –  
 It could be your turn.  
 You better prepare  
 To be showered with sperm.

Santa Claus is cumming — on you!

He's got a trenchcoat,  
 'Cause he's wearing no pants.  
 He'll bugger you good  
 If you give him a chance.

Santa Claus is cumming — on you!

He'll sieze you when you're sleeping,  
 He'll fuck you wide awake.  
 He'll leave you wet and dripping,  
 So lock your door, for goodness sakes!

He's got a big fist  
 And jerking it twice.  
 He'll pop a big load —  
 That's his favorite vice.

Santa Claus is cumming — on you!



## AMAZING BEER

Melody – 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

## BIRTHDAY SONG # 1

Melody - Happy Birthday to You

Happy birthday, fuck you,  
 Happy birthday, fuck you,  
 Happy birthday, you asshole,  
 Happy birthday, fuck you.  
 Drink it down, down, down . . .

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## DOWN DOWN DOWN YOUR BEER

Melody – 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.

## THIS IS YOUR DOWN-DOWN SONG

Melody - Ta-Rah-Rah-Boom Te-Ay

This is your Down-Down song,  
 It isn't very long. . . .

## ICE THE BITCH

Melody - Do, Re, Mi (Sound of Music)

Ice the bitch, She Mussel Bitch,  
 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.

*Generic harriette version:*

Ice the bitch, yes ice the bitch . . .  
 (same as above)

*Generic harrier version:*

Ice the wank, yes ice the wank . . .  
 (same as above)

## THANK GOD SHE FINALLY SHUT UP

Melody - Looney Tunes Theme

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

## DRUNKEN HASHER

Melody - Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with the drunken hasher,  
 What shall we do with the drunken hasher,  
 What shall we do with the drunken hasher,  
 After all the down-downs?

## CHORUS:

There he goes again - pukin' in the bushes,  
 There he goes again - pukin' in the bushes,  
 There he goes again - pukin' in the bushes,  
 After all the down-downs.

Take away his whistle and send him on a BT,  
 He'll take a wizz behind the old oak tree,  
 Then he'll blow his nose on his old shirty,  
 After all the down-downs.

Then we'll shave his ass with a rusty razor,  
 Shave his crotch with a new-fangled laser,  
 Zap him in the ass with a copper's tazer,  
 After all the down-downs.

Shove a bag of flour up his asshole,  
 Soak it up with beer and add a piece of coal,  
 Then stand back boys he's gonna blow,  
 After all the down-downs.

Put him in the back of the old hash wagon,  
 Drag him by a rope from the old hash wagon,  
 Kick him in the ass behind the old hash wagon,  
 After all the down-downs.

Send him home with the old hashit,  
 He won't know - how he got it,  
 'next weeks hash and throw a fit,  
 After all the down-downs.runken hasher,  
 That's what we'll do with the drunken hasher,  
 That's what we'll do with the drunken hasher,

## CLOSE TO BREW

Melody - Close to You

Why do hashers suddenly appear,  
 Every time BEER is NEAR?  
 Just like me, they long to be,  
 Close to Brew,  
 Ahhhhh Ahhhh Ahh,  
 Close to Brew,  
 Ahhhhh Ahhhh Ahh,  
 Down Down Down!

## HASHIN' IN THE WOODS

Melody - Blowin' in the Wind (Bob Dylan)

By Smoking Wiener, Rocket Shitty HHH

How many trails must a hasher lay down before they call him a piss-pot?  
 How many hares must a harriette wet before she gets really hot?  
 How many times must the cock and balls fly before they're forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is hashin' in the woods  
 The answer is hashin' in the woods.

How many beers must a hasher piss before it is washed to the sea?  
 How many beers can some people enlist before they're allowed to go pee?  
 How many times can a man stroke his head and pretend that she just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is hashin' in the woods  
 The answer is hashin' in the woods

How many times must a man lap it up before he can lick a girl dry?  
 How many years must one hasher cheat before he can do it on the sly?  
 How many down-downs will it take till he knows that too many hashers are fried?

The answer, my friend, is hashin' in the woods  
 The answer is hashin' in the woods.  
 The answer is hashin' in the woods.

**Four and twenty virgins,**

Came down from Inverness,  
 And when the ball was over,  
 There were four and twenty less,

CHORUS:

“Singing balls to your partner,  
 Ass against the wall,  
 If you've never been fucked on Saturday night,  
 You'll never get fucked at all.”

The village cripple he was there,  
 He wasn't up too much,  
 He lined them up against the wall  
 And shagged them with his crutch.

The Queen was in the parlor,  
 Eating bread and honey,  
 The King was in the chambermaid,  
 And she was in the money.

They were fucking in the ante-room,  
 And fucking on the stairs,  
 You couldn't see the carpet,  
 For the cunts and curly hairs.

First lady forward,  
 Second lady back,  
 Third lady's finger,  
 Up the fourth lady's crack.

Officer O'Malley he was there,  
 The pride of all the force,  
 They found him in the stable,  
 Wanking off his horse.

