

PROCEDURAL SONGS

SHITTY TRAIL [Introduce the hares] (Tune of the *Mickey Mouse Club March*)

S-H-I-T-T-Y T-R-A-I-L
Shitty trail (It sucked!),
Shitty trail (It was fucker!),
The motherfuckers laid a shitty trail.

I would rather drink a beer than hash a shitty trail,
S-H-I-T-T-Y T-R-A-I-L

THE BEIJING HASH SONG [Virgins / New Cummers] (Tune of *Daisy Bell* aka *Bicycle Built for Two*)

Beijing, Beijing, what a wonderful place to hash,
We have great fun dodging the shit and trash.
Our skies are never clear,
But we have cheaper beer.
We like our drinks,
Our singing stinks.
On-On with the Beijing Hash.

Beijing, Beijing, what a wonderful place to be,
Beidaihe's quite close, a place just by the sea.
The runs are usually longgggg,
But always end in song.
Our singing stinks,
Let's stick to drinks,
On-On with the Beijing Hash.

(Verse two origin: Beijing Obscene, September 1, 1996. Vol 1,
Issue 700)

WHAT A WANK [Long Time No Sees song] (Tune of the *William Tell Overture*)

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank.
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,
What a wank, wank, wank, wank.

THE HASHER SONG [Patches/Muggings/Namings]

He/She's a hasher, he's true blue,
He's/She's a hasher, through and through.
He's/She's an asshole, so they say,
Tried to go to heaven, but he went the other way.

THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR HASHING [New shoes song]

These boots are made for hashing,
And that's just what they'll do.
One of these days, these boots are gonna,
Hash all over you.

WHY ARE WE WAITING? [When the hash waits] (Tune of *O Come Let Us Adore Him*)

Why are we waiting?
Could be masturbating [fornicating, rollerblading, my grandma's
ovulating, etc.),
Oh, why are we waiting,
So fucking long?

BULLSHIT (Tune of *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean*)

Bullshit, bullshit,
It all sounds like bullshit to me, to me.

Bullshit, bullshit,
It all sounds like bullshit to me.

**AND THE HARES OF HER DICKEY-DI-DO [When calling the
hares in]**

And the hares!
And the hares!
And the hares of her dickey-di-do,
Hung down to their knees.
One black one, one white one,
And one with a bit of shite on.
And one with a fairy light on,
To show is the way.

**FUCK OFF, YOU WANK [FOYW]
(Sung to *Auld Lang Syne*)**

Fuck off, you wank, fuck off, you wank,
Fuck off, you wank, fuck off.
Fuck off, you wank, fuck off, you wank,
Fuck off, you wank, fuck off.

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY (FUCK YOU) [Birthday song]
(Tune of *Happy Birthday To You*)**

Happy birthday, fuck you,
Happy birthday, fuck you,
Happy birthday, you asshole,
Happy birthday, fuck you.

BIRTHDAY DIRGE [Alternate birthday song]

Happy birthday [thump],
Oh, happy birthday [thump].
People dying everywhere,
Sickness, sorrow, and despair.
On your birthday [thump],
Oh, happy birthday [thump].
One day closer to death!

DOWN DOWN SONGS

5-4-3-2-1

5-4-3-2-1, on your head!

THE CLAP SONG [When hasher can't drink beer]

He's got the clap again,
He really must refrain,
From Maggie's Bar,
And screwing Mongol hordes (hordes, hordes, hordes).
He's got the pills to use,
He must lay off the booze,
He's got the clap,
Oh yes, he's got the clap.

**DOUGH, RAY, ME
(Tune of *Do-Re-Mi*)**

Dough, the stuff that buys me beer,
Ray, the guy who brings me beer.
Me, the guy who drinks the beer,
Fa(r), a long long way to beer.
So, I'll have another beer,
La(ugh), and have another beer.
Tea, no thanks I'll have a beer,

And that brings us back to,
D'oh! D'oh!, D'oh! Do'h!

THE DOWN-DOWN SONG

This is a down-down song,
It's not very long.

