

INTERNATIONAL HASH HYMN

Words & Motions:

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

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home,
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

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

Sometimes I'm up; sometimes I'm down.
Coming for to carry me home,
But I know in my soul that I'm heavenward
bound,
Coming for to carry me home.

FATHER ABRAHAM

(Hash warm-up song)

**Father Abraham had seven sons
Seven sons had Father Abraham
And he never laughed
And he never smiled
All he did was go like this . . .**

Leader: With the Left (flings out left arm)

*Pack: **With the Left** (flings out left arm)*

Father Abraham . . .

. . . and so on through

And the right (right arm)

And a gauche (left leg)

And a droite (right leg)

And a Hoo! (bend forward)

and a Haa! (bend back)

DOUGH, RAY, ME

Melody--Do, Re, Mi

Dough, the stuff that buys me beer,
Ray, the bloke behind the bar,
Me, the one who drinks my beer,
Fa, a long way to the john,
So, I'll have another beer,
La, I'll have another beer,
Tea, no thanks I'll have a beer,
And that brings us back to,
Dough dough dough dough
. . . (etc)

SINGING IN THE RAIN

Melody--Singing in the Rain

**Ah-zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah-
dah,
Zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah, zuppa-dah-dah.
We're singing in the rain,
Just singing in the rain,
What a glorious feeling,
We're hap! hap! happy again . . .**

Verse / action:

Hold it!

Arms out!

(repeat chorus adding new line and action each time)

Wrists together!

Thumbs up!

Elbows in!

Shoulders back!

Chest out!

Stomach in!

Ass out!

Knees together!

Heels together!

Toes together!

Tongues out!

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

*Melody--My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean
(Take turns leading verses)*

My father makes book on the corner,
My mother makes illicit gin,
My sister sells kisses to sailors,
My God how the money rolls in.

**Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in, rolls in,
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in.**

My mother's a bawding house keeper,
Each night when the evening grows dim,
She hangs out a little red lantern,
My God how the money rolls in.

My cousin's a Harley Street surgeon,
With instruments long, sharp, and thin,
He only does one operation,
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a slum missionary,
He saves fallen women from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar,
My God how the money rolls in.

My aunt keeps a girl's seminary,
Teaching young girls to begin,
She doesn't say where they will finish,
My God how the money rolls in.

I've shares in the very best companies,
In tramways, tobacco, and tin,
And brothels in Rio de Janeiro,
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother Jim whittles out candles,
From wax that is exceptionally soft,
He says it will come in real handy,
If ever his business falls off.

THE LUMBERJACK SONG

I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay,
I sleep all night and I work all day.
**He's a lumberjack and he's okay,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.**

I cut down trees, I eat my lunch,
I go to the lavatory,
On Wednesdays I go shopping,
And have buttered scones for tea.
**He cuts down trees, he eats his lunch,
He goes to the lavatory,
On Wednesdays he goes shopping,
Has buttered scones for tea.
He's a lumberjack and he's okay,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.**

I cut down trees, I skip and jump,
I like to press wild flowers.
I put on womens' clothing,
And hang around in bars.
**He cuts down trees, he skips and jumps,
He likes to press wild flowers.
He puts on womens' clothing,
And hangs around in bars?
. . . He's a lumberjack and he's okay,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.**

I cut down trees, I wear high heels,
Suspendies and a bra,
I wish I'd been a girlie,
Just like my dear Pappa.
**He cuts down trees, he wears high
heels? Suspendies? and a bra?
. . . He's a lumberjack and he's okay,
He sleeps all night and he works all day.**

JAMAICA FAREWELL

Down away where the nights are gay
And the sun shines daily on the mountain-
top,
I took a trip on a sailin' ship
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop.

**But I'm sad to say I'm on my way;
Won't be back for many a day.
Me heart is down, me head is turning
around,
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston
Town.**

Down by the market you can hear
Lady cry out while on their heads they bear.
Ackee, rice, or fish on ice,
And the rum is fine any time of year.

