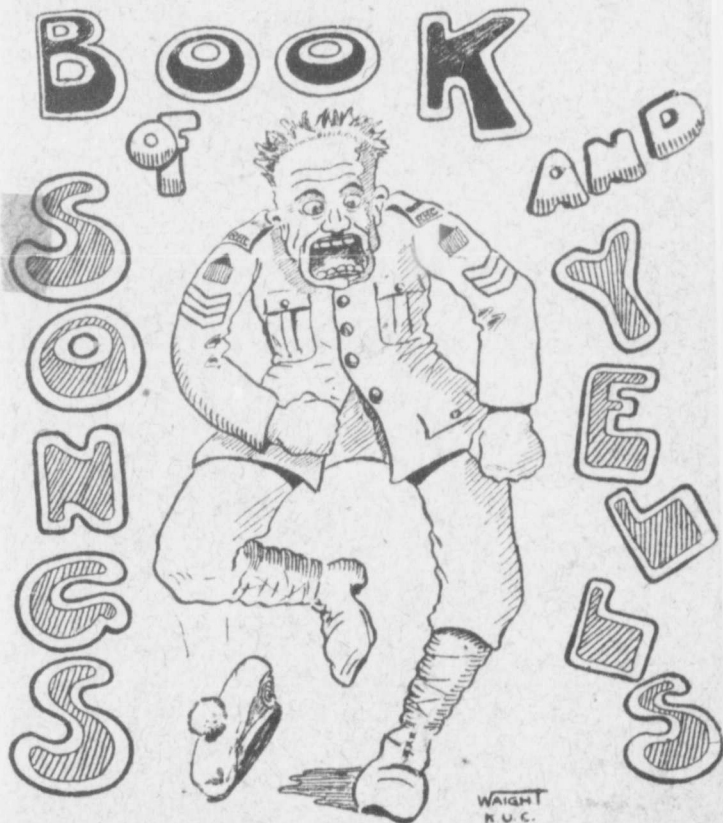


The



Khaki

VARSITY.



Taylor, Typo, Ripon.

Wackerlacker ! Crackerjacker
Hicky Holy gee,
Buckshee Whizbang ! K U C.



K U C

Yell it out, spell it out,
Tell 'em who we are,
Khaki University,
Rah! Rah! Rah!



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J

Preface.

In presenting this Song and Yell book, the Committee trust that the results of their efforts will meet with the approval of the Student Body.

A sincere attempt has been made to have this collection embrace representative songs and yells from all Canadian Universities.

To any Universities who are not thus represented the Committee wish to tender their apologies, and beg that they will consider the difficulties under which this addition has been published.

Major W. J. Wilby, (M.C.)	A. McGillivray,
B. A. Campbell,	L. H. Meng,
J. A. McDonald,	G. B. H. Stevens, (M.M.)
J. A. McAllister,	T. Taylor,
	L. G. Anderson.

Khaki University Yells.



1. Tanks, Guns, Aeroplanes,
Bombs, Bullets, Hand Grenades,
Calculus and Number Nines
History, Gas and Stew
Dig 'em up, Blow 'em up,
Rip 'em up, Eat 'em up,
Here we are, Let her go
K. U. C.
2. All - Rippy, Cricky,
Who are we.
Leader - "Let's spell it,"
All - - K. U. C.
Leader - "And yell it,"
All - - Var-si-ty.
3. Nigger ! Nigger ! Hoe "potater,"
Half past Alligator
Siss-s Boom Bah,
Khaki University
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
4. B.C. to Nova Scotia,
Toronto, Queens, McGill,
We are the Khaki Varsity
For we're in Khaki still,
Officers, non-coms, other ranks are we
Khaki, Khaki, Khaki Varsity,
C A—N—A—D—A Canad-aaa.
5. Wild Rose, Blue nose, Squint-eyed Sal,
Sgt. F.X. Tech, and good old Dal,
Acadia, Kings, and U.N.B.,
Altogether at the K.U.C.

Faculty Yells.



1. ARTS]

K-U-C! K-U-C!
Ziss, Boom, Bah!
Sapientes, Homines,
Arts! Arts! Arts!
Poke it at 'em! Poke it at 'em
Bellum, Mortuim
Khaki University,
Classes Artium.

