

Pittsburgh Hash House Harriers Songbook

Normal and Multi-Verse Songs

ARE YINZ FROM PITTSBURGH

Are yinz from Pittsburgh?
I said from Pittsburgh
Where the emphysema rate is so high
Where streets are narrow
Like Mia Farrow
And flocks of pigeons shit in your eye
Are yinz from Baldwin or Monroeville or
from Aspinwall?
Or do you come from South Side with your
bowling ball?
Are yinz from Pittsburgh?
I said from Pittsburgh.
'Cause we're from Pittsburgh too.

We know our city
Is not so pretty
But so what if we've nothing unique
There's still Apollo
And Panther Hollow
And floods each year along Chartiers Creek.
When you die they put your name upon the
voting list
And hashing is just fine if you're a
masochist.
Are yinz from Pittsburgh?
I said from Pittsburgh.
'Cause we're from Pittsburgh too.

BE OUR GUEST

(Americas Interhash '99 Welcum Song)
by Whiff and Moon

Be our guests, you'll be blessed
With all the beer you can ingest.
While you're chugging, we'll keep lugging
Extra kegs for you to test.

On the runs when those buns
Clad in spandex make you cum,
The confection your erection
Spurts will make the bimbos hum.

Suck a teat or some meat,
Find your G-spot - ooo, how sweet!
Shoot some jism, Hedonism
Is the motto-of-the-week.

Let your juices splash
This year at Interhash!
And be our guests!
Be our guests!
Be our guests!

Be our guests - bare your breasts!
Everybody get undressed!
When you're naked, you can't fake it -
you leave nothing to be guessed.

Grab a beer. Have no fear
If you take it up the rear.
'Cause your rectums, we'll inspect 'em,
Making sure the way is clear.

Grab your crotch, be debauched.
We don't care - we like to watch!
Your libido is our credo,
Let us crrank it up a notch!

Let your juices splash!
Come to the Interhash
And be our guests!
Be our guests!
Be our guests!

I'VE ONLY HALF A BRAIN

Melody: *If I Only Had a Brain*

By Whiff

I could wile away the hours,
Searchin' hills for flour,
Across a wide terrain. (repeat)

I'd be chipper, and I'd be cheerful,
If my stomach had a beerful,
'Cause I've only half a brain. (repeat)

With my arms and legs akimbo,
I'll be chasing after bimbos,
Through mud, thorns, and rain. (repeat)

I'll be making lots of passes,
As I fondle all their asses,
'Cause I've only half a brain. (repeat)

Chorus: I'll do down-downs till the keg
begins to spit,
Then I'll fire one up and take a little hit,
I'll impress the women with my charming
wit,
As I shout out, "Show us your tits!"

Then my beer I will be sharing,
With them as their breast they're baring,
Our urges unrestrained. (repeat)

Oh, our language will be rude as,
We exchange bod-i-ly fluids,
'Cause we've only half a brain.

THE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Melody: *The Addams Family*

by Whiff

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

Their flatulence is rude an'
Their genitals protrude when
They're running in the nude in
The Hash House Harriers!

They're always shiggy-tracking
From constantly bushwhacking.

Intelligence they're lacking.
The Hash House Harriers!

Duh-duh-duh-duh-down-down
Duh-duh-duh-duh-down-down
Duh-duh-duh-duh
Duh-duh-duh-duh
Duh-duh-duh-duh-down-down!

WOODPECKER SONG

Melody - 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!"

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!"

OTHER VERSES:

Replaced/turn it round/REVOLVE IT!
Revolved/turn it back/REVERSE IT!
Reversed/in and out/RECIPROCATE IT!
Reciprocated/slow it down/RETARD IT!
Retarded/once again/REPEAT IT!
Repeated/let it go/RELEASE IT!
Released/pull it out/RETRACT IT!
Retracted/take a whiff/REVOLTING!

GOOD SHIP VENUS

Melody - North Atlantic Squadron

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

CHORUS:

Frigging on the rigging,
Wanking on the planking,
Masturbating on the grating,
There's fuck all else to do.

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The Captain's wife was Mabel,
Whenever she was able,
She gave the crew their daily screw,
Upon the galley table,

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

The ladies of the nation
Arose in indignation,
They stuffed his bum with chewing gum,
A smart retaliation.

The ship's dog's name was Rover,
We fairly bowled him over,
(The whole crew did him over,)
We ground and ground that faithful hound,
From Singapore to Dover.

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 Captain's randy daughter,
She fell into the water,
Delighted squeals revealed that eels,
Had found her sexual quarter.

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

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,
We'd get Carter the farter to start her.

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

The Captain of that lugger,
By Christ, he was a bugger,
He wasn't fit to shovel shit,
From one ship to another.

The Third Mate's name was Wiggun,
By God, he had a big 'un,
We bashed that cock with lump of rock
For friggin in the riggin.

The next Mate's name was Andy,
By God, that man was randy,
We boiled his bum in red-hot rum,
For coming in the brandy.

The Fourth Mate's name was Morgan,
A homosexual Gorgon,
A dozen crow in rows could pose,
Upon his sexual organ,

On the trip to Buenos Aires,
We rogered all the fairies,
We got the syph at Tenneriffe,
And a dose of clap in the Canaries.

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

The Captain was elated,
The Crew investigated,
The found some sand in his prostrate gland,
He had to be castrated.

Another Mate's name was Paul,
He only had one ball,
But with that cracker he'd roll terbaccer,
Around the cabin wall.

The Boatswain's name was Lester,
He was a hymen tester,
Through hymens thick he'd shove his prick
And leave it there to fester.

The ship's cat's name was Hippy,
His hole was black and shitty,
But shit or not it had a twat,
The Captain showed no pity.

So now we end this serial,
Through sheer lack of material,
We wish you luck and freedom from
Diseases venereal.

MOBILE

Melody - She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain
(Take turns leading verses)

Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile, in Mobile,
Oh the eagles they fly high 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 Mobile,
A-a-sshole, a-a-sshole, a-a-a-sshole.

There's a girl by the name of Dinah in Mobile, in Mobile,
There's a girl by the name of Dinah in Mobile,
There's a girl by the name of Dinah,
Who thinks there's nothing finer,
Than a prick up her vagina,
In Mobile.

