



The Voodoo Hash House Harriers
 Hash Hymnal

Voodoo Hash

Tune: [Voodoo Shoppe](#)

Tips on Tchoupitoulas
Bulldog on Magazine
Lucy's in the Warehouse
Rock n' Bowl in Mid City
If you're in the French Quarter or the
Marigny
Way Uptown or in the CBD
Voodoo Hash, Voodoo Hash
Drinkin' our beers with the Voodoo Hash
Voodoo Hash, Voodoo Hash
Drinkin' our beers with the Voodoo Hash

The Benediction

Tune: Spoken

Our G, who's lost on trail,
Blessed be this hash.
From flour marks, through streets and
parks,
On on to here in circle.

Give us this day our down down beers,
and forgive us for trespassing,
As we accuse those that point fingers
amongst us.
And lead us not into YBFs,
but deliver us to on after.

In the name of the flour, the fun, and the
holy run, may the hash go in peace.

Hares' Song

Chorus:

And the hairs, (and the hairs), and the
hairs, (fuck the hairs),
And the hairs on her dicky-di-do hung
down to her knees.

One black one, one white one,
And one with a bit of shite on,
And one with a little light on to show us
the way
And the hairs on her dicky-di-do hung
down to her knees.

Shitty Trail

Tune: [The Mickey Mouse Clubhouse
Theme Song](#)

S-H-I, T-T-Y,
T-R-A-I-L,
Shitty trail, (It sucked!)
Shitty trail, (It blew!)
The hares have gone and laid a shitty
trail,
I would rather drink my beer than run
your shitty trail,
S-H-I, T-T-Y,
T-R-A-I-L.

Virgin Song

Tune: [Annie Lisle](#)

High above the virgin's garter
High above her knee
Lies the secret of her honor
Her virginity
Roll her over, oh so softly
Gently in the grass.
This is what we live and die for,
Piece of virgin ass.

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.

Short Virgin Song

Put your hands against the wall
Here we come, balls and all!
Bye, bye virgins

Hashy Birthday

Tune: [Happy Birthday](#)

Hashy birthday, fuck you,
Hashy birthday, fuck you,
Hashy birthday, you asshole,
Hashy birthday, fuck you.

Why Are We Waiting?

Tune: [O Come All Ye Faithful](#)

Why are we waiting?
We could be fornicating,
Oh, why are we waiting,
So fucking long.

Variants: The word “fornicating” can be replaced with any word ending in “-ating” e.g. “masturbating,” “ovulating,” “dictating,” etc.

Here's to... (naming song)

Here's to _____,
They're true blue,
They're a hasher through and through,

They're a piss-pot,
So they say,

Tried to go to heaven,
But they went the other way.

Where Were You Last Week?

Tune: [Where Were You Last Night \(Hee-Haw\)](#)

Where, oh where, were you last week?
Why did you make us hash all alone?
You fat lazy bastard you weren't even
here,
So we fucked all the virgins and drank all
the beer!

Down, down, drink it all down
Why did you make us hash all alone?
You fat lazy bastard you weren't even
here,
So we drank all the virgins and fucked all
the beer!

Head Chant

Tune: Chant

Head! Who said head?
I'll take some of that,
And I did, and it was good,
And there was much rejoicing!

And then we fucked.
We fucked for hours,
Uprooting trees, and shrubs, and flowers
and shit,
Like Vikings, with horns on our head!

Head! Who said head?
I'll take some of that!

Ziggy Zaggy

Tune: Chant

Ziggy Zaggy
Ziggy Zaggy
Oye, Oye, Oye

Ziggy Zaggy
Ziggy Zaggy
Oye, Oye, Oye

(Usually sung when a hasher makes the
mistake of repeating a song in circle)

Soldier Song

Tune: [Eine Kleine Nachtmusik](#)

Asshole, asshole, 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
Drink it down, down, down, down...

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 me beer,
Fa, a long long way for beer
So, I'll have another beer,
La, la, la, la, la la la
Tea, no thanks I'll have a beer,
And that brings us back to,
Down, down, down, down . . . (etc)

Give me an O

Tune: Call and Response

Give me an O

O!

Give me an R

R!

Give me a G

G!

Give me a Y

Y!

What's that spell?

ORGY!

What does that take?

TEAMWORK!

Here's to Brother Hasher

Tune: [Ach, Du Lieber Augustin](#)

Here's to brother 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.

Hot Vagina

Tune: [I've Been Working on the Railroad](#)

Hot vagina for your breakfast,
Hot vagina for your lunch (PUSSY!),
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.

Canal Street

I was walking down Canal Street, I knocked on
every door

God damn sonofabitch, I couldn't find a whore

I finally found a whore, she was tall and thin
God damn sonofabitch, I couldn't get it in

I finally got it in, I moved it all around
God damn sonofabitch, I couldn't get it out

I finally got it out, it was covered all in sores
You stupid fuckin' hasher, don't fuck New
Orleans whores!

