

Selections from the

Bowles Hall Songbook



Hail, Bowles Hall

(tune: Cornell Hymn)

'Neath our rugged eastern foothills
Looking o'er the sea,
Here we live and dream the future
Of our destiny.
Mighty fortress, ivied towers,
Standing straight and tall.
Fellowship and education,
Hail to thee, Bowles Hall.

*Hail, hail, the gang's all here
Drinking beer and singing,
Set the echoes ringing.
Hail, hail, the gang's all here.
Give a cheer for Bowles Hall men.*

UCLA

(tune: Bowles Hall Drinking Song)

In the old pathetic sprawling city,
There's a campus that we all do pity,
So we sing this cheerful little ditty,
Mighty stewin' ruined Bruin,
California, Southern Campus,
Land of try again,
Where the women all do vamp us,
And so do all the men (say fellas)
Bruin bear, let fly thy hanky,
Reefer jag untold.
You better make a touchdown or Tom will spank you
For the blue and gold.

Contents

Thursday Night Favorites

Bowles Hall Drinking Song	1
Bowles Hall Drinking Song (original)	2
Stern Hall Eating Song	3
California Drinking Song	4
Money Rolls In	5

Traditional Cal Songs

All Hail Blue & Gold	6
Cal Band March	7
Big "C"	8
California Indian Song	10
California Marching Song	11
California, We're For You	12
Fight for California	13
Hail to California	14
Lights Out	15
Make Way for the Bear	16
One More River	17
Palms of Victory	18
Roll On	19
Sons of California	20
Stanford Jonah	21
Toast to California	22

Traditional Bowles Songs

California Fucking Song	23
C.S. Dick	24
C.S. Fight Song	24
Deutch Hall Serenade	25
No Balls at All	26
Sing a Song of Sixty-Nine	27
The AOH Song	28
Twat Valley	29
UCLA	30
Hail, Bowles Hall	31

Twat Valley

(tune: Down in the Valley)

Down in twat valley,
Where maiden-heads grow,
Where cock-suckers flourish,
And the red river flows,
Twas there I met Lulu,
The girl I adore,
That hard-fucking, cock-sucking
Mexican whore.

She'll fuck you, she'll suck you,
She'll gnaw on your nuts;
And if you're not careful,
She'll suck out your guts.
She'll fuck for a nickel,
Take less or take more,
That hard-fucking, cock-sucking
Mexican whore.

She's dirty, she's filthy,
She'll fuck in the street.
When ever you meet her,
She's always in heat.
She'll fuck for a quarter,
Take less or take more,
She's a hard-fucking, cock-sucking
Mexican whore.

Now Lulu is dead,
And lies in her tomb,
And the ants and the maggots
Crawl round in her womb.
Yet from these dark regions
She cries out for more,
That hard-fucking, cock-sucking
Mexican whore.

The AOP Song

(tune: Hey, Look Me Over)

Hey, roll me over,
Lift up my dress.
Now that I'm an AOP
I always will say yes.
So down with virginity,
Up with the vice.
I figure as long as he's got me down,
I might as well give him a slice.
But I'll be up in a minute,
Feelin' satisfied.
Down on the bed again,
With my legs spread wide.
And though my reputation may be shot,
I'll look him straight i the eye.
For I'm an Alpha Omicron Pi.
All the way,
I'm an Alpha Omicron Pi.

The Bowles Hall Drinking Song

We're the men of Bowles Association,
Coming here from over all the nation.
Drinking here together one and all,
We lift our voices loud for Bowles Hall,

Chorus:

Here's to Bowles Association.
Drink it down and then
Drink a toast to home sweet home,
Of California men.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Fill your glasses to the brim,
And lift them in the air,
And drink a toast to Bowles Association,
And the Golden Bear.

Men of Bowles are gathered here together,
Toasting everything from girls to weather,
But the very greatest toast of all,
Is the one that we now give to Bowles Hall!

