



**Rotten Groton
Hash House Harriers**

Hash Hymnal

2018 Edition

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Start and Finish

Before Trail

Blessing of the Hares

Bless these hares.
Bless this trail.
Coppus no catch us.
Farmer no shoot us.
Doggus no bite us.
Tickus no biteus
Coitus non-interruptus.
Plenty of cold beer on trail
Plenty of cold beer at the end
Blow off the Hare!
(change lines to match terrain)

Hash Calisthenics

Hands on Myself

(touch head)
With my hands on myself, What have I here?
This is my sweat boxer my mother dear.
Sweat boxer. (2x)
Niki-Niki-Niki-Noo
That's what I learned when I went to school.

(touch eyes)
With my hands on myself, What have I here?
This is my eye blinker my mother dear
Sweat boxer
Eye blinker
Niki-Niki-Niki-Noo
That's what I learned when I went to school.

(touch nose)
With my hands on myself, What have I here?
This is my snot blower my mother dear.
Sweat boxer.
Eye blinker
Snot blower.
Niki-Niki-Niki-Noo
That's what I learned when I went to school.

More verses:
(touch mouth) Bull shitter
(touch chest) Titty-boom-boom
(touch stomach) beer gutter
(touch crotch) Trouble maker
(touch knee) ball crusher
(touch foot) Ass kicker!

Father Abraham

Chorus:
Father Abraham, had seven sons (Seven sons)
Seven sons had Father Abraham
And he never laughed (Haa Haa)
And he never cried (boo hoo)
All he did was go like this:
S = With a Right arm (extend right arm)
P = With a Right arm (extend right arm)

Continue verses, adding the following actions/ words:
With a left arm! (extend left arm)
With a right leg! (extend right leg)
With a left leg! (extend left leg)
And a Heeee! (hump backward)
And a Huuuuuh! (hump forward)

...**Coach Sandusky** Likes little boys
Little boys like Coach Sandusky
Cuz he makes em laugh, And he makes em cry
When he touches them in the shower...

...**Jared Fogle** Likes little girls
Little girls like Jared Fogle,
Cuz he makes em laugh, And he makes em cry
When he touches them with his footlong...
With a Right arm (extend right arm)
And a left arm! (extend left arm)
With a right leg! (extend right leg)
With a left leg! (extend left leg)
And an Eat! (hump backward)
And a Fresh! (hump forward)

End of Circle

Final Down Down

S: To those who are missing
P: and those who are missed
All: On On

Swing Low

CHORUS:
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home. (2x)

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

Men's Version
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to...ZZZZZZZZZZZZ

Ladies' Version
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming...COMING...COMING!

Prayers, Chants and Benedictions

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.

Button Factory (the)

Hello, my name is Joe!
I work in a button factory,
Got a wife, three kids, and a family
The other day, the boss came up to me
And says: "Hey Joe, are you busy?"
I said "No"
"Push the button with yourright hand.

Repeat the verse and add the following movements/words:
Left hand, Right foot, Left foot, Nose/head, Big fat ass

LAST CHORUS

Hello, my name is Joe!
I work in a button factory,
Got a wife, three kids, and a family
The other day, the boss came up to me
And says: "Hey Joe, are you busy?"
I said "YES!"

Days of the Week

S = Today is Monday!
P = Today is Monday!
S = Monday is a wanking day!
P = Monday is a wanking day!

CHORUS

S = Is everybody happy?
P = You bet your ass we are!

S = Today is Tuesday! Tuesday is two fingers day!
S = Today is Wednesday! Wednesday is a Hmm day!
S = Today is Thursday! Thursday is a drinking day!
S = Today is Friday! Friday is a fucking day!
S = Today is Saturday! Saturday is a hashing day!
S = Today is Sunday! Sunday is a day of rest.

Head Chant

Head? Who said head? I'll take some of that!
And I did, and it was good, And there was muuuch rejoicing.
And then we fucked. We fucked for hours,
Uprooting trees, and shrubs, and flowers. (& shit)
Scaring small children...and woodland animals.
We fucked like Vikings, With horns on our head.
Head? Who said head? I'll take some of that!

Possible additional verses:

...And then I quivered. It wasn't fun. It wasn't funny
It was daaangerous. So I'm taking my dog, and my peanut
butter, and I'm going home. So FYYYY!
...We don't want women with good taste!
We want women who taste good!
...We don't want men who bring us flowers!
We want men that last for hours!

Heineken, Schmeineken (Chant)

Heineken, schmeinekin
Fuck that shit
Pasbst! Blue! Ribbon!

Give me An "A" (Chant)

RA- Give me An "A"
Kennel - "A"
RA- What's that spell?
Kennel—Ahhhhhhhhhhhh! (in a sexual way)

More Beer (Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

More Beer (14x to the tune above)

O-R-G-Y

Give me an "O"!
Give me an "R"!
Give me a "G"!
Give me a "Y"!
What does that spell?
ORGY!
What does that take?
TEAMWORK!

Our Lager Prayer

Our Lager, which art in barrels.
Hallowed be thy drink.
Thy will be drunk. I will be drunk.
At home as in the tavern.
Give us this day our foamy head,
And forgive us our spillages
As we forgive those who spill against us.
And lead us not into incarceration,
But deliver us from hangovers.
For thine is the beer, the bitter and the lager.
Barmen.

RgH3 Hash Chant

We do hashing like motherfuckin' pros:
Drink like sailors, Fuck like hos!

Short Blessing

Tune: "Superman Theme"
Thank you Lord, for giving us beer.
Thank you Lord for giving us beer.
Lagers and ale. . .Hares to lay trail
Thank you Lord. . .For giving us beer!

Toast to Alcohol

Times are hard,
And wages are small,
So drink more beer,
And fuck 'em all.

Suck Swallow (Chant)

Suck Swallow Hurl (3x)

White Flour! (Chant)

White Flour! (keep repeating)

Ziggy Zaggy (Chant)

Ziggy Zaggy! Ziggy Zaggy! Oy! Oy! Oy! (2x)
Motorcycle! Motorcycle!
Vroom Vroom Vroom
(continue with other sounds/things)

Virgins and Visitors

Virgins

Bye Bye Virgin

Tune: Bye, Bye Birdie

Put your hands against the wall,
Here's I come, balls and all.
Bye, bye virgin!
Won't your mother be disgusted
When she finds your cherry's busted?
Bye, bye virgin!
Wrap your legs a little tighter.
I can feel my load getting lighter.
Shake your ass and wiggle your tits
till my little pecker spits,
Virgin, bye bye!

Meet the Hashers

Tune: Meet the Flintstones

Hashers, meet the hashers.
We're the biggest drunks in history.
From old Rotten Groton
We're the leaders in debauchery.
Half-minds, trailing shaggy through the years.
Watch us, as we down a lot of beers.
Down down,,,,,down down down down...etc

Hash House Harriers

Tune – The Addams Family

Their drinking is compulsive,
Their running in convulsive,
They're utterly repulsive,
The Hash House Harriers,
Da da da da da (snap snap) (2x)
Da da da da da
Da da da da da
Da da da da da (snap snap)

Their flatulence if rude,
Their language is rude,
They go running in the nude,
Da da da da da (snap snap)
Da da da da da (snap snap)
Da da da da da
Da da da da da
Da da da da da (snap snap)

We've got Virgins

Tune: Freres Jacques

We've got virgins (2x)
At our hash (2x)
Gonna get 'em fucked up (2x)
up the ass.
Down the hatch.

Visitors

Visiting Hashers

We call upon the visitor to sing us a song.
We call on the visitor
to sing us a song,
So sing, you wank, sing.
Or show us your thing
(Or tell us a joke)

Visitors Appear

When visitors in this hash appear,
& pay 5 bucks to drink our beer.
& offend all those who see or hear,
The cry goes out both far and near to:
S: DRINK IT DOWN!
P: Drink it down
S: DRINK IT DOWN!
P: Drink it down

Speed of lightening, roar of thunder
Chug it down, or show us chunder
Drink it down. . . .

Departers & Returners

Returners

It's a Small World After All

They've returned to us,
some from far away,
Some fuck-ing excuse,
each of them did say.
As we listen to it,
we know they're full of shit.
They are assholes, after all!

They are assholes, after all!
They are assholes, after all!
They are assholes, after all!
Fuck you all, assholes.

Returner Lament

Tune: Pfft-You were Gone

Where, oh where were you last week?
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 the beer.
You fat lazy bastards,
You weren't even here.
So we fucked all the virgins and drank all the beer.

Departers

FUCK OFF, YOU WANK

Tune of "Auld Lang Syne"

Fuck off, you wank, fuck off, you wank,
Fuck off, you wank, fuck off.
Fuck off, you wank, fuck off, you wank,
Fuck off, you wank, fuck off.
Piss Off, Ya Wank

Piss Off Ya Wank

Tune of "Auld Lang 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!

Leaving On a Hash Plane

To the tune of "Leaving on a Jet Plane"

All my flour's packed, I'm ready to go
I'm standing here outside your door
I hate to tank you up and say goodbye.
But the trail is breakin' it's early morn'
The hash is waitin', they're blowin' the hom
Already I'm so thirsty I could cry.