Sounds of laughter everywhere
And the dancing girls swaying to and fro.
I must declare that my heart is there
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico.

SLOOP JOHN B

We sailed on the sloop John B
My Granpappy and me.
Round Nassau town we did roam.
Drinking all night, got into a fight.
I feel so break up. I want to go home.

**So hoist up the John B's sails
See how the mainsail's set
Send for the Captain ashore
Let me go home.
O let me go home
Please let me go home
I feel so break up; I want to go home.**

The first mate he got drunk;
break up the people's trunk.
Constable come aboard and took him away.
O sheriff John Sloan, please let me alone.
I feel so break up. I want to go home.

Poor cook, he got the fits,
Throw'way all of the grits
Then he took and eat up all of my corn.
Let me go home. I want to go home.
I feel so break up. I want to go home.

SWEET VIOLETS

There once was a farmer who took a young
miss
in back of the barn where he gave her a ...

Lecture on horses and chickens and eggs
and told her that she had such beautiful ...

Manners that suited a girl of her charms;
a girl that he wanted to take in his ...

Washing and ironing and then if she did,
they could get married and raise lots of ...

Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses -
Covered all over from head to toe -
Covered all over with sweet vi-i-o-lets!

HERE'S TO _____

Here's to _____, he's true blue,
He's a Hasher, through and through,
He's a pisspot, so they say,
And he'll never get to heaven
In a long, long way
So drink it down, down, down . . .

**WHY WERE THEY BORN SO
BEAUTIFUL?**

Why were they born so beautiful?
Why were they born at all?
They're no bloody use to anyone,
They're no bloody use at all.
Drink it down, down, down . . .

BLOB SPOTTER

Tune: Goldfinger

Blob Spotter

You're the hasher, the hasher

With the eagle eye.

We don't know why,

But you spot those blobs from afar.

There's no doubt that you're quite a star.

If we follow you,

We know we'll get there

Even to the middle of nowhere.

Blob Spotter, will you drink it

down - down - down - down...

TBA SONG (Tough broads Award)

Tune: Alleluya chorus (sort of)

Hasheluya, Hasheluya, Hasheluya, we've
got real tough broads

How they hash so, how they hash so,

They show blokes how far the broads can
go

Drink it down, down, down, down.....

BIRTHDAY SONG

Happy birthday to you,

Happy birthday to you,

You look like a hasher,

And you smell like one too.

Drink it down, down, down . . .

**COME LANDLORD FILL THE
FLOWING BOWL**

Come landlord fill the flowing bowl until it
doth run over (x2)

For tonight we'll merry merry be

For tonight we'll merry merry be

For tonight we'll merry merry be

and tomorrow we'll be sober

The man that drinketh small beer and goes
to bed right sober

Will wither as the leaves do fade that drop
off in October

The man that drinketh strong beer and goes
to bed right mellow

Lives as he ought to live and dies a jolly
good fellow

Burt the man that drinketh all he can and
getteth half seas over

Will live until he die perhaps and then lie
down in clover.

The man that kiss a pretty girl then runs to
tell his mother

Ought to have his lips cut off and never
kiss another.

The girl that kisses one man then turns to
kiss another

A wondrous gift to all mankind and soon
will be a mother.

CHEVALIERS DE LA TABLE RONDE

Chevaliers de la table ronde

Goutons voir si le vin et bon

Chevaliers de la table ronde

Goutons voir si le vin et bon

Goutons voir, oui oui oui

Goutons voir, non non non

Goutons voir si le vin est bo-o-on

Goutons voir, oui oui oui

Goutons voir, non non non

Goutons voir si le vin est bon

S'il est bon, s'il est agreable

J'en boirai jusqu'a mon plaisir (x2)

J'en boirai, oui oui oui

J'en boirai, non non non

J'en boirai jusqu'a mon plaisi-i-ir

(bis)

