

HAIL, OH HAIL OUR ALMA MATER
An Alma Mater for Senior University Georgetown
(Performed to the Choral Melody from Symphony No. 9
by Ludwig van Beethoven)

Words by Paul R. Lehman

(To be sung in a stately and majestic manner)

Hail, oh hail our alma mater, Senior University;
Source of knowledge, fount of wisdom, we revere and honor thee.
Modest are your entrance standards—no prerequisites to fill;
You're conveniently located, and we can afford you still.

Senior U., you've many features we admiringly hold dear:
No exams, no grades, no homework; no advisors interfere.
Term by term and year by year we loyally matriculate,
Even though we have no hope that we shall ever graduate.

Classes eagerly we flock to, avid learners all we are;
Fond of travel, too, we seek out destinations near and far.
In a year or two we're ready then to do it all once more;
That's because we've quite forgotten most of what we learned before.

Here's to thee, dear Senior U., thou home of pedagogic skill;
It's on you that we depend our brains and coffee cups to fill.
Be assured that in the future we'll be there supporting you
(That's assuming we're around still—and our 401[k]s too).

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