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I. TRADITIONAL SONGS

A. Down-Down Songs: Various parties may be honored, generally after a run, with a tune sung by the rest of the Hash. The participant, whose name is to be sung in the spaces shown below, holds a container of beer, which is to be drunk while the other Hashers sing "Drink it down, down, down, down..." The drinking begins when these words are sung and not before (a common error by the novice). Once the vessel is pressed to the participant's lips, it may not be removed until emptied, either into the participant's stomach or over his or her head. If the drinking is too slow, the other Hashers will either chant "Suck, swallow. Suck, swallow..." or sing "Why Are We Waiting" (final song in the Down-Down section).

Here's to Hasher: (Traditional Down-Down Tune)

Here's to _____ he/she's true blue.

He/she's a hasher through and through.

He/she's a piss-pot, so they say.

He/she tried to go to heaven, but he/she went the other way.

Balls:

Hasher X has only got one ball.

Hasher Y has two but very small.

Hasher Z has something sim'lar,

But _____ has no balls at all.

The Clap: (to the tune of "He's Got the Whole World in His Hand")

(Hash begins clapping at an even tempo)

He/she's got a dose of clap, on his/her dick/clit.

He/she's got a dose of clap, on his/her dick/clit.

He/she's got a dose of clap, on his/her dick/clit,

And all it goes is drip, drip, drip.

Hymn:

Hymn.....hymn.....Fuck him.

Skins: (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 four skin.

His foreskin hangs down to his knees.

Tits: (also 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 exceeded her right tit, she'd get lots of weenie from me.

Why Was He/She Born So Beautiful:

(Usually sung to parties leaving the party in our Hash, rather than for down-downs)

Why was he/she born so beautiful, why was he/she born at all?

He/she's no bloody (fucking) use to anyone, he/she's no bloody (fucking) use at all.

They say he/she's a joy to his/her mother, but he/she's a pain in the asshole to me.

Short version: Asshole (to me).

Hooray for (title): (preferably insert title Hasher is being honored for rather than name)

Hooray for ____! Hooray at last.

Hooray for ____, he/she's a horse's ass (grunt and pelvic thrust).

Why Are We Waiting: (to the tune of "O, Come All Ye Faithful")

Why are we waiting? Why are we waiting?

Oh, why are we waiting so fucking long?

Why are we waiting? Could be masturbating.

Oh, why are we waiting? Oh why are we waiting?

Oh why are we waiting so fucking long? (Repeat until drinker is done)

B. Sacred Songs: These songs are traditional songs dealing with religious matters such as the Mother Hash, or based on religious tunes such as the doxology.

Hash Hymn: (aka Swing Low, to be sung with hand motions)

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

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

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see? Coming for to carry me home.

A band of angels coming after me; Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do; Coming for to carry me home.

Tell all my friends I'm a-coming too; Coming for to carry me home.

(Repeat with hand motions only, humming, double time)

A Prayer:

A prayer...a prayer...a prayer for the dehydrated...BEER!
A prayer...a prayer...a prayer for the inebriated...PISS!
A prayer...a prayer...a prayer for the constipated...SHIT!
A prayer...a prayer...a prayer for the frustrated...FUCK!
A prayer...a prayer...a prayer for the castrated...BALLS! (followed immediately by)

Balls to Mr. Bengelstein:

Balls to Mr. Bengelstein, Bengelstein, Bengelstein.
Balls to Mr. Bengelstein, dirty old man.
He sits on the steeple and shits on the people,
Balls to Mr. Bengelstein dirty old man.
He keeps us all waiting while he's masturbating,
Balls to Mr. Bengelstein dirty old man.
He ups 'em he downs 'em, he bloody well pounds 'em,
Balls to Mr. Bengelstein dirty old man.

As I Was Walking: (to the tune of the Doxology)

As I was walking through the wood, I shit myself, I knew I would. I cried for help, but no help came, And so I shit myself again.	As I was praying in St. Paul's, The vicar grabbed me by the balls. I cried for help, but no help came, And so he grabbed my balls again.
--	---

As I was lying on the grass,
A poofter stuffed it up my ass.
I cried for help, but no help came,
And so he stuffed it up again.

Chiengmai Prayer: (Singing in the Rain)

We're singing in the rain; Just singing in the rain.
What a glorious feeling; We're hap-hap-happy again.

HOLD IT! (HOLD IT!)

Arms out (respond with action, arms out)
Waukesha, Waukesha, Waukesha-sha.
Waukesha, Waukesha, Waukesha-sha. (Chorus)

Add the following, one at a time:

Wrists together	Knockers out	Knees together	Shirts up/
Thumbs up	Stomach in	Heels together	shorts down!
Elbows in	Buns tight	Toes together	
Shoulders back	Buns really, really tight	Tongue out	

Hashing Colors: (in no particular order)

White is the color of the driven snow, when I'm hashing, uuuh-huuuh...
When I'm hashing, the driven snow. And it's the color of the wad I just let blow.

Green is the color of all that grows....And...of the booger, that's up my nose.
Yellow is the color of the setting sun....And...of the boils on my buns.
Blue is the color that makes me stop....And...of the veins on my pork chop.
Black is the color that makes me shout....And...of my brain, when I pass out.
Pink is the color that makes quick....And...of the things that I like to lick.
Orange is the color that gives me cheer....And...of the carrots in my beer.
Red is the color of the setting sky....And...of the foreskin jammed in my fly.
Brown is the color that makes me dance....And...of the stains in my underpants.
Gold is the color of beer in kegs....And...of the piss running down my legs.

Mother Hash:

If you're adventure hungry, and your yuppy life is sad,
If you've a yen to be jungry, and leave everything you have.

Chorus: You wanna run away, sing a song, you wanna get smashed!
And call it a day--come on along, and join the Mother Hash.
Fifty years we've been runnin': jungle, bloucker and swamp.
Fifty more years we'll be runnin', Happy Birthday, ON-ON-ON!

We don't care if nobody loves you, no none to stir your tea-he-he.
We don't care if you've got no money, money is the root of e-e-vil. (Chorus)

Anybody can join us: black, brown, yellow, or blue.
And nobody need feel nervous, we even take white men too. (Chorus)

C. Others: More traditional Hash songs that every self-respecting Hasher should know.

Alouette:

Female Version

Chorus: Alouette, gentile Alouette. (pronounced zhontee Ahhlawetta)

Alouette, gentile plus Marie. (pronounced zhontee plu-maray)

Does she have zee Stringy Hair? (Respond, Yes she has zee Stringy Hair.)

Stringy Hair (Stringy Hair); Alouette (Alouette) Oh-oh-oh-oh (Chorus)

Continue adding one of the following to each verse:

Furrowed brow (furrowed brow)

Wooden eye (yes I would)

Broken nose (broken nose)

Blow job lips (blow job lips)

Two buck teeth (two buck teeth)

Double chin (double chin)

Swinging tits (swinging tits)

Beer belly (beer belly)

Bulbous butt (bulbous butt)

Furry thing (furry thing)

Now isn't she a very nice girl? (Yes she is a very nice girl) with a

Male version: As above with the following verses.

Receding hair

Bushy brow

Wandering eye

Hairy nose

Furry lip

Double chin

Saggy chest

Beer belly

Wrinkled balls

Shriveled dick

The Engineer's Song: (to the tune of "Froggy Went A-Courtin")

An engineer told me before he died ah-hum-titty-bum-titty-bum-titty-bum.
An engineer told me before he died ahh-humm, ahh-humm.
An engineer told me before he died,
I have no reason to believe he lied ah-hum-titty-bum-titty-bum-titty-bum.

He had a wife with a cunt so wide....
That she could never be satisfied.

So he built a bloody great wheel....
Two balls of brass and a prick of steel.

The balls of brass he filled with cream....
And the whole bloody issue was driven by steam.

He tied her legs to the foot of the bed....
And tied her hands above her head.

There she lay demanding a fuck....
He shook her hand and wished her luck.

'Round and 'round went the bloody great wheel....
And IN AND OUT WENT THE PRICK OF STEEL.

Up and up went the level of the steam....
And down and down went the level of the cream.

'Til at last the maiden cried,...
"Enough! Enough! I'm satisfied!"

Now we come to the tragic bit....
There was no way of stopping it!

She was split from ass to tit...
And the whole bloody issue was covered in...(slowly) Sweet violet, sweeter than roses,
Covered all over from head to toe, Covered all over in SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

Additional verses:

It jumped off her, and it jumped on him....and then it buggered their next of kin.
It jumped onto an uptown bus....And the mess it made caused quite a fuss.
Nine months later a child was born....With two brass balls and a big bloody horn.
The moral of the story is very clear....Never fuck with an engineer.
There are others as well, but I don't know them.

Hash Aerobics: (Father Abraham)

Chorus: Father Abraham

Had seven sons.
Seven sons had Father Abraham.
And they never laughed,
And they never cried
All they did was go like this.

(Add one action each verse)

With a left (arm)

With a right (arm)

With a left (leg)

With a right (leg)

With a hee (bob forward, say HEE! at the end of each line of the chorus)

With a hoe (pelvic thrust following bob;
say HEE! HOE! at the end of each line of the chorus)

Hash Chant: (Call and respond)

I don't know, but I've been told.

Hashers' shorts are filled with gold.

People say we're primitive.

We say it's the only way to live.

We run around in our underwear,

Following the trail set by the hare.

Checking left and checking right.

This damn trail's gotten out of sight.

Back check, what the heck, turn around.

I swear this hare is going down.

Down-down shorts around his knobby knees.

See his meat swinging in the breeze.

ON-ON (One, two) ON-ON (three, four) ON-ON (one, two, three, four)

YOU WHORE! [Hash shiggy, shiggy, shiggy. Hash shiggy, shiggy, shiggy....]

II. SONGS WITH VERSES

The songs in this section consist of many verses to be sung in random order. Any singer who wishes to sing a verse simply puts a beer above his head while the chorus is being sung until he is recognized by the group by pointing (usually with the elbow).

The Ball of Kirriemuir: (aka Four and Twenty Virgins)

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness.

And when the ball was over, there were four and twenty less.

Chorus: Singing, "Balls to your partner, ass against the wall.

If you've never been buggered on Saturday night,

You've never been buggered at all."

The village cripple, he was there. He wasn't up to much.

He lined them up against the wall, and shagged them with his crutch.

The queen was in the parlor, eating bread and honey.

The king was in the chambermaid, and she was in the money.

First lady forward, second lady back.

Third lady's finger up the fourth ladies crack.

The village policeman, he was there, the pride of all the force.

They found him in the stable jacking off a horse.

The bride was in the kitchen, explaining to the groom;

The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb.

The groom was in the kitchen, explaining to the bride;

The penis, not the scrotum, is the part that goes inside.

The village smithy, he was there, sitting by the fire,

Doing abortions by the score with a red-hot piece of wire.

The smithy's brother, he was there. A mighty man was he.

He lined the women against the wall, and shagged 'em three by three.

Mrs. O'Malley, she was there. She had the crowd in fits,

Jumping off the mantelpiece and landing on her tits.

The village vicar, he was there, dressed in his long black shroud,

Swinging on the chandelier and pissing on the crowd.

The vicar's wife, she was there, back against the wall.
"Put your money on the table boys. I'm fit to do you all."

The parson's daughter, she was there, the cunning little runt,
With poison ivy on her tits and thistles up her cunt.

Little Tommy, he was there. He was only eight,
Too young to fuck the ladies, so he had to masturbate.

Little Jimmy, he was there, the leader of the choir.
He hit the balls of all the boys to make their voices higher.

The tax collector, he was there, collecting all his tax.
All the women who couldn't pay were paying on their backs.

The village lawyer, he was there, collecting all his fees.
All the men who couldn't pay were paying on their knees.

The village baker, she was there, all covered up in dough.
Men were kneading her up and down, and slippin' it in her ho'.

The village witch, she was there, in an upstairs room.
The men were ignoring her, so she was riding on her broom.

The local shepherd, he was there, and he began to weep.
All these willing ladies, and not a single sheep.

Father O'Flannigan, he was there, and in the corner he sat,
Amusing himself, and abusing himself, and catching it in his hat.

Giles, he played a dirty trick. We cannot let it pass.
He showed his lass his mighty prick and shoved it up her ass.

The parson's wife, she was there, sitting in front of the fires,
Knitting prophylactics out of India rubber tires.

The village builder, he was there. He brought his bag of tricks.
He poured cement in all the holes and blunted all the pricks.

A couple of hashmen, they were there, a-looking for a fuck,
But all the cunts were occupied, and they were out of luck.

The village magician, he was there, up to his usual tricks,
Pulling his foreskin over his head and vanishing up his prick.

The village idiot, he was there. He wasn't such a fool.
He pulled his foreskin over his head and whistled through his tool.

The village doctor, he was there, examining all the men,
Having them turn their heads and cough and grabbing all he can.

The village decorator, he was there. Interiors he likes to design.
Men were leery of him, for he'd fuck them from behind.

The village prince/butcher, he was there. His sword/cleaver (was) in his hand,
And every time he turned around, he circumcised the band.

The village nurse, she was there, checking all the cocks.
She said, "With all these blisters, it isn't chicken pox."

The village postman, he was there. The poor sot had the pox.
He couldn't have a lady, so he stuffed the letter box.

Mike McMurdock, when he got there, his prick was long and high,
But when he fucked her forty times, he was mighty fucking dry.

Thomas had an even stroke, his skill was much admired.
He gratified one cunt at a time until his skill expired.

The local harlot, she was there, a-lyin' on the floor,
And every time she spread her legs, the vacuum shut the door.

There was fucking in the kitchen, fucking in the halls.
The most predominant sound was the clanging of the balls.

They were fucking in the parlor, fucking in the grass,
And all you could see were waves and waves of undulating ass.

They were fucking in the hallway, fucking on the stairs.
You couldn't see the carpet for all the curly hairs.

And when the ball was over, the maidens all confessed,
Although they liked the music, the fucking was the best.

Dinah:

Chorus: Dinah, Dinah show us your leg, show us your leg, show us your leg.
Dinah, Dinah show us your leg a yard above your knee.

I wish I were a diamond ring on Dinah's dainty hand.
Then every time she wiped her ass, I'd see the promised land, land, land.

The rich girl rides a limousine, the poor girl rides a truck,
But the only ride that Dinah has is when she has a right good fuck.

The rich girl uses a sanitary towel, the poor girl uses a sheet,
But Dinah uses nothing at all, leaves a trail along the street, street, street.

The rich girl wears a ring of gold, the poor girl one of brass,
But the only ring that Dinah wears is the one around her ass, ass, ass.

The rich girl wears a brassiere, the poor girl uses string,
But Dinah uses nothing at all. She lets the bastards swing, swing, swing.

The rich girl uses vaseline, the poor girl uses lard,
But Dinah uses axle grease because her cunt's so hard, hard, hard.

The rich girl works in factories, the poor girl works in stores,
But Dinah works in a honky-tonky, with forty other whores, whores, whores

Gang Bang:

Knock, knock. Who's there? Shellac. Shellac who? She likes to gang-bang....

Chorus: ..., you knew she would; 'Cause a gang-bang feels so good.
When I was younger, and in my prime; I used to gang-bang all the time.
But now I'm older, and turning gray; I only gang-bang twice a day.

Ranger.....I'll arrange her for the best entry at the gang-bang...
Gladiator.....Glad he ate her before the gang-bang....
Oliver....All of her clothes were off at the gang-bang....
Charlie Pride....Charlie pried her legs apart at the gang-bang....
Dollie Parton....Dollie's partin' her thighs at the gang-bang....
Tom Sawyer.....Tom saw your mother at the gang-bang.....
Huck Finn.....Huck finished her off at the gang-bang....
Eisenhower....I'se and hour late for the gang-bang.....
etc. etc. ad nauseum

Girl From Singapore (Baltimore, Waukesha, Iowa...):

Oh she went to the church just to pray for the people,
But the skunk from her cunt knocked the cross off the steeple.

Chorus: She's a dirty mother fucker, she's a rotten whore,
She's a girl from Singapore (Baltimore, Waukesha, Iowa...)
What did the drunk say?
Bum titty bum titty, bum titty bum titty bum titty bum titty, bum titty bum.
She's a dirty mother fucker, she's a rotten whore,
She's a girl from Singapore (or wherever).

Oh she went to the well, just to make a wish,
But the skunk from her cunt killed off all the fish.

Oh she went to the seashore just to lie on the beach,
But the skunk from her cunt made the locals all reach.

Oh, she went to the alley just to try and shag,
But the skunk from her cunt made the maggots all gag.

Oh she went to the dance just to shake her hips,
But the skunk from her cunt made the records all skip.

and so on...

Give Me That Good Old Vino:

I like my rum.....it helps me cum.

Chorus: But give me that good old vino. I like my vino. It gives me a stand supremo.
Aye-aye-aye-aye. Si, si senora. My sister Melinda, she pissed out the window.
And filled my brand new sombrero.

I like my brandy.....it makes me feel randy.
I like my wine.....it stiffens my vine.
I like my tequila.....it makes me want to feel ya.
I like my liquor....it helps me slide in slicker (thicker, quicker).
I like my whiskey...it makes me quite frisky.
I like my beer.....it removes all my fear.
I like my gin....it helps me get it in.
I like my stout.....it helps me get it out.
I like my Bud.....it makes me feel like a stud.
I like my Lone Star.....it makes me go in far.
I like my Coors.....it helps me pick up whores.
etc. etc. ad infinitum

I Used to Work in Chicago:

Chorus: I used to work in Chicago, in a department store.

I used to work in Chicago, I don't work there anymore.

A man/woman came in for some paper. (Some paper from the store)

Sheets he/she wanted, reamed he/she got, I don't work there anymore.

Deli...turkey...porked

Hardware...bolts...screwed/nailed/nuts

Cake...layered...lay her I did

Hat...straw...felt

Haicut...a trim..bal(le)d

Dairy...milk...cream

Dairy...butter...spread

Sporting goods...bats...balled

Seafood...lobster...crabs

Booze...liquor...lick her I did

Carpet...carpet...shagged

Footwear...shoes...bootie

Assistants...assistants...AIDS

[Special St. Louis verse: (any item)...(any item)...FUCKED!]

etc. etc. ad nauseum

Limericks:

Chorus: Aye-aye-aye-aye. (Insult)

So sing me another verse, that's worse than the other verse,

Alternate: (So ream out your mother and butt fuck your brother)

And waltz me around by my willie.

Insults:

Your mother swims out to meet troop ships.

The troop ships send back your mother.

Your father refills cream donuts.

Your sister eats your fathers donuts.

Your mother doesn't wipe, she drip dries.

Your sister can suck start a Harley.

Your brother is also your sister.

Your sister goes down for a quarter.

Your brother spends \$1 a night on your sister.

Your sister is the two minute "drill" for the Cowboys.

Your father fingers anchovies.

Your brother sucks farts out of old sofas.

Your mother douches with Drano.

Your sister's in love with a carrot.

Your mother does squats on flagpoles.

Your sister sucks brass off of doorknobs.

Your sister licks bat shit off cave walls.

Your brother does push-ups on donuts.

Your sister is turned down by hashers.

Limericks:

There once was a girl from Hoboken,
Who claimed her cherry was broken
From riding a bike
On a cobblestone pike,
But it really was broken from pokin'.

There was a young lady from Natchez,
Who happened to be born with two snatches.
She said with some wit,
I'd give either tit
For a man with equipment that matches.

There was a young fellow named Yates
Who did the fandango on skates.
He fell on his cutlass,
Which rendered him nutless,
And practically useless on dates.

There once was a girl named Ann Heiser,
Who claimed no man could surprise her. Who was cursed with a spiraling dick.
But Pabst took a chance,
Found a Schlitz in her pants,
And now he is sadder Budweiser.

There once was a fellow named Perkin,
Who was constantly jerkin' his gherkin.
Said his father with a plea,
"Son, listen to me.
Your gherkin's not fer jerkin', it's fer ferkin'.

There once was a lady from Wheeling,
Who claimed she lacked sexual feeling.
'Til a cynic named Boris
Touched her clitoris,
And they scraped her off of the ceiling.

There once was a man named McSweeney,
Who spilled some gin on his weenie.
Now, just to be couth,
He added vermouth,
And slipped his girl a martini.

There once was a girl named Jill,
Who tried dynamite for a thrill.
They found her vagina
In North Carolina,
And one of her tits in Brazil.

There once was horny old pair,
Who made love at the top of the stair.
On the sixty-eighth stroke,
The bannister broke,
And they did sixty-nine in mid-air.

There once was a fellow from Kent
Whose tool was most horribly bent.
To save himself trouble
He put it in double,
And instead of cumming, he went.

There was a young fellow named Rick,
He started to hunt
For a twisted up cunt
To match his curly-cue prick.

He found one and took it to bed.
And then in dismay he dropped dead,
For that spiralling snatch,
Although nearly a match,
Had come with a left-handed thread.

There once was a girl from Decatur
Who was laid by a big alligator.
Now nobody knew
The result of that screw,
Because after he laid her he ate her.

There once was a man named Dave,
Who kept a dead whore in a cave.
He said, "I admit,
I'm a bit of a shit,
But think of the money I save.

There once was a couple named Kelly,
Who walked around belly to belly,
Because in their haste
They'd used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There once was a man from Nantucket,
Whose dick was so long he could suck it.
He said with a grin,
As he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear were a cunt, I could fuck it."

There once was a man named McNamiter,
With a tool of prodigious diameter,
But it wasn't his size
That opened girls' eyes,
'Twas his beat--iambic pentameter.

When her daughter got married in Bicester,
The mother remarked, as she kissed her,
"That fellow you've won
Is sure to be fun.
Since tea, he's fucked me and your sister."

There once was a gaucho named Bruno,
Who said, "Fucking is one thing I do know.
Now, women are fine,
And sheep are divine,
But a llama is numero uno."

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam,
Complacently stroking his madam.
And great was his mirth,
For in all of the Earth,
There were only 2 balls and he had 'em.

There was a young sailor from Brighton,
Who said to his gal, "You've a tight 'un."
She replied, "'Pon my soul,
You're in the wrong hole,
But there's plenty of room in the right 'un."

There once was a man named Magoo,
Who went paddling in a canoe.
When he hit a rock,
He quickly grabbed his cock,
And surfaced with a handful of goo.

There once was a man from Racine,
Who invented a fucking machine.
Concave or convex,
It would serve either sex,
And jerk itself off in between
(But oh, what a bastard to clean).

There once was a gal named McCall,
Who went to the birth-control ball.
She had the affront
To come dressed as a cunt,
And got fucked by a dog in the hall.

There once was a gal named McCall,
Whose cunt was exceedingly small,
But the size of her ass
Was really first-class.
It could take seven pricks and one ball.

There once was a man from Bombay,
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay.
But the heat of his prick
Turned the clay into brick,
And it rubbed all his foreskin away.

There once was a girl from Berlin,
Who was fucked by an elderly Finn.
Though he diddled his best,
And fucked her with zest,
She kept asking, "Hey Pop, is it in?"

There once was a man from Boston,
Who tried to get laid in an Austin.
There was room for his ass,
And four gallons of gas,
But his balls hung out, and he lost 'em.

There was a young lady from Trent,
With a cunt of enormous extent.
So deep and so wide,
The acoustics inside
Were so good you could hear when you spent.

A shiftless young fellow from Kent
Made his wife screw the landlord for rent,
But as she got older,
The landlord grew colder,
And now they live in a tent.

A TV anchor named Hughes
Had a ratings trick that couldn't lose
When an item was hot
It was taped to her twat,
And Hughes began spreading the news.

There was an old man from Duluth,
Whose cock was shot off in his youth.
He fucked with his nose,
And his fingers and toes,
And he came through a hole in his tooth.

There once was a bishop from Birmin'ham,
Who instructed the lads whilst confirmin' 'em,
"Pull your pants down,
And then turn around."
Then he pumped the Episcopal sperm in 'em.

There was a young man from the shore,
Went to bed with a very large whore,
And God rest his soul,
He fell into her hole,
Screamed twice and was heard from no more.

There once was a girl from the Assizes,
Who had tits of two different sizes.
The left one was small,
Almost nothing at all,
But the right one was big and won prizes.

In China, a fellow named Wong,
Whose dick was exceedingly long,
Made all the girls swoon,
For he'd stand in Calloon
And bugger his girl in Hong Kong.

Hitler had only one ball.
Goering had two, but quite small.
They say that Himler
Had something sim'lar,
But Goebbels had no balls at all.

My back aches, my penis is sore.
I simply can't fuck anymore.
I'm dripping with sweat,
And you haven't cum yet,
And, my God, it's quarter past four.

There once was a lady of Trail,
Who offered her body for sale.
She was kind to the blind
For on her behind,
Her prices were written in Braille.

There was a young girl from St. Cyr,
Whose reflex reactions were queer.
Her date said, "Mabel,
Get up off the table.
That money's to pay for the beer."

There was a young lady from Sydney,
Who took it right up to the kidney.
One fellow, by heck,
Took her up to the neck.
He had a big one, now didn't he?

There once was a nun from Peru,
Who said as the Curate withdrew,
"The Vicar is slicker
And quicker and thicker,
And six inches longer than you."

There was a young monk from Siberia,
Whose existence grew drearier and drearier,
'Til one night with a yell
He burst from his cell,
And buggered the Father Superior.

There was a young man from Missouri,
Who fucked with a terrible fury.
When hauled into court
For his bestial sport,
He was condemned by a poorly hung jury.

There was a young lady named Annie,
Who had fleas and crabs in her fanny.
To get up her flue,
Was like touring the zoo
With wild beasts in each nook and cranny

There was a young fellow named Brewster
Who said to his wife as he goosed her,
"It used to be grand,
But look at my hand,
You ain't wiping as clean as you used ter."

There once was a fellow from Wheeling,
Who pounded his pud with great feeling.
And then, like a trout,
He stuck his lip out,
And waited for drops from the ceiling.

There once was a girl from the Azores,
Whose cunt was all covered with sores.
The dogs in the street
Would eat the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There once was a girl named Louise,
Whose cunt hairs hung down to her knees.
The crabs from her twat
Tied the hairs in a knot
And swung from the flying trapeze.

There once was a horny colleen,
Who crept into the vestry unseen.
She pulled down her knickers
And likewise the Vicar's,
And said, "How about it , old bean?"

There was a young girl from Belize,
Who said to her lover, "Oh, please!
You would heighten my bliss
If you played more with this,
And payed less attention to these."

There once was a lady from Reno
Who lost all her money playing Keno.
So she lay on her back
And opened her crack,
And now she owns the casino.

There was a young girl who begat
Three brats, named Nat, Pat, and Tat.
It was fun in the breeding,
But hell in the feeding,
When she found she had no tit for Tat.

There was a young man from Coblenz,
Whose balls were quite immense.
One day, playing soccer,
He sprung his left knocker,
And kicked it over the fence.

There was a young man from Calleen,
Who invented a fucking machine.
He pulled out the choke,
And the bloody thing broke,
And mixed both his balls into cream.

There was a young lady from Crewe,
Whose cherry some chap had got thru,
Which she told to her mother,
Who fixed her another
Out of rubber, and red ink, and glue.

The former queen of Bulgaria,
Whose bush had grown hairier and hairier,
Told a prince from Peru,
Who came for a screw,
He should hunt for her cunt with a terrier.

The aged Archbishop of Joppa
Said, "I think circumcision improper
If the organ is small,
But I don't mind at all
About cutting a slice off a whopper."

There was a young lady named Rhoda,
Who lived in a Chinese pagoda.
The walls of the halls
Were bestrewn with the balls
And the tools of the fools who'd bestrode her.

A clever young harlot from Kew
Filled up her vagina with glue.
She said with a grin,
"If they pay to get in,
They can pay to get out of it too."

There was a young lady of Dexter,
Whose husband exceedingly vexed her,
For whenever they'd start,
He'd unfailingly fart,
With a blast that damn nearly unsexed her.

There was a young lady from Spain,
Who liked a bit now and again.
Not now and again,
But now and again
And again and again and again.

Lulu:

Chorus: Bang, bang Lulu. Lulu's gone away.

Who're we gonna bang-bang, when Lulu's gone away?

Some girls work in factories, some girls work in stores,
But Lulu works in a honky tonk with forty other (Chorus)

Lulu had a baby. It was and awful shock.
She couldn't call it Lulu, 'cause the bastard had a (Chorus)

I took her to the pictures. We sat down in the stalls,
And every time the lights went out she'd grab me by the...

She and I went fishing in a dainty punt,
And every time she caught a sprat, she'd stuff it up her...

I wish I were the silver ring on Lulu's dainty hand,
Then every time she scratched her arse, I'd see the promised...

I wish I were the chamber pot under Lulu's bed,
Then every time she took a piss, I'd see her maiden...

Lulu had two boyfriends. Both were very rich.
One was the son a banker, the other a son of a ...

Lulu had a boyfriend. His name was Tommy Tucker.
He took her down the alley to see if he could...

Lulu had a boyfriend, a funny little chap.
Every time they had a bit, she got a dose of ...

Lulu was a pretty girl. She had a lot of class.
Mini-skirts she'd wear a lot to make her show her...

Lulu had a boyfriend. He was very fit.
Working on the farm all day, his job was shoveling...

Lulu had a boyfriend, a stunted little runt.
One day they went to have a bit, and he vanished up her...

Lulu had a little lamb. She kept it in a bucket.
Every time the lamb jumped out, the bulldog used to...

Lulu made some porridge. It was very thick.
Lulu wouldn't eat it, but she'd smear it on my...

Lulu had a bicycle, the seat was very blunt.
Every time she jumped on it, it stuck her in the...

Lulu had a boyfriend. His name was Diamond Dick.
She never saw his diamond, but she always saw his...

Lulu had a boyfriend. His name was Michael Hunt.
She liked him above the rest, because he'd eat her...

Lulu had a bicycle, the seat was made of glass,
And every time she hit a bump, a shard slipped up her...

Lulu had a turtle, and Lulu had a duck.
She put them in a bathtub to see if they would...

Lulu had a vanity chair. It was made of glass.
Every time she sat on it, you could see her...

Lulu had a boyfriend. His name was Billy Batch,
But Lulu had to break it off when it got stuck in her...

Lulu had a job, but then she had to quit,
'Cause every time she turned around the boss would grab her...

The Mayor of Bayswater's Daughter: (aka The Hairs of Her Dicky-Di-Doe)

The Mayor of Bayswater, he had a fair daughter,
And the hairs of her dicky-di-doe hung down to her knees.

Chorus: And the hairs (and the hairs), and the hairs (and the hairs),
And the hairs of her dicky-di-doe hung down to her knees.

Alternates: (are covered with fleas.)
(are spreading disease.)
(are aiming to please.)
(are covered with cheese.)
One black one, one white one, and one with a bit of shite on,
And the hairs of her dicky-di-doe hung down to her knees.
(And one with a fairy light on to show us the way.)

If she were my daughter, I'd have them cut shorter. (Chorus)
I've stroked 'em, I've poked 'em, I've even rolled 'em up and smoked 'em.
I've smelt it, I've felt it, it's just like a piece of velvet.
I've seen 'em, I've seen 'em, I've laid right in between 'em.
I've licked it, I've kissed it, it tastes like a chocolate biscuit.
She came from Clamorgan, with a cunt like a barrel organ.
You'd need a coal miner to find her vagina.
She married an Italian who was hung like a fucking stallion.
She divorced the Italian and went with the stallion.
She slept with a demon who washed her with semen.
She married a Spaniard with a prick like a bloody lanyard.
She married a Fiji with lips like a fucking squeegee.
She went with a Hash House Harrier who fucked her but wouldn't marry her.
It was always just hit-or-miss whether I could find her clitoris.
She lived on a mountain and came like a bloody fountain.
She stayed at a cattle ranch and came like a bloody avalanche.
Her vagina was squishy and smelled a bit fishy.
Her hairs were so tangled, her first-born was strangled.
For the death of her daughter they brought her in for manslaughter.
Her cunt was so furry she hung the fucking jury.
etc. etc. ad nauseum

My Boyfriend/My Girlfriend:

My boyfriend/girlfriend's a Postman, a Postman, a Postman.

A mighty fine Postman is (s)he, is (s)he.

All day long (s)he licks stamps, (s)he licks stamps, (s)he licks stamps,

And when (s)he comes home (s)he licks me.

Chorus: Singing, "Hey jig-a-jig, fuck a little pig, follow the band (hash),

(cornhole the dog,)

Follow the band with my gland (your cock) in your hand (my gash).

Hey jig-a-jig, fuck a little pit follow the band/hash.

Follow the band/hash all the way."

Replace underlined words with the following for subsequent verses.