Repeat Chorus

Joe Ehrman '48

The
Bowles Hall
Drinking Song
(Original Version)

We are men of Bowles Association,
Coming here from over all the nation.
Drinking here together one and all,
We join in praises loud for Bowles Hall!

Chorus:

Here's to Bowles Association.
Drink it down and then
Drink a toast to home sweet home,
Of California men.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Fill your glasses to the brim,
And lift them in the air,
Then give a toast to Bowles Association,
And the Golden Bear.

Men of Bowles are gathered here together,
Toasting everything from girls to weather,
But the very greatest toast of all,
Is the one which we now give to Bowles Hall!

Repeat Chorus

'Neath the Big "C" with its holden hue we
Lift our glasses and we toast it too, we
Clink our glasses with resounding noise
And give a toast to all Bowles Hall boys!

Repeat Chorus

Sing a Song of Sixty-Nine
(tune: Oh, My Daughter, Clementine)

Sing a love song, sing a poem,
Sing of pleasure, yours and mine,
But in all your happy verses,
Don't forget old sixty-nine.

It's immoral, it's indecent,
It's repulsive, but sublime,
Though they tell me it's perversion,
Still I like to sixty-nine.

Hint it subtly, don't appal her,
She might feel it's less than fine;
Making love, but quite inversely,
She might not take to sixty-nine.

Kinsey tells us eggheads do it,
More than peasants (aren't those fine)
Tell her it's a cultured pleasure;
She'll be hot for sixty-nine.

Once she learns how, once she tries it,
She may never stay supine!
('Tis a danger; one must face it)
(She'll want naught but sixty-nine).

Thus I tell you, see ye to it,
Lest your love get out of line.
Spice your wooing, but don't rue it,
Ration her on sixty-nine.

No Balls At All

Oh, listen, my children, a story you'll hear,
A song I will sing you 'twill fill you with cheer.
A charming young maiden was wed in the Fall,
She married a man who had no balls at all.

No balls at all, no balls at all,
She married a man who had no balls at all.

The night of the wedding she leaped into bed.
Her breasts were a-heaving, he legs were well spread.
She felt for his pecker, his pecker seemed small,
She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Oh, mother, dear mother, I wish I were dead,
And lay in the grave with my poor maidenhead.
My troubles are many, my pleasures are small,
For I've married a man who has no balls at all.

Oh, mother dear mother, oh what should I do?
I've married a man who's unable to screw.
For many long years, I've avoided the call,
Now I've married a man who has no balls at all.

Now daughter, dear daughter, do not be so sad,
For the very same thing was the matter with dad;
There's always a Cal man to answer the call
Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all.

Now daughter, dear daughter, took mother's advice
And found the proceedings exceedingly nice.
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who has no balls at all.

The doctor examined the baby that night,
And swore up and down he'd examined him right.
The thing that was found most astounding of all:
The babe had a pecker, but no balls at all.

Stern Hall Eating Song *(tune: Sons of California)*

We're short, we're fat, we're ugly,
We only speak Chinese,
We don't go out with Bowlesmen,
We think they're a disease

Just one thing makes us happy,
One thing makes us feel right,
And that's to eat, and eat, and eat,
And eat throughout the night.

We love the taste of ice cream,
We love to stand to line,
We put chocolate on everything,
And think that it tastes fine.

Just one more piece of popcorn,
Just one more ounce of fat.
Please in our mouths put anything,
Well, anything but that.

(Added Yell:

S! T! E! R! N-Space-H! A-L-L!
Stern Hall! Stern Hall! Steeeerrrrnnn Hall!)

We never miss a dinner,
We never miss a lunch,
We're always up for breakfast,
We wish they'd add a brunch.

Food is our true obsession,
We think that it's no joke.
But still to keep our figures trim,
We all drink Diet Coke.

John Billburg '82

The California Drinking Song

(speaking start)

The steward went below. (Shhh!)
To light the captain's lamp. (Shhh!)
The lamp it would not light. (Why not?)
Because the wick was damp. (Oh!)
The captain went below. (Shhh!)
To kick the steward's... (Shhh!)
He said, "So fire it up you son-of-a-bitch,
The Golden Gate is passed!"

