

# ALL I NEED IS A JOB

words by Tom Lehrer

Tune: "All I Need is the Girl" from *Gypsy*  
words by Stephen Sondheim, music by Jule Styne

*[Historical note: The chorus was written (c. 1979) for Brian Arsenault's senior dance recital at UCSC. The verse was added later for a revue at Cowell College UCSC, sung by Matt Shapiro.]*

VERSE:        Got my education  
                  Sat through graduation  
                  Now I'm ridin' high  
                  Crammed with knowledge  
                  Bye bye, college  
                  Now I'm neat and dressy \*  
                  Not like UCSC \*  
                  Starting this July  
                  I'll even wear a tie  
                  I'm all set ---  
                  I'll succeed ---  
                  There's only one thing I need:

REFRAIN:      Got my B.A.  
                  So I'm O.K.  
                  All I need now is a job  
                  Got my hopes high \*\*  
                  Passed my Nat Sci \*\*  
                  Had professors all around to inspire me  
                  Now all I need is someone to hire me  
                  Three cheers  
                  For my four years  
                  I'm no longer your basic slob  
                  And if they'd say  
                  "You're hired," I'd gladly throw away  
                  Those fat books that they made me read  
                  All I really need  
                  Is a job.

\* *These two lines should be replaced when performed away from UCSC.*

\*\* *These two lines may be replaced in venues where "Nat Sci" is unknown.*

## **ALL IS WELL**

### **(Tout va très bien, Madame la Marquise)**

French lyrics by Bach & Henri Laverne

Music by Paul Misraki

English translation by Tom Lehrer

*Hello, hello, James? Tell me, what's new?  
I've been away two weeks or so,  
And that is why I'm calling you  
For any news that I should know .*

Everything's fine, Madame la Marquise,  
Everything's fine, and all is well.  
There's just one thing I'll mention, if you please,  
Although there isn't much to tell.

Of no concern, it must be said,  
Just that your old gray mare is dead.  
Apart from that, Madame la Marquise,  
Things are just fine, and all is well.

*Hello, hello, Martin? Tell me, what's new?  
My faithful coachman, have you heard?  
My mare is dead, I'm asking you,  
How such a thing could have occurred?*

There's nothing wrong, Madame la Marquise,  
Everything's fine, and all is well.  
There's just one thing I'll mention, if you please,  
Although there isn't much to tell.

Yes, in the fire she was found  
That burned your stables to the ground.  
Apart from that, Madame la Marquise,  
Everything's fine, and all is well.

*Hello, Hello, Pascal? Tell me, what's new?  
My stables burned? How can that be?  
My faithful chef, now how can that be true?  
Can you explain all this to me?*

There's nothing wrong, Madame la Marquise,  
Everything's fine, and all is well.  
There's just one thing I'll mention, if you please,  
Although there isn't much to tell.

The flames that burned the stables so  
Came from the fire in the chateau.  
Apart from that, Madame la Marquise,  
Things are just fine, and all is well.

*Hello, hello, Lucas? Tell me, what's new?  
What I've just heard has staggered me.  
Is our chateau in ruins too?  
What could have caused this tragedy?*

Well, it's like this, Madame, what can I say?  
The Marquis nearly had a stroke.  
He took his life, and on the very day  
That he found out that he was broke.

But in his rush to kill himself  
He knocked some candles off a shelf.  
The fire then began to grow  
And soon destroyed the whole chateau.  
The wind was strong and in a flash  
The stables too were turned to ash.  
And just a moment then and there  
Was all it took to kill your mare.  
Apart from that, Madame la Marquise,  
Things are just fine, and all is well.

## **Tout va très bien, Mme la Marquise (1935)**

**paroles de Bach (Charles-Joseph Pasquier) et Henri Laverne  
musique de Paul Misraki**

Allô, allô, James, quelles nouvelles  
Absente depuis quinze jours,  
Au bout du fil je vous appelle  
Que trouverai-je à mon retour ?

Tout va très bien, madame la Marquise  
Tout va très bien, tout va très bien !  
Pourtant il faut, il faut que l'on vous dise  
On déplore un tout petit rien  
Un incident, une bêtise,  
La mort de votre jument grise  
Mais à part ça, Madame la Marquise  
Tout va très bien,  
Tout va très bien !

Allô, allô, Martin, quelles nouvelles  
Ma jument grise, morte aujourd'hui ?  
Expliquez moi, cocher fidèle,  
Comment cela s'est-il produit ?

Cela n'est rien, madame la Marquise  
Cela n'est rien, tout va très bien !  
Pourtant il faut, il faut que l'on vous dise  
On déplore un tout petit rien  
Elle a péri dans l'incendie  
Qui détruisit vos écuries  
Mais à part ça, madame la Marquise  
Tout va très bien,  
Tout va très bien !

Allô, allô, Pascal, quelles nouvelles  
Mes écuries ont donc brûlé ?  
Expliquez moi, mon chef modèle  
Comment cela s'est-il passé

Cela n'est rien, madame la Marquise,  
Cela n'est rien, tout va très bien !  
Pourtant il faut, il faut que l'on vous dise  
On déplore un tout petit rien  
Si l'écurie brûla madame,  
C'est qu'le château était en flamme,  
Mais à part ça, madame la Marquise  
Tout va très bien,  
Tout va très bien !

Allô, allô, Lucas, quelles nouvelles  
Notre château est donc détruit ?  
Expliquez moi car je chancelle !  
Comment cela s'est-il produit ?

Eh! bien voilà, madame la Marquise  
Apprenant qu'il était ruiné  
A peine fut-il rev'nu de sa surprise  
Qu' Monsieur l'Marquis s'est suicidé  
Et c'est en ramassant la pelle  
Qu'il renversa toutes les chandelles  
Mettant le feu à tout l'château  
Qui s'consuma de bas en haut  
Le vent soufflant sur l'incendie,  
Le propageant sur l'écurie  
Et c'est ainsi qu'en un moment  
On vit périr votre jument  
Mais à part ça, madame la Marquise  
Tout va très bien,  
Tout va très bien !

**ALMA**  
**words and music by Tom Lehrer**

The loveliest girl in Vienna  
Was Alma --- the smartest as well.  
Once you picked her up on your antenna,  
You'd never be free of her spell.

Her lovers were many and varied  
From the day she began her beguine.  
There were three famous ones whom she married,  
And God know how many between.

Alma, tell us, --- all modern women are jealous ---  
Which of your magical wands  
Got you Gustav and Walter and Franz?

The first one she married was Mahler,  
Whose buddies all knew him as Gustav,  
And each time he saw her he'd holler,  
"Ach, dot is de fräulein I must have!"

Their marriage, however, was murder,  
He'd scream to the heavens above,  
"I'm writing 'Das Lied von der Erde,'  
Und she only wants to make love!"

Alma, tell us, --- all modern women are jealous ---  
You should have a statue in bronze  
For bagging Gustav and Walter and Franz.

While married to Gus, she met Gropius,  
And soon she was swinging with Walter.  
Gus died, and her teardrops were copious.  
She cried all the way to the altar.

But he would work late at the Bauhaus  
And only came home now and then.  
She said, "What am I running, a chow house?  
It's time to change partners again."

Alma, tell us, --- all modern women are jealous ---  
Though you didn't even use Ponds',  
You got Gustav and Walter and Franz.

While married to Walt, she met Werfel,  
And he too was caught in her net.  
He married her, but he was carefel,  
'Cause Alma was no Bernadette.

And that is the story of Alma,  
Who knew how to receive and to give.  
The body that reached her embalma  
Was one that had known how to live.

Alma, tell us,  
How can they help being jealous?  
Ducks always envy the swans  
Who get Gustav and Walter  
You never did falter  
With Gustav and Walter and Franz!



# ARE THERE ANY QUESTIONS? (Canon for 4 voices)

(Finale of *The Physical Revue*)

words by Tom Lehrer

music: "O, du eselhafter Martin" by W. A. Mozart

PROFESSOR: Now then, are there any questions?  
Any problems, any questions?  
If there are none,  
Then I am done,  
And I can bid you all good day,  
For there's no reason I should stay here,  
For I've said all I have to say here.  
If there are none,  
Then I am done,  
I wish you luck on the examination.

And so, my friends, I bid you all goodbye,  
I hope you've liked the course as much as I,  
Goodbye, goodbye,  
Goodbye, to one and all I say goodbye.

Just one more thing, and do not laugh:  
I hope you'll take the second half,  
Physics --  
Physics --  
Physics Eleven B.

Now there's no reason I should (\*) stay here, etc., etc.

STUDENT 1: *[begin at (\*) above]*

Ha! He asks if there are questions!  
Holy smoke, have I got questions,  
I got a ton,  
And every one  
Would take him half a day to do,  
But I don't really want to (\*\*) stay here,  
Since he's said all he has to say here,  
But it's agreed  
That I shall need  
Much more than luck on the examination.

And so I (\*\*\*) think I'll let him say goodbye,  
I guess that he is as relieved as I.  
Goodbye, goodbye,  
Thank God the course is over now, goodbye.

One thing he said that makes me laugh:  
He hopes I'll take the second half.  
Ha, ha!  
Ha, ha!  
Ha, ha! Don't make me laugh!

Ha! He asks if there are questions, etc., etc.

STUDENT 2 begins at (\*\*), STUDENT 3 begins at (\*\*\*)

# BABY, IS IT LOVE?

*(original version)*

words by Tom Lehrer

I see flashing strobes  
And mirrored globes  
And stereo merry-go-rounds.

A choir sings  
And a thousand strings  
Make luxuriant, prurient sounds.

You're, like --- beautiful  
This is real, this is right, this is it!  
You're, like --- beautiful  
This is it, but I have to admit

Though you're hugging me  
And there's sunsets and rockets and thunder  
Something's bugging me  
And I think of tomorrow and wonder:

*(Refrain:)* Some kind of magic has captured us  
Thrilled and enraptured us  
But ---  
Is this emotion devotion  
As deep as the ocean,  
Or what?  
Was that a tender caress  
Or only a grope?  
Baby,  
Is it love ---  
Or is it the dope?

## **BE PREPARED**

**words and music by Tom Lehrer**

Be prepared!  
That's the Boy Scouts' marching song.  
Be prepared!  
As through life you march along.  
Be prepared to hold your liquor pretty well,  
Don't write naughty words on walls if you can't spell.

Be prepared!  
To hide that pack of cigarettes.  
Don't make book,  
If you cannot cover bets.  
Keep those reefers hidden where you're sure  
That they will not be found  
And be careful not to smoke them  
When the scoutmaster's around,  
For he only will insist that they be shared.  
Be prepared!

Be prepared!  
That's the Boy Scouts' solemn creed.  
Be prepared!  
And be clean in word and deed.  
Don't solicit for your sister, that's not nice,  
Unless you get a good percentage of her price.

Be prepared!  
And be careful not to do  
Your good deeds  
When there's no one watching you.  
If you're looking for adventure  
Of a new and different kind,  
And you come across a Girl Scout  
Who is similarly inclined,  
Don't be nervous, don't be flustered, don't be scared.  
Be prepared!

## The Bourgeoisie (Les Bourgeois)

Paroles de Jacques Brel  
Musique de Jean Corti  
English version by Tom Lehrer

1. Hearts as light as air,  
Eyes and cheeks aglow,  
We were twenty, and we had the truth.  
With my friend Pierre  
And my friend Jojo,  
To the bar we'd go to drink our youth.

*[indicates bar and  
moves in that direction]*

Pierre thought he was Casanova,  
Jojo, Voltaire and Debussy,  
*[spoken:]* And I, who always was the proudest,  
I imagined I was ----- me!

From the Grand Hotel the businessmen would leave.  
We would greet them as they came along,  
Showing them our class,  
Showing them our ass,  
Singing this song:

*[indicates hotel on  
other side of stage]*

The bourgeoisie are really pigs,  
They don't get smart, they just get fatter.  
The bourgeoisie with all their dough ---  
The more they learn, the less they know!

2. Hearts as light as air,  
Eyes and cheeks aglow,  
We were twenty, and we knew the truth.  
With my friend Pierre  
And my friend Jojo,  
Drunk with beer but even more with youth.

Casanova chased the ladies,  
Voltaire wrote songs with Debussy.  
*[spoken:]* And I, who always was the proudest,  
I got almost as drunk as --- me!

From the Grand Hotel the lawyers would appear.  
We would greet them as they came along.  
*[affected voice:]* Veddy uppah clahss,  
Showing them our ahss,  
Singing this song:

The bourgeoisie are really pigs,  
They don't get smart, they just get fatter.  
The bourgeoisie with all their dough ---  
They more they learn, the less they know!

*[optional: At this point he can change his demeanor so as to indicate the respectability he has acquired over the years. To further indicate the passage of time, perhaps he could make a simple costume adjustment, e.g., change beret for hat, remove scarf to reveal tie, put on glasses, etc.]*

3. Hearts no longer dare,  
Eyes no longer glow,  
At the Grand Hotel we often dine.  
The notary, Pierre,  
The businessman, Jojo,  
And I, the lawyer, talk and sip our wine.

*[indicates hotel and  
moves in that direction]*

Pierre may talk of Casanova,  
Jojo, Voltaire and Debussy,  
*[spoken:]* And I, who still remain the proudest,  
I still talk of --- me!

Later when we leave  
From that bar they come,  
Scum who ought to stay where they belong.  
Clearly lower class,  
Showing us their ---- *well!*  
Singing that song:

*[indicates bar]*

*[Everyone else on stage sings the chorus at him, tauntingly:]*

The --- bour --- geoi --- sie are really pigs,  
They don't get smart, they just get fatter.  
The bourgeoisie with all their dough,  
They more they learn, the less they know!

*[He has reacted angrily when they started to sing, and during their song he calls to an unseen offstage policeman:]*

*[spoken:] Officer! Officer! Arrest these hooligans! They are a public nuisance! We are taxpayers, and we don't need to have these hoodlums bothering us every night. God help the world when this generation grows up! [fading out as he exits] Officer! Officer! ....*

## LES BOURGEOIS

lyrics by Jacques Brel

music by Jean Corti

Le cœur bien au chaud, les yeux dans la bière  
Chez la grosse Adrienne de Montalant  
Avec l'ami Jojo, et avec l'ami Pierre  
On allait boire nos vingt ans

Jojo se prenait pour Voltaire  
Et Pierre pour Casanova  
Et moi, moi qui étais le plus fier  
Moi, moi je me prenais pour moi

Et quand vers minuit passaient les notaires  
Qui sortaient de l'hôtel des, "Trois Faisans"  
On leur montrait notre cul et nos bonnes manières  
En leur chantant:

Les bourgeois c'est comme les cochons  
Plus ça devient vieux plus ça devient bête  
Les bourgeois c'est comme les cochons  
Plus ça devient vieux plus ça devient c—

Le cœur bien au chaud, les yeux dans la bière  
Chez la grosse Adrienne de Montalant  
Avec l'ami Jojo, et avec l'ami Pierre  
On allait boire nos vingt ans

Voltaire dansait comme un vicaire  
Et Casanova n'osait pas  
Et moi, moi qui restait le plus fier  
Moi j'étais presque aussi saoul que moi

Et quand vers minuit passaient les notaires  
Qui sortaient de l'hôtel des, "Trois Faisans"  
On leur montrait notre cul et nos bonnes manières  
En leur chantant:

Les bourgeois c'est comme les cochons  
Plus ça devient vieux plus ça devient bête  
Les bourgeois c'est comme les cochons  
Plus ça devient vieux plus ça devient c—

Le cœur au repos, les yeux bien sur terre  
Au bar de l'hôtel des "Trois Faisans"  
Avec maître Jojo, et avec maître Pierre  
Entre notaires on passe le temps

Jojo parle de Voltaire  
Et Pierre de Casanova  
Et moi, moi qui suis resté le plus fier  
Moi, moi je parle encore de moi

Et c'est en sortant vers minuit Monsieur le  
Commissaire

Que tous les soirs de chez la Montalant  
De jeunes 'Peigne-culs' nous montrent leur derrière  
En nous chantant:

Les bourgeois c'est comme les cochons  
Plus ça devient vieux plus ça devient bête  
Les bourgeois c'est comme les cochons  
Plus ça devient vieux plus ça devient c--

# BRIGHT COLLEGE DAYS

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Bright College Days, oh, carefree days that fly,  
To thee we sing with our glasses raised on high.

*[Those wearing glasses raise them.]*

Let's drink a toast as each of us recalls  
Ivy-covered professors in ivy-covered halls.

Turn on the spigot,  
Pour the beer and swig it,  
And *gaudeamus igitur* – ur.

Here's to parties we tossed,  
To the games that we lost.  
(We shall claim that we won them some day.)  
To the girls young and sweet,  
To the spacious back seat  
Of our roommate's beat-up Chevrolet.  
To the beer and benzedrine,  
To the way that the dean  
Tried so hard to be "pals" with us all.  
To excuses we fibbed,  
To the papers we cribbed  
From the genius who lived down the hall.

(\* To the tables down at Mory's (wherever that may be)  
Let us drink a toast to all we love the best.  
We shall sleep through all the lectures and cheat on the exams,  
And we'll pass --- and be forgotten with the rest.

Soon we'll be out amid the cold world's strife.  
Soon we'll be sliding down the razor blade of life.  
But as we go our sordid separate ways,  
We shall ne'er forget thee,  
Thou golden college days.

Hearts full of youth,  
Hearts full of truth,  
Six parts gin to one part vermouth.

(\* The next four lines are set to the tune of "The Whiffenpoof Song"  
(words by Meade Minnegerode & George S. Pomeroy, music by  
Tod B. Galloway). The song is in the public domain.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Christmas time is here, by golly.  
Disapproval would be folly.  
Deck the halls with hunks of holly.  
Fill the cup and don't say when.

