

Chorus—

It looks to me like a big night to-night,
Big night to-night, big night to-night;
Let us drink to our fame,
And go down dying game,
And it looks like a big night to-night.

We came from distant countries,
From city, bush and farm;
Eastward, westward, north and south,
From regions cold and warm,
To represent the world at large,
In awkwardness and jeans;
We rounded up the year '05—
Our freshman year at Queen's—
At the parting of the ways,
Let's drink to "Freshman days."

Chorus—

It looks to me like a big night to-night,
Big night to-night, big night to-night;
Here's to the victories we've won
And the days that are done;
And it looks like a big night to-night.

Our second year came grim and cold
Once more in Science Hall,
But few of '09 answered
When the Science roll was called;
For Destiny shall not be wooed—
To win her you must fight;
And though the path be rough and steep,
It leads up to the light
And in looking back—I think,
To our absent ones we'll drink.

Chorus—

It looks to me like a big night to-night,
Big night to-night, big night to-night;
Though we have seen our members pass,
We're at heart the same old class;
And it looks like a big night to-night.