

## Summit Hash House Harrier Song Book



With Special Thanks to Woodford:72772.2633@compuserve.com (Flying Booger)

*Converted from MSWord 2 files dated January, 1994*

The material assembled herein has flunked every test of political, religious, sexual, and ethnic correctness known to man. Public performance of these songs will cause persons of refinement to swoon, and every one of them is guaranteed to offend somebody (in some cases, everybody). Hashers, thankfully, don't give a damn who they offend. That's why Hashers are my kind of people.

This collection was made possible by the efforts of Hashers around the world, who freely share their favorite songs. In turn, everything here is meant to be shared. You're welcome to reproduce any part, or all, of this songbook (but be careful with the Monty Python stuff, which is copyrighted but too good to leave out of a Hash songbook—ed).

This is a work in progress, with plenty of room to grow. If you know good songs (or bad) you don't see here, please send them to me for inclusion in future editions. I'll be happy to give you credit. My address is in the back.

Hash Hymns III is dedicated to Hash House Harriers everywhere, especially my friends of the Tampa, Other Orlando, Phoenix, Okinawa, Hong Kong (Little Sai Wan, Hong Kong, and Southside), Bangkok (Saturday and Monday), Darwin, Orange County, Long Beach, Osan Bulgogi, Seoul, Tacoma, Puget Sound, Singapore (Lion City), San Diego, Fog City, East Bay/Mt. Diablo, San Francisco City, Honolulu, Aloha, Hilo, and Hawaii Full Moon Hash House Harriers. More thanks are due to the infamous Hammersley Hash, the North Shore Hussies (Auckland), and the Rotorua Hashes, our New Zealand hosts at InterHash 1994. Special thanks also to ZiPpy, Bollox, Beaver Bam Bam Balls, Ian Cumming, Sauer Krotch, Dum B.U.F, and Mr. Ed Cray (no hash name). Yet more thanks are due to the men and women of Air Force fighter squadrons, who started me singing and taught me all the basics. Without their help this songbook wouldn't weigh nearly as much.

Note to Song Masters: Hashers love to sing, but not many of them want to buy a big thick songbook just so they can learn new songs. And even when they do, they usually forget to bring it to

the hash. As a song master, I've had better luck copying one or two songs from this collection every time we hash, then handing out the copies at the circle. It's a great strategy to get people singing, and probably the best way to use this songbook.

On-On!

Flying Booger

Grand Master, Aloha Hash House Harriers

Joint Master, Hawaii Full Moon Hash House Harriers

Song Master at Large

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Flying Booger's Hash Hymns III

Flying Booger's Hash Hymns III

DOWN-DOWN DITTIES

1. BLESSING OF THE HARES

Optional prayer offered by religious advisor before the hash, with local embellishments. This version is from the Tampa H3

Bless these hares,

Bless this trail,

Coppus no catch us,

Farmer no shoot us,

Doggus no bite us,

Heatus no stroke us,

Plenty of cold beer to drink,

Coitus non interruptus.

2. DOES A HASHER?

Melody—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, etc . . .

### 3. DUMB SHIT

Melody—Refrain from Music Man

By Black Flag, Aloha H3, Hawaii

Dumb, dumb, dumb shit,

Dumb shit, dumb shit,

Dumb, dumb, dumb shit,

Dumb, dumb, dumb . . .

### 4. FT. EUSTIS HASH SONGS

Melody—???

From the Ft. Eustis H3 Songbook

We're the Fort Eustis hashers

We're glad to be here

We'll shortcut your trails

And drink all your beer!

We'll fuck all your women

And puke in your car

We're the Fort Eustis hashers

The best hash by far!

To violators:

All: You worthless, sniveling piece of trash,

Now you've gone and shown your ass!

GM: Your behavior's unfit!

You must learn hash tradition!

All: So charge your vessel and assume the position:

On your knees, asshole!

Drink it down, down, down, etc . . .

To the slow drinker:

All this time that you're taking,

I know that you're faking,

We could be masturbating,

I fear.

Now we've run out of song,

And we won't get along,

Until you finish,

That fucking beer!

## 5. HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Melody—The Addams Family

Their drinking is compulsive and



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.

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

Da da da da, Down Down, etc . . .

6. HERE'S TO \_\_\_\_\_

Melody—Itself

VERSION # 1

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, etc . . .

#### VERSION # 2

Here's to        ,  
She's a damn fine gal,  
Here's to        ,  
She's a damn fine gal,  
So drink, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,  
chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,  
Here's to        ,  
She's a horse's ass.  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, etc . . .

#### 7. HERE'S TO BROTHER HASHER(S)

Melody—Ach, Du Lieber Augustin

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H3

Here's to brother hasher,

Bother 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,  
Here's to brother hasher,  
May he chug-a-lug.

## 8 HE'S A HASHER, HE'S OKAY

Melody—Lumberjack Song

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

Drink it!

Wear it!

etc . . .

## 9. INTERNATIONAL HASH HYMN

Melody—Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Words & Motions: Swing low, sweet chariot,

Coming for to carry me home,

Swing low, sweet chariot,

Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,

Coming for to carry me home,

A band of angels coming after me,

Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,

Coming for to carry me home,

Tell all my friends that I'm coming too,

Coming for to carry me home.

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

## 10. MEET THE HASHERS

Melody—Meet the Flintstones

Hashers, meet the hashers,  
They're the biggest drunks in history,  
From old Honolulu (or your favorite town),  
They're the leaders in debauchery.  
Half minds, trailing shiggy through the years,  
Watch them as they down a lot of beers,  
Down down, down down down down,  
Down down down down down down down down,  
Down down, down down down down,  
Down down down down down down down down down.

#### 11. PISS OFF, YA WANK

Melody—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.

#### 12. SALUTATIONS

Melody—???

We call upon \_\_\_\_\_

To give us a song.

So sing, you fucker, sing!  
And if you don't sing  
You can show us your schwing.  
We don't want to see your moldy old schwing!  
So sing, you fucker, SING!

### 13. SEXIATUS MANIA

Melody—Gregorian Chant

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4

Sexiatus mania,  
Frustratum randium,  
Sexiatus mania,  
Frustratum randium,  
Prostitutum contracoptum,  
Hand et fingum masturbatum,  
Satisfactor relievium,  
Satisfactor relievium.

### 14. SHORT HYMN

Melody—Amen

With reverence  
Hymn, hymn,  
Fuck him . . .

15. SOUND OF HASHERS

Melody—Do, Re, Mi

Give (name) a beer, a really big beer,

We will watch him drink it down.

Girls, you know if he drinks it all,

He will never get it up.

Oh, the stories sad to tell,

It picked up and then it fell.

You would die if you could see,

(name), slap his tiny wee-wee.

16. THERE WAS A LITTLE BIRD

Melody—Itself

There was a little bird,

No bigger than a turd,

A-sittin' on a telephone pole.

He ruffled up his neck,

And shit about a peck,

He puckered up his little asshole.

Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,

Asshole, asshole, asshole . . .

17. THEY OUGHT TO BE PUBLICLY PISSED ON

Melody—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,

Drink it down, down, etc . . .

#### 18. WEDDING SONG

Melody—Amazing Grace

Written by Sauer Krotch for the Orlando Hash wedding of Wild Oats and Oatmeal

Today we wed \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_,

We heard them say "I do."

Give it your best, for the next forty years,

But first drink down your beers.

#### 19. WE'RE HERE BECAUSE . . .

Melody—Auld Land Syne

We're here because we're here,

Because we're here,

Because we're here,

We're here because we're here,

Because we're here,



Because we're here . . .

## 20. WHAT A WANK

Melody—William Tell Overture

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,

What a wank, what a wank, wank, wank.

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank,

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank wank.

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,

What a wank, what a wank, wank, wank . . .

## 21. WHY ARE WE WAITING?

Melody—Come Let Us Adore Him

Why are we waiting,

Could be fornicating,

Oh, why are we waiting,

So fucking long, etc . . .

## 22. WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL?

Melody—Itself

Why was he born so beautiful?

Why was he born at all?

He's no fuckin' use to anyone,

He's no bloody use at all.

(optional verses)

They say he's a joy to his mother,

But he's a pain in the asshole to me,

He's fresh as a daisy,

He drives me crazy,

So drink it down, down, etc . . .

## 23. WHY WAS SHE BORN A BITCH?

Melody—1st verse: Itself

2nd verse: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Why was she born so beautiful?

Why was she born a bitch?

She's no bloody use to anyone,

She's only got one tit.

She ought to be publicly pissed on,

She ought to be publicly shot,

She ought to be tied to a urinal,

And left there to fester and rot.

#### 24. YANKEE DOODLE (Two versions)

Melody—I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy

Yankee Doodle he's a dandy,

Yankee Doodle do or die,

A real live asshole from the USA,

Piss on the Fourth of July.

Yank my doodle, it's a dandy,

Yankee Doodle zip your fly,

Yankee Doodle limped to London,

Wanking off his pony,

You are that Yankee Doodle guy.

---

Yankee doodle he's/she's a dandy,

He's/She's a hasher till he/she dies,

A real live asshole from the USA,

Pissed on my most other guys/girls.

Yank his/her doodle, it's a dandy,

Yank his/her doodle, zip his/her fly,

Yankee doodle ran the trail

Wanking off his/her doodle,

You are that yanking doodle guy/girl.

## 25. YOU ARE MY HASHIT

Melody—You Are My Sunshine

Performed by LAH3 harriettes at AIH '93, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, September 2, 1993

Chorus: 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.

The other day boys, while we were hashing

We saw our GM masturbate

We saw two others auto-hashing

And then the beer truck was late.

No need to hurry, no need to worry

They can do hash crimes every day

But we'll never tell on, these other hashers

They might take our hashit away.

It's always hard, and it's always ready

And if you bite it, it won't scream

It will be there in the morning

And if pressed it will wait while I preen.

You don't have to lubricate it

Buy it presents, or give it head

You can tell it, all your secrets

And no one will hear a word that you said.

It's not too drunk and, it's not too tired

It's not too quick and, it feels no pain

And if your toilet, should overflow girls

What good's a dick to unclog a drain!

## 26. ZICKY-ZACKY

The purpose of the zicky-zacky chant is to point out breaches in circle etiquette—members of the circle point elbows at the offender and repeat chant loudly:

Zicky-zacky, zicky-zacky,

Hoy! Hoy! Hoy!

Zicky-zacky, zicky-zacky,

Hoy! Hoy! Hoy!

Zicky-zacky, zicky-zacky,

Hoy! Hoy! Hoy!

and so on until offender completes a down-  
down . . .

## 27. ZULU WARRIOR

Melody—???

Hash version by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4

Olé, zooma zooma zooma,

Olé, zooma zooma chief,

Drink it down you Zulu warrior,

Drink it down you Zulu chief,

Drink it down you Zulu warrior,

Drink it down you Zulu chief, chief, chief!

---

Olé, zooma zooma zooma,

Olé, zooma zooma chief,

Drink it down you poofa warrior,

Drink it down you poofa chief,

Drink it down you poofa warrior,

Drink it down you poofa queef, queef, queef!

## ANIMAL FRIENDS

### 28. BESTIALITY'S BEST

Melody—Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys

(Two versions)

(Take turns leading verses)

Chorus: Bestiality's best, boys,

Bestiality's best—FUCK A WALLABY!

Bestiality's best, boys,

Bestiality's best.

Put your log up a dog, Claude,

Put your log up a dog—BESTIALITY!

Don't you fancy a dog, Claude,

Put your log up a dog, 'cause . . .

Other verses:

Stick your lug in a slug, Doug (Aren't you hot for a slug, Doug?)

Slip your slew to a ewe, Lou (Don't you dream of a ewe, Lou?)

Get turned on by a duck, Chuck (Doesn't that make you go quack, Chuck?)

Tickle the clit of a gnat, Matt (Isn't that just where it's at, Matt?)

Rough love with a horse, Boris (You gotta use force with a horse, Boris)

---

A more common but less challenging variation of this song uses the same chorus, but simply repeats the same line during the verse, as in:

Make a llama a mama, boys,

Make a llama a mama—symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11—BESTIALITY!

Make a llama a mama, boys,

Make a llama a mama, 'cause . . .

More verses, courtesy of ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4:

Make a llama a mama

Stick your dork in a stork

Make an eel squeel

Rub your beaver on a retriever

Rub your box on a fox

Rub your clitoris on a hippopotamus

Rub your clitty on a kitty

Rub your cunt on an elephunt

Rub your twat on an ocelot

Grind your mound on a hound

Drip your juice on a moose

Give your milk to an elk

Drip your yeast on a wildebeest

Cunnilingo with a dingo

Fool with the tool of a mule



A dirty weekend in Wirral with a squirrel

Any which way with a jay

Anyway you can with a pelican

Be a queer with a deer

Be a rotter with an otter

Be very pleasant to a pheasant

Bring a flea to her knees

Chuck your sperm in a worm

Come from behind with a hind

Do an illegal with an eagle

Do it funky with a monkey

Down the throat of a goat

Drink the pee of a bee

Drop some goo in a shrew

Ejaculate in a snake

Get a suck from a duck

Get in deep with a sheep

Get it out for a trout

Get the pox off a fox

Get under the tail of a snail

Sow oats with some stoats

Get your release in a fleece

Give a half to a giraffe

Give a lickin' to a chicken

Give some cock to a croc

Give your gerbil some verbal  
Give your milk to an elk  
Go a rounder with a flounder  
Go and defile a crocodile  
Go the whole way with a moray  
Have a chimp with an imp  
Have a cracker with a quacker  
Have a deer from the rear  
Have a filler with a gorilla  
Have a frig with a pig  
Have a fuck with a duck  
Have a goose with a moose  
Have a hug with a bug  
Have a lark with an aardvark  
Have a rape with an ape  
Have a screw with a shrew  
Have a shag with a stag  
Have a shaggin' with a dragon  
Have a squirm with a worm  
Have a toss with a hoss  
Help old Watson with a dachshund  
In a heap with a sheep  
In the Bahamas with some llamas  
In the dark with a shark  
In the ear of a deer

In the esophagus of an octopus

In the lake with a drake

In the lug of a slug

In the sack with yak.

Have intercourse with a horse

Lick the clit of a nit

Make it coarse with a horse

Make it limp in a chimp

Make it twirl in a squirrel

Make it wonky with a donkey

Make love with a dove

Make some porn with a unicorn

Mate a 'gator then fellate her

In a bag with a stag

In the bog with a dog

On a honeymoon with a raccoon

On a train with a crane

On the lawn with a prawn

On top of the easel with a weasel

Part the hare of a mare

Put it in the mid of a squid

Put it in the mouth of a sloth

Put it through a gnu

Put your cock in a peacock

Put your noodle to a poodle

Put your thang in an orangoutang

Rub the thigh of a fly

Shoot your load in a toad

Shove your log in a dog

Shove your willy up a filly

Sixty-nine with a swine

Skull fuck a duck

Stick you rod up a cod

Stick your dork in a stork

Stick your needle in a beetle

The best course is a horse

Up the ass of a bass

Up the back of a yak

Up the box of a fox

Up the fanny of a nanny

Up the flue of a shrew

Up the hole of a mole

Up the rear of a deer

Up the spout of a trout

Up the tail of a whale

## 29. BITCH A DOG

Melody—Do, Re, Mi

Bitch, a dog, a female dog,

Itch, a place for you to scratch,  
Hitch, I pull my knickers up,  
Grab, another word for snatch,  
Bath, a place for making gin,  
Sex, another word for sin,  
Prick, a needle going in,  
And that will bring us back to  
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch . . .

### 30. BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

Melody—Bye Bye Blackbird

Once a boy was no good,  
Took a girl into the wood,  
Bye, bye, blackbird.  
Laid her down upon the grass,  
Pinched her tits and slapped her ass,  
Bye, bye, blackbird.  
Took her where nobody else could find her,  
To a place where he could really grind her,  
Rolled her over on her front,  
Shoved his wank right up her cunt,  
Blackbird, bye, bye.

But this girl she was no sport,

Took her story to a court,  
Bye, bye, blackbird.  
Told her story in the morn,  
All the jury had a horn,  
Bye, bye, blackbird.  
Then the judge came to his decision,  
The poor sod got eighteen months in prison,  
So next time, boy, do it right,  
Stuff her twat with dynamite,  
Blackbird, bye, bye.

### 31. CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS

Melody—Do Ye Ken John Peel

(Take turns leading verses)

When you wake up in the morning with the devil of a stand,  
From the pressure of the liquid on the seminary gland,  
If you haven't got a woman use your own horny hand,  
As you revel in the joys of masturbation.

Chorus: Cats on the rooftop, cats on the tiles,  
Cats with the clap and cats with piles,  
Cats with their arseholes wreathed in smiles,  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The Regimental Sergeant Major leads a miserable life,  
He can't afford a mistress and he doesn't have a wife,  
So he puts it up the bottom of the Regimental Fife,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The Australian lady emu when she wants to find a mate,  
Wanders round the desert with a feather up her date,  
You should see that feather, when she meets her destined fate,  
As she revels in the joys of fornication.

The poor domestic doggie, on his chain all day,  
Never gets a chance to get himself a lay,  
So he licks himself in a frantic way,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The labors of the poofter find but little favor here,  
But the morally leprous bastard has a peaceful sleep, I fear,  
As he dreams he rips a red-un up some dirty urchin's rear,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The dainty little skylark sings a very pretty song,  
He has a ponderous penis fully forty cubits long,  
You should hear his high crescendo, when his mate is on the prong,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The whale is a mammal, as everybody knows,

He takes two days to have a shag, but when he's in the throes,  
He doesn't stop to take it out; he piddles through his nose,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

When you find yourself in springtime with a surge of sexual joy,  
And your wife has got the rag on and your daughter's rather coy,  
Then jam it up the backside of your favorite choirboy,  
As you revel in a smooth ejaculation.

The poor old rhinoceros, so it appears,  
Never gets a grind in a thousand years,  
But when he does, he makes up for arrears,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

In Egypt's sunny clime, the crocodile,  
Gets a flip only once in a while,  
But when he does, it floods the Nile,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The wild boar in the mud all day,  
Thinks of the sows that are far, far away,  
And the corkscrew motion of half a day,  
As he revels in the joys of masturbation.

Now a funny old fish is the old sperm whale,



With a funny little diddle tucked beneath his tail,  
And he rides his missus in the teeth of a gale,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Now I met a girl who had a great rear,  
And she gave me a dose of gonorrhea,  
Fools rush in where angels fear,  
As I reveled in the joys of fornication.

Little Mary Johnson will be seven next July,  
She's never had a naughty, but she thought she'd like to try,  
So she took her daddy's walking stick and did it on the sly,  
As she reveled in the joys of fornication.

Long-legged curates grind like goats,  
Pale-faced spinsters shag like shoats,  
And the whole damn world stands about and gloats,  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The ostrich in the desert is a solitary chick,  
Without the opportunity to dip its wick,  
But whenever it does, it slips in thick,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The ape is small and rather slow,  
Erect he stands a foot or so,

So when he comes it's time to go,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The flea disports among the trees,  
And there consorts with whom he please,  
To fill the land with bastard fleas,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The elephant's prong is big and round,  
A small one scales a thousand pound,  
Two together rock the ground,  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The camel likes to have his fun,  
His night is made when he is done,  
He always gets two humps for one,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The donkey is a lonely bloke,  
He hardly ever gets a poke,  
But when he does he lets it soak,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The orangutan is a colorful sight,  
There's a glow on its arse like a pilot light,

As it jumps and it leaps in the night,  
As it revels in the joys of fornication.

The hippopotamus, so it seems,  
Very, very rarely has wet dreams,  
But when he does he comes in streams,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The oyster is a paragon of purity,  
And you can't tell the he from the she,  
But he can tell and so can she,  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

A thousand verses all in rhyme,  
To sit and sing them seems a crime,  
When we could better spend our time,  
Reveling in the joys of fornication.

### 32. COCK ROBIN

Melody—Who Killed Cock Robin

Who killed cock robin?

"I," said the sparrow,

"With my bow and arrow,

I killed cock robin."

Chorus (words & actions):

Oh-h-h-h the birds of the air said,

Fuck it! Let's chuck it!

When they heard cock robin

Had kicked the fucking bucket!

When they heard-d-d-d cock robin-n-n-n

Had kicked the fucking bucket!

Who saw him die?

"I," said the fly,

"With my little eye,

I saw him die."

Who'll take his blood?

"I," said the mole,

"With my little bowl,

I'll take his blood."

Who'll dig his grave?

"I," said the owl,

"With my little trowel,

I'll dig the grave."

Who'll ring the bell?

"I," said the bull,  
"With my mighty tool,  
I'll ring the bell."  
Who'll say the prayer?  
"I," said the rook,  
"With my little book,  
I'll say the prayer."

### 33. COW KICKED NELLY

Melody—Turkey in the Straw

Chorus: Oh, the cow kicked Nelly in the belly last night (three times)  
But the farmer says she'll be all right.

LEADER: Second verse, same as the first, a little bit louder and a little bit worse.

(repeat chorus)

LEADER: Third verse, same as the first . . . (and so on through ten verses, each louder and worse than the one before, or until stoned by the pack)

### 34. THE CUCKOO

Melody—Itself

The cuckoo is a funny bird,  
Who sits in the grass,

With his wings neatly folded,  
And his beak up his ass.  
In this strange position,  
He can only say, "Twit!"  
'Cause it's hard to say, "Cuckoo,"  
With a beak full of shit.

### 35. DEAD DOG ROVER

Melody—I'm Looking Over a 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 carport floor  
(the carport floor),  
I'm looking over,  
My dead dog Rover,  
That I over ran, that I over ran,  
That I over ran with the mower!

### 36. THE DOGGIES' MEETING

Melody—God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen

The doggies held a meeting,  
They came from near and far,  
Some came by motorcycle,  
Some came by motorcar.  
Each doggy passed the entrance,  
Each doggy signed the book,  
Then each unshipped his arsehole,  
And hung it on the hook.  
One dog was not invited,  
It sorely raised his ire,  
He ran into the meeting hall  
And loudly bellowed, "Fire!"  
It threw them in confusion,  
And without a second look,  
Each grabbed another's arsehole  
From off another hook.  
And that's the reason why, sir,  
When walking down the street,  
And that's the reason why, sir,  
When doggies chance to meet,  
And that's the reason why, sir,

On land or sea or foam,  
He will sniff another's arsehole,  
To see if it's his own.

### 37. FUCK (A DUCK)

Melody—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

### 38. GOMEZ THE CHIHUAHUA

Melody—???

By Mu-Sick, Emerald Bay H3, Florida

Well, I used to have a doggie and his name was Little Gomez,  
Cause you see he was a Mexican Chihuahua.



There wasn't much of him, but what there was, was all cajones.

He was certainly a randy little fella'.

Large dogs, small dogs, it mattered not to him,

The canine equivalent of Errol Flynn.

At the drop of a sombrero he'd jump up and get stuffed in,

Taking Gomez out for walks, it was embarrassin'.

I remember one day in the park his tally rose by four,

While in the square, a crowd was amassin'.

Two highly strung French Poodles, a golden Labrador,

And a Raccoon who just happened to be passin'.

I tried every way to curb his carnal appetite,

I kept him on a leash by day and locked him up at night.

I even put saltpeter in his doggie Meaty Bites,

But the only thing that might have worked was kryptonite.

The only thing that might have worked was kryptonite.

Then came that fateful day, when he tried to consummate,

A liaison with a St Bernard called Broadwin.

And although he was fighting quite well above his weight,

He didn't let this awful prospect daunt him.

He nearly pulled it off, Oh what an acrobat.

Then Broadwin deposed and down she sat.

They say that after making love, you often feel quite flat

I'm sure that Little Gomez would agree with that.

I'm sure that Little Gomez would agree with that.

I buried Little Gomez in the park, his happy hunting ground.

A sad but fitting finale.

I had to dig a grave that was shallow, flat and round,

Cause he looked like a squashed tamale.

But I really miss my wee Chihuahua chum,

So I went down to the pet shop to get another one.

I went in feeling happy, but I came out feeling glum,

Cause the man down at the pet shop liked corny puns.

The man down at the pet shop liked corny puns.

And he said, "Yes, we have no Chihuahuas.

We have no Chihuahuas, today.

We have Dalmations, creations, results from all flirtations,

A half Pekingese, and a Char-pei.

But, Yes, we have no Chihuahuas.

We have no Chihuahuas, today.

### 39. HOG CALLING TIME IN NEBRASKA

Melody—Itself

When it's hog calling time in Nebraska,  
When it's hog calling time in Nebraska,  
When it's hog calling time in Nebraska,  
Then it's hog calling time in Nebraska.

#### 40. THE LITTLE BROWN MOUSE

Melody—Itself

Oh, the liquor was spilled on the barroom floor,  
And the place was closed for the night,  
When out from his hole crept a little brown mouse,  
And sat in the pale moonlight.  
Oh, he lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor,  
And back on his haunches he sat,  
And all night long you could hear him roar,  
BRING ON THE GODDAMNED CAT!

(optional verse)

Oh, the cat came out and they had a little spat,  
And the cat ate up on the mouse,  
And the moral of the story is,  
YOU CAN'T DRINK LIQUOR ON THE HOUSE!

#### 41. THE LOBSTER SONG

Melody—The Chisholm Trail

"Oh, mister fisherman, home from the sea,  
Have you got a lobster you will sell to me?"

Chorus: Singing ai-tiddly-ai, shit or bust,  
Never let your ballocks dangle in the dust.

"Yes sir, yes sir, I have three,  
And the biggest of the bastards I will sell to thee."

So I took the lobster home, but I couldn't find a dish,  
So I put the fucking lobster where the missus has a piss.

In the middle of the night, as you well know,  
The missus got up to have a heave ho.

Well, first there came a groan, and then there came a grunt,  
And the bloody lobster grabbed her by the cunt.

The missus grabbed the brush, and I grabbed the broom,  
And we chased the fucking lobster round and round the room.

We hit it on the head, we hit it on the side,  
We hit that fucking lobster till the bastard died.

Oh, the story has a moral, and this is it,

Always have a look before you take a shit.

That's the end of my story, there isn't any more,

There's an apple up my asshole, and you can have the core.

Down in Nagasaki the monkey fucked the cat,

And all the cat could do was fuck the monkey back.

#### 42. MOOSE SONG

Melody—Sweet Betsy from Pike

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4 (some verses by Satan, Pittsburg H3, and Flying Booger)

Chorus (sung while making antlers on head with hands): Moose, moose, I love a moose,

I've never had anything quite like a moose,

My life has been merry,

My women been loose,

But nothing compares to the love of 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,

Because moose will come running when there's hay on the ground.

Harriers' verses: 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.

Women like pearls and diamonds and 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 I've made it with all kinds of beasties with hair,  
I'd make it with snakes if their fangs were not there,  
I've made it with walrus, two ducks and a goose,  
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

Now gorillas are fine for a Saturday night,  
And lions and tigers, they puts up a fight,  
But it just ain't the same when you slams your caboose  
As the feeling you gets when you humps with a moose.

Harriettes' verses: All my past lovers did brag about size,  
Those tales of twelve inches were nothing but lies,  
But a moose is the size that a man ought to be,  
That's why from now on it's mooses for me.

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.

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 Marvin the Moose.

#### 43. THE OLD BROWN COW

Melody—The Old Gray Mare

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

#### 44. RHODE ISLAND RED

Melody—???

From Jacksing, by Sharkey Ward

Has anybody seen my cock,  
My big Rhode Island Red?  
He's mostly pink, with a little bit of blue,  
And he's purple on his head (Gor Blimey).  
He stands straight up in the morning,  
And he gives me wife a shock,

Has anybody seen, anybody seen,  
Anybody, anybody seen my cock?

He's a right big-headed little upstart,  
The best you've ever seen.

He could have got gonorrhea,  
Instead he got gangrene.

He should have worn a condom,  
But the silly sod forgot,  
Has anybody seen, has anybody seen,  
Has anybody seen my cock?

#### 45. THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL

Melody—My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

(Take turns leading verses)

The sexual life of the camel,  
Is stranger than anyone thinks,  
At the height of the mating season  
He tries to bugger the Sphinx.  
But the Sphinx's posterior sphincter  
Is clogged by the sands of the Nile,  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.



Chorus: Singing, bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-bum,

Bum-titty, bum-titty, aye.

Singing, bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-bum,

Bum-titty, bum-titty, aye.

In the process of civilization,

From the anthropoid ape down to man,

It is generally held that the Navy

Has buggered whatever it can,

Yet recent extensive researches

By Darwin and Huxley and Hall,

Conclusively prove that the hedgehog

Has never been buggered at all.

We therefore believe our conclusion

Is incontrovertibly shown,

That comparative safety on shipboard

Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

Why haven't they done it at Spithead,

As they've done it at Harvard and Yale,

And also at Oxford and Cambridge,

By shaving the spines off its tail?

So come all you hashers,

And to the occassion arise,

Grab yourselves a hedgehog,

And enjoy a real suprise.

The following instructions,  
Will ensure you do not fail,  
Simply ream out its ass with a hosepipe,  
And shave the spines off its tail.

The sexual life of the ostrich,  
Is hard to understand.  
At the height of the mating season,  
It buries its head in the sand,  
And if another ostrich finds it,  
Standing there with its ass in the air,  
Does it have the urge to grind it,  
Or doesn't it bloody well care?

It was Christmas Eve in the harem,  
The eunuchs all standing there,  
A hundred dusky maidens,  
Combing their pubic hair.  
When along came Father Christmas,  
Striding down the marble halls,  
When he asked what they wanted for Christmas,  
The eunuchs all answered, "Our balls!"

Oh, the old men were having a birthday,  
Standing at the bar,

Thinking about the old times,  
Thinking back so far.  
When along came a youthful maiden,  
By Christ she was so fair,  
When she asked what they'd like for their birthday,  
The old men all shouted, "Hair!"

My name is Cecil,  
I come from Leicester Square,  
I wear open-toed sandals,  
And a rosebud in my hair.  
For we're all queers together,  
Excuse us while we go upstairs,  
For we're all queers together,  
That's why we all go out in pairs.

My name is Basil,  
My friend's name is Bond,  
When we go out together,  
They call us Basilden Bond.  
For we're all queers together,  
Excuse us while we go upstairs,  
For we're all queers together,  
That's why we go out in pairs.

I went for a ride on a "Puff Puff,"  
I found I had to stand,  
A little boy offered me his seat,  
So I went for it with my hand.  
For we're all queers together,  
Excuse us while we go upstairs,  
For we're all queer together,  
That's why we go out in pairs.

#### 47. TEDDY BEARS' PICNIC

Melody—Teddy Bears' Picnic

From Jacksing, by Sharkey Ward

If you go down to the woods today,  
You're in for a big surprise.  
If you go down to the woods today,  
You'll never believe your eyes.  
'Cause Mum and Dad are having a screw,  
Uncle Frank is having a wank,  
And Auntie D is having it off with Granddad.

Those angel bears have come on their bikes,  
All dressed in their leather gear.  
There's gallons of scrumps all green with lumps,  
And horrible Watney's beer.

Now one of 'em downed a pint of it quick,  
And then was promptly horribly sick,  
And filled up Paddington Bear's new wellies.

#### 48. VIRGIN STURGEON

Melody—Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking

Chorus: Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon,  
The virgin sturgeon is a very fine fish,  
The virgin sturgeon needs no urging,  
That's why caviar is my dish.

I gave caviar to my girlfriend,  
She's a virgin through and through,  
Since I gave my girlfriend caviar,  
There ain't nothing she won't do.

I gave caviar to my bow-wow,  
All the other doggies looked agog,  
He had what those bitches needed,  
Wasn't he a lucky dog?

I gave caviar to my grandpa,  
Grandpa's age is ninety-three,  
Last time that I saw grandpa,

He's chased grandma up a tree.

My father was a lighthouse keeper,

He had caviar for his tea,

He had three children by a mermaid,

Two were kippers, one was me.

#### 49. THE WILD WEST SHOW

Melody—Itself

Chorus: We're off to see the Wild West Show,

The elephant and the kangaroo-o-oo,

Never mind the weather, as long as we're together,

We're off to see the Wild West Show.

(Take turns leading verses)

Leader: Now here, ladies and gentlemen, in the first cage we have the laughing hyena.

Pack: The laughing hyena? Fantastic! Incredible! What the fuck is a laughing hyena? Tell us about the son-of-a-bitch!!

Leader: This animal lives up in the mountains and once every year he comes down to eat. Once every two years he comes down to drink, and once every three years he comes down for sexual intercourse. What the hell he has to laugh about I don't know.

The Giraffe—This creature is the most popular animal in the animal kingdom. Why? Every time he goes into a bar he says, "Gentlemen, the high-balls are on me."

The Famous Tattooed Lady—On the inside of her left thigh she has tattooed MERRY CHRISTMAS, and on the inside of her right thigh she has tattooed HAPPY NEW YEAR, and she'd like to invite you to come up between the holidays!

The Orangutan—This animal lives in the deepest jungle, and his scrotal sac is so pliant and flexible that as he swings from branch to branch his balls go ORANG-U-TANG, ORANG-U-TANG.

The Oster-reich—This animal, at the first sign of danger, buries its head in the sand and whistles through the 'hole of the afternoon.

The Rhino-sauras—This animal, ladies and gentlemen, is reputed to be the richest in the world. Its name is derived from the Latin "rhino" meaning money, and "sore ass" meaning piles; hence, piles of money.

The Keerie Bird—This bird lives only in the Antarctic, and every time it lands on the ice it says, "Keerie, Keerie, Keeriest, it's cold!"

Prince, the Rock 'n' Roll Star—Yes, ladies and gentlemen, living proof that Little Richard and Liberace were once man and wife!

The Leo-pard—Yes, folks, the leopard has one spot on its coat for every day of the year. What about leap year? George, lift up the leopard's tail and show the lady the 29th of February.

The Winky Wanky Bird—Folks, by some mystery of nature, the nerves of this bird's eyelids are connected to its scrotum. Every time it winks, it wanks, and every time it wanks, it winks. Hey you, boy, stop throwing sand in the bird's eye!

The Ele-phant—The elephant has an enormous appetite. In one day it eats two tons of hay, one dozen bunches of bananas, and twenty buckets of rice. Madam, please don't stand too near the elephant. Madam? Madam? Oh, dear God! George, get the shovel!

The Mathematical Impossibility—Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the girl you see before you in this cage was ate before she was seven!

The Oozle Woozle Bird—These birds fly in a line ahead formation, and at the first sign of danger, the last bird flies up the asshole of the bird in front, and so on up the line. The remaining bird then flies around in ever-decreasing circles, finally disappearing up its own fundamental orifice, from which it proceeds to shower shit and derision in all directions.

The Tri-angular—Folks, this animal has a triangular orifice. Hence the pyramids and the YWCA.

The Second Tattooed Lady—On one leg she has tattooed FIRE, and on the other leg she had tattooed BRIMSTONE, and in between it looks like HELL!

The Gay-zelle—This pretty little four-footed animal you see on your right, ladies and gentlemen, wot has the peculiarity that every time it leaps from rock to rock it farts, and the scientists are still trying to determine whether it farts because it leaps or whether it leaps because it farts.

The Well-Known Oolie-Goolie Bird—This bird, wot as you will observe if you look carefully at it, has no legs, and is called what it is, ladies and gentlemen, because when the male of the species comes in to land you can hear him cry, "Ooh, me goolies! Ooh, me goolies!"

The French Pervertable—This fine automobile is the last of it's kind, no longer for sale anywhere in the world. Notice the convertible top, the five-speed manual transmission, the automatic cruise control, and the dual halogen headlights. It seats two in the front and comfortably accomodates 69 in the back.

The Antique Sales Lady—The Antique Sales Lady sells only period furniture . . . everything has stains on it.

The Plumb Line Bird—This bird spends most of its time high above the world's oceans, circling in the jet stream until it spies what it is after. Immediately it folds its wings, dives toward the sea, and gathers an ever-increasing momentum until it reaches terminal velocity. At that precise moment it hits the surface of the sea but continues diving straight down, now with decreasing momentum, until, if it has got the timing precisely right, it comes to a stop behind a sardine which has just farted, whereupon it seizes the bubble in its beak for use in spirit levels.



The Circus Acrobat—If you will but observe the Circus Acrobat's ass you will observe a tattooed M on one cheek and a corresponding M on the other. When he bends over he spells MOM. When he stands on his head he spells WOW. When he turns cartwheels, he spells WOW MOM WOW.

The Famous Oooh-Aaah Bird—The male of this species, ladies and gentlemen, resides at the North Pole while the female resides at the South Pole. At the appointed season the male Oooh-Aaah flies south from the North Pole and the female Oooh-Aaah flies north from the South Pole until they meet at the Equator, whereupon one can hear them call, "Oooooooooooh-Aaaaaaaaaah!"

The Tri-Angular Iceberg—A most uncommon iceberg, ladies and gentlemen, where on the first side you will see an Indonesian keeping a private school, and on the second side an American keeping a private school, while on the third side you will observe a polar bear sliding up and down, keeping his privates cool.

The Homosexual Sparrow—This bird is so called, ladies and gentlemen, because sometimes he flies backwards for a lark.

The Infamous Fuccari Tribe—This tribe, as you will see, dear friends, is composed of small-statured people who live in the middle of Africa, where the grass grows to an incredible height of 18 feet or more, and all day long the members of this tribe wander, calling, "Where the Fuccari? Where the Fuccari?"

The Fight Between the Snake and the Ostrich—(Please note that this one is limited only by the teller's imagination and the audience's patience. So far the Guinness Book of Records has refused to list the longest known version, but a respectable average would be around 15 minutes. What follows is a bare outline; embellish it as you will): In the left-hand corner, ladies and gentlemen, stands the ostrich (to be followed by a life history of the contestant, fight record, size of jock strap, etc.), while in the right-hand corner stands the snake (ditto). And there, ladies and gentlemen, goes the bell for round one (followed by a description of the fight—this round, and all subsequent rounds, should take at least three minutes of fast talking, and should all end in the same way with the snake diving into the ostrich's mouth, wriggling swiftly through the ostrich's digestive apparatus, and emerging from its asshole. Because of this clever maneuver, each round goes to the snake, until the FINAL round, wherein the snake finally dives into the ostrich's mouth, swiftly wriggles through the ostrich's digestive apparatus, and is ABOUT to emerge from its asshole when the ostrich shoves its beak up its own asshole and says, "Now loop-the-loop, you bastard!").

## 50. WOODPECKER SONG

Melody—Dixie

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Take it out, take it out, take it out,  
REMOVE IT!"

I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Put it back, put it back, put it back,  
REPLACE IT!"

Other verses:

Replaced/turn it round/REVOLVE IT!

Revolved/turn it back/REVERSE IT!

Reversed/in and out/RECIPROCATE IT!

Reciprocated/slow it down/RETARD IT!

Retarded/once again/REPEAT IT!

Repeated/let it go/RELEASE IT!

Released/pull it out/RETRACT IT!

Retracted/take a whiff/REVOLTING!

## 51. YOGI BEAR SONG

## Melody—Camptown Races

(Take turns leading verses)

There is a bear in the deep dark woods,

Yogi, Yogi,

There is a bear in the deep dark woods,

Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Chorus (repeat previous verse): Yogi, Yogi Bear,

Yogi, Yogi Bear,

There is a bear in the deep dark woods,

Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Other verses:

Yogi has a little friend, Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo

Boo-Boo has a girlfriend, Cyndi, Cyndi

Yogi has a girlfriend, Suzi, Suzi

Cyndi has a shaven snatch, Grizzly, Grizzly

Cyndi wears crotchless undies, Teddy, Teddy

Cyndi likes it on the ice, Polar, Polar

Cyndi gets what she deserves, Pregnant,

Pregnant

Suzi likes it up the rear, Dirty, Dirty

Suzi's boyfriend has no teeth, Gummi, Gummi

Suzi's snatch it smells like cheese, Camel,

Camel

Suzi she has great big tits, More than, More than

(I can bear)

Suzi gets four bits an hour, Jingle, Jingle

Cyndi's tampon has no string, Cotton, Cotton

Yogi didn't use a condom, Daddy, Daddy

Boo-Boo likes it upside down, Koala, Koala

Yogi didn't wipe his butt, Brown, Brown

Yogi got a case of crabs, Itchy, Itchy

Yogi lights Kuwaiti farts, Saddam, Saddam

Boo-Boo likes to stroke his tool, Wanker,

Wanker

Yogi also likes young boys, Poofter, Poofter

Song ender: Yogi he has HIV, Dying, Dying . . .

THE SPOKEN WORD

52. THE BALLAD OF ESKIMO NELL

Dramatic Recitation

Gather round all you whorey,

Gather round and hear this story!

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold,  
And the tip of his tool turns blue,  
And it bends in the middle  
Like a one-string fiddle,  
He can tell you a tale or two.

So pull up a chair and stand me a drink  
And a tale to you I'll tell,  
Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,  
And a harlot named Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete Go forth in search of fun,  
It's Dead-eye Dick that slings the prick,  
And Mexican Pete the gun.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete  
Are sore, depressed, and sad,  
It's always a cunt that bears the brunt,  
But the shootin' ain't so bad.

Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete  
Lived down by Dead Man's Creek,  
And such was their luck they'd had no fuck  
For nigh on half a week.

Just a moose or two and a caribou,  
And a bison cow or so,  
And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly wick,  
The action was mighty slow.

So do or dare this horny pair  
Set forth for the Rio Grande,  
Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick,  
And Pete with his gun in his hand.

And as they blazed their noisy trail  
No man their path withstood,  
And many a bride, her husband's pride,  
A pregnant widow stood.  
They reached the strand of the Rio Grande  
At the height of a blazing noon,  
And to slake their thirst and do their worst,  
They sought Black Mike's Saloon.

And as they pushed the great doors wide  
Both prick and gun flashed free,  
"According to sex, you bleeding wrecks,  
You'll drink or fuck with me."

They'd heard of the man called Dead-eye Dick,

From Maine to Panama,  
And with scarcely worse than a muttered curse,  
Those dagos sought the bar.

The girls too knew of his playful ways  
Down on the Rio Grande,  
So forty whores pulled down their drawers  
At Dead-eye Dick's command.

They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete  
twitch on the trigger grip,  
And they didn't wait at a fearful rate,  
Those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick  
With lecherous snorts and grunts,  
Soon forty asses were bared to view,  
And likewise forty cunts.

Now forty asses and forty cunts,  
If you can use your wits,  
And if you're slick at arithmetic,  
Makes exactly eighty tits.

Now eighty tits are a gladsome sight

For a man with a raging stand,  
It may be rare in Berkeley Square,  
But not on the Rio Grande.

Now Dead-eye Dick had bungled a few  
On the last preceding night,  
This he had done just to show his fun,  
And to whet his appetite.

His phallic limb was in ramming trim  
As he backed and took a run,  
He made a dart at the nearest tart,  
And scored a hole in one.

He bore her to the sawdust floor  
And there he swived her fine,  
And though she grinned it put the wind  
Up the other thirty-nine.

When Dead-eye Dick lets loose his prick  
He's got no time to spare,  
For speed and length combined with strength,  
He fairly singes hair.

He made a dart at the next spare tart,



When into that harlot's hell  
Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid,  
And her name it was Eskimo Nell.

By this time Dick had got his prick  
Well into number two,  
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell,  
She bawled to him, "Hey you!"

He gave a flick of his muscular prick  
And the girl flew over his head,  
And he wheeled about with an angry shout,  
His face and his prick burning red.

She stared our hero up and down,  
His looks she seemed to decry,  
With utter scorn she glimpsed the horn  
That rose from his hairy thigh.

She blew the smoke from her cigarette  
Over his steaming knob,  
So utterly beat was Mexican Pete,  
He failed to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell,

In accents clear and cool,  
"You cunt-struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp,  
You call that thing a tool?"

"If this here town can't take that down,"  
She sneered to those cowering whores,  
"Here's one little cunt can do the stunt,  
It's Eskimo Nell's, not yours."

She stripped her garments one by one  
With an air of conscious pride,  
And as she stood in her womanhood,  
They saw the great divide.

She seated herself on a table top  
Where someone had left his glass,  
With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits,  
Between the cheeks of her ass.

She flexed her knees with supple ease,  
And spread her legs apart,  
With a friendly nod to the mangy sod,  
She gave him the cue to start.

But Dead-eye Dick knew a trick or two,

He meant to take his time,  
And a girl like this was sexual bliss,  
So he played the pantomime.

He flexed his buttocks to and fro  
And made his balls inflate,  
Until they looked like the granite knobs  
On top of a garden gate.

He blew his anus inside out,  
His organ increased in size,  
His mighty prick grew twice as thick,  
Till it almost reached his eyes.

He polished it up with alcohol  
And made it steaming hot,  
To finish the job he sprinkled the knob  
With a cayenne pepperpot.

Then neither did he take a run  
Nor did he take a leap,  
Nor did he stoop, but took a swoop,  
And a steady forward creep.

With piercing eye he took a sight

Along his mighty tool,  
And the steady grin as he pushed it in,  
Was calculatedly cool.

Have you seen the giant pistons  
On the mighty C.P.R.,  
With the driving force of a thousand horse,  
Well, you know what pistons are,

Or you think you do. But you've yet to learn  
The ins and outs of the trick,  
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run  
By a guy like Dead-eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was an infidel,  
As good as a whole harem,  
With the strength of ten in her abdomen,  
And the rock of ages between.

She could take the stream of a lover's cream  
Like the flush of a water closet,  
And she gripped his cock like the Chatsworth lock  
On the National Safe Deposit.

But Dead-eye Dick would not come quick,

He meant to conserve his powers,  
If he'd a mind he'd grind and grind  
For a couple of solid hours.

Nell lay for awhile and then with a smile,  
The grip of her twat grew keener,  
With a squeeze of her thigh she sucked him dry,  
Like a brand-new vacuum cleaner.

She performed this trick in a way so slick  
As to set in complete defiance  
The basic cause and primary laws  
That govern sexual science.

She calmly rode through the phallic code  
Which for years had stood the test,  
And the ancient rules of the classic schools,  
In a second or two went West.

And so my friends we come to the end  
Of copulation's classic,  
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick,  
And akin to an anesthetic.

He fell to the floor and knew no more,

His passions extinct and dead,  
And he did not shout as his tool slipped out,  
Although it was stripped to a thread.

Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet  
To avenge his pal's affront,  
With a jarring jolt his blue-nosed Colt,  
He jammed it up her cunt.

He rammed it up to the trigger grip  
And fired three times three,  
But to his surprise she closed her eyes  
And squealed in ecstasy.

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet,  
"Bully," she said, "for you.  
Though I might have guessed that that was the best  
That you poor pussies could do."

"When next, my friend, that you intend  
To sally forth for fun,  
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick,  
And yourself an elephant gun."

"I'm going back to the frozen North,

Where cocks are hard and strong,  
Back to the land of the frozen stand,  
Where the nights are six months long."

"It's hard as tin when they put it in,  
In the land where spunk is spunk,  
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream,  
But a solid frozen chunk."

"Back to the land where they understand  
What it means to fornicate,  
Where even the dead sleep two to a bed  
And the babies masturbate."

"Back to the land of the grinding gland,  
Where the walrus plays with his prong,  
Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair,  
That's where they'll sing this song."

"They'll tell this tale on the Arctic trail,  
Where the nights are sixty below,  
Where it's so damn cold that the Rubbers are sold  
Wrapped up in a ball of snow."

"In the valley of death with bated breath

That's where they'll sing it too,  
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle,  
And the rotting corpses screw."

"Back to the land where men are men,  
Terra Bellicum.  
And there I'll spend my worthy end,  
For the North is calling, 'Come.'"

So Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete  
Slunk out of the Rio Grande,  
Dead-eye Dick with his useless prick,  
And Pete with no gun in his hand.

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold,  
And the tip of his tool turns blue,  
And the hole in the middle refuses to piddle,  
I'd say he was fucked, wouldn't you?

### 53. JOKES

The Sunday school teacher asked her class what part of their bodies they thought would get to heaven first.

"Your face," said Suzie, "Because when you're sleeping your face looks up to heaven."

"That's a very good thought, Suzie," said the teacher. "Billy, what do you think?"

"Well, I think it's your head 'cause when you're walking around your head is closest to heaven."



"Yes, that's also a good thought, Billy," said the teacher. "Joey, I see you waving your hand-- what do you think?"

"It's your feet," said Joey.

"Now that's a different idea," said the teacher. "Why do you think it's your feet?"

"Cause I went by my parent's bedroom the other morning and mom had her feet stuck way up in the air and she was saying 'Oh, Jesus, I'm coming, I'm coming,' and she might have made it, too, except dad had her pinned down."

The kindergarten teacher was explaining the sense of taste to her students. She asked for three volunteers. Billy, Pauly, and Joey stuck up their hands. She had them stand in front of the room, then blindfolded them. Choosing Billy first, she asked him to open his mouth and stick out his tongue. When he did, she placed a sugar cube on his tongue.

"Now Billy, what does your sense of taste tell you is on your tongue?"

"It's sugar," said Billy.

"That's excellent, Billy," said the teacher. "Now Pauly, open your mouth and stick out your tongue," and the teacher sprinkled a few grains of salt on his tongue.

"Pauly, what does your sense of taste tell you?"

"It's salt," said Pauly.

"Wonderful, wonderful," said the teacher. "Now here's a hard one. Joey, open wide and stick out your tongue." When Joey did as he was asked, she placed a coffee bean on his tongue.

"Well, Joey, what does your sense of taste tell you?"

"Gee, teacher, I can't tell," said Joey.

"Okay, here's a hint," said the teacher. "It's something your mom and pop enjoy in the morning."

Up jumped Suzie from the back row and shouted, "Spit it out, Joey, it's a piece of ass!"

An obviously distraught man was fishing on the bank of a trout stream. Another fisherman, distracted by the angry man's frequent curses, decided to ask what was the matter.

"Excuse me," he said, "and don't take this wrong, but I can't help noticing that you're upset."

"Damn right I'm upset," replied the first fisherman. "It's the first day of my honeymoon, I should be humping my brains out, and here I am fishing instead."

"Oh, gee, I can see why you're pissed off," said the second fisherman. "What's the problem, if you don't mind my asking?"

"Bitch waits till we're married to tell me she has gonorrhea."

"Aw, jeez, that's terrible," said the second fisherman, "but if you don't mind my suggesting it, have you considered oral sex?"

"Can't do that either. The bitch has pyorrhea."

"Oh, that's horrible," said the second fisherman. "Tell you what, though, you could still try anal sex."

"No, that's out. She's got diarrhea."

"Well, Jesus Christ, what's she good for?"

"Worms."

Jack had a parrot who gave him fits. Whenever he'd pick up a girl and bring her to his apartment, the parrot would squawk, "Somebody's gonna get laid tonight!" Every time this happened the girl would get embarrassed and leave. He couldn't get rid of the parrot, and he couldn't teach it to say anything else, so finally he went to the parrot psychologist. The psychologist suggested he get the bird a mate. Jack went to the pet store to buy one, but they were fresh out of parrots. The owner went in back to see what he could find, and came out with an owl. In desperation, Jack bought it.

That evening, he put the owl in the cage with the parrot, and since they seemed to be getting along, Jack decided to go out and give them some privacy. Later that night Jack got lucky and came home with a sexy girl. Just as Jack finished putting on the stereo and opening the wine, the parrot squawked, "Somebody's gonna get laid tonight!" The owl said, "Whooo, whooo?" The parrot answered, "Not you, banjo eyes!"

How come Natalie Wood didn't take a shower on board the yacht that night?

(she decided to wash up on shore in the morning instead)

What were Christy McAuliff's last words to her husband?

("Don't forget to feed the dogs. I'll feed the fish.")

Tom wanted to purchase a gift for his sweetheart's birthday, and after careful consideration, he decided on a pair of gloves.

Accompanied by his sweetheart's younger sister, he went to a department store and bought a pair of white gloves. The sister purchased a pair of panties for herself.

During the gift-wrapping, the clerk mixed up the items so that the sister got the gloves and the sweetheart got the panties. Without checking the contents, Tom sent the box to his girlfriend along with a note.

Darling,

I chose these because I noticed that you are not in the habit of wearing any when we go out in the evening. If it had not been for your sister, I would have chosen the long ones with buttons, but she wears short ones that are easy to remove.

These are a delicate shade, but the lady I bought them from showed me a pair she had been wearing for three weeks and they were hardly soiled. I had the sales girl try them on for me and she looked really smart.

I wish I was there to put them on for you the first time, as no doubt other hands will come in contact with them before I have a chance to see you again.

When you take them off, remember to blow in them before putting them away, as they will naturally be a little damp from wearing.

Be sure to keep them on when cleaning them or they might shrink.

Just think how many times I will kiss them during the coming year. I hope you like them and will wear them for me on Friday night.

All my love,

Tom

p.s. The latest style is to wear them folded down with a little fur showing.

How is a toilet different from a bimbo?

(a toilet won't follow you around after you piss all over it)

An old man went to the lawyer to have his will brought up-to-date. When the lawyer was done with the will, the old man extracted a \$100 bill from his wallet to pay the lawyer's fee. The old man handed the bill to the lawyer, not noticing that he'd actually given the lawyer two \$100 bills stuck together. After the old man left the lawyer discovered the error, and was immediately presented with a question of ethics.

(should he tell his partner?)

What do you call someone who'd run over a sheep, then stop the car to go fuck it?

(Mr. Congressman)

A little boy was standing in line behind a big fat woman at MacDonalds. As he stared nervously at the huge expanse of denim-covered ass looming over his upturned face, the fat woman's pager suddenly went off. "Watch out!" shouted the little boy, "she's backing up!"

A horny old lady was leading a bag boy through the supermarket parking lot. Finding themselves in a secluded corner of the lot with no other people around, she stopped and said, "Oh, young man."

"Yes, ma'am?" said the bag boy.

"Young man," she said, "I have an itchy twat."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," answered the bag boy, "I can't tell one Japanese car from another."

What's the difference between a lawyer and a dead skunk in the road?

(there's skid marks in front of the skunk)

What do K-Mart and Michael Jackson have in common?

(they're both having Blue-Light Specials: boys pants, half off)

The playboy billionaire decided he'd better get his life in order, so one night he called his three mistresses together, introduced them to each other, and announced his plan: "Girls, I've decided to marry one of you and live an honest life. Trouble is I love each of you and can't decide which one of you to marry, so I came up with a test. I'm going to give each of you one million dollars and one year to make what you can out of it. We'll meet again one year from tonight and I'll make my decision then."

A year passed, and the three women came back to his mansion.

"Well, Betty, how did you make out with your million dollars?" he asked.

"Pretty good," she said, "I invested it in a small chain of upscale boutiques and managed to increase business to the point where I've now got a nationwide chain and a net worth of 700 million."

"And you, Susan?" he asked.

"I blew it on fast cars, pretty clothes, and cocaine, you asshole," she replied, "and now I'm flat broke."

"And you, Shirley?" he asked.

"I gave the whole million to Mother Teresa for her mission in Calcutta," she answered.

Which one did he marry?

(the one with the big tits . . .)

Why did the punk cross the road?

(he was stapled to the chicken)

Up at the state home they held a contest for the morons. They got three contestants up in front of everybody and the emcee announced the rules: "We're going to sing part of a song. At the sound of the buzzer, say the word that finishes the song and then spell it."

The three contestants strained in concentration as the music began: "Old MacDonald had a (BUZZ)" The first contestant mashed his answer button and shouted, "Farm! Uh, F-O-R-M."

"Oh, too bad!" yelled the emcee, "Right word, wrong spelling!"

The remaining two contestants then heard the song again: "Old MacDonald had a (BUZZ)" Eagerly pushing his button, the second contestant shouted, "Ranch! R-A-N-C-H."

"Oh, too bad!" groaned the emcee, "Wrong word, right spelling!"

The final contestant then heard the song for the third time: "Old MacDonald had a (BUZZ)" After a long pause his face lit up and he hit the button. "Farm! E-I-E-I-O!"

A young man graduated from Texas A&M and went back home to Amarillo to start a poultry farm. He went to the feed store and bought 500 pullets, which he took home and planted feet first in the field. He watered the pullets, sprinkled them with seed, and knocked off for the day. Coming out to the field next morning he was shocked to find all the pullets dead. He drove straight back to town and bought 500 more pullets from the feed store. This time he planted them head first. After watering them and sprinkling more seed, he knocked off for the day and went to bed. Next morning, he was dismayed to find the second crop of pullets dead.

Not wanting to waste his dwindling resources on another 500 pullets until he knew what he was doing wrong, he sat down and wrote a lengthy letter to the Animal Husbandry Department at Texas A&M. In the letter he carefully described the procedures he had used in planting each batch of pullets, and finished with a plea for advice and assistance.

Two weeks passed slowly, but the budding poultry farmer's patience was justified when he finally found a letter from Texas A&M in his mailbox. Eagerly ripping it open, he found the following message: "Have received your recent communication. Please send soil sample."

What's the difference between a lawyer and a rooster?

(the rooster clucks defiance)

What's the difference between a Triscut and a lesbian?

(one of them's a snack cracker)

The teenage daughter asked her father if she could use the convertible to drive her friends to the mall.

"Sure," said her father, "as long as you give me a blowjob first."

"Oh, Dad, that's totally gross!" said the daughter.

"Fine," said Dad, "you can always walk to the mall."

Sighing, the daughter got down on her knees as her father pulled out his dick. As soon as she took it in her mouth, though, she spit it out and shouted, "Eww! Your thing tastes like shit!"

"Oh, sorry about that," said Dad, "I forgot to tell you Junior borrowed the Jeep."

The ardent feminist was driving through a desolate part of Wyoming at night when she saw something that caused her to slam on her brakes and stare in stunned disbelief. There, silhouetted in the moonlight on top of a butte, was a cowboy committing an act of bestiality with a sheep. Shocked into immobility, the feminist watched helplessly as the cowboy humped away at the helpless ewe. Finally he finished and withdrew, and the furious feminist, gathering her wits, sped on to the nearest town. Trembling with rage, she pounded on the door of the jail house, rousing the sheriff from a sound sleep. After making a pot of coffee and calming the distraught woman, the sheriff attempted to get to the bottom of all the commotion.

"Now, what exactly did you see and what do you want me to do about it?" asked the sheriff.

"I want you to drive out there and arrest that man," she said. "He raped that ewe against her will."

"Well now, are you sure that's what you saw?" asked the sheriff.

"How could there be any doubt? He had the poor animal's hind feet stuffed down inside his cowboy boots, his pants were down around his knees, I could plainly see his disgusting penis going in and out of the sheep's backside, and when he came he shot off all over it's wool."

"What did the ewe do?" asked the sheriff.

"What do you mean, what did the ewe do?" she shouted. "The poor animal couldn't do anything, it was rape!"

"No, I mean what did the ewe do after?" said the sheriff.

"Oh," she said, "well, after he pulled her feet out of his boots, she sort of turned around and licked his hand."

"Yeah," said the sheriff, with a smile and a dreamy look in his eye, "they'll do that sometimes."

The nervous young man made his way to the head of the ticket line, where he encountered an unusually buxom ticket clerk. "Two pickets to Tittsburg, please," he stammered, and instantly grew beet red in embarrassment.

"Say, don't get upset, son," said the older man behind him in line. "We all make little slips of the tongue. Why, just this morning I was eating breakfast with the wife and I went to say 'Pass the cream, dear,' but what came out was 'Bitch, you've ruined my life.'"

An attorney and a Catholic priest were standing on the deck of a crowded ship when the captain ran by, shouting "Abandon ship! Women and children first!"

"Fuck the children," said the attorney.

"Do we have time?" asked the priest.

The little old lady was having trouble crossing the street when two children and their pet dog came skipping up and escorted her across the intersection. Greatly taken with their outgoing friendliness and wholesome appearance, the old lady was effusive in her praise.

