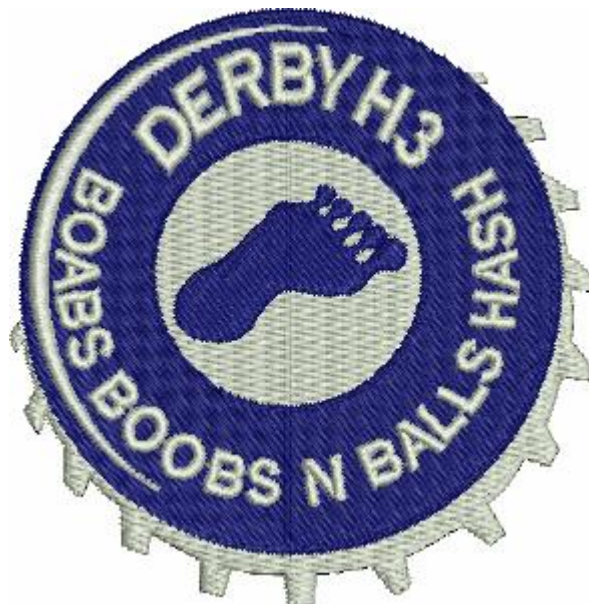


*DERBY HASH HOUSE  
HARRIERS  
SONG BOOK*

**(Not to be Eaten)**



**Blessing of the Hares**

(Optional prayer offered by the RA before the hash)

Bless these hares  
Bless this trail  
Coppus no catch us  
Farmer no shoot us  
Doggus no bite us  
Heatus no stroke us  
Plenty of cold beer to drink  
Coitus non interruptus.

On On

**Why was he born so beautiful?**

(Melody - itself Sung for virgins)

Why was she/he born so beautiful?  
Why was she/he born at all?  
She's/He's no fuckin' use to anyone  
She's/He's no fuckin' use at all

Drink it down,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,

**D/D Song Number One - For Honour**

(Melody - itself)

Here's to \_\_\_\_\_  
He's true blue,  
He's a pisspot,  
Through and through,  
He's a bastard,  
So they say,  
Tried to go to heaven,  
But he went the other way,  
Drink it down.....

**D/D Song Number Two - Here's to Sister / Brother**

(Melody - Ach, Du Lieber Augustin, Sung for Visitors)

Here's to brother (sister) \_\_\_\_\_  
Brother \_\_\_\_\_, brother \_\_\_\_\_  
Here's to brother \_\_\_\_\_  
He's with us tonight  
He keeps us waiting while he's masturbating  
Here's to brother \_\_\_\_\_  
He's with us tonight  
So drink chug-a-lug, drink chug-a-jug  
Here's to brother \_\_\_\_\_  
He's with us tonight

**DD Song Number Three - They ought to be publicly pissed on**

(Melody - My Bonnie lies over the Ocean - for violators)

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.....

**D/D Song Number Itle (He's the meanest)**

(Melody - Itself - sung for violators)

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

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

Drink it down.....

**Foreskin (D/D Song Number Five)**

(Melody - My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean - sung for violators)

His one skin hangs down to his two skin,  
His two skin hangs down to his three,  
His three skin hangs down to his foreskin,  
His foreskin hangs down to his knee

Pull back, pull back,  
Pull back his foreskin for him, for him,  
Pull back, pull back,  
Please pull back his foreskin for him.

Drink it down.....

**Down Down Song Number Six**

Put your left leg over my shoulder  
Put your right leg over my shoulder  
Yum yum yum yum  
Drink it Down Down

**DOWN DOWN SONG NO 7**

Piss on ya, piss on ya, piss on ya  
In Russian it means 'I love you'  
Drink it down down

**SHORT HYMN**

(Melody - Amen - good for heinous violators)  
'With Reverence'

Hymn!, Hymn!, Hymn!  
Fuck Him.....

## **Why are we waiting?**

(Melody - Come let us Adore Him - sung for slow drinkers)

Why are we waiting,  
Could be masturbating,  
Oh, why are we waiting,  
Oh why why why  
Why are we waiting  
Could be fornicating  
Oh Why are we waiting  
Oh why why why!

## **Birthday Song**

(Melody - Happy Birthday to you)

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

Drink it down.....

## **International HASH Hymn**

(Melody - Swing low Sweet Chariot - sung to close the circle)

Note: Gestures accompany the words

### Chorus

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

I looked over Jordon 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.....

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.

(repeat with variations - humming and motions only, silence  
and motions only, double-time,

**KIMBERLEY SONG**  
(Melody - Yellow Rose of Texas )

Far north in the west ol' Kimberley,  
On the backs of the great Fitzroy  
There's a team of Derby HASHERS,  
Not afraid to make some noise.

Monday night is HASHING,  
You'd better bring the plonk,  
Our runs are short,  
The hills are few,  
It makes for a thirsty mob.

Now bestiality's great mate,  
But not for our HAS mob,  
We're far too slack,  
To be on our backs,  
We'd rather be on the grog.

But the piss should be cold and lengthy,  
Or we'll stray and break that rule,  
There's many a stable,  
I luv it on the table,  
Be it horse, sheep or roo,  
(now they are pretty).

Now all you southern HASHERS,  
Who think you've done it all,  
HASH outback, with the crocs up your crack,  
If you think you've got the balls.

Or Head!!

