

JHHH SONGBOOK



POCKET EDITION
1993 - 1994

JHHH SONGBOOK

This is the pocket edition of the JHHH songbook. It has been kept small to fit in your pocket for reference during singing in the circle. It can also fit inside your pants to protect your butt against ice. It contains most of the popular songs sung during JHHH circles plus some recent good contributions from JHHH members. If your favourite song is missing: tough. Write your own songbook or buy the JHHH "Bumper" edition, which includes every song we've ever heard on the hash plus a few more.

Note : THIS EDITION OF THE JHHH SONGBOOK WAS COMPILED BY MAGIC DRAGON AND WITLESS WANKER, BUT THE 1993-94 MIS-MANAGEMENT TAKE ALL THE CREDIT FOR MUTILATING AND SLOWING DOWN PRODUCTION OF THIS TOME.

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A2. A PRAYER

Tune: Du lieber Augustin

As the Religious adviser helps a wayward hasher.

A prayer for the constipated.

SHIT!

A prayer for the frustrated.

FUCK!

A prayer for the dehydrated.

BEER!

A prayer for the emasculated.

BALLS!

Balls to Mr. Banglestein, Banglestein, Banglestein,

Balls to Mr. Banglestein, dirty old man.

He sits on the steeple and shits on the people,

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

He keeps us waiting while he's masturbating.

So, balls...

He ups & he downs 'em, he fucking well grounds 'em.

So, balls

A4. AS I WAS WALKING

Tune: Old 100th

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

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

As I was walking through St.Giles,
Some nasty bastard sucked my piles.
I cried for help but no help came,
And so he sucked my piles again.

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

A5. BIG BAMBOO

Tune: Working for the Yankee Dollar

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

Chorus:

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

So I gave her a coconut,
She said, "I like him, he's OK, 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 round your dipstick."

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 longer stalk and two pips in the core."

She met a Chinaman, Him Hung Lo,/ They got married, went to Mexico./ But
she divorced him very quick,/
She said, "I want bamboo and not chopstick."

A7. BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

Tune: same

Put your arse against the wall,
Here I come, balls and all,
Bye bye, blackbird.
I ain't got an awful lot,
But what I got will fill your twat,
Bye bye, blackbird.
So open up your legs a little wider,
I can feel my foreskin getting tighter.
She came once, I came twice,
Holy fucking Jesus Christ,
Blackbird, bye bye.

Once a boy who was no good,
Took a girl into the wood,
Bye bye, blackbird.
Laid her down upon the grass,
Pinched her tits & slapped her arse,
Bye bye, blackbird.
Took her to where no one else could find her.
To a place where he could really grind her.
Rolled her over on her front,
Parked his prick right up her cunt,
Blackbird, bye bye.
But this girl she was no sport, She took her story to the court,
Bye bye, blackbird.
Told her story on the morn, All the jury had a horn,
Bye bye, blackbird./Then the judge she came to her decision,
This poor sod got 18 months in prison.
So next time boy, do it right,/Stuff her arse with dynamite,
Blackbird, bye bye.

A9. THE ENGINEER'S SONG

Tune: Froggy would a wooing go

An engineer told me before he died,
Ah-hum, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum.

An engineer told me before he died,
Ah-hum, ah-hum.

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

He had a wife with a cunt so wide. Ah-hum...
That she could not be satisfied.

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

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

He tied her to the leg of the bed,
Tied her hands above her head.
There she lay demanding a fuck,
He shook her hand and wished her luck.
Round and round went the bloody great wheel.
in and out went the prick of steel.

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

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

Now we come to the tragic bit.

The was no way of stopping it.
She was split from arse to tit.

And the whole fucking issue was covered in...
Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over in SHIT, SHIT, SHIT.

A10. FINE TIME TO LOSE THE TRAIL

Chorus:

I picked a fine time to lose me the trail,
A quarter past 6 as the light starts to fail.
Got caught at a checkback, no money for a becak,
No whores and probably no ale.
I picked a fine time to lose me the trail,

Well I picked up the hash-sheet, got the directions,
Left the office at quarter past 4.
I told the driver, if we don't get there,
I'll slam your balls in the door.
Got stuck in the traffic on Gatot Subroto,
In a panic I changed in the car.
Had a bus load of people, they got a free peepshow,
And tell me, what was it all for?

I got to the Hash Site, 5 minutes early,
In time for 5 or 6 beers.
Heard the horn blowing, set off with Ross Singer,
My stupidity belies my years.
The pack had soon vanished, and at the next checkback,
On direction we couldn't agree.
With shortcutting smugness, I guessed at a lefty,
Saying you'll never find beer before me.

Ten minutes later, still seen no paper,
I arrived at the local mandi.
Several young maidens, all naked and dripping,
Offered their bodies to me.
When playtime was over, the sun was much lower,
And I desperately needed a beer.
Still no fucking paper, and no shouts of on-on,
I felt my first twinge of fear.

About an hour later, still in the jungle,
Felt about ready to die.
Off in the distance, I heard a rumble,
Thought I could see some light.
I crashed through the bushes, cobras and shiggy,
As fast as my poor feet could fly.
Came out of the jungle, couldn't believe it,
For there was K-25.

A13. I'VE GOT THE CLAP AGAIN

Tune: Those were the days

Once upon a time I was a hasher,
Used to down an Anker beer or two.
Remember how I laughed away the hours,
And dreamed of all the whores that I would screw.
Every Monday evening I'd go hashing,
Sometimes I'd shortcut along the way.
But I'd always stay late at the on-on,
Where you would 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 with rosy choo-choo lips.
All the men began to get excited,
At the sight of that young lady's swollen tits.

5 o'clock Hash Master got his horn out,
Everybody else put theirs away
Then I got myself into position,
Where I could watch those 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 knew right then that we were going to fuck.

This girl showed me that she was no novice.
Her repertoire or 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 can have our weekly check-ups
And find out just what caused that nasty rash.

A15. IRIAN JAYA

Tune: Mull of Kintyre

Chorus:

Irian Jaya, to be gobbled by natives is what I desire,
As they practice on blowpipes in Irian Jaya.

Far have I travelled 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 good blow job go to Irian Jaya.

I've 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 voice 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 man-trap and as strong I suppose.

