

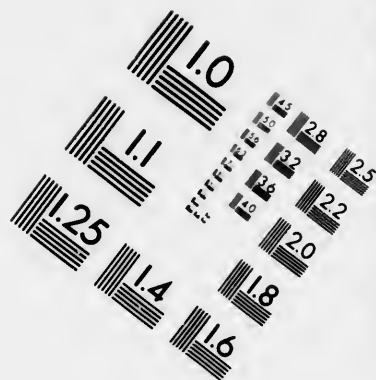
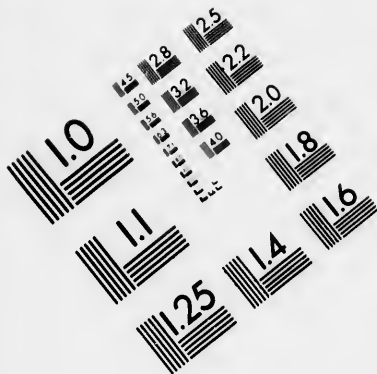
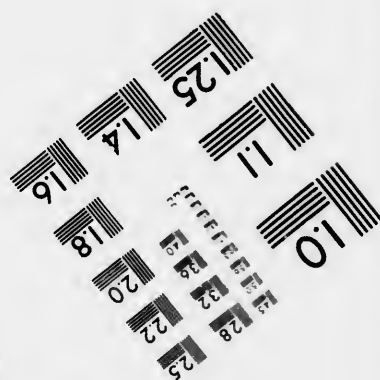
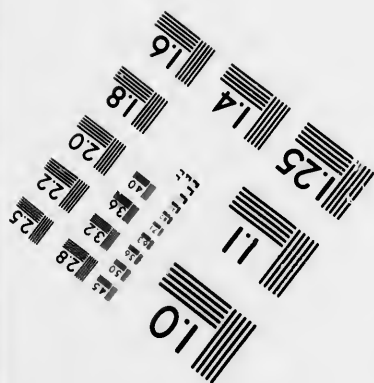
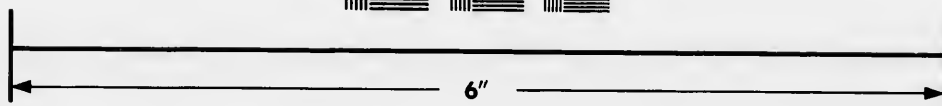
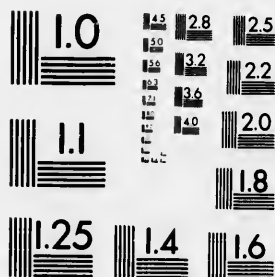


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1983

The c
to the

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | |
|--|--|
| ☒ Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur | ☐ Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur |
| ☐ Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée | ☐ Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées |
| ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| ☐ Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque | ☒ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| ☐ Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur | ☐ Pages detached/
Pages détachées |
| ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | ☒ Showthrough/
Transparence |
| ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | ☐ Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| ☐ Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents | ☐ Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| ☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distortion le long de la marge intérieure | ☐ Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible |
| ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées. | ☐ Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible. |
| ☐ Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires: | |

**This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.**

10X		14X		18X		22X		26X		30X	
				✓							
12X		16X		20X		24X		28X		32X	

**The impossible
of the
filming**

Origin
beginn
the las
sion, o
other
first p
sion, a
or illus

The la
shall c
TINUE
which

**Maps, differ
entirely
beginn
right a
require
metho**

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

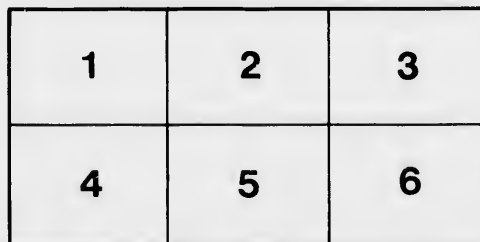
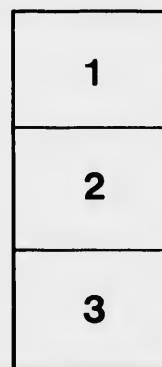
Harold Campbell Vaughan Memorial Library
Acadia University

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol ➡ (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▼ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Harold Campbell Vaughan Memorial Library
Acadia University

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole ➡ signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▼ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, plaques, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

CARMINA
UNIVERSITATIS

NOV. BRUNS.



FREDERICTON, N. B.

• "REPORTER" STEAM PRINTING OFFICE.