Two weeks later, I went to take a piss
God damn sonofabitch, she gave me syphilis!

I went to the doctor, this is what he said
You stupid fuckin' hasher, You should have
gotten head!

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 four
skin,
His four skin hangs down to his knee.

Roll back, roll back,
Oh roll back his four skin for me, for me!
Roll back, roll back
Oh roll back his four skin for me, for me

Her Left Tit

Tune: [My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean](#)

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

She'd get, She'd get
She'd get lots of weenie from me, from
me!
She'd get, She'd get
She'd get lots of weenie from me

Pissonya

Pissonya, pissonya, pissonya
In Russian it means I love you
If I had my way I'd piss on ya all day
Pissonya, pissonya, pissonya

Shitonya, shitonya, shitonya
In Russian it means I adore you
If I had my way I'd shit on ya all day
Shitonya, shitonya, shitonya

Cumonya, cumonya, cumonya
In Russian it means I need you
If I had my way I'd cum on ya all day
Cumonya, Shitonya, Pissonya

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's code for butt!

There's a Skeeter

Tune: [If You're Happy and You Know It](#)

There's a skeeter on my peter, whack it
off
There's a skeeter on my peter, whack it
off
There's a dozen on my cousin
I can hear those fuckers buzzin'
There's a skeeter on my peter, whack it
off

To the F

Tune: [William Tell Overture](#)

To the F, to the F, to the F U C
To the F U C K Y O U
To the F, to the F, to the F U C
To the K, to the Y O U

Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you
Fuck you in the morning
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you
Fuck in the night (Hey!)

To the F, to the F, to the F U C
To the F U C K Y O U
To the F, to the F, to the F U C
To the K, to the Y O U

What a Wank

Tune: [William Tell Overture](#)

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank,
wank, wank,

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank,
wank, wank,

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank,
wank, wank,

What a wank, what a wank, wank, wank,

Who's got Weiner Breath?

Who's got weiner breath?
You've got weiner breath!

Cause, you've, 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 it's corn on the cob
Suckin that ding-a-ling
(Ding-a-ling-a-ling)

Who's got Pussy Breath?

Who's got pussy breath?
You've got pussy breath!

Cause, you've, been
Doin that cunn-a-ling
(Cunn-a-ling-a-ling)
Doin that cunn-a-ling
(Cunn-a-ling-a-ling)
Lickin that clam, like it's raspberry jam
Doin that cunn-a-ling
(Cunn-a-ling-a-ling)

Why Were You Born So Beautiful?

Why were you born so beautiful,
Why were you born at all.
You're no fucking use to anyone,
You're no fucking use at all.
You may be a joy to your mother,
But you're a pain in the asshole to me!

You Ought to be...

You ought to be thoroughly pissed on,
You ought to be publicly shot, (bang
bang!)
You ought to be tied to a urinal,
And left there to fester and rot,
Drink it down, down, down . . .

Put Your Right Leg

Tune: [Dem Bones](#)

Put your right leg over my, shoulder
Put your left leg over my, shoulder,
[Cover mouth and sing muffled]
Mm Mm Mm Mm Mm Mm Mm Mm Mm

Have yourself a snack

Did You Ever Stop to Wonder?

Did you ever stop to wonder
If your mom gave dad a blowjob
Right before she kissed you good night?

You're 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

You're Stupid (version 2)

You're stupid, you're stupid,
We all like you the least
If it wasn't for your father
You'd be a glob of yeast

Safety Hash

Tune: [The Safety Dance](#)

Lyrics: Dental Dam-zel

You can hash if you want to
You can leave your friends behind
Cause your friends don't hash
And if they don't hash
Then they're no friends of mine.

Do the check 'cause you ought to
if you don't nobody will
You can stand on the street
and look at your feet
or you can go out and find the trail

I said, Drink it down, drink it down
Everybody lose control
Drink it down, drink it down
They're doing it from pole to pole...

Hash House Harriers

Tune: [The Addams Family](#)

Lyrics: Jim "Whiff" Montgomery,
Pittsburgh H3

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

Chorus:

Da Da Da Da (Snap twice) [X2]
Da Da Da Da, Da Da Da Da, Da Da Da Da
(Snap twice)

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

Incest Time in Texas

Tune: [Yellow Rose of Texas](#)

When it's incest time in Texas,
And no pussy 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!