Bush like a yardbroom that's made out of wire,

So be careful of pussy in Irian Jaya.

The skirt she was wearing was made out of grass,/It only just covered the cheeks
of her arse./I felt an erection get higher and higher/As I followed that lady of
Irian Jaya.

She put down her basket, grabbed hold of my tool,

pulled back the foreskin and started to drool.

Curled her lips round it, and I am no liar,

'cos they still have head-hunters in Irian Jaya.

The tip of my foreskin came off in her teeth,/I Crry it around in a small leather
sheath./Her piss flaps ignited, set my bollocks on fire/So be careful of pussy in
Irian Jaya.

A16. LEAVER'S SONG

Tune: Annie's song

Chorus:

You're leaving Jakarta, you silly old farter.
Your best days are over, you're ready to go.
Your wrinkles are showing, your beer belly's growing.
Your semen's stopped flowing, you're all clapped out now.

You abandoned your wife, in favour of night life.
You screwed till the morning, then came back for more.
Even your maid was willing, to sample your drilling'
But now your bit's broken, they've shown you the door.

We marvel to witness, your standard of fitness.
You suffered no ailments, not even a cough.
But from self-abuse, and living so loose,
Your extremity's withered, & your balls have dropped off.

You came full of purpose, but now you are surplus.
You were full of ideas, you were at the forefront.
Now your skills are outdated, your job's automated.
You're now on the scrap heap, you stupid old cunt.

A17. LOOPY

Tune: Sweet Betsy from Pike

Twass down in cunt valley where red rivers flow,
Where cocksuckers flourish and maidenheads grow.
Twass there I met Loopy, the girl I adore,
She's a hot fucking, cock sucking, 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 loopy than sweet cherry pie.

When Loopy was a young girl of just about eight,
She'd swing to and fro on the back garden gate.
The cross member parted, the upright went in,
And since then she's lived in a welter of sin.

Now Loopy was a hard girl, of that there's no doubt,
She used to eye men with a lopsided pout.
She wasn't so pretty, but few men complained,
When she held the whip, and they were in chains.

Now Loopy is dead and she lays in her tomb.
The worms crawl around in her decomposed womb.
The smile on her face, well it says give me more,
I'm a hot fucking, cock sucking Mexican whore.

A18. ME NO LIKEE BLITISH SOLDIER

Chorus:

Me no likee Blitish soldier, Yankee pay 5 dollar more.

Yankee call me "plitty baby,"

Blitish call me "fucking whore."

Yankee tap upon the window,

Blitish kick the fucking door.

Yankee take my clothes off slowly,

With B all my clothes are tore.

Yankee finish in 5 minutes,

Blitish fuck for hour or more.

Yankee he go home next Tuesday,

Blitish stay 4 years or more.

Yes I likee Blitish soldier,

Yanks go home and shed no tears.

A19. MR.FISHERMAN

Oh Mr.Fisherman, home from the sea,
Have you got a lobster you will sell to me.

Chorus:

Singing roll-tiddly-oh, shit or bust,
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust.

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

So I took the lobster home, but I couldn't find a dish,
So I put the fucking lobster, where the missus has a piss.

In the middle of the night, what happened was this,
Up got the missus, to go and have a piss.

The missus gave a groan, and then she gave a grunt,
And up jumped the lobster, & grabbed her by the cunt.

I grabbed a brush, and the missus grabbed a broom,
And we chased the fucking lobster round & round the room.

We hit it on the head, and we hit it on the side,
We hit that fucking lobster, until the bastard died.

Oh the story has a moral, and the moral is this,
Always have a shifty, before you have a piss.

That's the end of the story, there isn't any more,

There's an apple up my arsehole, & you can have the core.
Down in Nagasaki, the monkey fucked the cat, And all the cat...

A24. SOME DIE OF DRINKING WATER

Tune: British Grenadiers.

Some die of drinking water,
And some of drinking beer.
Some die of constipation,
And some of diarrhoea.
But of all the world's diseases,
There's none that can compare.
With the drip,drip drip, of a septic prick,
From a dose of gonorrhoea.

I like the girls who say they will.
I like the girls who won't.
I hate the girls who say they will,
But 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.

A26. WAVES AND WAVES

Tune: Clouds

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 favours did I seek,
Or try to have my way.

Chorus:

I've humped with her from both sides now,
In and out, up and down.
In all experience I 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,
Jakarta Hash they did me screw,
The Aussie navy laid me too,
And had their ends away."

"I must admit I've played some tricks,
What's one destroyer full of pricks."
Jakarta hashmen in her knicks,
Would surely lose their way.
But like a cad, my chance did seize,
"I've never been between your knees."
And my pure angel, just to please,
Upon her back did lay.

Waves and waves of pubic hair,
The cooties crawling everywhere.
The flavoured douches sprayed in there,
It's strawberry today.
And if you got inside her pants,
Cave paintings in the south of France,
The only way that I could chance,
Describing what I see.
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 & surprise,
Of gazing between my girlfriends thighs.
It's made me rich today.
So pay me now if you've a need,
No clap, no VD guaranteed.
Maybe some rabies I'll concede,
Just form a queue, ... this way.

A27. WOODPECKERS HOLE

Tune: Dixie

I *put* my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Take it out, remove it."

take it out,
put it back,
turn it round,
turn it back,
back and forth,
slow it down,
let it go,
once again
pull it out,
take a whiff,

remove it.
replace it.
revolve it.
reverse it.
reciprocate it.
retard it.
release it.
repeat it.
retract it.
revolting.

B ENDLESS CIRCLE PARTICIPATION

Here are some sample verses whilst you remember your old favourites, (buy a Bumper JHHH songbook for 'em all) or try to make up some new ones about your mates.

B1. BALL OF KIRRIEMUIR

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness,
And when the ball was over, there were 4 and 20 less.

Chorus:

Singing, balls to your partner,
Arse against the wall.
If you haven't been shagged on Saturday night,
You'll never get shagged at all.

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

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

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

First lady forward, second lady back,
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack.

They were fucking in the parlour,
they were fucking in the grass
And all that you could see were waves of undulating arse.

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

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

The village postman he was there, he had a case of pox
He couldn't fuck the lassies, so he fucked the letterbox.

The Queen was in the parlour, eating bread and honey.
The King was in the chambermaid and she was in the money.

