



On into the BH3 songbook
for dirty and nasty songs



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 CLAUSE 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 seize 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!



NAME _____

DATE _____

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 . . .

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 To 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 F.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 hamlette version:

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

Generic hamlet 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!

(Mis)Management 2008

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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-shirt
 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 kneeeeeeees,
 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



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

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

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

7. ZULU WARRIOR

Ale, zooma zooma zooma, ale zooma, zooma, zea,
 Ale, zooma zooma zooma, ale zooma, zooma, zea,
 Drink it down you Zulu warnor, drink it down you Zulu chief, chief, chief, chief,
 Down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down

8. SHE'S ALRIGHT

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



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
The crack of a Harriet—A Harriet
Sing Loud - 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

Positive proof of global warming.



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 lyvetemel og en dårlig spøk.

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 [Utskriftsvennlig versjon](#)

 [TIPS en venn om denne saken](#)

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

Relaterte artikler

- [Trimmere utløste terroralarm](#)
- [Rød lakk erstattet sterormmel](#)

- Det var trolig lyvetemel, ispedd noen riskorn, sa vaksjef Harald Kårveit ved Bergen politidistrikt til bl.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 Kårveit.

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.



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...



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 say are 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 . . .



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 slaven 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, Pooler, Pooler
Song ender: Yogi he has HIV, Dying, Dying . . .

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 dig 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 aught to be publicly pissed on
They aught to be publicly shot (bang, bang)
They aught 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.....



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



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
OOCH-AARH-OOCH-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-eh,
Daylight come and I want to go home,
Day-oh, Day-a-eh,
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 clap,
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 GVI and got rebuked,
Daylight come and I want to go home.

Ended up in the Flock Hand 'round about dawn,
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.

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,
 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.

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.

162. John Browns Penis

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

John Brown's penis was a bloody awful sight,
 Mucked about with gonorrhea 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 gonorrhea 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.

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 milkmen 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?



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,

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 the hasher in front of them. Then everybody place their tongue between the lips and the teeth the lower part of the mouth. It sounds V&F funny when people sing with the tongue in th position. Then everyone stomps on the spot in 1.2.3.4 , in an army-like manner. Start walk forward around the circle.

Choirleader 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 ringfinger (NOT that ring) and the short finger 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 hand 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}

"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..."

"Come 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.





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 Gonorrhea.

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

292. Silent Night

Tune: Silent Night

Silent night, foggy night,
 Somebody pffffft!, 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 bear to his eye.



234. One on the Table

Tune: Guantanamera

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 ...



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	

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.

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 plaany 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.



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 asshole in'.
 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.







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).

Hash Rules

1. No poofers.
2. There is no rule 2.
3. See rule 1. No poofers.
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 keys 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 poofers.
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 poofers.
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 poofers.
11. No competitiveness.
12. Under no circumstances are poofers 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 perching on the aerobics class; d) using the stairs while escalators are available; and e) locking 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. Poofers will not be fucking tolerated under any conditions.
16. No fighting at Hash. This rule is absolute and the enorm 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. Poofers will be shot on sight. No poofers.
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 poofers!) 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.

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 chammer 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 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 FRBs (Front Running Bastards). Persistent FRBs 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





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 wot 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.

DRUNKEN HASHER

Melody - Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with the drunken hashier,
What shall we do with the drunken hashier,
What shall we do with the drunken hashier,
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 now 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 hashier,
That's what we'll do with the drunken hashier,
That's what we'll do with the drunken hashier,

