

University of Alabama "Yea Alabama"

Yea Alabama! Drown 'em Tide
Ev'ry bama man's behind you:
So hit that stride!
Go teach the bulldogs to behave,
Send those Yellow Jackets to a watery grave,
And if a man starts to weaken,
That's his shame!
For Bama's pluck and grit have
Writ her name in Crimson flame,
Fight on! Fight on! Fight on! Men!
Remember the Rose Bowl, we'll win then.
Go! Roll to victory! Hit your stride!
You're Dixie's football pride,
Crimson Tide!

University of Arkansas "Fight Song"

Hit that line. Hit that line. Keep on going.
Take that ball right down the field.
Give a cheer. Rah! Rah!
Never fear. Rah! Rah!
Arkansas will never yield.
on your toes Razorbacks to the finish.
Carry on with all your might.
For it's A-A-A-R-K-A-N-S-A-S for Arkansas,
Fight, Fight, F-i-ight, Fight, Fight.
Go Hogs Go!!

Auburn

War Eagle fly down the field,
Ever to conquer, never to yield.
War Eagle fearless and true,
Fight on you orange and blue
GO! GO! GO!
On to victory, strike up the band
Give 'em hell, give 'em hell,
stand up and yell HEY!
War eagle win for Auburn
Power of Dixieland!

Alma Mater

On the rolling plains of Dixie
'Neath it's sun kissed sky
Proudly stands our Alma Mater
Banners high.

To thy name we'll sing thy praise
From hearts that love so true.
And pledge to thee our loyalty
The ages through.

We hail thee, Auburn, and we vow
To work for thy just fame
And hold in memory as we do now
Thy cherished name.

The BU fight song

Go BU, Go BU!
Sing her praises loud and true!
We'll fight for our alma mater,
On to sure victory!!
Fight! Fight! Fight!

Go BU, Go BU!
Down the ice to score anew!
Our hearts are with you are you face the foe.
We hail you, Ole BU!

(BTW: The line "Fight, Fight, Fight" has unofficially become "BC sucks!")

Brigham Young University fight song

Rise all loyal cougars and hurl your challenge to the foe.
We will fight, day or night, rain or snow.
Stalwart men and true wear the white and blue
As we sing, get set to spring, come on cougars it's up to you.

Rise and shout, the cougars are out
Upon the trail to fame and glory.
Rise and shout, our cheers will ring out
As we unfold our victr'y story.

On we go, to vanquish the foe for alma mater's sons and daughters.
As we join in song, in praise of you, our faith is strong,
We'll raise our colors high in the blue,
And cheer the cougars of BYU!

University of Central Florida's Fight Song

UCF charge onto the field
With our spirit we'll never yeild
We're singing Black and Gold
Charge right through the line
Victory is our only cry
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y
Tonight our knights will shine

Colorado University

ALMA MATER
Hail alma mater, ever will our hearts be true
You will live in us forever, loyal will we be to you.
We sing forever your praises, evermore our love renew
Pledge our devotion to you, dear old CU!

GLORY COLORADO (original fight song, c.1925 to c.1965)
Glory glory Colorado
Glory glory Colorado
Glory glory Colorado
Hurrah for the silver and gold

(silver and gold are the official school colors)

GO COLORADO

Away we go, go buffaloes we want a colorado victory
show them we're out to win this game
come on colorado push onto fame

fight for the silver, fight for the gold
give a rousing cheer - HOORAY!!

Go buffalo, we're gonna show
go Colorado, let's go.

FIGHT CU

Fight CU down the field, CU must win
Fight, fight for victory, CU knows no defeat
So roll up a mighty score, never give in
Shoulder to shoulder we will fight, fight, (fight fight) fight!

(The band actually still plays all three fight songs during games.)

Columbia

Roar, Lion, Roar
For Alma Mater in the Hudson Valley
Fight on for Victory Evermore
While the Sons of Knickerbocker Rally Round
Columbia, Columbia
Shouting Her Name Forever
Roar, Lion, Roar
For Alma Mater on the Hudson Shore

Ramblin` Wreck from Georgia Tech

I'm a ramblin' wreck from Georgia Tech and a helluva engineer.
A helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva engineer.
Like all the jolly good fellows, I drink my whiskey clear.
I'm a ramblin' wreck from Georgia Tech and a helluva engineer.

Oh, I wish I had a daughter sir I'd dress her in white and gold.
I'd put her on the campus to cheer the brave and bold.
And if I had a son sir, I'd tell you what he'd do.
He would yell "To HELL with Georgia!" like his daddy used to do.

Oh if I had a barrel of rum and sugar three thousand pounds,
A college bell to put it in and clapper to stir it around,
I'd drink to all the good fellows who come from far and near,
'Cause I'm a ramblin', gamblin', helluva engineer.

Up with the white and Gold (secondary song)

Oh well it's up with the white and gold
Down with the red and black
Georgia Tech is out for a victory.
We'll drop our battle axe on Georgia's head
When we meet her our team is sure to beat her.
Down on the old farm there'll be no sound
Till our bow-wow's rip through the air.
When the battle is over Georgia's team will be found
With the Yellow Jackets swarming round.

March on, march on, old Hofstra team
Proud of it's Blue and Gold (BLUE AND GOLD!)
Carry our banner down the field
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
That line must hold, hold, hold
Keep Driving...

Go on you Flying Dutchmen Go
Loyal, Strong and True we'll always be (always be)

March on, march on for HOFSTRA,
on to VIC-TOR-YYYYYY....
HEY!!!!

University of Illinois

OSKEE-WOW-WOW

Old Princeton yells her tiger, Wisconsin her Varsity
And they sing the same old rah, rah, rah at each university
But the yell that always thrills me, and fills my heart with joy
Is that good old Oskee-wow-wow, that they yell at Illinois.
Oskee-wow-wow, Illinois, our eyes are all on you
Oskee-wow-wow, Illinois, wave your orange and your blue (rah rah)
When the team trots out before you, everyone stand up and yell
Back the team to gain a vict'ry, Oskee-wow-wow, Illinois.

ILLINOIS LOYALTY

We're loyal to you, Illinois
We're orange and blue, Illinois
We'll back you to stand 'gainst the best in the land
For we know you have sand, Illinois (Rah! Rah!)
So crack out that ball, Illinois.
We're backing you all, Illinois.
Our team is our fame protector,
On boys, for we expect a vict'ry, from you, Illinois!

(Spoken)
Che-hee! Che-ha! Che-ha-ha-ha! Go, Illini, go!
Che-hee! Che-ha! Che-ha-ha-ha! Go, Illini, go!
Illinois! Illinois! Illinois!

(Sung)
Fling out that dear old flag of orange and blue
Lead on your sons and daughters fighting for you
Like men of old on giants, placing reliance,
Shouting defiance, Oskee-wow-wow!
Amid the broad green plains that nourish our land
For honest labor and for learning we stand
And unto thee we pledge our heart and hand
Dear Alma Mater, Illinois!

DON'T SEND MY BOY TO HARVARD

Don't send my boy to Harvard, a dying mother said
Don't send my boy to Michigan, I'd rather he were dead
But send my boy to Illinois, 'tis better than Cornell
and rather than Chicago, I would see my boy in hell.

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Indiana University fight song

Indiana, Our Indiana
Indiana we're all for you.

