

Ibaraki Hash House Harriers - Hash Hymnal

(IH3 - Since July 4, 1999)

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Down-Down Songs

1. Here's To Brother (Sister) Hasher

Here's to brother (sister) Hasher(s),
Brother (sister) Hashers(s),
Brother (sister) Hasher(s),
Here's to brother (sister) Hasher(s),
May he (she/they) 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.

2. Hash House Harriers

(tune: The Adams Family)

Their drinking is compulsive and
Their running is convulsive,
They're morally repulsive,
The Hash House Harriers.
Da da da da - (snap fingers twice) x2

Their flatulence is rude and
Their genitals protrude when
They're running in the nude in
The Hash House Harriers
Da da da da - (snap fingers twice) x2

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

Switch to:

Da da da da Down-Down! (repeat)

3. Hashstones
(tune: Meet the Flintstones)

Hashers, meet the hashers,
They're the biggest drunks in history!
Fro-om "Ibaraki",
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... (etc.)

4. Dough, Ray, Me
(tune: Do, Re, Mi)

Dough, the stuff that buys me beer,
Greasy, the guy who serves me beer,
Me, the guy (gal) who drinks my beer,
Fa, a long way to the john,
So, I'll have another beeeeeeeeeer,
La, I'll have another beeeeeeeeeer,
Tea? No thanks, I'll have a beer,
And that brings us back to
Dou-ou-ou-ough...

5. He's the Meanest

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

6. Why Was She Born so Beautiful?

Why was she (he) born so beautiful?
Why was she (he) born at all?
She's (he's) no fucking use to anyone,
She's (he's) no fucking use at all.

She (he) might be a joy to her (his) mother,
But she's (he's) a pain in the asshole to me!

7. Yogi Bear
(abridged version)

1. In the forest lives a bear: Yogi, Yogi,
In the forest lives a bear: Yogi, Yogi Bear.
Yogi, Yogi Bear, Yogi, Yogi Bear.
In the forest lives a bear: Yogi, Yogi Bear.
2. Yogi has a little friend: Boo Boo, Boo Boo,
Yogi has a little friend: Boo Boo, Boo Boo Bear.
Boo Boo, Boo Boo Bear, Boo Boo, Boo Boo Bear,
Yogi has a little friend: Boo Boo, Boo Boo Bear.
3. Susie likes it on the fridge: Polar, Polar,
Susie likes it on the fridge: Polar, Polar Bear.
Polar, Polar Bear, Polar, Polar Bear,
Susie likes it on the fridge: Polar, Polar Bear.
4. Susie has a shaven snatch: Grizzly, Grizzly,
Susie has a shave snatch: Grizzly, Grizzly Bear.
Grizzly, Grizzly Bear, Grizzly, Grizzly Bear,
Susie has a shaven snatch: Grizzly, Grizzly Bear.

8. Runnin' Round In Women's Underwear
(tune: Winter Wonderland)

Lacy things, the wife is missin',
Didn't ask for her permission,
I'm wearing her clothes - silk pantyhose,
Walkin' round in women's underwear.

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

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

Later on, if you wanna,
We can dress like Madonna,
Put on some eyeshade, and join the parade,
Walkin' round in women's underwear (x3)

9. My Grandfather's Cock

(tune: Grandfather 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's a horn on the morn of the da-ay he was born,
It was always his pleasure and pride.
But it dropped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

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 dropped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

10. Drunken Hasher

(tune: Drunken Sailor)

What shall we do with a drunken hasher,
What shall we do with a drunken hasher,
What shall we do with a drunken hasher,
After all the down-downs?

There he goes again - pukin' in the bushes,
There he goes again - pukin' in the bushes,
There he goes again - pukin' in the bushes,
After all the down-downs!

What shall we do with a drunken hasher,
What shall we do with a drunken hasher,
What shall we do with a drunken hasher,
After all the down-downs?

11. Ball Game

(tune: Take Me Out to the Ball Game)

Whip it out at the ball game,
Wave it 'round at the crowd,
Dip it in peanuts and crackerjack,
I don't care if you give it a whack!

'Cause it's...
Beat your meat at the ball game,
If you don't come it's a shame!
It's one, tow, and you're covered in goo
At the old ball game!!

12. Who Needs Sex

(tune: Three Blind Mice)

Who needs sex? Who needs sex?
It's no fun! It's no fun!
You chase after women,
And what do you get?
You grumble and fumble
And break out in sweat.
You wake up at daylight
Just deeper in debt.
So, who needs sex?
Who needs sex?

13. Do Your Tits Hang Low ?

(tune: Continental Soldier)

Do your tits hang low?
Do they wobble to and fro?
Can you tie 'em in a knot?
Can you tie 'em in a bow?
Can you throw 'em over your shoulder?
Do you need a boulder holder?
Do your tits hang low?

14. Do Your Balls Hang Low?

(tune: Continental Soldier)

Do your balls hang low?
Do they swi-ing to and fro?
Can you tie 'em in a knot?
Can you tie 'em in a bow?
Can you bounce 'em off the wall,
Like an indian rubber ball?
Do your balls hang low?

15. Old Brown Cow

The old brown cow went:
PTHPT!! Up against the wall,
PTHPT!! Up against the wall,
PTHPT!! Up against the wall.

The old brown cow went:
PTHPT!! Up against the wall.
And the wall was covered in
Shit Shit Shit!

16. Publicly Pissed On

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

17. Hymn

RA: Hymn!
Pack: Hymn!

All: Fuck Him!

18. Yesterday (tune: Yesterday)

Yesterday, all my muscles seemed to feel okay.
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 that I'd stayed home instead.