2. AGGIES.

Rickety, Rickety,
Rick, Rack, Ree,
Bacteria, Zoo, Biology,
Gee, Gamileo, Gee, Haw, Gee,
Farmers, Farmers. Yes, siree
Turnips, Cabbage, Pumpkins, Squash.
Farmers, Farmers. Yes, by gosh.

3. LAW.

Property! Property! Legal lore,
Equity! Equity! Contracts, Terts.
Rickatœe-ree! Rickatee-raw!
Criminal——Law.——

4. MATRICULATION.

Me Hee, Mee Hi, Mee Ho,
Arumasticker, Bumasticker,
Nas Cat, Ninny Cat.
So! Fat! Morang!
Hobble, Gobble, Ricker Racker,
Hobble, Gobble, Fire Cracker,
Hobble, Gobble, Bazoo,
Johnny blow your Bazoo,
Matric! Matric! Matric!

5. MEDICINE.

Bones! Bones! Bones!
Antiseptics, Anaesthetics, Iodine and bills,
Epistaxis, prophylaxis, coughs, colds, chills,
Khaki Meds, Khaki Meds, Khaki Medicals.

6. PHARMACY.

Dope! Dope! Dope!
Belladonna, Atropine, Ipecas and Squills,
Ointments, Plasters, other stuff and Pills.
Pharmacy, Pharmacy, Pharmaceuticals

7. SCIENCE.

We are, we are, we are the Engineers!
We can, we can, we can drink forty beers
Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum along
with us,
For we don't give a damn for
Any damn man who don't give
A damn for us!

8.

THEOLOGY

Kha, Kha, Kha,
Ki - Ki - Ki,
After war, Theology,
Fight, Fight, Fight,
For right, right, right,
Khaki University,

9.

FACULTY.

Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax,
Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax.
Give 'em the ax, give 'em the ax
Give 'em the ax———WHERE!
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck,
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck,
Right in the neck, right in the neck,
Right in the neck———THERE!
Faculty, Faculty.



Canadian University Yells.



1. DALHOUSIE.

1-2-3, Who are we ? Dalhousie.

1-2-3, Who are we ? Dalhousie.

1-2-3, Who are we ? Dalhousie

2. LAVAL.

Boum, boum, boum,

Boum, alakaboum, alakazim, boumba,

Chich, alakachich, alakacha, wa-wa,

Boum, alakaboum, alakazim, boumba,

Laval, laval.

Raw, raw, raw, zimboum-ba,

Laval, zzz-zim boum-ba,

3. MCGILL.

What's the matter with old McGill

She's all right, oh yes, you bet.

McGill—McGill—McGill.

Rah, rah, rah,

Rah, rah, rah,

Rah, rah, rah—McGill.

4. QUEENS.

Queens ! Queens ! Queens !

Oil, thigh, na Banrighiun gu-brath⁹

Cha gheil, cha gheil, cha gheil,

Oil, thigh, na Banrighiun gu-brath

Cha gheil, cha gheil, cha gheil.

5.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Toronto, Toronto Varsity,
Will shout and fight for the blue and white,
And the honour of U. of T.

Ripperty, rapperty,

Rapperty, ripperty, ree!

Toronto, Toronto, Toronto, Varsitee.

6.

MANITOBA.

Hi! Ji! Ita! Ki! Ki! Yi! Yip!

Manitoba, Manitoba, Rip! Rip! Rip!

Kana, Kena, wa, wa, Kana, Kena, ta,

Manitoba Varsity, Rah. rah, rah,

M-A-N-I-T-O-B-A. Manitoba.

7.

SASKATCHEWAN.

Saskatchewan, Saskatchewan Varsity,

Hi-hickety-hi-hi, Hi-hickety-ki,

Deo et Patria, Deo et Patria,

The Green, The White, Ki-amia-ke,

S-A-S-K-A-T-C-H-E-W-A-N.

8.

ALBERTA.

Varsity, varsity, rah, rah, rah,

Varsity, varsity, Alberta.

Ki-yi, ki-yi, rah, rah, rah,

Rip it out, tear it out, Alberta.

Varsity, varsity, hip hoo ray,

A-L-B-E-R-T-A.

9.

B.C. UNIVERSITY.