CHORUS:

So chase me and cheer for me.
Tell me that you'll leer for me.
Chase me like you really want me so.
I'm leavin' on a hash run.
I don't know when I'll be back again.
Oh beer, I hate to go.

There's so many times I've laid flour down.
So many times I've screwed around.
I tell you now it's the best damned ting.
Every place I hash, I think of you.
Every down I do, I do for you.
When I come back, I'll wear your cock ring

CHORUS

Now the time has come to leave you
One more time let me frig you.
Then close your eyes I'll be on my way.
Dream about the hash to come
When I won't have to hash alone.
About the times, I won't have to say

CHORUS

Violations

Hashit

You Are my Hashit

Tune of "You are my Sunshine"

You are my hashit, my loving hashit.

You make me happy

when skies are gray.

You'll never know, boys,

how much we love them.

Please don't take my hashit away.

New Shoes

Battle Hymn—for wearers of new shoes

His feet will feel the dampness

of the clean footwear he's worn.

His soul will sense the shame

and wish that he had not been born.

All of him will suffer pain of shiggys sharpest thorn.

This hashers's worn new shoes!

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, ale and lager! (3x)

Now drink it down, down, down!

THESE SHOES 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.

Auto Hashing

AutoHash Song

Tune: "Lord Won't You Buy Me A Mercedes Benz"

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...

El Camino (Chant)

CHORUS:

El Camino, El-el Camino (2x)

Well the front is like a car,

And the back is like a truck,

The front is where you drive,

And the back is where you... (chorus)

ADDITIONAL VERSES:

...You can drive to the brothel, You can drive it to the store,

The front you fill with groceries, The back you fill with...

...The front is where you fuck, And the back is where you
fuck, The front is where you fuck, And the back is where
you...

...The back rides high, And the front rides low, I'll give you a
free ride, If you give me a...

...You can pay with weed, Or you can pay with gas, If you
don't have either, Then you can pay with... (chorus)

...You can take out classy ladies, You can take out dirty
sluts, In the front you kiss them softly, In the back you do
their...

..You can drive an automatic, Or you can drive a stick,
Doesn't matter how you drive it, Cause you'll still suck my...

Pointing

Finger In Your Beer

Tune – Itself

(Start song by holding pointer fingers up)

How would..you like...

my finger in your ear? (2x)

(hashers put fingers into violator's ear)

Not fucking likely! Not fucking likely! Not fucking likely!

How would..you like...

my finger in your rear? (2x)

(hashers pretend to put fingers into violator's ear)

Not fucking likely! Not fucking likely! Not fucking likely!

How would..you like...

my finger in your beer?(2x)

(hashers actually put fingers into violator's beer)

Not fucking likely! Not fucking likely! Not fucking likely!

Damn near, pass the beer, to the rear, of the Hash House

Train Tracks

The Amtrak Song

Tune: Seasons in the Sun

You had beer,

You had snacks,

Had us running on the tracks

But the cops

they had guns

And they shot us in our sacks

DFLs, FRBs, Hares

FRB

They Say That You're the Fastest

Tune: We're Going to Kentucky
They say that you're the fastest
you won the hash to day
You're not so fast you bastard
you shortcut all the way!

Speed Racer

Go speed racer,
Go speed racer,
Go speed racer Go

You're not number 5!

Tune: Land of 1000 Dances - if you're a Boomer, Hot Stepper - if you're a GenXer, Fern Gully - if you're a Millennial
(count on your fingers)
You're not number 5,
Not number 4,
Number 3,
Number 2
You're number one! (middle finger)

DFL

I've Been Looking for True Trail

Tune: I've been working for the Railroad
I've been looking for true trail
All the live long day.
I've been looking for true trail.
Won't you help me find my way?
I can hear the whistles blowing
halfway across the town.
I've been hear the RA shouting,
"Grab your beer and drink it down!"

While Wading through Shiggy

Tune of "On Top of Old Smokey"
While wading through shiggy
All covered in muck
I lost the hash trail
Cause you fuckers suck!

Shortcutting Song

Tune of "The Farmer in the Dell"
A shortcutting we will go,
A shortcutting we will go,
Will we ever find true trail?
Hell, I don't know!

Were You Lonesome Tonight?

Tune: "Are you Lonesome Tonight"
Were you lonesome tonight?
Was the hash out of sight?
Are you sorry you strayed from true trail?
Did your throat feel real dry
Underneath the hot sky?
When you thought of the beer did you wail?
Are the sores on your feet
Raw and filled up with puss?

When you gazed down the road, did you pray for a bus?
Are your legs filled with pain?
Will you shortcut again?
DFL, were you lonesome tonight?

HARE

Shitty Trail

Tune: Mickey Mouse Club
S-H-I-T-T-Y T-R-A-I-L
Shitty trail! (It sucked!)
Shitty trail (it really sucked!)
The mother fuckers laid a shitty trail.
I would rather drink some beer than run that shitty trail.

Hairs of Her Dickey Di-Do (The)

Also "The Mayor of Bayswater"
The Mayor Of Bayswater, He had a lovely daughter
And the hairs of her dickey-di-do hung down to her knees

CHORUS:

And the hairs (and the hairs)
And the hairs (and the hairs)
And the hairs of her dickey di-do hung down to her knees.

One black one one white one and one with a little shite on
And one with a little light on to show us the way.
CHORUS

More Verses:

You'd need a coal miner to find her vagina
I've touched it, I've licked it, it tastes just like brisket
She lived by the waterfront, with the waves lapped up and
down her cunt
She married an Italian, who was hung like a stallion
She divorced the Italian, and married the stallion
I folded her lips back and there found a six pack
It was always hit or miss whether I could find her clitoris
I reached into her thing and there found my class ring
She's not a great looker, but everyone took her
She must be from Groton cuz it smelled really rotten
She might be from New Haven cuz the shit wasn't shaven
She might be a Boner cuz the guys were all up on her

Honors/ Birthdays/ Analversaries

HONORS

Here's to Brother /Sister Hasher(s) (Chant)

Here's to brother (or sister) hasher
Brother hasher, brother hasher
Here's to brother hasher
May he chug-a-lug
He's happy, he's jolly,
He's fucked up by golly,
Here's to brother hasher
May he chug-a-lug
So drink motherfucker
Drink motherfucker! Drink motherfucker!
Drink motherfucker! Drink motherfucker!
Here's to brother hasher. May he chug-a-lug

HERE'S TO _____ (Chant)

Here's to _____ He's true blue
He's a Hasher, 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 . . .

Two Dogs Fucking (Chant)

Here's two dogs fucking, They're True Blue
They are hashers through and through
They are pisspots so they say
Tried to go to heaven, But they went the other way,
So drink it down, down, down . . .

HARRIETTE Song

Tune – Turkey in the Straw

Oh, the wiggle of her ass would make a blind man cum,
And the nipples on her tits are as big as my thumb,
She's a mean mother-fuckers, she's a great cock-sucker,
She's a harriette!
And she goes down down down down....

You're A Hasher

Tune: Swingin On A Star

Would you like to live in a bar?
Have on on-on foor on your car?
Carry yucca round in a jar?
You're a hasher that's what you are.

BIRTHDAYS

Hashy Birthday

Tune – Happy Birthday
Hashy Birthday, F*ck you!...

ANALVERSARIES

I Love My Girl!

Tune – Itself

I love my girl, Yes I do, Yes I do,
I love her truly!
I love that hole, she pisses through!
I love her lips, And her milky-white tits,
And her nut brown asshole!
I'd eat her shit! Gobble Gobble Gobble Slurp!
With a rusty spoon! (with a rusty Spoo-oo-oon!)

Note: The line "milky white tits" should change depending on the harriette's skin color

Down Down Songs

Air Force Song

Tune—Air Force Song
Off We Go into the wild blue yonder
Crash and burn, son of a bitch!

Battle Hymn of the Hasher

Tune: *Battle Hymn of the Republic*
His eyes have sent the horror of the steepness of the trail,
His ears have felt the wind from the whining hasher's tale,
His lips have felt the passing of this nation's finest ale.
This hasher's done it all!

BE MY GUEST

(Tune of *Disney's Be our guest*)
Be my guest Be my guest
Put my service to the test
Wrap your legs around my waist cherie
And I will do the rest
Menage a trois, 69
Without your clothes you look just fine
Try the white stuff, it's delicious
Don't believe me? Ask da bitches
They can scream, they can moan
When I give them all the bone
Cuz a screwing here is never 2nd best!
Come on unzip my pants
Then take a look, a glance
Be my guest! I'm the best! Be my guest!

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, ale and lager! (3x)
Now drink it down, down, down!

BIMBO

Tune: *Bingo*
There was a girl who hashed with us
and bimbo was her name-oh
B-I-M-B-O (x3)
and bimbo was her name-oh

Burlesque Show

Tune: "*Hi Ho, Hi Ho, It's Off to Work We Go*"
Hi ho! Hi ho! It's off to the burlesque show,
We'll sit up front to see their cunts,
Hi ho! Hi ho! At half past eight,
We'll masturbate. . .
We're small on wits, But big on tits.
We'll drop our drawers And fuck some whores.
At 10 'til 8, We'll fornicate.
I paid my buck, Now where's my fuck.