Did someone say Head!  
I'll have some of that!  
And I did! And then we fucked!  
We fucked aaalll night!  
Uprooting trees  
And scaring small furry animals  
And it was good,  
And I didn't even ask their name,  
But it was human,  
Coz they said so,  
'I think'  
Now give me a drink  
Coz I'm thirsty.

## THE FISHERMAN SONG

(Melody - Dags' choice)

Oh! Mr fisherman home from the sea  
Do you have a lobster you can sell to me

Singing le diddlee le! Shit or bust! Never let your bollocks dangle  
in the dust.

Oh yes sire, oh yes sir I have two  
And the biggest of the bastards I will sell to you.

Singing.....

So I took the lobster home, but I couldn't find a dish  
So I put the flamin' lobster in where the missus takes a piss.

Singing.....

Well in the middle of the night what happened was this  
Up jumped the missus to go and have a piss.

Singing.....

Well she let out a groan, she let out a grunt  
Up jumped the lobster and grabbed her by the c\*nt.

Singing.....

So this missus grabbed a brush and I grabbed a broom  
We chased the fucking lobster all round the room

Singing.....

Well there's a moral to this story and the moral is this  
Always have a shifty before you take a piss

Singing.....

This is the end of the story no more shall pass my lips  
There's an apply up me arshole and you can have the pips

Singing.....

Way down in Nagasaki the monkey fucked the cat,  
And all the cat could do was fuck the monkey back.

## THE DINGO SONG

(Melody - Ghost Riders in the Sky)

Penned by Dingo Hamersley H3

Some Seven Day Adventists went to a BBQ, BBQ, BBQ  
Where they met a dingo that could eat much more than you,  
More than you, more than you

Dingo, Dingo, beware of the Dingo, Dingo, Dingo... with a baby in it's  
mouth.

Now Lindy packed the veges but the dingoes wanted meat,  
Wanted meat, wanted meat.  
Kidneys and liver, legs and arms and feet, arms and feet, arms and feet,  
arms and feet.

Dingo...

So they searched and searched and searched  
All round Ayres Rock, round Ayres Rock, round Ayres Rock  
All they found were dog turds, and a baby's sock, baby's sock, baby's  
sock.

Dingo....

Now while the lawyers argued, Lindy got up the duff, up the duff, up  
the duff  
The dingoes were ecstatic, for they hadn't had enough, had enough, had  
enough

Dingo....

Now journalists and lawyers, they are a rotten lot, rotten lot, rotten lot  
It's them not the dingoes, that they should have shot, should have shot,  
should have shot.

Dingo....

Now a dingo is a noble beast, he merely likes to eat. Likes to eat, likes  
to eat  
And a vege ridden Adventist must have been a treat, been a treat, been  
a treat.

Dingo....

This is the end of the story, there's one thing left to say, left to say,  
left to say  
A dingo loves to graze, on the seventh day, seventh day, seventh day  
Dingo....



## Speedy's Guinea Pig Jingle

Tune - Adams Family

Penned - Dags

First you take the piggy  
Your hunger is a creeping  
We marinade so sweetly  
Guinea pig bbq  
(click fingers twice)

Now Speedy loves them crispy  
The legs are so so tasty  
Not a piece is wasted  
Guinea pig bbq  
(click fingers twice)

Now the kids are all so screaming  
Speedy strips the bones so cleanly  
No more piggy's are squeaking  
Guinea pig bbq  
(click fingers twice)

### BY THE LIGHT

Tune: by the flickering moon

By the light  
Tch tch tch tch  
Of the flickering match  
Tch tch tch tch  
I saw her snatch  
Tch tch tch tch  
It was hairy and black

By the light  
Tch tch tch tch  
Of the flickering match  
Tch tch tch tch  
I saw it steam  
I heard her scream  
I was burning her snatch!!!  
With my flickering match.

## THE MUNICIPAL DUNNY MAN

The municipal dunny man walked out upon the rim  
Upon the rim , upon the rim  
The municipal dunny man slipped in and couldn't swim  
Couldn't swim, couldn't swim  
He sank down to the bottom  
He sank down like a stone  
Ghost maggots crying out!  
Your on your fuckin own

Shitty I AAAAAAA!  
Shitty I OOOOOOO!  
Ghost maggots in, the over flow , over flow, over flow

For six days and for six nights he tried to stay afloat  
Stay afloat , stay afloat  
But every time he screamed for help a turd went down his  
throat,  
down his throat, down his throat  
He sank down to the bottom , he sank down like a rock  
Ghost maggots crying out , whilst munching on his cock

Shitty I AAAAAAA!  
Shitty I OOOOOOO!  
Ghost maggots in the overflow , overflow , overflow.

The moral of the story is if your shovelling shit  
Shovelling shit, shovelling shit  
Beware of where you put your foot  
You might end up in it  
Up in it, up in it!  
You'll sink down to the bottom  
You'll sink down like a stone  
Ghost maggots crying out  
Yeeeeeahhhhaaaa!  
Your on your fuckin own

Shitty I AAAAAAA!  
Shitty I OOOOOOO!  
Ghost maggots in the overflow overflow overflow!

**Masturbation Song**

Tune - Itself

Performed by - Dags

Last night i lay in bed and masturbated  
It was so nice , i did it twice  
Last night i lay in bed and masturbated  
It was so good i knew it would

First i did the long stroke straight up and down,  
Then i did the short stroke and tickled it under the crown  
Smashed it, bashed it, beat it on the floor  
Rubbed it, scrubbed it, slammed it in the door

Some people say that sexual intercourse is absolutely grand!!!  
But speaking for myself i'd rather use my hand....

