

Angeles City Hash Songs

All new revised edition!

Compiled by Doggy Dave and Sunshine John of ACH3

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* *Original ACH3 song*

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Songs of Praise

*Atheism isn't a religion, it's just a non-prophet making organization.
Angeles Hash runs on Sunday afternoons, which as we all know
is when all good boys and girls should be in Sunday School.
Fear not however! We are not the idolaters and Satanists that the
Murdoch Press and Billy Graham would have you believe.*

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INTRODUCTION

ACH3 is a keen singing hash. This is a collection of songs we sing for down-downs or at *Le Après Hash* (the piss up which continues until the beer runs out). It's not meant to be an encyclopaedia of the world's dirty songs.

Over the years we have accumulated a large number of our own original songs, over half of this collection. Songs composed by ACH3 members have their authors credited. We have tried to be scrupulously fair in crediting the authorship of every song here. Where the author is unknown it is listed as 'traditional'.

Where it is known, the approximate year of composition is shown. For older songs this is usually a guesstimate. We have added a few explanatory notes here and there about some songs and also some anecdotes about our hash's history, its traditions and some of its characters.

You may have heard some of our songs elsewhere, or seen their lyrics on the internet. Any song in the index prefixed with an asterisk (*) is an original of ours.

With the exception of two pre-1984 songs, all ACH3 songs were composed within the memory and hash career of a number of current members. We can therefore verify the parentage of all of our songs and confidently claim them as being our very own little bastards. We have tried to include all verses of our originals, although we usually sing only one verse for any one down-down.

The remainder are hash songs from elsewhere, rugby songs or traditional bar room ballads. These 'other' songs are those we would (and still do) sing in the days before we began making up our own. The lyrics of most of these are well known and can easily be found elsewhere. We have mostly included only the one or two verses that get sung in our circle or at *Le Après Hash*.

Inevitably other people's lyrics have sometimes become forgotten or confused. In some cases we have adapted the original songs by replacing forgotten lyrics with our own. These songs are noted as being 'Adapted by ACH3'. Sometimes we have used someone else's song but have added new verses of our own. These are usually noted as 'This verse by (someone) ACH3'.

Where we believe we know the origin of songs from other hashes (via other hash song books for example), we have in good faith credited their authorship. Where some of us *think* we know who the author of a song was, but are not absolutely sure, then it is listed 'As told to us by (whoever)'.

At the completion of each down-down song the whole circle sings "So drink motherfucker!" or similar jolly words of encouragement to the recipient.

ABOUT THE SONGS

Many visiting hashers, after having had a good crack in our circle, have asked for an updated collection of our songs to be posted on our website.

This collection of 'naughty' songs has been compiled principally for our own reference. ACH3 have no plans to print this in the form of an Official Angeles Hash Songbook.

So here it is.

Anyone who downloads this from our website and wishes to print copies for themselves is welcome to do so.

**IF YOU DO PRINT THIS OUT, PLEASE RETAIN ALL
OF THE ACCREDITATIONS AS THEY ARE SHOWN HERE**

**IF YOU DO PRINT OUT ANY OF ACH3's ORIGINAL SONGS,
PLEASE PRINT OUT EACH SONG IN ITS' ENTIRETY**

PLEASE DO NOT ALTER OR OMIT ANY WORDS OR VERSES

On a sad personal note, this will be my swan song as Song Master for 2009. Alas, I was defrocked, along with the rest of the 2009 politburo, at ACH3's recent AGPU (Annual General Piss Up).

Even as I write this, we the 2009 committee are now bravely smoking our last cigarettes and waiting for the sun to rise before we get stood up against the wall of The Anchorage to be shot. The new 2010 committee, now renamed The Inner Circle of The People's Democratic Hash, even made us bring our own blindfolds, the cheap bastards.

So farewell dear readers.

I hope that my own tombstone's epitaph shall read, (to paraphrase General Douglas McArthur's self-pitying farewell address to the US Congress):-

*His songs won't die,
Or so they say,
But like all his t-shirts,
They'll just fade away.*

THE ANGELES HASHIONAL ANTHEM

Tune *Rocky Mountain High*
Words *D’Gill - ACH3*

Pre-1984

She was born in a grass hut near a town called Angeles,
Destined to a life of poverty,
But at the age of thirteen, she had a change of heart
And she moved to downtown Angeles.

Chorus And it’s Pinatubo, Mount Arayat high,
I’ve seen it raining ‘diamonds’ from the sky,
Sit around Fields Avenue and fuck the TDYs.
Mount Arayat high, Pinatubo. Mount Arayat high, Pinatubo.

She jumped in a jeepney with a stump broke karabaw
To a place she’d heard about before.
She learned to ‘pick up pesos’ from a bottle of San Miguel,
Working overtime giving blow jobs in Astro Park,

Chorus *(the third line ends with “...and eat the Morgan’s Pies”)*

She heard the pay was better down in Subic Bay,
Especially when the fleet was in,
So she hopped a ‘Victory Liner’ all the way to Olongapo,
Where she learned to do the ‘banana-cutter’ show.

Chorus *(the third line ends with “...and spew the Morgan’s Pies”)*

She learned to do the circuit, from Kimhe to Teghu,
Keeping Dave Carlin’s prick alive,
She’s a great tent heater! And she blows without Kimchi breath,
All the boys along the DMZ.

Chorus *(the third line ends with “...and fuck the Morgan’s Pies!”)*

She married a lieutenant, and got a visa to The States
The hope and dream, of all the bar girls here,
But after a winter in Mynot, she froze her little twat,
So she caught “The Freedom Bird” back to Angeles.

Chorus *(the third line ends with “...and fuck the TDYs”)*

DOUCHE!!

* *TDY: ‘temporary duty’ GI*

At least one verse is sung to close our circle.

The circle points to Arayat or Pinatubo volcano as its name is sung.

This is our most traditional song. Written by the venerable ‘D’Gill’, it defines Angeles Hash. The lyrics have evolved over the years to reflect our hash’s history, especially after the 1991 Mount Pinatubo eruption.

HASHIONAL ANIMALS

Tune

Swinging On A Star

A whole series of "Swinging on a Star" / Animal songs was originally written by Bollox of Phuket H3. ACH3 use some of his verses, but over the years we have expanded on his theme and added new verses of our own.

An Aussie Is An Animal

Original words Bollox - Phuket H3

An Aussie is an animal with corks in his hat,
He'd rather suck on piss than suck on twat.
He keeps a 'roo for a rabbit, and a dingo for a dog,
He can't think at all 'cos he's missing a cog.
So if you're thick and your manners are a shocker,
You could grow up to be an Ocker.

A Brit Is An Animal

Original words Bollox - Phuket H3

A Brit is an animal that dri-inks warm beers,
He whinges at everything he hears;
He eats fish and chips and curry quite a bit,
He never washes so he stinks like shit.
So if you're scruffy and smelling rather strong
You could grow up to be a Pom.

A Filipina Is An Animal

These Words Dances With Dogs - ACH3

2008

A Filipina is an animal who eats * bagoong
And she'll only eat an egg when it's gone wrong - ** BALUT!
Her favourite game is sleeping and eating bowls of rice,
If you give her lots of money she'll treat you very nice,
And in the karaoke bars you'll hear her sing
"I only want a wedding ring".

* *Bagoong (pronounced bag-o-ong) is the Filipino name for a very popular and very smelly pinkish fish/shrimp sauce, the like of which is found throughout Southeast Asia. Its' lingering odour lends a pungent ambience to the 'colourful' and cracked toilet ceramics in the comfort rooms of our local cocktail lounges. When visiting hashers violently retch upon entering the bogs, they are often heard to remark, "Fuck me! Has Armpit been using this shitter?"*

** *Balut is a duck egg, which after becoming embryonic, is then hard boiled. The standard of 'disgustingness' varies. The worst kind contains an embryo which has been hard boiled only hours before it was due to hatch. When you bite into it you are crunching on beak, bones, claws and placenta. Be warned! It is considerably worse than those famous Monty Python confections, 'Lark's Vomit Surprise' or 'Cockroach Ripple'.*

A Jock Is An Animal

These Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1997

A Jock is an animal that speaks Double-Dutch
And they don't like the English very much;
Their favourite game is football and they think they play it fine,
But at every World Cup they get beat by Liechtenstein.
So if you don't want your face to be a mess,
Don't call a Scotsman's kilt a dress!

A Kiwi Is An Animal

These Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

2008

A Kiwi is an animal who really loves his wife,
So when he gets married, it's for life!
When he takes her out to dinner, they like to eat first class,
So while he's dining in the restaurant, she's out grazing on the grass.
And married life down on the farm's a sexual spree,
He calls it 'animal husbandry'.

A Malaysian Is An Animal

These Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

2009

A Malaysian is an animal who really loves the Hash,
But the one thing he likes better is the 'gash'
He's a good boy in Malaysia, won't drink beer or eat a pig,
But when he's over here it's all piss and 'jiggy-jig'
So if you like bargirls, but do not like to pay,
You could grow up to be Malay.

A Swiss Is An Animal

These Words *Sunshine John - ACH3*

2008

A Swiss is an animal who yodels with ease
But his banks are as suspect as his cheese.
His knife has twenty blades, but it doesn't have a fork,
Frogs and Krauts can't understand him when he talks.
So if you don't have a language of your own
You could become a Zurich Gnome.

A Yank Is An Animal

Original words *Bollox - Phuket H3*

A Yank is an animal with no brains or wit,
His education's total shit.
His grasp of English isn't worth a lot,
He gets confused between a fanny and a twat
So if you'd rather have jerk-off than a wank
You could grow up to be a Yank.

A Canuck In The States

Tune Men of Harlech
Words Doggy Dave - ACH3

Jan 2010

A Canuck in The States is such a wa-ank,
'Cos everybody knows he's a wannabe Ya-ank.
Oh my God! He's such a failure....,
He couldn't even get into Australia!

All Coppers Are Bastards

Tune Barnacle Bill The Sailor (second half verses)
Words Traditional

I'll sing you a song
And it won't take long,
ALL COPPERS ARE BASTARDS!

I'll sing you another
And it's just like the other,
ALL COPPERS ARE BASTARDS!

All The Nice Girls Love A Candle

Tune All the nice girls love a sailor
Words Traditional

All the nice girls love a candle,
All the nice girls love a wick,
For there's something about a candle
That's like an artificial prick,
It's fat and greasy, it slips in easy,
It gives more pleasure than a boy,
When she bounces round about,
With a candle up her clout,
Oh what joy! Oh what joy!

A Lovely Dog Called Rover

Tune I'm Looking Over A Four Leafed Clover
Original Words Traditional; this verse adapted by Doggy Dave ACH3 2009

I've just run over
A lovely dog called Rover,
When my truck skidded in the rain.
It's such a big disaster
For his ninety year old master,
Another guide dog will take seven years to train.

Angeles Hash Jeepney Drivers' Song

Tune I don't know its name, but it featured in the movie 'Cool Hand Luke'
Words Trad. Bible Belt song; this verse adapted by Doggy Dave - ACH3 2009

I don't care if it rains or freezes,
As long as I got my plastic Jesus
Sitting on the dashboard of my jeep,
And don't you worry if my driving's scary,
'Cos I got seven Virgin Marys,
Hanging off every mirror of my jeep,
So thank you Mary
And thank you Jesus
And thank the Lord that I survived the trip.

Angeles Hash Rules 1 & 6

(Thanks to Monty Python's 'Australians')

Tune Hymn: Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise
Words Doggy Dave - ACH3 1999

We're not homophobic,
But poofers are thick!
They're always betting us, we can't squat
The full length of their dick!
We always win but don't care much, for such cunning tricks,
Unless they comply with our "Rules One and Six".

No 'poofers', no 'pansies', no 'platonic thinkers',
No 'knob-hounds', 'brown hatters', or 'hand-on-hip drinkers',
No 'button hole punching', no squealing 'pillow bites',
'Freckle fucking', 'shirt lifting', or other 'bum boys' delights.

