

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### SECTION 1: DOWN-DOWN NECESSITIES

1. BLESSING OF THE HARES 1
2. DOES A HASHER 1
3. DUMB SHIT 1
4. FT EUSTIS HASH SONGS 1
5. HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 1
6. HERE'S TO \_\_\_\_\_ 2
7. HERE'S TO BROTHER HASHER(S) 2
8. INTERNATIONAL HASH HYMN 2
9. MEET THE HASHERS 2
10. PISS OFF, YA WANK 2
11. SALUTATIONS 2
12. SHORT HYMN 3
13. SOUND OF HASHERS 3
14. THERE WAS A LITTLE BIRD 3
15. THEY OUGHT TO BE PUBLICLY  
PISSSED ON 3
16. WEDDING SONG 3
17. WE'RE HERE BECAUSE . . . 3
18. WHAT A WANK 3
19. WHY ARE WE WAITING? 3
20. WHY WAS HE BORN SO  
BEAUTIFUL? 3
21. YANKEE DOODLE 4
22. ZICKY-ZACKY 4

### SECTION 2: ANIMAL FRIENDS

23. BESTIALITY'S BEST 4
24. BITCH A DOG 5
25. BYE BYE BLACKBIRD 5
26. CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS 5
27. COCK ROBIN 7
28. COW KICKED NELLY 7
29. CUCKOO 7
30. DEAD DOG ROVER 8
31. DOGGIES'MEETING 8
32. FUCK A DUCK 8
33. GOMEZ THE CHIHUAHUA 9
34. HOG CALLING TIME IN  
NEBRASKA 9
35. LITTLE BROWN MOUSE 9

- 36. LOBSTER SONG 9
- 37. MOOSE SONG 9
- 38. OLD BROWN COW 10
- 39. SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL 10
- 40. VIRGIN STURGEON 11
- 41. WILD WEST SHOW 11
- 42. WOODPECKER SONG 13
- 43. YOGI BEAR SONG 14

### SECTION 3: POEMS, TOASTS, &JOKES

- 44. ESKIMO NELL 14
- 45. JOKES 18
- 46. LIMERICKS 24
- 47. POETRY 31
- 48. SHIT LIST 32
- 49. TOASTS 33

### SECTION 4: SWEET LOVIN'

- 50. A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS 34
- 51. A, YOU'VE GOT ASSHOLE STAINS 34
- 52. ALI BOOGIE 35
- 53. BALL OF KERRYMUIR 35
- 54. BALL OF YARN 37
- 55. BIG BAMBOO 38
- 56. BIG RED ROSE 38
- 57. BOOM, OOOH, YAKATATA 38
- 58. BY THE LIGHT 38
- 59. CHAPPED HIDE 39
- 60. CUCUMBER SONG 39
- 61. DON'T THAT BASTARD GET ANY BIGGER? 39
- 62. DON'T SAY NO 39
- 63. ENGINEER'S DREAM 40
- 64. FONDLE ME WITH CARE 41
- 65. FURBURGER KING 41
- 66. GANG BANG 42
- 67. GIVE ME A CLONE 42
- 68. GONORRHEA 43
- 69. GREEN GROW THE RASHES O 43
- 70. HARVEST OF LOVE 43
- 71. HELLO PENIS 44
- 72. HERPES FAMILY 44

73. HERPES SONG 44
74. HOT VAGINA 45
75. HOW ASHAMED I WAS 45
76. HOW TO HANDLE A DATE 45
77. I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE  
ARMY 46
78. I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE  
CONVENT 46
79. IF I WERE THE MARRYING KIND 46
80. I LIKE COCK 47
81. I LIKE CUNT 47
82. I LOVE MY WIFE 47
83. INCEST IS BEST 47
84. INCEST TIME IN TEXAS 47
85. I PUT MY HAND 48
86. I PUT MY LIPS 48
87. ISN'T IT AWFULLY NICE  
TO HAVE A PENIS? 48
88. ISN'T IT GREAT TO HAVE  
A CLITORIS? 49
89. I'VE GOT A START ON A TWELVE-  
INCH HARD-ON 49
90. I'VE GOT THE CLAP AGAIN 49
91. KEYHOLE SONG 50
92. LET ME BALL YOU  
SWEETHEART 50
93. MAN TRAP 50
94. MARRIAGE A LA MODE 51
95. MASTURBATION SONG 51
96. MY LITTLE PINK PANTIES 52
97. MY ONE-SKIN 52
98. NECROPHILIA SONG (MY NAME  
IS JACK) 52
99. NO BALLS AT ALL 55
100. NONE IS BIGGER THAN MINE 55
101. ONE-EYED TROUSER SNAKE 55
102. PORTIONS OF A WOMAN 56
103. PREGNANCY (AND VARIATIONS) 56
104. PUBIC HAIRS! 56
105. PUT YOUR LEFT LEG OVER  
MY SHOULDER 57
106. PUT YOUR LEGS ROUND MY  
SHOULDERS (HARRIERS) 57
107. PUT YOUR LEGS ROUND MY  
SHOULDERS (HARRIETTES) 57
108. RAWHIDE 57

- 109. RINGADANGDOO 58
- 110. ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER 58
- 111. SEVEN NERVOUS DAYS 59
- 112. SEX IS BORING 59
- 113. SIT ON MY FACE (VERSION # 1) 59
- 114. SIT ON MY FACE (VERSION # 2) 59
- 115. SUNSTROKE, SYPHILIS, VARICOSE VEINS 60
- 116. SUPERCALLOUSFLAGELL-ISTICSEXPECTCUNNILINGUS 60
- 117. THE TRIANGLE 61
- 118. THESE FOOLISH THINGS 62
- 119. WAVES AND WAVES 62
- 120. WEDDING SONG 63
- 121. WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND 63
- 122. WHO NEEDS SEX? 63
- 123. WILL YOU MARRY ME? 64

#### SECTION 5: HASH CALISTHENICS

- 124. BUTTON FACTORY 64
- 125. DUNKIRK 64
- 126. FATHER ABRAHAM 65
- 127. HANKY PANKY 65
- 128. LION-HUNT 66
- 129. MACDONALD'S FARM 66
- 130. MUSIC MAN 66
- 131. ONE ON THE TABLE 67
- 132. SINGING IN THE RAIN 67
- 133. TWELVE DAYS OF RAMADAN 67

#### SECTION 6: FAMOUS HARRIETTES

- 134. AAHLAWETA (HARRIERS' VERSION) 68
- 135. ALL THE NICE GIRLS 68
- 136. CAROLINA 69
- 137. CLEMENTINE 69
- 138. DAISY, DAISY 69
- 139. DEAD WHORE 69
- 140. DINAH 70
- 141. DYING HARLOT 70
- 142. GIRL FROM BALTIMORE 71

- 143. HARLOT OF JERUSALEM 71
- 144. LADY HARDONNA 72
- 145. LULU 73
- 146. LUPE 74
- 147. MADELINE SCHMIDT 74
- 148. MARY 74
- 149. MARY ANNE BURNS 74
- 150. MARY ANN McCARTHY 75
- 151. MAYOR OF BAYSWATER'S  
DAUGHTER 75
- 152. M-O-T-H-E-R 76
- 153. MRS. PUGGY-WUGGY 76
- 154. MY GIRL'S A VEGETABLE 76
- 155. MY MOTHER-IN-LAW 77
- 156. MY SISTER LILY 77
- 157. NANCY BROWN 78
- 158. NELLIE DARLING 78
- 159. NELLIE 'AWKINS 78
- 160. ON TOP OF OLD SOPHIE 79
- 161. POOR LIL 79
- 162. POOR LITTLE ANGELINE 80
- 163. SALLY IN THE ALLEY 81
- 164. S & M GIRL 81
- 165. SEVEN OLD LADIES 81
- 166. SHE'S A MOST IMMORAL  
LADY 82
- 167. SHORT SONG 82
- 168. SUCKANYA 82
- 169. SWEET ANTOINETTE 83
- 170. WHEN LADY JANE BECAME  
A TART 83
- 171. WINNIPEG WHORE 83
- 172. YOU TAKE THE LEGS OFF  
BETTY GRABLE 83

#### SECTION 7: FAMOUS HARRIERS

- 173. AAHLAWETTA (HARRIETTES'  
VERSION) 83
- 174. BALLS OF O'LEARY 84
- 175. BARNACLE BILL 84
- 176. BASTARD KING OF  
ENGLAND 84
- 177. CHRISTOPHER ROBIN 85
- 178. CLINTON'S QUEEN BERETS 85
- 179. COLOMBO (GOOD SHIP

VENUS) 85  
180. DRUNKEN SAILOR 87  
181. FIREMAN'S SONG 88  
182. FRIAR OF GREAT RENOWN 88  
183. FUCK THE GIANT PENIS 88  
184. GAY CABALLERO 89  
185. HEIGH-HO SAYS ROWLEY 89  
186. HE'S A CUNT 90  
187. HITLER, HE ONLY HAD  
ONE BALL 90  
188. I'M YOUR MAILMAN 90  
189. INSIDE THOSE RED PLUSH  
BREECHES 90  
190. IVAN SKAVINSKY SCAVAR 91  
191. JOHN BROWN'S PENIS 91  
192. LARGE BALLS 92  
193. LLOYD GEORGE 92  
194. LUMBERJACK SONG 92  
195. MEN 93  
196. MUNICIPAL SEWERAGEMAN 93  
197. MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK 93  
198. OLD KING COLE 94  
199. ONE-EYED RILEY 95  
200. PIONEERS 95  
201. RAJAH OF ASTRAKHAN 96  
202. REDNECK MOTHER 96  
203. S & M MAN 96  
204. SAMMY SMALL 98  
205. THE TINKER 98  
206. THE TRAVELER 99  
207. THIS OLD MAN 100  
208. THREE GERMAN OFFICERS 101  
209. VICAR IN THE DOCKSIDE  
CHURCH 101  
210. VLAD 102  
211. YANKEE DOODLE 102

#### SECTION 8: IN VINO VERITAS

212. A MOUTHFUL OF SINGHA 102  
213. ACOHOLIC'S ANTHEM 102  
214. GLORIOUS, VICTORIOUS  
(BEER, BEER, BEER) 103  
215. BRUCES'PHILOSOPHERS SONG 104  
216. DRINK! 104  
217. GIVE ME THAT GOOD

OLD VINO 104  
218. LET'S HAVE A PARTY 105  
219. RYE WHISKEY 105  
220. SALVATION ARMY SONG 105  
221. SINGHA COCK 106

#### SECTION 9: SONGS ABOUT HASHING

222. A FEW OF MY FAVORITE  
THINGS 106  
223. ANCIENT HASH SONG 107  
224. BAGPIPE SONG 107  
225. CAN'T HASH TODAY 108  
226. CREAK GOES THE MUSCLE OH 109  
227. DAYLIGHT COME 109  
228. GUNGA'S SONG 109  
229. HANDSOME HASHER 110  
230. HASHER MEN (AND WOMEN) 110  
231. JUNGLE SMELL 111  
232. MOTHER HASH 111  
233. MOUNT BONNELL 111  
234. ONCE A BLOODY HASHMAN 112  
235. SHE AIN'T GONNA FUCK  
NO MORE 112  
236. SIXTEEN MILES 113  
237. SUPER HASHER 114  
238. THREE VISITING HASHERS 115  
239. TOKYO HASH SONG 115  
240. TWELVE DAYS OF INTERHASH 116  
241. TWINKIE, TWINKIE, LITTLE  
HASHER 116  
242. YELLOW IS THE COLOR 116  
243. YESTERDAY 117  
244. YOU AIN'T NOTHIN'BUT A  
HASHER 117

#### SECTION 10: HASH HOLIDAYS

245. AND SO THIS IS HASHMAS 117  
246. BAD KING HASHMAS 117  
247. CHRISTMAS CAROL 118  
248. HALLELUJAH CHORUS 118  
249. HERE'S THE SEASON 118  
250. HOLIDAY SONG 118  
251. JINGLE BALLS 118  
252. MERRY HASHMAS 118

253. MONSTER HASH 119  
254. NEXT THANKSGIVING 119  
255. SILENT NIGHT 119  
256. TWELVE DAYS OF  
CHRISTMAS 119  
257. WHILE THE KIWIS SHAGGED 119  
258. WHITE HASHMAS 120

#### SECTION 11: HASH STANDARDS

259. "A" IS FOR A 120  
260. A PRAYER 121  
261. ARSEHOLES FOR SALE 121  
262. AS I WAS WALKING 121  
263. BALHAM VICAR 121  
264. BALL GAME 122  
265. BARCELONA 122  
266. CACTUS IN MY Y-FRONT 122  
267. CAN YOU WALK A  
LITTLE WAY? 123  
268. CHANDLER'S SHOP 123  
269. CHICAGO 123  
270. CHISHOLM TRAIL 124  
271. CLEAN SONG 126  
272. COLD WINTER'S EVENING 126  
273. COUNTRY SUNDAY SCHOOL 126  
274. CUTE LITTLE SONG 127  
275. DID YOU EVER SEE? 127  
276. DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW? 127  
277. FARTING CONTEST 127  
278. GIVE ME THAT OLD TIME  
RELIGION 128  
279. HALLELULAH, I'M A BUM 128  
280. HAS ANYBODY SEEN J. C.? 129  
281. HI HO! IT'S OFF TO THE  
BURLESQUE SHOW 129  
282. HUMORESQUE 129  
283. IRIAN JAYA 129  
284. IT'S THE SAME THE WHOLE  
WORLD OVER 130  
285. I WISH I WAS IN ENGLAND 130  
286. JONESTOWN 130  
287. JUNIOR BIRDMEN 131  
288. LIFE PRESENTS A DISMAL  
PICTURE 131  
289. LITTLE BIT OFF THE TOP 132



- 290. LITTLE RED TRAIN 132
- 291. MOBILE 132
- 292. MOONSHADOW 134
- 293. MY GOD HOW THE MONEY  
ROLLS IN 134
- 294. NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON 134
- 295. OR WOULD YOU RATHER BE  
A \_\_\_\_\_? 135
- 296. OU EST LE PAPIER? 135
- 297. PATRIOTIC SONG 135
- 298. PISSANYA, PISSANYA 135
- 299. RING THE BELL VERGER 135
- 300. ROAD TO GUNDAGAI 136
- 301. ROEDEAN SCHOOL 136
- 302. ROLL YOUR LEG OVER 137
- 303. SCROTUM 137
- 304. SINKING OF THE TITANIC 137
- 305. SOME DIE OF DRINKING  
WATER 138
- 306. SWEET VIOLETS 138
- 307. TEN STICKS OF DYNAMITE 139
- 308. THERE WAS AN OLD FARMER 139
- 309. THEY'RE MOVING FATHER'S  
GRAVE 139
- 310. THREE CHINESE CRACKERS 139
- 311. TIRED OF LIFE 140
- 312. WALKING DOWN CANAL  
STREET 140
- 313. WEE WEE SONG 140
- 314. YELLOW RYDER TRUCK 140
- 315. YOU WON'T FIND ANY  
COUNTRY 141

#### APPENDIX: LATE ADDITIONS

- 316. MASTURBATION 141
- 317. BORN DEAD 141
- 318. BREATHALYZED 144
- 319. SIT ON MY FACE AND TELL ME  
THAT YOU LOVE ME 144
  
- 320. HEY THERE VAGINA

#### SECTION 1: DOWN-DOWN NECESSITIES

Comment: This section contains songs adapted to the ritual

chugging of beer (the Down Down) and other hash "formalities." Most hashers sing one or the other version of "Here's to \_\_\_\_," and sometimes "Why Was He Born So Beautiful." When an honoree is slow to finish chugging his beer, hashers break into "Why Are We Waiting." "Zicky-Zacky" is also common. "International Hash Hymn" is the hash anthem, normally sung at the conclusion of Down Down ceremonies. The rest of the songs in this section come from different hash clubs and are not often sung outside those hashes. I believe some of these beer-chugging songs are also used by sports groups, such as rugby and lacrosse teams.

### 1. BLESSING OF THE HARES

Comment: Optional prayer offered by religious adviser before the hash. This is the bare-bones version; in practice it's often embellished.

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.

### 2. DOES A HASHER?

Melody—Do Your Balls Hang Low?

Comment: I learned this from a Washington DC-area visiting hasher. No one else has ever heard of it.

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 . . .

### 3. DUMB SHIT

Melody—Refrain from Music Man

Comment: See "Music Man" in the Hash Calisthenics section—a unique melody which I will have to tape for you. The rhythm, at least, is obvious. We made this one up last year in Hawaii.

Dumb, dumb, dumb shit,  
Dumb shit, dumb shit,

Dumb, dumb, dumb shit,  
Dumb, dumb, dumb . . .

#### 4. FT. EUSTIS HASH SONGS

Melody—???

Comment: I've only seen these in print and have never heard them sung.

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 behavior's unfit! You must learn hash tradition!

ALL: So charge your vessel and assume the position: On your knees, asshole!

Drink it down, down down, etc . . .

#### TO THE SLOW DRINKER:

All this time that you're taking, I know that you're faking,

We could be masturbating, I fear.

Now we've run out of song, and we won't get along,

Until you finish that fucking beer!

#### 5. HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Melody—The Addams Family

Their drinking is compulsive and  
Their running is convulsive,  
They're morally repulsive,  
The Hash House Harriers.

CHORUS: Da da da da (snap fingers twice)

Da da da da (snap fingers twice)

Da da da da, da da da da, da da da da (snap fingers twice)

Their flatulence is rude and  
Their genitals protrude when  
They're running in the nude in

The Hash House Harriers.

They're always shiggy tracking  
>From constantly bush-whacking,  
Intelligence they're lacking,  
The Hash House Harriers.

Da da da da, Down Down, etc . . .

6. HERE'S TO \_\_\_\_\_

Melody—Itself

Comment: The basic Down Down songs. The first version is more common than the second. Will tape melodies for you.

VERSION # 1

Here's to \_\_\_\_\_,  
He's true blue,  
He's a hasher (bastard),  
Through and through,  
He's a pisspot (hasher),  
So they say,  
Tried to go to heaven (he'll never get to heaven),  
But he went the other way (in a long, long way),  
So drink it down, down, etc . . .

VERSION # 2

Here's to \_\_\_\_\_,  
She's a damn fine gal,  
Here's to \_\_\_\_\_,  
She's a damn fine gal,  
So drink, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,  
chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,  
Here's to \_\_\_\_\_,  
She's a horse's ass.  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, etc . . .

7. HERE'S TO BROTHER (SISTER) HASHER(S)

Melody—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.

#### 8. INTERNATIONAL HASH HYMN

Melody—Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Comment: This is the universal hash song (also well-known outside the hash; I learned it in the Air Force years ago). The idea is to accompany the words with rude gestures; e.g., masturbating motions at the word "coming," grasping the reins of the "chariot," and so on. There are gestures for virtually every word of the song, and it is sung first with words and motions, then with humming and motions, then with motions only.

WORDS & MOTIONS: 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 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 that I'm coming too,  
Coming for to carry me home.  
(repeat with variations: humming and motions only, silence and motions only, double-time)

#### 9. MEET THE HASHERS

Melody—Meet the Flintstones

Hashers, meet the hashers,  
They're the biggest drunks in history,  
>From old Honolulu (or your favorite town),  
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 down down down.

#### 10. PISS OFF, YA WANK

Melody—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.

#### 11. SALUTATIONS

Melody—???

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!

#### 12. SHORT HYMN

Comment: This one is intoned with deep reverence.

Hymn, hymn,  
Fuck him . . .

#### 13. SOUND OF HASHERS

Melody—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.

#### 14. THERE WAS A LITTLE BIRD

Melody—Itself

Comment: I first learned this song from Robin Olds, the well-known Korean and Vietnam-era fighter pilot. If the walls of

Officers' Club bars could be made to yield echoes from the past,  
they would bellow "asshole, asshole, asshole,  
assshooooooooooooole." Will tape melody for you.

There was a little bird,  
No bigger than a turd,  
A-sittin' on a telephone pole.  
He ruffled up his neck,  
And shit about a peck,  
He puckered up his little asshole.  
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,  
Asshole, asshole, asshole . . .

15. THEY OUGHT TO BE PUBLICLY PISSED ON  
Melody—My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

They ought to be publicly pissed on,  
They ought to be publicly shot,  
They ought to be tied to a urinal,  
And left there to fester and rot,  
Drink it down, down, etc . . .

16. WEDDING SONG

Melody—Amazing Grace

Comment: This one was written and performed by a DC-area hash  
to honor a recent wedding. I got it from a friend over the  
INTERNET.

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.

17. WE'RE HERE BECAUSE . . .

Melody—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 . . .

18. WHAT A WANK

Melody—William Tell Overture

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,  
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,  
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,  
What a wank, what a wank, wank, wank.

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank, wank, wank,  
wank, wank, wank, 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 . . .

#### 19. WHY ARE WE WAITING? Melody—Come Let Us Adore Him

Why are we waiting,  
Could be fornicating (masturbating, etc),  
Oh, why are we waiting,  
So fucking long, etc . . .

#### 20. WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL? Melody—Itself Comment: Will tape it for you.

Why was he born so beautiful?  
Why was he born at all?  
He's no fuckin' use to anyone,  
He's no bloody use at all.

(optional verses)  
They say he's a joy to his mother,  
But he's a pain in the asshole to me,

He's fresh as a daisy,  
He drives me crazy,

So drink it down, down, etc . . .

#### 21. YANKEE DOODLE Melody—I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy

Yankee Doodle he's a dandy,  
Yankee Doodle do or die,  
A real live asshole from the USA,



Piss on the Fourth of July.

Yank my doodle, it's a dandy,  
Yankee Doodle zip your fly,  
Yankee Doodle limped to London,  
Wanking off his pony,  
You are that Yankee Doodle guy.

---

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 are that yanking doodle guy/girl.

## 22. ZICKY-ZACKY

Comment: Purpose of the zicky-zacky chant is to point out and punish offenders of circle etiquette—members of the circle point elbows at the offender and repeat chant loudly:

Zicky-zacky, zicky-zacky,  
Hoy! Hoy! Hoy!  
Zicky-zacky, zicky-zacky,  
Hoy! Hoy! Hoy!  
Zicky-zacky, zicky-zacky,  
Hoy! Hoy! Hoy!

and so on until offender completes a down-down . . .

## SECTION 2: ANIMAL FRIENDS

### 23. BESTIALITY'S BEST

Melody—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 some suggestions:

#### HARRIERS:

Make a llama a mama  
Stick your dork in a stork  
Make an eel squeel  
Bring a flea to her knees  
Stick your needle in a beetle  
Drop some goo in a shrew  
Skull fuck a duck

#### HARRIETTES:

Grind your mound on a hound  
Rub your beaver on a retriever  
Rub your cunt on an elephunt  
Drip your joice on a moose

Rub your clitty on a kitty  
Give your milk to an elk  
Rub your box on a fox  
Rub your clitoris on a hippopotamus  
Drip your yeast on a wildebeest  
Rub your twat on an ocelot  
The best course is a horse

#### 24. BITCH A DOG

Melody—Do, Re, Mi

Comment: I've never seen this one performed, but understand it involves rude gestures as well as singing.

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 . . .

#### 25. BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

Melody—Bye Bye Blackbird

Once a boy was no good,  
Took a girl into the 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 wank right up her cunt,  
Blackbird, bye, bye.

But this girl she was no sport,  
Took her story to a court,  
Bye, bye, blackbird.  
Told her story in the morn,  
All the jury had a horn,  
Bye, bye, blackbird.  
Then the judge came to his decision,  
The poor sod got eighteen months in prison,

So next time, boy, do it right,  
Stuff her twat with dynamite,  
Blackbird, bye, bye.

## 26. CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS

Melody—Do Ye Ken John Peel

Comment: With very long songs, different singers take the "lead" for verses, passing it around the group. I indicate this by noting "take turns leading verses." Most commonly, a singer who feels a good verse coming on signals his readiness to take the next verse by holding his beer over his head. The song's over when no one can remember (or make up) new verses.

(Take turns leading verses)

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

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

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

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

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

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

The dainty little skylark sings a very pretty song,

He has a ponderous penis fully forty cubits long,  
You should hear his high crescendo, when his mate is on the prong,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

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

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

The poor old rhinoceros, so it appears,  
Never gets a grind in a thousand years,  
But when he does, he makes up for arrears,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

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

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

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

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

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

Long-legged curates grind like goats,  
Pale-faced spinsters shag like shoats,

And the whole damn world stands about and gloats,  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

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

The ape is small and rather slow,  
Erect he stands 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 prong is big and round,  
A small one scales a thousand pound,  
Two together rock the ground,  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

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

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

The hippopotamus, so it seems,  
Very, very rarely has wet dreams,  
But when he does he comes in streams,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

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

As they revel in the joys of fornication.

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

## 27. COCK ROBIN

Melody—Who Killed Cock Robin

Comment: Singers accompany the words of the chorus with rude gestures. Intervening verses are sung without gestures.

Who killed cock robin?  
"I," said the sparrow,  
"With my bow and arrow,  
I killed cock robin."

### CHORUS (WORDS AND ACTIONS):

Oh-h-h-h the birds of the air said,  
Fuck it! Let's chuck it!  
When they heard cock robin  
Had kicked the fucking bucket!  
When they heard-d-d-d cock robin-n-n-n  
Had kicked the fucking bucket!

Who saw him die?  
"I," said the owl,  
"With my little trowel,  
I'll dig the grave."

Who'll ring the bell?  
"I," said the bull,  
"With my mighty tool,  
I'll ring the bell."

Who'll say the prayer?  
"I," said the rook,  
"With my little book,  
I'll say the prayer."

