

SONGS WE
LEARNED AT
MOTHERS
KNEE...



...AND OTHER LOWLY JOINTS

Dear Hearts and Gentle People:

This edition of the D.U. Song Book is the parting gift of three aging, hoary brothers--William Harris Rosenthal, Martin Q. Krasnitz, and Stephen B. Appel.

From the soaring polyphony of "Hail, Delta Upsilon!" to the pungent elegance of "Garbageman's Daughter", the following selections represent a pot-pourri of degenerate anthems culled from various, indiscrete sources.

The faint-hearted reader may object to certain selections. However, any honest attempt at a comprehensive fraternity song book must include airs somewhat unsavory. As a matter of fact, a few songs have been specially decomposed for this publication.

Special thanks must be given to brother D.U.'s who have helped to select, assemble, and design this song book. Along with Fred Bisshopp, who disinterred "Sweet Violets", we would like to thank Marty Krasnitz, Bill Rosenthal, and Steve Appel for including the ballad in this collection.

To Jim Kazanis, who rendered the clever cover, we also offer thanks; along with Bill Rosenthal, who suggested the title, Steve Appel, who concurred, and Marty Krasnitz, who posed.

Thanks also to Wally Reed, who furnished the typewriter; Steve Appel, who typed; Bill Rosenthal, who didn't; and Marty Krasnitz, who couldn't.

A special word of thanks to those splendid editors, without whom this publication might still be but a minor sentence in the Social Chairman's report. We are eternally grateful to Steve Appel, Marty Krasnitz, and Bill Rosenthal.

And now, brothers in Delta Upsilon, fill your \$3.85 D.U. mugs with a few ounces of malt lubrication, turn to page one of this song book, raise your voices in a crescendo of monotone, and give us a good song.

BILL ROSENTHAL
MARTY KRASNITZ
STEVE APPEL

Dear brothers:

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank my co-editors for the marvelous job they have done in putting out this song book.

Thanks again, Bill and Marty, I couldn't have done it alone.

Fraternally,

STEVE APPEL

Dear brothers:

Just a short note of thanks to Steve Appel and Bill Rosenthal for all the help they gave me in putting out this D.U. song book.

Fraternally,

MARTY KRASNITZ

Dear brothers:

How can I possibly express the thanks and gratitude I feel toward Marty Krasnitz and Steve Appel? Without them, there would be no D.U. song book.

Fraternally,

BILL ROSENTHAL

Dear brothers:

If there is any one man responsible for the publication of this volume, it is Marty Krasnitz. Volumes of this type may come and go, but to us, this book will always reek of Krasnitz.

Fraternally,

BILL ROSENTHAL
STEVE APPEL

Dear brothers:

Like the star of Bethlehem, one man has been a beacon around which we poor moths have clustered. In Latin, that star was called the "appel", and so named is our beacon. Thanks, Steve.

Fraternally,

MARTY KRASNITZ
BILL ROSENTHAL

Dear brothers:

Rosenthal is a publications giant, a salty pillar of integrity and perseverance. Thanks, Willy.

STEVE AND MARTY.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN

①

Come, brothers all, your glasses fill,
And drink this health with right good will;
For here's a toast both brave and true,
Our own beloved Delta U.

Chorus: And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

Now, here's to all throughout the land
Who in our ranks fraternal stand;
Whose aims are high, whose hearts beat true,
Beneath the royal gold and blue.

Chorus:

And here's a health to ladies fair,
Who faithfully our colors wear;
May every blessing wait upon
The girls of Delta Upsilon.

Chorus:

Now brothers, here is one toast more,
The Delta U's of "Thirty-Four;"
Who firm in faith and equity
Established our fraternity.

Chorus:

ALMA MATER

Today we gladly sing the praise
Of her who owns us as her sons;
Our loyal voices let us raise,
And bless her with our benisons.

Of all fair mothers, fairest she,
Most wise of all that wisest be,
Most true of all the true, say we,
Is our dear Alma Mater.

Her mighty learning we would tell
Tho' life is something more than
lore;
She could not love her sons too
well,
Loved she not truth and honor more
We praise her breadth of charity
Her faith that truth shall make
men free,
That right shall live eternally,
We praise our Alma Mater.

The city white hath fled the earth,
But where the azure waters lie,
A nobler city hath its birth,
The city gray that ne'er shall die.

For decades and for centuries,
Its battlemented towers shall rise
Beneath the hope-filled western skies,
'Tis our dear Alma Mater.

MARCH ON, DELTA U!

Ten thousand brothers true and faithful,
Ten thousand souls attune;
Ten thousand hearts that beat for Delta U!

Ten thousand voices strong and hearty
To sing in praise of thee;
In praise of Delta Upsilon,
Our loved fraternity.

Thy aims are high, thy watchword "Justice;"
Thy name will ever be
A source of pride that thrills us
Through and through.

Beneath thy banner blue and golden
A mighty host are we;
So, march on, Delta U!

Chorus: D.U., we honor, laud, and cherish thee,
We guard thy purpose true;
D.U., we pledge to thee our loyalty,
We love thy gold and blue.