Asthmatic...sucks air...sucks me

Lawyer...fucks you/me

Baker...kneads bread...needs me

Lion Tamer...tames lions/me

Butcher...stuffs sausages/me

Mortician...stuffs corpses/me

Carpenter...nails boards/me

Pervert...molests children/me

Chimney Sweep...pokes chimneys/me

Plumber...lays (reams) pipes/me

Dentist...drills teeth/me

Postman...stuffs letter boxes/me

Food Taster...eats food/me

Student...fucks off...fucks me

Glass Blower...blows glass/me

Taxidermist...stuffs (mounts) animals/me

Guitarist...plays licks...licks me

Truck driver...grinds gears/me

Hooker...fucks you...goes to sleep

Weightlifter...pumps iron/me

Jockey...rides horses/me

etc. etc. ad nauseum

My God How the Money Rolls In: (to the tune of "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 is 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 tip with pin.
My grandma gets rich from 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 to midnight. My God how the money rolls in.

My aunt keeps a girls 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.
In brothels in Rio de Janeiro. My God how the money rolls in.

We've started an old-fashioned gin shop, a regular palace of sin.
The principal girl is my grandma. 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.

North Atlantic Squadron: (The Good Ship Venus)

'Twas on the good ship Venus, by Christ you should have seen us,
The figurehead was a whore in a bed, and the mast was the Captain's penis.

Chorus: Away, away, away we go with a fife and drum,
Here we come, full of rum,
Looking for women to battle our bums,
On the North Atlantic Squadron.

The ship's dog's name was Rover, the whole crew did him over,
We ground and ground that faithful hound, from Singapore to Dover.

The Captain's wife was Mabel, whenever she was able,
She gave the crew their daily screw, upon the galley table.

His wife was baptized Charlotte, who was born and bred a harlot,
The sheets at night were lily-white, but in the morning they were scarlet.

The cabin boy's name was Kipper, a cunning little nipper.
He lined his ass with broken glass, and circumcised the skipper.

And the ladies of the nation arose in indignation,
They stuffed his bum with chewing gum, a smart retaliation.

The First Mate's name was Hopper, by Christ he had a whopper.
Twice 'round his neck, once 'round the deck, and up his ass for a stopper.

The Second Mate's name was Carter, by God he was a farter.
When the wind wouldn't blow, and the ship wouldn't go, Carter, the farter, would start her.

The Third Mate's name was Wiggin, by Christ he had a big 'un.
Twice 'round his neck, once 'round the deck, and the rest was used for riggin'.

The Fourth Mate's name was Morgan, a homosexual Gorgon.
A dozen crows, all in a row, could pose upon his organ.

The Fifth Mate's name was Slater, he was a masturbater.
He'd pump and pump his massive stump, and clean the mess up later.

The Sixth Mate's name was Andy, by God that man was randy.
We boiled his bum in red-hot rum for cumming in the brandy.

The cook, whose name was Freeman, he was a dirty demon.
He served the crew with menstrual stew and foreskins fried in semen.

Another cook was O'Malley, he didn't dilly-dally.
He shot his bolt with a hell of a jolt, and whitewashed half the galley.

The captain's randy daughter, she fell into the water.
Delighted squeals revealed that eels had found her sexual quarters.

'Twas on the China Station, to roars of approbation,
We sunk a Junk with a load of spunk by mutual masturbation.

The Captain was elated. The crew investigated.
They found some sand in his prostate gland, and he had to be castrated.

'Twas in the Adriatic, where the water's almost static,
The rise and fall of ass and ball was almost automatic.

The ship's cat's name was Schmittty, and though his ass was mighty shitty,
The men would grind on his behind, for at least it had a clitty.

So now we end this serial, through sheer lack of material.
We wish you scum all freedom from diseases venereal.

Poetry:

Chorus: Poetry, poetry, how do you like my poetry?
Not as mellow as Longfellow, but it's poetry.

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day, school one day, school one day,
It followed her to school one day and a big black dog fucked it.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her daughter a dress,
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare, and so was her daughter I guess.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner, eating his sister Mary.
Stuck in his thumb, pulled out a plum and said, "Where the fuck is your cherry?"

Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet, eating her curds and whey,
When along came a spider that sat down beside her and said, "What's in the bowl, bitch?"

Jack and Jill went up the hill on an elephant. Jill got down and helped Jack off the elephant.

Jack and Jill went up the hill, each with a buck and quarter.
Jill came down with \$2.50--they didn't go up for water.

Mary had a little sheep, and with the sheep she went to sleep.
The sheep turned out to be a ram and Mary had a little lamb.

Little Boy Blew---he needed the money.

Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet, her clothes all tattered and torn.
It wasn't a spider that wanted inside her, it was Little Boy Blue with his horn.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's men, had one big fucking omelette.

And so on!!!

The S and M Man: (to the tune of "The Candy Man")

Who will run through jagers, ripping up his flesh,
And turn right around and repeat the bloody mess?

Chorus: The S and M man, the S and M man,
The S and M man 'cause he mixes it with love
And makes the hurt feel good (the hurt feel good)

Who wears pants with zippers, and no underwear,
Then pulls it up and down and rips out all his pubic hair?

Who can take a bottle, shove it up your ass,
Hit it with a hammer and fill your ass with glass?

Who can take your scrotum, stick it with a pin,
Hang on a bunch of weights 'til it drags down to your shins?

Who can take your penis, slam it in a door,
Slam it in a door so you can't fuck anymore?

Who can take your penis, tie it in a knot,
Tie it in a knot until the sucker rots?

Who can take two icepicks, stick one in each ear,
And ride her like a Harley while he fucks her up the rear?

Who takes jumper cables, puts one on each tit,
Starts up the car and electrocutes the bitch?

Who gives children candy, takes them 'round the block,
And rips up their innards with the ramming of his cock?

Who can take a chain saw, cut the bitch in two,
Fuck the lower half and give the upper half to you?

Who can go to the abortion clinic, walk around the back,
Dig through the dumpster 'til he finds a tasty snack?

Who can take two cinder blocks, hold one in each hand,
Bang them on his willie like the cymbals in a band?

Bridge: The S and M man makes all that he partakes satisfying and delicious.
Fulfills all your erotic wishes. Sucks the chrome off trailer hitches.

The Wild West Show:

Chorus: We're off to see the Wild West Sho-o-ow,
The elephants and the kangaroo-oo-oos.
Never mind the weather, as long as we're together,
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

Call: Ladies and Gentlemen! In this corner we have the _____.

Response: The _____? Fantastic! Incredible! Holy hell fire! Shit!
Tell us about it mother fucker.

Tattooed Ladies:

1. The tattooed lady has a W tattooed on her left thigh/cheek, and another W tattooed on her right leg/cheek, so when she does cartwheels she spells WOW MOM WOW MOM...
2. This tattooed lady has "Merry Christmas!" tattooed inside her left thigh, and "Happy New Year!" tattooed inside her right thigh. She wants you to come up and see her between the holidays.
3. This country-western gal has a tattoo of Roy Clark on her left thigh and a tattoo of George Strait on her right thigh....it looks like she's got a new one of Willie Nelson in the middle.
4. This tattooed lady has "Fire!" tattooed on one leg and "Brimstone!" tattooed on the other leg...and in between it looks like hell.

Female Mathematician:

This lady believes that this (fingers 3 inches apart) is 12 inches.

Mathematical Impossibility:

Here we have a young lady who was ate before she was seven.

Antique Sales Lady:

The antique sales lady only sells period furniture...everything has stains on it.

The Fukawi Tribe:

A tribe of pygmies from the Grasslands of Africa, the Fukawi grow to a height of 4 feet tall. They roam through the 5-foot tall grass jumping up and down shouting "We're the Fukawi! We're the Fukawi!"

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 fucking laugh about, I don't know.

The Giraffe:

The giraffe is one of the most popular animals in the animal kingdom. (Why?) Well, every time he goes into a bar he says, "The high balls are on me."

The Leopard:

The leopard is the only living calendar--he has one spot for every day of the year. (What about leap year?) Why, just lift up his tail.

The Sabre-Toothed Tiger:

The sabre-toothed tiger is the only 200-pound pussy that eats you.

The Orangutan:

The orangutan has one ball made of brass and the other made of steel, and when he goes swinging through the trees they go "Orang-a-Tang, Orang-a-Tang!"

The Elephant:

The elephant has an enormous appetite. Every day it eats 2 tons of hay, 20 buckets of rice...Lady! Please don't stand behind him...Too late. Bill, go get the shovel and dig her out.

The Oomie-Goomie Bird:

The oomie-goomie bird has balls that hang down 14 inches. Unfortunately, his legs are only 12 inches long, and whenever he comes in to land, you can hear him cry, "Oooh, me goomies. Oooh, me goomies."

The Ooh-Aah Bird:

The male of this species lives at the North Pole, and the female of this species resides at the South Pole. During their mating season, the birds fly until they meet at the equator, where you can hear them going "Ooooooh! Aaaaaaah! Ooooooh! Aaaaaaah!"

The Winky-Wanky Bird:

The nervous system of this unusual bird has crossed over the links between his eyelids and his schlong. Now, every time he winks, he wanks, and every time he wanks, he winks. Hey kid! Stop throwing sand in his eye!

Yogi Bear: (to the tune of "Camptown Races")

Yogi lives in Jellystone. Jelly, jelly.

Yogi lives in Jellystone, Yogi's a lucky bear.

Yogi's a lucky bear, Yogi's a lucky bear.

Yogi lives in Jellystone, Yogi's a lucky bear.

Yogi has a ladyfriend, Cindy, Cindy. Yogi has a ladyfriend, Yogi's a lucky bear.

Yogi's a lucky bear. Yogi's a lucky bear. Yogi has a ladyfriend, Yogi's a lucky bear.

Cindy likes it twice a day. Cindy, Cindy.

Cindy likes it twice a day, Yogi's a lucky bear...

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

Yogi has a little friend, Yogi's a lucky bear...

Boo-Boo's only three feet tall, Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo.

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

Cindy likes menage-a-trois, Cindy, Cindy.

Cindy likes menage-a-trois, Boo-Boo's a lucky bear...

Boo-Boo has a twelve-inch cock, Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo... Cindy's a lucky bear...

Boo-Boo likes it up the butt, Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo... Yogi's a lucky bear...

Boo-Boo's HIV positive, dying, dying... Boo-Boo's a dying bear...

Yogi used a condom, lucky, lucky...Yogi's a lucky bear...

Cindy has an ugly snatch, grisly, grisly...Cindy's a grizzly bear...

Cindy likes it in the fridge (is a frigid bitch), Cindy, Cindy...Cindy's a polar bear...

Yogi uses Afro-Sheen, black, black...Yogi's a black bear...

Boo-Boo never wipes his ass, brown, brown....Boo-Boo's a brown bear...

Yogi has a cheesy dick, Camem, Camem...Camem Camembert...

Boo-Boo always cums in chunks. Gummy, gummy...Boo-Boo's a gummy bear.

etc. etc. ad nauseum

III. TO THE TUNE OF...

Why write a new tune when you can get your message of depravity across with new words to an old one? These parodies of recognizable songs answer this rhetorical question.

Barcelona: (to the tune of "Manana")

Chorus: Manana, manana. Is my banana good enough for you?

Way down in Barcelona, where ladies learn to knit,
A lady stuck a knitting needle in another lady's tit.
Said the lady to the lady, "We're here to learn to knit,
Not stick a knitting needle in another lady's tit.

Drummers play the drum.
A drummer stuck a drumstick up another drummer's bum...

Lepers decompose.
A leper picked a snotty from another leper's nose....

Ladies learn to swim.
A lady stroked her hand up another lady's quim....

Beggars beg for food.
A beggar chucked a lugger in another beggars gruel...

Wankers wank their crank.
A wanker took a yank off another wanker's crank....

Birth Control: (to the tune of "Yesterday")

Birth control: It's the only way to save my soul.
Since I put it in my girlfriend's hole, now I believe in birth control.

Chorus: Why I had to come, I don't know, she wouldn't blow.
I did something wrong, now I long for birth control.

Pregnancy: There's a shotgun hanging over me.
Tell me why has this bulge got to be? I should have used one, silly me.

Syphilis: Feels like razors every time I piss.
I wonder who the hell's to blame for this? It's agony, this syphilis.

Leprosy: Bits and pieces falling off of me.
I'm not half the man I used to be, since I acquired leprosy.

Bye-Bye Cherry: (to the tune of "Bye-Bye Blackbird")

Back your ass against the wall. What he's got ain't a hell of a lot,
Here it comes, balls and all. But what he's got will fill your twat.
Bye-bye cherry. Bye-bye cherry.

So come on, wrap your legs a little tighter.
Don't you feel his load is getting lighter?
Shake your ass and wiggle your tits
Push until the cherry splits.
Cherry, bye-bye.

Sung by the whorehouse QUARTET!
Has he got a hard-on? NOT YET!
Is he gonna get one? YOU BET!
It's riiiiiiisiiiiing noooooooooow.

Flickering Match: (to the tune of "By the Light of the Silvery Moon")

By the light,
Of a flickering match,
I saw her snatch,
By the light of a flickering match.

By the light, of a flickering match,
I saw the steam;
I heard her scream;
I was burning her snatch, with my flickering match.

My flickering match.
And there was Grandma swinging
On the outhouse door without her nighty.
And there was Grandpa swinging
On the other side...there was a knothole.

Fondle Me With Care: (to the tune of "Handle Me With Care")

I've been sucked off and I've been stuck down.
I've been pulled off and I've been pulled around,
But you're the best fuck that I've ever found.
Fondle me with care.

Chorus: I'm so tired of feeling horny. I still have some cum to give.

Won't you show me all your pubic hairs?
Everybody...wants somebody...to cream on.
Put your body...next to mine...and dream on.

I've had it thin, and I've had it thick. Had my lumps and had my licks, But when you play with my prick, Fondle me with care.	Well I flashed my dick and terrorized. Put my tongue between your thighs. Bend over baby, and I'll sodomize. Fondle me with care.
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I've got big red bloodshot eyes. We stayed up and drank all night. When I exposed myself to your wife, She fondled me with care.	Well my balls are tight, and I've made a mess. I'll have to clean up my act I guess. Let me put my hand up your dress, And fondle you with care.
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Fuck the Giant Penis: (to the tune of "Puff the Magic Dragon")

Once a pure white virgin lived by the sea.
She frolicked o'er pastoral fields, her name, Virginité.
A sweet young lass of just sixteen, a rosebud ripe and firm.
She wandered o'er the verdant hills, not knowing of the sperm.

Well, Fuck the giant penis lived not far away.
His cock was damn near two feet long. He poked one twice a day.
He was an Ivy Leaguer, with vest and pin-striped shirt.
He drove a roadster XKE, the sexed up extrovert.

One day while he was roaming around the rural strips,
He spied her picking flowers there--that bitch with swinging hips.
He jumped out of the driver's seat and grabbed her by the ass.
He tore off all her clothing and laid her in the grass.

Her maidenhead was busted; the ground ran bloody red.
He poked her 'til the twilight came, then took her home to bed.
He poked her 'til the sun rose; she begged for more and more.
He turned that pure virginité into a God-damned whore.

Furburger King: (to the tune of the Burger King jingle)

Hold my pickle, I'll eat your lettuce,
Cunnilingus don't upset us.
All we ask is that you let us have it your way.
Have it your way: Sit on my face.
Have it your way: Give us a taste.
Have it your way, at Furburger King.

The Gay Caballero:

Chorus: I am the Gay Caballero. I hail from Mission Viejo.
I come to you with one Bom-ba-dee, and two little Bom-bom-ba-deroes.

I met a gay senorita (senorita), a very gay senorita (senorita).
She wanted to see my Bom-bom-ba-dee, and one of my Bom-bom-ba-deroes.

She sat me down on the sofita (sofita), a very soft sofita (sofita).
She took out the end of my Bom-bom-ba-dee, and one of my Bom-bom-ba-deroes.

I got a bad case of sophitas (sophitas), a very bad case of sophitas (sophitas).
Right on the end of my Bom-bom-ba-dee, and one of my Bom-bom-ba-deroes.

Hi Ho (It's Off to the Burlesque Show): (to the tune of "Hi Ho")

Hi ho! Hi ho! It's off to the burlesque show.
We'll sit up front to see their cunts. Hi ho! Hi ho!

Hi ho! Hi ho! It's off to the burlesque show.
At half past eight we'll masturbate. Hi ho! Hi ho!

Hi ho! Hi ho! It's off to the burlesque show.
They're small on wits but big on tits. Hi ho! Hi ho!

