

Paris Hash Song Page

Here are few songs we use to sing during the circlce.

If you

- have a favourite song not on the list
- think that the text is not the righ one
- simply want to complain about something

then send a mail to [Cum Again](#) and he will either

- add the requested song to the list
- correct the mistakes in the text
- do the requested corrections (in case your complaint is a valid one)
- do nothing (in case you just beign a pain in the a...)

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...

AND FOR THE HARES

One black one, one white one
 And one with a bit of shite on
 And one with a fairy light on to show us the way
 And the hares, and the hares
 And the hairs on the dicky dido hung down to her knees
 Drink it down, down down

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HERE'S TO

Here's to..... he's true blue
 He's a hasher (wanker/bastard/pisspot) through and through
 He's a hasher (wanker/bastard/pisspot so they say
 He'll never get to heaven in a long long way
(Tried to get to heaven but he went the other way)
 Drink it down down down

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ZICKY-ZACKY

Zicky-zacky, zicky-zacky,
Hoy, Hoy, Hoy!
Zicky-zacky, zicky-zacky,
Hoy, Hoy, Hoy!
Zicky-zacky, zicky-zacky,
Hoy, Hoy, Hoy!
Shiggy shaggy, shiggy shaggy,
Oi, Oi, Oi!

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HE'S THE MEANEST

He's the meanest, he sucks the horse's penis
He's the meanest, he's the horses ass

All he does it pound it, ever since he's found it
He's the meanest, he's the horse's ass
He's always pissing on us
He's mean and he's dishonest
He's the meanest, he's the horse's ass

Drink it down, down , down

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20 TOES

There's a game I know called twenty toes,
Its played all over town,
The women play with ten toes up,
And the men with ten toes down,
Down, down, down ...

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ZULU WARRIOR

Ale, zooma zooma zooma,
Ale, zooma zooma chief,
Drink it down you Zulu warrior
Drink it down you Zulu chief,
Drink it down you Zulu warrior,
Drink it down you Zulu chief, chief, chief!

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HIS ONE-SKIN

His one skin hangs down to his two skin
His twoskin hands down to his three
His threeskin hangs down to his foreskin
His foreskin hangs down to knee
Drink it down down down ...

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MEET THE HASHERS

Hashers, meet the hashers,
They're the biggest drunks in history,
From the town of Paris,
They're the leaders in debauchery,
Half minds, trailing shaggy through the years,
Watch them as they down a lot of beers,
Down, down, down

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LA FILLE DU BEDOUIN

La Fille Du Bedouin
La fille du bedouin
Se branlait dans un coin
Avec une banane

Et moi, dans l'autre coin,
En voyant son vagin
Je bandait comme un âne

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DOUGH, RAY, ME

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,

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OUR LAGER

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 Bitter, and the Lager,
Barmen.

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WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTEFUL?

Why were they born so beautiful
Why were they born at all?
They're no bloody use to anyone
They're no bloody use at all
They might be a joy to their mothers
But they're a pain in the asshole to me!
Drink it down down down

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SHITTY TRAIL

S-H-I... T-T-Y T-R-A-I-L !
Shitty trail, Shitty trail
The mother fuckers laid a shitty trail!
I would rather drink some beer than hash a shitty trail.
S-H-I... T-T-Y T-R-A-I-L !
Drink it down, down, down

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HEAD?!?

Head?!?
Who said head?
I'll have some of that.
And we did.
And it was good!
And there was much rejoicing!
And then we fucked!
We fucked for hours,
Uprooting trees and shrubs and flowers,
Like Vikings, with horns on our head!
Head?!?

Who said head....

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OU EST LE PAPIER?

(sur l'air de La Marseillaise)

A Frenchman went to the lavatory
For to have a jolly good shit, shit, shit
He took his coat and trousers off
And began to revel in it, it, it.
But when he reached for the paper
Someone had been there before
Ou est le papier? Ou est le papier?
Monsieur, Monsieur J'ai fait mon mieux ,
Ou est le papier?

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MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

Melody - My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

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.

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HERE'S TO BROTHER HASHER

(Tune: Ach, Du; Lieber Augustin)

Here's to brother hasher(s),
Brother hasher(s), brother hasher(s),
Here's to brother hasher(s),
May he (they) chug-a-lug.

