



## Saigon Hash House Harriers Hymnal



### Introduction

These songs have been selected using the very best criteria - good taste, wit, good taste, sing-alongability, good taste and tradition. Being about beer and/or sex is also important, being in good taste is less so. Some editing has been performed, partly to customize the songs for the Saigon Hash House Harriers, partly for space reasons, and partly because some verses are so rank that they bring a blush even to the Ed's shell-pink ears. Bearing in mind that SH3 is a family Hash, bestiality is permissible but necrophilia and incest are out. Contributions of new songs and new lyrics to current songs are very welcome, as are suggestions for improvements.

On! On!  
Pencil Dick

### Disclaimer

Many of these songs are rude, crude, disgusting, offensive and devoid of any redeeming feature whatsoever, to say nothing of being politically incorrect (and those are their good points). Keep out of reach of children and those of delicate sensibilities.

### Warning

The Hash Quack has determined that singing Hash Songs may be dangerous to your mental health.

### Acknowledgements

These songs were gathered from several sources, including:

[Global Trash H3](#)

[Flying Booger's Half-mind Catalog](#)

Assorted Hash Song Books - (Saigon, Warsaw and Helsinki)

Assorted Hashers - Big Red, Chorizo, Cupid Stunt, Gobbler, Razor,

Ringmaster, Scooby Do Me and Vaporub as well as numerous others,

the memories of whom have faded away in the alcoholic mists of the Hash Bus.

Bless you all.

---

### Table of Contents

[The Down-Down Song](#)

[A Toast to the Bus Riding Hashers](#)

[Swing Low, Sweet Chariot](#)

[Our Lager](#)

[Farewell Song](#)

[Hash Anthem I](#)

[Hash Anthem II](#)

[The Road Song](#)

[Aahlawetta](#)

[All Things Bright and Beautiful](#)

[Ancient Hash Song](#)

[Are You Lonesome Tonight?](#)

[The Ballad Of The Bobbit Hillbillies](#)

[The Banana Boat Song](#)

[The Beery Bunch](#)

[Bestiality's Best](#)

[Bruces' Philosophers Song](#)

[Can You Walk a Little Way With It In?](#)

[Cats On The Rooftops](#)

[Chicago](#)

[Columbo](#)

[Cucumber Song](#)  
[Dickey Louse](#)  
[The Doggies' Meeting](#)  
[Dough, Ray, Me](#)  
[Every Sperm is Sacred](#)  
[Father Abraham](#)  
[Father Damien](#)  
[Gonorrhea](#)  
[Hare!](#)  
[Hark! The Hashing Horn](#)  
[Harriettes, They Play One](#)  
[Has Anybody Seen J.C.?](#)  
[The Hash House Harriers](#)  
[The Hashstones](#)  
[Have An Erection](#)  
[The Hedgehog Song](#)  
[Hello Penis](#)  
[Her Left Tit](#)  
[How To Handle A Date \(Duet\)](#)  
[I Don't Want To Join The Army](#)  
[I Saw Three Dots](#)  
[Irian Jaya](#)  
[I've Got The Clap Again](#)  
[Life Presents A Dismal Picture](#)  
[Lily the Pink](#)  
[Lion-Hunt Song](#)  
[Lloyd George](#)  
[Lumberjack Song](#)  
[Masturbata](#)  
[Masturbation \(Fornication\)](#)  
[Mayor Of Bayswater's Daughter](#)  
[Monday Is A Wanking Day](#)  
[The Moose Song \(Harriers' Version\)](#)  
[The Moose Song \(Harriettes' Version\)](#)  
[More Beer](#)  
[More Beer: The Original Verses](#)  
[Muffdivers in the Sky](#)  
[The Municipal Sewerageman](#)  
[The Music Man](#)  
[My God How The Money Rolls In](#)  
[My Sister Belinda](#)  
[Oh, Sir Percy](#)  
[The Old Irish State](#)  
[The Old Bazaar In Cairo](#)  
[Once a Bloody Hasher](#)  
[One On The Table](#)  
[Or Would You Rather Prop up a Bar](#)  
[Our GM](#)  
[The Penis Song](#)  
[The Clitoris Song](#)  
[Pissed](#)  
[The Restroom Door Said "Gentlemen"](#)  
[Return To Sender](#)  
[Rubber Dickie](#)  
[The Sexual Life Of The Camel](#)  
[She Had Big Mountains](#)  
[She'll Be Puffin' Like A Steam Train When She Cums](#)  
[Short-Cutter's Rhapsody](#)  
[Show Me the Way to Go Home](#)  
[Singing In The Rain](#)  
[Sit on My Face](#)

[Spiders In My Hair](#)  
[Super Hasher](#)  
[Swilligan's Island](#)  
[The Twelve Days of Ramadan](#)  
[Vegetables Are The Best](#)  
[We Three Queens](#)  
[We Go Hashing](#)  
[Who Needs Sex?](#)  
[The Wild Hasher I](#)  
[The Wild Hasher II](#)  
[Wild West Show](#)  
[Woodpecker's Song](#)  
[Yesterday](#)  
[Yogi Bear](#)

---

### **The Down-Down Song**

The following song accompanies the down-downs and is designed to make you:

- throw up (sensitive persons)
- throw up on the crowd (for those who have had just sufficient)
- throw up voluntarily with a half-twist - no hand on hip (for hardened Hashers)
- throw-up twice (for music lovers)
- know when to throw up (for the blind)
- look around in complete bewilderment at what the f--k is going on (for the deaf)

The words are sung to no particular tune and may be accompanied by Andalusian Nose Flute

Here's to the \_\_\_\_\_, they are blue!  
They are bastards through and through!  
They are pisspots so they say,  
And they'll never go to heaven in a long long way!  
(all throw up)  
Drink it down down down down, etc

(followed by)  
Why are we waiting, etc...

---

### **A Toast to the Bus Riding Hashers** (Recital)

O here's to the Bus riding hashers,  
The pitiful, penniless poor.  
No drivers have they, no cars guide their way,  
Their air-con's a wide open door.

O here's to the Bus riding hashers,  
 The battered, the broken, the brave.  
 They're jolted by ruts and bleeding from cuts  
 And smell like dead things from the grave.

O here's to the Bus riding hashers,  
 Surrounded by water and beer  
 With no place to pee, no toilet nor tree,  
 They use any container that's near.

O here's to the Bus riding hashers,  
 The beer swilling, song singing souls,  
 Saigon's armpits they say, life's dropouts are they,  
 Come Sunday they crawl from their holes.

O here's to the Bus riding hashers,  
 To the noise, to the sweat, to the smell,  
 To the young and the old, to the timid and bold,  
 Hash Cash makes them all run like hell!

Here's a toast to the Bus riding hashers,  
 Here's to sweet songs as yet still unsung,  
 Here's to beer, always cold, here's to stories untold,  
 Here's to soft seats that comfort their bum.

---

### **Swing Low, Sweet Chariot**

(Chorus)  
 Swing low, Sweet Chariot,  
 Coming for to carry me home.  
 Swing low, Sweet Chariot,  
 Coming for to carry me home.

I look 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,

(Repeat Chorus for various versions -  
 humming, silent, falsetto, double-time, etc)

---

### **Our Lager Prayer**

Our Lager  
 Which art in barrels,  
 Hallowed be thy drink.

Thy will be drunk,  
I will be drunk,  
At home as in the tavern.  
Give us this day our foamy head,  
And forgive us our spillages,  
As we forgive those who spill against us.  
And lead us not into incarceration,  
But deliver us from hangovers.  
For thine is the Beer, The Ale, and the Lager,  
Forever and ever,  
Barmen.

---

### **Farewell Song**

(to the tune of: "Auld Lang Syne")

We bid farewell to \_\_\_\_\_,  
To hash in other lands,  
We bid farewell to \_\_\_\_\_,  
To hash in other lands.  
May all your hash trails end with beer,  
May all your trails have beer,  
We bid farewell to \_\_\_\_\_,  
Now here is one more beer.  
Drink it down, down, down, down,  
Down, down, down, down,  
Down, down, down, down,  
Down, down, down, down.  
(Continue or go to "Why Are We Waiting")

---

### **Hash Anthem I**

(to the tune of: "Choral Stanza, Beethoven's 9th Symphony")

Come on Saigon Hash House Harriers,  
Get your asses in high gear,  
Whiners, walkers, F-R-B-ers,  
Gather 'round these mugs of beer.

Let the hashing spirit enter,  
Ev'ry wanker here around,  
Down-downs right and left and center  
As we Hashers chug 'em down.

---

### **Hash Anthem II**

(to the tune of: "Pomp and Circumstance")

Come on Saigon Hashers,  
Lift your beers and shout.  
We are Saigon Hashers,

What we've got we flout.  
 Close the narrow circle,  
 Gather round the beer.  
 Hashing, Wanking, Drinking,  
 That is why we're here.

---

### **The Road Song**

(to the tune of: "This Old Man")  
 (To be sung by SH3 Hashers visiting other Hashes)

Phnom Penh Hash (e.g., name of visited hash),  
 We hashed there,  
 Saigon Hash House Harriers  
 We screwed all the women,  
 Bugged all the men,  
 Drank all the beer,  
 And we'll do it all again!

---

### **Aahlawetta**

(to the tune of: "Alouette")  
 (The songmaster points to various parts of a  
 "volunteer" harrier's/harriette's anatomy as  
 the song progresses.)

#### Chorus

Aahlawetta, gentil Aahlawetta,  
 Aahlawetta, je te plumerai.

1

Songmaster: How I love her curly hair.  
 Pack: How I (you) love her curly hair.  
 Songmaster: Curly hair.  
 Pack: Curly hair.  
 Songmaster: Alouett.  
 Pack: Alouett.  
 Together: Oh-oh-oh-ohhh. (to Chorus)

2

Songmaster: How I love her bushy brows.  
 Pack: How I (you) love her bushy brows.  
 Songmaster: Bushy brows.  
 Pack: Bushy brows.  
 Songmaster: Curly hair.  
 Pack: Curly hair.  
 Songmaster: Alouett.  
 Pack: Alouett.  
 Together: Ohohohohhh.

3

Songmaster: How I love her criss-cross eyes...etc.

(And so it goes adding one more part with each

verse to the anatomy list to test the sobriety and memory of the songmaster. Tradition would have the songmaster do a down down for missing a part during the listing or otherwise screwing up the song.)

Harriette List from Top (with alternates):

- 1 Curly hair (rat's nest hair)
- 2 Bushy brows (furrowed brow)
- 3 Criss-cross eyes (bloodshot eyes)
- 4 Crooked nose (broken nose)
- 5 Lubra lips (sucking lips)
- 6 Two buck teeth (cum-stained teeth)
- 7 Double chin (drooling chin)
- 8 Saggy tits (swinging tits)
- 9 Big pot belly (pregnant belly/big beer belly)
- 10 Moofy crotch (furry thing)
- 11 Knobbly knees (skinny legs)
- 12 Tinea toes (smelly feet)

Harrier List from Top (with alternatives):

- 1 Thinning hair (balding head)
- 2 Neanderthal brow (wrinkled brow)
- 3 Blood-shot eyes (one glass eye)
- 4 Broken nose (hairy nose)
- 5 Smelly breath (pukey breath)
- 6 Rotten teeth (toothy gap)
- 6 Double chin (Dumbo ears)
- 7 Hairy chest (skinny chest)
- 8 Big beer belly (Big pot belly)
- 9 Tiny dick (micro-penis)
- 10 Drooping sac (tiny balls)
- 11 Creaky knees (skinny legs)
- 12 Tinea toes (smelly feet)

---

### **All Things Bright and Beautiful**

All things bright and beautiful  
 All creatures great and small  
 All things wise and wonderful  
 We like to eat them all

Each little beast that staggers  
 Each little bird that sings  
 We eat their tiny bodies  
 We eat their little wings

Each little frog we fondle  
 We'd love to chew and crunch  
 Each little chick we cuddle  
 We'd rather have for lunch

All things bright and beautiful  
 All creatures great and small

All things wise and wonderful  
We like to eat them all

---

### **Ancient Hash Song**

(to the tune of: "Tidings of Comfort and Joy")

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

At this ancient sport he does excel,  
None is better in the land.  
'Tis only on a Monday night,  
He needs a bit of a hand.  
But Tuesday sees him big and bold,  
If a little red of eye.  
He tells himself he's not so old,  
And has another try.

As lovers go he is the best,  
The girls cannot go wrong.  
Where others limp and sweat and pant,  
The hasher cries, "On On!"  
Now you may think this splendid brute,  
Is more animal than man.  
But concealed inside his noble head,  
Is more than an empty beer can.

Of intellect he is most high,  
Long words come naturally.  
In more than a dozen languages,  
He cries, "Jeez, I need to pee!"  
On hashing nights great minds confer,  
To put the world to right.  
Engineers and scientists,  
Politicians from left and right.

It really is a treasure trove,  
Of wit and repartee.  
Foul language is never heard,  
Just the occasional "Cooee!"  
This lofty band,  
This group most high,  
Gentlemen, one and all.

If only the world was made of such,  
Then life would be a ball.  
In this modern world we find,  
Such violence and sin,  
Isn't it a comfort then,  
To find this band of men.



Whose only care is a maiden's prayer,  
And to keep her safe from harm.

Oh, fret not, pretty maiden,  
A hasher will keep you warm.  
Not only warm but fed and clothed,  
With oils he'll annoint your body,  
And all he wants in return,  
Is the occasional bit of nooky!  
And when a hasher's run is o'er,  
To the Golden Gate he goes.