Kill the turkeys, ducks, and chickens,  
Mix the punch, drag out the Dickens.  
Even though the prospect sickens,  
Brother, here we go again.

On Christmas Day you can't get sore.  
Your fellow man you must adore.  
There's time to rob him all the more  
The other three hundred and sixty-four.

Relations, sparing no expense, 'll  
Send some useless old utensil  
Or a matching pen and pencil.  
("Just the thing I need! How nice!")

It doesn't matter how sincere it  
Is, nor how heartfelt the spirit,  
Sentiment will not endear it.  
What's important is the price.

Hark, the *Herald Tribune* sings,  
Advertising wondrous things.  
God rest you merry, merchants,  
May you make the Yuletide pay.  
Angels we have heard on high  
Tell us to go out and buy!

So let the raucous sleighbells jingle.  
Hail our dear old friend Kriss Kringle,  
Driving his reindeer across the sky.  
Don't stand underneath when they fly by.



# CLEMENTINE

words and music by Tom Lehrer

## I. (Cole Porter)

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,  
Far away from the boom-boom-boom of the city,  
She was so pretty,  
What a pity,  
Clementine.  
Oh, Clementine,  
Can't you tell from the howls of me?  
This love of mine  
Calls to you from the bowels of me.  
Are you discerning  
The returning  
Of this churning, burning, yearning for you?

## II. (Mozart)

Era leggiera, e come una fairy, e sue shoes numero nine,  
Herring boxes senza topses  
Sandale per Clementina, si, per Clementina, si,  
Per Clementina,  
Sandale per Clementina, sandale per Clementin'.  
Clementina, Clementina, Cle-e-me-en-ti-na.  
Herring boxes senza topses sandale per Clementina,  
Herring boxes senza topses sandale per Clementina,  
Che sciagura, Clementina, Che sciagura, Clementina,  
Cara Clementina, cara Clementina-na-na-na-na-na-na-na.

## III. (Bop)

Drove those ducklings to the water --- yep-roc!  
Every morning, nine o'clock sharp -- oop-bop! -- beedle-ee-ah!  
Stubbed her toe upon a splinter,  
Stubbed her toe upon a splinter -- kloo-ga-mop! -- ooh -ooh!  
Fell into the foamy brine,  
Dig that crazy Clementine! Man!

## IV. (Gilbert and Sullivan)

That I missed her depressed her  
Young sister named Esther.  
This mister to pester  
She'd try.  
Now a pestering sister's a festering blister,  
You'd best to resist her,  
Say I.  
The mister resisted,  
The sister persisted,  
I kissed her, all loyalty slipped.  
When she said I could have her,  
Her sister's cadaver  
Must surely have turned in its crypt, yes, yes, yes yes!  
Now I love she and she loves me.  
Enraptured are the both of we,  
Yes, I love her and she loves I,  
And will through all eternity.  
*See what I mean?*

# DEEP DOODOO

words and music by Tom Lehrer

written for the PBS special "Listen Up!" (1992)

sung by Keith Carradine

1. When the classroom's packed, and the library's shut,  
And ev'ry year there's a budget cut,  
    And the textbooks only keep on gettin' dumber,  
When standards seem to be on the skids,  
And it gets so even the *kids* have kids,  
    And ev'ryone can hardly wait till summer -----  
        Then we're in deep doodoo,  
        Deep, deep doodoo.  
        What can folks like me and you do  
        When the doodoo  
        Gets so deep? ..... and gettin' deeper .....
2. When we can't compete with the Japanese,  
Or the Portuguese, or the chimpanzees,  
    And ev'rybody plays by diff'rent rules,  
It ain't a question of when or whether,  
Any fool can put two and two together,  
    Unless they took new math at one of our schools.  
        Yes, we're in deep doodoo,  
        Deep, deep doodoo.  
        God knows there's plenty to do  
        When the doodoo  
        Gets so deep ..... and gettin' deeper .....
3. When some schools feel like combat sectors,  
With guns and gangs and metal detectors  
    (Remember how we felt guilty just "playin' hooky"?)  
When the school is broke, and homework's a joke,  
And the kids do booze or grass or coke,  
    We've come a long way from choc'late milk and a cookie.  
        And we're in deep doodoo,  
        Deep, deep doodoo,  
        And it's gonna take more than voodoo  
        'Cause the doodoo  
        Is so deep ..... and gettin' deeper .....
4. People keep givin' me the same old pitch:  
    "If you're so smart, why ain't you rich?"  
I've heard that all my life, and I know it by heart.  
And to tell the truth, I wish I knew,  
But, America, *I'm* askin' *you*:  
If you're so rich.....why ain't you smart?  
    Yes, we're in deep doodoo,  
    Deep, deep doodoo.  
    So ask yourself what can you do  
    When the doodoo  
    Gets so deep.  
  
It's time to look and time to leap,  
There's promises we've got to keep,  
And as you sow, so shall you reap,  
But whatever it is, it won't be cheap,  
'Cause the doo.....doo.....is.....so.....deep!

## **The Derivative Song ( $dy/dx$ )**

**words by Tom Lehrer**

**music: "There'll Be Some Changes Made"**

**by W. Benton Overstreet (1921)**

**(public domain)**

You take a function of  $x$  and you call it  $y$   
Take any  $x$ -nought that you care to try  
You make a little change and call it  $\Delta x$   
The corresponding change in  $y$  is what you find next  
And then you take the quotient and now carefully  
Send  $\Delta x$  to zero, and I think you'll see  
That what the limit gives us, if our work all checks,  
Is what we call  $dy/dx$ ,  
It's just  $dy/dx$ .

## THE DERIVATIVE SONG

words by Tom Lehrer

music: "There'll be Some Changes Made" (*public domain*)  
by W. Benton Overstreet (original lyrics by Billy Higgins)

caption on screen

You take a function of  $x$  and you call it  $y$

$$y = f(x)$$

Take any  $x$ -nought that you care to try

$$y_0 = f(x_0)$$

You make a little change and call it  $\Delta x$

$$\Delta x = x - x_0$$

The corresponding change in  $y$  is what you find next

$$\Delta y = y - y_0$$

And then you take the quotient and now carefully

$$\frac{\Delta y}{\Delta x} = \frac{y - y_0}{x - x_0}$$

Send  $\Delta x$  to zero and I think you'll see

$$\Delta x \rightarrow 0$$

That what the limit gives us if our work all checks

$$\lim_{\Delta x \rightarrow 0} \frac{\Delta y}{\Delta x}$$

Is what we call  $dy/dx$

$$\lim_{\Delta x \rightarrow 0} \frac{\Delta y}{\Delta x} = \frac{dy}{dx}$$

It's just  $dy/dx$

$$\frac{dy}{dx}$$

# DODGING THE DRAFT AT HARVARD (1952)

words by Tom Lehrer

tune: "Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," by Irving Berlin

Oh, how I'd hate to go into the army,

Oh, how I'd rather remain at home.

That's why I am here today,

Working hard to get an A,

We're dodging the draft,

We're dodging the draft,

We're dodging the draft at Harvard.

Some day you may have to go to Korea.

Send us a souvenir if you can.

While you are out destroying life,

We'll be back home enjoying life.

It's great to be an essential man.

Some are too old to get into the army.

Some guys the army won't even take.

But we happily confess

That the draft board says: 2S.

We're dodging the draft,

We're dodging the draft,

We're dodging the draft at Harvard.

Some day you may have to go to Korea.

You may be leaving before too long.

But our draft board, influential men,

Insists we're all essential men,

And who are we to say they're wrong?

Entangling alliances

With all the arts and sciences

Will keep us home where we belong.

*In revised lyrics written for the 25th Harvard reunion in 1972 (probably not used)  
"I" replaced by "we"; "Korea" replaced by "Vi-et Nam" and one couplet replaced by  
"Gee, but it's great to be out of the Army/Thank God our parents have got the dough."*

# DON'T MAJOR IN PHYSICS

words by Tom Lehrer  
music: "The Trouble with Women" by Kurt Weill  
(from *One Touch of Venus*)

*(1st student)*

Oh, I once loved a sweet Physics student,  
The loveliest girl one could find,  
But I tried to get close and I cudent,  
For she said that she wasn't "that kind."  
More often a king weds a commoner  
Than a physicist makes a housewife,  
For they only are versed in phenomener  
That have nothing to do with real life.

*(Chorus)*

So don't ever major in Physics,  
Try History, English, or Gov,  
For you may learn a lot about science,  
But you won't learn a thing about love.

*(2nd student)*

Oh, I too loved a young Physics major,  
She was pretty and healthy and pure,  
But I wouldn't take one now on a wager,  
For they all are like her, I am sure.  
She didn't like couches or hammocks  
Or walks in the moonlight for two.  
All she thought of was thermodynammocks,  
So what, tell me what, could I do?

*(Chorus)*

*(3rd student)*

Now I have the opposite status:  
I like physics and my girl does not.  
I tried showing her my apparatus,  
But a blank smile was all that I got.  
She asked me why I was in Physics,  
And advised me to transfer to Ec,  
And whenever I tried to talk Physics,  
All she wanted to do was to neckl (ugh!)

*(Chorus)*

## THE ELEMENTS

words: Tom Lehrer

music: "The Major General's Song" from *The Pirates of Penzance*, by Arthur Sullivan (public domain)

There's antimony, arsenic, aluminum, selenium,  
And hydrogen and oxygen and nitrogen and rhenium,  
And nickel, neodymium, neptunium, germanium,  
And iron, americium, ruthenium, uranium,

Europium, zirconium, lutetium, vanadium,  
And lanthanum and osmium and astatine and radium,  
And gold and protactinium and indium and gallium,  
And iodine and thorium and thulium and thallium.

There's yttrium, ytterbium, actinium, rubidium,  
And boron, gadolinium, niobium, iridium,  
And strontium and silicon and silver and samarium,  
And bismuth, bromine, lithium, beryllium, and barium.

There's holmium and helium and hafnium and erbium,  
And phosphorus and francium and fluorine and terbium,  
And manganese and mercury, molybdenum, magnesium,  
Dysprosium and scandium and cerium and cesium.

And lead, praseodymium and platinum, plutonium,  
Palladium, promethium, potassium, polonium,  
And tantalum, technetium, titanium, tellurium,  
And cadmium and calcium and chromium and curium.

There's sulfur, californium and fermium, berkelium,  
And also mendelevium, einsteinium, nobelium,  
And argon, krypton, neon, radon, xenon, zinc and rhodium,  
And chlorine, carbon, cobalt, copper, tungsten, tin and sodium.

These are the only ones of which the news has come to Ha'vard,  
And there may be many others but they haven't been discavard.

*Note: There exists a much earlier version of this song.  
The complete lyrics, which are by Aristotle, are:  
There's earth and air and fire and water.*

# FIGHT FIERCELY, HARVARD

words & music by Tom Lehrer

Fight fiercely, Harvard,  
Fight, fight, fight!  
Demonstrate to them our skill.  
Albeit they possess the might,  
Nonetheless we have the will.  
How we shall celebrate our victory,  
We shall invite the whole team up for tea  
*(how jolly!)*  
Hurl that spheroid down the field, and  
Fight, fight, fight!

Fight fiercely, Harvard,  
Fight, fight, fight!  
Impress them with our prowess, do!  
Oh, fellows, do not let the crimson down,  
Be of stout heart and true.  
Come on, chaps, fight for Harvard's glorious name,  
Won't it be peachy if we win the game?  
*(oh, goody!)*  
Let's try not to injure them, but  
Fight, fight, fight!  
*(Let's not be rough, though)*  
Fight, fight, fight!  
*(And do fight fiercely!)*  
Fight, fight, fight!



# FINCH AND DENCH

(from *The Electric Company*)

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Frederick Fin--ch  
Never would flin--ch  
Even in a pin--ch  
Never gave an in--ch  
Ev'rything was a cin--ch--ch  
For Freddie Fin--ch, Fin--ch--ch  
Freddie Fin--ch. (Alt.: Fin--dee--din--ch)

Deborah Den--ch  
Was a cool wen--ch  
Sitting on a ben--ch  
She would often clen--ch  
A book that was all in Fren--ch--ch  
Did Debbie Den--ch, Den--ch--ch,  
Debbie Den--ch. (Alt.: Den--dee--den--ch)

Finch saw Den--ch  
Reading her Fren--ch  
Thought he'd try to wren--ch  
Debbie from her ben--ch  
He brought a bun--ch  
Of flowers to lun--ch  
She was pleased as pun--ch  
And I have a hun--ch  
The two of them are now in a clin--ch--ch  
Den--ch  
And  
Fin--ch, Fin--ch--ch,  
Freddie Fin--ch. (Alt.: Fin--dee--din--ch  
or Dench and Fin--ch)

# THE FOLK SONG ARMY

words and music by Tom Lehrer

We are the folk song army.  
Every one of us cares.  
We all hate poverty, war, and injustice,  
Unlike the rest of you squares.

There are innocuous folk songs, *yeah*,  
But we regard 'em with scorn.  
The folks who sing 'em have no social conscience,  
*Why, they don't even care if Jimmy Crack Corn.*

If you feel dissatisfaction,  
Strum your frustrations away.  
Some people may prefer action,  
But give me a folk song any old day.

The tune don't have to be clever,  
And it don't matter if you put a coupla extra syllables into a line.  
It sounds more ethnic if it ain't good English,  
And it don't even gotta rhyme...  
*(Excuse me: rhyne!)*

Remember the war against Franco?  
That's the kind where each of us belongs.  
Though he may have won all the battles,  
We had all the good songs!

So join in the folk song army!  
Guitars are the weapons we bring  
To the fight against poverty, war, and injustice.  
Ready ---  
Aim ---  
Sing!

## FUGUE FOR SCIENTISTS

words by Tom Lehrer

music: "Fugue for Tinhorns" by Frank Loesser, from *Guys and Dolls*

MATH: I'd like to say right out  
That math's a thing, no doubt,  
The other sciences would be lost without  
It's true, it's true  
Albert Einstein says it's true  
And if Einstein says it's true, it's true, it's true.

PHYSICS: But as a scientist  
I really must insist  
That it is physics that ought to head the list  
That's right, that's right  
[Stephen Hawking] says that's right [originally Professor Oldenberg]  
And if [Hawking] says that's right, that's right, that's right.

CHEMISTRY: But, boys, I can not see  
How you can not agree  
That the most important is chemistry  
Oh yes, oh yes  
[President Conant] says oh yes  
And if [Conant] says oh yes, oh yes, oh yes.

MATH: But after all is said  
Math is way ahead  
Who else can do research while lying in bed?  
It's true, etc.

PHYSICS: The atom bomb's a bit  
Of genius, you'll admit  
Just think of all the people we've killed with it  
That's right, etc.

CHEMISTRY: But listen here to me  
Where would your A-bombs be  
If it were not for little old chemistry?  
Oh yes, etc.

MATH: But let me make the point  
There's things that should be loint  
Besides inventing ways to blow up the joint  
It's true, etc.

PHYSICS: I really can't condemn  
The guys who take up chem  
For learning how to cook may appeal to them  
That's right, etc.

CHEMISTRY: But you can be sure, chum  
That in the years to come  
We are the guys you're gonna be hearin' from

MATH: Math!!

PHYSICS: Physics!

CHEMISTRY: Chemistry!

ALL: That's us!

## GSAS ALMA MATER

words by Tom Lehrer  
music: "Goofus" by Wayne King & William Harold

Though we end up as professors or selling appliances  
We will not forget throughout all life's alliances  
The dear Graduate School of Arts and of Sciences  
No-sir-ree!

Though there is hardly a one here who knows if he  
Will be an M.A. or a Doctor of Philosophy  
Nevertheless  
GSAS  
We will always be true to thee!

Though you have no football team  
And no cheers that we can scream  
Yet as strange as it may seem  
We still love you!

Each alumnus may meet with success or adversity  
But whether he feels he should bless it or curse it, he  
Admits it's the best part of this university  
Yes-sir-ree!

Far from the real world's corruption and connivory  
We love ev'ry one of your great tow'rs of ivory  
And we confess  
GSAS,  
We will always be true to thee!

# GEORGE MURPHY

(recorded version, from *That Was the Year That Was*)

**words and music by Tom Lehrer**

Hollywood's often tried to mix  
Show business with politics,  
From Helen Gahagan  
To Ronald Reagan.  
But Mister Murphy is the star  
Who's done the best by far.

Oh, gee, it's great,  
At last we've got a senator who can really sing and dance.  
We can't expect America to win against its foes  
With no one in the Senate who can really tap his toes.  
The movies that you've seen  
On your television screen  
Show his legislative talents at a glance:

Should American's pick crops? George says "No,  
'Cause no one but a Mexican would stoop so low,  
And, after all, even in Egypt the Pharaohs  
Had to import Hebrew braceros.

Just think of all the musicals we have in store.  
Imagine *Broadway Melody of 1984!*  
Yes, now that he's a senator, he's really got the chance  
To give the public  
A song and dance.

**HAIL, CHEMISTRY**

from *The Physical Revue (1951)*

words by Tom Lehrer

music by Arthur Sullivan

"Hail, Poetry", from *The Pirates of Penzance*

Hail, Chemistry!

We can't ignore

The truth that you're looked up to for.

Hail, Chemistry!

We can't deny

It's us

It's us

Whom you're well thought of by.

(I'm Spending)  
**HANUKKAH IN SANTA MONICA**

words and music by Tom Lehrer

I'm spending Hanukkah  
In Santa Monica.  
Wearing sandals,  
Lighting candles  
By the sea.  
I spent Shevuos  
In East St. Louis,  
A charming spot  
But clearly not  
The spot for me.

