

POETRY.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE GIRL'S SONG, 1886.

(AFTER N. E. C., BOSTON.)

Tune—*Funicoli, Funicola.*

We are a hearty band of working lasses,
In old Q. C. ! in old Q. C. !
And now we find relief from all our classes,
In drinking tea ! in drinking tea !
'Tis here we talk of our *Association*,
So kind and free ! so kind and free !
To all who care to join of any nation,
Or far countree ! or far countree !

CHORUS.

Joy then ! joy then ! joy to old Q. C.,
Love and peace and all prosperitie !
We like its ways, its work, its Profs., its boys, but
mostly the *degree*,
Which *all of us* are sure to take before we leave
Q. C.

How many days we've had of grief and sadness,
In old Q. C. ! in old Q. C. !
But these were balanced by the quiet gladness,
Of sympathie ! of sympathie !
What groans and sighs we've spent on *hydrostatics* !
Oh ! woe is me ! oh ! woe is me !
'Twas nothing to the *higher mathematics*,
Of good Prof. D—— ! of good Prof. D——

Our brains, Prof. Watson tried their mettle,
Small tho' they be ! *small* though they be !
At rattling speed he poured forth loads of *subtle*
Philosophie ! Philosophie !
And Classics which one thought a recreation
To her would be ! to her would be !
Produced enormous drops of perspiration,
Woeful to see ! woeful to see !

"Try Science then," they said, "for that is easy,"
In old Q. C. ! in old Q. C. !
Alas ! it almost sent the student into
Eternitee ! eternitee !
The stones, the bones, the veins, the sap, the mix-
tures,
Which there we see ! which there we see !
We feel quite thankful that we are not fixtures,
In old Q. C. ! in old Q. C. !

From *fowler's* snare, and *martial* music-grinding,
Is it a sin ! is it a sin !
To pray, while tears our lovely eyes are blinding,
For a *good-win !* for a *good-win !*
To blow us far frae a' these minor worries,
And set us free ! and set us free !
Alas ! he into *major* woes us hurries,
And *won't drink tea !* and *won't drink tea !*

Divinity we are not safe to mention,
In companee ! in companee !
For fear it might result in our detention,
In old Q. C. ! in old Q. C. !
Of sun and stars, the boys' beloved teacher,
We love to see ! we love to see !
And we take our model of a preacher,
From Dr. G—— ! from Dr. G—— !

Joy and gladness be to Dr. G. !
May the sadness of our Dr. G.
Be mingled with that well-known balm which flows
from Gilead's healing tree,
And love and joy attend his steps wherever he
may be !

And if our nerves we have too much been trying,
In old Q. C. ! in old Q. C. !
And on our couch in *solemn* state are lying,
W. M. C. ! W. M. C. !
We cry, and very soon our sisters hear us,
One soon we see ! one soon we see !
With pills and tonics rapidly she cures us
Dear Prof. McG—— ! dear Prof. McG—— !

The Chancellor in all his robes so *handsome*,
We love to see ! we love to see !
His friends and he our dear old Queen's will ransom,
From tyranny ! from tyranny !
For they and all wise folks are quite concerned,
That old Q. C. ! that old Q. C. !
Shall live and grow : that's clear to all the learned,
As A. B. C. ! as A. B. C. !

But oh ! the joy and bliss of Convocation,
At old Q. C. ! at old Q. C. !
Just think ! there's not e'en *one* examination,
For me ! for me ! rejoice with me !
We *now* can spend our days in learned chatter,
Of old Q. C. ! of old Q. C. !
We may get married ! but that is no matter,
We've a *degree !* we've a *degree !*

N.B.—All rights reserved, *especially from the boys.*

[The above song was found in one of the rooms of the College, and, as I was struck with the fairness of the sentiments expressed in it, I took a copy in order to give it greater publicity. *We quite recognize that the girls belong to us.*—(Mouse.)

A young society belle who was here on a visit from the States was sitting next to one of our most grave and reverend Seniors at a recent dinner party. In course of conversation she said to him : "And what do you do with yourself all the time ?" "Oh ! I read a great deal. At present I am reading Kant." "Oh ! are you ? Its by the author of 'Don't,'—I suppose ?"