The Harvard Song Book

Compiled and Published by

THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
1922
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The Harvard Glee Club
Dedicated
by
The Harvard Glee Club
to
Archibald T. Davison, '06
Preface

OR some time there has been evident at the University the lack of a compact, well-put together, yet inexpensive song book. The Harvard Glee Club has undertaken to fill this need. There has been no attempt to include every song that has borne the name Harvard, nor even all those that may have enjoyed ephemeral vogue. It has been the purpose of the Club to incorporate those of distinctive merit or of outstanding popularity, together with a few new ones and some that have not hitherto been printed. A number of songs which were favourites a score of years ago, but which have been omitted from recent song books, have been brought back; a few folk-songs not generally appearing in college books have been added; while the negro melodies that occur in every collection have been omitted and others substituted in their place.

The songs have been arranged in one of three ways: as a piano arrangement carrying the air; as a quartet for men's voices; or as a quartet for mixed voices. In the last case the alto part has been so rendered that the songs may be sung by men's voices, the baritone carrying the melody, the first tenor the alto part, the second tenor the tenor part, and the bass the bass part.

To Doctor Davison the Club owes its deepest appreciation for his inspiration and unfailing help; to Abbot Low Moffat, '23, for his untiring work in the compilation and management of the undertaking; and to Mr. Henry Clough-Leighter for his energy and kindness in the technical preparation of the material. To the graduates and friends of the University who have so generously given us the use of their songs we are greatly indebted. We wish to thank also the following firms for the courtesies that they have extended to us: The Boston Music Co., The S. Brainard's Sons Co., Leo Feist, Inc., Noble & Noble, G. Schirmer, Inc., The Tremont Publishing Co., White-Smith Publishing Co., and Joseph Williams, Ltd., of London. In particular we are indebted for their generous cooperation to Hinds, Hayden, & Eldredge, Inc., Oliver Ditson Co., and E. C. Schirmer Music Co.
Doctor Davison has taught the Harvard Glee Club to sing, to enjoy and to prefer the best choral music; but he and they believe that all college men should delight in singing good music, and therefore they have compiled and published this book of good, popular songs. Some of them belong to Harvard, others are known throughout the world, and most of them are familiar to every American college man. No force of art is so easily acquired by a large number of men, or can be enjoyed by them, than a chorus. None, if rightly used, can better express the varied sentiments of a throng; yet none has been less developed by our people. It is in the hope of contributing to popularize singing more widely among our youth that this selection has been printed.

A. Lawrence Lowell
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Fair Harvard

1. Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy jubilee throng, And with blessings surrender thee bloom of our youth, From the home of our infantile visit thy halls, To what kindlings the season gives onward and bright! To thy children the lesson still

2. To thy bowers we were led in the o'er, By these festival rites, from the years, When our fathers had warn'd, and our birth! Thy shades are more soothing, thy give, With freedom to think, and with

3. When as pilgrims we come to re-age that is past To the age that is waiting be-mothers had pray'd, And our sisters had blest their sunlight more dear, Than descend on less privileged patience to bear, And for right ever bravely to

4. Farewell! be thy destinies

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Fair Harvard

fore. O relic and type of our
tears. Thou then wert our parent, the
earth. For the good and the great, in their
live. Let not moss-cov'rd er-or move

ancestor's worth, That has long kept their memory
nurse of our soul; We were mold-ed to man-ood by
beauti-ful prime, Thro' thy precincts have mus-ing-ly
thee at its side, As the world on truth's cur- rent glides

warm, First flow'r of their wil-der-ness!
thee, Till freight-ed with treas-ure-thoughts,
trod, As they gird-ed their spir-its or
by, Be the her-ald of light, and the

star of their night! Calm rising thro' change and thro' storm...
friend-ships and hopes, Thou didst launch us on Desti-ny's sea.
deep-end the streams That make glad the fair city of God.
bearer of love, Till the stock of the Pur-i-tans die.

poco rall.
Harvard Hymn

JAMES BRADSTREET GREENOUGH, '56

UNISON

1. De - us om - ni - um cre - a - tor,
2. Pa - tres nos - tri huc per - la - ti,
3. Qua de spe fac te pre - ca - mur,
4. Sic dum ci - vi - tas man - e - bit,

John Knowles Paine, '69

Rerum mundi moderator, Crescat cu - ius
Tu - o mo - ni - tu, per - gra - ti, De - di - ca - runt
In e - ven - tu ne fal - la - mur Sed ma - io - ra
Claru - rum lu - men hic lu - ce - bit, Lu - ce an - gu -

es fun - da - tor, Nos - tra U - ni - ver - si - tas,
ve - ri - ta - ti Par - vum tum col - le - gi - um,
dum co - na - mur Fa - ve - as la - bo - ri - bus,
los re - ple bit, Fu - ge - rit ob - scu - ri - tas,

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Harvard Glee Club. The Harvard Song Book, 1922
Harvard Hymn

Integri sunt curatores, Eruditi
Idque tuo post favore Auctum semper
Simul gratias habemus Quod tam dixi
Error territus latebit, Virtus vivi-

professor, Lageratur dominatores
et amore Bonam spem ostentat fore
igam florimus Nece audire remittermus
da valebit Et insignior florebit

poco rall.

Bene partas copias
Tom plume quasi regiam
Verita tis nominus
Nosstra Universitas Amen.

poco rall.
Harvardiana

S. B. Steel, '11

R. G. Williams, '11
Arranged by R. S. Childe, '22

March time

With

crimson in triumph flashing, 'mid the strains of

victory, Poor Eli's hopes we are dashing

4) "Harvardiana," "The Gridiron King," and "Soldiers Field" are so arranged that they may be played and sung as one piece.

Copyright, 1909, by R. G. Williams. Used by special permission.
Harvardiana

Into blue obscurity.

Sisterless our team sweeps goalward,

With the fury of the blast.

We'll fight for the name of Harvard
till the last white line is passed.
Harvardiana

Harvard! Harvard! Harvard!

Harvard! Harvard! Harvard!

Harvard! Harvard! Harvard!

HAR-VARD! With line is passed.

2. poco rit.

attacca
The Gridiron King

Words and Music by
RICHMOND K. FLETCHER, '08

March time

Then hit the line for Harvard, For

Harvard wins today! We will show the sons

of Eli That the crimson still holds

*) "Harvardiana," "The Gridiron King," and "Soldiers Field" are so arranged that they may be played and sung as one piece.

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The Gridiron King

sway.

Sweep down the

field a-gain,

Vict-o-ry or

die!

And we'll give the grand old

cheer, boys,

When the Harvard team goes by.
Soldiers Field

W. W. Gallagher, '04
Henry Davenport, '04

March time

Voice

Harvard banners fly, Cheer on cheer like

Vollied thunder Echoes to the sky.

Piano

O'er the stands in flaming crimson,

*) "Harvardiana," "The Gridiron King," and "Soldiers' Field" are so arranged that they may be played and sung as one piece.

Copyright, 1905, by Chas. W. Homeyer & Company
Soldiers Field

See the crimson tide is turning
gain-ing more and more! Then fight, fight, fight! For we

win, to-night! Old Harvard for ev-er-more!
Our Director

March time

F. E. Bigelow

Arranged by C. T. Leonard, '23

Hard luck, for poor old E - lil!

Tough on the blue;

Now, all to - geth - er,

Smash them and break through!

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Our Director

'Gainst the line of Crimson,

They can't prevail.

Three cheers for Harvard! And

1. (shouted) down with Yale! Rah! Rah! Rah! Yale!
Onward to the Goal

Words and Music
by Frank R. Hancock, '12

In March time

March! March! Onward to the goal, As the

line of the blue gives way; And we'll

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Onward to the Goal

fight! fight! Yale will know to-night, That the

big Red Team can play: Then

shout! shout! Put the Blue to rout, While the
Onward to the Goal

bull-dog begins to wail; Let them go!

Can they beat us? No! Let them sit on the fence at

Yale

Yale
Up the Street

W. L. W. Field, '98

R. G. Morse, '96
Arranged by R. S. Childe, '22

March time

Voice

Look where the

Piano

Crimson banners fly! Hark, to the sound of tramping feet! There is a

Host approaching, Harvard is marching up the street, Onward to

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Up the Street

vic-tor-y a-gain, March-ing with drum-beat and with song; Hear the re-

frain, as it thun-ders a-long, as it thun-ders a-long. Look where the

long. Be-hold, they come in view, Who

wear the crim-son hue; Whose arms are

Harvard Glee Club. The Harvard Song Book, 1922
Up the Street

strong, whose hearts are true ever to Harvard, ever to

Harvard. Be - vard. And Harvard's glo - ry shall

be our aim, And through the ages the sound shall

roll When all to - geth - er we cheer her name, When we

Harvard Glee Club. The Harvard Song Book, 1922
Up the Street

cheer her with heart and soul.
Up the Street

And Harvard's glory shall be our aim, And

through the ages the sound shall roll, When

all together we cheer her name, When we

cheer her with heart and soul.
Ten Thousand Men of Harvard

A. Putnam, '38

March time

For years past the teams of

Crimson have won triumph after triumph from her foe,
Her glory has ne'er diminished

To defeat the men of Crimson cannot

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Ten Thousand Men of Harvard

Go—Then victory must now be certain,
For the loyal sons of Harvard know no fear.
All rise for Harvard.

