
ΠΤΣ

Thermo Song

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

Provided by the NC State Pi Alpha chapter

Free energy and entropy were swirling in his brain,
With partial differentials and Greek letters in their train,
For Delta, Sigma, Gamma, Theta, Epsilon, and Pi's,
Were driving him distracted as they danced before his eyes.

Chorus:

Glory, Glory, dear old Thermo,
Glory, Glory, dear old Thermo,
Glory, Glory, dear old Thermo,
It'll get you by and by.

They asked him on the final if a mole of any gas,
In a vessel with a membrane through which hydrogen could pass,
Were compressed to half its volume what the entropy would be,
If two-thirds Delta Sigma equals one-half Delta P.

(Chorus)

He guessed that the entropy would have to equal four,
Unless the second law would bring it up a couple more,
But then it might be seven if the thermostat was good,
Or it might be almost zero if once rightly understood.

(Chorus)

The professor read his paper with a corrugated brow,
For he knew he'd have to grade it but he didn't quite know how,
Till a sudden inspiration on his cerebellum smote,
And he seized his trusty fountain pen and this is what he wrote.

(Chorus)

Just as you guessed the entropy, I'll have to guess your grade,
But the second law won't raise it to the mark you might have made,
For it might have been 100 if your guesses had been good,
But I think it might be zero till their rightly understood.

(Chorus)
