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THETA TAU
SONG BOOK

FOREWORD

To promote fraternal spirit through singing, the Twenty-Fourth Biennial Convention of Theta Tau directed that a songbook be published. This collection of Theta Tau and engineering songs was compiled by William E. Franklin, Zeta '57, then Editor of *The Gear of Theta Tau*, and first published in this form in 1966.

No attempt was made to include every appropriate song, and it is expected that chapters will supplement this book with other songs of their choosing.

In the Foreword to the First Edition, Brother Franklin expressed his gratitude to Stuart D. Culp, Zeta '56, who arranged the Theta Tau Sweetheart Song, and set to music some of the other songs contained herein; to Robert J. Rehagen, Zeta '61, for the artwork; and to Zeta, Sigma, Phi, and Delta Beta Chapters whose individual chapter songbooks were made available to him.

It is hoped that this Edition will provide the stimulus needed for new generations of student members to experience the joy of fraternal singing.

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THETA TAU

Introduction.

Words and music by D. C. Blackmar, Beta '12.

Vivace.

Our H and T we cher-ish thee and ev-er in our mem-o-ry, we

keep thy signs and sym-bols fast, stored up midst loved things we've a-massed. The

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THYTA TAU SYMBIYARAT SONG

Arranged by Zora Chapoy

Ham - mer and the Tongs and Gear, these em - blems we hold dear

And our good fra - ter - nal law we live and The - ta - Tau.....

Chorus

Come all The - ta Tau men Drink the

Tempo di Valse.

Toast a gain..... Here's to our broth - ers still

Thyta Tau. 3-3.

THETA TAU

young in years..... Here's to our alom-ni, our real en-gi-

neers..... Ev-ery one be mer-ry

What if the world seems wrong..... we'll each help the

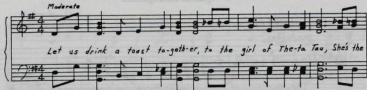
oth-er, we're each some ones broth-er In good old Ham-mer and Tong.

Theta Tau, 3-1.

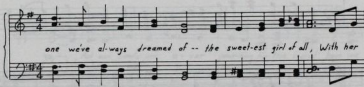
THETA TAU SWEETHEART SONG

Arranged by Zeta Chapter

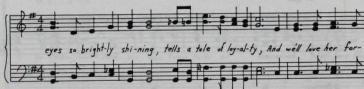
Moderate



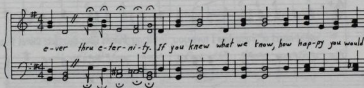
Let us drink a toast to-geth-er, to the girl of The-ta Tau, She's the



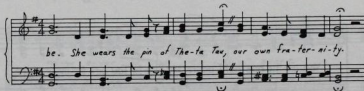
one we've al-ways dreamed of -- the sweet-est girl of all, With her



eyes so bright-ly shi-ning, tells a tale of loy-al-ty, And we'll love her for-



e-ver thru e-ter-ni-ty. If you knew what we know, how hap-py you would



be. She wears the pin of The-ta Tau, our own fra-ter-ni-ty.

SWEETHEART OF THETA TAU

Quartet Arrangement

Words and Music by Ruth Lambertus

To Sigma Chapter

Moderato

Thru the maze of mem-o-ries, In those care-free col-lege days, A

This system of musical notation is for the first system of the song. It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-Bb4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'Thru the maze of mem-o-ries, In those care-free col-lege days, A' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

thou-sand faces gleam and smile, But there's one that remains always Oh

This system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff includes 'hum' markings above the notes, indicating a humming part. The lyrics 'thou-sand faces gleam and smile, But there's one that remains always Oh' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues with harmonic support.

a tempo

Sweet-heart of Theta Tau I love you, In all my dreams your dear face shines thru,

This system of musical notation begins with the tempo marking '*a tempo*'. The melody in the treble staff includes a triplet of eighth notes. The lyrics 'Sweet-heart of Theta Tau I love you, In all my dreams your dear face shines thru,' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues with harmonic support.

You are the one that I adore My The-ta Tau girl for-ever more.

This system of musical notation concludes the piece. The treble staff features a triplet of eighth notes. The lyrics 'You are the one that I adore My The-ta Tau girl for-ever more.' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues with harmonic support.

THETA TAU FOREVER

(Tune: "There's a Long, Long Trail")

Moderately fast

We are The-ta Taus for e-ver, Wher-e-ver we chance to

go, And our hearts are e-ver year-ning For the lay-al boys we

know, — Far a-way from halls of learn-ing We'll face the

world with-out fear, — For the Ham-mer and Tongs will

rei-gn o-ver all good an-gi-neers.

