

All Songs
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A Man Without a Scottie

A man without a Scottie is like
a senior without a pin
is like a freshman without a chaperone
is like the Hub* with no one in.
I say man without a Scottie
is like a wreck upon the sand.
There's only one thing worse
in the universe
and that's a Scottie, I say a Scottie
and that's a Scottie without a man.

I'm gonna build me a castle of purple and white,
neat little castle, oh what a sight!
Cigarette butts all over the floor
H-U-B written over the door.
I'm gonna marry me a man from Georgia Tech,
good-looking man, as you would expect.
We will party all of the night, in our castle of purple and white.
I've seen it done and done it too
and, it was fun, I'm telling you!

**The Hub, former library which also served as a Student Center*

Original College Song

All Hail

All hail to the first-years, the first-years, the first-years,
all hail to the first-years, and may they get grades.
God bless them, they need it. God bless them they need it.
All hail to the first-years and may they get grades.
All hail to the sophomores, the sophomores, the sophomores,
all hail to the sophomores, and may they get rings.
God bless them, they need it. God bless them, they need it.
All hail to the sophomores and may they get rings.
All hail to the juniors, the juniors, the juniors,
all hail to the juniors, and may they get dates.
God bless them, they need it. God bless them, they need it.
All hail to the juniors and may they get dates.
All hail to the seniors, the seniors, the seniors,
all hail to the seniors, and may they get jobs.
God bless them, they need it. God bless them, they need it.
All hail to the seniors and may they get jobs.
All hail to the alumnae, the alumnae, the alumnae,
all hail to the alumnae, and may they get rich.
God bless them, we need it, God bless them, we need it,
All hail to the alumnae and may they get rich.

Original College Song

Banks of the Ohio

I asked my love to take a walk,
to take a walk, just a little walk,
down beside, where the waters flow,
Down by the banks of the O-hi-o.

Chorus:

And only say that you'll be mine
in no other's arms entwine,
down beside where the waters flow,
Down by the banks of the O-hi-o.

I held a knife against her breast
as into my arms she pressed,
she cried, "Oh, Willy, don't you murder me,
I'm not prepared for eternity."

(Chorus)

I started home, 'twixt twelve and one,
I cried, "My God!, what have I done?
Killed the only woman I loved,
because she would not be my bride."

(Chorus)

*Original score unattributed from the 19th century
Music and Words by Joan Baez*

Black Cat Song

(Class of 2003 Song)

We are the first-years
and we just got here.
Don't know our class song
or our mascot.
One thing we know is
we love ol' Agnes.
Please don't take our Black Cat away!

We are the sophomores
looking for majors.
We know the game now,
we want our rings.
One thing we know is
we love ol' Agnes.
Please don't take our Black Cat away!

We are the juniors
too late to transfer.
Junior Production
controls our lives.
One thing we know
is we love ol' Agnes.
Please don't take our Black Cat away!
We are the seniors four years in a blur.

Those other classes
don't stand a chance.
One thing we know
is we love ol' Agnes.
Please don't take our Black Cat away!

We are the Scotties.
We like to party
and even study
at the same time.
One thing we know is
we love ol' Agnes.
Please don't take our Black Cat away!

Original music of "You Are My Sunshine"
Original music by Oliver Hood of the "Rice Brothers Gang"
Rights bought by Jimmie Davis and Charles Mitchell

Each Time the Leaves Turn Red in the Fall

(Class of 1955 Song)

Each time the leaves turn red in the fall,
the freshmen come to our Inman Hall,
a little unsure of that which they seek,
but, oh, their hearts are filled with dreams.

And then there come the years in between,
the shapes of dreams begin to be seen.
Their patterns form and slowly they grow,
and, oh, hopes are renewed again.

And then there comes that wonderful date,
that day in June when we graduate.
Four years of strength that we've gained from you.
We leave you to make our dreams come true,
to make our dreams come true.

For the Glory of Agnes Scott

(Agnes Scott Fight Song)

Cheer, cheer, cheer for ol' Agnes Scott.
Scottie spirit, that's what we've got!
When we play, we play to win.
Finding the strength that lies within.
We never stumble, we never fall.
We toughen up and give it our all!
When we yell, we yell like hell,
for the glory of Agnes Scott!

