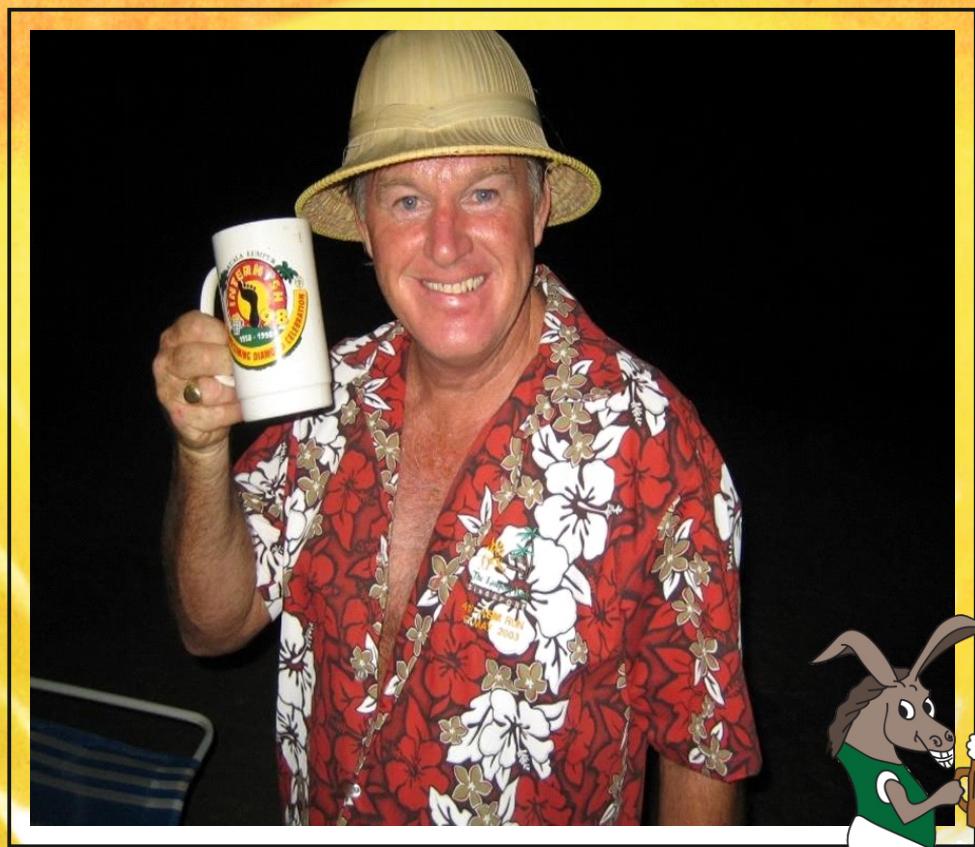


*A "Flakey" Production*



*The*  
**SONG BOOK**

*A look back at Mijas H3 in song, stories and pictures.  
Volume 1*





*By taking this song book you agree to turn up at all Mijas H3 runs and events and join in full voice.*

Name..





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## *What makes a good Hash club into a great Hash club?*



I for one feel they should be a “singing hash” and that is what Mijas H3 is! From my early days and my introduction into Hashing at Pattaya H3 in Thailand I was fortunately enough to be associated with some great songmiesters, the best being *Whorator* (Frank Benfield) he was the person responsible for my grass roots traditions of hashing which I hope is en-rooted into the “traditions” of the Mijas H3.

From the inauguration of MijasH3 way back in 1989 we were lucky to have *Rat up a drain pipe* Brendan Murphy, a fine Irish man with a fantastic voice and an abundant repertoire of Irish and rugby songs. In the early days Mijas H3 after dinner hash songs flourished with numerous restaurants requesting that we did not return!

Even with frequent request from eating establishments to subdue our Hash songs it did continue, one notable GM was *Pitter Patter* who would soon be in full voice at the drop of a hat.

By this time *Dipper* was also established as the MH3 stalwart and with renditions of “Eskimo Nell” and his Scottish ditty, of a “There was a lassie with a wee hairy bushy” he was a mesmerizing singer. In modern times we have seen the introduction of Religious Adviser “Cardinal Colonic irrigation”. With his warped sense of humour and as a master of the limericks he provides a great way to finish a hash evening On On with a few rather risque songs.



## *The Beginnings*

Many hashes back I was posted in Jahor Bahru, just across the causeway from Singapore. It was where I met up with *Chicken George* and his son *Spring Chicken*. The “Johor Hazards” was an all-male hash and I have to say one of my most rememberable hash kennel’s I have been a member of. Mostly old colonial Chinese and Indians they were a fantastic bunch of hashers. They arguably feel that they deserve some recognition as the founder of the Hash who we know today as *Gispert* was based in Jahor before



moving to Kuala Lumpa and ran out of the Jahor Pavilion! Thereby starting what we now know as *The Hash house Harriers*. I believe their story, but don't mention this to anybody from Kuala Lumpar as they get very protective!!!

Whilst I was hashing with this bunch of maniacs, they tried to introduce more singing in the Circle. The run was on a Thursday and always a rush for me. One week I turned up and after the usual trail through the plantations, the circle was called and Down downs handed out. All was going well till the GM advised we would now do some songs from our newly acquired song book! Oooops, the pack followed the GMs request and out came the song books. “Come on Flakey where’s your book?” “It’s In my car came my desperate reply!”

I sprinted off to my parked vehicle hoping it had miraculously appeared! Well, it had not! Panic set in as the punishment was not pleasant! The Shower... A full bucket of ice-cold water!! When this is given to the locals most of their clothing would be removed! The view of an elderly old Indian or Chinese man in the jungle sitting nude surrounded by other half-drunk hashers is quite a surreal experience!!

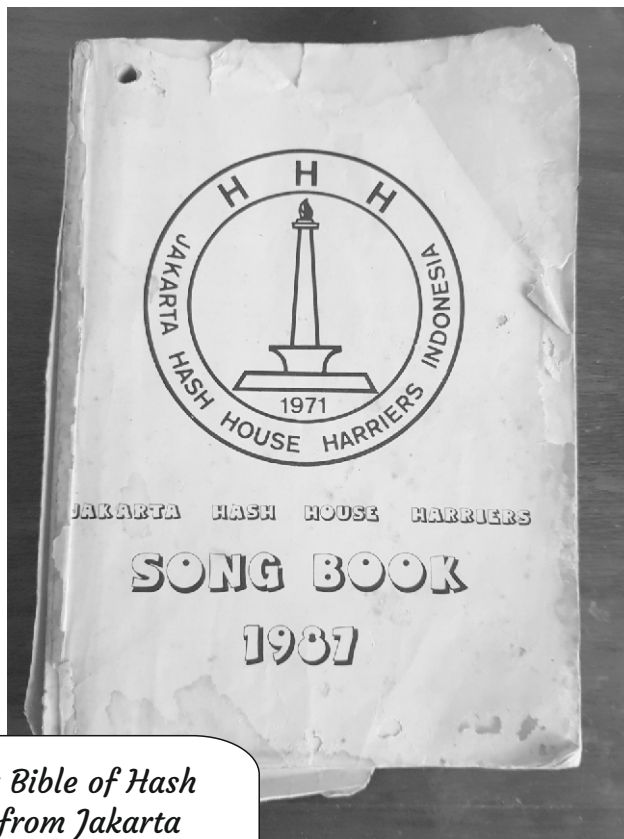
I returned from the car with what I thought could get me out of his predicament and I re-joined the circle just as the GM was advising the pack to turn to song number 16 of the song book “Sweet Violets”. I quickly flicked through the pages and joined in full voice! Unfortunately for me I was not quite singing the same