As in the gay ways
Of carefree, youthful college days
Thy mandates we fulfill,

We'll be just in each trust
Through our lives thy motto ours will be
"Dikaia Upotheke" still!

Repeat Chorus:

75th CONVENTION SONG

D.U. will shine tonight,
D.U. will shine.
D.U. will shine tonight,
D.U. will shine.

D.U. will shine tonight,
D.U. will shine.
When the sun goes down
And the moon comes up,
D.U. will shine.

TIPPERARY

Johnnie wrote a letter to his Irish Molly-O
Sayin' "If you don't receive this, won't you write and let me know,
If I make mistakes in spellin', Molly dear," says he,
"Remember, it's the pen that's bad,
Don't lay the blame on me."

Chorus: It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Goodby Piccadilly, fairwell Leicester Square;
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY

3

Give my regards to Broadway,
Remember me to Herald Square.
Tell all the boys at Forty-Second Street
That I will soon be there.
Whisper of how I'm yearning,
To mingle with the old-time throng.
Give my regards to old Broadway
And tell them I'll be there ere long.

MY GIRL'S A LOLLAPALOO

My girl's a lollapaloo,
She loves a Delta U,
She loves the gold and blue,
I love her too.

My girl'th from Thmith,
Thee talkth like thith,
Thee taught me how to kith,
I love her tho.

My girl's an Esso,
She wears no dressso,
Drinks with the Betas,
And flies 'round the room.

My girl's a Delta,
She makes me swelta',
She drinks martinis,
And loses control.

My girl's from Gates,
She charges low rates,
For furniture moving,
And greasing your car.

My girl's a commuter,
I am her tutor,
In Freud, Jung, and Adler,
And affairs of the heart.

My girl's from S.R.P.,
Saving democracy,
She wears old sweatshirts,
And plays the guitar.

My girl's a Quad,
She thinks I'm odd,
She's kind of stupid!

My girl's from Vassar,
None can surpass her,
She is the stroke
On the varsity crew.

My girl's a Sigma,
She's an enigma
Reads Confidential,
And hangs by her thumbs.

My girl's a Mortar
Athletic supporter,
Goes to the rallies,
And bays at the moon.

My girl's from Green,
She's quite obscene,
She may not be a queen,
But, she really rocks!

My girl's from Blake,
We go to the lake,
To sit by the Nikes,
And throw rocks at the guards.

My girl's from C-Shop,
She is a social flop,
Sits with the club girls,
And stares at the door.

My girl's from I.S.L.,
But, into shame she fell,
When seen at a caucus
With her sunglasses off.

Chorus: And in her future life,
She'll be a D.U.'s wife,
How in Hell do I know that,
She told me so!

NOTICE FROM THE MANAGEMENT: PLEASE DON'T SPILL DRINKS ON THE PIANO
PLAYER; HIS SUIT ISN'T SANFORIZED!

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

4

I don't want to join the army;
I don't want to go to war.
I'd rather hang around
Piccadilly's underground,
Living off the earnings of some high born lady.

Don't want a bayonet up me arse-hole,
Don't want me buttocks shot away.
I'd rather stay in England,
In jolly, jolly England,
And fornicate me bloody life away.

Gor blimey!

Call out the army and the navy,
Call out the rank and the file,
Call out the brave territorials,
They face danger with a smile, Gor blimey,
Call out the members of the Old Brigade,
They made England free,
You can call out me mother,
Me sister or me brother,
But for Christ's sake, don't call me.

MINNIE THE MERMAID

Oh, what a night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid,
Down at the bottom of the sea.
Down among the corals,
I lost all my morals,
Gee, but she was awful nice to me.
And every night when the starfish came out,
I hugged and kissed her so. Oh!
Oh, what a night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid,
Down in her seaweed bungalow, low,
Down in her seaweed bungalow.

PERSONAL FRIEND OF MINE

Now you can easily see she's not my sweetie,
Cause my sweetie's so refined.
And you can easily see she's not my mother,
Cause my mother's forty-nine.
And you can easily see she's not my sister,
Cause who would show his sister such a helluva time.
She's just an innocent kid
Who didn't know what she did,
A personal friend of mine.
Who needed money,
A personal friend of mine.

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN

5

Oh, there was a little man,
And he had a little can,
And he used to rush to the growler.
Every Sunday afternoon,
In front of the saloon,
You ought to hear the old man holler.

No beer today,
No beer today,
You can't buy beer on Sunday.
No beer today,
No beer today,
You'd better come around on Monday.

Now the only girl I know,
Has a face like a horse and buggy.
Ring-around-the-lamp post,
Oh, fireman save my child.

Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way,
Oh what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh.
Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way,
Oh what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh.

When a man
First goes
To see his lady-love,
And he fumbles 'round her jaw all the while,
Gives her kisses for her mother,
For her sister and her brother,
'Til the old man comes to the door.

Takes a pistol from his pocket,
And swears he's going to cock it,
And blow out his teeny-weeny brain.

But the daughter says he mustn't,
And so, of course, he doesn't,
And the loving goes on just the same.