MEMORIES OF THETA TAU

Slowly

Mem-o-ries, Mem-o-ries, Dreams of days gone
 by. Foot-ball games and dan-ces, too, and a
 cho-rus lin-gers through. Good old days,
 Ha-ppy days a-mong the The-ta Taus. Now
 we've had our fun, And it is all done. They're our beau-ti-ful mem-o-ries.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Slowly'. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words like 'Mem-o-ries' and 'The-ta Taus' hyphenated across lines. The score consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The final system ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

WE ARE THE THETA TAUS

(Tune: "Turkey in the Straw")

Lively

Oh, we are the Theta Taus, With our co-lors red and gold, And we

think we are the best in the en-gi-neering fold, With our slip-slick snaking and our

Ham-mer and our Tongs, If you trust The-ta Tau, you can't go wrong.

Hur-rah for — — —, Hur-rah for en-gi-neers! Here's to The-ta Tau! We'll

re-ven strip our gears. Watch us build our pro-ducts fine, As we

carry off the hon-ors in the en-gi-neering line. Six! Bam! Hur-rah! Theta Tau!

TO THETA TAU

Dedicated to Erich J. Schrader

Words and music by Wm. Ripley Dorr, Alpha '15

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Performance markings include 'With dignity', 'dim', and 'p' (piano).

With dignity *dim*
To Thee, O Vul-can, in the dim days of the past, The
p
an-cient me-chan-ics, in their ig-nor-ance held fast, Did
p
turn for as-sis-tance in the time of their dis-tress, But

GLORY, GLORY, DEAR OLD TREND

Thou didst prove fi-ckle, and brought them not suc-cess.

Faster, with energy
f But 'tis the pow-er of the han-nex, and the strength of the

rons, and the might of our oath, which is sworn life-

TO THETA TAI

Dedicated to Betty J. Schwartz

Words and music by Wm. Ripley Day, Alpha '13

long, And the splen-dor of Na-ture, whose force we o-ver

come, That spurs us on to Vic-to-ry, 'Till Tri-umph is won!

(Copyrighted 1913 by W. R. Day)

GLORY, GLORY, DEAR OLD THERMO

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Free energy and entropy
were swirling round his brain
With partial differentials
and Greek letters in their train,
For deltas, sigmas, gammas, thetas,
epsilons, and pis
Were driving him distracted
as they danced before his eyes.

Glory, glory dear old Thermo
Glory, glory dear old Thermo
Glory, glory dear old Thermo
I'll get you by and by.

Heat content and fugacity
revolved within his mind,
Like molecules and atoms
that you never have to wind,
With logarithmic functions
doing cake walks in his dreams,
And partial molar quantities
devouring chocolate creams.
(chorus)

They asked him on the final
if a mole of any gas,
In a vessel with a membrane
through which hydrogen could pass,
Were compressed to half its volume
what the entropy would be
If $2/3$ of Theta Tau equals the square of xyz.
(chorus)

He said he guessed the entropy
would have to equal four
Unless the second law
would bring it up a couple more.
But then it might be seven
if the thermostat was good
Or it might be 'most eleven
if once rightly understood.
(chorus)

The professor read his paper
with a corrugated brow,
For he knew he'd have to grade it
but he didn't quite know how.
Till a sudden inspiration
on his cerebrum was smote,
And he seized his trusty fountain pen
and this is what he wrote.
(chorus)

Just as you guessed the entropy,
I'll have to guess your grade,
But the second law won't raise it
to the mark you might have made,
For it might have been 100
if your guesses had been good
But I think it might be zero
till they're rightly understood.
(chorus)



THE ENGINEER

(Tune: Son of a Gambolier or Ramblin' Wreck)

Who is the man designs our pumps
With judgment, skill and care?
Who is the man that builds them
And who keeps them in repair?
Who has to shut them down because
The valve-seats disappear?
It's the bearing-wearing, gearing-tearing
Mechanical Engineer.

Who buys his juice for half a cent
And wants to charge a dime,
And who when we've signed the contract
Can't deliver half the time?
Who thinks a loss of twenty-six
Percent is nothing queer?
The volt-inducing, load-reducing
Electrical Engineer.

Who thinks without his products
We'd all be in the lurch?
Who has a heathen idol
Which he designates Research?
Who tints the creeks, perfumes the air
And makes the land scapes drear?
It's the stink-evolving, grass-dissolving
Chemical Engineer.

Who is it takes a transit out
To find a sewer tap?
Who then with care extreme locates
The junction on a map?
Who is it goes to dig it up
And finds it nowhere near?
It's the mud-bespattered, torn and tattered
Civil Engineer.

Who is the man who'll draw a plan
For anything you desire
From a transatlantic liner
To a hairpin made of wire?
With "ifs" and "ands," "howe'ers" and "buts,"
Who makes his meaning clear?
The work-disdaining, fee-retaining
Consulting Engineer.