The bride was in the kitchen, explaining to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb.

A couple of Hashers they were there, looking for a fuck,
But all the cunts were occupied, and they were out of luck.

The Music Master he was there, the leader of the choir.
He hit the balls of all boys, to make their voices higher.

The Pussy Mistress she was there, she had the crowd in fits.
Jumping off the mantelpiece, and landing on her tits:

The vicar's wife she was there,
dressed in a long white shroud,
Swinging on the chandeliers and pissing on the crowd.

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

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

B3. CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS

Tune: John Peel

Chorus: Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,
Cats with syphilis and cats with piles.
Cats with their arseholes wreathed in smiles,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The donkey on the common is a solitary bloke,
It's very very seldom that he ever gets a poke,
But when he does, he lets it soak, As he revels

The hippopotamus, so it seems,
Very rarely has wet dreams,
But when he does, he comes in streams, as he

The whale is a mammal, as everybody knows,
He takes 2 days to have a shag, & when he's in the throes
He doesn't stop to take it out, he piddles though his nose, as

In Egypt's sunny clime, the crocodile,
Only gets it once in a while,
But when he does, he floods the Nile, as he....

The orang-utan is a colourful sight,
With a glow on his arse like a neon light,
as he jumps and leaps into the night and....

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

When you wake up in the morning with a devil of a stand,
From the pressure of the liquid in your seminary gland,
If you can't find a woman, use your own fucking hand, as ..

When you wake up in the morning with a surge of sexual joy,
Your wife has got the rags on, & your daughter's feeling coy
Do you ram it up the arsehole of your darling little boy, as ..

When you're babysitting jr, as you do each W'nesday night,
Your wife is on the Hash, but your prick is full upright,
Do you feed your beef to junior, 'til he's old enough to bite...

A spinster by the seaside was feeling very blue,
She saw the children at it, & she thought she'd like some too
So she bought 3 bananas, & ate the other 2, as she ..

B4. DINAH

Chorus:

Dinah, Dinah show us your leg,
Show us your leg, show us your leg.
Dinah, Dinah show us your leg, a yard above the knee.

A rich girl:

But Dinah / Dinah has

A poor girl:

.. wears a brassiere,	.. uses string,
.. uses sweet fuck all, she lets the buggers swing.	
.. wears a ring of gold,	.. one of brass,
the only ring that ... is the one around her arse.	
.. rides a limousine,	.. rides a truck,
the only ride that... is when she has a fuck.	
.. uses K-Y gel,	.. uses lard,
.. uses axle grease, because her cunt's so hard.	
.. uses tampax,	.. uses rags,
.. uses nowt at all, it runs right down her legs.	
.. uses a san.towel,	.. uses a sheet,
.. uses nothing at all, leaves a trail along the street.	
.. work in offices,	.. work in stores,
.. works in a knocking shop with 40 other whores.	
.. has a Siamese cat,	.. a dog that begs,
only pet that Dinah has, is the one between her legs	
.. lives in a house with grounds,	.. lives in a shack,
.. is content, just living on her back.	
.. eats caviar,	.. a crust of bread,
.. has no time to eat, she's always in her bed.	
.. wears a dress of silk	..one of rags,
but the only clothes that ... come from rich old fags.	

I wish I were the diamond ring, on Dinah's dainty hand.
Then, every time she wiped her arse, I'd see the promised land

B5. GIRL FROM BALTIMORE

Chorus:

She's a dirty mother fucker,
She's a rotten whore,
She's a girl from Baltimore/Singapore/Tanamour.
What did the drunk say?
Boom titty-bum, titty bum, titty bum, t-b, t-b, t-b, t-b.
She's a dirty(etc. to)...Baltimore.

Oh she (1), but the skunk from her cunt (2).

went to the church just to pray for the people,
...knocked the cross off the steeple.

went to the well just to make a wish,
... killed off all the fish.

went to Singapore on a medical trip,
... just continued to drip.

went to the mosque on a Friday afternoon,
... knocked the star off the moon.

went for a ride on a motorcycle,
... knocked the chain off the cycle.

went for a plane ride over North Carolina,
but the crew bailed out from the smell of her vagina.

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

took a shortcut just to get back quicker,
.... made the shiggy slicker.

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

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

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

B6. GANG BANGS.

Chorus:

I want a gang bang if I could,
Because a gang bang feels so good.
When I was young and in my prime,
I used to gang bang all the time.
But I'm old and getting grey,
I only gang bang once a day.

Knock, knock. WHO'S THERE.

Ida. Ida want another gang bang if I could.
Sam. Sam enchanted evening.
Lena. Lena up against the wall.
Euripides. Euripides panties off right now.
Kissinger. Kissinger's just awful, but fucking's fine.
Carter. Carter out of the gutter.
Ben. Ben-d over and have another gang bang.
Paul. Paul her knickers off.
Digger. Digger up again, 'cos she's ready for..

B7. GOOD SHIP VENUS

Chorus:

Frigging in the rigging, wanking on the planking,
Masturbating on the grating, there was fuck all else to do.

'Twas on the good ship Venus,
by Christ, you should have seen us.
The figurehead was a nude in bed, sucking a red hot penis.

The Captain of that lugger, he was a dirty bugger,
He wasn't fit to shovel shit, from one end to the other.

The first mate's name was Carter, my God, he was a farter,
When the wind didn't blow, and the ship wouldn't go,
we got Carter the farter to start 'er.

The second mate's name was Hopper,
by Christ, he had a whopper,
Once round the deck, twice round his neck,
and up his arse as a stopper.

The third mate's name was Morgan, he was a grisly gorgon.
3 times a day, he strummed away, upon his sexual organ.

The bosun's name was Paul, he only had one ball,
But with that cracker, he rolled tobaccer,
around the cabin wall.

The Captain's wife was Mabel, and whenever she was able,
She gave the crew their daily screw, upon the galley table.

The Captains randy daughter, was swimming in the water.
Delighted squeals revealed that eels,
had found her sexual quarter.

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'Mally, he didn't dilly-dally.
He shot his bolt with such a jolt,
he whitewashed half the galley.

The cabin boy was Kipper, a cunning little nipper.
He filled his arse with broken glass,
and circumcised the skipper.

The ship's dog name was Rover, the whole crew did him over.
They ground and ground that faithful hound,
from Singapore to Dover.

