

EHH down down tunes

Row, row your boat

**Down, down, down you beer,
To pay for all your crimes,
Quit complaining about the taste,
It is'nt piss this time.
Down, down, - - - - -**

Twenty toes

**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, - - - - -**

Tiny winky

**Oh, he really has a tiny little winky
And he keeps it in his hand all day long
'Cause no chick wants his tiny little winky
That's why he always plays with his dong
Down, down, - - - - -**

Hold it in your hand Mrs Murphy

**Hold it in your hand Mrs Murphy
It only weighs a quarter of a pound
It's got hair round it's neck like a turkey
And it spits when you shake it up and down
Down, down, down, - - - - -**

The Sole song

**What a wonderful fish the sole is
A wonderful fish is the sole
Wonderful fish, served hot on a dish
Are soles, are soles, are soles.
Down, down, down, - - - - -**

Why was he born

**Why was he born so beautiful
Why was he born at all
He's no bloody use to anyone
He's no bloody use at all
Down, down, - - - -**

Dough (The Sound of Music)

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**Dough, the stuff that buys me beer
Ray, the guy who serves me beer
Me, the guy who drinks my beer
Fa, a long way to the john
So, I'll have another beer
La, I'll have another beer
Tea, no thanks I'd rather have a beer
And that brings us back to
Down, down, down, - - - - -**

The Hashers

**Hashers, meet the Hashers
They're the biggest drunks in history
From that town in Essex
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 de down down,
Down de de down, down.**

They're alright

**He's alright, he's alright
He's got a little willy, but he's alright
Down, down, down - - - -**

- - - - -

**She's alright, she's alright
She's a little flat chested, but she's alright
Down, down, down, - - - - -**

My old man

**My old man's a hasher
He sings the hashers songs
He sings them when they're shortish
He sings them when they're long
He sings them in the circle
Just so they don't get missed
But most of all he likes to sing
Whenever he gets pissed
Down, down, down, - - - - -**

He's the meanest

**He's the meanest
He sucks the horse's penis
He's the meanest, He's the horse's arse**

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Ever since he found it, all he does is pound it
He's the meamest, he's a horse's arse
Down, down, - - - - -

Essex men they play one

Essex men, they play one
They think they have all the fun
With a knick knack, paddy wack
Give themselves a bone
Essex men have sex alone.
Down, down, down - - - - -

We three kings

Essex hares from near and far,
Marking trails with chalk and some flour,
Dykes and ditches, field and mountain,
Following super stars,
Oh hares of wonder, pack delight
____??____and ____??____hares tonight
Westward leading, hope receding,
Guide us to the pub of light.
Down, down, down, - - - - -

Publicly pissed on

He ought to be publicly pissed on
He ought to be publicly shot
He ought to be tied to a shithouse
And left there to fester and rot
Down, down, down - - - -

Down down song

This is your down down song
And its not very long
Down, down, - - - - -

Campdown races

Essex hashers sing a song
OnOn, OnOn
----??---- town trails are 10 miles long
OnOn, On|On, On
We're going to hash all day

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We're going to hash all night
---??---- town trails are up and down
Down, down, - - - - -

Kik Knack Paddy wack

These two hares they laid this
They laid this ol' piece of shit
With a checkback, call it on
Give the hares a down
Down, down, - - - - -

Oh boy

All these trails, all this hashing,
We all know where the hares been a rushing, oh boy
When the slopes appear, oh boy
The hares can see that this a'int meant to be.
All our days we've been a'hoping,
That tonight there'll be some beers a waiting, oh boy
Down, down, - - - - -

We go hashing

We go hashing, we go hashing
We go hashing once a week
We're the famous Essex hashers
We go bonkers once a week
Down, down, - - - - -

Do their balls hang low

Do their balls (**tits**) hang low, can they swing 'em to and fro
Can they tie 'em in a knot, can they tie 'em in a bow
(**Can they wobble like a jelly, can they keep 'em out of show**)
Do they get a funny feeling if their knackers (**tities**) hit the ceiling
Are they proud to be a hasher cos their balls (**tits**) hang low
Down, down, - - - - -

With apologies to ; Wild rover

I've been a Hash Harrier for many a year
I follow the trail in pursuit of good beer
When I'm out with the pack then I haven't a care
If we're back in an hour then I'll drink to the hare
And it's down to the sinners, or onto your head
If you can't you're a wanker
You should stay home instead

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Down,down, down, - - - - -

Any further suggestions welcomed for inclusion on Issue 2