

Old Room Thirteen

Now old room thirteen is the place that we know
Where chubbers hang out when they've no place to go
They sit on the couch and they sing dirty songs
And frighten away people who happen along

CHORUS:

Dress me up in me sorels and dumpcoat
I'm headed for old room thirteen
We'll drink and swap stories of past drunks and glories
We don't give a damn if it's dirty or clean
Chubbers are all GDI's don't you know
'Cause no single frat will accept a grim bro'
We don't have a frat house, we've no place to meet
It's drink in thirteen or else drink in the street

CHORUS

Now old room thirteen hasn't always been there
And chubbers would roam the north woods in despair
They'd climb all the mountains in search of a drink

PEA GREEN FRESHMEN

Where, O where are the pea green Freshmen?
Where, O where are the pea green Freshmen?
Where, O where are the pea green Freshmen?
Safe at last in the Soph'more class.
They've gone out from Pollard's Smut class
They've gone out from Pollard's Smut class
They've gone out from Pollard's Smut class
Safe at last in the Soph'more class.

Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? (3 times)
Safe at last in the Junior class.
They've gone out from Fergie's Physics (3 times)
Safe at last in the Junior class.

Where, O where are the drunken Juniors? (3 times)
Safe at last in the Senior class.
They've gone out from Foley's Hist'ry. (3 times)
Safe at last in the Senior class.

Where, O where are the Grand Old Seniors? (3 times)
Safe at last in the wide, wide world.
They've gone out from their Alma Mater.. (3 times)
Safe at last in the wide, wide world.

Where, O where are the funny, funny Faculty? (3 times)
Safe at last in their trundle beds.
They've come back from Lab and the Junction. (3 times)
Safe at last in their trundle beds.

DARTMOUTH UNDYING

Dartmouth, there is no music for our singing,
No words to bear the burden of our praise;
Yet how can we be silent and remember
The splendor and the fullness of her days?
Who can forget her soft September sunsets?
Who can forget those hours that passed like dreams?
The long cool shadows floating on the campus,
The drifting beauty where the twilight streams?

Who can forget her sharp and misty mornings,
The clanging bells, the crunch of feet on snow,
Her sparkling noons, the crowding into Commons,
The long white afternoons, the twilight glow?
See! by the lights of many thousand sunsets.
Dartmouth undying, like a vision starts.
Dartmouth, the gleaming, dreaming walls of Dartmouth.
Miraculously builded in our hearts!

Dartmouth Touchdown Song

Come stand up, men, and shout for Dartmouth
Cheer when the team in Green appears;
For naught avails the strength of Harvard
When they hear our mighty cheers:
Wah-hoo-wah-hoo-wah!
Fight, fight, fight for Dartmouth,
And charge on down the field.
Touchdown, Touchdown, Dartmouth!
For the old Crimson's strength must yield.

Dear Sally

Dear Sally, Dear Sally, English five is a bore
When I in a frat I get shoved out the door
I live in the cluster, at Thyer I'm force fed
If this is college I'd rather be dead

Signed a 'Shmen

CHORUS:

Dear 'shmen, Dear 'shmen, you're not worth a shit
You're useless, you're worthless, you're weak as a tit
You'll do yourself good if you listen to me
Join the only religion, and join C&T

Signed Dear Sally

Dear sally, Dear Sally, my dick' sup my ear
It's up there so far that I can't even hear
My home is in Keiwit, I eat at line one
I boot on one oear and I never have fun

Signed a Doowah

CHORUS

Dear Sally, Dear Sally, West street's so far away
And they make us go running at least twice a day
I hate all these vegies and sleeping with threee
There's too much of this kinky group stuff for me

Signed Awkward Binder

CHORUS

Dear Sally, Dear Sally, what am I to do?
I've been branded for life as a preppy Psi U
I wear khaki and izod and monograms, too
There's got to be more than this boot chugging zoo

Signed a Frat Rat

CHORUS

Dear Sally, Dear Sally, I know I can't pass
Bags of ice, freezing snow and winds biting my ass
To taps at Tri-Kap I've lost all my luck
While hoards of chuupers cry "Winter Sports Sucks"

Signed Winter Shorts

CHORUS

Dear Sally, Dear Sally, I'd just like to know
About compasses, woodsmens and hiking in snow
Vermont trail and Presies are all new to me
Won't you make me a member of that old C&T

Signed a Heeler

Dear Sally, Dear Sally, I really must complain
This club's reputation will suffer much pain
If Bishop continues to make such a scene
By butt-fucking animals out on the Green

Signed a Member

White Collar Holler

Well I rise up every morning at a quarter to eight
Some woman who's my wife tells me not to be late
I kiss the kids goodbye I can't remember their names
And week after week its always the same

CHORUS:

And it's Oh boys, can't you code it (huh!)
And program it right
Nothing ever happens in this life of mine
I'm hauling up the data on the xerox line
Well I code in the data, give the keyboard a punch
I cross correlate and I break for some lunch
Correlate, tabulate, process and screen
Program, printout, regress to the mean

CHORUS:

Then its home again, eat again, watch some TV
Make love to my woman at 10:53
I dream the same dream when I'm sleeping at night
I'm soaring over hills like an eagle in flight

CHORUS

Some day I'm gonna give up all these buttons and things
I'll punch that time clock til' it won't ring
Burn up my necktie and set myself free
Cause no one's gonna fold, bend, or mutilate me

CHORUS: 2x

MEN OF DARTMOUTH!