I Hashed It My Way: (to the tune of "I Did It My Way")

And now, the end is here, and so I face the final check back.
My friends, I'll say it clear. I'll state my case, of which I'm certain.
I've lived a life, a life that's full; I've hashed each and every highway,
And more, much more than this, I hashed it my way.

BJ's, I've had a few, but then again, too few to mention.
I did what I had to do, and saw it through without extension.
I planned each charted trail, each careful mark along the trailway,
And more, much more than this, I hashed it my way.

Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew, when I bit off more than I could chew,
But through it all, when there was doubt, I ate it up and spit it out.
I faced it all, and I stood tall,
And hashed it my way.

I've loved. I've laughed and cried. I've had my fill, my share of losing,
And now as tears subside, I find it all so amusing,
To think, and may I say, not in a shy way,
Oh no, oh no not me. I hashed it my way.

For what is a Hasher, what has he got? If not his whistle, then he has naught.
To hash the trail he truly feels, and not the marks of one who kneels.
The record shows, I took the blows,
And HASHED IT MY WAY!

I Put My Hand: (to the tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home")

I put my hand upon her toe, ya ho, ya ho. I put my hand upon her toe, ya ho, ya ho.
I put my hand upon her toe, she said, "Hey hasher, you're way too low."

Chorus: Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about, ya ho, ya ho, ya ho.

I put my hand upon her knees.... she said, "Hey hasher, you're teasin' me."
I put my hand upon her thigh....she said, "Hey hasher, you're way too shy."
I put my hand upon her tit....she said, "Hey hasher, you're squeezin' it."
I put my hand upon her chin....she said, "Hey hasher, stick it in."
I put my hand upon her breast....she said, "Hey hasher, I want the rest."
I put my hand upon her snatch....she said, "Hey hasher, you've found the scratch."
I put my hand upon her twat....she said, "Hey hasher, you've hit the spot."
Now she lies in a wooden box....from sucking too many hashers' cocks.
We dig her up now and then....we fucked her once, we'll fuck her again.

I Think It's Herpes: (to the tune of "She Loves You Yeah, Yeah, Yeah")

I think I got herpes, and it's not the dripping kind.
It's the kind that hurts so much, it makes you fucking blind.

Chorus: I think it's herpes, and you know that can be bad.

I think it's herpes, and it makes you fucking mad, oooh.
I hate it, yeah, yeah, yeah. I hate it, yeah, yeah, yeah.
When it hurts like that, it's very, very sad.

I think I got a dose, I got it yesterday.
I came so very close to giving it to the maid.

I know there's something wrong, 'cause there's blisters on my dong.
There's skin peeling off my dong, an erection makes it long.

I went to see a quack, 'cause I couldn't stand the pain.
I stuffed it up her crack, but I won't do that again.

Now the doctor took his knife. I went deeply into shock.
Now what will I tell the wife? He's going to cut it off.

I Wish I Was in England: (to the break strain from "Dixie")

I wish I was in England; I do, I do.

I'd go down to Trafalgar Square and say to old Lord Nelson,
"Get fucked! Get fucked! You one-eyed Pommie bastard!"

I wish I was in Paris; I do, I do.

I'd go down to the Moulin Rouge to see the can-can dancers.
Get off! Get off! Get off your Froggie panties!

I wish I was in Hamburg; I do, I do.

I'd go down to the Rieperbahn to get myself a Fraulein.
Achtung! Achtung! She'll give us all the jockrot!

I wish I was in Sydney; I do, I do.

I'd go down to the Harbor bridge and spew into the water.
I'd spew! I'd spew! I'd spew into the water!

I wish I was in Sydney; I do, I do.

The finest town in all the world, except for one small problem.
The place is full of fucking Aussie bastards.

I wish I was in Montrose; I do, I do.

The place is full of flaming queers who look like Bruce Tatro.
Sod off! Sod off! You set of asshole bandits.

I've Got the Clap Again: (to the tune of "Those Were the Days")

Once upon a time I was a Hasher.

Used to down an Anker beer or two.

Remember how I laughed away the hours,

Dreaming of the whores that I would screw?

Every Monday evening I'd go Hashing,

Sometimes I'd short-cut along the way,

But I'd always stay late at the ON ON,

Where you'd often hear a Hasher say...

Chorus: I've got the clap again, I really should refrain,

K-25, the Club and Tanamour.

I've got the pills to use, I must lay off the booze.

I've got the clap, oh yes I've got the clap.

One night to the Hash there came a beauty,
A thing that's quite unusual to do.
But something made me think this girl was different.
It must have been the tattoos on her boobs.
She wore hot pants and a see-through T-shirt,
Sipped her beer through rosy choo-choo lips.
All the men began to get excited
At the sight of that young lady's swollen tits.

Five O'clock Hash Master got his horn out.
Everybody else put theirs away.
Then I got myself into position
Where I could see her lovely buttocks sway.
She short-cut and I short-cut behind her,
Wondering if tonight I'd be in luck.
Heard her calling, "ON ON" from the bushes,
And I knew right there that we were going to fuck.

This girl showed me that she was no novice.
Her repertoire of tricks sure made me sweat.
I came, she came, then we came together,
And our juices flowed 'til we were soaking wet.
Made our way back finally to the Circle,
Watching smiling faces turning green.
Could it be that they were only jealous,
Or could it be they knew she wasn't clean?

Drove her home that night, she lived in Ancol.
Arranged that this should be a regular thing,
But then one week later at the On On,
I took a piss and felt that tell-tale sting.
Now Dr. Budi has a Monday practice.
He's got a special clinic on the Hash,
So that we all can have our weekly check-ups,
And find out just what caused that nasty rash.

Jerking Off in Silence: (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,
Whilst jerking off in silence.

In horny dreams I get a bone. I beat off on the cobblestones.
Beneath the halo of a street lamp, I see a whore who's getting very damp.
For five-hundred baht in a flash she is 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,
Whilst 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.

A Little Bit Off the Top: (to the tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home")

When I was eight days old my boys, hurrah, hurrah.
When I was eight days old my boys, hurrah, hurrah.
The rabbi came with a long sharp knife, and I surely thought he would take my life,
But all he took was a little bit off the top.

Oh, that is what they call a bris, hurrah, hurrah.
Oh, that is what they call a bris, hurrah, hurrah.
And if the rabbi doesn't miss, it makes for a more interesting piss,
But all he took was a little bit off the top.

The rabbi, he is called a moil, hurrah, hurrah.
The rabbi, he is called a moil, hurrah, hurrah.
And over me he sure did toil. If he'd cut off more I'd have been a goil,
But all he took was a little bit off the top.

Oh, circumcision is all right, hurrah, hurrah.
Oh, circumcision is all right, hurrah, hurrah.
But every morning and every night, I aim to the left and pee to the right,
But all he took was a little bit off the top.

Mobile: (to the tune of "She'll be Coming 'Round the Mountain")

Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile (in Mobile);
Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile (in Mobile);
Oh the eagles they fly high, and they shit right in your eye,
Thank the lord that cows don't fly in Mobile.

Chorus: In Mobile, in Mobile, in Mo in Mo in Mo in Mobile
Repeat final line of verse just completed.

There's a girl by the name of Dinah.....
There's a girl by the name of Dinah, who thinks nothing could be finer
Than a prick up her vagina in Mobile.

Oh the vicar is a bugger....
Oh the vicar is a bugger and the curate is another,
And they bugger one another in Mobile.

There's a shortage of bog paper.....
There's a shortage of bog paper, so they wait until it vapors,
And they light it with a taper in Mobile.

Oh the hashers get no tail.....
So for want of recreation, they indulge in masturbation,
It's a hell of a situation in Mobile.

There's a girl with no ambition.....
And when she isn't wishin', she gets it in the kitchen
From the local obstetrician in Mobile.

There's a shortage of good whores.....
There's a shortage of good whores, but there's keyholes in the doors
And there's knot holes in the floors.....

The Municipal Sewerage Man: (to the tune of "Ghost Riders in the Sky")

The municipal sewerage man stood out upon the rim, 'pon the rim, 'pon the rim.
The municipal sewerage man fell in and couldn't swim(3x).
He sank down to the bottom. He sank down like a stoooooone.
You could hear the maggots crying out, "You're on your fucking ooooooown."

Chorus: Shitty-I-Aaaaay, Shitty-I-Ooooooh,
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 ran down his throat (3x).
He sank down to the bottom. He sank down like a rock-k.
You could hear the maggots munching on his cock-k. (Chorus)

The moral of the 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 stoooooone.
You'll hear the maggots crying out, "WHEEEEH-HAAAAAAH-WEEEEEE,
You're on your fucking ooooooown. (Chorus)

My Grandfather's Cock: (to the tune of "My Grandfather's Clock")

My grandfather's cock was too long for his jock,
And it dragged ninety yards on the floor.
It was bigger, by far, than the old man himself,
And it weighed near a hundred-weight more.

With a horn on the morn of the day he was born,
It was always his pleasure and pride,
But it dropped, shrank, never to rise again when the old man died.

Chorus: Ninety years without cracking it. What a cock! What a cock!
He spent his life whacking it. What a cock! What a cock!
But it dropped, shrank, never to rise again when the old man died.

My grandfather's cock was too long for his strides,
So he lent it to the woman next door.
She grabbed it by the point and pulled it out of joint,
So he swore he'd never lend it any more.

President Clinton's Queen Berets: (to the tune of "The Ballad of the Green Berets")

Falling fairies from the sky.
I broke a nail, oh I could cry.
Don't you like how my tushy sways?
We are the fags of the Queen Berets.

Bill Clinton's words upon my ears.
"You guys have rights. Be proud your queers."
I once was scared, now I'm OK,
'Cause I'm a fag in the Queen Berets.

Put silver ear-clips on my nuts.	This Army stuff is really slick:
I love the pain, now spank my butt.	Free meals and clothes, and lots of dicks.
The way you walk is awfully cute.	When I retire, I'll still get paid.
I sure would like to pack your chute!	I thank you, Bill, from the Queen Berets.

Rawhide:

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

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

She's movin', movin', movin'. Stops my manhood groovin'.
This doggy won't stop movin', Rawhide.
It's going to be sore later, but I've been a masturbator.
All those years that I've just spent inside.
My balls they are aching, from ages wanking waiting.
Waiting to get this thing inside.

Rollin', rollin', rollin'. I'm routing her assholin'.
We're mounted doggy polin', Rawhide.
I don't try to understand her, just catch and grope and bang her.
Now her twat is getting wet and wide.
My foreskin's torn and tattered, her pussy's worn and battered.
At last I'll drop my load inside.

Sex is Boring: (to the tune of "Frere Jacques")

Sex is boring, sex is boring.
Pain is fun, pain is fun.
Gonna cut my fingers off, gonna cut my fingers off,
One by one, one by one.

Short-Cutting Hashmen: (to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda")

Once a bloody hashman 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 hashmen, short-cutting hashmen,
"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 shiggy 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." (Chorus)

Out climbed the hashman, 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 shiggy with me?" (Chorus)

(Quietly)
Now his voice may be heard as he runs the trail alone.
"Please, please, please come a-running with me."
But the pack, far ahead, is hiding very craftily.
Back to your shiggy-pit and let us be. (Chorus)

The Tinker: (to the tune of "Ghost Riders in the Sky")
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] (x3).

Chorus: With his great big kidney wiper,
And his balls the size of three,
And a yard and a half of foreskin, five-skin, six-skin
Hanging down below his knees.
Syphili-O, Syphili-A. Muff divers in the sky.

The lady wrote a letter, and in it [she did say] (x3),
I'd rather be fucked by you sir, than his lordship [any day] (x3). (Chorus)

The tinker got the letter, and then it [he did read] (x3).
His balls began to fester, and his prick [began to bleed] (x3). (Chorus)

He mounted on his donkey, and he rode up [to the Strand] (x3),
His balls across his shoulders, and his penis [in his hand] (x3). (Chorus)

He rode up to the mansion, he rode up [to the hall] (x3).
The butler cried, "God save us! He's come to [fuck us all] (x3). (Chorus)

He fucked the cook in the kitchen, he fucked the maid [in the hall] (x3),
And then he fucked the butler, the dirtiest [trick of all] (x3). (Chorus)

And then he fucked the mistress. In ten minutes [she was dead] (x3),

With a yard and a half of foreskin hanging [round her head] (x3). (Chorus)

The tinker now is dead sir, and they say he's [gone to hell] (x3),
And there he fucks the devil, and I hope he [fucks him well] (x3). (Chorus)

The Twelve Days of Hashing: (to the tune of "The Twelve Days of Christmas")

On the _____ day of hashing, my true lust gave to me:

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| 1. A hand job that wasn't worth a fuck. | 7. Seven sucking sisters. |
| 2. Two turtle checks. | 8. Eight aching assholes. |
| 3. Three French whores. | 9. Nine gnawed off nipples. |
| 4. Four calling girls. | 10. Ten torn off titties. |
| 5. Five blow jobs. | 11. Eleven leaping lesbians. |
| 6. Six sixty-niners. | 12. Twelve twats a twitching. |

The Used Condom Pile: (to the tune of "Gilligan's Island Theme")

Just sit right back on my big fat cock, you're sure to get a thrill.
I'll ride you long, I'll ride you hard, your twat with semen fill (your twat with semen fill).

My cock is a mighty ramming tool, my balls are filled with spoo.
I'll lay you down upon my bed for a three-hour screw (a three-hour screw).

The fucking started getting rough, her tight young bod' was tossed.
Thanks to the action of my peerless prick, her cherry had been lost (her cherry had been lost).

We both collapsed beside the bed, on a great used condom pile,
With Ticklers, and Trojans too.
With spermicide, and without.
Ultra-sheer.
Ramses ribbed, and Arouse,
Used and thrown in a pile.

Women's Clothing: (to the tune of "The Wild Rover")

I like to strap on a black lacy bra, or an underwire model I stole from my ma.
I'll fill it with socks that I found on the floor, but I think I shall wear women's clothing no more.

CHORUS: And it's NO! NAY! NEVER! (Thump 4 times on table)
 No nay never, no more,
 And I'll wear women's clothing, no never, no more.

Black fish-net stockings are the part I like best.
Without make-up and perfume I'm only half dressed.
A pair of false lashes from the local drug store,
But I think that I'll wear women's clothing no more. (Chorus)

Soft silky panties are my next favorite part.
They billow like main sails whenever I fart.
I've fifty-odd pairs in my top dresser drawer,
Still I think that I'll wear women's clothing no more. (Chorus)

To cover my bald spot, I bought a blonde 'piece.
And all of my jewelry I stole from my niece.
When she found it missing, it made her quite sore,
So I'm certain to wear women's clothing no more. (Chorus)

I've a tight fuzzy sweater and black mini-skirt.
With my red leather pumps I am ready to flirt.
I'm all dressed to kill so I walk out the door,
Swearing I'll wear women's clothing no more. (Chorus)

Before I had gotten a block down the street,
A handsome young man did I happen to meet.
He offered me \$20 and called me a whore,
With a right cross I felled him to settle the score. (Chorus)

The coppers soon grabbed me and took me to jail,
Where I hadn't a penny to offer for bail.
I told the man's offer, how he called me "whore, "
And the judge told me that I was worth \$50 more. (Chorus)

I winked at the judge and I blew him a kiss,
Hoping my charges he soon would dismiss.
On my own recognizance I walked out the door,
So I never will wear women's clothing no more. (Chorus)

IV. PEOPLE

Adelaine Schmidt:

There once was a maiden named Adelaine Schmidt,
Who went to the doctor 'cause she couldn't shit.
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass,
And up went the window, and out shot her ass.
A handsome young copper was walking his beat,
He happened to be on that side of the street.
He looked up so handsome, he looked up so spry,
And a big piece of shit hit him right in the eye.

Chorus: It was brown, brown, shit all around.

It was brown, brown, shit on the ground.

It was brown, brown, shit all around.

The whole world was covered with shit! shit! shit! shit!

He traveled to the East and he traveled to the West,
Then a bloody great turd hit him right in the chest.
He walked to the North and he looked to the South,
Then another great turd hit him right in the mouth.
That handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore.
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore.
Now 'neath London Bridge that copper does sit,
With a sign 'round his neck saying, "Blinded by shit." (Chorus)

Two fast-moving Hashers came running along,
Throwing flour and paper and singing their song,
Singing, "Hi-Diddle-Diddle!" and flogging their dong,
The hares were trail-setting; the pack won't be long.
The hares found the copper alone by the pit;
Threw flour in the holes where his eyes used to fit.
The hares led the pack by a block and a bit;
Said, "We'll lead those damn hounds through these puddles of shit." (Chorus)

The hares led the pack to the edge of the pit.
They slipped and they slid in the puddles of shit.
They fell in the shiggy, right up to their tail.
Ere they sank out of sight, they had marked it True Trail!
The pack followed bravely, the pack followed true.
They followed the hares into that vile brew.
They followed the true trail right into the pit.
Soon the whole pack of hashers was drowning in shit. (Chorus)

This tale has a lesson if you think a bit. Don't follow true trail right into the pit.
Remember that hares can be dumb bloody fools; And in hashing, like loving,
There's no fucking rules.

