

Professor Zippy, Songmeister

Zippy's Copy

The Definitive
Song Book of the
**Hash House
Harriers**

1994 English Language Edition

6TH COLORADO INVIHASHIONAL



COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE

**“... the definitive song book, about as
unattainable an objective as the
perfect fuck.”**

**Ian Cumming
October 9, 1993**

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Preface

Why? Well, why not? Actually, this Songbook was inspired by the seemingly endless series of bus trips at AIH '93 only made bearable by the exuberant traveling songfests. As new songs are constantly introduced the existing printed record consequently quickly becomes dated. This is but the latest attempt to bring the printed word up to date with the contemporary verbal standard.

ZiPpY

Colo Spgs, 6,726 ft, 1 Jan 94, 10:04 p.m.

Introduction

This is a collection of hash songs. Most are dirty, and the reader is so advised that there is something herein to offend everyone. Public performance of these songs should be handled with circumspection. For some inexplicable reason, there are a few people who seem not to appreciate the fine art of a really dirty song. So fuck 'em I say.

ZiPpY

Colo Spgs, 6,730 ft, 2 Jan 94, 12:03 a.m.

Editors Note

Got anything new or anything that's missing from the book? Please send your new songs and verses to:

"ZiPpY"

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ZiPpY

Colo Spgs, 6,730 ft, 2 Jan 94, 12:07 a.m.

Caveat

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ZiPpY

Colo Spgs, 6,735 ft, 2 Dec 93, 1:39 a.m.

Acknowledgments

A project of this scope could not be realized without the aid of many people, or rather it **could**, but it would be dumb to do it that way when there are so many people around willing to help. It is impossible to thank by name every single person who assisted, and many married people must also remain anonymous, but it would be a crying shame if I didn't mention those to whom I am most deeply indebted, no matter how tedious the list may become.

Of invaluable assistance -

Beaver Bam-Bam Balls..... Nittany Valley H3
Dum B.U.F. Atlanta H4
Flying Booger..... Aloha H3
Ian Cumming..... New York H3
Sauer Krotch..... Orlando H3

Of valuable assistance -

Because It Can..... Boulder H3
Birdman..... Boulder H3
Chesst Nuts..... Emerald Coast H3
CIA..... Cambridge H3
Commode Hugger..... San Diego H3
Corn Baller..... Waukesha H3
Dick the Boy Wonder..... San Diego H3
Dim Sum..... Peugeot Sound H3
Dirty Dingus..... Tokyo H3
Dr D..... Fort Eustis H3
Ed Cray..... Non-hashier
Flyin' Hymen..... Denver H3
Folker..... Pittsburgh H3
Fungus..... Los Angeles H3
Jammies the Toe Sucker..... Daytona Beach H3
Magic..... Harrier International
Maui Wauai..... Atlanta H4
Mitey Bite..... Los Angeles H3
Moon..... Pittsburgh H3
Mud Muffin..... Fort Collins H3
Mullet..... Daytona Beach H3
Neptunus..... The Hague H3
Playdoh Penis..... Gainesville H3
Rambo..... CHARLOTtesville H3
Sea-Xplanation..... Aalborg H3
Short Cumings..... Mount Vernon H3
Shuttle Cock..... Houston H3
SPAM..... Formerly of Kansas City H3
Stray Dog..... Global Trash
Stinky Finger..... Pikes Peak H4
Towering Infernal..... Fontenbleau H3
Whiff..... Pittsburgh H3
Woodpecker..... Oregon H3
Worm..... Heidelberg H3

There, that's it! The editor thanks you all, now let's get on with it.

ZiPpY

Colo Spgs, 6,733 ft, 2 Jan 94, 2:16 a.m.

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THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

1. 1-900-SEX

From Pig Vomit

Alone at last, another Saturday night
I can't get it up, but I'll be all right
If I can just find me a telephone -
As long as I can find me a telephone,
I won't be alone

I dial 1-900-SEX
1-900-SEX
It's a direct connection with my erection

My hand's in my lap, my butt in a sleazy chair
My pants around my ankles I can't walk
But I don't care

The louder she moans, the harder I get
She's beggin' for more, but I won't let her come yet
And I'm sleeping with my telephone
I'm engaged to my telephone
And when I'm done

I dial 1-900-SEX
1-900-SEX
It's a direct connection with my erection

2. Aahlawetta (Version 1)

Tune: Alouette
(Female volunteer required)

CHORUS:
Aahlawetta, gentile aahlawetta,
Aahlawetta je te plumerai.

LEADER:
Does she have ze stringy hair?

ALL:
Oui, she has ze stringy hair,

LEADER:
Stringy hair,

ALL:
Stringy hair,

LEADER:
Aahlawett! Aah, Aah, Aah. . .

CHORUS

LEADER:
Does she have ze furrowed brow?

ALL:
Yes she has ze furrowed brow,

LEADER:
Furrowed brow,

ALL:
Furrowed brow,

LEADER:
Stringy hair,

ALL:
Stringy hair,

LEADER:
Aahlawett! Aah, Aah, Aah. . .

CHORUS

MORE-

Wooden eye (Yes I would!). . .

Broken nose. . .

Blow job lips. . .

Cum stained teeth. . .

Double chin. . .

Swinging tits. . .

Beer belly. . .

Bulbous butt. . .

Furry thing. . .

Thunder thighs. . .

Rug burned knees. . .

Pigeon toes. . .

LEADER:

Now isn't she a very nice girl?

ALL:

Yes she is a very nice girl,

LEADER:

With the...

(REPEAT ALL ABOVE)

3. Aahlawetta (Version 2)

(Harriettes Version, Male volunteer needed)

CHORUS:

Aahlawetta, gentile, aahlawetta,
Aahlawetta je te plumerai.

(Alternative chorus:

We're not wet yet, we're not even wet yet,
We're not wet yet, we're not even close.)

Does he have the thinning hair?

Yes, he has the thinning hair,

Thinning hair, thinning hair,

Aah, Aah, Aah, Aah. . .

CHORUS

Wrinkled brow. . .

Roving eyes. . .

Crooked nose. . .

Beer fart breath. . .

Lifeless tongue. . .

Double chin. . .

Hairy tits. . .

Big beer belly. . .

Big fat ass. . .

Tiny thing. . .

Limp dick. . .

Raisin balls. . .

Rug-burned knees. . .

Smelly feet. . .

Now isn't he a very nice guy?

Yes, he is a very nice guy,

Nice-a guy,

Nice-a guy,

Aah, Aah, Aah, Aah. . .

CHORUS

How I love his (REPEAT ALL ABOVE)

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4. "A" Is For A

Gregorian Chant (sort of)

"A" is for A.

A,

Aye, aye, aye, aye.

"L" is for Long.

Long,

A Long.

Aye, aye, aye, aye.

"S" is for Strong.

Strong.

Long Strong.

A Long Strong.

Aye, aye, aye, aye.

"B" is for Black.

Black.

Strong Black..... etc.

"P" is for Pudding.

Pudding,

Black Pudding.....etc.

"U" is for Up,

Up,

Pudding Up.....etc.

"M" is for My,

My,

Up My..... etc.

"S" is for Sister's,

Sister's,

My Sister's..... etc.

"C" is for Cat's,

Cat's,

Sister's Cat's..... etc.

"A" is for Asshole,

Asshole,

Cat's Asshole..... etc.

"T" is for Twice,

Twice,

Asshole Twice.....etc.

"N" is for Nightly,

Nightly,

Twice Nightly.....etc.

"W" is for Weather,

Weather,

Nightly Weather.....etc.

"P" is for Permitting,

Permitting,

Weather Permitting.....etc.

"S" is for Sideways,

Permitting Sideways..... etc.

5. "A," You've Got Asshole Stains

Tune: "A," You're Adorable

"A," you've got asshole stains,

"B," you've got balls for brains,

"C," you've hardly got a cock at all,

"D," like a dorker's tool,

"E," your ass exudes stool,

"F," your farts smell like fucking shit,

"G," you've got gonorrhea,

"H," hemorrhoids to your knees,

"I," eyes that run and bleed and itch,

"J," you can jack your jizz,

"K," you can kiss my phizz,

"L," fuckin' lousy son-of-a-bitch,

"M-N-O-P," menstrual blood on your prick,

"Q-R-S-T," alphabetically speaking you're S-H-I-T,

"U," make my pussy itch,

"V"-D down to your feet,

"W-X-Y-Z,"

I love to wander through the alphabet with you,

To tell the Hash what you mean to me.

6. A Few Of My Favorite Things

Tune: A Few of My Favorite Things

Harriers:

Middle and Pinky and Index and Ring,

Throw in the thumb and you've got the whole thing,

It works just fine and it's also quite safe,

These are a few of my favorite things.

When the dawn breaks,

When I wake up,

And it's feeling hard,

I simply remember my favorite things,

And that's when it feels so good.

Penthouse and Playboy and something called Forum,

They're what I use to help start something going,

Centerfolds spread-eagled showing me pink,

These are a few of my favorite things.

When I'm lonely,

Really lonely,

By myself again,

I simply remember my favorite things,

And that's when it feels so good.

Harriettes:

Dildos and vibrators and vaseline jelly,

That's what I use to set fires in my belly,

In and out up and down making me wet,

These are a few of my favorite things.

Men are useless,

I don't need them,

I'm the best I've had,

I simply remember my favorite things,

And that's when it feels so good.

Tight buns, silk undies, and erotic books,

Make me excited—I'm starting to cook,

I stir me up and the honey will come,

These are a few of my favorite things.

When I'm thinking,

Of a hard cock,

But I don't see one,

I simply remember my favorite things,

And that's when it feels so good.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

7. A Prayer

Tune: Ach, Du Lieber, Augustin

Leader: And now, gentlemen, a prayer,

Leader: A Prayer for the constipated.

Response: SHIT!

Leader: A prayer for the inebriated.

Response: PISS!

Leader: A prayer for the frustrated.

Response: FUCK!

Leader: A prayer for the dehydrated.

Response: BEER!

Leader: A prayer for the emasculated.

Response: BALLS!

Balls to Mr. Bengelstein, Bengelstein, Bengelstein,

Balls to Mr. Bengelstein, dirty old man.

He sits on the steeple and shits on the people,

So, balls to Mr. Bengelstein, dirty old man.

He keeps us all waiting while he's masturbating,

So, balls to Mr. Bengelstein, dirty old man.

He tried Mrs. Bengelstein, bur she's old and rotten in-between,

So, balls to Mr. Bengelstein, dirty old man.

He ups and he downs them, he fucking well grounds them,

So, balls to Mr. Bengelstein, dirty old man.

8. Alcoholic's Anthem

Tune: Men of Harlech

What's the use of drinking tea,

Indulging in sobriety,

And teetotal perversity?

It's healthier to booze.

What's the use of milk and water?

These are drinks that never oughter,

Be allowed in any quarter.

Come on, lose your blues,

Mix yourself a shandy,

Drown yourself in brandy,

Sherry sweet,

Or whisky neat,

Or any kind of liquor that is handy.

There's no blinking sense in drinking,

Anything that doesn't make you stinking,

There's no happiness like sinking,

Blotto to the floor.

Put an end to all frustration,

Drinking may be your salvation,

End it all in dissipation,

Rotten to the core.

Aberrations metabolic,

Ceilings that are hyperbolic,

There are for the alcoholic,

Lying on the floor.

Vodka for the arty,

Gin to make you hearty,

Lemonade was only made,

For drinking if your mother's at the party,

Steer clear of home-made beer,

And anything that isn't labeled clear,

There is nothing else to fear,

Bottom's up, my boys.

9. Ali Boogie

Tune: Sound Off

CHORUS:

I boogied last night,

And the night before,

I'm going back tonight,

And boogie some more.

Momma's on the bottom,

Papa's on top,

Baby's in the attic,

Filling rubbers with snot.

Momma's on the bottom,

Papa's on top,

Baby's in the cradle yelling,

"Shove it to 'er Pop!"

Momma's in the hospital,

Popper's in jail,

Sister's in the corner crying,

"Pussy for sale!"

I got a gal,

About six-foot-four,

She fucks everything,

Like a two bit whore.

I got a gal,

She lives on a hill,

She won't fuck,

But her sister will.

Daddy's got a watch,

Momma's got a ring,

Sister's got a baby,

From shaking that thing.

One and one makes two -

Two and two makes four,

If the bed breaks down,

We'll fuck on the floor.

10. All Things Dull and Ugly

Tune: All Things Bright and Beautiful

From Monty Python

All things dull and ugly,

All creatures short and squat,

All things rude and nasty,

The Lord God made the lot.

PIKES PEAK H4

Each little snake that poisons,
Each little wasp that stings,
He made their brutish venom,
He made their horrid wings.

All things sick and cancerous,
All evil great and small,
All things foul and dangerous,
The Lord God made them all.

Each nasty little hornet,
Each beastly little squid,
Who made the spikey urchin,
Who made the sharks, He did.

All things scabbed and ulcerous,
All pox both great and small,
Putrid, foul, and gangrenous,
The Lord God made them all.

11. Ancient Hash Song

Tune: Tidings of Comfort and Joy

A hasher is a manly chap,
He's full of vim and vigor,
And maidens gather round in droves,
To see his manly figure.
Of flashing thighs and knobby knees,
He makes a splendid sight,
And all the girls do seek of him,
To spend with them the night,

At this ancient sport he does excel,
None is better in the land,
Tis only on a Monday night,
He needs a bit of a hand.
But Tuesday sees him big and bold,
If a little red of eye,
He tells himself he's not so old,
And has another try.
As lovers go he is the best,
The girls cannot go wrong.
Where others limp and sweat and pant,
The hasher cries, "On-On!"

Now you may think this splendid brute,
Is more animal than man,
But concealed inside his lofty head,
Is more than a empty beer can.
Of intellect he is most high,
Long words come naturally,
In more than a dozen languages,
He cries, "Jeez, I need a pee!"

On Monday night great minds confer,
To put the world to right.
Engineers and scientists,
Politicians from Left and Right.
It really is a treasure trove,
Of wit and repartee,
Foul language is never heard,
Just the occasional "Cooee."

This lofty band,
This group most high,
Gentlemen, one and all,
If only the world was made of such,
Then life would be a ball.

In this modern world we find,
Such violence and sin,
Isn't it a comfort then,
To find this band of men.
Whose only care is a maiden's prayer,
And to keep them safe from harm.
Oh, fret not, pretty maiden,
A hasher will keep you warm.
Not only warm but fed and clothed,
With oils he'll anoint your body,
And all he wants in return,
Is the occasional bit of nooky!

And when a Hasher's run is o'er,
To the Golden Gate he goes.
St. Peter studies the Hash Cash book,
To see what he might owe.
"Tha's fully paid, oop, no problem there,
And what's this I see here?
The likes of a bit of hot nooky,
After a few cold beers.
Tha's just the sort we need oop 'ere,
So tha can move along,
Vestal Virgins is on the left."
The hasher cried, "On-On!"

12. And So This Is Hashmas

Tune: And So This is Christmas

And so this is Hashmas,
And a happy new year,
Get in a drunk punch-up,
And get socked in the ear.
AARH-AARH-AARH-AARH (Holding Ear)

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

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

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

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13. Arse Holes For Sale

Tune: La Dona E Mobile

Arse holes are cheap today
Cheaper than yesterday
Little ones are half a crown
Standing up or bending down

Larger ones are three and six
Because they have larger pricks
Arse holes are cheap today
Cheaper than yesterday.

14. As I was Walking

Tune: Old One Hundredth
(Hymns Ancient and Modern)

As I was walking through the wood,
I shat myself, I knew I would.
I cried for **HELP!** but no help came,
And so I shat myself again.

As I was walking through Saint Pauls,
The vicar grabbed me by the balls.
I cried for **HELP!** but no help came,
And so he grabbed my balls again.

As I was walking through St. Giles,
Some bastard grabbed me by my piles.
I cried for **HELP!** but no help came,
Ad so he grabbed my piles again

As I was walking down the street,
A whore grabbed me by the meat.
I cried for **HELP!** but no help came,
And so she grabbed my meat again.

As I lay sleeping in the grass,
Some bastard rammed it up my ass.
I cried for **HELP!** but no help came,
And so he rammed it up again.

15. Austin Hash Song

Tune: Redneck Mother
(Start with lots of "Ba doom, ba doom, ba doom, boom, boom boom")

I brought a newboot out to meet the gang
He said he needed a crowd for which to hang
He ran like a rabbit out on the false trails
By the time we got to the beer he was dragging his tail

Chorus

Well it's cross the creek and up the other side
Thru some Poison Oak, Bull Nettle by my side
Well it's off the road and off into some deep dark woods
Running up and down hills just to get them goods

Chorus

Well you just might see a Llama along the way
Or ford a dangerous river who's to say
But for all us who knows, to bring some dry clothes
Take a short cut thru the creek to where the beer flows

Chorus

Well,

H is for the hair that just laid the trail
A is for the soil we hash on (yell) AUSTIN!
S that's for shiner
H is for us hounds
E is for everyone wearing
R ubbers

16. Bad King Hashmas

Tune: Good King Wenceslas

Bad King Hashmas spent the lot,
On some horse called Steven,
Was the bloke out to lunch or what,
The odds weren't nearly even,
Now that all the beer money's spent,
Life will seem quite cruel,
Might as well go home to the wife,
And send the kids to school.

17. Bagpipe Song

Tune: Scotland The Brave
(Substitute your hash for San Francisco)

Here's to the lassie with the black hairy assey
Who was lifting up her kilty at the San Francisco Hash.
(BAGPIPE SOUND)

Then there was the jockey with his upstanding cocky
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy
assey
Who was lifting up her kilty at the San Francisco Hash.
(BAGPIPE SOUND)

Then there was the Yankee who was wanking in his
hanky
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy
assey
Who was lifting up her kilty at the San Francisco Hash.
(BAGPIPE SOUND)

Then there was the queerie who was leering through
his beery
At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his
hanky
At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy
assey
Who was lifting up her kilty at the San Francisco Hash.
(BAGPIPE SOUND)

PIKES PEAK H4

Then there was the Harlot making money in the car lot
To support the a' queerie who was leering through his
beery

At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his
hanky

At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy
assey

Who was lifting up her kilty at the San Francisco Hash.
(BAGPIPE SOUND)

Then there was the HASHER who was posing as a
flasher

Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in
the car lot

To support the a' queerie who was leering through his
beery

At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his
hanky

At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy
assey

Who was lifting up her kilty at the San Francisco Hash.
(BAGPIPE SOUND)

Then there was the Wenchy doing down-down on a
benchy

Making money for the HASHER who was posing as a
flasher

Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in
the car lot

To support the a' queerie who was leering through his
beery

At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his
hanky

At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy
assey

Who was lifting up her kilty at the San Francisco Hash.
(BAGPIPE SOUND)

Now the moral of this ditty is that when in San
Francisco City

And you're with your favorite girlie chasing hairs all
short and curly...

Just remember to take her hashing and to give her a
good bashing...

And keep her away from the Wenchy doing down-
down on a benchy

Making money for the HASHER who was posing as a
flasher

Hustling customers from the Harlot making money in
the car lot

To support the a' queerie who was leering through his
beery

At the sight of the Yankee who was wanking in his
hanky

At the thought of the jockey with the upstanding cocky
Who was riding on the lassie with the black hairy
assey

Who was lifting up her kilty at the San Francisco Hash.

18. Balham Vicar

There once was a Balham vicar,
Who said to his curate,
I'll bet I've fucked more women than you,
And the curate said, you're on.
And the curate said, you're on.

We'll stand outside the church this day,
And this will be our sign:
You ding-a-ding for the women you've fucked,
And I'll dong-a-dong for mine, for mine.
And I'll dong-a-dong for mine, for mine.

Well there were more ding-a-dings and dong-a-dongs,
Till a pretty young bird came by,
And curate went ding-ding.

Oh, said the vicar, don't ding-a-ding there,
That's my wife I do declare,
Hell said the curate, I don't care.
Ding-a-ding-a-ding, ding, ding, ding, ding,
Ding-a-ding-a-ding, ding, dong.

19. Ball Game

Tune: Take Me Out to the Ball Game

Whip it out at the ball game
Wave it round at the crowd
Dip it jello and crackerjack
I don't care if you give it a whack
Because it's
Beat your meat at the ball game
If you don't come it's a shame
It's one, two
And you're covered in goo
At the old ball game

20. Ball of Kirriemuir

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

CHORUS:

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

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

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

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

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

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

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

Mrs. O'Malley she was there,
She had the crowd in fits,
Jumping off the mantelpiece,
And landing on her tits.

They were fucking in the parlor,
They were fucking in the grass,
And all that you could see were waves,
Of undulating ass.

Mick McMudock when he got there,
His prick was long and high,
But when he fucked her forty times,
He was fucking mighty dry.

McTavish, oh yes, he was there,
His prick was long and broad,
And when he fucked the furrier's wife,
She had to be rebored.

Dino had a even stroke,
His skill was much admired,
He gratified one cunt at a time,
Until his skill expired.

The chimney sweep he was there,
But soon he got the boot,
For every time he passed some wind,
The room was filled with soot,

The minister's wife was at the ball,
A-sitting in the front,
A wreath of flowers 'round her ass,
A carrot up her cunt.

The village builder he was there,
He brought his bag of tricks,
He poured cement in all the holes,
And blunted all the pricks.

Little Jimmy he was there,
The leader of the choir,
He hit the balls of all the boys,
To make their voices higher.

The village idiot he was there,
A' leaning on the gate,
He couldn't find a cunt,
So he had to flatulate.

The Vicar's wife she was there,
Dressed in a long white shroud,
Swinging on the chandelier,
And pissing on the crowd.

There was fucking in the hallways,
There was fucking in the ricks,
Your couldn't hear the music,
For the swishing of the pricks.

The Parson's daughter she was there,
The cunning little runt,
With poison ivy up her ass,
And thistles up her cunt.

The village doctor he was there,
He had his bag of tricks,
And in between the dances,
He was sterilizing pricks.

A couple of Hashmen they were there,
A' looking for a fuck
But all the cunts were occupied,
And they were out of luck.

Little Tommy he was there,
He was only eight,
He was too small for the women,
So he had to masturbate.

The Parson's wife she was there,
Sitting in front of the fire,
Knitting rubber Johnnies,
Out of India rubber tire.

Four and twenty prostitutes,
Came up from Glockamore,
And only one went home that night,
And she was double-bore.

The village magician he was there,
Doing his favorite trick,
Pulling his foreskin over his head,
And vanishing up his prick.

The Vicar's wife she was there,
Back up against the wall,
"Put your money on the table boys,
I'm fit to do ye all."

The Vicar and his lovely wife,
Were having lots of fun,
The Parson had his finger,
Up another lady's bum.

Father O'Flannigan he was there,
And in the corner he sat,
Amusing himself BY abusing himself,
And catching it in his hat.

There was fucking on the couches,
And fucking in the punts,
And lying up against the wall,
Were rows of grinning cunts.

PIKES PEAK H4

Farmer Brown he was there,
A' jumping on his hat,
For half an acre of his corn
Was fairly fucking flat.

Giles he played a dirty trick
We cannot let it pass,
He showed his lass his mighty prick,
And shoved it up her ass.

The village postman he was there,
He had a case of Pox,
He couldn't fuck the lassies,
So he fucked the letter box.

The village butcher he was there,
His cleaver in his hand
And every time he turned around,
He circumcised the band.

The village plumber he was there,
He felt an awful fool,
He'd come eleven leagues or more,
And forgot to bring his tool.

There was fucking in the kitchen,
And fucking in the halls,
The most predominate sound,
Was the clanging of the balls.

The bride was in the kitchen,
Explaining to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum,
Is the entrance to the womb.

The groom was in the parlor,
Explaining to his bride,
The penis not the scrotum,
Is the part that goes inside.

The village smithy he was there,
Sitting by the fire,
Doing abortions by the score,
With a red-hot piece of wire.

The smithy's brother he was there,
A mighty man was he,
He lined them up against the wall,
And shagged them three by three.

The village economist, he was there,
His penis in his hand,
Waiting for the time to come,
When supply would meet demand.

The tax collector he was there,
Collecting all his tax,
The woman who couldn't pay,
Were paying on their backs.
The village lawyer he was there,
Collecting all his fees,
The men who couldn't pay,
Were paying on their knees.

The village baker she was there,
All covered up in dough,
Men were kneading her up and down,
And slippin' it in her ho'.

The village witch she was there,
In an upstairs' room,
The men were ignoring her,
So she was riding on her broom.

The local herder he was there,
And he began to weep,
All these willing ladies,
And not a single sheep.

Yet another idiot he was there,
He wasn't such a fool,
He pulled his foreskin over his head,
And whistled thru his tool.

The village decorator he was there,
Interiors he likes to design,
Men were leery of him,
For he'd fuck them from behind.

The village nurse she was there,
Checking all the cocks,
She said of all these blisters,
It isn't chicken pox.

The local harlot she was there,
A lay'in on the floor,
And every time she spread her legs,
The vacuum shut the door.

The village leper he was there,
Sitting on a log,
Peeling off his foreskin,
And feeding it to the dog.

The village baker she was there,
All covered up in dough.
Men were kneading her up and down,
And slippin' it in her ho'

The village doctor he was there,
Examining all the men.
Having them turn their heads,
and grabbing all he can.

The village prince he was there,
With his sword in hand.
Every time he turned around
He circumcised the band.

The groom was all excited,
And racing 'round the halls,
A-stumblin' on his pecker,
And tripping o'er his balls.

The elders of the church,
Who were far to old to firk,
All sat around the table,
Were they had a circle jerk.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

There was fucking in the haystacks,
Fucking in the ricks,
You couldn't hear the music,
for the swishing of the pricks.

There was fucking in the cornfield,
Fucking in the oats,
Most were doing lassies,
But (insert a hasher here) was doing the goats.

And when the ball was over,
The maidens all confessed,
Although they liked the music,
The fucking was the best.

21. Ball of Yarn

CHORUS:
Ball of yarn
Ball of yarn
Ball of yarn
Ball of yarn
That's when I spun her little ball of yarn.

Ball of yarn
Ball of yarn
Ball of yarn
Ball of yarn
That's when I spun her little ball of yarn.

It was in the month of June,
When the flowers are in bloom,
I found her sitting out behind the barn;
As she shoveled up the gobs,
So I gently pinched her knobs,
And asked to spin her little ball of yarn.

She undressed before my sight,
We went at it all that night,
Her little body shaking stern to stern;
And the blackbird and the robin,
Saw her little butt a'bobbin,
As I spun her little ball of yarn.

It was two months after that,
In the office where I sat,
Never dreaming she had done me any harm;
And a doctor dressed in white, said,
"Man, your pecker is a sight,
It's been tangled in a little ball of yarn."

It was nine months to the day,
In the bathtub where I lay,
I felt a heavy hand on my arm;
And a policeman with a hose,
Said, "Get up and get your clothes!"
"You're the father of a little ball of yarn!"

In my prison cell I sit,
In my bathrobe in my shame,
The shadow of my finger on the wall;
And the ladies as they pass,
Stick their hatpins up my ass!
And little mice play hopscotch with my
Little ball of yarn.

22. Ballad Of The Bobbit Hillbillies

Tune: The Beverly Hillbillies Theme

Come and listen to my story of a man named John,
A poor ex-Marine with a little fraction gone.
It seems one night after gettin' with the wife,
She lopped off his schlong with the swipe of a knife.
(Penis that is, clean cut, missed his nuts)

Well, the next thing you know there's a ginsu by his side,
And Lorena's in the car takin' willie for a ride.
She soon got tired of her purple-headed friend,
And tossed him out the window as she went around a
bend.
(Curve that is, prickier shrubs, wheel hubs)

She went to the cops and confessed to the attack,
And they called out the hounds just to get his weenie
back.
They sniffed and they barked and they pointed "over
there",
To John Wayne's Henry that was waiving in the air.
(Found that is, by a fence, evidence)

Now Peter and John couldn't stay apart too long,
So a Dick Doc said, "Hey I can fix that Dong!",
"A needle and a thread is all you're gonna need,"
And the whole world waited 'till they heard that Johnny
peed.
(Whizzed that is, even seam, straight stream)

Well, he healed and he hardened and he took his case to
court,
With a cockeyed lawyer since his assets came up short.
They cleared her of assault and acquitted him of rape,
And his pecker was the only one they didn't show on
tape.
(Video that is, unexposed, case closed)
Ya all "cum" back now, hear?

23. Balls of O'Leary

The balls of O'Leary,
Are wrinkled and hairy,
They're stately and shapely,
Like the dome of Saint Paul's.
The women all muster,
To view that great cluster,
Oh, they stand and they stare,
At the bloody great pair,
Of O'Leary's balls.

PIKES PEAK H4

24. Barcelona

Tune: Mañana

CHORUS:

Manana, manana,
Is my banana good enough for you?

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 wankers 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."

Way down in Barcelona where the miners shovel coal,
A miner shoved a shovel up another miners hole,
Said the miner to the miner,
We're here to shovel coal,
And not to shove a shovel up another miners hole.

Way down in New York City,
Where the cabbies drive so fast.
A cabby rammed his cab up another cabbies ass,
Said the cabby to the cabby,
(Wind down window)
FERK YOU - BUDDY!

25. Barnacle Bill

Tune: Barnacle Bill the Sailor

Fair Young Maiden:

"Who's that knocking at my door?"
"Who's that knocking at my door?"
"Who's that knocking at my door?"
Said the fair young maiden.

Barnacle Bill:

"It's Barnacle Bill, from over the hill,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.
"It's Barnacle Bill, from over the hill,"
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.

FYM: "Why are you knocking at my door?"etc,

BB : "Cos I'm young enough, and ready and tough
..etc,

FYM: "Shall I come and let you in?"

BB : "Open the door, you dirty old whore,"

FYM: "Will you sleep upon the floor?"

BB : "Get off the floor, you dirty old whore,"

FYM: "Will you sleep upon the mat?"

BB : "Bugger the mat, you can't fuck that,"

FYM: "Will you sleep upon the stairs?"

BB : "Bugger the stairs, they got no hairs,"

FYM: "Will you sleep upon my breasts?"

BB : "Bugger your tits, they give me the shits,"

FYM: "Will you sleep between my thighs?"

BB : "Cut the talk and open your fork,"

FYM: "Will you sleep within my cunt?"

BB : "Bugger your cunt but I'll fuck for a stunt,"

FYM: "What if we should have a child?"

BB : "Smother the bugger and fuck for another,"

FYM: "What if we should have a girl?"

BB : "We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch."

26. Bastard King of England

Tune: The Irish Washerwoman

Oh, the minstrels sing of an English King,
Of many long years ago,
He ruled his land with an iron hand,
Though his mind was weak and slow.

He loved to hunt the royal stag,
Around the royal wood,
But better by far he loved to sit,
And pound the royal pud.

CHORUS:

He was lousy and dirty and covered in fleas,
The hair on his balls hung down to his knees,
And he had his women in twos and threes.
God bless the Bastard King of England.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Now the Queen of Spain was an amorous Jane,
And a sprightly wench was she,
She longed to fool with the royal tool,
From far across the sea.
So she sent a royal message,
With a royal messenger,
To invite the King of England down,
To spend the night with her.

Now 'ol' Philip of France he heard by chance,
Within his royal court,
And he swore, "She loves my rival best,
Because my tool is short.,
To give the Queen a dose of clap,
To pass it on to the Bastard King of England.

When news of this foul deed was heard,
Within the royal halls,
The King he swore by the royal whore,
He'd have to Frenchman's balls.
He offered half the royal purse,
And a piece of the Queen Hortense,
To any British subject,
Who could do the King of France.

So the noble Duke of Middlesex,
He took himself to France,
He swore he was a fairy,
So the king let drop his pants,
Then on Philip's dong he slipped a throng,
Leaped on his horse and galloped along,
Dragging the Frenchman back,
To merry old England.

When the returned to London town,
Within fair England's shores,
Because of the ride King Philip's pride
Was stretched a yard or more.
And all the whores in silken drawers,
Came down to London town,
And shouted round the battlements,
"To hell with the British Crown."

And Philip alone usurped the throne,
His scepter was his royal bone,
With which he ditched the Bastard King of England.

Rule Britannia, Marmalade and jam,
Five Chinese crackers up your arsehole,
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang.

27. Beat My Meat

From: Pig Vomit

I feel so good when I beat my meat
It gets so hard it's like concrete
Feminine flesh makes it start to rise
If it's covered with clothes, it gets undressed by my eyes
I've got plenty of pictures all over my walls
To give me inspiration while I scratch my balls
Trying to decide who's gonna be the next one
Who's face is going to wear the juice I squirt from my
erection

When I beat my meat, beat my meat
Beat my meat, beat my meat Yeah, yeah, yeah!!!

When I was real young, hey I was just a teenie weenie
I used to have a hard on for "I dream of Jeannie"
She granted my wish, I was a happy little male
If I told you what I wished for though, you'd throw me in
jail.

My habit was a product of a mis-spent youth
Staining floors and walls in the peep show booths
Penis physical ed - I was such a sick pup
I would make it do those push-ups every day till it threw
up

Cause I would beat my meat, beat my meat
Beat my meat, beat my meat Yeah, yeah, yeah!!!

Cause I would beat my meat, beat my meat
Beat my meat, beat my meat Yeah, yeah, yeah!!!

28. Bestiality's Best

Tune: Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys
(Take turns leading verses)

CHORUS: Bestiality's best, boys,
Bestiality's best—FUCK A WALLABY!
Bestiality's best, boys,
Bestiality's best.

Oh, put your log up a dog, Claude,
Put your log up a dog—BESTIALITY!
Don't you fancy a dog, Claude,
Put your log up a dog.

Stick your lug in a slug, Doug,
Stick your lug in a slug—BESTIALITY!
Aren't you hot for a slug, Doug,
Stick your lug in a slug.

Slip your slew to a ewe, Lou,
Slip your slew to a ewe—BESTIALITY!
Don't you dream of a ewe, Lou,
Slip your slew to a ewe.

Get turned on by a duck, Chuck,
Get turned on by a duck—BESTIALITY!
Doesn't that make you go quack, Chuck,
Get turned on by a duck.

Tickle the clit of a gnat, Matt,
Tickle the clit of a gnat—BESTIALITY!
Isn't that just where it's at, Matt,
Tickle the clit of a gnat.

Rough love with a horse, Boris,
Rough love with a horse—BESTIALITY!
You gotta use force with a horse, Boris,
Rough love with a horse.

Keep making up verses until begged to stop.
(Following are over **100** suggestions)

PIKES PEAK H4

A dirty weekend in Wirral with a squirrel
Any which way with a jay
Anyway you can with a pelican
Be a queer with a deer
Be a rotter with an otter
Be very pleasant to a pheasant
Bring a flea to his knees
Chuck your sperm in a worm
Come from behind with a hind
Cunnilingo with a dingo
Do an illegal with an eagle
Do it funky with a monkey
Down the throat of a goat
Drink the pee of a bee
Drip your juice on a moose
Drip your yeast on a wildebeest
Drop some goo in a shrew
Ejaculate in a snake
Fool with the tool of a mule
Get a suck from a duck
Get in deep with a sheep
Get it out for a trout
Get the pox off a fox
Get under the tail of a snail
Get your oats with some stoats
Get your release in a fleece
Give a half to a giraffe
Give a lickin' to a chicken
Give some cock to a croc
Give your gerbil some verbal
Give your milk to an elk
Go a rounder with a flounder
Go and defile a crocodile
Go the whole way with a moray
Grind your mound on a hound
Ground your mound on a hound
Have a chimp with an imp
Have a cracker with a quacker
Have a deer from the rear
Have a filler with a gorilla
Have a frig with a pig
Have a fuck with a duck
Have a goose with a moose
Have a hug with a bug
Have a lark with an aardvark
Have a rape with an ape
Have a screw with a shrew
Have a shag with a stag
Have a shaggin' with a dragon
Have a squirm with a worm
Have a toss with a hoss
Have intercourse with a horse
Help old Watson with a dachshund
In a bag with a stag
In a heap with a sheep
In the Bahamas with some llamas
In the bog with a dog
In the dark with a shark
In the ear of a deer
In the esophagus of an octopus
In the lake with a drake
In the lug of a slug
In the sack with yak.
Jam your cam in a ram

Lick the clit of a nit
Make a llama a mama
Make a moose real loose
Make an eel squeal
Make an eel squeel
Make it coarse with a horse
Make it limp in a chimp
Make it twirl in a squirrel
Make it wonky with a donkey
Make love with a dove
Make some porn with a unicorn
Mate a 'gator then fellate her
Move your tool in a mule
On a honeymoon with a raccoon
On a train with a crane
On the lawn with a prawn
On top of the easel with a weasel
Out your wool next to a bull
Part the hare of a mare
Put it in the mid of a squid
Put it in the mouth of a sloth
Put it through a gnu
Put your brillo next to an armadillo
Put your cock in a peacock
Put your juice in a moose
Put your load in a toad
Put your noodle to a poodle
Put your spear in a deer
Put your sperm in a worm
Put your thang in an orangoutang
Rub the thigh of a fly
Rub your beaver on a retriever
Rub your box on a fox
Rub your clitoris on a hippopotamus
Rub your clitty on a kitty
Rub your cunt on an elephant
Rub your cunt on an elephant
Rub your twat on an ocelot
Shoot your load in a toad
Shoot your spunk into a skunk
Shove your log in a dog
Shove your willy up a filly
Sixty-nine with a swine
Skull fuck a duck
Stick you rod up a cod
Stick your cock in a hawk
Stick your dork in a stork
Stick your log in a frog
Stick your needle in a beetle
Stick your rod in a cod
The best course is a horse
Up the ass of a bass
Up the back of a yak
Up the box of a fox
Up the fanny of a nanny
Up the flue of a shrew
Up the hole of a mole
Up the rear of a deer
Up the spout of a trout
Up the tail of a whale
You can only wish for a fish

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29. Big Bamboo

Tune: Working For the Yankee Dollar

I asked my lady what should I do,
To make her happy, not make her blue,
She said, "The only thing I want from you,
Is a little bitty of the big bamboo."

CHORUS:

She wanted the big bamboo, bamboo,
Eye eye-eye eye-eye-eye,
Working for the Yankee dollar.

So I gave her a coconut,
She said, "I like him, he's okay,
But there's just one thing that worries me,
What good are the nuts without the tree?"

So I sold my lady a banana plant,
She said, "I like him, he's elegant,
We should not let him go to waste,
But he's much too soft to suit my taste."

So I bought my lady a sugar cane,
The fruit of fruits, I did explain,
But she was tired of him very quick,
She said, "I'd rather get my lips around your dip stick."

So I gave my honey a rambutan,
Soft and prickly, how the juices ran,
She said, "I've seen a fruit like this before,
But it had a long stalk and two pips in the core."

She met a china man, Him Hung Low,
They got married, went to Mexico,
But she divorced him very quick,
She said, "I want bamboo, not chopstick."

30. Big Fat Ass

Here's a song about something we've all seen,
About a girl with everything.
Looks and brains, and personality,
And more of something else than there ought to be.

Living in the land of good and plenty here,
We've got a lot of good food, wine, and beer.
Hard to keep trim with all that going on,
But a single man might sing this song:

Hey look at those girls sitting over there.
From here they all look pretty fair.
Look at them jugs, and loose fitting dress,
Tell tale signs of a big fat ass.

A big fat ass,
A big fat ass,
God damn I hate a big fat ass.

So just stay put, we'll drink some beer,
We can't be sure from over here,
When she goes to the john it'll tell the tale,
I told you so, it's a baby whale.
A baby whale,
A baby whale,
I won't put moves on a baby whale.

Here's another little verse about the same old thing,
About this girl with everything.
Looks and brains, and personality,
And more in back than what's meant for me.

We're living in the land of good and plenty here,
Too much food, and wine, and beer.
Hard to keep fit with all that going on,
But her boyfriend might just sing this song:

You know I don't mind the smoking, or the halitosis,
A few bad zits, or a mild neurosis.
A little B.O., or a flabby gut,
But I just can't hack your big fat butt.

Your big fat butt,
Your big fat butt,
Don't want to be seen with that big fat butt.

I don't mind your bad grooming habits,
You can bay at the moon,
You can go run rabbits.
In fact, I can name a few tests you pass,
But you just flunked out with that big fat ass,

Your big fat ass,
Your big fat ass,
I'm giving you an "F" for your big fat ass.

Here's another little verse about the same old thing,
About this girl with everything.
Looks and brains, and personality,
And a rear like a five ton GMC.

We're living in the land of good and plenty here,
Too damn much food, and wine, and beer.
Hard to keep trim with all that going on,
But married man might sing this song:

Now baby, what the hell can I do with you?
To buy you dinner costs the price of two.
To games, to shows, you need two seats,
The city's planning wider streets.

Wider walks,
Wider seats,
Now we've got to have wider streets.

Well, you broke my chair with those humongous hocks,
The car's gotten four new overload shocks.
You broke the toilet and an escalator,
Now you've got to ride in a freight elevator.

A freight elevator,
And an escalator,
You even crushed your new vibrator.

PIKES PEAK H4

Well about this girl with everything,
This candidate for Dairy Queen.
She's pissed off now so I'll end this song,
Get rid of them buns and we'll get it on.

Get it on.
Get it on,
Get rid of them buns and we'll get it on.

31. Big Red Rose

Tune: When You Wore a Tulip

She wore her panties, her pretty pink panties,
And I wore my BVDs.
First I caresses her, and then I undressed her,
What a thrill she gave to me.
I played with her boobies, her great big white boobies,
And down where the short hair grows.
What could be sweeter as I played with my peter,
And white-washed her big red rose?

32. Bitch a Dog

Tune: Do, Re, Mi

Bitch, a dog, a female dog,
Itch, a place for you to scratch,
Hitch, I pull my knickers up,
Grab, another word for snatch,
Bath, a place for making gin,
Sex, another word for sin,
Prick, a needle going in,
And that will bring us back to
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch . . .

33. Blessing of the Hares

Optional prayer offered by religious adviser before the
hash, with local embellishments . . .

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.

34. Bobby Brown Goes Down

From Frank Zappa

Hey there people, I'm Bobby Brown
They say I'm the cutest boy in town
My car is fast, my teeth is shiney
I tell all the girls they can kiss my heinie

Here I am at a famous school
I'm dressin' sharp 'n' I'm
Actin' cool
I got a cheerleader here
Wants to help with my paper
Let her do all the work 'n' maybe later I'll rape her

Oh God I am the American dream
I do not think I'm too extreme
An' I'm a handsome sonofabitch
I'm gonna get a good job 'n' be real rich

Women's liberation
Came creepin' across the nation
I tell you people, I was not ready
When I fucked this dyke by the name of Freddie
She made a little speech then,
Aw, she tried to make me say when
She had my balls in a vice, but she left the dick
I guess it's still hooked on,
But now it shoots too quick

Oh God I am the American dream
But now I smell of Vaseline
An' I'm a miserable sonofabitch
Am I a boy or a lady... I don't know which

So I went out 'n' bought me a leisure suit
I jingle my change, but I'm still kinda cute
Got a job doin' radio promo
An' none of the jocks can even tell I'm a homo
Eventually me 'n' a friend
Sorta drifted along into S&M
I can take about an hour on the tower of power
'Long as I gets a little golden shower

Oh God I am the American dream
With a spindle up my butt till it makes me scream
An' I do anything to get ahead
I lay awake nights sayin', "Thank you Fred!"
Oh God, Oh God, I'm so fantastic!
Thanks to Freddie, I'm a sexual spastic
And my name is Bobby Brown
Watch me now, I'm goin' down
And my name is Bobby Brown
Watch me now, I'm goin' down

35. Boom, Oooh, Yakatata

Tune: Will You Kiss Me Tonight

CHORUS:
(Continuously Through Song):
BOOM, OOOH, YAKATATA. . .

Will you miss me tonight when I'm gone?
Will you go to bed with your see-through nighty on?
Will you reach out for your little plastic friend,
Put some baby oil around it's throbbing end?

Will you spare a thought for me while I'm gone?
Will you laugh with your friend over which is long?
Will you slide it up your thighs and up to your crack,
Smile to yourself, Thank God he's not back?

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Will you miss me tonight when I'm gone?
'Cause the batteries in your friend have almost gone,
And you never could make that charger thing come
on?

So now you'll miss me tonight 'cause
I'm gone, try a banana,
'Cause you'll miss me tonight 'cause
I'm gone,
Ya bitch.

36. Born Dead

Tune: Born Free

Born dead!
Your baby was born dead;
All torso and no head,
Born dead to live in a jar.

Stay dead!
Don't come back to haunt me;
You really don't want me,
Born dead to live in a jar.

Brain dead!
Your husband is brain dead;
A vein popped in his head,
That sucker's a mort.

37. Boy Meets Girl

Boy meets girl, holds her hand,
Visions of a promised land,
Tender words, cling and kiss,
Crafty feel, heavenly bliss,
Nibble nipples, squeeze thighs,
Gets a beat, feels a rise,
Eyes ablaze, drawers down,
Really starts to go to town,
Legs outspread, virgin lass,
Fanny foams like bottled Bass,
Ram it home, moans of joy,
Teenage love, girl meets boy,
Love's a jewel, pearls he's won,
Shoots his load, what's he done,
Comes the payoff, here's the rub,
He's got her in the puffing club,
Comes the wedding, bridesmaids flap,
Love and cherish, all that crap,
A tubby tum, weighty gain,
Prams and nappies, labor pain,
Begins to realize what he did,
Nagging wife and screaming kid,
Sweats his ass off, works his stint;
Only pleasure is evening time,
When mattress creaks she's off again,
Can't forsake those sexy habits,
Breeding kids like bloody rabbits.

38. Breathalyzed

Tune: Yesterday

Breathalyzed,
Crystals turning green before my eyes.
I can hardly realize, that I have just been breathalyzed.

Suddenly,
There's a policeman standing over me.
I'd like to punch him but he's six foot three,
And I would like to stay alive.

He said, We'd like to test your blood for alcohol
I said, Go away, you'll get nothing, Dracula.

Reality,
Five hundred milligrams per 100 mils.
Now they reckon, I'm a mobile still,
and I have to be penalized.

Custody,
When they took me to the local mick,
I've never seen a policeman move so quick,
But not as quick, as I got sick

Misery,
And the judge says I must join AA
And take the bus for 60 days.
Oh, why did I get breathalyzed?

39. British Grenadier

Some die of constipation,
And some of diarrhea.
And some of masturbation,
And some of gonorrhea.
But of all the world's diseases,
There's none that can compare:
With the drip, drip, drip, of the syphilitic prick,
of a British Grenadier (or Hash House Harrier)

When he goes forth in battle,
His weapon in his hand,
The lasses fall like cattle,
There's none can make a stand.
But when the campaign's over,
It's then he feels so queer:
With the drip, drip, drip, of the syphilitic prick,
of a British Grenadier (or Hash House Harrier)

And when he does retire,
To take his well-earned rest,
There burns an ancient fire,
To do what he does best.
And yet, the truth is bitter,
There's one thing he does fear:
With the drip, drip, drip, of the syphilitic prick,
.. of a British Grenadier (or Hash House Harrier)

PIKES PEAK H4

40. Button Factory

CHORUS:

My name is Joe,
I work at the button factory,
All day long I work making buttons,
The other day my boss come up to me
And he says, "Joe are you busy?"
I say, "No" – he says to me,

Move your left hand.
Move your right hand.
Move your left elbow.
Move your right elbow.
Move your left leg.
Move your right leg.

CHORUS:

My name is Joe,
I work at the button factory,
All day long I work making buttons,
The other day my boss come up to me
And he says, "Joe are you busy?"
I say, "YES!"

41. Bye, Bye Blackbird

Tune: Bye, Bye Blackbird

Once a boy was no good,
Took a girl into a wood,
Bye, Bye Blackbird.
Laid her down upon the grass,
Pinched her tits and slapped her ass,
Bye, Bye Blackbird.
Took her where nobody else could find her,
To a place where he could really grind her,
Rolled her over on her front,

Shoved his cock right up her cunt,
Blackbird, Bye Bye.

But this girl was no sport,
Took her story to a court,
Bye, Bye Blackbird.
Told her story in the morn,
Judge and jury had a horn,,
Blackbird, Bye, Bye.
Then the Judge came to his decision,
This poor fuck got 18 years in prison,
So next time boy, do it right,
Stuff her cunt with dynamite,
Blackbird, Bye, Bye.

42. By the Light

Tune: By the Light of the Silvery Moon

By the light (by the light, by the light),
Of a flickering match,
I saw her snatch,
In the watermelon patch.

By the light (by the light, by the light),
Of a flickering match,
I saw it gleam, I heard her scream,
You are burning my snatch,
With your fucking match.

43. Cactus In My Y-Fronts

A recital to the meter of Eskimo Nell

Chorus:

I've got Cactus in my Y-fronts
A vulture on my head
I've just been kissed by a Tennessee miss
And I wish that I was dead
I've a jock strap made of leather
That tickles tee he hee
But the cactus in my Y fronts
Made a loser out of me
I was up in Cripple Creek,
I was dying for a leak
So I dropped behind a cactus there
And when I did up my belt
I can't tell you how it felt
But I knew the meaning of a prickly pear

I went down to Nevada
Where the girls try so much harder
And I met a cute young thing called Caroline,
But each time she felt my prickles
She said "goodness me to tickles!"
Now she's gone and run off with a porcupine

In Cali-for-ni-a where the rustlers are so 'gay'
I bought a gentle gee-gee name of jack
But he livened up a lot
When he felt my prickly bot
That bucking bronco broke my bloomin' back

44. Can You Walk a Little Way?

Tune: Billy Boy

Can you walk a little way with it in, with it in,
Can you walk a little way with it in, with it in
She answered with a smile
I can walk a fucking mile
With it in – With it in – With it in.

45. Can't Hash Today

Dear Hash I sing this song to tell you of my plight.
At the time of writing I am not a pretty sight.
Me body is all black and blue; and me face a deathly
gray.
And I hope you'll understand why I can't Hash today.

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I was working on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I
had to clear.
And throwin' 'em down from such a height was not a
good idea.
The foreman wasn't very pleased, he bein' an awful
sod,
He said that I'd have to take them down the ladder in
me hod.

Now shiftin' all them bricks by hand seemed so awful
slow,
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured a rope below.
But in my haste to do the job, I was too blind to see,
That a barrel full of buildin' bricks was heavier than
me.

Now when I came down I cut the rope and the barrel
fell like lead,
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead.
I shot up like a rocket, and to my dismay I found,
That halfway up, I met the bloody barrel coming down.

Now the barrel broke me shoulder as to the ground it
sped.
And when I reached the top I struck the pulley with me
head,
I still clung on though numbed and shocked from this
almighty blow,
And the barrel spilled out half the bricks fourteen
floors below.

Now when the bricks had fallen from the barrel to the
floor,
I then outweighed the barrel and they started up once
more.
Clinging tightly to the rope as I headed for the ground,
And I fell among the broken bricks that were
scattered all around.

As I lay there moaning on the ground, I thought I
passed the worst,
And the barrel struck the pulley wheel and didn't the
bottom burst.
A shower of bricks came down on me, sure I didn't
have a hope,
And as I was losing consciousness, I let go the bloody
rope.

Now the barrel being heavier started down once
more,
And landed right across me as I lay there on the floor.
I broke three ribs and me left arm, and I can only say,
That I hope you understand why I can't hash today.

46. Carolina

Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike

Way down in Alabama where the bullshit lies thick,
The girls are so pretty that the babies come quick.
There lives Carolina, the queen of them all,
Carolina, Carolina, the cow-puncher's whore.

She's handy, she's bandy, she shags in the street.
Whenever you meet her she's always in heat.
If you leave your fly open she's after your meat,
And the smell of her cunt knocks you right off your
feet.

One night I was riding way down by the falls,
One hand on my pistol, the other on my balls.
I saw Carolina there using a stick,
Instead of the end of a cow-puncher's prick.

I caressed her, undressed her, and laid her down
there.
And parted the tresses of curly brown hair.
Inserted the prick of my sturdy horse,
And then there began a strange intercourse.

Faster and faster went my sturdy steed,
Until Carolina rejoiced at the speed,
When all of a sudden my horse did back-fire,
And shot Caroline right into the mire.

Up got Carolina all covered in muck.
And said, "Oh dear, what a glorious fuck!"
Two paces forward and fell flat on the floor,
And that was the end of the cow-punchers whore.

47. Cats on the Rooftops

Tune: Do Ye Ken John Peel

CHORUS:

Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,
Cats with syphilis, cats with piles,
Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.
The donkey is a lonely bloke.
It's very, very seldom that he ever gets a poke.
But when he does - he lets it soak,
And he revels in the joys of fornication.

The Australian lady who, 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 the chain all day.
Never gets a chance to let himself go play.
So he licks at his dick - 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 some dirty urchin's
rear,
As he revels in the joys of fornication,

PIKES PEAK H4

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 hippopotamus, so it seems,
Very, very seldom has wet dreams,
But when he does – it come in streams,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

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

The lady by the seaside was feeling very blue,
She saw the children at it, and she thought she'd like it
too,
So she bought three bananas – and she ate the other
two,
As she reveled 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 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.

The poor old desert camel has no water for a week,
And as he doesn't drink, the poor bugger cannot leak,
So he has to hold his water – so to speak,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Little Mary Johnson will be seventeen 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,
And she reveled in the joys of fornication.

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

When you wake up in the morning with a surge of
sexual joy,
And you wife has got the rags on, and your daughter's
feeling coy,
Do you ram it up the asshole of your own darling boy?
As you 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 ostrich in the desert is a solitary chick,
Without the opportunity to dip its wick,
But when he does – it slips in thick,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The ape is small and rather slow,
Erect he stands just a foot or so,
So when he comes – it's time to go,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The flea disports among the trees,
And there consorts with whom he please,
To fill the land with bastard fleas,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

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

The orangutan is a colorful sight,
There's a glow on its arse like a pilot light,
As he jumps and leaps – in the night,
And revels in the joys of fornication.

The oyster is a paragon of purity,
And you can't tell a he from a she,
But he can tell – and so can she,
As they revel 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 fornication.

Now a funny old fish is the old sperm whale,
With a funny little diddle tucked under 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 and she was a rear,
And she gave me a dose of gonorrhea,
Fools rush in where angels fear,
As I reveled in the joys of fornication.
A thousand verses all in rhyme,
To stand and sing them seems a crime,
When we could better spend our time,
Reveling in the joys of fornication.

The owls in the trees and cats on the tiles,
One fucks in solitude, the other fucks in piles,
You can hear their delighted howls and shrieks for
miles,
As they revels in the joys of fornication.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Poor old Mr. Bengelstein, whose morals we doubt,
He wanders round with his noodle hanging out,
And when he sees a wench it up and hits him in the
snout,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

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

48. Chandler's Shop

A boy went into a chandler's chop, some candles for to
buy,
But when he got to the chandler's chop, no chandler
did he spy,
He loudly knocked, he loudly cried, enough to wake the
dead,
But all he heard was a rat-a-tat-tat, right above his
head.