We will fight for,
The Cream and Crimson,
For the glory of old IU.

Never daunted,
We cannot falter,
In the battle,
We're tried and true.

Indiana, Our Indiana,
Indiana we're all for you.

(shouted)
I U

University of Maryland Victory Song

Maryland, we're all behind you
Raise high the black and gold
There is nothing half so glorious
As to see our team victorious
We've got the team boys
We've got the steam boys
Keep on fighting don't give in
M - A - R - Y - L - A - N - D
Maryland will win

University of Maryland Fight Song

Fight, fight, fight for Maryland!
Honor now her name again,
Push up the score, keep on fighting for more,
For Maryland (GO TERPS!!)
Then we will fight, fight, fight for Terrapin,
Keep on fighting 'til we win,
So sing out our song as we go marching along to Victory!

Miami Univerisity Fight Song

Love and honor to Miami,
our college old and grand.
Proudly we shall ever hail thee
over all the land.

Alma Mater now we praise thee;
sing joyfully this day.
Love and honor to Miami
forever and a day.

Michigan State University Fight Song

On the banks of the Red Cedar
Is a school that's known to all
Our specialty is winning
And the Spartans play good ball

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Spartan teams are never beaten
Until the end they'll fight
Fight for the only colors,
Green and white

Go right through for M-S-U
Watch the points keep growing
Spartan teams are bound to win
They're fighting with a vim (RAH-RAH-RAH)
See their team is weakening
We're gonna win this game
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT TEAM FIGHT!
Victory for M-S-U

University of Michigan "The Victors"

Hail! To the victors valiant!
Hail! To the conquering heroes!
Hail! Hail! To Michigan!
Leaders and best!

Hail! To the victors valiant!
Hail! To the conquering heroes!
Hail! Hail! To Michigan!
Champions of the west!

University of Minnesota Rouser

Minnesota, Hats Off to Thee
To Our Colors True We Shall Ever Be
Firm and Strong, United Are We
Rah Rah Rah for Ski-U-Mah
Rah Rah Rah Rah
Rah for the U of M
(This is Repeated, followed by the crowd shouting
M-I-N-N-E-S-O-T-A, Minnesota, Minnesota,
Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaay, Gophers! Rah!)

Mississippi State "Hail State"

Hail dear ole State,
Fight for that victory today;
Hit that line and 'tote that ball;
Cross that line before you fall,
And then we'll yell, yell, yell!
For dear ole State
We'll yell like H-E-L-L!
Fight for Mississippi State,
Win that game today!

Ole Miss (University of Mississippi)

Forward Rebels
Forward Rebels march of fame,
Hit that line and win this game,
We know that you're fighting through,
For your colors, red and blue,
FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT!
Rebels you're the Southland's pride,

Take that ball and hit your stride,
Don't stop 'til the vict'ry's won for your Ole Miss,
FIGHT FIGHT FOR YOUR OLE MISS!

Hotty Toddy
Are you ready?
Hell yea!
Damn right!
Hotty Toddy, gosh almighty,
who the hell are we?
HEY!
Flim Flam, Bim Bam, OLE MISS BY DAMN!

North Dakota

Here are the lyrics to the fight song from the North Dakota fight song
(my mother {a '68 alum} taught me the song as a child; when I was at UND
a few years back, I never heard the song done at games).

STAND UP AND CHEER

Stand Up and Cheer
Stand up and Cheer for North Dakota
Pledge your loyalty
'Cause She's your Alma Mater SIOUX!

Northwestern University

Go U Northwestern!
Break right through that line.
With our colors flying, we will cheer you all the time. U rah! Rah!
Go U Northwestern!
Fight for victory!
Spread far the fame of our fair name.
Go Northwestern, win that game!

Go Northwestern, go!
Go Northwestern, go!
Hit 'em high! Hit 'em low!
Go Northwestern, go!

Go U Northwestern!
Break right through that line.
With our colors flying, we will cheer you all the time. U rah! Rah!
Go U Northwestern!
Fight for victory!
Spread far the fame of our fair name.
Go Northwestern, win that game!

Ohio State fight songs

Across the Field:
Fight the team across the field
Show them Ohio's here
Set the earth reverberating with a mighty cheer
Rah Rah Rah!
Hit them hard and see how they fall
Never let that team get the ball
Hail, hail! The gang's all here
So let's win that old conference now!

The last line is sometimes "So let's beat <school_name> now!"

Buckeye Battle Cry:

Drive! Drive on down the field
Men of the Scarlet and Gray
Don't let them through that line
We have to win this game today
C'mon Ohio!
Smash through to victory
We cheer you as you go
Our honor defend
We will fight to the end
For O-HI-O!

University of Oklahoma (thanks to Ryan Lemons)

Many outsiders assume that the only song of the University of Oklahoma is the infamous "Boomer Sooner." while this may be the most hated song in the entire state of Nebraska, there are many other tunes that represent the University of Oklahoma. Numerous fight songs have been composed and submitted to the university over the last century, and the following tunes are still sung and played today.

BOOMER SOONER

Arthur M. Alden, a student of history and physiology and the son of a Norman jeweler, wrote the lyrics to the Oklahoma's "Boomer Sooner" in 1905. He borrowed the tune from Yale University's "Boola Boola," but improvised the words. A year later, an addition was made to the song that was roughly based on North Carolina's "Tarheels are Great." The combination of these two forms Oklahoma's battle song as Sooners know it today.

Boomer Sooner, Boomer Sooner,
Boomer Sooner, Boomer Sooner,
Boomer Sooner, Boomer Sooner,
Boomer Sooner, O-K-U.

Oklahoma, Oklahoma,
Oklahoma, Oklahoma,
Oklahoma, Oklahoma,
Oklahoma, O-K-U.

I'm a Sooner born and a Sooner bred
And when I die I'll be a Sooner dead!
Rah Oklahoma, Rah Oklahoma,
Rah Oklahoma, O-K-U!

THE O.U. CHANT

The O.U. Chant is a loyalty song that is sung before every home football game, before and after basketball games, and at the end of many other athletic and academic university functions. The Chant was written in 1936 by Jessie Lane Clarkson, who directed the O.U. girl's glee club from 1936 to 1938 and was voted Outstanding Faculty Woman in 1937. The first line of the song is similar to the "Rock-Chalk Jayhawk" chant of Kansas and the last line has become a popular slogan for the university. Every fan in crimson and cream, current students, and O.U. alumni are encouraged to stand and raise their index finger in the air during the singing of the Chant the greatness of the university and the unity between all Sooners.

O-K-L-A-H-O-M-A
Our chant rolls on and on!

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Thousands strong
Join heart and song
In alma mater's praise
Of campus beautiful by day and night
Of colors proudly gleaming Red and white
'Neath a western sky
OU's chant will never die.
Live on, University!

O.K. OKLAHOMA

In 1939, the University of Oklahoma commissioned Fred Waring to write an additional fight song for the Sooners. "O.K. Oklahoma" premiered in a live broadcast on December 1, 1939. Since then it has continued to be a part of Oklahoma football games. Today, it is played as the football team scores extra points after a touchdown and the Sooner Schooner rolls onto the field.

O.K. Oklahoma, K.O. the foe today.
We say O.K. Oklahoma, the Sooners know the way. 'Ray!
S double-O-N-E-R-S! We'll win today or miss our guess.
O.K. Oklahoma, K.O. the foe today.

