McGILL UNIVERSITY

SONG BOOK.

Wm. FOSTER BROWN,
PUBLISHER.
MONTREAL.

R. J. DURLEY.

McGILL UNIVERSITY
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THE

McGILL UNIVERSITY

SONG BOOK.

COMPILED BY A COMMITTEE OF GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES.

WM. FOSTER BROWN, PUBLISHER,
MONTREAL.

Entered, according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, by WM. FOSTER BROWN, at the Department of Agriculture.

PREFACE.

To the Corporation, Graduates and
Undergraduates of McGill College :

The edition of The McGill College Song Book which was published in 1885, has long been exhausted. Its sale proved gratifying to all interested in its compilation and use, especially as it was the first lengthy work of its kind printed in Canada. Those who have been brought into contact with our University life know that the Song Book has done something to promote a feeling of unity among Students whose academic aims often lie far apart, while those, again, who have traced the growth of the musical literature to which it belongs, find that The McGill College Song Book has been of service to compilers elsewhere.

At the request of the Graduates and Undergraduates of the University, we met about three years ago with the object of preparing a new edition for the press. Protracted difficulties arising for the most part from the questions of copyright and publishing have been causing long delay which, while regretting, we were unable to remove until recently. In the course of our labours the Corporation of the University gave its sanction to our undertaking, and accordingly its name appears at the head of this preface.

The McGill University Song Book is really a new publication, and not a new edition of the old work. Much of the old material will be found in it, but a large portion of the book now appears for the first time. The whole has been subjected to careful revision for which the other members of the Committee have to thank Mr. Gould whose services have been invaluable. One of our main objects in revision has been to get rid of a defect in the former book by bringing all the songs within the compass of an average voice. Some accompaniments for the guitar and banjo have been written in order to make The McGill University Song Book more attractive to Students.

As The McGill University Song Book is not intended to satisfy the demands of advanced musical critics, we may repeat our former statement of principles which have guided us in our endeavour, and add to it our former expression of indebtedness to musical publishers.

"While we have endeavoured to avoid the musical crudities and false harmonies disfiguring almost every College Song Book examined by us, we have at the same time been anxious to avoid the equally serious fault of introducing complexities that would have rendered the collection unfit for the general use of students; in fact, a desire for simplicity has induced us to leave untouched harmonic progressions which might easily have been elaborated and improved.

"The thanks of all interested in The McGill University Song Book are due to Messrs. Novello Ewer & Co. and Oliver Ditson & Co., for their kindness in allowing the publication of songs of which they hold the copyright. It was our intention to trace to its true source, and to acknowledge, every instance of indebtedness, but the limited time at our disposal must be held as an excuse for a fault which the publisher, if notified of infringement, will be glad to rectify in future editions."

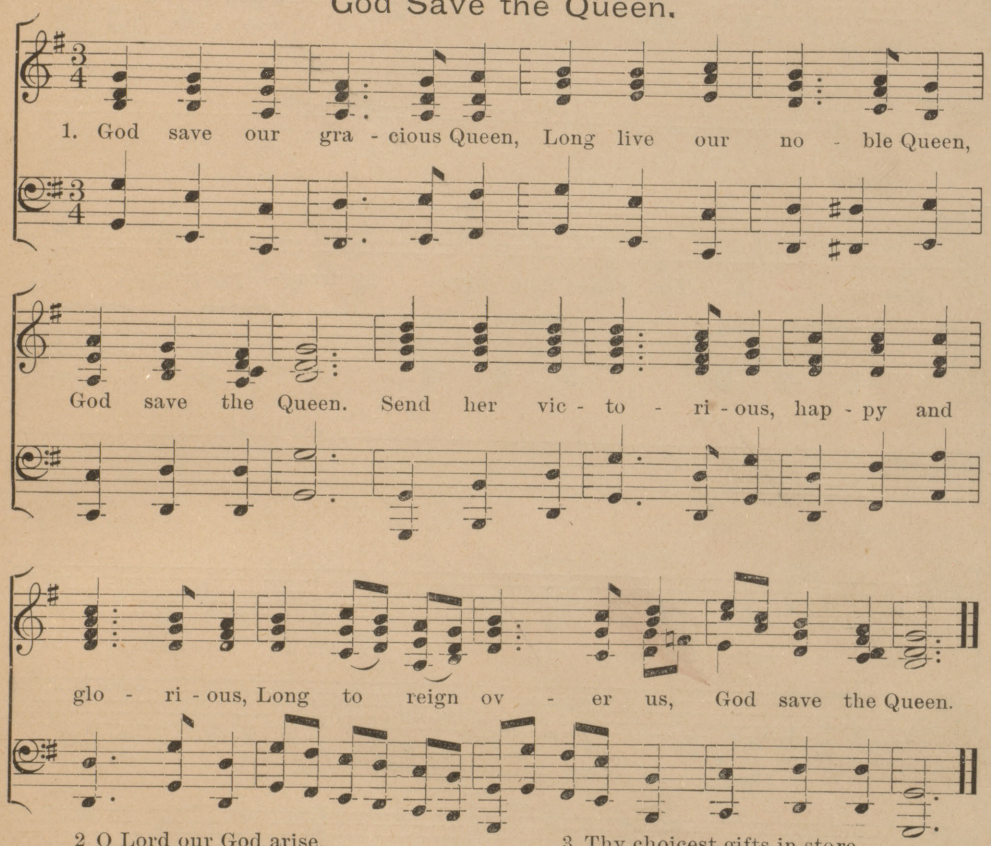
THE COMPILATION COMMITTEE.

Montreal,
December, 1895.

THE

McGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

God Save the Queen.



2 O Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix:
God save the Queen!

3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

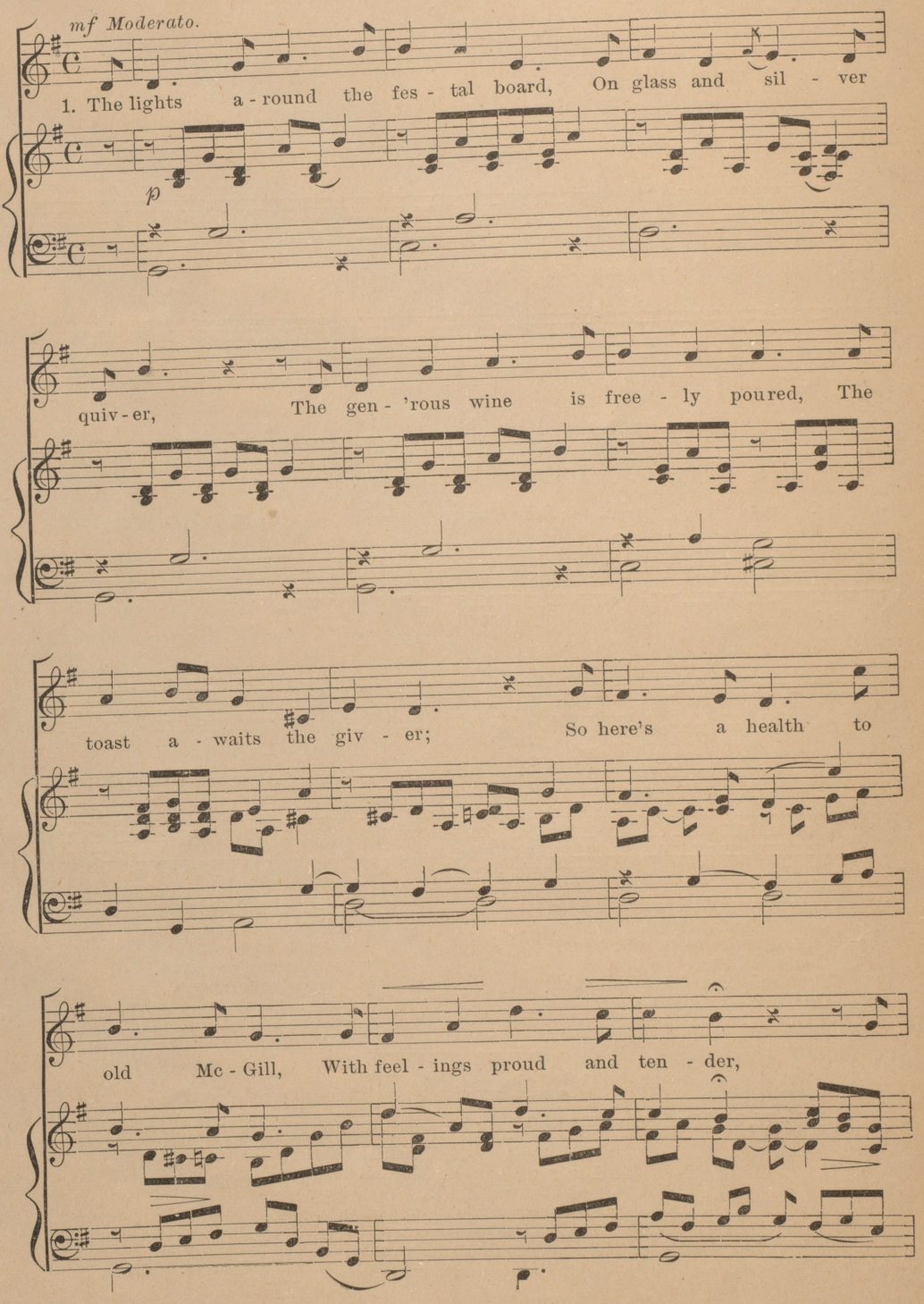
God Save McGill.

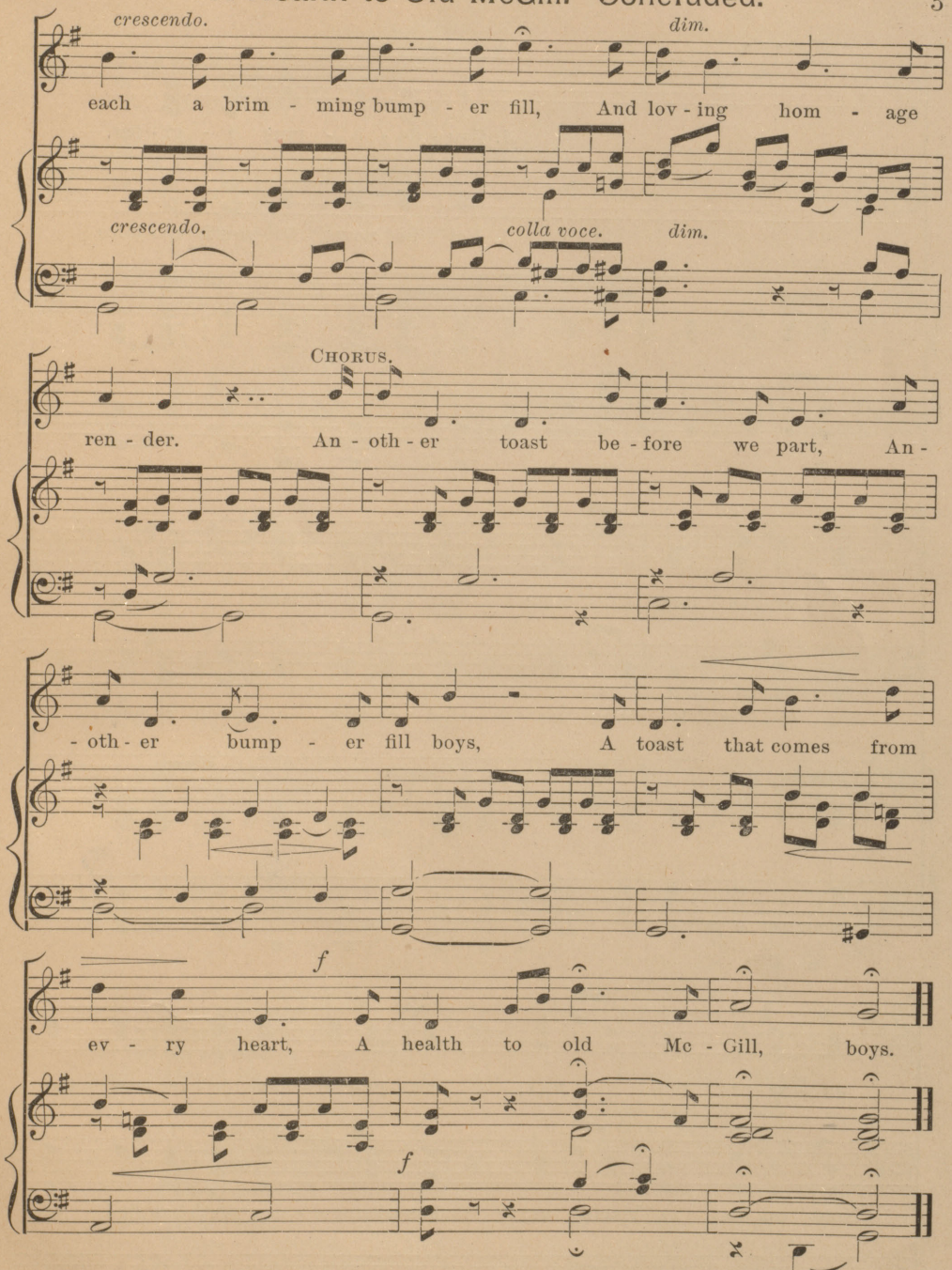
Words by W. M. MacKeracher, Arts '94. AIR.—"*God save the Queen.*"

God save our Old McGill!
Long live our Old McGill!
God save McGill!
Send her men wise and strong,
Boldly mankind among
Bravely to fight the wrong,
God save McGill!

A Health to Old McGill.

Words by R. W. HUNTINGTON, Law '74. Melody by MRS. W. C. BAYNES.

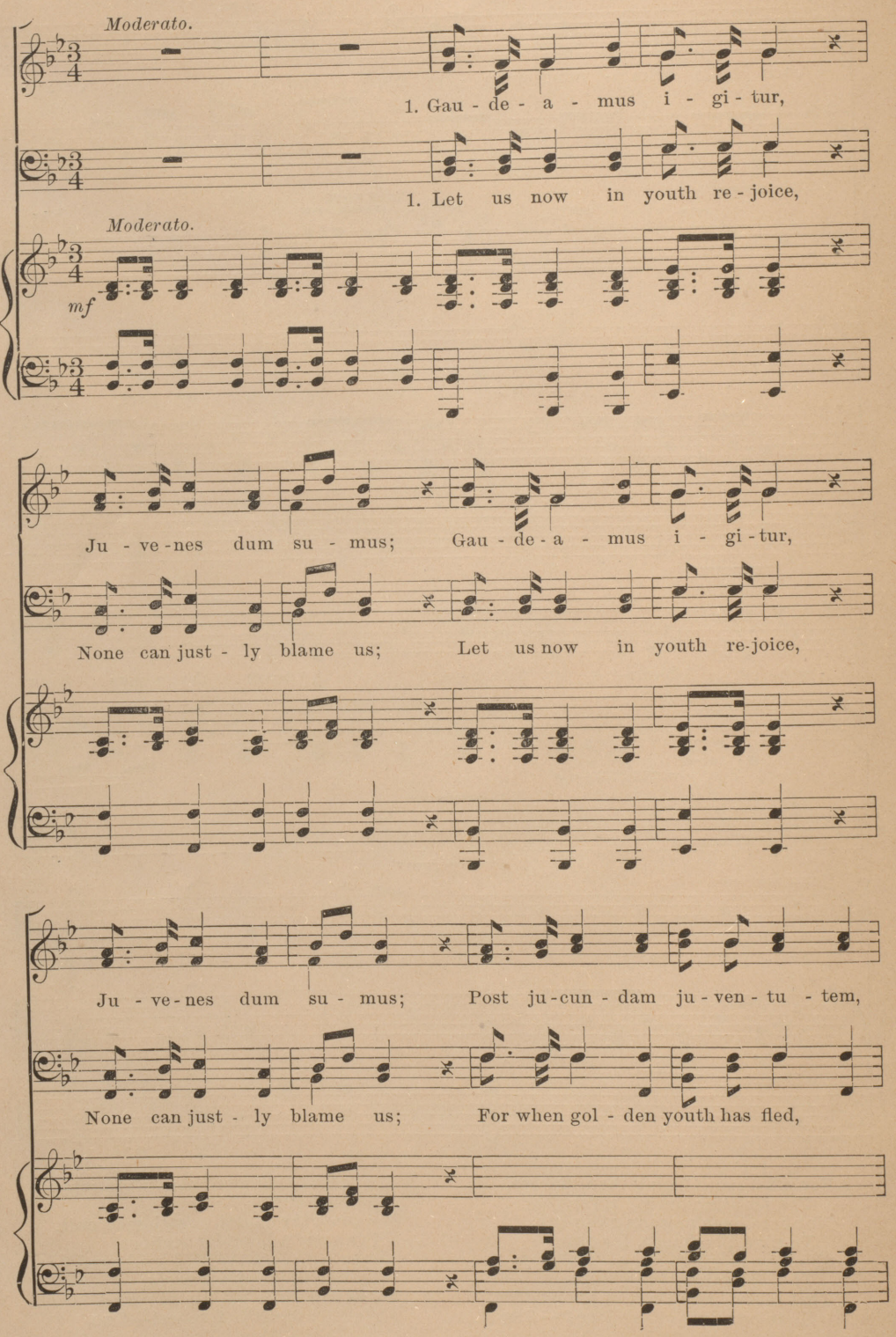


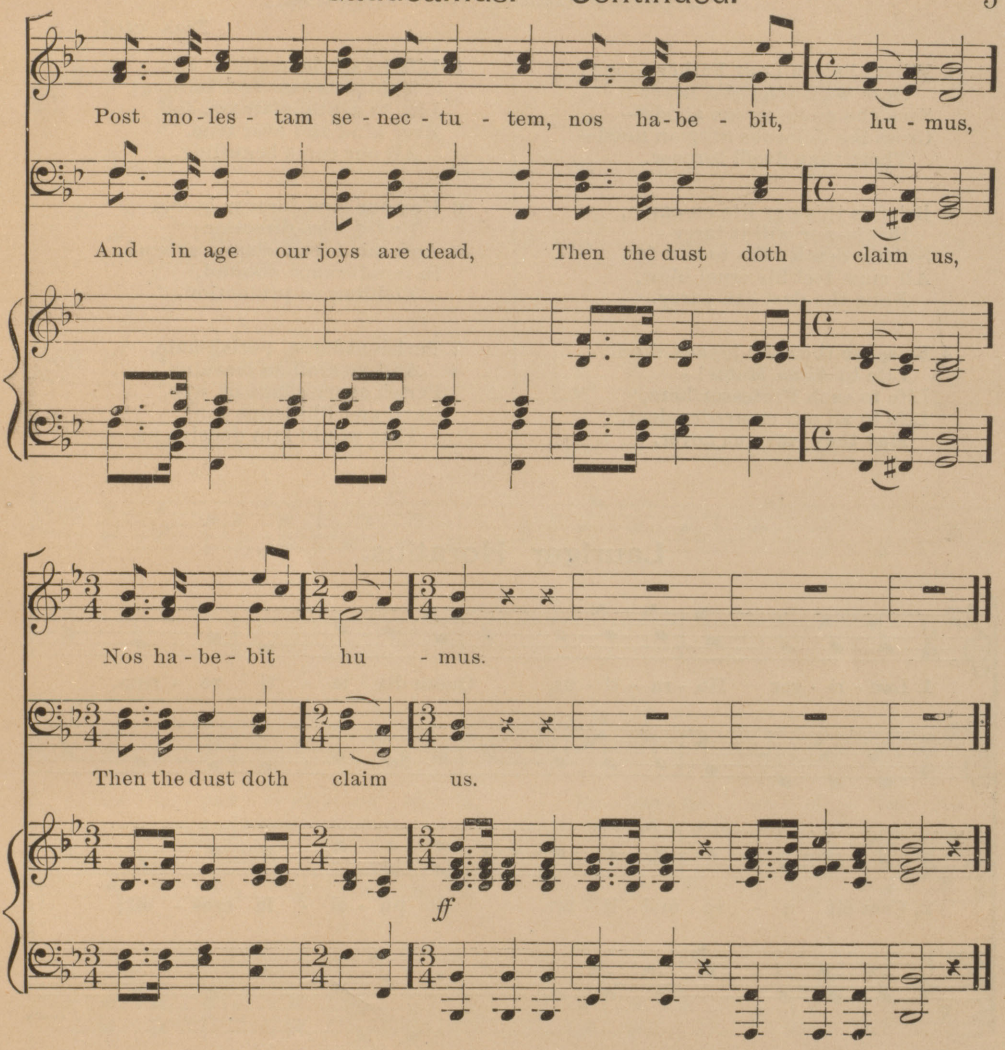


2 For what more fitting than that we,
The night before we sever,
Met here once more in company,
To part, perchance, for ever,
Should, ere we go our several ways,
The tie again acknowledge,
That binds, with links of happy days,
Us to our dear old college?—CHO.

3 Though of each man, the future fate
Be past our divination,
For some the laurel wreath may wait,
For some a humbler station;
Yet each to each we still are bound
By ties time cannot sever;
So, as the wine-cup circles round,
McGill! McGill! forever!—CHO.

"Gaudeamus."


Moderato.
1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur,
1. Let us now in youth re - joice,
Moderato.
mf
Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus; Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur,
None can just - ly blame us; Let us now in youth re - joice,
Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus; Post ju - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem,
None can just - ly blame us; For when gol - den youth has fled,



2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos,
In mundo fuere ?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

3 Vita nostra brevis est
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

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

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

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

7 Alma mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos, congregavit.

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

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

"Gaudeamus." Concluded.

Translated.

2 Where have all our Fathers gone?
Here we'll see them never:
Seek the god's serene abode—
Cross the dolorous Stygian flood—
There they dwell forever.

3 Brief is this our life on earth,
Brief—nor will it tarry—
Swiftly death runs to and fro,
All must feel his cruel blow,
None the dart can parry.

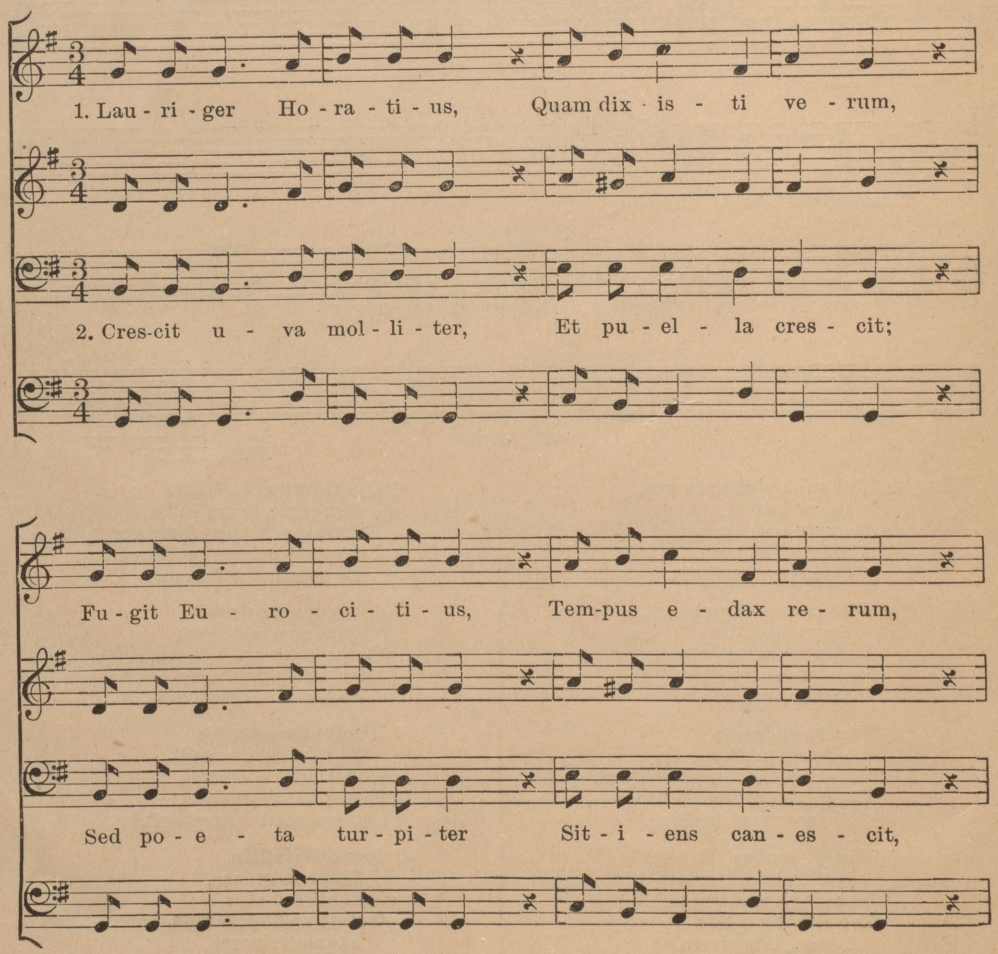
4 Raise we then the joyous shout,
Life to Alma Mater!
Life to each Professor here,
Life to all our comrades dear,
May they leave us never.

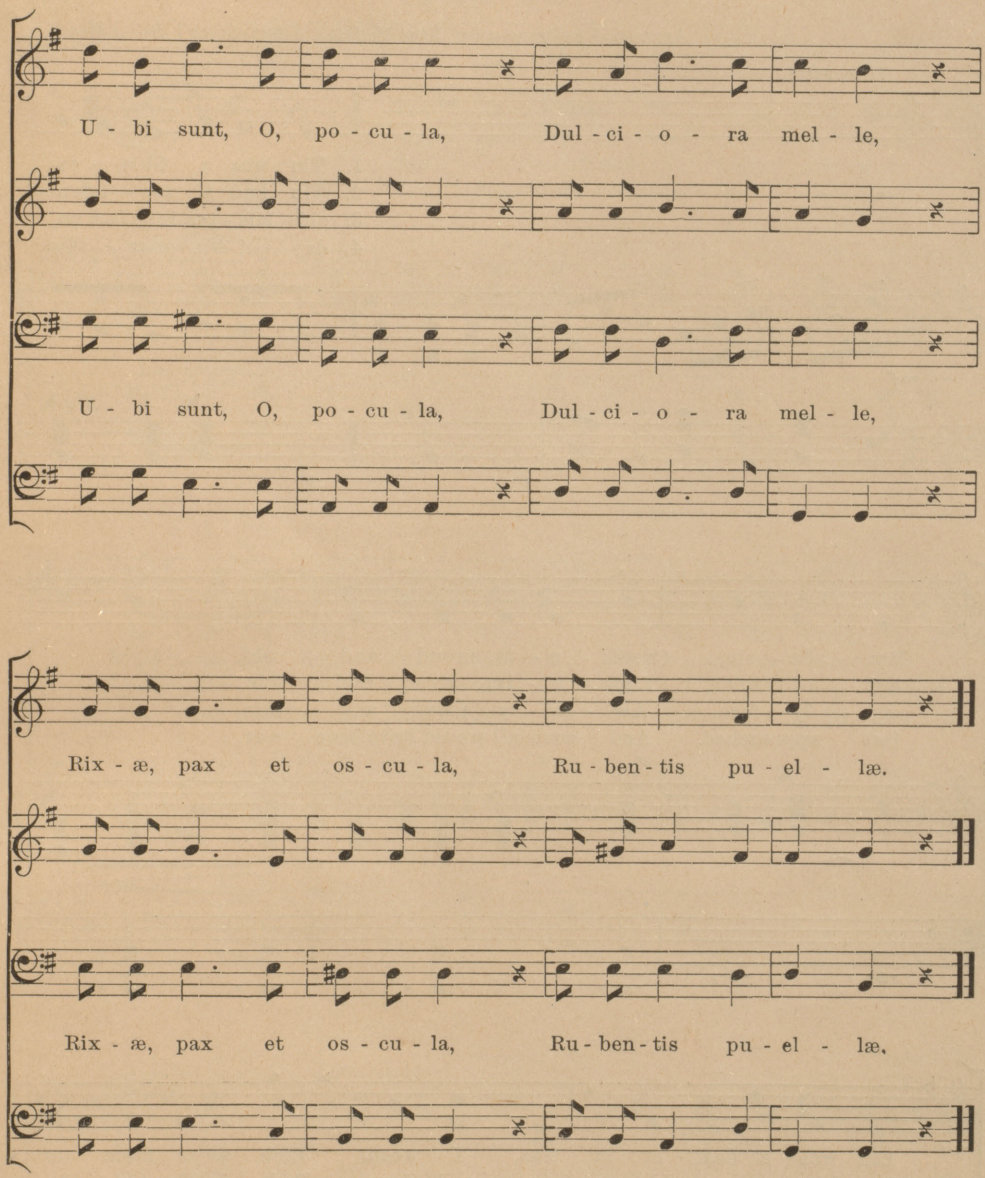
5 Life to all the maidens fair,
Maidens sweet and smiling;
Life to gentle matrons, too,
Ever kind and ever true,
All our cares beguiling.

6 May our land forever bloom
Under wise direction;
And this lovely classic ground,
In munificence abound,
Yielding us protection.

7 Perish sadness, perish hate,
And ye scoffers leave us!
Perish every shape of woe,
Devil and Philistine too
That would fain deceive us.

Lauriger Horatius.

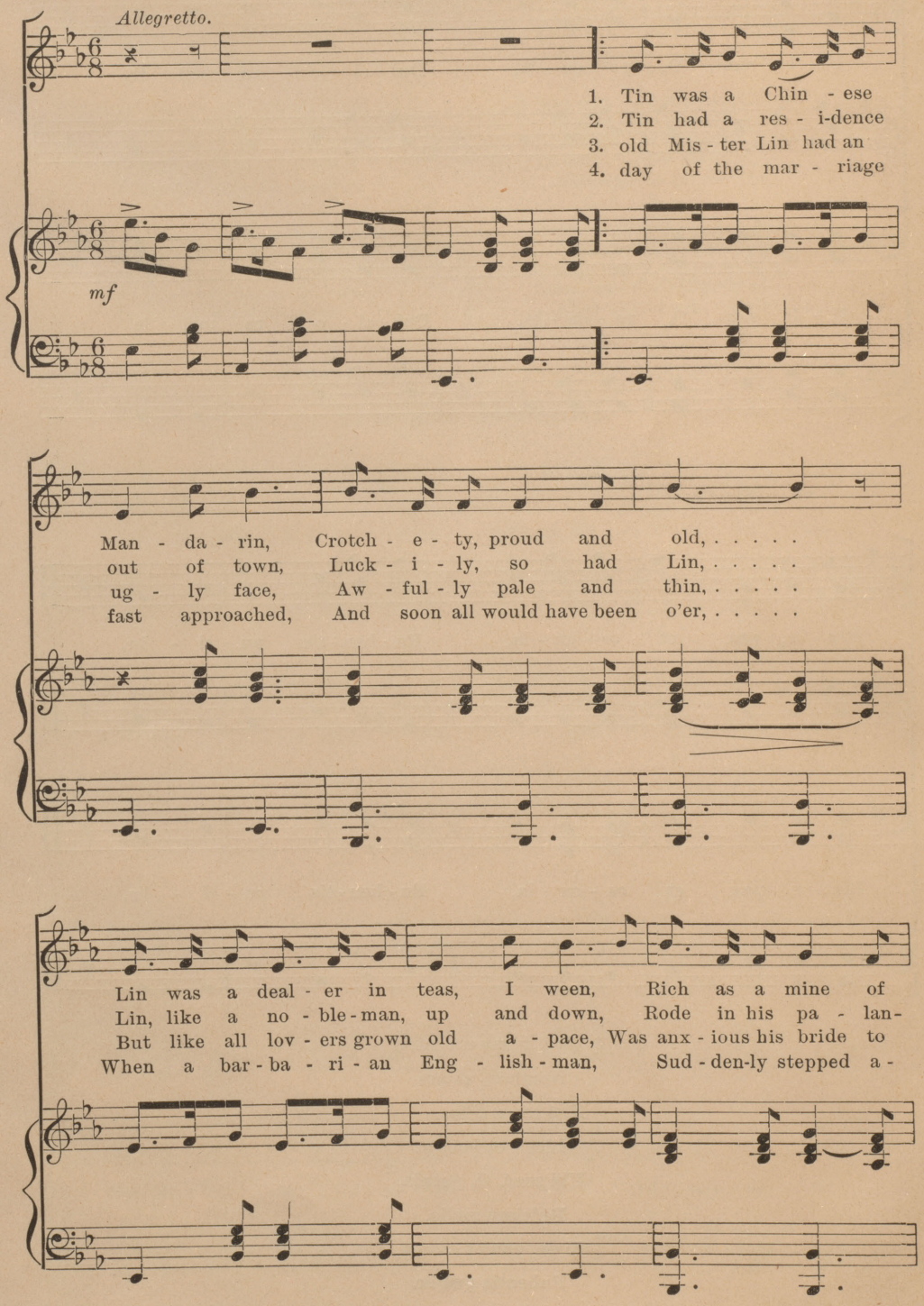


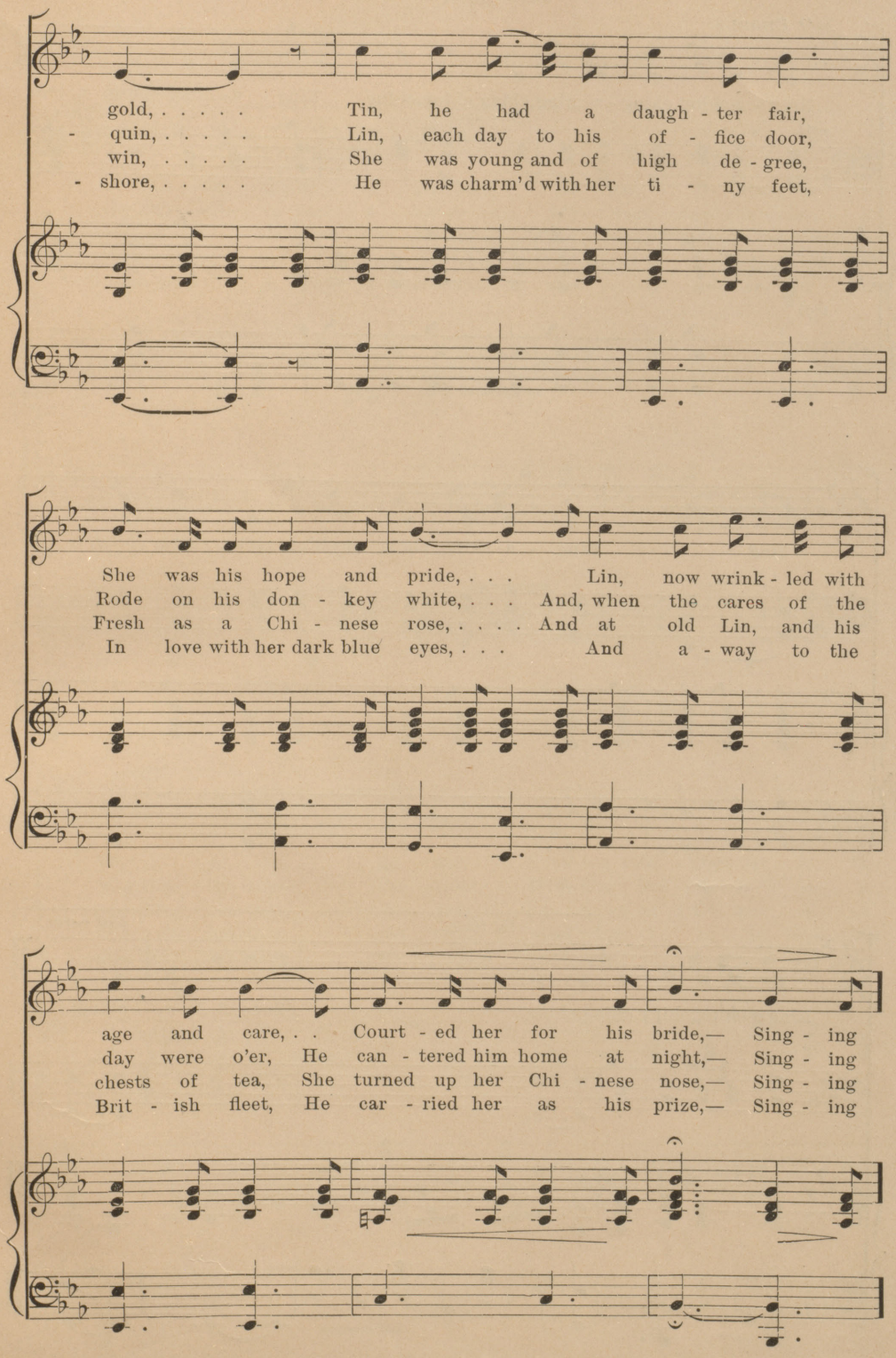


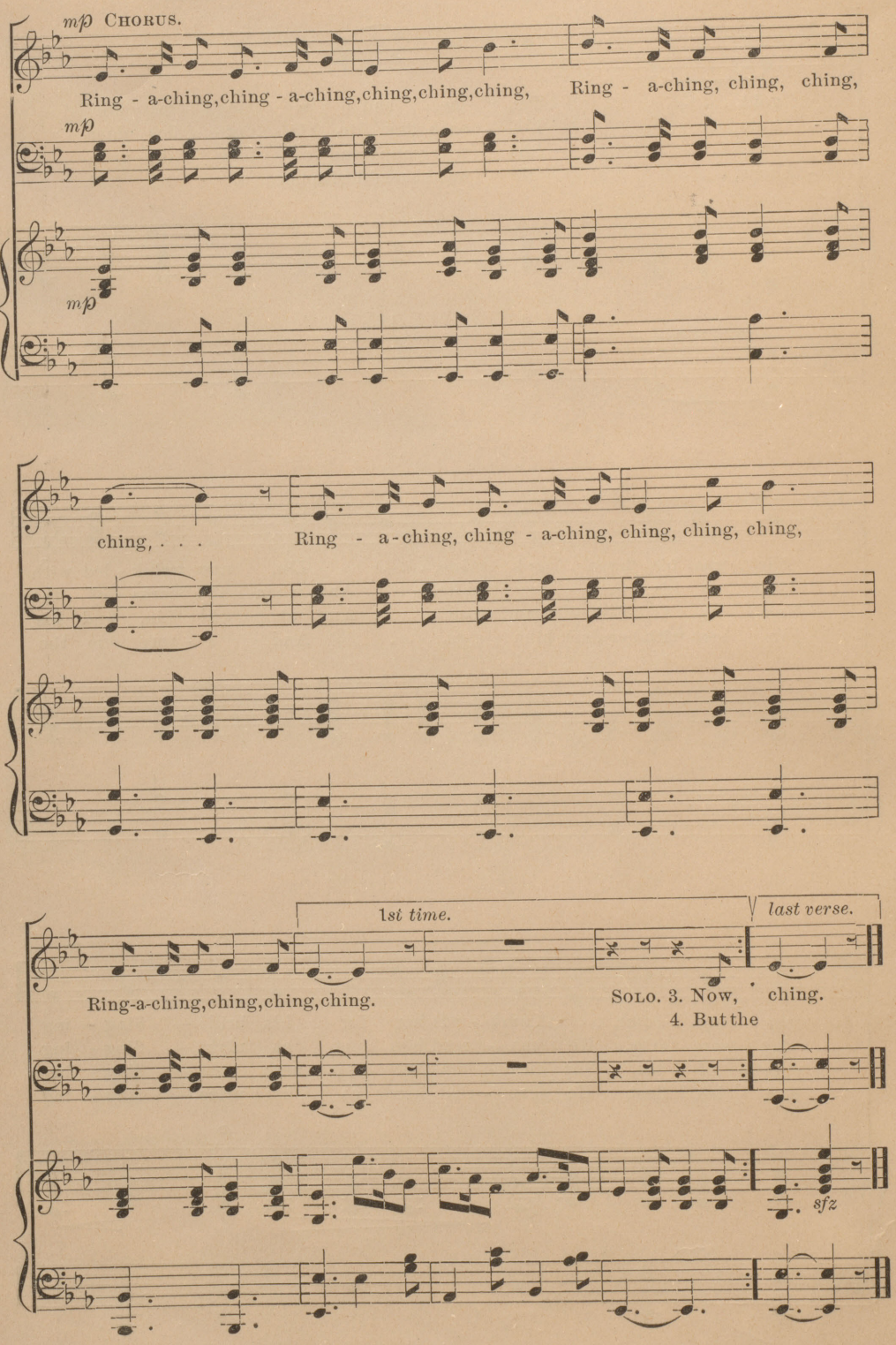
3 Quid juvat æternitas
Nominis, amare
Nisi terræ filias
Licet, et potare!
Ubi sunt, O, pocula,
Dulciora melle,
Rixæ, pax et oscula,
Rubentis pueliæ.

The Chinese Mandarin.

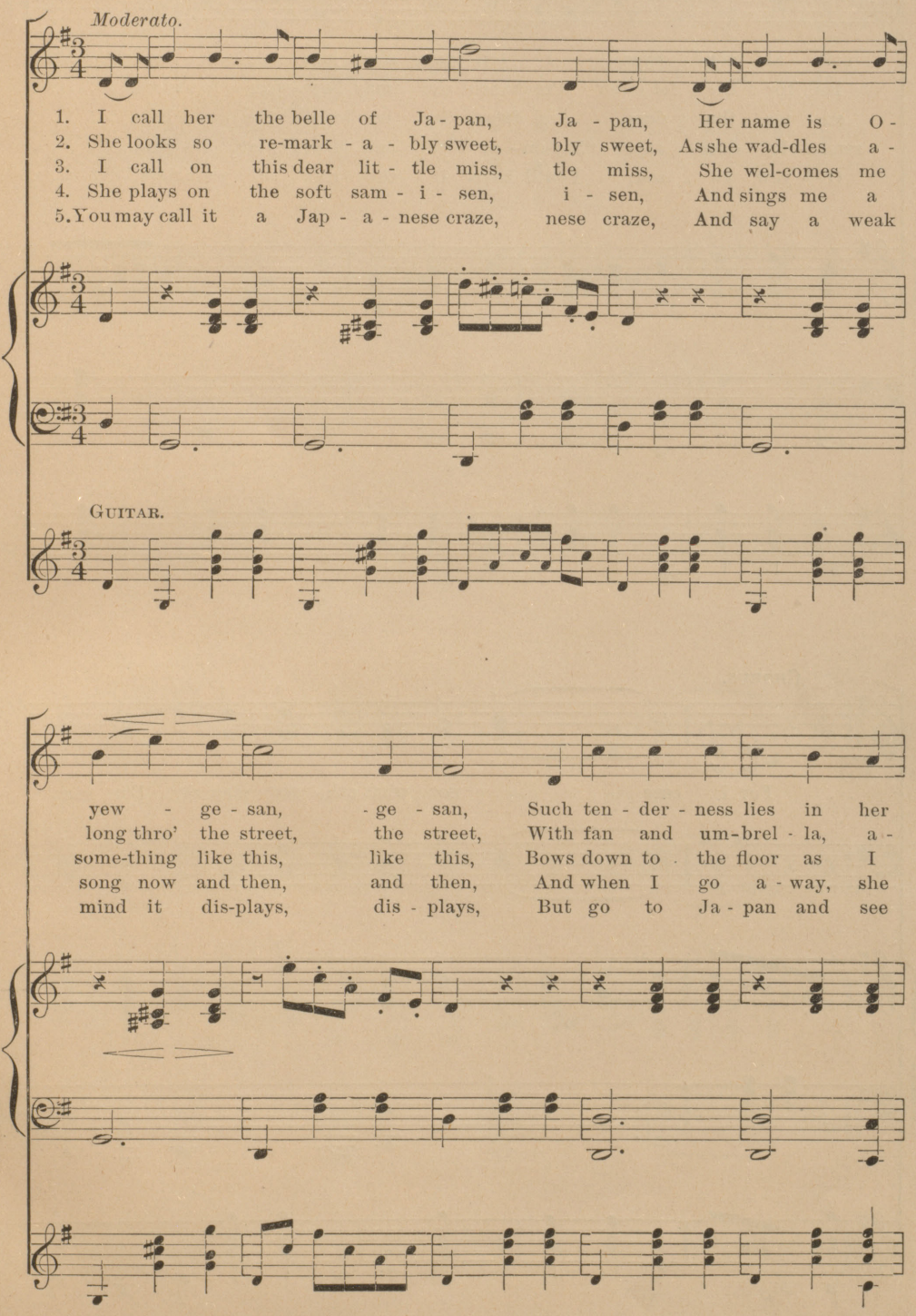
Arranged expressly for THE McGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

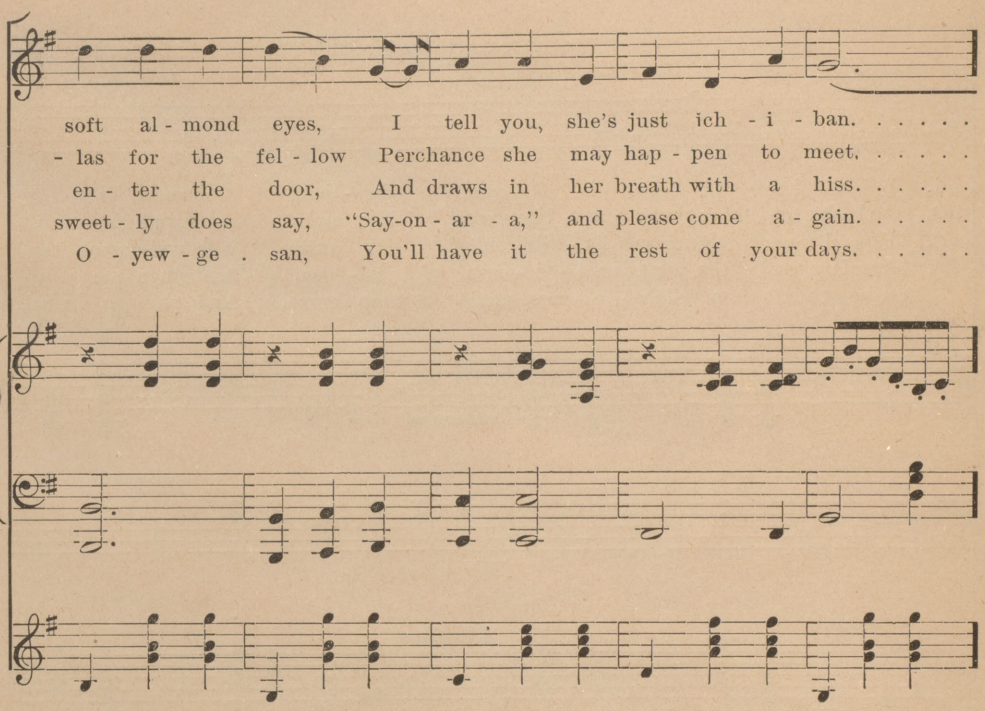


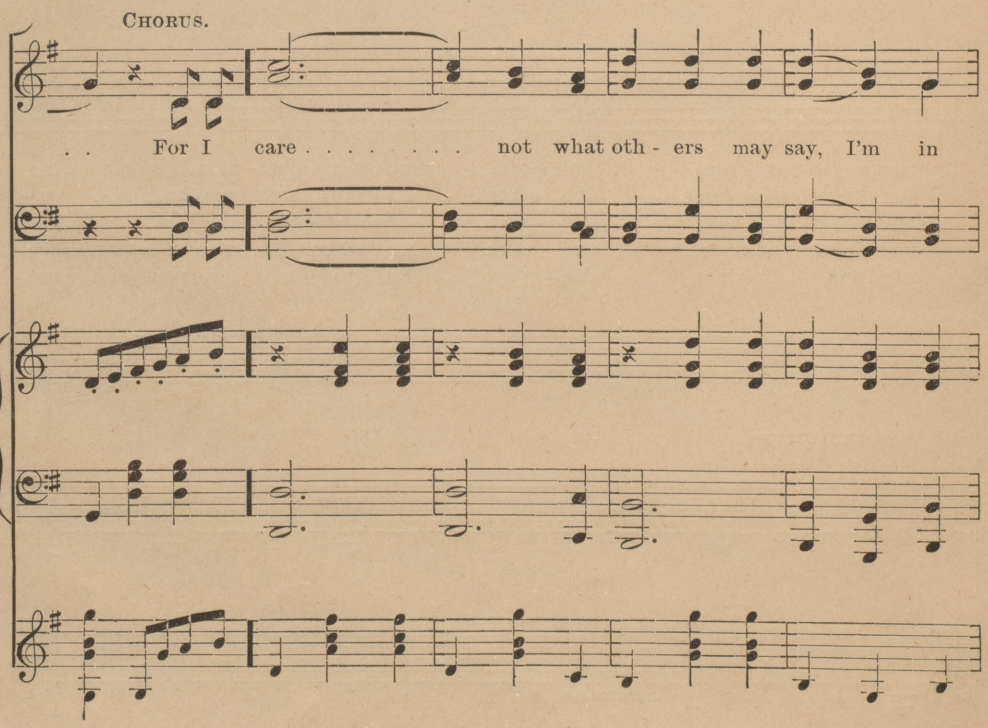

gold, ... Tin, he had a daugh - ter fair,
- quin, ... Lin, each day to his of - fice door,
win, ... She was young and of high de - gree,
- shore, ... He was charm'd with her ti - ny feet,
She was his hope and pride, . . . Lin, now wrink - led with
Rode on his don - key white, . . . And, when the cares of the
Fresh as a Chi - nese rose, ... And at old Lin, and his
In love with her dark blue eyes, . . . And a - way to the
age and care, . . . Court - ed her for his bride,— Sing - ing
day were o'er, He can - tered him home at night,— Sing - ing
chests of tea, She turned up her Chi - nese nose,— Sing - ing
Brit - ish fleet, He car - ried her as his prize,— Sing - ing

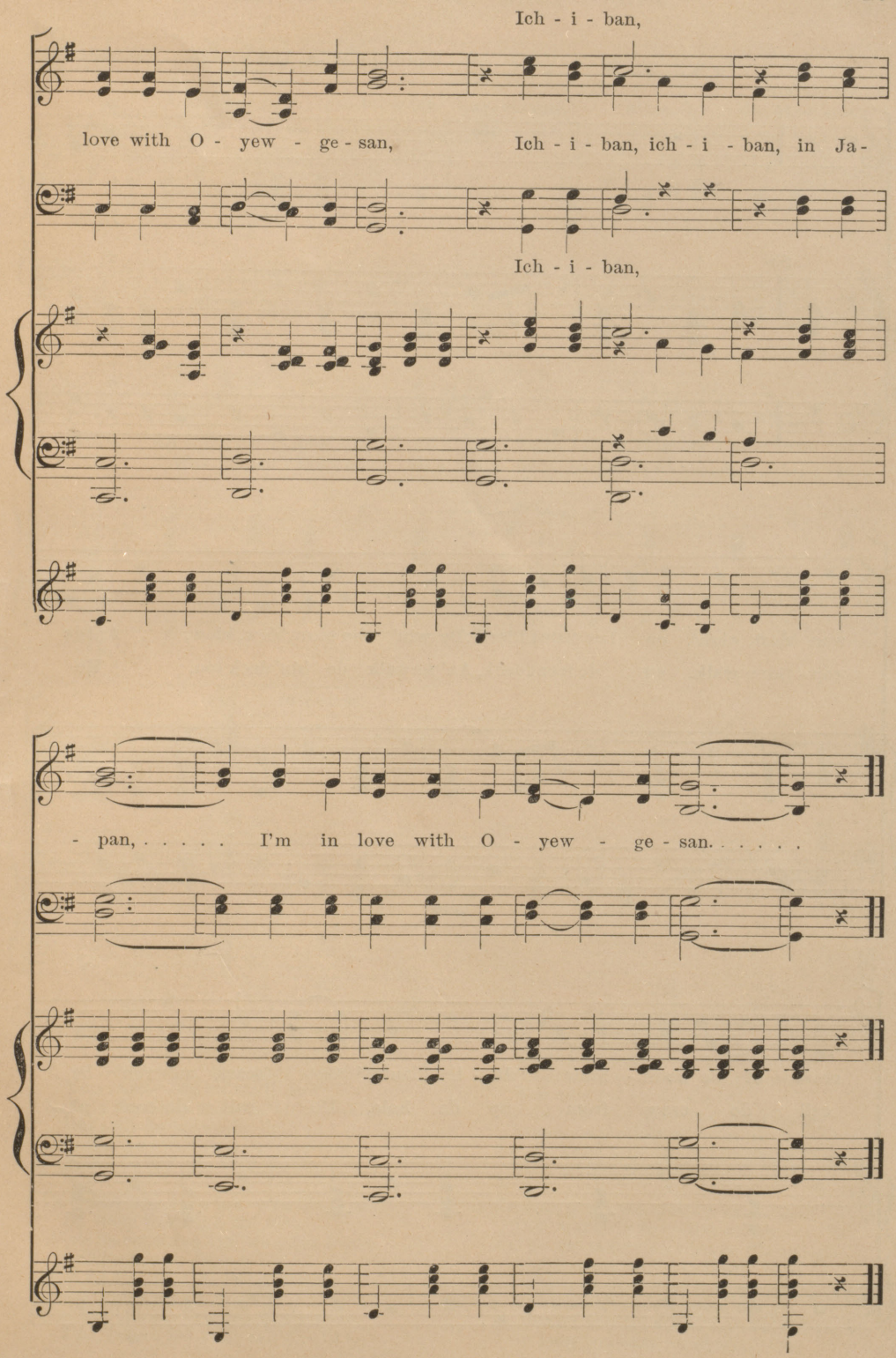

mp Chorus.
Ring - a-ching,ching - a-ching,ching,ching,ching, Ring - a-ching, ching, ching,
mp
mp
ching, . . . Ring - a-ching, ching - a-ching, ching, ching, ching,
1st time.
last verse.
Ring-a-ching,ching,ching,ching.
Solo. 3. Now, ching.
4. But the
sfz

Arranged for McGill University Song Book.



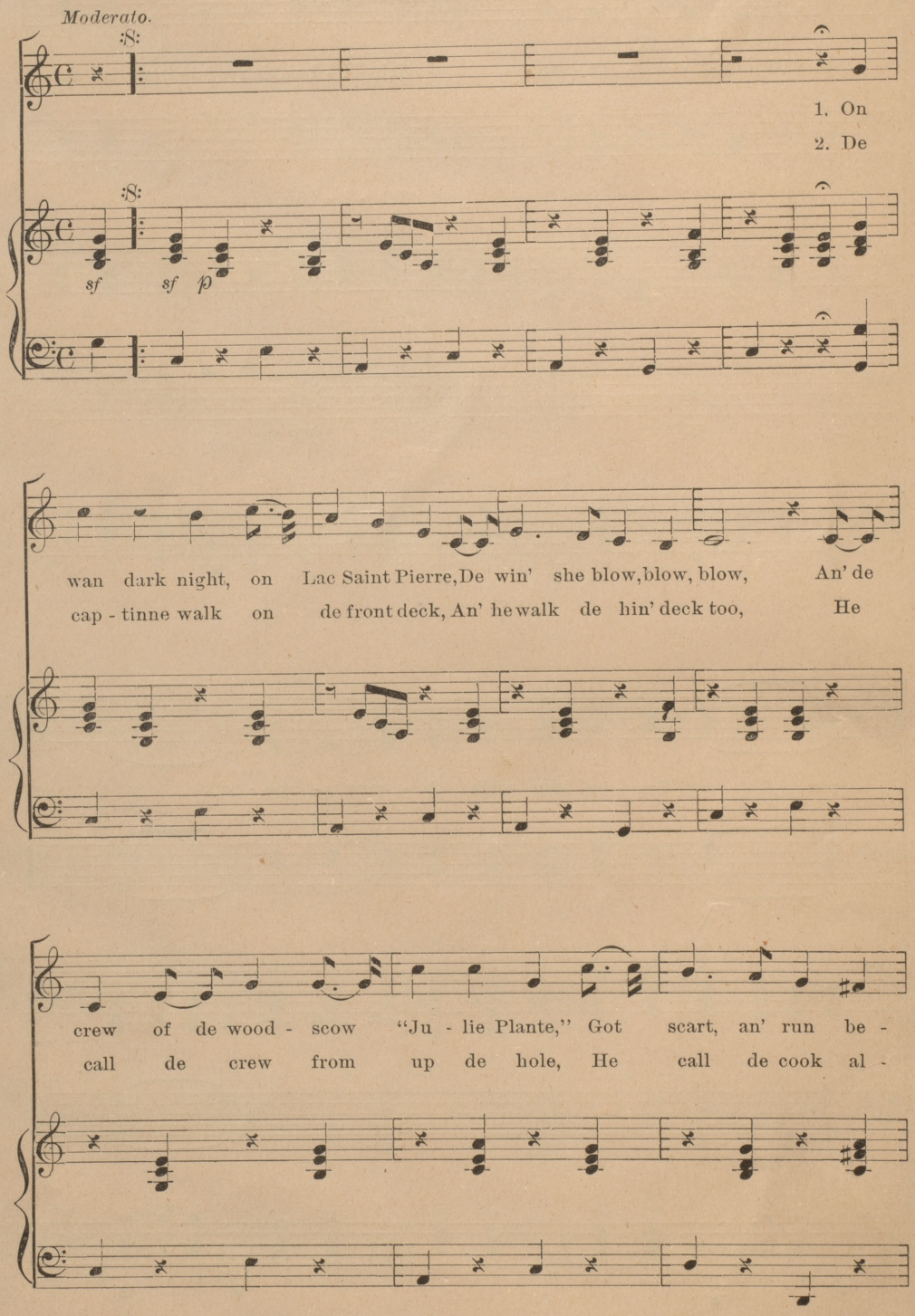

soft al - mond eyes, I tell you, she's just ich - i - ban. . . . . .
- las for the fel - low Perchance she may hap - pen to meet. . . . . .
en - ter the door, And draws in her breath with a hiss. . . . . .
sweet - ly does say, "Say-on - ar - a," and please come a - gain. . . . . .
O - yew - ge . san, You'll have it the rest of your days. . . . . .

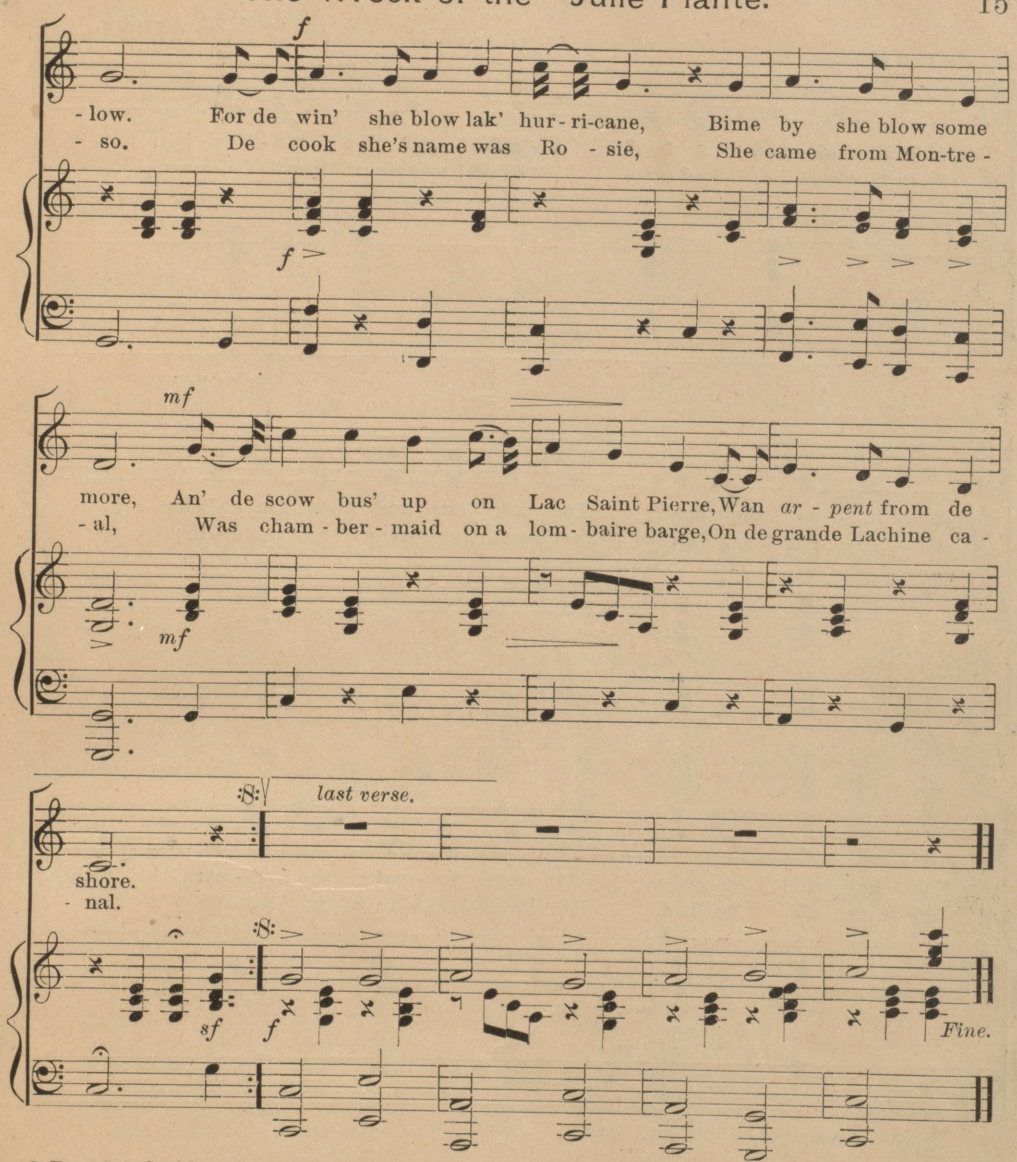

Chorus.
. . For I care . . . . . not what oth - ers may say, I'm in


Ich - i - ban,
love with O - yew - ge - san, Ich - i - ban, ich - i - ban, in Ja -
Ich - i - ban,
- pan, ... I'm in love with O - yew - ge - san. . . . . .

The Wreck of the "Julie Plante."

Words by W. A. Drummond. *Montreal.*





3 De win' she blow from Nor'—Eas'—Wes',
De Sout' win' she blow too,
W'en Rosie cry, "Mon cher captinne,
Mon cher— wa't *I* shall do ?"
Den de captinne trow de big h'ankerre,
But still de scow she drif';
De crew he can't pass on de shore
Becos he los' his skiff.—*Cho.*

4 De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave run high an' fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de poor Rosie
An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he also tak' de life preserve
An' jomp off on de lac',
An' say "Good bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak'."—*Cho.*

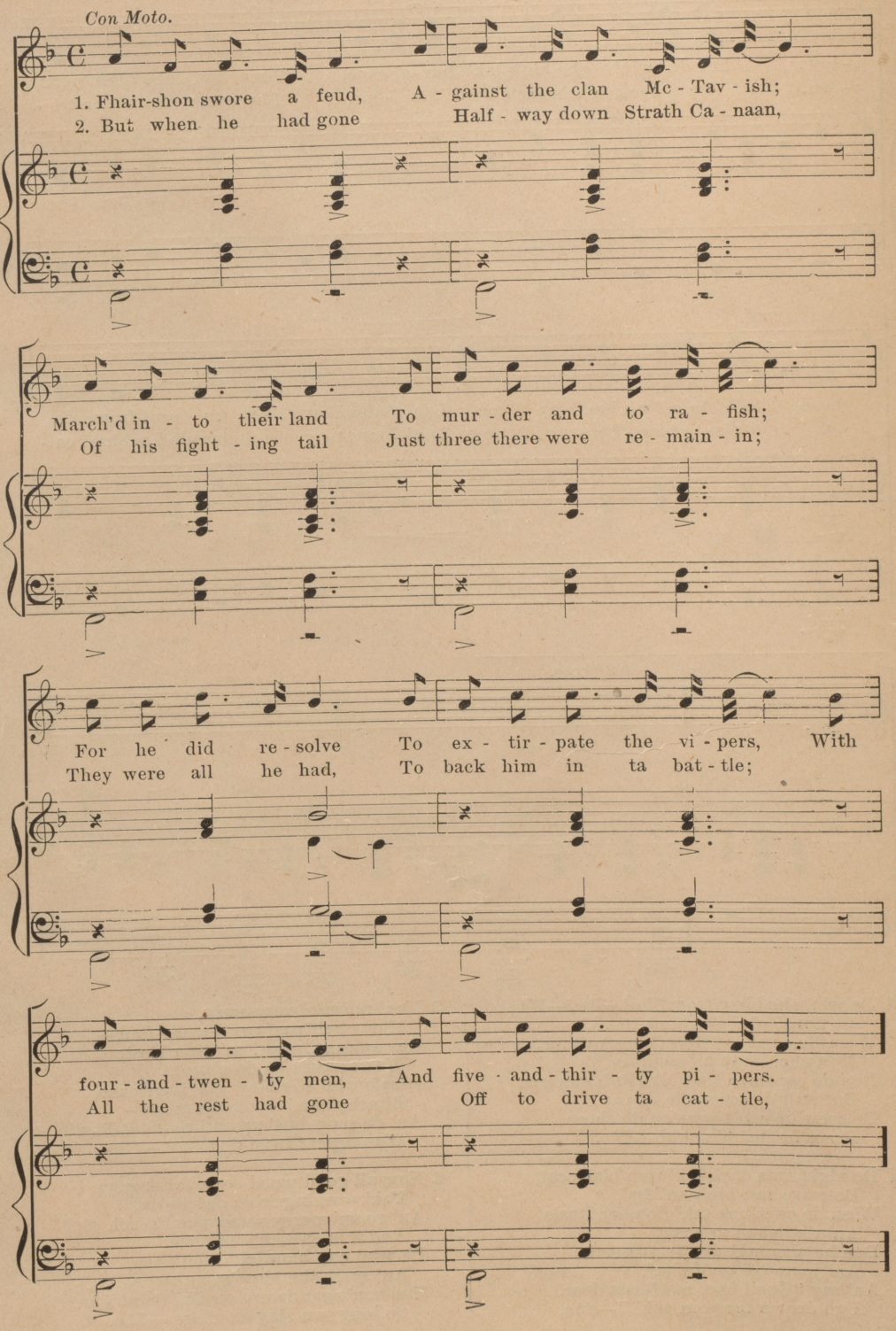
5 Nex' mornin' very early,
'Bout half pas' two—tree—four—
De captinne, scow, an' poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore;
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more—
An' de scow bus' up on Lac Saint Pierre,
Wan *arpent* from de shore.—*Cho.*

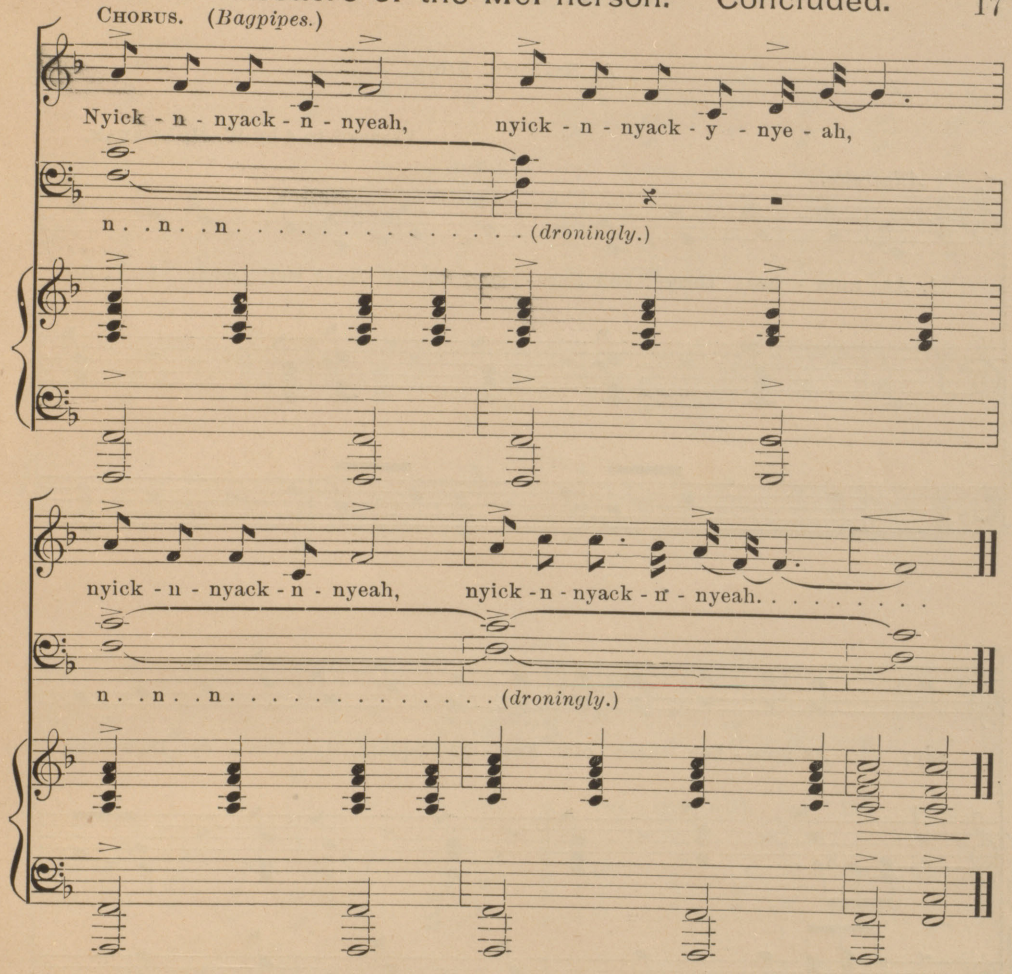
6 Now all good wood-scow sailor man,
Tak' warning from dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl,
And live on wan' big farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricane,
An' *spose* she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac Saint Pierre,
So long you stay on shore.—*Cho.*

The Massacre of the McPherson.

Words by W. E. Aytoun.

Con Moto.





3 "Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon,
"So my clan disgraced is;
Lads, we'll need to fight,
Pefore we touch the peasties.
Here's Mhic—Mac—Methusaleh
Coming wi' his fassals,
Gillies seventy-three,
And sixty Dhuinéwassails."—*Cho.*

4 "Coot tay to you, sir;
Are you not ta Fhairshon?
Was you coming here
To fisit any person?
You are a plackguard, sir!
It is now six hundred
Coot long years, and more,
Since my glen was plundered."—*Cho.*

5 "Fat is tat you say?
Dare you cock your peaver?
I will teach you, sir,
Fat is coot pehavior!
You shall not exist
For another day more;
I will shoot you, sir,
Or stop you with my claymore!"—*Cho.*

6 "I am fery glad
To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
Any such intention!"
So Mhic—Mac—Methusaleh
Gave some war-like howls,
Trew his Skhian—dhu,
An' stuck it in his powels.—*Cho.*

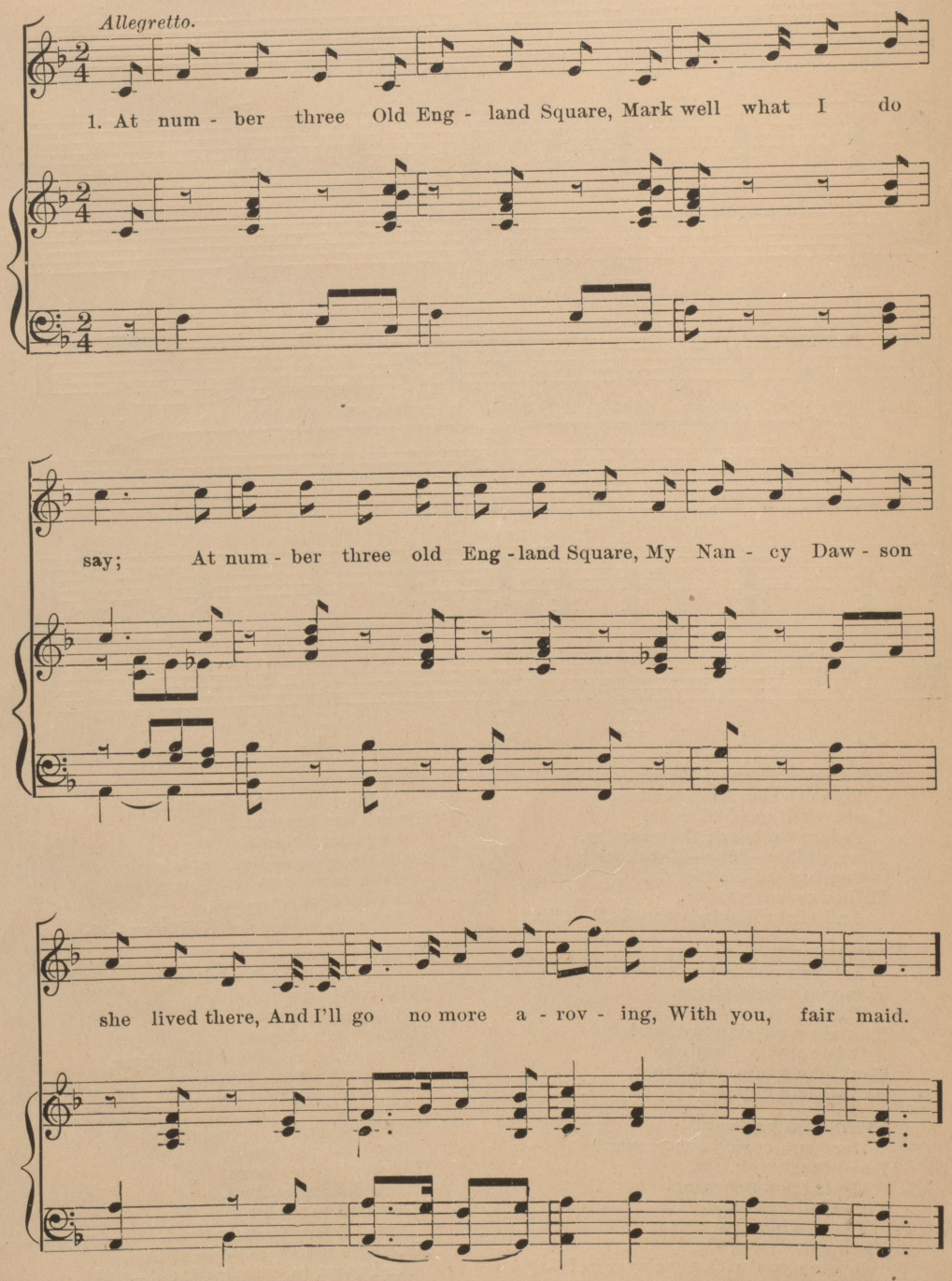
7 In this fery way
Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,
Who was alway thought
A superior person.
Fhairshon had a son,
Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta flood,
Py drinking up ta water."—*Cho.*

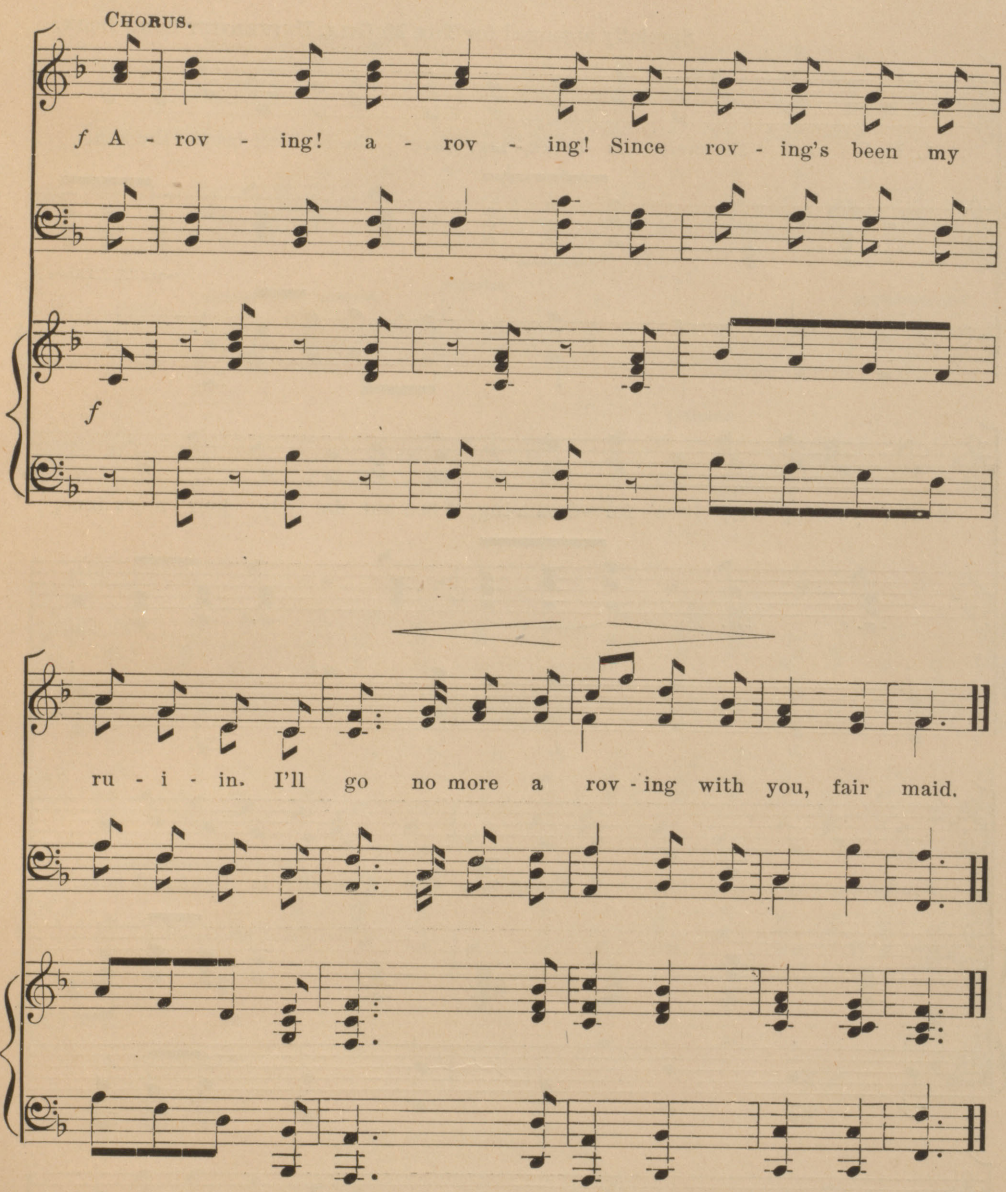
8 Which he would have done,
I at least pelieve it,
Had ta mixture been
Only half Glenlivet.
This is all my tale;
Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye!
Here's your fery good healths,
And tamn ta whusky duty!—*Cho.*

A-Roving.

A Sailor's Song.

Verses 2 to 4 by W. McLENNAN.





2 My Nancy Dawson she lived there,
Mark well what I do say;
Oh, she was a lass surpassing fair,
She'd bright blue eyes and golden hair,—
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!—*Cho.*

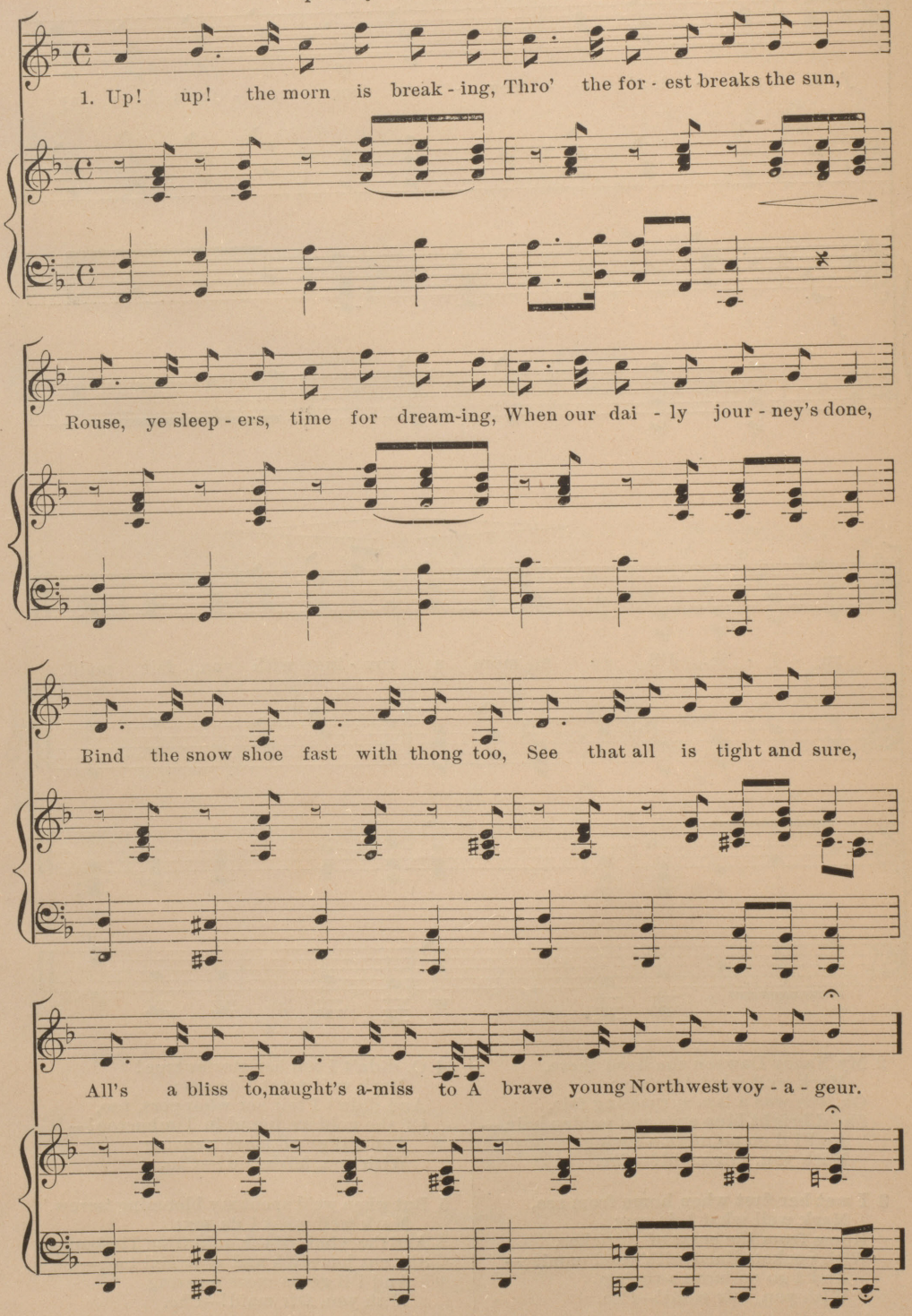
3 I met her first when home from sea,
Mark well what I do say;
Home from the coast of Africkee,
With pockets lined with good monie;—
And I go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!—*Cho.*

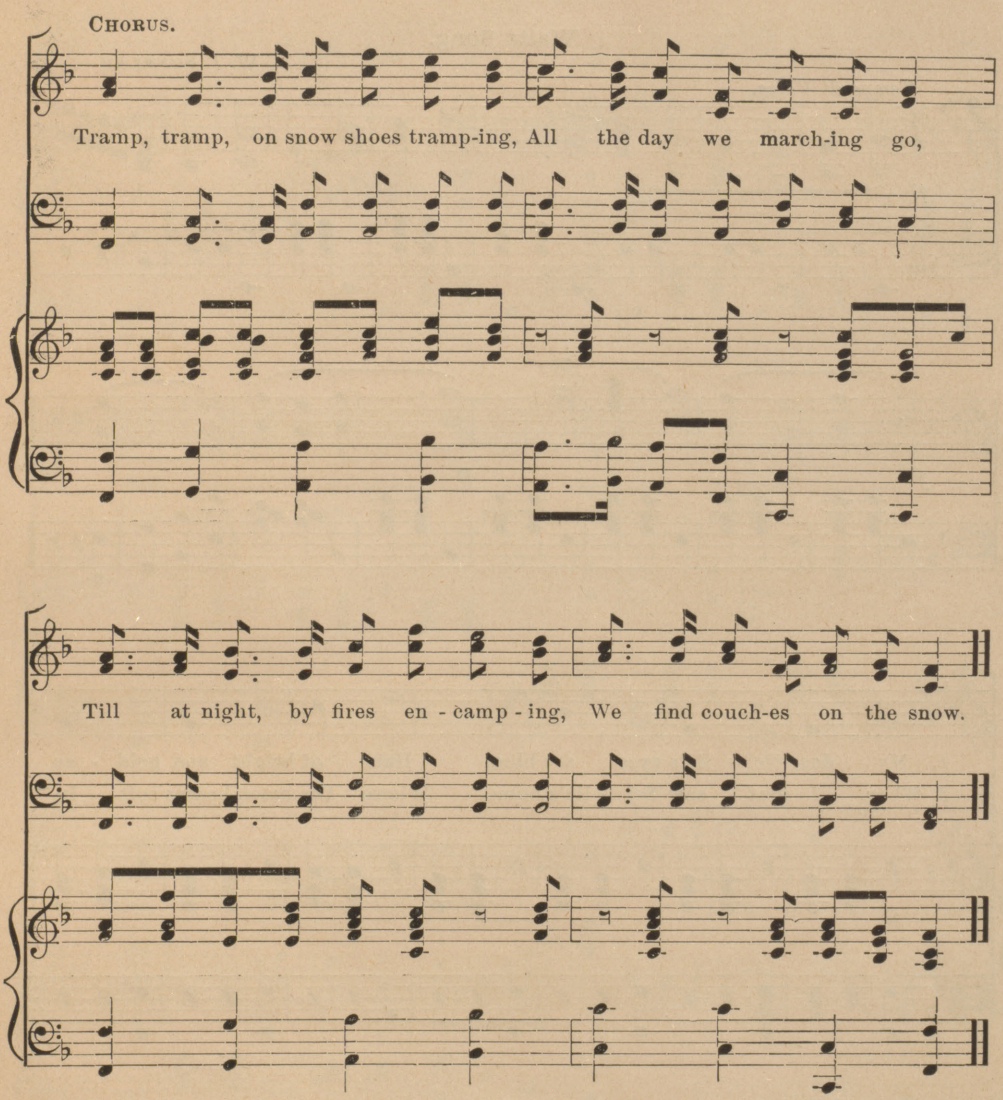
4 O, didn't I tell her stories true!
Mark well what I do say;
And didn't I tell her whoppers, too,
Of the gold we found in Timbuctoo!—
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!—*Cho.*

5 But when we'd spent my blooming 'screw,'
Mark well what I do say;
And the whole of the gold from Timbuctoo
She cut her stick and vanished too;—
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!—*Cho.*

Snow Shoe Tramp.

Specially arranged for THE McGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.





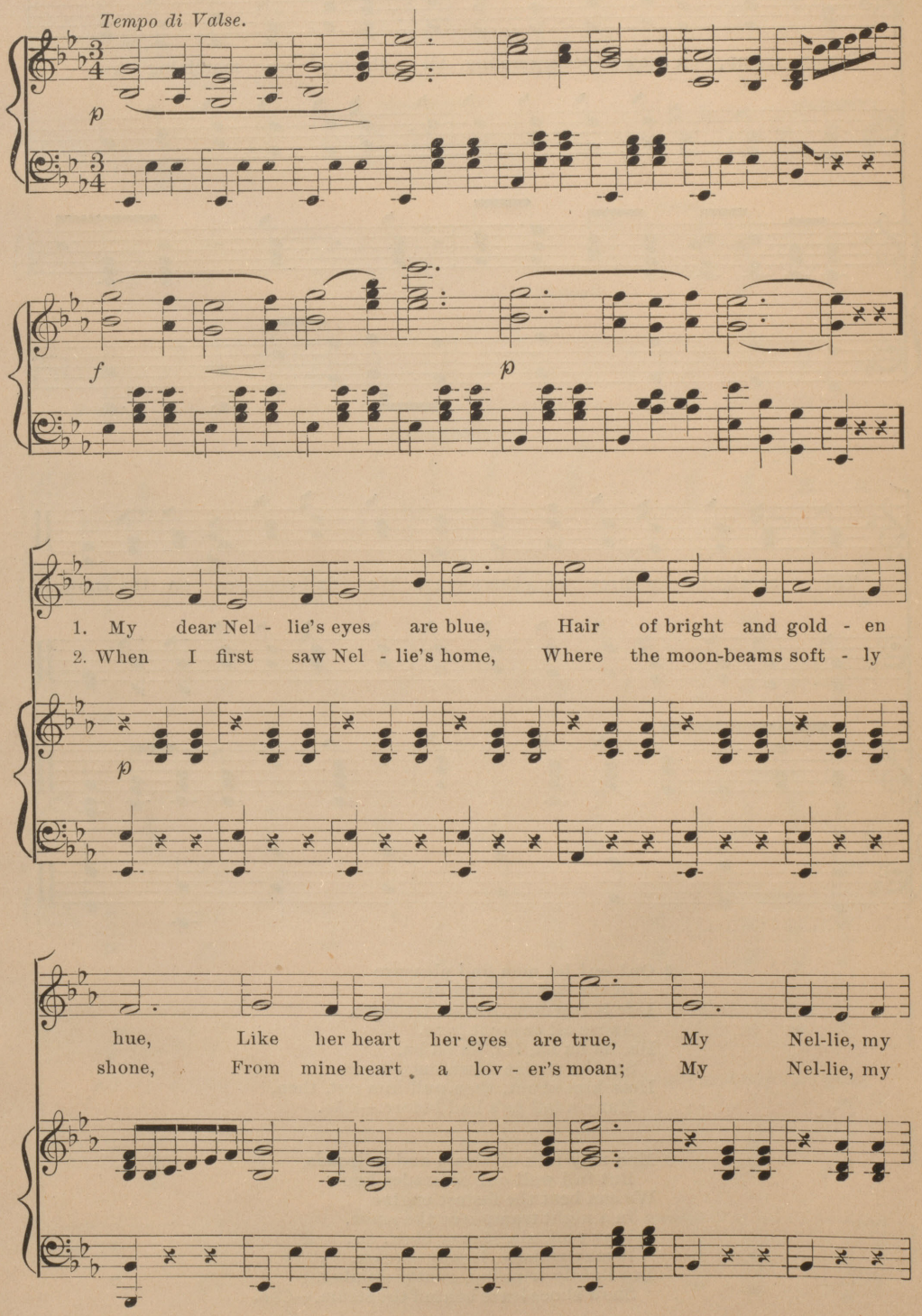
2 On! on! let men find pleasure
In the city dull and drear,
Life is freedom, life's a treasure,
As we all enjoy it here.
Ha, ha ha ha, Ha, ha ha ha,
See the novice down once more,
Hear him shout, then, pull him out, then,
Many a fall he's had before.—*Cho.*

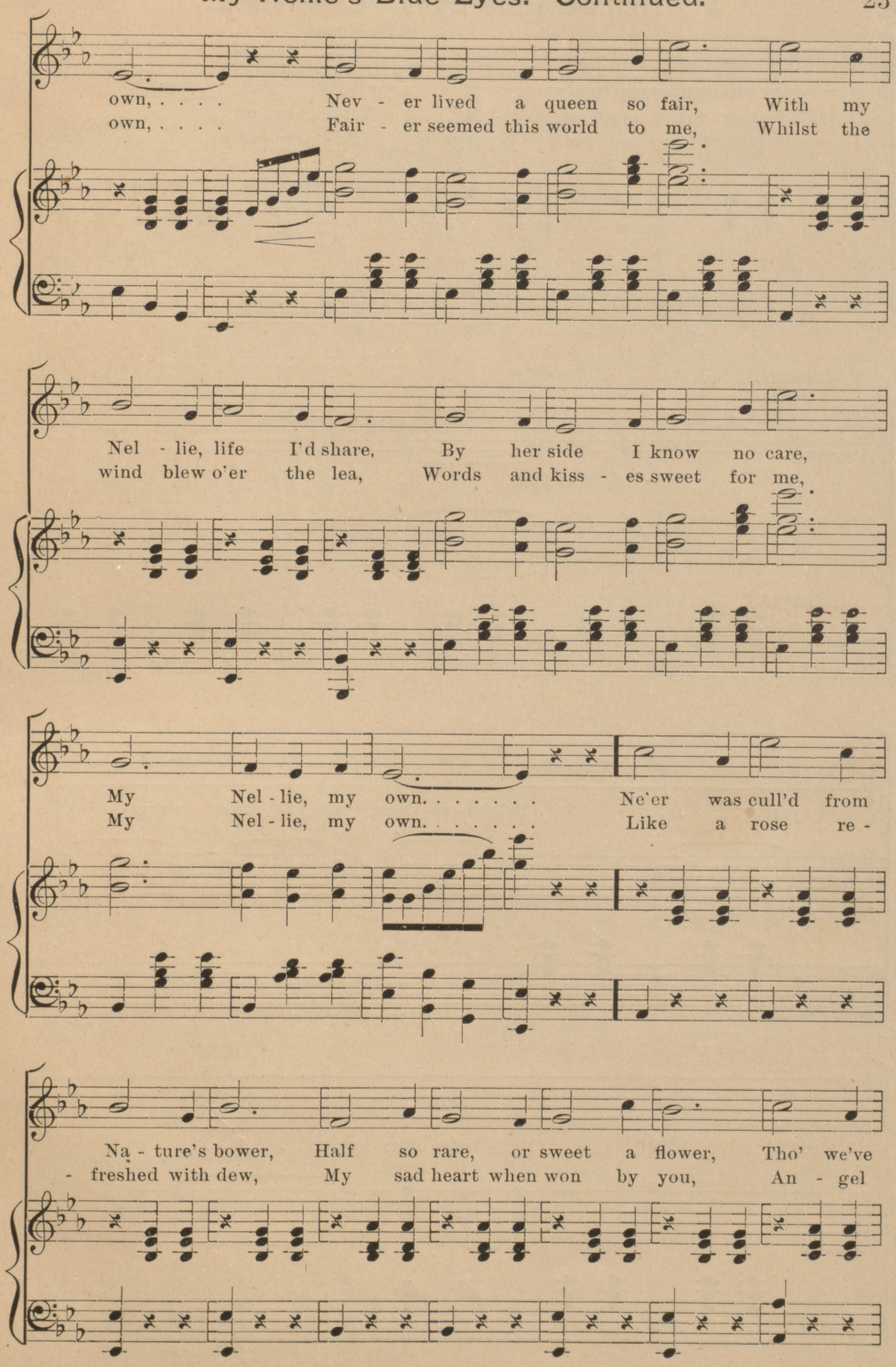
3 Men may talk of steam and railroads,
But full well our comrades know
We can beat the fastest engine
In a night tramp o'er the snow.
It may puff, sir, it may blow, sir,
It may whistle, it may scream,
But lightly tripping, gently dipping,
Snow shoes leave behind the steam.—*Cho.*

My Nellie's Blue Eyes.

