

HASH

SONG

BOOK

master baker

V10

2022

SHANGHAI
HASH HOUSE
HARRIERS

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WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW...

The Shanghai Hash is a, “*Singing Hash*.” That means every charge comes with a song to celebrate your many misdeeds.

Half Mind, a famous hasher compiled the, [*Hash Hymnal*](#) which contains hundreds of songs: worldwide classics, regional regulars, and even hash-specific specialties...

But we don't give a shit about any of that.

This is the Shanghai Hash. ‘And to, “Shanghai Hash” right, you need to know our recurring repertoire of musical mayhem.

In the following pages, you will find some of the songs in regular rotation in the Circle of the Shanghai Hash, and the occasional new addition.

Whilst not every song get's a weekly airing, there is no excuse if you don't know the words - unless you are in

the mood for an extra down-down.

THE SHANGHAI SPECIAL

*What happens in Shanghai, stays in Shanghai.
But come to the hash and we promise to share our
signature tune. It's worth it, We promise.
As long as you've had A LOT to drink.
In the meantime, check out some of the other songs
we guarantee some will be sung during your visit
to the Shanghai Hash.*

Note: Where Possible, both the source tune, and the originator of each song has been documented, and acknowledgement attempted.

CHALK TALK

BLESSING OF THE HARES

Prayer

[from Tampa H3. Sometimes offered by the RA before the hash.]

Bless these hares,
Bless this trail;
Coppus no catch us,
Farmers no shoot us,
Doggus no bite us,
Heatus no stroke us;
Plenty of Cold Beer to drink!
Coitus Non Interruptus.

(To Welcome newcomers, "Virgins" to the hash.)

WE'VE GOT VIRGINS

(To the tune of: [Frere Jacques](#))

[from Mud Fucker and Greatful Head, Bay City H3]

We've got virgins, we've got virgins,
On our Hash, on our Hash,
Gonna get them drunk up,
Gonna get them fucked up,
Down the hatch,

Up the snatch. (*orig. arse.*)

CIRCLE STANDARDS

(*Circle Feedback and Review of the Hares' trail.*)

SHITTY TRAIL

(*To the tune of: [Mickey Mouse Club Theme](#)*)

[*from...*]

S H I T T Y...T R A I L!

Shitty trail (*it sucked!*),

Shitty trail (*it blew!*),

The motherfuckers laid a shitty trail!

I would rather drink a beer (*alt. beat my meat / rub my nub*),

Than run your shitty trail,

S H I T T Y...T R A I L!

(*an Alternative Hares song*)

THE MAYOR OF BAYSWATER'S DAUGHTER

(*To the tune of: [Mayor of Bayswater's Daughter](#)*)

[*from Flying Booger. **Variations** originally contributed by Flying Booger and Zippy, of Pike's Peak H4. In many hashes, the chorus is sung to honour the hares.*]

And the hares, (...*and the hares*)
And the hares, (...*and the hares*)
And the hares on their dicky-di-do
Hung down to their knees;

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

And the hares, (...*and the hares*)
And the hares, (...*and the hares*)
And the hares on their dicky-di-do
Hung down to their knees.

VERSES:

*I've smelt it, I've felt it,
It's just like a bit of velvet.*

*I could not believe my eyes,
When I peered down between her thighs.*

*I she were my daughter,
I'd have her cut them shorter.*

I've seen it, I've seen it,

I've lain right in between it.

VARIATIONS

and one with a fairy light on...

and one she used as dental floss...

and one with a drop of piss on...

and one she marked the trail with...

and one I broke a tooth on...

*And the Hairs on her Dickie-Di-Do
Hung down to her knees.*

(another Alternative Hares' Song, for Christmas)

BETTER HARES

*(To the tune of: "Laurige Horatius," "[O Tannenbaum](#)")
[from...? Shanghai H3]*

Now listen up, and grab a beer,
We have the hounds, all gathered here;
From DFL* to FRB**, We ran the trail, so happily;
(or insert your favourite sarcastic line)

So gather 'round, and lend an ear,

And give the hares, a mighty cheer;
(*turning to the hares*)
Now drink your beer, and do not speak,
We hope we'll have better hares next week!

* *DFL - Dead Fucking Last* ** *FRB - Front Running Bastard.*

(*To honor the ex-virgins who for the 1st time found the
On-In & Circled Up.*)

VIRGIN SERENADE

(*To the tune of: [Ball of Kirriemuir](#)*)

[*from Dr D, Ft Eustis H3. This **Variation** contributed by
Masterbaker, Shanghai H3. "Now they've hashed in
Shanghai they are SH3 virgins no longer."*]

Four and twenty virgins-came-to-Shanghai-for some
fun,
And when the Hash was over*, there-were-no-virgins
left, not one;
Singin' balls to your partner,
And arse against the wall!
If y'canna' get laid in this ol' Hash,
Y'canna get laid at all!

(*for Returning Hashers and Longtime No Sees*)

GET A LIFE

(*To the tune of: [The William Tell Overture](#)*)
[*from...*]

Get a life, get a life, get a life, life, life,
Get a life, get a life, get a life, life, life;
Get a life, get a life, get a life, life, life,
Get a life, get a life, life, life.

