

"Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,"
When they thought we'd lost the cup, the cup we'd held for years;
But their joy was changed to grief, our silence into cheers.

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity !

"Now then," said the captain, "boys, you must commence to score!
Plenty time to beat them yet, you've fifteen minutes more!"

"windle!" cried the Kingstons, "this was planned the night before!"

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity !

Not a moment's halt before obeying his commands,
Swept we Queen's before us as a hurricane the sands,
Then were carried from the field by scores of willing hands.

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity !

"Veni, vidi, vici," wrote old Julius, and 'twas grand,
Worthy of the mighty brain that could the world command,
'Twasn't half so w(h)itty, though, as "Hire Barrett's Band!"

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity !

Seemed as though the city had turned out the team to greet,
Music, torches, rockets were our escort through the street,
And what all remarked was this: "Those boys are hard to beat!"

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity !



He won't be happy till he gets it!

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE MESSRS. PEARS.

Now a piping little voice is heard from Montreal
Saying "Varsity has made a most apparent crawl."
"Till the baby gets it," he will never cease to bawl.

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity