

Can You Walk a Little Way With It In?

Can you walk a little way with it in, with it in,
Can you walk a little way with it in, with it in
She answered with a smile
I can walk a fucking mile
With it in, with it in, with it in.
Drink it down down down....

Incest time in Tassie

When it's incest time in Tassie,
And your sister can't be found.
Your mother's in the kitchen,
Her panties hanging down.
No time for masturbation,
No time to beat your meat.
When it's incest time in Tassie,
Mother Fucking can't be beat.
Drink it down down down....

Hashstones

Tune: The Flintstones
Hashers, meet the Hashers
They're the biggest drunks in history
From H5 in Hobart
They're the leaders in debauchery
Drink it down down down....

Hello Penis

Tune: Sounds 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.
Drink it down down down....

Daisy, Daisy

Tune: Daisy, Daisy

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true,
Daisy, Daisy, wouldn't you like to screw?
I really must beg your pardon,
But I've got a massive hard-on,
From beating my meat against the seat,
Of a bicycle built for two.
Drink it down down down....

Alternative version

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true,
Daisy, Daisy, wouldn't you like to screw?
It won't be a stylish entry
I can't afford a Frenchie
But you'll look sweet
Between the sheets
With a bicycle tube up you.

Why Was (S)He Born So Beautiful?

Tune: Why Was (S)he Born So Beautiful?

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.
Drink it down down down....

(S)He ought to be publicly pissed on

He ought to be publicly pissed on,
He ought to be publicly shot,
(Bang! Bang!)
He ought to be tied to a urinal,
And left there to fester and rot,
Drink it down, down, down . . .

This is your down down song

This is your down down song
it isn't very long!

Drink it down down down...

Beernanza

Tune: Bonanza theme song

Drink it
down da da down
da da down
da da down
da da down down
down da da down
da da down
da da down
down da da down down down....

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Hasher

Tune: Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Twinkle, twinkle, little Hasher,
Can't you suck a little faster?
Down upon my meat so slow,
Like a whale about to blow,
Twinkle, twinkle, little Hasher,
Can't you suck a little faster?
Drink it down, down, down, down...

He's the Meanest

He's the meanest,
He sucks the horse's penis
He's the meanest,
He's a horse's arse.
No doubt about it,
All he does is pound it,
He's the meanest,
He's a horse's arse.
Drink it down down down....

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 skin hangs down to his foreskin

His foreskin hangs down to his knee
Roll back, roll back,
Roll back my foreskin for me, for me
Roll back, roll back,
roll back my foreskin for me.
Drink it down down down...

Her Left Tit

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 shagging from me.
Drink it down, down, down, down

Battle Hymn of the Hasher

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

His eyes have seen the horror of the steepness of the trail,
His ears have heard the whining of the whinging Hashers' tale,
His lips have felt the passing of this nation's finest ale,
This Hasher's done it all!

CHORUS:

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

Viagra

My, my, my Viagra
Why, why, why, Viagra
The stand, of my gland
Is five times the size of my hand
I've come 15 times and I don't
want to come any more

She's a Harriette

Tune: Lumberjack Song (Monty Python)

She's a harriette, and she's alright,

She drinks all day, and she roots all night,
She wears high heels and a mini-skirt
No panties and no bra
She gives an awesome blowjob just like her dear papa
Drink it down down down down

Soldier Song (aka Asshole!)

Arsehole, arsehole, a soldier I will be,
To piss, to piss, two pistols on my knee,
For cunt, for cunt, for country and for queen,
Arsehole, arsehole, arsehole, arsehole,
A soldier I will be.
Drink it down, down, down . . .

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 everybody's having fun?
Can he drink a 10-ounce beer,
While his friends all sing and cheer,
Now your time has come,
So drink it down, down, down .

Down Down Down Your Beer

Tune: Row, Row, Row Your Boat

Drink, drink, drink your beer,
To pay for all your crimes.
Stop complaining about the taste,
There's no sperm in it this time.
Drink it down, down, down, down...

The Hasher Family

Tune: Addams Family Theme

Their drinking is compulsive
Their running is convulsive,
They're morally repulsive,
The Hash House Harriers.
CHORUS:
Da da da da (snap fingers twice)

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

CHORUS

They're always shiggy tracking
From constantly bush-whacking,
Intelligence they're lacking,
The Hash House Harriers.
Da da da da,
Drink it down down down down ...

Here's to Brother/Sister Hasher

Here's to brother (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.
Drink it down down down down...

Alternative version

Here's to brother (sister) hasher,
Brother hasher, brother hasher,
Here's to brother hasher,
May he chug-a-lug.
He's fat and he's hairy,
He runs like a fairy,
Here's to brother hasher,
May he chug-a-lug.
Drink it down down down down ...

Ode to Haring

Tune: Ode to Joy (Beethoven's Ninth Symphony)

Come on all you Hash House Harriers,
Get your arses into gear,

Fat ones, thin ones, front-running bastards,
Pick a date, sign up to hare.
Let the hashing spirit enter,
Every wanker gathered here,
Live hares, dead hares, front and centre,
Drink you now your down-down beer!
Drink it down down down down ...

Do Your Balls Hang Low?

Do your balls hang low?
Can you swing them to and fro?
Can you tie 'em in a knot?
Can you tie 'em in a bow?
Can you throw them over your shoulder
Like a continental soldier
Do your balls hang low?
Drink it down down down down ...