"Aren't you the cutest pair of kids I've ever seen," she chirped, "and what a darling little puppy, too! Tell me, are you twins?"

"Yes ma'am," said the perky little girl, "I'm Sandy and this is my brother Rusty."

"Oh, you're so charming," gushed the little old lady. "I bet they call you Sandy because of your pretty blond hair."

"Yes ma'am," said Sandy, shyly scuffing her feet.

"And I bet they call you Rusty because of all those freckles and red hair," said the little old lady.

"Yes ma'am," said Rusty, blushing.

"And what do you call your cute little puppy?" asked the old lady.

"Hee hee," giggled the kids, "we just call him Porky."

"Well, I bet you call him Porky because he's so roly-poly," said the old lady.

"No ma'am," said Sandy, "we call him Porky 'cause he fucks pigs."

What's the difference between a BMW full of attorneys and a porcupine?

(the porcupine's pricks are on the outside)

Dazed, the three survivors pulled themselves from the wreckage of their plane, only to find themselves surrounded by a band of fierce cannibals. Before they knew what was happening, the three survivors were trussed to poles and unceremoniously carried to the cannibals' jungle camp. Once there, the cannibals left the survivors tied up in a stockade of sharpened bamboo spears.

Presently the cannibal chieftain appeared and began speaking to them in broken English:



"You make big mistake come here. Now must choose, die or Booga-Booga," said the chieftain, prodding the first survivor with a spear.

Perceiving that he had a choice between sure death and something called "Booga-Booga," the first survivor quickly said, "I choose Booga-Booga!"

Immediately the mob of cannibals rushed into the stockade, grabbed the bewildered survivor by his four limbs, ripped off what was left of his clothing, strapped him face down on a big rock, and began frantically sodomizing him with a splintered stick the size of a baseball bat, all the while chanting, "Booga-Booga, Booga-Booga." Finally exhausted after an afternoon of feverish buggery, the cannibals filed out of the stockade. The first survivor, barely clinging to life, lay atop the rock, his ruined rectum bleeding copiously. All through the long night he whimpered and cried, to the horror of his fellow prisoners.

In the morning the chieftain returned, and poking his spear at the chest of the second survivor, said, "You choose now, death or Booga-Booga."

Torn between death and something almost as bad, the second survivor meekly whispered, "Booga-Booga."

Instantly the savages were upon him, ravaging his quivering anus even more vigorously than they had the first survivor's the day before, all the while chanting, "Booga-Booga, Booga-Booga, Booga-Booga!" Finally sated, the cannibals filed out of the stockade, leaving the second survivor limp and bleeding on the rock. The third survivor, listening to the cries and whimpers of his two comrades through the long night, formed a steely resolve not to go the way of his predecessors.

In the morning the chieftain made his appearance. "You choose now, death or Booga-Booga."

In a defiant voice, the third survivor proudly announced, "I'll take death!"

A hush fell over the cannibals' camp. "Death?" asked the chieftain.

"Death," repeated the last survivor.

"Okay, you die," said the chieftain, " . . . but first, BOOGA-BOOGA!"

What do bimbos and dog turds have in common?

(the older they get the easier they are to pick up)

A lady was waiting at a busy intersection when she saw a blind man with a seeing-eye dog standing on the opposite sidewalk. To her horror, the seeing-eye dog suddenly charged into the street, pulling the hapless blind man into the speeding traffic. Dodging and weaving between skidding, fish-

tailing cars, the dog and blind man somehow made it to her side of the street. Then, as she watched in amazement, the blind man reached into his pocket, pulled out a milk bone, and held it out to the dog.

Unable to contain herself, the lady approached the blind man.

"Do you know that dog almost got you killed?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am, I sure do," replied the blind man.

"Then why in creation are you rewarding it?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm not rewarding it. I'm trying to find out which end is its head so I can kick the motherfucker's ass."

What do marriage and hurricanes have in common? (they start with a blow job . . . then you lose the house)

What do you get when you play country & western records backwards? (first you get your wife back, then your truck, then your dog)

This guy had a really nasty pit bull. The dog bit so many people that one day the neighbors converged on his house and demanded he have it put to sleep. He refused to part with the dog, but in response to the neighbors' threats he agreed to take the dog to the vet and have it spayed, on the assumption that this would curb the dog's aggressiveness.

Loading the pit bull into the back of his pickup truck, he set out for the vet. Not one block later, the dog leapt out of the pickup bed and started chasing a drunk down the sidewalk. Fearing that if his dog bit one more person he'd be forced to have it put to sleep, he chased the dog down, grabbing it seconds before it would have caught the drunk.

"I'm really sorry, said the dog's owner, "I'm on my way to the vet's right this minute to get the dog castrated."

"Jesus," slurred the drunk, "wha' hell you havin' it cashtrated for? You oughta take a goddamn thing to the dentist an' get 'is goddamn teeth pulled. Minute I see that som-bitch comin' I coulda told you it washn't comin' ta fuck me!"

Reasons Hashing interferes with sex . . .

Harrier (to Harriette)

"During the past year I've tried to make love to you 365 times. I've succeeded 36 times, which is an average of about once every 10 days. The following is a list of why I didn't succeed more often:

- 54 times the sheets were clean and you didn't want to get them dirty
- 32 times it was too late (after the hash . . . what do you expect?)
- 49 times you were too tired from hashing
- 20 times it was too early . . . you had to rest up for the hash
- 3 times you said the neighbor would hear us
- 22 times you had a hangover from the Tuesday hash
- 7 times you were sunburned from the Sunday hash
- 9 times you said your mother would hear us
- 43 times you weren't in the mood . . . you were getting ready to go hashing
- 17 times you were afraid of waking the kid
- 6 times you were watching InterHash videos
- 5 times you didn't want to take off your hash clothes
- 16 times you were too sore after a long trail
- 12 times it was the wrong time of the month
- 34 times you had to get up early to go hashing

"Of the 36 times I did succeed, the activity was less than satisfactory because 6 times you just lay there, 8 times you reminded me there was a crack in the ceiling, 14 times you told me to hurry because you had to hash, 7 times I had to wake you up to tell you I was finished, and once I was afraid I hurt you because I felt you move."

Harriette (to Hasher)

"I think you have things a little confused. Here are the real reasons you didn't get more than you did:

- 98 times you were too busy hashing
- 30 times you came home from the hash too late
- 44 times you didn't come home from the hash at all
- 21 times you didn't come
- 33 times you came too soon
- 19 times you went soft before you got it in
- 4 times you got it into someone else
- 5 times you came home drunk from the hash and tried to fuck the cat
- 10 times your toes were in a cramp from hashing
- 29 times you had to get up early to go hashing
- 2 times you were in a fight and somebody kicked you in the balls
- 2 times you had a sand spur in your balls
- 3 times you had a hangover from hashing
- 20 times you lost the notion after hashing
- 6 times you came in your running shorts after looking at the hash photo album

"Of the times we did get together, the reason I lay still was because you missed and were screwing the sheets. I wasn't talking about the crack in the ceiling, what I said was "would you prefer me on my back or kneeling?" The time you felt me move was because you farted and I was trying to catch my breath."

An old lawyer and a young lawyer were standing on the sidewalk when an attractive woman walked by.

"I'd sure like to fuck her," said the young lawyer.

"Outta what?" asked the old one.

Jack went to the pro and said, "I'm going to have to give up golf for the rest of my life. The doctors just told me my cataracts are getting worse and they can't operate. I can't see the ball anymore."

"Well," said the pro, "maybe there's something we can do about that. How about I pair you up with old Fred there? He's pretty feeble, but he's got eyes like a hawk. He'll keep track of your ball for you."

So Jack and Fred paired up and headed for the first tee. Once there, Jack addressed the ball and took a mighty swing with his driver. With a sharp "whack," the ball soared down the green.

"Do you see it, Fred?" asked Jack.

"Oh, yeah, and it's flying," answered Fred.

"Do you still see it?" asked Jack.

"Yes, it's coming down now," said Fred.

"Where is it?" asked Jack.

". . . I don't remember," said Fred.

A brown bear barged into a bar in Billings, Montana, and asked for a beer.

"Sorry, we don't serve beers to brown bears in bars in Billings, Montana," said the bartender.

The bear left but barged in again five minutes later and again demanded a beer.

"Look, you'll have to leave or I'll call the cops," said the bartender, "we don't serve beers to brown bears in bars in Billings, Montana."

"See this broad next to me at the bar?" said the bear, "If you don't serve me a beer right now I'll bite her fucking head off."

"Sorry," said the bartender, "we don't serve beers to brown bears in bars in Billings, Montana."

With that, the bear leaned over and bit the woman's head clean off. "Now are you going to serve me a goddamn beer?" said the bear.

"Sorry, we don't serve beers to drug-addict brown bears in bars in Billings, Montana," said the bartender.

"What's this shit about drugs?" said the outraged bear.

"Are you kidding?" asked the bartender, "I saw the bar bitch you ate."

A tourist wanders into a back-alley antique shop in San Francisco's Chinatown. Picking through the objects on display he discovers a detailed, life-sized bronze sculpture of a rat. The sculpture is so interesting and unique that he picks it up and asks the shop owner what it costs.

"Twelve dollars for the rat, sir," says the shop owner, "and a thousand dollars more for the story behind it."

"You can keep the story, old man," he replies, "but I'll take the rat."

The transaction complete, the tourist leaves the store with the bronze rat under his arm. As he crosses the street in front of the store, two live rats emerge from a sewer drain and fall into step behind him. Nervously looking over his shoulder, he begins to walk faster, but every time he passes another sewer drain, more rats come out and follow him. By the time he's walked two blocks, at least a hundred rats are at his heels, and people begin to point and shout. He walks even faster, and soon breaks into a trot as multitudes of rats swarm from sewers, basements, vacant lots, and abandoned cars. Rats by the thousands are at his heels, and as he sees the waterfront at the bottom of the hill, he panics and starts to run full tilt. No matter how fast he runs, the rats keep up, squealing hideously, now not just thousands but millions, so that by the time he comes rushing up to the water's edge a trail of rats twelve city blocks long is behind him.

Making a mighty leap, he jumps up onto a light post, grasping it with one arm while he hurls the bronze rat into San Francisco Bay with the other, as far as he can heave it. Pulling his legs up and clinging to the light post, he watches in amazement as the seething tide of rats surges over the breakwater into the sea, where they drown.

Shaken and mumbling, he makes his way back to the antique shop. "Ah, so you've come back for the rest of the story," says the owner.

"No," says the tourist, "I was wondering if you have a bronze lawyer."

Name three things a woman can do that no other animal can.

(bleed for a week without dying, make milk without eating hay, and bury a bone without getting her nose dirty)

The little boy approached his father and said, "Daddy, I heard a new word today. What's a cunt?"

The father opened his desk drawer and drew out a pencil and a copy of Hustler magazine. Opening the magazine to the centerfold, he drew a circle around the model's wide-spread crotch, then handed the magazine to his son.

Pointing to the circle, the son asked, "So that's a cunt?"

"No, son," answered the father, "that's a pussy. The rest of the bitch is the cunt."

#### 54. LIMERICKS

Melody: Aye, aye, aye, aye

The Chorus is sung, the limericks spoken. The object is to take turns telling limericks, with everyone singing the chorus between limericks. Whoever said the previous limerick usually yells out the personal insult in the chorus. (Limericks marked by "FB" are Flying Booger originals. The extensive collection of personal insults was contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4)

Chorus: Aye, aye, aye, aye,

(insert personal insult): Your mother's a whore on a troopship,

So sing me another verse that's worse than the other verse,

And waltz me around by my willie.

More 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 mother sucks farts from dead chickens

Your mother and sister are brothers

Your sister leaves slime trails like snails

Your mother does squat thrusts on fireplugs

Your brother eats grandfather's donuts

Your sister douches with Drano

Your sister swims after troop ships

(and catches them)

(and swims back)

Your sister's in love with a carrot

Your sister goes down for a quarter

Your sister sucks moose cum off pine cones

Your father does eight-year old Brownies

Your mom uses Frisbees for diaphragms

Your sister got turned down by hashers

Your mother eats shit and lives

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 mother goes down on Rush Limbaugh

Rush Limbaugh goes down on your sister

When a woman in strapless attire,

Found her breasts working higher and higher,

A guest, with great feeling,

Exclaimed, "How appealing!

Do you mind if I piss in the fire?"



A hasher observed on his bum,  
A boil as big as his thumb,  
The doc said "Let's lance it,"  
The hasher said, "Eat shit,  
Medice, cura te ipsum."  
(physician, heal thyself)

There was a young man from Australia,  
Who went on a wild bacchanalia,  
He buggered a frog,  
Two mice, and a dog,  
And a bishop in fullest regalia.

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

A hasher, disgustingly vile,  
Was swallowed by a crocodile,  
Who digested his skin,  
And most things within,  
But choked on his membrum virile.

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

There was a young lady named Alice,  
Who pissed in the Archbishop's chalice,  
It was not for the need,  
She committed the deed,  
But simple sectarian malice.

A front-running bastard named Moffat,  
At seduction was one very cool cat,  
He'd spread open their thighs,  
With sweetly-voiced lies,  
While whispering "Exitus acta probat."

(the end justifies the means)☹symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11☹☹FB

A young married couple from Aberystwyth,  
Knew another young couple they played whist with,  
They all managed when able,  
To reach under the table,  
And play with what the other ones pissed with.

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

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

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

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

A woman from South Carolina,

Placed fiddle strings 'cross her vagina,  
With proper sized cocks,  
What was sex, became Bach's  
Toccata and Fugue in D Minor.

An unfortunate fellow named Chase,  
Had an ass that was badly misplaced,  
He showed indignation,  
When an investigation,  
Proved that few persons shit through their face.

A horny old hasher from Brest,  
Showed up at Down-Downs undressed,  
When the harriettes all ran away,  
He said, "There'll be another day,  
Dum vita est, spes est."  
(while there's life, there's hope)

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

There's a charming young lady named Julie,

Who's often been screwed by yours truly,  
But now . . . it's appallin',  
My balls always fall in!  
I fear that I've fucked her unduly.

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

While Titian was mixing rose madder,  
He espied a nude girl on a ladder.  
Her position to Titian,  
Suggested coition,  
So he climed up the ladder and had 'er.

There once was a novice at Chichester,  
Whose form made the saints in their niches stir.  
One morning at matins,  
Her bosom 'neath stains,  
Made the Bishop of Chichester's britches stir.

A Roman who hailed from Gadondom,  
Used a fried hedgehog's hide for a condom.

His mistress did shout,  
As he pulled the thing out,  
"De gustibus non disputandum!"  
(there is no disputing taste)

There was a young man from Aberystwyth,  
Who said to the girl he just kissed with,  
"That hole in your crotch,  
Is for fucking and such,  
And not just a gadget to piss with."

There was a young lady called Annie,  
Who had fleas, lice, and crabs up her fanny,  
To get up her flue,  
Was like touring the zoo,  
There were wild beasts in each nook and cranny.

The OnSec from old Tallahassee  
Found his dick turning into a cacti,  
When his friends said "Who did it,"  
He said, "I don't know yet,  
But undoubtedly, Dux femina facti."  
(a woman is the perpetrator of the deed)

There was an old whore from the Azores,

Whose cunt was all covered in sores,  
Even dogs in the street,  
Wouldn't touch the green meat,  
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There was a young girl from Assizes,  
Whose breasts were of two different sizes,  
The left one was small,  
Sweet nothing at all,  
The right one was large and won prizes.

There was a young lady in Brent,  
Whose old man's pecker was bent,  
She said with a sigh,  
"Oh why must it die?  
Let's fill it with Portland Cement."

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

There was a young lady named Alice,  
Who used dynamite for a phallus,

They found her vagina,  
In North Carolina,  
Her arsehole in Buckingham Palace.

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

There was a young lawyer named Rex,  
With diminutive organs of sex,  
When hauled in for exposure,  
He replied with composure,  
"De minimis non curat lex."  
(the law does not concern itself with trivial things)

She wasn't what one would call pretty,  
And other girls offered her pity.  
So nobody guessed,  
That her Wasserman test,  
Involved half of Oklahoma City.

There was a young lady named Alice,  
Who thought of her cunt as a chalice,



One night sleeping nude,  
She woke, feeling lewd,  
And found in her chalice a phallus.

There once was a Filipino hombre,  
Who ate rice, pescado y legumbre.  
His trousers were wide,  
And his shirt hung outside,  
And this, I may say, was costumbre.

There was a young man from Australia,  
Who painted his arse like a dahlia,  
The drawing was fine,  
The color divine,  
But the scent—Ah, that was a failure.

There was a young fellow named Babitt,  
Who could screw nine times like a rabbit,  
But a girl from Lahore,  
Could do it twice more,  
Which was just enough extra to crab it.

A lady astrologist in Vancouver,  
Once captured a man by maneuver.  
Influenced by Venus,

She jumped on his penis,  
And nothing on Earth could remove her.

There was a young lady of Dexter,  
Whose husband exceedingly vexed her,  
For whenever they'd start,  
He'd unfailingly fart,  
With a blast that damn nearly unsexed her.

When Hillary said there would be no,  
White males on the cabinet or she'd go,  
An ex-lover named Flowers,  
Said, "Will, use your powers,  
Te hominum esse memento."  
(remember you are a man) symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11FB

There was a young lady from France,  
Who decided to take just one chance.  
For an hour or so,  
She just let herself go,  
And now all her sisters are aunts.

There was a young lady from Maine,  
Who enjoyed copulating on a train.  
Not once, I maintain,

But again and again,  
And again and again and again.

An Eskimo on his vacation,  
Took a night off to succumb to temptation.  
'Ere the night was half through,  
The Eskimo was, too,  
For their nights are of six months' duration.

There once was a Duchess of Bruges,  
Whose cunt was incredibly huge,  
Said the King to his Dame,  
As he thunderously came,  
"Mon Dieu! Apres moi, le deluge!"

Sir Reginald Basington Bart,  
Went to a masked ball as a fart,  
He had painted his face,  
Like a more private place,  
And his voice made the dowagers start.

There was a young fellow named Brewster,  
Who said to his wife as he goosed her,  
"It used to be grand,  
But just look at my hand,

You ain't wiping as clean as you used 'ter."

There was a young man of Bengal,  
Who went to a fancy dress ball,  
Just for a stunt,  
He dressed up as a cunt,  
And was fucked by a dog in the hall.

There was a young trucker named Briard,  
Who had a young whore that he hired,  
To fuck when not trucking,  
But trucking plus fucking,  
Got him so fucking tired he got fired.

There was a young sailor named Bates,  
Who did the fandango on skates,  
He fell on his cutlass,  
Which rendered him nutless,  
And practically useless on dates.

A woman from on the Equator,  
Once went out to sea on a freighter,  
She was screwed by the master,  
An utter disaster,  
But the crew all made up for it later.

I once knew a girl named Maureen,  
Her cunt was a mass of gangrene,  
But health nuts, she found,  
Would still eat her mound,  
'Cause maggots are high in protein.

There once was a whore on the dock,  
From dusk unti dawn she sucked cock,  
Till one day, 'tis said,  
She gave so much head,  
She exploded and whitewashed the dock.

There was a young man of Belgrave,  
Who kept a dead whore in a cave,  
He said, "I admit,  
I'm a bit of a shit,  
But think of the money I save."

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno,  
Said, "Fucking is one thing I do know,  
A woman is fine,  
And sheep are divine,  
But a llama is numero uno."

There was a young man from Bengal,

Who had a rectangular ball,  
The square of its weight,  
Plus his penis times eight,  
Was two-fifths of five-eighths of fuck all.

There once was a poet named Dude,  
Whose wife was a bit of a prude,  
But after a beer,  
She'd start feeling queer,  
And ask the whole room if they screwed.

There once was a fellow from Beverly,  
Went in for fucking quite heavily,  
He fucked night and day,  
Till his ballocks gave way,  
But the doctors replaced them quite cleverly.

There once was a Bishop of Buckingham,  
Who wrote "Assholes and Twelve Ways of Rooting 'em,"  
He then went berserk,  
When outdone by a Turk,  
Who wrote "Goats and Twelve Ways of Fucking 'em."

When her daughter got married in Bicester,  
Her mother remarked as she kissed her,  
"That fellow you've won,

Is sure to be fun,  
Since tea he's fucked me and your sister."

Then there was the Bishop of Birmingham,  
Who screwed all the girls while confirming 'em,  
To the roars of applause,  
He'd pull down their drawers,  
And inject his Episcopal sperm in 'em.

There was a young man of Bombay,  
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay,  
But the heat of his prick,  
Turned the clay into brick,  
And it rubbed his foreskin away.

There was a young man of Trieste,  
Who loved his young wife with such zest,  
That despite all her howls,  
He sucked out her bowels,  
And puked up the mess on her chest.

There was a bloke in Calcutta,  
Who did a shit in the gutter,  
Sun was so hot,  
Melted his balls on the spot,

And off they flowed like butter.

There once was a young man from Boston,  
Who tried to get laid in a Nissan,  
There was room for his ass,  
And three gallons of gas,  
But his balls hung outside and he lost 'em.

There was a young sailor from Brighton,  
Who said to his girl, "You're a tight 'un."  
She replied, "'Pon my soul,  
You're in the wrong hole,  
There's plenty of room in the right 'un."

There was a young damsel named Baker,  
Who was poked in a pew by a Quaker,  
He yelled, "My God!  
What do you call thata twat?  
Why the entrance is more than an acre!"

There was a young lady named Brent,  
With a cunt of enormous extent,  
And so deep and wide,  
The acoustics inside,  
Were so good you could hear when you spent.



There once was a Queen of Bulgaria,  
Whose bush had grown hairier and hairier,  
Till a Prince from Peru,  
Who came for a screw,  
Had to hunt for her cunt with a terrier.

There was a young girl who begat,  
Three brats, by name Nat, Pat, and Tat,  
It was fun in the breeding,  
But hell in the feeding,  
When she found she had no tit for Tat.

There was a young fellow named Bliss,  
Whose sex life was strangely amiss,  
For even with Venus,  
His recalcitrant penis,  
Would never do better than this.

A poofter from old Khartoum,  
Lured two lesbians up to his room,  
They argued all night,  
Over who had the right,  
To do what, and with which, and to whom.

A nasty old bugger of Cheltenham,  
Once shit in his bags as he knelt in 'em,  
He sold them at Ware,  
To a gentleman there,  
Who didn't much like what he smelt in 'em.

There once was a man of Cape Nod,  
Who attempted to bugger a cod,  
When up came some scallops,  
That nibbled his ballocks,  
And now he's a eunuch, by God.

There was a young woman of Chester,  
Who said to the man who undressed her,  
"I think you will find,  
That it's better behind,  
As the front is beginning to fester."

There was a young woman of Croft,  
Who played with herself in the loft,  
Having reasoned that candles,  
Could never cause scandals,  
Besides which they did not go soft.

There was a poor wretch from Cape Horn,

Who wished he'd never been born,  
He wouldn't have been,  
If his father had seen,  
That the end of his rubber was torn.

A policeman from near Clapham Junction,  
Had a penis which just wouldn't function,  
For the rest of his life,  
He misled his poor wife,  
With a snot on the end of his truncheon.

Barney, purple master of tedium,  
Drives sane adults to delirium,  
Spouting multicultural drivel,  
He makes our brains shrivel,  
With messages of oneness ad nauseam. symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11FB

There was a young lady of Cheam,  
Who crept into the vestry unseen,  
She pulled down her knickers,  
And likewise, the vicar's,  
And said, "How about it, old bean?"

A pretty young thing from Cape Cod,  
Said, "Good things come only from God,"

But 'twas not the Almighty,  
Who lifted her nightie,  
But Roger, the lodger, the sod.

There was a young man from Killeen,  
Who invented a fucking machine,  
He pulled out the choke,  
And the bloody thing broke,  
And mixed both his balls into cream.

A lady while dining at Crewe,  
Found an elephant's dong in her stew,  
Said the waiter, "Don't shout,  
Or wave it about,  
Or the others will all want one, too."

King Louis, the exemplar of class,  
One time was romancing a lass,  
When she used the word, "Damn,"  
He rebuked her, "Please ma'am,  
Keep a more civil tongue up my ass."

There was an old man of Duluth,  
Whose cock was shot off in his youth,  
He fucked with his nose,

And with fingers and toes,  
And he came through a hole in his tooth.

There was a young lady of Kew,  
Who said as the Bishop withdrew,  
"The Vicar is slicker,  
And quicker and thicker,  
And two inches longer than you."

The selfsame young lady of Kew,  
Said as the Vicar withdrew,  
"The Verger's emerger,  
Is longer and larger,  
And he gets his ballocks in too."

A habit both vile and unsavory,  
Kept the Bishop of London in slavery,  
With lecherous howls,  
He deflowered little owls,  
That he kept in an underground aviary.  
There was a young lady called Phoebe,  
Who kept a small tame amoebae,  
The wee piece of jelly,  
Would crawl on her belly,  
And tenderly murmur "Ich liebe."

John Wayne Bobbitt, unfortunate bum,  
Is back in his hospital room,  
He took physical therapy,  
Just a little too seriously,  
Now he's got Carpal Tunnel Syndrome.☹symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11☹☹FB

A shiftless young man from Kent,  
Made his wife fuck the landlord for rent,  
But as she got older,  
The landlord got colder,  
And now they live in a tent.

There was a young couple named Kelly,  
Who were found stuck belly to belly,  
Because in their haste,  
They used library paste,  
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young lady of Trail,  
Who offered her body for sale,  
She was kind to the blind,  
For on her behind,  
Her prices were written in Braille.

A clever young harlot from Kew,  
Filled up her vagina with glue,  
She said, with a grin,  
"If they'll pay to get in,  
They can pay to get out of it too."

There was a young fellow from Kent,  
Whose tool was most horribly bent,  
To save himself trouble,  
He put it in double,  
And instead of coming, he went.

There was a young man of Nantucket,  
Whose prick was so long he could suck it,  
He said, with a grin,  
As he wiped off his chin,  
"If my ear were I cunt, I'd fuck it."

Classical hasher, the Flying  
Booger, had all the girls sighing,  
By praising their twats in,  
Both Greek and in Latin,  
Then fucking them till they were dying.

A towering boor named Infernal,

Sported organs of sex internal,

When an insensitive lass,

Did take him to task,

He replied, "Contraria contrariis curantur-al."

(Things are cured by their opposite-als)☹symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11☹☹FB

A man on a farm in Moritz,

Once planted two acres of titz,

They came up in the fall,

Pink nipples and all,

Then he leisurely chewed them to bitz.

The brilliant young physicist Fisque,

Was determined a security risque,

For acts of perversion,

Were his main diversion,

At which one can only say, "Tisque."

A frustrated virgin named Pugh,

Once dreamed she was having a scrugh.

Repenting her sin,

he awoke with chagrin,

At finding it perfectly trugh.

To his bride said the one-eyed detective,



"Can it be that my eyesight's defective?

Has your east tit the least bit,

The best of your west tit,

Or is it a trick of perspective?"

A guru from eastern Tibet,

Now this is the strangest one yet,

Had a member so long,

So pointed and strong,

He could skewer six yaks en brochette.

A hillbilly farmer named Hollis,

With possums and snakes sought his solace.

His children had scales,

And prehensile tails,

And voted for Governor Wallace.

There once was a man from Newcastle,

Who had a collapsible asshole.

It was handy, you see,

When he farted at sea,

He could bend down and make up a parcel.

There once was a fellow from Redding,

Who was constantly wetting the bedding.

Till it made his wife say,  
"I don't mind the spray,  
It's the stench in the morning I'm dreading."

There was a young man from Devizes,  
Whose ballocks were two different sizes.  
One weighed a full pound,  
And dragged on the ground,  
The other was large as a fly's is.

An insatiable nymph from Penzance,  
Traveled by bus to South Hants.  
Five others fucked her,  
Besides the conductor,  
And the driver came twice in his pants.

There once was a man from Belgravia,  
Found guilty of obscene behavior.  
When he met little girls,  
He'd rub spunk in their curls,  
When cautioned he said, "Spunk makes 'em wavier."

A lady who lived in South Mimms,  
Had the most overwhelming of quims.  
The priest of the diocese,

Has elephantiasis,  
So it wasn't all singing and hymns.

There was a young fellow from Nottingham,  
Who saved up tin cans and put snot in 'em.  
He threw in some shit,  
To spice it a bit,  
And sold 'em to boys, who shot off in 'em.

O.J., a hero of yore,  
Took to kicking in his ex's door,  
Then he went a bit whacko,  
Hopped in his white Bronco,  
And took L.A.P.D. on a tour. symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11FB

There was a young girl from Baia,  
Who liked sticking flutes up her rear.  
After eating escargots,  
She could fart Handel's "Largo,"  
Her encore was "Ave Maria."

Ermyntrude of ample proportions,  
Always took contraceptive precautions.  
But one day little Ermyntrude,  
Let a little sperm intrude,

"Does anyone here do abortions?"

There was a young fellow from Stroud,  
Who could fart unbelievably loud.  
When he let go a big 'un,  
Dogs were deafened in Wigan,  
And the windowpanes shattered in Oudh.

There once was a sheik from Algiers,  
Who said to his harem, "My dears,  
You may think it odd of me,  
But I've given up sodomy,  
And taken up fucking." Big cheers!

Then up spoke his friend the mahout,  
"Fucking's all very well, I've no doubt,  
But I just had a bunk,  
Up an elephant's trunk."  
Cries of "Shame!" "Dirty sod!" "Chuck 'im out!"

A randy young buck of Lahore,  
Was asked when he rogered his whore.  
"At eleven,  
At three, five, and seven,  
And eight, and a quarter past four."

There was an old monk from Siberia,  
Who seemed to get wearier and wearier.  
No wonder—this monk,  
Was sharing his bunk,  
With his girlfriend, the Mother Superior.

There was a young lady named Hilda,  
Who went for a walk with a builder.  
He knew that he could,  
And he should, and he would,  
And he did, and he goddamn near killed her.

A chap down in old Oklahoma,  
Had a cock that could sing "La Paloma."  
But the sweetness of pitch,  
Couldn't put off the hitch,  
Of impotence, size, and aroma.

Barney, that creature with no dick,  
Is so offensive he makes my old dog sick,  
With weird vacant eyes,  
And felt-covered thighs,  
He's hardly what I'd call Jurassic. 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11FB

A disgusting young man named McGill,  
Made his neighbors exceedingly ill,  
When they learned of his habits,  
Involving white rabbits,  
And a bird with a flexible bill.

There was a young girl named McCall,  
Whose cunt was exceedingly small.  
But the size of her anus,  
Was something quite heinous,  
It could hold seven pricks and one ball.

A broken down harlot named Tupps,  
Was heard to confess in her cups,  
"The height of my folly,  
Was fucking a collie,  
But I got a nice price for the pups."

There was a young plumber of Lea,  
Who was plumbing a girl by the sea.  
She said, "Stop your plumbing,  
There's somebody coming!"  
Said the plumber, still plumbing, "It's me."

There was a young parson named Bings,

Who talked about women and things.

But his secret desire,

Was a boy in the choir,

With a bottom like jelly on springs.

An elderly pervert in Nice,

Was long past wanting a piece.

He jacked off his hogs,

His cow, and his dogs,

Till his parrot called in the police.

Lady apes all ran from King Kong,

Whose dong was unspeakably long.

But a friendly giraffe,

Chewed the length of his staff,

And ecstatically burst into song.

A maiden who lived in Virginny,

Had a cunt that could bark, neigh, and whinny.

The hunting set chased her,

Fucked, buggered, then dropped her,

For the pitch of her organ went tinny.

There was a young girl of Devon,

Who was raped in the garden by seven,

High Anglican priests,  
The lascivious beasts,  
Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

There was a young lady of Trent,  
Who said that she knew what it meant,  
When he asked her to dine,  
Private room, lots of wine,  
Oh she knew, yes she knew, but she went.

An organist playing in York,  
Had a prick that could hold a small fork.  
And between obbligatos,  
It'd much at tomatos,  
And keep up his strength while at work.

The last time I dined with the King,  
He did a curious thing.  
He stood on a stool,  
And took out his tool,  
And said, "If I play, will you sing?"

Sam was a right-wing New Yawkah,  
A great fan of Mister Rush Limbaugh,  
When Oprah's guest, a pervert,



Pulled down Donahue's skirt,

Sam, filled with glee, chuckled Haugh-Haugh. symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11FB

## 55. POETRY

Mary had a little lamb,

Its fleece was white as snow.

And everywhere that Mary went,

The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day, school one day, school one day,

It followed her to school one day,

And a big black dog fucked it!

Mary had a little sheep,

And with the sheep she went to sleep,

The sheep turned out to be a ram,

And Mary had a little lamb.

When Mary had a little lamb,

The doctor was surprised.

But when Old MacDonald had a farm,

The doctor nearly died.

Little Jack Horner

Sat in the corner,

Fingering his sister Mary.

He stuck in his thumb,

And pulled out a plum,

And said, "Ain't it supposed to be a cherry?"

Little Boy Blue . . .

Because he needed the money.

Little Miss Muffet,

Sat on a tuffet,

Eating her curds and whey.

Along came a spider,

Who sat down beside her,

And said, "What's in the bowl, bitch?"

Little Miss Muffet,

Sat on a tuffet,

Eating her curds and whey.

Along came another spider,

And crawled up inside her,

So she crushed it to death with her spoon.

Jack be nimble,

Jack be quick,

Jack jumped over the candlestick,

Jack be nimble,  
Jack be quick,  
Jackie boy he singed his prick.

Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone.  
But when old Mother bent over,  
Rover he drove her, 'cause  
He had a bone of his own.

Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor daughter a dress.  
When she got there the cupboard was bare,  
And so was her daughter, I guess.

There once was an old lady,  
Who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many kids that her  
Cunt could stretch over a trash can.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To fetch a pail of water,  
Jill came down with half a crown,

But not for fetching water.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,

On an elephant.

Jill got down and helped

Jack off the elephant.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,

Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,

All the king's horses, and all the king's men,

Had one fucking big omelette.

## 56. RECITALS

### THE TALE OF POOR DAVE

A Recital

From Jacksing, by Sharkey Ward

Now this is the tale of young Davie Bloor,

Whose sexual equipment got jammed in the door.

By the time they had freed him he didn't feel well,

For his poor private parts were all mangled to hell.

They rushed him to hospital, the ambulance flew,

But when they arrived, there were nowt they could do.

What a sad day for Dave, condemned without choice,  
To a life with no sex and a high squeaky voice.

But lucky for Dave, so he wouldn't feel a fool,  
Some bright spark suggested a bionic tool.  
A smart new electric one, made out of brass,  
Though the batteries would have to be kept up his arse.

So newly equipped and after a rest,  
Dave thought he would put his new tool to the test.  
So finding a woman nearest and handy,  
He filled her with drink to make her feel randy.

The girl without waiting put her hand on Dave's fly,  
And when she felt what was there gave a cry of surprise.  
"That's my bionic chopper," he said, "now let's have some fun."  
"Gor blimey," she said, "it feels like a gun."

They both stripped of quick and he entered her fast,  
Then he turned up the knob and gave her full blast.  
They clutched tight to each other and Dave's dick shook some more,  
They shook of the bed and onto the floor.

Now the pace hotted up and they started to choke,  
As the air in the room became filled with smoke.

With a bang Dave's ballock flew into the air,  
And his other went bonkety-bonk down the stairs.

So back to repairs went Dave, full of woe,  
Was this how his sex life was destined to go?  
A return to the doctor at the end of each shag,  
With his prick in his pocket, and his balls in a bag?

But they fixed Dave up and made him manly again,  
And they helped him with batteries and flex to the main.  
So if he can't get a girl, lucky Dave doesn't cry,  
'Cause now he's AC/DC and can go with a guy!

IT CAME TO PASS

A Recital

From Jacksing, by Sharkey Ward

It came to pass, there was no ass, there was a famine in the land. And Daniel came unto the King, and Daniel sayeth unto the King, "Why is the Queen not a prostitute?" and the King casteth Daniel into the lions' den.

"Fuck me," said the Queen, and no one moved except a decrepit old courtier, who'd sat in a corner wanking for nigh on fifty years, and grabbing hold of her by the lapels of her cunt, pulled her on like a well-worn seaboot.

"Fuck me," said the Princess and the Knight rolled on.

On the first day the King came unto Daniel, and Daniel espying the King from afar, picked up a lump of crystallized camel shit (bullshit not being available in those days), and let fly, hitting the King between the eyes.

"Shit," said the King, and the King's word being law in the land, 50,000 asses turned toward the East and splattered the midday sun.

"Stop," said the Queen, and the Queen's word also being law in those days, 20,000 turds were nipped in the bud.

## NABOB THE PAYBOB

### A Recital

From Jacksing, by Sharkey Ward

It came to pass, there was no ass, and NABOB, son of PAYBOB, traveled the road from Pompey to Guzz and he was set upon by bandits, not ordinary bandits, but ass bandits, who ragged him, bagged him, and shagged him and left him on the roadside gasping for a tickler and they drew lots for his burberry.

The first person to walk past was not a tall man, he was not a short man, he was not a fat man, he was not a thin man, but a fucking great JOSSMAN who spat on him and crossed by on the other side.

The next person to walk by was JENNY who came unto NABOB and sayeth, "What doest thou here?" and NABOB sayeth "I was traveling along the road from Pompey to Guzz and I was set upon by bandits, not ordinary bandits, but ass bandits who ragged me, bagged me, and shagged me, and left me on the roadside gasping for a tickler, and they drew lots for my burberry." And JENNY sayeth unto NABOB, "Dwell with me," and he dwelt.

After forty days and forty nights he came unto the bay of sickness and JENNY sayeth unto him, "I am pregnant and what steps whit thou take?" and NABOB sayeth "Bloody big ones!" and disappeareth into the wilderness.

Here endeth the lesson.

## SHARP OPERATOR

### A Recital

From Jacksing, by Sharkey Ward

There was a young lady who swallowed a Wilkerson Sword stainless steel razor blade. Not only did she suffer a tonsilectomy, an appendectomy, and a hysterectomy, but she castrated her husband,

circumcised her lover, took two fingers off a casual acquaintance, gave the vicar a harelip, and she still had five shaves left.

## 57. THE SHIT LIST

The Ghost—You know you've shit; it smells like shit; there's shit on the toilet paper; but there's nothing in the toilet.

Teflon-Coated Shit—Also known as the Ronald Reagan. Comes out so slick, clean, and easy you don't even feel it. No traces on the paper. You have to look in the bowl to be sure.

Goey Shit\*—Has the consistency of hot tar. You wipe yourself 12 times and still don't come clean. You end up stuffing toilet paper in your drawers to keep from staining them. This shit leaves permanent marks on the porcelain.

The Not Again! Shit—You're all done and standing up when you realize you have to shit some more.

The Vein-Popper—It won't come out until you're all sweaty, trembling, and purple. This is the one that killed Elvis.

The Richard Simmons—You shit so much you lose ten pounds.

Corn Shit—Self-explanatory.

The Right Now! Shit—You'd better be within ten feet of a toilet. Usually it's part-way out by the time you get your pants down.

Green Shit—Almost always the result of eating spinach salad.



The Noisy Shit\*—Accompanied by loud, stuttering farts that you can't seem to control. This shit would embarrass Roseanne Barr.

The Sneaky Shit—You're standing there taking a piss and you feel a little fart building up. You let it fly, and guess what? Surprise!

The King Kong\*—This one is so big you have to break it into smaller chunks before it'll flush. A coat hanger works well for this task.

The Cork Shit\*—Also known as the Floater. Even after the third flush it's still there.

Wet Cheeks Shit—Hits the water sideways and makes a big splash. It invariably occurs when you're down to the last sheet of toilet paper.

The Calamari Express—Also known as the Clinger. Comes after dining on octopus or squid. Those little tentacles latch onto your asshole and won't let go.

The Wish Shit—You sit for hours, all cramped up, and produce only a few farts.

Cement Block Shit—You wish you'd gotten a spinal block before you dropped this load.

The Achoo Shit\*—Akin to an anal sneeze, it explodes from you with sudden and great force. You'd better check the toilet afterwards, because it'll spray everywhere, even up on the bottom of the seat.

Snake Shit—Fairly soft, about as big around as your thumb, and three feet long.

Mexican Food Shit—Also known as the Screamer. You'll know it's safe to eat again when your asshole stops burning.

Beer Drunk's Shit\*—Comes the day after the night before. Shit usually smells bad, but this shit smells BAAAAAD!

\* Only occurs when there's a person of the opposite sex standing outside waiting to use the bathroom. Usually you're in someone else's house.

## 58. TOASTS

To a man:

May the bleeding piles possess him and adorn his bloody feet,  
May crabs the size of horseturds climb up his legs and eat;  
And when he's as old as I am and naught but a bloody wreck,  
May his head fall down through his asshole and break his fucking neck.

To youth:

When I was a young man, I used to be so proud,  
I had a cock so mighty, I wanted to shout out loud.  
It never took a day off; it was always there,  
And every morning when I shaved, it would stand and stare.  
Now I'm old and weary, my pilot light's gone out,  
What used to be my sex appeal is now my water spout,  
Oh, I'm gray and wrinkled, and it sure gives me the blues,  
To see the thing hang down my leg to watch me shine my shoes.

When I was a little girl, I had a little quim;  
I'd stand before the looking-glass, and put one finger in.  
But now that I am old and gray, and losing all my charm,  
I can get five fingers in, and half my fucking arm.

To women:

Here's to the gash that never heals,  
The more you touch it the better it feels,  
Rub it and tub it and scrub it like hell,  
You'll never get rid of that fishy old smell.

Here's to the girl who lives on the hill,  
If she won't do it her sister will  
Here's to her sister!

Here's to the breezes  
That blow through the trees  
And lift girls' chemises  
Way over their knees  
And show us the creases  
That twitches and squeezes  
And teases and pleases  
And carries diseases  
By Jesus!

Here's to the lady dressed in black,  
Once she walks by she never looks back,  
And when she kisses, oh, how sweet,  
She makes things stand that never had feet.

Here's to the girl who I love best,  
I love her best when she's undressed,  
I'd fuck her sitting, standing, lying,  
If she had wings I'd fuck her flying,  
And when she's dead and long forgotten,  
I'll dig her up and fuck her rotten!

Let's have a toast to her honor!

Response: Get on her and stay on her!

Here's to Mag, that filthy hag,  
That sleazy, slimy slut.  
Green fungus lies between her thighs,  
And worms crawl out her butt.  
Before I'd scale those scabby legs,  
Or suck those pus-filled tits,  
I'd drink a gallon of buzzard puke,  
And die of the drizzly shits.

To a life well-lived:

Here's to me in my sober mood,  
When I ramble, sit, and think.  
Here's to me in my drunken mood,  
When I gamble, sin, and drink.  
And when my days are over,  
And from this world I pass,  
I hope they bury me upside down,  
So the world can kiss my ass!

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

If I had a dog that could piss this stuff  
(hold up beer mug)  
And if I thought he could piss enough  
I'd tie his head to the foot of the bed  
And suck his dick till we both were dead!

SWEET LOVIN'

## 59. A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

Melody—A Few of My Favorite Things

Harriers: Middle and Pinky and Index and Ring,  
Throw in the thumb and you've got the whole thing,  
It works just fine and it's also quite safe,  
These are a few of my favorite things.

When the dawn breaks,  
When I wake up,  
And it's feeling hard,  
I simply remember my favorite things,  
And that's when it feels so good.

Penthouse and Playboy and something called Forum,  
They're what I use to help start something going,  
Centerfolds spread-eagled showing me pink,  
These are a few of my favorite things.

When I'm lonely,  
Really lonely,  
By myself again,  
I simply remember my favorite things,  
And that's when it feels so good.

Harriettes: Dildos and vibrators and vaseline jelly,  
That's what I use to set fires in my belly,  
In and out up and down making me wet,  
These are a few of my favorite things.

Men are useless,  
I don't need them,  
I'm the best I've had,  
I simply remember my favorite things,  
And that's when it feels so good.

Tight buns, silk undies, and erotic books,  
Make me excited—I'm starting to cook,  
I stir me up and the honey will come,  
These are a few of my favorite things.

When I'm thinking,  
Of a hard cock,  
But I don't see one,  
I simply remember my favorite things,  
And that's when it feels so good.

60. "A," YOU'VE GOT ASSHOLE STAINS

Melody—"A," You're Adorable

A, you've got asshole stains,  
B, you've got balls for brains,  
C, you've hardly got a cock at all,  
D, like a dorker's tool,  
E, your ass exudes stool,  
F, your farts smell like fucking shit,  
G, you've got gonorrhea,  
H, hemorrhoids to your knees,  
I, eyes that run and bleed and itch,  
J, you can jack your jizz,  
K, you can kiss my phizz,  
L, fuckin' lousy son-of-a-bitch,  
M-N-O-P, menstrual blood on your prick,  
Q-R-S-T, alphabetically speaking you're S-H-I-T  
U, make my pussy itch,  
V-D down to your feet,  
W-X-Y-Z,  
I love to wander through the alphabet with you,  
To tell the Hash what you mean to me.

#### 61. ALI BOOGIE

Melody—???

Chorus: I boogied last night,  
And the night before,



I'm goin' back tonight,  
And boogie some more.

Mama's on the bottom,  
Papa's on the top,  
Baby's in the attic,  
Fillin' rubbers with snot.

Mama's on the bottom,  
Papa's on the top,  
Baby's in the cradle yellin',  
"Shove it to 'er, Pop!"

Mama's in the hospital,  
Papa's in jail,  
Sister's in the corner cryin',  
"Pussy for sale!"

I got a gal,  
About six-foot four,  
She fucks everything,  
Like a two-bit whore.

I got a gal,  
She lives on a hill,

She won't fuck,  
But her sister will.

Papa's got a watch,  
Mama's got a ring,  
Sister's got a baby,  
From shakin' that thing.

One and one makes two,  
Two and two makes four,  
If the bed breaks down,  
We'll fuck on the floor.

62. THE BALL OF KERRYMUIR  
Melody—The Ball of Kerrymuir

(Take turns leading verses)  
Four and twenty virgins  
Came down from Inverness,  
And when the ball was over  
There were four and twenty less.

Chorus: Singing, balls to your partners,  
Arseholes against the walls,  
If you never got laid on a Saturday night,

You'll never get laid at all.

Four and twenty prostitutes  
Came up from Glockamore,  
And when the ball was over  
They were all of them double bore.

The village cripple he was there,  
He wasn't up to much,  
He lined 'em up against the wall,  
And diddled 'em with his crutch.

The Queen was in the parlor,  
Eating bread and honey,  
The King was in the chambermaid,  
And she was in the money.

First lady forward,  
Second lady back,  
Third lady's finger  
Up the fourth lady's crack.

The village policeman he was there,  
The pride of all the force,  
They found him in the stable,

Wanking off his horse.

The village plumber he was there,  
He felt an awful fool,  
He'd come eleven leagues or more  
And forgot to bring his tool.

There was humping in the hallways  
And humping in the ricks,  
You couldn't hear the music  
For the swishing of the dicks.

'Twas ballocks in the kitchen,  
And ballocks in the halls,  
You couldn't hear the music  
For the clanging of the balls.

'Twas fellatio in the anteroom,  
Cunnilingus on the stairs,  
You couldn't see the carpet  
For the cunts and curly hairs.

Sandy McPherson he came along,  
It was a bloody shame,  
He fucked a lassie forty times,

And wouldna take her haim.

The parson's daughter she was there,  
The cunning little runt,  
With poison ivy up her bum,  
And thistle up her cunt.

The vicar's wife, well she was there,  
A-sitting by the fire,  
Knitting rubber johnnies  
Out of India rubber tire.

The village idiot he was there,  
Sitting on a pole,  
He pulled his foreskin over his head  
And whistled through the hole.

Mrs. O'Malley she was there,  
She had the crowd in fits,  
A-jumping off the mantelpiece  
And bouncing on her tits.

The bride was in the kitchen  
Explaining to the groom,  
That the vagina, not the rectum,

Is the entrance to the womb.

The village magician he was there,  
Up to his favorite trick,  
Pulling his arsehole over his head,  
And standing on his prick.

The village smithy he was there,  
Sitting by the fire,  
Doing abortions by the score  
With a piece of red hot wire.

The blacksmith's brother he was there,  
A mighty man was he,  
He lined them up against the wall  
And buggered them three by three.

Now farmer Giles he was there,  
His sickle in his hand,  
And every time he swung around  
He circumcised the band.

The vicar's wife she was still there,  
Back against the wall,  
"Put your money on the table, boys,

I'm fit to do ye all."

The vicar and his goodly wife  
Were having lots of fun,  
The parson had his finger  
Up another lady's bum.

The village doctor he was there,  
He had his bag of tricks,  
And in between the dances  
He was sterilizing dicks.

Father O'Flanagan he was there,  
And in the corner he sat,  
Amusing himself by abusing himself,  
And catching it in his hat.

The vicar's wife was yet still there,  
Dressed in a long white shroud,  
Swinging on the chandelier  
And pissing on the crowd.

They was shagging in the couches,  
They was shagging in the cots,  
And lying up against the wall

Were rows of grinning sots.

Farmer Brown he was there,  
A-jumping on his hat,  
For half an acre of his corn  
Was fairly now fucked flat.

Giles he played a dirty trick,  
We canna let it pass,  
He showed a lass his mighty prick,  
Then shoved it up her arse.

Bayard Stockton he was there,  
Drunk beyond a doubt,  
He tried to stuff the parson's wife,  
But couldna get the root.

Jockie Stewart did his business  
Right upon the moor,  
It was, he thought, much better  
Than pissing on the floor.

A couple of Hashers they were there,  
A-looking for a fuck,  
But every cunt was occupied



And they were out of luck.

Mike McMurdock when he got there,  
His stand was long and high,  
But when he'd shagged her forty times,  
His balls were squeezed and dry.

McTavish, oh yes, he was there,  
His piston long and broad,  
And when he'd stroked the furrier's wife  
She had to be rebored.

McCardew-Roberts he was there,  
His flagpole all alert,  
But when half the night was done,  
It was dragging in the dirt.

The chimney sweep he was there,  
They had to throw him out,  
For every time he passed his wind,  
The room was filled with soot.

The doctor's daughter she was there,  
She went to gather sticks,  
She couldna find a blade of grass,

For cunts and standing pricks.

The village builder he was there,  
He brought his bag of tricks,  
He poured cement in all the holes,  
And blunted all the pricks.

Little Jimmy he was there,  
The leader of the choir,  
He hit the balls of all the boys,  
To make their voices higher.

Now little Tommy he was there,  
But he was only eight,  
He couldna root the women,  
So he had to masturbate.

The village postman he was there,  
The poor man had the pox,  
He couldna shag the ladies,  
So he fucked the letterbox.

The village idiot he was there,  
A-leaning on the gate,  
He couldna find a partner

So he had to flatulate.

The blacksmith's father he was there,

A-roaring like a lion,

He'd cut is rod off in the forge,

So he used a red-hot iron.

And so the ball was over,

They all went home to rest,

And the music had been exquisite,

But the fucking was the best.

### 63. BALL OF YARN

Melody—???

Chorus: Ball of yarn,

Ball of yarn,

Ball of yarn,

Ball of yarn,

That's when I spun her little ball of yarn.

Ball of yarn,

Ball of yarn,

Ball of yarn,

Ball of yarn,

That's when I spun her little ball of yarn.

It was in the month of June,  
When the flowers are in bloom,  
I found her sitting out behind the barn.  
As she shoveled up the gobs,  
I gently pinched her knobs,  
And asked to spin her little ball of yarn.

She undressed before my sight,  
We went at it all the night,  
Her little body shaking stem to stern.  
And the blackbird and the robin,  
Saw her little butt a'bobbin,  
As I spun her little ball of yarn.

It was two months after that,  
In the office where I sat,  
Never dreaming she had done me any harm.  
And a doctor dressed in white,  
Said, "Man, your pecker is a sight,  
It's been tangled in a little ball of yarn."

It was nine months to the day,  
In the bathtub where I lay,  
I felt a heavy hand upon my arm.

And a policeman with a hose,  
Said, "Get up and get your clothes,  
You're the father of a little ball of yarn."

In my prison cell I sit,  
In my bathroom and my shame,  
The shadow of my pecker on the wall.  
And the ladies as they pass,  
Stick hatpins in my ass,  
And little mice play hopscotch with my little ball of yarn.

#### 64. THE BALLAD OF THE BOBBITT HILLBILLIES

Melody—The Beverly Hillbillies

By Ian Cumming, New York H3

Come and listen to my story of a man named John,  
A poor ex-Marine with a little fraction gone.  
It seems one night after gettin' with the wife,  
She lopped off his schlong with the swipe of a knife.  
(Penis that is, clean cut, missed his nuts)

Well, the next thing you know there's a Ginsu by his side,  
And Lorena's in the car takin' Willie for a ride.

She soon got tired of her purple-headed friend,  
And tossed him out the window as she went around a bend.  
(Curve that is, pricker shrubs, wheel hubs)

She went to the cops and confessed to the attack,  
And they called out the hounds just to get his weenie back.  
They sniffed and they barked and they pointed "over there,"  
To John Wayne's Henry that was waving in the air.  
(Found that is, by a fence, evidence)

Now Peter and John couldn't stay apart too long,  
So a Dick Doc said, "Hey I can fix that Dong!"  
"A needle and a thread is all you're gonna need,"  
And the whole world waited till they heard that Johnny peed.  
(Whizzed that is, even seam, straight stream)

Well, he healed and he hardened and he took his case to court,  
With a cockeyed lawyer since his assets came up short.  
They cleared her of assault and acquitted him of rape,  
And his pecker was the only one they didn't show on tape.  
(Video that is, unexposed, case closed)

Ya all "cum" back now, ya hear!

65. BIG BAMBOO

Melody—Working For the Yankee Dollar

I asked my lady what should I do,  
To make her happy, not make her blue,  
She said, "The only thing I want from you,  
Is a little bitty of the big bamboo."

Chorus: She wanted the big bamboo, bamboo,  
Eye eye-eye eye-eye-eye,  
Working for the Yankee dollar.

So I gave her a coconut,  
She said, "I like him, he's okay,  
But there's just one thing that worries me,  
What good are the nuts without the tree?"

So I sold my lady a banana plant,  
She said, "I like him, he's elegant,  
We should not let him go to waste,  
But he's much too soft to suit my taste."

So I bought my lady a sugar cane,  
The fruit of fruits, I did explain,  
But she was tired of him very quick,  
She said, "I'd rather get my lips around your dip stick."

So I gave my honey a rambutan,  
Soft and prickly, how the juices ran,  
She said, "I've seen a fruit like this before,  
But it had a long stalk and two pips in the core."

She met a chinaman, Him Hung Low,  
They got married, went to Mexico,  
But she divorced him very quick,  
She said, "I want bamboo, not chopstick."

#### 66. BIG RED ROSE

Melody—When You Wore a Tulip

She wore her panties, her pretty pink panties,  
And I wore my BVDs.  
First I caressed her, and then I undressed her,  
What a thrill she gave to me.  
I played with her boobies, her great big white boobies,  
And down where the short hair grows.  
What could be sweeter as I played with my peter,  
And white-washed her big red rose?

#### 67. BOOM, OOOH, YAKATATA

Melody—Will You Kiss Me Tonight



Chorus (continuously): Boom, oooh, yakatata

Will you miss me tonight when I'm gone?

Will you go to bed with your see-through nightie on?

Will you reach out for your little plastic friend,

Put some baby oil around it's throbbing end?

Will you spare a thought for me while I'm gone?

Will you laugh with your friend over which is long?

Will you slide it up your thighs and up to your crack,

Smile to yourself, Thank God he's not back?

Will you miss me tonight when I'm gone?

'Cause the batteries in your friend have almost gone,

And you never could make that charger thing come on?

So now you'll miss me tonight 'cause I'm gone, try a banana,

'Cause you'll miss me tonight 'cause I'm gone,

Ya bitch.

## 68. BY THE LIGHT

Melody—By the Light of the Flickering 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.

#### 69. CHAPPED HIDE

Melody—Rawhide

Ballin', ballin', ballin',  
That boy he keeps on callin',  
His crabs, they keep on crawlin',  
Chapped hide!

You thought he was the right one,  
But he was 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!!

#### 70. CUCUMBER SONG

Melody—Botany Bay

A restless young lady from Phuket,  
Developed a wonderful trend,  
To purchase cucumbers for pleasure,  
'Cause she found they were better than men.

Chorus: So line up for your cucumbers, ladies,  
They're selling for two bucks apiece,  
Your frustrated days are all over,  
'Cause cucumbers never get pissed.

In Asia they're eaten with chilies,  
In Britain they're put between bread,  
But in Phuket we use them as teddies,  
'Cause we know that they'll never want head.

They'll never leave stains on the mattress,  
They're happy to live in the fridge,  
The loo seat is never left standing,  
And I've never seen cucumber kids.

So watch out you self-centered guys,  
You're not quite as great as you think,  
There's no guarantee it will work again,  
And we can't trade you in when it shrinks.

71. DON'T THAT BASTARD

GET ANY BIGGER?

Melody—Put Another Log On the Fire

Don't that bastard get any bigger?

I bet some bitch bit off the last three feet,

It's wrinkled like a six week old banana,

And got a limp a cripple couldn't beat.

Come on, baby,

Can't you make it go any faster?

And don't forget to let me get there first.

Don't that bastard get any bigger?

You're lucky someone understands, like me.

Don't that paycheck get any fatter?

And don't forget my birthday's in a week,

What about the tennis courts you promised,

And how about Hawaii for a break?

Come on, baby,

Climb another rung in that ladder,

You haven't had a pay raise since New Year's.

Don't that paycheck get any fatter?

You're lucky someone understands, like me.

Don't let that heart rate go any faster,  
Jesus, why do you have to work so hard?  
You never stay at home on the weekends,  
No wonder your banana's never ripe.  
Come on, baby,  
You hang around the office till all hours,  
I bet you've got a brand new secretary,  
Don't let that heart rate go any faster,  
You're lucky someone understands, like me.

#### 72. DON'T SAY NO

Melody—???

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

#### 73. THE ENGINEER'S DREAM

Melody—Itself

An engineer told me before he died,  
Ah-humm, ah-humm,

An engineer told me before he died,

Ah-humm, ah-humm,

An engineer told me before he died,

I have no reason to believe he lied.

Ah-humm, ah-humm-ah-humm-ah-humm-ah-humm-ah-humm,

He had a wife with a cunt so wide (three times),

That she could never be satisfied.

So he built a bloody great wheel (three times),

Two balls of brass and a prick of steel.

The balls of brass he filled with cream (three times),

And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

He tied her ankles to the foot of the bed (three times),

He tied her wrists above her head.

There she lay demanding a fuck (three times),

He shook her hand and wished her luck.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel (three times),

In and out went the prick of steel.

Up and up went the level of steam (three times),

Down and down went the level of cream.

Till at last the maiden cried (three times),

"Enough! Enough! I'm satisfied!"

(Slowly . . .)

Now we come to the tragic bit (three times),

There was no way of stopping it.

(Back to speed . . .)

Round and round went the bloody great wheel (three times),

In and out went the prick of steel.

Up and up went the level of steam (three times),

Down and down went the level of cream.

She was split from ass to tit (three times),

And the whole fucking issue was covered in,

Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,

Covered all over from ass to tit,

Covered all over in SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

Other endings (optional):

The moral of this story is mighty clear (three times),

Never fuck an engineer.

The last time, sir, that prick was seen (three times),  
It was over in England fucking the Queen.

It jumped off her, it jumped on him (three times),  
And then it bugged their next of kin.

It jumped upon an uptown bus (three times),  
And the mess it made caused quite a fuss.

Nine months later a child was born (three times),  
With two brass balls and a bloody great horn.

Now we come to the bit that's grim (three times),  
It finished with her and started on him.