(singing start)

Oh, they had a little party down in Newport;
There was Harry, there was Mary, there was Grace.
Oh, they had a little party down in Newport,
And they had to carry Harry from the place.

Oh, they had to carry Harry to the ferry,
And the ferry carried Harry to the shore;
And the reason that they had to carry Harry to the ferry
Was that Harry couldn't carry any more.

For California, for California,
The hills send back the cry,
We're out to do or die,
For California, for California,
We'll win the game or know the reason why.

And when the game is over, we will buy a keg of booze,
And drink to California 'till we wobble in our shoes.

So drink, tra la la,
Drink, tra la la,
Drink, drank, drunk last night,
Drunk the night before;
Gonna get drunk tonight
Like I never got drunk before;
For when I'm drunk, I'm as happy as can be
For I am member of the Souse family.

Now the Souse family is the best family
That ever came over from old Germany.
There's the Highland Dutch, and the Lowland Dutch,
The Rotterdam Dutch, and the Irish.

Sing glorious, victorious,
One keg of beer for the four of us.
Sing glory be to God that there are no more of us,
For one of us could drink it all alone. Damn near!
Here's to the Irish, dead drunk.

The lucky stiffs...They had four-fifths...A six-pack too...Of homemade brew...

*And there was Granny, Swingin' from the outhouse door (without her nightie).
And there was Grandpa, wishin' he could come once more (he had a hardon).*

So basically you gotta "Go Bears"

Deutch Hall Serenade

(tune: 59th Street Bridge Song)

Slow down, ya jerk too fast,
Ya got to make that feel-in last just
Beat-in on their piece of meat,
Look at the Deutchmen feelin' horn-y.

Hello assholes, whatcha knowin?
Chicks don't come to watch ya strokin'.
Ain't ya got no pot-en-cy?
Doot-doo-doo-doo Feel-in Horn--y
Da da da da dada Feel-in Horn--y.

They got nothin' to do, no women to eat,
They're ugly and horny and ready to beat,
Let the morning time drop its light on their sheets -
Girls they want you, all are horny.

C.S. Dick

Down from the hills came Corkscrew Dick
Born to the world with a spiral prick.
All over the world he did hunt
For a refined young lady with a spiral cunt.
But when he found her he dropped dead
For the sweet young thing had a left-handed thread.

C.S. Fight Song (tune: S.C. Fight Song)

Foul on, for old C.S.
Play football here we pay the best.
We buy each victory
Last week we bought the referee,
You don't even have to enroll
Education's never our goal
Play here.

Fight on for old SC,
The halfback wants his salary
The ends have all been fired
They've been no good since they were hired

Fight on for old S.C.
They had to pay the referee
The ends refuse to play
Until they get a raise in pay

Blow on for old C.S.,
Whip out your cocks, we'll do the rest.
We'll run it off you chin
Then spread your buns and ram it in.
Our guythe's are all the best
At the asshole of the West
Blow on.

Money Rolls In (tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

My father makes book on the corner,
My mother she makes bath tub gin,
My sister makes love for a dollar,
My God how the money rolls in.

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in.

My grandmother sells prophylactics,
She punctures the heads with a pin.
'Cause grandpa sells cut rate abortions.
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother is a missionary
He saves fallen women from sin.
He'll save you a blond for five dollars,
My God how the money rolls in.

All Hail Blue & Gold

All Hail Blue and Gold,
Thy colors unfold
O'er loyal Californians,
Whose hearts are strong and bold.
All Hail Blue and Gold,
Thy strength ne'er shall fail;
For thee we'll die,
All Hail! All Hail!

All Hail Blue and Gold,
To thee we shall cling;
O'er golden fields of poppies,
Thy praises we shall sing.
All Hail Blue and Gold,
On Breezes ye sail;
Thy sight we love!
All Hail! All Hail!

