



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.

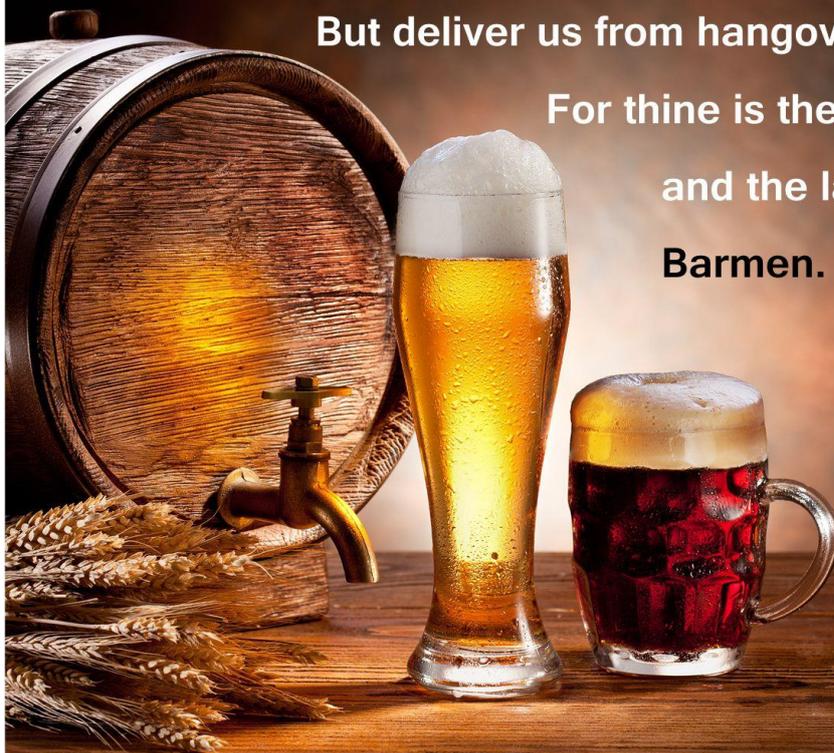
And lead us not into incarceration,

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.

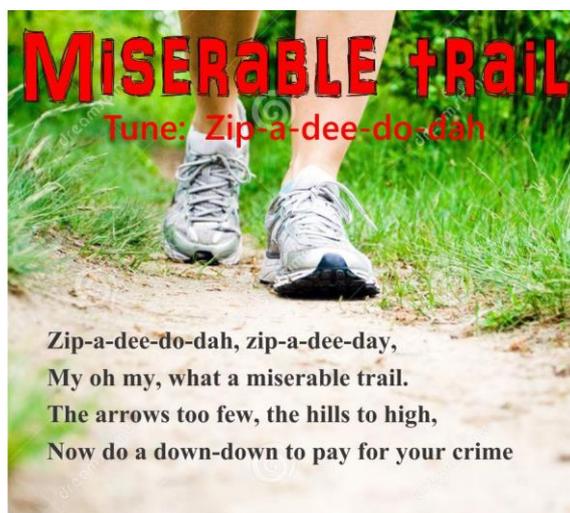
How many?