All the Nice Girls:

Chorus: All the nice girls like a candle.

All the nice girls like a wick, wick, wick, wick.
Because there's something about a candle,
That reminds them of a prick, prick, prick.
Nice and greasy, slips in easy. Sailor's pride, it's the joy,
So if you're ever by yourself, grab a candle from the shelf,
Ship ahoy for greasy joy.

As she walked around the Bloody Blazon, she wished that she was dead,
Her heart was as heavy as lead, she had lost her maidenhead.
With her knickers all torn, her twat was all worn,
She's the girl that lowered the price at Monte Carlo.

As he walked along the Bloody Great Strand,
With his big old prick he held in his hand,
All the girls thought it was grand, to give the boy some head on the Strand.
If you give 'em a bob, their on with the job, pulling the foreskin over his knob,
He's the man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

All the nice boys like a harlot. All the nice boys like a whore,
Because there's something about a harlot, that they've never known before.
She'll be willing for a shilling, and she'll pep you up my boy,
But she'll leave you on the rocks, with a bloody dose of pox.
Syph ahoy, syph ahoy.

All the parsons like a choir boy. All the parsons like a bum,
Because there's something about a choir boy that could make an angel cum.
Roll him over in the clover, it's a curate's only joy,
And you needn't wear a wrap, for you'll never catch the clap.
Syph ahoy, syph ahoy.

Barnacle Bill the Sailor:

Ladies: Who's that knocking on my door? Who's that knocking on my door?
Who's that knocking on my door? Said the fair young maiden.

Men: It's Barnacle Bill from over the hill, said Barnacle Bill the sailor.
It's Barnacle Bill from over the hill, said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

L: Why are you knocking at my door?

M: 'Cause I'm young and tough and ready enough.

L: Shall I come down and let you in?

M: Open the door you dirty old whore.

L: Will you sleep upon the floor?

M: Get off the floor you dirty old whore.

L: Will you sleep upon the mat?

M: Bugger the mat, you can't fuck that.

L: Will you sleep upon the stairs?

M: Bugger the stairs, they've got no hairs.

L: Will you sleep upon my breasts?

M: Bugger your tits, they're covered with zits.

L: Will you sleep between my thighs?

M: Bugger your thighs, they're covered with flies.

L: Will you sleep within my cunt?

M: Bugger your cunt, but I'll fuck for a stunt.

L: What if we should have a child?

M: I'll smother the bugger and fuck for another.

L: What if my parents should come home?

M: I'll kill your pa and stuff your ma.

L: What if we should go to jail?

M: I'll pick the lock with my cock.

L: What if we should go to jail?

M: I'll knock down the walls with my balls.

Charlotte the Harlot: (Carolina, Down in Wyoming)

Way down in Alabama, where the bullshit lies thick,
The girls are so pretty that the babies come quick.
There lives a young maiden of forty or more,
Charlotte the Harlot, the cow-punchers' whore.

Chorus: She's filthy, she's nasty, she shits on the floor,
Charlotte the Harlot, the cow-punchers' whore.

One day on the prairie, with her legs open wide,
A rattlesnake saw it and crawled up inside.
Now all the boys gather on Saturday night,
To see the vagina that rattles and bites.

One day in the saddle, while riding along,
One hand on my saddle, the other my schlong,
But who should I spy, but the girl I adore,
Charlotte the Harlot, the cow-punchers' whore.

I leaped from my saddle and reached for her crack,
But the damned thing was rattling and biting me back.
I grabbed for my six-gun and aimed for its head,
But the damn thing misfired, shot Charlotte instead

The funeral procession was thirty miles long,
And all of the cowboys were singing her song.
Here lies the maiden who never gets scorn,
Charlotte the Harlot, the cowpunchers' whore.

She's randy, she's dandy, she shags in the street.
Whenever you meet her, she's always in heat.
If you leave your fly open, she's after your meat,
And the smell of her cunt knocks you right off your feet.

One night I was riding way down by the falls,
One hand on my pistol, the other my balls.
I saw Chalotte there using a stick
Instead of the end of a cow-puncher's prick.

I caressed her, undressed her, and laid her down there,
And parted the tresses of curly brown hair.
Inserted the prick of my sturdy horse,
And then there began a strange intercourse.

Faster and faster went my sturdy steed,
Until Charlotte rejoiced at the speed.
When all of a sudden my horse did back-fire,
And shot Charlotte the Harlot right into the mire.

Up got Charlotte, all covered in muck,
And she said, "Oh my dear! What a glorious fuck!"
Two paces forward and flat on the floor,
And that was the end of the cow-punchers' whore.

Cock Robin:

Who killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow.
I killed Cock Robin."

Chorus: Oh, the birds of the air said, "FUCK IT! LET'S CHUCK IT!"
When they heard Cock Robin had kicked the fucking bucket.
When they heard...Cock...Robin...had...kicked...the fucking... bucket.

Who saw him die?	Who'll ring the bell?
"I," said the fly,	"I," said the bull,
"With my little eye,	"With my mighty tool,
I saw him die." (Chorus)	I'll ring the bell." (Chorus)

Who'll dig the grave?	Who'll say the prayer?
"I," said the owl,	"I," said the rook,
"With my little trowel,	"With my little book,
I'll dig the grave." (Chorus)	I'll say the prayer." (Chorus)

Colombo: (tune unknown)

In 1492, from Timbuktu to Bali,
Colombo roamed the streets all day and shit (shat?) in every alley.
All night long from midnight on.

Chorus: (All night long from midnight on), He knew the world was round-o;
His balls hung to the ground-o;
That fornicating, masturbating, son-of-a-bitch, Colombo.

Colombo went to Isabelle to beg for ships and cargo;
He swore on the head of his big, red dick he'd take her back Chicago.
All night long... (Chorus)

Colombo got his sailing ships, one was a double decker.
Isabelle waved her handkerchief, Colombo waved his pecker.
All night long from midnight on. (Chorus)

Oh cabin boy, oh cabin boy, you dirty little nipper,
You lined your ass with broken glass and circumcised the skipper.
All night long...(Chorus)

For forty days and forty nights, they sailed the broad Atlantic.
They spied a whore upon the shore, the whole damn crew went frantic.
All night long...(Chorus)

A little brown maid ran down the beach, Colombo did pursue her.
The white of an egg ran down her leg. That son-of-a-bitch had screwed her.
All night long...(Chorus)

The Dying Harlot:

Oh, a strapping young harlot lay dying, a pisspot supporting her head,
And all the young bludger were 'round her, as she leand on her left tit and said,

"I've been stuffed by the Dutchies and Negroes.
I've been stuffed by the Spaniards so tall.
I've been stuffed by the English and Irish.
In fact, I've been fucked by them all.
So wrap me up in foreskin and Frenchies, and bury me deep down below,
Where all those young bludgers can't catch me, the place where all harlots go."

Eskimo Nell:

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold, and the tip of his tool turns blue,
And it bends in the middle like a one-string fiddle, he can tell you a tale or two.
So pull up a chair, and stand me a drink, and to you a tale I'll tell
Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete and a harlot named Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete go forth in search of fun,
It's Dead-eye Dick that slings the prick, and Mexican Pete the gun.
When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete are sore depressed and sad
It's always the cunt that bears the brunt, but the shooting ain't so bad.

Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete lived down by Dead Man's Creek,
And such was their luck that they'd had no fuck for nigh on half a week.
Just a moose or two and a caribou, and a bison cow or so,
And for Dead-eye Dick, with his kingly prick, this was mighty slow.

So do or dare, this horny pair set forth for the Rio Grande,
Dead-eye Dick, with his mighty prick, and Pete with his gun in his hand.
And as they blazed their noisy trail, no man their path withstood,
And many a bride, her husband's pride, a pregnant widow stood.

They reached the strand of the Rio Grande at the height of the blazing noon,
And to slake their thirst and do their worst, they sought out Mike's Saloon,
And as they pushed the great doors wide, both prick and gun flashed free.
"According to sex, you bleeding wrecks, you'll drink or fuck with me."

They'd heard of the prick of Dead-eye Dick, from Maine to Panama,
And with scarcely worse than a muttered curse, those Dagos sought the bar.
The girls knew too, of his playful ways down in the Rio Grande,
And forty whores pulled down their drawers at Dead-eye Dick's command.

They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete itch on the trigger grip,
And they didn't wait...at a fearful rate those whores began to strip.
Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick, with lecherous snorts and grunts.
So forty asses were bared to view, and likewise forty cunts.

Now forty asses and forty cunts, if you can use your wits,
And if you're slick with arithmetic, makes exactly eighty tits.
Now eighty tits are a gladsome sight for a man with a raging stand.
It may be rare in Berkely Square, but not on the Rio Grande.

Now Dead-eye Dick had fucked a few, on the last preceding night.
This he had done just for some fun, and to whet his appetite.
His phallic limb was in fucking trim, as he backed and took a run.
He made a dart at the nearest tart, and scored a hole-in-one.

He bore this whore to the sandy floor, and there he ground her fine.
And though she grinned, it took the wind out of the other thirty-nine.
When Dead-eye Dick lets loose his prick, he's got no time to spare,
For speed and length, combined with strength, he fairly singes hair.

He made a dart at the next spare tart, when into that harlot's Hell
Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid, and her name was Eskimo Nell.
By this time Dick had got his prick well into number two,
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell, she bawled to him, "Hey! You!"

He gave a flick of his muscular prick, and the girl flew over his head.
And when he wheeled about with an angry shout, his face and balls were red.
She glanced her hero up and down, her tits were proud and high.
With utter scorn she glimpsed the horn that rose from his fairy thigh.

She blew the smoke from her cigarette over his steaming knob.
So utterly beat was Mexican Pete, that he failed to do his job.
It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell, in accents clear and cool.
"You cunt-struck shrimp for a Yankee pimp, you call that thing a tool?"

"If this here town can't take that down," she sneered to those cowering whores,
There's one little cunt that can do the stunt, it's Eskimo Nell's, not yours."
She stripped off her garments one by one, with an air of conscious pride.
And as she stood in her womanhood, they saw the great divide.

She seated herself on a table top, where someone had left his glass.
With a twitch of ther tits she crushed it to bits, between the two cheeks of her ass.
She flexed her knees with supple ease, and spread her legs apart.
With a friendly nod to the horny sod, she gave him the cue to start.

But Dead-eye Dick knew a trick or two, he meant to take his time,
And a girl like this was fucking bliss, so he played a pantomime.
He flexed his asshole in and out, and make his balls inflate
Until they looked like granite knobs on top of a garden gate.

He blew his anus inside out, his balls increased in size.
His mighty prick grew twice as thick, 'til it almost reached his eyes.
He polished it up with alcohol, and made it steaming hot.
To finish the job he sprinkled his knob with a cayenne pepper pot.

Then neither did he take a run, nor did he take a leap,
Nor did he stoop, but took a swoop and a steady forward creep.
With a piercing eye he took a sight along his might tool,
And the steady grin as he pushed it in was calculatedly cool.

Have you seen the giant pistons, one that might CPR
With the driving force of a thousand horses? Well, you know what pistons are.
Or you think you do, but you've yet to learn the ins and outs of the trick,
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run by a guy like Dead-eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was no infidel, as good as a whole harem unseen.
With the strength of ten in her abdomen, and the rock of ages between
She could take the stream of a lover's cream like the flush of the water closet,
And she gripped his cock like a Chantwood lock on the National Safe Deposit.

But Dead-eye Dick could not cum quick, he meant to conserve his powers.
If he'd had a mind, he'd grind and grind for a couple of solid hours.
Nell lay for a while with a subtle smile, the grip of her cunt grew keener.
With a squeeze of her thigh she sucked him dry with the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this trick in a way so slick, as to set in complete defiance,
The basic cause and primary laws that govern sexual science.
She calmly rode through the phallic code which for years had stood the test,
And the ancient rules of the Classic schools in a second or two went West.

And so, my friend, we come to the end of copulation's classic.
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick, and akin to an anesthetic.
He fell to the floor and knew no more, his passions extinct and dead.
He did not shout as his prick fell out, though 'twas stripped right down to a thread.

Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet to avenge his pal's affront.
With a jarring jolt he rammed his colt right up her gaping cunt.
He rammed her hard to the trigger guard and fired it three times three,
And to his surprise she closed her eyes and squealed with ecstasy.

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet. "Bully," she said, "for you,
It's hard to believe that that was the best that you poor cunts could do.
When next, my friend, that you intend to sally forth for fun,
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick, and yourself an elephant gun."

"I'm going back to the frozen North, where the pricks are hard and strong.
Back to the land of the frozen sand, where the nights are six months long.
It's hard as tin when they put it in, in the land where spunk is spunk,
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream, but a solid frozen chunk."

"Back to the land where they understand what it means to fornicate.
Where even the dead sleep two to a bed and the babies masturbate.
Back to the land of the grinding gland, where the walrus plays with his prong.
Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair, that's where they'll sing this song."

"They'll tell this tale on the Arctic trail, where the nights are sixty below.
Where it's so damn cold that johnnies are sold wrapped up in a ball of snow.
In the Valley of Death, with baited breath, that's where they'll sing it too.
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle and the rotting corpses screw."

"Back to the land where men are men, Terra Bellicum,
And there I'll spend my worthy end, for the North is calling, 'Come!'"
So Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete slunk out of the Rio Grande.
Dead-eye Dick with his useless prick, and Pete with no gun in his hand.

So when a man grows old and his balls grow cold and the end of his tool turns blue,
And the hole in the middle refuses to piddle, I'd say he was fucked--wouldn't you?

Grandpa:

Many, many years ago, when I was twenty-three,
I was married to a widow, who was pretty as can be.
The widow had a grown-up daughter who had hair of red.
My father fell in love with her, and soon the two were wed.

This made my dad my son-in-law, which changed my very life.
My daughter was my mother, for she was my father's wife.
To complicate the matter, even though it brought me joy,
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy.

This baby then became the brother of my dad,
And so became my uncle, though it made me very sad.
For if he was my uncle, then he also was the brother
Of the red-haired grown-up daughter who, of course, is my stepmother.

Chorus: And I'm my own grandpa; I'm my own grandpa.
Sounds funny, I know, but really it's so;
I am my own grandpa.

My father's wife then had a son who kept them on the run.
This child became my grandson, for he was my daughter's son.
My wife is now my father's mother, and it makes me blue.
Although she is my wife, she is my grandmother too.

Now if she is my grandmother, then I am her grandchild.
Every time I think of it, it really drives me wild.
Now I have become the strangest case you ever saw.
As husband of my grandmother, I am my own grandpa. (Chorus)

My uncle's mom is, therefore, married to my pa.
His sister is my wife, thereby being my brother-in-law.
If he grows up and has a girl, as he really oughta,
She'll be his only sister, and my niece, cousin and daughter. (Chorus)

The Harlot of Jerusalem:

In the days of old, there lived a maid, who used to do a roaring trade,
A prostitute of ill-repute, the harlot of Jerusalem.

Chorus: Hi ho Cathusalem, Cathusalem, Cathusalem,
Hi ho Cathusalem, the harlot of Jerusalem.

She lived within the palace walls, and 'round the walls were hung the balls,
Of every coot who'd tried to root the harlot of Jerusalem.

Nearby there lived an Arab tall, who with his prick could move a wall.
It was the pride of nearly all the harlots of Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree, he saw her there beneath a tree,
And vowed that very night that he, would lay her in Jerusalem.

He took her to a shady nook, and from his open fly he took
A penis like a butcher's hook, the finest in Jerusalem.

He laid her down upon her back, and tried to shove it up her crack,
But he had no luck in trying to fuck the harlot of Jerusalem.

Now Cathusalem, she knew her part. She closed her legs and let a fart,
And out he flew like a friggin' dart, away across Jerusalem.

Along there came an Israelite, the bloody awful bastard shite.
He said he'd come to spend the night with the harlot of Jerusalem.

Cathusalem she gave a grunt, and with a snap she shut her cunt,
And threw him high into the sky, far beyond Jerusalem.