Bull Shit

Tune: *Chorus to My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean*
Bull shit! Bull shit!
It all smell like bull shit to me! to me!
(repeat entire song)

BY THE LIGHT

Tune - *By the Light of the Silvery Moon*
By the light (by the light, by the light),
Of a flickering match,
I saw her snatch,
In the watermelon patch.
By the light (by the light, by the light),

Of a flickering match,
I saw it gleam, I heard her scream,
You are burning my snatch,
With your fucking match.

Chapped Hide

Tune—*Rawhide*
Ballin, Ballin, Ballin;
That boy keeps on callin'
His crabs keep on crawlin' -Chapped Hide!
You thought he was the right one;
more like a one-night stand one
He's shootin blanks with his gun—Chapped Hide!
Pick him up, take him home, ride him hard, make him moan!
Wake him up, saddle up, send him home -Chapped Hide!
(yee haw)

Dead Dog Rover

Tune: *Four Leaf Clover*
I'm looking over, my dead dog Rover
That I over ran with the mower.
One leg is missing, The other is gone,
The third leg is shredded
all over the lawn.
You see there's no use explaining,
The one remaining,
It's spinning on the carpet floor,
O' I'm looking over my dead dog Rover,
That I over ran, hey! I over ran, hey
That I over ran with the mower!

Dinah Won't You Blow Me

Tune - "*I've Been Working on the Railroad*"
Dinah won't you blow me,
Dinah won't you blow me,
Dinah won't you blow my horn?
Dinah won't you blow me,
Dinah won't you blow me,
Dinah won't you blow my horn?

Someone in my sister's vagina,
Someone's in my sister, I know,
Someone's in my sister's vagina,
Pumpin' like a dynamo. (make a humping motion)

Dixie

Tune—*Dixie*
I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
I wish I was in Dixie...cuz she's fucking hot

DOES A HASHER?

Tune - *Do Your Balls Hang Low?*
Does a hasher like to walk,
Does a hasher like to run,
Does a hasher like to be
where they're having all the fun?
Can he drink a 12-ounce beer,
While his friends all sing and cheer,
Now your time has come.
So drink it down, down, down . .

DONNIE THE RETARD

Tune - *Frosty the Snowman*
Donnie the retard,
Had an eight pound melon head,
He was five foot three and he said to me,
Hiii myyy naaame isss Donnnee! I like tater tots, etc

Dough, Ray, Me

Tune: Do Re Mi

Dough: the stuff that buys me beer

Ray: the guy who serves me beer

Me: The guy(gal) who drinks the beer

So: I'll have another beer

La: La la la la BEER

Tea? No thanks I'll Have a beer

And that brings us back to BEER ...beer beer beer etc

Down Down Song

Tune: Tah Rah Boom Dee Ay

This is your down down song

It isn't very long

Down, Down, Down Your Beer

Tune: Row Row Row Your Boat

Down, down, down your beer,

To pay for your crime!

Quit complaining about the taste,

There's no sperm this time!

Drink it down down down....

Free Ballin'

Tune—Tom Petty Free Fallin

I have good jewels...that are on me

Between my legs I'm...needing more room

They're beginning...to swell to my knee

I wear boxers...from Fruit of the Loom

'Cause I'm Free...Free ballin' (2x)

Fuck a Duck

Tune: Do Re Mi

Fuck a duck—a female duck

Screw A baby kangaroo

Finger bang an orangutan

Let an elephant eat you

Feel the penis of an eel

Whack the asshole of a yak

Masturbate with a gnu

That will bring us back to FUCK...

Fucked Again

Tune: Mickey Mouse Club

F-u-c-k-e-d...a-g-a-i-n

Fucked again (fucked again) (2x)

Bend over grab your ankles here it comes again

Glorious, Victorious

Singing glorious, 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

God Bless My Underpants

Tune – God Bless America

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 leg holes,

To the fly flap,

Wet with piss,

God bless my underpants,

They look like this.

HARRIER TAUNT (Ladies Version)

Tune – I Wish I Were an Oscar Meyer Weiner

Oh we wish he wasn't hung like a mosquito,

Tiny's what he truly seems to be-e-e,

For if he wasn't hung like a mosquito,

He'd surely get a lot more play from me!!

HARRIETTE TAUNT (Men's Version)

They wish they were a hashier with a wiener,

That is what they'd truly like to be.

For if they were a hashier with a wiener,

They wouldn't have to stop and squat to pee

Has Anyone Seen My Cock?

Tune: Has Anyone Seen My Gal?

Has anyone seen my cock?

My big Rhode Island Red?

It's mostly pink, with a few blue streaks,

And purple round his head.

It likes to stand at attention,

And give my wife a shock.

Has anybody seen,

Has anybody seen,

Has anybody seen my cock?

Hash On The Range

Tune: Home On The Range

Oh, give me a home

Where the hashier does roam;

Where the hare and the harriette play.

Where seldom is heard

A puritan word

And the draft beer is cold all day.

Hash, hash on the range:

Where the queer and the cantaloupe play.

Where seldom is heard

A puritan word

And the draft beer is cold all day.

HER LEFT TIT

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Her left tit hangs down to her belly,

Her right tit hangs down to her knee.

If her left tit did equal her right tit,

She'd get lots of weenie from me.

Drink it down, down, down . . .

HER VAGINA (HAS A FIRST NAME)

Tune: My Bologna Has a First name

Her vagina has a 1st name, It's P-U-S-S-Y.

Her vagina has an 2nd name, it's

It's downstairs at the Y.

I love to eat it every day,

And if you ask me why I'll say:

Her vagina tastes OK,

Mixed with my sperm's DNA!

Down Down Songs, cont

He's got a dose of clap

Tune: He's Got the Whole World
He's got a dose of clap on his dick,
He's got a dose of clap on his dick,
He's got a dose of clap on his dick,
And all it does is go drip, drip, drip.

He's the Meanest

He's the meanest,
He sucks the horse's penis,
He's the meanest, He's a horse's ass.
Ever since he found it,
All he does is pound it,
He's the meanest,
He's a horse's ass.

His One Skin

Tune- My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean
His one skin hangs down to his two skin
His two skin hangs down to his three
His three hangs down to his four skin
His foreskin hangs down to his knee
Roll back, roll back,
please roll back your foreskin for me, for me
Roll back, roll back, please roll back your foreskin for me

Hot Vagina

Tune: I've been Working on the Railroad
Hot vagina for your breakfast
Hot vagina for your lunch
Hot vagina for your dinner
Just munch munch munch munch (and crunch)
It's so tasty and delicious
Bite size ready to eat
Hot vagina for your breakfast,
Hot vagina can't be beat!

If your Boy/Girlfriend tastes Like Shit

Tune: If you're Happy and You Know it
If your girlfriend tastes like shit, turn her over (2x)
If your girlfriend tastes like shit, it's her asshole not her clit.
If your girlfriend tastes like shit, turn her over.

If your boyfriend tastes like shit, he's a homo. (2x)
If your boyfriend tastes like shit, then he's probably pushing it,
If your boyfriend tastes like shit, he's a homo. (not that there's
anything wrong with thaaaat)

I LIKE COCK

Tune - Three Blind Mice
I like cock, I like cock,
See how they rise, See how they rise,
They fit so nicely and feel so grand,
They come in all sizes, all shapes and brands,
There's nothing finer than making them stand,
'Cause I like cock, I like cock.

I'm Your Mailman

Tune: Bye, Bye, Birdie
Make me happy, make me gay
I can come twice a day.
I'm your mailman
Lift the knocker, ring the bell

I can make you feel so swell
I'm your mailman.
I can come in any kind of weather
Don't you know my bags are made of leather?
I don't mess with keys or locks
I'll slip it in right in the box,
I'm your mailman

Incest Time in Texas

Tune - Yellow Rose of Texas
When it's incest time in Texas,
And there's no cunt to be found,
Your mother's in the bathroom,
Her panties halfway down,
No time for masturbation,
No time to beat your meat,
When it's incest time in Texas,
Mother-fucking can't be beat!

In Your Hair Tonight

Tune: Genesis "In the Air Tonight"
(start with epic drumbeat)
I Can See me Coming in your hair tonight
Oh LAWD (start pumping the air)

I SCREW YOU (AKA THE BARNEY SONG)

Tune: Theme Song from Barney
I screw you, You screw me,
Barney gave me HIV,
With a hug and a kiss and a whole lot more,
I got fucked by a dinosaur.

It's A Small Dick

Tune - It's a Small World
Well it isn't long and it isn't think,
It gets hard too slow
and it cums too quick,
It gets lost in her twat
but it's all that he's got,
It's a small, small dick.
It's a small dick after all,
It's a small dick after all,
Always limp from alcohol,
It's a small, small dick!