Kitsalino, Capilino, Siwash, squaw,

Klahowea, tillicum, shookum waa.

Hi yu, mannoch, mucha, mucha, zip,

B.C. Varsity, rip, rip, rip.

V-A-R-S-I-T-Y, Varsity.

Auxiliary Yells.

1. Whisky, wee, wee,
Whisky, wa, wa,
H-O L-Y Mackinaw,
College eat 'em raw. Wough!
2. (F) We're out for gore! We're out for gore
We're out for gore!
(P) Keep her low, keep her low,
Keep her low,
Altogether (F.F.) - LET HER GO!
3. Students, students, all of the best,
Some from the East and some from the west,
C--A--N--A--D--A.
All for a dollar ten a day.

DIVINITY. DIVINITY.

4. Faith, Hope, and Charity,
Long tail coats and Poverty,
A ----- MEN.



Songs.



1--O CANADA.

O Canada! Our home and native land,
True patriot-love in all thy sons command
With glowing hearts we see thee rise.
The true North, strong and free;
And stand on guard O Canada,
Stand aye on guard for thee.
O Canada! O Canada!
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee,
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! terre de nos aïeux,
Ton front est ceint de fleurons glorieux,
Car ton bras sait porter l'épée,
Il sait porter la Croix,
Ton histoire est une épopée,
Des plus brillants exploits,
Et ta valeur de foi trompée,
Protégera nos foyers et nos droits (bis).

We are the boys from the Mountain and the Prairie,
We are Canuchs don't you see.
We come from the East and we come from the West,
To fight for the Land of the Free.
We're right here, we proud Canadian Sons,
And we never gave a darn for the Kaiser and his Huns,
Ca-na-dians, we are, we are, we are Canadians.

K.U.C. Songs.

1—VARSITY SONG.

By Cpl. G. Brooks

The Khaki Varsity it so good to me,
For I am getting education here that's free,
And though we're sweating for exams. that are in store,
We shall meet with good results, of that we're sure.
Then when we're leaving dear old Blighty,
With a year less to do at Varsity ;
Then we shall all be mighty thankful,
Thankful for the Khaki Varsity.
The Khaki Varsity ! The Khaki Varsity !
The Coliege that was formed for men across the sea.

Chorus :

There is Matric and Arts and other classes,
There's Law and some Theology,
But all the boys are doing well in classes,
In the Khaki Varsity.
And when we all get home to dear old Canada,
That glorious land across the sea,
We will never cease to sing its praises
K.U.C. K.U.C. K.U.C.

2—PARODY ON PARLEZ VOUS !

We're the boys of the K.U.C., Parlezvous !
We're the boys of the K.U.C. "
We're the boys of the K.U.C. "
We've done our bit and now you see,
We are the Khaki Varsity.

Chorus :

The Khaki University, Parlezvous,
The Khaki University, "
The Khaki University is now the Soldiers' Varsity,
The Khaki University.

We'll
We'll
We'll

We'll
We'll
We'll

Silas
Silas
Silas

Old M
Old M
Old M

3—MARCHING ON.

Tune : As We Go Marching On.

We'll hang Geoffrey Chaucer by his Canterbury Tales,
We'll hang Geoffrey Chaucer by his Canterbury Tales,
We'll hang Geoffrey Chaucer by his Canterbury Tales,
As we go marching home.

We'll shove Julius Caesar through a knothole in the fence,
We'll shove Julius Caesar through a knothole in the fence,
We'll shove Julius Caesar through a knothole in the fence,
As we go marching home.

Silas Marner and his gold give me the blooming 'ump,
Silas Marner and his gold give me the blooming 'ump,
Silas Marner and his gold give me the blooming 'ump,
As we go marching home.

Old Number Nines and Iodine, we'll pitch to Davy Jones,
Old Number Nines and Iodine, we'll pitch to Davy Jones,
Old Number Nines and Iodine, we'll pitch to Davy Jones,
As we go marching home.

Chorus :

Khaki, Khaki University,
Khaki, Khaki University,
Khaki, Khaki University,
As we go marching home.



Southern Melodies.



1—THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT IN MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay ;
The corn tops ripe and the meadows in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folk roll on the littl cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright ;
Bye and Bye, " Hard times " comes a-knocking at the
door,
Then my old Kentucky home, Good-night
Weep no more, my lady, Oh, weep no more to-day,
We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home, far away.

