



# Hash House Hymnal

As the sun sets in the west and Freo H6 circle up, may the night skies be filled with appropriate down-down songs, **and some inappropriate ones too.**





## Hash Prayer

Our Lager

Which comes in barrels, cans and handy little 6-packs  
Hallowed be thy drink.

Thy will be drunk,

**I will be drunk,**

At home as in the tavern, the Sail and Anchor, the  
Norfolk and Hash Central

Give us this day our foamy head,

**(Head? Who said "Head"? I'll have some of that....and it  
was goooood, and there was much rejoicing)**

And forgive us our spillages,

As we forgive those who spill against us.

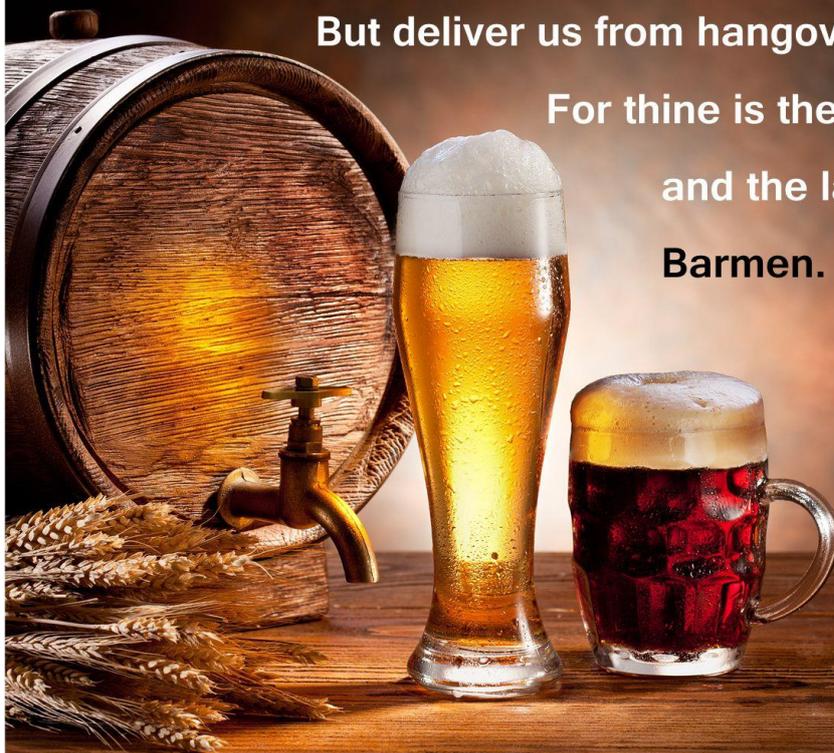
And lead us not into incarceration,

But deliver us from hangovers.

For thine is the beer, the bitter,

and the lager,

**Barmen.**





# For the hares

## Shitty trail

Tune: Mousketeers

SHITTY TRAIL

Shitty trail, shitty trail,  
The hares have laid another shitty trail  
I would rather drink a beer  
Than run your shitty trail  
SHITTY TRAIL

## And the hares

And the hairs, and the hairs,  
And the hairs on her dickie-dido  
hung down to her knees.

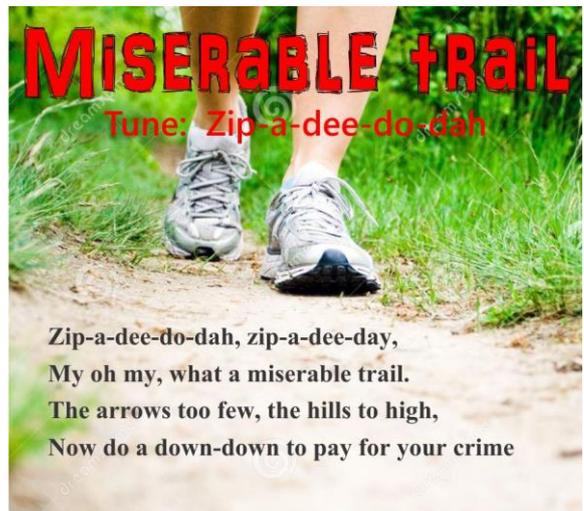
How many?

One black one, one white one,  
and one with a bit of shite on  
and one with a fairy light on  
to show us the way.

## Happy trails

Some trails are happy ones,  
Others are blue.

It's the way you ride the trail that counts,  
Here's a happy one for you.  
Drink it down down down down.