**DERBY H3 SONG**

Performed by Bunny Bum

Tune - Blister in the Sun, Violent Femmes

"When I'm out hashing  
And I'm at the front  
The trail leaves me in doubt

Shiggy and dirt  
I stained my shirt  
I don't even know where

Is it left is it right?  
I just might  
Have to stop to check it out

Our GM  
When we get to the end  
Gives a "down-down" to the hare

Let's go "on-on"  
Derby Hash is number one  
Let's go "on-on"  
We drink more than we run

Let's go "on-on"  
Derby Hash is number one  
Let's go "on-on"  
We drink more than we run"

On-on. BB

## MY SISTER BELINDA

Aie ya aie ya aie, sing sing senyora  
My sister Belinda she pissed out the window  
All over my brand new sombrero

I love the gin, it helps me get in.  
But give me the good ol vino,  
I love the vino,  
It gives me a rajah supremo!

Aie ya aie ya aie , sing sing senyora  
My sister Belinda she pissed out the window  
All over my brand new sombrero!

I like the whiskey, it helps me get frisky

I like the rum it helps me to cum,

I like the brandy, it helps me feel randy

I like the liquor, it helps me cum quicker

I like Kahlua, it helps me to screw her

I like the cider, it helps me fit insider

I like gin & tonic, I cum supersonic

I like the Millers, it helps me to fill her

I like Corona , it helps me to bone her

I like tequila , it helps to feel her

I like Marsala, it makes me get harder

**BARCELONA**  
*Melody—Mañana*

*Chorus:* Mañana, mañana,  
Is my banana good enough for you , OLE!!

Way down in Barcelona, where ladies learn to knit,  
A lady stuck a knitting needle in another lady's tit.  
Said the lady to the lady, "We're here to learn to knit,  
Not to stick a knitting needle in another lady's tit."

Way down in Barcelona, where drummers play the drum,  
A drummer stuck a drumstick up another drummer's bum.  
Said the drummer to the drummer, "We're here to play the  
drum,  
Not stick a drumstick up another drummer's bum."

Way down in Barcelona, where lepers decompose,  
A leper picked a snotty from another leper's nose.  
Said the leper to the leper, "We're here to decompose,  
Not to pick a snotty from another leper's nose."

Way down in Barcelona, where ladies learn to swim,  
A lady put her finger up another lady's quim.  
Said the lady to the lady, "We're here to learn to swim,  
Not to put our fingers up another lady's quim."

Way down in Barcelona, where beggars beg for food,  
A beggar chucked a lunger in another beggar's gruel.  
Said the beggar to the beggar, "We're here to beg for food,  
Not to chuck a lunger in another beggar's gruel."

Way down in Barcelona, where wanker's yank their crank,  
A wanker took a yank of another wanker's crank.  
Said the wanker to the wanker, "We're here to yank our crank,  
Not to yank a crank off another wanker's crank."

## THE TURD SONG

There once was this lady  
Who lived down my street  
Whose back passage was  
blocked  
Through too much to eat  
So she took layette pills  
Without reading the box  
Before she knew it  
Turds were flying four blocks

### Chorus

Too ra lye, too ra lay  
A rolling stone gathers no moss  
So they say  
Sing along with the birds  
It's a wonderful song  
But it's all about turds

### Chorus

She ran to the window  
And stuck out her arse  
Just as she did a policeman  
walked past  
The poor ol policeman  
Was eating a pie

When a steaming hot turd  
hit him right in the eye

### Chorus

He ran to the east  
And ran to the west  
When a further consignment  
Landed right on his chest  
He ran to the north  
Then ran to the south  
When a steaming hot turd  
Hit him right in the mouth

### Chorus

So next time you walk across  
Waterloo Bridge  
Be aware of a policeman  
Asleep on the ridge  
He's wearing a placard  
Upon it these words  
Be kind to cop  
Who's been blinded by turds

### Chorus

**THE HARE FROM DERBY HASH**  
**Penned - Bunny Bum**  
**Recited Derby H3 500<sup>th</sup> run**

There was movement at the Spini, for the word had passed around  
That the hare from Derby hash had got away,  
And joined the wild marsh mudcrabs - running sideways cross King  
Sound,  
So all the hashers gathered to the fray.

All the tried and noted hashers from the cities near and far  
Had landed at this outpost through the years,  
For the runners love hard drinking where the wild marsh mudcrabs  
are,  
And the walkers snuff the jogging for the beers.

There was Yno, who made her stand when the kennel first set up,  
The old girl with her mug filled to the brim;  
And few could drink beside her when her blood was fairly up  
She would quaff long after boy and man caved in.

And Dags from Hamersley came up to lend a gut,  
No better drinker ever felt so harsh;  
For kids nor wife could drag him while the beer still filled his cup,  
He learned to drink while running on the marsh.

And one was there, a stripling like a small and weedy beast,  
He was something like a saltie undersized,  
With a touch of native dog - three parts wolverine at least  
And such as are by global hashers prized.

He was hard and tough and wiry - just the sort that won't say die -  
And silent like he had been interbred  
He bore the badge of crazy in his bright and fiery eye,  
And he never threw the hash splash past his head.

But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay,  
And old Yno said, "That Wolf he won't pull through  
Through a long and tiring hash halt - Wolf, you'd better stop away,  
The marsh is far too flat for such as you."

So he waited sad and wistful - only Dags stayed as his friend -  
"I think we ought to let him come," Dags mused;  
"I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end,  
And the old guy - he won't drink all the booze.

