

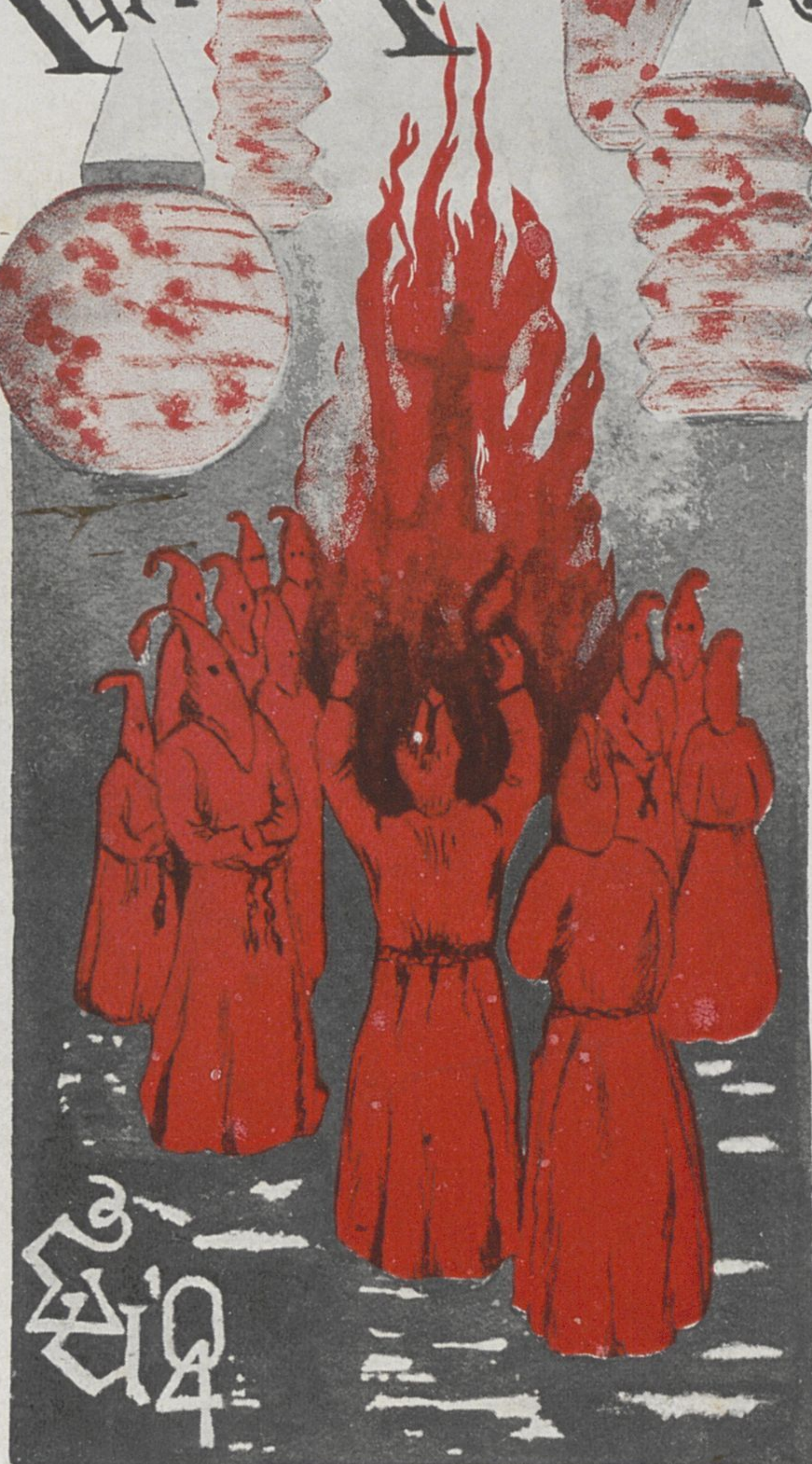
Calculus of Cremation



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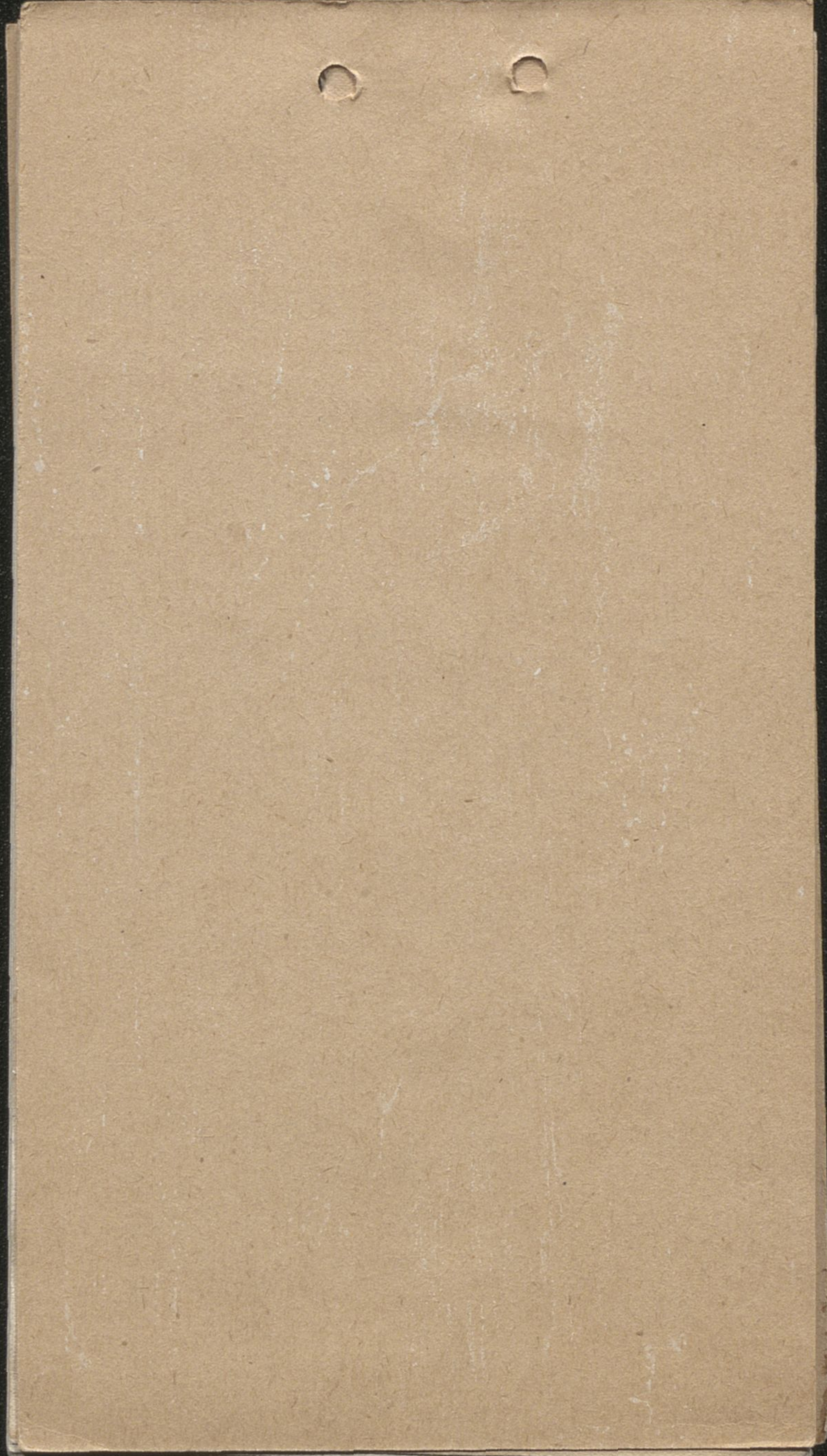


# Calculus of Cremation



104







LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

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# Calculus Cremation

SATURDAY EVENING,  
JUNE THE FOURTEENTH,

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO.







In a flourishing college, where students abound  
Midst the green spreading chestnut that cluster  
around,

Tere's a short little Prof. with an evil old eye,  
And to-night we will send him straight up to  
the sky.

CHORUS.

Calculus! Calculus!  
We've got hold of you where you thought you  
had us.

Up you go, up on high;  
And you'll burn for the glory of old Lehigh.

