

## Jonathan Coulton

### "Camp Bachelor Alma Mater"

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Hallowed shores of Sachswanna shall we sing our  
praise to thee?  
Ripe of flora, soft of fauna, rare of flow'r and tree (and  
flow'r and tree)  
'Neath your fair and verdant bower beer and whiskey  
flow  
Wives may come and wives may go  
And the bachelor's life is all we know

Now a sandwich thick and tasty, now a cold Budweiser  
beer  
Ev'ry torso pale and pasty, burning sun to fear (sun to  
fear)  
Some will have their mettle tested, some will never  
know  
Wives may come and wives may go  
And the bachelor's life is all we know

Soon will end our time of leisure, our equipment black  
and blue  
Waits at home domestic pleasure, ladies fair and true  
(and fair and true)  
On our trembling hearts we beg you, bravery bestow  
Wives may come and wives may go  
And the bachelor's life is all we know  
All we know

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