



**CAPITAL  
HASH HOUSE  
HARRIERS**

**2015**

**SEX CHANGE PRODUCTIONS LTD**

**HASH HYMNAL**



### **Hare's Song**

*(Tune – The Ashgrove)*

And the hairs, and the hairs,  
And the hairs on her dicky di  
do  
Hung down to her knee.  
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.

### **Ode to Returnees**

Where the fuck were you last  
week,  
You certainly weren't here.  
But we don't really give a rats  
'cos we drank all the beer.  
Drink it, drink it, down down  
down!

### **Song for Virgins**

We have virgins  
At our hash  
Got to get them drunk now  
Down the hatch.  
Drink it down, down, down  
etc.

### **Birthday Song #1**

*Melody-Happy Birthday to  
you*  
Hashy Birthday to you etc

### **BIRTHDAY SONG #2**

*(Melody - Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-Te-  
Aay)*

This is your birthday song,  
It isn't very long . . .  
Drink it down, down, down . .

### **The TUN (Warm Beer) Song**

*Melody; mud, mud, glorious  
mud*

Tun, Tun, fucking warm Tun  
It's not the drink that you'd  
give to your mum  
So drink it down quickly  
Or else you'll be sickly  
But surely its better than  
swallowing  
Down, Down Down Down

### **Amazing Beer**

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

### **Eddy the Horny Reindeer**

Eddie the horny reindeer  
Used to love the reindeer snatch  
You would always find him  
looking  
Searchin' every bush and thatch.

All of the other reindeer  
Used to love to get a lay.  
But Eddie the horny reindeer  
Had to have it every day

Then one foggy Christmas eve  
Santa came to say, Sorry Ed to be  
so blunt  
But if you don't eat pussy, you'll  
get no cunt

Now all the reindeer love him  
And you'll hear them shout with  
glee.  
Eddie the horny reindeer  
Won't you please go down on  
me?

### **HOLIDAY SONG**

The weather outside is so  
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

### **CHORUS:**

O! poofers mincing, poofers  
queer  
Prancing ON with simpering leer

on-ward ever, checking never  
Guide us to a crate of beer

### **Here's the season to be greedy**

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 3 males**

You (n) males of CH3 are  
Wearing pink, you hash from the  
bar  
Through Moor and mountain field  
and fountain  
Sple - e- ndid in a bra.

### **The 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.

**We wish you a merry  
hashmas**

We wish you a merry Hashmas,  
We wish you a merry Hashmas,  
We wish you a merry Hashmas,  
And a drunken New Year.

Bad tidings we bring,  
About the beer and the gin,  
We wish you a Merry Hashmas,  
And a drunken New Year.

**Be happy, merry hashers**

Be happy, merry hashers  
And do not be dismayed  
The run was quite abysmal  
The trail was hardly laid  
But no-one's lost and now  
we're back  
The night to party long  
Now for charges and many rude  
songs, many rude songs  
Now for charges and many rude  
songs

**Oh Penis Head**

Oh Penis Head, Oh Penis Head;  
You really need a strokin'.  
Oh Penis Head, Oh Penis Head;  
You're gonna get a chokin'.

My hand is warm,  
And slippery too.  
Stroke you up and down,  
'Til you spit goo.

Oh Penis Head, Oh Penis Head;  
We really need some pokin'.

**Santa Limerick**

That jolly old fattie, Saint Nick,  
Felt a great need to go dip his  
wick,  
So he bugged poor Vixen,  
Two elves, and then Blitzen,  
With jingle bells tied to his prick.

**Vile Tun**

Vile Tun, Warm Tun  
Can't you see the harm you've  
done  
Serves you right for being such a  
tool  
That will teach you to act such a  
fool  
Hope you get to drink moooore  
Hope you get to drink more.

**Balls/Tits Hang Low**

*(Tune – Sailor's Hornpipe)*

Do your balls/boobs hang  
low,  
Can you swing 'em to and  
fro?  
Can you tie them in a knot;  
Can you tie them in a bow?  
Do you get a funny feeling  
When you bounce them of  
the ceiling?  
Can you do the double  
shuffle  
When your balls/boobs hang  
low?

**Wings Of An Eagle**

*Melody: 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 the treetops,  
And shit on the hashers  
below.  
Shit on, shit on,  
I'd shit on the hashers  
below, below.  
Shit on, shit on,  
I'd shit on the hashers  
below.

**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.  
So, roll back, roll back,  
Oh roll back my foreskin  
For me, for me.  
Roll back, roll back,  
Oh roll back my foreskin for me.

**Why Was He Born So  
Beautiful?**

Why was he born so beautiful?  
Why was he born at all?  
He's no fucking use to anyone,  
He's no fucking use at all?  
(Occasional addition)  
He may be a joy to his mother,  
But he's a pain in the asshole to  
me.

**Twenty toes**

There's a game I know called  
twenty toes  
It's played all over town  
The girls they play with ten toes up  
And the men with ten toes down,  
down, down.