THE FORESKIN SONG [When 4 hashers in circle]

My one skin hangs down to my two skin,
My two skin hangs down to my three (my three).
My three skin hangs down to my foreskin,
My foreskin hangs down to my knee.
Roll back, roll back,
Oh, roll back my foreskin for me, for me.
Roll back, roll back,
Oh, roll back my foreskin for me.

HERE'S TO BROTHER/SISTER HASHER [May be sung to visitors, or whenever]

(Tune of: *The More We Get Together*)

Here's to brother hasher, brother hasher, brother hasher,
Oh, here's to brother hasher, he's with us today.
He's happy, he's jolly,
HE'S FUCKED UP, BY GOLLY!
Oh, here's to brother hasher, he's with us today.
So drink motherfucker, drink motherfucker,
Drink motherfucker, drink motherfucker.
Here's to brother hasher, he's with us today.

I LIKE BEER

(Tune of *Three Blind Mice*)

I like beer, I like beer,
I like beer, I like beer,
Do-do-do-do-do-do-do-do-do,
Do-do-do-do-do-do-do-do-do.
It like beer, I like beer.

IF YOUR GIRL/BOYFRIEND TASTES LIKE SHIT

(Tune of *If You're Happy and You Know It, Clap Your Hands*)

If your girlfriend tastes like shit, turn her over,
If your girlfriend tastes like shit, turn her over.
If your girlfriend tastes like shit,
That's her asshole, not her clit.

If your girlfriend tastes like shit, turn her over.
If your boyfriend tastes like shit, turn him over,
If your boyfriend tastes like shit, turn him over.
If your boyfriend tastes like shit,
That's his asshole, not his dick.
If your boyfriend tastes like shit, turn him over.

IT'S A SMALL DICK AFTER ALL

(Tune of *It's a Small World After All*)

Well, it's not too hard, and it's not too thick,
It gets hard too slow, and it comes too quick.
It gets lost in her twat,
But it's all that he's got.
It's a small dick after all.
It's a small dick after all,
It's a small dick after all,
It's a small dick after all,
It's a small, small dick.

MEET THE HASHERS
(Tune of *Meet the Flintstones*)

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

LET'S GO DOWN TO THE RIVER
(Tune of *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*)

They're tearing down the hash bar.
But, they're building a new one.

The pub's only got one bar,
But, it's 100 meters long.

The bartenders won't be selling beer,
They'll be giving it away.

The bar girls all wear iron panties,
But, they give you a can opener at the door.

They're draining the river,
But, they're gonna fill it with beer.

Let's go down to the river,
Let's go down to the river,

Let's go down to the river,
And drink the bastard dry.

And drink the bastard dry,
And drink the bastard dry,

Let's go down to the river,
And drink the bastard dry.

PUT YOUR LEFT LEG OVER MY SHOULDER
(Tune of *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*)

Put your left leg over my shoulder,
Put your right leg over my shoulder;

(wag tongue)

La la la la la la la la la,
La la la la la la la la la.

Put your left tit over my shoulder,
Put your right tit over my shoulder;

(wag tongue)

La la la la la la la la la,
La la la la la la la la la

SANLITUN BAR SONG
(Tune of *My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean*)

They ought to be publicly shat on,
They ought to be publicly shot (bang, bang!).
They ought to be tied to a Sanlitun shithouse,
And left there to bloody well rot!

SHE'S/HE'S ALL RIGHT

For harriets:

She's all right,
She's all right,

She's a little flat-chested,
But she's all right.

For well-endowed harriets

She's all right,
She's all right,
She's got a great big rack,
But she's too white.

For hashers

He's all right,
He's all right,
He's got a teeny-weeny dick,
But he's all right.

**SUCK SWALLOW
(Rubber Chicken Song)**

Suck, swallow.
Suck, swallow...

WHY WAS SHE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL?

Why was she born so beautiful?
Why was she born at all?
She's no fucking use to anyone,
She's no fucking use at all.
She may be a joy to her mother,
But she's a pain in the ass just for us.

