

CALLS TO THE CIRCLE

A Prayer/Balls To Mr. Bengelstein

starts as chant; melody part is Ach Du Lieber

Chant (à la Gregorian monks):

A prayer, a prayer
A prayer for the dehydrated
BEER!

A prayer, a prayer
A prayer for the constipated
SHIT!

A prayer, a prayer
A prayer for the frustrated
FUCK!

A prayer, a prayer
A prayer for the castrated
BALLS...

Transition to melody:

Balls to Mr. Bengelstein
Bengelstein, Bengelstein
Balls to Mr. Bengelstein
Dirty old man

He sits on the steeple
And shits on the people
Balls to Mr. Bengelstein
Dirty old man

He keeps us all waiting
While he's masturbating
Balls to Mr. Bengelstein
Dirty old man

The Hairs Of Her Dickey Di Do

melody: Ach Du Lieber

Chorus:

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

Verse:

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

Repeat chorus

Other verses:

She came down from Taunton
All lurid and wanton
And the hairs of her dickey di do... (etc.)

Her name now was Lydia
She was wracked with chlamydia...

She sits on the waterfront
With the waves lapping up and down her cunt...

She married an Italian
Who was hung like a stallion...

She divorced the Italian
And married the stallion...

It's icky, it's gooey
It tastes like chop suey...

I've stroked 'em, I've poked 'em
I've rolled 'em up and smoked 'em...

You'd have to be a coal miner
To find her vagina...

I folded her lips back
And I found a six-pack...

If she were my daughter
I'd give her vinegar and water...

Her hairs were so mangled
Her first-born was strangled...

She went to Arabia
And got camel drool on her labia...

I reached into her thing
And I found my class ring...

She came down to Boston
With a cunt you could get lost in...

Put It In Your Hands, Mrs. Murphy

melody: Red River Valley

Put it in your hands, Mrs. Murphy
It only weighs a quarter of a pound
It's got hair 'round its neck like a turkey
And it spits when you shake it up and
Down down down down... (etc.)

Put Your Left Leg Over My Shoulder

melody: For He's A Jolly Good Fellow

Put your left leg over my shoulder
Put your right leg over my shoulder
(Cover mouth with hand, poke tongue
through split fingers)
Mleh-mleh MLEH mleh mleh-mleh MLEH MLEH
Drink it down down down... (etc.)

S-H-I-T-T-Y T-R-A-I-L

melody: Mickey Mouse Club theme

S-H-I... T-T-Y... T-R-A-I-L
Shitty trail, shitty trail
The motherfucker[s] laid a shitty trail

Now's the time for you to pay
For all our misery
S-H-I... T-T-Y... T-R-A-I-L
Down-down DOWN, down-down DOWN... (etc.)

Other verses:
I would rather drink a beer
Than run your shitty trail
S-H-I... T-T-Y... T-R-A-I-L
Down-down DOWN, down-down DOWN... (etc.)

F-U-C... K-E-D... A-G-A-I-N
Fucked again, fucked again
Bend over, grab your ankles, here it comes
Down-down DOWN, down-down DOWN... (etc.)

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
("Bang-bang!")
They ought to be tied to a urinal
And left there to fester and rot
Drink it down down down down... (etc.)

Twenty Toes

melody: unknown

There is a game called twenty toes
It's played all over town
The women play with ten toes up
The men with ten toes down down down... (etc.)

Visitors

melody: Ach Du Lieber

Here's to brother [/sister] hashers
Brother [/sister] hashers, brother [/sister]
hashers
Here's to brother [/sister] hashers
May they chug-a-lug
They're happy, they're jolly
THEY'RE FUCKED UP, BY GOLLY!
Here's to brother [/sister] hashers
May they chug-a-lug
Drink it down down down down... (etc.)

What A Wank

melody: William Tell Overture/Lone Ranger Theme

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 WA-A-ANK
Oh what a wank wank wank

Drink it down, drink it down
Drink it down down down... (etc.)

Why Were They Born So Beautiful

melody: unknown

Why was they she born so beautiful?
Why was they born at all?
They're no fucking good to anyone
They're no fucking good at all
They may be a joy to their mother
But they're a pain in the asshole to me
Drink it down, down, down, down... (etc.)

