

**CIHM  
Microfiche  
Series  
(Monographs)**

**ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches  
(monographies)**



**Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques**

**© 1996**

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes technique et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming are checked below.

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 modifications dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- Blank leaves added during restorations 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.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- 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.
- Opposing pages with varying colouration or discolourations are filmed twice to ensure the best possible image / Les pages s'opposant ayant des colorations variables ou des décolorations sont filmées deux fois afin d'obtenir la meilleure image possible.

- Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:

Pagination is as follows : [1]-8, 12, 11, 10, 9, 13-46 p.

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

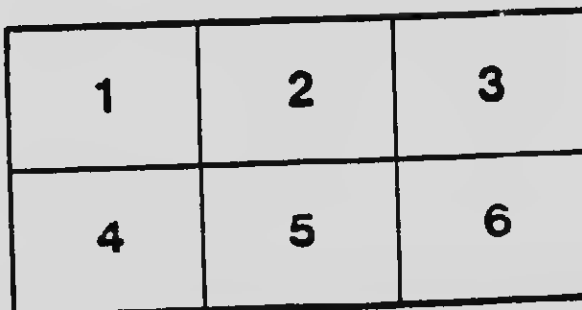
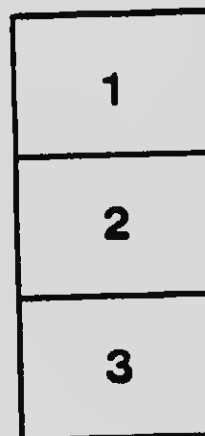
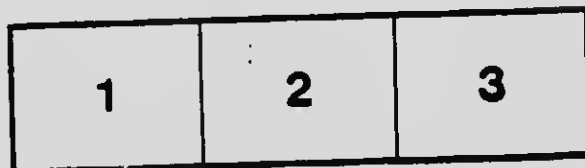
National Library of Canada

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  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (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:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

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.

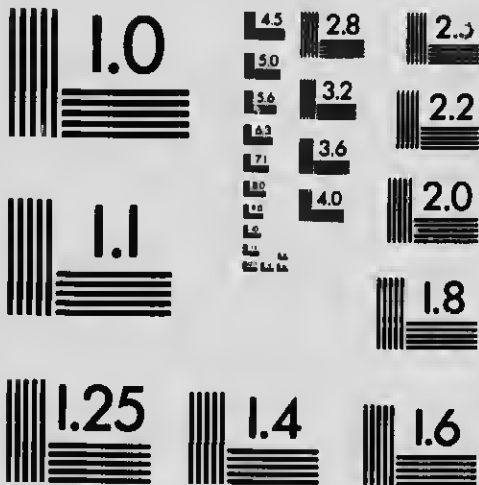
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés 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  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, 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.

# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



**APPLIED IMAGE Inc**

1653 East Main Street  
Rochester, New York 14609 USA  
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone  
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

**Carmina**  
**Universitatis**  
**Novi Brunsvici**

---

---



## COMMITTEE

A. E. Floyd '12

F. W. Vanwart '12

M. A. McKinnon '13

Miss Mary H. O'Neill '12

Miss Ina L. McKnight '13



National Library  
of Canada

Bibliothèque nationale  
du Canada

**Carmina**  
**Universitatis**  
**Novi Brunsvici**

---

---



FREDERICTON, N. B.  
W. M. Clark, Printer  
1912

LE3

N34

1912

P\*\*\*

**09412415**



# CARMINA

## Universitatis Novi Brunsvici

---

### Alma Mater

---

(Air: John Brown's Body.)

The old College rises where the free winds sport their will,  
Dear old 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 beside the ocean, and from fields of dying day,  
Laughing, shouting, roaming as we did of old at play,  
To shout her Jubilee.

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.

---

### Vive La Campagnie

---

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 campagne.

There sit the faculty all in a row,  
 Vive la campagne,  
 But what they are there for I really don't know,  
 Vive la campagne.

3

### Co-Ca-Che-Lunk

When we first came on the campus,  
 We were Freshmen 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 chicken why don't you lay.

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.

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

What will Davy do without us,  
 For so very long a time,  
 Really, Gentlemen, this is disgraceful,  
 Ante up and pay your fine.

## 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.

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

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.

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.

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

5

**Where, Oh Where**

Where, oh where, are the verdant Freshmen?

Where, oh where, are the verdant Freshmen?

Where, oh where, are the verdant Freshmen?

Safe now in the Sophomore class.

They've gone out from Bergen's Botany,

They've gone out from Bergen's Botany,

They've gone out from Bergen's Botany,

Safe now in the Sophomore class.

Where, oh where, are the lordly Sophomores? (Ter)

Safe now in the Junior class.

They've gone out from Analytics, (Ter)

Safe now in Junior class.

Where, oh where, are the jolly Juniors? (Ter)

Safe now in the Senior class.

They've gone out from Philo-sophies, (Ter)

Safe now in the Senior class.

Where, oh where, are the stately Seniors? (Ter)

Safe now in the wide, wide world.

By and by we'll go to meet them. (Ter)

Safe now in the wide, wide world.

Where, oh where, are the staid Alumni (Ter)

Lost, lost, in the wide, wide world.

They've gone out from their dreams and theories (Ter)

Lost, lost in the wide, wide world.

6

**Concrematio Analyticarum**

(Air: *Rock of Ages*)

Lurid red the torch's ray,

Gleams across our midnight way.

As with songs and dirges sad,

Mourn we Anna Lytics dead.

Hushed is now the busy world,  
And the days bright banner furled,  
Weeping Sophomores now draw n ear,  
See our Anna on her bier.