### **AN DEM BIER**

*Melody – Ode to Joy*

How much beer has he been drinking?  
He is looking really lit.  
As we sing here aren't we thinking,  
"Do we really give a shit?"  
Who's this wanker, so unseemly,  
That his mom would surely frown?  
Grab that beer and hold it firmly,  
Drink it, drink it, down down down!

### **RIDE TO THE BEER**

*(Melody- Oh Lord won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz)*

Dear Lord, won't you give me a ride to the beer,  
My friends are all drinking, and I'm stuck out here,  
I'll ride in a lorry, rickshaw, or tuk tuk,  
If you drive me there I'll throw in a down, down, down, down .

### **BATTLE HYMN OF THE HASHER**

*(Melody – Battle Hymn of the Republic)*

His eyes have seen the horror of the steepness of the trail,  
His ears have heard the whining of the whinging Hashers' tale,  
His lips have felt the passing of this nation's finest ale,  
This Hasher's done it all!  
CHORUS:  
Glory, Glory, Ale and Lager!  
Glory, Glory, Ale and Lager!  
Glory, Glory, Ale and Lager!  
Now drink it down, down, down!

### **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, down

### **DOWN DOWN DOWN YOUR BEER**

*Melody – Row Row Row Your Boat*

Down Down Down your beer,  
To pay for your crime.  
Quit complaining about the taste,  
There's no sperm this time.

### **Walkin round in women's 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.

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.

Walking with my pecker in your hand  
Sleigh bells ring,  
The seasons merry,  
You don't want,  
To pop your cherry,  
Though you don't want to lay,  
We'll frolic and play,  
Walkin with my pecker in your hand.

On your lips,  
Sperm is glistenin',  
Suck it in,  
While your whistlin',  
A caroling song,  
As we move along,  
Walkin with my pecker in your hand.

### **Rusty Holden Ute**

Dashing through the bush,  
in a rusty Holden Ute,  
Kicking up the dust,  
esky in the boot,  
Kelpie by my side,  
singing Christmas songs,  
It's Summer time and I am in my singlet, shorts and thongs

Oh! Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
jingle all the way,  
Christmas in Australia  
on a cold July day, Hey!  
Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Christmas time is beaut!,  
Oh what fun it is to ride in a rusty Holden Ute.

### **Vile Tun**

Vile Tun, Warm Tun  
Can't you see the harm you've done  
Serves you right for being such a fool  
That will teach you to act such a fool  
Hope you get to drink moooore  
Hope you get to drink more.

**The restroom door said  
"gentlemen"**

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.

**The 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.

**Tune: White Christmas**

I'm creaming on a bright  
mistress,  
Hung by my ankles from the  
door,  
With my wrists tied tightly  
I smile so brightly,  
And plead, longingly for more

**By the light of the Flickering  
Match**

Oh by the light  
Of a flickering match  
I saw her snatch  
In the watermelon patch  
By the light  
Of a flickering match  
I saw a gleam  
I heard her scream  
You've burnt my snatch  
With your f\*\*\*\*\* match

**Bring me some whisky  
mother**

*Melody-Scotland the Brave*  
Bring me some whisky mother  
I'm feeling frisky mother  
I need someone to keep me  
warm through the night  
I need a lover mother  
No not your brother mother  
I need someone to keep me  
warm through the night.

**Toohey's New**

*Melody: Jingle Bells*  
Toohey's New, Toohey's New,  
Toohey's you're a p\*\*\*\*\*  
Every time I drink too much it  
makes me really sick  
Toohey's New, Toohey's New  
Toohey's you're no good  
The last time I had too much I  
couldn't get no wood.

**Aye, aye, aye aye (Australian  
version)**

*Melody-itself*  
I like my beer, it makes me feel  
queer  
But give me the good old vino  
It gives me a boner supremo  
Aye, aye, aye aye  
The hottie she comes from  
Maroubra  
Her name is Belinda  
She pissed out the winda  
Right into my new Akubra

**Dough, a beer**

*Melody- Doe, a deer*  
Dough the stuff that buys me beer  
Ray, the bloke that serves me beer  
Me, the guy that drinks the beer  
Fa, a long way to the beer  
So, I'll have another beer  
La, la la la la beer  
Tea, no thanks I'll have a beer  
Which brings us back to  
Down, down, down, down

**A soldier**

Asshole, asshole, a soldier I will be,  
To piss, to piss, two pistols on my  
knee,  
For cunt, for cunt, to fight for my  
country,  
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,  
A soldier I will be.  
Drink it down, down, down

**The sweet aroma**

*Melody- These foolish things  
remind me of you*

The sweet aroma of a used  
French letter  
A dose of syphilis that won't  
get better  
Oh how my foreskin/ girl bits  
stings  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you

The benches that we used to  
have our shags on  
The rusty nail we used to hang  
our rags on  
Oh how my foreskin/ girl bits  
sting  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you

**'Twas on a Monday evening**

*Melody- 'Twas on a Monday  
morning*

'Twas on a Monday evening  
From pale ale I was heaving  
But with determination I found  
the capital hash  
I met a beautiful maiden, her  
breasts were fully laden  
So I shagged her like a randy  
lion  
I rammed her with my rod of  
iron  
I put her in the firing line  
Until she gulped it down, down,  
down.

