



**"BH3"**

# **SONG BOOK**



**2017 ON-ON** 



## 1. (Hare's Song)

Here's to .....

They're true blue,  
S/He's a piss-pot through and through,  
S/He's a bastard so they say,  
Tried to go to heaven  
But s/he went the other way.

Drink it down, down, down...

Broome, Broome, Broome...

Hash, Hash, Hash...

2017 **ON-ON** 



## 2. (My One Skin)

(Tune - My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

My one skin hangs down to my two skin,  
My two skin hangs down to my three,  
My three skin hangs down to my foreskin,  
My foreskin hangs down to my knee.

So, roll back, roll back,  
Oh roll back my foreskin for me, for me.  
Roll back, roll back,  
Oh roll back my foreskin for me.

Drink it down, down, down...

Broome, Broome, Broome...

Hash, Hash, Hash...





### 3. (Horse's Penis)

S/He's the meanest,  
S/He sucks the horse's penis.

S/He's the meanest,  
S/He's the horse's arse.  
Ever since s/he found it,  
All s/he does is pound it.

S/He's the meanest,  
S/He's the horse's arse.

Drink it down, down, down...

Broome, Broome, Broome...

Hash, Hash, Hash...

2017 **ON-ON**



**4. (What A Wank)**  
(Tune - 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.

Drink it down, down, down...

Broome, Broome, Broome...

Hash, Hash, Hash...

**2017 ON-ON**



5. (Ought To Be Publicly Pissed On)

S/He ought to be publicly pissed on,  
S/He ought to be publicly shot, Bang,  
Bang!

S/He ought to be tied to a shithouse  
door

And left there to fester and rot.

Drink it down, down, down...

Broome, Broome, Broome...

Hash, Hash, Hash...

2017  ON-ON



6. (Ou Est Le Papier?)  
(Tune - Marseillaise)

A Frenchman went to the lavat'ry  
For to have a jolly good shit, shit, shit.  
He pulled his pants and trousers down,  
So that he could revel in it, it, it.  
But when he went to reach for the paper,  
He saw that someone had been there before.  
Ou est le papier? Ou est le papier?  
Monsieur, monsieur, J'ai fait manure.  
Ou est le papier

Drink it down, down, down...

Broome, Broome, Broome...

Hash, Hash, Hash...

2017  ON-ON



## 7. (Do Re Mi)

Dough, the stuff, that buys me beer,  
Ray, the guy who serves me beer, thanks  
Ray!

Me, the guy, who drinks the beer,  
Far, a long way for my beer,  
So, I'll have another beer,  
La, la la la la la beer,  
Tea, no thanks I'm drinking beer,  
Which brings us back to beer, beer, beer...

Drink it down, down, down...

Broome, Broome, Broome...

Hash, Hash, Hash...

2017 **ON-ON**





8. (Pies, chips and gravy)

Pies, chips and gravy, they are fucking  
crazy,

A la da-da, woo! a la da-da, woo!

Pies chips and lentils, they are fucking  
mental,

A la da-da, woo! a la da-da, woo!

Drink it down, down, down...

Broome, Broome, Broome...

Hash, Hash, Hash...

2017 **ON-ON**



## 9. (My Sister Belinda)

Ai, jai, jai jai, Si, si, señora  
My sister Belinda, she pissed out o' the winda',  
All over my brand new sombrero

I like my gin, it helps me slip in,  
Get in, Get out, Belinda,  
But give me the good old vino,  
It gives me a stand supremo

### More Verses:

I like my rum, it helps me to come,  
I like my whiskey, it makes me feel frisky,  
I like Drambuie, it makes my cum gooey,  
I like Jack Daniels, it helps me fuck spaniels  
I like my beer, it makes me feel queer  
I like my beer, it makes my cum clear  
I like my sherry, it makes me feel merry  
I like my Guinness, it helps me to finish  
I like Bacardi, it helps me to party  
I like my brandy, it makes me feel randy  
I like my cider, it helps me get inside her  
I like my gin, it helps me slide in  
I like my stout, it helps me pull out  
I like my lager, it helps me fuck harder  
I like my water, it helps me get Bootlegger's daughter

2017 **ON-ON**



## 10. (You're Stupid)

You're stupid, you're stupid,  
You're really fuckin' dumb,  
If it wasn't for your mother,  
You'd be a spot of cum.

Drink it down, down, down...

Broome, Broome, Broome...

Hash, hash, hash...

2017  ON-ON



## 11. (You're Stupid)

Take it in your hand, Mrs. Murphy  
For it only weighs a quarter of a  
pound

It's got hair on its neck like a  
turkey

And it spits when you shake it up  
and down ...

Down, down, down, down,

Broome, Broome, Broome...

Hash, hash, hash...

2017  ON-ON



**("W@nkBest's" Broome Song)**

**(Tune - "Botany Bay")**

I was haring the run in old Broome town  
when a hasher from Derby rocked up.  
They said mate, you're getting a down-down  
for leaving us out in the mud.

I said that croc up me crack was enough mate,  
this Broome mobs the best in the state.  
The runs are long, they sing as a throng  
and the beers are much colder than yours.

Now Bluewater's better than brown,  
Matso's is better than swill,  
the hash nosh is second to none,  
as long as you can eat your fill.

The hashers, they are from all over,  
and one and all they say,  
that Bluewater hash is the best mate  
and the beer always flows on Monday.

On On!

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