Oh, Lambert was born with an evil desire,  
He wanted to set the whole world on fire;  
But he first made the leap, and then took the  
look:

The only things fired are the leaves of his book.

*Cho.*

He stuffed it with many abstruse calculations,  
And filled in with Functions, and damn Inte-  
grations,

Theories, Limits, Differential Equations,  
And thought he'd astonished the new genera-  
tions.

*Cho.*

But at last we have conquered; the battle is o'er.  
We are old Lambert's match; in fact we are  
more,

And to give us more light in this celebration,  
Old Lambert takes part in a big conflagration.

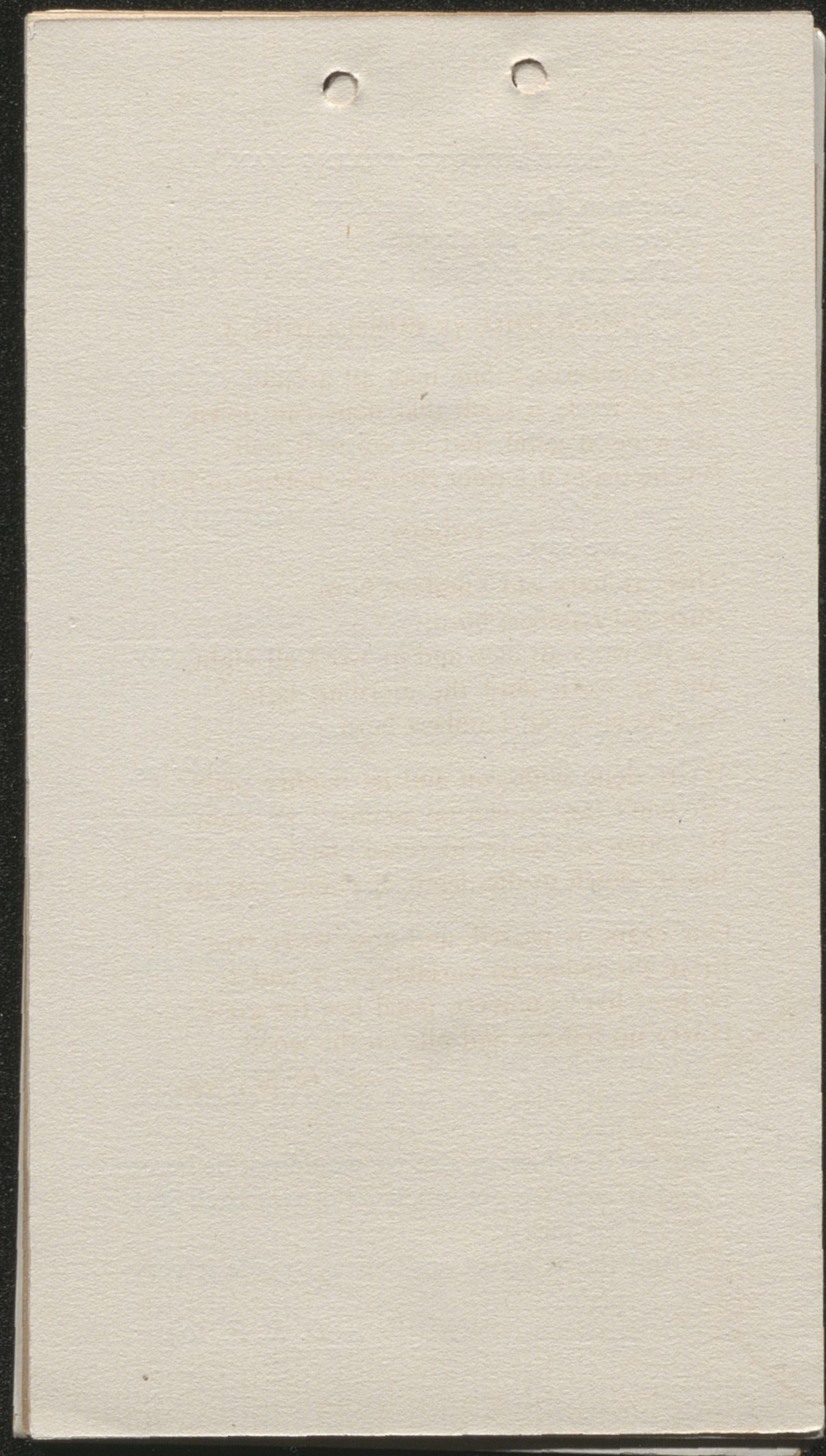
CHORUS TO LAST VERSE.

