Here’s to …Hash name

Here’s to …….

He’s (she’s) true blue,

He’s a Hasher through and through

He’s a pisspot so they say,

He’ll never get to Heaven in a long day,

Drink it down, down, down, down …..

*Pissed on*

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

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

You’re Stupid

You’re stupid, you’re stupid,

You’re really really dumb,

If it wasn’t for your mother,

You’d be a spot of cum

Drink it down, down, down…..

He’s (She’s) the Meanest

He’s the meanest,

He sucks the horse’s penis,

He’s the meanest,

He’s a horse’s ass,

Drink it down, down, down, down …

Why are We Waiting

Tune: O Come All Ye Faithful

Why are we waiting,

Why are we waiting,

Oh why are we waiting,

Oh why why why,

Why are we waiting,

We could be masturbating.

She’s Alright

She’s alright,

She’s alright

She’s a bit flat-chested

But she’s alright

He’s Alright

He’s alright,

He’s alright,

He’s got a little willy,

But he’s alright

And the Hares

Chorus:

And the Hares, And the Hares

And the Hares on her dicky di-doe hang down to her knees

How many?

One black one,

One white one,

And one with a bit of shite on,

And one with a fairy light on to show us the way.

Verses:

If she were my daughter,

I’d have them cut shorter.

I couldn’t believe my eyes,

When I peered down between her thighs.

Her hair was so tangled,

Her first-born was strangled.

It would take a coal miner,

To find her vagina.

I’ve kissed it, I’ve licked it,

It tastes just like a chocolate biscuit.

She married an Italian,

Who was hung like a stallion.

She divorced the Italian,

And married the stallion.

*My One Skin*

Tune: 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,  
Roll back my foreskin for me.

*I’ll Take the Left Leg*

Tune: Loch Lomond

Oh, I'll take the left leg, and you take the right leg,  
It's my turn to give her the caber.  
'Cos me and my true love have never been the same  
Since I shared her with the next-door neighbour.

Why was She (He) Born so Beautiful

Why was she born so beautiful,

Why was she born at all,

She’s no bloody use to anyone,

She’s no bloody use at all,

She may be a joy to her mother,

But she’s a pain in the arse to us all.

A Spoonful of Sugar

Tune: Spoonful of Sugar

A spoonful of sugar makes the lesbians go down,

The lesbians go down, the lesbians go down,

A spoonful of sugar makes the lesbians go down,

In the most delightful way.

If I Had the Wings of an Eagle

Tune: My Bonnie lies over the ocean

If I had the wings of an eagle,

If I had the wings of a crow,

I’d fly above all of the treetops,

And crap on the Hashers below.

My sister Belinda

Tune: Cielito Lindo

Chorus:  
Ai, jai, jai jai  
Si, si, señora  
My sister Belinda, She pissed out the window  
All over my brand-new sombrero / Pajero

Verse:  
I like my gin, it helps me slip in,   
But give me the good old vino,

I like the vino,  
It gives me a stand supremo  
*(Chorus)*

More Verses:  
I like my rum, it helps me to come,  
I like my whisky, it makes me feel frisky,  
I like Drambuie, it makes my cum gooey,  
I like my beer, it makes me feel queer  
I like my brandy, it makes me feel randy  
I like my stout, it helps me pull out

*Rule Britannia*

Rule Britannia, marmalade and jam,

Five chinese crackers up yer bum,

BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG

Ou est le papier?

Tune: Marseillaise

A Frenchman went to the lavatory,

To have a jolly good shit, shit, shit,

He took his coat and trousers off,

So that he could wallow in it, it, 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, Je fais manure,

Ou est le papier?

The Germans Have No Sense of Humour (sung in a German accent)

The Germans have no sense of humour,

Ha-ha, Ha-ha, Ha,

It is not true, it’s just a rumour,

Ha-ha, Ha-ha, Ha.

All Australians are Born Illegitimate

All Australians are born illegitimate

Born illegitimate, born illegitimate,

All Australians are born illegitimate,

Bastards through and through.

*Swing Low Sweet Chariot (traditional end to the Circle – accompanied by appropriate hand gestures)*

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

Hum first verse *(hand gestures)*

A silent verse *(hand gestures)*

Sing reggae version of first verse