(*an Alternative Returners Song*)

RETURNER'S SONG

(*To the tune of: [It's a Small World After All](#)*)
[*from Pillsbury Blow Boy, Long Beach H3*]

They've-returned to us,
Some-from far away;
Some fucking excuse,
Each-of-them did say;
As we listened we knew,
They were all full of shit;
They are assholes, after all.
They are assholes, after all,
They are assholes, after all;
Give 'em a beer and fuck 'em all,
They are assholes, after all.
(*for the R.A's grand entrance!*)

R.A'S ENTRANCE

(To the tune of: [Auld Lang Syne](#))

[from...]

R.A, R.A, R.A, R.A,

R.A, R.A, R.A!

R.A, R.A, R.A, R.A,

R.A, R.A, R.A.

(Shanghai's very own Birthday Ritual song)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Chant

[from Johnny Wad, Shanghai H3]

People dying everywhere,

Children starving in despair,

But, Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday,

One year closer to your Death!

(an Alternative Birthday Song)

BIRTHDAY SONG

(To the tune of: [Happy Birthday](#))

[from...]

Hashy Birthday, Fuck you!
Hashy Birthday, Fuck you!
Hashy Birthday, You a'hole,
Hashy Birthday, Oh Fuck!

[from by Mudrock, Las Vegas H3]

May you live one hundred years
May you drink one million beers
Get plastered you bastard
Happy Birthday to you.

NATIONALITIES

01. ALL AUSTRALIANS

(*To the tune of:* [The Old Grey Mare](#))

[*from...*]

All Australians are born illegitimate,
Born illegitimate, born illegitimate;
All Australians are born illegitimate,
Bastards through and through;

They ain't got no birth certificate,
Birth certificate, birth certificate;
They ain't got no birth certificate
Bastards through and through;

Variations

They don't know just who their daddy is...

Father's Day is such a lonely day...

02. BESTIALITY'S BEST BOYS

[*Kiwi National Anthem*]

(*To the tune of:* [Tie My Kangaroo Down, Sport](#), Rolf Harris, 1957)

[*from...*]

Bestiality's best, boys,
Bestiality's best. (*Fuck a wallaby!*)

Bestiality's best, boys,
Bestiality's best. (*Fuck a wallaby!*)

03. CANADIAN SONG (BABY SEAL SONG)

(*To the tune of: [Killing the Baby Seals](#)*)

[*A North American Army Running Cadence...*]

Way up north in Canada the air is getting cold,
We're running out of money and
We're running out of gold;
That is why we earn our living...
Clubbing the baby seals! (*Arf, Arf, Arf*)

You can hit them with a club
You can hit them with a brick,
You can poke them in the eye
With your eye poking stick.
That is how we earn our living...
Clubbing the baby seals. (*Arf, Arf, Arf*)

You can slash them on the head
you can slash them in the throat,
You can throw them in the back of
Your Newfie fishing boat.
That is how we earn our living...

SONG LIST

Slashing the baby seals! (*Arf, Arf, Arf*)

04. FRENCHMAN

(*To the tune of: [La Marseillaise](#)*)

[*from...*]

A Frenchman went to the lavat'ry
For to have a jolly good shit, (*shit, shit*)
He took his coat and trousers off,
So that he could revel in it, (*it, it*)
But when he reached for the paper,
He found-someone had-been there before....
Où est le papier? Où est le papier?
Monsieur, Monsieur, j'ai fait manuré;
There is no papier!

05. HITLER HE ONLY GOT ONE BALL

(*To the tune of: [Colonel Bogey March](#)*)

[*from...*]

Hitler, he only had one ball;

Goering, had two, but very small;

Himmler, had something similar;

But poor old Göbbels, had no balls at all.

06. RULE BRITANNIA

(*To the tune of: [Rule Britannia](#)*)

[*from...*]

Rule Britannia, marmalade and jam
Five Chinese firecrackers-in-your-asshole
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang

Rule Britannia, marmalade and jam
Three Chinese firecrackers-in-your-asshole
Bang, bang, bang

Rule Britannia, marmalade and jam
One Chinese firecracker-in-your-asshole
Bang.

07. SHITONYA (PISSONYA, CUMONYA)

(*To the tune of: [Russian Lullaby](#)**)

[*from...*]

Shitonya, shitonya, shitonya
In Russia it means I luv ya
If I had my way
I'd shitonya all day
Shitonya, shitonya, shitonya

Pissonya, pissonya, pissonya
In Russia it means I luv ya

SONG LIST

If I had my way
I'd pissonya all day
Pissonya, pissonya, pissonya

Cumonya, cumonya, cumonya
In Russia it means I luv ya
If I had my way
I'd cumonya all day
Cumonya, cumonya, cumonya

** This is one of the, 'old' Hash songs. The most likely source of this tune is Irving Berlin's 1927 song, Russian Lullaby. However over time, the song has morphed somewhat and taken on it's own variations, both in words and tune. Be that as it may, the song doesn't follow the entire tune but repeats the same refrain for each verse, each time finishing on a downward tone.*

DOWN-DOWNS!

ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT

(To the tune of: [Lonesome Tonight](#))

[from *Hazukashii*, *Yongsan H3*]

Are you lonesome tonight?
Is the hash out of sight?
Are you sorry you strayed from the trail?

Does your throat get real dry?
Underneath the hot sky?
When you think of the beer, do you wail?

Do the sores on your feet, seem to blister and puss?
When you gaze down the road, do you wish for a bus?

Are your legs filled with pain?
Will you shortcut again?
Tell me fool, are you lonesome tonight?

BROTHER HASHER

(To the tune of: [Ach, Du Lieber Augustin](#))

[from *Zippy*, *Pike's Peak H4*]

Here's to brother hasher,
Brother hasher, brother hasher,

SONG LIST

Here's to brother hasher, may he chug-a-lug;
He's happy, he's jolly, he's fucked up by golly,
Here's to brother hasher, may he chug-a-lug;
So drink you motherfucker,
Drink up you motherfucker,
Yes, here's to brother hasher, may he chug-a-lug.

BULLSHIT

(*To the tune of: [My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean](#)*)
[*from...*]

Bullshit, bullshit,
It all sounds like bullshit
To me, to me!
Bullshit, bullshit,
It all sounds like bullshit
To me!

BUM SWAB

(*To the tune of: [Mad World](#)*)
[*from Stilett-Hoe of SOBH3*]

All around me unfamiliar faces,
Take their places — drop their trousers;
I proceed to reach into my pocket,
Pull out my poppers — deep inhale,

And I find it kind of funny, I find it kind of sad;

SONG LIST

The feeling of the swabbing is the best I've ever had;
I find it hard to tell you, I find it hard to take;
When he inserts the Q-tip, it's a very lovely...
Buuuuuum Swab.

Note: This song was a special commission by Beijing hasher, Stilett-Hoe, for the Shanghai Hash, so that we too had a, "swabbing" song. All royalties were to be paid in beer.

COME AND SIT ON MY FACE

(To the tune of: [Red River Valley](#))

[from Sky Queen, St Louis/Belleville H3]

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

COW KICKED NELLIE

(To the tune of: [Turkey in the Straw](#))

[from...]

Oh, the cow kicked nellie in the belly last night,
Oh, the cow kicked nellie in the belly last night,
Oh, the cow kicked nellie in the belly last night,
But the Farmer says that she'll be alright.

SONG LIST

COUGER

(*To the tune of: [Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star](#)*)
[*from...*]

Cougar, cougar on the prowl,
Get that guy to make you growl!
Now the cougar's in a cage,
Oops! That guy was underage;
Cougar, cougar don't you frown,
Now it's time to drink it ...down down...

DIXIE

(*To the tune of: [Dixie Land](#)*)
[*from...*]

I wish I was in Dixie,
In Dixie, in Dixie!
I wish I was in Dixie,
'Cause Dixie's fuckin' hot!

DOGGIES MEETING

(*To the Tune of: [God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen](#)*)
[*from...*]

The doggies held a meeting, they came from near and far,
Some came along by motorcycle, some came along by car.

SONG LIST

Each doggy passed the entrance,
Each doggy signed the book,
Then each unshipped his arsehole,
And hung it on the hook.

One dog was not invited, it sorely raised his ire,
He ran into the meeting hall, and loudly bellowed,
"Fire!"

It threw them in confusion, and without a second
look,
Each grabbed another's arsehole, from off another
hook.

And that's the reason why, Sir,
When walking down the street,
And that's the reason why, Sir,
When doggies chance to meet,
And that's the reason why, Sir, on land or sea or foam,
He'll sniff another's arsehole, to see if it's his own.

DONNIE THE RETARD

(*To the tune of: [Frosty The Snowman](#)*)

[*from...*]

Donnie the retard,
Had an 8 pound melon head,
He was five foot three and he said to me,
Hiii, I'm Dooonnnnnnniiiiiee...

SONG LIST

DON'T WORRY, IT'S HASHY

(To the tune of: [Don't Worry, Be Happy](#))

[from...]

Here's a little song I wrote,
You might want to sing it note for note,
Don't Worry, It's Hashy;

*for the hares:**

The Hare's trail laid was quite a mess,
Now-Misman' say I need to wear a dress,
Don't Worry, It's Trashy; CHO

*for the Pack:**

The Hounds thought they were on true trail,
But in end-effect-they-were-just chasing' tail,
Don't Worry, Trail's Trashy; CHO

for the Virgins:*

Ain't got no Virgins (to turn a trick / hashing in the rough),

So who the hell is gonna (suck this dick? ? rub this muff?)

Don't Worry, We're Sassy; CHO

CHORUS:

||: Ooh Ooh Ooh Ooh Oo-Ooh

Ooh Oo-Ooh Ooh Oo-Ooh, (*Beer's near*)

SONG LIST

Ooh Oo-Ooh Ooh Ooh Oo-Ooh, (*It's here!*)
Ooh Oo-Ooh Oo-Ooh; (*Here's beer, drink it down...*)
:|| [x2]

*(*Chose a verse for Down-downs. To sing straight through, sing chorus and each verse in order.)*

DOUGH (THE BEER SONG)

(*To the tune of: [Do-Re-Mi](#)*)
[*from...*]

Dough, buys beer, it buys me beer,
Ray, the guy who sells me beer,
Me, the one who drinks my beer,
Fa, a long way to the john,
So, I'll have another beer,
La' ger, lager, lager, beer,
Tea, no thanks, I'll have a beer,
And that brings us back to,
Down, down, down, down...