J'en boirai cinq ou six bouteilles
Une fem-me sur mes genoux

Toc toc toc! on frappe a la porte
Je crois bien que c'est le mari

Si c'est lui, que le diable l'emporte
De venir troubler mon plaisir

Si je meurs, je veux qu'on m'enterre
Dans un cave ou il y a du bon vin

Les deux pieds contre la muraille
Et la tete sous le robinet

Et si le tonneau se debonde
J'en boirai jusqu'a mon loisir

Et les quatre plus grands ivrognes
Porteront les quat'coins du drap

Sur ma tombe, je veux qu'on inscrive
"Ici git le roi des buveurs"

La morale de cette histoire :
Il faut boire avant de mourir

THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Farewell to you my own true love,
I am going far, far away
I am bound for California
But I will return some day
**So fare thee well my own true love,
When I return united we will be,
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that
grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee**

I have shipped on a Yankee clipper ship,
Davey Crockett is her name
Aye and Burgess is the captain of her
And they say she is a floating shame

Oh the sun is on the harbour love
And I wish I could remain
For I know it will be some long time
Before I see you again

ROLL ME OVER

Now this is number one
And the fun has just begun
**Roll me over, lay me down and do it
again
Roll me over in the the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it
again**

Now this is number two
And I don't know what to do

Now this is number three,
And I've got her on my knee

Now this is number four,
And we're rolling on the floor

Now this is number five,
And we take the dirty dive.

Now this is number six,
And I've got her in a fix.

Now this is number seven
And we'll never go to heaven.

Now this is number eight,
And the doctor's at the gate.

Now this is number nine,
And the twins are doing fine.
(or ...the nappies are on the line)

Now this is number ten,

And we'll do it all again.

DARK AS A DUNGEON

Come all you young fellows so fair and so fine

And seek not your fortune in a dark dreary mine

It will form as a habit and seep in your soul
Till the stream of your blood runs as black
as the coal.

**Where it's dark as a dungeon and damp
as the dew**

**Where the danger is double and the
pleasures are few**

**Where the rain never falls and the sun
never shines**

**It's dark as a dungeon way down in the
mines.**

It's many I man I have seen in my day
Who lived just to labour his whole life
away.

Like a fiend with his dope or a drunkard his
wine

A man will have lust for the lure of the
mine.

I hope when I'm dead and the ages shall roll
My body will blacken and turn into coal.
Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly
home
And pity the miner a-digging my bones.

THE WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover for many a year,
And I've spent all my money on whiskey
and beer,

But now I have credit, and gold in great
store,

And ne'er will I play the wild rover no
more.

And it's no nay never

(clap clap clap clap)

No nay never no more

Will I play the wild rover.

No never, no more.

I went into an alehouse I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady my money was
spent.

I asked her for credit; she answered me
"Nay",

Saying "Custom like yours I can get any
day!"

I reached into my pocket; pulled out
sovereigns bright,

And the landlady's eyes opened wide with
delight.

"Oh sir, I have whisky and wines of the
best, and the words that I spoke, sure were
only in jest!"

I'll go home to my parents; confess what
I've done,

And ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they forgive me, as oft-times before,
Then ne'er shall I play the wild rover no
more.

ROSIN THE BEAU

I've travelled this wide world all over, and
soon to another I'll go.

Where I know that good friends will be
waiting

To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

**I know that good friends will be waiting
to welcome old Rosin the Beau.**

When I'm dead and laid out in my coffin,
A voice you will hear from below

Singing out for some whisky and water
To drink to old Rosin the Beau.

**To drink to old Rosin the Beau,
To drink to old Rosin the Beau,
Singing out for some whisky and water
To drink to old Rosin the Beau**

Then get you a dozen good fellows
And stand them all up in a row,
And drink out of half gallon bottles
In mem'ry of Rosin the Beau.

And then let these dozen good fellows
Go staggering out through the snow
And dig a deep hole in the meadow
And in it toss Rosin the Beau.

Then get you a couple of bottles.
Put one at my head and my toe
With a di-amond ring scratch upon them
The name of old Rosin the Beau.

