

# ***Songbook for Run 222***



This is the Songbook of the Amsterdam Hash House Harriers, lovingly crafted by Doggy Style when he should have been doing some serious paid work, but decided that this was a lot more fun instead.

This songbook will eventually be available online at:  
<http://web.inter.NL.net/users/Ross.Mather/hash.htm>  
along with our runs for the month and other assorted hashing info.



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**1. DOWN DOWN SONG**

Here's to <Insert Name Here>,  
He's true blue,  
He's a hasher through and through.  
He's a hasher so they say,  
And he'll never get to heaven in a long long way.  
Drink it.. Down - down - down - down .....

**2. WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL?**

Melody--Itself

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

**3. HE'S THE MEANEST**

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

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

#### 4. 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.

#### 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

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. WE'RE HERE BECAUSE . . .**

Melody--Auld Lang 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 . . .

**7. OU EST LE PAPIER?**

Melody--Marseillaise

A Frenchman went to the lavat'ry,  
To enjoy a jolly good shit,  
He took his pants and his trousers down,  
So that he could revel in it.  
But when he reached for the paper,  
He found that someone had been there before,  
"Ou est le papier?  
Ou est le papier?  
Monsieur, monsieur, J'at fait manure.  
Ou est le papier?"



## 8. HELLO PENIS

Melody--Sound of Silence

Hello penis my old friend,  
I've come to play with you again,  
When those wet dreams come a-creeping,  
I spurt my seeds while I am sleeping,  
And with your helmet firmly planted in my hand,  
It will expand,  
While jerking off in silence.

In horny dreams I get a bone,  
I beat off on cobble stones,  
Beneath the halo of a street lamp,  
I see a whore who's getting very damp,  
For five hundred Guilders 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.

## 9. 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, to me  
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

**10. HASH HYMN - SWING LOW.**

Melody--Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Note: gestures accompany words

Chorus:

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

I looked over 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.

sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
But I know my soul is heaven bound.  
Comin' for to carry me home.

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

## 11. PREGNANCY (AND VARIATIONS)

Melody--Yesterday

Some verses by Flying Booger

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.

## **12. MEET THE HASHERS**

Melody--Flintstones Theme

Hashers, meet the hashers,  
They're the biggest drunks in history,  
From Amsterdam,  
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,

## **13. I LIKE COCK**

Melody--Three Blind Mice

I like cock,  
I like cock,  
See how they rise,  
See how they rise,  
They fit so nicely and feel so grand,  
They come in all sizes, all shapes and brands,  
There's nothing finer than making them stand,  
'Cause I like cock,  
I like cock.

#### 14. SEX IS BORING

Melody--Frere Jacques

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

#### 15. I NEED A SHEEP

Melody--Scotland the Brave

Bring me some whiskey, mother,  
I'm feeling frisky, mother.  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!  
I need a lover, mother,  
No, not my brother, mother.  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!

Gerbils don't make it, mother,  
They just can't take it, mother.  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!  
Owls, bats and other critters,  
Just tend to give me jitters.  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!

Sheep never talk about it,  
They never ever doubt it.  
Always so placid, affectionate and nice!  
Give me that lanolin,  
Better than flannel-in.  
I need a sheep to keep me warm through the night!

## 16. 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

## 17. 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.

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

Melody--Itself

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.

Chorus: 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.



**19. 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 your face and tell you I love you too.  
I love it when you oralize,  
When I'm between your thighs,  
You blow me away!

Sit on my face and let my lips embrace you,  
I'll sit on your face and tell you I love you truly.  
Life can be fine if we both sixty-nine,  
If we sit on our faces in all sorts of places and play,  
'Til we're blown away!

**20. TWELVE DAYS OF HASHING**

Melody--Twelve Days of Christmas

On the twelfth day of Hashing,  
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.

## 21. THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL

Melody--My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

(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?