Those Eastern winters,  
I can't endure 'em,  
So ev'ry year  
I pack my gear  
And come out here  
Till Purim.

Rosh Hashonah  
I spend in Arizonah,  
And Yom Kippuh *[Southern accent]*  
Way down in Mississippuh,  
But in December there's just one place for me.

Amid the California flora  
I'll be lighting my menorah,  
Like a baby in his cradle  
I'll be playing with my dreidel,  
Here's to Judas Maccabeus,  
Boy, if he could only see us,  
Spending Hanukkah  
In Santa Monica  
By the sea.

## HE'S NOT THE ONE

(Trio - Jamie, Sara, Austin, written for the aborted version of Park )

lyrics by Tom Lehrer  
(no music written)

J: He's not the one  
S: I think he is  
J: I think he's not  
S: But this is the day, and this is the time, and this is the spot  
J: If he's the one, then why did he give me that line?  
S: Something is fishy,  
    I just wish he  
    Would give us some kind of a sign  
J: He's not the one  
S: I bet he is  
J: I bet he's not  
    Whatever became of his limp?  
S: I guess he forgot  
J: He was supposed to be wearing a hat  
S: I don't remember them telling us that  
J: But could he really have killed seven guys?  
S: Sure, did you get a good look at those eyes?  
J: And the suit was supposed to be green --  
    Gabardine --  
    And clean  
S: He is the one  
J: There's only one way to be sure  
S: You mean.....  
J: I do  
S: Well?  
J: No, you  
    [S goes over to A ]  
        S: [spoken] Will the ostrich dance with the porcupine?  
        A : [spoken, hesistantly] Only if he is sufficiently --- tight.  
    [S goes back to J]  
        S: [spoken] Did you hear that?  
J: He's not the one  
S: Oh yes, he is  
J: Oh no, he's not  
S: We have to be sure, because if we're wrong, we're gonna get shot



J: It just might be some kind of a double cross  
He could be a narc  
They're all over the park

S: Do you think I should check with the boss?

J: He's not the one

S: I bet he is

J: I bet he's not

S: And we've only an hour to get from here to the yacht

J: He was supposed to be smoking a pipe  
Frankly, he just doesn't look like the type

S: Look like a spy, you mean? Heaven forbid  
He'd be a hell of a spy if he did  
But he picked up the code all right

J: Not quite  
He said "tight"  
He's not the one

S: Okay, let's try him one more time

J: You mean.....

S: I do

J: Well?

S: No, you

*[J goes over to A]*  
*J: [spoken] Will the ostrich dance with the porcupine?*  
*A: [spoken, hesitantly, while S and J encourage him to get it right]*  
*Only if he is sufficiently --- loose*  
*[S and J cheer]*

J: He is the one

S: He is the one

A: I am the one

J: The plans?

A: The dough?

S: *[handing "money" to A]* The dough

A: *[handing "plans" to J]* The plans

J: Well done

S: Well done

A: Well done

J: He is

S: He is

A: I am

ALL: The one

Author's note:

*The Gallery* (1947) was a highly successful novel by John Horne Burns, based on his experiences in the American Army of Occupation in Naples in 1944.

In 1951 I and a fellow graduate student at Harvard, Eloise Knapp, briefly considered writing a musical based on the book. The project was soon abandoned. This is one of the few surviving fragments of the prospective score. It was intended to be sung by a group of *scugnizzi* (Neapolitan street urchins) to an American soldier, while a nearby Neapolitan singer sings "O Sole Mio".

## HEY, JOE!

*(The two parts are to be sung simultaneously)*

SCUGNIZZI:

NEAPOLITAN SINGER: (\*)

Hey, Joe!

Ma n'atu sole

You wanna meet my sister?

Cchiù bello oi nè

Hey, Joe!

O' sole mio

She's only seventeen.

Sta 'nfronte a te

Hey, Joe!

'O sole

You oughta meet my sister,

'O sole mio

Sta 'nfronte a te

The prettiest piece-a tail you ever seen.  
*(alt: little thing)*

Sta 'nfronte a te

Whaddaya say?

Hey, Joe!

Whaddaya say?

Hey, Joe! etc.

*(fading out as they exit)*

(\*): "O Sole mio" was written in 1898 by Giovanni Capurro (lyrics) and Eduardo di Capua and Alfredo Mazzucchi (music).

## HIGH SCHOOL HYMN

Words by Tom Lehrer

Music: "Eternal Father, Strong to Save"  
by John B. Dykes

To whom it may concern we pray  
That we'll get out of here some day.  
O Thou, our awesome chaperone,  
Who can't leave well enough alone,  
Give us a break, we beg of Thee,  
Or better yet, just let us be.

If Thou canst hear us, that's just swell.  
Sometimes it's really hard to tell.  
Perhaps we'll never see Thy face,  
But we'll keep praying just in case,  
Until the day we say goodbye,  
Released at last from ----- High.

## THE HUNTING SONG

words and music by Tom Lehrer

I always will remember,  
'Twas a year ago November,  
I went out to hunt some deer  
On a morning bright and clear.  
I went and shot the maximum the game laws would allow.  
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and a cow.

I was in no mood to trifle,  
I took down my trusty rifle  
And went out to stalk my prey.  
What a haul I made that day.  
I tied them to my fender, and I drove them home somehow,  
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and a cow.

The law was very firm, it  
Took away my permit,  
The worst punishment I ever endured.  
It turned out there was a reason,  
Cows were out of season,  
And one of the hunters wasn't insured.

People ask me how I do it,  
And I say, "There's nothin' to it,  
You just stand there lookin' cute,  
And when something moves, you shoot!"  
And there's ten stuffed heads in my trophy room right now,  
Two game wardens,  
Seven hunters,  
And a pure-bred Guernsey cow.

## I CAN'T THINK WHY

based on King Gama's Song from *Princess Ida*  
by Gilbert & Sullivan

revised lyrics by Tom Lehrer (2001)

If you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am.  
I'm a genuine philanthropist -- all other kinds are sham.

Each little fault of grammar and each social defect  
In my erring fellow-creatures I endeavor to correct.

To all of their deficiencies I open people's eyes,  
And little plans to decimate their egos I devise.

I do all the good I can do from the moment I awake,  
Yet many people say that I am rather hard to take.  
And I can't think why!

---

To compliments excessive I've a withering reply,  
And vanity I always do my best to mortify.

A charitable action I can skillfully dissect.  
A motive that's ulterior I'm happy to detect.

If someone *does* admit a fault, I nonetheless insist  
On calling his attention to the ones he may have missed.

I have a gift for crushing repartee, I must admit,  
But nobody appreciates the brilliance of my wit.  
And I can't think why!

---

Although I am opinionated, no one should object.  
How fortunate I am that my opinions are correct!

I point out people's weaknesses *before* they leave the room.

I enjoy correcting people who say "who" instead of "whom."

I always say whatever's on my mind, that's very true.  
I can tell a person's age in half a minute --- and I do.

And yet no matter how I try to benefit mankind,  
Still everybody says that I'm a pain in the behind.  
And I can't think why!

# I GOT IT FROM AGNES

words & music by Tom Lehrer

## VERSE:

I love my friends  
And they love me  
We're just as close  
As we can be  
And just because  
We really care  
Whatever we get  
We share!

## CHORUSES:

I got it from Agnes  
She got it from Jim  
We all agree it must have been Louise who gave it to him  
Now, she got it from Harry, who got it from Marie  
And everybody knows that Marie ----  
Got it from me!

Giles got it from Daphne  
She got it from Joan  
Who picked it up in County Cork, a-kissin' the Blarney Stone  
Pierre gave it to Sheila, who must have brought it there  
He got it from François and Jacques, aha! ---  
Lucky Pierre!

Max got it from Edith  
Who gets it every spring  
She got it from her Daddy, who just gives her everything  
She then gave it to Daniel, whose spaniel has it now  
Our dentist even got it, and we're still ----  
Wondering how!

But I got it from Agnes  
Or maybr it was Sue  
Or Millie or Billie or Gillie or Willie, it doesn't matter who  
It might have been at the pub, or at the club, or in the loo  
And if you will be my friend, then I might  
*Mind you, I said "might"*

*orchestral passage, during which he looks around the audience,  
finally chooses someone, grins, points to him or her, and says:*

Give it to you!

## **I HOLD YOUR HAND IN MINE**

**words and music by Tom Lehrer**

I hold your hand in mine, dear,  
I press it to my lips.  
I take a healthy bite  
From your dainty fingertips.  
My joy would be complete, dear,  
If you were only here,  
But still I keep your hand  
As a precious souvenir.  
The night you died I cut it off.  
I really don't know why.  
For now each time I kiss it  
I get bloodstains on my tie.  
I'm sorry now I killed you,  
For our love was something fine,  
And till they come to get me  
I shall hold your hand in mine.

For "Tom Lehrer Does Gangsta Rap"

words by Dr. H. Paul Shuch

see: [www.qsl.net/n6tx/poetry/bitch/gangsta.htm](http://www.qsl.net/n6tx/poetry/bitch/gangsta.htm)

# I WANNA GO BACK TO DIXIE (recorded version)

words and music by Tom Lehrer

I wanna go back to Dixie,  
Take me back to dear ol' Dixie,  
That's the only li'l ol' place for li'l ol' me.  
Old times there are not forgotten,  
Whuppin' slaves and sellin' cotton,  
And waitin' for the Robert E. Lee.  
(It was never there on time.)

I'll go back to the Swanee,  
Where pellagra makes you scrawny,  
And the honeysuckle clutters up the vine.  
I really am a-fixin'  
To go home and start a-mixin'  
Down below that Mason-Dixon line.

Oh, poll tax,  
How I love ya, how I love ya, my dear ol' poll tax.

Won'tcha come with me to Alabammy,  
Back to the arms of my dear ol' Mammy,  
Her cookin's lousy and her hands are clammy,  
But what the hell, it's home.

Yes, for paradise the Southland is my nominee.  
Jes' give me a ham hock and a grit of hominy.

I want to go back to Dixie,  
I want to be a Dixie pixie  
And eat corn pone till it's comin' outta my ears.  
I want to talk with Southern gentlemen  
And put that white sheet on again,  
I ain't seen one good lynchin' in years.

The land of the boll weevil,  
Where the laws are medieval,  
Is callin' me to come and nevermore roam.  
I want to go back to the Southland,  
That "y'all" and "shet-ma-mouth" land,  
Be it ever so decadent,  
There's no place like home.



# I WANNA GO BACK TO DIXIE (revised)

words and music by Tom Lehrer

I wanna go back to Dixie,  
Take me back to dear old Dixie,  
That's the only li'l ol' place for li'l ol' me.  
Old times there are not forgotten,  
Whuppin' slaves and sellin' cotton,  
And waitin' for the Robert E. Lee  
(It was never there on time).

I'll go back to the Swanee,  
Where pellagra makes you scrawny,  
And the jasmine and the tear gas smell jes' fine.  
I really am a-fixin'  
To go back where there's no mixin',  
Down below that Mason-Dixon line.

*To the tune of "In the Evening by the Moonlight"*  
In the evening by the moonlight  
You can sit till you git sleepy  
Or go huntin' in the moonlight  
For the N-double-A-C-P

Yes, for paradise the Southland is my nominee.  
Jes' give me a ham hock and a grit of hominy.

I wanna start relaxin'  
Down in Birmingham or Jackson.  
When we're havin' fun, why, no one interferes.  
I wanna talk with southern gentlemen  
And put my white sheet on again.  
I ain't seen one good lynchin' in years.

The land of the boll weevil  
Where the laws are medieval,  
Is callin' me to come and nevermore roam.  
I wanna go back to the Southland,  
That "y'all" and "shet-ma-mouth" land.  
Be it ever so decadent,  
There's no place like home.

# THE ICE CREAM TANGO

(written for the 1973 production at UCSC of the musical *Park*)  
words and music by Tom Lehrer

Elizabeth: [*spoken*] *Do you know what I would really like right now?*  
                  [*sung*]           I would like ---- some ice cream.

Sara & Jamie:           Me too!

Elizabeth:             I would like ---- a cone.

Sara & Jamie:           Me too!

Austin:                 Me too!

Elizabeth:             It would really hit the spot,  
                          And make me feel a lot  
                          Like a queen upon a throne.

Jamie: [*spoken*]       *What flavor does your majesty crave?*

Elizabeth:             I would like ---- vanilla.

Jamie:                 Me too!

Austin:                 Not me. I'll take choc'late.

Sara:                  I want peach.

Jamie: [*spoken*]       *Peach??*

Sara: [*spoken*]        *All right, choc'late.*

Elizabeth:             But wouldn't it be pleasant,  
                          Some day when no one's present,  
                          To order one of each.

Sara: [*spoken*]        *Including peach! [Sara and Jamie stick tongues out at each other.]*

Austin:                 Would you rather have a dish?

Elizabeth: [*spoken*]    *A bit too fancyish!*

Austin:                 Would you like it on a plate?

Elizabeth: [*spoken*]    *It's good -- but not great.*

Austin:                 Would you like it on a stick?

Sara & Jamie: [*spoken*] *Ick!*

Austin:                 Well, how about a cup? [*others shake their heads*]  
                          Okay, four cones, coming up!  
                          I'll go and get the ice cream.

Jamie:                 Me too! You can't carry them alone.

Elizabeth & Sara:       He's right.

Austin:                 I know.

Jamie:                 Two choc'lates, two vanillas,  
Elizabeth & Sara:       Two choc'lates, two vanillas.

Austin: For nothing the world has ever known.....

Jamie:                                Nothing the world has ever known.....

Elizabeth & Sara:                                Nothing the world has ever known

All [*in harmony*]:       Can compare with an ice cream

Elizabeth:             Cone!

Austin & Jamie         I want an ice cream cone!

Elizabeth & Sara: [*spoken*]    *Me too!*

A possible scene to set up "The Ice Cream Tango"

*(Possibly some introductory dialogue, indicating that the four people are friends, that it is summer, etc.)*

*(Bell rings offstage)*

A: What's that?

B: Could it be an ice cream truck?

C: I didn't think they existed any more.

D: Remember when we were kids how we used to look forward to the Good Humor Man?

*(All laugh) (trill in the music)*

Soprano: *(spoken)* As a matter of fact, do you know what I would *really* like right now?

*(sings)* I would like some ice cream.....

---

Possible scene after the song

*(During "two chocolates, two vanillas", A looks out the window.)*

A: Hey, he's gone!

*(All register disappointment.)*

B: He must have left while we were standing around here singing.

*All resume singing with "Nothing the world has ever known", etc.*

## IN OLD MEXICO

words & music by Tom Lehrer

When it's fiesta time in Guadalajara,  
Then I long to be back once again  
In old Mexico.  
Where we lived for today,  
Never giving a thought to tomara.  
To the strumming of guitars  
In a hundred grubby bars  
I would whisper "te amo."

The mariachis would serenade,  
And they would not shut up till they were paid.  
We ate, we drank, and we were merry,  
And we got typhoid and dysentery.

But best of all, we went to the Plaza de Toros.  
Now whenever I start feeling morose,  
I revive by recalling that scene.  
And names like Belmonte, Dominguín, and  
Manolete.

If I live to a hundred and eight-e,  
I shall never forget what they mean.

*(For there is surely nothing more beautiful in  
this world than the sight of a lone man facing  
singlehandedly a half a ton of angry pot roast!)*

Out came the matador,  
Who must have been potted or  
Slightly insane, but who looked rather bored.  
Then the picadors of course,  
Each one on his horse.  
I shouted "olé!" ev'ry time one was gored.  
I cheered at the banderilleros' display  
As they stuck the bull in their own clever way  
For I hadn't had so much fun since the day  
My brother's dog Rover  
Got run over.

*(Rover was killed by a Pontiac. and it was done  
with such grace and artistry that the witnesses  
awarded the driver both ears and the tail ---  
But I digress.)*

The moment had come.  
I swallowed my gum.  
We knew there'd be blood on the sand pretty  
soon.  
The crowd held its breath,  
Hoping that death  
Would brighten an otherwise dull afternoon.

At last  
The matador did what we wanted him to.  
He raised his sword and his aim was true.  
In that moment of truth I suddenly knew  
That someone had stolen my wallet.

Now it's fiesta time in Akron, Ohio  
But it's back to old Guadalajara I'm longing  
to go.

(\* Far away from the strikes of the A. F. of L.  
and C. I. O.

How I wish I could get back  
To the land of the wetback  
And forget the Alamo  
In old Mexico.  
Olé!

(\* In *Tomfoolery* this ending was replaced by:  
For though, try as I may,  
I can never repay  
All that I owe  
To the land of mañana  
And cheap marijuana.  
(It's so easy to grow.)  
In old Mexico.

## THE IRISH BALLAD

words and music by Tom Lehrer

About a maid I'll sing a song,  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,  
About a maid I'll sing a song  
Who didn't have her family long.  
Not only did she do them wrong,  
She did ev'ryone of them in,  
Them in,  
She did ev'ryone of them in.

One morning in a fit of pique,  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,  
One morning in a fit of pique,  
She drowned her father in the creek.  
The water tasted bad for a week,  
And we had to make do with gin,  
With gin,  
We had to make do with gin.

Her mother she could never stand,  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,  
Her mother she could never stand,  
And so a cyanide soup she planned.  
The mother died with a spoon in her hand,  
And her face in a hideous grin,  
A grin,  
Her face in a hideous grin.

She set her sister's hair on fire,  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,  
She set her sister's hair on fire,  
And as the smoke and flame rose higher,  
Danced around the funeral pyre,  
Playin' a violin,  
-olin,  
Playin' a violin.