## 28. COW KICKED NELLY

Melody—Turkey in the Straw

Comment: I think this one predates hashing by several years.

CHORUS: Oh, the cow kicked Nelly in the belly last night (three times)

But the farmer says she'll be all right.

LEADER: Second verse, same as the first, a little bit louder and a little bit worse.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

LEADER: Third verse, same as the first . . . (and so on through ten verses, each louder and worse than the one before, or until stoned by the pack)

## 29. THE CUCKOO

Melody—???

Comment: This may be a poem or recitation. I haven't found a singable melody for it.

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.

## 30. DEAD DOG ROVER

Melody—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!

## 31. THE DOGGIES'MEETING

Melody—God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen

The doggies held a meeting,  
They came from near and far,  
Some came by motorcycle,



Some came by motorcar.  
Each doggy passed the entrance,  
Each doggy signed the book,  
Then each unshipped his arsehole,  
And hung it on the hook.  
One dog was not invited,  
It sorely raised his ire,  
He ran into the meeting hall  
And loudly bellowed, "Fire!"  
It threw them in confusion,  
And without a second look,  
Each grabbed another's arsehole  
>From off another hook.  
And that's the reason why, sir,  
When walking down the street,  
And that's the reason why, sir,  
When doggies chance to meet,  
And that's the reason why, sir,  
On land or sea or foam,  
He will sniff another's arsehole,  
To see if it's his own.

### 32. FUCK (A DUCK)

Melody—Do, Re, Mi

Comment: Again, a song meant to be accompanied by gestures.  
Having never seen it done, I can only guess what they might be.

Fuck a duck,  
A female duck,  
Screw a baby kangaroo,  
Finger bang an orangutan,  
Let an elephant eat you,  
FEEL the penis of an eel,  
WHACK the asshole of a yak,  
MASTURBATE with a gnu,  
That will bring us back to  
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck . . .  
Repeat with motions, humming, silence, etc . . .

### 33. GOMEZ THE CHIHUAHUA

Melody—???

Comment: This song came from a Florida hasher called "Mu-Sick," who may well have made it up, but then again it may be a Frank Zappa ripoff. I have no idea how it goes.

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 Dalmations, creations, results from all flirtations,  
A half Pekingese, and a Char-pei.  
But, Yes, we have no Chihuahuas.

We have no Chihuahuas, today.

#### 34. HOG CALLING TIME IN NEBRASKA

Melody—???

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.

#### 35. THE LITTLE BROWN MOUSE

Melody—Itself

Comment: Will tape the melody.

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!

#### 36. THE LOBSTER SONG

Melody—The Chisholm Trail

"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 three,  
And the biggest of the bastards I will sell to thee."

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 have a heave ho.

Well, first there came a groan, and then there came a grunt,  
And the bloody lobster grabbed her by the cunt.

The missus grabbed the brush, and I grabbed thebroom,  
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 shit.

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.

### 37. MOOSE SONG

Melody—???

Comment: This comes from the Colorado hasher "ZiPpy," who sang it for me in New Zealand. I can't quite recall the exact melody, but it's a simple one.

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 there's hay on the ground.

HARRIERS' VERSES: 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 bars,

But a moose is content to be tied to a tree,  
While I find other mooses to satisfy me.

Now that I'm older and into my years,  
I'll have you know that I shed no tears,  
While I sit by the fire with a glass of Mateus,  
Playing hide the salami with Marvin the Moose.

HARRIETTES' VERSES: 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 it's 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,  
Then getting it off with that stud Bullwinkle.

#### 38. THE OLD BROWN COW Melody—The Old Gray Mare

The old brown cow went pffftz against the wall,  
The old brown cow went pffftz against the wall,  
The old brown cow went pffftz against the wall,  
And the wall was covered in SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

#### 39. THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL Melody—My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean Comment: This is a British oldie. The "bum-titty" chorus is accompanied by gestures, alternately clutching one's bum and chest.

(Take turns leading verses)

The sexual life of the camel,  
Is stranger than anyone thinks,  
At the height of the mating season  
He tries to bugger the Sphinx.  
But the Sphinx's posterior sphincter  
Is clogged by the sands of the Nile,  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

CHORUS: Singing, bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-bum,  
Bum-titty, bum-titty, aye.  
Singing, bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-bum,

Bum-titty, bum-titty, aye.

In the process of civilization,  
>From the 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,  
Conclusively prove that the hedgehog  
Has never been 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 at Spithead,  
As they've done it at Harvard and Yale,  
And also at Oxford and Cambridge,  
By shaving the spines off its tail?

So come all you hashers,  
And to the occassion arise,  
Grab yourselves a hedgehog,  
And enjoy a real suprise.  
The following instructions,  
Will ensure you do not fail,  
Simply ream out its ass with a hosepipe,  
And shave the spines off its tail.

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 it,  
Or doesn't it bloody well care?

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, "Our 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 youthful maiden,  
By Christ she was so fair,  
When she asked what they'd like for their birthday,  
The old men all shouted, "Hair!"

My name is Cecil,  
I come from Leicester Square,  
I wear open-toed sandals,  
And a rosebud in my hair.  
For we're all queers together,  
Excuse us while we go upstairs,  
For we're all queers together,  
That's why we all go out in pairs.

My name is Basil,  
My friend's name is Bond,  
When we go out together,  
They call us Basilden Bond.  
For we're all queers together,  
Excuse us while we go upstairs,  
For we're all queers together,  
That's why we go out in pairs.

I went for a ride on a "Puff Puff,"  
I 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,  
Excuse us while we go upstairs,  
For we're all queer together,  
That's why we go out in pairs.

#### 40. VIRGIN STURGEON

Melody—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.

#### 41. THE WILD WEST SHOW

Melody—Itself

Comment: The verses are spoken, but the chorus has a melody which I'll tape for you. Learned this one flying fighters and found out years later it was popular with hashers as well. You know you've heard it well-performed when someone tops it off with the fight between the snake and the ostrich!

(Take turns leading verses)

CHORUS: We're off to see the Wild West Show,  
The elephant and the kangaroo-o-oo,  
Never mind the weather, as long as we're together,  
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

LEADER: Now here, ladies and gentlemen, in the first cage we have the laughing hyena.

PACK: The laughing hyena? Fantastic! Incredible! What the fuck is a laughing hyena? Tell us about the son-of-a-bitch!!

LEADER: This animal lives up 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 hell he has to laugh about I don't know.

The Giraffe—This creature is the most popular animal in the animal kingdom. Why? Every time he goes into a bar he says, "Gentlemen,



the high-balls are on me."

The Famous Tattooed Lady—On the inside of her left thigh she has tattooed MERRY CHRISTMAS, and on the inside of her right thigh she has tattooed HAPPY NEW YEAR, and she'd like to invite you to come up between the holidays!

The Orangutan—This animal lives in the deepest jungle, and his scrotal sac is so pliant and flexible that as he swings from branch to branch his balls go ORANG-U-TANG, ORANG-U-TANG.

The Oster-reich—This animal, at the first sign of danger, buries its head in the sand and whistles through the 'hole of the afternoon.

The Rhino-sauras—This animal, ladies and gentlemen, is reputed to be the richest in the world. Its name is derived from the Latin "rhino" meaning money, and "sore ass" meaning piles; hence, piles of money.

The Keerie Bird—This bird lives only in the Antarctic, and every time it lands on the ice it says, "Keerie, Keerie, Keeriest, it's cold!"

Prince, the Rock 'n'Roll Star—Yes, ladies and gentlemen, living proof that Little Richard and Liberace were once man and wife!

The Leo-pard—Yes, folks, the leopard has one spot on its coat for every day of the year. What about leap year? George, lift up the leopard's tail and show the lady the 29th of February.

The Winky Wanky Bird—Folks, by some mystery of nature, the nerves of this bird's eyelids are connected to its scrotum. Every time it winks, it wanks, and every time it wanks, it winks. Hey you, boy, stop throwing sand in the bird's eye!

The Ele-phant—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. Madam? Madam? Oh, dear God! George, get the shovel!

The Mathematical Impossibility—Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the girl you see before you in this cage was ate before she was seven!

The Oozle Woozle Bird—These birds fly in a line ahead formation, and at the first sign 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 its own

fundamental orifice, from which it proceeds to shower shit and derision in all directions.

The Tri-angular—Folks, this animal has a triangular orifice. Hence the pyramids and the YWCA.

The Second Tattooed Lady—On one leg she has tattooed FIRE, and on the other leg she had tattooed BRIMSTONE, and in between it looks like HELL!

The Gay-zelle—This pretty little four-footed animal you see on your right, ladies and gentlemen, wot has the peculiarity that every time it leaps from rock to rock it farts, and the scientists are still trying to determine whether it farts because it leaps or whether it leaps because it farts.

The Well-Known Oolie-Goolie Bird—This bird, wot as you will observe if you look carefully at it, has no legs, and is called what it is, ladies and gentlemen, because when the male of the species comes in to land you can hear him cry, "Ooh, me goolies! Ooh, me goolies!"

The French Pervertable—This fine automobile is the last of it's kind, no longer for sale anywhere in the world. Notice the convertible top, the five-speed manual transmission, the automatic cruise control, and the dual halogen headlights. It seats two in the front and comfortably accomodates 69 in the back.

The Antique Sales Lady—The Antique Sales Lady sells only period furniture . . . everything has stains on it.

The Plumb Line Bird—This bird spends most of its time high above the world's oceans, circling in the jet stream until it spies what it is after. Immediately it folds its wings, 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 but continues diving straight down, now with decreasing momentum, until, if it has got the timing precisely right, it comes to a stop behind a sardine which has just farted, whereupon it seizes the bubble in its beak for use in spirit levels.

The Circus Acrobat—If you will but observe the Circus Acrobat's ass you will observe a tattooed M on one cheek and a corresponding M on the other. When he bends over he spells MOM. When he stands on his head he spells WOW. When he turns cartwheels, he

spells WOW MOM WOW.

The Famous Oooh-Aaah Bird—The male of this species, ladies and gentlemen, resides at the North Pole while the female resides at the South Pole. At the appointed season the male Oooh-Aaah flies south from the North Pole and the female Oooh-Aaah flies north from the South Pole until they meet at the Equator, whereupon one can here them call, "Oooooooooooh-Aaaaaaaaaah!"

The Tri-Angular Iceberg—A most uncommon iceberg, ladies and gentlemen, where on the first side you will see an Indonesian keeping a private school, and on the second side an American keeping a private school, while on the third side you will observe a polar bear sliding up and down, keeping his privates cool.

The Homosexual Sparrow—This bird is so called, ladies and gentlemen, because sometimes he flies backwards for a lark.

The Infamous Fuccari Tribe—This tribe, as you will see, dear friends, is composed of small-statured people 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, calling, "Where the Fuccari? Where the Fuccari?"

The Fight Between the Snake and the Ostrich—(Please note that this one is limited only by the teller's imagination and the audience's patience. So far the Guinness Book of Records has refused to list the longest known version, but a respectable average would be around 15 minutes. What follows is a bare outline; embellish it as you will): In the left-hand corner, ladies and gentlemen, stands the ostrich (to be followed by a life history of the contestant, fight record, size of jock strap, etc.), while in the right-hand corner stands the snake (ditto). And there, ladies and gentlemen, goes the bell for round one (followed by a description of the fight this round, and all subsequent rounds, should take at least three minutes of fast talking, and should all end in the same way with the snake diving into the ostrich's mouth, wriggling swiftly through the ostrich's digestive apparatus, and emerging from it's asshole. Because of this clever maneuver, each round goes to the snake, ! until the FINAL round, wherein the snake finally dives into the ostrich's mouth, swiftly wriggles through the ostrich's digestive apparatus, and is ABOUT to emerge from its asshole when the ostrich shoves its beak up its own asshole and says, "Now loop-the-loop, you bastard!").

42. WOODPECKER SONG

Melody—Dixie

Comment: Think this is an old college song. Most hashers don't know it, but it's always a hit when I sing it for them.

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

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

OTHER VERSES:

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

#### 43. YOGI BEAR SONG

Melody—Camptown Races

Comment: The Orange County hash sings this song, and they may well have originated it. New verses appear from time to time as it gains popularity.

(Take turns leading verses)

There is a bear in the deep dark woods,  
Yogi, Yogi,  
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

CHORUS (repeat previous verse): Yogi, Yogi Bear,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear,  
There is a bear in the deep dark woods,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

OTHER VERSES:

Yogi has a little friend, Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo . . .  
Boo-Boo has a girlfriend, Cyndi, Cyndi . . .  
Yogi has a girlfriend, Suzi, Suzi . . .

Cyndi has a shaven snatch, Grizzly, Grizzly . . .  
Cyndi wears crotchless undies, Teddy, Teddy . . .  
Cyndi likes it on the ice, Polar, Polar . . .  
Cyndi gets what she deserves, Pregnant, Pregnant . . .  
Suzi likes it up the rear, Dirty, Dirty . . .  
Suzi's boyfriend has no teeth, Gummi, Gummi . . .  
Suzi's snatch it smells like cheese, Camel, Camel . . .  
Suzi she has great big tits, More than, More than (I can bear) . . .  
Suzi gets four bits an hour, Jingle, Jingle . . .  
Cyndi's tampon has no string, Cotton, Cotton . . .  
Yogi didn't use a condom, Daddy, Daddy . . .  
Boo-Boo likes it upside down, Koala, Koala . . .  
Yogi didn't wipe his butt, Brown, Brown . . .  
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 he has HIV, Dying, Dying . . . (ad nauseam)

### SECTION 3: POEMS & JOKES

#### 44. THE BALLAD OF ESKIMO NELL

Dramatic Recitation

Comment: This is, I think, the complete version of this classic.

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 his 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 a harlot named 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 shootin'ain't so bad.

Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete  
Lived down by Dead Man's Creek,  
And such was their luck 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 wick,  
The action was mighty slow.

So do or dare this horny pair  
Set forth for the Rio Grande,  
Dead-eye Dick with his mighty 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 stood.

They reached the strand of the Rio Grande  
At the height of a blazing noon,  
And to slake their 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 drink or fuck with me."

They'd heard of the man called Dead-eye Dick,  
>From Maine to Panama,  
And with scarcely worse than a muttered curse,  
Those dagos sought the bar.

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

They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete  
twitch on the trigger grip,  
And they didn't waitat a fearful rate,

Those whores began to strip.

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

Now forty asses 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 bungholed 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 ramming trim  
As he backed and took a run,  
He made a dart at the nearest tart,  
And scored a hole in one.

He bore her to the sawdust floor  
And there he swived 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 it was Eskimo Nell.

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 prick burning red.

She stared our hero up and down,  
His looks she seemed to decry,  
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,  
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 thing a tool?"

"If this here town can't take that down,"  
She sneered to those cowering whores,  
"Here's one little cunt 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 a table top  
Where someone had left his glass,  
With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits,  
Between the cheeks of her ass.

She flexed her knees with supple ease,  
And spread her legs apart,  
With a friendly nod to the mangy 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 sexual bliss,



So he played the pantomime.

He flexed his buttocks to and fro  
And made his balls inflate,  
Until they looked like the granite knobs  
On top of a garden gate.

He blew his anus inside out,  
His organ 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 pepperpot.

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 mighty 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 like Dead-eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was an infidel,  
As good as a whole harem,  
With the strength of ten in her abdomen,  
And the rock of ages between.

She could take the stream of a lover's cream  
Like the flush of a water closet,  
And she gripped his cock like the Chatsworth lock

On the National Safe Deposit.

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

Nell lay for awhile and then with a smile,  
The grip of her twat grew keener,  
With a squeeze of her thigh she sucked him dry,  
Like a brand-new 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 tool slipped out,  
Although it was stripped to a thread.

Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet  
To avenge his pal's affront,  
With a jarring jolt his blue-nosed Colt,  
He jammed it up her cunt.

He rammed it up to the trigger grip  
And fired three times three,  
But to his surprise she closed her eyes  
And squealed in ecstasy.

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet,  
"Bully," she said, "for you.  
Though I might have guessed that that was the best

That you poor pussies could do."

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

"I'm going back to the frozen North,  
Where cocks 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 to 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 Rubbers are sold  
Wrapped up in a ball of snow."

"In the valley of death with bated breath  
That's where 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.

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

#### 45. HASH JOKES

The Sunday school teacher asked her class what part of their bodies they thought would get to heaven first.

"Your face," said Suzie, "Because when you're sleeping your face looks up to heaven."

"That's a very good thought, Suzie," said the teacher. "Billy, what do you think?"

"Well, I think it's your head 'cause when you're walking around your head is closest to heaven."

"Yes, that's also a good thought, Billy," said the teacher. "Joey, I see you waving your hand--what do you think?"

"It's your feet," said Joey.

"Now that's a different idea," said the teacher. "Why do you think it's your feet?"

"Cause I went by my parent's bedroom the other morning and mom had her feet stuck way up in the air and she was saying 'Oh, Jesus, I'm coming, I'm coming,' and she might have made it, too, except dad had her pinned down."

The kindergarten teacher was explaining the sense of taste to her students. She asked for three volunteers. Billy, Pauly, and Joey stuck up their hands. She had them stand in front of the room, then blindfolded them. Choosing Billy first, she asked him to open his mouth and stick out his tongue. When he did, she placed a sugar cube on his tongue.

"Now Billy, what does your sense of taste tell you is on your tongue?"

"It's sugar," said Billy.

"That's excellent, Billy," said the teacher. "Now Pauly, open your mouth and stick out your tongue," and the teacher sprinkled a few grains of salt on his tongue.

"Pauly, what does your sense of taste tell you?"

"It's salt," said Pauly.

"Wonderful, wonderful," said the teacher. "Now here's a hard one. Joey, open wide and stick out your tongue." When Joey did as he was asked, she placed a coffee bean on his tongue.

"Well, Joey, what does your sense of taste tell you?"

"Gee, teacher, I can't tell," said Joey.

"Okay, here's a hint," said the teacher. "It's something your mom and pop enjoy in the morning."

Up jumped Suzie from the back row and shouted, "Spit it out, Joey, it's a piece of ass!"

An obviously distraught man was fishing on the bank of a trout stream. Another fisherman, distracted by the angry man's frequent curses, decided to ask what was the matter.

"Excuse me," he said, "and don't take this wrong, but I can't help noticing that you're upset."

"Damn right I'm upset," replied the first fisherman. "It's the first day of my honeymoon, I should be humping my brains out, and here I am fishing instead."

"Oh, gee, I can see why you're pissed off," said the second fisherman. "What's the problem, if you don't mind my asking?"

"Bitch waits till we're married to tell me she has gonorrhea."

"Aw, jeez, that's terrible," said the second fisherman, "but if you don't mind my suggesting it, have you considered oral sex?"

"Can't do that either. The bitch has pyorrhea."

"Oh, that's horrible," said the second fisherman. "Tell you what, though, you could still try anal sex."

"No, that's out. She's got diarrhea."

"Well, Jesus Christ, what's she good for?"

"Worms."

Jack had a parrot who gave him fits. Whenever he'd pick up a girl and bring her to his apartment, the parrot would squawk, "Somebody's gonna get laid tonight!" Every time this happened the girl would get embarrassed and leave. He couldn't get rid of the parrot, and he couldn't teach it to say anything else, so finally he went to the parrot psychologist. The psychologist suggested he get the bird a mate. Jack went to the pet store to buy one, but they were fresh out of parrots. The owner went in back to see what he could find, and came out with an owl. In desperation, Jack bought it. That evening, he put the owl in the cage with the parrot, and since they seemed to be getting along, Jack decided to go out and give them some privacy. Later that night Jack got lucky and came home with a sexy girl. Just as Jack finished putting on the stereo and opening the wine, the parrot squawked, "Somebody's gonna get laid tonight!" The owl said, "Whooo, whooo?" The parrot answered, "Not you, banjo eyes!"

How come Natalie Wood didn't take a shower on board the yacht that night? (she decided to wash up on shore in the morning instead)

What were Christy McAuliff's last words to her husband? ("Don't

forget to feed the dogs. I'll feed the fish.")

Tom wanted to purchase a gift for his sweetheart's birthday, and after careful consideration, he decided on a pair of gloves.

Accompanied by his sweetheart's younger sister, he went to a department store and bought a pair of white gloves. The sister purchased a pair of panties for herself.

During the gift-wrapping, the clerk mixed up the items so that the sister got the gloves and the sweetheart got the panties. Without checking the contents, Tom sent the box to his girlfriend along with this note:

Darling,

I chose these because I noticed that you are not in the habit of wearing any when we go out in the evening. If it had not been for your sister, I would have chosen the long ones with buttons, but she wears short ones that are easy to remove.

These are a delicate shade, but the lady I bought them from showed me a pair she had been wearing for three weeks and they were hardly soiled. I had the sales girl try them on for me and she looked really smart.

I wish I was there to put them on for you the first time, as no doubt other hands will come in contact with them before I have a chance to see you again.

When you take them off, remember to blow in them before putting them away, as they will naturally be a little damp from wearing.

Be sure to keep them on when cleaning them or they might shrink.

Just think how many times I will kiss them during the coming year.

I hope you like them and will wear them for me on Friday night.

All my love,

Tom

p.s. The latest style is to wear them folded down with a little fur showing.

How is a toilet different from a bimbo? (a toilet won't follow you around after you piss all over it)

An old man went to the lawyer to have his will brought up-to-date. When the lawyer was done with the will, the old man extracted a \$100 bill from his wallet to pay the lawyer's fee. The old man handed the bill to the lawyer, not noticing that he'd actually given the lawyer two \$100 bills stuck together. After the old man left the lawyer discovered the error, and was immediately presented with a question of ethics. (should he tell his partner?)

A little boy was standing in line at MacDonald's behind a big fat woman. The fat woman's pager suddenly went off. "Watch

out!"shouted the little boy, "she's backing up!"

A horny old lady was leading a bag boy through the supermarket parking lot. Finding themselves in a secluded corner of the lot with no other people around, she stopped and said, "Oh, young man."

"Yes, ma'am?"said the bag boy.

"Young man,"she said, "I have an itchy twat."

"I'm sorry, ma'am,"answered the bag boy, "I can't tell one Japanese car from another."

What's the difference between a lawyer and a dead skunk in the road? (there's skid marks in front of the skunk)

What do K-Mart and Michael Jackson have in common? (they're both having Blue-Light Specials: boys pants, half off)

The playboy billionaire decided he'd better get his life in order, so one night he called his three mistresses together, introduced them to each other, and announced his plan: "Girls, I've decided to marry one of you and live an honest life. Trouble is I love each of you and can't decide which one of you to marry, so I came up with a test. I'm going to give each of you one million dollars and one year to make what you can out of it. We'll meet again one year from tonight and I'll make my decision then."

A year passed, and the three women came back to his mansion.

"Well, Betty, how did you make out with your million dollars?"he asked.

"Pretty good,"she said, "I invested it in a small chain of upscale boutiques and managed to increase business to the point where I've now got a nationwide chain and a net worth of 700 million."

"And you, Susan?"he asked.

"I blew it on fast cars, pretty clothes, and cocaine, you asshole,"she replied, "and now I'm flat broke."

"And you, Shirley?"he asked.

"I gave the whole million to Mother Teresa for her mission in Calcutta,"she answered.

Which one did he marry? (the one with the big tits)

Why did the punk cross the road? (he was stapled to the chicken)

Up at the state home they held a contest for the morons. They got three contestants up in front of everybody and the emcee announced the rules: "We're going to sing part of a song. At the sound of the buzzer, say the word that finishes the song and then spell it."

The three contestants strained in concentration as the music began:

"Old MacDonald had a (BUZZ)"The first contestant mashed his

answer button and shouted, "Farm! Uh, F-O-R-M."

"Oh, too bad!" yelled the emcee, "Right word, wrong spelling!"

The remaining two contestants then heard the song again: "Old MacDonald had a (BUZZ)" Eagerly pushing his button, the second contestant shouted, "Ranch! R-A-N-C-H."

"Oh, too bad!" groaned the emcee, "Wrong word, right spelling!"

The final contestant then heard the song for the third time: "Old MacDonald had a (BUZZ)" After a long pause his face lit up and he hit the button. "Farm! E-I-E-I-O!"

A young man graduated from Texas A&M and went back home to Amarillo to start a poultry farm. He went to the feed store and bought 500 pullets, which he took home and planted feet first in the field. He watered the pullets, sprinkled them with seed, and knocked off for the day. Coming out to the field next morning he was shocked to find all the pullets dead. He drove straight back to town and bought 500 more pullets from the feed store. This time he planted them head first. After watering them and sprinkling more seed, he knocked off for the day and went to bed. Next morning, he was dismayed to find the second crop of pullets dead.

Not wanting to waste his dwindling resources on another 500 pullets until he knew what he was doing wrong, he sat down and wrote a lengthy letter to the Animal Husbandry Department at Texas A&M. In the letter he carefully described the procedures he had used in planting each batch of pullets, and finished with a plea for advice and assistance.

Two weeks passed slowly, but the budding poultry farmer's patience was justified when he finally found a letter from Texas A&M in his mailbox. Eagerly ripping it open, he found the following message: "Have received your recent communication. Please send soil sample."

What's the difference between a lawyer and a rooster? (the rooster clucks defiance)

What's the difference between a Triscut and a lesbian? (one of them's a snack cracker)

The teenage daughter asked her father if she could use the convertible to drive her friends to the mall.

"Sure," said her father, "as long as you give me a blowjob first."

"Oh, Dad, that's totally gross!" said the daughter.

"Fine," said Dad, "you can always walk to the mall."

Sighing, the daughter got down on her knees as her father pulled out his dick. As soon as she took it in her mouth, though, she spit it out and shouted, "Eww! Your thing tastes like shit!"



