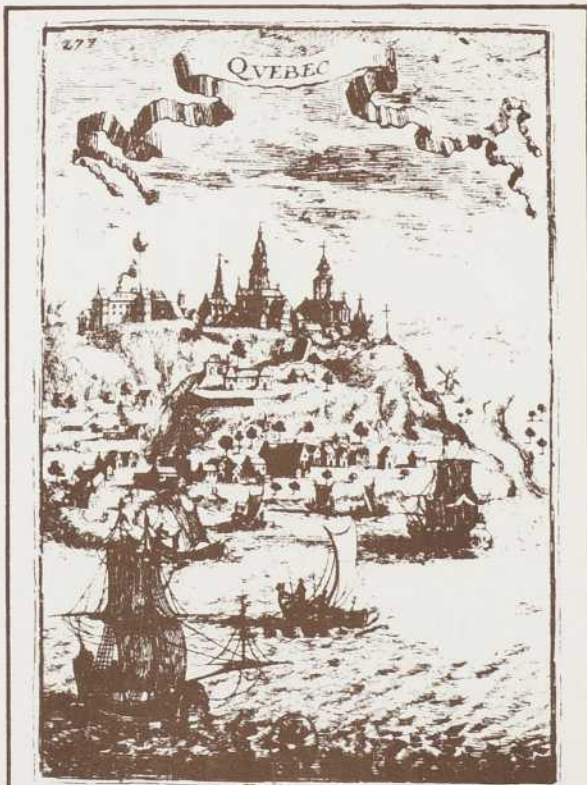


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The
MCGILL UNIVERSITY
SONG BOOK



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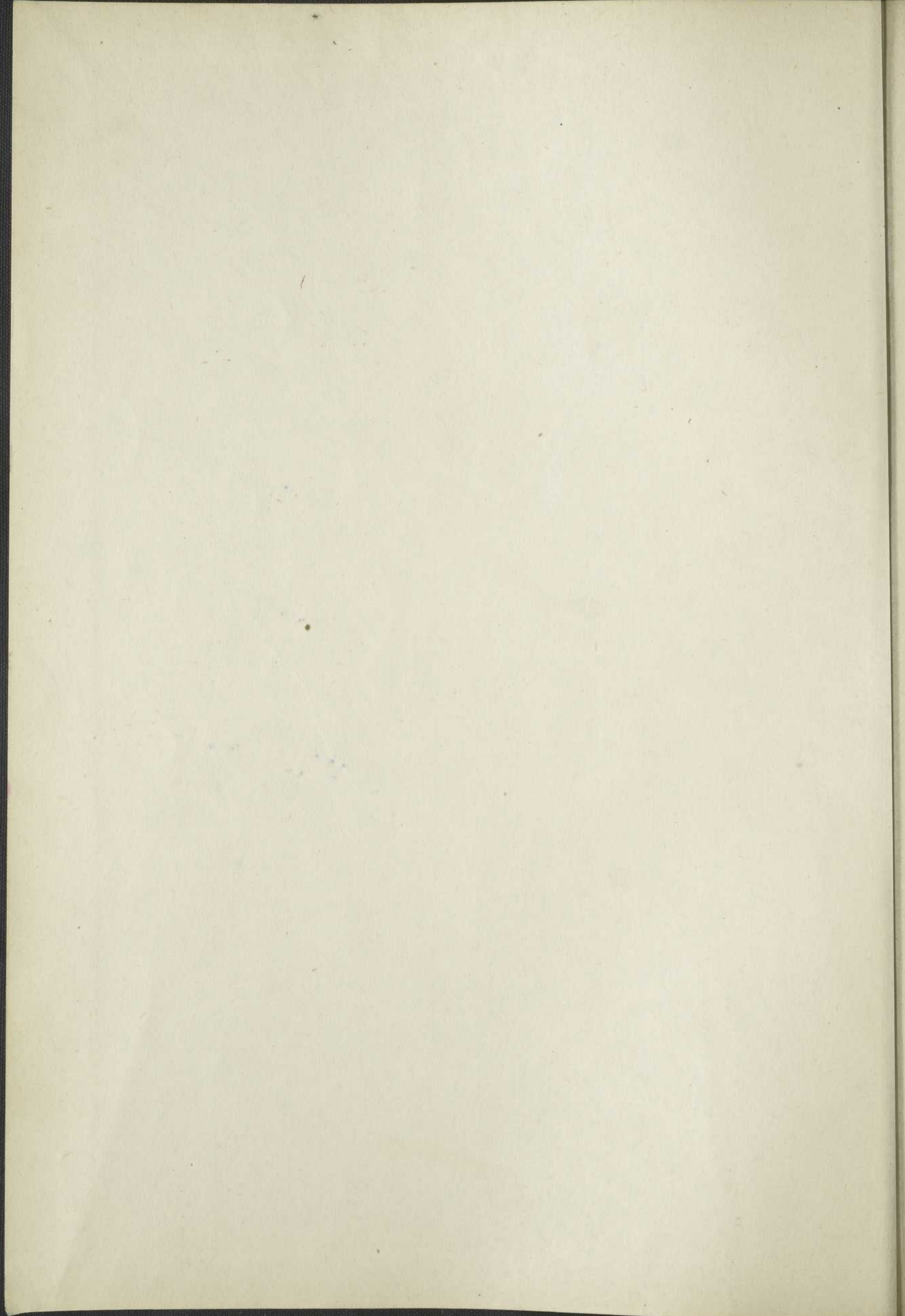