California Fucking Song

(tune: California Drinking Song)

Oh, they had a little party down in Legport,
There was Hairy, there was Mary, there was Grace,
Oh, they had a little party down in Legport,
And Hairy came all over the place.

Oh, they had to carry Hairy to the Fairy,
And the fairy carried Hairy to the shore.
And the reason that they had to carry Hairy to the fairy
Was that Hairy couldn't cum anymore.

Prostitution, Prostitution, fuck 'em till they cry,
Rape 'em till they die.
Prostitution, Prostitution, fuck em twice or know the reason why.

And when the fuck is over, we will buy a box of skins,
And fuck for California till it dribbles off our chins.
So fuck, tra la la, fuck, tra la la,
Fuck, fuck, fucked last night,
Fucked the night before,
Gonna fuck tonight like I never fucked before,
For when I fuck I'm as happy as can be,
For I am a member of the Hose Family,

Now the Hose family is the best family,
That ever came over from old Spermany.
There's the anterior fuck and the posterior fuck,
The interior fuck and the ASUC.

Sing glorious, victorious, one big cunt for the four us.
Sing glory be to IHM that there are no more of us,
For one of us could eat it all alone. Damn Near!

Here's to the foreskins, Get Fucked!!!!!!!!!!!!

The horny pricks...

Toast to California

California, here's to Thee;
Honor to thy name;
Alma Mater, carry on
To fortune and to fame.
Queen beside the Western Sea
Rule our destiny;
Stand for right,
Let there be Light,
California, Here's to Thee.

Cal Band March

As guards of California's honor, we march along.
And loyal to mighty Alma Mater, we will be strong.
For we know about her glorious future
And we want to lead the way.
And when the game's done,
California's Golden Bear has carried the day.

All hail to California's glory, victors we rise.
And still our banner's proudly flying 'neath golden skies.
Marching on, our drums and bugles calling
For our glorious destiny,
While all our hearts, true,
Carry forth the Gold and Blue throughout land and "C."*

**(get it? "C" is a pseudonym for sea! Pretty clever!)*

Big “C”

On our rugged eastern foothills
Stands our symbol clear and bold;
Big “C” means to fight and strive
And win for Blue and Gold.
Golden Bear is ever watching;
Day by day he prowls;
And when he hears the tread
Of lowly Stanford Red,
From his lair he fiercely growls!

What does he say? He says:
Grrrr-ah, grrrr-ah, grrr-rrr-rrr-ah!

We are sons of California,
Fighting for the Gold and Blue;
Palms of glory we will win
For alma mater true.
Stanford’s men will soon be routed
By our dazzling “C”,
And when we serpentine,
Their red will turn to green
In our hour of victory!

Down our rugged eastern foothills,
Slides our symbol through the trees;
Big “C” means look out below
And stand back if you please.
Stanford’s men will soon be routed
As it slips and falls,
And when you hear the crash
Of something getting smashed,
You will know it hit Bowles Hall!

(Bowlesmen shout: “Oh, shit!”)

What does it say? It says:
Crrrr-ash! Crrrr-ash! Crrr-rrr-rrr-ash!

The Stanford Jonah

When the training days are done,
And the Big Game’s just begun,
And there’s music in the air;
When our team runs on the field,
Stanfurd knows her fate is sealed,
For the Golden Bear has left his lair.

When the yells from lusty throats,
Start to getting Stanfurd’s goat,
And the rooting section seems a howling mob, Hey! Hey!
Then you grab your hat and shout,
You let folks know you’re about,
For you know that Stanfurd Jonah’s on the job.

So...then... it’s...

Up with the Blue and Gold,
Down with the Red;
California’s out for a victory.
We’ll drop our battle-axe on
Stanfurd’s head, Chop!

When we meet her, our team will surely beat her.
Down on the Stanfurd Farm there’ll be no sound,
When our Oski rips through the air.
Like our friend Mister Jonah,
Stanfurd’s team will be found
In the tummy of the Golden Bear!

