

The New Ashmolean

Johnny Mercer

Here they come with the sunlight on the trumpets
Here they come with the banners flyin' high
In my throat I've a lumpy sort of feelin'
And a bright gleam of pride is in my eye
Here they come with the clarinets a-wailin'
Here they come rather bravely up the square
And I know in a moment I'll be cheering
And my fine Sunday hat will be high in the air

For the New Ashmolean
Marching Society and Students'
Conservatory Band

Yes, the New Ashmolean could have beat Napoleon
With all those deadly instruments in hand
There are those who favor the philharmonic flavor
But to me the finest in the land

Is the New Ashmolean
Marching Society and Students'
Conservatory Band

Though they march only slightly out of tempo
Though they play just a trifle out of tune
Though there's just a suggestion in the oboe
Of the sound of a hound beneath the moon
Here they come with their mighty, mighty tuba
Here it comes like a badly wounded steer
But the old college spirit is upon me
And I shout and I cheer as he brings up the rear

For the New Ashmolean
Marching Society and Students'
Conservatory Band

If you're analytical, musical, or critical
You'll like it more the farther back you stand
But to me it's bully, it satisfies me fully
When I hear that thunder close at hand

From the New Ashmolean
Marching Society and Students'
Conservatory Band