Now the Esoterics love it,
The Quads are not above it,
And the Sigmas have their finger in the pie.
But, the Mortarboards so haughty,
They say it's very naughty,
But you can bet your boots they do it on the sly.

WHEN SONGS BECOME RISQUE--DON'T BLAME IT ON WHISQUE!

D.U. MAN

6

Oh, when a D.U. man walks down the street,
You'll say, "Now there's a man I'd like to meet."
And, as he saunters casually along,
He debonairly hums a D.U. drinking song.

You're conscious of his tie of somber hue,
And of his cool, clear eyes appraising you.
And, as he turns to light a cigarette,
You damn' near met
A D.U. man.

THE SHIP TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship Titanic to sail the ocean blue.
And they thought they had a ship that the water would never
leak through.
But the Lord's almighty hand knew that ship would never stand.
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus: It was sad, it was sad,
It was sad when that great ship went down
To the bottom of...
The husbands and wives,
Itty-bitty children lost there lives.
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they sailed from England, and were almost to the shore,
When the rich refused to associate with the poor.
So they put them down below, where they'd be the first to go.
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus:

The boat was full of sin, and the sides about to burst,
When the captain shouted, "Women and children first!"
Oh, the captain tried to wire, but the lines were all on fire.
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus:

Oh, they swung the lifeboats out o'er the deep and raging sea,
When the band struck up with "Nearer My God to Thee."
Little children wept and cried as the waves swept o'er the sides.
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus:

58th CONVENTION SONG

D.U. will shine tonight,
D.U. will shine.
D.U. will shine tonight,
D.U. will shine.

D.U. will shine tonight,
D.U. will shine.
When the sun goes down
And the moon comes up,
D.U. will shine.

EDDYSTONE LIGHT

7

Oh, my father was the keeper of the Eddystone light,
He slept with a mermaid one fine night.
From this union there came three:
A porpoise, a porgy, and the other was me.

Chorus: Yo, ho, ho, the wind blows free,
Oh, for the life on the rolling sea.

One night as I was a-trimming of the glim,
And singing a verse of the evening hymn,
A voice from the starboard shouted, "Ahoy,"
And there was my mother a-sitting on a bouy.

Chorus:

"Oh, what became of my children three?",
My mother then she asked of me,
"One was exhibited as a talking fish,
And the other was served in a chafing dish."

Chorus:

The phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair,
I looked again and my mother wasn't there.
A voice came echoing out of the night,
"To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone light."

Chorus:

THEY'RE LAYING EGGS NOW

We had some chickens,
No eggs they'd lay.
We had some chickens,
No eggs they'd lay.
My wife said, "Honey,
It isn't funny,
We're losing money,"
No eggs they'd lay.

One day a rooster
Flew in our yard.
He caught those chickens
Right off their guard.

(ad nauseum)
They're laying eggs now,
Just like they use ta'
Ever since that rooster
Flew in our yard.

HANNAH

Hannah, my Delta Gamma,
She's got a figure like a baby grand piano.
She's not too nifty,
She weighs two-fifty,
But fat girls, now and then,
Are relished by the best of men.
Oh, Hannah, my Delta Gamma,
I put my arms around her far as they would go.
I don't go for pretty faces,
I just go for Hannah's graces.
Hannah, my Delta Gamma

HAIL, DELTA UPSILON

Hail, Delta Upsilon!
Brotherhood glorious!
Justice thy cornerstone,
True manhood thy goal;

Reared in adversity,
So shalt thou never
Let from thy altars die
The life-giving flame;

O'er all thine enemies
Forever victorious,
Hail, Delta Upsilon!
Eternal soul!

Hands gripped in loving clasp,
All brothers forever,
Each to the other true,
And ever the same.

COCAINE BILL

Cocaine Bill and Morphine Sue
Were strolling down the avenue two by two

Chorus: Oh, babe, won't you have a little (SNIFF) on me,
Have a (SNIFF) on me.

Said Bill to Sue, "'Twon't do no harm
If we both just get a little shot in the arm."

Chorus:

Said Sue to Bill, "I can't refuse,
'Cause there's no more kick in this damned old booze."

Chorus:

So they walked down Fifth and they turned up Main,
Looking for a shop where they sold cocaine.

Chorus:

They came to a drug store full of smoke,
Where they saw a little sign saying, "No more coke!"

Chorus:

Now in the graveyard on the hill
Lies the body of Cocaine Bill.

Chorus:

And in the grave right by his side,
Lies the body of his whoopie bride.
Oh, babe, won't you have a little (SNIFF) on me,
Have a (SNIFF) on me,
Have a (SNIFFTTTTTT) on me.

DON'T SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER--YOU MIGHT DAMAGE THE PIANO!

WAVE THE FLAG

Wave the flag for old Chicago,
Maroon, her color grand.
Ever shall her team be victor,
Known throughout the land.

(By RAH! RAH!)

With the Grand Old Man to lead us,
Without a peer we'll stand.
So wave again the dear old banner
For we're heroes, every man.

Wave the flag for old Chicago
Maroon, her color bland.
Never shall her team be victor,
For football has been banned.