I feel that old tyrant approaching,
That cruel remorseless old foe.
And I lift up a glass in his honour:
Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau.

JEANNETON PREND SA FAUCILLE

Jeanneton prend sa faucille

La riette la riette

Jeanneton prend sa faucille
Pour aller couper les joncs (2)

En chemin elle rencontre

La riette la riette

En chemin elle rencontre
Quatre jeunes et beaux garçons (2)

Le premier, un peu timide
Lui chatouilla le menton

Le deuxieme, un peu moins sage

La longea sur le gazon

Le troisieme, encore moins sage
Souleva son blanc jupon

Ce que fit le quatrieme
N'est pas dit dans le chanson

Si vous le saviez, Mesdames
Vous iriez couper les joncs

La morale de cette histoire
C'est qu'les hommes sont les cochons

La morale de la morale
C'est qu'les femmes aimes les cochons

Est la derniere morale
C'est qu'sur quatre, trois sont couillons.

THE BARLEY MOW

Here's a health to the good old pint pot,
Here's a health to the barley mow,
Jolly good luck to the pint pot,
Good luck to the barley mow.

**Oh the pint pot, half pint , gill pot, half
gill, quarter gill, nipperkin and the
round bowl, here's good luck, good
luck, good luck to the barley mow.**

Here's a health to the good old quart pot,
Here's a health to the barley mow,
Jolly good luck to the quart pot,
Good luck to the barley mow.

**Oh the quart pot, pint pot, half pint ,
gill pot, half gill, quarter gill, nipperkin
and the round bowl, here's good luck,
good luck, good luck to the barley mow.**

...and so on...

Half gallon, gallon, half barrel, barrel,
landlord, landlady, daughter...

ending with:

Here's a health to the good old company...

CAMPBELTOWN LOCH

**Campbeltown Loch I wish you were
whisky,
Campbeltown Loch och aye.
Campbeltown Loch I wish you were
whisky,
Man I would drink ye dry.**

Now Campbeltown Loch is a beautiful
place
But the price of the whisky is grim.
How I wish I could see that the whisky was
free
And the loch was full up to the brim.
Oh . . .

**Campbeltown Loch I wish you were
whisky,
Campbeltown Loch och aye.
Campbeltown Loch I wish you were
whisky,
Man I would drink ye dry.**

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

As I was coming over the Gilgarry
mountain,
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he
was counting.
First I drew my Pistol and then I drew my
rapier,
Crying "Stand and deliver, for I'm your
bold deceiver!"

With a room amma doom amma da

(clap clap clap clap)

Whack fol de daddy oh

(clap clap)

Whack fol de daddy oh

There's whiskey in the jar

(repeat)

I counted out his money and it made a
pretty penny.
I took the money from him and I gave it all
to Jenny.
She sighed and she swore that she never
would deceive me,
But the devil take the women for they never
can behave!

I went up to my chamber, for to get some
slumber;
Dreamt of gold and jewels, and sure it was
no wonder.
But Jenny took my pistols and drew out all
the powder;
Sent for Captain Farrell to be handy for the
slaughter.

Early the next morning, twixt the hours of
six and seven,
The soldiers came around for to take me off
to heaven.
I snatched up both my pistols but alas I was
mistaken,
For Jenny had the powder and a prisoner I
was taken.

If anyone can help me it's my brother in the
Army,
If I can find his station, be it Cork or in
Killarney.
He would get me out and we'd go roaming
in Kilkenny,
I swear he'd treat me better than my own
unfaithful Jenny.

They took me off to Dublin to await the
final slaughter.
They took away my pistols and they took
away my rapier,

But they didn't take my fists and so I
knocked out all the guardsmen
And now I am a free man back on Gilgarry
mountain.

Now some take delight in hurling and in
bowling,
And some take delight in fine carriages a-
rolling,
But I take delight in the juice of the barley,
And in courting pretty girls in the morning
oh so early!