## The Bergen Hash song

- mel: It's a long way to Tipperary

We are hashers – we're from Bergen  
 We drink when we run  
 A drinking club with a running problem  
 Come on and join the fun  
*It's a long way to the drink stop*  
*And so say all of us*  
*It's a long way to the drink stop*  
*- It's a long way to nosh*

We are hashers – and we like it  
 We are Vikings and wild  
 Be a loser – wear a hash-shit  
 Though it's a little out of style  
*Dodgy markings - fuzzy check backs*  
*They sure put us out*  
*But when someone-spots a drink stop*  
*We scream and we shout:*

Here's a toast to the Viking hashers  
 Raise your beer or your cup  
 Let's all drink, and please no spillage  
 Make sure it's all drunk up

*It's a long way to the mountain*  
*But we never give up*  
*The hills are steep and extremely muddy*  
*We'll get there-we won't stop*  
*No surrender we are Vikings*  
*It's far to the top*

The run is over-we form the circle  
 Get religious advice  
 Looking forward, to a cold beer  
 Yes a down-down would be nice

*So sing along with-the Bergen Hashers*  
*Sing along with, our song*  
*Yes come on all you sorry wankers*  
*Stand up and sing along:*  
*It's a long, long way to the drink stop*  
*It's a long way to run*





### 1. ONE BLACK ONE (For the hares)

One black one, one white one,  
 And one with a bit of shite on,  
 And one with a fairy light on to show us the way,  
 And the hares, (and the hares) and the hares, (and the hares)  
 And the hares on the dicky dido hung down to her kneeeeeeess,  
 Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....

### 2. WHY WERE THEY BORN SO BEAUTIFUL? (For the hares)

Why were they born so beautiful  
 Why were they born at all?  
 They're no bloody use to anyone  
 They're no bloody use at all.  
 They may be a joy to their mothers  
 But they're a pain in the arsehole to me!  
 Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....

### 3. HAS ANYONE SEEN MY COQUE? (For the checkin' chicken)

Has any seen my Coque, My big Rhode island red?  
 It's mostly pink with a little bit of blue and purple on his head  
 (Circle: Who said head etc)  
 He stands straight up in the morning and gives my wife a shock,  
 Has anybody anybody anybody anybody andbody seen my coque?  
 Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....



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#### 4. HERE'S TO ....

Here's to..... he's true blue  
 He's a hasher through and through  
 He's an arsehole so they say  
 He'll never get to heaven in a long long way  
 Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....

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#### 5. HIS ONE SKIN

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 fore-skin hangs down to his knee  
 Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....

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#### 6. DOUGH RAY ME (to The Sound of Music, Do Ray Me)

Dough, the stuff, that buys me beer,  
 Ray, the guy who serves me beer,  
 Me, the guy, who drinks my beer,  
 Far, a long way to the john,  
 So, I'll have another beer,  
 La, La, La, La, La, La, La,  
 Tea, no I'll have another beer,  
 And that'll bring us back to,  
 Down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....

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#### 7. ZULU WARRIOR

Ale, zooma zooma zooma, ale zooma, zooma, zea,  
 Ale, zooma zooma zooma, ale zooma, zooma, zea,  
 Drink it down you Zulu warrior, drink it down you Zulu chief, chief, chief, chie  
 Down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....

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#### 8. SHE'S ALRIGHT

She's alright, she's alright, she's a bit flat chested, but she's alright.



### THE HASH COMMANDMENTS

1. The GM is always right
2. When the GM is wrong, Rule 1 applies
3. The RA is always right except when Rule 1 applies and there shall be no defence.
4. The RA checks on proper behaviour before, during and between runs. It is left to the RA's discretion as to whether he/she will ignore any transgression, give a private reprimand or make a charge. If a charge is made a penalty will automatically follow.
5. The penalty for any transgression is one down-down, except when the charge is severe, when a penalty with shame shall apply. A penalty with shame is a down-down taken kneeling down (or on ice if any is available).
6. Beer is to be **drunk** when down-downing or poured over your **own** head. Excessive waste may result in a second down-down with shame.
7. No Whingers!.
8. With joyous heart, every Hasher will give Hash Cash 3 Euros every run. Covers beer, water, crisps.
9. Anyone having knowledge of a transgression by a fellow Hasher may make a charge during the down-downs. A charge will always result in a penalty for either the accused, the accuser, or both, at the discretion of the RA. Charges from the pack can be defended, but poor defence will result in a penalty with shame (see Rule 5).
10. Intelligence is neither required or appreciated on the Hash. Thinking on the run is a punishable offence.
11. Short-cutting is allowed. Being caught short cutting is a serious offence (see Rule 10). A short-cutter will be known as an SCB (Short Cutting Bastard).
12. At more or less regular intervals, every Hasher will be asked to set a run. Since being a Hare is a great honour, refusals are neither expected nor accepted. If the run is passably good, the Hares will be awarded a down-down. If the run or anything about the run is considered to be below standard for MH3, the Hares may face the great honour of the Hash-Shit .
13. Silent running is a punishable offence.
14. Every Hasher will be given a Hash Name. They will subsequently be known only by this Hash Name. Failure to observe this rule will result in a charge
15. The Hash has Internationally accepted forms of communication on the run:- When **ON** flour shout '**On-On**'. When Checking shout '**Checking**'. When calling someone back to the correct trail shout '**On Back**'. All calling must be at an appropriately high decibel level. Hashers caught shouting 'On-On' when **not** in sight of flour will be charged with misleading the Hash. (See Rule 23).
16. All Hashers should be strongly committed to the Hash and attend gatherings whenever possible. Irregular attendance will be noticed and charged. (i.e. two consecutive absences).
17. The Hash is a non-competitive run through the local countryside in order to encourage a thirst for beer that should already exist. Aggressive running is totally banned and is a punishable offence. Aggressive runners will be called FRB's (Front Running Bastards). Persistent FRB's may be awarded a down-down **prior** to a run to curb their enthusiasm.
18. No crop bashing will occur during the run. Down-down with shame to the offenders.
19. Stationary checking or refusal to check when so required by the RA will undoubtedly result in a charge.
20. If the cars are sighted on the run, then the run is officially over and the Hash may proceed to the beer by the most direct route.
21. Leading the Hash astray is easy. However, the perpetrator of this crime will surely be made to suffer.
22. The rules are not comprehensive and therefore rule 23 applies.
23. The GM can add, delete or change, any rule, at any time. No public announcement will be deemed



