

Lament of a Hash Wife

Fun for him
But not for her,
'Cause she's left at home
All alone
Thinking of what he would do:
Run for a while
And booze the whole night
through!

Socks must be darned.
If at all she has to cook
Her help is the cookery book.

Sometimes at socials
She has to tolerate
The hash trash songs
And the hashy habits.

Returns home in a shaggy state
And never early - always late!
Snores like thunder --
The effect of beer,
Keeps her awake
The poor, poor dear!

Despite the woes of being a
hashman's wife,
I've grown accustomed to his
hash way of life.

Preparing for the next Hash run,
Shoes must be scrubbed

Lament of a Hashman

Off early Tuesday to the run
Charge through jungle oh what fun
Return to run-site, thinking ale
Consume much liquid gold and pale
Reach home late - don't know the time
Fall asleep, dream dreams sublime
In drunken coma toss till dawn
Don't ever call me Wednesday morn.

Anon-on

Adapted from Pan-Asia 1987 and SH3 100th run magazines