Victor the Vector, Lyrics by Walter F. Smith 2/07, Tune: Rosin the Bow

Oh, Victor the Vector was pining, as he sat in his room all alone,
For passionate vector combining, when Vicky called him on the phone.
She said, “I am feeling deje-ction! Come over and see me tonight!
I know you’ve both length and direction – let’s add tip-to-tail by moonlight!

Let’s add tip-to-tail by moonlight--, Let’s add tip-to-tail by moonlight.
I know you’ve both length and direction – let’s add tip-to-tail by moonlight!”

So Victor and Vicky, they tried out all the ways that two vectors combine,
For after addition she cried out, “Let’s go for the truly sublime!
Let’s try vector multiplica-tion – two vectors can create a third,
And the recipe for procreation is AB sin theta, I’ve heard.

Is AB sin theta, I’ve heard--., is AB sin theta, I’ve heard,
And the recipe for procreation is AB sin theta, I’ve heard.”

So they lit mathematical fires, lying head-to-head and tail to tail,
But despite their most ardent desires, they produced just a frustrated wail!
For, as they found by error and try-ing, and we know so ve-ry well,
Cross products are more satisfying when vectors aren’t pa-ralel!

When vectors aren’t pa-ralel--., when vectors aren’t pa-ralel,
Cross products are more satisfying when vectors aren’t pa-ralel!