Yes, it's ten degrees hotter,
And it's three times as tight!
But a colon ain't a cunt hole,
So let's get it right!
We don't stick it up arseholes on Angeles hash,
If you need some 'converting' try some Angeles gash.

Armpit! Armpit! You're A Star!

Tune Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star
Words Doggy Dave - ACH3 Jan 2010

Armpit! Armpit! You're a star!
You spend all your money on Viagra,
But you take so much, that you're hard all day,
So you'll fuck anything, be it straight or gay.

If it's got a hole, then you'll give it a whirl,
Be it goat or a donkey, a boy or a girl.
You're a sexual 'hard man', it cannot be denied,
There's not a 'fucking trick' that you have never tried!

Arsehole! Arsehole!

Tune *Traditional*
Words *Traditional*

Arsehole! Arsehole!
A soldier I shall be.
To piss, to piss,
Two pistols on my knee.
Fuck you, fuck you,
For curiosity.
We'll fight for the old cunt,
Fight for the old cunt,
Fight for the Old Country.

Arseholes Are Cheap Today

Tune *La Dona e Mobile* (*ain't we knowledgeable on ACH3?*)
Words *Traditional*

Arseholes are cheap today,
Cheaper than yesterday,
Small boys cost half a crown
Standing up or lying down.
Bigger boys cost three and six
Because they know better tricks.
All our ar-arse-holes are cheap!

Come now! Come now!
Come now and just try one!
Come now! Come now!
Get yours before they're gone!

As I Walked Out In Subic To Have A Few Beers

Tune *Fiddler's Green* (*traditional English sea song*)
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Jan 2010

As I walked out in Subic to have a few beers,
I was dodging the hustlers, pickpockets and queers
A sad old transvestite was singing this song,
"Do you fancy a short time? It won't take me long.

Wrap your prick in a very thick condom!
Though I once was a young virgin queen".
Just tell my old Hash mates,
I was out shagging 'gash', mates,
Not fucking the arse off a bloke called 'Maureen'

As The End Of The Month Rolls Along

Tune *The Field Artillery Song*
Words *Traditional*

You can tell
By the smell
That she isn't feeling well!
As the end of the month rolls along.

Bloodshot eyes!
And the flies!
That keep buzzing round her thighs!
Means the end of the month's rolled along.

Away down on Blow Row

Tune *Away In A Manger*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

2004

Away down on Blow Row,
Sweetly bobbing his head,
Knelt a teenage transvestite
Going down giving head.
The suspicious hasher
Looked up where he lay
And said, "For Christ's sake, don't stop
But does this make me gay?"

The original 'Blow Row' was located along either side of The McArthur Highway, roughly between Astro Park and 9th Street. After the US Air Force departed Clark Air Base, the bar area contracted. Blow Row then relocated to Santos Street, which conveniently was just around the corner from ACH3's recent home at the Anchorage Inn.

Blow Row caters to all tastes, even to heterosexuals.

Away Down South In The Land Of Cotton

Tune *Dixieland*
Words *Doggy Dave ACH3*

2004

Away down south in The Land of Cotton,
When a boy fucks his sister,
His mother ain't forgotten!
Look away,
Look away,
Look away Dixieland

Aye aye aye aye!

Tune

I Like The Vino

Words

Traditional - ACH3 adaptation of one of the many verses

Ai ai ai ai!

My brother swims bare arsed past troopships,

If you row him ashore,

He'll pretend he's a whore,

And he'll waltz all around on your 'willy'.

Baa, Baa Black Sheep

Tune

Baa Baa Black Sheep

Words

Doggy Dave - ACH3

2008

Baa, baa black sheep,

Forget about the wool,

I'm over from New Zealand,

Would you like to suck my tool?

I'll fuck you in the barnyard,

Then I'll fuck your lamb,

Then once I've fucked the pair of you,

Then I'll fuck the ram!

Barnacle Bill The Sailor

Tune

Barnacle Bill

Words

Traditional rugby song (This is the last verse of many)

"What if we should have a child?

What if we should have a child?

What if we should have a child?"

Said the fair young maiden.

"We'll strangle the bugger

And fuck for another!"

Said 'Barnacle Bill' the sailor.

"We'll strangle the bugger

And fuck for another!"

Said 'Barnacle Bill' the sailor.

Bestiality's Best Boys!

Tune
Words

Tie My Kangaroo Down Sport - Rolf Harris
Traditional: this verse by Doggy Dave - ACH3

1993

I come in the bum of my chum, boys,
I come in the bum of my chum,
But it's not a homosexual 'scrog' boys,
Chum's the name of my dog!

Bestiality's best boys!
Bestiality's best!
Fuck a wallaby!
Bestiality's best boys!
Bestiality's best!

Birds Of Paradise Curries

Tune
Words

From The Halls Of Montezuma
Doggy Dave - ACH3

1998

From the slopes of Pinatubo
To the Roof of the BOP,
We are the Angeles Hash House Harriers,
A most fearless hash are we!
We eat Birds Of Paradise curries
For breakfast, lunch and tea,
And he who fears the Dragon's cooking
Is a spineless S.O.B.

Build A Bonfire!

Tune
Words

Build A Bonfire!
Traditional

Build a bonfire! Build a bonfire!
Put the Pommies on the top,
Underneath stack all the Kiwis,
And burn the fucking lot!

This song is regularly sung at international sporting events in Australia when they are playing England or New Zealand. It's an accurate reflection of what the Aussies think is their sporting spirit and sense of fair play.

Mind you, you've got to agree with their sentiments about the fucking Kiwis.

Comment Ce Crevasse, Jacques?

(How's the crack, Jack?)

Tune *Frere Jacques*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*
2001

“Frere Jacques, comment le crack, eh?
Avez vous le clap?
Avez vous le clap?”
“Merde oui, d'accord,
Merde oui d'accord.
J'ai plus le syphilis,
Les crabes et plus le gonorrhoea,
Avec herpes,
Tout les VDs”

Regarding my novel use of the French language in the songs above, get fucked you brainy bastards! I failed 'O' level French.

Craven A!

Tune *Unknown*
Words *Traditional*

Come listen to my story, listen if you will,
About a young man who came from Muswell Hill.
He came from Muswell Hill and lived in Camberwell.
And the first words that he learned were “Bloody fucking hell!”

Chorus Craven A! He'd never heard of fornication.
Craven A! He'd never dipped his tool.
Craven A! was quite content with masturbation.
He thought that cunt was something you got called at school!

This song was told to me by E.T. of The Royal Southside and Wanchai Hashes. It is his party piece and he sings it in our circle whenever he visits.

I only managed to get the first verse and chorus out of him.

He refused to give me the rest of the lyrics until we had discussed the size of the future royalty payments to be paid to him

Daisy, Daisy

Tune *A Bicycle Made For Two*
Words *Unknown*

Daisy, Daisy, how would you like to screw?
I'm half crazy 'cos I'm so full of lust for you.
I really must beg your pardon,
I get such a great big hard on,
When I beat my meat,
As I sniff at your seat,
On your bicycle made for two.

De Gaulle He Went To The Lavatory

Tune French National Anthem
Words Traditional rugby song

The circle joins in the refrain

De Gaulle, he went to the lavatory,
To have a jolly good shit.
(Shit! Shit!)
He took his coat and trousers off
So he could revel 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 ?
Quelle merde! Perdu!
Je suis dans le manure!
OU EST LE PAPIER?*

*(alternative verse)
OU EST LE PAPIER ?
OU EST LE PAPIER ?
Arsehole, arsehole !
Shit on my hole
OU EST LE PAPIER?*

Dingle Berries, Dingle Berries

Tune Jingle Bells
Words Traditional

2008

Dingle berries, dingle berries,
Dingling all the way,
Toilet paper fur balls,
Up the 'Hershey Highway',
Oh!
Dingle berries, dingle berries,
Dingling all the way,
If you do the anal / oral,
They can really spoil your day

Don't Mention The War! *(das is verboten!)*

Tune *The Red Flag*
Words *Traditionally sung on British football terraces*

The German lads were out of luck,
Lost in two World Wars,
Robbed in one World Cup.

This song refers to England's defeat of 'The Huns' in the 1966 World Cup Final. Naturally the 'Square Heads' disputed the result when they discovered that the 'neutral' Mongolian referee was actually an Israeli (but so what?)

Incidentally, I don't think England have ever beaten the Krauts since 1966. Still, one disputed win in forty four years is a magnificent record, isn't it?

Down In The Toilet Bowl Dark And Deep

Tune *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep*
Words *Doggy Dave's big brother Michael*

Down in the toilet bowl
Dark and deep,
There lies a turdy
Deep in sleep.
Hush! Do not wake him,
You'll only make him cry,
Just gently flush the lavatory
And wave him goodbye.

This is the very first dirty song that I ever learned, back in 1954. My big brother sang it in the church vestry one evening after choir practice. At the time we younger boys were busily practising our cigarette smoking.

Thus at the age of nine, my sweet innocence was corrupted by my own brother. Alas, I was never corrupted by either our vicar or by our scout master, and as a result I have suffered from feelings of rejection ever since.

We often heard though, that the "other lot", the choirboys at 'Saint Sodomy's down the road, were getting a regular 'seeing to' by their entire church hierarchy, and by a few 'brown hatters' from The Salvation Army as well!

But at least they felt wanted.

Egg On Legs, He Sat On A Wall

Substitute any ex-GM's name to suit)

Tune
Words

Humpty Dumpty Sat on a Wall
Doggy Dave - ACH3

Jan 2010

Egg On Legs he sat on a wall,
Egg On Legs he had a great fall,
He started to cry as he lay on the floor,
Because he wasn't Grand Master no more!

Eggy! Eggy! Eggy!
Oy! Oy! Oy!
Eggy! Eggy! Eggy!
Oy! Oy! Oy!
Eggy!
Oy!
Eggy!
Oy!
Eggy! Eggy! Eggy!
Oy! Oy! Oy!

Gary Glitter's Song

Tune
Words

Boys And Girls Come Out To Play (nursery rhyme)
Doggy Dave - ACH3

Jan 2010

Boys and girls
Come out to play
And let 'Uncle Gary'
Have his way.

Come sit in my car,
I've got so many treats,
Some chocolate ice cream,
And lots of sweets.

Oh bloody hell!
Here's your mum and dad,
I'm fucking off quick,
Before things turn bad.

Bye bye kids,
I'm hitting the trail,
If they catch me again
It's castration in jail.

Georgie Porgie, Pudding And Pie

Tune
Words

Georgie, Porgie, Pudding And Pie (Traditional nursery rhyme)
Traditional

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry,
When the boys came out to give him hell,
Georgie kissed the boys as well!

German Hashers Are The Strongest

Tune *Men Of Harlech*
Words *Dances with Dogs - ACH3*

2008

German Hashers are the strongest,
Their early trails they were the longest,
Out from Poland, ever onwards,
Check back at Stalingrad!

Germans Have No Sense Of Humour

Tune *Deutschland, Deutschland, Uber Alles*
Words *Traditional)*

Germans have no sense of humour,
Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh!

If any German hears the previous songs or reads my accompanying notes, then this song illustrates what their probable reaction will be.

Has Anybody Seen JC?

Tune *Has Anybody Seen My Girl*
Words *As told to us by D'Gill - ACH3*

He's five foot nine, He's divine,
He's just turned the water into wine!
Has anybody seen JC?

If you run into a blue eyed Jew,
Covered with thorns,
With nails in his hands,
And a spear in his side,
Man, that cat's been crucified!

He's so slick, He's so cool,
He'll glide right over your swimming pool
Has anybody seen JC?

So if you come across a bloke on a cross,
Bumming for change,
Saying "Gimme me a buck
Or just lend me a quid,"
Look out boys! It's that Christian Yid.

Poor Jesus Christ,
He was acting queer,
He should have turned the water into beer!
Has anybody seen JC?

He Ought To Be Publicly Pissed On

Tune *Traditional*
Words *Traditional*

He 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.