## Hash Terms

- **ARE YOU**  
A plea for help. A Hound who is not on the trail and wants to know if anyone else is. The reply should be either "checking" or "ON ON".
- **CHECK**  
A cunning trap to put the hounds off the trail also enables back runners to catch up.
- **CHECKING**  
Looking for the trail. If you are Checking, say so.
- **DOWN DOWN**  
The act of consuming a full tankard of beer in one or less gulps. If you do not get it down the balance should be poured over your head - or down your pants. Newcomers, leavers, celebrators, and anyone else who deserves it can be invited to do a down down.
- **HARE**  
The person who lays the trail. They are totally responsible for any cock-ups which occur and is therefore eligible to receive the hash-shit award.
- **HASH-SHIT**  
A weekly award made for some particularly nasty effort. It could be either good or bad. The award is held until someone else does better or worse.
- **HASH HORN**  
No It's not... It's an old hunting horn used to rally the pack, also as directional pointer for the back markers.
- **GRANDMASTER**  
A member of the loud mouthed bunch of idiots who call themselves Hash Mismanagement.
- **ON ON**  
Called during the run when you are on the trail. The call assists the rear runners who may not be able to see the front runners but at least can hear them.
- **ON IN**  
The venue where all the crates of amber throat charmer are consumed, and where the Religious Advisor comes into his own.
- **FRB**  
Front Running Bastard. To be a successful FRB requires no skill except for fitness and a determination to be "first in". A good hare will lay cunning checks to tire out the FRB's and allow the back-markers to keep up.
- **SCB**  
Short Cutting Bastard. To be a successful SCB requires great skill and cunning. A SCB has to try to make it appear that they have run the whole trail when in fact they have only done about half of it.

### The Crack of a harriet—To the Tune of – Aquarius

**When the Harriet begins to squat  
And ewe align with my behind  
My derriere will press on the ice  
And the imagine is burned into your mind  
This is the crack of a Harriet**

To the tune of "The Sound of Silence"  
by Simon and Garfunkel (1964)

**Hello Deep Throat my old friend  
I come to camp with you again  
Out of my tent I come uh-a-creeping  
I tap the keg while others are sleeping  
And with beer  
Quietly waiting in my mug  
I start to chug  
And make the sound of drinking**



## Hvitt pulver sendt til Haukeland for analyse

Et større område på Danmarks plass er sperret av etter funn av hvitt pulver onsdag kveld. Politiet regner med at det dreier seg om livetemel og en dårlig spøk.

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 [Utskriftsvennlig versjon](#)

 [Tips en venn om denne saken](#)

Pulveret lå strødd utenfor Danmarks kroen, ved Bergen Yrkeskole og i undergangen under krysset ved Forum kino.

### Relaterte artikler

- [Trimmere utløste terroralarm](#)
- [Rød lakk erstattet «terror-mel»](#)

- Det var trolig hvetemel, ispedd noen riskorn, sa vaksjef Harald Kårtveit ved Bergen politidistrikt til bt.no klokken 01.15 natt til torsdag.

### Gassmasker

Brannfolk i fullt verneutstyr, også gassmaske, hentet prøver av pulveret og forseglet det i plastposer.

Prøvene er sendt til Haukeland sykehus for analyse, og resultatet av undersøkelsen ventes å være klart torsdag, opplyser politiet.

- Vi regner med at dette er en makaber form for spøk. Det er ikke særlig trolig at dette er anthrax, men vi må likevel ta høyde for at det kan være noe, sier Kårtveit.

### Trafikken uberørt

Biltrafikken over krysset går som normalt, mens undergangen og fortau inntil videre er sperret av natt til torsdag.

Politiet gikk til aksjon etter tips fra bekymrede forbipasserende.