"He hails from Derby Township, in the Kimberley's heart,  
Where the marsh is twice as wet and twice as rough,  
Where your sneakers stick like glue and the mudflats never part,  
The hasher that holds his own is good enough.

And the Derby Hash House Harriers on the mudflats make their  
home,  
Where the rivers all run o'er and in between;  
I have seen full many hashers since I first commenced to roam,  
But a sober one departing I've never seen."

So Wolf went - they found the mudcrabs by the rooted mangrove  
clump -  
They raced away towards the sloppy banks,  
And old Yno gave her orders, "Let's go at them from the jump,  
And leave behind those fancy sneakers thanks.

Plain Comfy, Hungry Bum, check it left and check it right.  
Send the Gump on straight - avoid false trails."  
Muffin Top and White Rabbit couldn't keep the mob in sight,  
Whilst Sphincter was just waiting for the ales.

Lucky Hooker found the trail - she was racing at the fore  
Where the front running bastards take their place,  
Dags said "I named her Lucky cos I couldn't call her whore"  
Well at least not out in public to her face.

They halted for a moment, and Dags handed out some splash,  
Then waited for Gobble Dick's voice to halt,  
She talked and no-one listened, well except maybe for Rash,  
Who drinks warm beer although it's not her fault.

"On-on" the hashers followed, where the gorges deep and black  
Resounded to the tourists and their kind,  
Whilst Well Laid stumbled forward and tried to keep the track  
Titsel kept falling further behind.



And sideways, ever sideways, the wild mudcrabs held their way,  
Where Brahman beef and boabs both grew wide;  
And old Gretta muttered fiercely, "We may bid the mob good day,  
For I must walk my wife who's growing great with child."

When they reached the river's bank, Donkey took a pull,  
Which made the ladies sharply draw their breath,  
The mangrove roots grew thickly, and the hidden ground was full  
Of crocodiles, and any slip was death.

But the Derby Hash House Harriers kept tramping through the mud  
Clueless tooted on the horn, and cried "on-on",  
And they raced on down the river bank like the Fitzroy under flood,  
The Broome hash wondered why they had all gone.

They sent the mud clods flying, and never once fell over,  
They caught fresh barramundi in their stride,  
The hash from Broome gave up and went home clean and sober  
That Broome mob couldn't hash deadly if they tried.

Through the mangrove swamps and shiggy, on the rough and dirty  
paths,  
Through the packs of roaming camp dogs some call pets;  
And they never lost the trail even when the sky turned dark,  
So unlike the trails that Clueless usually sets.

BMW was at the front as they roamed the dark back streets,  
And Two Balls looked on with loving pride,  
'Til she tripped over a mattress, became tangled in the sheets,  
And nearly swept away on the outgoing tide

They lost the hare for a moment, behind the Boab Hotel  
So they drank a few refreshers then drank some more  
There was talk of staying 'til Tight Nuts gave a strangled yell,  
"I see a crab has got our hare between its claws".

The hash jumped up and ran to the tide wave brown with foam  
Followed trail like a mob chasing killer beef,  
Till the crabs stopped cowed and beaten, Dags took the big ones  
home,  
And they gave the hare a consolation leaf.

By now the hash was drunk and tired they could scarcely raise a trot,  
And Buggy's thongs were looking rather drab;  
Still they knew that when on home the circle would be running hot,  
So they gave up and hailed a passing cab.

And in the Kimberley, where the ancient ridges raise  
Their torn and rugged battlements on high,  
Where the air is wet as virgins, the Derby hashers fairly blaze  
'Til midnight 'neath the hot and humid sky,

And where around the Kimberley the grass plains sweep and sway  
To the breezes, and the muddy flats are wide,  
The Derby Hash House Harriers are a household name today,  
It's where the beer goes down much faster than the tide.

**SISTER SPHINCTER'S SERANADE**  
**TUNE-AMAZING GRACE**

**ARSEHOLE, ARSEHOLE,  
ARSEHOLE, ARSEHOLE,  
ARSEHOLE, ARSEHOLE, ARSEHOLE!  
ARSEHOLE, ARSEHOLE,  
ARSEHOLE ARSEHOLE,  
ARSEHOLE , ARSEHOLE , ARSEHOLE...**

**Hashers Hymn**

**Hymn, Hymn, Hymn!  
Fuck Him!!**

**YOU'RE STUPID, YOU'RE STUPID**  
Melody – Chant  
Composed by Yorkie Porkie, City HHH

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

**CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS**

Melody - Do Ye Ken John Peel  
(Take turns leading verses)

When you wake up in the morning with the devil of a stand,  
From the pressure of the liquid on the seminary gland,  
If you haven't got a woman use your own horny hand,  
As you revel in the joys of masturbation.

CHORUS:

Cats on the rooftop, cats on the tiles,  
Cats with the clap and cats with piles,  
Cats with their arseholes wreathed in smiles,  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The Regimental Sergeant Major leads a miserable life,  
He can't afford a mistress and he doesn't have a wife,  
So he puts it up the bottom of the Regimental Fife,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The Australian lady emu when she wants to find a mate,  
Wanders round the desert with a feather up her date,  
You should see that feather, when she meets her destined fate,  
As she revels in the joys of fornication.

