

# ***Angeles City Hash Songs***

***All new revised edition!***

***Compiled by Doggy Dave and Sunshine John of ACH3 in January 2010***

***Revised 2018***

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## INTRODUCTION

ACH3 is a keen singing hash. This is a collection of songs we sing for down-downs or at *Le Après Hash* (the piss up which continues until the beer runs out). It's not meant to be an encyclopaedia of the world's dirty songs.

Over the years we have accumulated a large number of our own original songs, over half of this collection. Songs composed by ACH3 members have their authors credited. We have tried to be scrupulously fair in crediting the authorship of every song here. Where the author is unknown it is listed as 'traditional'.

Where it is known, the approximate year of composition is shown. For older songs this is usually a guesstimate. We have added a few explanatory notes here and there about some songs and also some anecdotes about our hash's history, its traditions and some of its characters.

You may have heard some of our songs elsewhere, or seen their lyrics on the internet. Any song in the index prefixed with an asterisk (\*) is an original of ours.

With the exception of two pre-1984 songs, all ACH3 songs were composed within the memory and hash career of a number of current members. We can therefore verify the parentage of all of our songs and confidently claim them as being our very own little bastards. We have tried to include all verses of our originals, although we usually sing only one verse for any one down-down.

The remainder are hash songs from elsewhere, rugby songs or traditional bar room ballads. These 'other' songs are those we would (and still do) sing in the days before we began making up our own. The lyrics of most of these are well known and can easily be found elsewhere. We have mostly included only the one or two verses that get sung in our circle or at *Le Après Hash*.

Inevitably other people's lyrics have sometimes become forgotten or confused. In some cases we have adapted the original songs by replacing forgotten lyrics with our own. These songs are noted as being 'Adapted by ACH3'. Sometimes we have used someone else's song but have added new verses of our own. These are usually noted as 'This verse by (someone) ACH3'.

Where we believe we know the origin of songs from other hashes (via other hash song books for example), we have in good faith credited their authorship. Where some of us *think* we know who the author of a song was, but are not absolutely sure, then it is listed 'As told to us by (whoever)'.

At the completion of each down-down song the whole circle sings "So drink motherfucker!" or similar jolly words of encouragement to the recipient.

## **SOME SONGS WE DO NOT SING IN OUR CIRCLE**

### **1. He's a Hasher, He's True Blue**

Widely revered by many of the world's more polite hashes as being the mother of all hash songs, it is "de rigueur" in some circles. In fact, in some circles it is the *only* song they sing. Worse still, some hashes don't sing *any* songs at all!

Anyway, this song is bloody boring so we give it a miss.

### **2. Swing Low Sweet Chariot**

This is also bloody boring. Plus, it is England's unofficial rugby union song, and apart from the Poms, who wants England to win anything?

Also, in "ye days of old", The 'Dragon Lady' and her 'Harpies' used this song as an excuse to sexually humiliate whichever gentleman was doing a down-down at the time. These sordid acts inflicted great emotional suffering upon many innocent and clean living lads. Often, these young 'uns were so traumatised by the experience, that many of them went on to become serial killers or transvestite suicide bombers.

Even the more mature but less well endowed 'members' amongst us were often 'exposed' to ridicule and scorn at the 'hands' of these so-called ladies. Pity then any poor hasher who had a fat arse, a small 'willy' or only one ball!

So fuck it, we don't sing it. The memories are too painful.

### **3. The Twelve Days of Hashing**

This song is not only incredibly long and boring, but when Proposition visits us and sings it, it just goes on and on forever. Usually the circle loses interest and goes home hours before he has finished. But old Propo gets so carried away with his favourite song that he never notices that everyone else has buggered off. The poor bloke gets left all alone howling at the moon until late into the night...

OK! Altogether now lads!

On the 121st day of Hashing my true love said to me.....

On the 122<sup>nd</sup> day of Hashing my true love.....

On the 123<sup>rd</sup> day of Hashing.....

Bollocks to it! There is another life besides hashing.

## RAVE REVIEWS FROM AROUND THE WORLD FOR THE ANGELES SONGBOOK

“Well done moosh, this is fucking great! I pissed myself laughing!”

*Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second*

“Vile and turjud shit like this duz not dezerve publikation. Goddam you Anjeles

Hash! I pray that you’ll burn in hell you satanists!

*Sarah Palin*

“The hardcore lavatory ballads are sensational! They’ve led me to enjoy so many sly under-the-table ‘sherman tanks’ during my TV shows. Oh, it’s so secret and exciting! The rest of it is just liberal / commie crap. It must have been written by a Frenchman or by Barack O’Bama.”

*Bill O’Thuggery, c/o YMCA, San Francisco*

“This shit was too fuckin’ subtle to give me a boner! I wish the innuendo about goats and altar boys had been raunchier and far more explicit, know what I mean? (Innuendo, get it? Snigger, snort!)”

*Bill O’Buggery, ‘Maitre d’, YMCA Sauna Baths, San Francisco*

“I would have liked to see more jokes about nuns.”

*His Holiness the Pope*

“We goatherders and thieves in Filthystan were disappointed that you did not include the erotic rap ballad which is most favoured in our lovely twin cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. I refer of course to the live recording of “Gonna rip your rectum ‘cos yo’ my bitch” sung by Mike Tyson whilst he copulated with his unwilling cellmate Michael Jackson onstage at the San Quentin Prison Christmas pantomime.

At the time Mr Jackson had been playing the role of front end of the pantomime horse, however Mr Tyson, who had been playing the rear end, was overcome by a mighty lust. The smaller Michael got such a savage ‘freckle punching’ that he looked thoroughly fucked.

Wow! How the prison audience cheered! The bleeding and weeping young man was still bent over and touching his toes after ten curtain calls!

*The Mad Hatter, DJ at ‘Sods!’ the gayest disco and deli in all the Middle East*

“Frankly, at first glance it all seems to be mere filth of the most adolescent kind, and as subtle as a very loud fart. However, upon further reflection I discerned faint echoes of Carols from King’s College Cambridge” or even Handel’s “Messiah”, so yes, it does have a certain je ne sais quoi.”

*Quentin Fucknuckle’s Literary Review, in ‘Pseud’s Corner’, Private Eye Magazine*

“Unashamedly erotic! Some of these songs (pages **XX** and **XX**) have bravely smashed the last great taboo and mightily pushed forward the envelope of sexual tolerance. It’s great! I’m really digging it!

*Orpheus O’Morpheus, author of “Sex After Death, And Why It’s Cool”*

“If we hear any more songs taking the piss out of our hash, you lot in Angeles are fucking dead, especially that cunt Doggy Dave.”

*The Committee of The Pattaya Dirt Road Hash ... “The Dirtiest Hash in The World”*

## **FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT US**

Members of all of these 'clubs' come from the same ranks of Angeles City's derelict expat bums and dossers.

### **Angeles City Hash**

Founded 1978, the 'umbrella' hash for a number of 'shadow hashes' here in Angeles City.

### **Angeles Beach Hash**

Founded 1986, our monthly outing for gentlemen only.

#### **The Motto of Angeles Beach**

*There is no British Empire,  
There are no American Colonies,  
And there is no Beach in Angeles.*

### **Angeles Full Moon Hash**

Mixed hash. Runs / walks on full moon nights or the nearest vacant date.

### **Bushranger Hash**

Another monthly outing for gentlemen only

### **Mount Arayat Hash**

Founded 1999, our bi-weekly hiking hash (long walks).

### **Sundowner Hash**

A slightly shorter bi-weekly hiking hash (the hikes, not the hikers)

There are also other groups which are loosely termed as hashes:

### **Alien Hash**

Founded sometime in the late 1990's, involves convivial drinking and ogling and provides some exercise when walking between bars. This hash is a great one for serious believers in conspiracy theories about UFOs. Drinks twice weekly.

### **Motorbike Hash**

For serious dirt bike trail riders, rides fortnightly.

## **ABOUT THE SONGS**

Many visiting hashers, after having had a good crack in our circle, have asked for an updated collection of our songs to be posted on our website.

This collection of 'naughty' songs has been compiled principally for our own reference. ACH3 have no plans to print this in the form of an Official Angeles Hash Songbook.

So here it is.

Anyone who downloads this from our website and wishes to print copies for themselves is welcome to do so.

**IF YOU DO PRINT THIS OUT, PLEASE RETAIN ALL  
OF THE ACCREDITATIONS AS THEY ARE SHOWN HERE**

**IF YOU DO PRINT OUT ANY OF ACH3's ORIGINAL SONGS,  
PLEASE PRINT OUT EACH SONG IN ITS' ENTIRETY**

**PLEASE DO NOT ALTER OR OMIT ANY WORDS OR VERSES**

On a sad personal note, this will be my swan song as Song Master for 2009. Alas, I was defrocked, along with the rest of the 2009 politburo, at ACH3's recent AGPU (Annual General Piss Up).

Even as I write this, we the 2009 committee are now bravely smoking our last cigarettes and waiting for the sun to rise before we get stood up against the wall of The Anchorage to be shot. The new 2010 committee, now renamed The Inner Circle of The People's Democratic Hash, even made us bring our own blindfolds, the cheap bastards.

So farewell dear readers.

I hope that my own tombstone's epitaph shall read, (to paraphrase General Douglas McArthur's self-pitying farewell address to the US Congress):-

*His songs won't die,  
Or so they say,  
But like all his t-shirts,  
They'll just fade away.*

## **THE Angeles Hashional Anthem**

*Tune*                      *Rocky Mountain High*  
*Words*                     *D’Gill - ACH3*

*Pre-1984*

She was born in a grass hut near a town called Angeles,  
Destined to a life of poverty,  
But at the age of thirteen, she had a change of heart  
And she moved to downtown Angeles.

*Chorus*                 And it’s Pinatubo, Mount Arayat high,  
I’ve seen it raining ‘diamonds’ from the sky,  
Sit around Fields Avenue and fuck the TDYs.  
Mount Arayat high, Pinatubo. Mount Arayat high, Pinatubo.

She jumped in a jeepney with a stump broke karabaw  
To a place she’d heard about before.  
She learned to ‘pick up pesos’ from a bottle of San Miguel,  
Working overtime giving blow jobs in Astro Park,

*Chorus*                 *(the third line ends with “...and eat the Morgan’s Pies”)*

She heard the pay was better down in Subic Bay,  
Especially when the fleet was in,  
So she hopped a ‘Victory Liner’ all the way to Olongapo,  
Where she learned to do the ‘banana-cutter’ show.

*Chorus*                 *(the third line ends with “...and spew the Morgan’s Pies”)*

She learned to do the circuit, from Kimhe to Teghu,  
Keeping Dave Carlin’s prick alive,  
She’s a great tent heater! And she blows without Kimchi breath,  
All the boys along the DMZ.

*Chorus*                 *(the third line ends with “...and fuck the Morgan’s Pies!”)*

She married a lieutenant, and got a visa to The States  
The hope and dream, of all the bar girls here,  
But after a winter in Mynot, she froze her little twat,  
So she caught “The Freedom Bird” back to Angeles.