## Hash Rules

1. No poofsters.
2. There is no rule 2.
3. See rule 1. No poofsters.
4. No stealing (see hereunder - definition of stealing): Stealing - the covert removal of another Hashman's property with the intention of depriving said Hashman of such property for an indefinite period of time.
5. No stealing, but borrowing is okay (see hereunder the definition of borrowing): Borrowing - the act of covert temporary removal of another Hashman's property (property in this instance is confined to items of a portable nature and directly related to hashing such as mugs, bugles and run books). Substantial items such as kegs whilst being directly related to hashing should never be borrowed. At all times the property borrowed is held for a relatively short period of time and always returned in good order. Often such property is enhanced by suitable engraving to record for posterity the guile of the borrower. Borrowing is a complex issue and where any doubt exists the Grand Master should be consulted.
6. No poofsters.
7. Rain is not permitted during Hash runs. The Religious Advisor is personally responsible for ensuring that fine conditions prevail for a period of not less than one hour each Sunday from 4.00 pm.
8. No poofsters.
9. No discrimination. Wogs, abos, poms, unemployed, dogs, women, criminals, disabled, nymphomaniacs, Southsiders, Carlisle supporters and even lawyers are all encouraged to run Hash. Alcoholics are particularly welcome. Athletes are tolerated in some Hashes. Athletes, dogs and men whilst permitted to run can never aspire to become Grand Master.
10. Definitely no poofsters.
11. No competitiveness.
12. Under no circumstances are poofsters permitted to run Hash.
13. No training. Persons caught training will be deemed to have breached rule 11 and will be liable to a charge. A range of activities may be interpreted as training, and for guidance the following non-exhaustive list is provided: a) running other than official Hash runs; b) cycling (fornication on a push bike is exempt); c) visiting a gymnasium for any other purpose than perving on the aerobics class; d) using the stairs while escalators are available; and e) rooting the wife/girlfriend when so pissed it is a marathon effort.
14. All Hashmen must commit to memory rules 1, 2 and 3 and be able to recite them at any hour of the day or night regardless of their state of inebriation.
15. Poofsterism will not be fucking tolerated under any conditions.
16. No fighting at Hash. This rule is absolute and the entire culture of Hash relies on strict adherence to this rule. If a fellow Hashman causes you immense displeasure by stealing your car or impregnating your daughter (wives are exempt) then belt shit out of him at some other place than Hash and on some other day than Sunday which is a day of reverence and tranquillity.
17. Poofsters will be shot on sight. No poofsters.
18. Other rules may be enacted by the committee as they see fit.
19. Amendments to Rules 1, 3, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15 and 17 are illegal. Note: Bestiality is not covered in these Rules due to the proliferation of New Zealand Hashes. Whilst ovine relationships are discouraged in Australia, subject to certain rules it will be tolerated: a) the fucker must be of NZ birth or citizenship b) the fuckee must be a ewe (no poofsters!) c) the fuckee must be a consenting adult d) the fuckee must be reasonably attractive As this item is not incorporated in Hash rules, all behaviour covered by the above note is subject to determination by the Grand Master.

## 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 mere,  
Physical wreck.

Bloodshot eyes,  
And my tongue is twice its normal size,  
Its 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,  
As lined with fur.

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

## Calling for a Drink

(California Dreaming)

All the paper's gone and it's hot today  
I've been for a while on this dusty trail  
Even not a short cut, much to my dismay  
Calling for a Drink, on such a dusty trail.

Stopped upon a check, and tried to find my way  
Oh, I'm worn down to my knees, and I'm gone astray.  
A Beerstop would be nice, that I have to say,  
Calling for a Drink, on such a dusty trail.

All the paper's gone and it's hot today  
I've been for a while on this dusty trail,  
Ought to sip a beer, some place far away,  
Calling for a Drink, on such a dusty trail.  
On such a dusty trail.  
On such a dusty trail.

**Prayer to our R.A.**  
*(Mercedes Benz)*

R.A., won't you give me  
A double Down-Down,  
I'm thirsty and don't have  
Money for a round.  
I took seven short-cuts  
And peed on the ground.  
R.A., won't you give me  
A double Down-Down,





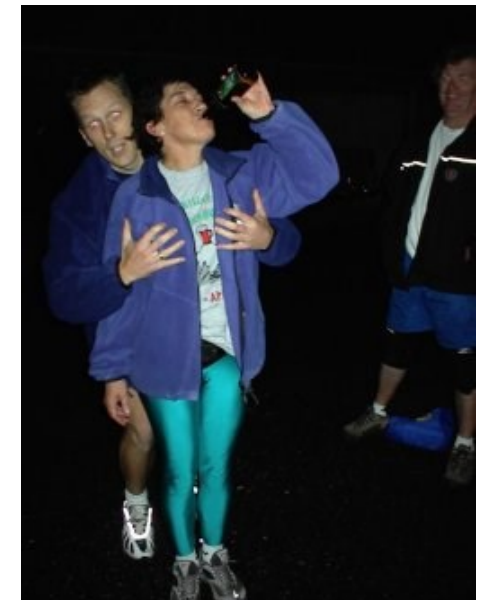
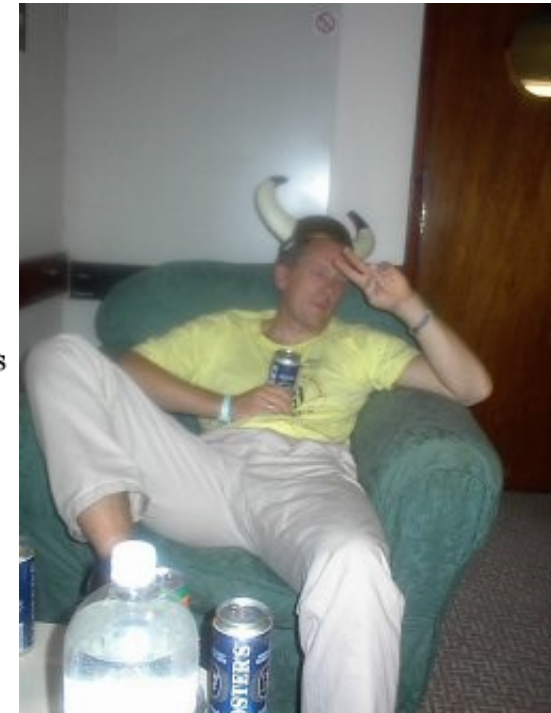
## GM, our Hapless Hasher (Rudolf the reindeer)

GM, our hapless Hasher  
has a very tiny dick  
and if you ever saw it  
it could even make you sick

All of the other wankers  
used to laugh and call him names  
they never let poor GM  
join in any wanking games.