We'll march down the field with our heads held high,
Determined to win any battle we're in,
We'll fight with all our might for the Red and white.
March on, march on down the field for a victory is nigh.
You know we came to win the game for Oklahoma,
And so we will or know the reason why!

We'll march down the field with our heads held high,
With ev'ry resource we'll hold to the course,
And pledge our heart and soul to reach the goal.
March on, march on down the field as we sing the battle cry.
Dig in and fight for the Red and white of Oklahoma,
So we'll take home a victory or die!

FIGHT FOR O.K.U.

Leonard Haug, who directed the Pride of Oklahoma from 1945 to 1962, composed "Fight for O.K.U." using parts of the melody of "Boomer Sooner."

Oklahoma, Oklahoma
Marching on to victory
Oklahoma, Oklahoma
Red and White we're proud of thee
Ever singing victory bringing
For the school we're loyal to
Give a cheer! Rah! Rah!
For the team! Rah! Rah!
As we fight for O-K-U!

Fight, fight, fight,
Show the team we're here!
Yell, yell, yell,
Give a mighty cheer!
O- K-L-A-H-O-M-A

OKLAHOMA!

To create the musical Oklahoma!, Rodgers and Hammerstein added lyrics, music and dance to a play written by Lynn Riggs, who was a native of Claremore, Oklahoma and an O.U. graduate. The title song of the revolutionary musical was adopted by the State of Oklahoma as its official song and anthem on May

Oklahoma, where the wind comes sweepin' down the plain
And the wavin' wheat can sure smell sweet
When the wind comes right behind the rain.
Oklahoma, ev'ry night my honey lamb and I
Sit alone and talk and watch a hawk
Makin' lazy circles in the sky.

We know we belong to the land
And the land we belong to is grand!
And when we say
Yeeow! A-yip-i-o-ee-ay!

We're only sayin'
You're doin' fine, Oklahoma!
Oklahoma O-K-L-A-H-O-M-A
OKLAHOMA!

OKLAHOMA HAIL!
"Oklahoma Hail!" is the original Oklahoma alma mater song. Louise B. Adams wrote the words and R. H. Richards arranged the tune, which is a Welsh air called "Men of Harlech." It was performed as early as 1928.

[First Verse]
From the hillsides, from the prairies,
Comes a song that never wearies
Loyalty that never varies.
Oklahoma, hail!

Ivied walls and stately towers,
Campus fair 'neath sun or showers,
All the love we bear thee flowers
And will never fail.

[Chorus]
Shout the chorus loudly
Bear the emblem proudly
Army vast, we march at last
And lift our voices stoutly.

On we march for Alma Mater,
On we march nor ever falter
Singing loud, each son and daughter,
Oklahoma, hail!

[Second Verse]
From thy gracious font of learning,
We will quench our thirst so burning
Kindly Mother to thee turning.
Oklahoma, hail!

Wisdom brought from out the ages,
Truth of saints and laws of sages
Ours to take from glitt'ring pages,
Never growing stale.

[Chorus]

DON'T SEND MY BOY TO TEXAS

This popular college tune has long been sung by O.U. students and is regularly sung by the RUF/NEKS, an O.U. spirit group.

"Don't send my boy to Texas!"
The dying mother said.
"Don't send my boy to Texas!"
I'd rather see him dead!
So send him to Missouri
Or better yet OU. OU!
Don't send my boy to OSU
For that would never do!"

Penn State's Fight Song (Fight on State)

Fight on State, Fight on State.
Strike your gait and win.
Victory we predict for thee,
We're ever true to you, Dear old white and Blue.

Onward State, Onward State.
Roar, Lions Roar.
We'll hit that line, roll up the score,
Fight on to victory ever more.
Fight on, on, on, on on,
Fight on, on, Penn State.

"The Nittany Lion"

1.) Every college has a legend
passed on from year to year.
To which they pledge allegiance,
and always cherish dear.
But of all the honored idols,
there's the one that stands the test.
It's the stately Nittany Lion,
the symbol of our best!

CHORUS:

Hail to the lion!
Loyal and true!
Hail, Alma Mater,
with her white and Blue!
Penn State forever!
Molder of men.
Fight for her honor (FIGHT!)
and victory again!

(original second verse- c. 1912)

2.) There's Pittsburgh with its Panthers,
and Penn her Red and Blue,
Dartmouth with its Indians,
and Yale her Bulldogs, too.
There's Princeton with its Tigers,
and Cornell with its Bears,
But speaking now of victory,
we'll get the lion's share!

CHORUS

(big ten verse, 1993)

3.) Indiana has its Hoosiers
Purdue its Gold and Black.
The Wildcats from Northwestern,
and Spartans on attack.

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Ohio State has it Buckeyes,
up north, the Wolverines.
But the mighty Nittany Lion's
The Best they've ever seen!

CHORUS

There's also another verse, written in the 50's, mentioning Notre Dame, Army, Syracuse, and other opponents of the time. It's always been rarely sung, though.

University of Pittsburgh Victory Song

(Very few people know/sing the first part)
Let's Go Pitt, We're Set for Victory
So Lend a Hand, Strike Up the Band
Let's Go Pitt, We're Making History
We'll Never Yield, Out on the Field
The Whistle Blows, We're On Our Toes
The Ball is in the Air
It May Be Tough, The Going Rough,
But Always Fighting Fair....

(People are much more familiar with the following)
Fight on for Dear Old Pittsburgh
And for the Glory of the Game
Show Our Worthy Foe that the Panther's On the Go
Pitt Must Win Today! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Cheer, Loyal Sons of Pittsburgh
Cheer On To Victory and Fame
For the Blue and Gold
Shall Conquer as of Old, So
Fight, Pitt, Fight!

HAIL PURDUE

To your call once more we rally,
Alma Mater, hear our praise;
where the wabash spreads its valley,
Filled with joy our voices raise.
From the skies in swelling echoes,
Come the cheers that tell the tale,
Of your vict'ries and your heroes
Hail Purdue, we sing all Hail.

chorus
Hail, Hail to old Purdue!
All Hail to our old gold and black!
Hail, Hail to old Purdue!]
Our friendship may she never lack.
Ever grateful, ever true,
Thus we raise our song anew,
Of the days we've spent with you,
All Hail our own Purdue.

The RPI Fight song "Hail Dear Old Rensselaer"

Hail, dear old Rensselaer,
The college of our hearts!
For dear old Rensselaer,

Each man must do his part! (FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!)
True sons of Rensselaer,
we all must strive to be!
Now, dear old Rensselaer,
Hail to thee!

Hear the rat-tat-tat of drums that beat,
Hear the tramp tramp tramp of marching feet,
Hear the voices raising loud and sweet!
Hear our mighty call of:

Hail, dear old Rensselaer,
The college of our hearts!
For dear old Rensselaer,
Each man must do his part! (FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!)
True sons of Rensselaer,
we all must strive to be!
Now, dear old Rensselaer,
Hail to thee!

Univ. of San Francisco Fight Song

"Victory Song"

On to victory,
We're out to win this game
Here's why:
For the Green and Gold
The Dons are going in to do or die.
Win or Lose today
We're gonna try and try the same old way,
And with all our might
we're gonna
fight fight fight
fight fight fight
On to Victory!