Now he was a very inquisitive youth, so up the stairs he
went,
And he was very surprised to find the chandler's wife
in bed.
For she was lying upon back with a man between her
thighs,
And they were having a rat-a-tat-tat, right before his
eyes.

And when the deed was over, the wife she raised her
head,
And she was very surprised to find the boy beside the
bed,
"Now if you can keep my secret, boy, to you I will be
kind,
And you can have a rat-a-tat-tat, whenever you feel
inclined.

49. Chapped Hide

Tune: Rawhide

Ballin', ballin', ballin',
That boy he keeps on callin',
His crabs, they keep on crawlin',
Chapped hide!

You thought he was the right one,
But he was a one-night stand one,
He's shootin' blanks with his gun,
Chapped hide!

Pick him up, take him home, ride him hard, make him
moan!
Wake him up, saddle up, Send him home!
Chapped hide . . . Yee Haw!!

50. Chicago (Version 1)

Tune: The Bear Went Over the Mountain

CHORUS:

I used to work in Chicago, in an old department store.
I used to work in Chicago, but I don't work there
anymore.

A woman came in for a computer [a computer from
the store]
A computer she wanted; my Wang she got, and I don't
work there anymore.

A man came in for a telephone [a telephone from the
store]
A.T.T. he wanted; T.I.T. he got [visual aids help], and I
don't work there...

AND: a woman came in for a:
doughnut - glazed she wanted. cream filled she got
elevator - my shaft
carpet - laid
spring - BOINGed
screwdriver - screwed
hammer - nailed
T-bone - my boneless round
carpet - pile she wanted, shagged she got
gun - banged
nylons - hosed
floppy disk - my hard drive
metaphysical conversation - fucked
velvet - felt
liquor - lick her I did
bolts - my nuts
sailors - semen
ham - porked
cigarette - camel, humped
plastic - rubbers
plumbing - my pipe
pipe - hosed
stockings - hosing
liquid Plumber - pipes cleaned
canned ham - porked
gift wrapping - packed
butter - spread
seafood - lobster, crabs
beer - 6-pack, ate
fabric - silk, felt

ALSO: a man came in for a:
balloon - blown
doughnut - my hole
lollipop - sucked
horse - ridden
carpet - shag he wanted, piles he got
Wheels - rimmed
Beer - Bush [w/visual aids]

PIKES PEAK H4

51. Chicago (Version 2)

Tune: The Bear Went Over the Mountain

CHORUS:

I used to work in Chicago,
In a department store,
I used to work in Chicago,
But I don't work there any more.

A lady came into the hatshop,
I asked, "What kind would you like?"
"Felt," she said, Felt her I did,

A lady came in for a water-bottle,
I asked, "What kind would you like?"
"Rubber," she said, Rub her I did,

A lady came in for a sweater,
I asked, "What kind would you like?"
"Jumper," she said, Jump her I did,

A lady came in for a ticket,
I asked, "Where would you like to go?"
"Bangor," she said, Bang her I did,

A lady came in for some coffee,
I asked, "What kind would you like?"
"Ground," she said, Grind her I did,

A lady came in for a cake,
I asked, "What kind would you like?"
"Layer," she said, Lay her I did,

A lady came in for a down quilt,
I asked "What kind would you like?"
"Goose," she said, Goose her I did,

A lady came in for some lamp oil,
I asked "What kind would you like?"
"Whale," she said, Sperm her I did,

A lady came in for some Air Wick,
I asked, "What scent would you like?"
"Mountain," she said, Mount her I did,

A lady came in for a sleeper,
I asked, "What berth would you like?"
"Upper," she said, Up her I did,

A lady came in for some china,
I asked, "What kind would you like?"
"Bone," she said, Bone her I did,

A lady came in for some coffee,
I asked, "What kind would you like?"
"Ground," she said,
Grind her I did,

A lady came in for some gin,
I asked "What kind would you like?"
"Beefeater," she said,
Eat her I did,

A woman came in for some service,
I asked, "How fast do you want it?"
"Quick," she said,
Prick her I did,

A lady came in for a diskette,
I asked "What kind would you like?"
"Floppy," she said,
Hard drive her I did,

A woman came in for a bath mat,
I asked "What size would you like?"
"Shower," she said,
Show her I did,

A woman came in for a power drill,
I asked, "What brand would you like?"
"Black & Decker," she said,
Deck her I did,

A lady came in for a drink,
I asked, "What kind would you like?"
"Liquor," she said,
Lick her I did,

A lady came in for some Air Wick,
I asked, "What scent would you like?"
"Mountain," she said,
Mount her I did,

A lady came in for some dish soap,
I asked, "What kind would you like?"
"Johnson & Johnson," she said,
My Johnson she got,

A woman came in for some wood shoes,
I asked, "What kind would you like?"
"Clog," she said,
Flog her I did,

A lady came in for a curtain,
I asked "What kind would you like?"
"Drape," she said,
Rape her I did,

52. 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.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

53. Christopher Robin

Tune: Christopher Robin Is Saying His Prayers

Little boy kneels at the foot of the stairs,
Clutched in his hands are a bunch of white hairs.
Oh, my, just fancy that.
Christopher Robin has castrated the cat.

Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Lily-white hands are caressing his head.
Oh, my, couldn't be worse.
Christopher Robin is fucking his nurse.

Little boy sits on the lavatory pan,
Gently caressing his little old man.
Flip flop, into the tank.
Christopher Robin is having a wank.

54. Clean Song

From Oscar Brand

There was a young sailor who
Looked through the glass,
Looked through the glass,
Looked through the glass,
He spied a young mermaid with scales on her
Frightfully clean island where sea gulls fly over their
nests

As she combed the long hair that hung over her
Shoulders and caused her to tickle and itch,
Yelled a sailor, "Well I'll be a son of a
Beautiful mermaid out there on the rocks
And the crew came-a-running, their hands on their
Caps while they crowded four deep on the rail
All eager to share in this fine piece of
Talk which the Captain soon heard from the watch
So he tied down the wheel and unbuttoned his
Crackers and cheese which he kept near the door
In hopes he might come on a sea-going
Happy, he knew he must use all his wits
So he called for a line to make fast to her
Tail, saying, Boys, we are finally going to find,
"Whether mermaids do better before or
"Be brave. my good fellows," the Captain next said
"And with lick we'll break through her maiden
Heading to starboard, they tacked with dispatch
And caught that fair mermaiden right on the
Side and immediately hustled her down below decks
Where each had a crack at this wonder of
Setting her free after each had a pass
They tosses her back in with a splash on her
After a while they all noticed some scabs
And soon they broke out with the pox and the
Cursing and scratching, you know what I mean
This song may be dull, but it's frightfully clean.

55. Clementine

There she stood beside the bar rail
Drinking pink gins for two bits,
And the swollen whiskey barrels
Stood in awe beside here tits.

CHORUS:

I owe my darlin', I owe my darlin'
I owe my darlin' Clementine.
Three bent pennies and a nickel
Oh my darlin' Clementine.

Eyes of whiskey, lips of water
As she vomits in my beer
Dawns the daylight in her temple
With a fucking warming leer.

Hung me guitar on the bar rail
At the sweetness of the sign,
In one leap leapt out me trousers
Plunged into the foaming brine.

She was bawdy, she was busty,
She could match the great Buzoom,
As she strained out of her bloomers
Like a melon tree in bloom,

Oh the Oak tree and the Cypress
Never more together twine,
Since that creeping poison ivy
Laid its blight on Clementine.

56. Clinton's Queen Berets

Tune: Ballad of the Green Berets

Falling fairies from the sky,
I broke a nail, Oh I could Cry.
Don't you like how my tush sways?
We are the fags of the Queen Berets.

Bill Clinton's words upon my ears,
"You guys have rights, be proud my queers."
I once was scared, now I'm okay,
Cause I'm a fag in the Queen Berets.

Put silver ear clips on my nuts,
I love pain, now spank my butt,
The way you walk is awfully cute,
I sure would like to pack your chute!

This Army stuff is really slick,
Free meals and clothes and lots of dicks.
When I retire, I still get paid,
We thank you Bill, from the Queen Berets.

57. Cock Robin

Tune: Who Killed Cock Robin?

Who killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow.

PIKES PEAK H4

I killed Cock Robin.

CHORUS:

(Oh the birds of the air said)
DAMN IT! STUFF IT! FUCK IT!
(when they heard Cock robin had)
KICKED THE FUCKING BUCKET!
WHEN THEY HEARD COCK ROBIN HAD,
KICKED THE FUCKING BUCKET!

Who saw him die?

"I," said the fly,
"With my little eye,
I saw him die."

Who'll did the grave?

"I," said the owl,
"With my little trowel,
I'll dig the grave."

Who'll read the prayer?

"I," said the rook,
"From my little book,
I'll read the prayer."

Who'll ring the bell?

"I," said the bull,
"With my might tool,
I'll ring the bell."

58. Cock-Suckers' Ball

From Frank Zappa

Tune: Dark Town Strutters' Ball

Rock suckin' Sammy get your mother fuckin' fanny,
We're goin' downtown to the cock-suckers' ball,
Fuck, suck, and bite till the cummin of broad daylight.

We don't need no goddamn taxi here,
We're going to trim them holes in a rockin' chair,
Take off all the rags, we're gonna play a little game
called tag.
Tomorrow night at the rot cock-suckers' ball.

Come on you bald ass sinkers and you big dicked
stinkers,
We're goin' downtown to the cock-suckers' ball,
Fuck, suck, and bite till the cummin of broad daylight.

We don't need no goddamn taxi here,
We're going to trim them holes in a rockin' chair,
Take off all the rags, we're gonna play a little game
called tag.
Tomorrow night at the rot cock-suckers' ball.

59. Cold Winter's Evening

Tune: She Was Just a Poor Man's Daughter

'Twas a cold winter's evening
The guests were all leavin'
O'Leary was closin' the bar
When he turned and he said
To the lady in red
"Get out! You can't stay where you are."

Oh she wept a sad tear
In her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentleman dapper
Stepped out of the crapper
And these are the words that he said:

"Her mother never taught her
The things a young girl should know
About the ways of college men
And how they come and go (Mostly go-)
Age has stolen her beauty,
And sin has left its sad scar (You know where -)
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar.
(With old granddad)

60. Colostomy's Best

Tune: Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys

Chorus: Colostomy's best, boys,
Colostomy's best-FILL YOUR BAGGIE!
Colostomy's best, boys,
Colostomy's best, 'cause . . .

Rub some shit on your clit, girls,
Rub some shit on your clit-COLOSTOMY!
Rub some shit on your clit, girls,
Rub some shit on your clit, 'cause . . .

Other verses:

Take a dump in a bag, guys
Shit through a slit in your side, Clyde
The Hershey highway is my way, boys
Stick your tool in her stool, boys
Get down in her brown, guys
Whack off in her sack, Jack
Fart through a cut in your gut, boys
Make doo-doo without a loo, Stu

61. Columbo

A most ancient song concerning the voyage of the famous Christopher Columbus. A tale told in VI parts.

PART THE FIRST:

In which it is explained how this voyage came about and how the Queen of Spain tearfully bade goodbye; Columbo's parting words to the Queen.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

In fourteen hundred ninety two
A gob from Italy
Went wandering through the streets of Spain
A pissing in the alley.

CHORUS:

He swung his balls around-o,
They nearly touched the ground-o,
That masturbating, fornicating
Son-of-a-bitch, Columbo.

In fourteen hundred ninety two
The expedition started.
Queen Isabel, she cried like hell,
Columbo only farted.

Aboard the good ship Venus,
By God, you should have seen us,
The figurehead, a whore in bed,
The mast a throbbing penis.

PART THE SECOND

In which we learn more of the brave explorer.

Columbo paced upon the deck,
He knew it was his duty.
He laid this whang into his hand
And said, "Ain't that a beauty."

The sailors on Columbo's ship
Had each his private knothole.
But Columbo was a superman
And used a padded porthole.

Columbo had a one-eyed cat,
He kept it in the cabin.
He rubbed its ass with axle grease
And started in a jabbin'.

Columbo had a cabin boy,
That dirty little nipper!
They lined his ass with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper.

PART THE THIRD

In which we are introduced to the crew of the Venus
and learn about some of their singular
accomplishments.

Columbo had a first mate,
He loved him like a brother;
Every night in the pale moonlight
They buggered one another.

The second mate's name was Andy,
By God he had a dandy,
They crushed his cock between two rocks
For shooting in the brandy.

The first cook's name was Carter,
A very musical farter;
He could fart anything from God Save the King
To Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

The bo's'ns mate fell overboard,
The sharks did leap and frolic.
Him they ate with relish great
But shortly died of colic.

PART THE FOURTH

Concerning what the sailors did for recreation and
how it came that Columbo's daughter was lost at
sea and what became of her.

The skipper's daughter Mabel
They fucked when they were able.
They tacked her tits, those homely shits,
Right to the galley table.

The skipper's other daughter
They threw into the water.
Delighted squeals revealed the eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

PART THE FIFTH

In which the New World is at last discovered; and how
the sailors expressed their joy at finding civilization.

For forty days and forty nights
They sailed the broad Atlantic.
Columbo and his lousy crew
For want of a piece were frantic.

They spied a whore upon the shore
And off came shirts and collars,
In twenty minutes by the clock
She'd made then thousand dollars.

With a joyful shout they ran about
And practiced fornication,
When they sailed they left behind
Ten times the population.

And when his men pulled out again
To take the homeward tour up,
They'd caught the pox from every box
That syphilized all Europe.

PART THE SIXTH

In which Columbo at last returns to Spain, and how he
delivers this plunder to the Queen, and the sad fate
he gets for so doing.

Columbo went in haste to the Queen
Because it was his duty;
He gave to her a dose of clap;
He had no other booty.

So they threw in a stinking jail
And left him there to grumble,
A ball and chain tied to his balls -
So ended poor Columbo.

PIKES PEAK H4

62. Country Sunday School

CHORUS:

Young folk, old folk,
Everybody come,
To the country Sunday School,
And we'll have lots of fun,
Bring your sticks of chewing gum,
And sit upon the floor,
And we'll tell you Bible stories,
That you never heard before.

Now Adam was the first man,
So we're lead to believe,
He walked into the garden,
And bumped right into Eve,
There was no one there to show him,
But he quickly found the way,
And that's the very reason,
Why we're singing here today,

The Lord said unto Noah,
"It's going to rain today"
So Noah built a bloody great Ark,
In which to sail away.
The animals went in two by two,
But soon got up to tricks,
So, although they came in two by two,
They came out six by six.

Now Moses in the bulrushes,
Was all wrapped up in swathe,
Pharaoh's daughter found him,
When she went down there to bathe,
She took him back to Pharaoh,
And said, "I found him on the shore"
And Pharaoh winked his eye and said,
"I've heard that one before."

King Solomon and King David,
Lived most immoral lives,
Spent their time a-chasing,
After other people's wives,
The Lord spoke unto both of them,
And it worked just like a charm,
'Cos Solomon wrote the Proverbs,
And David wrote the Psalms.

Now Samson was an Israelite,
And very big and strong,
Delilah was a Philistine,
Always doing wrong.
They spent a week together,
But it didn't get very hot,
For all he got was short back and sides,
And a little bit off the top.

63. Cow Kicked Nelly

Tune: Turkey in the Straw

CHORUS:

Oh the cow kicked Nelly in the belly in the barn (3x)
But the old man said it wouldn't do her any harm..

Leader:

Second verse, same as the first, a little bit louder and
a little bit worse.
(this goes on until???)

64. Creak Goes the Muscle

Tune: Green Grow the Rushes O

Who'll give me 1 oh?
Creak goes the muscle oh
What is your 1 oh?

One for the arrow up the steps never to be trusted
Two, two, the jogging shoes all clogged up with mud ho
ho!

Three, three, the checkbacks we all missed
Four for the worn out running kit
Five for the toes of the worn out hashers
Six for the pools of vomit
Seven for the down downs after the run
Eight for the ones who turned up late
Nine for hashers lost at the check
Ten for the virgins oh so cute
Eleven for the hare who set the course
Twelve for the mismanagement of the pack

65. Cuckoo

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.

66. Cucumber Song

Tune: 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 chilis,
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 mighty marauders,
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.

67. 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.

68. Daisy, Daisy

Tune: Daisy, Daisy

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true,
Daisy, Daisy, wouldn't you like to screw?
I really must beg your pardon,
But I've got a hell of a hard-on,
From beating my meat against the seat,
Of a bicycle built for two.

69. Daylight Come

Tune: Day O (Banana Boat Song)

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

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

Ended up in the Rock Hard '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.

70. Dead Dog Rover

Tune: I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover

I'm looking over,
My dead dog Rover,
That I over ran with the mower.
One leg is missing,
The other is gone,
The third leg is shredded,
All over the lawn.
You see there's no use explaining,
The one remaining,
It's spinning on the carport floor
(the carport floor),
I'm looking over,
My dead dog Rover,
That I over ran, that I over ran,
That I over ran with the mower!

71. Dead Whore

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Il passed a dead whore on the roadside
I knew right away she was dead.
For the skin on her stomach was flaking
She hadn't a hair on her head
She hadn't a hair on her head.

Chorus:
Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my dead whore to me
Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my dead whore to me.

I first met my dead whore at Mitch's
With a horrible snail-sucking face
She'd roll them around on her tongue one
And barf them back up in your face.
And barf them back up in your face.

Chorus...

My dead whore looked into a gas tank
The contents of it for to see
I lit a match to assist her
Oh bring back my dead whore to me, to me
Oh bring back my dead whore to me,.

While nibbling my dead whore's festered nipples
A horrible thing to discuss
I thought it was milk I was sucking
But it turned out it was syphilitic pus, green pus
But it turned out it was syphilitic pus.

Chorus...

My dead whore's vagina was swelling
A condition I thought would soon pass
I stuck in my pecker to explore it
And she farted green gas from her ass
She farted green gas from her ass.

Chorus...

PIKES PEAK H4

I thought of a way of preserving
My dead whore for posterity
I'd dry her like a piece of beef jerky
With a leathery twat just for me, for me
With a leathery twat just for me.

Chorus...

I French-kissed my dead whore named Merly
I thought she had a very active tongue
But after an evening of kissing
I realized it was maggots from her lung
I realized it was maggots from her lung.

Chorus...

Once upon thinking it over
I realized my terrible sin
So I stuck my lips on her sweet pussy
And sucked out the load I shot in, shot in
And sucked out the load I shot in.
Chorus...

But before I could extract that jism
My dead whore was pregnant and more
Inside the maternity morgue
She gave birth to a dead baby whore
She gave birth to a dead baby whore.

Chorus...

(To the tune of Born Free)
Born dead, your baby was born dead
Three fingers and no head
Born dead to live in a jar
Stay dead, don't come back to haunt me;
You really don't want me.
Born dead to live in a jar.

72. Did You Ever See

Oh, I got an Auntie Sissy,
And she's only got one titty,
But it's very long and pointed,
And the nipple's double jointed.

CHORUS:

Did you ever see,
Did you ever see,
Did you ever see,
Such a funny thing before.

I've got a cousin Daniel,
And he's got a cocker spaniel,
If you tickled 'im in the middle,
He would lift his leg and piddle.

Oh, I've got a cousin Rupert,
He plays outside half for Newport,
They think so much about him,
That they always play without him.

Oh, I've got a cousin Anna,
And she's got a grand piano,
And she'd 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer,
Till the neighbors say "God damn her."

Oh, I've got a brother Mike,
Who rides a motor bike,
He can get from here to Gower,
In a quarter of an hour.

73. Did You Ever Wonder?

From: Pig Vomit

Have you ever wondered if your Mom gave Dad a blow
job
Right before she kissed you good night?
Did she swallow and eat a lot of folks you'll never meet
And does the thought give you a fright?
Did you ever wonder how a dog jumps on another dog
And gets his penis right in?
Then start banging away, not even "woof, it's nice to
meet you";
If you ask me I think it's a sin.
What makes a penis so thick?
Why do some folks cum too quick?
While some others never cum at all?
Does a fly take a leak, and does an ostrich ever peek
When there's poop coming out of this butt?
C'mon, now do you ever wonder...?

Did you ever wonder if anybody ever hears you,
While you jerk off in solitude?
Whether you're sixty or six.
You get embarrassed pretty quick,
If your Mom walked in on you
When you screw someone new
Do you ever wonder who was there before you
Was he short or tall
Was his penis a three or was he hung like a tree
And will she feel you inside at all
Do dead men's genitals swell,
And are we going straight to hell for our perverted
CURIOSITIES?
C'mon, do you ever wonder? Humm...?

Do you ever wonder if the Tin Man wanted Dorothy
To lubricate his private parts
And if he has his wish, would it be "If I had a hard-on,"
'Stead of "If I only had a heart?"
Does sperm make a sound when it crashes to the
ground
While you're jerking off and you're not seen?
Does it feel any pain when it dries into a stain
On the page of some magazine?
Did you ever wonder
If a pig can really vomit
Did you ever think of that at all
Heeeeey, do you ever wonder?

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

74. Dinah

CHORUS:

Dinah, Dinah show us your leg,
Show us your leg, show us your leg.
Dinah, Dinah show us your leg,
A yard above your knee.

I wish I were the diamond ring,
On Dinah's dainty hand.
Then every time she wiped her ass,
I'd see the promised LAND! LAND! LAND!

The rich girl rides a limousine,
The poor girl rides a truck.
But the only ride that Dinah has,
Is when she has a RIGHT GOOD FUCK!

The rich girl uses a sanitary towel,
The poor girl uses a sheet.
But Dinah uses nothing at all,
Leaves a trail along the STREET! STREET! STREET!

The rich girl wears a ring of gold,
The poor girl one of brass.
But the only ring that Dinah wears,
Is the one around her ASS! ASS! ASS!

The rich girl wears a brassiere,
The poor Girl uses string,
But Dinah uses nothing at all,
She let's the bastards SWING! SWING! SWING!

The rich girl uses Vaseline,
The poor uses lard.
But Dinah uses axle grease,
Because her cunt's so HARD! HARD! HARD!

The rich girls work in factories,
The poor girls work in stores.
But Dinah works in a honky-tonk,
With forty other WHORES! WHORES! WHORES!

75. Dinah-Moe-Humm

From Frank Zappa

I couldn't say where she's cummin from.
But I just met a lady named Dinah-Moe-Humm

She stroll on over, say look here, bum,
I got a fifty dollar bill say you can't make me cum
Y'jes can't do it!

She made a bet with her sister who's a little dumb
She could prove it any time all men was scum

I don't mind that she called me a bum,
But I knew right away she was really gonna cum
So I got down to it.

I whipped off her bloomers 'n stiffened my thumb
An' applied rotation on her sugar plum.

I poked 'n stroked till my wrist got numb
But I still didn't no Dinah-Moe-Humm, Dinah-Moe-Humm.

Dinah-Moe-Humm
Dinah-Moe-Humm
Where's this Dinah-Moe
Cummin from?
Done spent three hours
An' I ain't got a crumb
From the Dinah-Moe, Dinah-Moe,
From the Dinah-Moe-Humm.

I got a spot thats gets me hot
But you ain't been to it.
I got a spot thats gets me hot
But you ain't been to it.
I got a spot thats gets me hot
But you ain't been to it.
I got a spot thats gets me hot
But you ain't been to it.

'Cause I can't get into it
Unless I get out of it
An' I gotta get out of it
Before I can get into it
'Cause I never get into it
Unless I get out of it
An' I gotta be out of it
To get myself into it

(She looked over at me with a glazed eye and some
bovine perspiration on her upper lip area and she
said...)

Just get me wasted
An' you're halfway there
'Cause if my mind's tore up
Then my body don't care.

I rubbed my chinny-chin-chin
An' said, "My-my-my,"
What sort of thing
Upon which this lady might get high?

The fifty dollar bill didn't matter no more,
When her sister got naked on the floor,
She said that Dinah-Moe might win the bet,
But she could use some fuckin' if I wasn't done yet.

I told her ...
Just because the sun
Want a place in the sky
No reason to assume
I wouldn't give her a try.

So I pulled on her hair
Got her legs in the air
An' asked if she had any cooties in there.

Whaddya mean cooties?
No cooties on me!

PIKES PEAK H4

She was buns up neelin'
Buns up!
I was wheelin' an' dealin',
Wheelin' an' dealin' ah ooooooh!
She surrendered to the feelin'
She sweetly surrendered,
And she started in to squeelin'.

Dinah-Moe watched from the edge of he bed,
With her lips just a-twitchin' an' her face gone red,
Some drool rollin' down
From the edge of her chin,
While she spied the condition
Her sister was in
She quivered 'n quaked
An' clutched at herself
While her sister made a joke
'Bout her mental health
'Till Dinah-Moe finally
Did give in
But I told her
All she needed
Was some discipline.

76. Do Your Balls Hang Low?

Tune: Sailor's Hornpipe

Do your balls hang low?
Do they swing to and fro?
Can you tie 'em in a knot?
Can you tie 'em in a bow?
*Can you throw 'em o'er your shoulder,
*Like a Continental soldier?
Can you do the double shuffle,
When your balls hang low?

CHORUS:

Ting-a-ling, God damn,
Find a woman if you can.
If you can't find a woman,
Find a clean old man.
If you're ever in Gibraltar,
Take a flying fuck at Walter.
Can you do the double shuffle,
When your balls hang low?

*Additional verses for measures 5 and 6:
Do they make a lusty clamor,
When you hit them with a hammer?

Can you bounce 'em off the wall,
Like an Indian rubber ball?

Do they have a hollow sound,
When you drag 'em on the ground?

Do they have a mellow tingle,
When you hit 'em with a shingle?

Do they have a salty taste,
When you wrap 'em 'round your waist?

Do they chime like a gong,
When you pull upon your dong?

77. Does a Hasher?

Does a hasher like to walk,
Does a hasher like to run,
Does a hasher like to be where they're having all the
fun?
Can he drink a 12-ounce beer,
While his friends all sing and cheer,
Now your time has come.

So drink it down, down, etc . . .

78. Doggies' Meeting

Tune: God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

The doggies held a meeting,
They came from near and far,
Some came by motorcycle,
And some by motorcar.

As each doggie passed the entrance,
Each doggie signed the book,
Each doggie hung his asshole,
Upon his very own hook.

An when they were assembled,
Each mother, son and sire,
A dirty little mongrel,
Got up and shouted "FIRE!"

The dogs they were in panic,
They had no time to look,
Each doggie grabbed an asshole,
From the nearest hook.

A dog is often listless
For it is very sore,
To wear another dog's asshole
He's never worn before.

And that's the only reason,
A dog will leave his bone,
To sniff another dog's asshole,
To see if it's his own.

79. Don't Say No

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.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

80. Don't That Bastard Get any Bigger?

Tune: Put Another Log On the Fire

Don't that bastard get any bigger?
I bet some bitch bit off the last three feet,
It's wrinkled like a six week old banana,
And got a limp a cripple couldn't beat.
Come on, baby,
Can't you make it go any faster?
And don't forget to let me get there first.
Don't that bastard get any bigger?
You're lucky someone understands,
like me.

Don't that paycheck get any fatter?
And don't forget my birthday's in a week,
What about the tennis courts you promised,
And how about Hawaii for a break?
Come on, baby,
Climb another rung in that ladder,
You haven't had a pay raise since
New Year's.
Don't that paycheck get any fatter?
You're lucky someone understands, like me.

Don't let that heart rate go any faster,
Jesus, why do you have to work so hard?
You never stay at home on the weekends,
No wonder your banana's never ripe.
Come on, baby,
You hang around the office 'til all hours,
I bet you've got a brand new secretary,
Don't let that heart rate go any faster,
You're lucky someone understands, like me.

81. Down in Wyoming

Tune: Home on the Range

Twas down in Wyoming,
Where the bullshit lies thick
I was riding along, my hand on my dick
When whom should I see
But the girl I adore
It was Charlotte the harlot
The cowpuncher's whore

She's randy, she's dandy
She's my heart's delight
I fuck her by day and
I fuck her by night
And each time I fuck her
I pump in a quart
If you don't call that fucking
You fucking well ought!

82. Drink

Tune: Sing!

Drink,
Drink a beer,
Belch out loud,
Belch out clear,
Drink of good times, we run,
Drink of plenty, not one.....

Drink,
Drink the brew,
Down it quickly, this beer we give to you,
Don't worry that it's not good enough,
For anyone else to down,
Just drink,
Drink the beer.....

Burp, burp, burp, burp, burp, etc.....

83. Drunken Sailor

Tune: Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Earlye in the morning?

CHORUS:

Way hey and up she rises,
Way hey and up she rises,
Way hey and up she rises,
Earlye in the morning?

Put him into bed with the captain's daughter
(repeat 3 times)
Earlye in the morning?

Hang him by the balls in a running bowline,
(repeat 3 times)
Earlye in the morning?

Shave his crotch with a rusty razor,
(repeat 3 times)
Earlye in the morning?

Shove a hose pipe up his asshole,
(repeat 3 times)
Earlye in the morning?

Tie his prick in a double half-hitch,
(repeat 3 times)
Earlye in the morning?

That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor,
(repeat 3 times)
Earlye in the morning?

PIKES PEAK H4

84. Dunkirk

Tune: It's a Long Way to Tipperary

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary,
I walked it, so I know,
Good bye, Sticky Willie,
Farewell, pubic hair,
It's a long way to Tipperary,
And I've never been there.

NOTE: The idea is to get the hash singing and marching while reenacting Dunkirk. During the song various members of the circle act out pieces of the story while everyone else sings and marches. It helps if you've seen it performed before. Parts are:

Sperm in soldier's ball bag
Dog barking
Cock crowing
Distant marching (STAMP FEET)
Sergeant shouting

Luftentastards attacking (SEVERAL
HASHERS WHEEL LEFT IN A CIRCLE
SHOOTING AT EVERYTHING WITH ARMS
OUTSTRETCHED)

Biggles and the R.A.F. (SEVERAL
HASHERS WHEEL RIGHT IN A CIRCLE
SHOOTING AT EVERYTHING WITH HANDS
AROUND EYES TO LOOK LIKE FLYING
GOGGLES)

Anti-aircraft fire (SEVERAL HASHERS
RAISE ARMS AND POM-POM FIRE)

85. Durex is a Girl's Best Friend

Tune: Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend

A poke with a bloke may be quite incidental,
Durex is a girl's best friend,
You may get the works
But you won't be parental.
As he slides it in,
You trust that good old latex skin
As he lets fly, none gets by
'Cos it's all gathered up in the end.
This little precaution
Avoids an abortion
Durex is a girl's best friend.

86. Dying Harlot (Version 1)

Tune: 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 fucked by the Duchies and Negroes,
I've been fucked by the Spaniards so tall,
I've been fucked by the English and Irish,
In fact, I've been fucked by them all.

So wrap me up 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."

87. Dying Harlot (Version 2)

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

A dirty old harlot lay dying,
A pisspot supporting her head,
All around her the bludgers were crying,
As she leant on her left tit and said,

"I've been fucked by the French and the English,
The Germans, the Japs, and the Jews,
And now I've come back to Australia,
To be buggered by bastards like you.

So haul back your filthy old foreskins,
And give me the pride of your nuts,
So they hauled back the filthy old foreskins,
And played Home Sweet Home on her guts.

88. Dying Harlot (Version 3)

The dirty old harlot lay dying,
A cunt-rag supported her head,
The blow flies around her were buzzing,
As she turned on her left tit and said,

"I've been fucked by the army and navy,
By a bull-fighting toreador,
By Abos, and dingos and Dago't never by blow flies
before.

89. Elvis Has Just Left the Building

From Frank Zappa

Elvis has just left the building,
Those are his footprints right there,
Elvis has just left the building,
To climb up that heavenly stair.

He gave away Cadillacs once in a while,
Had sex in his underpants,
Yes, he had style!
Bell-bottom jump-suits?
That's them in a pile,
But he don't need 'em now,
'Cause he's making Jesus smile!
Elvis has just left the building,
Those are his footprints right there,
Elvis has just left the building,
To climb up that heavenly stair.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

The angles all love him,
He brings them relief,
With droplets of moisture,
From his handkerchief!
Cher'bin and Ser'phim
Whizz over his head -
Jesus, let him come back!
We don't want Elvis dead!

Elvis has just left the building,
Those are his footprints right there,
Elvis has just left the building,
To climb up that heavenly stair.

So what if he looks like a wart hog in heat,
He knows that we all love him -
We'll just watch him eat,
So take down the foil,
From his hotel retreat,
And bring back the King
For the man in the street!

Elvis has just left the building,
Those are his footprints right there,
Elvis has just left the building,
He's up there with Jesus in a big purple chair.

90. Engineer Song

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

He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
Ah-hum.....etc.
He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
Ah-hum.....etc.
He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
That she could never be satisfied,
Ah-hum.....etc.

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

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

He tied her to the leg of the bed,
Tied her hands above her head.

There she lay demanding a fuck,
He shook her hand and wished her luck.

'Round and 'round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel.

Up and up went the level of steam,
Down and down went the level of cream.

'Till at last the maiden cried,
Enough, enough, I'm satisfied.

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

She was split from ass to tit,
And the whole fucking thing was covered in shit.

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

It jumped on an uptown bus,
And the mess it made caused quite a fuss,

The last time, Sir, that prick was seen
It was over in England fucking the Queen,

There is a moral to the story I tell,
If you see it coming better run like hell.

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

The moral of this story is mighty clear.
Never fuck an engineer.

91. Eric the Half a Bee

From Monty Python

LEADER:
Half a bee, philosophically,
Must ipso facto half not be.
But half a bee, has got to be,
Vis a vis its entity.
D' you see?
But can a bee be said to be
Or not to be an entire bee.
When half the bee is not a bee,
Due to some ancient injury.
Singing . . .

ALL:
La di di, one two three,
Eric the Half a Bee.
A B C D E F G,
Eric the Half a Bee.

LEADER:
Is this wretched demi-bee,
Half asleep upon my knee,
Some freak from a managerie?

ALL SHOUT:
No! It's Eric the Half a Bee.

ALL SING:
Fiddle di dum, fiddle di dee,
Eric the Half a Bee.
Ho ho ho, tee hee hee,
Eric the Half a Bee.

PIKES PEAK H4

LEADER:

I love this hive employ-ee-ee,
Bisected accidentally,
One Summer afternoon by me,
I love him carnally.

ALL:

He loves him carnally . . .

LEADER:

Semi-carnally.

(spoken)

The end.

92. Eskimo Nell

Dramatic Recitation

Gather round all you whorey,
Gather round and hear this story!

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold,
And the tip of the tool turns blue,
And it bends in the middle like a one-string fiddle,
He can tell you a tale or two.

So pull up a chair, and stand me a drink,
And a tale to you I'll tell,
Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
And harlot called Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Go forth in search of fun,
It's Dead-eye Dick that slings the prick,
And Mexican Pete the gun.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Are sore, depressed and sad,
It's always a cunt that bears the brunt,
But the shooting ain't so bad.

Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Lived down by Dead Man's Creek,
And such was their luck that they'd had no fuck,
For nigh on half a week.

Just a moose or two and a caribou,
And a bison cow or so,
And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly prick,
This was mighty slow.

So do or dare, this horny pair,
Set forth for the Rio Grande.
Dead-eye Dick with his might prick,
And Pete with his gun in his hand.

And as they blazed their noisy trail,
No man their path withstood,
And many a bride, her husband's pride,
A pregnant widow now stood.

They reached the sand of the Rio Grande,
At the height of the blazing noon,
And to slack the thirst and do their worst,
They sought Black Mike's Saloon.

And as they pushed the great doors wide,
Both prick and gun flashed free,
"According to sex, you bleeding wrecks,
You'll fuck or you'll drink with me.

They'd heard of the prick of Dead-eye Dick,
From Main to Panama,
And with scarcely worse that a muttered curse,
Those Dingoes sought the bar.

The girls too know his playful ways,
Down on the Rio Grande,
And forty whores pulled down their drawers,
At Dead-eye Dick's command.

They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete,
Itch on the trigger grip,
And they didn't wait at a fearful rate,
Those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick,
With lecherous snorts and grunts,
As forty arses were bared to view,
And likewise forty cunts.

Now forty arses and forty cunts,
If you can use your wits,
And if you're slick at arithmetic,
Makes exactly eighty tits.

Now eighty tits are a gladsome sight,
For a man with a raging stand,
It may be rare in Berkeley Square,
But not on the Rio Grande.

Now Dead-eye Dick had fucked a few,
On the last preceding night,
This he had done just to show his fun,
And to whet his appetite.

His phallic limb was in fucking trim,
As he backed and took a run,
He made a dart at the nearest tart,
And scored a hole in one.

He bore this whore to the sandy floor,
And there he ground her fine,
And though she grinned, it put the wind,
Up the other thirty nine.

When Dead-eye Dick lets loose his prick,
He's got no time to spare,
For speed and length combined with strength,
He fairly singes hair.

He made a dart at the next spare tart,
When into that Harlot's Hell,
Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid,
And her name was Eskimo Nell.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

By this time Dick had got his prick,
Well into number two,
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell,
She bawled to him: "Hey, you!"

He gave a flick of his muscular prick,
And the girl flew over his head,
And he wheeled about with an angry shout,
His face and his balls were red.

She glanced our hero up and down,
Her tits were proud and high,
With utter scorn she glimpsed the horn,
That rose from his hairy thigh.

She blew the smoke from her cigarette,
Over his steaming knob.
So utterly beat was Mexican Pete,
That he failed to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell,
In accents clear and cool,
"You cunt-struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp,
You call that a 'kinky tool'?"

"If this here town can't take that down,"
She sneered to those cowering whores,
"There's one little cunt that can do the stunt,
It's Eskimo Nell's not yours."

She stripped her garments one by one,
With an air of conscious pride,
And as she stood in her womanhood,
They saw the great divide.

She seated herself on table top,
Where someone had left his glass.
With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits,
Between the two cheeks of her ass.

She flexed her knees with supple ease,
And spread her legs apart,
With a friendly nod to the horny sod,
She gave him the cue to start.

But Dead-eye Dick knew a trick or two,
He meant to take his time,
And a girl like this was fucking bliss,
So he played the pantomime.

He flexed his arsehole in an out,
And made his balls inflate,
Until they looked like granite knobs,
On top of a garden gate.

He blew his anus inside out,
His balls increased in size,
His mighty prick grew twice as thick,
Till it almost reached his eyes.

He polished it up with alcohol,
And made it steaming hot,
To finish the job he sprinkled the knob,
With a cayenne pepper pot.

Then neither did he take a run,
Nor did he take a leap,
Nor did he stoop, but took a swoop,
And a steady forward creep.

With piercing eye he took a sight,
Along his mighty tool,
And the steady grin as he pushed it in,
Was calculatedly cool.

Have you seen the giant pistons,
On the might C.P.R.
With the driving force of a thousand horse?
Well, you know what pistons are.

Or you think you do. But you've yet to learn,
The ins and outs of the trick,
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run,
By a guy named Dead-eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was no infidel,
As good as a whole harem,
With the strength of ten in her abdomen,
And the rock of ages between 'em.

She could take the stream of a lover's cream,
Like the flush of a water closet,
And she gripped his cock like a Chatswood Lock,
On the National Safe deposit.

But Dead-eye Dick could not come quick,
He meant to conserve his powers,
If he'd had a mind he'd grind and grind,
For a couple of solid hours.

Nell lay for a while with a subtle smile,
The grip of her cunt grew keener,
With a squeeze of her thigh she sucked him dry,
With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this trick in a way so slick,
As to set in complete defiance,
The basic cause and primary laws,
That govern sexual science.

She calmly rode through the phallic code,
Which for years had stood the test,
And the ancient rules of the Classic schools,
In a second or two went West.

And so my friends we come to the end,
Of copulation's classic,
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick,
And akin to an anesthetic.

He fell to the floor and knew no more,
His passions extinct and dead,
And he did not shout as his prick fell out,
Though 'twas stripped right down to a thread.

Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet,
To avenge his pal's affront,
With a jarring jolt he rammed his Colt,
Right up her gaping cunt.

PIKES PEAK H4

He rammed it hard to the trigger guard,
And fired it three plus three,
But to his surprise she closed her eyes,
And squealed with ecstasy.

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet,
"Bully," she said, "for you."
"It's hard to believe that was the best,
That you poor cunts could do.

"When next, my friend, that you intend,
To sally forth for fun,
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick,
Any yourself an elephant gun.

"I'm going back to the frozen North,
Where the pricks are hard and strong,
Back to the land of the frozen stand,
Where the nights are six months long.

"It's hard as tin when they put it in,
In the land where spunk is spunk,
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream,
But a solid frozen chunk.

"Back to the land where they understand,
What it means to fornicate,
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed,
And the babies masturbate.

"Back to the land of the grinding gland,
Where the walrus plays with his prong,
Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair,
That's where they'll sing this song.

"They'll tell this tale on the Arctic trail,
Where the nights are sixty below,
Where it's so damn cold that the Johnnies are sold,
Wrapped up in a ball of snow.

"In the valley of death with baited breath,
That's were they'll sing it too,
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle,
And the rotting corpses screw.

"Back to the land where men are men,
Terra Bellicum,
And there I'll spend my worthy end,
For the North is calling: 'Come!'"

So Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Slunk out of the Rio Grande,
Dead-eye Dick with his useless prick,
And Pete with no gun in his hand.

Yes, when a man grows old and his balls grow cold,
And the end of his tools turns blue,
And the hole in the middle refuses to piddle,
I'd say he was fucked, wouldn't you?

93. Every Sperm is Sacred

From Monty Python

DAD:

There are Jews in the world,
There are Buddhists,
There are Hindus and Mormons and then,
There are those that follow Mohammed,
But I've never been one of them ...
I'm a Roman Catholic,
And have been since before I was born,
And the one thing they say about Catholics,
Is they'll take you as soon as you're warm ...

You don't have to be a six-footer,
You don't have to have a great brain,
You don't have to have any clothes
You're a Catholic the moment Dad came ...
Because ...

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

CHILDREN:

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

CHILD:

Let the heathen spill theirs,
On the dusty ground,
God shall make them pay for,
Each sperm that can't be found.

CHILDREN:

Every sperm is wanted,
Every sperm is good,
Every sperm is needed,
In your neighborhood.

MOM:

Hindu, Taoist, Mormon,
Spill theirs just anywhere,
But God loves those who treat their
Semen with more care.

MEN NEIGHBORS:

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,

WOMEN NEIGHBORS:

If a sperm is wasted,

CHILDREN:

God gets quite irate.

PRIEST:

Every sperm is sacred,

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

BRIDE & GROOM:

Every sperm is good,

NANNIES:

Every sperm is needed,

CARDINALS:

In your neighborhood.

CHILDREN:

Every sperm is useful,

Every sperm is fine,

FUNERAL CORTEGE:

God needs everybody's,

FIRST MOURNER:

Mine!

LADY MOURNER:

And mine!

CORPSE:

And mine!

NUN:

Let the Pagan spill theirs,
O'er mountain, hill, and plain,

STATUES:

God shall strike them down for
Each sperm that's spilt in vain.

EVERYBODY:

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is good,
Every sperm is need,
In your neighborhood.

Every sperm is sacred,
Every sperm is great,
If a sperm is wasted,
God gets quite irate.

94. Eye, Yeye, Yeye, Yeye

Tune: Frito Bandito

Eye, Yeye, yeye, yeye,
Rodriguez the Mexican pervert,
He buggered his mother,
And cornholed his brother,
So they waltzed him around by his willy.

Eye, yeye, yeye, yeye, your mother swims after troop
ships.

CHORUS:

So sing me another verse,
That's worse than the other verse,
and waltz me around by my willy.

There once was a girl from Nantique

Whose sex life was very erratic

She dodged every feller from 3d floor to cellar

But slept with them all in the attic.

Eye, yeye, yeye, yeye, your sister could suck start a
Harley (CHORUS)

There once was a couple from Adair

That made love at the top of the stair

On the sixty-eighth stroke, the banister broke

And they did 69 in the air.

There once was a girl from Jayling

Who said she had no sexual feeling

Until a cynic named Boris touched her clitoris

And they're still scraping her off the ceiling.

There once was a young man from Brighton

Who said to a young lass, "You're a tight 'un!"

She said, "Oh my God you're in the wrong one.

There's plenty of room in the right one."

There once was a man named Bruno

Who said "Fucking is on thing I do know.

A woman is divine, t boy is more fine.

But a llama is numero uno."

There once was a young lady from Dallas

Who used dynamite as a phallus

They found her vagina in North Carolina

And bits of her tits in Dallas.

There once was a woman from Peru

Who stuffed up her pussy with glue

She said with a grin they'll fight to get in

And they'll fight to get out of it too!

There once was a woman from Abude

Who went to the movies in the nude

A man up front said, "I smell cunt"

Just like that, right out loud, Bloody Rude!

There once was a villain most feared

Who tied a girl to the train tracks and leered

But he tied her up wrong ways, not crossways but
long ways.

And a forty car train disappeared.

There once was a man from Nantucket

Who's dick was so long he could suck it

So he would say with a grin,

As he wiped off his chin,

If my ear were a cunt I would fuck it.

There once was a man from Nantucket

Who took a pig in the bushes to fuck it

But as he entered from the rear, the pig squealed

"NO!, come around here,

Enter from the front and I'll suck it.

(See Appendix A for many more limericks.)

PIKES PEAK H4

REFRAINS (Insults):

Your mother and father were brothers.
Your brother fills empty cream donuts.
Your father eats your brothers cream donuts.
Your mother and sister are brothers
Your sister leaves slime trails like snails.
Your mother does squat thrusts on fire hydrants.
Your mother/sister licks bat shit off cave walls.
Your brother eats grandpa's donuts
Your sister douches with Drano.
Your sister swims after troop ships,
 And catches them,
 And swims back.
Your sister's in love with a carrot.
Your sister goes down for a quarter .
Your sister sucks moose cum off pine cones
Your father does eight year old Brownies
Your mother uses Frisbees for diaphragms.
Your sister got turned down by hashers.
Your mother eats shit and lives.
Your mother's vibrator is made by John Deere.
Your mother sucks farts from dead chickens.
Your mother uses hamsters for tampons.
Your sister rides bikes without seats.
Your mother's so dry that the crabs carry canteens.
If you like this your a sick motherfucker.
Your sister can suck-start a Harley.
Your mother uses tampax for teabags.
Your mother uses an orthopedic douche bag.
Your sister eats green spots out of bird shit.
Your mother goes down on Rush Limbaugh.
Rush Limbaugh goes down on your sister.

95. Fart (The)

Tune: Mademoiselle from Armentieres

There was an old lady of eighty-two, parlez-vous,
There was an old lady of eighty-two, parlez-vous,
There was an old lady of eighty-two,
Did a fart but missed the loo, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

The fart went rolling down the street, parlez-vous,
The fart went rolling down the street, parlez-vous,
The fart went rolling down the street,
Knocked a copper off his feet, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

The copper got out his rusty pistol, parlez-vous,
The copper got out his rusty pistol, parlez-vous,
The copper got out his rusty pistol,
Shot the fart from here to Bristol, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

Bristol Rovers playing at home, parlez-vous,
Bristol Rovers playing at home, parlez-vous,
Bristol Rovers playing at home,
Kicked the fart from here to Rome, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

Julius Caesar drinking gin, parlez-vous,
Julius Caesar drinking gin, parlez-vous,
Julius Caesar drinking gin,
Opened his gob and the fart went in, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

The fart went rolling down his spine, parlez-vous,
The fart went rolling down his spine, parlez-vous,
The fart went rolling down his spine,
Knocked his ballocks out of line, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

96. Farting Contest

Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike

I'll tell you a story that is sure to please,
Of a great farting contest at Burton-on-Tease,
Where all the best arses paraded the field,
To compete in a contest for various shields.

Some tighten their arses and fart up the scale,
To compete for a cup and a barrel of ale.
While others whose arses are biggest and strongest,
Compete in the section for loudest and longest.
Now, this year's event had drawn quite a big crowd,
And the betting was even on Mrs. McDowd.
For it had appeared in the evening edition,
That this lady's arse was in perfect condition.

Mrs. Bingle arrived amid roars of applause,
And promptly proceeded to pull off her drawers.
For though she'd no chance in the farting display,
She'd the prettiest bottom you'd see this day.

Now, young Mrs. Porter was backed for a place,
Though she'd often been placed in the deepest disgrace,
By dropping a fart on a Sunday in church,
And disturbing the sermon of Reverend McGurth.

The ladies lined up at the signal to start,
And winning the toss, Mrs. Jones to first fart.
The people around stood in silence and wonder,
While her wireless transmitted gale force and thunder.

Now Mrs. McDowd reckoned nothing of this,
For she took up her place and her arse opened wide,
And taking a tit in each hand blew the top off the judging stand.
But unluckily shit and was disqualified.

97. Father Abraham

NOTE: To spice this song up, substitute "fucked seven squirrels" for "had seven sons"

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.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

[With motions]

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 (HUAH)
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)

98. Fireman's Song

Clang, clang, clang,
And the goddamn fire went out.
Oh for the life of a fireman,
To ride on a fire engine red,
To say to a team of white horses,
"Give me head, give me head, give me head!"

My father is a fireman,
He puts out fires.

My brother is a fireman,
He puts out fires.

My sister Sal is a fireman's gal,
She puts out too.

99. 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.

100. Foggy Dew

Well, I am a bachelor; I live by myself,
I work at the weaver's trade.
And the only lowly thing I ever did that was wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the summer time,
And in the winter too.
But the only lowly thing I ever did that was wrong,
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night this maid came to my bed,
Where I lay fast asleep.
She laid her head upon my chest,
And then began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died.
She said, "What shall I do?"
So I took her into bed and I covered up her head
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

All through the first part of the night,
We did laugh and play.
And through the latter part of the night,
She slept in my arms 'till day.
Then when the sun shone on our bed,
She cried, "I am undone."
"Hold your tongue you silly girl.
The foggy, foggy dew is gone."

Now I am a bachelor; I live with my son.
I work at the weaver's trade,
And every time I look into his face
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the summer time,
And the winter too,
And the many, many times I took her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

101. Fondle Me With Care

Tune: Handle Me With Care

I've been sucked off and I've been struck down,
I've been pulled off and I've been pulled around,
But you're the best fuck that I've ever found,
Fondle me with care.

CHORUS:

I'm so tired of feeling horny,
I still have some cum to give,
Won't you show me all your pubic hairs,
Everybody, wants somebody, to cream on,
Put your body, next to mine, and dream on.

I've had it thin and I've had it thick,
Had my lumps and I've had my licks,
But when you play with my prick,
Fondle me with care.

I've got big red bloodshot eyes,
We stayed up and drank all night,
When I exposed myself to your wife,
She fondled me with care.

PIKES PEAK H4

Well I flashed my dick and terrorized,
Put my tongue between your thighs,
Bend over baby and I'll sodomize,
Fondle me with care.

Well, my balls are tight and I've made a mess,
I'll have to clean up my act I guess,
Let me put my hand up your dress, and,
Fondle you with care.

102. Fornication

Tune: Alouette

Chorus :

Fornication, I love fornication,
Fornication, I love to fornicate.

LEADER: How I like to be on top,
PACK: Yes, she likes to be on top
LEADER: Be on top,
PACK: Be on top,
LEADER: Fornicate,
PACK: Fornicate,

Chorus

Comment: Leader is now the next person on the right—
lead goes around the circle with each new verse, and
all old verses should be repeated, as in
AAHLAWETA.. This song usually follows on the heels
of the song **MASTURBATION (Version 1)**.

Other verses:

Do it standing up
Hide the salami
Drive it deep
Bark like a dog
Bump and grind
Pump and hump
Grind her mound
Give jungle love
Do it in the dirt
etc ...

103. Fort Eustis H3 Song

We're the Fort Eustis Hashers
We're glad to be here
We'll shortcut your trails
and drink all your beer!

We'll fuck all your women
and puke in your car
We're the Fort Eustis Hashers
The best Hash by far!!!

To Violators

ALL:
You worthless, sniveling piece of trash
Now you've gone and shown your ass!!!

GM:
Your behaviors unfit!!!

ANOTHER:
You must learn Hash Tradition!!!

ALL:
So charge your vessel and assume the position

ALL:
On your knees, Asshole!!![sarcastic]

Drink it Down....

For the slow drinker

(SLOWLY)
Drink it down
(Regular)
Drink it down
Drink it down
Drink it down
(SLOWLY)
Drink it down
(REGULAR)
Drink it down
Drink it down
Drink it down
Drink it down

All this time that it's taking
I know that their faking
We could be masturbating
I fear

Now we've run out of song
And we won't get a long
Until you finish
...That Fucking Beer!!!!

104. Fuck a Duck

Tune: Do Re Me

Fuck a duck, a female duck,
Screw a baby kangaroo.
Finger-bang an orangutan,
Let an elephant do you.

Feel the penis of an eel,
Whack! the asshole of a yak,
Masturbate with a gnu
And that will bring us back to
Fuck. fuck, fuck, fuck..

(repeat ad nauseam)

105. Fuck a Little Pig

CHORUS:
Singing, Hey jigga-jig, fuck a little pig
Follow the hash,
Follow the hash, with my cock in your gash.[Men]
OR - Follow the hash with your cock in my gash
[Wimmin]

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Singing, Hey jigga-jig, fuck a little pig
Follow the hash,
Follow the hash all the way.

My boyfriend's a hasher, a hasher, a hasher,
A mighty fine hasher is he, is he.
All day long he lays trail, he lays trail, he lays trail,
And when he comes home he lays me. (CHORUS)

Carpenter,/bangs nails,/bangs me.
Cowgirl,/ides broncs/rides me
Baker/kneads bread/needs me
Truck driver/grinds gears/grinds me
Postman/stuffs letter boxes/stuffs me
Plumber/lays pipe/lays me.
Postman/licks stamps/licks me.
Chef/eats this, he eats that/eats me.
Glassblower/she blows glass/blows me.
Bricklayer/lays brick/lays me
Lawyer/fucks you/fucks me
Dentist/drills you/drills me
Taxidermist/stuffs dead things/stuffs me
Psychoanalyst/analyzes patients/analizes me.
Pimp/beats whores/beats me.
Stool Pigeon/fingers crooks/fingers me.
Asthmatic/sucks air/sucks me.
Student/fucks off/fucks me.
Guitarist/plays licks/licks me.
Hasher/runs trail/snores.
Prostitute/fucks you/goes to sleep.