Here's To Fellow Hashers

Tune *Hear The Little German Band*
Words *Traditional*

Here's to fellow hashers, fellow hashers, fellow hashers,
Here's to fellow hashers, may they chug a lug,
They're happy, they're jolly,
They're fucked up by golly,
Here's to fellow hashers, may they chug a lug.

He's A Wanker From Lancashire

Tune *She's A Lassie From Lancashire*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Jan 2010

He's a wanker from Lancashire,
Just a wanker from Lancashire,
He goes like a good 'un
When he pulls his puddin'
That wanker from Lancashire

He's The Meanest

Tune *Not known*
Words *Traditional*

He's the meanest,
He sucks the horse's (or karabaw's) penis,
He's the meanest,
He's the horse's (or karabaw's) arse.

Ever since he found it,
All he does is pound it,
He's the meanest,
He's the horse's (or karabaw's) arse.

He Wants To Hold Your Gland

Tune *I Wanna Hold Your Hand – The Beatles*
Words *Cujo - ACH3*

1992

Well (.....) has this problem, *(insert the name of the down down recipient)*
I think you'll understand.
'Cos (.....) is a poofter,
He wants to hold your gland.

He wants to hold your glaaaaaand,
He wants to hold your gland

And when he holds it he feels happy, inside,
I think he wants to take your arse for a ride,
For a ride! Deep inside!

* Ooooooooooooooh!

Oh please, say to me,
That you will understand,
When *(any name)* comes to you,
And wants to suck your gland

He wants to suck your glaaaaaand,
Just let him suck your gland.

* *The Hash needs to keep a careful eye out for any suspicious types in the circle, who at this point in the song smile dreamily and softly croon "Aaaaaaaaaaaaah!" instead of "Ooooooooooooooh!"*

He Went To The Urinal

Tune *Men Of Harlech*
Words *Doggy Dave ACH3*

1999

He stood at the urinal pretending to tinkle,
But we caught him 'tossing' his little 'Welsh winkle',
Drink you fuck-knuckle, don't let any sprinkle,
Yechid Da! Drink it down!

Hold Him Down You Zulu Warrior!

Tune *Zulu Warrior*
Words *Traditional*

Hold him down you Zulu Warrior!
Hold him down you Zulu brave!
Hoi! Hoi!
Hold him down you Zulu warrior!
Hold him down you Zulu brave!

Hoi! Da, zimba, zimba, zimba,
Hoi! Da zimba, zimba, zay!
Hoi! Da zimba, zimba, zimba,
Hoi! Da zimba, zimba, zay!
Hoi!

If You Ever Come To Visit Angeles City

(Where anyone's dreams can turn into nightmares)

Tune *Galway Bay*
Words *Sunshine John ACH3*

If you ever come to visit Angeles City,
You'll find the dancing girls look really sweet.
You can run and drink with Angeles City Hashers,
And get a blow job down on Santos Street.
(On Santos Street)

I Like Spanking Schoolgirls' Bottoms!

Tune *Jesus Loves The Little Children*
Words *Doggy Dave ACH3*

Jan 2010

I like spanking schoolgirl's bottoms!
All the schoolgirls of the world.
Be they white or black or brown,
I just pull their knickers down,
And keep spanking,
Till the cops take me away.

I Love A Gang Bang, I Always Will

Tune *The Billboard March*
Words *Traditional*

This chorus begins the song:-

I love a gang bang, I always will,
Because a gang bang gives me such a thrill,
When I was younger and in my prime
I used to gang bang all the time
But now I'm older and growing grey,
I only gang bang twice a day.

Knock! Knock!

Q Who's there?

A Euripides!

Q Euripides who?

A You rippa dese panties off, and we'll have a gang bang.

Chorus

Knock! Knock!

Q Who's there?

A Digger!

Q Digger who?

A Dig 'er up, and we'll have another gang bang,

Chorus

(There are many, other verses, but usually these two finish the song)

Knock! Knock!

Q Who's there?

A Banana!

Q Banana who?

(The whole circle then joins in the answer, by wildly singing and whirling around.)

Banana, nana, nana, banana, na!

Banana, nana, nana, nana, na!

Banana, nana, nana, banana, na!

Banana, nana, nana, nana, na!

(continues ad infinitum)

Knock! Knock!

Q Who's there?

A Orange!

Q Orange who?

A Orange you glad I didn't say....?

(The whole circle joins in again).

Banana, nana, nana, banana na!

Etc. etc.etc...

I'll Give You Dan, Dan The Lavatory Man

Tune *I'll Give You Sam*
Words *Traditional*

I'll give you Dan, Dan, the lavatory man,
I'll give you Dan, Dan, the lavatory man,
I'll give you Dan, Dan, the lavatory man

(Etc., etc., until the line is almost inaudible, then the singer pauses slightly, before coming back in again, VERY LOUDLY!!)

HE LIVES ON TOILET PAPER! AND SANITARY TOWELS!
AND LISTENS TO THE RHYTHM OF OTHER MEN'S BOWELS!

The song is sung in the manner of a 'sad sack' cabaret crooner who's trying to sound like Dean Martin. The first line is repeated many times, each time more quietly than the time before.

In A Small Brown Paper Parcel

Tune *Bread Of Heaven*
Words *Traditional Rugby Song*

In a small brown paper parcel,
Wrapped in a mysterious way,
There lies an imitation arsehole
That Grandpa abuses twice each day.
Grandpa abuses!
Grandpa abuses!
Grandpa abuses twice each day!
Twice each day!
Grandpa abuses, twice each day.

In My Mortuary

Tune *Yesterday - The Beatles*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Jan 2010

In my mortuary,
That's where I undertake debauchery,
Those dead folks they just cannot see,
What I do to them,
In my mortuary.

I lovingly lay out the dead,
To let their dear ones say goodbye,
But when all the relatives are done,
I have fun, in my mortuary, eeh-hee-hee-hee-hee,
Mortuary!

In Santos Street

Words An 'unknown' hasher ACH3
Tune Penny Lane

In Santos Street my wife's just blown another customer,
Whilst I waited on my 'trike' out in the rain,
But that don't put our marriage under strain.
My wife just loves to fuck,
And it brings in a buck.

My wife, she sucks 'n' fucks and goes like hell.
And then I overcharge the punters as well,
As I drive them back to their shitty ho-otel.
In Santos Stre-ee-eet!

Intercourse Is Grand But I Much Prefer The Hand

Tune Funiculi, Funicula
Words Traditional

The refrain is sung by the whole circle

Some people think that sexual intercourse is grand,
But I much prefer the hand!
(He much prefers the hand!)

Last night whilst in my bed 'twas my desire,
To pull my wire!
(To pull his wire!)

So I bashed it!
Smashed it!
Threw it against the wall!
Squeezed it!
Teased it!
Not a drop at all!

Funiculi! Funiculi! Funicula!

Sexual intercourse is grand,
But I much prefer the hand!
(He much prefers the hand!)

Last night, I pulled my pud,
(He pulled his pud!)

It felt so good!
(It felt so good!)
I knew it would!
(He knew it would!)

I Plough The Fields And Scatter

Tune
Words

We Plough The Fields And Scatter The Good Seed On The Land
Doggy Dave - ACH3

Jan 2010

I plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But the seed don't come so naturally,
It comes by my own hand.
I lay down on my vegetable patch
And I have a lovely wank.
The Good Lord gives me the dirty thoughts,
And the Good Lord I do thank.

It's a long way to your homeland

Tune
Words

It's a long way to Tipperary
Sunshine John - ACH3

It's a long way to your homeland,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to your homeland,
From where the girls all suck and blow,
Goodbye to your bar-fine,
Farewell to your tart,
It's a long, long, way to your homeland,
So fuck off! Quick smart!

I Wish I Was In London

Tune
Words

Dixieland
Traditional

I wish I was in London,
I do! I do!
And if I was in London I would say to old Lord Nelson,
Get fucked! Get fucked!
You one eyed Pommy bastard!
Get fucked! Get fucked!
You one eyed Pommy bastard!

This song is most often directed at English referees or cricket umpires. Aussie crowds have a very unfair and chauvinistic attitude towards sport. Here's a cricketing example:

Once upon a time, Dennis Lillee clean bowled Geoff Boycott with such force that the ball smashed Boycott's bat to pieces before knocking two wickets right out of the ground. The ball then spun into the air and was caught by Rod Marsh the wicket keeper. Marsh rushed forward and stumped the remaining wicket whilst "Tubby" Boycott was still waddling and puffing his way down the pitch, trying to get a run.

"Owzat!!?" all the Aussies screamed, and none louder than Lillee! But the smiling English umpire, the wise Mr. Dickie Bird, was unimpressed. He slowly turned around, so that for the first time in the game he was at last facing down the pitch. He took off his welding goggles, lifted his white cane, gave Dennis Lillee the finger, and told him "Not out, you cunt!" The rotten Aussie crowd and cricketers then all burst into this song!

I Was Hunting Tiddyoggys

Tune *Ghost Riders in the Sky*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1997

I was hunting tiddyoggys
Up on Bodmin Moor last night.
When a 'gert big 'un' jumped out on me
And gave me quite a fright,
So I stabbed it with my Bowie knife,
Then I shot it with my bow.
But now no more, on Bodmin Moor,
'Oggy huntin' will I go!

Chorus Yippy aye ooooooh!
 Yippy aye aaaaaay!
 Pints of 'scrumpy',
 And a 'Star-Gazey Pie'.

As it lay dyin' on the ground,
Its fur all covered in blood.
It opened wide its mighty jaws,
As it lay in Cornwall's mud.
These dyin' words it spake to me,
It said "You're really being nasty".
I said "I'll 'ave 'ee for my tea tonight,
You lovely Cornish Pasty."

Chorus

Now I've never been to Devon,
But this truth to you I'll tell.
Before I'd go to the "Jenner" side,
I would sooner row to Hell.
There they drink some piss called Cider,
With their 'Steak and Kiddley' pie.
And they'd die of fright if an 'Oggy',
Ever looked 'em in the eye!

Chorus

A glossary of some Cornish words in this song;-

A tiddyoggy is a Cornish pasty. In Cornwall, they are about three times the size of English ones, and they do taste "Some handsome, my deario".

Scrumpy, or 'Scrump' is the rough cider found throughout the West Country. Most of it tastes like drain cleaner.

Star gazey pie is a traditional pie which originated in the village of Fowey, near St. Austell. It is made with fish 'odds and ends', The fish and prawn heads stick up through the pastry crust and "gaze at the stars", hence the name. This is "Gwnor Scran", a Navy term for really good grub.

Jenner is Devon in 'The Far East' i.e. over the river Tamar in England.

Jingle Bells*AKA Armpit's Song*Tune
Words*Jingle Bells
Supot - ACH3*

2008

"Jingle bells!" Armpit yells,
 Where's the fucking food?
 I've only had three helpings,
 I don't think that's rude.
 I'm only here for cheap beer,
 And I think it's bloody great!
 And I'm not going to fall asleep,
 'Til I've drunk another crate.

Armpit is an internationally known member of ACH3. He has very robust sweat glands and is extremely voluble. He is a great swiller of cheap (or better still, free) Hash piss and food. This often leads to him being found asleep in the street long after the Hash is over. His sexual adventures and his table manners are both quite remarkable. His life story was turned into a cult horror movie called 'The Glutton from the Sewers of Hell'.

Jonestown!*For depressed or suicidal hashers*Tune
Words*Downtown - Petula Clark
As told to us by D' Gill - ACH3*

(The circle loudly joins in the one word chorus of JONESTOWN!)

When your life is the pits and hashing gives you the shits,
 Then you can always go to... *JONESTOWN!*

It's such a good crack that no one's ever come back,
 From running there you know, in... *JONESTOWN!*

They'll make you do a down-down with the kool-aid that's so lethal,
 Then you'll join in the anguished screams of all the dying people...
 No one survives.
 The runs are much shorter there, on...
 Guyana Hash, when, Jim Jones is the hare, down in... *JONESTOWN!*

It's a very short circle in... *JONESTOWN!*

You'll get only one down-down in... *JONESTOWN!*

Heaven is waiting for you.