Or:

In the fuzzy-wuzzy Golden Bear!
In the roly-poly Golden Bear!
In the California Golden Bear!
In the drunk and horny Golden Bear!
That's how we like our women, bare!

Sons of California

Sons of California

We're Sons of California,
A loyal company,
All shout for California
While we strive for victory.
All sing the joyful chorus
As her colors we unfold
Then, Hurrah! for California,
And for the Blue and Gold.

Yell the Chorus:

Hit it!
C! A! L! I!
F O R!
N I A!
California! California! Californnnnnia!

We're Sons of California,
Fair mistress of the sea.
And we'll win for California,
Her glorious destiny.
Then raise the joyful chorus,
As her colors we unfold.
For we'll win for California,
And for the Blue and Gold.

Chorus

We'll yell for California,
Dear Mother of us all.
We'll fight for California
Till the crimson banners fall.
All raise the joyful chorus,
As her colors we unfold.
For we'll win for California,
And for the Blue and Gold.

The cannon broke loose from its platform,
It's sliding straight down Tightwad Hill;
Mister, better move your car
You're liable to get killed.
The rooting section will be routed
As wildly it careens,
And when it hops the fence
It will leave a giant dent
In sections U, UU, and V!

What does it say? It says:
Ka-boom! Ka-boom! Ka-aa-aa-boom!

The last script Cal has been finished,
Cards are flying through the air;
Pass your stunt cards to the right
And you had best beware.
The pom-pom girls will soon be routed
By cards that kill and maim,
And when you call it quits
And the girls have not been hit
You can try again next game!

What does he say? He says:
123456789-10! 123456789-10! 123-123-123456789-10!

The bonfire charge has just exploded,
The noise was loud enough to kill;
But the fire did not light-
It probably never will.
The Cannoneer will soon be routed
By members and Old Blues,
They'll take a giant firecracker
And attach it to his pecker
And will gladly light the fuse!

What does he say? He says:
"Ain't you guys got no respect for my family?"

In Harmon gym the Lightboard's flashing,
They want the crowd to sing along;
But it hardly ever works-
The letters come out wrong.
The old control box will be routed,
The damned thing ain't worth jack,
Ya dial up our Alma Mater
And ya spell it like ya ought-er
And it says "AIN-RO-FIL-AC"!

(That's "CALIFORNIA" spelled backwards, you geeks!)

What does it say? It says:
Zzzz-ap! Zzzz-ap! Zzz-zzz-zzz-ap!

California Indian Song

We are fighting, Californians
For the Blue and Gold;
We are starting on the warpath
For a scalp or two;
Our blood's up and simply boiling,
What can Stanfurd do?
We are starting on the warpath
For a scalp or two. So,...

Chorus:

We're goin' to scalp you, Stanfurd!
We're goin' to scalp you blue!
We'll do it with Your tomahawk*
We took from you. Rah! Rah! Rah!
All 'round our belts we'll hang them
To show all friends who's dead;
We're goin' to carve some blockheads
Whose scalps are red.

We are hotfoot after Stanfurd
Camping on her trail;
With our tomahawk* before us,
We can never fail.
Getting ready for the war dance,
All our warriors true;
We are putting on our war paint,
Royal Gold and Blue.

Chorus

* Tomahawk = Stanfurd Axe

Roll On

Roll on, you Golden Bear,
For Victory is in the air;
For California's fame,
We'll be winning the game,
And for Alma Mater fair.
So roll on, you Golden Bear,
Our loyal Band is always there;
We look to thee, Mighty "C",
For California's Victory!

Palms of Victory

What will we do to the Stanfurdites on that great day?
We'll celebrate them on that night after we play!
We now declare our hoodoo's gone, victory is here!
Hit 'em again boys! Hit 'em again boys, harder!

Chorus:

Palms of victory, Palms of glory
Palms of victory we shall win
For Cali-California!
Palms of victory, Palms of glory,
Palms of victory we shall win!