song as the rest of them and the Chinese guy next to me realized this. “FLAKEY you Bastard” he cried! “You haven’t got a song book!”

Grabbing my book he informed the pack I was singing from the “Malaysian A to Z road book. Straight away cries for shower could be heard from the pack, this was my first “Shower” and I modestly only went down to my underpants! I never forgot my song book again.

With this song book I have also looked back at the origins of Mijas H3 hash songs and the “Masters of music” that have keep Mijas H3 a singing hash, their efforts should not be forgotten. So, I have compiled some of my favourite songs. I hope that these, the stories and pictures will inspire you to learn a song or two or at least a few limericks, pictures and keep memories of early Mijas Hash On On’s alive.

## *Flakey*



*The Holy Bible of Hash songs” from Jakarta House Harriers 1987, this started it all for me*



# Down Down Songs

*This used to be a single song for many years "Why was he born so beautiful" but we have moved on from there. Mainly I think this is due with the introduction of Hashing worldwide and the foul-mouthed American cousins (I mean that in the nicest way possible). We had for years Sir Elephant Arse (RJP) with his petrol driven wanking hand, powered by buying two cents worth of petrol at the gas station! Loved it, but the biggest change must have been Wide Open, she radically changed MH3 circle songs, insisting we don't do the same Down-down song twice. She is a great hasher and missed in the Mijas H3 circle. She is now out in Asia terrorizing those poor buggers. So, to start us OFF..*

## **DOWN DOWN SONG**

*Melody - Itself*

*Why was he born so beautiful?  
Why was he born at all? He's no  
fuckin' use to anyone, He's no bloody  
use at all.*

*They say he's a joy to his mother,  
But he's a pain in the asshole to me,  
As he puckered up his little asshole.*

## **VERSION # 1**

*Here's to (Hasher name)  
He's true blue, (he's a blue)  
He's a Hasher,  
Through and through,  
He's a pisspot,  
So they say,  
Tried to go to heaven,  
But he went the other way,  
So drink it down, down, down . . .*

## **VERSION #2**

*Melody - Ach, Du Lieber Augustin*

*Here's to brother (sister) hasher,  
Bother hasher, brother hasher,  
Here's to brother hasher, May he  
chug-a-lug.*

*He's happy, he's jolly,  
He's fucked up by golly, Here's to  
brother hasher, May he chug-a-lug.*

*So drink motherfucker,  
Drink motherfucker,  
Drink motherfucker,  
Drink motherfucker,  
Here's to brother hasher, May he  
chug-a-lug.*

### **DOWN DOWN SONG #3**

*Melody - Blackbird, Bye Bye (I'm your mail man)*

*Make me happy, make me gay, I can  
come twice a day, I'm your mailman.  
Lift the knocker, ring the bell,  
I can make you feel swell,  
I'm your mailman.  
I can come in any kind of weather,  
Don't you know my bags are made  
of leather?  
I don't mess with keys or locks,  
I'll slip it right in the box, I'm your  
mailman.*

### **DOWN DOWN SONG #4**

*Melody - Itself*

*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.*

*Melody – Itself*

*He wanks his crank in the morning  
He wanks his crank in the night He  
wanks his crank with his left hand  
and he cleans it up with his right.*

*So drink it down, down, down . . .*

### **MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN**

*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, His foreskin hangs down  
to his knee.  
Drink it down, down, down . . .*

**OPTIONAL VERSES:**

*Roll back, roll back,  
Roll back his foreskin for him, for  
him.  
Roll back, roll back,  
Please roll back his foreskin for  
him.*

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

### **IF YOU ARE**

*Melody - If You're Happy And You  
Know It*

*If you're a drunkard and you know  
it, raise your glass!*

*If you're a drunkard and you know  
it, raise your glass!*

*If you're a drunkard and you know  
it,*

*(slurred)Then your slurring will  
surely show it.*

*If you're a drunkard and you know  
it, raise your glass!*



## **FLINTSTONES THEME**

*Hashers, meet the hashers,  
They're the biggest drunks in history,  
From Mijas merry Mijas,  
They're the leaders in debauchery.  
Half minds, trailing shiggy through  
the years,  
Watch them as they down a lot of  
beers,  
Down down, down down down  
down,  
Down down down down down down  
down down down, Down down,  
down down down down,  
Down down down down down down  
down down down.*

## **MELODY - LOONEY TUNES**

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

*There was a little bird,  
No bigger than a turd, A-sittin' on a  
telephone pole.  
He ruffled up his neck,  
And shit about a peck,  
He puckered up his little asshole.  
(point at violators): Asshole, asshole,  
asshole, asshole, He puckered up his  
little asshole.*

## **MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN #2**

*They ought to be publicly pissed  
on,  
They ought to be publicly shot,  
They ought to be tied to a urinal,  
And left there to fester and rot,  
Drink it down, down, down . . .*

*This is your Down-Down song, It  
isn't very long. . .*

## **MELODY - FRERE JACQUES**

*We've got virgins,  
We've got virgins,  
At our hash,  
At our hash,  
Gonna get'em drunked up,  
Gonna get'em fucked up,  
Down the hatch,  
Up the ass,  
So drink it down, down, down . . .*

## **WHERE, OH WHERE, WERE YOU LAST WEEK?**

*Where, Oh Where were you last  
week?  
Why did you make us hash all  
alone?  
You Fat Lazy Bastards, You weren't  
even here.  
So we fucked all the virgins and  
drank all the Beer.  
Down, Down, Drink it all Down..*

**MELODY - YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE**

You are our \_\_\_\_\_, our only  
\_\_\_\_\_, You make us happy when  
skies are bleak. You'll never know  
\_\_\_\_\_, how much we like you,  
Please keep coming to Hash ev'ry  
week.

**BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC:  
JESUS SAVES**

Jesus can't go hashing 'cause he's  
nailed upon the cross;  
Jesus can't go hashing 'cause he's  
nailed upon the cross;  
Jesus can't go hashing 'cause he's  
nailed upon the cross; Jesus Saves,  
Jesus Saves, Jesus Saves!

**Chorus**

Free beer for all the hashers;  
Free beer for all the hashers;  
Free beer for all the hashers;  
Jesus Saves, Jesus Saves, Jesus Saves!

**DO YOUR..**

Do your tits hang low?  
Do they wobble to and fro?  
Can you tie them in a knot?  
Can you tie them in a bow?  
Can you throw them over your  
shoulder?  
Do you need a boulder holder?  
Do your tits hang low?

*I have collected many of these during my travels, always keeping them like treasure parchments, now we have the "Interweb" these are not becoming so collectable, but I still revert to the printed material when travelling to a big hash event to refresh my brain cells. You don't want to let your Hash Kennel down when they "Call on Mijas H3 to sing us a song" and it falls into ghostly silence!*

*You should always stand up with song book in hand (Preferably on a chair) and belch out "There once was a gay caballero" "I took a Choo-Choo to Liverpool" or my old all-time favourite "I don't what to join the Army." This would always have a number of people joining in, helping me get through words that I had forgotten!*

*All great fun and proper Hashing!*





# *Hash Songs from around the world.*

*For me there is only one song to start this section with it is: "Irian Jaya", my all-time favourite and true hash classic. I first heard it in 1986 and was sang at all hash events leading up to the 1988 Bali Interhash.*

## **MELODY - MULL OF KINTYRE**

*By M. Hanson, City HHH  
Singapore*

*Far have I traveled and much have I  
seen,  
Had blow jobs from Bancis and  
fucked things obscene,  
Been crippled by herpes and things  
far more dire,  
But if you want a blow job go to Irian  
Jaya.*

### **CHORUS:**

***Irian Jaya,  
To be gobbled by natives is what I  
desire, They practice on blowpipes  
in Irian Jaya.***

*Been rogered in Rio and poked in  
Peru,  
Been massaged in Manila and then  
had a screw,  
Been fucked in Llanelli by a Welsh  
male boys' choir,  
But for the height of perversion go to  
Irian Jaya.*

### **CHORUS**

*Met a girl in the jungle with a bone  
through her nose,  
Cunt like a mantrap and strong I  
suppose,  
Bush like a yardbroom that's made  
out of wire, So be careful of pussy  
in Irian Jaya.*

### **CHORUS**

*Oh the skirt she was wearing was  
made out of grass,  
It only just covered her sweet little  
ass,  
I felt an erection getting higher and  
higher,  
As I followed that lady from Irian  
Jaya.*

### **CHORUS**

*She put down her basket, took hold  
of my tool,  
Pulled back the foreskin and  
started to drool,  
Curled her lips round it,  
and sir I'm no liar,  
They still have headhunters in Irian  
Jaya.*

## **MELODY - THOSE WERE THE DAYS**

*Once upon a time I was a Hasher,  
Used to down a Cruzcampo or two,  
Remember how I laughed away the  
hours, Dreaming of the whore's that I  
would screw.*

*Every Monday evening I'd go Hashing,  
Sometimes I'd short cut along the  
way, But I'd always stay late at the On-  
On, Where you'd often hear a Hasher  
say:*

**CHORUS:**

***I've got the clap again, I really should  
refrain, from Estark 52, and The Old  
London pub too.***

***I've got the pills to use,***

***I must lay off the booze,***

***I've got the clap, oh yes, I've got the  
clap.***

*One night to the Hash there came a  
beauty, A thing that's quite unusual to  
do.*

*But something made me think this girl  
was different, It must have been the  
tattoos on her boobs.*

*She wore hot pants and see-through  
T-shirt, Sipped her beer through rosy  
choo-choo lips.*

*All the men began to get excited,  
At the sight of that young lady's  
swollen tits.*

*Five o'clock Hashmaster got his horn*

*After "Irian Jaya" This  
is my next favourite  
hash song!*

*out, Everybody else put their's away.  
Then I got myself into position,  
Where I could see her lovely buttocks  
sway. She short-cut and I short-cut  
behind her, Wondering if tonight I'd  
be in luck.*

*Heard her calling "On-On" from the  
bushes, And I knew right then that  
we were going to fuck.*

**CHORUS....**

*This girl showed me that she was no  
novice, Her repertoire of tricks sure  
made me sweat.*

*I came, she came, then we came  
together, And our juices flowed till  
we were soaking wet.*

*Made our way back finally to the  
circle, Watching smiling faces  
turning green.*

*Could it be that they were only  
jealous,*

*Or could it be they knew she wasn't  
clean?*

**CHORUS.....**

*Drove her home that night, she lived  
in Mijas pueblo, Arranged that this  
should be a regular thing.*

*But then one week later at the On-  
On, I took a piss and felt that tell-tale  
sting.*

*Now Dr. Perez has a Monday  
practice, He's got a special clinic on  
the Hash.*

*So that we all can have our weekly  
check-ups, And find out just what  
caused that nasty rash.*

**MELODY - MY BONNIE LIES OVER  
THE OCEAN #3**

*My father makes book on the corner,  
My mother makes illicit gin, My sister  
sells kisses to sailors, My God how  
the money rolls in.*

**CHORUS:**

***Rolls in, rolls in,  
My God how the money rolls in, rolls  
in. Rolls in, rolls in,  
My God how the money rolls in.***

*My mother's a bawdy house keeper,  
Each night when the evening grows  
dim, She hangs out a little red  
lantern, My God how the money rolls  
in.*

**CHORUS:**

*My cousin's a Harley Street surgeon,  
With instruments long, sharp, and  
thin, He only does one operation, My  
God how the money rolls in.*

**CHORUS:**

*Uncle Joe is a registered plumber,  
His business in holes and in tin,  
He'll plug up your hole for a tenner,  
My God how the money rolls in.*

**CHORUS:**

*My brother's a slum missionary, He  
saves fallen women from sin,  
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar,  
My God how the money rolls in.*



**CHORUS:**

*My Grandad sells cheap  
prophylactics,  
He punctures the teats with a pin,  
For Grandma gets rich off  
abortions,  
My God how the money rolls in.*

**CHORUS:**

*My sister's a barmaid in Sydney,  
For a shilling she'll strip to the skin,  
She's stripping from morning till  
midnight,  
My God how the money rolls in.*

**CHORUS:**

*I've shares in the very best  
companies,  
In tramways, tobacco, and tin,  
And brothels in Rio de Janeiro,  
My God how the money rolls in.*

**MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN  
#4**

*The sexual life of the camel,  
Is stranger than anyone thinks,  
At the height of the mating season  
He tries to bugger the Sphinx.  
But the Sphinx's posterior sphincter  
Is clogged by the sands of the Nile,  
Which accounts for the hump on the  
camel,  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.*

**CHORUS:**

***Singing, bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-  
bum,  
Bum-titty, bum-titty, aye.  
Singing, bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-  
bum,  
Bum-titty, bum-titty, aye.***

*In the process of civilization,  
From the anthropoid ape down to  
man,  
It is generally held that the Navy  
Has buggered whatever it can,  
Yet recent extensive researches  
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall,  
Conclusively prove that the  
hedgehog  
Has never been buggered at all.*

**CHORUS**

*We therefore believe our conclusion  
Is incontrovertibly shown,  
That comparative safety on  
shipboard  
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.*

*Why haven't they done it at  
Spithead,  
As they've done it at Harvard and  
Yale,  
And also at Oxford and  
Cambridge,  
By shaving the spines off its tail?*

**CHORUS**

*The sexual life of the ostrich,  
Is hard to understand.  
At the height of the mating  
season,  
It buries its head in the sand,  
And if another ostrich finds it,  
Standing there with its ass in the  
air,  
Does it have the urge to grind it,  
Or doesn't it bloody well care?*





## MELODY – MARSEILLAISE

A Frenchman went to the lavat'ry,  
To have him a jolly good shit,  
He took his coat and his trousers off,  
So that he could revel in it.  
But when he reached for the paper,  
He found that someone had been  
there before,

"Ou est le papier?  
Ou est le papier?  
Monsieur, monsieur, J'at fait manure.  
Ou est le papier?"

*Dedicated to "French  
Erection" - I hope  
Kindergarten Kop will get her  
to learn this one!*



## MELODY - OH, DIANA

I'm so young and you're so old,  
You've had a baby I've been told, I  
don't care what my friends say,  
I'll pay your bar fine any day,  
You and I shall never part,  
I'll give you five hundred baht, Oh  
please go down on me, Suckanya.

I bought you a house and brand new  
car,  
In the Rock Hard you're a star,  
You go out late every night,  
Come home at noon, oh, what a  
sight,  
In your heart I'll always stay, As long  
as I can pay, pay, pay, Oh please go  
down on me, Suckanya.

You gave me clap and you wear  
gold,  
My motorcycle you have sold,  
To pay my bills at Adam and Eve,  
The fruits of love are never free,  
All I ask is one more suck  
But you don't even give a fuck, Oh  
please go down on me, Suckanya.

Your Thai husband threw me out,  
Tell me what it's all about,  
Now you're into sniffing glue,  
Does this mean that we are  
through,  
I love you with all my heart, So don't  
cut off my private part, Oh please go  
down on me, Suckanya.

## **OH, MISTER FISHERMAN**

*Oh, mister fisherman, home from the sea,  
Have you got a lobster you will sell to me?"*

**CHORUS:**

***Singing ai-tiddly-ai, shit or bust,  
Never let your ballocks dangle in the dust.***

*"Yes sir, yes sir, I have three,  
And the biggest of the bastards I will sell to thee."*

*So I took the lobster home, but I couldn't find a dish,  
So I put the fucking lobster where the missus has a piss.*

*In the middle of the night, as you well know,  
The missus got up to have a heave ho.*

*Well, first there came a groan, and then there came a grunt,  
And the bloody lobster grabbed her by the cunt.*

*The missus grabbed the brush, and I grabbed the broom,  
And we chased the fucking lobster round and round the room.*

*We hit it on the head, we hit it on the side,  
We hit that fucking lobster till the bastard died.*

*Oh, the story has a moral, and this is it,*

*Always have a look before you take a shit.*

*That's the end of my story, there isn't any more,  
There's an apple up my asshole, and you can have the core.*

*Down in Nagasaki, the monkey fucked the cat,  
And all the cat could do was fuck the monkey back.*

## **MELODY - SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE**

*There was an old farmer who sat on a rock,  
Shaking and waving his big hairy..*

*Fist at the ladies next door in the Ritz,  
Who taught the young girls to play with their..*

*Kite strings and marbles and all things galore,  
Along came a lady who looked like a...*

*Decent young lady, but walked like a duck,  
She thought she'd invented a new way to...*

*Bring up the children, to sew and to knit,  
The boys in the stable were shoveling...*

*Litter and paper from yesterday's hunt,  
And old farmer Potter was having some ...*

*Cake in the stables and singing this song,*

*And if you think it's dirty, You're fucking well wrong!*

### **MELODY - ITSELF**

*From Monty Python (copyrighted material)*

*I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay, I sleep all night and I work all day.*

**CHORUS:**

***He's a lumberjack and he's okay, He sleeps all night and he works all day.***

*I cut down trees, I eat my lunch, I go to the lavatory, On Wednesdays I go shopping, And have buttered scones for tea.*

**CHORUS:**

*He cuts down trees, he eats his lunch, He goes to the lavatory, On Wednesdays he goes shopping, Has buttered scones for tea.*

*He's a lumberjack and he's okay, He sleeps all night and he works all day. I cut down trees, I skip and jump, I like to press wild flowers, I put on womens' clothing, And hang around in bars.*

**CHORUS:**

*He cuts down trees, he skips and jumps, He likes to press wild flowers, He puts on womens' clothing, And hangs around in bars?*

*He's a lumberjack and he's okay, He sleeps all night and he works all day.*

*I cut down trees, I wear high heels, Suspendies and a bra,*

*I wish I'd been a girlie, Just like my dear Pappa.*

**CHORUS:**

*He cuts down trees, he wears high heels? Suspenders . . . and a bra?*

*. . . He's a lumberjack and he's okay, He sleeps all night and he works all day.*

*. . . He's a lumberjack and he's okay, He sleeps all night and he works all day.*

### **MELODY - GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN**

*The doggies held a meeting, They came from near and far, Some came by motorcycle, Some came by motorcar.*

*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 will sniff another's arsehole, To see if it's his own.*

**FATHER ABRAHAM  
MELODY - ITSELF**

*Leader: Father Abraham had seven sons,  
Seven sons had Father Abraham,  
And he never smiled,  
And he never cried,  
All he did was go like this - With a right!*

*All (shout/actions): With a right!  
(extend right arm)*

*Leader: Father Abraham had seven sons,  
Seven sons had Father Abraham,  
And he never smiled,  
And he never cried,  
All he did was go like this - With a right!*

*All (shout/actions): With a right!  
(extend right arm) Leader: And a left!  
All (shout/actions): And a left!  
(extend left arm)*