*Chorus*                 *(the third line ends with “...and fuck the TDYs”)*

## **DOUCHE!!**

*\* TDY: ‘temporary duty’ GI*

*At least one verse is sung to close our circle.*

*The circle points to Arayat or Pinatubo volcano as its name is sung. This is our most traditional song. Written by the venerable ‘D’Gill’, it defines Angeles Hash. The lyrics have evolved over the years to reflect our hash’s history, especially after the 1991 Mount Pinatubo eruption.*

## **HASHIONAL ANIMALS**

*Tune*

*Swinging On A Star*

*A whole series of "Swinging on a Star" / Animal songs was originally written by Bollox of Phuket H3. ACH3 use some of his verses, but over the years we have expanded on his theme and added new verses of our own.*

### **An Aussie Is An Animal**

*Original words*                      *Bollox - Phuket H3*

An Aussie is an animal with corks in his hat,  
He'd rather suck on piss than suck on twat.  
He keeps a 'roo for a rabbit, and a dingo for a dog,  
He can't think at all 'cos he's missing a cog.  
So if you're thick and your manners are a shocker,  
You could grow up to be an Ocker.

### **A Brit Is An Animal**

*Original words*                      *Bollox - Phuket H3*

A Brit is an animal that dri-inks warm beers,  
He whinges at everything he hears;  
He eats fish and chips and curry quite a bit,  
He never washes so he stinks like shit.  
So if you're scruffy and smelling rather strong  
You could grow up to be a Pom.

### **A Dutchman Is An Animal**

*These Words*                      *Jildo - ACH3*

*ca. 2008*

A Dutchman is an animal who wears big wooden clogs  
He has no time for Belgians, Krauts or Frogs  
His land is flat and watery, it's all held by by dikes  
They've no arse in their trousers 'cos they all ride round on bikes  
So if your pants are long and Baggy in the crutch  
It's highly likely that your Dutch

### **A Filipina Is An Animal**

*These Words*                      *Dances With Dogs - ACH3*

*2008*

A Filipina is an animal who eats \* bagoong  
And she'll only eat an egg when it's gone wrong - \*\* BALUT!  
Her favourite game is sleeping and eating bowls of rice,  
If you give her lots of money she'll treat you very nice,  
And in the karaoke bars you'll hear her sing  
"I only want a wedding ring".

\* *Bagoong* (pronounced *bag-o-ong*) is the Filipino name for a very popular and very smelly pinkish fish/shrimp sauce, the like of which is found throughout Southeast Asia. Its' lingering odour lends a pungent ambience to the 'colourful' and cracked toilet ceramics in the comfort rooms of our local cocktail lounges. When visiting hashers violently retch upon entering the bogs, they are often heard to remark, "Fuck me! Has Armpit been using this shitter?"

\*\* *Balut* is a duck egg, which after becoming embryonic, is then hard boiled. The standard of 'disgustingness' varies. The worst kind contains an embryo which has been hard boiled only hours before it was due to hatch. When you bite into it you are crunching on beak, bones, claws and placenta. Be warned! It is considerably worse than those famous Monty Python confections, 'Lark's Vomit Surprise' or 'Cockroach Ripple'.

### **A German Is An Animal**

*These Words*

*Jildo - ACH3*

*ca. 2007*

A German always has a little smile upon his face  
Because they think they are the master race  
They like beer, Brahms and blitzkrieg, Mercedes Benz and pork  
They like interrogation and 'haf vays to make you talk  
So if you'rr stiff necked and you have no sense of fun  
You could grow up to be a hun

### **A Jock Is An Animal**

*These Words*

*Doggy Dave - ACH3*

*1997*

A Jock is an animal that speaks Double-Dutch  
And they don't like the English very much;  
Their favourite game is football and they think they play it fine,  
But at every World Cup they get beat by Liechtenstein.  
So if you don't want your face to be a mess,  
Don't call a Scotsman's kilt a dress!

### **A Kiwi Is An Animal**

*These Words*

*Doggy Dave - ACH3*

*2008*

A Kiwi is an animal who really loves his wife,  
So when he gets married, it's for life!  
When he takes her out to dinner, they like to eat first class,  
So while he's dining in the restaurant, she's out grazing on the grass.  
And married life down on the farm's a sexual spree,  
He calls it 'animal husbandry'.

### **A Malaysian Is An Animal**

*These Words*

*Doggy Dave - ACH3*

*2009*

A Malaysian is an animal who really loves the Hash,  
But the one thing he likes better is the 'gash'!  
He's a good boy in Malaysia, won't drink beer or eat a pig,  
But when he's over here it's all piss and 'jiggy-jig'!  
So if you like bargirls, but do not like to pay,  
You could grow up to be Malay.

### **A Swiss Is An Animal**

*These Words*

*Sunshine John - ACH3*

2008

A Swiss is an animal who yodels with ease  
But his banks are as suspect as his cheese.  
His knife has twenty blades, but it doesn't have a fork,  
Frogs and Krauts can't understand him when he talks.  
So if you don't have a language of your own  
You could become a Zurich Gnome.

### **A Welshman Is An Animal**

*These Words*

*Jildo - ACH3*

ca 2008

A Welshman is an animal who works round a mine  
His choirs sing flat, but he thinks their divine  
He lives on leeks and coal dust in a land where hills are steep,  
The women dress like witches, so the men prefer the sheep.  
So if your quality of life is really naff,  
You could grow up to be a Taff

### **A Yank Is An Animal**

*Original words*

*Bollox - Phuket H3*

A Yank is an animal with no brains or wit,  
His education's total shit.  
His grasp of English isn't worth a lot,  
He gets confused between a fanny and a twat  
So if you'd rather have jerk-off than a wank  
You could grow up to be a Yank.

### **A Canuck In The States**

*Tune*

*Men of Harlech*

*Words*

*Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Jan 2010

A Canuck in The States is such a wa-ank,  
'Cos everybody knows he's a wannabe Ya-ank.  
Oh my God! He's such a failure....,  
He couldn't even get into Australia!

### **All Coppers Are Bastards**

*Tune*

*Barnacle Bill The Sailor (second half verses)*

*Words*

*Traditional*

I'll sing you a song  
And it won't take long,  
ALL COPPERS ARE BASTARDS!

I'll sing you another  
And it's just like the other,  
ALL COPPERS ARE BASTARDS!

### **All The Nice Girls Love A Candle**

*Tune* All the nice girls love a sailor  
*Words* Traditional

All the nice girls love a candle,  
All the nice girls love a wick,  
For there's something about a candle  
That's like an artificial prick,  
It's fat and greasy, it slips in easy,  
It gives more pleasure than a boy,  
When she bounces round about,  
With a candle up her clout,  
Oh what joy! Oh what joy!

### **A Lovely Dog Called Rover**

*Tune* I'm Looking Over A Four Leafed Clover  
*Original Words* Traditional; this verse adapted by Doggy Dave ACH3 2009

I've just run over  
A lovely dog called Rover,  
When my truck skidded in the rain.  
It's such a big disaster  
For his ninety year old master,  
Another guide dog will take seven years to train.

### **Angeles Hash Jeepney Drivers' Song**

*Tune* I don't know its name, but it featured in the movie 'Cool Hand Luke'  
[Cujo] The tune is plastic Jesus, by the Gold Coast singers  
*Words* Trad. Bible Belt song; this verse adapted by Doggy Dave - ACH3 2009

I don't care if it rains or freezes,  
As long as I got my plastic Jesus  
Sitting on the dashboard of my jeep,  
And don't you worry if my driving's scary,  
'Cos I got seven Virgin Marys,  
Hanging off every mirror of my jeep,  
So thank you Mary  
And thank you Jesus  
And thank the Lord that I survived the trip.

### **Angeles Hash Rules 1 & 6**

(Thanks to Monty Python's 'Australians')

*Tune* Hymn: Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise  
*Words* Doggy Dave - ACH3 1999

We're not homophobic,  
But poofers are thick!  
They're always betting us, we can't squat  
The full length of their dick!  
We always win but don't care much, for such cunning tricks,  
Unless they comply with our "Rules One and Six".

No 'poofers', no 'pansies', no 'platonic thinkers',

No 'knob-hounds', 'brown hatters', or 'hand-on-hip drinkers',  
No 'button hole punching', no squealing 'pillow bites',  
'Freckle fucking', 'shirt lifting', or other 'bum boys' delights.

Yes, it's ten degrees hotter,  
And it's three times as tight!  
But a colon ain't a cunt hole,  
So let's get it right!  
We don't stick it up arseholes on Angeles hash,  
If you need some 'converting' try some Angeles gash.

### **Armpit! Armpit! You're A Star!**

*Tune* *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*  
*Words* *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

*Jan 2010*

Armpit! Armpit! You're a star!  
You spend all your money on Viagra,  
But you take so much, that you're hard all day,  
So you'll fuck anything, be it straight or gay.

If it's got a hole, then you'll give it a whirl,  
Be it goat or a donkey, a boy or a girl.  
You're a sexual 'hard man', it cannot be denied,  
There's not a 'fucking trick' that you have never tried!

### **Arsehole! Arsehole!**

*Tune* *Traditional*  
*Words* *Traditional*

Arsehole! Arsehole!  
A soldier I shall be.  
To piss, to piss,  
Two pistols on my knee.  
Fuck you, fuck you,  
For curiosity.  
We'll fight for the old cunt,  
Fight for the old cunt,  
Fight for the Old Country.

### **Arseholes Are Cheap Today**

*Tune* *La Dona e Mobile (ain't we knowledgeable on ACH3?)*  
*Words* *Traditional*

Arseholes are cheap today,  
Cheaper than yesterday,  
Small boys cost half a crown  
Standing up or lying down.  
Bigger boys cost three and six  
Because they know better tricks.  
All our ar-arse-holes are cheap!

Come now! Come now!  
Come now and just try one!  
Come now! Come now!  
Get yours before they're gone!

### **As I Walked Out In Subic To Have A Few Beers**

*Tune* *Fiddler's Green (traditional English sea song)*  
*Words* *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

*Jan 2010*

As I walked out in Subic to have a few beers,  
I was dodging the hustlers, pickpockets and queers  
A sad old transvestite was singing this song,  
"Do you fancy a short time? It won't take me long.

Wrap your prick in a very thick condom!  
Though I once was a young virgin queen".  
Just tell my old Hash mates,  
I was out shagging 'gash', mates,  
Not fucking the arse off a bloke called 'Maureen'

### **As The End Of The Month Rolls Along**

*Tune* *The Field Artillery Song*  
*Words* *Traditional*

You can tell  
By the smell  
That she isn't feeling well!  
As the end of the month rolls along.

Bloodshot eyes!  
And the flies!  
That keep buzzing round her thighs!  
Means the end of the month's rolled along.

### **Away down on Blow Row**

Tune *Away In A Manger*  
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

2004

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?"

*The original 'Blow Row' was located along either side of The McArthur Highway, roughly between Astro Park and 9<sup>th</sup> Street. After the US Air Force departed Clark Air Base, the bar area contracted. Blow Row then relocated to Santos Street, which conveniently was just around the corner from ACH3's recent home at the Anchorage Inn. Blow Row caters to all tastes, even to heterosexuals.*

### **Away Down South In The Land Of Cotton**

Tune *Dixieland*  
Words *Doggy Dave ACH3*

2004

Away down south in The Land of Cotton,  
When a boy fucks his sister,  
His mother ain't forgotten!  
Look away,  
Look away,  
Look away Dixieland

### **Aye aye aye!**

Tune *I Like The Vino*  
Words *Traditional - ACH3 adaptation of one of the many verses*

Ai ai ai ai!  
My brother swims bare arsed past troopships,  
If you row him ashore,  
He'll pretend he's a whore,  
And he'll waltz all around on your 'willy'.