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN YOUR BEER

(*To the tune of: [Row Your Boat](#)*)
[*from...*]

regular:

Down, down, down your beer,

SONG LIST

To pay for all your crimes;
Quit complaining about the taste,
There's-no Sperm in-it this time.

alt:

Blow, blow, blow his cock,
Gently like a dream;
Carefully, carefully, carefully, carefully,
'Till your mouth is filled with cream.

DOWN DOWN SONG

(To the tune of: [*Ta-ra-ra Boom Di-Ay*](#))
[from...]

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

EL CAMINO

Chant

[from...]

El camino,
El, el camino;
El camino,
El, el camino;

The front is like a car,

SONG LIST

The back is like a truck,
The front is where you drive,
The back is where you...

El camino,
El, el camino.

FLIP [HIM/HER] OVER

(*To the tune of: [If You're Happy And You Know It](#)*)
[*from...*]

If your [boy/girl]-friend tastes like shit,
Flip [him/her] over
If your [boy/girl]-friend tastes like shit,
Flip [him/her] over
If your [boy/girl]-friend tastes like shit,
That's [his/her] asshole not [his/her] [dick/clit],
If your [boy/girl]-friend tastes like shit,
Flip [him/her] over.

GIVE IT A BLOW

(*To the tune of: [Let it Snow](#)*)
[*from...*]

Oh, the weather outside is frightful,

guys:

But his dick is so delightful;

SONG LIST

If you really want to see it grow,
Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow.

gals:

But her tits are so delightful,
So if you want to see her fuck,
Give'm a suck, give'm a suck, give'm a suck.

HAPPY WANK SONG

(*To the tune of: [Happy Talk](#)*)

[*from Masterbaker, Shanghai H3*]

Happy, happy, happy, happy Wank,
Yoga Pants are not, “see-through;”
If we can't see them flow,
Into your camel-toe...
How you gonna make wet dreams come true?

Drink it down, down, down, down...

HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

(*To the tune of: [The Addams Family Theme](#)*)

[*from...*]

Duh-duh-duh-duh, (*snap snap (with fingers)*)
Duh-duh-duh-duh, (*snap snap*)
Duh-duh-duh-duh,
Duh-duh-duh-duh,

SONG LIST

Duh-duh-duh-duh. (*snap snap*)

Their running is convulsive,
Their drinking is compulsive;
They're morally repulsive,
The Hash House Harriers.

Their flatulence is rude and,
Their genitals protrude when,
They're running in the nude, oh...
The Hash House Harriers.

They're always shiggy tracking,
From constantly bushwacking;
Intelligence they're lacking,
The Hash House Harriers.

HE OUGHT TO BE PUBLICLY PISSED ON

(*To the tune of: [My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean](#)*)
[*from...*]

He ought to be publicly pissed on,
He ought to be publicly shot; (*Bang Bang!*)
He ought to be tied to a Shanghai, "*Piss Trough*," (*uri-*
nal)
And left there to fester and rot.

HEINEKEN, SCHMEINEKEN

Chant

[*from...*]

Heineken, Schmeineken,

Fuck that shit!

Tsing...Tao...Green! (*orig. Pabst... Blue... Ribbon*)

HE'S THE MEANEST

(*To the tune of: “[The Hallelujah Chorus](#)” from Handel’s Messiah*)

[*from...*]

He’s the meanest, He sucks the horse’s penis,
He’s the meanest, He’s a horse’s ass.

All he does is pound it, Ever since he found it,
He’s the meanest, He’s a horse’s ass.

He’s always pissing on us,
He’s rotten and dishonest,
He’s the meanest, He’s a horse’s ass.

(Variation)

She's superior, She's got class,
She's superior, She's a horse's ass.

All she does is rub it, She’ll sometimes even scrub it,

SONG LIST

She's superior, She's a horses ass.

If you want to poke her beaver,
She's a cagey, little Diva,
She's superior, She's a horses ass.

HER LEFT TIT ...

(*To the tune of: [My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean](#)*)
[*from...*]

Her left tit hangs down to her belly,
Her right tit hangs down to her knee;
If her left tit did equal her right tit,
She'd get lots of weenie from me.

Throw back, throw back,
Throw back your titties for me, for me;
Throw back, throw back,
Oh, throw back your titties for me...
Drink it down, down, down, down

HIS ONE SKIN

(*To the tune of: [My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean](#)*)
[*from...*]

His one skin hangs down to his two skin,
His two skin hangs down to his three;
His three skin hangs down to his foreskin,

SONG LIST

His foreskin hangs down to his knee.

Roll* back, roll back, (**roll the, "r's"*)
Roll back his foreskin for him, for him;
Roll back, roll back,
Oh, roll back his foreskin for him.

