



LAUS SIGNIFERIS.

AIR: "Marching Through Georgia."

AY boys, quit your smoking, here we're gathered in the gym.
For a rattling chorus that will thrill through every limb.
Now then, altogether! and we'll give it with a vim
Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

CHORUS: Var-Rah! Var-Rah! we're champions again,
Var-Rah! Var-Rah! bring on some better men,
Who are not afraid to beard the lions in their den.
Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

First we played the Ottawas, good fellows in the main,
Lots of fine material, but they don't know how to train,
Now, as in the past indeed, their efforts were in vain.
Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

Next the stout Toronto men a gallant onset made,
Sportsmanlike and manly was the spirit they displayed,
"Finest game of Rugby," said the *Empire*, "ever played."
Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

Gladly would we overlook that first affair with Queen's:
Sixteen men to fifteen, boys, you all know what that means.
Prithee, noble Union, spare us any more such scenes.
Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

"Brockville Pasture" now has won a title deed to fame,
O'er its hills and through its valleys surged the final game,
'There we crushed our mighty foe, and Dennis was their name.
Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

"Marquis, do you mean to say those kids have played with you?"
Sadly smiled the giant as he said "I guess it's true."
When the game was over, the spectators thought so too.
Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

Yet there was a time that day when anxious backers thought
That no skill or courage could blot out a 9 to 0,
'That our game was up, unless a miracle was wrought.
Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!