Then one foggy ON-ON eve  
a gentle voice he heard  
GM with your dick so slight  
why not try to lick tonight

And how the harriets love him  
as they shouted out with glee  
GM, our happy Hasher  
go down any time at me.



## (I Can't Get No) Shiggy Traction

(Stones' tune, by Whiff)

I can't get no - shiggy traction  
 I can't get no - Nike action  
 'Cause I tried,  
 But I slide.  
 I just slide,  
 So I cried -

I can't get no -  
 Shiggy traction!

I was hashing just last week  
 When the "On-On" came from over the hill.  
 But I kept splashing in some creek  
 'Cause the bank was churned into muddy swill.

I was slippin' on the stones,  
 'Cause there was slimy algae everywhere.  
 I was lost and hashing alone,  
 Which is nothing new, but - I was the hare!

I can't get no -  
 I can't get no -  
 "Are you?" reaction...  
 No shiggy traction...



## 263. Rawhide

Tune: Rawhide

Rollin', rollin', rollin',  
 My dick is gettin' swollen,  
 I got this doggie rollin', Rawhide.  
 My knob is hard as leather,  
 But I'll get it in whatever,  
 I wish I could get the tip inside,  
 I stab but I keep missin',  
 This wasn't made for pissin',  
 I'm waiting for this year's first ride.

### CHORUS:

Pull 'em down, get 'em off,  
 Get 'em off, pull 'em down,  
 Pull 'em down, Get 'em off, Rawhide.  
 Stick it in, pull it out,  
 Pull it out, stick it in,  
 Stick it in, pull it out, Rawhide.

She's movin', movin', movin',  
 Stops my manhood groovin',  
 This doggie won't stop movin', Raw- hide.  
 It's gonna be sore later,  
 But I've been a masturbator,  
 All those years that I've just spent inside.  
 My balls they are aching,  
 From ages wanking, waiting,  
 Waiting to get this thing inside.

Rollin', rollin', rollin',  
 I'm rootin' her assholin',  
 We're mounted doggy style, Rawhide.  
 I don't try to understand her,  
 Just catch and grope and bang her,  
 Now her twat is gettin' wet and wide,  
 My foreskin's torn and tattered,  
 Her pussy's worn and battered,  
 At last I'll drop my load inside.



## The Wild Hasher

*(The Wild Rover)*

I've been a wild Hasher for many a year,  
And spent some time chasing the women and beer.  
But now I'm returning with an itch and a sore,  
I swear I will never be wanking no more.

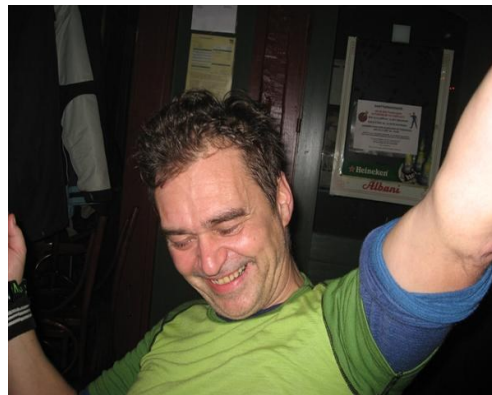
*Chorus:*

And it's no nay never (pause, then clap, clap, clap)  
No never no more,  
Will I plaaay the wild Hasher,  
No neveeer no more.

I went to a whorehouse where I'd often been,  
And told to the madame what 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.

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 have any girl for a fuck.

I'll return to my parents, confess what I've done,  
And ask them to pardon their lost Hashing son.  
And if they forgive me, as oft times before,  
I swear I will never be wanking no more.



## Walking 'round In Women's Underwear

(Tune: Walking In a Winter Wonderland)

Lacy things the wife is missin'  
Didn't ask for her premission  
I'm wearin' her clothes, silk pantyhose  
Walkin' round in woman's underwear

In the store there's a teddy  
With little straps like spaghetti  
It hold me in tight, like handcuffs at night  
Walkin' round in woman's underwear

In the office there's a guy named Melvin  
He pretends that I am Murphy Brown  
He'll sayare you ready, I'll say whoa man  
Let's wait until the wife is out of town

Later on if you wanna  
We can dress like Madonna  
Put on some eyeshade and join the parade  
Walkin' round in woman's underwear  
Walkin' round in woman's underwear  
Walkin' round in woman's underwear



**HER LEFT TIT**

Melody - My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Her left tit hangs down to her belly,  
 Her right tit hangs down to her knee.  
 If her left tit did equal her right tit,  
 She'd get lots of weenie from me.  
 Drink it down, down, down . . .

**OH MY DARLING**

Oh my darling, don't say no,  
 Onto the sofa you must go.  
 Up with your petticoat,  
 Down with your drawers,  
 You tickle mine,  
 And I'll tickle yours.

**THEY OUGHT TO BE PUBLICLY PISSED ON**

Melody - My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

They ought to be publicly pissed on,  
 They ought to be publicly shot,  
 They ought to be tied to a urinal,  
 And left there to fester and rot,  
 Drink it down, down, down . . .

**Are You Lonesome Tonight?**

Are you lonesome tonight,  
 Is the hash out of sight,  
 Are you sorry you strayed from the trail?  
 Does your throat get real dry,  
 Underneath the hot sky,  
 When you think of the beer to you wail?  
 Do the sores on your feet seem to blister and pus?  
 Do you gaze down the road and you wish for a bus?  
 Are your legs filled with pain,  
 Will you shortcut again,  
 Tell me fool are you lonesome tonight

**Sit on my face**

(Monty Python)

Sit on my face  
 And tell me that you love me  
 I'll sit on your face  
 And tell you I love you too  
 I love to hear you moralise  
 When I'm between your thighs  
 You blow me away.