Lambert burn. Lambert burn.  
For you've made us sweat, and now you can  
learn

In the fire, at the stake,  
It is very much better to give than to take.

—G. B. F., '04.







(TUNE FORTUNE TELLING MAN.)

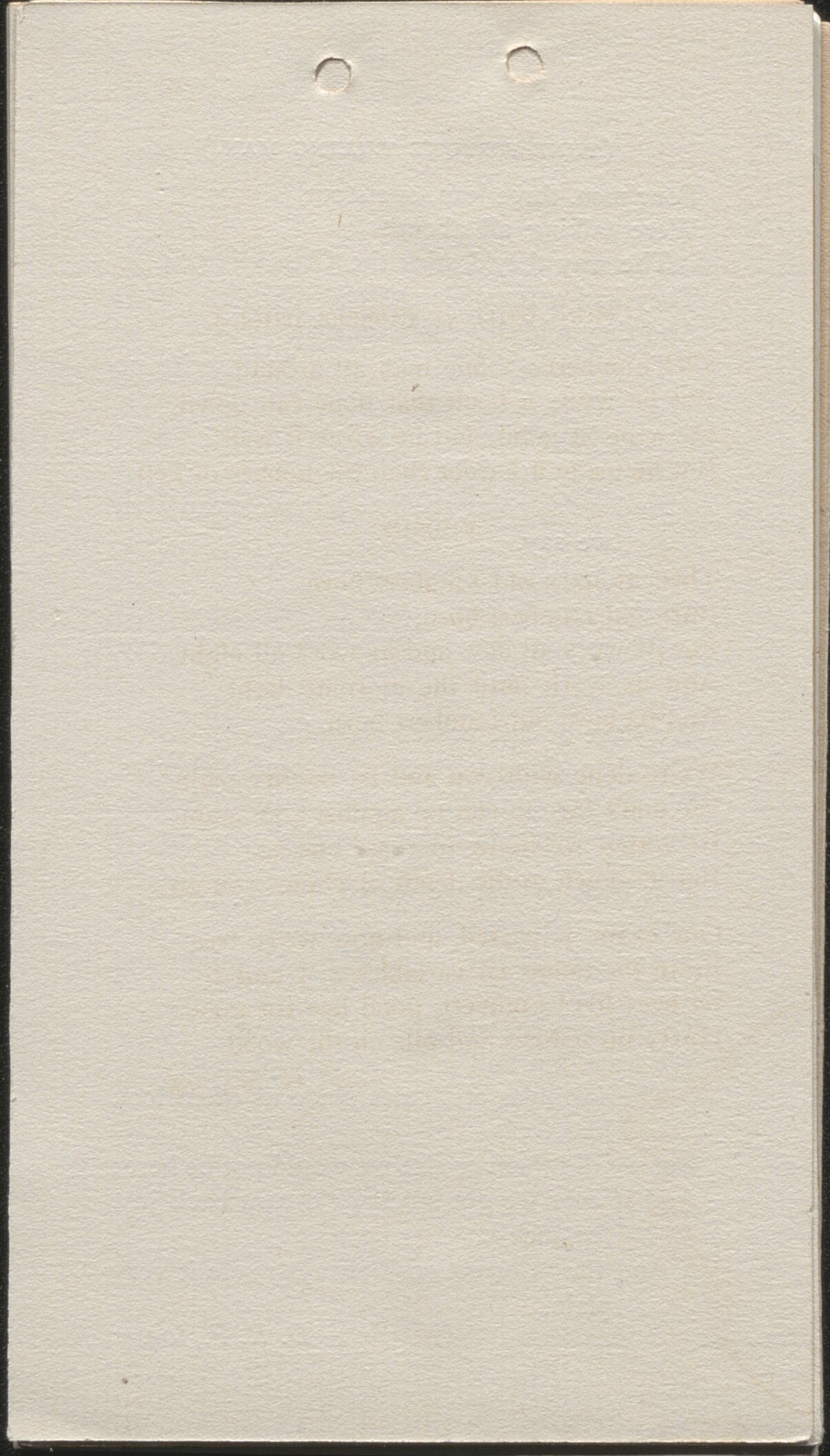
Four men, three lean, one stout,  
Were talking all about  
The way they'd stick the Class of 1904.  
They had a foxy plan,  
And they told this short fat man  
To write a book, but now he'll write no  
more,  
For we have him here to-night  
After an awful fight,  
And we're going to show him we mean what  
we say.  
So its down to Hell you go,  
To the very bottom row,  
Where your bones will lie forever and decay.