Now for us her course is run,  
And our weary victory won  
For the gaping Freshman crew,  
She shall rise with terrors new.

When the greedy flame shall eat -  
Coffin, pall and winding-sheet,  
Still we chant our solemn lays,  
Mindful of her prison days.

Though through many a weary night,  
She disturbed our slumbers light,  
Yet we'll sing right mournfully,  
"Requiescat in pace."

7

### Rule Britannia

---

When Britain first at Heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
'Tis was the charter, the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sang the strain,  
Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves,  
For Britons never shall be slaves.

CHORUS —

Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves.  
Britons never shall be slaves

The nations not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,  
While thou shalt flourish shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.

---

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,  
 As the loud blast, the blast that rends the sky,  
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

The muses still with freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,  
 Blest Isle with beauty, with matchless beauty crowned,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.

8

---

### Far Away

---

Where is now the merry party,  
 I remember long ago;  
 Laughing round the Christmas fires,  
 Brightened by its ruddy glow,  
 Or in summer's balmy evenings,  
 In the field upon the hay?  
 They have all dispersed and wandered.  
 Far away, far away.  
 They have all dispersed and wandered  
 Far away, far away.

Some have gone to lands far distant  
 And with strangers made their home.  
 Some upon the world of waters  
 All their lives are forced to roam ;  
 Some are gone from us forever,  
 Longer here they might not stay,  
 They have reached a fairer region  
 Far away, far away.  
 They have reached a fairer region  
 Far away, far away.

That hatred of wrong and that pride in the right,  
And the freedom that our fore-fathers won ;  
No we'll never yield a jot but just keep what we got,  
If we fight till the day is done.

12

### Home by the Sea

Oh ! give me a home by the sea,  
Where wild waves are crested with foam,  
Where shrill winds are carolling free.  
As o'er the blue waters they come,  
For I'd list to the ocean's loud roar.  
And joy in the stormiest glee,  
Nor ask in this wide world for more  
Than a home by the deep heaving sea.  
Bis || A home, a home, by the deep heaving sea. ||

At morn, when the sun from the east,  
Comes mantled in crimson and gold,  
Where shrill winds are carolling free,  
Which sparkles with splendour untold,  
Oh ! then by the shore would I stray,  
And roam as the halcyon free,  
From envy and care far away  
At my home by the deep heaving sea.  
|| A home, a home, by the deep heaving sea. ||

At eve, when the moon in her pride,  
Rides queen of the soft summer night,  
And gleams on the morning tide  
With floods of her silvery light.  
Oh ! earth has no beauty so rare,  
No place that is dearer to me ;  
Then give me so free and so fair,  
A home by the deep heaving sea,  
Bis || A home, a home, a home by the deep heaving sea.

---

**Men of the North**


---

Come, if ye dare! to the Northman's lair  
 The tramp of your armies shall not shake us!  
 Shout if ye will, we are freemen still,  
 Words cannot break us!  
 For we have the brain and the brawn and the blood,  
 Of the Saxon and Celt and the Gaul,  
 And we fear not any man hut we will do the best we can,  
 When we march at our country's call.

CHORUS,—

Canada, dear Canada!  
 Men of the North are we:  
 For thee we live and for thee we'll die,  
 But aye thou shalt be free.  
 Canada, dear Canada!  
 Men of the North are we;  
 For thee we live and for thee we'll die,  
 But evermore thou shalt be free.

We are the Men of the fair far North;  
 The land of the maple spreads around us.  
 Here shall we live—not an inch shall we give;  
 None shall confound us.  
 For we have the land and the grain and the gold,  
 And should foes for these e'er wish to fall,  
 Why they'll find that we can fight when we know we're  
 in the right,  
 And we march at our country's call.

Men of the North, if to war we go forth,  
 Let our trust never lie in martial numbers,  
 But in that spark blest, in each man's breast,  
 The fire that never slumbers;



And life slips its tether  
 When good fallows get together  
 Bis || With a stain on the table,  
 In to fallowship of Spring I ||

10

### My Old Kentucky Home

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,  
 'Tis summer, the darkies am gay,  
 The corn-tops ripe and the meadows are in bloom,  
 While the birds make music all the day ;  
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
 All merry, all happy and bright,  
 By'n-by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door,  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS,—

Weep no more, my lady,  
 Oh ! weep no more to-day,  
 We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
 For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon  
 On the meadow, the hill, and the shore,  
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon  
 On the bench by the old cabin door ;  
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
 With sorrow where all was delight,  
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,  
 Wherever the darkey may go,  
 A few more days and the trouble all will end,  
 In the field where the sugar-canes grow ;  
 A few more days to tote the heavy load,  
 No matter, 'twill never be light,  
 A few more days will we totter on the road,  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

There are still some few remaining  
 Who remind us of the past,  
 But they change as all things change here ;  
 Nothing in this world can last.  
 Years roll on and pass forever,  
 What is coming, who can say ?  
 Ere this closes many may be  
 Far away, far away,  
 Ere this closes many may be  
 Far away, far away.

9

### Stein Song

Give a rouse, then in the Maytime  
 For a life that knows no fear ;  
 Turn night-time into day-time  
 With the sunlight of good cheer ;  
 For it's always fair weather  
 When good fellows get together,  
 Bis|| With a stein on the table  
 And a good song ringing clear. ||

Oh,—we're all frank and twenty  
 When the Spring is in the air ;  
 And we've faith and hope a plenty  
 And we've life and love to spare ;  
 And it's birds of a feather  
 When good fellows get together,  
 Bis|| With a stein on the table,  
 And a heart without a care. ||

For we know the world is glorious  
 And the goal a golden thing,  
 And that God is not censorious  
 When his children have their fling,

**Tenting To Night**

---

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground,  
Give us a song to cheer  
Our weary hearts, a song of home,  
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS—

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,  
Wishing for the war to cease,  
Many are the hearts looking for the right,  
To see the dawn of peace.  
Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night,  
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground.  
Thinking of days gone by,  
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand,  
And the tear that said "Good-bye."

