**Stuttgart Hash House Harriers Songbook**

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**Amazing Beer**

Tune: Amazing Grace

A - maz - ing beer,

A taste profound,

A whole keg just for thee!

The pack is lost,

But home you've found,

The beer check you can see

**An Das Bier**

Tune: Ode to Joy

How much beer has he been drinking?

He is looking really lit.

As we sing here aren't we thinking,

"Do we really give a shit?"

Who's this wanker, so unseemly,

That his mom would surely frown?

Grab that beer and hold it firmly,

Drink it, drink it, down down down!

**Assholes Are Cheap Today**

Tune:  La Donna È Mobile

Assholes are cheap today

Cheaper than yesterday

Small boys are half a crown

Standing up or lying down

Bigger ones for bigger dicks

Biggest ones for three-and-six

Get yours before their gone

Come now try one.

Come, come, come

Come, come, come,

Come, come, now try one

**Away down on Blow Row**

Tune: Away In A Manger

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?”

**Ball Game**

Tune: Take Me Out at the Ball Game

Whip it out at the ball game  
Wave it round at the crowd  
Dip it peanuts and crackerjack  
I don't care if you give it a whack  
Because it's  
Beat your meat at the ball game  
If you don't cum it's a shame  
It's one, two  
And you're covered in goo  
At the old ball game

**Battle Hymn of the Hasher**

Tune: The Battle Hymn of the Republic

His eyes have seen the horr-or of the steepness of the trail,

His ears have heard the whin-ing of the whing-ing Hash-ers tale,

His lips have felt the pas-sing of this na-tion's fin-est ale,

This Ha-sher's done it all!

Chorus: Glory, Glory, Ale and Lager!

Glory, Glory, Ale and Lager!

Glory, Glory, Ale and Lager!

Now drink it down, down, down!

**Brother Hasher**

Tune: Ach, Du Lieber Augustin

Here’s to brother (sister) hasher,

Bother hasher, brother hasher,

Here’s to brother hasher,

May he chug-a-long.

He’s happy, he’s jolly,

He’s fucked up by golly,

Here’s to brother hasher,

May he chug-a-long.

So drink motherfucker,

Drink motherfucker,

Drink motherfucker,

Drink motherfucker,

**DIXIE**

Tune: Dixie

I wish I was in Dixie,

Hooray! Hooray!

'Cause she's fuckin' hot!

**DOES A HASHER?**

Tune: Do Your Balls Hang Low?

Does a hasher like to walk,

Does a hasher like to run,

Does a hasher like to be where they're having all the fun?

Can he drink a 12-ounce beer,

While his friends all sing and cheer,

Now your time has come.

So drink it down, down, down . . .

**Donnie the Retard**

Tune: Frosty the Snowman

Donnie the retard,

Had an eight pound melon head,

He was five foot three and he said to me,

Hiii myyy naaame isss Donnnnnie!

**Dos A Beer**

Tune: Do, Re, Mi (Sound of Music)

Dos, a beer, a Mexican beer,

Ray, the guy who buys me beer, (Thanks Ray!),

Me, the guy, he buys beer for,

Far, a long-long way to run,

So, I think I’ve have a beer!

La, la la la la la la,

Tea, no thanks I’ll have a beer,

And that brings us back to Dos, dos, dos, dos…

**Down Down Down Your Beer**

Tune: Row, Row, Row Your Boat

Down Down Down your beer,

To pay for your crime.

Quit complaining about the taste,

There’s no cum this time.

**Germans Have No Sense Of Humour**

Tune: Deutschland, Deutschland, Uber Alles

Germans have no sense of humour,

Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh!

This is true it’s not a rumor,

Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh!

We would laugh but we won’t……

**Give It A Blow**

Tune: Let It Snow

Oh the weather outside is frightful,

But my cock is so delightful,

So if you want to see it grow,

Give it a blow, give it a blow, give it a blow!

**God Bless My Underpants**

Tune: God Bless America

God bless my underpants,

Brand that I like,

Stand inside them,

And ride them,

Between my buns when I run or I bike.

From the waistband,

To the legholes,

To the fly flap,

Wet with piss,

God bless my underpants,

They look like this.