Away he flew across the sea, across the sea of Galilee,
And caught his balls in a tree, three leagues beyond Jerusalem.

And there he hangs unto this day, and seen by all who pass that way,
The silly ape that tried to rape the harlot of Jerusalem.

She gave birth to illegits, little shits with swinging tits,
That sold their cunts for little bits, the harlots of Jerusalem.

The Lassie Song: (to the tune of "Scotland the Brave", stolen from Dallas/Fort Worth)
(Nasal rendition of "Scotland the Brave" between verses.)

Here's to the Lassie with the black hairy assie,
Who was lifting up her kiltie at the ____ hash.

Here's to the Jockey with the upstanding cocky,
Who was riding on the Lassie with the black hairy assie,
Who was lifting up her kiltie at the ____ hash.

Here's to the Yankee, who was wanking in his hanky,
At the thought of the Jockey....

Here's to the Queery, who was leering through his beery,
At the sight of the Yankee....

Here's to the Harlot, who was working on the car lot
To support the Queery....

Here's to the Hasher, who was posing as a flasher,
Hustling customers from the Harlot....

Here's to the Wenchie going down-down on the benchy,
To raise money for the Hasher....

Well, there's no moral to this ditty, but when you're in our fucking city,
And you're with your favorite lover chasing things beneath the covers.
Make sure you go hashing, give your liver a big bashing,
And sing this song after every hash.

The Lumberjack Song:

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

Chorus: Same as above but in third person

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch, I go to the lavat'ry.
On Wednesdays I go shopping, have buttered scones for tea.
(repeat all verses in third person, then sing the chorus)

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.

I cut down trees, I wear high heels, suspenders and a bra.
I wish I was a girlie, just like my old Papa.

Lydia Pink:

Chorus: Let's drink a drink, a drink to Lydia Pink-a-Pink-a-Pink,
The savior of the human race.
She invented medicinal compound, most efficacious in every way.

Now Mr. Jones had very small balls; they were just like a couple of peas.
So they gave him medicinal compound, now they hang down below his knees.

Now Mrs. Brown had very small tits, they would hardly show through her blouse.
So they gave her medicinal compound, now they milk her with the cows.

Now Mr. Smith had a very small penis, he could hardly raise a stand.
So they gave him medicinal compound, now he cums in either hand.

Maggie Maggie May:

Chorus: Oh, Maggie Maggie May, they have taken her away.
She'll never walk down my street anymore.
You dirty rotten scoundrel, you no good homeward-bounder,
You dirty rotten bastard, Maggie May.

On the night that Maggie died, she called me to her side,
And left me with a pair of flannel drawers.
They were tattered, they were torn. Around the asshole they were worn,
Those old grey flannel drawers that Maggie wore.

They were buttoned, they were tucked in. They were ones that she had fucked in,
Those old grey flannel drawers that Maggie wore.
They were saved for many years, and had been entered through the rear,
Those old grey flannel drawers that Maggie wore.

When she hung them on the line, the sun refused to shine,
Those old grey flannel drawers that Maggie wore.
When she laid them on the ground, you could smell them miles around,
Those old grey flannel drawers that Maggie wore.

My Name Is Jack: (to the tune of "Jake the Peg (With His Extra Leg)")

My name is Jack (de-da-de-da-de-da-de). I'm a necrophiliac (de-da-de-da-de-da-de).
I fuck dead women..... And I fill them full of jism....
I get frustrated..... When they're cremated....
'Cause try as I must.... I can't fuck dust....

Chorus: Each time I enter the mausoleum gate, I get the urge to masturbate.

My name is Phil.... I live up on the hill....I wack off in..., An occupied coffin....
I love wrinkly women..., If they're over sixty-five....
Especially..., If they've been dead for twenty-five....

My name is Ron.... I get a hard-on...
When I see a redhead... Whose deader than dead....
You don't polka or waltz... With a girl who has no pulse....
I like my women old.... I prefer my women cold....

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

Way out in West Virginia lived a gal named Nancy Brown.
You ain't never seen such prettiness in any bar in town.
Oh, she lived up in the mountains, oh, she lived up in the mountains,
Oh, she lived up in the mountains, mighty high.
And she is a sweet maiden, not a bit contaminated,
She's as pure as the West Virginia sky.

Now there came a local Cowboy, with his guitar and his song.
He took Nancy up the mountain, but she still knew right from wrong.
She came rolling down the mountain, she came rolling down the mountain,
She came rolling down the mountain, mighty high.
And she stomped that Cowboy's urgin', she remained the village virgin,
She's as pure as the West Virginia sky.

Now there came the local Deacon, he was righteous and he was kind.
He took Nancy up the mountain, but she still could read his mind.
She came rolling down the mountain, she came rolling down the mountain,
She came rolling down the mountain, mighty high.
And they see that there Deacon give him what that he is seekin',
He's as pure as the West Virginia sky.

Now there came the City Slicker, with his thousand-dollar bills.
He put Nancy in his Packard and drove off in them there hills.
Oh, she stayed up in the mountains, she stayed up in the mountains,
She stayed up in the mountains all the night.
She came down next morning early as a tramp and worldly girly,
And her mother kicked the hussy out of sight.

Now to end our little ditty, we find Nancy in the city,
And by all accounts she's doing mighty swell.
For she's wining and she's dining, and she's on her back reclining,
And those West Virginia skies can go to hell.

But there came the Great Depression, caught our Slicker by the pants.
He had to sell his Packard, and give up his little Nance.
So she went back to the mountains, she went back to the mountains,
She went back to the mountains, mighty sore.
Now the Cowboy and the Deacon get the thing that they were seekin',
Cause she's nothing but a West Virginia whore.

Old Mother Hubbard:

Old mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone.
But when she bent over, Rover took over and gave her a bone of his own.

The Scotsman's Kilt:

Well, a Scotsman dressed up in his kilt left the bar one evening fair.
You could tell by the way he walked that he'd drunk more than his share.

He staggered 'round until he could no longer keep his feet,
And then he found a place where he could sleep beside the street.

Chorus: Ring-ding-ding-a-ling-a-ladio, ring-di-diddle-i-o,
Repeat last line of previous verse.

About that time two young and lovely girls were passing by.
One said to the other with a twinkle in her eye,
"See that sleeping Scotsman, so strong and handsome built?
I wonder if it's true that he wears nothing 'neath his kilt."

So they crept up on the sleeping Scotsman quiet as can be,
And lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see.
Lo and behold for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt
Was nothing more than god had graced him with upon his birth.

They marveled for a minute, then they said, "We must be gone.
Let's leave him a souvenir before we travel on."
As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon, tied into a bow
Around his bonnie staff, where the kilt will lift and show.

Now, the Scotsman rose to nature's call and headed for the tree.
He lifted up his kilt, then he gawked at what he'd see,
And in his drunken voice he said to what before his eyes,
"Oh! lad I don't know where you've been, but I see you've won first prize!"

Our Scottish friend still dressed in kilt continued down the street.
He hadn't gone ten yards or more, when a girl he'd chanced to meet.
She said, "I've heard what's 'neath that kilt. Tell me, is it so?"
He said, "Just put your hand up, miss, it you'd really like to know."

She put her hand right up his kilt, and much to her surprise,
The Scotsman smiled and a very strange look came into his eyes.
She cried, "Why, sir, that's gruesome!" and then she heard him roar,
"If you put your hand up once again, you'll find it grew some more."

Seven Old Ladies: (to the tune of "Oh Dear, What Can the Matter Be?")

Chorus: Oh dear, what can the matter be?

Seven old ladies got locked in the lavat'ry.
They were there from Sunday 'til Saturday.
Nobody knew they were there.

They said they were going to have tea with the Vicar.
They went in together, they thought it was quicker.
But the lavat'ry door was a bit of a sticker, and the Vicar had tea all alone.

The first was the wife of a Deacon in Dover.
She fancied herself as a bit of a rover.
She liked it so much that she thought she'd stay over, and nobody knew she was there.

The second old lady was sweet Mrs. Bickle.
She found herself in a bit of a pickle.
Shut in a pay booth she hadn't a nickel, and nobody knew she was there.

The third was the Bishop of Chicester's daughter.
She went in to pass some superfluous water.
She pulled on the chain, and the rising tide caught her, and nobody knew she was there.

The fourth old lady was Abigail Humphrey,
Who settled inside to make herself comfy,
But soon she discovered she could not get her bum free, and nobody knew she was there.

The fifth old lady was Elizabeth Spender,
Who was doing all right, 'til a vagrant suspender
Got all twisted up in her feminine gender, and nobody knew she was there.

The sixth was a lady named Jennifer Trim.
She only sat down on a personal whim,
She somehow got pinched 'twixt the bowl and the rim, and nobody knew she was there.

The last old lady, Mrs. McBligh,
Went in with a bottle to booze on the sly.
She jumped on the seat and fell in with a cry, and nobody knew she was there.

Sir Jasper:

Oh, Sir Jasper, do not touch me! (repeat three times)

Chorus: As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh, Sir Jasper, do not touch! (repeat three times)

Oh, Sir Jasper, do not! (repeat three times)

Oh, Sir Jasper, do! (repeat three times)

Oh, Sir Jasper! (repeat three times)

Oh, Sir! (repeat three times)

Oh! (repeat three times)

Three German Officers: (to the tune of "Inky Pinky Parlez Vous")

Three German Officers crossed the Rhine. Parlez vous?

Three German Officers crossed the Rhine. Parlez vous?

Three German Officers crossed the Rhine,

Fucked the women and drank the wine. Inky pinky parlez vous.

They came upon a wayside inn. Parlez vous?

They came upon a wayside inn. Parlez vous?

They came upon a wayside inn,

Pissed on the mat and walked right in. Inky pinky parlez vous.

"Oh landlord have you a daughter fair, (repeat as before),

With lily-white tits and golden hair?" Inky pinky parlez vous

"Oh yes I have but she's too young/to sleep with a German stinking Hun"

"Oh Father dear I'm not too young/to sleep with a German stinking Hun"

Up the rickety stairs they went/threw her down upon the bed...

They tied her to the leg of the bed/fucked her 'til she was nearly dead...

They took her down a shady lane/fucked her back to life again...

They fucked her up, they fucked her down/they fucked her right around the town...

They fucked her in, they fucked her out/they fucked her up the water-spout...

Seven months went and all was well/eight months went and she started to swell...

Nine months later she gave a grunt/and a little white bastard popped out of her cunt..

The little white bastard grew and grew/he fucked his mother and sister too...

The little white bugger he went to Hell/he fucked the Devil and his wife as well...

The Traveler:

When I came home on Monday night, as drunk as drunk could be,
I saw a hat upon the shelf, where my own hat should be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life (or Hey Wife!), "Will you please explain to me,
Who owns the hat upon the shelf, where my own hat should be?"

She said, "You're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, you're drunk, you cannot see,
That's a porcelain chamber pot that my mother sent to me."
Well, many's the road I've traveled, ten thousand miles or more,
but a hatband on a chamber pot, I've never seen that before.
I've never seen that, I've never seen that, I've never seen that before.

Continue through the week, replacing the underlined words as follows.

Tuesday....a horse out in the barn....a lovely milk cow.....a saddle on a milk cow.
Wednesday....some boots beside the bed.....a pair of slippers....silver buckles on slippers
Thursday.....some breeches beside the bed.....a cotton polishing cloth....buttons on a polishing cloth.
Friday.....a head upon the bed.....a grand prize pumpkin.....whiskers on a pumpkin.
Saturday.....a thing inside her thing....a bright red candlestick.....two balls upon a candlestick.

You're drunk, you're drunk, you silly old fool, you're drunk as drunk can be.
I ain't your wife, this ain't your house, you're not living at all with me.
Well, many's the road I've traveled, ten thousand miles or more,
It's the sixth time that I've stuffed this bird, she ain't never complained before.

V. SCIENCE AND NATURE

A. Flora: These tunes describe some of the plants and vegetables you might find on a Hash.

Harvest of Love:

I rise at six and I feed the chicks, and I'm feeling lonesome and blue,
And when I milk the cow it seems somehow my thoughts keep straying to you,
And as the horse and I plow the fields nearby your mem'ry I can't erase,
'Cause when I walk at the rear of the horse, my dear, I seem to see your face.

Chorus: I'm gonna sow the seeds of deep devotion, fertilize it with emotion,
Water it with warm desire, and then I'll reap the harvest of Love.

Side by side we'll take a ride in my horse and buggy one day.
Down lover's lane I'll turn the rein and my horse will run out of hay,
And I will kiss those lips, those tempting lips, the only ones that can thrill me,
And we'll frolic at night in the pale moonlight, if the wife ever finds out she'll kill me. (Chorus)

I'll Do Most Anything (to Keep Her Alive):

My girl is a vegetable, she lives in a hospital.

Chorus: I'll do most anything to keep her alive. To keep her alive.

My girl has no arms and legs, she looks like a pony keg.
My girl has a new TV, she calls it an EKG.
My girl is confined in bed, but she still gives me head.
My girl has no feet or hands, her head's attached with rubber bands.
My girl lives in an iron lung, but she can still give real good tongue.
My girl has leprosy, parts are always landing on top of me.
Sometimes I spend the night, and when I do we never fight.
My girl has such pretty hair, there's patches here and patches there.

The Rhubarb Song:

I first met Nelly Hawkins by the Old Kent Road,
She'd just been with Charlie Brown,
And her drawers were hanging down.
So I shoved a filthy tenner in her filthy rotten hand,
'Cause she was a dirty old whore.

And she wore no blouses, I wore no trousers,
And we both wore no underwear.
When she caressed me, she bloody near undressed me,
A heaven no none knows.
I went to a doctor, he said, "Where did you fuck her?"
I said, "Down where the green grass grows."
He said, "In less than a twinkle, that pimple on your winkle
Will be bigger than a red, red rose."

Chorus: Then how'm I gonna make my rhubarb rise, Ratatatata?
My rhubarb refuses to rise, to its natural size, garden marketing size.
My rhubarb refused to rise, and my baby don't love me,
My baby don't love me, my baby don't love me no more.

A kiss on the lips could be quite accidental,
That's why Durex is a girl's best friend.
A poke from a bloke could be coincidental,
So when he slips it in, be sure to wear that latex skin,
It all gets caught up in the end.
This simple precaution helps prevent abortion,
That's why Durex is a girl's best friend. (Chorus)

I got a dose of clap a year ago (year ago, year ago),
I thought it was the pox and it would go.
But the more I waited, the worse it grew,
Now I've got the galloping knob rot. What can I do?
The other day I lost my starboard ball (starboard ball, starboard ball),
And now the other one's begun to fall.
I'm wasting away, I'll be sorry one day....
'Cause then I'll have no balls at all. (Chorus)

Roll Me Over in the Clover:

Chorus: Roll me over in the clover. Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Well, this is number one, and the fun has just begun.
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well this is number two, and my hand is on her shoe.
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number three, and my hand is on her knee.
...number four, and we're rolling on the floor.
...number five, and the bee in in the hive.
...number six, and she said she liked my tricks.
...number seven, and we're in our seventh heaven.
...number eight, and the nurse is at the gate.
...number nine, and the twins are doing fine.
...number ten, and we're at it once again.
...number eleven, and we start again from seven.
...number twelve, and she said "You can fuck yourself."
...number twenty, and she said that that was plenty.
...number thirty, and she said that that was dirty.
...number forty, and she said, "Now you are naughty."

Sweet Violets:

Chorus: Sweet violets, sweeter than roses, covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over in SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

My wife, she died on the toilet. She died of a horrible fit,
And to satisfy her last wishes, she was buried in six feet of...

My father went to the woodshed. Some wood he wanted to split,
But when he grabbed hold of the handle, he found it was covered in...

Phylis Quat kept a stack in the garden. I was curious, I must admit.
One day I stuck in my finger, and pulled it out covered with...

She took a bag to her boyfriend's, but the bag was old and it split.
Now the boyfriend and Phylis have parted, for the bag was packed with...

I sat in a gold lavatory, in the house of the Baron of Split.
The seat was encrusted with rubies, but, as usual, the bowl contained...

My brother, he worked in a sewer. Some lamps, they had to be lit.
One evening there was an explosion, and my brother was covered in...

My father was a coal miner, a coal miner, that was it.
Sometimes he'd shovel up coal dust, and sometimes he'd shovel up...

My brother was a pilot, a pilot, that was it.
Sometimes he'd land on the runway, and sometimes he'd land in...

Now the baby was eating a cherry. They thought he had swallowed the pit.
But when they examined his nappy, they found it was covered in...