*More verses/actions:  
With a right! (extend right leg)  
With a left! (extend left leg)  
And a HEEEE! (hump pelvis)  
And a HUUHH! (turn around, drop pants, moon pack)*

*(This next, was a favourite of  
Wrong way Clive from Pattaya  
H3 and one of my favourites.  
I'm determined to learn his! )*

**MY MOTHER-IN-LAW**

*One night in gay Par-ee,  
I paid five francs to see  
A big fat French lady, Tattooed  
from head to knee.  
And on her jaw was a British man-  
of-war,  
And on her back was a Union Jack,  
So I paid five francs more,  
And running up and down her  
spine  
Was the Bangkok Hash in line,  
And on her lily-white bum  
Was a picture of the rising sun,  
And on her fanny  
Was Al Jolson singing Mammy,  
How I loves her, how I loves her,  
How I loves my mother-in-law.*

*I loves my mother-in-law,  
She's nothing but a dirty old whore,  
She nags me day and night,  
And I can't do fuck-all right,  
She's coming home today,  
But I hope she stays away,  
Now isn't it a pity,  
She's only one titty,  
And she's in the family way.  
Last night I greased the stairs,  
Put thumbtacks on the chairs,  
I hope she breaks her back,  
Because I do love wearing black.*

*She drinks all my brandy,  
And makes my dog feel randy,  
How I loves her, how I loves her,  
How I loves my mother-in-law.*



## **I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO**

*A classic and you could fill this book with the extra verses....*

### **CHORUS:**

*I used to work in Chicago, In a department store, I used to work in Chicago, I don't work there any more.*

### **VERSION # 1:**

*A lady came into the hatshop,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Felt," she said,  
Felt her I did,  
I don't work there any more.*

*A lady came in for a water-bottle,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Rubber," she said,  
Rub her I did,  
I don't work there any more.*

*A lady came in for a sweater,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Jumper," she said,  
Jump her I did,  
I don't work there any more.*

*A lady came in for a ticket,  
I asked, "Where would you like to go?"  
"Bangor," she said,  
Bang her I did,  
I don't work there any more.*

*A lady came in for some coffee,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Ground," she said,  
Grind her I did,*

*I don't work there any more.  
A lady came in for some gin, I asked "What kind would you like?"  
"Beefeater," she said,  
Eat her I did,  
I don't work there any more.*



## **LEPROSY**

### **Melody - Yesterday by the Beatles**

*Leprosy.  
Bits and pieces falling off of me,  
I'm not half the man I used to be,  
Oh how did I get leprosy?*

*Syphilis.  
It just started with a simple kiss,  
Now it hurts to even take a piss,  
Oh why did I get syphilis?*

**MELODY - RAWHIDE**

*Written by Ken (Bollox) Sowton  
of Phuket HHH*

*Rollin', rollin', rollin, My dick is gettin'  
swollen, I got this doggie rollin',  
Rawhide.*

*My knob is hard as leather,  
But I'll get it in whatever,  
I wish I could get the tip inside,  
I stab but I keep missin',  
This wasn't made for pissin', I'm  
waiting for this year's first ride.*

**CHORUS:**

***Pull 'em down, get 'em off,  
Get 'em off, pull 'em down, Pull 'em  
down, Get 'em off, Rawhide.  
Stick it in, pull it out,  
Pull it out, stick it in,  
Stick it in, pull it out, Rawhide.***

*She's movin', movin', movin', Stops*

*my manhood groovin',  
This doggie won't stop movin',  
Rawhide.  
It's gonna be sore later,  
But I've been a masturbator,  
All those years that I've just spent  
inside,  
My balls they are aching, From  
ages wanking, waiting, Waiting to  
get this thing inside.*

*Rollin', rollin', rollin',  
I'm rootin' her assholein',  
We're mounted doggy style,  
Rawhide.*

*I don't try to understand her,  
Just catch and grope and bang her,  
Now her twat is gettin' wet and  
wide, My foreskin's torn and  
tattered, Her pussy's worn and  
battered, At last I'll drop my load  
inside.*



## **MELODY - NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON**

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

**CHORUS:**

***Frigging on the rigging,  
Wanking on the planking,  
Masturbating on the grating,  
There's fuck all else to do.***

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

*The cabin boy's name was Kipper,  
A cunning little nipper, He lined his  
ass with broken glass, And  
circumcised the skipper.*

*The First Mate's name was Hopper,  
By Christ, he had a whopper,  
Twice round his neck, once round the  
deck, And up his ass for a stopper.*

*The Second Mate's name was Carter,  
By God, he was a farter,  
When the wind wouldn't blow and  
the ship wouldn't go, We'd get Carter  
the farter to start her.*

*The cook whose name was Freeman,  
He was a dirty demon,  
He served the crew with menstrual  
stew, And foreskins fried in semen.*

*Another cook was O'Mally,  
He didn't dilly dally,  
He shot his bolt with a hell of a  
jolt, And whitewashed half the  
galley.*

## **ALL QUEERS TOGETHER**

*My name is Cecil,  
I come from Leicester Square,  
I wear open-toed sandals,  
And a rosebud in my hair.  
For we're all queers together,  
Excuse us while we go upstairs,  
For we're all queers together,  
That's why we all go out in pairs.*

*My name is Basil,  
My friend's name is Bond,  
When we go out together,  
They call us Basilden Bond.  
For we're all queers together,  
Excuse us while we go upstairs,  
For we're all queers together,  
That's why we go out in pairs.*

*I went on a "Puff Puff," to  
Liverpool.  
I found I had to stand,  
A little boy offered me his seat,  
So I went for it with my hand.  
For we're all queers together,  
Excuse us while we go upstairs,  
For we're all queer together,  
That's why we go out in pairs.*

## **IT YOU GO DOWN TO THE WOODS TODAY**

Melody - Teddy Bears' Picnic

*If you go down to the woods today,  
You're in for a big surprise.*

*If you go down to the woods today,  
You'll never believe your eyes.*

*'Cause Mum and Dad are having a screw,*

*Uncle Frank is having a wank,  
And Auntie D is having it off with Granddad.*

*Those angel bears have come on their bikes,  
All dressed in their leather gear.  
There's gallons of scrumps all green with lumps,  
And horrible Watney's beer.  
Now one of 'em downed a pint of it quick,  
And then was promptly horribly sick,  
And filled up Paddington Bear's new wellies.*

### **TODAY IS MONDAY!**

*(A favourite of our ex GM Pitter Patter)*

*All: Today is Monday!*

*Leader: Monday is a wanking day!  
(wanking motion)*

*All: Monday is a wanking day!  
(wanking motion)*

### **CHORUS:**

*Leader: Are we gonna have a good time?*

*All: You bet your ass we are!*

*All: (raise cups over heads and make one complete turn while humming) Da da dut da da, da da dut da da*

*Leader: Today is Tuesday!*

*All: Today is Tuesday!*

*Leader: Tuesday is a finger day!  
(fingering motion)*

*All: Tuesday is a finger day!  
(fingering motion)*

*Leader: Monday is a wanking day!  
(wanking motion)*

*All: Monday is a wanking day!  
(wanking motion)*

### **Chorus**

*(now that you've got the idea,  
here are the rest of the days)*

*Wednesday is a hmmm day!  
(stick tongue between 2nd & 3rd fingers)*

*Thursday is a drinking day! (raise glass in salute)*

*Friday is a fucking day! (humping motions, cheering, happiness)*

*Saturday is a hashing day!  
(running motions, cheering, happiness) day of rest*

*Sunday is a hashing day (low key, almost quiet)*



## YOGI BEAR

Melody - Camptown Races.