Alternative versions

Do your balls hang low?
Can you swing them to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?
Can you tie them in a bow?
Do they make a lusty clamour,
When you hit them with a hammer?
Can you do the double shuffle
When your balls hang low?
Down down down down, ...

(Extra verses)

Do they make a hollow sound
when you drag them on the ground?

Do they chime like a gong
when you pull upon your dong?

Rip My Knickers Away

Rip my knickers away, away,
Rip my knickers away,

I don't care what becomes of me,
As long as you play with my C.U.N.T.,
Rip my knickers away, away,
Rip my knickers away,
Sing of joy sing of bliss,
Sing of bollocks and piss,
Rip my knickers away.
Drink it down down down down ...

A Prayer

Tune: Ach, Du Lieber, Augustin

Leader: And now, gentlemen, a prayer,

Leader: A Prayer for the constipated.

Response: SHIT!

Leader: A prayer for the inebriated.

Response: PISS!

Leader: A prayer for the frustrated.

Response: FUCK!

Leader: A prayer for the dehydrated.

Response: BEER!

Leader: A prayer for the emasculated.

Response: BALLS!

Balls to Mr. Bangelstein, Bangelstein, Bangelstein,

Balls to Mr. Bangelstein, dirty old man.

He sits on the steeple and shits on the people,

So, balls to Mr. Bangelstein, dirty old man.

He keeps us all waiting while he's masturbating,

So, balls to Mr. Bangelstein, dirty old man.

Drink

Tune: Sing! (from Sound of Music)

Drink,

Drink a beer,

Belch out loud,

Belch out clear,

Drink to hashing and fun,

Drink of plenty, not one.....

Drink,

Drink the brew,

Down it quickly, this beer we give to you,
Don't worry that it's not good enough,
For anyone else to down,
Just drink,
Drink the beer.....
Drink it down, down, down . . .

Birthday Song

Tune: Happy Birthday to You

Happy birthday, fuck you,
Happy birthday, fuck you,
Happy birthday, you arsehole,
Happy birthday, fuck you.
Drink it down, down, down . . .

If You're a Hasher And You Know It

If you're a hasher and you know it, raise your glass!
If you're a hasher and you know it, raise your glass!
If you're a hasher and you know it,
(slurred) Then your slurring will surely show it.
If you're a hasher and you know it, raise your glass!

It's a Small Dick

Well it isn't long and it isn't thick,
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!

By the light

By the light (by the light, by the light), of a flickering match
I saw her snatch, it was hairy and black
By the light (by the light, by the light), of a flickering match

I saw it gleam, I heard her scream [L] [SEP]
"You are burning my snatch, you've set fire to my thatch."

Dough, Ray, Me [L] [SEP]

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

Amazing Beer

Amazing beer how sweet the taste
I'll drink it 'til I drown
But now you're here 'cos
you've been bad
So drink it down down down

Get It Up, Get It In

(Tune: Bonanza Theme)

Get it up, get it in, get it out don't mess my hairdo
You've got a dick but you should lick, move that tongue around
Hit the spot, make me hot
I will scream out loud
Get it up, get it in, get it out don't mess my hairdo
You've got a dick but you should lick, move that tongue around
Suck my toes, insert your hose
Make my juices flow
Get it up, get it in, get it out don't mess my hair do
You've got a dick but you should lick, move that tongue around
When I'm done and I've cum
We'll start another round

Get it up, get it in, get it out don't mess my hair do
You've got a dick but you should lick, move that tongue around

Last night I stayed at home and masturbated

(Tune: Funiculi Funicula)

Last night I stayed at home and masturbated
It felt so good, I knew it would.

Last night I stayed at home and masturbated
It felt so nice, I did it twice.

Whack it, smack it, beat it til it's sore

Rub it, tug it, pull it til it's raw.

Some say that intercourse is something truly grand

Me, I'd rather stay at home and do it with my hand.

Fuck a Duck

(Tune: Do Re Me)

Fuck a duck, a female duck,

Screw a baby kangaroo.

Finger-bang an orangutan,

Let an elephant do you.

Feel the penis of an eel,

Whack! the arsehole of a yak,

Masturbate with a gnu

And that will bring us back to

Fuck. fuck, fuck, fuck..

As I Was Walking

(Tune: The Old Hundredth – and each verse repeated in the tango
tune Hernando's Hideaway)

As I was walking through the wood,

I shat myself, I knew I would.

I cried for HELP! but no help came,

And so I shat myself again.

As I was walking through Saint Pauls,

The vicar grabbed me by the balls.

I cried for HELP! but no help came,

And so he grabbed my balls again.

As I was walking through St. Giles,

Some bastard grabbed me by my piles.

I cried for HELP! but no help came,
And so he grabbed my piles again.

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

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

Shortcutter's down down

(Tune: The Wild Rover)

I've been a short-cutter for many a year
And I've spent all my money on hash runs and beer
But now I'm reforming, my name to restore
And I never will be a short-cutter no more.
So it's no, nae, never
No never no more
Will I be a short-cutter, no never, no more

Are You Lonesome Tonight?

Are you lonesome tonight?
Is the hash out of sight?
Are you sorry you strayed from the trail?
Does your throat get real dry,
Underneath the blue sky?
When you think of the beer, do you wail?
Do the sores on your feet seem to blister with pus?
Do you gaze down the road and you wish for a bus?
Are your legs filled with pain?
Will you shortcut again?
Tell me dear, are you lonesome tonight?