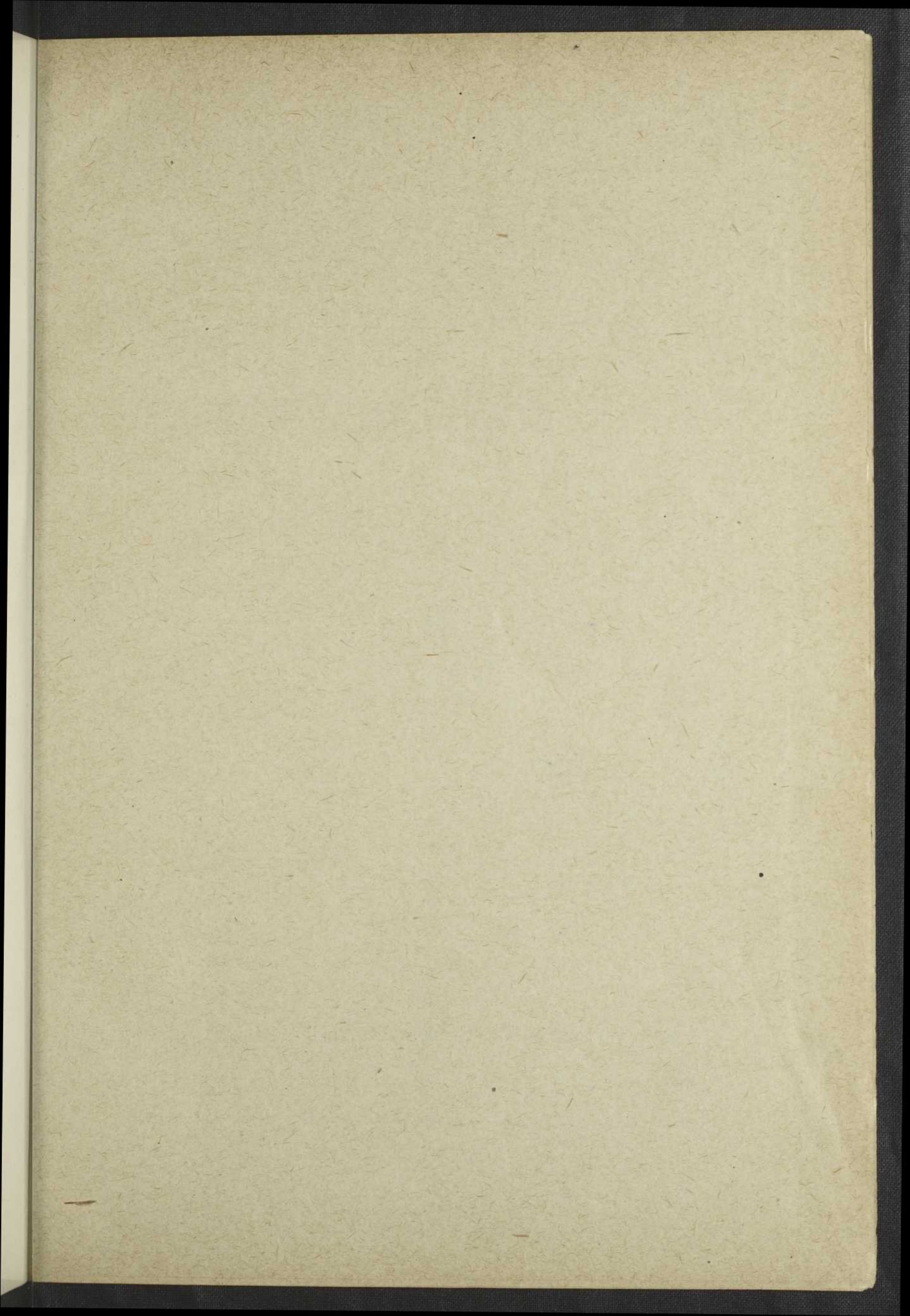
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The
MCGILL UNIVERSITY
Song Book



