



*Welcome,
New Students!*

Convocation

SUNDAY, AUGUST 22, 2021

5:30 P.M.

MCCAMISH PAVILION



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NEW STUDENT CONVOCATION

Sunday, August 22, 2021

McCamish Pavilion

5:30 p.m.

FACULTY PROCESSIONAL

Fanfare for Convocation
Yellow Jacket Marching Band

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Ángel Cabrera
President

NATIONAL ANTHEM

Chamber Choir

WELCOME

Ángel Cabrera

STUDENT WELCOME

Jacqueline van Zyl
Mechanical Engineering

REMARKS

Steven W. McLaughlin
Provost and Executive Vice
President for Academic Affairs

HONOR CHALLENGE

Samuel Ellis
President, Undergraduate
Student Government
Association

NEW STUDENT CONVOCATION ADDRESS

Ángel Cabrera

GEORGIA TECH TRADITIONS

Emma King
James Root
RAT Parents
Yellow Jacket Marching Band

ALMA MATER

Glee Club

FACULTY RECESSIONAL

Up With the White and Gold
Yellow Jacket Marching Band

RAMBLIN' WRECK

Chamber Choir, Glee Club,
Yellow Jacket Marching Band

LYRICS

National Anthem

O say can you see,
by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd
at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars
through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watch'd
were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare,
the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night
that our flag was still there,
O say does that star-spangled
banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free
and the home of the brave?

Alma Mater

Oh, sons of Tech, arise, behold!
The Banner as it reigns supreme,
For from on high the White and Gold
Waves in its triumphant gleam.
The spirit of the cheering throng
Resounds with joy revealing
A brotherhood in praise and song,
In memory of the days gone by.
Oh, Scion of the Southland!
In our hearts you shall forever fly.

Ramblin' Wreck

I'm a Ramblin' Wreck from Georgia Tech
And a hell of an engineer —
A helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva,
Hell of an engineer.
Like all the jolly good fellows,
I drink my whiskey clear.
I'm a Ramblin' Wreck from Georgia Tech
And a hell of an engineer.
Oh! If I had a daughter, sir,
I'd dress her in white and gold
And put her on the campus
To cheer the brave and bold.
But if I had a son, sir,
I'll tell you what he'd do —
He would yell "To Hell With Georgia"
Like his daddy used to do.
Oh! I wish I had a barrel of rum
And sugar three thousand pounds,
A college bell to put it in,
And a clapper to stir it 'round.
I'd drink to all good fellows
Who come from far and near.
I'm a Ramblin', Gamblin',
Hell of an engineer.