Sit on my face  
 And let my lips embrace you  
 I'll sit on your face  
 And then my love is true too.  
 Life can be fine if we both 69  
 If we sit on our faces in all sort of places tonight  
 Till we're blown away.



## 12 Days of Hash

(12 days of Christmas)

On the first day of Hash

Our GM gave to me:

A Down-Down for taking a pee.

On the second day of Hash

Our GM gave to me:

Two eyes blue

And a Down-Down for taking a pee.

On the third day of Hash

Our GM gave to me:

Three on his knee

Two eyes blue

And a Down-Down for taking a pee.

Fourth day:	Four old whores
Fifth day:	Five lusty wives (mass chant)
Sixth day:	Six fancy chicks
Seventh day:	Seven cocks from Devon
Eighth day:	Eight fornicates
Ninth day:	Nine from behind
Tenth day:	Ten horny men
Eleventh day:	Eleven glimpse of Heaven
Twelfth day:	Twelve Mademoiselles

## WHY WAS HE (SHE) BORN SO BEAUTIFUL?

Melody - Itself

Why was he born so beautiful?

Why was he born at all?

He's no fuckin' use to anyone,

He's no bloody use at all.

They say he's a joy to his mother,

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

So drink it down, down, down . . .



## YOGI BEAR SONG

Melody - Camptown Races  
(Take turns leading verses)

There is a bear in the deep dark woods,  
Yogi, Yogi,  
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear. CHORUS (REPEAT PREVIOUS VERSE):  
Yogi, Yogi Bear,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear,  
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,  
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, Camel, Camel  
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  
Boo-Boo 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  
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, Poofter, Poofter  
Song ender: Yogi he has HIV, Dying, Dying . . .



## 234. One on the Table

Tune: Guantanamo

One on the table,  
There's only one on the table,  
One on the taaaa-ble,  
There's only one on the table. . .

Two on the table!  
There's only two on the table,  
Two on the taaa-ble,  
There's only two on the table. . .



### 193. Merry Hashmas

Tune: We Wish You a Merry Christmas

We wish you a merry Hashmas,  
We wish you a merry Hashmas,  
We wish you a merry Hashmas,  
And a clappy New Year.

Bad tidings we bring,  
About the drip and the sting,  
We wish you a Merry Syphilis,  
And a Happy Gonorrhoea.

We wish you a Merry Syphilis,  
We wish you a Merry Syphilis,  
We wish you a Merry Syphilis,  
And a Happy Gonorrhoea.

### 292. Silent Night

Tune: Silent Night

Silent night, foggy night,  
Somebody pfffffft!, 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.

Melody - Alouette

(Unsuspecting female volunteer needed)

CHORUS:

Alouette, gentille Alouette,  
Alouette je te plumerai.

Leader: Does she have ze stringy hair?

All: Oui, she has ze stringy hair.

Leader: Stringy hair,

All: Stringy hair,

Leader: Alouette! Aah, aah, aah, aah . . . (chorus)

Leader: Does she have ze furrowed brow?

All: Oui, she has ze furrowed brow,

Leader: Furrowed brow,

All: Furrowed brow,

Leader: Stringy hair,

All: Stringy hair,

Leader: Alouette! Aah, aah, aah, ahh . . .

Wooden eye

Broken nose . . .

Blow job lips . . .

Two buck teeth . . .

Double chin . . .

Swinging tits . . .

Beer belly . . .

Bulbous butt . . .

Furry thing . . .

Leader: Now isn't she a nice-a girl?

All: Oui, she is a nice-a girl,

Leader: Nice-a girl,

All: Nice-a girl,

Leader: Alouette! Aah, aah, aah . . .

## Melody - When Johnny Comes Marching Home

I put my hand upon her toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
 I put my hand upon her toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
 I put my hand upon her toe,  
 She said, "Hey Hasher, you're way too low,  
 Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
 Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho! I put my hand upon her knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
 I put my hand upon her knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
 I put my hand upon her knee,  
 She said, "Hey Hasher, you're teasin' me,  
 Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
 Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho! I put my hand upon her tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
 I put my hand upon her tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
 I put my hand upon her tit,  
 She said, "Hey Hasher, you're squeezin' it,  
 Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
 Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho! I put my hand upon her twat, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
 I put my hand upon her twat, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
 I put my hand upon her twat,  
 She said, "Hey Hasher, you've hit the spot,  
 Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
 Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Now she lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
 Now she lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
 Now she lies in a wooden box,  
 From sucking too many Hasher's cocks,  
 Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!  
 Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho! I dig her up every now and again, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
 I did her up every now and again, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
 Well I dig her up every now and again,  
 I fucked her once, and I'll fuck her again  
 Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!  
 Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!





# INTERNATIONAL HASH HYMN

Melody - Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Note: gestures accompany words 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. CHORUS:  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home. I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
But still my soul feels heavenly bound.  
Comin' 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.



## Meet The Hashers:

Hashers, meet the Hashers  
They're the biggest drunks in history  
From the Bergen Hash  
We're the leaders in debauchery

Half Minds, trailing Shiggy through the years  
Watch them, as they drink a lot of Beers  
Down, Down, Drink it Down, Down  
Down, Down, Down, Down, Down, Down, Down, Down,  
Down, Down, Down, Down, Down, .....