106. Fucking Hell She's Ugly

Tune: All I Want is a Room Somewhere

All I want is a whore somewhere,
Great big labia, no pubic hair,
Open mouth with no teeth there,
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.
Great big tits that hang so slack,
One is yellow and the other is black,
Oh boy, have you seen her crack.
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She's got stretch marks on her guts
Just like all the other sluts
An abortion mark that opens and shuts.
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

Took her home to meet my mum.
Dad saw her and nearly come
"Son," he said, "have you seen her bum?"
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She's hunch backed with a broken nose
Got one club foot with an ingrown toe
Her menstrual flow comes out of her nose.
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She's got acne you wouldn't believe,
Broken teeth and breath like cheese.
Her pubic hair is alive with fleas.
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She wears a wig 'cos she's got no hair
The shit cling to her underwear
I should know 'cos I've been there
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She buys her clothes in Pasar Baru
To keep them on she uses glue
When I take her out my friends all spew
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

Her wooden leg is far too short
Her one glass eye's got a list to port
I've shagged her mum, she's such a sport,
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

I met her when she was thirty-five
I looked into those criss-cross eyes
It was hard to tell if she were dead or alive,
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She said, "Grab me by the private parts."
As I did she blew a fart.
Followed with a grunt from within her cunt,
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She said, "Grab me again while the feeling lasts."
Then you can poke it up my arse.
I said, "No, I think I'll pass."
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

Now she's dead and there ain't no more
I fucked to death that rotten whore
My balls are red and my prick's so sore.
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

107. Fuck the Giant Penis

Tune: Puff the Magic Dragon

Once a pure white virgin lived by the sea,
She frolicked over pastoral fields her name Virginity.
A sweet young lass of just sixteen,
a rosebud ripe and firm,
She wandered o'er the verdant hills,
not knowing of the sperm.

Well, fuck the giant penis lived not far away,
His cock was damn near two feet long, he poked one
twice a day,
He was an Ivy Leaguer, with vest and pinstriped shirt,
He drove a Roadster XKE, that sexed-up extrovert.

One day while he was roaming around the rural strips,
He spied her picking flowers there – that bitch with
swinging hips,
He jumped out of the driver's seat and grabbed her by
the ass,
He tore off all her clothing, and laid her in the grass.

Her maiden head was busted, the ground ran bloody
red,
He poked her till the twilight came, then took her home
to bed,

PIKES PEAK H4

He poked her till the sun rose, she begged for more
and more,
He turned that pure white virgin into to a God Damned
Whore!

108. Furburger King

Tune: Burger King Jingle

Hold my pickle, I'll eat your lettuce,
Cunnilingus don't upset us,
All we ask is that you let us,
Have it your way,
Have it your way-sit on my face,
Have it your way-give us a taste,
Have it your way at Furburger King.

109. Galaxy Song

From Monty Python

Whenever life gets you down, Mrs. Brown,
And things seem hard or tough,
And people are stupid, obnoxious, or daft,
And you feel that you've had quite enough . . .

Just remember that you're standing on a planet that's
evolving,
And revolving at 900 miles an hour,
That's orbiting at 19 miles a second, so it's reckoned,
A sun that is the source of all our power.
The sun and you and me and all the stars that you can
see,

Are moving at a million miles a day
In an outer spiral arm, at 40,000 miles an hour,
Of the Galaxy we call the Milky Way.

Our galaxy itself contains 100 billion stars,
It's 100,000 light years side to side,
It bulges in the middle, 16,000 light years thick,
But out by us it's only 3,000 light years wide,
We're 30,000 light years from galactic central point,
We go round every 200 million years,
And our galaxy is only one of millions or billions,
In this amazing and expanding Universe.

The Universe itself keeps on expanding and expanding
In all of the directions it can whizz,
As fast as it can go, at the speed of light you know,
12 million miles a minute, and that's the fastest speed
there is,

So remember when you're feeling very small and
insecure,

How amazingly unlikely is your birth,
And pray that there's intelligent life in space,
Because there's bugga all down here on Earth.

110. Gang Bang

Tune: Billboard March

CHORUS:

I love a gang bang, Oh yes I do,
'Cause a gang bang makes me feel so good.

When I was younger, and in my prime,
I use to gang bang all the ti-i-me.
But now I'm older, and turning gray,
I only gang bang twice a da-a-ay.

"Knock-knock"

Response: Who's there?

Ida

Response: Ida, who

Ida want another gang bang

Ranger,

Ranger who?

Arranger for best entry at the gang bang

Oliver,

Oliver who?

All of her clothes were off at the gang bang

Peter Meter,

Peter Meter who?

My peter'll meet her a the gang bang

Ben

Ben, who?

Ben-d over and have another gang bang

Dolly Parton

Dolly Parton who?

Dolly's partin' her thighs at the gang bang

Turner

Turner, who

Turn 'er over, let's have another gang bang

Bob

Bob, who

Bob down and let's have another gang bang

Yurin

Yurin, who

Yurin for sloppy seconds at the gang bang

Sam and Janet

Sam and Janet, who

Sam and Janet evening we'll have a gang bang

Tiajuana

Tiajuana, who

Tiajuana bring your mother to the gang bang

Kissinger

Kissinger, who

Kissinger great, but fuckin her's better at the...

Betty

Betty who?

Bet he'll have a sore dick after the...

Orange

Orange who?

Aren't you glad your at the gang bang?...

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Aspen
Aspen who?
I spend too much time at the ...

Europa
Europa who?
You rope her to the bed post for the...

Alexander
Alexander who?
I licks under her ass at the...

Irish
Irish who?
I wish we were at the gang bang....

Virginia
Virginia who?
Virgins are welcome at the gang bang...

Shelby
Shelby who?
She'll be sore after the gang bang...

Anita
Anita who?
I need a little rest before the...

Dairy
Dairy who?
Dare we invite_____to the gang bang?....

Mountain grown
Mountain grown who?
Mount and groan, mount and groan at...

Police
Police who?
PPPPPlease take me to the gang bang...

Charlotte
Charlotte who?
Sure lot of fucking at the gang bang....

Platypus
Platypus who?
Plenty O puss at the gang bang...

Howard
Howard who?
How were the tits at the.....

Martha
Martha who?
More the merrier at the gang bang...

Theodore
Theodore who?
The O door was locked at the gang bang...

Extinct
Extinct who?
It stinked like fish at the gang bang...

Maybell
Maybell who?
Maybe she'll do us all the gang bang...

Chester
Chester who?
Chests'll be everywhere at the...

Ilene
Ilene who?
I leaned her over the couch at the...

Sharon
Sharon who?
Share and share alike at the gang bang...

Heada
Heada who?
Had a lot of sex at the gang bang....

Bender
Bender who?
Bend her over the counter at the...

Mason Dixon
Mason Dixon who?
My son's dick's in the girl at...

Shirley
Shirley who?
Surely you got laid at the gang bang....

Ima
Ima who?
I'm a glad we had this gang bang.....

Eisenhower
Eisenhower who?
I's an hour late for the gang bang if I...

Witchy
Witchy who?(oriental accent)
Whichy one you gona fuck at the...

Gladiator
Gladiator who?
Glad he ate her out before the gang bang...

Adolph
Adolph who?
I ate off the bed at the gang bang..

Dixie
Dixie who?
My dicks erect at the gang bang...

Satellite
Satellite who?
Sat alot on her face at the...

Eaton
Eaton who?
She'll be "eat'n" everybody at the...

PIKES PEAK H4

Kenya
Kenya who?
Can ya give me directions to the..

Pasteur
Pasteur who?
Passed her over me twice at the...

Abbott
Abbott who?
I bet you won't be alone at the...

Comrade
Comrade who? (Cowboy Accent)
Come right on over to the gang bang....

Mikey
Mikey who?
I lost my keys to the handcuffs at the gang bang...

M.R.
M.R. who?
M.R. some nice tits...

Banana
Banana who?
Banana na na na na na....

Orange
Orange who?
Orange you glad I didn't say banana na na...

Charlie Pryde
Charlie Pryde who
Charlie pried her legs apart at the...

Lena
Lena who
Lena up against the door and we'll...

111. Gay Caballero

I am a gay young caballero,
I come from Rio de Janeiro,
I carry with me my weetrembeli,
And both of my latrabaleros.

I met a gay young señorita,
Who gave me a dose of clapita,
Right on the end of my weetrembeli,
And both of my latrabaleros.

I went to a wise surgeano,
He said, "I prescribe purgeano."
He cut off the end of my weetrembeli
And both of my latrabaleros.

And now I'm a sad Cabellero,
Returning to Rio de Janeiro.
But not, as you see, with my weetrembeli,
And both of my latrabaleros.

At night as I lie on my pillow,
Seeking to finger my willow,
All I find there is a handful of hair,
And one dried up latrabalero.

112. Gimme That Old Time Religion

Tune: Give Me That Old Time Religion

We will follow Zarathustra,
Zarathustra like we use to,
I'm a Zarathustra booster,
And he's good enough for me!

CHORUS:
Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
'Cause it's good enough for me!

We will worship with the Buddha
Among gods, there is none cuta
Comes in silver, brass and pewta
and it's good enough for me...

We will worship like the Druids,
Dancing naked in the woods,
Drinking strange fermented fluids,
And it's good enough for me!

We will pray with the Egyptians
Build pyramids to put our crypts in
cover our subways with inscriptions
and its good enough for me

In the church of Aphrodite,
The priestess wears a see-through nightie,
She's a mighty righteous sightie,
And she's good enough for me!

113. Girl From Arkansas

Tune: Honey Baby

I know a girl from Arkansas, honey, honey,
I know a girl from Arkansas, babe, babe,,
I know a girl from Arkansas,
She can take you balls and all,
Oh honey, baby, mine.

CHORUS:
Gimme your left your right your left.
Gimme your left your right your left.

I got a girl from Niagara Falls,
She's got a mortgage on my balls...

If I die on the Korean Front,
Bury me with a Korean cunt...

I got a girl from ol' Kentuck,
She can't cook, but she sure can fuck...

I know a girl from Oklahoma,
She's not bad if you can take the aroma.

I know a girl from Sioux Falls,
She'll suck your dick and swallow your balls...

I have a girl from the Motor City,
Her breath smells bad, but her cunt smells shitty...

I know a girl from Ann Arbor,
Her cunt you see is as big as a harbor...

114. Girl From Baltimore

Oh she went to the church just to pray for the people,
But the funk of her cunt knocked the cross off the steeple.

CHORUS:

She's a dirty motherfucker,
She's a rotten whore,
She's the girl from Baltimore
(or Waukesha or Singapore)
What did the Hasher say?
Bum titty-bum titty-bum titty-bum,
Titty-bum titty-bum titty-bum titty-bum.

Oh she went to the well just to make a wish,
But the funk of her cunt killed off all the fish.

Oh she went for a ride on her motorcycle,
But the funk of her cunt knocked the chain off the cycle.

She visited Jakarta on a medical trip,
But the funk of her cunt just continued to drip.
She laid a Wednesday run just for a caper,
Using the funk of her cunt instead of using paper.

She laid it round a . . . late one afternoon,
But the funk of her cunt knocked the star off the moon.

She took a short cut just to get back quicker,
But the funk of her cunt made the shiggy thicker.

She led them down a cliff just to test their reaction,
But the funk of her cunt made them lose all their traction.

They made her sing a song at the end of the day,
But the funk of her cunt made the circle go away.

At last she was a leaving and we gave her a mug,
But the funk of her cunt was enough to fill her jug.

I tried to eat her out, but I was appalled,
Cause the funk from her cunt made me go bald.

She went to the doctor to get the pill,
But the funk of her cunt made the doctor ill.

Well she went and shaved her beave,
But the funk of her cunt made her boyfriend heave.

Oh she ran down the tracks to shortcut the trail,
But the skunk from her cunt made the train derail.

115. Give Me A Clone

Tune: Home on the Range

Oh, give me a clone
Of my own flesh and bone
With its Y-chromosome changed to an X
And when it is grown
Then my own little clone
Will be of the opposite sex.

CHORUS :

Clone, clone of my own
With your Y-chromosome changed to an X
And when I'm alone
With my own little clone
We will both think of nothing but sex.

Oh, give me a clone
Is my sorrowful moan,
A clone that is wholly my own.
And if she's an X
Of the feminine sex
Oh, what fun we will have when we're prone.

My heart's not of stone
As I've frequently shown
When alone with my own little X
And after we've dined
I'm sure we will find
Better incest than Oedipus Rex.

Why should such sex vex
Or disturb or perplex
Or induce a disparaging tone.
After all, don't you see
Since we're both of us are me
When we're having sex, I'm alone.

And after I'm done
She'll still have her fun
For I'll clone myself ere I die.
And this time without fail,
They'll be both of them male,
And they'll each ravish her by and by.

116. Give Me That Good Old Vino

I like my gin - it helps me get in,
But give me that good old vino.
I like my vino,
It gives me a schwing supremo.

CHORUS:

Aye-yi-yi-yi,
Si, si signora.
My sister Belinda she pissed out the window
And filled up my brand new sombrero.

PIKES PEAK H4

I like my brandy — it makes me feel randy,
But give me that good old vino...(CHORUS)
I like my stout — it helps me get out,
But give me that good old vino...(CHORUS)
I like my rum — it helps me to cum,
But give me that good old vino...(CHORUS)
I like my beer — it helps cure gonorrhea,
But give me that good old vino...(CHORUS)
I like my liquor — it makes me cum quicker,
But give me that good old vino...(CHORUS)

117. Glorious, Victorious (Hash Version) (AKA: Beer, Beer, Beer)

Beer, beer, beer, beer
Beer, beer, beer, beer
Drunk last night
Drunk the night before
Gonna get drunk tonight
Like I've never been drunk before
Cause when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be
Cause we're all part of the Hash House family

Oh the Hash Family
Is the best family
To ever come over
From Old Germany.
There's the High Hash Drunks
There's the Low Hash Drunks
There's the Asian Drunks
And the other damn drunks

CHORUS:
Singing Glorious, Victorious!
Hey!!!
One keg of beer for the four of us.
Singing Glory be to God that there are no more of us,
Cause one of us could drink it all alone
Damn near, pass the beer, to the rear, of the Hash
House

Verses:
Tune: She'll be Coming Around the Mountain

There are no serious Hashers by the Bay
By the Bay
There are no serious Hashers by the Bay
By the Bay
'cause they're all a bunch of queers
Who get drunk on half a beer
There are no serious Hashers by the Bay!

There are no serious Hashers in L A
There are no serious Hashers in L A
Because the smog blocks out the sun
And they don't know how to run
There are no serious Hashers in L A

There are no serious Hashers in New York
There are no serious Hashers in New York
'cause they talk like Donald Duck
And they don't know how to fuck
There are no serious Hashers in New York

There are no serious Hashers in F L A
There are no serious Hashers in F L A
Because they all wear string bikinis
And the guys have little wienies
There are no serious Hashers in F L A

Oh there are no female Hashers in the Rockies
Oh there are no female Hashers in the Rockies
Cause when they're running through the trees
Their tits hang down to their knees
Oh there are no Female hashers in the Rockies

There are no serious Hashers in the Navy
There are no serious Hashers in the Navy
Because they're all on little boats
Making love to sheep and goats
There are no serious Hashers in the Navy

Oh there are no honest Hashers in D.C.
Oh there are no honest Hashers in D.C.
Cause they're taking all our money
While they're fucking our sweet honies
Oh there are no honest Hashers in D.C.

There are no serious Hashers in K Y
There are no serious Hashers in K Y
'Cause they're all a bunch of Hicks
Who are playing with their pricks
There are no serious Hashers in K Y

There are no serious Hashers in Calgary
There are no serious Hashers in Calgary
'cause they'll wade through waist deep snow
Just to give a cow a blow
There are no serious Hashers in Calgary

There are no serious Hashers from the South
There are no serious Hashers from the South
With their necks of crimson red
and their cousins they will wed
It's a sure sign that they are all inbred

There are no serious Hashers in Milwaukee
There are no serious Hashers in Milwaukee
'cause the men all ride on Hogs
and the women howl like dogs
There are no serious Hashers in Milwaukee

There are no serious hashers in Rumson
There are no serious hashers in Rumson
'cause there's no wimmin at their hashers
for sex they bugger their buddies asses
There are no serious hashers in Rumson

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118. Glorious, Victorious (Original Version)

(aka: Beer, Beer, Beer)

Drunk last night,
Drunk the night before,
And I'm gonna get drunk tonight,
Like I've never been drunk before!
And when I'm drunk,
I'm as happy as can be
'Cause I am a member of the Strauss family.

CHORUS:

Singin' Glorious, Victorious
One keg of beer for the four of us
Singin' Glory be to God
That there are no more of us,
'Cause one of us could drink it all alone -
Damn near!

Oh the Strauss family is the best family
That ever came over from Old Germany.
There's the lowland Dutch
And the Rotterdam Dutch,
And the Amsterdam Dutch,
And the other damned Dutch!

CHORUS

Oh what's that smell on the evenin' breeze?
It's the God-damned Dutch
Makin' Limburger cheese!
God made the Irish - he didn't make much,
But they're a helluva lot better
Than the God-damned Dutch!

CHORUS

119. Gomez The Chihuahua

Well, I used to have a doggie and his name was Little Gomez,
Cause you see he was a Mexican Chihuahua.
There wasn't much of him, but what there was, was all cajones.
He was certainly a randy little fella'.

Large dogs, small dogs, it mattered not to him,
The canine equivalent of Errol Flynn.
At the drop of a sombrero he'd jump up and get stuffed in,
Taking Gomez out for walks, it was embarrassin'.

I remember one day in the park his tally rose by four,
While in the square, a crowd was amassin'.
Two highly strung French Poodles, a golden Labrador,
And a Raccoon who just happened to be passin'.

I tried every way to curb his carnal appetite,
I kept him on a leash by day and locked him up at night.
I even put saltpeter in his doggie Meaty Bites,
But the only thing that might have worked was kryptonite.
The only thing that might have worked was kryptonite.

Then came that fateful day, when he tried to consummate,
A liaison with a St Bernard called Broadwin.
And although he was fighting quite well above his weight,
He didn't let this awful prospect daunt him.
He nearly pulled it off, Oh what an acrobat.
Then Broadwin deposed and down she sat.

They say that after making love, you often feel quite flat
I'm sure that Little Gomez would agree with that.
I'm sure that Little Gomez would agree with that.

I buried Little Gomez in the park, his happy hunting ground.
A sad but fitting finale.
I had to dig a grave that was shallow, flat and round,
Cause he looked like a squashed tamale.

But I really miss my wee Chihuahua chum,
So I went down to the pet shop to get another one.
I went in feeling happy, but I came out feeling glum,
Cause the man down at the pet shop liked corny puns.
The man down at the pet shop liked corny puns.

And he said, "Yes, we have no Chihuahuas.
We have no Chihuahuas, today.
We have Dalmatians, creations, results from all flirtations,
A half Pekinese, and a Char-pei.
But, Yes, we have no Chihuahuas.
We have no Chihuahuas, today.

120. Gonorrhea

Tune: Vilikins and His Dinah

When I left old Phuket, 'twas just yesterday,
I was given these words by the dear old R.A.,
"Be careful young Hashman, I want you to hear,
Don't go and get pissed up and catch gonorrhea."

CHORUS:

Piss off with your troubles,
I don't want to know,
I don't get embarrassed wherever I go,
I like to go whoring and drink lots of beer,
And I never worry about gonorrhea.

I went down to the river and there on the bank,
I saw an old man who was having a wank,
Disgusted, I told him it'll make him go blind,
He said, "Son, it's so good I really don't mind."

I went round to a friend's house making some calls,
His old dog was sitting there just licking its balls,
I said, "That looks nice, I'd like to try that,"
Well, okay, but first give old Fido a pat.

Into the Rock Hard I happened to stroll,
To sit and perv on some lovely young moll,
One sat down beside me, 'twas when I awoke,
For the last twenty minutes I'd been ogling a bloke.

PIKES PEAK H4

While out in the jungle and running with Hash,
I felt like a blow job and I had some spare cash,
I offered a young lady the sum of ten bucks,
She said, "Wait for the G.M., they say that he sucks."

Well I finally caught it, and I'll tell you this,
You cannot drink beer, and it hurts you to piss,
I've a little red sore that looks just like a chancre,
But I'd rather be poxed up than like you, you wanker.

121. Good Ship Venus

See Also: "North Atlantic Squadron"

T'was on the good ship Venus,
By Christ you should have seen us,
The figurehead was a whore in bed,
And the mast was the Captain's penis.

CHORUS:

Frigging on the rigging,
Wanking on the planking,
Masturbating on the grating,
There's fuck all else to do.

The Captain's wife was Mabel,
Whenever she was able,
She gave the crew their daily screw,
Upon the galley table,

The cabin boy's name was Kipper,
A cunning little nipper,
He lined his ass with broken glass,
And circumcised the skipper.
The ladies of the nation
Arose in indignation,
They stuffed his bum with chewing gum,
A smart retaliation.

The ship's dog's name was Rover,
We fairly bowled him over,
(The whole crew did him over.)
We ground and ground that faithful hound,
From Singapore to Dover.

The First Mate's name was Hopper,
By Christ, he had a whopper,
Twice round his neck, once round the deck,
And up his ass for a stopper.

The Captain's randy daughter,
She fell into the water,
Delighted squeals revealed that eels,
Had found her sexual quarter.

T'was on the China Station,
To roars of approbation,
We sunk a Junk with a load of spunk,
By mutual masturbation.

The Second Mate's name was Carter,
By God, he was a farter,
When the wind wouldn't blow and the ship wouldn't go,
We'd get Carter the farter to start her.

The cook whose name was Freeman,
He was a dirty demon,
He served the crew with menstrual stew,
And foreskins fried in semen.

The Captain of that lugger,
By Christ, he was a buggier,
He wasn't fit to shovel shit,
From one ship to another.

The Third Mate's name was Wiggun,
By God, he had a big 'un,
We bashed that cock with lump of rock
For friggin in the riggin.

The next Mate's name was Andy,
By God, that man was randy,
We boiled his bum in red-hot rum,
For coming in the brandy.

The Fourth Mate's name was Morgan,
A homosexual Gorgon,
A dozen crow in rows could pose,
Upon his sexual organ,

On the trip to Buenos Aires,
We rogered all the fairies,
We got the syph at Tenneriffe,
And a dose of clap in the Canaries.

Another cook was O'Mally,
He didn't dilly dally,
He shot his bolt with a hell of a jolt,
And whitewashed half the galley.

The Captain was elated,
The Crew investigated,
The found some sand in his prostrate gland,
He had to be castrated.

Another Mate's name was Paul,
He only had one ball,
But with that cracker he'd roll terbaccer,
Around the cabin wall.

The Boatswain's name was Lester,
He was a hymen tester,
Through hymens thick he'd shove his prick
And leave it there to fester.

The engineer was McTavish,
And young girls he did ravish,
His missing tool's at Istanbul,
He was a trifle lavish.

A homo was the Purser,
He couldn't have been warser,
With all the crew he had a screw,
Until they yelled, "Oh, no sir."

'Twas in the Adriatic,
Where the water's almost static,
The rise and fall of arse and ball,
Was almost automatic.

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The ship's cat's name was Hippy,
His hole was black and shitty,
But shit or not it had a twat,
The Captain showed no pity.

So now we end this serial,
Through sheer lack of material,
We wish you luck and freedom from
Diseases venereal.

122. Great Big Wheel

Tune: Old Hundred
(See also Engineer Song)

Oh a Cowboy told me before he died
And I've got no reason to think he lied
That though he tried for most of his life
He just never could satisfy his wife.

CHORUS :

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went a rod of steel
I'll lay you money on a sure-fire bet
That bloody great wheel is turning yet.

So he mounted up a great big wheel
There upon a rod of steel
Two brass chambers a-filled with cream
And the whole bloody thing was run by steam.

Then he rolled it through the bedroom door
And the wheel started up with a great big roar
It rolled to his wife and rolled on top
And it pumped until she hollered stop.

But the bloody great wheel just rolled on through
'Till the cowboy's wife was split in two.
Then as if possessed by a monstrous whim
It turned around and mounted him.

It rolled to the gate and it steamed real fast
Mounting all the people just a-strolling past
Covered them all with grease and cream
'Till it disappeared in a cloud of steam.

So if you ever see a bloody great wheel
There upon a rod of steel,
Run for the prairie or over the hill
Unless you're looking for a long-time thrill.

123. Green Grow the Rashes O

Tune: Green Grow the Rushes O

Green grow the rashes O,
Green grow the rashes O,
The sweetest bed I ever had
Was the bellies of the lasses O

We're all full from eating it,
We're all dry from drinking it,
The parson kissed the fiddler's wife,
And couldn't preach for thinking of it.

There's a pious lass in town,
Godly Lizzy Lundy O,
She mounts the peak throughout the week,
But fingers it on Sunday O.

Lizzie is of large dimension,
There is not a doubt of it,
The soccer team went in last night,
And none has yet come out of it.

Jockie's wife she thought she'd shave it,
Threw him in a pretty passion,
Shouting he'd not have a wife
Whose private parts were out of fashion.

124. Green Grow the Rushes O

Tune: Green Grow the Rushes O

I will sing you one O

Green Grow the Rushes O
What is your one O

One is one and all alone and evermore shall be so
I will sing you two O (etc.)
Two, two the lily white boys clothed all in green O
I will (etc.)
Three, three the rivals
Four for the Gospel makers
Five for the symbols at your door
Six for the six proud walkers
Seven for the seven stars in the sky
Eight for the April rainers
Nine for the nine bright shiners
Ten for the Ten Commandments
Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven
Twelve for the twelve apostles.

125. Gunga's Song

Tune: Beverly Hillbillies

This here's a story about a man named Gunga,
He had no prick, so he had to use his tongue(a).
It was down in Houston at a Hash House Harrier's
run...
A harlot straddled him and said, "Lets have some fun!"
You know... moustache rides... face smegma...

Well the next thing you know old Gunga's caught in the
act,
The Hash folks said, "You oughtn't be licking that!"
The pound is the place where she ought to be,
He didn't have a worry, except for V.D.
You know... tongue rot... herpes sores...

Well the moral told here is when you're hashing in
Texas,
You ought to keep your tongue out of other people's
sexes.
They thought they'd honor him for public cunnilingus,
Now Gunga's called... Gungalingus.

PIKES PEAK H4

126. 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.

127. Hallelujah, I'm A Bum

Oh, why don't you work like other men do?
How the hell can I work when there's no work to do?

Chorus :
Hallelujah, I'm a bum,
Hallelujah, bum again.
Hallelujah, give us a handout
To revive us again.

Springtime is here and I'm just out of jail,
The whole winter in without any tail.

I went to a house and I knocked on the door,
My cock sticking straight out, my balls on the floor.

I asked for a piece of bread and some food,
The lady said, "Bum, you will eat when I'm screwed."

When I left that lady, my cock it was sore,
My belly was full, her ass it was tore.

I went to another and I asked her for bread,
She emptied the pee-pot all over my head.

Be happy and glad for the springtime has come,
We'll throw down our shovels and go on the bum.

128. Handsome Hasher

Tune: Pretty Woman

Handsome Hasher, running down the street,
Handsome Hasher, the kind I like to meet,
Handsome Hasher, I don't believe you, you're not true,
No one could be hung like you.

Handsome Hasher, won't you pardon me,
Handsome Hasher, I couldn't help but see,
Handsome hasher, you look horny, I can see,
Are you horny just like me?

Handsome Hasher, stop a while,
Handsome Hasher, talk a while,
Handsome Hasher, give your cock to me,
Handsome Hasher, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Handsome Hasher, say you'll come,
Handsome Hasher, say you'll come with me,
Cause I need you, I'll treat you right,
Come with me baby, be mine tonight.

Handsome Hasher, don't run on by,
Handsome Hasher, don't make me cry,
Handsome Hasher, don't run away.

OK, if that's the way it must be,
OK, I guess I'll go home and masturbate,
There'll be tomorrow night, I'll wait.

What do I see?
Is he jogging back to me?
Yes, he's jogging back to me,
Oh, oh, handsome Hasher.

129. Hanky Panky

Tune: Hokey Pokey

You give the right eye wink
You give the left eye wink
You give the "come here" wink
And he buys us both a drink

CHORUS:
You do the hanky panky
Get his trousers down
That's what it's all about

You do the top lip lick
You do the bottom lip lick
You give a little giggle
'Cause he thinks you'll lick his prick

You put your right tit out
You put your left tit out
Nipples getting harder
So you shake them all about

You put your right cheek out
You put your left cheek out
You give a little wobble
Watch his eyes pop out

You put your right leg out
You put your left leg out
Spread them at the knees
So he can see what it's about

You put the right hip out
You put the left hip out
Grab him by the ballocks
And you squeeze until he spouts

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

You put your pelvis in
You put your pelvis out
Go a little faster
And you grind it all about

You give the right ear groan
You give the left ear groan
Grind a little faster
'Cause he's going to drop his load

You give a right cheek kiss
You give a left cheek kiss
Hate to be a liar
But you tell him it was bliss

We've done the hanky panky
Got his trousers down
So fuck off!

130. Happy Wank Song

Tune: Happy Talk (from South Pacific)

Happy, happy, happy, happy wank,
Nice girls wear their pubes in a fringe,
If you don't have a crow,
You got to have a crow,
How you gonna make wet dreams come true?

131. Harlot of Jerusalem (Version 1)

In days of old there lived a maid,
She was mistress of her trade,
A prostitute of high repute,
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

CHORUS:
Hi Ho Cathusalem,
Cathusalem, Cathusalem,
Hi Ho Cathusalem,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

And though she fucked for many a year,
Of pregnancy she had no fear,
She washed her passage out with beer,
The Best in all Jerusalem.

Now in a hovel by the wall,
A student lived with but one ball,
Who'd been though all, or nearly all,
The harlots of Jerusalem.

His phallic art was lean and tall,
His phallic art caused all to fall,
And victims lined the wailing wall,
That goes around Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree,
With customary whore-lust he,
Made up his mind to call and see,
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

It was for her no fortune good,
That he should need to root his pud,
And choose her out of all the brood,
Of harlots in Jerusalem.

For though he paid his women well,
This syphilitic spawn of hell,
Struck down each year and tolled the bell,
For ten harlots of Jerusalem.

Forth from the town he took the slut,
For 'twas his whim always to rut,
By the Salvation Army hut,
Outside of Old Jerusalem.

With artful eye and leering look,
He took out from its filthy nook,
His penis twisted like a crook,
The Pride of Old Jerusalem.

He leaned the whore against the slum,
And tied her at the knee and bum,
Knowing where the strain would come,
Upon the fair Cathusalem.

He seized the harlot by the bum,
And rattling like a Lewis gun,
He sowed the seed of many a son,
Into the fair Cathusalem.

It was a sight to make you sick,
To hear him grunt so fast and quick,
While grinding with his crooked prick,
The womb of fair Cathusalem.

Then up there came an Onanite,
With warty prick besmeared with shite,
He'd sworn that he would goal that night,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

He loathed the art of copulation,
For his delight was masturbation,
And with a spurt of cruel elation,
He saw the whore Cathusalem.

So when he saw the grunting pair,
With roars of rage he rent the air,
And vowed that he would soon take care,
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.

Upon the earth he found a stick,
To which he fastened half a brick,
An took a swipe at the mighty prick
Of the student of Jerusalem.

He seized the bastard by his crook,
With a single furious look,
And flung him over Kedrun's brook,
That babbles past Jerusalem.

PIKES PEAK H4

The student gave a furious roar,
And rushed to even up the score,
And with his swollen prick did bore,
The cunt of fair Cathusalem.

And reeling full of rage and fight,
He pushed the bastard Onanite,
And rubbed his face in Cathy's shite,
The foulest in Jerusalem.

Cathusalem she knew her part,
She closed her cunt and blew a fart,
That sent him flying like a dart,
High above Old Jerusalem.

And buzzing like a bubble bee,
He flew straight out towards the sea,
But caught his arsehole in a tree,
That grows in Old Jerusalem.

And to this day you still can see,
His arsehole hanging from that tree,
Let that to you a warning be,
When passing through Jerusalem.

And when the moon is bright and red,
A castrated form sails overhead,
Still raining curses on the head,
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.

As for the student and his lass,
Many a playful night did pass,
Until she joined the V.D. class,
For harlots of Jerusalem.

132. Harlot of Jerusalem (Version 2)

In days of old there lived a maid,
Who used to do a roaring trade,
A prostitute of ill repute,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

She lived within the palace walls,
And round the walls were hung the balls,
Of every cock who'd tried to root,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

Nearby there lived an Arab tall,
Who with his prick could move a wall,
It was the pride of nearly all,
The harlots of Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree,
He saw her there beneath a tree,
And vowed that very night that he,
Would lay her in Jerusalem.

He took her to a shady nook,
And from his open fly he took,
A penis like a butcher's hook,
The finest in Jerusalem.

He laid her down upon her back,
And tried to shove it up her crack,
But had no luck in trying to fuck,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

Cathusalem she gave a grunt,
And with a snap she shut her cunt,
And threw him high into the sky,
Far beyond Jerusalem.

Away he flew across the sea,
Across the Sea of Galilee,
And caught his bullock in a tree,
Three leagues beyond Jerusalem.

And there he hangs unto this day,
And seen by all who pass that way,
The silly ape that tried to rape,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

133. Harriette The Tattooed Hasher

Tune: Lydia the Tattooed Lady

Harriette, oh Harriette
Say have you met Harriette
Harriette the tattooed hasher
She eyes that harriers adore so,
And a torso even more so.

Harriette, oh Harriette
That sexy little vignette
Harriette the erotic queen of tattoo
On one tit is a mural of Adam's first screw
Beside it a drawing of Eve's blow-job too
And right above is her price list in blue
You can get your rocks off with Harriette

Titty bum, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum

She can give you a view of sex in tattoo
If you step up and tell her what
For only a buck you can see doggies fuck
Or sixty-nine different kinds of twat

Titty bum, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum

Harriette, oh Harriette
Harriette, the tattooed hasher
When her muscles start afflexin'
All the tattoos get an erection

Harriette, oh Harriette
Harriette the harlot we love
She once swept our GM clear off his feet
The design on her behind made his heart skip a beat
And now a tiny bastard sucks at her teat
For he went and fucked our Harriette

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

134. Harvest of Love

I rise at six and I feed the chicks,
And I'm feeling lonesome and blue,
And when I milk the cow it seems somehow,
My thoughts keep straying to you,
And as the horse and I plow the fields nearby,
Your mem'ry I can't erase,
'Cause when I walk at the rear of the horse, my dear,
I seem to see your face.

CHORUS:

I'm gonna sow the seeds of deep devotion,
Fertilize it with emotion,
Water it with warm desire,
And then I'll reap the harvest of love.

Side by side we'll take a ride
In my horse and buggy one day,
Down lover's lane I'll turn the reins,
And my horse will run out of hay,
And I will kiss those lips, those tempting lips,
The only one that can thrill me,
And we will frolic at night in the pale moonlight,
If the wife ever finds out she'll kill me.

135. Has Anybody Seen J.C.?

Tune: Has Anybody Seen My Gal?

Five foot nine; He's divine;
Says He comes from Palestine,
Has anybody seen J.C.?

Well, if you run into a five foot Jew,
Covered with thorns,
Holes in his hands, spear in his side,
Man, that cat's been crucified!

Five foot nine; He's divine;
Changes water into wine,
Has anybody seen J.C.?

Well, if you run into a five foot Jew,
Covered with thorns,
Holes in his hands, spear in his side,
Man, that cat's been crucified!

Well, he is camp, he is cool,
He will walk across your swimming pool,
Has anybody seen J.C.?

136. Hash House Harriers

Tune: Addams Family

Their drinking is compulsive and
Their running is convulsive
They're morally repulsive,
The Hash House Harriers
[[Da Da Da Da][Snap fingers twice]Repeat]

Their flatulence is rude and
Their genitals protrude when
They're running in nude in
The Hash House Harriers
[[Da Da Da Da][Snap fingers twice]Repeat]

They're always shiggy tracking,
From constantly bushwhacking
Intelligence they're lacking
The Hash House Harriers
[[Da Da Da Da][Snap fingers twice]Repeat]

Switch to Da Da Da Da, Down Down, Da Da Da Da,
Down Down for ceremonies

137. Hash Hymn

(words and actions)

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

I looked over Jordan,
And what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home.
A band of (fucking) angels,
Coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends,
I'm coming too.
Coming for to carry me home.

With Reverence (humming only)

Silently (motions only)

Double Time (quickly)

138. Hash Love Song

From Tom Lehrer

Since I still appreciate you,
Let's make love while we may,
Because I know I'll hate you,
When you're old and gray.
So say you'll love me here and now,
I'll make the most of that,
Say you'll love and trust me,
For I know you'll disgust me,
When you're old and getting fat.

An awful debility, a lessened utility,
A loss of mobility is a strong possibility.
In all probability I'll lose my virility,
And you your fertility and desirability,
And this liability of total sterility,
Will lead to hostility and a sense of futility.

PIKES PEAK H4

So let's act with agility while we still have facility,
For we'll soon reach senility and lose the ability.

Your teeth will start to go dear,
Your waist will start to spread,
In twenty years or so dear,
You'll wish that I were dead.
I'll never love you then all,
In these words you can trust,
So please remember,
When I leave in December,
I warned you in August!

139. Hasher Men

Tune: This Old Man

*** = Your favorite Hash

For harriettes

Knick knack paddy whack give themselves a bone,
*** men have sex alone.

*** men, they play one,
They think they have all the fun.
*** men, they play two,
They can't get it up to screw.

*** men, they play three,
They think they get sex for free.

*** men, they play four,
They can't get it up to score.

*** men, they play five,
They don't have enough sex drive.

*** men, they play six,
Little men with little dicks.

*** men, they play seven,
Masturbation is their heaven.

*** men, they play eight,
They can't get their dicks in straight.

*** men, they play nine,
They take theirs up from behind.

*** men, they play ten,
Little boys who think they're men.

140. Hasher Women

Tune: This Old Man

*** = Your favorite Hash

For harriers

Knick knack paddy whack give themselves a tickle,
*** women use a pickle.

*** women, they play one,
They don't know how to get it on.

*** women, they play two,
They say, "Not now, I've got the flu."

*** women, they play three,
They say, "Not now, I've got to pee."

*** women, they play four,
They say, "Not now, who's at the door?"

*** women, they play five,
They'll cut your balls off with a knife.

*** women, they play six,
They're never satisfied with our pricks.

*** women, they play seven,
Life without sex is their idea of heaven.

*** women, they play eight,
They always seem to have a headache.

*** women, they play nine,
Their sex lives are in decline.

*** women, they play ten,
If they were better looking they might get some men.

141. Hashstones

Tune: The Flintstones

Hashers, meet the Hashers
They're the biggest drunks in history
From the hash of Pikes Peak
They're the leaders in debauchery
Half minds, trailing shiggy through the years
Watch them as they down a lot of beers
Down, down, down, down, down, down
Down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down
Down, down, down, down, down
Down, down, down, down, down, down!

142. Have You Got a Hard-On?

This delightful little refrain may be used as a coda for
any number of songs in this collection. Just tag it
on and milk the applause.

Have you got a hard-on? Not yet.
Are you gonna get one? You bet.
Listen to the whorehouse quartet:
It's rising now....

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

143. He's A Cunt

All mouth, no brains, this guy's a pain,
You can scream and cuss,
He stuck his boot up your dog's arse,
And licked your daughter's puss,
He nicked your fags, drank your booze,
Tied fireworks to the cat,
Then he told the dole you were working,
Who is this fuckin twat?

CHORUS:

He's a cunt, he's a cunt,
He's a C-U-N-T cunt,
With his broken teeth and his ugly face,
He's a mental riddle that's out of place,
He'll sleep with your granny, bite her fanny,
Wears his trousers back to front,
And he farts, sucks cock,
And he's riddled with pox,
'Cause basically he's a cunt.

He dyes his hair to match his clothes,
He smells like shit, he'd fill your nose,
With a small tattoo to prove he's tough,
And an earring 'cause he's a fuckin poof,
You've never heard of this human turd,
He'd be a pig if he could grunt,
And what's more he talks bullshit,
'Cause basically he's a cunt.

He's got spots and warts and blackheads too,
He doesn't know a joke unless it's blue,
The vicar's daughter swears and cries,
He fucked her with a pack of lies,
You say you've never heard of this man,
Well you don't have to hunt,
'Cause it's me, it's me you bastards,
'Cause basically I'm a cunt.

144. He's a Hasher

Tune: Monty Python Lumberjack Song

He's a hasher, he's OK,
Works all day comes out to play,
Drinks it down without complaint,
Or he wears it well.
Drink it
Wear it
Drink it
Wear it

145. Heigh-Ho Says Rowley

Tune: Froggie Goes A'Courtin'

"A" is for asshole, all covered in shit,
"Heigh-ho," says Rowley.
"B" is for the buggie who revels in it,
Singing rolly, poley, up'em and stuffem,
"Heigh-ho," say Anthony Rowley.

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

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

"G" is for goiter, gonorrhea, 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 for knight who thought fucking a bore,
"L" is the lesbian who came back for more.

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

"O" is for orifice all cunningly concealed,
"P" is the 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" is 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!

146. 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 hand,
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 back,
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.

PIKES PEAK H4

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 shirt,
God, what a squirt!
Jerking off in silence.

147. Here's the Season

Tune: Deck the Halls

Here's the season to be greedy,
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,
Eat until you feel quite seedy,
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,
Lots of beer and food and lollies,
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,
In the morning you'll be sorry,
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la.

We always put up our Christmas stocking,
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,
Santa might give us something to cock in,
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,
Last year he said he wouldn't come round here,
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,
Some bastard stuffed it up his reindeer,
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la.

Get the maid under the mistletoe,
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,
If the wife sees you'll soon know,
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,
Is that what they mean by sticky pudd'n,
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,
Serves you right if you get dripping,
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la.

148. Here's to the Bastard

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

Variation:

Here's to, he's true blue,
He's a Hasher, through and through,
He's a Pisspot, so they say,
Tried to get to heaven but he went the other way.
So drink, drink, drink....

149. Here's to Brother Hasher(s)

Tune: Ach, Du Lieber, Augustin

Here's to brother hasher
Bother hasher, brother hasher
Here's to brother hasher
May he chug-a-lug

He's happy, he's jolly,
He's fucked up by golly,
Here's to brother hasher
May he chug-a-lug

So drink motherfucker
Drink motherfucker
Drink motherfucker
Drink motherfucker
Here's to brother hasher
May he chug-a-lug

150. Herpes Family

Tune: Addams Family

They're goofy and they're itchy,
They make your girlfriend bitchy,
They hide out in her snitchy,
The Herpes Family!

CHORUS: Da da da da (snap fingers twice),
Da da da da (snap fingers twice)

You can hardly see 'em,
But when you start a-pee'n,
They really get ya screamin',
The Herpes Family!

151. Herpes Song

Tune: She Loves You

I think I've got a dose,
And it's not the dripping kind,
It's the one that hurts the most,
And it makes you fucking blind,

CHORUS:

I think it's herpes and you know that can be bad,
Yeah that herpes, it can make you fuckin mad oooh,
I hate it yeah, yeah, yeah,
I hate it yeah, yeah, yeah,
With a dose like that it's very, very sad.

I think I've got a dose,
And I got it yesterday,
I came so very close,
To giving it to the maid,

I know there's something wrong,
'Cause there's blisters on my knob,
And the skin's peeling off my dong,
And erections make it throb,

I'm going to see the quack,
'Cause I can't stand the pain,
I stuffed it up her crack,
But I won't do that again,

When the doctor took his knife,
I went deeply into sho-o-ck,
What will I tell my wife,
He's going to cut it off.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

152. Hi Ho, Hi Ho, It's Off To The Burlesque Show

Tune: Hi Ho, Hi Ho, It's Off to Work We Go

Hi ho! Hi ho! It's off to the burlesque show,
We'll sit up front,
To see their cunts,
Hi ho! Hi ho!

At half past eight,
We'll masturbate. . .

We're small on wits,
But big on tits.

We'll drop our drawers
And fuck some whores.

From 10 'til 8,
We'll fornicate.

I paid my buck,
Now where's my fuck.

153. Hitler Only Had One Ball

Tune: Colonel Bogey March

Hitler, he only had one ball,
Goering, he had two but very small,
Himmler had something sim'ler,
But poor old Goebbels had no balls at all.

(Whistle melody for CHORUS)

Frankfurt has only one beer hall,
Stuttgart, die München all on call,
Munich, vee lift our tunich,
To show vee 'Cherman' have no balls at all.

(Whistle melody for CHORUS)

Hans Otto is very short, not tall,
And blotto, for drinking Singhai and Skol.
A 'Cherman', unlike Bruce Erwin,
Because Hans Otto has no balls at all.

154. Hog Calling Time In Nebraska

When it's hog calling time in Nebraska,
When it's hog calling time in Nebraska,
When it's hog calling time in Nebraska,
Then it's hog calling time in Nebraska.
(REPEAT AD NAUSEAM)

Or:
When it's sheep fucking time in Alberta.
When it's sheep fucking time in Alberta.
When it's sheep fucking time in Alberta.
Then it's sheep fucking time in Alberta.

Or:

When it's sheep fucking time in Rotorua.
When it's sheep fucking time in Rotorua.
When it's sheep fucking time in Rotorua.
Then it's sheep fucking time in Rotorua.

155. Holiday Song

Tune: Let it Snow

Well the weather outside is frightful,
But my dick is so delightful.
If you really want to see it grow,
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow.

156. Holy Shit I Gotta Pee

From: Pig Vomit

Driving in my car
I just left the bar
It's getting late, I can't wait...

CHORUS:

Holy shit I gotta pee
I can't believe it
How could this be happening to me?
My brain is in crisis mode
My bladder's about to explode
Please help me, please help me
Holy shit I gotta pee

I was at a ball game
The sun was really hot
Hangin' with my buddies
And we kinda drunk a lot
The final score was near
The crowd began to cheer
I'd love to do the wave with you but...
- Chorus -

I was in the store
In aisle twenty-four
When I had to take a leak
I should have taken before
I run up to the check-out
A lady pulls a check out
She's paying for her poupon with a friggin' little coupon...
- Chorus -

There was a public toilet
Just around the block
I tried to yank it open
But the friggin' thing was locked
My efforts were in vain
I had to drain the vein
I took a chance and dropped my pants...
- Chorus -

PIKES PEAK H4

I was at a party
Flirting with my date
Deep in conversation
When I had to urinate
The line was full of girls
Then one began to hurl
I threw her out and started shoutin'...
- Chorus -

I was with my lady
We were both in bed
Starin' at the ceiling
While I got a little head
My girl began to hum
But I could not cum
She could see my agony cause...

157. Hot Vagina

Tune: Yellow Rose of Texas

Hot vagina for your breakfast,
Hot vagina for your lunch,
Hot vagina for your dinner,
Just munch, munch, munch, munch, munch.
It's so speedy and nutritious,
Bite-size and ready to eat,
So take a tip, go eat your mom;
Hot vagina can't be beat.

158. How Ashamed I Was

I met her on the hash, how ashamed I was,
I met her on the hash, how ashamed I was,
I met her on the hash,
I thought I'd try a bash,
Or cor blimey how ashamed I was!

I touched her on the knee - she said "you're fairly free."
I touched her on the thigh - she said "you're rather high."
I touched her on the spot - she said "I'd rather not."
When I put it in - she said "you're rather thin."
Then when I did come - she said "you're up my bum."
So then I took it out - she said "no need to pout."
So I tried to put it back - but my prick had gone quite slack.
Then she took me in her hand - and she made my roger stand.
Then she climbed up on top - I tried to make her stop.
She rode me like a horse - I cam again, of course.
But still she wanted more - she must have been a whore.
And then my tool grew thinner - I couldn't keep it in her.
The she called me a nasty name - "you bloody hashers are all the same."

159. How To Handle A Date (Duet)

Tune: Que Sera, Sera

HIM: Take her hand, her hand, her hand,
It's time to stand, to stand,
You're the king of the land,
So take her hand.

HER: He's squeezing my hand, my hand, my hand,
I wish he'd take a stand, a stand,
This wimp of the land,
Quit squeezing my hand.

HIM: Fondle her breast, her breast, her breast,
You know they're the best, the best,
They've passed all the tests,
So fondle her breasts.

HER: He's fondling my breast, my breast, my breast,
I know they're the best, the best,
They can pass any test,
So fondle my breast.

HIM: Finger her twat, her twat, her twat,
Now you've hit the spot, the spot,
It gets her real hot,
When you finger her twat.

HER: He's poking my twat, my twat, my twat,
I bet he thinks he's hit the spot, the spot,
That makes me real hot,
Oh, quit poking my twat.

HIM: So lay that pipe, that pipe, that pipe,
We know she's the type, the type,
She thinks she's real tight,
So lay that pipe.

HER: But what a small cock, small cock, small cock,
He thinks it's a lot, a lot,
Is that all he's got?
Oh, what a small cock.

HIM: Roll over and sleep, and sleep, and sleep,
I gave her the meat, the meat,
It wasn't too deep,
But I got it real cheap.

HER: Wasn't it quick, so quick, so quick,
Just like a prick, a prick,
To give me a stick,
That's just too quick.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

160. Humoresque

Tune: Humoresque

I love to go out after dark
And goose the statues in the park,
A lovely pastime at the close of day!
Unperturbed they stand so still,
While WHOOPS! it's me that gets the thrill.
It really is a lovely way to play.

I've noticed lately
They stand so stately,
Out there in the dark when dew is on the ground.
I sometimes tease them
And do displease them,
If I fail to show up as the sun goes down.

The Thinker is the only one
With whom I can have no fun.
He sits upon a boulder, rough and coarse.
Napoleon sits upon his steed,
I cannot goose him, no indeed,
And so instead I goose his horse.

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the station, I love you.
We encourage constipation
While the train is in the station,
Moonlight always makes me think of you.

If you simply have to go
When other people are too slow,
There is only one thing you can do.
You'll just have to take a chance,
Be brave and do it in your pants,
But I'll forgive you, darling, I love you.

Mabel, Mabel, strong and able,
Get your big ass off the table,
Don't you know the quarter is for beer?
You can always earn your pay,
But make your tips another way,
And I'll forgive you, darling, I love you!

Ever since you met our Nelly,
She's had trouble with her belly,
Wish you'd never seen our little town!
Ever since I met your Venus,
I've had trouble with my penis,
Wish I'd never seen your little town.

Was it you who did the pushin',
Put the stains upon the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down?
Was it your sly woodpecker
That got into my girl Rebecca?
If it was, you better leave this town.

It was I who did the pushin',
Put the stains upon the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
But since I got into your daughter,
I've had trouble passing water,
Now I guess we're even all around.

161. I Don't Want to Join the Army

Tune: 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 my asshole,
I don't want my ballocks shot away,
I'd rather stay in England,
In ruddy, bloody England,
And fornicate me fuckin' life away, gor blimey...

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
On Wednesday much success, I lifted up her dress,
Thursday I saw it (gor blimey!)...
Friday I put me hand upon it,
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak,
And on Sunday after supper, I rammed the bugger up
her,
And now she wants it seven days a week.

Wimmin's verse:

I don't want to be a housewife,
I'd much rather be a whore,
I'd rather turn some tricks, involving foot long pricks,
Housework is a bore, gor blimey...

I don't want to do his laundry,
I don't want to cook his fucking food,
And if I'm getting laid,
I should be getting paid,
Or else I must be truly getting screwed, gor blimey...

Call up the Provincial Territory,
Call up the navy and the marines,
Call up me mother, me sister, and me brother,
But for fuck's sake don't call me-Gaw Blimey...

I don't want to join the army.....etc.

PIKES PEAK H4

162. I Don't Want to Join A Convent

Tune: I Don't Want to Join the Army

I don't want to join a convent,
Purity is really quite a bore,
I'd rather hang around my Phuket playing ground,
Living off the earnings of an off-shore expat,
I don't want to waste my life a virgin,
I don't want to count my rosary,
I'd rather stay in Phuket, lovely, lovely Phuket,
And fornicate my fuckin' life away, gor blimey.

Monday I got myself deflowered,
Tuesday I moved into his house,
On Wednesday I declared, you Hashers aren't so bad,
Thursday a climax! Oh, gor blimey,
Friday he told me he was leaving,
Saturday he flew to Singapore,
And Sunday starts the party,
To celebrate his parting,
And now I've got eight weeks to fuck around, gor blimey.

I don't want to raise a family,
I'm not cut out for nine to five,
I'd rather hang around my Phuket playing ground,
Living off the earnings of an off-shore expat,
I don't care if I don't go to heaven,
I don't want to go there all alone,
I'd rather stay in Phuket, lovely, lovely Phuket,
And fornicate my fuckin' life away, gor blimey.

163. I Don't Want to Join the Navy

Tune: I Don't Want to Join the Army

I don't want to join the navy,
I don't want to be a man of war,
I would rather go down to old Soho,
Living off the earnings of a high class whore,
I don't want a bullet up me backside.
I don't want me knickers shot away.
I'd rather be in England, jolly-jolly England,
And fornicate me bloomin life away.

CHORUS:

Call out the members of the Queen's marines,
Call out the King's artillery,
Call out my mother, my sister and my brother,
But for God's sake don't call me.

I don't want to join the Navy,
I don't want to be a man of Mars,
I just want to hang around the Picadilly Underground,
Pinching all the girls on their arses,
I don't want no foreign women,
London's got a lot I've never had,
I'd rather stay in England, jolly-jolly England,
And follow the fly-prints of my Dad.

Sunday night my hand was on her ankle,
Monday night my hand was on her knee,
Tuesday night, success! I lifted up her dress,
Wednesday night I lifted up her lace chemise,
Thursday night I got my hand upon it,
Friday night I gave it just a tweak,
Saturday after supper,
I finally got it up her,
And I'm not paying seven bob a week... Gor Blimey.

164. I Like Cock

Tune: Three Blind Mice

I like cock,
I like cock,
See how they rise,
See how they rise,
They fit so nicely and feel so grand,
They come in all sizes, all shapes and brands,
There's nothing finer than making them stand,
'Cause I like cock,
I like cock.

165. I Like Cunt

Tune: Three Blind Mice

I like cunt,
I like cunt,
Up against railings I've often stood,
Fucking young ladies and doing them good,
It's so much better than pulling your pud,
'Cause I like cunt,
I like cunt.

166. I Love My Wife

Tune: Traditional

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do,
I love her truly,
I love the hole that she pisses through,

I love her lily white tits and her ruby red lips,
And her little brown asshole,
I'd eat her shit, gobble-gobble, chomp-chomp,
With a rusty spoon (with a rusty spoon).

167. I Put My Hand (Harrier Version)

Tune: 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 thigh, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
 I put my hand upon her thigh, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
 I put my hand upon her thigh,
 She said, "Hey Hasher, you're way too shy
 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 chin, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
 I put my hand upon her chin, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
 I put my hand upon her chin,
 She said, "Hey Hasher, stick it in!
 Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"
 Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her breast, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
 I put my hand upon her breast, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
 I put my hand upon her breast,
 She said, "Hey Hasher, I want the rest,
 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!

[With reverence - hats off!]
 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!

