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 as a book 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 of the Song Book, 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 these songs will provide the stimulus needed for new generations of student members to experience the joy of fraternal singing.

**Engineering Songs**

- Glory, Glory, Dear Old Thermo
- The Engineer
- Engineer’s Ramble Song
- Hyperbolic Tangent
- St. Patrick Was an Engineer

**Theta Tau Songs**

- Theta Tau
- Theta Tau Sweetheart Song (Zeta arr.)
- Sweetheart of Theta Tau (Sigma arr.)
- Theta Tau Forever
- Memories of Theta Tau
- We Are the Theta Taus
- To Theta Tau
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.

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)
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 take 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 reown?
Who draws fantastic pictures
At a hundred bucks a smear
The lackadaisical, 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 2 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)

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)

0 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, ...
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 amassed. The Ham-mer and the
Tongs and Gear, these em-bloms we hold dear And our good fra-ter-nal law we
live and The-ta Tau...... Come all The-ta Tau men Drink the toast a-
again...... Here's to our broth-ers still young in years... Here's to our
alum-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 one's
broth-er In good old Ham-mer and Tong.
THETA TAU SWEETHEART SONG
Arr. Zeta Chapter

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 brightly shining, tells a tale of loy-al-ty -- and we'll love her for
over, thru e-ter-ni-ty. If you knew what we knew, how happy 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 memories, In those care-free college days, A

thousand faces gleam and smile, But there's one that remains always Oh

a tempo

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

You are the one that I adore My The-ta Tau girl for-ever more.
THETA TAU FOREVER
(Tune: "There's a Long, Long Trail")

We are Theta Taus forever, wherever we chance to go,
And our hearts are ever yearning for the loyal boys we know,
Far away from halls of learning We'll face the world without fear,
For the hammer and tongs will reign over all good engineers.
MEMORIES OF THETA TAU

Slowly

Memories, Memories, Dreams of days gone by.

Football games and dances, too, and a

chorus lingers through. Good old days,

Happy days among the The-ta Tau.

Now we've had our fun, and it is all done. They're our beautiful memories.
WE ARE THE THETA TAUS

(Tune: "Turkey in the Straw")

Lively

Oh, we are the Theta Taus, With our colors red and gold, And we

think we are the best in the engineering fold, With our ship-stick smoking and our

Hammer and our Tongs, If you trust the Theta Tau, you can't go wrong.

Hurrah for ____ Hurrah for engineers! Here's to the Theta Tau! We'll

never ship our gems. Watch us build our products fine, As we

carry off the honors in the engineering line. Sis! Bow! Hurrah! Theta Tau!
TO THETA TAU

Dedicated to Erich J. Schrader
Words and music by Wm. Ripley Dorr, Alpha '15

With dignity—dim

To Thee, O Vulcan, in the dim days of the past, The

ancient mechanics, in their ignorance held fast, Did

turn for assistance in the time of their distress, But

Thou didst prove fickle, and brought them not success.
Faster, with energy

But it is the power of the hammer, and the strength of the

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

long, And the splendor of Nature, whose force we over

come, That spurs us on to Victory, Till Tri—umph is won!