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

There's a shortage of bog paper in Mobile, etc
So they wait until it vapors,
Then they light it with a taper,
In Mobile.

If you're ever thrown in jail in Mobile, etc
Well there's no need for bail,
'Cause the sheriff's wife's for sale,
In Mobile.

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

Oh there's a brand-new lighthouse in Mobile, etc

Which the birds use for a shit-house,
Now the lighthouse is a white house,
In Mobile.

There's a shortage of good bogs in Mobile, etc
So they wait until it clogs,
Then they saw it up in logs,
In Mobile.

There's a man by the name of Hunt in Mobile, etc
Who thought he had a cunt,
But his balls were back to front,
In Mobile.

There's a man by the name of West in Mobile, etc
Who thought he had a breast,
But his balls were on his chest,
In Mobile.

Oh the girls they wear tin undies in Mobile, etc
And they take them off on Sundays,
You should see the boys on Mondays,
In Mobile.

There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile, etc
But there's keyholes in the doors,
And there's knotholes in the floors,
In Mobile.

Oh the parson is perverted in Mobile, etc
And his morals are inverted,
There's a thousand he's converted,
In Mobile.

Frenchies are in short supply in Mobile, etc
And that's the reason why,
You'll see them hanging out to dry,
In Mobile.

The virgins they are rare in Mobile, etc
When they get their pubic hair,
They're deflowered by the mayor,
In Mobile.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

Melody - I Don't Want to Join the Army

I don't want to join the Army,
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around Picadilly
Underground,
Living off the earnings of a high born lady.
I don't want a bullet up me arsehole,
Don't want me buttocks shot away,
I want to stay in England,
Jolly, jolly England,
And fornicate me bloomin' life away, gor
blimey . . .

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
On Wednesday, I confess, I lifted up her
dress,
Thursday I saw you-know-what,
Friday I put me hand upon it,
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak (Tweak!
Tweak!)
And Sunday after supper, I put the old boy
up 'er,
And now she earns me forty bob a week, gor
blimey.

I don't want to join the Navy,
I don't want to go to sea,
I just want to go down to old Soho,
Tickling all the girlies in the umtidly-um-
pum,
I don't want a bayonet up me arsehole,
I don't want me knackers shot away,

I'd rather live in England,
Merry, merry England,
And fornicate me fuckin' life away.

Call out the Regimental Army,
Call out the Navy and Marines,
Call out me mother,
Me sister and me brother,
But for God's sake,
Don't call me, gor blimey.

IF I WERE THE HASHING KIND

Melody – If I were the Marrying Kind

If I were the hashing kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not sir,
The kind of hasher that I would be,
Would be a hashing shoe.

Response: "Shoe Sir? Why's that sir?"

Cause I'd come in a box,
And you'd come in a box
And we'd both come in a box together,
We'd be all right in the middle of the night,
Coming in a box together.

If I were the hashing kind,
Which thank the Lord I'm not sir,
The kind of hasher that I would be,
Would be a hashing . . .

(make this up as you go...)

Down-Down and other short songs...

LOVE ME TENDER

Melody - Love Me Tender
By Nipple Me Elmo

Love me tender, love me sweet
Wrap your lips around my meat
Watch me smile and watch me grin
As the cum rolls down, down, down . . .

**THEY OUGHT TO BE PUBLICLY
PISSED ON**

Melody - My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

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

HEINEKEN, SCHMEINEKEN

Chant

Heineken, schmeineken,
Fuck that shit!
Pabst . . . Blue . . . Ribbon!

HASHIN' BREW

Melody - That Good Old Mountain Dew
By Seldom Comes

They call it that good ole' hashin' brew,
brew, brew,
And them that refuse it are few,
You'll hush up yur mug,
When you down-down yur jug,
Of that good ole' hashin' brew.

Chug it down, down, down . . .

THERE WAS A LITTLE BIRD

Melody - Itself

There was a little bird,
No bigger than a turd,
A-sittin' on a telephone pole.
He ruffled up his neck,
And shit about a peck,
He puckered up his little asshole.
(point at violators): Asshole, asshole,
asshole, asshole,
He puckered up his little asshole.

ZULU WARRIOR

Melody - Itself

Hash version by Zippy, Pike's Peak H4

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

Ole, zooma zooma zooma,
Ole, zooma zooma chief,
Drink it down you poofa warrior,
Drink it down you poofa chief,
Drink it down you poofa warrior,
Drink it down you poofa queef, queef,
queef!

A,B,C,D,E,F,G

Melody - Alphabet Song
By Fuk Stik & Flying Booger

A, B, C, D, E, F, G,
Won't you sing a song with me?

Grab a beer and raise your cup,
Lose that hat cuz it's bad luck,

And when we say to drink it down,
Finish that beer and make a crown.

H, I, J, K, L-M-N-O-P.
Better get ready 'cause the beer's flowin'
free.

Fill your vessel to the brim,
Don't you wish you had some quim,

Raise your beer mug to your lips,
Get ready to take some dainty sips.

Q, R, S and T-U-V, W and X-Y-Z,
Now you're ready to make whoopee,

Just remember this or you are dead,
Never never ever say head (oh, shit)

Head? Who said head? I'll take some of
that, etc . . .

SCROTUM

Melody - Jada

Scrotum. Scrotum.
S-C-R-O-T-U-M.
Mangy, scrungy,
S-C-R-O-T-U-M.
Scrotum, scrotum,
Covered with hair.
What would you do
If it wasn't there?
Scrotum, scrotum,
It's what we keep our gonads in!

WHERE WERE YOU TONIGHT?

Melody - Where Oh Where Were You Last Night (from Hee Haw)
by Preparation H, Ft Eustis HHH

Where, Oh Where were you last night?
Why did you make us hash all alone?

You Fat Lazy Bastards, You weren't even here.
So we fucked all the virgins and drank all the Beer.

Down, Down, Drink it all Down
Drink it all Down, Drink all of that Beer

You Fat Lazy Bastards, You weren't even here.
So we fucked all the virgins and drank all the Beer.

Drink it down, down, down, down . . .