(By Hutchins!)

With philosophy to guide us,
Without a team we'll stand.
So wave again your dear old
textbooks,
For we're Phi Betes every man.

PLUNGE THROUGH THE LINE

Plunge, plunge on through the line
And fight for old Chicago's fame.
Smash into every play,
Chicago grit will win this game, will win this game.

As we roll up the score,
The cheers resound from high and low.
So, tear through that line again--and
Go, Chicago!
Go! Go! Go!

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Come, landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over.
Landlord, fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over.

Chorus: For tonight we'll merry, merry be!
For tonight we'll merry, merry be!
For tonight we'll merry, merry be!
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

The man who drinks good whisky clear and goes to bed quite mellow,
The man who drinks good whisky clear and goes to bed quite mellow,

Chorus: Lives as he ought to live,
Lives as he ought to live,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly, good fellow.

The man who drinks cold water pure and goes to bed cold sober,
The man who drinks cold water pure and goes to bed cold sober,

Chorus: Falls as the leaves do fall,
Falls as the leaves do fall,
Falls as the leaves do fall,
So early in October.

The man who drinks just what he likes and getteth "half seas over,"
The man who drinks just what he likes and getteth "half seas over,"

Chorus: Lives, perhaps, until he dies,
Lives, perhaps, until he dies,
Lives, perhaps, until he dies,
And then lies down in clover.

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL

The sexual life of the camel
Is stranger than anyone thinks.
One night in a moment of passion,
He tried to deflower the sphinx.

The sphinx's posterior orifice,
Is blocked by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

ACE IN THE HOLE

This town is full of guys,
Who think they're mighty wise,
Just because they've seen a thing or two.
You can see them every day,
Walking up and down Broadway,
Telling of the wonders they can do.

There are wise guys and boosters,
Card sharps, and crap shooters.
They congregate around the Metropole.
They wear those fancy ties and collars,
Where do they get their dollars,
They all have an ace down in the hole.

Now, some of them write to the old folks for coin,
And that is their ace in the hole,
Others have a girl on the old Tenderloin,
And that is their ace in the hole.

They'll tell you of money
They've made and they've spent,
Yet they never can flash a bankroll.

And their names would be mud,
Like a chump dealing stud,
If they lost that old ace in the hole.

WHENE'ER YOU FIND TWO RIVERS

Whene'er you find two rivers
Converging to the sea,
You'll find a Delta written,
As plainly as can be;
Whene'er you find two loyal hearts
Converging into one,
That's the fundamental principle
Of Delta Upsilon.

Adam was the first man
To ever wear the pin.
Socrates the wisest
We ever welcomed in.
Samson was the strongest,
Although he had the itch.
Then, along came _____
And we pledged the Son of a Bitch.

Chorus: D stands for Delta
And U for Upsilon;
D.U., Delta U,
Delta Upsilon!
Dikaia Upotheke--and
Be sugare with everyone,
That's the fundamental
principle
Of Delta Upsilon!

Chorus: D stands for Dirty
And U for Underwear;
D.U., Dirty U,
Dirty Underwear!
In Beta Theta Pi they wash
Their laundry once a year,
But in D.U. it's Dirty U,
Dirty Underwear!

DAPPER D.U.



I wouldn't give a damn
To be a fancy dan Phi Gam,
I'd rather be a dapper D.U.
Like I am,
To drink with beardless Beta boys,
Or else deprive them of their toys,
Are actions quite beneath a D.U. man.

In all the papers that you read
It says that D.U. builds men;
Now they're tearing me down
To build me over again.

In Delta U I've found my niche
And I'll be happy, strong, and rich,
I'll read the Wall Street Journal every day.

D.U. will never fail ya',
Be it beer or bacchanalia,
For Delta Upsilon's O.K.

In Psi U life is sport;
In Phi Psi, half a quart;
In Phi Delt, life has stumbled
To a crawl.
But Delta U's foundation stone
Is one of ever giving tone
To an otherwise unseemly, common brawl.

D.U.'s maintain complete control
Whether it's day or it's night.
They wouldn't step in a shower
If their ties weren't right.

For Delta U's take special joy
In sneering at the hoi polloi
And pledging Hohenzollerns, come what may.

To keep the rarified air
That gives them the dignified air
For living in the D.U. way.

11th CONVENTION SONG

D.U. will shine tonight,
D.U. will shine.
D.U. will shine tonight,
D.U. will shine.

D.U. will shine tonight,
D.U. will shine.
When the sun goes down,
And the moon comes up,
D.U. will shine

THE CHICKEN

Oh, I had a little chicken and she wouldn't lay an egg,
So I poured hot water up and down her leg.
Oh, she cried and she screamed and she pleaded and she begged,
And she went and laid a hard-boiled egg.

SAMUEL HALL

Oh, my name is Samuel Hall,
Samuel Hall.
Oh, my name is Samuel Hall,
And I hate you one and all,
You're a bunch of muckers all,
Damn your eyes!

Oh, I killed a man they said,
So they said.
Oh, I killed a man they said,
For I filled him full of lead,
And I left him there for dead,
Damn your eyes!