*Original Words by Arsed Joseph '06 and Claire Thomas '08
Notre Dame Fight Song "Victory March"
Music by Rev. M. J. Shea and Original Words by J. F. Shea*

God of the Marching Centuries

God of the marching centuries, Lord of the passing years,
Leading a people's victories, sharing a people's tears,
Seal us as now we worship Thee, here on this moment's height;
Star of the way our parents found, be still our guiding Light.

Thou art the strength of all the past; teach us to mark it well;
Ours is the happy lot of those who in Thy shadow dwell.
Teach us to comprehend with saints, how Thou dost lead Thine own,
Till thro' the gates of golden grace, we meet before Thy throne.

Thankfully now we courage take, humbly we pledge our all,
If we may service find with Thee, if we may hear Thy call;
Here where we see Thy people's need,
here where they must not die,
There we shall find Thy fellowship and
will not pass Thee by.

God of the marching centuries, Lord of the passing years,
Leading a people's victories, sharing a people's tears,
Seal us as now we worship Thee, here on this moment's height;
Star of the way our parents found, be still our guiding Light.

*Written for the centennial of Decatur Presbyterian Church in 1925.
Words were written by Rev. D.P. McGreachy, pastor of the church and a
trustee of Agnes Scott College. The music was composed
by C.W. Dieckmann, F.A.C.O., a member of the church and
head of the department of music at the college.*

*The tune "Gaines" was in honor of Rev. F.H. Gaines, former pastor
of the church and the first president of the college.*

Hi Scott

Hi Scott, Scott, hi Scott,
we're flying high, Scott.
We'll never ever let you
down, down, down, down! Every loyal daughter
roots for alma mater.
Hi Scott, Scott, hi Scott,
rear back and let her go! Hey!

Original College Song



In Fide

(College Motto)

Refrain: In fide vestra virtutem in virtute autem scientiam
In fide vestra virtutem in virtute autem scientiam
In fide vestra virtutem in virtute autem scientiam

Add to your faith virtue and knowledge,
and to knowledge temperance and patience.

Back to Refrain.

And to patience Godliness and to Godliness brotherly
kindness and to brotherly kindness charity.

Back to Refrain.

May God Build for You a Harmony

May God build for you a harmony,
may it be both great and strong.
Making all your life a melody,
and every day a song.
For it's here in our hearts,
oh Sisters dear,
as we sing it now for you—
We love you, yes, we love you!
We love Scott, and that means you.

Original College Song



On the Wings of a Dove

When troubles beset us, and evils come,
the body grows weak; the spirit grows numb.
But it doesn't upset us; He doesn't forget us.
He sends down His love, on the wings of a dove.

Chorus:

On the wings of a snow white dove
He sends His pure, sweet love,
A sign from above,
On the wings of a dove.

When Noah had drifted on the floods many days,
he searched for land in various ways.
When troubles beset him, He didn't forget him.
He sent down His love, on the wings of a dove.

(Chorus)

Original Music and Words by Bob Ferguson



Stuck Inside the Library

(Class of 1967 Song)

Stuck inside the library,
 agony, woe is me,
oh, how we heave and sigh,
on the road less traveled by.
When father said to me, “get thee to a nunnery,”
 I packed my bags to go —to 30030—But!
 We’ve come to college
 and find it’s a grind.
We’re chasing knowledge,
 it’s left us behind—but
 we won’t fake you,
 for heaven’s sake!
You know Agnes will make you—
 intelligentsia,
no matter how dense you are!
We’ve come this far, Scott,
 we know we are Scott,
we’ll reach our star Scott
 You may not think so
 just wait and see.

Music and Words by Linda Marks '67 and Poppy Wilson '67

Teen Angel

That fateful night, the car was stalled
upon a railroad track.
I pulled you out and we were safe,
but you went running back.

Chorus:

Teen Angel, can you hear me?
Teen Angel, can you see me?
Are you somewhere up above,
and are you still my own true love?

What was it you were looking for
that took your life that night?
They said they found my high school ring
clutched in your fingers tight. (rang)

(Chorus)

Just sweet sixteen, and now you're gone.
They've taken you away.
I'll never kiss your lips again.
They buried you today.