GOD BLESS MY UNDERPANTS

Melody - God Bless America
Written by Jim "Soar Balls" Blomquist

God bless my underpants,
Brand that I like,
Stand inside them,
And ride them,
Between my buns when I run or I bike.

From the waistband,
To the legholes,
To the fly flap,
Wet with piss,
God bless my underpants,
They look like this.

MY NAME IS JACK (NECROPHILIA SONG)

Melody - Itself
Perv verses by Flying Booger

My name is Jack (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I'm a necrophiliac (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I fucks dead wimmen (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum)

And I fills 'em full of jism.
I get frustrated (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
When they're cremated (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
Cause try as I must (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I can't fuck dust!

COME AND SIT ON MY FACE IF YOU LOVE ME

Melody - Red River Valley
Contributed by Sky Queen, St Louis/Belleville HHH; also known as "Take It in the Hand, Mrs Murphy"

Come and sit on my face, if you love me,
Come and sit on my face, if you care,
And I'll drink from your Red River Valley,
And munch on your curly pubic hairs.

Oh, if I had the wings of an eagle,
And the balls of a hairy baboon,
I would fly to the ends of creation,
And I'd butt-fuck the Man in the Moon.

Oh, take it in the hand, Mrs Murphy,
It feels just like a rolling pin.
But if you roll it between your hands,
It'll take some time to be useful again.

Oh, take it in the mouth, Mrs Murphy,
It only weighs a quarter of a pound.
It's got hairs round its neck like a turkey,
And it spits when you shake it up and down.

Oh, take it between the breasts, Mrs Murphy,
And look it staight in its one eye.
It will lie at peace between your bosom,
Until finally milk-tears you cry.

Oh, place it between your legs, Mrs Murphy,
It is just aching to crawl inside.
It has a helmet on its head like a soldier,
And it will shoot all its ammo, then die.

Oh, but never touch Flying Booger's (insert hasher's name), Mrs Murphy,
It seems his is covered with scabs.
His's has warts all over like a horny toad,
And is protected by an army of crabs.

DAH N DAH N

by Whiff and Moon

When you don't care
If there's beer in your hair,
You know that you've done--
a Down Down!

So much fun that
You keep on wearing your hat,
And do another one--
Down down!

It may be Miller Lite,
Honey Brown or Yuengling Porter.
Just don't take all night
'Cause our attention spans get shorter...
After a few.

So wait till we
Give you the sign,
'Cause you can't raise your glass
'Til we finish our rhyme...
And then—

Down Down!
Here in the circle where--
Down Down!
you can't come up for air.
Down Down!
If you do, you must wear your
Down down...down down....down down...

AUTOHASH SONG

Melody - Dear Lord, Won't You Buy Me a
Mercedes-Benz (Janis Joplin)
By Flying Booger

Dear Lord, won't you give me a ride to the
beer,
My friends are all drinking, and I'm stuck
out here,
I'll ride in a Chevy, a Ford or a truck,
If you drive me there I'll throw in a down,
down, down, down . . .

GLORIOUS, VICTORIOUS

Melody - Itself

Beer, beer, beer, beer
Beer, beer, beer, beer
Drunk last night,
Drunk the night before,
Gonna get drunk tonight,
Like I've never been drunk before,
Cause when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can
be,
Cause we're all part of the Hash House
family.

Oh the Hash Family
Is the best family
To ever
Come over
From Old Germany.
There's the High Hash Drunks
There's the Low Hash Drunks
There's the Asian Drunks
And the other damn drunks.

CHORUS:

Singing glorius,
Victorious!
Hey!!!
One keg of beer for the four of us.
Singing Glory be to God that there are no
more of us,
Cause one of us could drink it all alone
Damn near, pass the beer, to the rear, of the
Hash House Harriers!

(sung to "If You Wanna go to Heaven Clap
Your Hands")
There are no serious Hashers by the Bay (by
the Bay),
There are no serious Hashers by the Bay (by
the Bay),
'Cause they're all a bunch of queers
Who get drunk on half a beer
There are no serious Hashers by the Bay!

There are no serious Hashers in L. A.,
There are no serious Hashers in L. A.,
Because the smog blocks out the sun
And they don't know how to run
There are no serious Hashers in L. A.!

There are no serious Hashers in New York,
There are no serious Hashers in New York,
'Cause they talk like Donald Duck
And they don't know how to fuck
There are no serious Hashers in New York!

There are no serious Hashers in F. L. A.,
There are no serious Hashers in F. L. A.,
Because they all wear string bikinis
And the guys have little wienies
There are no serious Hashers in F. L. A.!

Oh there are no female Hashers in the
Rockies,
Oh there are no female Hashers in the
Rockies,
Cause when they're running through the
trees
Their tits are at their knees
Oh there are no Female hashers in the
Rockies!

There are no serious Hashers in the Navy,
There are no serious Hashers in the Navy,
Because they're all on little boats
Making love to sheep and goats
There are no serious Hashers in the Navy!

Oh there are no honest Hashers in D. C.,
Oh there are no honest Hashers in D. C.,
Cause they're taking all our money
While they're fucking our sweet honies
Oh there are no honest Hashers in D. C.!

There are no serious Hashers in K. Y.,
There are no serious Hashers in K. Y.,
'Cause they're all a bunch of hicks
Who are playing with their pricks
There are no serious Hashers in K. Y.!

There are no serious Hashers in Calgary,
There are no serious Hashers in Calgary,
'Cause they'll wade through waist deep snow
Just to give a cow a blow
There are no serious Hashers in Calgary!

There are no serious Hashers from the
South,
There are no serious Hashers from the
South,
With their necks of crimson red

And their cousins they will wed
It's a sure sign that they are all inbred!

There are no serious Hashers in Milwaukee,
There are no serious Hashers in Milwaukee,
'Cause the men all ride on Hogs
And the women howl like dogs
There are no serious Hashers in Milwaukee!

MORE BEER

Melody - Amazing Grace
By Spaceman, Buffalo HHH

CHORUS:
A nice cold beer, How sweet it sounds.
To save a drunk like me.
(stop, drink a beer and resume)

I finished 1, but I'm not done,
More beer, More beer, More beer.

