Song of the Classes

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Oh, we are the freshmen who sit over there
We were nursed by our mothers before we came here
We miss our dear bottle and sad for to tell
We soon will be busted right out of Cornell

Then it's one, two, and three, four
We all fall in line
To the tune of our profs
We must always keep time
And it's work like a Turk
Till your eyes ache like Hell
In the grand institution
This school of Cornell

Oh, we are the sophomores with debonair look
Our vile freshman manners we now have forsook
We sport round the town with the boys of our age
And don't give a damn for the co-eds at Sage

We are the junior a smoking our pipe
Our mood mellow out over lager and tripe
We know about Zincks and the others full well
We've not been a wasting our time at Cornell

Oh we are the senior, a taking our ease
We cut recitations whenever we please
We go to the theatre and cut quite a swell
For soon we'll be leaving this school of Cornell

Oh we are the hangovers, we hang over here
We don't like the freshmen, the sophomores are queers
We don't give a damn for the whole junior class
And as for the seniors, they can all kiss our ...

Notes:
busted = flunked
Sage = was once the women's college, now graduate dorm
Zincks = local bar
hangover = fifth year undergraduate
SOF