The ship's cat's name was Kitty, her hole was black & shitty,
But shit or not, it had a twat, the Captain showed no pity.

'Twas in the Adriatic, where the water's almost static.
The rise and fall of prick and ball became quite automatic.

On a trip to Buenos Aires, we rogered all the fairies,
We got a dose of syph at Teneriffe, & clap in the Canaries.

It was on the China station, to roars of approbation,
we sunk a junk, with a volley of spunk,
from mutual masturbation.

B8. HARES ON HER DICKY-DI-DO

Tune: The ash grove

The mayor of Bayswater, had only one daughter,
And the hairs on her dicky-di-do hang down to her knees

Chorus:

And the hairs, and the hairs,
And the hairs on her dicky-di-do hang down to her knees.
One black one, one white one,
And one with a bit of shite on,
And the hairs on her dicky-di-do hang down to her knees.

I've touched it, I've felt it.
It's just like a piece of velvet.

I've licked it, I've kissed it,
It tastes like a chocolate biscuit.

She says she is no whore,
But she bangs like a shithouse door.

It would take a coal miner.

To find her vagina.

If she were my daughter,

I'd have them cut shorter.

The aroma it ligers,

It tastes like fish fingers.

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

She married an Italian,

With balls like a fucking stallion.

She sits on the waterfront,

With the waves lapping up and down her cunt.

Though it may seem ridiculous,

She rides her bike knickerless.

...One black one, one white one, & one with a bit of shite on
And one with a little light on, to show you the way.

B9. I LIKE MY VINO

I like my *Beer, it makes me feel queer,*
But give me the good old vino.
I like my vino,
It gives me a stand supremo.
Aye, aye, aye aye, si si señora,
My sister Belinda she pissed out the window,
And filled up my brand new sombrero.

Anker	because I'm a wanker
Brandy	it makes me feel randy
Champagne	it makes me cum again
Cider	helps me get inside her
Claret	it stiffens the carrot
Coke	it helps me to poke
Gin	it helps me get in
Jack Daniels	because "he" fucks spaniels
Ovaltine	makes me feel like a fairy queen
Pernod	'cos it makes my dong grow
Pimms	it lubricates quims
Port	because "he's" so short
Rum	it helps me to cum
Schnapps	it helps me with the chaps (cure the clap)
Seven Up	it helps me get my pecker up
Sliwovitz	it helps me cum between her tits
Sprite	'cos I can go all the night
Stout	it helps me get out
Tea	because "he" gets it for free
Tequila	it helps me to feel her
Whisky	it makes me feel frisky
Wine	it makes me feel fine

B10. LULU

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

Lulu works in a knocking shop,

with 40 other ...

I wish I was the diamond ring, on Lulu's dainty hand.

Then every time she scratched her arse,

I'd see the promised ...

Lulu was a pretty girl, she had a lot of class.

Mini skirts she wore a lot,

So she could show her ...

Lulu had a little lamb, she kept it in a bucket.

And every time the lamb jumped out,

The bulldog (xxx) used to ...

Lulu had a baby, it was an awful shock.

She couldn't call it Lulu,

'cos the bastard had a ...

Lulu had a bicycle, the seat was very blunt.

And every time she sat on it,

It would stick her in the ...

Lulu had 2 boyfriends, both were very rich.

One was the son of a banker,

The other was a son of a ...

She took my limpid member, & grasped it round the shank

It refused to go into her hole,

So she gave it a

The way Lulu swung her tits, you knew she had some class

So I after I had fucked her,

I whooped it up her ...

xxx took Lulu boating, and taught her how to punt.

She took his pole in both her hands,

And shoved it up her ...

The Hash met Lulu's mother, she was an awful hag.

But xxx soon had her knickers down, and gave her a.....

B11. MOBILE

Oh, the eagles they fly high in Mobile (2x)

Oh the eagles they fly high,

And they shit right in your eye

Thank the Lord that cows don't fly in Mobile.

Oh the vicar is a bugger, and the curate is another

so they bugger one another..

The chemist's are the key men, selling dehydrated semen

to emasculated he-men..

The seagulls have a lighthouse, & they use it as a shitehouse

now the lighthouse is a white house..

There's:

no paper in the bogs, so they wait until it clogs

then they saw it off in logs..

a shortage of good whores, but there's keyholes in the doors

and knotholes in the floors..

a virgin so they say, she was born just yesterday

now the hash is on it's way...

a shortage of wine glasses, 'cos the upper middle classes

stick wine glasses up their arses...

a girl by the name of Dinah, who thinks there's nothing finer

than a prick up her vagina..

a shrunken guy called Elf, who likes to feel himself.

Thank heaven, for little girls...

a scribe called xxxxx,

now xxxxx can't write, he don't know left from right,

and his sheets are full of shite.

a hotel called Tambora, & if you wanna fuck a whora,

you just go upstairs and bore 'er.

They hold on-ons in the Top Gun, & if you want to cum,

there's a whore for everyone.

B13. MUSIC MAN

add successive lines, including actions.

I am the music man. I come from down your way.
And I can play. WHAT CAN YOU PLAY?
I can play the **viola**. HOW DOES IT GO?

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

Piccolo. Pick- a, pick-a, pick-a-low.
Sexyphone. Sexy, sexy, sexy-phone.
Big bass drum. Bang 'er, bang 'er, bang 'er again.

The Dambusters. (Tune & fly past)
The Archers. (Tune)
Nikki Lauda. Fucking 'ell, me 'eads on fire..
Natalie Wood. Glug, glug, glug
Chernobyl resident. I can see clearly now..
Yasser Arafat. I want to be in America.
The iron lung. (Heavy breathing)
Nick Faldo. Up the fairway (2x), where the..

B14. MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN trad.

Chorus:

Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in, rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in, my God....

My father prints counterfeit money,
My mother brews synthetic gin,
My sister sells kisses to sailors,
My God, how the money rolls in.

My uncle's a Harley street surgeon,
With instruments long, sharp & thin
He only knows one operation, my God....

My brother's a slum missionary,
Saving young ladies from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar, my God..

My granny's a bawdy-house keeper,
Each night when the evening grows dim
She hangs out a little red lantern, my God...