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

(CHORUS)

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

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

(CHORUS)

I finished off 3, now I have to pee
More beer, More beer, More beer.

I love to fuck, I love my beer
but If I had to choose
It's beer for me, unless her pussy,
tastes like more beer, more beer.

(CHORUS)

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

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(CHORUS)

I finished off 5, I'm still alive,
More beer, More beer, More beer.

I love my MOM, I love my beer
but If I had to choose,
That drunken whore, It's me she bore,
Still I choose more beer more beer.

(CHORUS)

I finished off 6, I've had my fix, (Or: "still
need my fix" ...to con't song!)
Now you all must drink more beer.

(More verses from Nature Boy)

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

(CHORUS)

I just had 7, not yet to 11
More beer, more beer, more beer

I love my guns, I love my beer
But if I had to choose
If my aim is bad, then I'm still glad
To have more beer, more beer

(CHORUS)

I just had 8, it's not to late
To drink more beer, more beer

I love fishing, I love my beer
But if I had to choose
If I lost my line, I wouldn't whine
I'd drink more beer, more beer

(CHORUS)

I just had 9, I'm feeling fine
More beer, more beer, more beer

I love NASCAR, I love my beer
But if I had to choose
If I lost the race, I'd get shit-faced
More beer, more beer, more beer

(CHORUS)

I just had 10, Don't know when to say when
More beer, more beer, more beer

I love my porch, I love my beer
But if I had to choose
My rocking chair, won't always be there
So I count on beer, more beer

(CHORUS)

I just had 11, but I'm still getting
More beer, more beer, more beer

I love my tools, I love my beer
But if I had to choose
If my power-drill exploded, I'd go get
loaded
On beer, more beer, more beer

(CHORUS)

I just had 12, from off my shelf
More beer, more beer, more beer

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

(Additional verses by Annabelle)

I love the Queen, I love my beer
But if I had to choose
The royal family I'd slaughter, for wheat,
hops and water
More beer more beer more beer

I love my husband, I love my beer
But if I had to choose
I'd take half his money, and say goodbye
honey
More beer more beer more beer

I love my car, I love my beer
But if I had to choose
I'd dump my car, In Exeter (or, and head to
the bar)
More beer more beer more beer

THE DOGGIES' MEETING

Melody - Itself

The doggies held a meeting,
They came from near and far,
Some came by motorcycle,
Some came by motorcar.
Each doggy passed the entrance,
Each doggy signed the book,
Then each unshipped his arsehole,

And hung it on the hook.
One dog was not invited,
It sorely raised his ire,
He ran into the meeting hall
And loudly bellowed, "Fire!"
It threw them in confusion,
And without a second look,
Each grabbed another's arsehole
From off another hook.
And that's the reason why, sir,
When walking down the street,
And that's the reason why, sir,
When doggies chance to meet,
And that's the reason why, sir,
On land or sea or foam,
He will sniff another's arsehole,
To see if it's his own.

COLD WINTER'S EVENING

Melody - She Was Just a Poor Man's
Daughter

'Twas a cold winter's evening,
The guests were all leaving,
O'Leary was closing the bar,
When he turned and he said,
To the lady in red,
"Get out! You can't stay where you are."

Oh, she wept a sad tear,
In her bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentleman dapper,
Stepped out from the crapper,
And these are the words that he said:

"Her mother never taught her
The things a young girl should know,
About the ways of Hasher men,

And they way they come and go (mostly
come)
Age had stolen her beauty,
And sin has left its sad scar (you know
where)
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar (with
O'Leary)

NELLIE 'AWKINS

Melody - ??? (this appears to be several
songs put together - the Durex verse is sung
to "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend," but
I don't know the others)

I first met Nellie 'awkins down the old Kent
Road,
Her drawers were hanging down,
She'd just been with Charlie Brown.
I shoved a filthy tanner in her filthy rotten
hand,
'Cause she was a dirty old whore,
Oh she wore no blouses,
And I wore no trousers,
And we both wore no underwear.

When she caressed me,
She damn near undressed me,
What a pleasure, no man knows.
I went to the doctor - he said,
"Where did you knock 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 big red rose."

CHORUS:

Won't somebody make my rhubarb rise,
Dada dada da da,
Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise
To its natural size,
Market gardenin' size,
Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise
'Cause my baby don't love me,
My baby don't love me,
Oh my baby don't love me no more.

A poke with a bloke may be quite incidental,
Durex is a girl's best friend.
You may get the works,
But you won't be parental

As he slides it in,
You trust that good old latex skin,
As he lets fly, none gets by,
Cause it's all gathered up in the end.
This little precaution
Avoids an abortion,
Durex is a girl's best friend.

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

POOR LIL

Melody - Poor Lil

Her name was Lil and she was a beauty,
She came from a house of ill repute,
But she drank too deep of the demon rum,
She smoked hashish and opium.

She was young and she was fair,
She had lovely golden hair,
Gentlemen came from miles to see
Lillian in her deshabelle.

Day by day her form grew thinner,
From insufficient protein in her,
She grew two hollows on her chest,
Why, she had to go around completely
dressed.

Now clothes may make a gal go far,
But they have no place on a fille de joie,
Lillian's troubles started when
She concealed her abdomen.

She went to the house physician,
To prescribe for her condition,
"You have got," the doc did say,
"Pernicious anem-i-a."

She took to treatments in the sun,
She drank of Scott's Emul-si-on,
Three times daily she took yeast,
But still her clientele decreased.

For you must know her cliente-le,
Rested chiefly on her belly,
She rilled this thing like the deep Pacific,
It was something calorific.

As Lillian lay in her dishonor,
She felt the hand of the Lord upon her,
She said, "Me sins I now repents,
But Lord, that'll cost you fifty cents."

This is the story of Lillian,
She was one girl in a million,
And the moral to her story is,
Whatever your line of business is, fitness
wins!

NANCY BROWN

Melody - ???

