

## **FROTHIANA**

### **Four tags for barbershop quartet or chorus.**

Texts from *Froth*, the Penn State humor rag.

#### **1. Terse Verses**

##### ***Froth* December 1957**

Hickory dickory dock  
Three mice ran up the clock.  
The clock struck one,  
But the other two escaped.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.  
All the King's horses  
And all the King's men  
Had Eggnog.

#### **2. Keats**

##### ***Froth* September 1959**

The poet Keats lay in his bed.  
So penniless, sad and nearly dead.  
No mighty verse was his creation.  
Alas, he had no inspiration.  
Then, a nightingale hopped on his sill  
And handed him a dollar bill.  
And "Keats", it chirped in gentle tone,  
"Remember, this is just a loan."  
That's why Keats wrote, though wan and pale  
Of what he "Owed to a Nightingale".

#### **3. Old Mother Hubbard**

##### ***Froth* March 1957**

Old Mother Hubbard went to the Cupboard  
To get her poor daughter a dress.  
When she got there  
The cupboard was bare,  
And so was her daughter, I guess.

#### **4. The Little Duckling**

##### ***Froth* March 1952**

No wonder the little duckling  
Wears on his face a frown  
For he has just discovered  
His first pair of pants are down.

## **FROTHY ENCORES**

### **Four more tags for barbershop quartet or chorus.**

Texts from *Froth*.

#### **1. Mary's Lamb I**

##### ***Froth* May 1957**

Mary had a little lamb,  
A lobster and some prunes,  
A glass of milk, a piece of pie  
And then some macaroons.  
It made the naughty waiters grin  
To see her order so,  
And when they carried Mary out  
Her face was white as snow.

#### **2. In the Moonlight**

##### ***Froth* January 1943**

He kissed her in the moonlight,  
She gave him little fight.  
She was a marble statue,  
He was a little tight.

#### **3. Jesser**

##### ***Froth* March 1957**

I once had a classmate named Jesser,  
Whose knowledge grew lesser and lesser;  
It at last grew so small  
He knew nothing at all,  
And now he's a college professor.

#### **4. Mary's Lamb II**

##### ***Froth* October 1952**

Mary had a little lamb,  
The lamb had halitosis.  
And everywhere that Mary went  
The people held their noses.

**THE GROOVES OF ACADEME** *Four Revolutionary Folk Songs* for men's small ensemble and piano, with optional bass and drums. Texts from *Froth*.

**1. Freshman Plaint**

*Froth July 1943*

"We Beg to Call Your Attention to the Fact."  
Professor spewing toneless talk,  
You are forcing me to mock  
And mimic that which you attempt  
To teach me. For I am exempt  
This afternoon from facts, and ways  
Of solving problems writing plays,  
Of speaking Spanish, of plotting charts,  
Of learning to act dramatic parts,  
Of drawing pictures, or reporting news,  
Of trying to acquire intellectual views.  
The nights are cool, the days are hot.  
But you've forgotten what I have not,  
That though we're here to go to College  
We're seeking more than knowledge.

**2. The Party**

*Froth April 1962*

People grasping cocktail glasses,  
standing, gasping teeming masses.  
People smoking, people drinking,  
coughing, choking, getting stinking.  
Some repletely boiled or fried,  
some completely ossified.  
Liquor spilling, trousers sopping,  
steady swilling, bodies dropping.  
Glasses falling on the floor,  
people calling "Drop some more!"  
Morals stretching, ceiling reeling,  
freshmen retching women squealing.  
Heavy smoking, air gets thicker,  
someone croaking "No more liquor,"

What? What? What? WHAT?  
No more liquor? People snicker unbelieving.  
No more liquor? Let's be leaving.  
No more drinking. groans and hisses,  
what a stinking party this is.

**3. Radical Rag *Ron Bonn '52***

*Froth June 1965*

We're gassing and bombing,  
And warmly napalming,  
All three-year-old Reds in Viet, ho, ho;  
Though they persecute us  
(And some even shoot us),  
We ain't down yet, ho ho.

Courageous and surly,  
Kentucky plants burley,  
Lung cancer statistics or nyet, ho ho;  
And Lyndon won't selly  
His stock in the telly;  
We ain't down yet, ho ho.  
Defenders of God's's  
Still wield cattle prods's,  
Though Governor Wallace regrets, ho ho;  
The song of the Eastland  
Still sings through the southland;  
We ain't down yet, ho ho.  
With such staunch exemplars,  
Crusading knights templars,  
The gentlemen, foolish regret, ho ho,  
To warn the author'ties  
Who tore up our charties:  
We ain't down yet.

**4. "I hate the guys . . . "**

*Froth December 1952*

"I hate the guys  
Who criticize  
And minimize  
The other guys  
Whose enterprise  
Has made them rise  
Above the guys  
Who criticize."