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

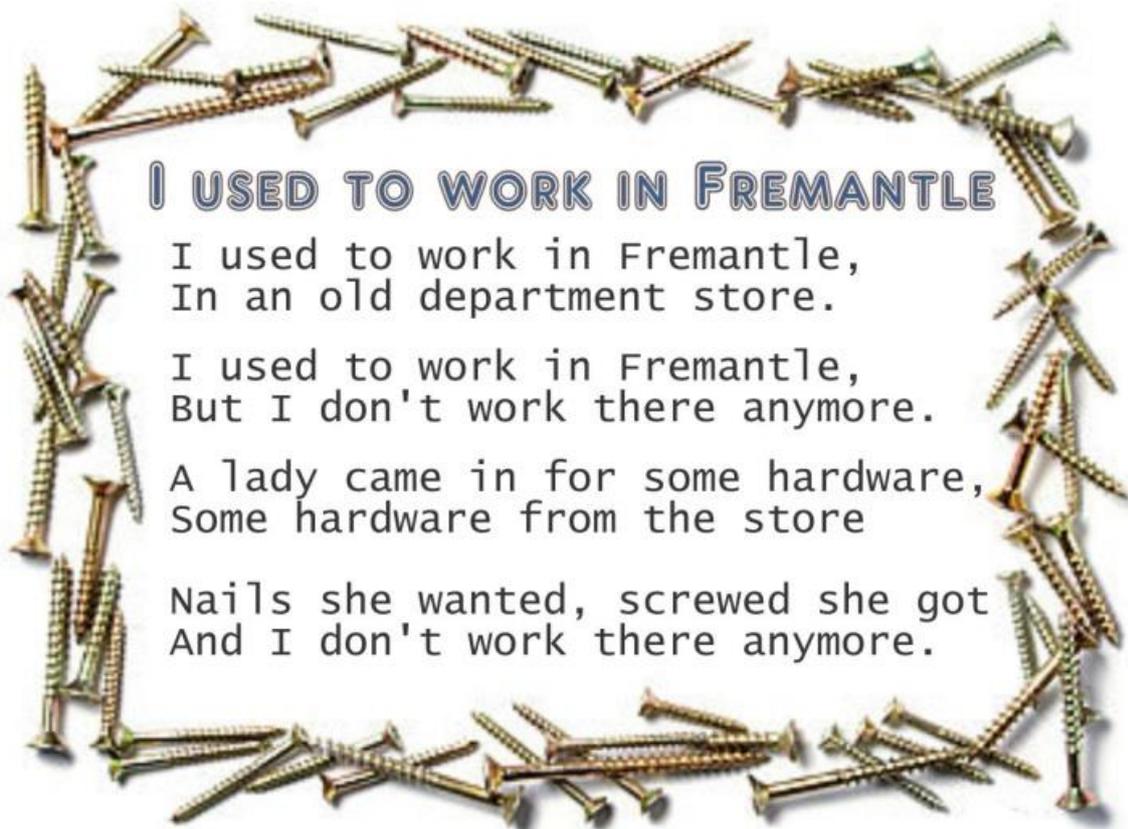
Hashers, meet the hashers,
We're the biggest drunks in history,

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

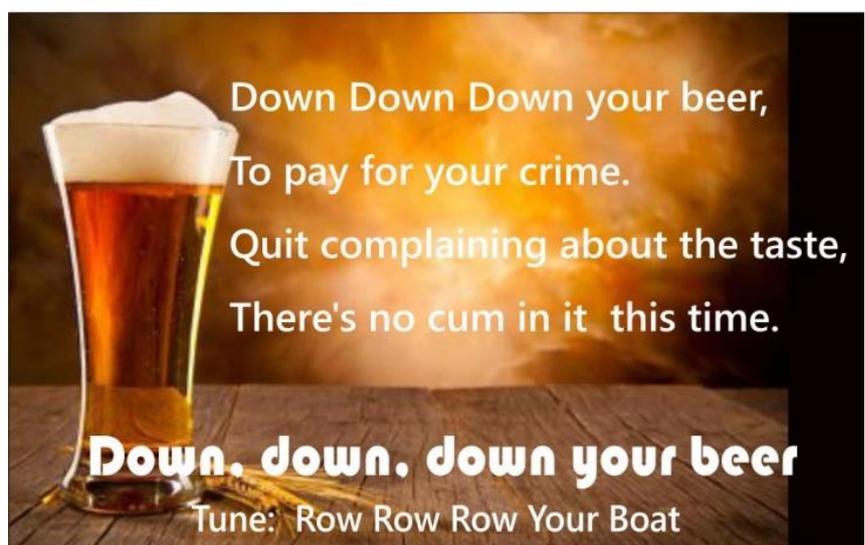
Tune: 10 green bottles

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 Screwys 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)