And we'll give her cheer on cheer!
Ten Thousand Men of Harvard

Ten thousand men of Harvard want victory today, for they know that o'er old Eli Fair Harvard holds sway; so then we'll
Ten Thousand Men of Harvard

conquer old El is men, And when the
game ends we'll sing again, Ten
thousand men of Harvard gain'd

victory today.
Old Harvard
(The Brabanconne)

F. Campenhout
Arranged

DAVID T. W. McCORD, '21

1. Before old Eli had come into the world, Or
2. And like a torch that has burn'd through-out the past, In

Prince-ton's found-a-tion was laid, Har-vard, with ban-ner fair un-
thought and in wis-dom she shone; Loy-al her sons un-to the

furl'd, The Pil-grim's wil-der-ness sur-vey'd. And her
last, Each class and gen-er-a-tion on! So that

day shall nev-er, nev-er wane, Fore-most to-mor-row as of
light shall nev-er, nev-er wane.

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Old Harvard

yore; Come, sing her praises, shout again the loud refrain: Old

Harvard, Harvard evermore! Come, sing her praises, shout again the

loud refrain: Old Harvard, Harvard evermore! Old

The Sun of Victory

Words and Music
by FRANK R. HANCOCK, '12

VOICE

The sun of victory is dawning,

PIANO

Mark the crimson of the sky;

Better heed the mighty signs of warning,

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The Sun of Victory

Harvard's hopes beat high; watch the spirit of old Harvard, driving ever toward the goal, give them a yell, ho! down the field they go, while the Crimson thunders roll.
Victory

HELEN E. WILLIAMS

R. G. WILLIAMS, '11

Roll up the Crimson score,

Harvard's banners waving, We'll

win forever more. Sing a rousing

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Victory

A♭

Crimson song, Near ing the

goal a gain, Once more plunge to

glo ry, Up! wave your flags and

cheer For one more vic to ry.
Poor Old Yale

A. L. Moffat, '23

Old English

Voice

1. Oh, cheer the Crimson Team today, As
2. Old Eli's men may gamely fight, And

Soprano and Alto

Voice parts (ad libitum)

and Accomp.

Tenor and Bass

down the field they fight their way, And lick the big blue
struggle on with all their might, The bleachers blue may

down the field they fight their way, And lick the big blue
struggle on with all their might, The bleachers blue may

boys once more, And once again roll up the score. Just
vainly cry, To gain a victory or die: They

boys once more, And once again roll up the score. Just
vainly cry, To gain a victory or die: They

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Poor Old Yale

Poco rit

hear the bulldog howl and wail,
always try, but always fail,

Poco rit

hear the bulldog howl and wail,
always try, but always fail,

Chorus

Down among the dead men, Down among the dead men, Down! Down!

Down! Down! Down among the dead men, Poor old Yale!
Score

J. S. Reed, '10

March time

VOICE

Piano

J. W. Adams, '10

No hope for Eli,

Here's where we score,
Come twist the bulldog's tail, We'll win once more, For Harvard's back at New Haven, Hark to their mournful
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Score

wail! It might be worse, boys,

call up a hearse for poor old


Yale.

Yale.
Crimson Triumph

Paul Lord, '14

March Time

Ralph L. Blaikie, '14

Piano

1. We are sons of dear old Harvard, we're
2. When the team is on the field, boys, we'll

here to sing a song to thee.

cheer them each and every one.

To her and to her teams

Watch the backs go tearing through,

Copyright, 1915, by Ralph L. Blaikie
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Crimson Triumph

we'll smash our loyalty, So,
smashing the line of Blue, For

boys, we'll drink a toast to Harvard, her
they are fighting for the Crimson, and

men, and memories so sweet;
their victory today!

We'll watch,

sing a song to her when e'er
see them swell the score as Yale
Crimson Triumph

we meet.

One, two three, give a cheer,

Make it loud, make it clear.


D. For ev-er-more, for Har-vard. gives way.
Veritas March

Words and Music by
JOHN H. DENSMORE, '04

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Veritas March

blue turn pale with fright, Send a cheer a-
cross to bleach ’em nice and white! Oh, look at the way we
smash and rip ’em through— While the Blue Bull
Dog howls— Boo-lal! Boo-lal! Boo!” Let out your voices
Veritas March

now so loud and hale, 'Tis a fun'ral

ode we sing to Eli Yale. Oh, give us a yell—Hi!

Hi! for Harvard, For the CRIMSON to-

1. day! 2. We day.
On to Victory
(The Marseillaise)

Tempo di Marcia

The cheers from the Harvard hosts ring high, While the Crimson banners streaming, Lift the Crimson glory to the sky, Where the sunset red is gleaming, And our hearts beat fast for old Harvard, To her name shall her sons be ever true, Long live her glorious name! Long live her glorious fame, Then stand and raise your banners on high. On, on to victory!

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Row, Yale, row!

1. New London race-course four miles long, Sing a-
2. The Harvard crew got stuck in the grass, Sing a-
3. But the Harvard crew it shook itself loose, Sing a-

doo-dah! Sing a-doo-dah! And the Harvard crew is
doo-dah! Sing a-doo-dah! And the Eli crew went
doo-dah! Sing a-doo-dah! And the Elis saw it

rowing strong. Oh, Doo-dah day!
slowly past. Oh, Doo-dah day!
wasn't any use. Oh, Doo-dah day!

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Row, Yale, row

CHORUS

SOPRANO AND ALTO

G'wine to row all night!

TENOR AND BASS

G'wine to row all day!

I'll bet my money on the Harvard crew,

Some-body bet on Yale. Where, oh, where is

Yale? They're coming, They're coming, But they're coming very slow;

Oh, can't you hear those Ellis shouting "Row, Yale, row!"
Here come the doggone Elis

Here come the dog-gone E-lis; You ask us how we know? We can tell them by their faces And the dog-gone way they row, Splash! Splash! And the dog-gone way they row.
Johnny Harvard

Oh, here's to Johnny Harvard! Fill him up a full glass,

Fill him up a glass, to his name and fame, And at the same time
don't forget his true love; Fill her up a bumper to the brim. Then

drink, drink, drink, drink, Pass the wine cup free, Drink, drink, drink, drink,

drink, drink, free,
Johnny Harvard

Jolly boys are we, Free from care and despair, What care we? 'Tis wine divine, That brings us jollity. Oh, here's to Johnny Harvard!

Fill him up a full glass, Fill him up a glass to his name and fame, And at the same time don't forget his true love;

Fill her up a bumper to the brim. Then

*) The eight measures usually inserted here, beginning, "We never drink, 'tis very clean," are copyrighted, and permission to include them has been withheld by the owner.
Johnny Harvard

drink, drink, drink, drink,
Pass the wine cup free;
Drink, drink, drink, drink,

drink, drink,

Jolly boys are we,
Free from care and despair,
What care we;
Here's to

wine divine,
That brings us jollily.
Drink, drink, drink,

drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink,

drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink,

Yes, drink.

drink, drink, drink, drink, drink,
Harvard Every Day

Words and Music by
MALCOLM LANG, '02

March time

1. Stand! Stand! by the Crimson banner streaming to the
2. Tramp! Tramp! from the shades of Cambridge march the Harvard

sky;
thurong;

Sing! Sing! in a mighty chorus,

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Harvard Every Day

raise the battle cry,
raise the battle cry,
Pledge we, our fight!
raise the battle cry,
Pledge we, our fight!

thous— and, thou— and, strong.
thous— and, thou— and, strong.
Fight! Fight! for the
Fight! Fight! for the

selves to keep bright the shield al— way.
selves to keep bright the shield al— way.
ones you love; for— ward to the fray.
ones you love; for— ward to the fray.

Shout! Shout! till the world re— sounds with
Shout! Shout! till the world re— sounds with
Strike! Strike! for the truth and dear old
Strike! Strike! for the truth and dear old

(Shouted)

HAR— VARD! Harvard ev— ry day.
HAR— VARD! Harvard ev— ry day.

Harvard Glee Club. The Harvard Song Book, 1922
Harvard, Sovereign Mother

M. A. DeWolfe, '87

F. S. Converse, '93

Moderato

Voice

1. Our ancient brothers
2. For them she plants in
3. Not in our strength a-

sleep their sleep Among the stori-
edd; Their
ev'ry soul The truth that makes men free; For
lone we boast, Nor in her an-
cient lore, But

treas'ur'd names our annals keep Tho' cen-
turies be
them she sets one con-
stant goal— The spir-it's lib-
like-wise in that march-ing host Of bro-
thers seen no

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Harvard, Sovereign Mother

And one great Mother of us all

Now ty. In days of war, in tranquil years, She

more. In mystic union they and she Now

bids her children rise And follow where the

arms them for the fight That men must wage in

fire each heart and mind; The quest unfinish'd

voice may call That leads the brave and wise,

blood and tears, Whose quest is towards the light,
calls—and we March on, to seek—and find!

poco rit.
Harvard, Sovereign Mother

Younger than the youngest, Older than the sires,
Priestess ever guarding

Wisdom's holy fires— Harvard, Sovereign Mother,
Harvard, Sovereign Mother

Loved, o- bey'd, and bless'd,
Sons of thine are

march-ing, march-ing On the end-less quest,

Sons of thine are march-ing march-ing On the end-less quest.
Institute Song

March time

1. Now we'll celebrate the praises of the famous Institute;
   What society can venture her position to dispute,
   She's the oldest of them all, and of the widest spread reputation;
   So, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah for the Institute, Institute!

2. O famous are the dinners of the glorious Institute,
   And the eloquence of her debates no mortal can refute;
   Then, drink her down with three times three,
   So, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah for the Institute, Institute!