We dig her up now and then, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
 We dig her up now and then, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
 We dig her up now and then,
 We fucked her once, we'll fuck her again,
 Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!
 Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

And/Or:
 Now she's dead but not forgotten, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
 Now she's dead but not forgotten, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
 Now she's dead but not forgotten, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
 We'll dig her up and fuck her rotten,
 Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!
 Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

168. I Put My Hand (Harriette Version)

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

I wrapped my lips around his toe, ya ho, ya ho,
 I wrapped my lips around his toe, ya ho, ya ho,
 I wrapped my lips around his toe,
 I said shut up I'm starting low
 Suck there, blow here, let go of my ear,
 Ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

I wrapped my lips around his nose, ya ho, ya ho,
 I wrapped my lips around his nose, ya ho, ya ho,
 I wrapped my lips around his nose,
 Better move on he's starting to doze,
 Suck there, blow here, let go of my ear,
 Ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

I put my head between his thighs, ya ho, ya ho,
 I put my head between his thighs, ya ho, ya ho,
 I put my head between his thighs,
 That's when he started rolling his eyes,
 Suck there, blow here, let go of my ear,
 Ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

I slipped my tongue between his cheeks, ya ho, ya ho,
 I slipped my tongue between his cheeks, ya ho, ya ho,
 I slipped my tongue between his cheeks,
 I'd love to stay but this really reeks,
 Suck there, blow here, let go of my ear,
 Ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

I put his balls right in my mouth, ya ho, ya ho,
 I put his balls right in my mouth, ya ho, ya ho,
 I put his balls right in my mouth,
 Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm,
 Suck there, blow here, let go of my ear,
 Ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

I wrapped my hand around his cock, ya ho, ya ho,
 I wrapped my hand around his cock, ya ho, ya ho,
 I wrapped my hand around his cock,
 Then laid it out on the chopping block,
 Suck there, blow here, let go of my ear,
 Ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

[Slower, with reverence]

Now he lies in a wooden box, ya ho, ya ho,
 Now he lies in a wooden box, ya ho, ya ho,
 Now he lies in a wooden box, ya ho, ya ho,
 But his prick's on the wall with the other cocks,
 Suck there, blow here, let go of my ear,
 Ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

169. I Put My Lips

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

I put my lips upon his toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
 I put my lips upon his toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
 I put my lips upon his toe,
 He said, "Hey Harriette, you're way too low,
 Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!"
 Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

PIKES PEAK H4

I put my lips upon his knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my lips upon his knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my lips upon his knee,
He said, "Hey Harriette, you're teasin' me,
Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!"
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my lips upon his tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my lips upon his tit,
He said, "Hey Harriette, I've just been bit,
Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!"
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his prick, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my lips upon his prick, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
I put my lips upon his prick,
He said, "Hey Harriette, you're really sick,
Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!"
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

Now he lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
Now he lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!
Now he lies in a wooden box,
From a terminal case of small cox,
Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

170. I'll Never Piss Again

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

My dick has felt the burning of the coming of the clap,
I've been clean all these years and now I've got a real
bum rap,
That bitch said she was clean but she really was a liar,
'Cause now my dick's on fire.

CHORUS :

Lordy, Lordy I'm on fire
Lordy, Lordy I'm on fire
Lordy, Lordy I'm on fire
And I'll never piss again

I saw her coming at me from across the Georgia bar
Her ass was swinging wildly and her tits were sagging
far
I propped her on a barstool and I bought that bitch a
drink
Then I smelled that telltale stink

Chorus

Swedish Bees, Kamikazes, Stolies, and some brew
My dick was getting hard, Man, the big old Wally grew
She reached into my pants and she pulled that monster
out
Then John Cleveland began to shout

Chorus

Well I should have listened to him 'cause he'd been with
her before
That must have been where he got that bloody festered
sore
I should have listened to him when he said she was a
whore
But you knows "Bo needs more"

Chorus

So I took her on a hash run and that bitch ran fast and
hot
You could almost see the nasty stuff a-dripping out her
slot
And at the On-In, she told me she really wanted to fuck
But I should have just let her suck

Chorus

Now I'm in the doctor's office sitting in the chair
Nothing like a red hot poker way down deep in there
The doctor pushed too far and my scrotum began to
tear
God, this really SUCKS

171. I'll Take the Left Leg

Tune: Loch Lomond

Chorus :

Oh, I'll take the left leg, and you take the right leg,
It's my turn to give her the caber.
'Cos me and my true love have never been the same
Since I shared her with the next door neighbor.

When the Lord and his band were shaping up this land,
They found that they had left over
A pike of useless crap on the left side of the map
That they'd hacked out of the White Cliffs of Dover.

Angel Gabriel scratched his head and asked the Lord
instead

"What can we do call a land so mean, Sire?"

"Och, Gabe, call it what ye will, maybe Largs or
Motherwell

No, on second thoughts we'll call it Aberdeenshire."

Now there was me and Auntie Annie,
Cousin Jock and dear old Granny
And we'd all had a roll in the heather.
'Cos we come from Braemar, and we'll not forget that
our
Family motto is, "We're all queers together."

Now the old goat died, around Eastertide,
So jock rammed the bloody coal scuttle up her.
He threw her on to boil, then he topped her off with soil
And served her up as haggis supper.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

When a visiting rugby team took a whore from
Aberdeen
To agree on a price took an eternity.
But she took them without a fuss and had triplets on the
bus
And sued them for collective paternity.
Now wee Ronnie teaches pipes to girls of all types,
His methods are revelation.
Just cut your bloody banter, get your mouth round my
chanter
And I'll complete your education.

Now in Burn's magic prose, a Scottish girl is like a rose.
My lass was more like Ben Nevis when I found her.
Her southern slopes were gray, half the nation knew the
way,
And the Hash had run up and down her.

172. I'm Your Mailman

Tune: Blackbird, Bye Bye

Make me happy, make me gay,
I can come twice a day,
I'm your mailman.
Lift the knocker, ring the bell,
I can make you feel swell,
I'm your mailman.
I can come in any kind of weather,
Don't you know my bags are made of leather?
I don't mess with keys or locks,
I'll slip it right in the box,
I'm your mailman.

173. I've Got a Start on a Twelve-Inch Hard On

Tune: I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover

I've got a start on a twelve-inch hard on
That I've had all afternoon.
Went to the doctor, he told me to cough
I wish that he would have whacked it right off!
Come to me, Venus, massage my penis,
And shrivel it like a prune,
'Cause I've got a start on a twelve-inch hard on
I'll probably have till June, till June.
I'll probably have till June.

174. I've Got the Clap Again

Tune: Those Were the Days

Once upon a time I was a Hasher,
Used to down an Anker Bir or two,
Remember how I laughed away the hours,
Dreaming of the whores that I would screw.
Every Monday evening I'd go Hashing,
Sometimes I'd short cut along the way,
But I'd always stay late at the On-On,
Where you'd often hear a Hasher say:

CHORUS:

I've got the clap again,
I really should refrain,
K-25, the Club, and Tanamour.
I've got the pills to use,
I must lay off the booze,
I've got the clap, oh yes, I've got the clap.

One night to the Hash there came a beauty,
A thing that's quite unusual to do.
But something made me think this
girl was different,
It must have been the tattoos on her boobs.
She wore hot pants and see-through T-shirt,
Sipped her beer through rosy choo-choo lips.
All the men began to get excited,
At the sight of that young lady's swollen tits.

Five o'clock Hashmaster got his horn out,
Everybody else put theirs away.
Then I got myself into position,
Where I could see her lovely buttocks sway.
She short-cut and I short-cut behind her,
Wondering if tonight I'd be in luck.
Heard her calling "On-On" from the bushes,
And I knew right then that we were going to fuck.

This girl showed me that she was no novice,
Her repertoire of tricks sure made me sweat.
I came, she came, then we came together,
And our juices flowed till we were soaking wet.
Made our way back finally to the circle,
Watching smiling faces turning green.
Could it be that they were only jealous,
Or could it be they knew she wasn't clean?

Drove her home that night, she lived in Ancol,
Arranged that this should be a regular thing.
But then one week later at the On-On,
I took a piss and felt that tell-tale sting.

Now Dr. Budi has a Monday practice,
He's got a special clinic on the Hash.
So that we all can have our weekly check-ups,
And find out just what caused that nasty rash.

175. If I Had a Hard-On

Tune: If I Had a Hammer

Oeh-oeh-oeh-oeh
Oeh-oeh-oeh-oeh
Oeh-oeh-oeh

If I had a hard-on
A hard-on in the morning
A hard-on in the evening
An all-night stand

I'd screw without danger
I'd screw without a warning
I'd screw you and you,
Your mother and your sister
Ah-ah, all night long

PIKES PEAK H4

(Action: Hold dick as if in pain)

Oeh-oeh-oeh-oeh

Oeh-oeh-oeh-oeh

Oeh-oeh-oeh

But I don't have a hard-on
No hard-on in the morning
No hard-on in the evening
No hard-on at all

So there is no danger
You don't need a warning
I won't screw you and you,
Your mother nor your sister
Oh-no, I want to die

(Action: Wipe tears from face)

Oeh-oeh-oeh-oeh

Oeh-oeh-oeh-oeh

Oeh-oeh-oeh

I bought myself a dildo
A dildo for the morning
A dildo for the evening
To screw around all night

I screw without danger
Now I screw without a warning
But I won't screw you or you
Your mother nor your sister
Oh-no, I sodomize myself

(Action: Hold ass as if in pain)

Oeh-oeh-oeh-oeh

Oeh-oeh-oeh-oeh

Oeh-oeh-oeh

176. If I Were the Marrying Kind

If I were the marrying kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not sir,
The kind of man that I would wed,
Would be a rugby full-back.

And he'd find touch, and I'd find touch,
We'd both touch together,
We'd be all right in the middle of the night,
Finding touch together.

-Would be a: And he'd:

Wing three-quarter	go hard,
Center three-quarter	pass it out,
Rugby fly-half	whip it out,
Rugby scrum-half	strike hard,
Big pop-forward	blind tight.
Rugby referee	blow hard,
Spectator	come again.

177. Inbred

From Rev. Billy C. Wirtz

My brother is my uncle
My daddy is my cousin,
My nephew is my brother-in-law,

My sister is my aunt,
And mamma was a sheep,
The sweetest thing that we ever saw.

Chorus:

We're inbred, inbred,
For us it's a way of life.
I got a cute little sister, only thirteen,
Tomorrow I'm gonna make her my wife.

Some folks play baseball, some like golf,
Some go jet skiin' that's cool,
But I'd rather stay at home with my family,
And go swimmin' in my own genetic pool.

Chorus

Now we got a large frontal lobe,
And we got that extra finger,
And when we're cut, it'll really start to bleed,
But you know lust like little dogs,
We keep crossin' our lines,
And one day we'll build me a champion breed.

Chorus

Some folks say I'm a little sick
And come call me trash,
Some say "Buddy you ought to be sterilized!"
But I can't help it if I love my little sis,
When I'm looking in those pretty crossed eyes.

We're inbred, inbred,
To us it's a way of life.
I got a cute little sister,
I swear, I know she's at least twelve!
Tomorrow I'm gonna make her my wife
You fat little heifer,
Tomorrow I'm gonna make her my wife.
Get your butt back in the trailer,
Tomorrow I'm gonna make her my wife.

We're inbred in the USA, buddy.

178. Inbred Man

Tune: Honey, Babe

Inbred Man, he's our man
Inbred, inbred
Don't matter if he's kin or Klan
Inbred, inbred
Cunt or mouth or asshole too
Fuck you good that's what he'll do
Inbred, he's an inbred.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Inbred Man had a sister once
Inbred, inbred
Fucked that bitch way up her cunt
Inbred, inbred
Fucked her good then she died
Cause his dick was laced with cyanide
Inbred, he's an inbred.

Inbred Man he looses his truck
Inbred, inbred
But with his truck he does not fuck
Inbred, inbred
Under the hood is much better
Puts his lips around that header
Inbred, he's an inbred.

Inbred Man went down to the creek
Inbred, inbred
Jacking on his big old dick
Inbred, inbred
Saw a girl, she look so neat
GOD DAMN, she's got feet!
Inbred, he's an inbred.

Inbred Man had a dog named Rover
Inbred, inbred
Inbred yelled, "Well, come on over"
Inbred, inbred
Inbred came and so did Rover
That's more luck than a four-leaf clover
Inbred, he's an inbred.

Inbred Man, he's got this punk
Inbred, inbred
Boy, that kid smells like a skunk
Inbred, inbred
Took it out and shot it twice,
This song is over, ain't that nice
Inbred, he's an inbred.

179. Incest is Best

Tune: Tie Me Kangaroo Down Boys

CHORUS:

Incest is best boys,
Incest is best - Fuck a relative!
Incest is best boys,
Incest is best,

Give a piece to your niece boys
Give a piece to your niece
Give a piece to your niece boys
Give a piece to your niece, because -

Put your knob in Uncle Bob boys...
Give a blow to your bro girls...
Shower your sis with some piss boys...
My significant other's my brother girls...
Shoot some goo on Aunt Sue boys...
Do the bum of your Mum boys...
Give a kiss to your sis boys...
Make lovin' to your cousin boys...
I've just had my dad girls...

Put your sis in bliss boys...
Let's fuck Uncle Buck girls...
Rub your palm on your mom boys...
Hide the salami with your mommy boys...

180. Incest Time in Texas

Tune: Yellow Rose of Texas
When it's incest time in Texas,
When there's no cunt to be found,
Your mother's in the bathroom,
With her panties halfway down,

No time for masturbation,
No time to beat your meat,
When it's incest time in Texas,
Mother-fucking can't be beat!

181. Incontinence Is The Shits

Melody-Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys

Chorus: Incontinence is the shits, mates,
Incontinence is the shits-DAMN, TOO LATE!
Incontinence is the shits, mates,
Incontinence is the shits.

Soil your pants at the dance, boys,
Soil your pants at the dance-INCONTINENCE!
That's how they do it in France, boys,
Soil your pants at the dance, 'cause . . .

Take a whiz in your sleep, girls
Take a whiz in your sleep-INCONTINENCE!
New sheets are real cheap, girls,
Take a whiz in your sleep, 'cause . . .

Other verses:

Piss down your thigh with a sigh, guys (What a big mess-
oh my, guys)

Move your bowels on her towels, boys (Never mind all
her howls, boys)

Drop a load on the road, boys (Squat in the road like a
toad, boys)

Spend a penny in your teddie, girls (What's another
soaked nightie, girls?)

Go wee wee in the laundry, girls (What a great place for
a pee, girls)

Wet your panties at Auntie's, girls (Another pair of damp
scanties, girls)

Piddle right down your middle, boys (In a constant
dribble, boys)

Crap right in your wrap, girls (A cozy place for a crap,
girls)

Relieve yourself in a crowd, mates (Who'll know if you're
not loud, mates?)

Make poo poo in your shoe, boys (Fill that brogan with
doo, boys)

Smell like piss at the Ritz, girls (Give the concierge the
fits, girls)

Smellin' like stool ain't too cool, boys (Clear the
classroom at your
school, boys)

PIKES PEAK H4

Wear a diaper on your bottom, boys (You won't show if
you've got 'em, boys)
Stuff TP down your crotch, girls (That way you won't
show a blotch, girls)
Put a catheter up your peter, boys (Don't that peg your
Fun Meter, boys?)
Wear rubber undies on Sundays, girls (What the hell,
better wear them on
all days!]
Be all a-drip on a ship, mates (Mind the puddle-don't slip,
mates]
Make a piddle while you diddle, boys (Let it dribble on her
middle, boys)
Public diarrhea in the cafeteria, girls (Isn't that your
worst fear-ea,
girls?)
Make a stink at the skating rink, girls (Leave a stain on
the ice, girls)

182. Inside Those Red Plush Breeches

John Thomas was a servant tall
The pride and joy of the servant's hall,
Although he only had one ball,
Inside his red plush breeches.

CHORUS:
And he wore red plush breeches
And he wore red plush breeches
And he wore red plush breeches that kept John
Thomas warm

Out of all the servant's at the servant's post
Mary was the one he loved the most
And for her his balls would roast
Inside those red plush breeches

They went for a walk one moonlight night
The stars were out and the moon was bright
Things became extremely tight
Inside those red plush breeches

They found a stump to sit upon
They found a stack to lay upon
Next day Mary sewed buttons on
That pair of red plush breeches

Mary had an illegit
It's face looked like a piece of shit
And every time she looked at it
She cursed those red plush breeches

Now Mary laid poor John a trap,
And he fell for it like a sap,
And now he's got a dose of clap,
Inside those red plush breeches

183. Irian Jaya

Tune: Mull of Kintyre

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.

184. Is it in Yet?

From: Pig Vomit

I tore off my pants, I was ready to burst
I had to stick it in,
She was big and I was small,
But size doesn't make a man.
I pushed in and out, thought I'd make her shout
I knew I'd make her cum
And that's when I heard those hurtful words

Is it in yet?
Is it in yet?

I was feeling low from that awful blow
But I would try again
I rubbed it all day, and I hoped and prayed that it would
grow some more.
I looked at my dick, this time it would do the trick, I
mounted her and stuck it in
And again I heard those hurtful words

Is it in yet?
Is it in yet?

My penis is short
As short as this song
And that's why she asks

Is it in yet?
Is it in yet?

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

185. Isn't It Great To Have A Clitoris?

Isn't it great to have a clitoris,
Isn't it great to have a box?
It's wonderful to own a vagina,
It's grand to own a bush,
From the tiniest little hole,
To the world's largest twat.
So three licks for your muff or furburger,
Hurrah for your Venus mound,
Your piece of ass, your guy's favorite toy,
Your pussy or your cunt.
You can keep it in edible undies,
You can put on crotchless panties,
But don't take it out in public,
Unless you charge a lot,
Or you won't get very rich.
Thank you very much (SPOKEN).

186. Isn't it Awfully Nice to Have a Penis?

From Monty Python

Isn't it awfully nice to have a penis,
Isn't it awfully nice to have a dong?
It's divine to own a stiffy,
It's swell to own a dick,
From the tiniest little tadger,
To the world's biggest prick.
So three cheers for your Willie or John Thomas,
Hurrah for your one-eyed trouser snake,
Your piece of pork, your girl's best friend,
Your big knob or your cock.
You can wrap it up in ribbons,
You can stick it in a sock,
But don't take it out in public,
Or they'll stick you in the dock,
And you won't come back.
Thank you very much (SPOKEN).

187. It's the Same the Whole World Over

She was just a poor man's daughter,
Victim of the rich man's whim,
For he fucked her and he left her,
With a sore and bleeding quim.

CHORUS:

It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor that get the blame,
It's the rich that get the pleasure,
Ain't it all a bloody shame.

Oh, she went up to the city,
For to hide her bleeding shame,
But a Labour leader [the landlord] up and fucked her,
Put her on the street again.

See him in the House of Commons,
Passing laws to combat crime,
While the victim of his evil,
Walks the streets at night in shame.

See him with his hounds and horses,
See him strutting at his club,
While the victim of his whoring,
Drinks her gin inside a pub.

See him riding in his carriage,
Past the gutter where she stands,
He has made a stylish marriage,
While she wrings her ringless hands.

See him at the fine theater,
In the front row with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined,
Entertains a sordid guest.

See her on the bridge at midnight,
Throwing snowballs at the moon,
She said, "sir, I've never had it,"
But she spoke too fucking soon.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
Picking blackheads from her crotch,
She said, "Sir, I've never had it,"
He said, "No, not fucking much."

See her standing in Picadilly,
Offering her aching quim,
She is now completely ruined,
It was all because of him.

See him seated in his carriage,
Riding homeward from the moon,
He got riches from his marriage,
She got sores upon her cunt.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
Throwing cunt-rags at the moon,
First a scream, a splash, Oh goodness!
Has she done a fucking swoon?

When they dragged her from the river,
Water from her clothes they wrung,
And they thought that she had downed,
Till her corpse got up and sung.....

Then there came a wealthy pimp,
Marriage was the tale he told,
She had no one else to take her,
So she sold her soul for gold.

188. Ivan Skavinsky Scavar

The harems of Egypt are fine to behold,
The harlots the fairest of fair,
But the fairest of all was owned by a sheik,
Named Abdul Abulbul Emir.

A traveling brothel came down from the north,
'Twas privately run for the Tsar,
Who wagered a hundred no one could out-shag,
Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

PIKES PEAK H4

A day was arranged for the spectacle great,
A holiday proclaimed by the Tsar,
And the streets were all lined with the harlots
assigned,
To Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

All hairs they were shorn, no frenchies were worn,
And this suited Abdul by far,
And he'd quite set his mind on a fast action grind,
To beat Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

They met on the track with cocks at the slack,
A starter's gun punctured the air,
They were both quick to rise, the crowd gaped at the
size,
Of Abdul Abulbul Emir.
They worked all the night in the pale yellow light,
Old Abdul he revved like a car,
But he couldn't compete with the slow steady beat,
Of Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

So Ivan he won and he shouldered his gun,
He bent down to polish the pair,
When something red hot up his back passage shot,
'Twas Abdul Abulbul Emir.

The harlots turned green, the crowd shouted "Queen"
They were ordered apart by the Tsar,
'Twas bloody bad luck for poor Abdul was stuck,
Up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

The cream of the joke came when they broke,
'Twas laughed at for years by the Tsar,
For Abdul the fool has left half of his tool,
Up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

189. 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]

190. John Brown's Penis

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

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

191. Jonestown

Tune: Downtown

When you are broke and your religion's a joke, you can
always go to - Jonestown.

When life's incomplete there's only one man to meet, so
won't you come and see - Jim Jones.

Watch him as he stirs the vat of koolaid that's so lethal.
Listen to the anguished crys of all his dying people - no
one survives!

The Rev's a most gracious host, so let's lift up our glass
to the ultimate toast, we're at - Jonestown.

Drink up with Reverend Jim - Jonestown - the chances
are mighty slim - Jonestown - the people are dropping
like flies.

Jonestown - Jonestown - Jonestown - Jonestown....

There was Congressman Ryan on his mission of spying
but he would not drink with - Jim Jones.

For such a disgrace they had to blow off his face, now
tell me who's to blame - Jim Jones.

But it forced the Rev to put his final plan in action.

He drank the brew and when it's through he saw with
satisfaction - everyone died!

The deaths were both painful and slow, but to live or to
die, it's a great way to go, we're at - Jonestown.

Drink up with Reverend Jim - Jonestown - the chances
are mighty slim - Jonestown - the people are dropping
like flies.

Jonestown - Jonestown - Jonestown - Jonestown....

192. 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.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

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

193. Junior Birdmen

Tune: Chenango Forks

Up in the air Junior birdmen.
Into the air upside down.
Up into the air junior birdmen,
With your noses to the ground.

And when you hear the grand announcement,
That your wings are made of tin,
Then you will know Junior Birdmen have sent their
boxtops in.

For it takes five boxtops,
Four bottle-bottoms
Three wrappers,
Two labels,
And one thin dime ...
Ratta...ta...ta...a...a...a...

194. Keep It Greasy

From Frank Zappa

Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,
Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,
Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,

Roll it over 'n' grease it down.
I'll drive you through the heart of town.

Hey, all the good women, they sure has it tough,
The good men, well there ain't enough,
All the good girls are lookin' all the time,
Good men is something that they can't find.
'Cause if they find one miraculously,
They try to be as lovin' as they can be,
'Cause if they find one and let him go,
Chances are they might not ever find one no mo'.

Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,
Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,
Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,

Roll it over 'n' grease it down.
I'll drive you through the heart of town.

A good lovin' man is hardest to find,
A good woman needs to ease her mind,
And I know a few that need to ease it behind,
'N' everything is fine.

Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,
Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,
Keep it greasy so it'll go down easy,

Roll it over 'n' grease it down.
I'll drive you through the heart of town.

A girl don't need
No fancy grease
To get herself
Some rump release
Any kind
Of lube'll do
Maybe from another
Part of you
Lube from the North
Lube from the South
Take a little slobber
From the side of your mouth
Roll it over
Grease it down
Here come that crazy
Screamin' sound...

195. Keyhole Song

The party ended early,
Twas only half past nine,
And by some stroke of bloody good luck,
Her room was next to mine.
And so like Christopher Columbus,
I started to explore,
I took up my position at the keyhole in the door.

Oh the keyhole, keyhole, keyhole,
The keyhole in the door.
I took up my position at the keyhole in the door.

She sat down by the fireside,
Her lily white tits to warm,
With only a nylon chemise on,
To hide her naked form.

If only she would take it off,
What man could ask for more?
By God, I saw her take it off,
Through the keyhole in the door.

Oh the keyhole, keyhole, keyhole,
The keyhole in the door.
By God, I saw her take it off,
Through the keyhole in the door.

With soft and trembling fingers,
I opened up the door,
With soft and trembling footsteps,
I crossed the bedroom floor.
And so that no other man could,
See what I'd seen before,
I stuffed that nylon chemise up,
The keyhole in the door.

Oh the keyhole, keyhole, keyhole,
The keyhole in the door.
I stuffed that nylon chemise up,
The keyhole in the door.

PIKES PEAK H4

That night I slept in rapture,
And something else beside,
Upon her glorious bosom,
Had many a glorious ride.
That morning when I woke up,
My prick was mighty sore,
I felt as if I'd stuffed it up,
The keyhole in the door.

Hey!

196. Knights of the Round Table

From Monty Python

We're Knights of the Round Table,
We dance when ere we're able,
We do routines and chorus scenes,
With footwork impeccable.

We dine well here in Camelot,
We eat ham and jam and spam a lot.

We're Knights of the Round Table,
Our shows are formidable,
But many times, we're given rhymes,
That are quite unsingable.

We're Opera mad in Camelot,
We sing from the diaphragm
a l . . o . . o . . o . . t.

In war we're tough and able,
Quite indefatigable,
Between our quests, we sequin vests,
And impersonate Clark Gable.

It's a busy life in Camelot,
I have to push the pram a lot.

197. Lady Hardonna

Tune: Lady Madonna

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

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

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

198. Large Balls

Miss Jones was walking down the street,
When a young fellow she happened to meet,
Was giving the girls a hell of a treat,
Twisting and turning his balls.

CHORUS:

But they were large balls, large balls,
Twice as heavy as lead, cha, cha;
And with two twists of his muscular wrists,
He threw them right over his head.
Sera-aboom, sera-a-boom, sera-a-boom boom boom.

A policeman to the scene was called,
He said, "A lesson'll have to be taught,
Because it's certain that no one ought,
To be twisting and turning his balls."

The prisoner standing in the dock,
He gave the judge a hell of a shock,
Insisting on showing the jury his cock,
And twisting and turning his balls.

The judge he said, "The case is clear,
The fine will be a pint of beer,
For any young bugger that cums in here,
Twisting and turning his balls."

199. Leaver's Song

Tune: Annie's Song

CHORUS:

You're leaving Jakarta, you silly old farter
Your best days are over, you're ready to go
Your wrinkles are showing, your beer belly is growing
Your semen's stopped flowing, you're all clapped out
now.

You abandoned your wife, in favor of night life
You screwed till the morning, then came back for more
Even your maid was willing, to sample your drilling
But now your bit's broken, they've shown you to the door.

We marvel to witness, your standard of fitness
You suffered no ailments, not even a cough
But from self-abuse, and living so loose
Your extremity's withered, and your balls have dropped
off.

You came full of purpose, but now you are surplus
You were full of ideas, you were at the forefront
Now your skills are outdated, your job's automated
You're now on the scrap heap, you stupid old cunt.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

200. 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.

201. Let Me Ball You Sweetheart

Tune: Let Me Call You Sweetheart

Let me ball you sweetheart; I'm in bed with you,
Let me hear you whisper that it's time to screw.
Make your body wiggle in the same old way,
And I'll be back to see you on my next pay day.

Let me call you sweetheart; I'm in bed with you,
Let me pinch your boobies till they're black and blue.
Let me stroke your vulva till it's filled with goo,
Let's play hide the weenie up your old wazoo.

202. Let's Have a Party

From Oscar Brand

Tune: Maney Makes the World Go Round

Parties make the world go 'round,
World go 'round, world go 'round,
Parties make the world go 'round,
Let's have a party!

We're going to tear down the bar (Boo)
We're going to build a new bar ('ray)
One inch deep (Boo)
Two miles long ('ray)

Soda's going to be five dollars a glass (Boo)
Whiskey's free ('ray)
We're going to dump all the beer in the pool (Boo)
Then we're all going swimmin' ('ray)

They'll be no bartenders at out bar (Boo)
Barmaids ('ray)
In long dresses (Boo)
Made of cellophane ('ray)

You can't take our girls to your rooms (Boo)
Our girls take you to their rooms ('ray)
But you can't sleep with our girls (Boo)
Our girls won't let you sleep ('ray)

There will be no fuckin' on the dancin' floor (Boo)
And there'll be no dancin' on the fuckin' floor ('ray)

Parties make the world go 'round,
World go 'round, world go 'round,
Parties make the world go 'round,
Let's have a party!

203. Life Presents a Dismal Picture

Tune: Deutschland Uber Alles

Life presents a dismal picture,
Dark and dreary as the tomb,
Father's got urethral stricture,
Mother's got a prolapsed womb.

Uncle James has been deported,
For a homosexual crime,
Nell, our maid, has just aborted,
For the forty-second time.

Ours is not a happy household-,
No-one laughs or even smiles,
Mine's a dismal occupation,
Crushing ice for grampa's piles.

Jane the under-housemaid vomits,
Every morning just at eight,
To the horror of the butler,
Who's the author of her fate.

Auntie Kate has diarrhea,
Shits ten times more than she ought-,
Stand all day beside the rear,
Lest she should be taken short.

Grandpa, lurking in the woodshed,
Found a fetus in a case-,
Father Pryke says it is murder-,
Of sister Annie there's no trace.

Uncle Charlie has a chancre,
Caught from Uncle Henry's wife,
May's in bed with menstruation,
Auntie's at the change of life.

Mabel's husband's now in prison,
For a childish prank of mine-,
Pinching things that wasn't his'n,
Women's scanties off a line.

Dad's a man who likes the bestial,
Incest is my mother's fun,
So the whole four sleep together,
Father, mother, horse, and son.

PIKES PEAK H4

Anal-oral trends disgust me,
Though pronounced in Tiny Tim,
For I much prefer fellatio-,
He sucks me and I suck him.

Little Jim keeps masturbating,
Though we tell him it's a sin,
Uncle Dave's the Kingsgrove slasher,
Uncle Henry dobbed him in.

Still we must not be down-hearted,
We must not be put about,
Cousin Susie has just farted,
Turned her arsehole inside out!

Limericks - See Annex A

204. Lionhunt Song

First of all everybody must pull their pants/tights/or whatever up above their knees. Then everybody gathers in a circle and turns right, so that they are looking at the back of the hasher in front of them. Then everybody places their tongue between the lips and the teeth in the lower part of the mouth. It sounds VERY funny when people sing with the tongue in this position. Then everyone stomps on the spot in a 1..2..3.4 , in an army-like manner. Start walking forward around the circle.

Choir-leader sings the line, the choir repeats the 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 holding a rifle)

"And bullets two"
(swing the right hand forward with the thumb, the ring-finger (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 hands starting together at the top)

"Couldn't go around it"
(move one hand away from you and around 'the mountain')

"Wouldn't climb over it"

(let your hand follow the shape of the mountain up 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 ...

"Came to the lion"
(Scream as loud as possible and run fast away from the circle like you've just met a real lion, whom 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.

205. Little Bird

There was a little bird,
No bigger than a turd
And he sat upon a telegraph pole.
He stuck out his little neck,
And he shat about a peck
As he puckered up his little asshole.

Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,
As he puckered up his little asshole.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

206. Little Bit Off the Top

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When I was eight days old my boys,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
When I was eight days old my boys,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
The Rabbi came with a big sharp knife,
And I surely thought he would take my life,
But all he took was a,
Little bit off the top.

O, that is what they call a bris,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
O, that is what they call a bris,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
And if the Rabbi doesn't miss,
It makes for a more interesting piss,
But all he took was a,
Little bit off the top.

The Rabbi, he is called a moyl,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
The Rabbi, he is called a moyl,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
And over me he sure did toil,
I thought I would end up a goil,
But all he took was a,
Little bit off the top.

O, circumcision is all right,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
O, circumcision is all right,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
But every morning and every night,
You aim to the left and pee to the right,
But all he took was a,
Little bit off the top.

207. Little Brown Mouse

Oh, the liquor was spilled on the barroom floor,
And the place was closed for the night,
When out from his hole crept a little brown mouse,
And sat in the pale moonlight.

Oh, he lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor,
And back on his haunches he sat,
And all night long you could hear him roar,
"BRING ON THE GODDAMNED CAT!"

Optional Verse:

Oh, the cat came out and they had a little spat,
And the cat ate up on the mouse,
And the moral of the story is,
YOU CAN'T DRINK LIQUOR ON THE HOUSE!

208. Little Red Train

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

A little red train came down the track,
She blew, she blew,
A little red train came down the track,
She blew, she blew,
A little red train came down the track,
And I don't give a damn if she never comes back,
Away she blew, oh Jesus, how she blew.

The engineer was at the throttle . . .
A-jacking off in a whiskey bottle . . .

The fireman, he was shoveling coal . . .
Right up the engineer's asshole . . .

The switchman, he was at the switch . . .
A-swishing away like a son of a bitch . . .

A blonde was in the dining car . . .
A-puffing away on a black cigar . . .

A porter was waiting in the car . . .
To take the place of the black cigar . . .

The flagman he stood out in the grass . . .
The staff of the flag run up his ass . . .

209. Lloyd George

Melody—Onward Christian Soldiers

Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloyd George;
Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloyd George;
Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloyd George;
Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloyd George .
..[ad nauseam]

210. Lobster Song

"Oh, mister fisherman, home from the sea,
Have you got a lobster you will sell to me?"

CHORUS:
Singing ai-tiddly-ai, shit or bust,
Never let your ballocks dangle in the dust.

"Yes sir, yes sir, I have two,
And the biggest of the bastards I will sell to you."

So I took the lobster home, but I couldn't find a dish,
So I put the fucking lobster where the missus has a
piss.

In the middle of the night, as you well know,
The missus got up to let the water flow.

Well, first there came a groan, and then there came a
grunt,
And the bloody lobster grabbed her by the cunt.

PIKES PEAK H4

The missus grabbed the brush, and I grabbed the broom,
And we chased the fucking lobster round and round the room.

We hit it on the head, we hit it on the side,
We hit that fucking lobster till the bastard died.

Oh, the story has a moral, and this is it,
Always have a look before you take a piss.

That's the end of my story, there isn't any more,
There's an apple up my asshole, and you can have the core.

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

211. Loopy

Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike

Twas down in cunt valley where red rivers flow,
Where cocksuckers flourish and maidenheads grow,
Twas there I met Loopy, the girl I adore,
She's a hot fucking, cocksucking, Mexican whore.

CHORUS:

She'll fuck you, she'll suck you, she'll tickle your nuts,
And if you're not happy, she'll suck out your guts,
She'll wrap her legs around you till you want to die,
But I'd rather eat Loopy than sweet cherry pie.

When Loopy was a young girl of just about eight,
She'd swing too and fro on the back garden gate.
The crossmember parted, the upright went in,
And since then she's lived in a welter of sin.

Now Loopy is dead and she lays in her tomb,
The worms crawl around in her decomposed womb.
The smile on her face, well it says give me more,
I'm a hot fucking, cocksucking, Mexican whore.

212. Lulu

Tune: Good Night Ladies

CHORUS:

Bang, Bang, Lulu,
Lulu's gone away,
Who's gonna' bang bang
When Lulu's gone away.

Some girls work in factories,
some girls work in stores,
but Lulu works in a honky tonk
with forty other.....

Lulu had a baby,
it was an awful shock
she couldn't call it Lulu,
'Cause the bastard had a

I took her to the pictures,
we sat down in the stalls,
and every time the lights went out,
she'd grab me by the

She and I went fishing,
in a dainty punt,
and every time she caught a sprat,
she'd stuff up her.....

I wish I were the silver ring,
On Lulu's dainty hand
then every time she scratches her arse,
I'd see the promised

I wish I were the chamber pot,
under Lulu's bed,
then every time she took a piss,
I'd see her maiden

Lulu had two boy-friends,
both were very rich
one was the son of a banker,
the other a son-of-a.....

Lulu had a boy-friend,
his name was Tommy Tucker,
he took her down the alley,
to see if he could

Lulu had a boy-friend,
a funny little chap
every time they had a bit,
she got a dose of ...

Lulu was a pretty girl,
she had a lot of class,
mini-skirts she'd wear a lot,
to let her show her.....

Lulu had a bicycle,
the seat was very sharp,
every time she sat on it
it would slip right up her....

Lulu had a boy-friend,
he was very fit,
working all day on the farm,
his job was shoveling.....

Lulu and a boy-friend,
a stunted little runt,
one day they went to have a bit,
and he vanished up her.....

Lulu had a little lamb,
she kept it in a bucket,
Every time the lamb jumped out,
the bulldog used to.....

She and I went walking,
we walked along the grass,
she slipped on a banana peel,
and fell down on her.....

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Lulu made some porridge,
it was very thick,
Lulu wouldn't eat it,
but she'd smear it on my.....

Lulu had a bicycle,
the seat was very blunt,
Every time she jumps on it
it sticks her in the.....

Lulu has a bicycle,
the seat was made of glass,
And every time she hit a bump,
a piece went up her...

Lulu had a boyfriend,
his name was Diamond Dick,
She never saw his diamond,
but always saw his....

Lulu had a boyfriend,
his name was Michael Hunt,
She like him above the rest,
Because he'd eat her...

Lulu had a turtle,
and Lulu had a duck.
She put them in the bathtub,
To see if they would...

Lulu had a vanity chair,
it was made of glass,
Every time she sat on it,
you could see her...

Lulu had a boyfriend,
his name was Billy Batch,
But Lulu had to break it off,
When it got stuck in her big 'ol....

Lulu had a job,
but then she had to quit,
'Cause every time she turned around,
The boss would grab her...

213. Lumberjack Song

From Monty Python

1. I'm a lumberjack and I'm OK,
I sleep all night and I work all day.

[CHORUS:- repeat '1' in third person]

2. I cut down trees, I eat my lunch,
I go to the lavatory.
On Wednesdays I go shopping,
Have buttered scone for tea.

[CHORUS:- repeat '2' and '1' in third person]

3. I cut down trees, I skip and jump,
I like to press wild flowers,
I put on women's clothing
And hang around in bars.

[CHORUS:- repeat '3' and '1' in third person]

4. I cut down trees, I wear high heels,
Suspenders and a bra,
I wish I were a girlie
Just like my old papa.

[CHORUS:- repeat '4' and '1' in third person]

214. Lydia the Tattooed Lady

Tune: Lydia the Tattooed Lady

Lydia, oh Lydia,
Say have you met Lydia,
Lydia the tattooed lady,
She has eyes that men adore so,
And a torso even more so.

Lydia, oh Lydia
That encyclopedia
Lydia the queen of tattoo
On her back is the battle of Waterloo
Beside it the wreck of the Titanic too
And proudly above waves the red white and blue
You can learn a lot from Lydia

La de da, la de da, la de da, la de da.

She can give you a view of the world in tattoo
If you step up and tell her where
For a dime you can see Kankakee or Paree
Or Washington Crossing the Delaware

La de da, la de da, la de da, la de da.

Lydia, oh Lydia,
Lydia the tattooed lady,
When her muscles start relaxin'
Up the hill comes Andrew Jackson

Lydia, oh Lydia
Lydia the champ of them all
She once swept an Admiral clear off his feet
The ships on her hips made his heart skip a beat
And now he's in command of the fleet
For he went and married Lydia

215. MacDonald's Farm

Tune: MacDonald's Farm

[This song requires more than one person to perform if
the gestures are to make any sense, since many of
them pantomime sexual acts.]

(Take turns leading verses)

PIKES PEAK H4

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/ACTIONS: 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 . . .

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

216. Madeline Schmidt

Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike

There was a young maiden named Madeline Schmidt,
Who went to the doctor 'cause she couldn't shit,
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass,
Up went the window and out went her ass!

CHORUS: I
It was brown, brown, shit all around,
It was brown, brown, shit all around,
It was brown, brown, shit all around,
And the whole world was covered in
SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!

A handsome young copper was walking his beat,
He just happened to be on that side of the street,
He looked up so innocent, he looked up so shy,
And a big wad of shit hit him right in HIS EYE!

That handsome young copper he cursed and he
swore,
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore,
And beneath London Bridge you can still see him sit,
With a sign 'round his neck saying
BLINDED BY SHIT!

[END OF SHORT VERSION—FOR LONG VERSION,
PRESS ON]

Two fast moving Hashers came running along,
Throwing flour and paper and singing their song,
Singing, Hi-Diddle-Diddle, and flogging their dongs,
The hares were trail-setting,
The pack wouldn't be long.

The hares found the copper alone by the pit,
Threw flour in the holes where his eyes used to fit,
The hares led the pack by a block and a bit,
Said, "We'll lead the damn pack
through these puddles of SHIT!"

The hares led the pack to the edge of the pit,
They slipped and they slid in the puddles of shit,
They fell in the shiggy, right up to their tails,
Ere they sank out of sight, they
marked it TRUE TRAIL!

The pack followed bravely, the pack followed true,
They followed the hares into that vile brew,
They followed true trail right into the pit,
Soon the whole pack of Hashers was drowning in
SHIT!

This tale has a lesson if you think a bit,
Don't follow true trail right into the pit,
Remember that hares can be damn bloody fools,
And in Hashing, like loving, there's
NO FUCKING RULES!

217. Mammary Lane

From: Pig Vomit

Once upon a time I was just a teen
When I first found my daddy's girlie magazine
I saw a picture of perfection
She was calling out for further inspection
And she stared back at me with those bedroom eyes
All I really wanted was the bloody prize
It was the size of the prize in my eyes
That was causing my erection

CHORUS:
Mammary Lane, Mammary Lane
A feeling I can't explain
Mammary Lane, Mammary Lane
This girl is driving me insane
'Cause she knows when she pose
In or out of her clothes
I stick her in my hall of fame
And she'll be glad I cum
On the ride down Mammary Lane

I remember the pair that Joanie used to wear
They weren't very big, but with some tissue here and
there
No one even cared or even dared
To ask if they were imitation
And then there was Sally and her friend Sue
They were the boobsy twins of P.S. 102
Wherever their bust stopped
I made a point to make my favorite destination
- Chorus -

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

The beauty of their names I will never forget
We'd call them titties, jugs, hooter, knockers, and
breasts
I love the way they're hung on every woman of every
nation
I love all different sizes and all different shapes
Anywhere there's cleavage you can find my face
They've got the power to devour every hour of my
imagination.
- Chorus -

218. Man Trap

Tune: Ring of Fire

Love is a burning thing,
Met a girl who could make me sing,
A snatch was never wider,
I fell into her huge vagina.

I fell into her steamy wet vagina,
Went down, down, down, almost the whole way to China.
And it turns, squirms, churns,
That huge vagina, that huge vagina.

The taste, it was so sweet,
Then I slid in my meat,
Just before I was done,
She asked, "Are you in yet hon?"

I fell into her steamy wet vagina,
Went down, down, down, almost the whole way to China.
And it turns, squirms, churns,
That huge vagina, that huge vagina.
(Let it squirm!)

I fell into her steamy wet vagina,
Went down, down, down, but she wouldn't let me ride
her,
And it turns, squirms, churns,
That huge vagina, that huge vagina.

I tasted her and then,
I had to try again,
She said, with all her charm,
"Don't use your cock again, try your arm."

I fell into her steamy wet vagina,
With arms and legs both, I couldn't satisfy her.
And it turns, squirms, churns,
That huge vagina, that huge vagina.

219. Mary

Mary in the kitchen punching duff, punching duff,
punching duff,
Mary in the kitchen punching duff,
BULLSHIT
Mary in the kitchen punching duff,
When the cheeks of her arse went chuff, chuff, chuff,
shit all around the room, tra-la,
shit all around the room.

Mary in the kitchen boiling rice, boiling rice, boiling rice,
Mary in the kitchen boiling rice,
BULLSHIT

Mary in the kitchen boiling rice,
When out of her cunt jumped three blind mice,
Shit all around the room, tra-la,
Shit all around the room.

Mary in the kitchen shelling peas, shelling peas,
shelling peas,
Mary in the kitchen shelling peas,
BULLSHIT
Mary in the kitchen shelling peas,
The hairs of her cunt hung down to her knees,
Shit all around the room, tra-la,
Shit all around the room.

Mary in the garden sifting cinders, sifting cinders,
sifting
cinders,
Mary in the garden sifting cinders,
BULLSHIT
Mary in the garden sifting cinders,
Blew one fart and broke ten windows,
Shit all around the room, tra-la,
Shit all around the room.

Mary had a dog whose name was Ben, name was Ben,
name was Ben,
Mary had a dog whose name was Ben,
BULLSHIT
Mary had a dog whose name was Ben,
Had one ball which worked like ten,
Shit all around the room, tra-la,
Shit all around the room.

Mary in the kitchen baking cakes, baking cakes, baking
cakes,
Mary in the kitchen baking cakes,
BULLSHIT
Mary in the kitchen baking cakes,
When out of the tits came two mild shakes,
Shit all around the room, tra-la,
Shit all around the room.

220. Mary Ann Burns

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats,
She can do tricks that'll give a guy the shits,
She can shoot green peas from her fundamental
orifice,
Do a somersault and catch 'em on her tits.
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch,
Twice as big as me,
Got hair on her ass like the branches on a tree,
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck,
Fly an airplane, drive a truck,
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

PIKES PEAK H4

221. Mary Ann McCarthy

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams.
Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams.
Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams,
But she didn't get one son of a bitchin' clam,
All she got was oysters,
All she got was oysters,
All she got was oysters,
But she never got one son of a bitchin' clam.

She dug up all the mud there was in San Francisco Bay,
She dug up all the mud there was in San Francisco Bay,
She dug up all the mud there was in San Francisco Bay,
And all she ever got was crabs.
All she ever got was crabs.
All she ever got was crabs.
All she ever got was crabs.
But she never got one son of a bitchin' clam.

She waded in the water till her ass dug the sand,
She waded in the water till her ass dug the sand,
She waded in the water till her ass dug the sand,
But all she ever got was piles.
All she ever got was piles.
All she ever got was piles.
All she ever got was piles.
But she never got one son of a bitchin' clam.

She went to every party that the Army ever gave,
She went to every party that the Army ever gave,
She went to every party that the Army ever gave,
But all she ever got was clap,
All she ever got was clap,
All she ever got was clap,
All she ever got was clap,
But she never got one son of a bitchin' clam.

222. Mary Box

This is the tale of Mary Box
Who gave a thousand men the pox,
Soldiers and sailors and men of honor,
Fought like fiends to climb upon her,
And now that she's dead, she's not forgotten,
They dig her up and fuck her rotten.

223. Masochism Tango

From Tom Lehrer

I ache for the touch of your lips dear,
But much more for the touch of your whips dear,
You can raise welts like nobody else,
As we dance to the masochism tango.

Let our love be a flame not an ember,
Say it's me that you want to dismember,
Blacken my eye, set fire to my tie,
As we dance to the masochism tango.

At your command before you here I stand,
My heart is in my hand,yech,
It's here that I must be,
My heart entreats, just hear those savage beasts,
And go put on your cleats, and come and trample me.

Your heart is hard as stone or mahogany,
Is that's why I'm in such exquisanogany,
My soul is on fire, it's aflame with desire,
Which is why I perspire when we tango.

You caught my nose in your left castanet love,
I can feel the pain yet love, every time I hear drums,
And I envy the rose that you held in your teeth love,
With the thorns underneath love, sticking into your gums.

Your eyes cast a spell which bewitches,
The last time I needed twenty stitches,
To sew up the gash you made with your lash,
As we dance to the masochism tango.

Bash in my brain and make me scream with pain once again,
and say we'll never part,
I know too well I'm underneath your spell,
So darling if you smell something burning, it's my heart.

Take your cigarette from it's holder,
And burn your initials in my shoulder,
Fracture my spine and swear that you're mine.
As we dance to the masochism tango.

224. Masturbation (Version 1)

Tune: Alouette

Chorus :
Masturbation, I love masturbation,
Masturbation, I love to masturbate.

LEADER: How I like to choke my chicken,
PACK: Yes, he likes to choke his chicken,
LEADER: Choke my chicken,
PACK: Choke his chicken,
LEADER: Masturbate,
PACK: Masturbate,

Chorus

Comment: Leader is now the next person on the right—
lead goes around the circle with each new verse, and
all old verses should be repeated, as in AAHLAWETA:

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

LEADER: How I like to spank my monkey,
PACK: How he likes to spank his monkey,
LEADER: Spank my monkey,
PACK: Spank his monkey,
LEADER: Choke my chicken,
PACK: Choke his chicken,
LEADER: Masturbate,
PACK: Masturbate,

Other verses:

Lope my mule
Rub my nub
Whip my lizard
Swat my twat
Tease the beaver
Flog my log
Stroke my snatch
Tap my gap
Beat my meat
Pull my pony
Yank my chain
Use three fingers
Moan and jerk
etc . . .

Comment: This goes on until no one can think of new masturbation verses, at which point the song rolls over into the song **FORNICATION**.

225. Masturbation (Version 2)

Tune: Finculi-Fincula

Last night I stayed at home and masturbated,
It felt so good, I knew it would,
Last night I stayed at home and masturbated,
It felt so nice, I did it twice.

You, you should have seen me on the short strokes,
It felt so grand, I used my hand,
You, you should have seen me on the long strokes,
It felt so neat, I used my feet.

Smash it, bash it, throw it on the floor,
Wrap it around the bedpost, stick it in the door,
Some people say that sexual intercourse is something
really grand.
But, me, I'd rather stay at home and work it off by
hand.

226. Mayor of Bayswater's Daughter

Tune: The Ash Grove

The mayor of Bayswater,
He has a lovely daughter,
And the hairs on her dick-di-do,
Hang down to her knees,

CHORUS:

And the hairs,
And the hairs,
And the hairs on her dicky-di-do,
Hang down to her knees,
One black one, one white one,
And one with a little shite on,
And the hairs of her dicky-di-do,
Hang down to her knees.

Variations for this chorus line

And one forty pound strength one
And one I caught a trout on
And one I found on a bar of soap
And one that blocked the storm drain
And one she used as dental floss
And one she uses for macramé
And one dripping in olive oil
And one that smelt of clitty litter
And one to start the lawn mower with
And one covered in algae
And one I found in my mug of beer
And one the crabs are stuck on
etc...

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

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

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

I could not believe my eyes,
When I peed between her thighs,

She came from Glamorgan,
With a cunt like a barrel organ,

She slept with a demon,
Who washed her with semen,

She lived on a mountain,
And fucked 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 shit-house door,

She lived on a malted milkshake,
And rooted like a bloody rattlesnake,

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

She divorced the Italian,
And married a stallion,

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

PIKES PEAK H4

Her cat's name was Boris,
And it played with her clitoris,

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

She stayed in Seattle,
And went down on cattle,

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

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

I've stroked them, I've poked them,
I've even rolled them up and smoked them,

You need a coal miner,
To find her vagina,

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

I've licked it, I've kissed it,
It tastes like a chocolate biscuit,

You can drive a mini minor,
Right up her vagina,

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

Her vagina was squishy,
And smelled a bit fishy,

The aroma it lingers,
It smells like fish fingers,

227. Medical Love Song

From Monty Python

Inflammation of the foreskin reminds me of your smile,
I've had ballanital chancroids for quite a little while,
I gave my heart to NSU that lovely night in June,
I ache for you my darling, and I hope you get well soon.

My penile warts, your herped, my syphilitic sores,
Your moenelial infection, how I miss you more and more.
Your dobie's itch, my scrumpox, our lovely gonorrhea,
At least we both were lying, when we said that we were clear.

Our syphilitic kisses sealed the secret of our tryst,
You gave me scrotal pustules with a quick flick of your wrist.

Your trichovaginitis sent shivers down my spine,
I got snail tracks in my anus when your spirochetes met mine.

CHORUS: Gonococcal urethritis, streptococcal ballimitis,
Meningo meylitis, diplococcal cephalitis,
Epididimitis, interstitial keratitis,

Syphilitic choroiditis, and anterior u-ve-it-is.

My clapped out genitalia is not so bad for me,
As the complete and utter failure every time I try to pee.
My doctor says my buboes are the worst he's ever seen,
My scrotum's painted orange and my balls are turning green.

My heart is very tender though my parts are awful raw,
You might have been infected but you never were a bore.

I'm dying of your love my love, I'm you're spirochaetal clown,

I've left my body to science but I'm afraid they've turned it down.

CHORUS: Gonococcal urethritis, streptococcal ballimitis,
Meningo meylitis, diplococcal cephalitis,
Epididimitis, intersitital keratitis,
Syphilitic choroiditis, and anterior u-ve-it-is.

228. Men

Tune: ???

CHORUS (continuously): Men, men, men, men, men,
men, men, men . . .

Oh, it's fun to be on a ship with men,
And sail across the sea,
We don't know where we'll land, or when,
But still it's fun to be,
On a ship with men at sea.

There's men above and men below,
And men down in the galley.

There's Butch and Spike,
And Tom and Sam,
And one that we call Sally,
One that we call Sally (effeminately).

Oh, we are brave and we are bold,
And none of us are sissies.
Each night we lay down in our bunks,
And blow each other kissies (effeminately).

229. 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.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

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

230. Mobile

Tune: She'll be Coming 'Round the Mountain

Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile, in Mobile,
Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile,
Oh the eagles they fly high,
And they shit right in your eye,
Thank the Lord the cows don't fly in Mobile.

CHORUS:

In Mobile, in Mobile,
In-mo, in-mo, in-Mobile,
A-a-sshole, a-a-sshole, a-a-a-sshole.

There's a girl by the name of Dinah in Mobile, in
Mobile,
There's a girl by the name of Dinah in Mobile,
There's a girl by the name of Dinah,
Who thinks there's nothing finer,
Than a prick up her vagina in Mobile.

Oh the vicar is a bugger in Mobile.....etc.
And the curate is another,
And they bugger one another in Mobile.

There's a shortage of bog paper in Mobile.....etc.
So they wait until it vapors,
Then they light it with a taper in Mobile.

If you're ever thrown in jail in Mobile.....etc.
Well there's no need for bail,
'Cause the sheriff's wife's for sale in Mobile.

Oh the Hashers get no tail in Mobile, in Mobile,
Oh the Hashers get no tail in Mobile,
So for want of recreation,
They indulge in masturbation,
It's a hell of a situation in Mobile.

Oh there's a brand new lighthouse in Mobile.....etc.
Which the birds use for a shit-house,
Now the lighthouse is a white-house in Mobile.

There's a shortage of good bogs in Mobile.....etc.
So they wait until it clogs,
Then they saw it up in logs in Mobile.

There's a Jew by the name of Cohen in Mobile.....etc.
To the Christian church he's goin',
'Cause his foreskin keeps on growing' in Mobile.

There's a man by the name of Hunt in Mobile.....etc.
Who thought he had a cunt,
But his balls were back to front in Mobile.

There's a man by the name of West in Mobile.....etc.
Who thought he had a breast,
But is balls were on his chest in Mobile.

Oh the girls they wear tin undies in Mobile.....etc.
And they take them off on Sundays,
You should see the boys on Mondays in Mobile.

There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile.....etc.
But there's keyholes in the doors,
And there's knotholes in the floors in Mobile.

Oh the parson is perverted in Mobile.....etc.
And his morals are inverted,
There's a thousand he's converted in Mobile.