St Peter studies the Hash Cash book,  
To see what he might owe.  
"Thee's fully paid oop, nae problem there,  
And what's this I see here?  
Thee likes a bit o' hot nooky,  
After a few cold beers.  
Thee's just the sort we needs oop here,  
So thee may move along,  
Vestal Virgins is on the left."  
And the hasher cries, "On On!"

---

### **Are You Lonesome Tonight?**

Are you lonesome tonight?  
Is the Hash out of sight?  
Are you sorry you strayed from the trail?  
Does your throat get real dry,  
Underneath the hot sky,  
When you think of the beer do you wail?  
Do the sores on your feet seem to blister and pus?  
Do you gaze down the road and you wish for a bus?  
Are your legs filled with pain,  
Will you shortcut again,  
Tell me fool are you lonesome tonight?

---

### **The Ballad Of The Bobbit Hillbillies**

(to the tune of: "The Beverly Hillbillies Theme")  
(Words in parentheses spoken not sung)

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

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

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

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

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

---

### **The Banana Boat Song**

Day-o, day-ay-ay-o  
 Daylight come and he wan' go home  
 Day-o, day-ay-ay-o  
 Daylight come and he wan' go home

Work all night on a drink a'rum  
 (Daylight come and he wan' go home)  
 Stack banana till thee morning come  
 (Daylight come and he wan' go home)

(Chorus)

Come, Mr. Tally Mon, tally me banana  
 (Daylight come and he wan' go home)  
 Come, Mr. Tally Mon, tally me banana  
 (Daylight come and he wan' go home)

(Chorus)

It's six foot, seven foot, eight foot, BUNCH!  
 (Daylight come and he wan' go home)  
 Six foot, seven foot, eight foot, BUNCH!  
 (Daylight come and he wan' go home)

(Chorus)

A beautiful bunch a'ripe banana  
 (Daylight come and he wan' go home)  
 Hide thee deadly black tarantula  
 (Daylight come and he wan' go home)

(Chorus)

It's six foot, seven foot, eight foot, BUNCH!  
 (Daylight come and he wan' go home)  
 Six foot, seven foot, eight foot, BUNCH!  
 (Daylight come and he wan' go home)

(Chorus)

Come, Mr. Tally Mon, tally me banana  
 (Daylight come and he wan' go home)  
 Come, Mr. Tally Mon, tally me banana  
 (Daylight come and he wan' go home)

Day-o, day-ay-ay-o  
 (Daylight come and he wan' go home)  
 Day-o, day-ay-ay-o  
 (Daylight come and he wan' go home)

### **The Beery Bunch**

(to the tune of: "Brady Bunch Theme Song")

Here's the story,  
 Of a thirsty hasher,  
 Who was running at the back of a pack.  
 Every bad trail that there was,  
 Well he found it.  
 He must have ran for miles!

It's the story,  
 Of some sacred nectar,  
 That was chilling with a mind of it's own.  
 It was one beer,  
 Sitting in the cooler,  
 Yet it still had no foam.

'Till the circle,  
 When the hasher met the nectar.  
 And he knewwww it just couldn't stick around.  
 That's when his shorts went down around his ankles  
 And the beer became a down down down down down!

A down down down!  
 A down down down!  
 That's the waaaaayyyyyy it became a down down down!

### **Bestiality's Best**

(to the tune of: "'Tie Me Kangaroo Down")  
 (Take turns leading verses)

Chorus  
 Bestiality's best, boys, bestiality's best...  
 (Echo) Shag a wallaby!  
 Bestiality's best, boys, bestiality's best!

1

Have a screw with a ewe, boys,  
 Have a screw with a ewe.  
 (Echo) Shag a wallaby!  
 Have a screw with a ewe, boys,  
 Have a screw with a ewe...  
 (Songmaster:) All together now!

2 Up the rear of a deer...etc.  
 3 Intercourse with a horse...  
 4 Chuck your sperm in a worm...  
 5 Up the hole of a mole...  
 6 Give some cock to a croc...  
 7 Shoot your load in a toad...  
 8 Have a rape with an ape...  
 9 Get in deep with a sheep...  
 10 Have a frig with a pig...  
 11 Give your gerbil some verbal...  
 12 In the esophagus of an octopus...  
 13 Down the throat of a goat...  
 14 Shove your willy up a filly...  
 15 Stick your rod up a cod...  
 16 Up the spout of a trout...  
 17 Put your noodle to a poodle...  
 18 Be very pleasant to a pheasant...  
 19 Sixty-nine with a swine...  
 20 Cunnilingo with a dingo...  
 21 Up the ass of a bass...  
 22 Mate a 'gator then fellate her...  
 23 Up the box of a fox...  
 24 Have a shag with a stag...  
 25 Have a screw with a shrew...  
 26 Lick the clit of a nit...  
 27 Give a lickin' to a chicken...  
 28 In the sack with yak...  
 29 Get a suck from a duck...  
 30 Have a goose with a moose...  
 31 Soixante-neuf with a smurf...  
 32 Sow your oats with some stoats...  
 33 Go and defile a crocodile...  
 34 Have a lark with an aardvark...  
 35 Put your thang in an orangoutang...  
 36 Make it limp in a chimp...  
 37 Up the back of a yak...  
 38 Stick your dork in a stork  
 39 Rub your clitty on a kitty  
 40 Rub your twat on an ocelot  
 41 Fool with the tool of a mule  
 42 Be very pleasant to a pheasant  
 43 Ejaculate in a snake  
 44 Get in deep with a sheep

---

### **Bruces' Philosophers Song**

>From Monty Python

Immanuel Kant was a real pissant  
 Who was very rarely stable.

Heidegger, Heidegger was a boozy beggar  
 Who could think you under the table.  
 David Hume could out-consume  
 Wilhelm Freidrich Hegel.  
 And Wittgenstein was a beery swine  
 Who was just as sloshed as Schlegel.  
 There's nothing Neitzsche couldn't teach ya  
 'Bout the raising of the wrist,  
 Socrates, himself, was permanently pissed.  
 John Stuart Mill, of his own free will,  
 On half a pint of shandy was particularly ill.  
 Plato, they say, could stick it away,  
 Half a crate of whiskey every day.  
 Aristotle, Aristotle was a bugger for the bottle,  
 Hobbes was fond of his dram.  
 And Rene Descartes was a drunken fart,  
 "I drink, therefore I am."  
 Yes, Socrates, himself, is particularly missed,  
 A lovely little thinker,  
 But a bugger when he's pissed.

---

### **Can You Walk a Little Way With It In?**

(to the tune of: "Billy-Boy")

(Harriers ask and Harriettes answer.)

Can you walk a little way, With it in, with it in?  
 Can you walk a little way, With it in-*nnn*?

I can do it with a smile, I can walk a bloody mile,  
 For I love you and I want to be a mother.

Can you pour me frosty beer, With it in, with it in?  
 Can you pour me frosty beer, With it in-*nnn*?

I can pour your frosty beer, Even with your mug in here,  
 For I love you and I want to be a mother.

Can you sing a pretty tune, With it in, with it in?  
 Can you sing a pretty tune, With it in-*nnn*?

I can sing a pretty tune, Under your most handsome moon,  
 For I love you and I want to be a mother.

Can you drive my father's car, With it in, with it in?  
 Can you drive my father's car, With it in-*nnn*?

I can drive your father's car, To the local village bar,  
 For I love you and I want to be a mother.

Can you stay upon my horse, With it in, with it in?  
 Can you stay upon my horse, With it in-*nnn*?

I can stay upon your horse, And continue intercourse,  
 For I love you and I want to be a mother.

How soon can you let go, With it in, with it in?  
How soon can you let go, With it in-nnn?

I cannot let it go, Un-til your seeds you sow,  
For I love you and I want to be a mother.

---

### **Cats On The Rooftops**

(to the tune of: "Do Ye Ken John Peel")  
(Take turns leading verses)

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

(Chorus)

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

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

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

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

The dainty little skylark sings a very pretty song,  
He has a ponderous penis fully forty cubits long,  
You should hear his high crescendo, when his mate is on the prong,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

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

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

The poor old rhinoceros, so it appears,  
Never gets a grind in a thousand years,

But when he does, he makes up for arrears,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

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

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

Now a funny old fish is the old sperm whale,  
With a funny little diddle tucked beneath his tail,

And he rides his missus in the teeth of a gale,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The camel likes to have his fun,  
His night is made when he is done,  
He always gets two humps for one,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

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

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

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

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

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

---

### **Chicago**

(to the tune of: "The Bear Went Over the Mountain")  
 (Take turns leading verses)

#### CHORUS:

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

A lady came into the hatshop,  
 I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
 "Felt," she said,  
 Felt her I did,  
 I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a water-bottle,  
 I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
 "Rubber," she said,  
 Rub her I did,  
 I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a sweater,  
 I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
 "Jumper," she said,  
 Jump her I did,  
 I don't work there any more.  
 A lady came in for a ticket,  
 I asked, "Where would you like to go?"  
 "Bangor," she said,  
 Bang her I did,  
 I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some coffee,  
 I asked, "What kind would you like?"



"Ground," she said,  
Grind her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some gin,  
I asked "What kind would you like?"  
"Beefeater," she said,  
Eat her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a cake,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Layer," she said,  
Lay her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for some service,  
I asked, "How fast do you want it?"  
"Quick," she said,  
Prick her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some carpet,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Pile," she said,  
Shagged her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a diskette,  
I asked "What kind would you like?"  
"Floppy," she said,  
Hard drive her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for a bath mat,  
I asked "What size would you like?"  
"Shower," she said,  
Show her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a down quilt,  
I asked "What kind would you like?"  
"Goose," she said,  
Goose her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some lamp oil,  
I asked "What kind would you like?"  
"Whale," she said,  
Sperm her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for a power drill,  
I asked, "What brand would you like?"  
"Black & Decker," she said,  
Deck her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a drink,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Liquor," she said,  
Lick her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some Air Wick,  
I asked, "What scent would you like?"  
"Mountain," she said,  
Mount her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a sleeper,  
I asked, "What berth would you like?"  
"Upper," she said,  
Up her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some china,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Bone," she said,  
Bone her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some dish soap,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Johnson & Johnson," she said,  
My Johnson she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for some wood shoes,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Clog," she said,  
Flog her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a curtain,  
I asked "What kind would you like?"  
"Drape," she said,  
Rape her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for a new coat,  
I asked "What kind would you like?"  
He said, "Something nice."  
He went home with lice.  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for a rental,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"A U-Haul," he said,  
Haul his ashes I did,  
I don't work there any more.

---

## Columbo

(to the tune of: "Columbus Sailed the Ocean Blue")

In Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Two,  
A schoolboy from Italy,  
Walked the streets of ancient Rome,  
And jacked off in the alley.

(Chorus)  
He knew the world was round, oh,  
He knew it could be found, oh,  
That mathematical, geographical,  
Son of a bitch, Columbo.

Colombo went to the Queen of Spain,  
And asked for ships and cargo,  
He said he'd kiss the royal ass,  
If he didn't bring back Chicago.

Now three slick ships set out to sea,  
Each one a double-decker,  
The queen she waved her handkerchief,  
Colombo waved his pecker.

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

Colombo came upon the deck,  
His cock was like a flagpole,  
He grabbed the bo'sun by the neck,  
And shoved it up his asshole.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

### **Cucumber Song**

(to the tune of: "Botany Bay")

A restless young lady from Saigon,  
Developed a wonderful trend,  
To purchase cucumbers for pleasure,  
'Cause she found they were better than men.

#### Chorus

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

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

#### Chorus

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

#### Chorus

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

---

### **Dickey Louse**

(to the tune of: "The Mickey Mouse Club Theme")

Who's the little blood sucker that's after you and me?  
 D-I-C, K-E-Y, L-O-U-S-E!  
 Hi there, hey there, ho there, he's as hungry as can be,  
 D-I-C, K-E-Y, L-O-U-S-E!  
 Dickey Louse (scratchy muff!)  
 Dickey Louse (scratchy muff!)  
 Forever may he hold your hairy crotch, Tight, Tight, Tight!  
 When you join up at the hips he'll jump from you to me!  
 D-I-C, K-E-Y, L-O-U-S-E!  
 (Slowly)  
 D-I-C (Eat you real soon!)  
 K-E-Y (Why? Because I like you! [pointing around])  
 L-O-U-S-Eeee!

---

### **The Doggies' Meeting**

(to the tune of: "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.

---

### **Dough, Ray, Me**

(to the tune of: "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)

---

**Every Sperm is Sacred**  
(From Monty Python)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harriers:  
Every sperm is sacred,  
Every sperm is great,

Harriettes:  
 If a sperm is wasted,  
 God gets quite irate.

Songmaster:  
 Every sperm is sacred,  
 Every sperm is good,  
 Every sperm is needed,  
 In your neighborhood.

Songmaster:  
 Every sperm is useful,  
 Every sperm is fine,  
 God needs everybody's,

First Hasher: Mine!  
 Second Hasher: And mine!  
 Third Hasher: And mine!

Songmaster:  
 Let the Pagan spill theirs,  
 O'er mountain, hill, and plain,  
 God shall strike them down for  
 Each sperm that's spilt in vain.

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

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

### **Father Abraham**

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 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: 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 OOOOH! (hump pelvis forward)

And a AAAAH! (hump pelvis backward)

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

### **Father Damien**

(to the tune of: "Father Abraham")

(Composed by Flying Booger in honor of Father Damien, who cared for the lepers of Molokai)

Father Damien, had seven toes,  
 Seven toes had Father Damien,  
 And he decomposed,  
 In bits and chunks,  
 And he always went like this - With a right!