I've Only Half a Brain

Tune: If I Only Had a Brain
I could while away the hours
Searchin' hills for flour
Across a wide terrain.
I'd be chipper, and I'd be cheerful
If my stomach had a beerful
'Cause I've only half a brain.
With my arms and legs akimbo
I'll be chasing after bimbos
Through mud and thorns and rain.
I'll be making lots of passes
As I fondle all their asses
'Cause I've only half a brain.

Just Got Out of Prison

Tune: Lookin Out My Back Door

I just got out of prison & my asshole's still a fizzin
dreaming bout my friends down
in old cell block four
they raped me in the showers
it must have lasted hours
now there's goo goo goo runnin' out my back door!

Long and Thin

Tune: Pop Goes the Weasel

Long and thin goes too far in,
And doesn't please the ladies;
Short and thick will do the trick,
And bring out proper babies.
Oh our Mary tried it once,
Once is once too many;
Wasn't she a proper dunce?
Did it for a penny.

LOVE ME TENDER

Tune – Itself

Love me tender, love me sweet,
Wrap your lips around my meat.
Hold me close and watch me grin,
As the c*m rolls down, down, down, down...

MASTURBATION

Tune – Alouette

(Song to a male)
Masturbation, he loves masturbation
Masturbation, it's what he loves to do
First he'll use his right hand
Then he'll use his left hand
Right hand Left hand Right hand Left hand
Masturbation, it's what he'd rather do.
So drink it down down down down . . .

(Song to a female)

Masturbation, we love masturbation
Masturbation, it's what we love to do
First we'll use our right hand
Then we'll use our left hand
Right hand Left hand Right hand Left hand
Masturbation, while thinking about you.
So drink it down down down down . . .

My COCK'II Choke You

To the tune of "La Cucaracha"

my cock'll choke you (2x)
If you put it in your mouth,
my cock'll choke you (2x)
If you put it in your mouth,

Nipples

Tune – Jada

Nipples! Nipples!
N-I-P-P-L-E-S!
Nipples! Nipples!
N-I-P-P-L-E-S!
Lick them, flick them, play with them too,
That's where babies go to get goo.
Nipples! Nipples!
That's what makes the titties fun!

Old Brown Cow

Tune: The Old Gray Mare

The Old Brown Cow went
Pffft up against the wall (3x)
The Old Brown Cow went Pffft up against the wall
And the wall was covered in SHIT SHIT SHIT

Old Mc Hasher

Tune—Old McFarmer

(For the most HIGHLY unacceptable hash behavior)
Old Mc Hasher Had a farm—E-I-E-I-O
And on that farm he had a ram —E-I-E-I-O
With a ram-ram here and a ram-ram there
(the pack "rams" the violator)
Here a ram, there a ram, everywhere a ram-ram
Old Mc Hasher Had a farm—E-I-E-I-O
And on that farm he had a whale
(the pack spits beer on the violator)

PETER PENIS

Tune – Oscar Meyer Bologna Song

Men's Version:

My penis has a first name,
It's P-E-T-E-R,
My penis has a second name,
It's P-E-N-I-S,
My girl she sucks it every day,
And if you ask her why she'll say ... (gargle)

Women's version:

His penis has a first name,
It's P-E-T-E-R,
His penis has a second name,
It's P-E-N-I-S,
I love to fuck him every day,
And if you ask me why I'll say ...
Cause Peter Penis has a way,
With my V-A-G-I-N-A!

PISSONYA

Pissonya pissonya pissonya
It's Russian for I love ya
If I had my way, I'd pissa on ya all day
Pissonya pissonya pissonya

Shitonya shitonya shitonya
It's Russian for I love ya
If I had my way, I'd shit on ya all day
Shitonya shitonya shitonya

Cumonya cumonya cumonya
It's Russian for I love ya
If I had my way, I'd cum on ya all day
Cumonya cumonya cumonya
Drink it down down down.

Put Your Left Leg Over My Shoulder

Tune: Side by Side

Put your left leg over my shoulder
Put your right leg over my shoulder
Mmmmpf—mpfh—mpfh
(Last line is sung in the same tune but as if mouth is muffled
from singing during oral sex)

MORE Down Down Songs

Sally in the Alley (Chant)

Sally in the alley, sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her ass blew out six windows
The cheeks of her ass went blam! Blam! Blam!

SHE LIKES IT IN THE KITCHEN

Tune: We're Going to Kentucky
She likes it in the kitchen,
She likes it in the kitchen,
She likes it in the kitchen,
And by kitchen I mean butt!

Short Hymn

Hymn...Hymn ...
Fuck him!

Skeeter on My Peeter

Tune: If You're Happy and You Know it
There's a skeeter on my peeter whack it off (2x)
There's a dozen on my cousin,
I can hear those fuckers buzzin
There's a skeeter on my peeter whack it off

Soldier Song

Tune: Serenade No. 13- A Little Night Music: I. Allegro
Asshole! Asshole! A soldier I will be.
To piss! To Piss! Two pistols on my knee.
For cunt! For Cunt! For country & for queen.
Asshole (4x) A soldier I will be!

Streaking in the Sun

Tune: Seasons in the Sun
We had joy, we had fun
We went streaking in the sun
But the cops they had guns
and they shot us in the buns

Take it in Your Hand, Mrs. Murphy

Tune: Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da
Take it in your hand, Mrs. Murphy.
It only weighs a quarter of a pound.
It's got hair round its neck like a turkey,
And it spits when you jerk it up & down.
Down down down down.

Thank God She Finally Shut Up

Tune: Looney Tunes Theme Song
Thank god you finally shut up
You're always fucking bitching
So drink your beer
Get out of here
And get back in the kitchen!

THE DIVORCE GAME

Tune: Take me out to the Ball Game
Make me out as the bad guy,
Trash my name in a crowd.
Tell them that I don't pay child support,
My breath is bad and my dick is too short.
And it's all my fault for the whole thing,

The guy is always to blame.
Take my house, car, and half of my pay,
In the dee-voice game

The Herpes Family

Tune: The Addams Family
They're goofy and they're itchy,
They make your girlfriend bitchy,
They hide out in her snitchy,
The Herpes Family!

CHORUS:

Da da da da (snap fingers twice) (2x)
Da da da da—da da da da— da da da da (snap fingers twice)

You can hardly see 'em,
But when you start a-pee'n,
They really get ya screamin',
The Herpes Family!

THE TIRED HASHER

Tune - Itsy Bitsy Spider
The tired (name hash) Hasher,
Went trudging up the hill,
Stopped at the Beer Check,
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 . . .

There's A Girl!

Tune: She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain
There's a girl In your shower...and she's wet (2x)
There's a girl In your shower...she gets paid by the hour
There's a girl In your shower...and she's wet

There's a girl on her knees doggie style (2x)
There's a girl on her knees, screamin' choke me please!
There's a girl on her knees doggie style

There's a whore on the floor...and she's dead (2x)
There's a whore on the floor she's not charging anymore
And there's nothing quite like screwin with the dead

There Was a Little Bird

There was a little bird,
No bigger than a turd
And he sat upon a telephone pole.
He stuck out his little neck,
And he shat about a peck
As he puckered up his little asshole.(2x)

They Ought to be Publicly Pissed On

Tune: 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.

Twelve Inch Hard-On

Tune – I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover

I've got a start on a twelve-inch hard-on
That I've had all afternoon.
Went to the doctor, she told me to cough,
I wish that she would whack it right off!
So come to me, Venus, massage my penis,
And shrivel it like a prune,
'Cause I've got a start on a twelve-inch hard-on
That I'll probably have,
That I'll probably have,
That I'll probably have till June.

Twenty Toes (Chant)

There's a game called 20 toes
It's played all over town.
The women play with 10 toes up
The men with 10 toes down

U-G-L-Y (Chant)

U-G-L-Y: You ain't got no alibi
you UGLY hey hey you UGLY
M-A-M-M-A: We know how you got that way
Your Momma hey hey your Momma
D-A-D-D-Y: You don't even know that guy
Your Daddy—hey hey—your Daddy
U-N-C-L-E: He might be your real daddy
Your Uncle hey hey your Uncle
T- R -A -N- N- Y: Holy shit! That girl's a guy
A Tranny hey hey a Tranny

WHAT A WANK

Tune: William Tell Overture

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank, (3x)
What a waaaaaank, what a wank, wank, wank.
(this can be continued for the entire song...)

Whip it Out At the Ball Game

Tune: Take Me Out to the Ball Game

Whip it out at the ball game
Wave it round at the crowd
Dip it in peanuts & crackerjacks
I don't care if you give it a whack
Cause' it's beat your meat at the ball game
If you don't cum it's a shame
Cause it's 1, 2 and you're covered in goo
At the old ball game

Why Was He Born so Beautiful?

Tune: Itself

Why was he born so beautiful?
Why was he born at all?
He's no fucking use to anyone,
He's no fucking use at all.
He may be a joy to his mother
But he's a pain in the asshole to me

You're Stupid (Chant)

You're stupid! You're stupie!
You're really fucking dumb!
If it wasn't for your mother
You'd be a spot of cum!

Long Songs

A Few of My Favorite Things

Tune: My Favorite 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 pox stings, and my balls ache,
And my cock is sore,
I cheer myself up with my favorite things,
And revive the old cock once more.