### Publicly Pissed On:

They ought to be publicly pissed on  
 They ought to be publicly shot (bang, bang)  
 They ought to be tied to a urinal  
 And left there to fester and rot  
 Drink it Down, Down.....

### Virgins(Visitors):

We got Virgins  
 We got Virgins  
 At our Hash  
 At our Hash  
 Gonna get 'em drunked up  
 Gonna get 'em f\*cked up  
 Down the hatch  
 Up your...  
 Drink it Down, Down.....



"Had to dig under it"  
 {hold your hands like digging with a shovel}

Now you start all over again repeating

"We are all going..."  
 {Remember to keep walking when doing all the moves.}

Other verses are much the same:

"The ocean - had to swim  
 through it"

"The jungle - had to cut through it"

"The desert - had to fly over it"

"Came to a woman"  
 {everybody stops, putting their hands on their hips}

"Wouldn't go around her"  
 {still standing still}

"Wouldn't jump over her"  
 {do the Jordan move}

"Wouldn't crawl under her"  
 {bend your knees like looking between the legs of  
 the person standing in front of you}

"Had to fuck through her"  
 {appropriate motions?}

The last verse:

"We are all ...

"Came to the lion"  
 {Scream as loud as possible and run fast away from  
 the circle like you've just met a real lion, who  
 are about to eat you}

This last part is the most funny because those who  
 have never encountered this song before, do not  
 know what to do, and usually remain motionless  
 for a moment wondering where everybody went.  
 The smartest in a second or two will discover  
 what to do and run away also, leaving the  
 remaining stupid fuckers back in the circle.

## 174. Lionhunt Song

First of all everybody must pull the pants/tights/or whatever up above their knee: Then everybody gathers in a circle and turn right, so that they are looking at the back of th hasher in front of them. Then everybody place their tongue between the lips and the teeth i the lower part of the mouth. It sounds VER funny when people sing with the tongue in thi position. Then everyone stomps on the spot in 1..2..3..4 , in an army-like manner. Start walkin forward around the circle.

Choir-leader sings the line, the choir repeats th line.

"We are all going on a lionhunt"  
[walk around stamping]

"We're not scared"  
[still walking]

"We've got guns"  
[hold your hands in front of you like if you are holdin a rifle ]

"And bullets two"  
[swing the right hand forward with the thumb, th ring-finger (NOT that ring) and the short finge bent, showing you've got two bullets]

[this is to be repeated as the start of every verse]

"Came to the mountain"  
[ "draw" the shape of the mountain with both hanc starting together at the top]

"Couldn't go around it"  
[move one hand away from you and around 'th mountain']

"Wouldn't climb over it"

[let your hand follow the shape of the mountain u and above the top]

### Love Me Tender:

Love me tender  
Love me sweet  
Wrap your lips around my meat  
Watch me wiggle  
Watch me grin  
As my cum \*uns  
Down, Down.....

### Sex Pot:

She's a little sex pot  
Short and stout  
These are her handles  
Here's her G-spot  
When she gets all worked up  
Here her shout  
Bend me over and Eat Me Out!  
Drink it Down, Down.....

### Did You Ever Wonder:

Did you ever wonder  
If your mother gave a blow job  
Just before she kissed you goodnight  
Drink it Down, Down.....

### Mrs. Murphy:

Take it in your hands Mrs. Murphy  
It only weighs a quarter of a pound  
It's got hair on its neck like a turkey  
And it spits when you jerk it up and  
Down, Down, Down.....

**9. HE'S THE MEANEST**

He's the meanest, he sucks the horse's penis  
 He's the meanest, he's the horses arse  
 Ever since he found it, all he does it pound it,  
 He's the meanest, he's the horse's arse  
 He's always pissing on us, he's mean and he's dishonest  
 He's the meanest, he's the horse's arse  
 Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....

**173. Leprosy**

Tune: Yesterday

Birth control, is the only way to save my soul  
 Since I put it in my girl friend's hole  
 Now I believe in birth control

**CHORUS**

Why I had to cum,  
 I don't know she wouldn't blow  
 I did something wrong,  
 Now I long for birth control.

Pregnancy, there's a shotgun hanging over me  
 Why has this bulge got to be  
 I should have used one silly me.

Syphilis, feels like razors everytime I piss  
 Who the hell's to blame for this  
 It's agony this syphilis.

Leprosy, bits and pieces falling off of me  
 I'm not half the man I used to be  
 Since I acquired leprosy.

**341. White Hashmas**

Tune: White Christmas

I'm dreaming of a white Hashmas,  
 As I masturbate in bed,  
 Dreaming of juicy Lucy and Rock  
 Hard's floozes,  
 And a katoey giving me head,  
 I'm dreaming of a white Hashmas,



## 172. Lady Hardonna

Tune: Lady Madonna

Lady Hardonna, men at your feet,  
 Wonder how you manage to beat their meat.  
 You find the money, when you need to pay the  
 rent,  
 You know that money isn't heaven sent  
 Friday's guy arrives without a suitcase,  
 Sunday's Hasher creeps in like a bum,  
 Monday's guy likes to be tied with his boot lace,  
 See how they'll come.

Lady Hardonna, Hasher at your breast,  
 Wonder how you manage to please the rest?  
 Lady Hardonna, lying on the bed,  
 No worry about losing your maidenhead.  
 Tuesday's love is never ending,  
 Wednesday morning milkman didn't come,  
 Thursday night your diaphragm needed mending,  
 See how they'll come.

Lady Hardonna, Hashers at your feet,  
 Wonder how you manage to beat their meat?