Voice

Piano
It's a way we have at old Harvard

1. It's a way we have at old Har-ward, It's a
   way we have at old Har-ward, It's a
2. And don't you think it odd, sir, That in
   way we have at old Har-ward, It's a
3. For now the Vol-stead's in force, sir, We
   always study so hard, sir,
4. And no more do we hold it right, sir, On
   really quite at a loss, sir,
5. Yet we always lick the E-lis, We
   get most glo-ri-ous tight, sir,

We are fill'd with re-morse, sir, And are
always lick the E-lis, Oh, we

To drive dull care a-way.

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Harvard Glee Club. The Harvard Song Book, 1922
It's a way we have at old Harvard

drive dull care away,

Harvard, It's a way we have at old Harvard, It's a

cresc.
poco rit.

way we have at old Harvard, To drive dull care away.

cresc.
poco rit.

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here

What the hell do we care?

What the hell do we care? Hail! Hail! We're

full of cheer, What the hell do we care now?

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The Dutch Company

1. Oh, when you hear the roll of the big bass drum,
   Then you may know that the Dutch have come;

2. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war, When Dutch meets Dutch, then comes the larger beer;

Dutch company is the best company That ever came o-ver from old Germa-ny.

Hora, hora, hora, la la la la,

Hora, hora, hora la la la la, Tra la la la la,

Tra la la la la, He is mine oys-ter raw.
Gin'ral Grant

Arranged by
C. Lawrence Smith, Jr., '97

1. How well I remember the days of "forty nine," When the
   old boss got stuck in the mire; An' Squire Bill Jones came a-

2. How well I remember the days of "sixty one," When the
   bullets came a-whizzin' round us thick; An' long came a cannon ball a-

runnin' down the road, Yel-lin' "By gosh, Si, that's a fire!" I
kit-in' through the air, An' struck Squire Bill in the neck. Squire

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Gin'ral Grant

yell'd to my wife fer' to fetch My rubber boots, And I
Bill jumps up, says he: "My neck is tough, They are

kiss'd my gal, Irene, An' Squire Bill an' I ran a-
try-in' fer' to kill me, but they can't." Those good old days Be-

whiz-zin' down the road, Fer' to run with the old ma-
neath the Stars and Stripes, When we fit for Gin'ral_{...}
Gin'ral Grant

chine, Fer to run with the old ma-chine, By gosh! Fer to Grant, When we fit for Gin’ral—Grant, By gosh! When we

run with the old ma-chine; An’ Squire Bill and I ran a fit for—Gin’ral—Grant, Those good ol’—days Be-

whiz-zin’down the road, Fer to run with the old ma-chine, neath the Stars and Stripes, When we fit for—Gin’ral Grant.

poco rit.
Here's a health to King Charles

Words from "Woodstock"

F. Boott, '31

1. Bring the bowl which you boast, Fill it up to the brim; Here's to him we love most, And to all who love

2. Tho' he wanders 'mong dangers, Neglect to aid, alone, Unaided 'mid strangers, Extranged from his

times can afford; The knee on the ground, And the hand on the

3. Let the homage abound Which the him! Brave gallants stand up, And avaunt, ye base carles! Were there own; Tho'tis under our breath, Amid forfeits and perils, Yet sword; But the time shall come round, When mid lords, dukes, and earls, The loud

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Here's a health to King Charles

dead in the cup, Were there death in the cup, Here's a
loyal to death, Yet loyal to death, Here's a
trumpet shall sound, The loud trumpet shall sound, Here's a

health to King Charles! Here's a health to King Charles!
health to King Charles! Here's a health to King Charles!
health to King Charles! Here's a health to King Charles!

Chorus
a tempo
Tenor I, II

Brave gallants, stand up, And a-vault, ye base carles! Were there

Bass I, II

a tempo
Here's a health to King Charles

death in the cup, Were there death in the cup, Were there death in the cup, Were there death in the cup,

Were there death in the cup,

cup, Here's a health to King Charles! Here's a health to King Charles!

a tempo

poco rit. D.S.
The Little Brown Jug

1. My wife and I liv’d all alone in a
2. ’Tis you who makes my friends my foes, ’Tis__
3. When I go toiling to my farm, I take
4. If all the folks in Adam’s race, was__
5. If I’d a cow that gave such milk, It__
6. The rose is red, my nose is, too, The__

Chorus

lit - tle log hut we call’d our own;
you who makes me wear old clothes;
Lit - tle Brown Jug un - der my arm;
gatherd to - geth - er in one place;
Clothe - her in the fin - est silk;
vi’ - lets blue and___
so are you; And

She loved gin, and I loved rum; I
Here you are so near my nose, So
place it un - der a shad - y tree.__
I’d pre - pare to shed a tear, Be -
feed her on the choic - ist hay, And
yet I guess be - fore I stop, Wed -

tell you what, we’d lots of fun.
tip her up and down she goes
“Little Brown Jug” ’tis you and me.
fore I’ll part from you, my dear.
milk her for - ty times a day.
bet - ter take anoth - er drop.
The Little Brown Jug

Harvard Glee Club. The Harvard Song Book, 1922

The Owl and the Pussy Cat

EDWARD LEAR

GEORGE INGRAHAM

Poco allegretto

Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea
In a
said to the Owl: You elegant fowl, How
Pig, are you willing to sell for a shilling your
The Owl and the Pussy Cat

beautiful pea-green boat: They took some honey and charming-ly sweet you sing! Oh, let us be married, too ring? said the Piggy: "I will!" So they took it away and were

plenty of money, Wrap'd up in a five pound note. They long we have tarried; But what shall we do for a ring?" They married next day. By the Turkey who lives on the hill. They

Owl look'd up to the stars above, And sang to a small guisail'd away for a year and a day, To the land where the bong tree dined on mince and sliced of quince, Which they ate with a run-cible
The Owl and the Pussy Cat:

CHORUS

TENOR I, II

"O love-ly Pussy, O Pussy my

tar;
grows;

And there in a wood__ a Piggy Wig

spoon;

And hand__ in hand__ on the edge of the

BASS I, II

love__, What a beau-ti-ful__ Pussy you are!!

stood, With a ring at the end of his nose.

sand, They__ danc'd by the light of the moon.

rall.

rall.
Odd Fellows' Hall

J. Wendell, Jr., '91

In waltz time

R. W. Atkinson, '91

In waltz time

1. I met my friend Patrick McKenna.
2. I paid fifty cents for the ticket.
3. McKenna, he was floor director.

One evening on Washington Street,
Then I called on Miss Bridget McKennedy;
He wore a green badge on his chest,

He said to me, "Hy, Timmy Dooley,"
She said she would go to the party,"Cause I
A pink necktie tucked in his shirt-front;

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Odd Fellows' Hall

"Ticket will give you a treat?" I took up the
was such an elegant man. So we went down and
gob, he was handsomely dress'd. And when he waltz'd

card that he offered, 'Twas not very large, 'twasn't
jump'd in a her-dic; The driver says, "Where shall I
off wid Miss Bridget; Sure, I wasn't in it at
small, It said, "Admit a gent and a lady
call?" Says I, in a dig-ni-fied man-ner,
all, But, says I, to me-self, "Whist, Mc-ken-na,

To the par-ty in Odd Fel-lows' Hall?
"You can take us to Odd Fel-lows' Hall?"
There's more than one man in the Hall?"

*) Vehicle used in olden times.

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Odd Fellows' Hall

Chorus

Waltzes, Polkas, Lancers, Gallops,

Glides, Portland Fancy, Quar-

drilles, and Reels, and Slides, Highlows,

Didos, how they danc'd 'em all! I'll
Odd Fellows' Hall

I waited until they had finished,
Then up to him boldly I goes,
And says to him, "Patsy McKenna,
Say, where did ye hire them clothes?"
"You're a liar!" says Pat in a second;
Says I; "What's that word that ye call?"
And the next minute me and McKenna
Were cleaning up Odd Fellows' Hall.

Next morning, before Justice Duffy,
Mckenna and me was brought in.
"Ten dollars," says he, "or ten days, sir!"
And me and Pat hadn't the tin;
So we took a short sail down the harbor,
Begob, we were feeling quite small,
And we stayed for ten days on Deer Island,
For scrapping in Odd Fellows' Hall.
A Stein Song

Richard Hovey

Andante con moto

1. Give a
2. Oh,
3. For we
4. When the
d rit.

f marcato

rouse, then in the May-time
we're all frank and twenty
know the world is glorious,
wind comes up from Cuba

fear!

Turn night-time into day-time
And we've faith and hope aplenty,
And that God is not censorious
And our hearts are pattering jubal

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A Stein Song

sunlight of good cheer! For it's always fair
life and love to spare; And it's birds of a
children have their fling; And life slips it's
banjo of the spring, Then life slips it's

When good fellows get together, With a
When good fellows get together, With a
When good fellows get together, With a
When good fellows get together, With a

stein on the table And a good song ringing clear;
stein on the table And a heart without a care;
stein on the table In the fellowship of spring;
stein on the table In the fellowship of spring;
A Stein Song

76 CHORUS.

TENOR I

\[f\]
\[a\text{ tempo}\]

For it's al\text{-}ways fair weath\text{-}er When good fel\text{-}lows get to-
And its birds of a feath\text{-}er When good fel\text{-}lows get to-
And life slips its teth\text{-}er When good fel\text{-}lows get to-
Then life slips its teth\text{-}er When good fel\text{-}lows get to-

TENOR II

\[f\]
\[a\text{ tempo}\]

For it's al\text{-}ways fair weath\text{-}er When good fel\text{-}lows get to-
And its birds of a feath\text{-}er, When good fel\text{-}lows get to-
And life slips its teth\text{-}er When good fel\text{-}lows get to-
Then life slips its teth\text{-}er When good fel\text{-}lows get to-

BASS

\[f\]
\[a\text{ tempo}\]

geth\text{-}er, With a stein on the ta\text{-}ble, And a good song ring\text{-}ing clear.
geth\text{-}er, With a stein on the ta\text{-}ble, And a heart with out a care.
geth\text{-}er, With a stein on the ta\text{-}ble, In the fel\text{-}low\text{-}ship of spring.
geth\text{-}er, With a stein on the ta\text{-}ble, In the fel\text{-}low\text{-}ship of spring.

all\text{argando}

all\text{argando}

all\text{argando}

all\text{argando}
Mister Moon

1. O Mister Moon, Moon, silver
Moon, won't you come out and shine?

2. Mister Moon, show me the way to go home.

For I'm a bold, bad man, known to run

O Mister man behind produced a gatling gun.