She weighted her brother down with stones,  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,  
She weighted her brother down with stones,  
And sent him off to Davy Jones.  
All they ever found were some bones,  
And occasional pieces of skin  
Of skin,  
Occasional pieces of skin.

One day when she had nothing to do,  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,  
One day when she had nothing to do,  
She cut her baby brother in two  
And served him up as an Irish stew,  
And invited the neighbors in,  
-bors in,  
Invited the neighbors in.

And when at last the police came by,  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,  
And when at last the police came by,  
Her little pranks she did not deny.  
To do so she would have had to lie,  
And lying, she knew, was a sin,  
A sin,  
Lying, she knew, was a sin.

My tragic tale, I won't prolong,  
Sing rickety-tickety-tin,  
My tragic tale I won't prolong,  
And if you do not enjoy my song,  
You've yourselves to blame if it's too long,  
You should never have let me begin,  
Begin,  
You should never have let me begin.

# IT MAKES A FELLOW PROUD TO BE A SOLDIER

words and music by Tom Lehrer

The heart of every man in our platoon must swell with pride  
For the nation's youth, the cream of which is marching at his side,  
For the fascinating rules and regulations that we share,  
And the quaint and curious costumes that we're called upon to wear.

Now Al joined up to do his part defending you and me.  
He wants to fight and bleed and kill and die for liberty.  
    With the hell of war he's come to grips,  
    Policing up the filter tips.  
It makes a fellow proud to be a soldier.

When Pete was only in the seventh grade, he stabbed a cop.  
He's real R.A. material, and he was glad to swap  
    His switch-blade and his old zip-gun  
    For a bayonet and a new M-1.  
It makes a fellow proud to be a soldier.

    After Johnny got through basic training, he  
    Was a soldier through and through when he was done.  
    Its effects were so well rooted  
    That the next day he saluted  
    A Good-Humor man, an usher, and a nun.

Now Fred's an intellectual, brings a book to every meal.  
He likes the deep philosophers, like Norman Vincent Peale.  
    He thinks the army's "just the thing"  
    Because he finds it "broadening."  
It makes a fellow proud to be a soldier.

Now Ed flunked out of second grade and never finished school.  
He doesn't know a shelter-half from an entrenching tool.  
    But he's going to be a big success.  
    He heads his class at O.C.S.  
It makes a fellow proud to be a soldier.

Our old mess sergeant's taste buds had been shot off in the war,  
But his savory collations add to our *esprit de corps*.  
    To think of all the marvelous ways  
    They're using plastics nowadays,  
It makes a fellow proud to be a soldier.

    Our lieutenant is the up and coming type,  
    Played with solders as a boy, you just can bet.  
    It is written in the stars,  
    He will get his captain's bars,  
    But he hasn't got enough boxtops yet.

Our captain has a handicap to cope with, sad to tell.  
He's from Georgia, and he doesn't speak the language very well.  
    He used to be, so rumor has,  
    The dean of men at Alcatraz,  
It makes a fellow proud to be  
What as a kid I vowed to be,  
What luck to be allowed to be a soldier.  
*At ease!*

## IT MAKES A FELLOW PROUD TO BE A SOLDIER

*alternate verses from the U.K. version, as performed on the David Frost show:*

Now Peter was the nicest boy his mother'd ever seen.

He never even stabbd a cop till he was seventeen.

A switch-blade can be fun, you bet,

But it can't compare with a bayonet,

Which makes a fellow proud to be a soldier.

Discipline builds character, they say,

So whatever the general says, I will obey.

If I'm asked to kill some folks,

I don't wait for him to coax.

*(spoken) I'm sure such an important man wouldn't ask me for a favor*

*like that unless he had some perfectly good reason.....*

# JUCA

music and Portuguese lyrics by Chico Buarque  
English lyrics by Tom Lehrer

Juca foi autuado em flagrante  
Como meliante  
Pois sambava bem diante  
Da janela de Maria  
Bem no meio da alegria  
A noite virou dia

O seu luar de prata  
Virou chuva fria  
A sua serenata  
Não acordou Maria.

Juca ficou desapontado  
Declarou ao delegado  
Não saber se amor é crime  
Ou se samba é pecado  
En legitima defesa  
Batucou assim na mesa  
O delegado é bamba  
Na delegacia  
Mas nunca fêz samba  
Nunca viu Maria *[repeat last four lines]*

---

Juca was arrested for dancing,  
It was part of his romancing,  
Serenading his Maria,  
Who was finding it entrancing.  
Two policemen, reconnoitering,  
Decided he was loitering.

Outside the shops  
Along that street in Rio,  
He tried to get the cops  
To make the act a trio.

Juca was a little disgusted  
When they took him into custod-  
Y -- He said, "Now just for dancing  
Can a guy get busted?"  
His defense was very short:  
He did a samba in the court,  
And yet the judge said "Guilty! Why, the very idea!"  
But he hadn't danced in years and never met Maria.  
Juca said, "It sure would be a great idea  
If judges learned to dance,  
And if they met my Maria."



## L-Y

### words and music by Tom Lehrer

from *The Electric Company*

You're wearing your squeaky shoes,  
And right there taking a snooze  
Is a tiger, so how do you walk on by?  
(*loud whisper*) Silently, silently,  
Silent - L - Y.

You're a secret agent man  
Who's after the secret plan.  
How do you act so they don't know you're a spy?  
(*acting suspiciously*) Normally, normally,  
Normal - L - Y.

At an eating contest you boast  
That you can eat the most.  
How do you down your fiftieth piece of pie?  
(*nauseated*) Eagerly, eagerly,  
Eager - L - Y.

On the lake your boat upset,  
And your clothes got soaking wet.  
How do you stand and wait for them to dry?  
(*shivering*) D-d-d-d-d-patiently, D-d-d-d-d-patiently,  
D-d-d-d-d-patient - L - Y.

In the public library  
You fall and hurt your knee,  
But the sign says QUIET PLEASE, so how can you cry?  
(*crying*) Quietly, quietly,  
Quiet - L - Y.

As you walk along the street  
A porcupine you meet.  
How do shake his hand when he says "hi"?  
(*warily*) Carefully, carefully,  
Careful - L - Y.

You enter a very dark room,  
And sitting there in the gloom  
Is Dracula!  
Now how do you say goodbye?  
(*fast*) Immediately, immediately,  
Immediate - L - Y.

## A LITER AND A GRAM

words by Tom Lehrer  
music by Frank Loesser  
(“A Bushel and a Peck” from *Guys and Dolls*)

I love you a liter and a gram  
A liter and a gram, and it's crazy that I am  
A meter and a yard and a newton and a watt  
A newton and a watt, and I wanna know a lot  
About you  
About you

*(Chorus)* A meter and a liter  
Nothin' could be sweeter

'Cause I love you a liter and a gram  
And it's crazy that I am for you.

I love you a poundal and a dyne  
A poundal and a dyne, and I wanna make you mine  
A footpound and an erg and a joule and a calorie  
A joule and a calorie, and I wanna spend my salary  
On you  
On you

*(Chorus)* Centigrades and Fahrenheits  
You lift me up to darin' heights

'Cause I love you a poundal and a dyne  
And I wanna make you mine, I do.

# LOBACHEVSKY

## words and music by Tom Lehrer

*Author's note: Most of the following is meant to be spoken rather than sung, freely in some cases and rhythmically in others. The specific accompaniment used by the author on his recording would require too many pages to write out and is therefore omitted. Prospective performers of the piece (if any) are advised to heed its basic precept and plagiarize the author's version.*

*The author would like to make it clear that, although Nicolai Ivanovich Lobachevsky (1793-1856) was a genuine, and indeed eminent, mathematician, the peccadillos attributed to him herein are not substantiated by history. The format of the song was suggested by a Danny Kaye-Sylvia Fine routine entitled "Stanislavsky", and the name of the protagonist was chosen for purely prosodic reasons.*

- (spoken)* Who made me the genius I am today,  
The mathematician that others all quote?  
Who's the professor that made me that way?  
The greatest that ever got chalk on his coat.
- (sung)* One man deserves the credit,  
One man deserves the blame,  
And Nicolai Ivanovich Lobachevsky is his name.  
Hi!  
Nicolai Ivanovich Lobach ---
- (spoken)* I am never forget the day I first meet the great Lobachevsky.  
In one word he told me secret of success in mathematics:  
Plagiarize!  
Plagiarize!  
Let no one else's work evade your eyes.  
Remember why the good Lord made your eyes,  
So don't shade your eyes,  
But plagiarize, plagiarize, plagiarize ---  
Only be sure always to call it please "research".
- (sung)* And ever since I meet this man my life is not the same.  
And Nicolai Ivanovich Lobachevsky is his name.  
Hi!  
Nicolai Ivanovich Lobach ---
- (spoken)* I am never forget the day I am given first original paper to write.  
It was on analytic and algebraic topology of locally Euclidean  
metrization of infinitely differentiable Riemannian manifold.  
*Bozhe moi!*  
This I know from nothing.  
But I think of gtreat Lobachevsky and get idea --- ahah!
- (sung)* I have a friend in Minsk,  
Who has a friend in Pinsk,  
Whose friend in Omsk  
Has friend in Tomsk  
With friend in Akmolinsk.  
His friend in Alexandrovsk

Has friend in Petropavlovsk,  
Whose friend somehow  
Is solving now  
The problem in Dnepropetrovsk.

And when his work is done ---  
Haha! --- begins the fun:  
From Dnepropetrovsk to Petropavlovsk,  
By way of Iliysk and Novorossiysk,  
To Alexandrovsk to Akmolinsk  
To Tomsk to Omsk to Pinsk to Minsk  
To me the new will run,  
Yes, to me the news will run.

And then I write  
By morning, night,  
And afternoon,  
And pretty soon  
My name in Dnepropetrovsk is cursed,  
When he finds out I publish first.

And who made me a big success and brought me wealth and fame?  
Nicolai Ivanovich Lobachevsky is his name.  
Hi!  
Nicolai Ivanovich Lobach ---

*(spoken)* I am never forget the day my first book is published.  
Every chapter I stole from somewhere else.  
Index I copy from old Vladivostok telephone directory.  
Thie book was sensational!  
*Pravda* --- well --- *Pravda* --- *Pravda* said:  
*(\*\*)*  
"It stinks!"  
But *Izvestia* --- *Izvestia* said:  
*(\*\*)*  
"It stinks!"  
Metro-Goldwyn-Moskva buys movie rights for six million rubles,  
Changing title to "The Eternal Triangle",  
With Ingrid Bergman playing part of hypotenuse.

*(sung)* And who deserves the credit?  
And who deserves the blame?  
Nicolai Ivanovich Lobachevsky is his name.  
Hi!

*(\*\*)* At each of these two junctures one should insert some phrase in Russian (if the audience does not speak Russian) or some Russian double-talk (if it does). The author's own choices varied from performance to performance, ranging from the merely inappropriate to the distinctly obscene.

# The Love Song of the Physical Anthropologist

words & music by Tom Lehrer

Let me tell you of  
The mammal that I love,  
She's lovely, she's charming, she's divine.  
That ectomorphic, hypsicranial, rufipilous, leptorrhinian  
Metricephalic gal of mine.

Oh, the touch is grand  
Of her pentadactyl hand,  
She's my mesoprosopic valentine.  
That eurypellic, orthorachic, brachydontic, stenomeric,  
Dolichocnemic leptosome of mine.

Though you might wish this chordate  
Instead of mine were your date,  
You haven't got a chance, its plain to see,  
For nothing is more alien  
To this marvelous mammalian  
Than affection shown to anyone but me.

Oh, her eyes are blue  
(And they're oxybleptic too),  
She's endothermic, and that suits me fine.  
That eurypellic, orthorachic, brachydontic, stenomeric,  
Bathycolpian, leiodermtous, callipygian, platyhieric,  
Ectomorphic, rufipilous, leptorrhinian  
Metricephalic little gal of mine.

[Note: This song was prompted by the observation that all love songs that actually describe any physical aspect of the beloved limit their compliments to such things as hair, eyes, lips, hands, etc. Physical anthropologists, on the other hand, have a whole arsenal of descriptive adjectives at their disposal.]

## MLF LULLABY

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Sleep, baby, sleep, in peace may you slumber,  
No danger lurks, your sleep to encumber.  
We've got the missiles, peace to determine,  
And one of the fingers on the button will be German.

Why shouldn't they have nuclear warheads?  
England says no, but they all are soreheads.  
I say a bygone should be a bygone,  
Let's make peace the way we did in  
Stanleyville and Saigon.

Once all the Germans were warlike and mean,  
But that couldn't happen again.  
We taught them a lesson in 1918  
And they've hardly bothered us since then.

So, sleep well, my darling, the sandman can linger.  
We know our buddies won't give us the finger.  
Heil - hail - the Wehrmacht ---  
I mean the Bundeswehr ---  
Hail to our loyal ally!  
M.L.F.  
Will scare Brezhnev.  
I hope he is half as scared as I!

## (We're Gonna Put) A MAN ON THE MOON

words and music by Tom Lehrer

(performed on "That Was the Week that Was" on April 27, 1965)

We're gonna put a man on the moon --- Gloryosky!  
Every taxpayer from Florida to Oregon  
Says that twenty billion dollars is a bar-a-gain.

We're gonna put a man on the moon --- Leapin' lizards!  
So if we can trim the budget, we will trim it,  
*But* when it comes to space, the sky's the limit.

For floods and fires and famines we can't spare an extra quarter,  
So up and down the Mississippi folks are treading water,  
    But still there is no doubt  
    That they're proud to be wiped out.  
It's worth it  
To put a man on the moon.

If we could spare the money, we perhaps could find the answer  
To why so many people die of heart disease and cancer,  
    But, heck, they're *glad* to go.  
    It's worth it just to know  
That the money  
Will put a man on the moon.

But don't complain of empty pockets or empty pantries.  
Think of all those sexy rockets sitting on their gantries.  
    We're proud of every orbit,  
    And I hope you're doing your bit  
    To help us land there soon.  
        Let's crack down on all tax dodgers  
        So some nut can play Buck Rogers,  
        When we put a man on the moon.

*Note: The first man on the moon was Neil Armstrong on July 20, 1969.*

## THE MASOCHISM TANGO

words and music by Tom Lehrer

I ache for the touch of your lips dear,  
But much more for the touch of your  
whips, dear,  
You can raise welts  
Like nobody else  
As we dance to the Masochism Tango.

Let our love be a flame, not an ember,  
Say it's me that you want to dismember  
Blacken my eye  
Set fire to my tie  
As we dance to the Masochism Tango

At your command,  
Before you here I stand,  
My heart is in my hand..... (*eechh!*)  
It's here that I must be.  
My heart entreats,  
Just hear those savage beats,  
And go put on your cleats,  
And come and trample me.

Your heart is hard as stone or mahogany.  
That's why I'm in such exquisite "ogany".  
My soul is on fire,  
I's aflame with desire,  
Which is why I perspire when we tango.

You caught my nose  
In your left castanet, love,  
I can feel the pain yet, love,  
Everytime I hear drums.  
And I envy the rose  
That you held in your teeth, love,  
With the thorns underneath, love,  
Sticking into your gums. (\*)

Your eyes cast a spell that bewitches.  
The last time I needed 20 stitches  
To sew up the gash  
You made with your lash,  
As we danced to the Masochism Tango.

Bash in my brain,  
And make me scream with pain,  
Then kick me once again,  
And say we'll never part.  
I know too well,  
I'm underneath your spell  
So darling if you smell  
Something burning, it's my heart.  
....(*hic!*)...*excuse me*...

Take your cigarette from its holder,  
And burn your initials in my shoulder.  
Fracture my spine  
And swear that you're mine,  
As we dance to the Masochism Tango

(\*) *Alternate version of these eight lines, as used in Tomfoolery:*

You caught my nose  
In your left castanet, love,  
I can never forget, love,  
How this passion was born.  
How I envied the rose  
That your teeth used to  
clench, love,  
When I tried something  
French, love,  
All I got was a thorn.



# THE MENU SONG

performed on *The Electric Company*  
by Morgan Freeman (Customer) and Rita Moreno (Waitress)

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Scene: A weird luncheonette.

Cast: C = Customer, W = Waitress or Waiter

Menu card lists: soup, sandwich, salad, dessert.

[The song was preceded by some dialogue.]

C: You got soup?

W: We got soup.

C: What kind of soup?

W: All kinds of soup.

We got beet soup

(That's a sweet soup),

Then there's meat soup,

Parakeet soup,

Shredded wheat soup,

And concrete soup,

And the special today: Dirty feet soup!

C: Dirty fee--- Hey, forget the soup! What else is on the menu? Sandwich, eh?

You got sandwiches?

W: We got sandwiches.

C: What kind of sandwiches?

W: All kinds of sandwiches.

We got a ham sandwich,

Or a jam sandwich,

Leg of lamb sandwich,

Or a clam sandwich,

Alabam' sandwich

(That's a yam sandwich),

Or how about a telegram sandwich?

C: That I gotta see. Bring me a telegram sandwich.

W: Sorry, I can't bring it to you. You'll have to eat it over the phone.

C: Okay, forget the sandwich. What's next on the menu? Salad?

You got salad?

W: We got salad.

C: What kind of salad?

W: All kinds of salad.

We got green salad,

Sardine salad,

Tangerine salad,

Magazine salad,

Jelly bean salad,

Blue jean salad,

And the special today: gasoline salad.

C: Gasoline salad? You gotta be kidding.

W: No, it's delicious. And every 6000 miles we change the oil in the dressing.

C: *NEVER MIND!* I'll just have dessert. Surely, you must have some simple dessert.  
You got ice cream?

W: We got ice cream.

C: What kind of ice cream?

W: All kinds of ice cream.