ZULU WARRIOR

A lay zooma zooma zooma,
A lay zooma zooma, hey!
A lay zooma zooma zooma,
A lay zooma zooma, hey!
Drink it down, you Zulu warrior,
Drink it down, you Zulu chief, chief, chief!

NATIONAL ANTHEMS

**LATIN-AMERICAN DOWN SONG (Dazed & Confused
Special)**

Porque a penas estamos comenzando la fiesta,
Porque apenas estamos comenzando a beber,
Porque el que bebe se emborracha ,
el que se emborracha , se duerme,
el que se duerme , no peca,
el que no peca, va al cielo,
y Porque al cielo vamos...
beba, beba, bebamos...
hasta que perezcamos
y cuando perezcamos volvamos a beber!!

Arriba la Virgen del Carmen..

Abajo Satanás.. viejo hijueputa y si se emputa que se empute
por hijueputa!
a un lado
al otro
Al centro!
Al sexo, al sexo, al sexo...
Pa dentro!

[Short Version]

Arriba!
Abajo!

Izquierda!
Derecha!
Al centro!
Al sexo, al sexo, al sexo...
Pa dentro!

**ALL AUSTRALIANS ARE BORN ILLEGITIMATE [Aussie
National Anthem]
(Tune of *The Old Gray Mare*)**

All Australians are born illegitimate,
Born illegitimate,
Born illegitimate,
All Australians are born illegitimate,
Bastards through and through.
They ain't got no, birth certificates,
Birth certificates,
Birth certificates.
They ain't got no, birth certificates,
Bastards through and through.

**BRITISH SAILOR SONG
(Asian tune)**

Me no likey British sailor
Yankee pay 5 dollars more
Yankee tapping on my window
British breaking down the door
Yankee takes my clothes off slowly
British rip them to the floor
Yankee make love to me slowly
British rape me like a whore
Me no likey British sailor
Yankee pay 5 dollars more

**BESTIALITY'S BEST BOYS [Kiwi National Anthem]
(Tune of *Tie My Kangaroo Down, Sport*)**

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

**RULE, BRITANNIA! [Pom National Anthem]
(Tune of *Rule, Britannia!*)**

Rule, Britannia,
Marmalade and jam.
Five Chinese crackers up your asshole,
Bam, bam, bam, bam, bam.

AMERICA, FUCK YEAH! [Yank National Anthem]

America, fuck yeah!
Coming again to save the motherfucking day, yeah!
America, fuck yeah!
Freedom is the only way, yeah!
Terrorists, your game is through,
'Cause now you'll have to answer to,

America, fuck yeah!
So suck me dick and lick on my balls!

OTHER OCCASIONS

HEAD! [Whenever anybody says HEAD]

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

Head?
Who said head?
I'll have some of that!
We don't want women with good taste,
We want women that taste good!

Alternate verse:

And then she licked my ass,
And I quivered.
But it wasn't fun,
And it wasn't funny.
It was dangerous!
So I'm taking my wife, my dog, and my hash shoes,
And I'm going home!
Fuck you, you fucking fucks...

INTERNATIONAL HASH HYMN

(Tune of *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*)

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot.
Coming for to carry me home.
I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.
If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home.
Tell all my friends, I'm coming too,
Coming for the carry me home.

(repeat with variations: tongue out, humming, silent, disco, etc.)

SINGING IN THE RAIN

(Tune of *Singing in the Rain*)

I'm singing in the rain,
Just singing in the rain.
What a glorious feeling,
I'm happy again.

(Arms out! Thumbs up! Elbows in! Knees together! Butt out!
Head back! Tongue out!)

SEASONAL PERVERSITY

THE TWELVE DAYS OF HASHING (By Mini-Me and the Reverend Slackbladder)

(Tune of *The Twelve Days of Christmas*)

On the first day of hashing, my true love gave to me...
A pint of Yanjing Beer.

On the second day of hashing, my true love gave to me...
Two cunning hares, and a pint of Yanjing Beer.

On the third day . . . etc., etc.