### *In Honour of our own "Yogi GBH Bi Polar Bear"*

There is a bear in the deep dark  
woods,  
Yogi, Yogi,  
There is a bear in the deep dark  
woods,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

CHORUS (REPEAT PREVIOUS VERSE):

Yogi, Yogi Bear,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear,  
There is a bear in the deep dark  
woods,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Other verses:

Yogi has a little friend, Boo-Boo, Boo-  
Boo  
Boo-Boo has a girlfriend, Cyndi,  
Cyndi  
Yogi has a girlfriend, Suzi, Suzi  
Cyndi has a shaven snatch, Grizzly,  
Grizzly  
Cyndi wears crotchless undies, Teddy,  
Teddy  
Cyndi likes it on the ice, Polar, Polar  
Cyndi gets what she deserves,  
Pregnant, Pregnant  
Suzi likes it up the rear, Dirty, Dirty  
Suzi's boyfriend has no teeth,  
Gummi, Gummi  
Suzi's snatch it smells like cheese,  
Camel, Camel  
Suzi she has great big tits, More

than, More than (I can bear)  
Suzi gets four bits an hour, Jingle,  
Jingle  
Cyndi's tampon has no string,  
Cotton, Cotton  
Yogi didn't use a condom, Daddy,  
Daddy  
Boo-Boo likes it upside down,  
Koala, Koala  
Boo-Boo has a twelve-inch cock,  
Cindy's a lucky bear  
Boo-Boo's only three feet tall,  
Yogi's a lucky bear  
Boo-Boo likes it up the butt, Yogi's  
a lucky bear  
Yogi didn't wipe his butt, Brown,  
Brown  
Yogi uses Afro-Sheen, Black, Black  
Yogi got a case of crabs, Itchy, Itchy  
Yogi lights Kuwaiti farts, Saddam,  
Saddam  
Boo-Boo likes to stroke his tool,  
Wanker, Wanker  
Yogi also likes young boys, Poofter,  
Poofter  
Song ender: Yogi he has HIV, Dying,  
Dying . . .



## **WHEN I'M 64**

*Written by Ken "Bollox" Sowtown,  
Phuket HHH*

*Now I've got older, lost all my hair,  
Fell out years ago,  
Never mind the bollocks with the  
Valentine, I've got my beer, shut-up  
with your wine,  
When I've been out 'till quarter to  
three, You lock the friggin' door,  
You might as well beat me, I won't let  
you feed me, now I'm sixty-four*

*You're all wrinkled too.  
And if you say one word, I will clobber  
you.*

*You won't give me a hand-job, head  
you refuse, The light has definitely  
gone.  
All you do is knitting by the fireside,  
Sunday mornings, no hope of a ride.  
bugger the garden, I'm not digging  
the weeds, You want more and more  
You might as well beat me, I won't let  
you feed me, now I'm sixty-four*

*Every summer we rented a cottage in  
the Isle of Wight by fuck it was dear.  
You spent every cent I saved.  
Grandchildren what we never see,  
with names like Farquar and Faye.*

*Don't write me an e-mail, I've cut me  
phone line, I've heard your point of  
view.  
You never finish what you start out to  
say, You're so daft, waste of time  
anyway.*

*You won't bloody answer, my  
horse is off-form, I'm running out  
the door.*

*You might as well beat me, I won't  
let you feed me, now I'm sixty-four*

## **THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS** *by Flying Booger, 1996*

*On the twelfth day of Christmas,  
My GM gave to me:  
Twelve streams a'leaping,  
Eleven unmarked bad trails,  
Ten two-mile back checks,  
Nine nests of hornets,  
Eight railroad trestles,  
Seven outraged farmers,  
Six chain-link fences,  
Five neck-deep swamps,  
Four clumps of shiggy,  
Three forest rangers,  
Two down-downs,  
And a long sit on a block of ice.*



## SINGING IN THE RAIN

### CHORUS:

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

We're singing in the rain,  
Just singing in the rain,  
What a glorious feeling,  
We're hap! hap! happy again,  
Verse/action: Hold it! Hold it! Hold it!  
Arms out!

*Repeat chorus adding new line and action each time:*

*Hands together!*

*Thumbs up!*

*Elbows bent!*

*Shoulders back!*

*Chest out!*

*Stomach in!*

*Ass out!*

*Knees together!*

*Heels together!*

*Toes together!*

*(Some say this song is supposed to end with group mooning; 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 me.. )*

## ME NO LIKE THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

### Chorus:

Me no like the British Soldier  
Yankee pay 5 dollar more

Yankee calls me pretty baby  
British calls me fucking whore

Yankee knocks upon my window  
British kicks the fuckin' door

Yankee screws for just 5 minutes  
British fucks for evermore

Yankee cocks are sometimes limpy  
British cocks, they leave me sore

Yankee lifts me on my pillow  
British fucks me on the floor

Yankee tender kissed my nipples  
British licks my pussy raw

Yankee he go home next Friday  
British stay for ever more.

## MELODY - BABY FACE

Pubic hairs! You've got the cutest little pubic hairs,  
There's no one else on earth who can compare, Pubic hairs!  
Clitoris or vagina, nothing could be finer than those pubic hairs,  
I'm in heaven when I'm in your underwear, I didn't need a shove, to take a mouthful of,  
Those pretty pubic hairs!