We got plum and rum and bubblegum,  
We got prune, balloon, and macaroon,  
We got grape and ape and scotch tape,  
We got lime and grime and choc'late slime,  
Sasparilla,  
Manzanilla,  
Caterpilla',  
And of course plain old-fashioned gorilla.

What would you like?

C: *[leaving]* Never mind. I'll just go over to the laundromat and have a bowl of soap flakes. (\*)

*(\*) The last line was (understandably) changed in the actual show.*

*The video of this song was included in the show Rita Moreno: Life Without Makeup, presented at the Berkeley Repertory Theater in 1911.*

# THE MUMBLE SONG

(as performed on *The Electric Company*)

**words & music by Tom Lehrer**

Lead vocal: Skip Hinnant

Scene: Skip unsuccessfully trying to tell his girlfriend (Judy Graubart), at various stages in their lives, how he feels about her. They get older in successive verses.

[Skip] My hands begin to fumble.  
My stomach starts to rumble.  
But what really makes me grumble  
Is my cookies start to crumble.  
All I can do is mumble, "I... luh... yoo..."

My feet begin to stumble.  
I'm just about to tumble.  
My thoughts are all a-jumble,  
And my bee forgets to bumble.  
All I can do is mumble, "Luv yoommm..."

You make me feel so, mmm, hummmble,  
That I stumble, tumble, jumble, bumble,  
Fumble, rumble, grumble, crumble,  
*[Trying to speak, but still incoherent]* "Ah lub yoom.."

[Judy] What?

[Skip] I said, "Ah luv... yoommm..."

[Judy] What?

[Skip] Pay attention. I said, "I luuuvvv... yooooo."

[Judy] Well, why didn't you say so in the first place?"

# N APOSTROPHE T (from "The Electric Company")

words and music by Tom Lehrer

SCENE: Outside the cave of a very grouchy hermit.

CAST: A hermit (H) and a very sweet child (C).

C: Isn't it a lovely day?  
H: No, it isn't!  
C: Could you come outside and play?  
H: No, I couldn't!  
C: Did you ever take a hike?  
H: No, I didn't!  
C: How'd you like to ride my bike?  
H: Frankly, I wouldn't!  
C: Isn't, couldn't, didn't, wouldn't -- Is that all you can say?  
H: Isn't, couldn't, didn't, wouldn't --- Yes, now go away!  
The sweetest sound to me,  
It stands for "not,"  
I like it a lot,  
It's spelled N apostrophe T.

C: Have you ever tried to smile?  
H: No, I haven't!  
C: Won't you try it for a while?  
H: No, I won't!  
C: Are there games to play in there?  
H: No, there aren't!  
C: Then why d'you like to stay in there?  
H: Frankly, I don't!  
C: Haven't, won't, aren't, don't -- Is that all you can say?  
H: Haven't, won't, aren't, don't --- And I said "Go away!"  
Grouches all agree,  
We get a glow  
From saying "NO!"  
With N apostrophe T.

C: Do you talk to anyone?  
H: (*wistfully*) No, I don't.  
C: Come on out and have some fun.  
H: (*hesitantly*) No, I couldn't.  
C: Can't you even tell me why?  
H: (*apologetically*) No, I can't.  
C: Will it kill you just to try?  
H: (*wanting to*) Well ..... I shouldn't.  
C: Don't, couldn't, can't, shouldn't -- Now try it once *my* way!  
Do!  
H: Do!  
C: Could!  
H: Could!  
C: Can!  
H: Can!  
C: Should!  
H: Should! Hey, that feels okay!  
C: So come along with me ---  
H: I'll give it a try  
And say goodbye  
To N apostrophe ---  
C: N apostrophe ---  
Both: N apostrophe T!

# NATIONAL BROTHERHOOD WEEK

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Oh, the white folks hate the black folks,  
And the black folks hate the white folks.  
To hate all but the right folks  
Is an old established rule.

But during National Brotherhood Week,  
National Brotherhood Week,  
Lena Horne and Sheriff Clarke are dancing cheek to cheek. (\*)  
It's fun to eulogize  
The people you despise,  
As long as you don't let 'em in your school.

Oh, the poor folks hate the rich folks,  
And the rich folks hate the poor folks.  
All of my folks hate all of your folks,  
It's American as apple pie.

But during National Brotherhood Week,  
National Brotherhood Week,  
New Yorkers love the Puerto Ricans 'cause it's very chic.  
Step up and shake the hand  
Of someone you can't stand.  
You can tolerate him if you try.

Oh, the Protestants hate the Catholics,  
And the Catholics hate the Protestants,  
And the Hindus hate the Moslems,  
And everybody hates the Jews.

But during National Brotherhood Week,  
National Brotherhood Week,  
It's National Everyone-smile-at-one-another-hood Week.  
Be nice to people who  
Are inferior to you.  
It's only for a week, so have no fear.  
Be grateful that it doesn't last all year!

*(\*) This line has been replaced many times  
by one with different appropriate pairings.*

# NEW MATH

words and music by Tom Lehrer

You can't take three from two,  
Two is less than three,  
So you look at the four in the tens place.  
Now that's really four tens  
So you make it three tens,  
Regroup, and you change a ten to ten ones,  
And you add 'em to the two and get twelve,  
And you take away three, that's nine.  
*Is that clear?*

$$\begin{array}{r} \textit{The problem is:} \quad 342 \\ - 173 \\ \hline 169 \end{array}$$

Now instead of four in the tens place  
You've got three,  
'Cause you added one,  
That is to say, ten, to the two,  
But you can't take seven from three,  
So you look in the hundreds place.

From the three you then use one  
To make ten ones...  
(And you know why four plus minus one  
Plus ten is fourteen minus one?  
'Cause addition is commutative, right!)  
And so you've got thirteen tens  
And you take away seven,  
And that leaves five...

*Well, six actually...  
But the idea is the important thing!*

Now go back to the hundreds place,  
You're left with two,  
And you take away one from two,  
And that leaves...?

*Everybody get one? Not bad for the first day!*

Hooray for New Math,  
New-hoo-hoo Math,  
It won't do you a bit of good to review math.  
It's so simple,  
So very simple,  
That only a child can do it!

*Now, that actually is not the answer that I had in mind, because the book that I got this problem out of wants you to do it in base eight. But don't panic! Base eight is just like base ten really – if you're missing two fingers! Shall we have a go at it? Hang on...*

You can't take three from two, 342  
Two is less than three, - 173  
So you look at the four in the eights place. 147  
Now that's really four eights,  
So you make it three eights,  
Regroup, and you change an eight to eight ones  
And you add 'em to the two,  
And you get one-two base eight,  
Which is ten base ten,  
And you take away three, that's seven.  
*Ok?*

Now instead of four in the eights place  
You've got three,  
'Cause you added one,  
That is to say, eight, to the two,  
But you can't take seven from three,  
So you look at the sixty-fours...

*"Sixty-four? How did sixty-four get into it?" I hear you cry!  
Well, sixty-four is eight squared, don't you see?  
Well, you ask a silly question, you get a silly answer!*

From the three, you then use one  
To make eight ones,  
You add those ones to the three,  
And you get one-three base eight,  
Or, in other words,  
In base ten you have eleven,  
And you take away seven,  
And seven from eleven is four!  
Now go back to the sixty-fours,  
You're left with two,  
And you take away one from two,  
And that leaves?

*Now, let's not always see the same hands!  
One, that's right. Whoever got one can stay after the show and clean the erasers.*

Hooray for New Math,  
New-hoo-hoo Math!  
It won't do you a bit of good to review math.  
It's so simple,  
So very simple,  
That only a child can do it!

## THE NIGHT I APPEARED AS MACBETH

lyrics and music by William Hargreaves (1922)  
revised lyrics (in italics) by Tom Lehrer (1982)

*For most of my life, I confess it,  
I've had no desire for the stage,  
But one fateful night  
I was asked to recite,  
And Gadzooks, I was quickly the rage.  
Soon I knew that Macbeth was the one role  
That would certainly make my career,  
And my friends said, "Of course you must do it,  
So long as you don't do it here."  
So I went, hired a hall,  
And gave a performance that shattered them all.*

I acted so tragic  
The house rose like magic,  
The audience yelled, "You're sublime!"  
They made me a present  
Of Mornington Crescent.  
They threw it one brick at a time.  
*The crowd filled the air with their chatter and clatter  
And quite an assortment of vegetable matter.  
They jeered,  
And they sneered,  
Though they cheered at the scene of my death.  
I got no hosannas,  
Just eggs and bananas,  
The night I appeared as Macbeth.*

The play, though ascribed to Bill Shakespeare,  
To me lacked both polish and tone,  
*So I threw in some bits  
From some popular hits  
And a few comic lines of my own.  
Unfortunately, the director  
Decided the play was too long,  
So he forced me to cut out my tap-dance  
And half of my second-act song.  
All that work, gone to waste,  
Ah, but what can you do with a man with no taste?*

I acted so tragic,  
The house rose like magic,  
They wished David Garrick could see.  
But he's in the Abbey  
Then someone quite shabby  
Suggested that's where I should be.  
*They hooted like owls and they whistled like crickets,  
Especially those who had paid for their tickets.  
The witches  
Were in stitches,  
And the cast was soon quite out of breath.  
I cried, "Lay on, MacDuff!"  
They cried, "Lay off, enough!"  
The night I appeared as Macbeth.*



## **NO RICE** (It's Gotta Just Happen)

**words and music by Tom Lehrer**

(written for the 1983 production at UCSC of the musical *Park*)

No rice, no flowers,  
Friends I can't abide'll  
Give me no bridal  
Showers.  
No invitations  
To our relations,  
I wanna catch 'em nappin' --  
Oh no --- It's gotta just happen.

No fake good wishes,  
No in-laws dispatching  
Hundreds of matching  
Dishes.  
No electric toasters,  
No silver coasters,  
In elegant fancy wrappin' --  
Oh no --- It's gotta just happen.

And when the time is right -- if ever  
We'll turn to each other some night -- maybe never  
No scenes dramatic,  
No operatic  
Duets,  
Just "Hey,  
Whaddaya say?  
[spoken] Let's!

So as I've often stated,  
If I'm gonna wed, it  
Won't be premedit -- ated.  
I'm not sure it's going to happen,  
I'm not so sure I want it to happen,  
But if it happens  
It's gotta just happen  
Just (\*)  
Like  
That!

(\*) alternate ending replaces these 3 lines with:

It's gotta just happen  
That's how it's gotta happen to me.

*This song was written in 1973 for a student production, at the University of California, Santa Cruz, of the musical PARK. It was one of several interpolations by Tom Lehrer in the score of the original musical. The latter, with book and lyrics by Paul Cherry and music by Lance Mulcahy, opened on Broadway in 1970 and closed after five performances.*

## O-U (The Hound Song)

(from *The Electric Company*)

words by Tom Lehrer

music: "Caro Nome" from *Rigoletto*, by  
Giuseppe Verdi - (public domain)

I'm a very quiet hound.  
I don't bark or run around.  
I just lie here on the ground,  
With my head upon this mound.

No one knows where I can be found.  
If they knew, then they'd be bound  
To come and take me to the pound.  
That's why I don't dare make a sound.

# OEDIPUS REX

words and music by Tom Lehrer

From the Bible to the popular song  
There's one theme that we find right along.  
Of all ideals they hail as good  
The most sublime is Motherhood.  
There was a man, though, who, it seems,  
Once carried this ideal to extremes.  
He loved his mother and she loved him,  
And yet his story is rather grim:

There once was a man named Oedipus Rex.  
You may have heard about his odd complex.  
His name appears in Freud's index,  
'Cause he loved his mother.

His rivals used to say quite a bit  
That as a monarch he was most unfit,  
But still and all they had to admit  
That he loved his mother.

Yes, he loved his mother  
Like no other,  
His daughter was his sister, and his son was his brother.  
One thing on which you can depend is:  
He sure knew who a boy's best friend is.

When he found what he had done,  
He tore his eyes out one by one.  
A tragic end for a loyal son  
Who loved his mother.

So be sweet and kind to mother, now and then have a chat,  
Buy her candy or some flowers or a brand new hat,  
But maybe you had better let it go at that,  
Or you may find yourself with a quite complex complex,  
And you may end up like Oedipus ---  
I'd rather marry a duck-billed plectipus  
Than end up like old Oedipus Rex.

## **THE OLD DOPE PEDDLER**

**words and music by Tom Lehrer**

When the shades of night are falling,  
Comes a fellow everyone knows.  
It's the old dope peddler,  
Spreading joy wherever he goes.

Every evening you will find him,  
Around our neighborhood.  
It's the old dope peddler,  
Doing well by doing good.

He gives the kids free samples,  
Because he knows full well  
That today's young innocent faces  
Will be tomorrow's clientele.

Here's a cure for all your troubles,  
Here's an end to all distress.  
It's the old dope peddler  
With his powdered happiness.

# POISONING PIGEONS IN THE PARK

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Spring is here, spring is here.  
Life is skittles, and life is beer.  
I think the loveliest time of the year  
Is the spring, I do, don't you? Course you do!  
But there's one thing that makes spring complete for me  
And makes every Sunday a treat for me:

All the world seems in tune  
On a spring afternoon  
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park.  
Every Sunday you'll see  
My sweetheart and me  
As we poison the pigeons in the park

When they see us coming  
The birdies all try an' hide,  
But they still go for peanuts  
When coated with cyan-hide.  
The sun's shining bright,  
Everything seems all right  
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park.

We've gained notoriety  
And caused much anxiety  
In the Audubon Society  
With our games.  
They call it impiety  
And lack of propriety  
And quite a variety of unpleasant names.  
But it's not against any religion  
To want to dispose of a pigeon.

So, if Sunday you're free,  
Why don't you come with me,  
And we'll poison the pigeons in the park.  
And maybe we'll do  
In a squirrel or two  
While we're poisoning pigeons in the park.

We'll murder them all amid laughter and merriment,  
Except for the few we take home to experiment.  
My pulse will be quickenin'  
With each drop of strychnine  
We feed to a pigeon  
(It just takes a smidgin)  
To poison a pigeon in the park.

**POLAROID PHOTOGRAPHY SONG (long version)**

**written for the September 1980 Polaroid Sales Meeting**

**words by Tom Lehrer**

**tune: "The Major General's Song" from *The Pirates of Penzance*  
(Gilbert and Sullivan)**

Of uses for our photographs you'll find a multiplicity,  
From quality control to advertising and publicity,

Computer graphics, diagnostics, also radiometry,  
Endoscopy and dentistry and microdensitometry,

And micrometalography and paper chromatography,  
Spectrography, thermography, and color scintillography,

For studies biomedical and studies anatomical,

*[soft]* For bodies microscopic and

*[loud]* For bodies astronomical!

CHORUS: For bodies microscopic and for bodies astronomical,  
For bodies microscopic and for bodies astronomical,  
For bodies microscopic and for bodies astronomic-omical!

Geology, oncology, pathology, myology,  
Astrology --- astrology? --- forget it, my apology ---  
With spectroscopes, oscilloscopes, and cam'ras ultrasonical,  
There's hardly any science that is missing from this chronicle.

CHORUS: With spectroscopes, oscilloscopes, and cam'ras ultrasonical,  
There's hardly any science that is missing from this chronicle.

Acoustical holography, computerized tomography,  
Diffraction crystallography and autoradiography.  
In short, in ev'ry field from cosmic rays to choreography  
There's bound to be a way of using Polaroid photography.

CHORUS: In short, in every field from cosmic rays to choreography  
There's bound to be a way of using Polaroid photography.

*[Getting faster and faster:]*

In short, in ev'ry field from cosmic rays to choreography  
There's bound to be a way of using Polaroid photography.

CHORUS: In short, in every field from cosmic rays to choreography  
There's bound to be a way of using Polaroid photography.

*[recorded at Falmouth, Massachusetts, with the chorus and orchestra  
of the College Light Opera Company, conducted by Bill Tyler]*

**POLAROID PHOTOGRAPHY SONG (short version)**

written for a 1972 Polaroid promotional film

words by Tom Lehrer

tune: "The Major General's Song" from *The Pirates of Penzance*  
(Gilbert and Sullivan)

*(first 4 lines piano only)*

There's infra-red photography and high-speed oscillography,  
Micrography, macrography, and also keratography,  
Spirography, spectrography, diffraction crystallography,  
Thermography, holography, and autoradiography.

There's micrometallography and paper chromatography,  
Seismography, myography, and color scintillography,  
In short in every field from cosmic rays to choreography,  
There's bound to be a way of using Polaroid photography. (*gasp!* )

*An earlier version of this song, entitled "The Song of the NSA Warriors" (NSA was the National Student Association) was revised and retitled "Political Action Song" for use in the Hexagon Club show, performed March 1, 2, & 3, 1956, at the Holton-Arms School auditorium in Washington, D.C. The show was a benefit for the American Cancer Society.*

## **POLITICAL ACTION SONG**

**words and music by Tom Lehrer**

Now when it comes to anything political,  
We're int'rested, we're militant, we're critical.  
Though it's not quite evident  
Who it is we represent,  
We take stands and issue statements by the score.  
Ev'ry candidate, we know,  
Though he won't admit it's so,  
Would give anything to be the one we're for, we're for,  
Would give anything to be the one we're for.

And when we find an issue, we just dote on it.  
We hold meetings, we discuss it, and we vote on it.  
We don't let it get our goat.  
We just put it to a vote,  
And in this way any problem can be solved.  
What we vote on, we confess,  
Doesn't matter, more or less.  
What's important is the principle involved, involved,  
What's important is the principle involved.