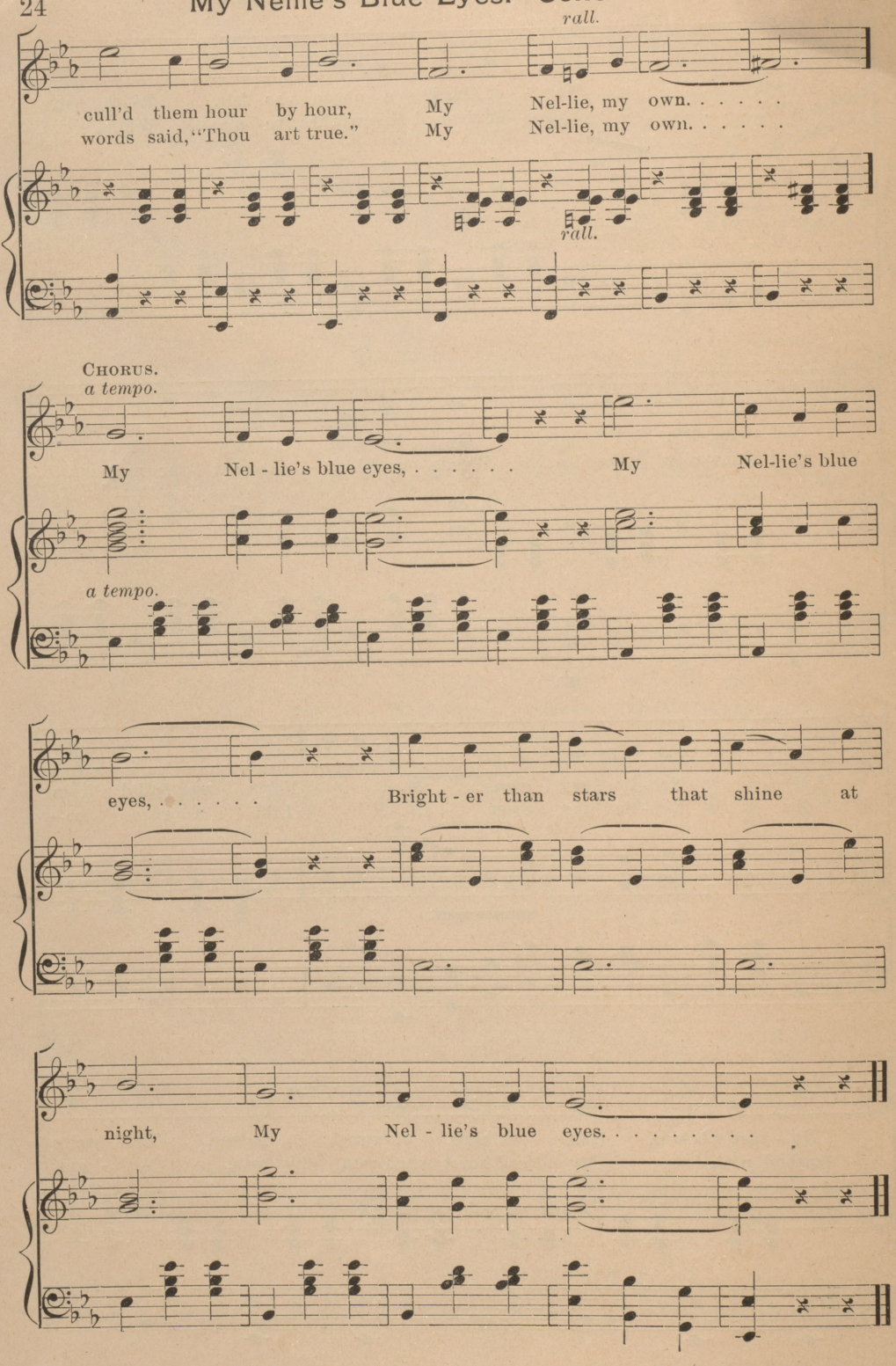
Waltz Song.

W. J. SCANLAN.

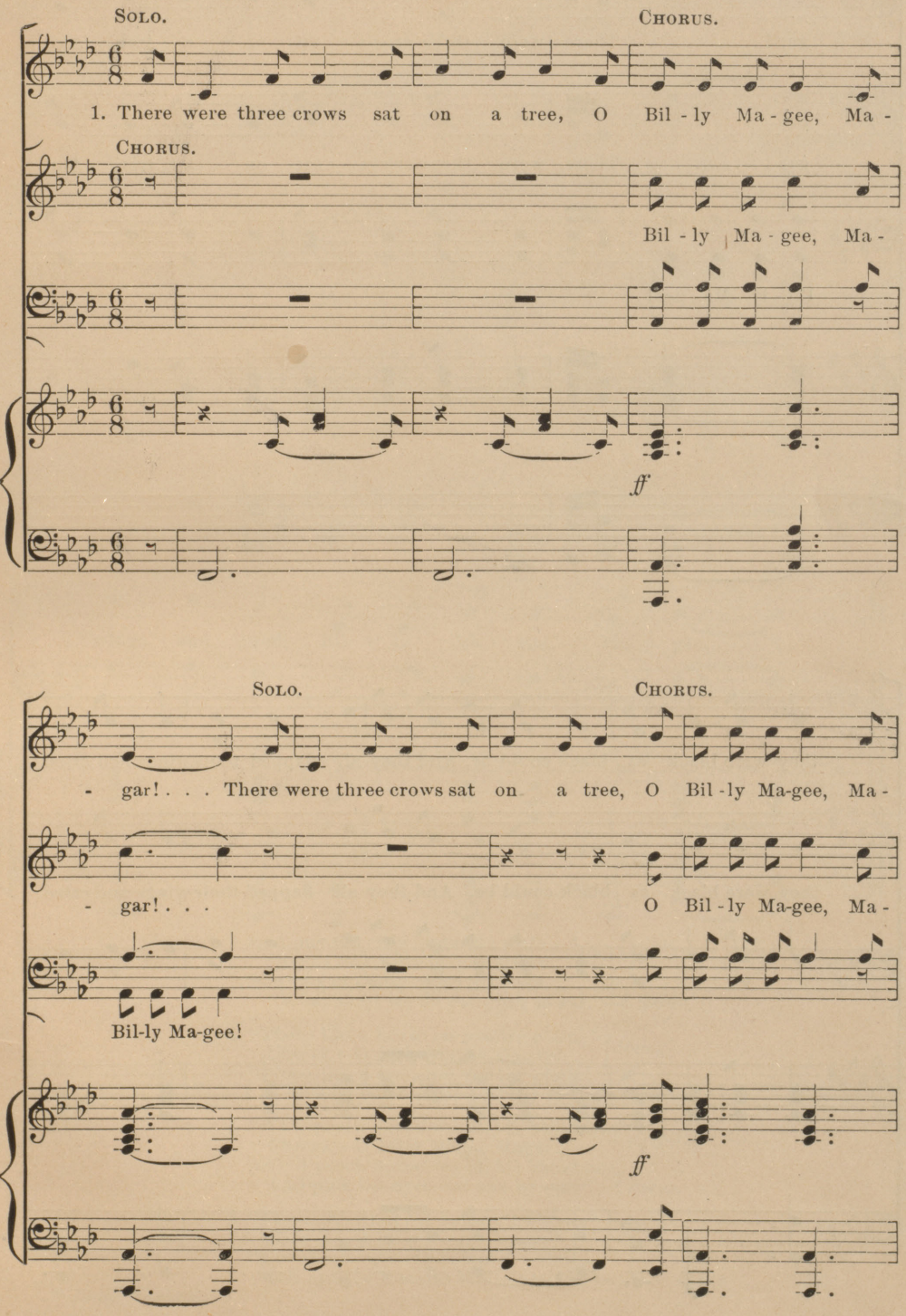


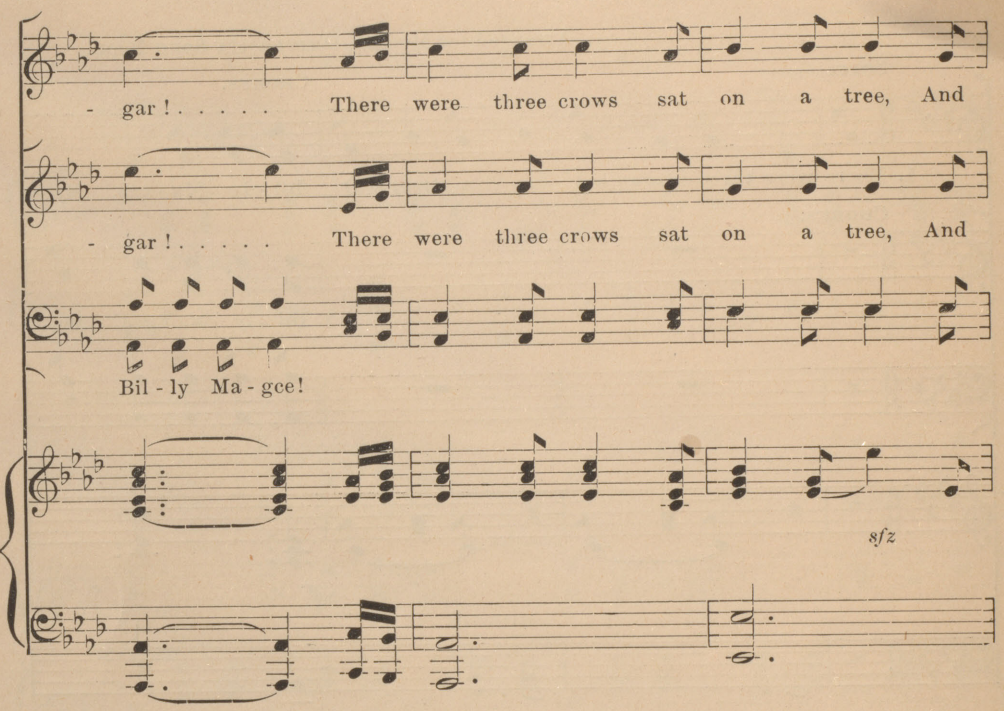

own, ... Nev - er lived a queen so fair, With my
own, ... Fair - er seemed this world to me, Whilst the
Nel - lie, life I'd share, By her side I know no care,
wind blew o'er the lea, Words and kiss - es sweet for me,
My Nel - lie, my own. . . . . Ne'er was cull'd from
My Nel - lie, my own. . . . . Like a rose re -
Na - ture's bower, Half so rare, or sweet a flower, Tho' we've
- freshed with dew, My sad heart when won by you, An - gel

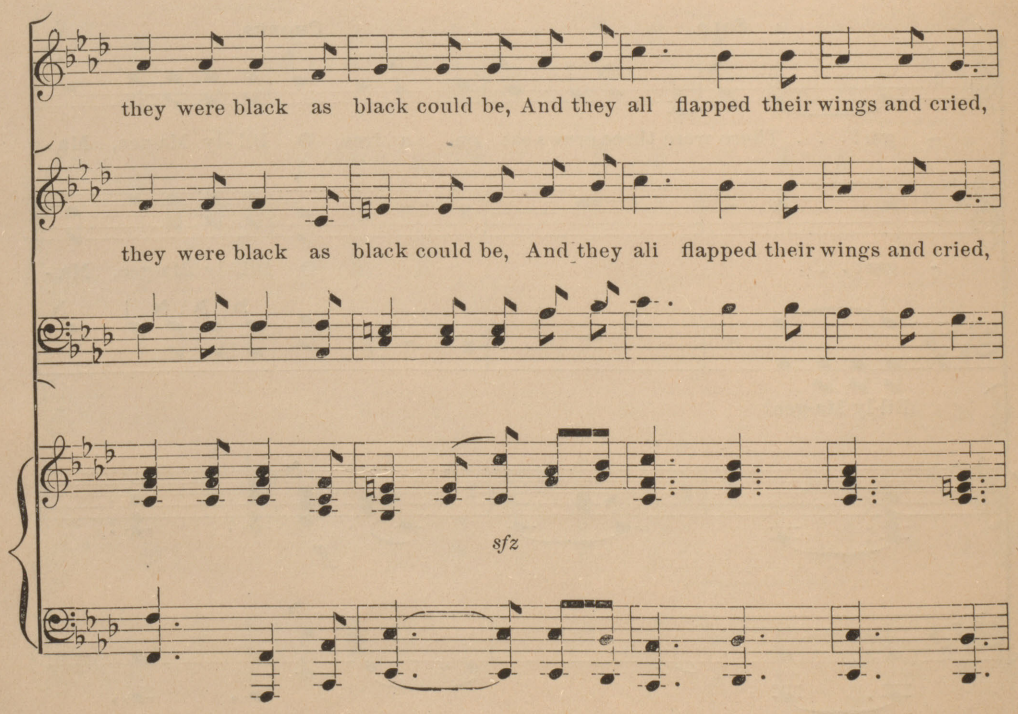
My Nellie's Blue Eyes. Concluded.

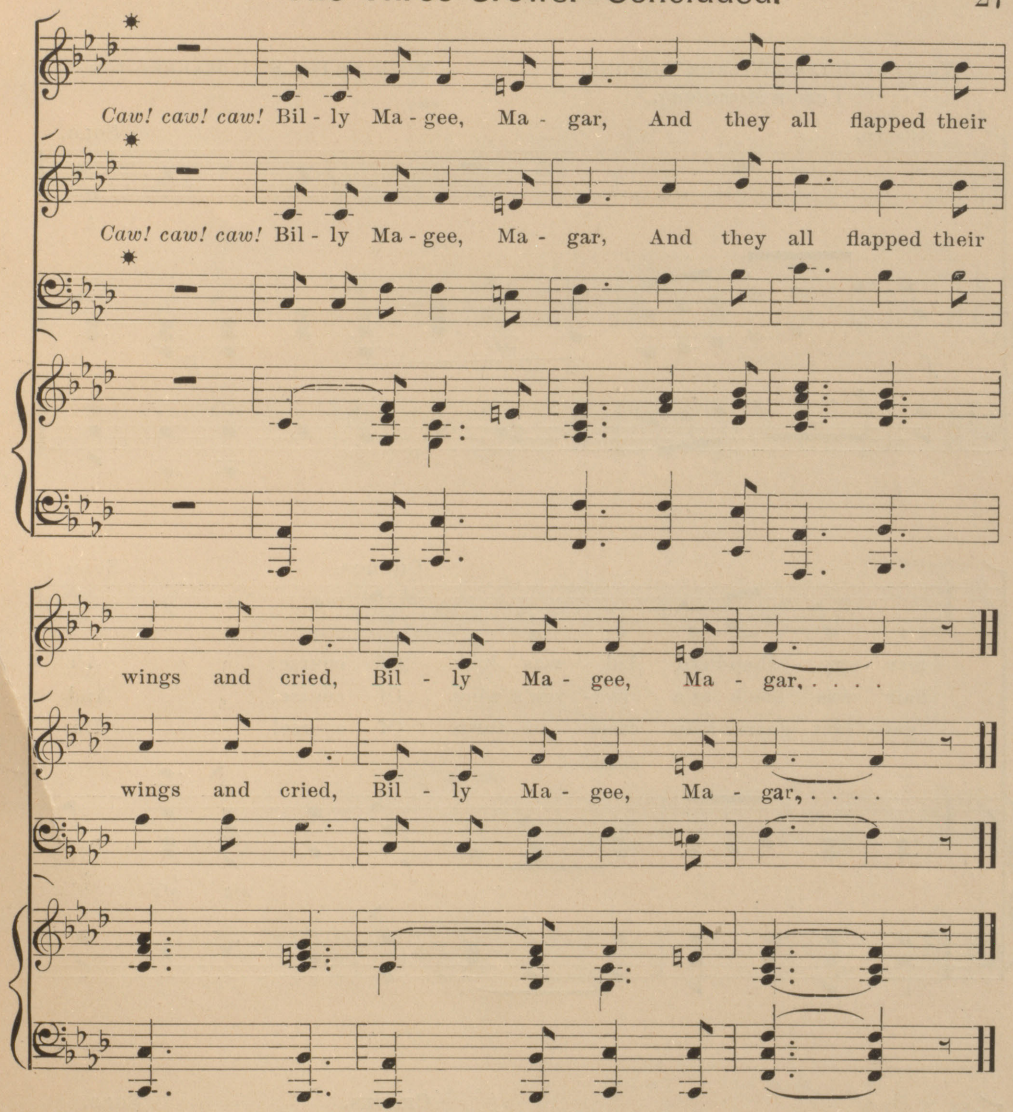


Arranged for McGill University Song Book.




- gar ! . . . . . There were three crows sat on a tree, And
- gar ! . . . . . There were three crows sat on a tree, And
Bil - ly Ma - gee!
sfz


they were black as black could be, And they all flapped their wings and cried,
they were black as black could be, And they all flapped their wings and cried,
sfz



2 Said one old crow unto his mate, } (*bis.*)
Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar! }
Said one old crow unto his mate,
"What shall we do for grub to eat."—*Chorus.*

3 "There lies a horse on yonder plain," } (*bis.*)
Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar! }
"There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who's by some cruel butcher slain."—*Chorus.*

4 "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone," } (*bis.*)
Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar! }
"We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
And pick his eyes out one by one."—*Chorus.*

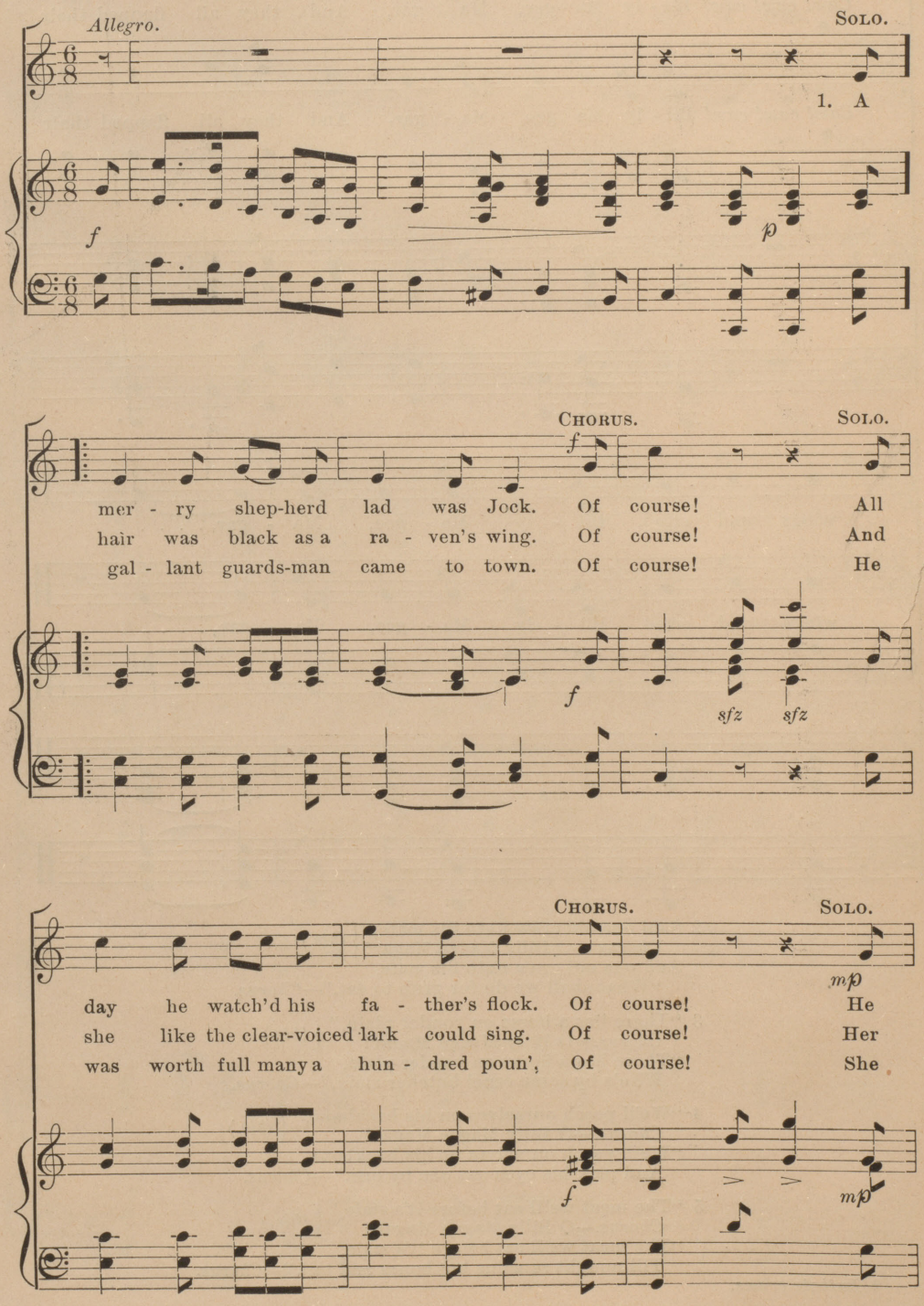
5 "The meat we'll eat before it's stale," } (*bis.*)
Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar! }
"The meat we'll eat before it's stale,
Till nought remains but bones and tail."—*Chorus.*

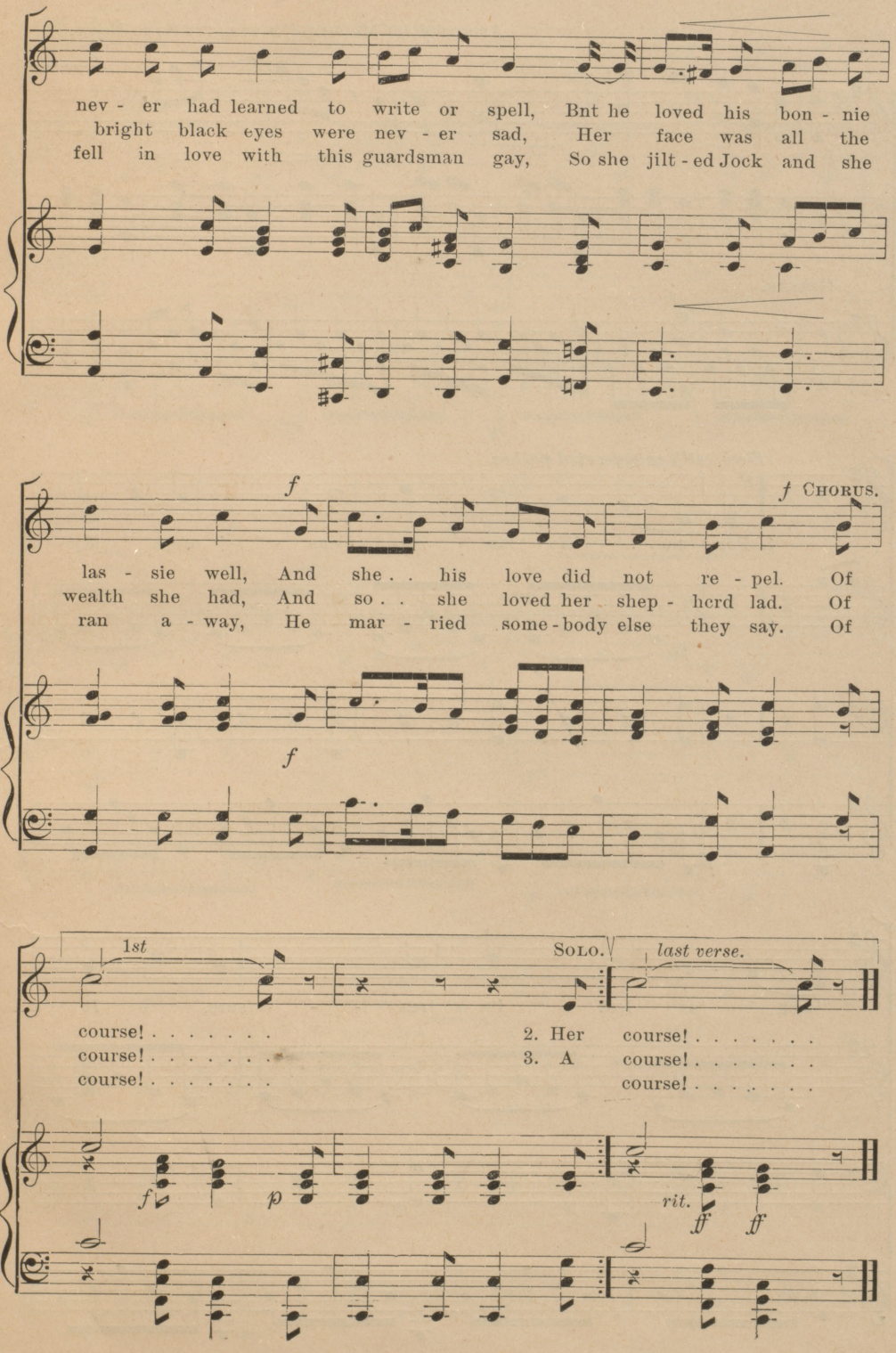
* *Imitate crows.*

Of Course.

Words by JULIET WILBUR TOMKINS,
in the Vassar Miscellany.

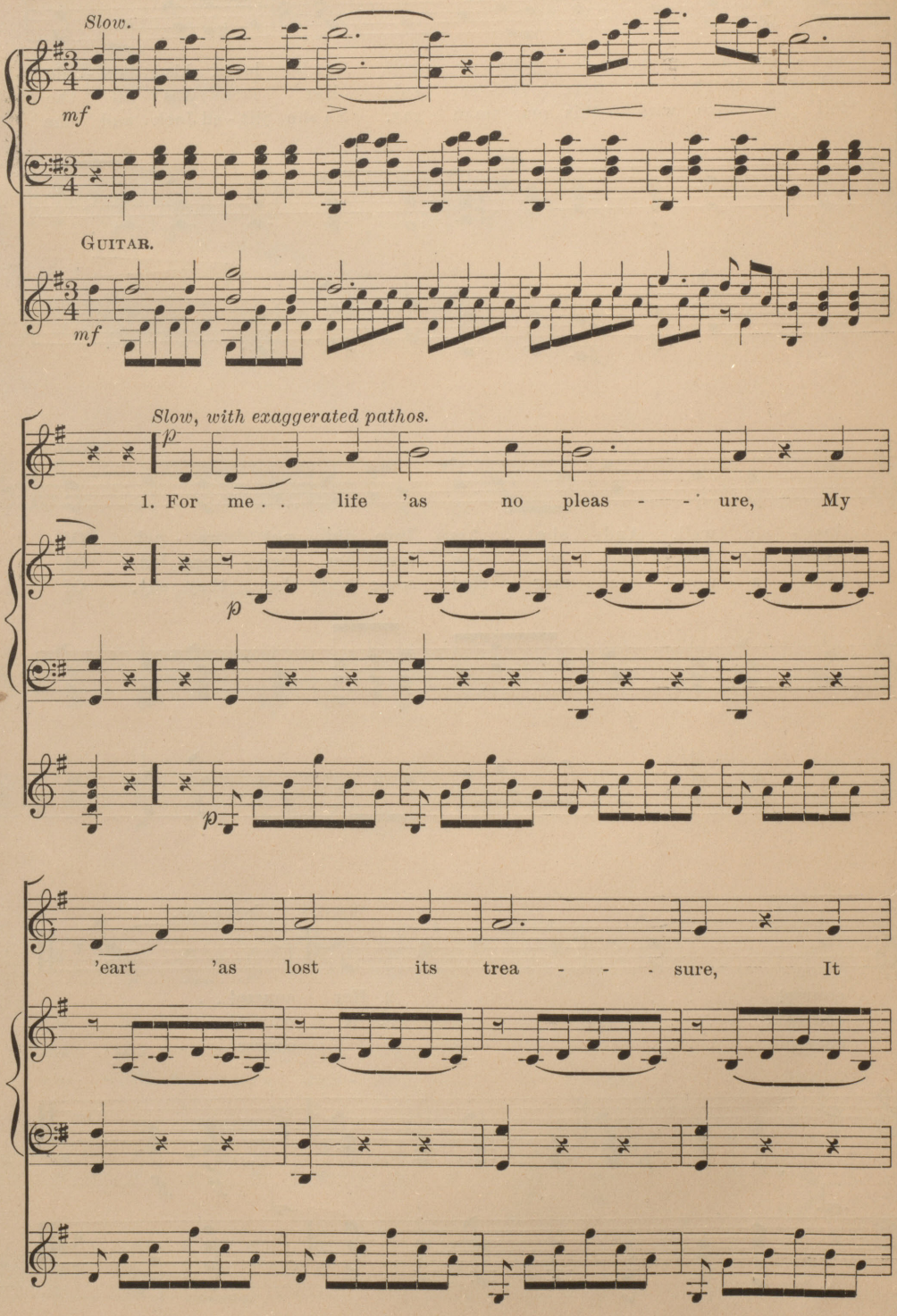
Music by DR. B. J. HARRINGTON.

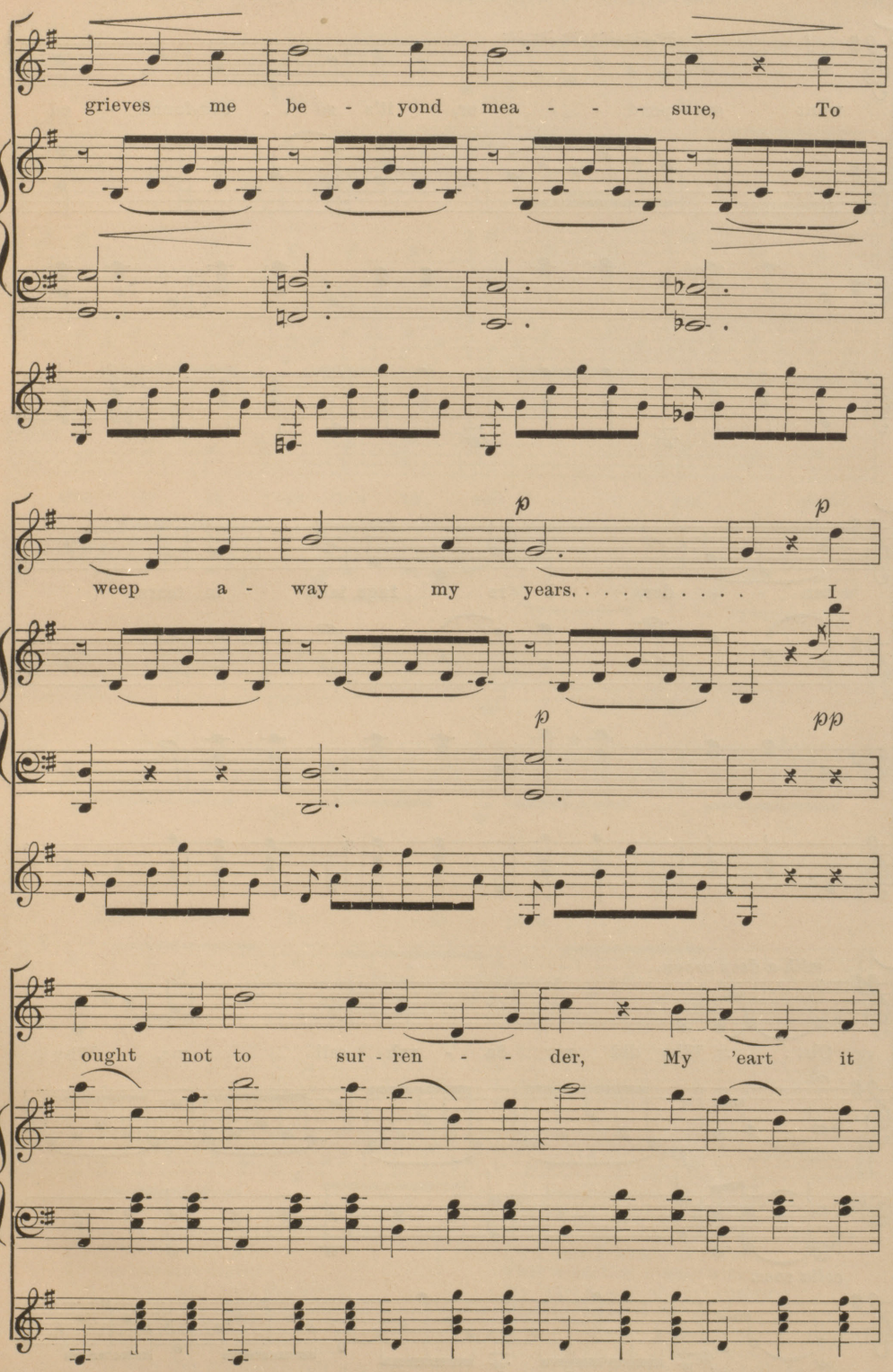


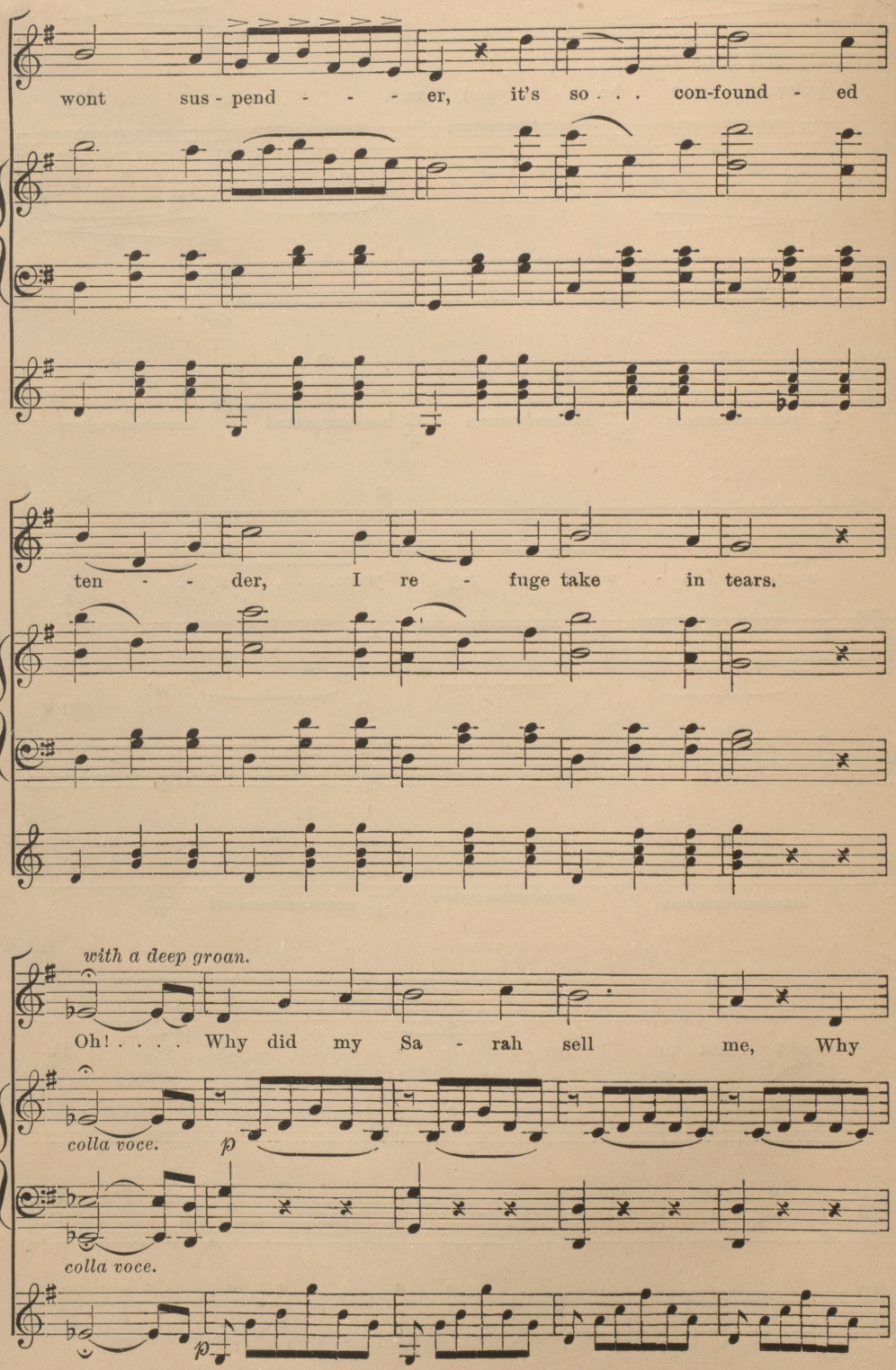

nev - er had learned to write or spell, Bnt he loved his bon - nie
bright black eyes were nev - er sad, Her face was all the
fell in love with this guardsman gay, So she jilt - ed Jock and she
f
f Chorus.
las - sie well, And she . . his love did not re - pel. Of
wealth she had, And so . . she loved her shep - herd lad. Of
ran a - way, He mar - ried some - body else they say. Of
f
1st
Solo.
last verse.
course! . . . . . .
course! . . . . . .
course! . . . . . .
2. Her course! . . . . . .
3. A course! . . . . . .
course! . . . . . .
f
p
rit.
ff
ff

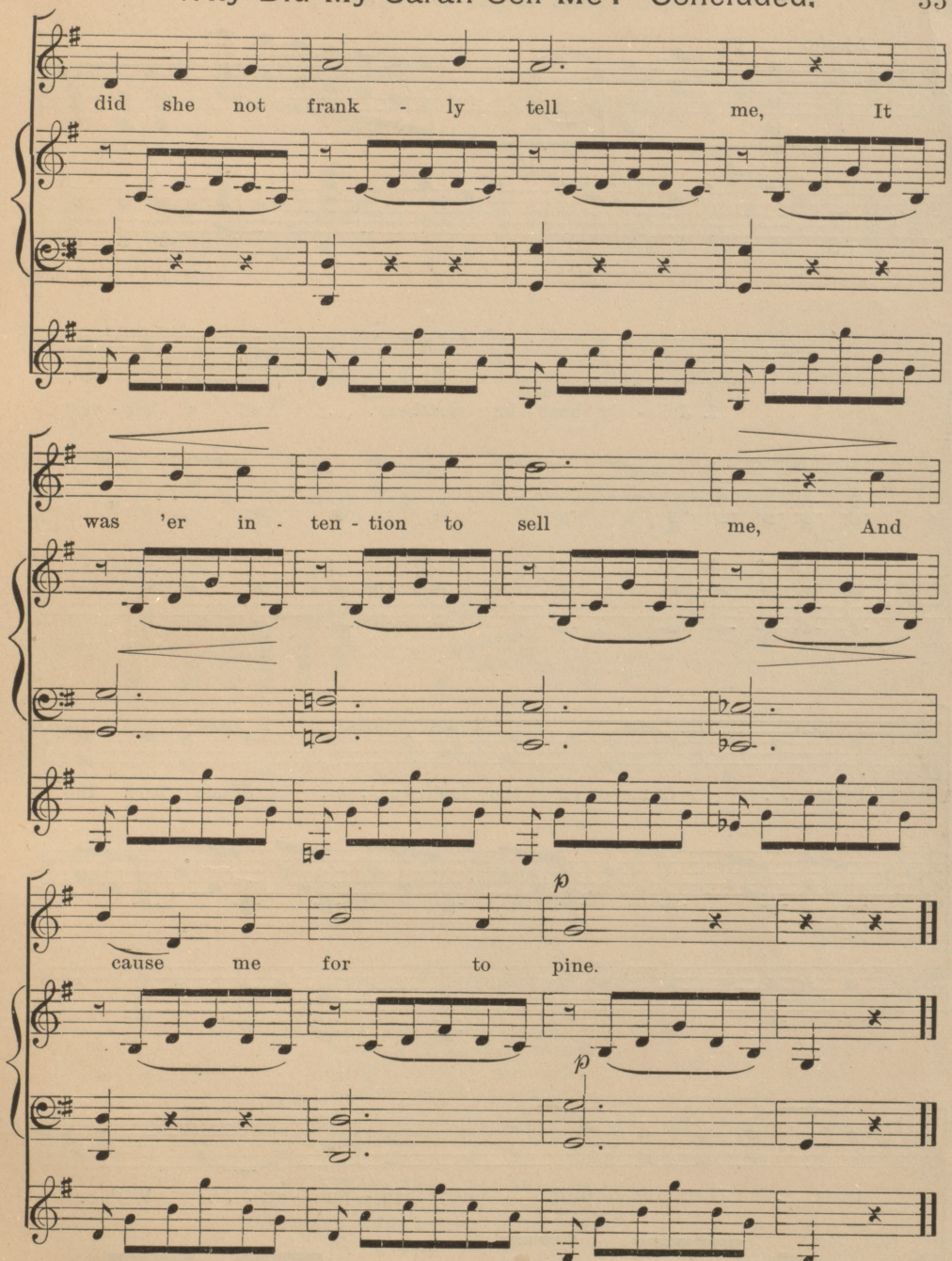
Why Did My Sarah Sell Me?

Arranged for McGill University Song Book.




grieves me be - yond mea - - - sure, To
p
p
weep a - way my years. I
p
pp
ought not to sur - ren - - der, My 'eart it

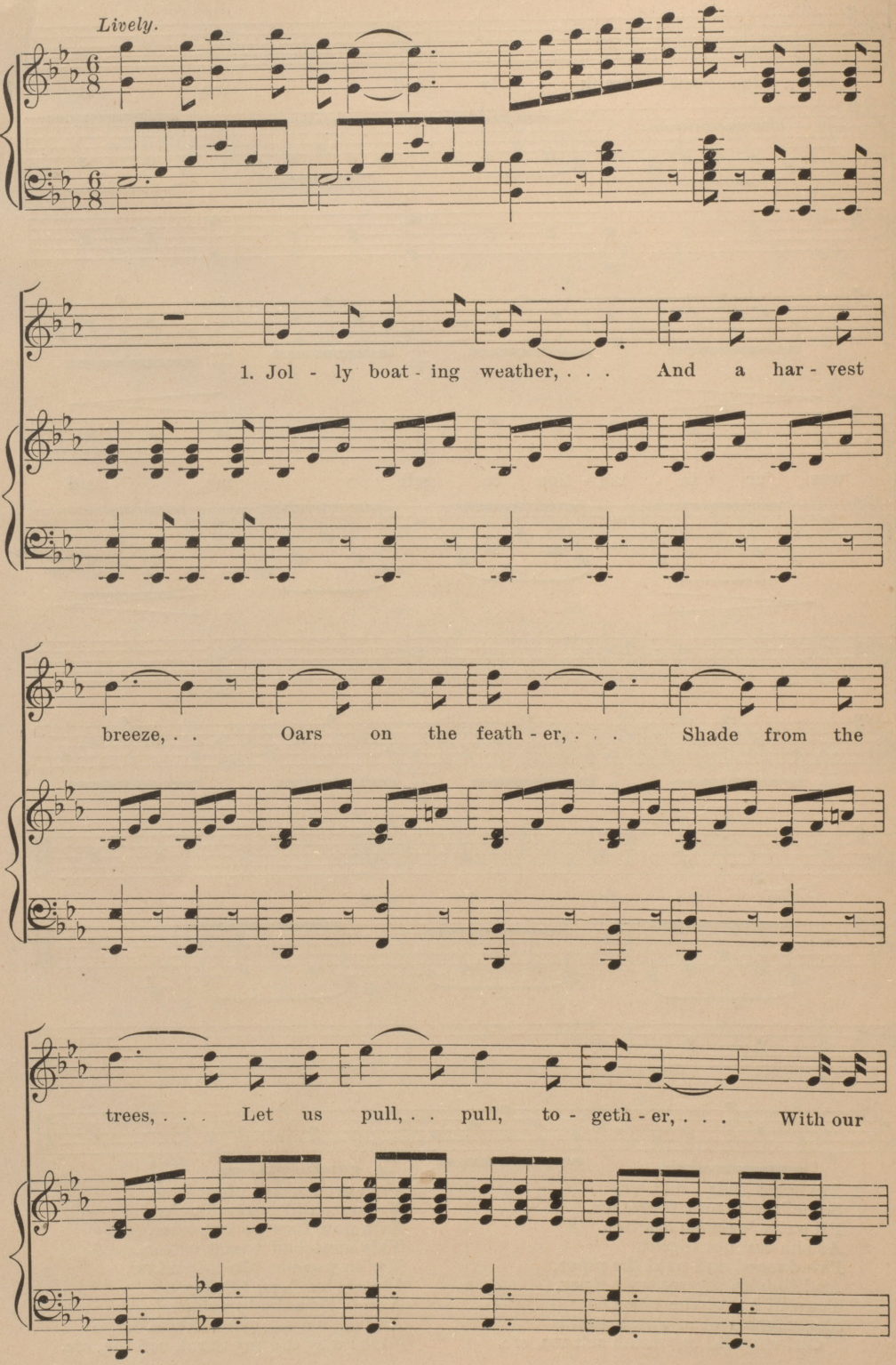

wont sus - pend - - - er, it's so . . . con-found - ed
ten - - der, I re - fuge take in tears.
with a deep groan.
Oh! . . . . Why did my Sa - rah sell me, Why
colla voce.
p
colla voce.
p

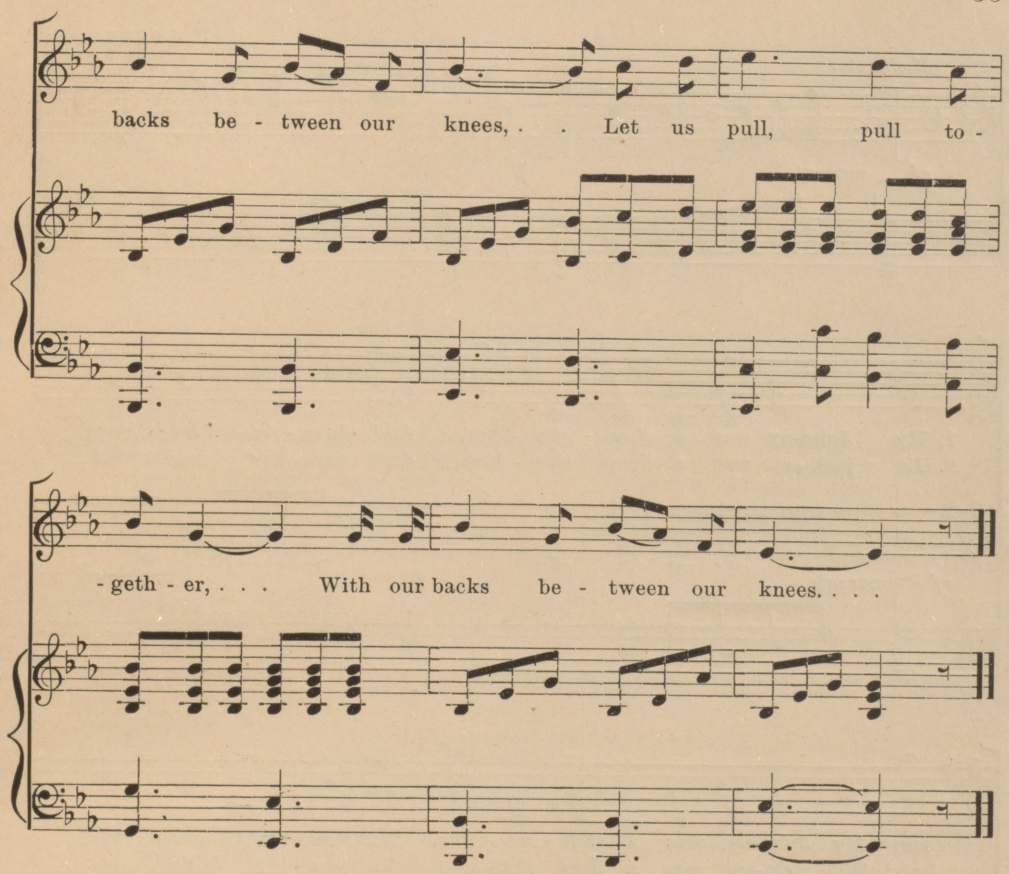


2 I'm sorry that I met 'er,
Some 'ow I can't forget 'er,
I'll write 'er such a letter,
As she can not digest.
I've danced and paid the piper,
And though my reason's riper,
Yet still I love the viper,
She reigns still in this breast.
Oh! why did my Sarah sell me, *etc.*

3 I'm sure I never piqued 'er,
Not once did contradict 'er,
Ev'n now I wears 'er picter,
This wretched breast within.
My 'eart seems almost sinkin',
I lately 'as been thinkin',
As 'ow I'd take to drinkin'
And drown my grief in gin.
Oh! why did my Sarah sell me, *etc.*

Eton Boat Song.





2 Harrow may be more clever,
Rugby may make more row,
But we'll pull on together,
Steady from stern to bow,
And nothing on earth shall sever
The chain that unites us now. } *bis.*

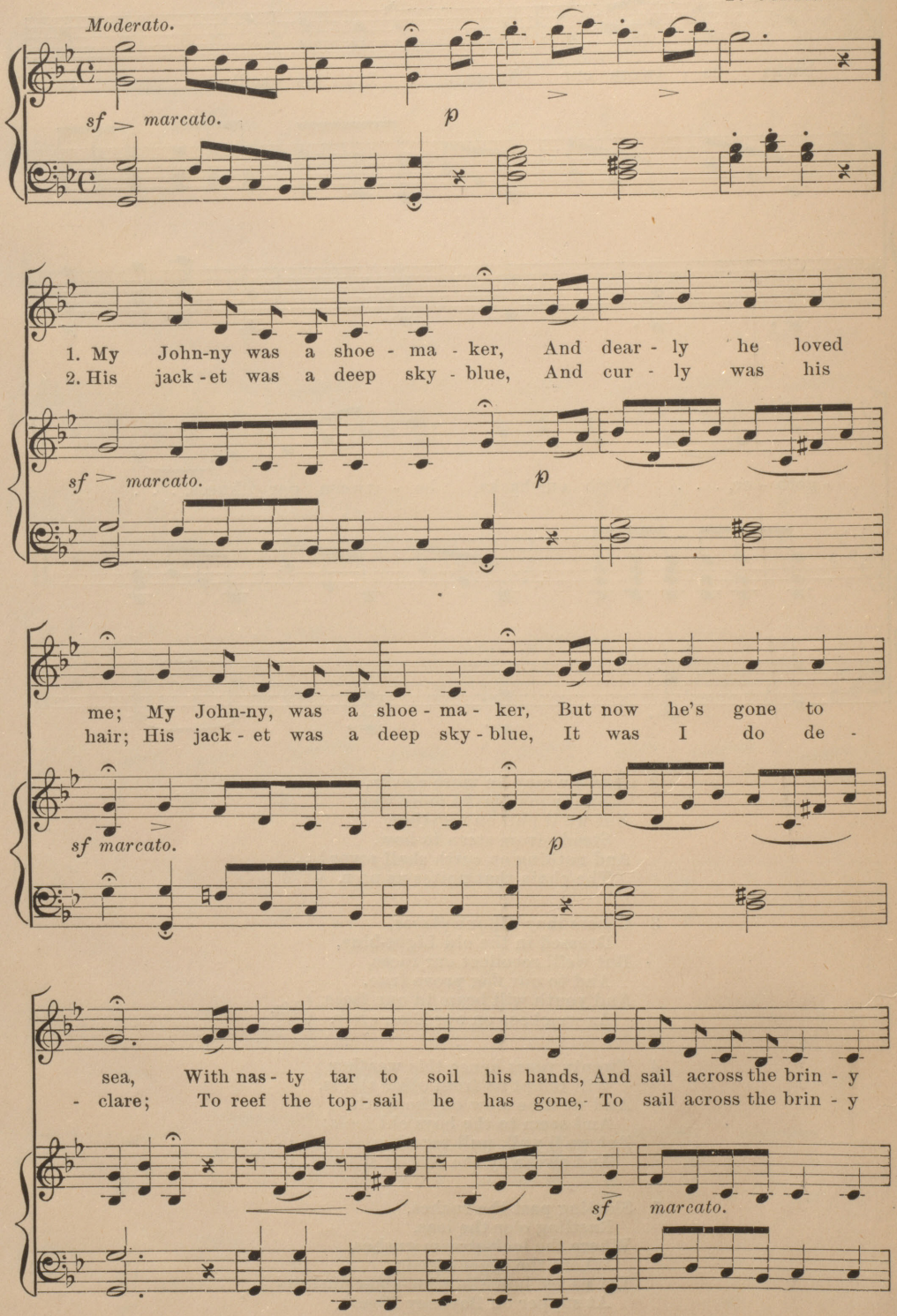
3 Others may fill our places,
Dressed in the old Light-blue,
But we'll recollect our races,
And to our flag prove true,
And youth will beam in our faces,
As we cheer on our Eton crew. } *bis.*

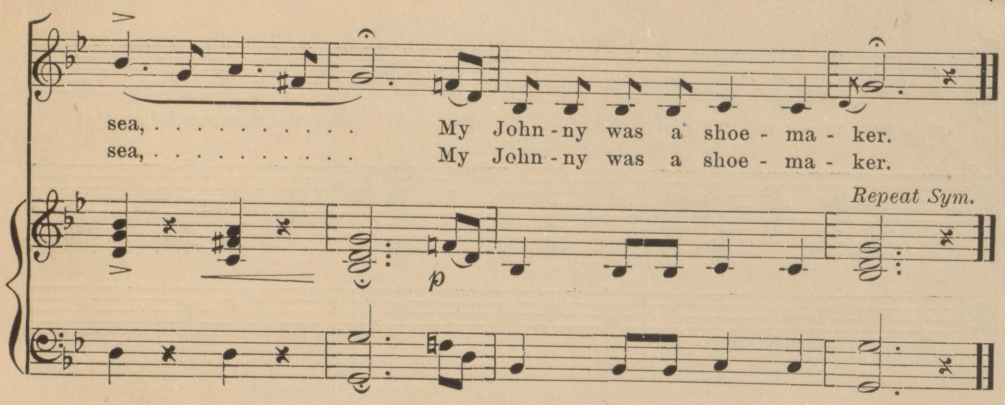
4 Twenty years hence this weather
Will tempt us from office stools,
And we'll be slow on the feather,
And seem to the boys old fools;
But we'll pull, pull together,
And swear by the best of schools. } *bis.*

5 Skirting past the rushes,
Rustling o'er the leas,
Where the lock-stream gushes,
Where the cygnet feeds,
Let us see how the wine-glass flushes
At supper on Boveney Meads. } *bis.*

Johnny was a Shoemaker.

F. COMER.





3 A captain he will be bye and bye,
With a sword and spy-glass too;
A captain he will be bye and bye,
With a brave and valiant crew;
And when he gets a vessel of his own,
He'll come back and marry me
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

4 And when I am a captain's wife,
I'll sing the whole day long;
Yes, when I am a captain's wife,
And this will be my song:
"May peace and plenty bless our days,
And the little one on my knee!"
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

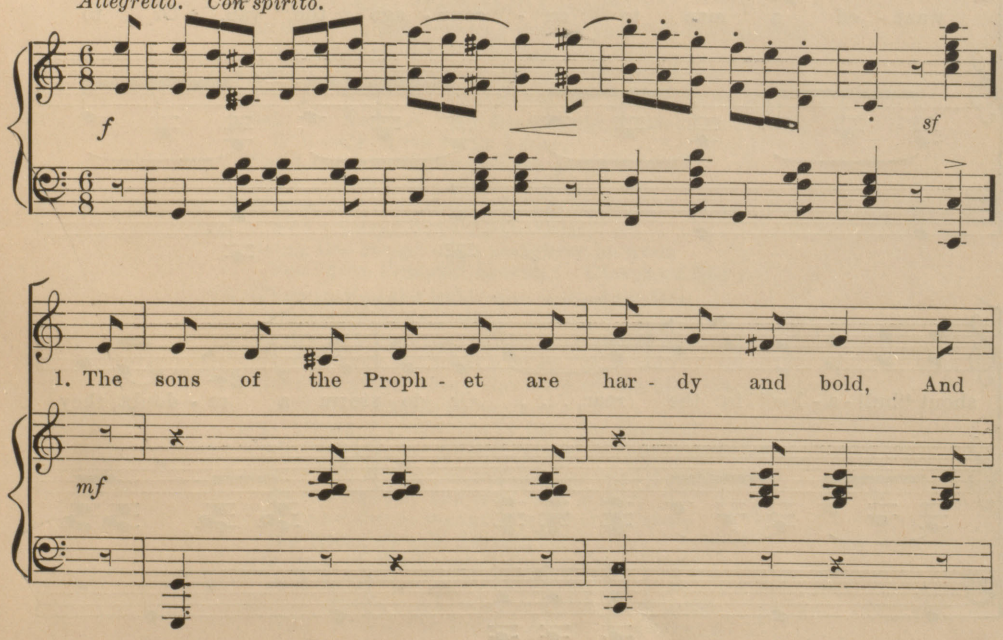
"Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer."

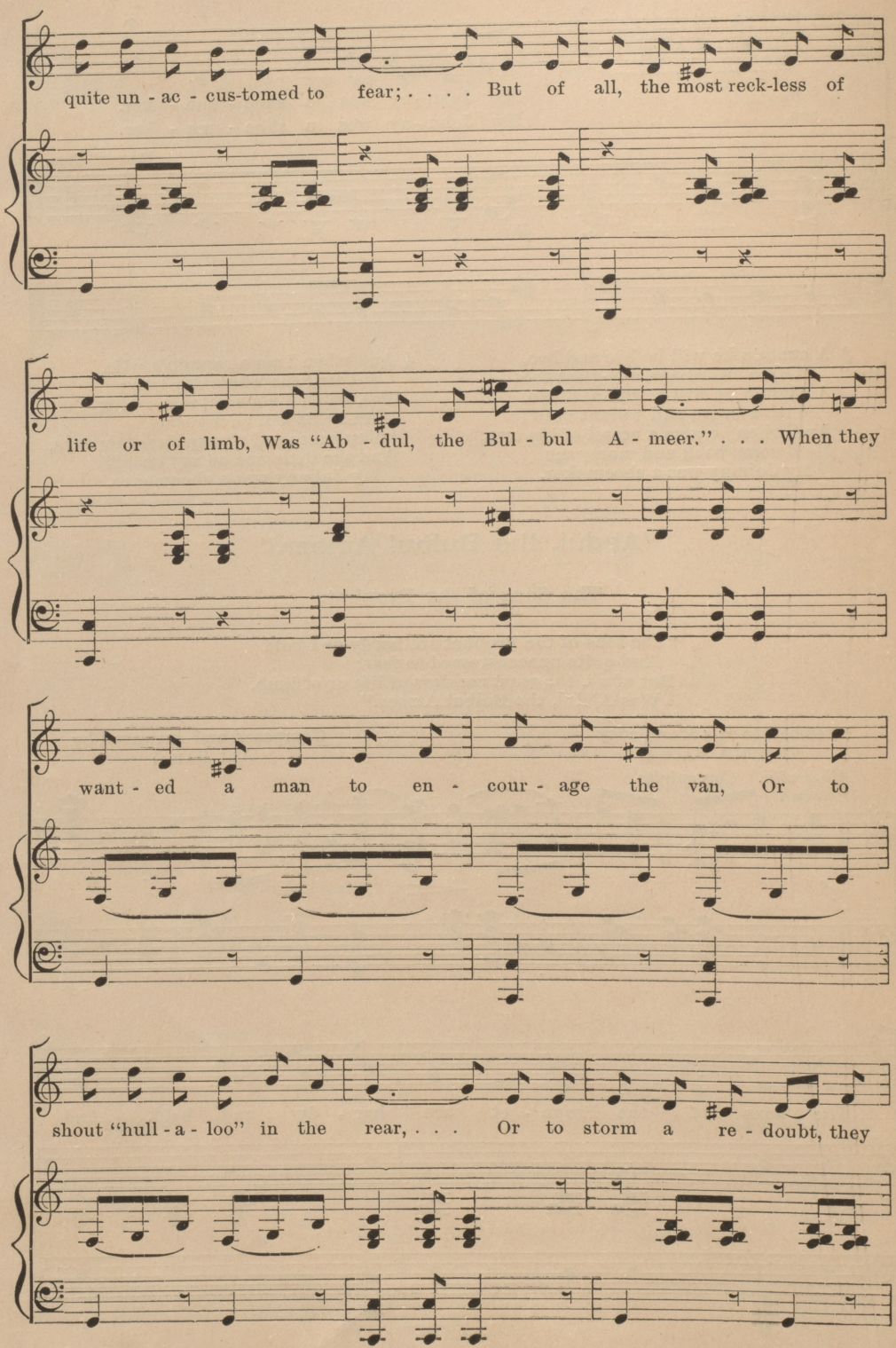
The Sons of the Prophet.

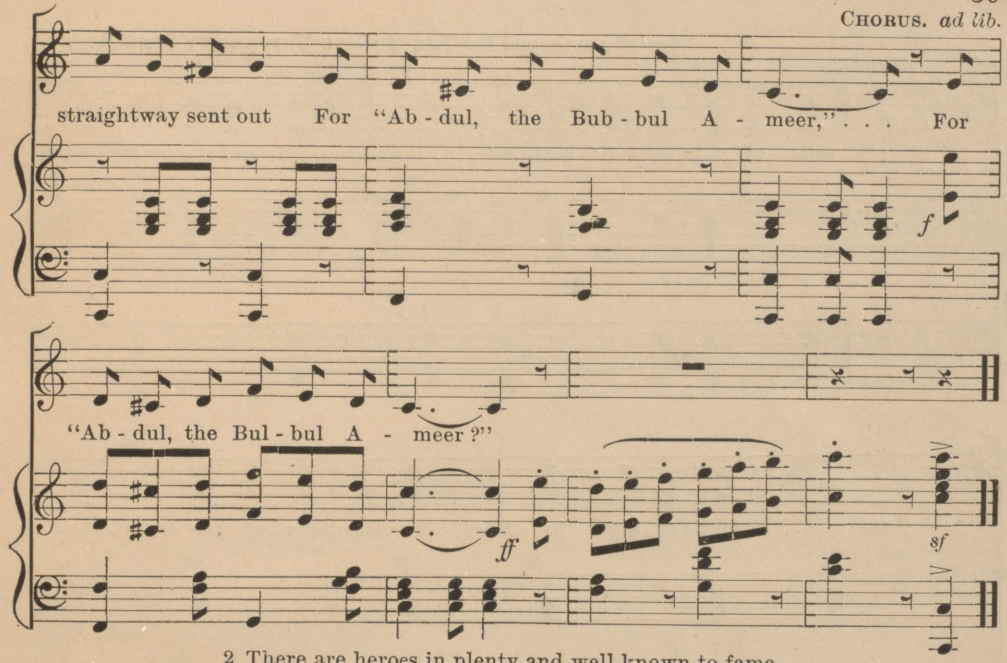
"The sons of the Prophet are hardy and bold
And quite unaccustomed to fear;
But of all, the most reckless of life or of limb,
Was Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer."

Inscribed to His Excellency
MUSURUS PACHA.

Composed and Arranged by
ALI BABA.




quite un - ac - cus-tomed to fear; . . . . But of all, the most reck-less of
life or of limb, Was "Ab - dul, the Bul - bul A - meer." . . . When they
want - ed a man to en - cour - age the van, Or to
shout "hull - a - loo" in the rear, . . . Or to storm a re - doubt, they



2 There are heroes in plenty and well known to fame
In the ranks that are led by the Czar,
But among the most reckless of name and fame
Was "Ivan Petruski Skivah."
He could imitate Irving; play euchre or pool,
And perform on the Spanish guitar,
In fact quite the eream of the Muscovite team
Was "Ivan Petruski Skivah," *Chorrs ad lib:*

3 One morning the Russian had shouldered his gun
And put on his most cynical sneer,
And going down town, he happened to run
Into "Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer."
Said the Bulbul, "Young man is your life then so dull
That you're anxious to end your career ?
For, infidel, know that you've trod on the toe
Of "Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer."' *Chorus ad lib:*

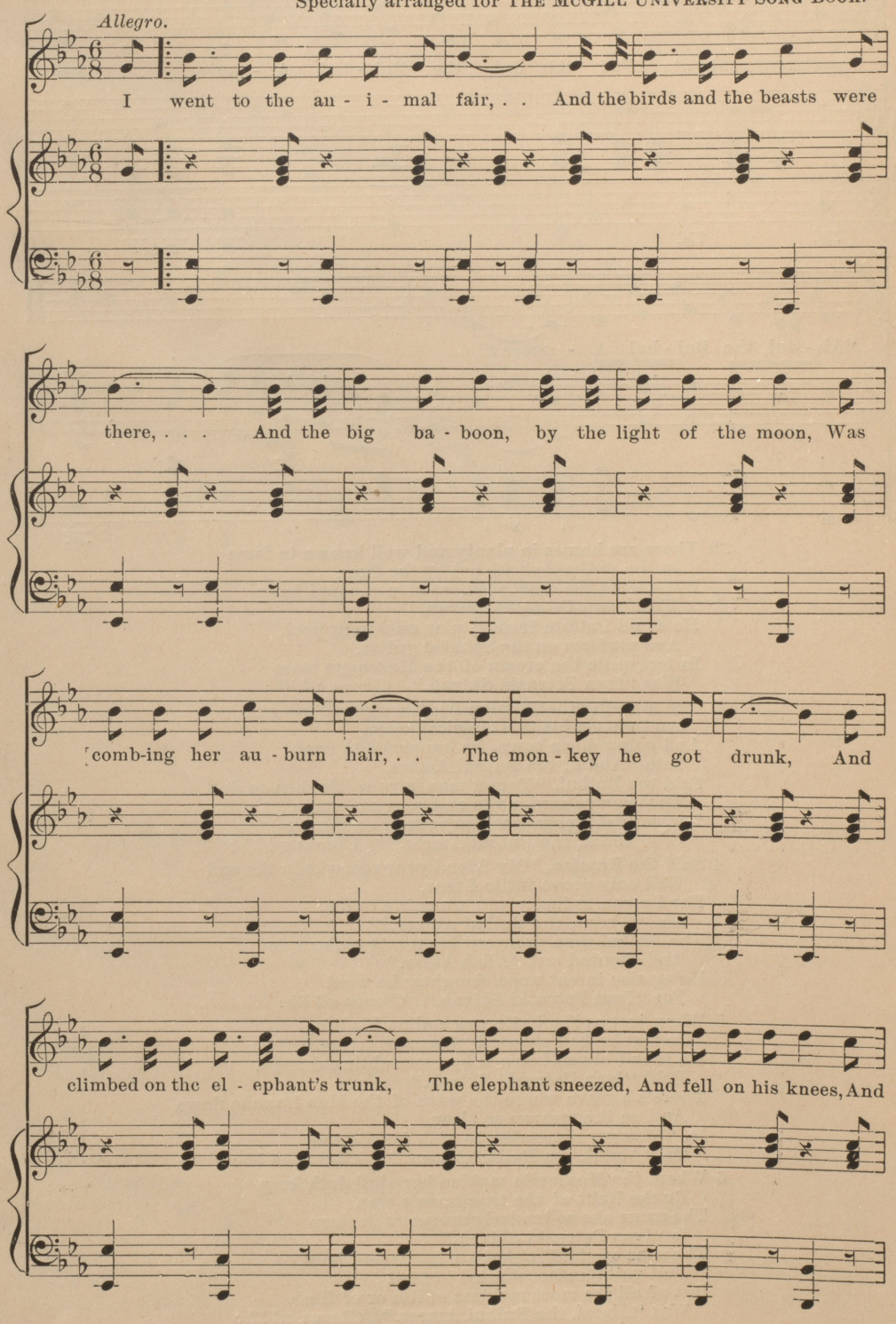
4 Said the Russian, "My friend your remarks in the end
Will only prove futile I fear,
For I mean to imply you are going to die,
Mr. "Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer." '
The Bulbul then drew out his trusty chibouque
And shouted out "Allah Aklar,"
Being also intent upon slaughter he went
For "Ivan Petruski Skivah." *Chorus ad lib:*

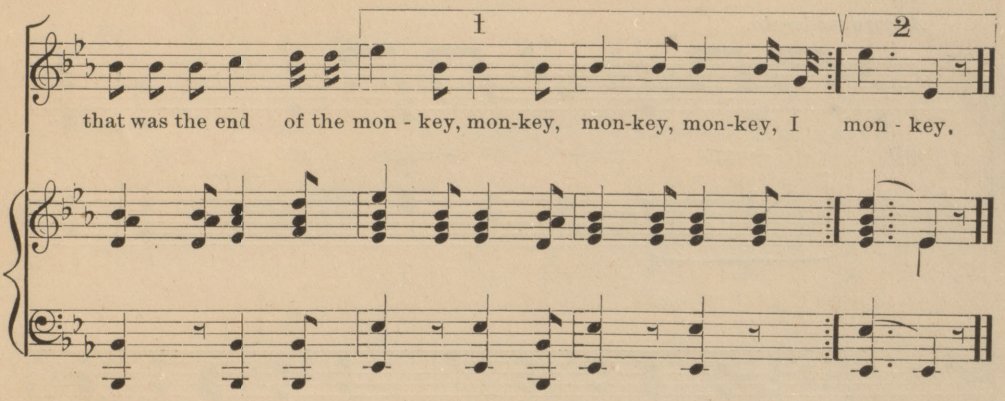
5 When just as the knife was ending his life,
In fact he had shouted "Huzza,"
He found himself struck by that subtle calmuck,
Bold "Ivan Petruski Skivah."
There's a grave where the wave of the blue Danube flows,
And on it engraven so clear,
Is, "Stranger remember to pray for the soul
Of "Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer." ' *Chorus ad lib:*

6 Where the Moscovite maiden her vigil doth keep
By the light of the true lover's star,
The uame she so tenderly murmurs in sleep
Is "Ivan Petruski Skivah."
The sons of the Prophet are hardy and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear;
But of all the most reckless of life or of limb,
Was "Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer." *Chorus ad lib:*

The Animal Fair.

Specially arranged for THE McGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

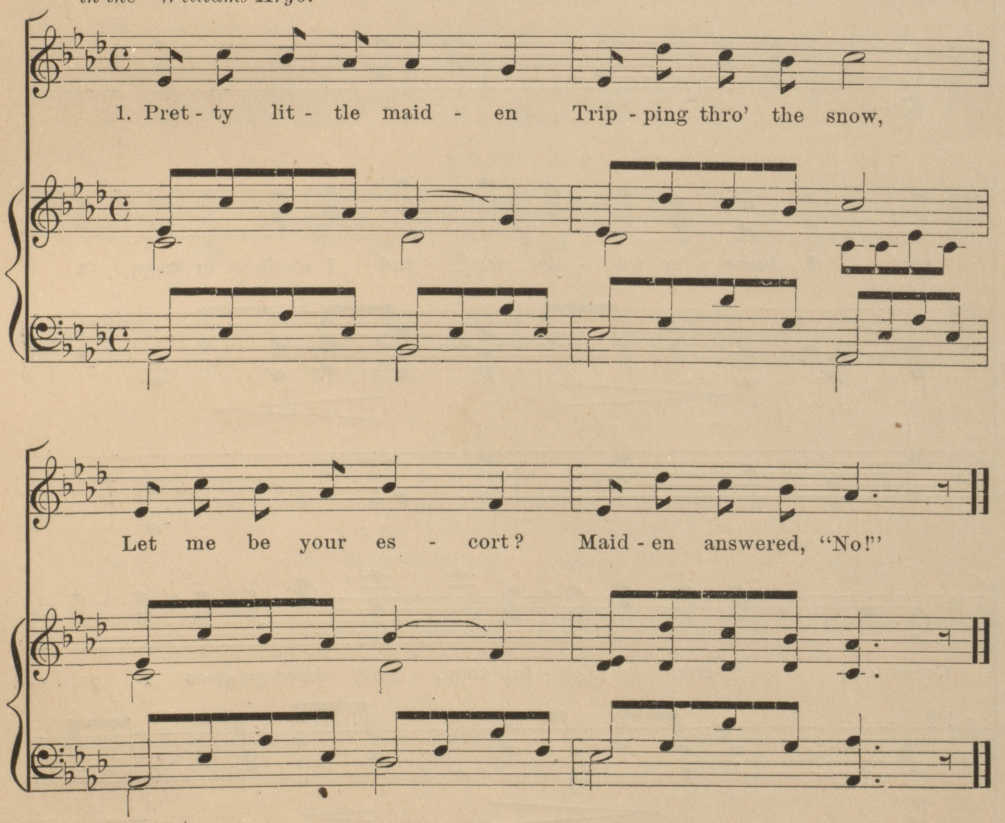




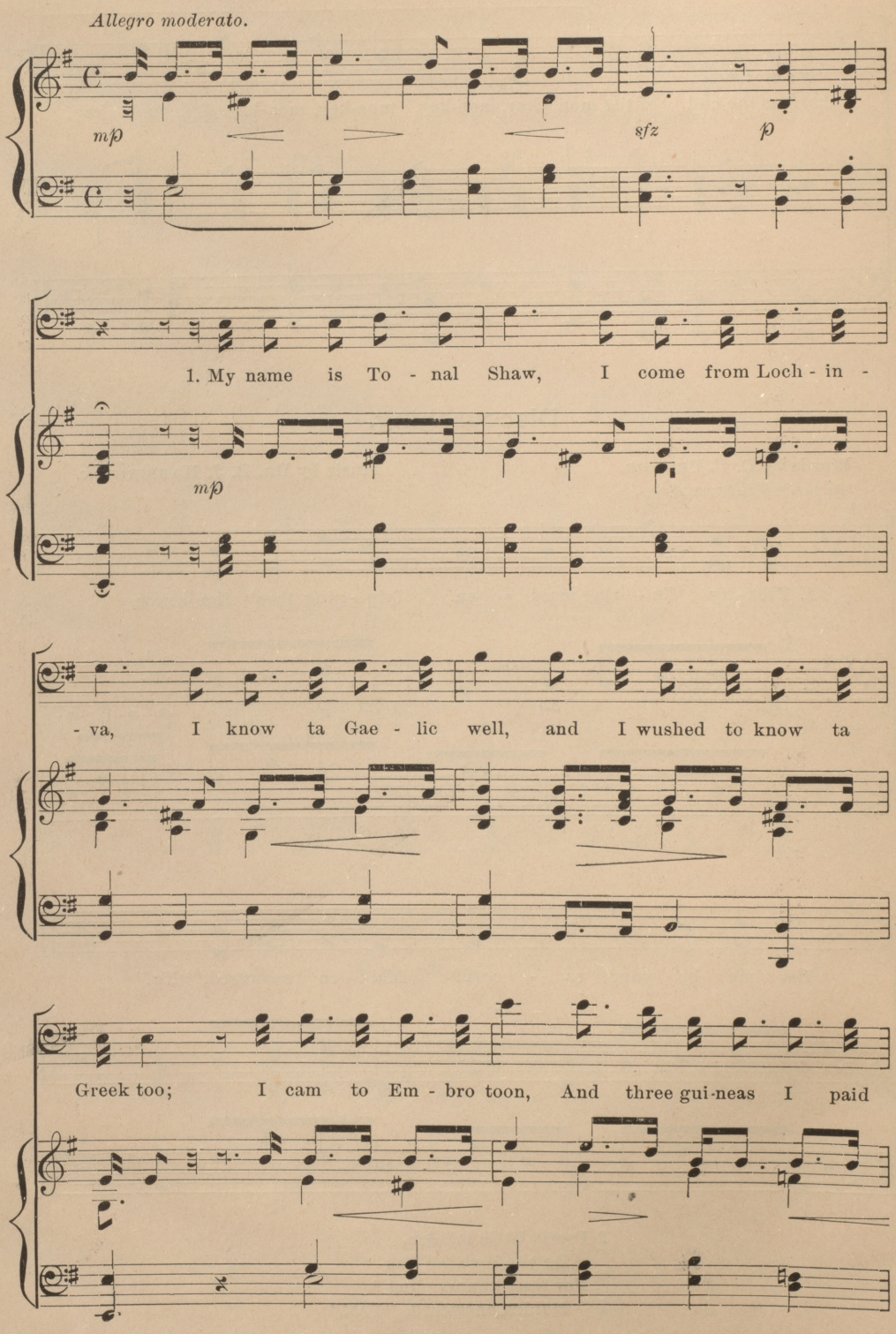
Discouraging.

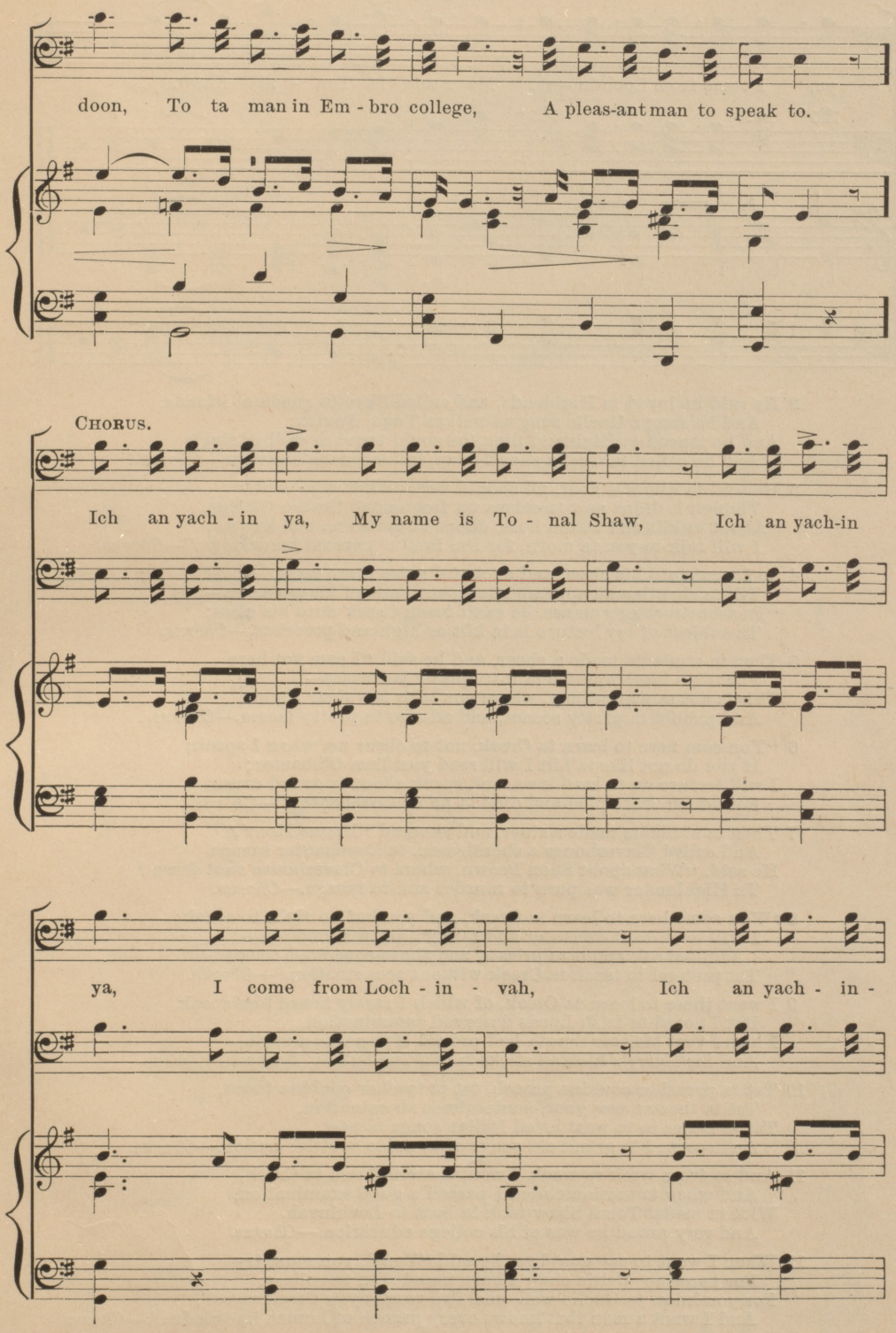
Words by D. C. BREWER.
in the "Williams Argo."

Music by DR. B. J. HARRINGTON.

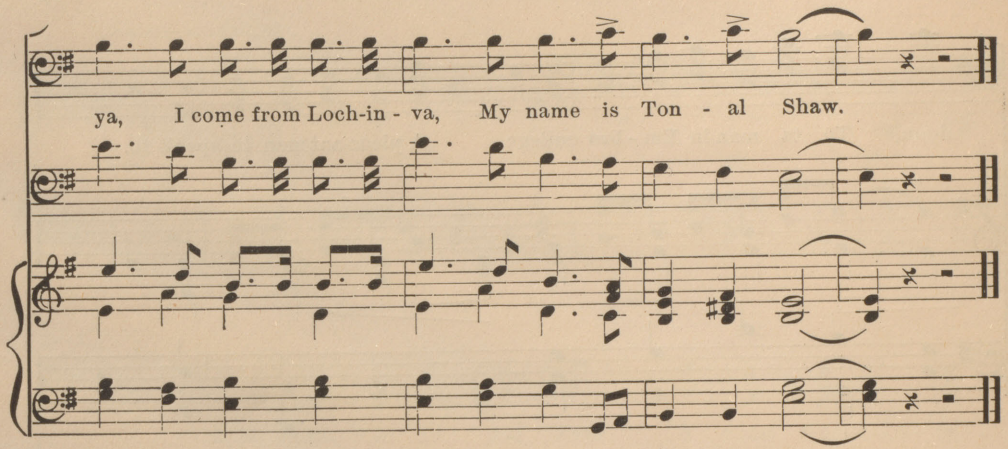


2 Pretty little maiden,
Do you love me less
For thus importuning?
Maiden answered, "Yes!"


Allegro moderato.
mp
sfz
p
1. My name is To - nal Shaw, I come from Loch - in -
mp
- va, I know ta Gae - lic well, and I wushed to know ta
Greek too; I cam to Em - bro toon, And three gui-neas I paid


doon, To ta man in Em - bro college, A pleas-ant man to speak to.
CHORUS.
Ich an yach - in ya, My name is To - nal Shaw, Ich an yach-in
ya, I come from Loch - in - vah, Ich an yach - in -

Tonal Shaw. Concluded.



2 He said he loved ta Highlands, and called Skye ta queen of islands,
And he sang a Gaelic song as well as Tugal Tavish;
And he tanced ta Highland fling,(he could tance as well as sing,)
And he called ta Gael a shentleman, ta Sassenach a savage.—*Chorus.*

3 He said ta kilt was goot, all should wear ta kilt who coot,
Though it didna suit ta calves tat frequented Embro College.
"About ta kilt and tartan hose, about ta tartan no one knows;
I will talk to you ta morn, for I'm fond o' general knowledge."—*Chorus.*

4 So I went into his class, and an awful noise there wass,
Till ta shentleman appeared and pecan one of his speeches—
"Ta schoolmaster's an ass, he can't teach Creek unto his class;
Ta subject of my lecture is ta kilt or highland preeches.—*Chorus.*

5 Then ta students made a cheer, and he said "I cam not here
For to pe interrupted and insulted py jackasses—
This is not ta pantomime, where you hear ta vulgar rhyme,
And pehold ta pretty scenes, and admire ta pretty lasses.—*Chorus.*

6 "You cam here to learn ta Creek, not to cheer me when I speak;
If you do not like ta kilt I will read you Tam O'Shanter;
I will lecture on ta land laws, and speak about ta grand cause
For which there pled and died ta noble Covenanter."—*Chorus.*

7 Then ta students made a stoor, and shouted "Magus Moor',"
And called Claverhouse a shentleman, ta Covenanter savage.
He said, "What apout Shon Prown, whom ta Claverhouse shot down?
Ta Highlander was porn to murder and to ravage.—*Chorus.*

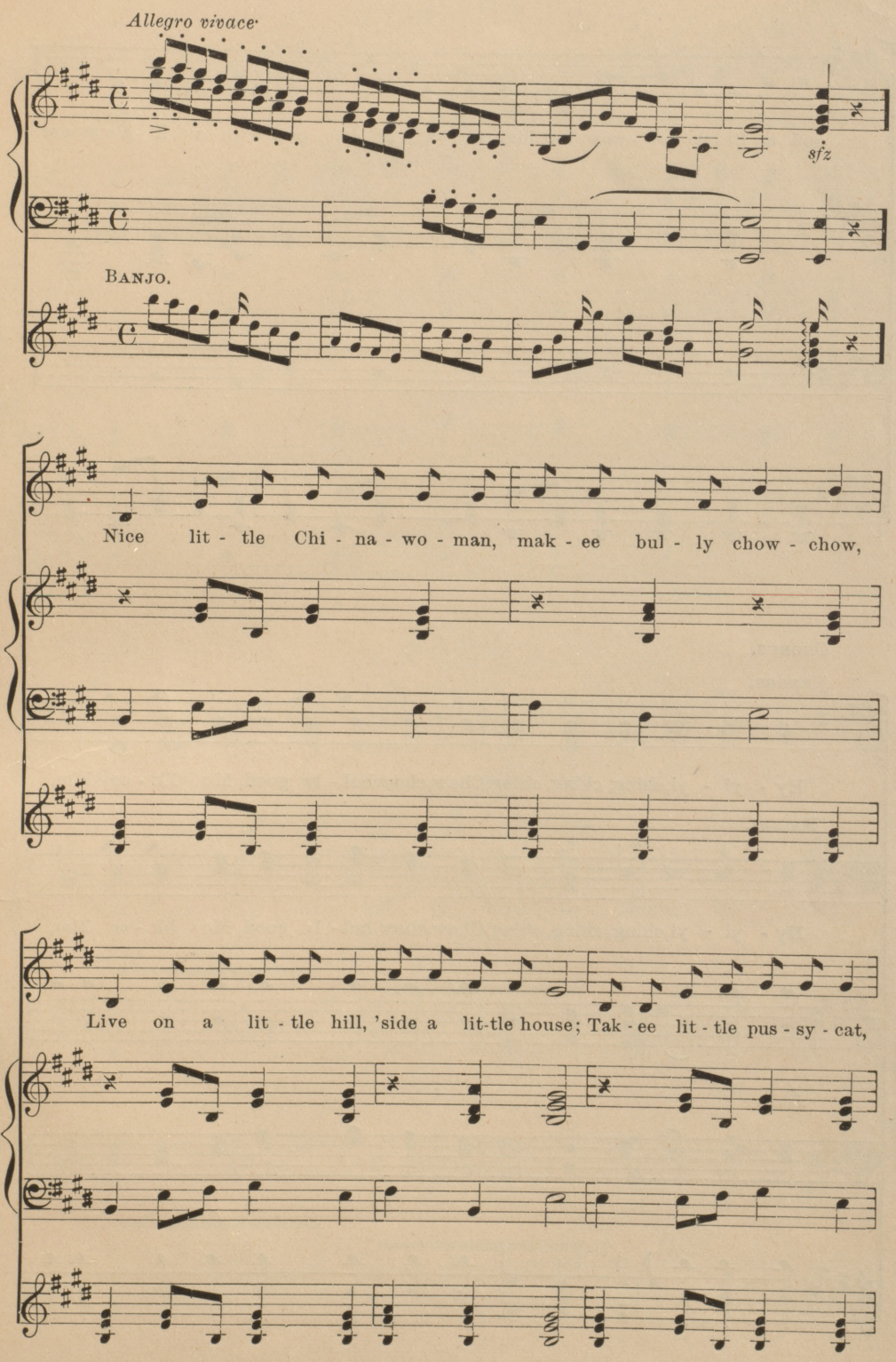
8 "You come here to learn ta Creek, and you haf no right to speak;
I will leave ta Covenanter and take Pulpit reformation—
I will speak apout ta priests, and those conceited peasts
Tat pretend to teach ta Creek without accentuation."—*Chorus.*

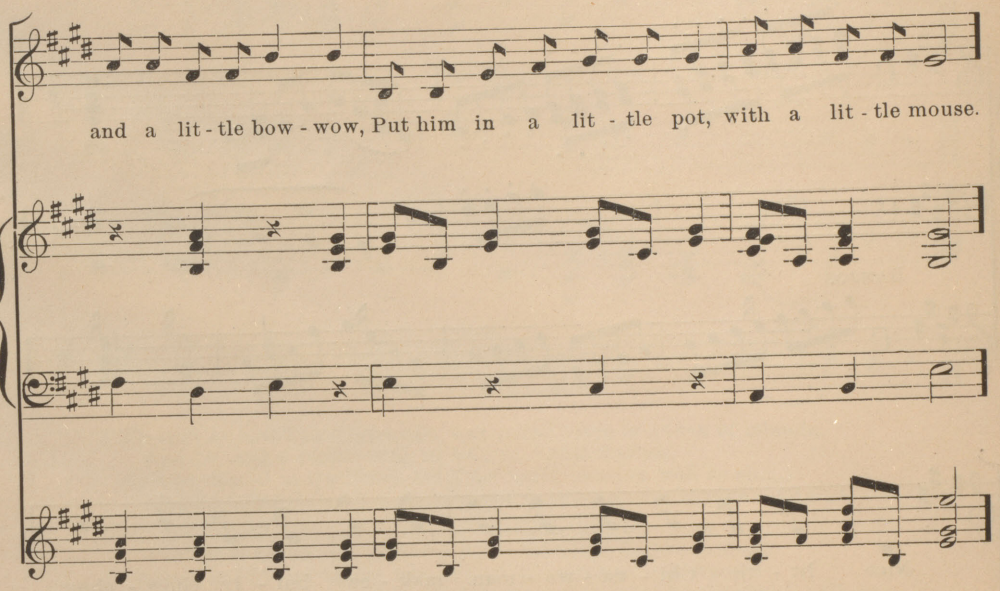
9 I went there to learn ta Creek, of which I rarely heard him speak,
But I heard ta Irish Lords deserved assassination,
I heard that Maister Smuth had proved Moses was a muth,
And Sir Harry's hieland stirks ta genuine bulls o' Bashan;—*Chorus,*

10 Tat ta preacher couldna preach, tat ta teacher couldna teach,
Tat ta theatre was goot, pantomimes abomination,
Tat ta ladies in ta west loved Italian songs ta pest,
And scorned ta grand old songs of ta noble Scottish nation.—*Chorus.*

11 And so from week to week, I went there to learn ta Creek,
And when ta session closed I passed a good examination,
With ta medal Tonal Shaw took ta boat to Lochinvah,
And very prood he was of his college education.—*Chorus.*

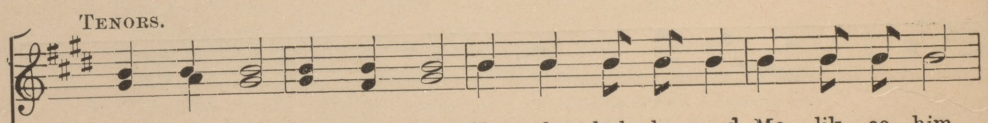
12 When I went to say goot-bye, he said "Tonal, you must try
For ta vacant Celtic chair I have founded in ta college,
For you know ta Gaelic well, and I've taught you Creek mysel',
And I want a man that knows every pranch of human knowledge."—*Chorus.*


Allegro vivace
sfz
BANJO.
Nice lit - tle Chi - na - wo - man, mak - ee bul - ly chow - chow,
Live on a lit - tle hill, 'side a lit-tle house; Tak - ee lit - tle pus - sy - cat,

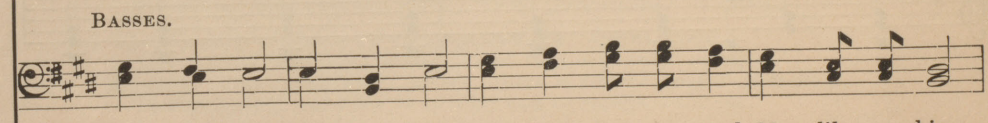


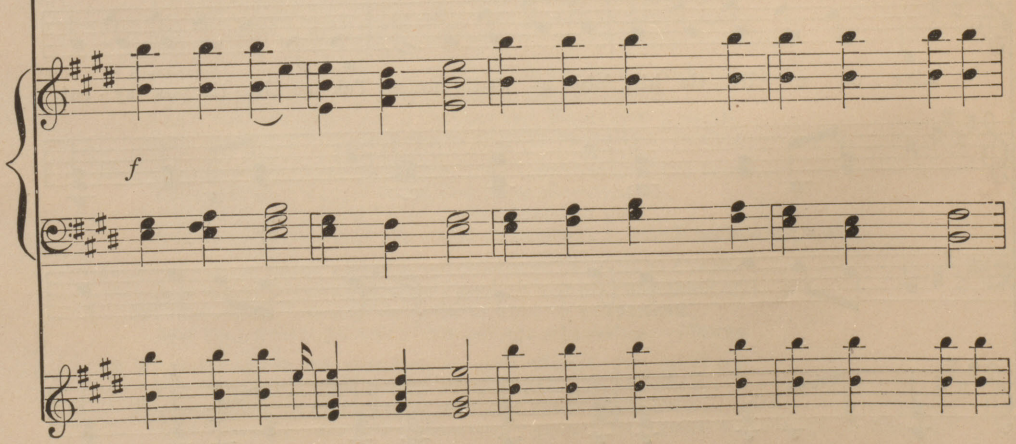
CHORUS.