Now we come to the bit that's blue (three times),  
It finished with him and it's looking for YOU!

#### 74. FONDLE ME WITH CARE

Melody—Handle Me With Care

I've been sucked off and I've been struck down,  
I've been pulled off and I've been pulled around,  
But you're the best fuck that I've ever found,



Fondle me with care.

Chorus: I'm so tired of feeling horny,  
I still have some cum to give,  
Won't you show me all your pubic hairs,  
Everybody, wants somebody, to cream on,  
Put your body, next to mine, and dream on.

I've had it thin and I've had it thick,  
Had my lumps and I've had my licks,  
But when you play with my prick,  
Fondle me with care.

I've got big red bloodshot eyes,  
We stayed up and drank all night,  
When I exposed myself to your wife,  
She fondled me with care.

Well I flashed my dick and terrorized,  
Put my tongue between your thighs,  
Bend over baby and I'll sodomize,  
Fondle me with care.

Well, my balls are tight and I've made a mess,  
I'll have to clean up my act I guess,

Let me put my hand up your dress, and,  
Fondle you with care.

#### 75. FURBURGER KING

Melody—Burger King Jingle

Hold my pickle, I'll eat your lettuce,  
Cunnilingus don't upset us,  
All we ask is that you let us,  
Have it your way.  
Have it your way—sit on my face,  
Have it your way—give us a taste,  
Have it your way at Furburger King.

#### 76. (I WANT A) GANG BANG

Melody—Itself

Chorus: I want a gang bang if I could,  
Because a gang bang feels so good.  
When I was younger and in my prime,  
I used to gang bang all the time.  
Now I'm older and getting gray,  
I only gang bang once a day.

(Take turns leading verses)

Leader: Knock, knock.

Pack: Who's there?

Leader: Ida.

Pack: Ida who?

Leader: Ida want another gang bang if I could,

Because a gang bang feels so good, etc.

Other verses:

Ben/Ben dover and have another

Turner/Turner over and have another

Sam and Janet/Sam and Janet evening I'd have a

Bob/Bob down and let's have another

Orange/Orange you glad I didn't say Bob down

and let's have another

Ranger/A ranger her for best entry at the

Oliver/Oliver clothes were off at the

Peter Meter/My peter'll meet her at the

Dolly Parton/Dolly's partin' her thighs at the

Tijuana/Tijuana bring your mama to the

Kissinger/Kissinger's great but fuckin' her's

better at the

Betty/Betty'll have a sore dick at the

Europa/Europa to the bed post for the

Extinct/Extinct like fish at the

Eileen/Eileen her over the sofa at the

Sharon/Sharon share alike at the  
Hedda/Hedda lotta sex at the  
Mason Dixon/Mason's Dixon's a girl at the  
Ima/Ima glad we had this  
Eisenhower/Eisenhower late for the  
Witchy/Witchy one your gonna fuck at the  
Kenya/Kenya gimme directions to the  
M.R./M.R. some nice-a tits at the  
Charlie Pride/Charlie pried her legs apart at the  
Banana/Banana na na na na na . . . (and so on)

#### 77. GIVE ME A CLONE

Melody—Home on the Range

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4

Oh, give me a clone  
Of my own flesh and bone  
With its Y-chromosome changed to an X  
And when it is grown  
Then my own little clone  
Will be of the opposite sex.

Chorus: Clone, clone of my own

With your Y-chromosome changed to an X  
And when I'm alone

With my own little clone

We will both think of nothing but sex.

Oh, give me a clone

Is my sorrowful moan,

A clone that is wholly my own.

And if she's an X

Of the feminine sex

Oh, what fun we will have when we're prone.

My heart's not of stone

As I've frequently shown

When alone with my own little X

And after we've dined

I'm sure we will find

Better incest than Oedipus Rex.

Why should such sex vex

Or disturb or perplex

Or induce a disparaging tone.

After all, don't you see

Since we're both of us me

When we're having sex, I'm alone.

And after I'm done

She'll still have her fun

For I'll clone myself ere I die.  
And this time without fail,  
They'll be both of them male,  
And they'll each ravish her by and by.

#### 78. GONORRHEA

Melody—Vilikins and His Dinah (Sweet Betsy from Pike)

When I left old Phuket, 'twas just yesterday,  
I was given these words by the dear old R.A.,  
"Be careful young Hashman, I want you to hear,  
Don't go and get pissed up and catch gonorrhea."

Chorus: Piss off with your troubles, I don't want to know,  
I don't get embarrassed wherever I go,  
I like to go whoring and drink lots of beer,  
And I never worry about gonorrhea.

I went down to the river and there on the bank,  
I saw an old man who was having a wank,  
Disgusted, I told him it'll make him go blind,  
He said, "Son, it's so good I really don't mind."

I went round to a friend's house making some calls,  
His old dog was sitting there just licking its balls,

I said, "That looks nice, I'd like to try that,"

Well, okay, but first give old Fido a pat.

Into the Rock Hard I happened to stroll,

To sit and perv on some lovely young moll,

One sat down beside me, 'twas when I awoke,

For the last twenty minutes I'd been ogling a bloke.

While out in the jungle and running with Hash,

I felt like a blow job and I had some spare cash,

I offered a young lady the sum of ten bucks,

She said, "Wait for the G.M., they say that he sucks."

Well I finally caught it, and I'll tell you this,

You cannot drink beer, and it hurts you to piss,

I've a little red sore that looks just like a chancre,

But I'd rather be poxed up than like you, you wanker.

## 79. GREAT BIG WHEEL

Melody<sup>2</sup>symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11???

Kiwi variation on "The Engineer's Song"

Oh a Cowboy told me before he died

And I've got no reason to think he lied

That though he tried for most of his life

He just never could satisfy his wife.

Chorus: Round and round went the bloody great wheel

In and out went a rod of steel

I'll lay you money on a sure-fire bet

That bloody great wheel is turning yet.

So he mounted up a great big wheel

There upon a rod of steel

Two brass chambers a-filled with cream

And the whole bloody thing was run by steam.

Then he rolled it through the bedroom door

And the wheel started up with a great big roar

It rolled to his wife and rolled on top

And it pumped until she hollered stop.

But the bloody great wheel just rolled on through

'Till the cowboy's wife was split in two.

Then as if possessed by a monstrous whim

It turned around and mounted him.

It rolled to the gate and it steamed real fast

Mounting all the people just a-strolling past

Covered them all with grease and cream



'Till it disappeared in a cloud of steam.

So if you ever see a bloody great wheel  
There upon a rod of steel,  
Run for the prairie or over the hill  
Unless you're looking for a long-time thrill.

#### 80. GREEN GROW THE RASHES O

Melody—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 lassies 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.

Jockie'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.

#### 81. HARVEST OF LOVE

Melody—Itself

I rise at six and I feed the chicks,  
And I'm feeling lonesome and blue,  
And when I milk the cow it seems somehow,  
My thoughts keep straying to you,  
And as the horse and I plow the fields nearby,  
Your mem'ry I can't erase,  
'Cause when I walk at the rear of the horse, my dear,  
I seem to see your face.

Chorus: I'm gonna sow the seeds of deep devotion,  
Fertilize it with emotion,  
Water it with warm desire,  
And then I'll reap the harvest of love.

Side by side we'll take a ride  
In my horse and buggy one day,  
Down lover's lane I'll turn the reins,  
And my horse will run out of hay,  
And I will kiss those lips, those tempting lips,  
The only one that can thrill me,  
And we will frolic at night in the pale moonlight,  
If the wife ever finds out she'll kill me.

## 82. HELLO PENIS

Melody—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.

### 83. HERPES FAMILY

Melody—Addams Family

They're goofy and they're itchy,  
They make your girlfriend bitchy,

They hide out in her snatchy,

The Herpes Family!

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

You can hardly see 'em,

But when you start a-pee'n,

They really get ya screamin',

The Herpes Family!

#### 84. HERPES SONG

Melody—She Loves You

I think I've got a dose,

And it's not the dripping kind,

It's the one that hurts the most,

And it makes you fucking blind.

Chorus: I think it's herpes and you know that can be bad,

Yeah that herpes, it can make you fuckin mad oooh,

I hate it yeah, yeah, yeah,

I hate it yeah, yeah, yeah,

With a dose like that it's very, very sad.

I think I've got a dose,  
And I got it yesterday,  
I came so very close,  
To giving it to the maid.

I know there's something wrong,  
'Cause there's blisters on my knob,  
And the skin's peeling off my dong,  
And erections make it throb.

I'm going to see the quack,  
'Cause I can't stand the pain,  
I stuffed it up her crack,  
But I won't do that again.

When the doctor took his knife,  
I went deeply into sho-o-ck,  
What will I tell my wife,  
He's going to cut it off.

## 85. HOT VAGINA

Melody—Yellow Rose of Texas

Hot vagina for your breakfast,

Hot vagina for your lunch,  
Hot vagina for your dinner,  
Just munch, munch, munch, munch, munch.  
It's so speedy and nutritious,  
Bite-size and ready to eat,  
So take a tip, go eat your mom;  
Hot vagina can't be beat.

#### 86. HOW ASHAMED I WAS

Melody—Itself

I met her on the Hash, how ashamed I was,  
I met her on the Hash, how ashamed I was,  
I met her on the Hash—I thought I'd try a bash,  
Oh gor blimey how ashamed I was!

Other verses:

I touched her on the knee—she said "You're  
fairly free."

I touched her on the thigh—she said "You're  
fairly high."

I touched her on the spot—she said "I'd rather  
not."

When I put it in—she said "You're rather thin."

Then when I did come—she said "You're up my

bum."

So then I took it out—she said "No need to  
pout."

So I tried to put it back—but my prick had gone  
quite slack.

Then she took me in her hand—and she made  
my roger stand.

Then she climbed up on the top—I tried to make  
her stop.

She rode me like a horse—I came again, of  
course.

But still she wanted more—she must have been  
a whore.

And then my tool grew thinner—I couldn't keep  
it in her.

Then she called me a nasty name—"You  
fucking Hashers are all the same."

## 87. HOW TO HANDLE A DATE (DUET)

Melody—Que Sera, Sera

Written by Little Shit & friends of the Austin H3

Harrier: Take her hand, her hand, her hand,

It's time to stand, to stand,

You're the king of the land,



So take her hand.

Harriette: He's squeezing my hand, my hand, my hand,  
I wish he'd take a stand, a stand,  
This wimp of the land,  
Quit squeezing my hand.

Harrier: Fondle her breast, her breast, her breast,  
You know they're the best, the best,  
They've passed all the tests,  
So fondle her breasts.

Harriette: He's fondling my breast, my breast, my breast,  
I know they're the best, the best,  
They can pass any test,  
So fondle my breast.

Harrier: Finger her twat, her twat, her twat,  
Now you've hit the spot, the spot,  
It gets her real hot,  
When you finger her twat.

Harriette: He's poking my twat, my twat, my twat,  
I bet he thinks he's hit the spot, the spot,  
That makes me real hot,  
Oh, quit poking my twat.

Harrier: So lay that pipe, that pipe, that pipe,  
We know she's the type, the type,  
She thinks she's real tight,  
So lay that pipe.

Harriette: But what a small cock, small cock, small cock,  
He thinks it's a lot, a lot,  
Is that all he's got?  
Oh, what a small cock.

Harrier: Roll over and sleep, and sleep, and sleep,  
I gave her the meat, the meat,  
It wasn't too deep,  
But I got it real cheap.

Harriette: Wasn't it quick, so quick, so quick,  
Just like a prick, a prick,  
To give me a stick,  
That's just too quick.

#### 88. I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

Melody—Itself

I don't want to join the army,

I don't want to go to war,  
I'd rather hang around Picadilly Underground,  
Living off the earnings of a high born lady.  
I don't want a bullet up me arsehole,  
Don't want me buttocks shot away,  
I want to stay in England,  
Jolly, jolly England,  
And fornicate me bloomin' life away, gor blimey

Monday I touched her on the ankle,  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,  
On Wednesday, I confess, I lifted up her dress,  
Thursday I saw you-know-what,  
Friday I put me hand upon it,  
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak (Tweak! Tweak!)  
And Sunday after supper, I put the old boy up 'er,  
And now she earns me forty bob a week, gor blimey.

Chorus: Call out the Regimental Army,  
Call out the Navy and Marines,  
Call out me mother,  
Me sister and me brother,  
But for God's sake,  
Don't call me, gor blimey.

I don't want to join the Navy,  
I don't want to go to sea,  
I just want to go down to old Soho,  
Tickling all the girlies in the umtiddly-um-pum,  
I don't want a bayonet up me arsehole,  
I don't want me knackers shot away,  
I'd rather live in England,  
Merry, merry England,  
And fornicate me fuckin' life away.

#### 89. I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE CONVENT

Melody—Same

I don't want to join the convent,  
Purity is really quite a bore,  
I'd rather hang around my Phuket playing ground,  
Living off the earnings of an off-shore expat,  
I don't want to waste my life a virgin,  
I don't want to count my rosary,  
I'd rather stay in Phuket, lovely, lovely Phuket,  
And fornicate my fuckin' life away, gor blimey.

Monday I got myself deflowered,  
Tuesday I moved into his house,  
On Wednesday I declared, you Hashers aren't so bad,

Thursday a climax! Oh, gor blimey,  
Friday he told me he was leaving,  
Saturday he flew to Singapore,  
And Sunday starts the party,  
To celebrate his parting,  
And now I've got eight weeks to fuck around, gor blimey.

I don't want to raise a family,  
I'm not cut out for nine to five,  
I'd rather hang around my Phuket playing ground,  
Living off the earnings of an off-shore expat,  
I don't care if I don't go to heaven,  
I don't want to go there all alone,  
I'd rather stay in Phuket, lovely, lovely Phuket,  
And fornicate my fuckin' life away, gor blimey.

#### 90. IF I WERE THE MARRYING KIND

Melody—???

If I were the marrying kind,  
Which thank the Lord I'm not sir,  
The kind of man that I would wed,  
Would be a rugby full-back.

And he'd find touch, and I'd find touch,

We'd both find touch together,  
We'd be all right in the middle of the night,  
Finding touch together.

Other verses:

Wing three-quarter—go hard.

Centre three-quarter—pass it out.

Rugby fly-half—whip it out.

Rugby scrum-half—put it in.

Rugby hooker—strike hard.

Big pop-forward—bind tight.

Rugby referee—blow hard.

Spectator—come again.

91. I LIKE COCK

Melody—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.

## 92. I LIKE CUNT

Melody—Three Blind Mice

I like cunt,

I like cunt,

Ain't it cute,

Ain't it cute?

Up against railings I've often stood,

Fucking young ladies and doing them good,

It's so much better than pulling your pud,

'Cause I like cunt,

I like cunt.

## 93. I'LL NEVER PISS AGAIN

Melody—Battle Hymn of the Republic

Written by Barney & Derelict, Atlanta Black Sheep H3

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,

Lordy, Lordy I'm on fire,  
Lordy, Lordy I'm on fire,  
And I'll never piss again.

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.

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

Well I should have listened to him 'cause 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 knows "Bo needs more."

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.

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.

94. I LOVE MY WIFE

Melody—Itself

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do,  
I love her truly,  
I love the hole that she pisses through,  
I love her lily white tits and her ruby red lips,  
And her little brown asshole,  
I'd eat her shit, gobble-gobble, chomp-chomp,  
With a rusty spoon (with a rusty spoon).

95. INCEST IS BEST

Melody—Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4

Chorus: Incest is best, boys,  
Incest is best—FUCK A RELATIVE!  
Incest is best, boys,  
Incenst is best.

(Take turns leading verses)

Give a piece to your niece, boys,

Give a piece to your niece—INCEST!

Give a piece to your niece, boys,

Give a piece to your niece, because . . .

Other verses:

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 love to your Coz, 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 in your Mommie, boys

## 96. INCEST TIME IN TEXAS

Melody—Yellow Rose of Texas

When it's incest time in Texas,

When there's no cunt to be found,

Your mother's in the bathroom,  
With 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!

#### 97. I PUT MY HAND

Melody—When Johnny Comes Marching Home

I put my hand upon her toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!  
I put my hand upon her toe,  
She said, "Hey Hasher, you're way too low,  
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!"  
Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

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

I put my hand upon her tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her tit,

She said, "Hey Hasher, you're squeezin' it,

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

Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her twat, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her twat, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my hand upon her twat,

She said, "Hey Hasher, you've hit the spot,

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

Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

Now she lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

Now she lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

Now she lies in a wooden box,

From sucking too many Hasher's cocks,

Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about!

Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

Melody—When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Authorship claimed by Austin h3 Harriettes

I put my lips upon his toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his toe, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his toe,

He said, "Hey Harriet, you're way too low,

Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!"

Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his knee, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his knee,

He said, "Hey Harriet, you're teasin' me,

Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!"

Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his tit, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his tit,

He said, "Hey Harriet, I've just been bit,

Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!"

Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his prick, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his prick, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

I put my lips upon his prick,

He said, "Hey Harriet, you're really sick,

Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!"

Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

Now he lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

Now he lies in a wooden box, Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

Now he lies in a wooden box,

From a severe case of small cox,

Suck in, suck out, quit fuckin' about!

Ya Ho! Ya Ho! Ya Ho!

#### 99. ISN'T IT AWFULLY NICE TO HAVE A PENIS (THE PENIS SONG) ©

Melody—Itself

From Monty Python

Isn't it awfully nice to have a penis,

Isn't it awfully nice to have a dong?

It's swell to have a stiffy,

It's divine to own a dick,

From the tiniest little tadger,

To the world's biggest prick.

So three cheers for your Willie or John Thomas,

Hooray for your one-eyed trouser snake,

Your piece of pork, your wife's best friend,

Your Percy or your cock.

You can wrap it up in ribbons,

You can slip it in your sock,

But don't take it out in public,

Or they'll stick you in the dock,

And you won't come back.

100. ISN'T IT GREAT TO HAVE A

CLITORIS?

Melody—Same

Purportedly written in retaliation by the Harriettes of the Austin H3

Isn't it great to have a clitoris,

Isn't it great to have a box?

It's wonderful to own a vagina,

It's grand to own a bush,

From the tiniest little hole,

To the world's largest twat.

So three licks for your muff or furburger,

Hurray for your Venus mound,

Your piece of ass, your husband's favorite toy,

Your pussy or your cunt.

You can keep it in edible undies,

You can put on crotchless panties,

But don't take it out in public,

Unless you charge a lot,  
Or you won't get very rich.

101. I'VE GOT A START ON A TWELVE-INCH HARD-ON

Melody—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, he told me to cough,  
I wish that he would have whacked it right off!  
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  
I'll probably have till June, till June.  
I'll probably have till June.

102. I'VE GOT THE CLAP AGAIN

Melody—Those Were the Days

Once upon a time I was a Hasher,  
Used to down an Anker Bir or two,  
Remember how I laughed away the hours,  
Dreaming of the whores that I would screw.  
Every Monday evening I'd go Hashing,  
Sometimes I'd short cut along the way,



But I'd always stay late at the On-On,  
Where you'd often hear a Hasher say:  
Chorus: I've got the clap again,  
I really should refrain,  
K-25, the Club, and Tanamour.  
I've got the pills to use,  
I must lay off the booze,  
I've got the clap, oh yes, I've got the clap.

One night to the Hash there came a beauty,  
A thing that's quite unusual to do.  
But something made me think this girl was different,  
It must have been the tattoos on her boobs.  
She wore hot pants and see-through T-shirt,  
Sipped her beer through rosy choo-choo lips.  
All the men began to get excited,  
At the sight of that young lady's swollen tits.

Five o'clock Hashmaster got his horn out,  
Everybody else put theirs away.  
Then I got myself into position,  
Where I could see her lovely buttocks sway.  
She short-cut and I short-cut behind her,  
Wondering if tonight I'd be in luck.  
Heard her calling "On-On" from the bushes,

And I knew right then that we were going to fuck.

This girl showed me that she was no novice,  
Her repertoire of tricks sure made me sweat.  
I came, she came, then we came together,  
And our juices flowed till we were soaking wet.  
Made our way back finally to the circle,  
Watching smiling faces turning green.  
Could it be that they were only jealous,  
Or could it be they knew she wasn't clean?

Drove her home that night, she lived in Ancol,  
Arranged that this should be a regular thing.  
But then one week later at the On-On,  
I took a piss and felt that tell-tale sting.  
Now Dr. Budi has a Monday practice,  
He's got a special clinic on the Hash.  
So that we all can have our weekly check-ups,  
And find out just what caused that nasty rash.

### 103. THE KEYHOLE SONG

Melody—Itself

The party ended early,  
Twas only half past nine,

And by some stroke of bloody good luck,  
Her room was next to mine.  
And so like Christopher Columbus,  
I started to explore,  
I took up my position,  
At the keyhole in the door.

Oh the keyhole, keyhole, keyhole,  
The keyhole in the door.  
I took up my position  
At the keyhole in the door.

She sat down by the fireside,  
Her lily white tits to warm,  
With only a nylon chemise on,  
To hide her naked form.  
If only she would take it off,  
What man could ask for more?  
By God, I saw her take it off,  
Through the keyhole in the door.

Oh the keyhole, keyhole, keyhole,  
The keyhole in the door.  
By God, I saw her take if off,  
Through the keyhole in the door.

With soft and trembling fingers,  
I opened up the door,  
With soft and trembling footsteps,  
I crossed the bedroom floor.  
And so that no other man could,  
See what I'd seen before,  
I stuffed that nylon chemise up,  
The keyhole in the door.

Oh the keyhole, keyhole, keyhole,  
The keyhole in the door.  
I stuffed that nylon chemise up,  
The keyhole in the door.

That night I slept in rapture,  
And something else beside,  
Upon her glorious bosom,  
Had many a glorious ride.  
That morning when I woke up,  
My prick was mighty sore,  
I felt as if I'd stuffed it up,  
The keyhole in the door.  
Hey!

104. LET ME BALL YOU SWEETHEART

Melody—Let Me Call You Sweetheart

Let me ball you sweetheart; I'm in bed with you,

Let me hear you whisper that it's time to screw.

Make your body wiggle in the same old way,

And I'll be back to see you on my next pay day.

Let me call you sweetheart; I'm in bed with you,

Let me pinch your boobies till they're black and blue.

Let me stroke your vulva till it's filled with goo,

Let's play hide the weenie up your old wazoo.

105. MAN TRAP

Melody—Ring of Fire

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4

Love is a burning thing,

Met a girl who could make me sing,

A snatch was never wider,

I fell into her huge vagina.

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?"

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.

(Let it squirm!)

I fell into her steamy wet vagina,

Went down, down, down, but she wouldn't let me ride her,

And it turns, squirms, churns,

That huge vagina, that huge vagina.

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."

I fell into her steamy wet vagina,

With arms and legs both, I couldn't satisfy her.

And it turns, squirms, churns,  
That huge vagina, that huge vagina.

#### 106. MARRIAGE A LA MODE

Melody—Itself

Chorus: Hey jig-a-jig, fuck a little pig,  
Follow the band,  
Follow the band with my gland in your hand,  
Hey jig-a-jig, fuck a little pig,  
Follow the band,  
Follow the band all the way.

(Take turns leading verses)

My husband's (wife/boyfriend/girlfriend) a butcher, a butcher, a butcher,  
A very fine butcher is he.  
All day he stuffs sausage, stuffs sausage, stuffs sausage,  
At night he comes home and stuffs me.

Other verses:

Jockey/rides thoroughbreds/rides me

Carpenter/whacks nails/whacks me

Sergeant/chews ass/chews me

Airline pilot/bores holes/bores me

Private/eats shit/eats me

Postman/licks stamps/licks me  
Bus Driver/drives buses/drives me  
Lion Tamer/tames lions/tames me  
Plumber/reams pipes/reams me  
Pervert/molests children/molests me  
Pianist/tickles ivory/tickles me  
Psychoanalyst/analyzes patients/anal-izes me  
Pimp/beats whores/beats me  
Stool Pigeon/fingers crooks/fingers me  
Policeman/cuffs crooks/cuffs me  
Ropemaker/ties knots/ties me  
Baker/kneads dough/needs me  
Asthmatic/sucks air/sucks me  
Student/fucks off/fucks me  
Lawyer/screws clients/screws me  
Chimney Sweep/pokes smokestacks/pokes me  
Guitarist/plays licks/licks me  
Hasher/runs trail/snores

#### 107. MASTURBATION (FORNICATION)

Melody—Alouette

By Danny Ross Taylor, Austin H3

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Chorus: Masturbation, I love masturbation,

Masturbation, I love to masturbate.



Leader: How I like to choke my chicken,

Pack: Yes, he likes to choke his chicken,

Leader: Choke my chicken,

Pack: Choke his chicken,

Leader: Masturbate,

Pack: Masturbate,

Chorus

Leader is now the next person on the right—lead goes around the circle with each new verse, and all old verses should be repeated, as in AAHLAWETA:

Leader: How I like to spank my monkey,

Pack: How he likes to spank his monkey,

Leader: Spank my monkey,

Pack: Spank his monkey,

Leader: Choke my chicken,

Pack: Choke his chicken,

Leader: Masturbate,

Pack: Masturbate,

Other verses:

Lope my mule

Rub my nub

Whip my lizard

Swat my twat

Tease the beaver

Flog my log

Stroke my snatch

Tap my gap

Beat my meat

Pull my pony

Yank my chain

Use three fingers

Moan and jerk

etc . . .

This goes on until no one can think of new masturbation verses, at which point the song becomes "Fornication":

Chorus: Fornication, I love fornication,

Fornication, I love to fornicate.

Leader: How I like to be on top,

Pack: Yes, she likes to be on top

Leader: Be on top,

Pack: Be on top,

Leader: Fornicate,

Pack: Fornicate,

Other verses:

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  
etc . . .

#### 108. MASTURBATION SONG

Melody—Funiculi, Funicula

(Second version from Jacksing, by Sharkey Ward)

Last night I stayed up late and masturbated,  
It felt so good, I knew it would.  
Last night I stayed up late to masturbate,  
It felt so nice, I did it twice.  
You should have seen me on the short strokes,  
It felt so grand, I used my hand,  
And you should have seen me on the long strokes,  
It felt so neat, I used my feet.  
Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor,  
Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door,  
Some people seem to think that fornication's grand,

But for all-around enjoyment, I prefer to use my hand!

---

Next door, she laid and masturbated,  
It did her good, she knew it would.  
All night, the bed springs they vibrated,  
She thinks it's canny, to rub her fanny.  
You should have seen her on the short strokes,  
It felt so grand, she used her hand.  
You should have seen her on the long strokes,  
Around and round, and up and down.  
Eased it, teased it, slid along the floor,  
Rubbed it, scrubbed it, tickled it to the core.  
Some people say that being fucked is very grand,  
But for personal enjoyment, she would rather use her hand.

#### 109. MY LITTLE PINK PANTIES

Melody—???

I wore my panties,  
My little pink panties,  
And he wore his G.I. shorts.  
He began to caress me,  
And then he undressed me,  
What a thrill we had in store.

He played with my titties,  
My little pink titties,  
And down where the short hairs grow.  
His kisses grew sweeter,  
He pulled out his peter,  
And whitewashed my little red rose.

#### 110. MY ONE SKIN

Melody—My Bonnie 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.

Chorus: Roll back, roll back,  
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.

#### 111. NECROPHILIA SONG (MY NAME IS JACK)

Melody—Itself

Perv verses by Flying Booger

My name is Jack (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I'm a necrophiliac (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I fucks dead wimmen (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

And I fills 'em full of jism.

I get frustrated (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

When they're cremated (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

Cause try as I must (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I can't fuck dust!

Each time I pass a cemetery gate,

I whip it out and masturbate.

My name is Judy (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

My favorite stiff's a beauty (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

Though his pecker's soft and thin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I find his femur slips right in.

Most girls like their guys aware (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

Me, I prefer Joe's lifeless stare (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

Don't you call me a ghoul (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

Just 'cause my Joe's real cool!

Each time I pass the mortuary gate,

My vagina starts to lubricate.

My name is Phil (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I likes my wimmen still (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I whack off in (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

An occupied coffin.

I love wrinkly wimmen (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

Who are over sixty-five (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

Especially if they died (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

At twenty-five!

Each day I try to copulate,

With my favorite deceased mate.

My name is Mary (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I met my lover through an obituary (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

So what if he's dead (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

At least he doesn't fart in bed.

I like his leathery skin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I can poke it with a pin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

And when the worms come out his butt (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I feed them to the mutt!

Every time I see a crematory urn,

My genitals begin to burn.

My name is Ron (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I get a hard-on (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
When I see a redhead (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Who's deader than dead.  
You don't polka or waltz (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
With a girl with no pulse (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I like my wimmen old (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I prefer my wimmen cold!

Each time I pass a mausoleum,  
My shorts fill up with creaum.

My name is Denise (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
My man is deceased (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I think it's wise (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
To love a man who's demised.  
I broke into his tomb (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Took him home to my room (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
My mother Doris (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Admires his rigor mortis!

Each time I pass the old graveyard,  
I find my nipples getting hard.

My name is Mitch (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),



And I dig a wealthy bitch (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Not because she's really rich (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
But 'cause she's in a six-foot ditch.  
Most like their ladies hot (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I rather fancy not (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Just in case you have forgotten (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I prefer my wimmen rotten!

Each time I pass a funeral pyre,  
My libido catches fire.

My name is Gertrude (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Now you may think this rather rude (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
But I don't find it crude (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
To go down on a dead dude.  
He won't come in my mouth (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
His sex drive has gone south (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
He won't take my money (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
And he'll never call me Honey!

Each time I hear a funeral dirge,  
I get the old carnal urge.

My name is Paul (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
My girl doesn't move at all (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

It's not that she's frigid (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

It's 'cause she's rigid.

Most like their wimmen quick (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

Personally, the thought makes me sick (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I fairly dread (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

Sleeping with the Undead!

Every time I see a hearse,

My akey-breaky balls ache worse.

My name is Mary Beth (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I'm actually into death (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

Once they're dead I don't get high (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I want them AS they die.

As they start to come (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I crush their windpipes with my thumb (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

When my lovers have death spasms (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I enjoy multiple orgasms!

Each time I pass a burial plot,

It stimulates my G-spot.

My name is Earl (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

Some people think I'm quite a churl (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I once exhumed a little girl (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I love the way her toenails curl.

I take satisfaction (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

In advanced putrefaction (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

Her toothy grin and concave cheek (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

Her sexy decomposing reek!

Each time I pass a funeral wake,

I grow a monster one-eyed snake.

My name is Monique (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I'm a necro-lesbian freak (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I love vaginal cavities (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

Of expired celebrities.

Once in a very lusty mood (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I dug up Natalie Wood (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I used a casket hoist (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

And found her still delectably moist!

When I visit memorial parks,

My pussy starts emitting sparks.

My name is Brucie (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I'm weird and fey and swishy (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

My lover once was hetero (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

But in death he's my special homo.

I used to like to fist him (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),

I could get my whole hand in (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
But now he's overused (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
His rotting bum is simply huge!

Each time I pass a sarcophagus,  
I'm seized with homosexual lust.

My name is Manfred (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Sheep are so hot when they're dead (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
I hit and killed one on the road (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
And I shot off a mother-load.  
I keep my decomposing lambkin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
Its starting to lose a lot of skin (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
There's parts where you can see its skeleton (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),  
And other parts I like to put my tongue in!

Every time I pass a farm,  
My skivvies fill with something warm.

## 112. NO BALLS AT ALL

Melody—Sweet Betsy From Pike

Come all you young drunkards give ear to my tale,  
I'll tell you a story that will make you turn pale,  
It's about a young lady so pretty and small,

Who married a man who had no balls at all.

Chorus: No balls at all, no balls at all,

She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.

"Oh mother, oh mother, oh pity my luck,

I've married a man who's unable to fuck,

His toolbag is empty, his screwdriver's small,

The impotent wretch has got no balls at all."

Chorus: No balls at all, no balls at all,

The impotent wretch has got no balls at all.

"My daughter, my daughter, don't be so sad,

I had the same problem with your dear old dad,

But there's many a man who'll give ear to the call,

Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all."

Chorus: No balls at all, no balls at all,

To the wife of a man who has no balls at all.

The pretty young girl took her mother's advice,

And she thought the whole thing was exceedingly nice,

An eighteen pound baby was born in the fall,

But the poor little bastard had no balls at all.

Chorus: No balls at all, no balls at all,  
The poor little bastard had no balls at all.

113. NONE IS BIGGER THAN MINE

Melody—???

Three old whores from Baltimore  
Were drinking sherry wine,  
And one of them says to the other two,  
"None is bigger than mine."

Chorus: So haul on the sheets me hearties,  
Sprinkle the decks with brine,  
Bend to the oars, you lousy whores,  
None is bigger than mine.

"You're a liar," said the second old whore,  
"Mine's as big as the sea.  
The ships sail in and the ships sail out,  
With nary a tickle to me."

"You're a liar," said the third old whore,  
"I've had me a thousand men.  
There's some go by and there's some go in,  
And there's some what never come out again."

"You're both liars," said the first old whore,  
"Mine's as big as the air.  
Why the sun could set in the crack of my cunt,  
And never burn a pubic hair."

#### 114. ONE-EYED TROUSER SNAKE

Melody—Itself

Oh, I got a little creature,  
I suppose you'd call him a pet,  
And if there's something wrong with him,  
I don't have to see the vet.  
He goes everywhere that I go,  
Whether sleeping or awake,  
God help me if I ever lose,  
Me one-eyed trouser snake.

Chorus: Oh me one-eyed trouser snake,  
Oh me one-eyed trouser snake,  
God help me if I ever lose,  
Me one-eyed trouser snake.

One day I got reading in an old sky pilot's book,  
About two starkers innocents who made the world go crook,

They reckoned it was a serpent that made Eve the apple take,  
Crikey, 'twas no flaming serpent, 'twas Adam's one-eyed trouser snake.  
I met this arty sheila who I'd never met before,  
And something kind of told me she banged like a dunny door,  
I said, "Come up and see my etching," she said, "I hope it's not a fake,"  
She wasn't disappointed with me one-eyed trouser snake.

So come all you little sheilas and listen to me song,  
The moral of the trouser snake is as short as it is long,  
Beware of imitation, don't lock your bedroom door,  
When me pajama python bites you, you'll be screaming out for more.

#### 115. THE PORTIONS OF A WOMAN

Melody—???

Now the portions of a woman  
That appeal to a man's depravity,  
Are fashioned with the most exquisite care.  
And that what may seem to you  
To be a simple little cavity,  
Is really an elaborate affair.

Now, we doctors who have taken time  
To study these phenomena,  
In numbers of experimental dames,



Have made a little list  
Of all these feminine abdomena,  
And given them their Latin names.

There's the vulva, the vagina,  
And the jolly perineum.  
And the hymen which is sometimes found in brides,  
And lots of other gadgets.  
You would love if you could see 'em,  
There's the clitoris, and Christ knows what else besides.

Now it makes us rather tired,  
When you idle laymen chatter,  
About the things to which we've just referred.  
And to hear you give a name  
To such a complicated matter,  
With such a short and unattractive word.

#### 116. PREGNANCY (AND VARIATIONS)

Melody—Yesterday

Pregnancy,  
There's a shotgun hanging over me,  
Why has this bulge got to be,  
I should have used one, silly me.

Chorus: Why I had to come,  
I don't know, she wouldn't blow,  
I did something wrong,  
Now I long for birth control, ol, ol, ol . . .

Birth control,  
It's the only way to save my soul,  
Since I put it in my girlfriend's hole,  
Now I believe in birth control.

---

Syphilis,  
Feels like razors every time I piss,  
Who the hell's to blame for this,  
It's agony, this syphilis.

Chorus: How I got that sore,  
I didn't know, she was a whore.  
I was indiscreet,  
Now I've got infected meat, eat, eat, eat . . .

Syphilis,  
Chancre sores and spots upon my skin,  
I never should have stuck it in,  
Now I will die of syphilis.

---

Leprosy,

Bits and pieces falling off of me,

I'm not half the man I used to be,

Since I acquired leprosy.

Chorus: Why things fall away,

I don't know, no one will say.

When I solve hash trail,

It's my parts that point the way, ay, ay, ay . . .

Leprosy,

Stumps for toes and fingers, woe is me,

There goes my dick, how will I pee?

Quite messily, with leprosy.

## 117. PUBIC HAIRS!

Melody—Baby Face

Pubic hairs!

You've got the cutest little pubic hairs,

There's no one else on earth who can compare,

Pubic hairs!

Clitoris or vagina, nothing could be finer than those pubic hairs,

I'm in heaven when I'm in your underwear,  
I didn't need a shove, to take a mouthful of,  
Those pretty pubic hairs!

#### 118. PUT YOUR LEFT LEG OVER MY SHOULDER

Melody—Side by Side

Put your left leg over my shoulder,  
Put your right leg over my shoulder,  
(wag tongue)  
La la la la la, la la la la, la la la.

Put your left tit over my shoulder,  
Put your right tit over my shoulder,  
(shake head)  
Bla bla bla bla bla, bla bla bla bla, bla bla bla.

#### 119. PUT YOUR LEGS ROUND MY SHOULDERS (HARRIERS)

Melody—Put Your Head on My Shoulder

Attributed to Little Shit, Austin H3

Put your legs round my shoulders (shoulders),  
Let me lick 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 real miffed (real miffed),  
If you miss out on your chance (EAT SHIT!)

#### 120. PUT YOUR LEGS ROUND MY SHOULDERS (HARRIETTES)

Melody—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 not the only (only),  
Guy 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 all the talkin' (talkin'),  
While I sit on your face (your face).

Put your legs round my midriff (midriff),  
Let me ride somethin' real stiff (real stiff),

You know you will be real miffed (real 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).

Put your lips round my big toe (big toe),  
Suck me into erotic throes (erotic throes),  
But you really, really must know (must know),  
I don't get off on you sucking my big toe (big toe).

#### 121. RAWHIDE

Melody—Rawhide

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 down, 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.

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.

## 122. THE RINGADANGDOO

Melody—How Dry I Am

Chorus: The ringadangdoo, pray what is that?

It's furry and soft, like a pussycat,  
It's got a crack down the middle,  
And a hole right through,  
That's what they call the ringadangdoo.

I once knew a girl, her name was Jean,  
The sweetest girl I'd ever seen,  
She loved a boy who was straight and true,  
Who longed to play on her Ringadangdoo.

So she took him to her father's house,  
And crept inside as quiet as a mouse,  
And they shut the door and the window too,  
And he played all night on her Ringadangdoo.

The very next day her father said,  
"You've gone and lost your maidenhead!  
You can pack your bag and suitcase too,



And bugger off with your Ringadangdoo."

So she went to town and became a whore,  
And hung a red light outside her door,  
And one by one and two by two,  
They came to play on her Ringadangdoo.

There came to that town a son of a bitch,  
Who had the pox and the seven-year itch,  
He had gonorrhea and syphilis too  
So that was the end of her Ringadangdoo.

### 123. ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER

Melody—Roll Me Over in the Clover

(Take turns leading verses)

Well, this is number one,  
And the fun has just begun,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Chorus: Roll me over in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number two,  
And my hand is on her shoe, etc

Well, this is number three,  
And my hand is on her knee, etc

Well, this is number four,  
And we're rolling on the floor, etc

Well, this is number five,  
And the bee is in the hive, etc

Well, this is number six,  
And she says she likes my tricks, etc

Well, this is number seven,  
And we're in our seventh heaven, etc

Well, this is number eight,  
And the nurse is at the gate, etc

Well, this is number nine,  
And the twins are doing fine, etc

Well, this is number ten,  
And we're at it once again, etc

Well, this is number eleven,  
And we start again from seven, etc

Well, this is number twelve,  
And she said, "You kan jag isalv," etc

Well, this is number twenty,  
And she said that that was plenty, etc

Well, this is number thirty,  
And she said that that was dirty, etc

Well, this is number forty,  
And she said, "Now you are naughty," etc

#### 124. SEVEN NERVOUS DAYS

Melody—Seven Lonely Days

Seven nervous days, I've waited for results,  
Seven lonely nights I've stayed away from you,  
I never could have guessed, I had no idea,  
That you'd given me a dose of gonorrhea.

Chorus: Oh my darling I'm crying,

Boo-hoo poor me,  
'Cause the doctor's prescribing  
Penicillin for me.

You said you were drunk,  
Now does that make it right?  
I think you're a lousy skunk,  
To sleep with a transvestite.

Said you couldn't tell,  
It was very hard to find,  
So you thought what the hell,  
And rammed it up behind.

I knew I had a dose,  
'Cause it hurts when I pee,  
If you ever come close,  
I'll cut off your willie.

I never felt so shy,  
You caused me so much strife,  
But now it's your turn to cry,  
'Cause you gotta tell your wife.

Last chorus: Oh my darling you're crying,

Boo-hoo, boo-hoo,  
Now the doctor's prescribing  
Penicillin for you too.

## 125. SEX IS BORING

Melody—Fréré Jacques

Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun,  
Gonna cut my fingers off,  
One by one . . .

Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun,  
Pulling out my pubic hairs,  
One by one . . .

Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun,  
Poking out my eyes,  
One by one . . .

Sex is boring,  
Pain is fun,  
Cutting off my gonads,

One by one . . .

126. SIT ON MY FACE (VERSION # 1)

Melody—Swinging on a Star

Some verses by Flying Booger

Would you like to sit on my face?

It's a very comfortable place.

Slide your crotch up over my nose,

Or would you rather suck my hose?

My hose is an animal that lives in my pants,

It'll come out to meet you if you give it a chance.

It begs your pardon, but it's grown quite long,

It's a little bit crooked, but it's healthy and strong,

So if you'd like to feel it nice and thick,

You could bend down and suck my prick.

Would you like to fuck in my car?

Carry sperm juice home in a jar,

Get the back seat all in a mess,

Or would you rather lick my ass?

My ass is an animal that lives near my bone,

It's often neglected as an erogenous zone,

I took a shower and it doesn't smell,  
And when I shit I wiped like hell,  
So if you'd like to give it a go,  
You could bend down and lick my asshole.

Would you like to have some orgasms?  
Feel your pussy twitchin' in spasms,  
Do it over and over again,  
Or would you rather fuck my chin?

My chin is an animal that lives under my nose,  
It doesn't get half the action of my hose,  
It's narrow and pointy, it'll go right in,  
Rub you clit on my whiskers, it's a downright sin,  
So if you'd like to come once or twice,  
Fuck my chin, it's rather nice.

#### 127. SIT ON MY FACE (VERSION # 2)

Melody—Red River Valley

Come and sit on my face if you love me,  
Come sit on my face if you care,  
Let me look into your Red River Valley,  
And stare into your pubic hair.

128. SIT ON MY FACE AND TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME ©

From Monty Python

Melody—Itself

Sit on my face and tell me that you love me,

I'll sit on you face and say I love you too.

I love to hear you oralize,

When I'm between your thighs,

You blow me away!

So sit on my face and tell me that you love me,

I'll sit on your face and say I love you truly.

Life can be fine if we both sixty-nine,

So let's sit on our faces in all sorts of places,

And play till we're blown away!

129. SUNSTROKE, SYPHILIS, VARICOSE VEINS

Melody—???

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4

You wake up in the morning in a terrible rage,

Your mouth, it feels like an unswept cage,

You've got lead in your pants, you've got fluff in your brains,

You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.

You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins,



Sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins,  
The agony goes but the order remains,  
You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.

Your legs, your realize, are far from limber,  
Your teeth, they chatter like a baby marimba,  
You call the doctor, and he explains,  
You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.

You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins,  
Sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins,  
You're full of genital and vascular pains,  
You've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.

We call in the specialists from all the nations,  
The say you have the usual complications,  
The sunstroke loses, and the syphilis gains;  
And for the rest of your life you'll have varicose veins.

Sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins,  
Sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins,  
You feel like your water's cut off at the mains,  
When you've got sunstroke, syphilis, and varicose veins.

Melody—Supercallifragilisticexpecalidosious

Chorus: Supercallousflagellisticsexpectcunnilingus,  
Queers like to take it up the bum from dildoes, dicks, or fingers,  
Lesbians like their tonguing slow to make the climax linger,  
But Supercallousflagellisticsexpectcunnilingus,  
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye

My fat Auntie Ethel was into suits of rubber,  
Then she met the Michelin Man and took him as a lover,  
But they used a diesel tube for enemas on each other,  
The explosion rocked the city hall and covered it in blubber.  
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye

Uncle John likes whips and knives and ladies to disfigure,  
Auntie Kath liked to be tied and whipped with bamboo canes or wicker,  
She said, "Whip me, whip me, and make me writhe and slither,"  
He said, "No, I'll tickle you, that will make my dick get stiffer."  
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye

Uncle Cyril, we always knew, was into brown battery,  
He stuck a dildo up his boyfriend's bum with lots of beer and flattery,  
"Take it out and I'll give you dick," he said quite matter of factly,  
"Oh no, please don't take it out but kindly change the battery!"  
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye

Mary Jane looks like a man but on little girls she's keener,  
Thought she'd take a virgin home and try to get between her,  
The virgin said, "Oh no please sir, I don't know where it's been, sir,"  
Mary Jane said, "It's factory fresh," and introduced a wiener.  
Um-diddle-diddle-diddle, Um-diddleye

### 131. SYPHILIS

Melody—Four and Twenty Blackbirds

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4

Sing a song of syphilis,  
A penis full of pus,  
Four and twenty pox scabs,  
Waiting to be burst.  
And when her legs were opened,  
Oh what a sight to see,  
Oozy gray-green matter,  
All running with her pee.

### 132. THE TRIANGLE

Recitation for Three Hashers

(one by one) I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv,  
(together) Three Hashers of quite different intentions.

(one by one) I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv,  
(together) Seeking sex in three different directions.

(hetero) I love with a will girls from Sydney to Dover,  
(homo) I loved with a Will till Will said it was over,  
(perv) I loved with Will, Wilhelmina, Junior, and Rover,  
(one by one) I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv.  
(one by one) I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv,  
(together) As we search for this, that, or the other,  
(one by one) I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv,  
(together) It's so strange, we're from the same mother.

(hetero) I once fancied a Harriette brim full of beer,  
(homo) I once fancied our G.M., he had a nice rear,  
(perv) I remember the fellow, I came in his ear,  
(one by one) I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv.  
(one by one) I'm normal, Informal, Who knows?  
(together) All for one, one for all, up your nose,  
You can number us all amongst those,  
Who give thanks for the age of permission.

(hetero) I once had a Harriette who was lovely to lick,  
(homo) I once tried a Harriette, but she made me feel sick,  
(perv) I once knew a Harriette who liked horses' dicks,  
(one by one) I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv.

(one by one) He's staid, They're depraved, He's the end,  
(together) Getting kicks in our different manners,  
We're ourselves so why should we pretend?  
We live and let live so why ban us?  
(hetero) I once had an affair with a pretty Kathleen,  
(homo) I'm not into royalty, but my lover's a queen,  
(perv) I got mine stuck in a vending machine,  
(one by one) I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv.

(one by one) I like girls, I like guys, I like sex,  
(together) Our threesome is gruesome though sensual,  
Not knowing quite who to do next,  
To fulfill all our latent potential.

(hetero) Is life a bright flower simply there for the plucking?  
(homo) Or a ripe juicy banana awaiting a sucking?  
(perv) I don't care what it is, I'm just here for the fucking,  
(one by one) I'm hetero, I'm homo, I'm a perv.

### 133. THESE FOOLISH THINGS

Melody—These Foolish Things

(Take turns leading verses)

A pair of boobies in a loose brassiere,

A cunt that twitches like a moose's ear,  
A dirty rubber in my glass of beer,  
These foolish things remind me of you.

Chorus: Da-doo, da-doo, da-doo-da-doo-da-doo-doo-doo, etc . . .

A naked photograph of Liberace,  
The smile you show when I say, "Such a hotche,"  
Syphilitic scars that make your face so blotchy,  
These foolish things remind me of you.

A running sore beside an open hole,  
A Kotex floating in the toilet bowl,  
A pubic hair on my breakfast roll,  
These foolish things remind me of you.

Lipstick traces on an old French letter,  
A dose of "you-know-what" that won't get better,  
And when I piss it stings,  
These foolish things remind me of you.

The dirty panties in the cracked washbasin,  
The broken jerry that I washed my face in,  
The bed with the creaking springs,  
These foolish things remind me of you.

An old dead fetus on a marble slab,  
A toothless blowjob in a taxi cab,  
A great big hard on with a syphilitic scab,  
These foolish things remind me of you.

When I awoke upon the morning after,  
I saw your tits and pissed myself with laughter,  
Oh, how the left one swings!  
These foolish things remind me of you.

The birth control book with its well-worn pages,  
The contraceptive which comes off in stages,  
Oh, how my foreskin stings!  
These foolish things remind me of you.

#### 134. WAVES AND WAVES

Melody—Both Sides Now

Waves and waves of golden hair,  
Her lips so red, her skin so fair,  
Her breasts they were a perfect pair,  
They took my breath away,  
I courted her from week to week,  
I held her hand, I kissed her cheek,

No other favors did I seek,  
Or try to get my way.

Chorus: I've humped with her from both sides now,  
In and out, up and down,  
In all experience I do declare,  
I've never seen a tattoo there.

She sat herself upon my knee,  
And turning round she said to me,  
"I've saved myself for you, you see,  
Until our wedding day,  
It's only twice I've been untrue,  
Phuket Hash they did me screw,  
The Yankee navy laid me too,  
And had their ends away."

I must admit I've played some tricks,  
What's one destroyer full of pricks?  
Phuket Hashmen in their kits,  
Would surely lose their way,  
But like a cad, my chance did seize,  
I'd never been between her knees,  
And my pure angel just to please,  
Upon her back did lay.



Waves and waves of pubic hair,  
The cooties crawling everywhere,  
The flavored douches sprayed in there,  
It's strawberry today,  
And if you get inside her pants,  
Cave paintings in the south of France,  
The only way that I could chance,  
Describing what I saw.

Orangutans hang from her clit,  
A serpent's head peers from the slit,  
A dragon rampant on each tit,  
Each face a different way,  
To drop your head and taste the dew,  
Is like feeding time at London Zoo,  
I took some snake bite serum too,  
I'm not ashamed to say.

Now hordes and hordes of curious guys,  
Pay for the pleasure and surprise,  
Of gazing between my girlfriend's thighs,  
It's made me rich today,  
So pay now if you've a need,  
No clap, no VD, guaranteed,

Maybe some babies, I'll concede,  
Just form a queue—this way.

### 135. WEDDING SONG

Melody—Side by Side

We got married on Sunday,  
The party didn't finish till Monday,  
And when the guests had gone home,  
We were alone,  
Side by side.

Well we got ready for bed then,  
And I very nearly dropped dead when,  
Her teeth and her hair,  
She placed on the chair,  
Side by side.

Well the shock did very near kill me,  
When her glass eye did fall,  
Then her leg and her arm,  
She placed by the chair,  
Side by side.

Well this left me broken hearted,

For most of my wife had departed,  
So I slept on the chair,  
There was more of her there,  
Side by side.

#### 136. WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH

##### ROLLS AROUND

Melody—As the Cassions Go Rolling Along

You can tell by the stain that she's in a lot of pain  
When the end of the month rolls around.  
You can tell by her stance she's got cotton in her pants  
When the end of the month rolls around.

Chorus: For it's hi, hi, hee, in the Kotex industry,  
Shout out your sizes loud and strong:  
Junior, Regular, Super-Duper, Bale of Hay!  
For where e're we go you will always know  
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her walk that you'll sit around and talk  
When the end of the month rolls around.  
You can tell by the blotch that she's got a leaky crotch  
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her eyes there is blood between her thighs

When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by her pout that her eggs are falling out

When the end of the month rolls around.

### 137. WHO NEEDS SEX?

Melody—Three Blind Mice

by Flying Booger

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 daylight just deeper in debt,

So who needs sex?

Who needs sex?

### 138. WILL YOU MARRY ME? (DUET)

Melody—Itself

If I give you half-a-crown,

Can I take your knickers down?

Will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,

Will you marry me?

If you give me half-a-crown,

You can't take my knickers down.

You can't marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,

You can't marry me.

If I give you fish and chips,

Will you let me squeeze your tits?

Will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,

Will you marry me?

If you give me fish and chips,

You may not squeeze my tits,

You can't marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,

You can't marry me.

If I give you my big chest,

And all the money I possess,

I will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,

I will you marry me.

If you give me your big chest,

And all the money you possess,

I will marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,

I will marry you.

Get out of the door, you lousy whore,  
My money was all you were lookin' for,  
And I'll not marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,  
I'll not marry you.

HASH CALISTHENICS

139. THE BUTTON FACTORY

Melody—???

Chorus: My name is Joe,  
I work at the button factory,  
All day long I work making buttons,  
The other day my boss come up to me  
And he says, "Joe are you busy?"  
I say, "No" -- he says to me,

Words & actions:

Move your left hand.

Move your right hand.

Move your left elbow.

Move your right elbow.

Move your left leg.

etc . . .

Last chorus: My name is Joe,

I work at the button factory,

All day long I work making buttons,

The other day my boss come up to me

And he says, "Joe are you busy?"

I say, "YES!"

#### 140. DUNKIRK

Melody—It's a Long Way to Tipperrary

It's a long way to Tipperrary,

It's a long way to go,

It's a long way to Tipperrary,

I walked it, so I know,

Good bye, Sticky Willie,

Farewell, pubic hair,

It's a long way to Tipperrary,

And I've never been there.

Note—the idea is to get the circle singing and marching while re-enacting Dunkirk. During the song various members act out pieces of the story while everyone else sings and marches. It helps if you've seen it performed before. Parts are:

Sperm in soldier's ball bag

Dog barking

Cock crowing

Distant marching (stamp feet)

Sergeant shouting

Luftentastards attacking (several hashers wheel left in a circle shooting at everything with arms outstretched)

Biggles and the R.A.F. (several hashers wheel right in a circle shooting at everything with hands around eyes to look like goggles)

Anti-aircraft fire (several hashers raise arms and pom-pom fire)

#### 141. FATHER ABRAHAM

Melody—Itself

Leader: Father Abraham had seven sons,

Seven sons had Father Abraham,

And he never smiled,

And he never cried,

All he did was go like this—

With a right!

All symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11??shout/actions:

With a right! (extend right arm)

Leader: Father Abraham had seven sons,

Seven sons had Father Abraham,



And he never smiled,

And he never cried,

All he did was go like this—

With a right!

All symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11??shout/actions:

With a right! (extend right arm)

Leader: And a left!

All symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11??shout/actions:

And a left! (extend left arm)

More verses/actions:

With a right! (extend right leg)

With a left! (extend left leg)

And a HEEEE! (hump pelvis)

And a HUUHH! (turn around, drop pants, moon pack)

#### 142. HANKY PANKY

Melody—Hokey Pokey

You give the right eye wink

You give the left eye wink

You give the "come here" wink

And he buys us both a drink

Chorus: You do the hanky panky

Get his trousers down

That's what it's all about

You do the top lip lick

You do the bottom lip lick

You give a little giggle

'Cause he thinks you'll lick his prick

You put your right tit out

You put your left tit out

Nipples getting harder

So you shake them all about

You put your right cheek out

You put your left cheek out

You give a little wobble

Watch his eyes pop out

You put your right leg out

You put your left leg out

Spread them at the knees

So he can see what it's about

You put the right hip out

You put the left hip out

Grab him by the ballocks

And you squeeze until he spouts

You put your pelvis in

You put your pelvis out

Go a little faster

And you grind it all about

You give the right ear groan

You give the left ear groan

Grind a little faster

'Cause he's going to drop his load

You give a right cheek kiss

You give a left cheek kiss

Hate to be a liar

But you tell him it was bliss

We've done the hanky panky

Got his trousers down

So fuck off!

143. IF I HAD A HARD-ON

Melody 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11 If I Had a Hammer

Written by Neptunus, The Hague H3

Oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh

Oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh

Oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh

If I had a hard-on,

A hard-on in the morning,

A hard-on in the evening,

An all-night stand.

I'd screw without danger,

I'd screw without a warning,

I'd screw you, and you,

Your mother and your sister,

Ah-ah, all night long.

(Action: hold dick as if in pain)

Oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh

Oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh

Oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh

But I don't have a hard-on,

No hard-on in the morning,

No hard-on in the evening,

No hard-on at all.

So there is no danger,  
You don't need a warning,  
I won't screw you, and you,  
Your mother nor your sister  
Oh-no, I want to die.

(Action: wipe tears from face)

Oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh  
Oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh  
Oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh

I bought myself a dildo,  
A dildo for the morning,  
A dildo for the evening,  
To screw around all night.

I screw without danger,  
Now I screw without a warning,  
But I won't screw you, or you,  
Your mother nor your sister,  
Oh-no, I sodomize myself.

(Action: hold ass as if in pain)

Oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh  
Oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh

Oh-eh-oh-eh-oh-eh

#### 144. LION-HUNT SONG

Everyone gathers in a circle and faces right, so that they look at the back of the hasher in front of them. Then everyone pulls his or her pants up tight to form a wedgie. If hats are available they should be worn backwards. Everyone places his or her tongue between the lower lip and teeth. Then everyone stamps on the ground in a 1-2-3-4 cadence and begins marching around in the circle. The songmeister shouts out each line, which is immediately shouted back by everyone else in the circle.

Chorus: We're going on a lion-hunt!

(march around stamping)

We're not afraid!

(continue stamping)

We've got guns!

(pantomime holding rifles)

And bullets two!

(hold up two fingers)

Came upon a mountain!

(peak hands to form mountain)

Couldn't go 'round it!

(move one hand around the "mountain")

Couldn't go across it!

(move one hand over the "mountain")

Had to go through it!

(digging motions with both hands)

Other verses (done in same manner as "mount-ain" verse:

Came upon an ocean!

Couldn't go 'round it!

Couldn't go across it!

Had to swim through it!

Came upon a jungle!

Couldn't go 'round it!

Couldn't go across it!

Had to cut through it!

Came upon a desert!

Couldn't go 'round it!

Couldn't go across it!

Had to fly over it!

Last verse:

Came upon a lion!

#### 145. MACDONALD'S FARM

Melody—MacDonald's Farm

(Take turns leading verses)

Old MacDonald had a farm, Ee-ei-ee-ei-oh.

And on this farm he had some cows,

Ee-ei-ee-ei-oh.

Chorus—singing/actions: And the cows were cowing it here,

And the cows were cowing it there,

Cowing it here, cowing it there,

Cowing it everywhere

Old MacDonald had a farm, Ee-ei-ee-ei-oh,

And on this farm he had some rams,

Ee-ei-ee-ei-oh,

Second Chorus: And the rams were ramming it here,

And the rams were ramming it there,

Ramming it here, ramming it there,

Ramming it everywhere,

And the cows were cowing it here,

And the cows were cowing it there,

Cowing it here, cowing it there,

Cowing it everywhere . . .

More verses:

Bulls/bulling,

Dogs/sniffing,

Turkeys/gobbling,



Geese/goosing,Pullets/pulling,

Sheep/shedding,

Whales/spouting,

Sharks/finning/etc . . .

#### 146. MUSIC MAN

Melody—Itself

(Take turns leading verses)

Leader: I am the music man and I come from  
down your way, and I can play . . .

Pack: What can you play?

Leader: I can play the viola.

All—singing & motions: Oh, the vio-vio-vio-la, vio-la, vio-la, vio-vio-vio-la, vio-vio-la.

Leader: I am the music man and I come from down your way, and I can play . . .

Pack: What can you play?

Leader: I can play the piano.

All—singing & motions: Oh, the pia-pia-pia-no, pia-no, pia-no, pia-pia-pia-no, pia-pia-no,  
Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-la, vio-la, vio-vio-vio-la, vio-vio-la.

Other instruments:

Trom-bone, French Horn, Cym-balls, Pica-low, Sexa-phone, Big Bass Drum, Boss' Knob, Shit House Door,  
Natalie Wood, Michael Jackson, Grace Kelly, Pope John Paul, etc . . .