All (shout/actions): And a right! (kick out right leg)

Oops!

Father Damien, had six toes, etc . . .

### **Gonorrhea**

(to the tune of: "Sweet Betsy from Pike")

When I left old Saigon, 'twas just yesterday,  
 I was given these words by the dear old R.A.,  
 "Be careful young Hasher, I want you to hear,  
 Don't go and get pissed up and catch gonorrhea."

Chorus

Piss off with your troubles, I don't want to know,  
 I don't get embarrassed wherever I go,  
 I like to go whoring and drink lots of beer,  
 And I never worry about gonorrhea.

Chorus

I went down to the river and there on the bank,  
 I saw an old man who was having a wank,  
 Disgusted, I told him it'll make him go blind,  
 He said, "Son, it's so good I really don't mind."

Chorus

I went round to a friend's house making some calls,  
 His old dog was sitting there just licking its balls,



I said, "That looks nice, I'd like to try that,"  
 "Well, okay, but first give old Fido a pat.

Chorus

Into Apocolypse Now I happened to stroll,  
 To sit and perv on some lovely young doll,  
 One sat down beside me, 'twas then I awoke,  
 For the last twenty minutes I'd been ogling a bloke.

Chorus

While out in the jungle and running with Hash,  
 I felt like a blow job and I had some spare cash,  
 I offered a young lady the sum of ten bucks,  
 She said, "Wait for the G.M., they say that he sucks."

Chorus

Well I finally caught it, and I'll tell you this,  
 You cannot drink beer, and it hurts you to piss,  
 I've a little red sore that looks just like a chancre,  
 But I'd rather be poked up than like you, you wanker.

### Hare!

(to the tune of: "Hair!" from the musical Hair!)

She asked me why  
 Why I'm a haring guy  
 I'm haring morning noon and nighty night  
 I'm haring high and low  
 But don't ask me why  
 Cause he don't know  
 So give me shoes with tread  
 For my trail's not dead, Darling....  
 Oh, Gimme a trail to hare  
 And I'll be your hare  
 Long trail, short trail I don't really care, hare!  
 Throw it down there, hare  
 Shorter length or longer, Hare  
 Here baby, there mama I'll be your haring daddy  
 Hare, hare, hare, hare, hare, hare, hare!  
 Throw it, show it, as long as I can throw it I'll hare  
 I toss flour in the breeze  
 Which gets caught up in the weeds  
 If I see the pack I flee when I hare.  
 As I roam through the trees  
 I hide from the FRBs  
 For they are turds  
 There ain't no words  
 For the beauty, the splendor, the wonder when I...  
 Hare, hare, hare, hare, hare, hare, hare  
 Don't blow it, when I throw it,  
 As long as I can go with it I'll hare!  
 I throw it long, straight, curvy, wurvey,

Shiggy, shaggy, nice and nasty  
 hilly, easy, fleetly  
 Streams that gleam and sometimes toxic  
 Trot it, polka-dot it  
 Twist it, beat it, wadd it  
 Powdered, floured, and confettied,  
 mangled, tangled, spangled, and near spaghetti (junction)!  
 Oh say can you see  
 The end of my trail,  
 Then it's way too short!  
 Down a beer  
 Then I'm out of here  
 Down over here  
 Then over there  
 Don't try to shortcut it or you'll be somewhere else!  
 Oh, Gimme a trail to hare  
 And I'll be your hare  
 Long trail, short trail I don't really care, hare!  
 Throw it down there, hare  
 Shorter length or longer, Hare  
 Here baby, there mama I'll be your haring daddy  
 Hare, hare, hare, hare, hare, hare, hare!  
 Throw it, show it, as long as I can throw it I'll hare  
 Hare, hare, hare, hare, hare, hare, hare  
 Throw it, show it,  
 Long as I can throw it I'll hare  
 Hare, hare, hare, hare, hare, hare, hare!

---

### **Hark! The Hashing Horn**

(to the tune of: "Hark the Herald Angels Sing")

Hark! the hashing horn has go-one  
 Half past three, we're almost ON.  
 Let the dots be near, not fa-ar  
 So we're soon back at the bar.  
 Save us from the back-checks vi-ile  
 Make them no more than a mi-ile  
 Cursed be he who cuts it short  
 His a-attempts will come to naught.  
 For the RA then will pour  
 Beer on his head for ever more.

To the Saigon Hash, good cheer,  
 Glory to its love of beer!  
 Blessed be our sweaty fee-eet  
 And our love of spaniel meat.  
 Don't forget to call "On! On!"  
 When you see three dots have go-one  
 Hark! The Tiger beer is free  
 Glory-y to the SH3!

---

### **Harriettes, They Play One**

(to the tune of: "This Old Man")

Harriers' verses:

Harriettes, they play one,  
All they want to do is cum,

(Chorus)  
With a knick knack, slap her ass,  
poke her with my bone,  
This drunk hare will stumble home.

Harriettes, they play two,  
We just want to speckle you,

Harriettes, they play three,  
Won't you swallow my cum for me,

Harriettes, they play four,  
We like to see you on all fours,

Harriettes, they play five,  
If you don't swallow you'll get hives,

Harriettes, they play six,  
We just want to poke you with our dicks,

Harriettes, they play seven,  
But they all just wish it was eleven,

Harriettes, they play eight,  
We all know you masturbate,

Harriettes, they play nine,  
All they do is whinge and whine,

Harriettes, they play ten,  
If they were better looking they'd get some men.

Harriettes, they play eleven,  
But all they can handle is only seven.

Harriettes' verses:  
Saigon men, they play one,  
They think they have all the fun.

(Chorus)  
With a knick knack, paddy whack,  
give themselves a bone,  
Saigon men have sex alone.

Saigon men, they play two,  
They can't get it up to screw.

Saigon men, they play three,  
They think they get sex for free.

Saigon men, they play four,

They can't get it up to score.

Saigon men, they play five,  
They don't have enough sex drive.

Saigon men, they play six,  
Little men with little dicks.

Saigon men, they play seven,  
Masturbation is their heaven.

Saigon men, they play eight,  
They can't get their dicks in straight.

Saigon men, they play nine,  
They take theirs up from behind.

Saigon men, they play ten,  
Little boys who think they're men.

### **Has Anybody Seen J.C.?**

(to the tune of: "Has Anybody Seen My Gal?")

Five foot nine; He's divine;  
Says He comes from Palestine,  
Has anybody seen J.C.?

Well, if you run into a five foot Jew,  
Covered with thorns,  
Holes in his hands, spear in his side,  
Man, that cat's been crucified!

Five foot nine; He's divine;  
Changes water into wine,  
Has anybody seen J.C.?

Well, if you run into a five foot Jew,  
Covered with thorns,  
Holes in his hands, spear in his side,  
Man, that cat's been crucified!

Well, he is camp, he is cool,  
He will walk across your swimming pool,  
Has anybody seen J.C.?

### **The Hash House Harriers**

(to the tune of: "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 daa, Da da da daa,  
 Da da da da, (snap fingers twice)

Their flatulence is rude and,  
 Their genitals protrude when,  
 They're running in the nude in,  
 The Hash House Harriers.

(Chorus)

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

---

### **The Hashstones**

(to the tune of: "The Flintstones")

Hashers, meet the Hashers,  
 They're the biggest drunks in history.  
 From the hash of (your hash here),  
 They're the leaders in debauchery.  
 Half minds, trailing shiggy through the years.  
 Watch them, as they down a lot of beers.  
 (same tune as first four lines)  
 Down down, down down down down,  
 Down, down down down down down down, down, down.  
 Down down, down down down down,  
 Down, down down down down down down, down, down!  
 (Repeat until down down is finished,  
 or go into "Why are you waiting".)

---

### **Have An Erection**

(to the tune of: "Hava Nageela")

Have an erection,  
 Have an erection,  
 Any direction,  
 It will point.  
 Can't get no infection,  
 'Cause we use protection,  
 It's called deflection,  
 Into your mouth.

Chorus: Swallow the protein drink,  
 Don't spit it in the sink,  
 It will energize and

Clear your skin.  
 Make sure you open wide,  
 So it don't dribble down the side,  
 Now you can be untied,  
 For more religious games.  
 Don't have no matzoh,  
 Ain't got no kreplah,  
 Can still eat, you betcha,  
 >From the bush.  
 Gefilte fish, she's tasty,  
 Knows how to waste me,  
 Takes me all in places,  
 You would not believe.

Chorus: Not even chicken soup,  
 Could save this sorry group,  
 You can run but you cannot hide,  
 Eventually you will imbibe.  
 Let us take religious rest,  
 Fill our mugs with the best,  
 And drink it down, down, down . . .

---

### **The Hedgehog Song**

(tune - Unknown)

Bestiality sure is a fun thing to do  
 But I have to say this as a warning to you:  
 With almost all animals, you can have ball  
 But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.

#### Chorus 1

The spines on his back are too sharp for a man  
 They'll give you a pain in the worst place they can  
 The result I think you'll find will appall:  
 The hedgehog can never be buggered at all!

Mounting a horse can often be fun  
 An elephant too; though he weighs half a ton  
 Even a mouse (though his hole is quite small)  
 But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.

#### Chorus 2

The spines on his back are so awful thick  
 you'll end up with naught but a painful prick.  
 He has an impregnable hole when curled up in a ball,  
 Hence the hedgehog can never be buggered at all!

Screwing a cow while she goes moo-moo  
 Will be entertaining to both her and you  
 Or you might try a tiger, if you have enough gall  
 But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.

#### Chorus 1

A fish is refreshing, although a bit wet  
And a cat or a dog can be more than a pet  
Even a giraffe (despite being so tall)  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.

Chorus 2

You can manage a snake, though its poison might kill  
It's amazing how humping a camel will thrill  
You can go with a snail if you slow to a crawl  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.

Chorus 1

You can ravish a sloth but it would take all night  
With a shark it is faster, but the damned beast might bite  
We already mentioned the horse, you may recall  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.

Chorus 2

You can roger a skunk if you can stand the smell  
Or even an oyster, should he let go of his shell  
A troll can be rocky if down you should fall  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.

Chorus 1

For slippery fun, you can cornhole an otter  
Or pego a pig after parting his trotters  
Or tumble a tapir, though the prospect appall  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.

Chorus 2

For prosimian fun, you can bugger a lemur  
To bolster your name as a pervert and schemer  
The lemurs cry "Frink!" as a coy mating call  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.

Chorus 1

Antipodean pranks -- you can futter a wombat  
Or strive with a 'roo in venereal combat  
Or hump a goanna -- go on, do it all  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.

Chorus 2

A moose is amusing, a squid quite confusing  
Or try on a rhino if you fancy a bruising,  
Or mountin' a mountain goat (careful, don't fall!)  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.

Chorus 1

You could thrust with a thrush if you fancy a climb,

Or pork a few piglets if you have the time,  
A skinhead's pet cat if you don't mind a brawl,  
But the hedgehog can never be buggered at all.

---

### **Hello Penis**

(to the tune of: "Sound of Silence")

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

In horny dreams I get a bone,  
I beat off on cobble stones,  
Beneath the halo of a street lamp,  
I see a whore who's getting very damp,  
For five hundred baht in a flash she's on her back,  
She spreads her crack,  
And twitches her twat in silence.

Those who see and do not know,  
How to make my penis grow,  
I whipped you out so she might eat you,  
I stuffed you up into her pussy spew,  
And then my sperm, like silent raindrops fell,  
And turned to gel,  
While jerking off in silence.

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.

---

### **Her Left Tit**

(to the tune of: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

Her left tit hangs down to her belly,  
Her right tit hangs down to her knee.  
If her left tit did equal her right tit,  
She'd get lots of weenie from me.  
Drink it down, down, down . . .

---

### **How To Handle A Date (Duet)**



(to the tune of: "Que Sera, Sera")

HARRIER:

Take her hand, her hand, her hand,  
It's time to stand, to stand,  
You're the king of the land,  
So take her hand.

HARRIETTE:

He's squeezing my hand, my hand, my hand,  
I wish he'd take a stand, a stand,  
This wimp of the land,  
Quit squeezing my hand.

HARRIER:

Fondle her breast, her breast, her breast,  
You know they're the best, the best,  
They've passed all the tests,  
So fondle her breasts.

HARRIETTE:

He's fondling my breast, my breast, my breast,  
I know they're the best, the best,  
They can pass any test,  
So fondle my breast.

HARRIER:

Finger her twat, her twat, her twat,  
Now you've hit the spot, the spot,  
It gets her real hot,  
When you finger her twat.

HARRIETTE:

He's poking my twat, my twat, my twat,  
I bet he thinks he's hit the spot, the spot,  
That makes me real hot,  
Oh, quit poking my twat.

HARRIER:

So lay that pipe, that pipe, that pipe,  
We know she's the type, the type,  
She thinks she's real tight,  
So lay that pipe.

HARRIETTE:

But what a small cock, small cock, small cock,  
He thinks it's a lot, a lot,  
Is that all he's got?  
Oh, what a small cock.

HARRIER:

Roll over and sleep, and sleep, and sleep,  
I gave her the meat, the meat,  
It wasn't too deep,  
But I got it real cheap.

HARRIETTE:

Wasn't it quick, so quick, so quick,

Just like a prick, a prick,  
To give me a stick,  
That's just too quick.