Moon, Moon, silver Moon, Show me the way to go home!

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Winter Song

RICHARD HOVEY

Andante con moto

1. Ho, a song by the fire! Pass the pipes, pass the bowl; Ho, a song by the fire! With a pipes, drain the bowl; Oh, a god is the fire! With a

2. Pile the logs on the fire! Fill the pipes, pass the bowl; Pile the logs on the fire! With a pipes, drain the bowl; Oh, a god is the fire! With a

3. Oh, a god is the fire! Pull the pipes, pass the bowl; Oh, a god is the fire! With a pipes, drain the bowl; Oh, a god is the fire! With a

FREDERIC FIELD BULLARD

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Winter Song

skeal, with a skeal! Ho, a song by the
skeal, with a skeal! Pile the logs on the
skeal, with a skeal! Oh, a god is the

Ho, a song
Pile the logs
Oh, a god

fire! Pass the pipes, with a skeal!
fire! Fill the pipes, with a skeal!
fire! Pull the pipes, with a skeal!

by the fire! Pass the bowl, with a skeal!
on the fire! Pass the bowl, with a skeal!
is the fire! Drain the bowl, with a skeal!
Winter Song

For the wolf-wind is wailing at the door-ways, And the
For the fire-goblins flicker on the ceiling, And the
For the room has a spirit in the embers, 'Tis a

snow-drifts deep along the road, And the
wine-witch glitters in the glass, And the
god, and our fathers knew his name, And they
Winter Song

cresc.

ice-gnomes are marching from their Nor-ways,
And the

smoke-wraiths are drift-ing, curl-ing, reel-ing,
And the

wor-ship'd him in long for-got De-cem-bers,
And their

cresc.

great white cold—walks a-broad.
sleigh-bells jin-gle as they pass.
hearts leap'd high—with the flame.

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

rall.

rall.

rall.

rall.

rall.

rall.

f
Winter Song

Refrain

But here by the fire. We delight

Zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum

Bass I, II

frost and storm. Ha, hal we are warm, And we have our hearts' desire. For

zum zum zum zum zum zum zum zum zum
Winter Song

here we're good fellows, And the beech-wood and the bellows, And the

cresc. poco a poco

cup is at the lip In the pledge of fellowship. Oh,

mf poco rit.

zum zum zum zum zum zum zum. Oh,

mf poco rit.

poco rit.
Winter Song

a tempo
mf dolce

here by the fire We de fy frost and storm. Ha,

p dolce
Here

zum zum zum zum zum zum zum zum

p con grazia

ha! we are warm, And we have our hearts' de sire.

have our hearts' de sire.

zum zum zum zum zum zum zum. For
Winter Song

Here we're good fellows, And the beech-wood and the

bellows, And the cup is at the lip In the pledge of

fellowship, of fellowship.

<small notes last verse only>
Schneider's Band

A. G. Mason, '86

March time

Tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp;

Pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

1. Soldiers marching up the street,
To music

2. Proudly marching on before,
He looks so

grand on every hand.
grand with staff in hand.

Tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp,

All the people run to meet
And

They

See that major of the corps,
pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp,

Welcome Schneider's Band.
call it Schneider's Band.

pom-pom-pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp.
Schneider's Band

Chorus

Hear them, the people cheer them as they draw near to music grand. They play so fine now, that "Watch on Rhine," now, that is sublime now, on Schneider's Band. That was such bully music fine, that "Watch on Rhine," Tromp - e - te, tromp, tromp, German "Watch on Rhine," But Rhine, pomp - e - pom, pomp, pomp,
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Schneider's Band

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

when you hear the music play so sweet,

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

see the band a marching up the street.

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

Why is it the music plays so grand?

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

Who is it, you think, that leads the band? You hear the

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,
Schneider's Band

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

music play, You hear the people say, It

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

Surely must be Schneider leads the band. You hear the

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

Tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

Music play, And as they march a-way, You

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

Tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

Know it must be Schneider leads the band.

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp.
Australia

Rather fast

Arranged by FRANK R. HANCOCK, '12

Tenor I, II

Br-r-room, poom, poom, poom, poom, poom, poomp - yi-di, yi-di, yi-di, yi-di,

Bass I, II

1. Australia is a
yum, poomp, poomp, poomp,
2. Australian girls are
3. Australian booze is

poomp, poomp, poomp.

very fine place, Heave a-way! Heave a-way! To
very fine girls, Keep a-way! Keep a-way! With
very fine booze, Keep a-way! Keep a-way! 'Twill

come from there is no disgrace, Heave a-

cod-fish bones they comb their curls, Keep a-

make you as tight as a new pair of shoes, Keep a-

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Australia

way! Heave a-way! Heave a-way! My bon-ny, bon-ny boys, Heave a-
way! Keep a-way! Keep a-way! My bon-ny, bon-ny boys, Keep a-
way! Keep a-way! Keep a-way! My bon-ny, bon-ny boys, Keep a-
way! Heave a-way! Heave a-way!
way! Keep a-way! Keep a-way! My bon-ny, bon-ny boys, We're
way! Keep a-way! Keep a-way!
off for Aus-tra-lia, Br-r-r-room, poom, poom, poom, poom,
poom, poom, poom, poomp, yi-di, yi-di, yi-di, yi-di, yum! Poomp!
Caisson Song

With spirit

Old Army Song

Voice

Piano

f

poco rit

mf Solo

1. O-ver hill, o-ver dale, As we hit the dust-y trail, And the
2. In the storm, in the night, Ac-tion left or ac-tion right, See the

a tempo

mf

Cais-sons go roll-ing a-long. In and out, hear them shout, Count-er
Cais-sons go roll-ing a-long. "Lim-ber front, lim-ber rear, Pre-pare to

Cais-sons go roll-ing a-long. Cais-sons go roll-ing a-long.
march and right a bout, And the Cais-sons go roll-ing a-long.

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Chorus

Then it's hil! hil! heel in the field arti-ler-y,

Shout out your num-bers loud and strong, Where e'er you go,

You will al-ways know, That the Cais-sons are roll-ing a-long Keep them

rolling, And those Cais-sons go roll-ing a-long. Batt'ry! Halt!
Les lauriers vont fleurir

1. Dans les jardins de France, Les lauriers vont fleurir,
   Y'a le van-tour d'autrich'e Et le Prus-co mau-dit;
2. Les chasseurs d'Angleterre De France et de Suisse,
   Les chasseurs d'Angleterre De France et de Suisse,
   Les chasseurs d'Angleterre De France et de Suisse,
3. Prêts à lutter farouch'e, Et tous les cinq, un
   Prêts à lutter farouch'e, Et tous les cinq, un
   Prêts à lutter farouch'e, Et tous les cinq, un
4. Deux van-tours qui s'a va cent vou draient y faire leur nid,
   Mais cinq chasseurs se fichent qui-z'ont leurabons fu-sils,
   Le p'tit Belge en colère Et l'co-saute de Russie,
   Jus-qu'aux derniers cartouches, Jus-qu'au dernier soupir,
CHORUS

Les lauriers vont fleurir

1-3. Pour sauver la France, Qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon,
4. Pour venger la France, Qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon,

poco rall.

Pour sauver la France, Qu'il fait bon souffrir.
Pour venger la France, Qu'il fait bon mourir!

poco rall.

John Peel
Old English
Arranged by T. Lynes, '10

JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES

Commodo

VOICE

1. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay, D'ye
2. Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby, too! And
3. Then here's to John Peel, from my heart and soul, Let's
4. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay? He

Piano

ken John Peel at the break o' the day, D'ye ken John Peel when he's
Ran-ter and Ring-wood, Bell-man and True; From a find to a check, from a
drink to his health, let's finish the bowl; We'll fol-low John Peel through
liv'd at Trout-beck once on a day; But now he has gone far a-

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far, far away, With his hounds and his horn in the morning?
check to a view, From a view to a death in the morning.
fair and throughful, If we want a good hunt in the morning.
way, far away, We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the
cry of the hounds which he oft-times led. Peel's "View hal-lool" would a-
wa-ken the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morning.
Nancy Lee

Spiritedly

1. Of all the wives as e'er you know,
2. The harbor's past, the breezes blow,
3. The boats' pipes the watch below,

Yeo-ho! lads, ho! Yeo-ho! Yeo-ho! There's
Yeo-ho! lads, ho! Yeo-ho! Yeo-ho! 'Tis
Yeo-ho! lads, ho! Yeo-ho! Yeo-ho! Then

none like Nancy Lee, I trow,
long ere we come back, I know,
here's a health a-fore we go,

Yeo...
Nancy Lee

ho! lads, ho! Yeo-ho! See,
ho! lads, ho! Yeo-ho! But
ho! lads, ho! Yeo-ho! A

there she stands an' waves her hands, up-on the quay, An'
true an' bright from morn till night my home will be, An'
long, long life to my sweet wife, and mates at sea, An'

ev'-ry day when I'm away, She'll watch for me, An'
all so neat, an' snug an' sweet, For Jack at sea, An'
keep our bones from Davy Jones, Where e're we be, An'

whisper low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea; Yeo-
Nancy's face to bless the place, 'an welcome me; Yeo-
may you meet a mate as sweet as Nancy Lee; Yeo-
Nancy Lee

ho! lads, ho! Yeo-ho! The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be! Yeo-ho! we go a-

cross the sea, The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be, The sailor's wife his star shall be.
There is a tavern in the town

1. There is a tavern in the town, in the town, And
   there my dear love sits him down, sits him down, And
   drinks his wine 'mid laughter free, And
   never, never thinks of me.

