

Law dinner, but feel assured that, in view of the increasing part that Faculty is playing in college life, it will not be behind hand in that most important event of a university year.

THE MCGILL SONG BOOK.

The Song Book is out at last and completely justifies the committees in the time they have taken in issuing it. It will soon be in the hands of all who are interested in McGill, and we hope to see a Glee Club established and to hear from now onward, whenever McGill songs are sung, whether in theatre or drawing-room, well rendered choruses. To what the appetites of our readers for the treat in store, we propose to review briefly the work, of which a copy is before us. The book contains one hundred and nine songs, all but five of which are set to music. The majority, of course, are in English, but twelve are in French, five in German and several in Latin. One French song, "L'enfant du McGill," is from the pen of Dr. Frechette, with music by Couture, and four of the others are accompanied by translations. Thus the McGill Song Book is a direct refutation of the statement that English and French are not in sympathy with one another, for in it we find a distinguished Frenchman, laureate of the Academy, lending his pen to an English work and Englishmen putting into an English setting the gems of French Canadian song. A better repertory of songs we never saw between the same number of pages. The pieces vary in length from rounds of one and two lines to songs of three, four and five pages, and in complexity from "Saw My Leg Off" and "Clotilda" to "Softly Fall the Shades of Evening" and "The Three Chafers."

The contributions, to five of which the music also is original, are an important feature of the work, there being no fewer than twenty-three from McGill men alone. We predict that many of these will come into common use.

As regards the musical portion of the book, scarcely too much can be said in its praise. We have tried almost every song and have found the accompaniments always good. We have said that several songs in the book are set to original music, and if we take into consideration the songs whose music has been adapted, altered, harmonized or arranged for several voices the list becomes much larger. The "Bull-dog," for example, has been arranged for bass and tenor. Besides this, many songs are for the first time accompanied by written music, the airs having been taken down by Mr. Gould from the lips of some one who knew them.

Perhaps our readers crave for a specimen of the songs. It is hard to choose, but in our estimation "Eliza" is among the best humorous pieces in the book. It is a ditty of a student who never succeeded in his studies, though fired to ambitious thoughts by the influence of his girl. It runs as follows:

'Tis years ago since I came to McGill,
And 't was all on account of Eliza.
And in spite of time I'm fixed here still
And the name of my girl's still Eliza.

I always wished for a high degree,
A B.C.L. or an LL.D.,
* Whichever came first was the same to me
And precisely the same to Eliza.

Chorus.

Exactly the same, precisely the same, quite, quite the same to Eliza.
Whichever came first was the same to me
And precisely the same to Eliza.

I flattered myself I was formed for the Law,
Which delighted the charming Eliza.
I'd a fairish head and a strongish jaw,
As I often remarked to Eliza.
I attended the courts where Justice sits,
I stuck to my office and copied the writs,
And ground at the Code, till I muddled my wits—
And all on account of Eliza.

Chorus.

All on account, all on account, all on account of Eliza,
I ground at the Code till I muddled my wits,—
And all on account of Eliza.

I found in time that the Law was dry,
Although approved by Eliza;
I found that before the Court I was shy,
Although not so with Eliza.
So I said—"My love, you must clearly see
I've a soul above a lawyer's fee,
Now what do you say to a real M. D.?"
"All right, my dear," said Eliza.

Chorus.

"All right, my dear, all right, my love, all right, my dear," said Eliza,
M.D. appears much higher than a B.C.L., responded Eliza.

So I cut and sawed with a hearty will—
And all on account of Eliza;
Although at first I was often ill,
To the great distress of Eliza.
I wore a skull in a black necktie,
I smoked when 'twas wet, and I drank when 'twas dry,
But at the exam. I was "plucked on the fly,"
Which I couldn't explain to Eliza.

Chorus.

'Twas so hard to explain, I could hardly explain, I couldn't explain to Eliza.
So the reason why I was "plucked on the fly"
Is still unexplained to Eliza.

Having thus been left by the Meds. in the lurch,
To the great disgust of Eliza,
I determined to have a go at the Church,
And was well backed up by Eliza.
I gave up the world and the Flesh and the D—,
Which never had any temptations for me,
For a thorough Parson I would be—
And all on account of Eliza.

Chorus.

All on account, all on account, all on account of Eliza,
For a thorough Parson I would be—
And all on account of Eliza.

But I found, alas! that the World was fair—
Which was due somewhat to Eliza;
That linen as a shirt was better than hair—
And cleaner, too," said Eliza.
So I cut the Church, and now I'm free
To take B.A. or some other degree,
And I'm sure you'll all agree with me—
If I leave the choice with Eliza.

Chorus.

Eliza, my dear! Eliza, my girl! Now's your chance, my Eliza!
You've got the choice, you're entirely free—
So put him through, dear Eliza!

Turning to the shorter pieces we find among others this lively verse—

Nice little chinawoman makee bully chow chow,
Lave on a little hill 'side a little house,
Take a little pussy cat and a little bow wow,
Put him in a little pot with a little mouse, etc.

The song of Dr. Frechette will perhaps be read with the greatest amount of interest, and for those who are not well enough up in "La Belle Langue" to know