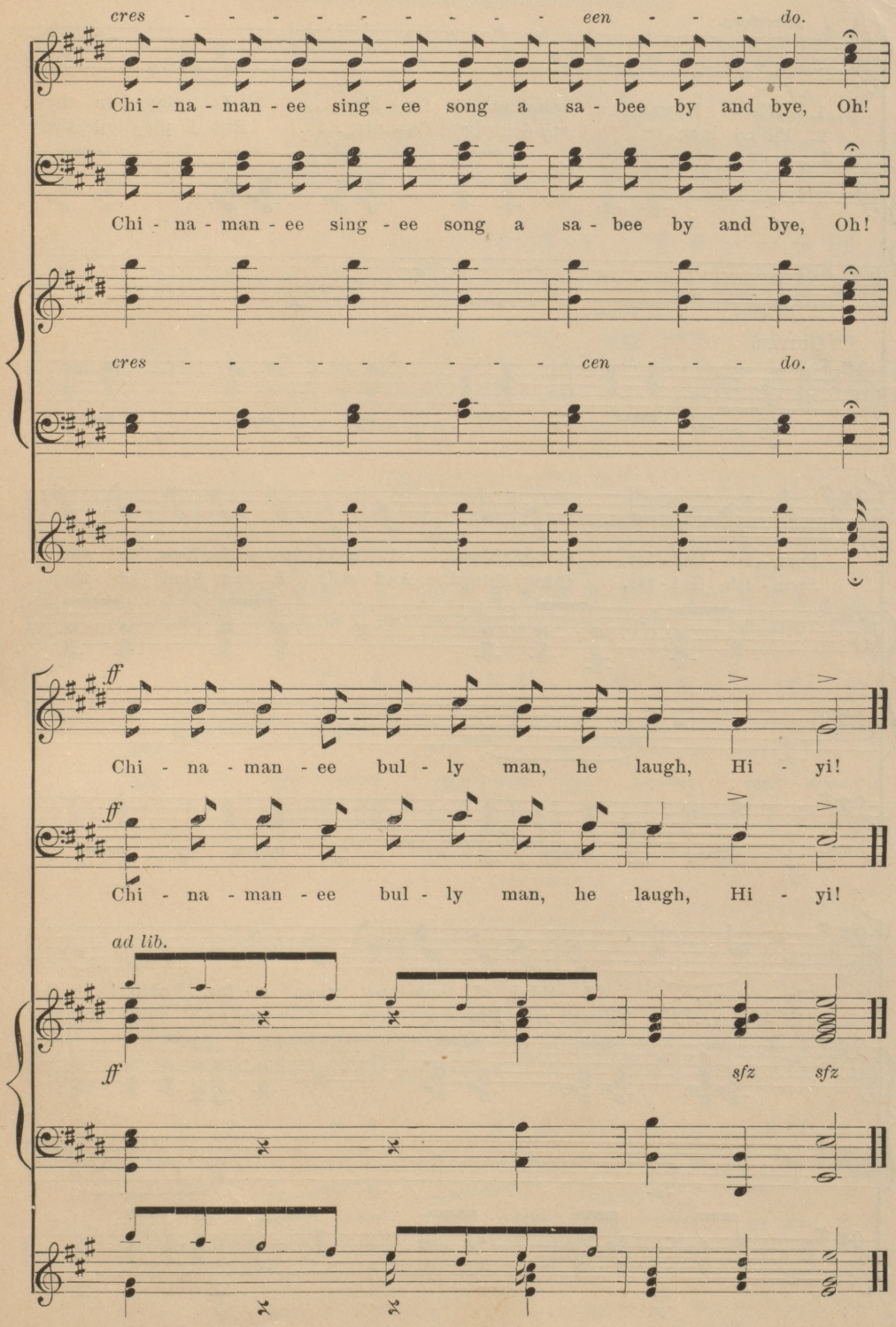
TENORS.



BASSES.

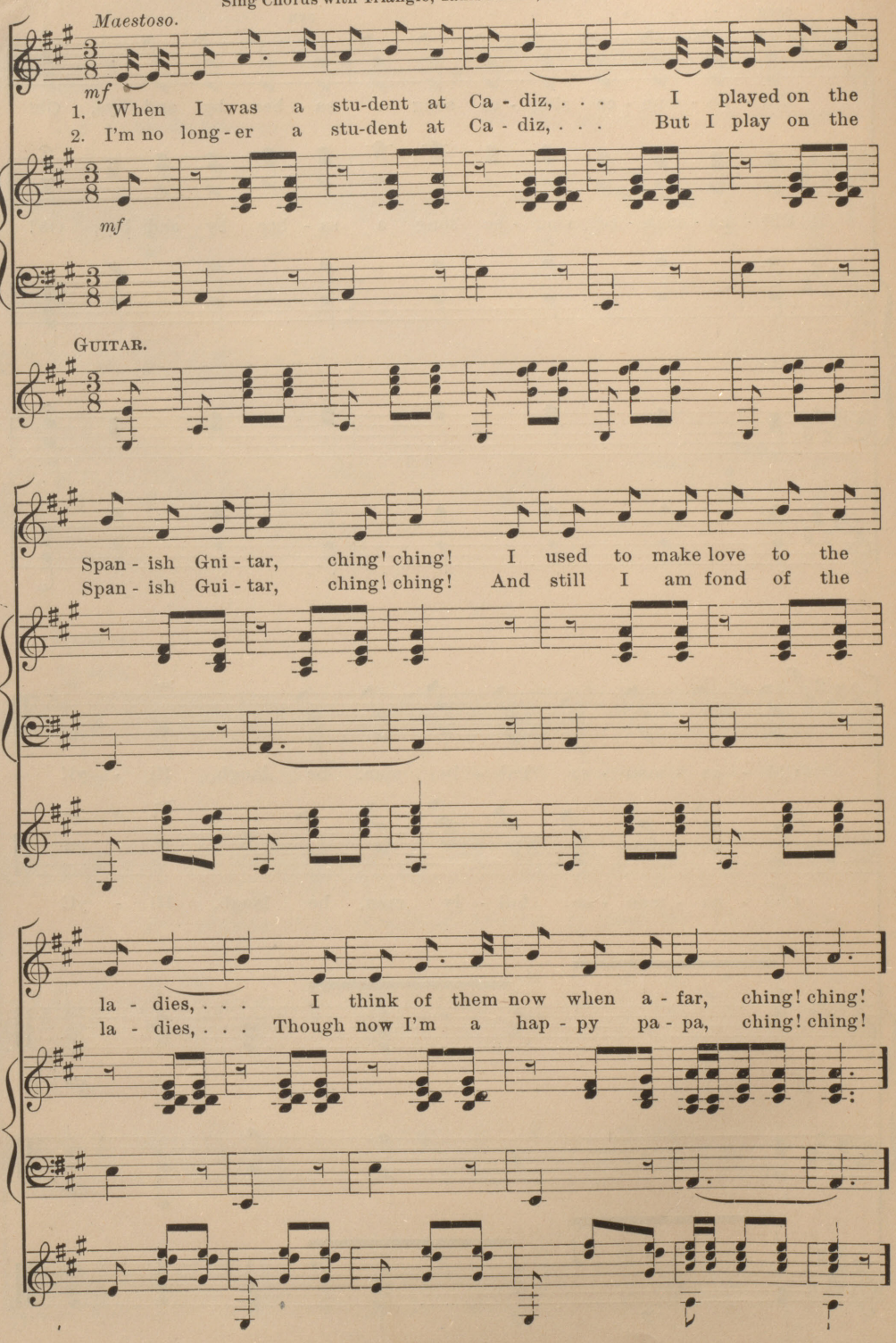


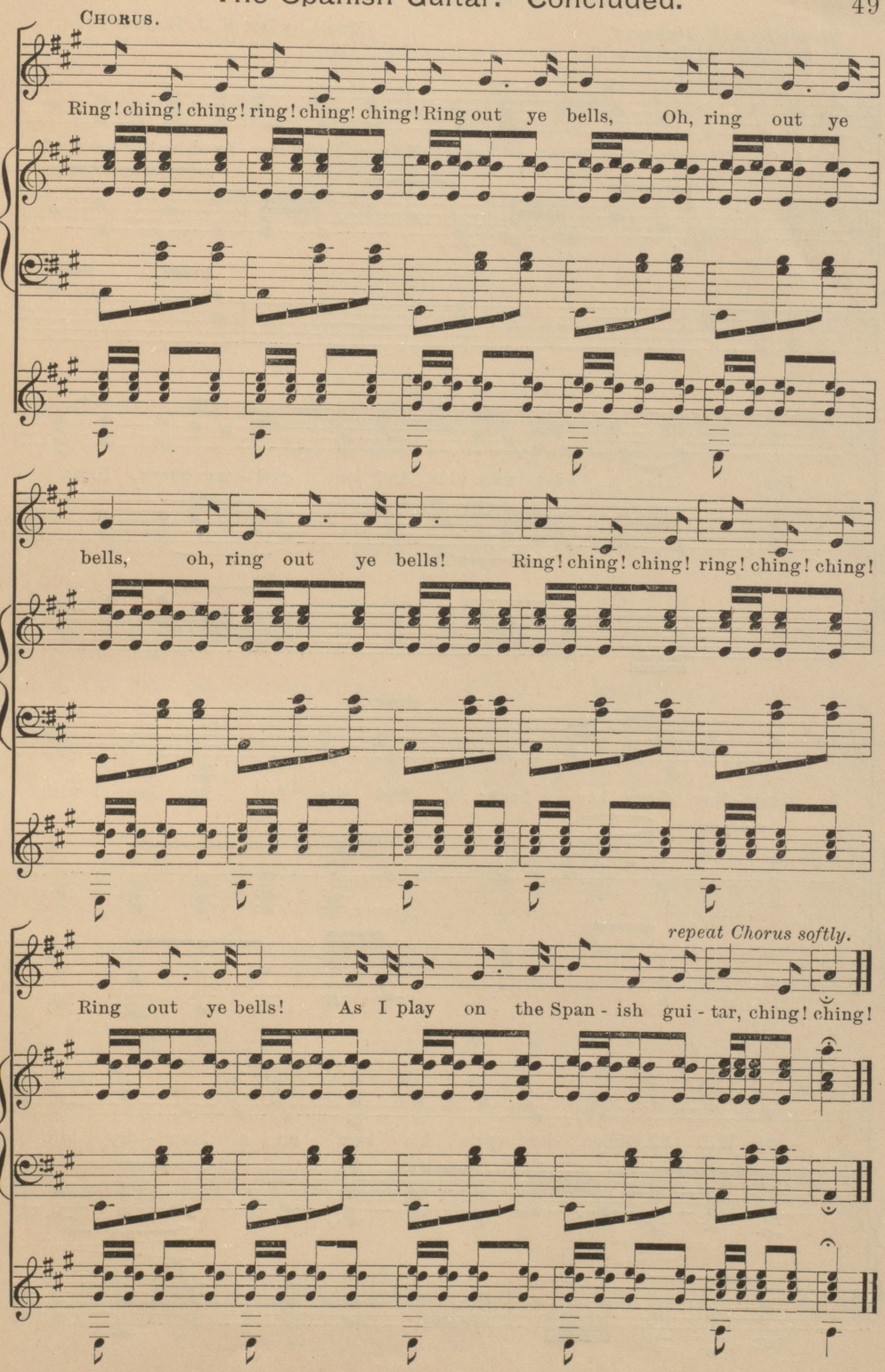



cres - - - - - - - - - - een - - - do.
Chi - na - man - ee sing - ee song a sa - bee by and bye, Oh!
Chi - na - man - ee sing - ee song a sa - bee by and bye, Oh!
cres - - - - - - - - - - cen - - - do.
ff
Chi - na - man - ee bul - ly man, he laugh, Hi - yi!
ff
Chi - na - man - ee bul - ly man, he laugh, Hi - yi!
ad lib.
ff
sfz sfz

The Spanish Guitar.

Sing Chorus with Triangle, Tambourine, and Castanets.

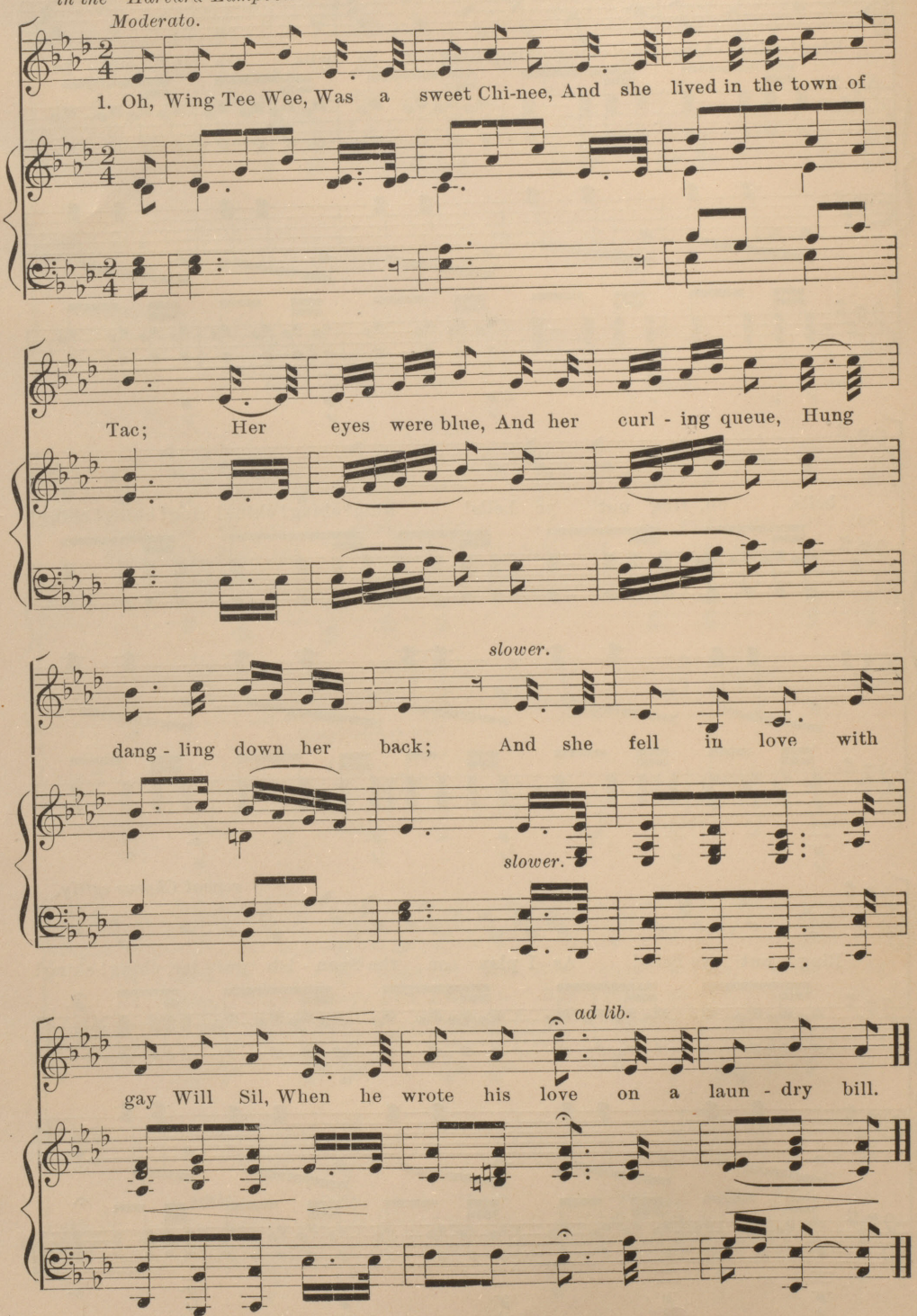



Chorus.
Ring! ching! ching! ring! ching! ching! Ring out ye bells, Oh, ring out ye
bells, oh, ring out ye bells! Ring! ching! ching! ring! ching! ching!
repeat Chorus softly.
Ring out ye bells! As I play on the Span - ish gui - tar, ching! ching!

Wing Tee Wee.

Words by J. P. Denison.
in the "Harvard Lampoon."

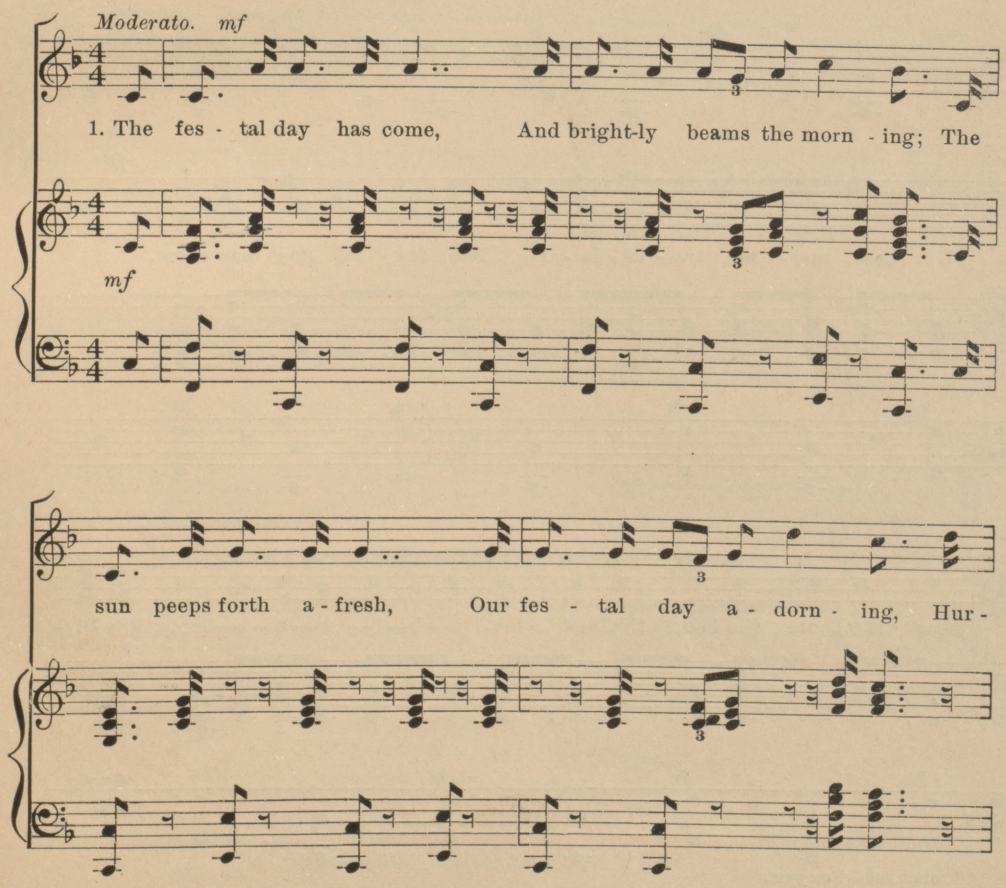
Music by Dr. B. J. Harrington.

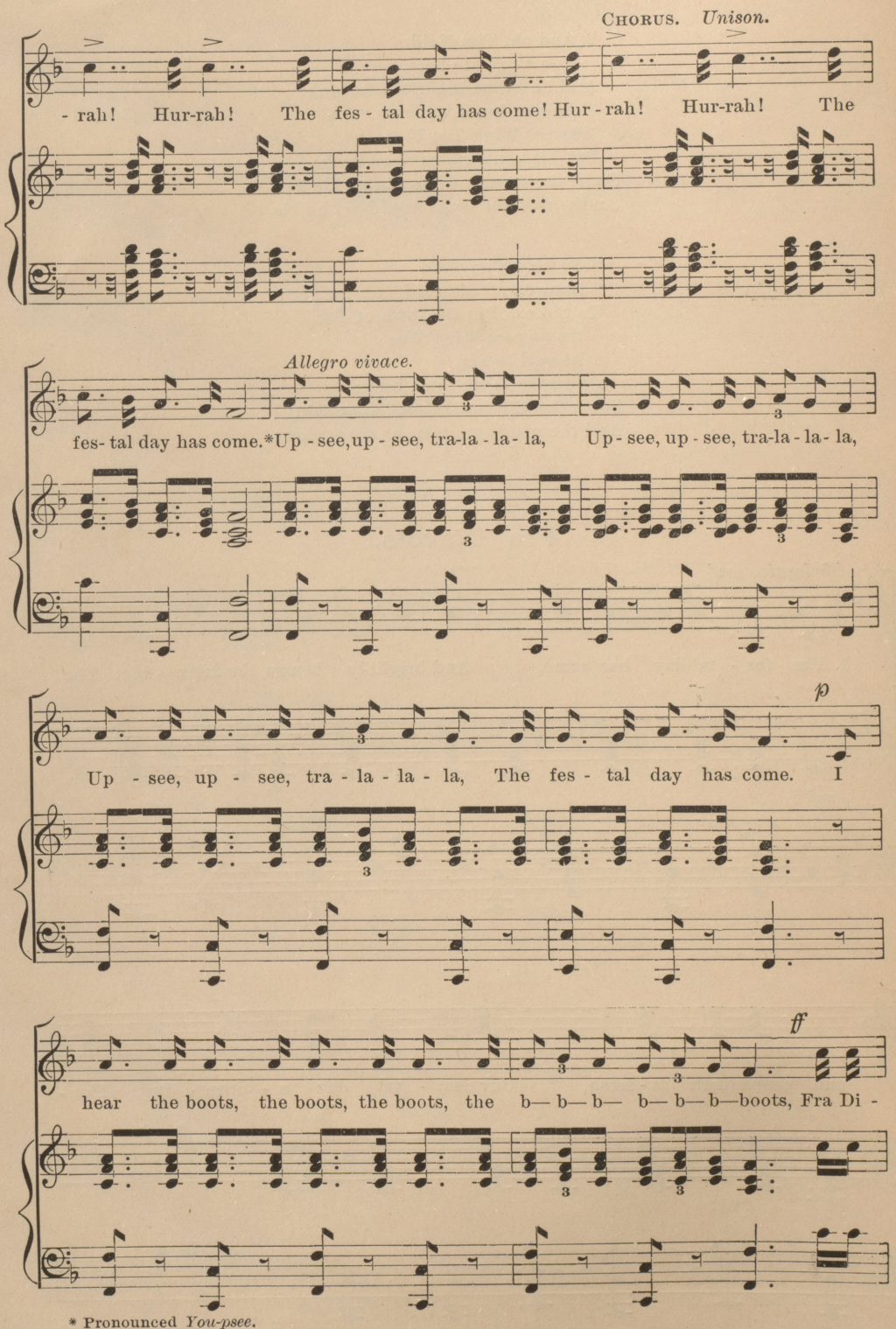


2 And oh, Tim Told
Was a private bold,
And he sailed in a Chinese junk;
And he loved, ah me!
Sweet Wing Tee Wee,
But his valiant heart had sunk;
So he drowned his blues in pickle fizz,
And vowed the maid would yet be his.

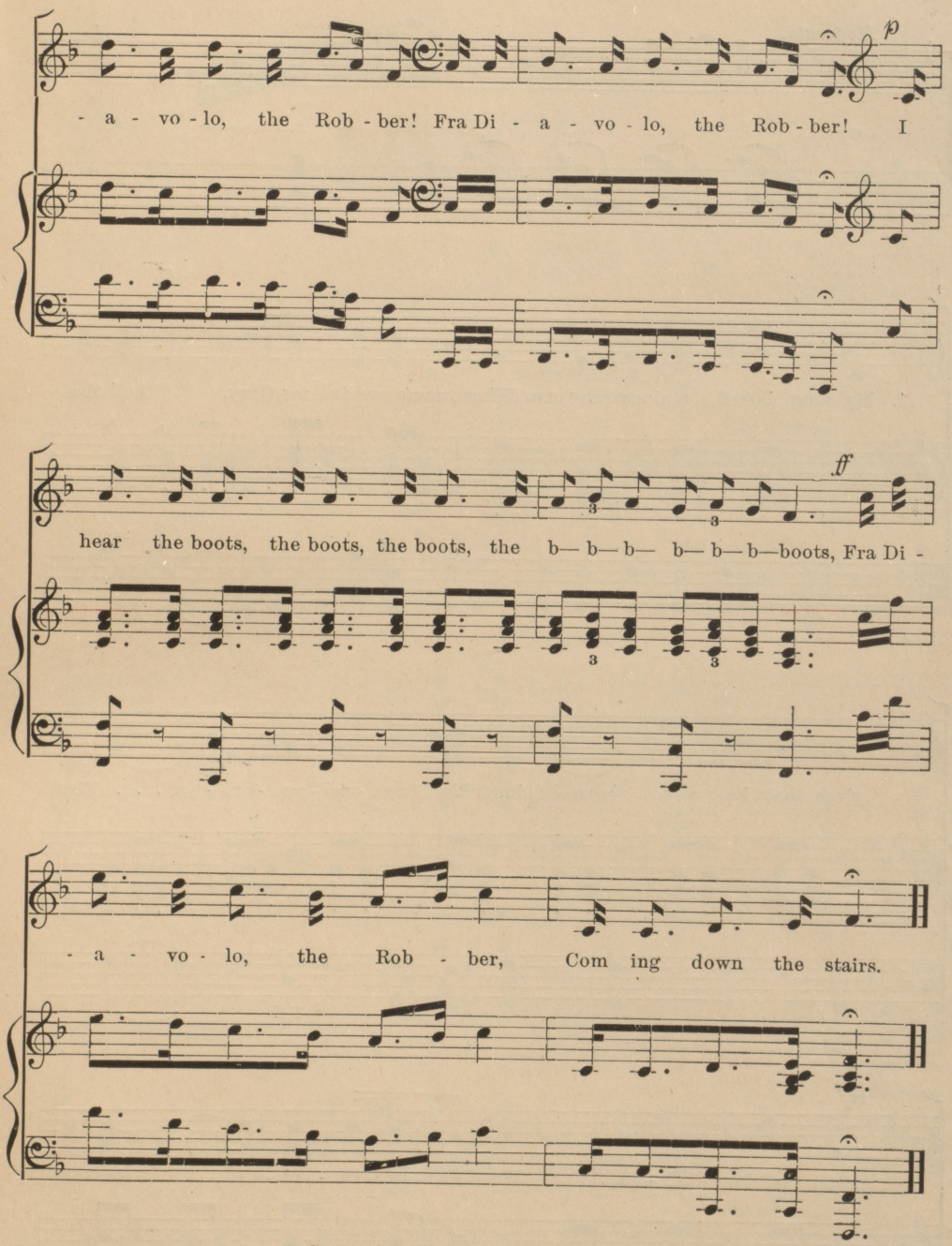
3 So bold Tim Told
Showed all his gold
To the maid in the town of Tac,
And sweet Wing Wee
Eloped to sea,
And nevermore came back:
For in far Chinee the maids are fair,
And the maids are false as everywhere.

Fra Diavolo.



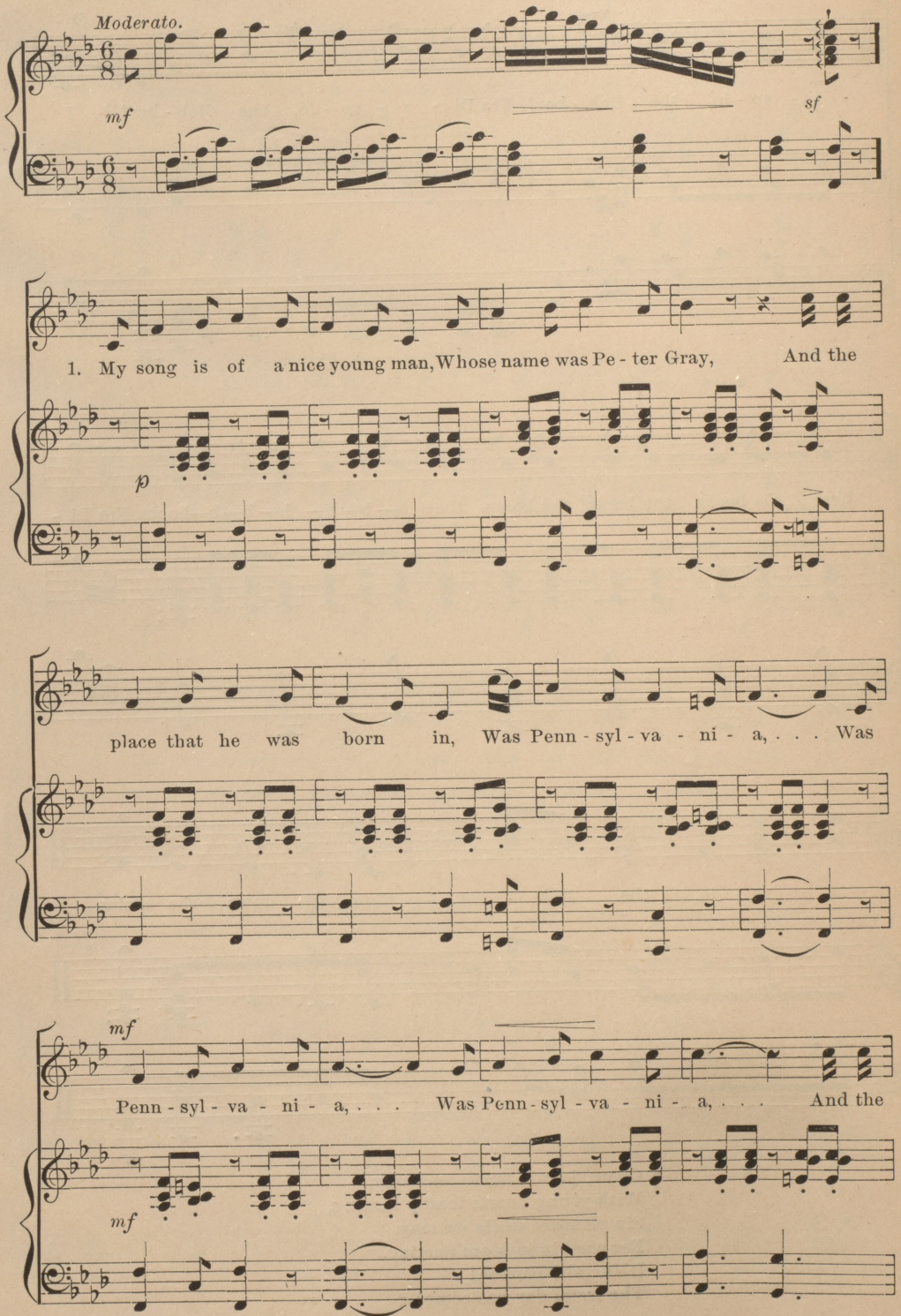


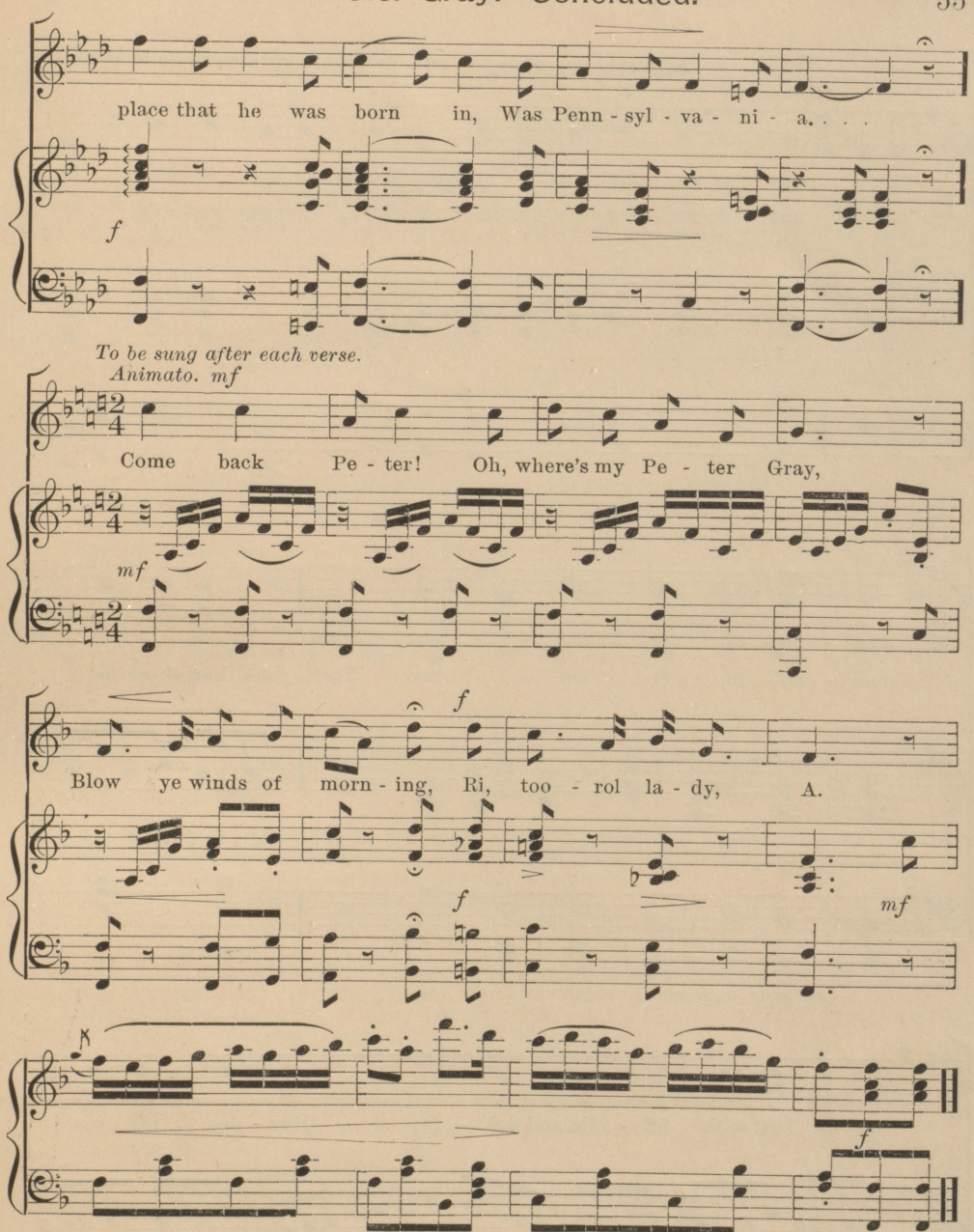
* Pronounced *You-psee.*



2 Come, join in mirth and song,
With young hearts fondly beating,
Sip pleasure while we may,
For earthly joys are fleeting.
‖:Hurrah! Hurrah!
The festal day has come!.‖

Peter Gray.


Moderato.
mf
sf
1. My song is of a nice young man, Whose name was Pe - ter Gray, And the
p
place that he was born in, Was Penn - syl - va - ni - a, . . . Was
mf
Penn - syl - va - ni - a, . . . Was Penn - syl - va - ni - a, . . . And the
mf



2 Oh, Peter Gray, he fell in love,
All with a nice young gal,
And the name of her I'm positive,
Was Lizianah Quarle.
Was Lizianah Quarle, &c.

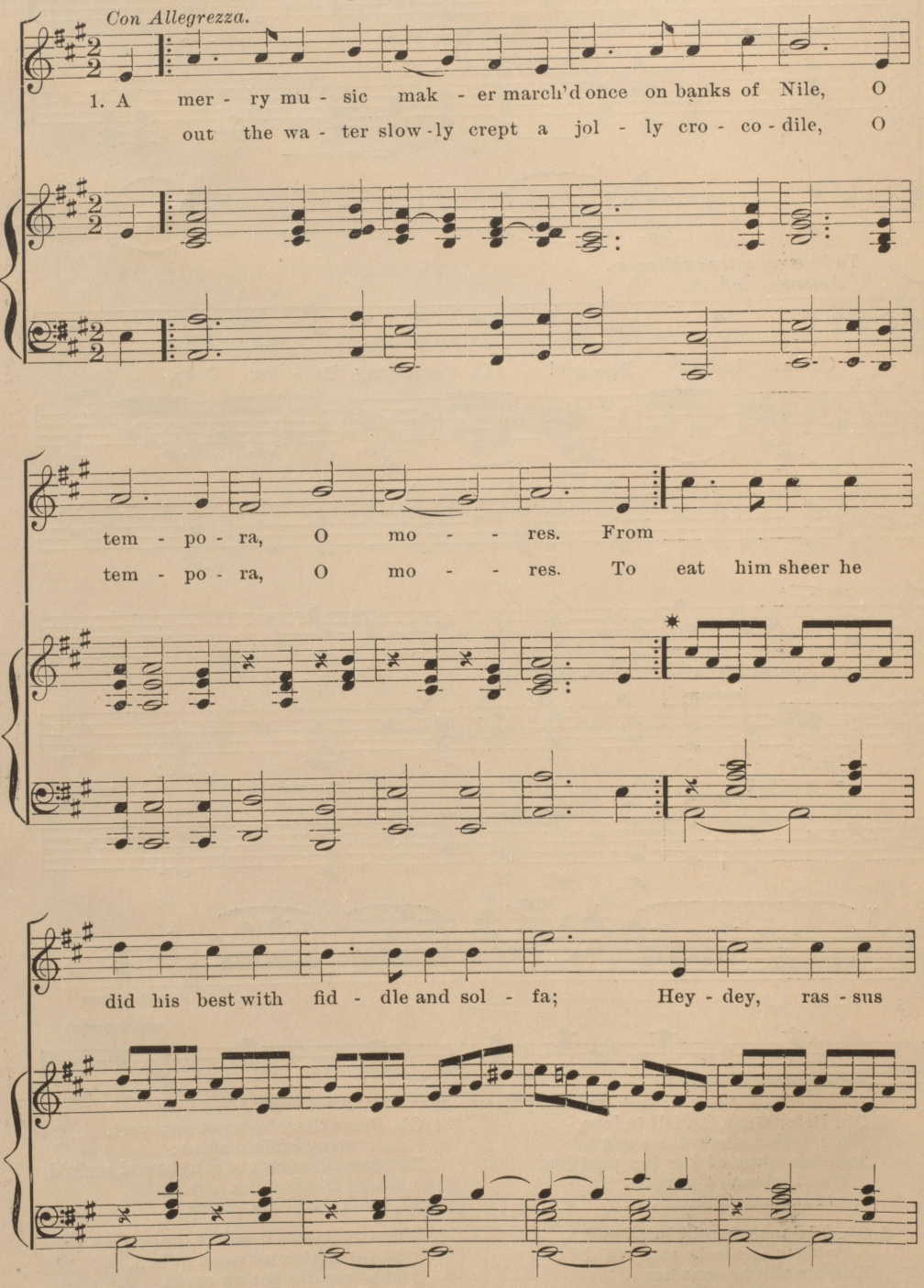
3 Oh, Lizianah would have wed,
But her father he said "No!"
And cruelly he sent her
Beyond the Ohio.
Beyond the Ohio, &c.

4 Oh, Peter Gray he went out west,
A hunting buffalo skins;
But there he soon got caught and scalp'd,
All by the Inji-ins.
All by the Inji-ins, &c.

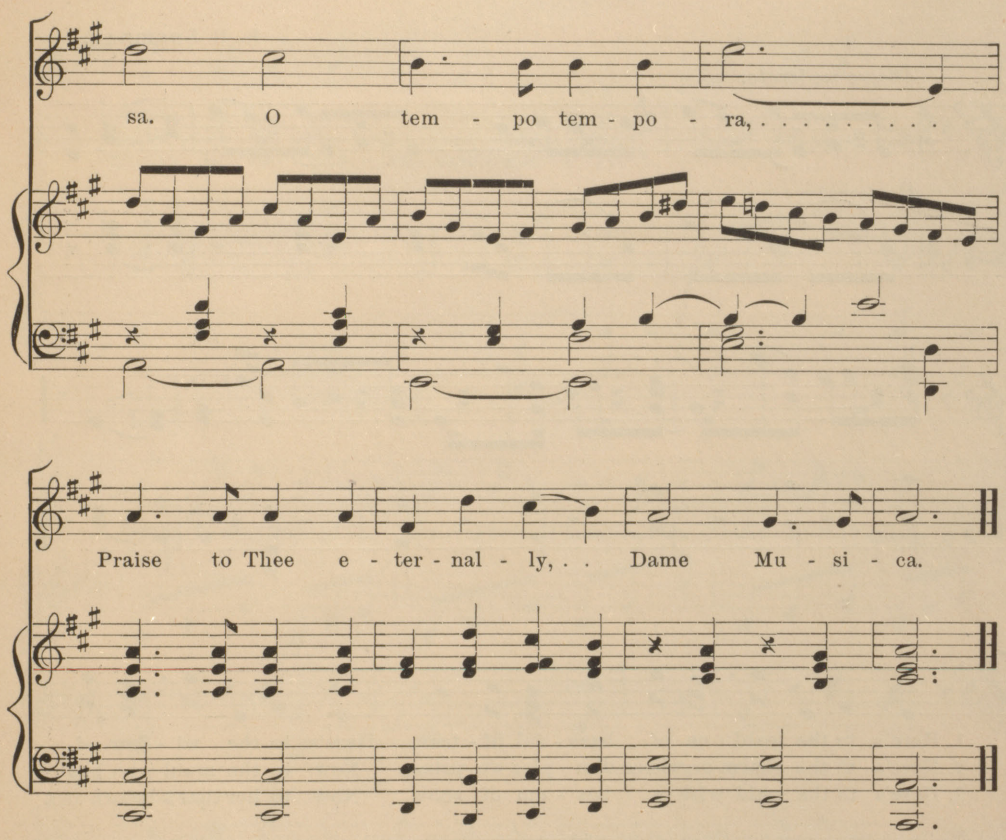
5 When Lizianah heard this news,
She straightway went to bed,
And never did get up again
Until she was di—ed.
Until she was di—ed, &c.

O Tempora, O Mores.

Arranged expressly for THE McGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.



* If preferred, the notes on the lower staff alone, of the following eight bars, may be played by the two hands.



2 But then the merry fiddler he seized his violin, O tempora, O mores,
With bow so fine and nimble, he touched the sweet machine, O tempora, O mores.
Allegro, Dolce, Presto—the beast is moved, Hurrah!
Hey-day rassassa. O tempo tempora.
Praise to Thee eternally, Dame Musica.

3 And as the music-maker with fiddle did advance, O tempora, O mores,
The crocodile most charmingly began a country dance, O tempora, O mores.
Minuet, gallop and waltz, singing a sweet solfa.
Hey-day rassassa. O tempo tempora.
Praise to Thee eternally, Dame Musica.

4 He danced in sand in a circle bound, O tempora, O mores,
And danced seven old pyramids round, O tempora, O mores,
For they have long been shaky; singing a sweet solfa.
Hey-dey rassassa. O tempo tempora.
Praise to Thee eternally, Dame Musica.

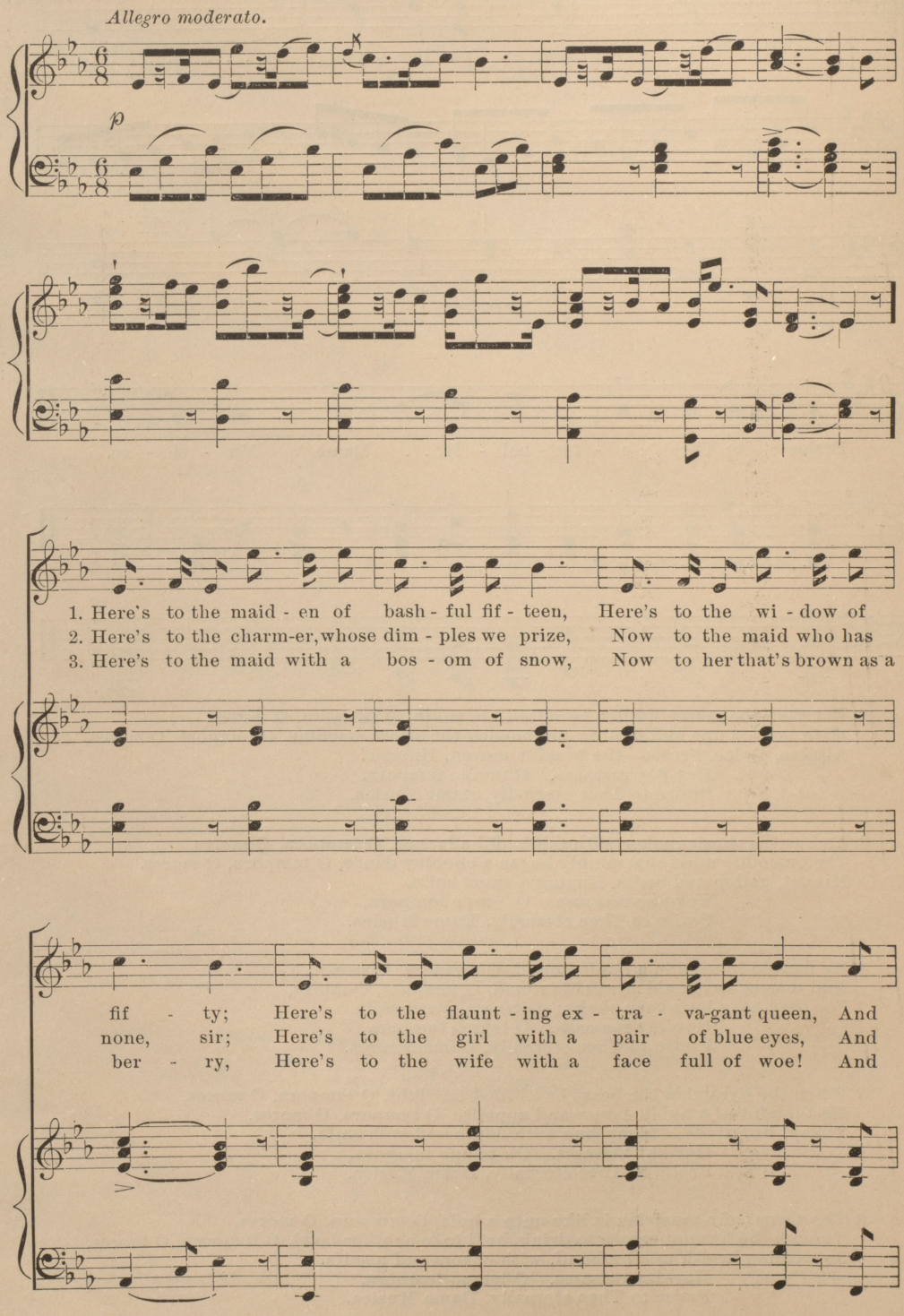
5 When the pyramids the beast had killed outright, O tempora, O mores,
He thought of a public-house and appetite, O tempora, O mores,
Tokay, Burgundy, Champagne with fiddle and with solfa,
Hey-day rassassa. Oh tempo tempora,
Praise to Thee eternally, Dame Musica.

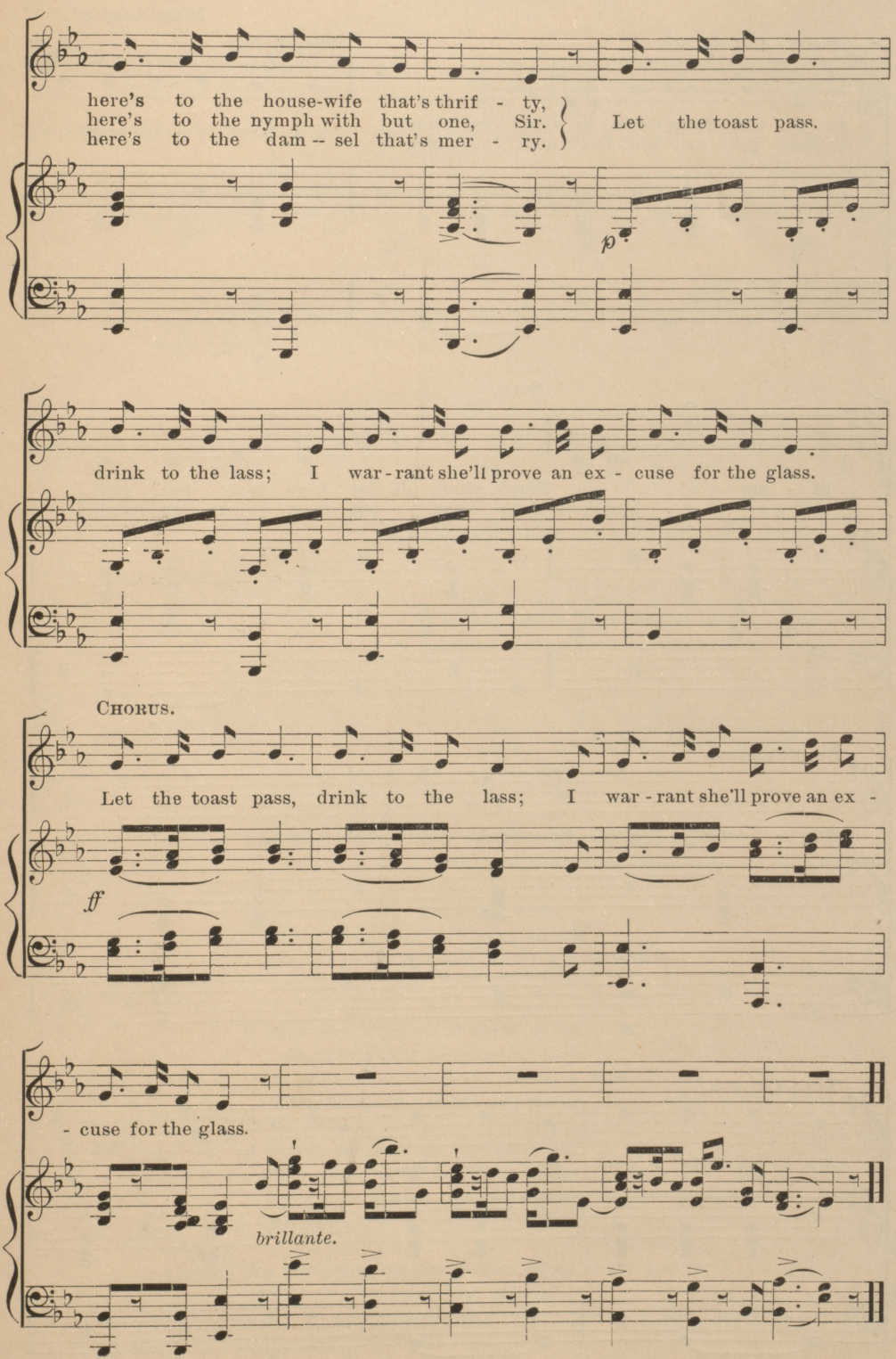
6 The throat of a musician is like unto a hole, O tempora, O mores,
Though he has not ceas'd to drink, he'll take another bowl, O tempora, O mores,
So wishing health to all around, with cheers and a solfa.
Hey-day rassassa. O tempo tempora.
Praise to Thee eternally, Dame Musica.

Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen.

R. B. Sheridan.

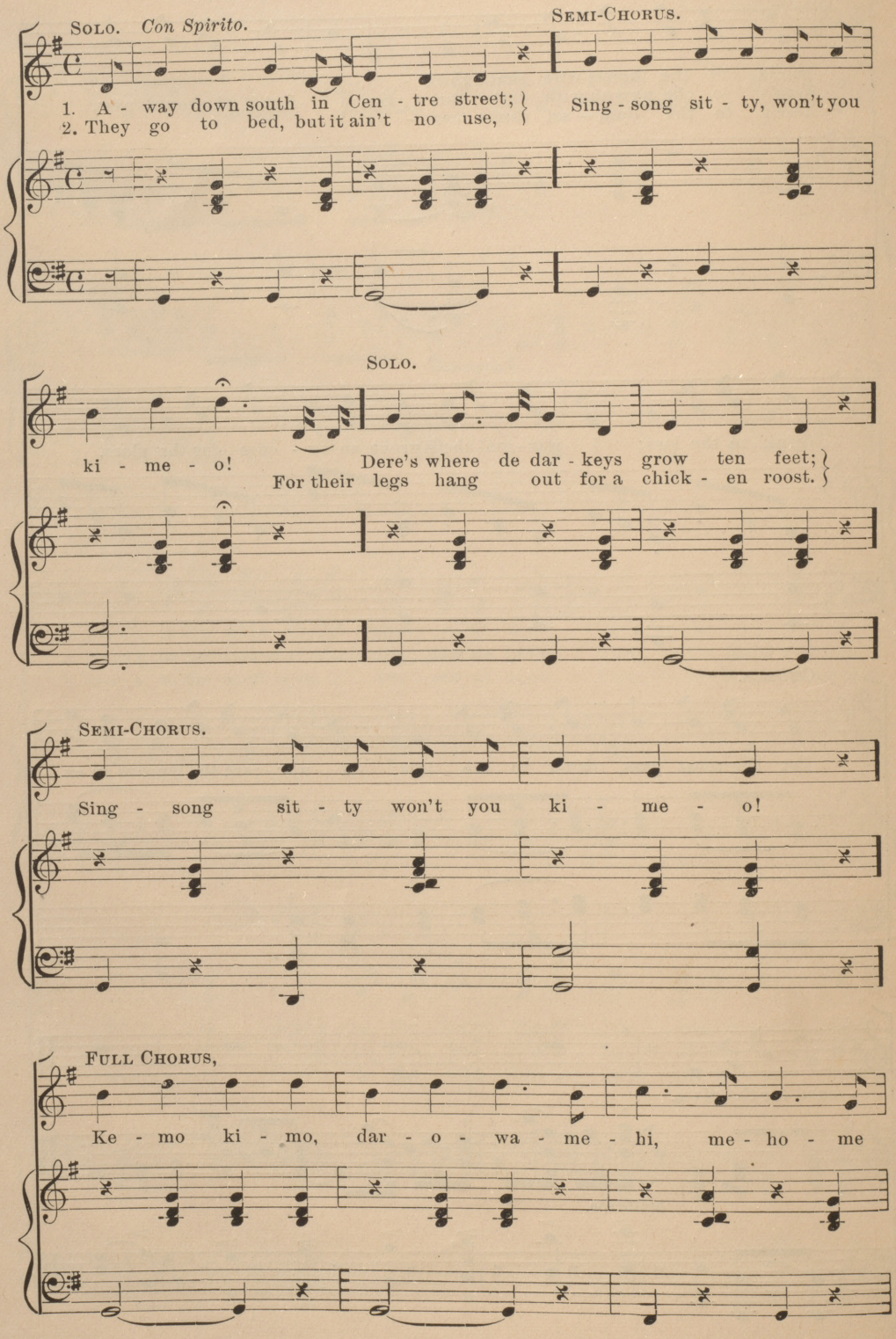
Allegro moderato.

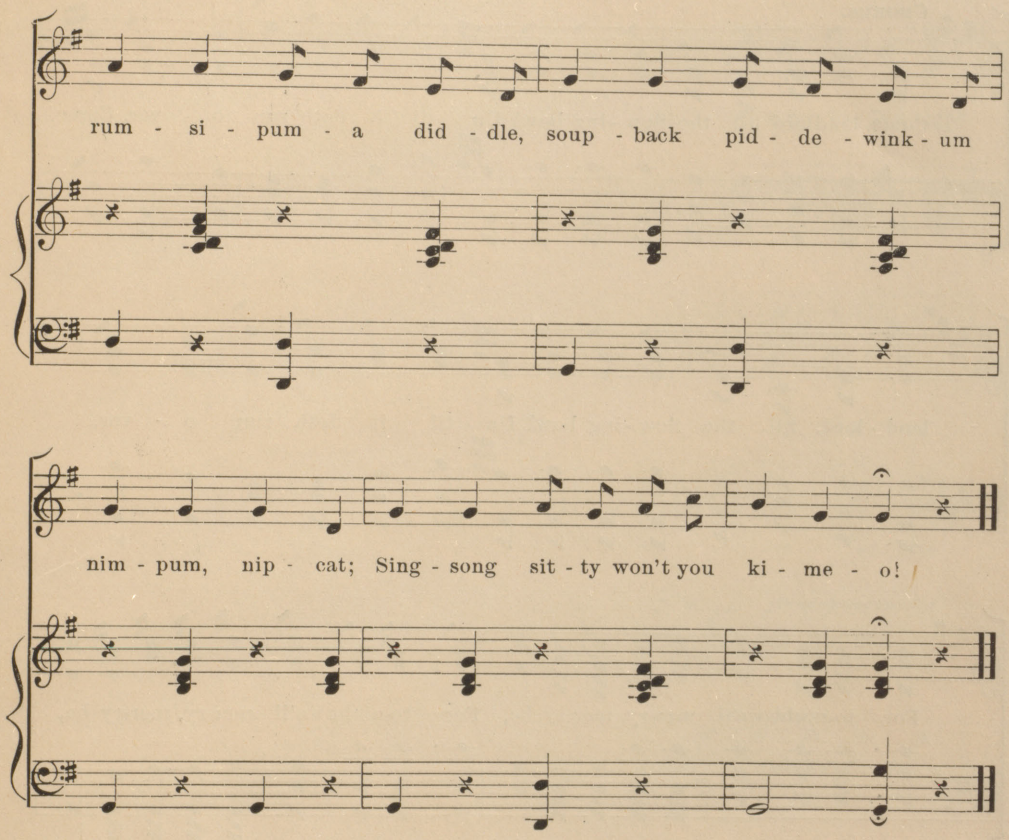



here's to the house-wife that's thrif - ty,
here's to the nymph with but one, Sir.
here's to the dam -- sel that's mer - ry.
Let the toast pass.
p
drink to the lass; I war - rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass.
Chorus.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass; I war - rant she'll prove an ex -
ff
- cuse for the glass.
brillante.

Kemo Kimo.

Music adapted.





3 Each darkey wakes up almost dead,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
With a hundredweight of chickens on each leg.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

4 The chickens go out to de barn,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
The big ones crow and the little ones larn.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

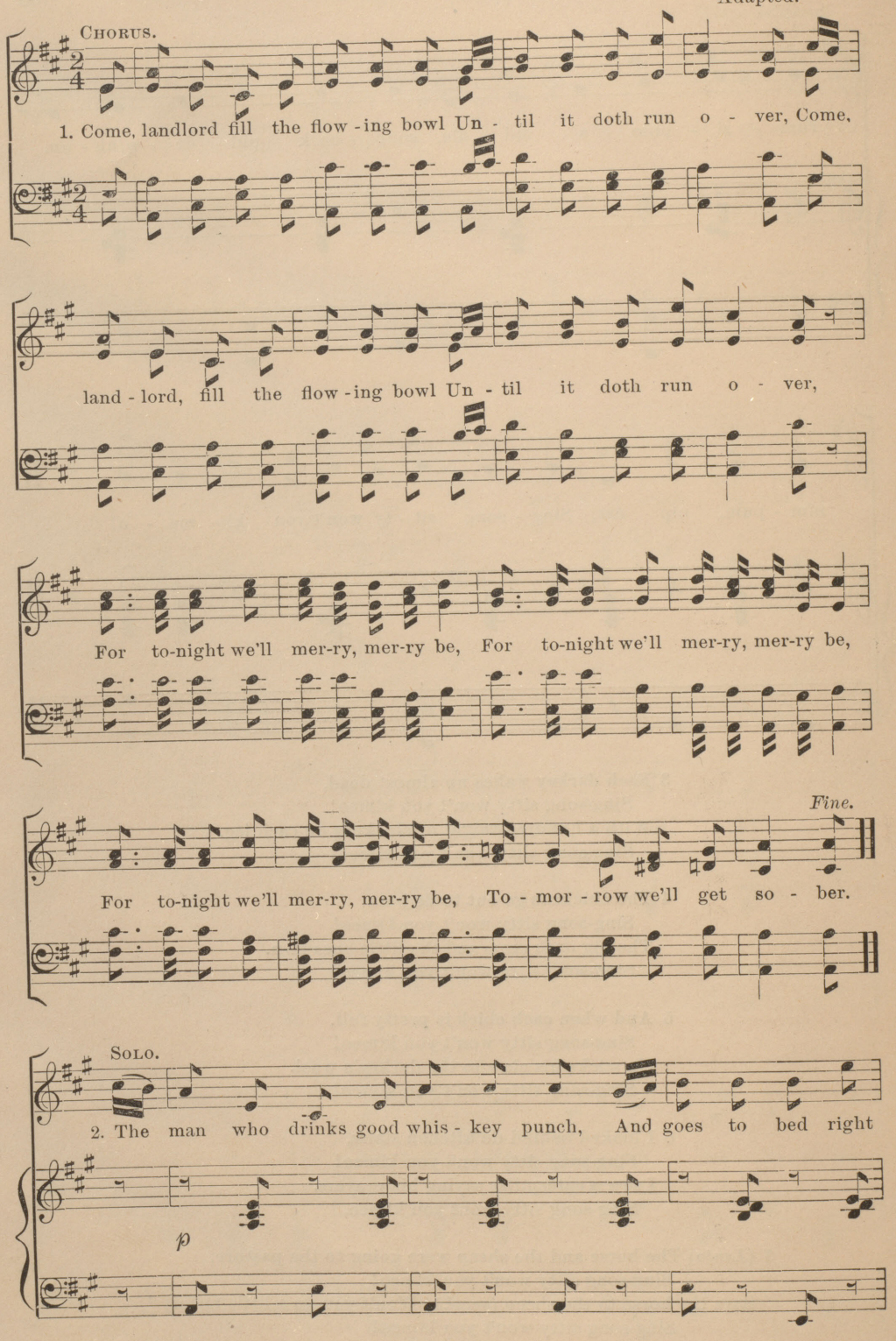
5 And when each chick is pretty full,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
He sticks his claw in the darkey's wool.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

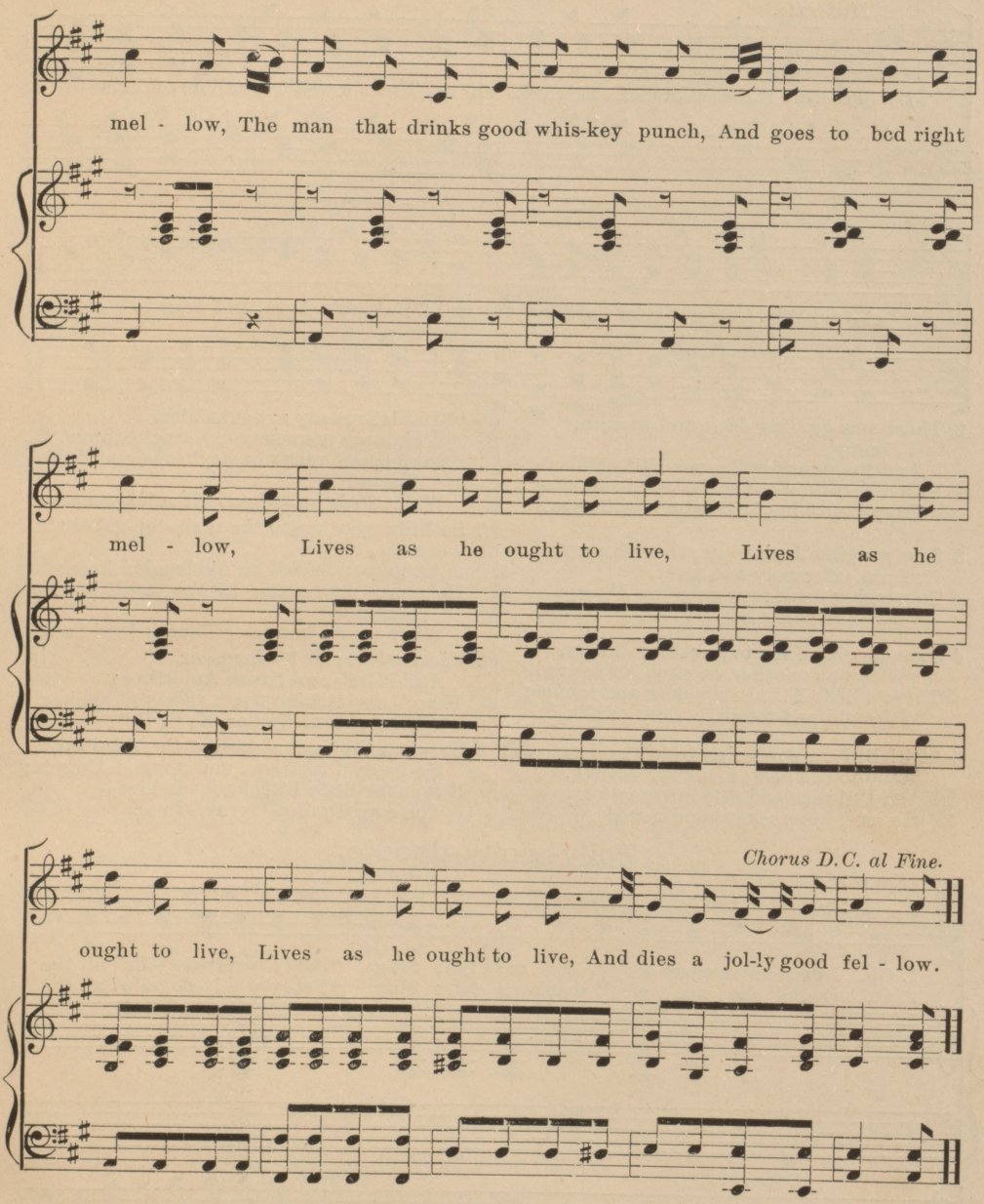
6 I looked behind de kitchen stairs,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
I saw a caterpillar saying his prayers.
Sing-song sitty wont you kimeo,

7 (*Lento*) The horse and the sheep were going to the pasture,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
Says the horse to the sheep (*accel.*) "Won't you go a little faster?"
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl.

Adapted.



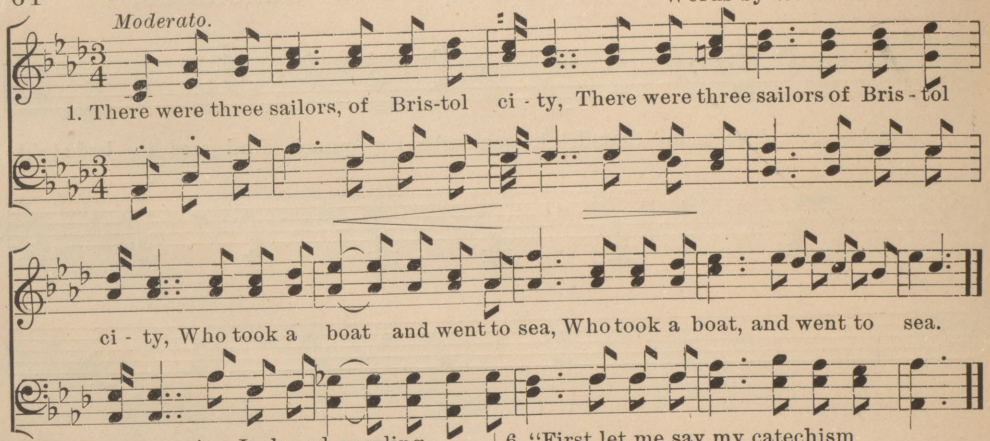


3 ‖: The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober, :‖
‖: Falls as the leaves do fall, :‖
So early in October.

4 ‖: But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth half-seas over," :‖
‖: Will live until he dies, perhaps, :‖
And then lie down in clover.

Little Billee.

Words by W. M. THACKERAY.



2 There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee,
Now when they got as far as the equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

3 Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

4 Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender;
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

5 "Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chem'e."
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket handkerchie.

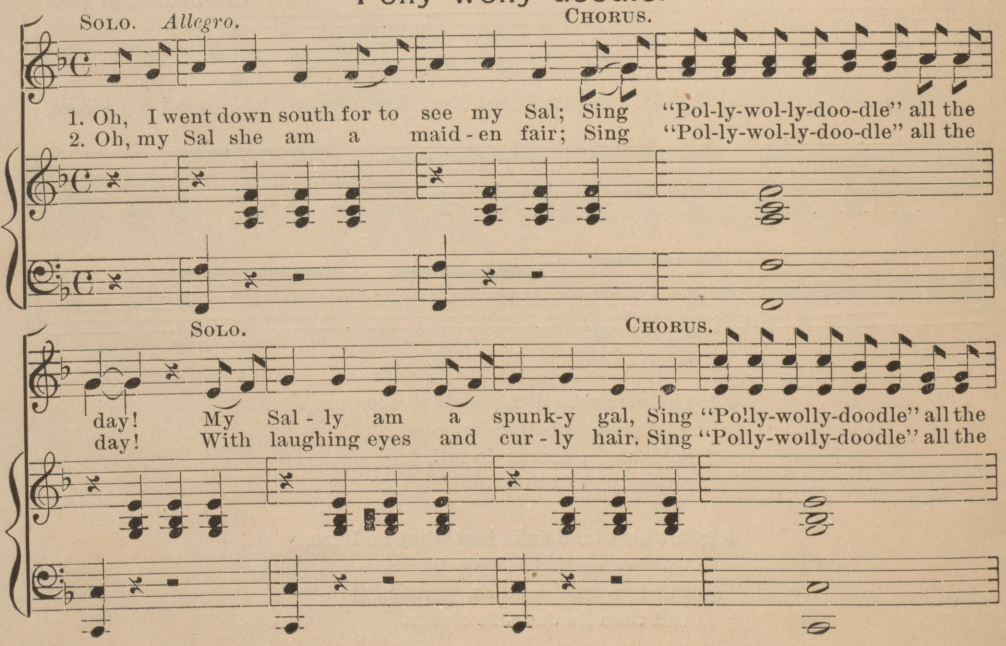
6 "First let me say my catechism
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

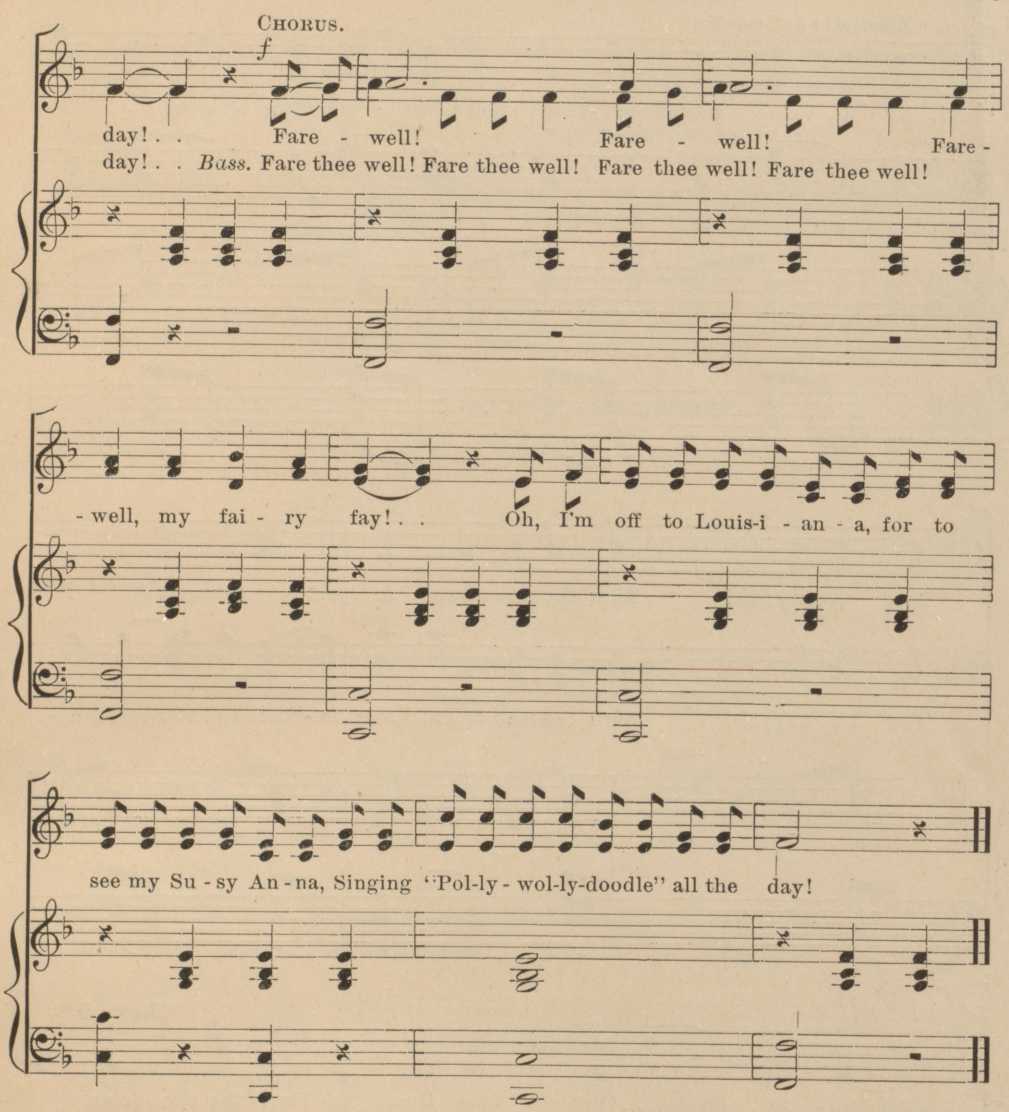
7 So Billy went up to the main-top-gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee;
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment,
When up he jumps—"There's land I see."

8 "Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee;
There's the British flag a riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

9 So when they got aboard of the Admiral,
He hanged fat Jack, and flogged Jimmie;
But as for little Bill, he made him—
The captain of a seventy-three.

Polly-wolly-doodle.





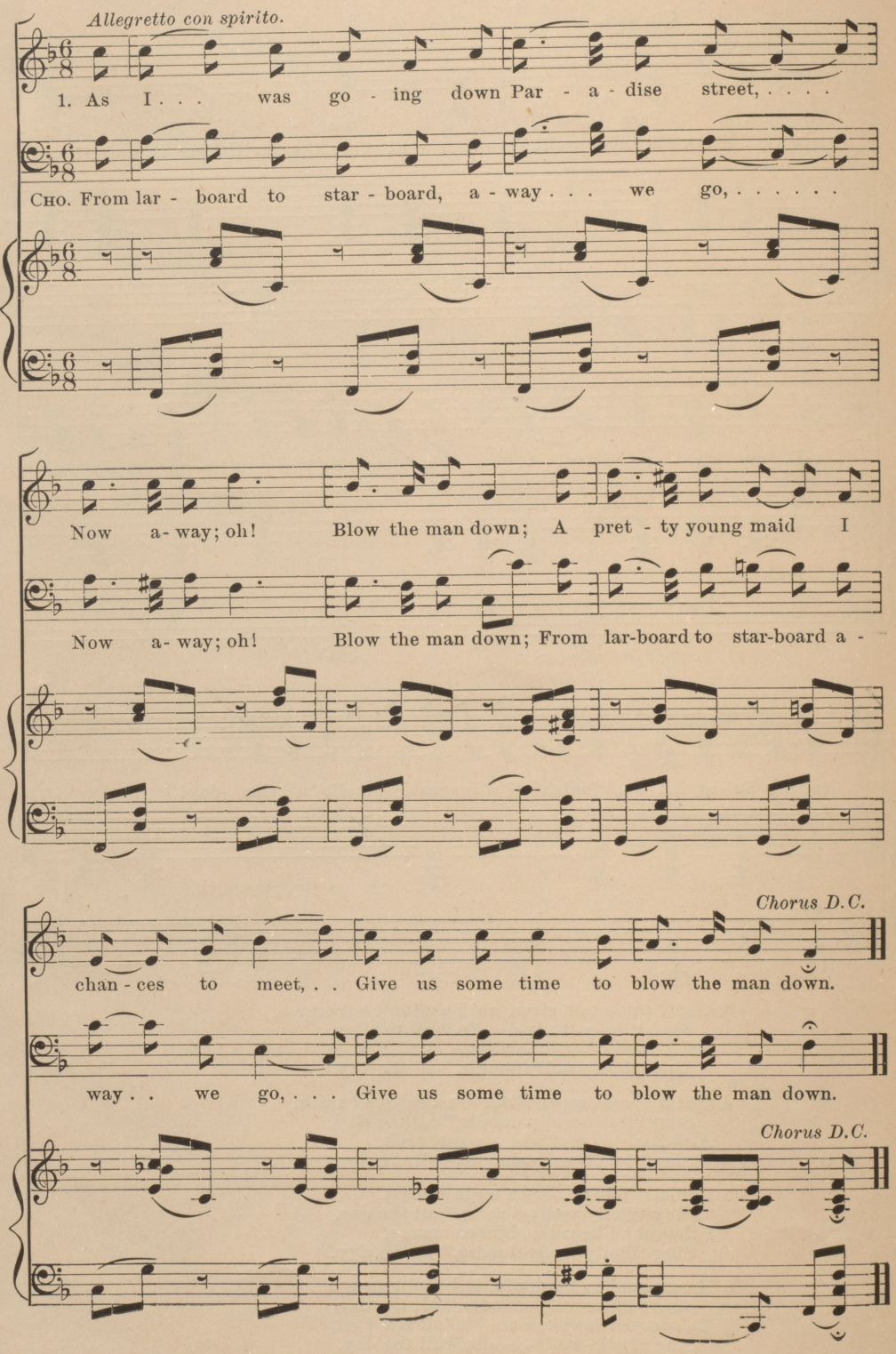
3 Oh! I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
An' I jumped upon a nigger, for I thought he was a hoss,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

4 Oh! a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

5 Behind de barn, down on my knees,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all he day.

6 He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin'-cough,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

Blow the Man Down.



2 Said I to her, "what is your trade ?"
Now away; oh! blow the man down;
Said she to me, "I'm a weaver's maid,"
Give me some time to blow the man down.

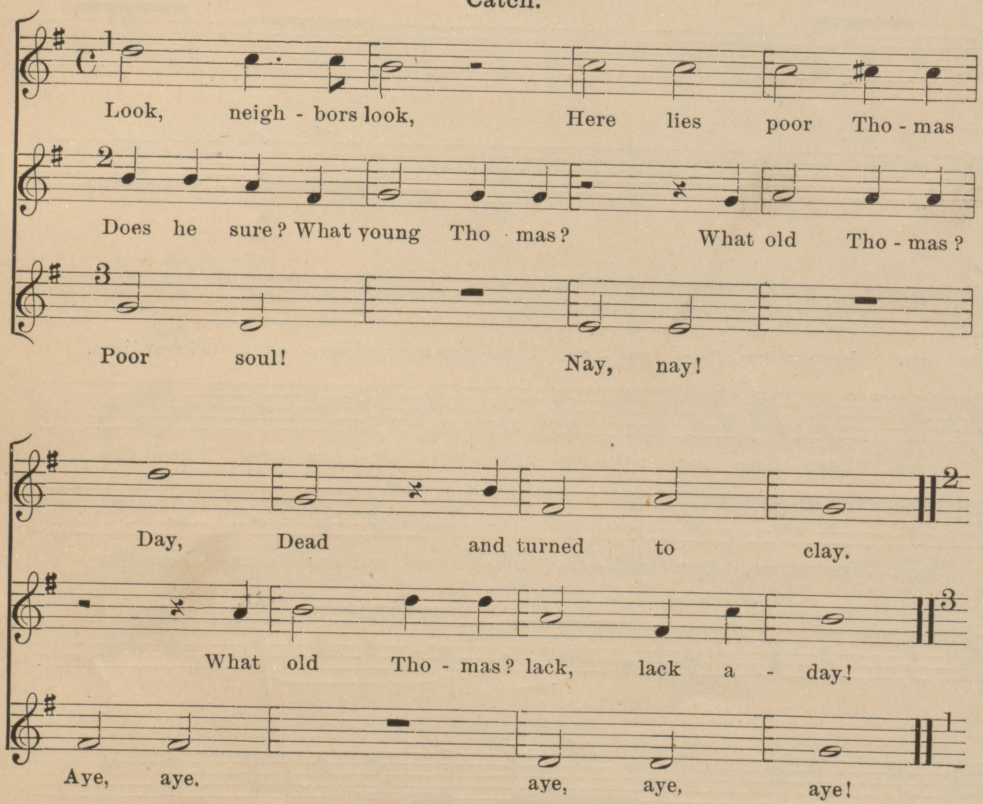
3 "Oh where are you going, my sweet pretty maid ?"
Now away; oh! blow the man down;
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

4 "Oh what is your fortune, my sweet pretty maid,"
Now away; oh! blow the man down;
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

5 "Then I can't marry you my pretty maid,"
Now away; oh! blow the man down;
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Old Thomas Day.

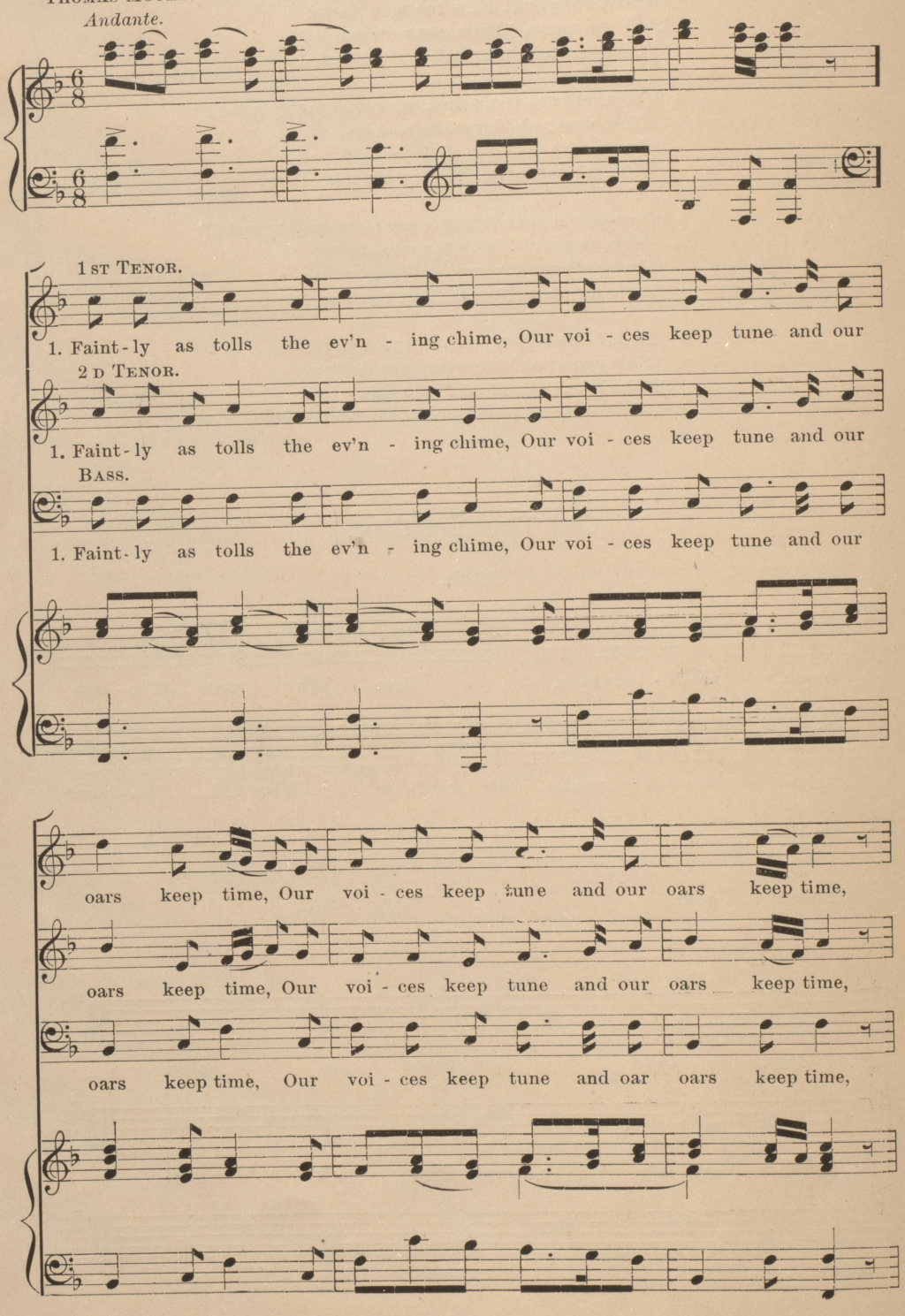
Catch.

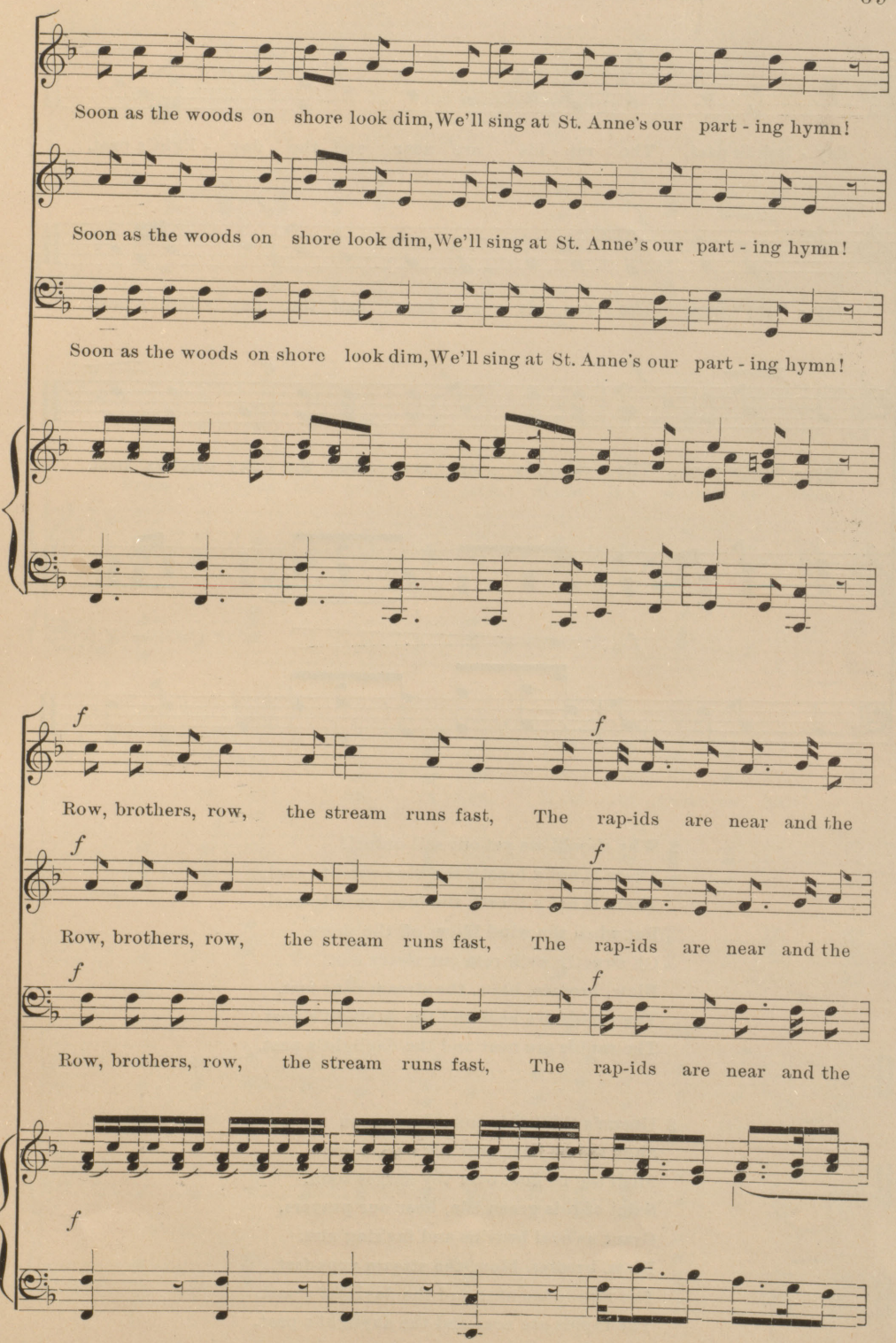


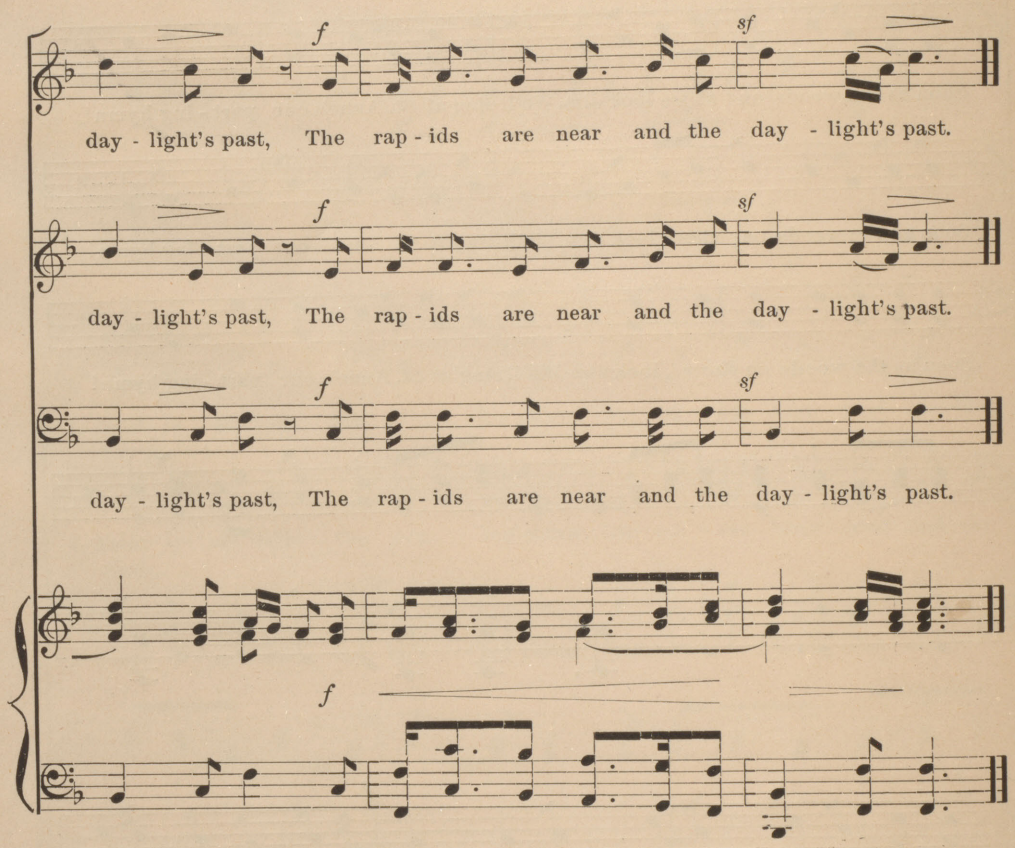
A Canadian Boat Song.

THOMAS MOORE. Arranged expressly for THE MCGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

Andante.



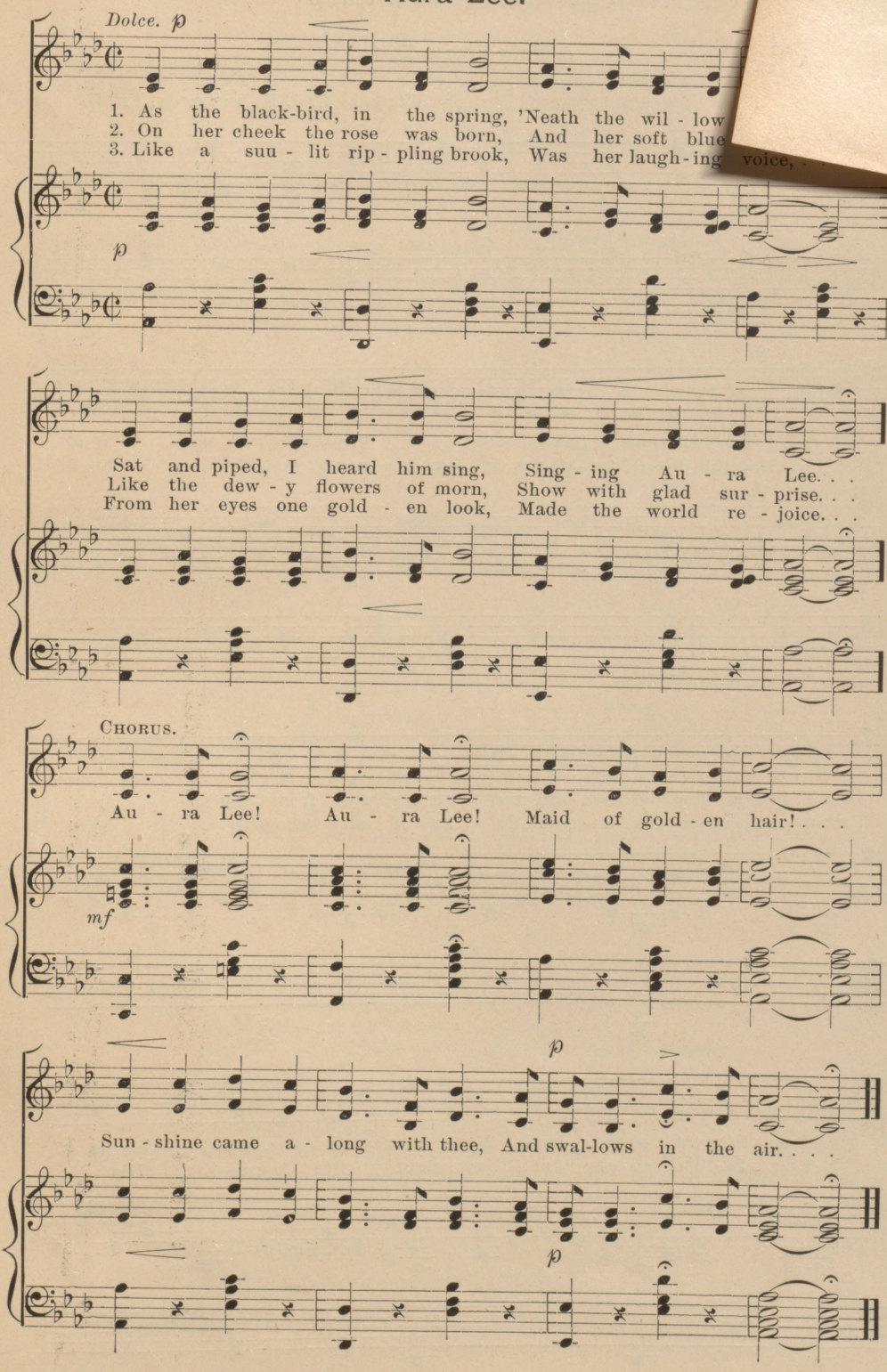

Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Anne's our part - ing hymn!
Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Anne's our part - ing hymn!
Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Anne's our part - ing hymn!
f
f
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rap-ids are near and the
f
f
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rap-ids are near and the
f
f
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rap-ids are near and the
f



2 Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

3 Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon,
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,
Grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

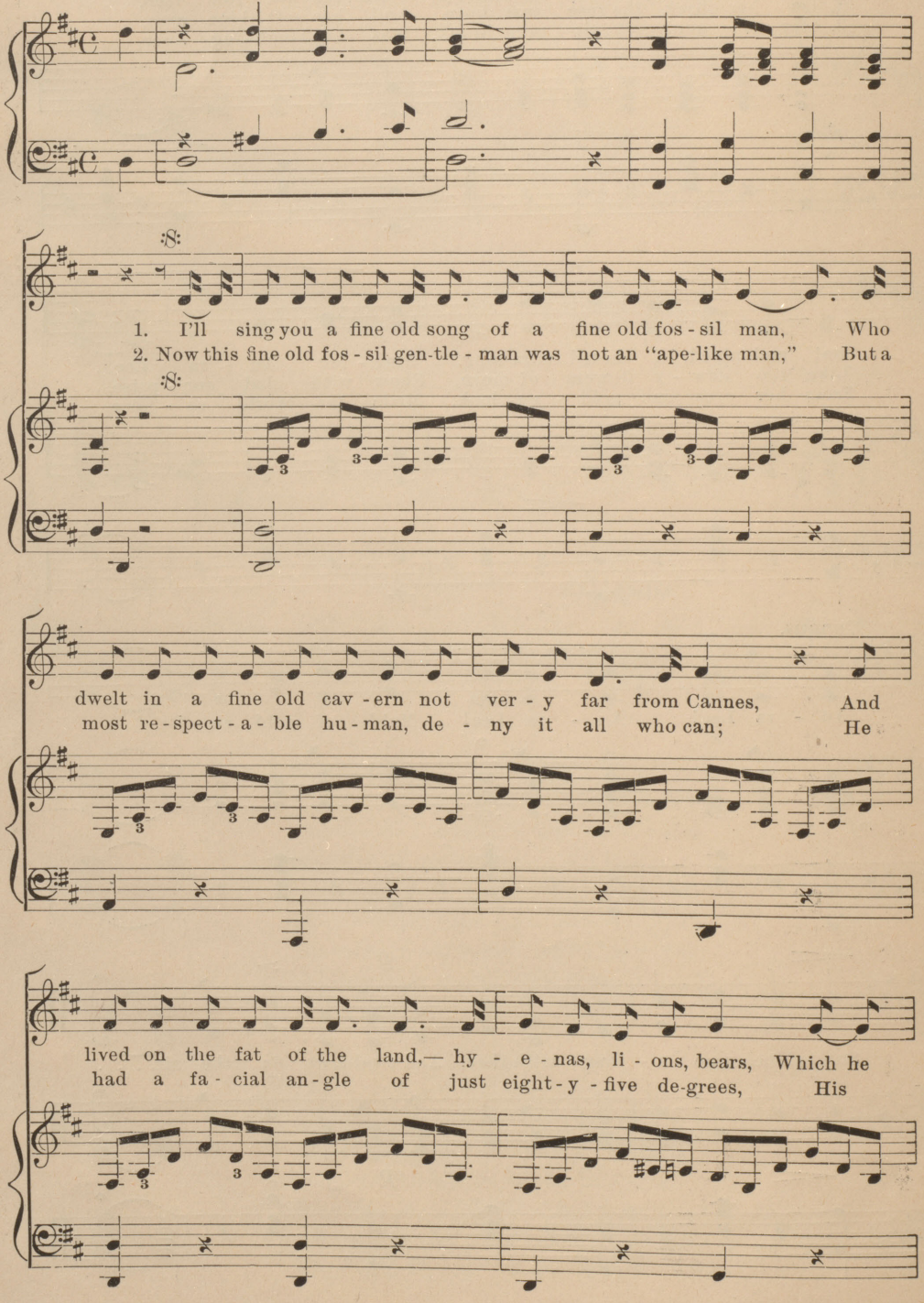
Aura Lee.