Zip-a-dee-do-dah, zip-a-dee-day,  
My oh my, what a miserable trail.  
The arrows too few, the hills too high,  
Now do a down-down to pay for your crime



## Call for a perfect trail

Tune: Lord won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz

Oh Hare can you lay the perfect trail  
With plenty of markings up hill and down dale  
With perfect weather, no rain and no hail  
And finish it off with plenty of cold ale



# Freo H6 songs

## **Fremantle Hash Song #1**

*Tune: What should we do with the drunken sailor*

What do you do on a Wednesday evenin'  
What do you do when you need some drinkin'  
What do you do when your feet are itchin'  
Run with H6 Freo  
What do you do on a Wednesday evenin'  
What do you do when the horn needs blowin'  
What do you do when the trail needs blazin'  
Run with H6 Freo  
Heave Ho and Up she rises,  
Heave Ho and Up she rises,  
Heave Ho and Up she rises,  
Run with H6 Freo  
ON ON!

## **The tired hasher**

*Melody – Itsy bitsy spider*

The tired Freo Hasher,  
Went trudging up the hill,  
Stopped at the drink stop,  
And there he drank his fill,  
And when the trail was over,  
His shoes were muddy brown.  
Though he was drunk already,  
He had to drink it down, down, down, down .

## **Fremantle Hash Song #2**

*Tune: Love to have a beer with Duncan*

Oh, I love to drink piss with Freo  
We're the mighty Freo Hash  
We run in moderation  
We swear we root, and get smashed  
On On with our mates on Wednesdays  
Cause the atmosphere is great  
Oh I love to have a run with Freo  
Cause Freo's me mate  
You don't fuck around with Freo  
And get the RA all up tight  
He'll make you rip your gear off  
He'll put your arse on the ice

On On with our mates on Wednesdays  
Cause the atmosphere is great  
Oh I love to have a run with Freo  
Cause Freo's me mate (Shit yeah)

I love to drink piss with Freo  
'Cause Freo's me mate  
ON ON!

## **I came to Freo**

*Tune: Botany Bay*

I came to Fremantle in devotion,  
I came to Fremantle for the cash,  
I came to Fremantle for vacation,  
And wound up on the Freo H6 Hash.



# A touch of Freo

## **I used to work in Fremantle 1**

I used to work in Fremantle, in an old department store.  
I used to work in Fremantle, but I don't work there anymore.  
A man came in for some balloons  
Some balloons from the store  
Balloons he wanted, blown he got... and I don't work there anymore.

## **I used to work in Fremantle 2**

I used to work in Fremantle, in an old department store.  
I used to work in Fremantle, but I don't work there anymore.  
A lady came in for a computer gear,  
Some computer gear from the store  
A floppy she wanted, my hard drive she got... and I don't work there anymore.

## **I used to work in Fremantle 3**

I used to work in Fremantle, in an old department store.  
I used to work in Fremantle, but I don't work there anymore.  
A lady came in for some carpet  
Some carpet from the store  
Carpet she wanted, laid she got... and I don't work there anymore.

## **I used to work in Fremantle 4**

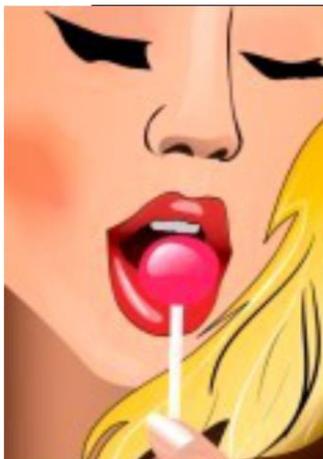
I used to work in Fremantle, in an old department store.  
I used to work in Fremantle, but I don't work there anymore.  
A woman came in for a doughnut...  
A doughnut from the store  
Glazed she wanted, crème-filled she got... and I don't work there anymore.

## **I used to work in Fremantle 5**

I used to work in Fremantle, in an old department store.  
I used to work in Fremantle, but I don't work there anymore.  
A lady came in for a canned ham.  
Some ham from the store  
Ham she wanted, porked she got... and I don't work there anymore.

## **I used to work in Fremantle 6**

I used to work in Fremantle, in an old department store.  
I used to work in Fremantle, but I don't work there anymore.  
A man came in for a pet.  
A pet from the store  
A puppy he wanted, my pussy he got and I don't work there anymore.



## **I used to work in Fremantle**

I used to work in Fremantle in an old department store.  
I used to work in Fremantle, but I don't work there anymore.  
A man came in for a lollipop.  
A lollipop from the store  
A sucker he wanted, sucked he got... and I don't work there anymore.



# A touch of Freo

## I used to work in Fremantle 8

I used to work in Fremantle, in an old department store.

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

A lady came in for some film

Some film from the store

Colour she wanted, exposed she got and I don't work there anymore.

## I used to work in Fremantle 9

I used to work in Fremantle, in an old department store.

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

A woman came in for a pistol

A pistol from the store

A gun she wanted; banged she got..... and I don't work there anymore.

## I used to work in Fremantle 10

I used to work in Fremantle, in an old department store.

