

Oh Ytterboe!

By Jeff Watson

to the tune of O Tannenbaum

Oh Ytterboe, old Ytterboe,

So centrally located,
So close to Rolvaag, close to Boe,
but very much outdated.

At chapel time, to swell the flock,
the library and Cage were locked.
But some of us from Ytterboe
back to our dorm migrated.

With more than ten score guys on site,
that old barn rocked all day and night.
Oh Ytterboe, old Ytterboe,
you were dilapidated!

With ancient plumbing, we all learned,
When toilet flushed, hot water burned.
Oh Ytterboe, old Ytterboe,
was justly denigrated.

With too few washers for our clothes,
no wonder few smelled like a rose.
Oh Ytterboe, old Ytterboe,
for demo, designated.

You housed our late-night bull sessions,
as vital as our class lessons.
Oh Ytterboe, old Ytterboe,
we left you educated.

After we left, they tore you down.
Replaced by Buntrock, the new crown.
Oh Ytterboe, old Ytterboe,
your site regenerated.

They gave your name to something new.
Perhaps its memories will last too.
To Ytterboe, old Ytterboe,
this song is dedicated.