

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. Benglestein, Benglestein, Benglestein,
Balls to Mr. Benglestein, dirty old man.

He sits on the steeple and shits on the people,
So balls to Mr. Benglestein, dirty old man.
He keeps us all waiting while he's masturbating,
So balls to Mr. Benglestein, dirty old man.

He ups and he downs them, he fucking well grinds them,
So balls to Mr. Benglestein, dirty old man.

BALLS OF O'LEARY

Melody—The Bells of St. Marys

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.

BARCELONA

Melody—Mañana

Last verse by Ian Cumming, New York H3

*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!"

Directions to
Short Hills Ski Club Lodge
Lower Granville, VT
Lodge Phone: 802-767-4141

Take the Garden State Parkway North or Route 287 North or Route 17 North to the New York Thruway.
Get on the New York Thruway Northbound.

Take Exit 24 (Albany, Montreal). This is approximately 130 miles on the New York Thruway. Pay toll of \$3.65.

Take Route 87 North (also known as the Northway) to Exit 20 (Fort Ann / Whitehall).
This is about 50 miles from Albany.
Turn LEFT at the light onto Route 149 East / Route 9 North.

Go 0.5 (5/10) miles and turn RIGHT at the light onto Route 149 East / Route 9 North. Dexter and Dunham outlet stores at this light.

Stay on Route 149 East 11.5 miles. Turn LEFT at light onto Route 4 North. Gulf station on corner).

Go 10.4 miles on Route 4 / Route 22 into Whitehall. There will be a fork in the road, at a traffic light, by the Sunoco station. Turn RIGHT onto Route 4 East.

It is 6.4 miles to the Vermont border.
Welcome to Vermont!! Route 4 East divides into a four lane highway at the border.
From the Vermont border it is 51 miles to the lodge.

After entering Vermont, go 1.3 miles to Exit 2 (Route 22a / Fairhaven / Vergennes).
There is inexpensive gasoline, fast food and groceries available at this exit to your right.
Turn LEFT at the stop sign at the bottom of the exit ramp onto Route 22a North.

Go 14.2 miles on route 22a North to a blinking yellow light. There is a Gulf station on this corner.
Turn RIGHT onto Route 73 East.

Go 5 miles to a T with a stop sign.
Turn LEFT onto Route 30 North / Route 73 East.

Go 2.1 miles and turn RIGHT onto Route 73 East.

Go 5.8 miles into Brandon to a stop sign.
Turn RIGHT at the stop sign onto Route 7 South / Route 73 East.

Go 0.4 (4/10) miles and turn LEFT just before a large Civil War Veterans statue onto Route 73 East.

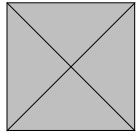
Go 0.3 (3/10) miles to stop sign.
Turn LEFT to continue on Route 73 East.

Go 16.5 miles to a T with Route 100. (12.5 miles from the stop sign is a right angle turn. Mind the speed advisory signs.)
Turn LEFT onto Route 100 North.

Go 7.8 miles through Rochester and Hancock on Route 100 North.

The Short Hills Ski Club will be on your RIGHT in Lower Granville.
WELCOME!!

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INTERNATIONAL HASH HYMN

Melody—Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

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)

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.

Summit Out Station Run Summer 2002

Date: July 12,13 and 14

Accommodations: The Short Hills Ski Club Lodge

The Lodge is located in Lower Granville, Vermont.

The Lodge contains a complete kitchen, recreation room with fireplace and stereo with tape deck and CD player.

There are 4 bathrooms, 2 men's and 2 women's, each with 2 showers, 2 sinks and 2 commodes.

Capacity of rooms in the lodge varies from 2 to 7 persons per room. Some rooms have bunk beds.

You may camp on the grounds if you wish, but you must still reserve a space in the Lodge.

There is a fire ring out back for bonfires and hash songs.

There is a swimming hole and horseback riding nearby. Bring your bicycle, both road and trail riding is available.

For those who like to drink and drive, there are bars only 20 minutes away.

You bring:

Pillowcase and sheets or pillowcase and sleeping bag

Towel

The lodge provides:

Bed, Pillows, Blankets

Refrigerator for drinks

Refrigerator for food

To keep this facility as nice as it is, we ask that you refrain from:

Smoking in the lodge.

Eating or drinking in the bedrooms.

The Summit Hash provides:

Quality beer (Long Trail?) and snacks, Friday night through Sunday

Meals on Saturday

Breakfast on Sunday

Run at 3 pm on Saturday in the beautiful Green Mountains.

Registration is limited to 35 persons.

The Registration fee is: \$69.00 postmarked by June 20.

\$99.00 postmarked by July 1.

Make your check out to: Edward George

Send the check with the signed form below to:

Edward George

18 Esther Court

Lebanon, NJ 08833

Address questions to Edward George (Suck 'em up), edgearchad09@earthlink.net, 908-236-0418

Registration form:

Name_____

Hash name_____

Address_____

Phone number_____

Email address_____

I understand that any injury I sustain and any trouble I get into is my own fault and that I hold harmless the Short Hills Ski Club, the Club's officers, and the Summit Hash House Harriers.

Signature_____ Date_____

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.

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 bullocks 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 the broom,
And we chased the fucking lobster round and round the room.

We hit it on the head, we hit it on the side,
We hit that fucking lobster till the bastard died.
Oh, the story has a moral, and this is it,
Always have a look before you take a 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.

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL

Melody—Itself

(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 occasion arise,
Grab yourselves a hedgehog,
And enjoy a real surprise.
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.

THE WILD WEST SHOW

Melody—Itself

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.

(Take turns leading verses)

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

Pack: The laughing hyena? Fantastic! Incredible! Holy-hell-fire-sh*tte! Tell us about it!!

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, "Ooooooooooh-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!").

THERE WAS A LITTLE BIRD

Melody—Itself

There was a little bird,
No bigger than a turd,
A-sittin' on a telegraph pole.
He puffed up his neck,
And he shat about a peck,
As he puckered up his little asshole.
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,
As he puckered up his little asshole.

TIRED OF LIFE

Melody—???

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.

WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL?

Melody—Itself

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* . . .

WOODPECKER SONG

Melody—Dixie

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/speed it up/ACCELERATE IT!
Accelerated /slow it down/RETARD IT!
Retarded/once again/REPEAT IT!
Repeated/twist it 'round/RE-ARTICULATE IT!
Re-articulated /let it go/RELEASE IT!
Released/pull it out/RETRACT IT!
Retracted/the other hole/RE-ALIGN IT!
Re-aligned/pull it out/REMOVE IT!
Removed/take a whiff/REVOLTING!