"Oh, sorry about that," said Dad, "I forgot to tell you Junior borrowed the Jeep."

The ardent feminist was driving through a desolate part of Wyoming at night when she saw something that caused her to slam on her brakes and stare in stunned disbelief. There, silhouetted in the moonlight on top of a butte, was a cowboy committing an act of bestiality with a sheep. Shocked into immobility, the feminist watched helplessly as the cowboy humped away at the helpless ewe. Finally he finished and withdrew, and the furious feminist, gathering her wits, sped on to the nearest town. Trembling with rage, she pounded on the door of the jail house, rousing the sheriff from a sound sleep. After making a pot of coffee and calming the distraught woman, the sheriff attempted to get to the bottom of all the commotion.

"Now, what exactly did you see and what do you want me to do about it?" asked the sheriff.

"I want you to drive out there and arrest that man," she said. "He raped that ewe against her will."

"Well now, are you sure that's what you saw?" asked the sheriff.

"How could there be any doubt? He had the poor animal's hind feet stuffed down inside his cowboy boots, his pants were down around his knees, I could plainly see his disgusting penis going in and out of the sheep's backside, and when he came he shot off all over it's wool."

"What did the ewe do?" asked the sheriff.

"What do you mean, what did the ewe do?" she shouted. "The poor animal couldn't do anything, it was rape!"

"No, I mean what did the ewe do after?" said the sheriff.

"Oh," she said, "well, after he pulled her feet out of his boots, she sort of turned around and licked his hand."

"Yeah," said the sheriff, with a smile and a dreamy look in his eye, "they'll do that sometimes."

The nervous young man made his way to the head of the ticket line, where he encountered an unusually buxom ticket clerk. "Two pickets to Tittsburg, please," he stammered, and instantly grew beet red in embarrassment.

"Say, don't get upset, son," said the older man behind him in line.

"We all make little slips of the tongue. Why, just this morning I was eating breakfast with the wife and I went to say 'Pass the cream, dear,' but what came out was 'Bitch, you've ruined my life.'"

An attorney and a Catholic priest were standing on the deck of a crowded ship when the captain ran by, shouting "Abandon ship! Women and children first!"

"Fuck the children," said the attorney.  
"Do we have time?" asked the priest.

The little old lady was having trouble crossing the street when two children and their pet dog came skipping up and escorted her across the intersection. Greatly taken with their outgoing friendliness and wholesome appearance, the old lady was effusive in her praise.

"Aren't you the cutest pair of kids I've ever seen," she chirped, "and what a darling little puppy, too! Tell me, are you twins?"

"Yes ma'am," said the perky little girl, "I'm Sandy and this is my brother Rusty."

"Oh, you're so charming," gushed the little old lady. "I bet they call you Sandy because of your pretty blond hair."

"Yes ma'am," said Sandy, shyly scuffing her feet.

"And I bet they call you Rusty because of all those freckles and red hair," said the little old lady.

"Yes ma'am," said Rusty, blushing.

"And what do you call your cute little puppy?" asked the old lady.

"Hee hee," giggled the kids, "we just call him Porky."

"Well, I bet you call him Porky because he's so roly-poly," said the old lady.

"No ma'am," said Sandy, "we call him Porky 'cause he fucks pigs."

What's the difference between a BMW full of attorneys and a porcupine? (the porcupine's pricks are on the outside)

Dazed, the three survivors pulled themselves from the wreckage of their plane, only to find themselves surrounded by a band of fierce cannibals. Before they knew what was happening, the three survivors were trussed to poles and unceremoniously carried to the cannibals' jungle camp. Once there, the cannibals left the survivors tied up in a stockade of sharpened bamboo spears.

Presently the cannibal chieftain appeared and began speaking to them in broken English:

"You make big mistake come here. Now must choose, die or Booga-Booga," said the chieftain, prodding the first survivor with a spear.

Perceiving that he had a choice between sure death and something called "Booga-Booga," the first survivor quickly said, "I choose Booga-Booga!"

Immediately the mob of cannibals rushed into the stockade, grabbed the bewildered survivor by his four limbs, ripped off what was left of his clothing, strapped him face down on a big rock, and began frantically sodomizing him with a splintered stick the size of a baseball bat, all the while chanting, "Booga-Booga, Booga-Booga." Finally exhausted after an afternoon of feverish buggery,

the cannibals filed out of the stockade. The first survivor, barely clinging to life, lay atop the rock, his ruined rectum bleeding copiously. All through the long night he whimpered and cried, to the horror of his fellow prisoners.

In the morning the chieftain returned, and poking his spear at the chest of the second survivor, said, "You choose now, death or Booga-Booga."

Torn between death and something almost as bad, the second survivor meekly whispered, "Booga-Booga."

Instantly the savages were upon him, ravaging his quivering anus even more vigorously than they had the first survivor's the day before, all the while chanting, "Booga-Booga, Booga-Booga, Booga-Booga!" Finally sated, the cannibals filed out of the stockade, leaving the second survivor limp and bleeding on the rock. The third survivor, listening to the cries and whimpers of his two comrades through the long night, formed a steely resolve not to go the way of his predecessors.

In the morning the chieftain made his appearance. "You choose now, death or Booga-Booga."

In a defiant voice, the third survivor proudly announced, "I'll take death!"

A hush fell over the cannibals' camp. "Death?" asked the chieftain.

"Death," repeated the last survivor.

"Okay, you die," said the chieftain, ". . . but first, BOOGA-BOOGA!"

What do bimbos and dog turds have in common? (the older they get the easier they are to pick up)

A lady was waiting at a busy intersection when she saw a blind man with a seeing-eye dog standing on the opposite sidewalk. To her horror, the seeing-eye dog suddenly charged into the street, pulling the hapless blind man into the speeding traffic. Dodging and weaving between skidding, fish-tailing cars, the dog and blind man somehow made it to her side of the street. Then, as she watched in amazement, the blind man reached into his pocket, pulled out a milk bone, and held it out to the dog.

Unable to contain herself, the lady approached the blind man.

"Do you know that dog almost got you killed?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am, I sure do," replied the blind man.

"Then why in creation are you rewarding it?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm not rewarding it. I'm trying to find out which end is its head so I can kick its ass."

This guy had a really nasty pit bull. The dog bit so many people that one day the neighbors converged on his house and demanded he

have it put to sleep. He refused to part with the dog, but in response to the neighbors' threats he agreed to take the dog to the vet and have it spayed, on the assumption that this would curb the dog's aggressiveness.

Loading the pit bull into the back of his pickup truck, he set out for the vet. Not one block later, the dog leapt out of the pickup bed and started chasing a drunk down the sidewalk. Fearing that if his dog bit one more person he'd be forced to have it put to sleep, he chased the dog down, grabbing it seconds before it would have caught the drunk.

"I'm really sorry, said the dog's owner, "I'm on my way to the vet's right this minute to get the dog castrated."

"Jesus," slurred the drunk, "wha'hell you havin' it castrated for? You oughta take a goddamn thing to the dentist an' get 'is goddamn teeth pulled. Minute I see that som-bitch comin' I coulda told you it wasn't comin' ta fuck me!"

Reasons Hashing interferes with sex . . .

Harrier (to Harriette):

"During the past year I've tried to make love to you 365 times. I've succeeded 36 times, which is an average of about once every 10 days. The following is a list of why I didn't succeed more often:

- 54 times the sheets were clean and you didn't want to get them dirty
- 32 times it was too late (after the hash . . . what do you expect?)
- 49 times you were too tired from hashing
- 20 times it was too early . . . you had to rest up for the hash
- 3 times you said the neighbor would hear us
- 22 times you had a hangover from the Tuesday hash
- 7 times you were sunburned from the Sunday hash
- 9 times you said your mother would hear us
- 43 times you weren't in the mood . . . you were getting ready to go hashing
- 17 times you were afraid of waking the kid
- 6 times you were watching InterHash videos
- 5 times you didn't want to take off your hash clothes
- 16 times you were too sore after a long trail
- 12 times it was the wrong time of the month
- 34 times you had to get up early to go hashing

"Of the 36 times I did succeed, the activity was less than satisfactory because 6 times you just lay there, 8 times you reminded me there was a crack in the ceiling, 14 times you told me to hurry because you had to hash, 7 times I had to wake you up to tell you I was finished, and once I was afraid I hurt you because I felt you move."

Harriette (to Hasher):

"I think you have things a little confused. Here are the real reasons you didn't get more than you did:

- 98 times you were too busy hashing
- 30 times you came home from the hash too late
- 44 times you didn't come home from the hash at all
- 21 times you didn't come
- 33 times you came too soon
- 19 times you went soft before you got it in
- 4 times you got it into someone else
- 5 times you came home drunk from the hash and tried to fuck the cat
- 10 times your toes were in a cramp from hashing
- 29 times you had to get up early to go hashing
- 2 times you were in a fight and somebody kicked you in the balls
- 2 times you had a sand spur in your balls
- 3 times you had a hangover from hashing
- 20 times you lost the notion after hashing
- 6 times you came in your running shorts after looking at the hash photo album

"Of the times we did get together, the reason I lay still was because you missed and were screwing the sheets. I wasn't talking about the crack in the ceiling, what I said was "would you prefer me on my back or kneeling?" The time you felt me move was because you farted and I was trying to catch my breath."

An old lawyer and a young lawyer were standing on the sidewalk when an attractive woman walked by.

"I'd like to fuck her," said the young lawyer.

"Outta what?" asked the old one.

Jack went to the pro and said, "I'm going to have to give up golf for the rest of my life. The doctors just told me my cataracts are getting worse and they can't operate. I can't see the ball anymore."

"Well," said the pro, "maybe there's something we can do about that. How about I pair you up with old Fred there? He's pretty feeble, but he's got eyes like a hawk. He'll keep track of your ball for you."

So Jack and Fred paired up and headed for the first tee. Once there, Jack addressed the ball and took a mighty swing with his driver.

With a sharp "whack," the ball soared down the green.

"Do you see it, Fred?" asked Jack.

"Oh, yeah, and it's flying," answered Fred.

"Do you still see it?" asked Jack.

"Yes, it's coming down now," said Fred.

"Where is it?" asked Jack.

". . . I don't remember," said Fred.

A brown bear barged into a bar in Billings, Montana, and asked for a beer.

"Sorry, we don't serve beers to brown bears in bars in Billings, Montana," said the bartender.

The bear left but barged in again five minutes later and again demanded a beer.

"Look, you'll have to leave or I'll call the cops," said the bartender, "we don't serve beers to brown bears in bars in Billings, Montana."

"See this broad next to me at the bar?" said the bear, "If you don't serve me a beer right now I'll bite her fucking head off."

"Sorry," said the bartender, "we don't serve beers to brown bears in bars in Billings, Montana."

With that, the bear leaned over and bit the woman's head clean off.

"Now are you going to serve me a goddamn beer?" said the bear.

"Sorry, we don't serve beers to drug-addict brown bears in bars in Billings, Montana," said the bartender.

"What's this shit about drugs?" said the outraged bear.

"Are you kidding?" asked the bartender, "I saw the bar bitch you ate."

A tourist wanders into a back-alley antique shop in San Francisco's Chinatown. Picking through the objects on display he discovers a detailed, life-sized bronze sculpture of a rat. The sculpture is so interesting and unique that he picks it up and asks the shop owner what it costs.

"Twelve dollars for the rat, sir," says the shop owner, "and a thousand dollars more for the story behind it."

"You can keep the story, old man," he replies, "but I'll take the rat."

The transaction complete, the tourist leaves the store with the bronze rat under his arm. As he crosses the street in front of the store, two live rats emerge from a sewer drain and fall into step behind him. Nervously looking over his shoulder, he begins to walk faster, but every time he passes another sewer drain, more rats come out and follow him. By the time he's walked two blocks, at least a hundred rats are at his heels, and people begin to point and shout. He walks even faster, and soon breaks into a trot as multitudes of rats swarm from sewers, basements, vacant lots, and abandoned cars. Rats by the thousands are at his heels, and as he sees the waterfront at the bottom of the hill, he panics and starts to run full tilt. No matter how fast he runs, the rats keep up, squealing hideously, now not just thousands but millions, so that by the time he comes rushing up to the water's edge a trail of rats twelve city blocks long is behind him.

Making a mighty leap, he jumps up onto a light post, grasping it with one arm while he hurls the bronze rat into San Francisco Bay with the other, as far as he can heave it. Pulling his legs up and

clinging to the light post, he watches in amazement as the seething tide of rats surges over the breakwater into the sea, where they drown. Shaken and mumbling, he makes his way back to the antique shop. "Ah, so you've come back for the rest of the story," says the owner. "No," says the tourist, "I was wondering if you have a bronze lawyer."

Name three things a woman can do that no other animal can. (bleed for a week without dying, make milk without eating hay, and bury a bone without getting her nose dirty)

The little boy approached his father and said, "Daddy, I heard a new word today. What's a cunt?" The father opened his desk drawer and drew out a pencil and a copy of Hustler magazine. Opening the magazine to the centerfold, he drew a circle around the model's wide-spread crotch, then handed the magazine to his son. Pointing to the circle, the son asked, "So that's a cunt?" "No, son," answered the father, "that's a pussy. The rest of the bitch is the cunt."

#### 46. LIMERICKS

Comment: The chorus is sung, the limericks spoken. Lead passes from person to person, and in the variation I know best, whoever recited the last limerick shouts out the personal insult in the following chorus. Very popular among fighter pilots. Will tape a chorus for you. By the way, my friends and I wrote several of these limericks. The rest are from all over.

CHORUS: Aye, aye, aye, aye,  
(insert personal insult): Your mother's a whore on a troopship,  
So sing me another verse that's worse than the other verse,  
And waltz me around by my willie.

(more insults): Your mother and father were brothers  
Your brother fills empty cream donuts  
Your father eats your brother's cream donuts  
Your sister eats bat shit off cave walls  
Your mother sucks farts from dead chickens  
Your mother and sister are brothers  
Your sister leaves slime trails like snails  
Your mother does squat thrusts on fireplugs  
Your brother eats grandfather'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 mom 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 uses hamsters for tampons  
Your sister rides bikes without seats  
Your mother's so dry the crabs carry canteens  
Your mother goes down on Rush Limbaugh  
Rush Limbaugh goes down on your sister

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?"

A hasher observed on his bum,  
A boil as big as his thumb,  
The doc said "Let's lance it,"  
The hasher said, "Eat shit,  
Medice, cura te ipsum." (physician, heal thyself)

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 banana,  
Which she sucked bit by bit,  
>From her partner's warm slit,  
In the most approved lesbian manner.

A hasher, disgustingly vile,  
Was swallowed by a crocodile,  
Who digested his skin,  
And most things within,  
But choked on his membrum virile.



In the Garden of Eden sat Adam,  
Just stroking the butt of his madam,  
He was quaking with mirth,  
For on all of the earth,  
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

There was a young lady named Alice,  
Who pissed in the Archbishop's chalice,  
It was not for the need,  
She committed the deed,  
But simple sectarian malice.

A front-running bastard named Moffat,  
At seduction was one very cool cat,  
He'd spread open their thighs,  
With sweetly-voiced lies,  
While whispering "Exitus acta probat." (the end justifies the means)

A young married couple from Aberystwyth,  
Knew another young couple they played whist with,  
They all managed when able,  
To reach under the table,  
And play with what the other ones pissed with.

A mathematician named Fine,  
Always showed her classes a good time,  
Instead of multiplication,  
She taught fornication,  
And never got past sixty-nine.

There was a young dino named Barney,  
Whose treatment of kids was quite smarmy,  
He'd probe every hole,  
Then swallow 'em whole,  
Till his shit looked like children con carne.

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 once was a woman from Phlox,  
Who set dynamite off in her box,  
To describe the sensation,  
She cried with elation,

"It's better than elephant cocks!"

A woman from South Carolina,  
Placed fiddle strings 'cross her vagina,  
With proper sized cocks,  
What was sex, became Bach's  
Toccata and Fugue in D Minor.

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.

A horny old hasher from Brest,  
Showed up at Down-Downs undressed,  
When the harriettes all ran away,  
He said, "There'll be another day,  
Dum vita est, spes est." (while there's life, there's hope)

A certain young 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's a charming young lady named Julie,  
Who's often been screwed by yours truly,  
But now . . . it's appallin',  
My balls always fall in!  
I fear that I've fucked her unduly.

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.

While Titian was mixing rose madder,  
He espied a nude girl on a ladder.  
Her position to Titian,  
Suggested coition,  
So he climed up the ladder and had 'er.

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.

A Roman who hailed from Gadondom,  
Used a fried hedgehog's hide for a condom.  
His mistress did shout,  
As he pulled the thing out,  
"De gustibus non disputandum!"(there is no disputing taste)

There was a young man from Aberystwyth,  
Who said to 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.

The OnSec from old Tallahassee  
Found his dick turning into a cacti,  
When his friends asked "Who did it?"  
He said, "I don't know shit,  
But undoubtedly, dux femina facti."(a woman is the perpetrator of the deed)

There was an old whore 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 in Brent,  
Whose old man's pecker was bent,  
She said with a sigh,  
"Oh why must it die?"

Let's fill it with Portland Cement."

There was a young man of Koblenz,  
The size of whose balls was immense,  
One day playing soccer,  
He sprung his left knocker,  
And kicked it right over the fence.

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 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)

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.

There was a young lady named Alice,  
Who thought of her cunt as a chalice,  
One night sleeping nude,  
She woke, feeling lewd,  
And found in her chalice a phallus.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

When Hillary said there would be no,  
White males on the cabinet or she'd go,  
An ex-lover named Flowers,  
Said, "Will, use your powers,  
Te hominum esse memento." (remember you are a man)

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 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.

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.

There once was a Duchess of Bruges,  
Whose cunt was incredibly huge,  
Said the King to his 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 did the fandango on skates,  
He fell on his cutlass,  
Which rendered him nutless,  
And practically useless on dates.

A woman from on the Equator,  
Once went out to sea on a freighter,  
She was screwed by the master,  
An utter disaster,  
But the crew all made up for it later.

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.

There once was a whore on the dock,  
>From dusk unti dawn she sucked cock,  
Till one day, 'tis said,  
She gave so much head,  
She exploded and whitewashed the dock.

There was a young man of Belgrave,  
Who kept a dead whore in a cave,  
He said, "I admit,  
I'm a bit of a shit,  
But think of the money I save."

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno,  
Said, "Fucking is one thing I do know,  
A woman is fine,  
And sheep are 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 poet named Dude,  
Whose wife was a bit of a prude,  
But after a beer,  
She'd start feeling queer,  
And ask the whole room if they screwed.

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 Bishop of Buckingham,  
Who wrote "Assholes and Twelve Ways of Rooting 'em,"  
He then went berserk,  
When outdone by a Turk,  
Who wrote "Goats and Twelve Ways of Fucking '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'd 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 his foreskin away.

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.

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 young man from Boston,  
Who tried to get laid in a Nissan,  
There was room for his ass,  
And three gallons of gas,  
But his balls hung outside and he lost 'em.

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."

There was a young damsel named Baker,  
Who was poked in a pew by a Quaker,  
He yelled, "My God!  
What do you call thata twat?



Why the entrance is more than 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.

A poofster from old Khartoum,  
Lured two lesbians up to his room,  
They argued all night,  
Over who had the right,  
To do what, and with which, and to whom.

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.

There once was a man of Cape Nod,  
Who attempted to bugger a cod,  
When up came some scallops,  
That nibbled his ballocks,  
And now he's a eunuch, by God.

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 the loft,  
Having reasoned that candles,  
Could never cause scandals,  
Besides which they did not go soft.

There was a poor wretch from Cape Horn,  
Who wished he'd never been born,  
He wouldn't have been,  
If his father had seen,  
That the end of his rubber 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, old 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 Killeen,  
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, the exemplar of class,  
One time was romancing a lass,  
When she used the word, "Damn,"  
He rebuked her, "Please ma'am,  
Keep a more civil tongue up my ass."

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 Kew,  
Who said as the Bishop withdrew,  
"The Vicar is slicker,  
And quicker and thicker,  
And two inches longer than you."

The selfsame young lady of Kew,  
Said as the Vicar withdrew,  
"The Verger's emerger,  
Is longer and larger,  
And he gets his ballocks in too."

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 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."

A shiftless young man from Kent,  
Made his wife fuck the landlord for rent,  
But as she got older,  
The landlord got colder,  
And now they live in a tent.

There was a young couple named Kelly,  
Who were found stuck belly to belly,  
Because in their haste,  
They used library paste,

Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young lady of Trail,  
Who offered her body for sale,  
She was kind to the blind,  
For on her behind,  
Her prices were written in Braille.

A clever young harlot from Kew,  
Filled up her vagina with glue,  
She said, with a grin,  
"If they'll pay to get in,  
They can pay to get out of it too."

There was a young fellow from Kent,  
Whose tool was most horribly bent,  
To save himself trouble,  
He put it in double,  
And instead of coming, he went.

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."

Classical hasher, the Flying  
Booger, had all the girls sighing,  
By praising their twats in,  
Both Greek and in Latin,  
Then fucking them till they were dying.

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)

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.

The brilliant young physicist Fisque,

Was determined a security risque,  
For acts of perversion,  
Were his main diversion,  
At which one can only say, "Tisque."

A frustrated virgin named Pugh,  
Once dreamed she was having a scrugh,  
Repenting her sin,  
he awoke with chagrin,  
At finding it perfectly trugh.

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?"

A guru from eastern Tibet  
Now this is the strangest one yet  
Had a member so long,  
So pointed and strong,  
He could skewer six yaks en brochette.

A hillbilly farmer named Hollis,  
With possums and snakes sought his solace,  
His children had scales,  
And prehensile tails,  
And voted for Governor Wallace.

#### 47. POETRY

Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was 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!

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.

When Mary had a little lamb,  
The doctor was surprised.

But when Old MacDonald had a farm,  
The doctor nearly died.

Little Jack Horner  
Sat in the corner,  
Fingering his sister Mary.  
He stuck in his thumb,  
And pulled out a plum,  
And said, "Ain't it supposed to be a 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, "What's in the bowl, bitch?"

Little Miss Muffet,  
Sat on a tuffet,  
Eating her curds and whey.  
Along came another spider,  
And crawled up inside her,  
So she crushed it to death with her spoon.

Jack be nimble,  
Jack be quick,  
Jack jumped over the candlestick,  
Jack be nimble,  
Jack be quick,  
Jackie boy he singed his prick.

Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone.  
But when old Mother bent over,  
Rover he drove her, 'cause  
He had a bone of his own.

Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor daughter a dress.  
When she got there the cupboard was bare,

And so was her daughter, I guess.

There once was an old lady,  
Who 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,  
To fetch a pail of water,  
Jill came down with half a crown,  
But not for fetching water.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
On an elephant.  
Jill got down and helped  
Jack off the elephant.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,  
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,  
Had one fucking big omelette.

#### 48. THE SHIT LIST

Comment: This is based on a well-known bit of "Xerox-" or "Fax-ware," the sort of thing circulated by bored office employees. Things like this are meant to be read rather than recited. I've tried to improve on it, so can claim this as my own version.

The Ghost—You know you've shit; it smells like shit; there's shit on the toilet paper; but there's nothing in the toilet.

Teflon-Coated Shit—Also known as the Ronald Reagan. Comes out so slick, clean, and easy you don't even feel it. No traces on the paper. You have to look in the bowl to be sure.

Goosey Shit\*—Has the consistency of hot tar. You wipe yourself 12 times and still don't come clean. You end up stuffing toilet paper in your drawers to keep from staining them. This shit leaves permanent marks on the porcelain.

The Not Again! Shit—You're all done and standing up when you realize you have to shit some more.

The Vein-Popper—It won't come out until you're all sweaty, trembling, and purple. This is the one that killed Elvis.

The Richard Simmons—You shit so much you lose ten pounds.

Corn Shit—Self-explanatory.

The Right Now! Shit—You'd better be within ten feet of a toilet. Usually it's part-way out by the time you get your pants down.

Green Shit—Almost always the result of eating spinach salad.

The Noisy Shit\*—Accompanied by loud, stuttering farts that you can't seem to control. This shit would embarrass Roseanne Barr.

The Sneaky Shit—You're standing there taking a piss and you feel a little fart building up. You let it fly, and guess what? Surprise!

The King Kong\*—This one is so big you have to break it into smaller chunks before it'll flush. A coat hanger works well for this task.

The Cork Shit\*—Also known as the Floater. Even after the third flush it's still there.

Wet Cheeks Shit—Hits the water sideways and makes a big splash. It invariably occurs when you're down to the last sheet of toilet paper.

The Calamari Express—Also known as the Clinger. Comes after dining on octopus or squid. Those little tentacles latch onto your asshole and won't let go.

The Wish Shit—You sit for hours, all cramped up, and produce only a few farts.

Cement Block Shit—You wish you'd gotten a spinal block before you dropped this load.

The Achoo Shit\*—Akin to an anal sneeze, it explodes with sudden and great force. You'd better check the toilet afterwards, because it'll spray everywhere, even up on the bottom of the seat.

Snake Shit—Fairly soft, about as big around as your thumb, and three feet long.

Mexican Food Shit—Also known as the Screamer. You'll know it's safe to eat again when your asshole stops burning.



Beer Drunk's Shit\*—Comes the day after the night before. Shit usually smells bad, but this shit smells BAAAAAD!

\* Only occurs when there's a person of the opposite sex standing outside waiting to use the bathroom. Usually you're in someone else's house.

#### 49. TOASTS

Comment: Except for the first and last toasts, these are from fighter pilot songbooks, and many are quite ancient.