MEN OF DARTMOUTH, GIVE A ROUSE
FOR THE COLLEGE ON THE HILL!
FOR THE LONE PINE ABOVE HER,
AND THE LOYAL SONS WHO LOVE HER
GIVE A ROUSE, GIVE A ROUSE, WITH A WILL!
FOR THE SONS OF OLD DARTMOUTH,
THE STURDY SONS OF DARTMOUTH—
THOUGH ROUND THE GIRDLED EARTH THEY ROAM
HER SPELL ON THEM REMAINS;
THEY HAVE THE STILL NORTH IN THEIR HEARTS,
THE HILL-WINDS IN THEIR VEINS,
AND THE GRANITE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
IN THEIR MUSCLES AND THEIR BRAINS.

MEN OF DARTMOUTH, SET A WATCH,
LEST THE OLD TRADITIONS FAIL,
STAND AS BROTHER STANDS BY BROTHER,
DARE A DEED FOR THE OLD MOTHER
GREET THE WORLD FROM THE HILLS, WITH A HAIL.
FOR THE SONS OF OLD DARTMOUTH
THE LOYAL SONS OF DARTMOUTH—
AROUND THE WORLD THEY KEEP FOR HER
THE OLD CHIVALRIC FAITH;
THEY HAVE THE STILL NORTH IN THEIR SOULS,
THE HILL-WINDS IN THEIR BREATH;
AND THE GRANITE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
IS MADE PART OF THEM TILL DEATH.

Richard Hovey '85

DARTMOUTH TOUCHDOWN SONG

COME STAND UP MEN AND SHOUT FOR DARTMOUTH
CHEER WHEN THE TEAM IN GREEN APPEARS;
FOR NAUGHT AVAILS THE STRENGTH OF PRINCETON
WHEN THEY HEAR OUR MIGHTY CHEERS;
WAH-HOO-WAH-HOO-WAH!
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FOR DARTMOUTH,
AND PLUNGE ON DOWN THE FIELD.
TOUCHDOWN! TOUCHDOWN! DARTMOUTH!
FOR THE OLD PRINCETON STRENGTH MUST YIELD.

AS THE BACKS GO TEARING BY

AS THE BACKS GO TEARING BY
ON THEIR WAY TO DO OR DIE,
MANY SIGHS AND MANY CHEERS
MINGLE WITH THE PRINCETON TEARS
AS THE BACKS GO TEARING BY,
MAKING GAIN ON STEADY GAIN,
ECHO SWELLS THE SWEET REFRAIN—
DARTMOUTH'S GOING TO WIN TODAY.
DARTMOUTH'S SURE TO WIN TODAY
AS THE BACKS GO TEARING BY.

GLORY TO DARTMOUTH

(sung following above)

GLORY TO DARTMOUTH
LOYAL WE SING,
NOW ALL TOGETHER,
MAKE THE ECHOES RING FOR DARTMOUTH!
OUR TEAM'S A WINNER,
WE'VE GOT THE STUFF,
WE WEAR THE DARTMOUTH GREEN
AND THAT'S ENOUGH.

DARTMOUTH'S IN TOWN AGAIN

DARTMOUTH'S IN TOWN AGAIN, TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!
ECHO THE OLD REFRAIN, TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!
DARTMOUTH, FOR YOU WE SING,
DARTMOUTH, THE ECHOES RING,
DARTMOUTH, WE CHEER FOR YOU—
WAH-HOO-WAH-HOO-WAH!
DOWN WHERE THE MEN IN GREEN, PLAY ON PLAY
ARE FIGHTING LIKE DARTMOUTH MEN,
WE HAVE A DARTMOUTH TEAM, AND SAY,
DARTMOUTH'S IN TOWN AGAIN.

HANOVER WINTER SONG

Ho, a song by the fire! Pass the pipes, pass the bowl;
Ho, a song by the fire! With a skoal, with a skoal!
Ho, a song by the fire! Pass the pipes, with a skoal!
For the wolf wind is wailing at the doorways,
And the snowdrifts deep along the road,
And the icenomes are marching from their Norways,
And the great white cold walks abroad.

Refrain

Zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum
Zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum
Zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum
Zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum
Zum, zum, zum, For here's good fellows,
And the beechwood and the bellows,
And the cup is at the lip,
In the pledge of fellowship, of fellowship.

Zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, For here by the fire
We defy frost and storm, Ha, ha! we are warm, and we have our
heart's desire.

For here's four good fellows,
And the beechwood and the bellows,
And the cup is at the lip,
In the pledge of fellowship.

For here by the fire we defy frost and storm.
Ha, ha! we are warm, And we have our heart's desire.

For here's four good fellows,
And the beechwood and the bellows,
And the cup is at the lip,
In the pledge of fellowship, of fellowship.

File the logs on the fire! Fill the pipes, pass the bowl;
File the logs on the fire! With a skoal, with a skoal!
File the logs on the fire! Fill the pipes, with a skoal!
For the fire goblins flicker on the ceilings,
And the wine witch glitters in the glass,
And the smoke wraiths are drifting, curling, reeling,
And the sleighbells jingle as they pass.