We know that there's a bit of true adult in us,  
That Congress makes no move without consultin' us.  
We are fighting for the truth  
With the energy of youth  
And the singleness of purpose that we share.  
We look down upon the crowds  
With our heads up in the clouds  
And our feet planted firmly in midair, mid air,  
And our feet planted firmly in midair.



# POLLUTION

words and music by Tom Lehrer

If you visit American city,  
You will find it very pretty.  
Just two things of which you must beware:  
Don't drink the water and don't breathe the air!

Pollution, pollution!  
They got smog and sewage and mud.  
Turn on your tap  
And get hot and cold running crud!

See the halibuts and the sturgeons  
Being wiped out by detergeons.  
Fish gotta swim and birds gotta fly,  
But they don't last long if they try.

Pollution, pollution!  
You can use the latest toothpaste,  
And then rinse your mouth  
With industrial waste.

Just go out for a breath of air  
And you'll be ready for Medicare.  
The city streets are really quite a thrill --  
If the hoods don't get you, the monoxide will.

Pollution, pollution!  
Wear a gas mask and a veil.  
Then you can breathe,  
Long as you don't inhale!

Lots of things there that you can drink,  
But stay away from the kitchen sink!  
(\* The breakfast garbage that you throw into the Bay  
They drink at lunch in San Jose.

So go to the city,  
See the crazy people there.  
Like lambs to the slaughter,  
They're drinking the water  
And breathing [cough] the air!

(\* *This couplet was recorded in San Francisco in 1965 and can be replaced by: Throw out your breakfast garbage, and I've got a hunch  
That the folks downstream will drink it for lunch.  
There are other versions appropriate for particular cities.*

## POST-THANKSGIVING HYMN

words by Tom Lehrer

tune: "We Gather Together" (trad. Dutch)

*written for and used on the November 25, 1989, broadcast  
of Garrison Keillor's American Radio Company of the Air*

We gathered together to ask the Lord's blessing  
For turkey and dressing  
And cranberry sauce.  
It was slightly distressing,  
But now we're convalescing,  
So sing praises to his name,  
And remember to floss.

Our nearest and dearest, we don't mind confessing.  
It's sort of depressing  
To have them so near.  
Our feelings suppressing,  
We concentrate on fressing,                   (*alt: We're sweetly acquiescing*)  
As loudly we proclaim  
That we're glad they were here.

We gathered together and got the Lord's blessing.  
(Of course we're just guessing,  
'Cause how can you tell?)  
Our stomachs are bloating,  
Our kidneys nearly floating,  
Hellos are very nice,  
But goodbyes can be swell.

*published in SING OUT magazine - September 2002*

# The Professor's Song

from *The Physical Revue*

words by Tom Lehrer

music by Arthur Sullivan  
"If You Give Me Your Attention"  
from *Princess Ida*

If you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am  
I'm a genius and a physicist (and something of a ham)  
I have tried for numerous degrees, in fact, I've one of each  
Of course that makes me eminently qualified to teach  
I understand the subject matter thoroughly, it's true  
And I can't see why it isn't all as obvious to *you*  
My lectures all are masterpieces, excellently planned  
Yet everybody tells me that I'm hard to understand  
    And I can't think why!

My diagrams are models of true art, you must agree  
And my handwriting is famous for its legibility  
When I write "gravitation" (*scrawls on blackboard*), say, or any other word  
For anyone to say he cannot read it is absurd  
My demonstrations all get more amazing every year  
Though, frankly, what they go to prove is sometimes less than clear  
And all my explanations are quite lucid, I am sure  
Yet everybody tells me that my lectures are obscure  
    And I can't think why!

Consider, for example, oscillation of a spring  
The force that acts upon it is a very simple thing  
It's  $kx^3$  --- or  $kx^2$  --- no, just  $kx$ , I'll bet  
The sign in front is plus – or is it minus?, I forget  
Well, anyway, there *is* a force, of that there is no doubt  
All these problems are quite trivial if you only think them out  
Yet people tell me, "I have memorized the whole term through  
Everything you've told us, but the problems I can't do."  
    *And I can't think why!*

## The Professor's Song (math version)

words by Tom Lehrer

music by Arthur Sullivan  
"If You Give Me Your Attention"  
from *Princess Ida*

If you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am  
I'm a brilliant math'matician (also something of a ham)  
I have tried for numerous degrees, in fact, I've one of each  
Of course that makes me eminently qualified to teach  
I understand the subject matter thoroughly, it's true  
And I can't see why it isn't all as obvious to *you*  
Each lecture is a masterpiece, meticulously planned  
Yet everybody tells me that I'm hard to understand  
    And I can't think why!

My diagrams are models of true art, you must agree  
And my handwriting is famous for its legibility  
Take a word like "minimum" (to choose a random word) \*  
For anyone to say he cannot read that is absurd  
The anecdotes I tell get more amusing every year  
Though, frankly, what they go to prove is sometimes less than clear  
And all my explanations are quite lucid, I am sure  
Yet everybody tells me that my lectures are obscure  
    And I can't think why!

Take differentiation, it's as simple as can be,  
Like finding the derivative of tangent  $x$  --- let's see ---  
It's tangent squared ---  
No, secant squared ---  
No, just secant, I bet.  
The sign in front is plus --- or is it minus? I forget ---  
Well, it *does* have a derivative, of that there is no doubt.  
All these formulas are trivial if you only think them out  
Yet students tell me, "I have memorized the whole year through  
Ev'rythng you've told us, but the problems I can't do."  
    *And I can't think why!*

*\*The song was performed at a blackboard, and the professor wrote  
"minimum" in script without dotting the i's, making it illegible.*

## RELATIVITY

words by Tom Lehrer  
music: "Personality" by James Van Heusen  
from the movie *The Road to Utopia*

*Optional verse (tune: "Massa's in the Cold Cold Ground")*

Einstein was the first who stated  
-- He was the first who dared --  
Mass and energy are related  
By E equals m c squared.

When Isaac Newton wrote  
The laws that we all quote,  
It's now extremely apparent that he  
Neglected to consider  
Relativity.

What focused our attention  
On the fourth dimension?  
We'd been doing so well with just three.  
'Twas Mister Einstein's brain child,  
Relativity.

And who would think  
And who'd forecast  
That bodies shrink  
When they go fast?  
It makes old Isaac's theory  
Look w-e-o-ry.

And so if you are near  
When atom bombs appear,  
And you're reduced to a pile of debris,  
You'll know it's largely due to  
Relativity.

*In The Physical Revue this song was preceded by the following dialogue:*

*Student: May I ask you a question, sir?*

*Professor: Certainly*

*Student: Well, would you say that a relativistic approach to the non-synthetic aspects of Newtonian mechanics is useful in formulating a comprehensive ontology for the metaphysical ramifications of these essentially empirical manifestations?*

*Professor: Ummmm.... No!*

*Student: Well, what would you say?*

*Professor: I would say that a relativistic approach to the non-synthetic aspects of Newtonian mechanics is not useful in formulating a comprehensive ontology for the metaphysical ramifications of these essentially empirical manifestations.*

*But I do think this course underestimates the importance of relativity, and I would like you to hear a few words in its behalf.*

$$s = \frac{1}{2} g t^2$$

words and music by Tom Lehrer (tune: "Te Amo")

PROFESSOR: s is one half g t squared  
 p v equals n r t  
 K E is one half m v squared  
 And T is 2  $\pi$  times the square root of L over g.

STUDENT: I try my level best,  
 And I cram for ev'ry test,  
 And I do all my work without delaying.  
 I'm certainly not lazy,  
 But I think I'll soon go crazy,  
 'Cause I don't understand a word he's saying.  
 I hope they overlook this course,  
 For why I ever took this course  
 Will always be a mystery to me.  
 But still I wish I knew  
 Just what the dean will do  
 If I don't get a C.

PROFESSOR:

STUDENT:

The force is mass  
 Times acceleration.  
 Yes, the force is the mass  
 Times the acceleration, or more  
 precisely, the time derivative  
 of the linear momentum.

I think he said the force,  
 I know that word, of course,  
 It's all becoming clear,  
 But it's too late, I fear.

There he goes again!

s is one half g t squared  
 p v equals n r t  
 K E is one half m v squared  
 And T is 2  $\pi$  times the square  
 root of L over g.

I try my level best, and I cram for ev'ry test,  
 I'm certainly not lazy, but I think I'll soon go crazy,  
 'Cause I don't understand a word he's saying.  
 I hope they overlook this course,  
 For why I ever took this course  
 Will always be a mystery to me.  
 But still I wish I knew just what the dean will do  
 If I don't get a C.

Over g

a C

Over g

a C

Square root of L by g.

If I don't get a C.



# The SAC Song

*as sung by Rod Taylor in the movie "A Gathering of Eagles" (1963)*

**words and music by Tom Lehrer**

Here at SAC we're filled with pride,  
There's just one thing we can't decide:  
Which we'd rather get clobbered by ---  
An enemy attack or an O. R. I.

Our Wing Commander's got a racket,  
Though sometimes it's hard to hack it.  
Whenever he gets his wife alone ---  
Ding-a-ling-a-ling goes the little red phone.

We love the seven-day alert,  
For a week we will not see a skirt.  
We know it's part of SAC's main goal ---  
To test our positive control.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,  
Whatever became of the wild blue yonder?  
How we wish the good old days were back --  
In SAC!



## The SAC Song (extra lyrics – not used)

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Inspector Generals don't scare *me*,  
'Cause I've got job security,  
No sweat -- no need to cry and sob ---  
'Cause what kind of nut would want *my* job?

Let the guys who fly commercial airlines  
Get ulcers and receding hairlines.  
We stay calm when things are looking black ---  
In SAC.

Now if SAC figured *me* for married life,  
They would have *issued* me a wife!  
There's no essential that we ever lack ---  
In SAC.

The missile boys were trained to fly,  
They know their way around the sky.  
After years of training they are found ---  
Pushing buttons underground.

When peace and quiet we have found,  
That old alert is sure to sound,  
And ev'ry time we hear that klaxon,  
We say a few words in Anglo-Saxon.

Insider verses:

When some of the guys are home, I know,  
Their wives sure keep them on the go.  
With walls to paint and lawns to mow --  
They count an Alert as CTO.

One AC went out with his date,  
And he drank beer till very late.  
He passed out on his second quart --  
She scored it as a ground abort.

Verse for Delbert Mann:

Those big B-52s, I know,  
Sure cost the country lots of dough.  
One costs almost as much, I think,  
As one week's gross of *Touch of Mink*.

## SCENERY

words by Tom Lehrer  
music by James van Heusen  
tune: "Harmony" (from *Variety Girl* - 1947)  
written for and used in shows at Camp Androscoggin

*(Enter in front of curtain)*

If it is not exactly clear  
Why I'm here,  
You may think it's part of the plot,  
But it's not.  
This song I bring  
Is just a silly thing,  
Which I will only sing,  
You see,  
To give them time to change the scenery.

Scenery, scenery,  
The only reason that there is for this here song  
Is to help the guys along.

*(turning upstage)* Tell us now, are you ready for us?  
*(all backstage yell:)* NO!  
*(to audience)* Well, in that case, I will sing another chorus.

If you should ask me why this song  
Is so long,  
All I can say is just that I'm  
Killing time.  
As you must know,  
I didn't write this show,  
And so you mustn't go  
Blaming me.  
I'm here to let them change the scenery.

Scenery, scenery,  
And if you think this song is silly as can be,  
I admit that I agree.

*(turning upstage)* Tell us now, are you ready for us?  
*(all backstage yell:)* YES!  
*(to audience)* Well, in that case, you are spared another chorus.

*(Exit)*

*Note: Can be done as a solo or by a small group (changing "I" to "we," etc.)  
A dance interlude may be inserted if the song still isn't long enough  
to accommodate the scene change.*



# SEND THE MARINES

words and music by Tom Lehrer

When someone makes a move  
Of which we don't approve,  
Who is it that always intervenes?  
U.N. and O.A.S.,  
They have their place, I guess,  
But first –  
Send the Marines!

*alt: We know that the U.N  
Is helpful now and then*

We'll send them all we've got, (\*)  
John Wayne and Randolph Scott;  
Remember those exciting fighting scenes?  
To the shores of Tripoli, (\*\*)  
But not to Mississippoli,  
What do we do?  
We send the Marines!

For might makes right,  
And till they've seen the light,  
They've got to be protected,  
All their rights respected,  
Till somebody *we* like can be elected.

Members of the corps  
All hate the thought of war.  
They'd rather kill them off by peaceful means.  
Stop calling it aggression,  
Ooh, we hate that expression!  
We only want the world to know  
That we support the status quo.  
They love us everywhere we go,  
So when in doubt,  
Send the Marines!

(\*) Five lines replaced in *The Madness of George Dubya* by:  
Like Mel Gibson and Tom Cruise  
Our heroes never lose  
'Cause all we want is peace by any means  
And so when there's a war on,  
Despite the oxymoron

(\*\*) Two lines replaced in *Tomfoolery* by:  
From the halls of Montezuma  
To show our sense of huma

## SHAKESPEARE LIED (from *How Now, Dow Jones* (1968))

original lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, original music by Elmer Bernstein, adapted by Tom Lehrer

A: *Oh, God, I can't live without him! I'll die!*

B: *Die from love?*

A: *People have.*

B: *Aah! You've been reading too many books. Listen!*

B: Shakespeare lied.

When Juliet died,

Romeo didn't take poison just because he'd lost his bride.

A: What did he do?

B: He got over it.

He went back to Junior High, and he got over it.

And so will you.

You'll get over it.

A: So Romeo got himself a life,

But then, there's Othello, he murdered his wife!

B: But Shakespeare lied.

Othello may have cried,

But he never strangled Desdemona 'cause he thought she lied.

A: What did he do?

B: He got over it.

She found the handkerchief, and he got over it.

And so will you.

You'll get over it.

Just bear in mind that Shakespeare lied.

A: *Okay, how about Cleopatra?*

B: You recall that asp

In Cleopatra's grasp,

Well, she didn't yell "O, Antony" and gasp her final gasp.

A: *You're putting me on!*

B: *No!*

None the worse from it

She even made a stunning snakeskin purse from it.

And as for you ---

A: *I know!*

I'll get over it.

B: You'll get over it,

A: Okay, take Hamlet, he's a better test,

'Cause there was a guy who was *really* depressed.

B: But Shakespeare lied.

When all those people died,

Hamlet didn't just mope around and think of suicide.

A: What did he do?

*Don't tell me ---*

BOTH: He got over it.

B: *Right!*

He got himself some Prozac and got over it.

And so will you.

You'll get over it.

A: I'll get over it.

B: Love isn't fatal, as a rule,

Forget all that stuff you learned in school,

And bear in mind, whatever you decide

That Shake ----

A: So he made a mistake,

Speare ---

And I'm happy to hear he

BOTH: Lied!

## SHE'S MY GIRL

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Sharks gotta swim, and bats gotta fly,  
I gotta love one woman till I die.  
To Ed or Dick or Bob  
She may be just a slob,  
But to me, well,  
She's my girl.

In winter the bedroom is one large ice cube,  
And she squeezes the toothpaste from the middle of the tube.  
Her hairs in the sink  
Have driven me to drink,  
But she's my girl, she's my girl, she's my girl,  
And I love her.

The girl that I lament for,  
The girl my money's spent for,  
The girl my back is bent for,  
The girl I owe the rent for,  
The girl I gave up Lent for  
Is the girl that heaven meant for me.

So though for breakfast she makes coffee that tastes like  
sham--poo,  
I come home for dinner and get peanut butter stew,  
Or if I'm in luck,  
It's broiled hockey puck,  
But, oh well,  
What the hell,  
She's my girl,  
And I love her.

## SILENT E

from *The Electric Company*

**words and music by Tom Lehrer**

Who can turn a can into a cane?  
Who can turn a pan into a pane?  
It's not too hard to see  
It's Silent E

Who can turn a cub into a cube?  
Who can turn a tub into a tube?  
It's elementary  
For Silent E

He took a pin and turned it into pine  
He took a twin and turned him into twine

Who can turn a cap into a cape?  
Who can turn a tap into a tape?  
A little glob becomes a globe instantly  
If you just add Silent E

He turned a dam - Alikazam! - into a dame  
But my friend Sam stayed just the same

Who can turn a man into a mane?  
Who can turn a van into a vane?  
A little hug becomes huge instantly  
Don't add W, don't add X, and don't add Y or Z,  
Just add  
Silent E

# THE SLIDE RULE SONG

from *The Physical Revue*

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Don't bring the answers in on bits of paper,  
And don't be crude and write them on your cuff.  
The proctors would catch on to such a caper,  
And you can bet they'd get you soon enough.

Don't write them on your thumbnail, that's the worst place.  
Don't write them in the lining of your hat.  
You really shouldn't be here in the first place,  
If you can't be more original than that.

Against such things they have a justified rule,  
They expel you without benefit of doubt,  
But if you hide the answers in your slide rule,  
It's 8 to 5 that no one will find out.

CHORUS: Yes,

If you hide the answers in your slide rule,  
It's 8 to 5 that no one will find out.



# SMUT

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Smut!  
Give me smut and nothing but!  
A dirty novel I can't shut  
If it's uncut  
And unsubt-le.

I've never quibbled  
If it was ribald.  
I would devour  
Where others merely nibbled.  
As the judge remarked the day that he  
acquitted my Aunt Hortense,  
"To be smut  
It must be ut-  
Terly without redeeming social importense."

Por-  
Nographic pictures I adore.  
Indecent magazines galore,  
I like them more  
If they're hardcore.

*Bring on the obscene movies, murals,  
postcards, neckties, samplers, stained  
glass windows, tattoos, anything!  
More, more, I'm still not satisfied!*

Stories of tortures  
Used by debauchers  
Lurid, licentious and vile,  
Make me smile.  
Novels that pander  
To my taste for candor  
Give me a pleasure sublime.  
Let's face it, I love slime!