Other Verses:

...Quims soft and puckered and minge short and curly,
Tight little cunts fringed with spunk white and pearly,
Red painted nipples, an ice cube blow job,
These are the things that will make my cock throb.

...Limbs brown and supple, with buttocks gyrating,
Positions amazing, damp cunt lips pulsating,
Cheerful young bodies all eager to screw,
Of my favorite things these are only a few.

...The rugby mob buggers all bloated with beer,
The sight of them's foul, it's no wonder, they're queer,
The dear old mismanagement, oh, what a farce,
These are some of the things you can stick up your arse.

...A run that was set by those mad hares the Dutch,
A ride in old trucks that you all loved so much,
Some piss that was different with a beer glass thrown in,
Surely a fucking good hash, no hash sin.

Alouette (Men's Version)

tune of "Alouette"

CHORUS:

Alouette, gentile alouette.
Alouette, je te plumerai!

S = Does she have ze frizzy hair?
P = Yes, she has ze frizzy hair!
S = Frizzy hair!
P = Frizzy Hair!

S = Does she have ze swinging tits?
P = Great, big, swinging fucking tits!
S = Swinging tits!
P = Great big swinging fucking tits!

Continue the verses that follow in the same manner as the preceding verses. Exceptions are noted.

S = Does she have ze wooden eye?
P = Yes I would!
S = Wooden eye!
P = Yes I would!

S = Does she have ze uni brow?
S = Does she have ze blow job lips?
S = Does she have ze cum-stained teeth?
S = Does she have ze double-chin?
S = Does she have ze hairy chest?
S = Does she have ze beer belly?

S = Does she have ze bulbous butt?
S = Does she have ze furry thing?
S = Now isn't she a nice-a girl?

Alouette (Ladies Version)

To the tune of "Alouette"

CHORUS:

I'm not wet yet. I'm not even wet yet!
I'm not wet yet. I'm not even wet!

Continue the verses that follow in the same manner as the preceding verses. Exceptions are noted.

S = Does he have a tiny thing?
P = Itsy, bitsy, teenie weenie thing!

S = Does he have ze thinning hair?
S = Does he have ze wrinkled brow?
S = Does he have ze roving eyes?
S = Does he have ze crooked nose?
S = Does he have ze lifeless tongue?
S = Does he have ze hairy palms?
S = Does he have ze beer belly?
S = Does he have ze big fat ass?
S = Does he have ze rug-burned knees?
S = Does he have ze smelly feet?
S = Now isn't he a very nice guy?

Barcelona (Manana)

Way down in Barcelona
where the birdies learn to fly
A birdie dropped a turdie
in another birdie's eye.
Said the Governor to the birdie
"You're here to learn to fly
And not to drop a turie
In another birdie's eye."

CHORUS:

Manana, manana, Manana is good enough for me! oh –ay
Manana, manana, Manana is good enough for you ? No way

Other Verses:

...Way down in Barcelona, Where ladies learn to knit,
A lady stuck a needle in another lady's tit.
Said the gov'nor to the lady, "You're here to learn to knit,
And not to stick a needle in another lady's tit."

...Way down in Barcelona, Where beavers build the wall,
A beaver dropped a boulder on another beaver's ball.
Said the Gov'nr to the beaver, "You're here to build the wall,
And not to drop a boulder on another beaver's ball."

...Way down in Barcelona where the hippies smoke the grass
A hippy stuck a reefer up another hippies ass
Said the Gov'nr to the hippy "You're here to smoke the grass
And not to stick a reefer up Another hippies ass."

...[slowly]

Way down in Barcelona, where the lepers decompose,
A leper picked a bogey from another leper's nose.
Said the Gov'nr to the leper,
[speeding up]
"You're here to decompose,
And not to pick a bogey from another leper's nose."

Bestiality's Best

Tune: Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport

CHORUS:

Bestiality's best, boys.

Bestiality's best - -Fuck a Wallaby!

Bestiality's best, boys.

Bestiality's best.

Tie me wallaby down, boys.

Tie me wallaby down.

You can't fuck him

when he's hopping around, boys.

So, tie me wallaby down.

Change your luck with a duck, Chuck.

Change your luck with a duck.

A duck's a marvelous fuck, Chuck.

So, change your luck with a duck.

A drake's the best all around, mate.

A drake's the best all around.

It's entry's surrounded by down, mate.

A drake's the best all around.

A camel's a hell of a lay, Kay.

A camel's a hell of a lay.

Humping the hump, as they say, Kay.

A camel's a hell of a lay.

Other Verses:

Be very pleasant to a pheasant

Bring a flea to her knees

Chuck your sperm in a worm

Do an illegal with an eagle

Do it funky with a monkey

Down the throat of a goat

Drop some goo in a shrew

Ejaculate in a snake

Get a suck from a duck

Be a pimp for a chimp

Have a frig with a pig

Have a fuck with a duck

Have a goose with a moose

Have a lark with an aardvark

Have a rape with an ape

Have a shag with a stag

Have a squirm with a worm

In the Bahamas with some llamas

Part the hare of a mare

Put it in the mid of a squid

Put your cock in a peacock

Put your noodle to a poodle

Put your thang in an orangutan

Shoot your load in a toad

Shove your log in a dog

Shove your willy up a filly

Sixty-nine with a swine

Stick your dork in a stork

Stick your needle in a beetle

Up the ass of a bass

Up the fanny of a nanny

Up the hole of a mole

Chicago

Tune: I Don't Wanna Join the Army

CHORUS:

I used to work in Chicago

In a department store.

I used to work in Chicago,

I don't work there anymore.

H = A woman came in for a computer

P = A computer from the store

H = A computer she wanted, my wang she got

P = I don't work there anymore.

More verses:

A lady came in for a ham.

Ham she wanted, porked she got.

A man came in for a balloon,

A balloon he wanted, blown he got

A man came in for some wheels

Wheels he wanted, rimmed he got

A woman came in for some seafood

Seafood she wanted, crabs she got

A man came in for a lollipop,

A sucker he wanted, Sucked he got

A lady came in for drain cleaner,

Drano she wanted, Clean pipes she got

A lady came in for a horse,

A Horse she wanted, Ridden she got

A man came in for some wheels,

Wheels he wanted, Rimmed he got

A woman came in for a doughnut,

Glazed she wanted, Creme-filled she got

A lady came in for a throw rug,

Rug she wanted, Rug-burned she got

A woman came in looking for a suit of armor,

A suit of armor she wanted, a one-knight stand she got

Do your Balls Hang Low?

Do your balls hang low?

Do they wobble to and fro?

*Can you tie 'em in a knot?

*Can you tie 'em in a bow?

Can you throw 'em o'er your shoulder,

Like a continental soldier?

Can you do the double shuffle,

When your balls hang low?

CHORUS:

Ting-a-ling, God damn

Find a woman if you can.

If you can't find a woman,

Find a clean old man.

If you're ever in Gibraltar,

Take a flying fuck at Walter.

Can you do the double shuffle

When your balls hang low?

Long Songs, con't

Do You Like Shiggy?

"If You're Happy and You Know it"
If you like hashing and you know it,
Clap your hands. XX (2x)
If you like hashing and you know it,
And you really want to show it,
If you like hashing and you know it,
Clap your hands. XX

Other Verses:

...If you like shiggy and you know it, Show your scars
...If you like Leptosporosis and you know it,
Stay on (hare's name. . .)'s trail,

Eat Bite Song

Tune: Itself

Well, I went to a party And what did they do?
They took off their socks And they took off their shoes,
They took off their coats, And they took off their pants.
I had a hunch, They weren't gonna dance.

[Chorus:]

Oh, eat-bite-fuck-suck-gobble-nibble-chew,
Nipple-bosom-hairpie-fingerfuck-screw,
Moose-piss, cat-pud, orangutan-tit,
Sheep-pussy, camel-crack, pig and lion shit.
Purple headed, cherry poppin, tea baggin bitch
Pink puckered pun-tang lyn in a ditch
Ass plowin' pussy chowin, wife sloppin huggy
You ball lappin s*** sword swallow my chubby

She was workin on a wiener with her 2 big toes
She had one up her ass and one under her nose
She grapped two more and stuck em in her ears
She'll said i'll make em all come while I'm chuggin this beer

Engineer Song

Melody: Froggy Went A Courting

An engineer told me before he died,
a-hum (Titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum...)
An engineer told me before he died,
a-hum (a-Huuuuuum...)
An engineer told me before he died,
I have no reason to believe he lied
A-hum titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum, A-Hum

He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
a-hum (Titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum...) (2x)
He had a wife with a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied

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

The balls of brass were filled with cream...
The whole damn issue was driven by steam

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

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

Round and round went the great big wheel...
Up and down went the prick of steel

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

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

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

It went like the piston of a train...
He should have fitted a gearing chain

Clouds of steam blew out the top...
There wasn't a way to make it stop,

She was torn from ass to tit...
The whole damn room was covered in shit

Now we come to the bit that's grim...
It jumped off her and started on him

The last time that the thing was seen...
It was in Buckingham Palace fucking the Queen...