2—GONE ARE THE DAYS.

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, " Old Black Joe."
I'm coming, I'm coming for my head is bending low,
I hear those gentle voices calling, " Old Black Joe."

3.—IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO MY HOME IN
KENTUCKY.

It's a long, long way to my home in Kentucky,
Where the green grass grows 'round the old cabin door ;
And if I get back, why I'll be mighty lucky,
To see my dear old mammie once more.
Weep no more my lady, just dry those tears away,
It's a long, long way to my home in Kentucky,
But I'm bound to get there some day.

4.—“JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT.”

Just a song at twilight when the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go,
Thought the heart be weary, sad the day and long.
Still to us at twilight comes love's sweet song,
Loves old sweet song.

5.—SOME FOLKS SAY THAT A NIGGER
WON'T STEAL.

Some folks say that a nigger won't steal,
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the corn-field.
But I caught two in my corn-field,
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the corn-field.
One had a shovel and the other had a hoe,
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the corn-field.
Oh ! my, what a rotten song,
What a rotten song, what a rotten song.
Oh ! my, what a rotten song and what a rotten singer too.

6—IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT.

In the evening by the moonlight,
You could hear those darkies singing.
In the evening by the moonlight,
You could hear those banjos ringing.
How the old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen,
As we sang in the evening by the moonlight.

Old Country Songs.



1—JOHN PEEL.

D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay ?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day ?
D'ye ken John Peel, when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning.

Chorus :

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of the hounds which he oft time led,
Peel's view hol-loo would awaken the dead,
Or his fox from his lair in the morning.

2 - A WEE DEOCH-AN--DORIS.

Just a wee deoch-an'-doris,
A wee drap, that's a'.
A wee deoch-an'-doris,
Before we gang awa'.
There's a wee wifie waiting,
In a wee but-an' ben.
If ye can say "It's a braw, bricht, moonlicht nicht,
Ye're a' richt, ye ken.

3—MOTHER MACHREE.

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed, and wrinkled with care
I kiss the dear fingers, so toil-worn for me,
Oh ! God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree

4—WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING.

When Irish eyes are smiling, sure it's like a morn in Spring ;
In the lilt of Irish laughter, you can hear the angels sing ;
When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright
and gay,
And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure they steal your heart
away.

5--ROAMING IN THE GLOAMING.

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonny banks of Clyde,
Roamin' in the gloamin' wi' your lassie by your side,
When the sun has gone to rest, that's the time that I love
best.
Oh ! It's great to be aroamin' in the gloamin'.

6- LOCH LOMOND.

By yon bonny banks, and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
There me and my true love spent mony happy days
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Chorus.

Oh ! Ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland before ye.
But trouble, it is there, an' mony hearts are sair,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

7—GENEVIEVE.

Oh, Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
The days may come, the days may go,
But still the hands of mem'ry weave,
The blissful dreams of long ago.

Oh, Genevieve.

8—AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And the days o' auld lang syne ?

Chorus :

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

2—CLEMENTINE.

In a cavern, In a cavern, excavating for a mine.
Dwelt a miner, fortyminer, and his daughter, Clementine.
Light she was, and like a fairy, and her shoes were number
nine,
Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.
Drove the ducklings to the water, ev'ry morning just at
nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.
In a churchyard near the canyon, Where the myrtle doth
entwine,
There grew roses and other posies, fertilized by Clementine.

Chorus :

Oh my darling, Oh my darling,
Oh my darling, Clementine.
Thou art lost and gone for ever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

3—MOONLIGHT BAY.

We were sailing along on Moonlight Bay,
We could hear the voices ringing,
They seemed to say, " You have stolen her heart,
Now don't go away," As we sang Love's Old
Sweet Song,
On Moonlight Bay.

4—YAAKA-HULA HICKEY DULA.

I'm coming back to you my Hu-la Lou,
Beside the sea at Wai-k-ki You'll play for me,
And once again you'll sway my heart your way,
With your yaa-ka hu-la hickey du-la tune.

5—DOWN BY THE STREAM.

Down by the stream,
Where the water-melons grow,
Back to my home,
I dare not go ;
And if I do, my rent I'll owe.
Down by the stream,
Where the melons grow.