Lily The Leper

Tune *My Darling Clementine*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

2009

Lily squatted firmly on my face
Which gave me a mighty 'fat'
But she blew a string of fanny farts,
And t'was then that I smelt a rat!

Her birth canal was joined internally,
Directly to her lower bowel.
I had to spew and brush my teeth before
I gave her another 'growl'.

Many, Many Hashers Have Venereal Disease

Tune *Puff the Magic Dragon*
Words *Sunshine John ACH3*

Many, many hashers have venereal disease
And they bar fine all the teenage girls
In a town called Angeles.

Maybe It's Because He's A Londoner

AKA Supot's Song

Tune *Maybe It's Because I'm A Londoner*
Words *Doggy Dave ACH 3*

1999

Maybe it's because he's a Londoner
He likes to have a punt;
Maybe it's because he's a Londoner,
He's a loud mouthed little cunt!
He gets a funny feeling inside of him
When it's his turn for a round.
So maybe it's because he's a Londoner,
He hates to spend a pound
"It can't be my turn!"
He hates to spend a pound.

*'Supot' has served as a popular GM and AGM many times over the years.
However, he suffers from one massive personality flaw. He's a fucking Londoner!
By the way, his hash name 'Supot' is a Filipino word which means foreskin!
Enough said I think.*

Me No Likey Blitish Sailor

Tune

Hymn: I Have A Friend in Jesus

Words

Traditional: Royal Navy or British Army

An alternative version tells of a 'Blitish' soldier

Me no likey Blitish sailor,
Blitish sailor, like no more,
Me no likey Blitish sailor,
Yankee pay fi' dollar more.
Yankee sailor calls me Honey,
Blitish sailor calls me 'fucking whore!'
Me no likey Blitish sailor,
Yankee pay fi' dollar more.

Yankee sailor tap, taps on my window,
Blitish kicks down my fucking door!
Me no likey Blitish sailor,
Yankee pay fi' dollar more.

Yankee loves me in hotel room,
Blitish sailor fucks me on the floor!
Me no likey Blitish sailor,
Yankee pay fi' dollar more.

Blitish sailor fucks me for two minutes,
Yankee sailor fucks two hours or more,
Me no likey Blitish sailor,
Yankee fuck much better more.

Yankee sails away on Sunday,
Blitish stay in Wanchai ever more,
Now you fuck off! Yankee sailor,
Likey Blitish sailor more.

Michael Jackson Flies Around In Heaven

Tune

Jesus Loves The Little Children

Words

Doggy Dave ACH3

Jan 2010

Michael Jackson flies around in Heaven
And says his mortal life before was crap.
Bare-arsed cherubim and seraphim
Now fly around his head,
And sometimes one will land right in his lap!

Monty Python's 'Philosopher's Song'

For Thinking, Drinking hashers

Tune *Not known*
Words *Monty Python*

Hegel, they say, could put it away,
Half a case of whiskey every day.
Emmanuel Kant, was a real 'pissant',
Got legless every morning, so they say,
Aristotle! Aristotle! Was a bugger for the bottle,
And Plato liked his dram.
And Rene Descartes, was a drunken old fart,
"I drink, therefore I am".
Yes, Socrates himself will be very sorely missed,
A lovely little thinker, but a bugger when he's pissed!

Morgan's Pies

Tune *Jingle Bells*
Words *As told to us by D'Gill - ACH3*

1986

Morgan's pies, Morgan's pies
Morgan you're a prick.
When we eat your fucking pies,
We get fucking sick.
Oh!
Morgan's pies, Morgan's pies,
Morgan you're the pits,
When we eat your fucking pies,
We get the fucking shits!

I am a bit unsure about the authorship of this song. I think it was D'Gill, but it may have been Vegemite, or they may have even collaborated on it.

Morgan was a very small old Aussie bloke with a very raspy voice. He is immortalised in the choruses of our Angeles Hashional Anthem. He made pies at home and then rode around town selling them from the back of his tiny toy motorbike. He would find out where our on-homes were being held and then he would ride out and sell his pies to us.

*When he turned up at the circle we would sing him this song in greeting.
All his pies were good, but his curried chicken pies were bloody magic!*

My One Skin Lies Over My Two Skin

Tune *My Bonny Lies Over The Ocean*
Words *Traditional*

My one skin lies over my two skin,
My two skin lies over my three.
My three skin lies over my foreskin,
So roll back my foreskin for me.

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

My Wife's Pearl Necklace

Tune *US Marine cadence*
Words *Doggy Dave ACH3*

2007

The circle repeats each line

My wife she likes a laugh and she thought it was a whiz, *(repeat)*
When I lent her to my best mate, then he lent her to his! *(repeat)*
But she's been unfaithful twice and the thought just drives me barmy, *(repeat)*
The first bloke was the vicar and the next one was The Army. *(repeat)*
She held the vicar in one hand and his trousers in another, *(repeat)*
She was kneeling down before him but she wasn't praying brother! *(repeat)*
The vicar cried "You harlot! You have got a heart of stone," *(repeat)*
But when she blew upon his 'bagpipe', he sang "Bad to the Bone!" *(repeat)*
She hummed "Dixie" on his 'ball bag' using paper and a comb, *(repeat)*
He cried "Glory hallelujah! Sweet Jesus take me home!" *(repeat)*
The pearls around her neck shine like semolina bits, *(repeat)*
'Cos when his 'nodger' left her mouth, it dribbled frog-spawn on her tits! *(repeat)*

Q Will she go to Hell?

A You bet!!

Q When d'yuh think she'll get there?

A Not yet! ... But she's going down now.

Oh Pommies All, Let Us Rejoice

For Aussies leaving the UK

Tune *Advance Australia Fair*
Words *Doggy Dave ACH3*

1990

Oh Pommies all, let us rejoice,
We'll soon be 'Ocker' free
From our Land Of Hope,
Where we never use soap,
They're going back o'er the sea,
They're going back to their Bondi Beach,
In Sydney City fair,
But I got the word
From a Balmain bird,
There's only Kiwis there.
Then they'll miss The Strand in Pommy Land,
And picking pockets in Trafalgar Square!

Oh Flour Of Scotland!

Tune *Flower Of Scotland*
Words *Doggy Dave ACH3*

1997

Oh flour of Scotland! Why do you fail?
When Single Malt lays you on the trail.
On every run now, you'll always fade,
Is it because you are so cheaply made?

I was moved to write this song after seeing a brilliant "Flour of Scotland" Hash shirt designed by Primo of Hong Kong's Royal Southside Hash.

Oh, Say Can You See That Yank With VD?

Tune *The Star Spangled Banner*
Words *Doggy Dave ACH3*

2001

Oh, say can you see that Yank with VD?
Oh! How loudly he wailed,
At the clinic this morning.
They say he went spare,
Screamed and tore out his hair
But the nurse's strobe light,
Showed those scabs were still there.
I think that poor 'Septic',
Will take that dose to his grave;
To face the 'pull-through' again,
He would have to be brave.

* 'Pull-through' AKA 'umbrella treatment'

This alludes to very painful way of manually treating STDs before the advent of modern antibiotics. 'Septic' is short for 'Septic Tank', which rhymes with 'Yank'. Don't you Gringos learn English at school?

Oh The 'Dirty Hash' Scoots Right Up The Back

Tune *The Camptown Races*
Words *Anonymous, ACH3*

Jan 2010

Oh the 'Dirty Hash' scoots right 'up the back',
Like hatters, brown-hatters,
When they start 'shooting' up that crack,
Where the sun don't shine all day.
They're 'colon-busting' all the way,
Like Greeks on Navy Day.
Those buggers prefer the real 'Dirt Road',
The 'Hershey Hi-ighway'!

'Bottom feeders' perhaps? Well, just check out the slyly concealed 'Chocolate Starfishes' on their membership shirts!

A Brief History Of Pattaya Dirt Hash and Angeles

There is a traditional history of 'needle' between us and the PDRH3. It began back in 1990. They were having one of their sordid 'Interdirt' out-station runs in Angeles City, to coincide with the Manila Interhash. They sent instructions to their resident member in Angeles (our very own Single Malt) to organize the run, the on-home, and a T-Shirt.

My old mate, Single Malt, then contacted a shady local artist Senor 'Dodgy Dave' (for t'was I, did you not guess?) and asked me to design the shirt. I had assumed that they would want a design that reflected their claim to be 'The Dirtiest Hash In The World'. Unfortunately, their ideas of 'dirty' were not the same as ours. As a result, the design they got on their shirts was considered far too outré.

*"Fuck off! Our sweethearts and mummies won't let us wear that filth in Thailand! Oh woe! Oh no! Oh no! No! No!" they cried. Now bear in mind: 'The Dirt' had been granted the great privilege of holding their * exclusive on-home (*No fucking guests! No fucking exceptions!*) on the roof of the BOP which was then the home of ACH3 and the BEACH3.*

To show their gratitude for our hospitality, the bastards ritually set fire to their shirts in the circle. "So perish all works of the Devil, God is great!" they wailed as they flogged themselves (sic.) and made the sign of the cross. However, at least one of the T-shirts survived the holocaust, and was framed and displayed above the bar in the Expat Hotel in Phuket. Apparently, the surviving shirt has a flap coyly nailed over the front to hide the naughty design. Oh alas, my eternal shame and humiliation!

Later, the cruel bastards really put the boot in when Armpit, a much beloved and internationally respected member of ours, visited Pattaya. He was refused an invite to run with the 'buggers', on the grounds that his toxic body odour represented a serious environmental hazard to all living things. Poor Armpit was gutted. He thought they liked arseholes! Strangely though, this only caused the ACH3 membership back in Angeles to piss themselves laughing when they heard about it.

Anyway, the trauma of it all led Armpit to institute the habit of spitting whenever PDRH3's name is mentioned, or whenever someone wears one of their T-shirts in our circle. Childish eh? Still, it gives us an excuse to down-down the bastards.

Oh, The Eagles They Fly High In Mobile

Tune
Words

If You're Happy And You Know It, Clap Your Hands
Traditional

The last four lines of each verse adapt to form the last four lines of each chorus

Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile,
Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile,
Oh the eagles they fly
And they shit right in your eye,
I'm glad the cows can't fly in Mobile.

Chorus In Mobile, in Mobile!
 Inmo, inmo, inmo in Mobile!
 Oh the eagles they fly high
 And they shit right in your eye
 I'm glad the cows can't fly
 In Mobile!

There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile,
There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile,
There's a shortage of good whores,
But there's keyholes in the doors,
And there's knotholes in the floors in Mobile!

Chorus In Mobile, in Mobile!
 Inmo, inmo, inmo in Mobile!
 There's a shortage of good whores,
 But there's keyholes in the doors,
 And there's knotholes in the floors in Mobile!

Oh the vicar is a bugger in Mobile!
Oh the vicar is a bugger in Mobile!
Oh the vicar is a bugger
And the curate is another
And they bugger one another in Mobile!

Chorus In Mobile, in Mobile!
 Inmo, inmo, inmo in Mobile!
 Oh the vicar is a bugger
 And the curate is another
 And they bugger one another in Mobile!

Once An Aussie Hasher Tried To Use The Telephone

Tune *Waltzing Matilda*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1993

Once an Aussie Hasher
Tried to use the telephone
Upstairs on the roof of the BOP,
But he got confused about
Which hole to put his finger in:
“None of these holes smells like cunt!” cried he.

How do you do it?
How do you it?
How do you keep up with technology?
Then he jumped up shouting,
“Where’s the fucking billabong?”
And fell off the roof of the BOP.