**The Hash House Harriers**

Tune: Adams Family

Their drinking is compulsive and

Their running is convulsive

They're morally repulsive,

The Hash House Harriers

[(Da Da Da Da)(Snap fingers twice)Repeat]

Their flatulence is rude and

Their genitals protrude when

They're running in nude in

The Hash House Harriers

[(Da Da Da Da)(Snap fingers twice)Repeat]

They're always shiggy tracking,

From constantly bushwhacking

Intelligence they're lacking

The Hash House Harriers

[(Da Da Da Da)(Snap fingers twice)Repeat]

**He’s the Meanest**

He's the meanest,

He sucks the horse's penis,

He's the meanest,

He's a horse's ass.

Ever since he found it,

All he does is pound 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.

So drink it down, down, down . . .

**Here’s to \_\_\_\_\_\_ (Basic Down Down Song)**

Here's to brother/sister Hasher ,

He's true blue,

He's a Hasher,

Through and through,

He's a pisspot,

So they say,

Tried to go to heaven, (he'll never get to heaven)

But he went the other way,

So drink it down, down, down . .

**HER LEFT TIT**

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Her left tit hangs down to her right tit,

Her right tit hangs down to her knee,

If her left tit did equal her right tit,

She’d get lots weenie from me….

**HIS ONE-SKIN**

Tune: 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.

Roll back, roll back,

Roll back his foreskin

For him, for him,

Roll back, roll back,

Roll back his foreskin for him!

**Hot Vagina**

Tune: Yellow Rose of Texas

Hot vagina for your breakfast,  
Hot vagina for your lunch,  
Hot vagina for your dinner,  
Just munch, munch, munch, munch, munch.  
It's so speedy and nutritious,  
Bite-size and ready to eat,  
So take a tip, go eat your mom;  
Hot vagina can't be beat.

**I’m a Little Hasher**

Tune: I’m a Little Tea Pot

I’m a little hasher,

horny and drunk,

There is her bum and here is my junk,

When I get all worked up I whip it out,

Bend her over and make her shout!

**If You're a Drunkard And You Know It**

Tune: 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!

**If Your Boyfriend Tastes Like Shit**

Tune: If You’re Happy and You Know It, Clap Your Hands

If your boyfriend tastes like shit, he’s a homo,

If your boyfriend tastes like shit, he’s a homo,

If your boyfriend tastes like shit, he's probably pushing it,

If your boyfriend tastes like shit, he’s a homo.

If your boyfriend tastes like shit, flip him over,

If your boyfriend tastes like shit, flip him over,

If your boyfriend tastes like shit, it's a log, not his dick,

If your boyfriend tastes like shit, flip him over.

If your girlfriend tastes like shit, flip her over,

If your girlfriend tastes like shit, flip her over,

If your girlfriend tastes like shit, then you haven’t got her clit,

If your girlfriend tastes like shit, flip her over.

**Its A Small Dick**

Tune: It’s a Small World

Well it isn’t long and it isn’t think,

It gets hard too slow and it cums too quick,

It gets lost in her twat but it’s all that he’s got,

It’s a small, small dick.

It’s a small dick after all,

It’s a small dick after all,

Always limp from alcohol,

It’s a small, small dick!

**Meet the Hashers**

Tune: Meet the Flintstones

Hashers, meet the Hashers  
They're the biggest drunks in history  
From the hash of [insert your hash here]  
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!

**My Name Is Jack**

My name is Jack (nah-na-nah-na-nah-na-nah),

I’m a necrophiliac (nah-na-nah-na-nah-na-nah),

I fuck dead women (nah-na-nah-na-nah-na-nah),

And I fill ’em full of jism (nah-na-nah-na-nah-na-nah).

I get frustrated (nah-na-nah-na-nah-na-nah),

When they’re cremated (nah-na-nah-na-nah-na-nah),

Cause try as I must (nah-na-nah-na-nah-na-nah),

I can’t fuck dust!

**Nipples**

Tune: Jada

Nipples! Nipples!

N-I-P-P-L-E-S!

Nipples! Nipples!