The crux of the matter is plain to be seen...
You should never trust a fuckin' MACHINE!

The moral of this story is mighty clear ...
Don't ever fuck with an engineer!

Nine months later a child was born...
2 balls of brass and a bloody great horn.

There's another lesson to the story I tell...
If you see that prick, you'd better run like hell!

Fornication

Tune: "Alouette"

CHORUS:
Fornication, I love fornication
Fornication, I love to fornicate.

S = How I like to be on top
P = Yes, he likes to be on top
S = Be on top.
P = Be on top
S = Fornicate
P = Fornicate

Other Verses:

How I like to...
Do it standing up
Hide the salami
Drive it deep
Bark like a dog
Bump and grind
Pump and hump
Grind her mound
Give jungle love
Do it in the dirt

GANG BANG

Tune: "Billboard March" (Sing the verses like a knock-knock joke in any order)

CHORUS

I love a gang bang,
Oh yes I do,
Cause a gang bang makes me feel so good.
When I was younger, and in my prime,
I used to gang bang all the time,
But now I'm older,
and turning gray,
I only gang bang twice a day.

SAMPLE VERSE:

Leader: Knock-knock (All: Who's there?)

Leader: Ida (All: Ida, who?)

Leader: Ida want another gang bang!

CHORUS

Other Verses:

Ranger, A Ranger for best entry at the gang bang!
Oliver, Oliver clothes were off at the gang bang!
Dolly Parton, Dolly's partin' her thighs at the gang bang!
Yurin, Yurin for sloppy seconds at the gang bang!
Tijuana, Tijuana bring your mother to the gang bang?
Orange, Orange you glad you're at the gang bang?
Aspen, Aspen too much time at the at the bang bag
Irish, Irish we were at the gang bang
Shelby, Shelby sore after the gang bang!
Police, Po-lice take me to the gang bang!
Howard, Howard the tits at the gang bang!
Extinct, It stinked like fish at the gnag bang?
Maybel, Maybel do us all at the gang bang!
Ilene, Ilene over the couch at the gang bang!
Heddy, Heddy got at the gang bang!
Shirley, Shirley you got laid at the gang bang?
Ima, Ima glad we had this gang bang!
Eisenhower, Eisenhower late for the gang bang!
Gladiator, Gladiator out before the gang bang!
Dixie, Dixie –rect at the gang bang!
Kenya, Kenya give me directions to the gang bang!
Abbott, Abbott you won't be alone at the gang bang!
Charlie Pryde, Charlie Pryde her legs apart at the gang bang!
Turner, Turner over, let's have another gang bang!
Elyse, Elyse he stopped bringin his gramma to the gang bang
Kissinger, Kissinger's great, but fuckin her's better at the gang bang!

Green Grow the Rashes O

Tune: Green Grow the Rushes O

Green grow the rashes O,
Green grow the rashes O,
The sweetest bed I ever had
Was the bellies of the lasses O

We're all full from eating it,
We're all dry from drinking it,
The parson kissed the fiddler's wife,
And couldn't preach for thinking of it.

There's a pious lass in town,
Godly Lizzy Lundy O,
She mounts the peak throughout the week,
But fingers it on Sunday O.

Lizzie is of large dimension,
There is not a doubt of it,
The soccer team went in last night,
And none has yet come out of it.

Joekie's wife she thought she'd shave it,
Threw him in a pretty passion,
Shouting he'd not have a wife
Whose private parts were out of fashion.

HAND SOLO SONG

Tune - My Favorite Things

Handcuffs on bedposts,
and latex with jelly,
Whip marks on backsides
and cum stains on bellies,
Nasty infections
that ooze from my thing,
These are the memories from my last fling.

Ball grabbing sessions
with shower falsestos.
Blindfolds and butt plugs
and high heeled stiletos.
Sweaty transvestites
performing from swings
These are the memories from my last fling.

.Pink pocket pussies
and dildos with mayonnaise
Hand jobs with duct tape
and nipple clamp entrees
Edible panties
on guys with cock rings
These are the memories of my last fling.

When the crabs bite, when my pee stings,
When I'm feeling sore,
I simply remember Hand Solo's around,
And then I scream out...For more!

MORE LONG SONGS

HELLO PENIS

Tune - Sound of Silence

Hello penis my old friend,
I've come to play with you again,
When those wet dreams come a-creeping,
I spurt my seeds while I am sleeping,
And with your helmet firmly planted in my hand,
It will expand,
While jerking off in silence.

In horny dreams I get a bone,
I beat off on cobble stones,
Beneath the halo of a street lamp,
I see a whore who's getting very damp,
For five hundred baht in a flash she's on her back,
She spreads her crack,
And twitches her twat in silence.

Those who see and do not know,
How to make my penis grow,
I whipped you out so she might eat you,
I stuffed you up into her pussy spew,
And then my sperm, like silent raindrops fell,
And turned to gel,
While jerking off in silence.

And the ants came out and played,
In the fucking mess I'd made,
But in heeding daddy's warning,
That mum would find it in the morning,
So I rolled out of bed and wiped it up with my shirt,
God, what a squirt!
Jerking off in silence.

Hitler Only Had One Ball

Tune: Colonel Bogey March

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

...(Whistle tune for CHORUS)

Frankfurt has only one beer hall,
Stuttgart, die München all on call,
Munich, vee lift our tunich,
To show vee 'Cherman' have no balls at all.

...(Whistle tune for CHORUS)

Hans Otto is very short, not tall,
And blotto, for drinking Singhai and Skol.
A 'Cherman', unlike Bruce Erwin,
Because Hans Otto has no balls at all.

I'll Never Piss Again

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

My dick has felt the burning
of the coming of the clap,
I've been clean all these years and now

I've got a real bum rap,
That bitch said she was clean
but she really was a liar,
'Cause now my dick's on fire.

CHORUS :

Lordy, Lordy I'm on fire (3X)
And I'll never piss again

Other Verses:

I saw her coming at me
from across the Georgia bar .
Her ass was swinging wildly
and her tits were sagging far .
I propped her on a barstool
and I bought that bitch a drink .
Then I smelled that telltale stink

CHORUS

Swedish Bees, Kamikazes,
Stolies, and some brew
My dick was getting hard, Man, t
he big old Wally grew .
She reached into my pants
and she pulled that monster out .
Then John Cleveland began to shout

CHORUS

I should've listened to him
'cuz he'd been with her before .
That must have been where
he got that bloody festered sore.
I should have listened to him
when he said she was a whore,
But you know "Bo needs more"

CHORUS

So I took her on a hash run
and that bitch ran fast and hot.
You could almost see the nasty stuff
a-dripping out her slot.
And at the On-In, she told me
she really wanted to fuck,
But I should have just let her suck

CHORUS

Now I'm in the doctor's office
sitting in the chair.
Nothing like a red hot poker
way down deep in there.
The doctor pushed too far
and my scrotum began to tear.
God, this really sucks

I Love a Moose

CHORUS:

Moose, moose, I love a moose.
I've never had anything quite like a moose.
My life has been merry, My women have been loose,
But nothing compares to the love of a moose!

When I was a young lad I played with the girls,
I'd fondle their titties and twirl their curls,
But my true love ran off with a classmate named Bruce,
I never got treated that way by a moose.

When I'm in the mood for a very fine lay,
I go to the closet and pull out some hay,
I open the window and spread it around,
Cuz moose'll come running when there's hay on the ground.

When I was much younger I read dirty books
I stroked myself with each gazing look,
But nothing can make my eyes start to twinkle,
Then getting it off with that stud Bullwinkle.

Women like pearls and diamonds & cars
I spend all my money on them in bars,
But a moose is content to be tied to a tree
While I find other mooses to satisfy me.

Now gorillas are fine for a Saturday night
But lions and tigers they put up a fight.
It just ain't the same when you slam their caboose
As the feeling you get when you hump with a moose.

Now that I'm older and into my years,
I'll have you to know that I shed no tears.
While I lay by the fire with a glass of Mateus,
Playing hide the salami with Margaret the Moose.

I WILL SURVIVE

Tune: I will Survive

At first I was afraid, I was petrified,
When you said you had 10 inches Lord, I almost died.
But I'd spent so many nights just waiting for a man that long,
That I grew strong, And I knew that I could take you on. . .

But there you are, Another lie!
I was ready for a Big Mac and you brought me a French fry.
I should have known it was so small,
Just a sad pathetic dream,
Should have known there was no Anaconda
lurking in those jeans.

Go on now go, Walk out the door,
Don't you promise me 10 inches then turn up with only 4,
Weren't you a jerk to think I wouldn't notice it pop out,
Don't you know we're only joking
when we say size doesn't count?

Chorus:

I, I will survive, I will survive,
Cuz as long as I have batteries, My sex life's gonna thrive,
I will always have good sex with a handful of latex.

I will survive, I will survive. . .hey, hey!

