

### International Hash Hymn

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

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

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.

*(Humming 1x)*

*(Silence 1x)*

And 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.

Swing low, sweet chariot,

Coming for to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet chariot,

Coming for to carry me home.



### Huandaolu Xiamen H3 Song Book



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**Drunken Hasher** (Tune-Drunken Sailor)

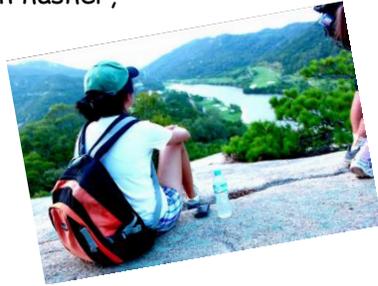
**Chorus:** What shall we do with the drunken hasher,  
What shall we do with the drunken hasher,  
What shall we do with the drunken hasher,  
After all the down-downs?

**Verses:** There he goes again - pukin' in the bushes,  
There he goes again - pukin' in the bushes,  
There he goes again - pukin' in the bushes,  
After all the down-downs.

Take away his whistle, send him on a BT,  
He'll take a wizz behind the old oak tree,  
Then he'll blow his nose on his old shirty,  
After all the down-downs.

Then we'll shave his ass with a rusty razor,  
Shave his crotch with a new-fangled laser,  
Zap him in the ass with a copper's tazer,  
After all the down-downs.

That's what we'll do with the drunken hasher,  
That's what we'll do with the drunken hasher,  
That's what we'll do with the drunken hasher,  
After all the down-downs.



**Our Lager**

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.  
Lead us not into incarceration, but deliver us from hangovers.  
For thine is the Beer, the Bitter, and the Lager,  
Barmen.

**Harriette Song**

(Tune-Turkey in the Straw)  
Well the wiggle of her ass  
Would make a dead man cum,  
And the nipples on her tits  
Are the size of my thumb.  
She's a mean motherfucker;  
She's a great cock-sucker;  
She's a har-ri-ette!

**Hasher Song**

(Tune-Turkey in the Straw)  
Well the dimples in his cheeks  
Would make a butt chug fun,  
As the turds from his ass  
Roll off of your tongue.  
He's a gay motherfucker.  
He's a great cock-sucker;  
He's a harrier!

**Whinger's Song** (Tune-Careless Whisper)

So you're never gonna walk again  
Useless feet, you've got no vision  
Though it's easy to ascend, it's just another hill.  
You should have known better than to whinge again.  
The wasted words that you've been giving  
So you're never gonna walk again.  
Just stop your crying boo hoo hooooooooooooooooo.

**Pisspot Song**

Here's to (Hasher's name), s/he's true blue.  
S/he's a Hasher through and through.  
S/he's a pisspot so they say,  
S/he'll never go to heaven in a long long way



**This Is A Hashing Song**

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

**Does A Hasher?** (Tune-Do Your Ears 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. . .

**Amazing Hash** (Tune-Amazing Grace) Milestones

Amazing Hash, how sweet the trail  
That saved a wretch like me  
I once was lost, but now I'm found  
The On-In now I see!

**Just** two more blobs and I'll be in  
There waits the beer for me  
And when I'm there, I'll drink my share  
Till they get rid of me!



**S/He's The Meanest**

S/He's the meanest, s/he sucks the horse's penis  
S/He's the meanest, s/he's the horse's ass.  
Ever since s/he found it, all s/he does is pound it  
S/He's the meanest, s/he's the horse's ass.  
So drink! Chug a Lug, Chug a Lug, Chug a lug

**Why Are We Waiting?** (Tune-Oh Come All Ye Faithful)

Why are we waiting, \_ Could be masturbating,  
Oh, why are we wa-ai-ting, \_ So fuck-ing long.  
Why are we wait-ing, Could be fornicating,  
Oh, why-y are we wa-ai-ting? So fuck-ing long

**Here's To Brother/Sister ...**

Here's to brother (Hasher's name), brother (name), brother (name).  
Here's to brother (name), who's with us today.  
S/he eats it, s/he beats it. Good god s/he mistreats it.  
Here's to brother (name), who's with us today.  
So drink motherf\*\*\*er , drink motherf\*\*\*r, drink motherf\*\*\*er. . .