##### TO A MAN:

May the bleeding piles possess him and adorn his bloody feet,  
May crabs the size of horseturds climb up his legs and eat;  
And when he's as old as I am and naught but a bloody wreck,  
May his head fall down through his asshole and break his fucking neck.

##### TO YOUTH:

When I was a young man, I used to be so proud,  
I had a cock so mighty, I wanted to shout out loud.  
It never took a day off; it was always there,  
And every morning when I shaved, it would stand and stare.  
Now I'm old and weary, my pilot light's gone out,  
What used to be my sex appeal is now my water spout,  
Oh, I'm gray and wrinkled, and it sure gives me the blues,  
To see the thing hang down my leg to watch me shine my shoes.

When I was a little girl, I had a little quim;  
I'd stand before the looking-glass, and put one finger in.  
But now that I am old and gray, and losing all my charm,  
I can get five fingers in, and half my fucking arm.

##### TO WOMEN:

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 who 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 trees  
And lift girls' chemises

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 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 the girl who I love best,  
I love her best when she's undressed,  
I'd fuck her sitting, standing, lying,  
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!

TO A LIFE WELL-LIVED:  
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!

TO DRINK:  
If I had a dog that could piss this stuff  
(hold up beer mug)  
And if I thought he could piss enough  
I'd tie his head to the foot of the bed  
And suck his dick till we both were dead!

#### SECTION 4: SWEET LOVIN'

##### 50. A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

Melody—A Few of My Favorite Things

Comment: At Interhashes (regional hash conventions are held every year; world Interhash is every other year), men and women from different hash clubs compete in song and skit contests. This song came from an Interhash songbook, and was almost certainly invented for the occasion. There are several songs of this type,

which I identify as Interhash songs or parodies.

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.

51. "A,"YOU'VE GOT ASSHOLE STAINS

Melody—"A,"You're Adorable

Comment: I believe this is an Interhash song.

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.

52. ALI BOOGIE

Melody—???

Comment: This must be American, and I'm surprised it's not in your book. Don't know the melody.

CHORUS: I boogied last night,  
And the night before,  
I'm goin'back tonight,  
And boogie some more.

Mama's on the bottom,  
Papa's on the top,  
Baby's in the attic,  
Fillin'rubbers with snot.

Mama's on the bottom,  
Papa's on the top,  
Baby's in the cradle yellin',  
"Shove it to 'er, Pop!"

Mama's in the hospital,  
Papa's in jail,

Sister's in the corner cryin',  
"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.

Papa's got a watch,  
Mama's got a ring,  
Sister's got a baby,  
>From shakin'that thing.

One and one makes two,  
Two and two makes four,  
If the bed breaks down,  
We'll fuck on the floor.

### 53. THE BALL OF KERRYMUIR

Melody—Itself

Comment: A very popular classic. I wonder if I have even half the verses here. Will tape the melody.

(Take turns leading verses)

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 partners,  
Arseholes against the walls,  
If you never got laid on a Saturday night,  
You'll never get laid at all.

Four and twenty prostitutes  
Came up from Glockamore,  
And when the ball was over  
They were all of them double bore.

The village cripple he was there,

He wasn't up to much,  
He lined 'em up against the wall,  
And diddled 'em 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.

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

The village policeman he was there,  
The pride of all the force,  
They found him in the stable,  
Wanking off his horse.

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 humping in the hallways  
And humping in the ricks,  
You couldn't hear the music  
For the swishing of the dicks.

'Twas ballocks in the kitchen,  
And ballocks in the halls,  
You couldn't hear the music  
For the clanging of the balls.

'Twas fellatio in the anteroom,  
Cunnilingus on the stairs,  
You couldn't see the carpet  
For the cunts and curly hairs.

Sandy McPherson he came along,  
It was a bloody shame,  
He fucked a lassie forty times,  
And wouldna take her haim.

The parson's daughter she was there,  
The cunning little runt,

With poison ivy up her bum,  
And thistle up her cunt.

The vicar's wife, well she was there,  
A-sitting by the fire,  
Knitting rubber johnnies  
Out of India rubber tire.

The village idiot he was there,  
Sitting on a pole,  
He pulled his foreskin over his head  
And whistled through the hole.

Mrs. O'Malley she was there,  
She had the crowd in fits,  
A-jumping off the mantelpiece  
And bouncing on her tits.

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

The village magician he was there,  
Up to his favorite trick,  
Pulling his asshole over his head,  
And standing on his prick.

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

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

Now farmer Giles he was there,  
His sickle in his hand,  
And every time he swung around  
He circumcised the band.

The vicar's wife she was still there,  
Back against the wall,  
"Put your money on the table, boys,

I'm fit to do ye all."

The vicar and his goodly wife  
Were having lots of fun,  
The parson had his finger  
Up another lady's bum.

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

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

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

They was shagging in the couches,  
They was shagging in the cots,  
And lying up against the wall  
Were rows of grinning sots.

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

Giles he played a dirty trick,  
We canna let it pass,  
He showed a lass his mighty prick,  
Then shoved it up her arse.

Bayard Stockton he was there,  
Drunk beyond a doubt,  
He tried to stuff the parson's wife,  
But couldna get the root.

Jockie Stewart did his business  
Right upon the moor,  
It was, he thought, much better



Than pissing on the floor.

A couple of Hashers they were there,  
A-looking for a fuck,  
But every cunt was occupied  
And they were out of luck.

Mike McMurdock when he got there,  
His stand was long and high,  
But when he'd shagged her forty times,  
His balls were squeezed and dry.

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

McCardew-Roberts he was there,  
His flagpole all alert,  
But when half the night was done,  
It was dragging in the dirt.

The chimney sweep he was there,  
They had to throw him out,  
For every time he passed his wind,  
The room was filled with soot.

The doctor's daughter she was there,  
She went to gather sticks,  
She couldna find a blade of grass,  
For cunts and standing pricks.

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.

Now little Tommy he was there,  
But he was only eight,  
He couldna root the women,

So he had to masturbate.

The village postman he was there,  
The poor man had the pox,  
He couldna shag the ladies,  
So he fucked the letterbox.

The village idiot he was there,  
A-leaning on the gate,  
He couldna find a partner  
So he had to flatulate.

The blacksmith's father he was there,  
A-roaring like a lion,  
He'd cut is rod off in the forge,  
So he used a red-hot iron.

And so the ball was over,  
They all went home to rest,  
And the music had been exquisite,  
But the fucking was the best.

#### 54. BALL OF YARN

Melody—???

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,  
I gently pinched her knobs,  
And asked to spin her little ball of yarn.

She undressed before my sight,  
We went at it all the night,  
Her little body shaking stem 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 upon 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 bathroom and my shame,  
The shadow of my pecker on the wall.  
And the ladies as they pass,  
Stick hatpins in my ass,  
And little mice play hopscotch with my little ball of yarn.

#### 55. BIG BAMBOO

Melody—Working For the Yankee Dollar

Comments: This came from a Thailand hash club songbook, and may be an Interhash song. The melody may be what they say it is, but I've never heard of the song.

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

#### 56. BIG RED ROSE

Melody—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?

#### 57. BOOM, OOOH, YAKATATA

Melody—Will You Kiss Me Tonight

Comment: Interhash song.

CHORUS (continuously): Boom, oooh, yakatata

Will you miss me tonight when I'm gone?  
Will you go to bed with your see-through nightie 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?  
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.

#### 58. BY THE LIGHT

Melody—By the Light of the Flickering 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.

#### 59. CHAPPED HIDE

Melody—Rawhide

Comment: More and more, female hashers are coming up with  
raunchy songs. This is one of them.

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!!

#### 60. CUCUMBER SONG

Melody—Botany Bay

Comment: This came from a Thailand hash songbook and seems  
pretty fresh. Possible Interhash song.

A restless young lady from Phuket,  
Developed a wonderful trend,

To purchase cucumbers for pleasure,  
'Cause she found they were better than men.

CHORUS: So line up for your cucumbers, ladies,  
They're selling for two bucks apiece,  
Your frustrated days are all over,  
'Cause cucumbers never get pissed.

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

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

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

61. DON'T THAT BASTARD  
GET ANY BIGGER?  
Melody—Put Another Log On the Fire  
Comment: Another Interhash song from Thailand.

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 till 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.

## 62. DON'T SAY NO

Melody—???

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.

## 63. THE ENGINEER'S DREAM

Melody—Itself

Comment: There are several versions of this classic both in and out of the hash. This is the version I know best. Most groups who sing this have favorite "song-ender" verses; I put several down to give you the idea. Some people sing "ah-humm, ah-humm" between lines but others make complicated machinery-like sounds such as "hummm, ticky-tacky." Rude gestures go with "balls of brass," "bloody great wheel," and "prick of steel." Will tape the melody for you.

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

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

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

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

He tied her ankles to the foot of the bed, etc . . .  
He tied her wrists above her head.

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

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

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

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

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

(BACK TO SPEED . . .)  
Round and round went the bloody great wheel, etc...  
In and out went the prick of steel.

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

She was split from ass to tit, etc . . .  
And the whole fucking issue was covered in SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!

SONG ENDERS (OPTIONAL):

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

The last time, sir, that prick was seen, etc . . .  
It was over in England fucking the Queen.

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

It jumped upon an uptown bus, etc . . .  
And the mess it made caused quite a fuss.



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

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

Now we come to the bit that's blue, etc . . .  
It finished with him and it's looking for YOU!

#### 64. FONDLE ME WITH CARE

Melody—Handle Me With Care

Comment: Interhash song.

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.

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.

#### 65. FURBURGER KING

Melody—Burger King Jingle

Comment: Since it's based on the jingle it can't be very old. Pretty sure it didn't come from the hash.

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.

#### 66. (I WANT A) GANG BANG

Melody—Itself

Comment: Another well-known classic with a rotating lead. The chorus is sung but the knock-knock verses are spoken. Will tape the melody for you.

(Take turns leading verses)

CHORUS: I want a gang bang if I could,  
Because a gang bang feels so good.  
When I was younger and in my prime,  
I used to gang bang all the time.  
Now I'm older and getting gray,  
I only gang bang once a day.

SINGER: Knock, knock.

PACK: Who's there?

SINGER: Ida.

PACK: Ida who?

SINGER: Ida want another gang bang if I could,  
Because a gang bang feels so good, etc . . .

#### OTHER VERSES:

Ben/Ben dover and have another . . .

Turner/Turner over and have another . . .

Sam and Janet/Sam and Janet evening I'd have a . . .

Bob/Bob down and let's have another . . .

Orange/Orange you glad I didn't say Bob down and let's have  
another . . .

Ranger/A ranger her for best entry at the . . .

Oliver/Oliver clothes were off at the . . .

Peter Meter/My peter'll meet her at the . . .

Dolly Parton/Dolly's partin'her thighs at the . . .

Tijuana/Tijuana bring your mama to the . . .

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

Betty/Betty'll have a sore dick . . .  
Europa/Europa to the bed post for the . . .  
Extinct/Extinct like fish at the . . .  
Eileen/Eileen her over the sofa at the . . .  
Sharon/Sharon share alike at the . . .  
Hedda/Hedda lotta sex at the . . .  
Mason Dixon/Mason's Dixon's the girl at the . . .  
Ima/Ima glad we had this . . .  
Eisenhower/Eisenhower late for the . . .  
Witchy/Witchy one your gonna fuck at the . . .  
Kenya/Kenya gimme directions to the . . .  
M. R./M. R. some nice-a tits at the . . .  
Charlie Pride/Charlie pried her legs apart at the . . .  
Banana/Banana na na na na na . . .(and so on)

#### 67. GIVE ME A CLONE

Melody—Home on the Range

Comment: My friend ZiPpy sent this one, but didn't tell me where he got it. It's certainly clever.

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 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.

#### 68. GONORRHEA

Melody—Vilikins and His Dinah

Comment: Interhash song from Thailand. I don't know this melody, unfortunately.

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.

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.

#### 69. GREEN GROW THE RASHES O

Melody—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 lassies 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.

#### 70. HARVEST OF LOVE

Melody—???

Comment: This is from an Orange County hash songbook. Have never heard it performed and don't know how it goes.

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.

#### 71. HELLO PENIS

Melody—Sound of Silence

Comment: A modern parody, probably a college song. Have seen it  
in several fighter pilot and hash songbooks.

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.

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.

#### 72. HERPES FAMILY

Melody—Addams Family

Comment: Taken from a Washington DC hash songbook. Don't know anything more about it.

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)  
Da da da da, Da da da da, Da da da da

You can hardly see 'em,  
But when you start a-pee'n,  
They really get ya screamin',  
The Herpes Family!

#### 73. HERPES SONG

Melody—She Loves You

Comment: Interhash song.

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.

#### 74. HOT VAGINA Melody—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.

#### 75. HOW ASHAMED I WAS Melody—???

Comment: An older Interhash song that may be an adapted version  
of a yet older song. I wish I knew how this one went!

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,  
Oh gor blimey how ashamed I was!

#### OTHER VERSES:

I touched her on the knee—she said "You're fairly free."  
I touched her on the thigh—she said "You're fairly 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 the top—I tried to make her stop.  
She rode me like a horse—I came 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.  
Then she called me a nasty name—"You fucking Hashers are all the same."

#### 76. HOW TO HANDLE A DATE (DUET)

Melody—Que Sera, Sera

Comment: Interhash song.

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.

#### 77. I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

Melody—Itself

Comment: The classic, followed by an Interhash variant for women singers. Will tape the melody for you.

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 bullet up me arsehole,  
Don't want me buttocks shot away,  
I want to stay in England,  
Jolly, jolly England,  
And fornicate me bloomin'life away, gor blimey

Monday I touched her on the ankle,  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,  
On Wednesday, I confess, I lifted up her dress,  
Thursday I saw you-know-what,  
Friday I put me hand upon it,  
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak (Tweak! Tweak!)  
And Sunday after supper, I put the old boy up 'er,  
And now she earns me forty bob a week, gor blimey

Call out the Regimental Army,  
Call out the Navy and Marines,  
Call out me mother,  
Me sister and me brother,  
But for God's sake,  
Don't call me, gor blimey

#### 78. I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE CONVENT

Melody—Same

I don't want to join the 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.

#### 79. IF I WERE THE MARRYING KIND

Melody—???

Comment: Rugby song, melody unknown.

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 find touch together,  
We'd be all right in the middle of the night,  
Finding touch together.

#### OTHER VERSES:

Wing three-quarter—go hard.  
Centre three-quarter—pass it out.  
Rugby fly-half—whip it out.  
Rugby scrum-half—put it in.  
Rugby hooker—strike hard.

Big pop-forward—bind tight.  
Rugby referee—blow hard.  
Spectator—come again.

#### 80. I LIKE COCK

Melody—Three Blind Mice

Comment: This and the following are from a Thailand hash songbook and may be Interhash songs.

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.

#### 81. I LIKE CUNT

Melody—Three Blind Mice

I like cunt,  
I like cunt,  
Ain't it cute,  
Ain't it cute?  
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.

#### 82. I LOVE MY WIFE

Melody—Itself

Comment: Another classic. Popular in the Air Force, but not well known in the hash. Will tape melody for you.

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).

#### 83. INCEST IS BEST

Melody—Tie Me Kangeroo Down, Boys

Comment: A variation of "Bestiality's Best." Have heard reports of other variations, including Colostomy's Best, Vegetarianism's Best, etc.

(Take turns leading verses)

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—INCEST!  
Give a piece to your niece, boys,  
Give a piece to your niece, because . . .

OTHER VERSES:

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 love to your Coz, 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 in your Mommie, boys . . .

84. INCEST TIME IN TEXAS

Melody—Yellow Rose of Texas

Comment: I wonder if this is related to Hot Vagina?

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!

#### 85. I PUT MY HAND

Melody—When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Comment: This and the following song came from a Thailand hash songbook. Probably Interhash songs.

I put my hand upon her toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her toe,  
She said, "Hey Hasher, you're way too low,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin'about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her knee,  
She said, "Hey Hasher, you're teasin'me,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin'about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her tit,  
She said, "Hey Hasher, you're squeezin'it,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin'about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her twat, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her twat, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her twat,  
She said, "Hey Hasher, you've hit the spot,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin'about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

Now she lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
Now she lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
Now she lies in a wooden box,  
>From sucking too many Hasher's cocks,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin'about!  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

#### 86. I PUT MY LIPS

Melody—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 Harriet, you're way too low,  
Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin'about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

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 Harriet, 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 Harriet, 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 Harriet, 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 severe case of small cox,  
Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin'about!  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

#### 87. ISN'T IT AWFULLY NICE TO HAVE A PENIS (THE PENIS SONG) ©

A Recitation

>From Monty Python

Isn't it awfully nice to have a penis,  
Isn't it awfully nice to have a dong?  
It's swell to have a stiffy,  
It's divine to own a dick,  
>From the tiniest little tadger,  
To the world's biggest prick.  
So three cheers for your Willie or John Thomas,  
Hooray for your one-eyed trouser snake,  
Your piece of pork, your wife's best friend,

Your Percy or your cock.  
You can wrap it up in ribbons,  
You can slip it in your sock,  
But don't take it out in public,  
Or they'll stick you in the dock,  
And you won't come back.

#### 88. ISN'T IT GREAT TO HAVE A CLITORIS?

Melody—Same

Comment: Interhash parody of the Monty Python number.

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,  
Hurray for your Venus mound,  
Your piece of ass, your husband'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.

#### 89. I'VE GOT A START ON A TWELVE-INCH HARD-ON

Melody—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.

#### 90. I'VE GOT THE CLAP AGAIN

Melody—Those Were the Days

Comment: Interhash song from Indonesia or Singapore.

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.

#### 91. THE KEYHOLE SONG

Melody—???

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.

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!

92. LET ME BALL YOU SWEETHEART  
Melody—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.

93. MAN TRAP

Melody—Ring of Fire

Comment: A parody from ZiPpy. He didn't tell me who wrote it;  
maybe he did.

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.

#### 94. MARRIAGE A LA MODE

Melody—Itself

Comment: A classic well known by Air Force pilots and their wives  
(yes, indeed), and somewhat known in the hash. Will tape the  
melody for you.

(Take turns leading verses)

CHORUS: Hey jig-a-jig, fuck a little pig,  
Follow the band,  
Follow the band with my gland in your hand,  
Hey jig-a-jig, fuck a little pig,  
Follow the band,  
Follow the band all the way.

My husband's (wife/boyfriend/girlfriend) a butcher, a butcher, a  
butcher,  
A very fine butcher is he.  
All day he stuffs sausage, stuffs sausage, stuffs sausage,  
At night he comes home and stuffs me.

#### OTHER VERSES:

Jockey/rides thoroughbreds/rides me.  
Carpenter/whacks nails/whacks me.  
Sergeant/chews ass/chews me.

Airline pilot/bores holes/bores me.  
Private/eats shit/eats me.  
Postman/licks stamps/licks me.  
Bus Driver/drives buses/drives me.  
Lion Tamer/tames lions/tames me.  
Plumber/reams pipes/reams me.  
Pervert/molests children/molests me.  
Pianist/tickles ivory/tickles me.  
Psychoanalyst/analyzes patients/anal-izes me.  
Pimp/beats whores/beats me.  
Stool Pigeon/fingers crooks/fingers me.  
Policeman/cuffs crooks/cuffs me.  
Ropemaker/ties knots/ties me.  
Baker/kneads dough/needs me.  
Asthmatic/sucks air/sucks me.  
Student/fucks off/fucks me.  
Lawyer/screws clients/screws me.  
Chimney Sweep/pokes smokestacks/pokes me.  
Guitarist/plays licks/licks me.  
Hasher/runs trail/snores.

#### 95. MASTURBATION SONG

Melody—Funiculi, Funicula

Comment: A popular classic everywhere, probably a college song.

Last night I stayed up late and masturbated,  
It felt so good, I knew it would.  
Last night I stayed up late to masturbate,  
It felt so nice, I did it twice.  
You should have seen me on the short strokes,  
It felt so grand, I used my hand,  
And you should have seen me on the long strokes,  
It felt so neat, I used my feet.  
Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor,  
Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door,  
Some people seem to think that fornication's grand,  
But for all-around enjoyment, I prefer to use my hand!

#### 96. MY LITTLE PINK PANTIES

Melody—???

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.

#### 97. MY ONE SKIN

Melody—My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Comment: For years I thought this song consisted of the first verse alone. ZiPpy of Colorado gave me the chorus and second verse.

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,  
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.

#### 98. NECROPHILIA SONG (MY NAME IS JACK)

Melody—Itself

Comment: This is almost certainly an Interhash song, and originally was just the one verse about Jack, and may have been spoken, not sung. ZiPpy made up an eerie melody, which I'll tape for you, and thought up the idea of the spoken two-line couplet between verses. He and I then entered a competition to outgross the other, and I believe I won. For now, anyway. We may perform this during the competition at America's Interhash in Orlando next year, if we can find some women willing to perform the female verses. And if God doesn't strike us dead in the meantime.

Perv verses by Flying Booger and ZiPpy

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 creaum.

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 home 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),  
When 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 a 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 trouser snake.

My name is Monique (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I'm a necro-lesbian 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 Manfred (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Sheep are so hot when they're dead (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I hit and killed one on the road (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
And I shot off a mother-load.  
I keep my decomposing lambkin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Its starting to lose a lot of skin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
There's parts where you can see its skeleton (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
And other parts I like to put my tongue in!

Every time I pass a farm,  
My skivvies fill with something warm.

#### 99. NO BALLS AT ALL

Melody—Sweet Betsy From Pike

Comment: This is the melody cited in several hash songbooks, but the chorus doesn't seem to work. Maybe you have some ideas.

Come all you young drunkards give ear to my tale,  
I'll 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.

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 toolbag 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 a man who has no balls at all."

CHORUS: No balls at all, no balls at all,  
To the wife of a man who has no balls at all.

The pretty young girl took her mother's advice,  
And she thought the whole thing was exceedingly nice,  
An 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.

100. NONE IS BIGGER THAN MINE  
Melody—???

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 sheets me 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 nary 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 there's some what never come out again."

"You're both liars," 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."

#### 101. ONE-EYED TROUSER SNAKE

Melody—???

Comment: This is from a hash songbook. Don't know how it goes.  
Wish I did. I keep asking hashers from Down Under, and one of  
these days someone will teach it to me.

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 lose, me one-eyed trouser snake.

CHORUS: Oh me one-eyed trouser snake,  
Oh me one-eyed trouser snake,  
God help me if I ever lose,  
Me one-eyed trouser snake.

One day I got reading in an old sky pilot's book,  
About two starkers innocents who made the world go crook,  
They reckoned it was a serpent that made Eve the apple take,  
Crikey, 'twas 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 my etching," she said, "I hope it's not a  
fake,"  
She wasn't disappointed with me one-eyed trouser snake.

So come all you little sheilas and listen to me song,  
The moral of the trouser snake is as short as it is long,  
Beware of imitation, don't lock your bedroom door,  
When me pajama python bites you, you'll be screaming out for  
more.

#### 102. THE PORTIONS OF A WOMAN

Melody—???

Comment: A college classic, possibly spoken rather than sung.  
Some versions have everyone shouting the "short and unattractive  
word" at the end ("CUNT!").

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 their 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 else besides.

Now it makes us rather tired,  
When you idle laymen chatter,  
About the 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.

### 103. PREGNANCY (AND VARIATIONS)

Melody—Yesterday

Comment: An easy and fun song to parody, and we haven't heard  
the beginning of the variations, I bet.

Pregnancy,  
There's a shotgun hanging over me,  
Why has this bulge got to be,  
I should have used one, silly me.

CHORUS: Why I had to come,  
I don't know, she wouldn't blow,  
I did something wrong,  
Now I long for birth control, ol, ol, ol . . .

Birth control,  
It's the only way to save my soul,  
Since I put it in my girlfriend's hole,  
Now I believe in birth control.

---

Syphilis,  
Feels like razors every time I piss,  
Who the hell's to blame for this,  
It's agony, this syphilis.

CHORUS: How I got that sore,  
I didn't know, she was a whore.  
I was indiscreet,  
Now I've got infected meat, eat, eat, eat . . .

Syphilis,  
Chancre sores and spots upon my skin,  
I never should have stuck it in,  
Now I will die of syphilis.

---

Leprosy,  
Bits and pieces falling off of me,  
I'm not half the man I used to be,  
Since I acquired leprosy.

CHORUS: Why things fall away,  
I don't know, no one will say.  
When I solve hash trail,  
It's my parts that point the way, ay, ay, ay . . .

Leprosy,  
Stumps for toes and fingers, woe is me,  
There goes my dick, how will I pee?  
Quite messily, with leprosy.

104. PUBIC HAIRS!  
Melody—Baby Face

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

105. PUT YOUR LEFT LEG OVER MY SHOULDER

Melody—Side by Side

Put your left leg over my shoulder,  
Put your right leg over my shoulder,  
(wag tongue)  
La 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)  
Bla bla bla bla bla, bla bla bla bla, bla bla bla.

106. PUT YOUR LEGS ROUND MY SHOULDERS  
(HARRIERS)

Melody—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!)

107. PUT YOUR LEGS ROUND MY SHOULDERS  
(HARRIETTES)

Melody—Put Your Head on My Shoulder

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).

108. RAWHIDE  
Melody—Rawhide  
Comment: College song?

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', Rawhide.  
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.

#### 109. THE RINGADANGDOO

Melody—How Dry I Am

Comment: This is the melody cited in several songbooks, but it doesn't seem to fit. Any ideas?

CHORUS: The ringadangdoo, pray what is that?  
It's furry and soft, like a pussycat,  
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 bag 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.

