

Here's To The Hashers

Tune: Itself

Here's to the Hashers, they're true blue
They are bastards through and through
They are piss pots so they say
They tried to get to Heaven
But they went the other way

He's The Meanest

Tune: Itself

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

He Ought To

Tune: Looney Tunes Theme

He ought to be publicly pissed on
He ought to be publicly shot
And stuffed in a public urinal
To lay there and fester and rot

Little Bird

Tune: Itself

There was a little bird, no bigger than a turd
A-sittin' on a telephone pole
He ruffled up his neck, and shat about a peck
And he puckered up his little asshole
Asshole asshole asshole asshole
He puckered up his little asshole

Her Left Tit

Tune: Itself

Her left tit hangs down to her belly
Her right tit hangs down to her knees
If her left tit did equal her right tit
She'd get much more weenie from me

He's Alright

Tune: Itself

He's alright, he's alright
He's got a little dick but he's alright

Mrs. Murphy

Tune: Itself

Take it in your hand Mrs. Murphy

It only weighs a quarter of a pound
It's got rings round it's neck like a turkey
And spits when you shake it up and down

We're Superior

Tune: Itself

Here's to us, we're superior
Here's to us, they're a horse's posterior
Here's to us, we've got class
Here's to us 'cuz we kick 'em in the ass

Beer

Tune: Do, Re, Me

Do - the stuff, that buys my beer
Re - the guy who pours my beer
Me - the one who drinks my beer
Fa - a long, long way from beer
So - I'll have another beer
La - la la la la beer
Ti - no thanks, I'll have a beer
Which brings us back to beer, beer, beer...

So Beautiful

Tune: Itself

Why were you born so beautiful?
Why were you born at all?
You're no fuckin' use to anyone
You're no fuckin' use at all

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 me, noooow?
(repeat)
Someone's in my sister's vagina
Someone's in my sister I know
Someone's in my sister's vagina
Pumpin' like a dynamo

Where Were You Last Week?

Tune: Hee Haw Where Were You Last Week

Where, O where were you last week?
Why did you leave us here all alone?
We hashed the world over
And we thought we found true trail
You met another and
Phhhht you were gone

Or

You Fat Lazy Bastards
You weren't even here
So we fucked all the virgins
And drank all the beer.

Sally In The Alley

Tune: Itself

Sally in the alley siftin' cinders
Liftin' up her leg and fartin' like a man
The gas from her ass blew out six windows
The cheeks of her ass went blam blam blam!

Over My Shoulder

Tune: Let's All Go To The Lobby

Put your left leg over my shoulder
Put your right leg over my shoulder
Humm humm humm humm humm
Humm humm humm humm humm
Patooo!

Or

Put your left tit over my shoulder
Put your right tit over my shoulder
Bla bla bla bla bla
Bla bla bla bla bla
Yummm!

What A Wank

Tune: William Tell Overture

Whatta wank whatta wank whatta wank wank wank
Whatta wank whatta wank whatta wank wank wank
Whatta wank whatta wank whatta wank wank wank
Whatta wank whatta wank wank wank

Here's To Brother Hasher

Tune: Itself

Here's to Brother 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

A Soldier He Will Be

Tune: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik - Allegro

Asshole, asshole, a soldier he will be
To piss, to piss, two pistols on his knee
For cunt, for cunt, for country and for queen
Asshole, asshole, asshole, a soldier he will be

Shitty Trail

Tune: The Mickey Mouse Theme

S-H-I T-T-Y T-R-A-I-L
Shitty trail, shitty trail
the mother fucker laid a shitty trail
I would rather drink some beer
than run a shitty trail
S-H-I T-T-Y T-R-A-I-L

Incest Is Best

Tune: Tie Me Kangaroo Down Boys

CHORUS:

Incest is best boys
Incest is best - Fuck a relative!
Incest is best boys
Incest is best

Give a piece to your niece boys
Give a piece to your niece
Give a piece to your niece boys
Give a piece to your niece, because...