How do you think we'll feel that night? Anything but cross!
What'll the red shirts have to say after their loss?
Fill then a bumper to the brim, for we have won!
Do it again, boys! Do it again boys, often!

Chorus

California Marching Song

Our hearts shall sing and our voices ring
For the dear old Blue and Gold.
California's name and her mighty fame
In battle shall be told.
Californians fight with the sturdy might
of the growling Golden Bear.
Our Oski sounds and shakes the ground
As vict'ry fills the air.

Our Alma Mater's golden name
Shall ring for ever more.
Her praises 'till eternity
From loyal hearts shall pour.
And when the challenge comes to fight
Her honor we'll uphold,
For we her sons will fight, fight, fight,
And win for the Blue and Gold.

California, We're for You

California's on the field today,
Ev'ry man is ready for the fray
Gold and Blue means tried and true,
And once again you'll see
That we are out for a victory.
All our rival's hopes are doomed to die,
When our Golden Bear looks down on high;
Hear our Oski's mighty thunder,
California, we're for you.

Sons of California, brave and bold,
Fight the battle for the Blue and Gold,
Brawn and brain are all in vain
Unless our spirit's there
In ev'ry son of the Golden Bear.
Through that line of steel and o'er the foe,
California's watching as you go;
Let the echoes ring our Oski,
California, we're for you.

One More River

Out of the stadium marching high
There's one more river to cross.
The California Marching Band
There's one more river to cross.

Chorus:

One more river,
And that wide river is vict'ry.
One more river,
There's one more river to cross

Our spirit is the very best,
There's one more river to cross.
The finest Band, both East and West,
There's one more river to cross.

Chorus

Oh, picking up our heels so high
Hats and gloves are flashing proudly
March along, sing a song,
Rub a dub dub march on.

A big and brassy band are we,
Marching fast and playing loudly,
March along, sing a song.
Rub a dub dub march on!

Make Way for the Bear

(This introductory passage is rarely sung or played.)

Rumbling, grumbling, loud upon the air,
Sounds the growling of the mighty Bear.
Californians gather 'round his Lair,
And march to Victory.

We're on the way, Hey! Hey!
Go all the way, Hey! Hey!

Marching along for California
We stride beside the fighting Bear.
Shouting loud the challenge of our battle cry,
As high across the sky,
Our banner's proudly flying.

On for California,
Rolls the tide, Stand aside, Have a care!
For in a mighty throng,
We swing along 'neath Blue and Gold so fair,
And march to Victory.
Make way for the Bear!

Fight for California

Our sturdy Golden Bear,
Is watching from the skies,
Looks down upon our colors fair,
And guards us from his lair.
Out banner Gold and Blue,
The symbol on it too,
Means Fight! for California.
For California through and through!

Stalwarts girded for the fray,
Will strive for victory,
Their all at Mater's feet will lay,
That brain and brawn will win the day.
Our mighty sons and true
Will strive for us anew,
And Fight! for California,
For California through and through!

Hail to California

Hail to California,
Alma Mater dear;
Sing the joyful chorus,
Sound it far and near.
Rallying round her banner,
We will never fail;
California, Alma Mater,
Hail! Hail! Hail!

Hail to California,
Queen in whom we're blest;
Spreading light and goodness
Over all the West.
Fighting 'neath her standard,
We shall sure prevail;
California, Alma Mater,
Hail! Hail! Hail!

Lights Out

We left on our fabulous tour,
But the heat made it hard to endure.
Although, the sun is still here,
The oncoming rain is a pain in the rear,
Or maybe our ---
Don't you know that it's hard to do a show
When you're up to your knees in slimy green mud?
But you know the Band will persevere,
Surviving on sweat! and guts! and blood!
Oh, can't you see the crowd will roar tonight,
As the Cal Marching Band, that's the best in the land,
Will come through, damn right!

(Begin Fight for California)

Our sturdy Golden Bear...