

(Tune: "I Hate to Get Up in the
Morning")

Oh! How we love to perceive our rivals,
Coming slowly to their defeat.
For we offer them the treat,
Of a bit of wisdom sweet,
There's never a one, there's never a one,
there's never a one can beat us.
Just look at the —————(a) trembling,
Shortly their backers are going bust,
For we are from the U. of A. we guar-
antee most any day,
To smash the opposite team to dust.

(Tune: "Blessed be the Tie That Binds")

I'm tired of walking uphill,
I long for an automobile;
When I get a jag on,
I want a gas wagon;
I'm tired of walking uphill.
I'm tired of living alone,
I want a wee wife of my own;
Some one to caresss me,
To dress and undress me;
I'm tired of living alone.
As a beauty, I'm not a star,
There are others more handsome by far,
My face, I don't mind it,
For I am behind it,
You people in front get the jar.