---

### **I Don't Want To Join The Army**

I don't want to join the Army,  
I don't want to go to war,  
I'd rather hang around Picadilly Underground,  
Living off the earnings of a high born lady.  
I don't want a 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.

I don't want to join the Navy,  
I don't want to go to sea,  
I just want to go down to old Soho,  
Tickling all the girlies in the umtiddly-um-pum,  
I don't want a bayonet up me arsehole,  
I don't want me knackers shot away,  
I'd rather live in England,  
Merry, merry England,  
And fornicate me fuckin' life away.

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.

I don't want to be a housewife,  
I just want to be a whore.  
I'd rather hang in bars,  
Turning tricks with men in cars,  
'Cause housework is a bore, gor blimey.

I don't want to do his fucking dishes,  
I don't want to iron his fucking shirts.  
'Cause if I'm getting laid,  
I should be getting paid.  
And if I'm not I'm truly getting screwed!

---

**I Saw Three Dots**

(to the tune of: "I Saw Three Ships")

I saw three dots of paper white  
On Xmas day, On Xmas day  
I saw three dots of paper white  
On Xmas day in the morning

Pray whither did those three dots lead?  
On Xmas day, On Xmas day  
Pray, whither did those three dot lead?  
On Xmas day in the morning

They led me to a check all three,  
On Xmas day, On Xmas day  
They lead me to a check, all three  
On Xmas day in the morning

And tell me please, what saw you there?  
On Xmas day, On Xmas day  
And tell me please, what saw you there?  
On Xmas day in the morning

I saw four-score of hashers lost  
On Xmas day, On Xmas day  
I saw four-score of hashers lost  
On Xmas day in the morning

What didst thou do, O hasher, then?  
On Xmas day, On Xmas day  
What didst thou do O hasher, then  
On Xmas day in the morning

I called the 'On' back to the bar  
On Xmas day, On Xmas day  
I called the 'On' back to the bar  
On Xmas day in the morning

Then drank I a dozen Beers  
On Xmas day, on Xmas day  
Then drank I a dozen Beers  
On Xmas day in the morning.

So hashers all, rejoice again  
On Xmas day, on Xmas day  
So hashers all, rejoice again  
On Xmas day in the morning

---

**Irian Jaya**

(to the tune of: "Mull of Kintyre")

Far have I traveled and much have I seen,  
Had blow jobs from Bancis and fucked things obscene,  
Been crippled by herpes and things far more dire,  
But if you want a blow job go to Irian Jaya.

(Chorus)

Irian Jaya,  
To be gobbled by natives is what I desire,  
They practice on blowpipes in Irian Jaya.

Been rogered in Rio and poked in Peru,  
Been massaged in Manila and then had a screw,  
Been fucked in Llanelli by a Welsh male boys' choir,  
But for the height of perversion go to Irian Jaya.

Met a girl in the jungle with a bone through her nose,  
Cunt like a mantrap and strong I suppose,  
Bush like a yardbroom that's made out of wire,  
So be careful of pussy in Irian Jaya.

Oh the skirt she was wearing was made out of grass,  
It only just covered her sweet little ass,  
I felt an erection getting higher and higher,  
As I followed that lady from Irian Jaya.

She put down her basket, took hold of my tool,  
Pulled back the foreskin and started to drool,  
Curled her lips round it, and sir I'm no liar,  
They still have headhunters in Irian Jaya.

---

### **I've Got The Clap Again**

(to the tune of: "Those Were The Days")

Once upon a time I Hashed in Saigon.  
Often I would drink a beer or two.  
Each week I would while away the hours,  
Waiting for another run to do.

Chorus:

I've got the clap again,  
I really must refrain  
>From Underground  
And Apocalypse Now.  
I've got those pills to use,  
I must stay off the booze.  
I've got the clap  
Oh, yes, I've got the clap

Every Sunday evening I'd go Hashing,  
Sometimes I'd shortcut along the way.  
But each time I'd stay late at the On-On,  
Where I'd hear another Hasher say...

(Chorus)

Once to the Hash came a thing of beauty,  
 It was quite an unusual sight to see.  
 Something about this (girl/guy) was different.  
 Must have been the tattoos on (her/his) knee.

(Chorus)

We went to together to her/his to home that evening,  
 Hoped that this could be a regular thing.  
 But then just one week later at the on-on,  
 I took a piss and felt that familiar sting...

(Chorus)

Now our Doctor Pox has got a clinic,  
 With a special section for the Hash.  
 So that we can have our weekly check-ups,  
 And find out just what caused that nasty rash.

(Chorus)

[dedicated to the memory of Dr Pox, who recently departed our fair shores to return to wherever  
 broken-down Hashers go to. Melbourne, we think.]

---

### **Life Presents A Dismal Picture**

(to the tune of: "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing")

Life presents a dismal picture,  
 Dark and dreary as the tomb,  
 Father's got urethral stricture,  
 Mother's got a prolapsed womb.

Uncle James has been deported  
 For a homosexual crime,  
 Nell, our maid, has just aborted  
 For the forty-second time.

Ours is not a happy household -  
 No one laughs or ever smiles,  
 Mine's a dismal occupation,  
 Crushing ice for Grandpa's piles.

Jane the under-housemaid vomits  
 Every morning just at eight,  
 To the horror of the butler,  
 Who's the author of her fate.

Auntie Kate has diarrhea,  
 Shits ten times more than she ought;  
 Stands all day beside the rear,  
 Lest she should be taken short.

Grandpa, lurking in the woodshed,  
 Found a fetus in a case;

Father Pryke says it's murder -  
Of sister Annie there's no trace.

Uncle Charlie has a chancre,  
Caught from Uncle Henry's wife;  
May's in bed with menstruation,  
Auntie's at the change of life.

Mabel's husband's now in prison,  
For a childish prank of mine;  
Pinching things that wasn't his'n -  
Women's scanties off a line.

Dad's a man who likes the bestial,  
Incest is my mother's fun,  
So the whole four sleep together -  
Father, mother, horse, and son.

Little Jim keeps masturbating,  
Though we tell him it is sin;  
Uncle Dave's the Kingsgrove Slasher,  
Uncle Henry dobbed him in.

Still, we must not be down-hearted,  
We must not be put about,  
Cousin Susie has just farted -  
Turned her arsehole inside out!

### **Lily the Pink**

(Chorus)  
Let's have a drink, a drink, a drink  
To Lilly the pink, the pink, the pink  
The saviour of the human race  
For she invented Medicinal Compound  
To make you fuck with style and grace.

Old Mr Morgan had a very small organ  
He could hardly raise a stand  
So she gave him Medicinal Compound  
And now he comes in either hand.

Young Mr Dooley had very small goolicks  
They were the size of processed peas  
So she gave him Medicinal Compound  
And now they hang down below his knees.

Poor Mrs. Walker had tiny knockers  
They hardly showed beneath her blouse  
So she gave her Medicinal Compound  
Now they milk her with the cows.

## Lion-Hunt Song

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

Chorus:

We're going on a lion-hunt!  
 (march around stamping)  
 We're not afraid!  
 (continue stamping)  
 We've got guns!  
 (pantomime holding rifles)  
 And bullets two!  
 (hold up two fingers)  
 Came upon a mountain!  
 (peak hands to form mountain)  
 Couldn't go 'round it!  
 (move one hand around the "mountain")  
 Couldn't go across it!  
 (move one hand over the "mountain")  
 Had to go through it!  
 (digging motions with both hands)  
 Other verses (done in same manner as "mountain" verse):  
 Came upon an ocean!  
 Couldn't go 'round it!  
 Couldn't go across it!  
 Had to swim through it!  
 Came upon a jungle!  
 Couldn't go 'round it!  
 Couldn't go across it!  
 Had to cut through it!  
 Came upon a desert!  
 Couldn't go 'round it!  
 Couldn't go across it!  
 Had to fly over it!  
 Last verse:  
 Came upon a lion!

---

## Lloyd George

(to the tune of: "Onward Christian Soldiers")

Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloyd George;  
 Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloyd George;  
 Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloyd George;  
 Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloyd George;  
 (ad nauseam)

[supplied for the benefit of Vaporub, who can never remeber the words to the second verse.]

---

**Lumberjack Song**

(From Monty Python)

I'm a lumberjack and I'm OK,  
I sleep all night and I work all day.

Chorus- repeat 1 in third person

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch,  
I go to the lavatory.  
On Wednesdays I go shopping,  
Have buttered scone for tea.

Chorus- repeat 2 and 1 in third person

I cut down trees, I skip and jump,  
I like to press wild flowers,  
I put on women's clothing,  
And hang around in bars.

Chorus- repeat 3 and 1 in third person

I cut down trees, I wear high heels,  
Suspenders and a bra,  
I wish I were a girlie,  
Just like my old papa.

**Masturbata**

(to the tune of: "The Macarena")

Sitting in my house, and I know that I'm alone,  
Feeling kinda horny, got a jingle in my bone.  
Go and grab a Penthouse it's the one with Sharon Stone.  
Hey Masturbata!

I go a little faster and its feeling kind of nicea,  
Once ain't enough so I have to do it twicea.  
If you wanna spank the monkey I can give you good advicea.  
Hey Masturbata!

I use some baby oil or a little Vaseline,  
Laying down a towel so I keep my carpet cleana.  
Never shake my hand cause you don't know where its beena  
Hey Masturbata!

I do it in the car when I'm driving down the streeta,  
One hand on the wheel and the others on my meata.  
I can't get out the car cause I'm sticking to the seata.  
Hey Masturbata!

Since I was a kid I have been a Masturbata,  
Choke the chicken, hum the knob, squeezing the tomata.  
I've looked at Ms. November now I'm gonna decorate her.  
Hey Masturbata!



Buffing the banana, Mr. Lizard shaking bacon,  
 Pounding on the flounder and its mayonnaise I'm making.  
 Spank the frank, wax the carrot, god my hand is aching.  
 Hey Masturbata!

---

### **Masturbation (Fornication)**

(to the tune of: "Alouette")

Chorus: Masturbation, I love masturbation,  
 Masturbation, I love to masturbate.

Leader: How I like to choke my chicken,

Pack: Yes, he likes to choke his chicken,

Leader: Choke my chicken,

Pack: Choke his chicken,

Leader: Masturbate,

Pack: Masturbate,

Chorus

(Leader is now the next person on the right--lead goes around the circle with each new verse, and all old verses should be repeated, as in AAHLAWETA)

Harriers:

How I love to...

...Yank my chain

...Flog my log

...Lope my mule

... Buff the banana

...Whip my lizard

...Beat my meat

...Pull my pony

Harriettes:

...Swat my twat

...Tease the beaver

...Stroke my snatch

...Tap my gap

...Use three fingers

...Moan and jerk

...Rub my nub

etc . . .

This goes on until no one can think of new masturbation verses, at which point the song becomes "Fornication":

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

Leader: How I like to be on top,

Pack: Yes, she likes to be on top

Leader: Be on top,

Pack: Be on top,

Leader: Fornicate,

Pack: Fornicate,

Other verses:

Hide the salami

Drive it deep

Bump and grind

Pump and hump

---

**Mayor Of Bayswater's Daughter**  
(to the tune of: " 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.

\*Variations\*

and one forty pound strength one  
and one I caught a trout on  
and one I found on a bar of soap  
and one that blocked the storm drain  
and one she used as dental floss  
and one she uses for macrame  
and one dripping in olive oil  
and one she towed my car with  
and one that smelt of clitty litter  
and one to start the mower with  
and one they use in gunsights  
and one with a drop of piss on  
and one covered in algae  
and one I start my outboard with  
and one I broke a tooth on  
and one I found in my mug of beer  
and one the crabs are stuck on  
and one she winched her Jeep with  
and one she marked the trail with  
and one she tied her Nikes with  
and one she tied her whistle on  
and one she roped the calves with  
and one she pulled her trailer with  
and one they hanged a horse thief with  
and one she climbed a cliff with  
and one she whipped the orphans with  
etc . . .

Verses:

I've smelt it, I've felt it,

It's just like a bit of velvet.

I could not believe my eyes,

When I peered down between her thighs.

If she were my daughter,

I'd have her cut them shorter.

I've seen it, I've seen it,

I've lain right in between it.

I stroked 'em and poked 'em,  
 I rolled 'em and smoked 'em.  
 You'd need a coal miner,  
 To find her vagina.  
 She lives on the mountain,  
 and pees like a bloody fountain.  
 She stayed on a cattle ranch,  
 And came like a bloody avalanche.  
 She says she is not a whore,  
 But she bangs like a shithouse door.  
 She lives on malted milkshake,  
 And roots like a bloody rattlesnake.  
 She married an Italian,  
 With balls like a fucking stallion.  
 She divorced the Italian,  
 And married the stallion.  
 She married a Spaniard,  
 With a prick like a bloody lanyard.  
 She divorced the Spaniard,  
 And ran off with the bloody lanyard.  
 The split of her beaver,  
 Looks just like June Cleaver's.  
 She slept with a demon,  
 Who drowned her with semen.  
 Her cat's name is Boris,  
 And it plays with her clitoris.  
 The aroma it lingers,  
 It smells like fish fingers.  
 She sat on the waterfront,  
 With the waves lapping up and down her cunt.  
 I've licked it and kissed it,  
 It tastes like a chocolate biscuit.  
 You can drive a Morris Minor,  
 Right up her vagina.  
 It was always hit-or-miss,  
 Whether I could find her clitoris.  
 She went to Arabia,  
 And got camel drool on her labia.  
 She stayed in Seattle,  
 And went down on cattle.  
 The light is so glitorous,  
 When it shines off her clitoris.  
 Her vagina was squishy,  
 And smelled a bit fishy.