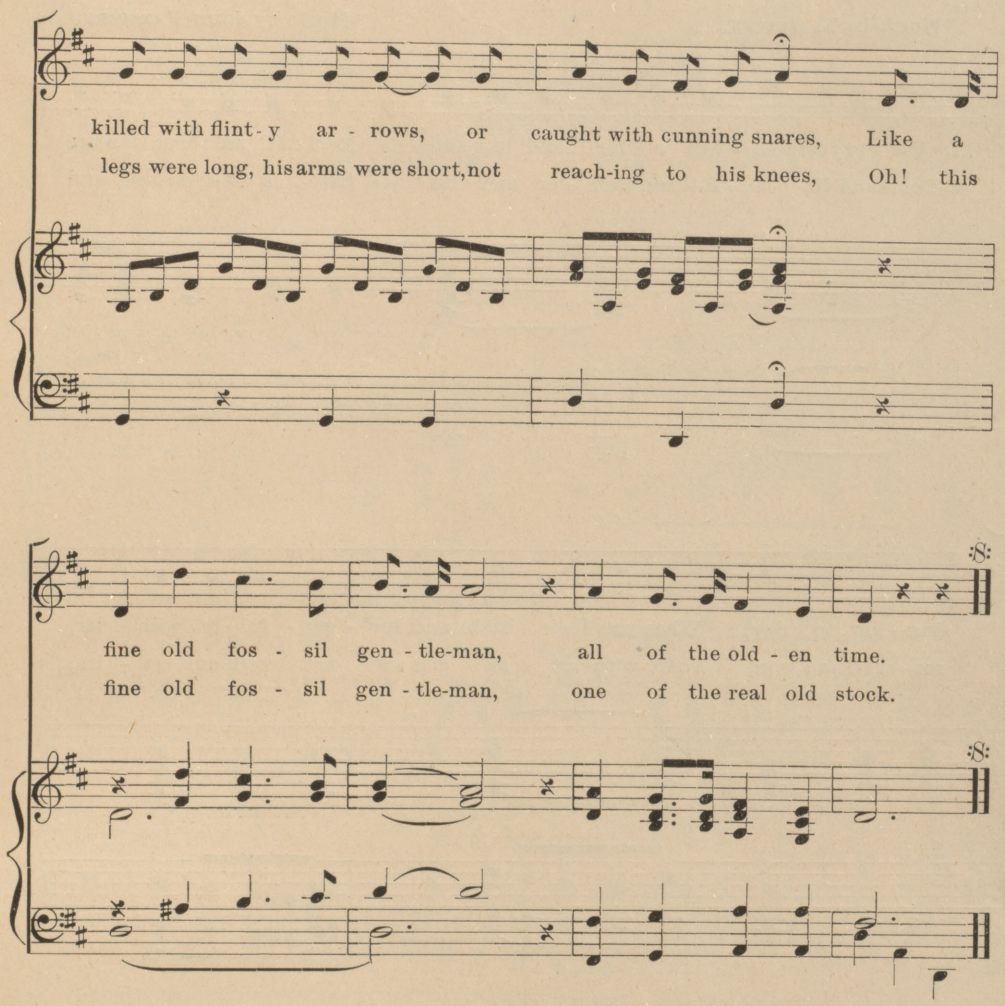

Dolce. p
1. As the black-bird, in the spring, 'Neath the wil - low
2. On her cheek the rose was born, And her soft blue
3. Like a suu - lit rip - pling brook, Was her laugh - ing voice,
p
Sat and piped, I heard him sing, Sing - ing Au - ra Lee. . .
Like the dew - y flowers of morn, Show with glad sur - prise. . .
From her eyes one gold - en look, Made the world re - joice. . .
Chorus.
Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee! Maid of gold - en hair! . . .
mf
p
Sun - shine came a - long with thee, And swal-lows in the air. . . .
p

The Man of Mentone.

A Palæolithic Ditty.

Words by B. J. HARRINGTON, PH. D.





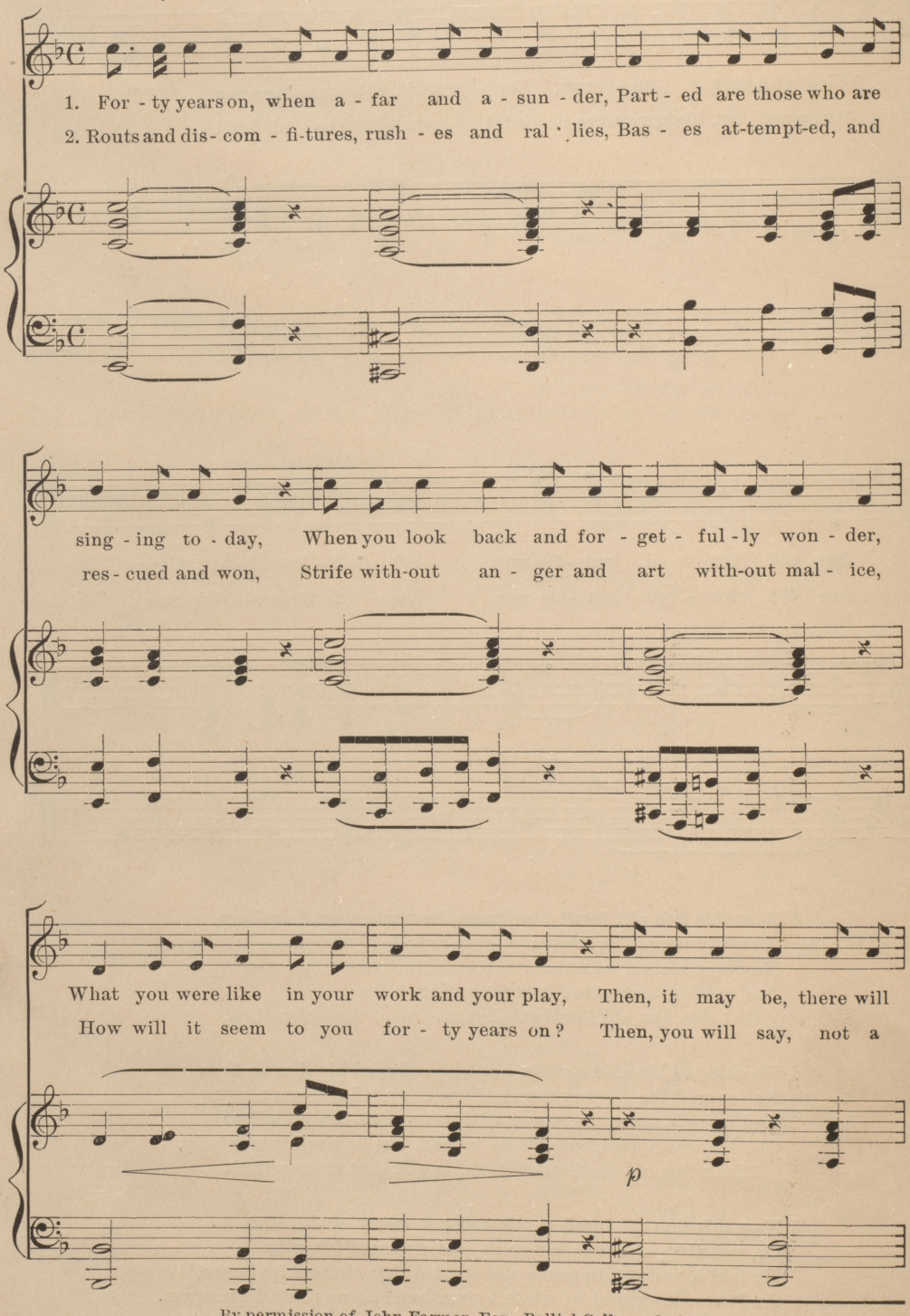
3 Now this fine old fossil gentleman, he never went to college,
He never burnt the midnight oil in search of useless knowledge,
He never kicked a football, and he never played lacrosse,
And yet for occupation he was never at a loss,
Oh! this fine old fossil gentleman, one of the olden time.

4 He chipped his stony arrow-heads, he shaped his flexing bow,
He scoured the gloomy forests from dawn till sun sank low;
And many a fierce encounter with mammoth brute had he;
Oh! his was a wild, rough life, indeed, but he lived it manfully,
Like a fine old fossil gentleman, one of that stormy time.

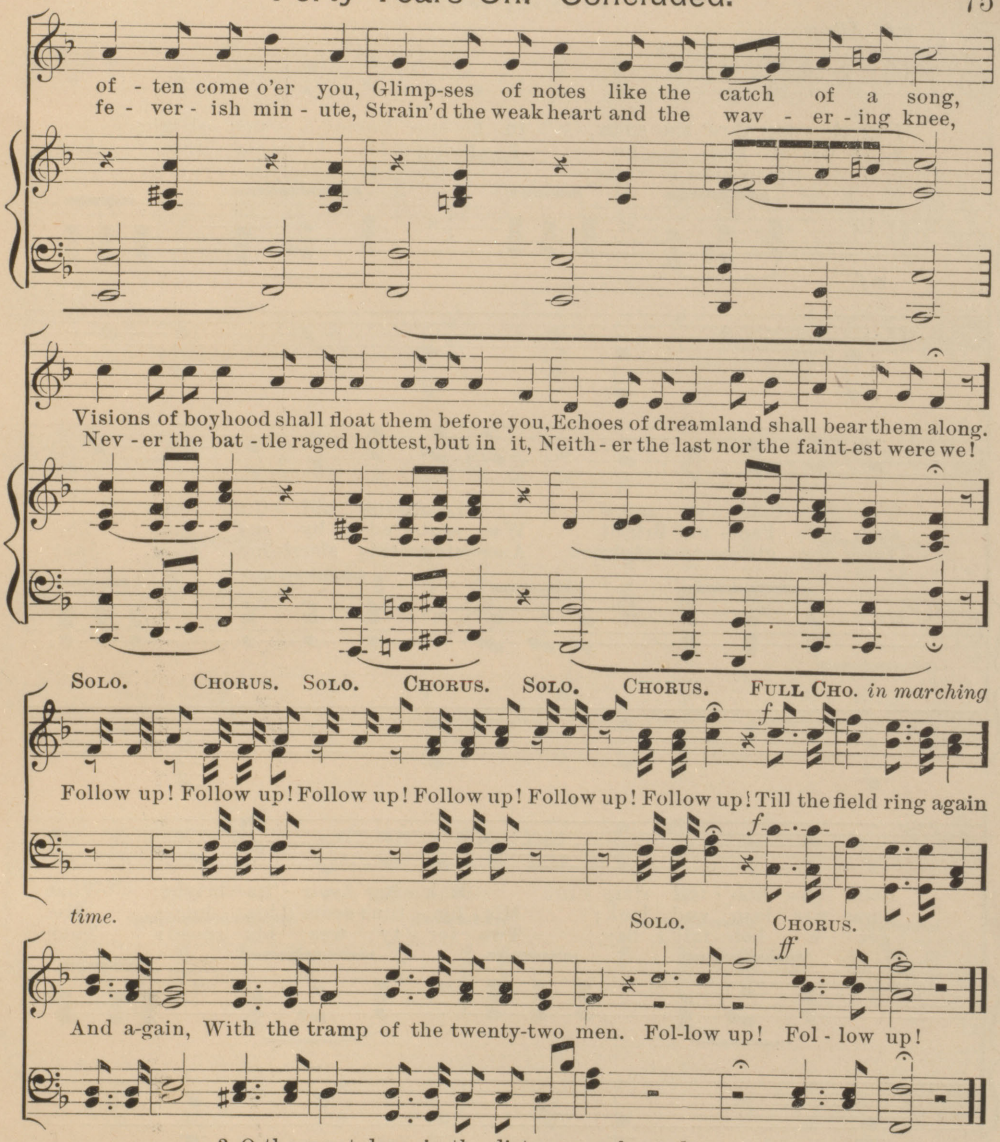
5 Now this fine old fossil gentleman got weary of this life;
Or, possibly—for who can tell?—got weary of his wife,
He laid him down in peace and slept within that ancient cave,
And there he would be while I sing, had no one robbed his grave.
Oh! this fine old fossil gentleman, his bones are now at Paris.

Forty Years On.

Words by E. Bowen. Music by John Farmer.



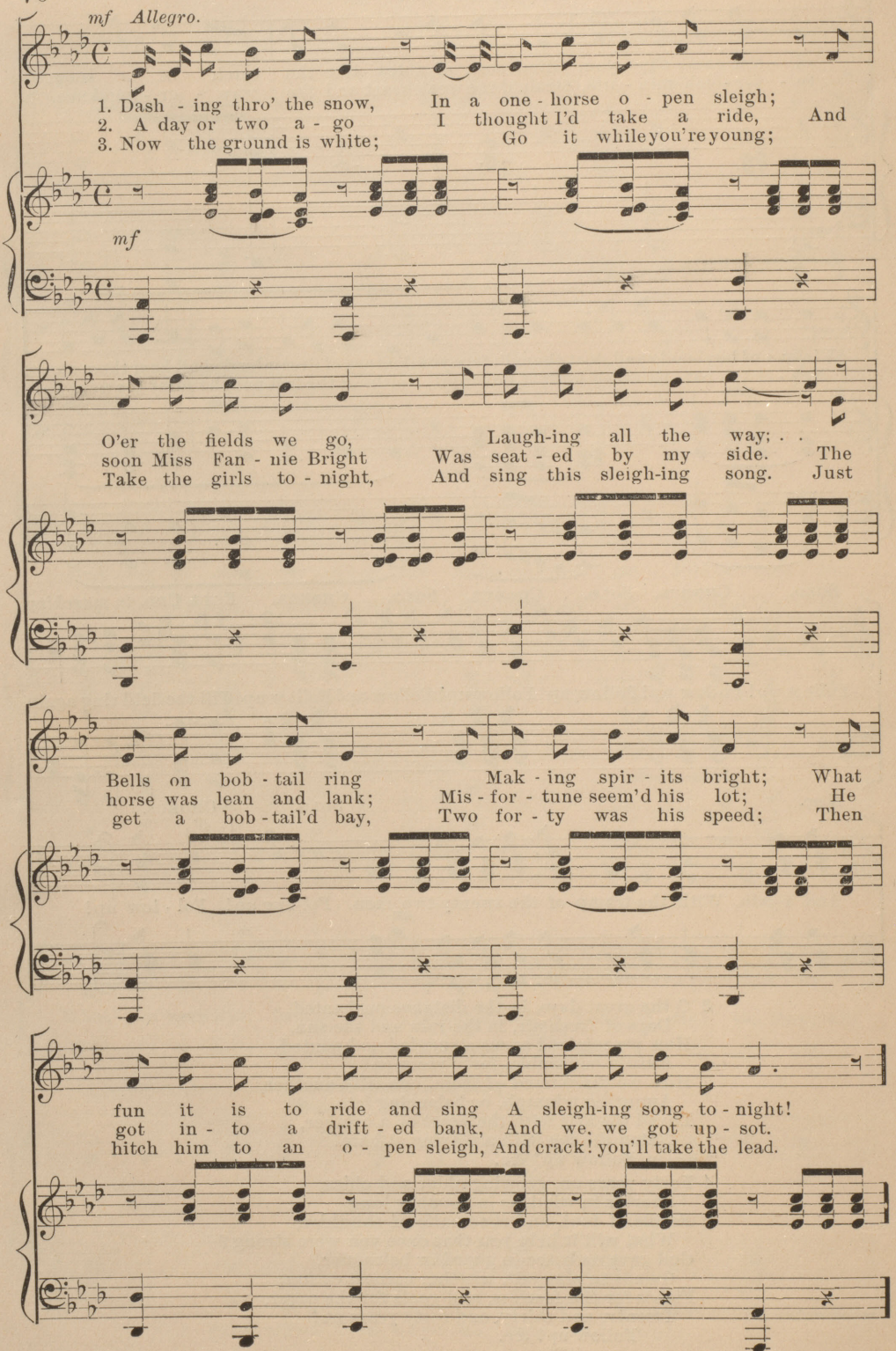
By permission of John Farmer, Esq., Balliol College, Oxford.

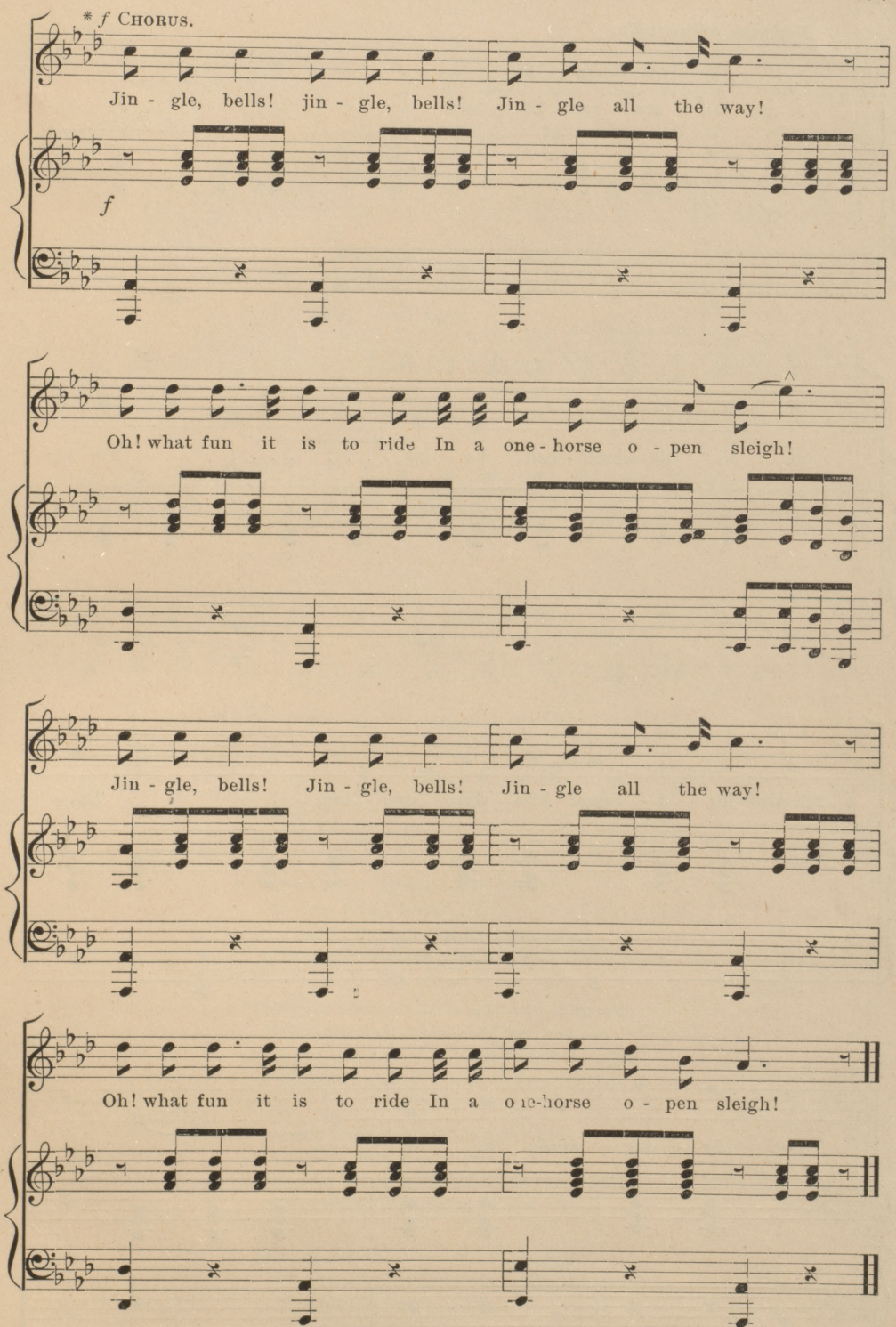


3 O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on!
How we discoursed of them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate!
Follow up! &c.

4 Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God gave us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on!
Follow up! &c.

Jingle, Bells.





* Accompanied by jingling glasses.

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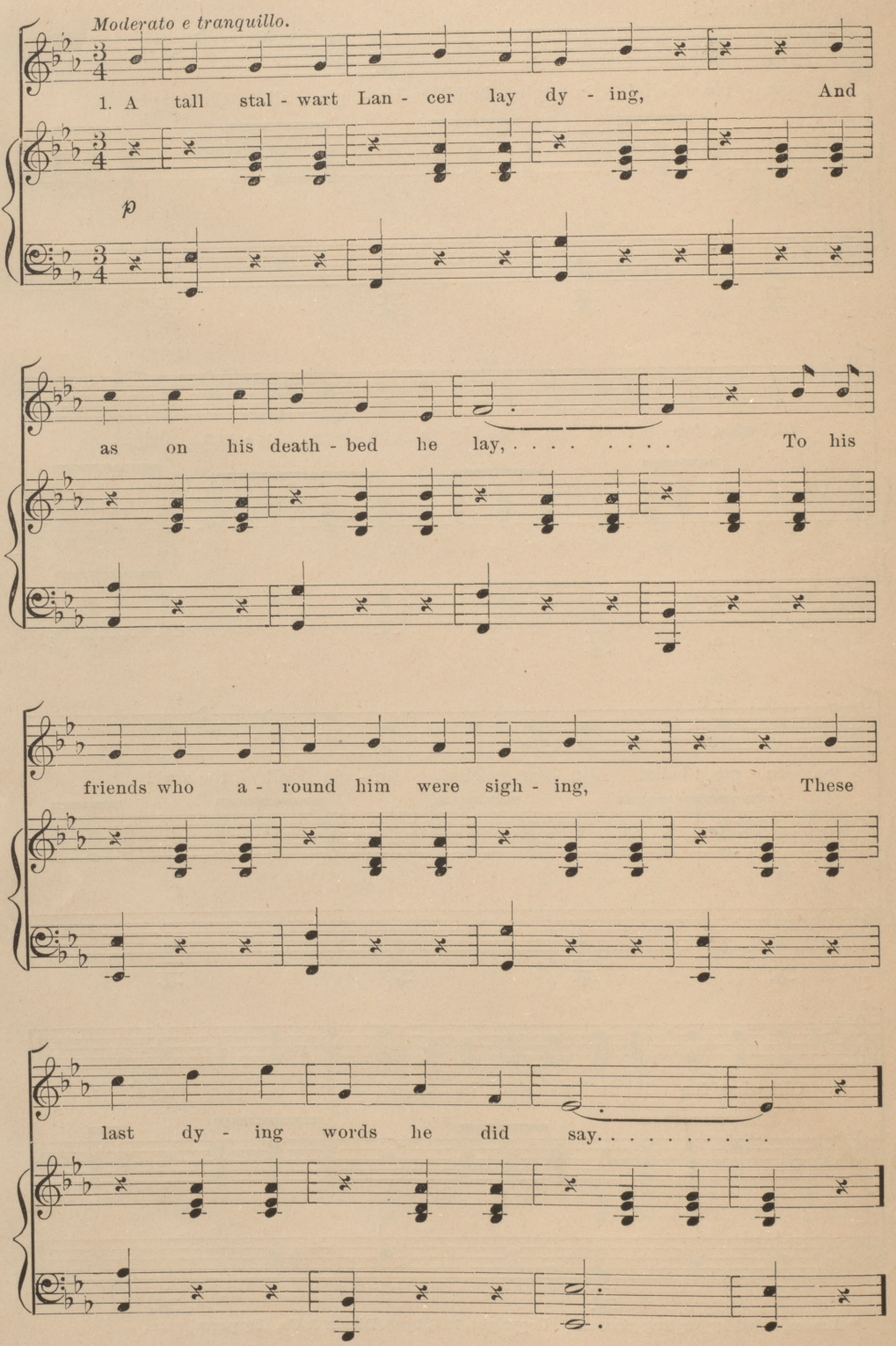
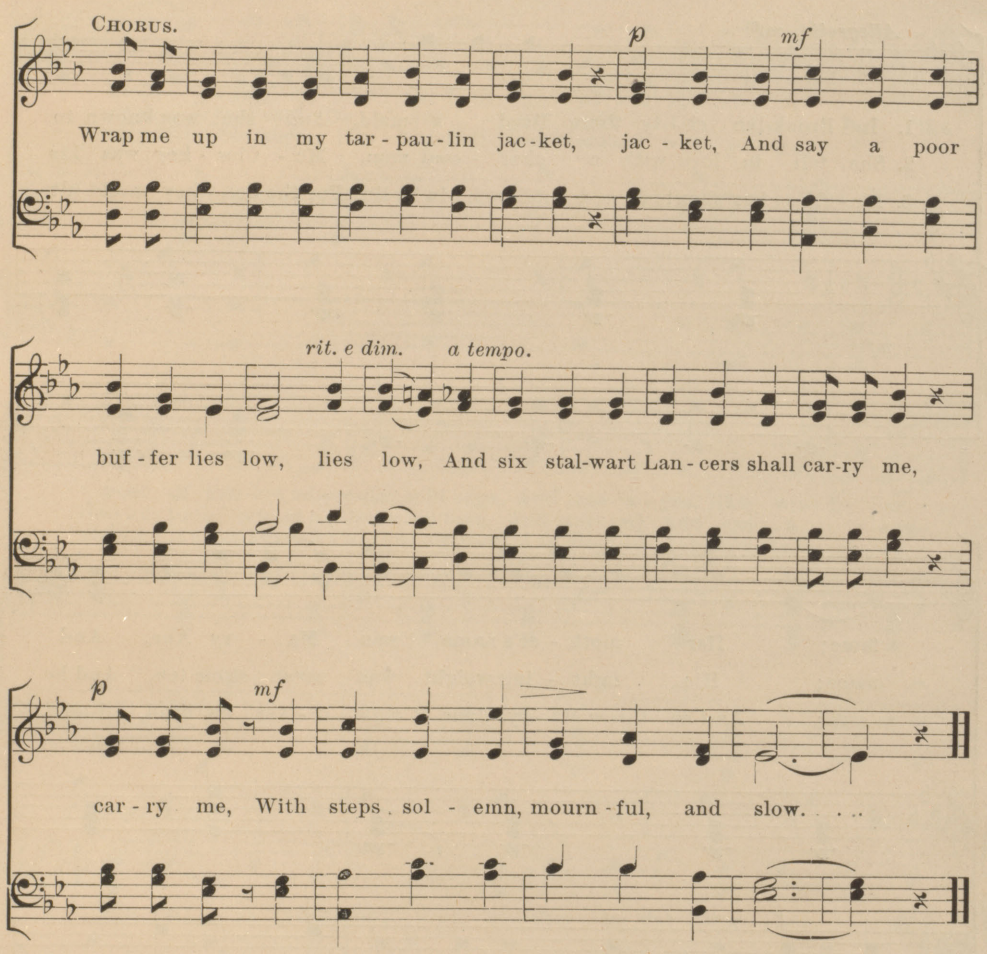
The Tarpaulin Jacket.





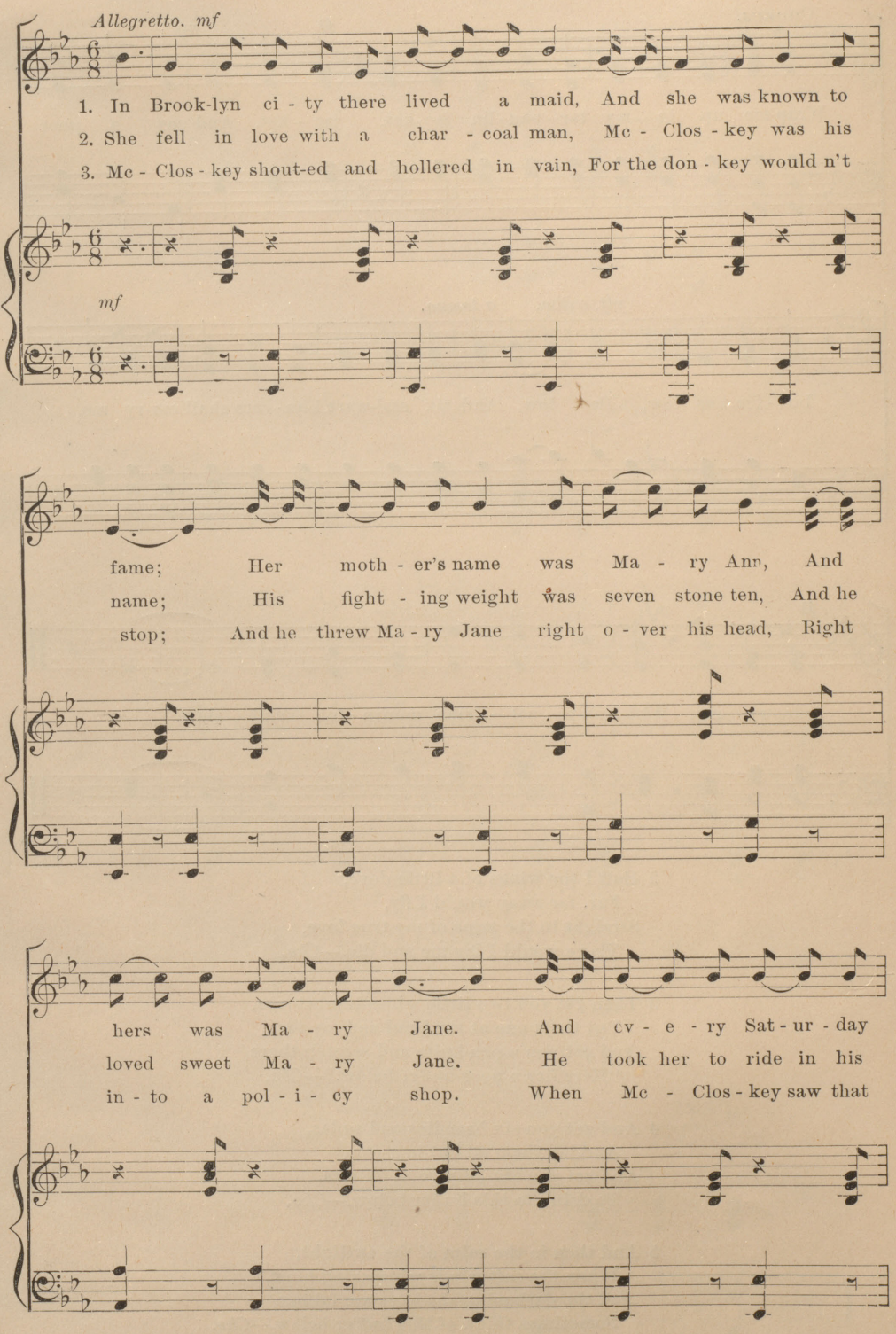
2 Had I the wings of a little dove,
Far, far away would I fly,
Straight to the arms of my true love,
There would I lay me and die.—*Cho.*

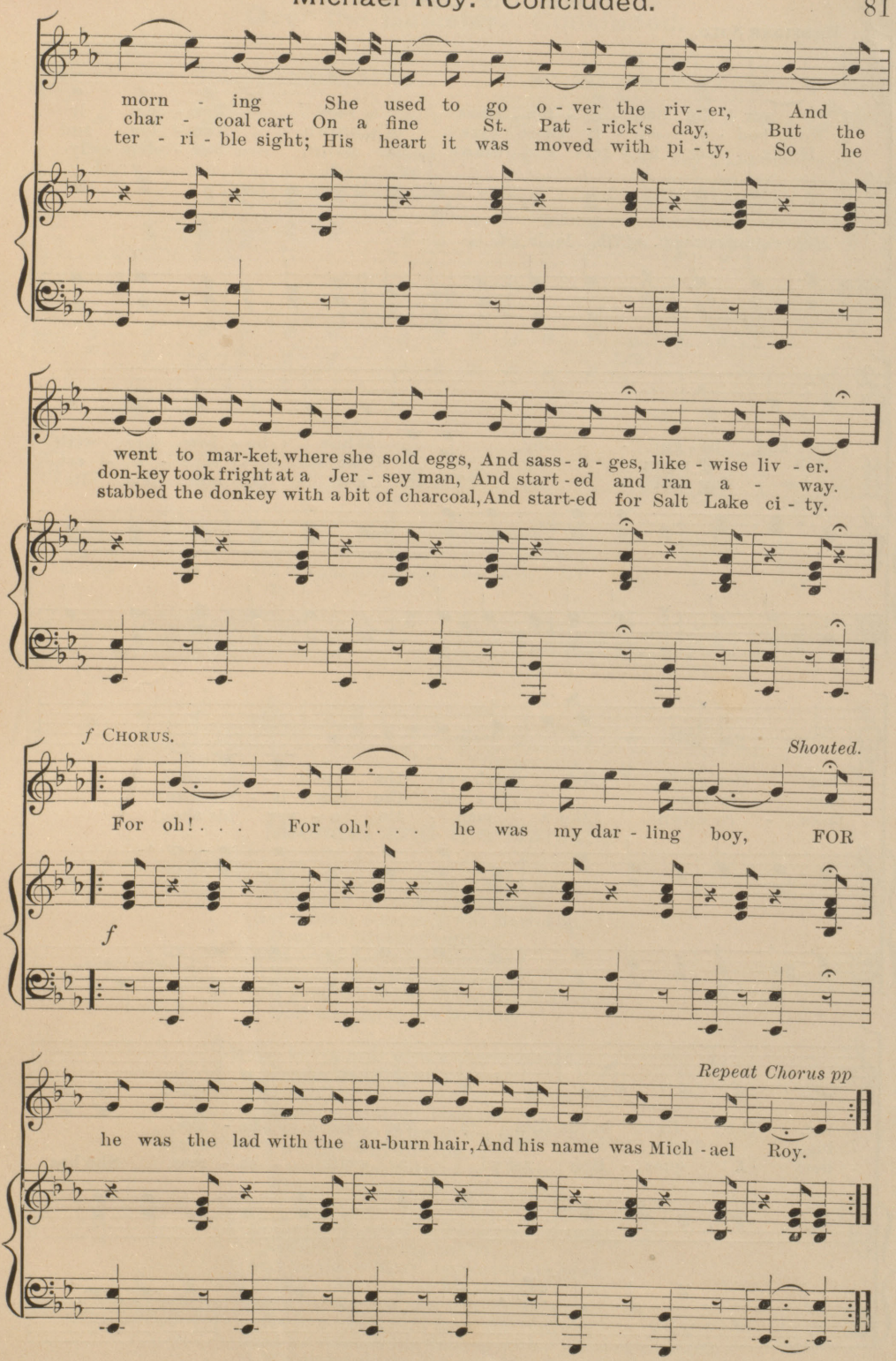
3 Then get you two little white tombstones,
Put them one at my head and my toe,
And get you a pen-knife and scratch there
"Here lies a poor buffer below."—*Cho.*

4 And get you six brandies and sodas,
And lay them all out in a row,
And get you six jolly good fellows,
To drink to this buffer below.—*Cho.*

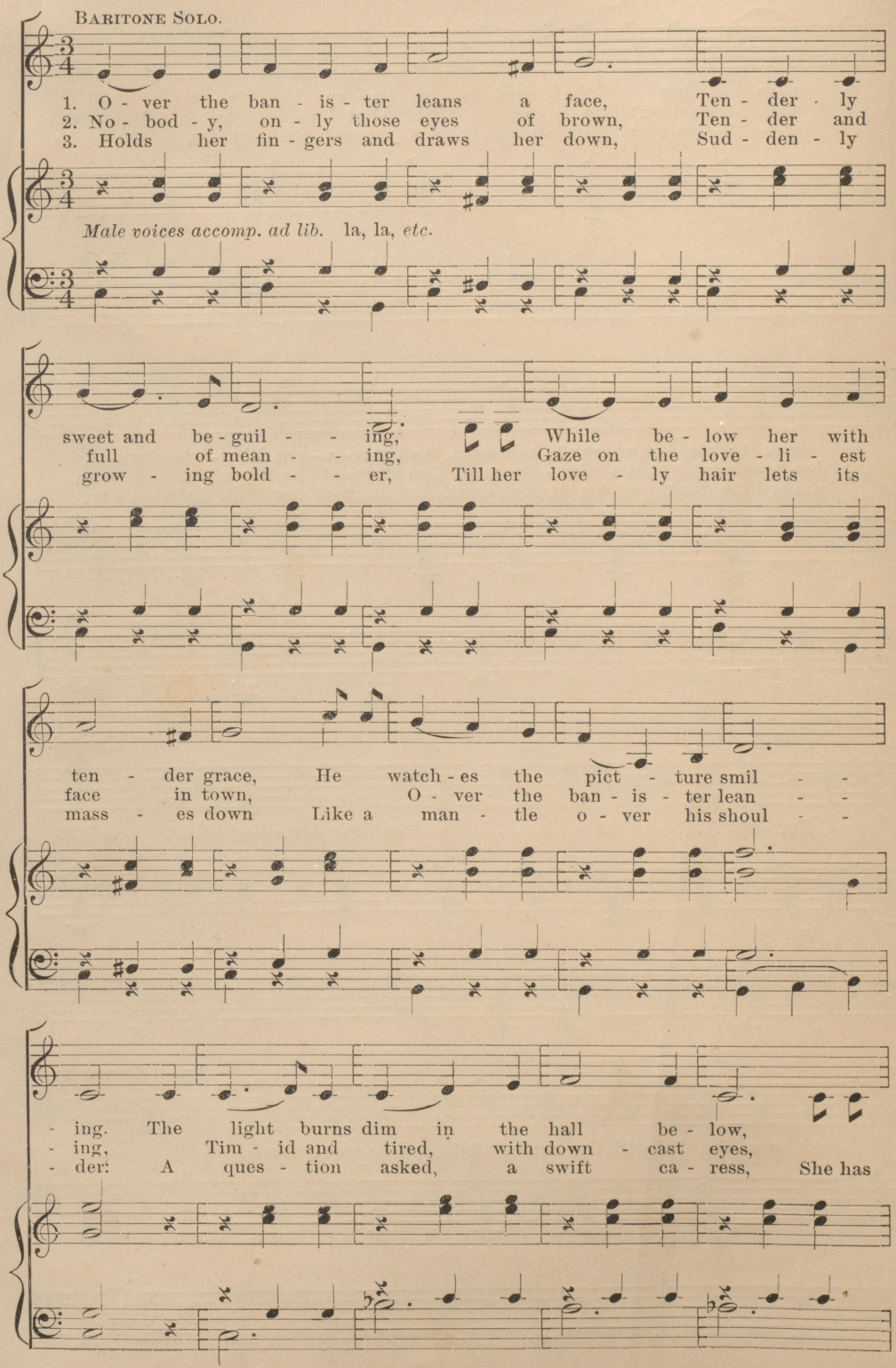
5 And then in the calm of the twilight,
When the soft winds whispering blow,
And the darkening shadows are falling,
Sometimes think of this buffer below.—*Cho.*

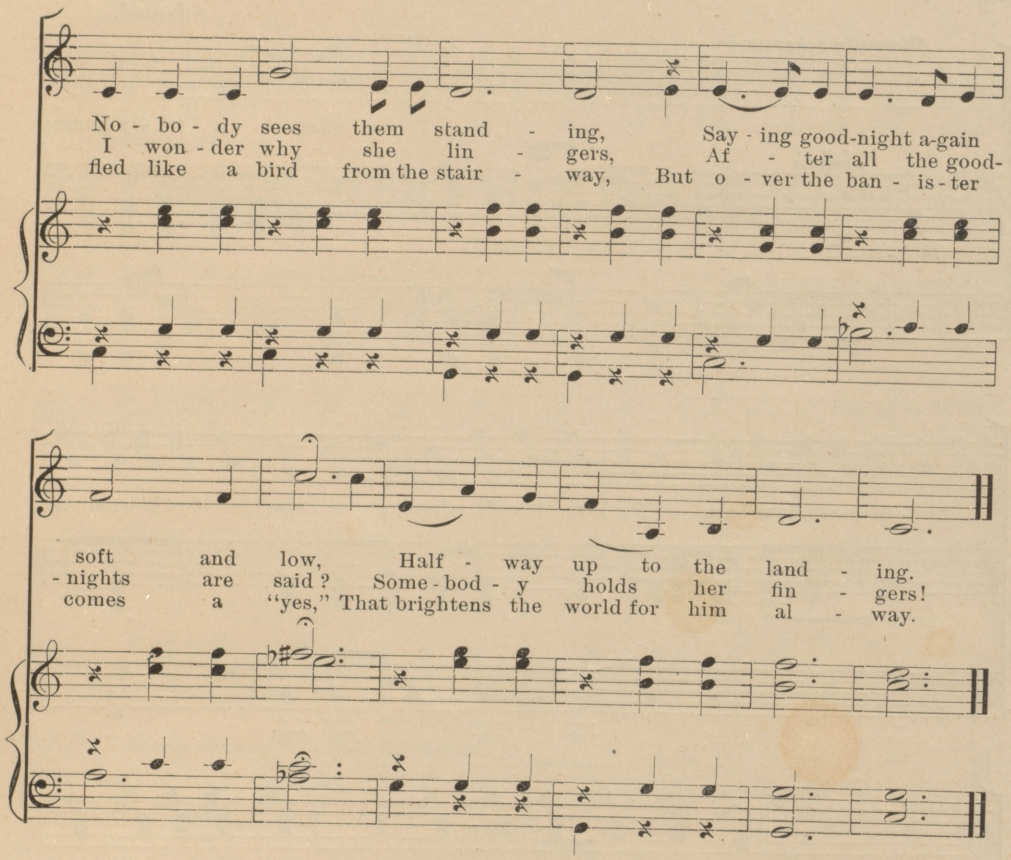
Michael Roy.


Allegretto. mf
1. In Brook-lyn ci - ty there lived a maid, And she was known to
2. She fell in love with a char - coal man, Mc - Clos - key was his
3. Mc - Clos - key shout-ed and hollered in vain, For the don - key would n't
mf
fame; Her moth - er's name was Ma - ry Ann, And
name; His fight - ing weight was seven stone ten, And he
stop; And he threw Ma - ry Jane right o - ver his head, Right
hers was Ma - ry Jane. And ev - e - ry Sat - ur - day
loved sweet Ma - ry Jane. He took her to ride in his
in - to a pol - i - cy shop. When Mc - Clos - key saw that


morn - ing She used to go o - ver the riv - er, And
char - coal cart On a fine St. Pat - rick's day, But the
ter - ri - ble sight; His heart it was moved with pi - ty, So he
went to mar-ket, where she sold eggs, And sass - a - ges, like - wise liv - er.
don-key took fright at a Jer - sey man, And start - ed and ran a - way.
stabbed the donkey with a bit of charcoal, And start-ed for Salt Lake ci - ty.
f CHORUS.
Shouted.
For oh! . . . For oh! . . . he was my dar - ling boy, FOR
f
Repeat Chorus pp
he was the lad with the au-burn hair, And his name was Mich - ael Roy.

Over the Banister.





Michael and the Banister.

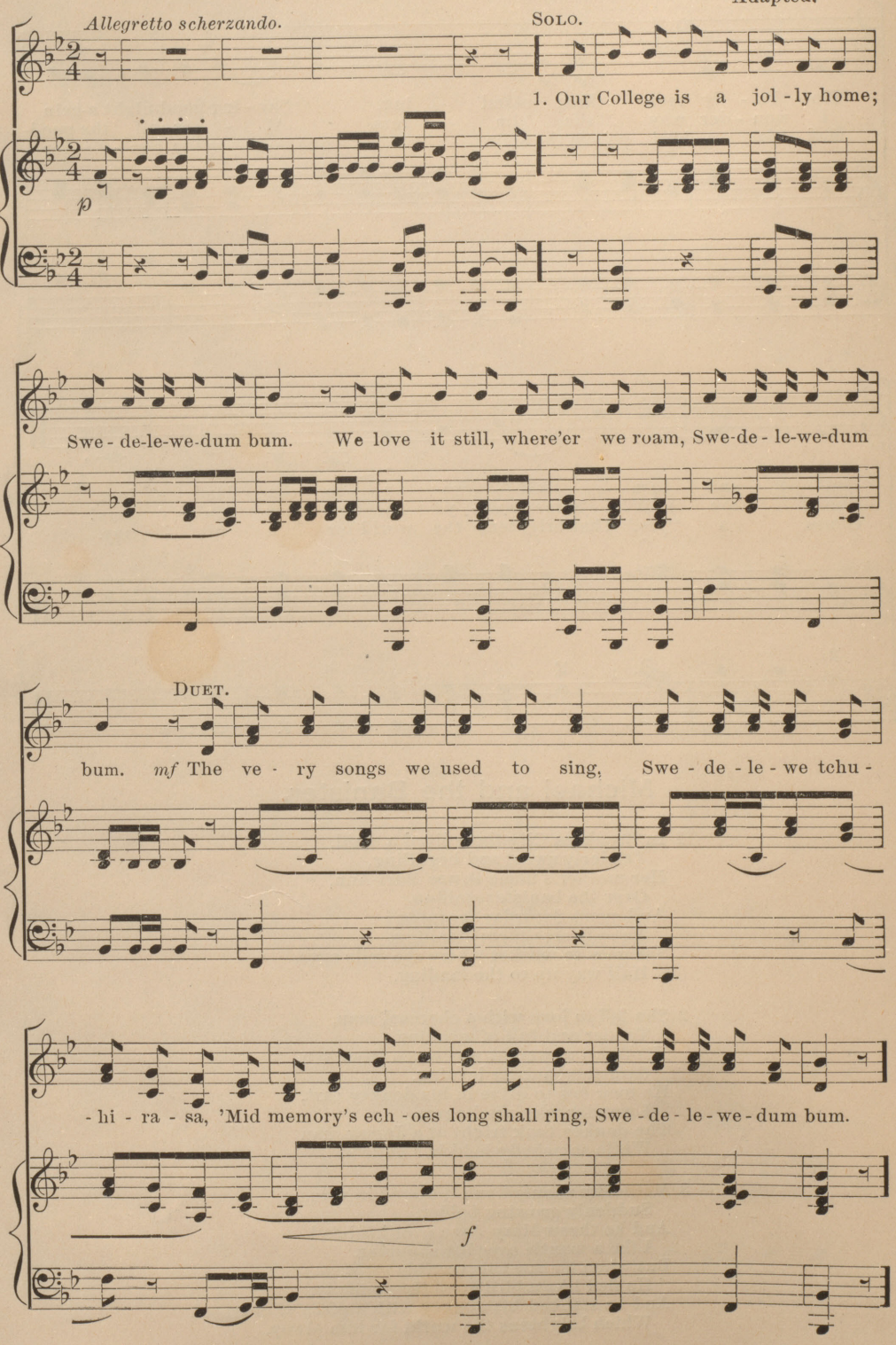
1 In Brooklyn City there lived a maid,
Tenderly sweet and beguiling,
Her mother's name it was Mari-Ann,
Over the banister smiling.
And every Saturday morning
Nobody sees them standing,
She goes to market where she sells eggs,
Half way up to the landing.

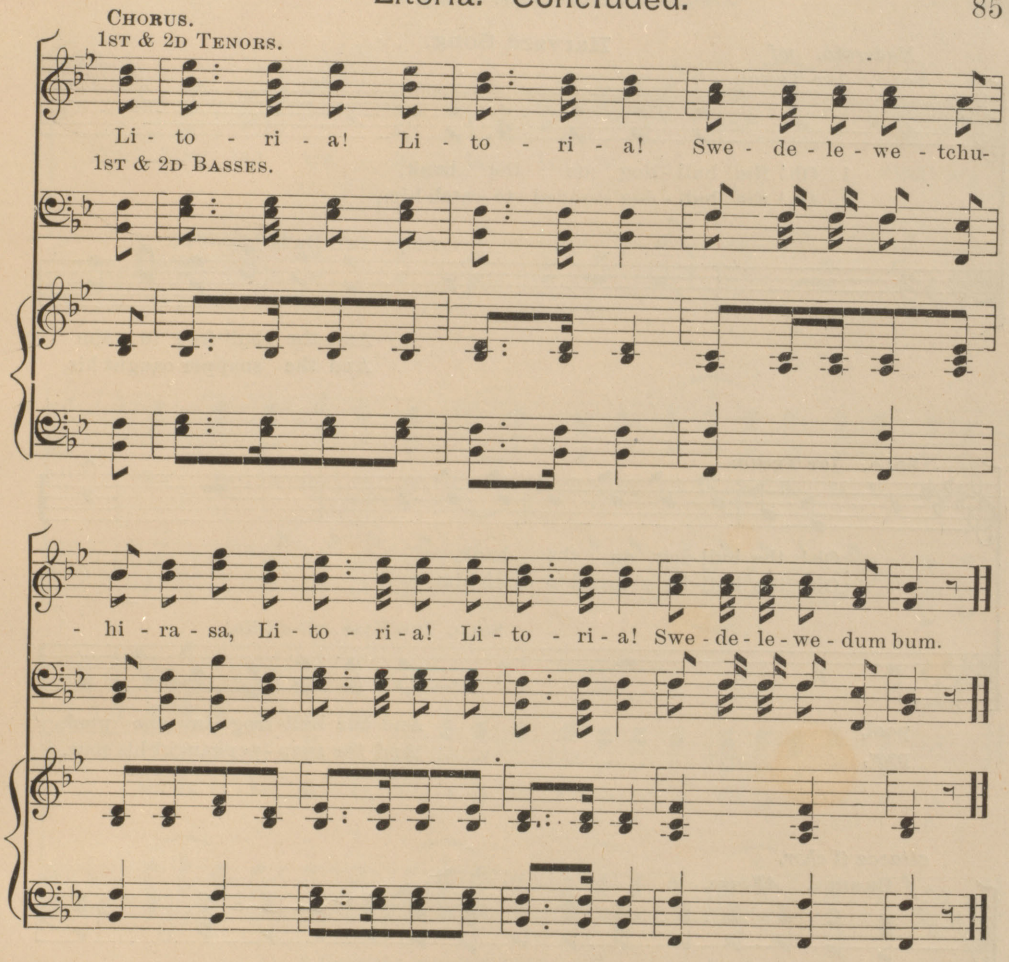
2 She fell in love with a charcoal man,
Tender and full of meaning,
His fighting weight was seven stone ten,
Over the banister leaning.
He took her to drive in his donkey cart,
I wonder why she lingers,
The donkey took fright at a Jersey man
While somebody held her fingers.

3 McClosky shouted and hollered in vain,
Suddenly growing bolder,
And he threw Mary Jane over his head
Like a mantle over his shoulder.
But when he saw this terrible sight,
He fled like a bird from the stairway,
And he stabbed his donkey with a piece of charcoal,
Which brightens the world for him alway.

Litoria.

Adapted.





2 As freshmen first we come to McGill, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
Examinations make us ill, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
But when we reach our Senior year, Swe-de-le- we tchuhirasa,
Of such things we have lost our fear, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum—*Chorus.*

3 As Sophomores we have a task, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
'Tis best performed by torch and mask; Swe-de-le-we-dum bum;
For subjects dead, the students weep, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa.
And snatch them while the sextons sleep, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

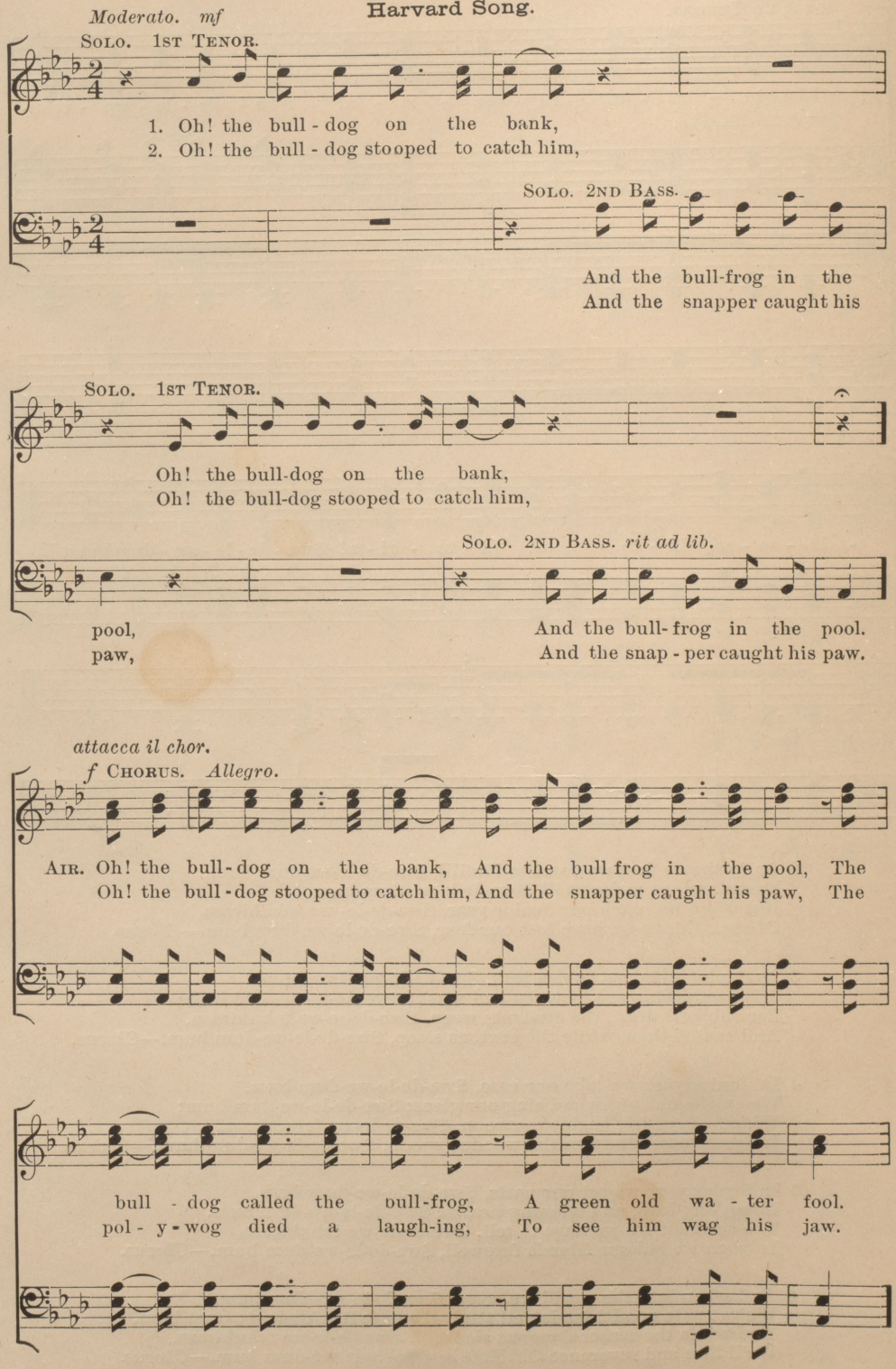
4 In Junior year we take our ease, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees; Swe-de-le-we-dum bum;
When college life begins to swoon, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa.
It drinks new life from the wooden spoon, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

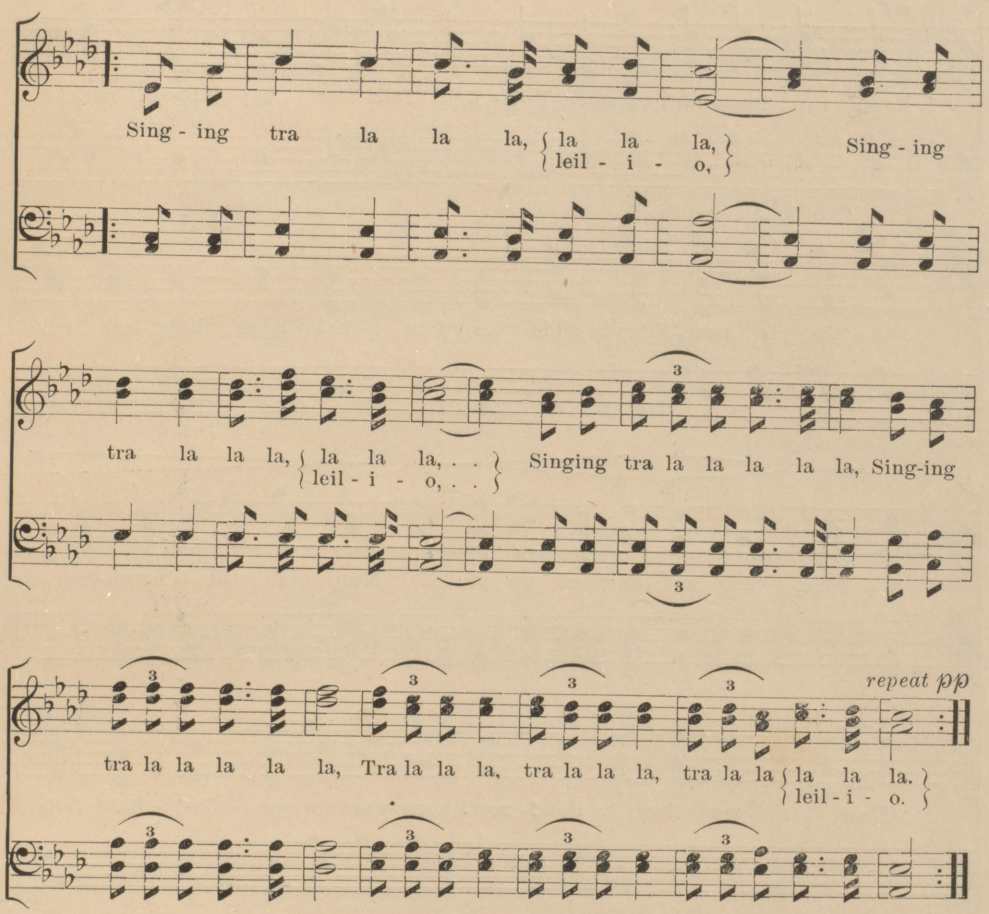
5 In Senior year we act our parts, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
In making love, and winning hearts; Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
The saddest tale we have to tell, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa,
Is when we bid our friends farewell, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

6 And when into the world we come, Swe-de-le-we- dum bum,
We've made good friends and studied some; Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
And while the seasons' moons shall fill, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa,
We'll love and reverence Old McGill, Swe-de-le we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

The Bull Dog.

Harvard Song.





3 Says the monkey to the owl;
"O! what'll you have to drink?"
"Why since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."

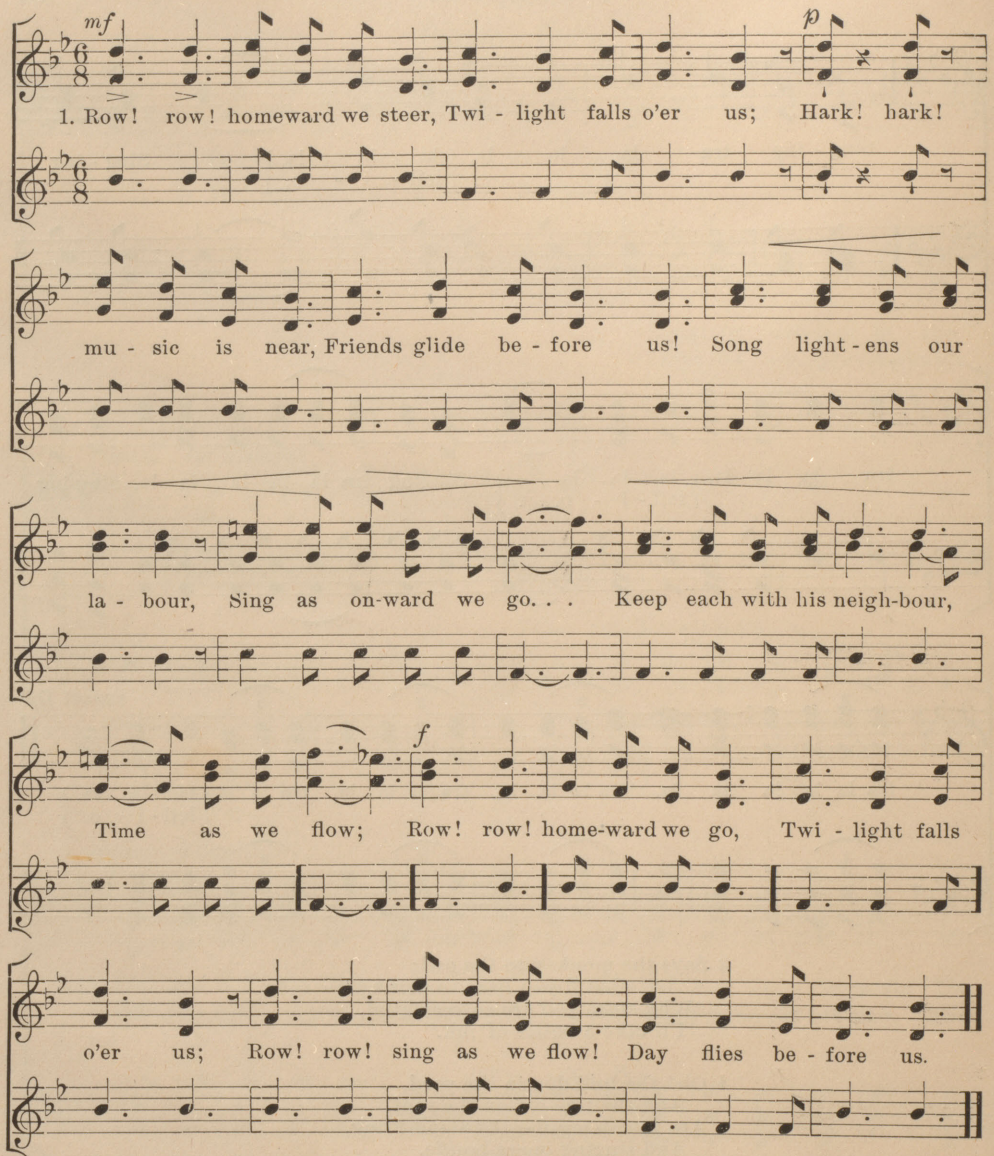
4 Oh! the bull dog in the yard,
And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practising the Highland Fling,
And singing opera bouffe.

5 Says the tom-cat to the dog,
"Oh! set your ears agog,
For Jule's about to tête-à-tête
With Romeo, *incog.*"

6 Says the bull-dog to the cat
"Oh! what do you think they're at?
They're spooning in the dead of night:
But where's the harm in that?"

7 Pharaohs's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
And sent him off to school.

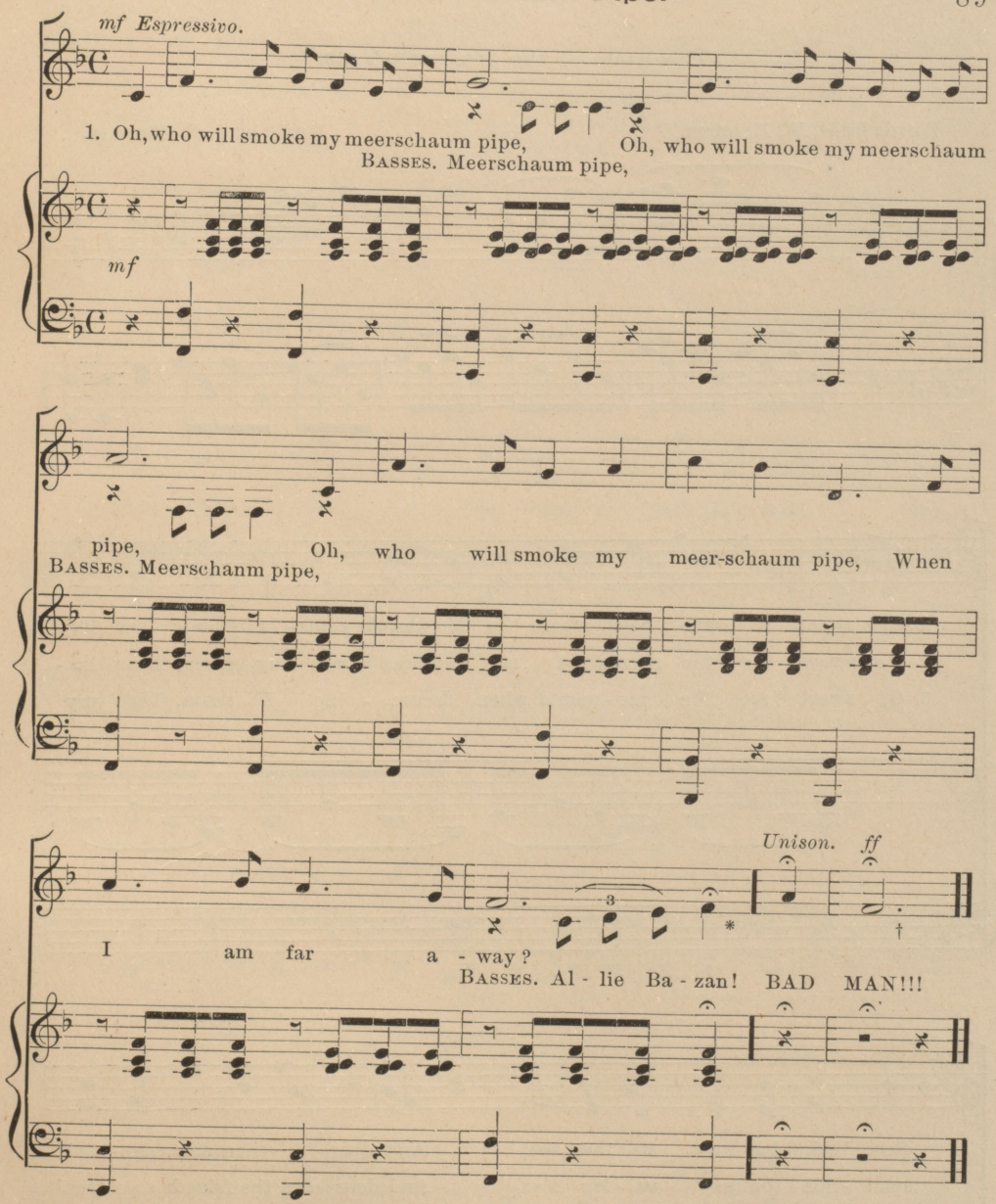
Trio. Row! Row!



2 Row! row! sing as we go!
Nature rejoices:
Hark! how the hills, as we flow,
Echo our voices!
Still o'er the dark waters
Far away we must roam,
Ere Canada's daughters
Welcome us home.
Row! row! homeward we go,
Twilight falls o'er us;
Row! row, sing as we flow,
Day flies before us.

3 Row! row! see in the west,
Lights dimly burning,
Friends in yon harbour of rest
Wait our returning.
See! now they burn clearer;
Keep time with the oar;
Now, now we are nearer
Our happy shore!
Home! home! daylight is o'er,
Friends stand before us;
Yet, ere our boat touch the shore,
Once more the chorus :

CHORUS. Row! row! homeward we steer,
Twilight falls o'er us;
Hark! hark! music is near,
Friends glide before us.



2 Oh, who will wear my cast-off boots?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran!

3 Oh, who will hoist my green umbrell?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!

4 Oh, who will go to see my girl?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!
Kazecazan!

5 Oh, who will take her out to ride?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!
Kazecazan, Yucatan!

6 Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo!

7 Oh, who will trot her on his knee?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan!

8 Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan!
BAD MAN!!!

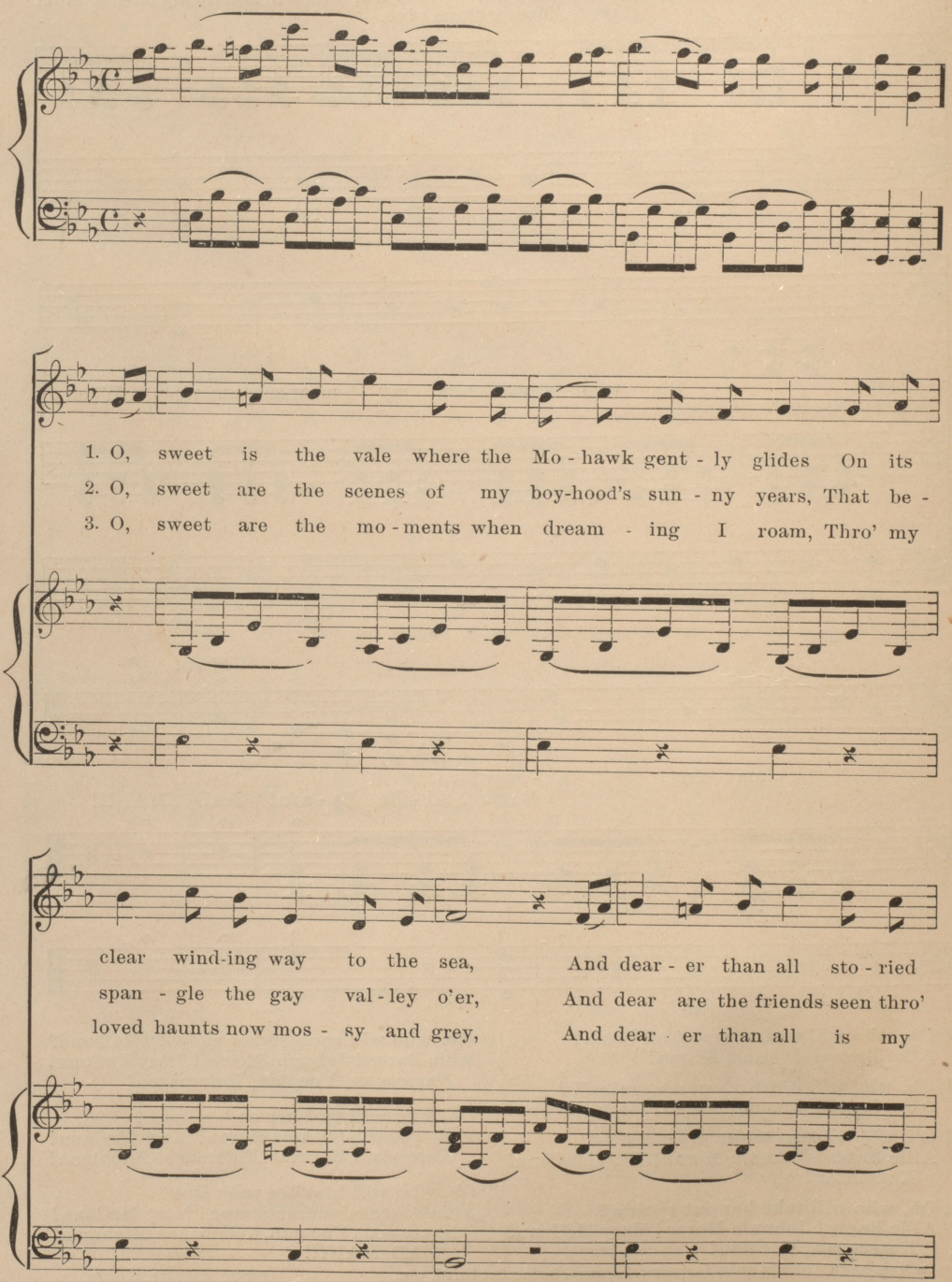
* Repeat this strain once for second stanza, twice for third, etc.

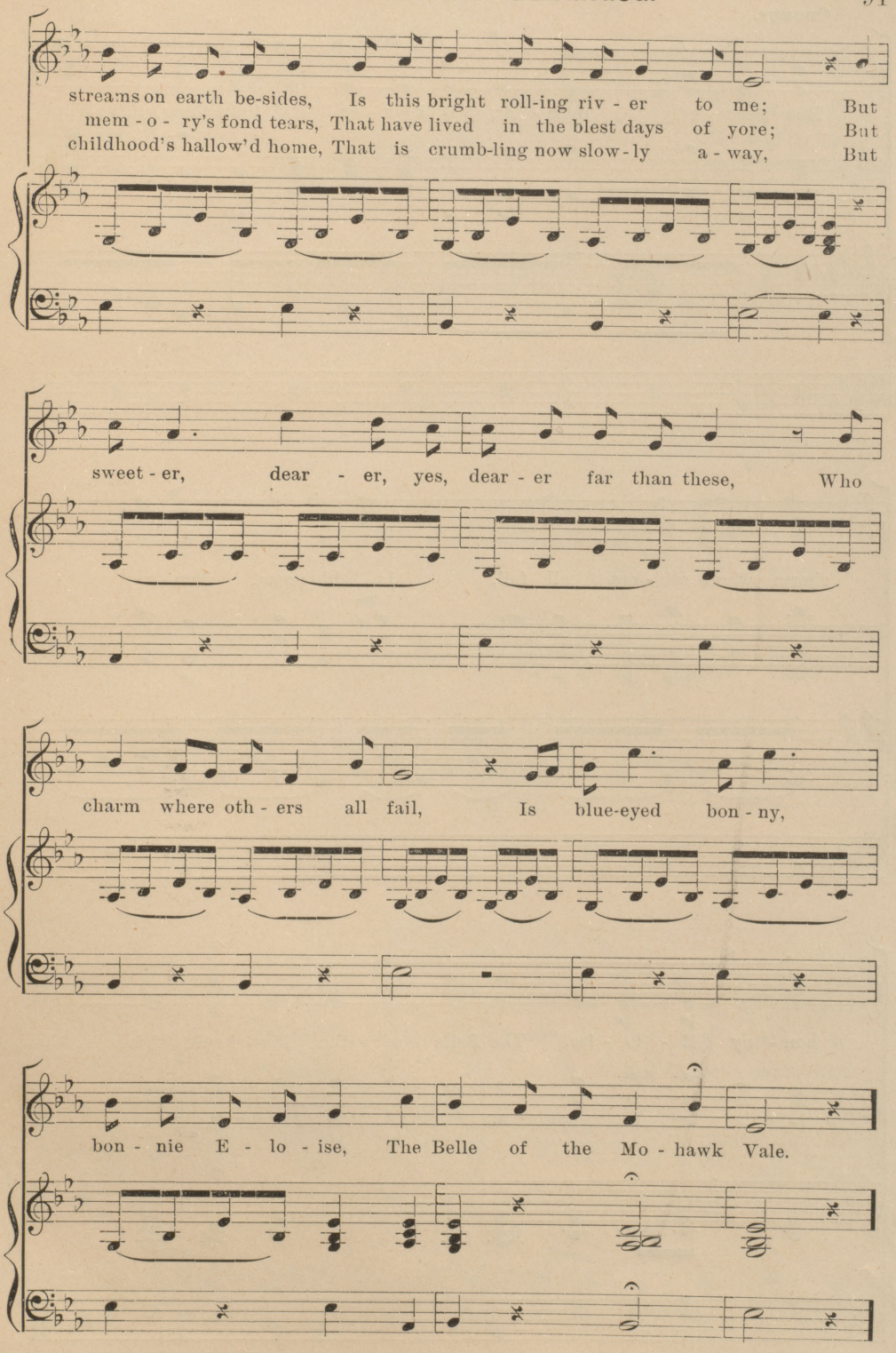
† For last stanza only.

Bonny Eloise.

The Belle of the Mohawk Vale.

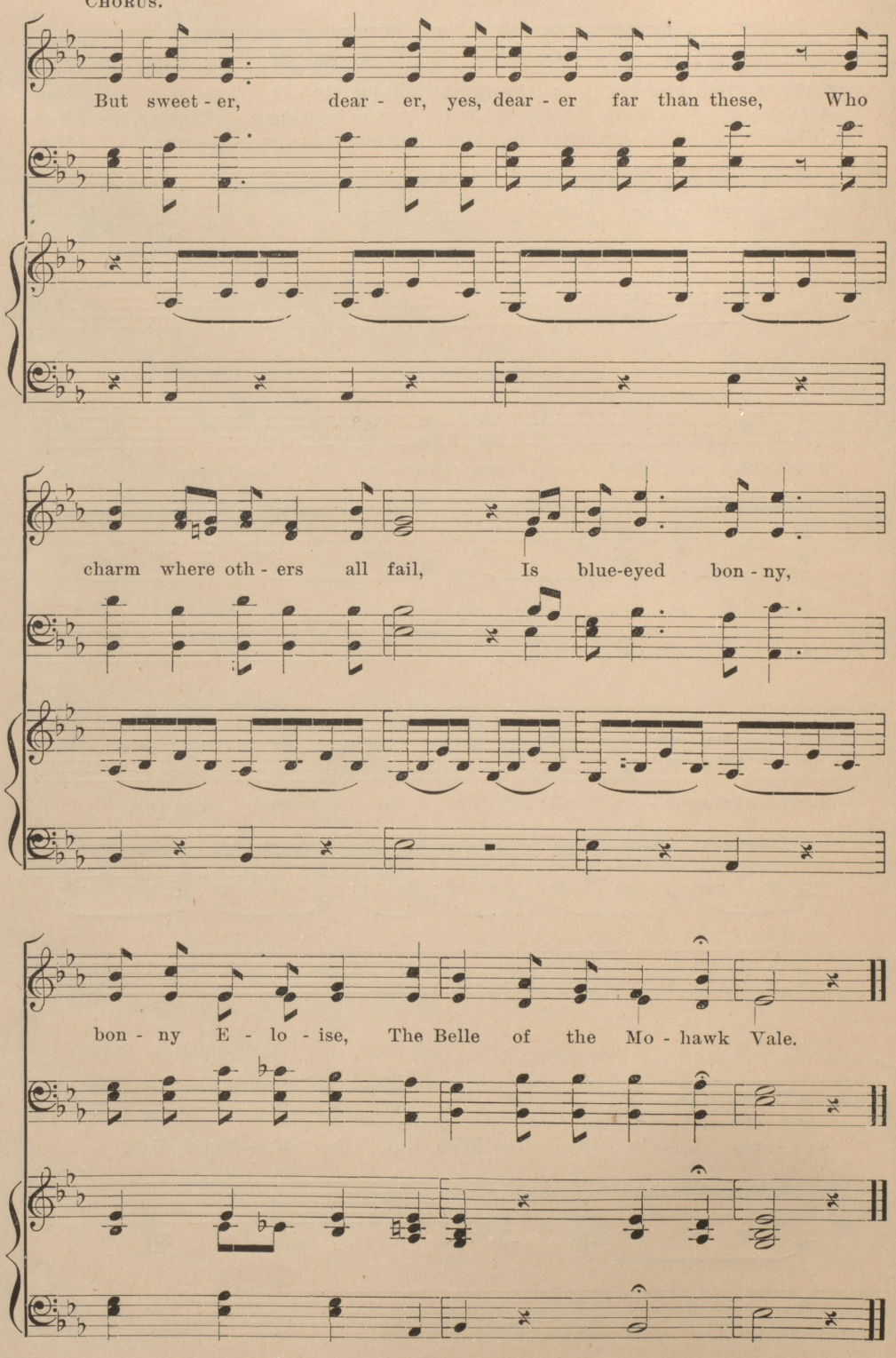
Words by G. W. Elliott. Music by J. R. Thomas.




streams on earth be-sides, Is this bright roll-ing riv - er to me; But
mem - o - ry's fond tears, That have lived in the blest days of yore; But
childhood's hallow'd home, That is crumb-ling now slow - ly a - way, But
sweet - er, dear - er, yes, dear - er far than these, Who
charm where oth - ers all fail, Is blue-eyed bon - ny,
bon - nie E - lo - ise, The Belle of the Mo - hawk Vale.

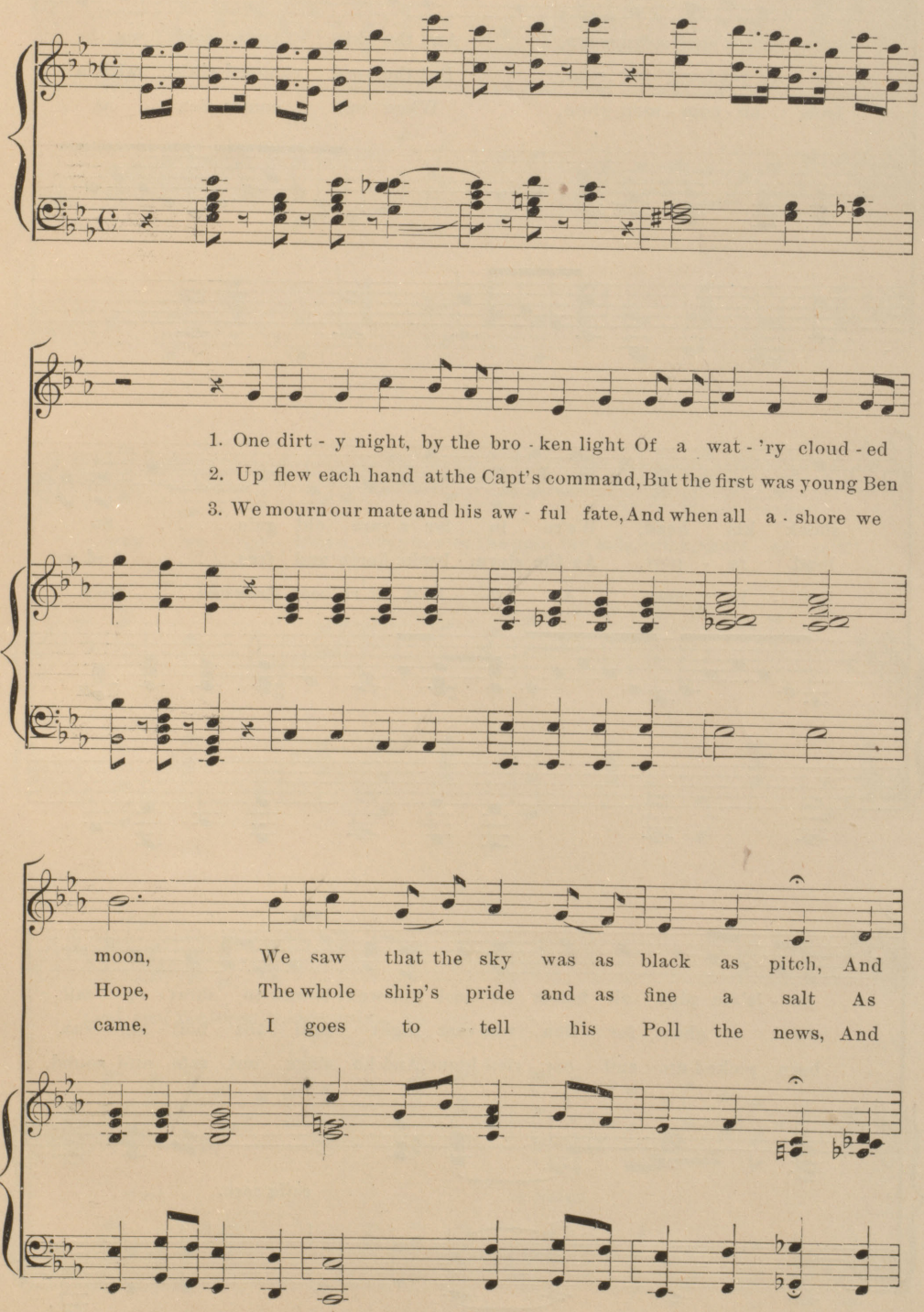
Bonnie Eloise. Concluded.

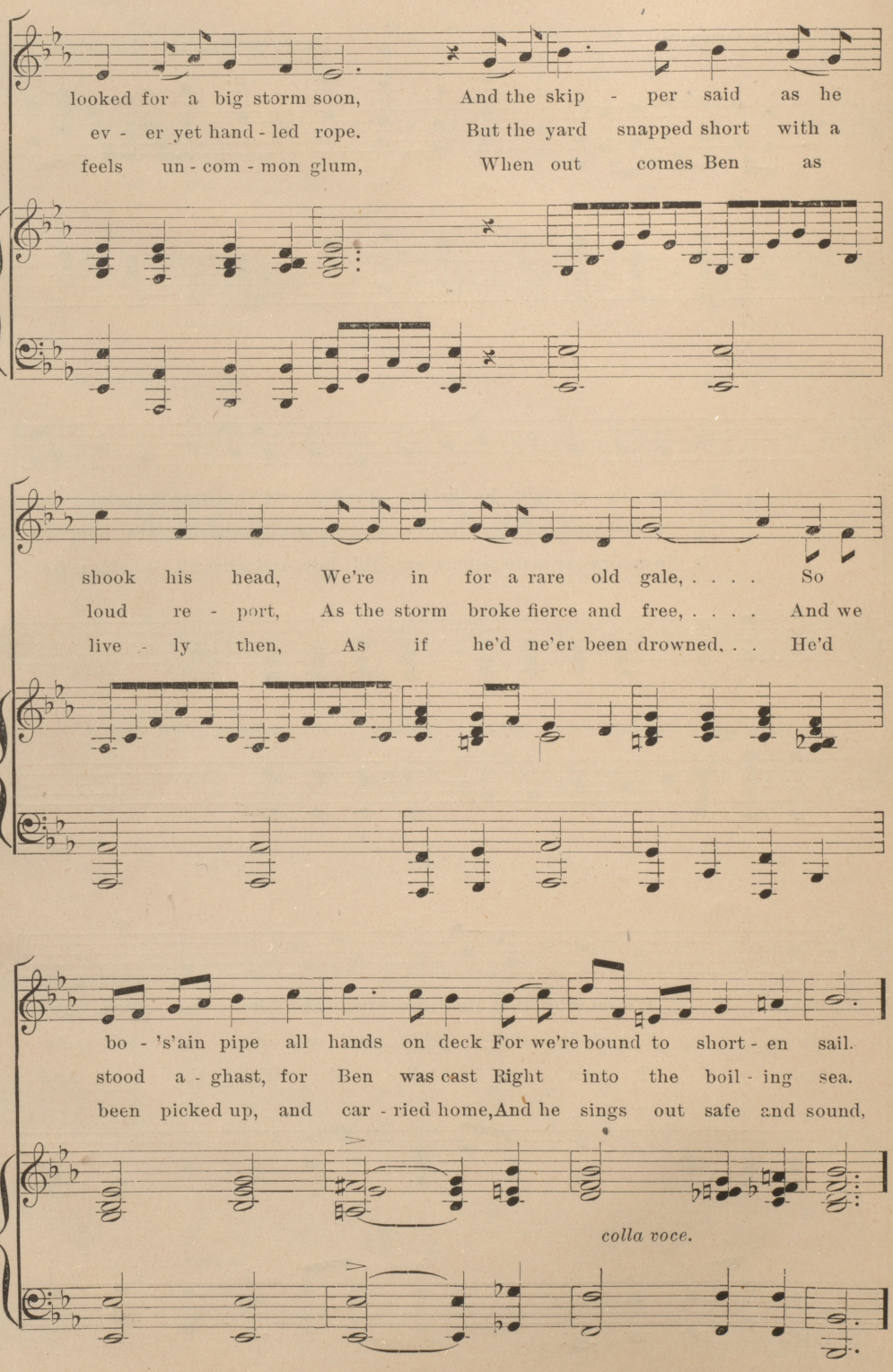
CHORUS.

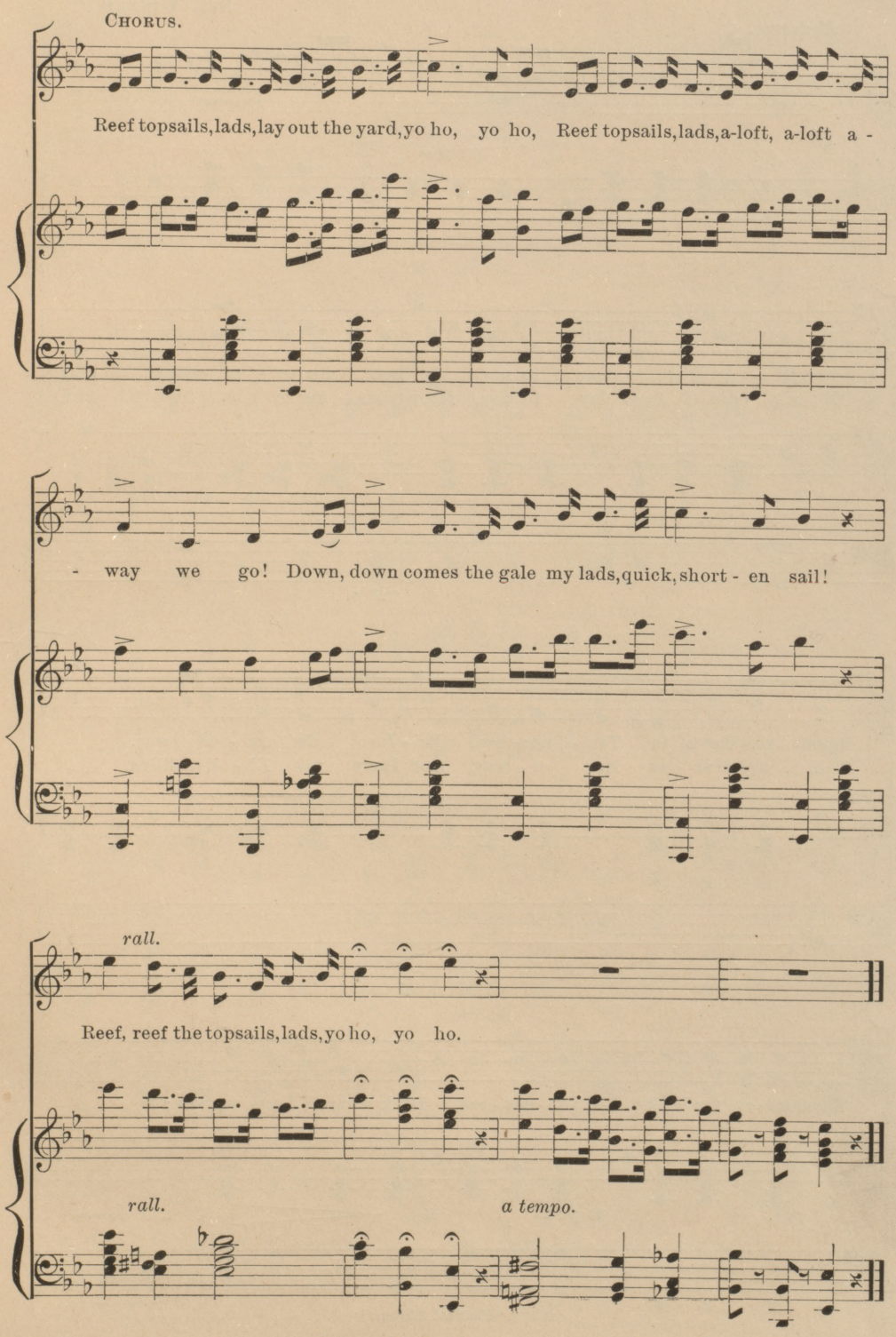


Sailor Ben Hope.