Ziggy-Zoggy

chant

Ziggy-zoggy, ziggy-zoggy
Hoy hoy hoy!
Ziggy-zoggy, ziggy-zoggy
Hoy hoy hoy!

Motorcycle, motorcycle
Vroom vroom vroom!
Motorcycle, motorcycle
Vroom vroom vroom!
Drink it down down down... (etc.)

Do Your Balls Hang Low?

melody: Turkey In The Straw

Do your balls hang low?
Do they wobble to and fro?
Can you tie 'em in a knot?
Can you tie 'em in a bow?
Do they clang like a gong
When you pull upon your dong?
Do your balls hang low?

Other verses:

Can you throw 'em over your shoulder?
Do you need a boulder holder?

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 make a hollow sound
When you drag 'em on the ground?

Drive It Home

melody: unknown

I gave her inches one
She said, "Honey, this is fun,
Put your belly next to mine and drive it home"
("Drive it home!")

So I gave her inches two
She said, "You know what to do,
Put your belly next to mine and drive it home"
("Drive it home!")

So I gave her inches three
She said, "Is that all for me?
Put your belly next to mine and drive it home"
("Drive it home!")

So I gave her inches four
She said, "More, More, More!
Put your belly next to mine and drive it home"
("Drive it home!")

So I gave her inches five
She said, "Oh, I feel alive,
Put your belly next to mine and drive it home"
("Drive it home!")

So I gave her inches six
She said, "Fuck me with your prick,
Put your belly next to mine and drive it home"
("Drive it home!")

So I gave her inches seven
She said, "Oh, I'm in heaven,
Put your belly next to mine and drive it home"
("Drive it home!")

So I gave her inches eight
She said, "Oh, this is great,
Put your belly next to mine and drive it home"
("Drive it home!")

So I gave her inches nine
She said, "Bullshit, bullshit, it sounds like
bullshit to me, to me
Bullshit, bullshit, it sounds like bullshit to me..."

So I gave her inches ten
She said, "Baby, that's the end,
Put your pecker in your pants and drive it home"
("Drive it home!")

Follow The Hares

melody: unknown

Chorus:

Drink a little bit, fuck a little bit, follow the hares
Follow the hares with your tits in the air
Drink a little bit, fuck a little bit, follow the hares
Follow the hares all the way

Verse:

My girlfriend[/boyfriend]'s a postman, a
postman,
a postman
A mighty fine postman is she[/he]
All day she[/he] licks stamps, she[/he] licks
stamps, she[/he] licks stamps,
And when he comes home, she[/he]licks me

Repeat chorus

Other verses (verse structure as above):

Baker/creams puffs/creams...
Milkman/milks cows/milks...
Oilman/drills wells/drills...
Ploughman/ploughs fields/plows...
Glassblower/blows glass/blows...
Mail clerk/licks stamps/licks...
Nurse/takes temps/takes...
Gymnast/strides poles/strides...
Baker/kneads bread/needs...
Dancer/does steps/does...
Asthmatic/sucks air/sucks...
Cowboy/rides broncs/rides...
Mechanic/screws bolts/screws...
Guitarist/plays licks/licks...
Carpenter/bangs nails/bangs...
Truck driver/grinds gears/grinds...
Postman/stuffs boxes/stuffs...
Plumber/lays pipe/lays...
Chef/eats this, he eats that/eats...
Bricklayer/lays brick/lays...
Dentist/drills you/drills...
Taxidermist/stuffs dead things/stuffs...
Lawyer/fucks you/fucks...
Hooker/fucks you/goes to sleep...

Friggin' In The Riggin'

melody: North Atlantic Squadron

Verse:

'Twas on the good ship Venus
By god, you should have seen us
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast was the captain's penis

Chorus:

Friggin' in the riggin'
Wankin' on the plankin'
Masturbatin' on the gratin'
There was fuck all else to do

Repeat chorus

Other verses:

The captain's wife was Mabel
Whenever she was able
She gave the crew their daily screw
Upon the galley table

The cabin boy was Kipper
A cunning little nipper
He lined his ass with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper

The ladies of the nation
Arose in indignation
They lined his bum with chewing gum
A smart retaliation

The first mate's name was Cropper
By christ, he had a whopper
Once 'round the deck, once 'round his neck
And up his ass for a stopper