Well, now my song is ended, and I have finished my bit,
And if any of you feel offended, stick your head in a bucket of...

B. Fauna: These songs describe some peculiar animals and their peculiar habits.

Bestiality('s Best):

Chorus: Bestiality's best, boys. Bestiality's best. (Fuck a wallaby)
Bestiality's best, boys. Bestiality's best.

Boys:

Put your tool in a mule.
Lick the pink of a mink.
Sink it deep in a sheep.
Make an eel squeal.
Drop your load in a toad.
Have intercourse with a horse.
Put your log in a dog/frog/hog.
Shoot your spunk in a skunk.
Shoot your sperm in a worm.
Make llama a mama.
Put your dork in a stork.
In the rear of a deer.
Put your cock in a hawk.
Put your rod in a cod.
Plant your seed in a centipede.
Practice lickin' a chicken.
Lick the ass of a bass.
Impale a snail.
Tie your kangaroo down.
Go and screw the whole zoo.

Girls:

Rub your mound on a hound.
Rub your beaver on a retriever.
Drip your juice on a moose/goose/mongoose
Rub your clittie/tittie on a kitty.
Give your milk to an elk.
Rub your box on a fox.
Rub your clitoris on a hippopotamus.
Drip your yeast on a wildebeast.
Rub your twat on an ocelot
Spread your thighs for the flies.
Put a smile on a crocodile.

Cats on the Rooftops:

Chorus: Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles; Cats with syphilis, cats with piles;
Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles;
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The donkey is a lonely bloke,
It's very rare that he ever gets a poke,
But when he does, he lets it soak,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

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

The poor domestic doggy, on a chain all day,
Never gets a chance to lick himself to gay,
So he licks at his dick in a frantic way,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The dainty little skylark sings a very pretty song,
He has a pondrous 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 owls in the trees and the cats on the tiles:
One fucks in solitude, the other fucks in piles.
You can hear their delighted howls and shrieks for miles,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

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

The whale is a mammal, as everybody knows.
He takes two days to 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.

The lady on the seaside was feeling blue,
She saw children at it, and wanted it too,
So she bought three bananas, and ate the other two,
As she reveled in the joys of fornication.

When you wake up in the morning with quite a stand,
From the pressure of liquid in your seminary gland,
If you haven't got a woman, use your bloody hand,
As you revel in the joys of fornication.

When you wake up in the morning with sexual joy,
The wife's on the rag, and your daughter's being coy,
What's the harm in using the ass of your six year old boy
As you revel in the joys of fornication?

The poor old rhino, so it appears,
Never gets to grind in a thousand years,
But when he does, he makes up for arrears,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The poor old desert camel has no water for a week.
Since he doesn't drink, he can't take a leak.
So he has to hold his water, so to speak,
As he revels 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 his one,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Little Mary Johnson will be seven next July.
She'd never been naughty, so she thought she'd have a try.
She took her Daddy's walking stick and did it on the sly,
As she reveled in the joys of fornication.

The labors of the poofter find little favor here,
But the morally leprous bastard has a peaceful sleep, I fear.
As he dreams, he rips a rod up some urchin's rear,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Dead Dog Rover: (to the tune of "I'm Looking Over a Four Leafed Clover")

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover, that I over ran with the mower.
One leg is missing; another is gone; the third leg is shredded all over the lawn.
There's no need explaining the one remaining, it's spinning off the carpet floor.
Oh I'm looking over my dead dog Rover that I over ran with the mower.
His hind leg is missing, so he won't be pissing all over the lawn.

The Doggies' Meeting:

The doggies held a meeting; they came from near and far.
Some came by motorcycle, and some by motorcar.

Each doggie passed the entrance; each doggie signed the book.
Each doggie hung his asshole upon his very own hook.

One dog was not invited, imagine his great ire.
He ran into the meeting room and promptly shouted "FIRE!"

It threw them in confusion, without a second look,
Each doggie grabbed an asshole, from off another's hook.

A dog is often listless, for he is very sore,
To wear another asshole he's never worn before.

And that's the reason why sir, on land or sea of foam,
And that's the reason why sir, wherever doggies roam.

And that's reason why sir, when walking in the street,
And that's the reason why sir, when doggies chance to meet.

And that's the reason why sir, a dog will leave his bone,
To sniff another's asshole, to see if it's his own.

The Eat-Bite Song:

Eat, bite, fuck, suck, gobble, nibble, chew; Nipple, bosom, hair-pie, finger-fuck, screw.
Moose piss, cat pud, orangutan tit; Sheep pussy, camel crack, big lion (or pig lie in) shit.

Fuck a Duck: (to the tune of "Do-Re-Me" or "Doe, a Deer")

Fuck a duck, a female duck.
Screw a baby kangaroo.
Finger bang an orangutan.
Let an elephant eat you.
FEEL the penis on an eel.
WHACK the asshole of a yak.
MASTURBATE with a gnu.
That will bring us back to fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...

Repeat with hand motions, humming, silence, as a round, etc.

The Lobster Song:

Oh , Mr. Fisherman, home from the sea;
Have you got a lobster you will sell to me?

Chorus: Singing aye-tiddley-aye, shit or bust.
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust.

Yes sir, yes sir, I have three;
And the biggest of the bastards I will sell to thee.

So I took the lobster home, but I couldn't find a dish;
So I put the fucking lobster where the Mrs. takes a piss.

In the middle of the night, as you will know;
The missus got up to take a heave-ho.

Well first there came a groan, and then there came a grunt;
Then the bloody lobster grabbed her by the cunt.

The Mrs. grabbed the brush, and I grabbed the broom;
And we chased the fucking lobster 'round and 'round the room.

We hit it on the head, and we hit it on the side;
We hit that fucking lobster 'til the bastard died.

Oh, the story has a moral, and this is it;
Always have a look before you take a shit.

Down in Nagasaki, the monkey fucked the cat;
And all the cat could do was fuck the monkey back.

That's the end of my story, there is no more;
There's an apple up my ass, and you can have the core.

Old McDonald:

Chorus: Old McDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.
And on that farm he had some _____s, E-I-E-I-O.

Rams: And the rams were ramming it here, and the rams were ramming it there.
They were ramming it here, ramming it there ramming it everywhere.(with actions)

(add one verse each time)

Bulls...bulling it Cows...cowing it Turkeys...gobbling it
Geese...goosing it Pullets...pulling it Whales...whaling it

The Sexual Life of a Camel:

When Lilly went down to pass water, she passed a magnificent stream.
She peed for an hour and a quarter, and you couldn't see Lilly for steam.

Chorus:

Singing, bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty-titty-bum. Singing, bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty-ay.
Singing, bum-titty-titty, bum-titty-titty-titty-bum. Oh, the assholes are here to stay.

The sexual life of the camel, is stranger than anyone thinks.
In the height of the mating season, he tries to bugger the Sphinx.
But the Sphinx's posterior orifice, is blocked by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel, and the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

The sexual life of the ostrich, is hard to understand.
At the height of the mating season, she buries her head in the sand.
(When) Along comes a male ostrich, with his prick riding high in the air.
Why doesn't he up her and stuff her? He just doesn't bloody well care.

The sexual life of the hasher, paints a better picture than you can draw.
At the height of the mating season, we head off to Mardi Gras.
(Where) all the women hashers say that they don't give a shit.
All we say is, "Shut up," and, "Show us your fucking tits!"

In the process of civilization, from 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,
Have conclusively proved that the hedgehog, has never been buggered at all.

So come all you hashers, and to the occasion arise.
Grab yourself a hedgehog, and give it a real surprise.
The following simple instructions will ensure that you will not fail;
Simply ream out its ass with a hose pipe, and shave all the spines off his tail.

My name is Cecil, I come from Leicester Square.
I go all around the place with flowers in my hair.
For we're all queers together, that's why we go 'round in pairs,
For we're all queers together, now excuse us while we go upstairs.

I went for a ride on a choo-choo, and found I had to stand.
A little boy offered me his seat, so I went for it with my hand.
For we're all queers together, that's why we go 'round in pairs,
For we're all queers together, now excuse us while we go upstairs.

'Twas Christmas Eve in the harem, the eunuchs all standing there,
Watching the vestal virgins combing their pubic hair.
When along came Father Christmas, echoing down the halls,
"What would you like for Christmas?" The eunuchs all answered, "Balls!"

The Woodpecker Song: (to the tune of "Dixie")

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

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

...Turn it 'round... REVOLVE IT!
...Turn it back.... REVERSE IT!
...In and out.... RECIPROCATE IT!
...Slow it down.... RETARD IT!
...Speed it up.... RESUME IT!
...Once again.... REPEAT IT!
...Leave it in.... RELAX IT!
...Let it go.... RELEASE IT!
...Pull it out.... RETRACT IT!
...Take a whiff.... **REVOLTING!**

C. Anatomy: Body parts! Always a popular subject with Hashers.

Ball of Yarn:

Chorus: Ball of yarn (Ball of yarn). Ball of yarn (Ball of yarn).
That's when I spun her little ball of yarn.
Ball of yarn (Ball of yarn). Ball of yarn (Ball of yarn).
That's when I spun her little ball of yarn.

It was in the month of June, when the flowers are in bloom.
I found her sitting out behind the barn.
As she shoveled up the gobs, I so gently pinched her knobs,
And asked to spin her little ball of yarn. (Chorus)

She undressed before my sight. We went at it all that night.
Her little body shaking stem to stern.
And the blackbird and the robin saw her little butt a-bobbin'
As I spun her little ball of yarn. (Chorus)

It was two months after that, in the office where I sat,
Never dreaming she had done me any harm.
And a doctor dressed in white said, "Man, your pecker is a sight.
It's been tangled in a little ball of yarn." (Chorus)

It was nine months to the day, in the bathtub where I lay.
I felt a heavy hand upon my arm.
And a policeman with a hose said, "Get up and get your clothes.
You're the father of a little ball of yarn." (Chorus)

In my prison cell I sit, in my bathrobe in my shhhhhame.
The shadow of my finger on the wall.
And the ladies as the pass stick their hatpins up my...arse,
And play hopscotch with my little ball of yarn. (Chorus)

Isn't It Awfully Nice to Have a Penis: (A tip of the cap to Monty Python)

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

Large Balls:

Miss Jones was walking down the street,
When a young fellow, she happened to meet,
Was giving the girls a hell of a treat,
Twisting and turning his balls.

Chorus: But they were large balls, large balls. Twice as heavy as lead cha-cha;
And with two twists of his muscular wrists,
He threw them right over his head.
(Sera-a-boom, sera-a-boom, sera-a-boom boom boom.)

A policeman to the scene was brought.
He said, "A lesson'll have to be taught,
Because it's certain that no one ought
To be twisting and turning his balls." (Chorus)

The prisoner standing in the dock,
He gave the Judge a hell of a shock,
Insisting on showing the jury his cock,
And twisting and turning his balls. (Chorus)

The Judge, he said, "The case is clear,
The fine will be a pint of beer
For any young bugger that comes in here
Twisting and turning his balls." (Chorus)

Latin Names:

The portions of women that lead to men's good gravity
Are fashioned with considerable care.
And what about her seems to be a simple little cavity,
Is really the most elaborate affair.

Now, surgeons who have studied these feminine phenomena,
By many experiments on dames,
Have taken all the items of the gentle sex abdomena,
And given them the most delightful Latin names.

There's the vulva, the vagina, and the good old perineum,
And the hymen that is sometimes found in rhymes.
There's lots of little things, you'd love 'em if you could only see 'em,
Like the clitoris, and God knows what besides.

What a pity is it, then, when we common people chatter
Of those mysteries to which I have referred.
We use, for such a delicate and complicated matter,
Such a very short and unattractive little word.

And, therefore, when we laymen probe the secrets of virgility,
We exercise a simple sense of blunt.
We don't cloud the issue with particular slagidity,
And call the whole concern a simple cunt.

No Balls: (to the tune of "Blow the Man Down")

Oh come all you Hashers, lend ear to my tale.
It is a short story, that will make you turn pale,
About a young girl so pretty and small,
That married a man with no balls at all.

Chorus: No balls, no balls, she married a man with no balls at all.
No balls, no balls, she married a man with no balls.

"Oh mother, oh mother, oh pity my luck.
I've married a man who is unable to fuck.
His toolbag is empty, his screwdriver small.
The impotent wretch has no balls at all." (Chorus)

"Oh daughter, oh daughter, don't be so sad.
I had the same problem with your dear old dad,
But there's many a man that will cum to the call
Of the wife of a man with no balls at all." (Chorus)

The young daughter took her mother's advice,
And found the whole thing exceedingly nice.
And eleven-pound baby was born in the fall,
But the poor little bastard had no balls at all. (Chorus)

Pubic Hairs: (to the tune of "Baby Face")

Pubic hairs. You've got the cutest little pubic hairs.
You know there's nothing else that can compare, to pubic hairs.
Penis or vagina, nothing could be finer than your pubic hairs.
I'm up to heaven when I'm in your underwear.
I don't need a shove, to take a mouthful of your cute little pubic hairs.

Put Your Left Leg Over My Shoulder...: (to the tune of "Side by Side")

Put your left leg over my shoulder. Put your right leg over my shoulder,
And (with tongue hanging out) la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la, la, la, la.

Put Your Legs on My Shoulders: (to the tune of "Put Your Head on My Shoulder")

Put your legs 'round my shoulders (shoulders),
Let me lick your lips slowly (slowly),
'Cause you know you're the only (only)
Hasher I let sit on my face.

Put your lips on my sweet meat (sweet meat),
'Cause you know it's a real treat (real treat),
And you know you just can't beat (can't beat)
The taste of my meat in your mouth.

Put your legs 'round my midriff (midriff),
Because I've got something real stiff (real stiff),
And I know you'll be real miffed (real miffed)
If you miss out on your chance (EAT SHIT!)

Red River Valley: (to the tune of "Red River Valley")

Cum and sit on my face if you love me.
Cum and sit on my face if you care.
Let me look in your Red River Valley,
And stare into your pubic hair.

The Ringdangdoo:

I once knew a girl, her name was Jean.
The sweetest girl I'd ever seen.
She loved a boy who was straight and true,
Who longed to play her Ringdangdoo.

Chorus: The Ringdangdoo, pray what is that?

It's soft and it's furry like a pussy cat.
It's got a crack in the middle and a hole right through,
That's why they call it the Ringdangdoo.

So she took him to her father's house,
And they crept inside as quiet as a mouse,
And they shut the door and the window too,
And he played all night with her Ringdangdoo.

The very next day her father said,
"You've gone and lost your maidenhead.
You can pack your bag and your suitcase too,
And bugger off with your Ringdangdoo."

So she went to town and became a whore,
And hung a red light outside her door,
And, one by one and two by two,
They came to play on her Ringdangdoo.

There came to town a son-of-a-bitch
Who had the pox and the seven-year itch.
He had gonorrhoea and syphilis too,
So that was the end of her Ringdangdoo.

Roll Your Leg Over:

Chorus: Oh, roll your leg over; oh roll your leg over;
Oh, roll your leg over, the Hashers are here.

If all little girls were like diamonds and rubies,
And I were a jeweler, I'd polish their boobies.

If all the young girls were like bells in a tower,
And I were a clapper, I'd bang them for hours.

If all the young girls were like bats in a steeple,
And I were a bat, there'd be more bats than people.

If all the young girls were like statues of Venus,
And I were blessed with a petrified penis....

If all the young girls were like fish in a pool,
And I were a shark with a waterproof tool....

If all the young girls were like fish in the ocean,
And I were a porpoise, I'd teach them the motion.

Sit on My Face: (another tip of the cap to Monty Python)

Sit on my face and tell me that you love me. I'll sit on your face and say I love you too.
I love to hear you moralize, when you're between my 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 so fine when you're both sixty-nine, so sit on my face.

Sit on my face and tell me that you love me.

I'll sit on your face and tell you I love you.

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 'cause 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, and we'll both ignore the hair, please sit on my face.

The Thrashing Machine:

Well there once was a farmer, I knew him quite well,

And he had a daughter by the name of Sweet Nell.

Although she was only the age of sixteen,

I showed her the way of my thrashing machine.

Chorus: I had her, I had her I had her, Aye A;

I had her, I had her ten times in one day.

Although she was only the age of sixteen,

I showed her the way of my thrashing maching.

Well the barndoor was open one bright sunny day,

And there in the corner at daylight we came.

She was the piston and I was the steam,

And I showed her the way of my thrashing machine.