Words by OSWALD. Music by WILLIAM WARWICK.




looked for a big storm soon, And the skip - per said as he
ev - er yet hand - led rope. But the yard snapped short with a
feels un - com - mon glum, When out comes Ben as
shook his head, We're in for a rare old gale, ... So
loud re - port, As the storm broke fierce and free, ... And we
live - ly then, As if he'd ne'er been drowned. . . He'd
bo - 's'ain pipe all hands on deck For we're bound to short - en sail.
stood a - ghast, for Ben was cast Right into the boil - ing sea.
been picked up, and car - ried home, And he sings out safe and sound,
colla voce.


Chorus.
Reef topsails, lads, lay out the yard, yo ho, yo ho, Reef topsails, lads, a-loft, a-loft a -
- way we go! Down, down comes the gale my lads, quick, short - en sail!
rall.
Reef, reef the topsails, lads, yo ho, yo ho.
rall.
a tempo.

Carry me back to Tennessee.

SEP. WINNER.

Moderato.

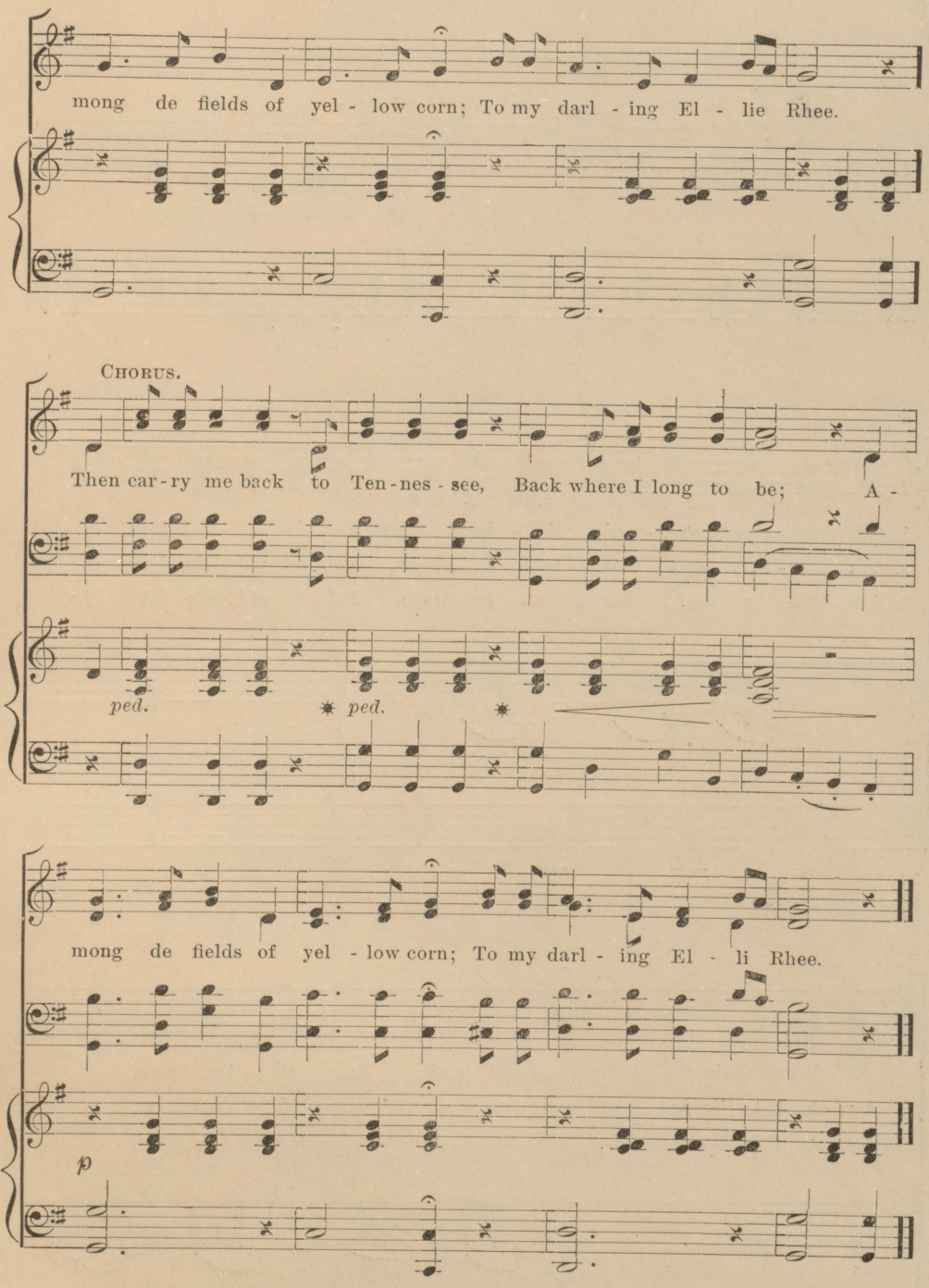
p

1. Sweet El - lie Rhee, so dear to me Is lost for ev - er more; Our home was down in Ten - nes - see, Be - fore dis cru - el war.
2. Oh, why did I from day to day, Keep wish - ing to be free, And from my mas - sa run a - way, And leave my El - lie Rhee.

Then car - ry me back to Ten - nes - see, Back where I long to be; A -

ped. * *ped.* *

From "Federal Album."



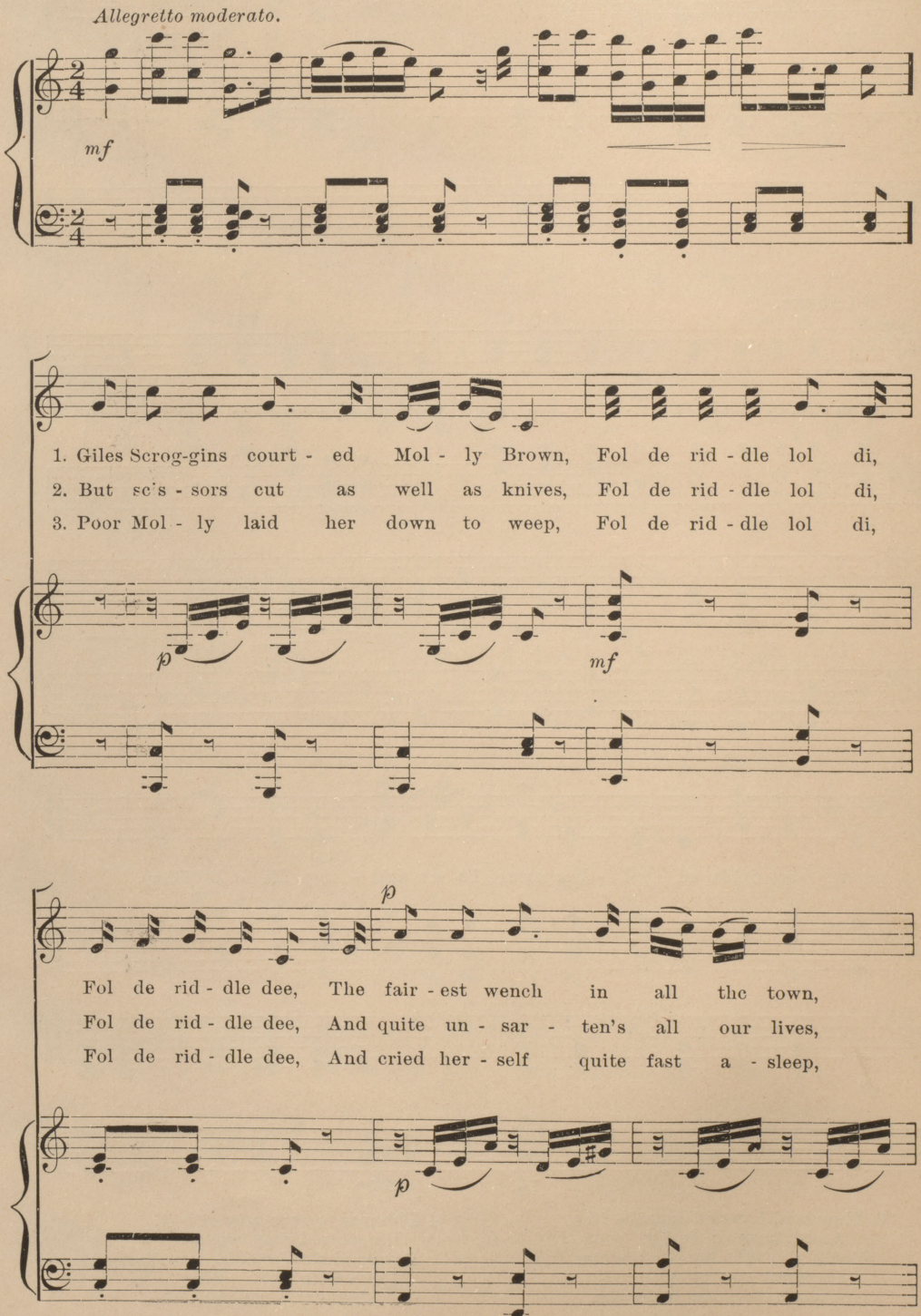
3 They said I would soon be free,
And happy all de day,
But if dey take me back again
I'll neber run away.
Then carry me back, etc.

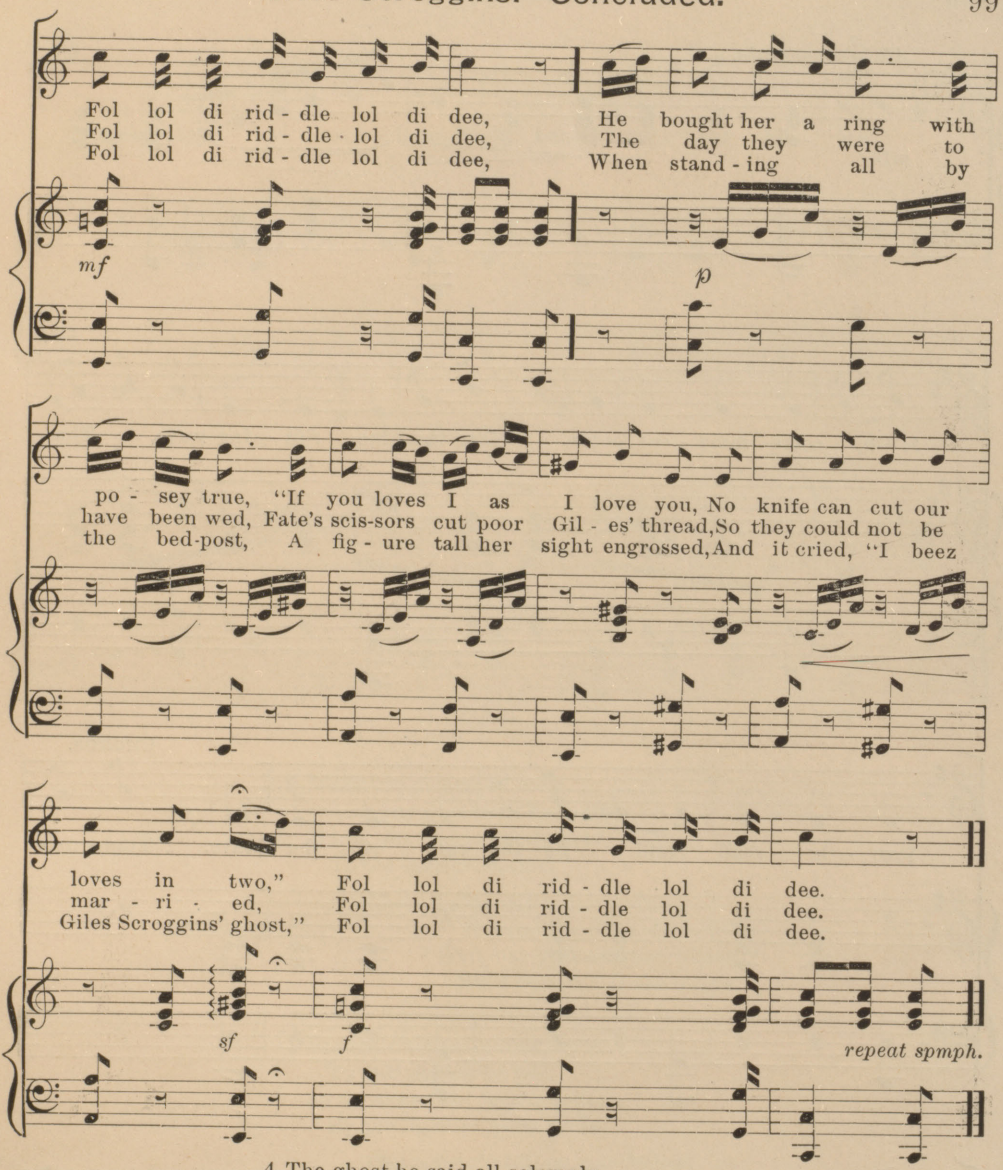
4 The war is over now at last,
De colored race am free,
Dat good time comin' on so fast;
I'se waitin' for to see.
Then carry me back, etc.

Giles Scroggins.

Specially arranged for THE McGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

Allegretto moderato.

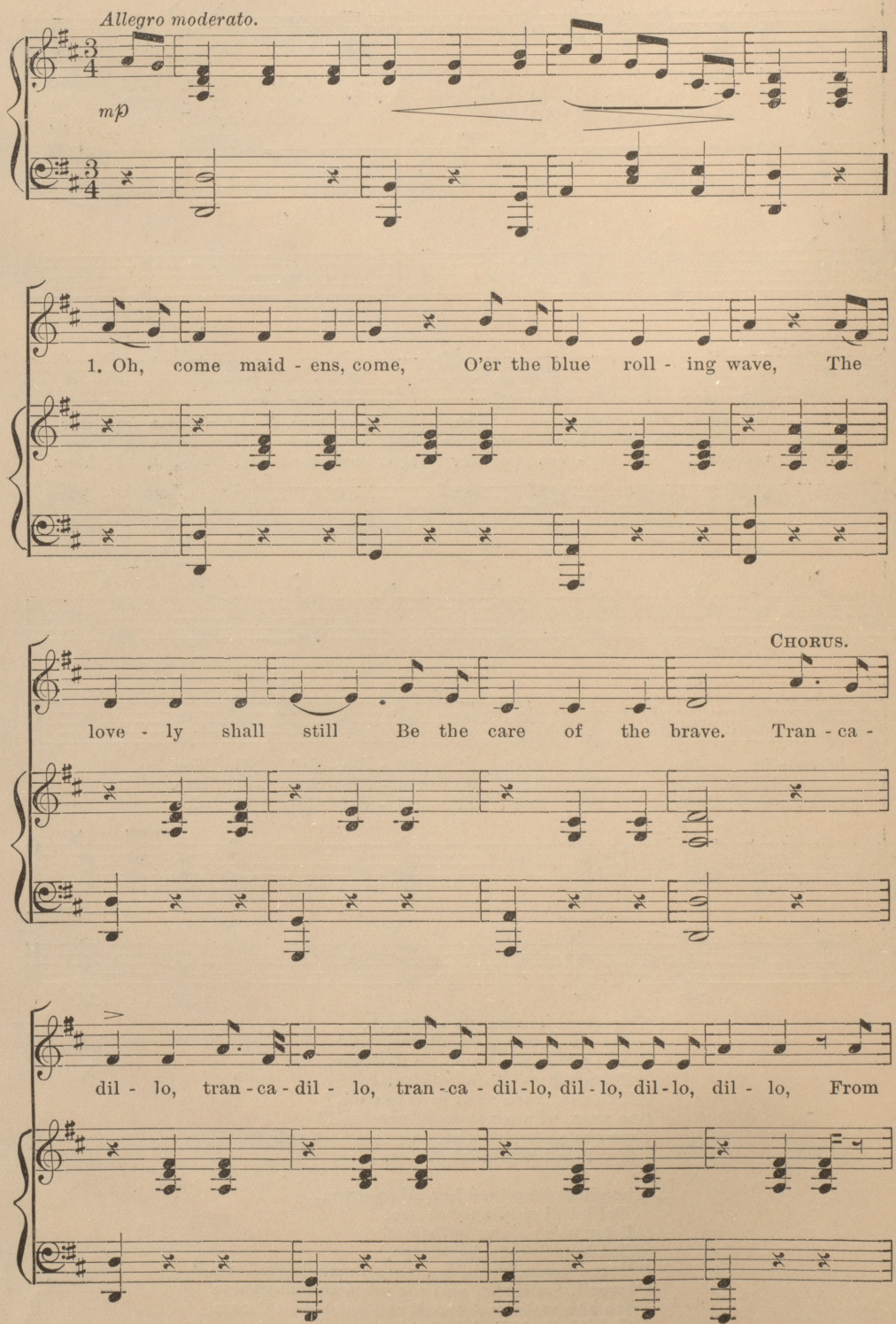


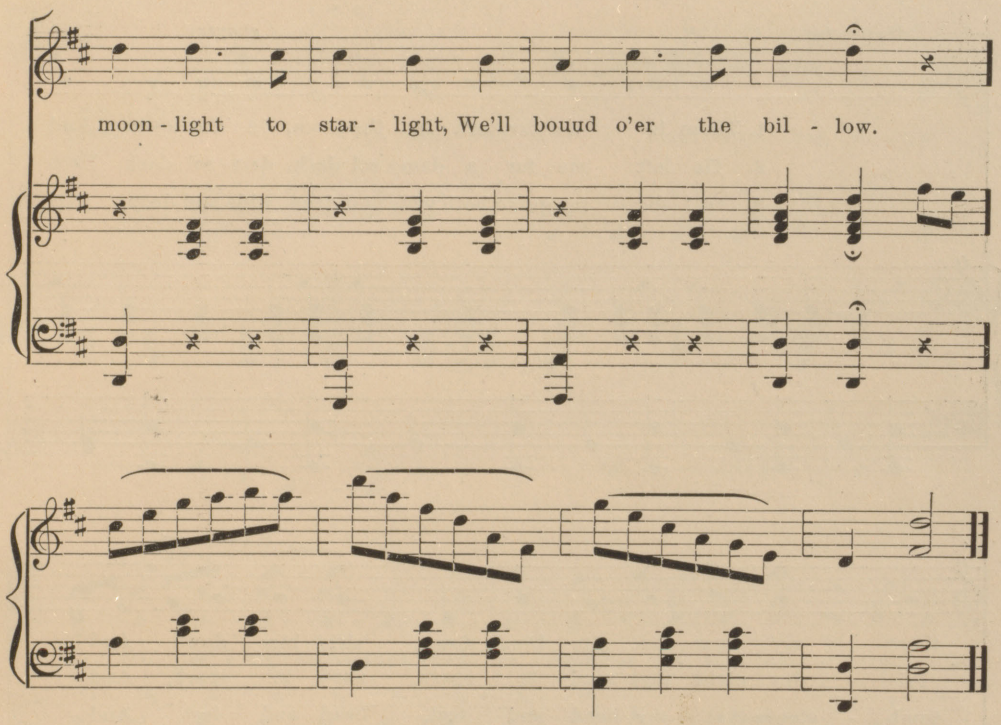


4 The ghost he said all solemnly,
Fol lol di riddle lol di dee,
"Oh! Molly, you must go with me,
Fol lol di riddle lol di dee,
All to the grave your love to cool,"
She says, "I am not dead. you fool!"
Says the ghost, says he, "vy that's no rule,"
Fol lol di riddle lol di dee,

5 The ghost he seized her all so grim,
Fol lol di riddle lol di dee,
All for to go along with him,
Fol lol di riddle lol di dee,
" Come, come," said he, "ere's morning's beam,"
"I won't, "said she, and she screamed a scream;
Then she woke and found she'd dream a dream,
Fol lol di riddle lol di dee,

Trancadillo.





2 Wake the chorus of song,
And our oars shall keep time,
While our hearts gently beat,
To the musical chime.

Cho.—Trancadillo, trancadillo,
Trancadillo, dillo, dillo, dillo.
With oar-beat and heart-beat,
We'll bound o'er the billow.

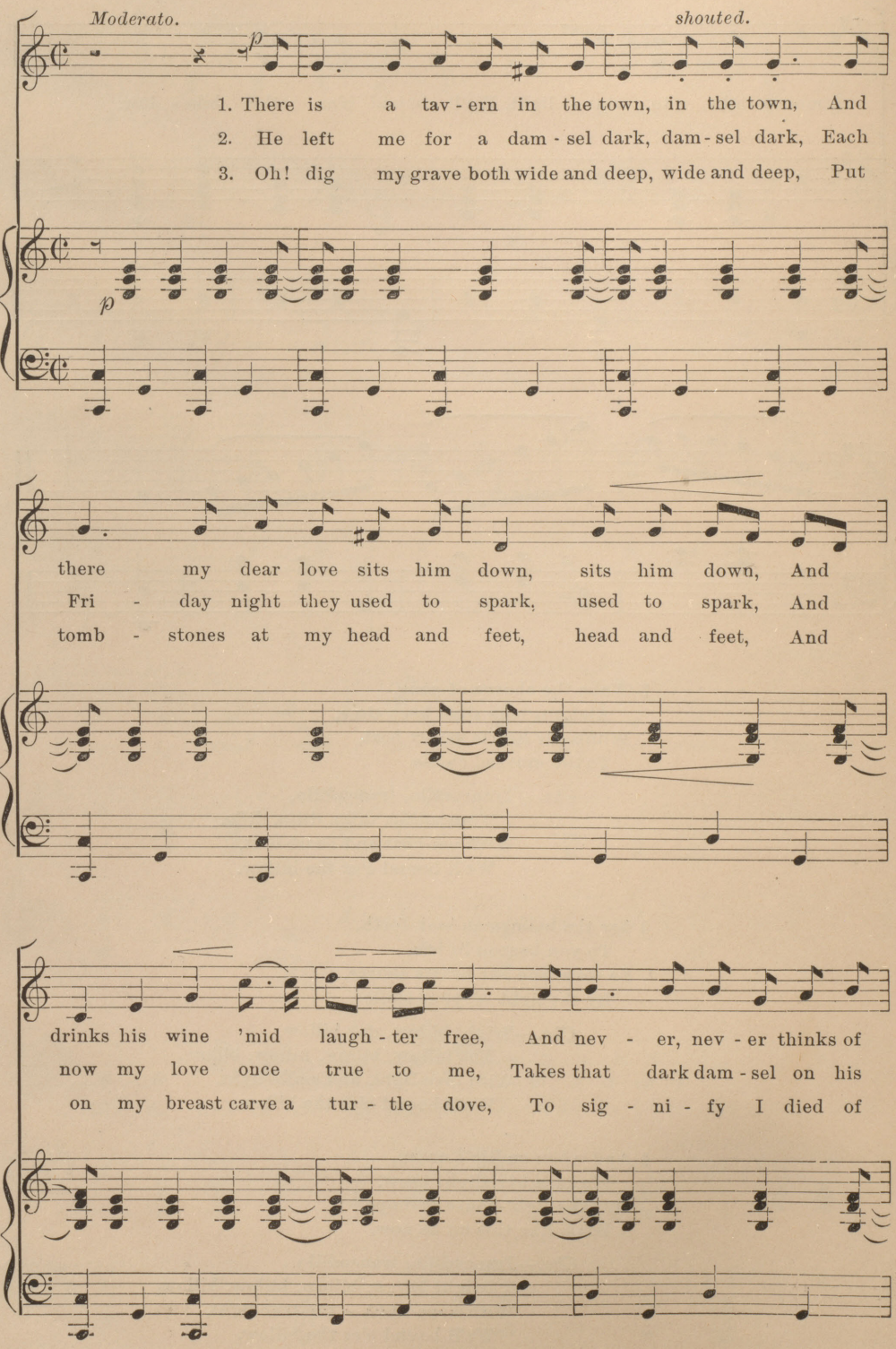
3 See the helmsman look forth,
To yon beacon-lit isle,
So we shape our hearts source,
By the light of your smile.

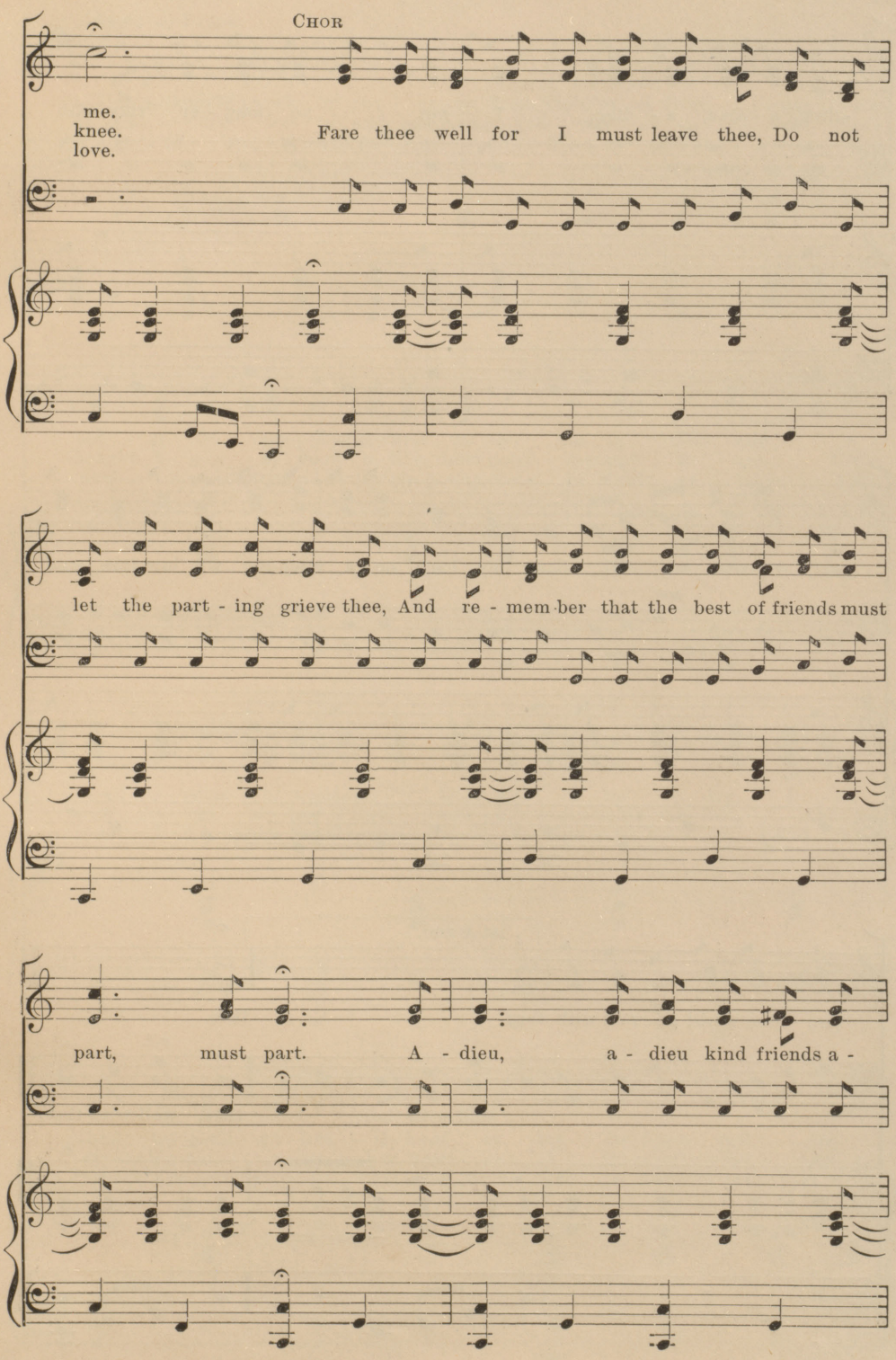
Cho.—Bright billow, gay billow.
The billow, billow, billow, billow,
With love-light, and smile-light,
We'll bound o'er the billow.

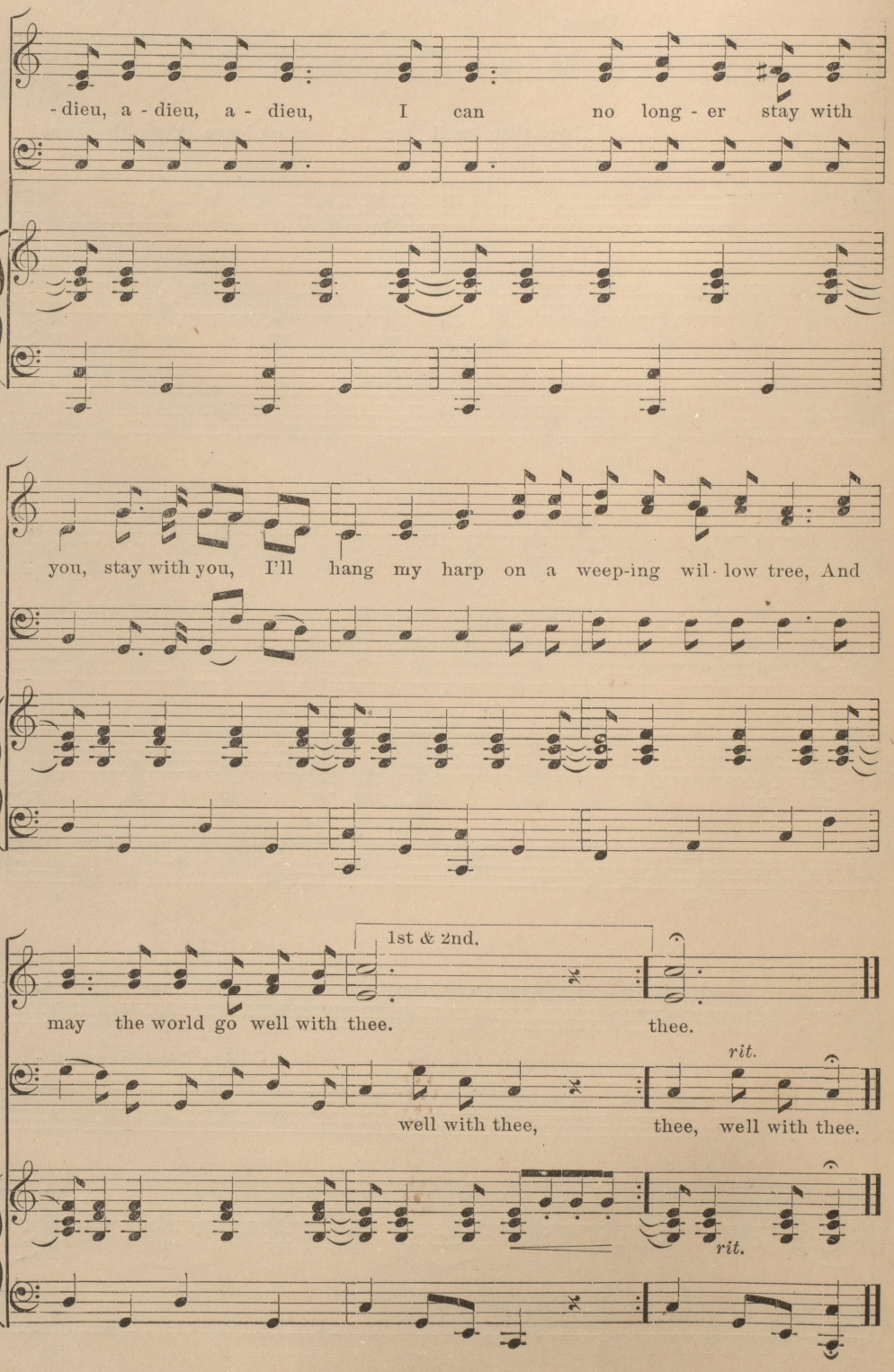
4 And when on life's ocean,
We turn our slight prow,
May the light-house of hope
Beam like this on us now.

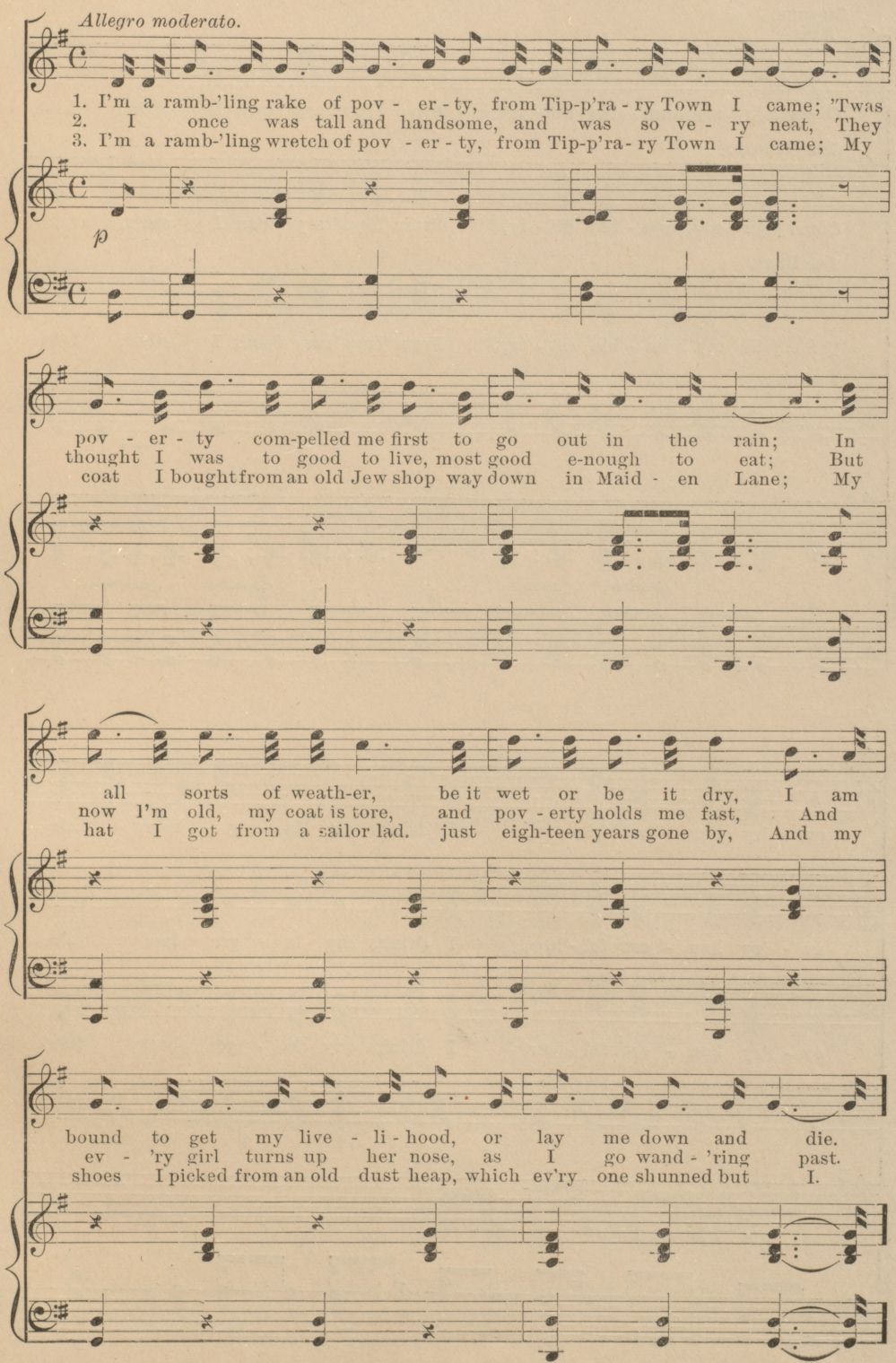
Cho.—Trancadillo, trancadillo,
Bright billow, billow, billow, billow,
With hope-light,— the true-light,
We'll bound o'er the billow.

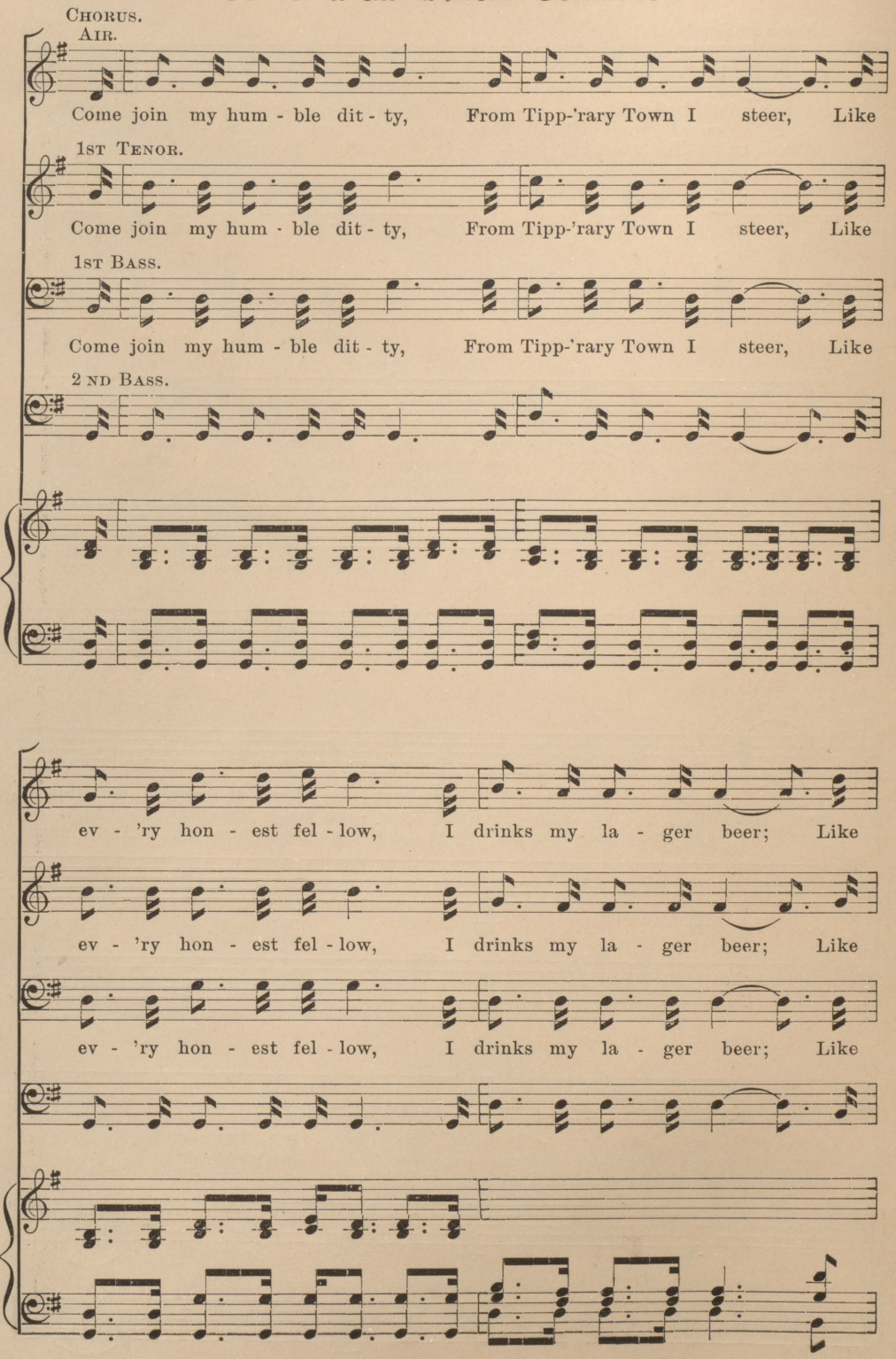
There is a Tavern in the Town.

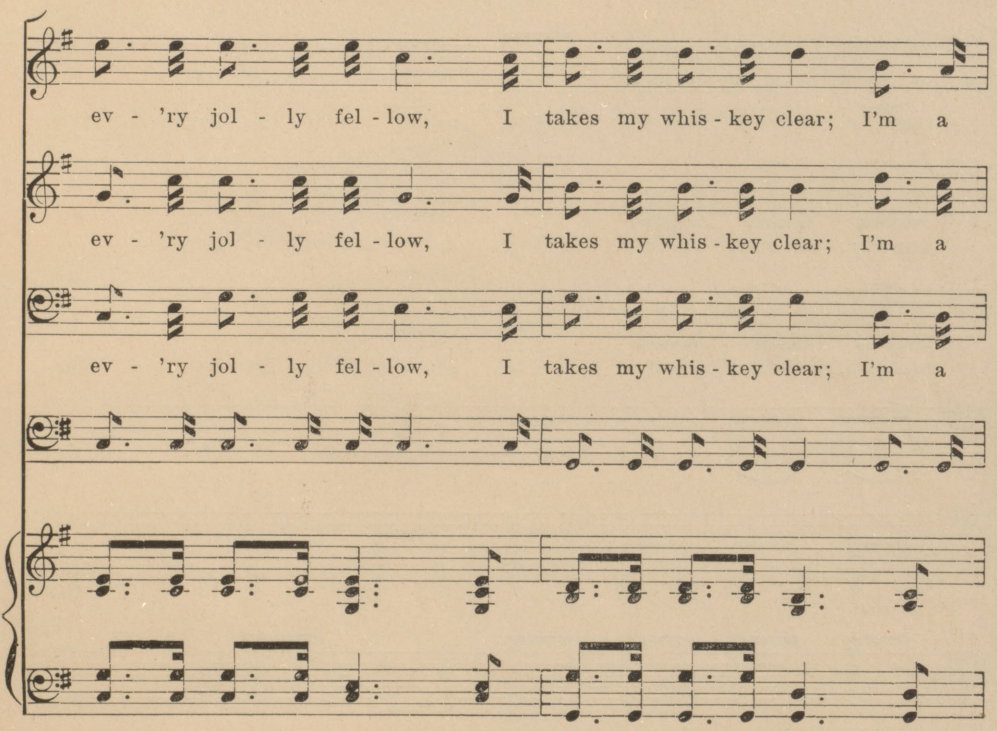


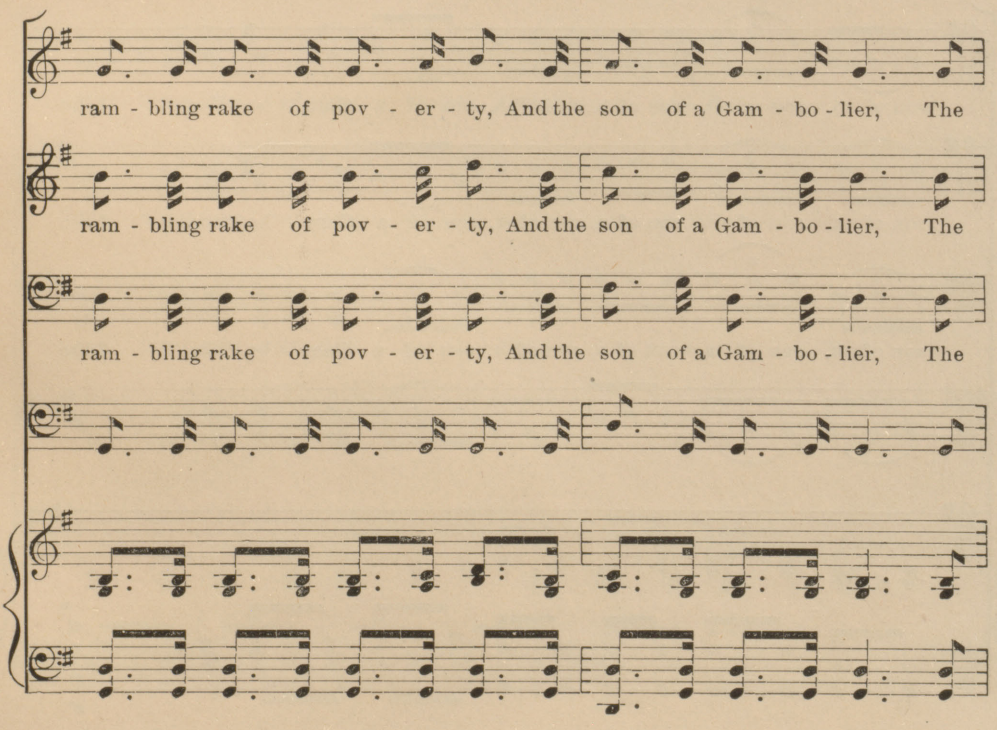

Chor
me.
knee.
love.
Fare thee well for I must leave thee, Do not
let the part - ing grieve thee, And re - mem-ber that the best of friends must
part, must part. A - dieu, a - dieu kind friends a -


-dieu, a - dieu, a - dieu, I can no long - er stay with
you, stay with you, I'll hang my harp on a weep-ing wil - low tree, And
1st & 2nd.
may the world go well with thee.
thee.
rit.
well with thee,
thee, well with thee.
rit.

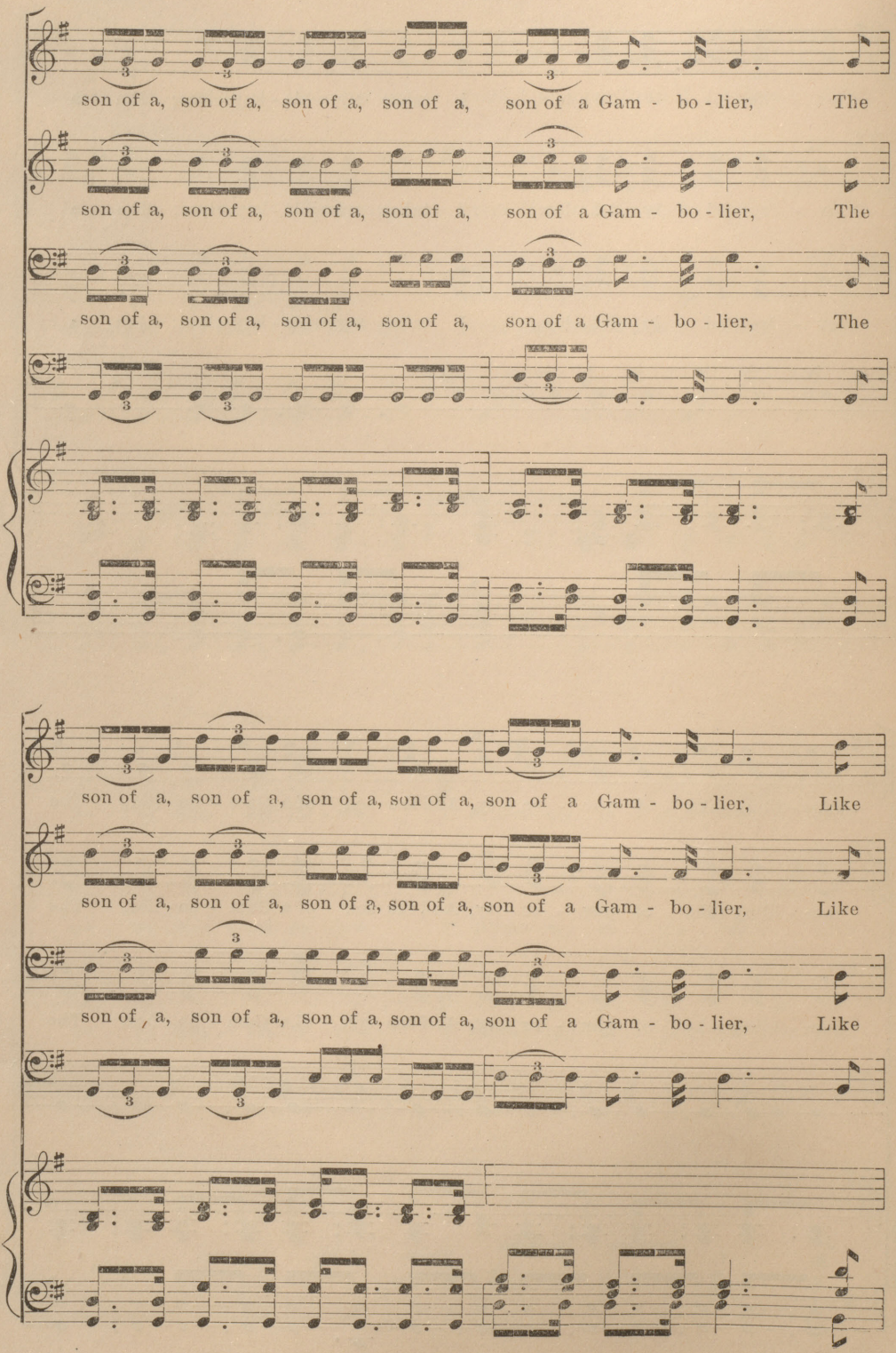

Allegro moderato.
1. I'm a ramb-'ling rake of pov - er - ty, from Tip-p'ra - ry Town I came; 'Twas
2. I once was tall and handsome, and was so ve - ry neat, They
3. I'm a ramb-'ling wretch of pov - er - ty, from Tip-p'ra - ry Town I came; My
p
pov - er - ty com-pelled me first to go out in the rain; In
thought I was to good to live, most good e-nough to eat; But
coat I bought from an old Jew shop way down in Maid - en Lane; My
all sorts of weath-er, be it wet or be it dry, I am
now I'm old, my coat is tore, and pov - erty holds me fast, And
hat I got from a sailor lad. just eigh-teen years gone by, And my
bound to get my live - li - hood, or lay me down and die.
ev - 'ry girl turns up her nose, as I go wand - 'ring past.
shoes I picked from an old dust heap, which ev'ry one shunned but I.

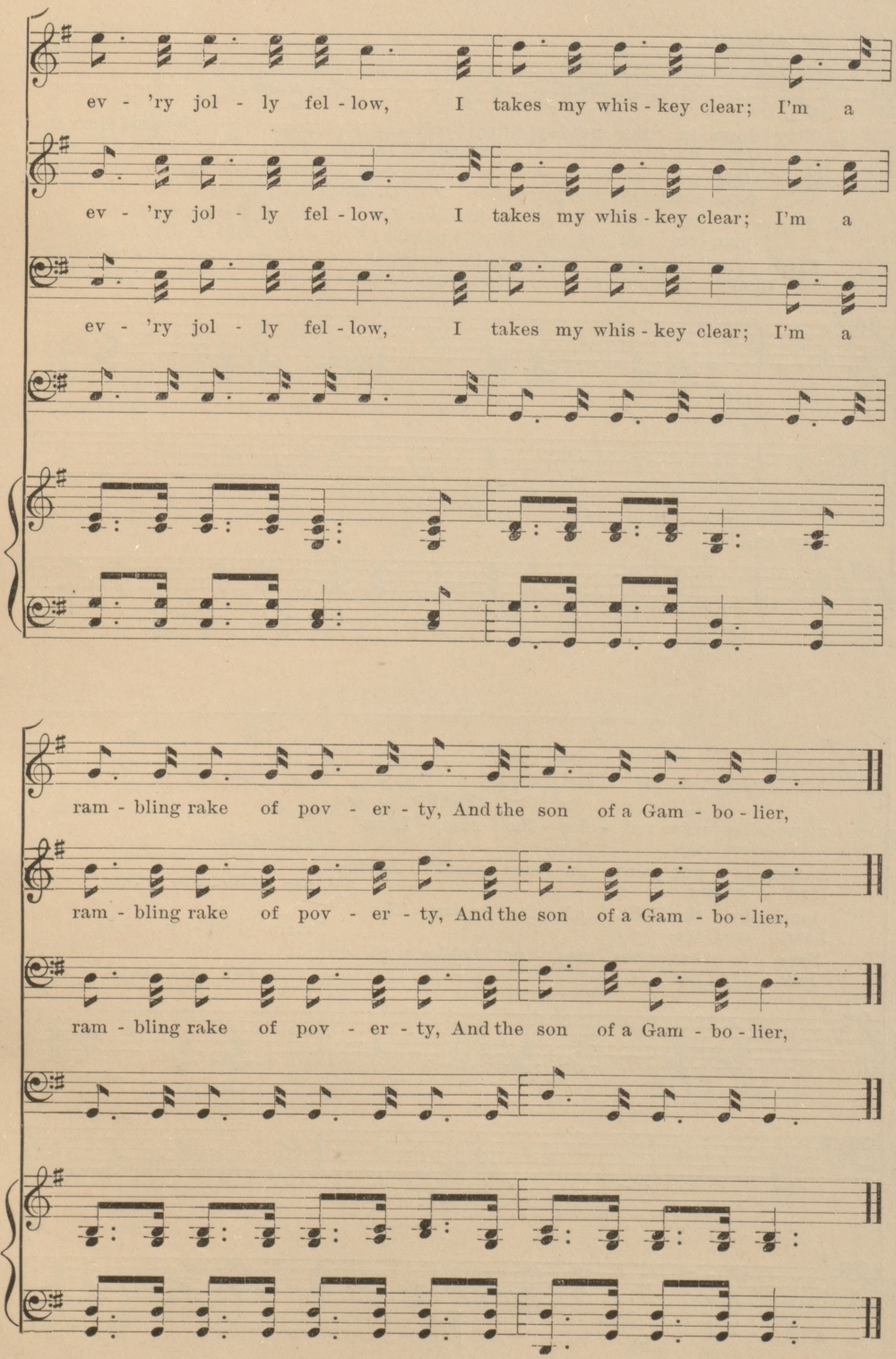

Chorus.
Air.
Come join my hum - ble dit - ty, From Tipp-'rary Town I steer, Like
1st Tenor.
Come join my hum - ble dit - ty, From Tipp-'rary Town I steer, Like
1st Bass.
Come join my hum - ble dit - ty, From Tipp-'rary Town I steer, Like
2 nd Bass.
ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low, I drinks my la - ger beer; Like
ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low, I drinks my la - ger beer; Like
ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low, I drinks my la - ger beer; Like

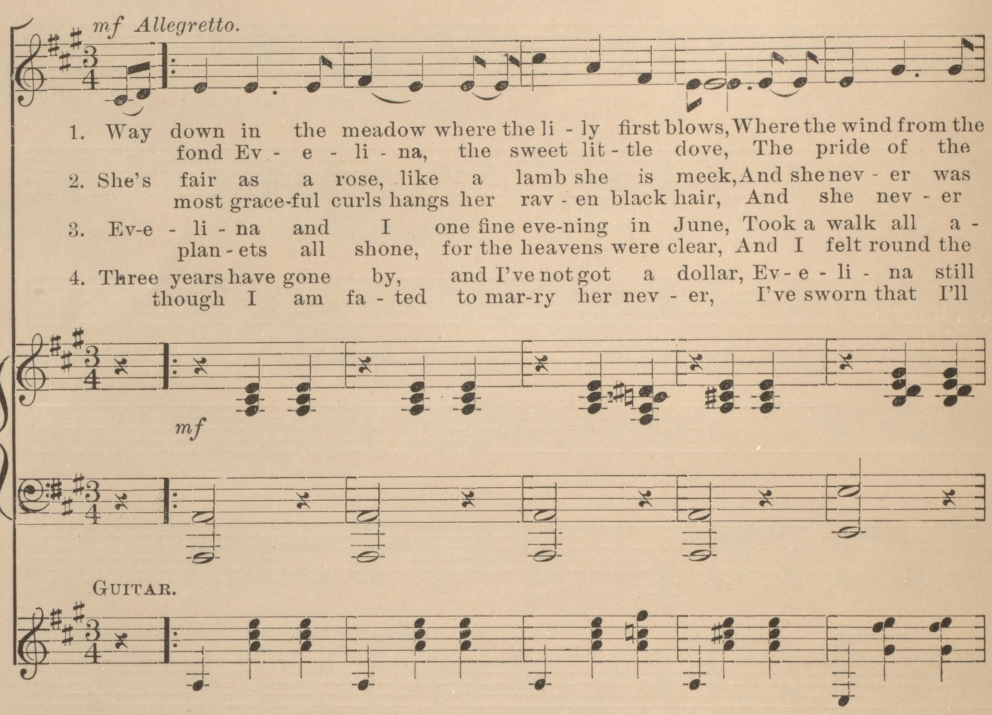

ev - 'ry jol - ly fel - low, I takes my whis - key clear; I'm a
ev - 'ry jol - ly fel - low, I takes my whis - key clear; I'm a
ev - 'ry jol - ly fel - low, I takes my whis - key clear; I'm a

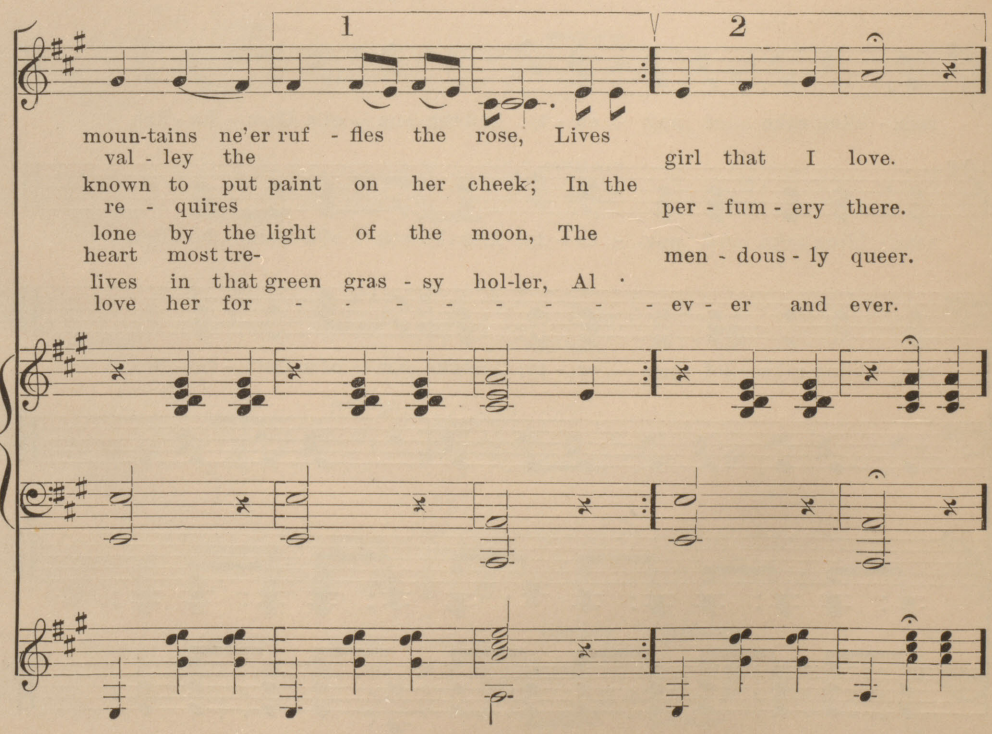

ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, And the son of a Gam - bo - lier, The
ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, And the son of a Gam - bo - lier, The
ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, And the son of a Gam - bo - lier, The

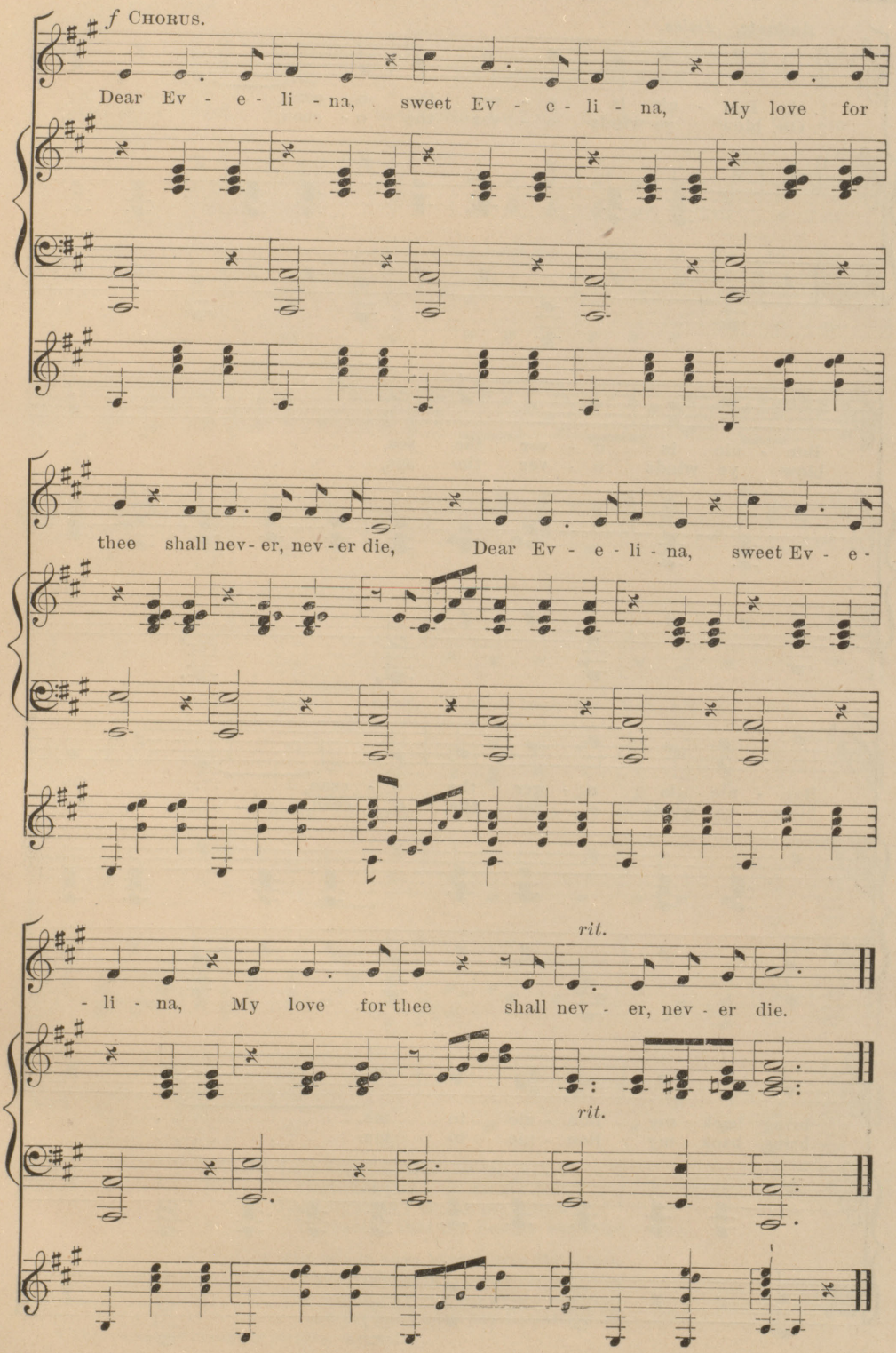
Son of a Gambolier. Continued.



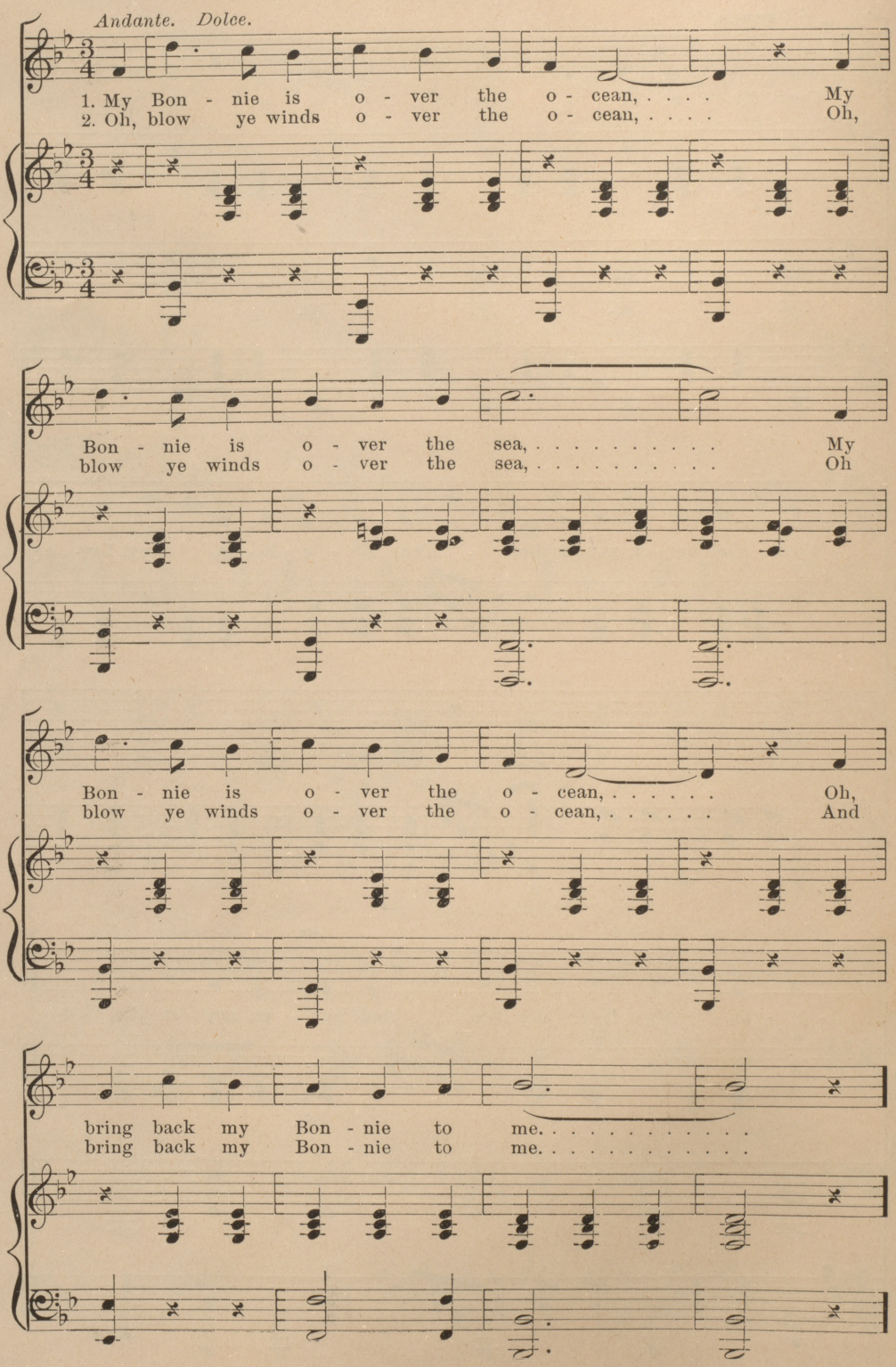

ev - 'ry jol - ly fel - low, I takes my whis - key clear; I'm a
ev - 'ry jol - ly fel - low, I takes my whis - key clear; I'm a
ev - 'ry jol - ly fel - low, I takes my whis - key clear; I'm a
ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, And the son of a Gam - bo - lier,
ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, And the son of a Gam - bo - lier,
ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, And the son of a Gam - bo - lier,

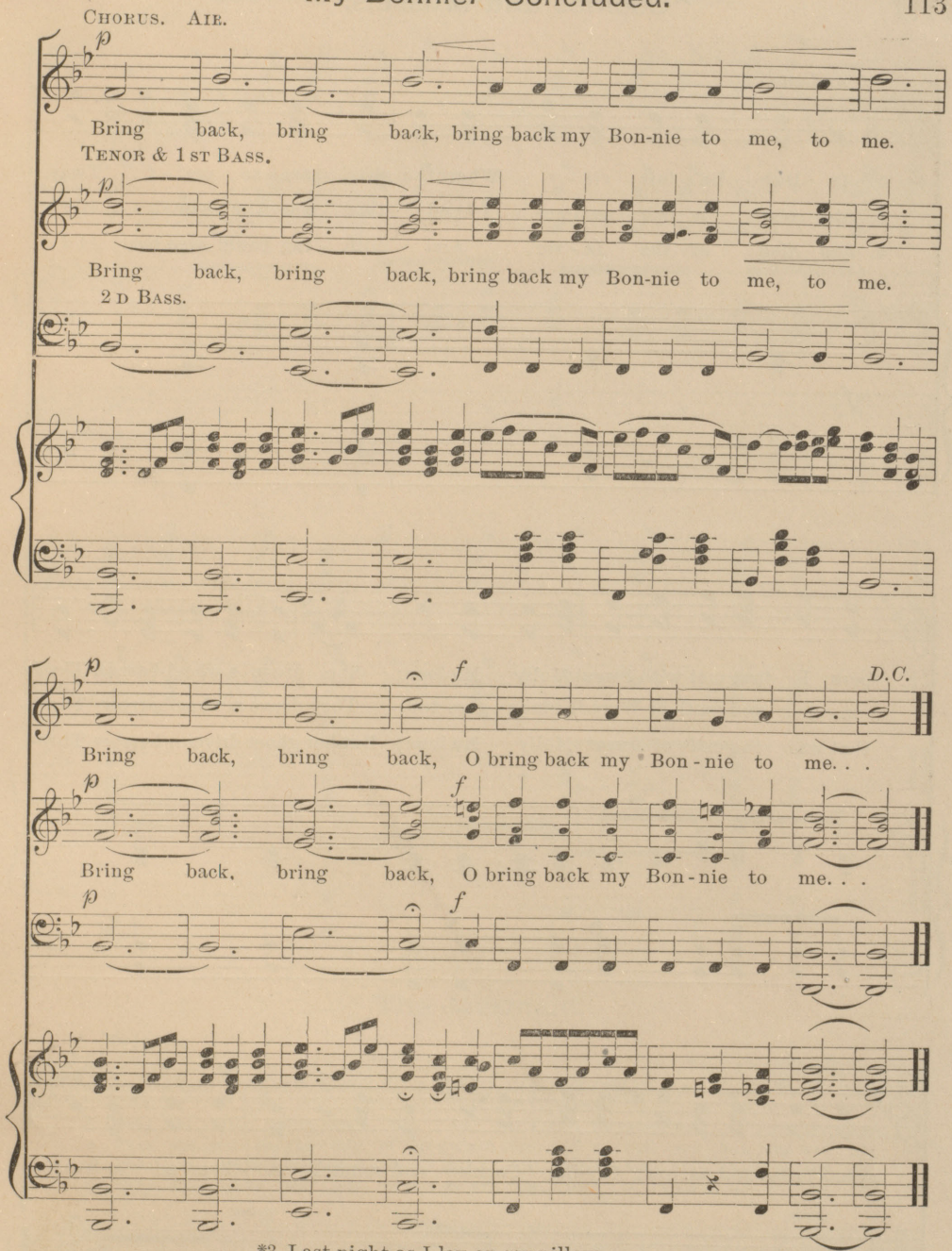

mf Allegretto.
1. Way down in the meadow where the li - ly first blows, Where the wind from the
fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle dove, The pride of the
2. She's fair as a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she nev - er was
most grace-ful curls hangs her rav - en black hair, And she nev - er
3. Ev-e - li - na and I one fine eve-ning in June, Took a walk all a -
plan - ets all shone, for the heavens were clear, And I felt round the
4. Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar, Ev - e - li - na still
though I am fa - ted to mar-ry her nev - er, I've sworn that I'll
mf
GUITAR.


1
2
moun-tains ne'er ruf - fles the rose, Lives
val - ley the girl that I love.
known to put paint on her cheek; In the
re - quires per - fum - ery there.
lone by the light of the moon, The
heart most tre- men - dous - ly queer.
lives in that green gras - sy hol-ler, Al -
love her for - - - - - - - - - ev - er and ever.


f CHORUS.
Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for
thee shall nev- er, nev - er die, Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e -
rit.
- li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.
rit.

My Bonnie.

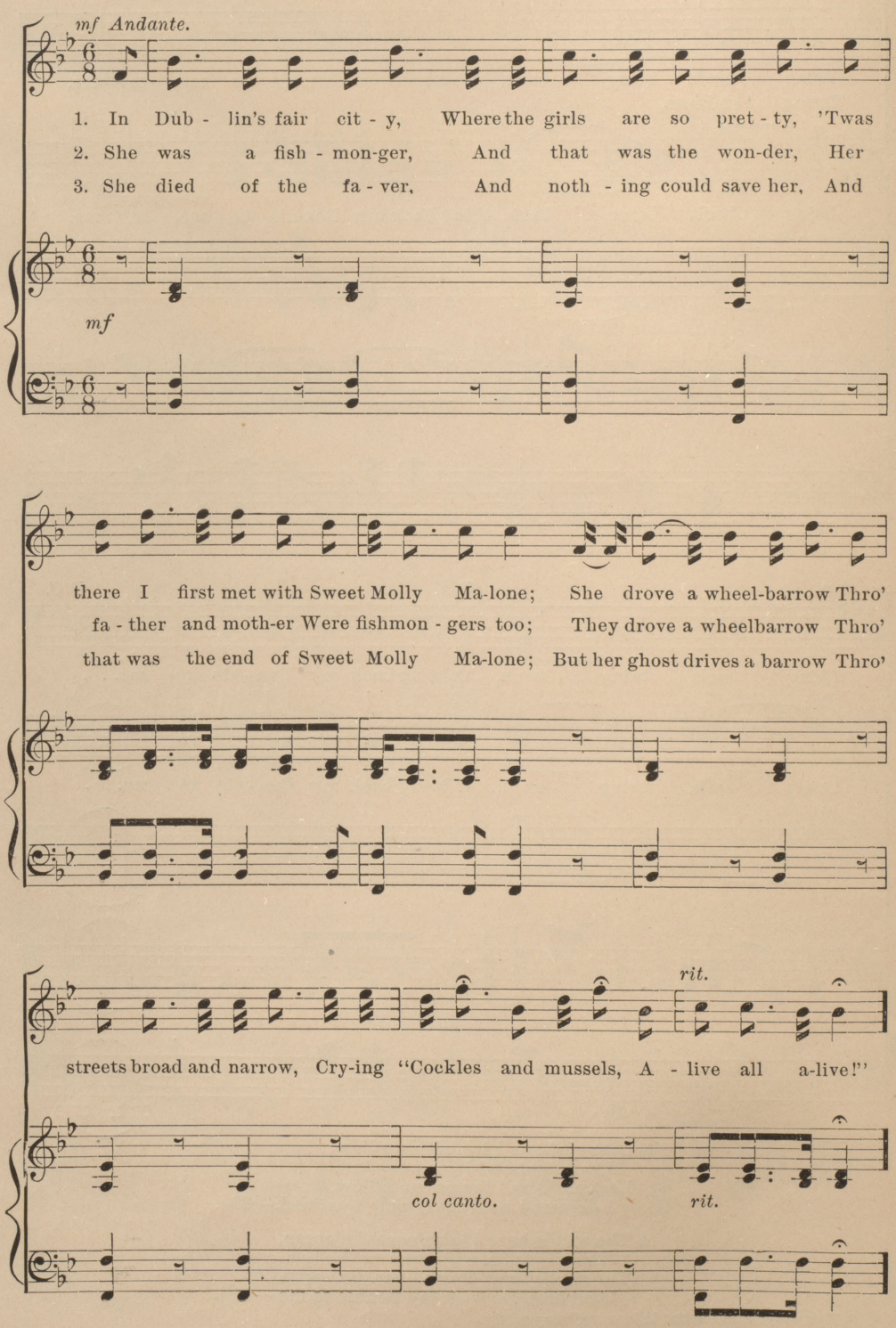

Andante. Dolce.
1. My Bon - nie is o - ver the o - cean, ... My
2. Oh, blow ye winds o - ver the o - cean, ... Oh,
Bon - nie is o - ver the sea, ... My
blow ye winds o - ver the sea, ... Oh
Bon - nie is o - ver the o - cean, ... Oh,
blow ye winds o - ver the o - cean, ... And
bring back my Bon - nie to me. . . . . .
bring back my Bon - nie to me. . . . . .

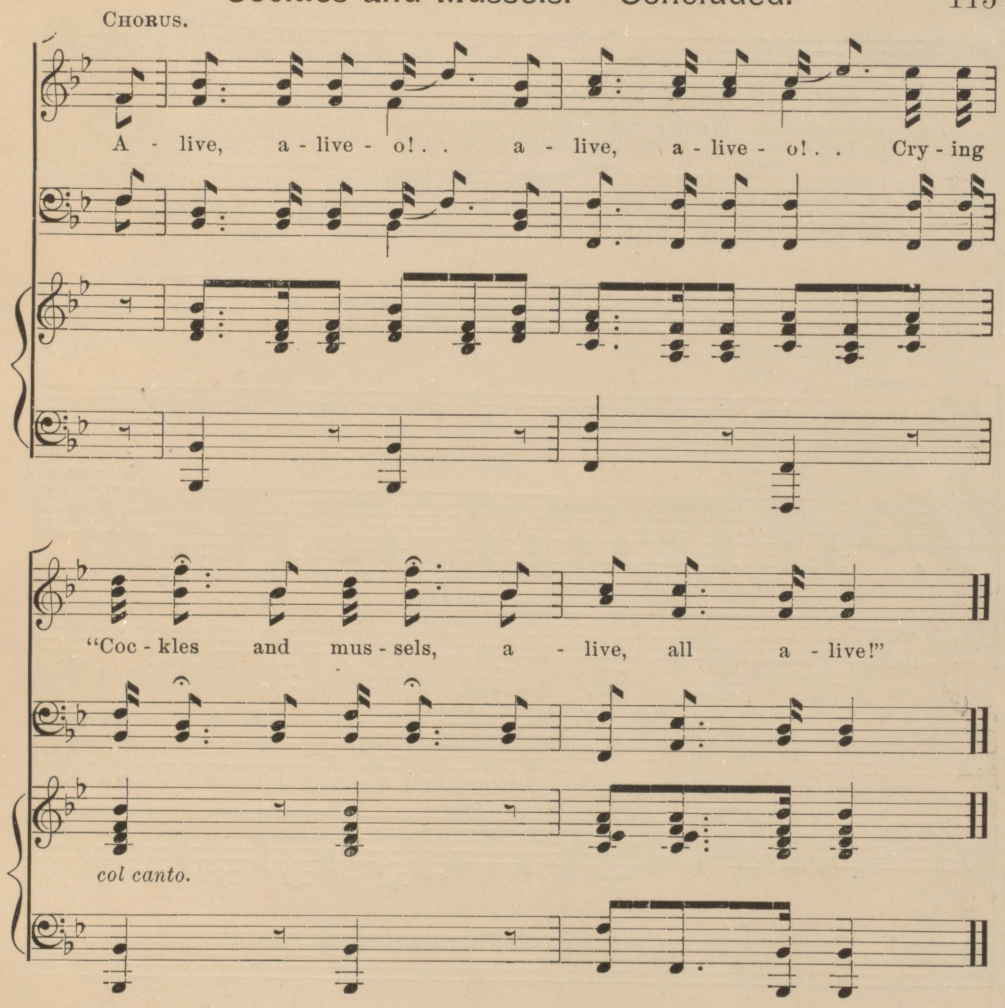


*3 Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.—*Cho.*

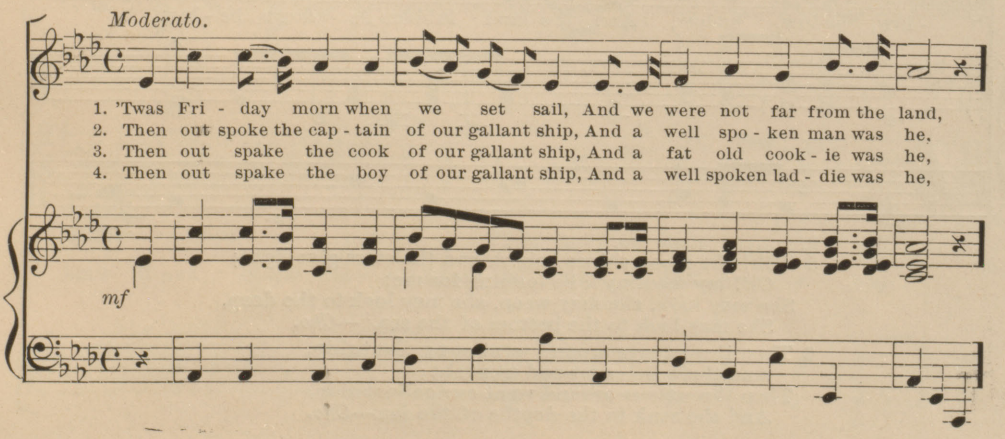
4 The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.—*Cho.*

* This verse and chorus to be sung very softly.

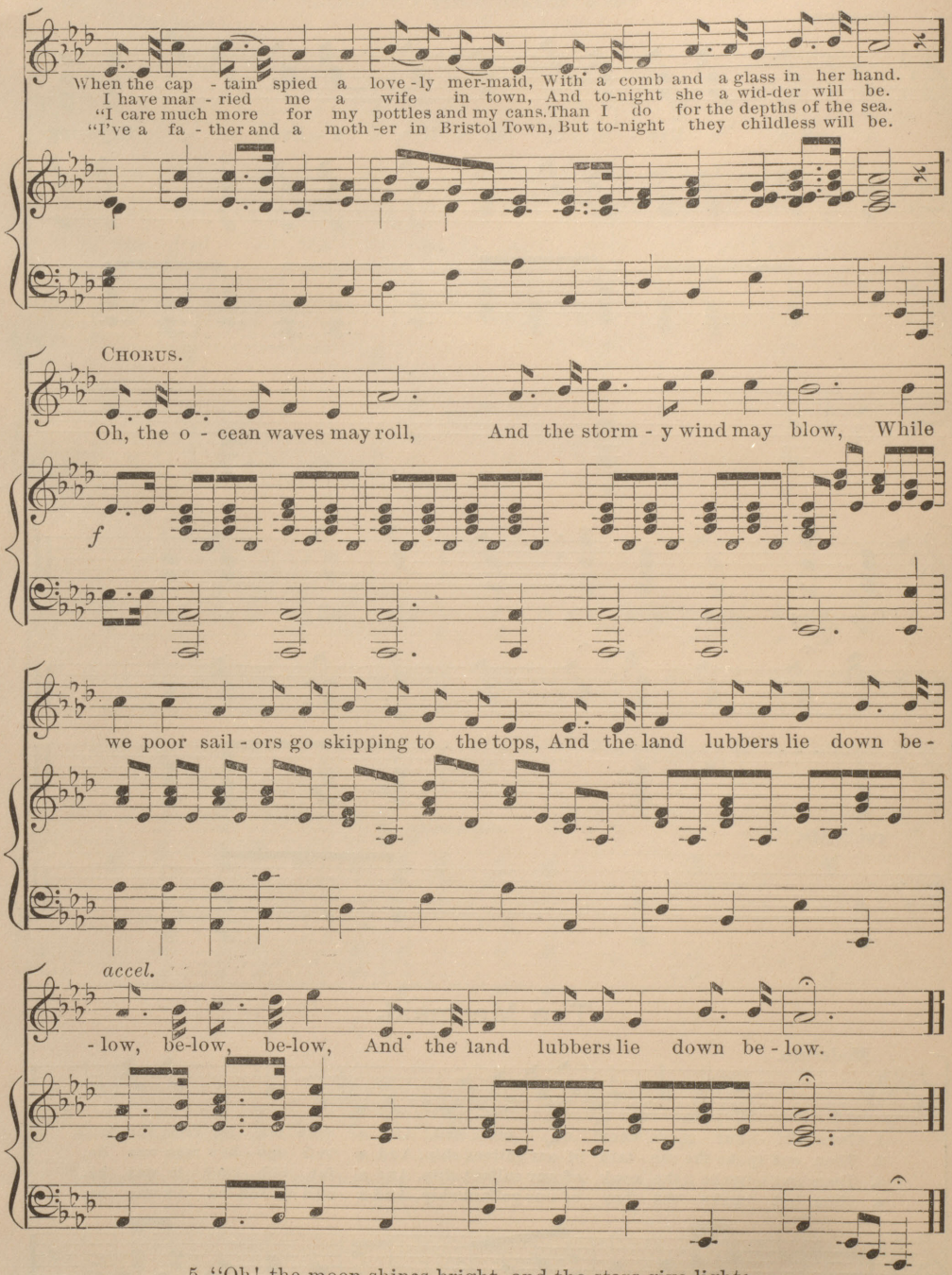

mf Andante.
1. In Dub - lin's fair cit - y, Where the girls are so pret - ty, 'Twas
2. She was a fish - mon-ger, And that was the won-der, Her
3. She died of the fa - ver, And noth - ing could save her, And
mf
there I first met with Sweet Molly Ma-lone; She drove a wheel-barrow Thro'
fa - ther and moth-er Were fishmon - gers too; They drove a wheelbarrow Thro'
that was the end of Sweet Molly Ma-lone; But her ghost drives a barrow Thro'
rit.
streets broad and narrow, Cry-ing "Cockles and mussels, A - live all a-live!"
col canto.
rit.


Chorus.
A - live, a - live - o! . . a - live, a - live - o! . . Cry - ing
"Coc - kles and mus - sels, a - live, all a - live!"
col canto.

The Mermaid.


Moderato.
1. 'Twas Fri - day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land,
2. Then out spoke the cap - tain of our gallant ship, And a well spo - ken man was he,
3. Then out spake the cook of our gallant ship, And a fat old cook - ie was he,
4. Then out spake the boy of our gallant ship, And a well spoken lad - die was he,
mf

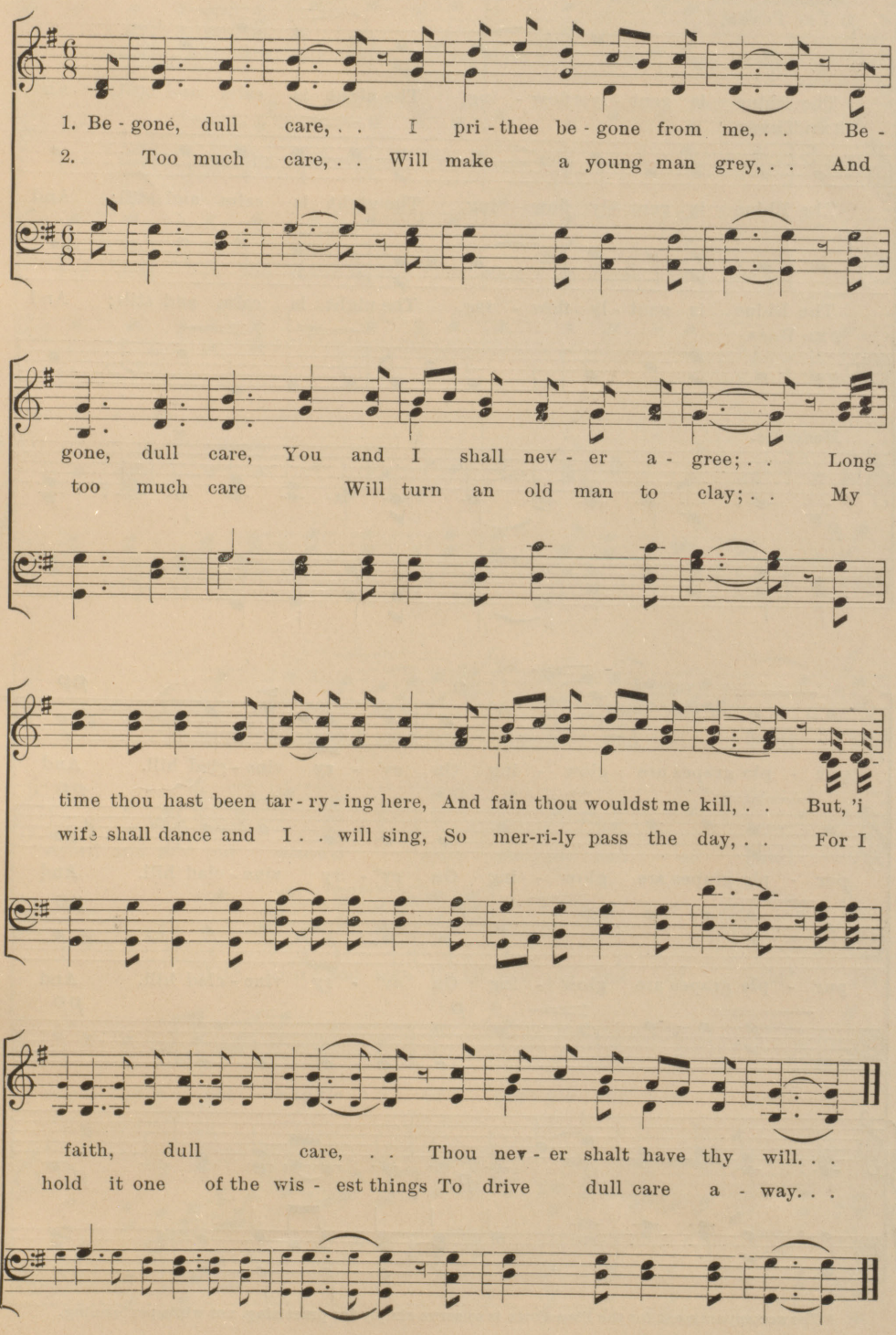
The Mermaid. Concluded.



5 "Oh! the moon shines bright, and the stars give light;
Oh! my mammy'll be looking for me;
She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep,
She may look to the bottom of the sea."—*Cho.*

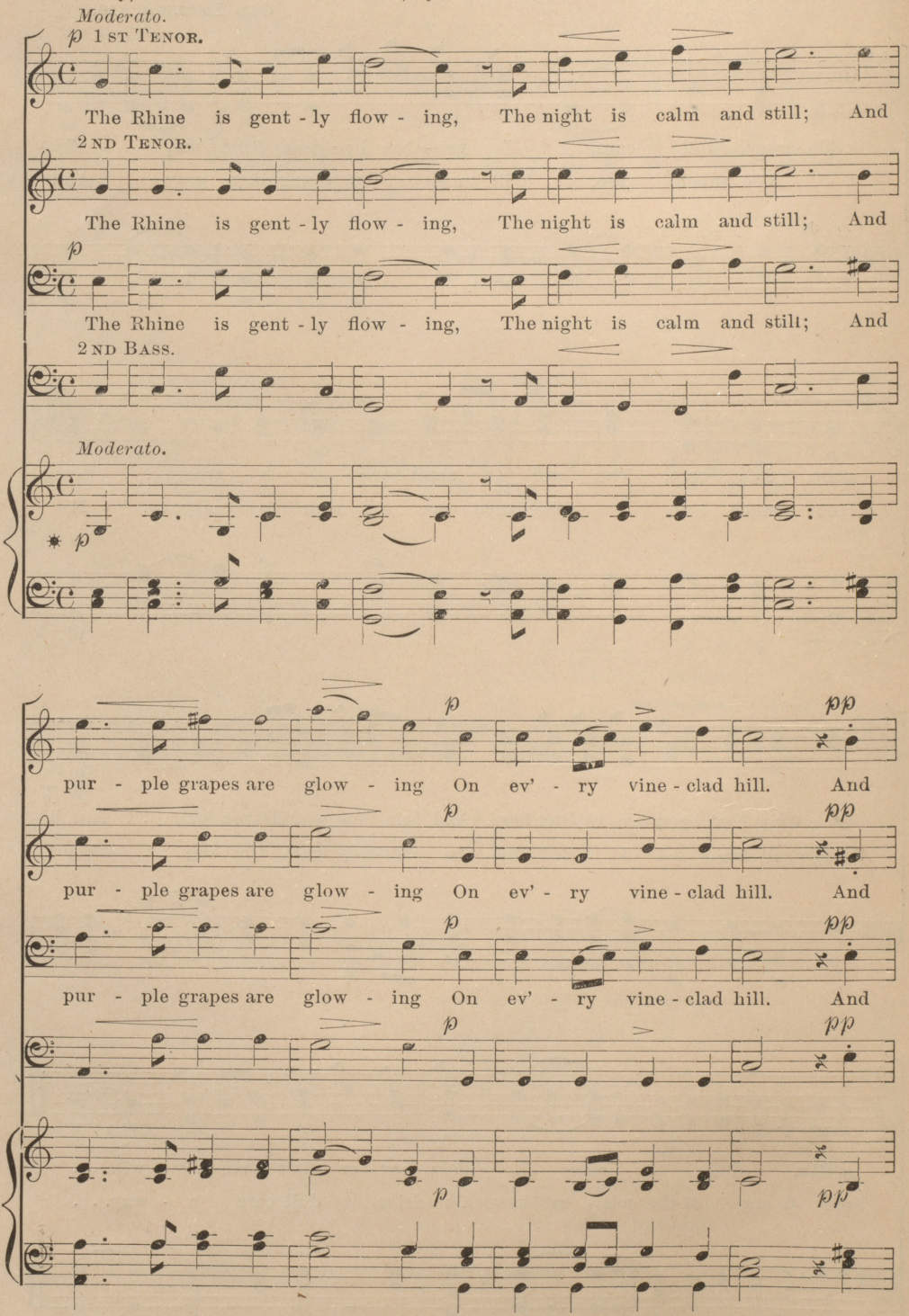
6 Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she;
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the depths of the sea.—*Cho.*

OLD ENGLISH AIR.