Way out in West Virginia lived a gal named
Nancy Brown,
You ain't never seen such beauty in a city
nor a town,
Oh she lived up in the mountain,
Yes she lived up in the mountain,
Oh she lived up in the mountain mighty
high.
And so it is related, not a bit contaminated,
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

Now there came the local cowboy with his
guitar and his song,
He took Nancy to the mountain but she still
knew right from wrong,
She came rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain mighty
fine.
And despite that cowboy's urgin' she
remained the village virgin,
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

Then there came the village deacon with his
phrases sweet and kind,
He took Nancy to the mountain but she still
could read his mind,
She came rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain mighty
fine.

And they say that that there deacon didn't
get what he was seekin',
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

But there came the city slicker with his
thousand dollar bills,
He put Nancy in his Packard and drove up in
them thar hills,
Oh they stayed up on the mountain,
She was laid upon the mountain,
Oh they stayed up on the mountain all that
night.
She came down next mornin' early more a
woman than a girl,
And her mother kicked the hussy out of
sight.

(Slowly)
Now the end of our ditty finds Nancy in the
city,
And by all accounts she's doin' mighty
swell,
For she's winin',
And she's dinin',
And she's on her back reclinin',
And those West Virginia skies can go to
hell.

(Normal tempo)
But there came the big 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 mountain,
Yes she went back to the mountain,
Oh she went back to the mountain mighty
sore.
Now the cowboy and the deacon get the
thing that they were seekin',
For she's nothing but a West Virginia whore.

MADLINE SCHMIDT - Version # 1
Melody - Sweet Betsy From Pike

There was a young maiden named Madeline
Schmidt,
Who went to the doctor 'cause she couldn't
shit,
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up
in glass,
Up went the window and out went her ass!

CHORUS:

It was brown, brown, shit all around,
It was brown, brown, shit all around,
It was brown, brown, shit all around,
And the whole world was covered in SHIT,
SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!

A handsome young copper was walking his
beat,
He just happened to be on that side of the
street,
He looked up so innocent, he looked up so
shy,
And a big wad of shit hit him right in HIS
EYE!

He turned to the east and he turned to the
west,
Then a bloody great turd hit him right on the
chest,
He turned to the north, then he turned to the
south,
And another great turd hit him right in HIS
MOUTH!

That handsome young copper he cursed and
he swore,
He called that young maiden a dirty old
whore,
And beneath London Bridge you can still
see him sit,
With a sign 'round his neck saying
BLINDED BY SHIT!

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
wouldn'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 the damn pack through
these puddles of SHIT!"

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 tails,
Ere they sank out of sight, they marked it
TRUE TRAIL!

The pack followed bravely, the pack
followed true,
They followed the hares into that vile brew,
They followed true trail right into the pit,
Soon the whole pack of Hashers was
drowning in SHIT!

This tale has a lesson if you think a bit,
Don't follow true trail right into the pit,
Remember that hares can be damn bloody
fools,
And in Hashing, like loving, there's NO
FUCKING RULES!

GET FUCKED

By Bollox, Phuket HHH

When I was just a young boy I had to go to
school
I didn't like the teachers and I couldn't stand
their rules
My mother said "Speak nicely son then you
won't get whacked"
But every time the teacher spoke I would
answer back

CHORUS:

Get fucked, get fucked, you can go get
fucked
And if you think I give a shit then you are
out of luck
I could search for big long words for ages I
could hunt
But I'd rather be done with it so get fucked
you silly cunt

Then along came a war and to the army I did
go
One day I was called to the office to see the
new C.O.
He said "The mission's dangerous but we
need the very best

And if you should come back alive we'll pin
a medal on your chest"
I said...

Then I had to go to work and by Christ it
was hard
Twelve hours a day pushing broom around a
lorry yard
The boss said "We're in a mess there's only
one way I can see
You'll have to do some overtime an hour a
day for free"
I said...

Well I was sick of the missus so I asked her
for divorce
She must have been sick of me because she
said "Of course"
She said "I'll keep the TV, the house, the
kids, the car
And I'll hold your money so you don't spend
it in the bar"
I said...

Now I'm here in Houston running with the
hash
I've come a long way to be here and I paid
registration cash
But if you think you can abuse me because
of my silly face
Then I have two words to say and this is the
time and place
You can...

They say it comes to us all so one day I must
die
Then I will have to stand before the GM in
the sky
He'll say "You're a Phuket hasher you
sinned every Saturday
Before you get the big down-down is there
anything you want to say"
I'll say...

MARRIAGE A LA MODE

Melody - Itself
(Take turns leading verses)

CHORUS:

Hey jig-a-jig, fuck a little pig,
Follow the band,

Follow the band with my gland in your hand,
Hey jig-a-jig, fuck a little pig,
Follow the band,
Follow the band all the way.

My husband's (wife/boyfriend/girlfriend) a butcher, a butcher, a butcher,
A very fine butcher is he.
All day he stuffs sausage, stuffs sausage, stuffs sausage,
At night he comes home and stuffs me.

OTHER VERSES:

Jockey/rides thoroughbreds/rides me
Carpenter/whacks nails/whacks me
Sergeant/chews ass/chews me
Airline pilot/bores holes/bores me
Private/eats shit/eats me
Postman/licks stamps/licks me
Bus Driver/drives buses/drives me
Lion Tamer/tames lions/tames me
Plumber/reams pipes/reams me
Pervert/molests children/molests me
Pianist/tickles ivory/tickles me
Psychoanalyst/analyzes patients/anal-izes me
Pimp/beats whores/beats me
Stool Pigeon/fingers crooks/fingers me
Policeman/cuffs crooks/cuffs me
Ropemaker/ties knots/ties me
Baker/kneads dough/needs me
Asthmatic/sucks air/sucks me
Student/fucks off/fucks me
Lawyer/screws clients/screws me
Chimney Sweep/pokes smokestacks/pokes me
Guitarist/plays licks/licks me
Hasher/runs trail/snores

NO BALLS AT ALL

Melody - Sweet Betsy From Pike

Come all you young drunkards give ear to my tale,
I'll tell you a story that will make you turn pale,
It's about a young lady so pretty and small,
Who married a man who had no balls at all.

No balls at all, no balls at all,

She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.

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

No balls at all, no balls at all,
The impotent wretch has got no balls at all.

"My daughter, my daughter, don't be so sad,
I had the same problem with your dear old dad,
But there's many a man who'll give ear to the call,
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all."

