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SITZEREI
2023

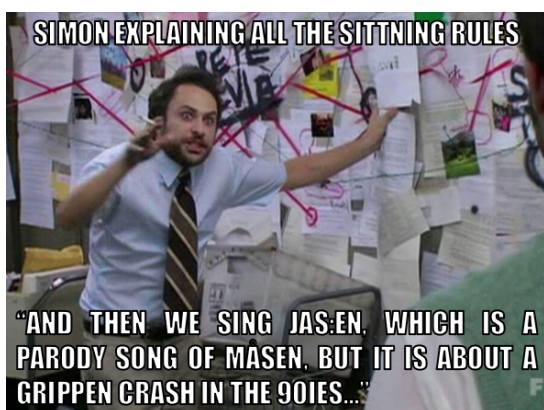
Premiere
Brugg/Windisch 24. March

songbook

Not our sponsor
but shameless self promotion

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What is a Sittning?

A Sittning or Sitsit is a form of dinner that is very popular in universities across Scandinavia, where students gather to share a meal, while a host leads them in all kinds of crazy songs and games as the night goes on.

The Rules

1. The party is led by the Songmasters. Please pay attention to them; they worked hard for this.
2. **Be a Lady/Gentleman throughout the event.** It implies to remain seated, and also to not eat, drink or talk during songs, speeches and other activities.
3. When a new drink arrives, please wait until after we've sung about it to drink it.
4. After every song it is customary to toast.
5. Don't be afraid to sing out loud; this is not a singing test!
6. **Yes, this songbook is yours.** You are allowed to bring it home, so stop asking us about it! We hope you will enjoy keeping it as a souvenir and that it will maybe inspire you to spread Sittnings at home just like we did it here!



1

*Dear Friends**To the tune of "Mozart's Figaro – Non più andrai"*

My dear friends our grand feast will begin here,
Our glasses we raise with a wild cheer.

::: But tonight we won't drink any light beer,
Just champagne will put us in the mood. :::

All night drinks down our throats we'll be pouring,
We'll remember good times, not the boring.

::: Through the ceiling our song will be soaring,
Finnish spirits are much more than good. :::

When friends drink too much with one another
They make new memories more than rather.

::: You can trust everyone like your brother!
We won't run out of drinks, maybe food. :::

2

*Syphilis**To the tune of "Yesterday"*

Syphilis, it just started with a simple kiss.
Now it hurts to even take a piss...
Oh how did I get syphilis?

Why her box was sick,
I don't know she wouldn't say.
Now my dripping dick,
Won't get hard like yesterday.

Yesterday, my cock was always coming out to play.
Now it needs two weeks to hide away.
Oh I believe in yesterday.

Birth control, all my troubles seem so far away,
When I'm on my way to score a goal.
Oh, I believe in birth control.

Suddenly, there's a shotgun hanging over me.
It was unexpected pregnancy.
Oh, I believe in birth control.

Why, I had to come.
I don't know she wouldn't blow.
I stayed in too long,
How I long for birth control.

Leprosy, that old rotten man just touched my knee,
Now my flesh is falling off of me.
Oh, I think I got leprosy.

Suddenly, I'm just half the man I used to be,
There are pieces coming off of me.
Yes, leprosy came suddenly.

Why'd my arm fall off?
I don't know, no one will say.
I know something's wrong,
'Cause my leg just walked away.

3

This Feeling

To the tune of "Everytime we touch"

I still feel the symptoms,
Do you get them too?
Am I just different or is it a flu?
I should see a doctor, so I could be sure
But I just don't want to get cured!

'Cause every time I drink, I get this feeling
With every single sip I swear I can fly!
Can't you feel my thirst build so
I want it to grow,
So I can drink some more

'Cause every time I drink I feel extatic
And when I've drunk one down I run to the bar
I need to have some more drinks fast
I want this to last
Tonight I'm sure I'll score!