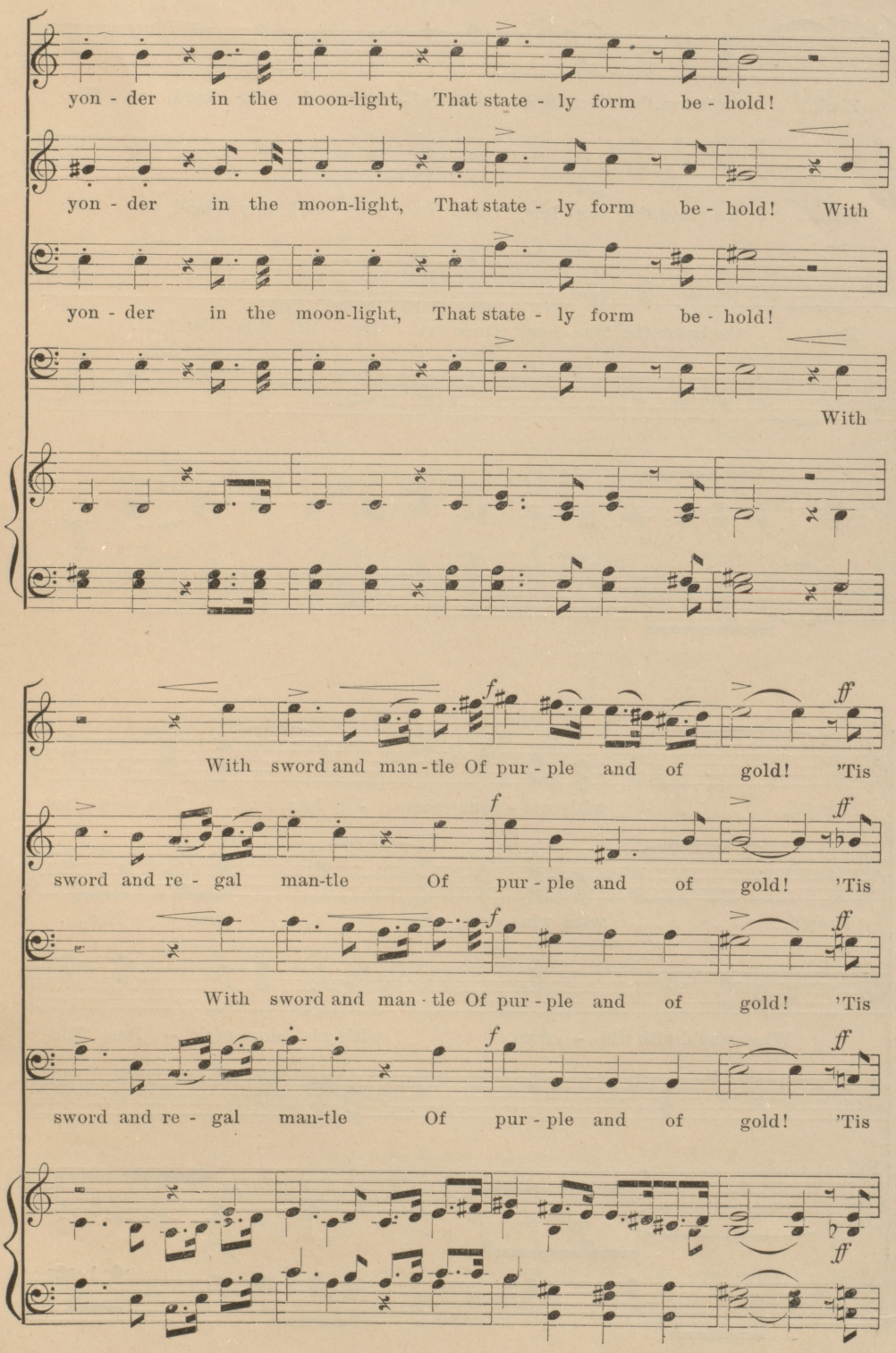


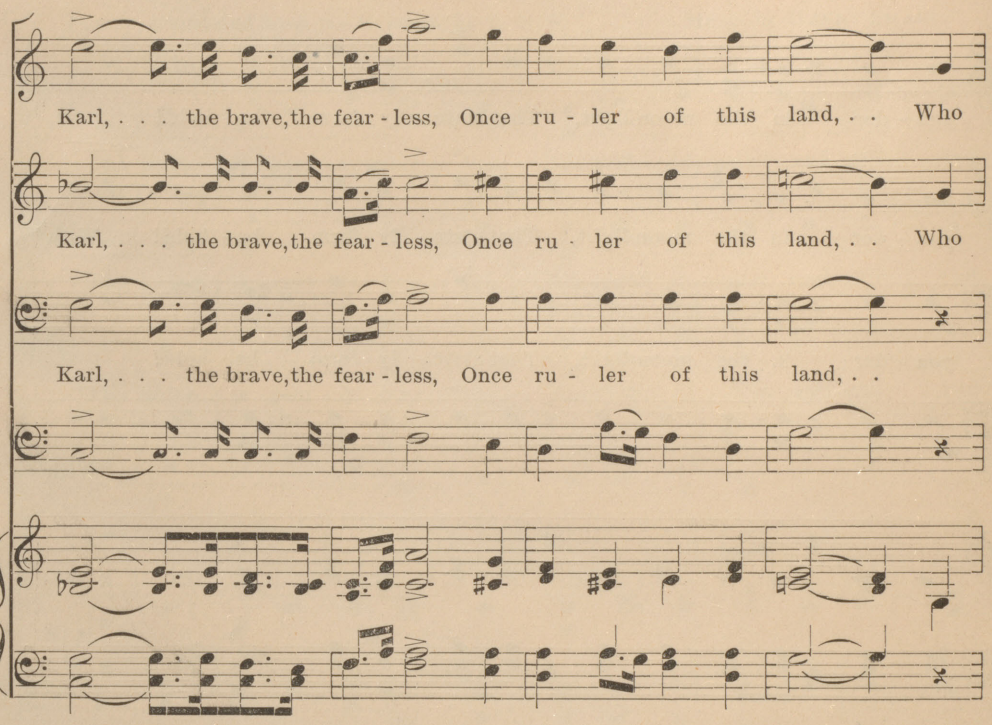
A Legend of the Rhine.

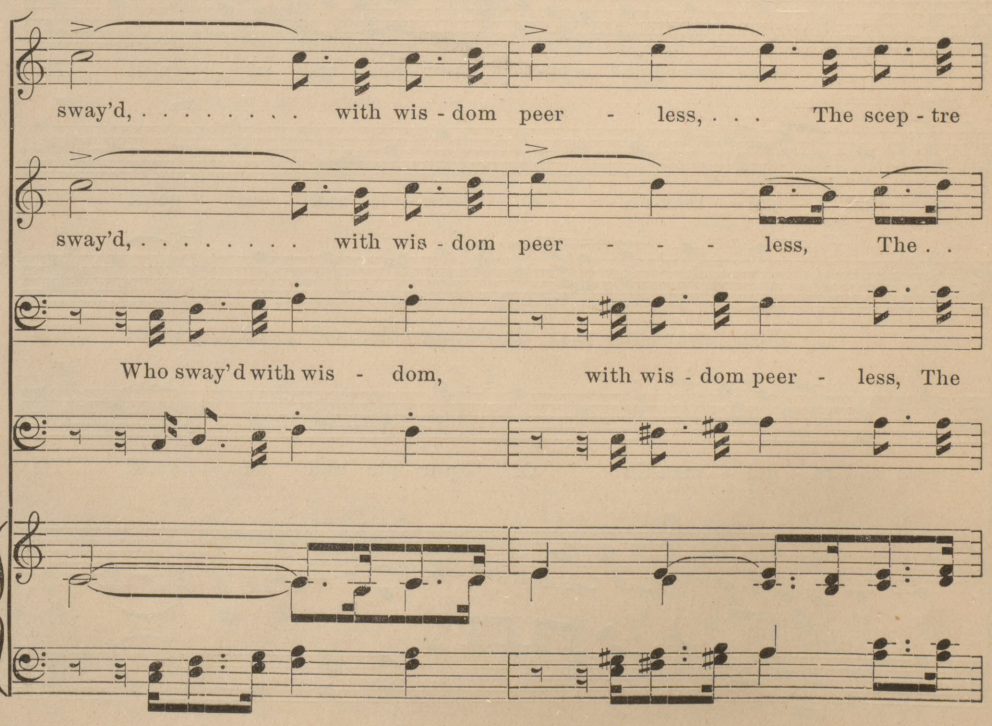
Poetry, translated from the German, by E. M. S. Music by HENRY SMART.

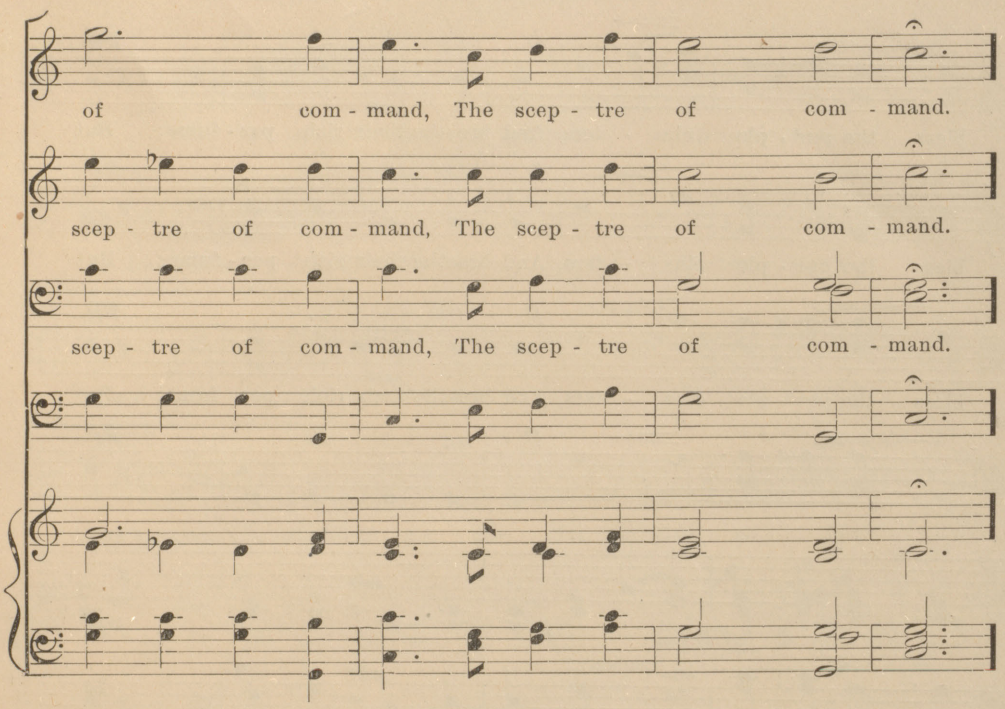


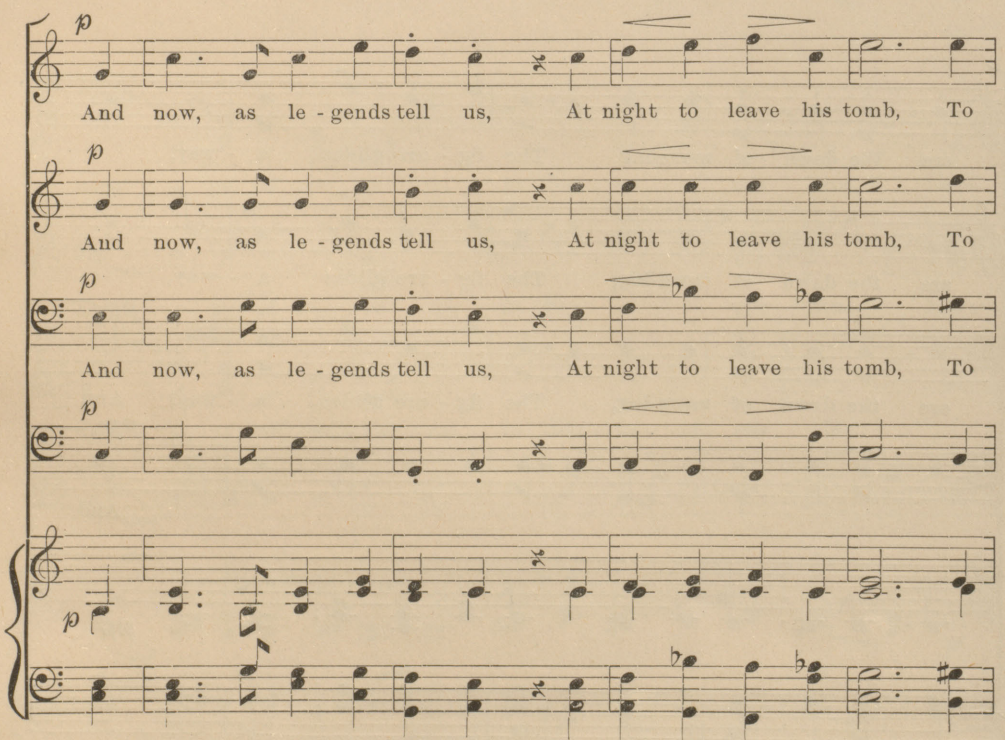
* The accompaniment for the Pianoforte is to serve simply for practising, not while performing.

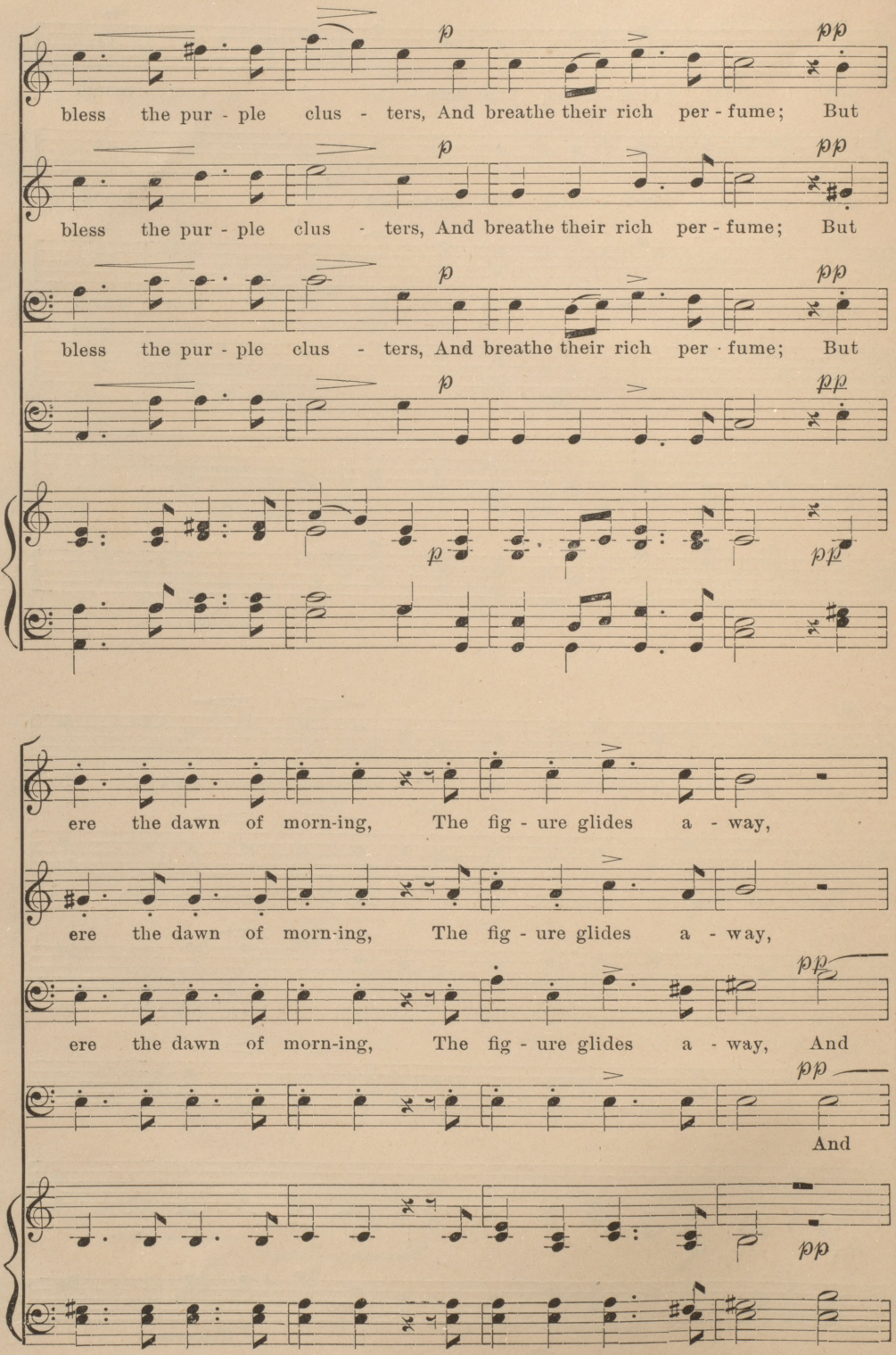

yon - der in the moon-light, That state - ly form be - hold!
yon - der in the moon-light, That state - ly form be - hold! With
yon - der in the moon-light, That state - ly form be - hold!
With
With sword and man - tle Of pur - ple and of gold! 'Tis
sword and re - gal man-tle Of pur - ple and of gold! 'Tis
With sword and man - tle Of pur - ple and of gold! 'Tis
sword and re - gal man-tle Of pur - ple and of gold! 'Tis

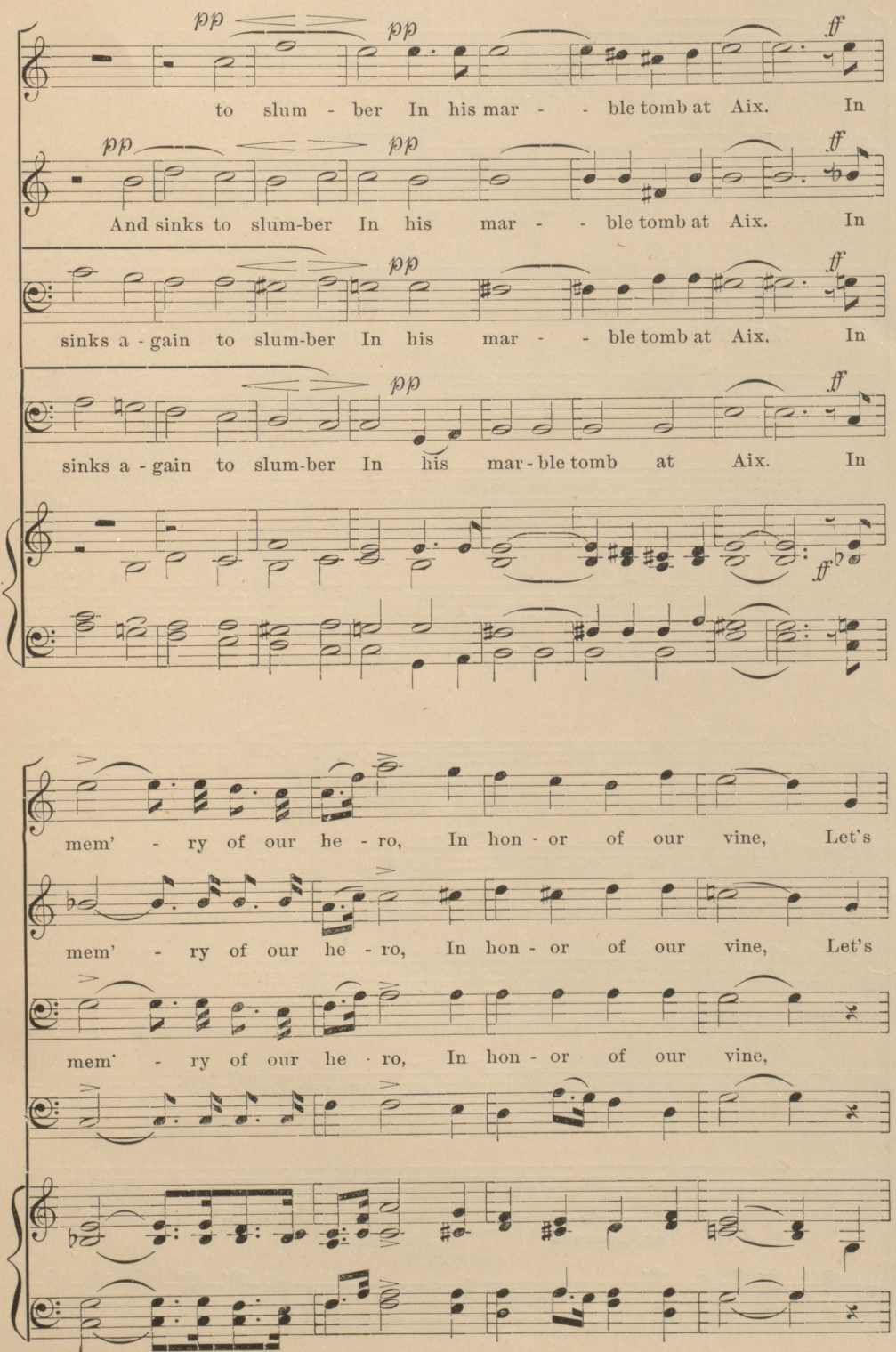

Karl, . . . the brave, the fear - less, Once ru - ler of this land, . . Who
Karl, . . . the brave, the fear - less, Once ru - ler of this land, . . Who
Karl, . . . the brave, the fear - less, Once ru - ler of this land, . .

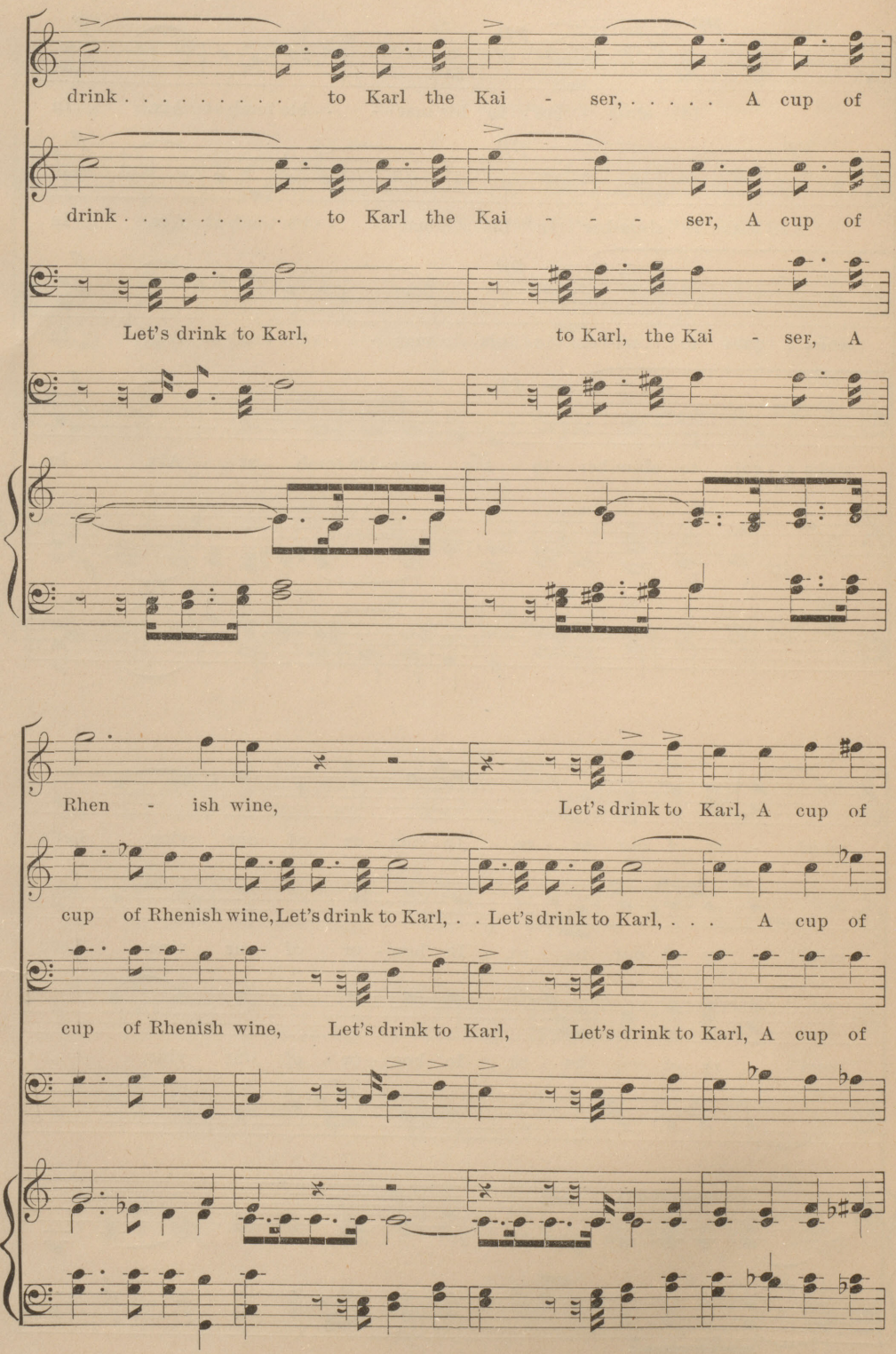

sway'd, ... with wis - dom peer - less, . . . The scep - tre
sway'd, ... with wis - dom peer - - - less, The . .
Who sway'd with wis - dom, with wis - dom peer - less, The

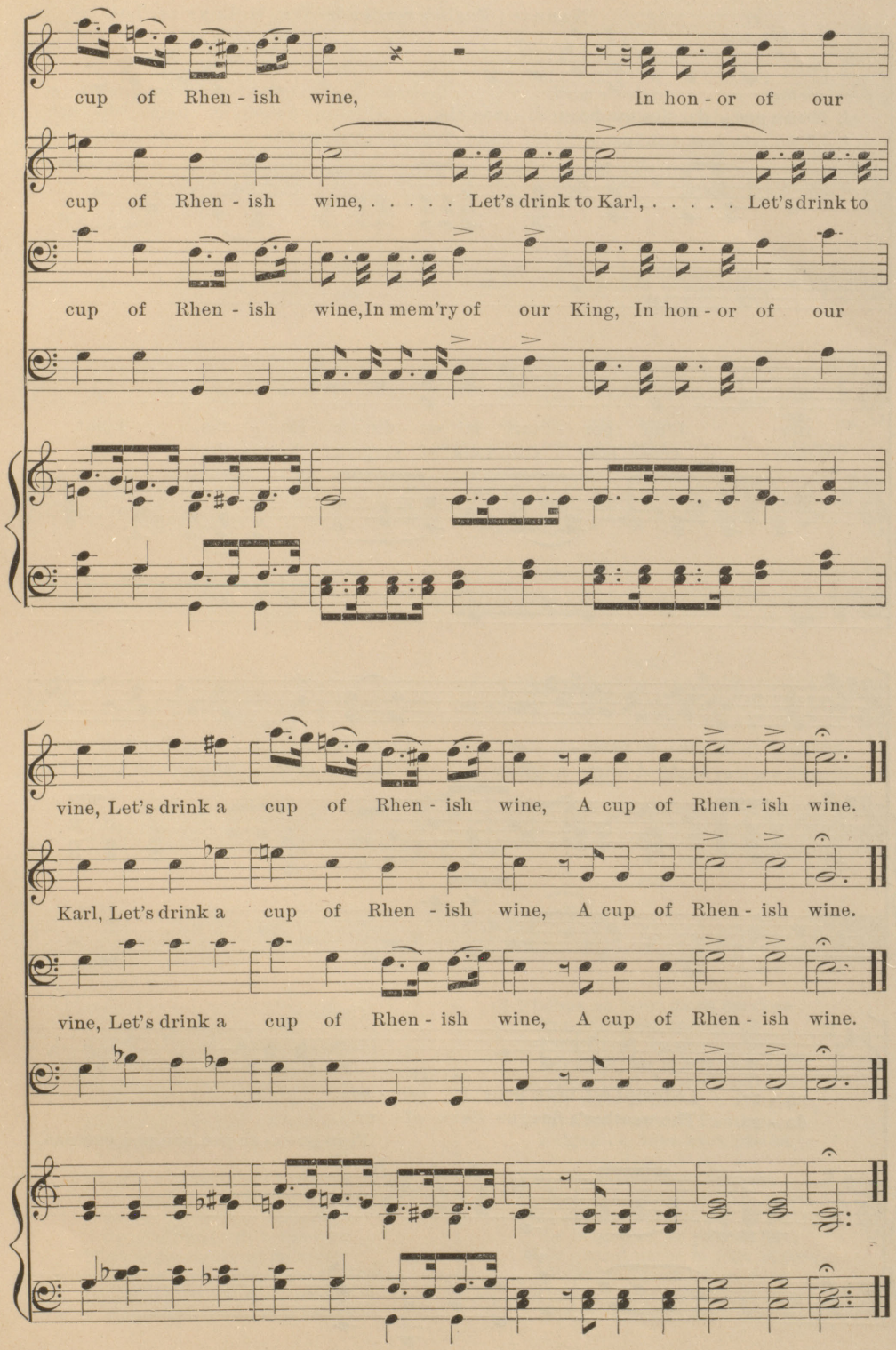

of com - mand, The scep - tre of com - mand.
scep - tre of com - mand, The scep - tre of com - mand.
scep - tre of com - mand, The scep - tre of com - mand.


p
And now, as le - gends tell us, At night to leave his tomb, To
p
And now, as le - gends tell us, At night to leave his tomb, To
p
And now, as le - gends tell us, At night to leave his tomb, To
p
p


bless the pur - ple clus - ters, And breathe their rich per - fume; But
bless the pur - ple clus - ters, And breathe their rich per - fume; But
bless the pur - ple clus - ters, And breathe their rich per - fume; But
ere the dawn of morn-ing, The fig - ure glides a - way,
ere the dawn of morn-ing, The fig - ure glides a - way,
ere the dawn of morn-ing, The fig - ure glides a - way, And
And

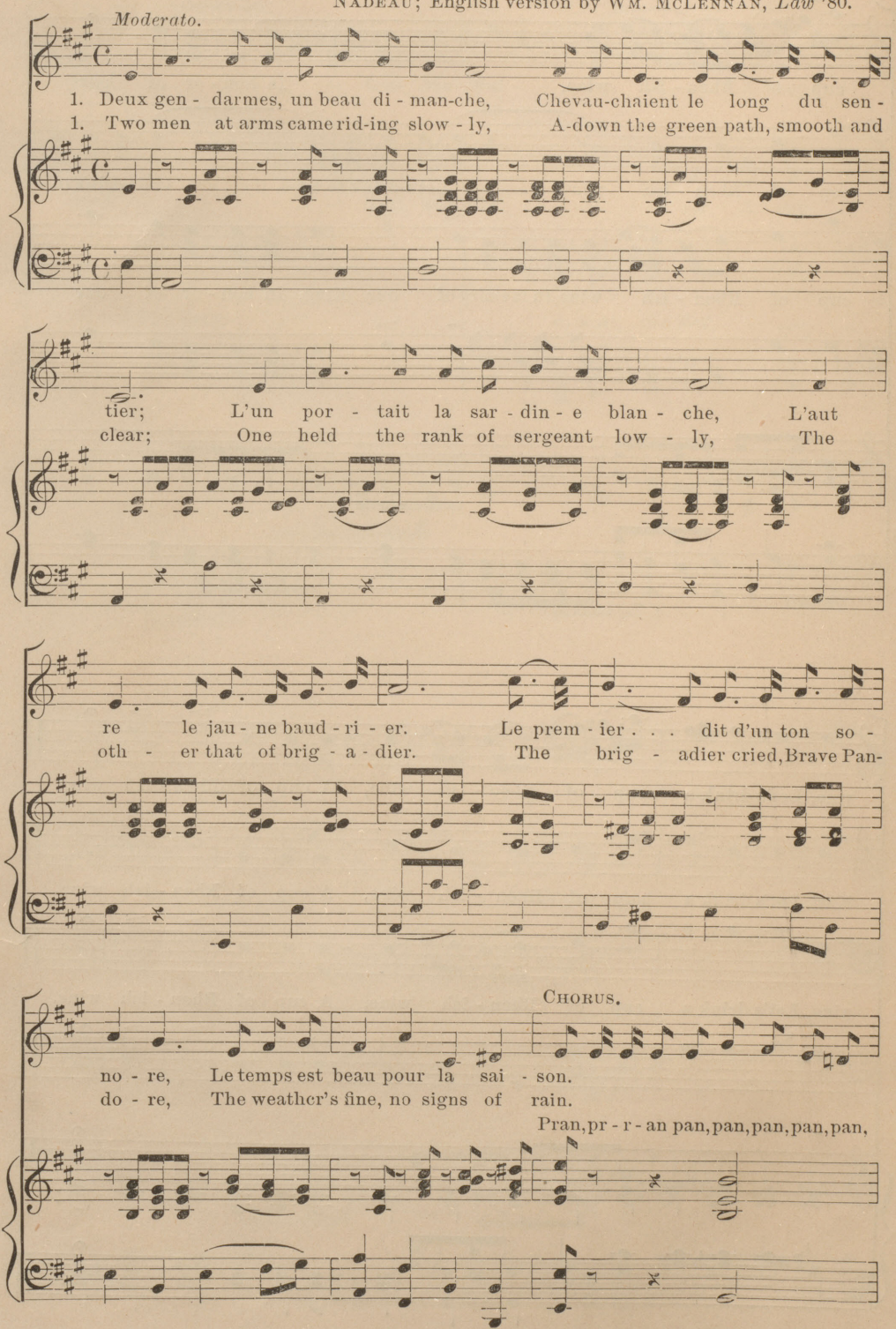

pp
pp
ff
to slum - ber In his mar - - ble tomb at Aix. In
And sinks to slum-ber In his mar - - ble tomb at Aix. In
sinks a - gain to slum-ber In his mar - - ble tomb at Aix. In
sinks a - gain to slum-ber In his mar-ble tomb at Aix. In
mem' - ry of our he - ro, In hon - or of our vine, Let's
mem' - ry of our he - ro, In hon - or of our vine, Let's
mem' - ry of our he - ro, In hon - or of our vine,

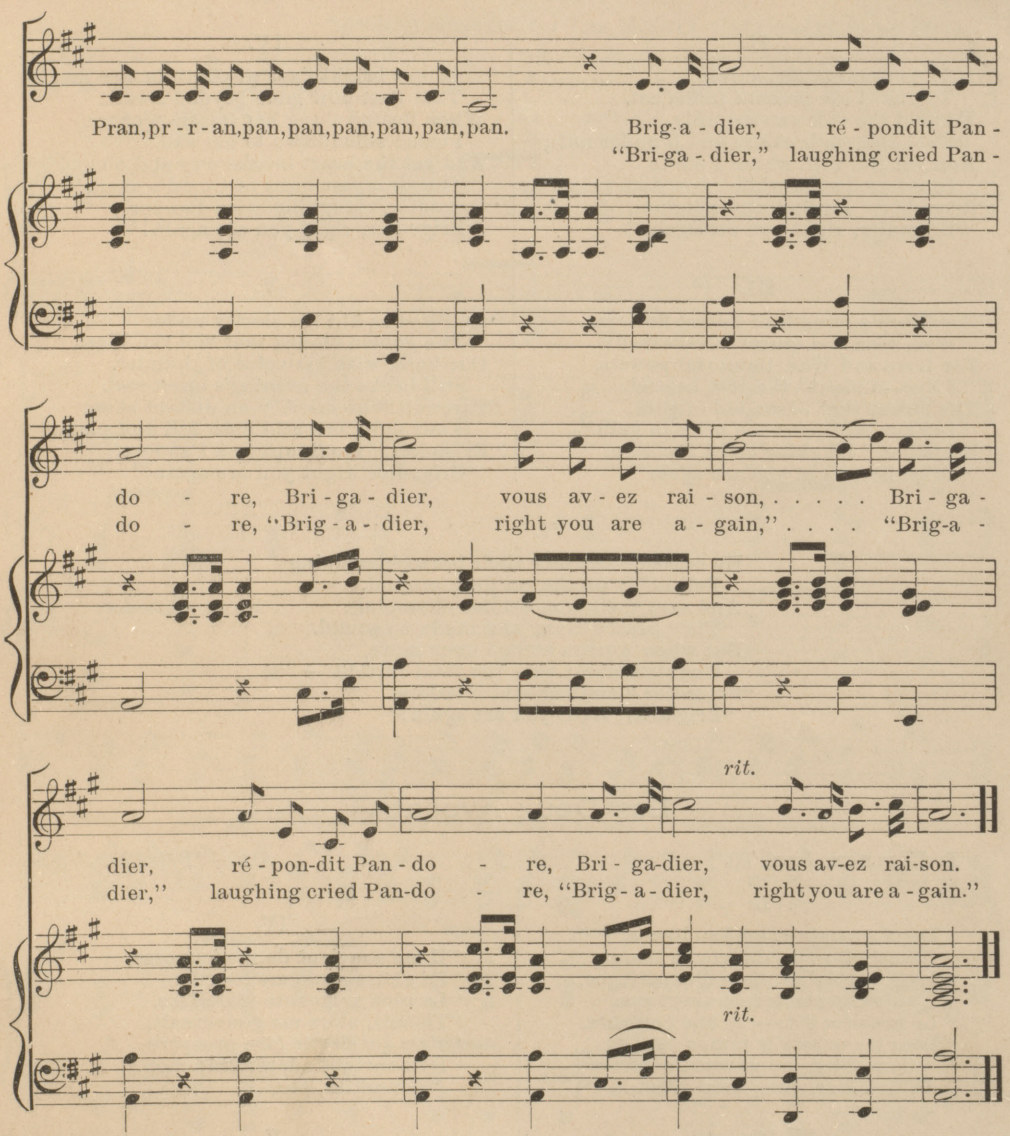

drink . . . . . to Karl the Kai - ser, ... A cup of
drink . . . . . to Karl the Kai - - - ser, A cup of
Let's drink to Karl, to Karl, the Kai - ser, A
Rhen - ish wine, Let's drink to Karl, A cup of
cup of Rhenish wine, Let's drink to Karl, . . Let's drink to Karl, . . . A cup of
cup of Rhenish wine, Let's drink to Karl, Let's drink to Karl, A cup of


cup of Rhen - ish wine, In hon - or of our
cup of Rhen - ish wine, ... Let's drink to Karl, ... Let's drink to
cup of Rhen - ish wine, In mem'ry of our King, In hon - or of our
vine, Let's drink a cup of Rhen - ish wine, A cup of Rhen - ish wine.
Karl, Let's drink a cup of Rhen - ish wine, A cup of Rhen - ish wine.
vine, Let's drink a cup of Rhen - ish wine, A cup of Rhen - ish wine.

Le Brigadier.

NADEAU; English version by WM. MCLENNAN, *Law* '80.





2 Ah! c'est un métier difficile,
Garantir la propriété,
Défendre les champs et la ville
Du vol et de l'iniquité.
Pourtant l'épouse que j'adore
Repose seul à la maison,
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

3 La gloire c'est une couronne
Faite de rose et de laurier,
J'ai servi Vénus et Bellone,
Je suis époux et brigadier;
Mais je poursuis ce météore
Qui vers Chalchos, guida Jason.
Brigadier répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

4 Phébus au bout de sa carrière
Put encor les apercevoir;
Le brigadier, de sa voix fière,
Réveillait les échos du soir:
Je vois, dit-il, le soleil qui dore,
Ces verts coteaux, à l'horison,
Brigadier répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

5 Puis ils rêvèrent en silence;
On n'entendit plus que le pas
Des chevaux marchant en cadence,
Le brigadier ne parlait pas;
Mais quand parut la pâle aurore,
On entendit un vague son;
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison. } *bis.*

Le Brigadier. Concluded.

II.

"It is no easy matter, surely,
To guard the peasant in his cot,
To hold the cities so securely
That thieves break in and plunder not ;
And yet the wife whom I adore
In safety dwells while Love doth reign."
"Brigadier," smiling said Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

III.

"For Glory's wreath of fairest flowers,
With rose and laurel intertwined;
For Love and War, immortal powers,
I live—and cast the rest behind.
The power that Jason led of yore
I chase, and trust the prize to gain"
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

IV.

"It brings bright days of youth before me,
That Past now gone beyond recall:
When Beauty flung her fetters o'er me
I came submissive to her call.
And yet the heart breaks o'er and o'er
The strongest links of Cupid's chain."
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

V.

As Phœbus hid his glories under
The golden clouds that veil the West,
Our hero, with his voice of thunder,
Still broke the evening's quiet rest.
"Farewell!" he cried, "on distant shore
Your light will gild both hill aud plain."
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier right you are again!"

VI.

He ceased—and now their horses' tramping
Fell softly on the yeilding ground,
And save their iron bridles champing,
They passed along and made no sound.
But when Aurora smiled once more,
One still might hear the faint refrain:—
"Brigadier," smiling said Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

Les Deux Avocats.

E. Lafleur, *Law*, '80.

Air.—"*Brigadier*,"

I.

Deux avocats avant l'audience
Causaient pour abréger le temps;
L'un, consieller plein d'expérience,
L'autre, bachelier de vingt ans.
Le premier dit:—"Jeune confrère,
"Pour les procès le temps est bon.
"Conseiller, mon savant confrère } *bis*
"Conseiller, vous avez raison." }

II.

"Ah! c'est une noble science
"Distinguer le mal et le bien;
"Faire éloquemment la défense
"De la veuve et de l'orphelin.
"Ou bien d'une riche héritière
"Procurer la séparation."
"Conseiller, etc,

III.

"Ecoute, si tu veux entendre
"De tout succès les conditions,
"Il faut savoir comment s'y prendre
"Pour accrocher les successions.
"Tu verras la morale austère
"Qui distingue la profession,
"Conseiller, etc,

IV.

"Il me souvient de ma jeunesse,
"La gloire seule me tentait;
"La plus exigeante maîtresse,
"Thémis, alors me gouvernait.
"Mais qui désire être prospère
Doit surtout adorer Mammon."
"Conseiller, etc.

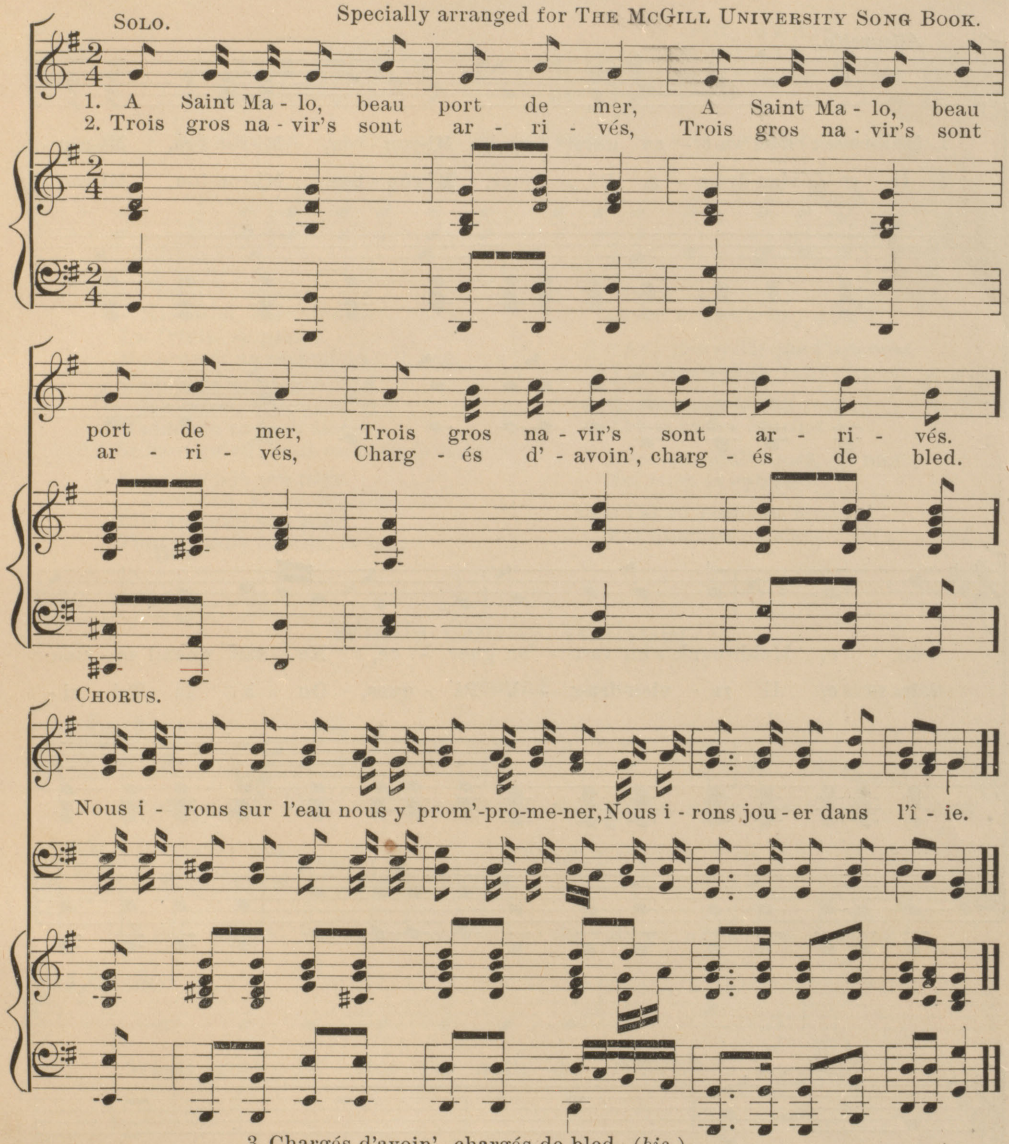
V.

"Prends donc pour ta grande maxime,
"De ne rien faire sans argent;
"Défends le plus horrible crime,
"Mais fais toujours payer comptant.
"Car l'argent c'est ce qu'on révère,
"Du juge jusqu' au marmiton."
"Conseiller. etc.

VI.

Le conseiller parlait encore
Quand tout-à-coup le juge entra;
L'huissier cria d'un ton sonore;
"Oyez, Oyez!" *et cetera*,
Mais malgré cette voix sévère
On entendit un faible son:—
"Consieller, etc.

Specially arranged for THE McGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.



3 Chargés d'avoin', chargés de bled, (*bis.*)
Trois dam's s'en vont les marchander.—*Cho.*

4 Trois dam's s'en vont les marchander, (*bis.*)
Marchand, marchand, combien ton bled ?—*Cho.*

5 Marchand, marchand, combien ton bled ? (*bis.*)
Trois francs l'avoin, six francs le bled.—*Cho.*

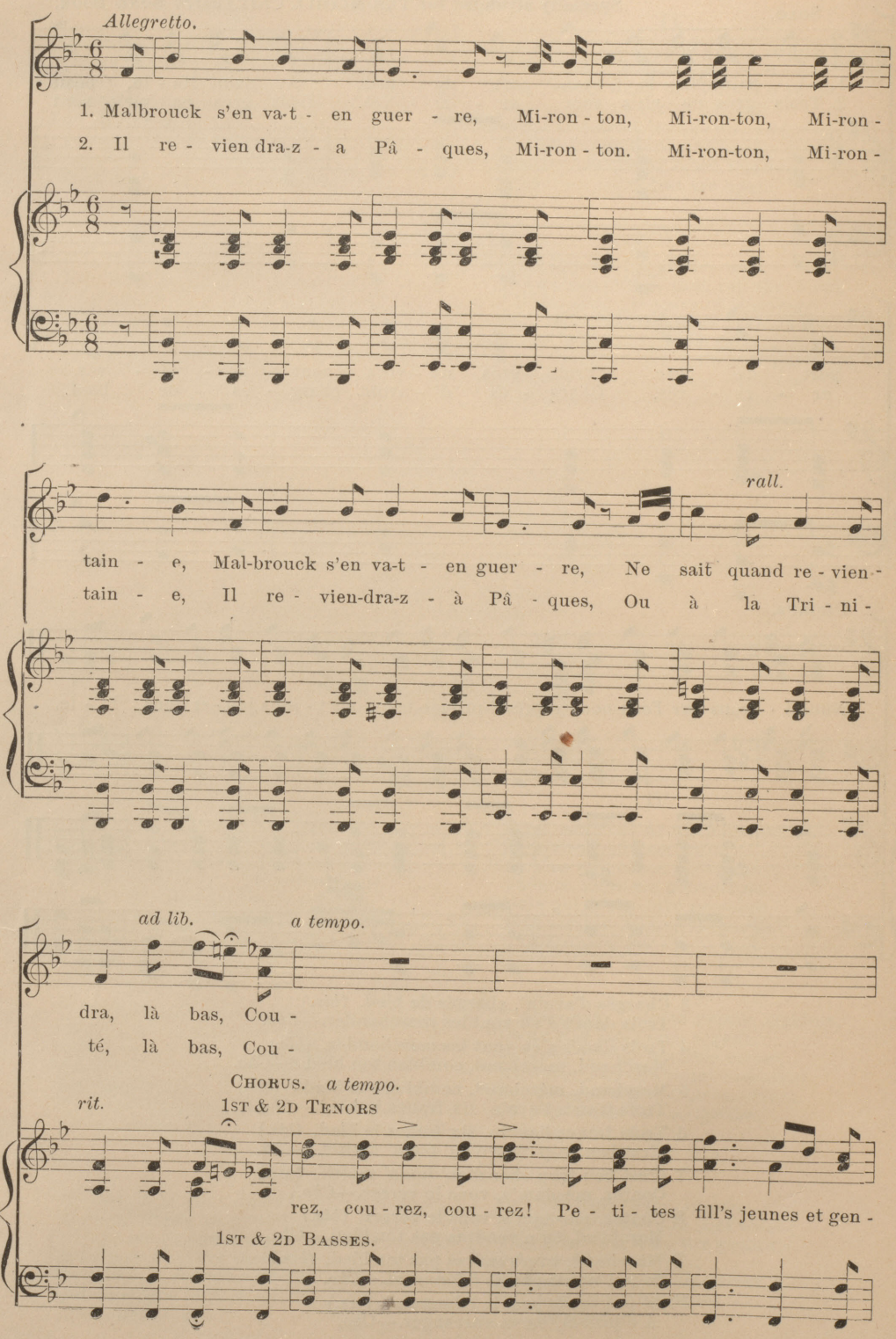
6 Trois francs l'avoin, six francs le bled, (*bis.*)
C'est ben trop cher d'en' bonn' moitié.—*Cho.*

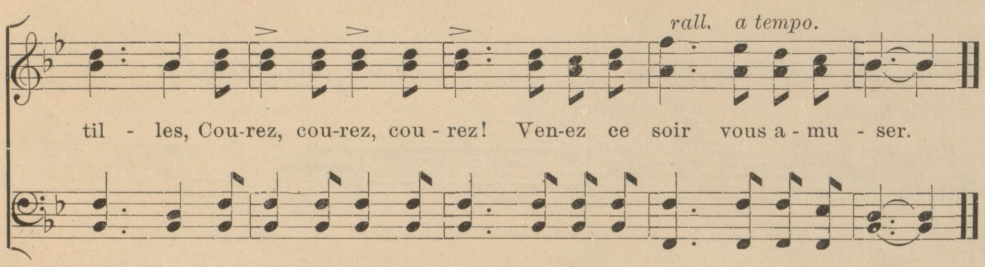
7 C'est ben trop cher d'en' bonn' moitié. (*bis.*)
Contez, mesdam's, vous le verrez.—*Cho.*

8 Contez, mesdam's, vous le verrez, (*bis.*)
Marchand, tu n'vendras pas ton bled.—*Cho.*

9 Marchand, tu n'vendras pas ton bled, (*bis.*)
Si je l'vends pas, je l'donnerai,—*Cho.*

10 Si je l'vends pas, je l'donnerai, (*bis.*)
A c'prix-là, on va s'arranger.—*Cho.*


Allegretto.
1. Malbrouck s'en va-t - en guer - re, Mi-ron - ton, Mi-ron-ton, Mi-ron -
2. Il re - vien dra-z - a Pâ - ques, Mi-ron - ton. Mi-ron-ton, Mi-ron -
rall.
tain - e, Mal-brouck s'en va-t - en guer - re, Ne sait quand re - vien -
tain - e, Il re - vien-dra-z - à Pâ - ques, Ou à la Tri - ni -
ad lib.
a tempo.
dra, là bas, Cou -
té, là bas, Cou -
Chorus. a tempo.
rit.
1st & 2d Tenors
rez, cou - rez, cou - rez! Pe - ti - tes fill's jeunes et gen -
1st & 2d Basses.



3 La Trinité se passe,
Mironton, Mironton, *etc.*
La Trinité se passe,
Malbrouck ne revient pas, là bas.

4 Madame à sa tour monte,
Mironton, Mironton, *etc.*
Madame à sa tour monte,
Si haut qu'ell' peut monter, là bas.

5 Elle aperçoit son page.
Mironton, Mironton, *etc.*
Elle aperçoit son page.
Tout de noir habillé, là has.

6 "Beau page, ah! mon beau page,
Quell' nouvelle apportez?"

7 "Aux nouvell's que j'apporte,
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.

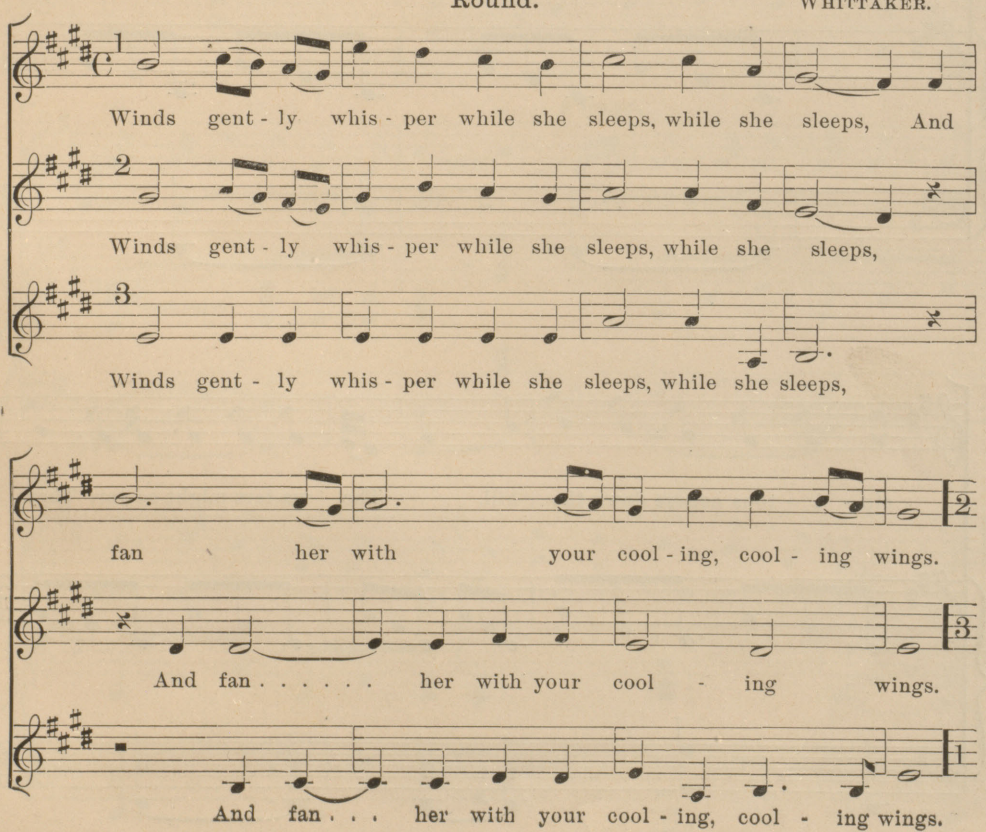
8 Quittez vos habits roses,
Et vos satins brochés.

9 Monsieur Malbrouck est mort,
Est mort et enterré.

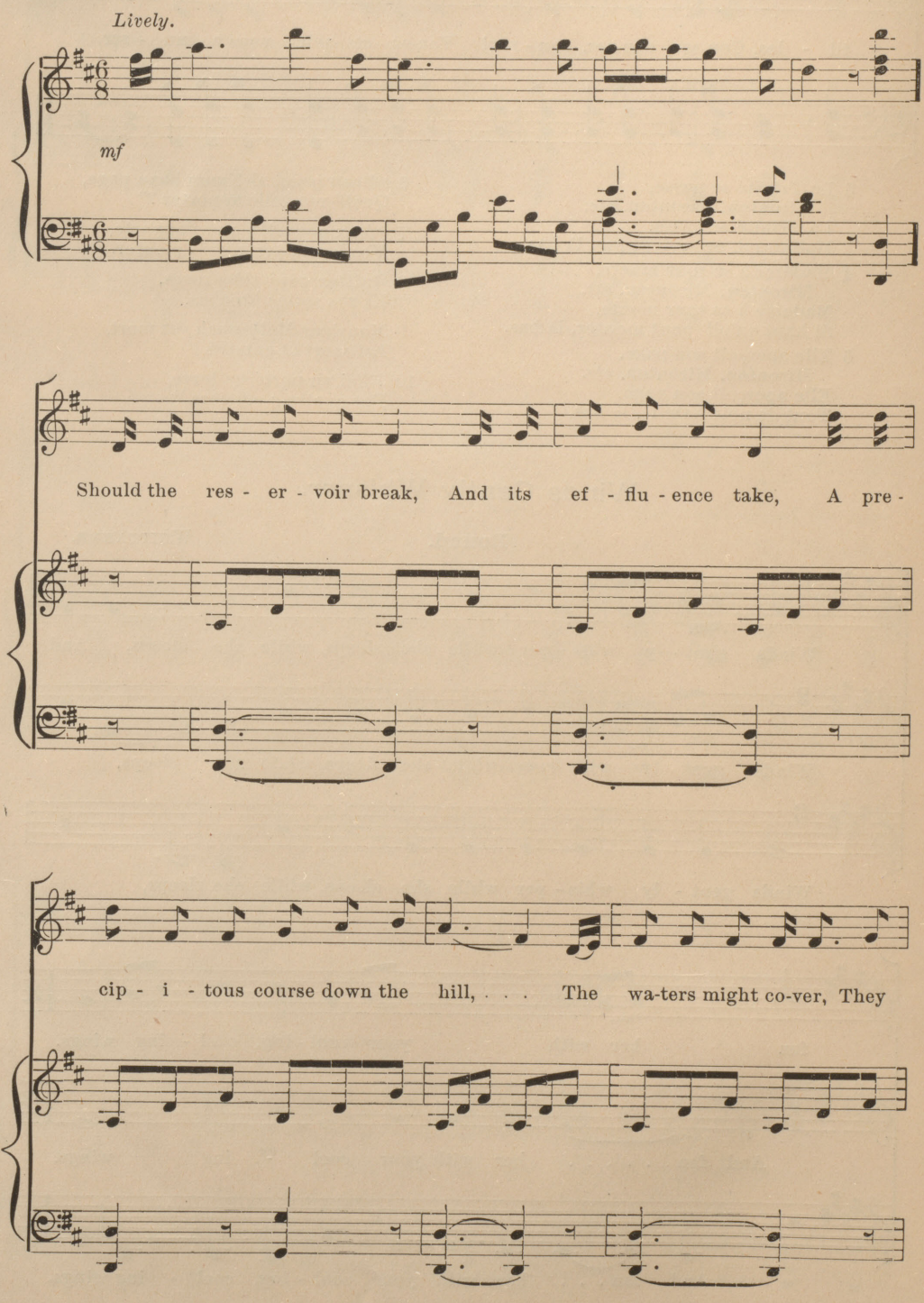
10 J'l'ai vu porté en terre,
Par quatre-z-officiers."

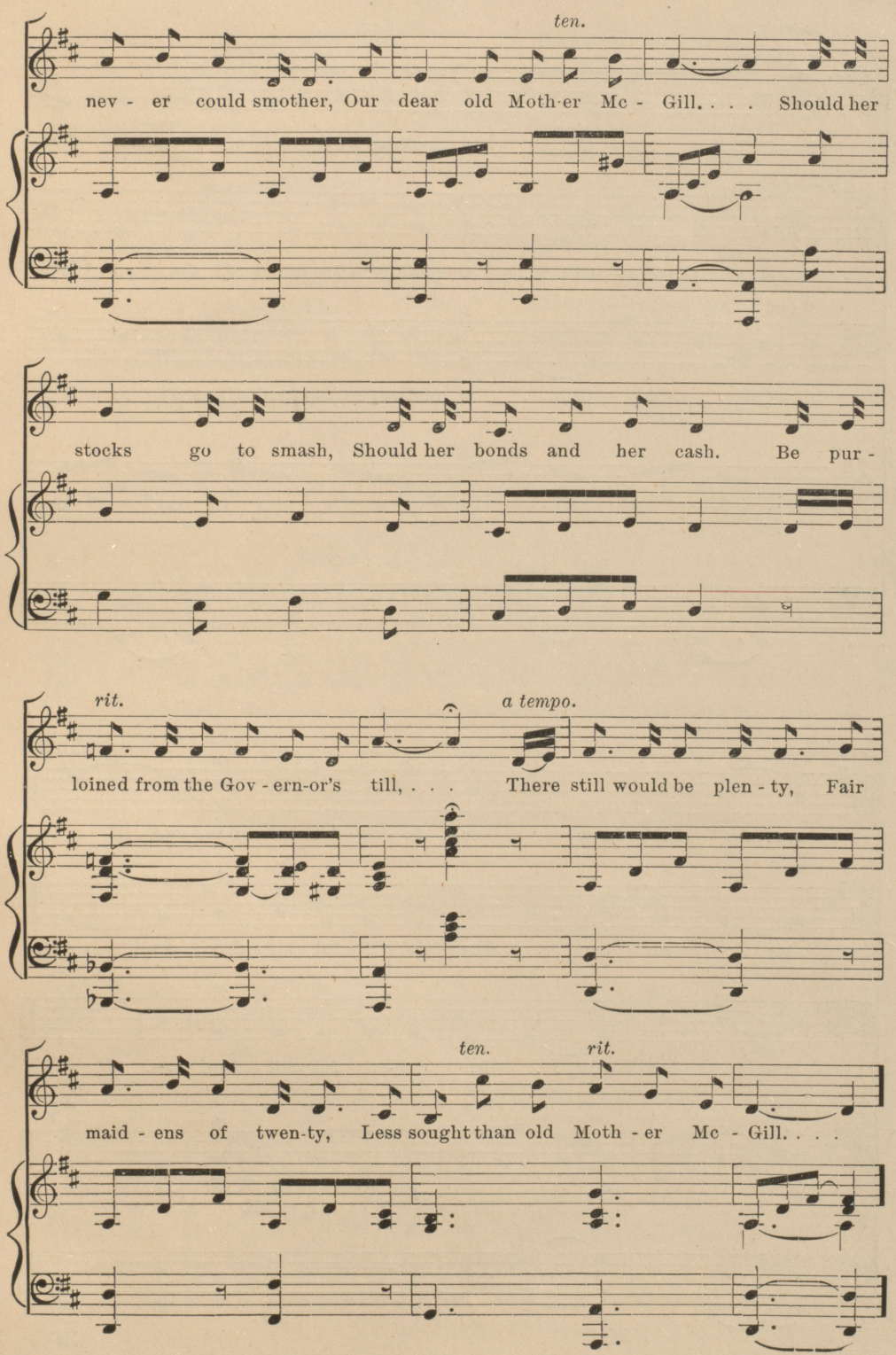
Winds Gently Whisper.

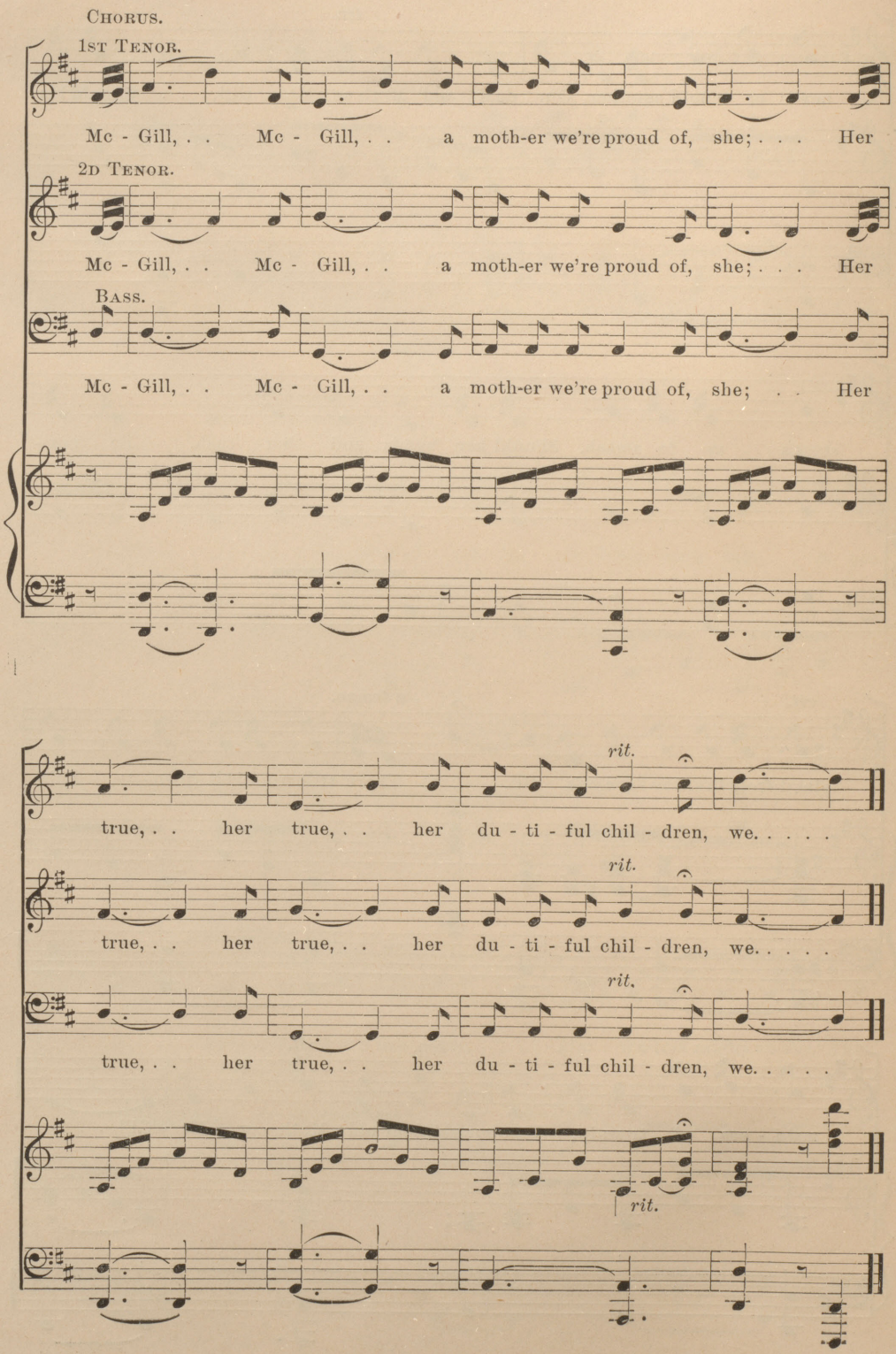
Round. WHITTAKER.



Words by C. W. Colby, Ph. D. Air. *"The Gay Cavalier."*




ten.
nev - er could smother, Our dear old Moth-er Mc - Gill. . . . Should her
stocks go to smash, Should her bonds and her cash. Be pur -
rit.
a tempo.
loined from the Gov - ern-or's till, . . . There still would be plen - ty, Fair
ten.
rit.
maid - ens of twen-ty, Less sought than old Moth - er Mc - Gill. . . .


Chorus.
1st Tenor.
Mc - Gill, . . Mc - Gill, . . a moth-er we're proud of, she; . . . Her
2d Tenor.
Mc - Gill, . . Mc - Gill, . . a moth-er we're proud of, she; . . . Her
Bass.
Mc - Gill, . . Mc - Gill, . . a moth-er we're proud of, she; . . Her
rit.
true, . . her true, . . her du - ti - ful chil - dren, we. . . . .
rit.
true, . . her true, . . her du - ti - ful chil - dren, we. . . . .
rit.
true, . . her true, . . her du - ti - ful chil - dren, we. . . . .
rit.

2 Should the lightning come down,
On her weather-beat crown,
Should the flames batten on her at will,
'Mid sorrow we'd praise her,
From ruins we'd raise her,
We'd rally round mother McGill.
E'en imperious Time
Has accounted it crime,
To use her, as he uses us, ill;
The years make *us* hoary,
But only bring glory
And homage, to mother McGill.

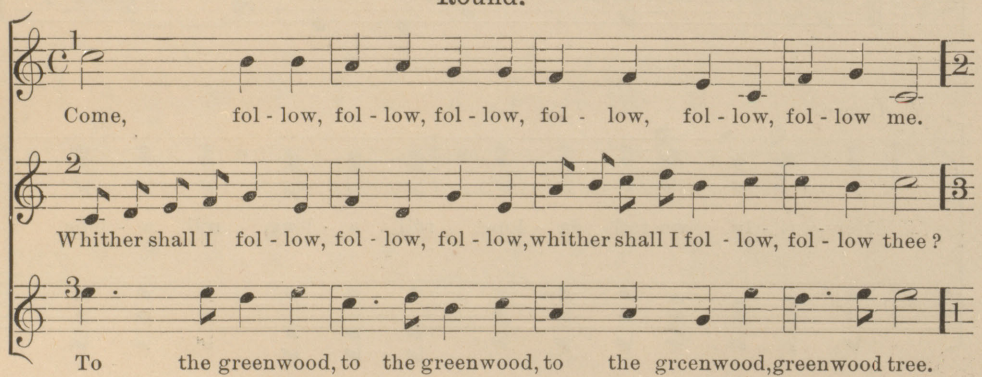
McGill, McGill a mother, *etc.*

3 She has given us more
Than a tarnishing store
Of treacherous, beggarly gold;
She has given us treasures
Of labors and pleasures,
And friends who will never grow old.
We will echo her fame,
And our lineage claim,
And exalt her, embellish, caress;
To her throughout æons
Shall rise joyful pæans,
From voices of thousands who bless.

McGill, McGill, a mother, *etc.*

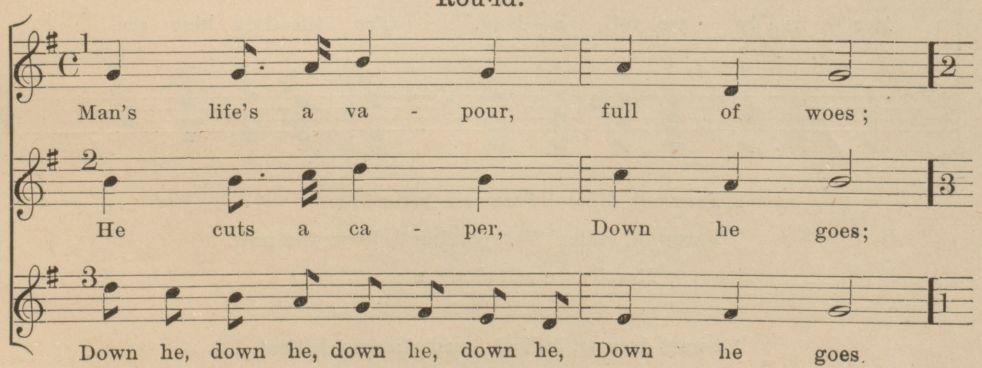
Come, Follow Me.

Round.

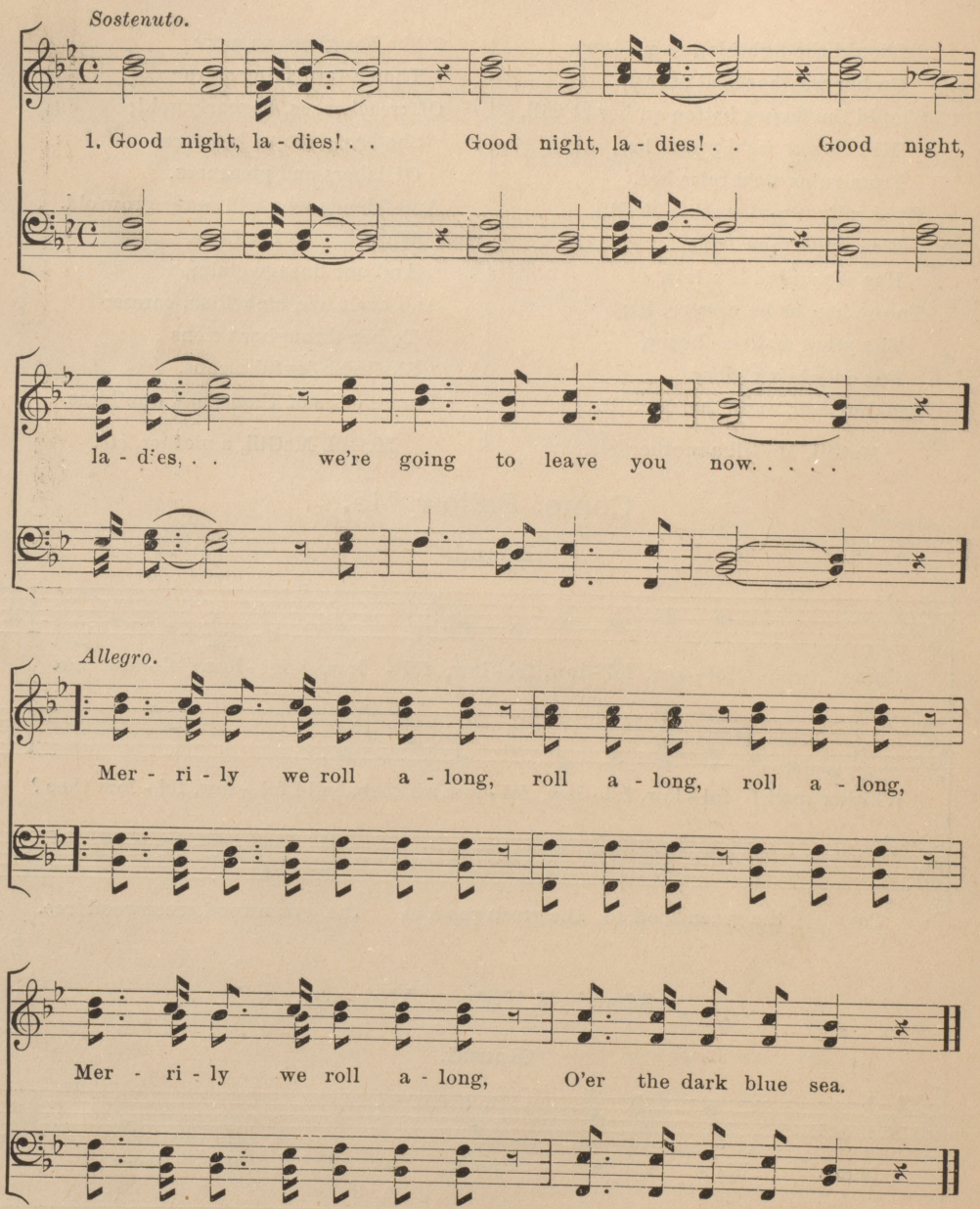


Man's Life's a Vapour.

Round.

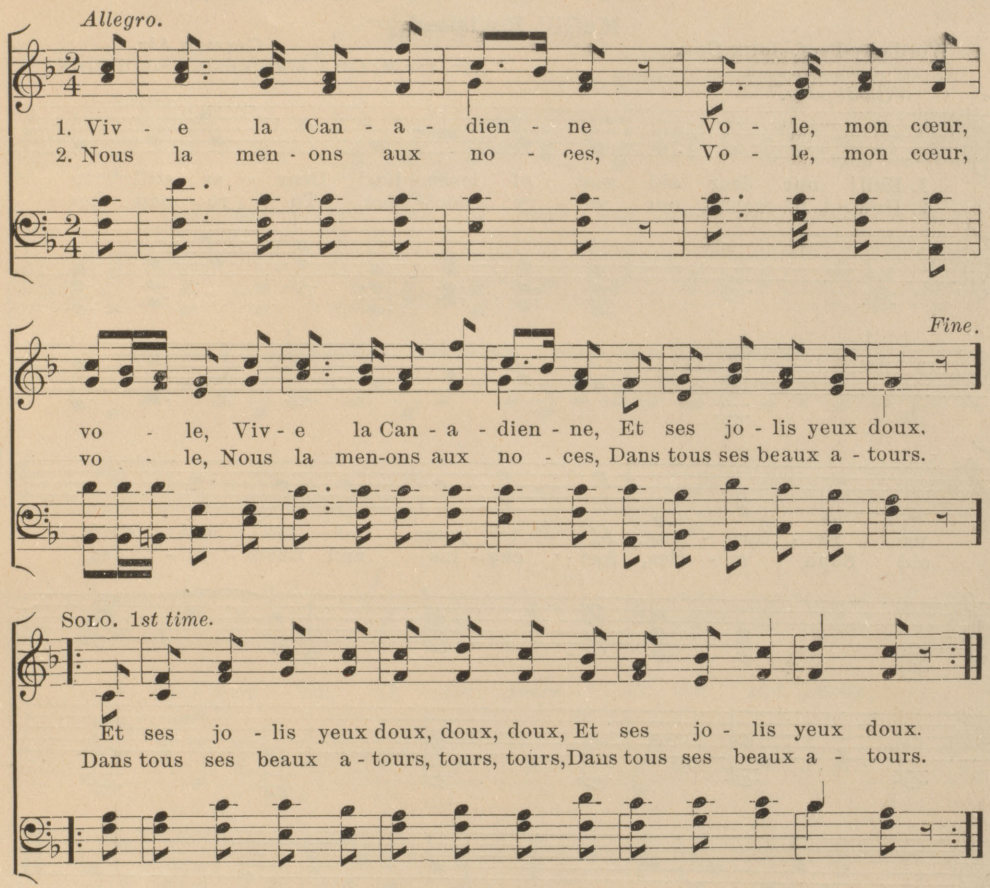


Good Night, Ladies!



2 Farewell, ladies! Farewell, ladies!
Farewell, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, etc.

3 Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, etc.



3 Nous faisons bonne chère,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Nous faisons bonne chère,
Et nous avons bon goût. (*ter.*)
Cho. Vive la Canadienne, etc.

4 On danse avec nos blondes,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
On danse avec nos blondes,
Nous changeons tour á tour. (*ter.*)
Cho. Vive la Canadienne, etc.

5 Alors toute la terre,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Alors toute la terre,
Nous appartient en tout. (*ter.*)
Cho. Vive la Canadienne, etc.

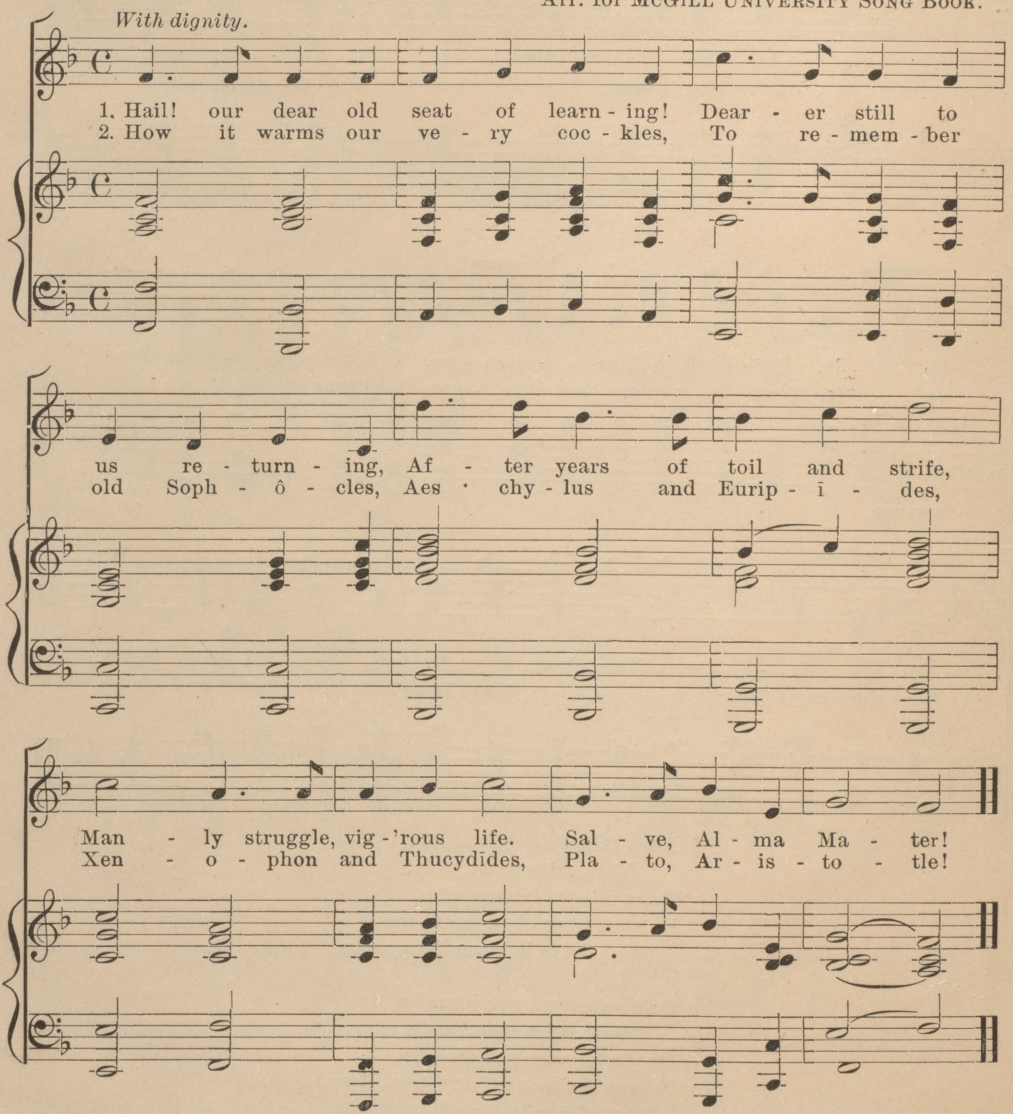
6 Ainsi le temps se passe,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Ainsi le temps se passe,
Il est vraiment bien doux. (*ter.*)
Cho. Vive la Canadienne, etc.

Song of the Old Boys.

McGill Revisited.

Words by Prof. JOHN COX.

German Air.
Arr. for McGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.



3 Here we grubbed up Mathematics,
Euclid, Algebra and Statics,
Sines, Cosines, Tangents, Secs,
Calculus of Z, Y, X,
Logarithmic Tables.

4 Lawyers here acquired acumen,
Such as is vouchsafed to few men,
Argued the knotty case,
Practised each legal grace,
Judges in futuro.

5 Doctor's trained to dose and pill us,
Diagnosed each bad bacillus;
Here we dissected Jones,
And studied up our bones,
Muscles, nerves and tissues.

6 Here's the smithy brightly burning,
Lathes and engines wildly turning,
Arc-light here, and Dynamo,
Turbine too, and water-flow,
Emery and Wickstead.

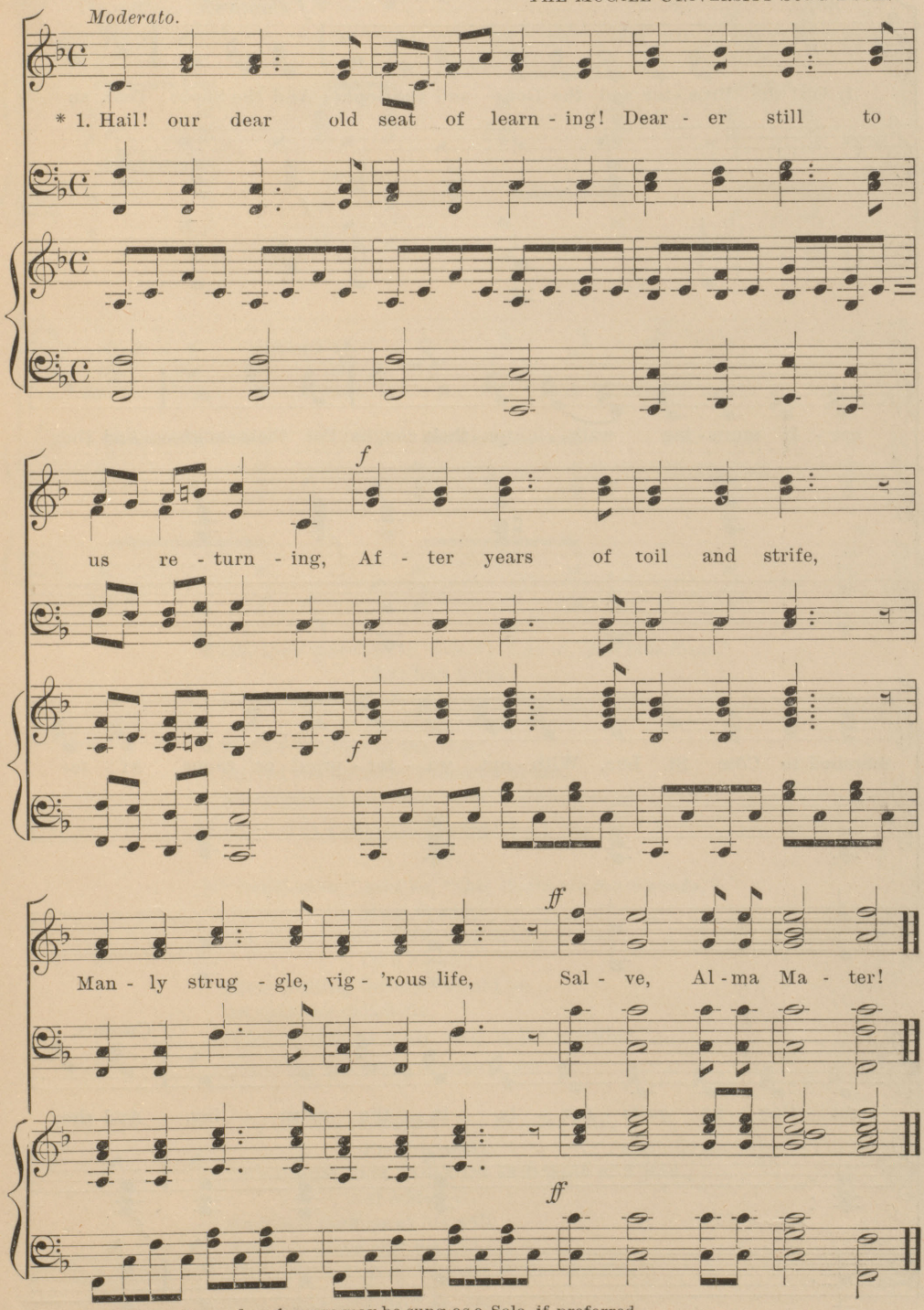
7 Next we trot around the campus,
Puffing now alas! like grampus,
Fight again the football field,
Tell of tugs where none could yield,
Many a mighty record.

8 Dear to us the well-known places,
Dear the old familiar faces.
So, ye sons of old McGill,
Rouse the chorus with a will:
Salve, Alma Mater!

McGill Revisited.

Words by Prof. JOHN COX.

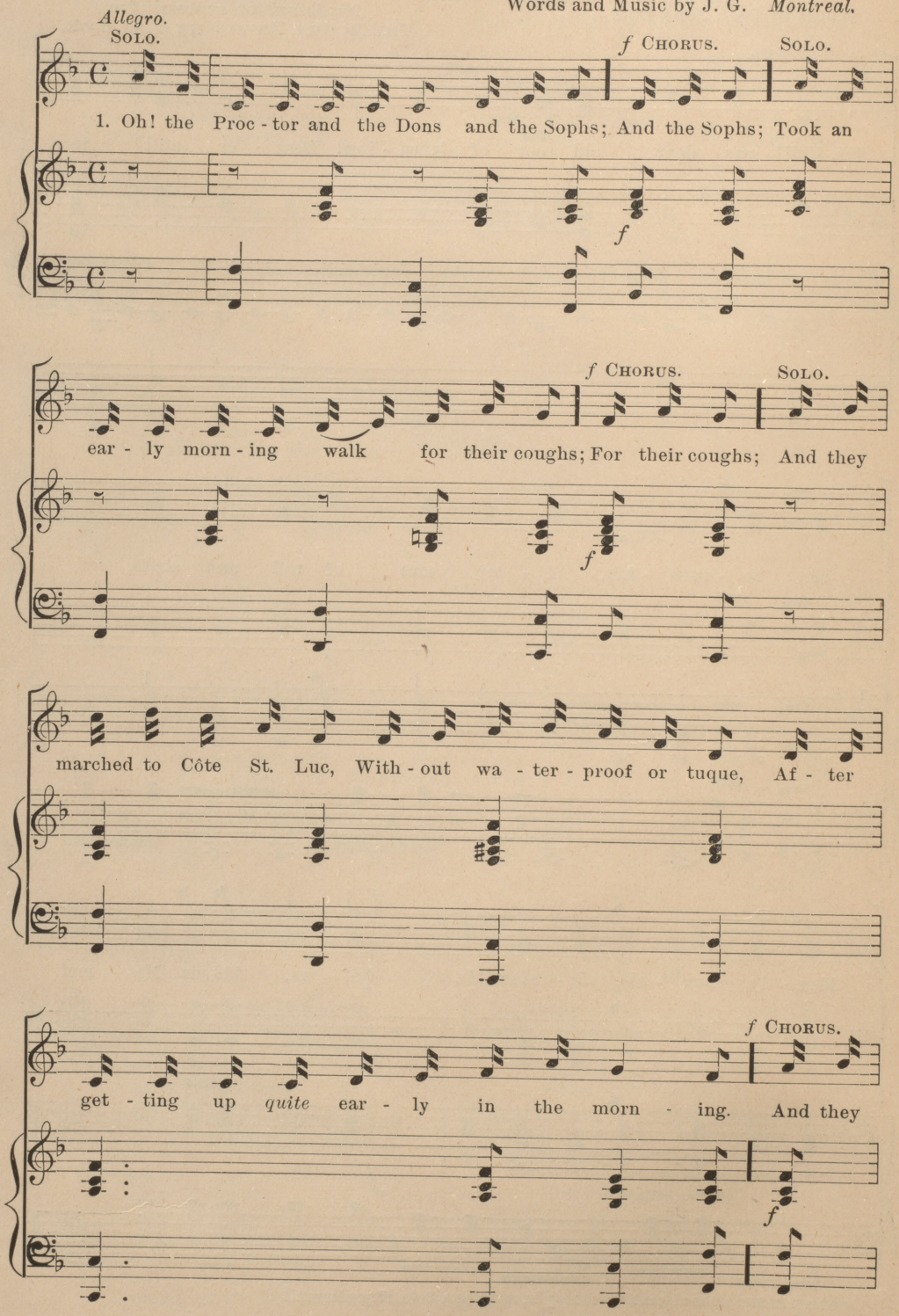
Music written expressly for THE McGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

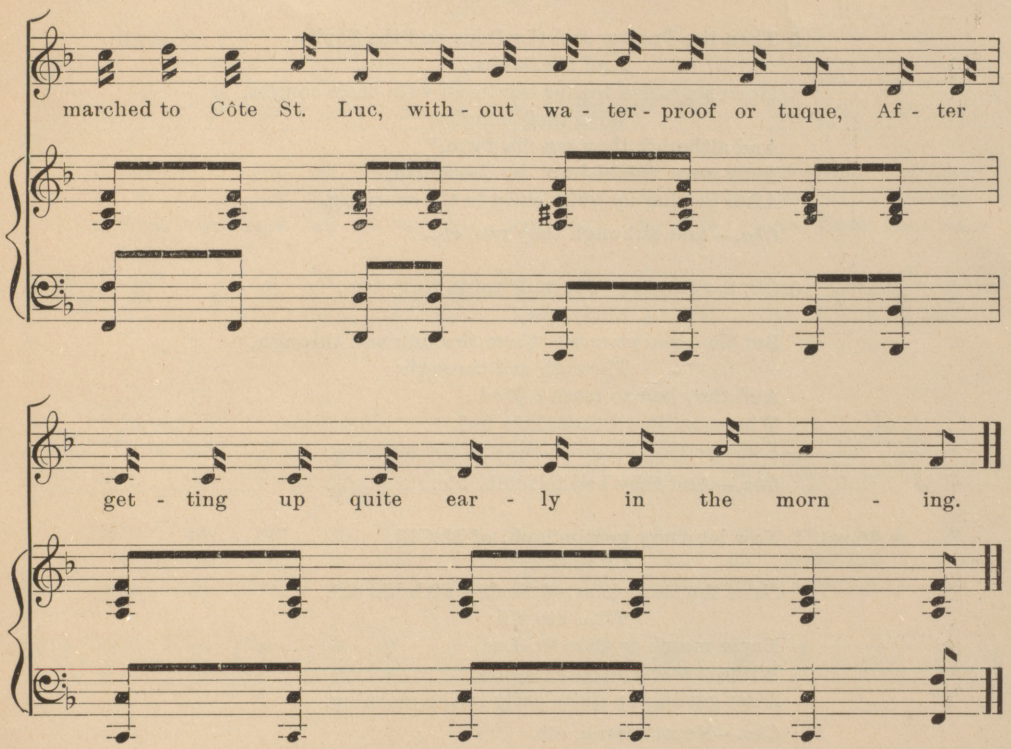


* The first two lines of each verse may be sung as a Solo, if preferred.

The Proctor and the Dons.

Words and Music by J. G. *Montreal.*





2 Oh, they marched to Côte St. Luc in "exc'lent form,"
"Exc'lent form,"
Never dreaming of a fierce impending storm,
'Pending storm;
Till a rumbling in the West
Stirred the doughty Proctor's breast,
After getting up quite early in the morning.

Cho.—Till a rumbling in the West, etc.

3 "Gentleman," said he, "this storm we must evade,
Must evade;
Let us seek the classic shelter of a shade,
Of a Shade;
For a wetting through would be
An extreme calamitie,
After getting up quite early in the morning."

Cho.—For a wetting through, etc.

4 "An *extreme* calamitie," the Proctor said,
Proctor said;
"We should have to ask the assistance of a Med.,
of a Med.;
And he'd stuff us at his will
With his bolus and his pill,
After getting up quite early in the morning.

Cho.—And he'd stuff us, etc.

5 Then the Proctor and the Dons and the Sophs.,
And the Sophs.,
Much regretted having ventured with their coughs,
With their coughs;
And although they ran "in form,"
They were "picked up" by the storm,
After getting up quite early in the morning.
Cho.—And although they ran, etc.

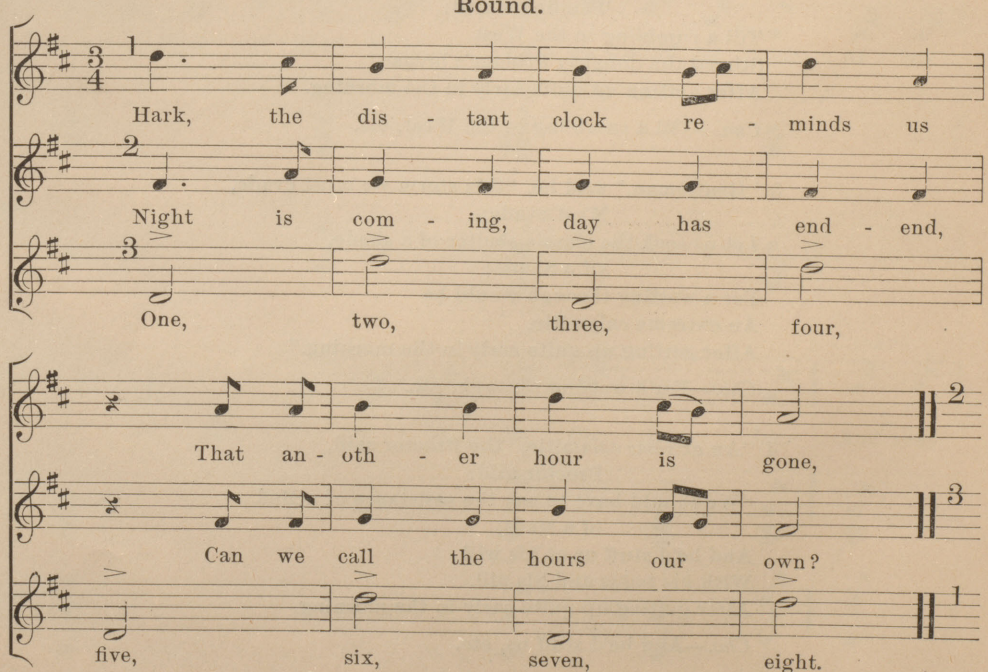
6 Oh, the Proctor "spurted" up to forty-two,
Forty-two,
But the *aqua pura* wet them through and through,
Through and through;
And they had to fetch a Med.,
Who soon dosed them into bed,
After getting up quite early in the morning.
Cho.—And they had to fetch, etc.