The poor domestic doggie, on his chain all day,  
Never gets a chance to get himself a lay,  
So he licks himself in a frantic way,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The labors of the poofter find but little favor here,  
But the morally leprous bastard has a peaceful sleep, I fear,  
As he dreams he rips a red-un up some dirty urchin's rear,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The dainty little skylark sings a very pretty song,  
He has a ponderous penis fully forty cubits long,  
You should hear his high crescendo, when his mate is on the prong,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The whale is a mammal, as everybody knows,  
He takes two days to have a shag, but when he's in the throes,  
He doesn't stop to take it out; he piddles through his nose,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

When you find yourself in springtime with a surge of sexual joy,  
And your wife has got the rag on and your daughter's rather coy,  
Then jam it up the backside of your favorite choirboy,  
As you revel in a smooth ejaculation.

The poor old rhinoceros, so it appears,

Never gets a grind in a thousand years,  
But when he does, he makes up for arrears,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

In Egypt's sunny clime, the crocodile,  
Gets a flip only once in a while,  
But when he does, it floods the Nile,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The wild boar in the mud all day,  
Thinks of the sows that are far, far away,  
And the corkscrew motion of half a day,  
As he revels in the joys of masturbation.

Now a funny old fish is the old sperm whale,  
With a funny little diddle tucked beneath his tail,  
And he rides his missus in the teeth of a gale,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Now I met a girl who had a great rear,  
And she gave me a dose of gonorrhoea,  
Fools rush in where angels fear,  
As I reveled in the joys of fornication.

Little Mary Johnson will be seven next July,  
She's never had a naughty, but she thought she'd like to try,  
So she took her daddy's walking stick and did it on the sly,  
As she reveled in the joys of fornication.

Long-legged curates grind like goats,  
Pale-faced spinsters shag like shoats,  
And the whole damn world stands about and gloats,  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The ostrich in the desert is a solitary chick,  
Without the opportunity to dip its wick,  
But whenever it does, it slips in thick,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The elephant's prong is big and round,  
A small one scales a thousand pound,  
Two together rock the ground,  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The donkey is a lonely bloke,  
He hardly ever gets a poke,  
But when he does he lets it soak,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The camel likes to have his fun,  
His night is made when he is done,  
He always gets two humps for one,

The oyster is a paragon of purity,  
And you can't tell the he from the she,

But he can tell and so can she,  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

A thousand verses all in rhyme,  
To sit and sing them seems a crime,  
When we could better spend our time,  
Reveling in the joys of fornication.

### **THE CUCKOO**

Melody - ???

The cuckoo is a funny bird,  
Who sits in the grass,  
With his wings neatly folded,  
And his beak up his ass.  
In this strange position,  
He can only say, "Twit!"  
'Cause it's hard to say, "Cuckoo,"  
With a beak full of shit.

### **WOODPECKER SONG**

Melody - Dixie

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Take it out, take it out, take it out,  
REMOVE IT!"

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

OTHER VERSES:

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

### **YOGI BEAR SONG**

Melody - Camptown Races  
(Take turns leading verses)

I know someone you don't know  
Yogi, Yogi,  
I know someone you don't know

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  
Cyndi has a shaven snatch, Grizzly, Grizzly  
Cyndi wears crotchless undies, Teddy, Teddy  
Cyndi likes it on the fridge, Polar, Polar  
Cyndi gets what she deserves, Pregnant, Pregnant  
Yogi has a girlfriend, Suzi, Suzi  
Suzi likes it up the rear, Brown, Brown  
Suzi's boyfriend has no teeth, Gummi, Gummi  
Suzi's snatch it smells like cheese, Camen, Camen  
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 arse, 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  
Ranger Smith lives by himself, Wanker, Wanker  
Yogi also likes young boys, Poofter, Poofter  
Song ender: Yogi he has HIV, Dying, Dying . . .

### **CUCUMBER SONG**

Melody - Botany Bay

A restless young lady from Phuket,  
Developed a wonderful trend,  
To purchase cucumbers for pleasure,  
'Cause she found they were better than men.

CHORUS:

So line up for your cucumbers, ladies,

They're selling for two bucks apiece,  
Your frustrated days are all over,  
'Cause cucumbers never get pissed.

In Asia they're eaten with chilies,  
In Britain they're put between bread,  
But in Phuket we use them as teddies,  
'Cause we know that they'll never want head.

They'll never leave stains on the mattress,  
They're happy to live in the fridge,  
The loo seat is never left standing,  
And I've never seen cucumber kids.

So watch out you self-centered guys,  
You're not quite as great as you think,  
There's no guarantee it will work again,  
And we can't trade you in when it shrinks.

### **THE ENGINEER'S DREAM (THE ENGINEER'S SONG)**

Melody - The Great Wheel

An engineer told me before he died,  
Ah-humm, ah-humm,  
An engineer told me before he died,  
Ah-humm, ah-humm,  
An engineer told me before he died,  
I have no reason to believe he lied.  
Ah-humm, ah-humm-ah-humm-ah-humm-ah-humm-ah-humm,

He had a wife with a cunt so wide (three times),  
That she could never be satisfied.

So he built a bloody great wheel (three times),  
Two balls of brass and a prick of steel.

The balls of brass he filled with cream (three times),  
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

He strapped her wrists to the sides of the bed (three times),  
He tied her feet above her head.

There she lay demanding a fuck (three times),  
He tipped his hat and wished her luck.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel (three times),  
In and out went the prick of steel.

Up and up went the level of steam (three times),

Down and down went the level of cream.

Till at last the maiden cried (three times),  
"Enough! Enough! I'm satisfied!"

(Slowly . . .)

Now we come to the tragic bit (three times),  
There was no way of stopping it.