# *Mijas Hash songs and a few Spanish classics'*

*We have been very lucky with some great song masters over the years, here are some classics songs and with whom I associate them with.*

*For those that were lucky to have met Sir Roy Rogers (Jeremy Gratham) a real gentleman and a great hasher and was around during the Gisper days! A true hasher RIP.*

*For Sir Roy, his two favourite's: Woodpecker song and Lilly white Dove.*

**Melody – Dixie:**

## **THE WOODPECKER SONG.**

*I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Take it out, take it out, take it out,  
REMOVE IT!"*

*I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,  
Put it back, put it back, put it back,  
REPLACE IT!"*

**OTHER VERSES:**

*Replaced/turn it round/REVOLVE IT!  
Revolved/turn it back/REVERSE IT!  
Reversed/in and out/RECIPROCATE IT!  
Reciprocated/slow it down/RETARD IT!  
Retarded/once again/REPEAT IT!*

*Repeated/let it go/RELEASE IT!  
Released/pull it out/RETRACT IT!  
Retracted/take a whiff/REVOLTING!*

## **LILY WHITE DOVE..**

*Ok.. So we couldn't find the lyrics to this one.. But I bet one of you know it..  
If so, Pass it on!!*





## **MELODY - THE GAY CABALLERO**

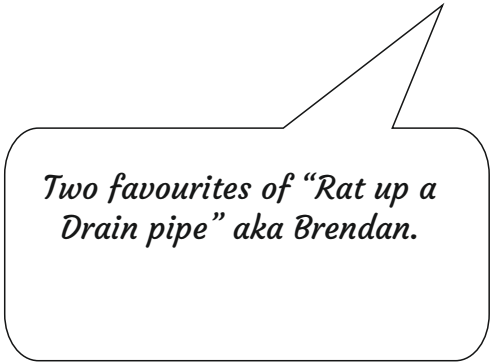
*There once was a gay caballero,  
An extremely gay caballero,  
Who had a fine El and El tell merrel ,  
An El Tell Merrel El tell merero*

*I went down to a lowdown Casino,  
Exceedingly low down Casino, To  
show off his El and El tell merrel , his  
El Tell Merro .*

*He met a fare seniorita,  
Exceedingly fare seniorita,  
Who fondled his El, his el morroel  
His El merrel tell morrano  
He got a bad dose of Scabbitto,  
Exceedingly bad dose of Scabbitto,  
On top of his El his El tell morrel His  
El tell morrel morreno.*

*I went to lowdown medico,  
Exceedingly lowdown medico, Who  
chopped his El his El tell morrel, His  
El morrel tell morreno.*

*(now we come to the sad verse)  
And now he has only Stompetto,  
In place of his El, his El morrel His El  
morrel tell Moreno.*



*Two favourites of "Rat up a  
Drain pipe" aka Brendan.*

## **MELODY - WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?**

*Who killed cock robin?  
"I," said the sparrow,  
"With my bow and arrow,  
I killed cock robin."*

**CHORUS (WORDS & ACTIONS):**  
***Oh-h-h-h the birds of the air said,  
Fuck it! Let's chuck it!  
When they heard cock robin Had  
kicked the fucking bucket! When  
they heard-d-d-d cock robin-n-n-n  
Had kicked the fucking bucket!***

*Who saw him die?  
"I," said the fly, "With my little eye,  
I saw him die."*

*Who'll take his blood?  
"I," said the mole, "With my little  
bowl,  
I'll take his blood."*

*Who'll dig his grave?  
"I," said the owl, "With my little  
trowel,  
I'll dig the grave."*

*Who'll ring the bell?  
"I," said the bull, "With my mighty  
tool,  
I'll ring the bell."*

*Who'll say the prayer?  
"I," said the rook, "With my little  
book,  
I'll say the prayer."*

**MELODY - BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR**

*Always to be associated with "Dipper"*

*(falsetto)*

*Who's that knocking at my door?  
Who's that knocking at my door?  
Who's that knocking at my door?  
Cried the fair young maiden.*

*(bass)*

*It's only me from across the sea, Said  
Barnacle Bill the sailor. It's only me  
from across the sea, Said Barnacle  
Bill the sailor.*

*Why are you knocking at my door?  
'Cos I'm young enough and ready  
and rough.*

*You can sleep upon the floor.  
Oh get off the floor, you dirty old  
whore.*

*You can sleep upon the mat.  
Oh bugger the mat, you can't fuck  
that.  
You can sleep on the stairs.  
Oh bugger the stairs they ain't got  
hairs.*

*You can sleep between my tits.  
Oh bugger your tits, they give me  
the shits.  
You can sleep between my thighs.  
Oh bugger your thighs, they're  
covered with flies.*

*You can sleep within my cunt.  
Oh bugger your cunt, but I'll fuck  
for a stunt.*

*What will we do when the baby's  
born?  
Oh we'll drown the bugger and  
fuck for another.*



**HASH PRAYER**

*by our very own:  
"Rob the Knob"*

*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.*

*(Dipper classic) this was practiced by "Aqua Sex", "Flanny lip sucker" and myself on an away weekend to the Sierra Nevada, after the 2 hour drive we were still crap!*

### HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY COCK?

*Some people like a pussy, a budgie or a tit;*

*Some people take up with a spaniel pup that fills the house with shit;*

*Me now, I keep chickens and I have a favourite one;*

*He's dick my big red rooster and I don't know where he's gone.*

*(gone, gone )*

### CHORUS:

*Has anybody seen my cock ?,  
my big Rhode Island red;*

*He's mostly pink with a little bit of blue and purple on his head;*

*He stands straight up in the morning and he gives my wife a shock;*

*Has anybody seen, anybody seen,  
anybody seen my cock ?*

*He's a stiff necked little upstart, I've known him all my life;*

*He's a constant source of pleasure and a torment to my wife;*

*Sometimes he's magnificent and sometimes small and thin;*

*But he puffs up just like a pigeon if you tickle him under his chin. (chin, chin)*

*He's two big wattles hanging,  
they're the best that you can find;  
Madam you may stroke him if you feel that way inclined;*

*Be careful not to pull him for 'though he's very shy;*

*If he gets excited he can spit right in your eye.*

*(eye, eye)*



### SIT ON MY FACE

*From Monty Python (copyrighted material)*

*Sit on my face and tell me that you love me, I'll sit on your face and tell you I love you too.*

*I love it when you oralize,  
When I'm between your thighs,  
You blow me away!*

*Sit on my face and let my lips embrace you, I'll sit on your face and tell you I love you truly.*

*Life can be fine if we both sixty-nine,*

*If we sit on our faces in all sorts of places and play, 'Til we're blown away!*

## **BARCELONA.**

*Way down in Barcelona, where ladies learn to knit, A lady stuck a knitting needle in another lady's tit.  
Said the lady to the lady, "We're here to learn to knit,  
Not to stick a knitting needle in another lady's tit."*

### **CHORUS:**

*Manana, manana, it all sounds like bull shit to me Ola!*

*Way down in Barcelona, where drummers play the drum, A drummer stuck a drumstick up another drummer's bum.  
Said the drummer to the drummer, "We're here to play the drum,  
Not stick a drumstick up another drummer's bum."*