** The BOP was The Birds Of Paradise. The upstairs bar, “The Roof of the Birds” was our Hash Home for many years. The owner was our long time Grand Master, ‘Kalbo’ (Rob Denny). His wife Rose was the notorious ‘Dragon Lady’, who, with her gang of evil Hash ‘Ladies’ pulled many a young lad’s shorts and underpants down in the circle. And worse, far, far, worse.*

One Sided Love

Tune *Baa, Baa Black Sheep*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Jan 2010

Baa, baa black sheep,
Please! Oh please don’t weep.
I’m not racially prejudiced,
I just don’t fancy sheep.

On-Home Boys, Home!

Tune *Home Boys, Home! (traditional sea song)*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1988

On-home boys, home!
On-home we want to be!
On-home on the roof of the BOP,
We’ll chug some Beer-na-Beer,
And a San Miguel or two,
Then we’ll sneak a lady Hasher
In the short-time room for you.

Oh, the Angeles Hash,
They’re piss heads through and through,
Running round the bars,
On Fields Avenue,
They race out from ‘The Birds’, shouting “Hash fellatio!”
Then get a cheap (but suspect) blow-job
On a floor in Blow Row.

Peter, Peter The Scrumpy Eater

Tune *Men of Harlech*
Words *Terry Taylor*

1960's

Peter, Peter the scrumpy eater,
He had a wife but he could not drink her,
So he soaked her in a scrumpy barrel,
And now she's as pissed as a long eared owl!

In my youth Terry was Winchester's 'Jack the Lad'. He would sing a verse of this at the bar of The West Gate Tavern whenever he ordered another pint of 'scrump'.

Poor Paddy's Bone

Tune *Molly Malone*
Words *Doggy Dave ACH3*

2003

In Angeles City,
Where it's all twat and titty,
I first saw poor Paddy displaying his 'bone'.
He wheeled it around in a barrow,
Swollen up like a marrow,
Full of herpes and gonorrhoea,
Alive, alive, oh!

Etc....

Returning Hashers, Back In Town Once More

Tune *Baa, Baa Black Sheep*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1999

(Appropriate number) returning Hashers
Back in town once more,
Do us all a favour
And go away once more.
Go away tomorrow,
We really wish you would,
And this time when you go away
Please go away for good.

Roll Over Maureen!

Tune *God Save The Queen*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1999

You sexually 'in-between',
Subic drag beauty queen,
My lovely Maureen.
Let me buy you a rum and coke,
I'll pretend that you're not a bloke,
I'll tell the hash it was just a joke!
Now, roll over Maureen!
"Oooooaaaaargh!" ... *Pop!* ... "Aaaaah! ..." "Owww!" ... "Shut up you bitch!"

ACH3's Armpit is a regular visitor to Subic Hash, and this song's title is also the Hash name that SBH3 gave him. God knows why. Armpit won't explain.

Roman Polanski's Blues

Tune *Young Girl Get Out Of My Mind*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Jan 2010

Young girl get out of my mind,
Sex with you right now is way out of line,
It will be fine girl,
Once you've turned nine, girl.

Rule Britannia

Tune *Rule Britannia*
Words *Traditional rugby song*

Rule Britannia, marmalade and jam!
Five Chinese crackers up your arsehole!
Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Sex Is Boring

Tune *Frere Jacques*
Words *Traditional*

Sex is boring! Sex is boring!
Pain is fun! Pain is fun!
I want to cut my fingers off!
I want to cut my fingers off!
One by one! One by one!

This is sung as a staggered 'rounder' by two or more divisions of the circle in competition with the others.

The Bell-End Of His Penis Is All Brown And Green

Tune *On Top Of Old Smokey*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1998

The bell-end of his penis is all brown and green
After hashing in Subic, running after Maureen.

She swore that she loved him and it was no bar girl trick,
But he recoiled in horror when his hand touched her dick!

But this feeling of loathing became a feeling quite warm,
There's an old Navy saying, "Any port in a storm!"

Now this poor young hasher prowls Subic in a skirt,
Earning a living by lifting his shirt!

So beware virgin hashers, when you do your down-downs,
You'll get different in Subic if you ask for hash browns!

The Billy-boys' Picnic

Tune *The Teddy Bears' Picnic*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

2009

If you go down Santos Street today
You're sure of a big surprise,
If you go down Santos Street today
You'll have to go in disguise,
For every poof that ever there was
Will be mincing round, in high heels because
Today's the day the billy boys have their picnic.

Picnic time for billy boys,
The little 'girlie men' are having a lovely time today.
See them skip and jump around,
Playing leapfrog with their trousers down!

But at six o'clock,
Their pimps and their mamasans,
Tuck them back into bed,
It's back to work for the billy boys!

The term 'billy boys' was coined years ago by US Air Force GIs and refers to some 'happy and frivolous' gentlemen who like to wear tight women's clothing. Anyone who is seriously interested in learning more about them can always find a wide selection down on Santos Street (Blow Row), after dark. If any street girl in a doorway calls out "Daddeeeee" to you in a voice that resembles that of Marlene Dietrich, you have probably found one. Be warned however, many people suspect that billy boys may also be poofs! Bon Appetit!

The Birds Of Paradise In Angeles City

Tune *Once In Royal David's City*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1996

The Birds of Paradise in Angeles City
Looks far worse than a lowly cattle shed,
There the bar staff are all glued to the TV
Whilst on the counter they lay their head.
If you ask for a beer
They'll just answer with a stare,
Then they carry on talking
Just like you weren't there.

Years ago The Birds Of Paradise bar was featured in a spurious internet expose concocted by some woman in the States. She purported to have proof that in 'The Birds', young girls were literally chained to their beds in their rooms, and that each of these young slaves was forced to have sex with dozens of men each and every day.

As a result of this masturbation fantasy of hers, 'The Birds' got raided by a large posse of armed police looking to rescue these poor slave girls. However, they left rather sheepishly after a short while when they discovered that it was all a load of bollocks. You couldn't get a root in 'The Birds'. It was fucking hard enough to even get a beer!

The British Grenadier

Tune *The British Grenadier*
Words *Traditional rugby song*

Some die of masturbation
And some from turning queer,
Some die of constipation,
And some from diarrhoea,
But of all the world's diseases,
There's none that can compare,
With the drip, drip, drip,
Of the syphilitic prick,
Of the British Grenadier.

The Bushrangers' Hash Song

Tune *Ash Grove - traditional Welsh hymn*
Words *Pussy Licker - ACH3*

We are the Bushrangers, we'll face any dangers
And we will go anywhere in our quest for Bush
From mountain to plateau, Mainang, Sapang Bato
Yes, we will go anywhere in our quest for Bush.

Through rivers and valleys, great gorges, back alleys,
Yes we will go anywhere in our quest for Bush
All the while contemplating...Mrs Robinson's is waiting
As we're anticipating that cold beer and Bush!

The Death of Nelson

Rum, bum and baccy - The Royal Navy

Tune *The British Grenadier*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1996

When Nelson lay dying in the arms of Hardy
He whispered, "Hardy give me a kiss".
Hardy said, "Wipe the tears from your eyes, my lord,
But you've got to be taking the piss!
Roll over and pull your underpants up,
And wipe the skid marks from my knob,
And hurry up and die with some dignity
Because I'm next in line for your job!"

The Royal Navy officer class,
Politely sip their afternoon tea,
And in the evening in the ship's wardroom
They take gin with their sodomy
But the Royal Navy matelot
Runs ashore fuelled up on rum,
For big beer, big eats, then its back to the ship,
For a bunk-up on someone else's bum,

The Royal Navy matelot he
Is a 'freckle-fucker' to the bone,
And if you let him lift your shirt tail up
He will show you a 'bone' of his own,
But when it's your turn to drive him up the 'Khyber Pass',
He will struggle and scream with pain,
But before you can do your trouser buttons up
He will pay you to do it again!

The Royal Air Force, we were called The Brylcreem Boys,
An epithet that really is quite fair,
But the difference 'tween the us and the Navy was
We would put the Brylcreem on our hair!
But a sailor rubs it up his ship mates' bottom
When the "button hole" is very tight,
Then the bastard slyly adds a little pinch of sand
To make his mate's arse tighten up with fright.

The British soldier turns and fights the foe
And faces death without showing any fear,
But the British sailor lies face and trousers down
Whenever he is 'taken in the rear'.
Then those dirty Dagoes will jump on him
And they'll 'roger' him with great glee-ee,
But that doesn't worry our "Jolly Jack Tar",
Because he's giving the enemy VD.

The word 'matelot' (pronounced matlow) is a French word for a sailor. The lower deck seamen of the British Royal Navy long ago adopted the term for their own informal use when referring to themselves.

The Dogs They Had A Meeting

Tune Hymn: *The Church Is One Foundation*
(The same tune as WWI soldier's song 'We are Fred Karno's Army')
Words Traditional

The dogs they had a meeting,
They came from near and far,
And some they came by aeroplane
And some by motor car,
And when they were assembled
They signed the visitor's book,
And each took off his arsehole
And hung it on a hook

The dogs they were contented
As they sat down to retire,
Until a lying little daschund
Jumped up and shouted "FIRE!"
The dogs they were confus-ed,
They knew not which way to look,
So each dog grabbed an arsehole
From off the nearest hook.

Now as you may well imagine,
It must be very sore
To wear another dog's arsehole
That you've never worn before,
And that is the sole reason
Why a dog will leave his bone,
To smell another dog's arsehole
To see if it's his own.

The George Bush Jr. Burger

Tune Traditional US Marine Corps marching cadence
Words Doggy Dave - ACH3

2007

The circle repeats each line

You take an Idaho potato, and a double bun of rye, (Repeat)
Mix with Texas refried beans, 'n' your Momma's apple pie. (Repeat)
Grab a handful of ass, and a pussy full of tit, (Repeat)
And a "Poor Boy Chicken", fried in hot buttered shit. (Repeat)
You add a little mayonnaise, made from Dolly Parton's cum, (Repeat)
Hee! Haw! I'm gettin' horny, I believe I'll order some. (Repeat)

Oh, don't it sound delicious?
Yes Lawd!
So are yuh gonna have some?
Oh Gawd! ... I'm eatin' her now.

The Hairs On Her Dicky-Di-Doh

Tune

The Ash Grove

Words

Traditional. Here are a few of the many verses

The mayor of Bayswater he had a fair daughter
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees

*Chorus 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.*

It would take a coal miner to find her vagina
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees

Chorus One black one, one white one...

If she was my daughter I'd have them cut shorter
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees

Chorus One black one, one white one...

She married an Italian with balls like a fucking stallion
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees

Chorus One black one, one white one...

*Finale And the hairs on her dicky-di-doh,
 The hairs on her dicky-di-doh,
 The hairs on her dicky-di-doh,
 Hang down to her knees,
 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.*

Ad infinitum...

The Half-price Barfine

Tune *Viva La Company!*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Aug 1985

She's only half price
Though she's ever so nice,
With half a brain in her head.
She's got one arm and one eye
And one leg and one thigh,
And one tit that leaves others for dead!

She'd lend you a hand
If she had one to spare,
But she'll always lend you her ear,
And those that pay double
Can shag with no trouble
Her Siamese twin in the rear!

But her cunt's not too hot,
It's more arse than it's twat,
So to 'muff' her, you'll need to be brave,
'Cos the 'minge' on her box
Smells like Armpit's old socks,
But think of the money you'll save!

This is the first song that I ever wrote for ACH3. I first sung it in 1985 at ACH3's 7th Anniversary Run. The words have become modified over the years.

The Hares Are Rotten Old Time Hashers

Tune *Standing On The Bridge At Midnight*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

2001

The hares are rotten old time hashers,
All their morals foul and curled,
Like some rotting blue vein cheese
Beneath the foreskin of the world.

The Hares They Set A Run

Tune Oh for My Grog! My Jolly, Jolly Grog (traditional sea song)
Words Doggy Dave - ACH3

2009

The hares they set a run, a jolly, jolly, run
But they marked their trail with tricks and delusion,
Now the pack have had their fill,
Because they're wandering out there still,
In the dark and in the shit and in confusion.