No balls at all, no balls at all,
To the wife of a man who has no balls at all.

The pretty young girl took her mother's advice,
And she thought the whole thing was exceedingly nice,
An eighteen pound baby was born in the fall,
But the poor little bastard had no balls at all.

No balls at all, no balls at all,
The poor little bastard had no balls at all.

MASTURBATION SONG

Melody - Funiculi, Funicula
(Second version from Jacksing, by Sharkey Ward)

Last night I stayed up late and masturbated,
It felt so good, I knew it would.
Last night I stayed up late to masturbate,
It felt so nice, I did it twice.
You should have seen me on the short strokes,
It felt so grand, I used my hand,
And you should have seen me on the long strokes,
It felt so neat, I used my feet.
Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor,
Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door,

Some people seem to think that fornication's grand,
But for all-around enjoyment, I prefer to use my hand!

AS I WAS WALKING THROUGH THE WOOD

Melody - 100th Psalm

As I was walking through the wood,
I shat myself, I knew I would.
I cried for HELP, but no help came,
So I shat myself again.

As I was walking through Saint 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 walking through Saint Giles',
Some bastard grabbed me by my piles.
I cried for HELP, but no help came,
And so he grabbed my piles again.

As I was walking down the street,
A whore grabbed me by the meat.
I cried for HELP, but no help came,
And so she grabbed my meat again.

As I lay sleeping in the grass,
Some bastard rammed it up my ass.
I cried for HELP, but no help came,
And so he rammed it up again.

There were two crows up in a tree,
As black as black as crows could be,
Said one black crow unto the other,
"You are one black enamel fucker."

BARCELONA

Melody - Manana

CHORUS:

Manana, manana,
Is my banana good for you? O-le!

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 to stick a knitting needle in another lady's tit."

Way down in Barcelona, where drummers play the drum,
A drummer stuck a drumstick up another drummer's bum.
Said the drummer to the drummer, "We're here to play the drum,
Not stick a drumstick up another drummer's bum."

Way down in Barcelona, where lepers decompose,
A leper picked a snotty from another leper's nose.
Said the leper to the leper, "We're here to decompose,
Not to pick a snotty from another leper's nose."

Way down in Barcelona, where ladies learn to swim,
A lady put her finger up another lady's quim.
Said the lady to the lady, "We're here to learn to swim,
Not to put our fingers up another lady's quim."

Way down in Barcelona, where beggars beg for food,
A beggar chucked a lunger in another beggar's gruel.
Said the beggar to the beggar, "We're here to beg for food,
Not to chuck a lunger in another beggar's gruel."

Way down in Barcelona, where wankers yank their crank,
A wanker took a yank of another wanker's crank.
Said the wanker to the wanker, "We're here to yank our crank,
Not to yank a crank off another wanker's crank."

Way down in New York City,
Where the cabbies drive so fast.
A cabby rammed his cab up another cabbie's ass,
Said the cabby to the cabby,
(Wind down window)
"FUCK YOU, BUDDY!"

THE RINGADANGDOO

Melody - My Ding-a-Ling (Chuck Berry)

CHORUS:

The ringadangdoo, pray what is that?
It's furry and soft, like a pussycat,
It's got a crack down the middle,
And a hole right through,
That's what they call the ringadangdoo.

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 on her Ringadangdoo.

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

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

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 Ringadangdoo.

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

THE KEYHOLE SONG

Melody - The Keyhole in the Door

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.

Oh the keyhole, keyhole, keyhole,
The keyhole in the door.
I took up my position

At the keyhole in the door.

She sat down by the fireside,
Her lily white tits to warm,
With only a nylon chemise 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.

Oh the keyhole, keyhole, keyhole,
The keyhole in the door.
By God, I saw her take if 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 chemise up,
The keyhole in the door.

Oh the keyhole, keyhole, keyhole,
The keyhole in the door.
I stuffed that nylon chemise up,
The keyhole in the door.

That night I slept in rapture,
And something else beside,
Upon her glorious bosom,
Had many a glorious ride.
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.
Hey!

SEX IS BORING

Melody - Frere Jacques

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

Pulling out my pubic hairs,
Poking out my eyes,
Cutting off my gonads,

THE SCOTSMAN'S KILT

Melody - Itself

A Scotsman clad in kilt left the bar one evening fair,
One could tell by how he walked that he'd drunk more than his share,
He fumbled round until he could no longer keep his feet,
Then stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

CHORUS:

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o,
Ring di diddle i o,
He stumbled off into the grass to sleep beside the street.

'Bout that time two young and lovely girls just happened by,
One says to the other with a twinkle in her eye,
"See yon sleeping Scotsman so strong and handsome built,
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath their kilt?"

Ring ding diddle diddle i de o,
Ring di diddle i o,
I wonder if it's true what they don't wear beneath their kilt?

They crept up on that sleeping Scotsman quiet as could be,
Then lifted up his kilt about an inch so they could see,
And there behold for them to view beneath his Scottish skirt,
Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth.

<chorus>

Was nothing more than God had graced him with upon his birth.

They marveled for a moment then one said "We'd best be gone,
But let's leave a present for our friend before we move along."
As a gift they left a blue silk ribbon tied into a bow,

Around the bonnie spar the Scotman's kilt did lifted show.

<chorus>

Around the bonnie spar the Scotman's kilt did lifted show.

The Scotsman woke to nature's call and stumbled toward the trees,
Behind a bush he lifts his kilt and gawks at what he sees,
Then in a startled voice he says to what's before his eyes,
"Lad I don't know where you've been but I see you won first prize."

<chorus>

"Lad I don't know where you've been but I see you won first prize."

EXTRA VERSES:

Our Scottish friend still dreed in kilt continued down the street,
He hadn't gone ten yards or more, when a girl he 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, if you'd really like to know."

<chorus>

He said, "Just put your hand up miss, if 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 said, "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."

<chorus>

"If you put your hand up once again you'll find it grew some more."

CHRISTOPHER AND ALICE

Singsong Nursery Rhyme

Contributed by Ian Cumming, who offers the following explanation: "'Plate' (verb transitive) is short for Plate of Ham, rhyming slang for Gam, short for Gamarouche, slang for Cunnilingus, or more specifically Penilingisism."