It's a Small Dick

Tune: [It's a Small World](#)

Well it's not real long and it's not real
thick
And it's not real wide, it's a little dick.
I'm afraid to admit that it's covered in shit
It's a small dick after all
It's a small dick after all
It's a small dick after all
And it only gets smaller with alcohol
It's a small, small dick

Rubber Dicky

Tune: [Rubber Ducky](#)

Rubber Dicky
You're the one
Who makes bedtime
So much fun
Rubber Dicky
I'm awfully fond of
Rubber Dicky
You're a magical wand of
Rubber Dicky you're the only
One for me

Barney's Hash Song

Tune: [I Love You](#)

I love you!
You love Me!
We'll go hashing wait and see
With a great big mug and
A beer from me to you
First we'll down down then we'll screw!

Please Tell Me Why

Tune: [My Own Worst Enemy](#), Lit

Please tell me why
I hashed with all these drunkards last
night
And I've got women's clothes on
I'm with a girl I don't know
And she's going down, down, down,
down

This Hand is Your Hand

Tune: [This Land is Your Land](#)

This hand is your hand
This gland is my gland
So stroke it slowly
And make my thing stand
We'll play forever
We'll come together
Your hand was made to stroke my gland.

Twelve Days of Hashmas (Version 3)

Tune: [Twelve Days of Christmas](#)

Twelve heinous sins,
Eleven hashers drinking,
Ten tits a-swinging,
Nine S. C. B.'s swimming,
Eight whistles blowing,
Seven long B. T.'s,
Six puffs of flour,
Five frosty beers!
Four bimbos walking,
Three hares a-laying,
Two D. O. T.'s,
And a trail with a lot of shiggy.

Hash Favorite Things

Tune: [My Favorite Things](#)

Penthouse and Playboy and something called Forum
They're what I use to help something start growing
Centerfolds spread-eagled showing me pink
These are a few of my favorite things
When I'm lonely- really lonely
And it's feeling hard
I simply remember my favorite things
And that's when it feels so good.

Dildos and vibrators and Vaseline jelly
That's what I use to set fires in my belly
In and out, up and down making me wet
These are a few of my favorite things
Men are useless, I don't need them
I'm the best I've had
I simply remember my favorite things
And then I don't feel so bad.

Hello Penis, My Old Friend

Tune: [The Sounds of Silence](#), Simon and Garfunkel

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 planted firmly in my
hand
It will expand
While jerking off in silence

Those who see and do not know
How to make my penis grow
I whipped you out so that 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 in silence

When the End of the Month Rolls Around

Tune: [The Caissons Go Rolling Along](#)

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling
well

When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the blotch that she's got a
leaky crotch

When the end of the month rolls around.

CHORUS:

For it's hi, hi, hee, in the Tampax factory,

Shout out your sizes loud and strong:

Junior, Regular, Super-Duper, Bale of Hay!

For where e're we go you will always know

When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the stain that she's in a lot of
pain

When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by her stance she's got cotton in
her pants

When the end of the month rolls around.

Chorus

You can tell by her stance that she's bleeding
in her pants

When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell that it itches by the way she
always bitches

When the end of the month rolls around.

Chorus

You can bet it ain't sweat but her underwear is
wet

When the end of the month rolls around.

You can tell by the stink that she isn't in the
pink

When the end of the month rolls around.

Bestiality's Best

Tune: [Tie Me Kangaroo Down](#)

Chorus: Bestiality's best, boys, bestiality's best

(echo) Fuck a wallaby!

Bestiality's best, boys, bestiality's best.

Shove your log in a dog, boys

shove your log in a dog

(echo) Fuck a wallaby!

Shove your log in a dog, boys, shove your log in a dog!

Up the rear of a dear...

Intercourse with a horse...

Chuck your sperm in a worm...

Give some cock to a crock...

Get in deep with a sheep...

Make it twirl in a squirrel...

Down the throat of a goat...

Sixty-nine with a swine...

Mate a gator then fellate her...

Give a lickin' to a chicken...

Up the back of a yak...

Put your noodle in a poodle...

Get a suck from a duck...

My Girl's a Vegetable

Tune: [My Gal's a Corker](#)

Chorus: My girl's a vegetable, she lives in a hospital,
I'll do most anything to keep her alive

She has no arms or legs, I call her my pony keg

She has long blonde hair, it's in patches here and there

She's got a new TV, it's called it an EKG

She can't get out of bed, but she can still give me head

She may not live the night, so she won't put up a fight

She's got an iron lung, but she can still give real good tongue

She's got a tracheotomy, that's another hole for me

Her ECG does not rise
Still she can part her thighs

She has no arms or legs
Just hooks and wooden pegs

She has no feet or hands
Her head's held on by rubber bands

She cannot hear, she cannot see
But she's got an oral cavity

She's had an episiotomy
That's a bigger hole for me
I'd do most anything to keep her alive

My girl has leprosy
Bits and pieces land all over me
I'd do most anything to keep her alive

There's one doctor I won't let in
That's Dr. Kevorkian
I'd do most anything to keep her alive

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