1886

A
M1970
.N42

Published by the Literary and Debating Society of the
University of New Brunswick, 1886.

COMMITTEE { C. W. Nevers
G. W. Fleming
G. J. Good

The ol
Dear
Loved
And sh

Glory,
Glory t
May th
And tr

Come v
Homes
Laughi
To sho

Fold u
Feed u
Parted
A the

1. "Nu
As v
"Nu
For

CHOR
Re

2. Wha
We
What
And

3. Our
With
We
Than

ALMA MATER.

The old College rises when the free winds sport their will
Dear Alma Mater standing half way up the hill ;
Loved of our boyhood, and we love, we love her still,
And shout her Jubilee.

CHORUS,—

Glory, glory, shout we Alma's worth
Glory to the sons that she is sending forth,
May they be the honour and the pride of the earth,
And triumph as they go.

Come we over mountains and from rivers far away,
Homes besides the ocean, and from fields of dying day,
Laughing, shouting, roaming as we did of old at play,
To shout her Jubilee.

CHORUS.

Fold us once more fondly to thy bosom white as snow,
Feed us wine and kisses and then bless us ere we go,
Parted till the air of Heaven o'er us blow,
At the final Jubilee.

CHORUS.

NUNC EST BIBENDUM.

1. "Nunc est bibendum fratres," since once again we've met,
As vig'rous as young bay trees, a right good jovial set ;
"Nunc est bibendum fratres," as oft we've done before,
For well we know "Esprit-de-vie" keeps up "esprit-de-cœur."

CHORUS.—Then here's to Alma Mater, a bumper let us pour.

Rejoice within our ancient halls, to find ourselves once more.

2. What tho' we've left our homes, boys, and all we there hold dear,
We ne'er shall spend, where'er we roam, such happy days as here;
What though we've left our darlings, won't absence lend its charms,
And the months fly by like starlings, to restore us to their arms.
3. Our governors, so discerning, sent us here to store our minds
With loads of classic learning, and various other kinds ;
We'll teach them "ipsis factis," and what more do they need,
Than the rules reduced to practice, remembering what we read.

Society of the

. W. Nevers
. W. Fleming
. J. Good

4. Now who's so independent as within our walls are we,
When mirth has the ascendent, and all its song and glee;
Th away with convocation rules, and drive dull care away,
! And banish thoughts of plucks and schools to some far distant day.
5. When first our good friend Flaccus, exults in many a line;
Sweet Venus and old Bacchus, young maids and mellow wine,
And the old Ovidius Naso,—for so the story goes—
Derived his name and grace O from a jolly big red nose.
6. "Ariston men hudor, boys," cries Pendar, as we see,
But I'll bet in days of yore, boys, "Hudor" meant "eau-de-vie."
"Dos hemin hudor O Pai," the bold Anacreon cries,
And he was no cold-water boy, or else tradition lies.
7. Now these are the fairest samples of the lights of other days;
We'll follow their examples as a lantern to our ways.
"Dum vivamus vivamus," while time and strength allow,
For soon old age will tame us, so keep the steam up now.

ALMA MATER O.

We're gathered now my classmates, to join our parting
song,
To pluck from memory's wreath the buds which there so
sweetly throng;
To gaze on life's broad ruffled sea, to which we quickly go,
But ere we start we drink the health of Alma Mater O.

CHORUS.

Oh! Alma Mater O, Oh! Alma Mater O,
But ere we start we'll drink the health of Alma Mater O.

No more for us you tuneful bell shall ring for morning
prayers,
No more to long Biennial we'll mount yon attic stairs;
Our recitations all are passed—Alumnus-es you know,
We'll swell the praises long and loud of Alma Mater O.

CHORUS.

A
M1970
.N42

We go to taste the joys of life, like bubbles on its tide,
 Now glittering in its sunbeams, and dancing in their
 pride;
 But bubble-like they'll break and burst, and leave us sad,
 you know,
 There's none so sweet as memory of Alma Mater O.

CHORUS.

Hither we came with hearts of joy, with joy we now will
 part,
 And give to each the parting grasp, which speaks a
 brother's heart;
 United firm unpleasing words, which can no breaking
 know,
 For "Wanianites" can ne'er forget their Alma Mater O.

CHORUS.

Then brush the tear-drop from your eye, and happy let
 us be;
 For joy alone should fill the hearts of those as blest as we,
 Our cheerful chorus, ringing loud, we'll give before we go,
 The memory of college days and Alma Mater O.