Frenchies are the short supply in Mobile.....etc.
And that's the reason why,
You'll see them hanging out to dry in Mobile.

The virgins they are rare in Mobile.....etc.
When they get their pubic hair,
They're deflowered by the Mayor in Mobile.

Oh the girls they wear tin pants in Mobile.....etc.
And they take them off to dance,
All the fellows get a chance in Mobile.

There's a lad named Dirty Danny in Mobile.....etc.
And he likes a bit of fanny,
And he gets it off of granny in Mobile.

There's a bastard named Mercator in Mobile.....etc.
Who's the greatest masturbator,
Fornicator, cunt-inflator in Mobile.

There's a girl with no ambition, in Mobile.....etc.
And when she isn't wishin'
She gets it in the kitchen,
From the local obstetrician in Mobile.

Oh, men of drinking classes in Mobile.....etc.
When you've finished with your glasses,
You can shove them up your asses in Mobile.

Oh, the chemists are the key men in Mobile.....etc.
Selling dehydrated semen,
To emasculated he-men in Mobile.

Oh the Privates wash the dishes in Mobile.....etc.
And they dry them on their britches,
Oh the dirty sons of bitches in Mobile.

Oh, the Sergeant is a bugger in Mobile.....etc.
And the Corporal is another,
And they bugger one another in Mobile.

Oh, they drink their whisky neat in Mobile.....etc.
Till it drops them off their feet,
And they cannot get a beat in Mobile.

Oh, I chased the Colonel's daughter in Mobile.....etc.
And I shagged her when I caught her,
Now the daughter's got a daughter in Mobile.

Oh the cows they are all dead in Mobile.....etc.
So they milk the bulls instead,
'Cause the bastard's must be fed in Mobile.

PIKES PEAK H4

231. Monk of Great Renown

There was a monk of great renown,
There was a monk of great renown,
There was a monk of great renown,
Who shagged an innocent maid from town.

CHORUS:

The old sod, the sod,
The bugger deserved to die.
Fuck him, shit him -
But first let us pray:
GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH

His brother monks they cried in shame,
So he turned her over and fucked her again.

He met another by the mill,
And fucked and fucked her up the hill.

He met another in the hay,
And put her in the family way.
He took her to the Abbot's bed,
And fucked and fucked till she was dead.

But when the Abbot cried, "Amen,"
He fucked her back to life again.

His brother monks to stop his frolics,
Put a nail through this prick and cut off his ballocks.

And now the moral I will tell,
And now the moral I will tell,
When all the world just feels like hell,
Just fuck and fuck till all is well.

232. Monks of Saint Bernard

The monks of St Bernard, St Bernard, St Bernard
They don't give a bugger at all.
They rise up right early, right early, right early,
And pee through a hole in the wall.
The green leaves are yellow, the green leaves are
yellow, the green leaves are yellow,
And so is the hole in the wall.

233. Monster Hash

Tune: Monster Mash

I was running with the HASH on Halloween night
When my eyes beheld an eerie sight
Poofers and Back Sliders began to arrive
And suddenly, to my surprise

{start-CHORUS}
(They did the HASH)
They did the Monster HASH
(The Monster HASH)
It was a graveyard HASH
(They did the HASH)
They caught on in a flash
(They did the HASH)

They did the Monster HASH
{end-CHORUS}

From knee deep shiggy in the swamp that's east
To wading through the creek where the leaches feast
The poofers all came when they heard the news
They could get some mud on their running shoes

{start-CHORUS}
(And do the HASH)
And do the Monster HASH
(The monster HASH)
And do the graveyard HASH
(To do the HASH)
They caught on in a flash
(To do the HASH)
To do the Monster HASH
{end-CHORUS}

The trail was dark the hares were not to be found
Igor unchained was running with the hounds
The local cops were about to arrive
With orders to take Hashers DEAD or ALIVE.

{CHORUS:}
The Hashers were having fun
(In-a-shoop-wha-ooo)
The party had just begun
(In-a-shoop-wha-ooo)
The guests included WolfMan
(In-a-shoop-wha-ooo STOP)
Dracula and his son
(Drum fill)

{CHORUS:}
Out from his pickup the Tyrant's voice did ring (shoop-
wha-ooo)
It seems he was worried 'bout just one thing
(shoop-wha-ooo)
Opened the door and shook his fist, and said
(shoop-wha-ooo STOP)
"Whatever happened to those running club wimps?"

{start-CHORUS}
(They did the HASH) They did the Monster HASH
(The Monster HASH) It was a graveyard HASH
(They did the HASH) They caught on in a flash
(They did the HASH) They did the Monster HASH
{end-CHORUS}

Now everything's cool, we found all of the pack
And the Monster HASH, it will be coming back
For you, the sober, this HASH was meant, too
When you get to the box, tell them Boris sent you

{start-CHORUS}
(And you can HASH) And you can Monster HASH
(The monster HASH) And do the graveyard HASH
(And you can HASH) You'll catch on in a flash
(Then you can HASH) Then you can Monster HASH
{end-CHORUS}

{fade with Boris & Igor talkover}
{CHORUS:}

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Igor: MMMM...HASH goooood! HASH good!
[shoop-wha-ooo]
Boris: Down Igor, you impetuous young boy. [shoop-wha-ooo]
Igor: HASH goooood. [shoop-wha-ooo]
[shoop-wha-ooo]
etc.

134. Monte Carlo

Tune: The Man Who Broke the Bank in Monte Carlo

As she walked along the Bois de Boulogne
With a heart as heavy as lead
She wished that she was dead
She had lost her maidenhead
She was all forlorn and covered in spawn,
Her knickers were torn,
And her cunt was worn
She's the girl that lowered the price at Monte Carlo.

As he walked along the Bois de Boulogne
With his dick upon the stand
The girls all say it's grand
To take it in their hand
You give them a bob and they're on the job
Pulling the foreskin over the knob
Of the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

As he walked along the Bois de Boulogne
With his dick up in the air
You could hear the girls declare
He's got syph and gonorrhea
He's a lousy frowsy son of a bitch
His balls are always on the itch
He's the man who services the whores in Monte Carlo.

135. Moonshiner (The)

Tune: Itself

I've been a moonshiner for many a year,
I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
I'll go to some hollow and set up my still,
And I'll make you a gallon for a ten shilling bill.

Chorus:

I'm a Rambler, I'm a gambler,
I'm a long way from home,
And if you don't like me,
You can leave me alone.
I'll eat when I'm hungry,
I'll drink when I'm dry,
And if the moonshine don't kill me,
I'll live till I die.

I'll go to some hollow in this countnerie,
Then gallons of wash I can go on a spree,
No woman to follow, the world is all mine
I love none so well as I love the moonshine

Moonshine, dear moonshine, oh! how I love thee,
You killed my poor father, but dare you try me,
Now bless all moonshiners and bless all moonshine,
Their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the vine.

236. Moose Song

CHORUS:

[sung while making antlers on head with hands]
Moose, moose, I love a moose,
I've never had anything quite like a moose,
My life has been merry,
My women been loose,
But nothing compares to the love of a moose.

When I'm in the mood for a very fine lay,
I go to the closet and pull out some hay,
I open the window and spread it around,
Because moose will come running when hay's on the ground.

When I was a young lad I played with the girls,
I'd fondle their titties and twirl their curls,
But my true love ran off with a classmate named Bruce,
I never got treated that way by a moose.

Women like pearls and diamonds and cars,
I spend all my money on them in the bars,
But a moose is content to be tied to a tree,
While I find other mooses to satisfy me,

(Wimmin's Verse)

All my past lovers did brag about size,
Those tales of twelve inches were nothing but lies,
But a moose is the size that a man ought to be,
That's why from now on its only mooses for me.

When I was much younger I read dirty books,
I stroked myself with each gazing look,
But nothing can make my eyes start to twinkle,
Like the feeling I get jacking off to Bullwinkle.

Now that I'm older and on into my years,
I'll have you know I shed no tears,
While I sit by the fire with a glass of Mateuse,
Playing hide the salami with Marvin the moose.

237. Mother

Tune: M-O-T-H-E-R

M is for the many things she gave me

O is only that she's growing old

[She's growing old]

T is for the tears she shed to save me
[save me]

H is for her heart as pure as gold

[as pure of gold]

E is for her eyes with lovelight shining
[Shining]

R is right and she'll always be
[she'll always be]

PIKES PEAK H4

Put them all together, they spell **MOTHER**.
The one that means the world to me
I don't mean maybe
The one who means the world to me
(the world to me)

F is for the farts that used to linger
A is for his arse all racked with piles
(all racked with piles)
T is for the turds he pried out by finger
(finger)
H is for his hole all wreathed with smiles
(all wreathed in smiles)
E is for the eggs he used to dine on
(dine on)
R is rotten and rotten they'd always be
(they'd always be)

Put them all together and they spell **FATHER**
The one who fouls the air for me
I don't mean maybe
The one who fouls the air for me
(the air for me)

238. Mother Hash

If you're adventure hungry,
And your yuppie life is sad.
And you've a yen to be a jungly,
and leave everything you have.

CHORUS:
You wanna run away
Sing a song, you wanna get smashed!
And call it a day come on a long
And join the Mother Hash.

REFRAIN:
Fifty years we've been runnin'
Jungle, shiggy, and swamp
Fifty more years we'll be runnin'
Happy Birthday, on-on-on!

We don't care if nobody loves you.
No one to stir your tea-he-he-he.
We don't care if you've got no money.
Money is the root of e-e-vil.

[CHORUS]

Anybody can join us,
Black, brown, yellow, or blue.
And nobody need feel nervous,
We even take white folks too.

[Refrain]

[CHORUS]

239. Mount Bonnell

Tune: Blueberry Hill

I had my fill,
On Mount Bonnell,
On Mount Bonnell,
When I had you.

The moon stood still,
On Mount Bonnell,
And lingered until,
Myself came true.

Tho' we're apart,
I'm a part of you still,
For you weren't on the pill,
On Mount Bonnell.

240. Mouthful of Singha

Tune: A Spoonful of Sugar

CHORUS:
Just a mouthful of Singha makes the jism go down,
The jism go down, the jism go down,
Just a mouthful of Singha makes the jism go down,
In the most delightful way.

A young girl feathering her nest,
Has very little time to rest,
She must make each and every short time count,
And though she'd like to go to bed,
She knows she must give head,
But she knows a swig,
Will help it slide down quick.

He didn't want to be a boy,
That's why he is now a katoey,
Preying on drunken tourists late at night,
And though his rear end isn't funny,
He knows he'll make his money,
Giving head on the beach,
With something to stop that retch.

A young man trying to get along,
Had better not do any wrong,
If he wants to make chief on a western boat,
And though he's bought the boss some drink,
And tipped his wife the wink,
He'll find in the end,
He's still sucking a bell-end.
A young wife won't get very far,
If she can't get that brand new car,
But hubby, the old miser, won't give in,
But she knows she'll soon have those keys,
As she gets down on her knees,
You shouldn't drink and drive,
But with jism it's alright.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

241. Mrs. Puggy Wuggy

Mrs. Puggy Wuggy has a square cut punt
Not a punt cut square
Just a square cut cunt
It's round in the stern and blunt in the front
Mrs. Puggy Wuggy has a square cut punt

242. Municipal Sewerage Man

Tune: Ghostriders in the Sky

The municipal sewerageman stood out upon the rim
('pon the rim, 'pon the rim),
The municipal sewerageman fell in and couldn't swim
(couldn't swim, couldn't swim).
He sank down to the bottom,
He sank down like a stone,
You could hear the maggots cryin' out,
"You're on your fuckin' own."

CHORUS:

Shitty-i-ayyy, Shitty-i-ohhh,
Ghost maggots in the overflow (overflow, overflow).

For six long days and weary nights he tried to stay
afloat (stay afloat, stay afloat),
But every time he cried for help,
A turd caught in his throat (in his throat, in his throat),
He sank down to the bottom,
He sank down like a rock,
You could hear the maggots,
Munchin' on his cock.

The moral of this story is if you should shovel shit
(shovel shit, shovel shit),
Be careful of your footing,
Or you might end up in it (up in it, up in it),
You'll sink down to the bottom, (SLOWLY. . .)
You'll sink down like a stone,
You'll hear the maggots cryin' out,
WHEEEEE-AAAAAH-WHEEEEE,
"You're on your fuckin' own."

243. Music Man

I am the music man,
I come from down your way,
And I can play.
Response: What can you play?
I play the viola.
Response: How does it go?
(with actions):

Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-la, vio-la,
Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-vio-la.
I am the music man,
I come from down your way,
And I can play.
Response: What can you play?
I play the piccolo.
Response: How does it go?
Pick-a-pick-a-pick-a-low, pick-a-low, pick-a-low,

Pick-a-pick-a-pick-a-low, pick-a-low-a-low.
Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-la, vio-la,
Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-vio-la.

German horn:,
German-German-German-horn, etc,

Sexyphone,
Sexy-sexy-sexy-phone,

Michael Jackson
Holy shit my hair's on fire, hair's on fire,...

Michael Jackson
Here here little boy, little boy,.....

Michael Jackson
Oh shit I'm going to jail, going to jail,...

Grace Kelly
Holy shit the brakes don't work, brakes don't work...

Nataile Wood
Glug, glug, glug, glug,....

Pope John Paul
Bless you , bless you, bless you son, bless you son, bless
you son,.....
(put hands in beer and sprinkle others)

Piano
Pia, pia ,piano, piano, piano,...

Trombone
Trom, trom, trombone, trombone, trombone,...etc.

244. My Favorite Things

Tune: A Few of My Favorite Things

HARRIERS:
Middle and Pinky and Index and Ring,
Throw in the thumb and you've got the whole thing,
It works just fine and it's also quite safe,
These are a few of my favorite things.

When the dawn breaks,
When I wake up,
And it's feeling hard,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And that's when it feels so good.

Penthouse and Playboy and something called Forum,
They're what I use to help start something going,
Centerfolds spread-eagled showing me pink,
These are a few of my favorite things.

When I'm lonely,
Really lonely,
By myself again,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And that's when it feels so good.

PIKES PEAK H4

HARRIETTES:

Dildos and vibrators and Vaseline jelly,
That's what I use to set fires in my belly,
In and out up and down making me wet,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Men are useless,
I don't need them,
I'm the best I've had,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And that's when it feels so good.

Tight buns, silk undies, and erotic books,
Make me excitedô I'm starting to cook,
I stir me up and the honey will come,
These are a few of my favorite things.

When I'm thinking,
Of a hard cock,
But I don't see one,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And that's when it feels so good.

245. My Girl's a Vegetable

Tune: My Girl's a Corker, She's a New Yorker

My girl's a vegetable,
She lives in a hospital...

CHORUS:

I'd do most anything
To keep her alive.

She has no arms or legs,
She looks like a pony keg...

She's got a new TV
They call it an EKG...

Her EKG does not rise,
But she still spreads her thighs...

My girl has long blond hair,
It's in patches here and there...

She can't get out of bed
Still she can give me head...

She's got no arms or legs,
She's got two wooden pegs...

I'm always guaranteed a blow,
Because she can't say no...

She has no feet or hands,
Her head's connected with rubber bands...

She might not live the night,
That means she won't fight...

My girl lives in an iron lung,
But she can still give real good tongue...

My girl has leprosy,
Parts are always landing on top of me...

She had an episiotomy,
That's a bigger hole for me...

She can not hear, she can not see,
But she's got an oral cavity...

246. My God How the Money Rolls In

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

My father makes book on the corner,
My mother makes illicit gin,
My sister sells kisses to sailors,
My God, how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in.

My mother's a bawdy house keeper,
Each night when the evening grows dim,
She hangs out a little red lantern,
My God, how the money rolls in.

My cousin's a Harley Street surgeon,
With instruments long, sharp and thin,
He only does one operation,
My God, how the money rolls in.

Uncle Joe is a registered plumber,
His business in holes and in tin,
He'll plug up your hole for a ten'er,
My God, how the money rolls in.

My brother's a slum missionary,
He saves fallen women from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar,
My God, how the money rolls in.

My Grandad sells cheap prophylactics,
He punctures the teats with a pin,
For Grandma gets rich from abortions,
My God, how the money rolls in.

My sister's a barmaid in Sydney,
For a shilling she'll strip to the skin,
She's stripping from morning till midnight,
My God, how the money rolls in.

My aunt keeps a girl's seminary,
Teaching young girls to begin
She doesn't say where they finish,
My God, how the money rolls in.

We've started an old fashioned gin shop,
A regular palace of sin,
The principal girl is my grandma,
My God, how the money rolls in.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

247. My Grandfather's Cock

Tune: My Grandfather's Clock

My Grandfather's cock was too long for his pants,
And it dragged several feet on the floor,
It was longer by half than the old man himself,
And it weighed near a hundredweight more.
He's a horn on the morn of the day he was born,
It was always his pleasure and pride,
But it dropped shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

CHORUS:

Ninety years without cracking it,
What a cock! What a cock!
He spent his life whacking it,
What a cock! What a cock!
But it dropped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

My grandfather's cock was too long for his strides,
So he lent it to the woman next door,
She grabbed it by the point, and pulled it out of joint,
So he swore he'd never lend it any more.

He's a horn on the morn of the day he was born,
It was always his pleasure and pride,
But it dropped shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

248. My Kind of Girl

Tune: British Grenadier

I like the girls who say they will,
I like the ones who won't,
I hate the girls who say they will,
And then they say they won't.
But of all the girls I like the best,
I may be wrong or right,
Are the girls who say they never will,
But look as though they might.

249. My Little Pink Panties

I wore my panties,
My little pink panties
And he wore his G.I. shorts.
He began to caress me,
And then he undressed me,
What a thrill we had in store,
He played with my titties,
My little pink titties,
And down where the short hairs grow,
His kisses grew sweeter,
He pulled out his Peter,
And whitewashed my little red rose.

250. My Mother-in-Law

One night in gay Paree,
I paid five francs to see
A big fat French lady,
Tattooed from head to knee,
And on her jaw was a British man-o-war.
And on her back was a Union Jack,
So I paid five francs more

And running up and down her spine,
Was the BHB in line,
And on her lily-white bum
Was a picture of the Rising Sun,
And on her fanny,
Was Al Jolson singing "Mammy"
How I loves her, how I loves her,
How I loves my mother-in-law.

I loves my mother-in-law,
She's nothing but a dirty old whore,
She nags me day and night,
And I can't do shit all right,
She's coming home today,
But I hope she stays away,
Now isn't it a pity,
She's only one titty,
And she's in the family way.

Last night I greased the stairs,
Put tin-tacks on the chairs,
I hope she breaks her back
Because I do love wearing black.

She drinks all my brandy,
And makes my dog feel randy,
How I loves her, how I loves her,
How I loves my mother-in-law.

251. My One Skin Hangs Down to My Two Skin

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Note: Sometimes also used as a down-down song.

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.

CHORUS:

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

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.

PIKES PEAK H4

252. My Own Grandpa

I'm my own grandpa,
I'm my own grandpa,
It sounds funny I know,
But it's really so,
I'm my own grandpa.

I'm my own grandpa,
I'm my own grandpa,
It sounds funny I know,
But it's really so,
I'm my own grandpa.

Many years ago,
When I was twenty three,
I was married to a widow,
Who was pretty as can be.
This widow had a grownup daughter,
Who had hair of red.
My father fell in love with her,
And soon the two were wed.

This made my father my son-in-law,
Which changed my very life,
My daughter was my mother,
For she was my father's wife.
And to complicate the matter,
Even though it brought me joy,
I soon became the father of,
A bouncing baby boy.

This little baby then
Became the brother of my dad.
So became my uncle
Though it made me sad.
By then he was my uncle
And he also was the brother
Of the grownup daughter
Who of course was my step mother.

I'm my own grandpa,
I'm my own grandpa,
It sounds funny I know,
But it's really so,
I'm my own grandpa.

My father's wife then had a son,
Who kept them on the run.
He just became the grandchild
For he was my daughter's son.
My wife is now my father's mother,
And it makes me blue.
Although she is my wife,
She is my grandmother too.

Now if my wife is my grandmother,
I am her grandchild.
And every time I think of it,
It really drives me wild.
Now I have become the strangest
Case you ever saw.
I am the husband of my own grandmother:
I am my own grandpa.

And I'm my own grandpa,
I'm my own grandpa,
It sounds funny I know,
But it's really so,
I'm my own grandpa.

253. My Sister Lily

Tune: Do You Ken John Peel

Oh, my little sister Lily is a whore in Picadilly,
And my mother is another in the Strand,
My father flogs his arsehole 'round the Elephant and
Castle,
We're the finest fucking family in the land.

ALT:
Oh, her name is Diamond Lily,
She's a whore in Picadilly,
And her brother has a brothel in the Stand,
Her father sells his arsehole,
At the Elephant and Castle,
They're the richest fucking family in the land.

There's a man deep in a dungeon, with his hand upon
his truncheon,
And the shadow of his prick upon the wall,
And the ladies as they pass, stick their hat-pins up his
ass,
And the little mice play billiards with his balls.

There's a little green urinal, to the north of Waterloo,
And another a little further up,
There's a member of our school, playing tunes upon
his tool,
While the passers-by put pennies in his cup.

Have you met my Uncle Hector, he's a cock and ball
inspector,
At a celebrated public school,
And my brother sells French Letters, and a patent
cure for wetters,
We're not the best of families, ain't it cool?

254. My Sombrero

Tune: Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye

My sister Belinda, she pissed out the winda,
All over my favorite sombrero,
I said, "You fat twat, you pissed on my hat,"
She said, "I don't fucking well care O."

Aye, aye, aye, aye, me and my soggy sombrero,
I said, "You fat twat you just pissed on my hat,"
She said, "I don't fucking well care O."

My sister Margarita, she come all excreta,
And shit in my bessy sombrero,
I said, "You fat twat, you shit in my hat,"
She said, "I don't give a fuckero."

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Aye, aye, aye, aye, me and my shitty sombrero,
I said, "You fat twat, you just shat in my hat,"
She said, "I don't give a fuckero."

My girlfriend Maria, she's got gonorrhea,
She gave it to me, amigo,
I said, "You fat twat, you gave me the clap,"
She said, "I don't fucking well care O."

Aye, aye, aye, aye, me and my blobby dickero,
I said, "You fat twat, you just gave me the clap,"
She said, "I don't fucking well care O."

255. Nancy Brown

Way out in West Virginia lived a gal named Nancy Brown,

You ain't never seen such beauty in a city nor a town,
Oh she lived up in the mountain,
Yes she lived up in the mountains,
Oh she lived up in the mountain mighty high,
And so it is related not a bit contaminated,
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

Now there came the local cowboy with his guitar and his song,

He took Nancy to the mountain be she still knew right from wrong,

She came rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain mighty fine.
And despite that cowboy's urgin' she remained the village virgin.
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

Then there came the village deacon with his phrases sweet and kind,

He took Nancy to the mountain but she still could read his mind,

She came rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain mighty fine.
And they say that there deacon didn't get what he was seekin',
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

But there came the city slicker with his thousand dollar bills,

He put Nancy in his Packard and drove up in them thar hills,

Oh they stayed up in the mountain,
She was laid up in the mountain,
Oh they stayed up in the mountain all that night,
She came down next mornin' early more a woman than a girl,
And her mother kicked the hussey out of sight.

TAG - SHORT TUNE - SLOW

Now to end our little ditty finds Nancy in the city,
An by all accounts she's doin' might swell,
For she's winin',
And she's dinin',
And she's on her back reclinin',
And those West Virginia skies can go to hell.

LONG TUNE - AT TEMPO

But there came the big depression caught our slicker by the pants,

He had to sell his Packard and give up his little Nance,
So she went back to the mountain,
Yes she went back to the mountain,
Oh she went back to the mountain mighty sore,
Now the cowboy and the deacon get thing that they were seekin',
For she's nothing but a West Virginia whore!

256. Necrophilia's Best

Tune: Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys

Chorus: Necrophilia's best, boys,
Necrophilia's best-FUCK A CADAVER!
Necrophilia's best, boys,
Necrophilia's best, 'cause . . .

Give head to the dead, girls
Give head to the dead-NECROPHILIA!
Give head to the dead, girls,
Give head to the dead, 'cause . . .

Other verses:

Do it lots 'fore she rots, boys
Fuck her defunct cunt, boys
Do your boffin' in a coffin, mates
Plant your pelvis on Elvis, girls
Rub your slit on Sonny Stitt, girls
Suck the dong of Mao Tse-Tung, girls
Sink your cable in Betty Grable, boys
Go to bed with the dead, Fred
Use the staff of a stiff, girls
The best of course is a corpse, boys
Suck some decomposed toes, girls
Stroke her hips in a crypt, boys
Get some authentic skull, mates
Jack off on old Jackie, boys
Shoo the flies off her thighs, guys
Shoot some creum in a mausoleum, boys
Pinch your nipples hard in the graveyard, girls
That Kim II Sung is sure hung, girls

PIKES PEAK H4

257. Necrophilia Song

[AKA: My Name Is Jack]

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),
When they're cremated (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Cause try as I must (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I can't fuck dust!

Each time I pass a cemetery gate,
I whip it out and masturbate.

My name is Judy (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
My favorite stiff's a beauty (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Though his pecker's soft and thin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I find his femur slips right in.
Most girls like their guys aware (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Me, I prefer Joe's lifeless stare (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Don't you call me a ghoul (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Just 'cause my Joe's real cool!

Each time I pass the mortuary gate,
My vagina starts to lubricate.

My name is Phil (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I likes my wimmen still (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I whack off in (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
An occupied coffin.
I love wrinkly wimmen (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Who are over sixty-five (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Especially if they died (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
At twenty-five!

Each day I try to copulate,
With my favorite deceased mate.

My name is Mary (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I met my lover through an obituary (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
So what if he's dead (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
At least he doesn't fart in bed.
I like his leathery skin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I can poke it with a pin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
And when the worms come out his butt (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I feed them to the mutt!
Every time I see a crematory urn,
My genitals begin to burn.

My name is Ron (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I get a hard-on (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
When I see a redhead (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Who's deader than dead.
You don't polka or waltz (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
With a girl with no pulse (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I like my wimmen old (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I prefer my wimmen cold!

Each time I pass a mausoleum,
My shorts fill up with cream.

My name is Denise (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
My man is deceased (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I think it's wise (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
To love a man who's demised.
I broke into his tomb (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Took him up to my room (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
My mother Doris (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Admires his rigor mortis!

Each time I pass the old graveyard,
I find my nipples getting hard.

My name is Mitch (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
And I dig a wealthy bitch (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Not because she's really rich (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
But 'cause she's in a six-foot ditch.
Most like their ladies hot (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I rather fancy not (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Just in case you have forgotten (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I prefer my wimmen rotten!

Each time I pass a funeral pyre,
My libido catches fire.

My name is Gertrude (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Now you may think this rather rude (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
But I don't find it crude (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
To go down on a dead dude.
He won't come in my mouth (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
His sex drive has gone south (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
He won't take my money (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
And he'll never call me Honey!

Each time I hear a funeral dirge,
I get the old carnal urge.

My name is Paul (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
My girl doesn't move at all (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
It's not that she's frigid (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
It's 'cause she's rigid.
Most like their wimmen quick (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Personally, the thought makes me sick (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I fairly dread (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Sleeping with the Undead!
Every time I see a hearse,
My akey-breaky balls ache worse.

My name is Mary Beth (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I'm actually into death (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Once they're dead I don't get high (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I want them AS they die.
As they start to come (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I crush their windpipes with my thumb (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum).

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

While my lovers have death spasms (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I enjoy multiple orgasms!

Each time I pass a burial plot,
It stimulates my G-spot.

My name is Earl (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Some people think I'm quite the churl (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I once exhumed a little girl (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I love the way her toenails curl.
I take satisfaction (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
In advanced putrefaction (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Her toothy grin and concave cheek (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Her sexy decomposing reek!

Each time I pass a funeral wake,
I grow a monster one-eyed snake.

My name is Monique (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I'm a necro-lesbo freak (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I love vaginal cavities (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Of expired celebrities.
Once in a very lusty mood (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I dug up Natalie Wood (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I used a casket hoist (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
And found her still delectably moist!

When I visit memorial parks,
My pussy starts emitting sparks.

My name is Brucie (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I'm weird and fey and swishy (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
My lover once was hetero (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
But in death he's my special homo.
I used to like to fist him (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I could get my whole hand in (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
But now he's overused (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
His rotting bum is simply huge!

Each time I pass a sarcophagus,
I'm seized with homosexual lust.

My name is Hal,
I'm from bestal,
I fuck dead cows,
And make a sow,
I get elated,
With the animals I've mated,
And all the while,
They make me smile

My name is Chester,
I'm a child molester,
I hang around in preschools,
Little kids make me drool,
I sit and watch,
And rub my crotch.
(Verse unfinished at time of publication.)

258. Nellie Darling

Tune: I Wish I Were an Oscar Meyer Wiener

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe, Nellie Darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green,
There's a thousand flies a' buzzing round your pussy,
Oh, you're the dirtiest, ugliest, rottenest, fucking bitch
I've Ever seen.

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,
When you piss, your piss a stream as green as grass,
There's enough wax in your ear to make a candle,
So why not make one dear, and shove it up your a-a-a-
ass?

259. Nelly 'Awkins

I first met Nelly 'Awkins down
The old Kent Road,
Her drawers were hanging down,
She'd just been with Charlie Brown
I shoved filthy tanner in her
Filthy rotten hand,
'Cos she was a dirty old whore,

(Tune Change)
Oh she wore no blouses
And I wore not trousers
And we both wore no underwear,
When she caressed me
She damn near undressed me
What a pleasure no man knows.
I went to the doctor, he said,
Where did you knock her,
I said down where the green grass grows,
He said in less than a twinkle
That pimple on your wrinkle
Will be bigger than a big red rose.

CHORUS (Tune Change):
Won't somebody make my rhubarb rise
Dada dada da da
Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise
To it's natural size
Market gardening size
Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise
And my baby don't love me,
My baby don't love me
Oh my baby don't love no more.

(Tune Change)
I caught a dose of pox a year ago,
a year ago, a year ago, a year ago.
I thought it was the clap and it would go,
it would go, it would go.
The longer I waited, the worse it grew,
Now I've got the galloping knob rot,
What shall I do?
The other day I lost the starboard ball,
starboard ball, starboard ball, starboard ball,
And now the other one's begun to fall.
I'm sorry to say, I'm wasting away,
And soon I'll have no balls at all.

PIKES PEAK H4

Chorus -

(Tune Change)

To be screwed by a dude
Can be quite incidental
That's why Durex is a girl's best friend.
A poke with a bloke
Can be accidental,
So when he slips it in
Make sure it has that latex skin
When he lets fly non gets by,
Yes they all get caught up in the end.
This simple precaution
Can prevent abortions,
That why Durex is a girl's best friend.

260. Next Thanksgiving

Tune: Frère Jacques

Next Thanksgiving, next Thanksgiving,
Don't eat bread, don't eat bread,
Shove it up the turkey, shove it up the turkey,
Eat the bird, eat the bird.

Next Christmas, next Christmas,
Don't trim a tree, don't trim a tree,
Shove it up the chimney, shove it up the chimney,
Goose Saint Nick, goose Saint Nick.

Next Easter, next Easter,
Don't color eggs, don't color eggs,
Shove them up the rabbit, shove them up the rabbit,
Eat the hare, eat the hare.

261. Nice Girls

Tune: All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor

All the nice girls like a candle,
All the nice girls like a wick,
Because there's something about a candle,
That reminds them of a prick.
Nice and greasy, slips in easy,
It's the surest way to joy.
It's been up the Queen of Saipan,
And it's going up again.
Syph ahoy, Syph ahoy.

All the nice boys like a harlot,
All the nice boys like a whore.
Because there's something about a harlot,
That they've never known before.
She'll be willing, for a shilling,
And she'll pep you up, my boy.
But she'll leave you on the rocks,
With a bloody good dose of pox.
Syph ahoy, Syph ahoy.

All the parsons like a choir boy,
All the parsons like a bum,
Because there's something about a choir boy,
That would make an angel cum.
Roll him over, sleep in clover.
It's a curate's only joy.
And you needn't give a rap,
For you'll never catch the clap.
Syph ahoy, Syph ahoy.

262. Nick-Nack Paddy-Wack

Tune: This Old Man

This old man, he fucked one,
Don't you know he had so much fun...

CHORUS:

With a nick-nack paddy-wack
He fucked his dog alone.
Fucked his dog and made him moan.

This old man, he fucked two,
A baby rabbit and a kangaroo...

This old man, he fucked three,
Put up mirrors so he could see...

This old man, he fucked four,
Three wasn't enough so he bought a whore...

This old man, he fucked five,
Two were dead and three alive...

This old man, he fucked six,
Had his sister turning tricks...

This old man, he fucked seven,
The youngest one was just eleven...

This old man, he fucked eight,
One sucked him raw and it felt great...

This old man, he fucked nine,
God this orgy is just divine...

This old man, he fucked ten,
All he could say was, "Do it again"...

This old man, he fucked eleven,
Died of V.D. and went to heaven...

With a nick-nack paddy-wack,
Now his dog's alone,
No one left to make him moan.

263. No Balls at All

Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike

Come all you young hashers give ear to my tale,
I will tell you a story that will make you turn pale,
It's about a young lady so pretty and small,
Who married a man who had no balls at all.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

CHORUS:

No balls at all, no balls at all,
She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.

"Oh, mother, Oh mother, Oh pity my luck,
I've married a man, who's unable to fuck,
His tool bag is empty, his screwdriver's small,
The impotent wretch has got no balls at all.

CHORUS:

No balls at all, no balls at all,
The impotent wretch has got no balls at all.

"My daughter, My daughter, Don't be so sad,
I had the same problem with your dear old dad,
But there's many a man who'll give ear to the call,
Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all.

CHORUS:

No balls at all, no balls at all,
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

The pretty young girl took her mother's advice,
And she thought the whole thing was exceedingly nice,
And eighteen pound baby was born in the fall,
But the poor little bastard had no balls at all.

CHORUS:

No balls at all, no balls at all,
The poor little bastard had no balls at all.

264. None is Bigger Than Mine

Three old whores from Baltimore
Were drinking sherry wine.
And one of them says to the other two,
"None is bigger than mine."

CHORUS:

So haul on the streets ye hearties,
Sprinkle the decks with brine.
Bend to the oars, you lousy whores,
None is bigger than mine.

"You're a liar," said the second old whore,
"Mine's as big as the sea,"
"The ships sail in and the ships sail out,
With never a tickle to me."

"You're a liar," said the third old whore,
"I've had me a thousand men,
There's some go by and there's some go in,
And never come out again."

"You're a liar," said the first old whore,
"Mine's as big as the air,"
"Why the sun could set in the crack of my cunt,
And never burn a pubic hair."

265. North Atlantic Squadron

See Also: "Good Ship Venus"

CHORUS:

Away, away with fife and drum,
Here we come, full of rum.
Looking for women who peddle their bum,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

When we arrived in Montreal,
She spread her legs from wall to wall.
She took the Captain balls and all,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

A-sailing up and down the coast,
Now, here's the thing we love the most:
To fuck the girls and drink a toast
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

Well, off the coast of Labrador,
We took on board a floating whore,
We fucked here forty times or more,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

A-sailing up to Newfoundland,
Each sailor had his prick in his hand.
Oh say, my boys, can you make it stand?
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

And when our ship in drydock,
The whores around us all do flock.
It's every man unfurl your cock,
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The ship's dogs name was Rover,
The whole crew did him over,
We ground and ground that faithful hound,
From Singapore to Dover.

The Captain's wife was Mabel,
Wherever she was able,
She gave the crew their daily screw,
Upon the galley table.

His wife was baptized Charlotte,
Who was born and bred a harlot
Her legs at night were lily-white,
But in the morning they were scarlet

The cabin boy's name was Kipper,
A cunning little nipper.
He lined his ass with bro ken glass,
And circumcised the skipper.

And the ladies of the nation,
Arose in indignation,
They stuffed his bum with chewing gum,
A smart retaliation.

The First Mate's name was Hopper,
By Christ he had a whopper.
Twice round his neck once round the deck,
And up his ass for a stopper.

PIKES PEAK H4

The Second Mate's name was Carter,
By God be was a farter.
When the wind wouldn't blow,
And the ship wouldn't go, Carter,
The farter, would start her.

The Third Mate's name was Wiggun,
By God he had a big 'un.
We bashed that cock,
With a bloody rocks,
For cumming in the riffin'.

The Fourth Mate's name was Morgan,
A homosexual Gorgon.
A dozen crows, in a row,
Could pose upon his organ.

The Fifth Mate's name was Slater,
He was a masturbator.
He'd pump and pump his massive stump,
And clean the mess up later.

The Sixth mate's name was Andy,
By God that man was randy.
We boiled his bum in red-hot rum,
For cumming in the brandy.

The Seventh mate's name was Lester,
He was a hymen tester.
Through hymen thick, he'd shove his prick,
And leave it there to fester.

The cook, whose name was Freeman,
He was a dirty demon,
He served the crew with menstrual stew,
And fore skins fried in semen.

Another cook was O Malley,
He didn't dilly-dally.
He shot his bolt with a hell of a jolt,
And whitewashed half the galley.

Another cook's name was Herbert,
A gastronomical pervert.
He puts it in through thick and thin,
And whacks off in the sherbet.

Then there was the Navigator,
He was a fornicator.
The horny sod he took a broad,
And after he fucked her, her ate her.

The Captain of this lugger,
By Christ he is a bugger.
He isn't fit to shovel shit
From one ship to another.

The Captain's randy daughter,
She fell into the water.
Delighted squeals revealed that eels,
Had found her sexual quarters.

'Twas on the China Station,
To roars of approbation,
We sunk a Junk with a load of spunk
By mutual masturbation.

The Captain was elated,
The crew investigated.
They found some sand in his prostate gland,
And he had to be castrated.

'Twas in the Adriatic,
Where the water's almost static.
The rise and fall of ass and ball,
Was almost automatic.

The ship's cat's name was Schmitty,
And through his ass was mighty shitty.
But shit or not, it had a twat,
Me Captain showed no pity.

The crew they were all whiney,
They'd drink up all their winey.
From bed to bed, they looked for head,
But settled for some hiney.

So now we end this serial,
Through sheer lack of material.
We wish you scum all freedom from,
Diseases venereal.

266. Oggy Oggy Oggy

Leader: (Spoken/yelled) "Oily Oily Oily!"
Unruly Mob (Mumbled) "Oi Oi Oi."
Leader (Louder) "Oily Oily Oily!!"
Rabble (Faces turn) "Oi Oi Oi!"
Leader (Really pissed now) "Oily!!!!!"
Crowd (Bellowing) "Oi!!!!"
Leader (Red faced) "Oily!!!!!"
Audience (This is fun!) "Oi!!!!"
Leader (Shits himself) "Oily Oily Oily!!!!!"
Followers (Gungho) "Oi Oi Oi !!!!!!!!"

267. Old Brown Cow

Tune: The Old Grey Mare

The old brown cow went pffftz up against the wall,
Pffftz up against the wall, pffftz up against the wall,
The old brown cow went pffftz up against the wall,
And the wall was covered in shit, shit, shit!

268. Old Chisholm Trail

Tune: Chisholm Trail

Spoken:
Old pioneers with great long ears,
They've lived in fields and ditches,
They fucked their wives with Bowie knives -
The dirty sons-a-bitches.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Sung:

Come along boys, and listen to my tale,
I'll tell you of my troubles on the old Chisholm Trail.

CHORUS:

ti yi yip-pee yip-pee yay yip-pee yay,
Come a ti yi yip-pee yip-pee yay.

With my foot in the stirrup and my ass in the saddle,
I gotta round up the sonofabitchin' cattle.

They sent me to the boss just to get a little roller,
I thought I'd go to town to get some tallow on my pole-a.

Oh, I rode and I rode and I rode to the south.
Till my horse's old tongue hung out of his mouth.

Now, little Fanny Walter was a nice fat squaw,
She lived down by the Chickasaw.

Well, when I met her I offered her a penny,
She said, "I'm sorry but I haven't got any."

Well, when I met her I offered her a nickel,
She said, "I am sorry but that wouldn't buy a tickle."

Well, when I met her I offered her a dime.
She said, "You'll have to try some other time."

Well, when I met her I offered her a quarter.
She said, "By God, I'm a cowpuncher's daughter."

Well, when I met her I offered her a half.
She said, "God, dammit, I ain't no calf."

Well, I went to her house, laid a dollar in her hand.
She said, "Young man, can you make him stand?"

Oh, I took her by the waist and I threwed her down,
And my balls hit her ass before she touched the ground.

Well I fucked her standing and I fucked her lying,
And I'd-a had wings I'd-a fucked her flying.

Well, when I hot up she called me "kid."
She said, "You'll remember me," and by God, I did.

In about three days I began to feel sick,
And my underwear stuck to the end of my dick.

The very next day my prick turned blue,
I got so scared, didn't know what to do.

I went to the doctor with my cock in my hand,
Said, "By God, doctor, it's the worst in the land."

The Doc took a look and then said, "Cough,"
I coughed so hard, my balls fell off.

The doctor he rolled it with a little blue stone.
Says I, "goddamn you, doctor, let that alone."

Now every time I go out to pee,
Blood and corruption come from me.

And every time I go out to piss,
I think of the gal who gave me this.

The last time I seen her, and I ain't seen her since,
She was scratching her cunt on a barbed wire fence,

The last time I seen her she was floating down the stream,
With a handful of money and a belly full of cream.

So that's my story of my search for tail,
And I'm back punchin' cattle on the Old Chisholm Trail.

269. Old Irish State

Tune: Villikins and His Dinah

I'll sing you a song of the old Irish race
And the problems these poor people must face.
If you're asked who's got an IQ of 108,
It's the total points scored by the whole Irish state.

CHORUS :

With an urr urr urr, and an arr arr arr arr
They come from a-ear and they come from afar
To hear our heroes and also to see,
Who am the next one a-going to be.

Now Patrick was screwing for over an hour
When he stopped and said to his girl in a glower
"You've got nothing on top and nothing below."
She said, "Get off my back, you silly old crow."

Now Sean was a student at the top of his form
"What's 4 and 4," said his mother, when he was at home.
"Seven," he replied, said his father with glee.
He's such a clever lad, he only missed it by three.

Mrs Riley went shopping for anti-perspirant
"For my husband," she said, "you know what I want."
"It's the ball type you're after," said the shopgirl, "I think"
"No, for under his armpits is where the bugger do stink."

"The defendand, did he rape you?" said the judge to Anna.
"Yes he did," she replied in her most demure manner.
"And to the best of your knowledge, did he have a climax?"
"No, a Japanese Mazda, them be the facts."

Now Mary O'Toole a gynecologist had seen.
He opened her legs and peered in between.
He said, "When did you last have a check-up in here?"
She said, "I've only had Hungarians for over a year."

"Pilot Murphy to control tower, I want to come in."
"Control tower to Murphy, instructions begin.
What's your height and position, you stupid old runt?"
"I be five-foot-nine tall and I be sitting in front."

PIKES PEAK H4

Mrs O'Leary buried her husband, but her friend had found
That she'd left his bare arse sticking out of the ground.
"Why'd you do that, I've never seen such like?"
"Well, when I visit the grave, I can park me bike."

Well the Jews tell us that they're God's chosen race.
But it could have been our fair land in its place.
For God went a searching, he looked all around.
But three wise men and a virgin just couldn't be found.

270. Old King Cole

Tune: Old King Cole

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Now every fiddler had a very fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he.
Fiddle-diddle-dee, diddle-dee, said the fiddlers,
Merry, merry men are wee.
There's none so fair that can compare,
With the boys of the HHH.

Leader: How's your father?
Response: ALL RIGHT!

Leader: How's your mother?
Response: SHE'S TIGHT!

Leader: How's your sister?
Response: SHE MIGHT!

Leader: When was the last time?
Response: LAST NIGHT!

Leader: When is the next time?
Response: TONIGHT!

Leader: How's your asshole?
Response: FULL OF SHITE!

Old King Coleetc.
And he called for his tailors three,
Now every tailor had a very fine needle,
And a very fine needle had he.

Stick it in and out, in and out said the tailors,
Fiddle-diddle-dee, diddle-dee said the fiddlers
Merry, merry men.....etc.

Jugglers three -
Two very fine balls -
Throw your balls in the air said the jugglers

Butchers three -
A very fine chopper -
Put it on the block, chop it off said the butchers.

Barmaids three -
A very fine candle-
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out said the barmaids.

Cyclists three -
Two very fine pedals -
Round and round, round and round said the cyclists.

Flautist three -
A very fine flute -
Root diddly-oot, root diddly-oot said the flautist.

Painters three -
A very fine brush -
Wop it up and down, up and down said the painters.

Horsemen three -
A very find saddle-
Ride it up and down, up and down said the horsemen.

Carpenters three -
A very fine hammer-
Bang away, bang away, bang away said the
carpenters.

Surgeons three -
A very fine scalpel-
Cut it round the knob, make it throb said the surgeons.

Fishermen three -
A very fine rod-
Mine is two feet long said the fishermen,

Huntsmen three -
A very fine horn-
Wake up in the morn with a horn said the huntsmen.

Coalmen three -
A very fine sack-
Want it in the front or the back said the coalmen.

Drummers three -
A very fine drum-
Thump it right up to the stump said the drummers.

Axemen three -
A very fine axe-
Chop it right back to the stump said the axemen.

Parsons three -
A very fine book-
Goodness, gracious me said the parsons.

Ladies three -
A very fine cat-
Come and pet my pussy said the ladies.

271. On Top of Old Sophie

Tune: On Top of Old Smoky

On top of old Sophie,
All covered in sweat,
I've used fourteen rubbers,
But she hasn't come yet.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

For fucking's a pleasure,
And farting's relief,
But a long-winded lover,
Will bring nothing but grief.

She'll kiss you and hug you,
Say it won't take long,
But two hours later,
You're still going strong.

So come all you lovers,
And listen to me,
Don't waste your erection,
On a long-winded she.

For your root will just wither,
And your passion will die,
And she will forsake you,
And you'll never know why.

272. Once a Bloody Hashman

Tune: Waltzing Matilda

Once a bloody hashman jumped into a shiggy-pit,
Under the smell of a durian tree,
And he hummed and he stank as he wallowed in that
shiggy-pit,
I'll never see the beer, said he.

CHORUS:

Short-cutting hashmen, short-cutting hashmen,
I'll never short-cut again, said he.
And he stank as he sank and wallowed in that shiggy-
pit,
Who'll come a' wallowing in hash with me.

Up jumped a kampung man screaming most
hysterically,
You can't swim there, Tuan, said he.
That's my jolly shiggy-pit you've got in your underpants,
That will cost you down-downs one, two, three.

CHORUS

Out climbed the hashmen, dripping very smellily,
You'll never get your kitty from me.
And he squelched and he oozed over to a billabong,
Who'll come a wallowing in hash with me.

CHORUS:

(quietly)
Now his voice may be heard as he runs the trail so
lone,
Please, please, please come a running with me.
But the pack, far ahead, is hiding very craftily,
Back to your shiggy-pit and let us be.

273. 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. . .

274. One-Eyed Riley

When I was sitting by the fire,
(or: Sitting in O'Riley's bar one day)
Drinking whiskey, passing water,
Suddenly A thought come to my mind,
I'd like to fuck O'Riley's daughter.

CHORUS:

Giddy-eye-eye, giddy-eye-oh
Giddy-eye-eye, for the one-eyed Riley,
Rough 'em up, stuff em up, balls and all,
Hey jig-a-jig-eye-oh.
(Play it on your old base drum)

Her hair was black, her eyes were blue,
The Colonel, the Major, and the Captain sought her,
The regimental goat and the drummer boy too,
But they never had a fuck with O'Riley's daughter.

Jack O'Flanagan is my name,
I'm the king of copulation,
Drinking beer my claim to fame,
Fucking women my occupation.

Walking through the town one day,
Who should I meet but O'Riley's daughter,
Never a word to her did say,
But "Don't you think we really 'oughter?"

Up the stairs and into bed,
There I cocked my left leg over,
Marianne was smiling then,
Smiling still when the fuck was over.

Fucked her till her tits were flat,
Filled her up with soapy water,
She won't get away with that,
If she doesn't have twins then she really 'oughter.

Suddenly footsteps on the stairs,
Old man Riley bent on slaughter,
Bloody great pistol in his hand,
Looking for the one who fucked his daughter.

He fired the pistol at my head,
Missed me by an inch and quarter,
Hit his daughter Marianne,
Right in the place where she passes water.

PIKES PEAK H4

I grabbed O'Riley by the hair,
Shoved his head in a bucket of water,
Rammed his pistol up his ass,
A damn sight quicker than I fucked his daughter.

Old man Riley's dead and gone,
Shall we bury him? Not fucking likely,
We'll nail him to the shithouse door,
And there we'll bugger him twice nightly.

Come you virgins, maidens fair,
Answer me quick and true not slyly.
Do you want it straight and square,
Or the way I gave it to one eyed Riley?

275. One-Eyed Trouser Snake

Oh, I got a little creature
I suppose you'd call him a pet
And if there's something wrong with him
I don't have to see the vet.

He goes everywhere that I go
Whether sleeping or awake
God help me if I ever lost
Me one-eyed trouser snake.

CHORUS:

Oh me one-eyed trouser snake,
Oh me one-eyed trouser snake.
God help me if I ever lost
Me one-eyed trouser snake.

One day I got reading in an old sky pilot's book,
About two strakers bastards who made the hood go
crook.

They reckoned it was a serpent that made eve the
apple take

Cripes, that was no flaming serpent, 'twas Adam's one-
eyed trouser snake.

I met this arty sheila who I'd never met before,
And something kind of told me she banged like a dunny
door.

I said, "Come up and see me etching", she said, "I hope
it's not a fake."

I said, "Its real, and a work of art. It's my one-eyed
trouser snake."

So come all you little sheilas and listen to me some,
The moral of the trouser snake is short as it is long,
Beware of imitation, don't lock your bedroom door,
When my pajama python bites you, you'll be screaming
out for more.

276. Or Would you Rather be a ____?

Tune: Swinging on a Star

A Pom is an animal that drinks warm beers,
He winces at everything he hears,
He wears a bowler and eats fish and chips,
He never showers so he stinks like shit,
So if you're dirty and smelling kinda strong,
You could grow up to be a Pom.

CHORUS: Or would you rather prop up a bar?
Drinking Singhas out of a jar?
And be better off than you are?
Or would you rather be a ____?

A Yank is an animal that don't know jack shit,
He's got no humor and no wit,
His beer's like water and he talks too much,
He don't even know that a fanny's a crutch,
So if you can't tell a jackoff from a wank,
You could grow up to be a Yank.

An Ocker is an animal with corks in his hat,
He's rather drink piss than tickle twat,
He's got a roo for a rabbit and a dingo for a dog,
He wishes he could think but he's missing a cog,
So if you're dumb and your manners are a shocker,
You could grow up to be an Ocker.

A Kiwi is an animal that likes to fuck sheep,
He's so thick it makes you want to weep,
He's so damn lazy that he lives on the dole,
He'd like to screw women but he can't find their hole,
So if you can't tell a ewe from a she,
You could grow up to be a Kiwi.

277. Ou Est le Papier?

Tune: Marseillaise

A Frenchman went to the lavat'ry
To have him a jolly good shit,
He took his coat and trousers off
So that he could revel in it.
But when he reached for the paper
He found that someone had been there before,
"Ou est le papier?"
Ou est le papier?
Monsieur, monsieur, J'at fait manure.
Ou est le papier?

278. O-Ducks

O see dem ducks on de bay,
See how dey gamble and play.
O see dem ducks.
See how dey teeter totter
Out dere upon the water
Don't you think dey hadn't oughter
On de Sabbath Day! O-Ducks.

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279. P.M.J. (Pre-Mature Jack-Ulation) Blues

From: Pig Vomit

Lyin' in bed with my baby
Gonna get some tonight
I could see by the look in her eyes
If it ain't hard, we're gonna fight

I swore my johnson was long and hard
I like to think of myself like that
But when we touched I couldn't help myself
I shot my load all over her cat.

It blew my mind when it was over
And it was over just as soon as it began
It blew my mind when it was over
As soon as I was in... I was done.

Life can be funny, life can be cruel.
Shoot too quick you're gonna look like a fool.
She takes two hours to dress real hot
Takes me two seconds to shoot my shot.

She's not talkin' 'bout a macho thing
When she asks are you a man or a mouse!
She doesn't care if you live in a hole.
She's talkin' 'bout my DICK...
Not about my house, and it...

It blew my mind when it was over
And it was over just as soon as it began
It blew my mind when it was over
She showed me the door...
Said he'd clean her cat.

280. Patriotic Song

Asshole, asshole,
A soldier I would be,

To piss, to piss,
Two pistols on my knee.

Fuck you, fuck you,
For curiosity.

To fight for the old cunt
To fight for the old cunt
Fight for the old country.

281. Penis Envy

From: Pig Vomit

If you got one, you always think you're the boss
If it's a little one, just say you're hung like a horse
They'll be jealous, treat you like a king.
You'll be gracious, tell them it's no big thing.
Why else would you think?

They'd call it
Penis envy
Penis envy
Penis envy
Penis envy

You can buy one, but it's not the same
Strap it on to you, give it silly names
It's just a dildo, it doesn't care
But my hot dog, it's got Elvis' hair!

Why else would you think?

They'd call it
Penis envy
Penis envy
Penis envy
Penis envy

My girl don't have one,
That's really not fair
But we can use mine, it's made to be shared
But we're careful, it's important down there
And when we're finished, it conditions our hair.

Think of all the things you could do
If you only had a penis tool

Why else would you think?

They'd call it
Penis envy
Penis envy
Penis envy
Penis envy

282. Peri Periwinkle

Tune: Ach, Du Lieber, Augustin

Noo a lassie was roamin' by the banks of Loch
Lomand,
She slipped on her dress and a wee chunk o'stane
Noo a Parson was passin' and on her took passion
He lifted her up and he carried her hame.

CHORUS:
Singin' Peri Periwinkle, I see your wee wrinkle,
Singin' Peri Periwinkle, but you canna see mine!

Noo he fed her and cled her and into bed led her,
And noo that wee lassie's asufferin with shame;
For he jumped in beside her and started to ride her,
And noo that wee lassie's the Whore of Dunbane.

Noo all the little angels are sent, are sent up
Noo all the little angels are sent up on high.
Which end up? Ass end up.
Which end up? Ass end up.
All the little angles ass end up on high.

PIKES PEAK H4

283. Philosopher's Song

From: Monty Python

Immanuel Kant was a real pissant
Who was very rarely stable,
Heidegger, Heidegger was a boozy beggar
Who could think you under a table,
David Hume could out-consume
Schopenhauer and Hegel,
And Wittgenstein was a beery swine
Who was just as sloshed as Schlegel.
There's nothing Neitzsche couldn't teach yer
'Bout the raising of the wrist,
Socrates himself was permanently pissed,
John Stuart Mill of his own free will,
Half a pint of shandy was
particularly ill,
Plato they say could stick it away,
Half a crate of whiskey every day,
Aristotle, Aristotle was a bugger for the bottle,
Hobbes was fond of his dram,
And Rene Descartes was a drunken fart,
I drink therefore I am,
But it's Socrates himself that's particularly missed,
A lovely little thinker,
But a bugger when he's pissed.