*Way down in Barcelona, where lepers decompose, A leper picked a snotty from another leper's nose.  
Said the leper to the leper, "We're here to decompose,*

*Not to pick a snotty from another leper's nose."*

*Way down in Barcelona, where ladies learn to swim, A lady put her finger up another lady's quim.  
Said the lady to the lady, "We're here to learn to swim,  
Not to put our fingers up another lady's quim."*

*Way down in Barcelona, where beggars beg for food, A beggar chucked a lunger in another beggar's gruel.  
Said the beggar to the beggar, "We're here to beg for food,  
Not to chuck a lunger in another beggar's gruel."*

*Way down in Barcelona, where wankers yank their crank, A wanker took a yank of another wanker's crank.  
Said the wanker to the wanker, "We're here to yank our crank,  
Not to yank a crank off another wanker's crank."*



## I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY.

*I don't want to join the Army,  
I don't want to go to war,  
I'd rather hang around Picadilly  
Underground,  
Living off the earnings of a high born  
lady.*

*I don't want a bayonet up me  
arsehole,  
Don't want me bullocks shot away,  
I want to stay in Mijas, Jolly, jolly  
Mijas, And fornicate me bloomin' life  
away, gor blimey . . .*

*Monday I touched her on the ankle,  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,  
On Wednesday, Success, I lifted up  
her dress,  
Thursday, I saw it gor blimey,  
Friday, I put me hand upon it,  
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak  
(Tweak! Tweak!)  
And Sunday after supper, I rammed  
the fucker up 'er,  
And now I'm paying seven and six a  
week, gor blimey.*

*I don't want to join the Army,  
I don't want to go to war,  
I want to stay in Mijas,  
In Merry, merry Mijas,  
And fornicate me fuckin' life away.*

## FUNICULI, FUNICULA,

*Another one of Dippers  
favourites!*

Last night I stayed in bed and  
masturbated,  
It felt so good, I knew it would.

Last night I stayed in bed and  
masturbated,  
It felt so nice, I did it twice.  
First, I gave it the short strokes,  
It tickled the crown, just tickled the  
crown.

Then, I went to the long strokes,  
Up and down, way up and down.  
Smashed it, bashed it, slammed it  
on the floor,  
Rammed it, crammed it, jammed it  
through the door,

Most people think that sexual  
intercourse is very, very grand,  
But speaking for myself, I's rather  
use my hand!





## MY SISTER BELINDA

*My sister Belinda,  
she pissed out the window,  
All over my favorite sombrero,  
I said, "You fat twat, you pissed on  
my hat," She said, "I don't fucking  
well care O."*

*Aye, aye, aye, aye, me and my  
soggy sombrero,  
I said, "You fat twat you just pissed  
on my hat," She said, "I don't  
fucking well care O."*

*My sister Margarita, she come all  
excreta,  
And shit in my bessy sombrero,  
I said, "You fat twat, you shit in my  
hat," She said, "I don't give a fuck-  
er-O."*

*Aye, aye, aye, aye, me and my  
shitty sombrero,  
I said, "You fat twat, you just shat in  
my hat," She said, "I don't give a  
fuck-er-O."*

*My girlfriend Maria, she's got  
gonorrhoea,  
She gave it to me, amigo,  
I said, "You fat twat, you gave me  
the clap," She said, "I don't fucking  
well care O."*

*Aye, aye, aye, aye, me and my  
blobby dickero,  
I said, "You fat twat, you just gave  
me the clap,"  
She said, "I don't fucking well care  
O."*

## *And finally,*

**Melody -**

### **SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT**

*Note: gestures accompany words*

*I looked over Jordan and what did I  
see,*

*Coming for to carry me home,  
A band of angels coming after me,  
Coming for to carry me home.*

**CHORUS:**

*Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming  
for to carry me home.*

*I'm sometimes up and sometimes  
down,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
But still my soul feels heavenly  
bound.  
Comin' for to carry me home.*

*If you get there before I do,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Tell all my friends that I'm coming  
too, Coming for to carry me home.*

*(repeat with variations: humming  
and motions only, silence and  
motions only, double-time)*

## *A few Limericks*

A mathematician named Fine,  
Always showed her classes a good  
time,  
Instead of multiplication,  
She taught fornication,  
And never got past sixty-nine.

There was a young dino named  
Barney,  
Whose treatment of kids was quite  
smarmy,  
He'd probe every hole,  
Then swallow 'em whole,  
Till his shit looked like children con  
carne.

There once was a rabbi from Keith,  
Who circumcised men with his teeth.  
It was not for the treasure,  
Nor sexual pleasure,  
But to get at the cheese underneath.

There was a young lady called Annie,  
Who had fleas, lice, and crabs up her  
fanny,  
To get up her flue, was like touring the  
zoo,  
There were wild beasts in each nook  
and cranny.

There was an old whore from the  
Azores,  
Whose cunt was all covered in sores  
Even dogs in the street, wouldn't

touch the green meat,  
That hung in festoons from her  
drawers.

There was a young girl from Assizes,  
Whose breasts were of two different  
sizes,  
The left one was small,  
Sweet nothing at all,  
The right one was large and won  
prizes.

There once was a lady from Arden,  
Who sucked a man off in a garden,  
He said, "My dear Flo,  
Where does all that stuff go?"  
And she said (swallow hard)  
I beg pardon?

There was a young man from  
Australia,  
Who painted his arse like a dahlia,  
The drawing was fine,  
The colour divine,  
But the scent - Ah, that was a failure

There was a young lady from France,  
Who decided to take just one  
chance.  
For an hour or so,  
She just let herself go,  
And now all her sisters are aunts.

There was a young man of Belgrave,  
Who kept a dead whore in a cave,  
He said, "I admit,  
I'm a bit of a shit,  
But think of the money I save"

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno,  
Said, "Fucking is one thing I do know,  
A woman is fine,  
And sheep are divine,  
But a llama is numero uno."

There was a young man of Bombay,  
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay,  
But the heat of his prick,  
Turned the clay into brick,  
And it rubbed his foreskin away.

There was a young sailor from  
Brighton,  
Who said to his girl, "You're a tight  
'un."  
She replied, "Pon my soul,  
You're in the wrong hole,  
There's plenty of room in the right  
'un."

An insatiable nymph from Penzance,  
Travelled by bus to South Hants.  
Five others fucked her,  
Besides the conductor,  
And the driver came twice in his  
pants.





*Frank "Whorator" Benfield  
"An all-round great Bloke"  
06/12/1947 15/8/2020*



*Donated by Flakey  
on the occasion of his 70th birthday*



*Sing you Bastards sing...*