Compiled and Published by
THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL
of MCGILL UNIVERSITY
MONTREAL

To the Memory
of the late
Lieut. Col. John McCrae, C. A. M. C.

that sweet singer of McGill
and to those sons of McGill
who did not return, this book
is dedicated by the students'
Council of McGill Univer-
sity.

“ Dulce et Decorum est pro patria mori ”

M
1940
M32
1921
MDS

In Flanders Fields

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

*We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*

JOHN McCRAE.

Reprint of Former Preface

To the Graduates and Undergraduates of McGill College:—

We have been engaged on the compilation, revision and publication of The McGill College Song Book since the beginning of last Session.

About three hundred songs have been examined, and this collection contains the larger portion of such as were finally chosen. After the selected material had been placed in the hands of the printer, it was found that exigencies of spacing and other technical details rendered further diminution absolutely necessary, so that The McGill College Song Book does not exhibit the fullness of our choice; it also happened that circumstances beyond our immediate control prevented us from deciding, in every case, what songs should be omitted in order to comply with the conditions enforced upon us.

While we have endeavoured to avoid the musical crudities and false harmonies disfiguring almost every College Song Book examined by us, we have, at the same time, been anxious to avoid the equally serious fault of introducing complexities that would have rendered this collection unfit for the general use of students; in fact, a desire for simplicity has induced us to leave untouched, harmonic progressions which might easily have been elaborated and improved.

The shortcomings of the McGill College Song Book, of which we are fully conscious, will, we venture to hope, be viewed leniently, when it is remembered that we could devote to our task only such hours as could be spared from other and more pressing duties.

The thanks of all interested in The McGill College Song Book are due to Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., and to Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer for their kindness in allowing the publication of songs of which they hold the copyright. It was our intention to trace to its true source and to acknowledge every instance of indebtedness, but the limited time at our disposal must be held an excuse for a fault which the publisher, [if notified of infringement,] will be glad to rectify in future editions.

THE COMPILATION COMMITTEE.

Montreal, October, 1885.

Reprint of Former Preface

TO THE CORPORATION, GRADUATES AND
UNDERGRADUATES OF MCGILL COLLEGE:

The edition of The McGill College Song Book which was published in 1885, has long been exhausted. Its sale proved gratifying to all interested in its compilation and use, especially as it was the first lengthy work of its kind printed in Canada. Those who have been brought into contact with our University life know that the Song Book has done something to promote a feeling of unity among Students whose academic aims often lie far apart, while those, again, who have traced the growth of the musical literature to which it belongs, find that The McGill College Song Book has been of service to compilers elsewhere.