#### 147. ONE ON THE TABLE

Melody—Guantanamera

(This is an action song. It's a good idea to pay for the table first)

One on the table,

There's only one on the table,

One on the taaaa-ble,

There's only one on the table

Two on the table!

There's only two on the table,

Two on the taaa-ble,

There's only two on the table

Three on the table!

etc . . .

#### 148. SINGING IN THE RAIN

(CHIANGMAI PRAYER)

Melody—Singing in the Rain

Chorus: Ah-zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah-dah,

Zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah-dah.

We're singing in the rain,

Just singing in the rain,

What a glorious feeling,

We're hap! hap! happy again,

Verse/action: Hold it! Hold it! Hold it!

Arms out!

Repeat chorus adding new line and action each time:

Hands together!

Thumbs up!

Elbows bent!

Shoulders back!

Chest out!

Stomach in!

Ass out!

Knees together!

Heels together!

Toes together!

#### 149. TWELVE DAYS OF RAMADAN

Melody—Twelve Days of Christmas

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

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

Yemenese (big spit)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FAMOUS HARRIETTES

150. AAHLAWETTA

Melody—Alouette

(Female volunteer needed)

Chorus: Aahlawetta, Shoneton Aahlawetta,  
Aahlawetta, Shoneton Aahlaw-way.

Leader: Does she have ze stringy hair?

All: Oui, she has ze stringy hair.

Leader: Stringy hair,

All: Stringy hair,

Leader: Aahlawette! Aah, aah, aah . . .

Chorus

Leader: Does she have ze furrowed brow?

All: Oui, she has ze furrowed brow,

Leader: Furrowed brow,

All: Furrowed brow,

Leader: Stringy hair,

All: Stringy hair,

Leader: Aahlawette! Aah, aah, aah . . .

Wooden eye (Yes I would!) . . .

Broken nose . . .

Blow job lips . . .

Two buck teeth . . .

Double chin . . .

Swinging tits . . .

Beer belly . . .

Bulbous butt . . .

Furry thing . . .

Leader: Now isn't she a nice-a girl?

All: Oui, she is a nice-a girl,

Leader: Nice-a girl,

All: Nice-a girl,

Leader: Aahlawette! Aah, aah, aah . . .

Chorus

Leader/all: How I love her (repeat all)

## 151. ALL THE NICE GIRLS

Melody—Ship Ahoy

From Jacksing, by Sharkey Ward

When the man-'o-war or merchant ship,

Comes sailing into port,

The jolly tar with joy,

Will sing out "Land ahoy!"  
With his pockets full of money,  
And a parrot in a cage,  
He smiles at all the pretty girls,  
Upon the landing stage.  
All the nice girls love a sailor, all the nice girls love a tar.  
'Cause there's something about a sailor,  
Well, you know what sailors are.  
Bright and breezy, free and easy,  
He's the ladies' pride and joy.  
He's been up our Lady Jane, and he's going up again,  
Ship ahoy, sailor boy.

Jack is partial to the yellow girls,  
Across the Eastern seas.  
With lovely almond eyes,  
The tar they hypnotise.  
And when he goes to the Sandwich Isles,  
He loves the dusky belles,  
Dressed up a la Salome,  
Colored beads and oyster shells.

All the nice girls like a candle, all the nice girls like a wick,  
Because there's something about a candle,  
That reminds them of a prick.

Nice and greasy, slips in easy,  
It's the surest way to joy,  
It's been up the Queen of Saipan,  
And it's going up again,  
Syph ahoy, syph ahoy.

He will spend his money freely,  
And he's generous to his pals.  
While Jack has got a sou,  
There's half of it for you.  
And it's just the same in love or war,  
He goes through with a smile.  
And you can trust a sailor,  
He's a white man all the while.

All the nice boys like a harlot, all the nice boys like a whore,  
Because there's something about a harlot,  
That they've never known before.  
She'll be willing, for a shilling,  
And she'll pep you up, my boy,  
But she'll leave you on the rocks,  
With a bloody good dose of pox,  
Syph ahoy, syph ahoy.

Extra verse:



All the parsons like a choir boy, all the parsons like a bum,  
Because there's something about a choir boy,  
That would make an angel come.  
Roll him over, sleep in clover,  
It's a curate's only joy,  
And you needn't give a rap,  
For you'll never catch the clap,  
Syph ahoy, syph ahoy.

152. CAROLINA

Melody—Sweet Betsy From Pike

Way down in Alabama where the bullshit lies thick,  
The girls are so pretty that the babies come quick,  
There lives Carolina, the queen of them all,  
Carolina, Carolina, the cowpuncher's whore.

She's handy, she's bandy, she shags in the street,  
Whenever you meet her, she's always in heat,  
If you leave your fly open she's after your meat,  
And the bouquet of her cunt knocks you right off your feet.

One night I was riding way down by the falls,

One hand on my pistol, one hand on my balls,  
I saw Carolina there using a stick,  
Instead of the end of a cowpuncher's prick.

I caressed her, undressed her, and laid her down there,  
And parted her tresses of curly brown hair,  
Inserted the prick of my sturdy roan horse,  
And then there began a strange intercourse.

Faster and faster went my sturdy steed,  
Until Carolina rejoiced at the speed,  
When all of a sudden my horse did backfire,  
And shot Carolina right into the mire.

Up got Carolina all covered in muck,  
And said, "Oh dear, what a glorious fuck,"  
Took two paces forward and fell to the floor,  
And that was the end of that cowpuncher's whore.

### 153. CLEMENTINE

Melody—Darling Clementine

There she stood beside the bar rail,  
Drinking pink gins for two bits,  
And the stinking whiskey drinkers,

Stood in awe before her tits.

Chorus: I own my darlin', I owe my darlin',

I owe my darlin' Clementine,

Three bent pennies and a nickle,

Oh my darlin' Clementine.

Eyes of whiskey, lips of water,

As she vomits in my beer,

Greets the daylight at her window,

With a fucking warming leer.

Hung me guitar on the bar rail,

At the sweetness of the sign,

In one leap leapt out me trousers,

Plunged into the foaming brine.

She was bawdy, she was lusty,

She had no match in her bazoom,

As they sprang forth from her bodice,

Like a melon tree in bloom.

Oh the oak tree and the cypress,

Never more together twine,

Since that creeping poison ivy,

Laid its blight on Clementine.

154. DAISY, DAISY

Melody—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 ten-inch hard-on,  
From beating my meat against the seat,  
Of a bicycle built for two.

155. DEAD WHORE (Two versions)

Melody—My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Second version by Dennis "Mu-Sick" Gill, Ft Walton Beach H3, Florida

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside,  
I knew right away she was dead,  
The skin was all gone from her tummy,  
The hair was all gone from her head.

Chorus: Dead whore, dead whore,  
I knew right away she was dead, was dead.  
Dead whore, dead whore,  
I knew right away she was dead.

And as I lay down there beside her,  
I knew right away I had sinned,  
So I put my lips to her sweet pussy,  
And sucked out the load I shot in.

Chorus: Sucked out, sucked out,  
I sucked out the load I shot in, shot in,  
Sucked out, sucked out,  
I sucked out the load I shot in.

---

I passed a dead whore on the roadside,  
I knew right away she was dead.  
For the skin on her stomach was flaking,  
She hadn't a hair on her head, her head,  
She hadn't a hair on her head.

Chorus: Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my dead whore to me,  
Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my dead whore to me.

I first met my dead whore at Mitch's,  
With a horrible snail-sucking face.  
She'd roll them around on her tongue, oh,  
And barf them back up in your face, your face,

And barf them back up in your face.  
My dead whore looked into a gas tank,  
The contents of it for to see.  
I lit a match to assist her,  
Oh bring back my dead whore to me, to me,  
Oh bring back my dead whore to me.

While nibbling my dead whore's festered nipples,  
A horrible thing to discuss,  
I thought it was milk I was sucking,  
But no, it was only green pus, green pus,  
But no, it was only green pus.

My dead whore's vagina was swelling,  
A condition I thought would soon pass,  
I stuck in my prick to explore it,  
And she farted green gas from her ass, her ass,  
She farted green gas from her ass.

I thought of a way of preserving,  
My dead whore for posterity.  
I'd dry her like a piece of beef jerky,  
With a leathery twat just for me, for me,  
With a leathery twat just for me.

I French-kissed my dead whore, named Merly,  
I liked how she wiggled her tongue.  
But after an evening of kissing,  
I realized it was maggots from her lung, her lung,  
I realized it was maggots from her lung.

Once, upon thinking it over,  
I realized my terrible sin.  
So I stuck my lips to her sweet pussy,  
And sucked out the load I shot in, shot in,  
And sucked out the load I shot in.

But before I could extract that jism,  
My dead whore was pregnant, and more.  
Inside the maternity morgue,  
She gave birth to a dead baby whore, baby whore,  
She gave birth to a dead baby whore.

(To the tune of Born Free)  
Born dead, your baby was born dead.  
Three fingers and no head.  
Born dead to live in a jar.  
Stay dead, don't come back to haunt me;  
You really don't want me.  
Born dead to live in a jar.

156. DINAH

Melody—Itself

(Take turns leading verses)

Chorus: Dinah, Dinah, show us your leg,

Show us your leg, show us your leg,

Dinah, Dinah, show us your leg,

A yard above your knee.

I wish I were the diamond ring,

On Dinah's dainty hand,

Then, every time she wiped her ass,

I'd see the promised LAND, LAND, LAND!

The rich girl rides a limousine,

The poor girl rides a truck,

But the only ride that Dinah has,

Is when she has a RIGHT GOOD FUCK!

The rich girl uses a sanitary towel,

The poor girl uses a sheet,

But Dinah uses nothing at all,

Leaves a trail along the STREET, STREET, STREET!



The rich girl wears a ring of gold,  
The poor girl one of brass,  
But the only ring that Dinah wears,  
Is the one around her ASS, ASS, ASS!

The rich girl wears a brassiere,  
The poor girl uses string,  
But Dinah uses nothing at all,  
She lets the bastards SWING, SWING, SWING!

The rich girl uses Vaseline,  
The poor girl uses lard,  
But Dinah uses axle grease,  
Because her cunt's so HARD, HARD, HARD!

The rich girl works in factories,  
The poor girl works in stores,  
But Dinah works in a honky-tonk,  
With forty other WHORES, WHORES, WHORES!

#### 157. THE DYING HARLOT (Three versions)

Melody—My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Oh, a strapping young harlot lay dying,  
A pisspot supporting her head,

And all the young bludgers were 'round her,  
As she leaned on her left tit and said,  
"I've been stuffed by the Dutchies and Negroes,  
I've been stuffed by the Spaniards so tall,  
I've been stuffed by the English and Irish,  
In fact, I've been fucked by them all.  
So wrap me in foreskins and Frenchies,  
And bury me deep down below,  
Where all those young bludgers can't catch me,  
The place where all good harlots go."

---

A dirty old harlot lay dying,  
A pisspot supporting her head,  
All around her the bludgers were crying,  
As she leant on her left tit and said,  
"I've been fucked by the French and the English,  
The Germans, the Japs, and the Jews,  
And now I've come back to Australia,  
To be buggered by bastards like you,  
So haul back your filthy old foreskins,  
And give me the pride of your nuts."  
So they hauled back their filthy old foreskins,  
And played Home Sweet Home on her guts.

---

The dirty old harlot lay dying,  
A cunt-rag supported her head,  
The blowflies around her were buzzing,  
As she turned on her left tit and said,  
"I've been fucked by the army and navy,  
By a bull-fighting toreador,  
By Abos and dingoes and dagos,  
But never by blowflies before."

158. FUCKIN' HELL SHE'S UGLY

Melody—All I Want is a Room Somewhere

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4

All I want is a whore somewhere,  
Great big labia, no pubic hair,  
Open mouth with no teeth there,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

Great big tits that hang so slack,  
One is yellow and the other black,  
Oh boy, have you seen her crack?  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She's got stretch marks on her guts,

Just like all the other sluts,  
An abortion mark that opens and shuts,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

Took her home to meet me mum,  
Dad saw her and nearly cum,  
"Son," he said, "have you seen her bum?"  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She's hunch backed with a broken nose,  
Got one club foot with an ingrown toe,  
Her menstrual flow comes out of her nose,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She's got acne you wouldn't believe,  
Broken teeth and breath like cheese,  
Her pubic hair is alive with fleas,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She wears a wig 'cause she's got no hair,  
The shit do cling to her underwear,  
I should know 'cause I've been there,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She buys her clothes in Pasar Baru,

To keep them on she uses glue,  
When I take her out my mates all spew,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.  
Her wooden leg is far too short,  
Her one glass eye's got a list to port,  
I've shagged her mum, she's such a sport,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

I met her when she was thrity-five,  
I looked into those criss-crossed eyes,  
It was hard to tell if she was dead or alive,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She said, "Grab me by my private parts,"  
As I did she blew out a fart,  
Followed with a grunt from within her cunt,  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

She said, "Grab me again while the feelin' lasts,  
Then you can poke me up the ass."  
I said, "No, I think I'll pass."  
Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

Now she's dead and there ain't no more,  
I fucked to death that rotten whore,  
My balls are red and my dick's so sore,

Oh fuckin' hell, she's ugerly, ugerly.

#### 159. THE GIRL FROM BALTIMORE

Melody—???

Oh she went to the church just to pray for the people,  
But the funk of her cunt knocked the cross off the steeple.

Chorus: She's a dirty motherfucker,  
She's a rotten whore,  
She's the girl from Baltimore.

What did the drunk say?

(Clutch ass and tits):

Bum titty-bum titty-bum titty-bum,  
Titty-bum titty-bum titty-bum titty-bum.

Oh she went to the well just to make a wish,  
But the . . . knocked off all the fish.

Oh she went for a ride on her motorcycle,  
But the . . . knocked the chain off the cycle.

She visited Jakarta on a medical trip,  
But the . . . just continued to drip.

She laid a Wednesday run just for a caper,  
Using the . . . instead of using paper.

She laid it round a . . . late one afternoon,  
But the . . . knocked the star off the moon.

She took a short cut just to get back quicker,  
But the . . . made the shiggy thicker.

She led them down a cliff just to test their reaction,  
But the . . . made them lose all their traction.  
They made her sing a song at the end of the day,  
But the . . . made the circle go away.

At last she was a leaver and we gave her a mug,  
But the . . . was enough to fill her jug.

#### 160. THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM

Melody—London Bridge is Falling Down

In days of old there lived a maid,  
She was mistress of her trade,  
A prostitute of high repute,  
The harlot of Jerusalem.

Chorus: Hi, ho, Cathusalem,  
Cathusalem, Cathusalem,  
Hi, ho, Cathusalem,  
The harlot of Jerusalem.

And though she fucked for many a year,  
Of pregnancy she had no fear,  
She washed her passage out with beer,  
The best in all Jerusalem.

Now in a hovel by the wall,  
A student lived with but one ball,  
Who'd been through all, or nearly all,  
The harlots of Jerusalem.

His phallic art was lean and tall,  
His phallic art caused all to fall,  
And victims lined the wailing wall,  
That goes around Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree,  
With customary whore-lust he,  
Made up his mind to call and see,  
The harlot of Jerusalem.



It was for her no fortune good,  
That he should need to root his pud,  
And choose her out of all the brood,  
Of harlots of Jerusalem.

For though he paid his women well,  
This syphilitic spawn of hell,  
Struck down each year and tolled the bell,  
For ten harlots of Jerusalem.

Forth from the town he took the slut,  
For 'twas his whim always to rut,  
By the Salvation Army hut,  
Outside of Old Jerusalem.

With artful eye and leering look,  
He took out from its filthy nook,  
His penis twisted like a crook,  
The Pride of Old Jerusalem.

He leaned the whore against the slum,  
And tied her at the knee and bum,  
Knowing where the strain would come,  
Upon the fair Cathusalem.

He seized the harlot by the bum,  
And rattling like a Lewis gun,  
He sowed the seed of many a son,  
Into the fair Cathusalem.

It was a sight to make you sick,  
To hear him grunt so fast and quick,  
While rending with his crooked prick,  
The womb of fair Cathusalem.

Then up there came an Onanite,  
With warty prick besmeared with shite,  
He'd sworn that he would goal that night,  
The harlot of Jerusalem.

He loathed the art of copulation,  
For his delight was masturbation,  
And with a spurt of cruel elation,  
He saw the whore Cathusalem.

So when he saw the grunting pair,  
With roars of rage he rent the air,  
And vowed that he would soon take care,  
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.

Upon the earth he found a stick,  
To which he fastened half a brick,  
And took a swipe at the mighty prick,  
Of the student of Jerusalem.

He seized the bastard by the crook,  
With a burning furious look,  
And flung him over Kedrun's Brook,  
That babbles past Jerusalem.

The student gave a furious roar,  
And rushed to even up the score,  
And with his swollen prick did bore,  
The cunt of fair Cathusalem.

And reeling full of rage and fight,  
He pushed the bastard Onanite,  
And rubbed his face in Cathy's shite,  
The foulest in Jerusalem.

Cathusalem she knew her part,  
She closed her cunt and blew a fart,  
That sent him flying like a dart,  
Right over Old Jerusalem.

And buzzing like a bumble bee,  
He flew straight out towards the sea,  
But caught his arsehole in a tree,  
That grows in Old Jerusalem.

And to this day you still can see,  
His arsehole hanging from that tree,  
Let that to you a warning be,  
When passing through Jerusalem.

And when the moon is bright and red,  
A castrated form sails overhead,  
Still raining curses on the head,  
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.

As for the student and his lass,  
Many a playful night did pass,  
Until she joined the VD class,  
For harlots of Jerusalem.

161. LADY HARDONNA

Melody—Lady Madonna

Attributed to the Austin H3

Lady Hardonna, men at your feet,

Wonder how you manage to beat their meat.  
You find the money, when you need to pay the rent,  
You know that money isn't heaven sent.  
Friday's guy arrives without a suitcase,  
Sunday's Hasher creeps in like a bum,  
Monday's guy likes to be tied with his boot lace,  
See how they'll come.

Lady Hardonna, Hasher at your breast,  
Wonder how you manage to please the rest?  
Lady Hardonna, lying on the bed,  
No worry about losing your maidenhead.  
Tuesday's love is never ending,  
Wednesday morning milkman didn't come,  
Thursday night your diaphragm needed mending,  
See how they'll come.

Lady Hardonna, Hashers at your feet,  
Wonder how you manage to beat their meat?

162. LULU

Melody—Good Night, Ladies

Chorus: Bang, bang, Lulu,  
Lulu's gone away,

Who's gonna bang bang,  
When Lulu's gone away?

Some girls work in factories,  
Some girls work in stores,  
But Lulu works in a honky tonk,  
With forty other whores.

Lulu had a baby,  
It was an awful shock,  
She couldn't call it Lulu,  
'Cause the bastard had a cock.

I took her to the pictures,  
We sat down in the stalls,  
And every time the lights went out,  
She'd grab me by the balls.

She and I went fishing,  
In a dainty punt,  
And every time she caught a sprat,  
She'd stuff it up her cunt.

I wish I were the silver ring,  
On Lulu's dainty hand,

Then every time she scratched her ass,  
I'd see the promised land.

I wish I were the chamber pot,  
Under Lulu's bed,  
Then every time she took a piss,  
I'd see her maidenhead.

Lulu had two boyfriends,  
Both were very rich,  
One was the son of a banker,  
The other a son-of-a-bitch.

Lulu had a boyfriend,  
His name was Tommy Tucker,  
He took her down the alley,  
To see if he could fuck her.

Lulu had a boyfriend,  
A funny little chap,  
Every time they had a bit,  
She'd get a dose of clap.

Lulu was a pretty girl,  
She had a lot of class,

Mini-skirts she'd wear a lot,  
To show off her pretty ass.

Lulu had a bicycle,  
The seat was very sharp,  
Every time she sat on it,  
It would slip right in her arse.

Lulu had a boyfriend,  
He was very fit,  
Working all day on the farm,  
His job was shoveling shit.

Lulu and a boyfriend,  
A stunted little runt,  
On day they went to have a bit,  
And he vanished up her cunt.

Lulu had a little lamb,  
She kept it in a bucket,  
Every time the lamb jumped out,  
The bulldog used to fuck it.

She and I went walking,  
We walked along the grass,



She slipped on a banana peel,  
And fell down on her arse.

Lulu made some porridge,  
It was very thick,  
Lulu wouldn't eat it,  
She'd smear it on my dick.

Lulu's motorcycle,  
It's seat was very blunt,  
Every time she jumped on it,  
It would stick her in the cunt.

#### 163. LUPÉ

Melody—Sweet Betsy From Pike

'Twas down in cunt valley where red rivers flow,  
Where cocksuckers flourish and maidenheads grow,  
'Twas there I met Lupé, the girl I adore,  
She's a hot fucking, cocksucking, Mexican whore.

Chorus: She'll fuck you, she'll suck you, she'll tickle your nuts,  
And if you're not happy, she'll suck out your guts,  
She'll wrap her legs round you till you want to die,  
But I'd rather eat Lupé than sweet cherry pie.

When Lupé was a young girl of just about eight,  
She'd swing to and fro on the back garden gate,  
The crossmember parted, the upright went in,  
And since then she's lived in a welter of sin.

Now Lupé is dead and she lays in her tomb,  
The worms crawl around in her decomposed womb,  
The smile on her face, well, it says "Give me more,  
I'm a hot fucking, cocksucking, Mexican whore."

#### 164. MADELINE SCHMIDT

Melody—Sweet Betsy From Pike

This song is also known as "Adelaine Schmidt." The second version, adapted for hashing, is from a Thailand hash songbook

There was a young maiden named Madeline Schmidt,  
Who went to the doctor 'cause she couldn't shit,  
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass,  
Up went the window and out went her ass!

Chorus: It was brown, brown, shit all around,  
It was brown, brown, shit all around,  
It was brown, brown, shit all around,  
And the whole world was covered in SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!

A handsome young copper was walking his beat,  
He just happened to be on that side of the street,  
He looked up so innocent, he looked up so shy,  
And a big wad of shit hit him right in HIS EYE!

He turned to the east and he turned to the west,  
Then a bloody great turd hit him right on the chest,  
He turned to the north, then he turned to the south,  
And another great turd hit him right in HIS MOUTH!

That handsome young copper he cursed and he swore,  
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore,  
And beneath London Bridge you can still see him sit,  
With a sign 'round his neck saying BLINDED BY SHIT!

---

Two fast moving Hashers came running along,  
Throwing flour and paper and singing their song,  
Singing, Hi-Diddle-Diddle, and flogging their donges,  
The hares were trail-setting, the pack wouldn't be long.

The hares found the copper alone by the pit,  
Threw flour in the holes where his eyes used to fit,  
The hares led the pack by a block and a bit,

Said, "We'll lead the damn pack through these puddles of SHIT!"

The hares led the pack to the edge of the pit,  
They slipped and they slid in the puddles of shit,  
They fell in the shiggy, right up to their tails,  
Ere they sank out of sight, they marked it TRUE TRAIL!

The pack followed bravely, the pack followed true,  
They followed the hares into that vile brew,  
They followed true trail right into the pit,  
Soon the whole pack of Hashers was drowning in SHIT!

This tale has a lesson if you think a bit,  
Don't follow true trail right into the pit,  
Remember that hares can be damn bloody fools,  
And in Hashing, like loving, there's NO FUCKING RULES!

165. MARY

Melody—London Bridge is Falling Down?

Mary in the kitchen punching duff, punching duff, punching duff,  
Mary in the kitchen punching duff,  
BULLSHIT!  
Mary in the kitchen punching duff,  
When the cheeks of her arse went chuff, chuff, chuff,

Shit all around the room, tra-la,

Shit all around the room.

Mary in the kitchen boiling rice, boiling rice, boiling rice,

Mary in the kitchen boiling rice,

BULLSHIT!

Mary in the kitchen boiling rice,

When out of her cunt jumped three blind mice,

Shit all around the room, tra-la,

Shit all around the room.

Mary in the kitchen shelling peas, shelling peas, shelling peas,

Mary in the kitchen shelling peas,

BULLSHIT!

Mary in the kitchen shelling peas,

The hairs of her cunt hung down to her knees,

Shit all around the room, tra-la,

Shit all around the room.

Mary in the garden sifting cinders, sifting cinders, sifting cinders,

Mary in the garden sifting cinders,

BULLSHIT!

Mary in the garden sifting cinders,

Blew one fart and broke ten windows,

Shit all around the room, tra-la,

Shit all around the room.

Mary had a dog whose name was Ben, name was Ben, name was Ben,

Mary had a dog whose name was Ben,

BULLSHIT!

Mary had a dog whose name was Ben,

Had one ball which worked like ten,

Shit all around the room, tra-la,

Shit all around the room.

Mary in the kitchen baking cakes, baking cakes, baking cakes,

Mary in the kitchen baking cakes,

BULLSHIT!

Mary in the kitchen baking cakes,

When out of the tits came two mild shakes,

Shit all around the room, tra-la,

Shit all around the room.

#### 166. MARY ANNE BURNS

Melody—Itself

Mary Anne Burns is the queen of all the acrobats,

She can do tricks that'll give a guy the shits,

She can shoot green peas from her fundamental orifice,

Do a somersault and catch'em on her tits.

She's a great big son-of-a-bitch,

Twice as big as me,  
Got hair on her ass like the  
branches on a tree,  
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck,  
Fly an airplane, drive a truck,  
Mary Anne Burns is the girl for me.

167. MARY ANN McCARTHY

Melody—Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams,  
Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams,  
Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams,  
But she didn't get one son of a bitchin' clam.  
All she got was oysters,  
All she got was oysters,  
All she got was oysters,  
And she never got one son of a bitchin' clam.

She dug up all the mud there was in San Francisco Bay,  
She dug up all the mud there was in San Francisco Bay,  
She dug up all the mud there was in San Francisco Bay,  
And all she ever got was crabs.  
All she ever got was crabs,  
All she ever got was crabs,

All she ever got was crabs,  
And she never got one son of a bitchin' clam.

She waded in the water till her ass it dug the sand,  
She waded in the water till her ass it dug the sand,  
She waded in the water till her ass it dug the sand,  
But all she ever got was piles.

All she ever got was piles,  
All she ever got was piles,  
All she ever got was piles,  
And she never got one son of a bitchin' clam.

She went to every party that the Army ever gave,  
She went to every party that the Army ever gave,  
She went to every party that the Army ever gave,  
But all she ever got was clap,  
All she ever got was clap,  
All she ever got was clap,  
All she ever got was clap,  
And she never got one son of a bitchin' clam.

#### 168. MAYOR OF BAYSWATER'S DAUGHTER

Melody—The Ash Grove

\*Variations\* contributed by Flying Booger and ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4



(Take turns leading verses)

The Mayor of Bayswater,  
He has a lovely daughter,  
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doe,  
Hang down to her knees.

Leader: And the hairs,

Pack: And the hairs,

Leader: And the hairs,

Pack: And the hairs,

Leader: And the hairs,

Pack: On her dicky-di-doe,

Hang down to her knees.

One black one, one white one,

\*And one with a bit of shite on,\*

And the hairs on her dicky-di-doe,

Hang down to her knees.

\*Variations\*

And one forty pound strength one

And one I caught a trout on

And one I found on a bar of soap

And one that blocked the storm drain

And one she used as dental floss

And one she uses for macramé

And one dripping in olive oil

And one she towed my car with

And one that smelt of clitty litter

And one to start the lawn mower with

And one covered in algae

And one I start my mower with

And one I broke a tooth on

And one I found in my mug of beer

And one the crabs are stuck on

etc...

I've smelt it, I've felt it,

It's just like a bit of velvet.

I could not believe my eyes,

When I peered down between her thighs.

If she were my daughter,

I'd have her cut them shorter.

I've seen it, I've seen it,

I've lain right in between it.

I stroked 'em and poked 'em,

I rolled 'em and smoked 'em.

You'd need a coal miner,  
To find her vagina.

She lives on the mountain,  
and pees like a bloody fountain.

She stayed on a cattle ranch,  
And came like a bloody avalanche.

She says she is not a whore,  
But she bangs like a shithouse door.

She lives on malted milkshake,  
And roots like a bloody rattlesnake.

She married an Italian,  
With balls like a fucking stallion.

She divorced the Italian,  
And married the stallion.

She married a Spaniard,  
With a prick like a bloody lanyard.

She divorced the Spaniard,  
And ran off with the bloody lanyard.

She went with a Hash House Harrier,  
Who fucked her but wouldn't marry her.

She slept with a demon,  
Who drowned her with semen.  
Her cat's name is Boris,  
And it plays with her clitoris.

The aroma it lingers,  
It smells like fish fingers.

She sat on the waterfront,  
With the waves lapping up and down her cunt.

I've licked it and kissed it,  
It tastes like a chocolate biscuit.

You can drive a Morris Minor,  
Right up her vagina.

It was always hit-or-miss,  
Whether I could find her clitoris.

She went to Arabia,  
And got camel drool on her labia.

She stayed in Seattle,  
And went down on cattle.

The light is so glitorous,  
When it shines off her clitoris.

Her vagina was squishy,  
And smelled a bit fishy . . . (ad infinitum)

169. M-O-T-H-E-R

Melody—M-O-T-H-E-R

M is for the many things she gave me,  
O is only that she's growing old (she's growing old),  
T is for the tears she shed to save me (save me),  
H is for her heart as pure as gold (as pure as gold),  
E is for her eyes with lovelight shining (shining),  
R is right and right she'll always be (she'll always be),  
Put them all together, they spell MOTHER,  
The one who means the world to me,  
I don't mean maybe,

The one who means the world to me (the world to me).

F is for his farts that used to linger,

A is for his arse all racked with piles (all racked with piles),

T is for the turds he shed by finger (finger),

H is for his hole all wreathed in smiles (all wreathed in smiles),

E is for the eggs he used to dine on (dine on),

R is rotten and rotten they'd always be (they'd always be),

Put them all together, they spell FATHER,

The one who fouls the air for me,

I don't mean maybe,

The one who fouls the air for me (the air for me).

M is for the many times you made me,

O is for the other times you tried (the times you tried),

T is for those torturous long lost weekends (weekends),

H is for the hell that's in your eyes (that's in your eyes),

E is for your ever-lasting passion (passion),

R is for the ruin you made of me (you made of me),

Put them all together, they spell MOTHER,

And that is what I think I'm going to be,

I don't mean maybe,

And that is what I think I'm going to be (I'm going to be).

170. MRS. PUGGY-WUGGY

Melody—???

Mrs. Puggy-Wuggy has a square cut punt,  
Not a punt cut square,  
Just a square cut punt.  
It's round in the stern and blunt in the front,  
Mrs. Puggy-Wuggy has a square cut punt.

#### 171. MY GIRL'S A VEGETABLE

Melody—My Girl's a Corker, She's a New Yorker

My girl's a vegetable,  
She lives in a hospital . . .

Chorus: I'd do most anything,  
To keep her alive.

She has no arms or legs,  
She looks like a pony keg . . .

She's got a new TV,  
They call it an EKG . . .

Her EKG it does not rise,  
But she still spreads her thighs . . .

My girl has long blond hair,  
It's in patches here and there . . .

She can't get out of bed,  
Still, she can give me head . . .

She's got no arms or legs,  
She's got two wooden pegs . . .

I'm always guaranteed a blow,  
Because she can't say no . . .

She has no feet or hands,  
Her head's connected with rubber bands . . .

She might not live the night,  
That means that she won't fight . . .

My girl lives in an iron lung,  
But she can still give real good tongue . . .

My girl has leprosy,  
Parts are always sticking to me . . .  
My girl had a tracheotomy,



So she can breathe while she's blowing me . . .

172. MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

Melody—Itself

One night in gay Par-ee,

I paid five francs to see

A big fat French lady,

Tattooed from head to knee.

And on her jaw was a British man-of-war,

And on her back was a Union Jack,

So I paid five francs more,

And running up and down her spine

Was the Bangkok Hash in line,

And on her lily-white bum

Was a picture of the rising sun,

And on her fanny

Was Al Jolson singing Mammy,

How I loves her, how I loves her,

How I loves my mother-in-law.

I loves my mother-in-law,

She's nothing but a dirty old whore,

She nags me day and night,

And I can't do fuck-all right,

She's coming home today,  
But I hope she stays away,  
Now isn't it a pity,  
She's only one titty,  
And she's in the family way.  
Last night I greased the stairs,  
Put thumbtacks on the chairs,  
I hope she breaks her back,  
Because I do love wearing black.

She drinks all my brandy,  
And makes my dog feel randy,  
How I loves her, how I loves her,  
How I loves my mother-in-law.

#### 173. MY SISTER LILY

Melody—Do Ye Ken John Peel

Oh, my sister Lily is a whore in Picadilly,  
And my mother is another in the Strand.  
My father flogs his arsehole 'round the Elephant and Castle,  
We're the finest fucking family in the land.

There's a man deep in a dungeon,  
With his hand upon his truncheon,

And the shadow of his prick upon the wall.  
And the ladies as they pass,  
Stick their hatpins up his arse,  
And the little mice play billiards with his balls.

There's a little green urinal,  
To the north of Waterloo,  
And another a little farther up.  
There's a member of our school,  
Playing tunes upon his tool,  
While the passers-by put pennies in his cup.

Have you met my Uncle Hector,  
He's a cock and ball inspector,  
At a celebrated public school.  
And my brother sells French letters,  
And a patent cure for wetters,  
We're not the best of families, ain't it cool.

#### 174. NANCY BROWN

Melody—???

Way out in West Virginia lived a gal named Nancy Brown,  
You ain't never seen such beauty in a city nor a town,  
Oh she lived up in the mountain,

Yes she lived up in the mountain,  
Oh she lived up in the mountain mighty high.  
And so it is related, not a bit contaminated,  
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

Now there came the local cowboy with his guitar and his song,  
He took Nancy to the mountain but she still knew right from wrong,  
She came rollin' down the mountain,  
She came rollin' down the mountain,  
She came rollin' down the mountain mighty fine.  
And despite that cowboy's urgin' she remained the village virgin,  
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

Then there came the village deacon with his phrases sweet and kind,  
He took Nancy to the mountain but she still could read his mind,  
She came rollin' down the mountain,  
She came rollin' down the mountain,  
She came rollin' down the mountain mighty fine.  
And they say that that there deacon didn't get what he was seekin',  
She was as pure as the West Virginia sky.

But there came the city slicker with his thousand dollar bills,  
He put Nancy in his Packard and drove up in them thar hills,  
Oh they stayed up on the mountain,  
She was laid upon the mountain,

Oh they stayed up on the mountain all that night.

She came down next mornin' early more a woman than a girl,

And her mother kicked the hussy out of sight.

Slow: Now the end of our ditty finds Nancy in the city,

And by all accounts she's doin' mighty swell,

For she's winin',

And she's dinin',

And she's on her back reclinin',

And those West Virginia skies can go to hell.

Normal tempo: But there came the big Depression, caught our slicker by the pants,

He had to sell his Packard and give up his little Nance,

So she went back to the mountain,

Yes she went back to the mountain,

Oh she went back to the mountain mighty sore.

Now the cowboy and the deacon get the thing that they were seekin',

For she's nothing but a West Virginia whore.

#### 175. NELLIE DARLING

Melody—I Wish I Were an Oscar-Meyer Wiener

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe, Nellie darling,

And the nipples on your tits are turning green,

There's a thousand flies buzzing 'round your pussy,

Oh, you're the dirtiest, ugliest, rottenest, fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,

When you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass,

There's enough wax in your ear to make a candle,

So why not make one, dear, and shove it up your a-a-a-ss.

176. NELLIE 'AWKINS

Melody—???

This appears to be several songs put together—symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11??The Durex verse is sung to "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend"

I first met Nellie 'awkins down the old Kent Road,

Her drawers were hanging down,

She'd just been with Charlie Brown.

I shoved a filthy tanner in her filthy rotten hand,

'Cause she was a dirty old whore,

Oh she wore no blouses,

And I wore no trousers,

And we both wore no underwear.

When she caressed me,

She damn near undressed me,

What a pleasure, no man knows.

I went to the doctor--he said,

"Where did you knock her?"

I said, "Down where the green grass grows."

He said, "In less than a twinkle,

That pimple on your winkle,

Will be bigger than a big red rose."

Chorus: Won't somebody make my rhubarb rise,

Dada dada da da,

Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise

To its natural size,

Market gardenin' size,

Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise

'Cause my baby don't love me,

My baby don't love me,

Oh my baby don't love me no more.

A poke with a bloke may be quite incidental,

Durex is a girl's best friend.

You may get the works,

But you won't be parental

As he slides it in,

You trust that good old latex skin,

As he lets fly, none gets by,

Cause it's all gathered up in the end.

This little precaution

Avoids an abortion,

Durex is a girl's best friend.

I caught a dose of pox a year ago,

I thought it was the clap and it would go.

But the more I waited, the worse it grew,

Now I've got galloping knob rot.

What can I do?

The other day I lost my starboard ball,

And now the other one's begun to fall,

I'm wasting away, I'll be sorry someday,

'Cause then I'll have no balls at all.

#### 177. ON TOP OF OLD SOPHIE

Melody—On Top of Old Smoky

On top of old Sophie,

All covered in sweat,

I've used fourteen rubbers,

But she hasn't come yet.

For fucking's a pleasure,

And farting's relief,

But a long-winded lover,

Will bring nothing but grief.

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 erection,

On a long-winded she.

For your root will just wither,

And your passion will die,

And she will forsake you,

And you'll never know why.

178. POOR LIL

Melody—???

Her name was Lil and she was a beauty,

She came from a house of ill repute,

But she drank too deep of the demon rum,

She smoked hashish and opium.

She was young and she was fair,

She had lovely golden hair,

Gentlemen came from miles to see

Lillian in her déshabillé.

Day by day her form grew thinner,  
From insufficient protein in her,  
She grew two hollows on her chest,  
Why, she had to go around completely dressed.

Now clothes may make a gal go far,  
But they have no place on a fille de joie,  
Lillian's troubles started when  
She concealed her abdomen.

She went to the house physician,  
To prescribe for her condition,  
"You have got," the doc did say,  
"Pernicious anem-i-a."

She took to treatments in the sun,  
She drank of Scott's Emul-si-on,  
Three times daily she took yeast,  
But still her clientele decreased.

For you must know her cliente-le,  
Rested chiefly on her belly,  
She rilled this thing like the deep Pacific,  
It was something calorific.

As Lillian lay in her dishonor,  
She felt the hand of the Lord upon her,  
She said, "Me sins I now repents,  
But Lord, that'll cost you fifty cents."

This is the story of Lillian,  
She was one girl in a million,  
And the moral to her story is,  
Whatever your line of business is, fitness wins!

#### 179. POOR LITTLE ANGELINE

Melody—Itself

She was sweet sixteen and the village queen,  
Pure and innocent was Angeline,  
A virgin still, never known a thrill,  
Poor little Angeline.

At the village fair, the Squire was there,  
Masturbating in the middle of the square,  
When he chanced to see the dainty knee,  
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the village squire had a low desire,  
To be the biggest bastard in the whole damn shire,

He had set his heart on the vital part,  
Of poor little Angeline.

As she lifted her skirt to avoid the dirt,  
She slipped in the puddle of the squire's last squirt,  
And his knob grew raw at the sight he saw,  
Of poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat and said, "Miss, your cat,  
Has been run over and is squashed quite flat,  
But my car is in the square and I'll take you there,  
Oh dear little Angeline."

Now the filthy old turd should have got the bird,  
Instead she followed him without a word,  
And as they drove away, you could hear them say,  
Poor little Angeline.

They had not gone far when he stopped his car,  
And took little Angeline into a bar,  
Where he filled her with gin, just to make her sin,  
Poor little Angeline.

When he'd oiled her well, her took her to a dell,  
And there he gave her merry hell,

And he tried his luck with a low-down fuck,  
On poor little Angeline.

With a cry of "Rape," he raised his cape,  
Poor little Angeline had no escape,  
Now it's time someone came to save the name,  
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the village blacksmith was brave and bold,  
And he'd loved little Angeline for years untold,  
And he vowed he'd be true, whatever she'd do,  
To poor little Angeline.

But sad to say, that very same day,  
The blacksmith had gone to jail to stay,  
For coming in his pants at the local dance,  
With poor little Angeline.

Now the window of his cell overlooked the dell,  
Where the squire was giving poor Angeline hell,  
As she lay on the grass he recognized the ass,  
Of poor little Angeline.

Now he got such a start that he let out a fart,  
Which blew the prison bars wide apart,

And he ran like shit lest the squire should split,  
His poor little Angeline.

When he got to that spot and saw what was what,  
He tied the villain's penis in a granny knot,  
As he lay on his guts he was kicked in the nuts,  
By poor little Angeline.

"Oh blacksmith true, I love you, I do,  
And I can tell by your trousers that you love me, too,  
Here I am undressed, come and do your best,"  
Cried poor little Angeline.

Now it won't take long to finish this song,  
For the blacksmith had a penis over one foot long,  
And his phallic charm was as brawny as his arm,  
Happy little Angeline.

#### 180. SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Melody—Itself

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

181. THE S & M GIRL

Melody—The Candy Man

A recent twist on S & M Man, origin unknown

Who takes jumper cables,  
Attaches 'em to her tits,  
Connects them to a Mack truck,  
And has orgasmic fits?  
It's the S&M girl.

Chorus: Oh, the S&M girl,  
The S&M girl because she mixes it with love,  
And makes the hurt feel good (the hurt feel good).

Who can jump a flagpole,  
Land right up on top,  
Wiggle down and squeeze so tight,  
The ball on top pops?  
It's the S&M girl.

Who can take a buzz saw,  
Hold it to her twat,  
Rev up the engine,  
And perpetually squat?

It's the S&M girl.

Who sleeps on barbed wire,  
Tossing left and right,  
Just to see how many stitches,  
She can earn each night?

It's the S&M girl.

Who can shave her body,  
Pubic parts and all,  
Swim around all day,  
In a pool of alcohol?

It's the S&M girl.

Who rubs down with honey,  
Just to have a chance,  
To lay out on the lawn,  
And be a picnic for the ants?

It's the S&M girl.

Who ties down her sweetie,  
Every single day,  
Covers him with rats,  
And lets the kitties in to play?

It's the S&M girl.



182. SEVEN OLD LADIES

Melody—Oh My, What Can the Matter Be?

Chorus: Oh dear, what can the matter be?

Seven old ladies locked in the lavat'ry,  
They were there from Sunday to Saturd'y,  
Nobody knew they were there.

They said they were going to have tea with the Vicar,  
They went in together, they thought it was quicker,  
But the lavat'ry door was a bit of a sticker,  
And the Vicar had tea all alone.

The first was the wife of a deacon in Dover,  
And thought she was known as a bit of a rover,  
She liked it so much she thought she'd stay over,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was old Mrs. Bickle,  
She found herself in a desperate pickle,  
Shut in a pay booth, she hadn't a nickel,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter,

She went in to pass some superfluous water,  
She pulled on the chain and the rising tide caught her,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Abigale Humphrey,  
Who settled inside to make herself comfy,  
And then she found out she could not get her bum free,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The next old lady was Elizabeth Spender,  
Who was doing all right till a vagrant suspender,  
Got all twisted up in her feminine gender,  
And nobody knew she was there.

The last was a lady named Jennifer Trim,  
She only sat down on a personal whim,  
But she somehow got pinched 'twixt the cup and the brim,  
And nobody knew she was there.

But another old lady was Mrs. McBligh,  
Went in with a bottle of booze on the sly,  
She jumped on the seat and fell in with a cry,  
And nobody knew she was there.

183. SHE'S A MOST IMMORAL LADY

Melody—Battle Hymn of the Republic

She wears her silk pajamas in the summer when it's hot,  
She wears her woolen nightie in the winter when it's not,  
But later in the springtime, and early in the fall,  
She jumps between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

Chorus: She's a most immoral lady,  
She's a most immoral lady,  
She's a most immoral lady,  
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,  
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,  
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,  
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.  
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch! (three times)  
Oh, Sir Jasper do not! (three times)  
Oh, Sir Jasper do! (three times)  
Oh, Sir Jasper! (three times)  
Oh, Sir! (three times)  
Oh! (three times)

184. SHORT SONG

Melody—Turkey in the Straw

Oh, the wiggle of her ass would make a dead man come,  
And the nipple on her tit is as big as my thumb,  
She's a mean motherfucker, she's a great cocksucker,  
She's my girl, she fucks!

185. SUCKANYA

Melody—Oh, Diana

I'm so young and you're so old,  
You've had a baby I've been told,  
I don't care what my friends say,  
I'll pay your bar fine any day,  
You and I shall never part,  
I'll give you five hundred baht,  
Oh please go down on me, Suckanya.

I bought you a house and brand new car,  
In the Rock Hard you're a star,  
You go out late every night,  
Come home at noon, oh, what a sight,  
In your heart I'll always stay,  
As long as I can pay, pay, pay,  
Oh please go down on me, Suckanya.

You gave me clap and you wear gold,  
My motorcycle you have sold,  
To pay my bills at Adam and Eve,  
The fruits of love are never free,  
All I ask is one more suck  
But you don't even give a fuck,  
Oh please go down on me, Suckanya.

Your Thai husband threw me out,  
Tell me what it's all about,  
Now you're into sniffing glue,  
Does this mean that we are through,  
I love you with all my heart,  
So don't cut off my private part,  
Oh please go down on me, Suckanya.

186. SWEET ANTOINETTE

Melody—Sweet Adeline

Sweet Antoinette,  
Your pants are wet.  
You say it's sweat.  
It's piss, I bet.  
In all my dreams,  
Your bare ass gleams.

You're the wrecker

Of my pecker,

Antoinette.

#### 187. WHEN LADY JANE BECAME A TART

Melody—Those in Peril on the Sea

It fairly broke the family's heart,

When Lady Jane became a tart,

But blood is blood and race is race,

And so to save the family face,

They bought her an expensive flat,

With "Welcome" written on the mat.

It was not long ere Lady Jane,

Brought her patrician charms to fame,

A clientele of sahibs pukka,

Who regularly came to fuck 'er,

And it was whispered without malice,

She had a client from the Palace.

No one could nestle in her charms,

Unless he wore ancestral arms,

No one to her could gain an entry,

Unless he were of the landed gentry,

And so before her sun had set,  
She'd worked her way through Debrett.

When Lady Anne became a whore,  
It grieved the family even more,  
But they felt they couldn't do the same,  
As they had done for Lady Jane,  
So they bought her an exclusive beat,  
On the shady side of Jermyn Street.

When Lord St. Clancy became a nancy,  
It did not please the family's fancy,  
And so in order to protect him,  
They did inscribe upon his rectum,  
"All commoners must now drive steerage,  
This fucking hole is reserved for peerage."

#### 188. THE WINNIPEG WHORE

Melody—Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking

My first trip up the Saginaw River,  
My first trip to the Canadian shore,  
There I met sweet Rosie O'Grady,  
Better known as the Winnipeg Whore.

"Come right in, I'm glad to see you,  
Slap your ass across my knee,  
We will have some fun together,  
Dollar and a half will be my fee."

Some were dancin', some were prancin',  
Some lay drunk on the barroom floor,  
But there I was in the northeast corner,  
Screwin' hell out of the Winnipeg Whore.

Then, in there walked some sons 'a' bitches,  
Must have been a score or more,  
Oughta seen me shit my britches,  
Slidin' my ass out the whorehouse door.

#### 189. YOU TAKE THE LEGS OFF BETTY GRABLE

Melody—Itself

You take the legs off Betty Grable,  
You take the hair from Myrna Loy,  
You take the tits off old Jane Russell,  
And the ass off a baby boy.  
You take the hands and face off some old clock,  
And brother, when you're through,  
The only thing that's missing is the



C-U-N-T,

And that, you sorry sack of shit, is

YOU-U-U!

## FAMOUS HARRIERS

190. AAHLAWETTA

(HARRIETTES' VERSION)

Melody—Alouette

(Male volunteer needed)

Chorus: Does he have the thinning hair?

Yes, he has the thinning hair,

Thinning hair, thinning hair,

Aah, Aah, Aah, Aah . . .

Wrinkled brow . . .

Roving eyes . . .

Crooked nose . . .

Lifeless tongue . . .

Double chin . . .

Hairy tits . . .

Big beer belly . . .

Big fat ass . . .

Tiny thing . . .

Rug-burned knees . . .

Smelly feet . . .

Now isn't he a very nice guy?

Yes, he is a very nice guy,

Nice-a guy,

Nice-a guy,

Aah, Aah, Aah, Aah . . .

Chorus

How I love his (repeat all above . . .)

#### 191. BALLS OF O'LEARY

Melody—Itself

The balls of O'Leary,

Are wrinkled and hairy,

They're stately and shapely,

Like the dome of Saint Paul's.

The women all muster,

To view that great cluster,

Oh, they stand and they stare,

At the bloody great pair,

Of O'Leary's balls.

## 192. BARNACLE BILL

Melody—Barnacle Bill the Sailor

Also known as "Bollocky Bill"

Who's that knocking at my door?

Who's that knocking at my door?

Who's that knocking at my door?

Cried the fair young maiden.

It's only me from across the sea,

Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Why are you knocking at my door?

'Cos I'm young enough and ready and rough.

You can sleep upon the floor.

Oh get off the floor, you dirty old whore.

You can sleep upon the mat.

Oh bugger the mat, you can't fuck that.

You can sleep on the stairs.

Oh bugger the stairs they ain't got hairs.

You can sleep between my tits.

Oh bugger your tits, they give me the shits.

You can sleep between my thighs.

Oh bugger your thighs, they're covered with flies.

You can sleep within my cunt.

Oh bugger your cunt, but I'll fuck for a stunt.

What will we do when the baby's born?

Oh we'll drown the bugger and fuck for another.

### 193. THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

Melody—The Irish Washerwoman

Oh, the minstrels sing of an English King,

Of many long years ago,

He ruled his land with an iron hand,

Though his mind was weak and slow.

He loved to hunt the royal stag,

Around the royal wood,

But better by far he loved to sit,

And pound the royal pud.

Chorus: He was lousy and dirty and covered in fleas,  
The hair on his balls hung down to his knees,  
God bless the bastard King of England.

Now the Queen of Spain was an amorous Jane,  
And a sprightly wench was she,  
She longed to fool with the royal tool,  
From far across the sea.  
So she sent a royal message,  
With a royal messenger,  
To invite the King of England down,  
To spend the night with her.  
Now Ol' Philip of France he heard by chance,  
Within his royal court,  
And he swore, "She loves my rival best,  
Because my tool is short.  
I'll give the Queen a dose of clap,  
To pass it on to the bastard King of England."

When news of this foul deed was heard,  
Within the royal halls,  
The King he swore by the royal whore,  
He'd have the Frenchman's balls,

He offered half the royal purse,  
And a piece of Queen Hortense,  
To any British subject,  
Who would do the King of France.

So the noble duke of Middlesex,  
He took himself to France,  
He swore he was a fairy,  
So the King let drop his pants,  
Then on Philip's dong he slipped a thong,  
Leaped on his horse and galloped along,  
Dragging the Frenchman back to merry old England.

When they returned to London town,  
Within fair England's shores,  
Because of the ride King Philip's pride,  
Was stretched a yard or more,  
And all the whores in silken drawers,  
Came down to London town,  
And shouted round the battlements,  
"To hell with the British crown."

And Philip alone usurped the throne,  
His scepter was his royal bone,  
With which he ditched the bastard King of England.

Rule, Britannia, marmalade and jam,  
Five Chinese crackers up your asshole,  
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang.

#### 194. CHRISTOPHER ROBIN

Melody—Christopher Robin

Little boy kneels at the foot of the stairs,  
Clutched in his hands is a tuft of white hairs,  
Oh, my, just fancy that,  
Christopher Robin castrated the cat.  
Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed,  
Lily-white hands are caressing his head,  
Oh, my, couldn't be worse,  
Christopher Robin is fucking his nurse.

Little boy sits on the lavatory pan,  
Gently caressing his little old man,  
Flip flop, into the tank,  
Christopher Robin is having a yank.

#### 195. CLINTON'S QUEEN BERETS

Melody—Ballad of the Green Berets

Reported to be written by White House H3

Falling fairies from the sky,  
I broke a nail, Oh I could cry.  
Don't you like how my tush sways?  
We are the fags of the Queen Berets.

Bill Clinton's words upon my ears,  
"You gays have rights, be proud my dears."  
I once was scared, now I'm okay,  
Cause I'm a fag in the Queen Berets.

Put silver ear clips on my nuts,  
I love pain, now spank my butt.  
The way you walk is awfully cute,  
I sure would like to pack your chute!

This Army stuff is really slick,  
Free meals and clothes and lots of dicks.  
When I retire, I still get paid,  
We thank you, Bill, from the Queen Berets.

#### 196. COLUMBO, or THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

Melody—Columbus Sailed the Ocean Blue

Note: I'm convinced that Colombo and The Good Ship Venus were originally one song, which is why they're combined here. Historical revisionism? So sue me . . . FB

An ancient song concerning the voyage of Christopher Columbus, sung in six parts.



## Part the First

In which it is explained how this voyage came about and how the Queen of Spain tearfully bade goodbye; Columbo's parting words to the Queen

In Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Two,

A schoolboy from I-taly,

Walked the streets of ancient Rome,

And jacked off in the alley.

Chorus: He knew the world was round, oh,

He knew it could be found, oh,

That mathematical, geographical,

Son of a bitch, Columbo.

Colombo went to the Queen of Spain,

And asked for ships and cargo,

He said he'd kiss the royal ass,

If he didn't bring back Chicago.

Now three slick ships set out to sea,

Each one a double-decker,

The queen she waved her handkerchief,

Colombo waved his pecker.

## Part the Second

In which we learn more about the brave explorer

The sailors on Columbo's ship,  
Had each his private knothole,  
But Columbo was a superman,  
And used a padded porthole.

Colombo came upon the deck,  
His cock was like a flagpole,  
He grabbed the bo'sun by the neck,  
And shoved it up his asshole.

Columbo had a one-eyed cat,  
He kept it in the cabin,  
He rubbed its ass with axle grease,  
And started in a-jabbin'.

His cabin boy was Kipper,  
A dirty little nipper,  
They stuffed his ass with broken glass,  
And circumcised the skipper.

Columbo had a first mate,  
He loved him like a brother,  
Every night in the pale moonlight  
They buggered one another.

### Part the Third

In which we are introduced to the Venus and its crew; and learn of some singular accomplishments

Aboard the good ship Venus,  
By God, you should have seen us,  
The figurehead, a whore in bed,  
The mast, a throbbing penis.

Chorus: There was friggin' in the riggin',  
Wankin' on the plankin',  
Masturbatin' on the gratin',  
There was fuck all else to do.

The first mate's name was Paul,  
He only had one ball,  
But with that cracker he rolled terbaccer  
Around the cabin wall.

The second mate's name was Andy,  
His dick was long and bandy,  
They filled his ass with molten brass  
For pissing in the brandy.

The third mate's name was Morgan,

He was a grisly Gorgon,  
Three times a day he strummed away  
Upon his sexual organ.

The cox'n's name was Slugger,  
He was a dirty bugger,  
He wasn't fit to shovel shit  
On any bugger's lugger.

A cook whose name was Freeman,  
He was a dirty demon,  
He fed the crew on menstrual stew  
And hymens fried in semen.

Another cook was O'Malley,  
He didn't dilly-dally,  
He shot his bolt with such a jolt  
He whitewashed half the galley.

The bosun's name was Lester,  
He was a hymen tester,  
Through hymens thick he shoved his dick  
And left it there to fester.

The engineer was McTavish,

And young girls he did ravish,  
His missing prick's in Istanbul,  
He was a little lavish.

The engineer's mate was Carter,  
By God, he was a farter,  
When the wind wouldn't blow and the ship wouldn't go,  
We'd get Carter the farter to start 'er.

A homo was the purser,  
He couldn't have been worser,  
With all the crew he had a screw,  
Until they yelled, "Oh no, sir!"

Another one was Cropper,  
Oh Christ, he had a whopper,  
Twice round the deck, once round his neck,  
And up his bum for a stopper.

The ship's dog's name was Rover,  
The whole crew did him over,  
They ground and ground the wretched hound  
From Lisbon to the Indies.

Part the Fourth

Concerning what the sailors did for recreation and how it came that Columbo's daughters were lost at sea and what became of them

Twass on the broad Atlantic,  
Where the water's almost static,  
The rise and fall of cock and balls  
Was almost automatic.

The captain's wife was Mabel,  
And whenever she was able,  
She gave the crew its daily screw  
Upon the galley table.

The skipper's daughter Mabel,  
They fucked when they were able.  
They tacked those tits, the dirty shits,  
Right to the galley table.

The skipper's other daughter,  
They tossed into the water.  
Delighted squeals came as the eels  
Entered her sexual quarter.

#### Part the Fifth

In which the New World is at last discovered, and how the sailors expressed their joy at finding civilization

For forty days and forty nights,  
They sailed the broad Atlantic.  
Columbo and his scurvy crew,  
For want of a piece were frantic.

They spied a whore upon the shore,  
And off came shirts and collars,  
In twenty minutes by the clock,  
She'd made ten thousand dollars.

With a joyful shout they ran about,  
And practiced fornication,  
When they sailed they left behind,  
Ten times the population.

The ladies of the nation,  
Arose in indignation,  
They stuffed their bums with chewing gum,  
A smart retaliation.

And when his men pulled out again,  
To take their homeward trip up,  
They'd caught the pox from every box,  
And syphilized all Europe.

## Part the Sixth

In which Columbo at last returns to Spain, and how he delivers his plunder to the Queen, and his reward

Columbo went in haste to the Queen,

Because it was his duty,

He gave to her a dose of clap,

He had no other booty.

So she threw him in a stinking jail,

And left him there to grumble,

A ball and chain tied to his balls,

So ended poor Columbo.

So now we end this serial,

Through sheer lack of material,

I wish you luck and freedom from

Diseases venereal.

## 197. DRUNKEN SAILOR

Melody—Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,



What shall we do with the drunken sailor,  
Earlye in the morning?

Chorus: Way, hey, and up she rises,  
Way, hey, and up she rises,  
Way, hey, and up she rises,  
Earlye in the morning.

Put him to bed with the captain's daughter (three times) . . .  
Earlye in the morning.

Hang him by the balls in a running bowline  
Earlye in the morning.

Shave his crotch with a rusty razor  
Earlye in the morning.

Shove a hosepipe up his arsehole  
Earlye in the morning.

Tie his prick in a double half-hitch  
Earlye in the morning.

That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor  
Earlye in the morning.

198. FIREMAN'S SONG

Melody—Itself

Clang, clang, clang,

And the goddamn fire went out.

Oh for the life of a fireman,

To ride on a fire engine red,

To say to a team of white horses,

"Give me head, give me head, give me head!"

My father is a fireman,

He puts out fires.

My brother is a fireman,

He puts out fires.

My sister Sal is a fireman's gal,

She puts out, too.

199. THE FRIAR OF GREAT RENOWN

Melody—Itself

There was a friar of great renown,

There was a friar of great renown,

There was a friar of great renown,

And then he fucked the girl from out of town,  
Fucked the girl from out of town.

Chorus (spoken):

Ha, ha, ha,

Ho, ho, ho.

Horse shit.

That dirty old son of a bitch,

That rotten old cocksucker.

Fuck him.

He laid her on a downy bed,

He laid her on a downy bed,

He laid her on a downy bed,

And busted in her maidenhead.

He shoved it in until she died,

He shoved it in until she died,

He shoved it in until she died,

And then he fucked the other side.

He took her to the burial ground,

He took her to the burial ground,

He took her to the burial ground,

He thought he'd go another round.