A pint of Yanjing Beer (Chug a pint)

Two cunning hares (Make rabbit ears)

Three French guys (Hands up, surrender)

Four Maggie's Whores (One big hole with your hands)

Five Tsingtaos (Chug Tsingtaos)

Six Sexy Harriets (Girls wiggle, bounce up and down)

Seven Teflon Dick muggins (TD to scream)

Eight Dry Hole wrong turns (Spin around)

Nine dislocations (Either arm goes limp)

Ten D's-a dating (Show lettuce being dipped in tea)

Eleven hashers humping (Hump!)

Twelve Hundred and Twelve Runs (Wahoo!)

ADDITIONS TO THE BJH3 REPETOIRE (Some old, some new)

BALLS TO MR. BANGELSTEIN

(Tune of *The More We Get Together*)

Balls to Mr. Bangelstein,
Bangelstein, Bangelstein,
Balls to Mr. Bangelstein, dirty old man.
He keeps us all waiting, while he's masturbating,
So balls to Mr. Bangelstein, dirty old man.

BLESSING OF THE HARES

Bless these hares,
Bless this trail.
Coppus no catch us,
Farmer no shoot us,
Doggus no bite us,
Heatus no stroke us,
Plenty of cold beer to drink,
Coitus non interruptus.

FATHER BIRMINGHAM

(Good warm-up song)

Father Birmingham likes Altar Boys,
Altar boys like Father Birmingham.
'Cause he makes 'em laugh (haha),
And he makes 'em cry (boo-hoo),
When he touches them in the rectory.
With the right finger!

(Jab right finger in time with the melody; add following lines and movements to the end of the verse as the song progresses)

With the left finger (*Jab left finger out*)
With the right toe (*Kick right toe out*)
With the left toe (*Kick left toe out*)

With an "AHH! MEN!" (*Thrust butt backwards, then thrust pelvis forwards*)

With the tongue out (*Stick tongue out*)

Final run of chorus, all motions included; end with: "AHH! MEN!"

THE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
(Tune of the *Adams Family Theme*)

Their running is convulsive,
Their drinking is compulsive.
They're morally repulsive,
The Hash House Harriers.

Chorus:

Duh-duh-duh-duh, (*snap snap*)
Duh-duh-duh-duh, (*snap snap*)
Duh-duh-duh-duh,
Duh-duh-duh-duh,
Duh-duh-duhduh. (*snap snap*)

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

They're always shiggy tracking,
From constantly bushwacking.
Intelligence their lacking,
The Hash House Harriers.

O-R-G-Y

Give me an "O"!

Give me an "R"!

Give me a "G"!

Give me a "Y"!

What does that spell?

ORGY!

What does that take?

TEAMWORK!

OUR LAGER

Our lager,
Which art in barrels;
Hallowed be thy drink;
Thy will be drunk,
At home as it is in the tavern.
Give us this day our foamy head.
And forgive us our spillages,
As we forgive those who spill against us.
And lead us not into incarceration;
But deliver us from hangovers.
For thine is the Beer,
The Bitter, and the Lager,
Forever and ever.
On-on!

THE SOLDIER SONG

Asshole, asshole, a soldier I will be,
To piss, to piss, two pistols on my knee.
For cunt, for cunt, for country and for Queen,
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole, a soldier I will be.

TWENTY TOES

There's a game called twenty toes,
It's played all over town.
The women play with ten toes up,
The men with ten toes down, down, down, down....

WHIP IT OUT AT THE BALLGAME
(Tune of *Take Me Out to the Ballgame*)

Whip it out at the ballgame,
Wave it round at the crowd.
Dip it in peanuts and crackerjacks,
I don't care if you give it a whack.
'Cause it's beat your meat at the ballgame,
If you don't come, it's a shame.
For it's one, two, your covered in goo,
At the old ball game.

YOU'RE #1 (Short for down-downs)
(Tune of *Na Na-na-na-na*)

You're not #5, (*hold up five fingers*)
Not #4 (*put down one finger*)
#3 (*put down one finger*)
#2 (*put down one finger*)
You're #1 (*with only middle finger raised*)