Oh, they took me to the quod,
To the quod.
Oh, they took me to the quod,
And they left me there, by God,
With a ball and chain and rod,
Damn your eyes!

Oh, the preacher he did come,
He did come.
Oh, the preacher he did come,
And he looked so goddam glum,
As he talked of kingdom come,
Damn his eyes!

Oh, the sheriff he came too,
He came too.
Oh, the sheriff he came too,
With his little boys in blue,
They've a hangin' job to do,
Damn their eyes!

To the gallows I must go,
I must go.
To the gallows I must go
With my friends all down below,
Yellin', "Sam, I told you so!"
Damn their eyes!

I saw Nellie in the crowd,
In the crowd.
I saw Nellie in the crowd,
Hope to see her in a shroud,
I yelled, "Nellie, ain't you
proud?"
Damn her eyes!

It's in heaven I do dwell,
I do dwell.
It's in heaven I do dwell,
And it's such a bloody cell,
'Cause the whores are all in hell,
Damn their eyes!

CHI OMEGA

Oh, there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue!
Oh, there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue!
So, the Beta Theta Pi's have to sleep with Sigma Chi's.
It's a helluva situation at Purdue.

Oh, there are some Chi Omegas at Northwestern!
Oh, there are some Chi Omegas at Northwestern!
But the Beta Theta Pi's still sleep with Sigma Chi's.
It's a normal situation at Northwestern.

DON'T SEND MY BOY TO HARVARD

Don't send my boy to Harvard,
The dying mother said.
Don't send my boy to Illinois,
I'd rather see him dead.
But send him to Chicago,
'Tis better than Cornell.
And rather than Northwestern,
I would see my boy in....

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

I'VE GOT SIX PENCE

13

I've got six pence,
Jolly, jolly, six pence,
I've got six pence,
To last me all my life,
I've got tuppence to spend,
And tuppence to lend,
And tuppence to send home
to my wife, dear wife.

I've got four pence,
Jolly, jolly, fourpence,
I've got four pence,
To last me all my life,
I've got tuppence to spend,
And tuppence to lend,
And no pence to send home
to my wife, poor wife.

Chorus: No cares have I to grieve me;
No pretty little girl to deceive me;
I'm happy as a lark, believe me;
As we go rolling, rolling home.

Rolling home, rolling home,
By the light of the silvery moon.
Happy is the day when a D.U. gets his pay,
As we go rolling, rolling home.

I've got tuppence,
Jolly, jolly, tuppence,
I've got tuppence,
To last me all my life,
I've got tuppence to spend,
And no pence to lend,
And no pence to send home
to my wife, poor wife.

I've got no pence,
Jolly, jolly, no pence,
I've got no pence,
To last me all my life,
I've got no pence to spend,
And no pence to lend,
And no pence to send home
to my wife, poor wife.

Chorus:

Chorus:

JONES JUNIOR HIGH

Three cheers for the Jones Junior High!
It's the best junior high in Toledo.
It's colors are purple and white,
They stand for purity and fight!

Two cheers for the Smith Junior High!
It's the second best junior high in Toledo.
It's colors are red, white, and blue,
They stand for I love you!

No cheers for the Brown Junior High!
As a high it's a low in Toledo.
It's colors are brown, brown, and brown,
It's the worst, best high in town!

96th CONVENTION SONG

D.U. will shine tonight,
D.U. will shine.
D.U. will shine tonight,
D.U. will shine.

D.U. will shine tonight,
D.U. will shine.
When the sun goes down,
And the moon comes up,
D.U. will shine.

BROTHER NOAH

14

Brother Noah was the first D.U.
Drink him down.
He was wise and had the forward view.
Drink him down, drink him down.

Chorus: For those old days, (For those old days,)
Let's raise a toast, (Let's raise a toast,)
And drink, (And drink,)
And drink, (And drink,)
Him down once more. (Him down once more.)
In spicy ale, (In spicy ale we love the most,)
We love the most,
To those brave days of yore,
Those days of yore.

Out went Noah once to plant a vine.
Drink him down.
And from its blue grapes he pressed good wine.
Drink him down, drink him down.

Chorus:

With the gold of sun and grapes' blue hue.
Drink him down.
He'd the colors fair of Delta U.
Drink him down, drink him down.

Chorus:

Come now, brothers, drink the same as he.
Drink him down.
To ourselves and our fraternity.
Drink him down, drink him down.

SHE WERE POOR

She were poor but she were honest, Victim of a rich man's whim. First he loved her then he left her, And she had a child by him.	Now this poor girl went to London, Seeking there to hide her shame, But she met another squire, And he dragged her down again.
---	--

How he's in the House of Commons, Making laws for all mankind, While she walks the streets of London, Selling chunks of her behind.	It's the same the whole world over, Ain't it all a bloody shame, It's the rich what gets the gravy, It's the poor what gets the blame.
---	--

PLEASE DON'T INTERRUPT THE PIANO PLAYER WHILE HE'S DRINKING**(YOU CAN INTERRUPT HIM FOR A DRINK)

VE COME FROM SAINT OLAF'S

15

Ve come from Saint Olaf's,
Our team is the real stuff,
For ve are the cream of the
collitches great.
Ve fight fast and furious,
Our team is inyurious,
Today Carleton Collitch vill
meet its defeat.

