

Written for special dinner 1<sup>st</sup> March 03

## DOTS BEFORE MY EYES

Sunday morning cold and wet, I hadn't even woken yet!  
Alarm bells clanged, I had to dash – if I didn't want to miss the Hash.  
Oh! The Hash ..... Oh! The Hash  
If I didn't want to miss the Hash – Oh! The Hash

Peering through the gloom and rain, to find a village with a funny name  
Driving like a man possessed, I finally reached The Shepherd's Rest  
For the Hash ..... Oh! for the Hash  
I finally reached the Shepherd's Rest for the Hash

I arrived in time to stand and stare, at the rugged runners with legs so bare  
With lycra bulges and string vest tops, they were clearly ready for the off  
On the Hash ..... Oh! On the Hash  
They were clearly ready for the off – on the Hash

(SING)

Big Mike bellowed us to stand in order, so that we'd know what we oughta  
About messages drawn out in flour, that gave new meaning to "Flour Power"  
On the Hash ..... Oh! On the Hash  
That gave new meaning to "Flour Power" on the Hash

### SOLO

Arrows to show this way or that – and lines to show something else, but what?  
Then the dots, perhaps one or two – I'd lost the plot and prayed someone knew  
On the Hash ..... Oh! On the Hash  
I just prayed that someone knew – on the Hash!

Off we set, Val in the rear, Chris and Faith not even here  
"On, On", the shout was heard, we all trudged off, without a word.  
On the Hash ..... Oh! On the Hash  
Off we trudged without a word, on the Hash

So, on and on, we all went, on and on with our heads bent  
On and on, in pouring rain, then on and on and on again – on the Hash  
Oh on the Hash ..... Oh! On the Hash  
On and on and on again, on the Hash



**(SING)**

Then suddenly we heard a yell – someone shouted “Big Mike’s fell!  
But he’s OK – no cuts or scratches, cos he landed on the grand old mattress  
Quite a bash  
Quite a bash ..... Oh quite a bash  
He landed on the grand old Mattress – on the Hash

**SOLO**

Walking on through mud and clay, chatting all along the way  
Some falling back, or moving up, to bore the next one in the group  
On the Hash.... Oh! On the Hash  
To bore the next one in the group, on the Hash!

Then a naked runner flashed in view, who it was we scarcely knew  
Someone said “was he wearing owt? Cos whatever it was needs ironing out!”  
On the Hash ..... Oh on the Hash  
Whatever it was needs ironing out, on the Hash

Now heads bent low, much less talking, runners running, walkers walking  
Then we all knew we’d done our best, cos there it was, the Shepherds Rest  
On the Hash ..... Oh! On the Hash  
There it was, the Shepherds Rest, on the Hash

**(SING)**

Once inside, all fed and warm, Margaret said “I’ll give Mike the Horn!”  
I didn’t want her to explain, so left as quickly as I came  
From the Hash ..... OH! From the Hash  
I left as quickly as I came – from the Hash

**SOLO**

Now back at home and in my bed, I wondered if a dream I’d had  
Was it real or was it lies, caused by Dots before my eyes  
From the Hash ..... Oh! From the Hash  
I’ve got dots before my eyes, from the Hash

From smoking Hash ..... yeh! from smoking Hash  
I’ve got dots before my eyes - from smoking Hash!

**END**



Based on "The Wild Rover" Song

**The Wild Hasher (apologies to The Dubliners)**

I've been a wild Hasher for many's the year  
And I've spent all my Sundays in flour and beer  
Running round Kennet and yelling on-on!  
But now I'm retiring as fair lady GOM

Chorus. (all to join in)  
And it's no, nay, never,  
No, nay, never no more  
Will I play, the wild Hasher,  
No, never, no more

I went into an ale-house, I seldom frequent  
And I asked the landlady which way the Hash went?  
She looked at me scornful, she knew not of our club  
For I had turned up again at the wrong pub

And it's no nay never,  
No nay never no more,  
Will I play the wild Hasher  
No, never, no more

Some say I am frugal when laying the trail  
As though it were gold dust I spread round the Vale  
And some say that I'm fragrant, delightful, demure  
And some call me a Grand Old Mattress I'm sure

And it's no nay never,  
No nay never no more,  
Will I play the wild Hasher  
No, never, no more

My GOM days are over, I 'm back in the fold  
Happy to run with the brave & the bold/old  
(decrepit, demented, depraved and deprived  
Such a fine motley crue are the Kennet Valley tribe)

or

(Another will carry the title of GOM  
Whilst I go & drink Sangria/G & T's/Lemonade in the Sun)

And it's no nay never,  
No nay never no more,  
Will I play the wild Hasher-GOM  
No, never, no more

Repeat (rousing chorus).

Written for special hash dinner 14 March 23

### Hashing

I joined the Square One Club just o'er a year gone  
And met Val, Celia, Ros, Terry & John  
And countless others too many to name  
But friendly, they were, high-spirited, and game!

"Come Hashing", they said, "you'll like it, we bet"  
"For you look like the type who enjoys getting wet!"  
-And cold, and looking silly in shorts far too tight  
That restrict the blood flow & give horses a fright!

Now intrigued was I, thinking of swimming -oh good!  
Not guessing that Hashing was "running" - in mud! (usually)  
And so I went too, and at a Pub met the Kennet Valley Hashers all  
That's Navy Mike, Jeremy, Steve, Ray, Margaret, Laura and (you guessed it!)  
Paul! (and a lot more)

And they told me a tale that involved a white trail  
Of arrows, circles and dots.  
Quite magical, even Mystical, did sound the detail  
That I could'nt resist the plot!

Laid by a 'hare' using flour (at some unspeakable hour)  
While all others sleep soundly in bed,  
The trail is laid, (and then washed away)  
By the rain- later to fall on your head!

So, assembled the Hashers would meet all as one (at a Pub)  
Trembling from cold & keen to be gone  
Then up hill and up hill and again up hill they would go  
At first quite fast & then quite.....**slow**

Until **roused** by the call of the Kennet Valley Hashing Horn!  
And a cry from somewhere of "**on-on**"  
Spurring forwards the intrepid back markers  
Including our very dear GOM! (Grand Old Mistress)-bless her!

But it's not all running up hillsides  
For sometimes we get to descend  
And **once** I remember a flat bit  
Though not very long-near the end (on-in!\_)

But Hashing's not only for runners  
There are plenty of Hash walkers too  
And they **stride** past the running back markers (sometimes)  
With a loud cry of "runners-Adieu!"



And walkers are all very welcome  
New dimensions they bring to the Club  
But they always arrive at the bar first  
Causing long queues in the Pub!

For Runners must replace essential fluids  
After toiling through sun, wind or hail  
And one way to replenish the body's reserves  
Is with lager, 6x or pale ale!

How Nature provides is a wonder!  
The grass so unspeakably lush  
And the leaves on the trees give great cover  
When taking a pee in a bush!

And soon enough would we all reassemble  
In the warmth of a comforting Inn  
To a pint or a glass, and some heat on your ass  
As by the log fire we are roasting' (Apologies to Pam Ayres)

Now you may get the general impression  
That Hashers get all wet & cold  
Whilst it's true that we do, the odd time or two  
The story is not fully told

For in Summer the Sun is our ally (sometimes)  
It warms us and reddens the nose  
But ..it also encourages midges & flies  
And nettles that sting legs & toes!

So a call to all budding new Hashers!  
Get kitted and join in the fray  
Discover the **joys** of Hash running  
With others as bonkers -today!

Keith Pinder  
2003