### **Baa, Baa Black Sheep**

Tune *Baa Baa Black Sheep*  
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

2008

Baa, baa black sheep,  
Forget about the wool,  
I'm over from New Zealand,  
Would you like to suck my tool?  
I'll fuck you in the barnyard,  
Then I'll fuck your lamb,  
Then once I've fucked the pair of you,  
Then I'll fuck the ram!

## **Back home again**

*Tune*                      *Back home again – John Denver*  
*Words*                     *Dances with dogs - ACH3*

Ca. 2015

There's a hard on in his trousers  
As the plane is coming in  
There's seven months of semen in his scrotum  
Now he's in the taxi on his way to "Fields"  
He can't wait to get his dick stuck in

Hey it's good to be back home again  
Sometimes this old town seems like a long lost friend  
Hey it's good to be back home again

## **Barnacle Bill The Sailor**

*Tune*                      *Barnacle Bill*  
*Words*                     *Traditional rugby song*     *(This is the last verse of many)*

“What if we should have a child?  
What if we should have a child?  
What if we should have a child?”  
Said the fair young maiden.

“We’ll strangle the bugger  
And fuck for another!”  
Said ‘Barnacle Bill’ the sailor.  
“We’ll strangle the bugger  
And fuck for another!”  
Said ‘Barnacle Bill’ the sailor.

## **Bestiality’s Best Boys!**

*Tune*                      *Tie My Kangaroo Down Sport*     *- Rolf Harris*  
*Words*                     *Traditional: this verse by Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1993

I come in the bum of my chum, boys,  
I come in the bum of my chum,  
But it’s not a homosexual ‘scrog’ boys,  
Chum’s the name of my dog!

Bestiality’s best boys!  
Bestiality’s best!  
Fuck a wallaby!  
Bestiality’s best boys!  
Bestiality’s best!

### **Birds Of Paradise Curries**

*Tune*  
*Words*

*From The Halls Of Montezuma*  
*Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1998

From the slopes of Pinatubo  
To the Roof of the BOP,  
We are the Angeles Hash House Harriers,  
A most fearless hash are we!  
We eat Birds Of Paradise curries  
For breakfast, lunch and tea,  
And he who fears the Dragon's cooking  
Is a spineless S.O.B.

### **Build A Bonfire!**

*Tune*  
*Words*

*Build A Bonfire!*  
*Traditional*

Build a bonfire! Build a bonfire!  
Put the Pommies on the top,  
Underneath stack all the Kiwis,  
And burn the fucking lot!

*This song is regularly sung at international sporting events in Australia when they are playing England or New Zealand. It's an accurate reflection of what the Aussies think is their sporting spirit and sense of fair play.*

*Mind you, you've got to agree with their sentiments about the fucking Kiwis.*

### **Charlotte The Harlot**

*Tune*  
*Words*

*The Dying Stockman (or Botany Bay)*  
*Traditional*

Charlotte the Harlot lay dying,  
Three piss pots supporting her head,  
While all around her the poofers lay crying  
As she rolled on her left tit and said:

"I've been fucked by the League of All Nations,  
By the Germans, the Japs and the Jews,  
Now I've come back to sunny Australia,  
To be fucked by poor bastards like youse.

So pull back your dirty old foreskins,  
And give me the juice of your nuts,  
So they peeled back their dirty old foreskins,  
And sprayed 'Home Sweet Home' on her guts.

## **Come And Sit On My Face If You Love Me**

*Tune*                      *First part*            - *Red River Valley*  
*Second part*        - *You've Got the Cutest Little Baby Face*  
*Words*                      *Traditional*

Come and sit on my face if you love me,  
Come and sit on my face if you care,  
Let me gaze up your Red River Valley,  
And graze upon your pubic hair....

*'Two! Three! four!'*

Pubic Hair!  
You've got the cutest little pubic hair!  
There's not another that can compare,  
With your pubic hair.  
Penis or vagina, There is nothing finer,  
Than your pubic hair,  
I'm up in heaven when I sniff your underwear.  
I've gotta have a 'toss',  
And then I cum across,  
Your pretty pubic hair!

## **Comment Ce Crevasse, Jacques?**                      (*How's the crack, Jack?*)

*Tune*                      *Frere Jacques*  
*Words*                      *Doggy Dave - ACH3*  
2001

"Frere Jacques, comment le crack, eh?  
Avez vous le clap?  
Avez vous le clap?"  
"Merde oui, d'accord,  
Merde oui d'accord.  
J'ai plus le syphilis,  
Les crabes et plus le gonorrhoea,  
Avec herpes,  
Tout les VDs"

*Regarding my novel use of the French language in the songs above, get fucked  
you brainy bastards! I failed 'O' level French.*

## **Craven A!**

*Tune*                      *Unknown*  
*Words*                      *Traditional*

Come listen to my story, listen if you will,  
About a young man who came from Muswell Hill.  
He came from Muswell Hill and lived in Camberwell.  
And the first words that he learned were "Bloody fucking hell!"

*Chorus*                      Craven A! He'd never heard of fornication.  
Craven A! He'd never dipped his tool.  
Craven A! was quite content with masturbation.

He thought that cunt was something you got called at school!

*This song was told to me by E.T. of The Royal Southside and Wanchai Hashes. It is his party piece and he sings it in our circle whenever he visits. I only managed to get the first verse and chorus out of him. He refused to give me the rest of the lyrics until we had discussed the size of the future royalty payments to be paid to him*

### **Daisy, Daisy**

Tune                      *A Bicycle Made For Two*  
Words                     *Unknown*

Daisy, Daisy, how would you like to screw?  
I'm half crazy 'cos I'm so full of lust for you.  
I really must beg your pardon,  
I get such a great big hard on,  
When I beat my meat,  
As I sniff at your seat,  
On your bicycle made for two.

### **De Gaulle He Went To The Lavatory**

Tune                      *French National Anthem*  
Words                     *Traditional rugby song*

*The circle joins in the refrain*

De Gaulle, he went to the lavatory,  
To have a jolly good shit.  
(Shit! Shit!)  
He took his coat and trousers off  
So he could revel in it. (It! It!)  
But when he reached for the paper  
He found that someone had been there before!

*OU EST LE PAPIER ?  
OU EST LE PAPIER ?  
Quelle merde! Perdu!  
Je suis dans le manure!  
OU EST LE PAPIER?*

*(alternative verse)  
OU EST LE PAPIER ?  
OU EST LE PAPIER ?  
Arsehole, arsehole !  
Shit on my hole  
OU EST LE PAPIER?*

## **Dingle Berries, Dingle Berries**

Tune *Jingle Bells*  
Words *Traditional*

2008

Dingle berries, dingle berries,  
Dingling all the way,  
Toilet paper fur balls,  
Up the 'Hershey Highway',  
Oh!  
Dingle berries, dingle berries,  
Dingling all the way,  
If you do the anal / oral,  
They can really spoil your day

## **Don't Mention The War!** (*das is verboten!*)

Tune *The Red Flag*  
Words *Traditionally sung on British football terraces*

The German lads were out of luck,  
Lost in two World Wars,  
Robbed in one World Cup.

*This song refers to England's defeat of 'The Huns' in the 1966 World Cup Final. Naturally the 'Square Heads' disputed the result when they discovered that the 'neutral' Mongolian referee was actually an Israeli (but so what?) Incidentally, I don't think England have ever beaten the Krauts since 1966. Still, one disputed win in forty four years is a magnificent record, isn't it?*

## **Down In The Toilet Bowl Dark And Deep**

Tune *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep*  
Words *Doggy Dave's big brother Michael*

Down in the toilet bowl  
Dark and deep,  
There lies a turdy  
Deep in sleep.  
Hush! Do not wake him,  
You'll only make him cry,  
Just gently flush the lavatory  
And wave him goodbye.

*This is the very first dirty song that I ever learned, back in 1954. My big brother sang it in the church vestry one evening after choir practice. At the time we younger boys were busily practising our cigarette smoking.*

*Thus at the age of nine, my sweet innocence was corrupted by my own brother. Alas, I was never corrupted by either our vicar or by our scout master, and as a result I have suffered from feelings of rejection ever since.*

*We often heard though, that the "other lot", the choirboys at 'Saint Sodomy's down the road, were getting a regular 'seeing to' by their entire church hierarchy, and by a few 'brown hatters' from The Salvation Army as well!  
But at least they felt wanted.*

## **Egg On Legs, He Sat On A Wall**

*Substitute any ex-GM's name to suit)*

*Tune*                      *Humpty Dumpty Sat on a Wall*  
*Words*                     *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

*Jan 2010*

Egg On Legs he sat on a wall,  
Egg On Legs he had a great fall,  
He started to cry as he lay on the floor,  
Because he wasn't Grand Master no more!

Eggy! Eggy! Eggy!  
Oy! Oy! Oy!  
Eggy! Eggy! Eggy!  
Oy! Oy! Oy!  
Eggy!  
Oy!  
Eggy!  
Oy!  
Eggy! Eggy! Eggy!  
Oy! Oy! Oy!

## **Gary Glitter's Song**

*Tune*                      *Boys And Girls Come Out To Play (nursery rhyme)*  
*Words*                     *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

*Jan 2010*

Boys and girls  
Come out to play  
And let 'Uncle Gary'  
Have his way.

Come sit in my car,  
I've got so many treats,  
Some chocolate ice cream,  
And lots of sweets.

Oh bloody hell!  
Here's your mum and dad,  
I'm fucking off quick,  
Before things turn bad.

Bye bye kids,  
I'm hitting the trail,  
If they catch me again  
It's castration in jail.

### **Georgie Porgie, Pudding And Pie**

*Tune* Georgie, Porgie, Pudding And Pie (Traditional nursery rhyme)  
*Words* Traditional

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,  
Kissed the girls and made them cry,  
When the boys came out to give him hell,  
Georgie kissed the boys as well!

### **German Hashers Are The Strongest**

*Tune* Men Of Harlech  
*Words* Dances with Dogs - ACH3

2008

German Hashers are the strongest,  
Their early trails they were the longest,  
Out from Poland, ever onwards,  
Check back at Stalingrad!

### **Germans Have No Sense Of Humour**

*Tune* Deutschland, Deutschland, Uber Alles  
*Words* Traditional)

Germans have no sense of humour,  
Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh!

*If any German hears the previous songs or reads my accompanying notes, then this song illustrates what their probable reaction will be.*

### **Has Anybody Seen JC?**

*Tune* Has Anybody Seen My Girl  
*Words* As told to us by D'Gill - ACH3

He's five foot nine, He's divine,  
He's just turned the water into wine!  
Has anybody seen JC?

If you run into a blue eyed Jew,  
Covered with thorns,  
With nails in his hands,  
And a spear in his side,  
Man, that cat's been crucified!

He's so slick, He's so cool,  
He'll glide right over your swimming pool  
Has anybody seen JC?

So if you come across a bloke on a cross,  
Bumming for change,  
Saying "Gimme me a buck  
Or just lend me a quid,"  
Look out boys! It's that Christian Yid.

Poor Jesus Christ,

He was acting queer,  
He should have turned the water into beer!  
Has anybody seen JC?

*Atheism isn't a religion, it's just a non-prophet making organization. Angeles Hash runs on Sunday afternoons, which as we all know is when all good boys and girls should be in Sunday School. Fear not however! We are not the idolaters and Satanists that the Murdoch Press and Billy Graham would have you believe.*

### **He Ought To Be Publicly Pissed On**

*Tune*                      *Traditional*  
*Words*                     *Traditional*

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.