**Farewell to a hasher**

*Melody- Auld Lang Syne (Latin  
version)*

Sodalidatis veteris  
cur immemor ero  
cur temporis praeteriti  
Fiet oblivio  
F\*\*\* off you c\*\*\* etc

***Here's to brother hasher***

Here's to brother (sister) 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.

***Why was he born so beautiful***

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.  
They say he's a joy to his  
mother,  
But he's a pain in the asshole to  
me.

**Walkin round in women's  
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.

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.

**Walking with my pecker in  
your hand**

Sleigh bells ring,  
The seasons merry,  
You don't want,  
To pop your cherry,  
Though you don't want to lay,  
We'll frolic and play,  
Walkin with my pecker in your  
hand.

On your lips,  
Sperm is glistenin',  
Suck it in,  
While your whistlin',  
A caroling song,  
As we move along,  
Walkin with my pecker in your  
hand.

**While kiwis shagged**

While 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."

***Publicly Pissed on***

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, down . .

**Her left breast**

*Melody: My bonnie lies over the  
ocean*  
Her left breast hangs down to her  
belly  
Her right breast hangs down to her  
knee  
If her left breast did equal her right  
breast  
She'd get motor boating from me

**Oh I do like to be inside  
incider**

Oh I do like to be inside  
incider and I know you like to  
be incider too  
But if you really want to be  
inside incider, you'll have to  
buy a drink or 2

**VIAGRA**

My, my, my Viagra  
Why, why, why, Viagra  
The stand, of my gland is 5  
times the size of hand  
I've come 15 times and I don't  
want to come any more

### **Here's to the lassie**

*Melody: Scotland the Brave*

Here's to the lassie with the  
black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at  
the Capital Hash.

Then there was the jockey with  
his upstanding cocky,  
Who was riding on the lassie  
with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at  
the Capital Hash.

Then there was the Crankey  
who was wanking in his hanky,  
At the thought of the jockey  
with the upstanding cocky,  
Who was riding on the lassie  
with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at  
the Capital Hash.

Then there was the queerie who  
was leering through his beery,  
At the sight of the Crankey who  
was wanking in his hanky,  
At the thought of the jockey  
with the upstanding cocky,  
Who was riding on the lassie  
with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at  
the Capital Hash.

Then there was the Harlot  
making money in the car lot,  
To support the queerie who was  
leering through his beery,  
At the sight of the Crankey who

was wanking in his hanky,  
At the thought of the jockey  
with the upstanding cocky,  
Who was riding on the lassie  
with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at  
the Capital Hash.

Then there was the Hasher who  
was posing as a flasher,  
Hustling customers from the  
Harlot making money in the car  
lot,  
To support the queerie who was  
leering through his beery,  
At the sight of the Crankey who  
was wanking in his hanky,  
At the thought of the jockey  
with the upstanding cocky,  
Who was riding on the lassie  
with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at  
the Capital Hash.

Then there was the Wenchy  
doing down-downs on a  
benchy,  
Slaking the thirst of the Hasher  
who was posing as a flasher,  
Hustling customers from the  
Harlot making money in the car  
lot,  
To support the queerie who was  
leering through his beery,  
At the sight of the Crankey who  
was wanking in his hanky,  
At the thought of the jockey  
with the upstanding cocky,

Who was riding on the lassie  
with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at  
the Capital Hash.

Now the moral of this ditty is  
when in Canberra City,  
And you're with your favourite  
girlie, chasing hairs all short  
and curly,  
Just remember to take her  
hashing and to give her a good  
bashing,  
And to avoid the Wenchy doing  
down-downs on a benchy,  
Making money for the Hasher  
who was posing as a flasher,  
Hustling customers from the  
Harlot making money in the car  
lot,  
To support the queerie who was  
leering through his beery,  
At the sight of the Crankey who  
was wanking in his hanky,  
At the thought of the jockey  
with the upstanding cocky,  
Who was riding on the lassie  
with the black hairy assey,  
Who was lifting up her kilty at  
the Capital Hash.

### **TAKE IT IN THE MOUTH MRS MURPHY**

*Melody - Red River Valley*

Come and sit on my face, if you  
love me,  
Come and sit on my face, if you  
care,  
And I'll drink from your Red River  
Valley,  
And munch on your curly pubic  
hairs.

Oh, take it in the mouth, Mrs  
Murphy,  
It only weighs a quarter of a pound.  
It's got hairs round its neck like a  
turkey,  
And it spits when you shake it up and  
down.

Oh, take it between the breasts, Mrs  
Murphy,  
And look it staight in its one eye.  
It will lie at peace between your  
bosom,  
Until finally milk-tears you cry.

Oh, place it between your legs, Mrs  
Murphy,  
It is just aching to crawl inside.  
It has a helmet on its head like a  
soldier,  
And it will shoot all its ammo, then  
die.