Uncle Joe is a registered plumber
His business in holes and in tin.
He'll plug up your hole for a tanner, my God...
My granddad sells cheap prophylactics,
He punctures the teats with a pin.
My grandma gets rich from abortions, my God...
My sister's a barmaid in Sydney,
For a shilling she'll strip to the skin.
She's stripping from morning to midnight, my God...
We've spent all our counterfeit money.
We've drunk all our synthetic gin.
My sister's run off with a sailor.
Oh God, what a mess we are in.

B15. OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a bugger for the hole,
And a bugger for the hole 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 as can compare,
With the boys from the HHH.

Chorus:

How's your father?	ALL RIGHT.
How's your mother?	SHE'S TIGHT.
How's your sister?	SHE MIGHT.
When was the last time?	LAST NIGHT.
When is the next time?	TONIGHT.
How's your arsehole?	FULL OF SHITE.

Tailors.... had a very fine needle.

Stick it in and out, in and out, said the tailors.

Jugglers... had very fine balls.

Throw your balls in the air said the jugglers.

Ladies... had a very fine cat.

Come and pet my pussy said the ladies.

Huntsmen... had a very fine horn.

Wake up in the morn with a horn said the huntsmen.

Fishermen.. had a fine rod.

Mine is 2/4/6/8 foot long said the fisherman.

Surgeons.. had a very fine knife.

Cut it round the knob, make it throb said the surgeon.

Horsemen. had a very fine saddle.

Ride it up and down, up and down said the horsemen.

Carpenters. had a very fine hammer.

Bang away, bang away, bang away said the carpenters.

B18. THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL

Tune: Eton boating song

The sexual life of the camel,
Is stranger than anyone thinks.
At the height of the mating season.
It tries to bugger the Sphinx.
But the Sphinx's posterior passage,
Is blocked 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, ay (*repeat, both lines*)

Now the sexual life of the ostrich,
Is hard to understand.
At the height of the mating season,
It buries its head in the sand.
Now whenever another ostrich,
Sees this arse sticking up in the air,
Does he up it, and fuck it with relish,
Or doesn't he fucking well care.

And the sexual life of the Hasher,
Is full of marital strife.
First, it's on-on to the K-bar,
And then back home to the wife.
So when by Thursday morning,
Those little red spots appear,
It's a week of penicillin,
And a week of "Not tonight, dear."

Of social activities in Jakarta
There are so many to choose.
A suck, maybe a fuck,
Or perhaps just resort to the booze.
But there's one thing you can be sure about,
Whether sucking a bottle or tit.
That when you get back to the Missus,
You will be deep in the SHIT!

The sexual life of the bullfrog
Is hard to comprehend.
At the height of the mating season
He licks the arse of a friend.
But the arse of the female bullfrog
Is covered with warts and with slime,
Which accounts for the hump on the bullfrog,
And why he goes "ugggh" all the time.

In the process of civilization,
From anthropoid ape down to man,
It is generally held that the navy
Has buggared whatever it can.
Yet recent extensive searches,
By Darwin, Huxley and Hall,
Have conclusively proved that the hedgehog
Cannot be buggared at all.
...lead singer for Queen.
...corgies don't talk to the press.

B19. THESE FOOLISH THINGS

A pair of boobies in a loose brassiere,
A cunt that twitches like a moose's ear,
A dirty rubber in my glass of beer,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Those bloodstained knickers in a London taxi,
Strange noises from a horses jaxie,
The night you aborted twins./Your little hairy quim.

Lipstick traces on an old french letter,
Attacks of syphilis that won't get better,
And when I piss it stings.

A running sore beside an open hole,
A kotex floating in my toilet bowl,
A pubic hair on my breakfast roll.

When I awoke upon the morning after,
I saw your tits and pissed myself with laughter,
Oh how the left one swings.

The birth control book with it's well worn pages,
The contraceptive that comes off in stages,
Oh how my foreskin stings.

Sex education with old Sister Mary,
Abusing turkeys in the aviary,
Oh how those birds could sing.

Blood stains on the sheet that soap can't shift,
Frozen dog turds in a deep snow drift,
And when it comes to spring.

The leather sofa where we used to linger,
The quim juice running down my middle finger,
And those squeaky springs.
The old settee we used to lie and grunt on,
The piece of rag you used to wipe your cunt on,
How the aroma clings.

The motel room we used to hug and kiss in,
The flower pot you used to squat and piss in,
There'll be no flowers next spring.

The newsboy calling out the late night final,
Those girlish screams from in the gents urinal,
Sometimes I think my crabs have wings.

Your legs wrapped round me in a wild contortion,
The rusty tongs we used for your abortion,
A big, fat, flabby minge.

Those handcuffs dangling beside the bed,
Teeth marks on my dong after you gave me head,
A banana sticking in your quim.

A mini-minor with the seats pushed forward,
That little bunk-up that is oh so awkward,
The way we shook its springs.

B20. THREE GERMAN OFFICERS

Tune: Mademoiselle from Amentiers

Three German officers crossed the Rhine. Parlez vous? (2x)

Three German officers crossed the Rhine,
Fucked all the women and drank the wine.
Inky pinky parlez vous.

They came across a wayside inn.
Pissed on the mat and buggered in.

The landlord had a daughter fair.
With lily white tits and golden hair.

X The first one up the stairs he went.
He came back down with his prick all bent.

They tied her to the foot of the bed.
And fucked her 'til she was nearly dead.

They took her down a leafy lane.
And fucked her back to life again.

They fucked her up, they fucked her down.
They fucked her right around the town.

X They fucked her in, they fucked her out.
They fucked her up the water spout.

Three German officers went to hell.
They fucked the devil, his wife as well.

B22. WILD WEST SHOW

Chorus:

We're off to see the wild west show,
The elephant and the kangaroo.
Never mind the weather,
As long as we're together,
We're off to see the wild west show,

And in the next cage, ladies and gentlemen,
We have the xxxxx.

THE XXXXX. INCREDIBLE. FANTASTIC.
WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT? TELL US ABOUT IT.

The Giraffe. Most popular animal. Enters a bar,
"The highballs are on me."

The Homosexual Sparrow. Sometimes flies backwards
- for a Lark.

The Laughing Hyena. Fucks once a year.

Why is he laughing? Tonight's the night.

The Leo-pard. One spot for each day of the year.