### **Here's To Fellow Hashers**

*Tune*                      *Hear The Little German Band*  
*Words*                     *Traditional*

Here's to fellow hashers, fellow hashers, fellow hashers,  
Here's to fellow hashers, may they chug a lug,  
They're happy, they're jolly,  
They're fucked up by golly,  
Here's to fellow hashers, may they chug a lug.

### **He's A Wanker From Lancashire**

*Tune*                      *She's A Lassie From Lancashire*  
*Words*                     *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Jan 2010

He's a wanker from Lancashire,  
Just a wanker from Lancashire,  
He goes like a good 'un  
When he pulls his puddin'  
That wanker from Lancashire

### **He's The Meanest**

*Tune*                      *Not known*  
*Words*                     *Traditional*

He's the meanest,  
He sucks the horse's (or karabaw's) penis,  
He's the meanest,  
He's the horse's (or karabaw's) arse.

Ever since he found it,  
All he does is pound it,  
He's the meanest,  
He's the horse's (or karabaw's) arse.

### **He Went To The Urinal**

*Tune*                      *Men Of Harlech*  
*Words*                     *Doggy Dave ACH3*

1999

He stood at the urinal pretending to tinkle,  
But we caught him 'tossing' his little 'Welsh winkle',  
Drink you fuck-knuckle, don't let any sprinkle,  
Yechid Da! Drink it down!

### **Hold Him Down You Zulu Warrior!**

*Tune*                      *Zulu Warrior*  
*Words*                     *Traditional*

Hold him down you Zulu Warrior!  
Hold him down you Zulu brave!  
Hoi! Hoi!  
Hold him down you Zulu warrior!  
Hold him down you Zulu brave!

Hoi! Da, zimba, zimba, zimba,  
Hoi! Da zimba, zimba, zay!  
Hoi! Da zimba, zimba, zimba,  
Hoi! Da zimba, zimba, zay!  
Hoi!

### **If You Ever Come To Visit Angeles City**

*(Where anyone's dreams can turn into nightmares)*

*Tune*                      *Galway Bay*  
*Words*                     *Sunshine John ACH3*

If you ever come to visit Angeles City,  
You'll find the dancing girls look really sweet.  
You can run and drink with Angeles City Hashers,  
And get a blow job down on Santos Street.  
*(On Santos Street)*

### **I Like Spanking Schoolgirls' Bottoms!**

*Tune*                      *Jesus Loves The Little Children*  
*Words*                     *Doggy Dave ACH3*

Jan 2010

I like spanking schoolgirl's bottoms!  
All the schoolgirls of the world.  
Be they white or black or brown,  
I just pull their knickers down,  
And keep spanking,  
Till the cops take me away.

## **Love A Gang Bang, I Always Will**

Tune *The Billboard March*  
Words *Traditional*

*This chorus begins the song:-*

I love a gang bang, I always will,  
Because a gang bang gives me such a thrill,  
When I was younger and in my prime  
I used to gang bang all the time  
But now I'm older and growing grey,  
I only gang bang twice a day.

Knock! Knock!

Q Who's there?

A Euripides!

Q Euripides who?

A You rippa dese panties off, and we'll have a gang bang.

*Chorus*

Knock! Knock!

Q Who's there?

A Digger!

Q Digger who?

A Dig 'er up, and we'll have another gang bang,

*Chorus*

*(There are many, other verses, but usually these two finish the song)*

Knock! Knock!

Q Who's there?

A Banana!

Q Banana who?

*(The whole circle then joins in the answer, by wildly singing and whirling around.)*

*Banana, nana, nana, banana, na!*

*Banana, nana, nana, nana, na!*

*Banana, nana, nana, banana, na!*

*Banana, nana, nana, nana, na!*

*(continues ad infinitum)*

Knock! Knock!

Q Who's there?

A Orange!

Q Orange who?

A Orange you glad I didn't say....?

*(The whole circle joins in again).*

*Banana, nana, nana, banana na!*

*Etc. etc.etc...*

## **I'll Give You Dan, Dan The Lavatory Man**

*Tune*                      *I'll Give You Sam*  
*Words*                     *Traditional*

I'll give you Dan, Dan, the lavatory man,  
I'll give you Dan, Dan, the lavatory man,  
I'll give you Dan, Dan, the lavatory man

*(Etc., etc., until the line is almost inaudible, then the singer pauses slightly, before coming back in again, VERY LOUDLY!!)*

HE LIVES ON TOILET PAPER! AND SANITARY TOWELS!  
AND LISTENS TO THE RHYTHM OF OTHER MEN'S BOWELS!

*The song is sung in the manner of a 'sad sack' cabaret crooner who's trying to sound like Dean Martin. The first line is repeated many times, each time more quietly than the time before.*

## **In A Small Brown Paper Parcel**

*Tune*                      *Bread Of Heaven*  
*Words*                     *Traditional Rugby Song*

In a small brown paper parcel,  
Wrapped in a mysterious way,  
There lies an imitation arsehole  
That Grandpa abuses twice each day.  
Grandpa abuses!  
Grandpa abuses!  
Grandpa abuses twice each day!  
Twice each day!  
Grandpa abuses, twice each day.

## **In My Mortuary**

*Tune*                      *Yesterday - The Beatles*  
*Words*                     *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

*Jan 2010*

In my mortuary,  
That's where I undertake debauchery,  
Those dead folks they just cannot see,  
What I do to them,  
In my mortuary.

I lovingly lay out the dead,  
To let their dear ones say goodbye,  
But when all the relatives are done,  
I have fun, in my mortuary, eeh-hee-hee-hee-hee,  
Mortuary!

## **In Santos Street**

Words                      An 'unknown' hasher    ACH3  
Tune                        Penny Lane

In Santos Street my wife's just blown another customer,  
Whilst I waited on my 'trike' out in the rain,  
But that don't put our marriage under strain.  
My wife just loves to fuck,  
And it brings in a buck.

My wife, she sucks 'n' fucks and goes like hell.  
And then I overcharge the punters as well,  
As I drive them back to their shitty ho-otel.  
In Santos Stre-ee-eet!

## **Intercourse Is Grand But I Much Prefer The Hand**

Tune                        Funiculi, Funicula  
Words                      Traditional

*The refrain is sung by the whole circle*

Some people think that sexual intercourse is grand,  
But I much prefer the hand!  
*(He much prefers the hand!)*

Last night whilst in my bed 'twas my desire,  
To pull my wire!  
*(To pull his wire!)*

So I bashed it!  
Smashed it!  
Threw it against the wall!  
Squeezed it!  
Teased it!  
Not a drop at all!

Funiculi! Funiculi! Funicula!

Sexual intercourse is grand,  
But I much prefer the hand!  
*(He much prefers the hand!)*

Last night, I pulled my pud,  
*(He pulled his pud!)*

It felt so good!  
*(It felt so good!)*  
I knew it would!  
*(He knew it would!)*

## **I Plough The Fields And Scatter**

Tune  
Words

*We Plough The Fields And Scatter The Good Seed On The Land*  
*Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Jan 2010

I plough the fields and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
But the seed don't come so naturally,  
It comes by my own hand.  
I lay down on my vegetable patch  
And I have a lovely wank.  
The Good Lord gives me the dirty thoughts,  
And the Good Lord I do thank.

## **It's a long way to your homeland**

Tune  
Words

*It's a long way to Tipperary*  
*Sunshine John - ACH3*

It's a long way to your homeland,  
It's a long way to go,  
It's a long way to your homeland,  
From where the girls all suck and blow,  
Goodbye to your bar-fine,  
Farewell to your tart,  
It's a long, long, way to your homeland,  
So fuck off! Quick smart!

## **I Wish I Was In London**

Tune  
Words

*Dixieland*  
*Traditional*

I wish I was in London,  
I do! I do!  
And if I was in London I would say to old Lord Nelson,  
Get fucked! Get fucked!  
You one eyed Pommy bastard!  
Get fucked! Get fucked!  
You one eyed Pommy bastard!

*This song is most often directed at English referees or cricket umpires. Aussie crowds have a very unfair and chauvinistic attitude towards sport. Here's a cricketing example:*

*Once upon a time, Dennis Lillee clean bowled Geoff Boycott with such force that the ball smashed Boycott's bat to pieces before knocking two wickets right out of the ground. The ball then spun into the air and was caught by Rod Marsh the wicket keeper. Marsh rushed forward and stumped the remaining wicket whilst "Tubby" Boycott was still waddling and puffing his way down the pitch, trying to get a run.*

*"Owzat!!" all the Aussies screamed, and none louder than Lillee! But the smiling English umpire, the wise Mr. Dickie Bird, was unimpressed. He slowly turned around, so that for the first time in the game he was at last facing down the pitch. He took off his welding goggles, lifted his white cane, gave Dennis Lillee the finger, and told him "Not out, you cunt!" The rotten Aussie crowd and cricketers then all burst into this song!*

## **I Was Hunting Tiddyoggys**

Tune                      *Ghost Riders in the Sky*  
Words                     *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1997

I was hunting tiddyoggys  
Up on Bodmin Moor last night.  
When a 'gert big 'un' jumped out on me  
And gave me quite a fright,  
So I stabbed it with my Bowie knife,  
Then I shot it with my bow.  
But now no more, on Bodmin Moor,  
'Oggy huntin' will I go!

*Chorus*                Yippy aye ooooooh!  
                             Yippy aye aaaaaay!  
                             Pints of 'scrumpy',  
                             And a 'Star-Gazey Pie'.

As it lay dyin' on the ground,  
Its fur all covered in blood.  
It opened wide its mighty jaws,  
As it lay in Cornwall's mud.  
These dyin' words it spake to me,  
It said "You're really being nasty".  
I said "I'll 'ave 'ee for my tea tonight,  
You lovely Cornish Pasty."

*Chorus*

Now I've never been to Devon,  
But this truth to you I'll tell.  
Before I'd go to the "Jenner" side,  
I would sooner row to Hell.  
There they drink some piss called Cider,  
With their 'Steak and Kiddley' pie.  
And they'd die of fright if an 'Oggy',  
Ever looked 'em in the eye!

*Chorus*

A glossary of some Cornish words in this song:-

*A tiddyoggy is a Cornish pasty. In Cornwall, they are about three times the size of English ones, and they do taste "Some handsome, my deario".*

*Scrumpy, or 'Scrump' is the rough cider found throughout the West Country. Most of it tastes like drain cleaner.*

*Star gazey pie is a traditional pie which originated in the village of Fowey, near St. Austell. It is made with fish 'odds and ends', The fish and prawn heads stick up through the pastry crust and "gaze at the stars", hence the name. This is "Guvnor Scran", a Navy term for really good grub.*

*Jenner is Devon in 'The Far East' i.e. over the river Tamar in England.*

**Jingle Bells**            *AKA Armpit's Song*  
Tune                        *Jingle Bells*  
Words                      *Supot - ACH3*

2008

"Jingle bells!" Armpit yells,  
Where's the fucking food?  
I've only had three helpings,  
I don't think that's rude.  
I'm only here for cheap beer,  
And I think it's bloody great!  
And I'm not going to fall asleep,  
'Til I've drunk another crate.