N-I-P-P-L-E-S!

Lick them, flick them, play with them too,

That’s where Hashers go to get goo.

Nipples! Nipples!

That’s what makes the titties fun!

**Ode to a Hasher**

Tune: Twinkle Twinkle Little Star

Starkle Starkle little twink,

Who the hell are you I think,

I'm not as drunk as thinkle peep,

I'm just a little slort of sheep,

A few brewkies make a guy,

Fool so feelish, don't know why,

Really don't know who's me yet,

The drunker I stay the longer I get,

So just one more to fill my cup,

I've all day sober to Sunday up.

**Peter Penis**

Tune: Oscar Meyer Bologna Song

My penis has a first name,

It’s P-E-T-E-R,

My penis has a second name,

It’s P-E-N-I-S,

My girl she sucks it every day,

And if you ask her why she’ll say …

(gargle)

Variant: Women’s version.

His penis has a first name,

It’s P-E-T-E-R,

His penis has a second name,

It’s P-E-N-I-S,

I love to fuck him every day,

And if you ask me why I’ll say …

Cause Peter Penis has a way,

With my V-A-G-I-N-A!

**Pissed On**

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

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

**Pissonya**

Pissonya, pissonya, pissonya

In Russian it means "I love ya"

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

Pissonya, pissonya, pissonya

Shitonya, shitonya, shitonya

In Russian it means "I adore ya"

If I had my way, I'd shitonya all day

Shitonya, shitonya, shitonya

Cumonya, cumonya, cumonya

In Russian it means "I worship ya"

If I had my way, I'd cumonya all day

Cumonya, shitonya, pissonya

Drink it down, down, down, down,

**Pubic Hairs**

Tune: Baby Face

Pubic hairs.

You've got the cutest little pubic hairs.

There's nothing that can compare,

Pubic hairs.

Penis or vagina, there's nothing that could be finer,

Pubic hairs.

I'm up in heaven when I'm in your underwear,

I don't need a shovel to take a mouthful of,

Your cute little pubic hairs!

**Put It In Your Hands, Mrs. Murphy**

Tune: Red River Valley

Put it in your hands, Mrs. Murphy

It only weighs a quarter of a pound

It’s got hair ‘round its neck like a turkey

And it spits when you shake it up and Down down down down...

**PUT YOUR LEFT LEG OVER MY SHOULDER**

Tune: Side by Side

Put your left leg over my shoulder,

Put your right leg over my shoulder,

(wag tongue)

La la la la la, la la la la, la la la.

**She’s a Harriette**

Tune: Turkey in the Straw

Oh, the wiggle of her ass would make a dead man cum,   
And the nipple on her tit is as big as my thumb,   
She's a mean motherfucker, she's a great cocksucker,   
She's a Harriette, she fucks!

**She Likes It In The Kitchen**

She likes it in the kitchen,

She likes it in the kitchen,

She likes it in the kitchen,

And kitchen means butt!

**Skeeter on my Peter**

Tune: If You’re Happy And You Know It

There’s a skeeter on my peter, wack it off, (wack it off!)

There’s a skeeter on my peter, wack it off, (wack it off!)

There’s a dozen on my cousin’s,

I can here the fucker’s buzzin,

There’s a skeeter on my peter, wack it off!

**Soldier Song**

Asshole, asshole, a soldier I will be,   
To piss, to piss, two pistols on my knee,   
For cunt, for cunt, for country or for Queen

Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,   
A soldier I will be.   
Drink it down, down, down . . .

**Song of Six Checks**

Tune: Sing a Song of Six Pence

Sing a song of six checks,

A pocket full of flour,

Four-and-twenty hashers,

Lost on trail for hours.

And when they found the beer check,

There wasn’t any there,

They all agreed to go On-In,

And kill the fucking hares!

**Ten Toes**

**Tune: Looney Tunes**

Here's to the game called 'Ten Toes'  
That's played all over town.  
The women play with ten toes up.  
And the men with ten toes down, down, down.

**The Tired Hasher**

Tune: The Itsy-Bitsy Spider

The Stuttgart Hasher went trudging up the hill,

Stopped at the Beer Check and there he drank his fill,

And when the trail was over, his shoes were muddy brown.