We're tired of war on the old camp ground  
Many are dead and gone,  
Of the brave and true who've left their homes  
Others been wounded long

We've been fighting today on the old camp ground  
Many are lying near,  
Some are dead and some are dying.  
Many are in tears.

**Mush, Mush**

---

Oh, 'twas there I learned readin' and writin'  
At Billy Brackett's where I went to school  
And 'twas there I learned howlin' and fightin'  
With me schoolmaster, Mister O'Toole,

Him and me had many a scrimmage  
 An' divil a copy I wrote  
 There was ne'er was a gossoon in the village  
 Dare tread on the tail o' my—

CHORUS,  
 Mush-mush, mush-tu-ral-i-ad-dy  
 Sing mush, mush, mush-tu-ral-l-a  
 There was ne'er a gossoon in the village  
 Dare tread on the tail o' me coat.

Oh, 'twas 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'Connor, she lived fornist me  
 An' tinder lines to her I wrote,  
 If ye dare say wan hard word agin' her  
 I'll tread on the tail o' yer—

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

But a blackguard called Micky Maloney.  
 Come 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 me shillaly  
 Fur he trod on the tail o' me—

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 claned out the Finnigan faction  
 An' I licked all the Murphy's afloat  
 If you're in fur a row or a raction  
 Jist ye thread on the tail o' me —

## Elegy

*(Air : Nellie Grey)*

He's gone from us forever is our darling little boy,  
 We'll never see our darling any more ;  
 Like a dream he passed away on the 24th of May,  
 And he never died so suddenly before .  
 No more upon the mat he'll play with pussy cat,  
 No more between his teeth he'll squeeze her tail,  
 No more he'll rub her nose against the red hot stove,  
 For his little brother Bill has kicked the pail,

CHORUS,—

Then he's gone forever more  
 At the age of ninety-four,  
 There was nothing in the world his life could save,  
 I'm going to the poor-house to fulfill his last request,  
 To plant a bunch of whiskers on his grave

We knew he was departing by the colour of his breath  
 We knew the flower was nipping in the bud :  
 And the doctor said the only thing to save our boy from death  
 Was to stop the circulation of the blood.  
 We even bathed his head in a pot of boiling lead,  
 And then we gently laid him down to rest  
 But in the night some burglar came and stole into his room,  
 And swiped the mustard plaster off his chest.

## Kemo Kime

Away down in Centre street ;  
 Sing-song sitty won't yon kimeo !  
 Dere's where de darkeys grow ten feet ;  
 Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !

CHORUS—

Kemo kimo, daro wamehi,  
Meho me runsi pumad ddle.  
Soup-back pidde-winkum, ni 7-pum, nip-cat !  
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !

They go to bed, but it ain't no use,  
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !  
For their legs hang out a for a chicken roost ;  
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !

Each darkey wakes up almost dead,  
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !  
With a hundred weight of chickens on each leg  
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo.

The chickens go out to de barn,  
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !  
The big ones crow and the little ones larn.  
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !

And when each obick is pretty full,  
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !  
He sticks his olaw in the darkey's wool.  
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !

I looked behind de kitchen stairs,  
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !  
I saw a caterpillar saying his prayers.  
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !

The horse and the sheep were going to the pasture,  
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !  
Says the horse to the sheep "Went you go a little faster ?"  
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !

Old Grimes*Tune, - Auld Lang Syne*

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.

## CHORUS

Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes,

Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes,

Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes,

Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes.

His heart was open as the day,

His feelings all were true;

His hair was some inclined to gray,

wore it in a queue.

Whenever he heard the voice of pain,

His breast with pity burned:

The large round head upon his cane,

From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,

He knew no base design;

His eyes were dark and rather small,

His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,

In friendship he was true:

His coat had pocket-holes behind,

His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes

He passed securely o'er,

And never wore a pair of boots,

For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,

Nor fears misfortune's frown;

He wore a double-breasted vest,—

The stripes ran up and down.

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

His neighbors he did not abuse  
 Was sociable and gay,  
 He wore no left nor rights for shoes,  
 And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,  
 He did not bring to view,  
 He made 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.

### A Capital Ship

A capital ship for an ocean trip,  
 Was the wallowing Window Blind.  
 No wind that blew dismayed her crew,  
 Or troubled the Captain's mind.  
 The man at the wheel was made to feel  
 Contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow.  
 Though it often appeared when the gale had cleared,  
 That he'd been in the hunk below.

#### CHORUS—

Then blow, ye winds heigh-ho, a-roving I will go  
 I'll stay no more on England's shore,  
 So let the music play-ay-ay.  
 I'm off in the morning train; I'll cross the raging main  
 I'm off to my love with a boxing glove,  
 Ten thousand miles away.



The bo'swain's mate was very sedate,  
Yet fond of amusement too ;  
He played the hop-scotch with the star-board watch  
While the captain he tickled the crew,  
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,  
For he sat on the after ra-ai-ail  
And fired salutes, with the captain's boots,  
In the teeth of the booming gale.