The friar cried from grief and shame,  
The friar cried from grief and shame,  
The friar cried from grief and shame,  
So he fucked her back to life again.

## 200. FUCK THE GIANT PENIS

Melody—Puff the Magic Dragon

Once a pure white virgin lived by the sea,  
She frolicked o'er pastoral fields, her name Virginitude,  
A sweet young lass of just sixteen, a rosebud ripe and firm,  
She wandered o'er the verdant hills, not knowing of the sperm.

Well, Fuck the giant penis lived not far away,  
His cock was damn near two feet long; he poked one twice a day,  
He was an Ivy Leaguer with vest and pinstriped suit,  
He drove a roadster XKE, the sexed-up extrovert.

One day while he was reaming around the rural strips,  
He spied her picking flowers there—that lass with swinging hips,  
He jumped out of the driver's seat and grabbed her by the ass,  
He tore off all her clothing, and laid her in the grass.

Her maidenhead was busted, the ground ran bloodyred,

He poked her till the twilight came, then took her home to bed,  
He poked her till the sun rose, she begged for more and more,  
He turned that pure virginity into a God damned whore.

## 201. THE GAY CABALLERO

Melody—The Gay Caballero

Oh, I am a gay caballero,  
Going from Rio de Janeiro,  
With an exceedingly long latraballee,  
And two fine latraballeros.

I went down to Tijuana,  
Exceedingly fine Tijuana,  
With my exceedingly long latraballee,  
And my two fine latraballeros.

I met a gay senorita,  
Exceedingly gay senorita,  
She wanted to play with my latraballee,  
And with one of my latraballeros.

Oh, now I've got the clapito,  
Exceedingly painful clapito,  
Right on the end of my latraballee,

And on one of my latraballeros.

I went to see a medico,

Exceedingly fine medico,

He looked at the end of my latraballee,

And at one of my latraballeros.

He took out a long stiletto,

Exceedingly long stiletto,

He cut off the end of my latraballee,

And one of my latraballeros.

And now I'm a sad caballero,

Returning to Rio de Janiero,

Minus the end of my latraballee,

And one of my latraballeros.

At night I lay on my pillow,

Seeking to finger my willow,

All I find there is a handful of hair,

And one dried-up latraballero.

202. HEIGH-HO SAYS ROWLEY

Melody—Froggie Goes A'Courtin'

A is for arsehole all covered in shit,

Heigh-ho says Rowley,  
B is the bugger who revels in it,  
Singing roly, poly, up'em and stuff'em,  
Heigh-ho, says Anthony Rowley.

C is for cunt all dripping with piss,  
Heigh-ho, etc . . .  
D is the drunkard who gave it a kiss, etc . . .

E is the eunuch with only one ball,  
F is the fucker with no balls at all.

G is for goiter, gonorrhea, and gout,  
H is the harlot who spreads it about.

I is for insertion, injection, and itch,  
J is the jerk of a dog on a bitch.

K is the knight who thought fucking a bore,  
L is the lesbian who came back for more.

M is the maidenhead all tattered and torn,  
N is the noble who died on his horn.

O is for orifice all cunningly concealed,

P is for penis all pranged up and peeled.

Q is the Quaker who shat in his hat,

R is the Rajah who rogered the cat.

S is the shit-pot all filled to the brim,

T are the turds which are floating within.

U is the usher who taught us at school,

V is the virgin who played with his tool.

W is the whore who thought fucking a farce,

And X, Y, and Z you can shove up your arse!

203. HE'S A CUNT

Melody—Itself

All mouth, no brains, this guy's a pain,

You can scream and cuss,

He stuck his boot up your dog's arse,

And licked your daughter's puss,

He nicked your fags, drank your booze,

Tied fireworks to the cat,

Then he told the dole you were working,

Who is this fuckin twat?



Chorus: He's a cunt, he's a cunt,  
He's a C-U-N-T cunt,  
With his broken teeth and his ugly face,  
He's a mental riddle that's out of place,  
He'll sleep with your granny, bite her fanny,  
Wears his trousers back to front,  
And he farts, sucks cock,  
And he's riddled with pox,  
'Cause basically he's a cunt.

He dyes his hair to match his clothes,  
He smells like shit, he'd fill your nose,  
With a small tattoo to prove he's tough,  
And an earring 'cause he's a fuckin poof,  
You've never heard of this human turd,  
He'd be a pig if he could grunt,  
And what's more he talks bullshit,  
'Cause basically he's a cunt.

He's got spots and warts and blackheads too,  
He doesn't know a joke unless it's blue,  
The vicar's daughter swears and cries,  
He fucked her with a pack of lies,  
You say you've never heard of this man,

Well you don't have to hunt,  
'Cause it's me, it's me you bastards,  
'Cause basically I'm a cunt.

#### 204. HITLER, HE ONLY HAD ONE BALL

Melody—Colonel Bogey March

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

(Whistle melody for chorus)

Frankfurt, has only one beer hall,  
Stuttgart, die mädchen all on call,  
Munich, ve lift our tunich,  
To show ve Chermens have no balls at all.

(Hasher's name), is very short, not tall,  
And blotto, for drinking Singha and Skol,  
A Cherman, unlike (hasher's name),  
Because (hasher's name) has no balls at all.

#### 205. I'M YOUR MAILMAN

Melody—Blackbird, Bye Bye

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 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 right in the box,

I'm your mailman.

206. INBRED MAN

Melody—symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11—Honey, Babe

Written by Barney & Derelict, Atlanta Black Sheep H3

Inbred Man, he's our man

Inbred, inbred

Don't matter if he's kin or Klan

Inbred, inbred

Cunt or mouth or asshole too

Fuck you good that's what he'll do

Inbred, he's an inbred.

Inbred Man had a sister once  
Inbred, inbred  
Fucked that bitch way up her cunt  
Inbred, inbred  
Fucked her good then she died  
Cause his dick was laced with cyanide  
Inbred, he's an inbred.

Inbred Man he loses his truck  
Inbred, inbred  
But with his truck he does not fuck  
Inbred, inbred  
Under the hood is much better  
Puts his lips around that header  
Inbred, he's an inbred.

Inbred Man went down to the creek  
Inbred, inbred  
Jacking on his big old dick  
Inbred, inbred  
Saw a girl, she look so neat  
GOD DAMN, she's got feet!  
Inbred, he's an inbred.

Inbred Man had a dog named Rover

Inbred, inbred

Inbred yelled, "Well, come on over"

Inbred, inbred

Inbred came and so did Rover

That's more luck than a four-leaf clover

Inbred, he's an inbred.

Inbred Man, he's got this punk

Inbred, inbred

Boy, that kid smells like a skunk

Inbred, inbred

Took it out and shot it twice,

This song is over, ain't that nice

Inbred, he's an inbred.

## 207. INSIDE THOSE RED PLUSH BREECHES

Melody—???

John Thomas was a servant tall,

The pride and joy of the servant's hall,

Although he only had one ball,

Inside those red plush breeches.

Chorus: And he wore red plush breeches,

And he wore red plush breeches,

And he wore red plush breeches that kept John Thomas warm.

Out of all the servants at the servant's post,

Mary was the one he loved the most.

And for her his ball would roast,

Inside those red plush breeches.

They went for a walk one moonlit night,

The stars were out and the moon was bright.

Things became extremely tight,

Inside those red plush breeches.

They found a stump to sit upon,

They found a stack to lay upon,

Next day Mary sewed buttons on,

That pair of red plush breeches.

Mary had an illegit,

It's face looked like a piece of shit.

And every time she looked at it,

She cursed those red plush breeches.

Now Mary laid poor John a trap,

And he fell for it like a sap,

And now he's got a dose of clap,

Inside those red plush breeches.

208. IVAN SKAVINSKY SCAVAR

Melody—Itself

The harems of Egypt are fine to behold,  
The harlots the fairest of fair,  
But the fairest of all was owned by a sheik,  
Named Abdul Abulbul Emir.

A traveling brothel came down from the north,  
'Twas privately run for the Czar,  
Who wagered a hundred no one could outshag,  
Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

A day was arranged for the spectacle great,  
A holiday proclaimed by the Czar,  
And the streets were all lined with the harlots assigned,  
To Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

All hairs they were shorn, no frenchies were worn,  
And this suited Abdul by far,  
And he quite set his mind on a fast action grind,  
To beat Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

They met on the track with cocks at the slack,  
A starter's gun punctured the air,  
They were both quick to rise, the crowd gaped at the size,  
Of Abdul Abulbul Emir.

They worked all the night in the pale yellow light,  
Old Abdul he revved like a car,  
But he couldn't compete with the slow steady beat,  
Of Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

So Ivan he won and he shouldered his gun,  
He bent down to polish the pair,  
When something red hot up his back passage shot,  
'Twas Abdul Abulbul Emir.

The harlots turned green, the crowd shouted "Queen,"  
They were ordered apart by the Czar,  
'Twas bloody bad luck for poor Abdul was stuck,  
Up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

The cream of the joke came when they broke,  
'Twas laughed at for years by the Czar,  
For Abdul, the fool, left half of his tool,  
Up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.



209. JOHN BROWN'S PENIS

Melody—Battle Hymn of the Republic

John Brown's penis was a bloody awful sight,  
Mucked about with gonorrhoea and buggered up with shite,  
The agonies of syphilis kept him awake all night,  
But he still went rogering along.

Chorus: Oh, the hoary old seducer,  
Oh, the hoary old seducer,  
Oh, the hoary old seducer,  
He still went rogering along.

The color of his water was sort of orange-ale,  
Little gonorrhoea germs within his scrotum played,  
In spite of these inconveniences, he went on undismayed,  
Yes he still went rogering along.

Girls would come from miles around to his baronial hall,  
To see his giant penis and one remaining ball,  
And view the rows of maidenheads all hung around the wall,  
And he still went rogering along.

210. LARGE BALLS

Melody—???

Miss Jones was walking down the street,  
When a young fellow she happened to meet,  
Was giving the girls a hell of a treat,  
Twisting and turning his balls.

Chorus: But they were large balls, large balls,  
Twice as heavy as lead (cha, cha),  
And with two twists of his muscular wrists,  
He threw them right over his head.  
(Sera-aboom, sera-aboom, sera-aboom boom boom)

A policeman to the scene was called,  
He said, "A lesson'll have to be taught,  
Because it's certain that no one ought,  
To be twisting and turning his balls."

The prisoner standing in the dock,  
He gave the judge a hell of a shock,  
Insisting on showing the jury his cock,  
And twisting and turning his balls.

The judge he said, "The case is clear,  
The fine will be a pint of beer,  
For any young bugger that comes in here,

Twisting and turning his balls."

## 211. LLOYD GEORGE

Melody—Onward Christian Soldiers

Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloyd George;

Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloyd George;

Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloyd George;

Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloyd George . . . (ad nauseam)

## 212. THE LUMBERJACK SONG ©

Melody—Itself

From Monty Python

I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay,

I sleep all night and I work all day.

Chorus: He's a lumberjack and he's okay,

He works all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch,

I go to the lavatory,

On Wednesdays I go shopping,

And have buttered scones for tea.

Chorus: He cuts down trees, he eats his lunch,

He goes to the lavatory,

On Wednesdays he goes shopping,

Has buttered scones for tea.

He's a lumberjack and he's okay,

He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees, I skip and jump,

I like to press wild flowers,

I put on womens' clothing,

And hang around in bars.

Chorus: He cuts down trees, he skips and jumps,

He likes to press wild flowers,

He puts on womens' clothing,

And hangs around in bars?

He's a lumberjack and he's okay,

He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees, I wear high heels,

Suspendies and a bra,

I wish I'd been a girlie,

Just like my dear Pappa.

Chorus: He cuts down trees, he wears high heels?

Suspendies . . . and a bra?

. . . He's a lumberjack and he's okay,  
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

. . . He's a lumberjack and he's okay,  
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

213. MEN

Melody—Itself

Chorus (continuously): Men, men, men, men, men, men, men, men . . .

Oh, it's fun to be on a ship with men,  
And sail across the sea,  
We don't know where we'll land, or when,  
But still it's fun to be,  
On a ship with men at sea.

There's men above and men below,  
And men down in the galley.  
There's Butch and Spike,  
And Tom and Sam,  
And one that we call Sally,  
One that we call Sally (effeminately).

Oh, we are brave and we are bold,  
And none of us are sissies.  
Each night we lay down in our bunks,  
And blow each other kissies (effeminately).

#### 214. THE MUNICIPAL SEWERAGEMAN

Melody—Ghostriders in the Sky

The municipal sewerageman stood out upon the rim ('pon the rim, 'pon the rim),  
The municipal sewerageman fell in and couldn't swim (couldn't swim, couldn't swim),  
He sank down to the bottom,  
He sank down like a stone,  
You could hear the maggots cryin' out,  
"You're on your fuckin' own."

Chorus: Shitty-i-ayyy, Shitty-i-ohhh,  
Ghost maggots in the overflow (overflow, overflow).

For six long days and weary nights he tried to stay afloat (stay afloat, stay afloat),  
But every time he cried for help,  
A turd caught in his throat (in his throat, in his throat),  
He sank down to the bottom,  
He sank down like a rock,  
You could hear the maggots,

Munchin' on his cock.

The moral of this story is if you should shovel shit (shovel shit, shovel shit),

Be careful of your footing,

Or you might end up in it (up in it, up in it),

You'll sink down to the bottom,

You'll sink down like a stone,

You'll hear the maggots cryin' out,

WHEEEE-AAAAAH-WHEEEE,

"You're on your fuckin' own."

## 215. MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK

Melody—My Grandfather's Clock

My grandfather's cock was too long for his pants,

And it dragged several feet on the floor,

It was longer by half than the old man himself,

And it weighed near a hundredweight more.

He'd a horn on the morn of the day he was born,

It was always his pleasure and pride,

But it dropped, shrank, never to rise again,

When the old man died.

Chorus: Ninety years without cracking it,

What a cock! What a cock!

He spent his life whacking it,  
What a cock! What a cock!  
But it drooped, shrank, never to rise again,  
When the old man died.

My grandfather's cock was too long for his strides,  
So he lent it to the woman next door,  
She grabbed it by the point, and pulled it out of joint,  
So he swore he'd never lend it anymore.

He'd a horn on the morn of the day he was born,  
It was always his pleasure and pride,  
But it drooped, shrank, never to rise again,  
When the old man died.

#### 216. OLD KING COLE

Melody—Old King Cole

(Take turns leading verses)

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he.  
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,  
And he called for his fiddlers three.  
Now every fiddler had a very fine fiddle,  
And a very fine fiddle had he.



Fiddle-diddle-dee, diddle-dee, said the fiddlers,  
Merry, merry men are we,  
There's none so fair that can compare,  
With the boys of the HHH.

Leader: How's your father?

Pack: ALL RIGHT!

Leader: How's your mother?

Pack: SHE'S TIGHT!

Leader: How's your sister?

Pack: SHE MIGHT!

Leader: When was the last time?

Pack: LAST NIGHT!

Leader: When is the next time?

Pack: TONIGHT!

Leader: How's your arsehole?

Pack: FULL OF SHITE!

Old King Cole, etc . . .

And he called for his tailors three,

Now every tailor had a very fine needle,

And a very fine needle had he.

Stick it in and out, in and out, said the tailors,

Fiddle-diddle-dee, diddle-dee, said the fiddlers,

Merry, merry men are we, etc . . .

Jugglers three—two very fine balls.

Throw your balls in the air, said the jugglers.

Butchers three—a very fine chopper.

Put it on the block, chop it off, said the butchers.

Barmaids three—a very fine candle.

Pull it out, pull it out, said the barmaids.

Cyclists three—two very fine pedals.

Round and round, round and round, said the cyclists.

Flutists three—a very fine flute.

Root diddly-oot, diddly-oot, said the flutists.

Painters three—a very fine brush.

Wop it up and down, up and down, said the painters.

Horsemen three—a very fine saddle.

Ride it up and down, up and down, said the horsemen.

Carpenters three—a very fine hammer.

Bang away, bang away, bang away, said the carpenters.

Surgeons three—a very fine scalpel.

Cut it round the knob, make it throb, said the surgeons.

Fishermen three—a very fine rod.

Mine is two feet long, two feet long, said the fishermen.

Huntsmen three—a very fine horn.

Wake up in the morn with a horn, said the huntsmen.

Coalmen three—a very fine sack.

Want it in the front or the back, said the coalmen.

Drummers three—a very fine drum.

Thump it right up to the stump, said the drummers.

Axemen three—a very fine axe.

Chop it right back to the stump, said the axemen.

Parsons three—a very fine book.

Goodness, gracious me, said the parsons.

Ladies three—a very fine cat.

Come and pet my pussy, said the ladies.

## Melody—Itself

Sitting in O'Riley's bar one day,  
Drinking whiskey, passing water,  
Suddenly a thought came to my mind,  
I'd like to fuck O'Riley's daughter.

Chorus: Giddy-I-A, giddy-I-O,  
Giddy-I-A, for the one-eyed Riley,  
Rough 'em up, stuff'em up, balls and all,  
Play it on your old bass drum.

Her hair was black, her eyes were blue,  
The colonel, the major, and the captain sought her,  
The regimental goat and drummer boy too,  
But they never had a fuck with O'Riley's daughter.

Lack O'Flanagan is my name,  
I'm the king of copulation,  
Drinking beer my claim to fame,  
Fucking women my occupation.

Walking through the town one day,  
Who should I meet but O'Riley's daughter,  
Never a word to her did say,

But, "Don't you think we really oughter?"

Up the stairs and into bed,  
There I cocked my left leg over,  
Marianne was smiling then,  
Smiling still when the fuck was over.

Fucked her till her tits were flat,  
Filled her up with soapy water,  
She won't get away with that,  
If she doesn't have twins then she really oughter.

Suddenly footsteps on the stairs,  
Old man O'Riley bent on slaughter,  
Bloody great pistol in his hand,  
Looking for the one who fucked his daughter.

He fired the pistol at my head,  
Missed me by an inch and a quarter,  
Hit his daughter Marianne,  
Right in the place where she passes water.

I grabbed O'Riley by the hair,  
Shoved his head in a bucket of water,  
Rammed his pistol up his ass,

A damn sight quicker than I fucked his daughter.

Old man O'Riley's dead and gone,  
Shall we bury him? Not fucking likely,  
We'll nail him to the shithouse door,  
And there we'll bugger him twice nightly.

Come you virgins, maidens fair,  
Answer me quick and true, not slyly,  
Do you want it straight and square,  
Or the way I gave it to one-eyed Riley?

Marianne's dead but not forgotten,  
Let's dig her up and fuck her rotten!

## 218. THE PIONEERS

Melody—Son of a Gambolier

The pioneers have hairy ears,  
They piss through leather britches,  
They wipe their ass with broken glass,  
Those tough old sons of bitches.

When cunt is rare, they fuck a bear,  
They knife him if he snitches,

They knock their cocks against the rocks,  
Those hardy sons of bitches.

They take their ass upon the grass,  
In bushes or in ditches,  
Their two-pound dinks are full of kinks,  
Those rough-hewn sons of bitches.

Without remorse, they fuck a horse,  
And beat him if he twitches,  
Their two-foot pricks are full of nicks,  
Those mean old sons of bitches.

To make a mule stand for the tool,  
They beat him with hickory switches,  
They use their pricks for walking sticks,  
Those gnarled old sons of bitches.

Great joy they reap from cornholing sheep,  
In barns, or bogs, or ditches,  
Nor give a damn if it be a ram,  
Those grimy sons of bitches.

They walk around, prick to the ground,  
And kick it if it itches,

And if it throbs, they scratch it with cobs,  
Those mighty sons of bitches.

## 219. THE RAJAH OF ASTRAKHAN

Melody—When Johnny Comes Marching Home

There was a Rajah of Astrakhan,  
Yo ho, yo ho,  
A most licentious fucking man,  
Yo ho, yo ho,  
Of wives he had a hundred and nine,  
Including his favorite concubine,  
Yo ho you buggers, yo ho you buggers,  
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

One day he had a hell of a stand,  
He called to a warrior, one of his band,  
"Go down me my favorite concubine."  
The warrior fetched the concubine,  
A figure like Venus, a face divine,  
The Rajah gave a significant grunt,  
And rammed his penis up her cunt.

The Rajah's cries were loud and long,  
The maiden's cries were sure and strong,



But just when all had come to a head,  
They both fell through the fucking bed.  
They hit the floor with a hell of a grunt,  
Which completely bugged the poor girl's cunt,  
And as for the Rajah's magnificent cock,  
It never recovered from the shock.

There is a moral to this tale,  
There is a moral to this tale,  
If you would fuck a girl at all,  
Stand her right up against the wall.

## 220. REDNECK MOTHER

Melody—Redneck Mother

He was born in Oklahoma,  
His wife's name is Betty Lou Thelma Liz,  
And he's not responsible for what he's doin',  
His mama made him what he is.

Chorus: And it's up against the wall, redneck mother,  
Mother who has raised a son so well (so well, so well),  
He's 34, a drinkin' in a honky tonk,  
Just kickin' hippie ass and raisin' hell.

He sure does like his Shiner beer,  
He likes to chase it down with Wild Turkey liquor,  
He drives a '67 Chevy pick-em-up truck,  
He's got a gun rack and a "Goat Ropers Need Love Too" sticker.

M is for the Mudflaps on my pick-em-up truck,  
O is for the Oil I put on my hair,  
T is for T-Bird,  
H is for Haggard,  
E is for Enema,  
R is for REDNECK!

#### 221. THE S & M MAN

Melody—The Candy Man

(Take turns leading verses)

Who will run through jagers (who will run through jagers),  
Ripping up his flesh (ripping up his flesh),  
And turn right around,  
And repeat the bloody mess?  
It's the S&M man.

Chorus: Oh, the S&M man,  
The S&M man because he mixes it with love,  
And makes the hurt feel good (Yes the hurt feel good)

Who wears pants with zippers,  
And no underwear,  
Then pulls them up and down,  
And rips out his pubic hair?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a razor,  
And no shaving cream,  
Scrape her pussy bald,  
While he listens to her scream?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take an old saw,  
Rusty but still cuts,  
Pull it back and forth,  
Until he rips off his own nuts?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a bottle,  
Shove it up your ass,  
Hit it with a hammer,  
And line your ass with glass?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take your scrotum,  
Stick it with a pin,  
Hang on a bunch of weights,  
Till it drags down to your shins?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take your penis,  
Slam it in a door,  
Slam it in a door,  
So you can't fuck anymore?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a sander,  
Make sure it's Black and Decker,  
Rub it up and down,  
Until you've got a bleeding pecker?  
It's the S&M man.

Who would take a condom,  
Put pepper in the ring,  
Use it on the wife,  
'Cause she twitches when it stings?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a mallet,

Claim that he's a stud,  
Smash it on his pecker,  
Till it starts to ooze blood?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take your penis,  
Tie it in a knot,  
Tie it in a knot,  
Until the sucker rots?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take sandpaper,  
Rough like fifty grit,  
Rub it on her pussy,  
Until she has no clit?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take two ice picks,  
Stick one in each ear,  
And ride her like a Harley,  
While he roots her up the rear?  
It's the S&M man.

Who takes jumper cables,  
Clamps one on each tit,

Starts up the car,  
And electrocutes the bitch?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a young girl,  
Turn the lights down low,  
Flip on the video camera,  
And make like Rob Lowe?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a vagina,  
Suck out all the yeast,  
Spit it out into some dough,  
And serve bread at the hash feast?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a puppy,  
Hold it by the ears,  
Fuck it in the ass,  
Until it sheds those puppy tears?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a vice clamp,  
Clamp it on a tit,  
Squeeze the sucker down

Till it pops just like a zit?

It's the S&M man.

Who can take a cheese grater,

Strap it to his arm,

Fist fuck the bitch

And make Vagina Parmesan?

It's the S&M man.

Who can take a transient,

Rip out one of his eyes,

Skull fuck the bastard

While he listens to his cries?

It's the S&M man.

Who can take some shackles,

Chain you to the walls,

Fill a glass with sperm,

By lancing both your balls?

It's the S&M man.

Who can take a Coke bottle,

Shove it up her ass,

Kidney punch the bitch,

Until she's shitting blood and glass?

It's the S&M man.

Special Chorus: Oh the S&M man,  
The S&M man makes all that he partakes,  
Satisfying and delicious,  
Fulfills all your erotic wishes,  
Sucks chrome off trailer hitches.

(Following verse based on true story)

Who would use machinery,  
To masturbate at work,  
Rip off his left testis,  
And pretend it didn't hurt?  
It's the S&M man.

Song enders:

Who can take a baby,  
Lay it on a bed,  
Turn the bugger over,  
Fuck the soft spot in its head?  
It's the S&M man.

Who can take a little girl,  
Before she's on the rag,  
Fuck her till she's dead



And then toss her in a bag?

It's the S&M man.

Who would put a kid's hand,

In a socket on the wall?

It's nice when they jerk,

Up against his balls.

It's the S&M man.

Who goes to the abortion clinic,

Sneaks around the back,

Digs through the dumpster,

Until he finds a tasty snack?

It's the S&M man.

Who gives children candy,

Takes them round the block,

And rips up their innards,

With the ramming of his cock?

It's the S&M man.

Who can take a baby,

Throw it on a pile,

And fuck it up its ass,

Shis-ka-bob style?

It's the S&M man.

Who would take your kiddies,

Out to a picnic binge,

Put them on the fire,

And watch the fuckers singe?

It's the S&M man.

Who can take a pregnant woman,

Fuck her till she's dead,

Leave his dick inside her,

Till the foetus gives him head?

It's the S&M man.

## 222. SAMMY SMALL

Melody—Ye Jacobites by Name

Oh my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,

Oh my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,

Oh my name is Sammy Small, and I only have one ball,

But it's better than none at all, so fuck 'em all.

Oh they say I shot a man, fuck 'em all, etc

They say I shot him in the head, with a fucking piece of lead,

Now the silly fucker's dead, so fuck 'em all.

Oh they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all, etc

Oh, they say I'm going to swing, from a fucking piece of string,

What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all.

Oh the parson he will come, fuck 'em all, etc

Oh the parson he will come, with his tales of kingdom come,

He can shove 'em up his bum, so fuck 'em all.

Oh the hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all, etc

Oh the hangman wears a mask, for his silly fucking task,

What a silly fucking ass, so fuck 'em all.

Oh the sheriff'll be there too, fuck 'em all, etc

Oh the sheriff'll be there too, with his silly fucking crew,

They've got fuck-all else to do, so fuck 'em all.

(With reverence)

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all, etc

I saw Molly in the crowd, and I felt so goddamn proud,

That I shouted right out loud, FUCK 'EM ALL!

Oh the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all, etc

Oh the hangman pulled the rope, though it was a fucking joke,

Now my goddamn neck is broke, so FUCK 'EM ALL!

223. THE TINKER

Melody—Ghostriders in the Sky

(Take turns leading verses)

The lady of the manor

Was dressing for the ball (for the ball, for the ball),

When she spied a tinker,

Pissing up against the wall (against the wall, against the wall).

Chorus: With his great big kidney wiper,

And his balls the size of three,

And a yard and a half of foreskin (fiveskin, sixskin)

Hanging down below his knees.

Syphil-I-O, syphil-I-A,

Muff divers in the sky.

The lady wrote a letter,

And in it she did say,

I'd rather be fucked by you sir,

Then his lordship any day.

The tinker got the letter,

And then it he did read,

His balls began to fester,

And his prick began to bleed.

He mounted on his donkey,  
And he rode up to the strand,  
His balls across his shoulders,  
And his penis in his hand.

He rode up to the mansion,  
The rode up to the hall,  
The butler cried, "God save us!  
He's come to fuck us all!"

He fucked the cook in the kitchen,  
He fucked the maid in the hall,  
And then he fucked the butler,  
The dirtiest trick of all.

And then he fucked the mistress,  
In ten minutes she was dead.  
With a yard and a half of foreskin,  
Hanging round her head.

The tinker is now dead sir,  
They say he's gone to hell,  
And there he fucks the devil,

I hope he fucks him well.

#### 224. THE TRAVELER

Melody—Itself

I came home on Saturday night,  
As drunk as I could be,  
And there was a hat upon the rack,  
Where my hat ought to be.  
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,  
"Explain this thing to me,  
Whose is that hat on the rack,  
Where my hat ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool,  
You silly old fool,  
You're drunk as a sot can be,  
That's not a hat upon the rack,  
But a chamberpot you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,  
Ten thousand miles or more,  
But a jerry with a hatband on,  
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,  
As drunk as I could be,  
And there was a horse in the stable,  
Where my horse ought to be.  
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,  
"Explain this thing to me,  
Whose is this horse in the stable,  
Where my horse ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool,  
You silly old fool,  
You're drunk as a cunt can be,  
That's not a horse in the stable,  
But a milch cow you do see."  
Well, I've traveled this wide world over,  
Ten thousand miles or more,  
But a milch cow with a saddle on,  
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,  
As drunk as I could be,  
And there was a head on the pillow,  
Where my head ought to be.  
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,  
"Explain this thing to me.

Whose is this head a-lying there,  
Where my head ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool,  
You silly old fool,  
You're drunk as a souse can be,  
That's not a head on the pillow,  
But a football you do see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,  
Ten thousand miles or more,  
But a football with a mustache on,  
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,  
As drunk as I could be,  
And there was a cock inside my bed,  
Where my cock ought to be.  
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,  
"Explain this thing to me.  
Whose is this cock a-standing there,  
Where my cock ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool,  
You silly old fool,



You're drunk as a cunt can be,  
That's not a cock a-standing there,  
But a carrot that you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,  
Ten thousand miles or more,  
But a carrot with ballocks on,  
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,  
As drunk as I could be,  
And there was a stain on the counterpane,  
And it didn't come from me.  
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,  
"Explain this thing to me.  
Whose is this stain on the counterpane,  
Which didn't come from me?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool,  
You silly old fool,  
You're drunk as a cunt can be,  
That's not a stain on the counterpane,  
But some baby's milk you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,

Ten thousand miles or more,  
But baby's milk that smelled like come,  
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,  
As drunk as I could be,  
And there was a woman inside my bed,  
Where my dear wife should be.  
So I said to this woman, who wasn't bad-looking,  
"Explain this thing to me.  
Who are you, a-lying there,  
Where my dear wife should be?"

"Oh, you're drunk, you fool,  
You silly old fool,  
You're drunk as a cunt can be.  
This ain't your house, I ain't your wife,  
You're not living at all with me."

Well I've traveled this wide world over,  
Ten thousand miles or more,  
It's the fifth time that I've stuffed this bird,  
She ain't never complained before.

Melody—Knick Knack Paddy-Whack

This old man, he fucked one,  
Don't you know he had such fun,

Chorus: With a knick-knack paddy-whack,  
He fucked his dog alone,  
Fucked his dog and made him groan.

This old man, he fucked two,  
A baby rabbit and a kangaroo

This old man, he fucked three,  
Put up mirrors so he could see

This old man, he fucked four,  
Three wasn't enough so he bought a whore

This old man, he fucked five,  
Two were dead and three alive

This old man, he fucked six,  
Has his sister turning tricks

This old man, he fucked seven,

The youngest one was just eleven

This old man, he fucked eight,

One sucked him raw and it felt great

This old man, he fucked nine,

God, this orgy is just divine

This old man, he fucked ten,

All he could say was, "Do it again!"

This old man, he fucked eleven,

Died of V.D. and went to heaven,

With a knick-knack paddy-whack,

Now his dog's alone,

No one left to make him groan.

## 226. THREE GERMAN OFFICERS

Melody—Mademoiselle from Armentieres

(Take turns leading verses)

Three German officers crossed the Rhine,

Parlez-vous.

Three German officers crossed the Rhine,

Parlez-vous.

Three German officers crossed the Rhine,  
They fucked the women and drank the wine,  
Inky dinky, parlez-vous.

They came upon a wayside inn, etc . . .  
Shat on the mat and walked right in,  
Inky dinky, parlez vous.

Oh landlord have you a daughter fair,  
With lily-white tits and golden hair?

Oh yes I do but she's too young,  
To sleep with a stinking German hun.

At last they got her on a bed,  
Shagged her till her cheeks were red.

And then they took her to a shed,  
Shagged her till she was nearly dead.

They took her down a shady lane,  
Shagged her back to life again.

They shagged her up, they shagged her down,  
They shagged her right around the town.

They shagged her in, they shagged her out,  
They shagged her up her waterspout.

Seven months and all was well,  
Eight months went and she began to swell.

Nine months went, she gave a grunt,  
And a little Kraut bastard popped out of her cunt.

The little Kraut bugger he grew and grew,  
He shagged his mother and sister too.

The little Kraut bugger he went to hell,  
He shagged the Devil and his wife as well.

#### 227. VICAR IN THE DOCKSIDE CHURCH

Melody—Itself

The vicar in the dockside church,  
One Sunday morning said,  
"Some dirty bastard's shat himself,  
I'll punch his fucking head."  
Well, up jumped Jock from the third row back,  
And he spat a mighty go-o-ob,

"I'm the one who shat himself,  
You can chew my fucking kno-o-ob,  
You can chew my fucking knob."

The organist played Hearts of Oak,  
Mixed up with Auld Laung Syne,  
The preacher then got up and said,  
"You've had your fucking time."  
The organist waltzed down the aisle,  
With his organ on his back,  
Then up jumped Jock and hollered out,  
"You can waltz that bastard ba-a-ck,  
You can waltz that bastard back."

Sweet Jenny Lynd got up to sing,  
She warbled like a thrush,  
The vicar from his pulpit said,  
"By God you're fucking lush."  
"That's right," said she, "but I'm not for free,  
It's thirty bob a ti-i-me."  
Then up jumped Jock and hollered out,  
"Hands off, you bastards, she's mi-i-ne,  
Hands off, you bastards, she's mine."

Melody—Itself

Eat, bite, fuck, suck, gobble, nibble, chew nipple, bosom, hair-pie, finger-fuck, screw moose piss, cat pud, orangutan tit, sheep pussy, camel crack, pig lie in shit.

AW VLAD, AW VLAD.

## 229. YANKEE DOODLE

Melody—I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy

Yank my doodle it's a dandy,

Yank my doodle till I die,

Make that wiener shoot some fireworks,

Just like the Fourth of July.

I've got a Yankee Doodle boner,

I've had it since you rubbed my thigh,

So yank my doodle if you please.

That bulge is not a pony,

Just stick your fingers up my ass,

And stroke my macaroni.

Yank my doodle it's so big,

Clearly it's a dandy,

Stick that sucker in your mouth,

You'll swear it tastes like candy.



Yank my doodle it's a dandy,  
Yank my doodle till I die,  
Lick that lizard till it's standing tall,  
Right through my pubic hair.  
If you like Yankee Doodle peckers,  
I've got one that I can spare.  
So yank my doodle till it cums,  
Just point it toward your titties,  
They say that stuff is beauty cream,  
Let's make your titties pretty.

Yank my doodle it's so big,  
Baby it's a dandy,  
Jerk that Turk and make it squirt,  
And keep a Kleenex handy.  
Yank my doodle it's a dandy,  
Yank my doodle till I die . . .

IN VINO VERITAS

230. A MOUTHFUL OF SINGHA

Melody—A Spoonful of Sugar

Chorus: Just a mouthful of Singha makes the jism go down,

The jism go down, the jism go down,  
Just a mouthful of Singha makes the jism go down,  
In the most delightful way.

A young girl feathering her nest,  
Has very little time to rest,  
She must make each and every short time count,  
And though she'd like to go to bed,  
She knows she must give head,  
But she knows a swig,  
Will help it slide down quick.

He didn't want to be a boy,  
That's why he is now a katoey,  
Preying on drunken tourists late at night,  
And though his rear end isn't funny,  
He knows he'll make his money,  
Giving head on the beach,  
With something to stop that retch.

A young man trying to get along,  
Had better not do any wrong,  
If he wants to make chief on a western boat,  
And though he's bought the boss some drink,  
And tipped his wife the wink,

He'll find in the end,  
He's still sucking a bell-end.

A young wife won't get very far,  
If she can't get that brand new car,  
But hubby, the old miser, won't give in,  
But she knows she'll soon have those keys,  
As she gets down on her knees,  
You shouldn't drink and drive,  
But with jism it's all right.

#### 231. ALCOHOLIC'S ANTHEM

Melody—Men of Harlech

What's the use of drinking tea,  
Indulging in sobriety,  
And teetotal perversity?  
It's healthier to booze.  
What's the use of milk and water?  
These are drinks that never oughter,  
Be allowed in any quarter.  
Come on, lose your blues,  
Mix yourself a shandy,  
Drown yourself in brandy,  
Sherry sweet,

Or whisky neat,  
Or any kind of liquor that is handy.  
There's no blinking sense in drinking,  
Anything that doesn't make you stinking,  
There's no happiness like sinking,  
Blotto to the floor.  
Put an end to all frustration,  
Drinking may be your salvation,  
End it all in dissipation,  
Rotten to the core.  
Aberrations metabolic,  
Ceilings that are hyperbolic,  
There are for the alcoholic,  
Lying on the floor.  
Vodka for the arty,  
Gin to make you hearty,  
Lemonade was only made,  
For drinking if your mother's at the party,  
Steer clear of home-made beer,  
And anything that isn't labeled clear,  
There is nothing else to fear,  
Bottom's up, my boys.

232. BREATHALYZED

Melody—Yesterday

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4

Breathalyzed,

Crystals turning green before my eyes.

I can hardly realize, that I have just been breathalyzed.

Suddenly,

There's a policeman standing over me.

I'd like to punch him but he's six foot three,

And I would like to stay alive.

He said, We'd like to test your blood for alcohol

I said, Go away, you'll get nothing, Dracula.

Reality,

Five hundred milligrams per 100 mils.

Now they reckon, I'm a mobile still,

and I have to be penalized.

Custody,

When they took me to the local mick,

I've never seen a policeman move so quick,

But not as quick, as I got sick

Misery,

And the judge says I must join A A

And take the bus for 60 days.

Oh, why did I get breathalized?

### 233. BRUCES' PHILOSOPHERS SONG©

Melody—Itself

From Monty Python

Immanuel Kant was a real pissant

Who was very rarely stable.

Heidegger, Heidegger was a boozy beggar

Who could think you under the table.

David Hume could out-consume

Wilhelm Freidrich Hegel.

And Wittgenstein was a beery swine

Who was just as sloshed as Schlegel.

There's nothing Neitzsche couldn't teach ya

'Bout the raising of the wrist,

Socrates, himself, was permanently pissed.

John Stuart Mill, of his own free will,

On half a pint of shandy was particularly ill.

Plato, they say, could stick it away,

Half a crate of whiskey every day.

Aristotle, Aristotle was a bugger for the bottle,

Hobbes was fond of his dram.

And Rene Descartes was a drunken fart,

"I drink, therefore I am."

Yes, Socrates, himself, is particularly missed,

A lovely little thinker,

But a bugger when he's pissed.

234. DRINK

Melody—Sing!

Drink

Drink the beer

Belch out loud

Belch out strong

Drink of good times not bad

Drink of plenty not one.

Drink

Drink the beer

Down it quick to make it through the song

Don't worry that it's not good enough

For anyone else to down

Just drink

Drink the beer

Burp, burp, burp, burp, burp, etc . . .

## 235. GIVE ME THAT GOOD OLD VINO

Melody—Itself

I like my gin—it helps me get in,

But give me that good old vino.

I like my vino,

It gives me a stand supremo.

Chorus: Aye, yi-yi-yi,

Si, si, señora,

My seester Belinda she pissed out the winder,

And filled my brand new sombrero.

I like my Shiner—nothing could be finer,

But give me my . . .

Other verses:

I like my brandy—it makes me feel randy.

I like my Anker—it helps me wank-a.

I like my stout—it helps me get out.

I like my rum—it helps me come.

I like my coke-a—it helps me poke-a.

I like my beer—it helps gonorrhea.



I like my wine—it stiffens the vine.

I like my claret—it stiffens the carrot.

I like my liquor—it makes me come quicker.

I like my schnapps—it helps cure the clap.

I like my Foster—it helps me accost her.

I don't like my Schlitz—it gives me the shits.

I don't like my Bud—it softens the pud.

I don't like my Coors—it tastes like old sewers.

## 236. GLORIOUS, VICTORIOUS (BEER, BEER, BEER)

Melody—Itself

Beer, beer, beer, beer

Beer, beer, beer, beer

Drunk last night,

Drunk the night before,

Gonna get drunk tonight,

Like I've never been drunk before,

Cause when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be,

Cause we're all part of the Hash House family.

Oh the Hash Family

Is the best family

To ever

Come over

From Old Germany.

There's the High Hash Drunks

There's the Low Hash Drunks

There's the Asian Drunks

And the other damn drunks.

Chorus: Singing glorius,

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

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

(sung to "If You Wanna go to Heaven Clap Your Hands")

There are no serious Hashers by the Bay (by the Bay),

There are no serious Hashers by the Bay (by the Bay),

'Cause they're all a bunch of queers

Who get drunk on half a beer

There are no serious Hashers by the Bay!

There are no serious Hashers in L. A.,

There are no serious Hashers in L. A.,

Because the smog blocks out the sun

And they don't know how to run

There are no serious Hashers in L. A.!

There are no serious Hashers in New York,

There are no serious Hashers in New York,

'cause they talk like Donald Duck

And they don't know how to fuck

There are no serious Hashers in New York!

There are no serious Hashers in F. L. A.,

There are no serious Hashers in F. L. A.,

Because they all wear string bikinis

And the guys have little wienies

There are no serious Hashers in F. L. A.!

Oh there are no female Hashers in the Rockies,

Oh there are no female Hashers in the Rockies,

Cause when they're running through the trees

Their tits are at their knees

Oh there are no Female hashers in the Rockies!

There are no serious Hashers in the Navy,

There are no serious Hashers in the Navy,

Because they're all on little boats

Making love to sheep and goats

There are no serious Hashers in the Navy!

Oh there are no honest Hashers in D. C.,  
Oh there are no honest Hashers in D. C.,  
Cause they're taking all our money  
While they're fucking our sweet honies  
Oh there are no honest Hashers in D. C.!

There are no serious Hashers in K. Y.,  
There are no serious Hashers in K. Y.,  
'Cause they're all a bunch of hicks  
Who are playing with their pricks  
There are no serious Hashers in K. Y.!

There are no serious Hashers in Calgary,  
There are no serious Hashers in Calgary,  
'cause they'll wade through waist deep snow  
Just to give a cow a blow  
There are no serious Hashers in Calgary!

There are no serious Hashers from the South,  
There are no serious Hashers from the South,  
With their necks of crimson red  
and their cousins they will wed  
It's a sure sign that they are all inbred!

There are no serious Hashers in Milwaukee,  
There are no serious Hashers in Milwaukee,  
'cause the men all ride on Hogs  
and the women howl like dogs  
There are no serious Hashers in Milwaukee!

### 237. LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Melody—Money Makes the World Go Around

Chorus: Parties make the world go around,  
The world go around, the world go around,  
Parties make the world go around,  
Let's have a party!

We're goinna tear down the bar! BOO!  
We're goinna build a new bar! RAY!  
One inch deep! BOO!  
Two miles long! RAY!  
Soda's goinna be five dollars a glass! BOO!  
Whiskey's gonna be free! RAY!  
We're gonna dump the beer in the pool! BOO!  
Then we're all going swimming! RAY!  
There'll be no bartenders at our bar! BOO!  
Only barmaids! RAY!  
In long dresses! BOO!

Made of cellophane! RAY!

You can't take our girls to your rooms! BOO!

Our girls'll take you to their rooms! RAY!

But you can't sleep with our girls! BOO!

Our girls won't let you sleep! RAY!

No fuckin' on the dancin' floor! BOO!

And no dancin' on the fuckin' floor! RAY!

238. PISSED

Melody 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11 My Way

Written by Neptunus, The Hague H3

And now, the beer is near

And so I'll face the golden fluid

My friend, I'll say it clear

Without the beer, I wouldn't be here

I've tried low alcohol beer

But then I've been on every highway

But more, much more than this

I didn't get pissed

Regrets, I've had so many

So then again, back to the real booze

I'll do what hashers do

And carry this load on my shoulders

I'll drink each brand of beer

Until it makes me feel quite queer

But more, much more than this, I like to be pissed

Yes there were times, I'm sure you knew

When I drank more than I should do

But thru it all, even be-ing sick

I drank it all and spit it out

I faced the toilet

And I stood tall

And regretted be-ing pissed

I laughed, but then I cried

Because there isn't any beer left

And now, I realize

I didn't find it so amusing

To think, I drank all that

And may I say, "Not in a shy way"

Oh no, oh not me, I want to be pissed

For what is a hasher

Without a beer

If there is none  
Then he stays sober  
He'll say the things he truly feels  
And not the slime, just to get laid

The harriettes know and make sure  
A harrier stays pissed.

#### 239. RYE WHISKEY

Melody—Itself

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey,  
Rye whiskey, I cry.  
If I don't get rye whiskey,  
I surely will die.

If the ocean were whiskey,  
And I were a duck,  
I'd swim to the bottom,  
And drink my way up.

Sometimes I drink whiskey,  
Sometimes I drink gin,  
It doesn't really matter,  
The state that I'm in.



Sometimes I drink whiskey,  
Sometimes I drink rum,  
I only do that,  
When I want to come.

#### 240. SALVATION ARMY SONG

Melody—Itself

We're coming, we're coming,  
Our brave little band,  
On the right side of justice,  
We'll all take a stand.  
We don't smoke tobacco because we all think,  
That people who smoke are likely to drink.

Chorus: Away, away with rum by gum,  
With rum by gum, with rum by gum,  
Away, away with rum by gum,  
The song of the Salvation Army.  
Rum chug-a-lug, rum chug-a-lug, rum bum bum.

We never eat fruit cake,  
Cause fruit cake has rum,  
And one little bite turns a man to a bum.

Oh, can you imagine a sorrier sight,  
Than a man eating fruit cake until he is light?

We never eat cookies,  
Cause cookies have yeast,  
And one little bite turns a man to a beast.  
Oh, can you imagine a greater disgrace,  
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

There's Viceroy cigarettes for people who think,  
And Ban deodorant for people who stink,  
But thinking and stinking are not right by me,  
I get my kicks from Saigon tea.

We never eat candy, 'cause candy has brandy,  
And brandy is know to make a drunk randy.  
Oh, can you imagine a sight more disgustin',  
Than a sot in the gutter with his hips a-thrustin'?

#### 241. SHINER BEER

Melody—???

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4, probably composed by Austin hashers

In the town of Shiner in the Lone Star State,  
They're brewing a beer that tastes really great,

Makes me want to masturbate.

Oh, I love Shiner Beer,

Grab yourself a fist of lard,

Work it up nice and hard,

Shoot your jism 'cross the yard.

Oh, I love Shiner Beer.

Mmm, mmm, mmm, tastes so good,

Yes, yes, yes, like I knew it would,

Take advice from this old corner,

It don't matter if you're a loner,

Go ahead and cop that boner,

If you got Shiner Beer.

All you ladies everywhere,

Hold onto your underwear,

Shiner makes you lose your cares,

Oh, I love Shiner Beer.

Mmm, mmm, mmm, tastes so good

Yes, yes, yes, like I knew it would,

Slowly: Shiner, the best beer brewed in the cunt-tree.

242. SINGHA COCK

Melody—Those Were the Days

Once there was a time that we'd fuck all night,  
Now any more than once a month, no way,  
I'm always asking for a little extra,  
But you shy away and say, "Oh, not today."

Chorus: 'Cause you've got Singha cock,  
Some girls have all the luck,  
They get it day and night for weeks on end,  
But you won't look at me,  
It's really sad to see,  
What that limp Singha cock has done to me.

I used to worry about another woman,  
Who was taking you away from me,  
But then I learned the cause of your deflation,  
Wasn't someone else sat on your knee.

Chorus: It was that Singha cock, etc . . .

So boys as you swig upon that bottle,  
Please remember what we have to say,  
If you want to play when you go home horny,  
Push that one last bottle out of the way.

Chorus: Or you'll get Singha cock, etc . . .

SONGS ABOUT

HASHING

243. A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

Melody—These Are a Few of 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.

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.

#### 244. ANCIENT HASH SONG

Melody—Tidings of Comfort and Joy

A hasher is a manly chap,  
He's full of vim and vigor.  
And maidens gather round in droves,  
To see his manly figure.  
Of flashing thighs and knobby knees,  
He makes a splendid sight.  
And all the girls do seek of him,

To spend with them the night.  
At this ancient sport he does excel,  
None is better in the land.  
'Tis only on a Monday night,  
He needs a bit of a hand.  
But Tuesday sees him big and bold,  
If a little red of eye.  
He tells himself he's not so old,  
And has another try.  
As lovers go he is the best,  
The girls cannot go wrong.  
Where others limp and sweat and pant,  
The hasher cries, "On On!"  
Now you may think this splendid brute,  
Is more animal than man.  
But concealed inside his noble head,  
Is more than an empty beer can.  
Of intellect he is most high,  
Long words come naturally.  
In more than a dozen languages,  
He cries, "Jeez, I need to pee!"

On hashing nights great minds confer,  
To put the world to right.  
Engineers and scientists,

Politicians from left and right.

It really is a treasure trove,

Of wit and repartee.

Foul language is never heard,

Just the occasional "Cooee!"

This lofty band,

This group most high,

Gentlemen, one and all.

If only the world was made of such,

Then life would be a ball.

In this modern world we find,

Such violence and sin,

Isn't it a comfort then,

To find this band of men.

Whose only care is a maiden's prayer,

And to keep her safe from harm.

Oh, fret not, pretty maiden,

A hasher will keep you warm.

Not only warm but fed and clothed,

With oils he'll annoint your body,

And all he wants in return,

Is the occasional bit of nooky!

And when a hasher's run is o'er,

To the Golden Gate he goes.



St Peter studies the Hash Cash book,  
To see what he might owe.  
"Thee's fully paid oop, nae problem there,  
And what's this I see here?  
Thee likes a bit o' hot nooky,  
After a few cold beers.  
Thee's just the sort we needs oop here,  
So thee may move along,  
Vestal Virgins is on the left."  
And the hasher cries, "On On!"

#### 245. AUSTIN HASH SONG

Melody—Redneck Mother

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4, probably composed by Austin hashers

(Start with background of "ba doom, ba doom, ba doom, boom, boom, boom)

I brought a newboot out to meet the gang,  
He said he needed a crowd with which to hang.  
He ran like a rabbit out on the false trails,  
By the time we got to the beer he was draggin' his tail.

Well it's cross the creek and up the other side,  
Through some poison oak, bull nettle by my side.

Well it's off the road and off into some deep dark woods,  
Running up and down hills just to get them goods.

Well you just might see a llama along the way,  
Or ford a dangerous river, who's to say.  
But for all us who knows, to bring some dry clothes,  
Take a short cut through the creek to where the beer flows.

Well,  
H, is for the hare that just laid the trail,  
A, is for the soil we hash on—AUSTIN!  
S, that's for Shiner,  
H, is for us hounds,  
E, is for everyone wearing, RUBBERS!

#### 246. BAGPIPE SONG

Melody—Scotland the Brave

A grand old song taught to me by White Sox, San Francisco H3 (substitute "San Francisco Hash" for "Old Aloha Hash")

Here's to the lassie with the black hairy assie,  
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Chorus (hold chair upside down to simulate bagpipes; make droning sound and tap throat to form notes):

Na na na na na na,

Na na na na na na na,

Na na na na na na na,

Na na na na . . .

Then there was the jockey with his upstandin' cocky,  
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie,  
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Then there was the cranky who was wankin' in his hankie,  
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky,  
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie,  
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Then there was the queerie who was leerin' through his beerie,  
At the sight o' the cranky who was wankin' in his hankie,  
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky,  
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie,  
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Then there was the harlot makin' money in the car lot,  
To support the a' queerie who was leerin' through his beerie,  
At the sight o' the cranky who was wankin' in his hankie,  
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky,  
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie,  
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Then there was the HASHER who was posin' as a flasher,  
Hustlin' johnnies from the harlot makin' money in the car lot,  
To support the a' queerie who was leerin' through his beerie,  
At the sight o' the cranky who was wankin' in his hankie,  
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky,  
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie,  
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Then there was the wenchy doin' down-down on a benchie,  
For the pleasure o' the HASHER who was posin' as a flasher,  
Hustlin' johnnies from the harlot makin' money in the car lot,  
To support the a'queerie who was leerin' through his beerie,  
At the sight o' the cranky who was wankin' in his hankie,  
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky,  
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie,  
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

Now the moral o' this ditty is when in Honolulu City,  
And you're with your favorite girlie chasin' hairs all short and curly,  
Just remember to take her hashin' and to give her a good bashin',  
And keep her away from the wenchy doing down-down on the benchie,  
For the pleasure o' the HASHER who was posin' as a flasher,  
Hustlin' johnnies from the harlot makin' money in the car lot,  
To support the a' queerie who was leerin' through his beerie,

At the sight o' the cranky who was wankin' in his hankie,  
At the thought o' the jockey with the upstandin' cocky,  
Who was ridin' on the lassie with the black hairy assie,  
Who was liftin' up her kiltie at the Old Aloha Hash.

#### 247. CAN'T HASH TODAY

Melody—???

Adapted from a Clancy Brothers tune by unknown hashers

Dear Hash I sing this song for to tell you of my plight,  
At the time of writing this, I am not a pretty sight,  
Me body is all black and blue; me face a deathly gray,  
And I hope you'll understand why I can't hash with you today.

I was workin' on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I had to clear,  
And throwin' 'em down from such a height was not a good idea.  
The foreman wasn't very pleased, he bein' an awful sod,  
He said I'd have to take them down the ladder in me hod.

Now shiftin' all them bricks by hand seemed so awful slow,  
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured a rope below.  
But in me haste to do the job, I was too blind to see,  
That a barrel full of buildin' bricks was heavier than me.

Now when I went to come down I untied the rope, and the barrel fell like lead,

And clingin' tightly to the rope I started up instead.  
I shot up like a rocket, and to my dismay I found,  
That halfway up, I met the bloody barrel comin' down.

Now the barrel broke me shoulder as to the ground it sped,  
And when I reached the top I struck the pulley with me head.  
I still clung on though numbed and shocked from this almighty blow,  
And the barrel spilled out half the bricks fourteen floors below.

Now when the bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor,  
I then outweighed the barrel and it started up once more.  
Clingin' tightly to the rope then, I headed for the ground,  
And I fell among the broken bricks that were scattered all around.

As I lay there moanin' on the ground, I thought I'd passed the worst,  
And the barrel struck the pulley wheel and didn't the bottom burst.  
A shower of bricks came down on me, sure I didn't have a hope,  
And as I was losin' consciousness, I let go the bloody rope.

Now the barrel being heavier, it started down once more,  
And landed right across me as I lay there on the floor.  
I broke three ribs and me left arm, and I can only say,  
That I hope you understand why I can't hash today with you today.

248. CREAK GOES THE MUSCLE OH

Melody—Green Grow the Rushes O

Who'll give me one oh?

Creak goes the muscle oh,

What is your one oh?

One for the arrow up the steps never to be trusted,

Two, two, the jogging shoes all clogged up with mud, Ho Ho!

Three, three, the checkbacks we all missed,

Four for the worn out running kit,

Five for the toes of the worn out hashers,

Six for the pools of vomit,

Seven for the down downs after the run,

Eight for the ones who turned up late,

Nine for hashers lost at the check,

Ten for the virgins oh so cute,

Eleven for the hare who set the course,

Twelve for the mismanagement of the pack.

249. DAYLIGHT COME

Melody—Daylight Come and I Want To Go Home

Chorus: Day-oh, Day-a-a-oh,

Daylight come and I want to go home,

Day-oh, Day-a-a-oh,

Daylight come and I want to go home.

Frozen ballocks and frozen cock,

Daylight come and I want to go home,

Had a piss and froze to the block,

Daylight come and I want to go home.

Drew me a katoey from the hat,

Daylight come and I want to go home,

Didn't have a rubber now I've got the clap,

Daylight come and I want to go home.

Drank a dozen down-downs before I puked,

Daylight come and I want to go home,

Spewed on the GM and got rebuked,

Daylight come and I want to go home.

Ended up in the Rock Hard 'round about dawn,

Daylight come and I want to go home,

Got my pocket picked by a girl called Porn,

Daylight come and I want to go home.

Now I've got to find cheap room and board,

Daylight come and I want to go home,

There I'll stay till the next maraud,



Daylight come and I want to go home.

#### 250. GUNGA'S SONG

Melody—Beverley Hillbillies Theme

This here's a story 'bout a man named Gunga,  
He had no prick, so he had to use his tongue-a.  
It was down in Houston at a Hash house Harriers' run,  
A harlot straddled him and said, "Let's have some fun!"  
You know...moustache rides...face smegma...

Well the next thing you know old Gunga's caught in the act,  
The Hash folks said, "You oughtn't be lickin' that!  
The pound is the place where she ought to be."  
He didn't have a worry, except for VD.  
You know...tongue rot...herpes sores...

Well, the moral told here is when you're hashing in Texas,  
You ought to keep your tongue out of other people's sexes.  
They thought they'd honor him for public cunnilingus,  
Now Gunga's called...Gungalingus.

#### 251. HANDSOME HASHER

Melody—Pretty Woman

Written by Lady Fingers & Twinkie, Austin H3

Handsome Hasher, running down the street,  
Handsome Hasher, the kind I like to meet,  
Handsome Hasher, I don't believe you, you're not true,  
No one could be hung like you.

Handsome Hasher, won't you pardon me,  
Handsome Hasher, I couldn't help but see,  
Handsome hasher, you look horny, I can see,  
Are you horny just like me?

Handsome Hasher, stop a while,  
Handsome Hasher, talk a while,  
Handsome Hasher, give your cock to me,  
Handsome Hasher, yeh, yeh, yeh.

Handsome Hasher, say you'll come,  
Handsome Hasher, say you'll come with me,  
Cause I need you, I'll treat you right,  
Come with me baby, be mine tonight.

Handsome Hasher, don't run on by,  
Handsome Hasher, don't make me cry,  
Handsome Hasher, don't run away.  
OK, if that's the way it must be, OK,

I guess I'll go home and masturbate,  
There'll be tomorrow night, I'll wait.

What do I see?

Is he jogging back to me?

Yes, he's jogging back to me,

Oh, oh, handsome Hasher.

## 252. HASHER MEN (AND WOMEN)

Melody—This Old Man

Harriers' verses by Flying Booger (in the interest of sexual equality)

(\*\*\* = your favorite hash)

Harriettes' verses: \*\*\* men, they play one,

They think they have all the fun.

Chorus: With a knick knack, paddy whack, give themselves a bone,

\*\*\* men have sex alone.

\*\*\* men, they play two,

They can't get it up to screw.

\*\*\* men, they play three,

They think they get sex for free.

\*\*\* men, they play four,  
They can't get it up to score.

\*\*\* men, they play five,  
They don't have enough sex drive.

\*\*\* men, they play six,  
Little men with little dicks.

\*\*\* men, they play seven,  
Masturbation is their heaven.

\*\*\* men, they play eight,  
They can't get their dicks in straight.

\*\*\* men, they play nine,  
They take theirs up from behind.

\*\*\* men, they play ten,  
Little boys who think they're men.

Harriers' verses: \*\*\* women, they play one,  
They don't know how to get it on.

Chorus: With a knick knack, paddy whack, give themselves a tickle,

\*\*\* women use a pickle.

\*\*\* women, they play two,

They say, "Not now, I've got the flu."

\*\*\* women, they play three,

They say, "Not now, I've got to pee."

\*\*\* women, they play four,

They say, "Not now, who's at the door?"

\*\*\* women, they play five,

They'll cut your balls off with a knife.

\*\*\* women, they play six,

They're never satisfied with our pricks.

\*\*\* women, they play seven,

Life without sex is their idea of heaven.