6—I LOVE YOU CANADA.

I love you Canada,
For you mean so much to me,
I love your hills and valleys.
And your stately Maple trees.
I love all your dear people,
Though far away I roam,
When I then speak of Canada,
I long for Home Sweet Home.

7--ROSES OF PICARDY.

Roses are shining in Picardy,
In the hush of the silver dew ;
Roses are flowing in Picardy,
But there's never a rose like you !
And the roses will die with the summer time,
And our roads may be far apart,
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy
'Tis the rose that I keep in my heart.

8—A BACHELOR GAY.

At seventeen he falls in love quite madly,
 With eyes of tender blue,
 At twenty-four he gets it rather badly,
 With eyes of a different hue —
 At thirty-five you'll find him flirting sadly,
 With two or three or more.
 When he fancies he is past love,
 It is then he meets his last love,
 And he loves her as he never loved before.

9—MY OLD IONA.

My own Iona, from old Halona,
 Your dark and dreamy eyes, they speak of paradise ;
 My ukelele played Mauna Loa gaily,
 Halona's calling me, Iona dear, my own.

10—GIVE ME THE MOONLIGHT, GIVE ME THE GIRL.

Give me the moonlight, give me the girl,
 And leave the rest to me.
 Give me a babbling brook, Give me a shady nook,
 Where no one can see.
 Give me a bench for two, where we can bill and coo,
 And mine she's bound to be.
 If there's anyone in doubt, and they'd like to try me out ;
 Give me the moonlight, give me the girl,
 And leave the rest to me.

11—THINK OF ME

Think of me—when the band is playing,
 And you hear them saying, " There they go !"
 Think of me when the drums are beating,
 And you hear them greeting ev'ry boy they know.
 Think of me when you hear them sighing,
 And the flags are flying in the blue.
 Say you'll always think of me,
 'Cos I'm always thinking of you.

12—LET THE GREAT BIG WORLD KEEP TURNING

Let the great big world keep turning.
Never mind if I've got you ;
For I only know that I want you so,
And there's no one else will do.
You have simply set me yearning,
And forever I'll be true.
Let the great big world keep on turning round,
Now I've found someone like you.

13—THAT DEAR, OLD HOME OF MINE.

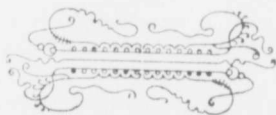
I love that dear, old home of mine,
I love that simple country town,
I seem to hear the old place calling, calling
Just come right down to where the birds sing
All day long,
And the sun will always shine,
I love the waving corn where I was born,
I love that dear, old home of mine.

14—HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING IN DIXIE ?

How's ev'ry little thing in Dixie ?
How's ev'ry little thing at home ?
How's my Maw ? How's my Paw and
All the friends I'm longing for ?
Come on, Joe, and tell me all about 'em,
You don't know how sad I've been without 'em.
How's every little thing in Dixie ?
Dixie, where I long to be.

15—MARYLAND.

I've got the sweetest girl in all the world in Maryland,
She's got those big blue eyes, just like the skies in Maryland,
I've been so lonely, but now it's only one day more ;
I'm glad I waited ; She's worth waiting for,
'Cause when she smiles at me, I seem to be in Fairyland ;
The most important thing, I bought the ring for Mary's hand,
I know she'll meet me at the choo-choo,
With a " How do you do ? " that's how I stand,
In Maryland.



Soldiers' Parodies.



1—Tune : Keep the Home Fires Burning ✓

Keep the Huns retiring !
Keep our guns firing !
Keep our airships flying !
Till the Bosche are done !
Keep our bayonets flashing !
Keep our boys a-dashing !
Turn the Germans inside out,
And we'll all go home.

2—Tune : My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean. ✓

My tunic is out at the elbows,
My trousers are out at the knee,
My puttees are ragged and frazzled
But the Q.M. does nothing for me.
My Tummy knocks hard on my backbone,
My dial is thin as can be ;
Still all we get handed at mealtimes,
Is bully and Machonochie.