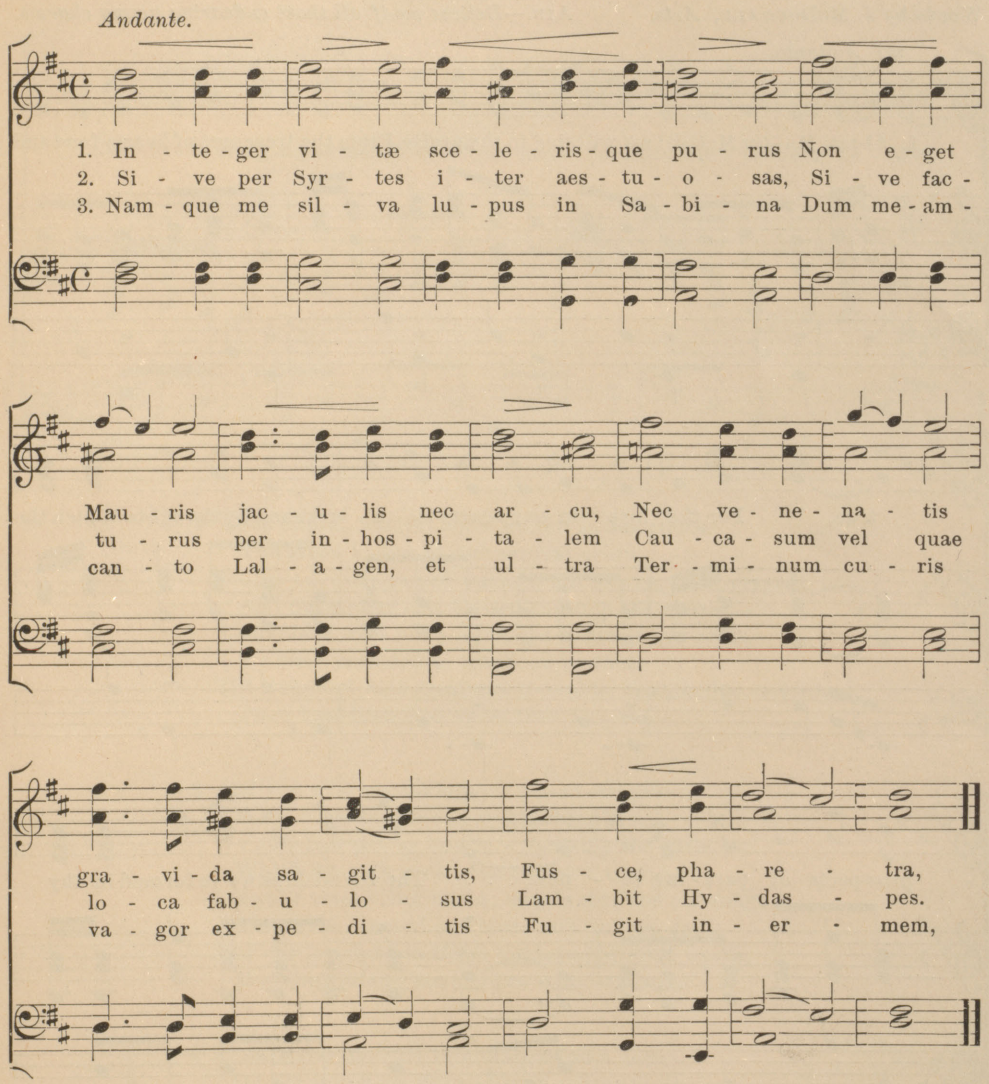
* *Moral.* 7 Now let every gentle Soph. of McGill,
Of McGill,
Shun the stony-hearted Meddy with his pill,
With his pill;
Never march to Côte St. Luc,
Without waterproof or tuque,
After getting up quite early in the morning.
Cho.—Never march, etc.

* The word *Moral* to be spoken.

Hark! The Distant Clock.

Round.





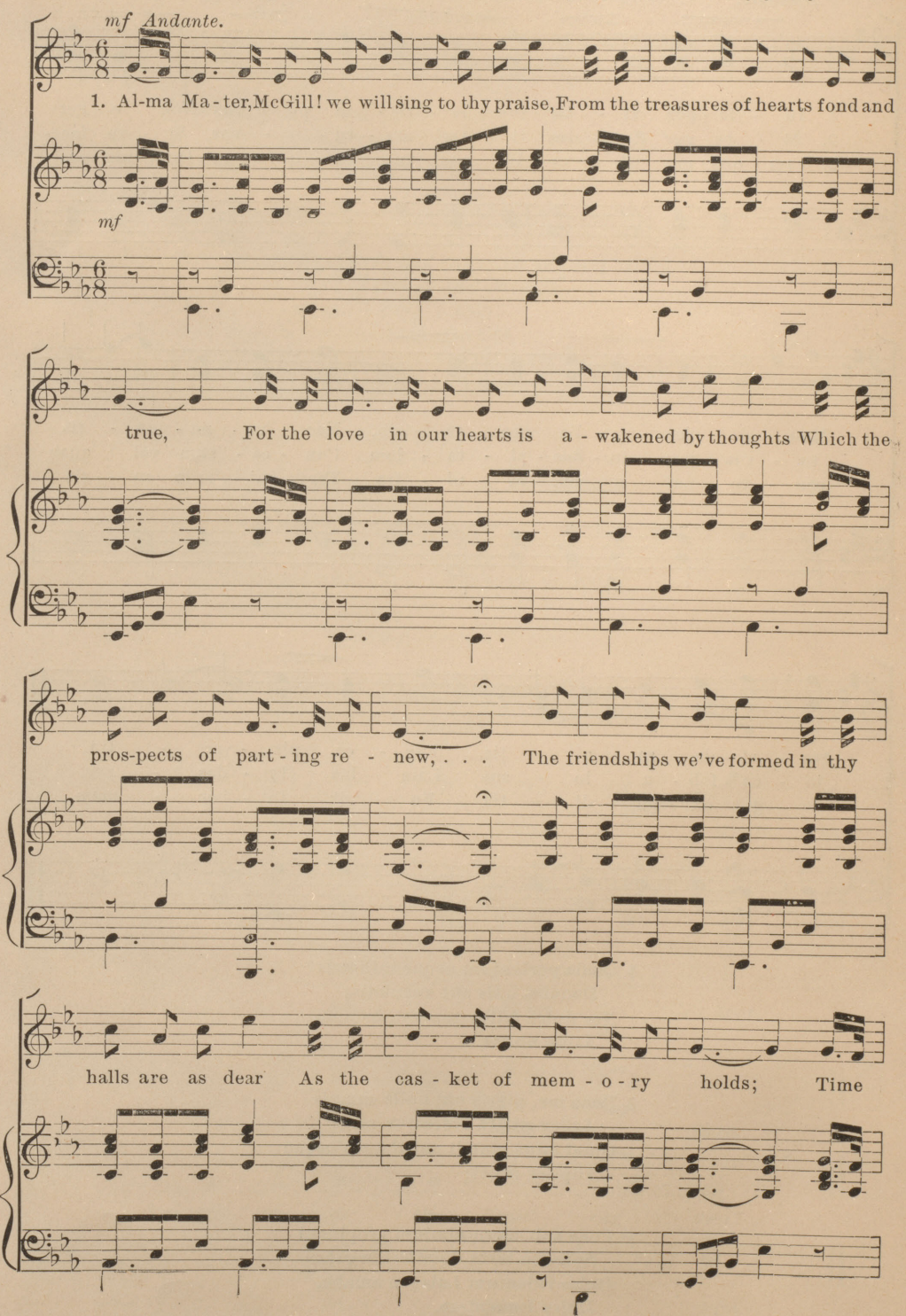
4 Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

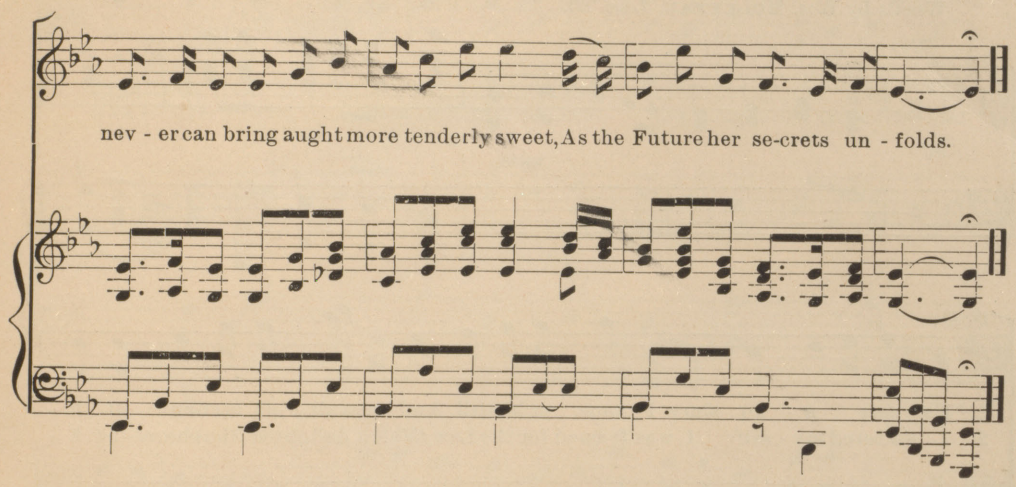
5 Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura;
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget;

6 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata:
Dulce ridentum Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

Alma Mater McGill.

Words by J. McDougall, *Arts.* Air.—*Believe me if all those endearing young charms.*





2 Alma Mater, McGill! since we left in our youth,
The loved homes of our earliest years,
Where our fathers had warned, our mothers had prayed,
And our sisters had blessed through their tears,—
Thou alone wert our parent, the nurse of our souls,
We were moulded to manhood by thee;
Till freighted with treasure, thoughts, friendships and hopes,
Thou hast launched us on Destiny's sea.

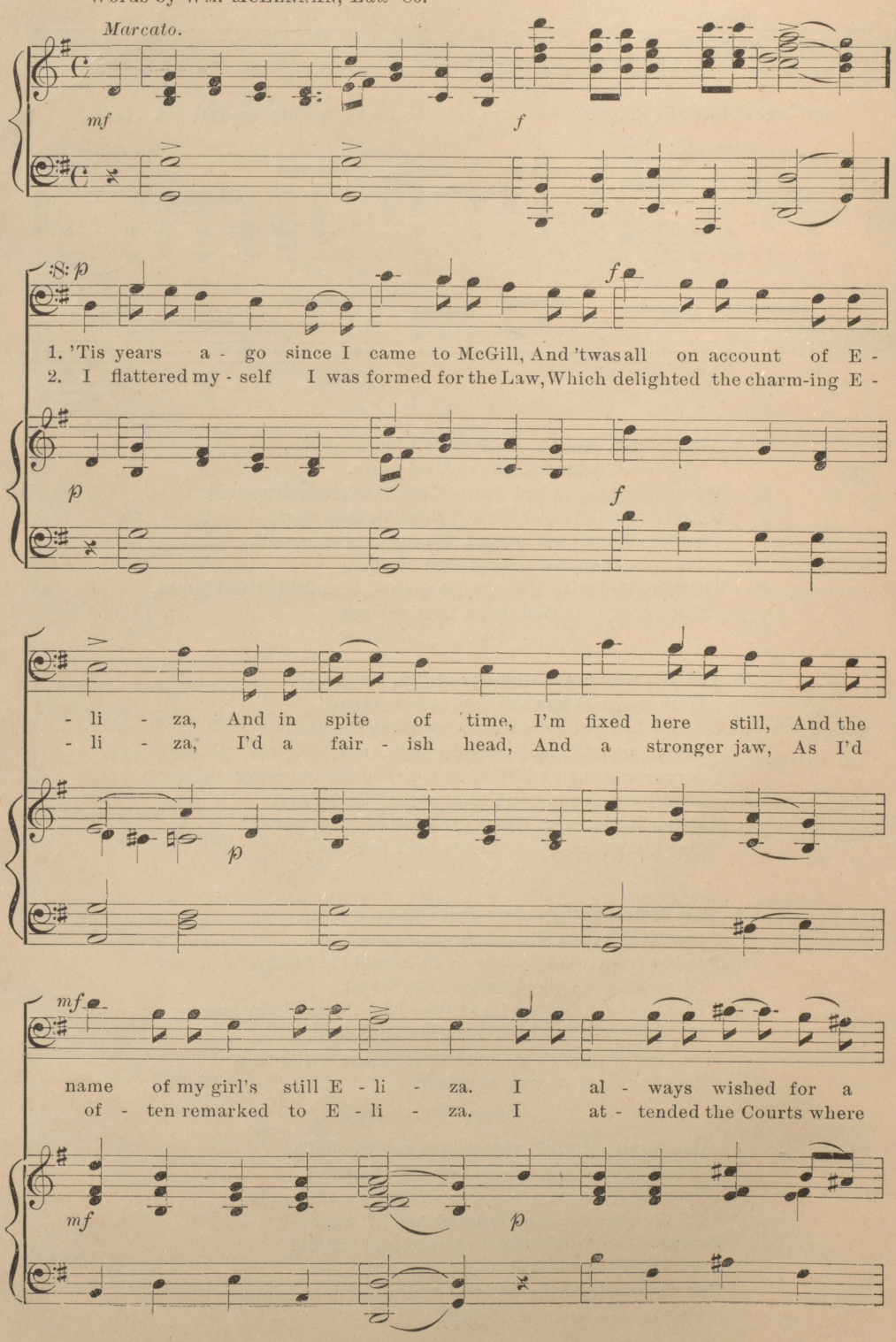
3 And you who are taking our places, we greet
With warm hearts and sympathies broad,
We now hail you as brothers pursuing the path
Which we with such pleasure have trod;
Let your voices ring blithe, as you sing the old songs
That have cheered and blest past College days;
May our loved Alma Mater yet boast of your worth,
May she garland your brows with her bays!

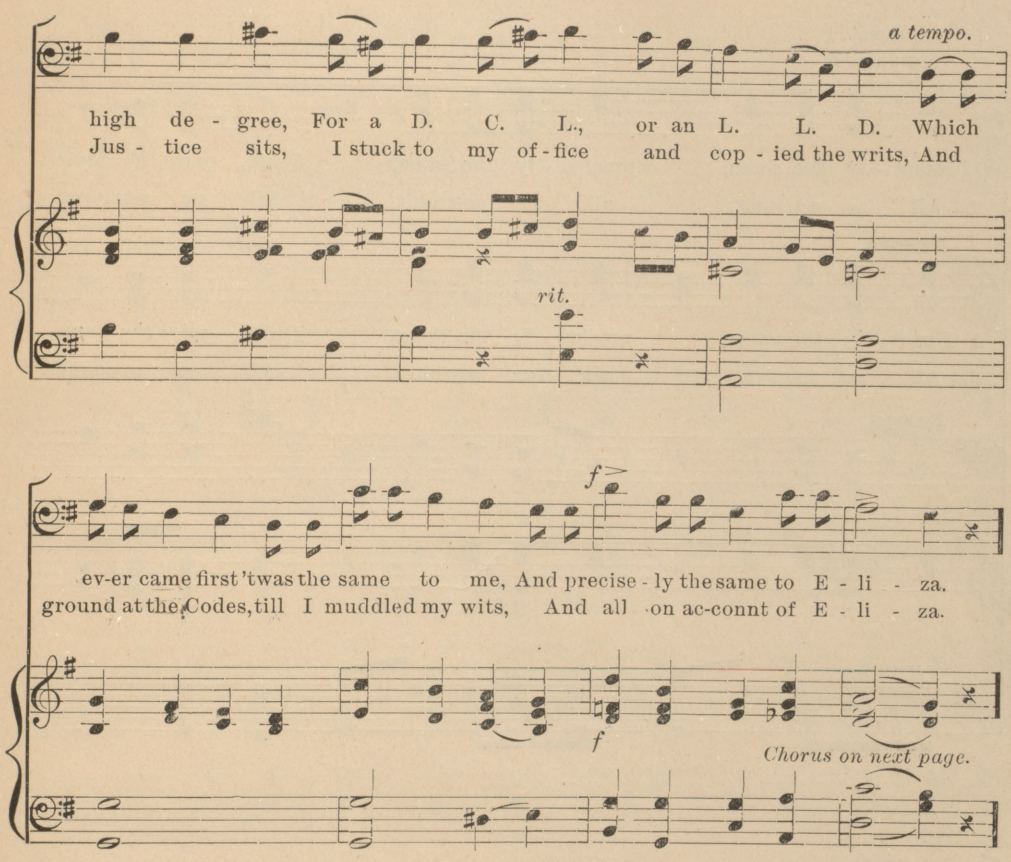
4 Alma Mater, McGill! thou dost sit as a queen,
On the slopes of Mount Royal, whose crest
Saw the cross and the fleur-de-lis herald the birth
Of an empire—the Queen of the West!
With fair memories crowned thou hast fostered our love
For the country whose name we hold dear;
Thou hast taught us to look to her future with pride,
And her glorious past to revere.

5 Alma Mater, McGill! thy shades and thy halls,
We shall long to behold them once more,
To revisit old scenes, feel the warm grasp of hands
Of the comrades our hearts loved of yore.
Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
Our fond hearts shall follow thee still;
May thy sons and thy daughters all cherish and love
Forever the name of McGill.

Eliza.

Words by Wm. McLennan, *Law* '80.





3 I found in time that the Law was dry,
Although approved by Eliza;
I found that before the Court I was shy,
Although not so with Eliza.
So I said—"My love, you must clearly see,
I've a soul above a lawyer's fee,
Now what do you say to a real M. D ?"
"All right, my dear", said Eliza.

Cho. All right my dear, all right my love,
All right, my dear, said Eliza,
M. D. appears much higher than B,
C. L., responded Eliza.

4 So I cut and sawed with a hearty will—
And all on account of Eliza;
Although at first I was often ill,
To the great distress of Eliza.
I wore a skull in a black necktie,
I smoked when 'twas wet, and I drank when 'twas dry,
But at the Exam I was "plucked on the fly,"
Which I couldn't explain to Eliza.

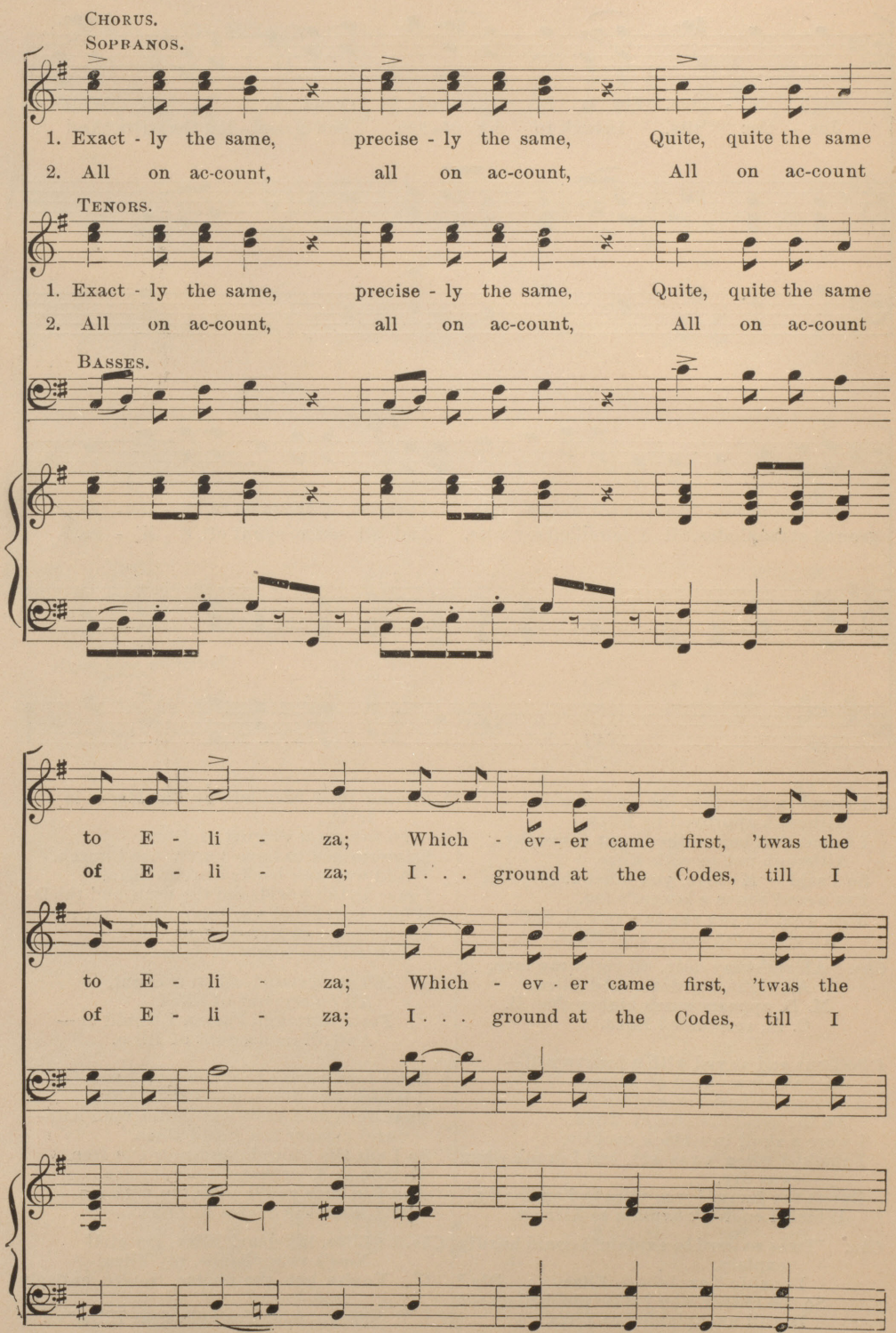
Cho. 'Twas so hard to explain, I could hardly explain,
I couldn't explain to Eliza, [fly,"
So the reason why I was "plucked on the
Is still unexplained to Eliza.

5 Having thus been left by the Meds. in the lurch,
To the great disgust of Eliza,
I determined to have a go at the Church,
And was well backed up by Eliza.
I gave up the world, and the flesh, and the D–
Which never had any temptations for me,
For a thorough Parson now I'd be—
And all on account of Eliza.

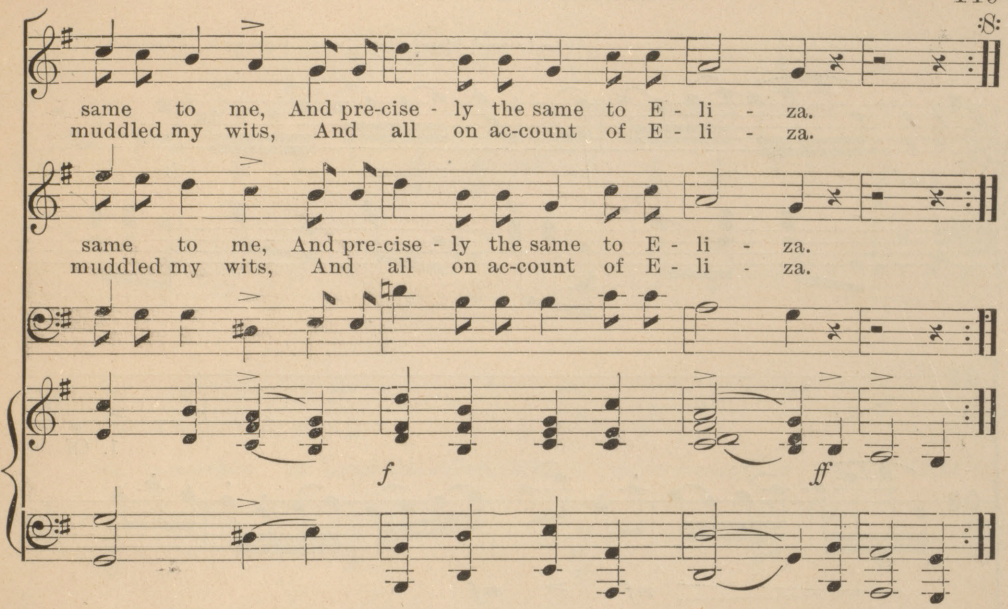
Cho. All on account, all on account,
All on account of Eliza,
For a thorough Parson I would be—
And all on account of Eliza.

6 But I found alas! that the world was fair—
Which was due somewhat to Eliza;
That linen as a shirt was better, than hair—
"And cleaner too," said Eliza.
So I cut the Church, and now I'm free,
To take B. A. or some other degree,
And I'm sure you'll all agree with me—
If I leave the choice to Eliza.

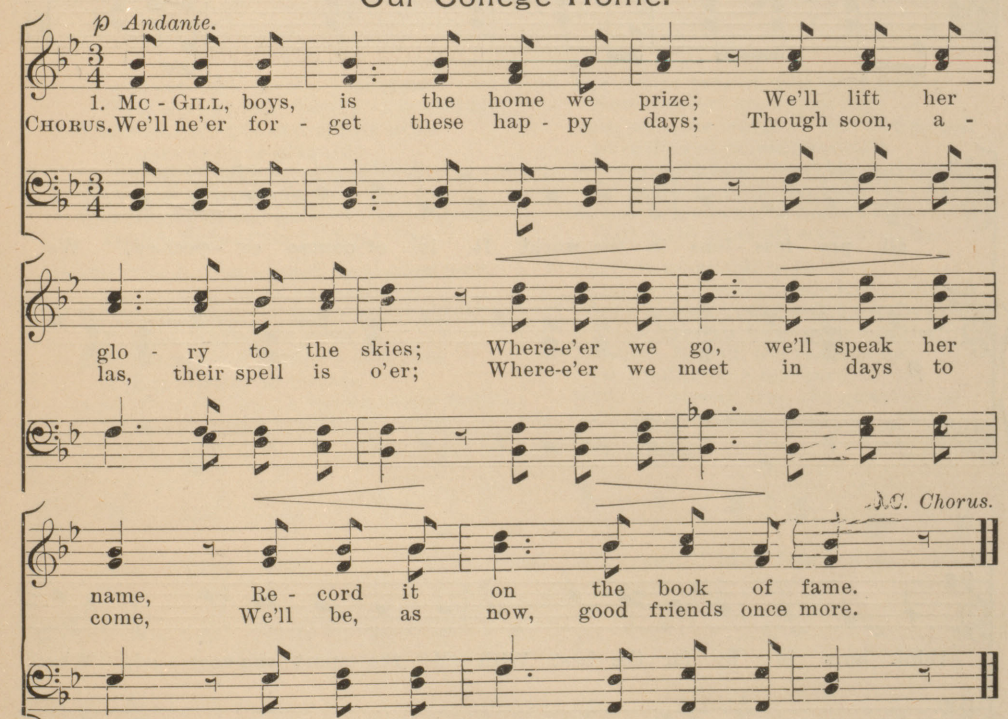
Cho. "Eliza, my dear! Eliza, my girl!
Now's your chance, my Eliza!
You've got the choice, you're entirely free—
So put him through, dear Eliza!"


Chorus.
Sopranos.
1. Exact - ly the same, precise - ly the same, Quite, quite the same
2. All on ac-count, all on ac-count, All on ac-count
Tenors.
1. Exact - ly the same, precise - ly the same, Quite, quite the same
2. All on ac-count, all on ac-count, All on ac-count
Basses.
to E - li - za; Which - ev - er came first, 'twas the
of E - li - za; I . . . ground at the Codes, till I
to E - li - za; Which - ev - er came first, 'twas the
of E - li - za; I . . . ground at the Codes, till I

Eliza. Concluded.



Our College Home.



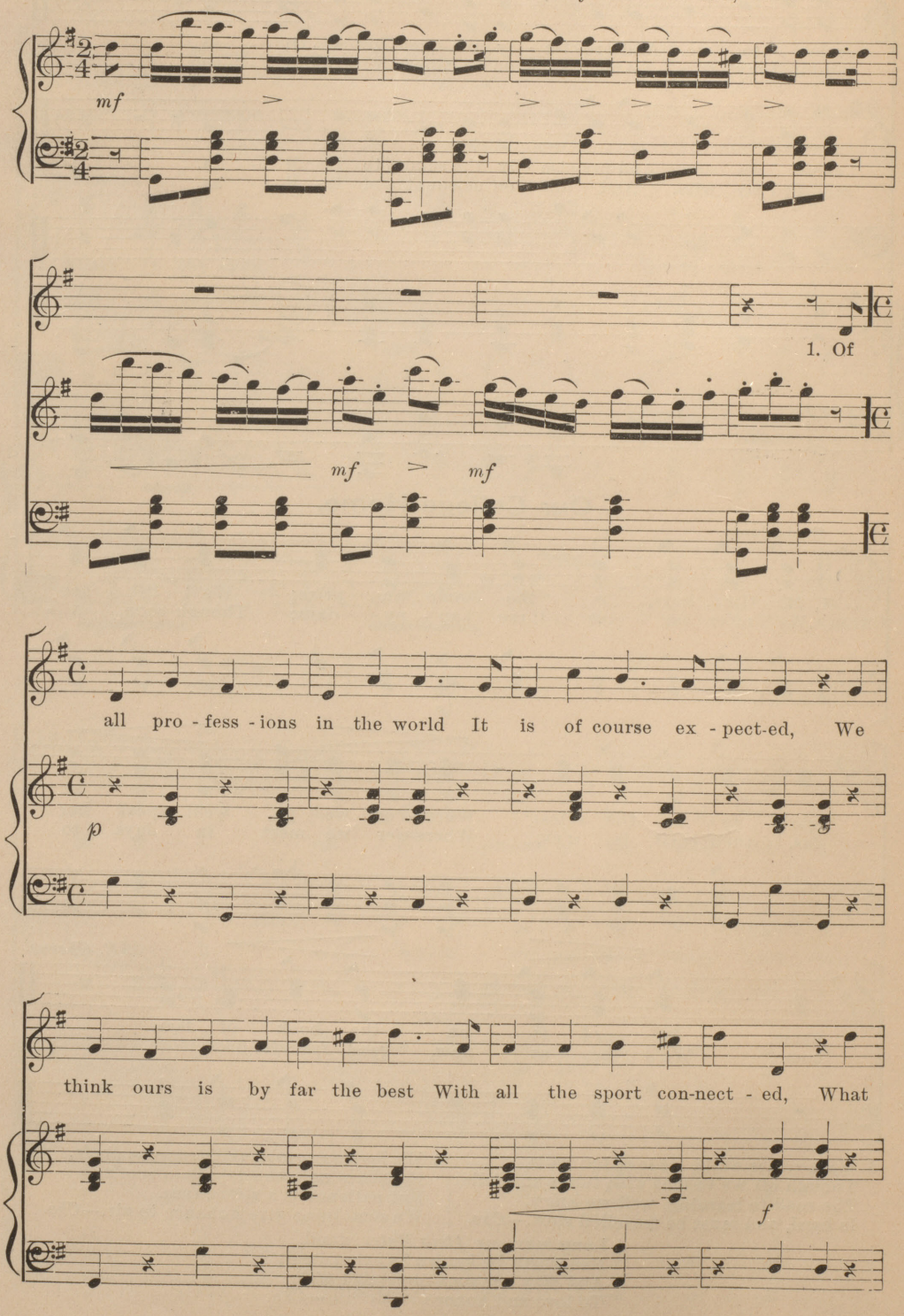
2 We love her walls, we love her halls,
Though oft we've met with funks and falls;
The road to learning, well we know,
Is hard, and must be travelled slow.—*Cho.*

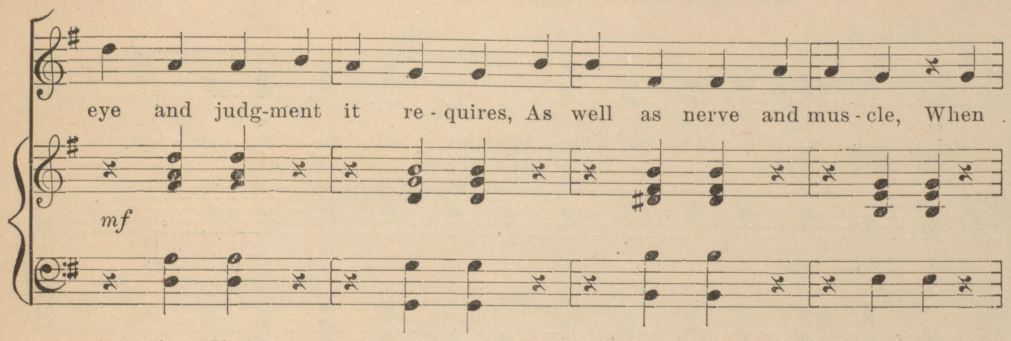
3 We love our grave and generous profs,
For them no bitter taunts or scoffs;
But patience as a virtue rare,
We sometimes give a chance to air.—*Cho.*

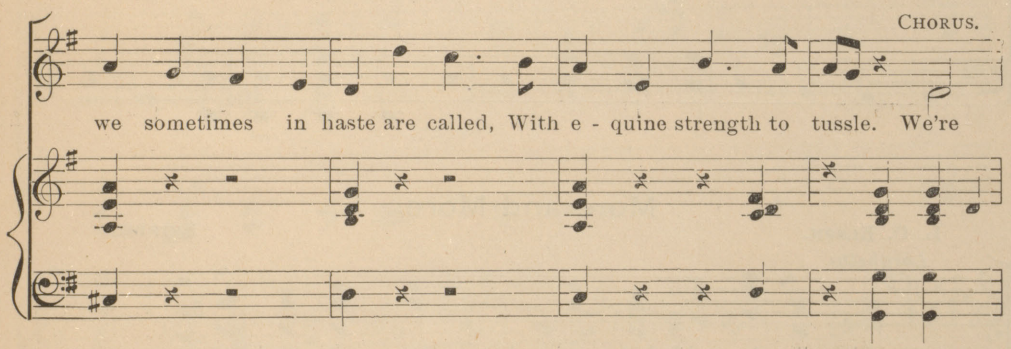
4 Long may our *Alma Mater* stand,
Her worth be known in every land;
And may her sons remember still,
To love and honor old McGill.—*Cho.*

Comparative Medicine.

Words and Music by CECIL FRENCH, *Classics* '94.





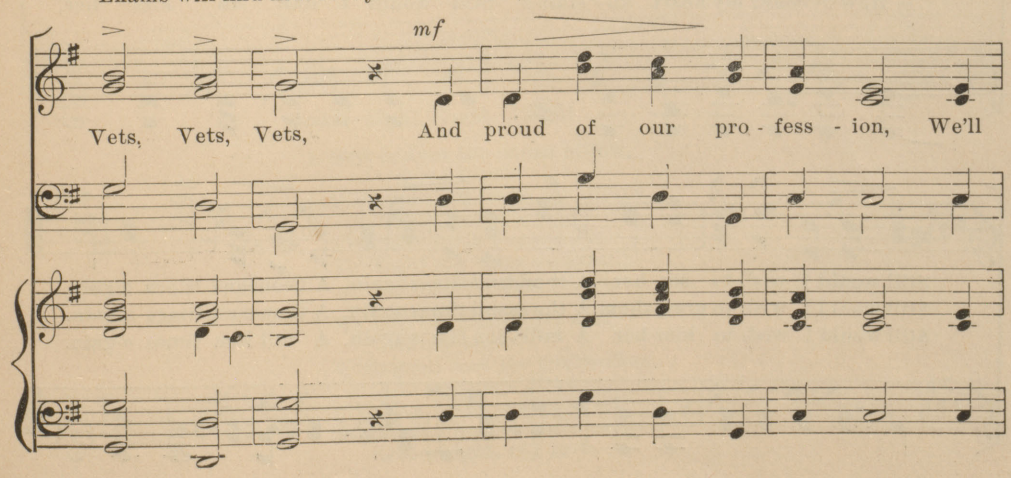


2 Now there's the cheeky Freshman,
With his eye the "Sophs" a scanning,
While in his light and empty head
An answer he is planning.
He knows it all, he's sure of that
At least down home they told him;
He makes a break, gets left, and thinks
That Silence oft is golden.—*Cho*

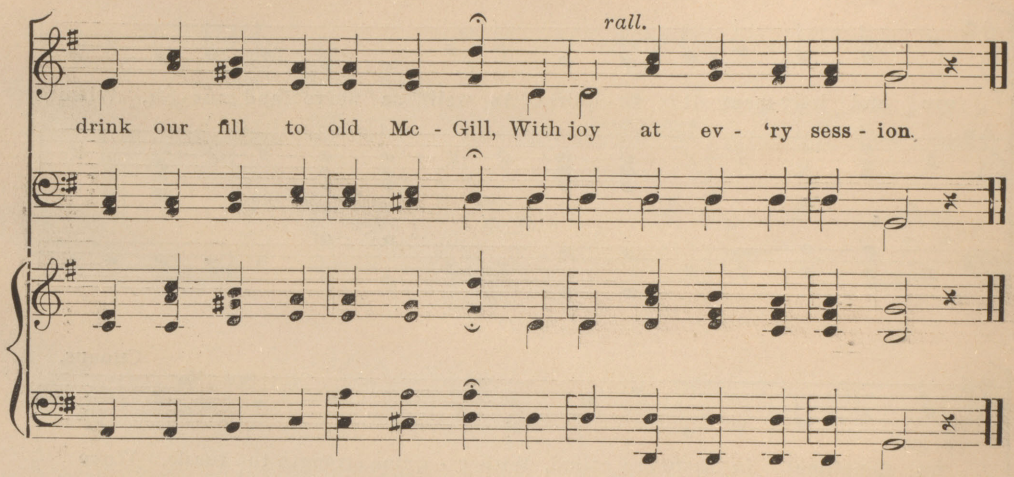
3 The "Soph." he's quiet, he's wiser now,
He finds he doesn't know it:
He's sobered down, he's lost his cheek,
At least he doesn't show it.
He's got to plug, he know just that,
It pays best to be steady,
And when the balmy Spring comes round,
Exams will find him ready.—*Cho.*

4 The senior year of well-tried men
New theories are exploring,
And, with the wings of zeal outspread,
In realms of Science soaring.
When graduating, thoughts will rise
Of parting on the morrow,
But consciousness of honors won
Will drive away all sorrow.—*Cho.*

5 Alas! so many fail to think
Our poor dumb friends have feeling!
They care not how much pain they cause,
When they perform their healing.
Then let, McGill, thy mission be
Of kindliness a teacher;
With thy strong arm, the guardian be
Of every helpless creature.—*Cho.*



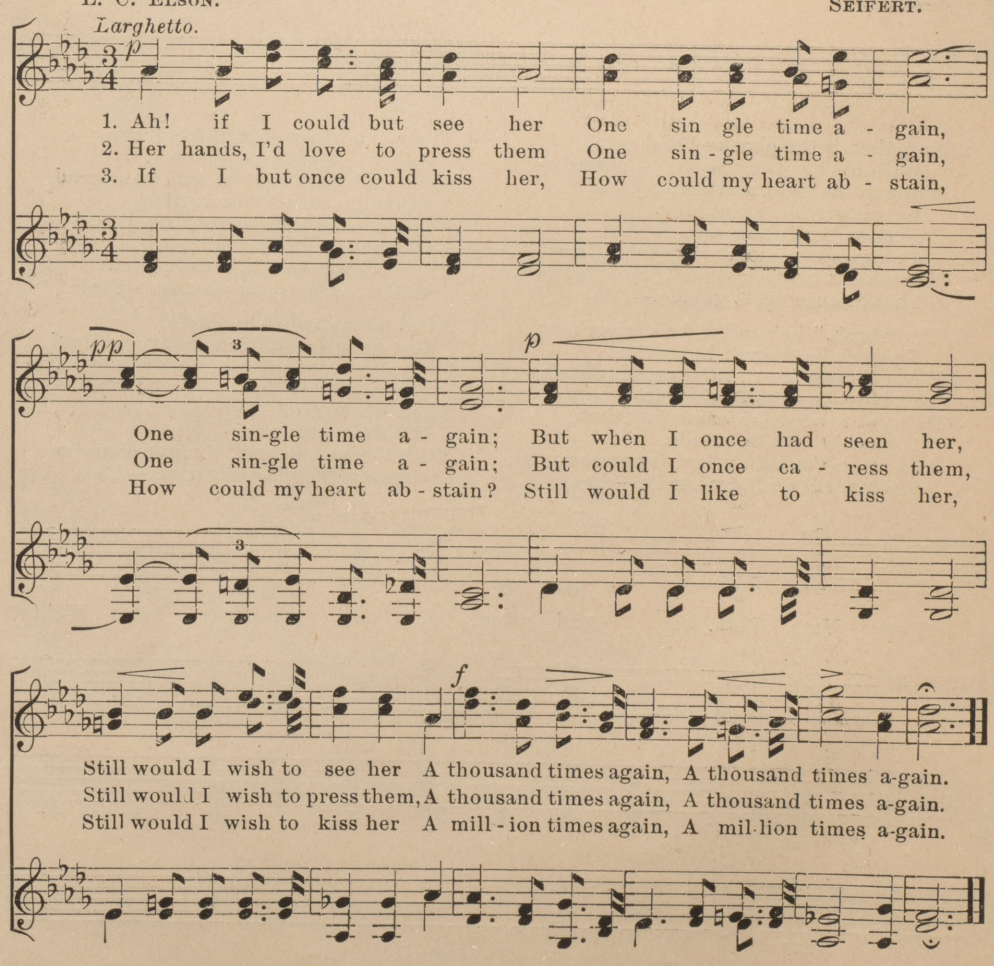
Comparative Medicine. Concluded.



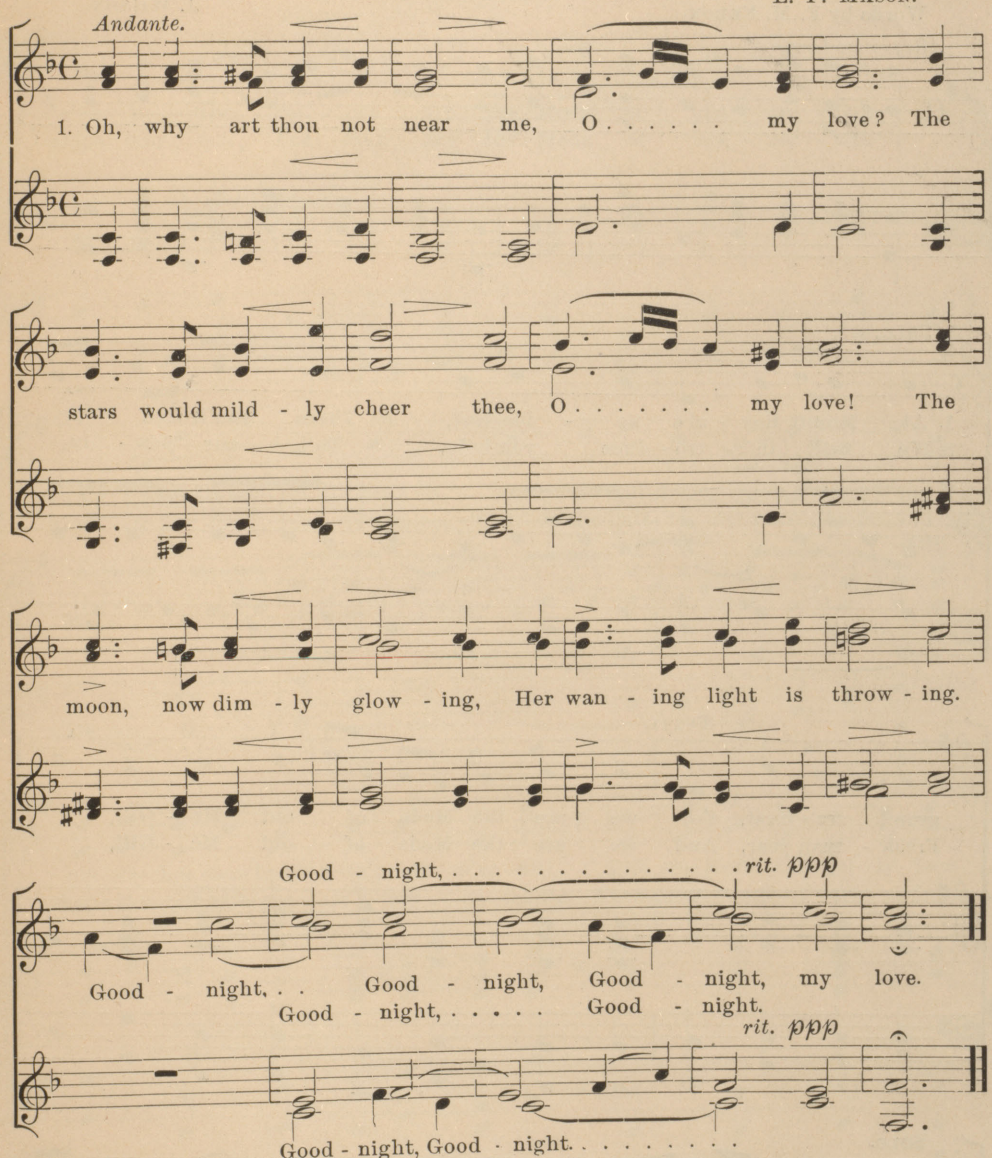
More and More.

L. C. Elson.

SEIFERT.



E. P. Mason.



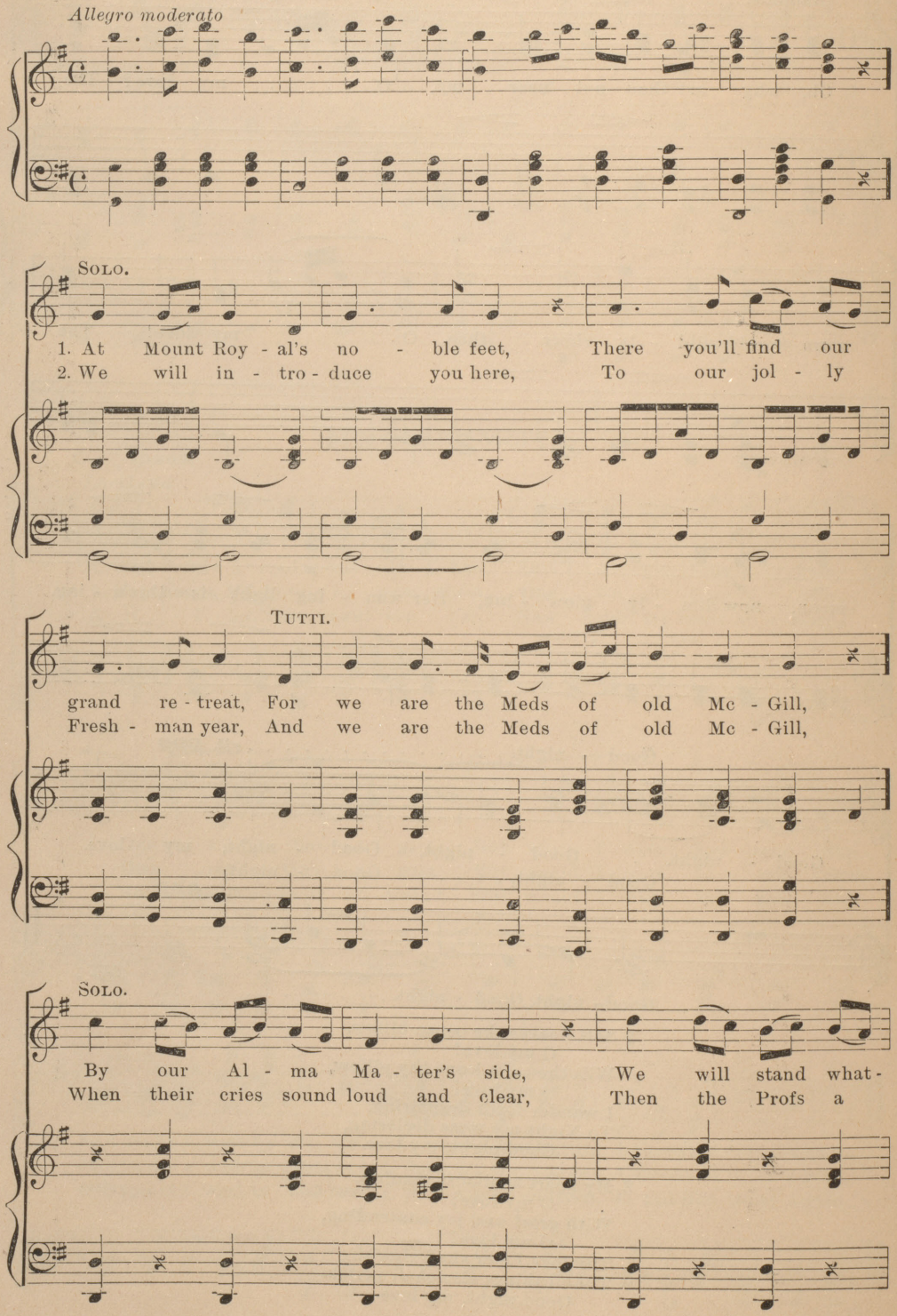
2 Soft heaves the ocean billow,
O my love!
Wilt thou not leave thy pillow,
O my love!
I wander forth despairing,
To Night my woes declaring,
Good-night, my love.

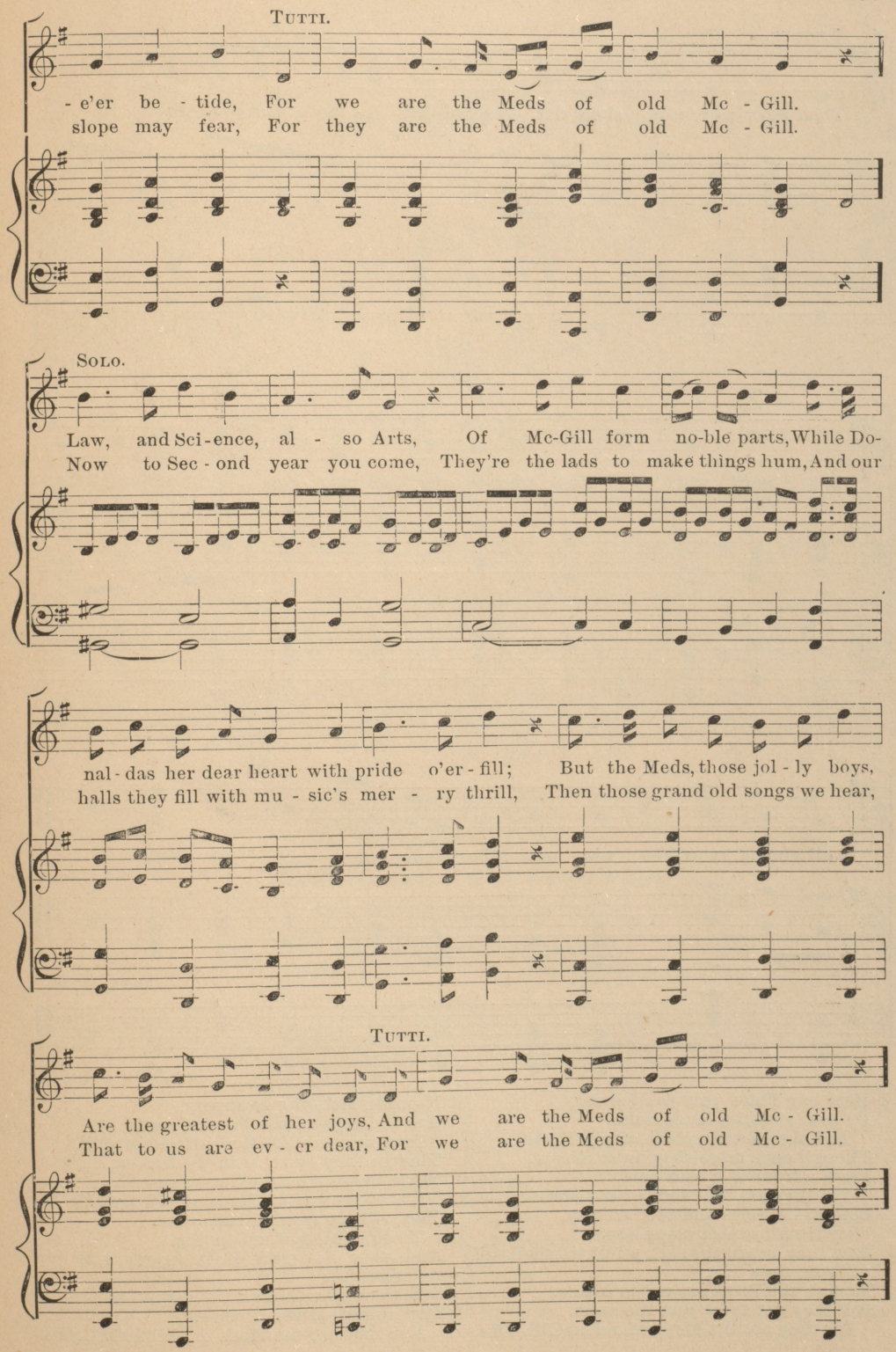
3 My heart is almost rending,
O my love!
With grief and joy contending,
O my love!
Thy love I e'er shall cherish,
Till all things else shall perish.
Good-night, my love.

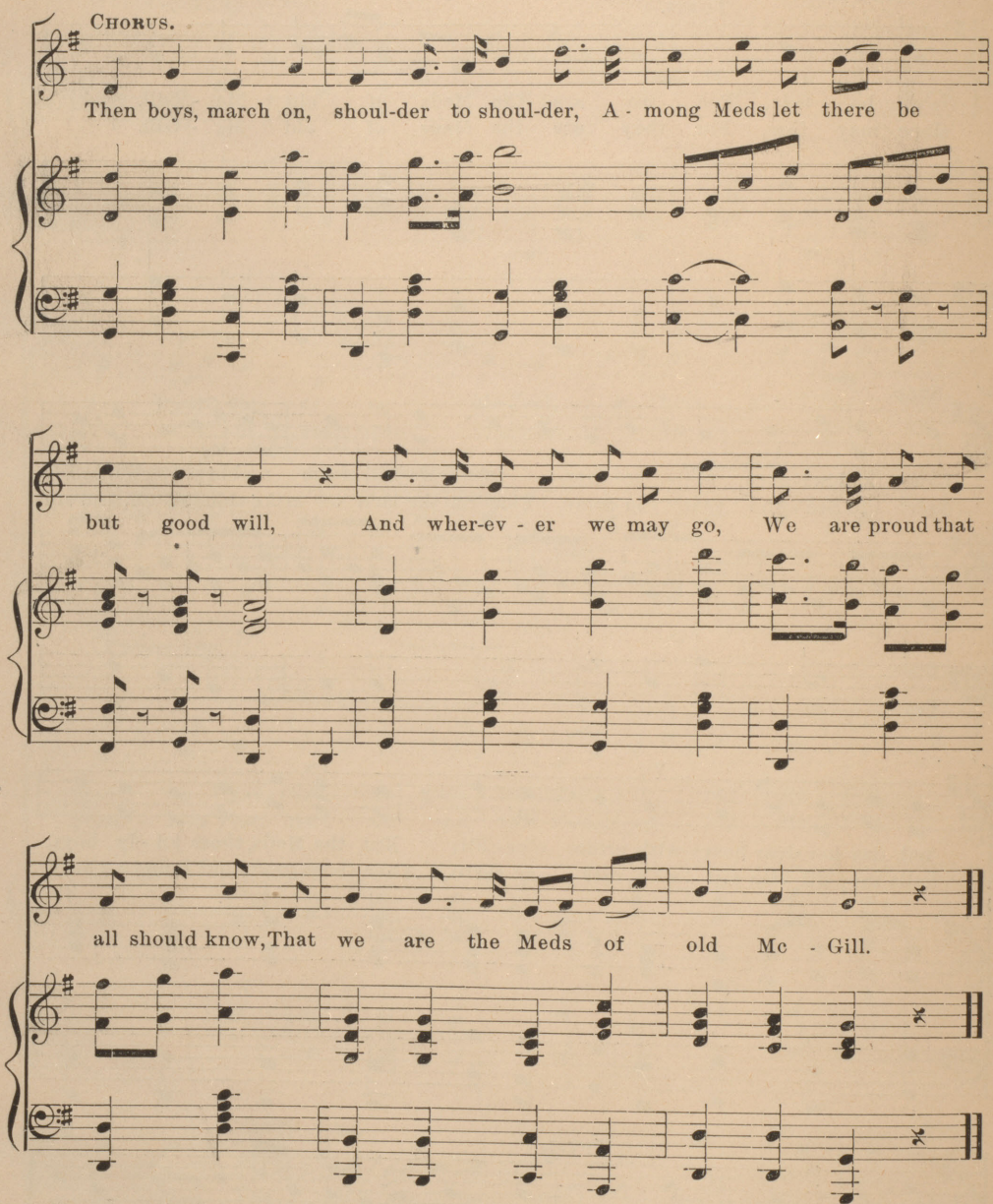
The Meds of Old McGill.

Words by F. M. Feron. J. Wilson.

Allegro moderato



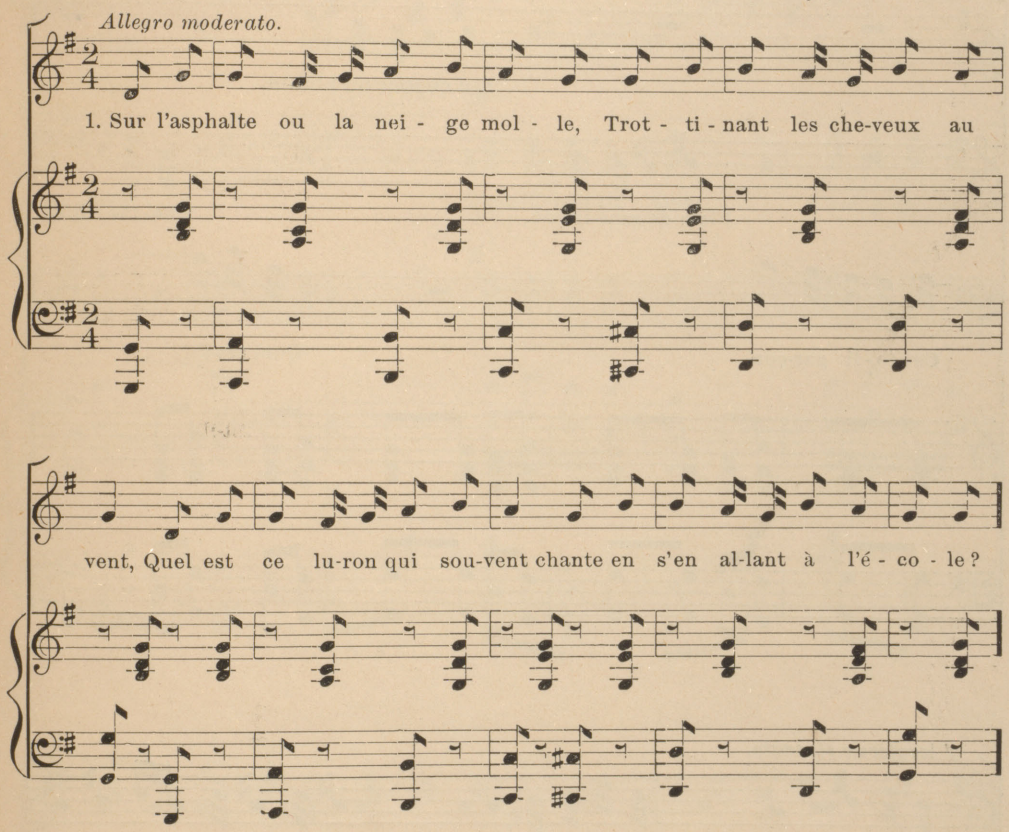

Tutti.
-e'er be-tide, For we are the Meds of old Mc-Gill.
slope may fear, For they are the Meds of old Mc-Gill.
Solo.
Law, and Sci-ence, al-so Arts, Of Mc-Gill form no-ble parts, While Do-
Now to Sec-ond year you come, They're the lads to make things hum, And our
nal-das her dear heart with pride o'er-fill; But the Meds, those jol-ly boys,
halls they fill with mu-sic's mer-ry thrill, Then those grand old songs we hear,
Tutti.
Are the greatest of her joys, And we are the Meds of old Mc-Gill.
That to us are ev-er dear, For we are the Meds of old Mc-Gill.



3 Here our Third year you behold,
By past victories made bold,
And they are the Meds of old McGill.
Though once more they must retreat,
From a front to a back seat,
Yet they are the Meds of old McGill.
Both their songs and talk are gay,
They from lectures slope away;
How they broke through prim'ry's shell, tell you, they will,
Though the Profs are not to blame,
Still they got there just the same.
For they are the Meds of old McGill.–*Cho.*

4 Now the last ones to appear,
Are the boys of our Fourth year,
And they are the Meds of old McGill.
Though they leave us in the Spring,
With true pride they'll ever sing,
That they are the Meds of old McGill.
You will always find them true
To McGill boys and to you,
And your Souvenir their hearts with joy shall fill;
Still their first thoughts e'er shall be,
Dear old Medicine of thee,
For they are the Meds of old McGill.–*Cho.*

Words by Dr. L. Frechette. Music by G. Couture.



2 Il porte sous le bras un livre;
Sa jeunesse est tout son trésor
Libre et fier, il nargue le sort,
Tout heureux de se sentir vivre.—*Refrain.*

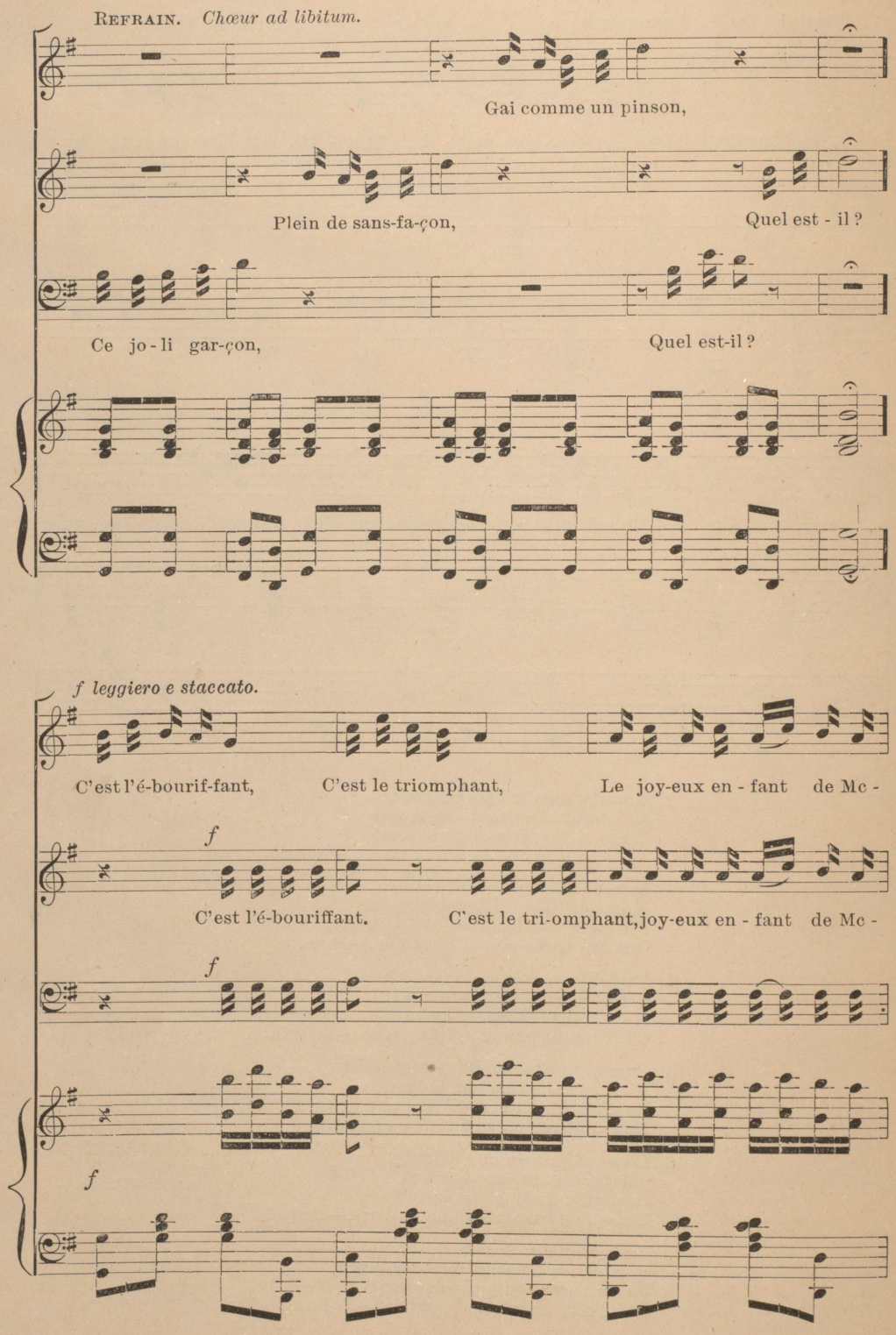
3 Sa moustache souvent rebelle
Aux soins les plus persévérants,
Plus que tous les crocs conquérants,
Ont fait rêver plus d'une belle.—*Refrain.*

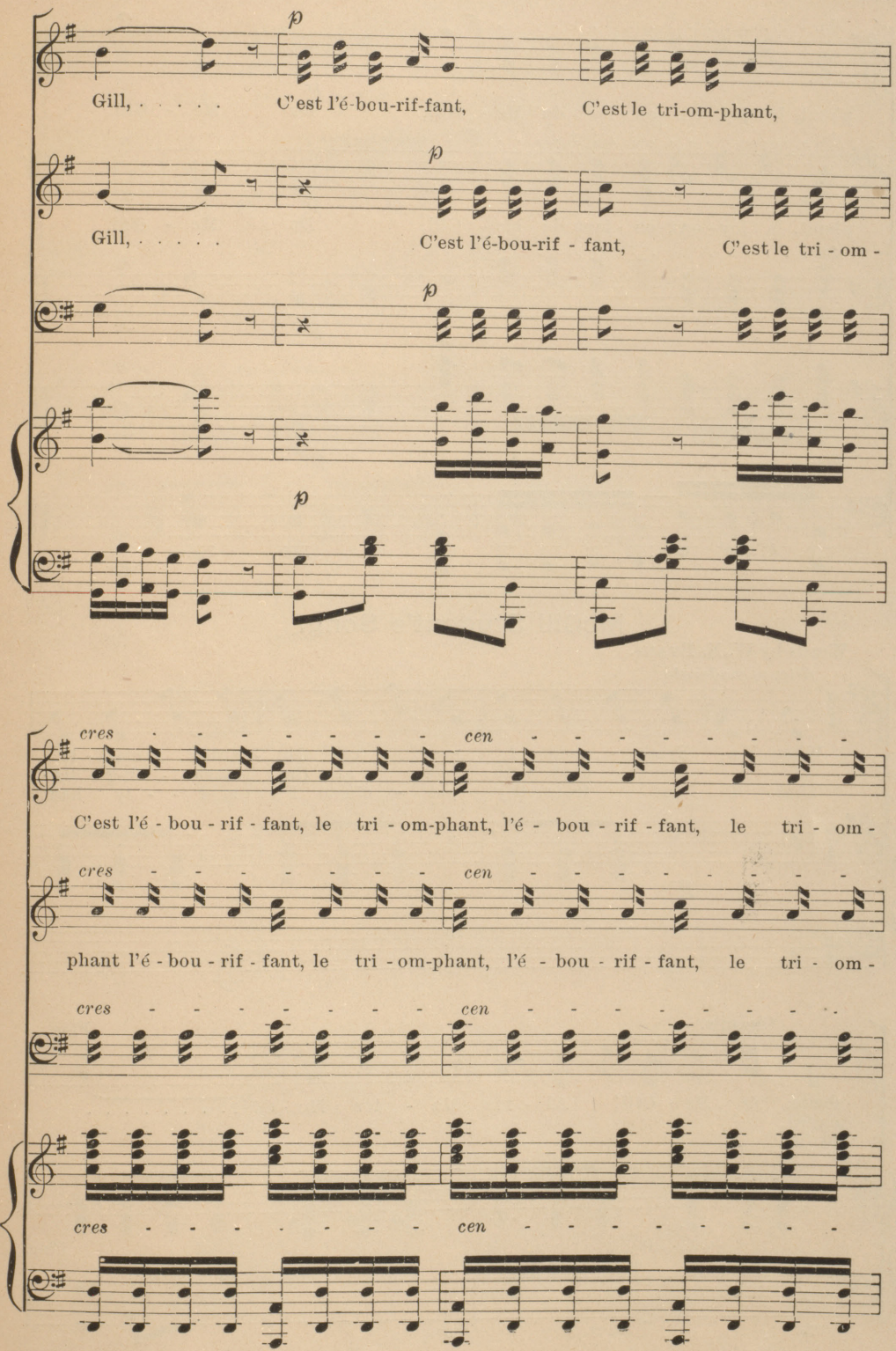
4 Parfois son coeur, douce chimère,
Caressse un tendre souvenir;
Mais, quand il rêve d'avenir,
C'est plutôt pour sa vielle mère.—*Refrain.*

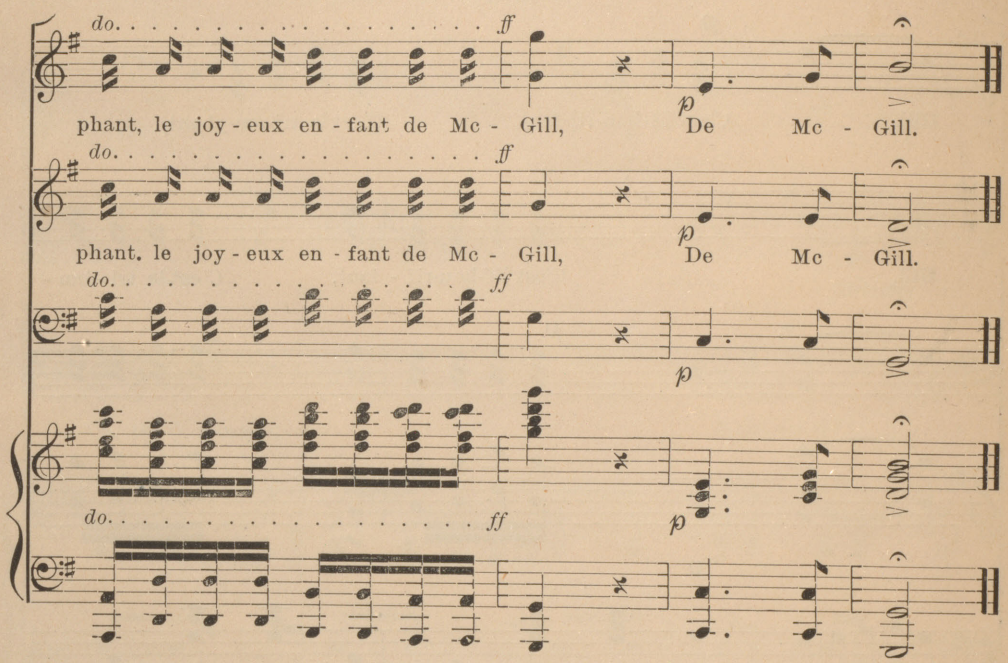
5 Commettrait-il quelque escapade,
N'en parlons pas, car ce froufrou
Donne souvent son dernier sou
Pour obliger un camarade.—*Refrain.*

6 Le souci jamais ne l'effleure,
Allègre comme auparavant,
Il semble se dire: En avant!
Lorsque du travail sonne l'heure,—*Refrain.*

7 De tous côtés chacun s'écrie:
Quel est ce bruyant boute-en-train,
De s'amuser toujours en train?
Ca? c'est l'espoir de la patrie!—*Refrain.*


Refrain. Chœur ad libitum.
Gai comme un pinson,
Plein de sans-fa-çon,
Quel est - il ?
Ce jo - li gar-çon,
Quel est-il ?
f leggiero e staccato.
C'est l'é-bourif-fant,
C'est le triomphant,
Le joy-eux en - fant de Mc -
f
C'est l'é-bouriffant.
C'est le tri-omphant, joy-eux en - fant de Mc -
f
f

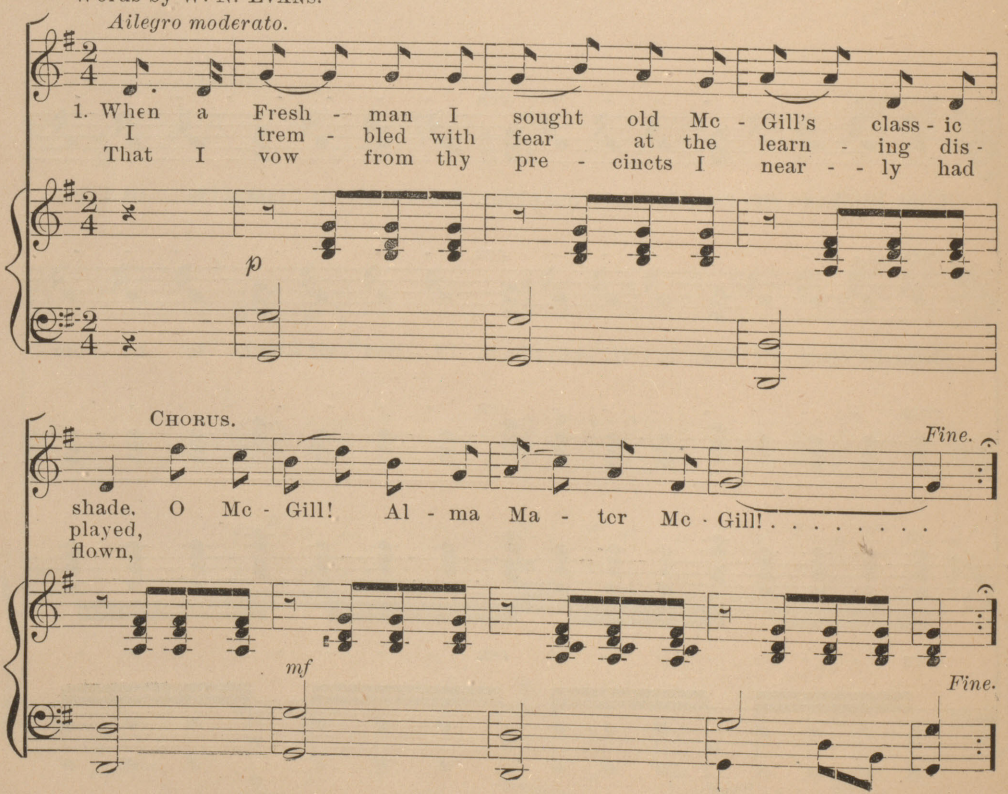

p
Gill, ... C'est l'é-bou-rif-fant, C'est le tri-om-phant,
p
Gill, ... C'est l'é-bou-rif - fant, C'est le tri - om -
p
p
cres cen
C'est l'é - bou - rif - fant, le tri - om-phant, l'é - bou - rif - fant, le tri - om -
cres cen
phant l'é - bou - rif - fant, le tri - om-phant, l'é - bou - rif - fant, le tri - om -
cres cen
cres cen

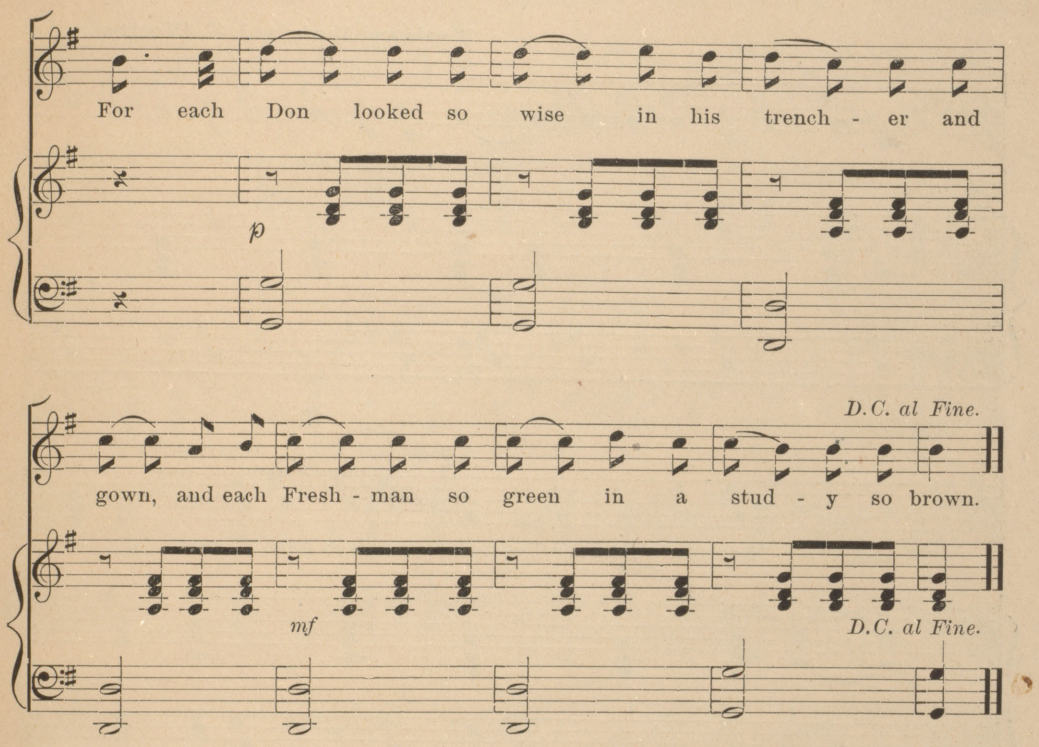


McGill Student's Song.

Words by W. N. Evans.

Ailegro moderato.





2 In due time behold me a bold *Sophomore*,
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.,
When I chaffed all the Freshmen who envied my lore,
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
Then I tried to forget that I'd e'er been a boy,
But manhood came slowly my pride to annoy,
And I lounged through thy halls a great hobble-de-doy;—
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.

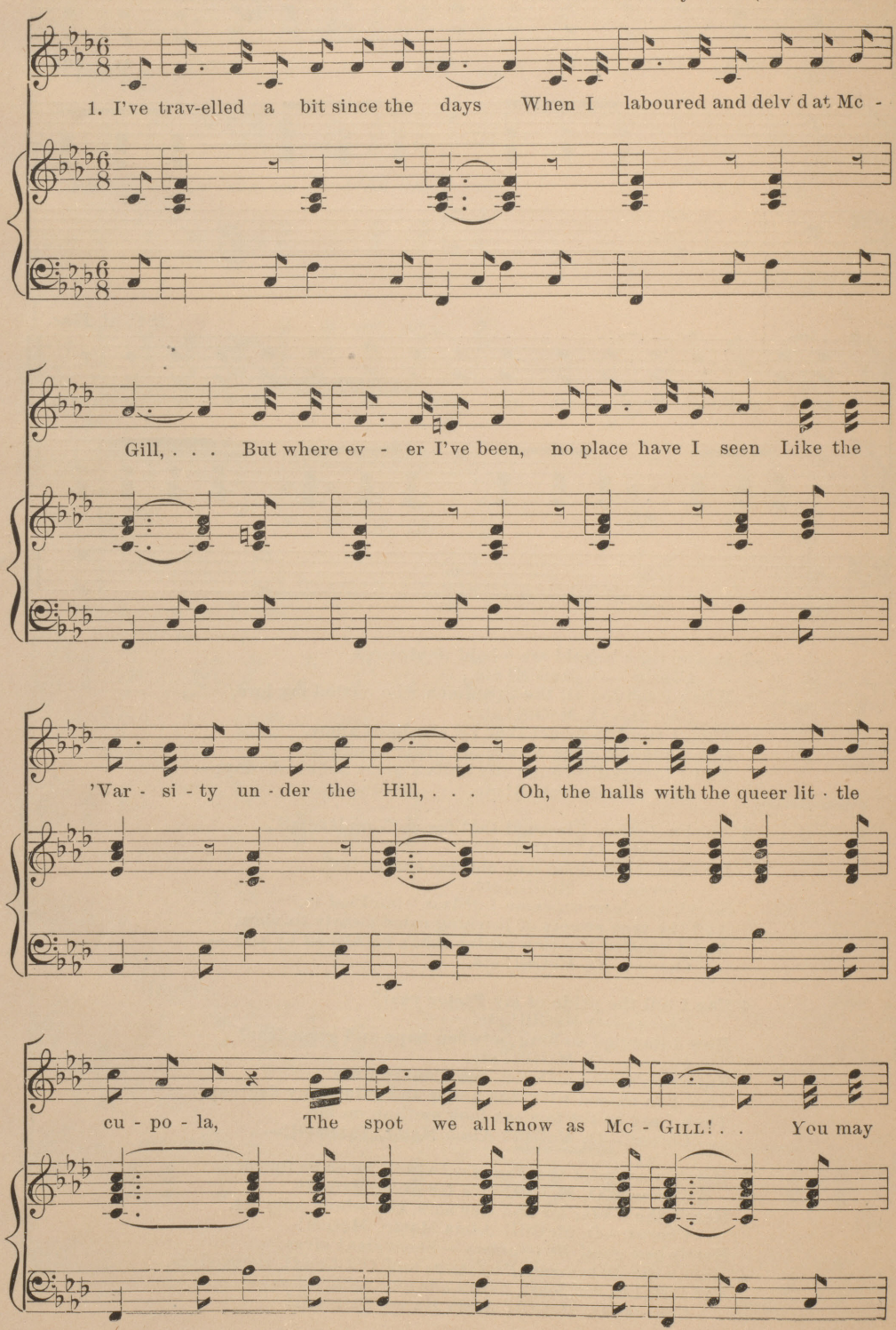
3 Next a *Junior*, I learned that for each undergrad.,
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
By hard work alone true success can be had,
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
So with ardour supreme I at last "buckled to,"
And the true sweets of learning came clearly to view,
And I quaffed the rich nectar that's furnished by you,—
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.

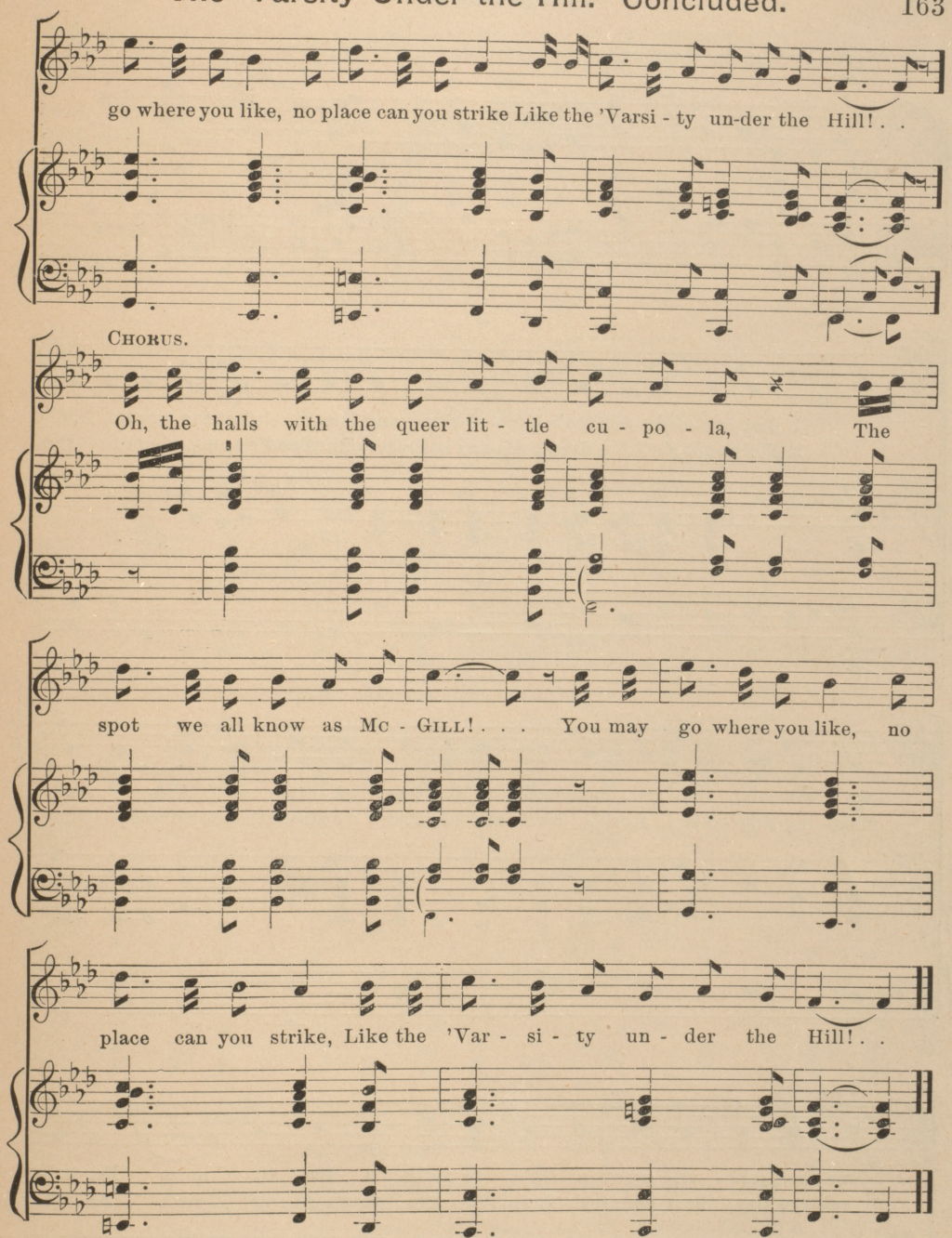
4 Can I tell the pride of my *Senior* year?
Chorus.—O McGill! etc.
How I dangled so long between hope and great fear?
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
But exam's soon all over, and shortly I see
That I've passed with due honor and gained my degree;
Then I say as the fair sex look smiling on me,
Chorus.—O, McGill! Alma Mater, Farewell!—

5 Here's a song for the *Founder*, who'll ne'er be forgot.
Chorus.—O, McGill! live for ever, McGill!
Here's the *Chanc'lor* and *Gov'nors*, the whole jolly lot.
Chorus.—O, McGill! Alma Mater, McGill!
Here's our good *Benefactors* — benevolent elves,
Here's the *Deans* and *Professors* and *Old Grads.* themselves,
And last, but not least, here's *our own noble selves.*—
Chorus—O, McGill! Alma Mater, Farewell!

The 'Varsity Under the Hill.

Words and Music by J. G. (Montreal.)





2 I've visited lands afar off,
Their pleasures enjoyed at my will;
But my heart ever yearned, as my thoughts to it turned,
For the 'Varsity under the Hill.—*Cho.*

3 To Oxford and Cambridge I've been,
St. Andrews and Dublin, but still,
I'm free to confess, I think none the less
Of the 'Varsity under the Hill.—*Cho.*

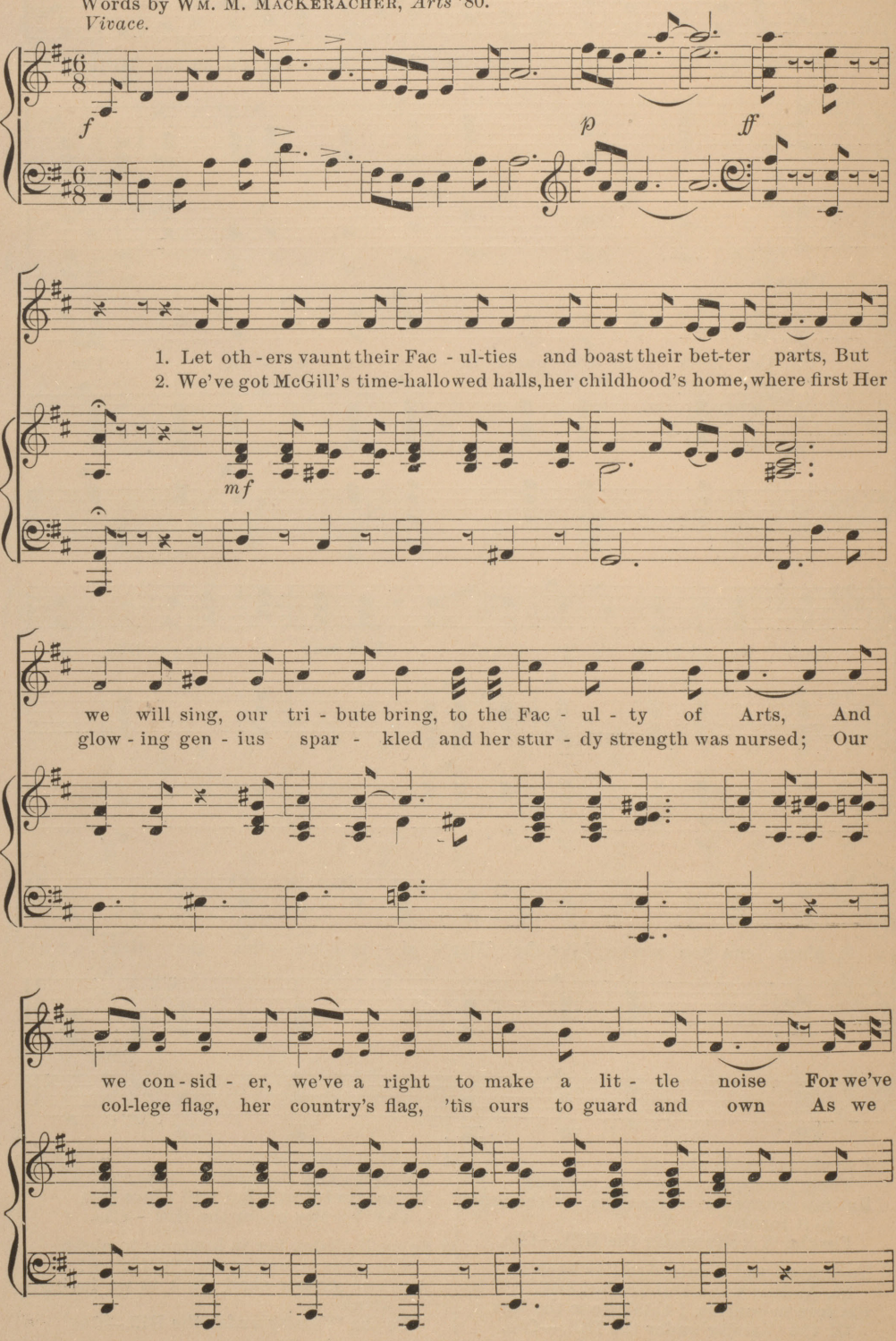
4 I visited Heidelberg, too,
Ferrara and Berne and Seville,
Vienna and Pesth, but still I love best
The 'Varsity under the Hill.—*Cho.*

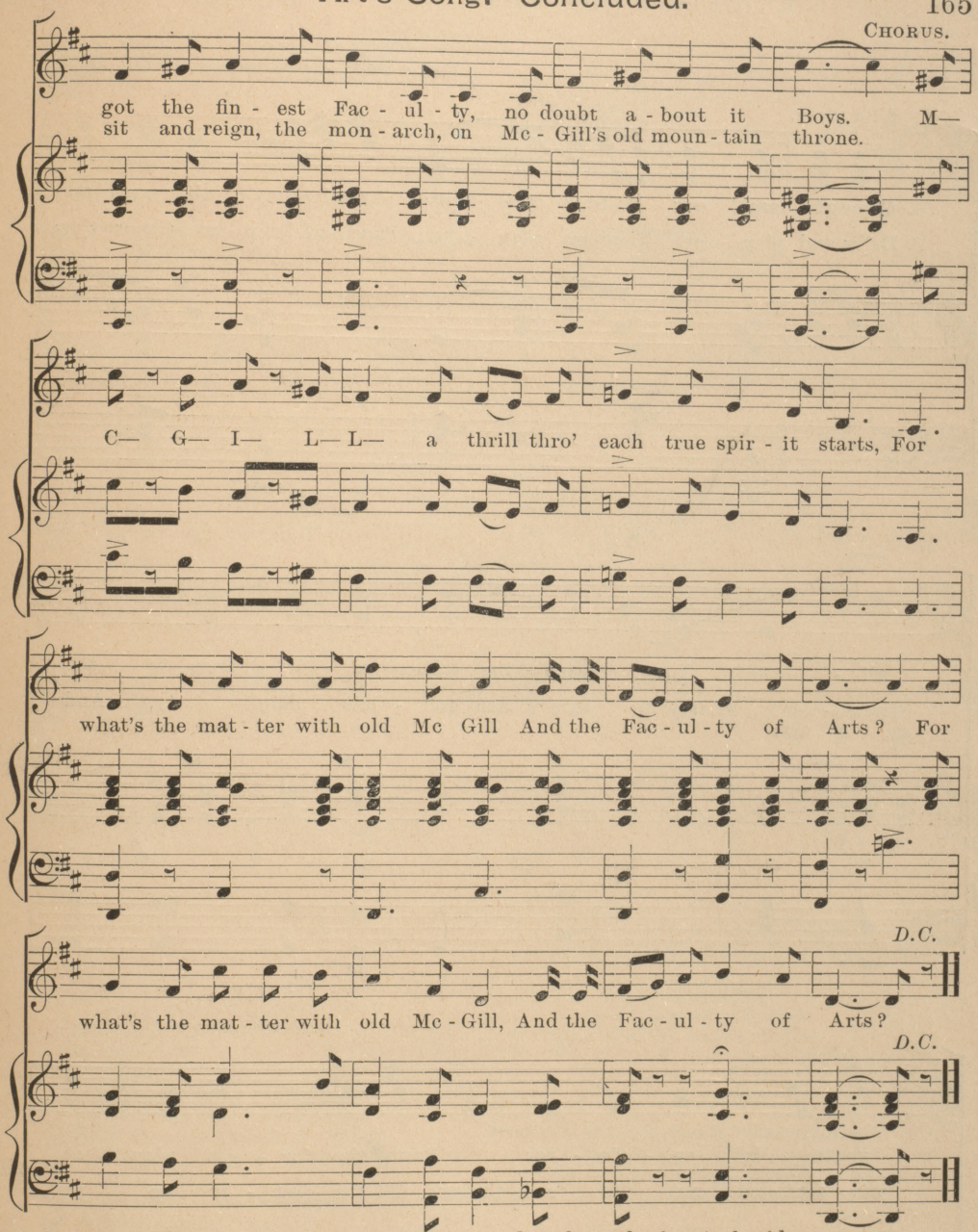
5 So we'll pledge her in bumpers to-night,
The pride of our heart, Old McGill!
And our glasses shall clink as we lovingly drink
To the 'Varsity under the Hill.—*Cho.*

Art's Song.