CHORUS.

Oh! Alma Mater O, Oh! Alma Mater O,
 Hurrah! hurrah! for college days and Alma Mater O.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Away down upon de Swanee river, far, far, away,
 Dar's where my heart is turning ebber, dar's where the old folks
 stay;
 All up and down de whole creation, sadly I roam,
 Still longing for the old plantation, and for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary, every where I roam,
 Oh! darkies, don't your hearts grow weary,
 Far from de old folks at home.

17759

All round de little farm I've wandered, when I was young,
 Den many happy days I squandered, in my de songs I sung,
 When I was playing wid my brother, happy was I,
 Oh! take me to my kind old mother, dar let me live and die.

CHORUS.

One little hut among the bushes, one dat I love;
 Still sadly to my memory rushes, no matter where I rove,
 When will I see de bees a humming, all round de comb,
 When will I hear de banjo tuning, down in dat good old home.

CHORUS.

CLIMBING, CLIMBING, CLIMBING.

Over the hills a maid doth dwell,
 Fairer than the rose,
 To thee I'll sing, my fairy belle,
 From morn till evening's close.

CHORUS.

Climbing, climbing, climbing
 Over the mountains high - - -
 Climbing, Climbing, Climbing
 Over the mountains high - - -

Over the hills she comes to-night
 My love so sweet and fair
 Her eyes are bright with laughing light,
 The moonlight glints her hair.

CHORUS.

MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

Oh, who will smoke my Meerschaum Pipe? Meerchaum Pipe?
 Oh, who will smoke my Meerschaum Pipe? Meerschaum Pipe?
 Oh, who will smoke my Meerschaum Pipe,
 When I am far away?

BASES.

Allie Bazan, Patsey Moran, Mary McCann, Cann, Cann.

Oh, who
 When I
 Allie B

Oh, who
 Allie B

Oh, who
 Allie B

The ma
 On Pad
 It stood
 You sho
 Oh, the
 Billy F
 All mer
 All seat
 CHORUS
 Twinkl
 While y
 to
 C

We'd g
 And got
 All seat
 Oh, I lo
 Oh, the
 Curly R
 All mer
 All seat
 CHORUS
 Little F
 Little F

C

young,
sung,

Oh, who will wear my cast-off boots? cast-off boots? (Ter)
When I am far away.

Allie Bazan, Morgan, Mary McCann.

nd die.

Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand? snow-white hand? (Ter)
Allie Bazan, Patsey Morgan, Mary McCann, Kazecazan,
Tucatan, Kalamazoo!

rove,
nb,
old home.

Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips? ruby lips? (Ter.)
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann, Kazecazan,
Tucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan, Bad Man!!!!

PADDY DUFFY'S CART.

NG.

The many evenings I spent, when but a lad,
On Paddy Duffy's lumber cart, quite safe away from dad,
It stood down on the corner, near the old lamplight,
You should see the congregation there on every summer night,
Oh, there was Tommy Dobson, now a senator;
Billy Flynn and Johnny Glyn, oh, they were killed in war,
All merry boyish comrades, recollections bring
All seated there in Duffy's cart on summer nights to sing.

CHORUS [for verses 1 and 3]

Twinkling stars are laughing, love, laughing on you and me,
While your bright eyes look in mine, peeping stars they seem
to be.

CHORUS

Pipe?
Pipe!

We'd gathered in the evening, all honest working boys,
And got on Paddy Duffy's cart, for no one marred our joys;
All seated in the moonlight, laughing 'mid its rays,
Oh, I love to talk of old New York and of my boyish days,
Oh, there was Henry Gleason, now a millionaire;
Curly Rob and Whitey Bob, there living on the air;
All merry boyish comrades, recollections bring,
All seated there in Duffy's cart on summer nights to sing.

CHORUS [for verse 2]

Little Fraud, little fraud, she's the daintiest darling of all,
Little Fraud, little Fraud, Oh, the daintiest darling of all.

CHORUS.

Oh, a merry little maiden, so nobly neat and coy,
 A smiling up at Duffy's cart upon her sweetheart boy;
 It made a jealous feeling, a quiet piece of chaff;
 But all in play it died away and ended in a laugh,
 Oh, there was Larry Thompson was a chum of mine,
 Lemmy Freer and Sandy Greer, they died in forty-nine,
 All merry boyish comrades, recollections bring,
 All seated there in Duffy's cart on summer nights to sing.