*Armpit is an internationally known member of ACH3. He has very robust sweat glands and is extremely voluble. He is a great swiller of cheap (or better still, free) Hash piss and food. This often leads to him being found asleep in the street long after the Hash is over. His sexual adventures and his table manners are both quite remarkable. His life story was turned into a cult horror movie called 'The Glutton from the Sewers of Hell'.*

**Jonestown!**            *For depressed or suicidal hashers*  
Tune                        *Downtown - Petula Clark*  
Words                      *As told to us by D' Gill - ACH3*

*(The circle loudly joins in the one word chorus of JONESTOWN!)*

When your life is the pits and hashing gives you the shits,  
Then you can always go to...                        *JONESTOWN!*

It's such a good crack that no one's ever come back,  
From running there you know, in...                        *JONESTOWN!*

They'll make you do a down-down with the kool-aid that's so lethal,  
Then you'll join in the anguished screams of all the dying people...  
No one survives.  
The runs are much shorter there, on...  
Guyana Hash, when, Jim Jones is the hare, down in...                        *JONESTOWN!*

It's a very short circle in...                        *JONESTOWN!*

You'll get only one down-down in...                        *JONESTOWN!*

Heaven is waiting for you.

### **Lily The Leper**

Tune *My Darling Clementine*  
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

2009

Lily squatted firmly on my face  
Which gave me a mighty 'fat'!  
But she blew a string of fanny farts,  
And t'was then that I smelt a rat!

Her birth canal was joined internally,  
Directly to her lower bowel.  
I had to spew and brush my teeth before  
I gave her another 'growl'.

### **Many, Many Hashers Have Venereal Disease**

Tune *Puff the Magic Dragon*  
Words *Sunshine John ACH3*

Many, many hashers have venereal disease  
And they bar fine all the teenage girls  
In a town called Angeles.

### **Maybe It's Because He's A Londoner** *AKA Supot's Song*

Tune *Maybe It's Because I'm A Londoner*  
Words *Doggy Dave ACH 3*

1999

Maybe it's because he's a Londoner  
He likes to have a punt;  
Maybe it's because he's a Londoner,  
He's a loud mouthed little cunt!  
He gets a funny feeling inside of him  
When it's his turn for a round.  
So maybe it's because he's a Londoner,  
He hates to spend a pound  
"It can't be my turn!"  
He hates to spend a pound.

*'Supot' has served as a popular GM and AGM many times over the years.  
However, he suffers from one massive personality flaw. He's a fucking Londoner!  
By the way, his hash name 'Supot' is a Filipino word which means foreskin!  
Enough said I think.*

### **Me No Likey Blitish Sailor**

Tune *Hymn: I Have A Friend in Jesus*  
Words *Traditional: Royal Navy or British Army*

*An alternative version tells of a 'Blitish' soldier*

Me no likey Blitish sailor,  
Blitish sailor, like no more,  
Me no likey Blitish sailor,  
Yankee pay fi' dollar more.  
Yankee sailor calls me Honey,  
Blitish sailor calls me 'fucking whore!'

Me no likey Blitish sailor,  
Yankee pay fi' dollar more.

Yankee sailor tap, taps on my window,  
Blitish kicks down my fucking door!  
Me no likey Blitish sailor,  
Yankee pay fi' dollar more.

Yankee loves me in hotel room,  
Blitish sailor fucks me on the floor!  
Me no likey Blitish sailor,  
Yankee pay fi' dollar more.

Blitish sailor fucks me for two minutes,  
Yankee sailor fucks two hours or more,  
Me no likey Blitish sailor,  
Yankee fuck much better more.

Yankee sails away on Sunday,  
Blitish stay in Wanchai ever more,  
Now you fuck off! Yankee sailor,  
Likey Blitish sailor more.

### **Michael Jackson Flies Around In Heaven**

*Tune* Jesus Loves The Little Children  
*Words* Doggy Dave ACH3

Jan 2010

Michael Jackson flies around in Heaven  
And says his mortal life before was crap.  
Bare-arsed cherubim and seraphim  
Now fly around his head,  
And sometimes one will land right in his lap!

### **Monty Python's 'Philosopher's Song'**

*For Thinking, Drinking hashers*

*Tune* Not known  
*Words* Monty Python

Hegel, they say, could put it away,  
Half a case of whiskey every day.  
Emmanuel Kant, was a real 'pissant',  
Got legless every morning, so they say,  
Aristotle! Aristotle! Was a bugger for the bottle,  
And Plato liked his dram.  
And Rene Descartes, was a drunken old fart,  
"I drink, therefore I am".  
Yes, Socrates himself will be very sorely missed,  
A lovely little thinker, but a bugger when he's pissed!

### **Morgan's Pies**

*Tune* Jingle Bells  
*Words* As told to us by D'Gill - ACH3

1986

Morgan's pies, Morgan's pies

Morgan you're a prick.  
When we eat your fucking pies,  
We get fucking sick.  
Oh!  
Morgan's pies, Morgan's pies,  
Morgan you're the pits,  
When we eat your fucking pies,  
We get the fucking shits!

*I am a bit unsure about the authorship of this song. I think it was D'Gill, but it may have been Vegemite, or they may have even collaborated on it.*

*Morgan was a very small old Aussie bloke with a very raspy voice. He is immortalised in the choruses of our Angeles Hashional Anthem. He made pies at home and then rode around town selling them from the back of his tiny toy motorbike. He would find out where our on-homes were being held and then he would ride out and sell his pies to us.*

*When he turned up at the circle we would sing him this song in greeting. All his pies were good, but his curried chicken pies were bloody magic!*

### **My Favourite Sexual Fantasy**

Tune *We Plough The Fields And Scatter (Hymn)*  
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Jan 2010

My favourite sexual fantasy  
Is of a girl who's wearing specs.  
She removes her glasses carefully,  
Before she 'gets down' to the sex.

When I plot a masturbation,  
My theme girl's always a Yank.  
Yes, I think of Sarah Palin,  
Before every bedtime wank.

### **My Name Is Jack**

Tune *Jake The Peg - Rolf Harris*  
Words *As told to us by D' Gill - ACH3*

My name is Jack,  
I'm a necrophiliac,  
I fuck dead women,  
And I fill 'em full of semen,  
I get frustrated,  
When they get cremated,  
A cemetery's a must,  
Because you can't fuck dust!  
Each time I pass the cemetery gate  
I get the urge to copulate.  
My name is Mitch,  
And I dig a wealthy bitch,  
I don't dig her 'cos she's rich,  
She's in a six foot ditch!

Chorus *Diddy diddy diddy dum  
Diddy diddy diddy dum*





Oggy!  
Oy!  
Oggy!  
Oy!  
Oggy! Oggy! Oggy!  
Oy! Oy! Oy!

### **Oh Pommies All, Let Us Rejoice**

*For Aussies leaving the UK*

*Tune Advance Australia Fair*  
*Words Doggy Dave ACH3*

1990

Oh Pommies all, let us rejoice,  
We'll soon be 'Ocker' free  
From our Land Of Hope,  
Where we never use soap,  
They're going back o'er the sea,  
They're going back to their Bondi Beach,  
In Sydney City fair,  
But I got the word  
From a Balmain bird,  
There's only Kiwis there.  
Then they'll miss The Strand in Pommy Land,  
And picking pockets in Trafalgar Square!

### **Oh Flour Of Scotland!**

*Tune Flower Of Scotland*  
*Words Doggy Dave ACH3*

1997

Oh flour of Scotland! Why do you fail?  
When Single Malt lays you on the trail.  
On every run now, you'll always fade,  
Is it because you are so cheaply made?

*I was moved to write this song after seeing a brilliant "Flour of Scotland" Hash shirt designed by Primo of Hong Kong's Royal Southside Hash.*

### **Oh, Say Can You See That Yank With VD?**

*Tune The Star Spangled Banner*  
*Words Doggy Dave ACH3*

2001

Oh, say can you see that Yank with VD?  
Oh! How loudly he wailed,  
At the clinic this morning,  
They say he went spare,  
Screamed and tore out his hair  
But the nurse's strobe light,  
Showed those scabs were still there.  
I think that poor 'Septic',  
Will take that dose to his grave;  
To face the 'pull-through' again,  
He would have to be brave.

\* 'Pull-through' AKA 'umbrella treatment'

*This alludes to very painful way of manually treating STDs before the advent of modern antibiotics. 'Septic' is short for 'Septic Tank', which rhymes with 'Yank'. Don't you Gringos learn English at school?*

### **Oh The 'Dirty Hash' Scoots Right Up The Back**

*Tune*                      *The Camptown Races*  
*Words*                     *Anonymous, ACH3*

*Jan 2010*

Oh the 'Dirty Hash' scoots right 'up the back',  
Like hatters, brown-hatters,  
When they start 'shooting' up that crack,  
Where the sun don't shine all day.  
They're 'colon-busting' all the way,  
Like Greeks on Navy Day.  
Those buggers prefer the real 'Dirt Road',  
The 'Hershey Hi-ighway'!

*'Bottom feeders' perhaps? Well, just check out the slyly concealed 'Chocolate Starfishes' on their membership shirts!*

### **Oh, The Eagles They Fly High In Mobile**

*Tune*                      *If You're Happy And You Know It, Clap Your Hands*  
*Words*                     *Traditional*

*The last four lines of each verse adapt to form the last four lines of each chorus*

Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile,  
Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile,  
Oh the eagles they fly  
And they shit right in your eye,  
I'm glad the cows can't fly in Mobile.

*Chorus*                 In Mobile, in Mobile!  
                              Inmo, inmo, inmo in Mobile!  
                              Oh the eagles they fly high  
                              And they shit right in your eye  
                              I'm glad the cows can't fly  
                              In Mobile!

There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile,  
There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile,  
There's a shortage of good whores,  
But there's keyholes in the doors,  
And there's knotholes in the floors in Mobile!

*Chorus*                 In Mobile, in Mobile!  
                              Inmo, inmo, inmo in Mobile!  
                              There's a shortage of good whores,  
                              But there's keyholes in the doors,  
                              And there's knotholes in the floors in Mobile!

Oh the vicar is a bugger in Mobile!  
Oh the vicar is a bugger in Mobile!

Oh the vicar is a bugger  
And the curate is another  
And they bugger one another in Mobile!

*Chorus*            In Mobile, in Mobile!  
                      Inmo, inmo, inmo in Mobile!  
                      Oh the vicar is a bugger  
                      And the curate is another  
                      And they bugger one another in Mobile!

### **Once An Aussie Hasher Tried To Use The Telephone**

*Tune*                    *Waltzing Matilda*  
*Words*                 *Doggy Dave - ACH3* 1993

Once an Aussie Hasher  
Tried to use the telephone  
Upstairs on the roof of the BOP,  
But he got confused about  
Which hole to put his finger in:  
“None of these holes smells like cunt!” cried he.

How do you do it?  
How do you do it?  
How do you keep up with technology?  
Then he jumped up shouting,  
“Where’s the fucking billabong?”  
And fell off the roof of the BOP.

*\* The BOP was The Birds Of Paradise. The upstairs bar, “The Roof of the Birds” was our Hash Home for many years. The owner was our long time Grand Master, ‘Kalbo’ (Rob Denny). His wife Rose was the notorious ‘Dragon Lady’, who, with her gang of evil Hash ‘Ladies’ pulled many a young lad’s shorts and underpants down in the circle. And worse, far, far, worse.*

### **One Sided Love**

*Tune*                    *Baa, Baa Black Sheep*  
*Words*                 *Doggy Dave - ACH3* Jan 2010

Baa, baa black sheep,  
Please! Oh please don’t weep.  
I’m not racially prejudiced,  
I just don’t fancy sheep.