Ve're from Minnesota,
Lake Park und Zumbrota,
For vhiskey und vomen we have
such a yen.
Ve schtudy so little,
Ve'd much rather diddle,
Ve're typical collitch fraternity
mon.

Chorus: Um ya ya, um ya ya!
Um ya ya, um ya ya!
Um ya ya, um ya ya!
Um ya ya ya!

Um ya ya, um ya ya!
Um ya ya, um ya ya!
Um ya ya, um ya ya!
Um ya ya ya!

NAIROBI

Oh, we're from Nairebi,
And we're on the ball,
We play the Watusi,
They're seven feet tall.
The cannibals may eat us,
But they'll never beat us,
For we're the Nairobi,
And we're on the ball.

Chorus: Um gawa, um gawa!
Um gawa, um gawa!
Um gawa, um gawa!
Um gawawa!
Um gawa, um gawa!
Um gawa, um gawa!
Um gawa, um gawa!
Um gawawa!
(Follow with 30 seconds of
jungle noises)

I'M SORRY I PLEDGED DELTA U

I'm sorry I pledged Delta U,
The others were better, I know,
I hate all my brothers,
I love all the others,
I'm sorry I pledged Delta U.

I could have pledged Beta or Phi,
Alpha Delt or Sigma Chi,
But I said you win,
I'll take your darned pin,
Now I'm a D.U. 'til I die.

I'm sorry I listened to Fitz,
He fed me a big line of...STUFF!

GARBAGEMAN'S DAUGHTER

I'm in love with the garbageman's
daughter,
Who lives on garbage hill.
The smell of the garbage is sweet,
But her breath is sweeter still.

Last night as we lay on the garbage
Her greasy hand in mine,
Her sliny head upon my breast,
Oh, that was love divine.

DIRTY LIL

Dirty Lil, Dirty Lil,
Lives on top of the garbage hill.
Never takes a bath, never will,
Ach! Toocy! Dirty Lil.

C STANDS FOR CHERISHED COURAGE

C stands for cherished courage;
H for her honor high.
I for her iron-bound interest;
C for her college cry:
--CHICAGO!

A for her aim so ardent;
G for her gallantry.
O stands for "Old Man",
The best coach in this land,
The big "C" for victory.

C stands for Albert Cotton;
H for her highbrows high.
I for her iron-bound interest;
--Six percent per annum--

C for her college cry:
--CASH! CASH! CASH!
A for her Aristotle;
G for her greasy grind.
O stands for "Oh, Hell!"
That's what we all yell,
Burning the midnight oil.

C stands for cherry cordial;
H for her highballs high.
I for her Irish whiskey,
C stands for cocktails dry
--MARTINI!

A for her apple brandy;
G for her Gordon's Gin.
O stands for Old Crow,
The best whiskey I know,
Lord, what a school I'm in!

HERE'S TO THE MAN WHO WEARS THE "C"

Here's to the man who wears the "C",
Makes a good fight for the varsity.
Here's to the man who's fought and won;
Shown his true worth as Chicago's son.
Here's to the man who is brave and bold,
Ready for battle as knights of old.
Fights just like a tiger for victory,
Oh, here's to the man who wears the "C".

DELTA UPSILON ODE

Dikaia Upotheke, hail!
The emblem that we love,
We sing thy praise in accents loud,
All other songs above.

We love the meaning of thy words
That rings so clear and true.
We bless the tie that binds, all hail!
Beloved Delta U!
Beloved Delta U!

CHICAGO CHAPTER SONG

To Delta U, and to each brother,
In the loyal host beneath the
gold and blue;
To Delta U, and to no other,
Do we pledge ourselves in service
ever true.

When years have flow, and we have
parted,
From the fellowship of college days
we knew,
Still you'll hear our voices raise
In an anthem to the praise
Of Chicago and our own fair
Delta U.

RUGGED BUT RIGHT

I've just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right,
A gambling man, a drinking man, I'm out every night.
I eat a porterhouse steak three times a day for my board,
That's more than any honest man in town can afford.

17

I've got a big electric fan that keeps me cool when I'm warm,
A cute little gal who lets me play with her form,
Now I'm a gambling man, a drinking man,
Oh, God am I tight,
I've just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.

MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A man without a woman,
Is like a ship without a sail,
Is like a boat without a rudder,
Is like a kite without a tail.

A man without a woman,
Is like a ship caught on the sands.
But if there's one thing worse
In this universe,
It's a woman,
I said, a woman,
It's a woman without a man.

SILVER DOLLAR

Now you can roll a silver dollar on the barroom floor
And it'll roll, 'cause it's round,
A woman never knows what a good man she's got
Until she turns him down.

Now listen,
My honey, listen to me,
I want you to understand,
As a silver dollar goes from hand to hand,
A woman goes from man to man.