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

A lady came in for some wool

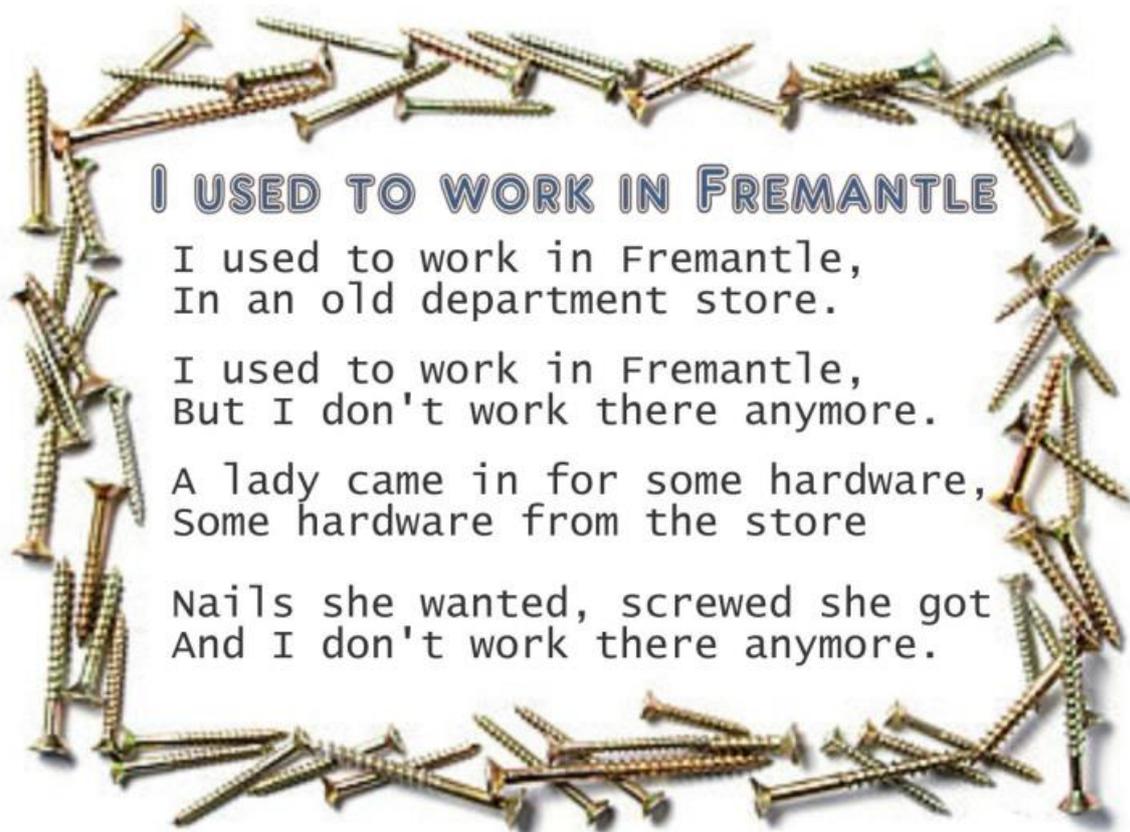
Some wool from the store

Wool she wanted, felt she got... and I don't work there anymore.

## Meet the hashers

Tune: Meet the Flintstones

Hashers, meet the hashers,  
We're the biggest drunks in history,  
From the town of Freo  
We're the leaders in debauchery,  
Hashing the streets of Freo,  
Then downing lots of beers.



## I USED TO WORK IN FREMANTLE

I used to work in Fremantle,  
In an old department store.

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

A lady came in for some hardware,  
Some hardware from the store

Nails she wanted, screwed she got  
And I don't work there anymore.



# For the harriettes

## **B-I-M-B-O**

Tune: B-I-N-G-O was his name

B-I-M-B-O, B-I-M-B-O, B-I-M-B-O,  
And BIMBO was her name oh

## **I am harriette**

Tune: I am woman

I am harriette, hear me roar  
In dresses too red to ignore  
And I've drank too much to say it's all pretend  
'cause I've done it once before  
And I've done down downs by the score  
No one's ever gonna wear this dress again

**Chorus:**

Oh yes I am wise But it's wisdom free from shame  
Yes, I've paid the price But look at my great frame  
If I want to, I can wear anything  
A have a thong (thong)  
I have mammaries (mammaries) I am woman

## **Sally in the alley**

Sally in the alley, sifting cinders,  
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man,  
Wind from her bloomers blew out six winders,  
Cheeks of her ass went BAM! BAM! BAM!



## **I put my hand**

Tune: The ants go marching one by one

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,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her knee,  
She said, "Hey Hasher, you're teasin' me,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her tit,  
She said, "Hey Hasher, you're squeezin' it,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her twat, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her twat, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her twat,  
She said, "Hey Hasher, you've hit the spot,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my balls upon her chin, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my balls upon her chin, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my balls upon her chin,  
She said "Brrrrllllll"  
(as beer is sprayed everywhere)

## **Put your left leg over.**

Tune: Side by side

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.