4

Helan Går

::: Helan går,
Sjung hopp-falderallan-lallan-lei! :::
Och den som inte helan tar,
Han ej heller halvan får.
Helan går!
Sjung hopp-falderallan-lallan-lei! Hej!

5

Here's the First

To the tune of "Helan Går"

Here's the first,
Sing hopp-faderallan-lallan-lay
Here's the first,
Sing hopp-faderallan-lei.
The one who doesn't drink the first
Shall never, ever quench his thirst
Here's the first!
Sing hop-faderallan-lay! Hey!

6

Clap Your Hands

::: If you are in Business class, clap your hands :::
If you are in Business class, loads of money up your ass,
If you are in Business class, clap your hands.

If you are in Eco class / can't even afford the gas
 If you've never took a plane / and you'd rather take a
 train
 If the babies are the worst / out the window they all
 must
 If you want more alcohol / and you've given up control
 If you know the Mile High Club / and you wanna take
 a stab
 If that's the flight of your life / and you'll cry when we
 arrive
 If you've ever puked mid-flight / on the person to your
 right
 If you're part of cabin crew / we all need a drop or two

 :: If you are the loudest class, raise your voice
 (THAT'S US!) ::
 If you are the loudest class, then we gotta fill your glass
 If you are the loudest class, raise your voice (THAT'S
 US!)

7

Drunken Student

To the tune of "Drunken Sailor"

What shall we do with the drunken student? (x3)
 Early in the morning
 Hooray and up he rises (x3)
 Early in the morning

Take him and shake him and try to wake him...
 Take him to an 8 AM math lecture...
 Take his phone and look at all his pictures...
 Duct tape him to the dormroom ceiling...
 Wake him up with a glass of Vodka...
 That's what we do with a drunken student...

8

Paratrooper

To the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

My brother was a paratrooper in the US Marines (x3)
 And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Gory, gory what a hell of a way to die (x3)
 And he ain't gonna jump no more.

He jumped from eighteen thousand feet without a
 parachute (x3)
 And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Gory, gory...

He was the last to leave the plane but first to hit the
 ground (x3)
 And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Gory, gory...

He hit the ground and turned into a ten-by-ten feet
 square (x3)
 And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Gory, gory...

They scraped him off and sent him to the ketchup
factory (x3)

And he ain't gonna jump no more.

Gory, gory...

SONGMASTER SOLO:

So think of my dear brother when you eat at Burger
King's (x3)

EVERYONE:

Cause he ain't gonna jump no more!

9

The Engineers' Drinking Song

To the tune of "The Son of a Gambolier"

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the Engineers,
We can, we can, we can, we can, demolish forty beers.
Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum all day, and come
along with us,
'Cause we don't give a damn for any old man who
don't give a damn for us!

A lady and an Engineer were sitting in the park,
The Engineer was working on some research after dark,
His scientific method was a marvel to observe,
While his right hand held the figures, his left hand
traced the curves.

We are, we are, we are, we are...

A ETH lad in robes was clad and set to graduate.
A pompous gleaming spectacle he was upon that date.
But not a quarter hour after he got his degree,
He was serving fries to engineers from Windisch's HT!

We are, we are, we are, we are...

A FHNW student once found the gates of Hell,
He looked the devil in the eye, and said "You're
looking well".
The devil looked right back at him, and said "Why
visit me -
You've been through Hell already; you studied EIT!"

We are, we are, we are, we are...

Rapunzel let her hair down for two suitors down below,
So one of them could grab a hold and give the old
heave-ho.
The prince began to climb at once, but soon came out
the worst,
For the Engineer rode up a lift, and reached Rapunzel
first.

We are, we are, we are, we are...

3.141 is pi and 2.7's e.
The root of -1 is i the speed of light is c.
And I can rattle off these numbers 'til infinity,
But the only thing that's constant is the work at HT!

We are, we are, we are, we are...

ROMANDS, QUAND ON LEUR DIT QUE TU VIENS DE SOLEURE ...