CHORUS.]

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

There is a tavern in the town, in the town
 And there my true love sits him down, sits him down
 And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free
 And never, never thinks of me.

CHORUS.

Fare thee well for I must leave thee
 Do not let the parting grieve thee
 And remember that the best of friends must part, must part.

2nd. CHORUS.

Adieu, Adieu, kind friends adieu, adieu, adieu,
 I can no longer stay with you, stay with you
 I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree
 And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark
 Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark
 And now my love once true to me
 Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

CHORUSES.

Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep
 Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet
 And on my breast carve a turtle dove
 To signify I died of love.

CHORUSES.

MUSH, MUSH.

Oh; 'twas there I learned readin, and writin'
 At Billy Brackett's where I wint to school
 And 'twas there I learned howlin' and fightin'
 Wil me schoolmaster, Mister O'Toole,
 Him and me we had many a scrimmage
 An' devil a copy I wrote
 There was ne'er a gosson in the village
 Dare thread on the tail o' my —

CHORUS.

Mush-mush mush-tu-ral-i-ad-dy
 Sing mush mush mush tu-ral-i-a
 There was ne'er a gossoon in the village
 Dared thread on the tail o' me coat.

Oh, 'was there that I larned all me courtin'
 O' the lessons I tuk in the art
 Till Cupid the blackguard while sportin'
 An arrow dhruv straight through me heart.
 Miss Judy O'Conner, she lived forninst me
 An' tinder lines to her I wrote,
 If ye dare say wan hard word agin' her
 I'll thread on the tail o' yer —

CHORUS. (*Repeat last two lines of each verse.*) Mush etc.

But a blackguard called Micky Maloney
 Came an' stole her affections away
 Fur he'd money an' I hadn't any
 So I sent him a challenge nixt day.
 In the A. M. we met at Killarney,
 The Shannon we crossed in a boat,
 An' I lathered him wid my shillaly
 Fur he trod on the tail o' me —.

CHORUS.

Oh, me fame wint abroad through the nation
 An' folks came a flockin' to see
 An' they cried out, without hesitation
 " You're a fightin' man, Billy McGee !"
 Oh, I elaned out the Finnigan faction
 An' I've licked all the Murphy's afloat
 If you're in fur a row or a raction
 Jist ye thread on the tail of my —.

CHORUS.

McSORLEY'S TWINS.

Arrah! Mrs. McSorley had fine purty twins,
Two fat little divels they were;
Wid shquallin' and bawlin' from mornin' till night,
It would deafen you I do declare;
Be me sowl, 'twas a caution the way they would schrame,
Like the blast of a fisherman's horn,
Says McSorley, "Not one blessed hour have I shlept,
Since thim two little divils was born.

CHORUS.

Wid the beer and the whiskey the whole blessed night,
Faith, they couldn't stand up on their pins,
Such an auillegant time at the christenin' we had;
Of McSorley's most beautiful twins.

CHORUS.

Says Mrs. McSorley, "A christenin' we'll have,
Just to give me two darlin's a name?"
"Faith, we will" says McSorley, "sure one they must get,
S'mething grand to be course for that same"
'Thin for god-mothers, Kate and Mag Murphy stood up,
And for god-fathers came the two Flynns;
Johanna Maria, and Diagnaolous O'Mara,
Were the names that they christened the twins.

CHORUS.

When the christenin' was over the company began,
Wid good whiskey to fill up their skins;
And the neighbours kem in just to wish a good luck
To McSorley's most beautiful twins.
Whin ould Mrs. Mullins had drank all her punch,
Faith, her legs wouldn't howld her at all;
She fell flat on her shtomach on top av the twins,
And they sot up a murtherin' shquall

CHORUS.

Thin M
And she
Says o
That da
The Me
And Ma
They fo
And the

Thin Mrs. McSorley jumped up in a rage,
 And she threatened Miss Mullins' life;
 Says old Denny Mullins, "I'll bate the firsh man
 That dar lay a hand an me wife!"
 The McGanus and the Geoghans, they had an ould grudge,
 And Mag Murphy pitched into the Flynnns;
 They fought like the dvel, turned over the bed
 And they sh lothered the poor little twlins.

GOOD-BYE, MY LOVER, GOOD-BYE!

The ship goes sailing down the bay,
 Good-bye, my lover, good bye!
 We may not meet for many a day,
 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!
 My heart will ever-more be true
 Tho' now we sadly say a-dieu;
 O kisses sweet I leave with you,
 Good-bye, my lover, good bye!