(The next stanza comes from back when we had a football team--
not many people even know it exists)

Onward USF,
Our college here
Beside the Sea.
All together now
We're going onward on to victory.
Let the Dons roll
And keep them rolling rolling across their goal.
And with all our might
we're gonna
fight fight fight
fight fight fight
On to Victory!

Words and Music by "Bud" Smith, Class of '31

University of Southern California

Fight on For Old 'SC
Our Men Fight On To Victory
Our Alma Mater Dear Looks Up To You
Fight On and Win For USC

Fight On To Victory
Fight On

University of Southern Mississippi "Southern to the Top"

Southern Mississippi to the top, to the top
So lift your voices high
Show them the reason why
Southern Spirit never will stop
Fight! Fight! Fight!
Southern Mississippi all the way
Banners high
And we will
Fight!
Fight!
Fight for victory!
Hear our battle cry!

University of Southwestern Louisiana

Fight On!
Fight on Cajuns. Fight on to victory for the red and white.
We will sing of triumph and glory for our team tonight.
You will feel the rage of the Cajuns so let's give a yell.
Hustle up and bustle up and fight on to victory U...S...L...

University of Tennessee

Rocky Top

Wish that I was on ole Rocky Top
Down in the Tennessee hills
Ain't no smoggy smoke on Rocky Top
Ain't no telephone bills

Once I had a girl on Rocky Top
Half bear the other half cat
Wild as a mink but sweet as soda pop
I still dream about that

Chorus:
Rocky Top you'll always be
Home sweet home to me
Good ole Rocky Top
Rocky Top Tennessee
Rocky Top Tennessee

Once two strangers climbed ole Rocky Top
Lookin' for a moonshine still
Strangers ain't come down from Rocky Top
Reckon they never will

Corn won't grow at all on Rocky Top
Dirt's too rocky by far
That's why all the folks on Rocky Top
Get their corn from a jar

Repeat Chorus:

Fight Vols Fight! (Played by band when forming the "T")

Fight vols fight with all you might
For the orange and white
Never falter never yield
As we march on down the field - Keep marching

Let the spirit of the hill
Every Vol with courage fill
Your loyalty means our victory
So fight Vols fight

Down The Field (Played by band as team runs through "T")

Here's to ole Tennessee
Never we'll sever
We will pledge our loyalty
forever and ever

Backing our football team
faltering never
So cheer and fight
with all of you might for Tennessee

Alma Mater

On a hallowed hill in Tennessee
Like a beacon shining bright
The stately walls of old UT
Rise glorious to the site

So here's to you old Tennessee
Out alma mater true
We pledge to love and harmony
Out loyalty to you

Texas A&M: Aggie War Hymn

THE AGGIE WAR HYMN

Goodbye to texas university,
so long to the orange and the white.
Good luck to the dear old Texas Aggies,
they are the ones who show the real old fight.
"The eyes of Texas are upon you,"
that is the song they sing so well (sounds like hell).
So goodbye to texas university,
we're gonna beat you all to
Chig-a-roo-garem, Chig-a-roo-garem,
Rough tough real stuff Texas A&M.

[Chorus]

Saw varsity's horns off, saw varsity's horns off.
Saw varsity's horns off, SHORT! Ay!
Varsity's horns are sawed off, varsity's horns are sawed off.
Varsity's horns are sawed off, SHORT! Ayyyyyyyyy!

University of Texas

Alma Mater: "The Eyes of Texas"
The Eyes of Texas are upon you,

all the live-long day.
The Eyes of Texas are upon you,
you cannot get away.
Do not think you can escape them,
at night or early in the morn'.
The Eye of Texas are upon you,
'til Garbriel blows his horn.

Fight Song: "Texas Fight!"
Texas Fight! Texas Fight!
and it's goodbye to a&m.
Texas Fight! Texas Fight!
and we'll put over one more win.
Texas Fight! Texas Fight!
for it's Texas we love best!
Give'em Hell! Give'em Hell! Go Horns, Go!
and it's goodbye to all the rest.

Texas Tech

FIGHT SONG
Fight, Raiders, Fight! Fight, Raiders, Fight!
Fight for the school we love so dearly.
You'll hit 'em high, you'll hit 'em low.
You'll push the ball across the goal,
Tech, Fight! Fight!

We'll praise your name, boost you to fame.
Fight for the Scarlet and Black.
You will hit 'em, you will wreck 'em.
Hit 'em! Wreck 'em, Texas Tech!
And the Victory Bells will ring out

MATADOR SONG (Alma Mater)
Fight, Matadors, for Tech!
Songs of love we'll sing to thee,
Bear our banners far and wide.
Ever to be our pride,
Fearless champions ever be.
Stand on heights of victory.
Strive for honor evermore.
Long live the Matadors!

University of Washington

Bow Down to Washington!
Bow Down to Washington!
Mighty are the men who wear the purple and the gold
Joyfully we welcome them within the victors' fold
We will carve their names in the Hall of Fame
To preserve the memory of our devotion
(So) Heaven help the foes of Washington
They're trembling at the feet of mighty Washington
Our boys are there with bells
Their fighting blood excels
It's harder to push them over the line
Than pass the Dardanelles
(Oh) Victory's the cry of Washington
Our leather lungs together with a Rah! Rah! Rah!
And oe'r the land the loyal band will sing the glory of Washington
Forever

West Virginia University (Hail West Virginia)

Let's give a RAH! for West Virginia
and let us pledge to her anew
Others may like black or crimson
but for us it's Gold, and Blue
Let all our troubles be forgotten
and let the college spirit rule
we'll join and give our loyal effort
for the good of our old school!

It's west Virginia Its west Virginia
The pride of every mountaineer
Come on you old grads join with us young lads
Its west Virginia Now we cheer [RAH! RAH!]
Now is the time boys to make a big noise
No matter what the people say
For there is naught to fear
The gang's all here so Hail west Virginia, Hail!

(BTW, the black and crimson reference in the first stanza is to Washington and Jefferson, WVU's first hot football rivalry.)

University of Wisconsin

On Wisconsin: Words: Carl Beck Music: W. T. Purdy

On Wisconsin, On Wisconsin
Plunge right through that line,
Run the ball clear down the field, boys*
Touchdown sure this time
On Wisconsin, On Wisconsin
Fight on for her fame,
Fight, Fellows, Fight, Fight, Fight
We'll win this game!

* Originally "Run the ball clear 'round Chicago" until
Chicago dropped football in 1940

varsity:

Var-sity! Var-sity!
U-rah-rah! Wisconsin!
Praise to thee we sing
Praise to thee our Alma Mater (a capella)
U-rah-rah, Wisconsin! (Fanfare of trumpets, followed by:)
Our Team is RED HOT! (Two drum beats and repeat until hoarse)

If you want to be a Badger: Words: Julius E. Olson Music: Anonymous

Verse I:

If you want to be a Badger, just come along with me,
 By the light, by the light, by the light of the moon.
 If you want to be a Badger, just come along with me
 By the bright shining light of the moon.

Chorus:

By the light of the moon, by the light of the moon,
By the bright shining light, by the light of the moon.
If you want to be a Badger, just come along with me,
By the bright shining light of the moon.

Verse II: Did you ever see a Badger, who didn't want to spoon,...

verse III: Did you ever see a Badger, who'd pass up a saloon,...

Verse IV: If you want a little Badger, we'll see want we can do,...