The Joys Of Fornication

Tune Do you ken John Peel?
Words Traditional

When you wake up in the morning,
With the devil of a 'stand',
From the pressure of the liquid,
In your semenary gland,
And you haven't got a woman
Then you'll have to use your hand
As you revel in the joys of fornication.

Chorus Cats on the roof tops,
Cats on the tiles,
Cats with syphilis,
Cats with piles,
Cats with their arseholes wreathed in smiles
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

When you wake up in the morning
And you're full of sexual joy,
But your wife has got the rags on
And your daughter's feeling coy,
You'll just have to wait around
For the pretty paper boy
Before you revel in the joys of fornication.

Chorus Cats on the roof tops...

The Regimental Sergeant Major
Leads the devil of a life,
He can't afford a prostitute
And doesn't want a wife,
So he sticks it up the backside
Of the 'Regimental Fife',
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Chorus Cats on the roof tops...

The Lord of the Rings

Tune
Words

The Lord of The Dance
Doggy Dave - ACH3

Traditional English folk song

Jan 2010

Bend then, wherever you may be,
In public school or in public lavatory
I promise it won't hurt (much) when I practise sodomy,
For I am The Lord of the Rings, said he,
I accost my fellow men, and I 'root' them without fail,
I've 'rogered' boys at school and buggered seamen in a gale.
I've 'cornholed' boys in borstal and shagged passive 'poofs' in jail,
I'll even fuck that 'horse's arse', (*points into the circle*) if he'll lift his tail!

The Lumberjack Song

Tune
Words

The Lumberjack Song
BBC - Monty Python

He's a lumberjack and he's okay,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.
He chops down trees, he eats his lunch, he goes to the lavatory,
On Wednesdays he goes shopping and has buttered scones for tea.

He's a lumberjack and he's okay,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.
He chops down trees, he skips and jumps, he likes to press wild flowers,
He puts on women's clothing and hangs around in bars.

He's a lumberjack and he's okay,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.
He chops down trees, he wears high heels, suspenders and a bra,
He wishes he was a girlie, just like his dear mama!

The Maid Of Portsmouth

Tune *Portsmouth (traditional hornpipe tune)*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1997

She sits on a bar stool drinking 'boilers',
Chasing pints of Navy Rum,
With some Newcastle Browns.
If you ever 'drop your hook' in 'Pompey',
She's just the lass to make a man of you.
She patrols the back streets of Portsmouth,
Along Commercial Road,
Behind *The Albany.
And she sails the stormy seas twice daily,
'Twixt Gosport and Old Portsmouth town.

She 'blows' in the Royal Naval Dockyard,
On the lower decks,
Of Nelson's Victory!
In the afternoon she 'serves' The Navy,
In Southsea's public lavatory.

She's the Navy's oldest 'heavy cruiser',
And she's 'rounded many horns',
Below the Isle of Wight!
Even Nelson's slipped her up the Solent,
For a 'serve' of 'rum and buggery'.

** The Albany was a pub in Portsmouth of which it was said that every 'matelot' in the Navy had drunk a beer in there at some time in his career. In my day it was said to be the roughest pub known to the Andrew aka Grey Funnel Line aka the Royal Navy. The Albany made the bars in The Gut in Malta, and the Arab brothels of Alexandria look piss weak.*

When I was a teenager and stationed nearby in the RAF, I went in there a few times out of bravado. I usually shat myself with fear. If you couldn't get a hard on and thus wasted their time, even the 60 year old semi-retired prozzies were tough enough to kick the fuck out of you.

Still they only charged five bob a go, and I needed the experience. Sadly the old Albany is just a bank now, which means that it's still full of whores and arseholes, but the roles are reversed. Now they fuck you.

The Other Night Boys As He Lay Sleeping

Tune *You Are My Sunshine*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Jan 2010

The other night boys, as he lay sleeping,
On a floor down on Blow Row,
Two baklas blew him then picked his pocket,
Oh what a pity, Ho! Ho! Ho!

'Bakla' is the Tagalog / Filipino word for a homosexual

The Pikey Lad

Tune Will you marry me? (1st half of each verse)
The Good ship Venus (2nd half of each verse)
Words 'He who wishes to remain anonymous' - ACH3

1999

A Hampshire girl said, "For goodness sake,
I've just been bitten by a trouser snake!"
Nine months later she dropped a sprog,
But the father must have been a gyppo or a wog.

Because... His teeth were white pearly,
His hair was dark and curly,
His manner was mean and surly,
And he could tell your fortune too!

Now there was something about this swarthy little lad
That made me think he would turn out bad.
At the hour of his birth I couldn't help but 'clock it',
When I watched him slyly pick the midwife's pocket.

He was... A flashy little chappy,
He wore a pin striped, mohair nappy,
And though it showed off all the crappy,
He just couldn't give a fuck!

He wore a brass earring and a spotted headscarf
And at night he would mug old ladies for a laugh.
His mum threw him out at the age of four
When she caught him shagging her brother on the floor!

But his... Queer old uncle Mikey,
Said "Don't throw him out, by crikey!
I love that dear little Pikey
And it's my turn next on top!

At the age of five he was doing mighty fine,
Earning a quid, stealing washing off the line,
But he didn't trust banks, so once he'd saved a shilling,
He'd go back to the dentist for another gold filling!

At school... He was a treasure,
Giving girls great sexual pleasure,
But when he left, they learnt his measure,
'Cos he'd left all the nuns up the duff!

He'd be out on his cart in all kinds of weather,
Going round the racetracks selling lucky heather,
He sold hot 'country pies' that the punters thought a treat,
Which he'd made out of cat and hedgehog meat!

His.... Caravan was foul and mankey,
At the window he would sit and wankey,
And wipe his knob on a big red hankey,
Which he wore around his head!

By the age of six he had all the 'wide-boy' chat,
He had the manners of a pimp and the ethics of a rat,
And The Hampshire Vice Squad thought him very rum
Swimming nude round Portsmouth harbour
With a price list on his bum!

He could..... Rabbit like Arthur Daley,
He posed nude for David Bailey,
He fucked a tinker at an Irish Ceilidh,
He had no fucking class at all!

At the age of eight, judge and jury were agape,
When they sent him down for aggravated rape,
But he claimed that his victim was merely acting coy
When they'd pulled him off the arsehole
Of that screaming fairground boy!

He'd fuck... Lesbians butch and burly,
Piglets with tails so curly
And when he got up early
He would fuck the crack of dawn!

There Is A Green Hill Far Away

Tune *There Is A Green Hill Far Away (traditional Easter hymn)*
Words *Traditional rugby song*

There is a green hill far away
Without a city wall,
Where our dear Lord was crucified,
He died to save us all,

And a one, a two, and a one, two, three!

(Everybody then joins in and dances around, merrily waving their beers)

For he's a jolly good fellow!
For he's a jolly good fellow!
For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny!
Which nobody can deny,
For he's a jolly good fe-ellow,
Which nobody can deny

Etc etc...

There's An Old Whore They Call The Sperm Bank

Tune *My Darling Clementine*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

2009

There's an old whore they call The Sperm Bank
And she works out of a 'trike',
She'll accept a night deposit, in any orifice that you like.
You can poke it through her front letter box,
Or just pop it in the rear,
You can lubricate her tonsils,
Or merely squirt some in her ear
She takes deposits simultaneously,
And once, so the story goes,
An Israeli and an Arab
Came together,
Up her nose!

These Foolish Things

Tune *These Foolish Things*
Words *As told to us by D'Gill - ACH3*

That touch of lipstick on an old French letter,
That bit of syphilis that won't get better
And when I piss it stings,
Ooooooh!
These foolish things
Remind me of you.

I gave you everything, even gave you beer,
You gave me syphilis and gonorrhoea.
And when I piss it stings,
Ooooooh!
These foolish things
Remind me of you.

That leather couch you used to lie and grunt on.
The oily rag you used to wipe your cunt on
And when I piss it stings,
Ooooooh!
These foolish things
Remind me of you.

A sloppy blow job in a taxi cab,
A 'sixty-niner' on a marble slab,
Flossing with Tampax strings,
Ooooh!
These foolish things
Remind me of you.

The Slash Hash

Tune *The Camp Town Races*
Words *Traditional*

The Slash Hash take it up the gash,
Doo-Da, Doo-Da,
The slash hash take it up the gash,
But only if you'll pay!!!

Up From Subic City

Tune *Lily Marlene*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1997

Up from Subic City
Comes a girl who's very keen
To give oral masturbation
To the 'sexually in-between'.
She loves to 'chew the fat'
With the Subic Hash,
Though she's got a knob
Where she should have a gash.
She's a very, eccentric gentleman
And she calls herself Maureen.

Underneath the street light
That's where you'll find Maureen,
Wearing the tightest hot pants
That you have ever seen.
If you get enticed
Into her bed
You'll never get a root
But you'll get great head!
She blows unsuspecting tourists
And a knowing Hasher or two!

Subic Bay is quite close to Angeles City, so it is a popular hash for Angeles hashers to visit. There is a notorious 'creature of the night' in Subic City, called Maureen. She features prominently in Subic's folklore and songs. Some Subic hashers, and at least one visiting hasher, are rumoured to have 'known' her in the Biblical sense of the word.

Up jumped the monkey from the coconut grove

(The circle repeats each line)

Tune *Traditional Marine Corps running cadence*
Words *As told to us by D' Gill - ACH3*

Up jumped the monkey from the coconut grove! *(repeat)*
He was a mean motherfucker you could tell by his clothes. *(repeat)*
He wore a three button jacket with a two button stitch, *(repeat)*
He was a mean motherfucker, was a son of a bitch. *(repeat)*
He walked through the jungle with his dick in his hand *(repeat)*
Saying "Look out women, I'm your Bebop Man". *(repeat)*
He lined a hundred women up against the wall, *(repeat)*
Saying, "Look out women, gonna fuck you all". *(repeat)*
He fucked ninety eight until his balls turned blue, *(repeat)*
And then he backed off, jacked off, then fucked the other two! *(repeat)*

Q Have you got a hard-on?
A Not yet!
Q Are you going to get one?
A You bet! ... It's rising now!

We All Died In A Russian Submarine

Tune *Yellow Submarine*
Words *Traditional*

In the town where I was born
There lived a man with a PhD,
And he told us of his life
Designing faulty submarines

So we sailed up to the north
Until we reached, the Barents Sea,
Then we sank beneath the waves
In our Russian submarine

Chorus We all died in a Russian submarine,
 A Russian submarine, a Russian submarine,
 We all died in a Russian Submarine,
 A Russian Submarine, a Russian Submarine.

And all our friends, they died aboard,
But not us lucky cunts,
Who'd stayed ashore,
And the band begins to play...

Da da, da, da da, da da, da..
Blub blub, blub blub, blub blub, blub blub, blub, blub.

Chorus *We all died in a Russian submarine...*

We Are Poor Little Lambs Who Have Lost Their Way

Tune *We Are Poor Little Lambs Who Have Lost Their Way*
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Jan 2010

We are poor little lambs who have lost their way,
Baa, baa, baa.
On a wicked false trail we were led astray,
Baa, baa, baa.
We've been ever so frightened for most of the day,
Baa, baa, baa.
Some Kiwis might grab us and have us away!
Baa, baa, baa.

On every hash there are 'lost sheep'. These are the people who are so busy talking that they don't pay attention to the marks on the trail. They just blindly follow the bloke in front of them. The bloke in front is probably doing the same thing, and so is the bloke in front of him!

You end up with a long string of lost sheep bleating "Baa, baa, where's the fucking trail?" "Baa, baa, are you on?"

When this happens on ACH3, and the hares are Single Malt and Two Bottles setting one of their joint 'Death March' runs, it can be catastrophic,

We Don't Hash To Pass Examinations

Tune *Bread of Heaven*
Words *Sunshine John - ACH3*
Based on Leicester University Rugby Club song

We don't hash to pass examinations.
We don't hash to create fear.
We just hash for recreation,
Fornication and the beer.
Balls to you guys!
Balls to you guys!
We won't hash with you no more!
We won't hash with you no more.