#### 110. ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER

Melody—Roll Me Over in the Clover

(Take turns leading verses)

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, etc . . .

Well, this is number three,  
And my hand is on her knee, etc . . .

Well, this is number four,  
And we're rolling on the floor, etc . . .

Well, this is number five,  
And the bee is in the hive, etc . . .

Well, this is number six,  
And she says she likes my tricks, etc . . .

Well, this is number seven,  
And we're in our seventh heaven, etc . . .

Well, this is number eight,  
And the nurse is at the gate, etc . . .

Well, this is number nine,  
And the twins are doing fine, etc . . .

Well, this is number ten,  
And we're at it once again, etc . . .

Well, this is number eleven,  
And we start again from seven, etc . . .

Well, this is number twelve,  
And she said, "You kan jag isalv,"etc . . .

Well, this is number twenty,

And she said that that was plenty, etc . . .

Well, this is number thirty,  
And she said that that was dirty, etc . . .

Well, this is number forty,  
And she said, "Now you are naughty,"etc . . .

#### 111. SEVEN NERVOUS DAYS

Melody—Seven Lonely Days

Comment: Believe this is an Interhash song.

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.

#### 112. SEX IS BORING

Melody—Fréré Jacques

Comment: Almost certainly an Interhash song, very popular, and sung in an overlapping rondo style, like "Row, row, row your boat."

Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun,  
Gonna cut my fingers off,  
One by one . . .

Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun,  
Pulling out my pubic hairs,  
One by one . . .

Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun,  
Poking out my eyes,  
One by one . . .

Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun,  
Cutting off my gonads,  
One by one . . .

#### 113. SIT ON MY FACE (VERSION # 1)

Melody—Swinging on a Star

Comment: The version I first learned was partial, so I made up some lines to complete it. I wound up writing two new verses (ass and chin).

Some verses by Flying Booger

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.

114. SIT ON MY FACE (VERSION # 2)  
Melody—Red River Valley

Come and sit on my face if you love me,  
Come sit on my face if you care,  
Let me look into your Red River Valley,  
And stare into your pubic hair.

115. SUNSTROKE, SYPHILIS, VARICOSE VEINS  
Melody—???

Comment: Another one from ZiPpy with an unidentified melody.

You wake up in the morning in a terrible rage,  
Your mouth, it feels like an unswept cage,  
You've got lead in your 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, your 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've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.

We call in the specialists from all the nations,  
The say you have the usual complications,  
The sunstroke loses, and the syphilis gains;  
And for the rest of your life you'll have 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.

116.

**SUPERCALLOUSFLAGELLISTICSEXPECTCUNNILINGUS**

Melody—Supercallifragillisticsexpecalidosious

Comment: An Interhash song, and quite funny once you have the rhythm right.

**CHORUS:** Supercallousflagellisticsexpectcunnilingus,  
Queers like to take it up the bum from dildoes, dicks, or fingers,  
Lesbians like their tonguing slow to make the climax linger,  
But Supercallousflagellisticsexpectcunnilingus,  
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 battery,  
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 knowwhere it's been, sir,"  
Mary Jane said, "It's factory fresh,"and introduced a wiener.  
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye

#### 117. THE TRIANGLE

Recitation for Three Hashers

Comment: This was performed by three guys at an Interhash four or  
six years ago. Somebody wrote it down and I reprinted it. Have  
never actually heard it done. One imagines them really vamping it  
up on stage.

(one by one) I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv,  
(together) Three Hashers of quite different intentions.  
(one by one) I'm hetero, 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 till Will said it was over,  
(perv) I loved with Will, Wilhelmina, Junior, and Rover,  
(one by one) I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv.  
(one by one) I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv,  
(together) As we search for this, that, or the other,  
(one by one) I'm hetero, 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, I came in his ear,  
(one by one) I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv.

(one by one) 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,  
(one by one) I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv.

(one by one) 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 got mine stuck in a vending machine,  
(one by one) I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv.

(one by one) 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,  
(one by one) I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv.

#### 118. THESE FOOLISH THINGS

Melody—These Foolish Things

Comment: More popular among expatriate hashers in Asia than in the States, I've rarely heard it sung.

(Take turns leading verses)

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.

CHORUS: Da-doo, da-doo, da-doo-da-doo-da-doo-doo-doo-doo,  
etc . . .

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 the 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 the creaking springs,  
These foolish things remind me of you.

An old dead fetus on a marble slab,  
A toothless blowjob in a taxi cab,  
A great big hard on with a syphilitic scab,  
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.

#### 119. WAVES AND WAVES

Melody—Both Sides Now

Comment: Probably an Interhash parody.

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'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.

120. WEDDING SONG

Melody—Side by Side

Comment: Another oldie, which I saw reprinted in a DC hash songbook.

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.

Well the shock did very near kill me,  
When her glass eye did fall,  
Then her leg and her arm,  
She placed against the chair,  
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.

#### 121. WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND

Melody—As the Cassions Go Rolling Along

Comment: I first saw this one in a fighter pilot songbook, and just recently heard some young ladies singing it at the hash.

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.

122. WHO NEEDS SEX?  
Melody—Three Blind Mice  
by Flying Booger

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?

123. WILL YOU MARRY ME? (DUET)  
Melody—Itself  
Comment: I really like this duet, and imagine it's quite old. Will  
tape the melody for you.

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,  
You can't take my knickers down.  
You can't marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,  
You can't marry me.

If I give you fish and chips,  
Will you let me squeeze your tits?  
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,  
Will you marry me?

If you give me fish and chips,  
You may not squeeze my tits,  
You can't marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,

You can't marry me.

If I give you my big chest,  
And all the money I possess,  
I will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,  
I 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 lookin'for,  
And I'll not marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,  
I'll not marry you.

#### SECTION 5: HASH CALISTHENICS

Comment: The songs in this section combine body motions or gestures with words, hence "calisthenics." Some of them require that the singers remember and repeat all previous verses at the end of each new verse, a serious challenge to beer-sodden minds.

#### 124. THE BUTTON FACTORY

Melody—???

Comment: Apparently a campfire or Sunday School song, well-known to all but me.

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 said, "No"-- he says to me,

WORDS AND ACTIONS: Move your left hand.  
Move your right hand.  
Move your left elbow.  
Move your right elbow.  
Move your left leg.  
etc . . .

LAST 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 said, "YES!"

#### 125. DUNKIRK

Melody—It's a Long Way to Tipperrary

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

Comment: The idea is to get the circle singing and marching while re-enacting Dunkirk. During the song various members act out pieces of the story while everyone else sings and marches. It helps if you've seen it performed before (I haven't). Pieces of the story are:

Sperm in soldier's ball bag  
Dog barking  
Cock crowing  
Distant marching (stamp feet)  
Sergeant shouting  
Luftentbastards 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 goggles)  
Anti-aircraft fire (several hashers raise arms and pom-pom fire)

#### 126. FATHER ABRAHAM

Melody—Itself

Comment: Popular hash song, often actually used as a way to loosen up before runs. Will tape the melody for you.

LEADER: Father Abraham had seven sons,  
Seven sons had Father Abraham,  
And he never smiled,  
And he never cried,  
All he did was go like this—  
With a right!  
ALL--SHOUT/ACTIONS : With a right!  
(extend right arm)

LEADER: Father Abraham had seven sons,  
Seven sons had Father Abraham,  
And he never smiled,  
And he never cried,  
All he did was go like this—  
With a right! And a left!  
ALL: With a right!  
(extend right arm)  
And a left!  
(extend left arm)

MORE VERSES/ACTIONS : With a right!  
(extend right leg)  
With a left!  
(extend left leg)  
And a HEEEE!  
(hump pelvis)  
And a HUUHH!  
(turn around, drop pants, moon pack)

127. HANKY PANKY  
Melody—Hokey Pokey  
Comment: An Interhash parody.

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

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!

#### 128. LION-HUNT

Comment: Everyone gathers in a circle and faces right, so that they look at the back of the hasher in front of them. Then everyone pulls his or her pants up tight to form a wedgie. If hats are available they should be worn backwards. Everyone places his or her tongue between the lower lip and teeth. Then everyone stamps on the ground in a 1-2-3-4 cadence and begins marching around in the circle. The songmeister shouts out each line, which is immediately shouted back by everyone else in the circle.

CHORUS: We're going on a lion-hunt!  
(march around stamping)  
We're not afraid!  
(continue stamping)  
We've got guns!



(pantomime holding rifles)  
And bullets two!  
(hold up two fingers)

Came upon a mountain!  
(peak hands to form mountain)  
Couldn't go 'round it!  
(move one hand around the "mountain")  
Couldn't go across it!  
(move one hand over the "mountain")  
Had to go through it!  
(digging motions with both hands)

OTHER VERSES (done in same manner as "mountain"verse:

Came upon an ocean!  
Couldn't go 'round it!  
Couldn't go across it!  
Had to swim through it!

Came upon a jungle!  
Couldn't go 'round it!  
Couldn't go across it!  
Had to cut through it!

Came upon a desert!  
Couldn't go 'round it!  
Couldn't go across it!  
Had to fly over it!

LAST VERSE:  
Came upon a lion!

#### 129. MACDONALD'S FARM

Melody—MacDonald's Farm

Comment: This is a Brit song, and requires more than one person to perform it if the gestures are to make any since, since many of them pantomime sexual acts. Utterly hilarious.

(Take turns leading verses)

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

CHORUS—SINGING/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 . . .

### 130. MUSIC MAN

Melody—Itself

Comment: A great classic, known everywhere, and with a very strange melody. Will tape it. The gestures are very comical—playing phantom violas, making peeing motions while shaking one's head, and so on. The verses about people as instruments are topical satire. The chorus for Grace Kelly, for example, is "Oh shit! Brakes, brakes, brakes don't work" while pantomiming stepping on a pedal; Michael Jackson was "Hair's, hair's, hair's on fire" while slapping one's head, but has evolved into "Bring me your children, children, children," while clutching crotches.

(Take turns leading verses)

SINGER: I am the music man and I come from down your way, and  
I can play . . .

CHORUS: What can you play?

SINGER: I can play the viola.

ALL—SINGING & MOTIONS: Oh, the vio-vio-vio-la, vio-la, vio-  
la, vio-vio-vio-la, vio-vio-la.

SINGER: I am the music man and I come from down your way, and  
I can play . . .

HASH CHORUS: What can you play?

SINGER: I can play the piano.

ALL—SINGING & MOTIONS: Oh, the pia-pia-pia-no, pia-no, pia-  
no, pia-pia-pia-no, pia-pia-no,

Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-la, vio-la, vio-vio-vio-la, vio-vio-la.

**OTHER INSTRUMENTS:**

Trom-bone/French Horn/Cym-balls/Pica-low/Sexa-phone/Big Bass  
Drum/Boss'Knob/Shit House Door/Natalie Wood/Michael  
Jackson/Grace Kelly/Pope John Paul/etc . . .

**131. ONE ON THE TABLE**

Melody—Guantanamera

Comment: I saw an entire squadron of A-10 pilots up on a table at the Osan Air Base Officer's Club in Korea. That's over thirty men. The table never broke.

(This is an action song. It's a good idea to pay for the table first)

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  
Three on the table!  
etc . . .

**132. SINGING IN THE RAIN**

(CHIANGMAI PRAYER)

Melody—Singing in the Rain

Comment: I don't know where "Chiangmai" came into it, but assume hashers somewhere in Asia (Taiwan?) adopted this song as their own. This is a very popular hash song, especially when it starts raining during Down Downs. Different people who know the song keep interrupting with "Hold it!" so that you never quite finish the chorus. People are tied up in knots, often writhing on the ground, by song's end. Sometimes ends with mass mooning, usually not. Great fun.

CHORUS: Ah-zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah-dah,  
Zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah-dah.  
We're singing in the rain,  
Just singing in the rain,  
What a glorious feeling,  
We're hap! hap! happy again,

VERSE/ACTION: Hold it! Hold it! Hold it! Arms out!

REPEAT CHORUS ADDING NEW LINE AND ACTION EACH TIME:

Hands together!

Thumbs up!

Elbows bent!

Shoulders back!

Chest out!

Stomach in!

Ass out!

Knees together!

Heels together!

Toes together!

Tongue out!

Shorts down!

### 133. TWELVE DAYS OF RAMADAN

Melody—Twelve Days of Christmas

Comment: Have not seen this one performed, but the version I reprinted is pretty clear about what to do. Most likely comes from an expatriate hash in the Middle East.

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)

Three Ayatollahs (sing "ayatollah, ayatollah," to tune of Hallelujah  
Chorus while bowing in prayer)

Four Iraqi minesweepers (put hands over ears and stamp feet)

Five Iranian terrorists (jump forward and spray circle 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 (put 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)

## SECTION 6: FAMOUS HARRIETTES

### 134. AAHLAWETTA

Melody—Alouette

Comment: Another popular hash song that probably exists outside the hash as well. The idea is to get a willing female to stand on a table. The leader and pack then proceed to embarrass her thoroughly. There's a women's version in the Famous Harriers section.

(Female volunteer needed)

CHORUS: Aahlawetta, Shoneton Aahlawetta,  
Aahlawetta, Shoneton Aahlaw-way.

LEADER: Does she have ze stringy hair?

ALL: Oui, she has ze stringy hair.

LEADER: Stringy hair,

ALL: Stringy hair,

LEADER: Aahlawette! Aah, aah, aah . . .

### CHORUS

LEADER: Does she have ze furrowed brow?

ALL: Oui, she has ze furrowed brow,

LEADER: Furrowed brow,

ALL: Furrowed brow,

LEADER: Stringy hair,

ALL: Stringy hair,

LEADER: Aahlawette! Aah, aah, aah . . .

Wooden eye (Yes I would!) . . .

Broken nose . . .

Blow job lips . . .

Two buck teeth . . .

Double chin . . .

Swinging tits . . .  
Beer belly . . .  
Bulbous butt . . .  
Furry thing . . .

LEADER: Now isn't she a nice-a girl?

ALL: Oui, she is a nice-a girl,

LEADER: Nice-a girl,

ALL: Nice-a girl,

LEADER: Aahlawette! Aah, aah, aah . . .

### CHORUS

LEADER/ALL: How I love her (repeat all . . .)

### 135. ALL THE NICE GIRLS

Melody—All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor

Comment: An oldie, and I don't know the melody. My version prints the melody listed above, but if there's such a song I've never heard it.

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 come.  
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.

136. CAROLINA

Melody—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 cowpuncher'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 bouquet of her cunt knocks you right off your feet.

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

I caressed her, undressed her, and laid her down there,  
And parted her tresses of curly brown hair,  
Inserted the prick of my sturdy roan 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 backfire,  
And shot Carolina right into the mire.

Up got Carolina all covered in muck,  
And said, "Oh dear, what a glorious fuck,"  
Took two paces forward and fell to the floor,  
And that was the end of that cowpuncher's whore.

137. CLEMENTINE

Melody—Darling Clementine

There she stood beside the bar rail,  
Drinking pink gins for two bits,  
And the stinking whiskey drinkers,  
Stood in awe before her tits.

CHORUS: I own my darlin', I owe my darlin',  
I owe my darlin'Clementine,  
Three bent pennies and a nickle,  
Oh my darlin'Clementine.

Eyes of whiskey, lips of water,  
As she vomits in my beer,  
Greets the daylight at her window,  
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 lusty,  
She had no match in her bazoom,  
As they sprang forth from her bodice,  
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.

138. DAISY, DAISY  
Melody—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 ten-inch hard-on,  
>From beating my meat against the seat,  
Of a bicycle built for two.

139. DEAD WHORE  
Melody—My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean  
Comment: This first version of this one I learned in the Air Force.  
The second version came from ZiPpy. The last verse of the second  
version has been turned into yet another song, "Born Dead," which  
is in the Late Additions section.

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside,  
I knew right away she was dead,  
The skin was all gone from her tummy,



The hair was all gone from her head.

CHORUS: Dead whore, dead whore,  
I knew right away she was dead, was dead.  
Dead whore, dead whore,  
I knew right away she was dead.

And as I lay down there beside her,  
I knew right away I had sinned,  
So I put my lips to her sweet pussy,  
And sucked out the load I shot in.

CHORUS: Sucked out, sucked out,  
I sucked out the load I shot in, shot in,  
Sucked out, sucked out,  
I sucked out the load I shot in.

---

I 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, 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, oh,  
And barf them back up in your face, your face,  
And barf them back up in your face.

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 no, it was only green pus, green pus,  
But no, it was only green pus.

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

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.

I French-kissed my dead whore, named Merly,  
I liked how she wiggled her tongue.  
But after an evening of kissing,  
I realized it was maggots from her lung, her lung,  
I realized it was maggots from her lung.

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

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, baby whore,  
She gave birth to a dead baby whore.

(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.

140. DINAH  
Melody—???

(Take turns leading verses)

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 lets the bastards SWING, SWING, SWING!

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

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

141. THE DYING HARLOT  
Melody—My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean  
Comment: Three versions of an Aussie classic.

Oh, a strapping young harlot lay dying,  
A pisspot supporting her head,  
And all the young bludgers were 'round her,  
As she leaned on her left tit and said,  
"I've been stuffed by the Dutchies and Negroes,  
I've been stuffed by the Spaniards so tall,

I've been stuffed by the English and Irish,  
In fact, I've been fucked by them all.  
So wrap me in foreskins and Frenchies,  
And bury me deep down below,  
Where all those young bludgers can't catch me,  
The place where all good harlots go."

---

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 their filthy old foreskins,  
And played Home Sweet Home on her guts.

---

The dirty old harlot lay dying,  
A cunt-rag supported her head,  
The blowflies 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 dingoes and dagos,  
But never by blowflies before."

#### 142. THE GIRL FROM BALTIMORE

Melody—???

Comment: Another one I've never heard. The chorus may actually be "bum-titty" rather than "boom-titty." A lot of these unknown tunes were taken from poorly-reproduced songbooks.

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.  
What did the drunk say?  
Boom titty-boom titty-boom titty-boom,

Titty-boom titty-boom titty-boom titty-boom.

Oh she went to the well just to make a wish,  
But the . . . knocked off all the fish.

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

She visited Jakarta on a medical trip,  
But the . . . just continued to drip.

She laid a Wednesday run just for a caper,  
Using the . . . instead of using paper.

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

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

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

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

At last she was a leaver and we gave her a mug,  
But the . . . was enough to fill her jug.

#### 143. THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM

Melody—London Bridge is Falling Down

Comment: This is the cited melody, but I can't seem to make it work. Any ideas?

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 through 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 of 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 rending 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,  
And took a swipe at the mighty prick,  
Of the student of Jerusalem.

He seized the bastard by the crook,  
With a burning furious look,  
And flung him over Kedrun's Brook,  
That babbles past Jerusalem.

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,

Right over Old Jerusalem.

And buzzing like a bumble 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 VD class,  
For harlots of Jerusalem.

144. LADY HARDONNA  
Melody—Lady Madonna  
Comment: Interhash parody.

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?

145. LULU

Melody—Good Night, Ladies

Comment: A classic college/Air Force song.

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 whores.

Lulu had a baby,  
It was an awful shock,  
She couldn't call it Lulu,  
'Cause the bastard had a cock.

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 balls.

She and I went fishing,  
In a dainty punt,  
And every time she caught a sprat,  
She'd stuff it up her cunt.

I wish I were the silver ring,  
On Lulu's dainty hand,  
Then every time she scratched her ass,  
I'd see the promised land.

I wish I were the chamber pot,  
Under Lulu's bed,  
Then every time she took a piss,  
I'd see her maidenhead.

Lulu had two boyfriends,  
Both were very rich,  
One was the son of a banker,  
The other a son-of-a-bitch.

Lulu had a boyfriend,  
His name was Tommy Tucker,  
He took her down the alley,  
To see if he could fuck her.

Lulu had a boyfriend,  
A funny little chap,  
Every time they had a bit,  
She'd get a dose of clap.

Lulu was a pretty girl,  
She had a lot of class,  
Mini-skirts she'd wear a lot,  
To show off her pretty ass.

Lulu had a bicycle,  
The seat was very sharp,  
Every time she sat on it,  
It would slip right in her arse.

Lulu had a boyfriend,  
He was very fit,  
Working all day on the farm,  
His job was shoveling shit.

Lulu and a boyfriend,  
A stunted little runt,  
On day they went to have a bit,  
And he vanished up her cunt.

Lulu had a little lamb,  
She kept it in a bucket,  
Every time the lamb jumped out,  
The bulldog used to fuck it.

She and I went walking,  
We walked along the grass,  
She slipped on a banana peel,  
And fell down on her arse.

Lulu made some porridge,  
It was very thick,  
Lulu wouldn't eat it,  
She'd smear it on my dick.

Lulu's motorcycle,

It's seat was very blunt,  
Every time she jumped on it,  
It would stick her in the cunt.

146. LUPÉ

Melody—Sweet Betsy From Pike

Comment: Lately, this classic has come to the attention of campus thought police, according to a news story I heard on National Public Radio.

'Twas down in cunt valley where red rivers flow,  
Where cocksuckers flourish and maidenheads grow,  
'Twas there I met Lupé, 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 round you till you want to die,  
But I'd rather eat Lupé than sweet cherry pie.

When Lupé was a young girl of just about eight,  
She'd swing to 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 Lupé 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."

147. MADELINE SCHMIDT (ALSO KNOWN AS ADELINE SCHMIDT)

Melody—Sweet Betsy From Pike

Comment: This is an all-time college/Air Force favorite. I learned it as "Madeline Schmidt," but most songbooks have it as "Adeline Schmidt." The second version is obviously a hash adaptation, probably from an Interhash song competition.

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: 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!

---

Two fast moving Hashers came running along,  
Throwing flour and paper and singing their song,  
Singing, Hi-Diddle-Diddle, and flogging their donges,  
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!

148. MARY

Melody—London Bridge is Falling Down?

Comment: Never heard it performed, so am not sure about the melody.

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.

Melody—Itself

Comment: I've seen elements of this one in other songs, but think this is the original article. It can be spoken or sung, and I've heard it done both ways. Either way it's meant to be performed quickly, like a tongue-twister. Will tape the melody for you.

Mary Anne 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 Anne Burns is the girl for me.

150. MARY ANN McCARTHY

Melody—Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig someclams,  
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,  
And 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,  
And she never got one son of a bitchin'clam.

She waded in the water till her ass it dug the sand,  
She waded in the water till her ass it dug the sand,  
She waded in the water till her ass it 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,

And 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,  
And she never got one son of a bitchin'clam.

#### 151. MAYOR OF BAYSWATER'S DAUGHTER

Melody—The Ash Grove

Comment: I learned this fine old song in the Air Force and later found that it was popular in the hash as well. The modifications to the line about the hair ("and one with a bit of shite on") come from ZiPpy of the Colorado hash.

(Take turns leading verses)

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

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

\*Variations\*

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...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She divorced the Italian,  
And married the stallion.

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

She divorced the Spaniard,



And ran off with the bloody lanyard.

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

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

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

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

I've licked it and kissed it,  
It tastes like a chocolate biscuit.

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

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

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

She stayed in Seattle,  
And went down on cattle.

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

Her vagina was squishy,  
And smelled a bit fishy . . . (ad infinitum)

152. M-O-T-H-E-R  
Melody—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 as gold),  
E is for her eyes with lovelight shining (shining),  
R is right and right she'll always be (she'll always be),  
Put them all together, they spell MOTHER,  
The one who 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 his farts that used to linger,  
A is for his arse all racked with piles (all racked with piles),  
T is for the turds he shed by finger (finger),  
H is for his hole all wreathed in 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, 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).

M is for the many times you made me,  
O is for the other times you tried (the times you tried),  
T is for those torturous long lost weekends (weekends),  
H is for the hell that's in your eyes (that's in your eyes),  
E is for your ever-lasting passion (passion),  
R is for the ruin you made of me (you made of me),  
Put them all together, they spell MOTHER,  
And that is what I think I'm going to be,  
I don't mean maybe,  
And that is what I think I'm going to be (I'm going to be).

#### 153. MRS. PUGGY-WUGGY

Melody—???

Comment: This may be a recitation, not a song.

Mrs. Puggy-Wuggy has a square cut punt,  
Not a punt cut square,  
Just a square cut punt.  
It's round in the stern and blunt in the front,  
Mrs. Puggy-Wuggy has a square cut punt.

#### 154. MY GIRL'S A VEGETABLE

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

My girl's a vegetable,  
She lives in a hospital . . .

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 it 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 that 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 sticking to me . . .

155. MY MOTHER-IN-LAW  
Melody—???

One night in gay Par-ee,  
I paid five francs to see  
A big fat French lady,  
Tattooed from head to knee.  
And on her jaw was a British man-of-war,  
And on her back was a Union Jack,  
So I paid five francs more,  
And running up and down her spine  
Was the Bangkok Hash 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 fuck-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 thumbtacks 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.

156. MY SISTER LILY  
Melody—Do Ye Ken John Peel

Oh, my 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.

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 hatpins up his arse,  
And the little mice play billiards with his balls.

There's a little green urinal,  
To the north of Waterloo,  
And another a little farther 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.

157. NANCY BROWN  
Melody—???

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 mountain,  
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 but 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 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 on the mountain,  
She was laid upon the mountain,  
Oh they stayed up on the mountain all that night.  
She came down next mornin'early more a woman than a girl,  
And her mother kicked the hussy out of sight.

SLOW: Now the end of our ditty finds Nancy in the city,  
And by all accounts she's doin'mighty 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.

NORMAL 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 the thing that they were  
seekin',  
For she's nothing but a West Virginia whore.

#### 158. NELLIE DARLING

Melody—I Wish I Were an Oscar-Meyer Wiener  
Comment: I'm sure there's a parent melody to the Oscar-Meyer  
jingle, but I can't name it.