2. He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark, Each
   Friday night they used to spark, used to spark, And
   now my love, once true to me, Takes
   that dark damsel on his knee.

3. Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep! Put
   tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet, And
   on my breast carve a turtle dove, To
   signify I died of love.

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There is a tavern in the town

CHORUS
mf a tempo

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, Do not

mf a tempo

let this part-ing grieve thee, And re- mem-ber that the best of friends must

poco rit.

a tempo

part, must part. A-dieu, a-dieu, kind friends, a-dieu, a-dieu, a-dieu, I

a tempo

can no long-er stay with you, stay with you; I'll hang my harp on a

poco rit.

weep-ing wil-low tree, And may the world go well with thee.
BONNIE DUNDEE

With spirit

Solo

VOICE

1. To the Lords o' Convention 'twas Clay-er-house spoke, "Ere the
2. Dun-dee he is moun-ted, he rides up the street, The_
3. There are hills be-yond Pent-land, and lands be-yond Forth, Be there
4. Then a-wa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks, Ere I

Piano

King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke; Then each
bells they ring back-ward and drums they are beat, But the
lords in the south there are chiefs in the north; There are
own a u-ser-per I'll crouch wi' a fox; And_

Cav-a-lier who loves hon-or and me, Let him
pro-vost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be, For the
brave Duinne-was-sels, three thou-sand times three, Will cry
trem-ble, faus Whigs, in the midst o' your glee, Ye hae

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Bonnie Dundee

follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!
town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee!
"Hie, for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!"
no seen the last o' my bonnets and me!

CHORUS

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come saddle my horses and

call out my men; Unhook the Westport and

let us gae free, For it's up wi' the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!
Skye Boat Song

In swinging rhythm

1. "Speed, bon-nie boat, like a bird on the wing,
2. Tho' the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
3. Man-y's the lad fought on that day,
4. Burn'd are our homes, ex-ile and death

"On-ward," the sail-ors cry! "Car-ry the lad that's
O-cean's a roy-al bed; Rock'd in the deep,
Well the clay-more could wield, When the night came,
Scat-ter the loy-al men; Yet, ere the sword

born to be king O-ver the sea to Skye.
Flo-ra will keep Watch by your wear-y head.
si-lent-ly lay Dead on Cul-lo-den's field.
cool in the sheath, Char-lie will come a-gain.

Fine

poco rit.
Skye Boat Song

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, Thunder-clouds rend the air;

Baffled, our foes stand on the shore, Follow they will not dare.

The British Grenadiers

With spirit

1. Some talk of Alexander, And some of Hercules; Of
2. Those heroes of antiquity Ne'er saw a cannon ball, Nor
3. When-e'er we are commanded To storm the palisade, Our
The British Grenadiers

Hector and Ly--sander, And such great names as these:
knew the force of pow-der To slay their foe with - al;
lead-ers march with fu-sees, And we with hand gre-na-des;

Chorus

But of all the world's brave he- roes, There's none that can com-pare With a
But our brave boys do know it, And ban-ish all their fears; Sing-ing
We throw them from the gla-cis a-bout the en-e-mies'ears; Sing-ing

tow, row, row, row, row, row, To the Brit-ish Gren-a-di-ers.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair;
The townsmen cry, "Hurrah, boys! here comes a Grenadier!"
"Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears!"
Then sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the louped clothes;
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.
Drink to me only with thine eyes

Ben Jonson

Slowly

Old English Air

Arranged

SOPRANO

Alto

1. Drink to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,
   Or leave a kiss within the cup, And I'll not ask for thee;

2. I sent thee late a rose-y wreath, Not so much hon'-ring wine;
   The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth be;

   As giving it a hope that there It could not with-er'd and
   But thou there-on did'st on-ly breathe And

   ask a drink di-vine;
   But might I of Jove's send'st it back to me;

   nec-tar sip — I would not change for thine.
   smells, I swear, Not of it-self but thee.

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Heart of Oak

DAVID GARRICK (1759)  WILLIAM BOYCE

1. Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer, To
2. We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay, They
3. We'll still make them fear, and we'll still make them flee, And

VOCES

Majestically

Piano

add something new to this wonderful year; To
never see us but they wish us away; If they
drubb'em on shore as we've drubb'd'em at sea; Then

hon - or we call you, not press you like slaves— For
run, why we follow, and run them a-shore, And
cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing, Our

Harvard Glee Club. The Harvard Song Book, 1922
Heart of Oak

who are so free as the sons of the waves?
if they won't fight us, we can-not do more. Heart of
sold-i-ers, our sail-or-s, our states-men, our King.

oak are our ships, Jol-ly tars are our men; We

al-ways are read-y;
Stead-y, boys, stead-y; We'll

fight, and we'll con-quer a-gain and a-gain!
The Lass of Richmond Hill

L. Mac Nalley (1780)

Allegretto

1. On Richmond Hill there lives a lass, More bright than May-day
2. Ye Zephyrs gray that fan the air, And wan-ton through the morn,
3. How happy will the shepherd be Who calls this nymph his own!

Whose charms all other maids surpass, A grove, Whose charm- ing fair, "I own! Whose may her choice be fix'd on me! Mine's

rose without a thorn.

die for her I love." This lass, so neat, with fix'd on her a-lone.

Arranged by Henry Scott, '22

JAMES HOOK (1748-1827)
The Lass of Richmond Hill

smiles so sweet, Has won my right good will, I'd
crowns resign to call thee mine, Sweet lass of Richmond Hill. Sweet

lass of Richmond Hill, Sweet lass of Richmond Hill, I'd
crowns resign to call thee mine, Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.
March of the Men of Harlech

William Duthie

In martial time

Old Welsh Air
Harmonized by Joseph Barnby

Soprano
Alto

Tenor
Bass

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March of the Men of Harlech

Loose the folds a-sunder, Flag we conquer under! The
Strands of life are riven! Blow for blow is given, In

Placeid sky now bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thunder!
Deadly lock, or battle shock And mercy shrieks to heaven!

Onward! 'tis our country needs us, He is bravest, he who leads us!
Men of Harlech! young or hoary, Would you win a name in story?

Honour's self now proudly heads us, Freedom! God, and Right!
Strike for home, for life for glory! Freedom! God, and Right!
O no, John!

With spirit

English Folk-song
Arranged

1. On yon-der hill there stands a crea-ture; Who she is I
do not know. I'll go and court her for her beau-ty She must an-swer
month å-go. First he kiss'd me, then he left me, Bid me al-ways
ros-es grow. Will you take me for your lov-er? Madam, an-swer

Yes or No.
Yes or No. “O no, John! No, John! No, John! No, John! No!”

4
5
6

O Madam, I will give you jewels;
I will make you rich and free;
I will give you silken dresses.
Madam, will you marry me?
“O no, John! No, John! No, John! No!”

Then I will stay with you for ever,
If you will not be unkind.
Madam, I have vowed to love you;
Would you have me change my mind?
“O no, John! No, John! No, John! No!”

O hark! I hear the church bells ringing;
Will you come and be my wife?
Or, dear Madam, have you settled
To live single all your life?
“O no, John! No, John! No, John! No!”

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All through the night

H. Boulton

Slowly

1. Sleep, my love, and peace attend thee, All through the night;
2. Though I roam a minstrel lonely, All through the night;
3. Hark! a solemn bell is ringing, Clear through the night;

Guardian angels God will lend thee, All through the night.
My true harp shall praise thee only, All through the night.
Thou, my love, art heavenward winging, Home through the night.

Soft the drowsy hours are creeping, Hill and vale in slumber steeping,
Love's young dream, alas, is over! Yet my strains of love shall hover,
Earthly dust from off thee shaken, Soul immortal thou shalt waken,

Love, alone, his watch is keeping, All through the night.
Near the presence of my lover, All through the night.
With thy last dim journey taken, Home through the night.

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Prayer of Thanksgiving

English version by
DR. THEO. BAKER

Netherlands Folk-song
Arranged

mp

1. We
2. Be-
3. We

 gathered together to ask the Lord's blessing, He hastens and hastens His side us to guide us, our God with us joining, ordaining, maintaining His all do exalt Thee, Thou leader in battle, And pray that Thou still our De-

will to make known; The wicked oppression cease them from distressing, Sing Kingdom divine, So from the beginning the fight we were winning, Thou, fender wilt be. Let Thy congregation escape tribulation; Thy
Prayer of Thanksgiving

Praises to His name—He forgets not His own.
Lord, wast at our side—the glory be Thine.
Name be ever praised! O Lord make us free!