Though he was drunk already, he had to drink it down, down, down, down...

**Trojan’s are a Girl’s Best Friend**

Tune: Diamonds are a Girl’s Best Friend

A poke with a bloke may be quite incidental,  
Trojan is a girl's best friend,  
You may get the works  
But you won't be parental.  
As he slides it in,  
You trust that good old latex skin  
As he lets fly, none gets by  
'Cos it's all gathered up in the end.  
This little precaution  
Avoids an abortion  
Trojan is a girl's best friend.

**Twinkle Twinkle Little Hasher**

Tune: Twinkle Twinkle Little Star

Twinkie, twinkie, little Hasher,  
Can't you suck a little faster?  
Down upon my meat so slow,  
Like a whale about to blow,  
Twinkie, twinkie, little Hasher,  
Can't you suck a little faster?

**Why was He Born So Beautiful?**

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 asshole to me.

Drink it down, down, down, down

**Wings of an Eagle**

Tune: My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean)

If I had the wings of an eagle,

If I had the eyes of a crow,

I'd fly above all God's creations,

And shit on the hashers below.

Shit on, shit on,

Shit on the hashers below, below

Shit on, shit on,

Shit on the hashers below!

**Zulu Warrior**

 Olé zooma zooma zooma

Olé zooma zooma chief

Drink it down you Zulu warrior

Drink it down you Zulu chief

Drink it down you Zulu warrior

Drink it down you Zulu chief, chief, chief!

RA SONGS

**No Whistle**

Tune: Looney Tunes

You seem somewhat forgetful,

Remind you?  Maybe this’ll,

Next time you come, don’t be so dumb,

Just bring your fucking whistle!

**Thank God He/She Finally Shut Up**

Tune: Looney Tunes

(Quibling)

Thank God she finally shut up,

She’s always fuckin’ bitchin’,

Now drink your beer, get out of here,

Get back into the kitchen!

**Where, Oh Where were you last week?**

(Long Time No See, Returnees)

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 Drink it all Down, Drink all of that Beer

You Fat Lazy Bastards, You weren't even here.

So we fucked all the virgins and drank all the Beer.

Drink it down, down, down, down . .

**New Shoes**

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

His feet will feel the damp-ness of the clean foot-ware he's worn  
His soul will sense the shame and wish that he had not been born  
All of him will suffer pain like shiggy's sharpest thorn  
This Ha-sher's worn new shoes!

Virgins #1

**Bye Bye Virgins**

Put your back against the wall

Here we come

Balls and all

Bye, Bye Virgin

What we got it ain’t a lot

But what we got will fill your twot

Bye, Bye Virgin

Won’t your mother be disgusted

When she finds your cherry’s busted

Bye, Bye, Virgin

So wrap your legs around

A little tighter, Ohh

Can’t you feel my load is getting lighter, So

Shake your ass and wiggle your tits

Until my little pecker spits

Cherry Bye, Bye

Virgins #2

**WE’VE GOT VIRGINS**

Tune: 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 . . .

**Hashit Song**

This is your Hashit, your only Hashit

For being stupid

On trail today

Now you must hold it,

Until you pass it

Oh please take the Hashit away

Chants

**Head**

Head, who said head!?

I’ll take some of that!

And I did, and it was great!

And there was much rejoicing,

And then we fucked,

We fucked for hours

Uprooting trees, shrubs and flowers and shit

Like Vikings with Horns on our heads (arggh)

And then she licked my asshole

It wasn’t fun, It wasn’t funny

It was dangerous

So I’m taking my (hasher), my (hasher) and my (hasher)

And I’m going home,

So fuck you, you fucking fuck (FUCKING FUCK!, FUCK)

**Lips**

Lips, Who said lips,

She can sit on my anytime,

And the line starts here

**Virgins**

Virgins, we don’t want virgins

We want whores,

We don’t want women who taste good

We want women that taste like beer

(Women) A good man is hard to find

(Men) But a hard man is easy to find

In the butt, baaaaallllls deep,

Balls deep motherfucker.