3—Tune : A Little Bit of Heaven. ✓

Sure a little bit of shrapnel fell from out the sky one day,
And it nestled in my shoulder in a kind and loving way,
And when the M.O. saw it,
Sure it looked so sweet and fair,
He said " You're off to Blighty,
They will fix you up back there."
So he sprinkled it with iodine, to keep the germs away,
It's the only way to stop them, no matter what you say,
But before I left the C.C.S. he changed his fickle mind,
And he marked me down for duty and he sent me up the
line.

✓ 4—TAKE ME BACK TO DEAR OLD CANADA

Tune : Cheers.

Take me back to dear old Canada,
Put me on the boat for old St. John,
Take me over there, drop me anywhere,
Toronto, Hull or Montreal, well I don't care
I should love to see my best girl,
Cuddling up again we soon should be, Whoa,
Tiddley, iddley, ighty, I'd sooner be there than Blighty,
Canada is the place for me.

✓ 5—THE LITTLE WET HOME IN THE
TRENCH.

I've a little wet home in a trench,
Which the rain storms unceasingly drench.
There's a sky overhead, clay and mud for a bed
And a stone for which we use for a bench.
Bully beef and hard biscuits we chew,
It seems ages since we've tasted stew,
Though shells crackle and scarce,
Yet no place can compare,
With my little wet home in the trench.

✓ 6—WHEN THE WAR IS OVER.

When the great big war is over,
Oh, how happy I will be,
When I get my civvie clothes on,
Then no more will it be "C.B."
I'll not ask for week-end passes,
When I wish to meet a friend,
But I'll pay my fare and go anywhere,
When the great big war shall end.

✓ 7—I WANT TO GO HOME.

I want to go home——I want to go home——
The "Whizz-bangs" and Shrap-nel a-round me do
 roar,
I don't want TO GO TO THE FRONT a-ny more,
Take me far o'er the sea,——
Where the "All-e-man" can-not get me—
Oh, my! I don't want to die, I want to go 'ome.

✓ 8—OLD SOLDIER'S LIVE ON BREAD AND JAM.

No bully-beef and no more jam,
No margarine and no more ham,
But chickens plump and ox-tail soups,
Now that's the stuff to gie' the troops.

9—THEY SAY THAT THE K.U.C.

They say that the K.U.C.
Ain't got no style,
Ain't got no style,
Ain't got no style.
They say that the K.U.C.
Ain't got no style,
They've style all the while,
All the while, What! What!

10—OH! JOHNNY.

Oh! Johnny, Oh! Johnny, heavens above!
Oh! Johnny, Oh! Johnny, how you can woe!
You make my sad heart leap with joy,
And when you're near, I—just can't sit still a minute.
Oh! Johnny, Oh! Johnny, heavens above!
What makes me love you so!
You're not handsome, it's true,
But when I look at you——
Oh! Johnny, Oh! Johnny, Oh!

11—KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN.

Keep your head down Allemand, (Fritzi Boy.)
Keep your head down Allemand, (Fritzi Boy.)
Last night, by the pale moonlight,
We saw you, we saw you,
You were mending your broken wire,
When we opened rapid fire,
If you want to see your "Vater und der Vaterland"
Keep your head down Allemand. (Fritzi Boy.)

12—MAMMIES LITTLE COAL-BLACK ROSE.

You'd better dry those eyes my little coal-black rose
And don't you sigh,
You'd better go to sleep and let those eye-lids close
And hush-a-bye,
'Cos you're dark don't start a-pining,
Every cloud has a silver lining
And all the big blaek crows think they're just as white as snow,
But you're dear old mammy knows
That you're mighty like a rose:—
The angels gave those kinky curls to you—so curly kew,
They put the sunshine in your disposition too—that's true
The reason you're so black, I s'pose,
They forgot to give your mammie
A talcum-powder chamois, Don't you sigh! Don't you cry!
'Cos you're mammie's little coal-black rose.

13—WHEN I GET MY CIVVIES ON.

When I get my civvies on again,
And it's home, sweet home once more,
There'll be no more bully beef and mess-room tea,
Nothing's going to put the wind up me.
I'll have a nice little cottage of my own
With roses round the door,
And a nice warm bottle in my nice warm bed,
And a nice soft pillow for my nice soft head,
When I get my civvies on again,
And it's home, sweet home once more.

GOD SAVE THE KING,

God save our gracious King

Long live our noble King.

God save the King!

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us

God save the King!