# For the harriers

## He's the meanest

He's the meanest  
He sucks the horse's penis  
He's the meanest  
He's a horse's arse  
Ever since he found it  
All he does is pound it  
(ACTION: Pound your right thigh)  
He's the meanest He's a horse's arse

## H-I-M-B-O

Tune: B-I-N-G-O was his name

H-I-M-B-O,  
H-I-M-B-O,  
H-I-M-B-O,  
And HIMBO was his name oh

## Hash House Harriers

Tune: Addams Family

Their drinking is compulsive  
Their running is convulsive  
They're morally repulsive  
The Hash House Harriers  
Their flatulence is rude  
Their genitals protrude  
They're running in the nude  
The Hash House Harriers  
They're always shiggy tracking  
And constantly bushwhacking

## He's alright

He's all right, He's all right,  
He's got a little dick, But he's all right



## HE'S a Hasher and HE'S okay

Melody – Lumberjack Song

He's a hasher, he's okay,  
He works all day, comes out to play,  
He drinks it down without  
complaint,  
Or he wears it well.  
Drink it! Wear it!  
Drink it! Wear it!  
Wear it! Wear it! Wear it!

Notes: The "Drink it! Wear It!" lines are  
chanted by the circle rather than the usual  
"Down, down, down."



# For various charges

## FOR HASH VIRGINS

Tradition: Any first-time visitors to the hash are affectionately referred to as "Virgins" and thus, must be introduced to the rest of the hash so that the hash might take advantage of them later. After the RA asks the Virgins their names (to which the circle responds "Hi Just ..."), where they are from and who made them come, any number of other questions may be asked of the Virgins that include, but are not limited to:

- What's your favorite farm animal?
- Who is your favorite porn star?
- What's your favorite sea creature?

## We've Got Virgins

Tune: Frere Jacques

We've got virgins, We've got virgins  
At our Hash, At our Hash  
Gonna get 'em drunked up,  
Gonna get 'em drunked up  
Down the hatch, Down the hatch

## FOR ZEROS

### They have hashed XXX runs

Tune: I would walk 500 miles

They have hashed XXXX runs  
And they will hash some more  
They're a Freo H6 hasher  
On on Freo!

## Get a life!

Tune: William Tell overture

Get a life, get a life, get a life, life, life,  
Get a life, get a life, get a life, life, life,  
Get a life, get a life, get a life, life, life,  
Get a life!

## Hasher is going away

Tune: The ants go marching one by one

(Hasher's name) is going away,  
On on, On on  
(Hasher's name) is going away,  
On on, On on  
(Hasher's name) is going away,  
Hope to see them back one day  
But we'll keep hashing on and on and on and on ...



## WHEN GOING AWAY

### Piss off

Tune: Auld Land Syne

Piss off, ya wank, Piss off, ya wank,  
Piss off, ya wank, Piss off!  
Piss off, ya wank, Piss off, ya wank,  
Piss off, ya wank, Piss off!

### The final down-down

Tune: The final countdown

You're leaving us, hasher,  
And so it's farewell  
But maybe you'll come back,  
To hash, who can tell?

And though there is no one to blame,  
You're leaving town,  
Will trails ever be the same again?  
It's the final down-down . . .

### Hashers in the sun

Tune: Seasons in the sun

Goodbye to you my hashing friend  
We've known each other since we don't know  
when  
Together we hashed parks and streets  
Did drink stops and falsies  
Scraped our shins and skinned our knees.

We had joy we had fun  
We went hashing in the sun  
Now drink it down



# For various charges

## FOR WEARING NEW SHOES

**These boots are made for hashing**

Tune: These boots are made for walking

**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.**



## FOR USING TECHNOLOGY



**Who's the wanker on the phone**

Tune: Head, shoulders, knees and toes

**Who's the wanker on the phone**

**(on the phone)**

**Who's the wanker on the phone**

**(on the phone)**

## FOR CHATTING IN THE CIRCLE

**Now you've finally shut up**

Now you've finally shut up

You sorry son of a bitch

Drink your beer, get out of here

You make my asshole itch.

## DOING SOMETHING STUPID

**You're stupid**

You're stupid, you're stupid,

You're really fucking dumb,

If it wasn't for your mother,

You'd be a spot of cum!

**What a wank**

Tune: William Tell overture

What a wank what a wank

What a wank wank wank etc.

**Bullshit**

Bullshit, bullshit,

It all sounds like bullshit to me, to me,

Bullshit, bullshit,

It all sounds like bullshit to me!