At the request of the Graduates and Undergraduates of the University, we met about three years ago with the object of preparing a new edition for the press. Protracted difficulties arising for the most part from the questions of copyright and publishing have been causing long delay which, while regretting, we were unable to remove until recently. In the course of our labours the Corporation of the University gave its sanction to our undertaking, and accordingly its name appears at the head of this preface.

The McGill University Song Book is really a new publication, and not a new edition of the old work. Much of the old material will be found in it, but a large portion of the book now appears for the first time. The whole has been subjected to careful revision for which the other members of the Committee have to thank Mr. Gould whose services have been invaluable. One of our main objects in revision has been to get rid of a defect in the former book by bringing all the songs within the compass of an average voice. Some accompaniments for the guitar and banjo have been written in order to make The McGill University Song Book more attractive to Students.

As The McGill University Song Book is not intended to satisfy the demands of advanced musical critics, we may repeat our former statement of principles which have guided us in our endeavour, and add to it our former expression of indebtedness to musical publishers.

"While we have endeavoured to avoid the musical crudities and false harmonies disfiguring almost every College Song Book examined by us, we have at the same time been anxious to avoid the equally serious fault of introducing complexities that would have rendered the collection unfit for the general use of students; in fact, a desire for simplicity has induced us to leave untouched harmonic progressions which might easily have been elaborated and improved.

"The thanks of all interested in The McGill University Song Book are due to Messrs. Novello Ewer & Co. and Oliver Ditson & Co., for their kindness in allowing the publication of songs of which they hold the copyright. It was our intention to trace to its true source, and to acknowledge, every instance of indebtedness, but the limited time at our disposal must be held as an excuse for a fault which the publisher, if notified of infringement, will be glad to rectify in future editions."

THE COMPILATION COMMITTEE.

MONTREAL,
December, 1895.

Preface

In presenting to the Graduates, Undergraduates and to all friends of McGill, a new and enlarged edition of the McGill University Song Book, the Students' Council of McGill University feel a certain amount of trepidation in treading in the footsteps of the illustrious men, some, alas, no longer living who directed the preparation of earlier editions. Nevertheless, the incessant demands from every quarter for a collection of songs, which should include the newer additions to the musical lore of McGill, seemed to justify such an attempt.

Unlike prior editions, which were the property of individual publishers, the present work has been produced at the direct instance of the Students' Council of McGill University, who have taken complete control of the publication and to whom alone any possible profits will accrue. The Council have endeavoured, in spite of the present scale of costs, to produce, not merely a reprint, but a new compilation which shall mark a distinct advance upon former attempts, yet without an increase in the price.

Realizing that the greatest tie which binds her sons to McGill is woven of the songs which have been written in her honour, the Council feel that in furthering music amongst the student body the net result will be, not only a great increase in college spirit, but a linking together of all those who have been connected with McGill into whose hands this work may come.

By the simple device of transferring the duty of publishing the McGill University Song Book from sporadic committees to the Students' Council, which is self-perpetuating, it will be possible to ensure that all future editions shall be up to date, and it would seem that of all bodies connected with McGill, the Students' Council is best fitted to undertake such a task, since it is continually in touch with the oldest traditions and newest tendencies, in fact with the Living Spirit of McGill.

Acknowledgment

The Students' Council of McGill University wish to thank those Graduates and Undergraduates who have, by their unflagging sympathy and untiring co-operation, helped to make possible the publication of this work. In this connection thanks are especially due to some whose help has been invaluable and whose names may properly be mentioned here.

First among these is Dr. C. E. Moyses, Dean Emeritus of the Faculty of Arts, and the Honorary President of the Publishing Committee. Dr. Moyses was largely responsible for the earlier editions, and his advice and information on historical points has been of great service. Dr. H. E. Reilly has been able to assist the Committee very largely with his experience and counsel, nor must the name of Mr. Harold Eustace Key be forgotten. To Mr. Key are due a number of the new and striking settings which will be found in the book, particularly the beautiful rendering of "In Flanders Fields" which is here reproduced. Thanks are also due to that most illustrious graduate of McGill, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, for the use of his great hymn, "Recessional".