His body lies over the ocean,
His body lays over the sea,
His father laid over his mother,
And that's how they created him.

Drink it down, down, down, down ...

HELLO PENIS MY OLD FRIEND

(*To the tune of: [Sound of Silence](#)*)

[*from ?, Bangkok? H3*]

Hello penis my old friend,
I've come to play with you again,
When those wet dreams come a-creeping,
I spurt my seeds while I am sleeping,
And with your helmet firmly planted in my hand,
It will expand, while jerking off in silence.

(*Extended*)

In horny dreams I get a bone,
I beat off on cobble stones,

SONG LIST

Beneath the halo of a street lamp,
I see a whore who's getting very damp,
For five hundred baht in a flash she's on her back,
She spreads her crack,
And twitches her twat in silence.

Those who see and do not know,
How to make my penis grow,
I whipped you out so she might eat you,
I stuffed you up into her pussy spew,
And then my sperm, like silent raindrops fell,
And turned to gel,
While jerking off in silence.

黄色大合唱, HUÁNG SÈ DÀ HÉ CHÀNG, YEL- LOW CHORUS

(*To the tune of: [黄河大合唱](#), Huáng Hé Dà Hé
Chàng, Yellow River Chorus*)
[*from...*]

风在吼, 床在摇,
Fēng zài hǒu, chuáng zài yáo,
男人在咆哮, 女人在尖叫;
Nán rén zài páo xiào,
我在上面多逍遥,

Wǒ zài shàng miàn duō xiāo yáo,
你在下面受不了;
Nǐ zài xià miàn shòu bu liáo;
我俩配合很快达到性高潮,
Wǒ liǎ pèi hé hěn kuài dá dào xìng gāo cháo,
偶尔上上下下, 偶尔左左右右;
Ōu ěr shàng shàng xià xià, Ōi ěr zuǒ zuǒ yòu yòu;
上上下下, 左左右右, 达到性高潮!
Shàng shàng xià xià, zuǒ zuǒ yòu yòu, dá dào xìng gāo cháo!

(Translation)

The wind is roaring and the bed is shaking,
The man roars, the woman screams;
How at ease he is above,
Yet she can't stand it below;
They worked together to reach orgasm,
Sometimes up and down, occasionally left and right;
Up and down, left and right, reaching orgasm!

HYMN

Chant

[from...]

Hymn, hymn...

SONG LIST

Fuck him!

INCEST TIME IN TEXAS

(*To the tune of: Yellow Rose of Texas*)

[*from...*]

When it's incest time in Texas,
When there's no cunt to be found,
Your mother's in the bathroom,
With her panties halfway down;

No time for masturbation,
No time to beat your meat,
When it's incest time in Texas,
Mother-fucking can't be beat!

IS DIVERSITY BEST, BOYS?

(*To the tune of: [Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport](#), Rolf Harris, 1957*)

[*from "Masterbaker," Hamburg H3*]

Is diversity best boys?
Is Diversity best? (*Fuck the wannabe's!*)

Is diversity best boys?
Is Diversity best? (*Fuck the wannabe's!*)

Down-Down for ostentatious & diverse fashion in the

SONG LIST

circle.

IT'S A SMALL DICK / WIDE CUNT

(To the tune of: [It's a Small World After All](#))

[from...]

male version:

Well, it isn't long and it isn't thick,
It grows too slow and it comes too quick
It gets lost in a twat, But it's all that he's got,
It's small, small dick.

Chorus:

It's a small dick after all,
It's a small dick after all,
Always limp from alcohol,
It's a small, small dick.

female version:

Well it ain't too small and it ain't too tight,
If you looked down there you'd get quite a fright,
You could fall in that vagina, about halfway down to
China

It's a wide cunt after all!

Chorus

Its a wide cunt after all,
Its a wide cunt after all,
Makes your cock feel about this small
Its a wide, wide cunt!

SONG LIST

两只老虎, LIǎNG ZHĪ LǎO Hŭ, TWO TIGERS

(To the tune of: [两只老虎](#), Liǎng Zhī Lǎo Hŭ, *Frere Jacques*)
[from...]

两只老虎，两只老虎，

Liǎng zhī lǎo hŭ, liǎng zhī lǎo hŭ,

在做爱，在做爱

Zài zuò ài, zài zuò ài,

一只坐在上面，一只躺在下面，

Yī zhē zhàng ài shàng miàn, Yī zhē tǎng zài xià miàn,

真爽快，真爽快；

Zhēn shuǎng kuài, zhēn shuǎng kuài.

三只老虎，三只老虎，

Sān zhī lǎo hŭ, sān zhī lǎo hŭ,

在做爱，在做爱

Zài zuò ài, zài zuò ài,

一只坐在上面，一只躺在下面，

Yī zhē zhàng ài shàng miàn, Yī zhē tǎng zài xià miàn,

还有一只，在等待，在等待。

Hái yǒu yī zhē, zài děng dài, zài děng dài.

(Translation)

Two tigers, two tigers.
Having sex, having sex,
One is standing above, the other is lying down,
Feels so good, feels so good.

Three tigers, three tigers.
Having sex, having sex,
One is standing above, another is lying down,
And one is waiting, is waiting.