## FOR WHEN THE CIRCLE IS WAITING

**Why are we waiting?**

Why are we waiting?

Could be masturbating [fornicating,

rollerblading, my grandma's ovulating, etc.),

Oh, why are we waiting,

So fucking long?



# For various charges

## BIRTHDAYS

### Happy birthday 1

Tune: Happy Birthday to You

Happy birthday, fuck you,  
Happy birthday, fuck you,  
Happy birthday, (Hasher's name),  
Happy birthday, fuck you.

### Happy birthday 2

Tune: Happy Birthday to You

Happy birthday to you,  
Happy birthday to you,  
You look like a hasher,  
And you smell like one too.

### Happy birthday 3

Once a year we celebrate with stupid hats and  
plastic plates,  
the fact that you were able to make another  
trip around the sun.  
And the whole plan gathers round' gifts and  
laughter do will bound,  
We let out a joyful sound and sing that stupid  
song.

Happy Birthday, now your one year older.  
Happy Birthday, now your one year older.  
Happy Birthday, your life still isn't over.  
Happy Birthday, you did not accomplish much.  
But you didn't die this year i guess that's good  
enough.

### Why were they born

Why were they born so beautiful  
Why were they born at all?  
They're no fucking use to anyone  
They're no fucking use at all  
They say he's a joy to his mother,  
But he's a pain in the asshole to me,  
So drink It down, down, down . . .

## FOR JUST A HARRIER AND A HARRIET IN THE CIRCLE

### Twenty Toes

There's a game called 20 toes,  
It's played all over town,  
The women play with ten toes up,  
The men with ten toes down, down, down,  
down

## FOR IRREGULAR HASHERS

### You are a hasher

Tune: You are my sunshine

You are a hasher, a jolly hasher  
You make us happy when skies are bleak.  
You'll never know how much we like you,  
Please keep coming to Hash ev'ry week.

## FOR HASHERS SEEKING AUTO HELP

### Autohash song

Tune: Lord won't you buy me a Mercedes-Benz

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 on a truck tray, or in a taxi,  
If you drive me there I'll throw in a down,  
down, down, down . . .





# International flavours

## FOR THE YANKS



### Yankee Doodle 1

Tune: Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle went to town riding on a chicken  
Put his finger up his butt and called it finger lickin'

### Yankee Doodle 2

Tune: Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle he's a dandy,  
Yankee Doodle do or die,  
A real live asshole from the USA,  
Piss on the Fourth of July.

### Yankee Doodle 3

Tune: Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle he's a dandy, he's a hasher 'til he dies  
A real live asshole from the USA, pissed on by most other guys

## FOR THE RUSSIANS



### Pissonya

Pissonya, pissonya,  
Its Russian for "I love you"  
So why don't you do a down down  
While we all pissonya

### Shitonya

Shitonya, shitonya,  
Its Russian for "I adore ya"  
So why don't you do a down down  
While we all shitonya

## FOR THE FRENCH



### Ou Est le Papier?

Tune: Marseillaise

A Frenchman went to the lavat'ry  
To have him a jolly good shit,  
He took his coat and trousers off  
So that he could revel in it.  
But when he reached for the paper  
He found that someone had been there before,  
"Ou est le papier?" Ou est le papier?  
Monsieur, monsieur, J'at fait manure.  
Ou est le papier?

## FOR THE GERMANS

### Hitler had only one ball

Hitler, he only had one ball,  
Goering, had two but very small,  
Himmler, had something simmler,  
But poor old Goebbels had no balls at all.

## FOR SOUTH AFRICANS

### Zulu Warrior

Olé zooma zooma zooma  
Olé 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!

## A COUPLE OF DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES

### Build a bonfire

Tune: Build a bonfire

Build a bonfire, build a bonfire  
Put the XXXX on the top  
Put the XXXX in the middles  
And burn the whole rotten lot



# International flavours

## FOR THE AUSSIES



### Land down under

Tune: Land down under

They come from a land down under  
Where they down-down til they chunder  
They hash and crash just like thunder?  
So let them run while you take cover

### All Australians

All Australians are born illegitimate,  
Born illegitimate, born illegitimate  
All Australians are born illegitimate, bastards  
through and through

They aint got no birth certificate, birth  
certificate, birth certificate  
They aint got no birth certificate, bastards  
through and through

## FOR THE CANADIANS



### Canadian idiot

Don't want to be a Canadian idiot  
Don't want to be some beer swillin' hockey nut  
And do I look like some frostbitten hosehead?  
I never learned my alphabet from A to Zed

They all live on donuts and moose meat  
And they leave the house without packin' heat  
Never even bring their guns to the mall  
And you know what else is too funny  
Their stupid monopoly money  
Can't take them seriously at

## MOTHER ENGLAND



### Rule Britannia

Rule Britannia, Marmalade and jam  
Five Chinese crackers up your arse  
Go BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM



# For no or any reason

## For they are jolly hashers

For they are jolly hashers, jolly hashers, jolly hashers  
For they are jolly hashers, May they chug a lug  
They're happy, they're jolly  
They're fucked up by golly  
For they are jolly hashers, May they chug a lug

## How would, you like...?

How would you like my finger in your beer?  
(Dip finger in beer)  
How would you like my finger in your beer?  
(Dip finger in beer)  
Oh no, not bloody likely, not bloody likely, No  
no no no (EVERYONE: Beer on head and spin  
around)

How would you like my finger in your ear? (Dip  
finger in beer then prod into the ear)  
How would you like my finger in your ear? (Dip  
finger in beer then prod into the ear)  
Oh no, not bloody likely, not bloody likely, No  
no no no (EVERYONE: Beer on head and spin  
around)

## Soldier Song

A sol., a sol..., a soldier I will be,  
Two pis..., two pis..., two pistols on my knee,  
My count, my count, my country I will lead,  
A sol., A sol., A sol., A sol.,  
A soldier I will be.  
Drink it down, down, down . .

## Here's to...

Here is to... He is true blue  
He's a raskol through and through  
He's a pisspot so they say,  
Tried to go to Heaven,  
But he went the other way,  
So Drink It Down, Down, Down . . .

## Take it in your hand Mrs Murphy

Take it in your hand Mrs Murphy,  
For it only weighs a quarter of a pound,  
It's got hair on its neck like a turkey,  
And it spits when you shake it up and down,  
down, down, down

## Sex is boring 1

Tune: Frere Jacques  
Sex is Boring Sex is Boring  
Pain is fun Pain is fun  
Going to cut my fingers off  
Going to cut my fingers off  
One by one One by one

## Sex is boring 2

Tune: Frere Jacques  
Sex is Boring Sex is Boring  
Pain is fun Pain is fun  
Going to pull my pubic hairs out  
Going to pull my pubic hairs out  
One by one One by one

## Sex is boring 3

Tune: Frere Jacques  
Sex is Boring Sex is Boring  
Pain is fun Pain is fun  
Poking out my eyes,  
Poking out my eyes,  
One by one One by one

## Little Down Down Song

This is your Down Down Song  
It isn't very long  
Drink it Down! Down! Down! Down!....

## Sit on my face

Would you like to sit on my face  
Pubic hair all over the place  
Would you like to sit on my face  
Or would you rather go down, down, down,  
down



# For no or any reason

## A few of my favourite things

Tune: These are a few of my favourite things

Short cuts that leave all the front bastards trailing,  
Misleading directions leaving short cutters wailing,  
Slippery slopes where hounds flounder in shit,  
These are some things that appeal to my wit.

### CHORUS:

When the clouds burst, and sewerage runs,  
And the hills make you sore,  
I cheer myself up with my favourite things,  
And enjoy hashing once more.

## The old brown cow

Tune: The old grey Mare

The old brown cow went pffftz against the wall,  
Pffftz against the wall, pffftz against the wall,  
The old brown cow went pffftz against the wall,  
And the wall was covered in SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

## Cute Little Song

Tune: Seasons in the sun

We had joy, we had fun  
We went streaking in the sun,  
But the raskols had some guns  
And they shot us in the buns.

## Seven Old Ladies

Tune: Oh Dear! What can the matter be?

Oh dear, what can the matter be?  
Seven old ladies locked in the lava'try,  
They were there from Sunday to Saturd'y,  
Nobody knew they were there.

## ON ON over in the clover

Tune: Roll me over in the clover

On on over in the clover,  
On on over, lay me down, and do it again.

## Publicly pissed on

They ought to be publicly pissed on  
They ought to be publicly shot  
They ought to be tied to an urinal  
And left there to fester and rot

## Hash moon arising

Tune: Bad moon arising

I see the hash moon arising.  
I see hashers on the way.  
I see earthquakes and lightnin'.  
I see bad trails today.

### CHORUS:

Don't run around tonight,  
Well, it's bound to make for strife,  
There's a hash moon on the rise

## I ran the hash

Tune: I Fought the law

Running trail in the hot sun,  
I ran the hash and the hash won,  
I ran the hash and the hash won,  
I needed beer but there was none!  
I ran the hash and the hash won!

The rain pissed down and the hills were no fun,  
I ran the hash and the hash won,  
This is the worst trail that I've ever ran,  
I ran the hash and the hash won,  
I ran the hash and the hash won

## Drunken hasher

Tune: Drunken Sailor

What do you do with a drunken Hasher,  
What do you do with a drunken Hasher,  
What do you do with a drunken Hasher,  
After too many Down Downs?  
Intelligence they're lacking  
The Hash House Harriers



# Beer songs

## GLORY, GLORY, ALE and LAGER

Glory, Glory, Ale and Lager!  
Glory, Glory, Ale and Lager!  
Glory, Glory, Ale and Lager!  
Now drink it down, down, down!

