

THE INVENTOR OF THE COLLEGE YELL.

Right here, good folks, in the padded
cell,
Is the man who invented the college
yell,
A pitiful sight, as you all can see,
And a doleful wreck of a man is he.



He tears his hair with a Sis-boom-bah
And rends the air with a Rah-rah-rah;
And mumbles and jumbles and
screams and cries—

See his swelling throat and blood-shot
eyes.

All day he yells, and at night he howls,
And up from his neck comes fearful
growls,

As though he remembers the campus
where

The din of the yelling filled the air.

He grins at you with a vacant eye,

And thinks you're a brother of Pi Phi
Si.

He makes a sign that the fellows know
and waits to see if it's really so;

Then he thinks it is, and his great
lungs swell,

With a rush of air and an old-time yell,
And his cheeks puff out and his mouth
swings wide,

And a rush of sound from the far in-
side

Of his mighty chest, strikes on the air,
And your heart beats fast with a
dreadful fear;

But you need not run from the fright-
ful noise,

For he's only one of the "Rah-rah
Boys."