\*\*\* women, they play eight,

They always seem to have a headache.

\*\*\* women, they play nine,

Their sex lives are in decline.

\*\*\* women, they play ten,

If they were better looking they might get some men.

#### 253. JUNGLE SMELL

Melody—Jingle Bells

Jungle smell, jungle smell,

Shiggy all the way,

Oh what fun it is to run

Through a swamp on Sunday—Hey!

Dashing through the jungle,

Following hash all the way,

All those SCBs,

Cursing all the way.

Dashing through the jungle,

Following hash all the way,

All those drunken SCBs,

Cursing all the way.

#### 254. MOTHER HASH

Melody—???

From Kuala Lumpur H3

If you're adventure hungry,  
And your yuppie life is sad,  
And you've a yen to be a jungly,  
And leave everything you have,

Chorus: You wanna run away,  
Sing a song, you wanna get smashed!  
And call it a day, come on along,  
And join the Mother Hash.

Fifty years we've been runnin',  
Jungle, shiggy, and swamp,  
Fifty more years we'll be runnin',  
Happy birthday, On-On-On!

Anybody can join us,  
Black, brown, yellow, or blue,  
And nobody need feel nervous,  
We even take white folks too!

255. MOUNT BONNELL

Melody—Blueberry Hill

(Mount Bonnell is a favorite Austin H3 on-on site)

I had my fill,  
On Mount Bonnell,  
On Mount Bonnell,  
When I had you.

The moon stood still,  
On Mount Bonnell,  
And lingered until,  
Myself came true.

Tho' we're apart,  
I'm a part of you still,  
For you weren't on the pill,  
On Mount Bonnell.

256. ONCE A BLOODY HASHMAN

Melody—Waltzing Matilda

Once a bloody Hashman fell into a shiggy-pit,  
Tripped on the edge of a benjo ditch,  
And he hummed and he stank as he swallowed all that shiggy-pit,  
I'll never see Beer Near, said he.

Chorus: Short-cutting bastard, short-cutting bastard,  
I'll never short-cut again, said he.



And he stank as he sank and wallowed in that shiggy-pit,  
Who'll come a'running the Hash with me?

Up jumped a papa-san screaming most hysterically,  
You can't run through my cane, said he,  
That's my jolly shiggy-pit you've got in your underpants,  
That will cost you tak-san yen, one, two, three.

Out climbed the Hashman, dripping very smellily,  
You'll never get your kitty from me,  
And he squelched and he oozed as the papa-san he ran away,  
Who'll come a'running the Hash with me?

Now his voice may be heard As he runs the trail so all-alone,  
Please, please, please blow your whistle for me,  
But the pack, far ahead, is hiding very craftily,  
Back to your shiggy-pit and let us be.

#### 257. Pikes Peak Hashers

Melody<sup>2</sup>symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11<sup>2</sup><sup>2</sup>Son of a Gambolier

Adapted from "The Pioneers," pg 107, by ZiPpY, Pikes Peak H4

Us Pikes Peak hashers are dirty flashers,  
We piss through leather britches,  
We wipe our ass with broken glass,

Us horny sons of bitches.

When cunt is rare, we fuck a bear,  
We knife him if he snitches,  
We knock our cocks against the rocks,  
Us horny sons of bitches.

We take our ass upon the grass,  
In bushes or in ditches,  
Our two-pound dinks are full of kinks,  
Us horny sons of bitches.

Without remorse, we fuck a horse,  
And beat him if he twitches,  
Our two-foot pricks are full of nicks,  
Us horny sons of bitches.

To make a mule stand for the tool,  
We beat him with hickory switches,  
We use our pricks for walking sticks,  
Us horny sons of bitches.

Great joy we reap from cornholing sheep,  
In barns, or bogs, or ditches,  
Nor give a damn if it be a ram,

Us horny sons of bitches.

We walk around, prick to the ground,  
And kick it if it itches,  
And if it throbs, we scratch it with cobs,  
Us horny sons of bitches.

We masturbate from morn to late,  
Till our bloody foreskin twitches,  
Next morning at ten we begin again,  
Us horny sons of bitches.

At Pikes Peak, we got no fears,  
We do not stop at trifles,  
We hang our balls on the walls,  
And shoot at them with rifles.

We scrounge a cow and care not how,  
The shit sticks to our britches,  
And fetch a bull and fill him full,  
Us horny sons of bitches.

We fuck our wives with butcher knives,  
And keep their cunts in stitches,  
But VD makes it hurt to pee,

Us horny sons of bitches.

## 258. SHE AIN'T GONNA FUCK NO MORE

Melody—Battle Hymn of the Republic

My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the whore,  
Who had fucked all round Jakarta, but had never come before,  
She'd fuck and suck most anything and she had a running sore,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

Chorus: Gory, gory, hallelujah,  
Gory, gory, hallelujah,  
Gory, gory, hallelujah,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

She hung around the Tankard and she danced at Tanamour,  
And with all the fucking that she'd done, she'd never come before,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

That whore went round Jakarta in and out of every bed,  
But though she tried with all her might, her cunt felt almost dead,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

She almost quit then in despair, but then she had a flash,  
She said "I've tried most everything, but haven't tried the HASH!  
And all those wankers are so pissed up, they'll never see the rash,"

But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

And so one steaming Monday night, she found the Anker truck,  
She could see by the crazed looks in their eyes that she would have some luck,  
So she strolled into the circle and challenged anyone to a fuck,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Hash Master was in control and so he stepped up first,  
But sadly the man had drunk too much and overquenched his thirst,  
When he pulled his flaccid penis out, she laughed like she would burst,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Joint Hash Masters took a turn, they stepped up one by one,  
But with each prick she gave a sigh, for still she hadn't come,  
She said, "You're no good at fucking, you'd best go back and run,"  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Masters of Music tried their hands but couldn't do a thing,  
One was so tired from running, all that he could do was sing,  
The other tried a shortcut, got his prick lost in her ring,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

Hash Cash stepped hard into the fray and tried to fill the breach,  
But when he put it up inside she said it wouldn't reach,  
So she grabbed the Secretary and she sucked him like a leech,

But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Scribe stepped up and cried, "The pen is mightier than the sword,"  
But when he jumped upon her she just lay there looking bored,  
She said, "You're really nothing when you've whored like I have whored,"  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Religious Advisor said a prayer and called upon the Gods,  
The only way to make her come was with his divine rod,  
But even with celestial help, he was like the other sods,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

All in the circle took their turns, the Germans and the Frogs,  
The Aussies, Yanks, and Pommies and even a couple of dogs,  
But the Dutchmen were the last in line to shed their running togs,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

When they all had finished she said, "There's something I must tell,  
I've laid here in the circle and watched all your pricks swell,  
But for all the good you've done for me, you can all go straight to hell,"  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

They each had tried her one by one as she lay upon the grass,  
They'd jammed it up her cunt and mouth and some had tried her ass,  
The one thing that they hadn't tried, was to fuck her all en masse,

But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

What alone they didn't do, they accomplished it in sum,  
With three pricks between each finger and eighteen up her bum,  
And sixteen each in cunt and mouth, she said, "I think I'm gonna come,"  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The city bells began to peel, her body began to shake,  
Exploding rockets lit the sky, the earth began to quake,  
That one massive orgasm was all that she could take,  
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

And when they climbed down off her and they looked upon the ground,  
Nothing of her could be seen and nothing could be found,  
They said though she was one good fuck, she'd never be a Hash House Hound,  
For she ain't gonna fuck no more.

## 259. SIXTEEN MILES

Melody—Sixteen Tons

Attributed to the Houston H3

Chorus: You run sixteen miles, and what do you get?  
Another day older and covered in shit.  
Great Hasher don't you call me, cause I can't go,  
I short cut the trail and I've miles to go.

Well, I woke up this morning in a bed—not mine,  
With my Nikes in my hands, left for On-Ons to find,  
I started with my buddies at half past three,  
But I short cut the trail, now I'm an SCB.

Well, I looked for trail all over the place,  
I could of followed Ons but I wanted to race,  
Thought I'd get ahead, thought it'd be so boss,  
But I followed my ass, now I'm hopelessly lost.  
Well, I asked the Hare how much further to run,  
He held up both hands, said "Let me show you, son,  
Just count these and multiply by nine."  
Oh, Great Hasher, please show me a sign!

So I've run for hours under blazing sun,  
I really don't know how far I've gone,  
I wanted a cold beer but I'll settle for wine,  
Oh, Great Hasher—for some fruit of the vine!

Great Hasher won't you call me?  
I'm having fits,  
I've short cut the trail,  
And now I'm covered in SHIT!



260. SUPER HASHER

Melody—Battle Hymn of the Republic

From the Austin H3 Songbook

He started off at five, as the GM cried "On-On,"  
Loping o'er the hedges to the blowin' of the horn,  
But the run it was a righty, and the poor bloke went straight on,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

Chorus: Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,  
Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,  
Gory, gory, what a hell of a way to die,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He ran through the bushes to the cheering of the throng,  
Following their happy cries, he felt he wasn't wrong,  
But the cunning little bastards were just stringing him along,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He ran on through the forests as the daylight turned to gray,  
Searching for the flour, but it was far away,  
And he knew he had to find it so he could run another day,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

It was approaching darkness, and many hills he'd crossed,  
He'd traversed mighty rivers, as he dreamt of getting sauced,

But now he began to realize that he was just fucking lost,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He ran on past small shacks lit with dim and flickering tapers,  
He damned the hare and co-hare for not laying much more paper,  
And also the "Pervert," the bleeding fornicator,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He thought of all the hounds drinking Shiner at the truck,  
And the bastards who left early so that they could have a fuck,  
But our poor bloke was miles away, and he was out of luck,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

Oh, in the gathering darkness, he ran o'er the fields,  
Trampling the new rice crops he could neither see nor feel,  
But the farmer he was watching, and he began to squeal,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He thought that he might make it now, so gleefully he sang,  
But then he glanced behind him, and the farmer bared his fangs,  
And reached into his waistband for his trusty sharp parang,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

The farmer leapt out after him, his doorway still unshut,  
For the only thing he'd wanted in all his life was but,

Some Hasher's balls adorning the mantel of his hut,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

In a blazing burst of speed our hound took off across the fields,  
The farmer he was losing ground, but now his fate was sealed,  
For ahead there was a shiggy-pit with no bloody way to yield,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

He teetered on the edge of that dark and dismal pit,  
And then, in desperation, he jumped into its midst,  
And as he sank from sight he cried, "What a fucking crock of shit!"  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

So, if you go a'runnin' upon a Sunday night,  
And come across a shiggy-pit upon the left or right,  
Remember our poor Hasher and his shit-i-i-ful plight,  
Oh, he ain't gonna Hash no more.

## 261. SWILLIGAN'S ISLAND

Melody—Gilligan's Island Theme

From Whiff, Pittsburgh H3

Just sip yer brew and you'll hear a tale,  
A tale of a drunken hash.  
That started with a keg of beer,

And everyone got trashed. (Repeat)

The first hare was a brainless cooch,

His co-hare was half as smart.

Two hundred some odd half-minds,

Took off in a cloud of farts. (Repeat)

The hills got steep, the shiggy deep,

The back checks had them fooled.

Then someone found the beer stop,

And everybody drooled. (Repeat)

The mud had sucked their sneakers off,

Their legs were ripped a lot.

But once they had their nectar,

The trail they soon forgot. (Repeat)

The moral is no matter how,

Much shiggy's on your trail,

A hashin' twit don't give a shit,

While he's swilling his ale.

## 262. THREE VISITING HASHERS

Melody—Mademoiselle from Armentieres

(Take turns leading verses)

Three visiting hashers came over here,

Parlez-vous,

Three visiting hashers came over here,

Parlez-vous,

Three visiting hashers came over here,

To fuck our women and drink our beer,

Inky-dinky, parlez-vous.

They came upon a down-down, etc . . .

Pissed on the fire and drank a round,

Inky-dinky parlez-vous.

Oh G.M., have you a harriette fair,

With blowjob lips and stringy hair?

Oh yes, but she's too new,

To sleep with stinking hashers like you.

Oh, Grand Master, I'm not too new,

After all, I slept with you.

Yes, that's true, but you're so sweet,

Perhaps you could just suck their feet.

Feet are fine, but I prefer,  
That they ride on my mound of fur.

Up the old stairs she was led,  
They threw her down upon the bed.

They tied her to the leg of the bed,  
And fucked her till her cheeks were red.

Then they took her to the shed,  
And fucked her till she was nearly dead.

They took her down a shady lane,  
And fucked her back to life again.

They fucked her up, they fucked her down,  
They fucked her all around the town.

They fucked her in, they fucked her out,  
They fucked her up her water spout.

Three months went by and all was well,  
Another month and she began to swell.

Nine months later she gave a grunt,

And a little hasher popped out of her cunt.

The little hasher he grew and grew,  
He fucked the Joint Master and On Sec too.

The little hasher he went to hell,  
And there he started a hash as well.

### 263. TOKYO HASH SONG

Melody—The Wild Rover  
From Tokyo H3?

I flew into Tokyo, and expat so neat,  
Some boozy old hashers I happened to meet,  
I asked to go hashing, they answered me "Nay,  
For wimps such as you we can find any day."

Chorus: And it's no nay never, no nay no never no more,  
Shall I play the wild hasher, no never no more.

I took out my checkbook all shiny and bright,  
The hash cash's eyes they lit up with delight,  
He said, "Gladly we'll welcome you as one of the rank,  
As soon as your check has been cleared by the bank."

They sold me a T-shirt at exorbitant price,  
Then we went hashing, 'twas ever so nice,  
At the last checkpoint we lost three without trace,  
And back at the On In we all got shit faced.

I've hashed the world over in places far and near,  
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.  
Now all I have left is a beer-stained T-shirt,  
And my Nikes are covered in shiggy and dirt,  
My wife she has left me because of the pong,  
And this is the end of my terrible song.

#### 264. TWELVE DAYS OF INTERHASH

Melody—Twelve Days of Christmas

On the twelfth day of Interhash,  
My true love gave to me—

Twelve twats a'twitching,  
Eleven leaping lesbians,  
Ten torn testicles,  
Nine gnawed off nipples,  
Eight aching assholes,



Seven sucking sisters,  
Six sixty-niners,  
Five pubic hairs!  
Four calling girls,  
Three French whores,  
Two shit house doors,  
And a lube job in her fur tree.

---

Twelve heinous sins,  
Eleven hashers drinking,  
Ten tits a-swinging,  
Nine S. C. B.'s swimming,  
Eight whistles blowing,  
Seven long B. T.'s,  
Six puffs of flour,  
Five frosty beers!!!!!!!!!!  
Four bimbos walking,  
Three hares a-laying,  
Two D. O. T.'s,  
And a trail with a lot of shiggy.

265. TWINKIE, TWINKIE, LITTLE HASHER

Melody—Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

A tribute to Twinkie of the Austin H3

Twinkie, twinkie, little Hasher,  
Can't you suck a little faster?  
Down upon my meat so slow,  
Like a whale about to blow,  
Twinkie, twinkie, little Hasher,  
Can't you suck a little faster?

## 266. YELLOW IS THE COLOR

Melody—Yellow is the Color of My True Love's Hair

Yellow is the color of my true love's hair,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, my true love's hair,  
And it's the color of the boils on my bum,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

Red is the color of the setting sun,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, the setting sun,  
And it's the color of my foreskin caught in my fly,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

Yellow is the color that brings me cheer,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, that brings me cheer,  
And it's the color of the carrots in my beer,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

Green is the color of all that grows,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, of all that grows,  
And it's the color of the boogers up my nose,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

Brown is the color that makes me dance,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, that makes me dance,  
And it's the color, it's the color of my underpants,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

Blue is the color that makes me stop,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, that makes me stop,  
And it's the color of the vein in my pork chop,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

White is the color of the winter snows,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm, the winter snows,  
And it's the color of the cheese between my toes,  
When I'm hashin', ah-humm, when I'm hashin', ah-humm.

## 267. YESTERDAY

Melody—Yesterday

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H3

Yesterday,

All my muscles seemed to feel OK,  
Now my body doesn't work today,  
Oh I went hashing yesterday.

Muscles ache,  
They'd be better if I'd stayed in bed,  
Now it feels as if they're made of lead,  
Wish I had stayed at home instead.

Why I ran that hash,  
Was so rash,  
But what the heck?  
Now it's clear,  
I'm a mere,  
Physical wreck.

Bloodshot eyes,  
And my tongue is twice its normal size,  
It's at times like this I realize,  
Hashing isn't all that wise.

Why I drank that beer,  
Isn't clear,  
It's just a blur.  
I don't feel so young,

And my tongue,

Is lined with fur.

Yesterday,

Hashing seemed a healthy game to play,

Now my body is in disarray,

Oh I went hashing yesterday

(mmm-mm-mmm.....)

268. YOU AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A HASHER

Melody—You Ain't Nothin' But A Hound Dog

By Twinkie & Lady Fingers, Austin H3

You ain't nothin' but a Hasher,

A-humpin' all the time,

You ain't nothin' but a Hasher,

A-humpin' all the time.

You ain't never caught a hare,

And you ain't no friend of mine.

When I said you was high class,

Well, that was just a lie,

When I said you was high class,

Well, that was just a lie.

You ain't never caught a hare,

And you ain't no friend of mine.

You ain't nothin' but a Hasher,

A-humpin' all the time,

You ain't nothin' but a Hasher,

A-humpin' all the time.

You ain't never caught a hare,

And you ain't no friend of mine.

#### HASH HOLIDAYS

#### 269. AND SO THIS IS HASHMAS

Melody—And So This is Christmas

And so this is Hashmas,

And a happy new year,

Get in a drunk punch-up,

And get socked in the ear.

AARH-AARH-AARH-AARH

(holding ear)

And so this is Hashmas,

With a wink and a leer,

Let's eat too much turkey,

And drink lots of beer.

AARH-AARH-AARH-AARH

(holding gut)

And so this is Hashmas,

No need to look glum,

We'll drink too much whiskey,

And fall on our bum.

AARH-AARH-AARH-AARH

(holding bum)

And so this is Hashmas,

What a load of old crap,

Let's put it up your bottom,

And come on your back.

OOOH-AARH-OOOH-AARH (demonstrating)

## 270. BAD KING HASHMAS

Melody—Good King Wenceslas

Bad King Hashmas spent the lot,

On some horse called Steven,

Was the bloke out to lunch or what,

The odds weren't nearly even,

Now that all the beer money's spent,  
Life will seem quite cruel,  
Might as well go home to the wife,  
And send the kids to school.

#### 271. CHRISTMAS CAROL

Melody—Silent Night

Sodomy, masturbate, fellatio, copulate,  
Round the world and Hershey highway,  
Fornicating in the hay,  
These are tricks that I lo–ve  
These are tricks that I love.

Condom, prophylactic,  
Spermicide does the trick.  
IUD's and birth control pills,  
Pull it out and let it spill,  
These will make it sa–fe,  
These will make it safe.

#### 272. HALLELUJAH CHORUS

Melody—Hallelujah Chorus

Eat my butt out



Eat my butt out

Eat my butt out, eat my butt out

Eat my butt out.

Please lick my sweaty balls,

They're so dirty

They're so dirty, they're so dirty

They're so dirty, they're so dirty.

Please eat my crusty ass,

It's so mushy

It's so mushy, it's so mushy

It's so mushy, it's so mushy.

### 273. HERE'S THE SEASON

Melody—Here's the Season to be

Merry

Here's the season to be greedy,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,

Eat until you feel quite seedy,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,

Lots of beer and food and lollies,

Tra-la-la, la-la-la, la, la la,

In the morning you'll be sorry,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la.

We always put up our Christmas stocking,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,

Santa might give us something to cock in,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,

Last year he said he wouldn't come round here,

Tra-la-la, la-la-la, la, la la,

Some bastard stuffed it up his reindeer,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la.

Get the maid under the mistletoe,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,

If the wife sees you'll soon know,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la,

Is that what they mean by sticky pudd'n,

Tra-la-la, la-la-la, la, la la,

Serves you right if you get dripping,

Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la, la-la.

#### 274. HOLIDAY SONG

Melody—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.

#### 275. JINGLE BALLS

Melody—Jingle Bells

Jingle balls, jingle balls, jingle all the way,  
Oh what fun it is to run around naked in this way,  
Jingle balls, jingle balls, jingle all the way,  
Oh what fun it is to run round naked Christmas day.

Dashing round the block, not wearing any dacks,  
One hand on your cock, to give your balls more slack,  
Bouncing up and down as we run to and fro,  
We'll jingle with our genitals wherever we may go.  
(Repeat first verse running in place with hands on crotches)

#### 276. MERRY HASHMAS

Melody—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.

Bad tidings we bring,  
About the drip and the sting,  
We wish you a Merry Syphilis,  
And a Happy Gonorrhea.

We wish you a Merry Syphilis,  
We wish you a Merry Syphilis,  
We wish you a Merry Syphilis,  
And a Happy Gonorrhea.

#### 277. MONSTER HASH

Melody—Monster Mash

I was running with the HASH on Halloween night,  
When my eyes beheld an eerie sight,  
Poofers and Short Cutters began to arrive,  
And suddenly, to my surprise,  
They did the HASH—They did the Monster HASH,  
The Monster HASH—It was a graveyard HASH,  
They did the HASH—They caught on in a flash,  
They did the HASH—They did the Monster HASH.

From knee deep shiggy in the swamp that's east,  
To wading through the creek where the leeches feast,  
The poofers all came when they heard the news,

They could get some mud on their running shoes.

And do the HASH—And do the Monster HASH,  
The monster HASH—And do the graveyard HASH,  
To do the HASH—They caught on in a flash,  
To do the HASH—To do the Monster HASH.

The trail was dark, the hares were not to be found,  
Igor unchained was running with the hounds,  
The local cops were about to arrive,  
With orders to take Hashers DEAD or ALIVE!

The Hashers were having fun—in-a-shoop-wha-ooo,  
The party had just begun—in-a-shoop-wha-ooo,  
The guests included Wolf Man—in-a-shoop-wha-ooo,  
Dracula and his son.

Out from his pickup the Tyrant's voice did ring,  
It seems he was worried 'bout just one thing,  
Opened the door and shook his fist, and said,  
"Whatever happened to those running club wimps?"

They did the HASH—They did the Monster HASH,  
The Monster HASH—It was a graveyard HASH,  
They did the HASH—They caught on in a flash,

They did the HASH—They did the Monster HASH.

Now everything's cool, we found all of the pack,  
And the Monster HASH, it will be coming back,  
For you, the sober, this HASH was meant, too,  
When you come On In, tell them Boris sent you.  
And you can HASH—And you can Monster HASH,  
The monster HASH—And do the graveyard HASH,  
And you can HASH—You'll catch on in a flash,  
Then you can HASH—Then you can Monster HASH.

IGOR: Mmmm...hash goooood! Hash goood! BORIS: Down Igor, you impetuous young boy. IGOR:  
Hash goooood . . .

## 278. NEXT THANKSGIVING

Melody—Frère Jacques

Next Thanksgiving, next Thanksgiving,  
Don't eat bread, don't eat bread,  
Shove it up the turkey, shove it up the turkey,  
Eat the bird, eat the bird.

Next Christmas, next Christmas,  
Don't trim a tree, don't trim a tree,  
Shove it up the chimney, shove it up the chimney,  
Goose Saint Nick, goose Saint Nick.

Next Easter, next Easter,  
Don't color eggs, don't color eggs,  
Shove them up the rabbit, shove them up the rabbit,  
Eat the hare, eat the hare.

279. SILENT NIGHT

Melody—Silent Night

Silent night, foggy night,  
Somebody pfffffft!, smells like shite,  
Who's the bastard that dropped his guts,  
I hope it blew a hole in his nuts,  
That will make him sing higher,  
And bring a tear to his eye.

280. TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

Melody—Twelve Days of Christmas

On the twelfth day of Christmas,  
My true love sent to me—  
Twelve hairy harlots,  
Eleven lecherous lesbians,  
Ten tired trollops,  
Nine naughty nuns,

Eight useless eunuchs,  
Seven sex-starved sisters,  
Six convicted vicars,  
Five choir boys!  
Four windmill girls,  
Three boy scouts,  
Two virgin queens,  
And a pervert in a pantry.

#### 281. WHILE THE KIWIS SHAGGED

Melody—While Shepherds Watched

While the Kiwis shagged their flocks by night,  
All laying on the ground,  
Up jumped the Aussie doctor and said,  
"Stop that and I'll buy a round."

"Fear not," said they,  
For fear of AIDS had seized the doctor's mind,  
"Before we Kiwis take a new bride,  
We clean out her behind."

So you girls waiting for the question popped,  
You won't get very far,  
If you want to take a Kiwi mate,



You'll have to answer, "Baaaaaa."

## 282. WHITE HASHMAS

Melody—White Christmas

I'm dreaming of a white Hashmas,  
As I masturbate in bed,  
Dreaming of juicy Lucy and Rock Hard's floozes,  
And a katoey giving me head,  
I'm dreaming of a white Hashmas,  
With every stroke of my old man,  
Oh, I think I'm coming,  
I know I'm coming,  
Oh, won't Hashmas be so grand.

## HASH STANDARDS

## 283. "A" IS FOR A

Gregorian Chant (sort of)

"A" is for A,  
A,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye.

"L" is for long,  
Long,  
A long,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye.

"S" is for strong,  
Strong,  
Long strong,  
A long strong,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye.

"B" is for black,  
Black,  
Strong black,  
Long strong black,  
A long strong black,  
Aye, aye, aye, aye.  
(and so on . . . )

"P" is for pudding,  
Pudding,  
Black pudding, etc . . .

"U" is for up,

Up,

Pudding up, etc . . .

"M" is for my,

My,

Up my, etc . . .

"S" is for sister's,

Sister's,

My sister's, etc . . .

"C" is for cat's,

Cat's,

Sister's cat's, etc . . .

"A" is for arsehole,

Arsesole,

Cat's arsehole, etc . . .

"T" is for twice,

Twice,

Arsesole twice, etc . . .

"N" is for nightly,

Nightly,

Twice nightly, etc . . .

"W" is for weather,  
Weather,  
Nightly weather, etc . . .

"P" is for permitting,  
Permitting,  
Weather permitting, etc . . .

"S" is for sideways,  
Sideways,  
Permitting sideways, etc . . .

#### 284. A PRAYER

Melody—Ach, Du Lieber, Augustin

Leader: And now, gentlemen, a prayer,  
A prayer for the constipated.

Pack: SHIT!

Leader: A prayer for the frustrated.

Pack: FUCK!

Leader: A prayer for the dehydrated.

Pack: BEER!

Leader: A prayer for the emasculated.

Pack: BALLS!

Balls to Mr. Benglestein, Benglestein, Benglestein,

Balls to Mr. Benglestein, dirty old man.

He sits on the steeple and shits on the people,

So balls to Mr. Benglestein, dirty old man.

He keeps us all waiting while he's masturbating,

So balls to Mr. Benglestein, dirty old man.

He ups and he downs them, he fucking well grinds them,

So balls to Mr. Benglestein, dirty old man.

## 285. ARSEHOLES FOR SALE

Melody—La Dona e Mobile

Arseholes are cheap today,

Cheaper than yesterday,

Small boys ones are half a crown,

Standing up or bending down,

Big ones for bigger pricks,

Biggest ones cost three and six.

Get yours before they're gone,

Come now and try one.

286. AS I WAS WALKING

Melody—100th Psalm

As I was walking through the wood,  
I shat myself, I knew I would.  
I cried for HELP, but no help came,  
So I shat myself again.

As I was walking through Saint Paul's,  
The vicar grabbed me by the balls.  
I cried for HELP, but no help came,  
And so he grabbed my balls again.

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

There were two crows up in a tree,  
As black as black as crows could be,  
Said one black crow unto the other,  
"You are one black enamel fucker."

287. BALHAM VICAR

Melody—???

There once was a Balham vicar  
Who said to his curate,  
I'll bet I've fucked more women than you,  
And the curate said You're on.  
And the curate said You're on.

We'll stand outside the church this day,  
And this will be our sign,  
You ding-a-ling for the women you've fucked,  
And I'll ding-a-dong for mine, for mine.  
And I'll ding-a-dong for mine, for mine.

Well there were more ding-a-lings and ding-a-dongs,  
Till a pretty young lady went by.  
And curate went ding-a-dong.

Oh, said the vicar, don't ding-a-dong there,  
That's my wife I do declare,  
Hell, said the curate, I don't care,  
Ding-a-ling-a-ling, ding, ding, ding, ding,  
Ding-a-dong-a-dong, dong, dong, dong.

## 288. BALL GAME

Melody—Take Me Out to the Ball Game

Whip it out at the ball game,  
Wave it round at the crowd,  
Dip it in jello and Crackerjack,  
I don't care if you give it a whack,  
Because it's—  
Beat your meat at the ball game,  
If you don't come it's a shame,  
For it's one, two,  
And you're covered in goo,  
At the old ball game!

#### 289. BARCELONA

Melody—Mañana

Last verse by Ian Cumming, New York H3

Chorus: Mañana, mañana,  
Is my banana good enough for you?

Way down in Barcelona, where ladies learn to knit,  
A lady stuck a knitting needle in another lady's tit.  
Said the lady to the lady, "We're here to learn to knit,  
Not to stick a knitting needle in another lady's tit."

Way down in Barcelona, where drummers play the drum,



A drummer stuck a drumstick up another drummer's bum.

Said the drummer to the drummer, "We're here to play the drum,

Not stick a drumstick up another drummer's bum."

Way down in Barcelona, where lepers decompose,

A leper picked a snotty from another leper's nose.

Said the leper to the leper, "We're here to decompose,

Not to pick a snotty from another leper's nose."

Way down in Barcelona, where ladies learn to swim,

A lady put her finger up another lady's quim.

Said the lady to the lady, "We're here to learn to swim,

Not to put our fingers up another lady's quim."

Way down in Barcelona, where beggars beg for food,

A beggar chucked a lunger in another beggar's gruel.

Said the beggar to the beggar, "We're here to beg for food,

Not to chuck a lunger in another beggar's gruel."

Way down in Barcelona, where wankers yank their crank,

A wanker took a yank of another wanker's crank.

Said the wanker to the wanker, "We're here to yank our crank,

Not to yank a crank off another wanker's crank."

Way down in New York City,

Where the cabbies drive so fast.

A cabby rammed his cab up another cabbie's ass,

Said the cabby to the cabby,

(Wind down window)

"FUCK YOU, BUDDY!"

## 290. BORN DEAD

Melody—Born Free

Born dead!

Your baby was born dead;

All torso and no head,

Born dead to live in a jar.

Stay dead!

Don't come back to haunt me;

You really don't want me,

Born dead to live in a jar.

Brain dead!

Your husband is brain dead;

A vein popped in his head,

That sucker's a mort.

## 291. CACTUS IN MY Y-FRONTS

Melody—???

From Francis Dirty Dingus Turner, Agnews (CA) H3

Chorus: I've got cactus in my Y-fronts,  
A vulture on my head,  
I've just been kissed by a Tennessee miss,  
And I wish that I was dead.  
I've a jock strap made of leather,  
That tickles, hee, hee, hee,  
But the cactus in my Y-fronts,  
Made a loser out of me.

I was up in Cripple Creek,  
I was dying for a leak,  
So I dropped behind a cactus there,  
And when I did up my belt,  
I can't tell you how it felt,  
But I knew the meaning of a prickly pear.

I went down to Nevada,  
Where the girls try so much harder,  
And I met a cute young thing called Caroline,  
But each time she felt my prickles,  
She said "Goodness me that tickles!"  
Now she's gone and run off with a porcupine.

In Cal-i-for-ni-a,  
Where the rustlers are so gay,  
I bought a gentle gee-gee name of Jack,  
But he livened up a lot,  
When he felt my brickly bot,  
That buckin' bronco broke my bloomin' back.

## 292. CAN YOU WALK A LITTLE WAY?

Melody—Billy Boy

This version from Stray Dog of Global Trash

Harriers sing questions, Harriettes sing answers:

Can you walk a little way,

With it in, with it in?

Can you walk a little way,

With it in-nnn?

I can do it with a smile,

I can walk a bloody mile,

For I love you and I want to be a mother.

Can you pour me frosty beer,

With it in, with it in?

Can you pour me frosty beer,

With it in-nnn?

I can pour your frosty beer,  
Even with your mug in here,  
For I love you and I want to be a mother.

Can you sing a pretty tune,  
With it in, with it in?  
Can you sing a pretty tune,  
With it in-nnn?

I can sing a pretty tune,  
Under your most handsome moon,  
For I love you and I want to be a mother.

Can you drive my father's car,  
With it in, with it in?  
Can you drive my father's car,  
With it in-nnn?

I can drive your father's car,  
To the local village bar,  
For I love you and I want to be a mother.

How soon can you let go,

With it in, with it in?

How soon can you let go,

With it in-nnn?

I cannot let it go,

Un-til your seeds you sow,

For I love you and I want to be a mother.

### 293. THE CHANDLER'S SHOP

Melody—Itself

A boy went into a chandler's shop, some candles for to buy,

But when he got to the chandler's shop, no chandler did he spy,

He loudly knocked, he loudly cried, enough to wake the dead,

But all he heard was a rat-a-tat-tat, right above his head.

Now he was a very inquisitive youth, so up the stairs he went,

And he was very surprised to find the chandler's wife in bed,

For she was lying upon her back with a man betweenher thighs,

And they were having a rat-a-tat-tat, right before his eyes.

And when the deed was over, the wife she raised her head,

And she was very surprised to find the boy beside the bed,

"Now if you can keep a secret, boy, to you I will be kind,

And you can have a rat-a-tat-tat, whenever you feel inclined."

294. CHICAGO

Melody—The Bear Went Over the Mountain

Chorus: I used to work in Chicago,  
In a department store,  
I used to work in Chicago,  
I don't work there any more.

Version I:

(Take turns leading verses)

A lady came into the hatshop,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Felt," she said,  
Felt her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a water-bottle,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Rubber," she said,  
Rub her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a sweater,

I asked, "What kind would you like?"

"Jumper," she said,

Jump her I did,

I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a ticket,

I asked, "Where would you like to go?"

"Bangor," she said,

Bang her I did,

I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some coffee,

I asked, "What kind would you like?"

"Ground," she said,

Grind her I did,

I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some gin,

I asked "What kind would you like?"

"Beefeater," she said,

Eat her I did,

I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a cake,

I asked, "What kind would you like?"



"Layer," she said,  
Lay her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for some service,  
I asked, "How fast do you want it?"  
"Quick," she said,  
Prick her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some carpet,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Pile," she said,  
Shagged her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a diskette,  
I asked "What kind would you like?"  
"Floppy," she said,  
Hard drive her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for a bath mat,  
I asked "What size would you like?"  
"Shower," she said,

Show her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a down quilt,  
I asked "What kind would you like?"  
"Goose," she said,  
Goose her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some lamp oil,  
I asked "What kind would you like?"  
"Whale," she said,  
Sperm her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for a power drill,  
I asked, "What brand would you like?"  
"Black & Decker," she said,  
Deck her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a drink,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Liquor," she said,  
Lick her I did,

I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some Air Wick,

I asked, "What scent would you like?"

"Mountain," she said,

Mount her I did,

I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a sleeper,

I asked, "What berth would you like?"

"Upper," she said,

Up her I did,

I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some china,

I asked, "What kind would you like?"

"Bone," she said,

Bone her I did,

I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some dish soap,

I asked, "What kind would you like?"

"Johnson & Johnson," she said,

My Johnson she got,

I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for some wood shoes,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Clog," she said,  
Flog her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a curtain,  
I asked "What kind would you like?"  
"Drape," she said,  
Rape her I did,  
I don't work there any more.

Version II:

A lady came in for some stockings,  
Some stockings from the store,  
Stockings she wanted,  
A hosing she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some carpet,  
Some carpet from the store,  
Carpet she wanted,  
Laid she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some nails,  
Some nails from the store,  
Nails she wanted,  
Screwed she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for a balloon,  
A balloon from the store,  
Balloon he wanted,  
Blown he got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some wool,  
Some wool from the store,  
Wool she wanted,  
Felt she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for some carpet,  
Some carpet from the store,  
Shag he wanted,  
Piles he got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for metaphysical conversation,  
Metaphysical conversation from the store,  
Metaphysical conversation she wanted,  
Fucked she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for a lollipop,  
A lollipop from the store,  
A sucker he wanted,  
Sucked he got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for Liquid Plumber,  
Liquid Plumber from the store,  
Liquid Plumber she wanted,  
Clean pipes she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a pony,  
A pony from the store,  
Horse she wanted,  
Ridden she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A man came in for some wheels,  
Some wheels from the store,

Wheels he wanted,  
Rimmed he got,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for a doughnut,  
A doughnut from the store,  
Glazed she wanted,  
Creme-filled she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a throw rug,  
A throw rug from the store,  
Rug she wanted,  
Rug-burned she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a spring,  
A spring from the store,  
Spring she wanted,  
Boinged she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a T-bone,  
A T-bone from the store,  
T-bone she wanted,

Boneless round she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for toy sailors,  
Toy sailors from the store,  
Toy sailors she wanted,  
Semen she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a canned ham,  
Canned ham from the store,  
Canned ham she wanted,  
Porked she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A woman came in for gift wrapping,  
Gift wrapping from the store,  
Gift wrapping she wanted,  
Packed she got,  
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a beefsteak,  
Beefsteak from the store,  
Chuck she wanted,  
Fucked she got,



I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a novel,

A novel from the store,

Dickens she wanted,

Dick she got,

I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for cigarettes,

Cigarettes from the store,

Camels she wanted,

Humped she got,

I don't work there any more.

A widow came in for some sympathy,

Sympathy from the store,

Sympathy she wanted,

Syphilis she got,

I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for assistance,

Assistance from the store,

Help she wanted,

AIDS she got,

I don't work there any more.

295. THE CHISHOLM TRAIL

Melody—The Chisholm Trail

Now gather 'round, boys, and listen to my tale,  
And I'll tell you my troubles on the old Chisholm Trail.

Chorus: Singing, ki-yi-yippy, yippy-yay, yippy-yay,  
Singing , ki-yi-yippy, yippy-yay.

Chorus (version # 2): Gonna tie my pecker to my leg, to my leg,  
Gonna tie my pecker to my leg.

My name's Bill Taylor and my love's a squaw,  
Livin' on the banks of the muddy Washita.

I come from Texas with the longhorn cattle,  
On a ten-dollar horse and a forty-dollar saddle.

Sittin' in the saddle with my hand on my dong,  
Shootin 'jism on the cattle as we go along.

We left Texas on October twenty-third,  
And traveled up the trail with the 2-U herd.

We didn't reach town till winter, Eighty-two,  
My ass was draggin' and my pecker was too.

I went huntin' tail from a parlor house whore,  
But I didn't have enough, so they kicked me out the door.

With my ass in the saddle and my pecker all sore,  
I spied a little lady in the whorehouse door.

I asked for tail and I gave her a quarter,  
And she says, "Young man, I'm a minister's daughter."

I took out a dollar and I put it in her hand,  
And she says, "young man, will your long pecker stand?"

I grabbed right hold and I throwed her on the grass,  
My toe-hold slipped and I rammed it in her ass.

I fucked her standin' and I fucked her lyin',  
If she'd a-had wings, I'd a-fucked her flyin'.

Five days later, my prick turned blue,  
I ran to the doctor and he didn't know what to do.

So I went to another and he said, "Cough,"

I coughed so hard my balls dropped off.

I went to another 'cause my pecker was sore,

"By God," said the doctor, "It's that same damn whore."

So I sold my horse and I sold my saddle,

And I bid goodbye to the longhorn cattle.

The last time I seen her and I ain't seen her since,

She was scratching her cunt on a barbed wire fence.

#### 296. CLEAN SONG

Melody—???

There was a young sailor who

Looked through the glass,

Looked through the glass,

Looked through the glass,

He spied a young mermaid with scales on her

Frightfully clean island where seagulls fly over their nests

As she combed the long hair that fell over her

Shoulders and caused her to tickle and itch,

Yelled a sailor, "Well I'll be a son of a

Beautiful mermaid out there on the rocks"

And the crew came a-running, their hands on their

Caps while they crowded four deep on the rail  
All eager to share in this fine piece of  
Talk which the captain soon heard from the watch  
So he tied down the wheel and unbuttoned his  
Crackers and cheese which he kept near the door  
In hopes he might come on a sea-going  
Happy, he knew he must use all his wits  
So he called for a line to make fast to her  
Tail, saying "Boys, we are finally going to find  
Whether mermaids do better before or  
Be brave, me good fellows," the captain next said  
"And with luck we'll break through her maiden  
Heading to starboard," they tacked with dispatch  
And caught that fair mermaid right on the  
Side and immediately hustled her down below decks  
Where each had a crack at this wonder of  
Setting her free after each had a pass  
They tossed her back with a pat on her  
After a while they all noticed some scabs  
And soon they broke out with the pox and the  
Cursing and scratching, you know what I mean  
This song may be dull, but it's frightfully clean.

#### 297. COLD WINTER'S EVENING

Melody—She Was Just a Poor Man's Daughter

'Twas a cold winter's evening,  
The guests were all leaving,  
O'Leary was closing the bar,  
When he turned and he said,  
To the lady in red,  
"Get out! You can't stay where you are."

Oh, she wept a sad tear,  
In her bucket of beer,  
As she thought of the cold night ahead,  
When a gentleman dapper,  
Stepped out from the crapper,  
And these are the words that he said:

"Her mother never taught her  
The things a young girl should know,  
About the ways of English (or Hasher) men,  
And they way they come and go (mostly come)  
Age had stolen her beauty,  
And sin has left its sad scar (you know where)  
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys,  
And let her sleep under the bar (with O'Leary)

Melody—Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys

Disgustingly different slant on Bestiality's Best, contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4

Chorus: Colostomy's best, boys,

Colostomy's best—SHIT IN A BAGGIE!

Colostomy's best, boys,

Colostomy's best.

Rub some shit on your clit, girls,

Rub some shit on your clit—COLOSTOMY!

Rub some shit on your clit, girls,

Rub some shit on your clit, 'cause . . .

Other verses:

Take a dump in a bag, guys

Shit through a slit in your side, Clyde

The Hershey highway is my way, boys

Stick your tool in her stool, boys

Get down in her brown, guys

Whack off in her sack, Jack

Fart through a cut in your gut, boys

Make doo-doo without a loo, Stu

299. COUNTRY SUNDAY SCHOOL

Melody—???

Politically-correct version of "Darkie Sunday School"

Chorus: Young folk, old folk,  
Everybody come,  
To the country Sunday School,  
And we'll have lots of fun.  
Bring your sticks of chewing gum,  
And sit upon the floor,  
And we'll tell you Bible stories,  
That you never heard before.

Now Adam was the first man,  
So we're lead to believe,  
He walked into the garden,  
And bumped right into Eve,  
There was no one there to show him,  
But he quickly found the way,  
And that's the very reason,  
Why we're singing here today.

The Lord said unto Noah,  
"It's going to rain today,"  
So Noah built a bloody great Ark,  
In which to sail away.  
The animals went in two by two,



But soon got up to tricks,  
So, although they came in two by two,  
They came out six by six.

Now Moses in the bulrushes,  
Was all wrapped up in swathe,  
Pharaoh's daughter found him,  
When she went down there to bathe.  
She took him back to Pharaoh,  
And said, "I found him on the shore"  
And Pharaoh winked his eye and said,  
"I've heard that one before."

King Solomon and King David,  
Lived most immoral lives,  
Spent their time a-chasing,  
After other people's wives.  
The Lord spoke unto both of them,  
And it worked just like a charm,  
'Cos Solomon wrote the Proverbs,  
And David wrote the Psalms.

Now Samson was an Israelite,  
And very big and strong,  
Delilah was a Philistine,

Always doing wrong.

They spent a week together,

But it didn't get very hot,

For all he got was short back and sides,

And a little bit off the top.

### 300. CUTE LITTLE SONG

Melody—Seasons in the Sun

By Dimitri Dim Sum Kieffer, Puget Sound H3

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.

### 301. DID YOU EVER SEE?

Melody—???

Oh, I got an Auntie Sissy,

And she's only got one titty,

But it's very long and pointed,

And the nipple's double-jointed.

Chorus: Did you ever see,

Did you ever see,

Did you ever see,  
Such a funny thing before?

I've got a Cousin Daniel,  
And he's got a Cocker Spaniel,  
If you tickle him in the middle,  
He'll raise his leg and piddle.

Oh, I've got Cousin Rupert,  
He plays outside half for Newport,  
They think so much about him,  
That they always play without him.

Oh, I've got a Cousin Anna,  
And she's got a grand piana,  
And she'll 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer,  
Till the neighbors say "God damn 'er."

Oh, I've got a Brother Mike,  
Who rides a motor bike,  
He can get from here to Gower,  
In a quarter of an hour.

302. DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW?

Melody—Sailor's Hornpipe

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?

Do your balls hang low? Do they swing to and fro?

Can you tie 'em in a knot? Can you tie 'em in a bow?

Can you throw 'em over your shoulder like a European soldier?

Can you do the double shuffle when your balls hang low?

Other verses:

Do they make a lusty clamor when you hit 'em with a hammer?

Can you bounce 'em off the wall like an Indian rubber ball?

Do they have a hollow sound when you drag 'em on the ground?

Do you feel a mellow tingle when you hit 'em with a shingle?

Do they have a salty taste when you wrap 'em round your waist?

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

### 303. THE FARTING CONTEST

Melody—Sweet Betsy from Pike

I'll tell you a story that is sure to please,

Of a great farting contest at Burton-on-Tease,

Where all the best farters paraded the field,

To compete in a contest for various shields.

Some tighten their bumcheeks and fart up the scale,  
To compete for a cup and a barrel of ale,  
Whilst others whose arseholes are biggest and strongest,  
Compete in the section for loudest and longest.

Now, this year's event had drawn quite a big crowd,  
And the betting was even on Mrs. McDowd,  
For it had appeared in the evening edition,  
That this lady's arse was in perfect condition.

Now old Mrs. Jones had a perfect backside,  
Half a forest of hairs with a wart on each side,  
And she fancied her chance of winning with ease,  
Having trained on a diet of cabbage and peas.

The vicar arrived and ascended the stand,  
And thus he addressed this remarkable band:  
"The contest is on as is shown on the bills,  
We've precluded the use of injections and pills."

Mrs. Bingle arrived amid roars of applause,  
And promptly proceeded to pull off her drawers,  
For though she'd no chance in the farting display,

She'd the prettiest bottom you'd see on this day.

Now, young Mrs. Porter was backed for a place,  
Though she'd ovten been placed in the deepest disgrace,  
By dropping a fart on a Sunday in church,  
And disturbing the sermon of Reverend McGurch.

The ladies lined up at the signal to start,  
And winning the toss, Mrs. Jones took first fart,  
The people around stood in silence and wonder,  
While her wireless transmitted gale warnings and thunder.

Now Mrs. McDowd reckoned nothing of this,  
She'd had some weak tea and was all wind and piss,  
She took up her place with her arse opened wide,  
But unluckily shit and was disqualified.

Then young Mrs. Porter was called to the front,  
And started by doing a wonderful stunt,  
She took a deep breath, and clenching her hands,  
She blew the whole roof off the popular stands.

That left Mrs. Bingle who shyly appeared,  
And smiled at the clergy who lustily cheered,  
And though it was reckoned her chances were small,

She ran out a winner, outfarting them all.

With hands on her hips she stood farting alone,  
And the crowd stood amazed at the sweetness of tone,  
And the clergy agreed without hindrance or pause,  
And said, "First to Mrs. Bingle, now pull up your drawers."

But with muscles well-tensed and legs full apart,  
She started a final and glorious fart,  
Beginning with Chopin, and ending with Wing,  
She went right up the scale to God Save the King.

She went to the rostrum with maidenly gait,  
And took from the vicar a set of gold plate,  
Then she turned to the vicar with sweetness sublime,  
And smilingly said, "Come see me sometime."

#### 304. GIVE ME THAT OLD TIME RELIGION

Melody—Same

We will follow Zarathustra,  
Zarathustra like we used ta,  
I'm a Zarathustra boosta,  
And he's good enough for me!

Chorus: Give me that old time religion,  
Give me that old time religion,  
Give me that old time religion,  
'Cause it's good enough for me!

We will worship with the Buddha,  
Among gods, there is no one cute-a,  
Comes in silver, brass, and pewta,  
And he's good enough for me!

We will worship with the Druids,  
Dancing naked in the woods,  
Drinking strange fermented fluids,  
And it's good enough for me!

We will pray with the Egyptians,  
Build pyramids to put our crypts in,  
Cover our subways with inscriptions,  
And it's good enough for me!  
In the church of Aphrodite,  
The priestess wears a see-through nightie,  
She's a mighty religious sightie,  
And she's good enough for me!

305. HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM



Melody—Hallelujah, I'm a Bum

Oh, why don't you work like other men do?

How the hell can I work when there's no work to do?

Chorus: Hallelujah, I'm a bum,

Hallelujah, bum again.

Hallelujah, give us a handout

To revive us again.

Springtime is here and I'm just out of jail,

The whole winter in without any tail.

I went to a house and I knocked on the door,

My cock sticking straight out, my balls on the floor.

I asked for a piece of bread and some food,

The lady said, "Bum, you will eat when I'm screwed."

When I left that lady, my cock it was sore,

My belly was full, her ass it was tore.

I went to another and I asked her for bread,

She emptied the peepot all over my head.

Be happy and glad for the springtime has come,  
We'll throw down our shovels and go on the bum.

306. HAPPY WANK SONG

Melody—Happy Talk (from South Pacific)

From Jacksing, by Sharkey Ward

Happy, happy, happy, happy wank,  
Nice girls wear their pubes in a fringe,  
If you don't have a crow,  
You got to have a crow,  
How you gonna make wet dreams come true?

307. HAS ANYBODY SEEN J. C.?

Melody—Has Anybody Seen My Gal?

Five foot nine; He's divine,  
Says He comes from Palestine,  
Has anybody seen J. C.?

Well, if you run into a five foot Jew,  
Covered with thorns,  
Holes in His hands, spear in His side,  
Man, that Cat's been crucified!

Five foot nine; He's divine;  
Changes water into wine,  
Hash anybody seen J. C.?  
Well, if you run into a five foot Jew,  
Covered with thorns,  
Holes in His hands, spear in His side,  
Man, that Cat's been crucified!

Well, He is camp, He is cool,  
He will walk across your swimming pool,  
Has anybody seen J. C.?

### 308. HI HO, HI HO, IT'S OFF TO THE BURLESQUE SHOW

Melody—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!

Other verses:

At half past eight, we'll masturbate  
They're small on wits, but big on tits  
We'll drop our drawers, and fuck some whores  
I paid my buck, now where's my fuck

From ten till eight, we'll fornicate

309. HUMORESQUE

Melody—Humoresque

I love to go out after dark

And goose the statues in the park,

A lovely pastime at the close of day!

Unperturbed they stand so still,

While WHOOPS! it's me that gets the thrill.

It really is a lovely way to play.

I've noticed lately

They stand so stately,

Out there in the dark when dew is on the ground.

I sometimes tease them

And do displease them,

If I fail to show up as the sun goes down.

The Thinker is the only one

With whom I can have no fun.

He sits upon a boulder, rough and coarse.

Napoleon sits upon his steed,

I cannot goose him, no indeed,

And so instead I goose his horse.

-----

Passengers will please refrain  
From flushing toilets while the train  
Is standing in the station, I love you.  
We encourage constipation  
While the train is in the station,  
Moonlight always makes me think of you.

If you simply have to go  
When other people are too slow,  
There is only one thing you can do.  
You'll just have to take a chance,  
Be brave and do it in your pants,  
But I'll forgive you, darling, I love you.

-----

Mabel, Mabel, strong and able,  
Get your big ass off the table,  
Don't you know the quarter is for beer?  
You can always earn your pay,  
But make your tips another way,  
And I'll forgive you, darling, I love you!

-----

Ever since you met our Nelly,  
She's had trouble with her belly,  
Wish you'd never seen our little town!  
Ever since I met your Venus,  
I've had trouble with my penis,  
Wish I'd never seen your little town.

-----

Was it you who did the pushin',  
Put the stains upon the cushion,  
Footprints on the dashboard upside down?  
Was it your sly woodpecker  
That got into my girl Rebecca?  
If it was, you better leave this town.

It was I who did the pushin',  
Put the stains upon the cushion,  
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.  
But since I got into your daughter,  
I've had trouble passing water,  
Now I guess we're even all around.

### 310. I'LL TAKE THE LEFT LEG

Melody—Loch Lomond

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4

Chorus: I'll take the left leg and you take the right leg,

It's my turn to give her the caber.

'Cause me and my true love have never been the same,

Since I shared her with the next door neighbor.

When the Lord and his band were shaping up this land,

They found that they have left over,

A pile of useless crap on the left side of the map,

That they'd hacked out of the White Cliffs of Dover.

Angel Gabriel scratched his head and asked the Lord instead,

"What can we name this wretched land so mean, Sire?"

"Ooch, Gabe, call it what ye will, maybe Largs or Motherwell;

No, on second thought we'll call it Aberdeenshire."

Now there was me and Auntie Annie, Cousin Jock and dear old Granny,

And we'd all had a roll in the heather,

'Cause we come from Braemar, and we'll not forget that our,

Family motto is, "We're all queers together."

Now the old goat died around Eastertide,

So Jock rammed the bloody coal scuttle up her,  
He threw her on to boil, then he topped her off with soil,  
And served her up as haggis supper.

When a visiting rugby team took a whore from Aberdeen,  
To agree on a price took an eternity,  
But she took them without a fuss and had triplets on the bus,  
And sued them for collective paternity.

Now wee Ronnie teaches pipes to girls of all types,  
His methods are revelation,  
Just cut your bloody banter, get your mouth 'round my chanter,  
And I'll complete your education.

Now in Burn's magic prose, a Scottish girl is like a rose,  
My lass was more like Ben Nevis when I found her.  
Her southern slopes were gray, half the nation knew the way,  
And the Hash had run up and down her.

### 311. INCONTINENCE IS THE SHITS

Melody—Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys

What the hell, if ZiPpy can spawn bastard children from Bestiality's Best, so can I . . .

Chorus: Incontinence is the shits, mates,

Incontinence is the shits—OOPS, TOO LATE!



Incontinence is the shits, mates,

Incontinence is the shits.

Soil your pants at the dance, boys,

Soil your pants at the dance— INCONTINENCE!

Soil your pants at the dance, boys,

Soil your pants at the dance, 'cause . . .

Other verses:

Move your bowels on her towels, boys

Drop a load on the road, boys

Take a whiz in your sleep, girls

Spend a penny in your teddie, girls

Go wee wee in the laundry, girls

Wet your panties at Auntie's, girls

Piddle right down your middle, boys

Crap right in your wrap, girls

Relieve yourself in a crowd, mates

Make poo poo in your shoe, boys

Smell like piss at the Ritz, girls

Smell like stool at your school, boys

Wear Depends on your ends, mates

Put a catheter up your peter, boys

Wear rubber undies on Sundays, girls

Be all a-drip on a ship, mates

Make a piddle while you diddle, boys

Public diarrhea in the cafeteria, boys

Make a stink at the skating rink, girls

### 312. IRIAN JAYA

Melody—Mull of Kintyre

Far have I traveled and much have I seen,

Had blow jobs from Bancis and fucked things obscene,

Been crippled by herpes and things far more dire,

But if you want a blow job go to Irian Jaya.

Chorus: Irian Jaya,

To be gobbled by natives is what I desire,

They practice on blowpipes in Irian Jaya.

Been rogered in Rio and poked in Peru,

Been massaged in Manila and then had a screw,

Been fucked in Llanelli by a Welsh male boys' choir,

But for the height of perversion go to Irian Jaya.

Met a girl in the jungle with a bone through her nose,

Cunt like a mantrap and strong I suppose,

Bush like a yardbroom that's made out of wire,

So be careful of pussy in Irian Jaya.

Oh the skirt she was wearing was made out of grass,  
It only just covered her sweet little ass,  
I felt an erection getting higher and higher,  
As I followed that lady from Irian Jaya.

She put down her basket, took hold of my tool,  
Pulled back the foreskin and started to drool,  
Curled her lips round it, and sir I'm no liar,  
They still have headhunters in Irian Jaya.

### 313. IT'S THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

Melody—Red River Valley

She was just a poor man's daughter,  
Victim of the rich man's whim,  
For he fucked her and he left her,  
With a sore and bleeding quim.

Chorus: It's the same the whole world over,  
It's the poor what get the blame,  
It's the rich what get the pleasure,  
Ain't it all a fucking shame.

Oh, she went up to the city,

For to hide her bleeding shame,  
But a Labour leader up and fucked her,  
Put her on the street again.

See him in the House of Commons,  
Passing laws to combat crime,  
While the victim of his evil,  
Walks the streets at night in shame.

See him with his hounds and horses,  
See him strutting at his club,  
While the victim of his whoring,  
Drinks her gin inside a pub.

See him riding in his carriage,  
Past the gutter where she stands,  
He has made a stylish marriage,  
While she wrings her ringless hands.

See him at the fine theater,  
In the front row with the best,  
While the girl that he has ruined,  
Entertains a sordid guest.

See her on the bridge at midnight,

Throwing snowballs at the moon,  
She said, "Sir, I've never had it,"  
But she spoke too fucking soon.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,  
Picking blackheads from her crotch,  
She said, "Sir, I've never had it,"  
He said, "No, not fucking much."

See her stand in Picadilly,  
Offering her aching quim,  
She is now completely ruined,  
It was all because of him.

See him seated in his carriage,  
Riding homeward from the hunt,  
He got riches from his marriage,  
She got sores upon her cunt.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,  
Throwing cunt-rags at the moon,  
First a scream, a splash, oh goodness!  
Has she done a fucking swoon?

When they dragged her from the river,

Water from her clothes they wrung,  
And they thought that she had drowned,  
Till her corpse got up and sung (the chorus).

#### 314. I WISH I WAS IN ENGLAND

Melody—Dixie

I wish I was in England,  
I do, I do,  
I'd go down to Trafalgar Square,  
To see Lord Nelson's statue,  
Get fucked! Get fucked! You one-armed pommie bastard!

I wish I was in Sydney,  
I do, I do,  
The finest town in all the world,  
Except for one small problem,  
The place! Is full! Of fucking Aussie bastards!

I wish I was in Paris,  
I do, I do,  
I'd go down to the Moulin Rouge,  
To see the Can-Can dancers,  
Get off! Get off! Get off your Froggie panties!

### 315. JONESTOWN

Melody—Downtown

When you are broke and your religion's a joke, you can always go to—Jonestown!

When life's incomplete there's only one man to meet, so won't you come and see—Jim Jones!

Watch him as he stirs the vat of Koolaid that's so lethal,

Listen to the anguished cry of all his dying people—no one survives!

The Rev's a most gracious host, so let's lift up our glass to the ultimate toast, we're at—Jonestown!

Drink up with Reverend Jim—Jonestown!—the chances are mighty slim—Jonestown!—the people are dropping like flies.

Jonestown—Jonestown—Jonestown—

Jonestown. . .

There was Congressman Ryan on his mission of spying but he would not drink with—Jim Jones!

For such a disgrace they had to blow off his face, now tell me who's to blame—Jim Jones!

But it forced the Rev to put his final plan in action,

He drank the brew and when it's through he saw with satisfaction—everyone died!

The deaths were both painful and slow, but to live or die, it's a great way to go, we're at—Jonestown!

Drink up with Reverend Jim—Jonestown!—the chances are mighty slim—Jonestown!—the people are dropping like flies.

Jonestown—Jonestown—Jonestown—

Jonestown . . .