Who takes the pleasure out of life
And makes existence hell,
Who'll fire a real good looking girl
Because she cannot spell?
Who substitutes a dictaphone
For a coral-tinted ear?
It's the penny-chasing, dollar-wasting
Industrial Engineer.

Who builds a road for fifty years
That disappears in two
And changes his identity
So there's no one to sue?
Who covers all the traveled roads
With filthy oily smear?
The bump-providing, rough-on-riding
Highway Engineer.

Who drills a well half way to hell
In search of gas or oil?
With gadgets multifarious
To take away his toil?
But when the hole is empty
Then his alibis appear,
The optimistic, cabalistic
Petroleum Engineer.

Who is that wild bewhiskered coot
In boots and flannel shirt?
Who honeycombs the hills and dales
A-searching for pay dirt?
The only lode he ever reveals
Is a load of lager beer.
The boring, shoring, dynamite roaring
Mining Engineer.

Who is that pale myopic guy
In the Mother Hubbard gown?
With inky hands and smudgy face
Who tries to gain renown?
Who draws fantastic pictures
At a hundred bucks a smear
The lackadasical, ne'er-do-well
Architectural Engineer.

ENGINEER'S RAMBLE SONG

(Tune: Ramblin' Wreck)

There was a bold young engineer
Who just got out of school.
He had a lot of great big books
And knew he was no fool.
They set him marking station pins
But he didn't know the code,
So they ditched him two miles out of camp
And let him hunt the road.

(Chorus) Oh, didn't he ramble,
He rambled, he rambled all around.
In and out of town, oh, didn't he ramble,
He rambled, he rambled
'Til the butcher cut him down.

He got a job as an electric man,
And thought he'd make some tin.
They sent him up a big tall pole
To put a feeder in.
He lost his grip and tumbled back
But grabbed the wires bright,
Then hung there for a moment
'Til the juice put out his light.
(chorus)

He then went down in the depths
Where Satan runs the plant.
He wanted to see the chief engineer
But Satan said you can't,
There are no engineers down here
For that could never be.
Then he said "I guess I'll ramble on,
This is no place for me."
(chorus)

He rambled up to heaven
To see who all was there,
And there were a bunch of fellows
A-sittin' on the stair.
Some were smoking cigarettes,
And all were drinking beer,
So he knew at once, the whole darn bunch
Were {school} engineers.
(chorus)

He rambled down to Washington
To see who all was there.
And there was Mr.
In the Presidential chair.
In walked Dean
And said "You great big clown,
Why the heck don't you get up
And let an engineer sit down."
(chorus)

HYPERBOLIC TANGENT

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

An engineer once loved a maid
With pure dynamic passion.
His "Modus Operandi" was
Of scientific fashion.

(Chorus) A hyperbolic tangent
to a cyclic polar plane.
He was an engineer.

Oh, maiden fair of golden hair,
Come give me just one kiss
React forever thus with me
in osculating bliss.
(chorus)

With you my lass, the days will pass
in sweet synthetic thrills,
In kilowatts and BTU's
we'll pay our grocery bills.
(chorus)

We'll dine upon the best of food,
the kind that's strictly stable,
And soft-boiled eggs we'll daily eat
from a logarithmic table.
(chorus)

We'll build a modernistic ohm
beside the sounding sea,
And raise a tribe of engineers
with vim and entropy.
(chorus)

O watt, O maid, come be my bride,
illuminate my days,
Let's synchronize our voltages
and fluctuate in phase.
(chorus)

Our modest maid remained unswayed
by all this talk fantastic,
In fact, her quips from luscious lips
were cold and autocratic.
(chorus)

ST. PATRICK WAS AN ENGINEER

(Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home)

St. Patrick was an engineer, he was, he was.
St. Patrick was an engineer, he was, he was.
For he surveyed the Emerald Isle
And made a map of its profile.
Erin go brau, rah for the engineers.

For he invented the calculus,
And handed it down for us to cuss.

For he invented the sliding rule
To measure the size of the molecule.

For he invented electric lights
So engineers could study nights.

For he was the guy with the monkey wrench
That screwed the lawyers to the bench.

He ran his slipstick up in high
And guessed at the answer as you and I.

For he invented the logarithm
To count the whiskers of bolshevism.

For he invented the stresses and shears
To make us giddy before our years.

For he invented machine design
And elbow grease to make 'em shine.

For he invented the steam and gas
That make us sweat, so let that pass.

'Twas he invented the faculty
That chews the fat with you and me.

For he invented the city park
So all couples could sit and spark.

For he invented the davenport
That engineers might have their sport.

A runaway engine down the tracks, she flew, she flew,
A runaway engine down the tracks, she flew, she flew,
A lawyer jumped out to throw the switch,
The train ran over the son of a gun.
Erin go brau, rah for the engineers.





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