CHORUS.

We have at last passed Calculus.  
There's nothing left now that need bother us.  
We are out to-night to raise an awful fuss  
And we won't do a thing to this poor cuss.  
This book at first we feared,  
But our courage soon was reared,  
And we started in to fight with might and  
main.  
To differentiate and then to integrate  
We learn but still it is not very plain.  
The formulas and rules made us often look  
like fools,  
But we did them or else we would not be here;  
And if ever we got stuck we'd turn back just  
for luck  
And the "Corrections" always made it very  
plain.

—D. R. F., '04.







(TUNE, DRILL YE TARRERS, DRILL.)

Oh! Lambert's a fine man all around,  
But he wrote a book that none can down,  
He wrote it good, and he wrote it well  
But he made it harder than the hobbes of hell.

CHORUS.

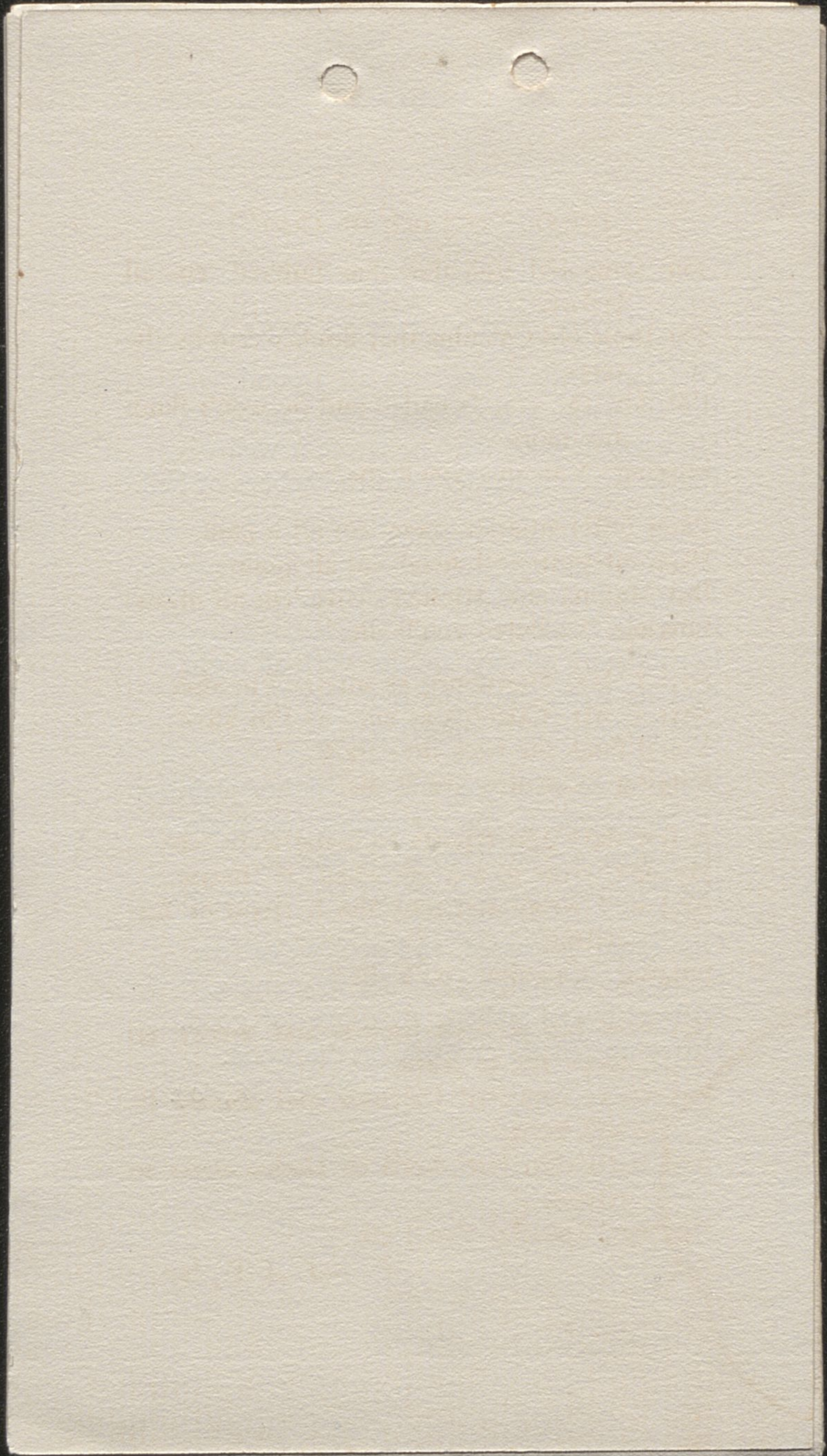
Then its burn old Lambert burn.  
Burn old Lambert burn,  
For its work all day, and its work all night,  
And its work until the morning light.  
And its burn old Lambert burn.