### 316. JUNIOR BIRDMEN

Melody—Itself

Up in the air, junior birdmen,  
Into the air, upside down,  
Up in the air, junior birdmen,  
With your assholes to the ground.

And when you hear the grand announcement,  
That your wings are made of tin,  
Then you will know junior birdmen,  
Have sent their boxtops in.

For it takes five boxtops,  
Four bottle-bottoms,  
Three wrappers,  
Two labels,  
And one thin dime . . .  
Ratta-ta-taaa . . .

### 317. LEAVER'S SONG

Melody—Annie's Song

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4

Chorus: You're leaving Jakarta, you silly old farter,  
Your best days are over, you're ready to go.  
Your wrinkles are showing, your beer belly is growing,  
Your semen's stopped flowing, you're all clapped out now.



You abandoned your wife, in favor of night life,  
You screwed till the morning, then came back for more.  
Even your maid was willing, to sample your drilling,  
But now your bit's broken, they've shown you the door.

We marvel to witness, your standard of fitness,  
You suffered no ailments, not even a cough.  
But from self-abuse, and living so loose,  
Your extremity's withered, and your balls have dropped off.

You came full of purpose, but now you are surplus,  
You were full of ideas, you were at the forefront.  
Now your skills are outdated, your job's automated,  
You're now on the scrap heap, you stupid old cunt.

#### 318. LIFE PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE (Two versions)

1st Melody—Hark, the Herald Angels Sing

2nd Melody—Oh, My Darlin' Clementine

The first version of this fine old standard is included in many hash songbooks. The second version, titled "Hymn," comes from Dennis "Mu-Sick" Gill, Ft Walton Beach H3, Florida

Life presents a dismal picture,  
Dark and dreary as the tomb,  
Father's got urethral stricture,

Mother's got a prolapsed womb.

Uncle James has been deported

For a homosexual crime,

Nell, our maid, has just aborted

For the forty-second time.

Ours is not a happy household—

No one laughs or ever smiles,

Mine's a dismal occupation,

Crushing ice for Grandpa's piles.

Jane the under-housemaid vomits

Every morning just at eight,

To the horror of the butler,

Who's the author of her fate.

Auntie Kate has diarrhea,

Shits ten times more than she ought;

Stands all day beside the rear,

Lest she should be taken short.

Grandpa, lurking in the woodshed,

Found a fetus in a case;

Father Pryke says it's murder—

Of sister Annie there's no trace.

Uncle Charlie has a chancre,

Caught from Uncle Henry's wife;  
May's in bed with menstruation,  
Auntie's at the change of life.  
Mabel's husband's now in prison,  
For a childish prank of mine;  
Pinching things that wasn't his'n—  
Women's scanties off a line.

Dad's a man who likes the bestial,  
Incest is my mother's fun,  
So the whole four sleep together—  
Father, mother, horse, and son.  
Anal-oral trends disgust me,  
Though pronounced in Tiny Tim,  
For I much prefer fellatio—  
He sucks me and I suck him.

Little Jim keeps masturbating,  
Though we tell him it is sin;  
Uncle Dave's the Kingsgrove Slasher,  
Uncle Henry dobbed him in.  
Still, we must not be down-hearted,  
We must not be put about,  
Cousin Susie has just farted—  
Turned her arsehole inside out!

---

Guide me oh my great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim in this barren land,  
We are meek, but thou are mighty,  
Guide us with thy powerful hand.  
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,  
Feed us till we want no more,  
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,  
Feed us till we want no more.

Always eat when you are hungry,  
Always drink when you are dry,  
Always sleep when you are tired,  
Don't stop breathing or you'll die.  
Bread's from commissary, milk Magnolia,  
Cold beer from San Miguel,  
Bread's from commissary, milk Magnolia,  
Cold beer from San Miguel.

Life presents a dismal picture,  
From the cradle to the tomb,  
Father's got an anal stricture,  
Mother's got a fallen womb.  
Fallen womb, fallen womb,

Mother's got a fallen womb,  
Fallen womb, fallen womb,  
Mother's got a fallen womb.

Sister Sue has been aborted,  
For the forty-second time,  
Brother Bill has been reported,  
For a homosexual crime.  
For a homo, for a homo,  
For a homosexual crime,  
For a homo, for a homo,  
For a homosexual crime.

Grandpa hardly ever laughs now,  
Fact, he never even smiles,  
For his only occupation's,  
Crushing ice for Grandpa's piles.  
Crushing ice, crushing ice,  
Crushing ice for Grandpa's piles,  
Crushing ice, crushing ice,  
Crushing ice for Grandpa's piles.

In a small brown paper parcel,  
Wrapped in a mysterious way,  
Is an imitation rectum,

Grandpa uses twice each day.

Uses twice, uses twice,

Uses twice each day,

Uses twice, uses twice,

Uses twice each day.

Never ever be down-hearted,

Never be fucked all about,

Brother Tom has only farted,

Turned his asshole inside out.

Turned his asshole, turned his asshole,

Turned his asshole inside out,

Turned his asshole, turned his asshole,

Turned his asshole inside out.

Even now the baby's started,

Having epileptic fits,

Every time it coughs it spews,

Every time it spews it shits.

Every time, every time.

Every time it spews it shits,

Every time, every time.

Every time it spews it shits.

319. LITTLE BIT OFF THE TOP

## Melody—When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When I was eight days old, me boys,

Hurrah, Hurrah,

When I was eight days old, me boys,

Hurrah, Hurrah,

The rabbi came with a big sharp knife,

And I surely thought he'd take my life,

But all he took was a,

Little bit off the top.

Oh, that is what they call a bris,

Hurrah, Hurrah,

Oh, that is what they call a bris,

Hurrah, Hurrah,

And if the rabbi should happen to miss,

It surely makes for an interesting piss,

But all he took was a,

Little bit off the top.

The rabbi, he is called a moyl,

Hurrah, Hurrah,

The rabbi, he is called a moyl,

Hurrah, Hurrah,

And over me he sure did toil,

I thought that I'd end up a goil,  
But all he took was a,  
Little bit off the top.

Oh, circumcision is all right,  
Hurrah, Hurrah,  
Oh, circumcision is all right,  
Hurrah, Hurrah,  
But every morning and every night,  
You aim to the left and pee to the right,  
But all he took was a,  
Little bit off the top.

### 320. THE LITTLE RED TRAIN

Melody—When Johnny Comes Marching Home

A little red train came down the track,  
She blew, she blew,  
A little red train came down the track,  
She blew, she blew,  
A little red train came down the track,  
And I don't give a damn if she never comes back,  
Away she blew, oh Jesus, how she blew.

The engineer was at the throttle . . .



A-jacking off in a whiskey bottle . . .

The fireman, he was shoveling coal . . .

Right up the engineer's asshole . . .

The switchman, he was at the switch . . .

A-swishing away like a son of a bitch . . .

A blonde was in the dining car . . .

A-puffing away on a black cigar . . .

A porter was waiting in the car . . .

To take the place of the black cigar . . .

The flagman he stood out in the grass . . .

The staff of the flag run up his ass . . .

### 321. MOBILE

Melody—Over There

(Take turns leading verses)

Oh the eagles they fly high in

Mobile, in Mobile,

Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile,

Oh the eagles they fly high,

And they shit right in your eye,  
Thank the Lord that cows don't fly,  
In Mobile.

Chorus: In Mobile, in Mobile,  
In Mo, in Mo, in Mobile,  
A-a-sshole, a-a-sshole, a-a-a-sshole.

There's a girl by the name of Dinah in Mobile, in Mobile,  
There's a girl by the name of Dinah in Mobile,  
There's a girl by the name of Dinah,  
Who thinks there's nothing finer,  
Than a prick up her vagina,  
In Mobile.

Oh the vicar is a bugger in Mobile, etc  
And the curate is another,  
And they bugger one another,  
In Mobile.

There's a shortage of bog paper in Mobile, etc  
So they wait until it vapors,  
Then they light it with a taper,  
In Mobile.

If you're ever thrown in jail in Mobile, etc

Well there's no need for bail,

'Cause the sheriff's wife's for sale,

In Mobile.

Oh the Hashers get no tail in Mobile, etc

So for want of recreation, they indulge in masturbation,

It's a hell of a situation,

In Mobile.

Oh there's a brand-new lighthouse in Mobile, etc

Which the birds use for a shit-house,

Now the lighthouse is a white house,

In Mobile.

There's a shortage of good bogs in Mobile, etc

So they wait until it clogs,

Then they saw it up in logs,

In Mobile.

There's a man by the name of Hunt in Mobile, etc

Who thought he had a cunt,

But his balls were back to front,

In Mobile.

There's a man by the name of West in Mobile, etc  
Who thought he had a breast,  
But his balls were on his chest,  
In Mobile.

Oh the girls they wear tin undies in Mobile, etc  
And they take them off on Sundays,  
You should see the boys on Mondays,  
In Mobile.

There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile, etc  
But there's keyholes in the doors,  
And there's knotholes in the floors,  
In Mobile.

Oh the parson is perverted in Mobile, etc  
And his morals are inverted,  
There's a thousand he's converted,  
In Mobile.

Frenchies are in short supply in Mobile, etc  
And that's the reason why,  
You'll see them hanging out to dry,  
In Mobile.

The virgins they are rare in Mobile, etc  
When they get their pubic hair,  
They're deflowered by the mayor,  
In Mobile.

Oh the girls they wear tin pants in Mobile, etc  
And they take them off to dance,  
All the fellows get a chance,  
In Mobile.

There's a lad named Dirty Danny in Mobile, etc  
And he likes a bit of fanny,  
And he gets if off of granny,  
In Mobile.

There's a bastard named Mercator in Mobile, etc  
Who's the greatest fornicator,  
Masturbator, cunt-inflater,  
In Mobile.

There's a girl with no ambition in Mobile, etc  
And when she isn't wishin', she gets it in the kitchen,  
From the local obstetrician,  
In Mobile.

Oh men of drinking classes in Mobile, etc  
When you've finished with your glasses,  
You can shove them up your asses,  
In Mobile.

Oh the chemists are the key men in Mobile, etc  
Selling dehydrated semen,  
To emasculated he-men,  
In Mobile.

Oh the privates wash the dishes in Mobile, etc  
And they dry them on their britches,  
Oh the dirty sons of bitches,  
In Mobile.

Oh the sergeant is a bugger in Mobile, etc  
And the corporal is another,  
And they bugger one another,  
In Mobile.

Oh they drink their whisky neat in Mobile, etc  
Till it drops them off their feet,  
And they cannot get a beat,  
In Mobile.

Oh I chased the colonel's daughter in Mobile, etc  
And I shagged her when I caught her,  
Now the daughter's got a daughter,  
In Mobile.

Oh, the cows they are all dead in Mobile, etc  
So they milk the bulls instead,  
'Cause the bastards must be fed,  
In Mobile.

### 322. MOONSHADOW

(OKINAWA H3 PERENNIAL)

Melody—Moonshadow

(Two to three hashers required, one bareassed)

I'm being followed by a moonshadow,  
Moonshadow, moonshadow, etc . . .

### 323. MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

Melody—My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

(Take turns leading verses)

My father makes book on the corner,  
My mother makes illicit gin,  
My sister sells kisses to sailors,

My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus: Rolls in, rolls in,

My God how the money rolls in, rolls in,

Rolls in, rolls in,

My God how the money rolls in.

My mother's a bawdy house keeper,

Each night when the evening grows dim,

She hangs out a little red lantern,

My God how the money rolls in.

My cousin's a Harley Street surgeon,

With instruments long, sharp, and thin,

He only does one operation,

My God how the money rolls in.

Uncle Joe is a registered plumber,

His business in holes and in tin,

He'll plug up your hole for a tenner,

My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a slum missionary,

He saves fallen women from sin,

He'll save you a blond for a dollar,



My God how the money rolls in.

My Grandad sells cheap prophylactics,  
He punctures the teats with a pin,  
For Grandma gets rich off abortions,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My sister's a barmaid in Sydney,  
For a shilling she'll strip to the skin,  
She's stripping from morning till midnight,  
My God how the money rolls in.

My aunt keeps a girl's seminary,  
Teaching young girls to begin,  
She doesn't say where they will finish,  
My God how the money rolls in.

#### 324. MY SOMBRERO

Melody—Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye  
From Jacksing, by Sharkey Ward

My sister Belinda, she pissed out the winda,  
All over my favorite sombrero,  
I said, "You fat twat, you pissed on my hat,"  
She said, "I don't fucking well care O."

Aye, aye, aye, aye, me and my soggy sombrero,  
I said, "You fat twat you just pissed on my hat,"  
She said, "I don't fucking well care O."

My sister Margarita, she come all excreta,  
And shit in my bessy sombrero,  
I said, "You fat twat, you shit in my hat,"  
She said, "I don't give a fuck-er-O."

Aye, aye, aye, aye, me and my shitty sombrero,  
I said, "You fat twat, you just shat in my hat,"  
She said, "I don't give a fuck-er-O."

My girlfriend Maria, she's got gonorrhea,  
She gave it to me, amigo,  
I said, "You fat twat, you gave me the clap,"  
She said, "I don't fucking well care O."

Aye, aye, aye, aye, me and my blobby dickero,  
I said, "You fat twat, you just gave me the clap,"  
She said, "I don't fucking well care O."

325. NECROPHILIA'S BEST

Melody—Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys

Yet another perverse variation of Bestiality's Best, contributed by (who else?) ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4

Chorus: Necrophilia's best, boys,

Necrophilia's best—FUCK A CADAVER!

Necrophilia's best, boys,

Necrophilia's best.

Give head to the dead, girls

Give head to the dead—NECROPHILIA!

Give head to the dead, girls,

Give head to the dead, 'cause . . .

Other verses:

Do it lots 'fore she rots, boys

Fuck her defunct cunt, boys

Do your boffin' in a coffin, mates

Plant your pelvis on Elvis, girls

Rub your slit on Sonny Stitt, girls

Suck the dong of Mao Tse-Tung, girls

Sink your cable in Betty Grable, boys

Go to bed with the dead, Fred

Use the staff of a stiff, girls

The best of course is a corpse, boys

Suck some decomposed toes, girls

Stroke her hips in a crypt, boys

Get some authentic skull, mates  
Jack off on old Jackie, boys  
Shoo the flies off her thighs, guys  
Shoot some cream in a mausoleum, boys  
Pinch your nipples hard in the graveyard, girls  
That Kim Il Sung is sure hung, girls

### 326. THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON

Melody—same as Salvation Army Song?

Chorus: Away, away with fife and drum,  
Here we come, full of rum.  
Looking for women who peddle their bums,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

When we arrived in Montreal,  
She spread her legs from wall to wall.  
She took the captain balls and all,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

A'sailing up and down the coast,  
Now here's the thing we love the most,  
To fuck the girls and raise a toast,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

Well, off the coast of Labrador,  
We took on board a floating whore.  
We fucker her forty times or more,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

A'sailing up to Newfoundland,  
Each sailor had his prick in hand,  
Oh say, my boys, can you make it stand?  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

And when our ship is in drydock,  
The whores around us all do flock.  
It's every man unfurl your cock,  
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

### 327. THE OLD IRISH STATE

Melody—Villikins and His Dinah

Provided by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4

I'll sing you a song of the old Irish race,  
And the problems these poor people must face.  
If you're asked who's got an IQ of 108,  
It's the total points scored by the whole Irish state.

Chorus: With an urr urr urr, and an arr arr arr arr,  
They come from a-near and they come from afar,  
To hear our heroes and also to see,  
Who am the next one a-going to be.

Now Patrick was screwing for over an hour,  
When he stopped and said to his girl in a glower,  
"You've got nothing on top and nothing below."  
She said, "Get off my back, you silly old crow."

Now Sean was a student at the top of his form,  
"What's 4 and 4?" said his mother, when he was at home.  
"Seven," he replied—said his father with glee,  
"He's such a clever lad, he only missed it by three."

Mrs Riley went shopping for anti-perspirant,  
"For my husband," she said, "you know what I want."  
"It's the ball type you're after," said the shopgirl, "I think."  
"No, for under his armpits is where the bugger do stink."

"The defendant, did he rape you?" said the judge to Anna.  
"Yes he did," she replied in her most demure manner.  
"And to the best of your knowledge, did he have a climax?"  
"No, a Japanese Mazda, them be the facts."

Now Mary O'Toole a gynecologist had seen.

He opened her legs and peered in between.

He said, "When did you last have a check-up in here?"

She said, "I've only had Hungarians for over a year."

"Pilot Murphy to control tower, I want to come in."

"Control tower to Murphy, instructions begin.

What's your height and position, you stupid old runt?"

"I be five-foot-nine tall and I be sitting in front."

Mrs O'Leary buried her husband, but her friend had found

That she'd left his bare arse sticking out of the ground.

"Why'd you do that, I've never seen such like?"

"Well, when I visit the grave, I can park me bike."

Well the Jews tell us that they're God's chosen race,

But it could have been our fair land in its place.

For God went a searching, he looked all around,

But three wise men and a virgin just couldn't be found.

328. OR WOULD YOU RATHER BE

A \_\_\_\_\_?

Melody—Swinging on a Star

A Pom is an animal that drinks warm beers,  
He whinges at everything he hears,  
He wears a bowler and eats fish and chips,  
He never showers so he stinks like shit,  
So if you're dirty and smelling kinda strong,  
You could grow up to be a Pom.

Chorus: Or would you rather prop up a bar?  
Drinking Singhas out of a jar?  
And be better off than you are?  
Or would you rather be a     ?

A Yank is an animal that don't know jack shit,  
He's got no humor and no wit,  
His beer's like water and he talks too much,  
He don't even know that a fanny's a crutch,  
So if you can't tell a jackoff from a wank,  
You could grow up to be a Yank.

An Ocker is an animal with corks in his hat,  
He'd rather drink piss than tickle twat,



He's got a roo for a rabbit and a dingo for a dog,  
He wishes he could think but he's missing a cog,  
So if you're dumb and your manners are a shocker,  
You could grow up to be an Ocker.

A Kiwi is an animal that likes to fuck sheep,  
He's so thick it makes you want to weep,  
He's so damn lazy that he lives on the dole,  
He'd like to screw women but he can't find their hole,  
So if you can't tell a ewe from a she,  
You could grow up to be a Kiwi.

### 329. OU EST LE PAPIER?

Melody—Marseillaise

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

330. PATRIOTIC SONG

Melody—???

Asshole, asshole,

A soldier I would be.

To piss, to piss,

Two pistols on my knee.

Fuck you, fuck you,

For curiosity.

To fight for the old cunt, to fight for the old cunt,

To fight for the old country.

331. PISSANYA, PISSANYA

Melody—Itself

Pissanya, Pissanya, Pissanya,

It's Russian for "I love ya,"

If I had my way I'd Pissanya all day,

Pissanya, Pissanya, Pissanya.

Shittanya, Shittanya, Shittanya,

It's Russian for "I adore ya,"

If I had my way I'd Shittanya all day,  
Shittanya, Shittanya, Shittanya.

Comeanya, Comeanya, Comeanya,  
It's Russian for "I worship ya,"  
If I had my way I'd Comeanya all day,  
Pissanya, Shittanya, Comeanya.

### 332. RING THE BELL VERGER

Melody—Itself

Chorus: Ring the bell verger, ring the bell, ring,  
Perhaps the congregation will condescend to sing,  
Perhaps the village organist, sitting on his stool,  
Will play upon his organ and not upon his tool.

Ocean liner five months late,  
Stoker stoking stoker's mate,  
Captain's voice comes down the wire,  
"Stop stoking mate and start stoking fire!"

Lordship's chauffeur in the garage lies,  
Lordship's wife between his thighs,  
Lordship's voice comes from afar,  
"Stop fucking wife and start fucking car!"

Part-time barman in the four-ale lurks,  
Tossing off with erratic jerks,  
The landlord's voice begins to moan,  
"Stop pulling plonker and start pulling foam!"

Verger in the belfry stood,  
Grasped in his hand, his mighty pud,  
From afar the vicar yells,  
"Stop pulling pud and start pulling bell!"

Old time convict in the compound stands,  
His pick lies idle in his hands,  
The warden's voice begins to moan,  
"Stop picking prick and start picking stone!"

### 333. THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI

Melody—Itself

There's a crack winding back  
From her belly to her back  
On the road to Gundagai;  
There's a Yank there beside her,

You bet your balls he'll ride her,  
Beneath the starry sky;  
With a Frenchie on his big prick,  
He'll ride her with ease,  
As he scratches up the gravel  
With both of his knees;  
Though the time will come to pass  
When he'll whop it up her arse,  
On the road to Gundagai.

#### 334. ROEDEAN SCHOOL

Melody—We Shall Not Be Moved

(Take turns leading verses)

We are from Roedean, good girls are we,  
We take great pride in our virginity,  
We take precautions and avoid abortions,  
For we are from the Roedean School.

Chorus: Up school, up school, up school,  
Right up school!

Laah-lah, laah-lah, lah, lah, lah, lah, lah,  
Laah-lah, laah-lah, lah, lah, lah, lah, lah.

Our school porter, he is a fool,

He's only got a teeny weeny tool,  
All right for keyholes and little girlies' peeholes,  
But not for girls from Roedean School.

When we go out to the vicar's for tea,  
He likes to bounce us up and down on his knee,  
He feed him brandy, which makes him feel randy,  
For we are from Roedean School.

When we go down to the beach for a swim,  
The people remark on the size of our quim,  
You can bet your bottom dollar, it's big as a horse's collar,  
For we are from Roedean School.

Our head prefect, her name is Jane,  
She only likes it now and again,  
AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN,  
For she is from Roedean School.

Our house mistress, she can't be beat,  
She lets us go walking in the street,  
We sell our titties for three-penny bitties,  
Right outside of Roedean School.

Our sports mistress, she is the best,

She teaches us how to develop our chest,  
We wear tight sweaters and carry French letters,  
For we are from Roedean School.

Each week at Roedean we have a dance,  
We don't wear bras and we don't wear pants,  
We like to give all the fellows a chance,  
For we are from Roedean School.

Our head gardener, he makes us drool,  
He's got a great big dirty whoppin' tool,  
All right for tunnels and Queen Mary's funnels,  
And great for the girls at Roedean School.

We have a new girl, her name is Flo,  
Nobody thought that she would have a go,  
But she surprised the vicar by raising him quicker,  
Than any other girl at Roedean School.

We are from Roedean, lesbos are we,  
Caused by living in an all-girls dormit'ry,  
It's light out at seven, candles out at eleven,  
For we are from Roedean School.

We go to Roedean, don't we have fun,

We know exactly how it is done,  
When we lie down we hole it in one,  
For we are from Roedean School.

Those girls from Cheltenham, they are just sissies,  
They get worked up over one or two kisses,  
It takes wax candles and long broom handles,  
To rouse the girls at Roedean School.

We go to Roedean, we can be had,  
Don't take our word, boy, ask your old dad,  
He brings his friends for breath-taking trends,  
For we are from Roedean School.

In our winter we wear our J.D.'s,  
Long combinations well below our knees,  
It's all right for dragging, but no good for shagging,  
For we are from Roedean School.

### 335. ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

Melody—Oh, Sally, My Dear

If all the young girls were like fish in the ocean,  
I'd be a whale and I'd show them the motion.



Chorus: Oh, roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over,  
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

If all the young girls were like fish in a pool,  
I'd be a shark with a waterproof tool.

If all the young girls were like fish in the brookie,  
I'd be a trout and I'd get me some nookie.

If all the young girls were like winds on the sea,  
I'd be a sail and I'd have them blow me.

If all the young girls were like cows in the pasture,  
I'd be a bull and I'd fill them with rapture.

If all the young girls were like mares in the stable,  
I'd be a stallion and show them I'm able.

If all the young girls were like bricks in a pile,  
I'd be a mason and lay them in style.

If all the young girls were like bells in a tower,  
I'd be a clapper and bang them each hour.

If all the young girls were like telephone poles,  
I'd be a squirrel and stuff nuts in their holes.

If all the young girls were like gals down in Sydney,  
I ain't got much left but I've still got one kidney.

If all the young girls were like B-29s,  
I'd be a jet fighter and buzz their behinds.

If all the young girls were like coals in a stoker,  
I'd be a fireman and shove in my poker.

If all the young girls were like statues of Venus,  
And I were equipped with a petrified penis.

If all the young girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee,  
I'd be a G-string; oh boy, what I'd see.

If all the young girls were like sheep in the clover,  
I'd be a ram and I'd ram them all over.

If all the young girls were like pancakes in Texas,  
I'd be a Texan and eat them for breakfast.

If all the young girls were like grapes on the vine,  
I'd be a plucker and have me a time.

If all the young girls were singing this song,  
It'd be twice as dirty and five times as long.

If all the young girls were like trees in the forest,  
I'd be a woodsman and climb their clitoris.

If all the young girls were diamonds and rubies,  
I'd be a jeweler and polish their boobies.

If all the young girls were like little white flowers  
I'd be a bee and suck them for hours.

If all the young girls were linear spaces,  
And I were a vector, I'd aim for their bases.

If all the young girls wore dresses with patches,  
I'd tear off their patches to get at their snatches.

If all the young girls were vessels of clay  
I'd be a potter and make them all day.

336. SCROTUM

Melody—Jada

Scrotum. Scrotum.

S-C-R-O-T-U-M.

Mangy, scrungy,

S-C-R-O-T-U-M.

Scrotum, scrotum,

Covered with hair.

What would you do

If it wasn't there?

Scrotum, scrotum,

It's what we keep our gonads in!

### 337. THE SINKING OF THE TITANIC

Melody—Itself

There are many versions of this song and not all are written down. This one contains some home-made verses—symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11??FB

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue,

And they thought they'd built a ship the water couldn't get through.

But an iceberg on the wave, sent it to its watery grave,

It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus: It was sad, (so sad), it was sad, (too bad),

It was sad when that great ship went down,

To the bottom of the . . . HUSBANDS AND WIVES, LITTLE CHILDREN LOST THEIR LIVES!

It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they sailed from Plymouth, England, and were halfway to the shore,

When the rich refused to associate with the poor.

So they put the poor below, where they were the first to go,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Chorus): UNCLES AND AUNTS, THEY PISSED RIGHT IN THEIR PANTS!

Oh, that ship was full of sin, and the sides about to burst,  
When the captain shouted, "Women and children first!"  
Then he tried to send a wire, but the wires were all on fire,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Chorus): CHILDREN, THEY CRIED, AS THE WAVES SWEPT O'ER THE SIDE!

Oh, the crew was not afraid, as they tried to lower boats,  
But the waves were cruel, and nary a boat would float.  
So they put on their lifevests, and prepared themselves for death,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Chorus): LADY ASTOR IN HER GOWN, HAD TO WATCH HER HUSBAND DROWN!

Oh, the captain was at fault, and was just about to flee,  
When the band struck up with "A-Nearer My God to Thee!"  
And the steerage passengers, were left to drown like curs,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Chorus): HOW THEY DID PLEA, AS THEY SLIPPED BENEATH THE SEA!

(Special verse): But in the captain's cabin, the spirits they did find,  
And they began to swill, as they floated in the brine.  
And the liquor in their veins, kept them warm upon the main,  
It was glad when that great ship went down!

(Special Chorus): It was glad (so glad), it was glad (so glad),  
It was glad when that great ship went down,  
To the bottom of the . . . CHAMPAGNE AND WHISKEY, THEY WENT DOWN FEELING FRISKY!  
It was glad when that great ship went down.

Oh, the moral of this story is very plain to see,  
You must wear your life preserver when you are out to sea.  
Or you may find yourself aswim, facing fate that's all too grim,  
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Chorus): MIGHTY OR MEEK, YOU CAN'T TREAD WATER FOR A WEEK!

338. SOD 'EM ALL

Melody—Over There

From Jacksing, by Sharkey Ward, the official Royal Navy version

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all,  
The long and the short and the tall,  
Sod all the sergeants and W.O. ones,  
Sod all the corporals and their bastard sons.

For we're saying goodbye to them all,  
As back to their billets they crawl,  
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,  
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all.

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all,  
The skipper, the jimmy and all,  
Sod all the yeomen and C.P.O. tels,  
Sod the chief sloshies and their bleeding smells.  
For we're saying goodbye to them all,  
As back to their hammocks they crawl,  
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,  
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all.

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all,  
The jaunty, the crusher and all,  
Sod all the shipwrights and C.P.O. cooks,  
Sod all the paybobs with their bleeding books.  
For we're saying goodbye to them all,  
As back to their hammocks they crawl,  
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,  
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all.

Sod 'em all, sod 'em all,  
The admiral, the flag-jack and all,

Sod all the O.A.s and E.A.s as well,  
Sod the chief stoker and send him to hell.  
For we're saying goodbye to them all,  
As back to their hammocks they crawl,  
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,  
So cheer up my lads, sod 'em all.

### 339. SOME DIE OF DRINKING WATER

Melody—British Grenadier

Some die of drinking water,  
And some of drinking beer,  
Some die of constipation,  
And some of diarrhea.  
But of all the world's diseases,  
There's none that can compare,  
With the drip, drip, drip of the syphilitic prick  
Of a British Grenadier (or Hash House Harrier).

When he goes forth in battle,  
His weapon in his hand,  
The lasses fall like cattle,  
There's none can make a stand.  
But when the campaign's over,  
It's then he feels so queer,



With the drip, drip, drip of the syphilitic prick  
Of a British Grenadier (or Hash House Harrier).

And when he does retire,  
To take his well-earned rest,  
There burns an ancient fire,  
To do what he does best.  
And yet, the truth is bitter,  
There's one thing he does fear,  
It's the drip, drip, drip of the syphilitic prick  
Of a British Grenadier (or Hash House Harrier).

I like the girls who say they will,  
And I like the girls who won't.  
I hate the girls who say they will,  
And then they say they won't.  
But of all the girls I like the best,  
I may be wrong or right,  
Are the girls who say they never will,  
But look as though they might.

#### 340. SWEET VIOLETS

Melody—Sweet Violets

Chorus: Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,

Covered all over from head to toe,  
Covered all over in SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

(Take turns leading verses)

My father was a coal miner,  
A coal miner that he was.  
Sometimes he'd shovel up coal dust,  
And sometimes he'd shovel up SHIT!

My brother was a pilot,  
A pilot that he was,  
Sometimes he'd land on the runway,  
And sometimes he'd land in the SHIT!

My wife, she died on the toilet,  
She died of a horrible fit,  
And to satisfy her last wishes,  
She was buried in six feet of SHIT!

My father went to the woodshed,  
Some wood he wanted to split,  
But when he grabbed hold of the handle,  
He found it was covered with SHIT!

Phyllis Quat kept a sack in the garden,

I was curious I must admit,  
One day I stuck in my finger,  
And pulled it out covered in SHIT!

I sat in a gold lavatory,  
In the home of the Baron of Split,  
The seat was encrusted with rubies,  
But as usual the bowl contained SHIT!

My brother he worked in a sewer,  
Some lamps they had to be lit,  
One evening there was an explosion,  
And my brother was covered in SHIT!

Phyllis Quat took a bag to her boy-friend's,  
But the paper was old and it split,  
Now the boyfriend and Phyllis have parted,  
For the bag was packed quite full of SHIT!

Well, now my song is ended,  
And I have finished by bit,  
And if any of you feel offended,  
Stick your head in a bucket of SHIT!

341. TEN STICKS OF DYNAMITE

## Melody—Ten Green Bottles

Ten sticks of dynamite hanging on the wall,  
Ten sticks of dynamite hanging on the wall,  
And if one stick of dynamite should accidentally fall,  
THERE'D BE NO FUCKING DYNAMITE AND NO FUCKING WALL!

## 342. THE FART

Melody—Mademoiselle from Armentieres

From Jacksing, by Sharkey Ward.

There was an old lady of eighty-two, parlez-vous,  
There was an old lady of eighty-two, parlez-vous,  
There was an old lady of eighty-two,  
Did a fart but missed the loo, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

The fart went rolling down the street, parlez-vous,  
The fart went rolling down the street, parlez-vous,  
The fart went rolling down the street,  
Knocked a copper off his feet, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

The copper got out his rusty pistol, parlez-vous,  
The copper got out his rusty pistol, parlez-vous,

The copper got out his rusty pistol,  
Shot the fart from here to Bristol, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

Bristol Rovers playing at home, parlez-vous,  
Bristol Rovers playing at home, parlez-vous,  
Bristol Rovers playing at home,  
Kicked the fart from here to Rome, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

Julius Caesar drinking gin, parlez-vous,  
Julius Caesar drinking gin, parlez-vous,  
Julius Caesar drinking gin,  
Opened his gob and the fart went in, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

The fart went rolling down his spine, parlez-vous,  
The fart went rolling down his spine, parlez-vous,  
The fart went rolling down his spine,  
Knocked his ballocks out of line, inky, pinky, parlez-vous.

343. THERE WAS AN OLD FARMER

Melody—???

There was an old farmer who sat on a rock,  
Shaking and waving his big hairy  
Fist at the ladies next door in the Ritz,  
Who taught the young girls to play with their

Kite strings and marbles and all things galore,  
Along came a lady who looked like a  
Decent young lady, but walked like a duck,  
She thought she'd invented a new way to  
Bring up the children, to sew and to knit,  
The boys in the stable were shoveling  
Litter and paper from yesterday's hunt,  
And old farmer Potter was having some  
Cake in the stables and singing this song,  
And if you think it's dirty,  
You're fucking well wrong!

#### 344. THEY'RE MOVING FATHER'S GRAVE

Melody—I Wish I Were an Oscar-Meyer Weiner

They're moving father's grave to build a sewer,  
They're moving it regardless of expense,  
They're moving his remains to lay down shithouse drains,  
To satisfy some nearby residents.

Now, what's the use of having a religion?  
For when you die your troubles never cease,  
When some high-society twit needs a pipeline for his shit,  
They won't let poor father rest in peace.

My father in his life was ne'er a quitter,  
I'm sure that he'll not be a quitter now,  
He'll put on a white sheet and haunt the shithouse seat,  
And he'll only let them shit when he'll allow.

Oh, won't there be some pains of constipation!  
And won't those shithouse bastards rant and rave!  
But they'll get what they deserve, for they had the bloody nerve,  
To bugger up a British workman's grave.

#### 345. THREE CHINESE CRACKERS

Melody—Hail Britannia

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam,  
Three Chinese crackers up your ass-hole,  
Bang! Bang! Bang!

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam,  
Two Chinese crackers up your  
asshole,  
Bang! Bang! (and so on . . .)

#### 346. TIRED OF LIFE

Melody—???

Oh, I was tired of life,  
I lay down in the gutter.  
A little piggy came along,  
And lay down by my side.  
A lady passing by was heard to mutter,  
"You can always tell who boozes,  
By the company he chooses,"  
And the little pig got up and walked away,  
And walked away.

#### 347. TONIGHT WE MARCH AGAINST ENGLAND

Melody—Itself

The flag flies high on the masthead,  
We fight for the freedom of the Reich (sieg Heil!),  
No longer will we tremble,  
At England's military might.

So give to me your hand, fraulein,  
Your lily-white hand, fraulein,  
For tonight we march against England,  
England's island shores, island shores.

And if I fall in battle,  
And sink to the bottom of the sea (big splash!),



Remember this, my darling,  
My blood was shed for thee.

#### 348. VEGETABLES ARE THE BEST

Melody—Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys

Another of Bestiality's Best illegitimate off-spring, contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H4

Chorus: Vegetables are the best, girls,  
Vegetables are the best—EAT YOUR GREENS!  
Vegetables are the best, girls,  
Vegetables are the best.

Do the deed with a weed, girls,  
Do the deed with a weed—VEGETABLES!  
Do the deed with a weed, girls,  
Do the deed with a weed, 'cause . . .

Other verses:

Commit fellatio with a potato, girls  
Take a dyke on with a daikan, boys  
Shave the fuzz off a peach, boys  
Slip a rubba on a rutabaga, girls  
Be a fairy with a strawberry, boys  
Try humpin' a pumpkin, lads  
Tickle your root with a shoot, boys

Tickle your clit with a pickle, girls  
No need for the pill with a dill, girls  
Stick a cuke up your chute, girls  
Fill your chute with a root, girls  
Squeeze a kumquat in your twat, girls  
Give a wedgie to a veggie, boys  
Drink the pee of a broccoli  
A gourd will always stay hard, girls  
Elope with a cantaloupe, girls  
Go goose a spruce, lads  
Wine and dine a fine pine, men  
Stuff some grass up your ass, boys  
Debauchery with the shrubbery, boys  
Rub your tube with a tuber, boys  
Wheat germ makes your squirm, girls  
Rub your slit hard with rhubarb, girls  
Get frisky with some kim chee, girls  
Give him a horn with some corn, girls  
Make him green with a bean, girls  
Get defrocked by a stalk, father  
Venial sins with the California Raisins, girls  
Stiffen your root with a Kiwi fruit, boyth  
etc . . .

349. WALKING DOWN CANAL STREET

Melody—???

Walking down Canal Street,  
Knocking on every door,  
Goddamn sonofabitch,  
Couldn't find a whore.  
When I finally found a whore,  
She was tall and thin,  
Goddamn sonofabitch,  
Couldn't get it in.

When I finally got it in,  
I turned it all about,  
Goddamn sonofabitch,  
Couldn't get it out.

When I finally got it out,  
It was red and sore,  
Goddamn sonofabitch,  
You should never fuck a whore.

### 350. WEE WEE SONG

Melody—Itself

When I was just a wee wee tot,

They put me on my wee wee pot.

There I was to wee wee,

Wee wee quite a lot.

Chorus: Wee wee, wee wee, wee wee.

So there I sat on my wee wee pot.

But wee wee I could not.

So they put me in my wee wee cot,

There I wee weed quite a lot.

### 351. YELLOW RYDER TRUCK

Melody—Yellow Submarine

Dedicated to the victorious Mexican Army at the Houston H3 San Jacinto Day Run, April 21, 1986

In the town where I was born,

Lived a man who Hashed the land,

And he told us of his life, in the back of Ryder trucks.

So we ran up to the sun till we found the land of trucks,

And we lived a life of sleaze, in our yellow Ryder truck.

Chorus: We all live in a yellow Ryder truck,

Yellow Ryder truck,

Yellow Ryder truck,

We all live in a yellow Ryder truck,

Yellow Ryder truck,

Yellow Ryder truck.

Most of our friends are all aboard,

Many more of them party next door,

And the Hashers begin to chant (CHORUS)

As we live a life of sleaze,

Every one of us has all we need,

Plenty of beer and lots of fucks,

In our yellow Ryder truck.

### 352. YOU WON'T FIND ANY COUNTRY

Melody—The Wild Rover

I've searched the world over, excitement I've sought,

But all my experience was dearly bought.

Chorus: So it's no, nay, never,

No nay never no more,

You won't find any country,

Where it pays you to score.

To tap a Yank for a good screw, in my belief,  
Is like asking Mrs. Custer to give to Indian relief,  
in the last year or two they've not used their tush,  
'Cause they're shagged up the arse by a cowboy called Bush.

The Dutch they just sit there, arsehole on bike,  
One finger up nostril and one in a dyke,  
And if they feel chilly when these things they perform,  
They put their caps up girls' pussies to keep their heads warm.

Now haircuts for Germans are four times the price,  
They charge for each corner and go over it twice,  
And if you pick up a harlot now don't throw her out,  
Though her snatch it smells strongly, they just love sauerkraut.

The Swiss nation at loving are antiseptic,  
They put germolene, not vaseline, on their prick,  
The Swiss yodel is to cover their sheeps' anguished calls,  
For their Toblerone pricks make triangular holes.

The Aussies are known for their intake of beer,  
And they've all been in Sidney, now isn't that queer,  
To keep flies off from their hat corks are hung,  
'Cause a zipper can be painful if caught on the tongue.

## YANKEE AIR PIRATES

### 353. BENEATH A KOREAN WATERFALL

Melody symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9???

Beneath a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day,  
Beside his shattered Sabrejet, a young pursuiter lay.  
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead,  
So listen to the very last words, the young pursuiter said:

"We're gling to a better land where everything is bright,  
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles, play poker every night!  
We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing,  
And all our crews are women symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9?? Oh death, where is thy sting!"  
"Oh death, where is thy sting, ting-a-ling,  
Oh death, where is thy sting?  
The bells of hell will ring, ring-a-ling,  
For you but not for me!"

"Oh, ring-a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass,  
Ring-a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass,  
Ring-a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass,

Better days are coming bye and bye!"

#### 354. COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Melody—???

This song has been around since the 1930s, when Fokkers instead of MiGs shot you down. A "TWX," pronounced "twix," is a message. The verse from the Korean War and the final verse (the Air Force became a separate service in 1948) are clearly newer additions, but that's where it stops—it seems Vietnam didn't add a verse.

Come on and join the Air Force, and get your flying pay.

You never have to work at all, just fly around all day.

While others toil and study hard, and soon grow old and blind,

We'll take the air without a care, and you will never mind.

Chorus: You'll never mind, you'll never mind,

Oh, come and join the Air Force,

And you will never mind!

Come on and get promoted, as high as you desire,

You're riding on a gravy train, when you're an Air Force flyer.

But just when you're about to be a general you'll find,

The engine cough, the wings fall off, and you will never mind.

And when you loop and spin her, with an awful tear,

You find yourself without your wings, but you will never care.

For in about two minutes more, another pair you'll find,

You'll fly with Peter and his angels sweet, and you will never mind.





























































































































































































































































































































































































































You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit,  
You see your prop come to a stop, the Goddamn engine's quit.  
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind,  
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind.

I fly up to the Yalu, in my F-Eighty-Six,  
And here's on thing that you can send to Congress in your TWX,  
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits,  
It will be up there all by itself, 'cause I will shit and git!

Oh, someday you'll meet a MiG-15, he'll shoot you down in flames,  
No use in bellyaching and calling the bastard names,  
You'll lose your wings, don't worry Mac, another pair you'll find,  
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet, and you will never mind.

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn,  
About the groundling's point of view, and all that sort of ham.  
We want a hundred thousand ships, of each and every kind,  
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind!

### 355. DASHING THROUGH THE SKY

Melody:                                                            

                                                            

                                                            

                                                            

                                                            

                                                            

                                            

Dashing through the sky,  
In a Foxtrot one-oh-five,  
Through the flak we fly,  
Trying to stay alive.

The SAMs destroy your calm,  
The MiGs come up to play,  
What fun it is to strafe and bomb,  
The T.R.V. today!

Chorus: CBUs, Mark 82s, Seven-fifties, too,  
Daddy Vulcan strikes again,  
Our Christmas gift to you.

Head's up Ho Chi Minh,  
The Fives are on their way,  
Your luck it has give in,  
There's going to be hell to pay.

Today it is our turn,  
To make you gawk and stare,  
What fun it is to watch things burn,  
And blow up everywhere!

356. DEAR MOM

Melody@symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9@Itself

"FAC"=forward air controller; "DASC"=direct air support coordinator; "Stinger Flight," "Hornets"= aircraft and crews of the 43rd Tactical Fighter Squadron.

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today,  
He crashed his OV-10 on the Ho Chi Minh highway.  
He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass,  
Hmm, hmm, hmmmmm.

He flew across the fence to see what he could see,  
And there it was, as plain as it could be.  
There was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load.  
Hmm, hmm, hmmmmm.  
He got right on the horn, and gave the DASC a call,  
"Send me air, I've got a truck that's stalled."  
The DASC said, "That's all right, I'll send the Stinger Flight,  
For I AM THE POWER!"

Those Hornets checked right in, gunfighters two by two,  
Low on gas and tanker overdue.  
They asked the FAC to mark, just where the truck was parked,  
Hmm, hmm, hmmmmm.

That Bronco rolled right in , with his smoke to mark,  
EXACTLY where that truck was parked.  
But now the rest is in doubt, 'cause he never pulled out,

Hmm, hmm, hmmmmm.

With reverence: Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today,

He crashed his OV-10 on the Ho Chi Minh Highway.

He made a rocket pass, then he busted his ass,

Hmm, hmm, FUCK HIM!

Sung to "Camptown Races": Motherfucker's dead, motherfucker's dead,

Son's comin' home in a body bag,

Oh, doo dah day!

Spoken: How did he go? STRAIGHT IN!

What was he doing? THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE!

Hell of a deal. WHOOOEE!

Cocksucker, motherfucker, eat a bag of shit,

Cunt hair, douche bag, bite your mother's tit.

We're the best fighter squadron, all the others suck.

Bronco FAC, Bronco FAC, rah, rah, FUCK!

357. GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Melody 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9 Popeye the Sailor Man?

Don't give me a P-38,

The props they counter-rotate,

They're scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain,  
Don't give me a P-38.

Chorus: Just give me operations,  
Way out on some lonely atoll,  
For I am too young to die,  
I just want to grow old.

Don't give me a p-39,  
The engine is mounted behind,  
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in,  
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me a Peter Four-Oh,  
A hell of an airplane I know,  
A ground loopin' bastard, you're sure to get plastered,  
Don't give me a Peter Four-Oh.

Don't give me a P-51,  
It was alright for fighting the Hun,  
But with coolant tank dry, you'll run out of sky,  
Don't give me a P-51.

Don't give me a P-61,  
For night flyin' is no fun,

They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark,

Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me an F-84,

She's just a ground-lovin' whore,

She'll whine, moan, and wheeze, and she'll clobber the trees,

Don't give me an F-84.

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt,

It gave many a pilot a jolt,

It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug,

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt.

Don't give me a jet Shooting Star,

It'll go, but not very far.

It'll rumble and spout, but soon will flame out,

Don't give me a jet Shooting Star.

Don't give me an F-86,

With wings like broken match sticks,

They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover,

Don't give me an F-86.

Don't give me an F-89,

Though Time says they'll really climb,

They're all in the States, all boxed up in crates,  
Don't give me an F-89.

Don't give me an F-94,  
It's never established a score,  
It may fly in weather, but won't hold together,  
Don't give me an F-94.

Don't give me an 86-D,  
With rockets, radar, and A/B,  
She's fast, I don't care, she blows up in midair,  
Don't give me an 86-D.

Don't give me a C-45,  
So slow it stalls out in a dive,  
A ground loop built in it, and bird colonels in it,  
Don't give me a C-45.

Don't give me a C-54,  
Six inches of rugs on the floor,  
And we'll go fat-cattin' from here to Manhattan,  
Don't give me a C-54.

Don't give me a B-45,  
The pilots don't get back alive,

The MiG-15's chase 'em, they soon will erase 'em,  
Don't give me a B-45.

Don't give me a One-Double-Oh,  
The bastard is ready to blow,  
The A/B is there, but you're sayin' a prayer,  
Don't give me a One-Double-Oh.

Don't give me an F-102,  
It never goes up when it's blue,  
An all-weather coffin, that flames out so often,  
Don't give me an F-102.

Don't give me a Phantom 4C,  
Radar, co-pilot, A/B,  
It may be some fun, but it don't have a gun,  
Don't give me a Phantom 4C.

### 358. ITAZUKE TOWER

Melody 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9 Wabash Cannonball

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,  
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun.  
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1,  
You'd better get the crash crew out and get them on the run."



"Listen, Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,  
I cannot call the crash crew out, it is their coffee hour.  
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see,  
So take it once around again, you're not a VIP."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,  
I'm turning on my final, I'm running on one lung.  
I'm gonna land this Mustang no matter what you say,  
I'm gonna get my charts squared up before that Judgement Day."

"Now listen, Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,  
We'd like to let you land right now, but we haven't got the power.  
We'll send a note through channels and wait for the reply,  
Until we get permission back, just chase around the sky."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,  
I'm up in Pilot's Heaven and my flying days are done.  
I'm sorry that I blew up, I couldn't make the grade,  
I guess I should have waited till the landing was okayed."

359. IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE

Melody Oh Lord, It's Hard to be Humble

Oh Lord, it's hard to be humble,

When you're flying the great F-15.  
I can't wait to strap on my Eagle,  
She's one helluva mean gray machine.  
To know her is to love her,  
By God you know what I mean!  
Oh Lord, it's hard to be humble,  
When you're flying the great F-15.

We're proud to be Hornets,  
We're the best and we just can't be beat.  
Just ask the boys who've fought us,  
They'll tell you we don't know defeat.  
To know us is to love us,  
We're one helluva bunch of good guys.  
Oh Lord, it's hard to be humble,  
When you know that you're rulin' the skies.

The MiGs they can't ignore us,  
But we hope they'll give it a try.  
All we ask is a chance to meet them,  
We'll blow 'em right out of the sky.  
Like we said, we try to be humble,  
And for those who don't see it that way,  
Thank God we're fightin' on your side,  
'Cause we mean every word that we say.

### 360. NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

Melody: symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9???

"Frag"=fragmentation bombs. "Flechettes" are bits of tiny anti-personnel scrapnel coated with a strong blood de-coagulant. "PSYOPS" is Army-ese for psychological operations, which, coupled with the references to the CIA, Montagnards, and gunships, makes me think this song came out of the "spook" community.

We shoot the sick, the young, the lame,  
We do our best to maim,  
Because the kills all count the same,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Chorus: Napalm sticks to kids,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Flying low across the trees,  
Pilots doing what they please,  
Dropping frags on refugees,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Goods in the open, making hay,  
But I can hear the gunships say,  
"There'll be no Chieu Hoi today,"  
Napalm sticks to kids.

See those farmers over there,

Watch me get them with a pair,  
Blood and guts just everywhere,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

I've only seen it happen twice,  
But both times it was mighty nice,  
Shooting peasants planting rice,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Napalm, son, is lots of fun,  
Dropped in a bomb or shot from a gun,  
It gets the gooks when on the run,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Drop some napalm on a farm,  
It won't do them any harm,  
Just burn off their legs and arms,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

CIA with guns for hire,  
Montagnards around a fire,  
Napalm makes the fire go higher,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

I've been told it's not so neat,

To catch gooks burning in the street,  
But burning flesh, it smells to sweet,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Children sucking on a mother's tit,  
Wounded gooks down in a pit,  
Dow Chemical doesn't give a shit,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Bombadiers don't care a bit,  
Just as long as the pieces fit,  
When you stuff the bodies in a pit,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Eighteen kids in a No Fire Zone,  
Rooks under arms and going home,  
Last in line goes home alone,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Chuck in a sampan, sitting in the stern,  
They don't think their boats will burn,  
Those damn gooks will never learn,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Cobras flying in the sun,

Killing gooks is lots of fun,  
Get one pregnant and it's two for one,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Shoot civilians where they sit,  
Take some pictures as you split,  
All your life you'll remember it,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

NVA are all hard core,  
Flechettes never are a bore,  
Throw those PSYOPS out the door,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Gather kids as you fly over town,  
By throwing candy on the ground,  
Then grease 'em when they gather 'round,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

#### 361. RED RIVER VALLEY

Melody: ♪ Same

"S-2" is intelligence; "AAR" is pronounced "A-A-R," and stands for air-to-air refueling.

To the Red River Valley we are going,  
For to get us some trains and some trucks.  
But if I had my say so about it,  
I'd still be at home in the sack.

Come and sit by my side at the briefing,  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu.  
To the Red River Valley we're going,  
And I'm flying four in Flight Blue.

We went for to check on the weather,  
And they said it was clear as could be.  
I lost my wingman 'round the field,  
And the rest augered in out at sea.

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going,  
S-2 said there's no flak on the way.  
There's a dark overcast o'er the target,  
I'm beginning to doubt what they say.

To the valley they say we are going,  
And many strange sights will we see.  
But the one there that held my attention,  
Was the SAM that they threw up at me.

To the valley he said he was flying,  
And he never saw the medal that he earned.  
Many jocks have flown into the valley,  
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission,  
Tonight at the bar Teak Flight will sing.  
But we're going to the Red River Valley,  
And today you are flying my wing.

Oh, the flak is so thick in the valley,  
That the MiGs and the SAMs we don't need.  
So fly high and down-sun in the valley,  
And guard well the ass of Teak Lead.

Now things turn to shit in the valley,  
And the briefing I gave, you don't heed.  
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton,  
And it's fish heads and rice for Teak Lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley,  
In the States it had always been fun.  
But with thunder and lightning all around us,  
Twas the last AAR for Teak One.



When he came to a bridge in the valley,  
He saw a duty that he couldn't shun.  
For the first to roll in on the target,  
Was my leader, old Teak Number One.  
Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target,  
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead.  
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,  
Twas fatal for another Teak Lead.

So come sit by my side at the briefing,  
We will sit there and tickle the beads.  
For we're going to the Red River Valley,  
And my call sign for today is Teak Lead.

362. SAMMY SMALL (Vietnam version)

Melody 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9 Ye Jacobites by Name

Oh, come round us fighter pilots, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, come round us fighter pilots, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, we fly the Goddamn plane,  
Through the flak and through the rain,  
And tomorrow we'll do it again,  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh, they tell us not to think, fuck 'em all,

Oh, they tell us not to think, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, they tell us not to think,  
Just to dive and just to jink,  
LBJ's a Goddamn fink,  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh, we bombed Mu Gia Pass, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, we bombed Mu Gia Pass, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, we bombed Mu Gia Pass,  
Though we only made one pass,  
They really stuck it up our ass,  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh, we're on a JCS, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, we're on a JCS, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, they sent the whole damn wing,  
Probably half of us will sing,  
What a silly fucking thing,  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh, we lost our fucking way, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, we lost our fucking way, fuck 'em all,  
Oh, we strafed Goddamn Hanoi,  
Killed every fucking girl and boy,  
What a Goddamn fucking joy,

So fuck 'em all.

Oh, my bird got all shot up, fuck 'em all,

Oh, my bird got all shot up, fuck 'em all,

Oh, my bird it did get shot,

And I'll probably cry a lot,

But I think that it's Shit Hot!

So fuck 'em all.

### 363. STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

Melody—???

I wish I knew the history of this song. It doesn't have the standard American military mix of optimism and cynicism, so I suspect it originated in another country, maybe Germany or England.

We stand 'neath resounding rafters,

The walls around are bare.

They echo back our laughter,

Seems that the dead are all there.

Chorus: Stand to your glasses steady,

This world is a world of lies.

Here's a health to the dead already,

Hurrah for the next man to die.

Denied by the land that bore us,

Betrayed by the ones we held dear.

The good have all gone before us,  
To show where our comrades have gone.

In flaming Spad and Camel,  
With wings of wood and steel.  
For mortal stakes we gamble,  
With cards that were stacked for the deal.

#### 364. STRAFE THE TOWN

Melody—Ring the Bells and Call the People

"High drags" are bombs; "20 millimeter" (or "mike mike") are rounds from the aircraft's cannon.

Strafe the town and kill the people,  
Lay your high drags in the square.  
Roll in early Sunday morning,  
Catch them while they're still at prayer.

Drop some candy to the orphans,  
Watch them as they gather 'round.  
Use your 20 millimeter,  
Mow the little bastards down.

See the fat old pregnant women,  
Running through the field in fear.  
Run your 20 mike mike through them,

Hope the film comes out real clear.

Strafe the town and kill the people,

Hit them with your poison gas.

See them throwing up their breakfast,

As you make your second pass.

365. TCHEPONE

Melody The Strawberry Roan

("Sweet Betsy from Pike" might work, too)

"Dial in the mils" is about depressing the pipper, which is depressed or elevated in miliradians, which. . . well, it's about setting up the bomb sight, okay?

I was hangin' 'round ops, just spendin' my time,

Off of the schedule, not earnin' a dime,

A colonel comes up and he says, "I suppose

You fly a fighter, from the cut of your clothes."

He figgers me right, "I'm a good one," I say,

"Do you happen to have me a target today?"

Says yes he does, a real easy one,

"No sweat, my boy, it's an old-time milk run."

I gits all excited and asks where it's at,

He gives me a wink and a tip of his hat.

"It's three-fifty miles to the northwest of home,

A small peaceful hamlet that's know as Tchepone."

(Ah, you'll sure love Tchepone!)

I go get my G-suit and strap on my gun,  
Helmet and gloves, out the door on the run;  
Fire up my Phantom and take to the air,  
Two's tucked in tight and we haven't a care.

In forty-five minutes we're over the town,  
From twenty-eight thousand we're screamin' on down.  
Arm up the switches and dial in the mils,  
Rack up the wings and roll in for the kill.

We feel a bit sorry for the folks down below,  
Of destruction that's comin' they surely don't know;  
But the thought passes quickly, we know a war's on,  
And on down we scream toward peaceful Tchepone.

Release altitude, and the pipper's not right,  
I'll press just a little and lay 'em in tight;  
I pickle those beauties at two-point five grand,  
Startin' my pull when it all hits the fan.

A black puff in front, and then two off the right,  
Then six or eight more and I suck it up tight;  
There's small arms and tracers and heavy ack-ack,

It's scattered to broken with all kinds of flak.

I jink hard to left and head out for the blue,  
My wingman says, "Lead! They're shootin' at you!"  
And still comes the fire from the town of Tchepone.  
(Dirty, deadly Tchepone!)

I make it back home with six holes in my bird,  
With the colonel who sent me I'd sure like a word;  
But he's nowhere around, though I look near and far,  
He's gone back to Seventh to help run the war.

I've been 'round this country for many a day,  
I've seen the things that they're throwin' my way;  
I know that there's places I don't like to go, down in the Delta and in Tally-Ho,  
But I'll bet all my flight pay the jock ain't been born,  
Who can keep all his cool when he's over Tchepone.

366. THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Melody 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9 If You Wanna Go to Heaven Clap Your Hands

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,  
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers,  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States,  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States,  
They're off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores,  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing,  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing,  
The place is full of brass, sitting 'round on their fat ass,  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

Oh, a bomber pilot never takes a dare,  
Oh, a bomber pilot never takes a dare,  
The autopilot on, he's reading novels in the john,  
Oh, a bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray,  
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray,  
They are all in USOs, wearing womens' fancy clothes,  
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray.,

Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice,  
Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice,  
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population,  
Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice.



367. THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS (Korea version)

Melody—Same

"Skoshe" is Japanese for little; "E and E" is escape and evasion.

It was midnight in Korea, all the pilots were in bed,

When up stepped Colonel \_\_\_\_\_, and this is what he said:

"I hate the Goddamn place!

Mustangs, gentle pilots, Mustangs one and all,

Mustangs, gentle pilots," and the pilots shouted, "Balls!"

Then up stepped a young lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass,

"You can take those Goddamn Mustangs, Jack, and shove 'em up your ass!"

Chorus: Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah,

Throw a nickel on the grass,

Save a fighter pilot's ass.

Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah,

Throw a nickel on the grass,

And you'll be saved!

Cruising down the Yalu doing three-twenty per,

I called to my flight leader, "Oh, won't you save me, sir?

Got two big flak holes in my wing, my tanks ain't got no gas,

Mayday, mayday, mayday! Got six MiGs on my ass!"

I flew my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right,  
My airspeed read 130, my God, I racked it tight,  
I turned into the final, my engine gave a wheeze,  
"Mayday, mayday, mayday! Spin instructions, please!"

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground,  
Came a call from tower: "Pull up and go around."  
Racked that Mustang in the air a dozen feet or more,  
I'm on my back, it's worse than flak, why did I use full bore?

Split S into my bomb run, I got too Goddamn low,  
I pressed the bloody button, let both my babies go,  
I sucked the stick back in my gut—I hit a high-speed stall,  
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall!

They sent my up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe ack-ack,"  
But by the time I got there, the wings were holed by flak.  
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly,  
"Mayday, mayday, mayday! I'm too young to die!"

I bailed out from that Mustang, my landing was top line,  
With my E and E equipment, I made for our front line.  
But when I opened up my ration tin to see what was in it,  
The Goddamn quartermaster had filled the thing with shit!

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit,  
For one cannot go very far on a ration tin of shit.  
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly,  
But I'll have quartermaster balls for breakfast till the day I die!