Well, six months had gone, and all had gone well,

But something had happened to our little Nell,

For under her apron can clearly be seen,

The nasty old work of my thrashing machine.

Now nine months have gone, and all is quite well.

A baby was born to my little Nell,

And under his diapers can clearly be seen

A brand new three-cylinder thrashing machine.

Would You Like to Sit on My Face: (to the tune of "Swinging on a Star")

Would you like to sit on my face? It's a very comfortable place.

Slide your hole up over my nose. Or would you rather suck my hose?
My hose is an animal that lives in my pants.
It'll come out to meet you if you give it a chance.
Or would you rather fuck in my car? Carry sperm juice home in a jar.
Take a rocket ship to the moon, and eat my sperm juice with a spoon.

VI. THE REST

A is for A:

A, A is for A. A. A-A-A.

L, L is for Long. Long. A Long. A-A-A.

S, S is for Strong. Strong. Long Strong. A Long Strong. A-A-A.

B, B is for Black. Black. Strong Black. Long Strong Black... A-A-A.

P, P is for Putting. Putting. Black Putting...A-A-A.

U, U is for Up... N, N is for nightly...

M, M is for My... W, W is for weather...

S, S is for Sister's... P, P is for permitting...

C, C is for Cat's... S, S is for sideways...

A, A is for asshole... W, W is for with...

T, T is for twice... F, F is for feeling...

The Alphabet Song:

A is for asshole all covered in shit (A hose and rollie),

And B is the bugger that revels in it.

(Singing rollie pollie up 'em and stuff 'em, and O said Anthony Rollie)

C is for cunt all covered in piss...and D is the drunkard who gives it a kiss.

E is for eunuch with only one ball....and F is for fucker with no balls at all.

G is for gonorrhea, goiter, and gout....and H is the harlot who spreads it about.

I is for irritating infectious itch....and J is the jerk who buggered the bitch.

K is for knight who goes fucking galore...and L is the lezzy who comes back for more.

M is the maiden all tattered and torn....and N is the noble who died on his horn.

O is the orifice all cunningly concealed...and P is the penis, all pulled back and peeled.

Q is the Quaker who shat in his hat....and R is the rogger who roggered the cat.

S is the shitpile filled up to the rim....and T is for turds that are floating therein.

U is the usher who brought us to school...and V is the virgin who played with his tool.

W is the whore who is fucking and crass....and X, Y, and Z you can stuff up your ass.

The British Gonorrhea: (aka "Some Die of Drinking the Water")

Some die of drinking the water; some die of drinking the beer.

Some die of constipation; some die of diarrhea,

But of all the world's diseases, there's nae that can compare

With the drip drip drip of the syphilitic prick of a British Grenadier.

(or With the throb throb throb of a red raw knob from the British Gonorrhea.)

I like the girls who say they will, and I like the girls who say they won't.

I hate the girls who say they will, and then they bloody don't,

But of all the girls I like the best, I may be wrong or right,

Are the girls who say they never will, but look as though they might.

Did You Ever See:

I've got an auntie Kitty, and she's only got one tittie,
And it's very long and pointed, and the nipple's double-jointed.

Chorus: Did you ever see, did you ever see, did you ever see such a funny thing before?

Now, I've got a brother Daniel, and he's got a Cocker Spaniel.
If you tickle him in the middle, he will lift his leg and piddle.

Oh, I've got a cousin Anna, and she plays the grand piana,
And she'll ramma, ramma, ramma until the neighbors say, "God damn her."

The End of the Month:

Oh, you can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well,
As the end of the month rolls around.

Chorus: Well hey hey hee, what's it gonna be. Shout out your orders loud and clear.
We got super, regular, large. We got rags to fit a barge,
As the end of the month draws near.

You can tell by her stance that she's bleeding in her pants,
As the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell that it itches by the way she always bitches,
As the end of the month rolls around.

You can bet it ain't sweat when her underwear's wet,
As the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the stink that she isn't in the pink,
As the end of the month rolls around.

But you know that it's great, when your favorite date
Calls you up and says, "Honey, my period ain't late."
As the end of the month (yeah, the end of the month) rolls around.

I Can't Hash Today: (Actually an Irish tune called "The Letter")

Dear Hash, I sing this song to you to tell you of my plight.
At the time I wrote this song, I was not a pretty sight.
My body was all black and blue, my face a deathly gray.
So I sing this song to say why I can't run the Hash today.

While working on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I had to clear.
To throw them down from up on top seemed like a good idea.
But the foreman wasn't very pleased, he was an awful man,
And he said I had to carry them down the ladder just by hand.

Now to lower them all by hand, to me, seemed very slow,
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below.
But in my haste to do the job, I was too blind to see,
that a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me.

So when I had untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead.
I hung on tightly to the rope and started up instead.
I sped up like a rocket, and to my dismay I found
That halfway up I met the bloody barrel coming down.

Now the barrel broke my shoulder, as to the ground it sped,
And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with my head.
I held on tight, though filled with shock from this almighty blow,
And the barrel spilled out half its contents fourteen floors below.

Now when the bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor,
I then outweighed the barrel, and it started up once more.
I held on tightly to the rope, as I flew toward the ground,
And I landed on the broken bricks that were scattered all around.

As I lay there moaning on the bricks, I thought I passed the worst.
Was then the barrel reached the top, was when the bottom burst.
A shower of bricks fell down on me; I didn't have a hope.
And in all of the confusion, I let go the bloody rope.

The barrel, again being heavier, started down once more,
And landed right on top of me as I lay there on the floor.
It broke three ribs and my left arm, and I can only say,
That I hope you understand why I can't run the Hash today.

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 bayonet up me arse hole, I don't want my bollocks shot away.
I'd rather stay in England, in merry merry England,
And fornicate me fucking life away, Gaw Blimey.

On Monday I touched her on the ankle, on Tuesday me 'and was on her knee.
On Wednesday night, SUCCESS! I lifted up her dress.
On Thursday I saw it, Oh Gaw Blimey!
On Friday I put me 'and upon it, on Saturday she gave me balls a twitch,
And Sunday, after supper, I shoved the fucker up her (broke me bloody rubber),
And now I'm paying seven and six a week, Gaw Blimey!

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, Gaw Blimey.
(Repeat first verse.)

I Love My Wife:

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do. I love her true. I love the hole she pisses through.

I love her tits, tittley-its, tittley-its, and her nut-brown asshole.
I could eat her shit, chomp, chomp, chomp, chomp,
With a rusty spoon, with a rusty spoon...

I'm Having a Bit Tonight:

I've got a stupid question, what could the answer be?
My mother's got a roly-polly, putting on the way.
I saw her put the sword in, the currents in as well,
Now you will be surprised at the story I will tell.

Chorus: I'm having a bit tonight, tonight; I'm having a bit tonight.
My mother says I must be fit if I can have this bloody bit.
I love to roly-polly; it fills me with delight.
I'm having a bit to teach to sow, I'm having a bit tonight (lalalalala; lalalalala)

The youngest of our family never gets his share.
I used to be the youngest, and I never thought it fair.
Now Mother's had a baby, so everything's alright.
I'm not the youngest anymore, I'm having a bit tonight.

There's Mary and there's Susie, and cousin Ted as well,
And then the lawyer from next door, he likes his men as well.
And then, of course, there's Granpapa, he is so very tough.
Although he's nearly ninety-four, he's a bugger for his stuff.

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

Far have I traveled and much have I seen;
Had blow jobs from banshees and fucked things obscene;
Been crippled by herpes and things far more dire,
But if you want a good 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 roggered in Rio and poked in Peru;
Been massaged in Manila and then had a screw;
Been fucked in Llanelli by a Welsh all boys choir,
But for the height of perversion go to Irian Jaya. (Chorus)

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. (Chorus)

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. (Chorus)

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 head hunters in Irian Jaya. (Chorus)

It's the Same the Whole World Over:

She was just a poor man's daughter, victim of the rich man's whim,
For he fucked her and he left her with a sore and bleeding quim.

Chorus: It's the same the whole world over; it's the poor what gets the blame.
It's the rich what gets the pleasure; ain't it all a bleedin' shame?

Oh she went up to the city, for to hide her bleeding shame,
But a Labor leader up and fucked her, put her on the street again.

See him in the House of Commons, passing laws to combat crime,
While the victim of his evil, walks the street at night in shame.

See him with his hounds and horses; see him strutting at his club,
While the victim of his whoring, drinks her gin inside a pub.

See him riding in his carriage, past the gutter where she stands.
He has made a stylish marriage, while she wrings her ring-less hands.

See him at the fine theater, in the front row with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined, entertains a sordid guest.

See her on the bridge at midnight, throwing snowballs at the moon.
She said, "Sir, I've never had it," but she spoke too fucking soon.

Standing on the bridge at midnight, picking blackheads from her crotch,
She said, "Sir, I've never had it." He said, "No, not fucking much."

See her stand in Picadilly, offering her aching quim.
She is now completely ruined. It was all because of him.

See him seated in his carriage, riding homeward from the hunt.
He got riches from his marriage; she got sores upon her cunt.

Standing on the bridge at midnight, throwing cunt rags at the moon,
First a scream, then a splash. Oh, goodness! Has she done a fucking swoon?

When they dragged her from the river, water from her clothes they wrung,
And they thought that she had drowned, 'til her corpse got up and sung.

Then there came a wealthy pimp. Marriage was the tale he told.
She had no one else to take her, so she sold her soul for gold.

The Keyhole Song:

The party ended early, 'twas only half past nine,
And by some stroke of bloody good luck, her room was next to mine.
And so, like Christopher Columbus, I started to explore.
I took up my position at the keyhole in the door.

Chorus: Oh the keyhole, keyhole, keyhole, the keyhole in the door.
(Repeat last line of previous verse)

She sat down by the fireside, her lily white tits to warm,
With only a nylon chamise on to hide her naked form.
If only she would take it off, what man could ask for more?
By God, I saw her take it off through the keyhole in the door.

With soft and trembling fingers, I opened up the door.
With soft and trembling footsteps, I crossed the bedroom floor.
And so that no other man could see what I'd seen before,
I stuffed that nylon chamise up the keyhole in the door.

That night I slept in rapture, and something else besides.
Upon her glorious bosom, had many glorious rides.
That morning when I woke up, my prick was mighty sore,
I felt as if I'd stuffed it up the keyhole in the door.

May I Go to the Fair:

Oh Mother, Mother dear, may I go to the fair?
May I go with young Roger, oh young Roger of Kildaire?
For I know he's kind and gentle, and he'll love me for my sake,
And I know he will not harm me coming home from the wake.

Oh Daughter, Daughter dear, you may go to the fair.
You may go with young Roger, oh young Roger of Kildaire.
For I know he's kind and gentle, and he'll love you for your sake,
And I know he will not harm you coming home from the wake.

So she went to the fair, so she went to the fair,
She went with young Roger, oh young Roger of Kildaire.
So he stuffed her up with ice cream, and he stuffed her up with cake,
And he stuffed it right up her coming home from the wake.

So beware all ye maidens. Beware, oh, beware.
Beware of young Roger, oh young Roger of Kildaire.
Although he's kind and gentle, and he'll love you for your sake,
He'll stuff it right up you coming home from the wake.

Orange County Hash House Harriers Love Song:

Inflammation of the foreskin reminds me of your smile.
I've had humorous chancroids for quite a little while.
I gave my heart to LSU that lovely night in June.
I ache for you my darling and I hope you get well soon.

My penis warts, your herpes, my syphilitic sores,
Your monthly infection, how I miss you more and more.
Your dobies itch, my scurf pops, your lovely gonorrhea,
At least we both were lying when we said that we were clean.

My clapped out genitalia is not so bad for me,
As the complete and utter failure every time I pee.
I'm dying from your love, my love. I'm your spirochetal clown.
I gave my body to science, but I'm afraid they've turned it down.

Roedean School:

We are from Roedean School, good girls are we, we take great pride in our virginity,
We take precautions to avoid all abortions, for we are from Roedean School.

Chorus: Up school, up school, up school, right up school!

Lah, lah lah, lah lah lah lah lah lah.

Lah, lah lah, lah lah lah lah lah lah.

Our school porter, he is a fool, he's only got a teeny weeny tool,
All right for keyholes and little girls' pee-holes, but not for the girls at Roedean School.

When we go out to the Vicar's for tea, he likes to bounce us up an down on his knee,
We feed him brandy, which makes him quite randy, for we are from Roedean School.

When we go down to the beach for a swim, the people remark on the size of our quim,
You can bet your bottom dollar it's as big as a horse's collar, for we are from Roedean School.

Our house mistress, she can't be beat, she let's us go walking out in the street,
W sell our titties for three-penny bitties, right outside of Roedean School.

Each week at Roedean we have a dance, we don't wear bras and we don't wear pants,
We like to give all the fellows a chance, for we are from Roedean School.

Our head gardener, he makes us drool, for he's got a great big whopping tool,
All right for tunnels, and Queen Mary's funnels, and great for the girls at Roedean School.

We are from Roedean, lesbos are we, caused by living in an all-girl dormit'ry,
It's lights out at seven, candles out at eleven, for we are from Roedean School.

Our school doctor, she is a beaut, teaches us to swerve when our boyfriend's shoot,
It saves many marriages, and forces miscarriages, for we are from Roedean School.

We go to Roedean, don't we have pluck, we go to bed without asking for a buck,
So come on over boys, and you may be in luck, for we are from Roedean School.

We go to Roedean, don't we have fun, we know exactly how it is to be done,
When we lie down, we hole it in one, for we are from Roedean School.

We have a new girl, her name is Flo, nobody thought that she would have a go,
But she surprised the Vicar, by raising him quicker, than any other girl at Roedean School.

In winter we wear our J.D.s, long combinations well below our knees,
It's all right for dragging, but no good for shagging, for we are from Roedean School.

The girls from Cheltenham they are just sissies, they get worked up over one or two kissies,
It takes wax candles, and long broom handles, to rouse the girls at Roedean School.

A Rub-A-Dee-Dub:

Now the baker's boy, to the mart he went, some pork for him to buy,
And when he got upon the spot, no one could he espy.
And just as he was about to leave, thinking that all was dead,
He heard the sound of a rub-a-dee-dub, right above his head.
Oh, he heard the sound of a rub-a-dee-dub, right above his head.

Now the baker's boy was cunning and wise, and he crept up the stairs,
And he crept up so silently he caught them unawares.
And there he saw the butcher's boy between his missus' thighs,
And they were having a rub-a-dee-dub, right before his eyes.
Oh, they were having a rub-a-dee-dub, right before his eyes.

Now the butcher's wife was much alarmed, a-leaping from the bed.
She turned unto the baker's boy, and this is what she said,
"If you will but my secret keep, just bear this fact in mind,
You can always come for a rub-a-dee-dub, whenever you feel inclined.
Oh, you can always come for a rub-a-dee-dub, whenever you feel inclined."

Now the baker's boy was filled with joy at the prospect of such fun.
He fairly leaped upon the bed when the butcher's boy was done,
But when he came to the shortest strokes, how he kissed the butcher's wife.
He vowed he'd have a rub-a-dee-dub every day of his life.
Oh, he vowed he'd have a rub-a-dee-dub every day of his life.

Now in the morn when he awoke, all over he did quake.
His back was sore, his balls were raw, all over he did shake.
And when he look at his John Tom, he saw he'd done the trick.
The consequences of his rub-a-dee-dub were pimples on his prick.
Oh, the consequences of his rub-a-dee-dub were pimples on his prick.

Now the baker's boy to the doctor went, some ointment for to buy.
The doctor looked him up and down and heaved a mighty sigh.
"My boy, my boy," the doctor said, "you've been a bloody fool.
You'll never more have a rub-a-dee-dub, I'm gonna cut off your tool.
Oh, you'll never more have a rub-a-dee-dub, I'm gonna cut off your tool."

Now listen to the baker's boy, for he should surely know.
An enthusiastic amateur is worse than any pro.
And if you would a-wooing go, and self-control you lack,
Whenever you have a rub-a-dee-dub, be sure to wear a Mack.
Oh, whenever you have a rub-a-dee-dub, be sure to wear a Mack.

Walking Down Canal Street:

Walking down Canal Street, knocking on every door.
God damn! Son-of-a-bitch! Couldn't find a whore.

When I finally found a whore, she was tall and thin.
God damn! Son-of-a-bitch! Couldn't get it in.

When I finally got it in, I turned it all about.
God damn! Son-of-a-bitch! Couldn't get it out.

When I finally got it out, it was red and sore.
God damn! Son-of-a-bitch! You should never fuck a whore.

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