Words by Wm. M. MacKeracher, *Arts* '80.

Vivace.





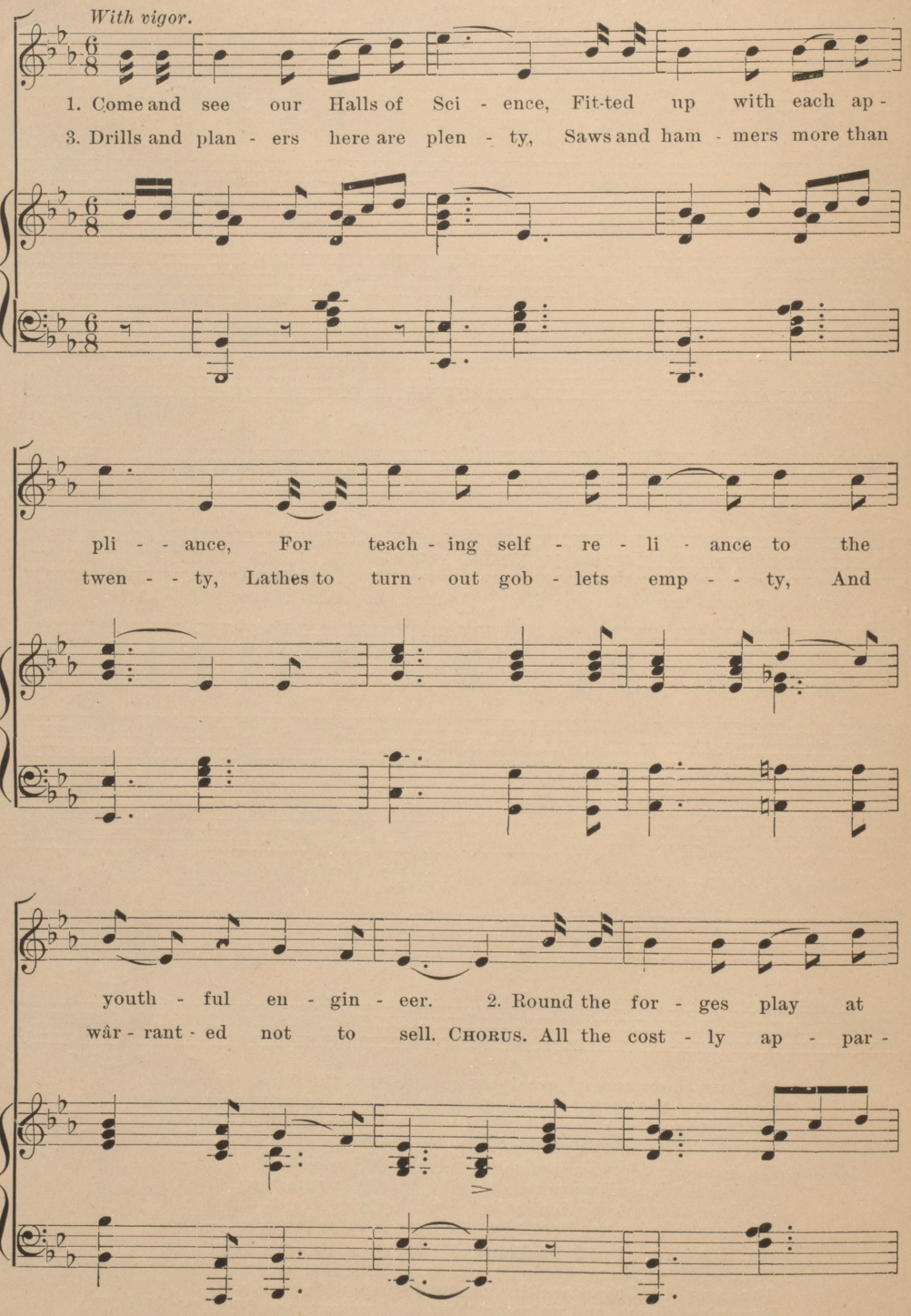
3 We have the source of greatness and we have the fount of pride
As we have the spring that bubbles from the mountain's rocky side,
That gentle scholar knight who's worth a score of dukes and earls;
We've poets and philosophers, and then—we have the girls.—*Cho.*

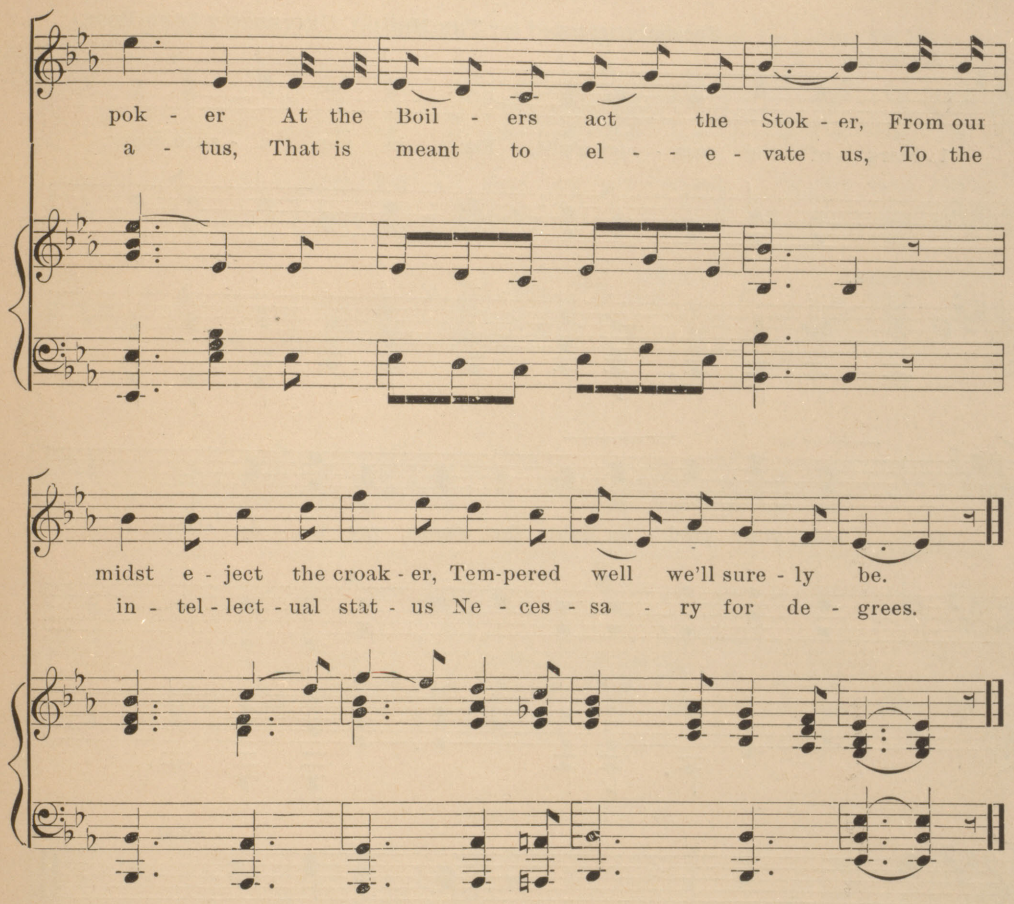
4 The wonders of the universe let Science still reveal,
Let Medicine, by Nature taught, all mortal ailments heal,
Let Law advance, by Justice led, by Liberty confined—
'Tis ours to train the Faculties, 'tis ours to form the mind.—*Cho.*

5 We have no feud with Medicine, with Science, or with Law;
They've all of them the finest lot that college ever saw:
The boys of all the Faculties, we greet them with goodwill,
For we're fellows, and we're brothers, and we're sons of Old McGill.—*Cho.*

Come and see our Halls of Science.

Music by B. J. HARBINGTON, Ph., D.





II.

1. Monstrous Engines, steam and gaseous
Wait us, if we walk audacious—
Standing black and grim, O gracious!
In the "Lab." called "Thermodyme."

2. For those who are Bucolics
There is nothing like Hydraulics,
With tanks not made for frolics,
And pipes not made to smoke.

3. Now, for fear we make frail Bridges,
Only fit to carry midges,
Or construct them too prodigious,
We test these bits of iron.—*Cho.*

III.

1. Oh! What would have said our Grandpères,
If they heard of Volts and Ampères?
Their courage would be *Nowheres*
Before our Dynamo.

2. Accurately can we measure
The effect of every pressure
And, if we've sufficient leisure,
Of an inch the millionth part.

3. Without a palpitation
We determine Gravitation
And discover each relation
Of Litre and Metre and Gramme.—*Cho.*

IV.

1. Physic's Building over yonder,
With attention let us ponder,
Up and down and round let's wander,
In search of Lecture Hall.

2. Come on, you'll be astounded
How noise can be expounded,
Light and Heat kept unconfounded
By experiments made here,

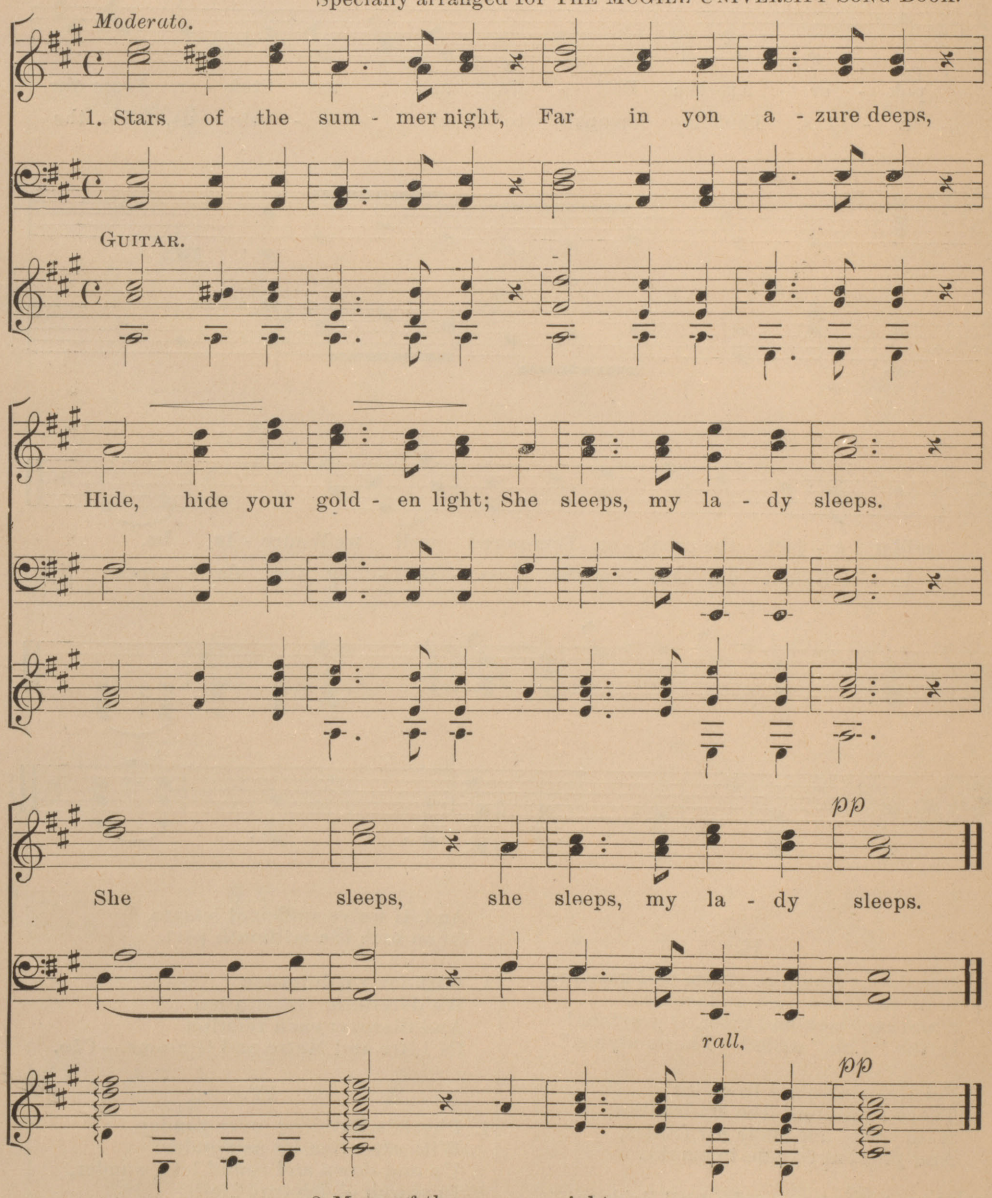
Final Chorus.

Now to turn out men of cunning,
Were ever Halls so stunning?
By noble men kept running
Hurrah for Old McGill!!

T. J. A. M.

Stars of the Summer Night.

Specially arranged for The McGill University Song Book.

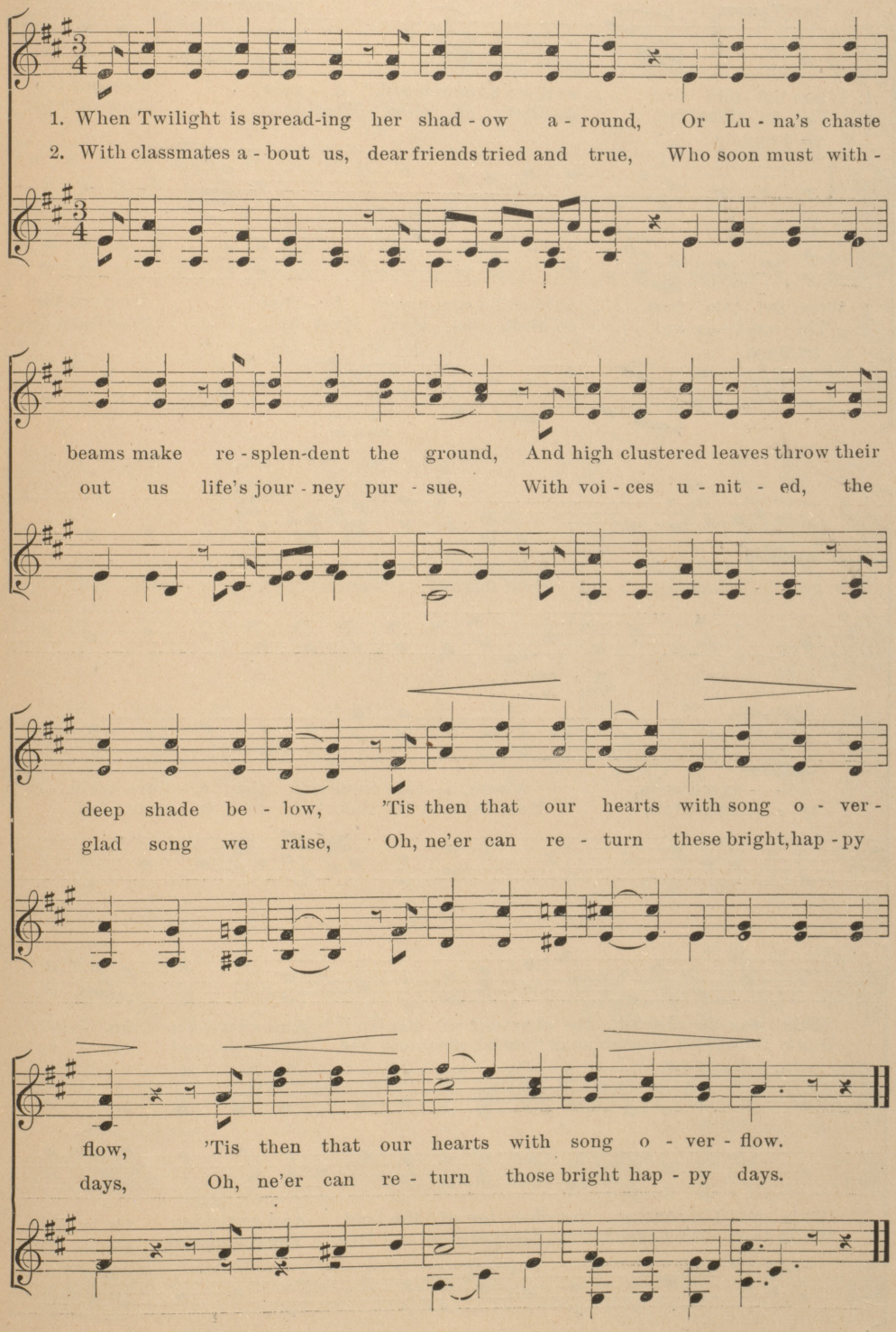


2 Moon of the summer night,
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light;
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

3 Wind of the summer night,
Where yonder woodbine creeps
Fold, fold your pinions light:
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

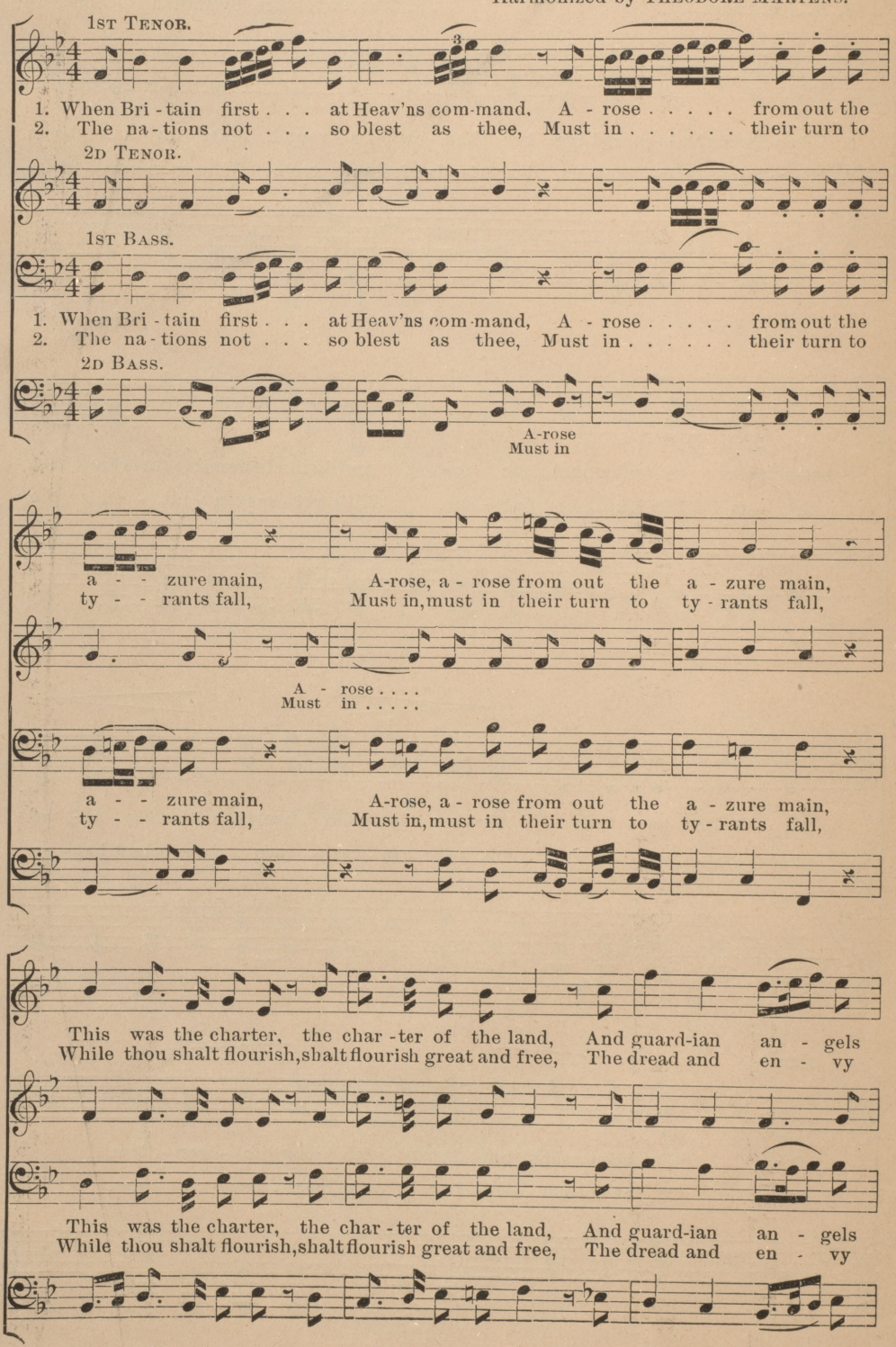
4 Dreams of the summer night,
Tell her her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumber light
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

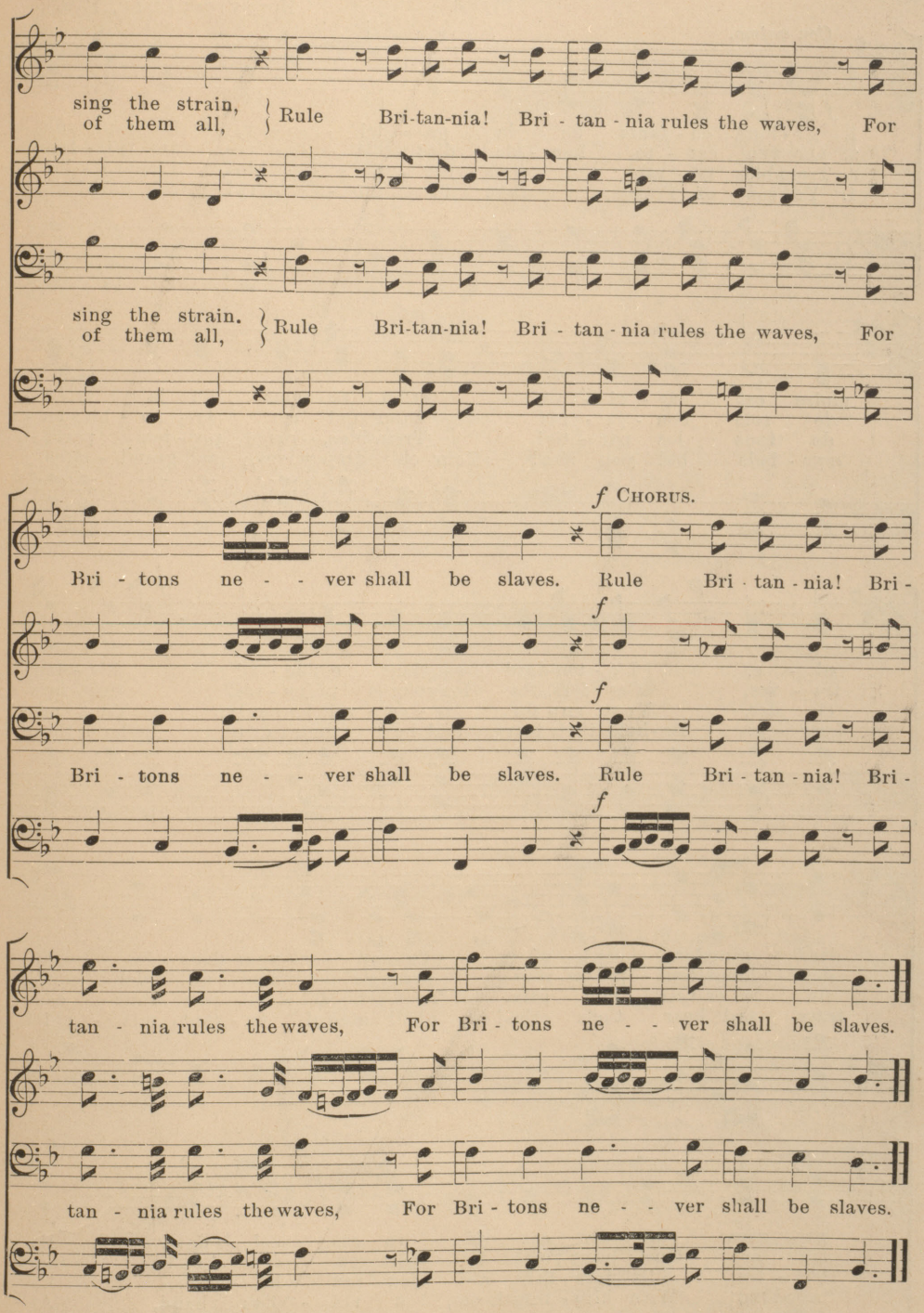
F. B. KELLOGG. T, KOSCHAT. Arr. by Lillian Du Bois.



Rule Britannia.

Harmonized by THEODORE MARTENS.



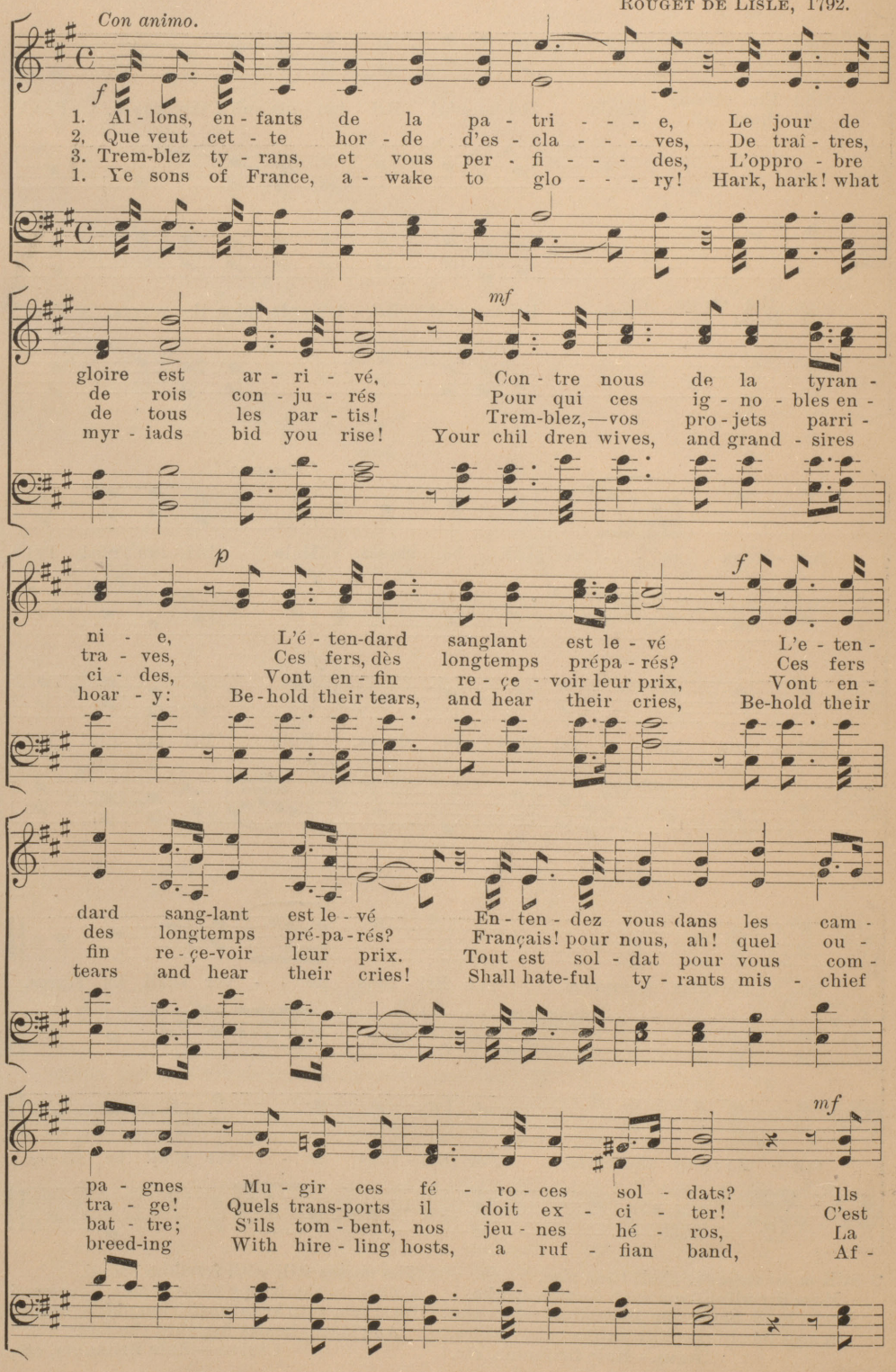


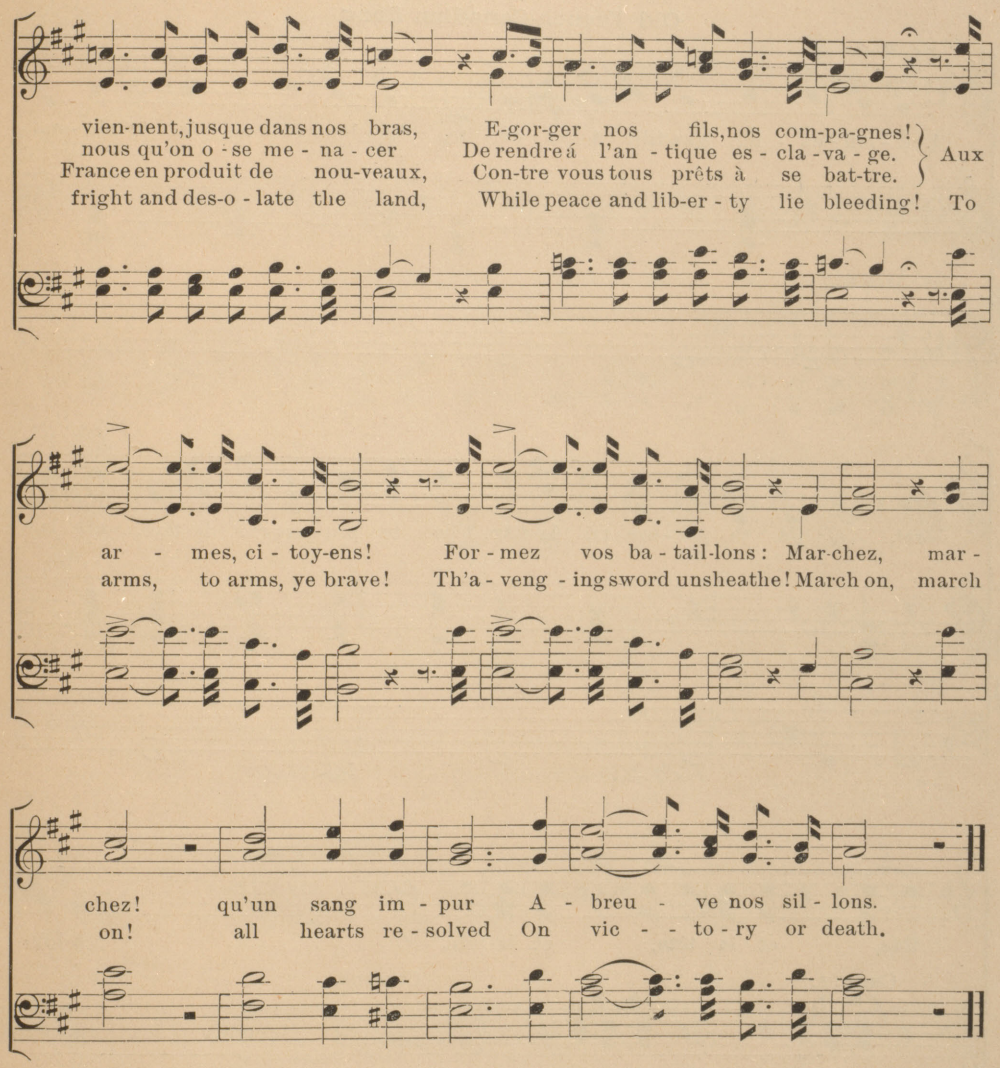
3 Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast, the blast that rends the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Chorus.—Rule Britannia, etc.

4 The muses still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Blest Isle with beauty, with matchless beauty crowned
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Chorus.—Rule Britannia, etc,

La Marseillaise.

ROUGET DE LISLE, 1792.





4 Francais! en guerriers magnanimes,
Portez ou retenez vos coups;
Epargnez ces tristes victimes,
A regret s'armant contre nous;
Mais le despote sanguinaire,
Mais les complices de Bouillé—
Tous ces tigres qui sans pitié,
Déchirent le sein de leur mère.
Aux armes, &c.

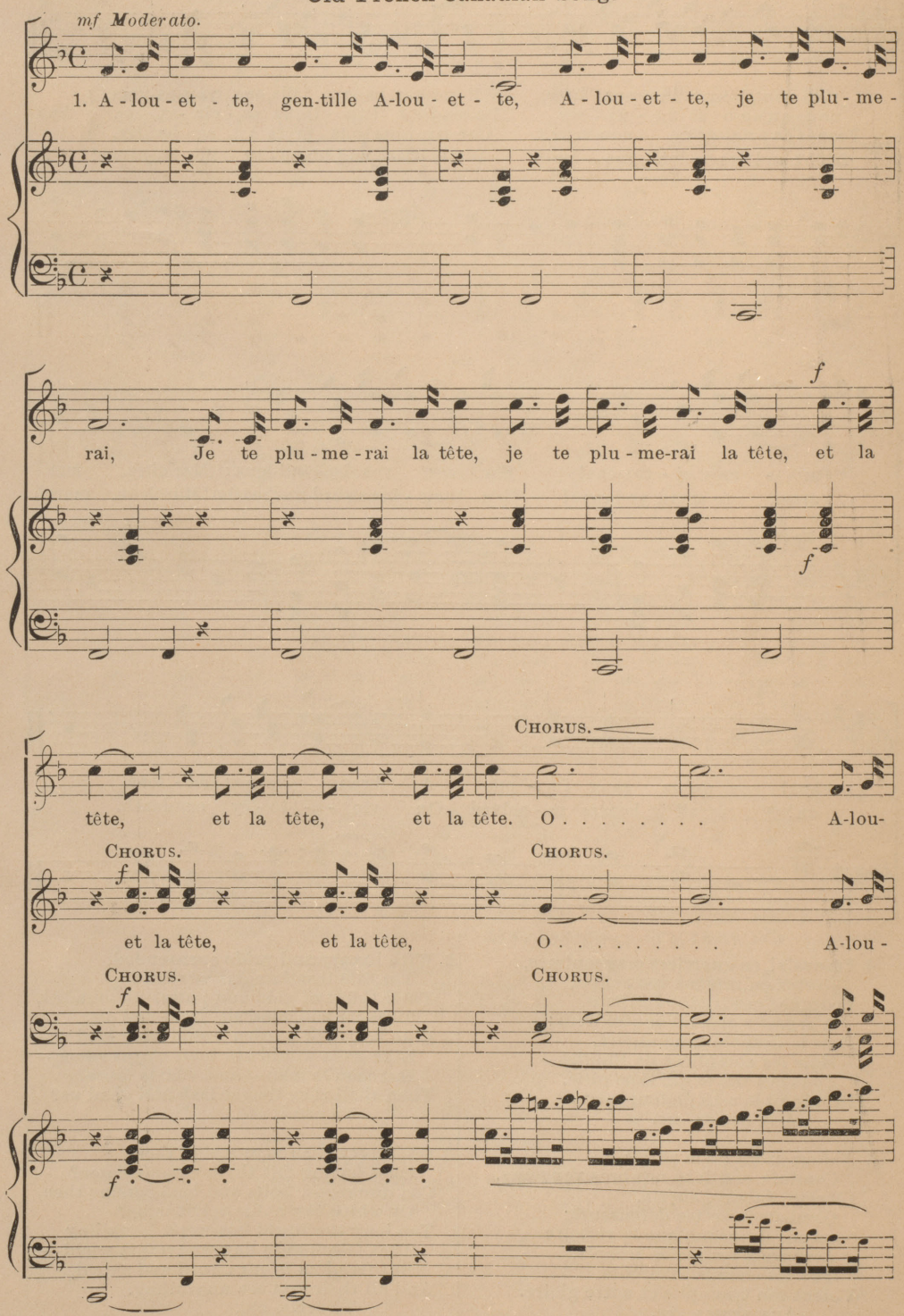
5 Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs.
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs;
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents,
Que tes enemis expirants,
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.
Aux armes, &c.

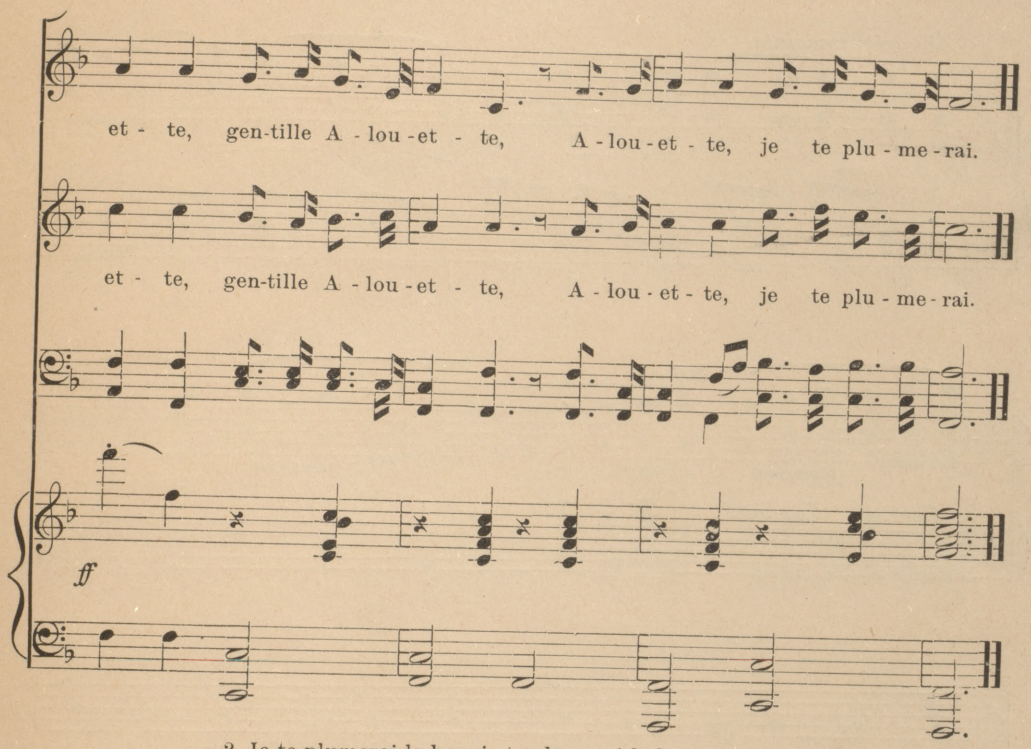
2 With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us—
Like gods would bid their slaves adore—
But man is man—and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, etc.

3 Oh liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield—
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, etc.

Alouette.

Old French-Canadian Song.





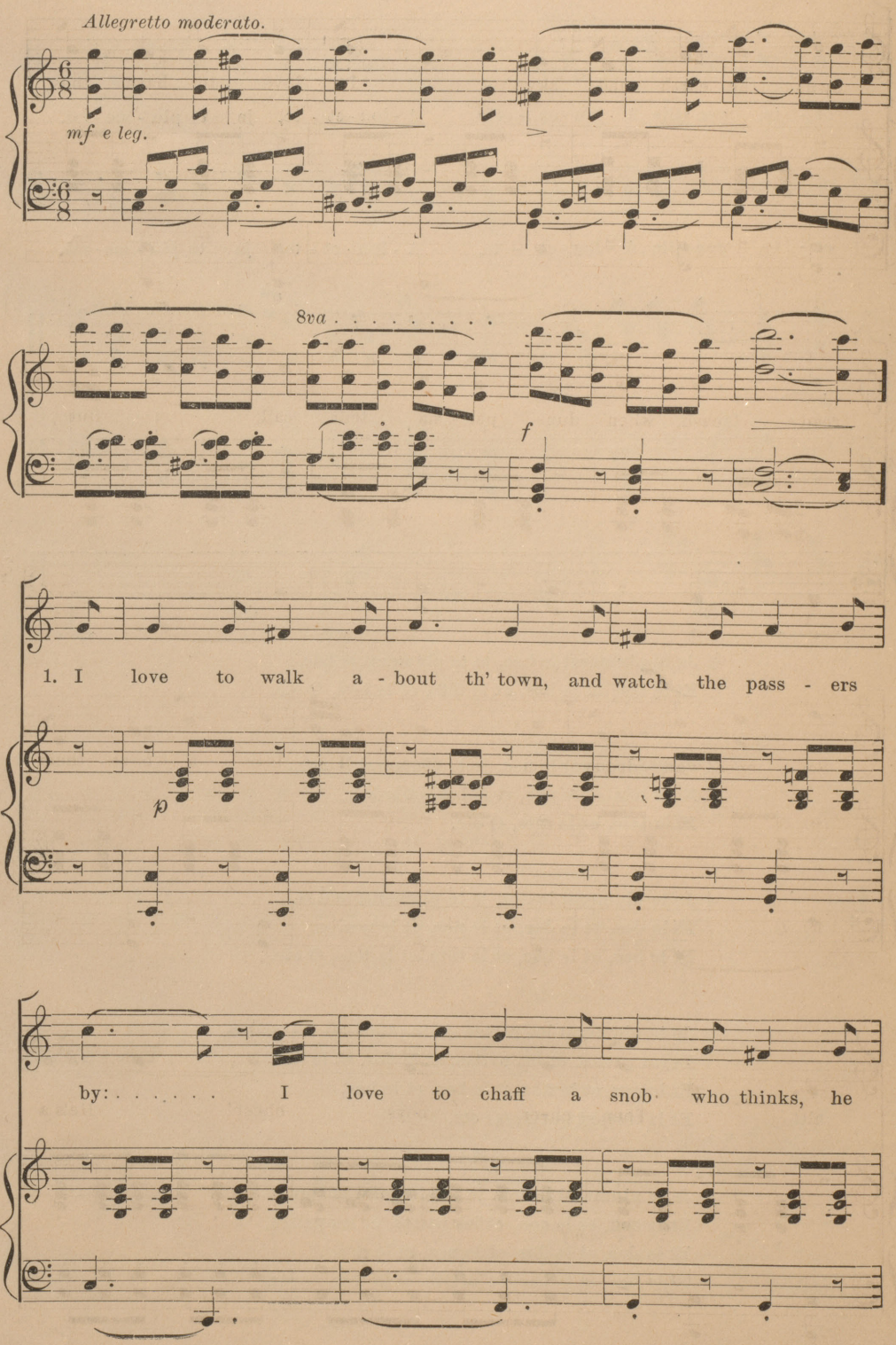
2 Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête, O etc.

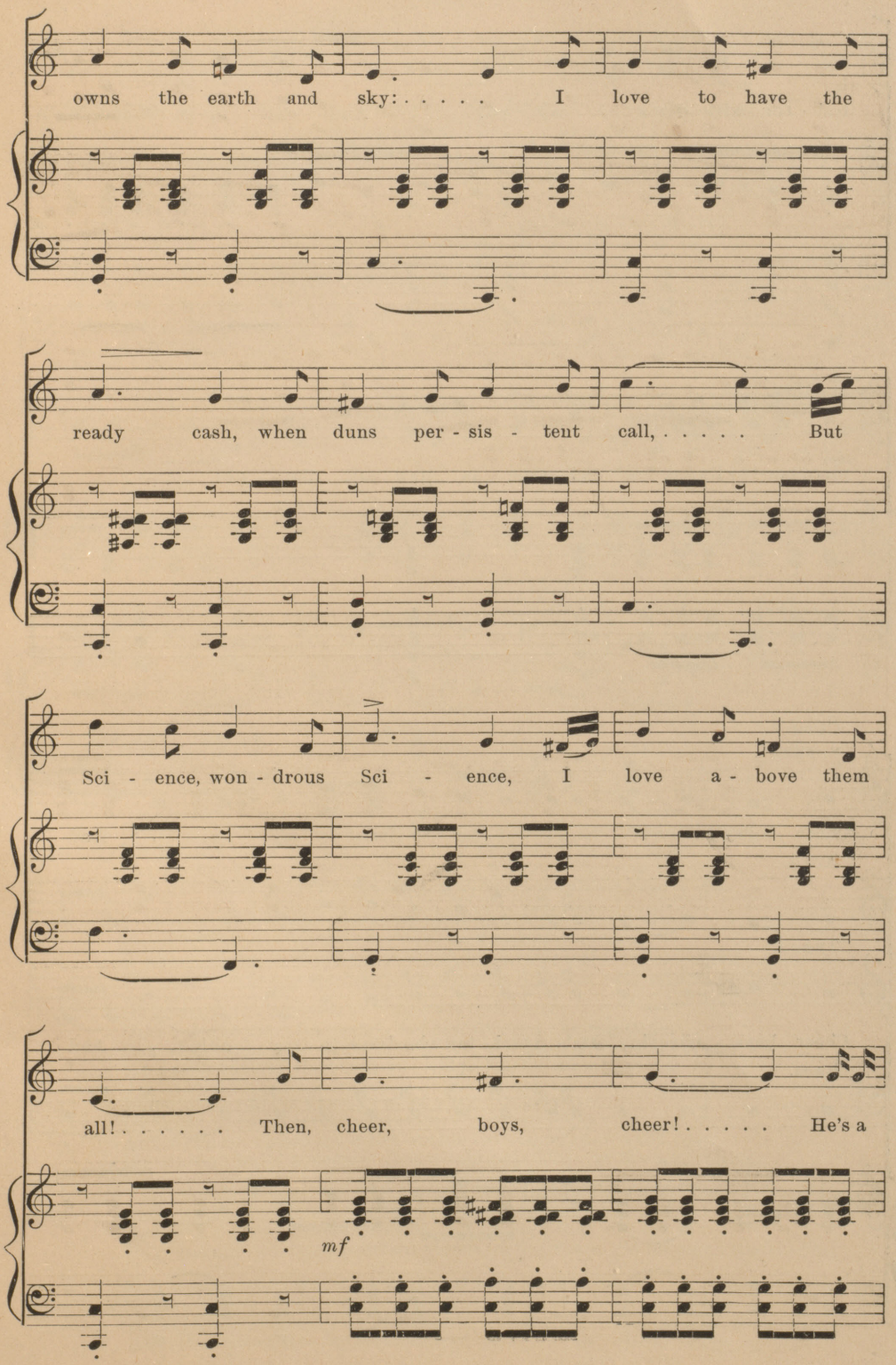
3 Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai le nez,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête, O etc.

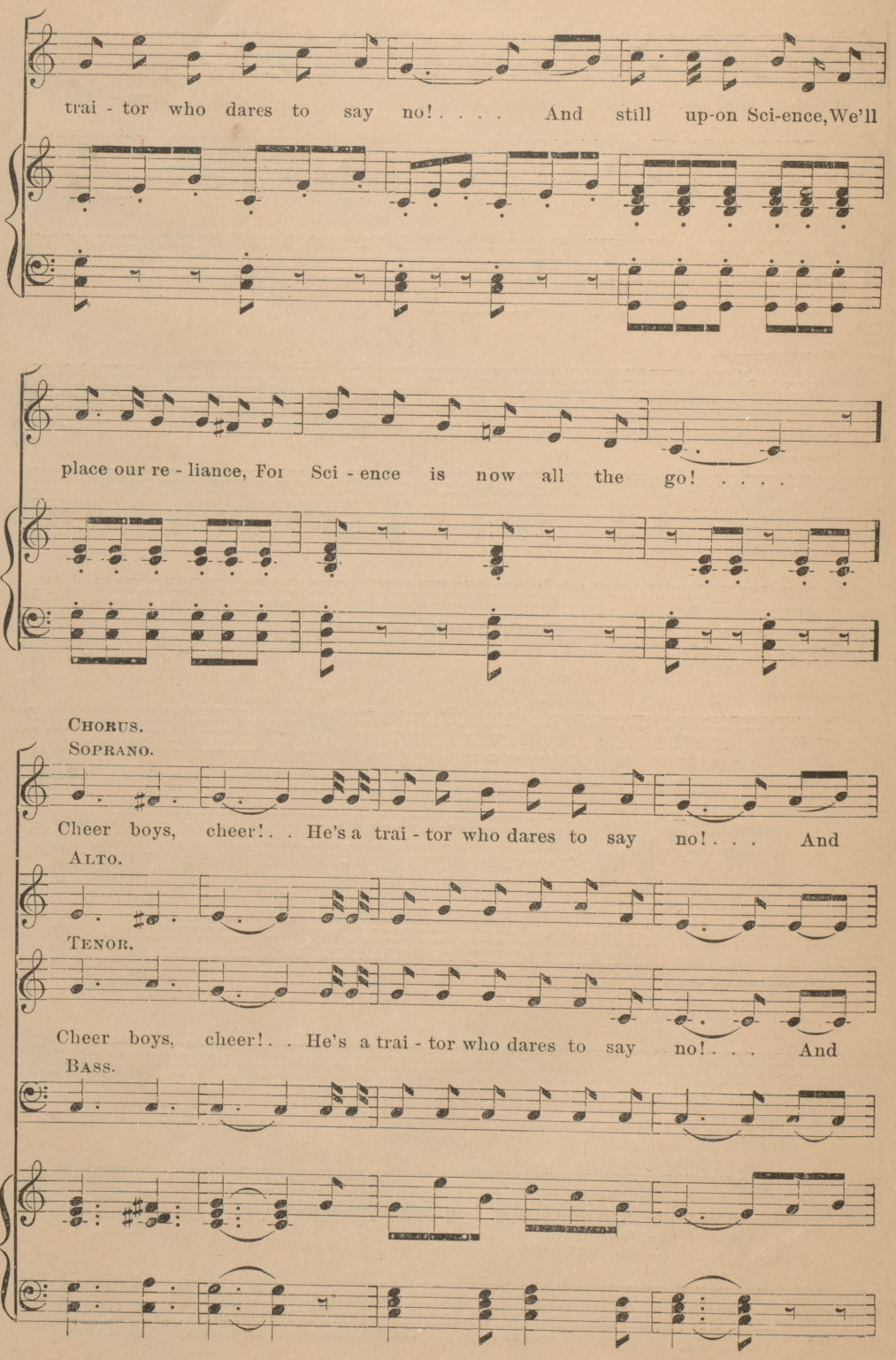
4 Je te plumerai le dos, je te plumerai le dos,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête, O etc.

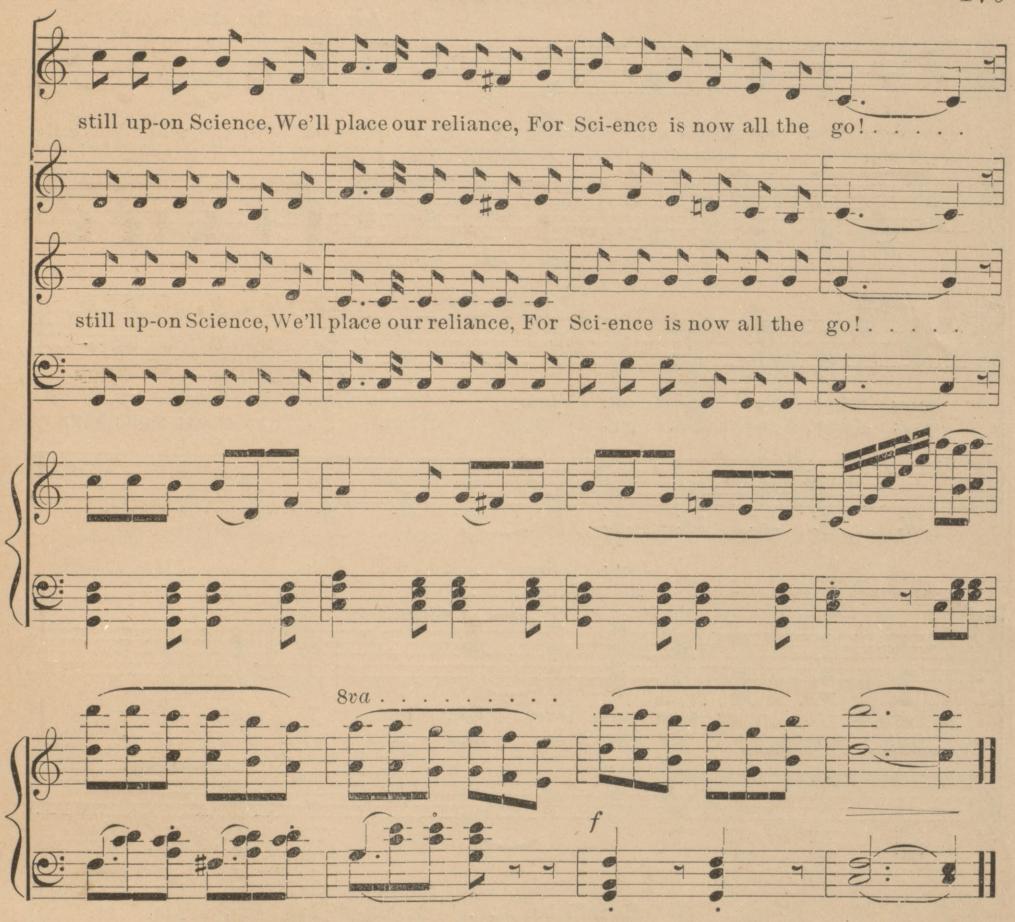
5 Je te plumerai les pattes, je te plumerai les pattes,
Et les pattes, et les pattes, et le dos, et le dos,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête, O etc.

6 Je te plumerai le cou, je te plumerai le cou,
Et le cou, et le cou, et les pattes, et les pattes,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête, O etc.


Allegretto moderato.
mf e leg.
8va
f
1. I love to walk a - bout th' town, and watch the pass - ers
p
by: . . . . . I love to chaff a snob who thinks, he


owns the earth and sky: . . . . . I love to have the
ready cash, when duns per - sis - tent call, ... But
Sci - ence, won - drous Sci - ence, I love a - bove them
all! . . . . . Then, cheer, boys, cheer! . . . . . He's a
mf


trai - tor who dares to say no! . . . . And still up-on Sci-ence, We'll
place our re - liance, For Sci - ence is now all the go! . . . .
Chorus.
Soprano.
Cheer boys, cheer! . . He's a trai - tor who dares to say no! . . . And
Alto.
Tenor.
Cheer boys, cheer! . . He's a trai - tor who dares to say no! . . . And
Bass.



2 Old Zeus hurled forth his thunderbolts, and split the rocks and trees,
We put the bolts in harness now, and work them as we please.
His lightning played above the clouds; we catch them on the fly,
And run them under oceans deep, and over mountains high!— *Cho.*

3 Some read about old Vulcan; his skill and might they praise;
But if he saw our Workman shops, he'd stagger in amaze.
A weary wight, he worked till night, from morning's earliest beam:
We sing with joy as time goes by, for now we work with steam! — *Cho.*

4 Oh sweet is the analysis of Virgil's classic lines:
Here lies the graceful dactyl, and the spondee there reclines;
But while some scan each flowing line, and ponder o'er the verse,
We coolly analyze the stars, and weigh the universe! — *Cho.*

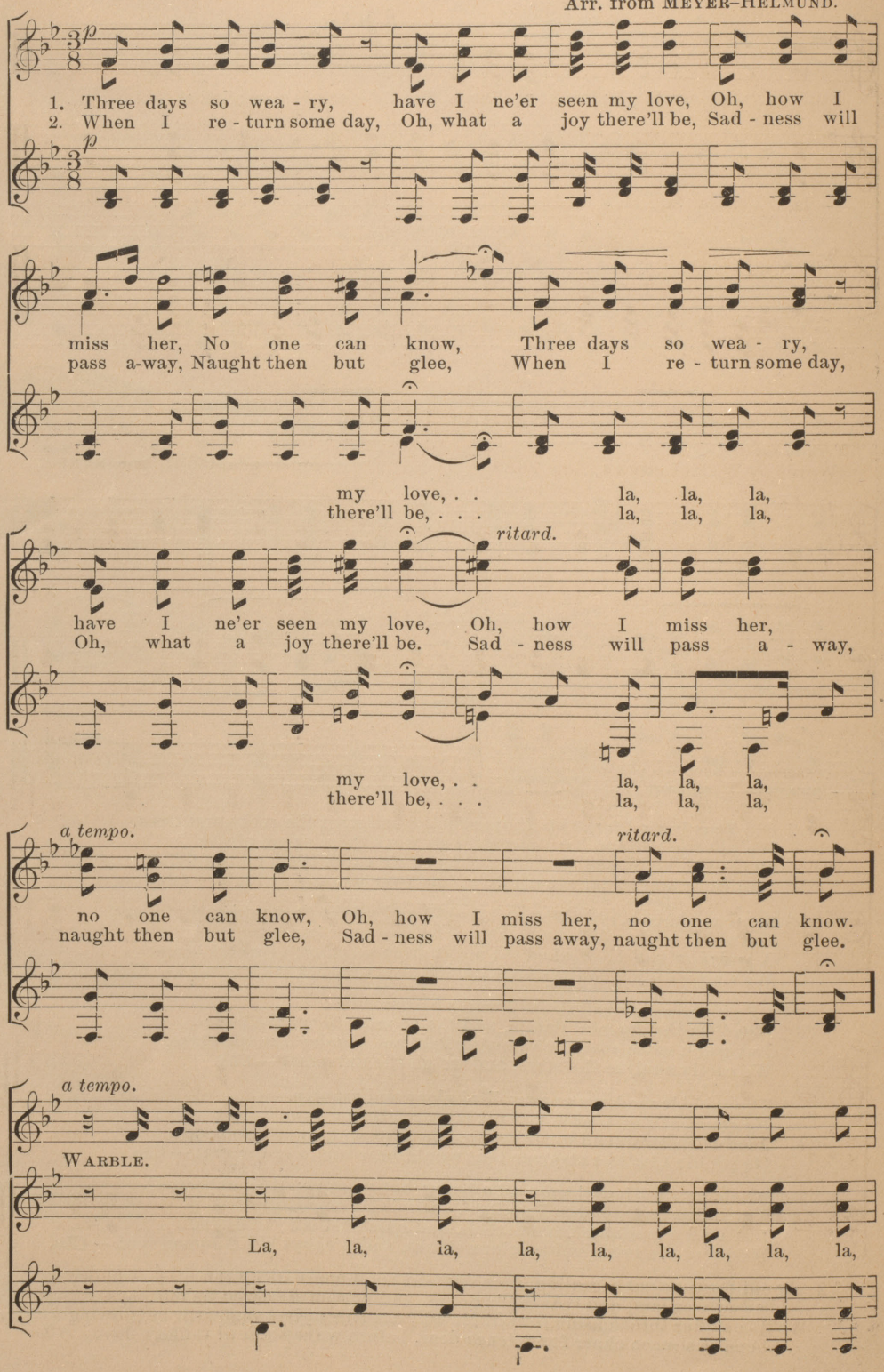
5 Though Alexander was a swell of glory and renown,
He couldn't run a level, nor yet lay a roadbed down;
And when he sighed for other worlds to conquer, don't you see
He couldn't build a steamer that would bear him o'er the sea! — *Cho.*

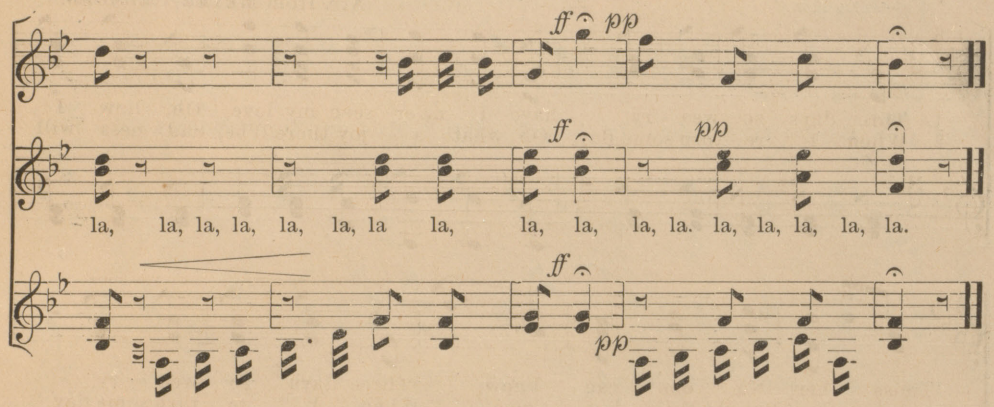
6 "Solomon's Mines" were all a hoax; but what could be expected?
There was no "Science Faculty", so training was neglected.
But send a graduate from McGill, and quicker than you knew,
He'd find the mine and precious stones, and p'rhaps old Solomon too! — *Cho.*

7 Still we are not a boastful race, but simple, honest fellows;
So come along, our "Artist" friends, and pritbee don't be jealous.
We'll give three cheers for old McGill, our Alma Mater true,
And one more cheer for Science dear, before we say adieu! —*Cho.*

Absence.

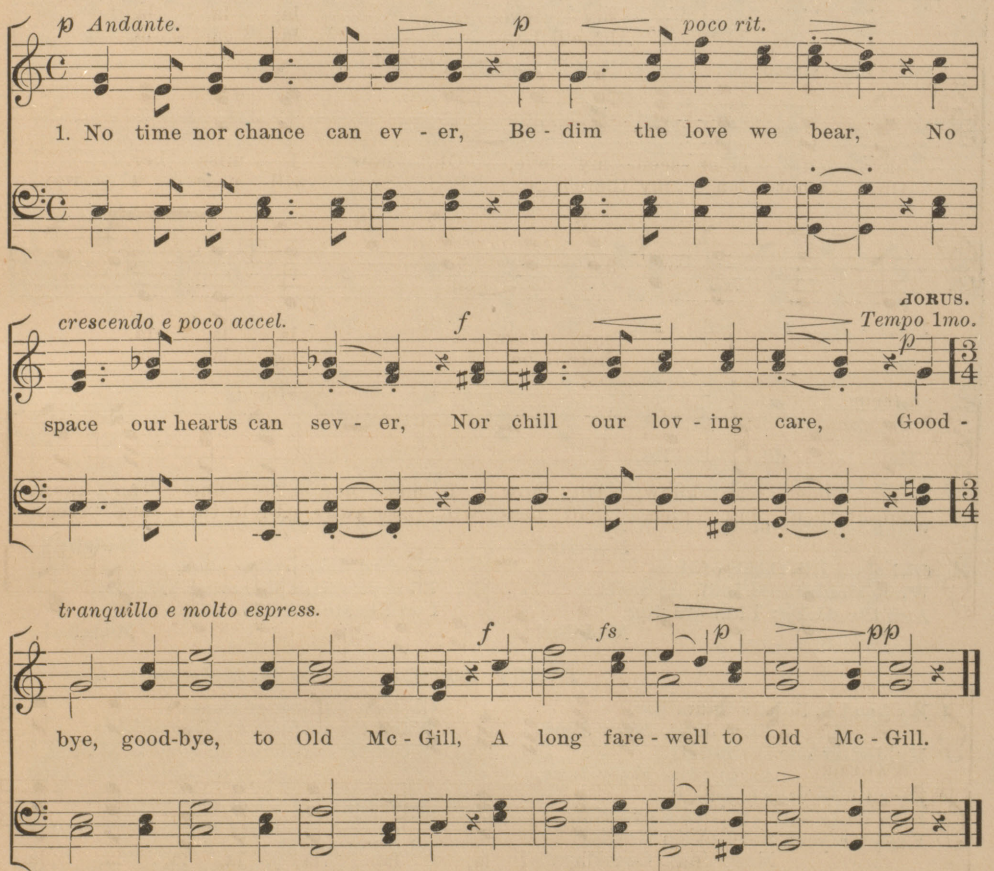
Arr. from MEYER–HELMUND.





Farewell Song.

Words by W. McLennan, *Law* '80. Music adapted from Kinkel.

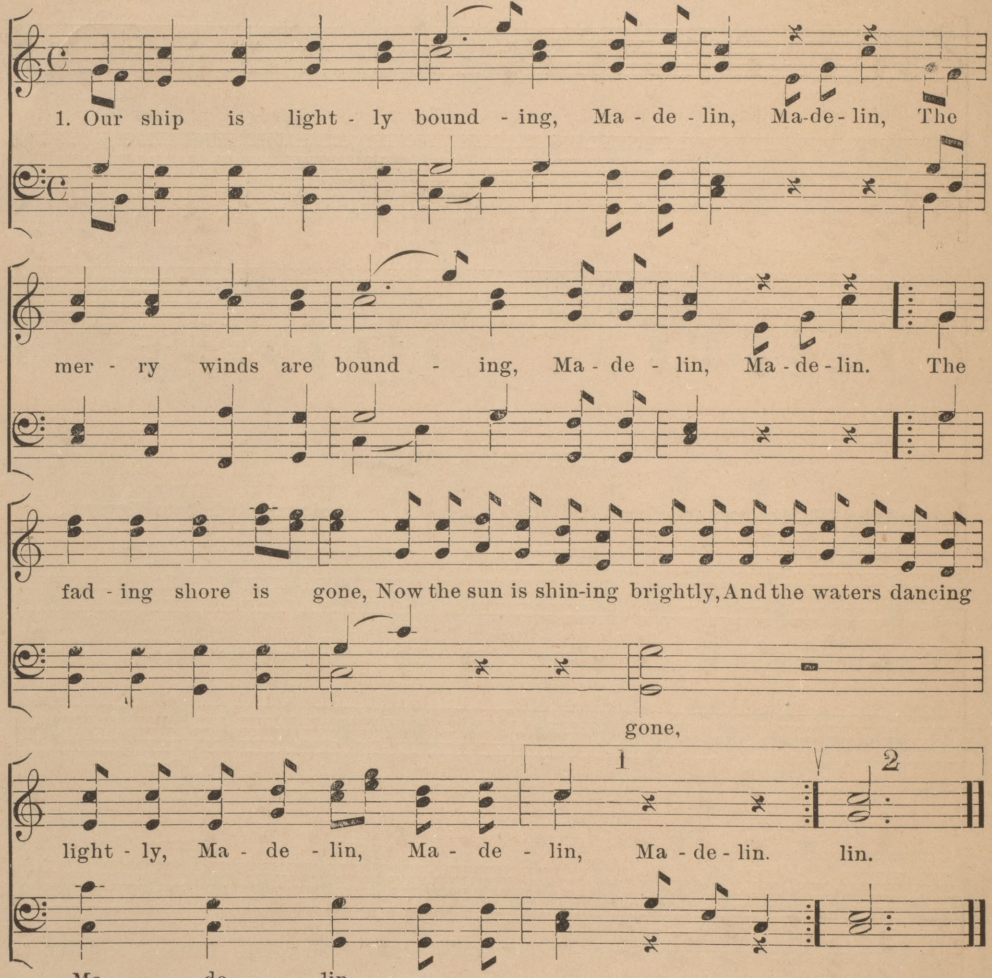


2 Should Fortune, so beguiling,
Lead us o'er land and sea,
We'll coax her into smiling,
Whene'er she looks on Thee,— *Cho.*

3 When Fate's keen blast is blowing,
And withered lie our bays,
Our hearts shall still be glowing
In the light of College days.— *Cho.*

Madelin.

"Venetian Air." Arranged for THE MCGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.



2 When high the waves are rolling,
Madelin!
When loud the storm is howling,
Madelin!
Oh! then I'll think of thee
When the billows high are raving,
And the danger I am braving,
Madelin!

3 When o'er the swelling ocean,
Madelin!
I view with warm emotion,
Madelin!
My own dear native shore;
To thy cottage, beaming brightly,
I will haste with footsteps lightly,
Madelin!

Mary Jane.

By W. MCLENNAN, *Law* '80.

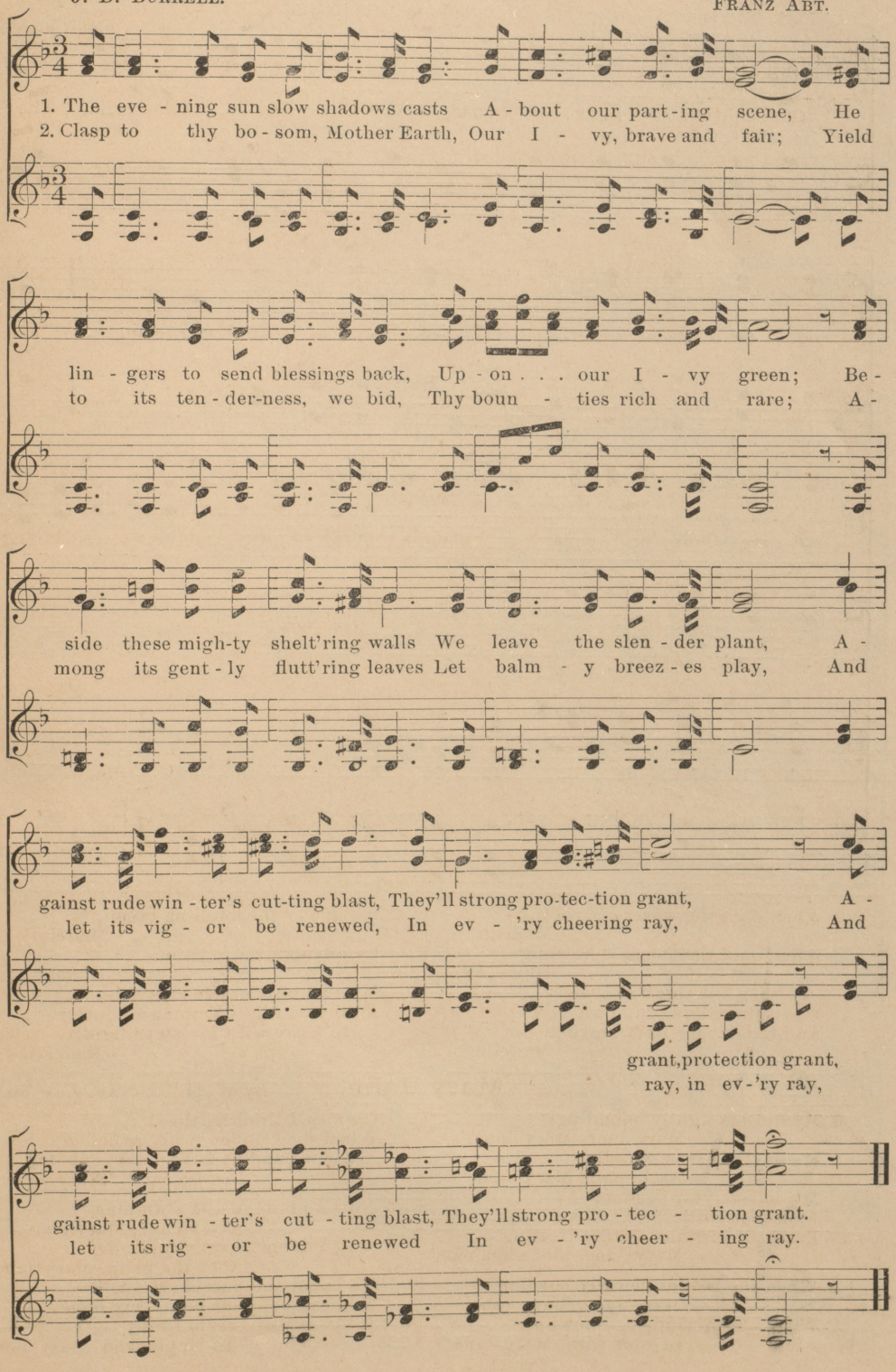
1 My head is lightly bounding,
Mary Jane, Mary Jane.
My dexter ear is sounding
As in pain, Mary Jane.
My college year is gone:
I am done with cribs and swotting,
Early prayers and lecture trotting
Mary Jane, Come again!

2 When the bowler, fiercely bowling,
Mary Jane, Mary Jane.
With a facer sends you howling
In your pain, Mary Jane.
Oh *then* I think of thee!
When the cribber at his cribbing
'S caught and finds no good in fibbing.
Do you catch? Mary Jane.

3 Now a prodigal I'm stumping
Mary Jane, Mary Jane.
And I'm not exactly humping
O'er the plain, Mary Jane.
To home and parents stern.
You can bet your boots, my honey
It doesn't *now* seem funny
To be plucked! Mary Jane.

Ivy Song.

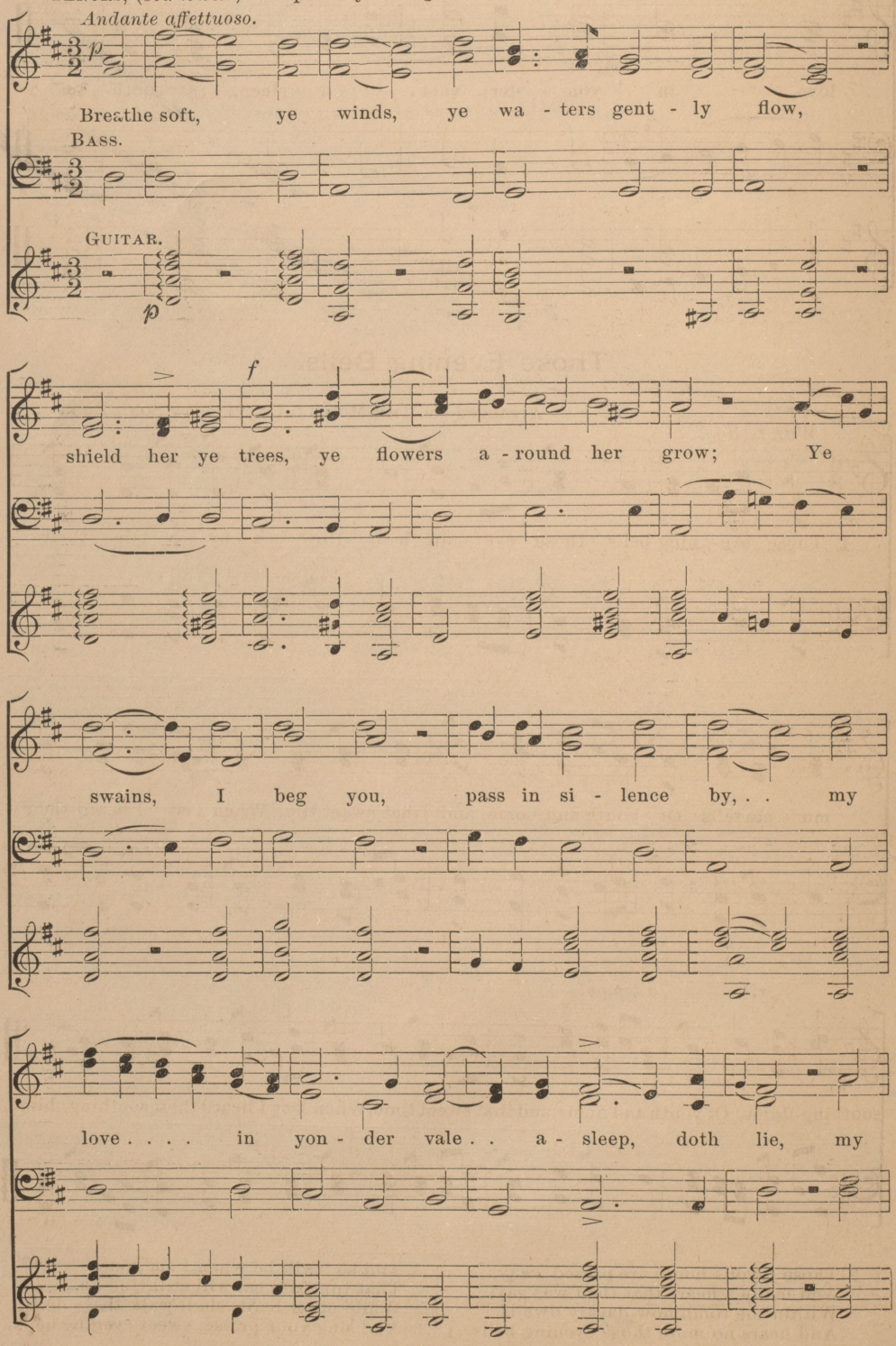
J. D. BURRELL. FRANZ ABT.

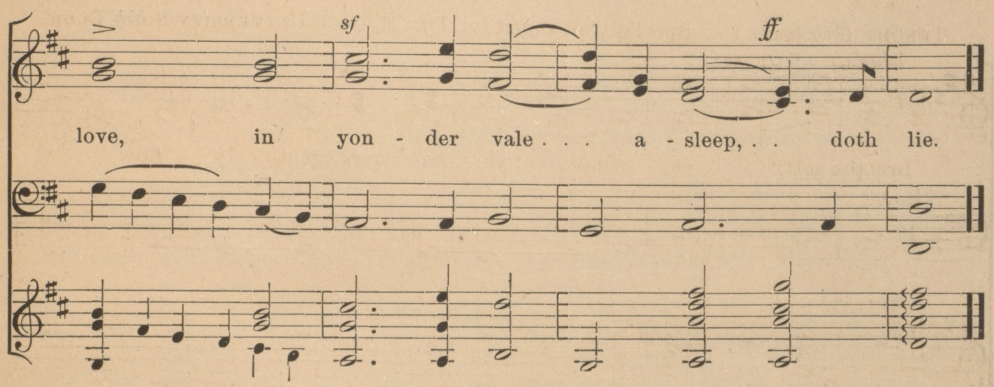


Breathe Soft, ye Winds.

TENORS, (8va *lower.*) Specially arranged for THE MCGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

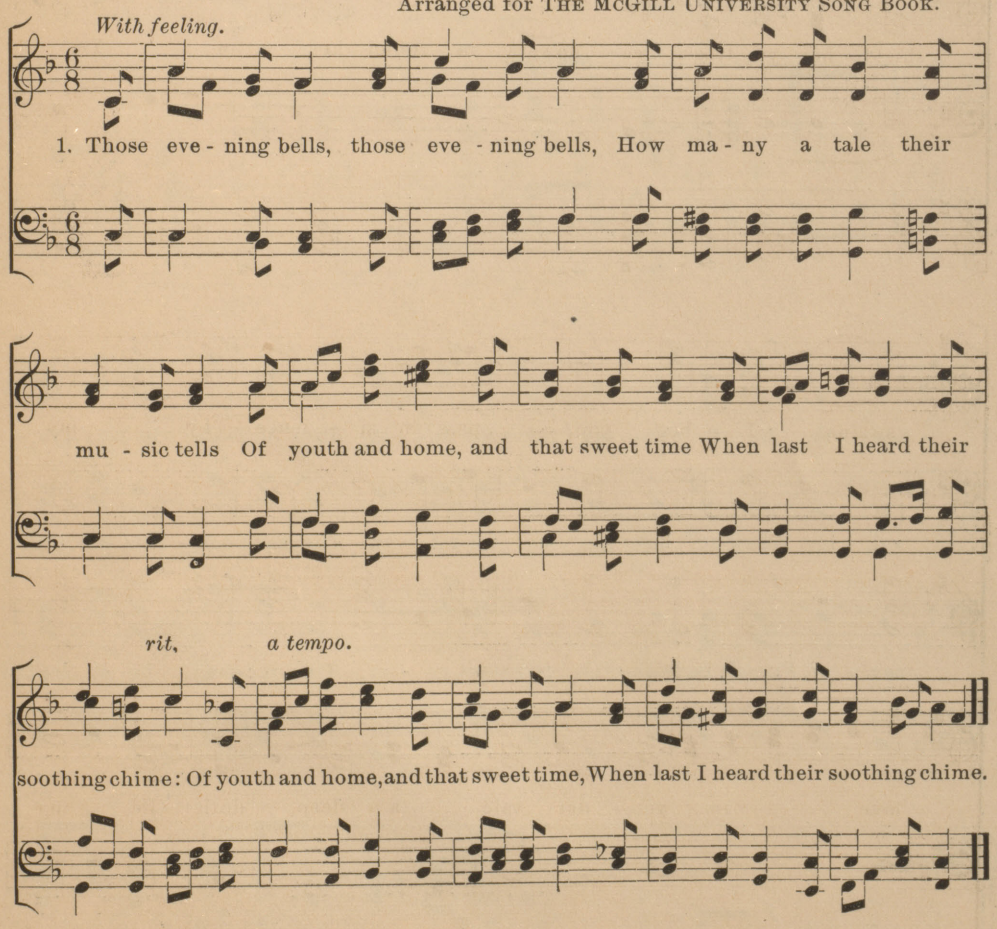
Andante affettuoso.





Those Evening Bells.

Arranged for THE McGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.



2 Those joyous hours are passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

3 And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells,

The Huntsman's Farewell.

Alla Marcia. MENDELSSOHN.

1ST TENOR.

1. Say what hand, thou for - est fair, Formed thee in thy state - ly

2D TENOR.

2. Man be - low oppressed with care, Peace - ful herds high o'er the

1ST BASS.

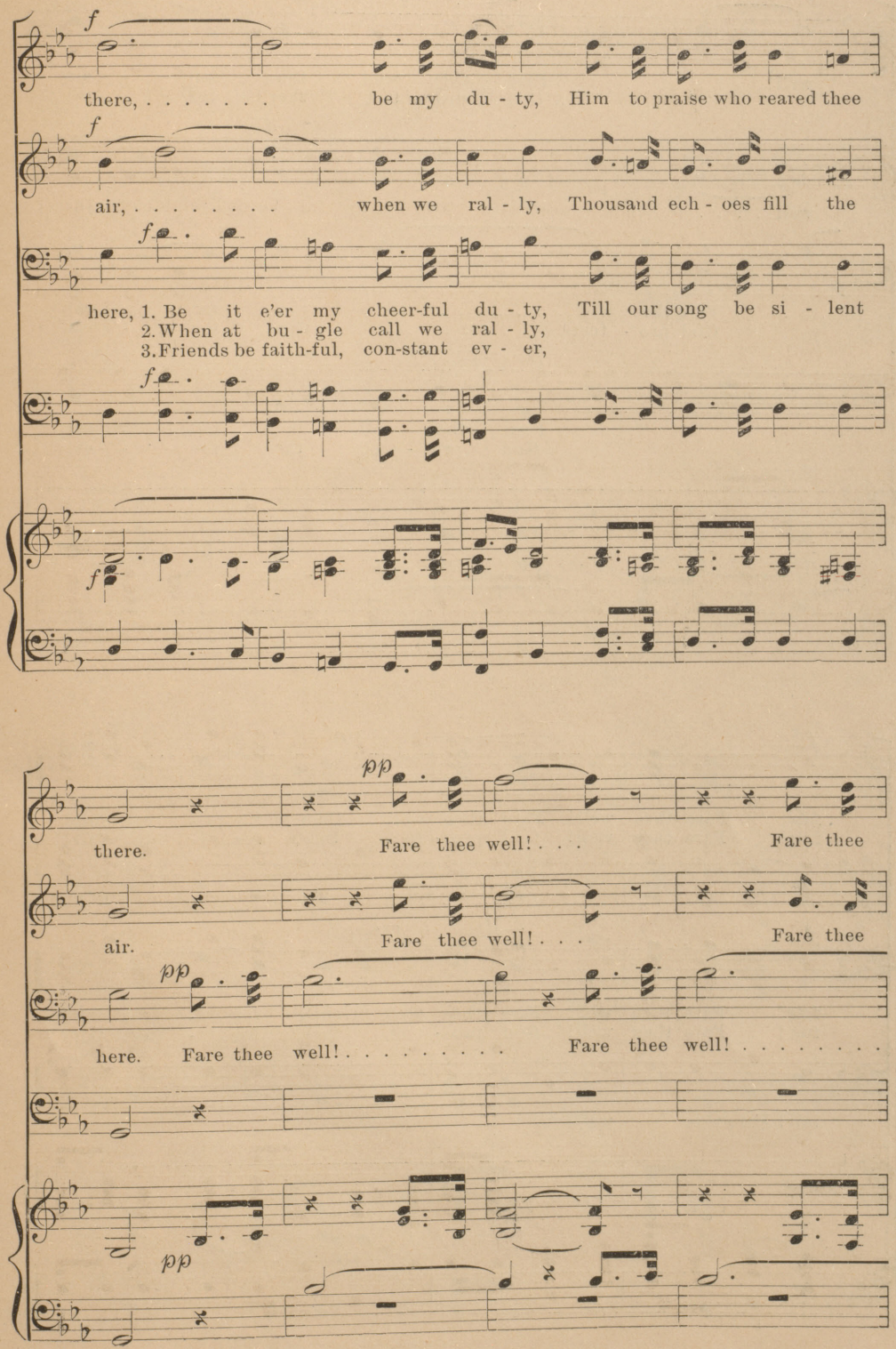
3. What we loved and held most dear, Let us keep, for - get - ting

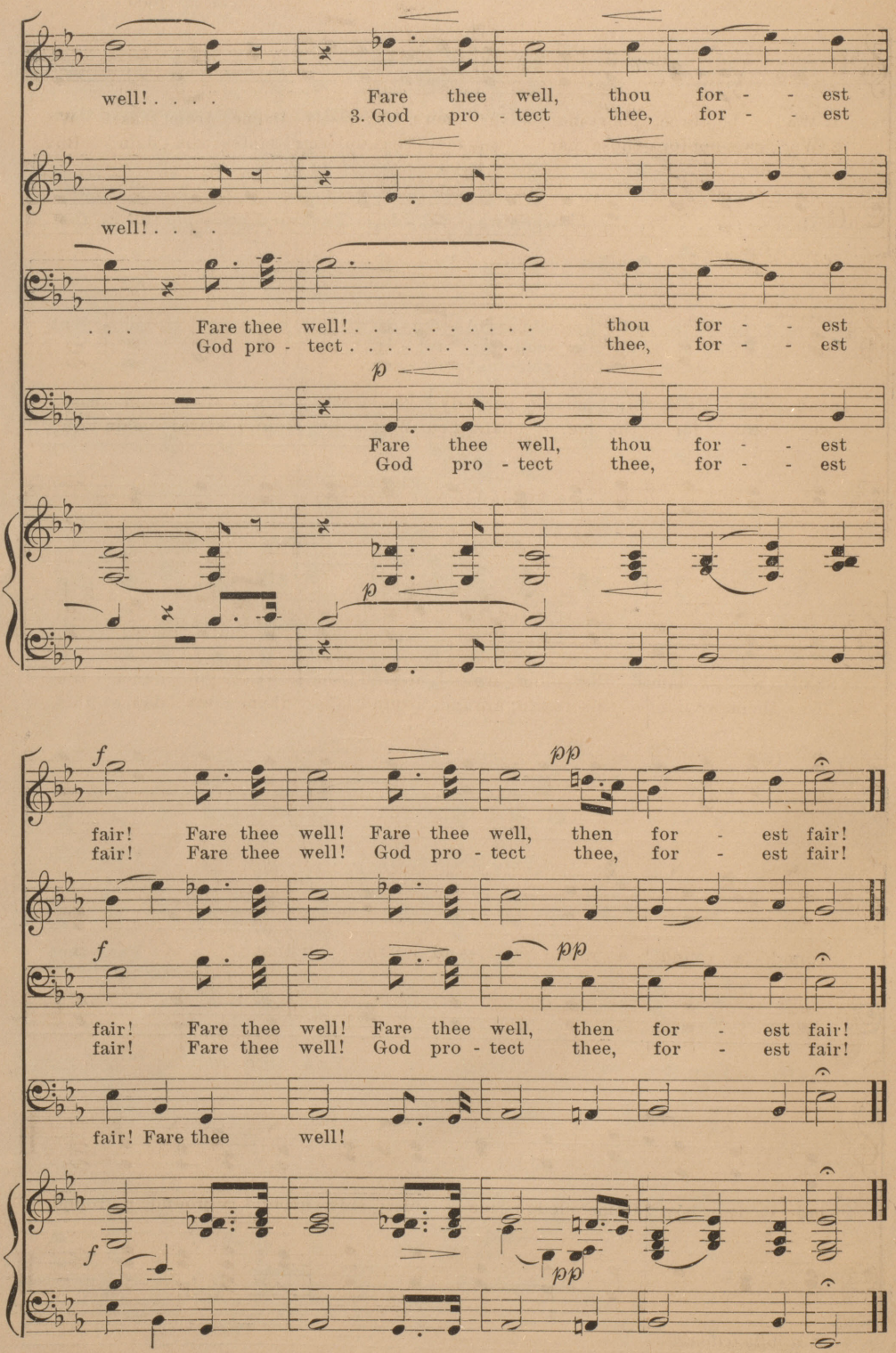
2D BASS.

beau - ty, Be it e'er my cheer-ful du - ty, Him to praise who rear'd thee

val - ley, When at bu - gle call we ral - ly, Thousand ech - oes fill the

nev - er, Friends be faith - ful, con-stant ev - er, Till our song be si - lent


there, ... be my du - ty, Him to praise who reared thee
air, ... when we ral - ly, Thousand ech - oes fill the
here, 1. Be it e'er my cheer-ful du - ty, Till our song be si - lent
2. When at bu - gle call we ral - ly,
3. Friends be faith-ful, con-stant ev - er,
there. Fare thee well! . . . Fare thee
air. Fare thee well! . . . Fare thee
here. Fare thee well! . . . . . Fare thee well! . . . . . .


well! . . . . Fare thee well, thou for - - est
3. God pro - tect thee, for - - est
well! . . . .
. . . Fare thee well! . . . . . thou for - - est
God pro - tect . . . . . thee, for - - est
p
Fare thee well, thou for - - est
God pro - tect thee, for - - est
p
f
pp
fair! Fare thee well! Fare thee well, then for - est fair!
fair! Fare thee well! God pro - tect thee, for - est fair!
f
pp
fair! Fare thee well! Fare thee well, then for - est fair!
fair! Fare thee well! God pro - tect thee, for - est fair!
fair! Fare thee well!
f
pp

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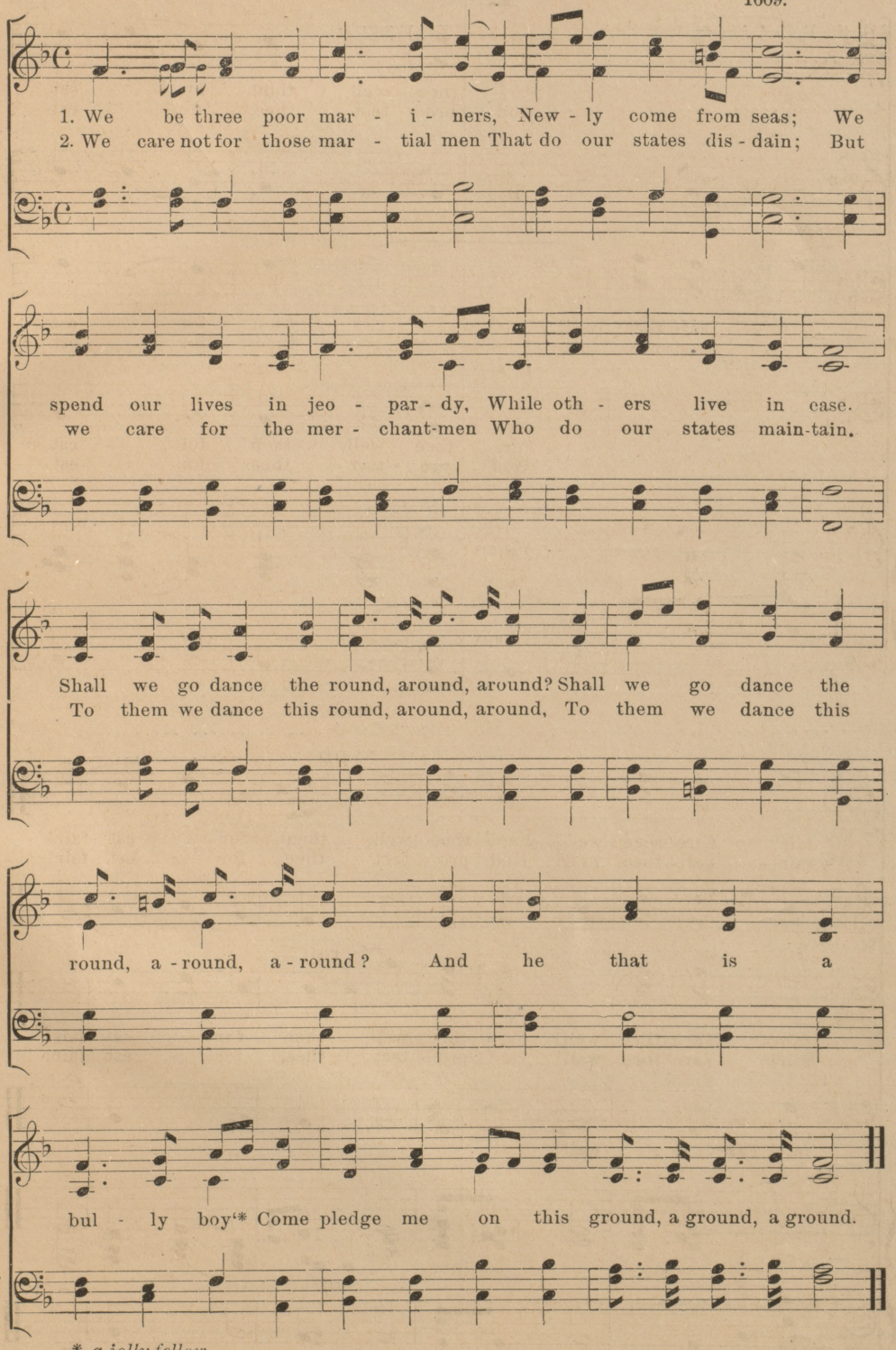

* *a jolly fellow.*

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