(Back to speed . . .)

Round and round went the bloody great wheel (three times),  
In and out went the prick of steel.

Up and up went the level of steam (three times),  
Down and down went the level of cream.

She was split from ass to tit (three times),  
And the whole fucking issue was covered in shit.

Other endings (optional):

The moral of this story is mighty clear (three times),  
Never fuck an engineer.

The last time, sir, that prick was seen (three times),  
It was over in England fucking the Queen.

It jumped off her, it jumped on him (three times),  
And then it buggered their next of kin.

It jumped upon an uptown bus (three times),  
And the mess it made caused quite a fuss.

Nine months later a child was born (three times),  
With two brass balls and a bloody great horn.

Now we come to the bit that's grim (three times),  
It finished with her and started on him.

Now we come to the bit that's blue (three times),  
It finished with him and it's looking for YOU!

### **I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY**

Melody - I Don't Want to Join the Army

I don't want to join the Army,  
I don't want to go to war,  
I'd rather hang around Picadilly Underground,  
Living off the earnings of a high born lady.  
I don't want a bayonet up me arsehole,  
Don't want me bollocks shot away,



I want to stay in England,  
Merry, Merry England,  
And fornicate me fuckin' life away, cor blimey . . .

Monday I touched her on the ankle,  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,  
On Wednesday, I confess, I lifted up her dress,  
Thursday I saw it oh cor blimey,  
Friday I put me hand upon it,  
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak  
And Sunday after supper, I rammed the bastard up 'er,  
And now I'm paying forty bob a week, cor blimey.

Call out the Regimental territories,  
Call out the Navy and Marines,  
Call out me mother,  
Me sister and me brother,  
But for fucks sake,  
Don't call me, cor blimey.

#### I PUT MY HAND

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!

### **PUBIC HAIRS!**

Melody - Baby Face

Wispy down or normal bush or Brillo Pad,  
I'm raving 'bout my baby's little thatch,  
Pretty little curlies here and curlies there,  
Don't want to live without them,  
I love them, goodness knows,  
I wrote a song about them, and here's the way it goes:

Pubic hairs!  
You've got the cutest little pubic hairs,  
There's no one else on earth who can compare,  
Pubic hairs!  
Clitoris or vagina, nothing could be finer than those  
Pubic hairs!  
I'm up in heaven when I'm in your underwear,  
I didn't need a shove, to take a mouthful of,  
Those pretty pubic hairs!

Pubic hairs!  
You've got the cutest little pubic hairs,  
There's not another one who's half as fair,  
Pubic hairs!  
My poor heart is jumpin', you sure have started somethin' with those  
Pubic hairs!  
I'm up in heaven when I'm in between your thighs!  
I didn't need a shove, 'cause I just fell in love  
With your pretty pubic hairs!

### **SEX IS BORING**

Melody - Frere Jacques

Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun,

Gonna cut my fingers off,  
One by one . . .

**FATHER ABRAHAM**  
Melody - Itself

Leader: Father Abraham had seven sons,  
Seven sons had Father Abraham,  
And he never smiled,  
And he never cried,  
All he did was go like this - With a right!

All (shout/actions): With a right! (extend right arm)

Leader: Father Abraham had seven sons,  
Seven sons had Father Abraham,  
And he never smiled,  
And he never cried,  
All he did was go like this - With a right!

All (shout/actions): With a right! (extend right arm)

Leader: And a left!

All (shout/actions): And a left! (extend left arm)

More verses/actions:

With a right! (extend right leg)

With a left! (extend left leg)

And a HEEEE! (hump pelvis)

And a HUHH! (turn around, drop pants, moon pack)

### **MACDONALD'S FARM**

Melody - MacDonald's Farm  
(Take turns leading verses)

Old MacDonald had a farm,  
Ee-ei-ee-ei-oh.  
And on this farm he had some cows,  
Ee-ei-ee-ei-oh.

**CHORUS (SINGING & MOTIONS):**

And the cows were cowing it here,  
And the cows were cowing it there,  
Cowing it here, cowing it there,  
Cowing it everywhere

Old MacDonald had a farm,  
Ee-ei-ee-ei-oh,  
And on this farm he had some rams,  
Ee-ei-ee-ei-oh,

SECOND CHORUS:

And the rams were ramming it here,  
And the rams were ramming it there,  
Ramming it here, ramming it there,  
Ramming it everywhere,  
And the cows were cowing it here,  
And the cows were cowing it there,  
Cowing it here, cowing it there,  
Cowing it everywhere . . .

MORE VERSES:

Bulls - bulling, Dogs - sniffing, Turkeys - gobbling, Geese - goosing, Pullets - pulling, Sheep - shedding, Whales - spouting, Sharks - finning, etc . . .

**MONDAY IS A WANKING DAY**

Leader: Today is Monday!

All: Today is Monday!

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

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

CHORUS:

Leader: Are we gonna have a good time?

All: You bet your ass we are!

All: (raise cups over heads and make one complete turn while humming) Da da dut da da, da da dut da da

Leader: Today is Tuesday!

All: Today is Tuesday!

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

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

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

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

Chorus

(now that you've got the idea, here are the rest of the days)

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

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

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

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

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

(modify as needed for local hashing day, etc . . .)

### **SINGING IN THE RAIN (CHIANGMAI PRAYER)**

Melody - Singing in the Rain

(Some say this song is supposed to end with group mooning; others insist it's supposed to end with group farting. If you can get a group of hashers to fart all at once, you're a better song master than I . . .)