Inside the yard at Buckingham Palace,
Christopher Robin went down on Alice.
"Dear little Christopher knows his stuff,
At 'Trying the Beard' and 'Noshing the Muff.'"

- Says Alice

Inside the yard at Buckingham Palace,
Christopher Robin's still gobblin' Alice.
"One more time, then after lunch,
I'll reciprocate and 'Munch the Trunch.'"

- Says Alice

Christopher Robin is getting his knob in,
Alice is down and gobblin' Robin.
She won't say a word while 'Tonguing the Tool,'
"Cos it's rude to talk when your mouth is full."

- Says Alice

They're plating away at Buckingham Palace,
Alice plates Robin and Robin plates Alice.
They're laying down upon the turf,
"Nothing compares with a Soixante Neuf."

- Says Alice

VLAD

Melody - Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star
Attributed to John "Dr. Dirt" Valby of upstate NY fame

CHORUS:

Eat, bite, fuck, suck, gobble, nibble, chew
Nipple, bosom, hair-pie, finger-fuck, screw.
Moose piss, cat pud, orangutan tit,
Sheep pussy, camel crack, pig lie in shit.
AW VLAD, AW VLAD.

Well, we went to a party and what did we do,

We took off our socks and we took off our shoes,
We took off our shirts and we took off our pants,
I had a hunch we weren't gonna dance.

Chorus (faster)

Well, everybody everybody's ass was bare,
No broads left just the queer over there,
All of this didn't phase me a bit,
I just jumped on the pile and grabbed me some tit.

Chorus (faster)

Well you know my girl's a sports fan,
She plays with balls whenever she can,
Because her favorite sport you see,
Is playing tonsil hockey.

Chorus (faster until only the fastest person is still singing)

YELLOW IS THE COLOR

Melody - Yellow is the Color of My True Love's Hair

Yellow is the color of my true love's hair,
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, my true love's hair,
And it's the color of the boils on my bum,
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

Red is the color of the setting sun,
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, the setting sun,
And it's the color of my foreskin caught in my fly,
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

Yellow is the color that brings me cheer,
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, that brings me cheer,
And it's the color of the carrots in my beer,
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

Green is the color of all that grows,
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm
hashin', ah-humm, of all that grows,
And it's the color of the boogers up my nose,
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm
hashin', ah-humm.

Brown is the color that makes me dance,
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm
hashin', ah-humm, that makes me dance,
And it's the color, it's the color of my
underpants,
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm
hashin', ah-humm.

Blue is the color that makes me stop,
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm
hashin', ah-humm, that makes me stop,
And it's the color of the vein in my pork
chop,
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm
hashin', ah-humm.

White is the color of the winter snows,
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm
hashin', ah-humm, the winter snows,
And it's the color of the cheese between my
toes,
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm
hashin', ah-humm.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL

Melody - Happy Wanderer

Contributed by Zippy, Pike's Peak H4

When I was a little girl, I had a little thing,
And if I tried, I could get, my little finger in.
Finger in, finger in, finger in,
Finger -i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i- finger in, finger in,
My little finger in!

I've grown into a woman now, my thing has
lost its charm,
And I can get five fingers in, and half my
fucking arm,
Fucking arm, fucking arm, fucking arm,
Fucking -a-a-a-a-a-a-a- fucking arm,
fucking arm,
And half my fucking arm!

Now my age is ninety-two, and I'm half
fucking dead,
Now I get both arms in and half my fucking
head.
Fucking head, fucking head, fucking head,
Fucking -e-e-e-e-e-e-e- fucking head,
fucking head,
And half my fucking head!

There's a dirty little shithouse to the north of
Katmandu,
There's another for the ladies further down,
There lived a girl called Nancy Tucker,
For a shilling you could F*ck her,
You could have her all night long for half a
crown.
Half a crown, Half a crown, Half a crown,
Half a crow-ow-ow-ow-own,
Half a crown, Half a crown, Half a crown,
All night for half a crown.

One night she had a rattle with a Hasher
from Seattle,
That Hasher-boy he held her very close.
In the morning he departed, he left her
broken hearted, And he left her with a tiny,
tiny dose.
Tiny dose, Tiny dose, tiny dose,
Tiny Do-o-o-o-o-o-ose,
Tiny dose, Tiny dose,
He left her with a dose.

Well she gave it to her brother, who gave it
to her mother,
Who gave it to the Rev'rent Father Brown,
Who gave it to the clergy, who gave it to the
choir,
And now it's halfway round the F---ing
town.
F---ing town, F---ing town, F---ing town,
F---ing tow-ow-ow-ow-own,
F---ing town, F---ing town,
And half the F---ing town.

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY

(Tune - Ach, Du Lieber, Augustin)

Noo a lassie was roamin' by the banks of
Loch Lomand,
She slipped on her dress and a wee chunk
o'stane.

Noo a Parson was passin' and on her took
passion,
He lifted her up and he carried her hame.

Chorus

Singin' Peri Periwinkle, I see your
wee wrinkle,
Singin' Peri Periwinkle, but you
canna see mine!

Noo he fed her and cled her and into bed led
her,
And noo that wee lassie's asufferin with
shame;
For he jumped in beside her and started to
ride her,
And noo that wee lassie's the Whore of
Dunbane.

Noo all the little angels are sent, are sent up,
Noo all the little angels are sent up on high.
Which end up? Ass end up.
Which end up? Ass end up.
All the little angles ass end up on high. (1)

(more info on the history is here!

<http://www.mudcat.org/thread.cfm?threadid=73599> – Fuk Stik)

I SAW THE LASSIE

Melody - Scotland the Brave

Here's to the lassie with the wee hairy assie,
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the
Pittsburgh Hash.

CHORUS (hold chair upside down to
simulate bagpipes; make droning sound and
tap throat to form notes):

Na na na na na na na,
Na na na na na na na,
Na na na na na na na,
Na na na na . . .

Then there was the jockey with his
upstandin' cocky,

Who was ridin' on the lassie with the wee
hairy assie,
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the
Pittsburgh Hash.

Then there was the cranky who was wankin'
in his hankie,
At the thought o' the jockey with the
upstandin' cocky,
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the wee
hairy assie,
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the
Pittsburgh Hash.

