

The Old-Time Collection



The All-Go-Hungry Hash House (unknown)

1. There's a ho-tel down the street where the tramps and hobos meet, And they serve the hash up
 on the second floor; There's a graveyard in the cellar, doctor's of- fice in the par- lour,
 And the undertaker keeps his shop next door. Oh, the doughnuts they are woo- den and we
 have Limburger puddin', We kneel in prayer be- fore we go to grub; If you chance to get a
 breeze of that Am-be-lon-ious cheese, You'd have swore somebody'd hit you with a club.

2. Oh, that hotel where I stay, it is turning my hair gray,
 For the landlord is always full of beer;
 Oh the bedbugs must have rented, and the air was sweetly scented
 By an old-fashioned tan-yard in the rear.
 Oh the sausages they are marked, if you touch them they will bark,
 It's a relic sent from "Bingen on the Rhine."
 All the boarders have the croup caught from drinking frozen soup,
 At that all go hungry hash house where I dine.

3. We have India rubber pickles, exercising on bi-sickles,
 And a dinner bell or gong they can't afford;
 When they open up the gates, we come skippin' on roller skates,
 At that all go hungry hash house where I board.
 There's a woman called the Duchess, brings the coffee in on crutches,
 And the cake looks like a sponge that petrified;
 Oh the pies are old and gray; they were tackled by a jay
 Who went right out and committed suicide.



This song is based on the one released by **The Cofer Brothers**: Leon (1899-1968) and Paul (1901-1967) in 1927. They grew up in Hancock County, Georgia, in which the population was predominantly black, and who were the primary source for their material. Shortly after their first recording session, they teamed up with their friend Ben Evans, and recorded thereafter under the name **The Georgia Crackers**.

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