**Hash Hymn**

Himmmmm  
Himmmmm  
Fuuuck himmm

**What A Wank**

What a wank, what a wank,  
What a wank wank wank  
[repeat]

**My God How The Money Rolls In** (Tune - My Bonnie)

**Verse:** 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.

**Other Verses:** 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.

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

**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.

**I've lost** all me cash on the horses,  
I'm sick from the illicit gin.  
I'm falling in love with me sister,  
My God what a mess I am in.



**Sing**

**Sing**, sing a song, Sing out bawdy, Sing out strong,  
Sing of good trails not bad, Sing of happy not sad.  
**Sing**, sing a song, Make it simple, to last the whole hash long,  
Don't worry that it's not clean enough for little ones' ears to hear,  
Just sing, sing a song. (Just sing, sing a song.)  
La, la  
**Sing**, sing a song, Let the circle sing along,  
Sing of sex there could be, Sing for you and for me  
**(Repeat second verse)**

**Bestiality's Great** (Tune-Tie Me Kangaroo Down)

**Chorus:** Bestiality's great, mate, Bestiality's great (Fuck a wallaby!)

Bestiality's great, mate, Bestiality's great.

**Verses:**

**Slip** your slew to a ewe, Lou, Slip your slew to a ewe (Bestiality!)

No one cares if you do, Lou, So, slip your slew to a ewe.

**Stick** your lug in a slug, Doug, Stick your lug in a slug (Bestiality!)

Put a grin on your mug, Doug, And, stick your lug in a slug.

**Have** a fuck with a duck, Chuck, Have a fuck with a duck (Bestiality!)

Some guys get all the luck, Chuck, Go on, have a fuck with a duck.

**Hit** the clit of a gnat, Matt, Hit the clit of a gnat (Bestiality!)

Isn't that just where it's at, Matt, Hit the clit of a gnat.

**Making** love to a horse, Morse, Making love to a horse (Bestiality!)

Sometimes you gotta use force, Morse, When making love to a horse.

**Yesterday** (The Beatles)

**Yesterday**, all my muscles seemed to feel OK.

Now my body doesn't work today. Oh I went hashing yesterday.

**Muscles** ache, they'd be better if I'd stayed in bed,

Now it feels as if they're made of lead,

Oh, I wish I'd stayed home instead.

**Why** I ran that hash, was so rash, but what the heck.

Now its clear I'm a mere physical wreck.

**Bloodshot** eyes, and my tongue is twice its normal size,

It's at times like this I realize, Hashing isn't all that wise.

**Why** I drank that beer, isn't clear, it's just a blur.

I don't feel so young, and my tongue is lined with fur.

**Yesterday**, running seemed a healthy game to play.

Now my body is in disarray. Oh I went hashing yesterday

(mmm-mm-mmm. . .)

**Father Abraham**

Father Abraham, had seven sons. Seven sons had father Abraham.

And he never laughed and he never cried, all he did was go like this—

(Sing and move your hands, feet, butt, head, tongue etc)

**Front Running Bastards** (Tune-Daydream Believer)

**I** could hash and drink beer, as the trail disappears,

At 6 o'clock this wanker stumbles in.

Down, down, down, down, down, down, down

**Drink** up Mutant Gene, oh what can it mean,

To a front running bastard, who's a cross-dressing queen.

Down, down . . .

**Slow Running Bastards**

我在这,等着你过来

等着你过来,你的大华彩

(重复一次)

哎哟哎哟,你跑得那么慢

哎哟哎哟,你跑得那么慢

Down, down . . .