Put your knob in Uncle Bob boys...
Give a blow to your bro girls...
Shower your sis with some piss boys...
My significant other's my brother girls...
Shoot some goo on Aunt Sue boys...
Do the bum of your Mum boys...
Give a kiss to your Sis boys...
Make lovin' to your Cousin boys...
I've just had my Dad girls...
Put your sis in bliss boys...
Let's fuck Uncle Buck girls...
Rub your palm on your mom boys...
Hide the salami with your mommy boys...

The Hash House Harriers

Tune: The Addams Family

Their drinking is compulsive and
Their running is convulsive
They're morally repulsive
The Hash House Harriers
Da da da da (snap fingers twice) (repeat)

Their flatulence is rude and
Their genitals protrude when
They're running in the nude
The Hash House Harriers
Da da da da (snap fingers twice)(repeat)

They're always shaggy tracking
From constantly bushwhacking
Intelligence they're lacking
The Hash House Harriers
Da da da da (snap fingers twice)

Drink!

Tune: Sing!

Drink
Drink a beer
Belch out loud
Belch out clear
Drink of good times, we run
Drink of plenty, not one

Don't Say No

Tune: Oh My Darling

Oh my darling, don't say no
On the sofa you must go
Up with your petticoat
Down with your drawers
You tickle mine
I'll tickly yours

Cute Little Song

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

On Top Of Old Sophie

Tune: On Top Of Old Smokey

On top of Old Sophie
All covered in sweat
I've used fourteen rubbers
But she hasn't come yet

She'll kiss you and hug you
Say it won't take long
But two hours later
You're still going strong

So come all you lovers
And listen to me
Don't waste your erections
On a long winded she

For you root will just wither

And your passion will die
And she will forsake you
And you'll never know why

Hash Pledge Of Allegiance

By SS Minnow, Buffalo HHH

I pledge allegiance, to the flag of the Bakersfield Hash House Harriers
And to the debauchery, for which it stands
One hash, without rules, incorrigible, with shaggy, and beer for all

Autohash Song

Tune: 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 in a lorry, rickshaw, or tuk tuk
If you drive me there, I'll throw in a down down

Thank God She Finally Shut Up

Tune: Looney Tunes Theme

Thank God she finally shut up
She's always fuckin' bitchin'
Now drink your beer, get out of here
Get back in the kitchen!

Meet The Hashers

Tune: Flintstones Theme

Hashers, meet the Hashers
They're the biggest drunks in history
From the, town of Bako
They're the leaders in debauchery
Half minds, trailing shaggy through the years
Watch them as they down a lot of beers

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

Tune: The Alphabet Song

A, B, C, D, E, F, G
Won't you sing a song with me?
Grab a beer and raise your cup
Lose that hat cuz it's bad luck
And when we say to drink it down
Finish that beer and make a crown

Birthday Song

Tune: Itself

Happy Birthday, Fuck You
Happy Birthday, Fuck You
Happy Birthday, Fuck You

Happy Birthday, Fuck You

Army Song

Tune: Be All That You Can Be

Be all that you can be
Get a big fat wife
And a fucked up life
In the r-ME
(hoorah!)
R-ME! R-ME! R-ME! R-ME! R-ME! (running in place)
R-ME training sir!
How do you spell R-ME?
R!ME! (point to self)

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 what there was
Well he found it
He must have ran for miles!

It's A Small Dick

Tune: It's A Small World

Well it isn't long and it isn't thick
It gets hard too slow and it cum 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!

He Wanks His Crank

Tune: Looney Tunes Theme

He wanks his crank in the morning
He wanks his crank in the night
He wanks his crank with his left hand
And he cleans it up with his right

Love Me Tender

Tune: Love Me Tender

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

Hashing Days

Tune: Itself

Monday is a Hashing day
Tuesday is Finger day
Wednesday is a Hum day
Thursday is a Wanking day
Friday is a Fucking day
Saturday is a Humping day
Sunday we Rest!