Why I ran that hash, wa-as rash,
But what the heck.
Now it's clear, I'm a mere, physical wre-e-e-e-ck.

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 fu-u-ur.

Yesterday, running seemed a healthy game to play.
Now my body is in disarray!
Oh, I went hashing yesterday.
Mmmm-mm-mmm-mmm-mmmmm

19. You Ain't Nothin' But a Hasher (tune: You Ain't Nothin' But a Hounddog)

You ain't nothin' but a Hasher,
A-drinkin' all the time!
You ain't nothin' but a Hasher,
A-drinkin' all the time!
You ain't never caught a hare,
And you ain't no friend of mine!

When they said you could run fast,
Well, that was just a lie!
When they said you could run fast,
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-drinkin' all the time!
You ain't nothin' but a Hasher,
A-drinkin' all the time!
You ain't never caught a hare,
And you ain' no friend of mine!

20. Hasher Women
(tune: This Old Man)

Chorus (sung between each verse):

Knick knack paddy whack
Give themselves a tickle,
** women use a pickle!

**women, they play one,
They don't know how to get it on!

**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'd get some men!

** = name of hash

21. Hasher Men
(tune: This Old Man)

Chorus (sung between each verse):

Knick knack paddy whack
Give themselves a bone,
**men have sex alone!

**men, they play one,
They think they have all the fun!

**men, they play two,
They can't get it up to screw!

**men, they play three,
They can't ge-et 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 idea of 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!

** = name of hash

22. Ode to a Hasher
(tune: Twinkle Twinkle)

Starkle Starkle little twink,
Who the hell are you I think,
I'm not as drunk as thinkle peep,
I'm just a little slort of sheep,
A few brewskies make a guy,
Fool so feelish, don't know why,

Really don't know who's me yet,
The drunker I stay the longer I get,
So just one more to fill my cup,
I've all day sober to Sunday up.

23. His One Skin
(tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

His one skin hangs down to his two skin,
His two skin hangs down to his three,
His three skin hangs down to his foreskin,
His foreskin hangs down to his knee.

So Roll back, roll back,
Roll back my foreskin for me, for me.
Roll back, roll back,
Please roll back my foreskin for me.
Drink it down, down, down . . .

24. Oh My Darling
(tune: Oh My Darling Clementine)

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.

25. Down-Down Song

Here's to _____, he's (she's)
true blue,
He's (she's) a Hasher, through and through!
He's a Pisspot, so they say,
Tried to go to Heaven,
But he went the other way!

Drink It Down, Down, Down . . .

26. Hair (Hare)-Song

And the hare, and the hare,
And the hairs of her dickey di-do
Hung down to her knees

One black one, one white one,
And one with a little shite on,
And one with a little light on,
To show us the way!

She's not a great looker,
But everyone took 'er
And the hairs of her dickey di-do
Hung down to her knees

27. I'm A Little Hasher
(tune: I'm a little teapot)

I'm a little hasher, horny and drunk,
There is her bum and here is my junk.
When I get all worked up I whip it out,
I bend her over and make her shout!

28. The Lumberjack Hasher Song
(from: Monty Python; edited for IH3)

Chorus:

I'm a lumberjack and I'm OK,
I fuck all night and I hash all day.
(repeat in the 3rd person)

1. I cut down trees, I drink my beer,
I go to the lavatory.
On Sundays I go hashing,
An' 'ave buttered scones for tea.

Chorus (optional)

2. I like to shig, I like to shag,
I like to press wild flowers,
I put on women's clothing
And hang around in bars.

Chorus (optional)

3. I hash all day, I wear high heels,
Suspenders and a bra,
I wish I were a girlie
Just like my old papa.

Violation Songs

29. What a Wank
(tune: William Tell Overture)

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank wank
wank;
What wank, what a wank, what a wank wank wank;
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank wank
wank;
What a waaaaaaaank, what a wank wank wank.

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

What a wank, what a wank wank wank;
What wank, what a wank, what a wank wank wank;
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank wank
wank;
What a waaaaaaaank, what a wank wank wank.

30. "Down Down Down Your Beer"
(tune: Row Row Row Your Boat)

Down Down Down your beer
To pa-ay for your crime
Quit complaining about the taste
There's no spit in it this time.

31. Shiggy Shaggy
(chant)

The purpose of the Shiggy-Shaggy chant is to point out breaches of Hash etiquette. The hashers point elbows at the offender and repeat the chant loudly:

Shiggy-shaggy, shiggy-shaggy
Oy! Oy! Oy!
Shiggy-shaggy, shiggy-shaggy
Oy! Oy! Oy!
Shiggy-shaggy, shiggy-shaggy
Oy! Oy! Oy!

Continue until the offender completes a down-down.

32. Why Are We Waiting
(tune: Come All Ye Faithful)

Why are we waiting?
We could be masturbating.
Oh, why are we wai-ai-ting,
So fuck-ing long?

Why are we waiting?
We could be fornica-a-ting.
Oh why-y are we wait-ing?
Oh why-y are we wait-ing?
Oh why-y are we wait-ing,
So fuck-ing long?

(repeat as necessary)

Religious Sap

33. Hash Hymn
(tune: Swing Low Sweet Chariots)

Chorus:
Swing low, sweet chariot - OY!
Cumin' for to carry me home...
Swing low, sweet chariot - OY!
Cumin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan,
And what did I see,
Cumin' for to carry me home...
A band of angels, cumin' after me,
Cumin' for to carry me home.

Chorus

34. Our Lager
(Prayer)

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