CHORUS.

The ship goes sailing down the bay,
 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!
 'Tis sad to tear my heart away!
 Good-bye, my lover, good bye!

I'll miss you on the stormy deep,
 Good-bye, my lover, good bye!
 What can I do but ever weep!
 Good-bye, my lover, good bye!
 My heart is broken with regret!
 But never dream that I'll forget;
 I lov'd you once, I love you yet,
 Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

CHORUS.

Then cheer up till we meet again,
 Good-bye, my lover, good bye!
 I'll try to bear my weary pain,
 Good-bye, my lover, good bye!
 Tho' far I roam across the sea,
 My ev'ry thought of you shall be,
 Oh, say you'll sometimes think of me,
 Good-bye, my lover, good bye.

CHORUS.

OLD GRIMES,

Old Grimes is dead—that good old man —
We ne'er shall see him more,
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design ;
His eyes were dark, and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He pass'd securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots,
For thirty years or more.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert ;
He had no malice on his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His knowledge hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,—
Nor make a noise town meeting days,
As many people do.

Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran ;
And everybody said he was,
A fine old gentleman.

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

Way down in the meadow where the lily first blows
Where the wind from the mountains ne'er ruffles the rose ;
Lives fond Evelina, the sweet little dove
The pride of the Valley, the girl that I love.

Cr
Dear Eve
Dear Eve

She's
And
In th
And

Evel
Took
The
And

Thre
Evel
Alth
I've

Wh
I pl
I us
I th

C
Rin
Oh
Rin
As

Pr
Be
A
T

CHORUS.

Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina, my love for thee can never never die
 Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina, my love for thee can never never die.

She's fair as a rose, like a lamb she is meek,
 And she never was known to put paint on her cheek,
 In the most graceful curls hangs her raven black hair,
 And she never requires perfumery their.

CHORUS.

Evelina and I one fine morning in June,
 Took a walk all alone by the light of the moon,
 The planets all shone, for the heavens were clear,
 And I felt round the heart most tremendously queer.

CHORUS.

Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar,
 Evelina still lives in that green grassy hollow,
 Although I am fated to marry her never,
 I've sworn that I'll love her forever and ever.

CHORUS.

THE SPANISH GUITAR.

When I was a student at Cadiz,
 I played on the Spanish Guitar ching ! ching !
 I used to make love to the ladies,
 I think of them now when afar ching ! ching !

CHORUS.

Ring ! ching ! ching ! Ring ! ching ! ching ! Ring out ye bells,
 Oh, ring out ye bells, oh, ring out ye bells !
 Ring ! ching ! ching ! Ring ! ching ! ching ! Ring out ye bells
 As I played on my spanish guitar, ching ! ching !

I'm no longer a student at Cadiz
 But I play on the Spanish Guitar ching ! ching !
 And still I am fond of the ladies,
 Though now I'm a happy papa ching ! ching !

CHORUS.

JINGLE BELLS.

Dashing thro' the snow,
In a one-horse open sleigh;
O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way;
Bells on bob-tail nag,
Making spirits bright;
What fun it is to ride and sing,
A sleighing song to-night.

CHORUS.

Jingle, bells! jingle, bell!
Jingle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride,
In a one horse open sleigh!

A day or two ago,
I thought I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fannie Bright,
Was seated by my side,
The horse was lean and lank;
Misfortune seemed his lot;
He got into a dreadful bank,
And there we got upse

CHORUS.

Now the ground is white;
Go it while you're young;
Take the girls to-night,
And sing this sleighing song,
Just get a bob-tail'd bay,
Two forty for his speed;
Then hitch him to an open sleigh,
And, crack! you'll take the lead.

Chorus,

IN THE MORNING BY THE BRIGHT LIGHT.

I'm gwine away by the light of the moon,
Want all the children for to follow me;
I hope I'll meet you darkies soon,
Hal-le, hal-le, hal-le-lu-jah!
So tell the brothers that you meet,
Want all the children for to follow me;
That I will travel on my feet
Hal-le, hal-le, hal-le, nal-le-lu-jah

CHORUS.

In the morning, morning by the bright light,
Hear Gabriel's trumpet in the morning!