---

### **Monday Is A Wanking Day**

Leader: Today is Monday!  
 All: Today is Monday!  
 Leader: Monday is a wanking day!  
 (wanking motion)  
 All: Monday is a wanking day!  
 (wanking motion)

Chorus:

Leader: Are we gonna have a good time?  
 All: You bet your ass we are!  
 All: (raise cups over heads and make one complete turn while humming) Da da dut da da, da da dut

da da

Leader: Today is Tuesday!

All: Today is Tuesday!

Leader: Tuesday is a finger day!

(fingering motion)

All: Tuesday is a finger day!

(fingering motion)

Leader: Monday is a wanking day!

(wanking motion)

All: Monday is a wanking day!

(wanking motion)

Chorus

Wednesday is a hmmm day!

(stick tongue between 2nd & 3rd fingers)

Thursday is a drinking day!

(raise glass in salute)

Friday is a fucking day!

(humping motions, cheering, happiness)

Saturday is a day of rest

(low key, almost quiet)

Sunday is a hashing day

(running motions, cheering, happiness)

### **The Moose Song (Harriers' Version)**

(to the tune of: "Sweet Betsy of Pike")

(to be sung while making moose antlers on head  
your with hands and fingers pointing upward.)

I've never had anything quite like a moose,  
My pleasure's been plenty,  
My women been loose,  
But nothing compares to the love of a moose,  
I've never had anything quite like a moose.

Women like pearls and diamonds and cars,  
I spend all my money on them in the bars,  
But a Moose is content to be tied to a tree,  
While I find other Mooses to satisfy me,

When I'm in the mood for a very fine lay,  
I go to the closet and pull out some hay,  
I open the window and spread it around,  
Because Moose will come running when hay's on the ground,

When I was a young lad I played with the girls,  
I'd fondle their titties and twirl their curls,  
But my true love ran off with a classmate named Bruce,  
I never got treated that way by a Moose,

My girlfriend's a prude, she only likes it one way,  
It's Missionary style day after day,  
That's why I sneak off with Margie the Moose,

Whenever I want to ride the caboose,

The Saigon Hash just isn't quite right,  
The women up here are much too tight,  
But give them an hour out back with a moose,  
And they will return hot, horny and loose,

Now I've made it with all kinds of beasties with hair,  
I'd make it with snakes if their fangs were not there,  
I've made it with walrus, two ducks and a goose,  
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

Now gorillas are fine for a Saturday night,  
And lions and tigers, they puts up a fight,  
But it just ain't the same when you slams your caboose,  
As the feeling you gets when you humps with a moose.

Now that I'm older and on in my years,  
I'll have you know that I shed me no tears,  
While I sit by the fire with a glass of Mateuse,  
Playing hide the salami with Mary the Moose.

### **The Moose Song (Harriettes' Version)**

(to the tune of: "Sweet Betsy of Pike")

(to be sung while making moose antlers on head  
your with hands and fingers pointing upward.)

I've never had anything quite like a moose,  
My pleasure's been plenty,  
My men have been loose,  
But nothing compares to the love of a moose,  
I've never had anything quite like a moose.

You spend all your money on women in bars,  
I spend all my time wondering where you are,  
But a moose is happy to stay home with me,  
That's why from now on it's only mooses for me,

I figured it all out one day by myself,  
When my man went off and left me on the shelf,  
He'd found him a new love, a nubile moose-ess,  
Which gave me a bad case of rampant distress.

When I was much younger I read dirty books,  
I stroked myself with each gazing look,  
But nothing can make my eyes start to twinkle,  
Then getting it off with that stud Bullwinkle.

"What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose,"  
Said I as I set out to find me a moose,  
But I ran into problems that men do not mind,  
For male moose are seasonal creatures, you'll find.

I hunted in winter, I hunted in spring,  
I hunted all summer and found not a thing,

But I found my moose when leaves started to fall,  
And, oh brother! did I have a ball.

With my arms 'round his barrel, my feet by his tail,  
I hanged and we banged and we really did flail,  
Bouncing and jouncing I came with a roar,  
I never had had such a great lay before.

The first night I met him it was like a dream  
We shagged all night long and he did make me scream  
His antlers were hard and my panties were cream  
I've never had any man quite so supreme!

And on the second night that we went out,  
He lasted much longer, without a doubt,  
When he finally came 'twas like Moby Dick's spout,  
We did it and did it until he passed out!

Now for our third date I didn't wait long,  
I was Fay Wray, he was King Kong,  
He was big, too, and hairy and strong,  
And he had a dong that was longer than Kong's!

All my past lovers did brag about size,  
Those tales of twelve inches were nothing but lies,  
But a Moose is the size that a man ought to be,  
That's why from now on its only Mooses for me,

All the men Hashers they lie and lie,  
They can't get it up no matter how hard they try,  
But a moose is stiff for hours on end,  
That's why a Moose is my only boyfriend,

Tears came to my eyes when mating season came 'round,  
He found a girl moose with whom to settle down,  
A home in the woods and three calves have they now,  
But he thinks of me when he's humping that cow!

And so, my dear sisters, I have to confess,  
Being balled by a moose, it is really the best,  
But you'll make out with others for most of the year,  
For male moose are seasonal creatures, I fear.

A bear in the winter is furry and warm,  
And if you don't tickle, he'll do you no harm.  
In spring try an eagle, his feathers are light,  
That is if you are not afraid of great height.

In summer, I fear, you must make do with men,  
But, not to worry, soon fall comes again.  
Then you can return to your own faithful moose,  
And revel in supremely scrumptious screws.

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

---

**More Beer**

(to the tune of: "Amazing Grace")

More beer, mo-ore beer,  
More beer, more beer,  
More beer, mo-ore beer, mo-ore beer.  
More be-er, mo-ore beer,  
More be-er, mo-ore beer,  
More beer, mo-ore beer, more beer.  
(continue as needed)

---

**More Beer: The Original Verses**

(to the tune of: "Amazing Grace")

(Chorus)

A nice cold beer, How sweet it sounds.  
To save a drunk like me.  
(stop, drink a beer, catch your breath and resume)  
I finished 1, but I'm not done,  
More beer, More beer, More beer.

I love my wife, I love my beer.  
But if I had to choose.  
My dear old wife, who I love with my life,  
Would most undoubtedly lose.

(Chorus)

I finished off 2, but I'm not through,  
More beer, More beer, More beer.

I love my truck, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose,  
I'd sell my 4X4, Of which I do adore.  
For beer I'd walk to the store.

(Chorus)

I finished off 3, now I have to pee  
More beer, More beer, More beer.  
I love to fuck, I love my beer  
but if I had to choose  
It's beer for me, unless her pussy,  
tastes like more beer, more beer.

(Chorus)

I finished off 4, but still want more,  
More beer, More beer, More beer.  
I love my dog, I love my beer,  
but if I had to choose,  
I sell my pet, to the vet,  
A dog for beer more beer.

(Chorus)

I finished off 5, I'm still alive,  
More beer, More beer, More beer.  
I love my MOM, I love my beer  
but If I had to choose,  
That drunken whore, It's me she bore,  
Still I choose more beer more beer.  
(Chorus)  
I finished off 6, I've had my fix, (Or: "still need my fix"...to con't song!)  
Now you all must drink more beer.

I love my house, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
My house might burn down, But I could still pound  
More beer, more beer, more beer  
(Chorus)

I just had 7, not yet to 11  
More beer, more beer, more beer  
I love my guns, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
If my aim is bad, then I'm still glad  
To have more beer, more beer  
(Chorus)

I just had 8, it's not too late  
To drink more beer, more beer  
I love fishing, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
If I lost my line, I wouldn't whine  
I'd drink more beer, more beer  
(Chorus)

I just had 9, I'm feeling fine  
More beer, more beer, more beer  
I love NASCAR, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
If I lost the race, I'd get shit-faced  
More beer, more beer, more beer  
(Chorus)

I just had 10, Don't know when to say when  
More beer, more beer, more beer  
I love my porch, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
My rocking chair, won't always be there  
So I count on beer, more beer  
(Chorus)

I just had 11, but I'm still gettin'  
More beer, more beer, more beer  
I love my tools, I love my beer  
But if I had to choose  
If my power-drill exploded, I'd go get loaded  
On beer, more beer, more beer  
(Chorus)

I just had 12, from off my shelf  
More beer, more beer, more beer  
As you can tell, I love my beer  
I'm such a drunk, you see?  
When I fall down, you can drink my next round  
More beer, more beer, more beer!!

---



**Muffdivers in the Sky**

(to the tune of: "Ghostriders in the Sky")

(Take turns leading verses)

The lady of the manor  
Was dressing for the ball (for the ball, for the ball),  
When she spied a tinker,  
Pissing up against the wall (against the wall, against the wall).

(Chorus)

With his great big kidney wiper,  
And his balls the size of three,  
And a yard and a half of foreskin (fiveskin, sixskin)  
Hanging down below his knees.  
Syphil-I-O, syphil-I-A,  
Muff divers in the sky.

The lady wrote a letter,  
And in it she did say,  
I'd rather be fucked by you sir,  
Then his lordship any day.

(Chorus)

The tinker got the letter,  
And then it he did read,  
His balls began to fester,  
And his prick began to bleed.

(Chorus)

He mounted on his donkey,  
And he rode up to the strand,  
His balls across his shoulders,  
And his penis in his hand.

(Chorus)

He rode up to the mansion,  
Then he rode up to the hall,  
The butler cried, "God save us!  
He's come to fuck us all!"

(Chorus)

He fucked the cook in the kitchen,  
He fucked the maid in the hall,  
And then he fucked the butler,  
The dirtiest trick of all.

(Chorus)

And then he fucked the mistress,  
In ten minutes she was dead.  
With a yard and a half of foreskin,  
Hanging round her head.

(Chorus)

The tinker is now dead sir,  
They say he's gone to hell,  
And there he fucks the devil,  
I hope he fucks him well.

(Chorus)

---

### **The Municipal Sewerageman**

(to the tune of: " Ghostriders in the Sky")

The municipal sewerageman stood out upon the rim  
('pon the rim, 'pon the rim),  
The municipal sewerageman fell in and couldn't swim  
(couldn't swim, couldn't swim),  
He sank down to the bottom,  
He sank down like a stone,  
You could hear the maggots cryin' out,  
"You're on your fuckin' own."

Chorus:  
Shitty-i-ayyy, Shitty-i-ohhh,  
Ghost maggots in the overflow (overflow, overflow).

For six long days and weary nights he tried to stay afloat  
(stay afloat, stay afloat),  
But every time he cried for help,  
A turd caught in his throat  
(in his throat, in his throat),  
He sank down to the bottom,  
He sank down like a rock,  
You could hear the maggots,  
Munchin' on his cock.

The moral of this story is if you should shovel shit  
(shovel shit, shovel shit),  
Be careful of your footing,  
Or you might end up in it  
(up in it, up in it),  
You'll sink down to the bottom,  
You'll sink down like a stone,  
You'll hear the maggots cryin' out,  
WHEEEE-AAAAAH-WHEEEE,  
"You're on your fuckin' own."

---

### **The Music Man**

I am the music man, I come from far away,  
Pack: What can you play?  
I can play the viola.  
Pack: How does it go?

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

I am the music man, I come from far away,  
Pack: What can you play?  
I can play the piccolo.  
Pack: How does it go?  
Pick-a-pick-a-pick-a-low, pick-a-low, pick-a-low,  
Pick-a-pick-a-pick-a-low, pick-a-low-a-low.  
Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-la, vio-la,  
Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-vio-la.

(Continue adding as above the following verses:)

I can play the German horn...  
German-German-German-horn,...

I can play the Sexyphone...  
Sexy-sexy-sexy-phone...

I can play the Piano  
Pia, pia, piano, piano, piano...

I can play the Trombone  
Trom, trom, trombone, trombone, trombone...

I can sing like Michael Jackson...  
Holy shit, my hair's on fire, hair's on fire...

I can sing like Grace Kelly...  
Holy shit the brakes don't work, brakes don't  
work...

I can sing like Michael Jackson...  
Come here little boy, little boy...

I can act like Natalie Wood...  
Glug, glug, glug, glug...

I can play the social disease...  
Clap, clap, clap, clap...

**My God How The Money Rolls In**  
(to the tune of: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")  
(Take turns leading verses)

My father makes book on the corner,  
My mother makes illicit gin,  
My sister sells kisses to sailors,  
My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus:  
Rolls in, rolls in,  
My God how the money rolls in, rolls in,

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

My mother's a bawdy house keeper,  
Each night when the evening grows dim,  
She hangs out a little red lantern,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My cousin's a Harley Street surgeon,  
With instruments long, sharp, and thin,  
He only does one operation,  
My God how the money rolls in.

Uncle Joe is a registered plumber,  
His business in holes and in tin,  
He'll plug up your hole for a tenner,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a slum missionary,  
He saves fallen women from sin,  
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My Grandad sells cheap prophylactics,  
He punctures the teats with a pin,  
For Grandma gets rich off abortions,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My sister's a barmaid in Sydney,  
For a shilling she'll strip to the skin,  
She's stripping from morning till midnight,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My aunt keeps a girl's seminary,  
Teaching young girls to begin,  
She doesn't say where they will finish,  
My God how the money rolls in.