(Chorus)

Now Mary Lou is by my side.
She is not dressed in black.
And on her hand—my high school ring
I'm glad you brung it back

(Chorus)

Original Music and Words by Jean Dinning and Red Surrey

The Lord Said to Noah

“Rise and Shine”

The Lord said to Noah, “there’s gonna be a floody, floody,”
The Lord said to Noah, “there’s gonna be a floody, floody,”
“get those children out of the muddy, muddy,
Children of the Lord.”

Chorus:

So rise and shine, and give God the glory, glory,
rise and shine, and give God the glory, glory,
rise and shine, and give God the glory, glory,
Children of the Lord.

So Noah he built ‘em, he built ‘em an arky, arky,
Noah he built ‘em, he built ‘em an arky, arky,
built it out of tender barky, barky,
Children of the Lord.

(Chorus)

The animals, they came on, they came on, by two-sie, two-sies,
animals, they came on, they came on, by two-sie, two-sies,
elephants and kangaroo-sies, roo-sies,
Children of the Lord.

(Chorus)

It rained and rained for forty day-sie, day-sies,
rained and rained for forty day-sie, day-sies,
nearly drove those animals crazy, crazy,
Children of the Lord.

The sun came out and dried up the landy, landy,
sun came out and dried up the landy, landy,
everything was fine and dandy, dandy,
Children of the Lord.

(Chorus)

Well, this is the end of, the end of the story, story,
this is the end of, the end of the story, story,
everything is hunky-dory, dory,
Children of the Lord.

(Chorus)

Unattributed Camp Song

The Titanic

Oh, they built the ship Titanic
to sail the ocean blue,
and they thought they had a ship
that the water would not go through.
But the good Lord raised his hand,
said, "That ship will never land!"
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus:

Oh, it was sad, so sad, it was sad, so sad,
it was sad when that great ship went down,
to the bottom of the sea
Husbands and wives, little bitty children lost their lives,
it was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they were not far from Newfoundland
and headed for the shore,
when the rich refused to associate with the poor.
So they sent them down below,
where they were the first to go.
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Chorus)

Then they lowered the lifeboats
in the raging, surging sea,
while the band struck up with "Nearer My God to Thee."
Oh, the captain sent a wire,
but the wire caught on fire.
It was sad when that great ship went down.

(Chorus)

*Original Music and Words by A. P. Carter,
Sarah Carter, and Maybelle Carter*

Tiddley Tot

I'm a tiddly tot from Agnes Scott
And I don't need no boy from Tech
I ditch him at the Varsity
And studied how to Wreck
They filled me up with stress
They filled me up with fear
and now I am my own helluva engineer!

Words by Kellina Pierce '18

Waterloo

Chorus:

Waterloo, Waterloo;
where will you meet your Waterloo?
Ev'ry puppy has his day, ev'ry body has to pay.
Ev'ry body has to meet his Waterloo.

Now Ol' Adam was the first in history with an apple.

He was tempted and deceived.
Just for spite, the Devil made him take a bite.
And that's where Ol' Adam met his Waterloo.

(Chorus)

Little General, Napoleon of France
tried to conquer the world, but lost his pants.
Met defeat, known as Bonaparte's Retreat.
And that's where Napoleon met his Waterloo.

(Chorus)

Now a fellah whose darlin' proved untrue
took her life, but he lost his, too.
Now he swings where the little birdies sing,
And that's where Tom Dooley met his Waterloo.

(Chorus)

Original Music and Words by John D. Loudermilk and Marijohn Wilkin

We Are Tired Old Seniors

We are tired old seniors,
weary, worn and blue.
We're beginning to wonder
if we'll ever get through.
Four long years we've labored
striving for our marks.
Now we're only embers
where we once were sparks.

We are almost gone now
from these gothic halls,
onward to a new world
full of trials and falls.
Proudly marching together,
we will find our way.
Onward to tomorrow,
we have had our day.
Onward to tomorrow,
we have had our day.

*Adapted by Agnes Scott College
Pomp and Circumstance Military Marches Op. 39, March No. 1
S. Edward Elgar*