Leap year? Look under the tail, madam.

The Ooh Aah bird. Male lives N.pole, female S.Pole.

Once a year, mating season, meet at Equator. OoohAaah

The Oomy Goolie bird. Big balls, very short legs.

and every time it lands. Ooh me goolies...

The Orang Utan. One ball of brass, one of steel.

And as he walks through the jungle. O rang o tang.

The Piebald Pony. Examine his Knackers.

Exactly 3.14159 inches in diameter.

The Rhino-sore-arse. Richest animal. Rhino = money,

Sore arse = piles.

Triangular iceberg. One American with private school,

Russian private school, & Polar bear, privates cool.

The Famous Fukawi tribe. Pygmies, dwell in long grass.

Hear them call to one another, "Where the fuck are
we?"

The Winky Wanky bird. Membrane joins eyebrow to foreskin.

And when he winks he wanks, & when he wanks he
winks. Madam don't throw sand in the birds eyes.

C SHORT AND NOT VERY SWEET.

C5. THE COW KICKED NELLY

Tune: Turkey in the straw

Oh the cow kicked Nelly in the belly last
The cow kicked Nelly in the belly last
Oh the cow kicked Nelly in the belly last
But the farmer says, she'll be all right.

Second verse, same as the first
A little bit louder and a little bit worse.
etc. louder, and faster.

C10. I WISH I WERE IN ENGLAND

I wouldn't say no to a nice cold beer
And I wouldn't say no to a naughty.
I've been in London half a year,
In a bed sitter off Earls Court-ie.

I was walking down Earls Court Road one day,
When into a pub I was lured,
By a nosey Pom who asked, "Where you from?"
As I downed the amber fluid.

I said, "Now mate, I'm an Aussie, mate,"
And I'm about to get plastered.
But the beer is crook and the sheilas look
Like you, You Pommy bastard.

I wish I were in England, I do, I do.
I'd go down to Trafalgar Square,
And say to old Lord Nelson;
"Get fucked! Get fucked! You one eyed pommy bastard.

C11. OLD BROWN COW

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.

C12. OU EST LE PAPIER

Tune: Le Marseillaise

A Frenchman went to the lavat'ry
For to have a, jolly good shit, shit, shit.
He took his coat and trousers off,
So that he could, revel in it, it ,it.
But when he reached for the paper,
He found that someone had been there before.
Ou est le papier? Ou est le papier?
Monsieur, monsieur, j'ai fait manure,
Ou est le papier?

DI. ALLOUETTE

Tune: same

Chorus:

Allouette, gentil Allouette,
Allouette, je te plumerai.

How I love her Curly hair.

How I love her Curly hair.

Curly hair, curly hair,... Allouette.

(add in new item each time to last line)

How I love her:

Bushy brows.

Criss cross eyes.

Broken Nose.

Lubra Lips.

Two buck teeth.

Double chin.

Saggy tits.

*(the Hash has been known to develop a fixation,
and the record sticks at this point)*

Big pot belly.

Knobbly knees.

Smelly feet.

Juicy cunt.

Prolapsed uterus.

Anal warts.

etc.

D2. BARNACLE BILL

a tender duet.

"Who's that knocking at my door?" (3x)

Said the fair young maiden.

"It's Barnacle Bill from over the hill."

Said Barnacle Bill the sailor. (repeat, both lines)

Why are you knocking at my door?

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

Shall I come and let you in?

Open the door you dirty old whore.

Will you sleep upon the floor?

Get off the floor, you dirty old whore.

Will you sleep upon the mat?

Bugger the mat, you can't fuck that.

Will you sleep upon the stairs?

Bugger the stairs, they got no hairs.

Will you sleep upon my breasts?

Bugger your tits, they give me the shits.

Will you sleep between my thighs?

Cut the talk and open your fork.

Will you sleep within my cunt?

Bugger your cunt, I'll fuck for a stunt.

What if we should have a child?

Smother the bugger and fuck for another.

D12. SINGING IN THE RAIN

Chorus: I'm singing in the rain,
Just singing in the rain,
What a glorious feeling, I'm hap-hap happy again.

All stop. ALL STOP.

Thumbs up. THUMBS UP. chorus.

(now add a new action on each verse)

Thumbs up.

Shoulders back.

Elbows in.

Tits out.

Knees bent.

Arse out.

Shorts down.

Tongue out.

E COLLECTORS ITEMS

E8. FUCKING HELL SHE'S UGLY

by Sheepskin

All I want is a whore somewhere,
Great big labia, no pubic hair,
Open mouth with no teeth there,
Oh fucking hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

Great big tits that hang so slack,
One is yellow and the other is black,
Oh boy have you seen her crack. Oh..

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

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

She's hunch backed with a broken nose
Got one club foot with an ingrowing toe
Her menstrual flow comes outa her nose. Oh..

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

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

She buys her clothes in Pasar Baru.

To keep them on she uses glue.

When I take her out my friends all spew. Oh..

Her wooden leg is far too short.

Her one glass eye's got a list to port.

I've shagged her mum, she's such a sport. Oh..

I met her when she was thirty five.

I looked into those criss cross eyes.

It was hard to tell if she was dead or alive. Oh..

She said, "Grab me by the private parts."

As I did she blew a fart.

Followed with a grunt from within her cunt. Oh..

She said, "Grab me again while the feeling lasts."

Then you can poke it up my arse.

I said, "No, I think I'll pass." Oh..

Now she's dead and there aint no more.

I fucked to death that rotten whore.

My balls are red and my prick's so sore. Oh..

E11. HYMNS AND ARIAS

Tune: Hymns & Arias

It was on a Monday evening, **xxxx** did his tricks,
And ran a trail of paper, with a bunch of silly pricks.
Though kampun and shiggy, the hares had done their bit,
Their aim was to ensure the hounds,
were all waist deep in shit.

Chorus:

And they were singing, Hymns and Arias,
Land of my fathers, right up your nose.