All books can be indecent books,  
Though recent books are bolder.  
For filth, I'm glad to say,  
Is in the mind of the beholder.

When correctly viewed,  
Everything is lewd.  
I could tell you things about Peter Pan,  
And the Wizard of Oz ---  
There's a dirty old man!

I thrill  
To any book like *Fanny Hill*,  
And I suppose I always will,  
If it is swill  
And really fil-thy.

Who needs a hobby like tennis or philately?  
I've got a hobby: rereading *Lady Chatterley*.  
But now they're trying to take it all away (\*)  
from us unless  
We take a stand, and hand in hand  
We fight for freedom of the press.

*In other words:*  
Smut! (*I love it.*)  
The adventures of a slut.  
Oh, I'm a market they can't glut.  
I don't know what  
Compares with smut.  
Hip, hip, hooray!  
Let's hear it for the Supreme Court!  
Don't let them take it away!

(\*) *These three lines were replaced in  
Tomfoolery by:*  
I love the Bill of Rights with all the fervor  
I possess,  
And when I pray, I always say,  
"Thank God for freedom of the press".

## SO LONG, MOM

words and music by Tom Lehrer

So long, Mom,  
I'm off to drop the bomb,  
So don't wait up for me.  
But while you swelter  
Down there in your shelter,  
You can see me  
On your TV.

While we're attacking frontally,  
Watch Brinkally and Huntally,  
Describing contrapuntally  
The cities we have lost.  
No need for you to miss a minute  
Of the agonizing holocaust.

Little Johnny Jones he was a U.S. pilot,  
And no shrinking vi'let was he.  
He was mighty proud when World War Three was declared.  
He wasn't scared,  
No siree!

And this is what he said on  
His way to armageddon:

So long, Mom,  
I'm off to drop the bomb,  
So don't wait up for me.  
But though I may roam,  
I'll come back to my home,  
Although it may be  
A pile of debris.

Remember, Mommy,  
I'm off to get a Commie,  
So send me a salami,  
And try to smile somehow.  
I'll look for you when the war is over ---  
An hour and a half from now

# SOCIOLOGY

words by Tom Lehrer

music by Irving Berlin

("Choreography" from the movie *White Christmas*)

1.

Strange  
Is the change  
They are trying to arrange  
Today in Sociology.

Fanatics  
In their attics  
Are learning mathematics  
Just for Sociology.

Persuasion  
By equation  
They all feel is much more satisfactory.  
In an ivory steeple,  
Far away from all people,  
They do research in Sociology.

2.

Guys  
Who wrote lies  
Now present them in disguise  
(A cinch in Sociology).

A tract  
Quite abstract  
Without one single fact  
Is splendid Sociology.

Birds  
Who used words  
Now all talk in terms of x and y and z.  
They can take one small matrix  
And really do great tricks  
All in the name of Sociology.

3.

Joes  
Who wrote pros  
Now write algebra. Who knows?  
It may be Sociology.

They're  
Everywhere  
Full of sigma and chi-square  
And full of --- Sociology.

They consult  
Sounding occult  
Talking like a mathematics Ph. D.  
They can snow all their clients  
By calling it "science"  
Although it's only Sociology.

4. (*extra verse*)

Kind souls  
Who took polls  
Now pursue much higher goals  
Today in Sociology

Don't condemn  
Any of them  
Hand in hand with IBM  
They're doing Sociology.

Graphs  
Once got laughs  
But now calculus you'll find is SOP.  
Folks who once were empirical  
Now all get lyrical  
Over the change in Sociology.

## SPEED'S SONG

written for Act 2, Scene 1, of an aborted musical  
version of *Two Gentlemen of Verona* at UCSC

words: Tom Lehrer

music: "Torna a Surriento" by Ernesto De Curtis

All day long you whine and whimper,  
Sighing sighs and looking vague,  
Fold your arms and look tormented  
(And) hide as if you had the plague.

War-bl-ing pathetic love songs,  
Tossing in your sleep at night,  
Weeping [*sob*] --- just as if you'd lost your mother,  
Fasting with no appetite.

Once you used to laugh at lovers  
When they spoke of how it feels,  
Weeping [*sob*] --- only when you needed money,  
Fasting only between meals.

You may be my master,  
But look how you behave!  
Love is the master now,  
You are the slave.

---

from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 2, Scene 1

*Valentine*: Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

*Speed*: She that your worship loves?

*Valentine*: Why, how know you that I am in love?

*Speed*: Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malcontent, to relish a love-song like a robin-redbreast, to walk alone like one that had the pestilence, to sigh like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C, to weep like a young wench that had buried her grandam, to fast like one that takes diet, to watch like one that fears robbing, to speak puling like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money. And now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

---

## THE SUBWAY SONG

words by Tom Lehrer

music: "M-O-T-H-E-R", by Theodore Morse (1915 - P.D.)  
(original lyrics by Howard Johnson)

H is for my Alma Mater, Harvard

C is Central, next stop on the line

K is for the kozy Kendall station

C is Charles, that overlooks the brine

P is Park Street, busy Boston center

W is Washington, you see

Put them all together, they spell "HCKC-PW" (\*)

Which is just about what Boston means to me.

(\*) *sound of throat-clearing and spitting*

Historical note: This is a song that I wrote after I first came to Cambridge in 1943. When I first took the subway ride from Cambridge into Boston, I noticed that the subway stations on the line had this interesting feature.

*Kendall has since been renamed Kendall/MIT.*

*Charles has since been renamed Charles/MGH.*

*Washington has since been renamed Downtown Crossing.*

**BOM TEMPO / SUNSHINE**  
music and Portuguese lyrics by Chico Buarque  
English lyrics by Tom Lehrer

Um marinheiro me contou  
Que a boa brisa lhe soprou  
Que vem aí bom tempo  
O pescador me confirmou  
Que o passarinho lhe cantou  
Que vem aí bom tempo

Dou duro tôda a semana  
Senão pergunte à Joana  
Que não me deixa mentir  
Mas finalmente é domingo  
Naturalmente me vingo  
Eu vou me espalhar por aí

No compasso do samba eu disfarço o cansaço  
Joana debaixo do braço  
Carregadinha de amor  
Vou que vou  
Pela estrada que dá numa praia dourada  
Que dá num tal de fazer nada  
Como a natureza mandou  
Alegría batendo no peito  
O radinho contando direito  
A vitória do meu tricolor  
Vou que vou  
Lá no alto o sol quente  
Me leva num salto  
Pro lado contrário do asfalto  
Pro lado contrário da dor       *etc.*

---

Though yesterday was pouring rain,  
Tomorrow may be hurricane,  
Ah, but today there's sunshine.  
So throw the calendar away,  
'Cause I declare a holiday,  
Come out and smell the sunshine.

I don't mind playing their game  
When ev'ry day is the same,  
Because the skies are gray.  
But I prefer warm hands and lips  
To rubber bands and paper clips  
On beautiful days like today.

So now is the time for decidin'  
On rowin' or runnin' or ridin'  
Or maybe an hour of hide - 'n -  
    Go - seek. (Don't peek!)  
You can start in by holding your hand out,  
I'll take it and show you it's grand out.  
With luck we'll be shakin' the sand out  
    All week.

# TAKE ME FOR A WALK

(written for the aborted revision of *Park*)

Trio - Sara (daughter), Austin (father), Elizabeth (mother) -- [or quartet, including Jamie (son)]

lyrics by Tom Lehrer (no music written)

Take me for a walk  
That's all I ask of you  
A simple walk, perhaps a talk,  
Exchanging points of view  
    An occasional quiet little stroll  
    Rejuvenates the soul  
    Not too energetic                   [alt: Nothing too athletic]  
    Merely peripatetic  
Millionaires can't measure  
What a simple pleasure -- means.  
They just don't have a glimmer  
Riding in their limou -- sines.

If they got out the lead  
And tried to walk instead  
They'd gladly throw their calendars away  
And say:  
Just take me for a walk with you  
To -  
Day.

*Optional: Cancel lunch and hold my calls  
And hand me down my overalls  
I'm going for a walk  
Today.*

INTERLUDE : A:     There surely must be something I can buy you  
[mostly spoken]     With which to ply you  
                          And satisfy you  
                          A trip to Tahiti?  
S:     Forget it, sweetie.  
A:     A new Ferrari?  
E:     [yawns ] Terribly sorry.  
A:     A color TV? A Ph.D.? A nightingale? The Holy Grail?  
                          Well, how about a diamond ring  
                          Or anything I possess?  
S,E:   Sir, what do you take us for?  
A:     A walk, I guess.  
S,E:   That's more like it!

Take me for a walk  
Take a walk with me  
We'll traipse along, And sing a song,  
As jaunty as can be.

An adventurous early morning hike  
Is what I'd really like  
No destination  
And not much perspiration

We could simply mosey  
To a green and cozy -- glen  
Savor the aroma  
Till we head for home a -- gain.

S,E: We could be climbing a peak with a stick and a pack

A: Spending a week with a crick in my back  
But nevertheless I'll join you, if I may --

S,E: Okay!

(Alternating:) We can amble along  
Or shamble along  
Or toddle along  
Or waddle along  
Or swagger along  
Or stagger along  
Our way -- Hey!  
Please take me for a walk with you  
To --  
Day.



## TANGO DE LA MENEGILDA (from *La Gran Vía*)

Spanish lyrics by D. F. Perez, music by Federico Chueca & Joaquin Valverde  
English version by Tom Lehrer

Life is brutal,  
If you must work as a maid.  
Hopeless, futile,  
Overworked and underpaid.  
And if you just surrender,  
And if you don't learn to use your head,  
Though you may live to a hundred,  
You'll still end up in a poorhouse bed.

As for me, I must say,  
There were skills that I learned right away.  
Clothes to wash, beds to make,  
Floors to sweep, meals to cook, cakes to bake.  
But it didn't take me long to see  
That life was passing me by.  
I consulted with my conscience.  
It said, "Listen, honey,  
You've learned how to bake,  
Now just learn how to take  
Your piece of the cake."

I caught on so well, before anyone knew it,  
I had some nice clothes and a trinket or two.  
Perhaps you are wond'ring "How does she do it?"  
With jewelry and dresses,  
My road to success is ---  
I'd give you three guesses,  
But I think one will do.

I was sent out  
Shopping alone every day.  
When I went out,  
They'd give me money to pay,  
And out of each ten duros  
I'd end up spending, say, eight or nine,  
And what was left I deposited  
With a soldier friend of mine.

Then one day I came back  
And I found I'd been given the sack  
Don't know why, don't know how,  
And I laugh when I think of it now.  
When my mistress had finished screaming,  
Her son whispered in my ear.  
As he paid me my back wages,  
He said, "Listen, honey, you know what I think."  
And he said with a wink,  
"Let me buy you a drink."

I've worked for so many and gotten so clever,  
That's how I arrived where you find me today.  
I work for an old man who can't live forever.  
At the end of my journey  
With money to burn, e-  
Ven power of attorney,  
What more can I say?

### original lyrics

Pobre chica  
la que tiene que servir.  
Más valiera  
que se llegase a morir.  
Porque si es que no sabe  
por las mañanas brujulear  
aunque mil años viva  
su paradero es el hospital.

Cuando yo vine aquí  
lo primero que al pelo aprendí  
fue a fregar a barrer  
a guisar, a planchar y a coser.  
Pero viendo que estas cosas  
no me hacían prosperar  
consulté con mi conciencia  
y al punto me dijo: "Aprende a sisar  
Aprende a sisar  
Aprende a sisar."

Salí tan mañosa, que al cabo de un año  
tenía seis trajes de seda y satén.  
A nada que ustedes discurran un poco  
ya han adivinado  
ya se han figurado  
de dónde saldría  
para ello el parné.

Yo iba sola  
por la mañana a comprar,  
y me daban  
tres duros para pagar  
y de sesenta reales  
gastaba treinta, o un poco más  
y lo que me sobraba  
me lo guardaba un melitar.

Yo no sé como fue  
que un domingo después de comer  
yo no sé que pasó  
que mi ama a la calle me echó  
pero al darme el señorito  
la cartilly y el parné  
me decía por lo bajo  
"Te espero en tal parte tomando café  
Tomando café, tomando café."

Después de este lance serví a un boticario,  
serví a una señora que andaba muy mal  
me vine a esa casa y allí estoy al pelo,  
pues sirvo a un abuelo  
que el pobre está lelo  
y yo soy el ama  
y punto final.

*Many performances of this song are on  
YouTube, including a good one by Pasión Vega at  
[www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q0T92BvNVTs](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q0T92BvNVTs)*

# TE AMO

words and music by Tom Lehrer (with thanks to Munro Edmonson)

HE: Te amo, vida de mi vida,  
Te amo con todo mi corazón.  
Por tí yo muero, mi querida,  
Déjame decirte mi pasión.

SHE: The moon is high above,  
And I'm in the mood for love,  
And I just love the song he is *playing*,  
The night is so romantic,  
But it's driving me just frantic,  
Cause I don't understand a word he's  
saying.  
My troubles all might vanish  
If I knew a little Spanish,  
But I'm afraid it's only Greek to me.  
And yet I wish I knew  
Just what the guy would do  
If I should say "Si, Si."

HE: Mi amor,  
Un favor  
Yo te pido.  
Mi amor,  
Un favor  
Un besito de contestación.  
(Alt.: Yo te pido solamente que  
me envíes tu un beso del balcón.)

SHE: I think he said "amor."  
I've heard that word before.

I'm almost sure that love  
Is what he's thinking of.

There he goes again!

Te amo,  
vida  
de mi vida.  
Te amo  
con todo  
mi corazón.  
Por tí  
yo muero,  
mi querida.  
Déjame  
decirte  
mí pasión.

The moon is high above,  
And I'm in the mood for love,  
And I just love the song that he's playing.  
The night is so romantic,  
But it's driving me just frantic,  
'Cause I don't understand a word he's saying.  
My troubles all might vanish  
If I knew a little Spanish,  
But I'm afraid it's only Greek to me.  
And yet I wish I knew  
Just what the guy would do,  
If I should say "Si, Si."

Si, Si?

Si, Si!

Si, Si?

Si, Si!

Ella dice "Si, Si"!

So we shall see, Si, Si!

# THANK HIM FOR ME

WORDS BY TOM LEHRER

Once upon a timeless past  
Someone with a faceless name  
    Opened a door for you,  
    Opened much more for you.

Maybe that was miles ago,  
But he is with you just the same.  
    He helped you to be  
    What you are to me  
    Today.

    So now it's me, and now it's you, and now it's us  
    But it didn't,  
    No, it didn't have to be,  
    And so when you see him,  
    If you ever see him,  
    Thank him for me.

Miracles don't just appear fully grown.  
They start off as wonders  
That have to be tended  
    And nourished and mended  
    Until they are splendid  
    Enough to go out on their own.

And somewhere in the timeless past  
Is someone to be grateful to,  
    Like yesterday's vine  
    That made today's wine.

Maybe he has someone now  
Who's happy that a part of you  
    Is somehow still his,  
    Wherever he is  
    Today.

    And now it's me, and now it's you, and now it's us.  
    And it didn't,  
    No, it didn't have to be,  
    And so when you see him,  
    If you ever see him,  
    Thank him for me.

*(There have been two settings for these lyrics,  
one by TL and one by Michael Gould.)*

# THAT'S MATHEMATICS

**words and music by Tom Lehrer**

Counting sheep --- when you're trying to sleep,

Being fair --- when there's something to share,

Being neat --- when you're folding a sheet,

That's mathematics!

When a ball --- bounces off of a wall,

When you cook --- from a recipe book,

When you know --- how much money you owe,

That's mathematics!

How much gold

Can you hold

In an elephant's ear?

When it's noon

On the moon,

Then what time is it here?

If you could count for a year,

Would you get to infinity

Or somewhere in that vicinity?

When you choose --- how much postage to use,

When you know --- what's the chance it will snow,

When you bet --- and you end up in debt,

Oh, try as you may,

You just can't get away

From mathematics!

Tap your feet --- keeping time to the beat

Of a song --- while you're singing along,

Harmonize --- with the rest of the guys,

Yes, try as you may,

You just can't get away

From mathematics!

Optional verse, to be inserted before "Tap your feet....."

Andrew Wiles  
Gently smiles,  
Does his thing, and voilà!  
Q.E.D.,  
We agree,  
And we all shout "hurrah!"  
As he confirms what Fermat  
Jotted down in that margin  
(Which could have used some enlargin').

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:**

This song was originally written to and intended to be sung to the tune of "That's Entertainment" (lyrics by Howard Dietz, music by Arthur Schwartz, from the movie *The Bandwagon*). It was written in 1985 as a potential theme song for a Children's Television Workshop series, which was eventually called "Square One TV". In 1993 it was used as part of a celebration, presented by the Mathematical Sciences Research Institute of Berkeley, California, in honor of Andrew Wiles's proof of Fermat's Last Theorem. The optional verse about Wiles was added for that occasion. However, the owners of the copyright to "That's Entertainment" refused to allow the music to be used, so I wrote an original tune. My words may of course be sung to the tune of "That's Entertainment".

# THERE'S A DELTA FOR EVERY EPSILON

(Calypso)

words and music by Tom Lehrer (1949)

There's a delta for ev'ry epsilon,  
It's a fact that you can always count upon.  
There's a delta for ev'ry epsilon --  
And now and again  
There's also an N.

But one condition I must give:  
The epsilon must be positive.  
A lonely life all the others live,  
In no theorem  
A delta for them.

