

4—JAMES MCGILL

James McGill! James McGill!
Peacefully he slumbers there
Blissful though we're on the tear
James McGill! James McGill!
He's our father, well yes rather James McGill!

Arthur C., Arthur C.,
He both make our College run,
Takes no "guff" from anyone,
Arthur C., Arthur C.,
Held "the Corps" then;
Hold the floor then,
Arthur C.

Steven L., Steven L.,
Though he knows a lot of "biz"
Novels made him what he is
Steven L., Steven L.,
Economics, Public tonics,
Steven L.

5—HAIL, ALMA MATER

Hail, Alma Mater, we sing to thy praise,
Great our affection though feeble our lays,
Nestling so peaceful and calm 'neath the hill,
Fondly we love thee our dear old McGill.

Hail, Alma Mater, we sing to thy praise;
Loud in thy Honour, our voices we raise.
Full to thy fortune, our glasses we fill.
Life and Prosperity, Dear Old McGill.

Hail, Alma Mater, thy praises we sing:
Far down the centuries, still may they ring.
Long through the ages remain—if God will,
Queen of the Colleges, Dear old McGill.

6—COME, FILL YOUR GLASSES UP

Come, fill your glasses up to McGill, McGill, McGill,
Come drink a loving cup to McGill, McGill, McGill,
We will drink the wine to-night,
Drink the wine that makes hearts light,
Come fill your glasses up to McGill, McGill, McGill.

Come, sing a joyous song to McGill, McGill, McGill.
Sing as we march along to McGill, McGill, McGill.
We will meet them on the field,
We will make our rivals yield.
Vict'ry shall crown the shield of McGill, McGill,
McGill.