### **On-Home Boys, Home!**

*Tune*                    *Home Boys, Home! (traditional sea song)*  
*Words*                 *Doggy Dave - ACH3* 1988

On-home boys, home!  
On-home we want to be!  
On-home on the roof of the BOP,  
We’ll chug some Beer-na-Beer,  
And a San Miguel or two,  
Then we’ll sneak a lady Hasher

In the short-time room for you.

Oh, the Angeles Hash,  
They're piss heads through and through,  
Running round the bars,  
On Fields Avenue,  
They race out from 'The Birds', shouting "Hash fellatio!"  
Then get a cheap (but suspect) blow-job  
On a floor in Blow Row.

### **Peter, Peter The Scrumpy Eater**

Tune *Men of Harlech*  
Words *Terry Taylor*

1960's

Peter, Peter the scrumpy eater,  
He had a wife but he could not drink her,  
So he soaked her in a scrumpy barrel,  
And now she's as pissed as a long eared owl!

*In my youth Terry was Winchester's 'Jack the Lad'. He would sing a verse of this at the bar of The West Gate Tavern whenever he ordered another pint of 'scrump'.*

### **Poor Paddy's Bone**

Tune *Molly Malone*  
Words *Doggy Dave ACH3*

2003

In Angeles City,  
Where it's all twat and titty,  
I first saw poor Paddy displaying his 'bone'.  
He wheeled it around in a barrow,  
Swollen up like a marrow,  
Full of herpes and gonorrhoea,  
Alive, alive, oh!

*Etc....*

### **Returning Hashers, Back In Town Once More**

Tune *Baa, Baa Black Sheep*  
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1999

*(Appropriate number)* returning Hashers  
Back in town once more,  
Do us all a favour  
And go away once more.  
Go away tomorrow,  
We really wish you would,  
And this time when you go away  
Please go away for good.

### **Robbie the retard**

Tune *Frosty the snowman*  
Words *Charcoal Woman fucker - SBH3*

Ca. 2012

For someone who has done something stupid...





## **Stand Up! Stand Up, Dear Penis!**

*Tune*                      *Hymn - Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!*  
*Words*                     *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Jan 2010

Stand up! Stand up, dear penis,  
Stand up and do your job.  
I've got a lovely bar fine,  
She'll expect a throbbing knob.

Oh please stand up, dear penis,  
This girl will think I'm gay,  
Oh never mind, you bastard!  
That girl's just gone away.

That girl has gone, you useless prick!  
And it's you that I must thank,  
Still, never mind, dear penis,  
You're still stiff enough for a wank!

## **That's amore!**

*Tune*                      *That's Amore Dean Martin*  
*Words*                     *Traditional (Two verses of many)*

When you're up to your nuts  
In a brown-hatter's guts,  
That's amore,  
Queer amore.

But when the hairs on your arse,  
Start to smell like burnt grass,  
You're on fire!  
Yes, you're burning!

## **The Apres Hash For Wanchai**

*Tune*                      *An English Country Garden*  
*Words*                     *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1997

How many Hash pubs and clubs do you know,  
Down in Wanchai, on Hong Kong Island?  
I'll tell you now of some where they go,  
And those I miss are where the Hash are banned.

First the New Makati Club, then Neptune's and Carnegie's pub,  
On around the corner to the Pussycat for a 'rub'.  
The Big Apple, and Old China Hand,  
Then The Wanch, if Howard's not in the band  
That's the après Hash for Wanchai.  
The Firehouse, don't forget The Firehouse,  
Then Shaffi's, a vindaloo in Shaffi's.

### **The Bell-End Of His Penis Is All Brown And Green**

Tune  
Words

*On Top Of Old Smokey*  
*Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1998

The bell-end of his penis is all brown and green  
After hashing in Subic, running after Maureen.

She swore that she loved him and it was no bar girl trick,  
But he recoiled in horror when his hand touched her dick!

But this feeling of loathing became a feeling quite warm,  
There's an old Navy saying, "Any port in a storm!"

Now this poor young hasher prowls Subic in a skirt,  
Earning a living by lifting his shirt!

So beware virgin hashers, when you do your down-downs,  
You'll get different in Subic if you ask for hash browns!

### **The Billy-boys' Picnic**

Tune  
Words

*The Teddy Bears' Picnic*  
*Doggy Dave - ACH3*

2009

If you go down Santos Street today  
You're sure of a big surprise,  
If you go down Santos Street today  
You'll have to go in disguise,  
For every poof that ever there was  
Will be mincing round, in high heels because  
Today's the day the billy boys have their picnic.

Picnic time for billy boys,  
The little 'girlie men' are having a lovely time today.  
See them skip and jump around,  
Playing leapfrog with their trousers down!

But at six o'clock,  
Their pimps and their mamasans,  
Tuck them back into bed,  
It's back to work for the billy boys!

*The term 'billy boys' was coined years ago by US Air Force GIs and refers to some 'happy and frivolous' gentlemen who like to wear tight women's clothing. Anyone who is seriously interested in learning more about them can always find a wide selection down on Santos Street (Blow Row), after dark. If any street girl in a doorway calls out "Daddeeeee" to you in a voice that resembles that of Marlene Dietrich, you have probably found one. Be warned however, many people suspect that billy boys may also be poofs! Bon Appetit!*

## **The Birds Of Paradise In Angeles City**

Tune            *Once In Royal David's City*  
Words          *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1996

The Birds of Paradise in Angeles City  
Looks far worse than a lowly cattle shed,  
There the bar staff are all glued to the TV  
Whilst on the counter they lay their head.  
If you ask for a beer  
They'll just answer with a stare,  
Then they carry on talking  
Just like you weren't there.

*Years ago The Birds Of Paradise bar was featured in a spurious internet expose concocted by some woman in the States. She purported to have proof that in 'The Birds', young girls were literally chained to their beds in their rooms, and that each of these young slaves was forced to have sex with dozens of men each and every day.*

*As a result of this masturbation fantasy of hers, 'The Birds' got raided by a large posse of armed police looking to rescue these poor slave girls. However, they left rather sheepishly after a short while when they discovered that it was all a load of bollocks. You couldn't get a root in 'The Birds'. It was fucking hard enough to even get a beer!*

## **The British Grenadier**

Tune            *The British Grenadier*  
Words          *Traditional rugby song*

Some die of masturbation  
And some from turning queer,  
Some die of constipation,  
And some from diarrhoea,  
But of all the world's diseases,  
There's none that can compare,  
With the drip, drip, drip,  
Of the syphilitic prick,  
Of the British Grenadier.

## **The Bushrangers' Hash Song**

Tune            *Ash Grove - traditional Welsh hymn*  
Words          *Pussy Licker - ACH3*

We are the Bushrangers, we'll face any dangers  
And we will go anywhere in our quest for Bush  
From mountain to plateau, Mainang, Sapang Bato  
Yes, we will go anywhere in our quest for Bush.  
Through rivers and valleys, great gorges, back alleys,  
Yes we will go anywhere in our quest for Bush  
All the while contemplating...Mrs Robinson's is waiting  
As we're anticipating that cold beer and Bush!

## **The Death of Nelson**

*Rum, bum and baccy - The Royal Navy*

*Tune*

*The British Grenadier*

*Words*

*Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1996

When Nelson lay dying in the arms of Hardy  
He whispered, "Hardy give me a kiss".  
Hardy said, "Wipe the tears from your eyes, my lord,  
But you've got to be taking the piss!  
Roll over and pull your underpants up,  
And wipe the skid marks from my knob,  
And hurry up and die with some dignity  
Because I'm next in line for your job!"

The Royal Navy officer class,  
Politely sip their afternoon tea,  
And in the evening in the ship's wardroom  
They take gin with their sodomy  
But the Royal Navy matelot  
Runs ashore fuelled up on rum,  
For big beer, big eats, then its back to the ship,  
For a bunk-up on someone else's bum,

The Royal Navy matelot he  
Is a 'freckle-fucker' to the bone,  
And if you let him lift your shirt tail up  
He will show you a 'bone' of his own,  
But when it's your turn to drive him up the 'Khyber Pass',  
He will struggle and scream with pain,  
But before you can do your trouser buttons up  
He will pay you to do it again!

The Royal Air Force, we were called The Brylcreem Boys,  
An epithet that really is quite fair,  
But the difference 'tween the us and the Navy was  
We would put the Brylcreem on our hair!  
But a sailor rubs it up his ship mates' bottom  
When the "button hole" is very tight,  
Then the bastard slyly adds a little pinch of sand  
To make his mate's arse tighten up with fright.

The British soldier turns and fights the foe  
And faces death without showing any fear,  
But the British sailor lies face and trousers down  
Whenever he is 'taken in the rear'.  
Then those dirty Dagoes will jump on him  
And they'll 'roger' him with great glee-ee,  
But that doesn't worry our "Jolly Jack Tar",  
Because he's giving the enemy VD.

*The word 'matelot' (pronounced matlow) is a French word for a sailor. The lower deck seamen of the British Royal Navy long ago adopted the term for their own informal use when referring to themselves.*

## **The Dogs They Had A Meeting**

Tune

*Hymn: The Church Is One Foundation*

*(The same tune as WWI soldier's song 'We are Fred Karno's Army')*

Words

*Traditional*

The dogs they had a meeting,  
They came from near and far,  
And some they came by aeroplane  
And some by motor car,  
And when they were assembled  
They signed the visitor's book,  
And each took off his arsehole  
And hung it on a hook

The dogs they were contented  
As they sat down to retire,  
Until a lying little daschund  
Jumped up and shouted "FIRE!"  
The dogs they were confus-ed,  
They knew not which way to look,  
So each dog grabbed an arsehole  
From off the nearest hook.

Now as you may well imagine,  
It must be very sore  
To wear another dog's arsehole  
That you've never worn before,  
And that is the sole reason  
Why a dog will leave his bone,  
To smell another dog's arsehole  
To see if it's his own.

## **The George Bush Jr. Burger**

Tune

*Traditional US Marine Corps marching cadence*

Words

*Doggy Dave - ACH3*

2007

*The circle repeats each line*

You take an Idaho potato, and a double bun of rye, *(Repeat)*  
Mix with Texas refried beans, 'n' your Momma's apple pie. *(Repeat)*  
Grab a handful of ass, and a pussy full of tit, *(Repeat)*  
And a "Poor Boy Chicken", fried in hot buttered shit. *(Repeat)*  
You add a little mayonnaise, made from Dolly Parton's cum, *(Repeat)*  
Hee! Haw! I'm gettin' horny, I believe I'll order some. *(Repeat)*

Oh, don't it sound delicious?  
Yes Lawd!  
So are yuh gonna have some?  
Oh Gawd! ... I'm eatin' her now.

## **The Hairs On Her Dicky-Di-Doh**

Tune

*The Ash Grove*

Words

*Traditional. Here are a few of the many verses*

The mayor of Bayswater he had a fair daughter  
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees

*Chorus     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 way.*

It would take a coal miner to find her vagina  
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees

*Chorus     One black one, one white one...*

If she was my daughter I'd have them cut shorter  
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees

*Chorus     One black one, one white one...*

She married an Italian with balls like a fucking stallion  
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doh hang down to her knees

*Chorus     One black one, one white one...*

*Finale     And the hairs on her dicky-di-doh,  
              The hairs on her dicky-di-doh,  
              The hairs on her dicky-di-doh,  
              Hang down to her knees,  
              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 way.*

*Ad infinitum...*

### **The Half-price Barfine**

Tune *Viva La Company!*  
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Aug 1985

She's only half price  
Though she's ever so nice,  
With half a brain in her head.  
She's got one arm and one eye  
And one leg and one thigh,  
And one tit that leaves others for dead!