I've shares in the very best companies,  
In tramways, tobacco, and tin,  
And brothels in Rio de Janeiro,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother Jim whittles out candles,  
>From wax that is exceptionally soft,  
He says it will come in real handy,  
If ever his business falls off.

---

### **My Sister Belinda**

(Chorus)  
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay  
Si, Si, Signora  
My sister Belinda, she pissed out her window  
Right into my brand new sombrero.

I like the gin, It helps me slip in  
 but give me that old Davino  
 I like Davino  
 It gives me a stand supremo!

I like my stout, it helps me pull out  
 I like my rum, it helps me to come  
 I like my whiskey, it makes me feel frisky  
 I like my liquor, it makes me come quicker  
 I like my beer, it clears gonorrhea  
 I like my brandy, it makes me feel randy  
 Now I like ricard, it makes me get hard  
 I like my coke, it helps me to poke  
 I like my wine, it helps me come fine.  
 I like my ale, it makes me feel male.  
 I like my guinness, it helps me to finish  
 I like tequila, it helps me to feel her  
 I like my martini--it's good for the weenie  
 I like my claret--it stiffens the carrot  
 I like my Foster--it helps me accost her  
 I like my cider--it helps me fit inside her  
 I like my lager--it helps me feel larger  
 I don't like light beer--it makes me queer  
 I like my Jack Daniels--it helps me screw spaniels  
 I like my Mateus--it makes women loose  
 I like Margarita--it helps me to eat her

### Oh, Sir Percy

(to the tune of: "The 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.

"Oh, Sir Percy, please don't touch me."  
 "Oh, Sir Percy, please don't touch me."  
 "Oh, Sir Percy, please don't touch me."  
 As she lay between the lily-white sheets  
 with nothing on at all.

"Oh, Sir Percy, please don't touch-"  
 "Oh, Sir Percy, please don't touch-"  
 "Oh, Sir Percy, please don't touch-"  
 As she lay between the lily-white sheets  
 with nothing on at all.

"Oh, Sir Percy, please don't -", etc  
 "Oh, Sir Percy, please -", etc  
 "Oh, Sir Percy -", etc  
 "Oh, Sir -", etc  
 "Oh -"

**The Old Irish State**

(to the tune of: "Villikins and His Dinah")

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

**Chorus**

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

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

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

---

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

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

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

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

---

**The Old Bazaar In Cairo**

(Tune - Unknown)

Rice pud, very good, chuck it all about,  
We made it in a teapot and couldn't get it out,  
So we all took turns at sucking through the spout,  
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The fishmonger's daughter will lay it on the slab,  
You'd better get your skates on, her sole is up for grabs,  
She will let you fillet, but you'd better watch the crabs,  
At the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The herb-trader's daughter is hot if you like spice,  
You won't find her chilli, be sage and take your thyme,  
She always yells out 'cumin', she'll pepper up your life,  
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The camel-trader's daughter will let you have a hump,  
Mount her, ride her, drive her any way she comes,  
She'll go much faster if you smack her on the rump,  
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The mule-driver's daughter has a lovely ass,  
If you want her tail you can roll her in the grass,  
Beat her with your rod and then drive up her pass,  
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The baccy-seller's daughter will let you have some shag,  
Hand-rolled or ready-rubbed, you won't find her a drag,  
If your pipe needs reaming, she's better than a fag,  
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The bankers daughter will open your account,  
She welcomes a deposit, whatever the amount,  
But want you withdrawal, you'll pay to get it out,  
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The hasher's daughter is always good for fun,  
Never mind the hare, she fucks just like a bunny,  
She will always give you a good run for your money,  
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The blacksmith's daughter will let you use her forge,  
You can stoke her furnace if you feel the urge,  
Put your irons in her fire if you've got the nerve,  
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The bar-tender's daughter prefers 'em mild and stout,  
She'll give you good head, her measure's never short,  
You won't find her bitter when you tip her out,  
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The clock-maker's daughter will make time for you,  
You won't need appointments - any time will do,  
If your spring has run down, she'll wind it up for you,  
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The grocer's daughter is not left on the shelf,  
If you like her stock then you can help yourself,  
She's open all hours with bonuses as well,

In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The rug-maker's daughter likes to lay it down,  
She spreads her wares out for you upon the ground,  
She likes her underfelt and her tassels can be found,  
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The fur-trader's daughter has a nice bit of fluff,  
If you like some beaver, you will love her muff,  
Once you've trapped her she likes to be stuffed,  
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The pilot's daughter lets you in her cockpit,  
You will roll with her hand on your joystick,  
Sod the mile high club, go for her in-flight service,  
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The captain's daughter has a navel base that's full,  
Of discharged seamen, but there's room for you as well,  
She got an honourable discharge from an Admiral,  
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The undertaker's daughter can always take a stiff,  
Let her light your fire or bury you beneath,  
If things are looking grave you can get some grief,  
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

The harness-maker's daughter will let you check her girth,  
Climb into her saddle and ride for all you're worth,  
You'll never come a cropper, you'll get your money's worth,  
In the Old Bazaar in Cairo.

---

### **Once a Bloody Hasher**

(to the tune of: "Waltzing Matilda")  
(The SCB anthem)

Once a bloody hasher,  
Jumped into a shiggy-pit,  
Under the smell of a durian tree.  
And he hummed and he stank,  
As he wallowed in that shiggy pit.  
I'll never see the beer said he.

#### Chorus

Short-cutting bastards,  
Short-cutting bastards,  
I'll never short-cut again said he,  
And he stank as he sank,  
And wallowed in that shiggy pit,  
Who'll come a wallowing,  
In hash with me.

Up jumped a kampung man,  
Screaming most hysterically.  
You can't swim there, Tuan said he.



That's my jolly shiggy-pit,  
 You've got in your underpants.  
 That will cost you ringits,  
 One, two, three.

Out climbed the hasher,  
 Dripping very smellily,  
 You'll never get your kitty from me.  
 And he squelched and he oozed,  
 Over to a billabong.  
 Who'll come a wallowing,  
 In hash with me.

(Quietly)  
 Now his voice may be heard,  
 As he runs the trail so lone-i-ly.  
 Please, please, please come a running with me.  
 But the pack far ahead,  
 Was hiding very craftily.  
 "Back to your shiggy pit and let us be!"

---

### **One On The Table**

(to the tune of: "Guantanamera")  
 (Hint: pay for the table first)

One on the table,  
 There's only one on the table,  
 One on the taaaa-ble,  
 There's only one on the table

Two on the table!  
 There's only two on the table,  
 Two on the taaa-ble,  
 There's only two on the table

Three on the table!  
 etc . . .

---

### **Or Would You Rather Prop up a Bar**

(to the tune of: "Swing on a Star")

A Pom is an animal that drinks warm beers,  
 He whinges at everything he hears,  
 He wears a bowler and eats fish and chips,  
 He never showers so he stinks like shit,  
 So if you're dirty and smelling kinda strong,  
 You could grow up to be a Pom.

Chorus  
 Or would you rather prop up a bar?  
 Drinking Tigers out of a jar?  
 And be better off than you are?

Or would you rather be a \_\_\_\_\_?

A Yank is an animal that don't know jack shit,  
 He's got no humor and no wit,  
 His beer's like water and he talks too much,  
 He don't even know that a fanny's a crutch,  
 So if you can't tell a jackoff from a wank,  
 You could grow up to be a Yank.

Chorus

An Ocker is an animal with corks in his hat,  
 He'd rather drink piss than tickle twat,  
 He's got a roo for a rabbit and a dingo for a dog,  
 He wishes he could think but he's missing a cog,  
 So if you're dumb and your manners are a shocker,  
 You could grow up to be an Ocker.

Chorus

A Kiwi is an animal that likes to fuck sheep,  
 He's so thick it makes you want to weep,  
 He's so damn lazy that he lives on the dole,  
 He'd like to screw women but he can't find their hole,  
 So if you can't tell a ewe from a she,  
 You could grow up to be a Kiwi.

Chorus

A Clog is an animal that sits on a bike.  
 He keeps his finger up a dyke.  
 He's got no perspective 'cos his world is flat  
 And keeps pussies warm by wearing a Dutch cap.  
 So if you're as stubborn as a log,  
 You could grow up to be a Clog.

Chorus

### **Our GM**

(to the tune of: "From the Halls of Montezuma")

There's a man we call our GM,  
 Who's brave & fine & mad,  
 And we'll follow him forever,  
 Though his mental state is bad.  
 We'll run for him in sunshine,  
 We'll run for him in rain,  
 Though we know he's got a swelling,  
 On the front part of his brain.  
 Oh, he may have little black-outs,  
 But they're only fairly slight,  
 He has moments of depression,  
 When the Hares don't get it right.  
 He's got all the classic symptoms,  
 Of advanced mental decay,

Still we'll kill ourselves for GM,  
Despite what all the doctors say.

---

### **The Penis Song**

>From Monty Python

Isn't it awfully nice to have a penis,  
Isn't it awfully nice to have a dong?  
It's swell to have a stiffy,  
It's divine to own a dick,  
>From the tiniest little tadger,  
To the world's biggest prick.  
So three cheers for your Willie or John Thomas,  
Hooray for your one-eyed trouser snake,  
Your piece of pork, your wife's best friend,  
Your Percy or your cock.  
You can wrap it up in ribbons,  
You can slip it in your sock,  
But don't take it out in public,  
Or they'll stick you in the dock,  
And you won't come back.

---

### **The Clitoris Song**

(to the tune of: "The Penis Song")

Isn't it great to have a clitoris,  
Isn't it great to have a box?  
It's wonderful to own a vagina,  
It's grand to own a bush,  
>From the tiniest little hole,  
To the world's largest twat.  
So three licks for your muff or furburger,  
Hurray for your Venus mound,  
Your piece of ass, your husband's favorite toy,  
Your pussy or your cunt.  
You can keep it in edible undies,  
You can put on crotchless panties,  
But don't take it out in public,  
Unless you charge a lot,  
Or you won't get very rich.

---

### **Pissed**

(to the tune of: "My Way")

And now, the beer is near  
And so I'll face the golden fluid  
My friend, I'll say it clear

Without the beer, I wouldn't be here

I've tried low alcohol beer  
But then I've been on every highway  
But more, much more than this  
I didn't get pissed

Regrets, I've had so many  
So then again, back to the real booze  
I'll do what hashers do  
And carry this load on my shoulders

I'll drink each brand of beer  
Until it makes me feel quite queer  
But more, much more than this, I like to be pissed

Yes there were times, I'm sure you knew  
When I drank more than I should do  
But thru it all, even be-ing sick  
I drank it all and spit it out  
I faced the toilet  
And I stood tall  
And regretted be-ing pissed

I laughed, but then I cried  
Because there isn't any beer left  
And now, I realize  
I didn't find it so amusing

To think, I drank all that  
And may I say, "Not in a shy way"  
Oh no, oh not me, I want to be pissed

For what is a hasher  
Without a beer  
If there is none  
Then he stays sober  
He'll say the things he truly feels  
And not the slime, just to get laid

The harriettes know and make sure  
A harrier stays pissed.

---

**The Restroom Door Said "Gentlemen"**  
(to the tune of: "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen")

The restroom door said "Gentlemen" so I just walked inside,  
I took two steps and realized I'd been taken for a ride.  
I heard high voices, turned and found the place was occupied  
By three nuns, two old ladies and a nurse.  
What could be worse,  
Than three nuns, two old ladies and a nurse?

The restroom door said "Gentlemen," it must have been a gag.  
As soon as I walked therein I ran into some old hag.

She sprayed me with a can of Mace and hit me with her bag.  
It just wasn't cut out to be my day.  
What can I say?  
It just wasn't cut out to be my day!

The restroom door said "Gentlemen" and I would like to find,  
The crummy little creep who had the nerve to switch the sign.  
'Cause I've got two black eyes and one high heel up my behind.  
Now I'll never sit in comfort or joy.  
Boy oh boy!  
Now I'll never sit in comfort or joy.

---

### **Return To Sender**

(to the tune of: "Return to Sender [Elvis])

I gave my cum to the sperm bank,  
Some semen in a sack.  
Bright and early next morning,  
They brought my semen back.

They wrote upon it:  
Return to sender,  
Species unknown.  
No such donor,  
No more bone.

She wanted a baby,  
Begged me for my sack.  
I gave her my-seed,  
But my seed keeps cumming back.

So then I cummed into the mailbox,  
And sent it Special D,  
Bright and early next morning,  
It came right back to me.

She wrote upon it:  
Return to sender,  
Species unknown.  
No such donor,  
No more bone.

This time I'm gonna cum on her,  
And put it right in her hand.  
And if it cums back the very next day,  
Then I'll understand.

The writing on it:  
Return to sender,  
Species unknown.  
No such donor,  
No more bone.

---

**Rubber Dickie**

(to the tune of: "Rubber Ducky")

Rubber dickie, you're the one,  
You make bedtime so much fun,  
Rubber dickie, I'm awfully fond of you,  
(boop boop a doo).

Rubber dickie, toy of toys,  
When you're in me I make noise,  
Rubber dickie, you're my very best friend,  
It's true.

Every day when I make my way to my beddie,  
I find my rubber dickie is always charged up and ready,  
I like to wear my teddy.

Rubber dickie, you're so fine,  
And I'm happy that you are mine,  
Rubber dickie, I'm awfully fond of,  
Rubber dickie, you're the magical wand of,  
Rubber dickie, you're the one that I love in me.

---

**The Sexual Life Of The Camel**

(to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

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?