SAIS-TU QUE "PARTIR SUR SOLEURE" ÇA VEUT DIRE "S'ENIVRER"?

10 *Pom popom popom*

::: Pom, popom, popom popom popom popom po :::

Tous les petits Kobolds dansent dans la forêt,
Moi et mes compagnons allons tous les crever!
Ne sont-ils pas mignons, embrochés morcelés,
Autour des champignons, on pourrait en manger!
OUAIS!

Pom, popom...

Tous les petits Gobelins, dansent dans la forêt,
Moi et mes compagnons, allons les approcher!
Ils sont vraiment mignons quand ils se font flécher,
Nous les achèverons à coups d'épées rouillées! OUAIS!

Pom, popom...

Quand tous les petits Orques, dansent dans la forêt,
Moi et mes compagnons préférons nous cacher!
Ils ne sont pas mignons, ils sont bêtes à pleurer,
Mais nous les évitons pour pas finir broyés! OUAIS!

Pom, popom...

Quand tous les petits Trolls, dansent dans la forêt,
Moi et mes compagnons préférons nous barrer!
Ceux qui les trouvent mignons sont vraiment dérangés,
Un jour ils finiront en compote de...

::: Pommes, popom... :::

11 *Fizzy Cider* *To the tune of "Bob the Builder"*

Fizzy cider, CAN WE DRINK IT?
Fizzy cider, YES WE CAN!

Students all know it and freshmen too,
Cider is cheap but tastes like glue.
After your taste buds have gone numb,
Drinking more cider ain't that dumb!

Fizzy cider...

12 *Spanish Toast*

Arriba! (*glasses up*)
Abajo! (*glasses down*)
Al Lado! (*to the left*)
Al Otro! (*to the right*)
Al Centro! (*to the center*)
Para Dentro! (*drink*)

13 *Staffan's song* *To the tune of "Staffanvisan"*

Staffan var en stalledräng,
Men inte någon stjärna.
Han gilla' inte att gå hem,
Dit gick han inte gärna.
Ingen dager synes än,
Därför stannar jag till fem, sa Staffan!

Staffan was a stableboy,
But not a very good one.
He did not like to go home,
He did not like to go there.
No dawn is yet seen
So I will stay until five, said Staffan!

14 *Procrastinate* *To the tune of "O christmas tree"*

Procrastinate,
Can't concetrate,
I'd rather date or celebrate.

Procrastinate,
Can't concentrate,
I'd rather date or celebrate.

Just one more Netflix episode,
Who cares about the study load.

Procrastinate,
Can't concentrate,
Oh, will I ever graduate.

15 *My Bonnie*

My Bonnie is over the ocean,
My Bonnie is over the sea,
My Bonnie is over the ocean,
O bring back my Bonnie to me!

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me!
Bring back, bring back,
O bring back my Bonnie to me!

O blow ye winds over the ocean,
O blow ye winds over the sea,
O blow ye winds over the ocean,
And bring back my Bonnie to me!

Bring back...

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead!

Bring back...

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me!

Bring back...

16 *Twelve Days of Binge-Drinking*

*To the tune of "Twelve Days of Christmas",
increasingly drunkenly*

My first day of binge-drinking started happily,
With a large Long Island Ice Tea.

My second day of binge-drinking started happily,
With two Rum and Cokes,
And a large Long Island Ice Tea.

... Two Rum and Cokes,
... Three G and Ts,
... Four Jello shots,
... Five pints of Beer,
... Six Mai Tais,
... Seven Gin Martinis,
... Eight Bacardi Breezers,
... Nine Black Russians,
... Ten Raz' Mojitos,
... 'Leven nips of Whiskey,

My twelfth day of binge-drinking was a sight to see,
With twelve shots of Absinthe,

17 *Internationalen*

Mera brännvin i glasen,
Mera glas på vårt bord,
Mera bord på kalasen,
Mera kalas på vår jord.
Mera jordar kring månen,
Mera månar kring mars,
Mera marscher till Skåne,
Mera Skåne, gud, bevars bevars bevars!