They also wish to thank a number of publishers, too numerous to mention, for their kind permission to use certain copyright pieces. Should any have escaped attention inadvertently the Council can only crave their indulgence.

The Students' Council,
McGill University, Montreal, 1921

Montreal, 1921.

THE
McGILL UNIVERSITY
SONG BOOK

In Flanders Fields

320

John McCrae.

Harold Eustace Key.

Rather Slowly

p
In Flan-ders' fields the pop-pies blow be-tween the cros-ses, Row on row, that mark our

place, And in the sky, the larks, still brave-ly sing-ing, fly. Scarce heard a - mid the guns be - low.

Slower *cresc.*

p
We are the dead: short days a-go we lived, Felt dawn, saw sunset glow, Loved And were loved: And now we

lie in Flanders fields. Take up our quar-rel with the foe, To you from fail-ing hands we throw the torch, Be

Solemnly *Very slowly*

rit. *p* *p*
yours to hold it high. If ye break faith with us, who die, We shall not sleep. Tho' poppies grow in Flanders fields.

To the Spirit of McGill, ever living in the memory of the late Lieut-Col.
John McCrae, the musical setting to this poem is dedicated by the composer.

Copyright by Harold Eustace Key.

Hail, Alma Mater.

321

Hail, Al - ma Ma - ter, we sing to thy praise, Great our af -

-fec - tion though fee - ble our lays, Nest - ling so peace - ful and

calm neath the hill, Fond - ly we love thee our dear old Mc - Gill.

The musical score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble and bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system covers the lyrics 'Hail, Al - ma Ma - ter, we sing to thy praise, Great our af -'. The second system covers '-fec - tion though fee - ble our lays, Nest - ling so peace - ful and'. The third system covers 'calm neath the hill, Fond - ly we love thee our dear old Mc - Gill.' The music is written in a simple, homophonic style.

Hail, Alma Mater, we sing to thy praise;
 Loud in thy Honour, our voices we raise.
 Full to thy fortune, our glasses we fill.
 Life and Prosperity, Dear Old McGill.

Hail, Alma Mater, thy praises we sing:
 Far down the centuries, still may they ring.
 Long through the ages remain - if God will,
 Queen of the Colleges, Dear Old McGill.

God Save the King.

322 3

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no ble King,

God save the King. Send him vic - to - ri - ous, hap - py and

glo - ri - ous, Long to reign ov - er us, God save the King.

2 O Lord, our God, arise,
 Scatter his enemies
 Make wars to cease.
 Keep us from plague and
 dearth,
 Turn thou our woes to mirth,
 And over all the earth
 Let there be Peace.

3 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
 To sing with heart and voice
 God save the King.

God Save McGill.

323

Words by W. M. MACKERACHER, Arts '94.

AIR.—"God save the King."

God save our Old McGill!
 Long live our Old McGill!
 God save McGill!
 Send her men wise and strong,
 Boldly mankind among
 Bravely to fight the wrong,
 God save McGill!

O Canada

324

R. Stanley Weir, D. C. L.

Melody by C. Lavallée.
Harmonized by Harold Eustace Key.

1. O Can - a - da! Our home, our na-tive land, True pa-triot love in all thy sons com-
1. O Ca - na - da! ter re de nos aï - eux; Ton front est ceint de fleurons glo - ri -

- mand, With — glow - ing hearts we — see thee rise, The — True North strong and
- eux! Car ton bras sait por - ter l'é - pé - e, Il — sait por - ter — la

free; And stand on guard, O — Can - a - da, We stand and guard for — thee.
Croix! Ton his - toire est une é - po - pé - e Des plus bril - lants ex - ploits,

O Can - a - da! O Can - a - da! O Can - a - da! We stand on -
Et ta va - leur, de foi trem - pé - e, Pro - tè - ge - ra nos foy - ers

guard for thee, O Can - a - da! We stand on guard for — thee,
et nos droits, Pro - tè - ge - ra nos foy - ers et nos — droits.

HYMN

328

(MCGILL UNIVERSITY CENTENNIAL)

D. L. Ritchie, D. D.

Harold Eustace Key.