## **22. DOUGH, RAY, ME**

Melody--Do, Re, Mi

Dough, the stuff, that buys me beer,  
Ray, the guy who serves me beer,  
Me, the guy, who drinks me beer,  
Fa, a long way to the john,  
So, I'll have another beer,  
La, I'll have another beer,  
Tea, no thanks I'll have a beer,  
And that brings us back to,  
Dough . . . (etc)

**23. HIS ONE-SKIN**

Melody--My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,  
My Bonnie lies over the sea,  
My Bonnie lies over the ocean  
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me

Bring back, Oh Bring Back,  
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.  
Bring back, Oh Bring Back,  
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.

My one skin lies over my two skin,  
My two skin lies over my three three,  
My three skin lies over my four skin,  
Oh pull back my foreskin for me.

Pull back, pull back,  
Pull back my foreskin for me, for me.  
Pull back, Pull back,  
Oh pull back my foreskin for me.

His body lies over the ocean,  
His body lies over the sea,  
His father lies over his mother,  
And that's how they created him

## 24. I PUT MY HAND

Melody--When Johnny Comes Marching Home

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

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

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

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

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

## 25. THE ENGINEER'S SONG

An engineer told me before he died,  
a hum tiddy dum tiddy dum tiddy dum  
An engineer told me before he died,  
a hum tiddy dum tiddy dum tiddy dum  
An engineer told me before he died,  
I have no reason to believe he lied.  
a hum tiddy dum tiddy dum tiddy dum  
a hum tiddy dum tiddy dum tiddy dum

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

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

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

He tied her ankles to the foot of the bed (three times),  
He tied her wrists above her head.

There she lay demanding a fuck (three times),  
He shook her hand and wished her luck.

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

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

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

(Slowly . . .)

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

(Back to speed . . .)

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

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

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

## **26. 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.

## 27. RAWHIDE

Melody--Rawhide

Rollin', rollin', rollin',  
My dick is gettin' swollen,  
I got this doggie rollin', Rawhide.  
My knob is hard as leather,  
But I'll get it in whatever,  
I wish I could get the tip inside,  
I stab but I keep missin',  
This wasn't made for pissin',  
I'm waiting for this year's first ride.

Chorus: Pull 'em down, get 'em off,  
Get 'em off, pull 'em down,  
Pull 'em down, Get 'em off, Rawhide.  
Stick it in, pull it out,  
Pull it out, stick it in,  
Stick it in, pull it out, Rawhide.

She's movin', movin', movin',  
Stops my manhood groovin',  
This doggie won't stop movin', 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.



**28. CANAL STREET**

Walking down Canal Street  
Knocking every door  
Goddamn son-of-a-bitch  
Couldn't find a whore

Finally found a whore  
Trying to get it in  
Goddamn son-of-a-bitch  
Couldn't get it in

Finally got it in  
Trying to get it out  
Goddamn son-of-a-bitch  
Couldn't get it out

Finally got it out  
The thing was red and sore  
The moral of this story:  
Never fuck a whore.

## 29. TAMPAX FACTORY

You can tell by the smell, that she isn't very well,  
when the end of the month comes around.  
You can tell by the flies, that are hanging around her thighs,  
that the end of the month comes around.

refrein:

We're the boys that work at the tampax factory.  
We shout our orders loud and clear (loud and clear!!!)  
We got small size, medium size, family size and king size,  
we got a nancy that would fit anyonce' fancy,  
when the end of the month comes around.

You can tell by her frown, that her blood is dropping down,  
when the end of the month comes around.  
You can tell by her yearning, that she's loosing hemaglobine,  
when the end of the month comes around.

refrein

You can see where she sat, that her pussy drops are red,  
when the end of the month comes around.  
You can tell when you fucked it,  
that it won't go cause she plugged it,  
when the end of the month comes around.

refrein

From the stench of the quean, you know exactly where she been,  
when the end of the month comes around.  
When there's cleenex on the loo, there'll be no intercourse to do  
when the end of the month comes around.

refrein

But when her period takes too long,  
there's been something going wrong  
when the end of the month comes around.  
And when it doesn't come at all, there'll be a baby at the fall,  
when the end of the year comes around.