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-OH

I'll sing you one-Oh
Green grow the rushes-Oh.
What is your one-Oh?
One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you two-Oh
Green grow the rushes-Oh.
What is your two-Oh?
Two, two the lillywhite boys
Clothed all in green-oho.
**One is one and all alone and ever more
shall be so.**

Three, three the ri-i-i-i-ivals.
Four for the Gospel makers.
Five for the symbols at your door.
Six for the six proud walkers.
Seven for the seven stars in the sky.
Eight for the april rainers.
Nine for the nine bright shiners.
Ten for the Ten Commandments.
Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven.
Twelve for the Twelve Apostles.

THE PUB WITH NO BEER

It's lonesome away from your kindred and
all,
By the campfire at night when the wild
dingoes call. *<howling dingoes please>*
But there's nothing so lonesome so morbid
or drear
Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no
beer.

Now the publican's anxious for the quota to
come.
There's a faraway look on the face of the
bum.
The maid's gone all cranky and the cook's
acting queer.
What a terrible place is a pub with no beer.

Then the stockman rides up with his dry
dusty throat.
He breasts up to the bar; pulls a wad from
his coat.
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a
sneer,
When the barman says sadly "The pub's got
no beer".

There's a dog on the 'randah, for his master
he waits,
But the boss is inside drinking wine with
his mates.
He hurries for cover and cringes in fear,
It's no place for a dog round a pub with no
beer.

Old Billy the blacksmith, first time in his
life,
Has gone home cold sober to his darling
wife.
He walks into the kitchen, she says "You're
early my dear".

Then he breaks down and tells her "The pub's got no beer".

<1st verse again>

BIRTHDAY SONG

Melody--Here's to _____, He's a Blue
Here's to (name), she's true blue,
It's her birthday, boo hoo hoo,
She is (age) if she's a day,
Wishes she were younger,
But there's no way!

Drink it down, down, down . . .

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by a
billabong
under the shade of a Coolibah tree.
And he sang as he watched and waited till
his billy boiled
"You'll come a waltzing matilda with me".
Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me
And he sang as he watched and waited
till his billy boiled
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me.

Up came a jumbuck to drink at the
billabong
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him
with glee.
And he sang as he stuffed that jumbuck in
his tucker bag
"You'll come a waltzing matilda with me".
Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me
And he sang as he stuffed that jumbuck
in his tucker bag
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me.

Up rode the squatter mounted on his
thoroughbred.

Up rode the troopers: one, two, three.
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in
your tucker bag?
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me."

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into
the billabong.
"You'll never take me alive said he".
Now his ghost may be heard as you pass by
that billabong:
"You'll come a waltzing matilda with me."

THE JUG OF PUNCH

As I was sitting with my jug and spoon
One fine morning in the month of June,
A bird he sang on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was the Jug of Punch.
Toora-loora-loo, toora-loora-loo,
Toora-loora-loo, toora-loora-loo,
A bird he sang on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was the Jug of
Punch.

What more diversion can a man desire
Than to court his love by a wee turf fire.
Upon his knee sits a pretty wench
Aye, and on the table a jug of punch.

The learned doctors with all their art
Cannot cure the pain of a broken heart
But e'en the cripple forgets his hunch
When he's safe outside of a jug of punch.

I drink my fill, but my money's me own
And if you don't like me you can leave me
alone.
I'll tune my fiddle and I will rosin the bow,
Sure and I'll be welcome wherever I go.

And when I'm dead and laid in my grave
No costly tombstone do I crave.
Just lay me down in my native peat

With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

***THEY OUGHT TO BE PUBLICLY
PISSSED ON***

Melody--My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

They ought to be publicly pissed on,
They ought to be publicly shot,
They ought to be tied to a shit-house,
And left there to fester and rot,

Drink it down, down, down . . .

THE HASHER'S SONG

"Now listen Fred" my Missus said "You're
getting much too fat".

She poked me in the belly, said "You'll
have to shift all that.

You'll have to take some exercise, you'll
have to understand

A balanced diet doesn't mean a pint in
either hand."

So I became a hasher to get that healthy
glow.

Hash with us, it's fit or bust...