LOVE ME TENDER

(To the tune of: [Love Me Tender](#))

[from Nipple Me Elmo, ?H3]

Love me Tender, Love me sweet,
Wrap your lips around my meat;
Watch me smile and watch me grin,
As my cum rolls down your, drink it...

MASTURBATION SONG (1)

(To the tune of: [Funiculi, Funicula](#))

[from Sharkey Ward, ?H3]

Last night I stayed up late and masturbated,
It felt so good, I knew it would.
Last night I stayed up late to masturbate,
It felt so nice, I did it twice.
You, should have seen me on the short strokes,

SONG LIST

It felt so grand, I used my hand,
And you... should have seen me on the long strokes,
It felt so neat, I used my feet.

CHORUS:

Shake it! Break it!
Beat it on the floor;
Smash it! Bash it! Thrust it through the door some
people seem to think that fornication's rather grand!
But for all-around enjoyment,
I prefer to use my hand!

MASTURBATION SONG (2)

(To the tune of: [Funiculi, Funicula](#))

[from Jacksing, ?H3]

Next door, she laid and masturbated,
It did her good, she knew it would.
All night, the bed springs they vibrated,
She thinks it's canny, to rub her fanny.
You should have seen her on the short strokes,
It felt so grand, she used her hand.
You should have seen her on the long strokes,
Around and round, and up and down.

CHORUS:

Eased it, teased it,
slid along the floor,

SONG LIST

Rubbed it, scrubbed it, tickled it to the core some
people say that being fucked is very grand,
But for personal enjoyment,
she would rather use her hand.

MEET THE HASHERS

(*The the tune of: [Meet The Flintstones](#)*)
[*from...*]

Hashers, meet the hashers,
They're the biggest drunks in history;
From the Shanghai House Hash House,
They're the leaders in debauchery.
Half minds, trailing shiggy through the years,
Watch them as they down a lot of beers;
Down-down, down-down down-down,
Drink-it-down-down-down-down,
down, down, down...

MRS MURPHY

(*To the tune of: [Red River Valley](#)*)
[*from...*]

Put it in your hand, Mrs Murphy,
For-it only-weighs a quarter of a pound,
It's got hair 'round it's neck like a turkey,
(*gobble, gobble!*)
And it spits when you bob, up and ...

SONG LIST

Down, down, down, down...

もしもし, あのね, MOSHI MOSHI, ANONE

(*To the tune: [London Bridge](#), [Moshi Moshi](#)*)

[*from John Patrick, ?H3*]

もしもし, もしもし

Moshi, moshi,

Hello (*answering phone*),

あのね, あのね, あのね,

Anone, Anone, Anone;

ummm, ummm, ummm,

もしもし, もしもし

Moshi, moshi,

Hello,

あのね, *Arsehole* ですか?

Anone, *Arsehole* desu ka?

ummm, *Are you an arsehole?*

Drink it down, down, ... Drink it down, down, ...

This song is used when hashers make, or take cell phone calls, in/near the circle.

PISS OFF, YA WANK

(*To the tune of: [Auld Lang Syne](#)*)

[*from...*]

Piss off, ya wank, piss off, ya wank,

Piss off, ya wank, piss off;

SONG LIST

Piss off, ya wank, piss off, ya wank,
Piss off, ya wank... Piss Off!

RELEASE ME

(*To the tune of: Release Me, Englebert Humperdink*
1967)

[*from Kitchen Gas Leak, Shanghai H3*]

Please release me let me go,
'cause Xi doesn't love me anymore,
I can't live in COVID Quarantine,
Oh release me,
China... Let me go.

I've been locked inside this dorm,
But you insist that it's the norm,
My throat/nose has been swabbed day and night,
So release, and let me see the light.

Please release me Mr. Xi,
Your quarantine is killing me,
This COVID stress is causing pain,
So release me and let me live again.

SANTA KLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN

(*To the tune of: [Santa Claus is Coming to Town](#)*)

[*from Zippy, Pike's Peak H4*]

You better watch out,
You better not cry,
You better not pout,
I'm telling you why,
Santa Klaus is... *Dead!*

SHANGHAI LOCKDOWN

(*To the tune of: [Summer Holiday](#)*)

[*Flacid Bamboo & Masterbaker, Shanghai H3*]

We were hashing through the Shanghai Lockdown;
Solo wanking for a month or two;
No trails, or beer near, in that Shanghai Lockdown,
Online hashing for the true hardcore,
With beer behind a locked door! (*Drink it down, down*
...)

||: We hashed-inside while it was sunny,
We hashed-inside while it stormed,
We started to go quite loony,
Locked up in our dorms;

Some people screamed ("*Freedom!*") in the Shanghai
Lockdown,
And others dreamed of hashing, the streets once more;
Hashing online through that Shanghai Lockdown;
Beer Near was in the fridge door,
We grabbed-the-beer-and, down-downed them all. :||

SONG LIST

[x2]

||: Oo-oo, down-downed them all:||

SHANGHAI SONG

(*To the tune of: [Oh My Darling Clementine](#)*)

[*from Just Greta, Shanghai H3*]

I was pregnant, I was pregnant,
But now I'm drinking beer,
Bring your Vagina to China,
Where the babies disappear.