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe, Nellie darling,  
And the nipples on your tits are turning green,  
There's a thousand flies 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, you 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-ss.

#### 159. NELLIE 'AWKINS

Melody—???

Comment: Another never-heard song, melody unknown. This  
appears to be three unrelated songs, but this is the way I copied it  
from two separate hash songbooks.

I first met Nellie 'awkins down the old Kent Road,  
Her drawers were hanging down,  
She'd just been with Charlie Brown.  
I shoved a filthy tanner in her filthy rotten hand,  
'Cause she was a dirty old whore,  
Oh she wore no blouses,  
And I wore no 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 winkle,  
Will be bigger than a big red rose."

CHORUS: Won't somebody make my rhubarb rise,  
Dada dada da da,  
Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise  
To its natural size,  
Market gardenin'size,  
Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise  
'Cause my baby don't love me,  
My baby don't love me,  
Oh my baby don't love me no more.

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,  
Cause it's all gathered up in the end.  
This little precaution  
Avoids an abortion,  
Durex is a girl's best friend.  
I caught a dose of pox a year ago,  
I thought it was the clap and it would go.  
But the more I waited, the worse it grew,  
Now I've got galloping knob rot.  
What can I do?  
The other day I lost my starboard ball,  
And now the other one's begun to fall,  
I'm wasting away, I'll be sorry someday,  
'Cause then I'll have no balls at all.

160. ON TOP OF OLD SOPHIE  
Melody—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.

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.

161. POOR LIL  
Melody—???

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  
Lillian in her déshabillé.

Day by day her form grew thinner,  
>From insufficient protein in her,  
She grew two hollows on 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-i-a."

She took to treatments in the sun,  
She drank of Scott's Emul-si-on,  
Three times daily she took yeast,  
But still her clientele decreased.

For you must know her cliente-le,  
Rested chiefly on her belly,  
She rilled this 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, "Me 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,  
And the moral to her story is,  
Whatever your line of business is,  
Fitness wins!

162. POOR LITTLE ANGELINE  
Melody—???

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 his heart on the vital part,  
Of poor little Angeline.

As she lifted her skirt to avoid the dirt,  
She slipped in the puddle of the squire's 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 hell,  
And he tried 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 village blacksmith was brave and bold,  
And he'd loved little Angeline for years untold,  
And he vowed he'd be true, whatever she'd do,  
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.

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 to that spot and saw what was what,

He tied the villain's penis in a granny knot,  
As he 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.

Now 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.

#### 163. SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Melody—Itself

Comment: A classic with a unique melody. Will tape for you.

Sally in the alley, sifting cinders,  
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man,  
Wind from her bloomers blew out six winders,  
Cheeks of her ass went BAM! BAM! BAM!

#### 164. THE S & M GIRL

Melody—Candy Man

Comment: This song derives from "S&M Man" in the Famous  
Harriers section. "Man" may have originated outside the hash, but  
"Girl" certainly started there. First reports of this song are less than a  
year old.

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.

165. SEVEN OLD LADIES  
Melody—Oh My, What Can the Matter Be?

CHORUS: Oh dear, what can the matter be?  
Seven old ladies locked in the lavat'ry,  
They were there from Sunday to Saturd'y,  
Nobody knew they were there.

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 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.

166. SHE'S A MOST IMMORAL LADY  
Melody—Battle Hymn of the Republic

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 touch! (X 3)  
Oh, Sir Jasper do not! (X 3)  
Oh, Sir Jasper do! (X 3)  
Oh, Sir Jasper! (X 3)  
Oh, Sir! (X 3)  
Oh! (X 3)

#### 167. SHORT SONG

Melody—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!

#### 168. SUCKANYA

Melody—Oh, Diana

Comment: Interhash song from Thailand.

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 baht,  
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.

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.

169. SWEET ANTOINETTE  
Melody—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.

170. WHEN LADY JANE BECAME A TART  
Melody—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's 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."

#### 171. THE WINNIPEG WHORE

Melody—Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking

My first trip up the Saginaw River,  
My first trip to the Canadian shore,  
There I met sweet Rosie O'Grady,  
Better known as the Winnipeg Whore.

"Come right in, I'm glad to see you,  
Slap your ass across my knee,  
We will have some fun together,  
Dollar and a half will be my fee."

Some were dancin', some were prancin',  
Some lay drunk on the barroom floor,  
But there I was in the northeast corner,  
Screwin'hell out of the Winnipeg Whore.

Then, in there walked some sons 'a'bitches,  
Must have been a score or more,  
Oughta seen me shit my britches,  
Slidin'my ass out the whorehouse door.

#### 172. YOU TAKE THE LEGS OFF BETTY GRABLE

Melody—???

Comment: Not sure if this is a song or a modified toast.

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 off 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, you sorry sack of shit, is YOU-U-U!

## SECTION 7: FAMOUS HARRIERS

### 173. AAHLAWETTA (HARRIETTES' VERSION)

Melody—Alouette

Comments: See earlier comments on the mens' version in Famous Harriettes. This is the woman's version.

(Male volunteer needed)

CHORUS: Does he have the thinning hair?  
Yes, he has the thinning hair,  
Thinning hair, thinning hair,  
Aah, Aah, Aah, Aah . . .

Wrinkled brow . . .  
Roving eyes . . .  
Crooked nose . . .  
Lifeless tongue . . .  
Double chin . . .  
Hairy tits . . .  
Big beer belly . . .  
Big fat ass . . .  
Tiny thing . . .  
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 . . .)

### 174. BALLS OF O'LEARY Melody—Itself

Comments: I learned this in the Air Force and introduced it to the hash. Will tape it for you.

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.

175. BARNACLE BILL  
Melody—Barnacle Bill the Sailor

Who's that knocking at my door?  
Who's that knocking at my door?  
Who's that knocking at my door?  
Cried the fair young maiden.  
It's only me from across the sea,  
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Why are you knocking at my door?  
'Cos I'm young enough and ready and rough.

You can sleep upon the floor.  
Oh get off the floor, you dirty old whore.

You can sleep upon the mat.  
Oh bugger the mat, you can't fuck that.

You can sleep on the stairs.  
Oh bugger the stairs they ain't got hairs.

You can sleep between my tits.  
Oh bugger your tits, they give me the shits.

You can sleep between my thighs.  
Oh bugger your thighs, they're covered with flies.

You can sleep within my cunt.  
Oh bugger your cunt, but I'll fuck for a stunt.

What will we do when the baby's born?  
Oh we'll drown the bugger and fuck for another.

176. THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND  
Melody—The Irish Washerwoman  
Comment: This may be an incomplete version. The verses are of  
irregular length, which is not typical of most songs. Also, I've never

heard "Irish Washerwoman," so don't know how to sing it.

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,  
God bless the bastard King of England.

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.  
I'll 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 the Frenchman's balls,  
He offered half the royal purse,  
And a piece of Queen Hortense,  
To any British subject,  
Who would 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 thong,  
Leaped on his horse and galloped along,

Dragging the Frenchman back to merry old England.

When they 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 asshole,  
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang.

177. CHRISTOPHER ROBIN  
Melody—Christopher Robin

Little boy kneels at the foot of the stairs,  
Clutched in his hands is a tuft of white hairs,  
Oh, my, just fancy that,  
Christopher Robin 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 yank.

178. CLINTON'S QUEEN BERETS  
Melody—Ballad of the Green Berets  
Comment: This is a very new song, but I'm not sure where it came from. ZiPpy of Colorado forwarded it to me.

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 gays have rights, be proud my dears."  
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.

#### 179. COLUMBO, or THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

Melody—Columbus Sailed the Ocean Blue

Comment: These started as two songs, one called "Colombo" and the other called "Good Ship Venus." When I began to compile my own songbook I noticed that the two songs were quite similar, sharing many verses verbatim. I began to suspect that "Colombo" was the original and that "Good Ship" was an imperfectly-remembered version of it, so I put the two together. And of course, I could be entirely wrong.

An ancient song concerning the voyage of Christopher Columbus,  
sung in six 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

In Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Two,  
A schoolboy from I-taly,  
Walked the streets of ancient Rome,  
And jacked off in the alley.

CHORUS: He knew the world was round, oh,  
He knew it could be found, oh,  
That mathematical, geographical,  
Son of a bitch, Columbo.

Colombo went to the Queen of Spain,  
And asked for ships and cargo,  
He said he'd kiss the royal ass,

If he didn't bring back Chicago.

Now three slick ships set out to sea,  
Each one a double-decker,  
The queen she waved her handkerchief,  
Colombo waved his pecker.

#### Part the Second

In which we learn more about the brave explorer

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

Colombo came upon the deck,  
His cock was like a flagpole,  
He grabbed the bo'sun by the neck,  
And shoved it up his asshole.

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

His cabin boy was Kipper,  
A dirty little nipper,  
They stuffed his ass with broken glass,  
And circumcised the skipper.

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

#### Part the Third

In which we are introduced to the Venus and its crew; and learn of  
some singular accomplishments

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

CHORUS: There was friggin'in the riggin',  
Wankin'on the plankin',

Masturbatin'on the gratin',  
There was fuck all else to do.

The first mate's name was Paul,  
He only had one ball,  
But with that cracker he rolled terbaccer  
Around the cabin wall.

The second mate's name was Andy,  
His dick was long and bandy,  
They filled his ass with molten brass  
For pissing in the brandy.

The third mate's name was Morgan,  
He was a grisly Gorgon,  
Three times a day he strummed away  
Upon his sexual organ.

The cox'n's name was Slugger,  
He was a dirty bugger,  
He wasn't fit to shovel shit  
On any bugger's lugger.

A cook whose name was Freeman,  
He was a dirty demon,  
He fed the crew on menstrual stew  
And hymens fried in semen.

Another cook was O'Malley,  
He didn't dilly-dally,  
He shot his bolt with such a jolt  
He whitewashed half the galley.

The bosun's name was Lester,  
He was a hymen tester,  
Through hymens thick he shoved his dick  
And left it there to fester.

The engineer was McTavish,  
And young girls he did ravish,  
His missing prick's in Istanbul,  
He was a little lavish.

The engineer's mate 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 'er.

A homo was the purser,  
He couldn't have been worser,  
With all the crew he had a screw,  
Until they yelled, "Oh no, sir!"

Another one was Cropper,  
Oh Christ, he had a whopper,  
Twice round the deck, once round his neck,  
And up his bum for a stopper.

The ship's dog's name was Rover,  
The whole crew did him over,  
They ground and ground the wretched hound  
>From Lisbon to the Indies.

#### Part the Fourth

Concerning what the sailors did for recreation and how it came that  
Columbo's daughters were lost at sea and what became of them

Twass on the broad Atlantic,  
Where the water's almost static,  
The rise and fall of cock and balls  
Was almost automatic.

The captain's wife was Mabel,  
And whenever she was able,  
She gave the crew its daily screw  
Upon the galley table.

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

The skipper's other daughter,  
They tossed into the water.  
Delighted squeals came as the eels  
Entered 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 scurvy 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 ten thousand dollars.

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

The ladies of the nation,  
Arose in indignation,  
They stuffed their bums with chewing gum,  
A smart retaliation.

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

Part the Sixth  
In which Columbo at last returns to Spain, and how he delivers his  
plunder to the Queen, and his reward

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

So now we end this serial,  
Through sheer lack of material,  
I wish you luck and freedom from  
Diseases venereal.

180. DRUNKEN SAILOR  
Melody—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 to bed with the captain's daughter (three times) . . .  
Earlye in the morning.

Hang him by the balls in a running bowline . . .  
Earlye in the morning.

Shave his crotch with a rusty razor . . .  
Earlye in the morning.

Shove a hosepipe up his arsehole . . .  
Earlye in the morning.

Tie his prick in a double half-hitch . . .  
Earlye in the morning.

That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor . . .  
Earlye in the morning.

#### 181. FIREMAN'S SONG

Melody—Itself

Comment: A classic I learned in the Air Force, this may be a college song originally. The first verse is spoken; the rest are sung. Will tape the melody for you.

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.

182. THE FRIAR OF GREAT RENOWN  
Melody—???

There was a friar of great renown,  
There was a friar of great renown,  
There was a friar of great renown,  
And then he fucked the girl from out of town,  
Fucked the girl from out of town.

CHORUS (SPOKEN):  
Ha, ha, ha,  
Ho, ho, ho.  
Horse shit.  
That dirty old son of a bitch,  
That rotten old cocksucker.  
Fuck him.

He laid her on a downy bed,  
He laid her on a downy bed,  
He laid her on a downy bed,  
And busted in her maidenhead.

He shoved it in until she died,  
He shoved it in until she died,  
He shoved it in until she died,  
And then he fucked the other side.

He took her to the burial ground,  
He took her to the burial ground,  
He took her to the burial ground,  
He thought he'd go another round.

The friar cried from grief and shame,  
The friar cried from grief and shame,  
The friar cried from grief and shame,  
So he fucked her back to life again.

183. FUCK THE GIANT PENIS  
Melody—Puff the Magic Dragon

Once a pure white virgin lived by the sea,

She frolicked o'er pastoral fields, her name Virginité,  
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 suit,  
He drove a roadster XKE, the sexed-up extrovert.

One day while he was reaming around the rural strips,  
He spied her picking flowers there—that lass 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 maidenhead was busted, the ground ran bloodyred,  
He poked her till the twilight came, then took her home to bed,  
He poked her till the sun rose, she begged for more and more,  
He turned that pure virginity into a God damned whore.

#### 184. THE GAY CABALLERO Melody—The Gay Caballero

Oh, I am a gay caballero,  
Going from Rio de Janeiro,  
With an exceedingly long latraballee,  
And two fine latraballeros.

I went down to Tijuana,  
Exceedingly fine Tijuana,  
With my exceedingly long latraballee,  
And my two fine latraballeros.

I met a gay senorita,  
Exceedingly gay senorita,  
She wanted to play with my latraballee,  
And with one of my latraballeros.

Oh, now I've got the clapito,  
Exceedingly painful clapito,  
Right on the end of my latraballee,  
And on one of my latraballeros.

I went to see a medico,  
Exceedingly fine medico,  
He looked at the end of my latraballee,

And at one of my latrballeros.

He took out a long stiletto,  
Exceedingly long stiletto,  
He cut off the end of my latraballee,  
And one of my latrballeros.

And now I'm a sad caballero,  
Returning to Rio de Janiero,  
Minus the end of my latraballee,  
And one of my latrballeros.

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

#### 185. HEIGH-HO SAYS ROWLEY

Melody—Froggie Goes A'Courtin'

Comment: This one is printed in several hash songbooks, but I have yet to meet someone who knows it.

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

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

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

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

M is the maidenhead all tattered and torn,

N is the noble who died on his horn.

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

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

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

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

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

186. HE'S A CUNT

Melody—???

Comment: This was an Aussie Interhash song, but no melody was given for it.

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.

#### 187. HITLER, HE ONLY HAD ONE BALL

Melody—Colonel Bogey March

Comment: A WWII classic with a modern hash verse added.

Hitler, he only had one ball,  
Goering, had two but very small,  
Himmler, had something simmler,  
But poor old Goebbels had no balls at all.  
(Whistle melody for chorus)

Frankfurt, has only one beer hall,  
Stuttgart, die mädchen all on call,  
Munich, ve lift our tunich,  
To show ve Chermens have no balls at all.

(HASHER'S NAME), is very short, not tall,  
And blotto, for drinking Singha and Skol,  
A Cherman, unlike (HASHER'S NAME),  
Because (HASHER'S NAME) has no balls at all.

#### 188. I'M YOUR MAILMAN

Melody—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.

#### 189. INSIDE THOSE RED PLUSH BREECHES

Melody—???

John Thomas was a servant tall,  
The pride and joy of the servant's hall,  
Although he only had one ball,  
Inside those 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 servants at the servant's post,  
Mary was the one he loved the most.  
And for her his ball would roast,  
Inside those red plush breeches.

They went for a walk one moonlit 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.

#### 190. IVAN SKAVINSKY SCAVAR

Melody—???

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 Czar,  
Who wagered a hundred no one could outshag,  
Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

A day was arranged for the spectacle great,  
A holiday proclaimed by the Czar,  
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 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 Czar,  
'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 Czar,  
For Abdul, the fool, left half of his tool,  
Up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

191. JOHN BROWN'S PENIS  
Melody—Battle Hymn of the Republic

John Brown's penis was a bloody awful sight,

Mucked about with gonorrhoea and buggered up with shite,  
The agonies of syphilis kept him awake all night,  
But he still went rogering along.

CHORUS: Oh, the hoary old seducer,  
Oh, the hoary old seducer,  
Oh, the hoary old seducer,  
He still went rogering along.

The color of his water was sort of orange-ale,  
Little gonorrhoea 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 one remaining ball,  
And view the rows of maidenheads all hung around the wall,  
And he still went rogering along.

192. LARGE BALLS  
Melody—???

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-aboom, sera-aboom 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 comes in here,

Twisting and turning his balls."

193. 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)

194. THE LUMBERJACK SONG ©

Melody—Itself

>From Monty Python

I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay,  
I sleep all night and I work all day.

CHORUS: He's a lumberjack and he's okay,  
He works all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch,  
I go to the lavatory,  
On Wednesdays I go shopping,  
And have buttered scones for tea.

CHORUS: He cuts down trees, he eats his lunch,  
He goes to the lavatory,  
On Wednesdays he goes shopping,  
Has buttered scones for tea.  
He's a lumberjack and he's okay,  
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees, I skip and jump,  
I like to press wild flowers,  
I put on womens' clothing,  
And hang around in bars.

CHORUS: He cuts down trees, he skips and jumps,  
He likes to press wild flowers,  
He puts on womens' clothing,  
And hangs around in bars?  
He's a lumberjack and he's okay,  
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees, I wear high heels,

Suspendies and a bra,  
I wish I'd been a girlie,  
Just like my dear Pappa.

CHORUS: He cuts down trees, he wears high heels?  
Suspendies . . . and a bra?

. . . He's a lumberjack and he's okay,  
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

. . . He's a lumberjack and he's okay,  
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

195. MEN  
Melody—???

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).

196. THE MUNICIPAL SEWERAGEMAN  
Melody—Ghostriders in the Sky  
Comment: Another Aussie parody, probably an Interhash song.

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,  
You'll sink down like a stone,  
You'll hear the maggots cryin'out,  
WHEEEE-AAAH-WHEEEE,  
"You're on your fuckin'own."

#### 197. MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK Melody—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'd 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 drooped, 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 anymore.

He'd a horn on the morn of the day he was born,  
It was always his pleasure and pride,  
But it drooped, shrank, never to rise again,  
When the old man died.

198. OLD KING COLE  
Melody—Old King Cole

(Take turns leading verses)

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 we,  
There's none so fair that can compare,  
With the boys of the HHH.

LEADER: How's your father?

PACK: ALL RIGHT!

LEADER: How's your mother?

PACK: SHE'S TIGHT!

LEADER: How's your sister?

PACK: SHE MIGHT!

LEADER: When was the last time?

PACK: LAST NIGHT!

LEADER: When is the next time?

PACK: TONIGHT!

LEADER: How's your arsehole?

PACK: FULL OF SHITE!

Old King Cole, etc . . .

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 are we, 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, said the barmaids.

Cyclists three—two very fine pedals.  
Round and round, round and round, said the cyclists.

Flutists three—a very fine flute.  
Root diddly-oot, diddly-oot, said the flutists.

Painters three—a very fine brush.  
Wop it up and down, up and down, said the painters.

Horsemen three—a very fine 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, 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.

#### 199. ONE-EYED RILEY

Melody—???

Comment: I copied this one from a songbook, "Lack O'Flanagan" and all. Have never heard it sung.

Sitting in O'Riley's bar one day,  
Drinking whiskey, passing water,  
Suddenly a thought came to my mind,  
I'd like to fuck O'Riley's daughter.

CHORUS: Giddy-I-A, giddy-I-O,  
Giddy-I-A, for the one-eyed Riley,  
Rough 'em up, stuff'em up, balls and all,  
Play it on your old bass drum.

Her hair was black, her eyes were blue,  
The colonel, the major, and the captain sought her,  
The regimental goat and drummer boy too,  
But they never had a fuck with O'Riley's daughter.

Lack 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 O'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 a quarter,  
Hit his daughter Marianne,  
Right in the place where she passes water.

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 O'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?

Marianne's dead but not forgotten,  
Let's dig her up and fuck her rotten!

## 200. THE PIONEERS

Melody—Son of a Gambolier

The pioneers have hairy ears,  
They piss through leather britches,  
They wipe their ass with broken glass,  
Those tough old sons of bitches.

When cunt is rare, they fuck a bear,  
They knife him if he snitches,  
They knock their cocks against the rocks,  
Those hardy sons of bitches.

They take their ass upon the grass,  
In bushes or in ditches,  
Their two-pound dinks are full of kinks,  
Those rough-hewn sons of bitches.

Without remorse, they fuck a horse,

And beat him if he twitches,  
Their two-foot pricks are full of nicks,  
Those mean old sons of bitches.

To make a mule stand for the tool,  
They beat him with hickory switches,  
They use their pricks for walking sticks,  
Those gnarled old sons of bitches.

Great joy they reap from cornholing sheep,  
In barns, or bogs, or ditches,  
Nor give a damn if it be a ram,  
Those grimy sons of bitches.

They walk around, prick to the ground,  
And kick it if it itches,  
And if it throbs, they scratch it with cobs,  
Those mighty sons of bitches.

201. THE RAJAH OF ASTRAKHAN  
Melody—When Johnny 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 he had a hell of a stand,  
He called to a warrior, one of his band,  
"Go down me my favorite concubine."  
The warrior fetched the concubine,  
A figure 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 buggered 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.

## 202. REDNECK MOTHER

Melody—Redneck Mother

Comment: This is from an American hash songbook.

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!

## 203. THE S & M MAN

Melody—The Candy Man

Comment: This is the original from which "S&M Girl" in the Famous Harriettes section was formed. "S&M Man" came to my attention about two years ago. I think it started with the hash. Every month or so someone will invent a newer and grosser verse, so it's always growing. The verse based on the "allegedly-true story" comes from a piece of "Xerox-ware" which purports to be a real news item about a guy who masturbated at work by holding his penis against moving machinery, and who paid the predictable consequences. Note the proliferation of shocking "song ender" verses.

(Take turns leading verses)

Who will run through jagers (who will run through jagers),  
Ripping up his flesh (ripping up his flesh),  
And turn right around,  
And repeat the bloody mess?  
It's the S&M man.

CHORUS: 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 wears pants with zippers,  
And no underwear,  
Then pulls them up and down,  
And rips out his pubic hair?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a razor,  
And no shaving cream,  
Scrape her pussy bald,  
While he listens to her scream?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take an old saw,  
Rusty but still cuts,  
Pull it back and forth,  
Until he rips off his own nuts?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a bottle,  
Shove it up your ass,  
Hit it with a hammer,  
And line your ass with glass?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take your scrotum,  
Stick it with a pin,  
Hang on a bunch of weights,  
Till it drags down to your shins?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take your penis,  
Slam it in a door,  
Slam it in a door,  
So you can't fuck anymore?

It's the S&M man.

Who can take a sander,  
Make sure it's Black and Decker,  
Rub it up and down,  
Until you've got a bleeding pecker?  
It's the S&M man.

Who would take a condom,  
Put pepper in the ring,  
Use it on the wife,  
'Cause she twitches when it stings?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a mallet,  
Claim that he's a stud,  
Smash it on his pecker,  
Till it starts to ooze blood?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take your penis,  
Tie it in a knot,  
Tie it in a knot,  
Until the sucker rots?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take sandpaper,  
Rough like fifty grit,  
Rub it on her pussy,  
Until she has no clit?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take two ice picks,  
Stick one in each ear,  
And ride her like a Harley,  
While he roots her up the rear?  
It's the S&M man.

Who takes jumper cables,  
Clamps one on each tit,  
Starts up the car,  
And electrocutes the bitch?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a young girl,  
Turn the lights down low,

Flip on the video camera,  
And make like Rob Lowe?  
It's the S&M man.

Who would put a kid's hand,  
In a socket on the wall?  
It's nice when they jerk,  
Up against his balls.  
It's the S&M man.

SPECIAL CHORUS: Oh the S&M man,  
The S&M man makes all that he partakes,  
Satisfying and delicious,  
Fulfills all your erotic wishes,  
Sucks chrome off trailer hitches.

(FOLLOWING VERSE BASED ON ALLEGEDLY-TRUE  
STORY)

Who would use machinery,  
To masturbate at work,  
Rip off his left testis,  
And pretend it didn't hurt?  
It's the S&M man.

SONG ENDERS:  
Who goes to the abortion clinic,  
Sneaks around the back,  
Digs through the dumpster,  
Until he finds a tasty snack?  
It's the S&M man.

Who gives children candy,  
Takes them round the block,  
And rips up their innards,  
With the ramming of his cock?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a baby,  
Throw it on a pile,  
And fuck it up its ass,  
Shis-ka-bob style?  
It's the S&M man.

Who would take your kiddies,  
Out to a picnic binge,  
Put them on the fire,

And watch the fuckers singe?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a pregnant woman,  
Fuck her till she's dead,  
Leave his dick inside her,  
Till the foetus gives him head?  
It's the S&M man.

#### 204. SAMMY SMALL

Melody—Ye Jacobites by Name

Comment: I should probably list this melody as "itself," having never heard "Ye Jacobites . . ." sung. I do know this song quite well, since it was very popular with fighter pilots in the Vietnam era, and will tape the melody for you.