Go get a match and light that lamp,
Want all the children for to follow me;
And show me the way to the Baptist camp,
Hal-le, hal-le, hal-le, hal-le-lu-jah!
We'll have beef-steak and spare-rib stew,
Want all the children for to follow me;
And nice boiled onions dipped in dew,
Hal-le, hal-le, hal-le, hal-le-lu-jah!

CHORUS.

I'll take my old banjo along,
Want all the children for to follow me;
In case the boys should sing a song,
Hal-le, hal-le, hal-le, hal-le-lu-jah!
For no one has to pay no fare;
Want all children for to follow me;
So don't forget to curl your hair,
Hal-le, hal-le, hal-le, hal-le-lu-jah!

CHORUS.

TANGENT, COTANGENT.

There was a professor in New York did dwell,
His name was Lounis, we knew him quite well,
He wrote a big treatise on angles and lines,
With chapters on spheres, surveying and sines.

CHORUS.

Sing tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosin,

Old———from cones cut by plane that passed thro'.
Made all kinds of figures that ever he knew;
Some round like an apple, some shed like an egg;
Some rounded like sandhills some pointed like pegs.

CHORUS.

Sing origin, focus, disrectrix, and curve,

T LIGHT.

moon,
ne;

e;

In Fredericton once a poor student did dwell,
 The first in his class we all liked him well;
 He drank some cold conies, supposing 'twas wine,
 And screeched as he died, "I'm choked by a sine."

CHORUS.

Sing tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosine,

Beware, then, of sines, now, my classmates, I pray,
 And follow not tangent but the straight forward way;
 And, then, by plain sailing your port shall be made,
 In a harbor of rest, by no mortal surveyed.

CHORUS.

Sing Tangent, cotangent, conscant, cosine,

WHERE, OH WHERE.

(Air.—*Hebrew Children.*)

Where, oh where, are the verdant Freshmen?
 Where, oh where, are the verdant Freshmen?
 Where, oh where, are the verdant Freshman?
 Safe now in the Junior class.

They've gone out from Elliot and Storer,
 They're gone out from Elliot and Storer,
 They're gone out from Elliot and Storer,
 Safe now in the Junior Class.

Where, oh where, are the jelly Juniors, (Ter)
 Safe now in the Senior class;
 They've gone out from Analytics, (Ter)
 Safe now in the Senior class.

Where, oh where, are the stately Seniors, (Ter)
 Safe now in the wide, wide world;
 They've gone out from Galbrath and Hanghton (Ter)
 Safe now in the wide, wide world.

Bye and bye we'll go out to meet them, (Ter)
 Safe now in the wide, wide world.

SMOKE, SMOKE, AWAY.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried,
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

CHORUS.

Then smoke, smoke away, till the golden ray,
Lights up the dawn of the morrow;
For a cheerful cigar, like a shield in the war,
Drives away dull care and sorrow.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

CHORUS.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

CHORUS.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

CHORUS.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory
We carved not a line we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

CHORUS.

POLLY-WOLLY DOODLE.

Oh, I went down south to see my sal
Sing "Polly Wolly Doodle" all the day,
My Sally am a spunky gal,
Sing "Polly Wolly Doodle" all the day.

CHORUS.

Farewell ! Farewell ! Farewell ! my fairy fay
 Oh, I'm off to Louisana for to see my Susy Anna,
 Singing " Polly Wolly Doodle " all the day,
 Farewell ! Farewell ! Farewell ! my fairy fay,
 O I'm off to Louisana for to see my Susa Anna,
 Singing " Polly Wolly Doodle " all the day.

Oh, my Sal she am a maiden fair,
 Sing " Polly Wolly Doodle " all the day,
 With curly eyes an' laughing hair,
 Sing " Polly Wolly Doodle " all the day.

CHORUS.

Farewell ! Farewell, etc.

Oh, I came to a river and I couldn't get across,
 Sing " Polly " etc.
 I jumped upon a nigger an' thought he was a hoss,
 Sing " Polly " etc.

CHORUS.

Oh, a grasshopper sat on a railway track,
 Sing " Polly " etc.
 A-pickin' his tuth wid a carpet tack,
 Sing " Polly " etc.

CHORUS.

Oh ! I went to bed but it wasn't no use,
 Sing " Polly " etc.
 My feet stuck out for a chicken roost,
 Sing " Polly " etc.

CHORUS.

Behind a barn down on my knees,
 Sing " Polly " etc.
 I thought I heard a chicken sneeze,
 Sing " Polly " etc.

CHORUS.

