

3—McGILL STUDENTS' SONG

When a Freshman I sought old McGill's classic
shade,
O McGill! Alma Mater McGill!
I trembled with fear at the learning displayed,
O McGill! Alma Mater McGill!

That I vow from thy precincts I nearly had flown,
For each Don looked so wise in his trencher and
gown.
And each Freshman so green in a study so brown.
O McGill! Alma Mater McGill!

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-
hoy;—
Chorus—O, McGill! etc.

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 sweet truths of learning came clearly to
view,
And I quaffed the rich nectar that's furnished by
you,—
Chorus,—O, McGill! etc.

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 at me,
Chorus—O, McGill! Alma Mater, Farewell!—

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 not least, *here's our own noble*
selves.—
Chorus—O, McGill, Alma Mater, Farewell!