

New CCNY Song

When threatened with contamination
By Communistic agitation
And Muscovite indoctrination,
Who kept our alma mater pure?

(CHORUS)

(to be sung by 20 men dressed to look
like Deans, Moore and Skene, and
Prof. Woll et al.)

You, Mr. President, you.
You purged the school of radicals
By expelling all fanatical,
You gave the "dirty Reds" their due
And kept our alma mater true.

When a military demonstration
Led to a protest convocation,
Who changed it to an altercation
And kept our alma mater pure?



(CHORUS)

You, Mr. President, you.
You flayed the bearded aliens all
With your trusty parasol;
You gave the "dirty Reds" their due
And kept our alma mater true.

When B. MacFadden's publication
Requested high-brow lubrication,
Who used his sheer imagination
And kept our alma mater pure?

(CHORUS)

You, Mr. President, you.
Although your stuff's not amatory
It's hot enough to make True Story.
You gave the "dirty Reds" their due
And kept our alma mater true.

When Duce's fascist delegation
Aroused our students' indignation,
Who gave the crowd a castigation
And kept our alma mater pure?

(CHORUS)

You, Mr. President, you.
You refused to hear the vicious tripe
Of any little guttersnipe;
You gave the "dirty Reds" their due ..
And kept our alma mater true.

When teachers asked for reformation
Of their awful salary situation,
Who gave them tricky defalcation
And kept our alma mater pure?

(CHORUS)

You, Mr. President, you.
You "get" instructors, fellows, tutors,
You make the best of executors;
If they unite, though, you are through
And Alma Mater shall be true!