He sneezed so hard with the hoopin' cough,
 Sing " Polly " etc.
 He sneezed his head and tail right off,
 Sing " Polly " etc.

CHORUS.

RIG-A-JIG.

As I was walking down the street,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
A pretty girl I chanced to meet,
Heigho, heigho, heigho.

CHORUS.

Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go,
Away we go, Away we go,
Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go,
Heigho, heigho, heigho,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go,
Heigho, heigho, heigho.

Said I to her "what is your trade "
heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
Said she to me, "I'm a weaver's maid,"
heigho, heigho, heigho.

CHORUS.

Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go. etc.

HOIST UP THE FLAG.

'Twas on a Sunday morning, the Yankee frigate lay,
Swinging at her anchor, way down beyond the bay.
The man upon the look-out, upon the mast head high,
Said, "There's something on the ocean like a house upon the sky."

CHORUS.

Then we'll hoist up the flag, and long may she wave,
Over the Union so noble and so brave.
We'll hoist up the flag and long may she wave,
Over Annexation as it stumbers in the grave.

The Captain took his telescope and look'd o'er the blue,
And turning to the sailors he told them something true;
"The thing that we see coming is like a turtle's back,
It is the rebel "monitor" the iron "Merrimac."

CHORUS.

The Captain stood on the quarter deck his cheeks were pale with
rage.

And turning to the sailors in tones of thunder says :
" My men are stout and loyal, and by me they will stand,
And before we'll haul our colors down, you may sink us and be
damned."

CHORUS.

Our decks were cleared for action, our guns were pointed true,
But still the rebel monitor came sailing o'er the blue;
And on she kept a-coming, till forty yards apart,
When she sent a ball whistling that pierced through many a heart.

CHORUS.

FOOTBALL SONG.

It's little we care for the bruises found,
Upon the hard and stony ground,
For while we're living, we still are bound,
To follow that bully football.

CHORUS.

Oh, we'll kick her over, or rip the cover,
God help the poor fellows that fall ;
They must take their show for a bruise or so
Who follow the bully football.

The kickers are all in their rival rows,
With scarlet caps and scarlet hose :
The word is given, and off she goes,
And up with the bully football.

CHORUS.

And now, as the opening line deploys,
In silence kick, and hold your noise ;
And whenever a fist can reach her, boys,
Then hammer that bully football.

CHORUS.

And when the last over, the twenty gain,
We quickly bury all the slain ;
And to-morrow the living are ready again,
To follow that bully football.

CHORUS.

Brit
We'
Sing
Sing
As v

CHO
Hur
Hur
And
As v

How
An
Ho
As
CH

" S
So
H
A
C

S
S
T
A
C

A RETROSPECT.

(Air: "Mary had a little lamb.")

Freshman had a little cane,
A little cane, a little cane ;
And when the air was nice and cool,
He swung it out one day,
It gave the juniors grief and pain ;
Grief and pain, grief and pain ;
To see him break the college rule,
So they took his cane away.

BRING ALONG THE BUGLE.

Bring along the bugle boys
We'll have another song ;
Sing it with a chorus that will move the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
As we go marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah, we'll sound the jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah, the flag that set us free,
And so we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
As we went marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted as they heard the joyful sound,
And how the sweet potatoes fairly started from the ground ;
How the turkey's gobbled at the Commissary's hound,
As we went marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

"Shermans dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast"
So the saucy rebels said—It was a handsome boast ;
Had they not forgotten for to reckon with the host,
As we go marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

So we made a thorough-fare for freedom and for fame,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main,
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
As we went marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

CO-CA-CHE-LUNK.

When we first came on this campus,
We were Freshman green as grass ;
Now, as grave and reverend Seniors,
Smile we o'er the verdant past,

CHORUS.

Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly,
Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly,
Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly,
Hi ! O ca-ca-che-lunk-che-la-ly.

We have fought the fight together,
We have struggled side by side,
Broken are the ties that bind us,
We must cut our sticks and slide.

CHORUS.

Some will go to Greece and Athens,
Some to Italy and Rome,
Some to Greenland's icy mountains,
More perhaps will stay at home.

CHORUS.

What will the President do without us,
For so very long a time,
Really, Gentlemen, this is disgraceful,
Where do you get your man's sign.

CHORUS.

VIVE L'AMOUR.

Let every good fellow now fill up his glass
Vive la campagnie.
And drink to the health of our glorious class,
Vive la campagnie.