### Amazing beer

Tune: Amazing Grace

A - maz - ing beer,  
A taste profound,  
A whole keg just for thee!  
The pack is lost,  
But home you've found,  
The beer check you can see

### Drink two beers

We drink two beers in the morning  
We drink two beers at night  
We drink two beers in the afternoon  
It makes us feel alright  
We drink two beers in times of peace  
And two in times of war  
We drink two beers before we drink two beers  
And then we drink two more  
Drink it down, down, down, down...

### Dough, Ray, Me

Tune: Doh, re mi

Dough, the stuff that buys me beer  
Ray, the guy who serves me beer  
Me, the guy who drinks the beer  
Far, a long long way for beer  
So, I'll have another beer  
La, la la la la beer  
Tea, no thanks I'm drinking beer  
Which brings us back to  
Down, down, down down

### 10 Hash splashes

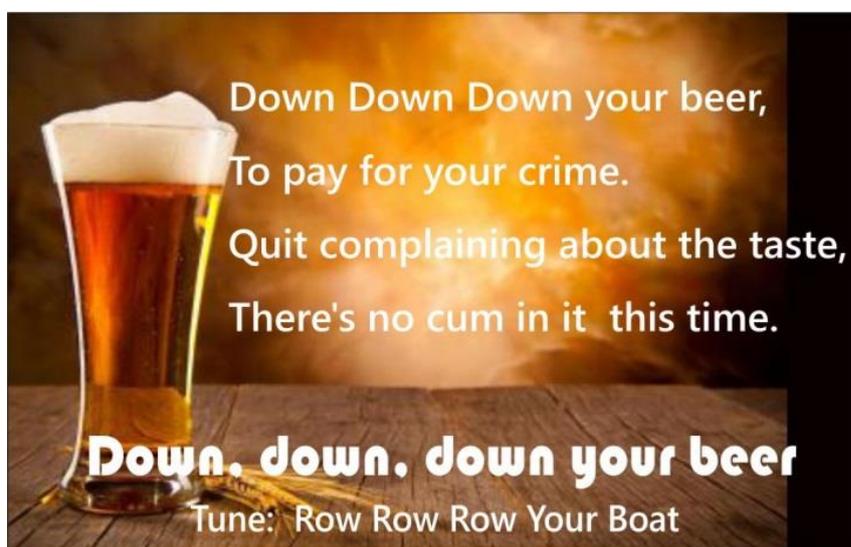
Tune: 10 green bottles

Ten hash splashes sitting on the wall  
Ten hash splashes sitting on the wall  
And if one hash splash should accidently fall  
There'd be nine hash splashes to...  
Down, down, down.

### The beery bunch

Tune: Brady Bunch Theme

Here's the story,  
Of a thirsty hasher,  
Who was running at the back of a pack.  
Every bad trail that there was,  
Well he found it.  
He must have ran for miles!





# Action songs

## Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Tune: Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

### CHORUS:

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.

### CHORUS

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

### CHORUS

(repeat with variations: humming and motions only, silence and motions only, double-time)



## Head, Shoulders, Tits and Ass

Head, shoulders, tits and ass, tits and ass  
Head, shoulders, tits and ass, tits and ass  
Eyes and ears and mouth and nose  
Head, shoulders, tits and ass, tits and ass  
(Touch each body part as it is named)

## Father Abraham

Father Abraham had seven sons.  
And seven sons had Father Abraham.  
And he never laughed,  
And he never cried,  
All he did was go like this. (With motions)  
With a left (arm), With a left  
With a right (arm), With a right  
With a left (leg), With a left  
With a right (leg), With a right  
With a HOO (head), With a HOO  
With a AAH (pelvis), With a AAH  
Father Abraham (HUAH) had seven sons  
(HUAH)  
And seven sons had Father Abraham (HUAH)  
And he never laughed (HUAH)  
And he never cried (HUAH)  
All he did was go like this (HUAH)

## Button factory

Hi, my name is Joe And I work in a button factory  
I've got a wife ("She's a bitch!")  
And three kids ("They're all brats!") (One day My boss comes up to me and says, "Joe! Are you busy?"  
I said, "No..."  
He said, "Could you push a button with your..."  
(RA picks person out from circle, who will name a body part. Song repeats from beginning, while a punching motion is made with said body part. At the end of each verse, a new person/body part are added until one of two things happens: 1) somebody selects the tongue as a body part; the last chorus is chanted with tongue out, sounds very silly... or 2) the combined button punching motions/body parts become too spastic to maintain. In either case, the last line is:)  
..."Joe! Are you busy?" I said, "YES!!"