CHORUS:

Ah-zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah-dah,

Zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah-dah.

We're singing in the rain,

Just singing in the rain,

What a glorious feeling,

We're hap! hap! happy again,

Verse/action: Hold it! Hold it! Hold it!

Arms out!

Repeat chorus adding new line and action each time:

Hands together!

Thumbs up!

Elbows bent!

Shoulders back!

Chest out!

Stomach in!

Ass out!

Knees together!

Heels together!

Toes together

### **ALOUETTE**

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 . . . (chorus)

Wooden eye (Yes I would!) . . .  
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 . . .

Chorus

Leader/all: How I love her (repeat all)

### THE DYING HARLOT

Melody - My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Oh, a strapping young harlot lay dying,  
A pisspot supporting her head,  
And all the young bludgers were 'round her,  
As she leaned on her left tit and said,  
"I've been stuffed by the Dutchies and Negroes,  
I've been stuffed by the Spaniards so tall,  
I've been stuffed by the English and Irish,  
In fact, I've been fucked by them all.  
So wrap me in foreskins and Frenchies,  
And bury me deep down below,  
Where all those young bludgers can't catch me,  
The place where all good harlots go."

### MAYOR OF BAYSWATER'S DAUGHTER

Melody - The Ash Grove

\*Variations\* contributed by Flying Booger and Zippy, Pike's Peak H4 - hash verses by  
Flying Booger - in many hashes, the chorus is sung to honor the hares  
(Take turns leading verses)

The Mayor of Bayswater,  
He has a lovely daughter,  
And the hairs on her dickie-di-doe,  
Hang down to her knees.

CHORUS:

Leader: And the hairs,  
Pack: And the hairs,  
Leader: And the hairs,  
Pack: And the hairs,  
Leader: And the hairs,  
Pack: On her dicky-di-doe,  
Hang down to her knees.  
One black one, one white one,  
\*And one with a bit of shite on,\*  
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doe,  
Hang down to her knees.

VERSES:

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

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

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

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

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

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

She lives on the mountain,  
and pees like a bloody fountain.

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

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

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

She married an Italian,  
With balls like a fucking stallion.

She divorced the Italian,  
And married the stallion.

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

She divorced the Spaniard,  
And ran off with the bloody lanyard.

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

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

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

The aroma it lingers,  
It smells like fish fingers.

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

I've licked it and kissed it,

It tastes like a chocolate biscuit.

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

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

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

She stayed in Seattle,  
And went down on cattle.

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

Her vagina was squishy,  
And smelled a bit fishy.

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

...

She slept with a Hash House Harriette,  
Who played melodies upon her clit.

She wooed the Grand Master,  
But he couldn't satisfy her.

Grand Mattress gave her a go,  
She used an electric dildo.

Three Joint Masters did sport in concert,  
But they couldn't reach her G-spot.

She went out with the RA,  
But he proved to be a lousy lay.

She seduced the Song Master,  
But he couldn't outlast her.

Hare Raiser did sleep with her,  
But got all tangled in her fur.

The hares swived her with great intent,  
But they soon were limp and spent.

She depantsed the OnSec,  
And scoffed at his tiny dick.

She rogered the Hash Scribe,  
And begat an entire tribe.

She stripped for the Biermeister,  
He shot off all over her.

Hash Shyster did groan, oh,  
As he serviced her pro bono.

She gave head to the Hash Cash,  
And he ejaculated in a flash.

The Chipmeister she tried to lay,  
But he came during foreplay.

She mooned the Haberdasher,  
Who fainted at the sight of her.

An SCB dove in her muff,  
But found he hadn't tongue enough.

She said to the FRB,  
"Do it doggie style with me."

The walkers were red and sore,  
She shagged them right across the floor.

She had it off with a Ranger,  
But he went DOT inside of her.

To a Whiner she took a shiner,  
But he cried, "Any one but her."

She took on the entire pack,  
She was hot but they were slack.

She had group sex with the Circle,  
Next day our parts turned purple.

### **GIVE ME THAT GOOD OLD VINO**

Melody - Itself

I like my gin - it helps me get in,  
But give me that good old vino.



I like my vino,  
It gives me a stand supremo.

CHORUS:

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

OTHER VERSES:

I like my brandy - it makes me feel randy  
I like my Anker - it helps me wank-a  
I like my stout - it helps me get out  
I like my martini - it's good for the weenie  
I like my rum - it helps me come  
I like my coke-a - it helps me poke-a  
I like my beer - it helps gonorrhoea  
I like my wine - it stiffens the vine  
I like my port - it helps me disport  
I like my claret - it stiffens the carrot  
I like my liquor - it makes me come quicker  
I like my schnapps - it helps cure the clap  
I like my Foster - it helps me accost her  
I like my Sam Adams - it gives me orgasms  
I don't like my Schlitz - it gives me the shits  
I don't like my Bud - it softens the pud  
I don't like my Zima - it gives me eczema  
I don't like my Coors - it tastes like old sewers  
I like my cider - it helps me fit inside her  
I like my lager - it helps me feel larger  
I like my whisky - it makes me feel frisky  
I don't like light beer - it makes me queer  
I like my champers - it helps fill my pampers  
I like my Jack Daniels - it helps me fuck spaniels  
I like my Mateus - it makes women loose

**"A" IS FOR ARSEHOLE**

Melody - A Frog He Would A'Wooing Go

A is for arsehole all covered in shit,  
Heigh-ho says Rowley,  
B is the bugger who revels in it,  
Singing roly, poly, up'em and stuff'em,  
Heigh-ho, says Anthony Rowley.