The captain sat on the commodore's hat,  
And dined in a royal way  
Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs,  
And gunnery bread each day,  
And the cook was Dutch and behaved as such ;  
For the diet he gave the crew-ew-ew,  
Was a number of tons of hot cross buns,  
Served up with sugar and glue.

All nautical pride we laid aside  
As we ran the vessel ashore  
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,  
And the rubby Vylings roar ;  
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge  
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee,  
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats,  
As they dipped in the shiny sea.

On Rugbug bark from morn till dark,  
We dined till we all had grown  
Uncommonly shrunk, when a Chinese junk  
Came up from the Torriby Zone ;  
She was chubby and square, hut we didn't care,  
So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ee,  
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew,  
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.

**Solomon Levi**

My name is Solomon Levi, at my store on Salem Street,  
That's where you'll buy your coat and vests so very neat ;  
I've second handed Ulsterettes, and everything that's fine  
For all the boys they trade with me at a hundred and forty-nine.

CHORUS,—

O Solomon Levi ! Levi ! tra la la la !

Poor Sheeny Levi, tra la la la la la la la la,

My name is Solomon Levi, at my store on Salem street ;

That's where you'll buy your coats and vests, and every-  
thing that's neat ;

Second-handed Ulsterettes and everything else that's fine,  
For all the boys they trade with me at a hundred and forty  
nine.

And if a bummer comes along to my store on Salem street,  
And tries to hang me up for coats and vests so very neat ;  
I kicks the bummer right out of my store and on him sets my  
pup  
For I won't sell clothing to any man who tries to set me up.

The people are delighted to come inside of my store,  
And trade with the elegant gentleman what I keeps to walk the  
floor,  
He is a blood among the Sheenies, beloved by one and all,  
And his clothes they fit him just like the paper on the wall.

**The Wreck of the "Julie Plante"**

On wan dark night, on Lac St. Pierre,  
De win' she blow, blow, blow,  
An' de crew of de wood-scow "Julie Plant,"  
Got scart, an' run below  
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane,  
Bime-by she blow some more,  
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,  
Wan arpent from de shore,

## CHORUS, --

For de win' she blow lak' hurricane  
 Bime-by she blow some more,  
 An' de scow hus' up on Lac St. Pierre,  
 Wan arpent from de shore

De captinne walk on de front deck,  
 An' walk de hin' deck too,  
 He—call de—crew from up de pole,  
 He call de cook also.

De—cook she's name was Rosie,  
 She came from Montreal,  
 Was chambermaid on lomhaire barge,  
 On de grand Lachine canal

De win' she blow from Nor'—Eas'—Wes,'  
 De Sout' win' she blow too,  
 W'en Rosie cry, Mon cher captinne,  
 Mon cher—wa't I shall de?"  
 Den de captinne trow de hig h'ankerre,  
 But still de scow she drif ;  
 De crew he oan't pass on de shore  
 Becos he los' his skiff.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,  
 De wave run high an' fas,'  
 W'en de captinne tak' de poor Rosie  
 An' tie her to de mas "  
 Den he also tak' de life preserve  
 An' jomp off on de lac,  
 An' say "Good bye, ma Rosie dear,  
 I go drown for your sake."

Nex' mornin' very early,  
 'Bout half pas' two—tree—four—  
 De captinne, scow, an' poor Rosie  
 Was corpees on de shore,

For de win' she blow lak' burricane,  
 Bime-by she blow some more—  
 An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,  
 Wan arpent from de shore.

Now all good wood-scow sailor man,  
 Tak' warning from dat storm,  
 An' go an' marry some nice French girl,  
 An' live on wan big farro.  
 De win' can blow lak' hurricane,  
 An' spose she blow some more,  
 You can't get drowo on Lac St. Pierre,  
 So long you stay on shore.

21

### My Bonnie

My Bonnie is over the ocean,  
 My Bonnie is over the sea,  
 My Bonnie is over the ocean,  
 Ob bring back my Bonnie to me.

CHORUS,—

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie  
 to me, to me,  
 Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie  
 to me, to me.

Oh, blow ye winds over the ocean,  
 Oh blow ye winds over the sea,  
 Ob blow ye winds over the oceao,  
 And bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay oo my pillow,  
 Last night as I lay on my bed,  
 Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
 I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.

The winds have blown over the ocean,  
The winds have blown over the sea,  
The winds have blown over the ocean,  
And brought back my Bonnie to me.

---

22

### Crossing the Bar

---

Sunset and Evening Star,  
And one clear call for me !  
And may there be no meaning har  
When I put out to sea

But moving tide asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the deep  
Turns to its earliest home.

Twilight and Evening Bell,  
And after that the dark  
And may there be no sad farewell  
When I at last embark,

For tho' from Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot's face,  
When I have crossed the bar.

---

23

### 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 par.

**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.

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

24

**Maria's Lambkin**

Maria had a Lambkin, of most prodigious size,  
 And when the butcher cut his throat,  
 She wept out both her eyes. (Ter)

**CHORUS, —**

And a tip-top mutton chop, Fol de rol de riddle rop,  
 A very giddy mutton chop, Fol de rol de ray,  
 And Mary ate the mutton chop, Fol de roll de ray,  
 And Mary ate the mutton chop, Fol de rol de riddle rop,  
 Mary ate the mutton chop, Fol de rol de ray.

It went with her to college. But as a tiny bunch  
 A dainty sample of its worth,  
 A portion of her lunch. (Ter.)

What makes the sheep love Mary so as 'in its gore it drops,  
'Cause Mary's fond of mutton,  
And hankers after chops. (Ter)

25

**Old Black Joe**

Gone are the days when my heart was light 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."