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!

Heineken, Schmeineken

Chant

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

You're Not Number One

Chant (using fingers for the numbers)

You're not number 5
You're not number 4
You're not number 3
You're not number 2
You're number 1! (flip them off)

You're Ugly

Chant

Face down, ass up
That's the way we like to fuck your momma
Your momma, your momma says you're ugly
U-G-L-Y you ain't got no alibi
You're ugly, you're ugly, you're momma says you're ugly
D-A-D-D-Y you don't even know that guy
You're ugly, you're ugly, you're daddy says you're ugly
U-N-C-L-E he's your real daddy
You're ugly, you're ugly, your uncle says you're ugly

I Like Cock (Cunt)

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, shapes, and brands
There's nothing finer than making them stand
'Cause I like cock

I like cock

Or

I like cunt
I like cunt
Ain't they cute
Ain't they cute
Up against railings I've often stood
Fucking young ladies and doing them good
It's so much better than pulling you pud
'Cause I like cunt
I like cunt

The Wiggle On Her Hips

Tune: Do Your Ears Hang Low?

Well, the wiggle on her hips make a dead man cum
And the nipples on her tits are as big as a thumb
She's a mean mother fucker
She's a real cock sucker
She's a Harriett!

Hymn

Tune: Itself

Hymn, Hymn
Fuck Hymn
Hymn, Hymn
Fuck Hymn

You Are My Hashit

Tune: You Are My Sunshine

You are my Hashit, my only Hashit
You make me stinky, when I wear you
I'll always add more, to your collection
Oh, please give my Hashit away

Does A Hahser?

Tune: Do Your Ears 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

My One Skin

Tune: My Bonny Lies Over The Ocean

My one skin hangs down to my two skin
My two skin hangs down to my three
My three skin hangs down to my foreskin
My foreskin hangs down to my knee
Roll back, roll back
Please roll back my foreskin for me, for me
Roll back, roll back
Please roll back my foreskin for me
My body lies over the ocean
My body lies over the sea
My father lies over my mother
And that's how they created me
Roll back, roll back
Please roll back my foreskin for me

Drink Two Beers

Tune: Looney Tunes Theme

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
We drink two in times of war
We drink two beers before we drink two beers
And then we drink two more

Whip It Out At The Ballgame

Tune: Take Me Out To The Ballgame

Whip it out at the ballgame
Wave it round at the crowd
Dip it in peanuts and Cracker Jack
If you like you can give it a whack
'Cause it's beat your meat at the ballgame
If you don't cum it's a shame
For it's one, two, you're covered in goo
At the old, ball, game!

Use Some Gum

Tune: Piano Man

Drink down your beer for you crime on trail
Drink it down like my cum
Keep it down, don't let it shoot out
Remove the taste with some gum
Drink it down down dddown
Drink it down drink it down drink it down

Off The Wagon Again

Tune: On The Road Again

Off the wagon again
Just can't seem to stay on that wagon
Running shuggy trails and drinking Pabst Blue Ribbon
So I guess I can't stay on that wagon

Drunk off my ass again
Running trails in the blazing sun
Chasing Hares who have lost their way again
And I'm Hashing and drunk off my ass again

Off the wagon again
Like a bunch of Winos we chase after some flour
We love to drink and run
And since we've meet, we've been running our Happy Hour
Happy Hour

Off the wagon again
Just can't seem to stay on that wagon
Running shaggy trails and drinking Pabst Blue Ribbon
So I guess I can't stay on that wagon

Take It In The Rear

Tune: Heartbreak Hotel

Well since your trail sucked balls
You'll have to drink a beer
Get in the circle with your cup
Or take it in the rear
Your trail really sucked hard
Your trail really sucked hard
It sucked so much you will drink it down down down...