284. Pikes Peak Hashers

Tune: Son of a Gambolier

Us Pikes Peak hashers are dirty flashers,
We piss through leather britches,
We wipe our ass with broken glass,
Us horny sons of bitches.

When cunt is rare, we fuck a bear,
We knife him if he snitches,
We knock our cocks against the rocks,
Us horny sons of bitches.

We take our ass upon the grass,
In bushes or in ditches,
Our two-pound dinks are full of kinks,
Us horny sons of bitches.

Without remorse, we fuck a horse,
And beat him if he twitches,
Our two-foot pricks are full of nicks,
Us horny sons of bitches.

To make a mule stand for the tool,
We beat him with hickory switches,
We use our pricks for walking sticks,
Us horny sons of bitches.

Great joy we reap from cornholing sheep,
In barns, or bogs, or ditches,
Nor give a damn if it be a ram,
Us horny sons of bitches.

We walk around, prick to the ground,
And kick it if it itches,
And if it throbs, we scratch it with cobs,
Us horny sons of bitches.

We masturbate from morn to late,
Till our bloody foreskin twitches,
Next morning at ten we begin again,
Us horny sons of bitches.

At Pikes Peak, we got no fears,
We do not stop at trifles,
We hang our balls on the walls,
And shoot at them with rifles.

We scrounge a cow and care not how,
The shit sticks to our britches,
And fetch a bull and fill him full,
Us horny sons of bitches.

We fuck our wives with butcher knives,
And keep their cunts in stitches,
But VD makes it hurt to pee,
Us horny sons of bitches.

285. Pioneers

Tune: Son of a Gambolier

The pioneers have hairy ears,
They piss through leather britches,
They wipe their ass with broken glass,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

When cunt is rare they fuck a bear,
(They knife him if he snitches)
They knock their cock against the rocks,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

They take their ass upon the grass
From fairies or from witches
Their two-pound dinks are full of kinks,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

Without remorse they fuck a horse
And beat him if he twitches'
Their mighty dicks are full of nicks,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

To make a mule stand for the tool
He's beat with hickory switches;
They use their pricks for walking sticks,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

Great joy they reap from bugg'ring sheep,
In sundry bogs and ditches,
Nor give a damn if he be a ram -
Those hardy sons of bitches!

When booze is rare, they do not care,
They take a shot of Fitch's,
The fuck their wives with butcher knives,
Those hardy sons of bitches!

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286. **Piss Off, Ya Wank**

Tune: Auld Lang Syne

Piss off, ya wank, piss off, ya wank,
Piss off, ya wank, piss off,
Piss off, ya wank, piss off, ya wank,
Piss off, ya wank, piss off.

287. **Pissanya, Shitanya**

Pissanya, Pissanya, Pissanya
Pissanya's a grand old name.
If I had my way I'd Pissanya all day.
Pissanya, Pissanya, Pissanya

Shitanya, Shitanya, Shitanya
Shitanya's a grand old name.
If I had my way I'd Shitanya all day.
Shitanya, Shitanya, Shitanya

288. **Pissed**

Tune: My Way

And now, the beer is near
And so I'll face the golden fluid
My friend, I'll say it clear
Without the beer, I wouldn't be here

I've tried low alcohol beer
But then I've been on every highway
But more, much more than this
I didn't get pissed

Regrets, I've had so many
So then again, back to the real booze
I'll do what hashers do
And carry this load on my shoulders

I'll drink each brand of beer
Until it makes me feel quite queer
But more, much more than this, I like to be pissed

Yes there were times, I'm sure you knew
When I drank more than I should do
But thru it all, even being sick
I drank it all and spit it out
I faced the toilet
And I stood tall
And regretted being pissed

I laughed, but then I cried
Because there isn't any beer left
And now, I realize
I didn't find it so amusing

To think, I drank all that
And may I say, "Not in a shy way"
Oh no, oh not me, I want to be pissed

For what is a hasher
Without a beer
If there is none
Then he stays sober
He'll say the things he truly feels
And not the slime, just to get laid

The harriettes know and make sure
A harrier stays pissed.

289. **Poetry**

Poetry, poetry, how d'you like my poetry?
Not as mellow as Longfellow - but it's poetry!

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was as white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day, school one day,
school one day,
It followed her to school one day -
And a big black dog fucked it!

Little Jack Horner,
Sat in the corner,
Eating his sister Mary.
He stuck in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "Hey, what happened to your cherry?"

Little Boy Blue,
Because he needed the money.

Little Miss Muffet,
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey.
Along came a spider,
who sat down beside her,
and said, "Hey, what's in the bowl bitch?"

Little Miss Muffet,
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey.
Along came a spider,
That crawled up inside her,
So she beat it to death with her spoon.

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick.
Jack jumped over the candle stick
And burnt his balls.

Old mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone...
But when old mother bent over...
Rover drove her, cause
Rover had a bone of his own.

PIKES PEAK H4

There once was an old lady
That lived in a shoe,
She had so many kids that her
Cunt could stretch over a trash can.

Jack and Jill, went up the hill,
They both had a buck and a quarter.
Jill came down with \$2.50, oh what a whore.

When Mary had a little lamb,
The doctor was surprised.
But, when Old MacDonald had a farm,
The doctor nearly died.

Old mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get her poor daughter a dress,
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so was her daughter I guess.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
On and elephant.
Jill got down and helped
Jack off the elephant.

Mary had a little sheep,
And with the sheep she went to sleep,
The sheep turned out to be a ram,
And Mary had a little lamb.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,
Has one fucking big omelet.

May the bleeding piles posses you and adorn your
bloody feet,
May crabs the size of horse turds crawl up your legs
to eat.
And when you're old and feeble, and nothing but a
bloody wreck,
May your head fall through your asshole, and break
your fucking neck.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jill came down with half a crown
But not for fetching water.

290. Poisoning Pigeons in the Park

From: Tom Lehrer

Spring is here, spring is here,
Life is skittles and life is beer,
I think the loveliest time of the year,
Is the Spring, I do, don't you?

But there's one thing which makes
Spring complete for me,
And makes every Sunday a treat for me,

All the word seems in tune on a Spring afternoon
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park,
Every Sunday you'll see my sweetheart and me,
As we poison the pigeons in the park.

When they see us coming the birdies all try and hide,
But they still go for peanuts when coated with cyanide,
The sun's shining bright, everything seems all right,
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park,

We've gained notoriety and caused much anxiety,
In the Audobon Society with our games,
They call it impiety and lack of propriety,
And quite a variety of unpleasant names,
But it's not against any religion,
To want to dispose of a pigeon.

So if Sunday you're free
Why don't you come with me,
And we'll poison the pigeons in the park,
And maybe we'll do in a squirrel or two,
While we're poisoning pigeons in the park,
We'll murder them all 'mid laughter and merriment
Except for the few we take home to experiment.

My pulse will be quickenin',
With each drop of strychnine
That we feed to a pigeon,
It just takes a smidgen
To poison a pigeon in the park.

291. Poor Lil (Version 1)

Her name was Lil and she was a beauty,
She came from a house of ill repute,
But she drank too deep of the demon rum,
She smoked hashish and opium.

She was young and she was fair,
She had lovely golden hair,
Gentlemen came from miles to see
Lilian in her deshabelle.

Day be day her form grew thinner,
from insufficient protein in her.
She grew two hollows in her chest,
Why she had to go around completely dressed.

Now clothes may make a gal go far
But they have no place on a fille de joie,
Lillian's troubles started when
She concealed her abdomen.

She went to the house physician
To prescribe for her condition,
"you have got," the doc did say,
"Pernicious anem-ia."

She took to treatments in the sun,
She drank of Scotts Emul-si-on,
Three times daily she took yeast,
But still her clientele decreased.

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For you must know her clientel-He
Rested chiefly on her belly,
She rilled that thing like the deep Pacific
It was something calorific.

As Lillian lay in her dishonor,
She felt the hand of the Lord upon her,
She said, "My sins I now repents,
But, Lord, that'll cost you fifty cents."

This is the story of Lillian,
She was one girl in a million,
This is the moral for her sins,
Whatever your line of business,
Fitness wins.

292. Poor Lil (Version 2)

Tune: Same meter as Eskimo Nell

She was the best our camp produced
And them that ain't been screwed by Lil
Ain't had no goose and never will,
For Lil's been took away.

'Twas a standing bet around our town,
That no one could screw her and clamp her down
For when she screwed, she screwed for keeps,
And piled her victims up in heaps.

But down from the north came Yukon Pete,
With sixteen pounds of rolling meat.
When he laid his cock out on the bar,
The damn thing reached from here to thar.

We all knew Lil had met her fate
But we couldn't back down that thar late,
So it was arranged down by the mil,
Back of the schoolhouse on the hill.

When all the boys could get a seat
And watch that half-breed bury his meat,
Lil started out like the Autumn breeze
Whistling through the hemlock trees.

She tried the twist and the double bunt
And all the tricks wha's known to cunt,
But Pete was with her every lick
And just kept reeling out more prick.

At last poor Lil just had to stop,
For Pete had nailed her to the spot.
Here clothes were torn and ripped to shreds,
And scatters all over the cactus beds.

The sod was ripped for miles around
Where poor Lil's ass had hit the ground
But she died game I'm here to tell,
Died with her boots on where she fell -
So what the hell boys, what the hell!

293. Poor Little Angeline

She was sweet sixteen and the village queen,
Pure and innocent was Angeline
A virgin still, never known a thrill,
Poor little Angeline.

At the village fair, the Squire was there,
Masturbating in the middle of the square,
When he chanced to see the dainty knee,
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the village Squire had a low desire,
To be the biggest bastard in the whole damn shire,
He had set is heart on the feral part
Of poor little Angeline.

As she lifted her skirt to avoid the dirt,
She slipped in the puddle of the Squires last squirt,
And his knob grew raw at the sight he saw,
Of poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat and said, "Miss, your cat,
Has been run over and is squashed quite flat.
But my car is in the square and I'll take you there,
Oh Dear little Angeline."

Now the filthy old turd should have got the bird,
Instead she followed him without a word,
And as they drove away, you could hear them say,
Poor little Angeline.

They had not gone far when he stopped his car,
And took little Angeline into a bar,
Where he filled her with gin, just to make her sin,
Poor little Angeline.

When he'd oiled her well, he took her to a dell,
And there he gave her merry fucking hell,
And he tired his luck with a low down fuck,
On poor little Angeline.

With a cry of "Rape," he raised his cape,
Poor little Angeline had no escape.
Now it's time someone came to save the name,
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the story is told of a blacksmith bold,
Who'd loved little Angeline for years untold.
He was handsome too and he'd promised to be true,
To poor little Angeline.

But sad to say, that very same day
The blacksmith had gone to jail to stay,
For coming in his pants at the local dance
With poor little Angeline.

Now the window of his cell overlooked the dell,
Where the Squire was giving poor Angeline hell,
As she lay on the grass, he recognized the ass,
Of poor little Angeline.

PIKES PEAK H4

Now he got such a start that he let out a fart,
Which blew the prison bars wide apart.
And he ran like shit lest the Squire should split,
His poor little Angeline.

When he got the spot and saw what was what,
He tied the villain's penis in a granny knot.
As the Squire lay on his guts he was kicked in the nuts,
By poor little Angeline.

"Oh blacksmith true, I love you, I do.
And I can tell by your trousers that you love me too,
Here I am undressed, come and do your best,"
Cried poor little Angeline.

Not it won't take long to finish this song,
For the blacksmith had a penis over one foot long,
And his phallic charm was as brawny as his arm.
Happy little Angeline.

294. Poor Old Fartin' Fool

From: Pig Vomit

What crawled up your ass and died she asked
As we neared our first embrace
I had to let loose I know I was wrong
It was not the time or place
It stunk like hell, we nearly fell on odor deadly for sure
But I had to fart, my ass comes first and for this I have
no cure.

I'm a poor old fartin' fool, I always lose my cool
I always smell, my life is hell
Flatulence can be cruel
I tried to plug it up, stuck a cork up my butt
My efforts were to no avail
And now I see, I'll always be a poor old fartin' fool.

I hope some day the well runs dry and I'll be odor free
But the chili dogs, the pork & beans just keep callin' me.
If I had my way, I'd break wind all day
Locked up in my stinkin' room
Inhaling the fumes from my precious butt
Fartin' to my doom

I'm gonna cut one, stay away from me.
Save yourself fro the cloud surrounding me.

I'm a poor old fartin' fool, I always lose my cool
I always smell, my life is hell
Flatulence can be cruel
I tried to plug it up, stuck a cork up my butt
My efforts were to no avail
And now I see, I'll always be a poor old fartin' fool.

295. Portions of a Woman

Now the portions of a woman,
That appeal to a man's depravity,
Are fashioned with the most exquisite care.
And that what may seem to you,
To be a simple little cavity,
Is really an elaborate affair.

Now, we doctors who have taken time,
To study these phenomena,
In numbers of experimental dames,
Have made a little list,
Of all these feminine abdomena,
And given them delightful Latin names.

There's the vulva, the vagina,
And the jolly perineum.
And the hymen which is sometimes found in brides.
And lots of other gadgets,
You would love if you could see 'em,
There's the clitoris, and Christ knows what besides.

Now it makes us rather tired,
when you idle people chatter,
About things to which we've just referred.
And to hear you give a name
To such a complicated matter,
With such a short and unattractive word: **CUNT!**

296. Pretty Redwing

There once was an Indian maid,
Who always was afraid,
That some buckaroo would slip it up her flue,
As she lay sleeping the whole night through.

She had an idea grand,
And she filled it up with sand,
So no big buck in search of fuck,
Could reach the promised land.

Oh, the moon shines bright on pretty Redwing.

As she lay sleeping,
There came a creeping,
A cowboy quietly came creeping,
His heart a leaping as he spied her.

Redwing sprang to life,
Whipped out her Bowie knife.
With two quick cuts she severed his nuts
And then she stabbed him in the guts.

The cowboy he did die,
Beneath the prairie sky.
He stretched his luck in search of a fuck,
For Redwing was too sly.

Oh, the moon shines bright on pretty Redwing,
As she lies snoring there hangs a warning:
The cowboy's balls are now adorning
Her teepee awning for all to see.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

But to her big surprise,
Her belly began to rise.
And out of her cunt came a little runt
Who had a strange look in his eyes.

Poor Redwing was distressed,
Until the Chief confessed.
You can't pull the wool o'er Sitting Bull-
At fucking I'm the best.

Oh, the moon shines bright on pretty Redwing.
Within her teepee the kid makes peepee.
And poor Redwing constantly is sleepy
As she makes yippee with Sitting Bull.

297. Promiscuous

From Frank Zappa

The Surgeon General Doctor Koop
S'posed to give you all the poop
But when he's with the P.M.R.C.
The poop he's scoopin'
Amazes me.

C-Span showed him all dressed up,
In his phony doctor God get-up.
He looked in the camera and fixed his specs,
And gave a fascinating lecture,
'Bout anal sex! Anal sex, anal sex!

He says it's not good for us,
We just can't be promiscuous,
He's a doctor - he should know,
It's the work of the devil, so,
Girls don't blow!

Don't blow Jimmy,
Don't blow Bobby,
Get yourself another hobby.
If Jesus practiced medicine,
I'm sure he'd do it just like him.

Is Doctor Koop a man to trust,
It seems at least that Reagan must,
But Ron's a trusting sort of guy,
He trusts Ed Meese,
I wonder why?

The A.M.A has just got caught,
For doin' stuff they shouldn't ought,
All they do is lie and lie,
Where's Doctor Koop?
He's standin' by!

Surgeon General? What's the deal?
Is your epidemic real?
Are you leaving something out?
A little green monkey over there,
Kills a million people!
That's not fair!
Did it really go that way?
Did you ask the C.I.A?

Would they take you serious,
Or have THEY been
Promiscuous?

298. Pubic Hairs

Tune: Baby Face

Pubic hairs.
You've got the cutest little pubic hairs.
There's nothing that can compare,
Pubic hairs.
Penis or vagina, there's nothing that could be finer,
Pubic hairs.
I'm up in heaven when I'm in your underwear,
I don't need a shovel to take a mouthful of,
Your cute little pubic hairs!

299. Pushing

QUESTION:
Was it you that did the pushin'?
Left the stains upon the cushion?
Footprints on the dashboard upside down?
Was you, you sly woodpecker
Who did it to my girl Rebecca?
It was you'd better leave this town

ANSWER:
Yes t'was I that did the pushin',
Left the stains upon the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down?
But ever since I had your daughter
I've had trouble passing water
Which makes us kind of even all around!

300. Put Your Legs Round My Shoulders (Ver 1)

(For Harriers)

Tune: Put Your Head on My Shoulder

Put your legs round my shoulders (shoulders),
Let me lick your lips slowly (slowly),
You know you are the only (only),
Hasher I let sit on my face (my face)

Put your lips on my sweet meat (sweet meat),
Cause you know that it's a real treat (real treat),
And you know you just can't beat (can't beat),
The taste of my meat in your mouth (your mouth)

Put your legs round my midriff (midriff),
Cause I've got something real stiff (real stiff),
And I know you'd be real miffed (real miffed),
If you miss out on your chance (EAT SHIT!)

PIKES PEAK H4

301. Put Your Legs Round My Shoulders

(Ver 2)

(For Harriettes)

Tune: Same

Put your legs round my shoulders (shoulders),
Let me suck your cock slowly (slowly),
Because you know you're not the only (only),
Guy I let sit on my face (my face).

Put your lips on my sweet lips (sweet lips),
Let your tongue do the walkin' (walkin'),
I'll be doing all the talkin' (talkin'),
While I sit on your face (your face).

Put your legs round my midriff (midriff),
Let me ride somethin' real stiff (real stiff),
You know you will be real miffed (real miffed),
If you miss out on the ride of your life (your life).

Turn me round to the other side (other side),
For a different sort of fun ride (fun ride),
You know you won't slip and slide (slip and slide),
When I've got you up on my back side (back side).

Put your lips round my big toe (big toe),
Suck me into erotic throes (erotic throes),
But you really, really must know (must know),
I don't get off on you sucking my big toe (big toe).

302. Put Your Leg Over My Shoulder

Tune: Side by Side

Put your left leg over my shoulder,
Put your right leg over my shoulder,
(Vag tongue)
La-la-la-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la.

Put your left tit over my shoulder,
Put your right tit over my shoulder,
(Shake head side to side)
Bla-bla-bla-bla, bla-bla-bla, bla-bla-bla.

Wimmin's verse:

Put your left nut over my shoulder,
Put your right nut over my shoulder,
(Move head in and out)
Humma-hum-hum, humma-hum-hum, hum-hum-humm.

303. Queen of All the Fairies

Oh, she was a cripple with only one nipple
To feed the baby on.
Poor little fucker, he's only one sucker
To start his life upon.

Twenty-one, never been done,
Queen of all the fairies.

Ain't it a pity she'd only one titty
To feed the baby on.
Poor little bugger, he'll never play rugger,
Nor grow up big and strong.

Twenty-one, never been done,
Queen of all the fairies.

As he got older and bolder and bolder,
And took himself in hand,
And flipped and flipped,
And flipped and flipped,
To the tune of an army band.
They tried him in the infantry,
They tried him on the land and sea,
The poor little bugger had no success,
He left everything in a terrible mess,
We see no hope for him unless
He joins the W.R.A.F.

Twenty-one, never been done,
Queen of all the fairies.

304. Rajah of Aatrakhan

Tune: When Johnnie Comes Marching Home

There was a Rajah of Astrakhan,
Yo ho, Yo ho,
A most licentious fucking man,
Yo ho, yo ho,
Of wives he had a hundred and nine,
Including his favorite concubine,
Yo ho, you buggers, yo ho, you buggers,
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

One day when he had a hell of a stand,
He called to a warrior, one of his band,
Go down without wasting any time,
Get me my favorite concubine.

The warrior fetched the concubine,
A face like Venus, a face divine,
The Rajah gave a significant grunt,
And rammed his penis up her cunt.

The Rajah's cries were loud and long,
The maiden's cries were sure and strong,
But just when all had come to a head,
They both fell through the fucking bed.

They hit the floor with a hell of a grunt,
Which completely bugged the poor girl's cunt,
And as for the Rajah's magnificent cock,
It never recovered from the shock.

There is a moral to this tale,
There is a moral to this tale,
If you would fuck a girl at all,
Stand her right up against the wall.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

305. Rawhide

Tune: Rawhide

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

CHORUS:

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

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

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

306. Redneck Mother

Tune: Redneck Mother

He was born in Oklahoma,
His wife's name is Betty Lou Thelma Liz,
And he's not responsible for what he's doin',
His mama made him what he is.

CHORUS:

And it's up against the wall, redneck mother,
Mother who has raised a son so well (so well, so well),
He's 34, a drinkin' in a honky tonk,
Just kickin' hippie ass and raisin' hell.
He sure does like his Shiner beer,
He likes to chase it down with Wild Turkey liquor,
He drives a '67 Chevy pick-em-up truck,
He's got a gun rack and a "Goat
Ropers Need Love Too" sticker.

M is for the Mudflaps on my pick-em- up truck,
O is for the Oil I put on my hair,
T is for T-Bird,
H is for Haggard,
E is for Enema,
R is for REDNECK!

307. Rhode Island Red

Has anybody seen my cock,
My big Rhode Island Red?
He's mostly pink, with a little bit of blue,
And he's purple on his head (Gor Blimey).
He stands straight up in the morning,
And he gives me wife a shock,
Has anybody seen, anybody seen,
Anybody, anybody seen my cock?

He's a right big-headed little upstart,
The best you've ever seen.
He could have got gonorrhea,
Instead he got gangrene.
He should have worn a condom,
But the silly sod forgot,
Has anybody seen, has anybody seen,
Has anybody seen my cock?

308. Ring the Bell Verger

CHORUS:

Ring the bell verger, ring the bell ring
Perhaps the congregation will condescend to sing,
Perhaps the village organist sitting on his stool,
Will play upon his organ and not upon his tool.

Ocean liner five months late,
Stoker stoking stoker's mate,
Captain's voice comes down the wire,
"Stop stoking mate and start stoking fire!"

Lordship's chauffeur in the garage lies,
Lordship's wife between his thighs,
Lordship's voice come from afar,
"Stop fucking wife and start fuckin' car!"

Part-time barman in the four-ale lurks,
Tossing off with erratic jerks,
The landlord's voice begins to moan,
"Stop pulling plonker and start pulling foam!"

Verger in the belfry stood,
Grasped in his hand, his mighty pud,
From afar the vicar yells,
"Stop pulling pud and start pulling bells!"

Old time convict in the compound stands,
His prick lies idle in his hands,
The warden's voice begins to moan,
"Stop picking prick and start picking stone!"

PIKES PEAK H4

309. Rip My Knickers Away

Be I 'ampshire, be I buggery,
Oi koms up from Wareham,
Oi knows a gal with calico drawers,
And I knows how to tear 'em.

CHORUS:

Rip my knickers away,
Rip my knickers away,
I don't care what becomes of me,
As long as you finger my C.U.N.T.

Rip my knickers away, away,
Rip my knickers away,
Down the front, down the back,
Round the back, round the crack,
Rip my knickers away.

Walkin' by the field one day
I heard a maiden crying,
"Oh, please don't rip me knockers off, Jack,
You'll get there by and byin'."

310. Ringadangdoo

Tune: My Ding-a-ling

CHORUS:

The ringadangdoo, pray what is that?
It's furry and soft, like a pussy-cat,
It's got a crack down the middle,
And a hole right through,
That's what they call the Ringadangdoo.

I once knew a girl, her name was Jean,
The sweetest girl I'd ever seen,
She loved a boy, who was straight and true,
Who longed to play on her ringadangdoo.

So she took him to her father's house,
And crept inside as quiet as a mouse,
And they shut the door and the window too,
And he played all night on her Ringadangdoo.

The very next day her father said,
'You've gone and lost your maidenhead!
You can pack your bags and suitcase, too,
And bugger off with your Ringadangdoo!'

So she went to town and became a whore,
And hung a red light outside her door,
And one by one and two by two,
They came to play on her Ringadangdoo.

There came to that town a son of a bitch
Who had the pox and the seven-year-itch,
He had gonorrhea and syphilis too—
So that was the end of her Ringadangdoo.

311. Road to Gundagai

There's a crack winding back,
From her belly to her back,
On the road to Gundagai

There's a yank there 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,
Though the time will come to pass,
When he'll whop it up her arse,
On the road to Gundagai.

312. Roedean School

Tune: We Shall Not Be Moved

We are from Roedean, good girls are we,
We take great pride in our virginity,
We take precautions,
And avoid abortions,
For we are from Roedean School.

CHORUS:

Up School, Up school Up school,
Right Up school!
Laah-lah, laah-lah, lah, lah,lah,lah,lah,
Laah-lah, laah-lah, lah, lah,lah,lah,lah.

Our school porter, he is a fool,
He's only got a teeny-weeny tool,
All right for keyholes
And little girlies' pee-holes,
But not for girls at Roedean School.

When we go out to the Vicar's for tea,
He likes to bounce us up and down on his knee,
We feed him brandy,
Which makes him feel randy,
For we are from Roedean School.

When we go down to the beach for a swim,
The people remark on the size of our quim,
You can bet your bottom dollar,
It's big as a horse's collar,
For we are from Roedean School.

Our head perfect, her name is Jane,
She only likes it now and again,
And again, and again,
And again, and again,
For she is from Roedean School.

Our house mistress, she can't be beat,
She lets us go walking in the street,
We sell our titties for
Three-penny bitties,
Right outside of Roedean School.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Our sports mistress, she is the best,
She teaches us how to develop our chest,
We wear tight sweaters,
And carry French Letters,
For we are from Roedean School.

Each week at Roedean we have a dance,
We don't wear bras and we don't wear pants,
We like to give
All the fellows a chance,
For we are from Roedean School.

Our head gardener, he makes us drool,
He's got a great big dirty whoppin' tool,
All right for tunnels,
And Queen Mary's funnels,
And great for the girls at Roedean School.

We have a new girl, her name is Flo,
Nobody thought that she would have a go,
But she surprised the Vicar,
By raising him quicker,
That any other girl at Roedean School.

We are from Roedean, lesbos are we,
Caused by living in an all-girls dormit'ry,
It's lights out at seven,
Candles out at eleven,
For we are from Roedean School.

Our school doctor, she is a beaut,
Teaches us to swerve when our boy friends shoot,
It saves many marriages,
And forced miscarriages,
For we are from Roedean School.

We go to Roedean, don't we have fun,
We know exactly how it is done,
When we lie down
We hole it in one,
For we are from Roedean School.

Those girls from Cheltenham, they are just sissies,
The get worked up over one or two kisses,
It takes wax candles,
And long broom handles,
To rouse the girls at Roedean School.

We go to Roedean, we can be had,
Don't take our word, boy ask your old dad,
He brings his friends,
For breath-taking trends,
For we are from Roedean School.

In our winter we wear our J.D.'s,
Long combinations well below our knees,
It's all right for dragging,
But no good for shagging,
For we are from Roedean School.

313. Roll Me Over in the Clover

Tune: Roll Me Over in the Clover

Well, this is number one,
And the fun has just begun,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

CHORUS:

Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number two,
And my hand is on her shoe
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number three,
And my hand is on her knee,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number four,
And we're rolling on the floor,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Well, this is number five,
And the bee is in the hive,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number six,
And she said she liked my tricks,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number seven,
And we're in our seventh heaven,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number eight,
And the nurse is at the gate,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number nine,
And the twins are doing fine,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number ten,
And we're at it once again,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number eleven,
And we start again from seven,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number twelve,
And she said "You can fuck yourself",
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number twenty,
And she said that was plenty,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number thirty,
And she said that was dirty,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

PIKES PEAK H4

Well, this is number forty,
And she said "Now that was naughty",
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

314. Roll Your Leg Over

Tune: Oh, Sally, My Dear

If all the young girls were like fish in the ocean,
Then I'd be a whale and I'd show them the motion.

CHORUS:

Oh, roll your leg over,
Oh, roll your leg over,
Roll your leg over the and fuck me till noon

If all the young girls were like fish in a pool,
I'd be a shark with a waterproof tool.

If all the young girls were like fish in the brookie,
I'd be a trout and I'd get me some nookie.

If all the young girls were like winds on the sea,
I'd be a sail and I'd have them blow me.

If all the young girls were like cows in the pasture,
I'd be a bull and I'd fill them with rapture.

If all the young girls were like mares in the stable,
I'd be a stallion and show them I'm able.

If all the young girls were like bricks in a pile,
I'd be a mason and lay them in style.

If all the young girls were like bells in a tower,
I'd be a clapper and bang them each hour.

If all the young girls were like bats in a steeple,
And I were a bat, there'd be more bats than people.

If all the young girls were like little red foxes,
And I were a hunter, I's shoot up their boxes.

If all the young girls were like little white rabbits,
And I were a hare, I would teach them bad habits.

If all the young girls were like trees in the forest,
And I was a woodsman, I'd split their clitoris.

If all the young girls were like telephone poles,
I'd be a squirrel and stuff nuts in their holes.

If all the young girls were like diamonds and rubies,
I'd be a jeweler and polish their boobies.

If all the young girls were like coals in the stoker,
I'd be a fireman and shove in my poker.

I wish all the girls were like statues of Venus,
And I were equipped with a petrified penis.

315. Rub-A-Dee-Dub

Tune: The Scotsman

Now the baker's boy to the mart he went,
Some pork for him to buy.
And when he got upon the spot,
No one he could espy.
And just as he was about to leave,
Thinking all was dead,
He heard the sound of rub-a-dee-dub,
Right above his head.

Now the baker's boy was cunning and wise,
And he crept up the stairs,
And he crept up so silently,
He caught them unawares.
And there he saw the butcher's boy,
Between his missus' thighs,
And they were having rub-a-dee-dub,
Right before his eyes.
Oh, they were having rub-a-dee-dub,
Right before his eyes.

Now the butcher's wife was much alarmed,
Aleeping from the bed,
She turned unto the baker's boy,
And this is what she said,
"If you were but my secret keep,
Just bear this fact in mind.
You can always cum for a rub-a-dee-dub.
Whenever you feel inclined."
Oh, can always cum for a rub-a-dee-dub.
Whenever you feel inclined."

Now the baker's boy was filled with joy,
The prospect of such fun,
He barely leaped upon the bed,
When the butcher's boy was done.
But when he came to the shortest strokes,
How he kissed the butcher's wife.
He vowed he'd have a rub-a-dee-dub,
Every day of his life.
Oh, he vowed he'd have a rub-a-dee-dub,
Every day of his life.

Now in the 'morn when he awoke,
All over did he quake.
His back was sore, his balls were raw,
All over he did shake.
And when he looked at his Tom-Tom,
He saw he'd done the trick.
The consequences of his rub-a-dee-dub,
Was pimples on his prick.
Oh, the consequences of his rub-a-dee-dub,
Was pimples on his prick.

Now the baker's boy to the doctor went,
Some ointment for to buy,
The doctor looked him up and down,
And heaved a mighty sigh,
"My boy, my boy," the doctor said,
"You've been a bloody fool,
You'll never more have a rub-a-dee-dub,
I'm gonna cut off your tool."

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Oh, you'll never more have a rub-a-dee-dub,
I'm gonna cut off your tool."

Now listen to the baker's boy,
For he should surely know,
An enthusiastic amateur,
Is worse than any pro,
And if you would a wooing go,
And self-control you lack,
Whenever you have a rub-a-dee-dub,
Be sure to wear a mack.
Oh, whenever you have a rub-a-dee-dub,
Be sure to wear a mack.

316. Rule Britannia

Rule Britannia, marmalade and jam,
Five Chinese crackers up your asshole,
BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG!

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the seas,
Britons never, never, never shit green peas.

317. Rye Whiskey

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey,
Rye whiskey, I cry.
If I don't get rye whiskey,
I surely will die.

If the ocean were whiskey,
And I were a duck,
I'd swim to the bottom,
And drink my way up.

Sometimes I drink whiskey,
Sometimes I drink gin,
It doesn't really matter,
The state that I'm in.

Sometimes I drink whiskey,
Sometimes I drink rum,
I only do that,
When I want to come.

318. S&M Girl

Tune: The Candy Man

Who takes jumper cables,
Attaches 'em to her tits,
Connects them to a Mack truck,
And has orgasmic fits?
It's the S&M girl.

CHORUS: Oh, the S&M girl,
The S&M girl because she mixes it with love,
And makes the hurt feel good (the hurt feel good).

Who can jump a flagpole,
Land right up on top,
Wiggle down and squeeze so tight,
The ball on top pops?
It's the S&M girl.

Who can take a buzz saw,
Hold it to her twat,
Rev up the engine,
And perpetually squat?
It's the S&M girl.

Who sleeps on barbed wire,
Tossing left and right,
Just to see how many stitches,
She can earn each night?
It's the S&M girl.

Who can shave her body,
Pubic parts and all,
Swim around all day,
In a pool of alcohol?
It's the S&M girl.

Who rubs down with honey,
Just to have a chance,
To lay out on the lawn,
And be a picnic for the ants?
It's the S&M girl.

Who ties down her sweetie,
Every single day,
Covers him with rats,
And lets the kitties in to play?
It's the S&M girl.

Who can take some shackles
Chain you to the walls
Fill a glass with sperm
By lancing both your balls?
It's the S&M girl.

319. S&M Man

Tune: The Candy Man

Who will run through jagers,
Ripping up his flesh,
And turn right around,
And repeat the bloody mess?
CHORUS...

CHORUS:
It's the S&M man,
Oh, the S&M man,
The S&M man because he mixes it with love,
And makes the hurt feel good.
Yes the hurt feel good.

Who can take a hammer,
Shove it up her twat,
Move it back and forth,
Til he finds her G-spot,

PIKES PEAK H4

Who can take a hammer,
Wave it overhead,
And slam it on his pecker,
Til he wishes he were dead?

Who can take his bicycle,
Take away the seat,
Put his girlfriend on it,
Ride her down a bumpy street?

Who can take some sandpaper,
Gotta be 50 grit,
Rub it back and forth,
Til she has a bleeding clit?

Who can take a old wood saw,
Rusty, but still cuts,
Saw it back and forth,
Til he cuts off both his nuts?

Who can take his willy,
Slam it in a door,
Slam it back and forth,
Til he can't pee anymore?

Who can take a chainsaw,
Rev it up on high,
Shove it up her arse,
Just to hear her scream and sigh?

Who can take a razor,
And no shaving cream,
Scrape her pussy bald,
While he listens to her scream?

Who can take a sander,
Make sure it's Black and Decker,
Rub it up and down,
Until you've got a bleeding pecker?

Who can take a mallet,
Claim that he's a stud,
Smash it on his pecker,
Till it starts to ooze blood?

Who can take a young girl,
Turn the lights down low,
Flip on the video camera,
And make like Rob Lowe?

Who would use machinery,
To masturbate at work,
Rip off his left testis,
And pretend it didn't hurt?

Who can take some fiberglass,
Wrap it round his pud,
Shove it up her arse,
Til she's shitting chunks of blood?

Who can take a light bulb,
Shove it up her arse,
Fuck her up the rear,
Til she's shitting chunks of glass?

Who can take just two bricks,
Take one in each hand,
Bang them on his balls,
Like the cymbals in the band?

Who wears pants with zippers,
And no underwear,
Then pulls them up and down,
And rips out his pubic hair?

Who can take a bottle,
Shove it up your ass,
And hit it with a hammer,
And line your ass with glass?

Who can take your scrotum,
Stick it with a pin,
Hang on a bunch of weights,
Till it drags down to your shins?

Who can take a chainsaw,
Cut the bitch in two,
Fuck the bottom half,
And toss the other half to you?

Who can take your penis,
Feed it to a whore,
Then slam it in a door,
So you can't fuck no more?

Who would take a condom,
Put pepper in the ring,
Use it on the wife,
'Cause she twitches when it stings?

Who can take your penis,
Tie it in a knot,
Tighter yet tighter,
Until the fucker rots?

Who can take two ice picks,
Stick one in each ear,
And ride her like a Harley,
While he fucks her up the rear?

Who takes jumper cables,
Clamps one on each tit,
Starts up the car,
And electrocutes the bitch?

Who would take your kiddies,
Out to a picnic binge,
Put them on the fire,
And watch the fuckers singe?

Who would put a kid's hand,
In a socket on the wall?
It's nice when they jerk,
Up against his balls?

Who gives children candy,
Takes them round the block,
And rips up their innards,
With the ramming of his cock?

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Who can take a chainsaw,
Stick it up her hole,
Turn it round & round,
And make tuna casserole?

Who can take some clothes pegs,
Hang his girlfriend by her nipples,
Leave the bitch just hanging,
Til her tits are nearly tripled?

Who can take a Doberman,
Let him do a show,
Let him fuck your girlfriend,
While he takes a video?

Who can take a hair curler,
Turn it up on high,
Stick it in her cunt,
And listed to her fry?

Who can take his penis,
Put it in a door,
Slam it real hard,
And scream MORE MORE MORE...?

Who can find some newlyweds,
Sneak into their room,
Fuck the bride in bed,
And sodomize the groom?

Who can take a glass rod,
Shove it up his prick,
Put it on the table,
And smash it with a brick?

Who can take a baby,
Throw it on a pile,
And fuck it up its ass,
Sish-ka-bob style?

Who can take a nun,
Lean her over the pew,
Fuck her up the ass,
'Till she wishes she was a Jew?

Who can take a vagina,
Suck out all the yeast,
Spit it out into some dough,
And serve bread at the hash feast?

Who can take a puppy,
Hold it by the ears,
Fuck it in the ass,
Until it sheds those puppy tears?

Who can take a vice clamp.
Clamp it on a tit
Squeeze the suckcer down
Till it pops just like a zit?

Who can take a transient
Rip out one of his eyes
Skull fuck the bastard
While he listens to his cries?

Who can take a Coke bottle
Shove it up her ass
Kidney punch the bitch
Until she's shitting blood and glass?

Who can take a cheese grater
Strap it to his arm
Fist fuck the bitch
And make vagina parmesian?

SONG ENDERS:

Who can take a baby,
Lay it on a bed,
Turn the bugger over,
Fuck the soft spot in its head?

Who can take a pregnant woman,
Fuck her til she's dead,
Leave his dick inside her,
Til the fetus gives him head?

Who can go to the abortion clinic,
Sneak around the back,
Root around the dumpster,
And find a tasty snack?

Who can take a little girl,
Before she's on the rag,
Fuck her till she's dead,
And then toss her in a bag?

320. Sally in the Alley

Sally in the alley, sifting cinders,
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man,
Wind from her butt blew out six winders,
Cheeks of her ass went BAM! BAM! BAM!

321. Salome

Down our street we had a little party,
Everyone there was oh so gay and hearty.
Talk about a treat, there was fuck all to eat,
So we all got pissed in a boozier down the street.

There was old Uncle Jim,
He was fair fucked up,
We put him in the cellar,
With the old bull pup.

Little Sunny Tim,
Was trying to get it in,
With his asshole,
Winking at the moonlight.

PIKES PEAK H4

CHORUS:

Oh, Salome, Salome,
My gal Salome.
Dancing there with her asshole bare,
Every little wiggle make the boys all stare.
She swings it, she flings it,
She's a great big cow twice the size of me,
Hairs on her belly like the trunk of a tree,
She could run, jump, fuck, fart,
Push a barrow, wheel a cart,
That's my gal Salome.

Monday night she fucks like hell,
Tuesday night she has a spell,
Wednesday night she takes it up her back,
Thursday night she takes it in the crack,
And Friday night she takes it up her nose,
In between her finger and down between her toes.
Saturday night she dishes out the clap -
And she goes to church on Sunday. CHORUS.

322. Salutations

We call upon _____
To give us a song
So sing, you fucker, sing!
And if you don't sing
You can show us your schwing.
We don't want to see your moldy old schwing!
So sing you fucker, SING!

333. Salvation Army Song

We're coming, we're coming,
Our brave little band,
On the right side of justice,
We'll all take a stand.
We don't smoke tobacco because we all think,
That people who smoke are likely to drink.

CHORUS:

Away, away with rum by gum,
With rum by gum, with rum by gum,
Away, away with rum by gum,
The song of the Salvation Army.
Rum chug-a-lug, rum chug-a-lug, rum bum bum.

We never eat fruit cake,
Cause fruit cake has rum,
And one little bite turns a man to a bum.
Oh, can you imagine a sorrier sight,
Than a man eating fruit cake until he is light?

We never eat cookies,
Cause cookies have yeast,
And one little bite turns a man to a beast.
Oh, can you imagine a greater disgrace,
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

There's Viceroy cigarettes for people who think,
And Ban deodorant for people who stink,
But thinking and stinking are not right by me,
I get my kicks from Saigon tea.

334. Sammy Small

Tune: Ye Jacobites by Name

Oh my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,
Oh my name is Sammy Small, and I only have one ball,
But it's better than none at all,
So fuck 'em all.

Oh they say I shot a man, fuck 'em all, etc. . .
They say I shot him in the head, with a fucking piece of
lead,
Now the silly fucker's dead, so fuck 'em all.

Oh they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all, etc. . .
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, from a fucking piece of
string,
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all.

Oh the parson he will come, fuck 'em all, etc. . .
Oh the parson he will come, with his tales of kingdom
come,
He can shove 'em up his bum, so fuck 'em all.

Oh the hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all, etc. . .
Oh the hangman wears a mask, for his silly fucking
task,
What a silly fucking ass, so fuck 'em all.

Oh the sheriff'll be there too, fuck 'em all, etc. . .
Oh the sheriff'll be there too, with his silly fucking crew,
They've got fuck-all else to do, so fuck 'em all.

(With Reverence)

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all, etc. . .
I saw Molly in the crowd, and I felt so goddamn proud,
That I shouted right out loud, FUCK 'EM ALL!

Oh the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all, etc. . .
Oh the hangman pulled the rope,
thought it was a fucking joke,
Now my goddamn neck is broke, so
FUCK 'EM ALL!

335. Scotsman (The)

Well, a Scotsman clad in kilt left the bar one evening
fair.
And one could tell by how he walked that he'd drunk
more than his share.
He fumbled 'round 'till he could no longer keep his feet.
And stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the
street.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

CHORUS:

Ring-ding-ding-a-ling-a-ladio, Ring di diddle-i-o
He stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

About that time two young and lovely girls happened by.

One said to the other with a twinkle in her eye.
See yon sleeping Scotsman so strong and handsome built.

I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath the kilt.

They crept up on that sleeping Scotsman quiet as can be.

Lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see.
And there behold for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt.

Was nothin' more than God had graced him with upon his birth.

They marvelled for a moment and one said, "We must be gone.

Let's leave a present for our friend before we move along."

As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon tied into a bow.
Around the bonnie star the Scott's kilt did lift and show.

Now the Scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled towards the trees.

Behind the bush he lifts his kilt and gawks at what he sees.

And in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes.

"Ah, lad I don't know where you've been, but I see you've won first prize."

Now our Scottish friend still dressed in kilt continued down the street.

He hadn't gone ten yards or more when a girl he chanced to meet.

She said, "I've heard what's 'neath that kilt, tell me is it so?"

He said "Just put your hand up, miss, if you'd really like to know."

She put her hand right up his kilt, and much to her surprise,

The Scotsman smiled and a very strange look came into his eyes.

She cried, "Why Sir, that gruesome." And then she heard him roar,

"If you put your hand up once again, you'll find it grew some more."

336. Scrotum

Tune: Jada

Scrotum. Scrotum.

SC-R-O-T-U-M.

Mangy, scrungy,

SC-R-O-T-U-M.

Scrotum, scrotum,

Covered with hair.

What would you do

If it wasn't there?

Scrotum, scrotum,

It's what we keep our gonads in!

337. Seven Nervous Days

Tune: Seven Lonely Days

Seven nervous days, I've waited for results,
Seven lonely nights I've stayed away from you,
I never could have guessed, I had no idea,
That you'd given me a dose of gonorrhea.

CHORUS:

Oh my darling I'm crying,

Boo-hoo poor me,

'Cause the doctor's prescribing

Penicillin for me.

You said you were drunk,
Now does that make it right?
I think you're a lousy skunk,
To sleep with a transvestite.

Said you couldn't tell,
It was very hard to find,
So you thought what the hell,
And rammed it up behind.

I knew I had a dose,
'Cause it hurts when I pee,
If you ever come close,
I'll cut off your willie.

I never felt so shy,
You caused me so much strife,
But now it's your turn to cry,
'Cause you gotta tell your wife.

LAST CHORUS:

Oh my darling you're crying,

Boo-hoo, boo-hoo,

Now the doctor's prescribing

Penicillin for you too.

338. Seven Old Ladies

Tune: Oh My, What Can the Matter Be?

CHORUS:

Oh dear, what can the matter be?

Seven old ladies locked in the lava'try,

They were there from Sunday to Saturd'y,

Nobody knew they were there.

PIKES PEAK H4

They said they were going to have tea with the Vicar,
They went in together, they thought it was quicker,
But the lavat'ry door was a bit of a sticker,
And the Vicar had tea all alone.

The first was the wife of a deacon in Dover,
And thought she was known as a bit of a rover,
She liked it so much she thought she'd stay over,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs Bickle,
She found herself in a desperate pickle,
Shut in a pay booth, she hadn't a nickel,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter,
She went in to pass some superfluous water,
She pulled on the chain and the rising tide caught her,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Abigale Humphrey,
Who settled inside to make herself comfy,
And then she found out she could not get her bum
free,
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Pamela Mason,
She couldn't wait so she used the basin,
And that was the water I washed my face in,
I didn't know she was there.
The next old lady was Elizabeth Spender,
Who was doing all right till a vagrant suspender,
Got all twisted up in her feminine gender,
And nobody knew she was there.

The last was a lady named Jennifer Trim,
She only sat down on a personal whim,
But she somehow got pinched 'twixt the cup and the
brim,
And nobody knew she was there.

But another old lady was Mrs McBligh,
Went in with a bottle of booze on the sly,
She jumped on the seat and fell in with a cry,
And nobody knew she was there.

339. Sex is Boring

Tune: Frere Jacques
(May be sung as a round)

Sex is boring,
Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Pain is fun,
Gonna cut my fingers off,
Gonna cut my fingers off,
One by one. . .

Sex is boring,
Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Pain is fun,
Pulling out my pubic hairs,
Pulling out my pubic hairs,
One by one...

Sex is boring,
Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Pain is fun,
Poking out my eyes,
Poking out my eyes,
One by one...

Sex is boring,
Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Pain is fun,
Cutting off my gonads,
Cutting off my gonads,
One by one...

Sex is boring,
Sex is boring,
Pain is fun,
Pain is fun,
Cutting off my penis,
Cutting off my penis,
Inch by inch...

340. Sexiatus Mania

Tune: Gregorian Chant

Sexiatus mania,
Frustratum randium,
Sexiatus mania,
Frustratum randium,
Prostitutum contracoptum.
Hand et fingum masturbatum,
Satisfactor relievium,
Satisfactor relievium,

331. Sexual Life of the Camel

Tune: Eaton Boating Song

The sexual life of the camel,
Is stranger than anyone thinks,
At the height of the mating season,
It tries to bugger the Sphinx.
But the Sphinx's posterior orifice,
Is blocked by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,
And Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

CHORUS:

Singing: bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty, titty-bum.
Singing: bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty, aye.
Singing: bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty, titty-bum.
Singing: bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty, aye.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

The sexual life of the ostrich,
Is hard to understand,
At the height of the mating season,
It buries its head in the sand.
And if another ostrich finds it,
Standing there with its ass in the air,
Does it have the urge to grind,
Or doesn't it bloody-well care?

In the process of civilization,
From anthropoid ape down to man,
It is generally held that the navy,
Has buggered whatever it can.
Yet recent extensive researches,
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall,
Have conclusively proven that the hedgehog,
Cannot be buggered at all.

We therefore believe our conclusion,
Is incontrovertibly shown
That comparative safety on shipboard,
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone,
Why haven't they done it a Spithead,
As they have at Harvard and Yale,
And also at Oxford and Cambridge,
By shaving the spines off the tail?

So cum all you hashers,
And to the occasion rise,
Grab yourself a hedgehog,
And give a real surprise,
The following instructions,
Will ensure that you do not fail,
Simply ream out its ass with a hose pipe,
And shave the spines off his tail.

My name is Cecil,
I cum from Liecster Square,
I go all around the place,
With flowers in my hair,
For we're all queers together,
That's why we go around in pairs,
For we're all queers together,
Now excuse us while we go upstarrs.

I went for a ride on a choo-choo,
And found I had to stand,
A little boy offered me his seat,
So I went for it with my hand,
For we're all queers together,
That's why we go around in pairs,
For we're all queers together,
Now excuse us while we go upstairs.

It was Christmas Eve in the harem
The eunuchs all standing there,
A hundred dusky maidens,
Combing their pubic hair.
When along came Father Christmas,
Striding down the marble halls,
When he asked what they wanted for Christmas,
The eunuchs all answered, "Balls!"

Oh, the old men were having a birthday,
Standing at the bar,
Thinking about the old times,
Thinking back so far.
When along came a dusky maiden,
By Christ, she was so fair,
When she asked what they'd like for their birthday,
The old men all shouted, "Hair!"

332. Sharp Operator

A Recital

There was a young lady who swallowed a Wilkerson
Sword stainless steel razor blade. Not only did she
suffer a tonsilectomy, an appendectomy, and a
hysterectomy, but she castrated her husband,
circumcised her lover, took two fingers off a casual
acquaintance, gave the vicar a harelip, and she still
had five shaves left.

333. She Ain't Gonna Fuck No More

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

My eyes have seen the glory
of the coming of the whore,
Who had fucked all round Jakarta,
but had never cum before,
She'd fuck and suck most anything
and she had a running sore,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

That whore had gone around the world,
in and out of every bed,
But though she tried with all her might,
her cunt felt almost dead,
But with all the fucking that she'd done,
she had never cum, she said.
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.
She almost quit then in despair,
but then she had a flash,
She said "I've tried most everything,
but haven't tried the HASH!
And all those jerks are so pissed up,
they'll never see the rash."
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

And so one steaming Monday night,
she found the Anchor truck,
She could see by the crazed looks in their eyes
that she would have some luck,
So she strolled into the circle
and challenged anyone to fuck,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.
The Hash Master was in control
and so he stepped up first,
But sadly the man had drunk too much
and over-quenched his thirst,
When he pulled his flaccid penis out,
she laughed like she would burst,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

PIKES PEAK H4

The Joint Hash Masters took a turn,
they stepped up one by one,
But with each prick she gave a sigh
for still she hadn't cum.
She said "You're no good at fucking,
you'd best go back and run."
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Masters of Music tried their hands
but couldn't do a thing,
One was so tired from running,
all he could do was sing,
The other tried a short cut,
got his prick lost in her ring,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

Hash Cash stepped hard into the fray
and tried to fill the breach,
But when he put it up inside
she said it wouldn't reach,
So she grabbed the Secretary
and she sucked him like a leech,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Scribe stepped up and cried, "The pen
is mightier than the sword."
But when he jumped upon her
she just lay there looking bored.
She said, "You're really nothing
when you've whored like I have whored"
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Religious Adviser said a prayer
and called upon the gods,
The only way to make her cum
was with his divine rod,
But even with celestial help,
he was like the other sods,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

All in the circle took their turns,
the Germans and Frogs,
The Aussies, Yank and Pommies
and even a couple of Wogs,
But the Dutchmen were the first in line
to shed their running togs,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

When they all had finished she said
"There's something I must tell,
I've laid here in the circle
and watched all your pricks swell,
But for all the good you've done for me,
you can all go straight to hell."
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

They each had tried her one by one
as she lay upon the grass,
They'd jammed it up her cunt and mouth
and some had tried her ass,
The one thing that they hadn't tried,
was to fuck her all en masse,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

What alone they didn't do,
they accomplished it in sum,
With three pricks between each finger
and 18 up her bum,
And 16 each in cunt and mouth,
she said "I think I've cum!"
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The city bells began to peel,
her body began shake,
Exploding rockets lit the sky,
the earth began to quake,
That one massive orgasm
was all that she could take
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

And when they climbed down off her
and they looked upon the ground,
Nothing of her could be seen,
and nothing could be found,
They said though she was one good fuck,
she'd never be a Hash House Hound,
For she ain't gonna fuck no more.

334. (She Had Her) Period

From: Pig Vomit

She said she loved me and that she'd let me in her pants
I had a healthy boner, now I had my chance
She held a secret, though she denies it to this day

I got my first taste of love in such a bitter way
She had her period, She had her period
Both of us were screaming, down my face her blood was
streaming
And it glistened in the dashboard lights

She had her period, I was an idiot Whoa, Whoa
I should have plunged my appendage
Way down deep into her hemorrhage that night.

Went to a drive-in movie, love in the back seat of my car
I was a cunning linguist, did I go too far
Such menstruation should be plugged up before it drains
Did she go without a tampon due to lack of brains

She had her period, She had her period
Both of us were screaming, down my face her blood was
streaming
And it glistened in the dashboard lights
She had her period, I was an idiot Whoa, Whoa, etc...

335. She Went for a Ride in a Morgan

She went for a drive in a Morgan,
She sat with the driver in front.
He fooled with her genital organs:
The more vulgar-minded say cunt.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Now she had a figure ethereal,
She auctioned it out to men's cocks.
And contracted diseases venereal:
The more vulgar-minded say pox.

The dazzling peak of perfection,
There wasn't a fuck she would scorn,
She gave every man an erection:
The more vulgar-minded say horn.

Did you ever see Anna make water?
It's a sight that you ought not to miss.
She can lead for a mile and a quarter:
The more vulgar-minded say piss.

If I had two balls like a bison,
And a cock like a big buffalo,
I would sit on the edge of creation
And piss on the buggers below.

336. Shiggy-Shaggy

The purpose of the Shiggy-Shaggy chant is to point out
breaches in hash etiquette most usually for screwing
up a song. The hash points elbows at the offender
and repeats the chant loudly:

Shiggy-Shaggy, Shiggy-Shaggy
Oi! Oi! Oi!
Shiggy-Shaggy, Shiggy-Shaggy
Oi! Oi! Oi!!
Shiggy-Shaggy, Shiggy-Shaggy
Oi! Oi! Oi!!

Continue until offender completes a down-down . . .

337. Shiner Beer

Tune: ???

In the town of shiner in the Lone Star State
They're brewing a beer that tastes really great
Makes me want to masturbate
Oh I love shiner beer
Grab yourself a fist of lard
Work it up nice and hard
Shoot your jism across the yard
Oh I love shiner beer.