### 30. ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN

Melody--Same

What do you do,  
If you want to do a poo?  
In an English Country Garden.

Pull down your pants,  
And suffocate the ants.  
In an English Country Garden.

Then get some grass,  
And wipe it up your ass.  
In an English Country Garden.

Then get a leaf,  
And wipe your underneath.  
In an English Country Garden.

Then get a spade,  
And bury what you made.  
In an English Country Garden.

That's what you do,  
If you want to do a poo,  
In an English Country Garden.

### 31. 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.

### 32. FATHER ABRAHAM

Melody--Itself

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

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

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

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

Leader: And a left!

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

More verses/actions:

With a right! (extend right leg)

With a left! (extend left leg)

And a HEEEE! (hump pelvis)

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

### 33. SYPHILIS

Melody--Four and Twenty Blackbirds  
Contributed by ZiPpy, Pike's Peak H4

Sing a song of syphilis,  
A penis full of pus,  
Four and twenty pox scabs,  
Waiting to be burst.  
And when her legs were opened,  
Oh what a sight to see,  
Oozy gray-green matter,  
All running with her pee.

### 34. 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! (three times)  
Oh, Sir Jasper do not! (three times)  
Oh, Sir Jasper do! (three times)  
Oh, Sir Jasper! (three times)  
Oh, Sir! (three times)  
Oh! (three times)

### **35. MUSIC MAN**

Melody--Itself

(Take turns leading verses)

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

Pack: What can you play?

Leader: I can play the viola.

Chorus (singing & motions):

Oh, the vio-vio-vio-la, vio-la, vio-la, vio-vio-vio-la, vio-vio-la.

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

Pack: What can you play?

Leader: I can play the piano.

Second Chorus:

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 . . .

### **36. SINGING IN THE RAIN**

Melody--Singing in the Rain

Chorus:

We're singing in the rain,  
Just singing in the rain,  
What a glorious feeling,  
We're hap! hap! happy again,  
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!

### 37. BESTIALITY'S BEST

Melody--Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys

(Take turns leading verses)

Chorus: Bestiality's best, boys,

Bestiality's best--SHAG A WALLABY!

Bestiality's best, boys,

Bestiality's best.

Stick your dork in a stork

Drip your juice on a moose

Be a queer with a deer

Be a rotter with an otter

Be very pleasant to a pheasant

Bring a flea to her knees

Chuck your sperm in a worm

Do an illegal with an eagle

Do it funky with a monkey

Down the throat of a goat

Drink the pee of a bee

Drop some goo in a shrew

Get in deep with a sheep

Have a hug with a bug

Have a screw with a shrew

Have a shag with a stag

Make love with a dove

In the bog with a dog

Put your noodle to a poodle

Rub the thigh of a fly

Shoot your load in a toad

Shove your log in a dog

Stick you rod up a cod

Stick your dork in a stork

Up the hole of a mole

Up the rear of a deer



### 38. YOGI BEAR SONG

Melody--Camptown Races

(I first heard this performed by Orange County, CA, hashers, and believe it may have originated there)

(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  
Yogi has a girlfriend, Suzi, Suzi  
Suzi has a shaven snatch, Grizzly, Grizzly  
Suzi wears crotchless undies, Teddy, Teddy  
Suzi likes it on the fridge, Polar, Polar  
Yogi has a cheesy dick, Camen, Camen  
Suzi she has great big tits, More than, More than (I can bear)  
Yogi didn't use a condom, Daddy, Daddy  
Boo-Boo likes it upside down, Koala, Koala  
Suzi likes it up the bum, Brown, Brown  
Yogi's got a long green knob, cucum, cucum  
Yogi has an enemy, Ranger, Ranger ( Smith )

### 39. THE BALL OF KERRYMUIR

Melody--The Ball of Kerrymuir

(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 don't get fucked on a Saturday night,  
You'll never get fucked at all.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Melody--The Ash Grove

(Take turns leading verses)

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

Chorus:

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

Verses:

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

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

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

She divorced the Italian,  
And married the stallion.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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