Lord, make us free!

Harvard Glee Club. The Harvard Song Book, 1922
Song of the Life-boat Men

H.H. Harboue

Slowly

Row, men, row! Though the winds blow,

Heed not ice—nor drifting snow

Look! A ship is stranded hard on shore;

Hark! Around her how the surges roar!

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Song of the Life-boat Men

Bend to your oars then, Lads, staunch and brave!

Stead-fast and stal-wart, Drive thro' the wave!

Row, men, row! Tho' the winds blow,

Heed not ice nor drifting snow!
En passant par la Lorraine

With spirit

French Folk-song

Arranged

1. En passant par la Lorraine, Avec mes sabots,
2. Ils m'ont appelée vilaine, Avec mes sabots,
3. Car le prince de Lorraine, Avec mes sabots,
4. Un bouquet de marjolaine, Avec mes sabots,

En passant par la Lorraine, Avec mes sabots,
Ils m'ont appelée vilaine, Avec mes sabots,
Car le prince de Lorraine, Avec mes sabots,
Un bouquet de marjolaine, Avec mes sabots,

Rencontrais trois capitaines, Avec mes sabots don-
Je ne suis pas si vilaine Avec mes sabots don-
M'a donné pour mes étrennes Avec mes sabots don-
S'il m'e-pous' je serai Reine Avec mes sabots don-

daine, Oh! oh! oh! Avec mes sabots.
daine, Oh! oh! oh! Avec mes sabots.
daine, Oh! oh! oh! Avec mes sabots.
daine, Oh! oh! oh! Avec mes sabots.

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Who did, who did, who did, who did,
Who did swallow Jo, Jo, Jo, Jo,
Who did swallow Jonah down?

Who did, who did, who did, who did,
Who did swallow Jo, Jo, Jo, Jo,
Who did swallow Jonah down?
Deep River

Slowly

VOICE

Deep river, my home is over

Jordon. Deep river, Lord, I

poco rit.

want to cross over into campground. Oh, don't you want to

pa tempo

poco rit.

a tempo

go to the gospel feast. That promised
Deep River

land where all is peace? Oh, don't you want to go to that

promised land. That land where all is peace?

Deep river, my home is over Jordan; Deep-

river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground.
Kingdom Comin'

Arranged by C.T. Leonard, '23

1. Say, dark-ies hab you seen de mas-sa Wid de
   muff-stash on his face, Go long de road some
   time dis morn-ing' Like he gwine to leab de
   place? He seen a smoke way up de rib-ber, Whar de
   round. He drill so much dey call him Cap'-an, An' he

2. He six foot one way, two foot tud-der, An' he
   weigh tree hun-dred pound. His coats so big he
   couldn't pay de tail-or, An' it wont go half way
   gone. Dars wine and ci-der in de kit-chen, An' de

3. De dark-ies feel so lone-some lib-ing In de
   log-house on de lawn, Dey move der tings to
   smoke-house cel-lar, Wid de key trown down de
   well. De whip is lost, de nan'-cuff brok-en, But de

4. De o-ber-seer he make us trou-ble, An' he
Kingdom Comin'

Link'um gum-boats lay, He took his hat an' get so dref-ful tann'd I spect he try an' dark-ies dey'll have some, I s'pose dey'll all be mas-sa'll hab to pay; He's ole 'nough, big 'nough,

leff ber-ry sud-den, An' I spec he's run a-way. fool dem_ Yan-kees For to tink he's con-tra-band. con-fis-ca-ted When de Lin-kum so-jers come. ought to know bet-ter Dan to went and run a-way.

Refrain

De mas-sa run? Ha, ha! De dark-y stay? ho, ho! It f'a tempo

mus' be now de King-dom com-in' An' de year ob Ju-bi-lo! cresc. ff poco rit.
The Old Cabin Home

Andante

1. I am going far away, far away
2. When old age comes on us, and my

way to leave you now, To the Mississippi river I am
hair is turning gray, I will hang up de banjo all a-

going, I will take my old banjo, and I'll
lone, I will set down by the fire, and I'll

Copyright, 1910, by G. Schirmer
The Old Cabin Home

\[
\text{poco rall.}
\]

Sing this little song A-way down in my Old Cabin Home.

Pass the time a-way, A-way down in my Old Cabin Home.

\[
\text{poco rall.}
\]

Chorus

Here is my Old Cabin Home.

\[a\text{ tempo}\]

Here is my sister and my brother;

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mother.

\[\text{poco rit.}\]

\[\text{rall.}\]
Tombigbee River

Andante

1. On Tombigbee River so bright, I was born,
   in a hut made ob husks ob de tall yaller corn;
   And dar I fust met wid my Julia so go-
   Oh, I catch her a bird wid a wing ob true roar;
   While de stars look down at my Julia so stay.

2. All de day in de field de soft cotton I hoe;
   I tink ob my Julia and sing as I ear,
   I sing to de sound ob de rib-ber's soft way,
   And we could n't come back, so we thought we'd just

3. With my hand on de banjo and toe on de

4. One night de stream bore us off far, far a

By permission of the Boston Music Company
Tombigbee River

true, An' I row'd her a-roun' in my gum-tree canoe.
blue, An'at night sail her roun' in my gum-tree canoe.
true, An' dance in her eyes in my gum-tree canoe.
blue, An'it took us in tow wid my gum-tree canoe.

Sing-ing "Row a-way, row, O'er de wa ters so blue! Like a feath-er we'll float In my gum-tree canoe."
Canoeing Song

Words and Music by LEANDER GAREY BOWERS

1. In the sum-mer twi-light, how faint-ly shines the eve-ning star;
2. O'er the pur-ple hill-tops, the southern moon rolls in to view,
3. Drift-ing ev-ver on-ward, 'neath heav-en's star-ry dome of blue,

Whis-p'ring breez-es bear a-long sweet notes from love's gui-tar.
Down the stream mid sil-ver sheen floats on the light ca-noe.
Wrapt in si- lent mys-ter-y glides on the light ca-noe.

Copyright, 1907, by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge
Canoeing Song

Yonder on the river, two lovers in the light canoe,
Softly thro' the silence a voice is echoed to the shore,
Tender hands have answered his course toward the open sea,

Finding there as shadows deepen, Paradise enough for two.
"Love, a down life's shining river, Glide with me forever more."
Where the star of love undying, Shines o'er him eternally.

CHORUS
Allegro

Come out canoeing, under the stars, Let us float on the

silver river; Wavelets a dancing, soft-lights a-
Canoeing Song

glancing, Music entrancing in the moon-light, Resting at ease 'neath whispering trees, With a message that's new for-
ever, Love ever lingering, clasping fingers, Out in the starry night.

rall.

rall.
Juanita

1. Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon;
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine again,

Far o'er the mountain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell;

And day-light beam-ing, Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-splen-dor, Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der,

lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh, In thy heart con-sent-ing

Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta, Ju-a-ni-ta! Ask thy soul if To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta, Ju-a-ni-ta! Let me lin-ger

we should part! Ni-ta, Ju-a-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.

by thy side! Ni-ta, Ju-a-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!
Over the banister

Moderato

1. Over the banister leans a face,
2. No body, only those eyes of brown,
3. Holds her fingers and draws her down,

Tenderly sweet and beguiling,
While be-
Tender and full of meaning,
Gaze on the
Suddeniy growing bolder,
Till her lovely

low her, with tender grace,
He watches the
loveliest face in town,
Over the
hair lets its masses down
Like a mantle
Over the banister

picture smiling. The light burns dim in the
banister leaning. Timid and tired, with
over his shoulder. A question asked a

hall below, Nobody sees them
downcast eyes, I wonder why she
swift caress, She has fled like a bird from the

standing. Saying goodnight again, soft and
lingers, After all the goodnights are
stairway, But over the banister comes a

rall.

low, Halfway up to the landing
said? Somebody holds her fingers!
"Yes," That brightens the world for him always.
Ching-a-ling

1. We revel in song, in Spain we belong
2. We charm and entrance all men in the dance,

Far o'er the ocean; where Lucifer's star shines
Come they from near us or come they from far; We

clear in the East We return from the feast, To the
dance and we glide, While loud, far and wide, Sounds the

tune of our light guitar, Ha, ha!
tune of our light guitar, Ha, ha!
Ching-a-ling

Ching-a-ling, ching-a-ling, ching-a-ling,
Ha, ha, ha, ha,

These were the words which we heard from afar.

Ching-a-ling, ching-a-ling,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, To the tune of our light guitar Ha, ha!
Last Night

Words of 3d verse by ARTHUR NASH

Andante moderato

HALFDAN KJERULF

1. Last night the night-ingale woke me, Last
2. I think of you in the day-time, I
3. Near you the moments are golden, With

night, when all was still, It sang in the
dream of you by night; I wake and would
hope you fill my heart; When absent, all

golden moonlight, From out the woodland
you were here, love, And tears are blinding my
life seems dark, love, All joys, all pleasures de-

poco rit.
Last Night

Last Night

\[ a \text{ tempo} \]

\[
\text{hill, I opened my window so gently, I looked on the dreaming dew,}
\]

\[
\text{sight, I hear a low breath in the lime tree, The winds is floating through,}
\]

\[
\text{part, The zephyrs that waft you to dream, Each ray from the heavenly blue,}
\]

\[ mp \]

\[
\text{And, oh, the bird, my darling, Was}
\]

\[
\text{And, oh, the night, my darling, Was}
\]

\[
\text{The winds, the stars, my darling, Are}
\]

\[ \text{poco rit.} \]

\[ \text{rall.} \]

\[
\text{singing, singing of you, of you!}
\]

\[
\text{sighing, sighing for you, for you!}
\]

\[
\text{telling, telling my love for you!}
\]

\[ \text{pp} \]
The Spanish Cavalier

Arranged by C. T. Leonard, ’23

1. A Spanish cavalier stood in his retreat, And
   on his guitar played a tune, dear,
   music so sweet they'd oft times repeat, The
   blessing of my country and you, dear.