It took all my self control not to laugh out loud,
When I saw your little wiener standing small and proud.
But too bad about your ego and to Hell with all your needs!
Now I'm saving all my lovin' for a cordless multispeed

Go on, now go, Just make a dash,
Last time I saw a dick that small I was treating diaper rash!
I should have asked for confirmation,
Should have asked for pictures, please!
Then I wouldn't have you waving
that wee winkie thing at me.

Go on now go, Just hit the track,
Don't you bring me home no little worm,
I'll always throw them back.
The only thing that I could do with a dick as small as yours,
Is to stick it with a tooth pick...then call it an hors d'oeuvre!

Go on now go, Get out of my sight,
I'm going back to my appliance,
Cuz I know it's length is right,
And if I ever see your tiny pecker peckin' at my door,
You'll be counting your 4 inches as you pick them off the floor.

CHORUS

Jesus Saves

Tune: Glory, Glory Hallelujah

Chorus:

Free beer for all the hashers (3x)
Jesus saves, (3x)

Verses:

All the girls love Jesus 'cause he always comes again
Jesus can't go hashing cuz he's mowing my front lawn
Jesus can't go hashing 'cause his Dad knows all the trails
Jesus can't lay trail because the flour falls through his hands
Jesus can't go to college 'cause he got nailed on the boards
Jesus can't go hashing because he shortcuts 'cross the lake
Jesus can't go hashing 'cause the Jew won't pay five bucks
All the girls love Jesus 'cause he's hung like this (Imitate
crucifixion pose)

Jesus can't go hashing cuz he's stuck behind a rock
Jesus can't go hashing cuz he turns the beer to wine

FINAL VERSE:

Jesus Christ, we're only kidding (Kneel and genuflect)...

LIMERICKS

Melody (Chorus Only) – Mexican Hat Dance (Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay)

[Instructions: An individual speaks a limerick. Then, the group repeats the last word of the first two lines. The chorus follows each limerick. During the chorus, the group sings the first line, the individual speaks an insult, then the group sings the last three lines a. Take turns singing limericks and telling insults. The song ends with the chorus.]

SAMPLE LIMERICK

[spoken]

Individual: "There was a young man from Australia" **Group: (Australia!)**
Individual: "Who went on a wild bacchanalia," **Group: (Baccanalia!)**
Individual: "He buggered a frog, Two mice, and a dog, And a bishop in fullest regalia. " **Group: (OH!)**

Chorus:

Group sings: "Aye, aye, aye, aye"
Individual: Spoken Insult: (see list)
Group sings: "So sing me another verse, That's worse than the other verse, And waltz me around by my willie."

CHORUS:

"Aye, aye, aye, aye"
Spoken Insult:
"So sing me another verse,
That's worse than the other verse,
And waltz me around by my willie. "

Spoken INSULTS:

Your mother and father were brothers
Your brother fills empty cream donuts
Your father eats your brother's cream donuts
Your sister eats bat shit off cave walls
Your sister leaves slime trails like snails
Your mother does squat thrusts on silos
Your brother eats grandfather's donuts
Your sister douches with Drano
Your sister swims after troop ships (and catches them)
Your sister's in love with a carrot
Your sister goes down for a quarter
Your mom uses Frisbees for diaphragms
Your sister got turned down by hashers
Your mother's vibrator is made by John Deere
Your mother uses hamsters for tampons
Your sister rides bikes without seats
Your mother's so dry the crabs carry canteens
Your brother eats green spots out of birdshit
Your mother thinks bedpans are soup bowls
Your brother jerks off in confessionals
Your father sucks farts out of sofa cushions

LIMERICKS:

There was a young lady named Anna, (Anna!)
Who stuffed her friend's cunt with banana, (Banana!)
Which she sucked bit by bit, From her partner's warm slit,
In the most approved lesbian manner. (OH!)

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam, (Adam!)
Just stroking the butt of his madam, (Madam!)
He was quaking with mirth, For on all of the earth,
There were only two balls, and he had 'em. (OH!)

A mathematician named Fine, (Fine!)
Always showed her classes a good time, (Time!)
Instead of multiplication, She taught fornication,
And never got past sixty-nine. (OH!)

There was a young dino named Barney, (Barney!)
Whose treatment of kids was quite smarmy, (Smarmy!)
He'd probe every hole, Then swallow 'em whole,
Till his shit looked like children con carne. (OH!)

There was a young lady from Munich, (Munich!)
Who was ravished one night by a eunuch, (Eunuch!)
At the height of her passion, He slipped her a ration,
From a squirt gun concealed in his tunic. (OH!)

There once was a woman from Phlox, (Phlox!)
Who set dynamite off in her box, (Box!)
To describe the sensation, She cried with elation,
"It's better than elephant cocks!" (OH!)

A woman from South Carolina, (Carolina!)
Placed fiddle strings 'cross her vagina, (Vagina!)
With proper sized cocks, What was sex, became Bach's
Tocatta and Fugue in D Minor. (OH!)

A certain young maiden from Babylon, (Babylon!)
Decided to lure all the rabble-on, (Rabble-on!)
By dropping her shirt, And raising her skirt,
Exposing a market to dabble-on. (OH!)

There once was a rabbi from Keith, (Keith!)
Who circumcised men with his teeth, (Teeth!)
It was not for the treasure, Nor sexual pleasure,
But to get at the cheese underneath. (OH!)

There was a young man of Koblenz, (Koblenz!)
The size of whose balls was immense, (Immense!)
One day playing soccer, He sprung his left knocker,
And kicked it right over the fence. (OH!)

There was a young lady named Alice, (Alice!)
Who used dynamite for a phallus, (Phallus!)
They found her vagina, In North Carolina,
Her arsehole in Buckingham Palace. (OH!)

There once was a lady from Arden, (Arden!)
Who sucked a man off in a garden, (Garden!)
He said, "My dear Flo, Where does all that stuff go?"
And she said (swallow hard)"I beg pardon?" (OH!)

There was a young lady named Alice, (Alice!)
Who thought of her cunt as a chalice, (Chalice!)
One night sleeping nude, She woke, feeling lewd,
And found in her chalice a phallus. (OH!)

There once was a villain, so feared, (Feared!)
He tied a girl to the tracks and leered, (Leered!)
But he tied her up the wrong way,
Not sideways, but longways,
And a forty-car train disappeared! (OH!)

There once was a priest from Boston, (Boston!)
Who found a pub he liked to get sauced in, (Sauced In!)
But, in walked a boy and a mule, And he started to drool,
For he didn't know which ass to get lost in. (OH!)

There once was a man from Kildare, (Kildare!)
Who was screwing his lady on the stairs, (Stairs!)
But on the 35th stroke, The banister broke,
So he finished her off in the air! (OH!)

So. Very. Long Songs

WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND

Tune – As the Cassions Go Rolling Along

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well,
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can bet it ain't sweat when her underwear is wet,
When the end of the month rolls around.

Chorus:

Singing hi, hi, hee, to the tampon factory,
Shout your size and sing it loud and clear,
We got small, medium, large,
We got enough to fill a barge,
When the end of the month rolls around.

Other Verses:

You can tell by the puddle that you're only gonna cuddle
You can tell by the stench that she's gonna be a wench
You can tell by her poon that you won't get any soon
You can tell by her scowl that you're gonna need a towel
You can tell by her smell that she isn't feeling well
You can tell by her pout that her eggs are falling out

Final Verse:

You can tell by the red that you're only getting head
(Head?! Who said head?..)

Yogi Bear

Tune: Camptown Races

There's a bear in the deep dark woods:
Yogi, Yogi
There's a bear in the deep dark woods:
Yogi, Yogi Bear

Chorus:

Yogi, Yogi Bear (2x)
There's a bear in the deep dark woods:
Yogi, Yogi Bear

More verses:

Yogi has a little friend—Boo boo
Yogi Has a girlfriend—Cindy
Cindy says she has one, too—Klondike
Yogi has a 12 inch cock— black bear
Boo boo says he has one too—liar
Boo boo bear has no teeth—gummy
Cindy likes it up the rear—dirty/ brown
Cindy likes it upside down— Koala
Yogi didn't use a condom—daddy
Boo boo's only 3 feet tall—Yogi's a lucky bear
Yogis like Kuwaiti farts—Saddam
Boo boo likes to stroke his tool—wanker
Yogi likes the little boys--poofter
Cindy likes it on the ice—Polar
Cindy likes it up the ass—Brown bear
Cindy doesn't shave down there— grizzly
Yogi has an M16—right to

YO HO (Harrier Version)

Tune – When Johnny Comes Marching Home

I met a harriette on trail one day, Yo Ho! Yo Ho! (2x)
I met a harriette on trail one day,

She said, "Hey hasher, you fancy a lay?"

CHORUS:

Get it in, get it out, quit fucking about!"
Yo Ho! Yo Ho! Yo Ho!

ADDITIONAL VERSES:

I put my hand upon her toe, She said,
"Hey hasher, you're way too low! ...

I put my hand upon her knee, She said,
"Hey hasher, quit teasing me!" ...

I put my hand upon her thigh, she said,
"Hey hasher, you're way too shy!" ...

I put my hand upon her tit, She said,
"Hey hasher, you're getting it!"

I put my hand upon her twat,
"Hey hasher, you've hit the spot!" ...

