

The MMESSC School Anthem

We three heads of Met'rology are,
Sitting in the SCR.
Keith is Shining,
Giles is reclining
And Anthony's gone to the bar.

Chorus

School of Maths and Met'rology.
School of Physics (R.I.P.).
We haven't an acronym,
It is such a shame.
We're just M-M-E-S-S-C

Antazzar:

Clouds I see through Chilbolton's radar
Up and down and near and far
EM waves propagate
Bounce off precipitate
Revealing the details of haar

Keithior:

Crepuscular rays do enter my eye
Scattering multiply throughout the sky
All contrarily
Mie and Rayleigh
Half solid angle: two pi

Gilesar:

Balloons I send aloft to attain
Charge and fields which some clouds sustain
Cosmic rays ionise
Droplets of every size
Over us all to rain

Chorus

A lecturer's learning curve is steep
Teaching students to think very deep
Potential vorticity
Is such simplicity!
Oh no, they've all gone to sleep!

P.D.R.A. fellows are strange.
Their computers are top of the range.
If there's an error
No need to bother
Just call it climate change!

Chorus

PhD students have so much fun
Strolling in just after one.
Sit and drink cups of tea
Until it's half past three
Then they all go to the 'Tuns'.

Chorus

MSc students' lives are bleak
No time to think and no time to speak
No time for eating
Or excreting.
Do it in Breather Week.

Chorus

Undergrads don't skive off to gigs
Never drink beer, never smoke cigs.
They're always working
Never seen shirking.
Oh, there go those flying pigs!

Chorus

The support staff help us a lot,
Without them we'd be in a spot.
Ken is retiring,
We're all enquiring,
"Can we replace him?" "With what?"

Chorus

School of Maths and Met'rology
Who needs Physics, not the VC!
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