How sad, how cruel, how tragic!  
How pitiful, and other adjec -  
Tives that I might mention.  
The matter merits our attention.  
If an epsilon is a hero  
Just because it is greater than zero,  
It must be mighty discouragin'  
To lie to the left of the "uragin."

This rank discrimination is not for us.  
We must fight for an enlightened calculus,  
Where epsilons all, both minus and plus,  
Have deltas  
To call their own.

# TREES

**words by Joyce Kilmer**  
**music by Oscar Rasbach (P.D.)**  
**adapted by Tom Lehrer**

I reckon I shall never see  
A pome as purty as a tree.  
A tree whose hungry mouth finds room  
Against old Mother Earth's bazoom,  
A tree that looks at God all day,  
Because it cannot run away.  
A tree that may in summer wear  
A mess of buzzards in her hair,  
On whose bazoom the snow has lain,  
Who now and then shacks up with rain.  
Pomes are made by jerks like me,  
But only God ---  
I said God ---  
I mean God ---  
Can make a tree.

*Original poem by Joyce Kilmer:*

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.  
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;  
A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;  
A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;  
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.  
Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

*free sheet music for the original song may be found online, e.g., at [digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu](http://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu)*

# UNSONG

words and music by Tom Lehrer

(This song was written on spec in 1987 for a prospective TV series for the Disney Channel (never produced) intended to teach reading to children. Presumably, it would have been the soundtrack to an animated segment.)

[The characters: A is a nice guy, who wouldn't dream of making trouble for anyone. B is diabolical and loves to make trouble for people just for the fun of it. As we start, A is putting his wardrobe in order. During the first section A gradually becomes aware of what B is up to.]

A: I fold the shirt  
    B: I unfold the shirt  
A: I lace the shoes  
    B: I unlace the shoes  
A: I stack the clothes  
    B: And I unstack them  
A: I pack the clothes  
    B: And I unpack them  
    It should be clear to anyone:  
    Anything you can do --- I can un.

A (spoken): *Why, that's the most unheard of thing I ever heard of!*  
B (spoken): *I think you're getting the idea.*

A: I wrap the box  
    B: I unwrap the box  
A: I tie the string  
    B: I untie the string  
A: [trying to keep B away] I lock the door [between them]  
    B: And I unlock it  
A: I block the door  
    B: And I unblock it  
    Undoing things is lots of fun --  
    Anything you can do --- I can un.

A: I button my shirt  
    B: I unbutton your shirt [it falls off]  
A: I buckle my belt  
    B: I unbuckle your belt [pants fall down]  
A: [getting angry] I dress again  
    B: Well, just to impress you  
    I undress you. [A's clothes fall off, down to underwear. A sneezes.]  
    Bless you!

A (spoken): *Why, you unspeakable, unbelievable, unscrupulous, unmitigated...*  
B (spoken): *Don't forget "unfair"!*

A: I comb my hair  
    B: I uncomb your hair [it's a mess]  
A: I blow my nose [blows]  
    B: I unblow your nose [A inhales]  
A: *Oh, yukk!*  
    I make the bed  
    B: And I unmake it  
A: [trying to stop B, falls on bed -- it collapses] *Oops! I break the bed*  
    B: And I unbreak it  
A: [surprised that B has actually done something helpful] *Why, thank you!*  
    B: *You're unwelcome -- it was unintentional*

BOTH: "Un" can undo whatever you've (I've) done  
    Anything you (I) can do, I (you) can un!



# THE VATICAN RAG

words and music by Tom Lehrer

First you get down on your knees  
Fiddle with your rosaries  
Bow your head with great respect  
And genuflect, genuflect, genuflect!

Do whatever steps you want if  
You have cleared them with the pontiff  
Everybody say his own  
Kyrie eleison  
Doin' the Vatican Rag.

Get in line in that processional  
Step into that small confessional  
There the guy who's got religion'll  
Tell you if your sin's original.

If it is, try playin' it safer  
Drink the wine and chew the wafer  
Two, four, six, eight  
Time to transubstantiate.

So get down upon your knees  
Fiddle with your rosaries  
Bow your head with great respect  
And genuflect, genuflect, genuflect!

Make a cross on your abdomen  
When in Rome do like a Roman  
Ave Maria, gee it's good to see ya  
Gettin' ecstatic an'  
Sorta dramatic an'  
Doin' the Vatican Rag.

# WE WILL ALL GO TOGETHER WHEN WE GO

words and music by Tom Lehrer

When you attend a funeral,  
It is sad to think that sooner o'  
Later those you love will do the same for you.  
And you may have thought it tragic,  
Not to mention other adjectives,  
To think of all the weeping they will do.  
But don't you worry.  
No more ashes, no more sackcloth,  
And an armband made of black cloth  
Will some day never more adorn a sleeve.  
For if the bomb that drops on you  
Gets your friends and neighbors too,  
There'll be nobody left behind to grieve.

And we will all go together when we go.  
What a comforting fact that is to know.  
Universal bereavement,  
An inspiring achievement,  
Yes, we all will go together when we go.

We will all go together when we go.  
All suffused with an incandescent glow.  
No one will have the endurance  
To collect on his insurance,  
Lloyd's of London will be loaded when they go.

Oh, we will all fry together when we fry.  
We'll be french fried potatoes by and by.  
There will be no more misery  
When the world is our rotisserie,  
Yes, we all will fry together when we fry.

Down by the old maelstrom,  
There'll be a storm before the calm.

And we will all bake together when we bake.  
There'll be nobody present at the wake.  
With complete participation  
In that grand incineration,  
Nearly three billion hunks of well-done steak.

Oh, we will all char together when we char.  
And let there be no moaning of the bar.  
Just sing out a Te Deum  
When you see that I.C.B.M.,  
And the party will be "come as you are".

Oh, we will all burn together when we burn.  
There'll be no need to stand and wait your turn.  
When it's time for the fallout  
And Saint Peter calls us all out,  
We'll just drop our agendas and adjourn.

You will all go directly to your respective  
Valhallas.

Go directly, do not pass Go,  
Do not collect two hundred dolla's.

And we will all go together when we go.  
Ev'ry Hottenthot and ev'ry Eskimo.  
When the air becomes uranious,  
We will all go simultaneous.  
Yes, we all will go together  
When we all go together,  
Yes. we all will go together when we go.

# WE'RE TALKIN' ALGEBRA

words and music by Tom Lehrer  
commissioned by Academic Systems in Mountain View, CA

[Note: The verses are to be recited to a quasi-rap beat.]

## Part I: Polynomials, rational functions, and theory of equations

Polynomials and rational functions, coefficients,  
Linear factors and quadratics and pure imaginaries,  
Partial fraction decomposition,  
And synthetic division, multiplicity of roots,  
And complex conjugates.

(What?)

I said "complex conjugates"!

(WHAT???)

REFRAIN (sung): We're talkin' algebra,  
What we're doin' here is algebra.  
Try a little bit and Wow!  
You are gonna wonder how  
Did you ever get along without it up to now.  
It's algebra,  
Get yourself a little algebra.  
You are really gonna be amazed at all that it can do for you.

(Who, me?)

Yes, you!

## Part II: Conic sections

Hyperbolas and circles and ellipses and parabolas  
And diameters and radii and axes of symmetry  
And sections of the cone and completion of the square  
And directrices and intercepts and vertices and foci  
And asymptotes.

(What?)

I said "asymptotes"!

(WHAT???)

REFRAIN (sung)

## Part III: Matrices and determinants

Linear simultaneous equations and solutions,  
Using coefficient matrices and quotients of determinants,  
And inconsistent systems, elementary operations,  
Using Cramer's rule and Gaussian elimination,  
And cofactors.

(What?)

I said "cofactors"!

(WHAT???)

REFRAIN (sung)

## Part IV: Mathematical induction, sequences, and counting

Geometric sequences and infinite series,  
Permutations, combinations, and the sigma notation,  
Mathematical induction, arithmetical progression,  
And binomial expansion and the Pascal triangle,  
And factorials.

(Huh?)

I said "factorials"!

(HUH???)

REFRAIN (sung)

[On the recording the lines "Who, me?", "What?", and "Huh?" were spoken by Edward Landesman.]

# WERNHER VON BRAUN

words & music by Tom Lehrer

Gather 'round while I sing you of Wernher von Braun  
A man whose allegiance  
Is ruled by expedience  
Call him a Nazi, he won't even frown  
"Nazi, Schmazi!" says Wernher von Braun.

Don't say that he's hypocritical  
Say rather that he's apolitical  
"Once the rockets are up, who cares where they come down?  
That's not my department!" says Wernher von Braun.

Some have harsh words for this man of renown  
But some think our attitude  
Should be one of gratitude  
Like the widows and cripples in old London town  
Who owe their large pensions to Wernher von Braun.

You too may be a big hero  
Once you've learned to count backwards to zero  
"In German, oder Englisch, I know how to count down  
Und I'm learning Chinese!" says Wernher von Braun.

# WHATEVER BECAME OF HUBERT?

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Whatever became of Hubert?  
Has anyone heard a thing?  
Once he shone,  
On his own,  
Now he sits home alone,  
And waits for the phone  
To ring.

Once a fiery liberal spirit,  
Ah, but now when he speaks he must clear it.  
Second fiddle's a hard part, I know,  
When they don't even give you a bow.

"We must protest this treatment, Hubert,"  
Says each newspaper reader.  
As someone one remarked to Schubert,  
"Take us to your Lieder!"

Whatever became of you, Hubert?  
We miss you, so tell us, please,  
Are you said, are you cross,  
Are you gathering moss,  
While you wait for the boss  
To sneeze?

Does Lyndon, recalling when *he* was V.P.,  
Say, "I'll do unto you like they did unto me!"?  
Do you dream about staging a coup?  
Hubert, what happened to you?

# LOOK WHAT'S BECOME OF HUBERT

(written for and performed during the 1968 McCarthy campaign)

**words and music by Tom Lehrer**  
**(tune: "Whatever Became of Hubert?")**

Just look what's become of Hubert  
All sunshine and smiles, here he comes  
    Angry men he deplores  
    And he simply adores  
    Happy riots, happy wars,  
    Happy slums.

[*Alt.:*] We know what became of Hubert  
    Since he became our VP  
    He was our pride and joy  
        But he's now Lyndon's boy  
        Only he calls it loy --  
    Alty.

For three lonely years he's been pinned in  
And spent them out-Lydoning Lyndon

You lost us the day that you sold out  
And now you'll find, baby, it's cold out

So pardon us please if we gawk  
At a parrot who's also a hawk

And please don't think that we're naive  
'Cause we're backing Eugene McCarthy  
Things come true if you believe  
As the Wizard once said to Dor'thy

Whatever became of you, Hubert?  
You just haven't been the same  
    Oh you once were so nice  
    But you paid a big price  
    So that you could put Vice  
        Before your name.

And what of the rumor that we overheard  
That LBJ now calls you "Hubert Bird"  
Well, Hubie, chacun à son goût  
But Hubert, what *happened* to you?

## WHEN YOU ARE OLD AND GRAY

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Since I still appreciate you,  
Let's find love while we may.,  
Because I know I'll hate you  
When you are old and gray.

So say you love me here and now,  
I'll make the most of that.  
Say you love and trust me,  
For I know you'll disgust me  
When you're old and getting fat.

An awful debility,  
A lessened utility,  
A loss of mobility  
Is a strong possibility.  
In all probability  
I'll lose my virility  
And you your fertility  
And desirability,  
And this liability  
Of total sterility  
Will lead to hostility  
And a sense of futility,  
So let's act with agility  
While we still have facility,  
For we'll soon reach senility  
And lose the ability. (\*)

Your teeth will start to go, dear,  
Your waist will start to spread.  
In twenty years or so, dear,  
I'll wish that you were dead.

I'll never love you then at all  
The way I do today.  
So please remember,  
When I leave in December,  
I told you so in May.

*(\*) additional bridge, written for  
TOMFOOLERY and inserted here:*

While enjoying our compatibility,  
I am cognizant of its fragility,  
And I question the advisability  
Of relying on its durability.  
You're aware of my inflexibility  
And my quintessential volatility  
And the total inconceivability  
Of my showing genuine humility.  
Though your undeniable nubility  
May excuse a certain puerility,  
Your alleged indispensability  
Underestimates my versatility,  
And your boyish irresponsibility  
And what now is charming juvenility  
Will in time lose their adorability  
And appear much more like imbecility.

## WHO'S NEXT?

words and music by Tom Lehrer

First we got the bomb and that was good,  
'Cause we love peace and motherhood.  
Then Russia got the bomb, but that's O.K.,  
'Cause the balance of power's maintained that way!  
Who's next?

France got the bomb, but don't you grieve,  
'Cause they're on our side (I believe).  
China got the bomb, but have no fears;  
They can't wipe us out for at least five years!  
Who's next?

Japan will have it own device,  
Transistorized at half the price. (\*)  
South Africa wants two, that's right:  
One for the black and one for the white!  
Who's next?

Egypt's gonna get one, too,  
Just to use on you know who.  
So Israel's getting tense,  
Wants one in self defense.  
"The Lord's our shepherd," says the psalm,  
But just in case --- we better get a bomb!  
Who's next?

Luxembourg is next to go  
And --- who knows --- maybe Monaco.  
We'll try to stay serene and calm  
When Alabama gets the bomb!  
Who's next, who's next, who's next?  
Who's next?

(\*) This couplet was originally (until 1968):  
Then Indonesia claimed that they  
Were gonna get one any day.



# WHY NOT FIGHT?

(as performed on *The Electric Company*)

words and music by Tom Lehrer

ALL: Rah, rah! Sis-boom-bah!  
Hip-hoo-ray and cha-cha-cha!

GROUP 1:

Fight!

We may not win but then again we might!

And even if we don't it's still all right,

So why not

Fight?

Fight!

Our quarterback is really not too bright (\*)

The way it looks we might be here all night

So why not fight?

Our team is out-a-sight,

So let's not get uptight,

And why not

Fight!

ALL: (*shouted*) Fight!

GROUP 2:

F-I-G-H-T

M-I-G-H-T

R-I-G-H-T

F-I-G-H-T

Don't step on the referee

F-I-G-H-T

B-R-I-G-H-T

N-I-G-H-T

Give a cheer, give a yell,

Show them we know how to spell

F-I-G-H-T

Repeat above, except: change "Don't step on the referee" to "Watch out for the referee" and omit the intro ("Rah, rah, etc.") and the last three lines ("Give a cheer, etc.")

(\*) this couplet was originally:

"Cause if we don't, we may be here all night

Let's try to keep our casualties light

N-I-G-H-T

L-I-G-H-T

# THE WIENER SCHNITZEL WALTZ

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Do you remember the night  
I held you so tight,  
As we danced to the Wiener Schnitzel Waltz?  
The music was gay, and the setting was Viennese,  
Your hair wore some roses (or perhaps they were peonies),  
I was blind to your obvious faults,  
As we danced 'cross the scene  
To the strains of the Wiener Schnitzel Waltz.

Oh, I drank some champagne from your shoe.  
I was drunk by the time I got through.  
For I didn't know as I raised that cup,  
It had taken two bottles to fill the thing up.  
It was I who stepped on your dress.  
The skirts all came off, I confess.  
Revealing for all of the others to see  
Just what it was that endeared you to me.

I remember the night  
I held you so tight,  
As we danced to the Wiener Schnitzel Waltz.  
Your lips were like wine (if you'll pardon the simile),  
The music was lovely and quite Rudolf Frimly. (\*)  
I drank wine, you drank chocolate malts,  
And we both turned quite green  
To the strains of the Wiener Schnitzel Waltz.

(\*) In the London production of *Tomfoolery*,  
these two lines were replaced by:  
Your face was aglow, but your teeth rather yellowish.  
The music was lovely, quite Ivor Novelloish.

# THE WILD WEST IS WHERE I WANT TO BE

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Along the trail you'll find me lopin',  
Where the spaces are wide open,  
In the land of the old A.E.C.  
Where the scenery's attractive,  
And the air is radioactive,  
Oh, the Wild West is where I wanna be.

'Mid the sagebrush and the cactus  
I'll watch the fellas practice  
Droppin' bombs through the clean desert breeze.  
I'll have on my sombrero,  
And of course I'll wear a pair o'  
Levis over my lead B.V.D.'s.

I will leave the city's rush,  
Leave the fancy and the plush,  
Leave the snow and leave the slush  
And the crowds.  
I will seek the desert's hush,  
Where the scenery is lush,  
How I long to see the mush-  
Room clouds.

'Mid the yuccas and the thistles  
I'll watch the guided missiles,  
While the old F.B.I. watches me.  
Yes, I'll soon make my appearance  
(Soon as I can get my clearance),  
'Cause the Wild West is where I wanna be.

# WITHOUT AN S

(performed by Rita Moreno and Bill Cosby on *The Electric Company*)

words by Tom Lehrer

music: "Without a Song" by Vincent Youmans

Without an S -- A nest would be a net.  
Without an S -- The west would just be wet.  
What happiness!  
That pest could be a pet,  
    Without an S.

Without an S -- A spin would be a pin.  
Without an S -- Your skin would be your kin.  
And I confess  
That sin is really in,  
    Without an S.

A spine would then be a pine,  
And swine would turn to wine,  
A stick would be a tick.  
When you were sick,  
You wouldn't feel sick,  
You'd only feel *ick!*

Without an S -- A slap would be a lap.  
Without an S -- A strap would be a trap.  
Your hands can't clasp,  
No, they can only clap,  
    Without an S.

A scar would then be a car,  
A star would turn to tar,  
A mast would be a mat.  
Try running fast,  
You couldn't be fast,  
You'd only be fat!

Without an S -- A ship would be a hip.  
Without an S -- A slip would be a lip.  
When you undress,  
A strip would be a trip,  
    Without an S.