Then there was the queerie who was leerin'
through his beerie,
At the sight o' the cranky who was wankin'
in his hankie,
At the thought o' the jockey with the
upstandin' cocky,
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the wee
hairy assie,
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the
Pittsburgh Hash.

Then there was the harlot makin' money in
the car lot,
To support the a' queerie who was leerin'
through his beerie,
At the sight o' the cranky who was wankin'
in his hankie,
At the thought o' the jockey with the
upstandin' cocky,
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the wee
hairy assie,
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the
Pittsburgh Hash.

Then there was the HASHER who was
posin' as a flasher,
Hustlin' johnnies from the harlot makin'
money in the car lot,
To support the a' queerie who was leerin'
through his beerie,
At the sight o' the cranky who was wankin'
in his hankie,
At the thought o' the jockey with the
upstandin' cocky,
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the wee
hairy assie,

Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the
Pittsburgh Hash.

Then there was the wenchy doin' down-
down on a benchie,
For the pleasure o' the HASHER who was
posin' as a flasher,
Hustlin' johnnies from the harlot makin'
money in the car lot,
To support the a'queerie who was leerin'
through his beerie,
At the sight o' the cranky who was wankin'
in his hankie,
At the thought o' the jockey with the
upstandin' cocky,
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the wee
hairy assie,
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the
Pittsburgh Hash.

Now the moral o' this ditty is when in San
Francisco City,
And you're with your favorite girlie chasin'
hairs all short and curly,
Just remember to take her hashin' and to
give her a good bashin',
And keep her away from the wenchy doing
down-down on the benchie,
For the pleasure o' the HASHER who was
posin' as a flasher,
Hustlin' johnnies from the harlot makin'
money in the car lot,
To support the a' queerie who was leerin'
through his beerie,
At the sight o' the cranky who was wankin'
in his hankie,
At the thought o' the jockey with the
upstandin' cocky,
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the wee
hairy assie,
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the
Pittsburgh Hash.

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY

Melody - The Bells of Saint Mary's

The balls of O'Leary,
Are wrinkled and hairy,
They're stately and shapely,
Like the dome of Saint Paul's.
The women all muster,
To view that great cluster,
Oh, they stand and they stare,
At the bloody great pair,
Of O'Leary's balls.

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL

Melody - My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

(Take turns leading verses)
The sexual life of the camel,
Is stranger than anyone thinks,
At the height of the mating season
He tries to bugger the Sphinx.
But the Sphinx's posterior sphincter
Is clogged by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

CHORUS:

Singing, bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-bum,
Bum-titty, bum-titty, aye.
Singing, bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-bum,
Bum-titty, bum-titty, aye.

In the process of civilization,
From the anthropoid ape down to man,
It is generally held that the Navy
Has buggered whatever it can,
Yet recent extensive researches
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall,
Conclusively prove that the hedgehog
Has never been buggered at all.

We therefore believe our conclusion
Is incontrovertibly shown,
That comparative safety on shipboard
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.
Why haven't they done it at Spithead,
As they've done it at Harvard and Yale,
And also at Oxford and Cambridge,
By shaving the spines off its tail?

So come all you hashers,

And to the occasion arise,
Grab yourselves a hedgehog,
And enjoy a real surprise.
The following instructions,
Will ensure you do not fail,
Simply ream out its ass with a hosepipe,
And shave the spines off its tail.

The sexual life of the ostrich,
Is hard to understand.
At the height of the mating season,
It buries its head in the sand,
And if another ostrich finds it,
Standing there with its ass in the air,
Does it have the urge to grind it,
Or doesn't it bloody well care?

It was Christmas Eve in the harem,
The eunuchs all standing there,
A hundred dusky maidens,
Combing their pubic hair.
When along came Father Christmas,
Striding down the marble halls,
When he asked what they wanted for
Christmas,
The eunuchs all answered, "Our balls!"

Oh, the old men were having a birthday,
Standing at the bar,
Thinking about the old times,
Thinking back so far.
When along came a youthful maiden,
By Christ she was so fair,
When she asked what they'd like for their
birthday,
The old men all shouted, "Hair!"

My name is Cecil,
I come from Leicester Square,
I wear open-toed sandals,
And a rosebud in my hair.
For we're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs,
For we're all queers together,
That's why we all go out in pairs.

My name is Basil,
My friend's name is Bond,
When we go out together,
They call us Basilden Bond.
For we're all queers together,

Excuse us while we go upstairs,
For we're all queers together,
That's why we go out in pairs.

I went for a ride on a "Puff Puff,"
I 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,
Excuse us while we go upstairs,
For we're all queer together,
That's why we go out in pairs.

RIP MY KNICKERS AWAY

Be I 'ampshire (or insert town name), be I
buggery,
Oi koms up from Wareham,
Oi knows a gal with calico drawers,
And I knows how to tear 'em.

CHORUS:

Rip my knickers away,
Rip my knickers away,
I don't care what becomes of me,
As long as you finger my C.U.N.T.

Rip my knickers away, away,
Rip my knickers away,
Down the front, down the back,
Round the back, round the crack,
Rip my knickers away.

Walkin' by the field one day
I heard a maiden crying,
"Oh, please don't rip me knockers off, Jack,
You'll get there by and byin'."

O DUCKS

O see dem ducks on de bay;
See how dey gamble and play.
O see dem ducks.
See how dey teeter totter
Out dere upon the water
Don't you think dey hadn't oughter
On de Sabbath Day! O-Ducks.

OGGY OGGY OGGY

Leader: (Spoken/yelled) "Olly Olly Olly!"

Unruly Mob (Mumbled) "Oi Oi Oi."

Leader (Louder) "Olly Olly Olly!!"

Rabble (Faces turn) "Oi Oi Oi!"

Leader (Really pissed now) "Olly!!!!!"

Crowd (Bellowing) "Oi!!!!"

Leader (Red faced) "Olly!!!!!"

Audience (This is fun!) "Oi!!!!"

Leader (Shits himself) "Olly Olly Olly!!!!!"

Followers (Gungho) "Oi Oi Oi !!!!!!!!!!"