S/HE'S A HASHER

(*To the tune of: [The Lumberjack Song](#)*)

[*from...*]

S/He's a Hasher, s/he's true blue,
S/He's a Hasher, through and through,
S/He's a Hasher, so they say,
S/He tried to go to Heaven but went the other way.

[S/HE] FINALLY SHUT UP!

(*To the tune of: [Looney Tunes Theme](#)*)

[*from Masterbaker, Shanghai H3*]

Thank G' [s/he] now shut up,
[S/He's] always fuckin' (*a*) bitchin', *or* (*b*) groanin',

SONG LIST

Now drink your beer,
Get out of here,
(a) 'And get back in the Kitchen!
(b) We're sick of your fuckin' Moanin'!

SHE'LL BE HUFFING . . .

(*To the tune of: [Coming Round the Mountain](#)*)
[*from...*]

She'll be huffing like a steam train when she cums,
She'll be huffing like a steam train when she cums,
She'll be huffing like a steam train,
Huffing like a steam train,
She'll be huffing like a steam train when she cums.

Singing Hasher, I'm coming, don't stop now,
Singing Hasher, I'm coming, don't stop now,
Singing Hasher, I'm coming,
Hasher I'm coming,
Hasher I'm coming, don't stop now.

SILENT NIGHT

(*To the tune of: [Stille Nacht](#)*)
[*from...*]

Silent night,
Foggy night;
Somebody pfffffft!,

SONG LIST

Smells like shite;

Who's the bastard that dropped his guts,
I hope it blew a hole in his nuts;
That will make him sing higher,
And bring a tear to his eye.

SINGING IN THE RAIN (CHANGMAI PRAYER)

(*To the tune of: [Singing in the Rain](#)*)
[*from...*]

*[Some say this song is supposed to end with group moon-
ing; others insist it's supposed to end with group farting. If
you can get a group of hashers to fart all at once, you're a
better song master than I . . .]*

Ah-zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah-dah,
Zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah-dah.

I'm singing in the rain,
Just singing in the rain.
What a glorious feeling,
I'm hap-hap-happy again.

Hold it! Hold it! Hold it!

[Call out Action then Repeat, actions sequentially stack.]*

SONG LIST

(*Actions)

Arms out! Hands Together! Thumbs up!

Elbows in! Chest Out! Stomach In!

Arse Out! Knees together! Heels Together!

Toes Together! Head back! Tongue out!

SOLDIER SONG

(To the tune of: [Eine kline Nachtmusik](#))

[from...]

A-sol, arsehole,

A soldier I will be,

To pis-, to pis-,

Two pistols on my knee,

For c'nt, for c'nt (*trad. to fight, to fight,*),

For c'untry and f' King! (*trad. for Queen!*)

Arschhole, a-sol,

Arschhole, a-sol,

A soldier I will be.

* *This is a song which originated in Malaysia. It started as a tribute to the Territorial Army, which evolved from the Home Guard (a UK neighbourhood watch, started during WWII in Britain.) The tune is a repetition of the first two bars of the 1st Movement.*

* *On 8 Sept. 2022 The longest serving monarch in modern history passed away. There is some discussion now as*

SONG LIST

to whether Queen should change to King. IMO, if the Territorial Army of Malasia still existed, they would change the song, to reflect their new allegiance.

THE KISS OF FIDO

(To the tune of: [The Sound of Silence](#))

[from...]

Hello there my furry friend
I've come to play with you again
It seems I'm on another dateless night
I brought some peanut butter; please don't bite
Cuz your tongue, is so much softer than my fist
I can't resist
The gentle kiss of Fido

THE OLD BROWN COW

(To the tune of: [The Old Grey Mare](#))

[from...]

The old brown cow went... pffftz!
Up against the wall... pffftz!
Up against the wall... pffftz!
Up against the wall;
The old brown cow went... pffftz!
Up against the wall,
And the wall was covered in shit, (*shit, shit*)
Drink it down, down, down...

SONG LIST

你是SB. THE SB SONG

(*To the tune of: [The Lumberjack Song](#)*)

[*from...*]

你是SB,你是猪;

Nǐ shì SB, nǐ shì zhū,

你是隔夜的大尿壶;

Nǐ shì géyè dà niào hú,

不去做爱来跑步;

Bù qù zuò'ài lái pǎo bù;

你是SB,你是猪...你是, 大尿壶!

Nǐ shì SB, nǐ shì zhū...Nǐ shì, dà niào hú!

(*Translation*)

You're an SB, you're a pig,

You're an overnight chamber pot,

No sex only run;

You're an SB, you're a pig,

You're a big piss trough!

TSINGTAO MAN

(*To the tune of: [One Man Band](#), Leo Sayer, 1973*)

[“Masterbaker” 2022, Shanghai]

||: ('cause/yes) I am a long time fan,
Nobody knows or understands;
Can anybody out there give me a can?
'cause I'm a Tsingtao Man. :|| [x2]

TOO MUCH COCK

(*To the tune of: [Too Much Time On My Hands](#)*)
[*from Masterbaker, Shanghai SH3*]

Too much cock in my hands, (*Stroke it, stroke it, stroke it*)
Too much cock in my hands, (*Suck it, suck it, suck it*)
Too much cock in my hands...