CHORUS,—

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low ;  
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain ?  
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,  
Grieving for forms now departed long ago ?  
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free ?  
The children so dear that I held upon my knee ?  
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,  
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

26

**A Catastrophe**

There was a boy, there was a tack,  
There was a boy, there was a tack.  
There was a teacher new.  
The tack sat down upon its head, (Repeat 7 times)  
The teacher sat down too.  
Then up he rose and siezed that boy. (Repeat 4 times)

Bis || Who shook in every joint. ||

Then up he rose and seized that boy,  
Who shook in every joint

(Boy) "I only meant it for a joke." (Ter)

(Teacher) "I failed to see the point."

27

**Lend Me Your Teeth**

"Lend me your teeth, oh grandma dear,"  
The charming maiden cried.  
"I've swallowed them, my pet." quoth she  
"They are on my inside." Inside.

28

**Stars of the Summer Night**

Stars of the summer night,  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light ;  
Bis || She sleeps, my lady sleeps. ||

Moon of the summer night,  
Far down yon western steep,  
Sink, sink in silver light :  
Bis || She sleeps, my lady sleeps. ||

Wind of the summer night,  
Where yonder woodbine creeps  
Fold, fold your pinions light ;  
Bis || She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Dreams of the summer night,  
Tell her her lover keeps  
Watch, while in slumber light  
Bis || She sleeps, my lady sleeps. ||

29

**Soldier's Farewell**

How can I bear to leave thee,  
One parting kiss I give thee ;  
And then whate'er beralls me,  
I go where honor calls me.  
Bis || Farewell, farewell, my own true love. ||



Ne'er more may I behold thee,  
Or to this heart unfold thee :  
With spear and pennon glancing,  
I see the foe advancing.

Bis || Farewell, farewell, my own true love. ||

I think of thee with longing,  
Think thou, when tears are thronging,  
What with my last faint sighing,  
I'll whisper soft while dying

Bis || Farewell, farewell my own true love ||

30

---

### Drink to Me Only

---

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine ,  
Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
And I'll not ask for wine ;  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine,  
But I might of Jove's nectar sip,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much hon'ring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be.  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'at it back to me,  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.

31

---

### Auld Lang Syne

---

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

## CHORUS,—

For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,  
 For Auld Lang Syne,  
 We'll take a 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.

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

29

Juanita

Soft o'er the fountain,  
 Ling'ring falls the southern moon,  
 Far o'er the mountain,  
 Breaks the day too soon.  
 In thy dark eyes' splendor,  
 When the warm light loves to dwell,  
 Weary looks, yet tender,  
 Speak their fond farewell.  
 Nita ! Juanita ! ask thy soul if we should part !  
 Nita ! Juanita ! Lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming,  
 Moons like these shall shine again,  
 And daylight beaming,  
 Proves thy dreams are vain,  
 Wilt thou not, relenting,  
 For thine absent lover sigh,  
 In thy heart consenting  
 To a prayer gone by ?  
 Nita ! Juanita ! Let me linger by thy side !  
 Nita ! Juanita ! Be my own fair bride !

### Speed Away

---

Speed away ! speed away ! on thine errand of light ;  
 There's a young heart awaiting thy coming to-night ;  
 She will fondle thee close, she will ask for the loved  
 Who pine upon earth since the "Day Star" has roved,  
 She will ask if we miss her, so long is her stay.  
 Speed away ! speed away ! speed away !

Wilt thou tell her, bright songster, the old chief is lone ?  
 That he sits all the day by his cheerless hearth-stone ?  
 That his tomahawk lies all unnoted the while,  
 And his thin lips wreath over in one sunless smile ?  
 That the old chieftain mourns her, and why will she stay ?  
 Speed away ! speed away ! speed away !

And oh ! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing,  
 That her mother hath ever a sad song to sing ?  
 That she standeth alone in the still quiet night,  
 And her fond heart goes forth for the being of night  
 Who has slept in her bosom, but who would not stay ?  
 Speed away ! speed away ! speed away !

Go, bird of the silver wing ! fetterless now,  
 Stoop not thy bright pinions on yon mountain's brow ;  
 But hie thee away o'er rock, river and glen,  
 And find our young "Day Star" ere night close again,  
 Up ! onward ! let nothing thy mission delay.  
 Speed away ! speed away ! speed away !

### Meerschaum Pipe

---

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

BASSES.

Allie Bazan, Patsy Moran, Mary McCann, Can, Cann.

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

Allie Bazan, Morgan, Mary McCann.

Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand? snow-white hand? (Ter)

Allie Bazan, Patsy Morgan, Mary McCann, Kazecazan,  
Yucatan, Kalamazoo!

Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips? ruby lips? (Ter)

Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann, Kazecazan  
Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan, Bad Man! ! !

34

Jolly U. N. B.

CHORUS, —

Hurrah, hurrah for jolly U. N. B.,  
Hurrah, hurrah, with the Cops we can't agree,  
And every man should treat his friend about as he would be  
While we are rolling through the 'Varsity.

Hurrah, hurrah, the button has been pressed,  
Hurrah, hurrah, U. N. B. will do the rest,  
She's modest, she's retiring, but she'll do her level best,  
While we go rolling through the 'Varsity.

We've Davy and we've Tubby,  
And we've all the rest between  
And all their crazy notions in the Calendar are seen,  
We'll join our hands together and we'll push the old machine  
While we go rolling through the 'Varsity.

## Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,  
 Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon,  
 Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,  
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomon.  
 Oh ! ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,  
 An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye ;  
 But me an' my true love will never meet again  
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

'Twas there we parted in yon shady glen,  
 On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon'  
 Where in purple hue, the Hieland hills we view,  
 An' the moon comin' out, in the gloamin',  
 Oh ! ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road,  
 An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye ;  
 But me an' my true love will never meet again,  
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,  
 An' in sunshine the waters are sleepin',  
 But the broken heart, it kens nae second spring ;  
 Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'  
 Oh ! ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road  
 An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye,  
 But me an' my true love will never meet again,  
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

## Landlord Fill the Flowing Cup

Come, landlord fill the flowing bowl  
 Until it doth run over :  
 (Ter) For tonight we'll merry merry be,  
 Tomorrow we'll be sober.

The man who drinks good whiskey punch  
And goes to bed quite mellow,  
(Ter) He lives just as he ought to live.  
And dies a jolly fellow.

The man who drinks cold water pure,  
And goes to bed quite sober :  
(Ter) He falls just as the leaves do fall,  
So early in October.

37 **Down Where the Wurzburger Flows**

Now poets may sing of the dear Fatherland  
And the soft flowing dreamy old Rhine ;  
Beside the blue Danube in fancy they stand  
And they rave of its beauties divine.  
But there is a spot where the sun never shines,  
Where mirth and goodfellowship reign,  
For dear old Bohemia my lonely heart pines  
And I long to be there once again.

CHORUS,—

Take me down, down, down where the Wurzburger  
flows, flows, flows,  
It will drown, drown, drown all your troubles and cares  
and woes ;  
Just order two seidels of lager or three  
If I don't want to drink it, please force it on me.  
The Rhine may be fine but a cold stein for mine,  
Down where the Wurzburger flows. (Repeat)

The Rhine by moonlight's a beautiful sight  
When the wind whispers low thro' the vines,  
But give me some good old Rathskellar at night,  
Where the brilliant electric light shines.  
The poets may think it's delightful to hear  
The nightingale piping his lay ;  
Give me a piano, a cold stein of beer  
And a fellow who knows how to play.

### Joshua

I run the old Mill,  
 Over here in Ruebensville.  
 My name is Joshua Ebenezer Fry,  
 I know a thing or two  
 You bet your life I do  
 Can't catch me for I'm too durned sly.

CHORUS,—

Wall I swan I must be movin' on  
 Gid dap Napoleon, looks like rain  
 I'll be durned the butter ain't ohurned  
 Come in when your over to the farm again.

My son Joshua  
 Went to Philadelphi-a,  
 Wouldn't do a days work, couldn't if he would.  
 Smokes cigarettees too,  
 Like the city chaps do,  
 What he's a comin' to ain't no good.

I've met bunco men,  
 Always got the best of them,  
 Once I met a couple on the Boston train,  
 One said "How'd'y, do  
 I said "That'll do,  
 Travel right along with your durn skin game"

CHORUS,—

Wall I swan I must be movin' on  
 Gip-dap Napoleon looks like rain,  
 I'll be switched the hay ain't pitched,  
 Come in when you're over to the farm again.

I drove the old mare,  
 Over to the county fair.  
 Got first prize on a load o' summer squash,  
 Came home around the hill,  
 Over by the cider mill  
 Got home tighter than a drum, by gosh—!

Came home so durned late,  
Couldn't find the barn gate,  
Had sold my horse and cow as well,  
Come home so durned tight.  
Slept with the geese all night,  
Ma says Joshua t'aint poss-i-ble.

---

39

**The Bold Bad Man**

---

He was a bold, bad man and a desperado :  
He came from Cripple Creek way down in Colorado.  
He struck that town like a young tornada,  
And everywhere he went he gave a war whoop.

He was a bold, bad man and a desperado.  
He wore a wide sombrero and a gun beneath his vest,  
He came to New York just to give the west a rest,  
And everywhere he went he gave a war whoop.

---

40

**If**

(With Apologies)

(*Music : The Tale of the Kangaroo*)

---

Oh ! if I had a daughter  
I'd dress her up in green,  
And send her down to { Wolfville  
Sackville  
To coach { Acadia's } team  
The Mt. A. }  
But if I had a son, sir  
I'll tell you what he'd do ;  
He'd yell ——— with { Acadia }  
Mt. A. }  
Like his daddy use to do.



41

**Engineering-Camp Song**

---

Bis || O the girls are awfully sweet up in Keswick.  
O the girls are awfully sweet, but you ought to see their feet  
For, for size they can't be beat,  
Up in Keswick.

Bis || O they grow potatoes small up in Keswick.  
O they grow potatoes small and they dig them in the fall.  
And they eat them skins and all,  
Up in Keswick.

Bis || O they chew tobacco thin up in Keswick.  
O they chew tobacco thin and it trickles down their chin,  
And they lik it up agin',  
Up in Keswick.

Bis || O they make good apple pie up in Keswick.  
O they make good apple pie but it comes so very high,  
When you "pinch" an apple pie,  
Up in Keswick.

42

**Boola**

---

Well, here we are, well here we are,  
Just watch us rolling up a score,  
We'll leave Mt. A. so far behind,  
That they won't want to play us any more,  
We've faith and hope in U. N. B.  
To win we cannot fail,  
And a boola, boo and a boola, boo,  
And a bool, boola, boola, boola, boo.

CHORUS, -

Boola, boola, boola, boola,  
Boola, boola, boola, boola,  
When we rough-house old, —  
They will holler boola, boo.

Now isn't it a shame, now isn't a shame,  
To do those fellows up so bad,  
We've done it before and we'll do it once more,  
Tho' it makes them so very, very sad,  
We'll roll the score so very high,  
That you will hear them sigh,  
And a boola, boo, and a boola. boo.  
And a bool, boola. boola, boola, boo.