I put my dick into her mouth,
She said, "Mmrrhh mmrhh mmrmm fmmrrf!" ...

And now she's in a wooden box,
She died from sucking too many hasher cocks! ...

FINAL VERSE:

We dig her up every now and then, Yo Ho! Yo Ho! (2x)
We dig her up every now and then,
We fucked her once, we'll fuck her again! ...

YO HO (Harriette Version)

Tune – When Johnny Comes Marching Home

I wrapped my lips around his toe, Yo Ho! Yo Ho! (2x)
I wrapped my lips around his toe,
I said shut up I'm starting low

CHORUS:

Suck there, blow here, let go of my ear,
Yo Ho! Yo Ho! Yo Ho!

ADDITIONAL VERSES:

I wrapped my lips around his nose,
Better move on he's starting to doze...

I put my head between his thighs,
That's when he started rolling his eyes...

I slipped my tongue between his cheeks,
I'd love to stay but this really reeks...

I put his balls right in my mouth,
Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm...

I wrapped my hand around his cock,
Then laid it out on the chopping block...

FINAL VERSE

Now he lies in a wooden box, yo ho, yo ho, (2x)
Now he lies in a wooden box,
But his prick's on the wall with the other cocks...

Holidays and Events

Bright Mistress

Tune: White Christmas

I'm creaming on a bright mistress,
Hung by my ankles from the door,
With my wrists tied tightly I smile so brightly, And
plead, longingly for more

D.U.I

Tune: Jingle Bells

Sucking down a beer, feelin pretty loose
Just killed of a fifth, we're runnin gout of booze
I got Gramma's keys, let's go for a ride
What fun it is to get so stinking drunk that you can't
drive
Oh! DUI DUI Life is just a game
Oh what fun it is to ride in someone else's lane
Oh! DUI DUI Throw up on the dash
We'd go to the liquor store but we aint got no cash

Give It a Blow

(Tune: Let it Snow)

Well the weather outside is frightful,
But my dick is so delightful.
If you really want to see it grow,
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow.

It doesn't show signs of stopping,
My dick is ready for hopping.
If you want a really good show,
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow.

When it's time to kiss good-night,
How I'll hate going out in the storm!
Be careful now don't you bite,
With your tongue I will make you warm.

The fire is slowly dying,
And my dear, we're still good-bye-ing,
But as long as you want me so,
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow.

Jungle Smell

(To "Jingle Bells")

Chorus

Jungle smell, jungle smell,
Shig-gy all the way.
Oh, what fun it is to run,
Through a swamp on Sunday, hey! (2x)

Dashing through the jungle,
Following trail all the way.
All those DFLs, Cursing all the way.(2x)

All those drunkard DFLs,
Cursing all the way.

We Wish You a Merry Hashmas

(To: We Wish You a Merry Christmas)

We wish you a merry Hashmas,
We wish you a merry Hashmas,
We wish you a merry Hashmas,
And a clappy New Year.

Walkin' 'Round in Womens's Underwear

(To: Winter Wonderland)

CHORUS:

Lacy things... the wife is missin',
Didn't ask ...for her permission,
I'm wearin her clothes ...silk panty hose,
Waklin' 'round in womens's underwear.

In the store...there's a teddy,
With little straps... like spaghetti,
It holds me so tight ...like handcuffs at night,
Waklin' 'round in womens's underwear.

In the office there's a guy named Melvin,
He pretends that I am Murphy Brown,
He'll say are you ready, I'll say whoa man,
Let's wait until the wife's out of town.

Later on if you wanna...We can dress like Madonna,
Put on some eye shade ...and join the parade,
Walkin' 'round in women's underwear.

REPEAT CHORUS

Easter

The Hares (a.k.a "The Tourette's Song")

Tune: "The Fox" by Ylvis. Words adapted by NoLoft

Guy says hey, girl says hi, Kid says yeah, the babe goes whaa
Jock says dude, bro says 'sup, and the Valley girl goes duh.
Jews say oy, and French go oui, and the Blacks rap yo, yo,yo.
But there's one sound that one one knows...

WHAT DO THE HARES SAY?
Lick-lick-lick-lick-my-dick (3x)

WHAT THE HARES SAY?
Cum-cum-cum-cum-cum-ka-pow (3x)

WHAT THE HARES SAY?
Titty-titty-titty-ho (3x)

WHAT THE HARES SAY?
Jerk-off-off-off-off-off-off
Off-off-off-off-off-off-off
Jerk-off-off-off-off-off-off

WHAT THE HARES SAY?

Horny guys, dirty hos, shedding skirts and other clothes
Bunch of wanks climbing hills, suddenly your beer has spilled
But if you meet some friendly whores, will you put them on all
Fo-oo-oo-oo-ours?(3x)
How will you fuck all those
Who-oo-oo-oo-ores?(3x)

WHAT DO THE HARES SAY?
Fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck-fu-chow(3x)

WHAT THE HARES SAY?
Fraka-cock-cock-cock-cock-cock-cock-kow!(3x)

WHAT THE HARES SAY?
A queef-a-queef-a-queef(3x)

WHAT THE HARES SAY?
Man goo--ooo-ooo-ooo!(2x)

The secret of the Hash.
Malaysian mystery.
Somewhere deep in the woods.
Hares are running.
What is their sound?

WHAT DO THE HARES SAY?
(everybody screams random swear words x10 seconds)



Wild Hasher

Melody – "Wild Rover" (Irish song)



I've been a **wild hasher** for many a year,
And I've run lots of trails for the fun and the beer.
I came to the hash after St. Paddy's day,
Where the R.A gave chalk talk then we were
away.

Chorus:
And it's no, nay, never, (clap 4 times)
No nay never no more, (clap twice)
Will I be a wild hasher (clap once)
No never no more.

I've hashed the world over – places far and near,
And I fondled the women and drank all the beer,
And now I'm returning with tales for to tell,
Of checkbacks unending and shortcuts through hell.

Chorus:
And it's no, nay, never, (clap 4 times)
No nay never no more, (clap twice)
Will I be a wild hasher (clap once)
No never no more.

Now all I have left is a beer-stained T-shirt,
And my Nikes are covered in shiggy and dirt,
But my truest friends are you drunks and you queers,
So here's to wild hashers! Let's finish our beers.

Chorus:
And it's no, nay, never, (clap 4 times)
No nay never no more, (clap twice)
Will I be a wild hasher (clap once)
No never no more.





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Hot Vagina 10
If Your Boy/Girlfriend Tastes Like Shit 10
I Like Cock 10
I'll Never Piss Again 18
I'm Your Mailman 10
I Love a Moose 19
I Love My Girl 7
Incest Time in Texas 10
In your Hair Tonight 10
I Screw You 10
It's a Small Dick After All 10
It's A Small World 4
I've been Looking for True Trail 6
I've Only 1/2 A Brain 10
I Will Survive 19
Jared Fogle 1
Jesus Saves 19
Jungle Smell 23
Just Got Out of Prison 11
Leaving' On A Hash Plane 4
Limericks 20
Little Brown Mouse 21
Long and Thin 11
Love Me Tender 11
Masturbation 11
Meet the Hashers 3
More Beer 2
My Cock'll Choke You 11
My DNA 21
My Name is Jack 21
Nipples 11
O-R-G-Y 2
Old Brown Cow 11
Old McHasher 11
Our Lager Prayer 2
Peter Penis 11
Piss Off Ya Wank 4
Pissonya 11
Put Your Left Over My Shoulder 11
Returner Lament 4
RgH3 Hash Chat 2
Sally In the Alley 12
Short Hymn 12
She Likes it in the Kitchen 12
Shitty Trail 6
Short Blessing 2
Shortcutting Song 6
Skeeter on my Peeter 12
Soldier Song 12
Speed Racer 6
Steaking in The Sun 12
Suck/Swallow/Hurl 2
Sweet Violets 21
Swing Low 1
Take it in Your Hand, Mrs. Murphy 12
Thank God She Finally Shut Up 12
The Amtrak Song 5
The Hares 24
The Tired Hasher 12
There Was a Little Bird 12
There's a Girl 12
These Shoes are Made for Hashing 5
They Ought To Be Publicly Pissed On 12
The Herpes Family 12
The Divorce Game 12
They Say You Were the Fastest 6
Toast To Alcohol 2
Twelve Inch Hard on 13
Twenty Toes 13
Two Dogs Fucking 7
U-G-L-Y 13
Visiting Hashers 3
Visitors Appear 3
Walkin' Round in Women's Underwear 23
We've Got Virgins 3
Were You Lonesome Tonight? 6
What A Wank 13
When She was A Little Girl 21
When The End of The Month Rolls Around 22
While Wading Through Shiggy 6
Whip it Out at the Ballgame 13
White Flour 2
Why Was He Born So Beautiful 13
Wild Hasher 24
We Wish You a Merry Hashmas 23
Yogi Bear 22
Yo Ho 22
You are My Hashit 5
You're a Hasher 7
You're Not Number 5 6
You're Stupid 13
Ziggy Zaggy 2

**This Hymnal
Belongs to:**

Binocucock