My Beer Has A First Name

Tune: The Bologna Song

My beer has a first name
It's P-A-B-S-T
My beer has a second name
It's B-L-U-E
Oh I love to drink it everyday
And if you ask me why I'll say
Cause Pabst Blue Ribbon has a way
With H-A-S-H-I-N-G

Hasher Caught Peeing

Tune: Friends In Low Places

Well we caught you on route
And to us there's no doubt

That you are as guilty as sin
We all were seeing
When you were peeing
You thought you were safe 'hind the trash bin
Well you were surprised
And then you surmised
That soon you would have to drink down
Now we toast to you
And hasher wait till we're through
Before you drink down you down down...

In Her Day

From Rodney Carrington

She's seen a lot of dick in her day
I said miles and miles of pecker have come her way
Hey she knew 'em
Hell she blew 'em
And for fifty she'd even screw 'em
Lord, she's seen a lot of dick in her day

Gay Factory Worker

From Rodney Carrington

He's a gay factory worker from the South
He'll take what you pee out of and put it in his mouth
He works all day with a great big small
And carries a large lunch pail
After work it's off to the bar
Where he meets his boyfriend Dale
He's a gay factory worker from the South
He'll take what you pee out of and put it in his mouth
Mmpph Mmpph...

Sex On The Sly

Tune: American Pie

Say Bye-bye to sex on the sly
Put your package in the Kuchee
But the Kuchee was dry
Your wang won't stay up
You need Viagra and K-Y
Wishing you could still have sex on the sly
There's no more sex on the sly

Bestiality's Best

Tune: Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys

CHORUS:

Bestiality's best, boys
Bestiality's best, FUCK A WALLABY!
Bestiality's best, boys
Bestiality's best

You can shoot your load in a toad
You can come again in a hen
Put your log in a dog
Rub your beaver on a retriever
Rub your box on a fox
Rub your clitty on a kitty
Grind your mound on a hound
Fool with the tool of a mule
Do it funky with a monkey
Ejaculate in a snake
Get in deep with a sheep
Give a lickin' to a chicken
Take a deer from the rear
Up the tail of a whale

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, fuck, fuck, fuck...
Repeat with motions, humming, silence, etc.

Rawhide

Tune: Rawhide Theme Song

Rollin', rollin', rollin'
My dick is gettin' swollen
I got this doggie rollin', Rawhide
My knob is hard as leather
But I'll get it in whatever
I wish I could get the tip inside
I stab but I keep missin'
This wasn't made for pissin'
I'm waiting for this year's first ride

CHORUS:

Pull 'em down, get 'em off
Get 'em off, pull 'em down
Pull 'em off, get 'em off, Rawhide
Stick it in, pull it out
Pull it out, stick it in
Stick it in, pull it out, Rawhide

She's movin', movin', movin'
Stops my manhood groovin'

This doggie won't stop movin', Rawhide
It's gonna be sore later
But I've been a masturbator
All those years that I've just spent inside
My balls they are aching
From ages wanking, waiting
Waiting to get this thing inside

CHORUS

Rollin', rollin', rollin'
I'm rootin' her assholin'
We're mounted doggy style, Rawhide
I don't try to understand her
Just catch and grope and bang her
Now her twat is gettin' wet and wide
My foreskin's torn and tattered
Her pussy's worn and battered
At last I'll drop my load inside

**Put Your Legs Round My Shoulders
(Harriers)**

Tune: Put Your Head On My Shoulder

Put your legs round my shoulders (shoulders)
Let me kiss your lips slowly (slowly)
You know you are the only (only)
Hasher I let sit on my face (my face)

Put your lips on my sweet meat (sweet meat)
'Cause you know that it's a real treat (real treat)
And you know you just can't beat (can't beat)
The taste of my meat in your mouth (your mouth)

