

FRESHMEN'S AND SENIORS' SONGS.

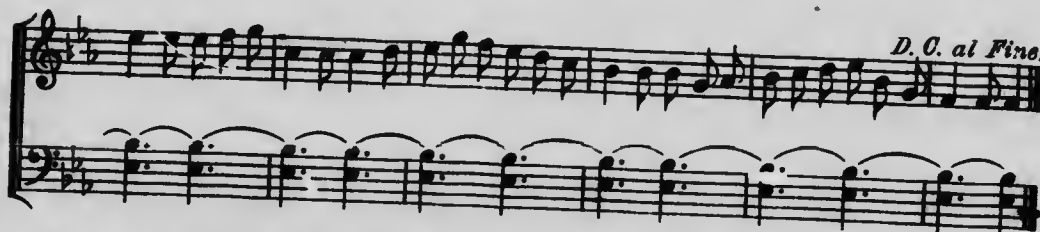
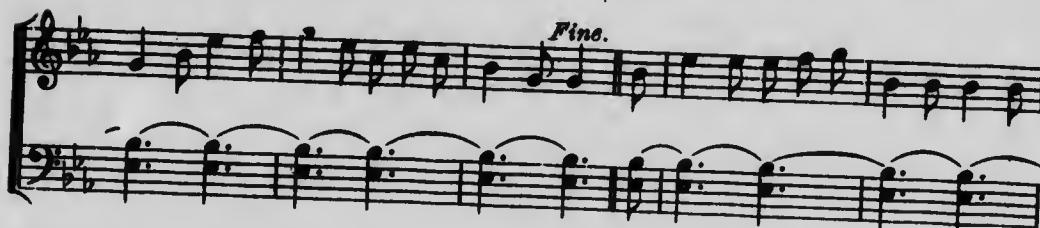
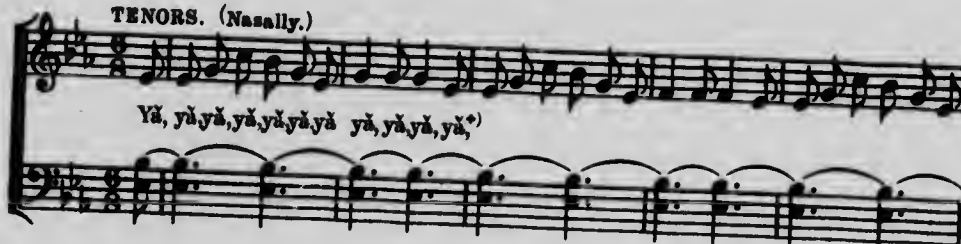
27

Tune: "Co-ca-che-lunk!"

1. Oh! we're Freshmen of Mount Allison
And we always are in luck,
For the less we have of knowledge,
Well, the more we have of pluck. — *Cho.*
2. There are many here before us,
And they are a jolly crew,
But they can't come Paddy o'er us,
For we're not so very few. — *Cho.*
3. We like the College customs well,
But cannot see the sport,
That he, who tries to court a girl,
Needs any other Court. — *Cho.*
4. Then here's to those who teach us
Learned far beyond our ken
Hard the task, you say, we give them
But you also were Freshmen. — *Cho.*
5. And here's to each good pater,
Who will rattle down the dimes;
And here's to Alma Mater
And to good old College times. — *Cho.*
1. When we first came on this campus,
Freshmen we as green as grass;
Now as grave and reverend Seniors
Smile we over the verdant past. — *Cho.*
2. We have fought the fight together,
We have struggled side by side;
Broken is the bond that held us —
We must cut our sticks and slide. — *Cho.*
3. Some will go to Western prairies,
Some to Athens or to Rome;
Some to Greenland's icy mountains —
More, perhaps, will stay at home. — *Cho.*
4. When we come again together,
At Mount A. a day to pass,
Wives and children all included, —
Won't we be an uproarious class. — *Cho.*

IMITATION OF A BAGPIPE.

TENORS. (Nasally.)



*) The same word for each note all through.