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

1. Fall Down, Arizona (to tune of Bear down, Arizona):

Fall down, Arizona,
Fall down, black and blue.
Fall down, Arizona,
You know damn well you're through.

So it's Trip! Fall!
Drop that ball!
Arizona, you are screwed!

2.
Here comes the band
The U of A band
with endless repetition.
The shows a bore
We've seen it before
It's become a damned tradition!
So here comes the band
And, gee, but it's bland
To that bear down melody (repeat 3x in rapid succession).
So sneer at Arizona
BEER for Arizona!
The band that's a bore to see!

ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

Eat ****, you ***-*****ing ****
Rip off your heads and **** down your necks.
Rape all your women, **** 'em like rabbits
You won't join in 'cause you're all flaming *****s.
Hey, all you Sun Devil queers,
Here's our nice reply
You better shove that rose right up your ***,
'Cause you're gonna die.

BOSTON COLLEGE

For Boston

For Boston, For Boston,
The Outhouse on the hill.
For Boston, For Boston,
They **** and always will.
So, here's to the outhouse on the hill,
BC *****S AND ALWAYS WILL!

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT BERKELEY

1. The Dirty Golden Bear (to the tune of "The Sturdy Golden Bear")

(verse 1)
The Dirty Golden Bear
Is losing all his hair
His teeth are out

He's got the gout
He knows not what it's all about
His eyes are made of glass
He's losing all his class
So TAKE the Dirty Golden Bear and shove him up your ***!

(verse 2)
The Dirty Golden Bear
Has dirty pubic hair
His dick is dead
It's got no head
He cannot get it up in bed
He tries to use his hand
But cannot find his gland
So YOU can find him jerking off the UC Berkeley Band!

CAL POLY:

Ride Me, You Mustang!

Ride me, you Mustang
Kick your boots off, **** me please
Ride me, you mustang
I'm down on my hands and my knees
Oh! oh! oh!

Ride me, you Mustang
Sing a tune and do me now
Ride me and make me lusty
Plow! Plow! Plow!

This is the not-so-nasty-but-not-quite-our-alma mater-version:

I Hurl Green and Gold
=====

I hurl Green and Gold
The tequila was quite old
The salt and the lime
Came spewing up with mold

I hurl Green and Gold
My world is in a whirl
So for California Polytechnic,
Hurl! Hurl! Hurl!

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT DAVIS

1. (To Sons of California)

We're dirty sons of bitches,
We're rotten to the core.
We could not get a piece of ***,
not even from a *****.

We flog our rods,
We dick our mitts,
We even pud our gloves.
For we're the band from Davis State,
That only an Aggie could love.

>From the archives of the Marching Lumberjack Band.

UCLA

1. Sons of Berkeley (UCLA)
We are the awesome Bruins,
The awesome bruin band.
We got our awesome uniforms
>From awesome Disneyland.
Our marching is, like, boring.
Our playing is, like, bland.
You cannot hear, from far or near,
The awesome Bruin band...

2. (to Sons of Westwood)
High up in the hills of Westwood
Sprawled offensive to the eye
Lies a Cal extension campus
Known as Westwood High (high high high)
Home of all the Bruin bearcubs
UGLY is its name
The student body's vile
The football team's a pile
and the campus is a shame!

U (clap clap clap) G (clap clap clap) L (clap clap clap) Y (clap clap clap)
U G L Y Eat My Shorts!

Bruins are a bunch of *****
Songgirls are a bunch of sluts
when they spread their legs so wide
they look like garbage trucks (good food!)
When we all go up to Westwood
Bruins are so gay
Each bruin in the band
his unit in his hand
will whack the night away!

In the locker room at halftime
Bruins give each other head
They congratulate the coach
by taking him to bed
when the bruins break the huddle
Pants will come back up
Each bruin on the squad
will surely shoot his wad
right in <enter quarterback's name> mouth!

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

1.
Colorado:
Glory, Glory Coloradder
Lick my crack and drink my bladder

(forget the rest)

2.
You're not going to a bowl game

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You're not going to a bowl game
You're not going to a bowl game
Watch NU on TV

CLEMSON UNIVERSITY

1. To the tune of "The Tiger Rag" Rag:

Hold the tiger
Choke the chicken
Shock the monkey
Rock the lobster
Beat the bishop
Feed the kitten
Make the bull moose roar...
Irritate the badger
Change the transmission fluid
J-E-R-K-O-F---F!

CORNELL UNIVERSITY

(alma mater)

Far above Cayughoa's (sp) waters
There's an awful smell
Some say it's Cayughoa's waters
We say it's Cornell

Sons of bitches, Sons of bastards
40,000 strong
40,000 horse's ***es
Call themselves Cornell

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

1.

H - A - ahr
H - A - ahr
H - A - ahr with a V.

V - A - ahr
V - A - ahr
V - A - ahr with a D

Hahvahd.

Hahvahd men are really tough.
They know how to knit and stuff!
Knit one, purl two.
Hahvahd.
YOO-HOO!

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

1. To the tune of The University of Georgia Fight Song:

Don't send my boy to M.I.T.
The dying mother said.
Don't send my boy to Emory
I'd rather see him dead.

But send my boy to Georgia Tech
'Tis better than Cornell.
But as for University of Georgia:
I'd RATHER SEE HIM IN HELL!

CHORUS:

To hell, to hell to hell with Georgia,
To hell, to hell to hell with Georgia,
To hell, to hell to hell with Georgia,
The Cesspool of the South!

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the stomping of the dogs,
We will teach those poor darn farmboys they should stick to slopping hogs,
When the Jackets are triumphant we will raise a mighty cheer,
"We'll do the same next year!"

On the field between the hedges there arose a mighty stench,
In the dog machine the engineers will throw a monkey wrench,
When the Jackets are triumphant we will raise a mighty yell,
"Them dogs can go to hell!"

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the NCAA,
They're investigating Georgia players to see how much their paid,
After counting all the cars, and the loans alumni made,
They outpaid the NBA (*)

* Alternative lyric: NC State

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

To the tune of The Battle Hymn of the Republic:

1. (curtesy of Northwestern)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the shucking of the corn
They have outlawed education where the black and gold are worn
And when the game is over Hawkeye fans will start to mourn
The Cats are marching on.

Although your homes are mobile your team is not on the go
We'll be out in Pasadena while you're sitting home in snow
You'll be nodding off at halftime while your band does park and blow
The Cats are marching on.

Sorry, sorry little Hawkeyes
When, if ever will you realize
There's more to life than watching corn rise
The Cats are marching on.

2. (curtesy of Jeff Guelzow)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the shucking of the corn
They have outlawed education where the black and gold are worn
And when the game is over Hawkeye fans will start to mourn
Oh Bucky keeps marching on.

Although your homes are mobile your team is not on the go
We'll be out in Pasadena while you're sitting home in snow
You'll be nodding off at halftime while your band does park and blow
Yeah Bucky keeps marching on.

Sorry, sorry little Hawkeyes when, if ever will you realize
There's more to life than watching all that corn rise
And when the season's over then Hayden Frye decries

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That Bucky keeps marching on.

UNIVERSITY OF INDIANA

1.
Marching Hundred, your ranks have swelled so
That you're looking quite like Purdue
Oh, Indiana, you big banana
The Wildcat Band will just chew up you

2.
Oh Indiana, you big banana,
Oh Indiana, to hell with you.
We will fight for our cream and coffee
And the Honor of Old Purdue!