She'd lend you a hand  
If she had one to spare,  
But she'll always lend you her ear,  
And those that pay double  
Can shag with no trouble  
Her Siamese twin in the rear!

But her cunt's not too hot,  
It's more arse than it's twat,  
So to 'muff' her, you'll need to be brave,  
'Cos the 'minge' on her box  
Smells like Armpit's old socks,  
But think of the money you'll save!

*This is the first song that I ever wrote for ACH3. I first sung it in 1985 at ACH3's 7<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Run. The words have become modified over the years.*

### **The Hares Are Rotten Old Time Hashers**

Tune *Standing On The Bridge At Midnight*  
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

2001

The hares are rotten old time hashers,  
All their morals foul and curled,  
Like some rotting blue vein cheese  
Beneath the foreskin of the world.

### **The Hares They Set A Run**

Tune *Oh for My Grog! My Jolly, Jolly Grog (traditional sea song)*  
Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

2009

The hares they set a run, a jolly, jolly, run  
But they marked their trail with tricks and delusion,  
Now the pack have had their fill,  
Because they're wandering out there still,  
In the dark and in the shit and in confusion.

## **The Joys Of Fornication**

*Tune* Do you ken John Peel?  
*Words* Traditional

When you wake up in the morning,  
With the devil of a 'stand',  
From the pressure of the liquid,  
In your seminary gland,  
And you haven't got a woman  
Then you'll have to use your hand  
As you revel in the joys of fornication.

*Chorus* Cats on the roof tops,  
Cats on the tiles,  
Cats with syphilis,  
Cats with piles,  
Cats with their arseholes wreathed in smiles  
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

When you wake up in the morning  
And you're full of sexual joy,  
But your wife has got the rags on  
And your daughter's feeling coy,  
You'll just have to wait around  
For the pretty paper boy  
Before you revel in the joys of fornication.

*Chorus* Cats on the roof tops...

The Regimental Sergeant Major  
Leads the devil of a life,  
He can't afford a prostitute  
And doesn't want a wife,  
So he sticks it up the backside  
Of the 'Regimental Fife',  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

*Chorus* Cats on the roof tops...

## **The Lord of the Rings**

*Tune* The Lord of The Dance      *Traditional English folk song*  
*Words* Doggy Dave - ACH3      *Jan 2010*

Bend then, wherever you may be,  
In public school or in public lavatory  
I promise it won't hurt (much) when I practise sodomy,  
For I am The Lord of the Rings, said he,  
I accost my fellow men, and I 'root' them without fail,  
I've 'rogered' boys at school and buggered seamen in a gale.  
I've 'cornholed' boys in borstal and shagged passive 'poofs' in jail,  
I'll even fuck that 'horse's arse', (*points into the circle*) if he'll lift his tail!



*enough to kick the fuck out of you.*

*Still they only charged five bob a go, and I needed the experience.  
Sadly the old Albany is just a bank now, which means that it's still full of whores  
and arseholes, but the roles are reversed. Now they fuck you.*

### **The Other Night Boys As He Lay Sleeping**

*Tune*                      *You Are My Sunshine*  
*Words*                     *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

*Jan 2010*

The other night boys, as he lay sleeping,  
On a floor down on Blow Row,  
Two baklas blew him then picked his pocket,  
Oh what a pity, Ho! Ho! Ho!

*'Bakla' is the Tagalog / Filipino word for a homosexual*

### **The Pikey Lad**

*Tune*                      *Will you marry me? (1<sup>st</sup> half of each verse)*  
                              *The Good ship Venus (2<sup>nd</sup> half of each verse)*  
*Words*                     *'He who wishes to remain anonymous' - ACH3*

*1999*

A Hampshire girl said, "For goodness sake,  
I've just been bitten by a trouser snake!"  
Nine months later she dropped a sprog,  
But the father must have been a gyppo or a wog.

*Because...*      His teeth were white pearly,  
                              His hair was dark and curly,  
                              His manner was mean and surly,  
                              And he could tell your fortune too!

Now there was something about this swarthy little lad  
That made me think he would turn out bad.  
At the hour of his birth I couldn't help but 'clock it',  
When I watched him slyly pick the midwife's pocket.

*He was...*        A flashy little chappy,  
                              He wore a pin striped, mohair nappy,  
                              And though it showed off all the crappy,  
                              He just couldn't give a fuck!

He wore a brass earring and a spotted headscarf  
And at night he would mug old ladies for a laugh.  
His mum threw him out at the age of four  
When she caught him shagging her brother on the floor!

*But his...*        Queer old uncle Mikey,  
                              Said "Don't throw him out, by crikey!  
                              I love that dear little Pikey  
                              And it's my turn next on top!

At the age of five he was doing mighty fine,  
Earning a quid, stealing washing off the line,

But he didn't trust banks, so once he'd saved a shilling,  
He'd go back to the dentist for another gold filling!

*At school...* He was a treasure,  
Giving girls great sexual pleasure,  
But when he left, they learnt his measure,  
'Cos he'd left all the nuns up the duff!

He'd be out on his cart in all kinds of weather,  
Going round the racetracks selling lucky heather,  
He sold hot 'country pies' that the punters thought a treat,  
Which he'd made out of cat and hedgehog meat!

*His...* Caravan was foul and mankey,  
At the window he would sit and wankey,  
And wipe his knob on a big red hankey,  
Which he wore around his head!

By the age of six he had all the 'wide-boy' chat,  
He had the manners of a pimp and the ethics of a rat,  
And The Hampshire Vice Squad thought him very rum  
Swimming nude round Portsmouth harbour  
With a price list on his bum!

*He could.....* Rabbit like Arthur Daley,  
He posed nude for David Bailey,  
He fucked a tinker at an Irish Ceilidh,  
He had no fucking class at all!

At the age of eight, judge and jury were agape,  
When they sent him down for aggravated rape,  
But he claimed that his victim was merely acting coy  
When they'd pulled him off the arsehole  
Of that screaming fairground boy!

*He'd fuck...* Lesbians butch and burly,  
Piglets with tails so curly  
And when he got up early  
He would fuck the crack of dawn!

### **There Is A Green Hill Far Away**

*Tune*                      *There Is A Green Hill Far Away (traditional Easter hymn)*  
*Words*                     *Traditional rugby song*

There is a green hill far away  
Without a city wall,  
Where our dear Lord was crucified,  
He died to save us all,

And a one, a two, and a one, two, three!

*(Everybody then joins in and dances around, merrily waving their beers)*



These foolish things  
Remind me of you.

### **The Slash Hash**

*Tune*                      *The Camp Town Races*  
*Words*                     *Traditional*

The Slash Hash take it up the gash,  
Doo-Da, Doo-Da,  
The slash hash take it up the gash,  
But only if you'll pay!!!

### **Up From Subic City**

*Tune*                      *Lily Marlene*  
*Words*                     *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1997

Up from Subic City  
Comes a girl who's very keen  
To give oral masturbation  
To the 'sexually in-between'.  
She loves to 'chew the fat'  
With the Subic Hash,  
Though she's got a knob  
Where she should have a gash.  
She's a very, eccentric gentleman  
And she calls herself Maureen.

Underneath the street light  
That's where you'll find Maureen,  
Wearing the tightest hot pants  
That you have ever seen.  
If you get enticed  
Into her bed  
You'll never get a root  
But you'll get great head!  
She blows unsuspecting tourists  
And a knowing Hasher or two!

*Subic Bay is quite close to Angeles City, so it is a popular hash for Angeles hashers to visit. There is a notorious 'creature of the night' in Subic City, called Maureen. She features prominently in Subic's folklore and songs. Some Subic hashers, and at least one visiting hasher, are rumoured to have 'known' her in the Biblical sense of the word.*

### **Up jumped the monkey from the coconut grove**

*(The circle repeats each line)*

*Tune*                      *Traditional Marine Corps running cadence*  
*Words*                     *As told to us by D' Gill - ACH3*

Up jumped the monkey from the coconut grove!                      *(repeat)*  
He was a mean motherfucker you could tell by his clothes.                      *(repeat)*  
He wore a three button jacket with a two button stitch,                      *(repeat)*  
He was a mean motherfucker, was a son of a bitch.                      *(repeat)*

He walked through the jungle with his dick in his hand	<i>(repeat)</i>
Saying "Look out women, I'm your Bebop Man".	<i>(repeat)</i>
He lined a hundred women up against the wall,	<i>(repeat)</i>
Saying, "Look out women, gonna fuck you all".	<i>(repeat)</i>
He fucked ninety eight until his balls turned blue,	<i>(repeat)</i>
And then he backed off, jacked off, then fucked the other two!	<i>(repeat)</i>

Q           Have you got a hard-on?  
A           Not yet!  
Q           Are you going to get one?  
A           You bet! ... It's rising now!

**We All Died In A Russian Submarine**

*Tune*           *Yellow Submarine*  
*Words*        *Traditional*

In the town where I was born  
There lived a man with a PhD,  
And he told us of his life  
Designing faulty submarines

So we sailed up to the north  
Until we reached, the Barents Sea,  
Then we sank beneath the waves  
In our Russian submarine

*Chorus*        We all died in a Russian submarine,  
                  A Russian submarine, a Russian submarine,  
                  We all died in a Russian Submarine,  
                  A Russian Submarine, a Russian Submarine.

And all our friends, they died aboard,  
But not us lucky cunts,  
Who'd stayed ashore,  
And the band begins to play...

Da da, da, da da, da da, da..  
Blub blub, blub blub, blub blub, blub blub, blub, blub.  
*Chorus*        *We all died in a Russian submarine...*

**We Are Poor Little Lambs Who Have Lost Their Way**

*Tune*           *We Are Poor Little Lambs Who Have Lost Their Way*  
*Words*        *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Jan 2010

We are poor little lambs who have lost their way,  
Baa, baa, baa.  
On a wicked false trail we were led astray,  
Baa, baa, baa.  
We've been ever so frightened for most of the day,  
Baa, baa, baa.  
Some Kiwis might grab us and have us away!  
Baa, baa, baa.

*On every hash there are 'lost sheep'. These are the people who are so busy talking that they don't pay attention to the marks on the trail. They just blindly follow the bloke in front of them. The bloke in front is probably doing the same thing, and so is the bloke in front of him!*

*You end up with a long string of lost sheep bleating "Baa, baa, where's the fucking trail?" "Baa, baa, are you on?"*

*When this happens on ACH3, and the hares are Single Malt and Two Bottles setting one of their joint 'Death March' runs, it can be catastrophic,*

### **We Don't Hash To Pass Examinations**

*Tune                      Bread of Heaven  
Words                     Sunshine John - ACH3  
Based on Leicester University Rugby Club song*

We don't hash to pass examinations.  
We don't hash to create fear.  
We just hash for recreation,  
Fornication and the beer.  
Balls to you guys!  
Balls to you guys!  
We won't hash with you no more!  
We won't hash with you no more.