A-hashing we will go.

**Hashing, hashing, makes you fit and
strong.**

Come hash with us, it's fit or bust...

And sing the hashers' song.

A swift half in the Star and then I started on
my run

Going like the clappers shouting "Wembley
here I come !"

But after several minutes I began to feel the
strain

And right outside the Robin Hood I got this
horrible pain.

It was chronic dehydration and it made me
feel quite faint

So I nipped into the public bar and downed
a couple of pints

But I kept my sense of purpose and, to see
my time well spent,
Every fifteen minutes I went hashing to the
Gents.

I hashed up to the Miners arms and the chip
shop on the way

The Cross Hands and the Kings Head and
the Chinese take-away.

And seeing it was closing time, I had one
for the road...

Two for the pavement, three for the kerb
and then I set off home.

I was tired but I was happy as I merrily
hashed along,

That's why I kept falling down and bursting
into song.

But what a disappointment when I
staggered home:

I stepped up on the scales and found I'd put
on half a stone!

Now I'm a clapped-out hasher, my nose is
all a-glow.

I wear a truss and catch the bus
And hashing I'll not go.

WIDDECOMBE FAIR

(Traditional, from the West Country)

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce lend me your gray
mare?

All along, down along, out along lee
For I want for to go to Widdecombe fair
Wi Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter
Gurney, Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon,
'Arry 'Awk, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh
and all, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and
all.

And when shall I see again my gray mare?

All along, down along, out along lee

Come Friday soon or Saturday noon
Wi Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, 'Arry 'Awk, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

Come Friday soon and Saturday Noon
All along, down along, out along lee
And Tom Pierce's old mare had not trotted home
Wi Bill Brewer, ...

So Tom Pierce he went up to the top of the hill
All along, down along, out along lee
And he seed his old mare down a-making her will
Wi Bill Brewer, ...

Then Tom Pierce's old mare, her took sick and died
All along, down along, out along lee
And Tom Pierce he sat down on a stone and he cried
Wi Bill Brewer, ...

But that isn't the end of this shocking affair
All along, down along, out along lee
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career
Of Bill Brewer, ...

For if you go out on the moor of a night
All along, down along, out along lee
Tom Pierce's old mare doth appear ghastly white
Wi Bill Brewer, ...

And all night long be heard skirling and moans
All along, down along, out along lee

'Tis Tom Pierce's old mare a rattling her bones
Wi Bill Brewer, ...

DUNCAN

(CL's party piece)

I love to have a beer with Duncan,
I love to have a beer with Dunc,
We drink in moderation
And we never, ever, ever get rollin drunk.
We drink at the Town and Country
Where the atmosphere is great,
I love to have a beer with Duncan
Cause Duncan's me mate. Yeah!

I love to have a beer with Colin,
I love to have a beer with Col,
We drink in moderation
And it doesn't really matter if he brings his doll
We drink at the Town and Country
Where the atmosphere is great,
I love to have a beer with Colin
Cause Colin's me mate.

I love to have a beer with Kevin, oh
I low to have a beer with Kev,
We drink in moderation
And he drives me home in the big old Chev.
We drink at the Town and Country
Where the atmosphere is great,
I love to have a beer with Kevin
Cause Kevin's me mate.

I love to have a beer with Patrick,
I love to have a beer with Pat,
We drink in moderation -
And it wouldn't really matter if the beer was flat.
We drink at the Town and Country
Where the atmosphere is great,

I love to have a beer with Patrick
Cause Patrick's me mate.

I love to have a beer with Robert,
I love to have a beer with Bob,
We drink in moderation
Just one more and back on the job.
We drink at the Town and Country
Where the atmosphere is great,
I love to have a beer with Robert
Cause Robert's me mate.

I love to have a beer with Duncan, oh
I love to have a beer with Dunc,
We drink in moderation
And we never, ever, ever get rollin drunk.
We drink at the Town and Country
Where the atmosphere is great,
I love to have a beer with Duncan
Cause Duncan's me mate.