2. I am off to the war, to the war I must go, To
   fight for my country and you, dear,
   if I should fall in vain I would call, The
   blessing of my country and you, dear.

3. And when the war is o'er to you I'll return,
   Back to my country and you, dear,
   if I be slain you may seek me in vain, Up
   on the battlefield you will find me.

Chorus
   Oh, say, darling, say, when I'm far away,

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The Spanish Cavalier

Sometimes you may think of me, dear, Bright sunny days will soon fade away, Remember what I say, and be true, dear.

Gaudeamus

Chorus

1. Gaudeamus i-gi-tur, Ju-venes dum su-mus;
2. U-bi sunt, qui an-te nos In mun-do fu-e-re?
3. Vi-ta nos-tra brev-is est, Brev-i fin-i-e-tur,

Quartet

Gaudeamus i-gi-tur, Ju-venes dum su-mus;
U-bi sunt, qui an-te nos In mun-do fu-e-re?
Vi-ta nos-tra brev-is est, Brev-i fin-i-e-tur,
Gaudeamus

**Chorus**

Post **ju·cun·dam** ju·ven·tu·tem, Post mo·les·tam se·nec·tu·tem,
Trans·e·as ad sup·er·os, Ab·e·as ad in·fer·os,
Ven·it mors vel·o·ci·ter, Rap·it nos at·roc·i·ter,

Nos ha·be·bit hu·mus, Nos ha·be·bit hu·mus,
Quos si vis vid·e·re, Quos si vis vid·e·re.
Ne·mi·ni parc·e·tur, Ne·mi·ni parc·e·tur.

4
Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore.

7
Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

5
Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ laboriosæ.

8
Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

6
Vivat et republica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

9
Alma Mater floreat
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos congregavit.
Forty years on
(Harrow Football Song)

EDWARD E. BOWEN

Not too slow

1. Forty years on, when far and a-sunder
2. Routes and dis-com-fit-ures, rush-es and ral-lies,
3. Oh, the great days, in the dis-tance en-chant-ed,
4. Forty years on, grow-ing old-er and old-er,

Part-ed are those who are sing-ing to-day,
When you look back and for-
Ba-ses at-tempt-ed, and res-cued, and won,
Strife without an-ger, and
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we re-joic’d as we
Short-er in wind, as in mem-o-ry long,
Fee-ble of foot, and rheu-

get-ful-ly won-der What you were like in your work and your play-
art without mal-ice— How will it seem to you, for-ty years on?
strug-gled and pant-ed— Hard-ly be-liev-a-ble, for-ty years on!
mat-ic of shoul-der, What will it help you that once you were strong?

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Forty Years On

Then it may be there will often come o'er you,
Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
How we discours'd of them, one with another,
God gives us bases to guard or beleaguer,

Glimpses of notes, like the catch of a song;
Visions of boyhood shall wa-vernig knee, Never the battle raged
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate, Loved the ally with the
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun, Fights for the fearless, and

float them before you, Echos of dreamland shall
hottest, but in it Neither the last nor the
heart of a brother, Hated the foe with a
goals for the eager, Twen-ty, and thir-ty, and

rall. poco a poco

rall. poco a poco

Harvard Glee Club. The Harvard Song Book, 1922
Forty Years On

Chorus

bear them a-long.
faint-est were we!
play-ing at hate!
for-ty years on!

Fol-low up! Fol-low up! Fol-low up! Fol-low up!

up! Till the field ring a-gain and a-gain
With the

tramp of the twen-ty-two men—Fol-low up! Fol-low up!

Harvard Glee Club. The Harvard Song Book, 1922
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Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

Words and Music by
T. H. Allen
Arranged by C. T. Leonard, '23

1. The ship goes sail-ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!
2. I'll miss you on the storm-y deep, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!
3. Then cheer up till we meet a-gain, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!

We may not meet for man-ya day, Good-bye, my lov-er, Good-bye!
What can I do but ev-er weep, Good-bye, my lov-er, Good-bye!
I'll try to bear my wear-y pain, Good-bye, my lov-er, Good-bye.

My heart will ev-er-more be true, Tho' now we sad-ly
My heart is bro-ken with re-gret, But nev-er dream that
Tho' far I roam a-cross the sea, My ev-ry thought shall
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

say a-dieu; Oh, kisses sweet I leave with you, Good
I'll forget; I loved you once, I love you yet, Good
be of thee, Oh, say you'll sometimes think of me, Good

bye, my lover, good-bye.
bye, my lover, good-bye.
bye, my lover, good-bye.
The ship goes sailing

down the bay, good-bye, my lover, good-bye!'Tis

sad to tear my heart away! Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!
Gaily the Troubadour

Words and music by T. H. Bayley

Soprano

Alto

1. Gaily the Troubadour touch'd his guitar,
   When he was hastening home from the war.

2. She for the Troubadour hopelessly wept;
   Sadly she thought of him when others slept.

3. Hark! 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name,
   Under the battle-ment softly he came;

Tenor

Bass

Sing-ing: "From Palestine hither I come,
Sing-ing: "In search of thee would I might roam,
Sing-ing: "From Palestine hither I come,

allargando

Lady love, lady love, welcome me home!
Troubadour, troubadour, come to thy home!
Lady love, lady love, welcome me home!

rall.
A Capital Ship

Spiritedly

VOICE

1. A capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the
2. The boat-swain's mate was very sedate,
Yet
3. The captain sat in a commodore's hat,
And
4. And we all fell ill, as mariners will,
on a
5. Composed of sand was the favored land,
And
6. On rub-a-gub bark, from dawn to dark,
We

Piano

“Walloping Window Blind,” No gale that blew dis-

fond of amusement, too; And he played hop-scotch with the
dined in a royal way on toasted pigs and
diet that's cheap and rude; And we shivered and shook as we
trimmed with cinnamon straws; And pink and blue was the
fed till we all had grown uncommanly shrunk, when a

may'd her crew, Or troubled the captain's
starboard watch while the captain tickled the
pickles and figs and gummy bread each
dipped the cook in a tub of his glue some
pleasing hue of the tickle toe teasers
Chinese junk came by from the torri-by
A Capital Ship

mind. The man at the wheel was
crew. And the gunner we had was ap-
day. But the cook was Dutch, and be-
food. Then nautical pride we
claws. And we sat on the edge of a
zone. She was chub and square, but we

made to feel, Contempt for the wild-
par-ent-ly mad, For he sat on the af-
hav’d as such; For the food that he gave the-
laid aside, And we cast the ves-sel a-
sand-ly ledge And shot at the whist-
didn’t much care, And we cheer-

blow ow ow, And it oft-ten ap-
rai-ai-ail, fired salute-
crew ew ew Was a num-
sho o ore On the Gul-li-by Isles, where the
bee ee ee; And the Bin-
sea ea ea; And we left the crew of the

mf a tempo

mf

a tempo
A Capital Ship

weather had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk below.
captain's boots, In the teeth of the booming gale.
hot-cross buns Chopp'd up with sugar and glue.
Pooh-pooh smiles, And the Anaga-zanders roar.
water-proof hats As they danc'd in the sounding sea.
junk to chew The bark of the rub-a-gub tree.

Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho! A-roving I will go! I'll
stay no more on England's shore, So let the music
play-say-ay! I'm off on the morning train, To cross the raging
main! I'm off to my love with a boxing glove, Ten thousand miles a-way!
Jingle Bells

Allegro

VOICE

1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In' a one-horse o - pen sleigh;
2. A day or two a - go, I thought I'd take a ride, and
3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young;

Piano

O'er the fields we go, Laugh-ing all the way;
soon Miss Fan-nie Bright was seat-ed by my side. The
Take the girls to-night, And sing this sleigh-ing song. Just

Bells on bob-tail ring; Mak-ing spir - its bright; What.
horse was lean and lank; Mis - for - tune seem'd his lot. He
get a bob-tail'd bay, Two - for - ty for his speed; Then

fun it is to ride and sing a sleigh-ing song to-night!
got in - to a drift-ed bank, and we, we got up - set.
hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, and crack! you'll take the lead.
Jingle Bells

Chorus

Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells! Jingle all the way!

Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

a tempo

Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells! Jingle all the way!

a tempo

Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!
1. In the sky the bright stars glitter'd, On the
2. On my arm a soft hand rested, Rested
3. On my lips a whisper trembled, Trembled
4. On my life new hopes were dawning, And these

bank the pale moon shone, And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's
light as ocean foam; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's
till it dared to come; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's
hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's

quitting party I was seeing Nellie home.
quitting party I was seeing Nellie home.
quitting party I was seeing Nellie home.
quitting party I was seeing Nellie home.