He's (Their) happy, he's (their) jolly,
He's (Their) fucked up by golly,
Here's to brother hasher(s),
May he (they) chug-a-lug.

So drink motherfucker(s),
Drink motherfucker(s),
Drink motherfucker(s),
Drink motherfucker(s),
Here's to brother hasher(s),
May he (they) chug-a-lug.
Drinking down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down,
Down, down, down, down.

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HI, MY NAME IS BILL

(clap hands)

Hi, my name is bill
And I work in a button factory
One day, my boss came up to me
and he said Bill
Are you busy?
I said no.
He said good.
Push a button with your right hand.

Hi, my name is bill...
Push a button with your left elbow...
right foot...
left knee
buttv head
...are you busy?

I said yeah, I'm pushin all these
fuckin buttons!

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HASH HYMN

(Swing Low, Sweet Chariot)

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

I looked over Jordan
And what did I see?
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels
Coming after me
Coming for to carry me home.

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

Sometimes I'm up
Sometimes I'm down
Coming for to carry me home
But I know in my soul
I'm heaven bound
Coming for to carry me home

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BELLA CIAO

Stamattina mi son' svegliato
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao
Stammattina mi son' svegliato
Edho trovato l'invasor

O Portiginao, portami via
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao
O portigiamo, portami via
Perche mi sento di morir

E se io muoio da partigiano
O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao
E se io muoio da partigiano

Tu mi devi seppelir

Mi sepellire lassu in montagna

O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao

Mi sepellire lassu in montagna

Sotto l'ombra di un bel fior

E tuitti quelli che passeranno

O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao

E tutti quelli che passerano

Diranno che bel fior

E questo e il fiore del partigiano

O bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao, ciao, ciao

E questo e il fiore del partigiano

Morto per la liberta.

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GIVE ME THAT GOOD OLD VINO

I like my gin - it helps me get in,

But give me that good old vino.

I like my vino,

It gives me a stand supremo.

CHORUS:

Aye, yi-yi-yi,

Si, si, senora,

My seester Belinda she pissed out the winder,

And filled my brand new sombrero.

I like my Shiner - nothing could be finer, But give me my . . .

OTHER VERSES:

- I like my brandy - it makes me feel randy
- I like my stout - it helps me get out
- I like my martini - it's good for the weenie
- I like my rum - it helps me come
- I like my coke-a - it helps me poke-a
- I like my beer - it helps gonorrhoea
- I like my wine - it stiffens the vine
- I like my port - it helps me disport
- I like my claret - it stiffens the carrot
- I like my liquor - it makes me come quicker
- I like my schnapps - it helps cure the clap
- I like my cider - it helps me fit inside her
- I like my lager - it helps me feel larger
- I like my whisky - it makes me feel frisky
- I don't like light beer - it makes me queer

- I like my champers - it helps fill my pampers

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THE LUMBERJACK SONG

(Melody - Itself)

From Monty Python (copyrighted material)

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

CHORUS:

He's a lumberjack and he's okay,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch,
I go to the lavatory,
On Wednesdays I go shopping,
And have buttered scones for tea.

CHORUS:

He cuts down trees, he eats his lunch,
He goes to the lavatory,
On Wednesdays he goes shopping,
Has buttered scones for tea.
He's a lumberjack and he's okay,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

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

CHORUS:

He cuts down trees, he skips and jumps,
He likes to press wild flowers,
He puts on womens' clothing,
And hangs around in bars?
He's a lumberjack and he's okay,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees, I wear high heels,
Suspendies and a bra,
I wish I'd been a girlie,
Just like my dear Pappa.

CHORUS:

He cuts down trees, he wears high heels?
Suspendies . . . and a bra?

. . . He's a lumberjack and he's okay,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

. . . He's a lumberjack and he's okay,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

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FATHER ABRAHAM

Chorus:

Oh! Fa-ther Abraham had seven sons
And seven sons had Fa-ther Abraham
And he never laughed,
And he never cried,
All he did was go like this:

Movements:

With a left ... (left arm)
... and a droite ... (right leg)
... and a right ... (right arm)
... and a gauche ... (left leg)
... and wi' a heed! ... Hoah! ... (head and torso forward, followed by head back and hips forward)

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[Paris Hash House Harriers 2004](#)