### **She Had Big Mountains**

(to the tune of: "Rule Britannia")  
 (Hint: BIG hand movements)

She had BIG mountains  
 And a valley deep and wide,  
 And ten of Britain's strongest lads  
 Are thought to be inside.

They climbed UP those mountains,  
 Went spelunking in her cave,  
 And those ten tired British boys  
 Are in there to this day.

But a good YANK could get them out!

### **She'll Be Puffin' Like A Steam Train When She Cums**

(to the tune of: "She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain")

She'll be puffing like a steam train when she cums,  
 She'll be puffing like a steam train when she cums,  
 She'll be puffing like a steam train, puffing like a steam train,  
 She'll be puffing like a steam train when she cums.

#### Chorus

Singing Oh God, I'm coming, don't stop now,  
 Singing Oh God, I'm coming, don't stop now,  
 Singing Oh God, I'm coming, Oh God I'm coming,  
 Oh God, I'm coming, don't stop now

## Other Verses

She'll be panting like a bulldog when she cums  
 She'll be sucking like a Hoover when she cums  
 She'll be scratching like a tiger when she cums  
 She'll be biting like a vampire when she cums  
 She'll be screaming like a banshee when she cums  
 She'll be howling like a she-wolf when she cums  
 She'll close her legs and crush your face when she cums  
 She'll be revving like a Harley when she cums  
 She'll be whooping like a monkey when she cums  
 Etc.

---

**Short-Cutter's Rhapsody**

(to the tune of: "Bohemian Rhapsody")

Is this the true trail?  
 Is this a goddamn check?  
 Caught in a quagmire  
 Sinking up to my fucking neck  
 Open your eyes, I've cut up my thighs and knees.

I'm always off trail, nobody waits for me  
 'Cause I'm checking left, checking right  
 There's no flour in my sight  
 Anywhere the trail goes, doesn't really matter to me, to me.

The hare, has set a trail  
 Spent hours tromping 'round, throwing flour on the ground  
 The trail, the trail had just begun  
 And now I've gone and left it all behind  
 The hare, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh  
 Don't care to run your trail  
 If I'm not back in time to do a down-down  
 Carry on, carry on, 'cause it doesn't really matter.

The trail, has gone it's way  
 My throat is getting dry, not a beer around to spy  
 Goodbye everybody, I'm off the trail  
 And now I'm going to search for beer in vain  
 Momma, ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh, I don't want to die  
 I sometimes wish I'd never left camp at all.

I'm just a little short-cutting little bastard  
 Schadamooch, schadamooch, will you do the Fandango  
 Thunderbolt and lightning, very, very, frightening me  
 Galileo, Galileo, Galileo, Galileo, Galileo Figero  
 Where did you go....

I'm just a short-cutter, nobody loves me  
 He's just a short-cutter from a poor family  
 Spare him his life from this monstrosity.

Harriette, run with me, will you let me cum  
 No, we will not let you cum, let him cum  
 No, we will not let you cum, let him cum



Let me cum, let him cum, let me cum, let him cum, let me cum....  
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no  
 Oh momma mia, momma mia, momma mia let me cum  
 Beelzebub, has the devil put aside for me, for me, for me...

So we've finished the trail and the down-downs are flowing  
 At the apre' we're looking for bimbos for blowing  
 Oh, baby, at the apre' baby  
 Just don't run our, just don't you run out of beer.

Oooh . . .  
 Oh, yah, oh, yah.

The trail doesn't matter, anyone can see  
 The apre' really matters, the apre' really matters to me.

Anywhere the trail goes. . . .

---

### **Show Me the Way to Go Home**

Show me the way to go home,  
 I'm tired and I wanna go to bed,  
 I had a little drink about an hour ago,  
 And it went right to my head.  
 No matter where I roam,  
 O'r land or sea or foam,  
 You'll always hear me singin' this song,  
 Show me the way to go home.

---

### **Singing In The Rain**

(Some say this song is supposed to end with group mooning; others insist it's supposed to end with group farting. If you can get a group of hashers to fart all at once, you're a better song master than I . . .)

#### **CHORUS:**

Ah-zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah-dah,  
 Zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah-dah.  
 We're singing in the rain,  
 Just singing in the rain,  
 What a glorious feeling,  
 We're hap! hap! happy again,  
 Verse/action: Hold it! Hold it! Hold it! Arms out!

Repeat chorus adding new line and action each **Time:** Hands together!

Thumbs up!  
 Elbows bent!  
 Shoulders back!  
 Chest out!  
 Stomach in!  
 Ass out!  
 Knees together!  
 Heels together!

Toes together!

---

### **Sit on My Face**

From Monty Python

Chorus

Sit on my face and tell me that you love me,  
I'll sit on your face and tell you I love you too!

I love to hear you moralize,  
When I'm between your thighs,  
You blow me away.

Sit on my face and let my lips embrace you,  
I'll sit on your face and let you love me truly,

Life can be fine,  
If we both sixty-nine,

If we sit on our faces,  
In all kind of places,

Oh, I love to oralize,  
With your face between my thighs,  
Please sit on my face.  
Sit on my face and tell me that you need me,  
I'll sit on your face 'cuz I'll be needing you.

Yes, I'll be headed south,  
When you're cumming in my mouth,  
Please sit on my face.

Sit on my face and say you'll never leave me,  
I'll sit on your face and never leave you blue.

Oh, for your legs,  
I'll spread while you are getting head,  
Please sit on my face.

Sit on my face and tell me that I'm pretty,  
I'll sit on your face and never lie to you.

Just put your lips right there,  
We'll both ignore the hair,  
Please sit on my face,

Oh, It's hard to say I love you,  
When you're sitting on my face.

---

### **Spiders In My Hair**

(to the tune of: "Strangers in the Night")

Spiders in my hair,  
 How fucking frightful,  
 Spiders in my hair,  
 Far from delightful,  
 This humongous bug,  
 Could be poisonous.  
 Running down my back,  
 It makes my skin crawl,  
 Crawls into my crack,  
 Down by my left ball,  
 Now I'm fucking sick,  
 It's headed for my dick.  
 It's way past time to drop,  
 My pants and leap,  
 Around in crazy dance . . .  
 Fuck this jungle shit,  
 Give me some urban,  
 My hair is full of webs,  
 A sticky turban,  
 I may soon be dead,  
 Before this hash is through.  
 Now I'm back on trail,  
 Then just like always,  
 Without fucking fail,  
 I see the "On Back,"  
 Webs hanging from my face,  
 I turn back in disgrace.  
 I've risked my life for little gain,  
 I'll have to run the hash again, and  
 Then I see the tracks in jungle clearing,  
 With you crazy fucks, all sweat and beering,  
 You just don't fucking care,  
 About spiders in my hair.

---

### **Super Hasher**

(to the tune of: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

He started off at five, as the GM cried "On-On,"  
 Loping o'er the hedges to the blowin' of the horn,  
 But the run it was a righty,  
 and the poor bloke went straight on,  
 Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

Chorus: Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,  
 Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,  
 Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,  
 Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He ran through the bushes to the cheering of the throng,  
 Following their happy cries, he felt he wasn't wrong,  
 But the cunning little bastards were just stringing him along,  
 Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He ran on through the forests as the daylight turned to gray,  
 Searching for the paper, but it was far away,  
 And he knew he had to find it so he could run another day,

Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

It was approaching darkness, and many hills he'd crossed,  
He'd traversed mighty rivers, as he dreamt of getting sauced,  
But now he began to realize that he was just fucking lost,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He ran on past small shacks lit with dim and flickering tapers,  
He damned the hare and co-hare for not laying much more paper,  
And also the "Pervert," the bleeding fornicator,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.  
He thought of all the hounds drinking Tiger at the truck,  
And the bastards who left early so that they could have a fuck,  
But our poor bloke was miles away, and he was out of luck,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

Oh, in the gathering darkness, he ran o'er the fields,  
Trampling the new rice crops he could neither see nor feel,  
But the farmer he was watching, and he began to squeal,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.  
He thought that he might make it now, so gleefully he sang,  
But then he glanced behind him, and the farmer bared his fangs,  
And reached into his waistband for his trusty sharp parang,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.  
The farmer leapt out after him, his doorway still unshut,  
For the only thing he'd wanted in all his life was but,  
Some Hasher's balls adorning the mantel of his hut,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

In a blazing burst of speed our hound took off across the fields,  
The farmer he was losing ground, but now his fate was sealed,  
For ahead there was a shiggy-pit with no bloody way to yield,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.  
He teetered on the edge of that dark and dismal pit,  
And then, in desperation, he jumped into its midst,  
And as he sank from sight he cried, "What a fucking crock of shit!"  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

So, if you go a'runnin' upon a Sunday night,  
And come across a shiggy-pit upon the left or right,  
Remember our poor Hasher and his shit-i-i-ful plight,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

### **Swilligan's Island**

(to the tune of: "Gilligan's Island")

Just sip yer brew and you'll hear a tale,  
A tale of a drunken hash.  
That started with a keg of beer,  
And everyone got trashed. (Repeat)

The first hare was a brainless cooch,  
His co-hare was half as smart.  
Two hundred some odd half-minds,  
Took off in a cloud of farts. (Repeat)

The hills got steep, the shiggy deep,  
 The back checks had them fooled.  
 Then someone found the beer stop,  
 And everybody drooled. (Repeat)

The mud had sucked their sneakers off,  
 Their legs were ripped a lot.  
 But once they had their nectar,  
 The trail they soon forgot. (Repeat)

The moral is no matter how,  
 Much shiggy's on your trail,  
 A hashin' twit don't give a shit,  
 While he's swilling his ale.

---

### **The Twelve Days of Ramadan**

On the first day of Ramadan King Khalid gave to me,  
 A book by Salman Rushdie,  
 (Gesture throwing to ground and stamping on it.)

On the second day of Ramadan King Khalid gave to me,  
 Two Yemenese (Gesture big spit.)  
 A book by Salman Rushdie (with gesture).

(Continue adding verses)  
 Three Ayatollahs.  
 (Sing "Ayatollah, Ayatollah," to tune of  
 Hallelujah Chorus, while bowing in prayer.)

Four Iraqi mine sweepers.  
 (Put hands over ears and stamp feet.)

Five Iranian terrorists.  
 (Jump forward and spray crowd with machine gun fire.)

Six cruise missiles.  
 (Sing "We're coming to blow you away,  
 Ha-ha, hee-hee, ho-ho")

Seven U.S. soldiers.  
 (Shout "One, two, three, four, I love the  
 Marine Corps," while marching in place.)

Eight blindfolded hostages.  
 (Sing "Show me the way to go home"  
 while stumbling about with arms outstretched.)

Nine raving mullahs.  
 (Shout "Israel must go, Israel must go" while  
 shaking fists in air.)

Ten Scud missiles.  
 (Fingers in ears and say, "Nya, nya, you missed me!" )

Eleven open sewers.  
 (Sing "What a pong, what a pong, etc."  
 to tune of William Tell Overture.)

Twelve circumcisions.  
 (Sing "Oooh that hurts, oooh that hurts" to tune of  
 The Music Man while running around holding groins.)

---

### **Vegetables Are The Best**

(to the tune of: " Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys")  
 Another of Bestiality's Best illegitimate offspring

Chorus: Vegetables are the best, girls,  
 Vegetables are the best--EAT YOUR GREENS!  
 Vegetables are the best, girls,  
 Vegetables are the best.  
 Do the deed with a weed, girls,  
 Do the deed with a weed--VEGETABLES!  
 Do the deed with a weed, girls,  
 Do the deed with a weed, 'cause . . .

Other verses:

Fellatio with a potato, girls  
 Take a dyke on with a daikan, boys  
 Shave the fuzz off a peach, boys  
 Slip a rubba on a rutabaga, girls  
 Be a fairy with a strawberry, boys  
 Try humpin' a pumpkin, lads  
 Tickle your root with a shoot, boys  
 Tickle your clit with a pickle, girls  
 No need for the pill with a dill, girls  
 Stick a cuke up your chute, girls  
 Fill your chute with a root, girls  
 Squeeze a kumquat in your twat, girls  
 Give a wedgie to a veggie, boys  
 Drink the pee of a broccoli  
 A gourd will always stay hard, girls  
 Elope with a cantaloupe, girls  
 Go goose a spruce, lads  
 Wine and dine a fine pine, men  
 Stuff some grass up your ass, boys  
 Debauchery with the shrubbery, boys  
 Rub your tube with a tuber, boys  
 Wheat germ makes your squirm, girls  
 Rub your slit hard with rhubarb, girls  
 Get frisky with some kim chee, girls  
 Give him a horn with some corn, girls  
 Make him green with a bean, girls  
 Get defrocked by a stalk, father  
 Venial sins with the California Raisins, girls  
 Stiffen your root with a Kiwi fruit, boyth

---

### **We Three Queens**

(to the tune of: "We Three Kings of Orient Are")

We three Queens of Saigon Hash are  
Wearing pink, we hash from the bar  
Moor and mountain, field and fountain  
Sple - e- ndid in a bra.

Chorus

O! poofers mincing, poofers queer  
Prancing ON with simpering leer  
ON-ward ever, checking never  
Guide us to a crate of beer

Born as Queens in Saigon fair  
Lace we bring and stockings to wear  
Queens forever, belts of le-e-eather  
Ri-ibbons in our hair.