At the altar, you always falter,
And in battle, you're black and blue!

Oh Indiana, Oh Indiana, Oh Indiana, TO HELL WITH YOU!!!

..... "Screw I.U.!"

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY

GOBLET:

Get out that old silver goblet
With Lehigh upon it and we'll
Open up another keg of beer(MORE BEER!)
For we all came to college, but we didn't come for knowledge
So we'll raise hell while we're here!

ALTERNATE LYRICS:

Get out those old pink panties
That used to be your aunties
with the big brass buttons on the side
with the hole in the middle where your uncle used to fiddle
In the good old summertime.

(To the tune of LEHIGH VICTORY)

*****, we want *****
So we can get it up tonight
Give us a ****ing *****
Wrap your lips 'round tight, BITCH!
*****, we want a *****
So we can fill your hole tonight
****, ****, **** together
****, ****, **** forever
On to ecstasy.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS

1. Sung to the KU alma mater:
Across the stagnant water
Beneath the sky so blue

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Lies an abandoned outhouse
That they call KU

Alma Mater
Flush the water
Let the pipes run true
20000 ***** and *****
Down at old KU

Rock Chalk chickenhawk **** KU
(repeat twice)

2.
To the tune of the KU fight song

I'm a gay gay gay-gay gayhawk and I don't like girls at all
(repeat)
I love to see the boys with their tight little jeans
I love to stick my dick between their cheeks when I cream
caus I'm a gay gay gay gay gayhawk and I don't like girls at all!!!!

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS

**** off and die Massachusetts
Eat **** and die cheesy scum.
**** off and die Massachusetts
Go take it up the bum.

Out in the middle of no where
With nothing but sheep to *****
**** off and die Massachusetts
'Cause you couldn't get in BU. (alternate, "'Cause we are better than you!")

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

1.
Hail to the Mother ****ers,
Hail to the Big **** ****ers,
Hail Hail to Michigan the cesspoll of the west,
Hail to the Fornicators,
Hail to the Masterbaters
Hail Hail to Michigan the cesspoll of the west,

2.
Here is the "U of M lowly Trite Song"
What is a "Victors Valiant"
Who are the conquering heroes?
Fail! Fail! U. Michigan
You must be second best

Mice from the Wolverine State
Cats have decided your fate
Fail! Fail! U. Michigan
The armpit of the west

From: mark.mitchell@gtri.gatech.edu (Mark A. Mitchell)
Top Ten Lyrics to Michigan Fight Song:

10. Fail! Fail! We Missed-Again!
Fail! To the second-rate finishers!
Fail! The return diminishers!

Fail! Fail! To Michigan!
We always flunk the test!

Fail! But remember our cheer:
Fail! But just WAIT 'TIL NEXT YEAR!
Fail! Fail! We Missed-Again!
Forever second best!

9. Help! Help! For Michigan!
Help! For the big game losers!
Help! For the choke excusers!
Help! Help! For Michigan,
Aid is needed here!

Help! For the behind-laggers!
Help! The MNC gaggers!
Help! Help! For Michigan,
But WAIT UNTIL NEXT YEAR!

8. Hurl! Hurl! To Sing Again!
Hurl! To this wretched fight song!
Hurl! While the hounds bark along!
Hurl! Hurl! This fight song ****s!
Vomit and spew!

Hurl! At this putrid show tune!
Hurl! May the song please end soon!
Hurl! Hurl! Our fight song ****s!
We barf in Maize and Blue!

7. Tie! Tie! With Sissy-men!
Tie! With the non-deciders!
Tie! With the draw abiders!
Tie! Tie! With Sissy-men!
Chokers and goats!

Tie! With the even-Stephens!
Tie! With the no-win heathens!
Tie! Tie! With Sissy-men!
Grasping at their throats!

6. Hail! Hail! To Michigan!
Hail! To the victors valiant!
Hail! To the conquering heroes!
Hail! Hail! To Michigan!
Leaders and best!

Hail! To the victors valiant!
Hail! To the conquering heroes!
Hail! Hail! To Michigan!
Champions of the west!

5. Hell, hell, two Missed-again,
Hell, two thee victuals valid!
Hell, two thee concrete zeroes!
Hell, hell, two Missed-again,
Ladies hand beasts!

Hell, two thee victims violent!
Hell, two thee concurrent egos!
Hell, hell, two Missed-again,
Chomping off thee worst!

4. Haul! Haul! To Michigan!
Haul! In your huddled masses!
Haul! In the lazy ***es!
Haul! Them All! To Michigan!
Human refuse bin!

Haul! In the hopeless losers!
Haul! In the crap school choosers!
Haul! Them All! To Michigan!
where they will fit right in!

3. Pale! Pale! Comparison!
Pale! Up against Notre Dame!
Pale! When compared to that name!
Pale! Pale! Comparison!
Nineteen-forty-eight!

Pale! UM cannot compare!
Pale! To their Irish nightmare!
Pale! Pale! Comparison!
Eight MNC's to date!

2. Nail! Nail! In Michigan!
Nail! In the coffin, that is!
Nail! In the second-rate status!
Nail! Nail! In Michigan!
As they whine and pout!

Nail! The final one is Penn State!
Nail! Ignominious fate!
Nail! Nail! In Michigan!
They'll never get back out!

1. Wait! wait! Until next year!
wait! Oh, just wait 'til next year!
wait! we will be right back here!
wait! wait! For Michigan!
En francais: deja vu!

wait! It is quite apparent!
wait! Things will all be different!
wait! wait! Until next year!
we'll Finish Number Two!

MICHIGAN STATE

1.
Green and white what a ****y shight,
Time to Play the Spartans,
What a poor excuse for Football,
Bolier easy win,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
***s are prancing in East Lansing,
Oh what a ****y sight,
**** You M.S.U.,
Boliers going to win again.

2.
M.S.U. what did you do
To deserve this fight song?
we don't mean to rub it in
But what the hell is Spartan Vim?

You won't want to watch this game
And witness your team's demise
SMASH! BANG! HURT MAIM KILL!
Cats will cut you down to size!

THE MINNESOTA MOUSER (tune of Gopher fight song)

Gopher meatballs, gopher fondue:
Minnesota Gophers are good for NU.
Gopher snacks, on crackers or toast:
Anytime the day or night,
Wrap one up and take a bite,
Let's have a Gopher roast !!!

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

One Tindhorn Doctor [Mark Mitchell, 1996]
(tune of "One Tin Soldier" a.k.a. "The Theme from Billy Jack")
Go ahead and beat your girlfriend,
Go ahead and wield a gun,
If you do it in the name of Huskers,
It'll never bother dear old Tom,

And on the bloody Sunday after ... Dr. Tom will watch some film.

Go ahead and rape your sister,
Go ahead and kill your pop,
If you can run a 4.0 40,
Dr. Tom is gonna sign you up,

And on the bloody Sunday after ... Husker fans will cheer and shout.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

Way beyond the Durham ditches, there's a place like hell,
Where twenty thousand sons of bitches call it Chapel Hill.

So, piss on Carolina 'lina
Piss on Carolina 'lina
Piss on Carolina 'lina
Go to hell State!

Oh, they're bastards born, and they're bastards bred,
And when they die, they'll be bastards dead.