At 5 o'clock the horn blew, to lead them on their way.
The hounds were keen to make a start,
they'd been waiting half the day.
At first it seemed the Aussies would lead the noble pack,
But they were far too dim to see the very first check back.
The Kiwis took an early lead, the Poms seemed half asleep,
But **xxxx** let the side down, when he spied a lonely sheep.
He crept right up behind it, well hidden in the grass,
But that sheep turned out to be a goat,
that butted him up the arse.

xxxx had a hard on, and was feeling very randy.
He took a short cut down a slope, and fell into a mandi.
He landed on a sweet young maid, to her it was no laugh
As she cried, "Tuans on my private parts,"
he could only splutter, "Maaf".

At on-on time the circle formed, the beer began to flow,
xxxx sang in Welsh, and put on quite a show.
The French and Dutch & Yanks, all fell down to their knees,
They hailed the glorious singing,
which they thought was Japanese.

Much later at the on-on-on, the boys who'd been up front,
Now turned their minds to other things,
like tits & bum & cunt.

They went to the Tambura where no-one ever dallies,
And the girls call out, just like in Wales,
"You're welcome in our valleys."

E14. I'LL TAKE THE LEFT LEG

Tune: Loch Lomond

Chorus:

Oh, I'll take the left leg, and you take the right leg,
It's my turn to give her the caber.
'Cos me and my true love have never been the same
Since I shared her with the next door neighbour.

When the Lord and his band were shaping up this land,
They found that they had left over

A pile of useless crap on the left side of the map

That they'd hacked out of the white cliffs of Dover.

Angel Gabriel scratched his head and asked the Lord instead

"What can we call a land so mean, Sire?"

"Och, Gabe, call it what ye will, maybe Largs or Motherwell

No, on second thoughts we'll call it Aberdeenshire."

Now there was me & Aunty Annie,

Cousin Jock & dear old Granny

And we'd all had a roll in the heather.

'Cos we come from Braemar, and we'll not forget that our
Family motto is, "We're all queers together."

Now the old goat died, round about Eastertide,

So Jock rammed the bloody coal scuttle up her.

He threw her on to boil, then he topped her off with soil

And served her up as haggis supper.

When a visiting rugby team took a whore from Aberdeen

To agree a price took an eternity.

But she took them without fuss, & had triplets on the bus

And sued them for collective paternity.

Now wee Ronnie teaches pipes to girls of all types,

His methods are a revelation.

Just cut your bloody banter, get your mouth round my chanter

And I'll complete your education.

Now in Burn's magic prose, a Scottish girl is like a rose.

My lass was more like Ben Nevis when I found her.

Her southern slopes were grey, half the nation knew the way, And the
Hash had run up and down her.

E17. THE OLD IRISH STATE

Tune: Willikins & Dinah

I'll sing you a song of the old Irish (Polirish) race
And the problems these poor little people must face.
If you're asked who's got an IQ of 108.
It's the total points scored by the whole Irish state.

Chorus: With an urr urr urr, and an arr arr arr arr
They come from a-near and they come from afar.
To hear our heros and also to see,
Who am the next one a-going to be.

Now Patrick was screwing for over an hour
When he stopped and said to his girl with a glower
"You've got nothing on top and nothing below."
She said, "Get off my back, you silly old crow."

Now Sean was a student at the top of his form
"What's 4 and 4," said his mother, when he was at home.
"Seven," he replied, said his father with glee.
He's such a clever lad, he only missed it by three.

Mrs Riley went shopping for anti-perspirant
"For my husband," she said, "you know what I want."
"It's the ball type you're after," said the shopgirl, "I think"
"No, for under his armpits is where the bugger do stink."

"The defendant, did he rape you?" said the judge to Anna.
"Yes, he did," she replied in her most demure manner.
"And to the best of your knowledge, did he have a climax?"
"No, a Japanese Mazda, them be the facts."

Now Mary O'Toole a gynaecologist had seen.
He opened her legs and peered in between.
He said, "When did you last have a check-up in here?"
She said, "I've only had Hungarians for over a year."

"Pilot Murphy to control tower, I want to come in."
"Control tower to Murphy, instructions begin.
What's your height and position, you stupid old runt?"
"I be five foot nine tall and I be sitting in front."

Mrs O'Leary buried her husband, bur her friend had found
That she'd left his bare arse sticking out of the ground.
"Why'd you do that, I've never seen such like?"
"Well, when I visit the grave, I can park me bike."

Well the Jews they tell us that they're God's chosen race.
But it could have been our fair land in it's place.
For God went a searching, he looked all around.
But three wise men and a virgin just couldn't be found.

E21. THE WILD HASHER

Tune: Wild Rover

CHORUS:

And it's no, nay, never, No, nay never no more
Will I follow hash paper, No never, no more.

I've been a wild hasher for many a year.

I've spent all my money on T-shirts and beer.

And now I'm returning with holes in my shoes,

But I never will run on a hash without booze.

I crossed bamboo bridges and swam through the streams,
Crushed frogs, snakes and spiders and things quite obscene.

Through cassava and paddies, been lost north and south.

I tripped in my haste and fell flat on my mouth.

I slipped and I slithered, recovered my feet.

I counted my molars, and came back on at speed.

Got lost at a check, rushed forwards and back.

Prayed for some paper and found the right track.

I ran through a kampong and greeted the crowd.

"Selamat sore pak, where is the way out?"

They pointed me on, but it was a false trail.

I cursed the damned hare and longed for my ale.

At last near the on-on, I smelled the cold beer.

Fell into my car, and changed my wet gear.

I searched for my wallet, but I'd left it at home.

No money, no Bintang, stayed sober alone.

I was called into the circle I used to frequent,

And told the Hash Master my money was spent.

I asked him for credit. He answered me, "Yes,

Such custom as yours fits well with the hash."

Cheers to the circle, and to Anker beer.

Even though later, I know I'll feel queer.

I poured down my down-down for cutting too short,

But I still love my hashing, for leisure and sport.

E23. TWAS ON A MONDAY EVENING by Konkorde
Tune: Dashing away with a smoothing iron

Twas on a Monday evening, from Anker I was heaving,
But with determination I found the Tanamour.
I met a beautiful maiden; her tits were fully laden.
So I shagged her like a randy lion,
I fucked her with my cock of iron
I shagged like a randy lion,
until she came away, HEY HEY HEY.

Twas on a Tuesday morning, before the sun was rising
I'd fucked her round the motel room in every kind of way.
But doggy fashion inverted,
on the table was rather perverted Oh!
Shagging away on hands and knees,
thrashing away ignoring shouts and pleas
Shagging away farting in the breeze
until we came away, HEY..