Stroke it all day,
Stroke it and say...
(*Whisper*) Too much cock in my hands!

TWENTY TOES

Toast
[*from...*]

There is, a game called Twenty Toes,
It's played all over town;
The girls, they play with ten toes up,
The boys, with ten toes down, down, down....

Originally a Toast to Love

SONG LIST

TO LOVE:

*Man's occupation,
Is to stick his cockulation,
Up the woman's ventilation,
To increase the population,
Of the coming generation.*

*Here's to the game of twenty toes,
It's played all over the town.
The women play with ten toes up,
The men with ten toes down.*

WE ARE THE HASHERS

*(To the tune of: We Are The Champions, Queen)
[from Masterbaker, Shanghai H3]*

We are the hashers,
My friend, and
We'll drink each down down,
To the end,
We are the hashers,
We are the hashers,
We'll charge you for spillage,
'cause we are the hashers...
Of Shanghai.

WEINER BREATH

(*To the tune of: [youtube 99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall](#)*)
[*from...*]

Chant

Who's got weiner breath?
S/he's got weiner breath; (*alt: You've got...*)
Who's got weiner breath?
S/he's got weiner breath;

Sing...

Cause s/he's been suckin' that ding-a-ling,
Ding-a-ling-a-ling;
Suckin' that ding-a-ling,
Ding-a-ling-a-ling;
Suckin' that knob, like corn on the cob,
Suckin' that ding-a-ling,
Ding-a-ling-a-ling.

WHY ARE WE WAITING

(*To the tune of: [Come Let Us Adore Him](#)*)
[*from...*]

Why are we waiting,
We could be fornicating (*masturbating, etc.*)
Oh why are we waiting,
So fucking long, etc...

SONG LIST

WHIP IT OUT AT THE BALL GAME

(*To the tune of:* [Take Me Out To The Ball Game](#))

[*from...*]

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

Cause it's beat your meat at the ball game,
If you don't cum it's a shame,

Cause it's one, two,
you're covered in goo,
At the old ball game.

WHY WAS [S/HE] BORN SO BEAUTIFUL

(*To the tune of:* [Why Was He Born So Beautiful*](#))

[*from...*]

Why was [s/he] born so beautiful?
Why was [s/he] born [a bitch/at all?]
[S/He's] no [bloody/fucking] use to anyone.
He's no fucking use at all / She's only got one tit;
[S/He] may be a joy to his/her mother.
But [s/he's] a pain in the asshole to me! (*to me!*)
[S/He's] fresh as a daisy,
[S/He] drives me crazy, So...

SONG LIST

Drink it down down down down...

[*also known as, the Australian Birthday Song]

WONDERFUL MORNING

(To the tune of: [Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!](#))

[from...]

Oh what a wonderful morning,
Oh what a wonderful day.
I got this wonderful feeling,
Everything's going to... Shit!

YOU'RE STUPID

Chant

[from Yorkie Porkie, City H3]

You're stupid,
You're stupid,
You're really fucking dumb,
If it wasn't for your mother,
You'd be a stain of cum!

ZULU WARRIOR

(To the tune of: *youtube* [The Zulu Warrior](#), Josef Maria's 1946)

[from Zippy, Pike's Peak H4]

SONG LIST

||: Ole zooma, zooma, zooma,
Ole zooma, zooma, Chief; :|| [*x2*]

||: Drink it down You Zulu Warrior,
Drink it down you Zulu Chief; :|| [*x2*] (*Chief! Chief!*)

INTERNATIONAL HASH RITUALS

A. OUR LAGER

Prayer

[*from...*]

Our Lager,
Which art in barrels,
Hallowed be thy drink.
Thy will be drunk,
I will be drunk,
At home, as in the tavern.

Give us this day, our foamy head,
And forgive us our spillages,
As we forgive those who spill against us,
And lead us not into incarceration,
But deliver us from hangovers.

For thine is the Beer, The Bitter, and the Lager,
Barmen!

B. SWING LOW (International Hash Hymn)

(*To the tune of: [Swing Low Sweet Chariot](#)*)

[*from...*]

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot
Cummin' for to Carry Me Home
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot
Cummin' for to Carry Me Home;

I looked out over Jordan, and what did I see?
Cummin' for to Carry Me Home
A band of angels, cumming after me,
Cummin' for to Carry Me Home.

If you get There, before I do!
Cummin' for to Carry Me Home
Tell all my friends,
I'm cummin' too.
Cummin' for to Carry Me Home.

Humming Version:

Hum "Swing Low, "shout out loud every "Cumming!"

Silent Version:

Think "Swing Low," shout out loud every "Cumming!"

Double Time Version:

Sing Swing Low, twice as fast, doing all the actions.

SONG LIST

C. CLOSE OF CIRCLE

Chant

[*from...*]

R.A. *May the Hash go in Peace!*

PACK. *May the Hash get a Piece!*