So, piss on Carolina 'lina
Piss on Carolina 'lina
Piss on Carolina 'lina
Go to hell State! (or Duke)

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

**** U Northwestern
You guys really ****
Every time you touch the ball,
You really **** it up!

NOTRE DAME

1.
Spuds, corned beef, cabbage and stew
Catholics are you and dumb Irish, tew
Irish luck won't win this game
School where the hunchback got its name

Your team is little green ugly squirts
Leprechaun blood will drip phrom our shirts
Though you pray old Notre Dame
Northwestern will win the game
GO CATS!

2.1
Beers, beers for old Notre Dame
Bring on the cocktails, we want champagne
Send the freshmen out for gin,
Don't let a sober sophomore in.
We never stagger, we never fall,
We sober up on wood alcohol,
All the loyal faculty lie drunk on the bar room floor!

2.2
Beer, beer for old Notre Dame.
Bring on the whiskey, bring on the dames!
We drink wine or beer or gin
Don't let a sober person in!

We never stumble, we never fall.
We sober up on wood alcohol.
As our loyal sons go marching
Back to the bar for more!

3.
Ara is gone, and Dan was Devine
but Robinson will kick Holtz' behind!
When the Irish take the field,
Their blood runs cold and they get killed.
Their golden dome is made out of brass
Their marching band just sits on its ***
And the leprechaun is queer
In heaven there is no beer.

In heaven there is no beer
That's why we drink it here
And when we're gone from here
All our friends will be drinking all our beer

(Alternate:
In heaven there is no pot
That's why we smoke it in the land of zot (hey, the guy who wrote this
And when alive we're not was stoned)
all our friends will be smoking all our pot.

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

1.
Warn the world, Ohio State is bringing woody Hayes
When he sees a camera he will shove it in your face (hey hey hey!)
That's how woody shows us his class

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He should have one shoved up his ***!
Hail! hail! to Michigan
That's the team that should be here now.

2.
Hail to Ohio State for firing what's-his-name,
You think you can win now but we'll beat you just the same --
<QB's name> thinks he's got so much class,
what'll he think when he's on his ***?
Hail, hail to Michigan
Don't you wish you could beat them now

"Across the Field", written in 1999 by a Penn Stater
We're gonna kick your *** across the field until your ***** turn blue
We're gonna make you ***** John Cooper's {insert current coach's) ***** until
he shoots his goo, eww eww
Ohio girls are ugly and fat
I would rather eat out a rat
***** YOU, OHIO STATE!
YOU'RE A KNOW-NOTHING PARTY SCHOOL!

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA

1.
Garry Gibbs got his *** torn
By a raging Texas Longhorn
And on Sunday, at his liesure
*****s his Grandpa to a siezure

Roarin 'cross the prarie
Where the mothers come from dairy
And the fathers ***** the cattle
And the offspring join the Banned

***** little chickens
***** little piggies
***** little puppies
***** off ducks
Eat my *** out with a fork
*****ing *****s, YA'LL *****!

2.
Sung to the tune of Boomer Sooner.

Bite My ***
Bite My ***
Bite My ***
Bite My ***
(Repeat 1x)

Bite, Bite,
Nibble, Chew,
You can bite my *** in two,
Sonnars can bite my ***!

OKLAHOMA STATE UNIVERSITY

1.
Eat me, Lick Me
Ride Me Cowboy, You *****ing *****s

Spread my butt cheeks
Ride me Cowboy, You ****ing ***s
You have no dicks
Ride me Cowboy, You ****ing ***s
You all eat ****
And you all **** (coaches name) ****

2.
Hide, hide, hide, hide,
Hide now, Cowboys,
Get off the field;

Fall! Fall! Fall! Fall!
Fall down Cowboys,
You always yield.

Lose, lose, lose, lose,
Lose now, Cowboys,
You always do;

You won
Because we know that OSU --*****S!

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

1.
Oregon my Alma Mater
where the men of Iron are found
In the bushes with the coeds
Making Love upon the ground
This goes on 'till early morning
When the cops break up the fun
There'll be a military wedding
For the Sons of Oregon

-- then the break strain
duh-da da-dum dum dum
Quack Quack Quack
duh-da da-dum dum dum
Quack Quack Quack
duh-da da-dum dum
Quack
duh-da da-dum dum
Quack
dum dum dum dum dum dum dum dum
Quack Quack

Oregon my Alma Mater
Home of the spastic duck
where the women all run naked
And the men too weak to ****
when you're old and grey and worn out
and a syphalitic wreck
May your spine fall out your *****
and break your ****ing neck

2.
Oregon our alma matter,
where the men of steel are found,
In the bushes,
with the co-eds,
Making love upon the ground.

This goes on 'til early morning,
When the cops break up the fun.
There'll be a military wedding,
For the sons of Oregon.

OR(nastier version)

Oregon our alma matter,
Were the men of steel are found,
In the bushes,
With their right hands,
Jacking off upon the ground.
This goes on 'til early morning,
When they all lap up the ***.
They'll be a high protien breakfast,
For the sons of Oregon

Oregon, our alma mater
where the men of iron are found
In the bushes with the coeds
Making love upon the ground
This goes on 'til early morning
When the cops break up the fun
There'll be a military wedding
For the sons of Oregon

OREGON STATE UNIVERSITY

1.
O. S. U., our pants are off to you,
Bottom Ten Football, academics, too!

The rest referred to specific OSU basketball players and is 12 years
out of date. Any Ducks out there?

Oh, the melody is the same as Eastern Michigan's fight song.

2.
OSU our pants are off to you
Beavers, Bastards, sons of bitches too
We'll smoke your cigarettes
We'll **** your majorettes
OSU **** You
Watch the team go tearing down the field
Clods of horse **** hanging on their heels
Hell, hell, hell, hell
It's hell at OSU!

PURDUE UNIVERSITY

1. (to the tune of "Home on the range")

Moo, moo, moo Purdue,
Where the cows roam the campus all day.
Where seldom is heard,
An Intelligent word.
And the athletes get very high pay.

moo, moo, moo Purdue,
It's a school any fool can get through

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where chimpanzees ,
can get bachelor's degrees.
And the Golden Girl straight from the zoo

2. (to the tune of "Hail Purdue")

Hail! Hail! to Old Purdue where big isn't always the best.
Take for instance the golden girl with the 68 inch chest (flop flop flop).
Never grateful, never true, you're the marching amoeba mess (**** Purdue).
Take your bass drum and your twirlers and shove them up your ***,
and shove them up your ***, shove them up your ***, up your ***.
(***, ***, ***, ***, titties)

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

1. This one's from the Cal Band - sung to USC's "Fight On"

Fight on for old C\$,
Play football here, we pay the best.
We buy each victory.
Last week we bought the referee.
No need to enroll,
Education's never our goal,
Play here.

Fight on for old \$c,
The halfback draws a salary.
The ends have all been fired.
They've been no good since they were hired.
No need to enroll,
Education's never our goal,
Play here.

2. THE ESTHER SONG

[This is the song that got the [usc] band in big-time trouble
(and UCLA frat, too, I might mention). Apparently the UCLA version
was "Lupe the Mexican whore", so besides being sexist and disgusting,
it was also racist. :-(]

Down in **** valley where red rivers flow
where *****mongers flourish and *****ers grow
There I met Esther, the girl I adore...
She's my hot-*****ing ****-*****ing Trojan Band *****.