Wǒ zài zhè, děng zhe nǐ guò lái

Děng zhe nǐ guò lái,

Nǐ de dà huá cǎi

(repeat once)

Āi yō āi yō, Nǐ pǎo de nà me màn

Āi yō āi yō, Nǐ pǎo de nà me màn

**Why Was S/he Born So Beautiful** (Best Dressed Hasher)

Why was s/he born so pitiful? Why was s/he born at all?

S/he's no fuckin' use to anyone, s/he's no fuckin' use at all.

**S/he Ought To Be Publicly Pissed On** (Worst Dressed Hasher)

(Tune-My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

S/he ought to be publicly pissed on, S/he ought, to be publicly shot,

S/he ought to be tied to a urinal, and left there to fester and rot.

**Birthdays:** (Tune-The Volga Boatmen)

Happy Birthday! <thud!> Happy Birthday! <thud!>

Death, destruction, and despair

People dying everywhere

Happy Birthday! <thud!> Happy Birthday! <thud!>

Children dying far and near

They say that cancer's caused by beer

So, Hashy birthday, fuck you, Hashy birthday, fuck you,

Hashy birthday, you asshole, Hashy birthday, fuck you



### Drinking Song (Tune-山人乐队《酒歌》)

阿表哥喝啤酒, 阿表妹喝啤酒    Ā biǎo gē hē píjiǔ, ā biǎomèi hē píjiǔ  
阿表哥你喜欢不喜欢也要喝    Ā biǎo gē nǐ xǐhuan bù xǐhuan yě yào hē  
不喜欢也要喝, 不喜欢也要喝    Bù xǐhuan (yě yào hē)  
管你喜欢不喜欢也要喝    Bù xǐhuan (yě yào hē)  
Guǎn nǐ xǐhuan bù xǐhuan yě yào hē

### Shitty Trail (Tune-Mickey Mouse Clubhouse)

#### **S-H-I-T-T-Y T-R-A-I-L**

Shitty trail (It sucked!), Shitty trail (Really sucked!),  
These dopey hares laid a shitty trail.  
I would rather drink a beer than hash that shitty trail,  
S-H-I-T-T-Y T-R-A-I-L, Down, down, down, down

### 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 drunked up,  
**Down** the hatch, down the hatch, So drink it down, down, down . . .

### Slackers

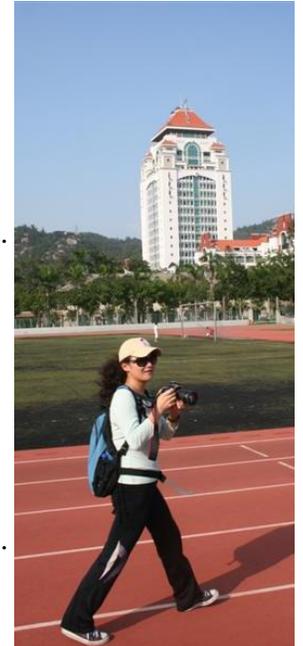
**Where**, Oh where were you last month?  
Why did you make us hash all alone?  
You fat lazy bastards, you weren't even here.  
So we fucked all the virgins and drank all the beer.  
**Down**, down, drink it all down  
Drink it all down, drink all of that beer  
You fat lazy bastards, you weren't even here.  
So we fucked all the virgins and drank all the beer. Down, down . . .

### Hashers (Tune-The Flintstones)

**Hashers**, meet the hashers, they're the biggest drunks in history,  
From the town of Xiamen, 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...

### The Engineer's Dream

**An** engineer told me before he died, Ah-hum, ah-hum,  
I have no reason to believe he lied. Ah-hum, ah-hum,  
He had a wife with a pussy so wide,  
That she could never be satisfied, Ah-hum, ah-hum, ah-hum, ah-hum  
**So** he built a bloody great wheel. . .  
Two balls of brass and a prick of steel. . .  
The balls of brass he filled with cream.  
And the big machine was driven by steam. . .  
**He** tied her ankles to the bed. . .  
He tied her wrists above her head. . .  
There she lay demanding a fuck,  
He shook her hand and wished her luck. . .  
**Round** and round went the bloody great wheel. . .  
In and out went the prick of steel. . .  
Up and up went the level of steam,  
Down and down went the level of cream. . .  
**Till** at last the maiden cried. . .  
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied!" . . .  
Now we come to the tragic bit,  
There was no way of stopping it. . .  
**Round** and round went the bloody great wheel. . .  
In and out went the prick of steel. . .  
Up and up went the level of steam,  
Down and down went the level of cream. . .  
**She** was split from ass to tit. . .  
And the big machine was covered in shit. . .  
The moral of this story is mighty clear,  
Never fuck an engineer. . .