The second mate was Wiggun
By god, he had a big 'un
We pounded his cock with a great big rock
For friggin' in the riggin'

The third mate's name was Carter
By god, he was a farter
When the wind wouldn't blow and the ship
wouldn't go
We got Carter the farter to start 'er

The captain's randy daughter
She fell into the water
And from her squeals, we knew that eels
Had found her sexual quarter

The ship's dog's name was Rover
The whole crew did him over
We ground and ground that faithful hound
From Singapore to Dover

'Twas in the Adriatic
The water was quite static
The rise and fall of ass and ball
Was almost automatic

Hot Vagina

melody: I've Been Working on the Railroad

Hot vagina for my breakfast
Hot vagina for my lunch
Hot vagina for my dinner
Just munch, munch, munch, munch, munch
It's so tasty and delicious
Bite-sized and ready to eat
That's why every day is Wednesday
Hot vagina can't be beat!

I Don't Want To Join The Army

melody: unknown

I don't want to join the army
I don't want to go to war
I'd rather hang around
The Boston underground
Living off the earnings of a high born lady
I don't want a bullet up me arsehole
I don't want me buttocks blown away
I'd rather hash with Boston
In jolly, jolly Boston
And fornicate my fucking life away, cor blimey

Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
Wednesday I confess
I lifted up her dress
Thursday I saw her you-know-what, cor blimey
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
Now she earns me 40 bob a week, cor blimey

Call on the regimental army
Call on the navy and marines
Call on me mother
Me sister and me brother
But for fuck's sake don't call me, cor blimey
I don't want to join the army
I don't want to go to war
I'd rather hash with Boston
In jolly, jolly Boston
And fornicate my fucking life away, cor blimey

I don't want to be a housewife
I'd much rather be a whore
I'd rather turn some tricks
Involving foot long pricks
Living off the earnings of a well-hung yuppie
I don't want to do his fucking laundry
I don't want to cook his fucking fo-o-ood
And if I'm getting laid
I should be getting paid
And if I'm not, I'm truly getting screwed

I Love My Girl

melody: unknown

I love my girl
Yes I do, yes I do
I love her truly
I love that hole
That she pisses through
I love her lips
Her lily-white tits
Her nut-brown asshole
I'd eat her shit
("Gobble gobble gobble slurp...")
With a rusty spoon
("With a rus-ty spo-o-o-oon...")

The Masturbation Song

melody: Funiculi, Funicula

Last night, I stayed at home and masturbated
It felt so good, I knew it would
Last night, I stayed at home and masturbated
It felt so nice, I did it twice
You should have seen me on the short strokes
It was so grand, I used my hand
You should have seen me on the long strokes
It was so neat, I used my feet

Smash it, bash it
Throw it on the floor
Wrap it 'round a bedpost
Stick it in a door
Some people think that sexual intercourse
Is something very grand
Me, I'd rather stay at home
And jerk it off by hand

The Monks Of Saint Bernard's

melody: unknown

The monks of Saint Bernard's, Saint Bernard's,
Saint Bernard's
They don't give a bugger at all
They rise up bright early, bright early, bright
early
And piss through a hole in the wall
The green leaves are yellow
The green leaves are ye-e-llow
The gre-e-en leaves are ye-ll-o-o-o-o-o-o-ow
And so is the hole in the wall!

More Beer

melody: Auld Lang Syne

More beer, more beer, more beer, more beer
More beer, more beer, more be-e-er
More beer, more beer, more beer, more beer
More beer, more beer, more be-e-er

First verse:

Now I've had one, but I'm not done
More beer, more beer, more be-e-er
More beer, more beer, more beer, more beer
More beer, more beer, more be-e-er

More verses (verse structure as above):

Now I've had two, but I'm not through
More beer, more beer, more be-e-er... (etc.)

Now I've had three, I have to pee...
Now I've had four, but I want more...
Now I've had five, I'm still alive...
Now I've had six, what rhymes with six?...
Now I've had seven, and I'm in heaven...
Now I've had eight, and I feel great...
Now I've had nine, and I feel fine...
Now I've had ten, I'm drunk again...

