

The Pocket Pride of the 97

ALMA MATER – John Gibson, 1895

Where the Lehigh's rocky rapids rush from out the west,
'Mid a grove of spreading chestnuts, walls in ivy dressed.
On the breast of old South Mountain, reared against the sky,
Stands our noble Alma Mater, stands our dear Lehigh.

Like a watchman on the mountain, stands she grandly bold,
Earth and Heaven's secrets seeking, hoarding them like gold.
All she wrests from nature's storehouse, naught escapes her eye,
Gives she gladly to her dear sons, while we bless Lehigh.

We will ever live to love her, live to praise her name,
Live to make our lives add luster to her glorious fame.
Let the glad notes wake the echoes, joyfully we cry,
"Hail to thee, our Alma Mater, hail, all hail Lehigh!"

THE CENTENNIAL SONG – Joseph Godfrey, 1968

Lehigh Hail! All hail her glorious name.
College dear, so many hearts you claim.
We shall praise with cheers her first hundred years,
and the men who lived here before.
Now we join the folds of her sons of old,
we're with her ever more.
Lehigh hail! All hail her glorious name.
College dear, so many hearts you claim.
Lehigh Hail! All hail, hail her glorious name.

EAGLES

Oh the eagles they fly high at Lafayette
Oh the eagles they fly high at Lafayette
Oh the eagles they fly high
And they shit right in your eye
Oh the eagles they fly high at Lafayette

Oh the freshmen wash the dishes at Lafayette
And they dry them on their britches
Oh those dirty sons of bitches at Lafayette

Oh the old brown cow is dead at Lafayette
So they milk the bull instead
Oh the freshmen must be fed at Lafayette

Oh the dean, he is a bugger at Lafayette
And the provost is another
So they bugger one another at Lafayette

Oh the freshman get no girls at Lafayette
So they practice on the squirrels

Oh the freshmen have no band at Lafayette
So they do their drills by hand

LEHIGH VICTORY SONG

Touchdown, we want a touchdown so we can fight, fight, fight, fight, fight.
We will sing a song of Lehigh, dear old Brown and White, FIGHT!
Touchdown, we want a touchdown so we can celebrate tonight.
Fight, fight, fight together Brown and White, forever
On to victory!

LEHIGH GO – Peter Matt, 2004

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, Lehigh.
BOOM.

Lehigh University Marching 97

ENGINEERS

We are, we are, we are, we are the Lehigh engineers and we can, we can
demolish forty beers. Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum, drink rum and come
along with us, for we don't give a damn about any old man who don't give a
damn about us.

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride
She showed all the villagers her fine and lily-white hide.
The most observant man there, and an engineer of course
Was the only one to notice Godiva rode a horse.

She said, "I've come a long, long way and I will go far,
With a man who takes me from my horse and leads me to a bar."
The man who took her from her steed and led her to a beer,
Was a blurry eyed surveyor and a drunken engineer.

The army and the navy, they set out to have some fun
Down to the barrooms where the fiery liquors run.
But all they found were empties for the Lehigh band had come
And traded all their instruments for gallon kegs of rum.

My father was a miner from the northern part of butte
My mother was a mistress in a house of ill repute.
The last time that I saw them, these words rang in my ear:
Get out of here you son of a bitch and join the engineers!

Sir Francis Drake and all his ships set out for Galloway bay
For they heard the Spanish rum fleet was a-headed out that way.
But the engineers had beat them by a night and half a day
And though as drunk as hooligans you still could hear them say:

A maiden and an engineer were sitting in the park.
The engineer was working on some research after dark.
His scientific method was a marvel to observe
While his left hand traced the figures, his right hand traced the curves.

Alaric and his Visigoths were at the sack of Rome
In search of roman women and the legendary choam.
But the engineers had got there, a little bit before,
And ravished all the women who were hollering for "more!"

Venus is a statue made entirely of stone
Without a stitch of clothing, she's as naked as a bone.
On seeing that she had no clothes and engineer discoursed
"Well, the damn thing's only concrete, it should be reinforced."

PENNSYLVANIA ALMA MATER

"Don't send my boy to Harvard," the dying mother said.
"Don't send my boy to Syracuse, I'd rather see him dead.
But send my boy to Lehigh, 'tis better than Cornell.
But as for Pennsylvania, I'd see him first in hell."

chorus:

To hell, to hell with Pennsylvania
To hell, to hell with Pennsylvania
To hell, to hell with Pennsylvania
To hell with the U. of P., P.U.

We were only, only fooling.
We were only, only fooling.
We were only, only fooling.
Like hell we were, like hell

When Pennsylvania sees our football team, they always scoff.
But we will beat them on the field, and they will beat us off.
It's plain for everyone to see the Quakers have no class,
For their heads are up their ass-tro-turf.