

There are some among our members
 Who trod with solemn pace
 The winding path which, followed, brings
 The idol of our race;
 Yet, others wandered in the dark,
 And quaffed the flowing cup—
 To them we say, "The time is past
 When the old man settles up."
 For now when we are broke,
 We only bear the yoke.

Chorus—

It looks to me like a big night to-night,
 Big night to-night, big night to-night;
 Let us drink to the man
 And for Queen's College stand;
 For it looks like a big night to-night.

The past is best forgotten,
 The ore is roasted sweet;
 Each sample assayed high per cent.,
 The world is at our feet.
 Though paths are steep and rugged,
 And years are by us whirled,
 We'll break the line with flying wedge
 And cyanide the world,
 So that when we pass beyond
 Our name will be our bond.

Chorus—

It looks to me like a big night to-night,
 Big night to-night, big night to-night;
 Here's to lives that are true,
 Though the dollars be few;
 And it looks like a big night to-night.

When we've fought our fight with life
 And know the battle's won,
 Then each shall wear his laurels
 While the nations shout "Well done";
 And when the sands of life have run
 And each has done his best,
 We hope we'll stand together
 Where the weary are at rest.
 Once more, together clink,
 To our cherished hopes let's drink.