

GLASGOW HASH HYMN BOOK

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1. GH3 Song

We are the Glasgow hashers
We are the backstreet bashers
We run in sunshine, but mostly in rain
We cross the purple heather
Through mud and awful weather
We are the Glasgow hashers
Long may we run

2. Are You Lonesome Tonight?

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 blue sky?
When you think of the beer, do you wail?
Do the sores on your feet seem to blister with puss?
Do you gaze down the road and you wish for a bus?
Are your legs filled with paid?
Will you short-cut again?
Tell me, dear, are you lonesome tonight?

3. Shitty Trail

S-H-I-T-T-Y T-R-A-I-L
Shitty trail (shitty trail)
Shitty trail (shitty trail)
The hares have laid a really shitty trail
I would rather drink a beer than hash your shitty trail
S-H-I-T-T-Y T-R-A-I-L

4. Get a 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, get a life, life, life
Get a life, get a life, life, life

5. Drunken Hasher

What shall we do with the drunken hasher?
What shall we do with the drunken hasher?
What shall we do with the drunken hasher?
Standing in the circle
Down the hatch is the only answer
Down the hatch is the only answer
Down the hatch is the only answer
Standing in the circle

6. Brother Hasher

Here's to brother hasher, brother hasher, brother hasher
Here's to brother hasher, he may chug-a-lug
He's happy, he's jolly, he's messed up by golly
Here's to brother hasher may he chug-a-lug

7. Wrong, Wrong, Wrong

Wrong, wrong, wrong!
Bad, bad, bad!
Down, down, down!

8. All Australians

All Australians are born illegitimate,
Born illegitimate, born illegitimate
All Australians are born illegitimate,
Born illegitimate, 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

They don't know – who their father is
Who their father is, who their father is
They don't know – who their father is
Bastards through and through

9. Twenty Toes

There's a game I know called twenty toes
It's played all over town
The women play with ten toes up
The men with ten toes down

10. She's All Right

She's all right, she's all right
She's a little flat chested
But she's all right

11. Hashy Birthday

Hashy birthday, fuck you
Hashy birthday, fuck you
Hashy birthday dear _____
Hashy birthday, fuck you

12. Fester and Rot

He ought to be publicly pissed on
He ought to be publicly shot (bang bang)
He ought to be tied to a urinal
And left there to fester and rot

13. Visitors' Song

Hashers, meet the hashers
They're the biggest drunks in history
From the, town of _____
They're the leaders in debauchery
Half-minds, trailing shaggy through the years
Watch them as they down a load of beers
Down down, down down down down
Down down down down down down down down
Dwon down down down down donw down down ... (Wilma!)

14. Your Down Down Song

This is your down down song
It isn't very long

15. Alcoholics' Anthem (*Men of Harlech*)

What's the use of drinking tea,
Indulging in sobriety,
And teetotal perversity?
It's healthier to booze.

What's the use of milk and water,
These are drinks that never oughter
Be allowed in any quarter
Come on lose your blues.

Mix yourself a shandy,
Down yourself in brandy,
Sherry sweet or whisky neat,
Or any other liquor that's handy.

There's no blinking use in drinking
Anything that doesn't make you stinking
There's no happiness like sinking
Blotto to the floor.

16. A Soldier I Will Be

Ass-hole, ass-hole, a soldier I will be
To piss, to piss, two pistols on my knee
For cunt, for cunt, for country and for queen
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,
A soldier I will be

17. Glory Ale and Lager

His eyes have seen the horror of the steepness of the trail.
His ears have heard the whining of the whingeing hashers tale.
His lips have felt the passing of the nation's finest ale.
This hashers done it all.

Glory, glory ale and lager
Glory, glory ale and lager
Glory, glory ale and lager
Now drink it down, down, down.

18. New Shoes

His feet will feel the dampness of the clean footwear he's worn.
His soul will sense the shame and wish that he and not been born
All of him will suffer pain like shiggy's sharpest thorn
This hashers worn new shoes!

19. Naming Song (*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 every week.

20. Stupid

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

21. Moaners

We're fed up with your moanin'
We're fed up with your bitchin'
Now drink your beer,
Get our of here
And get back in the kitchen

22. Horse's Arse

He's the meanest
He sucks the horse's penis
He's the meanest
He's a horse's arse

Ever since he found it,
All he does is pound it,
He's the meanest,
He's a horse's arse

23. 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.

24. Dickey Di-do (For Hares)

One black one, one white one
And one with a bit of shite on
And one with a fairy light on
To show us the was

And the hairs (and the hairs)
And the hairs (and the hairs)
And the hairs of her dickey di-do
Hung down to her knees

25. Finnish Down Down Song

Hip

26. Swedish Down Down Song

Nu

27. Zulu Warrior

Allez zoomba zoomba zoomba
Allez zoomba zoomba hey!
Allez zoomba zoomba zoomba
Allez zoomba zoomba hey!
Drink it down, you Zulu warrior,
Drink it down, you Zulu chief, chief, chief, chief, chief

28. Bull Shit (*Bonny Lies Over the Ocean*)

Bull shit, bull shit
It all sounds like bullshit to me, to me
Bull shit, bull shit
It all sounds like bullshit to me

29. Mrs Murphy

Take it in your hand Mrs Murphy,
For it only weighs a quarter of a pound.
It's got hair on its neck like a turkey,
And it spits when you rub it up and down down down down

29 No Fucking Use

He's no fucking use to anyone
He's no fucking use at all

30 Traditional

Here's to _____ he's a blue
He's a hasher through and through
He's a pisspot so they say
And he'll never get to Heaven in a long long way

31 Swing Low

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

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