# RAMBLING WRECK FROM GEORGIA TECH

**Moderato**



VERSE 1. Oh,— if I had a
VERSE 2. I— wish I had a
CHORUS I'M A RAMB-LING WRECK FROM

daugh-ter, sir,— I'd dress her in white and gold,— And take— her on— the
barr'l of rum and of sug-ar three thous-and pounds,— A col-lege bell— to
GEOR-GIA TECH AND A HECK OF AN EN-GIN-EER,— A HECK OF A HECK OF A

camp-us, sir,— to cheer— the brave and bold,— But if— I had— a
put it in, and— a clap-per to stir it 'round,— I'd drink— to ev-'ry
HECK OF A HECK OF A HECK OF AN EN-GIN-EER,— LIKE ALL— GOOD JOL-LY

son, sir,— I— tell— you what— he'd do, He would yell "to heck with
fel-low,— who— comes from far— and near, I'm a ramb-ling wreck from
FEL-LOWS I— DRINK MY WHIS-KEY CLEAN, I'M A RAMB-LING WRECK FROM

Geor-gia" like— his dad-dy used to do.
Geor-gia Tech and a heck of an en-gin-eer.
GEOR-GIA TECH AND A HECK OF AN EN-GIN-EER.—

* Chorus to be sung after each verse.