Twas on the Wednesday morning, in bathroom I was yawning
I tried to take a piss, but oh to my dismay
The piss came out on left and right
even splashed the bathroom light, Oh!
Pissing away all over the place, even hit me in the face
Pissing away all over the place,
"FUCK," was all that I could say, HEY HEY HEY.

The wife said, "Are you alright dear?"
As a jet of piss hit me in the ear.
I muttered an obscenity but kept the door locked tight.
That fucking whore from the Tanamour
had given me more than I'd bargained for, Oh!
Urinating in agony, desperately trying to stop the wee.
Urinating in agony, please take the pain away, HEY HEY HEY.

Twas on the Thursday morning, with doctor I was imploring
You've got to help me doctor to get my piss back straight.
He said, "I'd like to help you blue,
but the rest of the hash is in here too." Oh!
Dashing away ignoring shouts and squeals
whirling away like a Highland reel
Stabbing away with the stainless steel
giving penicillin away, HEY

Twas on the Friday evening, from Bintang I was heaving
(The Anker is much better but this was TGIF)
I found myself in the Tamamour
and there I spotted that fucking whore, Oh!
I stuck me boot right up her rear,
I smacked her round the fucking ear.
The silly bitch made me spill my beer,
before she ran away, HEY.

Twas on the Monday evening, from Anker I was heaving
But with determination I found the Tanamour.
I could not see her pretty face
so I found another to take her place, Oh!
I rammed it in her double quick,
I shagged her with my rubberized dick.
Wearing 3 makes it nice and thick,
& keeps the pox away, HEY..
Wearing 3 makes it nice & thick, & keeps the pox awayyyy.

E24. WHOOF WHOOF

by: Leeky Dick

Tune: How much is that doggy

I woke up this morning with a hard on,
Which threatened to block out the sun.
I thought I would take it to Tambora,
But then I remembered the run.

I go down to Blok M every Monday,
So this tale that I tell is quite true.
If you want to piss without a tingle,
Promise me this you won't do.

Don't go down to Blok M after hashing,
Go straight back home to the wife.
Put a sack on her head, pretend it's Linda,
And dream that you're in paradise.

I picked up a doggie in the Top Gun,
That looked good enough to take home.
I gave her a groping in the becak,
And found that the dog had a bone.
Too drunk to eject it from the becak,
Too sober to take it to bed.
We drove around town another hour,
Whilst the bastard was giving me head.
I finally fell out of the becak,
At a place that they call Intercourse.
Where all of the ceweks speak in whispers,
'Cos to give so much head makes them hoarse.

Whilst waiting around for No.16,
The mamasan showed me her tits.
They were long, thin with double jointed nipples,
And the sight of them gave me the shits.

I then went down town to grab a sex show,
Where a girl pulled things out of her cunt.
I must have been looking pretty horny,
'Cos they gave me a seat in the front.

First she pulled out a bunch of roses,
Tied up with a ribbon and bow.
But when she pulled out my fucking wallet,
I knew it was time I should go.
I fucked around town another hour,
Having the time of my life.
When a pistol shot brought me to my senses,
Oh shit, I've been sprung by the wife.

An ashtray can hurt you when it hits you,
Especially when flung by a whore.

A bar stool can fuck you pretty badly,
But a bullet fucks you a lot more.

But when we got home she wasn't angry,
And asked if I wanted to fuck.

But when I said no, she cut my cock off,
And fed it with rice to the ducks.

So if you can't get a hard-on in the morning,
Or worse, it's been cut off instead,
There's a girl known as Jesus works the Top Gun,
Who's an expert at raising the dead.

F2. TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me:

- 1 A pamphlet on VD
- 2 2 virgin queens
- 3 3 French whores
- 4 4 boy scouts
- 5 5 choir boys
- 6 6 sexless spinsters
- 7 7 syphilitics
- 8 8 aching arseholes
- 9 9 gnawed off nipples
- 10 10 torn off testicles
- 11 11 useless eunuchs
- 12 12 hairy harlots

F3. 10 DAYS OF HASHING

On the first day of Hashing, the Master gave to me:

- a T-shirt, very dirty.
- 2nd 2 soggy shoes.
- 3rd 3 raging rivers.
- 4th 4 cheeky check backs.
- 5th 5 songs to sing.
- 6th 6 sexy harriettes.
- 7th 7 savvy short cutters.
- 8th 8 lost front runners.
- 9th 9 mandi maidens.
- 10th 10 daunting down downs.

F4. TWELVE DAYS OF RAMADHAN

On the first day of Ramhadhan, King Khalid gave to me:

- 1st a vulture in a palm tree
- 2nd 2 Yemenese (spit twice)
- 3rd 3 shithouse doors
- 4th 4 rusty nails
- 5th 5 times to pray
- 6th 6 crushed Toyotas
- 7th 7 veiled ladies
- 8th 8 open sewers
- 9th 9 gingham tea towels
- 10th 10 Ayatollahs
- 11th 11 mindless mullahs
- 12th 12 copies of playboy

G BAHASA APA?

G1. BURUNG SAYA BESAR

Burung saya besar,
Besar burung saya.
Kalau tidak besar,
Bukan burung saya.

then replace in turn with Mmm,
burung, burung saya, burung saya besar.

G3. LAGI APA

Tune: Clementine

Lagi apa, lagi apa, lagi apa sekarang?
Lagi minum, lagi minum, lagi minum sekarang.

Minum apa? Minum susu.

Susu apa?

Susu grandma.

Grandma apa?

Grandma tua.

Tua apa?

Tua sekali.

Sekali apa? Sekali lagi.

H FAVOURITE LIMERICKS

That was a horrible song.
Sing us another one, just like the other one,
Sing us another one do.

So horrible in fact we've missed them out. Buy a "Bumper" edition Songbook for the collected works of Hashkind.

I THE HYMN

Tune: Swing low, sweet chariot

Hats off, pots on the floor.

1) Words & actions.

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

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home.
A band of angels, coming after me.
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home.
Tell all my friends, I'm coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.

2) Repeat, actions only.

3) Words & actions.

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

TWO, THREE, EEWAH.
TWO, THREE, EEWAH.
TWO, THREE, EEWAH.

On-On (get pissed on your own account).