

The Hash Hymnal

The following is a more or less standard repertoire of hash songs

compiled by

'Minstrel Cycle'

for the

Damascus Hash House Harriers

First Edition – May 2006

Please note that wit counts for everything when one is being bawdy
Crassness is not cool unless it can be justified by the wit involved

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

(To be sung with graphic effects)

Songmaster says, "Respect for the Hash Hymn"

Chorus

Swing low, sweet char-i-o-ot,
Cumin' four two carry me home...
Swing low, sweet char-i-o-ot,
Cumin' four two carry me home.

I looked over Jordon,
And what did I see-ee,
Cumin' four two carry me home...
A band of An-gels,
Cumin' after me-ee,
Cumin' four two carry me home...

(Songmaster says, "2nd verse")

If you get there be-four I doo,
Cumin' four two carry me home...
Tell all my friends, I'm cumin' twoo,
Cumin' four two carry me home...

(Songmaster says, "3rd verse")

I'm sometimes up, I'm some-times down,
Cumin' four two carry me home...
But still my sole feels heav-en-ly bound,
Cumin' four two carry me home...

Shitty Trail

(To the tune of the "Mickey Mouse" song)

S-H-I-T-T-Y T-R-A-I-L
Shitty trail (It sucked)
Shitty trail (really fucked)

The motherfuckers laid a shitty trail (shitty trail)
I would rather drink a beer than hash your shitty trail,
S-H-I-T-T-Y T-R-A-I-L

Soldier Song

Asshole, asshole, a soldier I will be,
To piss, to piss, two pistols on my knee,
For cunt, for cunt, for country I will fight,
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,
A soldier I will be.
Drink it down, down, down, ...

His One Skin

(To the tune of "My bonnie Lies over the Ocean")

His one skin hangs down to his two skin,
His two skin hangs down to his three,
His three skin hangs down to his foreskin,
His foreskin hangs down to his knee.
Roll back, roll back,
Roll back his foreskin for him, for him.
Roll back, roll back,
Please roll back his foreskin for him.
Drink it down, down, down . . .

His One Chin

(Family version of "His One Skin")

His one chin hangs down to his two chin,
His two chin hangs down to his three,
His three chin hangs down to his four chin,
His four chin makes him a fatty.
Eat less, eat less,
Eat less to lose that four chin, four chin.
Eat less, eat less,
Eat less to loss that four chin.
Drink it down, down, down, ...

They Ought to be Publicly Pissed On

They ought to be publicly pissed upon,
They ought to be publicly shot, (bang, bang)
They ought to be tied to a urinal,
And left there to fester and rot,
Drink it down, down, down, ...

Hash Virgin Serenade

(To the tune of the "Ball of Kerrymuir")

Four and twenty virgins,
Came out to this old hash,
And when the hash was over,
There were four and twenty less.

Chorus

Singing, balls to your partner,
Arse against the wall.
If ye canna get laid at this old hash,
Ye'll never get laid at all.

Once a Bloody Hasher - The SCB Anthem

(To the tune of "Waltzing Matilda")

Once a bloody hasher,
Jumped into a shiggy-pit,
Under the smell of a durian tree.
And he hummed and he stank,
As he swallowed all 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.

HEAD!

Anytime someone says the word "head", for whatever reason, all must say:

Who said head?
I'll have some of that,
So I did, and it was good
And there was much rejoicing.
We fucked for hours
Uprooting up trees & bushes & flowers,
We fucked like Vikings
With horns on our HEAD!

HEAD! Who said head?

The Waiting Song

A song to sing whenever the hash has to wait for its mismanagement or for any other pitiful excuse (To the tune of "Oh Come, All Ye Faithful").

Why are we waiting
We could be masturbating
Oh why are we waiting
For you to drink your beer.

Why are we waiting
We could be fornicating
Oh why are we waiting
For you to drink your beer.

Why are we waiting
Oh why are we waiting
Why are we waiting
So fucking long.
Why Was He (or She) Born

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

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

They say he's a joy to his mother,
But he's a pain in the asshole to me,
So, drink it down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down.

Sit On My Face

(from Monty Python)

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 my love be truly.
Life can be fine if we both sixty-nine,
And we'll sit on our faces in all sorts of places and play,
'Till we're blown away!