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, though it was a fucking joke,  
Now my goddamn neck is broke, so FUCK 'EM ALL!

#### 205. THE TINKER

Melody—Ghostriders in the Sky

Comment: I recall fighter pilots singing an older version of "The Tinker" to a different melody, so this one is probably a corruption. It's from a hash songbook.

(Take turns leading verses)

The lady of the manor  
Was dressing for the ball (for the ball, for the ball),  
When she spied a tinker,  
Pissing up against the wall (against the wall, against the wall).

CHORUS: With his great big kidney wiper,  
And his balls the size of three,  
And a yard and a half of foreskin (fiveskin, sixskin)  
Hanging down below his knees.  
Syphil-I-O, syphil-I-A,  
Muff divers in the sky.

The lady wrote a letter,  
And in it she did say,  
I'd rather be fucked by you sir,  
Then his lordship any day.

The tinker got the letter,  
And then 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 shoulders,  
And his penis in his hand.

He rode up to the mansion,  
The rode up to the hall,  
The butler cried, "God save us!  
He's come to fuck us all!"

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 a yard and a half of foreskin,  
Hanging round her head.

The tinker is now dead sir,  
They say he's gone to hell,  
And there he fucks the devil,  
I hope he fucks him well.

206. THE TRAVELER  
Melody—???

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 on the rack,  
Where my hat ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool,  
You silly old fool,  
You're drunk as a sot 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 this horse in the stable,  
Where my horse ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool,

You silly old fool,  
You're drunk as a cunt can be,  
That's not a horse in the stable,  
But a milch cow you do see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,  
Ten thousand miles or more,  
But a milch cow with a saddle on,  
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,  
As drunk as I could be,  
And there was a 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 this head a-lying there,  
Where my head ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool,  
You silly old fool,  
You're drunk as a souse can be,  
That's not a head on the pillow,  
But a football you do 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 a 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 this cock a-standing there,  
Where my cock ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool,  
You silly old fool,  
You're 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 ballocks on,  
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,  
As drunk as I could be,  
And there was a 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 this stain on the counterpane,  
Which didn't come from me?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool,  
You silly old fool,  
You're 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 come,  
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,  
As drunk as I could be,  
And there was a woman inside my bed,  
Where my dear wife should be.  
So I said to this woman, who wasn't bad-looking,  
"Explain this thing to me.  
Who are you, a-lying there,  
Where my dear wife should be?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool,  
You silly old fool,  
You're drunk as a cunt can be.  
This ain't your house, I ain't your wife,  
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.

207. THIS OLD MAN  
Melody—Knick Knack Paddy-Whack

Comment: I think this is an Interhash song.

This old man, he fucked one,  
Don't you know he had such fun,

CHORUS: With a knick-knack paddy-whack,  
He fucked his dog alone,  
Fucked his dog and made him groan.

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,  
Has 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 knick-knack paddy-whack,  
Now his dog's alone,  
No one left to make him groan.

208. THREE GERMAN OFFICERS  
Melody—Inky-Dinky, Parlez-vous

(Take turns leading verses)

Three German officers crossed the Rhine,  
Parlez-vous.

Three German officers crossed the Rhine,  
Parlez-vous.

Three German officers crossed the Rhine,  
They fucked the women and drank the wine,  
Inky dinky, parlez-vous.

They came upon a wayside inn, etc . . .  
Shat on the mat and walked right in,  
Inky dinky, parlez vous.

Oh landlord have you a daughter fair,  
With lily-white tits and golden hair?

Oh yes I do but she's too young,  
To sleep with a stinking German hun.

At last they got her on a bed,  
Shagged her till her cheeks were red.

And then they took her to a shed,  
Shagged her till she was nearly dead.

They took her down a shady lane,  
Shagged her back to life again.

They shagged her up, they shagged her down,  
They shagged her right around the town.

They shagged her in, they shagged her out,  
They shagged her up her waterspout.

Seven months and all was well,  
Eight months went and she began to swell.

Nine months went, she gave a grunt,  
And a little Kraut bastard popped out of her cunt.

The little Kraut bugger he grew and grew,  
He shagged his mother and sister too.

The little Kraut bugger he went to hell,

He shagged the Devil and his wife as well.

#### 209. VICAR IN THE DOCKSIDE CHURCH

Melody—???

Comment: Another classic. The reference to Jenny Lind dates it.  
Wish I knew the tune to sing it to.

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 Laung 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,  
"You can waltz that bastard ba-a-ck,  
You can waltz that bastard back."

Sweet Jenny Lind 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."  
Then up jumped Jock and hollered out,  
"Hands off, you bastards, she's mi-i-ne,  
Hands off, you bastards, she's mine."

#### 210. VLAD

Melody—???

Comment: Believe this is an Interhash song. It's very strange.  
Perhaps it is spoken, not sung. First reference I found is four years  
old, from an Orange County hash songbook. I'm still looking for  
someone to teach it to me.

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.

#### 211. YANKEE DOODLE

Melody—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.  
Yank my doodle it's a dandy,  
Yank my doodle till I die . . .

#### SECTION 8: IN VINO VERITAS

#### 212. A MOUTHFUL OF SINGHA

Melody—A Spoonful of Sugar

Comment: An Interhash parody from Thailand. A "katoey" is a female impersonator.

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 all right.

### 213. ALCOHOLIC'S ANTHEM Melody—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.

#### 214. BEER, BEER, BEER

Melody—???

Comment: I think this was originally a song titled "Glorious, Victorious," but I don't have the original. I do know that the lines about "High Hash Drunks" were originally about the Dutch. Clearly, this is an older song heavily adapted by hashers. I haven't heard it performed, so have only a vague idea how it goes. The first two verses and the chorus are sung to a melody I don't know, but all the verses that follow are sung to the same tune as "Sammy Small."

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 glorius,  
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 Harriers!

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 are at 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!

215. BRUCES'PHILOSOPHERS SONG ©  
Melody—Itself  
>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 the table.  
David Hume could out-consume  
Wilhelm Freidrich Hegel.  
And Wittgenstein was a beery swine  
Who was just as sloshed as Schlegel.

There's nothing Neitzsche couldn't teach ya  
'Bout the raising of the wrist,  
Socrates, himself, was permanently pissed.

John Stuart Mill, of his own free will,  
On 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."

Yes, Socrates, himself, is particularly missed,  
A lovely little thinker,  
But a bugger when he's pissed.

216. DRINK  
Melody—Sing!  
Comment: Believe this is an Interhash song.

Drink  
Drink the beer  
Belch out loud  
Belch out strong  
Drink of good times not bad  
Drink of plenty not one.

Drink  
Drink the beer  
Down it quick to make it through the song  
Don't worry that it's not good enough  
For anyone else to down  
Just drink  
Drink the beer  
Burp, burp, burp, burp, etc . . .

217. GIVE ME THAT GOOD OLD VINO

Melody—Itself

Comment: Maybe not an Interhash song, but very popular with hashers. Will tape the melody for you.

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

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

I like my Shiner—nothing could be finer,  
But give me my . . .

OTHER VERSES:

I like my brandy—it makes me feel randy.  
I like my Anker—it helps me wank-a.  
I like my stout—it helps me get out.  
I like my rum—it helps me come.  
I like my coke-a—it helps me poke-a.  
I like my beer—it helps gonorrhea.  
I like my wine—it stiffens the vine.  
I like my claret—it stiffens the carrot.  
I like my liquor—it makes me come quicker.  
I like my schnapps—it helps cure the clap.  
I like my Foster—it helps me accost her.  
I don't like my Schlitz—it gives me the shits.  
I don't like my Bud—it softens the pud.  
I don't like my Coors—it tastes like old sewers.

218. LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Melody—Money Makes the World Go Around

Comment: Only the chorus is sung. The rest is shouted. I first learned this from Vietnam-era fighter pilots.

CHORUS: Parties make the world go around,  
The world go around, the world go around,  
Parties make the world go around,  
Let's have a party!

We're gonna tear down the bar! BOO!  
We're gonna build a new bar! RAY!

One inch deep! BOO!  
Two miles long! RAY!  
Soda's gonna be five dollars a glass! BOO!  
Whiskey's gonna be free! RAY!  
We're gonna dump all the beer in the pool! BOO!  
Then we're all going swimming! RAY!  
There'll be no bartenders at our bar! BOO!  
Only barmaids! RAY!  
In long dresses! BOO!  
Made of cellophane! RAY!  
You can't take our girls to your rooms! BOO!  
Our girls'll take you to their rooms! RAY!  
But you can't sleep with our girls! BOO!  
Our girls won't let you sleep! RAY!  
There'll be no fuckin' on the dancin' floor! BOO!  
And there'll be no dancin' on the fuckin' floor! RAY!

#### 219. RYE WHISKEY

Melody—???

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.

#### 220. SALVATION ARMY SONG

Melody—???

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.

221. SINGHA COCK  
Melody—Those Were the Days  
Comment: Thailand Interhash parody.

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.

CHORUS: Or you'll get Singha cock, etc . . .

## SECTION 9: SONGS ABOUT HASHING

### 222. A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

Melody—These Are a Few of My Favorite Things

Short cuts that leave all the front bastards trailing,  
Misleading directions leaving short cutters wailing,  
Slippery slopes where hounds flounder in shit,  
These are some things that appeal to my wit.

CHORUS: When the pox stings, and my balls ache,  
And my cock is sore,  
I cheer myself up with my favorite things,  
And revive the old cock once more.

Quims soft and puckered and minge short and curly,  
Tight little cunts fringed with spunk white and pearly,  
Red painted nipples, an ice cube blow job,  
These are the things that will make my cock throb.

Limbs brown and supple, with buttocks gyrating,  
Positions amazing, damp cunt lips pulsating,  
Cheerful young bodies all eager to screw,  
Of my favorite things these are only a few.

The rugby mob buggers all bloated with beer,  
The sight of them's foul, it's no wonder, they're queer,  
The dear old mismanagement, oh, what a farce,  
These are some of the things you can stick up your arse.

A run that was set by those mad hares the Dutch,  
A ride in old trucks that you all loved so much,  
Some piss that was different with a beer glass thrown in,  
Surely a fucking good hash, no hash sin.

### 223. ANCIENT HASH SONG



Melody—Tidings of Comfort and Joy

Comment: This may be an older song, adapted to hashing and hashers.

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 noble head,  
Is more than an empty beer can.  
Of intellect he is most high,  
Long words come naturally.  
In more than a dozen languages,  
He cries, "Jeez, I need to pee!"

On hashing nights 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 her 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 annoint your body,  
And all he wants in return,  
Is the occassional 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.  
"Thee's fully paid oop, nae problem there,  
And what's this I see here?  
Thee likes a bit o'hot nooky,  
After a few cold beers.  
Thee's just the sort we needs oop here,  
So thee may move along,  
Vestal Virgins is on the left."  
And the hasher cries, "On On!"

#### 224. BAGPIPE SONG

Melody—Scotland the Brave

Comment: This should really be in another section, since it's not really about hashing, and the references to hashing are clearly recent additions. I'm certain it's an older song, but this is the only version I know. I heard it from the San Francisco hash, and changed S. F. references to "Old Aloha Hash," my own group here in Hawaii.

Here's to the lassie with the black hairy assie,  
Who was liftin'up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

CHORUS: Hold chair upside down to simulate bagpipes; make droning sound and tap throat to form notes . . .

Na na na na na na,  
Na na na na na na,  
Na na na na na na,  
Na na na na . . .

Then there was the jockey with his upstandin'cocky,

Who was ridin'on the lassie with the black hairy assie,  
Who was liftin'up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Then there was the cranky who was wankin'in his hankie,  
At the thought o'the jockey with the upstandin'cocky,  
Who was ridin'on the lassie with the black hairy assie,  
Who was liftin'up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Then there was the queerie who was leerin'through his beerie,  
At the sight o'the cranky who was wankin'in his hankie,  
At the thought o'the jockey with the upstandin'cocky,  
Who was ridin'on the lassie with the black hairy assie,  
Who was liftin'up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Then there was the harlot makin'money in the car lot,  
To support the a'queerie who was leerin'through his beerie,  
At the sight o'the cranky who was wankin'in his hankie,  
At the thought o'the jockey with the upstandin'cocky,  
Who was ridin'on the lassie with the black hairy assie,  
Who was liftin'up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Then there was the HASHER who was posin'as a flasher,  
Hustlin'johnnies from the harlot makin'money in the car lot,  
To support the a'queerie who was leerin'through his beerie,  
At the sight o'the cranky who was wankin'in his hankie,  
At the thought o'the jockey with the upstandin'cocky,  
Who was ridin'on the lassie with the black hairy assie,  
Who was liftin'up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Then there was the wenchy doin'down-down on a benchie,  
For the pleasure o'the HASHER who was posin'as a flasher,  
Hustlin'johnnies from the harlot makin'money in the car lot,  
To support the a'queerie who was leerin'through his beerie,  
At the sight o'the cranky who was wankin'in his hankie,  
At the thought o'the jockey with the upstandin'cocky,  
Who was ridin'on the lassie with the black hairy assie,  
Who was liftin'up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Now the moral o'this ditty is when in Honolulu City,  
And you're with your favorite girlie chasin'hairs all short and curly,  
Just remember to take her hashin'and to give her a good bashin',  
And keep her away from the wenchy doing down-down on the  
benchie,  
For the pleasure o'the HASHER who was posin'as a flasher,  
Hustlin'johnnies from the harlot makin'money in the car lot,  
To support the a'queerie who was leerin'through his beerie,

At the sight o'the cranky who was wankin'in his hankie,  
At the thought o'the jockey with the upstandin'cocky,  
Who was ridin'on the lassie with the black hairy assie,  
Who was liftin'up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

#### 225. CAN'T HASH TODAY

Melody—???

Comment: This may be a recitation. I think it is an early example of "Xerox-ware,"adapted by hashers somewhere along the way.

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

I was workin'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 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 me 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 went to come down I untied the rope, and the barrel  
fell like lead,  
And clingin'tightly to the rope I started up instead.  
I shot up like a rocket, and to my dismay I found,  
That halfways up, I met the bloody barrel comin'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 it started up once more.  
Clingin'tightly to the rope then, I headed for the ground,  
And I fell among the broken bricks that were scattered all around.

As I lay there moanin'on the ground, I thought I'd 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 losin'consciousness, I let go the bloody rope.

Now the barrel being heavier, it 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 with you today.

## 226. CREAK GOES THE MUSCLE OH

Melody—Green Grow the Rushes O

Who'll give me one oh?  
Creak goes the muscle oh,  
What is your one 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.

## 227. DAYLIGHT COME

Melody—Daylight Come and I Want To Go Home

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 till the next maraud,  
Daylight come and I want to go home.

#### 228. GUNGA'S SONG

Melody—Beverley Hillbillies Theme

This here's a story 'bout 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 Harriers'run,  
A harlot straddled him and said, "Let's 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 lickin'that!  
The pound is the place where she ought to be."  
He didn't have a worry, except for VD.  
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.

#### 229. HANDSOME HASHER

Melody—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, yeh, yeh, yeh.

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.

### 230. HASHER MEN (AND WOMEN)

Melody—This Old Man

Comment: I got this from a hash songbook. The version I copied only had the verses about men, so I made up verses about women and added them to the song.

(\*\*\* = Your favorite Hash)

HARRIETTES' VERSES: 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.

HARRIERS' VERSES: 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.

### 231. JUNGLE SMELL

Melody—Jingle Bells

Comment: An "SCB" is a short-cutting bastard.

Jungle smell, jungle smell,  
Shiggy all the way,  
Oh what fun it is to run  
Through a swamp on Sunday—Hey!

Dashing through the jungle,  
Following hash all the way,  
All those SCBs,  
Cursing all the way.

Dashing through the jungle,  
Following hash all the way,  
All those drunken SCBs,  
Cursing all the way.

### 232. MOTHER HASH

Melody—???

Comment: The "mother hash" is the original chapter, based in Kuala Lumpur. It is still active today, and may be the host for World Interhash 1998, during the 60th anniversary of the Kuala Lumpur 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 along,  
And join the Mother Hash.

Fifty years we've been runnin',

Jungle, shiggy, and swamp,  
Fifty more years we'll be runnin',  
Happy birthday, On-On-On!

Anybody can join us,  
Black, brown, yellow, or blue,  
And nobody need feel nervous,  
We even take white folks too!

### 233. MOUNT BONNELL

Melody—Blueberry Hill

Comment: Mount Bonnell is a favorite Austin H3 on-on site.

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.

### 234. ONCE A BLOODY HASHMAN

Melody—Waltzing Matilda

Comment: "Shiggy" is anything unpleasant to run in; in this case, a ditch full of shit.

Once a bloody Hashman fell into a shiggy-pit,  
Tripped on the edge of a benjo ditch,  
And he hummed and he stank as he swallowed all that shiggy-pit,  
I'll never see Beer Near, said he.

CHORUS: Short-cutting bastard, short-cutting bastard,  
I'll never short-cut again, said he.  
And he stank as he sank and wallowed in that shiggy-pit,  
Who'll come a'running the Hash with me?

Up jumped a papa-san screaming most hysterically,  
You can't run through my cane, said he,  
That's my jolly shiggy-pit you've got in your underpants,

That will cost you tak-san yen, one, two, three.

Out climbed the Hashman, dripping very smellily,  
You'll never get your kitty from me,  
And he squelched and he oozed as the papa-san he ran away,  
Who'll come a'running the Hash with me?

Now his voice may be heard As he runs the trail so all-alone,  
Please, please, please blow your whistle for me,  
But the pack, far ahead, is hiding very craftily,  
Back to your shiggy-pit and let us be.

### 235. SHE AIN'T GONNA FUCK NO MORE

Melody—Battle Hymn of the Republic

Comment: This is an interesting hash song, in that it contains the most complete list of hash "officers" I've seen in any song.

My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the whore,  
Who had fucked all round Jakarta, but had never come before,  
She'd fuck and suck most anything and she had a running sore,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

CHORUS: Gory, gory, hallelujah,  
Gory, gory, hallelujah,  
Gory, gory, hallelujah,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

She hung around the Tankard and she danced at Tanamour,  
And with all the fucking that she'd done, she'd never come before,  
(missing line???)  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

That whore went round Jakarta in and out of every bed,  
But though she tried with all her might, her cunt felt almost dead,  
(missing line???)  
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 wankers 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 Anker 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 a 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 overquenched his thirst,  
When he pulled his flaccid penis out, she laughed like she would  
burst,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

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 come,  
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 that he could do was sing,  
The other tried a shortcut, 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 Advisor said a prayer and called upon the Gods,  
The only way to make her come 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 the Frogs,  
The Aussies, Yanks, and Pommies and even a couple of dogs,  
But the Dutchmen were the last 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 eighteen up her bum,  
And sixteen each in cunt and mouth, she said, "I think I'm gonna  
come,"  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The city bells began to peel, her body began to 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.

#### 236. SIXTEEN MILES Melody—Sixteen Tons

CHORUS: You run sixteen miles, and what do you get?  
Another day older and covered in shit.  
Great Hasher don't you call me, cause I can't go,  
I short cut the trail and I've miles to go.

Well, I woke up this morning in a bed—not mine,  
With my Nikes in my hands, left for On-Ons to find,  
I started with my buddies at half past three,  
But I short cut the trail, now I'm an SCB.

Well, I looked for trail all over the place,  
I could of followed Ons but I wanted to race,  
Thought I'd get ahead, thought it'd be so boss,  
But I followed my ass, now I'm hopelessly 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 and multiply by nine."  
Oh, Great Hasher, please show me a sign!

So I've run for hours under blazing sun,  
I really don't know how far I've gone,  
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!

### 237. SUPER HASHER

Melody—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 justfucking 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.

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.

### 238. THREE VISITING HASHERS

Melody—Inky-Dinky, Parlez-Vous  
(Take turns leading verses)

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,  
Inky-dinky, parlez-vous.

They came upon a down-down, etc . . .  
Pissed on the fire and drank a round,

Inky-dinky parlez-vous.

Oh G.M., have you a harriette fair,  
With blowjob lips and stringy hair?

Oh yes, but she's too new,  
To sleep with stinking hashers like you.

Oh, Grand Master, I'm not too new,  
After all, I slept with you.

Yes, that's true, but you're so sweet,  
Perhaps you could just suck their feet.

Feet are fine, but I prefer,  
That they ride on 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 till her cheeks were red.

Then they took her to the shed,  
And fucked her till 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 all around the town.

They fucked her in, they fucked her out,  
They fucked her up her water spout.

Three months went by and all was well,  
Another month and she began to swell.

Nine months later she gave a grunt,  
And a little hasher popped out of her cunt.

The little hasher he grew and grew,  
He fucked the Joint Master and On Sec too.

The little hasher he went to hell,



And there he started a hash as well.

### 239. TOKYO HASH SONG

Melody—The Wild Rover

I flew into Tokyo, and 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 it's 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 shiny and bright,  
The hash cash's eyes they lit up with delight,  
He said, "Gladly we'll welcome you as one of the rank,  
As soon as your check has been cleared by the bank."

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 In we all got shit faced.

I've hashed the world over in places far and near,  
I fondled the women and drank all the beer,  
And now I'm returning with tales for to tell,  
Of checkbacks unending and shortcuts through hell.

Now all I have left is a beer-stained T-shirt,  
And my Nikes are covered in shiggy and dirt,  
My wife she has left me because of the pong,  
And this is the end of my terrible song.

### 240. TWELVE DAYS OF INTERHASH

Melody—Twelve Days of Christmas

Comment: "B. T." is a bad trail; "D. O. T." is a condition (dead on trail).

On the twelfth day of Interhash,  
My true love gave to me—

Twelve twats a'twitching,  
Eleven leaping lesbians,  
Ten torn testicles,  
Nine gnawed off nipples,  
Eight aching assholes,

Seven sucking sisters,  
Six sixty-niners,  
Five pubic hairs!  
Four calling girls,  
Three French whores,  
Two shit house doors,  
And a lube job in her fur tree.

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Twelve heinous sins,  
Eleven hashers drinking,  
Ten tits a-swinging,  
Nine S. C. B.'s swimming,  
Eight whistles blowing,  
Seven long B. T.'s,  
Six puffs of flour,  
Five frosty beers!!!!!!!  
Four bimbos walking,  
Three hares a-laying,  
Two D. O. T.'s,  
And a trail with a lot of shiggy.

241. TWINKIE, TWINKIE, LITTLE HASHER  
Melody—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?

242. YELLOW IS THE COLOR  
Melody—Yellow is the Color of My True Love's Hair

Yellow is the color of my true love's hair,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, my true  
love's hair,  
And it's the color of the boils on my bum,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

Red is the color of the setting sun,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, the  
setting sun,  
And it's the color of my foreskin caught in my fly,

When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

Yellow is the color that brings me cheer,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, that  
brings me cheer,  
And it's the color of the carrots in my beer,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

Green is the color of all that grows,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, of all that  
grows,  
And it's the color of the boogers up my nose,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

Brown is the color that makes me dance,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, that  
makes me dance,  
And it's the color, it's the color of my underpants,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

Blue is the color that makes me stop,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, that  
makes me stop,  
And it's the color of the vein in my pork chop,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

White is the color of the winter snows,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, the  
winter snows,  
And it's the color of the cheese between my toes,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

#### 243. YESTERDAY Melody—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 had stayed at home instead.

Why I ran that hash,

Was so rash,  
But what the heck?  
Now it's clear,  
I'm a mere,  
Physical wreck.

Bloodshot eyes,  
And my tongue is twice its normal size,  
It's 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,  
Is lined with fur.

Yesterday,  
Hashing seemed a healthy game to play,  
Now my body is in disarray,  
Oh I went hashing yesterday  
(mmm-mm-mmm.....)

244. YOU AIN'T NOTHIN'BUT A HASHER  
Melody—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.

#### SECTION 10: HASH HOLIDAYS

##### 245. AND SO THIS IS HASHMAS

Melody—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 GUT)

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 BUM)

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)

##### 246. BAD KING HASHMAS

Melody—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.

##### 247. CHRISTMAS CAROL

Melody—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.

248. HALLELUJAH CHORUS  
Melody—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.

249. HERE'S THE SEASON  
Melody—Here's the Season to be Merry

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.

#### 250. HOLIDAY SONG

Melody—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.

#### 251. JINGLE BALLS

Melody—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 crotches)

#### 252. MERRY HASHMAS

Melody—We Wish You a Merry Christmas

We wish you a merry Hashmas,  
We wish you a merry Hashmas,  
We wish you a merry Hashmas,  
And a clappy New Year.

Bad tidings we bring,

About the drip and the sting,  
We wish you a Merry Syphilis,  
And a Happy Gonorrhea.

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

253. MONSTER HASH  
Melody—Monster Mash

I was running with the HASH on Halloween night,  
When my eyes beheld an eerie sight,  
Poofers and Short Cutters began to arrive,  
And suddenly, to my surprise,

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.

>From knee deep shiggy in the swamp that's east,  
To wading through the creek where the leeches feast,  
The poofers all came when they heard the news,  
They could get some mud on their running shoes.

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.

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!

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,  
Dracula and his son.

Out from his pickup the Tyrant's voice did ring,  
It seems he was worried 'bout just one thing,  
Opened the door and shook his fist, and said,



"Whatever happened to those running club wimps?"

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.

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 come On In, tell them Boris sent you.

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.

IGOR: MMMM...HASH gooooo! HASH goood! BORIS: Down  
Igor, you impetuous young boy. IGOR: HASH gooooo . . .

#### 254. NEXT THANKSGIVING

Melody—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.

#### 255. SILENT NIGHT

Melody—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 higher,

And bring a tear to his eye.

256. TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

Melody—Twelve Days of Christmas

On the twelfth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me—  
Twelve hairy harlots,  
Eleven lecherous lesbians,  
Ten tired trollops,  
Nine naughty nuns,  
Eight useless eunuchs,  
Seven sex-starved sisters,  
Six convicted vicars,  
Five choir boys!  
Four windmill girls,  
Three boy scouts,  
Two virgin queens,  
And a pervert in a pantry.

257. WHILE THE KIWIS SHAGGED

Melody—While Shepherds 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, "Baaaaaa."

258. WHITE HASHMAS

Melody—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.

#### SECTION 11: HASH STANDARDS

Comment: This section contains oldies which long predate the hash,  
and which didn't seem to fit into any of my other categories.

##### 259. "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,  
Long strong black,  
A long strong black,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye.  
(and so on . . . )

"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 arsehole,  
Arseshole,  
Cat's arsehole, etc . . .

"T" is for twice,  
Twice,  
Arseshole 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,  
Sideways,  
Permitting sideways, etc . . .

260. A PRAYER  
Melody—Ach, Du Lieber, Augustin

LEADER: And now, gentlemen, a prayer,  
A prayer for the constipated.

PACK: SHIT!

LEADER: A prayer for the frustrated.

PACK: FUCK!

LEADER: A prayer for the dehydrated.

PACK: BEER!

LEADER: A prayer for the emasculated.

PACK: 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 ups and he downs them, he fucking well grinds them,  
So balls to Mr. Bengelstein, dirty old man.

261. ARSEHOLES FOR SALE  
Melody—La Dona E Mobile

Arseholes are cheap today,  
Cheaper than yesterday,  
Small boys ones are half a crown,  
Standing up or bending down,  
Big ones for bigger pricks,  
Biggest ones cost three and six.

Get yours before they're gone,  
Come now and try one.

262. AS I WAS WALKING  
Melody—100th Psalm

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

As I was walking through Saint Paul's,  
The vicar grabbed me by the balls.  
I cried for HELP, but no help came,  
And so he grabbed my balls 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.

263. BALHAM VICAR  
Melody—???

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-ling for the women you've fucked,  
And I'll ding-a-dong for mine, for mine.  
And I'll ding-a-dong for mine, for mine.

Well there were more ding-a-lings and ding-a-dongs,  
Till a pretty young lady went by.  
And curate went ding-a-dong.

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

#### 264. BALL GAME

Melody—Take Me Out to the Ball Game

Whip it out at the ball game,  
Wave it round at the crowd,  
Dip it in 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,  
For it's one, two,  
And you're covered in goo,  
At the old ball game!

#### 265. BARCELONA

Melody—Mañana

Comment: The last verse is new and was given to me by ZiPpy of  
Colorado hash fame.

CHORUS: Mañana, mañana,  
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 New York City,  
Where the cabbies drive so fast.  
A cabby rammed his cab up another cabbie's ass,  
Said the cabby to the cabby,  
(Wind down window)  
"FUCK YOU, BUDDY!"

#### 266. CACTUS IN MY Y-FRONTS

Melody—???

Comment: A new song supplied by ZiPpy. It sounds like it might  
go to "Yellow Rose of Texas," until you get to the second verse.

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, hee, hee, 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 that tickles!"  
Now she's gone and run off with a porcupine.

In Cal-i-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 brickly bot,  
That buckin'bronco broke my bloomin'back.

#### 267. CAN YOU WALK A LITTLE WAY?

Melody—Billy Boy

Comment: An old song, modified by European hashers in this version.

(Harriers sing questions, Harriettes sing answers)

Can you walk a little way,  
With it in, with it in?  
Can you walk a little way,  
With it in-nnn?

I can do it with a smile,  
I can walk a bloody mile,  
For I love you and I want to be a mother.

Can you pour me frosty beer,  
With it in, with it in?  
Can you pour me frosty beer,  
With it in-nnn?

I can poor your frosty beer,



Even with your mug in here,  
For I love you and I want to be a mother.

Can you sing a pretty tune,  
With it in, with it in?  
Can you sing a pretty tune,  
With it in-nnn?

I can sing a pretty tune,  
Under your most handsome moon,  
For I love you and I want to be a mother.

Can you drive my father's car,  
With it in, with it in?  
Can you drive my father's car,  
With it in-nnn?

I can drive your father's car,  
To the local village bar,  
For I love you and I want to be a mother.

How soon can you let go,  
With it in, with it in?  
How soon can you let go,  
With it in-nnn?

I cannot let it go,  
Un-til your seeds you sow,  
For I love you and I want to be a mother.

268. THE CHANDLER'S SHOP  
Melody—???

A boy went into a chandler's shop, some candles for to buy,  
But when he got to the chandler's shop, 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 her back with a man betweenher 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 a secret, boy, to you I will be kind,

And you can have a rat-a-tat-tat, whenever you feel inclined."

#### 269. CHICAGO

Melody—The Bear Went Over the Mountain

Comment: This is popular with hashers and new verses constantly appear. I have two slightly different versions here. I've noticed that people who've learned one version get rattled when I sing the other. Can't imagine why. It's tempting to make up new verses; several of these are mine. The cited melody is only approximately correct. I'll tape a sample of both versions.

(Take turns leading verses)

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

#### VERSION I:

A lady came into the hatshop,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Felt," she said,  
Felt her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a water-bottle,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Rubber," she said,  
Rub her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a sweater,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Jumper," she said,  
Jump her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a ticket,  
I asked, "Where would you like to go?"  
"Bangor," she said,  
Bang her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

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

Grind her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some gin,  
I asked "What kind would you like?"  
"Beefeater,"she said,  
Eat her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a cake,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Layer,"she said,  
Lay her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for some service,  
I asked, "How fast do you want it?"  
"Quick,"she said,  
Prick her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some carpet,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Pile,"she said,  
Shagged her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a diskette,  
I asked "What kind would you like?"  
"Floppy,"she said,  
Hard drive her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for a bath mat,  
I asked "What size would you like?"  
"Shower,"she said,  
Show her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a down quilt,  
I asked "What kind would you like?"  
"Goose,"she said,  
Goose her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some lamp oil,

I asked "What kind would you like?"  
"Whale,"she said,  
Sperm her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for a power drill,  
I asked, "What brand would you like?"  
"Black & Decker,"she said,  
Deck her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a drink,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Liquor,"she said,  
Lick her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some Air Wick,  
I asked, "What scent would you like?"  
"Mountain,"she said,  
Mount her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a sleeper,  
I asked, "What berth would you like?"  
"Upper,"she said,  
Up her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some china,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Bone,"she said,  
Bone her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some dish soap,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Johnson & Johnson,"she said,  
My Johnson she got,  
I don't work there any more.

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

I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a curtain,  
I asked "What kind would you like?"  
"Drape," she said,  
Rape her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

VERSION II:

A lady came in for some stockings,  
Some stockings from the store,  
Stockings she wanted,  
A hosing she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some carpet,  
Some carpet from the store,  
Carpet she wanted,  
Laid she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some nails,  
Some nails from the store,  
Nails she wanted,  
Screwed she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for a balloon,  
A balloon from the store,  
Balloon he wanted,  
Blown he got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some wool,  
Some wool from the store,  
Wool she wanted,  
Felt she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for some carpet,  
Some carpet from the store,  
Shag he wanted,  
Piles he got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for metaphysical conversation,

Metaphysical conversation from the store,  
Metaphysical conversation she wanted,  
Fucked she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for a lollipop,  
A lollipop from the store,  
A sucker he wanted,  
Sucked he got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for Liquid Plumber,  
Liquid Plumber from the store,  
Liquid Plumber she wanted,  
Clean pipes she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a pony,  
A pony from the store,  
Horse she wanted,  
Ridden she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for some wheels,  
Some wheels from the store,  
Wheels he wanted,  
Rimmed he got,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for a doughnut,  
A doughnut from the store,  
Glazed she wanted,  
Creme-filled she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a throw rug,  
A throw rug from the store,  
Rug she wanted,  
Rug-burned she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a spring,  
A spring from the store,  
Spring she wanted,  
Boinged she got,

I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a T-bone,  
A T-bone from the store,  
T-bone she wanted,  
Boneless round she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for toy sailors,  
Toy sailors from the store,  
Toy sailors she wanted,  
Semen she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a canned ham,  
Canned ham from the store,  
Canned ham she wanted,  
Porked she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for gift wrapping,  
Gift wrapping from the store,  
Gift wrapping she wanted,  
Packed she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a beefsteak,  
Beefsteak from the store,  
Chuck she wanted,  
Fucked she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a novel,  
A novel from the store,  
Dickens she wanted,  
Dick she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for cigarettes,  
Cigarettes from the store,  
Camels she wanted,  
Humped she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A widow came in for some sympathy,  
Sympathy from the store,

Sympathy she wanted,  
Syphilis she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for assistance,  
Assistance from the store,  
Help she wanted,  
AIDS she got,  
I don't work there any more.

270. THE CHISHOLM TRAIL  
Melody—The Chisholm Trail

Now gather 'round, boys, and listen to my tale,  
And I'll tell you my troubles on the old Chisholm Trail.

CHORUS: Singing, ki-yi-yippy, yippy-yay, yippy-yay,  
Singing , ki-yi-yippy, yippy-yay.

CHORUS (VERSION # 2): Gonna tie my pecker to my leg, to my  
leg,  
Gonna tie my pecker to my leg.

My name's Bill Taylor and my love's a squaw,  
Livin'on the banks of the muddy Washita.

I come from Texas with the longhorn cattle,  
On a ten-dollar horse and a forty-dollar saddle.

Sittin'in the saddle with my hand on my dong,  
Shootin 'jism on the cattle as we go along.

We left Texas on October twenty-third,  
And traveled up the trail with the 2-U herd.

We didn't reach town till winter, Eighty-two,  
My ass was draggin'and my pecker was too.

I went huntin'tail from a parlor house whore,  
But I didn't have enough, so they kicked me out the door.

With my ass in the saddle and my pecker all sore,  
I spied a little lady in the whorehouse door.

I asked for tail and I gave her a quarter,



And she says, "Young man, I'm a minister's daughter."

I took out a dollar and I put it in her hand,  
And she says, "young man, will your long pecker stand?"

I grabbed right hold and I throwed her on the grass,  
My toe-hold slipped and I rammed it in her ass.

I fucked her standin'and I fucked her lyin',  
If she'd a-had wings, I'd a-fucked her flyin'.

Five days later, my prick turned blue,  
I ran to the doctor and he didn't know what to do.

So I went to another and he said, "Cough,"  
I coughed so hard my balls dropped off.

I went to another 'cause my pecker was sore,  
"By God,"said the doctor, "It's that same damn whore."

So I sold my horse and I sold my saddle,  
And I bid goodbye to the longhorn cattle.

The last time I seen her and I ain't seen her since,  
She was scratching her cunt on a barbed wire fence.

271. CLEAN SONG  
Melody—???

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 seagulls fly over their nests  
As she combed the long hair that fell 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, me good fellows,"the captain next said  
"And with luck we'll break through her maiden  
Heading to starboard,"they tacked with dispatch  
And caught that fair mermaid 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 tossed her back with a pat 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.

#### 272. COLD WINTER'S EVENING

Melody—She Was Just a Poor Man's Daughter

'Twas a cold winter's evening,  
The guests were all leaving,  
O'Leary was closing 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 from 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 English (or Hasher) men,  
And they way they come and go (mostly come)  
Age had 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 O'Leary)

#### 273. COUNTRY SUNDAY SCHOOL

Melody—???

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.

274. CUTE LITTLE SONG  
Melody—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.

275. DID YOU EVER SEE?  
Melody—???

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 tickle him in the middle,  
He'll raise his leg and piddle.

Oh, I've got 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 piana,  
And she'll 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer,  
Till the neighbors say "God damn 'er."

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.

#### 276. DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW?

Melody—Sailor's Hornpipe

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?

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 over your shoulder like a European soldier?  
Can you do the double shuffle when your balls hang low?

#### OTHER VERSES:

Do they make a lusty clamor when you hit 'em 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 you feel 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?

#### 277. THE FARTING CONTEST

Melody—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,  
Whilst 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 on this day.

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

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,  
And grinding her jaws and making a fist,  
She took up her place and her arse opened wide,  
But she unluckily shit and was disqualified.

278. GIVE ME THAT OLD TIME RELIGION  
Melody—Give Me that Old Time Religion

We will follow Zarathustra,  
Zarathustra like we used ta,  
I'm a Zarathustra boosta,  
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 no one cute-a,  
Comes in silver, brass, and pewta,  
And he's good enough for me!

We will worship with 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 it's good enough for me!

In the church of Aphrodite,

The priestess wears a see-through nightie,  
She's a mighty religious sightie,  
And she's good enough for me!

279. HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM  
Melody—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.

280. HAS ANYBODY SEEN J. C.?  
Melody—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,  
Hash 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.?

281. HI HO, HI HO, IT'S OFF TO THE BURLESQUE SHOW  
Melody—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!

OTHER VERSES:

At half past eight, we'll masturbate . . .  
They're small on wits, but big on tits . . .  
We'll drop our drawers, and fuck some whores . . .  
I paid my buck, now where's my fuck . . .  
>From ten till eight, we'll fornicate . . .

282. HUMORESQUE  
Melody—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.

283. IRIAN JAYA

Melody—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.

284. IT'S THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

Melody—Red River Valley

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 what get the blame,  
It's the rich what get the pleasure,  
Ain't it all a fucking shame.

Oh, she went up to the city,  
For to hide her bleeding shame,  
But a Labour leader 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 stand 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 hunt,  
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 drowned,  
Till her corpse got up and sung (the chorus).

285. I WISH I WAS IN ENGLAND  
Melody—Dixie

I wish I was in England,  
I do, I do,  
I'd go down to Trafalgar Square,  
To see Lord Nelson's statue,  
Get fucked! Get fucked! You one-armed pommie bastard!

I wish I was in Sydney,  
I do, I do,  
The finest town in all the world,  
Except for one small problem,  
The place! Is full! Of fucking Aussie bastards!

I wish I was in Paris,  
I do, I do,  
I'd go down to the Moulin Rouge,  
To see the Can-Can dancers,  
Get off! Get off! Get off your Froggie panties!

286. JONESTOWN  
Melody—Downtown  
Comment: This one was given to me by ZiPpy.

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 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 . . .

#### 287. JUNIOR BIRDMEN

Melody—Itself

Comment: I'll tape the melody for you.

Up in the air, junior birdmen,  
Into the air, upside down,  
Up in the air, junior birdmen,  
With your assholes 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-taaa . . .

#### 288. LIFE PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE

Melody—Hark, the Herald Angels Sing

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 ever smiles,  
Mine's a dismal occupation,  
Crushing ice for Grandpa'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;  
Stands 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's 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.  
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 is 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 asshole inside out!

#### 289. LITTLE BIT OFF THE TOP

Melody—When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When I was eight days old, me boys,  
Hurrah, Hurrah,  
When I was eight days old, me boys,  
Hurrah, Hurrah,  
The rabbi came with a big sharp knife,  
And I surely thought he'd take my life,  
But all he took was a,  
Little bit off the top.

Oh, that is what they call a bris,  
Hurrah, Hurrah,  
Oh, that is what they call a bris,  
Hurrah, Hurrah,  
And if the rabbi should happen to miss,  
It surely makes for an 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 that I'd end up a goil,  
But all he took was a,  
Little bit off the top.

Oh, circumcision is all right,  
Hurrah, Hurrah,  
Oh, 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.

#### 290. THE LITTLE RED TRAIN

Melody—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 . . .

#### 291. MOBILE

Melody—Over There

Comment: I don't think the cited melody is the right one. Any ideas?

(Take turns leading verses)

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 that 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, etc  
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 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 his 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 in 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 if off of granny,  
In Mobile.

There's a bastard named Mercator in Mobile, etc  
Who's the greatest fornicator,  
Masturbator, cunt-inflater,  
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 bastards must be fed,  
In Mobile.

292. MOONSHADOW  
(OKINAWA H3 PERENNIAL)  
Melody—Moonshadow

(Two to three hashers required, one bare-assed)

I'm being followed by a moonshadow,

Moonshadow, moonshadow, etc . . .

293. MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN  
Melody—My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

(Take turns leading verses)

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, 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 tenner,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a slum missionary,  
He saves fallen women from sin,  
He'll save you a blond 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 off 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 will finish,  
My God how the money rolls in.

#### 294. THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON

Melody—???

Comment: The meter seems to be the same as "Salvation Army Song." Perhaps they both go to the same melody?

CHORUS: Away, away with fife and drum,  
Here we come, full of rum.  
Looking for women who peddle their bums,  
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 raise a toast,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

Well, off the coast of Labrador,  
We took on board a floating whore.  
We fucker her forty times or more,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

A'sailing up to Newfoundland,  
Each sailor had his prick in hand,  
Oh say, my boys, can you make it stand?  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

And when our ship is in drydock,  
The whores around us all do flock.  
It's every man unfurl your cock,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

#### 295. OR WOULD YOU RATHER BE A \_\_\_\_?

Melody—Swinging on a Star

A Pom is an animal that drinks warm beers,

He whinges 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'd 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.

296. OU EST LE PAPIER?  
Melody—Marseillaise

A Frenchman went to the lavat'ry,  
To have him a jolly good shit,  
He took his coat and his 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,  
Je fait manure.

Ou est le papier?"

297. PATRIOTIC SONG

Melody—???

Comment: I know this melody but can't name it. Will tape it for you.

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,  
To fight for the old country.

298. PISSANYA, PISSANYA

Melody—Itself

Comment: Will tape for you.

Pissanya, Pissanya, Pissanya,  
It's Russian for "I love ya,"  
If I had my way I'd Pissanya all day,  
Pissanya, Pissanya, Pissanya.

Shittanya, Shittanya, Shittanya,  
It's Russian for "I adore ya,"  
If I had my way I'd Shittanya all day,  
Shittanya, Shittanya, Shittanya.

Comeanya, Comeanya, Comeanya,  
It's Russian for "I worship ya,"  
If I had my way I'd Comeanya all day,  
Pissanya, Shittanya, Comeanya.

299. RING THE BELL VERGER

Melody—???

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 comes from afar,  
"Stop fucking wife and start fucking 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 bell!"

Old time convict in the compound stands,  
His pick lies idle in his hands,  
The warden's voice begins to moan,  
"Stop picking prick and start picking stone!"

### 300. THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI Melody—???

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.

### 301. ROEDEAN SCHOOL Melody—We Shall Not Be Moved



(Take turns leading verses)

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 the 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' peeholes,  
But not for girls from Roedean School.

When we go out to the vicar's for tea,  
He likes to bounce us up and down on his knee,  
He 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 prefect, 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.

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,  
Than any other girl at Roedean School.

We are from Roedean, lesbos are we,  
Caused by living in an all-girls dormit'ry,  
It's light out at seven, candles out at eleven,  
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,  
They 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.

302. ROLL YOUR LEG OVER  
Melody—Oh, Sally, My Dear

If all the young girls were like fish in the ocean,  
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 man in the moon.

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 telephone poles,  
I'd be a squirrel and stuff nuts in their holes.

If all the young girls were like gals down in Sydney,  
I ain't got much left but I've still got one kidney.

If all the young girls were like B-29s,  
I'd be a jet fighter and buzz their behinds.

If all the young girls were like coals in a stoker,  
I'd be a fireman and shove in my poker.

If all the young girls were like statues of Venus,  
And I were equipped with a petrified penis.

If all the young girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee,  
I'd be a G-string; oh boy, what I'd see.

If all the young girls were like sheep in the clover,  
I'd be a ram and I'd ram them all over.

If all the young girls were like pancakes in Texas,  
I'd be a Texan and eat them for breakfast.

If all the young girls were like grapes on the vine,

I'd be a plucker and have me a time.

If all the young girls were singing this song,  
It'd be twice as dirty and five times as long.

If all the young girls were like trees in the forest,  
I'd be a woodsman and climb their clitoris.

If all the young girls were diamonds and rubies,  
I'd be a jeweler and polish their boobies.

If all the young girls were like little white flowers  
I'd be a bee and suck them for hours.

If all the young girls were linear spaces,  
And I were a vector, I'd aim for their bases.

If all the young girls wore dresses with patches,  
I'd tear off their patches to get at their snatches.

If all the young girls were vessels of clay  
I'd be a potter and make them all day.

303. SCROTUM  
Melody—Jada

Scrotum. Scrotum.  
S-C-R-O-T-U-M.  
Mangy, scrungy,  
S-C-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!

304. THE SINKING OF THE TITANIC  
Melody—Itself

Comment: I've heard snippets of this great song for years, but only once have I heard the entire thing sung (including the special verse and chorus near the end). I wasn't able to write it down at the time, so I had to make several guesses in reconstructing it. I'm confident that this version is close to the original. I'll tape the melody for you.

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): UNCLES 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 lifevests, 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!

### 305. SOME DIE OF DRINKING WATER

Melody—Itself

Comment: Will tape the melody for you.

Some die of drinking water,  
And some of drinking beer,  
Some die of constipation,  
And some of diarrhea.  
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 the 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,  
It's the drip, drip, drip of the syphilitic prick

Of a British Grenadier (or Hash House Harrier).

I like the girls who say they will,  
And I like the girls 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.

### 306. SWEET VIOLETS

Melody—Sweet Violets

Comment: I don't know the cited melody and have never heard this one sung.

(Take turns leading verses)

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,  
A coal miner that he was.  
Sometimes he'd shovel up coal dust,  
And sometimes he'd shovel up SHIT!

My brother was a pilot,  
A pilot that he was,  
Sometimes he'd land on the runway,  
And sometimes he'd land in 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 in 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!

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 in SHIT!

Phyllis Quat took a bag to her boy-friend's,  
But the paper was old and it split,  
Now the boyfriend and Phyllis have parted,  
For the bag was packed quite full of SHIT!

Well, now my song is ended,  
And I have finished by bit,  
And if any of you feel offended,  
Stick your head in a bucket of SHIT!

307. TEN STICKS OF DYNAMITE  
Melody—Ten Green Bottles

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

308. THERE WAS AN OLD FARMER  
Melody—???  
Comment: This may be a recitation.

There was an old farmer who sat on a rock,  
Shaking and waving his big hairy  
Fist at the ladies next door in the Ritz,  
Who taught the young girls to play with their  
Kite strings and marbles and all things 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,  
And if you think it's dirty,  
You're fucking well wrong!

### 309. THEY'RE MOVING FATHER'S GRAVE

Melody—I Wish I Were an Oscar-Meyer Weiner

Comment: Once again, there must be a parent melody for "Oscar-Meyer," but if so I can't think of it.

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 father rest in peace.

My father in his life was ne'er 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.

### 310. THREE CHINESE CRACKERS

Melody—Hail Britannia

Comment: A popular bar song in the Air Force. Whoever screws up and claps when there are NO Chinese crackers up the asshole buys the bar.

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam,  
Three Chinese crackers up your asshole,  
Bang! Bang! Bang!

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam,  
Two Chinese crackers up your asshole,  
Bang! Bang! (and so on to zero. . .)

### 311. TIRED OF LIFE

Melody—???

Comment: This one's from ZiPpy.

Oh, 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 away.

312. WALKING DOWN CANAL STREET  
Melody—???

Walking down Canal Street,  
Knocking on every door,  
Goddamn sonofabitch,  
Couldn't find a whore.

When I finally found a whore,  
She was tall and thin,  
Goddamn sonofabitch,  
Couldn't get it in.

When I finally got it in,  
I turned it all about,  
Goddamn sonofabitch,  
Couldn't get it out.

When I finally got it out,  
It was red and sore,  
Goddamn sonofabitch,  
You should never fuck a whore.

313. WEE WEE SONG  
Melody—???

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.

#### 314. YELLOW RYDER TRUCK

Melody—Yellow Submarine

Comment: This came from an Austin, Texas hash songbook, but it could be a hash adaptation of another parody song.

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.

#### 315. YOU WON'T FIND ANY COUNTRY

Melody—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.

#### APPENDIX: LATE ADDITIONS

##### 316. MASTURBATION

Melody—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:

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 becomes "Fornication":

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,

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 . . .

### 317. BORN DEAD

Melody—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.

### 318. BREATHALYZED

Melody—Yesterday

Comment: A nice parody from ZiPpy.

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 A A  
And take the bus for 60 days.  
Oh, why did I get breathalized?

319. SIT ON MY FACE AND TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME

©

>From Monty Python  
Melody—Itself

Sit on my face and tell me that you love me,  
I'll sit on you face and say I love you too.  
I love to hear you oralize,  
When I'm between your thighs,  
You blow me away!

So sit on my face and tell me that you love me,  
I'll sit on your face and say I love you also.  
Life can be fine if we both sixty-nine,  
So let's sit on our faces in all sorts of places,  
And play till we're blown away!

“HEY THERE VAGINA”

Hey there Vagina, you're a fragrant little kitty  
With your landing strip and camel toe  
To me you look so pretty, yes you do  
You know just what I wanna do...  
Is punish you

Hey there Vagina, you're a fancy little beaver  
Let my penis play the quarterback  
And you can be receiver... yes it's true  
I'll throw a touchdown inside of you  
With my goo

Oh, it's what you do to me  
Oh, you little penis sleeve  
Oh, it's what you gave to me  
Now I have an STD

I love your little heart-shaped box  
A pair of lips that never talks  
It's everything that a man could ever want  
The only problem in the world  
Is that you're connected to a girl  
And that makes you annoying in the end  
In the end

Hey there vagina, you're a man's reason for living  
You can make a frugal gentlemen  
Become the most giving  
Yes it's true  
You sausage wallet, I love you