Oh Esther began at the young age of eight
while swinging upon the old garden gate
The crossbar went down and the upright went in...
And Esther began her long life of sin.

(chorus)
She'll blow you, she'll **** you, she'll gnaw on your ***,
She'll wrap her legs 'round you and squeeze out your guts,
She'll wrap her legs 'round you 'til you scream for more!
She's my hot-*****ing ****-*****ing Trojan Band *****.

Now Esther is dead and she lies in her tomb
while maggots and cockroaches crawl in her womb
Oh Esther, oh Esther, oh why did you die?
I'd rather eat Esther than blueberry pie.

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(repeat chorus)

3.
Oh, the freshmen at \$C get no tail,
(repeat)
So to satisfy their yen,
they go out with Cal State men,
Oh, the freshmen at \$C get no tail.

Oh the sophomores at \$C get no tail,
(repeat)
So half the freshmen class
Has to take it up the ***.
Oh, the sophomores at \$C get no tail.

Oh, the juniors at \$C get no tail,
(repeat)
After 3 years of frustration,
They resort to masturbation.
Oh, the juniors at \$C get no tail.

Oh, the seniors at \$C THEY get tail!
(repeat)
But after 4 years with the guys
They can hardly get a rise.
Oh, the seniors at \$C get no tail.

Oh, the women at \$C get no tail,
(repeat)
And you know the reason why
Is 'cause they're dry between the thighs,
Oh, the women at \$C get no tail.

Oh, the dean at \$C gets no tail,
(repeat)
After 47 years,
He is used to all those queers.
Oh, the dean at \$C gets no tail

Oh, the horse at \$C has no tail
(repeat)
After walking through the halls
He is lucky to have *****.
Oh, the horse at \$C has no tail.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

1. Always willing to poke fun at itself, here is the Stanford Band's
alternate lyrics for "Come Join the Band."

Come bite the gland
Caress the organ with your hand
Pull on your *****
Until it gets hard as a rock
Let it arise
Until it stares you in the eyes
Beat it, stroke it
Pump it, stoke it
Hold it tight until the fire dies

2.1 To the tune of "MacNamara's Band" (the UCLA version)

Oh, the Cardinals be damned,
The Cardinals be damned,
The Cardinals be damned, my boys,
The Cardinals be damned,
If you're a Stanford Son of a Bitch
who won't bow to the Blue and Gold,
Then you can pucker up your rosy lips
and kiss the Bear's *****!

Here's one of the verses:

Oh, I'm a ***** from Stanford
I'll ***** for fifty cents.
I'll lay my ***
upon the grass
And my pants upon the fence.
I'll lick your slimy penis
I'll ***** your ***** for free
But climb on my chest you son of a bitch
If you're from USC!

2.2 (the USC version)

Oh I wish I had a prick of steel
and balls made of brass
I'd find a marble statue
and ram it up its ***
And breed a race of giants
to rule throughout the land
And sing another chorus
of Cardinals be damned.

Oh, the Cardinals be damned,
The Cardinals be damned,
The Cardinals be damned, my boys,
The Cardinals be damned,
If any Stanford son of a bitch
Doesn't like the Trojan Brass
He can pucker up his rosy lips
And kiss my Trojan ***

TENNESSEE

1.
Oh, rotten crouch
You'll always be
A piece of ***** to me
***** you rocky top
Go to hell Tennessee!!

2;
O' Rocky Top, you'll never mean
One damn thing to meeeeeeeeeee,
I HATE ROCKY TOP,
GO TO HELL TENNESSEE.

TEXAS

1.
Texas bites, Texas bites
Texas jump up and bite my ***!

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B-I-T-E-*-*-*
Texas jump up and bite my ***!

2. "THE NOSE OF OKLAHOMA"

This is a corruption of the University of Texas song "Eyes of Texas," sung to the tune of "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad."

The Nose of Oklahoma smells you
All the live long day!
The Nose of Oklahoma smells you
why don't you just go away?
Always bragging of your greatness,
Shooting off your mouth,
The Nose of Oklahoma smells you,
Our neighbors to the south!

[another version]

The Nose of Oklahoma smells you
All the live long day!
The Nose of Oklahoma smells you
why don't you just go away?
All the people down in Austin
Think that they've got class,
But all the people up in Norman
Say tEXAS BITE MY @\$\$!

TEXAS A&M

1.

Here is a parody commonly used by members of the SWC to parody Texas A&M:

A&M's school song has a part that sounds like the Mickey Mouse Club Song and it is customary that the opposing fans yell out during this portion of the song M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.

2. "AGGIE WAR HYMN"

We are the members of the Kiddie Corps
We go down the field marching eight to four
If we do a show you think you've seen before
Chances are you have 'cause we don't do anymore!

3. Another (the best) Aggie War Hymn parody lyrics

I learned this from Alpha Phi Omega Fraternity Alpha Rho Chapter (UT Austin). The music is at:

http://www.rtis.com/reg/bcs/org/aggieband/sounds/war_hymn.mp3

We are a bunch of country hicks,
We are a bunch of country hicks.
We really are a bunch of country hicks,
We feel at home when we are in the sticks,
We thunk we are fairly good at farmin'
We sure ain't no good at thut there book larning'
They call our school a university,
It's a lot more like a clink, clinkity clink.
Attending it sure is an adversity.
Enough to make you want to take a little drink,
Take a little drink. Maybe take a great big drink.
Fish really envy all those senior coots,
They get to wear them protective boots.
Slick spots you step on in the barnyard soil,
Are very, very, very seldom oil.

They tell us the flies of Texas are upon us,
Our campus barnyard really stinks, stinks like heck!
Conditions there are very odorous.
Enough to make you want to take a little drink,
Take a little drink. Maybe take two great big drinks.
We'll save our money, put it in a soil bank,
We'll now forget the words [-pause-]
We'll save our money, put it in a soil bank,
We'll now forget the words [-pause-]
It is a fer piece, down to the outhouse,
If it is too far, stop out at the smokehouse.
Tra la la, la la la la la.
Tra la la, la la la la la.
Tra la la, la la la la Latrine.
It is a fer piece, down to the outhouse,
If it is too far, stop out at the smokehouse.
Uncle Sam, he wants to see us eat. Hey!
We'll get paid if we don't raise any wheat. Hey!
Learning how to raise no crops at all,
Is how the Texas Aggies have a ball.
Uncle Sam, he wants to see us eat. Hey!
We'll get paid if we don't raise any wheat. Hey!
Learning how to raise no crops at all,
Is how the Texas Aggies have a ball.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

1a.
Oh wisconsin, poor wisconsin
Party school of fame
You would enjoy academics
But you lack the brain
LET'S GO DRINK!

Oh wisconsin, poor wisconsin
Drink yourselves insane
Drink for your Badgers
Will get trashed this game.

1b.
On wisconsin! On wisconsin!
Bounce right off that line.
Run the ball three times a series,
Punt on fourth and nine.

On wisconsin! On wisconsin!
Every week's the same.
Drink, fellows, drink, drink, drink,
Forget this game.

2.
Cheese wisconsin, cheese wisconsin
All you eat is cheese
Kraft Velveeta Mozzarella
Pass the Gouda please
(CHEESE CURDS NOW!)

This WWW site would like to thank the following for their upload:

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