### **We're All Queers Together**

*This song has many different verses and variations.  
ACH3 have added a few of our own.*

*Tune                      The Eton Boating Song  
Words                     Traditional rugby song*

His name is... (*whoever*),  
He hangs out in Leicester Square,  
Swishing round in pink pyjamas  
Wearing rosebuds in his hair.  
He holds hands with a young man in Soho,  
Drinking gin with a 'ginger beer',  
But when asked if he's bent, he'll say "Oh no!  
I'm just feeling a little queer,"

*Chorus                    And we're all queers together,  
That's why we go round in pairs  
And we're all queers together,  
Excuse us while we go upstairs.*

The sexual life of a camel  
Is greater than anyone thinks,  
In the height of the mating season  
One tried to bugger the Sphinx,  
But the Sphinx's posterial passage  
Was blocked by the sands of the Nile,  
Which accounts for the look of the camel  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

*Chorus*            *And we're all queers together...*

*Words*            *As told to us by D'Gill - ACH3*

Whilst trying to sell my motor car,  
I went to a bar for to quench my thirst,  
A man there asked me my bottom price,  
I said "Oh, let me sell my car first!"

*Chorus*            *And we're all queers together...*

*Words*            *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1988

He fumbled around with his tool box  
And poked underneath for a bit,  
He said "Your big end's been thoroughly rooted,  
And your exhaust has been fucked up to shit!"

*Chorus*            *And we're all queers together...*

I once had a gay little mini,  
It's paintwork all shiny and red  
When chaps wanted to hire my Austin  
They'd pay me then take him to bed

*Chorus*            *And we're all queers together...*

I got arrested for catamite pimping,  
And paying the fine was pure hell,  
I had to sell off my car and dear Austin,  
And sweet Morris and Riley as well!

*Chorus*            *And we're all queers together...*

### **When Doggy Dave Fell And Tried To Fly**

*Tune*            *The Camptown Races*

*Words*            *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

Jan 2010

When Doggy Dave fell and tried to fly,  
Doo-dah, doo-dah,  
Most would have left him there to die,  
All the doo-dah day.  
It was cold, but he shivered with fright,  
As they clung together that night.  
Three men cuddling on the ground?  
Imagine what the Hash will say!

*Mount Arayat Hash, hike 31: 28-29<sup>th</sup> October 1999.*

*With sincere thanks to my three good mates Dan The Lavatory Man, Single Malt  
and Supot, who stayed with me all that night and saved my life.*

*Unfortunately for these three blokes, the rest of the Hash think they're a bunch of*





Oh please don't take  
My bar fine away.

*'Go butterfly' means to barfine another girl. When the USAF was here, the 'ladies' considered butterflying to be an enormous social gaffe. If a GI barfined a girl more than two nights in a row, she considered herself to be legally betrothed in the eyes of God and all the angels in heaven. Yahoo! She was going to be a GI bride!*

*She would send joyous word down to her province telling her family to 'kill the fatted pig', for she would soon be bound for California! She would tell her whole family to borrow the boat fare and move up to Angeles City to share in her 'honey ko's' enormous wealth and boundless generosity.*

*It involved a great loss of face for the girl when the GI told her to fuck off.*

*The end of the first and second lines of each verse of each limerick (shown in brackets), are traditionally repeated in the form of a question by the circle.*

## **THE LIMERICKS**

*(THE CIRCLE SAYS THE WORDS IN ITALICS)*

### **A Poor Visiting Dirt Road Sinner**

Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1990

A poor visiting Dirt Road sinner  
*Sinner?*  
Was a multiple 'Shoes-In!' winner,  
*Winner?*  
But 'twixt the legs of both prizes,  
Hung dicks of two sizes,  
Those Billy Boys 'ate him' for dinner!

### **A Randy Old Priest In Victoria**

Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

1986

A randy old priest in Victoria,  
*Victoria?*  
Fucked two nuns whilst they sang him, 'Dei Gloria'.  
*Dei Gloria?*  
When the nuns got a-flurry,  
The priest said "Don't worry,  
It was only religious euphoria."

### **A Strapping Young Viking Called Thor**

Words *Doggy Dave - ACH3*

2005

A strapping young Viking called Thor  
*Called Thor?*  
Had a dick which made all the girls sore.  
*The girls sore?*  
But it wasn't its length,  
Nor even its strength,  
'Twas the 'clap' that he'd caught years before!

**Shoes In The Middle!** See page 67...

Words Doggy Dave - ACH3

Jan 2010

Hey diddle diddle, It's 'Shoes in the middle'

*The middle?*

With your prize you'll get left all alone.

*All alone?*

With you she will fiddle,

With her you can diddle,

And then she might gobble your bone.

**The Buggering Old Bishop Of Buckingham**

Words Doggy Dave ACH3

1986

The buggering old Bishop of Buckingham

*Buckingham?*

Was fond of young men and fucking 'em.

*Fucking 'em?*

But his wife said, "My dear,

They'll call you a queer!"

So now he's content with just sucking 'em!

**The Learned Old Rabbi Fedora**

Words Doggy Dave - ACH3

Jan 2010

The learned old Rabbi Fedora

*Fedora?*

Studied lots of the sins in the Torah.

*The Torah?*

He learnt most Jews in Sodom

Paid queer Jews to prod 'em.

Gosh! What was called sin in Gomorrah?"

**There Was A Young Girl From Azores**

Words Traditional

There was a young girl from Azores,

*Azores?*

Whose twat was all covered in sores,

*Sores?*

Even the dogs in the street,

Wouldn't eat the green meat,

That hung down like grapes from her drawers.

**There Was A Young Girl From Nantucket**

Words Traditional

There was a young girl from Nantucket,

*Nantucket?*

Who stowed away in a bucket,  
    *A bucket?*  
When she got there  
And they asked for her fare,  
She just lifted her skirt and said, "Fuck it!"

## SHOES IN THE MIDDLE - A SHORT HISTORY

*(See the limerick of the same name)*

*Many years ago, ACH3 had a quaint old custom. Our runs were often broken up by one or two beer stops to allow the slow buggers to catch up with the front runners and so keep the pack together. Sometimes at a beer stop, if the joint was cheap enough, Hash Cash or the hares would decide to award a free short time. The cry would go up "Shoes in the middle!"*

*Everyone had to take one shoe off and throw it into a heap on the floor. One of the 'ladies' of the establishment would then be blindfolded and told to pick out a shoe. Oh! Just imagine the jolly and good natured banter that then ensued:*

*"Not that shoe, you fucking bitch, my one, the red one!" or "Fuck me! Armpit's won again. Well that's her ruined for life, no one's going to want her now." etc.etc.*

*The winner would then go and 'do the business' with her in the short time room whilst the pack departed and left him to find his own way home.*

*Now, once upon a time, or so the story goes, there was once a very obnoxious visitor on one of our early Beach runs. Throughout the run this arsehole kept comparing us, unfavourably, to all the hundreds of other hashes he claimed to have run with. Fuck me! No matter what it was, this bloke had "been there and done that", and he had always done it better! Angeles hashers were amateurs.*

*He reckoned that he'd fucked half the women in half the brothels of Asia. He was an 'old whore master', and no bar girl could ever pull the wool over his eyes, he knew all the tricks. Well, we've all met his kind, eh?*

*Finally, the Beach had had a gutful of him and decided to teach him a lesson. The final beer stop was in a classy 'cocktail lounge' on Blow Row. It was cunningly arranged with the very lovely 'prize girl' that she made sure she picked this arsehole's shoe out of the pile in the middle of the floor. After he had "won" he took her into the short time room.*

*When they came out again, he had a big smug smile on his face. And she was smiling too! He was still cuddling her, and giving her big wet 'tongue in mouth' kisses. He went on to explain, "I couldn't get a root out of her because she said she was on the rags. But fuck me, what a great blow job!"*

*On cue, the girl then dropped her shorts in the bar in front of the whole Hash. And lo! There it was, all taped up, a teeny weeny penis! The 'winner' quickly shot off, and was never seen again in Angeles City. I wonder if the bloke ever complained about this back in Kuala Lumpur?*

*With this incident in mind I later wrote a limerick called 'A Poor Visiting Dirt Road Sinner', who was a 'Shoes in!' winner. This was shortly after PDRH3 had burned my Interdirt T-shirt on the 'Roof of the Birds'. In my insane and vindictive lust for revenge I had designed a Beach Hash T-shirt with this limerick on it. The design graphically depicted a Dirt Roader participating in an exotic sexual act.*

*Fortunately it was so filthy that no local T-shirt shop would print it. If it had been*

*printed then Pattaya Dirt would have probably had me killed. Back then, PDRH3's 'Woody' was rumoured to be their travelling hit man.*

### **A Brief History Of Pattaya Dirt Hash and Angeles**

*There is a traditional history of 'needle' between us and the PDRH3. It began back in 1990. They were having one of their sordid 'Interdirt' out-station runs in Angeles City, to coincide with the Manila Interhash. They sent instructions to their resident member in Angeles (our very own Single Malt) to organize the run, the on-home, and a T-Shirt.*

*My old mate, Single Malt, then contacted a shady local artist Senor 'Dodgy Dave' (for t'was I, did you not guess?) and asked me to design the shirt. I had assumed that they would want a design that reflected their claim to be 'The Dirtiest Hash In The World'. Unfortunately, their ideas of 'dirty' were not the same as ours. As a result, the design they got on their shirts was considered far too outré.*

*"Fuck off! Our sweethearts and mummies won't let us wear that filth in Thailand! Oh woe! Oh no! Oh no! No! No!" they cried. Now bear in mind: 'The Dirt' had been granted the great privilege of holding their \* exclusive on-home (\*No fucking guests! No fucking exceptions!\*) on the roof of the BOP which was then the home of ACH3 and the BEACH3.*

*To show their gratitude for our hospitality, the bastards ritually set fire to their shirts in the circle. "So perish all works of the Devil, God is great!" they wailed as they flogged themselves (sic.) and made the sign of the cross. However, at least one of the T-shirts survived the holocaust, and was framed and displayed above the bar in the Expat Hotel in Phuket. Apparently, the surviving shirt has a flap coyly nailed over the front to hide the naughty design. Oh alas, my eternal shame and humiliation!*

*Later, the cruel bastards really put the boot in when Armpit, a much beloved and internationally respected member of ours, visited Pattaya. He was refused an invite to run with the 'buggers', on the grounds that his toxic body odour represented a serious environmental hazard to all living things. Poor Armpit was gutted. He thought they liked arseholes! Strangely though, this only caused the ACH3 membership back in Angeles to piss themselves laughing when they heard about it.*

*Anyway, the trauma of it all led Armpit to institute the habit of spitting whenever PDRH3's name is mentioned, or whenever someone wears one of their T-shirts in our circle. Childish eh? Still, it gives us an excuse to down-down the bastards.*

## **THE PILSBURY AWARD FOR SLEEPING**

*On our hash we have a regular 'Pilsbury' Award for any hasher who has been seen sleeping outside of his own home. I can't remember the origin of the name. It dates from the days of the US Air Force and has something to do with an American brand of flour called Pilsbury.*

*Who cares?*

*Armpit, who brings a pillow and his pyjamas with him to the hash, has received it so many times that there was talk of changing the award's name to his.*

*The incident related in this song is alleged to have actually happened to a GI hasher back in 1986. Two Air Force buddies of his who were drinking with him watched it happen, but claimed that they didn't interfere because they didn't want to spoil his pleasure. They knew that he only had a few Pesos left, so he wasn't getting robbed of much. They figured he was getting blown at a great discount!*

*Anyway, as it turned out later, they'd already paid the two poofs to do it.*

*Wow! You certainly make friends for life in the military.*