Yale Song Lyrics

Bright College Years (our alma mater!)

H.S. Durand, '81
Carl Wilhelm

Bright College years, with pleasure rife,
The shortest, gladdest years of life;
How swiftly are ye gliding by!
Oh, why doth time so quickly fly?

The seasons come, the seasons go,
The earth is green or white with snow,
But time and change shall naught avail
To break the friendships formed at Yale.

In after years, should troubles rise
To cloud the blue of sunny skies,
How bright will seem, through mem'ry's haze
Those happy, golden, bygone days!

Oh, let us strive that ever we
May let these words our watch-cry be,
Where'er upon life's sea we sail:
"For God, for Country and for Yale!"

'Neath the Elms

H. Baldwin, '71

Winds of night around us sighing,
In the elm trees murmur low,
In the elm trees murmur low,

Let no ruder sounds replying
Break our happy voices' flow,
Tra la la la!

'Tis a jolly life we lead,
Care and trouble we defy;
Let the short-lived hours speed,  
Running smoothly, quickly by;

Till the darkness fades a-way,  
And the morning light we hail,  
We will sing with cheerful hearts  
Songs of home, and of Yale, and of dear old Yale,  
Tra la la la!

Stars of night in silence yearning,  
Pure and soft as maiden's eyes,  
Pure and soft as maiden's eyes,  
Sweet the hour when your returning  
Bids our merry songs arise,  
Tra la la la!

'Tis a jolly life we lead,  
Care and trouble we defy;  
Let the short-lived hours speed,  
Running smoothly, quickly by;

Till the darkness fades a-way,  
And the morning light we hail,  
We will sing with cheerful hearts  
Songs of home, and of Yale, and of dear old Yale,  
Tra la la la!

Listen! faintly chiming,  
O'er the river placid preast,  
Evening bells are ringing,  
Calling us to rest,  
Calling us to rest.

See the full moon, rising, weaves  
Robes of light o'er tow'r and hall,  
Through the slowly lifting leaves  
Silver lances flash and fall.

Louder yet the chorus raise,  
Friendship lasts when youth must fail;  
Jolly jolly are the days  
'Neath the elms,  
'Neath the elms of dear old Yale,
Of dear old Yale,
Of dear old Yale.

**Eli Yale (original version)**
As Freshmen first we came to Yale,
Fol de rol de rol rol rol!
Examinations made us pale.
Fol de rol de rol rol rol!

Chorus:
Eli Eli Eli Yale,
Fol de rol de rol rol rol!
Eli Eli Eli Yale,
Fol de rol de rol rol rol!

As Sophomores we have a task;
Fol de rol de rol rol rol!
'Tis best performed by torch and mask.
Fol de rol de rol rol rol!

Chorus:
In Junior year we take our ease,
Fol de rol de rol rol rol!
We smoke our pipes and sing our glee.
Fol de rol de rol rol rol!

Chorus:
In Senior year we act our parts
Fol de rol de rol rol rol!
In making love and winning hearts.
Fol de rol de rol rol rol!

Chorus
And then into the world we come,
Fol de rol de rol rol rol!
We've made good friends, and studied -- some.
Fol de rol de rol rol rol!

Chorus:
The saddest tale we have to tell,
Fol de rol de rol rol rol!
Is when we bid old Yale farewell.
Fol de rol de rol rol rol!

Chorus
Repeat Chorus Molto Allegro

The Football Medley
With Crimson in triumph flashing
Mid the strains of victory
Poor Eli’s hopes we are dashing
Into blue obscurity
Resistless our team sweeps onward
With the fury of the blast
We'll fight for the name of Harvard
'Till the last white line is past

And then we'll crash through that line of blue
And send the backs on round the end (around the end).
Fight! Fight for ev'ry yard
Princeton's honor to defend,
Rah! Rah! Rah! (or: Raw! Raw! Raw!)
Tiger sis boom bah (or: shish kebab)
And locomotives by the score (oh by the score),
For we'll fight with a vim that is dead sure to win For old Nassau

Oh Lord Jeffery Amherst was a soldier of the king,
And he came from across the sea.
To the Frenchmen and the Indians he didn't do a thing in the wilds of this wild country
In the wilds of this wild country.
And for his royal majesty he fought with all his might,
For he was a soldier loyal and true.
And he conquered all the enemies (or: animals) that came within his sight,
And he looked around for more when he was through.
Oh Amherst, brave Amherst, 'twas the name known to fame in days of yore
May it ever be glorious 'til the sun shall climb the heav'ns no more.

Oh!
More work for the undertaker,
'Nother little job for the casket maker
In the local cemetery they are
Very very busy with a brand new grave:
No hope for Harvard,
No hope for Harvard!

 BOOLA BOOLA, BOOLA BOOLA,
 BOOLA BOOLA, BOOLA BOOLA,
 BOOLA BOOLA, BOOLA BOOLA,
 BOOLA BOOLA, BOOLA BOOLA,
When we “rough house” poor old Harvard,
They will holler BOOLA BOO.
Oh, Yale, Eli Yale,
Oh, Yale, Eli Yale,
Oh, Yale, Eli Yale,
Oh, Yale, Eli Yale!

Fight, fight for Yale
The sons of Eli are out for glory.
On to the fray,
We'll tell to Harvard the same old story,
The cry is on, on they come
We'll raise the slogan of Yale triumphant.
Smash, bang, we'll rip poor Harvard
Whoop it up for Yale today!

 BINGO, BINGO, BINGO, BINGO,
That's the lingo
Eli is bound to win
There's to be a victory, so watch the team begin!
BINGO, BINGO, Harvard's team cannot prevail
Fight! Fight! Fight with all your might
For Bingo Bingo Eli Yale

Good night, poor Harvard,
Harvard, good night.
Oh we've got your number
You're high as a kite.
Oh, Good night, poor Harvard,
You're tucked in tight
When the big blue team gets after you,
Harvard, Harvard, Good night.
March, march on down the field,
Fighting for Eli.
Break through that crimson line, their strength to defy.
We'll give a long cheer for Eli's men
We're here to win again.
Harvard's team may fight to the end but Yale will win.

Bulldog, Bulldog, bow wow wow,
Eli Yale,
Bulldog, Bulldog, bow wow wow,
Our team can never fail,
When the son's of Eli break through the line (bow wow wow)
That is the sign we hail!
Bulldog, Bulldog, bow wow wow,
Eli Yale, Eli Yale!