I was seeing Nellie home, I was seeing Nellie home; And 'twas
from Aunt Dinah's quitting party I was seeing Nellie home.
Jolly boating weather

1. Jolly boating weather, jolly sweet harvest breeze, oars dip and feather, cool yell;
2. Others will take our places, 'Rah-ing our dear old oars will row the races, ring the old weeds, brush'd by elder bushes, swerv'd by
3. Flitting by the rushes, tangled in snaky 'neath the trees, swing, swing together, with your college bell, yet ever will beam in our faces, our brake and reeds, will tears fill our eyes in the future, when we

bod-y be-tween your knees, swing, swing to-pride in the dear old tune, 'Rah, for our hard-won think of the dear old stream? will our hearts beat as light in the

gather, with your bod-y be-tween your knees. races, one more for our dear old crew!
future, when a-float on life's broader stream?
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My Bonnie

My bon-nie lies o-ver the o-cean,
Last night, as I lay on my pil-low,
Oh, blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean,
The winds have blown o-ver the o-cean,

My bon-nie lies o-ver the sea;
Last night, as I lay on my bed;
Oh, blow, ye winds, o-ver the sea;
The winds have blown o-ver the sea;

My bon-nie lies o-ver the o-cean,
Last night, as I lay on my pil-low,
Oh, blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean,
The winds have blown o-ver the o-cean,
My Bonnie

Oh, bring back my bon-nie to me!
I dreamt that my bon-nie was dead.
And bring back my bon-nie to me!
And brought back my bon-nie to me!

me, to me.
dead, was dead.
me, to me!
me, to me!

Refrain

Pa tempo

Bring back, bring back, bring back my bon-nie to me, to me!
Bring back, bring back, oh, me.

Bring back my bon-nie to me!
me, to me!
Levee Song

1. I once did know A girl named Grace,

She done brung me to dis sad dis grace

I been wuk-kin' on de rail-road All de live-long day;

I been wuk-kin' on de rail-road Ter pass de time a-way.

Doan' yuh hyah de whis-tle blow-in? Rise up so uh-ly in de mawn.

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Levee Song

2. Sing a song o' the cit-y;— Roll dat cot-ton bale;

CHORUS
SOPRANO AND ALTO
p a tempo

(Humming)
TENOR AND BASS

Nig-gah ain' half so hap-py— As when he's out o' jail.

Nor-folk foh its oy-stah-shells, Bos-ton foh its beans;

Chae-les-ton foh its 'rice an' cawn, But foh nig-gahs, New Aw-leans...
October

Edward E. Bowen

Allegretto

Piano

John Farmer

1. The
2. "I
3. "For
4. Oc-
a tempo

months are met, with their crown-lets on, As
vote for March, may it please you," cries A
May! for May!" the girls all say, "How
tober brings the cold weather down, When the

Julius Caesar crowned them; With slaves, the gentle-men
student pale and meagre; "He gives us theme and
mild the air that blows is! How nicely sweet the
wind and the rain continue, He nerve the limbs that are

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October

thirty-one, And the ladies thirty, round them. "But
lesson and prize, And scholar ship, oh, so eager!" But
soft spring day, How sweetly nice the roses!" But
lazy grown, And braces the languid sinew, So

who shall be monarch of all?" you ask; Go
 louder now in the distance floats A
girl and scholar may pray and plead, The
while we have voices and lungs to cheer, And the

ask of the boys and maidens, For that is the lad's and the
choice there is no disguising; And you hear from two and
voice of the lads is clearer, And forty and four are the
winter frost before us, Come sing to the king of the

lasses' task, And they choose him afar in cadence.
twenty throats The chant of the boys rising.
feet that tread, In time to the music, nearer!
mortal year, And thunder him out in chorus!
October

CHORUS
Andante: tempo di Marcia

TENOR I, II

BASS I, II

October, October! March to the dull and sober! The suns of May for the schoolgirls play, But give to the boys October! October! October!
Integer vitae

Horatii Flacci
Lib. I, Ode xxii

1. Integer vitae scelirisque purus,
2. Si ve per Syrtes iter aestuosas,

Bass I,II

Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu, Nec vene-
Si ve facturas per inhosipital, Cauc-
sum,

Tenor I, II

natis gravida sagitis, Fuscce, pharetra.
vel quae loca fabulosus, Lambit Hy-
das pes.

rall.

3. Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminus curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.

5. Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget;

4. Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aestuletis,
Nec Juba tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

6. Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.
Drink, puppy, drink

Old English
Arranged by T. Lynes '10

1. Here's to the fox in his
2. Here's to the horse, and the
3. Here's to the gap, and the
4. Oh, the pack is staunch and true, as they

earth below the rocks, And here's to the line that we
rider, too, of course, And here's to the rally of the
timber that we rap, Here's to the white thorn, the
run from check to view And its worth the risk to life, and limb, and

follow, And here's to the hound, with his
hunt, boys; Here's a health to every friend who can
back, too, And here's to the pace that puts
neck, boys— To see them rise and stoop till they

By permission of The Boston Music Company
Drink, puppy, drink

nose up-on the ground, While mer-i-ly we whoop and we
strug-gle to the end, And here's to the tail-ly-ho in
life in-to the chase, And the fence that gives a mo-ment to the
fin-ish with a whoop, For-ty min-u-tes on the grass with-out a

Chorus.

hol-lo! front, boys.
hol-lo! pack, too.
Then, drink, pup-ry, drink, and let ev-ry pup-ry drink That is
hol-lo! check, boys.

old e-nough to lap and to swal-low, For he'll grow in-to a hound; so we'll

pass the bottle round, And mer-i-ly we'll whoop and we'll hol-lo!

poco rit.
The Pope

Allegro

1. The Pope he leads a jolly life, jolly life; He's free from every care and strife, care and strife; He drinks the best of Rhenish wine, I would the Pope's gay life were mine! He drinks the best of Rhenish wine, I would the Pope's gay life were mine! He drinks the best of Rhenish wine, I would the Pope's gay life were mine!

2. But he don't lead a jolly life; He has no maid or blooming wife, He has no son to raise his hope— Oh, I would not be the Pope!

3. The Sultan better pleases me; His life is full of jollity, His wives are many as he will— I fain the Sultan's throne would fill.

4. But still he is a wretched man; He must obey the Al Koran, He dare not drink one drop of wine— I would not change his lot for mine.

5. So, when my sweetheart kisses me, I'll think that I'd the Sultan be; And when my Rhenish wine I tope, Oh, then I'll think that I'm the Pope!
Polly-wolly-doodle

1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal,
   2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maiden fair,
   3. Oh, I came to a river and I couldn't get across,

Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;

(1.) My Sal-ly am a spunk-y girl,
(2.) With cur-ly eyes and laugh-ing hair,
(3.) An' I jump'd up-on a nigger, and I tho't he was a hoss,

Chorus

P Polly-wolly-doodle all the day. Fare thee well, fare thee well,

Chorus

f Fare thee well, my fair-y fay, For I'm going to Loui-si-an-a, For to see my Susy-an-na, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

p Oh, a grass-hopper sittin' on a railroad track,
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.

p Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.

f Behind de barn, down on my knees,
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze.

f He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin'-cough,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.
Upidee

1. The shades of night were falling fast, (Tra la la, tra la la) As
   through an Alpine village pass’d, (Tra la la la la!) A
   youth, who bore mid snow and ice A banner with the strange device:

2. His brow was sad, his eye beneath (Tra la la, tra la la) Flash’d
   like a fal-chion from its sheath, (Tra la la la la!) And
   like a silver clar-ion rung The accents of that unknown tongue:

   wear-y head up-on my breast.” (Tra la la la la!) A
   tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answered with a sigh:

4. At break of day, as heavy-ward (Tra la la, tra la la) The
   pious monks of Saint Bernard (Tra la la la la!) Ut-
   ter’d the oft-re-peat-ed pray’r, A voice cried thro’ the star-tled air:

5. A trav’ler, by the faith-ful hound (Tra la la, tra la la) Half-
   grasp-ing in his hand of ice That banner with the strange de-vice:
Chorus

"Upidee idee i-da, Upidee Upida!"

f a tempo

"Upidee idee i-da! Upidee i-da!"

rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr yah! yah! yah! yah!

"Upidee idee i-da, Upidee Upida!"

poco rit.

"Upidee idee i-da! Upidee i-da!"
Son of a Gambolier

Come, join my humble ditty, From Tippery town I steer. Like

Every honest fellow, I take my lager beer. Like

Every honest fellow, I take my whiskey clear, I'm a

rambling rake of poverty, The son of a Gambolier, The
Son of a Gambolier

son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gam-bo-lier, The

ev'ry honest fellow, I take my whiskey clear, I'm a

rambling rake of poverty, The son of a Gambolier.
Vive l'amour

Allegro molto

Solo

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

1. Let every good fellow now fill up his glass,
2. Let every married man drink to his wife,
3. Come fill up your glasses, I'll give you a toast,
4. Since all with good humor I've toasted so free,

Chorus (1) And drink to the health of our glorious class,
Vive la compagnie,
(2) The joy of his bosom and plague of his life,
(3) Here's a health to our friend, our kind, worthy host,
(4) I hope it will please you to drink now with me,
Good-night, ladies

Lento sostenuto

1. Good-night, la-dies! good-night, la-dies!
2. Fare-well, la-dies! fare-well, la-dies!
3. Sweet dreams, la-dies! sweet dreams, la-dies!

poco rit.

Good-night, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
Fare-well, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.
Sweet dreams, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.

Allegro

Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, roll a-long, roll a-long,

(Repeat pp)

Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, Over the deep blue sea.
Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days of auld lang syne?
2. We twa hae ran a-bout the braes, And put the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a weary foot Sin' auld-lang syne.
3. We twa hae sported i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But seas between us braid ha' roar'd Sin' auld-lang syne.
4. And here's a hand, my trusty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld-lang syne. 

For auld-lang syne, my dear, For auld-lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld-lang syne.