Lisää viinaa mun lasiin,
Lisää laseja pöydälle,
Lisää pöytiä näihin juhliin,
Lisää juhlia kansalle.
Lisää kansaa Suomeen,
Lisää Suomea päälle maan,
Lisää maata Suomelle,
Marssitaan, marssitaan, Karjalaan, KARJALAAN!

Mehr Sprit in die Gläser,
Mehr Gläser auf den Tisch,
Mehr Tische für dieses Fest,
Mehr Feste für das Volk.
Mehr Volk in den Wagen,
Mehr Wagen auf die Bahn,
Mehr Autobahnen für Europa,
Gib Gas, gib Gas du Arsch!

More booze in our glasses,
More glasses on the bar,
More bars for this small town of ours,
More towns for this Free State.
More states in America,
More Americans on this Earth,
More Earth for us to pump oil from,
Cheap gas is all we're worth!

Plus de vin dans nos verres,
Plus de verres sur la table,
Plus de tables sous nos baguettes,
Plus de baguettes pour la France.
Plus de France pour la grève,
Plus de grèves pour nos enfants,
SWITCH TO "LA MARSEILLAISE"
Plus d'enfants pour la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé! ARRIVÉ!

18

Eurovision

To the tune of "Eurovision Theme"

The French drink Champagne and Chardonnay,
In Germany they drink beer,
In Russia they drink Vodka,
In Windisch we drink everything,
So let's all raise a glass to that!

I've heard they eat snow in Helsinki,
In Norway rotten raw fish,
In Russia frozen Vodka,
Thus if you're into cold food,
A Sittning is the place to be!

Germany smokes their Bregenwurst,
In Norway they smoke salmon,
In Brazil they smoke forests,
The Netherlands smoke everything,
So let's all roll a joint to that!

Austria exports kangaroos,
Swedes export IKEA,
~~Ukraine exports Crimea,~~
and Russia propaganda,
Germany exports refugees,
All Finland does is send them back!

Here we would've sung of the UK,
But they went on and did a stupid thing they call
"Brexit",
All hope is lost for England,
But Scots and Irish: welcome back!

19 *Cursed Christmas Song*

Dashing through the snow,
With a pair of broken skis,
Over the hills we go,
Crashing through the trees!
The snow is turning red,
I think I might be dead,
I woke up in the hospital,
With stitches in my head!

9-1-1, 9-1-1, Santa Claus is dead!
Rudolph pulled a .44 and shot him in the head!
Barbie doll, Barbie doll, tried to save his life!
But G.I. Joe, from Mexico, stabbed him with his knife!

20 *JAS:en*

To the tune of "När månen vandrar"

Där flög en JAS över Västerbron
Men styrsystemet var trasigt
Piloten ut sköt sig med kanon
För planet vingla så knasigt
"Jag vill ju uppåt, jag vill ju mer"
Men planet svarte: "Jag ville ner
Mot alla hjon, på Västerbron"

21 *Beer Cannon*

To the tune of "Frère Jacques"

::: Eichhof Lager :::
::: Cardinal :::
::: Heineken and Boxer :::
::: Feldschlösschen :::

22 *Soft Kitty*

Soft kitty, warm kitty,
Little ball of fur.
Happy kitty, sleepy kitty,
Purr, purr, purr.

23 *YUROP*

To the tune of "Beethoven's 9th – Ode to Joy"

Praise our Yuropean Yunion, ain't no land as great as
She,

I will always love our treasured land of peace and
harmony.

Sure did help to get all the states we nicked from the
late C.C.C.P.

Flying high our blue and yellow from Norway to Italy.

Polish trucks all over and there's vampires in Romania,
Soccer-addict Portuguese and Viking Scandinavia.

Latvia is just pissed that we always mix them with
Lithuania,

I was there last summer, wait I think it was Estonia.