43

Levee Song

(Solo) I once did know a girl named Grace—  
(Quartet) I'm wukkin' on de levee ;  
(Solo) She done brung me to dis sad disgrace  
(Quartet) O' wukkin on de levee.

CHORUS,—

I been wukkin' on de railroad  
All de live long day ;  
I been wukkin' on de railroad,  
Ter pass de time away.  
Doan' yuh hyah de whistle blowin' ?  
Rise up, so uhly in de morn ;  
Doan' yuh hyah de cap'n shoutin' .  
"Dinah, blow yo' hawn ?"

Sing a song of the city ;  
Roll dat cotton bale ;  
Niggah ain' half so happy,  
As when he's out o' jail.  
Norfolk, foh its oystah-shells,  
Boston foh its beans,  
Cha'leston foh its rice an' cawn,  
But foh niggahs—New Orleans.

**Everybody Come**

Oh, Adam was the gardener, and Eve the gardeness,  
And they raised Cain and Abel, and cabbages and cress,  
Until one day old Adam, thought he'd better pull up stakes,  
And go and take the Keeley cure, as he was seeing snakes.

CHORUS,—

Come old folks, come young folks, come, everybody come,  
And join our christian Sunday School and make yourself  
to home,  
We're pleased to check your chewing gum and razors at the  
door,  
And you'll hear some Bible stories that you never heard before.

Oh, Esau was a cowboy, of the wild and woolly make,  
His father gave him half his farm, and half to brother Jake,  
But Esau coming home one night was feeling sort of queer,  
So he sold his half to Jacob for a sandwich and a beer.

Oh, Sampson was a scrapper of the John L. Sullivan school,  
He licked the whole creation with the jaw-bone of a mule,  
Until one Delilah came and filled him full of gin,  
And shagged him of curly locks and the cop he ran him in.

Oh, Jonah was a sailor lad, so runs the Bible tale,  
He tried to cross the ocean in the belly of a whale,  
The whale with Jonah in him wasn't tickled with the jest,  
So when Jonah pressed the button, why the whale he did  
the rest.

Oh, David was a shepherd lad, a husky little cuss,  
He swore of old Goliath he would make an awful muss,  
Goliath when he saw him, said he'd lick the kid or bust,  
But David picked a pebble up and pinked him on the crust.

45

**Varsity**

U. N. B. colors we are wearing once again,  
Soiled tho' they are by the battle and the rain,  
Yet another victory will wash away the stain,  
So boys, go in and win.

V-A-R-S-I-T-Y  
V-A-R-S-I-T-Y  
V-A-R-S-I-T-Y

We're the {boys  
girls} of the red and black.

46

**Hit the Line**

Hit the line for U. N. B.  
For U. N. B. today,  
And we'll show the sons of Mt. A.  
That the red and black.  
Still holds sway.

Down the field once again boys,  
Victory or die!  
And we'll give a grand old cheer boys,  
When the U. N. B. team goes by,  
U. N. B. rah! rah! rah! (Ter)

47 **There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea**

Bis || There's a hole in the bottom of the sea,  
Bis || There's a whale in the hole in the bottom of the sea,  
Bis || There's a man in the whale in the hole in the bottom  
of the sea.  
Tis || There's a nose on the man in the whale etc.  
Bis || There's a fly on the nose of the man, etc.  
Bis || There's a wing on the fly on the nose, etc.  
Bis || There's a spot on wing on the fly etc.

**The Prof's Song**

Where oh where is C<sup>1</sup> Davy,

Where oh where is C<sup>2</sup> Davy.

Where oh where is C<sup>3</sup> Davy,

Way down below.

He went down on a parallelepiped,

He went down on a parallelepiped,

He went down on a parallelepiped,

Way down below.

Where oh where is classic Tingibus, (Ter)

Way down below.

He went down on a periphrastic, (Ter)

Way down below.

Where oh where is chubby Tubby, (Ter)

Way down below.

He went down on a syllogism, (Ter)

Way down below.

Where oh where is dinky Coxy, (Ter)

Way down below.

He went down on an epiglottis,

Way down below.

Where oh where is syllabus McGinnis,

Way down below.

He went down on a Coulomb Theory, (Ter)

Way down below.

Where oh where is Blinky Stevens, (Ter)

Way down below.

He went down on a cigarette, (Ter)

Way down below.

Where oh where is Tiny Day, (Ter)

Way down below.

He went down on a Chaucer's Prologue, (Ter)

Way down below.

Where oh where is bucky Stiles, (Ter)

Way down below.

He went down on a "Go to the boarder Sir." (Ter)

Way down below.

Where oh where is Axel Uppvall (Ter)

Way down below.

He went down on a Fraser and Squair (Ter)

Way down below.

Where oh where is merry Hamlet (Ter)

Way up above.

He went up in a gas explosion, (Ter)

Way up above.

Where oh where is tree-top Miller. (Ter)

Way up above.

He went up on a wood-pecker's feather (Ter)

Way up above.

Bye and bye we'll go up to meet them. (Ter)

Way up above.

We'll go up on our good behavior (Ter)

Way up above.

49

---

**Alice**

*(Tune : Alice Where Art Thou Going)*

Alice was tall and lanky

Just like a ten-foot lath,

She got up Sunday morning

Just to take her weekly bath ta-ra,

While in the water splashing

She chanced to pull the plug

Her mother said, "Lord bless my soul"

As Alice she went down the hole

"Alice where art thou going."