OUR BABY DIED

Last Saturday night our baby died.
She died committing suicide.
I think she died to spite us.
Of spinal meningitis.
She was a nasty baby anyhow.
We ate her.

IF BAD VOICES WERE VIRTUOUS, ALL D.U.'S WOULD BE SAINTS

LET HER SLEEP UNDER THE BAR

18

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving,
O'Leary was closing the bar.
When he turned and he said to the lady in red,
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentlemen dapper stepped out of the crapper,
And these are the words that he said:

"Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know,
About the ways of college boys,
And how they come and go.
Age has taken her beauty,
And sin has left its sad scar.
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar."

DRUNK LAST NIGHT

Drunk last night, drunk the night before,
Gonna get drunk tonight like I never got drunk before.
For when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be.
For I am a member of the Souse family.

Now, the Souse family is the best family
That ever came over from old Germany.
There's the high-land Dutch and the low-land Dutch,
The Rotterdam Dutch and the God Damn Dutch.

Singing, glorious, glorious,
One keg of beer for the four of us.
Glory be to God that there are no more of us,
For one of us could drink it all alone.

Oh, they had to carry Harry to the ferry,
And they had to carry Harry to the shore,
And the reason that they had to carry Harry to the ferry,
Was that Harry couldn't carry any more.

COLD NIGHT IN OCTOBER

'Twas a cold night in October,
And I was far from sober.
I was walking down the street
With manly pride.
When my feet began to stutter,
And I fell into the gutter.
And a pig walked up
And lay down at my side.

Chortled he, "It is fair weather,
When good friends get together."
And two ladies passing by
Were heard to say,
"You can tell a man who boozes
By the company he chooses."
And the pig got up
And slowly walked away.

PADDY MURPHY

19

Oh, the night that Paddy Murphy died
I never will forget.
The Irish got so stinking drunk
That some ain't sober yet.
The one thing that they did that night
That filled my heart with fear,
They took the ice right off the corpse
And put it in the bier.

Chorus: Oh, honey,
That's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy,
That's how we showed our honor and our pride,
That's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy,
On the night that Paddy died.

Oh, the night that Leon Trotsky died
I never will forget.
The Russians got so stinking drunk
That some ain't sober yet.
The one thing that they did that night
That gave me quite a jar,
They took the buckshot from the corpse
And called it caviar.

Chorus: Oh, honey,
That's how we showed our respect for Leon Trotsky,
That's how we showed our honor and our pride,
That's how we showed our respect for Leon Trotsky,
On the night that Trotsky died.

BEER BOTTLE BALLAD

'Twas only an old beer bottle,
Floating on the foam.
'Twas only an old beer bottle,
Far away from home.
Inside was a piece of paper,
With these words written on:
"Whoever finds this bottle will find
That the beer's all gone."

VIOLATE ME

Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know.
Rape me and ravage me,
Utterly savage me,
On me no mercy bestow.

To the best things in life
I am utterly oblivious,
Show me a life that is
Lewd and lascivious.
Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know

CATS ON THE ROOF TOPS

20

Cats on the roof tops,
Cats on the tiles,
Cats with the syphillis,
Cats with the piles,
Cats with their arse-holes
Wreathed in smiles,
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

RULE BRITANNIA

Down in the city,
There lived a girl named Kitty.
Down in the city,
Where they used to pull her leg.
Down in the city,
They used to think it witty,
To hit her in the titty
With a hard-boiled egg.

Singing, Rule Britannia,
Britannia rules the waves,
They hit her in the titty with a hard-boiled egg.

SWEET VIOLETS

My wife keeps a sack in the
garden.
I'm curious I will admit.
One morning I sneaked out a
handful,
And found it was nothing but...

Chorus: Sweet violets,
Sweeter than all the roses,
Covered all over from head
to foot,
Covered all over with snow.

There once was a young man from
Sparta,
Who could flatulate ballads and
airs.
He could blow out a Mozart sonata,
Or accompany musical chairs.

One evening he tried out an
opera
It was hard but he just
wouldn't quit.
With his head held aloft,
He suddenly coughed,
And collapsed in a mountain of..

These verses I find a bit scanty.
Sometimes the rhyme just won't fit.
I start out like Shakespeare or Dante,
The result always seems to be...

THE HALLS OF DELTA U

Let Kubla Khan in Xanadu
A stately pleasure dome decree,
The homes and halls of Delta U
Are tenement enough for me.

No music played by Eastern slaves
On harp or psaltery or lute,
A D.U. for a savor craves,
While shout and song his ear
salutes.

DON'T CRY LADY

(21)

Don't cry lady,
I'll buy your goddan violets,
Don't cry lady,
I'll buy your pencils too,

Don't cry lady,
Take off those dark brown glasses
Hello, mother,
I knew it was you.

ARMY BLUE

We've not much longer here to stay,
For in a month or two,
We'll bid farewell to Kaydet gray,
And don the army blue.

Chorus: Army blue, army blue,
Hurrah! for the army blue.
We'll bid farewell to Kaydet gray,
And don the army blue.

To the ladies who come up in June,
We bid a fond adieu.
Here's hoping they'll be married soon,
And don the army blue.