CHORUS.

Vive la, Vive la, Vive l'amour,
Vive la, Vive la, Vive l'amour,
Vive l'amour, Vive l'amour,
Vive la campagnie.

Old M-
And his
His con
For he

For he

And all
In thei
But M
For he

For he

He pul
Put on
And th
And th

And th

Their
And th
But the
When

Perfec

When
Each
And t
When

When

At th
For M
But a
Gave

Gave

EXAMINANDUM EST.

(AIR : "*Tangent, Cotangent,*")

Old M— arose one fine morning in June,
And his countenance looked as serene as the moon ;
His condition was gibbous, his heart it was gay,
For he had a class to examine that day.

CHORUS.

For he had a class to examine that day.

And all of the class walked into the room,
In their pockets were sharks, they looked dark as the tomb ;
But Manus he smiled, as he looked on the ground,
For he knew that he'd soon scatter hot shot around.

CHORUS.

For he knew that he'd soon scatter hot shot around.

He pulled out his tumbler with papers therein,
Put on his goggles, and rubbed at his chin ;
And the Junior class trembled when these motions they saw,
And they tried to remember M. Kepler's first law.

CHORUS.

And they tried to remember M. Kepler's first law.

Their Astronomy passed from their brain like the wind,
And their Optics, likewise, had left them behind :
But the last stroke of all was the greatest by far,
When he brought out his rigid inflexible bar.

CHORUS,

Perfectly rigid inflexible bar.

When the Juniors beheld it, they trembled with fright,
Each one of them knew that he'd not got it right ;
And their morals began to grow very lax,
When he asked for the state of the sun's parallax.

CHORUS.

When he asked for the state of the sun's parallax.

At the end of the session the Juniors marched out,
For M— had plucked some and put them to rout,
But a portion had passed, and those favored few
Gave cheer upon cheer for the N. B. U.

CHORUS.

Gave cheer upon cheer for the N. B. U.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

Lauriger Horatius,
Quam dixisti verum,
Fugit Eurocitius
Tempus edax rerum.

CHORUS.

Ubi sunt, O pocula,
Dulciora melle,
Rixæ, pax et oscula,
Robentis puellæ.

Crescit uva molliter,
Et pulla crescit;
Sed prela turpiter,
Sitiens canescit,

CHORUS.

Quid iuvat æternitos,
Nominis amere,
Nisi terræ filas,
Licet, et potare.

CHORUS

TO CALCULUS, GOOD BYE.

Come, Seniors, sing the parting song,
The happy hour draws nigh;
To Calculus, we've hated long,
We'll bid a last good-by.

The foe that here we burn to-night.
We'll think of nevermore;
Our minds are free, our hearts are light
For Senior's "Classic lore."

Then hands and hearts and head unite,
And paths of fame pursue;
New bands of friendship now we plight,
And shout our last adieu.

CANNON SONG.

(AIR: "*Auld Lang Syne.*")

Come, Seniors, come, and fill your pipes,
Your richest incense raise;
Let's take a smoke, a parting smoke,
For good old by-gone days,

CHORUS.

For good old by-gone days,
We'll smoke for good old by-gone days,
We'll take a smoke, a parting smoke,
For good old by-gone days.

We'll crown the cannon with a cloud
We'll celebrate its praise;
Recalling its old smoking song,
Of good old by-gone days.

CHORUS.

We'll smoke to those we have left behind,
In devious college ways;
We'll smoke to songs we've sung before,
In good old by-gone days.

CHORUS.

We'll smoke to Alma Mater's name;
She loves the cloud we raise!
For well she knows the "biggest guns"
Are in the coming days.

CHORUS.

We'll smoke the times, the good old times,
When we were called to fire!
Their light shall blaze in memory,
Till the lamp of life expire!

CHORUS.

Then let each smoking pipe be broke,
Hurrah for coming days!
We'll take a march, a merry march,
To meet the coming days.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forget,
 And days of Auld Lang Syne?

CHORUS.

For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
 For Auld Lang Syne,
 We'll take the cup o' kindness yet,
 For Auld Lang Syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wandered many a weary foot,
 Sin Auld Lang Syne.

CHORUS.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
 And giv's a hand a' thine;
 And we'll take a right guid willie naught,
 For Auld Lang Syne.

CHORUS.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen.
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On her be pleased to pour,
 Long may she reign.
 May she defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 With heart and voice to sing,
 God save the Queen.