C is for cunt all dripping with piss,  
Heigh-ho, etc . . .  
D is the drunkard who gave it a kiss, etc . . .

E is the eunuch with only one ball,  
F is the fucker with no balls at all.

G is for goiter, gonorrhoea, and gout,

H is the harlot who spreads it about.

I is for insertion, injection, and itch,  
J is the jerk of a dog on a bitch.

K is the knight who thought fucking a bore,  
L is the lesbian who came back for more.

M is the maidenhead all tattered and torn,  
N is the noble who died on his horn.

O is for orifice all cunningly concealed,  
P is for penis all pranged up and peeled.

Q is the Quaker who shat in his hat,  
R is the Rajah who rogered the cat.

S is the shit-pot all filled to the brim,  
T are the turds which are floating within.

U is the usher who taught us at school,  
V is the virgin who played with his tool.

W is the whore who thought fucking a farce,  
And X, Y, and Z you can shove up your arse!

### **BRITISH SAILOR**

Melody - Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking  
Contributed by Hazukashii, Samurai HHH  
Note: Should be sung in high voice with accent

CHORUS:

Me no likey British sailor (Blitish sailor)  
Yankee pay five dollar more (five dolla mo)

Yankee calls me honey baby  
British calls me fucking whore

Yankee knocks upon my window  
British kicks in fuckin' door

Yankee cocks are sometimes limpy  
British cocks, they leave me sore

Yankee lays me on a pillow  
British fucks me on the floor

Yankee tender kissed my nipples  
British licks my pussy raw

Yankee treats me like his mother  
British fucks me on all fours

### **IRIAN JAYA**

Melody - Mull of Kintyre  
By M. Hanson, City HHH, Singapore

Far have I traveled and much have I seen,  
Had blow jobs from Bancis and fucked things obscene,  
Been crippled by herpes and things far more dire,  
But if you want a blow job go to Irian Jaya.

CHORUS:

Irian Jaya,  
To be gobbled by natives is what I desire,  
They practice on blowpipes in Irian Jaya.

Been rogered in Rio and poked in Peru,  
Been massaged in Manila and then had a screw,  
Been fucked in Llanelli by a Welsh male boys' choir,  
But for the height of perversion go to Irian Jaya.

Met a girl in the jungle with a bone through her nose,  
Cunt like a mantrap and strong I suppose,  
Bush like a yardbroom that's made out of wire,  
So be careful of pussy in Irian Jaya.

Oh the skirt she was wearing was made out of grass,  
It only just covered her sweet little ass,  
I felt an erection getting higher and higher,  
As I followed that lady from Irian Jaya.

She put down her basket, took hold of my tool,  
Pulled back the foreskin and started to drool,  
Curled her lips round it, and sir I'm no liar,  
They still have headhunters in Irian Jaya.

### **THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI**

Melody - Itself  
There's a crack winding back  
From her belly to her back  
On the road to Gundagai;  
There's a Hashman beside her,  
You bet your balls he'll ride her,  
Beneath the starry sky;  
With a Frenchie on his big prick,  
He'll ride her with ease,  
As he scratches up the gravel  
With both of his knees;  
No more will she roam  
Since he filled her full of foam  
On the road to Gundagai.

### **TEN STICKS OF DYNAMITE**

## Melody - Ten Green Bottles

Ten sticks of dynamite hanging on the wall,  
Ten sticks of dynamite hanging on the wall,  
And if one stick of dynamite should accidentally fall,  
THERE'D BE NO FUCKING DYNAMITE AND NO FUCKING WALL!

## **MY GIRL'S A VEGETABLE**

Melody - My Girl's a Corker, She's a New Yorker

My girl's a vegetable, she lives in a hospital,  
I'd do most anything, to keep her alive.  
She has no arms or legs, she looks like a pony keg  
I'd do most anything, to keep her alive.

She's got a new TV, they call it an EKG,  
I'd do most anything, to keep her alive.  
Her EKG it does not rise, but she still spreads her thighs,  
I'd do most anything, to keep her alive.

My girl has long blond hair, it's in patches here and there ,  
I'd do most anything, to keep her alive.  
She can't get out of bed, still, she can give me head,  
I'd do most anything, to keep her alive.

She's got no arms or legs, she's got two wooden pegs,  
I'd do most anything, to keep her alive.  
I'm always guaranteed a blow, because she can't say no,  
I'd do most anything, to keep her alive.

She has no feet or hands, her head's connected with rubber bands,  
I'd do most anything, to keep her alive.  
She might not live the night, that means that she won't fight,  
I'd do most anything, to keep her alive.

My girl lives in an iron lung, but she can still give real good tongue,  
I'd do most anything, to keep her alive.  
My girl has leprosy, parts always stick to me,  
I'd do most anything, to keep her alive.

My girl had a tracheotomy, so she can breathe while she's blowing me,  
I'd do most anything, to keep her alive.  
My girl's in a constant spasm, that's how she gives me orgasm,  
I'd do most anything, to keep her alive.

## **MY NAME IS JACK (NECROPHILIA SONG)**

Melody - Itself

Perv verses by Flying Booger

My name is Jack (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I'm a necrophiliac (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I fucks dead wimmen (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
And I fills 'em full of jism.  
I get frustrated (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
hen they're cremated (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Cause try as I must (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I can't fuck dust!