Chorus:

SONGS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Next Thanksgiving,
Next Thanksgiving,
Don't waste bread,
Don't waste bread,
Shove it up a turkey,
Shove it up a turkey,
Eat the bird,
Eat the bird.

Next Christmas,
Next Christmas,
Save your tree,
Save your tree,
Shove it up a chinney,
Shove it up a chinney,
Goose Saint Nick,
Goose Saint Nick.

FRIVILIOUS SAL

They call her frivilious Sal
A peculiar sort of a gal,
With a heart that is mellow,
An all round good fellow
is my old pal.

Your troubles, sorrows, and care,
She was always willing to share.
A wild sort of devil,
But dead on the level,
Was my gal Sal.

THROW A NICKLE ON THE DRUM

Throw a nickle on the drum,
Save a soul,
Throw a nickle on the drum,
Save a soul,
Throw a nickle on the drum,
Save another D.U. bum,
Throw a nickle on the drum
And you'll be saved.

Salvation Army, Salvation Army,
Throw a nickle on the drum,
Save another D.U. bum.
Sing, halleluja, halleluja,
Throw a nickle on the drum
And you'll be saved.

SHANTY TOWN

22

It's only a shanty in old Shanty Town,
The roof is so slanty it touches the ground.
But my tumbled down shack,
By an old railroad shack,
Like a millionaire's mansion is calling me back.
I'd give up a palace if I were a king.
It's more than a palace, it's my everything.
There's a queen waiting there with a silvery crown
In my shanty in old Shanty Town.

There's a shanty in the town
On a little plot of ground
Where the green grass grows all around, all around.
The roof is so worn, so badly torn
That it tumbles to the ground.
It's a little old shack, and it sits way back
About twenty-five feet from the railroad track.
It lingers on my mind 'most all the time,
Keeps calling me back to my little old shack.
I'd be as sassy as Etoile Selasse
If I were king, 'twouldn't mean a thing.
Put my boots on tall, read the writing on the wall,
And it wouldn't mean a thing, not a garsh darned thing.
There's a queen waiting there in her rocking chair
Blowing her top on some gator beer,
Locking all around and a trucking on down
To my little old shanty in Shanty Town.

VIRGIN STURGEON

Caviar comes from the virgin
sturgeon,
The virgin sturgeon's a very
fine dish,
Virgin sturgeon needs no
urgin'
That's why caviar is my dish.

I fed caviar to my girl friend,
She was a virgin tried and true,
Now my girl friend needs no
urgin'
There is nothing she won't do.

I fed caviar to my Grandpa,
He was a man of ninety-three,
Screams and shrieks were heard from Grandma,
He had chased her up a tree.

UNCLE GEORGE AND AUNTIE MABLE

Uncle George and Auntie Mable
Fainted at the breakfast table.
This should be sufficient
warning,
Not to do it in the morning.

Ovaltine has set them right,
Now they do it every night,
Uncle George is hoping soon,
To do it in the afternoon.
Auntie Mable has a hunch,
She'd like to try it after lunch.

WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

Not a soul down at the corner,
That's a pretty certain sign,
That those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine.
All the boys are singing love songs,
They forgot "Sweet Adeline",
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine.

There goes Jack, There goes Jill,
Down to lovers' lane,
Now and then, we meet again,
But things don't seem the same.

How I get that lonesome feeling,
When I hear those church bells chime,
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine.

HEART OF MY HEART

Heart of my heart, how I love that melody,
Heart of my heart, brings back fond memories.
Remember, when we were kids on the corner of the square,
We were rough and ready guys,
But oh, how we could harmonize,--to
Heart of my heart, how friends were dearer then,
Too bad we had to part,
I know a tear would glisten,
If once more I could listen,
To that gang that sang heart of my heart.

105th CONVENTION SONG

D.U. Will shine tonight,
D.U. will shine,
D.U. will shine tonight,
D.U. will shine.

D.U. will shine tonight,
D.U. will shine.
When the sun goes down,
And the moon comes up,
D.U. will shine

PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND BALLS

Parties, banquets, and balls, boys,
Banquets, parties, and balls.
As President Hoover has said before,
There's only one way to stay out of war.
We'll have parties, banquets, and balls, boys,
Banquets, parties and balls,
We'll have banquets and parties, and parties and banquets,
and BALLS, BALLS, BALLS!

CONEY ISLAND BABY

4

We all fall for--
Some girl who dresses neat,
Some girl who's got big feet,
You'll meet her on the street,
Then we'll join the army of married boobs,
To the altar,
Just like leading lambs to slaughter.
When we're married--
Oh boy, we'll get it good,
Bachelor days we'll then recall.
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief,
We all are bound for--

Goodbye, my Coney Island baby.
Farewell, my own true love.
I'm gonna sail away and leave you,
Never to see you any--
Never gonna see you any--
I'm gonna sail upon that ferry boat,
Never to return again.
So, goodbye,
Farewell,
So long, forever,
Goodbye, my Coney Isle,
Goodbye, my Coney Isle,
Goodbye, my Coney Island babe.