We're All Queers Together

*This song has many different verses and variations.
ACH3 have added a few of our own.*

*Tune The Eton Boating Song
Words Traditional rugby song*

His name is... (*whoever*),
He hangs out in Leicester Square,
Swishing round in pink pyjamas
Wearing rosebuds in his hair.
He holds hands with a young man in Soho,
Drinking gin with a 'ginger beer',
But when asked if he's bent, he'll say "Oh no!
I'm just feeling a little queer,"

*Chorus And we're all queers together,
 That's why we go round in pairs
 And we're all queers together,
 Excuse us while we go upstairs.*

The sexual life of a camel
Is greater than anyone thinks,
In the height of the mating season
One tried to bugger the Sphinx,
But the Sphinx's posterial passage
Was blocked by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the look of the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Chorus And we're all queers together...

Words As told to us by D'Gill - ACH3

Whilst trying to sell my motor car,
I went to a bar for to quench my thirst,
A man there asked me my bottom price,
I said "Oh, let me sell my car first!"

Chorus And we're all queers together...

Words Doggy Dave - ACH3

1988

He fumbled around with his tool box
And poked underneath for a bit,
He said "Your big end's been thoroughly rooted,
And your exhaust has been fucked up to shit!"

Chorus And we're all queers together...

I once had a gay little mini,
It's paintwork all shiny and red
When chaps wanted to hire my Austin
They'd pay me then take him to bed

Chorus And we're all queers together...

We're All Queers Together - continued

I got arrested for catamite pimping,
And paying the fine was pure hell,
I had to sell off my car and dear Austin,
And sweet Morris and Riley as well!

Chorus And we're all queers together...

When Doggy Dave Fell And Tried To Fly

Tune The Camptown Races
Words Doggy Dave - ACH3

Jan 2010

When Doggy Dave fell and tried to fly,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
Most would have left him there to die,
All the doo-dah day.
It was cold, but he shivered with fright,
As they clung together that night.
Three men cuddling on the ground?
Imagine what the Hash will say!

Mount Arayat Hash, hike 31: 28-29th October 1999.

With sincere thanks to my three good mates Dan The Lavatory Man, Single Malt and Supot, who stayed with me all that night and saved my life.

Unfortunately for these three blokes, the rest of the Hash think they're a bunch of cunts for saving me!

And by the way you three, regarding the 'huddling together for warmth' under the stars on that cold and lovely moonlit night, "What happens in the mountains stays in the mountains", know what I mean?

When It's Incest Time In Texas

Tune The Yellow Rose of Texas
Words Traditional

When it's Incest Time in Texas
And there's no cunt to be found,
And your momma's in the outhouse
With her panties halfway down,
There's no time for masturbatin',
No time to beat your meat,
When it's Incest Time in Texas
Motherfuckin' cain't be beat!

When The Angeles BEACH Runs In The Dark

(British Empire and American Colonies Hash)

Tune *The Camp Town Races*

Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1987

When the Angeles Beach runs in the dark,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
We look for the ladies in Astro Park,
All the doo-dah-day.
There's some rough stuff over here,
And some worse stuff over there.
And your one's got a nasty surprise,
Taped up in her underwear!

If you are puzzled by the drift of this ditty, just see the ACH3 T-Shirt 'Hashional Geographic: Strange Tremblings In Astro Park'. You'll get the picture.

The BEACH is an arcane hash, founded in 1986, about which very little has been revealed to the outside world. Its secret rituals and initiation ceremonies are said to be even more sordid than those of the Pattaya 'Dirty Girly' Hash.

If the BEACH exists at all, it is rumoured to be Angeles City's 'shadow hash'. It is said to be for heterosexual gentlemen only, and no bloody riff raff either! It is also said that their only rule is confidentiality. Rumour has it that it runs once a month, usually on Saturdays.

Only Single Malt knows all their dreadful secrets, and he is sworn to secrecy on pain of having all three of his bollocks cut off!

When The Dragon Lady Rides

Tune *Dinah, Dinah, Show Us Your Leg*

Words *Adapted from rugby song 'Dinah, Dinah, Show Us Your Leg'* 1999

Some girls ride a limousine,
Others ride a truck.
But! The only time that The Dragon rides
Is when Kalbo's out of luck!!!

Kalbo was our long serving GM and The Dragon's husband

Who Ate All The Pies?

Tune *Knees up Mother Brown*

Words *Traditional*

Who ate all the pies?
Who ate all the pies?
You fat bastard!
You fat bastard!
You ate all the pies!

Who's That Wanker On The Phone?

Tune *Barnacle Bill the Sailor*
Words *Traditional*

“Who’s that wanker on the phone?
Who’s that wanker on the phone?
Who’s that wanker on the phone?”
Cried the fair young maiden.

(The circle then points to the culprit)

“It’s that fucking twat and he oughter be shot!”
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.
“It’s that fucking twat and he oughter be shot!”
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

Why Was He Born So Beautiful?

Tune *Traditional*
Words *Traditional*

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.

He may be a joy to his mother
But he’s a pain in the arsehole to me.

You Are My Sunshine, You Pay My Barfine

Tune

You are my Sunshine

Words

*A USAF ACH3 hasher of many years ago
(no one can remember his name now)*

Pre-1984

You are my sunshine,
You pay my bar fine,
You make me happy
Each time you pay,
But then I too much cry,
When you 'go butterfly'
Oh please don't take
My bar fine away.

'Go butterfly' means to barfine another girl. When the USAF was here, the 'ladies' considered butterflying to be an enormous social gaffe. If a GI barfined a girl more than two nights in a row, she considered herself to be legally betrothed in the eyes of God and all the angels in heaven. Yahoo! She was going to be a GI bride!

She would send joyous word down to her province telling her family to 'kill the fatted pig', for she would soon be bound for California! She would tell her whole family to borrow the boat fare and move up to Angeles City to share in her 'honey ko's' enormous wealth and boundless generosity.

It involved a great loss of face for the girl when the GI told her to fuck off.

The end of the first and second lines of each verse of each limerick (shown in brackets), are traditionally repeated in the form of a question by the circle.

THE LIMERICKS

(The circle says the words in italics)

A Poor Visiting Dirt Road Sinner

Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1990

A poor visiting Dirt Road sinner
Sinner?
Was a multiple 'Shoes-In!' winner,
Winner?
But 'twixt the legs of both prizes,
Hung dicks of two sizes,
Those Billy Boys 'ate him' for dinner!

A Randy Old Priest In Victoria

Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1986

A randy old priest in Victoria,
Victoria?
Fucked two nuns whilst they sang him, 'Dei Gloria'.
Dei Gloria?
When the nuns got a-flurry,
The priest said "Don't worry,
It was only religious euphoria."

A Strapping Young Viking Called Thor

Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

2005

A strapping young Viking called Thor
Called Thor?
Had a dick which made all the girls sore.
The girls sore?
But it wasn't its length,
Nor even its strength,
'Twas the 'clap' that he'd caught years before!

Shoes In The Middle! See page 69...

Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Jan 2010

Hey diddle diddle, It's 'Shoes in the middle!'
The middle?
With your prize you'll get left all alone.
All alone?
With you she will fiddle,
With her you can diddle,
And then she might gobble your bone.

The Bugging Old Bishop Of Buckingham

Words

Doggy Dave ACH3

1986

The bugging old Bishop of Buckingham
Buckingham?
Was fond of young men and fucking 'em.
Fucking 'em?
But his wife said, "My dear,
They'll call you a queer!"
So now he's content with just sucking 'em!

The Learned Old Rabbi Fedora

Words

Doggy Dave - ACH3

Jan 2010

The learned old Rabbi Fedora
Fedora?
Studied lots of the sins in the Torah.
The Torah?
He learnt most Jews in Sodom
Paid queer Jews to prod 'em.
Gosh! What was called sin in Gomorrah'?

There Was A Young Girl From Azores

Words

Traditional

There was a young girl from Azores,
Azores?
Whose twat was all covered in sores,
Sores?
Even the dogs in the street,
Wouldn't eat the green meat,
That hung down like grapes from her drawers.

There Was A Young Girl From Nantucket

Words

Traditional

There was a young girl from Nantucket,
Nantucket?
Who stowed away in a bucket,
A bucket?
When she got there
And they asked for her fare,
She just lifted her skirt and said, "Fuck it!"

SOME SONGS WE DO *NOT* SING IN OUR CIRCLE

1. He's a Hasher, He's True Blue

Widely revered by many of the world's more polite hashes as being the mother of all hash songs, it is "de rigueur" in some circles. In fact, in some circles it is the *only* song they sing. Worse still, some hashes don't sing *any* songs at all!

Anyway, this song is bloody boring so we give it a miss.

2. Swing Low Sweet Chariot

This is also bloody boring. Plus, it is England's unofficial rugby union song, and apart from the Poms, who wants England to win anything?

Also, in "ye days of old", The 'Dragon Lady' and her 'Harpies' used this song as an excuse to sexually humiliate whichever gentleman was doing a down-down at the time. These sordid acts inflicted great emotional suffering upon many innocent and clean living lads. Often, these young 'uns were so traumatised by the experience, that many of them went on to become serial killers or transvestite suicide bombers.

Even the more mature but less well endowed 'members' amongst us were often 'exposed' to ridicule and scorn at the 'hands' of these so-called ladies. Pity then any poor hasher who had a fat arse, a small 'willy' or only one ball!

So fuck it, we don't sing it. The memories are too painful.

3. The Twelve Days of Hashing

This song is not only incredibly long and boring, but when Proposition visits us and sings it, it just goes on and on forever. Usually the circle loses interest and goes home hours before he has finished. But old Propo gets so carried away with his favourite song that he never notices that everyone else has bugged off. The poor bloke gets left all alone howling at the moon until late into the night...

OK! Altogether now lads!

On the 121st day of Hashing my true love said to me.....

On the 122nd day of Hashing my true love.....

On the 123rd day of Hashing.....

Bollocks to it! There is another life besides hashing.

FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT US

Members of all of these 'clubs' come from the same ranks of Angeles City's derelict expat bums and dossers.

Angeles City Hash

Founded 1978, the 'umbrella' hash for a number of 'shadow hashes' here in Angeles City.

Angeles Beach Hash

Founded 1986, our monthly outing for gentlemen only.

The Motto of Angeles Beach

*There is no British Empire,
There are no American Colonies,
And there is no Beach in Angeles.*

Angeles Full Moon Hash

Mixed hash. Runs / walks on full moon nights or the nearest vacant date.

Bushranger Hash

Another monthly outing for gentlemen only

Mount Arayat Hash

Founded 1999, our bi-weekly hiking hash (long walks).

Sundowner Hash

A slightly shorter bi-weekly hiking hash (the hikes, not the hikers)

There are also other groups which are loosely termed as hashes:

Alien Hash

Founded sometime in the late 1990's, involves convivial drinking and ogling and provides some exercise when walking between bars. This hash is a great one for serious believers in conspiracy theories about UFOs. Drinks twice weekly.

Motorbike Hash

For serious dirt bike trail riders, rides fortnightly.

SHOES IN THE MIDDLE! A short history

(See the limerick of the same name)

Many years ago, ACH3 had a quaint old custom. Our runs were often broken up by one or two beer stops to allow the slow buggers to catch up with the front runners and so keep the pack together. Sometimes at a beer stop, if the joint was cheap enough, Hash Cash or the hares would decide to award a free short time. The cry would go up "Shoes in the middle!"

Everyone had to take one shoe off and throw it into a heap on the floor. One of the 'ladies' of the establishment would then be blindfolded and told to pick out a shoe. Oh! Just imagine the jolly and good natured banter that then ensued:

"Not that shoe, you fucking bitch, my one, the red one!" or "Fuck me! Armpit's won again. Well that's her ruined for life, no one's going to want her now." etc.etc.