Put your legs round my midriff (midriff)
'Cause I've got something real stiff (real stiff)
And I know you'd be really miffed (really miffed)
If you miss out on your chance (your chance)

**Put Your Legs Round My Shoulders
(Harriets)**

Tune: Put Your Head On My Shoulder

Put your legs round my shoulders (shoulders)
Let me suck your cock slowly (slowly)
Because you know you're the only (only)
Hasher I let sit on my face (my face)

Put your lips on my sweet lips (sweet lips)
Let your tongue do the walkin' (walkin')
I'll be doing al the talkin' (talkin')
While I sit on your face (your face)

Put your legs round my midriff (midriff)
Let me ride somethin' really stiff (really stiff)
You know you will be really miffed (really miffed)
If you miss out on the ride of your life (your life)

Turn me round to the other side (other side)
For a different sort of fun ride (fun ride)
You know you won't slip and slide (slip and slide)
When I've got you up on my back side (back side)

Who Needs Sex?

Tune: Three Blind Mice

Who needs sex?
Who needs sex?
It's no fun
It's no fun
You chase after women and what do you get?
You grumble and fumble and break out in sweat
You wake up at midnight just deeper in debt
So who needs sex?
Who needs sex?

Who needs sex?
Who needs sex?
It's no fun
It's no fun
You meet a new woman and go on a date
You hug and you kiss and you think that it's great
She gives you blue balls and you masturbate
So who needs sex?
Who needs sex?

Who needs sex?
Who needs sex?
It's no fun
It's no fun
He grunts and he gasps like he's on long run
He's in for a minute then he squirts on your bum
Then he falls asleep as soon as he's done
So who needs sex?
Who needs sex?

Drunken Sailor

Tune: Itself

CHORUS:
What do you do with a drunken sailor?
What do you do with a drunken sailor?
What do you do with a drunken sailor
Early in the morning

Put him to bed with the captain's daughter

Put him to bed with the captain's daughter
Put him to bed with the captain's daughter
Early in the morning

Hang him by the balls in a running bowline...
Shave his crotch with a rusty razor...
Shove a hosepipe up his arsehole...
Tie his prick in a double half-hitch...
That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor...

Man Trap

Tune: Ring Of Fire

Love is a burning thing
Met a girl who could make me sing
A snatch was never wider
I fell into her huge vagina

CHORUS:

I fell into her steamy wet vagina
Went down, down, down,
Almost the whole way to China
And it turns, squirms, churns
That huge vagina, that huge vagina

The taste, it was so sweet
Then I slid in my meat
Just before I was done
She asked, "Are you in yet Hon?"

CHORUS

I tasted her and then
I had to try again
She said, with all her charm
"Don't use your cock again, try your arm."

CHORUS

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 pay for a bus?
Are your legs filled with pain?

Will you shortcut again?
Tell me fool, were you lonesome tonight?

Your Father's Into Leather

Tune: Looney Tunes Theme

Your Father's into leather
Your Mom's on LSD
Your Grandpa's always plastered
Your Grandma pushes tea
Your Sister wears a mustache
Your Brother wears a dress
Hey there fellow Hasher
You're perfect for this Hash

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)

Tiny Little Wiener

Tune: Oscar Meyer Wiener Song

Oh, he has a really tiny little wiener
And he keeps it in his hand all day long
'Cause no chick wants his tiny little wiener
That's why he always plays with his dong

International Hash Hymn

Tune: Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

I looked over Jordan and what did I see?
Cumming for to carry me home
A band of angels cumming after me
Cumming for to carry me home

CHORUS:

Swing low, sweet chariot
Cumming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Cumming for to carry me home

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down
Cumming for to carry me home
But still my soul feels heavenly bound
Cumming for to carry me home

If you get there before I do
Cumming for to carry me home
Tell all my friends that I'm cumming too
Cumming for to carry me home

(repeat with variations: humming and motions only, silence and motions only, double-time, various celebrities style, etc.)