# Hash Christmas

## The Twelve days of Christmas

On the twelfth day of Christmas my GM gave to me:

Twelve streams a'leaping,  
Eleven unmarked bad trails,  
Ten two-mile back checks,  
Nine nests of hornets,  
Eight railroad trestles,  
Seven outraged farmers,  
Six chain-link fences,  
Five neck-deep swamps,  
Four clumps of shiggy,  
Three forest rangers,  
Two down-downs,  
And a long sit on a block of ice.

## And so this is Hashmas

And so this is Hashmas, And a happy new year,  
Get in a drunk punch-up, And get socked in the ear.

AARH-AARH-AARH-AARH (holding ear)

And so this is Hashmas, With a wink and a leer,  
Let's eat too much turkey, And drink lots of beer.

AARH-AARH-AARH-AARH (holding gut)

And so this is Hashmas, No need to look glum,  
We'll drink too much whiskey, And fall on our bum.

AARH-AARH-AARH-AARH (holding bum)

And so this is Hashmas, What a load of old crap,  
Let's put it up your bottom, And come on your back.

OOOH-AARH-OOOH-AARH (demonstrating)

## Santa Claus is coming to town

You better watch out, You better not cry,  
You better not pout, I'm telling you why,  
Santa Claus is dead

## We wish you a drunken Christmas

We wish you a drunken Christmas,  
We wish you a drunken Christmas,  
We wish you a drunken Christmas and a case of cold beer.

Good tidings we bring to you and your kin,  
Good tidings for Christmas and a case of cold beer.

## Bad King Hashmas

Bad King Hashmas spent the lot,  
On some horse called Steven,  
Was the bloke out to lunch or what,  
The odds weren't nearly even,  
Now that all the beer money's spent,  
Life will seem quite cruel,  
Might as well go home to the wife,  
And send the kids to school.

## We three kings

We three kings of Orient are,  
One on a bicycle, one in a car,  
One on a scooter, banging his hooter,  
Following yonder star.

We three kings of Orient are,  
Smoking on a rubber cigar,  
One was loaded, it exploded,  
Now we're on yonder star.

## And so this is Christmas

And so this Christmas, that time of the year,  
When everyone's drinking, gin, whiskey, and beer.

And so this is Christmas, you know what they say,

The very best present, would be a good lay.  
And so this is Christmas, September will bring,  
Another new bastard, to join us and sing.

(repeat)



# Christmas & Ramadan

## Here's the season

Tune: Deck the Halls with boughs of holly

Here's the season to be greedy,  
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,  
Eat until you feel quite seedy,  
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,  
Lots of beer and food and lollies,  
Tra-la-la, la-la-la, la, la la,  
In the morning you'll be sorry,  
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la.

We always put up our Christmas stocking,  
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,  
Santa might give us something to cock in,  
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,  
Last year he said he wouldn't come round here,  
Tra-la-la, la-la-la, la, la la,  
Some bastard stuffed it up his reindeer,  
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la.

## Ah Sup the red nose hasher

Tune: Rudolph the red nosed Reindeer

Ah Sup the red nose hasher  
Has a tattoo on his ass  
And if you want to see it all you have to do is  
ask.

Out at the Sail an Anchor  
To do a tequila body shot  
And if you've ever done one  
You know that they can make you HOT

Then on this Screwy's Christmas Run  
Ah Sup came to say:  
"X Ray with your bar so near  
I think we need 10 more kegs of beer?"

Oh how these hashers loved him  
And they shouted as they peed  
Ah Sup the Red nose Hasher  
You'll go down in hash-tory.

## Twelve days of Ramadan

On the first day of Ramadan King Khalid gave  
to me:

A book by Salman Rushdie (throw to ground  
and stamp on it)

Two Yemenese (big spit)

Three Ayatollahs (sing "ayatollah, ayatollah," to  
tune of Hallelujah Chorus while bowing in  
prayer)

Four Iraqi minesweepers (put hands over ears  
and stamp feet)

Five Iranian terrorists (jump forward and spray  
circle with machine gun fire)

Six cruise missiles (sing "We're coming to blow  
you away, ha-ha, hee-hee, ho-ho")

Seven U.S. soldiers (shout "one, two, three,  
four, I love the Marine Corps" while marching  
in place)

Eight blindfolded hostages (sing "Show me the  
way to go home" while stumbling about with  
arms outstretched)

Nine raving mullahs (shout "Israel must go,  
Israel must go" while shaking fists in air)

Ten whistling missiles (put fingers in ears and  
say, "nanny-nanny boo-boo, you missed me!" )

Eleven open sewers (sing "what a pong, what a  
pong, etc" to tune of William Tell Overture)

Twelve circumcisions (sing "ooh that hurts, ooh  
that hurts" to tune of The Music Man while  
running around holding groins)