Chorus

Petticoats to offer have we  
Frisly skirts that reach to the knee  
Ladies dating, maids in waiting  
Gi-i-rlies we would be

Chorus

Plaits are ours and pretty perfume  
Hashing through the gathering gloom  
Limp wrists flouncing, lipping and pouting,  
Sporting a flowery bloom.

Chorus

Glorious now behold us so near  
Fortified by Tiger beer.  
Aren't we saintly ladies dai-ainty  
Mascara round our eyes.

Chorus

### **We Go Hashing**

(to the tune of: "Oh, My Darlin' Clementine")

From the distant dawn of mankind,  
To the present state of bliss,  
Evolution has refined us,  
And the proof is simply this:

Chorus:

We go hashing, we go hashing,  
We go hashing once a week,  
With the Saigon Hashers,  
We go bonkers once a week.

Prehistoric treetop monkeys,  
Taught us how to jump and fuck,  
But they had no hashing spirit,  
That we have is our good luck.

Cro-Magnon and other cavemen,  
Did not live for very long,  
They were just as wild as we are,  
But they got the hashing wrong.

In the early Middle Ages,  
Nuns and monks had little fun,  
They had wine and fornication,  
But they lacked a decent run.

Billy Shakespeare wrote a sonnet,  
More than twenty pages long,  
All about the joys of hashing,  
We can do it in a song.

Recent surveys of the country,  
Show that only magic will,  
Save the nation from perdition,  
And we have the saving skill.

Girls and boys and other sexes,  
Stand up tall and sing out clear:  
We shall never be athletic,  
We just do it for the beer.

---

### **Who Needs Sex?**

(to the tune of: "Three Blind Mice")

Who needs sex?  
Who needs sex?  
It's no fun,  
It's no fun,  
You chase after women and what do you get?  
You grumble and fumble and break out in sweat,  
You wake up at daylight just deeper in debt,  
So who needs sex?  
Who needs sex?

Who needs sex?  
Who needs sex?  
It's no fun,  
It's no fun,  
You meet a new women and go on a date,  
You hug and you kiss and you think that it's great,  
She gives you blue balls and you masturbate,  
So, who needs sex?  
Who needs sex?

Who needs sex?  
Who needs sex?



It's no fun  
It's no fun  
He grunts and he gasps like he's on a long run  
He's in for a minute then he squirts on your bum  
Then he falls asleep as soon as he's done  
So who needs sex?  
Who needs sex?

---

### **The Wild Hasher I**

(to the tune of: "The Wild Rover")

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 with no booze.

Chorus:

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

I crossed bamboo bridges and swam through the stream,  
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 at speed.  
Got lost at a check, rushed forwards and back,  
Prayed for some paper and found the right track.

I ran through a village and greeted a crowd.  
"Chao ong, chao ba. Where's 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 down-downs, 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 Tiger, stayed sober alone.

I was called to the circle that I often frequent,  
And told the Grand 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 Tiger 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.

---

### **The Wild Hasher II**

(to the tune of: "The Wild Rover")

I flew into Saigon, an expat so neat,  
Some boozy old hashers I happened to meet,  
I asked to go hashing, they answered me "Nay,  
For wimps such as you we can find any day."

Chorus:

And it's no nay never, no nay no never no more,  
Shall I play the wild hasher, no never no more.

I took out my checkbook all shiny and bright,  
The hash cash's eyes they lit up with delight,  
He said, "Gladly we'll welcome you as one of the rank,  
As soon as your check has been cleared by the bank."

(Chorus)

They sold me a T-shirt at exhorbitant price,  
Then we went hashing, 'twas ever so nice,  
At the last checkpoint we lost three without trace,  
And back at the On In we all got shit faced.

(Chorus)

I've hashed the world over in places far and near,  
I fondled the women and drank all the beer,  
And now I'm returning with tales for to tell,  
Of checkbacks unending and shortcuts through hell.

(Chorus)

Now all I have left is a beer-stained T-shirt,  
And my Nikes are covered in shiggy and dirt,  
My wife she has left me because of the pong,  
And this is the end of my terrible song.

### **Wild West Show**

(This is best done by forming a circle and having  
hashers taking turns being the Announcer.)

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen!

Pack: Yes?

Announcer: In this cage we have the  
U-rang-u-tang.

Pack: The U-rang-u-tang. Fantastic! Incredible!  
Shut up and tell us about it!

The U-rang-u-tang is an animal that lives in the jungles  
of North Borneo and it has balls that are made of brass, so that when it goes swinging from tree to  
tree, its balls go u-tang, u-tang, u-tang, u-tang.

Chorus

Ohhhh, we're off to see the Wild West Show-o-oo,  
The elephants and kang-a-roo-ooos,  
No matter what the weather,

We'll always be together,  
We're off to see the Wild West Show-o-oo!  
(The next hasher becomes the announcer as  
above substituting the name of the next attraction  
in place of the U-rang-u-tang.)

2 The Laughing Hyena - 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.

3 The Ooaah bird is a bird that lives in the rocky desert  
of North Africa. It has balls this long and legs this short  
so that each time it comes in for a landing it goes,  
"Oo-aah, Oo-aah, Oo-aah!"

4 The Asstrich lives in the deserts of Africa and  
whenever it sees its enemies, it buries its head in  
the sand and offers its ass.

5 The Porcupine is the only animal in the world that  
has a thousand and one pricks.

6 The Elephant has a ginormous appetite. In one day  
it eats two tons of sugar cane, one dozen bundles of  
bananas and twenty buckets of rice.  
Miss, don't stand too near the elephant's backside.  
Miss! Miss! Too late! Harry, dig her out.

7 The Winky Wanky bird, by some strange quirk of  
nature, has the nervous system of its sexual organs  
connected to that of its eyelids, so every time it  
winks it winks.  
Hey lady! Stop throwing sand into that bird's eyes.

8 The Fukawi tribe is found in the grasslands of  
Africa. They are this short and the grass is this  
tall, so that every time they get lost, they will shout,  
"Where the fukawi, where the fukawi?"

9 The Gee-raffe is the only animal in the world that can walk into  
a bar and say, "The high-balls are on me!"

10 The Le-o-pard is the only animal in the world that  
has one spot for each day of the year.  
Member of Pack: What about leap year?  
Announcer: Stupid, you just lift up its tail and  
there's the 29th of February.

11 The Rhinosauras is reputed to be the richest animal  
in the world. It's name is derived from the Latin- rhino,  
meaning money; and sore-ass, meaning piles...  
hence piles of money.

12 The Baiyee is like a long playing record. First you play  
it on this side (points to crotch of opposite member of  
sex), then you flip it over (turns demonstrator around)

and play the other side (points to the demonstrator's ass).

13 The Brr-Brr bird is a distant relative of the Oohaah bird and lives in the Antarctic. When it lands, it drags its balls and says, "Brr, brr!"

14 The Sabertooth Tiger is a thousand pound pussy that can eat you!

15 The Khetat-Khetat bird is also a distant relative of the Oohaah bird. It has one ball made of brass and the other made of lead, so that when it lands, its balls make the sound, "Khe-tat, Khe-tat, Khe-tat, Khe-tat!"

16 The Tattooed Lady has "FIRE" tattooed on one thigh and "BRIMSTONE" on the other and every once in a while she makes some poor soul go down to hell.

17 The Gazelle farts as it leaps from place to place and scientists are still trying to discover whether it farts because it leaps or leaps because it farts.

18 (In this tank...) The Oct-i-pussy can suck you all over.

19 The Homosexual Sparrow will fly backwards for a lark.

20 The Tom Cat is the only pussy with a dick.

21 The Go-rilla - a big monkey who can shag anything it wants.  
Member of Pack: Hey, mister, I thought Go-rillas were apes?  
Announcer: Step inside here, Sonny, and see if he can make a monkey out of you.

22 The Pie-bald Pony - the bollocks of this animal, ladies and gentlemen, are PRECISELY 3.14159 inches in diameter.

23 The well-known Omigoolie Bird - this bird, as you will note if you observe if you look underneath, has no legs. It is named after the call of the male of the species, who cries out after each landing, "Oh, me goolies! Oh, me goolies!"

24 The Tri-angular Iceberg - An uncommon sight, ladies and gentlemen, because on one side you will see an Indonesian keeping a private school, on the second side you will see a Canadian keeping a private school while on the third side you will see a male polar bear sliding up and down on the ice keeping his privates cool.

25 The Constipated Mathematician - who works it out with his pencil.

26 Prince, the Rock 'n' Roll Star - Yes, ladies and gentlemen, living proof that Little Richard and

Liberace were once man and wife!

27 The French Pervertable - This fine automobile is the last of its 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 accommodates 69 in the back.

28 The Tattooed Cowgirl - The tattooed cowgirl has a tattoo of Roy Clark on her left thigh and a tattoo of Hank Williams on her right thigh . . . and who's that in the middle, Willy Nelson?

29 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!

31 The Female Mathematician - This lady, folks, believes that this (hold fingers three inches apart) is twelve inches.

30 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.

### **Woodpecker's Song**

(to the tune of: "Dixie")

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

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

I replaced my finger in a woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around,  
REVOLVE IT."

I revolved my finger in a woodpecker's hole,

And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Turn it back, turn it back, turn it back.  
REVERSE IT."

I reversed my finger in a woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Slow it down, slow it down, slow it down,  
RETARD IT."

I retarded my finger in a woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Once again, once again, once again,  
REPEAT IT."

I repeated my finger in a woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Leave it in, leave it in, leave it in,  
RELAX IT,"

I released my finger in a woodpecker's hole, a  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out,  
RETRACT IT."

I retracted my finger from a woodpecker's hole, a  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff,  
REVOLTING."

---

### **Yesterday**

(to the tune of: "Yesterday")

Yesterday,  
All my muscles seemed to feel OK,  
Now my body doesn't work today,  
Oh, I went hashing yesterday.

Muscles ache,  
They'd be better if I'd stayed in bed,  
Now it feels as if they're made of lead,  
Wish I'd stayed at home instead.

Why I ran that hash,  
Was so rash,  
But what the heck,  
Now its clear,  
I'm a mere,  
Physical wreck.

Bloodshot eyes,  
And my tongue is twice its normal size,  
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,  
Running seemed a healthy game to play,  
Now my body is in disarray,  
Oh, I went hashing yesterday,  
(mmm-mm-mmm).

---

### **Yogi Bear**

(to the tune of: "Camptown Races")

In the forest lives a bear, Yogi, Yogi,  
In the forest lives a bear, Yogi, Yogi Bear.  
Yogi, Yogi Bear, Yogi, Yogi Bear.  
In the forest lives a bear, Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Yogi has a little friend, Boo Boo, Boo Boo,  
Yogi has a little friend, Boo Boo, Boo Boo Bear.  
Boo Boo, Boo Boo Bear, Boo Boo, Boo Boo Bear.  
Yogi has a little friend, Boo Boo, Boo Boo Bear.

Yogi has a girl friend, Susie, Susie  
Yogi has a girl friend, Susie, Susie Bear...etc.

Susie likes it on the fridge, Polar, Polar,  
Susie likes it on the fridge, Polar, Polar Bear...etc.

Yogi's into whips and chains, Kinky, Kinky,  
Yogi's into whips and chains, Kinky, Kinky Bear...etc.

Boo-boo Bear has got no teeth, Gummy, Gummy,  
Boo-boo Bear has got no teeth, Gummy, Gummy Bear...etc

Boo-Boo's only three feet tall, Yogi's a lucky,  
Boo-Boo's only three feet tall, Yogi's a lucky bear ...etc

Susie has PMT, Grizzly, Grizzly,  
Susie has PMT, Grizzly, Grizzly Bear...etc.

Susie has a shaven snatch, Scratchy, Scratchy,  
Susie has a shaven snatch, Scratchy, Scratchy Bear...etc.

Yogi has a cheesy dick, Camen, Camen,  
Yogi has a cheesy dick, Camen, Camenbert..etc.

Yogi uses condoms Clever, Clever,  
Yogi uses condoms Clever, Clever Bear...etc.

Susie had a little cub, Bastard, Bastard,  
Susie had a little cub, Bastard, Bastard Bear...etc.

Susie asks for money, Hooker, Hooker,  
Susie asks for money, Hooker, Hooker Bear...etc.

Yogi likes to roll his own, Smokey, Smokey,  
Yogi likes to roll his own, Smokey, Smokey Bear...etc.

Boo Boo likes it upside down, Koala, Koala,  
Boo Boo likes it upside down, Koala, Koala Bear...etc.

Yogi's got a case of crabs, Itchy, Itchy,  
Yogi's got a case of crabs, Itchy, Itchy Bear...etc.

Yogi's got a twelve inch cock, Lucky, Lucky,  
Yogi's got a twelve inch cock, Lucky, Lucky Bear...etc.

Boo Boo says he's got one too, Liar, Liar,  
Boo Boo says he's got one too, Liar, Liar Bear...etc.

Susie likes it twice a day, Horny, Horny,  
Susie likes it twice a day, Horny, Horny Bear...etc.

Susie sleeps in any bed, Teddy, Teddy,  
Susie sleeps in any bed, Teddy, Teddy Bear...etc.

Boo-Boo likes to stroke his tool, Wanker, Wanker,  
Boo-Boo likes to stroke his tool, Wanker, Wanker Bear...etc.

Suzie takes it up the rear, Chocolate, Chocolate,  
Suzie takes it up the rear, Chocolate, Chocolate Bear...etc.

Yogi catches HIV, Bye-bye, Bye-bye,  
Yogi catches HIV, Bye-bye, Bye-bye Bear  
(This is always the last verse)

---