Mm Mm Mm, tastes so good
Yes Yes Yes like I knew it would
Take advice from this old croner
It don't matter if you're a loner
Go ahead and cop that boner
If you got shiner beer

All you ladies everywhere
Hold onto your underwear
Shiner makes you lose your cares
Oh I love shiner beer

Mm Mm Mm, tastes so good
Yes Yes Yes like I knew it would
(Slowly)
Shiner the best beer brewed in the cunt-tree.

338. Short Hymn

Tune: Traditional

(WITH REVERENCE)

Hymn, hymn,
Fuck hymn. . .

339. Short Song

Tune: Turkey in the Straw

Oh, the wiggle of her ass would make a dead man
come,
And the nipple on her tit is as big as my thumb,
She's a mean motherfucker, she's a great
cocksucker,
She's my girl, she fucks!

340. Silent Night

Tune: Silent Night

Silent night, foggy night,
Somebody pfffffft!, smells like shite,
Who's the bastard that dropped his guts,
I hope it blew a hole in his nuts,
That will make him sing high-er,
And bring a tear to his eye.

341. Singha Cock

Tune: Those Were the Days

Once there was a time that we'd fuck all night,
Now any more than once a month, no way,
I'm always asking for a little extra,
But you shy away and say, "Oh, not today."

CHORUS:

'Cause you've got Singha cock,
Some girls have all the luck,
They get it day and night for weeks on end,
But you won't look at me,
It's really sad to see,
What that limp Singha cock has done to me.

I used to worry about another woman,
Who was taking you away from me,
But then I learned the cause of your deflation,
Wasn't someone else sat on your knee.

CHORUS:

It was that Singha cock, etc. . .
So boys as you swig upon that bottle,
Please remember what we have to say,
If you want to play when you go home horny,
Push that one last bottle out of the way.

PIKES PEAK H4

342. Sinking Of The Titanic

Tune: Itself

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue,
And they thought they'd built a ship the water couldn't
get through.
But an iceberg on the wave, sent it to its watery grave,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(CHORUS): It was sad, (so sad), it was sad, (too bad),
It was sad when that great ship went down,
To the bottom of the . . . HUSBANDS AND WIVES,
LITTLE CHILDREN LOST THEIR LIVES!
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they sailed from Plymouth, England, and were
halfway to the shore,
When the rich refused to associate with the poor.
So they put the poor below, where they were the first to
go,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(CHORUS): UNCLAS AND AUNTS, THEY PISSED RIGHT
IN THEIR PANTS!

Oh, that ship was full of sin, and the sides about to burst,
When the captain shouted, "Women and children first!"
Then he tried to send a wire, but the wires were all on
fire,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(CHORUS): CHILDREN, THEY CRIED, AS THE WAVES
SWEPT O'ER THE SIDE!

Oh, the crew was not afraid, as they tried to lower boats,
But the waves were cruel, and nary a boat would float.
So they put on their life vests, and prepared themselves
for death,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(CHORUS): LADY ASTOR IN HER GOWN, HAD TO
WATCH HER HUSBAND DROWN!

Oh, the captain was at fault, and was just about to flee,
When the band struck up with "A-Nearer My God to
Thee!"
And the steerage passengers, were left to drown like
curs,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(CHORUS): HOW THEY DID PLEA, AS THEY SLIPPED
BENEATH THE SEA!

(SPECIAL VERSE): But in the captain's cabin, the spirits
they did find,
And they began to swill, as they floated in the brine.
And the liquor in their veins, kept them warm upon the
main,
It was glad when that great ship went down!

(SPECIAL CHORUS): It was glad (so glad), it was glad
(so glad),
It was glad when that great ship went down,

To the bottom of the . . . CHAMPAGNE AND WHISKEY,
THEY WENT DOWN FEELING FRISKY!
It was glad when that great ship went down.

Oh, the moral of this story is very plain to see,
You must wear your life preserver when you are out to
sea.
Or you may find yourself aswim, facing fate that's all too
grim,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(CHORUS): MIGHTY OR MEEK, YOU CAN'T TREAD
WATER FOR A WEEK!

343. Sir Jasper

She wears her silk pajamas in the summer when it's
hot,
She wears her woolen nightie in the winter when it's
not,
But later in the springtime, and early in the fall,
She jumps between the lily-white sheets with nothing
on at all.

CHORUS:
She's a most immoral lady,
She's a most immoral lady,
She's a most immoral lady,
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing
on at all.

Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing
on at all.

Oh, Sir Jasper do not! (three times)
As she lay..... etc.

Oh, Sir Jasper do! (three times)
As she lay..... etc.

Oh, Sir Jasper! (three times)
As she lay..... etc.

Oh! (three times)
As she lay..... etc.

NOTE: An alternate way to sing this song is to delete
one word at a time until there are no more words.
After silence for a period, then sing "As she
lay...nothing on at all"

344. Sit on My Face (Version 1) From Monty Python

CHORUS:
Sit on my face and tell me that you love me,
I'll sit on your face and tell you I love you too!

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

I love to hear you moralize,
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 let you love me truly,

Life can be fine,
If we both sixty-nine,

If we sit on our faces,
In all kind of places,

Oh I love to oralize
With your face between my thighs,
Please sit on my face.
Sit on my face and tell me that you need me
I'll sit on your face 'cuz I'll be needing you

Yes, I'll be headed south
When you're cumming in my mouth
Please sit on my face

Sit on my face and say you'll never leave me
I'll sit on your face and never leave you blue.

Oh, for your legs,
I'll spread while you are getting head,
Please sit on my face.

Sit on my face and tell me that I'm pretty,
I'll sit on your face and never lie to you.

Just put your lips right there,
We'll both ignore the hair,
Please sit on my face,

Oh, It's hard to say I love you
When you're sitting on my face.

345. Sit on My Face (Version 2)

Tune: Swinging on a Star

Would you like to sit on my face?
It's a very comfortable place.
Slide your crotch up over my nose,
Or would you rather suck my hose?

My hose is an animal that lives in my pants,
It'll come out to meet you if you give it a chance.
It begs your pardon, but it's grown quite long,
It's a little bit crooked, but it's healthy and strong,
So if you'd like to feel it nice and thick,
You could bend down and suck my prick.

Would you like to fuck in my car?
Carry sperm juice home in a jar,
Get the back seat all in a mess,
Or would you rather lick my ass?

My ass is an animal that lives near my bone,
It's often neglected as an erogenous zone,
I took a shower and it doesn't smell,
And when I shit I wiped like hell,
So if you'd like to give it a go,
You could bend down and lick my asshole.

Would you like to have some orgasms?
Feel your pussy twitchin' in spasms,
Do it over and over again,
Or would you rather fuck my chin?

My chin is an animal that lives under my nose,
It doesn't get half the action of my hose,
It's narrow and pointy, it'll go right in,
Rub you clit on my whiskers, it's a downright sin,
So if you'd like to come once or twice,
Fuck my chin, it's rather nice.

346. Sit on My Face (Version 3)

Tune: Red River Valley

Cum and sit on my face if you love me,
Cum sit on my face if you care,
Let me look into your Red River Valley,
And stare into your pubic hair.

347. Sixteen Miles

Tune: 16 Tons

CHORUS:

You run 16 miles and what'd you get?
Another day older and covered in shit!
Great Hasher don't you call me, 'cause I can't go
I've short cut the trail and I've miles to go...

Well, I woke up this morning in a bed – not mine.
With my Nike's in my hands, left for ON-ONS to find.
I started with my buddies a half past three,
But a short-cut the trail, now I'm an SCB.
Well, I looked for trail all over the place.
I could'a followed on's but I wanted to race.
Thought I'd get ahead – thought it'd be so boss,
But I followed my ass, now I'm lost, lost, lost!

Well I asked the Hare how much further to run.
He held up both hands – said "Let me show you son.
Just count these fingers and multiply by nine."
Oh, Great Hasher, please show me a sign!

So I've run for hours under the blazing sun.
I really don't know how far I've run.
I wanted a cold beer but I'll settle for wine,
Oh, Great Hasher for some fruit of the vine,

Great Hasher won't you call me,
I'm having fits.
I've short-cut the trail,
And now I'm covered in SHIT!

PIKES PEAK H4

348. Sod 'em All

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall,
Sod all the sergeants and W.O. ones,
Sod all the corporals and their bastard sons.
For we're saying goodbye to them all,
As back to their billets they crawl,
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all.

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all,
The skipper, the jimmy and all,
Sod all the yeomen and C.P.O. tels,
Sod the chief sloshies and their bleeding smells.
For we're saying goodbye to them all,
As back to their hammocks they crawl,
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all.

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all,
The jaunty, the crusher and all,
Sod all the shipwrights and C.P.O. cooks,
Sod all the paybobs with their bleeding books.
For we're saying goodbye to them all,
As back to their hammocks they crawl,
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all.

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all,
The admiral, the flag-jack and all,
Sod all the O.A.s and E.A.s as well,
Sod the chief stoker and send him to hell.
For we're saying goodbye to them all,
As back to their hammocks they crawl,
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all.

349. Sound Off

Group follows leader, repeating each line.

Leader: Run, shiggy shiggy shiggy
Run, shiggy shiggy shiggy
I don't know but I've been told
Group: I don't know but I've been told

Leader: Hashers shorts are filled with gold
People say we're primitive
We say it's the only way to live
Run and drink in our underwear
Following the trail set by the Hare
Checking left and checking right
This damn trails' gotten outta sight
Back check, what the heck turn around
This damn Hare is goin' down
Got his shorts down around his knobby knees
His ass and cock swinging in the breeze

ON-ON

Group: 1 2
Leader: ON-ON
Group: 3 4
Leader: ON-ON
Group: 1 2 3 4
All: You Whore!!!!

350. Sound Of Hashers

Tune: Do, Re, Mi

Give (name) a beer, a really big beer,
We will watch him drink it down.
Girls, you know if he drinks it all,
He will never get it up.
Oh, the stories sad to tell,
It picked up and then it fell.
You would die if you could see,
(name), slap his tiny wee-wee.

351. SPAM Song

From Monty Python

Lovely spam, Wonderful spa-a-m,
Lovely Spam, Wonderful Spam,
Spa-a-a-a-a-a-am,
Spa-a-a-a-a-a-am,
SPA-A-A-A-A-A-A-AM,
SPA-A-A-A-A-A-A-AM,
LOVELY SPAM,
LOVELY SPAM,
LOVELY SPAM,
LOVELY SPAM,
LOVELY SPA-A-A-A-AM . . .

SPA-AM,
SPA-AM,
SPA-AM,
SPA-A-A-AM!

352. Suckanya

Tune: Oh, Diana

I'm so young and you're so old,
You've had a baby I've been told,
I don't care what my friends say,
I'll pay your bar fine any day,
You and I shall never part,
I'll give you five hundred bhat,
Oh please go down on me, Suckanya.

I bought you a house and brand new car,
In the Rock Hard you're a star,
You go out late every night,
Come home at noon, oh, what a sight,
In your heart I'll always stay,
As long as I can pay, pay, pay,
Oh please go down on me, Suckanya.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

You gave me clap and you wear gold,
My motorcycle you have sold,
To pay my bills at Adam and Eve,
The fruits of love are never free,
All I ask is one more suck
But you don't even give a fuck,
Oh please go down on me, Suckanya.

Your Thai husband threw me out,
Tell me what it's all about,
Now you're into sniffing glue,
Does this mean that we are through,
I love you with all my heart,
So don't cut off my private part,
Oh please go down on me, Suckanya.

353. Sunstroke, Syphilis, and Varicose Veins

Tune: Calypso

You wake up in the morning in a terrible rage,
Your mouth, it feels like an unswept cage,
You got lead in pants, you've got fluff in your brains.
You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.

You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.
Sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.
The agony goes, but the order remains,
You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.

Your legs, you realize are far from limber,
Your teeth, they chatter like a baby marimba,
You call the doctor, and he explains,
You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.

You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.
Sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.
You're full of genital and vascular pains,
You got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.
We call in the specialists from all the nations,
They say you got the usual complications,
The sunstroke loses, and the syphilis gains,
And for the rest of your life you got varicose veins.

Sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.
Sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.
You feel like your water's cut off at the mains,
When you've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.

354. Super Hasher

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

He started off at five, as the GM cried "On-On,"
Loping o'er the hedges to the blowin' of the horn,
But the run it was a righty, and the poor bloke went
straight on,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

CHORUS:
Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,
Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,
Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He ran through the bushes to the cheering of the throng,
Following their happy cries, he felt he wasn't wrong,
But the cunning little bastards were just stringing him
along,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He ran on through the forests as the daylight turned to gray,
Searching for the flour, but it was far away,
And he knew he had to find it so he could run another
day,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.
It was approaching darkness, and many hills he'd
crossed,
He'd traversed mighty rivers, as he dreamt of getting
sauced,
But now he began to realize that he was just fucking
lost,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He ran on past small shacks lit with dim and flickering
tapers,
He damned the hare and co-hare for not laying much
more paper,
And also the "Pervert," the bleeding fornicator,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He thought of all the hounds drinking Shiner at the
truck,
And the bastards who left early so that they could
have a fuck,
But our poor bloke was miles away, and he was out of
luck,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

Oh, in the gathering darkness, he ran o'er the fields,
Trampling the new rice crops he could neither see nor
feel,
But the farmer he was watching, and he began to
squeal,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He thought that he might make it now, so gleefully he
sang,
But then he glanced behind him, and the farmer bared
his fangs,
And reached into his waistband for his trusty sharp
parang,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

The farmer leapt out after him, his doorway still
unshut,
For the only thing he'd wanted in all his life was but,
Some Hasher's balls adorning the mantel of his hut,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

PIKES PEAK H4

In a blazing burst of speed our hound took off across the fields,
The farmer he was losing ground, but now his fate was sealed,
For ahead there was a shiggy-pit with no bloody way to yield,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He teetered on the edge of that dark and dismal pit,
And then, in desperation, he jumped into its midst,
And as he sank from sight he cried,
"What a fucking crock of shit!"
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

So, if you go a'runnin' upon a Sunday night,
And come across a shiggy-pit upon the left or right,
Remember our poor Hasher and his shit-i-i-ful plight,
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

355. Supercallousflagellisticexpect; cunnilingus

Tune: Supercallifragilisticxpialidosious

CHORUS:

Supercallousflagellisticexpectcunnilingus,
Queers like to take it up the bum from dildoes, dicks,
or fingers,
Lesbians like their tonguing slow to make the climax
linger,
But
Supercallousflagellisticexpectcunnilingus,
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye

My fat Auntie Ethel was into suits of rubber,
Then she met the Michelin Man and took him as a
lover,
But they used a diesel tube for enemas on each other,
The explosion rocked the city hall and covered it in
blubber.
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye

Uncle John likes whips and knives and ladies to
disfigure,
Auntie Kath liked to be tied and whipped with bamboo
canes or wicker,
She said, "Whip me, whip me, and make me writhe
and slither."
He said, "No, I'll tickle you, that will make my dick get
stiffer."
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye

Uncle Cyril, we always knew, was into brown hattery,
He stuck a dildo up his boyfriend's bum with lots of
beer and flattery,
"Take it out and I'll give you dick," he said quite matter
of factly,
"Oh no, please don't take it out but kindly change the
battery!"
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye

Mary Jane looks like a man but on little girls she's
keener,
Thought she'd take a virgin home and try to get
between her,
The virgin said, "Oh no please sir,
I don't know where it's been, sir,"
Mary Jane said, "It's factory fresh," and introduced a
wiener.
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye

356. Sweet Antoinette

Tune: Sweet Adeline

Sweet Antoinette,
Your pants are wet.
You say it's sweat.
It's piss, I bet.
In all my dreams,
Your bare ass gleams.
You're the wrecker
Of my pecker,
Antoinette.

357. Sweet Violets

CHORUS:

Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over in SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!

My father was a coal miner,
He worked in a deep, dark pit,
Sometimes he'd shovel up coal dust,
And sometimes he'd shovel up shit.

My brother was a pilot,
And he never wanted to quit,
Sometimes he'd land on the runway,
And sometimes he'd land on the shit.

My wife, she died on the toilet,
She died of a horrible fit.
And to satisfy her last wishes,
She was buried in six feet of shit.

My father went to the woodshed,
Some wood he wanted to split,
But when he grabbed hold of the handle,
He found it was covered with shit.

Phyllis Quat kept a sack in the garden,
I was curious I must admit,
One day I stuck in my finger,
And pulled it out covered with shit.

I sat in a gold lavatory,
In the home of the Baron of Split,
The seat was encrusted with rubies,
But as usual the bowl contained shit.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

My brother he worked in a sewer,
Some lamps they had to be lit,
One evening there was an explosion,
And my brother was covered with shit.

Phyllis Quat took a bag to her boyfriend's,
But the bag was old and it split,
Now the boyfriend and Phyllis have parted,
For the bag was packed full of shit.

Now baby was eating an apple,
They thought he had swallowed a pit,
But when they examined his appy,
They found it was covered with shit.

Well, now my song it is ended,
And I have finished my bit,
And if any of you feel offended,
Stick your head in a bucket of shit.

358. Swilligan's Island

Tune: Gilligan's Island Theme

Just sip yer brew and you'll hear a tale
A tale of a drunken hash.
That started with a keg of beer
And everyone got trashed, (Repeat)

The first hare was a brainless cooch,
His co-hare was half as smart.
Two hundred some odd half-minds
Took off in a cloud of farts. (Repeat)

The hills got steep, the shiggy deep,
The back checks had them fooled.
Then someone found the beer stop
And everybody drooled. (Repeat)

The mud had sucked their sneakers off,
Their legs were ripped a lot.
But once they had their nectar,
The trail they soon forgot. (Repeat)

The moral is no matter how
Much shiggy's on your trail,
A hashin' twit don't give a shit
While he's swilling his ale.

359. Syphilis

Tune: Four and Twenty Blackbirds

Sing a song of syphilis.
A penis full of pus.
For and twenty pox scabs,
Waiting to be bust.
And when her legs were opened,
Oh what a sight to see:
Oozy gray-green matter,
All running with the pee.

360. Tale Of Poor Dave

A Recital

Now this is the tale of young Davie Bloor,
Whose sexual equipment got jammed in the door.
By the time they had freed him he didn't feel well,
For his poor private parts were all mangled to hell.

They rushed him to hospital, the ambulance flew,
But when they arrived, there were nowt they could do.
What a sad day for Dave, condemned without choice,
To a life with no sex and a high squeaky voice.

But lucky for Dave, so he wouldn't feel a fool,
Some bright spark suggested a bionic tool.
A smart new electric one, made out of brass,
Though the batteries would have to be kept up his arse.

So newly equipped and after a rest,
Dave thought he would put his new tool to the test.
So finding a woman nearest and handy,
He filled her with drink to make her feel randy.

The girl without waiting put her hand on Dave's fly,
And when she felt what was there gave a cry of surprise.
"That's my bionic chopper," he said, "now let's have some fun."
"Gor blimey," she said, "it feels like a gun."

They both stripped of quick and he entered her fast,
Then he turned up the knob and gave her full blast.
They clutched tight to eachother and Dave's dick shook
some more,
They shook of the bed and onto the floor.

Now the pace hotted up and they started to choke,
As the air in the room became filled with smoke.
With a bang Dave's ballock flew into the air,
And his other went bonkety-bonk down the stairs.

So back to repairs went Dave, full of woe,
Was this how his sex life was destined to go?
A return to the doctor at the end of each shag,
With his prick in his pocket, and his balls in a bag?

But they fixed Dave up and made him manly again,
And they helped him with batteries and flex to the main.
So if he can't get a girl, lucky Dave doesn't cry,
'Cause now he's AC/DC and can go with a guy!

361. Teddy Bears' Picnic

Tune: Teddy Bears' Picnic

If you go down to the woods today,
You're in for a big surprise.
If you go down to the woods today,
You'll never believe your eyes.
'Cause Mum and Dad are having a screw,
Uncle Frank is having a wank,
And Auntie D is having it off with Granddad.

PIKES PEAK H4

Those angel bears have come on their bikes,
All dressed in their leather gear.
There's gallons of scrumps all green with lumps,
And horrible Watney's beer.
Now one of 'em downed a pint of it quick,
And then was promptly horribly sick,
And filled up Paddington Bear's new wellies.

362. Ten Sticks of Dynamite

Ten sticks of dynamite hanging on the wall,
Ten sticks of dynamite hanging on the wall,
If one stick of dynamite should happen to fall,
THERE'D BE NO FUCKING DYNAMITE AND NO
FUCKING WALL!

363. There Was an Old Farmer

There was an old farmer who sat on a rock,
Shaking and waving his big hairy.....
Fist at the ladies next door at the Ritz,
Who taught the young children to play with their.....
Kite strings and marbles and all thing galore,
Along came a lady who looked like a....
Decent young lady, but walked like a duck,
She thought she'd invented a new way to.....
Bring up the children, to sew and to knit,
The boys in the stable were shoveling.....
Litter and paper from yesterday's hunt,
And old farmer Potter was having some.....
Cake in the stables and singing this song,
If you think that's dirty,
You're FUCKING WELL WRONG!

CHORUS:

Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over in shit, shit, shit, shit!

(A cleaner verse)

There once was a farmer who took a young miss,
To the back of the barn where he gave her a
Lecture on horses and chickens and eggs,
And told her that she had such beautiful....
Manners that suited a girl of such charms,
A girl that he wanted to take in his
Washing and ironing, and then if she did,
The could get married and raise lots of
Sweet violets,etc.

(A cleaner verse, II)

Suzanne was a lady with plenty of class,
Who knocked the boys dead when she wiggled her.....
Eyes at the fellows as girls sometimes do,
To make it quite plain that she want to....
Go for a walk or a stroll through the grass,
And hurry back home for a nice piece of...
Cake and ice cream and pieces of roast duck,
And after this meal she was ready to.....
Go for a walk or a stroll on the dock,
With any young man with a sizable.....
Roll of green bills and pretty good front,

And if he spoke softly she'd show him her.....
Little pet dog who was subject to fits,
And maybe let him grab ahold of her....
Little white hand with a movement so quick,
And then she'd lean over and tickle his...
Chin while she showed what she once learned in
France,
And ask the poor fellow to take off his....
Coat while she sang of the Mandalay Shores,
And whatever she was Suzanne wasn't a whore.

364. These Foolish Things

A pair of boobies in a loose brassiere,
A cunt that twitches like a moose's ear,
A dirty rubber in my glass of beer,
These foolish things remind me of you.

To get it in you need some Vaseline,
To get it out you need a towing machine,
A douche bag filled with gasoline,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A naked photograph of Liberace,
The smile you show when I say, "Such a hotche,"
Syphilitic scars that make your face so blotchy,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A running sore beside an open hole,
A Kotex floating in my toilet bowl,
A pubic hair on my breakfast roll,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Lipstick traces on an old French letter,
A dose of 'you-know-what' that won't get better,
And when I piss it stings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

The dirty panties in the cracked washbasin,
The broken jerry that I washed my face in,
The bed with creaking springs,
These foolish things remind me of you.

When I awoke upon the morning after,
I saw your tits and pissed myself with laughter,
Oh, how the left one swings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

The birth control book with its well worn pages,
The contraceptive which comes off in stages,
Oh, how my foreskin stings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

365. They're Moving Father's Grave to Build A Sewer

Spoken:

To shit-house artists when they die,
We'll build it wide and build it high,
In tribute to their brain and wit,
A monument of solid shit.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Sung:

They're moving father's grave to build a sewer,
They're moving it regardless of expense,
They're moving his remains to lay down shithouse
drains,
To satisfy some nearby residents.

Now, what's the use of having a religion,
For when you die your troubles never cease.
When some high-society twit needs a pipeline for his
shit,
They won't let poor old father rest in peace.

My father in his life was never a quitter,
I'm sure that he'll not be a quitter now.
He'll put on a white sheet and haunt the shithouse
seat,
And he'll only let them shit when he'll allow.

Oh, won't there be some pains of constipation!
And won't those shithouse bastards rant and rave!
But they'll get what they deserve,
For they had the bloody nerve,
To bugger up a British workman's grave.

366. Three German Officers

Three German Officers crossed the Rhine,
Parlez Vous?
Three German Officers crossed the Rhine,
Parlez Vous?
Three German Officers crossed the Rhine,
Fucked the women and drank the wine,
Inky pinky parlez vous, lah, lah, lah.....

They came upon a wayside inn, {3x}
Pissed on the mat and walked right in,
Inky pinky.....etc.

"Oh, landlord have you a daughter fair," {3x}
"With lily-white tits and golden hair,"

"Oh, yes I have but she's too young" {3x}
"To sleep with a German stinking hun."

"Oh father dear I'm not too young,"{3x}
"To sleep with a German stinking hun."

Up the rickety stairs they went, {3x}
Threw her down upon the bed,

They tied her to the leg of the bed, {3x}
Fucked her till she was nearly dead,
They took her down a shady lane, {3x}
Fucked her back to life again,

The fucked her up the fucked her down, {3x}
They fucked her right around the town,

They fucked her in the fucked her out, {3x}
They fucked her up the water-spout,

Seven months went and all was well, {3x}
Eight months went and she started to swell,

Nine months later she gave a grunt, {3x}
And a little white bastard popped out of her cunt,

The little white bastard grew and grew, {3x}
He fucked his mother and his sister, too,

The little white bugger he went to Hell, {3x}
He fucked the Devil and his wife as well.

367. Three Jews from Jerusalem

There were three Jews from Jerusalem,
There were three Jews from Jerusalem,
Jerry, jerry, jerry, Ru Sa Lem,
Jerry, jerry, jerry, Ru Sa Lem,
There were three Jews from Jerusalem.

The first Jew's name was Issac {2x}
Isy, isy isy suck suck {2x}
There were.....etc.

The second Jew's name was Abraham {2x}
Abry, abry, abry RAM RAM RAM! {2x}
There were.....etc.

They had a friend named Joseph,{2x}
Josy, osy, osy SIPH SIPH SIPH!{2x}
There were..... etc.

And another friend named Jehosephat,{2x}
Hjehosy, osy, osy, FART FART FART!{2x}
There were..... etc.

They went for a ride in a charabanc,{2x}
Chara, chara, charc BANG, BANG, BANG!{2x}
There were..... etc.

There was a mighty thunderclap,{2x}
Thunder, thunder, thunder, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP!{2x}
There were..... etc.

They all fell over a precipice,{2x}
Preci,preci,preci PISS, PISS, PISS!{2x}
There were..... etc.

The took them off the hospital,{2x}
Hosy, ohy, ohy, PIDDLE PIDDLE PIDDLE!{2x}
There were..... etc.

Otherwise known as the ramah sakit,{2x}
Rumah, rumah, rumah, SUCKIT, SUCKIT, SUCKIT!{2x}
There were..... etc.

But there were no beds vacant,{2x}
Vacy, vacy, vacy, CUNT, CUNT, CUNT!{2x}
There were..... etc.

The doctor came form Norfolk,{2x}
Norry, ory, ory, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!{2x}
There were..... etc.

PIKES PEAK H4

The nurse she gave them arsenic,(2x)
Arsy, arsy, arsy, NIC, NIC, NIC!(2x)
There were..... etc.

And this is where we finish it,(2x)
Fini, fini, fini, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!(2x)
There were..... etc.

368. Three Visiting Hashers

Three visiting hashers came over here,
Parlez vous?

Three visiting hashers came over here,
Parlez vous?

Three visiting hashers came over here,
To fuck our women and drink our beer,
Inkey pinky parley vous, oh blimy ...

They came upon a down-down.
They pissed all around and drank around.

Oh Grand Master have you a maiden fair?
With blow job lips and stringy hair?

Oh yes I have but she's too new,
To sleep with stinking hashers like you.

Oh Grandmaster I'm not too new,
After all, I've already slept with you.

Yes, that's true, but your so sweet,
Perhaps you could just suck their feet

Feet are fine but I prefer,
They ride upon my mound of fur

Up the old stairs she was led,
They threw her down upon the bed.

They tied her to the leg of the bed,
And fucked her 'til her cheeks were red.

Then they took her to the shed,
And fucked her 'til she was nearly dead.

They took her down a shady lane,
And fucked her back to life again.

They fucked her up, they fucked her down,
They fucked her right around the town.

They fucked her in, they fucked her out,
They fucked her up the water spout.

Three months went by and all was
well, Six months later she started to swell.

Nine months later she gave a grunt,
And a lithe hasher popped out of her cunt.

The little hasher he grew and grew,
He fucked his mother and his sister too.

The little hasher he went to hell,
And there he started a hash as well.

369. Tinker (The)

The lady of the manor,
Was dressing for the ball,
When she spied a highland tinker,
Wanking up against the wall.

CHORUS:

With his bloody great kidney wiper
And his balls the size of three
And a yard and a half of foreskin
Hanging down below his knee

The lady wrote a letter,
And in it she did say,
"I'd rather be fucked by you, sir,
Than his Lordship any day."

The tinker got the letter,
And when it he did read,
His balls began to fester,
And his prick began to bleed.

He mounted on his donkey,
And he rode up to the strand,
His balls across his shoulder,
And his penis in his hand.

He fucked the cook in the kitchen,
He fucked the maid in the hall,
And then he fucked the butler,
The dirtiest trick of all.

And then he fucked the mistress,
In ten minutes she was dead,
With half a yard of foreskin,
Hanging round about her head.

The tinker now is dead, sir,
And they say he's gone to Hell,
And there he fucks the Devil,
And I hope he fucks him well.

370. Tired of Life

O I was tired of life,
I lay down in the gutter.
A little piggy came along,
And lay down by my side.
A lady passing by was heard to mutter
"You can always tell who boozes
By the company he chooses."
And the little pig got up and walked away,
(and walked a - way -)

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

371. Toasts

Here's to the gash that never heals,
The more you touch it the better it feels,
Rub it and tub it and scrub it like hell,
You'll never get rid of that fishy old smell.

Here's to the girl that lives on the hill,
If she won't do it her sister will.
Here's to her sister!

Here's to the breezes
That blow through the treeses
And lift the girls dresses
Way over their kneeses
And show us the creases
That twitches and squeezes
And teases and pleases,
And carries diseases,
By Jesus!

Here's to the girl that I love best,
I lover her best when she's undressed,
I fuck her sitting, standing, and lying,
And if she had wings, I'd fuck her flying.
And when she's dead and long forgotten,
I'll dig her up and fuck her rotten.

If I had a dog who could piss this stuff
(Holding up Beer)
And if I knew he could piss enough
I'd tie his head to the foot of the bed
And suck his dick till we both dropped dead.

Here's to the lady dressed in black,
Once she walks by she never looks back,
And when she kisses, oh how sweet,
She makes things stand that never had feet

Here's to me in my sober mood,
When I ramble, sit, and think.
Here's to me in my drunken mood,
When I gamble, sin, and drink.
And when my days are over,
And from this world I pass,
I hope they bury me upside down,
So the world can kiss my ass!

Times are hard,
And wages are small,
So drink more beer,
And fuck them all.

372. Tokyo Hash Song

Tune: The Wild Rover

I flew into Tokyo, an expat so neat,
Some boozy old hashers I happened to meet,
I asked to go hashing, they answered me "nay
For wimps such as you we can find any day!"

CHORUS:

And its no nay never, no nay no never no more
Shall I play the wild hasher no never no more

I took out my checkbook all shiney & bright
The hash-cash's eyes they lit up with delight
He said "gladly we'll welcome you as one of our rank
As soon as your check has been cleared by the bank"
and its...

They sold me a T-shirt at exorbitant price
Then we went hashing, 'twas ever so nice
At the last checkpoint we lost three without trace
And back at the On on we all got shit faced and its...

I've hashed the world over in places far & near
I fondle the women and drunk all the beer
And now I'm returning with tales for to tell
Of checkbacks unending and shortcuts through hell and
its...

Now all I have left is a beer stained T-shirt
And my nikes are covered in shiggy & dirt
My wife she has left me because of the pong
So this is the end of my terrible song and its...

373. Traveler (The)

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be.
And there was a hat upon the rack,
Where my hat ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that hat upon the rack,
Where my hat ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a hat upon the rack,
But a chamberpot you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a jerry with a hatband on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was a horse in the stable,
Where my horse ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that horse in the stable,
Where my horse ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a horse in the stable,
But a milk-cow you can see."

PIKES PEAK H4

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a mild-cow with a saddle on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there were some boots beside the bed.
Where my boots ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose are those boots beside the bed,
Where my boots ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
Those aren't boots beside the bed,
But some slippers you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a pair of slipper with black feet in
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there were some breeches beside the bed
Where my breeches ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose are those breeches a-lying there,
Where my breeches ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
Those aren't a pair of breeches,
But a polishing cloth, you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a polishing cloth with a buttons on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was head on the pillow,
Where my head ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that head a-lying there,
Where my head ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a head on the pillow,
But a football you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a football with a mustache on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was cock inside my bed,
Where my cock ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that cock a-standing there,
Where my cock ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a cock a-standing there,
But a carrot that you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a carrot with balls on
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was stain on the counterpane
And it didn't come from me.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that stain on the counterpane,
Which didn't come from me?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a stain on the counterpane,
But some baby's milk you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But baby's milk that smelled like cum,
I never saw before.

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a cunt can be,
I ain't your wife, this ain't your house,
You're not living at all with me."

Well I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
It's the fifth time that I've stuffed this bird,
She ain't never complained before.

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374. Triangle (The)

A Recitation For Three Hashers

I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv,
TOGETHER: Three Hashers of quite different intentions,
I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv,
TOGETHER: Seeking sex in three different directions.
HETERO: I love with a will girls from Sydney to Dover,
HOMO: I loved with a Will 'til Will said it was over,
PERV: I loved with Will, Wilhelmina, Fred, and Rover,
I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv.

I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv,
TOGETHER: As we search for this, that, or the other,
I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv,
TOGETHER: It's so strange, we're from the same mother.

HETERO: I once fancied a Harriette brim full of beer,
HOMO: I once fancied our G.M., he had a nice rear,
PERV: I remember the fellow, but I used his ear,
I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv.

I'm normal, Informal, Who knows?
TOGETHER: All for one, one for all, up your nose,
You can number us all amongst those,
Who give thanks for the age of permission.
HETERO: I once had a Harriette who was lovely to lick,
HOMO: I once tried a Harriette, but she made me feel sick,
PERV: I once knew a Harriette who liked horses' dicks,
I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv.

He's staid, They're depraved, He's the end,
TOGETHER: Getting kicks in our different manners,
We're ourselves so why should we pretend?
We live and let live so why ban us?
HETERO: I once had an affair with a pretty Kathleen,
HOMO: I'm not into royalty, but my lover's a queen,
PERV: I had mine stuck in a vending machine,
I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv.

I like girls, I like guys, I like sex,
TOGETHER: Our threesome is gruesome though sensual,
Not knowing quite who to do next,
To fulfill all our latent potential.
HETERO: Is life a bright flower simply there for the plucking?
HOMO: Or a ripe juicy banana awaiting a sucking?
PERV: I don't care what it is, I'm just here for the fucking,
I'm hetro, I'm homo, I'm a perv.

375. Twelve Days of Hashmas (Ver 1)

Tune: Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas
My true love gave to me

A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck – on-on-on.

Second day – two shit house doors

Third day – three French whores

Fourth day – four calling girls

Fifth day – five blow jobs

Sixth day – six 69ers

Seventh day – seven sucking sisters

Eighth day – eight aching assholes

Ninth day – nine gnawed off nipples

Tenth day – ten torn off titties

Eleventh day – eleven leaping lesbians

Twelfth day – twelve twats a'twitching.

376. Twelve Days of Hashmas (Ver 2)

Tune: Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Hashmas
My true love gave to me

And a hand job in an MG.
[squirt, squirt, squirt]

Two rectal sores

Three droopy drawers

Four fucking whores

Five PUBIC HAIRS.....

Six seeping chancres

Seven sucking sisters

Eight edible panties

Nine nibbled nipples

Ten tons of titty

Eleven lickable labia

Twelve twats 'a twitchin'

377. Twelve Days of Ramadan

Tune: Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Ramadan King Khalid gave to me,

A book by Salman Rushdie (THROW TO GROUND AND
STAMP ON IT)

Yemenese (BIG SPIT)

PIKES PEAK H4

Three Ayatollahs (SING "AYATOLLAH, AYATOLLAH,"
TO TUNE OF HALLELUJAH CHORUS: WHILE
BOWING IN PRAYER)

Four Iraqi mine sweepers (PUT HANDS
OVER EARS AND STAMP FEET)

Five Iranian terrorists (JUMP FORWARD AND SPRAY
CROWD WITH MACHINE GUN FIRE)

Six cruise missiles (SING "WE'RE COMING TO BLOW
YOU AWAY, HA-HA, HEE-HEE, HO-HO")

Seven U.S. soldiers (SHOUT "ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR,
I LOVE THE MARINE CORPS," WHILE MARCHING
IN PLACE)

Eight blindfolded hostages (SING "SHOW ME THE
WAY TO GO HOME" WHILE STUMBLING ABOUT
WITH ARMS OUTSTRETCHED)

Nine raving mullahs (SHOUT "ISRAEL MUST GO,
ISRAEL MUST GO" WHILE SHAKING FISTS IN AIR)

Ten Scud missiles (FINGERS IN EARS AND SAY,
"NANNY-NANNY BOO-BOO, YOU MISSED ME!")

Eleven open sewers (SING "WHAT A PONG, WHAT A
PONG, ETC" TO TUNE OF WILLIAM TELL
OVERTURE)

Twelve circumcisions (SING "OOH THAT HURTS, OOH
THAT HURTS" TO TUNE OF THE MUSIC MAN
WHILE RUNNING AROUND HOLDING GROINS)

378. Twinkie, Twinkie, Little Hasher

Tune: Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Twinkie, twinkie, little Hasher,
Can't you suck a little faster?
Down upon my meat so slow,
Like a whale about to blow,
Twinkie, twinkie, little Hasher,
Can't you suck a little faster?

379. Up Jumped the Monkey

Up jumped the monkey from the coconut grove

CHORUS:

Up jumped the monkey, etc, etc,

He was a cool mother fucker you could tell from his
clothes

He wore a two button Nanny with a six button stitch

He was a hot fuckin' cock suckin' son of a bitch.

Well he strode through the jungle with his prick in his
hand

He said: "Look out women, I'm your bebop man!"

Oh, he lined a hundred women up against the wall

He said: "Look out women, gonna fuck you all!"

Well he fucked ninety-eight till his balls turned blue.
Backed off, jacked off, and fucked the other two.

Have you got a hard on? Not yet!
Are you gonna get one? You Bet! It's rising no-o-ow

380. Vagina

From: Pig Vomit

Some of them are hairy
Some of them are bald
Some are kinda scary
And this is what they're called

VAGINA!, VAGINA!

They call that thing VAGINA!

Some belong to virgins, they're really tight and strong
But big or small, I love 'em all
And that's why I sing my song

VAGINA!, VAGINA!

They call that thing VAGINA!

Some are kinda smelly
Like clams and fish and such...
Some smell like a summer's eve
'Cause they've been douched too much

VAGINA!, VAGINA!

They call that thing VAGINA!

VAGINA!, VAGINA!

They call that thing VAGINA!

Nothing could be finer than to be in a vagina in the
morning.

381. Vegetables Are The Best

Tune: Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys

Chorus:

Vegetables are the best, girls,
Vegetables are the best-EAT YOUR GREENS!
Vegetables are the best, girls,
Vegetables are the best, 'cause . . .

Do the deed with a weed, girls,
Do the deed with a weed-VEGETABLES!
Do the deed with a weed, girls,
Do the deed with a weed, 'cause . . .

Other verses:

Commit fellatio with a potato, girls

Take a dyke on with a daikan, boys

Shave the fuzz off a peach, boys

Slip a rubba on a rutabaga, girls

Be a fairy with a strawberry, boys

Try humpin' a pumpkin, lads

Tickle your root with a shoot, boys

Tickle your clit with a pickle, girls

No need for the pill with a dill, girls

Stick a cuke up your chute, girls

Fill your chute with a root, girls
Squeeze a kumquat in your twat, girls
Give a wedgie to a veggie, boys
Drink the pee of a broccoli
A gourd will always stay hard, girls
Elope with a cantaloupe, girls
Go goose a spruce, lads
Wine and dine a fine pine, men
Stuff some grass up your ass, boys
Debauchery with the shrubbery, boys
Rub your tube with a tuber, boys
Wheat germ makes your squirm, girls
Rub your slit hard with rhubarb, girls
Get frisky with some kim chee, girls
Give him a horn with some corn, girls
Make him green with a bean, girls
Get defrocked by a stalk, father
Venial sins with the California Raisins, girls
Stiffen your root with a Kiwi fruit, boyth
etc . . .

382. Vicar in the Dockside Church

The Vicar in the dockside church,
One Sunday morning said,
"Some dirty bastard's shat himself,
I'll punch his fucking head."
Well up jumped Jock from the third row back,
And he spat a mighty go-o-ob,
"I'm the one who shat himself,
You can chew my fucking kno-o-ob,
You can chew my fucking knob."

The organist played 'Hearts of Oak',
Mixed up with 'Auld Lang Syne',
The preacher then got up and said,
'You've had your fucking time.'
The organist waltzed down the aisle,
With his organ on his back,
Then up jumped Jock and hollered out,
(And the Vicar from his pulpit cried.)
"You can waltz that bastard ba-a-ack,
You can waltz that bastard back."

Sweet Jenny Lynd got up to sing,
She warbled like a thrush,
The Vicar from his pulpit said,
"By God you're fucking lush."
"That's right," said she, "but I'm not for free,
It's thirty bob a ti-i-me."

The up jumped Jock and hollered out,
(And the Vicar from his pulpit cried)
"Hands off you bastards she's mi-i-ine,
Hands off you bastards she's mine."

383. Virgin Sturgeon

Tune: Reuben, Reuben I've Been Thinking

CHORUS:

Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon,
The virgin sturgeon is a very fine fish,
The virgin sturgeon needs no urging,
That's why caviar is my dish.

I gave caviar to my girlfriend,
She's a virgin through and through,
Since I gave my girlfriend caviar,
There ain't nothing she won't do.
I gave caviar to my bow-wow,
All the other doggies looked agog,
He had what those bitches needed,
Wasn't he a lucky dog?

I gave caviar to my grandpa,
Grandpa's age is ninety-three,
Last time that I saw grandpa,
He's chased grandma up a tree.

My father was a lighthouse keeper,
He had caviar for his tea,
He had three children by a mermaid,
Two were kippers, one was me.

384. Vlad

Eat, bite, fuck, suck, gobble, nibble, chew nipple, bosom,
hair-pie, finger fuck, screw, moose piss, cat pud,
orangutan tit, sheep pussy, camel crack, pig lie in
shit.

AW VLAD, AW VLAD.

Well, I went to a party, and what did they do?
They took off their socks, and they took off their shoes,
They took off their shirts, an they took off their pants,
I had a hunch, we weren't gonna dance.

Everybody's ass was bare,
No broads left, just a queer over there,
But the whole damn thing didn't phase me a bit.
I just jumped on the pile and grabbed some tit.

My baby's not a sports fan,
But she plays with balls whenever she can,
'Cause her favorite sport you see,
Is playing tonsil hockey.

385. Walking Down Canal Street

Walking down Canal Street,
Knocking on every door,
Goddamn son of a bitch,
Couldn't find a whore.

PIKES PEAK H4

When I finally found a whore,
She was tall and thin,
Goddamn son of a bitch,
Couldn't get it in.

When I finally got it in,
I turned it all about,
Goddamn son of a bitch,
Couldn't get it out

When I finally got it out,
It was red and sore,
Goddamn son of a bitch,
You should never fuck a whore.

386. Walrus and the Carpenter

If all the whores with crimson drawers
Came walking down the strand
Do you suppose, the Walrus said
That we could raise a stand?
I doubt it, said the Carpenter
But wouldn't it be grand
And all the while the dirty sod
Was cumming in his hand.

When you were only sweet sixteen
And you had a little quim
You stood before the looking-glass
And put one finger in
But now that you are old and gray
And losing all your charm
I can get five fingers in
And half my fucking arm

387. Waves and Waves

Tune: Both Sides Now

Waves and waves of golden hair,
Her lips so red, her skin so fair,
Her breasts they were a perfect pair,
They took my breath away,
I courted her from week to week,
I held her hand, I kissed her cheek,
No other favors did I seek,
Or try to get my way.

CHORUS: I

"I've humped with her from both sides now,
In and out, up and down,
In all experience I do declare,
I've never seen a tattoo there.

She sat herself upon my knee,
And turning round she said to me,
"I've saved myself for you, you see, until our wedding
day,
It's only twice I've been untrue,
Phuket Hash they did me screw,
The Yankee navy laid me too,
And had their ends away."

I must admit I've played some tricks,
What's one destroyer full of pricks?
Phuket Hashmen in their kits,
Would surely lose their way,
But like a cad, my chance did seize,
I'd never been between her knees,
And my pure angel just to please,
Upon her back did lay.

Waves and waves of pubic hair,
The cooties crawling everywhere,
The flavored douches sprayed in there,
It's strawberry today,
And if you get inside her pants,
Cave paintings in the south of France,
The only way that I could chance,
Describing what I saw.

Orangutans hang from her clit,
A serpent's head peers from the slit,
A dragon rampant on each tit,
Each face a different way,
To drop your head and taste the dew,
Is like feeding time at London Zoo,
I took some snake bite serum too,
I'm not ashamed to say.

Now hordes and hordes of curious guys,
Pay for the pleasure and surprise,
Of gazing between my girlfriend's thighs,
It's made me rich today,
So pay now if you've a need,
No clap, no VD, guaranteed,
Maybe some babies, I'll concede,
Just form a queue-this way.

388. We're Here Because . . .

Tune: Auld Land Syne

We're here because we're here,
Because we're here,
Because we're here,
We're here because we're here,
Because we're here,
Because we're here . . .

398. Wedding Song (Version 1)

Tune: Side by Side

We got married on, Sunday,
The party didn't finish till, Monday,
And when the guests had gone home,
We were all alone, Side by side.

Well we got ready for bed then,
And I very nearly dropped dead when,
Her teeth and her hair, she placed on the chair, Side
by side.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Well the shock did very near kill me,
When a glass eye did fall,
Then her leg and then her arm,
She placed against the chair,
Ba do ba, Side by side.

Well this left me broken hearted,
For most of my wife had departed,
So I slept on the chair,
There was more of her there,
Side by Side.

390. Wedding Song (Version 2)

Tune: Amazing Grace

Today we wed _____ to _____,
We heard them say "I do."
Give it your best, for the next forty years,
But first drink down your beers.

391. Wee Wee Song

When I was just a wee wee tot
They put me on my wee wee pot.
There I was to wee wee
Wee wee quite a lot.

CHORUS:
Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee

So there I sat on my wee wee pot
But wee wee I could not
So they put me in my wee wee cot,
There I wee weed quite a lot

392. 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,
at 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, wank,
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,
wank, wank, wank wank.

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

393. When I Was a Little Girl

Tune: Happy Wanderer

When I was a little girl, I had a little thing,
And if I tried, I could get, my little finger in.
Finger in, finger in, finger in,
Finger ++++++ finger in, finger in,
My little finger in!

I've grown into a woman now, my thing has lost its
charm,
And I can get five fingers in, and half my fucking arm,

Fucking arm, fucking arm, fucking arm,
Fucking -a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-fucking arm, fucking arm,
And half my fucking arm!

Now my age is ninety-two, and I'm half fucking dead,
Now I get both arms in and half my fucking head.
Fucking head, fucking head, fucking head,
Fucking -e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e- fucking head, fucking head,
And half my fucking head!

394. When Lady Jane Became a Tart

Tune: Those in Peril on the Sea

It fairly broke the family's heart
When Lady Jane became a tart
But blood is blood and race is race
And so to save the family face
They bought her an expensive flat
With "Welcome" written on the mat.

It was not long ere Lady Jane
Brought her patrician charms to fame
A clientele of sahibs pukka
Who regularly came to fuck 'er,
And it was whispered without malice
She had a client from the palace.

No one could nestle in her charms
Unless he wore ancestral arms
No one to her could gain an entry,
Unless he were of the landed gentry,
And so before her sun had set
She'd worked her way through Debrett.

When Lady Anne became a whore
It grieved the family even more,
But they felt they couldn't do the same
As they had done for Lady Jane,
So they bought her an exclusive beat,
On the shady side of Jermyn Street.

When Lord St Clancy became a nancy
It did not please the family fancy
And so in order to protect him
They did inscribe upon his rectum,
"All commoners must now drive steerage,
This fucking hole is reserved for peerage."

395. When the End of the Month Rolls Around

Tune: As the Caissons Go Rolling Along/The Army Song/The Field Artillery Song

You can tell by the stain that she's in a lot of pain
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by her stance she's got cotton in her pants
When the end of the month rolls around.

CHORUS:

For it's hi, hi, hee, in the Kotex industry,
Shout out your sizes loud and strong:
Junior, Regular, Super-Duper, Bale of Hay!
For where e're we go you will always know
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her walk that you'll sit around and talk
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by the blotch that she's got a leaky crotch
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her eyes there is blood between her
thighs
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by her pout that her eggs are falling out
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her stance that she's bleeding in her
pants
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell that it itches by the way she always bitches
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can bet it ain't sweat when her underwear is wet
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by the stink that she isn't in the pink
When the end of the month rolls around.

396. While the Kiwis Shagged

Tune: While Shepards Watched

While the Kiwis shagged their flocks by night,
All laying on the ground,
Up jumped the Aussie doctor and said,
"Stop that and I'll buy a round."

"Fear not," said they,
For fear of AIDS had seized the doctor's mind,
"Before we Kiwis take a new bride,
We clean out her behind."

So you girls waiting for the question popped,
You won't get very far,
If you want to take a Kiwi mate,
You'll have to answer, "Baaaaaaa."

397. 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,
With every stroke of my old man,
Oh, I think I'm coming,
I know I'm coming,
Oh, won't Hashmas be so grand.

398. Who Needs Sex?

Tune: Three Blind Mice

Who needs sex?
Who needs sex?
It's no fun,
It's no fun,
You chase after women and what do you get?
You grumble and fumble and break out in sweat,
You wake up at daylight just deeper in debt,
So who needs sex?
Who needs sex?

399. Why Are We Waiting?

Tune: Come Let Us Adore Him

Why are we waiting,
Could be masturbating,
Oh, why are we waiting,
So fucking long.

Oh, why are we waiting,
Could be fornicating,
Oh, why are we waiting,
Oh, why are we waiting,
Oh, why are we waiting,
So fucking long!

400. Why Can't He Get It Up?

From: Pig Vomit

Why can't he get it up?
Why can't he get it up?

While I was on my way to group therapy,
I was wonderin' how many men were just like me
Could it be that I was the only jerk
Whose sex apparatus just would not work
Then one by one they each raised their hands
Said that they shriveled under pressure last night.
And with every story of deflated glory there was not one
boner in sight.
Did the others that were with me have to rub their little
weenies
Wishing they could get it up so they could beat their
meat.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Well I was thinkin' I ain't never had
An inkling I would ever have a problem like a penis that
was shrinkin'

Why can't he get it up?
Why can't he get it up?
It's never hard enough.
Why can't he get it up?

Now when I just was a teen it was understood
I was risin' every day with some morning wood
The teachers wouldn't notice when I'd hide my little stiffy
And waklin' to the blackboard got a little bit iffy.
It's a cruel joke now to think of times like that
And then I look down to see my tires flat
There's nights I start to get 'em,
And then I can't keep 'em -
I remember getting boners when I didn't even need 'em.

Why can't he get it up?
Why can't he get it up?
It's just a shrunken sub.
Why can't he get it up?

It sucks not gettin' a boner
I've been waitin' a week for this date.
It sucks not gettin' a boner
But my penis won't cooperate
It sucks not gettin' a boner
I'm the owner of a shrunken head
It sucks not gettin' a boner
Get the battery, this suckers dead.

Well therapy was over it was time to go home
But relief turned to fear cause I wouldn't be alone
I knew my girl was waitin' and I hate it when she begs.

But the hardest part of makin' love
Just ain't between my legs!

Why can't he get it up?
Why can't he get it up?
Hung like a lady bug.
Why can't he get it up?

401. Why Does it Hurt When I Pee? From Frank Zappa

Why does it hurt when I pee?
Why does it hurt when I pee?
I don't want no doctor,
To stick no needle in me,
Why does it hurt when I pee?

I got it from the toilet seat,
I got it from the toilet seat,
It jumped right up
'N grabbed my meat
Got it from the toilet seat.

My balls feel like a pair of maracas,
My balls feel like a pair of maracas,
Oh God I probably got the
Gon-o-ka-ka-khachus!
My balls feel like a pair of maracas.
Ai-ee-ai-ee-ahhhh!

Why does it
Why does it
Why does it
Why does it hurt ... when I
Peeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee?

402. Why Was He Born so Beautiful?

Why was he born so beautiful?
Why was he born at all?
He's no fucking use to anyone,
He's no fucking use at all.

He may be a joy to his mother
But he's a pain in the asshole to me.
Drink it down, down, down, down...
Him - him - FUCK HIM! (Or her)

•OR•

He may be a pain to his mother
But he's a gerbil in the asshole to me.
Drink it down, down, down, down...
Him - him - FUCK HIM! (Or her)

•OR•

He ought to be thoroughly pissed on,
He ought to be publicly shot,
He ought to be tied to a urinal,
And left there to fester and rot.
Drink it down, down, down, down...
Him - him - FUCK HIM! (Or her)

403. Will You Marry Me

If I give you half a crown,
Can I take your knickers down,
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me?

If you give me half a crown,
Your can't take my knickers down,
You can't marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
You can't marry me.

If I give you two-and-six,
Will you let me squeeze your tits,
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me?

If you give me two-and-six,
I won't let you squeeze my tits,
You can't marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
You can't marry me.

PIKES PEAK H4

If I give you my big chest,
And all the money I possess,
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me?

If you give me your big chest,
And all the money you possess,
I will marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
I will marry you.

Get out of the door, you lousy whore,
My money was all you were looking for,
And I'll not marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
I'll not marry you.

404. Wild West Show

CHORUS:

We're off to see the Wild West Show,
The elephant and kangaroo-oo-o,
Never mind the weather as long as we're together,
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

Ladies and gentleman, in this corner we have _____.

Group response: The _____! Fantastic, incredible,
holy hellfire shit, tell us about the motherfucker!

The laughing hyena - this animal lives down in the mountains and once every year he comes down to eat. Once every two years he comes down to drink, and once every three years he comes down for sexual intercourse. What the fucking hell he has to laugh about, I don't know.

The giraffe - This creature is the most popular animal in the animal kingdom. Why? Well, every time he goes into a bar he says, "Gentlemen, the high-balls are on me."

Sabertooth tiger - The Sabertooth Tiger is the only 200 pound pussy that eats you!

Rock 'n Roll star Prince - The rock star Prince is living proof that Little Richard and Liberace had sex!

The Orangutans - This animal lives in the deepest jungle, and as he proceeds from branch to branch, swinging through the forest, his balls go URANG-U-TANG, URANG-U-TANG.