Ireland is too drunk to be offended by this Symphony,
Iceland has no ice while Greenland still can't grow a
fuckin' tree.

Bosnia likes a swim but Croatia snagged all the
Adriatic Sea,

Serbia still has nightmares when it hears
"Austria-Hungary".

Dutch and French are waiting to get Flanders and
Wallonia,

Spain is still asleep and where the fuck is Macedonia.

Czechs are tired of jokes on their name so Czech out
their neighbor Slovakia,

Moldova still high as fuck on that plane singing
Mai-Ya.

Praise our Yuropean Yunion, ain't no better place to
be,

Everything is prosperous except the Greek economy.

English as a choice for this anthem holds quite a bit of
irony,

Proud would our ancestors be to see us ruled by
Germany.

24

Erasmus

To the tune of "Wild Rover"

I've been on Erasmus for almost one year,
And I've spent all me money on party and beer.
French kissing and pimping are games for the best,
Erasmus Orgasmus is not for the rest.

And it's no, nay, never (SEX ON THE FLOOR!)

No nay never, no more!

Will I share these hangovers,

No never, no more.

Satellite and Zelig are the places to be,

We usually think that the best is for free.

We told the bartender our money was spent,

But the poor drunken fellow did not understand.

And it's no, nay, never...

I'll go home to me parents, confess what I've done,
My eternal hangover is finally gone.

Chopfab and Trois Dames are beers of our kind,

When we drink them together they fuck up our mind.

::: And it's no, nay, never... :::

25 *La Tristitude*

La Tristitude,
C'est quand tu dois aller chez le prêtre à 12 ans,
Quand tu te rends compte que ton père est
suisse-allemand,
C'est tenter un tope-la avec un malvoyant,
Et ça fait mal.

La **Suissitude**,
C'est avoir quatre langues sans pouvoir communiquer,
C'est quand tu dis "tailai" au lieu de dire télé,
C'est être neutre et vendre des armes à l'étranger,
Ca fait du blé.

La Tristitude,
C'est moi, c'est toi,
C'est nous, c'est quoi,
C'est un peu de détresse dans le creux de nos bras.
La Tristitude,
C'est hmmm, c'est woaaaaaoh,
C'est eux, c'est vous,
C'est la vie qui te dit que ça va pas du tout.

La Tristitude,
C'est quand lors d'un voyage en Inde tu bois de l'eau,
Quand t'es prise comme secrétaire chez Bernard Nicod,
Quand Jamel Debbouze fait un solo au piano,
Et ça fait rien.

La Tristitude,
C'est faire une soirée pour des gens de toute l'Europe,
Avec une organisation qui est au top,
Et exploser tout ton budget sur des enveloppes,
C'est ESN.

La Tristitude...

La Tristitude,
C'est quand ton karaoké dit "instrumental",
C'est quand tout ton OC finit à l'hôpital,
When you don't get the song but try to act social,
Et ça fait mal.

La Tristitude,
C'est quand t'as choisi GC à l'EPFL,
C'est quand le studio s'appelle "Jacquie et Michel",
C'est quand au Scrabble t'as K, F, J, Q, X et L,
Et ça fait kfjqxl.

La Tristitude...

::: Who is a freshman of XX,
Stand up, stand up right now. :::
Take your drink into your hand,
Then raise it up to your lips and,
::: Drink up, drink up, drink up, drink up,
Drink up, drink bottoms up! :::

EIT



Haare lang, Arme
schmächtig, ich studier'
Elektrotechnik

WIng

IM



Excel, voll gut! Damit
berechne rechne ich,
wann ich Feierabend hab

EUT

ST



In 2 semestern bin ich
fertig und weiss nicht was
ich machen soll

MB



Hehe, ich studier
mich selbst

INF



CTRL + C
CTRL + V
python macht brrrrrr....

PH



Warum lernt ihr alle?
Geniesst mal das
Studentenleben