---

**Kelly**

---

A boy named Henry Kelly came to College  
To gain some knowledge,  
He was off his trolley,  
The things we did to Kell were most amazing,  
We started hazing,  
We put him in a blanket and we tossed him,  
Up in the air.  
He didn't care.  
The wear and tear,  
They bent his hair.

Yamma! yamma! we gave the college yell,  
Yamma! yamma! the things we did to Kell,  
We tossed him in the river and we didn't do a thing,  
And as he started down the stream we all began to sing,

For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow,  
Kelly began to yelly,  
"Help, help for I can't swim"  
Then we started roasting  
What's the use of boasting,  
We can't swim ourselves,  
So how the —— can we help you.

His hat was afloat on the river,  
It floated away out to sea,  
Poor Kelly he piped of his Dunlop,  
Yelled "Bring back my bonnet to me,"  
So we brought back, we brought back,  
We brought back poor Hank,  
And we left him on the bank  
We brought back, we brought back,  
We brought all his clothes back to town.

We left him bare and alone,  
U-pie-dee Holy gee!  
Fourteen miles to walk back home,  
Twenty-three skiddoo.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
U-pie-dee Holy gee!  
Kelly hid behind a tree.  
U-pie-dee, Goodnight.

Kelly started down the road,  
The sight was very sad,  
An empty barrel was the only  
Suit of clothes he had,  
A hunch of Old Maids saw poor Kelly,  
Coming down the line.  
They ran in the house and locked the door,  
But peeked out through the blind.  
They were seeing Kelly home,  
They were seeing Kelly home,  
They were having a grand old rubbering party,  
Seeing Kelly home.

50

---

### Casey Jones

---

Come all you rounders,  
If you want to hear.  
The story about a brave Engineer  
Casey Jones was the Rounder's name,  
On a six eight wheeler boys,  
He won his fame.  
The caller called Casey at half past four,  
Kissed his wife at the station door,  
Mounted to the cabin,  
With his orders in his hand,  
And he took his farewell trip,  
To that Promised Land.



CHORUS,—

Casey Jones mounted to the cabin,  
Casey Jones, with his orders in his hand,  
Casey Jones mounted to the cabin,  
And he took his farewell,  
To that Promised Land.

Put in your water and shovel in your coal,  
Put your head out the window, watch those drivers roll,  
I'll run her till she leaves the rail,  
'Cause I'm eight hours late  
With that western mail  
He looked at his watch  
And his watch was slow.  
He looked at the water  
And the water was low.  
He turned to the Fireman and he said,  
"We're going to reach 'Frisco,  
But we'll all be dead."

CHORUS,—

Casey Jones going to reach 'Frisco,  
Casey Jones, but we'll all be dead,  
Casey Jones going to reach 'Frisco,  
We're going to reach 'Frisco,  
But we'll all be dead.

Casey pulled up at Reno hill.  
He tooted for the crossing,  
With an awful shrill,  
The switchman knew by the engine's groans,  
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones,  
He pulled up within two miles of the place,  
Number four stared him right in the face,  
Turned to the fireman,  
Said, "Boy you'd better jump,  
Cause there's two locomotives,  
And they're going to bump."

CHORUS,—

Casey Jones two locomotives,  
Casey Jones that's going to bump,  
Casey Jones two locomotives,  
There's two locomotives,  
That's going to bump.

Casey said just before he died,  
There are two more roads that I'd like to ride,  
Fireman said what could that be,  
The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe,  
Mrs. Casey Jones sat on her bed a sighing,  
Just received a message that Casey was dying,  
Said go to bed children and hush your crying,  
Cause you've got another papa on the Salt Lake Line.

CHORUS,—

Mrs. Casey Jones got another papa,  
Mrs. Casey Jones on the Salt Lake Line,  
Mrs. Casey Jones got another papa,  
And you've got another papa,  
On the Salt Lake Line.

51

---

### 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.

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

# INDEX

---

	PAGE
Alma Mater	1
A Stein Song	9
A Catastrophe	25
Auld Lang Syne	18
A Capital Ship	27
Alice	40
Co-Ca-Che-Lunk	4
Cannon Song	6
Concrematio Analyticarum	6
Crossing the Bar	23
Casey Jones	43
Drink to me Only	27
Down where the Wurzburger Flows	32
Elegy	15
Engineering Camp Song	35
Everybody Come	37
Far Away	8
God Save the King	14
Home by the Sea	12
Hit the Line	38
If	34
Juanita	28
Jolly U. N. B.	30
Joshua	33
Kemo Kimo	15
Kelly	41

Lend me your Teeth	....	....	....	26
Loch Lomond	....	....	....	31
Landlord Fill the Flowing Cup	....	....	....	31
Levee Song	....	....	....	36
My Old Kentucky Home	....	....	....	19
Men of the North	....	....	....	11
Mnsh, Mush	....	....	....	13
My Bonnie	....	....	....	22
Maria's Lambkin	....	....	....	24
Meerschaum Pipe	....	....	....	29
Old Grimes	....	....	....	17
Old Black Joe	....	....	....	25
Rule Britannia	....	....	....	7
Solomon Levi	....	....	....	20
Stars of the Summer Night	....	....	....	26
Soldier's Farewell	....	....	....	27
Speed Away	....	....	....	29
Tenting Tonight	....	....	....	13
The Wreck of "Julie Plante"	....	....	....	20
There is a Tavern in the Town	....	....	....	23
The Bold Bad Man	....	....	....	34
There's a Hole in the Botton of Sea	....	....	....	38
The Prof's Song	....	....	....	39
Vive La Campagnie	....	....	....	1
'Varsity	....	....	....	38
Where oh Where	....	....	....	6