(Verses can increment as long as the singer thinks of a rhyme to match the number, or until someone screws up)

My Girl's A Vegetable

melody: My Girl's a Corker, She's a New Yorker

Chorus:

My girl's a vegetable, she lives in a hospital
I'd do most anything to keep her alive

Verse:

She's got no arms or legs, looks just like a pony
keg
I'd do most anything to keep her alive

Repeat chorus

Other verses (verse structure as above):

She's got a new TV, it's called an EKG...
Her EKG, it does not rise, but she still spreads
her thighs ...
My girl has long blond hair, little patches
here and there...
She can't get out of bed, but she still gives real
good head...
I'm guaranteed a blow, because she can't say
no...
She lives in an iron lung, but she still gives real
good tongue...
My girl has leprosy, parts always stick to me...
She's got a tracheotomy, just another hole for
me...
When I am low on cash, I rent her out to the
[your home kennel] hash...

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
Roll back, roll back
Oh roll back my foreskin for me, for me
Roll back, roll back
Oh roll back my foreskin for me

My Penis Has A First Name

melody: Oscar Mayer commercial

My penis has a first name
It's F-O-R-E skin
My penis has an address
It's upstairs from her chin
She loves to eat it everyday
And if you ask her why, she'll say
(Gargle)

Women's version:

My penis has a first name
It's P-E-T-E-R
My penis has a second name
It's P-E-N-I-S
I like to eat him everyday
And if you ask me why, I'll say
Peter Penis has a way with my V-A-G-I-N-A

The S&M Man

melody: The Candy Man

Verse:

Who can take your grandma
Fill her full of 'ludes
Shove her in a biker bar
That's full of horny dudes

Chorus:

The S&M Man, the S&M Man
The S&M Man, 'cause he mixes it with love
And makes the hurt feel good
The hurt feel good

Other verses:

Who can take two icepicks
Stick 'em in your ears
Ride you like a Harley
While he does you up the rear

Who can take a Catholic priest
Bend him over a pew
Fuck him up the ass
Until he swears, "I'm a Jew!"

Who can take your sister
Tie her to a tree
Then tack up a sign that says
"The pussy is for free!"

Who can take a pregnant lady
Fuck her 'til she's dead
Fuck her even more
Until the fetus gives him head

Who can take a cheese grater
Strap it to his arm
Grind it up and down
And make some pussy parmesan

Who can go to an abortion clinic
Sneak around the back
Rummage through the dumpster
'Til he finds a tasty snack

Who can take a bicycle
Remove the fuckin' seat
Put your sister on it
Push it down a bumpy street

Who can take a glass rod
Stick it in your dick
Lay it on the table
And smash it with a brick

The Story Of The Boston Hashers

melody: Charlie On The MTA

Verse:

Oh, let me tell you a story about the Boston
Hashers
They've been here for thirty years
Each week they run on flour through shiggy for
an hour
In an effort to find a few beers!

Chorus:

But do we ever complain, no we never complain
From whining we refrain ('cept for Rectal)
We may run forever in the streets of Boston
For the beer and shiggy terrain

Repeat chorus

Other verses:

Now Watergate, she was once the greatest
grand-mattress
'Cause she bitches, she moans, and she shits
She'll slam down on the phone because she has
PMS syndrome
But we love her for her really big... HEART!

Now Sweet Molasses has the cutest of asses
A nicer one you'll never find
When her buttocks wiggle, it makes my old boy
giggle
That's why I like to come from behind!

Well, all night long Shine On waits at the station
Crying, "What will become of me?
How can I afford to see my boyfriend in Roxbury
Or my cousins way out in Chel-sea?"

Now every Boston virgin will hear us all a-urgin'
To tell us with who you came
Then you'll hear Rectal holler, "Give me your ten
dollars!"
It's no wonder how he got his name

While Fat One's a-singin' and we're all here a
drinkin'

I've been thinking it's been a great day
Then a voice cries out in a very loud shout
"I'm Rectal, and you all must pay!"