### 368. THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS (Vietnam version)

Melody—Same

"SAMs" are surface-to-air missiles. American military planners divided Vietnam into "Route Packages" for air operations. "Route Package Six" included Hanoi and environs, the most heavily-defended part of the country.

We were cruising over Hanoi, doin' four and fifty per,  
When I called to my flight leader, "Oh, won't you save me, sir?  
The SAMs are hot and heavy, the MiGs are on our ass,  
Take us home, flight leader, please don't make another pass!"

Chorus: Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Throw a nickel on the grass,  
Save a fighter pilot's ass.  
Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Throw a nickel on the grass,  
And you'll be saved.

I rolled into my bomb run, trying to set the pipper right,  
When a SAM came off the launch pad, and headed for our flight.  
Then number two informed me, "Hey, four, you better break!"

I racked that Goddamned plane so hard, it made the whole thing shake.

I started my recovery, it seemed that things would be all right,  
When I felt the damndest impact, saw a blinding flash of light.  
We held the stick with all our might, against the binding force,  
Then number two screamed out at us, "Hey, four, you've had the course!"

I screamed at my back seater, "We'd better punch on out,  
Eject! Eject! You stupid shit!" in panic I did shout.  
I didn't wait around to see if Joe had got the word,  
I reached between my legs and pulled, and took off like a bird.

As I descended in my chute, my thoughts were rather grim,  
Rather than be a prisoner, I'd fight them to the end.  
I hit the ground and staggered up, and looked around to see,  
And there in blazing neon, Hanoi Hilton welcomed me.

Slowly: The moral of this story is, when you're in Package Six,  
You'd better Goddamn look around, or you'll be in my fix.  
I'm here at Hanoi Hilton, with luxury sublime,  
The only thing that's not so great—I'll be here a long, long, long time.

369. YANKEE AIR PIRATE

Melody symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9???

I am a Yankee air pirate,  
With DTs and blood-shot eyeballs,  
My nerves are all run down from bombing downtown,  
From SAM breaks and bad bandit calls.

Chorus: A Yankee air pirate, a Yankee air pirate, a Yankee air pirate am I,  
A Yankee air pirate, a Yankee air pirate, if I don't get my hundred I'll die.

I've carried iron bombs on the outboards,  
Flown fast CAP for F-One-Oh-Thuds,  
I've sniveled a counter or two once or twice,  
And sweated my own rich red blood.

I've been downtown to both bridges,  
To that Nguyen, Dep, and Phuc Yen,  
And if you ask me, then I'm sure you can see,  
There's no place up there I ain't been.

### 370. YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

Melody: \f "Symbol" \s 9???

By the ring around his eyeball,  
You can tell a bombardier;  
You can tell a bomber pilot,

By the spread around his rear;  
You can tell a navigator,  
By his sextants, charts, and such;  
You can tell a fighter pilot,  
BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH!

#### APPENDIX: LATE ADDITIONS

##### 371. HARRIETTE THE TATTOOED HASHER

Melody—Lydia the Tattooed Lady

Original by H. Arlen & E. T. Harburg, obscene  
variation by ZiPpY, Pikes Peak H4

Harriette, oh Harriette,  
Say have you met Harriette,  
Harriette the tattooed hasher.  
She has eyes that harriers adore so,  
And a torso even more so.

Harriette, oh Harriette,  
That sexy little vignette,  
Harriette the erotic queen of tattoo.  
On one tit is a mural of Adam's first screw,

Beside it a drawing of Eve's blow-job too.

And right above is her price list in blue,

You can get your rocks off with Harriette.

Titty bum, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum

She can give you a view of sex in tattoos,

If you step up and tell her what.

For only a buck you can see doggies fuck,

Or sixty-nine different kinds of twat.

Titty bum, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum

Harriette, oh Harriette,

Harriette, the tattooed hasher,

When her muscles start aflexin,'

All the tattoos get an erection.

Harriette, oh Harriette,

Harriette the harlot we love,

She once swept our GM clear off his feet,

The design on her behind made his heart skip a beat,

And now a tiny bastard sucks at her teat,

For he went and fucked our Harriette.

372. HARRIETTES, THEY PLAY ONE

Melody—This Old Man

This an alternate second part to Hymn 252, Hasher Men (and Women), page 124. It was written by  
Pussy Whipped of the Over-the-Hump H3, Quantico, Virginia

Harriettes, they play one,

All they want to do is cum,

Chorus: With a knick knack, slap her ass, poke her with my bone,

This drunk hare will stumble home.

Harriettes, they play two,

We just want to speckle you,

Harriettes, they play three,

Won't you swallow my cum for me,

Harriettes, they play four,

We like to see you on all fours,

Harriettes, they play five,

If you don't swallow you'll get hives,

Harriettes, they play six,



We just want to slap you with our dicks,

Harriettes, they play seven,

But they all just wish it was eleven,

Harriettes, they play eight,

We all know you masturbate,

Harriettes, they play nine,

All they do is whinge and whine,

Harriettes, they play ten,

We're not boys, we're harrier men,

Harriettes, they play eleven,

But all they can handle is only seven.

### 373. ONE TWAT

Melody—Guantanamera

Composed and sung by the PMS Sisters (Steep 'n' Deep, Mammaries, and Harlot) at San Francisco's Gay to Flakers Hash, May '94

One twat'll nail ya, we tell ya one twat'll nail ya,

The other twats'll jail ya,

Again we have to explain ya,

We don' wan' your old nachos,  
Just give us cock, muchas gracias,  
We wan' your hot jalapeño,  
Don' wan' your thoughts from the beano,  
Just wan' your hot jalapeño.

One twat'll nail ya, we tell ya one twat'll nail ya,  
The other twats'll jail ya,  
(jacking-off motions):  
We tell ya one twat won' fail ya,  
One twat won' fail ya,  
One twat won' fail ya.

#### 374. LA COCK

Melody—La Cucaracha

Composed and sung by the PMS Sisters (Steep 'n' Deep, Mammaries, and Harlot) at San Francisco's Gay to Flakers Hash, May '94

La cock'll choke you, la cock'll choke you,  
Eef you put it down my throat,  
La cock'll choke you, la cock'll choke you,  
Get off my face you big fat bloat.

La cock'll choke you, la cock'll choke you,  
Eet's too beeg for my small mouth,  
La cock'll choke you, la cock'll choke you,

I don' go north, I just go south.

La cock'll choke you, eet make me gag, too,

It can really make me squirm,

La cock'll choke you, la cock'll choke you,

I'd rather suck tequila worm.

### 375. SKIPPY THE SQUIRREL

Melody—Frosty the Snowman

By Jim "Whiff" Montgomery of the Pittsburgh H3, "Skippy" is based upon supposedly true events and was composed and performed during Americas InterHash '89 in San Diego

Skippy the Squirrel is a jolly happy soul,

With his smashed out brains and his broken nose,

And some gravel up his hole.

Skippy the Squirrel is a hasher's tale they say,

He was just too slow and the hashers know,

He was squished to death one day.

There must have been some magic,

In that old dead squirrel they found,

For when they tied him to the bus he began to fly around.

Oh, Skippy the Squirrel is as dead as he can be,

But the hashers say he can hash and play,

Just the same as you and me.

—happy whistle interlude—

Skippy the Squirrel knew the sun was hot that day,

So he said, "Lets run,

And we'll have some fun, before I rot away."

Down to the Apres, with a rope tied to his tail,

Flying here and there, all around the square,

Saying , "You'll go straight to hell."

He led them down the trail that day,

Right to a parking lot,

Where Monster Bator licked a girl,

Whose father called a cop.

Monster and Skippy had to hurry out of there,

But they waved good-bye,

Sayin ' , "Don't you cry, we'll be back again next year."

Thumpety thump thump, thumpety thump thump,

Hear those squirrellies die,

Thumpety thump thump, thumpety thump thump,

Look at Skippy fly.

376. I'VE ONLY HALF A BRAIN

Melody—If I Only Had a Brain (From the Wizard of Oz)

By Jim "Whiff" Montgomery of the Pittsburgh H3, officially premiered at the Eerie (Erie, PA) H3 1st Anniversary Hash in July 1994

I could wile 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, thorns, and rain.

I'll be making lots of passes,  
As I fondle all their asses,  
'Cause I've only half a brain.

Chorus: I'll do down-downs till the keg begins to spit,  
Then I'll fire one up and take a little hit,  
I'll impress the women with my charming wit,  
As I shout out, "Show us your tits!"

Then my beer I will be sharing,  
With them as their breast they're baring,  
Our urges unrestrained

Oh, our language will be rude as,  
We exchange bod-i-ly fluids,  
'Cause we've only half a brain.

### 377. The Banana Song

Melody—Yes, We Have No Bananas

Contributed by Stray Dog, Global Trash editor

Yes, we have no ba-nan-as,  
We have no ba-nan-as to-day.  
We've limp ones and thick ones and  
ravages and sick ones,  
And all kinds of dicks and say!  
We have an old, fash-ioned cu-cum-ber,  
To please you till you slum-ber.  
But, yes we have no ba-nan-as,  
We have no ba-nan-as today.

### 378. Give a Little Whistle

Melody—Give a Little Whistle

Contributed by Stray Dog, Global Trash editor

When you find the true trail and you want some com-pan-y,  
Give a little whis-tle (whistle), give a little  
whis-tle (whistle).

When you meet temp-ta-tion and the urge to short-cut's strong,  
Give a little whis-tle (whistle), give a little  
whis-tle (whistle).

Not just an "On-Onnn!" Puck-er up and Blow!  
And if their whistle's gone, yell, "Give 'em a down-down!"  
Take the path that's laid with hash and if you see Beer Near,  
Give a little whis-tle (whistle), give a little  
whis-tle (whistle),  
And always let the hash marks be your guide.

### 379. MY BIG BANANA

Melody—Daylight Come and I Want to Go Home  
Lyrics by Cracker, Ankara H3

I said to my girl, "What are ya' doin' tomorrow?"  
Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.  
Would you like to go on the Hash in \_\_\_\_\_?  
Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

So, I picked her up in my little auto.

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

She sure looked pretty, I said "Oh mama."

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

Chorus: Aaaaaaaeeeoh, aaaaaaaeeeoh,

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

But this is where my troubles began-ah.

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

That's when she spotted my big banana.

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

She leaned over and grabbed my banana.

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

Peeled back the skin—eyes like a piranha.

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

Chorus

I said, "Oh no, not my prize banana!"

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

But she bit off the top in a violent manner.

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

Now, I've got just a little banana.



Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

And that's the end of my family planner.

Run the Hash cos' I wanna go home.

Chorus

380. Bashers Built for Two

Melody—Daisy, Daisy

Contributed by Stray Dog, Global Trash editor

Daisy Daisy, give me your answer please,

My dick's crazy and hanging down to my knees.

If you take the front seat and bend over,

I can reach you with my Rover.

And you'll reach peak,

Upon the seat,

Of my bicycle built for two.

381. MISTER BLUE BALLS

Melody—Zip-a-dee-do-dah

By Yank My Wad, Charleston H3. A good song for calling the hares to the ice

Zip-a-dee-do-dah, zip-a-dee-day,

My oh my, what a miserable lay.

Haring is great but, beerings the best,

Time for your down-down, put the ice on the chest.

Slap your ass cheeks 'round that ice hole, it's a fact, it's irrefutable, it's cold right on your pubicals.

Zip-a-dee-do-dah, zip-a-dee-day,

Down-downs are better than your miserable lay.

Mr. blue balls formed an icicle

He's all cold and furry too, better find something to screw

Oh zip-a-dee-do-dah, zip-a-dee-day,

Hope you like ice, 'cause that's where you'll stay.

### 382. SONG TO CUMING MUTHA

Melody—Waltzing Matilda

Composed by Banjo Paterson of the San Francisco H3 to honor departing GM Cuming Mutha, September 1994

Once a jolly 'Stralian came to California,

"I'm gonna make me a fortune" said he,

And he worked and he hashed as he waited for his cash to build.

"Who'll come a-hashin in Frisco with me?"

Chorus: Hashing with Norman "Cuming Mutha" Wheatley,

Who would go a-hashing with such a man as he?

And he worked and he ran and he hashed in San Francisco,

"Who will come a-hashing in Frisco with me?"

And he worked with his toys in the Valley they call Silicon,

"Silicone's for titty-bumps, not fucking industry!"

So declared our Hashman, intelligent and witty one,

Oh, what a sly and a cool one was he!

Up jumped a bunch of bucks, full of piss and vinegar,

"Grab him, we'll make him our leader, will we!"

They selected him Grand Master and that was the down-fall of him,

"You'll go a-hashing, Grand Master, will ye"

Then there was that asshole, an Irishman of little wit,

Bent on destruction and mayhem was he.

Out with his pal, as if anyone would give a shit,

On with our hashing, our hashing went we.

Then came the Harriettes, surrounding their Grand Master,

Head like a bowling ball, moustachioed was he.

And they teased his litle pecker-stick 'til it grew to a three-inch dick,

"Who ya gonna please with that thing? Not me!"

The economy it took a turn, and Tandem took a turn with it,

"My fortune will never be found here" said he.

So he filled his gut with Fosters' and sent his shit by Qantas,

"Won't you come a-hashing in 'Stralia with me?"

Good bye, then, to Norman "Cuming Mutha" Wheatley,

Who would go a-hashing with such a man as he?

And he wanked and he hashed and he went back to Australia,

Some day we'll come a-hashing in 'Stralia with ye.

### 383. HASHER'S LAMENT

Recital

By Dave "Mad Major" Marks, Bicester H3, England

You wakey inner morny

All snuggle in yore bed,

You rubby eyes an yorney,

A poundin in yore 'ead,

"It's someday," someone seddy,

"You musket up, get reddy,

It snearly arfpasten."

You up then jolly quicky

An almose innner flash,

Still feelin somewot sicky

You off to join to join the Hash.

An very sooney arfter

You very somewhere else,

Amid the shoutsen larfter

Outside a pubic howse.

Awl roun are many bodies

All jobby upan down,

While some with big beer poddies

Are lyin' on the groun.

Then on that dredful ower

Mid lots of mild dismay,

There cums a serge of power:

The hash is onit sway.

The Horner soun so cheery,

And on the packet run,

An sum, already weerie,

Are wish they did not cum.

A Czech pint givey breaver,

For dose who laggey hind,

While some fit eager beaver

Will see wot ecan find.

Jus den a cawl came floaty,

"I'm on won," swotit sed,

An somewhere someone gloatey

Cry "I'm on two," instead.

The pack once more togevver  
Dare win and strength all gon,  
But are dey finish? Never!  
Cos Isaac Hunt cries, "ON!"

Our fartin, pantin army  
Are strewn both wide and far.  
They say we must be barmy!  
They blubby right, we are!  
We run thru payne an sorrow  
An sometime mud a swell,  
An no in that tomorrow  
Our legs swill ert like ell!

When arskt "Wot mayshewdoit?"  
The answer is quite clear:  
The thort of cummin threw it  
To a nice cool pinty beer.  
BUT for "pint" read "gallon"  
The timey go so farst:  
You thort the pubby closeat too,  
But nowitsix 'arfpast!

An so you weavy homeward,  
All fuzzy in de hed,

Your dinner's in the dustbin,  
An you just want your bed.  
Your wifey look most unamused:  
Er teeth are out and nashin'.  
Why can't she seem to unnerstan'  
How fit you get from HASHIN'

#### 384. I LIKE A MOOSE

Melody—Villikins and His Dinah (Sweet Betsy from Pike)

By Anne Bredon, contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak Hash. This appears to be the original version of the "Moose Song," # 42

There's an infamous song goin' 'round 'bout a moose,  
It's really quite funny and quite full of juice,  
But all of it's told from a masculine view,  
And a lot of us women want to get a piece too.

CHORUS: Moose, moose, I want a moose,  
I've never had anything quite like a moose.  
I've had lots of others, my life has been loose,  
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

I figured it all out one day by myself,  
When my man went off and left me on the shelf,  
He'd found him a new love, a nubile moose-ess,  
Which gave me a bad case of rampant distress.

"What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose,"

Said I as I set out to find me a moose,

But I ran into problems that men do not mind,

For male moose are seasonal creatures, you'll find.

I hunted in winter, I hunted in spring,

I hunted all summer and found not a thing,

But I found my moose when leaves started to fall,

And . . . oh brother! did I have a ball.

With my arms 'round his barrel, my feet by his tail,

I hanged and we banged and we really did flail,

Bouncing and jouncing I came with a roar,

I never had had such a great lay before.

But autumn soon passed and so I said goodbye,

I'll be here next year when the leaves start to fly,

Yes I will return when the leaves start to fall,

And we'll ball and we'll ball and we'll ball and we'll ball.

And so, my dear sisters, I have to confess,

Being balled by a moose, it is really the best,

But you'll make out with others for most of the year,

For male moose are seasonal creatures, I fear.



A bear in the winter is furry and warm,  
And if you don't tickle, he'll do you no harm.  
In spring try an eagle, his feathers are light,  
That is if you are not afraid of great height.

In summer, I fear, you must make do with men,  
But, not to worry, soon fall comes again.  
Then you can return to your own faithful moose, And revel in supremely scrumptious screws.

385. PEG O' MY HEART

Melody—Same

Contributed by Dennis "Mu-Sick" Gill, Ft Walton Beach H3, Florida

Peg o' my heart, you vex me,  
Peg o' my heart, you sex me,  
When we're alone, I raise a bone,  
So put your ass against the rafter,  
It's your hairy hole I'm after,  
Peg o' my heart.

386. MORGAN'S PIES

Melody—Jingle Bells

Contributed by Dennis "Mu-Sick" Gill, Ft Walton Beach H3, Florida

Dashing down the road,

With a cooler full of pies,  
It's a heavy load,  
But it's for us guys.

Chorus: Oh, Morgan's pies, Morgan's pies,  
Morgan, you're a dick.  
When we eat your fucking pies,  
We gety fucking sick.

I ate a Morgan pie,  
A down-down I did do,  
Now I've got that fucking pie,  
Caked upon my shoe.

His moped has arrived,  
Fiesta time is right,  
What fun it is to eat and puke,  
Some Morgan's putrid pies.

We sing this little song,  
We sing it just for you,  
Now we think it's only right,  
That you should eat one too.

Melody—Makin' Whoopee

Composed by Dennis "Mu-Sick" Gill, Ft Walton Beach H3, Florida

There was a hasher, of forty-five,  
Not much to look at, but he's alive,  
He's a disaster, he's our grand master,  
When hashin', runnin', drinkin', oo-oo-oh.

There was a sailor, who fell in love,  
He met the girl, he was dreamin' of,  
But he wouldn't marry'er, she's a clap carrier,  
So now he's hashin', runnin', drinkin', oo-oo-oh.

There was an ensign, who liked to smile,  
When thinkin' of down-downs, durin' her last mile,  
She chugs beer better, in Barrio Barretta,  
When she's hashin', runnin', drinkin', oo-oo-oh.

There was a hasher, who was in distress,  
Till he biblically knew our, grand mistress,  
He's her spiritual advisor, she's his appetizer,  
When hashin', runnin', drinkin', oo-oo-oh.

Melody—Put Your Head on My Shoulder

Contributed by Dennis "Mu-Sick" Gill, Ft Walton Beach H3, Florida

Put your thighs on my shoulders, hold me in your arms, baby,  
Sweep me off my feet, show me, that your twat is wet,  
Put your lips next to mine, dear, won't you kiss it once, baby,  
Just a kiss goodnight, maybe, you and I could fall in lust.

People say that love's a fame, a game you just can't win,  
If there's a way, I'll find it someday,  
And then the next time, I'll stick it in, dear.

Put your thighs on my shoulders, whisper in my ear, "Eat me,"  
Words I want to hear, "Eat me,"  
Tell me that you'll screw me, too.

389. BYE BYE CHERRY

Melody—symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11—Bye Bye Blackbird

From the songbook of the 43rd Tactical Fighter Squadron, Elmendorf AFB, Alaska

Back your ass against the wall,  
Here I come, balls and all,  
Bye, bye, cherry!

Won't your mother be disgusted,  
When she finds your cherry's busted,  
Bye, bye, cherry!

Wrap your legs around a little tighter,  
I can feel my load is getting lighter,  
Shake your ass and wiggle your tits,  
Till my little pecker spits,  
Cherry, bye bye!

390. I WANT TO PLAY PIANO

Melody@symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11???

From the songbook of the 43rd Tactical Fighter Squadron, Elmendorf AFB, Alaska

I want to play piano in a whorehouse,  
That's my one desire.  
Take your ranches, and your banks, and your gold mine out in Butte,  
I just want to play piano in a house of ill-repute.

You may laugh at this my humble avocation,  
But carnal copulation's here to stay.  
I don't want worlds of riches, just want to play for those old bitches,  
I want to play a piano in a whorehouse.

391. MISS LEE'S HOOCHIE

Melody 190 \f "Symbol" \s 11 Sweet Betsy from Pike?

From the songbook of the 43rd Tactical Fighter Squadron, Elmendorf AFB, Alaska

I went to Seoul City, and there met Miss Lee,  
She said for a short time, oh come sleep with me.  
We went to Lee's hoochie, a room with hot floors,  
I left my shoes outside, and slid shut the door.

She took off her long johns, and rolled out the pad,  
I gave her ten thousand, twas all that I had.  
Her breath smelt of kimchee, her bosoms were flat,  
No hair on her pussy, now how about that?

I asked to go benjo, she led me outside,  
I reached for Old Smokey, he crawled back inside.  
I rushed to the medics, cried "What shall I do?"  
The doc was dumbfounded, Old Smokey was blue.

Now when you're in Seoul City, on your next three-day pass,  
Don't go to Lee's hoochie, sit flat on your ass.  
Now your ass may get blistered, and Lee may tempt you,  
But better the red ass, then Old Smokey blue.

### 392. THE SEAMSTRESS' SONG

Melody: symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 922Itself

Written by Snake Charmer & Lady Finger of the Austin H3, yet another variation of the Engineer's Dream, # 73.

A seamstress told me before she died,  
Ah humm, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty, bum,  
A seamstress told me before she died,  
Ah humm, ah humm,  
A seamstress told me before she died,  
And I have no reason to believe she lied,  
Ah humm, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty, bum,  
Ah humm, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty, bum.

She had a spouse with a prick so wide (three times),  
That it had to be magnified.

So she built a spinning wheel (three times),  
Two balls of yarn and a needle of steel.

The balls of yarn she twisted tight (three times),  
And the whole bloody thing was driven by might.

She tied him to the leg of the bed (three times),  
Tied his hands above his head.

There he lay demanding a fuck (three times),

She shook his hand and wished him luck.

Round and round went the spinning wheel (three times),

In and out went the needle of steel.

Down and down went the level of yarn (three times),

Up and up went the prick she darned.

Till at last that husband cried (three times),

"Enough! Enough! I'm satisfied!"

Now we come to the tragic bit (three times),

There was no way of stopping it.

He was stretched from nose to bum (three times),

And the whole fucking room was covered in,

Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,

Covered all over from nose to bum,

Covered all over with CUM! CUM! CUM!

393. MAGGIE MAY

Melody\symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9???

Oh, gather round you sailor boys,



And listen to my plea,  
'Cause when you've heard it you will pity me.  
'Cause I was a Goddam fool,  
In the port of Liverpool,  
The first time that I came home from the sea.

Chorus: Oh, my darling Maggie May,  
They have taken her away,  
And no more down Lime Street will she roam.  
For the judge he guilty found her,  
For robbing a homeward bounder,  
That dirty, robbin', no good Maggie May.

I was a sailor bound for home,  
All the way from Sierra Leone,  
And two pound ten a month had been my pay.  
As I jingled in my tin,  
I was sadly taken in,  
By the lady of the name of Maggie May.

When I steered into her,  
I just hadn't a care,  
I was cruisin' up and down ol' Canning Place.  
She was dressed in a gown so fine,  
Like a frigate of the line,

And I bein' a sailorman, I gave chase.

She gave me a saucy nod,

And I like a farmer's clod,

Let her take me line abraest in tow.

And under all plain sail,

We ran before the gale,

And to the Crow's Nest Tavern we did go.

Next morning when I awoke,

I found that I was broke,

No trousers, coat, or wallet could I find.

And when I asked her where,

She said, "My dear young sir,

You'll find them in the pawnshop, number nine."

To the pawnshop I did go,

No trousers could I find,

So the cops they came and took this girl away.

Oh, you thieving Maggie May,

You robbed me of my pay,

It'll pay your fare right out to Botany Bay.

She was chained and sent away,




From Liverpool one day,

The lads they cheered as she sailed down the bay.

And every sailor lad,  
He only was too glad,  
They'd sent the old tart out to Botany Bay.

Oh, Maggie, Maggie May,  
They have taken you away,  
For to stay on Van Dieman's cruel shore.  
Oh, you robbed many a whaler,  
And many a drunken sailor,  
But you'll never cruise 'round Liverpool no more.




394. DO YE KEN JOHN PEEL?

Melody:   \f "Symbol" \s 9  Same

Do ye ken John Peel,  
With his prick of steel,  
And his balls of brass,  
And his celluloid arsehole?

Do ye ken John Peel,  
With his prick of steel?  
And it all comes out in the morning.

395. PLEASE DO NOT TREAD ON MY BALLS

Melody:   \f "Symbol" \s 9  ???

Please do not tread on my balls,  
Please do not tread on my balls.  
I am aware that they hang too low,  
Should have been cut off ten years ago.  
I have what some people call,  
Simply phenonenal balls,  
So please do not tread on my balls, balls, balls, balls.

#### 396. TWENTY TOES

Melody: symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9???

This may be a toast to be spoken, not sung

Here's to the game of twenty toes,  
It's played all over the town.  
The girls play it with ten toes up,  
The boys with ten toes down.

#### 397. RED FLAG

Melody: symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9???

The working class  
Can kiss my arse,  
I've got the foreman's job at last.  
I'm out of work,

And on the dole,  
You can stuff the red flag  
Up your hole.

Tw'as on Gibraltar's rock, so fair,  
I saw a maiden lying there.  
And as she lay in sweet repose,  
A puff of wind blew up her clothes.  
A sailor who was passing by,  
Tipped his hat and winked his eye.  
And then he saw to his despair,  
She had the red flag flying there.

### 398. THE PUB WITH NO BEER

Melody: Sweet Betsy from Pike?

Chorus: It's a bastard away from the women and all,  
With a pain in the guts from a great lover's ball,  
But there's nothing so lonely, shocking, or queer,  
Than to knock off a barmaid that's got gonorrhoea.

The publican's anxious for the chemist to come,  
He's looking with lust at the barmaid's big bum,  
He's waiting to give her a belt up the back,  
But without a French letter he might get the jack.

The stockman rides in with a masterly stroke,  
Takes the pants off her and gives a poke,  
The look on his face quickly turns into fear,  
When the barmaid informs him he just got gonorrhoea.

The swaggie tramps in undoing his fly,  
He says, "Give me a poke or I'll shoot in your eye."  
The stockman jumps up and says, "Don't do it, mate."  
But the swaggie says sadly, "It's too bloody late."

Billy the blacksmith, the first time in his life,  
Goes home for a roger with his darling wife,  
As he walks in the bedroom, she says with a sneer,  
"Without a Frenchie, you'll get nothin' here."

There's a dog on the verandah, still sufferin' from shock,  
He's just seen the size of old Billy's cock,  
He dashes for cover and cringes in fear,  
Billy's sure to root something; I'm movin' from here!

399. YU WEE FLUNG LU WEE

Melody 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9???

Now Yu Wee Flung Lu Wee,

They say he can screw-ee,  
Any girlie from Shanghai to Peking.  
And to say what is mor-ee,  
There isn't a whor-ee,  
That can start his Chop Suey a weeping.

Now Yu Wee went walk-ee,  
With a boiling hot Stalk-ee,  
And he see a sweet little lassie.  
Sweet little lassie with burning hot chassis,  
And he say "Ha ha ha,  
I smell cunt-ee."

Now he take her arm-ee,  
No cause for alarm-ee,  
She tell him her name is Hip Swing-ee.  
She say "Come to my room-ee,  
And tickle my womb-ee,  
And make my tits go ting-a-ling-ee."

Now I happen to know-ee,  
That Yu Wee he go-ee,  
For next day we he go to pee-ee,  
He say, "Hey, something amiss-ee,  
My cock be no piss-ee,

I think I have got the vee-d-ee."

#### 400. BENGALI ONE SO LONG

Melody: symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9???

Bengali one so long,

Melayu one potong,

Indian one so dark and strong,

Orang Puteh just like sotong.

All Hash Mens' hard and strong,

They can go for ten furlong,

Darling, please don't ask for tolong,

And we will carry on and on.

There is a lady in sarong,

She prefers it done on a palong,

To her surprise we can stand so long,

Because one fails the rest will carry on.

#### 401. WHO IS IN THE KITCHEN WITH AH HIN?

Melody: symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9??Who is in the Kitchen with Dinah?

Who is in the kitchen with Ah Hin?

Who is in the kitchen with Ah-Ah Hin?



Who is in the kitchen with Ah Hin?

Playing with his tiny thing?

Ah Hin, tiny thing, Ah Hin, tiny thing.

Ah Hin, tiny thing, playing with his tiny thing.

Who is in the toilet with Ah Sai?

Who is in the toilet with Ah-Ah Sai?

Who is in the toilet with Ah Sai?

Playing with her twa-cheebye?

Ah Sai, twa-cheebye, Ah Sai, twa-cheeby.

Ah Sai, twa-cheebye, playing with her twa-cheebye.

Who is in the bedroom with Ah Leng?

Who is in the bedroom with Ah-Ah Leng?

Who is in the bedroom with Ah Leng?

Playing with her twa-liap leng?

Ah Leng, twa-liap leng, Ah Leng, twa-liap leng.

Ah Leng, twa-liap leng, playing with her twa-liap leng.

#### 402. THE HISTORY OF BEER

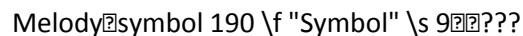
Melody\symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9???

Oh, a long time ago way back in history,  
When all people had to drink were little cups of tea,  
Along came a man by the name of Charlie Mops,  
And he invented a wonderful drink.  
He gave it the name of slops.

Chorus: Oh, he ought to be an admiral, a sultan, or a king,  
And to his praises, we will always sing,  
Look what he has done for us,  
He's filled us all with cheer,  
Here's to Charlie Mops, the man who invented BEER!

Oh, the Ah Soo, the New Wah Seng, the Sing Tong Lam as well,  
Wherever you may drink, it's Charlie's slops they sell.  
So raise your stein and drink your fill,  
At half-past one it stops,  
For five small seconds, remember Charlie Mops.  
A-ONE, A-TWO, A-THREE, FOUR, FIVE!  
(repeat chorus)

#### 403. THE OLD PACIFIC SEA

Melody: 

I was down by Bondi Pier,  
Sucking tubes of ice cold beer,

With a bucket full of prawns upon my knee.

When I swallowed the last prawn,

I had a Technicolor yawn,

And I chundered in the old Pacific Sea.

Chorus: Drink it up, drink it up,

Crack another dozen tubes or so with me.

If you want to blow your voice,

Mate, you've got no other choice,

But to chunder in the old Pacific Sea.

I was down by the great surf,

When a mate of mine called Murph,

Asked if he could crack a tube or three with me.

Well, he barely swallowed it,

When he went for the big spit,

And he chundered in the old Pacific Sea.

Chorus: I've had liquid laughs in bars,

I've chundered from moving cars,

And I've chundered where and when it pleases me.

But if I could choose the spot,

To regurgitate the lot,

Then I'd chunder in the old Pacific Sea.

404. MEN OF THE H, H, 3

Melody: symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9???

Eyes right, foreskins tight,

Cockstands to the front,

We're the men of the H, H, 3.

We're in search of fun,

We're the heroes of the night,

We'd rather fuck than fight,

We're the men of the H, H, 3.

Chorus: Rolling along, rolling along,

By the light of the silvery moon.

Happy is the Hash,

With my finger up her snatch,

By the light of the silvery moon.

Oh, (repeat from beginning)

405. DAVY COCKHEAD

Melody: symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9?? Davy Crockett

Down in the valley where the black grass grows,

There lives a lady without any clothes.

Along came a man with a cap and a stick,

Down went his pants, and up went his prick.

Chorus: Davy, Davy Cockhead,

King of the wild fuckers.

Three months past and all was well,

Six months past, oh, what a swell,

Nine months pass, oh, what a shock!

Out came a baby with a nine inch cock.

#### 406. AUSSIE SERENADE

Melody: Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Mate

Pull me dungarees down, sport,

Pull me dungarees down.

I'm that sort of gal, sport,

So pull me dungarees down.

Put away that prick, Mick,

Put away that prick.

The sight of it makes me sick, Mick,

So put away that prick.

You up and gave me the jack, Mac,

You up and gave me the jack.

So I'll just give it back, Mac,  
You up and gave me the jack.

Oh, fuck me hard till I'm red, Fred,  
Fuck me hard till I'm red.  
On the floor or in bed, Fred,  
Fuck me hard till I'm red.

Why are you all up in smiles, Giles,  
Why are you all up in smiles?  
Just got rid of your piles, Giles?  
No wonder you're all up in smiles.

Go back and wait for your turn, Vern,  
Go back and wait for your turn.  
You've got a lot to learn, Vern,  
So go back and wait for your turn.

Let's have one on the grass, Darce,  
Let's have one on the grass.  
You can root me up the arse, Darce,  
So let's have one on the grass.

For my sake undo your fly, Guy,  
For my sake undo your fly.

Do you wanna wait till its dry, Guy?

For my sake undo your fly.

Well, you sure took more than you gave, Dave,

You sure took more than you gave.

Do you think I'm your slave, Dave?

You sure took more than you gave.

You know I just can't say no, Joe,

You know I just can't say no.

So stick it in and I'll blow, Joe,

You know I just can't say no.

407. VANESSA PICKLEGIN

Melody: symbol 190 \f "Symbol" \s 9???

Contributed by Abby Sale, courtesy of Ed Cray

One night for a jar, I went to the bar

And I drunk the barrel dry;

And the thoughts in me head were very far from bad

'Till this harlot catch me eye.

She was withered and small, like a pickled wall

That her bones had rubbed her sore,

With her teeth in a box, she had got the pox

And her age was fifty four.

Chorus: I've made very bold with young and old,  
And I've fucked 'em thick and thin, (thick and thin)  
But I've never, never straddled a whore so rattled,  
As Vanessa Picklegin.

Well, no man knows who soberly goes,  
To what that man can sink;  
How his brain gets spoiled and he sees the world  
Through the rose-colored specks of drink.  
So I gazed in her eye 'till beneath my fly  
My Y-fronts shockedly rose,  
And the stand in hand grew so bloody grand,  
That it nearly blocked me nose.

So up comes she and she says to me,  
Do you fancy a whore to screw?  
I can take without fuss any double-decker bus,  
So I'll readily deal with you!  
For the average fool with the average tool,  
I charge an inordinate fee;  
But since you've got a hard, which is more than a yard,  
To you the admission's free.

So it's back to her flat, and we slung out the cat,



And to bed without a word,  
For she looked, and she felt, and she bloody nearly smelt  
Like a week-old, white-washed turd.  
But I maintained that horn from night 'till morn,  
And we fucked the dark hours through;  
Till the bones went `crack' in the middle of her back  
And Vanessa fell in two.

Now all you lads that drink ale, be cautioned by my tale,  
For as I scrambled free,  
I loudly wailed, for my prick was left impaled  
On Vanessa's vertibree.  
So, when you're in the pub, the harlots snub,  
Or you shall surely find,  
Though you may get away and not be asked to pay . . .  
YOU'LL LEAVE A LOT BEHIND!

408. SPAM SKIT

from Monty Python©

Background noise: sounds of silverware and cups clinking, etc . . .

Male customer: "Sit here, dear."

Female customer: "All right."

Male customer (to waitress): "Morning."

Waitress: "Morning."

Male customer: "Wot you got?"

Waitress: "Well, there's egg and bacon; egg, sausage, and bacon; egg and Spam; egg, bacon, and Spam; egg, bacon, sausage, and Spam; Spam, bacon, sausage, and Spam; Spam, egg, Spam, Spam, bacon, and Spam; Spam, sausage, Spam, Spam, Spam, bacon, Spam, tomatoe, and Spam; Spam, Spam, Spam, egg and Spam; Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, baked beans, Spam, Spam, Spam, and Spam . . ."

Viking Chorus: Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spamity Spam! Spamity Spam!

Waitress: "Or lobster Thermidor et Cruvettes with a Bernaise sauce served in the Provencal manner with shallots and oeuvres garnished with truffle patty, brandy, and a fried egg on top, and Spam."

Female Customer: "Have you got anything without Spam?"

Waitress: "Well, there's Spam, eggs, sausage, and Spam. That's not got much Spam in it."

Female Customer: "I don't want any Spam."

Male customer: "Why can't she have egg, bacon, Spam, and sausage?"

Female Customer: "That's got Spam in it."

Male customer: "Hasn't got as much Spam in it as Spam, egg, sausage, and Spam, has it?"

Female Customer: "Wot, d'ye mean egg, bacon, Spam, and sausage without the Spam, then?"

Waitress: "Eeeeeewwaugh!"

Female Customer: "Wot d'ye mean, 'eeeeeeewwaugh?' I don't like Spam!"

Viking Chorus: Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spamity Spam! Wonderful Spam!

Waitress: "Shut up! (Vikings stop) . . . bloody Vikings . . . you can't have egg, bacon, Spam, and sausage without the Spam!"

Female Customer (screaming): "I don't like Spam!!!"

Male customer: "Hush, dear, don't cause a fuss . . . I'll have your Spam. I love it. I'm having Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, baked beans, Spam, Spam, Spam, and Spam."

Viking Chorus: Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spamity Spam! Wonderful Spam!

Waitress: "Shut up! (Vikings stop) . . . baked beans are off."

Male customer: "Could I have Spam instead of the baked beans, then?"

Waitress: "You mean Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, and Spam?"

Viking Chorus: Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spamity Spam! Wonderful Spam! Lovely Spam! Wonderful Spam! Spam-a-Spam-a-Spam-a-Spam-a-Spam-a-Spam, Spamity Spam, Wonderful Spam, Spamity Spam, Lovely Spam, Lovely Spam, Spam, Spam, Spam, Spaaaaaaaaaaaaaam!

#### 409. SONG TO WANKY DOODLE

Melody—Yankee Doodle

Dedicated to Aloha Hasher Wanky Doodle, composed by Bag Lady, October, 1994.

Wanky Doodle went to bed,  
A-wanking on his plumbing,  
Took forever and a day,  
Until he was a-cumin'.

Wanky Doodle, shake it up,  
Wanky Doodle dandy,  
Wanky Doodle, shake it up,  
You are so very handy.

#### 410. CHRISTOPHER AND ALICE

Nursery Rhyme

This gem contributed by Ian Cumming, who offers the following explanation: "'Plate' (verb transitive) is short for Plate of Ham, rhyming slang for Gam, short for Gamarouche, slang for Cunnilingus, or more specifically Penilingisism."

Inside the yard at Buckingham Palace,  
Christopher Robin went down on Alice.  
"Dear little Christopher knows his stuff,  
At 'Trying the Beard' and 'Noshing the Muff.'"  
—Says Alice

Inside the yard at Buckingham Palace,  
Christopher Robin's still gobblin' Alice.  
"One more time, then after lunch,  
I'll reciprocate and 'Munch the Trunch.'"  
—Says Alice

Christopher Robin is getting his knob in,  
Alice is down and gobblin' Robin.  
She won't say a word while 'Tonguing the Tool,'  
"Cos it's rude to talk when your mouth is full."  
—Says Alice

They're plating away at Buckingham Palace,  
Alice plates Robin and Robin plates Alice.  
They're laying down upon the turf,  
"Nothing compares with a Soixante Neuf."  
—Says Alice

411. BE MY GUEST

Melody—Be Our Guest

(from the movie "Beauty and the Beast")

Contributed by Spikes, Whips, and Poles, Heidelberg H3, who credits the new lyrics to non-hashers John P. Daly and Scott Danby

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!

Be my love

Be my slave

Let's kick back and watch some Dave

I'll prepare

Extraordinaire

And then I'll spelunk in your cave

We're alone and you're scared

But the bedroom's all prepared

No one's ever been complaining

Cuz I'm always entertaining

I sell smokes, you turn trix

I'm the dick to end all Dicks!

Lick me, bite me, suck me, blow me, give me head

You're such a nice young lass

Come on and shake your ass

Be my guest

If you're stressed

It's my love spear I suggest

Be my guest

I'm the best

Be my guest!

Life is disconcerting

To a flirter who's not flirting

He's not whole without a soul

To jump upon

Ah those good old days when I was fruitful

Tonight we'll be fruitful until dawn

Three weeks it's been missing

Needing so much more than kissing

Needing exercise, a chance to use its skill

Most days I just jerk off in the bathroom

Flabby, fat and lazy

You walk in and I go crazy

It's a guest!

It's a guest!

Sakes alive she's got a chest

Wine's been poured

And I've been bored

Gosh I'd love to stroke her breast

With dessert she'll want me

With some luck we'll make it three

While the bed starts in a-squeaking

I'll be coming, I'll be peaking

You'll get warm, piping hot

Heaven's sakes, is that a spot?

Clean it up, we want the company impressed.

I've got you to do



Was that one fuck or two?

For you my guest

She's my guest

My command is your request

It's been three weeks since

I've seen anybody's peaks

And I'm obsessed

You're a treat, you're a tease

Yes indeed I aim to please

Through the night we'll keep a-going

Pretty soon you'll be a glowing

Thrust by thrust

One by one

Till you shout "Enough, I've come"

Then I'll whisk you off to bed for oral sex

Tonight you'll prop your feet up

And I'll start to eat up

Be my guest

I'm the best!

BE MY GUEST!

412. BIG JESS

Melody— "Big Bad John" by Jimmy Dean

Parody by Billy C. Wirtz, contributed by ZiPpy, Pikes Peak H3

Every day at the Senate you could see him arrive

His age and I.Q. were both about sixty-five

Narrow in the mind and red in the neck

Nobody knew what the hell to expect from

Big Jess

Big Jess, biigg Jessss . . .

BIG BAD JESS!

Nobody really knew what made him so mean

Some said it might be a lack of sumpin' in his genes

Some speculated that he'd been dropped on his head

Or that his family were Bakers and that they were a little inbred

Big Jess

The press and the critics all thought it mighty scary

That his butt was in D.C. and his mind in Mayberry

The press and the critics never bothered him a bit

But those hairy-legged feminists nearly made him shit

Big Jess

Big Jess, what a mess

BIG BAD JESS!

And then came the day in Hilton Head  
When Jesse went swimmin' and nearly ended up dead  
A wave came along and knocked him sprawlin'  
And dragged him out to sea screamin' and ballin'  
Big Jess

Jesse figured it was over and the devil was even  
When along in a rowboat came a fellow named Steven  
Jesse hollered, "Help me, help me! I'm Senator Jess!"  
And he said, "You're getting sunburn and your hair is a mess,  
Big Jess"

And what happened next has never been explained clearly  
You might say that Helms began to behave sorta queerly  
He said, "You got it all wrong, I'm a misunderstood man,  
And by the way Steven you've got a very savage tan."  
"Merci, Jess"

Steven threw Jesse a life preserver  
And Jesse wondered how to explain it to the News and Observer  
He said "You know Steven you're a real good pal"  
And that night they went dancing at the Capitol Corral  
Big Jess

You can bet the Republicans made a hell of a noise  
When Jesse admitted, "I'm one of the boys"  
The folks in the Senate knew he was under the weather  
When he appeared with pierced nipples and tight black leather  
Big Jess

Jesse almost lost his life  
But he got a new friend  
He didn't understand it at first  
But he got it in the end  
Big Jess

Big Jess, biigg Jessss . . .  
BIG BAD JESS!

#### 413. MY HAT IT HAS THREE EDGES

Melody—Itself

Contributed by Alte Stein, Hamburg H3

My hat it has three edges,  
Three edges has my hat,  
Would it not have three edges,  
It would not be my hat.

(Replace one word with a gesture each time around until the entire song is done with gestures, not words)

415. SPIDERS IN MY HAIR

Melody—Strangers in the Night

Contributed by Wallaby, first performed at the Agana, Guam, H3 Halloween Hash, 1994

Spiders in my hair,  
How fucking frightful,  
Spiders in my hair,  
Far from delightful,  
This humongous bug,  
Could be poisonous.

Running down my back,  
It makes my skin crawl,  
Disappears into my crack,  
Down by my left ball,  
Now I'm fucking sick,  
It's headed for my dick.

It's way past time to drop,  
My pants and leap,  
Around in crazy dance . . .

Fuck this jungle shit,  
Give me some urban,

My hair is full of webs,  
A sticky turban,  
I may soon be dead,  
Before this hash is through.

Now I'm back on trail,  
Then just like always,  
Without fucking fail,  
I see the "On Back,"  
Webs hanging from my face,  
I turn back in disgrace.

I've risked my life for little gain,  
I'll have to run the hash again, and  
Then I see the tracks in jungle clearing,  
With you crazy fucks, all sweat and beering,  
You just don't fucking care,  
About spiders in my hair.

#### 416. PLASTIC JESUS

Melody—Itself

Here's a song sure to please, contributed by ZiPpy, Pike's Peak H3. It was a favorite of Janis Joplin in the 60s. If you'd like to hear it performed, rent the Paul Newman movie "Cool Hand Luke."

I don't care if it rains or freezes,  
Long as I have my plastic Jesus

Riding on the dashboard of my car,  
Through my trials and tribulations  
And my travels through the nation  
With my plastic Jesus I'll go far

Plastic Jesus, plastic Jesus  
Riding on the dashboard of my car  
I'm afraid he'll have to go,  
His magnets ruin my radio  
And If I have a wreck, he'll leave a scar

Riding through the thoroughfare,  
With his nose up in the air  
A wreck may be ahead, but he don't mind  
Trouble coming, he don't see,  
He just keeps his eyes on me  
And any other thing that lies behind

Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus,  
Riding on the dashboard of my car  
Though the sun that shines on his back  
Makes him peel, chip, and crack  
A little patching keeps him up to par

When pedestrians try to cross

I let them know who is boss  
I never blow my horn or give them warning  
I ride all over town,  
Trying to run them down  
And it's seldom that they live to see the morning

Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus  
Riding on the dashboard of my car  
His halo fits just right  
And I use it as a sight  
And they'll scatter or they'll splatter near and far

When I'm in a traffic jam  
He don't care if I say Damn  
I can let all sorts of curses roll  
Plastic Jesus doesn't hear,  
For he has a plastic ear  
The man who invented plastic saved my soul

Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus  
Riding on the dashboard of my car  
Once his robe was snowy white,  
Now it isn't quite so bright  
Stained by the smoke of my cigar



If I weave around at night  
And the policemen think I'm tight  
They'll never find my bottle, though they ask  
Plastic Jesus shelters me,  
For his head comes off, you see  
He's hollow and I use him for a flask

Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus  
Riding on the dashboard of my car  
Ride with me and have a dram  
Of the blood of the Lamb  
Plastic Jesus is a holy bar

I don't care if it's dark or scary,  
Long as I have magnetic Mary,  
Ridin' on the dashboard of my car,  
I feel I'm protected amply,  
I've got the whole damn Holy Family,  
Riding on the dashboard of my car.

No, I don't care if it rains or freezes,  
Long as I have my plastic Jesus,  
Riding on the dashboard of my car,  
But I think he'll have to go,  
His magnet ruins my radio,

And if we have a wreck he'll leave a scar.

I don't care if it bumps or jostles

Long as I got the Twelve Apostles

Bolted to the dashboard of my car

Don't I have a pious mess

Such a crowd of holiness

Strung across the dashboard of my car

God made Christ a Holy Jew

God made Him a Christian too

Paradoxes populate my car

Joseph beams with a feigned elan

From the shaggy dash of my furlined van

Famous cuckold in the master plan;

When I'm goin' fornicatin'

I got my ceramic Satan

Sinnin' on the dashboard of my Winnebago Motor Home

The women know I'm on the level

Thanks to the wild-eyed stoneware devil

Ridin' on the dashboard of my . . .

Sneerin' from the dashboard of my . . .

Leering from the dashboard of my van.

417. ALOHA H3 HOLIDAY ANTHEM

Melody—Choral Stanza, Beethoven's 9th Symphony

Shamelessly stolen from Lyngby H3, Denmark . . .

Come Aloha Hash House Harriers,

Get your asses in high gear,

Whiners, walkers, F-R-B-ers,

Gather 'round the crates of beer.

Let the hashing spirit enter,

Ev'ry wanker here around,

Down-downs right and left and center

As we hashers chug 'em down.

418. WANKY'S BEERS

Melody—Jingle Bells

Adapted by Flying Booger from Morgan's Pies, # 386

Dashing down the trail,

With a cooler full of brew,

This beer tastes like hell,

What can we hashers do?

Chorus: Oh, Wanky's beers, Wanky's beers,

Wanky, you're a dick.

When we drink your fucking piss,  
It makes us fucking sick.  
Oh, Wanky's beers, Wanky's beers,  
We told you fucking twice,  
When you pack those fucking beers,  
You can't forget the ice!

I drank a Wanky brew,  
A down-down I did do,  
Now I've got that fucking brew  
Caked upon my shoe.

The biermobile's arrived,  
On-In time is right,  
What fun it is to chug and puke,  
Our Wanky's putrid beers.

We sing this little song,  
We sing it just for you,  
Now we think it's only right,  
That you should drink one too.

#### 419. SATANIC BELLS

Melody—Jingle Bells

Thrashing through the snow  
In a seven-demon sleigh  
Running over priests  
Laughing all the way (evil chuckle -- har har har)  
Bells on barbtails ring making spirits blight  
What fun it is to slash and sing  
Santa dies tonight

Oh Santa dies, gouge his eyes  
Oh what misery  
He won't come to visit you with  
Presents for the tree  
Now he's dead, there's his head  
Rolling down the street  
Demons playing soccer with their  
Little cloven feet

Now Santa made a deal  
With Lucifer last night  
But it seems that Santa made  
A tiny oversight  
The contract was brought out  
And Santa read it well  
But he didn't read the part that said  
He'd give his soul to Hell

Oh flames of sin now begin  
Red suit burning bright  
Little boys and girls won't get their  
Gifts on Christmas night  
Burning flesh, nice and fresh  
With a flaming sash  
Satan is the ruler here  
And so Shemhamforash

#### 420. POLITICALLY CORRECT SANTA

A poem by Harvey Ehrlich

'Twas the night before Christmas and Santa's a wreck . . .  
How to live in a world that's politically correct?  
His workers no longer would answer to "Elves",  
"Vertically Challenged" they were calling themselves.

And labor conditions at the North Pole  
Were alleged by the union to stifle the soul.  
Four reindeer had vanished, without much propriety,  
Released to the wilds by the Humane Society.

And Equal Employment had made it quite clear  
That Santa had better not use just reindeer.

So Dancer and Donner, Comet and Cupid,  
Were replaced with four pigs, and you know that looked stupid!

The runners had been removed from his sleigh;  
The ruts were termed dangerous by the E.P.A.  
And people had started to call for the cops  
When they heard sled noises on their roof tops.

Second-hand smoke from his pipe had his workers quite frightened.  
His fur-trimmed red suit was called "unenlightened."

And to show you the strangeness of life's ebbs and flows,  
Rudolf was suing over unauthorized use of his nose  
And had gone on Geraldo, in front of the nation,  
Demanding millions in over-due compensation.

So, half of the reindeer were gone; and his wife,  
Who suddenly said she'd enough of this life,  
Joined a self-help group, packed, and left in a whiz,  
Demanding from now on her title was Ms.

And as for the gifts, why, he'd ne'er had a notion  
That making a choice could cause such a commotion.  
Nothing of leather, nothing of fur,  
Which meant nothing for him. And nothing for her.

Nothing that might be construed to pollute.

Nothing to aim. Nothing to shoot.

Nothing that clamored or made lots of noise.

Nothing for just girls. Or just for the boys.

Nothing that claimed to be gender specific.

Nothing that's warlike or non-pacific.

No candy or sweets . . . they were bad for the tooth.

Nothing that seemed to embellish a truth.

And fairy tales, while not yet forbidden,

Were like Ken and Barbie, better off hidden.

For they raised the hackles of those psychological,

Who claimed the only good gift was one ecological.

No baseball, no football . . . someone could get hurt;

Besides, playing sports exposed kids to dirt.

Dolls were said to be sexist, and should be passe;

And Nintendo would rot your entire brains away.

So Santa just stood there, disheveled, perplexed;

He could not figure out what to do next.

He tried to be merry, tried to be gay,

But you've got to be careful with that word today.



His sack was quite empty, limp to the ground;  
Nothing fully acceptable was to be found.  
Something special was needed, a gift that he might  
Give to all without angering the left or the right.

A gift that would satisfy, with no indecision,  
Each group of people, every religion;  
Every ethnicity, every hue,  
Everyone, everywhere ... even you.

So here is that gift, it's price beyond worth . . .  
"May you and your loved ones enjoy peace on earth."

#### 421. TEDDY THE RED-NOSED SENATOR

Melody—Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pike's Peak H3

Teddy the red-nosed Senator,  
Had a very shiny car,  
And if you ever saw it,  
You were probably near a bar.

All the other Senators,  
Wondered how he got his dames,

They thought he was too fucking drunk,  
To play in any bedroom games.

Then one foggy Christmas Eve,  
Santa came to say,  
"Teddy with your nose so red,  
Won't you help me guide my sled?"

That's how the police found them,  
Wrapped around a maple tree,  
Teddy the red-nosed Senator,  
He's a drunken S.O.B.  
He's a drunken S.O.B.

#### 422. WALKIN' 'ROUND IN WOMENS' UNDERWEAR

Melody—Winter Wonderland

Performed by Rose Eh and Sex Toy of the Hogtown H3 at World Interhash '94 and the Pittsburgh 600th.  
Both performances featured Ian Cumming modeling some rather attractive lingerie. Contributed by  
ZiPpy, Pike's Peak H3

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

In the store, there's a teddy

Little straps, like spaghetti

It holds me so tight, like handcuffs at night

Walkin' round in womens' 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 is 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 womens' underwear.

Lacy things the wife is missin',

Didn't ask for her permission,

I'm wearin her clothes—silk panty hose,

Walkin' round in womens' underwear.

Walkin' round in womens' underwear.

Walkin' round in womens' underwear.

#### 423. CHIPMINKS ROASTING ON AN OPEN FIRE

Melody—The Christmas Song by Nat 'King' Cole

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pike's Peak H3

Chipmunks roasting on an open fire,  
Jack Frost ripping up your nose,  
Yuletide carolers being thrown in the fire,  
And folks dressed up like buffaloes.  
Everybody knows a turkey slaughtered in the snow,  
Helps to make the season right,  
Tiny tots with their eyes all gouged out,  
Will find it hard to see tonight.  
They know that Santa's on his way,  
He's loaded lots of guns and bullets on his sleigh,  
And every mother's child is sure to spy,  
To see if reindeer really scream when they die.  
And so I'm offering this simple phrase,  
To kids from one to ninety-two,  
Although it's been said many times, many ways,  
Merry Christmas,  
Merry Christmas,  
Merry Christmas,  
Screw you.

#### 424. THE NINE DAZE OF CHRISTMAS

Melody—The Twelve Days Of Christmas

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pike's Peak H3

Eight healthy roaches

Seven cubes of crack

Six joints a'smoking

Five pounds of hashish

Four pink pills

Three snorts of coke

Two hits of acid

And a dime bag of Panama Red

On the ninth day, everybody OD'd and they were all rushed to the hospital where they were given nine wiffs of nitro, and nine bottles of Valium. Then everybody OD's on Valium and dies.

#### 425. THE TWELVE REDNECK DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

Melody—The Twelve Days Of Christmas

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pike's Peak H3

On the twelfth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me,

Twelve cans of Bud

Eleven rasslin' tickets

Ten tins of Copenhagen

Nine years' probation

Eight table dances

Seven packs of Redman

Six cans of Spam

Five flannel shirts

Four Mud Grip tires

Three shotgun shells

Two huntin' dogs

And some parts to a Mustang GT.

#### 426. DECK THE HALLS

Melody—Deck the Halls With Boughs of Holly

The politically correct version, contributed by ZiPpy, Pike's Peak H3

Deck the halls with boughs of non-endangered plant species,

Fa la la la la, la la la la

'Tis the season to be self-actualizing,

Fa la la la la, la la la la

Don we now our alternate-lifestyle apparel,

Fa la la, la la la, la la la

Toll the ancient non-denominational-winter-solstice- holiday carol,

Fa la la la la, la la la la

See the blazing log of non-denominational-winter- solstice-holiday-non-endangered wood before us,

Fa la la la la, la la la la

Play the harp without unnecessary brutality and join the chorus,

Fa la la la la, la la la la

Sing we emotionally stable in a collective group effort,

Fa la la, la la la, la la la

Heedless of the weather patterns despite the effects of global warming,

Fa la la la la, la la la la

Fast away the mature year passes,

Fa la la la la, la la la la

Hail the new year without any implicit ageism, ye persons,

Fa la la la la, la la la la

Dance in a non-hierarchical manner in merry measure,

Fa la la, la la la, la la la

While I tell of non-materialistic, non-denominational- winter-solstice-holiday treasure,

Fa la la la la, la la la la

#### 427. SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN

Melody—Same

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pike's Peak H3

You better watch out,

You better not cry,

You better not pout, I'm telling you why,

Santa Claus is dead.

#### 428. THE RESTROOM DOOR SAID "GENTLEMEN"

Melody—God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

Contributed by ZiPpy, Pike's Peak H3

The restroom door said "Gentlemen" so I just walked inside,

I took two steps and realized I'd been taken for a ride.

I heard high voices, turned and found the place was occupied

By three nuns, two old ladies and a nurse.

What could be worse,

Than three nuns, two old ladies and a nurse?

The restroom door said "Gentlemen," it must have been a gag.

As soon as I did walk therein, I ran into some old hag.

She sprayed me with a can of Mace and hit me with her bag.

It just wasn't cut out to be my day.

What can I say?

It just wasn't cut out to be my day!

The restroom door said "Gentlemen" and I would like to find,

The crummy little creep who had the nerve to switch the sign.

Because I've got two black eyes and one high heel up my behind.

Now I'll never sit in comfort or joy.

Boy oh boy!

Now I'll never sit in comfort or joy.

Flying Booger's Hash Hymns III

Flying Booger's Hash Hymns III

DOWN-DOWN DITTIES

Paul Woodford 01-31-94 09:46a

01-31-94 09:46a



Paul Woodford  
Paul Woodford

The first edition of this songbook contained 160 songs. Hash Hymns II contained almost 300. Hash Hymns III has grown to over 400. The more hashers I meet the more songs I learn, and I thank you one and all for your contributions. If you know songs that aren't printed here, or the melody to one of the tunes I haven't been able to track down, please get in touch with me. This hymnal is an ongoing labor of love, and I'm constantly revising and improving it. Besides snail mail and the telephone, you can get in touch with me by e-mail. My CompuServe address is 72772,2633, or you can contact me on the Internet at Woodford:72772.2633@compuserve.com.

Whenever you're in Paradise, call the Honolulu Hawaii Hash House Harrier Hareline at (808) 948-HASH. H5 is a mixed Hash running Tuesday evenings year-round. There's no fee, so bring your own beer. The Aloha Hash House Harrier Hareline is 948-AHHH. AH3 is a mixed Hash running Sunday afternoons; there's a small fee and beer is provided. Both harelines carry information on the Hawaii Full Moon Hash.

On-On!

Flying Booger

113 Beard Avenue

Honolulu, Hawaii 96818

(808) 422-6433

GM, Aloha H3

JM, Hawaii Full Moon H3

MBS (Member in Bad Standing), H5

Song Master at Large

