

Beijing Hash Songs

Beijing, Beijing

Beijing, Beijing, a wonderful place to hash
We have great fun
Dodging the shit and trash
Our skies are never clear
But we have cheaper beer
We like our drink, our singing stinks.
ONON with the Beijing hash.

The Foreskin Song

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

Roll back, roll back,
Roll back my foreskin for me, for me.
Roll back, roll back,
Please roll back my foreskin for me.

Drink it down, down, down . . .

Optional Verses

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

Zulu Warrior

A lay, zooma zooma zooma,
A lay, zooma zooma eh,
A lay, zooma zooma zooma,
A lay, zooma zooma eh,
Drink it down you Zulu warrior,
Drink it down you Zulu chief, chief, chief!

Sanlitun Bar Song

They ought to be publicly shat on
They ought to be publicly shot (bang, bang !)
They ought to be tied to a Sanlitun shithouse
And left there to bloody well rot !

Drink it down, down ...

The Clap Song

They've got the clap again
They really must refrain
From Maggie's Bar
And screwing Mongol hordes (Mongol hordes, ...)

They've got the pills to use
They must lay off the booze
They've got the clap
Oh yes, they've got the clap.

Drink it down, down ...

International Hash Hymn

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.
(repeat with variations: humming etc.)

Why Were They Born So Beautiful

Why were they born so beautiful
Why were they born at all
They're no fuckin' use to anyone
They're no fuckin' use at all

Drink it down, down, down . . .

Pisspot Song

Here's to [hasher's name] ,
He's true blue,
He's a Hasher,
Through and through,
He's a pisspot, (or asshole, prick, whatever)
So they say,
Tried to go to heaven,
But he went the other way,
So drink it down, down, down . . .