Now with the circle, hash respect is what we
expect
On private parties we frown
So if you can't shut up then we'll fill up your cup
And make you drink it DOWN, DOWN, DOWN

When the Hare is Friar Fuck, we're all shit out of
luck

He doesn't know his flora at all
So best you be ready to cut with a machete
Through poison ivy ten feet tall

And then there's Ski Bobbit who sets hashes like
a hobbit

They're difficult, but they are fun
Three, four hours gone, SEO makes the On-On,

When I Was A Little Girl

melody: The Happy Wanderer

When I was a little girl, I had a little thing
And if I tried, I could get my little finger in
Finger in, finger in, finger IN
Finger i-hi-hi-hi-hi-hi-in
Finger in, finger in
My little finger in!

I've grown into a woman now, my thing has lost
its charm

Now I can get five fingers in, and half my
fucking arm

Fucking arm, fucking arm, fucking ARM

Fucking a-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-arm

Fucking arm, fucking arm

And half my fucking arm!

Now I'm an old woman, I'm halfway fucking dead
The only way I can feel a thing's when you use
your fucking head

Fucking head, fucking head, fucking HEAD

Fucking he-he-he-he-he-head

Fucking head, fucking head

So use your fucking head!

Now I'm dead and buried

There's just one thing I lack

My only hope is to get dug up by a necrophiliac

Philiac, Philiac, Phili-AAC

Phili-a-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ac

Philiac, Philiac

A necrophiliac

When It's Hog Calling Time In Nebraska

melody: Red River Valley

When it's hog calling time in Nebraska

When it's hog calling time in Nebraska

When it's hog calling time in Nebraska

When it's hog calling time in Nebraska

Repeat as above, ad nauseam

Other verses:

When your food tastes like shit, use Tabasco

(Repeat x 3)

When your girl tastes like shit, turn her over (...)

Whip It Out At The Ballgame

melody: Take Me Out To The Ballgame

Whip it out at the ballgame

Wave it round at the crowd

Dip it in peanuts and crackerjacks

I don't care if you give it a whack

'Cause it's beat your meat at the ballgame

If you don't come it's a shame

For it's one, two, you're covered in goo

At the old ball game

The Wild West Show

melody: unknown

Chorus:

Oh, we're off to see the Wild West Show

The elephants and the kangaroo-o-o-ooos

No matter what the weather, as long as we're
together

We're off to see the Wild West Show

Verse:

And in this corner, ladies and gentlemen, we
have the amazing gee-raffe*

*(Pack responds to first lines with the following
chant: "The *_____? Fan-tastic! Incredible!
Holy hellfire shit, tell us about it, motherfucker!")*

The amazing giraffe is the most popular animal
in the animal kingdom... Why? Every time he
goes into the bar, he says, "The high-balls are on
me!"

Repeat chorus

Other verses:

And in this corner... the Crooked Antique Dealer.
(*...) The crooked antique dealer is so named
because he'll try to sell you a blood-stained sofa
as a period piece!

(The Wild West Show, cont'd.)

...The Mathematical Impossibility. She's called
the mathematical impossibility because she was
ate before she was seven!

...A member of the Figawi tribe. *(Good for a
shorter hasher.)* The Figawi tribe are only about
so high *(gesture to top of short hasher's head)*,
and they live in a country where the grass is
about this high *(gesture at least a foot or two
above the short hasher's head)*. So all day long,
they wander around yelling, "Where the Figawi??
Where the Figawi??"

...The Winky-Wanky Bird. The Winky-Wanky Bird
has its scrotum attached to its eyelid, so when it
winks, it wanks, and when it wanks, it winks...
and no fair throwing sand in its eye!

...The Amazing Tattooed Woman. She is so
named because she has "Thanksgiving" tattooed
on the inside of one thigh, and "Christmas" on
the inside of the other, and she invites all the
hashers to cum between the holidays!

...The Amazing Tattooed Man. The amazing
tattooed man has an "M" tattooed on one ass-
cheek, and another "M" on the other ass-cheek.
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
MOM...

Essential Songs

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.

THANK GOD SHE FINALLY SHUT UP

Melody - Looney Tunes Theme

An excellent down-down song for harriettes

Thank God she finally shut up,
She's always fuckin' bitchin',
Now drink your beer, get out of here,
Get back into the kitchen!

THEY OUGHT TO BE 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 . . .

MEET THE HASHERS – Flinstones Theme

Hashers, meet the hashers,
They're the biggest drunks in history,
From Athens, lovely Athens (Las Vegas, N-V)(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.