We're done with you and its mighty plain  
We don't care to run up against you again.  
Its rotten we know to roast one so,  
But its down to the depth of Hades you go.

Our exam. is passed, and now we're free  
From the unknown variables  $x$ ,  $y$  and  $z$ .  
So bye! bye! Lambert, good bye for good.  
Hurry up fellows and pile on the wood.

—*W. U. M.*, '04.







(TUNE, "THE OLD HE CRAB.")

The same old Calculus that flunked 'em all  
before.

The same old Calculus that flunked 'em by the  
score.

But now the year is ended and he won't flunk  
any more.

Singing "Calculus you'll die."

Plain differentiation gave 'em all a pain,  
Plain integration flunked 'em all again;  
But Maxima and Minima drove 'em all insane  
Singing "Calculus you'll die."

Says I, Mr. Thornburg as sure as I'm alive;  
Says I, Mr. Calculus as sure as I'm alive;  
You'll flunk me back into 1905.  
Singing "Calculus you'll die."

A few days ago reports to home were sent.  
My dad wrote to ask me what "E" meant,  
And so I wrote and told him it stood of Ex-  
cellent.

Singing "Calculus you'll die."

But now his power's broken and there's no  
more rot to learn,  
For we've captured Calculus and shortly he  
will burn.

And we'll ship him down to Hades never to  
return.

Singing "Calculus you'll die."

—J. A. S., '02.





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1950



## MUSICAL PROGRAMME.



Overture.....Barker of Seville

March..... Admiral Schley's Victory

Descriptive.....The Ambuscade

Selection..... Floradora

March .....Katzenjammer

Concert Mazurka Dolore.....

.....Schottische Belle of the West

Chilian Dance Manana.

Humoresque.....

.....We Won't go Home Till Morning

March.....Mississippi Golf Club

Star Spangled Banner.





MISSISSIPPI



# Calculus Cremation.

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## SYNOPSIS.

For nights and days of all one weary Term,  
Our souls have scarcely been our own; op-  
pressed

By fear of flunking thee, oh Calculus;  
Our life has been a series infinite  
Of unknown terms, in which the variables  
Were many, and the constant quantity  
Most like to be a cipher. Our misery  
Has integrated been, day after day,  
Without a limit, while what joys we had  
Have in the differential been equated  
Equal to zero. On Wednesday last we climbed  
The sinusoidal stairway in the Lab.,  
Resolved that such of us as there broke from  
The chains thou wrapped us with, would  
gather here,

And with such might as outraged justice gives,  
O'erpower thee, when with a revel wild  
And glad, as comes but once a life, we would  
Condemn thee to be burned, and quite con-  
sumed

To ashes, whence we trust that never more  
Thou wilt return to vex our mortal lives.

—D. S., '03.