### In Heaven

In heaven there is no beer,  
That's why we drink it here.  
And when we're gone from here, Our  
friends will be drinking all our beer.

### Hitler

Hitler has only got one ball  
Goering's are purple and small  
Himmler's are somewhat similar  
And Goebbels got no balls at all

### Yogi Bear Song

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

**Yogi** has a little friend, Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo  
 Yogi has a little friend, Boo-Boo Boo-Boo bear  
 Boo-Boo bear, Boo-Boo bear  
 Yogi has a little friend, Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo bear  
**Boo-Boo** likes it upside down, Koala, Koala  
 Boo-boo likes it upside down, Koala koala bear.  
 Koala koala bear, koala koala bear  
 Boo-boo likes it upside down. Koala, koala bear

**(there are many, many more):**

**Boo-Boo** has a girlfriend, Cyndi, Cyndi  
**Cyndi** wears crotchless undies, Teddy, Teddy  
**Cyndi** likes it on the ice, Polar, Polar  
**Cyndi** gets what she deserves, Pregnant, Pregnant  
**Yogi** has a girlfriend, Suzi, Suzi  
**Suzi** likes it up the rear, Brown, Brown  
**Yogi's** stick is green and long, Cucum, Cucum,  
**Suzi's** snatch it smells like cheese, Camem, Camem  
**Suzi's** boyfriend has no teeth, Gummi, Gummi  
 Song ender: **Yogi** he has HIV, Dying, Dying.



### Dough, Ray, Me (Tune-Do, Re, Mi)

**Dough**, the stuff, that buys me beer,  
**Ray**, the guy who serves me beer,  
**Me**, the guy who drinks the beer,  
 Far, a long way to my beer,  
 So I'll have another beer,  
 La, la, la, la, la, la beer,  
 Tea, no thanks I'll have a beer,  
 And that brings us back to,  
 Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer!

Doh! 啤酒, 我买啤酒!  
 Ray 先生给我啤酒!  
 Me, 我一个人喝酒!  
 Far, 很远到我啤酒!  
 So, 我觉得我要酒!  
 La, 啦啦啦啦酒!  
 Tea? 不要只要啤酒!  
 我们回到啤酒, 酒酒酒酒!

### My Bonnie

My bonnie lies over the ocean, My bonnie lies over the sea.  
 My bonnie lies over the ocean, Please bring back my bonnie to me.  
 Bring back, bring back, Please bring back my bonnie to me, to me  
 Bring back oh bring back, Please bring back my Bonnie to me

### Zulu Warrior

A lay zoomba zoomba zoomba, a lay zoomba zoomba HEY!  
 A lay zoomba zoomba zoomba, a lay zoomba zoomba HEY!  
 Drink it down, you Zulu warrior,  
 Drink it down, you Zulu chief, chief, chief!

### Soldier Song

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



### Who Needs Sex

(Tune-Three Blind Mice)  
 Who needs sex? Who needs sex?  
 It's no fun. It's no fun,  
 You chase after women and what do you get?  
 You grumble and fumble and break out in sweat,  
 You wake up at daylight just deeper in debt,  
 So who needs sex? Who needs sex?

### Fourskin Song

My one skin hangs down to my two skin.  
 My two skin hangs down to my three.  
 My three skin hangs down my fourskin.  
 My fourskin hangs down to my knee.  
 Roll back, roll back, roll back my fourskin for me, for me.  
 Roll back, roll back, roll back my fourskin for me.