Oster-reich - This animal at the first sign of danger buries it's head in the sand and whistles through the 'hole of the afternoon.

Tattooed Lady - On one leg she has tattooed FIRE, on the other leg she has tattooed BRIMSTONE... and in between, it looks like HELL.

Rino-sauras - This animal, ladies and gentlemen, is reputed to be the richest in the world. It's name is

derived from Latin - rhino: meaning money, and 'sore ass' meaning piles. Hence: "piles of money."

Keeri-Bird - This bird lives in the Antarctic, and every time it lands on the ice it says, "Keerie, keerie, keerie-iste it's cold."

Leo-pard - Yes folks, the leopard has one spot on its coat for everyday of the year. What about leap year? "George, lift up the leopard's tail."

Mathematical Impossibility - The mathematical impossibility is the only girl to be 8 before she was 7!

Winky-Wanky Bird - By some strange happening, the nervous system of this bird's eyelids is connected to its foreskin. Every time it winks it wants and every time it wants it winks. "Hey, you boy! Stop throwing sand in the bird's eye."

Elephant - The elephant has an enormous appetite. In one day it eats two tons of hay, one dozen bunches of bananas, and twenty buckets of rice. "Madam, please don't stand too near the elephant's backside... maam....MADAM! Too late. George, dig her out.

Oozle Woozle Bird - These birds fly in a line-ahead formation and, at the first sing of danger, the last bird flies up the asshole of the bird in front, and so on up the line. The remaining bird then flies around in ever decreasing circles, finally disappearing up it's own orifice from which position it proceeds to shower shit and derision in all directions.

The Triangular - Folks this animal has a triangular orifice. Hence the pyramids and the YWCA. Gazelle - This is the pretty little four-footed animal you see on your right, ladies and gentlemen, wot as the peculiarity that every time it leaps from rock to rock it farts, and the scientists are still trying to discover whether it farts because it leaps or whether it leaps because it farts.

The well-known Ooo-me-goodie Bird - this bird, wot as you will observe if you look carefully at it, has no legs, and is called what is, ladies and gentlemen, because when the male of the species comes in to land, you can hear him cry, you can hear him cry out, "Oooh me goodies!"

Plumb-line Bird - this bird spends most of his time high above the worlds oceans, circling in the breezes until it spies what it is after. Immediately it folds it wings, and dives toward the sea and gathers an ever-increasing momentum until it reaches terminal velocity. At that precise moment it hits the surface of the sea by continues on diving straight down, now with decreasing momentum until, if it has got the timing right, it comes to a stop just behind a sardine which has just farted, whereupon it grabs the bubbles for use in spirit levels.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Famous Oooh-Aaah Bird - the male of this species, ladies and gentlemen resides at the North Pole and the female which leaves at the South Pole and at the appointed season, the male Oooh - Aaah bird flies south from the North pole and the female Ooooh-Aaaah bird flies north from the South Pole until comes the time when they meet at the Equator when you can hear them go,"ooooooooohhhhhhhh aaaaaaahhhhhh!"

Tri-Angular Iceberg - This is an uncommon sight, ladies and gentlemen, because on one side you will see an Indonesian keeping a private school, on the second side you will see an American keeping a private school, while on the third side you will observe a male polar bear sliding up and down, up and down, keeping his private school.

The Homosexual Sparrow - this bird is so-called, ladies and gentlemen, because some times it flies backwards for a lark.

The famous Fuckar-wee Tribe - this tribe, as you will see ladies and gentlemen, is composed of people of small stature - yes sir, short arses, quite right, sir - wot live in the middle of Africa, where the grass grows to an incredible height of 18 feet or more, and all day long the members of this tribe wander through the tall crying, "Where the Fuck are we? Where the fuck are we?"

The Fight between the Snake and the Ostrich - (Please note that this once is only limited by one's imagination, the patience of the audience, and the ability of one's vocal chords to withstand strain. So far the Guineas Book of Records doesn't list the length of the longest known version, but 15 minutes would be considered normal. What follows are the barest details only, embellish them as you will)

In the left-hand corner, ladies and gentlemen, stands the ostrich (to be followed by a brief life history of the contestant, fight record, size of jock strap, etc), while in the right-hand corner stands the snake (ditto, above). And there, ladies and gentlemen, goes the bell for the first round. (Following is a description of the battle. This round, and each subsequent round should take at least five minutes of fast talking, until finally the snake dives into the ostrich's mouth, wriggles swiftly through its stomach and comes out of it's asshole. Because of this maneuver, the first round goes to the snake. After the applause dies down, Descriptions of subsequent rounds are mainly variations of the first with the snake winning each by the same stratagem. This continues until the final round where the story-teller's art is eliminated at the end of the round when the snake dives into the ostrich's mouth wriggles swiftly through its stomach, and is about to emerge when the ostrich shoves it's beak up its asshole and says, "Now loop-the-loop, you bastard!")

The Tattooed Lady: On the inside of the left thigh she has tattooed Merry Christmas... on the inside of the right thigh she has tattooed Happy New Year... and she'd like to invite you to come between the holidays.

The Female Mathematician: This lovely lady believes this (fingers three inches apart) is twelve inches.

The Antique Sales Lady: The antique sales lady only sells period furniture - everything has stains on it.

Another Goddamned Tattooed Lady: This gal has a tattoo of Mike Tyson on one thigh, and a tattoo of George Foreman on the other - and it looks like Don King in the middle.

The last tattooed lady. This girl has a **W** tattooed on her left cheek. Another **W** on her right cheek. When she does cart wheels you can read "**WOW MOM WOW.**"

The Wild Man from Borneo - The only man in the world without a fundamental orifice. What's that - how does he shit? He doesn't shit. That's what makes him so fucking wild.

Porcupine - His quills are so razor sharp that no living creature dares approach him. How does he fuck? Very carefully, very carefully.

405. Who's Who

From NYH3. The point is, go ahead and adapt it to annoy someone in your hash.

Who's HonSec of the New York Hash,
CARLSON - CARLSON
Who goes home with the Hash Bash Cash
CARLSON - CARLSON
Who's the HonSec of the New York Hash,
Who goes home with the Hash Bash Cash
CARLSON, CARLSON, CARLSON - Piss Off

Who's the New York Hash HonSec
CARLSON - CARLSON
Who gets pissed if we miss a check
CARLSON - CARLSON
Who's the New York Hash HonSec
Who gets pissed if we miss a check
CARLSON, CARLSON, CARLSON - Piss Off

Who rides herd on his own laid trail,
CARLSON - CARLSON
Who's just leaving for a piece of tail,
CARLSON - CARLSON
Who rides herd on his own laid trail,
Who's just leaving for a piece of tail,
CARLSON, CARLSON, CARLSON - Piss Off

PIKES PEAK H4

Who short cuts in the first half mile,
CARLSON - CARLSON
Who walks with élan and style,
CARLSON - CARLSON
Who short cuts in the first half mile,
Who walks with élan and style,
CARLSON, CARLSON, CARLSON - Piss Off

406. Woodpecker's Song

Tune: Dixie

I put my finger in a 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 a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back,
REPLACE IT."

I replaced my finger in a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around, **REVOLVE IT."**

I revolved my finger in a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Turn it back, turn it back, turn it back,
REVERSE IT."

I reversed my finger in a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
In and out, in and out, in and out,
RECIPROCATE IT"

I reciprocated my finger in a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Speed it up, speed it up, speed it down,
ACCELERATE IT."

I accelerated my finger in a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Slow it down, slow it down, slow it down,
RETARD IT."

I retarded my finger in a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Once again, once again, once again,
REPEAT IT."

I repeated my finger in a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Leave it in, leave it in, leave it in,
RELAX IT."

I relaxed my finger in a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Let it go, let it go, let it go,
RELEASE IT."

I released my finger in a woodpecker's hole, a
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out,
RETRACT IT."

I retracted my finger from a woodpecker's hole, a
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff,
REVOLTING."

407. Yankee Doodle

Tune: I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy

Yankee doodle he's/she's a dandy,
He's/She's a hasher till he/she dies,
A real live asshole from the USA,
Pissed on my most other guys/girls.

Yank his/her doodle, it's a dandy,
Yank his/her doodle, zip his/her fly,
Yankee doodle ran the trail
Wanking off his/her doodle,
You're that yanking doodle guy/girl.

408. Yank My Doodle

Tune: I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy

Yank my doodle it's a dandy,
Yank my doodle 'till I die,
Make that wiener shoot some fireworks,
Just like the Fourth of July.

I've got a Yankee doodle boner,
I've had it since you rubbed my thigh,
So yank my doodle if you please.
That bulge is not a pony,
Just stick your fingers up my ass,
And stroke my macaroni.

Yank my doodle it's so big,
Clearly it's a dandy,
Stick that sucker in your mouth,
You'll swear it tastes like candy.

Yank my doodle it's a dandy,
Yank my doodle 'till I die,
Lick that lizard 'till it's standing tall,
Right through my pubic hair.
If you like Yankee doodle peckers,
I've got one that I can spare.

So yank my doodle 'till it cums,
Just point it toward your titties,
They say that stuff is beauty cream,
Let's make your titties pretty.

Yank my doodle it's so big,
Baby it's a dandy,
Jerk that Turk and make it squirt,
And keep a Kleenex handy.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Yank my doodle it's a dandy,
Yank my doodle 'till I die...

409. Yellow is the Color

Yellow is the color of my true love's hair,
When I'm hashin', a-a hum, when I'm hashin' a-a hum,
And it's the color of the boils on my bum..

Red is the color of the settin' skies, when I'm hashin', a-a hum,
When I'm hashin', the settin' skies,
And it's the color of my foreskin caught in my flies.

Yellow is the color that brings me cheer, when I'm hashin', a-a hum,
When I'm hashin', that brings me cheer,
And it's the color of the carrots in my beer!

Green is the color of all that grows, when I'm hashin' a-a hum,
When I'm hashin', of all that grows,
And it's the color of the boogers up my nose.

Brown is the color that makes me stop, when I'm hashin' a-a hum,
When I'm hashin', that makes me dance!
And it's the color, it's the color of my underpants.

Blue is the color that makes me stop, when I'm hashin' a-a hum,
When I'm hashin', that makes me stop,
And it's the color of the vein in my pork chop.
White is the color of the winter snows, when I'm hashin' a-a hum,
When I'm hashin', the winter snows,
And it's the color of the cheese between my toes.

410. Yellow Ryder Truck

Tune: Yellow Submarine

In the town where I was born,
Lived a man who Hashed the land,
And he told us of his life, in the back of Ryder trucks.
So we ran up to the sun till we found the land of trucks,
And we lived a life of sleaze, in our yellow Ryder truck.

CHORUS:

We all live in a yellow
Ryder truck,
Yellow Ryder truck,
Yellow Ryder truck,
We all live in a yellow Ryder truck,
Yellow Ryder truck,
Yellow Ryder truck.

Most of our friends are all aboard,
Many more of them party next door,
And the Hashers begin to chant (CHORUS):

As we live a life of sleaze,
Every one of us has all we need,
Plenty of beer and lots of fucks,
In our yellow Ryder truck.

411. Yesterday

Tune: 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.....)

412. Yogi Bear (Version 1)

Tune: Camptown Races

There is a bear in the deep dark woods,
Yogi, Yogi,
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

CHORUS:

Yogi, Yogi Bear,
Yogi, Yogi Bear,
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Yogi has a little friend,
Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo...

Boo-Boo has a girlfriend,
Suzi, Suzi...

PIKES PEAK H4

Yogi has a girlfriend,
Cyndi, Cyndi....

Cyndi has a shaven snatch,
Grizzly, Grizzly....

Cyndi wears crotchless undies,
Teddy, Teddy...

Cyndi likes it on the ice,
Polar, Polar...

Suzi likes it up the rear,
Dirty, Dirty...

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...

Suzi does it with a Kennedy,
Teddy, Teddy

Yogi got a case of crabs,
Itchy, Itchy...

Yogi lights Kuwaiti farts,
Saddam, Saddam....

Boo-Boo likes to stroke his tool,
Wanker, Wanker....

Yogi also likes young boys,
Poofter, Poofter....

Yogi doesn't wipe his butt,
Brown, brown...

Cindi has a girlfriend,
Klondike, Klondike..

Yogi likes to roll his own,
Smoky, Smoky

Yogi has an enemy,
Ranger, Ranger

Ranger Smith lives by himself,
Wanker Wanker

Yogi uses condoms,
Clever, Clever...

Boo-Boo pokes holes in them,
Naughty, naughty...

Cindy gets what she deserves,
Pregnant, Pregnant...

Yogi has suspected AIDS,
Goodbye, goodbye...

413. Yogi Bear (Version 2)

Tune: Camptown Races

Yogi lives in Jellystone
Yogi, Yogi
Yogi lives in Jellystone
Yogi's a lucky bear

CHORUS:
Yogi's a lucky bear
Yogi's a lucky bear
Yogi lives in Jellystone
Yogi's a lucky bear

Yogi has a girlfriend
Cindy, Cindy
Yogi has a girlfriend
Yogi's a lucky bear

Yogi's friend is Boo Boo
Boo Boo, Boo Boo
Yogi's friend is Boo Boo
Yogi's a lucky bear

Boo Boo's only three feet tall
Boo Boo, Boo Boo
Boo Boo's only three feet tall
Yogi's a lucky bear

Cindy likes it twice a day
Cindy, Cindy
Cindy likes it twice a day
Yogi's a lucky bear

Boo Boo has a twelve inch cock
Boo Boo, Boo Boo
Boo Boo has a twelve inch cock
Cindy's a lucky bear

Cindy likes a ménage à trois
Cindy, Cindy
Cindy likes a ménage à trois
Cindy's my kind of bear

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

Yogi likes it on the fridge,
Yogi, Yogi
Yogi likes it on the fridge,
Yogi's a polar bear.

Yogi likes lingerie,
Yogi, Yogi
Yogi likes lingerie,
Yogi's a teddy bear.

Yogi's HIV positive.
Yogi, Yogi
Yogi's HIV positive.
Yogi's a dying bear.

414. Yo' Mama

Yo Mama don't wear no drawers (Leader)
DING DONG (shouted, by everyone)
I saw her when she took 'em all off
DING DONG
She threw them into the sky
DING DONG
Now Superman, won't even fly
DING DONG. DING. DONG. DING-A-DING-A-DONG.
DING. DONG. DING-A-DING-A-DONG.

Yo Mama loves to pick her toes
DING DONG
Green booger snots fall from her nose
DING DONG
Her belly is big and fat
DING DONG
How could ANYBODY look like that?!
DING DONG. DING.DONG. DING-A-DING-A-DONG.
DING.DONG. DING-A-DING-A-DONG.

Yo Mama's got cum on her face
DING DONG
Sucks dicks all over the place
DING DONG
She lins 'em up in a row
DING DONG
And she gives 'em a GOOD old blow!
DING DONG. etc...

Yo Mama don't wear no rag.
DING DONG
'Cuz she uses a burlap bag.
DING DONG
Her pussy is red and raw
DING DONG
'Bout the GROSSEST thing I ever saw
DING DONG. Etc...

Yo' Mama don't wear no drawers
DING DONG
I saw her when she took 'em all off
DING DONG
She threw them onto a fence
DING DONG
And I ain't seen the neighbors since

DING DONG. DING-DONG-DINGA DINGA DONG. DING
DONG. DINGA-DINGA-DONG.

Yo' Mama don't wear no drawers
DING DONG
I saw her when she took 'em all off
DING DONG
She threw 'em into the "head"
DING DONG
Now the tidy-bowl man is dead
DING DONG. DING-DONG-DINGA DINGA DONG. DING-
DONG. DINGA-DINGA-DONG.

415. You Ain't Nothin' But a Hasher

Tune: You Ain't Nothin' But A Hound Dog

You ain't nothin' but a Hasher,
A-humpin' all the time,
You ain't nothin' but a Hasher,
A-humpin' all the time.
You ain't never caught a hare,
And you ain't no friend of mine.

When I said you was high class,
Well, that was just a lie,
When I said you was high class,
Well, that was just a lie.
You ain't never caught a hare,
And you ain't no friend of mine.

You ain't nothin' but a Hasher,
A-humpin' all the time,
You ain't nothin' but a Hasher,
A-humpin' all the time.
You ain't never caught a hare,
And you ain't no friend of mine.

416. You Are My Hashit

Tune: You Are My Sunshine

Chorus :
You are my hashit, my loving hashit
You make me happy when skies are gray
You'll never know boys how much we love them
Please don't take my hashit away.

The other day boys, while we were hashing
We saw our GM masturbate
We saw two others auto hashing
And then the beer truck was late.

No need to hurry, no need to worry
They can do hash crimes every day
But we'll never tell on, these other hashers
They might take our hashit away.

Chorus

PIKES PEAK H4

It's always hard, and it's always ready
And if you bite it, it won't scream
It will be there in the morning
And if pressed it will wait while I preen.

Chorus

You don't have to lubricate it
Buy it presents, or even give it any head
You can tell it all your secrets
And no one will hear a word that you said.

Chorus

It's not too drunk, and it's not too tired
It's not too quick, and it feels no pain
And if your toilet, should overflow girls
What good's a dick to unclog a drain!

417. You Take the Legs Off Betty Grable

You take the legs off Betty Grable,
You take the hair from Myrna Loy,
You take the tits off old Jane Russell,
And the ass of a baby boy,
You take the hands and face off some old clock,
And, brother, when you're through,
The only thing that's missing is the C-U-N-T,
And that..... is, YOU!

418. You Won't Find Any Country

Tune: The Wild Rover

I've searched the world over, excitement I've sought,
But all my experience was dearly bought.

CHORUS:

So it's no, nay, never,
No nay never no more,
You won't find any country,
Where it pays you to score.

To tap a Yank for a good screw, in my belief,
Is like asking Mrs Custer to give to Indian relief,
In the last year or two they've not used their tush,
'Cause they're shagged up the arse by a cowboy called
Bush.

The Dutch they just sit there, arsehole on bike,
One finger up nostril and one in a dyke,
And if they feel chilly when these things they perform,
They put their caps up girls' pussies to keep their
heads warm.

Now haircuts for Germans are four times the price,
They charge for each corner and go over it twice,
And if you pick up a harlot now don't throw her out,
Though her snatch it smells strongly, they just love
sauerkraut.

The Swiss nation at loving are antiseptic,
They put germolene, not Vaseline, on their prick,

The Swiss yodel is to cover their sheeps' anguished
calls,
For their Toblerone pricks make triangular holes.
The Aussies are known for their intake of beer,
And they've all been in Sidney, now isn't that queer,
To keep flies off from their hat corks are hung,
'Cause a zipper can be painful if caught on the tongue.

419. Zoological Gardens

Thunderin' Jasus it's a lark,
In Dublin City after dark
When you're up on a bird in Phoenix Park
Down by the Zoological Gardens.

Last Sunday night we had no dough,
So I took the mot* up to see the Zoo.
We saw the lions and the kangaroos,
Inside the the Zoological Gardens.

Well we went out there by Castleknock,
Said the mot to me, "Sure we'll court by the Lough."
Then I knew she was one of the rare old stock,
Inside the the Zoological Gardens.

Said the mot to me, "My dear friend Jack,
Sure, I'd like a ride on the elephant's back."
"If you don't get out of that I'll give you such a crack"
Inside the Zoological Gardens.

We went out there on our honeymoon,
Said the mot to me, "If you don't come soon,
I'll have to sleep with the hairy baboon"
Inside the Zoological Gardens.

*mot = bird, broad, bimbo, bitch, cunt, etc.

420. Zulu Warrior

(For the avant garde version, substitute "poofta" for
"Zulu" and "queef" for "chief".)

Olé zooma zooma zooma
Olé zooma zooma chief
Drink it down you Zulu warrior
Drink it down you Zulu chief
Drink it down you Zulu warrior
Drink it down you Zulu chief, chief, chief!

421. Zuppata

[Chiangmai Prayer]

Tune: Singing in the Rain

Erstwhile soloist:

I'm singin' in the rain,
Just singin' in the rain.
What a glorious feeling,
I'm hap-hap-happy again.

I'm singin' in the rain,
Just singin' in the rain.
What a glor-

First Interruption:

That's great,! How about we get everyone into this -
and add a little rhythm, say: a-zuppata, a-zuppata,
a-zuppata, I'm singin' -

(After many interruptions, usually to berate some
bimbo who is still sitting down, or talking her way
into getting laid later, the actions in strict sequence
lead up to the final verse)

Arms out (Arms out)
Thumbs down (Thumbs etc -)
Elbows back -
Chest out -
Stomach in -
Arse out -
Knees together -
Toes together -
Chin up -
BrrrrrrrrP!

PIKES PEAK H4

Annex A - Limericks

For use with "Eye, Yeye, Yeye, Yeye"
Or simply read for amusement.

A

When a woman in strapless attire,
Found her breasts working higher and higher,
A guest, with great feeling,
Exclaimed, "How appealing!
Do you mind if I piss in the fire?"

There was a young man from Australia,
Who went on a wild bacchanalia,
He buggered a frog,
Two mice, and a dog,
And a bishop in fullest regalia.

There was a young lady named Anna,
Who stuffed her friend's cunt with a banana,
Which she sucked bit by bit,
From her partner's warm slit,
In the most approved lesbian manner.

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam,
Just stroking the butt of his madam,
He was quaking with mirth,
For in all of the earth,
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

There was a young lady called Alice,
Who pissed in the Archbishop's chalice,
It was not for the need,
She committed the deed,
Out of simple sectarian malice.

A young married couple from Aberystwyth,
Knew another you couple they played whist with,
They all managed when able,
To reach under the table,
And play with what the other ones pissed with.

There was a young man from Abersysthwyth,
Who said the girl he just kissed with
"That hole in your crotch,
Is for fucking and such,
And not just a gadget to piss with."

There was a young lady called Annie,
Who had fleas, lice and crabs up her fanny,
To get up her flue,
Was like touring the zoo,
There were wild beasts in each nook and cranny.

There was an old maid from the Azores,
Whose cunt was all covered in sores,
Even dogs in the street,
Wouldn't touch the green meat,
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There was a young girl from Assizes,
Whose breasts were of two different sizes,
The left one was small,
Sweet nothing at all,
The right one was large and won prizes.

There was a young lady named Alice,
Who used dynamite for a phallus,
They found her vagina,
In North Carolina,
Her arsehole in Buckingham Palace.

There once was a lady from Arden,
Who sucked a man off in a garden,
He said, "My dear Flo,
Where does all that stuff go?"
And she said, [Swallow hard] - I beg pardon?"

There was a young lady named Alice,
Who thought of her cunt as a chalice,
One night sleeping nude,
She awoke, feeling lewd,
And found in her chalice a phallus.

There was a young man from Australia,
Who painted his arse like a dahlia,
The drawing was fine,
The color divine,
But the scent-ah, that was a failure.

B

There once was a young girl from Belize,
Who said to her lover, "Oh please,
You would heighten my bliss,
If you played more with this,
And paid less attention to these.

A habit both vile and unsavory,
Kept the Bishop of London in slavery,
With lecherous howls,
He deflowered little owls,
That he kept in an underground aviary.

There once was a fellow from Beverly,
Went in for fucking quite heavily,
He fucked night and day,
Till his ballocks gave way,
But the doctors replaced them quite cleverly.

There once was a fairy named Bloom,
Who took a queer up to his room,
They fought half the night,
To see who had the right,
To do what, where, and how to whom.

There was a young fellow named Babitt,
Who could screw nine times like a rabbit,
But a girl from Lahore,
Could do it twice more,
Which was just enough extra to crab it.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

There once was a Duchess of Bruges,
Whose cunt was incredibly huge,
Said the King to this dame,
As he thunderously came,
"Mon Dieu! Apres Moi, Le deluge!"

Sir Reginald Basington Bart,
Went to a masked ball as a fart,
He had painted his face,
Like a more private place,
And his voice made the dowagers start.

There was a young fellow named Brewster,
Who said to his wife as he goosed her,
"It used to be grand,
But just look at my hand,
You ain't wiping as clean as you used 'ter."

There was a young man of Bengal,
Who went to a fancy dress ball,
Just for a stunt,
He dressed up as a cunt,
And was fucked by a dog in the hall.

There was a young trucker named Briard,
Who had a young whore that he hired,
To fuck when not trucking,
But trucking plus fucking,
Got him so fucking tired he got fired.

There was a young sailor named Bates,
Who danced the fandango on skates,
He fell on his cutlass,
Which rendered him nutless,
And practically useless on dates.

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno,
Said, "Fucking is one thing I do know,
A woman is fine,
A boy is divine,
But a llama is 'numero uno'."

There was a young man from Bengal,
Who had a rectangular ball,
The square of its weight,
Plus his penis times eight,
Was two-fifths of five eighths of fuck all.

There once was a fellow from Beverly,
Went in for fucking quite heavily,
He fucked night and day,
Till his bullocks gave way,
But the doctors replaced them quite cleverly.

There once was a Bishop of Buckingham,
Who wrote 'Woman and Twelve ways of Fuckin' 'em',
He then went berserk,
When outdone by a Turk,
Who wrote 'Assholes and Twelve Way of Suckin' 'em'.

When her daughter got married in Bicester,
Her mother remarked as she kissed her,
"That fellow you've won,
Is sure to be fun,
Since tea he's fucked me and your sister."

Then there was the Bishop of Birmingham,
Who screwed all the girls while confirming 'em,
To the roars of applause,
He would pull down their drawers,
And inject his Episcopal Sperm in 'em.

There was a young man of Bombay,
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay,
But the heat of his prick
Turned the clay into brick,
And it rubbed all his foreskin away.

A certain your maiden from Babylon,
Decided to lure all the rabble-on,
By dropping her shirt,
And raising her skirt,
Exposing a market to dabble-on.

There once was a young man from Boston,
Who tried to get laid in an Austin,
There was room for his ass,
And four gallons of gas,
But his balls hung outside and he lost 'em.

There were two young ladies of Birmingham,
And this is the story concerning 'em,
They lifted the frock,
And diddled the cock,
Of the Bishop as he was confirming 'em.

But the Bishop was nobody's fool,
He'd been to a large public school,
He pulled down their britches,
And diddled those bitches,
With his ten-inch Episcopal tool.

But that didn't bother these two,
They said as the Bishop withdrew,
"The Vicar is slicker,
And quicker and thicker,
And longer and stronger than you."

There's a charming young lady named Beaulie,
Who's often been screwed by yours truly,
But now - it's appalling,
My balls always fall in!
I fear that I've fucked her unduly.

There was a young sailor from Brighton,
Who said to his girl "You're a tight 'un,"
She replied, " 'Pon my soul,
You're in the wrong hole,
There's plenty of room in the right 'un."

PIKES PEAK H4

There was a young damsel named Baker,
Who was poked in a pew by a Quaker,
He yelled, "My God! What,
Do you call that – a twat?
Why the entrance is more that an acre!"

There was a young lady named Brent,
With a cunt of enormous extent,
And so deep and wide,
The acoustics inside,
Were so good you could hear when you spent.

There once was a Queen of Bulgaria,
Whose bush had grown hairier and hairier,
Till a Prince from Peru,
Who came for a screw,
Had to hunt for her cunt with a terrier.

There was a young girl who begat,
Three brats, by name Nat, Pat and Tat,
It was fun in the breeding,
But hell in the feeding,
When she found she had no tit for Tat.

There was a young fellow named Bliss,
Whose sex life was strangely amiss,
For even with Venus,
His recalcitrant penis,
Would never do better than this.

There was a young lady in Brent,
When her old man's pecker is bent,
She said with a sigh,
"Oh why must it die?
Let's fill it with Portland Cement."

On the bridge sat the Bishop of Buckingham,
Thinking of twats and of sucking 'em,
And watching the stunts,
Of the cunts in the punts,
And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em.

There was a young fellow named Bouch,
Who invited a girl to a couch,
He said, "Pretty young miss,
I will take you, I wish,
Horizontally, vertically, crouch."

The Bishop of Alexandretta
Loved a girl and he couldn't forget her,
So he thought he'd enshrine her,
As the Holy Vagina
In the Church of the Sacred French Letter.

"In Boston," said Jane, "it makes sense
To go for the specialty, hence
I've come to get scrod."
And her friend said, "That's odd,
You've used the past pluperfect tense."

There once was a learned baboon
Who always played on the bassoon.
For he said, "it appears
That in billions of years,
I shall finally hit on a tune."

Classical hasher, the Flying
Booger, would get a girl sighing.
By praising her twat in
Both Greek and in Latin
Then fucking her 'til she was dying.

That dirty old hasher Flying Booger
Was looking for a perverted hooker.
He found a vision in satin
Who knew Greek but no Latin
So up the Hershey highway he took her.

That old aussie hasher named Bruce,
Had a dick that was really no use,
But in bed with his Sheila,
With his fingers he'd feel her,
And his tongue would then lap up her juice.

C
There was a bloke in Calcutta,
Who did a shit in the gutter,
Sun was so hot,
Melted his balls on the spot,
And off they flowed like butter.

There once was a novice at Chichester,
Whose form made the saints in their niches stir.
One morning at matins,
Her bosom 'neath stains,
Made the Bishop of Chichester's britches stir.

An unfortunate fellow named Chase,
Had an ass that was badly misplaced,
He showed indignation,
When an investigation,
Proved that few persons shit through their face.

The new cinematic emporium,
Is not just a super sensorium,
But a highly effectual,
Heterosexual,
Mutual masterbatorium.

A nasty old bugger of Cheltenham,
Once shit in his bags as he knelt in 'em,
He sold them at Ware,
To a gentleman there,
Who didn't much like what he smelt in 'em.

A fisherman off of Cape Cod,
Who attempted to bugger a cod,
When up came some scallops,
That nibbled his bullocks,
And now he's eunuch, by God.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

There was a young harlot of Crete,
Who was hawking her meat in the street,
Ambling out one fine day,
In a casual way,
She clapped up the whole British fleet.

There was a young woman of Chester,
Who said to the man who undressed her,
"I think you will find,
That it's better behind,
As the front is beginning to fester."

There was a young woman of Croft,
Who played with herself in a loft,
Having reasoned that candles,
Could never cause scandals,
Besides which they did not go soft.

There was a young man from Cape Horn,
Who wished he had never been born,
He wouldn't have been,
If his father had seen,
That the end of his Frenchie was torn.

A policeman from near Clapham Junction,
Had a penis which just wouldn't function,
For the rest of his life,
He misled his poor wife,
With a snot on the end of his truncheon.

There was a young lady of Cheam,
Who crept into the vestry unseen,
She pulled down her knickers,
And likewise the Vicar's,
And said, "How about it, ol' bean?"

A pretty young thing from Cape Cod,
Said, "Good things come only from God."
But 'twas not the Almighty
Who lifted her nightie,
But Roger the lodger, the sod.

There was a young man from Calleen,
Who invented a fucking machine,
He pulled out the choke,
And the bloody thing broke,
And mixed both his balls into cream.

A lady while dining at Crewe,
Found an elephant's dong in her stew,
Said the waiter, "Don't shout,
Or wave it about,
Or the others will all want one too.!"

King Louis gave a lesson in class,
One time he was sexing a lass,
When she used the word 'Damn'
He rebuked her: "Please ma'am,
Keep a more civil tongue in my ass."

There once was a passionate young Celt,
Who'd an urge to know how a cock felt,
One went in hard and straight,
But the heat was so great,
The she found she had caused it to melt.

There was a young lady of Crewe,
Whose cherry a chap had got through,
Which she told to her mother,
Who fixed her another,
Out of rubber and red ink and glue.

There was a young lady from Crewe-Pitt,
Who did something amazingly stupid,
After her lover had spent,
She douched with cement,
And later gave birth to a statue of cupid.

D

There once was a girl from Decator,
Who was laid by a big alligator,
Now nobody knew,
The results of that screw,
'Cuz after he laid her he ate her.

To his bride said the one-eyed detective,
"Can it be that my eyesight's defective?
Has your east tit the least bit,
The best of your west tit,
Or is it a trick of perspective?"

"For the tenth time, dull Daphne," said Chloë,
"You told me my bosom is snowy,
You've made much much fine verse on,
Each part of my person,
Now do something - there's a good boy."

There was a young lady from Dee,
Whose hymen was split into three,
And when she was diddled,
The middle string fiddled,
"Nearer, My God, To Thee."

There was a young man named Dave,
Who kept a dead whore in a cave,
She was missing a tit,
And smelled quite a bit,
But think of the money he saves.

There was a young girl of Darjeeling,
Who could dance with such exquisite feeling,
There was never a sound,
For miles around,
Save of fly buttons hitting the ceiling.

There was a strong man of Drumrig,
Who one day did seven times frig,
He buggered three sailors,
Four butchers, two tailors,
And ended by fucking a pig.

PIKES PEAK H4

There was an old man of Duluth,
Whose cock was shot off in his youth,
He fucked with his nose,
And with fingers and toes,
And he came through a hole in his tooth.

There was a young lady of Dexter,
Whose husband exceedingly vexed her,
For whenever they'd start,
He'd unfailingly fart,
With a blast that damn nearly unsexed her.

The prior of Dunstan St. Just,
Consumed with erotical lust,
Raped the Bishop's prize fowls
Bugged four startled owls,
And a little green lizard, that bust.

A deacon of Tantara-Crim,
Whose notions of fucking were grim,
Used to get lots of fun
Out of stuffing a nun
With the sign of the cross on her quim.

There once was a young lady named Dot,
Who lived on pigshit and snot,
When she could not get these,
She ate the green cheese,
That she scraped off the sides of her twat.

There once was a whore on the dock
From dusk until dawn she sucked cock
'Til one day it's said
She gave so much head
She exploded and whitewashed the block

E
An Eskimo on his vacation,
Took a night off to succumb to temptation.
'Ere the night was half through,
The Eskimo was, too,
For their nights are of six months' duration.

F
There once was a hasher from Fort Worth,
Whose tool was of unusual girth,
When a girl from the south,
Took his dick in her mouth,
She said, "I'm sorry I can't say the last verth."

There was a young lady from France,
Who decided to take just one chance.
For an hour or so,
She just let herself go,
And now all her sisters are aunts.

There once was a Filipino hombre,
Who ate rice, pescado y legumbre.
His trousers were wide,
And his shirt hung outside,
And this, I may say, was costumbre.

G

I love her in her evening gown,
I love her in her nighty,
But when the moonlight flits,
Between her tits,
Jesus Christ almighty!

H
A TV anchor named Hughes,
Had a ratings trick that couldn't lose,
When an item was hot,
It's taped to her twat,
And she's on the air spreading the news.

There once was a girl from Hoboken,
Who claimed her cherry was broken,
From riding a bike,
On a cobblestone pike,
But it was really broken from pokin'.

There once was a girl named Ann Heiser,
Who claimed no man could surprise her,
But Pabst took a chance,
Found Schlitz in her pants,
And now she is sadder Budweiser.

A hillbilly farmer named Hollis,
With possums and snakes sought his solace,
His children had scales,
And prehensile tails,
And voted for Governor Wallace.

A hasher, disgustingly vile,
Was swallowed by a crocodile,
Who digested his skin,
And most things within,
But choked on his MEMBRUM VIRILE.

I-J
A towering boor named Infernal,
Sported organs of sex internal,
When an insensitive lass,
Did take him to task,
He replied, "Contraria contrariis curantur-al."
("Things are cured by their opposite-als")

The aged Archbishop of Joppa,
Said, "I think circumcision improper,
If the organ is small,
But I don't mind at all,
About cutting a slice off a whopper."

There once was an old Jew from Peru,
Who was vainly trying to screw,
His wife said, "Oi vey,
If you don't hurry,
The messiah will come before you!"

They say Jack and his best girlfriend Jill,
One nice day went and climbed up a hill.
Was it water they're after?
Then why all the laughter?
And how come Jill made sure of her pill?

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

K

There was a young couple named Kelly,
Who once got stuck belly to belly,
Because in their haste,
They used library paste,
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young fellow from Kent,
Whose prick was so long that it bent,
To save himself trouble,
He put it in double,
And instead of cumming – he went.

There was a young lady of Kew,
Who said as the Curate withdrew,
"The Vicar is slicker,
And quicker and thicker,
And two inches longer than you."

That selfsame young lady of Kew,
Said as the vicar withdrew,
"The Verger's emerger
Is longer and lurger
And he gets his balls in too."

There was a young fellow named Keith,
Who liked to be fondled beneath.
It was fun, he decided,
But only provided
The girl used her lips, not her teeth.

A hasher named Kanga did find
He was in Paris with sheep on his mind
So he tried a French ewe
Filling this poor sheep with spew
Her diarrhea making it a wonderous grind

L

There was a young lawyer named Rex,
With diminutive organs of sex,
When hauled in for exposure,
He replied with composure,
"De minimis non curat lex."
["The law does not concern itself with trivial things."]

A Scotsman who lived by the Loch,
Had holes down the length of his cock,
When he got an erection,
He would play a selection,
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

Where is Little Boy Blue this fine morn?
In the haystack as sure as you're born,
But he isn't asleep;
He's with Little Bo-Peep;
And just look where he's putting his horn.

"As for screwing," said Little Miss Muffet,
"I proclaim here and now that I love it.
I defy the authority
Of the Moral Majority.
They can take all their preaching and stuff it."

M

A disgusting young man named McGill,
Made his neighbors exceedingly ill,
When they learned of his habits,
Involving white rabbits,
And a bird with a flexible bill.

There once was a young man from Missouri,
Who fucked with a terrible fury,
'Till hauled into court,
For his bestial sport,
And condemned by a poorly hung jury.

There once was a man named McNamiter,
With a tool of prodigious diameter,
But it wasn't the size,
That opened girls eyes,
'Twas his beat – iambic pentameter.

There once was a man named Magoo,
Who went paddling out in a canoe,
When he hit a rock,
He quickly grabbed his cock,
And surfaced with a hand full of goo.

There once was a fellow named McSweeney,
Who spilled some gin on his weenie,
Now just to be couth,
He added vermouth,
And slipped his girl a martini.

A man on a farm in Moritz,
Once planted two acres of titz,
They came up in the fall,
Pink nipples and all,
Then he leisurely chewed them to bitz.

There was a young lady from Maine,
Who enjoyed copulating on a train.
Not once, I maintain,
But again and again,
And again and again and again.

There was a young lady from Munich,
Who was ravished one night by a eunuch,
At the height of her passion,
He slipped her a ration,
From a squirt gun concealed in his tunic.

There was a young woman named Melanie,
Who was asked by a man, "Do you sell any?"
She replied, "No siree,
I give it away for free.
To sell it, dear sir, is a felony.

A kinky hasher named Martinez,
Liked to carve grooves in a penis,
To make it so rough
It would scuff her tough muff,
And bring her passion to a zenith.

PIKES PEAK H4

I once knew a girl named Maureen
Her cunt was a mass of gangrene
But health nuts she found
Would still eat her mound
'Cause maggots are high in protein

N

There was a young man of Nantucket,
Whose prick was so long he could suck it,
He said, with a grin,
As he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear were I cunt, I'd fuck it."

O

A chap down in Oklahoma,
Had a dick that could sing LaPaloma,
But the sweetness of pitch,
Couldn't put off the hitch,
Of impotence, size and aroma.

At the orgy I fucked twenty-two,
And man, was I glad to get through,
A whole night of sexing,
Turns boring and vexing,
But at orgies, what else can you do?

She wasn't what one would call pretty,
And other girls offered her pity.
So nobody guessed,
That her Wasserman test,
Involved half of Oklahoma City.

P

There once was a fellow named Perkin,
Who was constantly jerkin' his yerkin,
Said his father with a plea,
"Son won't you listen to me,
Your yerkin's not for jerkin' it's fer ferkin'."

A frustrated virgin named Pugh,
Once dreamed she was having a scrugh,
Repenting her sin,
She awoke with chagrin,
At finding it perfectly trugh.

There was a young lady called Phoebe,
Who kept a small tame amoebae,
The wee piece of jelly,
Would crawl on her belly,
And tenderly murmur "Ich liebe."

There was a young man from Patee,
Who buggered an ape in a tree,
The result was quite horrid,
All ass and no forehead,
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There was an old lady from Phlox,
Who set dynamite off in her box,
When asked the sensation,
She cried with elation,
"It's better than elephant cocks!"

Q-R

There once was a man from Rangoon,
Who was born nine months too soon,
He didn't have the luck,
To be born by a fuck,
He was scraped off the sheets with spoon.

There was a young fellow named Rick,
Who was cursed with a spiraling dick,
He started to hunt,
For a twisted up cunt,
That would match his curly-cue prick.

He found one and took it to bed,
And then in dismay he dropped dead,
For that spiraling snatch,
Though nearly a match,
Had cum with a left-handed thread.

There once was a rabbi from Keith,
Who circumcised men with his teeth.
It was not for the treasure,
Nor sexual pleasure,
But to get at the cheese underneath.

There was a young man from Rancine,
Who invented a fucking machine,
Concave or convex,
It could fit either sex,
And jerk itself off in between.

S

There was a young lady from Sidney,
Who took it right up to the kidney,
One fellow by heck,
Went right up to his neck,
He had a big one now, didn't he?

There once was a monk from Siberia,
Whose life it grew drearier and drearier,
He did to a nun,
What he shouldn't have done,
And now she's a mother superior.

There was a young woman named Sally
Who loved an occasional dally.
She sat on the lap
Of a well-endowed chap,
And said, "ooh, you're right up my alley."

T

There was a young man of Trieste,
Who loved his young wife with such zest,
That despite all her howls,
He sucked out her bowels,
And puked up the mess on her chest.

While Titian was mixing rose madder,
He espied a nude girl on a ladder.
Her position to Titian,
Suggested coition,
So he climbed up the ladder and had 'er.

THE DEFINITIVE HASH SONGBOOK

A hasher named Towering was seen
Fulfilling a life long dream
He was sucking goat meat
Not swallowing the cum treat
But using it for facial cream

V

A lady astrologist in Vancouver,
Once captured a man by maneuver.
Influenced by Venus,
She jumped on his penis,
And nothing on Earth could remove her.

W-X-Y-Z

There once was a lady from Wheeling,
Who protested she lacked sexual feeling,
Til a cynic named Boris,
Touched her Clitoris,
And the scraped her off the ceiling.

A methodical fellow named Wade
Could recall every girl that he'd laid.
He recorded each poke,
Every thrust, every stroke,
And precisely how much he had paid.

ZiPpY, the musical hasher,
Was, unfortunately, a very poor dancer,
When he tried to gyrate,
To the words he'd create,
He always tripped on his wanker.

At altitude hashed our friend ZiPpY,
[Pikes Peak where the air is quite nippy]
When being the hare
He'd jerk off everywhere
And his cum froze and made the trail slippery

Annex B - The Making of a Songbook

• Editor's introduction

I stated up front that this book is a collaborative effort. Not unlike any joint venture in life, this songbook had many similarities to a marriage or a business partnership – the parties involved were frequently at each other's throats. There were disagreements on the names of certain songs, traditional Vs contemporary versions, whether to censor the SSM Man (I didn't) and depth of knowledge and moral turpitude of the collaborators. To illustrate this, an exchange that took place over the origins of Zuppata .
ZiPpY

• A comment on Zuppata by Ian Cumming, NYH3:

"Big Dick in Thailand originated this glorious and ingenious parody. I doubt if one Harrier in fifty understands the point. It is only really workable if at least one local newcomer is there, and participates. Using alcohol as bait, and all the cunning of your own drunken stupor, they must be persuaded to lead the Hash in song (say it's a tradition for new boots.)

They will of course insist that they don't know any songs, and you helpfully suggest 'Singin' in the Rain.' The joy with which they find the entire Hash joining in, trying to improve it is a true sucker play.

Here is where it always gets screwed up, and the Leader of the Hash Lieder must instill discipline to get the right effect. The song is not open house for any asshole to add some stupid antic like mooning, standing on one leg, or sticking their tongue out. The actions are designed for one purpose, and one purpose only: to get every one in the room, including the poor sucker who started the song, into the classic farting position. (Big Dick called it Zuppata, by the way.) Try it sometime - you'll like it."

• Sauer Krotch (Orlando H3) comments:

I thought Zuppata was a Rugby song. First heard it at a rugby party in Charleston in '78...

• Ian Cumming replies:

Scour Snatch is full of shit.

This "Singing in the Rain" (SITR) could never have been a rugby song for the following reasons:

1. When I invented rugby there were only two songs, and the Chiangmai prayer was not one of them.

2. When I hung up my boots fifteen years ago there were over four hundred songs and Singin' in the rain was not one of them.

3. The subtitle is "Chiangmai Prayer" - not "Redneck Thud and Blunder Oath". Chiangmai means 'In your face Sewer Scratch' in Thai.

4. Rugby players are slow-witted and couldn't master the concept of SITR.

5. Rugby players lack the fine motor co-ordination to go through the actions. If some fairy-footed outside tried to introduce SITR the studs of the righteous second row would trample them into the mud.

6. Rugby players do not sing in the rain. They may piss in the rain, fart in the scrum and shit on the stoop, but they don't SING in the rain.

7. Rugby players have low, sloping foreheads, thick ears and no teeth. Consequently they are tone deaf and cannot pronounce their 's's. Who ever heard of "Thingin' in the Wain" ?

8. Rugby players love to gate-crash parties. Just because they got smashed with Cower Krock at a party in '78 where SITR was sung doesn't make it their song. When we steal your banner and down-down mug next Labor Day' it's still YOURS - you just don't happen to have them any more.

9. We do SITR at our office Christmas party. Gestetner has no claim to ownership.

10. 80% of all Hash songs are rugby songs, some of which we have improved. The 72 that are unique Hash songs are clearly better than the other 288. SITR is too good to be included in the latter group.

11. We need it to be a Hash Song.

12. Pissanya, rugby players. Your mothers use Frisbees for diaphragms.

13. Bid John Ellis and his twin brother Big Dick will beat the shit out of anyone who says it ain't so. We are looking for Big John right now.

14. Who's fucking this cat anyway?

15. It is common knowledge that Spare Notch is bucking for Asshole of the Year. It is my opinion that he is a shoe-in without all this fracas about whose song SITR is.

16. And...

May the bleeding piles possess him and adorn his bloody feet.

May crabs the size of horse-turds climb up his legs and eat;

And when he's as old as I am and nothing but a bloody wreck,

May his head fall down through his asshole and break his fucking neck.

17. We need to get on with the DefSongBk and discuss this important issue over a beer.

18. Who's fucking this cat anyway?

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INTERAMERICAS HASH '95


Orlando, Florida, USA


September 1-4, 1995

(Friday through Monday)


 ***Meet Hashers from every chapter in the Americas from Argentina to Alaska!***

 Why not fly in the week before and visit Disney, Epcot, Sea World, Universal Studios, Daytona Beach, the Kennedy Space Center, and take advantage of the many Preamble Hashes available the week before Interam!

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 **Hotel:** The Sheraton World Resort on International Drive next to Sea World - has been entirely booked for the Interamericas Hash '95 . . . ***a complete hotel to ourselves, what a concept!***
All rooms are on two levels surrounding the pool and tropical bar, and each room has a refridgerator!
Rates: Up to four people per room, \$79/night for inward-looking room, \$75/night for outward-looking room. These special Hash rates are available one week before and after Interam so you can play tourist.

 **Airlines:** American and Delta.

 **Other Details:** Upon receipt of registration, you will be sent a full package of information concerning hotel, airlines, and tourist stuff. Please contact us for more information via Fax or E-Mail: Fax # (407)834-3651 or Internet E-Mail # <margier@freenet.scri.fsu.edu>

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ORLANDO, FLORIDA

September 1-4, 1995

REGISTRATION

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USA & Overseas: United States Currency made payable to InterAmericas Hash '95. Registrations will be closed as of July 15, 1995. No exceptions. Any registrations received after July 15, 1995 will be returned. Registrations will not be accepted the day of the event. Payment is required in full.

OTHER INFORMATION

For those of you wishing to visit Disney, Epcot, Universal Studios, etc., we recommend that you do so the week before the "InterAm". Tourist information will be sent out with the confirmation packages.

PRE-REGISTRATION FORM

InterAmericas Hash '95

P.O. Box 521207, Longwood, FL 32752-1207, U.S.A.

NAME

HASH NAME

HASH AFFILIATION

STREET ADDRESS

CITY, STATE AND ZIP

COUNTRY

PHONE NUMBER

HOME:	WORK:
-------	-------

TANK TOP SIZE

<input type="checkbox"/>	SMALL
<input type="checkbox"/>	MEDIUM
<input type="checkbox"/>	LARGE
<input type="checkbox"/>	EXTRA LARGE

T-SHIRT SIZE

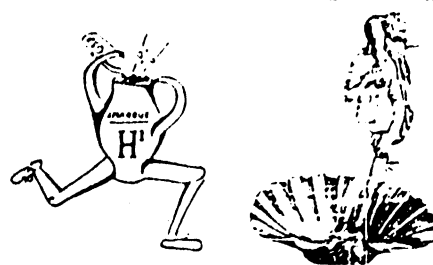
<input type="checkbox"/>	MEDIUM
<input type="checkbox"/>	LARGE
<input type="checkbox"/>	EXTRA LARGE

In consideration of your acceptance of this entry and my participation in this event, I hereby waive and release any and all claims I or my heirs and assigns may be entitled to make, as a result of my participating in this event, against InterAmericas Hash '95, its officers, members, agents, event sponsors and their employees, and all persons assisting or volunteering for this event. I accept all of the risks of this event, known and unknown, for myself alone.

SIGNATURE

DATE

Interhash '96 Registration.



Please complete in BLOCK CAPITALS:

Surname:

Forename:

Address:

City:

Country:

Zip/Code:

Tel:

Fax:

Nationality:

Passport No.:

Sub. Enclosed:

Home Hash:

Hashname:

Hashrep.

Are you the designated GM for your hash?

Run Length:

S (45 m):

M (1h.15m):

L (2 hr):

T-Shirt:

Small(36)

Med (40)

Vest:

Large(44)

X-L (46)

Date Received:
(office use only)

Date Entered:

Complete and return to:

Interhash '96
PO Box 6458
Limassol
Cyprus.

Registration Form:

Instructions for completing.

- 1> Enter your name and address clearly and legible in BLOCK CAPITALS. When you collect your registration on arrival, YOUR NAME AND PASSPORT NUMBER must match the Registration Data.
- 2> Enter your telephone and fax no.(if any). This is so that we can contact you in the event of any late problems.
- 3> Enter your NATIONALITY and PASSPORT No. (see 1 above).
- 4> Enter the AMOUNT you are enclosing. Bank Cheques or drafts or International money orders payable to INTERHASH. Registration is priced as follows:

For registrations received before 31.12.94	\$100
For registrations received between 1.1.95 and 31.09.95	\$150
For registrations received between 1.10.95 and 30.4.96	\$200
For registrations received after 1.5.96 (we don't want to know)	\$250

You are all big boys and girls and it is your job to make sure the form is received here BEFORE the closing dates, so post early.

- 5> Enter your HOME HASH and your HASH NAME (if any), and also indicate if you are the OFFICIAL hash rep. for your home hash. DO NOT PRAT ABOUT WITH THIS ONE:
1 GM per hash only please, as we don't want to waste money on phonecalls/post when we could spend it on beer!
- 6> Indicate your preferred run length; 45 minutes, 1 hour 15 mins, or 2 hours.
- 7> Indicate your preferred T-Shirt size. Tick "Vest" if you want a Running Singlet/Vest, i.e. no arms.
- 8> Send the completed form to

INTERHASH '96
PO Box 6458
Limassol
Cyprus

and don't forget to include your bankdraft/cheque etc.

Special Note For UK Hashers, or Hashers with a UK Bank account, we are able to accept a personal cheque, endorsed with your cheque card no. for £ 71.00 for the opening period only.

We will take the usual strict line with late registrations or regs with missing details.

Neither the organising committee, Amathus Hash House Harriers, the other Cyprus Hashes, their servants, agents or assigns accept any responsibility for any loss, damage or injury, howsoever caused, sustained by any participant in this event. Participants expressly waive their right to pursue any of the above in respect of any loss, damage or injury or any other claim sustained while travelling to or from or while participating in this event.

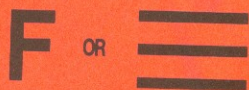
Colorado Hash Trail Markings



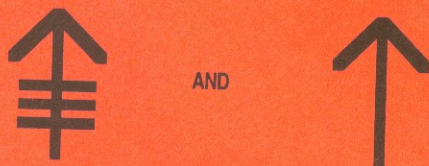
CHECK The trail may change course here. Find the new trail, usually within 100-150 yards.



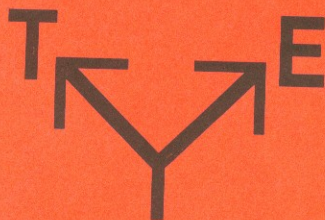
BOOB CHECK Only harriettes may search for the trail at this point.



FALSE TRAIL Go back to the last check and find a better trail.



ARROWS indicate either the hare's true trail (crossed hashes on shaft) or that a fellow hound has passed this way (simple arrow). A safe assumption is that any arrow drawn with flour is by the hare.



TURKEY or EAGLE TRAILS

You here have a choice of trails. The Turkey trail may be short and easy. The Eagle trail could be long and hard. Eagle trails are sometimes know as Ball Buster trails.

R ^{OR} **Regroup**

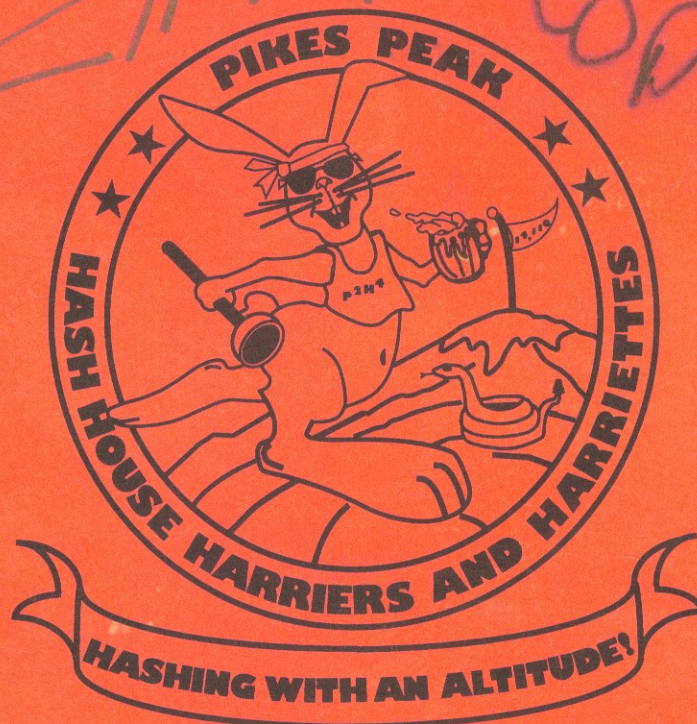
REGROUP The FRBs must wait here until every hound has reached this point.

BN ^{OR} **AH-HA!**

BEER NEAR You're close to either a beer check, or the end of the physical exertion part of the hash (AKA - the end or On-On.)

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