## 12. And So This Is Hashmas

Tune: 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.  
 AARH-AARH-AARH-AARH (Holding Ear)

And so this is Hashmas,  
 With a wink and a leer,  
 Let's eat too much turkey,  
 And drink lots of beer.  
 AARH-AARH-AARH-AARH (Holding Guts)

And so this is Hashmas,  
 No need to look glum,  
 We'll drink too much whiskey,  
 And fall on our bum.  
 AARH-AARH-AARH-AARH (Holding Butt)

And so this is Hashmas,  
 What a load of old crap,  
 Let's put it up your bottom,  
 And come on your back.  
 OOOH-AARH-OOOH-AARH (Demonstrating)

## 45. Christmas Carol

Tune: Silent Night

Sodomy, masturbate, fellatio, copulate,  
 Round the world and Hershey highway,  
 Fornicating in the hay,  
 These are tricks that I lo-ve  
 These are tricks that I love.

Condom, prophylactic,  
 Spermicide does the trick.  
 IUD's and birth control pills,  
 Pull it out and let it spill,  
 These will make it sa-fe,  
 These will make it safe.

## 61. Cute Little Song

Tune: Seasons in the Sun

We had joy, we had fun  
We went streaking in the sun,  
But the cops, they had guns  
And they shot us in the buns.

## 63. Daylight Come

Tune: Day O (Banana Boat Song)

### CHORUS

Day-oh, Day-a-a-oh,  
Daylight come and I want to go home,  
Day-oh, Day-a-a-oh,  
Daylight come and I want to go home.  
Frozen ballocks and frozen cock,  
Daylight come and I want to go home,  
Had a piss and froze to the block,  
Daylight come and I want to go home.

Drew me a katoey from the hat,  
Daylight come and I want to go home,  
Didn't have a rubber now I've got the dap,  
Daylight come and I want to go home.

Drank a dozen down-downs before I puked,  
Daylight come and I want to go home,  
Spewed on the GM and got rebuked,  
Daylight come and I want to go home.

Ended up in the Rock Hard 'round about daw  
Daylight come and I want to go home,  
Got my pocket picked by a girl called Porn,  
Daylight come and I want to go home.

Now I've got to find cheap room and board,  
Daylight come and I want to go home,  
There I'll stay 'til the next maraud,  
Daylight come and I want to go home.

## 162. John Browns Penis

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

John Brown's penis was a bloody awful sight,  
Mucked about with gonorrhoea and buggered up  
with shite,  
The agonies of syphilis kept him awake all night,  
But he still went rogering along.

### CHORUS

Oh, the hoary old seducer,  
Oh, the hoary old seducer,  
Oh, the hoary old seducer,  
He still went rogering along!

The color of his water was sort of orange-ale,  
Little gonorrhoea germs within his scrotum played,  
In spite of these inconveniences, he went on  
undismayed.  
Yes he still went rogering along.

Girls would come from miles around to his  
Baronial Hall,  
To see his giant penis and his one remaining ball,  
And see the rows of maiden heads all hung  
around the wall,  
But he still went rogering along.

**161. Jingle Balls**

Tune: Jingle Bells

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 round 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 our genitals wherever we may go.

*{Repeat first verse running in place with hands on  
 dicks}*

**164. Jungle Smell**

Tune: Jingle Bells

Jungle smell, jungle smell  
 Shiggy all the way  
 Oh what fun it is to run  
 Through a swamp on Sunday-hey!

Dashing through the jungle  
 Following hash all the way  
 All those SCBs  
 Cursing all the way.

Dashing through the jungle  
 Following hash all the way  
 All those drunkard SCBs  
 Cursing all the way.

**89. Father Abraham**

CHORUS:

Father Abraham had seven sons.  
 And seven sons had Father Abraham.  
 And he never laughed,  
 And he never cried,  
 All he did was go like this.

With a left {arm}, With a left  
 With a right {arm}, With a right  
 With a left {leg}, With a left  
 With a right {leg}, With a right  
 With a HOO {head}, With a HOO  
 With a AAH {pelvis}, With a AAH

Father Abraham {HUAH} had seven sons {H  
 And seven sons had Father Abraham {HUAH  
 And he never laughed {HUAH}  
 And he never cried {HUAH}  
 All he did was go like this {HUAH}

**92. First Time**

The sky was blue  
 The sun was high  
 We were alone  
 Just she and I  
 Her hair was brown  
 Her body fine  
 I ran my hand along her spine  
 With some courage  
 I did my best  
 I placed my hand upon her breast  
 My other hand shook  
 As did my heart  
 I gently spread her legs apart  
 I knew she was ready  
 But I didn't know how.

It was the first time  
 I milked a cow.

### 113. Hallelujah Chorus

Tune: Hallelujah Chorus

Eat my butt out  
 Eat my butt out  
 Eat my butt out, Eat my butt out  
 Eat my butt out.

Please lick my sweaty balls,  
 They're so dirty  
 They're so dirty, They're so dirty  
 They're so dirty, They're so dirty.

Please eat my crusty ass,  
 It's so mushy  
 It's so mushy, It's so mushy  
 It's so mushy, It's so mushy.

#### WHAT A WANK

Melody - William Tell Overture

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.

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

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

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

*Alternates:*

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

What a fuck, what a fuck, what a fuck you are . . .

### 126. 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 ha  
 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 baht in a flash she's on her  
 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 mum would find it in the morning,  
 So I rolled out of bed and wiped it up with my  
 God, what a squirt!  
 Jerking off in silence.