The winner would then go and 'do the business' with her in the short time room whilst the pack departed and left him to find his own way home.

Now, once upon a time, or so the story goes, there was once a very obnoxious visitor on one of our early Beach runs. Throughout the run this arsehole kept comparing us, unfavourably, to all the hundreds of other hashes he claimed to have run with. Fuck me! No matter what it was, this bloke had "been there and done that", and he had always done it better! Angeles hashers were amateurs.

He reckoned that he'd fucked half the women in half the brothels of Asia. He was an 'old whore master', and no bar girl could ever pull the wool over his eyes, he knew all the tricks. Well, we've all met his kind, eh?

Finally, the Beach had had a gutful of him and decided to teach him a lesson. The final beer stop was in a classy 'cocktail lounge' on Blow Row. It was cunningly arranged with the very lovely 'prize girl' that she made sure she picked this arsehole's shoe out of the pile in the middle of the floor. After he had "won" he took her into the short time room.

When they came out again, he had a big smug smile on his face. And she was smiling too! He was still cuddling her, and giving her big wet 'tongue in mouth' kisses. He went on to explain, "I couldn't get a root out of her because she said she was on the rags. But fuck me, what a great blow job!"

On cue, the girl then dropped her shorts in the bar in front of the whole Hash. And lo! There it was, all taped up, a teeny weeny penis! The 'winner' quickly shot off, and was never seen again in Angeles City. I wonder if the bloke ever complained about this back in Kuala Lumpur?

With this incident in mind I later wrote a limerick called 'A Poor Visiting Dirt Road Sinner', who was a 'Shoes in!' winner. This was shortly after PDRH3 had burned my Interdirt T-shirt on the 'Roof of the Birds'. In my insane and vindictive lust for revenge I had designed a Beach Hash T-shirt with this limerick on it. The design graphically depicted a Dirt Roader participating in an exotic sexual act.

Fortunately it was so filthy that no local T-shirt shop would print it. If it had been printed then Pattaya Dirt would have probably had me killed. Back then, PDRH3's 'Woody' was rumoured to be their travelling hit man.

THE PILSBURY AWARD FOR SLEEPING

On our hash we have a regular 'Pilsbury' Award for any hasher who has been seen sleeping outside of his own home. I can't remember the origin of the name. It dates from the days of the US Air Force and has something to do with an American brand of flour called Pilsbury.

Who cares?

Armpit, who brings a pillow and his pyjamas with him to the hash, has received it so many times that there was talk of changing the award's name to his.

The incident related in this song is alleged to have actually happened to a GI hasher back in 1986. Two Air Force buddies of his who were drinking with him watched it happen, but claimed that they didn't interfere because they didn't want to spoil his pleasure. They knew that he only had a few Pesos left, so he wasn't getting robbed of much. They figured he was getting blown at a great discount!

Anyway, as it turned out later, they'd already paid the two poofs to do it.

Wow! You certainly make friends for life in the military.

RAVE REVIEWS FROM AROUND THE WORLD FOR THE ANGELES SONGBOOK

“Well done moosh, this is fucking great! I pissed myself laughing!”

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second

“Vile and turjud shit like this duz not dezerve publikation. Goddam you Anjeles Hash! I pray that you’ll burn in hell you satanists!

Sarah Palin

“The hardcore lavatory ballads are sensational! They’ve led me to enjoy so many sly under-the-table ‘sherman tanks’ during my TV shows. Oh, it’s so secret and exciting! The rest of it is just liberal / commie crap. It must have been written by a Frenchman or by Barack O’Bama.”

Bill O’Thuggery, c/o YMCA, San Francisco

“This shit was too fuckin’ subtle to give me a boner! I wish the innuendo about goats and altar boys had been raunchier and far more explicit, know what I mean? (Innuendo, get it? Snigger, snort!)”

Bill O’Buggery, ‘Maitre d’, YMCA Sauna Baths, San Francisco

“I would have liked to see more jokes about nuns.”

His Holiness the Pope

“We goatherders and thieves in Filthystan were disappointed that you did not include the erotic rap ballad which is most favoured in our lovely twin cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. I refer of course to the live recording of “Gonna rip your rectum ‘cos yo’ my bitch” sung by Mike Tyson whilst he copulated with his unwilling cellmate Michael Jackson onstage at the San Quentin Prison Christmas pantomime.

At the time Mr Jackson had been playing the role of front end of the pantomime horse, however Mr Tyson, who had been playing the rear end, was overcome by a mighty lust. The smaller Michael got such a savage ‘freckle punching’ that he looked thoroughly fucked.

Wow! How the prison audience cheered! The bleeding and weeping young man was still bent over and touching his toes after ten curtain calls!

The Mad Hatter, DJ at ‘Sods!’ the gayest disco and deli in all the Middle East

“Frankly, at first glance it all seems to be mere filth of the most adolescent kind, and as subtle as a very loud fart. However, upon further reflection I discerned faint echoes of “Carols from King’s College Cambridge” or even Handel’s “Messiah”, so yes, it does have a certain ‘je ne sais quoi.’”

Quentin Fucknuckle’s Literary Review, in ‘Pseud’s Corner’, Private Eye Magazine

“Unashamedly erotic! Some of these songs (pages **XX** and **XX**) have bravely smashed the last great taboo and mightily pushed forward the envelope of sexual tolerance. It’s great! I’m really digging it!

Orpheus O’Morpheus, author of “Sex After Death, And Why It’s Cool”

“If we hear any more songs taking the piss out of our hash, you lot in Angeles are fucking dead, especially that cunt Doggy Dave.”

The Committee of The Pattaya Dirt Road Hash ... “The Dirtiest Hash in The World”

ALPHABETICAL LISTING

Songs

** An original ACH3 song*

- 7 * The Angeles Hashional Anthem
- 8 An Aussie / Brit / Filipina / Jock / Kiwi /Malaysian /
Swiss / Yank Is An Animal
- 10 * A Canuck In The States
- 10 All Coppers Are Bastards!
- 10 All The Nice Girls Love A Candle
- 10 * A Lovely Dog Called Rover
- 11 * Angeles Hash Jeepney Drivers' Song
- 11 * Angeles Hash Rules 1 And 6
- 11 * Armpit! Armpit! You're A Star
- 12 Arsehole! Arsehole!
- 12 Arseholes Are Cheap Today
- 12 * As I Walked Out In Subic To Have A Few Beers
- 13 As The End Of The Month Rolls Along
- 13 * Away Down On Blow Row
- 13 * Away Down South In The Land Of Cotton
- 14 Aye aye aye aye!
- 14 * Baa, Baa Black Sheep
- 14 Barnacle Bill The Sailor
- 15 Bestiality's Best Boys
- 15 * Birds Of Paradise Curries
- 15 Build A Bonfire!
- 16 Charlotte The Harlot
- 16 Come And Sit On My Face If You Love Me
- 17 * Comment Ce Crevasse, Jacques?
- 17 Craven A!
- 17 Daisy, Daisy
- 18 De Gaulle, He Went To The Lavatory
- 18 * Dingle Berries, Dingle Berries
- 19 Don't Mention The War!
- 19 Down In The Toilet Bowl Dark And Deep
- 20 * Egg On Legs, He Sat On A Wall
- 20 * Gary Glitter's Song
- 20 Georgie Porgie Pudding And Pie

21 * German Hashers, They Are The Strongest
 21 Germans Have No Sense Of Humour
 21 Has Anybody Seen JC?
 22 He Ought To Be Publicly Pissed On
 22 Here's To Fellow Hashers
 22 * He's A Wanker From Lancashire
 22 He's The Meanest
 23 * He Wants To Hold Your Gland
 23 * He Went To The Urinal To Have A Tinkle
 24 Hold Him Down You Zulu Warrior!
 24 * If You Ever Come To Visit Angeles City
 24 * I Like Spanking Schoolgirls' Bottoms!
 25 I Love A Gang Bang, I Always Will
 26 I'll Give You Dan, Dan The Lavatory Man
 26 In A Small Brown Paper Parcel
 26 * In My Mortuary
 27 * In Santos Street
 27 Intercourse Is Grand But I Much Prefer The Hand
 28 * I Plough The Fields And Scatter
 28 * It's A Long Way To Your Homeland
 28 I Wish I Was In London
 29 * I Was Hunting Tiddyoggy's
 30 * Jingle Bells
 30 Jonestown!
 31 * Lily the Leper
 31 * Many, Many Hashers Have Venereal Disease
 31 * Maybe It's Because He's A Londoner
 32 Me No Likey Blitish Sailor
 32 * Michael Jackson Flies Around In Heaven
 33 Monty Python's 'Philosopher's Song'
 33 * Morgan's Pies
 34 * My Favourite Sexual Fantasy
 34 My Name Is Jack
 35 My One Skin Lies Over My Two Skin
 35 * My Wife's Pearl Necklace
 36 Nothing Could Be Finer Than To Be In Your Vagina
 36 Oggy! Oggy! Oggy!

- 37 * Oh Pommies All, Let Us Rejoice
- 37 * Oh! Flour Of Scotland
- 37 * Oh Say Can You See That Yank With VD?
- 38 * Oh, The Dirty Hash Scoots Right Up The Back
- 39 Oh, The Eagles They Fly High In Mobile
- 40 * Once An Aussie Hasher Tried To Use The Phone
- 40 * One Sided Love
- 40 * On-Home Boys, Home!
- 41 * Peter, Peter The Scrumpy Eater
- 41 * Poor Paddy's Bone
- 41 * Returning Hashers, Back In Town Once More
- 42 * Roll Over Maureen
- 42 * Roman Polanski's Blues
- 42 Rule Britannia
- 42 Sex Is Boring!
- 43 She Stood On The Bridge At Midnight
- 43 Short-Cutting Bastards
- 43 Side By Side
- 44 * Stand Up! Stand Up, Dear Penis
- 44 That's Amore!
- 44 * The Apres Hash For Wanchai
- 45 * The Bell End Of His Penis Is All Brown And Green
- 45 * The Billy Boys' Picnic
- 46 * The 'Birds of Paradise' in Angeles City
- 46 The British Grenadier
- 46 * The Bushrangers' Song
- 47 * The Death Of Nelson
- 48 The Dogs They Had A Meeting
- 48 * The George Bush Jr. Burger
- 49 The Hairs On Her Dicky-di-doh
- 50 * The Half Price Barfine
- 50 * The Hares Are Rotten Old Time Hashers
- 51 * The Hares They Set A Run
- 51 The Joys Of Fornication
- 52 * The 'Lord Of The Rings'
- 52 The Lumberjack Song
- 53 * The Maid Of Portsmouth

- 68 * The Motto Of Angeles Beach
 53 * The Other Night Boys, As He Lay Sleeping
 54 * The Pikey Lad
 55 There Is A Green Hill Far Away
 56 * There's An Old Whore They Call The Sperm Bank
 56 These Foolish Things Remind Me Of You
 57 The Slash Hash
 57 * Up From Subic City
 58 Up Jumped The Monkey From The Coconut Grove
 58 * We All Died In A Russian Submarine
 59 * We Are Poor Little Lambs Who Have Lost Their Way
 59 We Don't Hash To Pass Examinations
 60 We're All Queers Together
 61 * When Doggy Dave Fell And Tried To Fly
 61 When It's Incest Time In Texas
 62 * When The Angeles Beach Runs In The Dark
 62 * When The Dragon Lady Rides
 62 Who Ate All The Pies?
 63 Who's That Wanker On The Phone?
 63 Why Was He Born So Beautiful?
 64 * You Are My Sunshine, You Pay My Barfine

Limericks

- 65 * A Poor Visiting Dirt Road Sinner
 65 * A Randy Old Priest In Victoria
 65 * A Strapping Young Viking Called Thor
 65 * Shoes In The Middle!
 66 * The Buggering Old Bishop Of Buckingham
 66 * The Learned Old Rabbi Fedora
 66 There Was A Young Girl From Azores
 66 There Was A Young Girl From Nantucket