C. M. D.

"VERITAS DEI"

Lord God of truth, who raised us up To serve in this vast land;

Give us, to drink of du - ty's cup, And con - se - cra - ted stand;

By high and self - less love of truth, To raise a bet - ter race,

With free - dom in their eyes, and ruth Their beau - ti - fy - ing grace, A - men.

II.

III.

III.

Our fathers faith we pledge to thee
 That truth as light may shine,
 And knowledge ever sacred be—
 The Chalice for the wine
 Of wisdom, in the love of men,
 So in the love of thee,
 Of faith that soars beyond the ken
 Of things the eye can see.

The mysteries of truth are vast,
 And hid the springs of life,
 Teach us in search of them to cast
 Away all petty strife;
 And in pursuit of peace; but right
 To find our brimming joy,
 That in a fellowship of light,
 We may our powers employ.

Great is the heritage we share,
 Won at a costly price •
 By fathers who knew how to bear
 The Cross of Sacrifice.
 Times are confused, but thou art nigh
 When pure, we see thee then
 Great God of Nations! hear our cry
 And make us faithful men.

La Marseillaise.

326

ROUGET DE LISLE, 1792.

Con animo.

f



1. Al - lons, en - fants de la pa - tri - - - e, Le jour de
 2. Que veut cet - te hor - de d'es - cla - - - ves, De traî - tres,
 3. Trem-blez ty - rans, et vous per - fi - - - des, L'oppro - bre
 1. Ye - sons of France, a - wake to glo - - - ry! Hark, hark! what

mf



gloire est ar - ri - vé, Con - tre nous de la tyran -
 de rois con - ju - rés Pour qui ces ig - no - bles en -
 de tous les par - tis! Trem-blez, - vos pro - jets parri -
 myr - iads bid you rise! Your chil dren wives, and grand - sires

p *f*



ni - e, L'é - ten - dard sanglant est le - vé L'e - ten -
 tra - ves, Ces fers, dès long - temps prépa - rés? Ces fers
 ci - des, Vont en - fin re - ce - voir leur prix, Vont en -
 hoar - y: Be - hold their tears, and hear their cries, Be - hold their



dard sang - lant est le - vé En - ten - dez vous dans les cam -
 des long - temps pré - pa - rés? Français! pour nous, ah! quel ou -
 fin re - ce - voir leur prix. Tout est sol - dat pour vous com -
 tears and hear their cries! Shall hate - ful ty - rants mis - chief

mf




pa - gnes Mu - gir ces fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils
 tra - ge! Quels trans - ports il doit ex - ci - ter! C'est
 bat - tre; S'ils tom - bent, nos jeu - nes hé - ros, La
 breed - ing With hire - ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af -


La Marseillaise. Concluded.



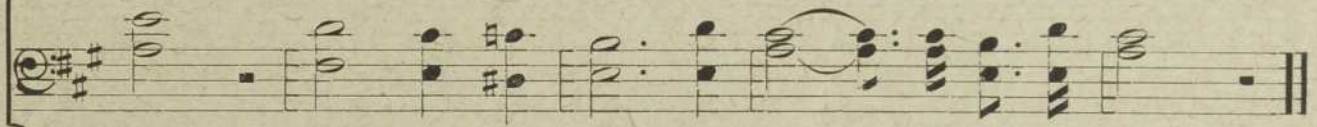
vien-nent, jusque dans nos bras, E-gor-ger nos fils, nos com-pa-gnes! } Aux
 nous qu'on o-se me-na-cer De rendre à l'an-tique es-cla-va-ge. }
 France en produit de nou-veaux, Con-tre vous tous prêts à se bat-tre. }
 fright and des-o-late the land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleeding! To




ar - mes, ci - toy-ens! For - mez vos ba - tail-lons : Mar-chez, mar -
 arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a - veng - ing sword unsheathe! March on, march

chez! qu'un sang im - pur A - breu - ve nos sil - lons.
 on! all hearts re - solved On vic - - to - ry or death.



4 Français! en guerriers magnanimes,
 Portez ou retenez vos coups;
 Epargnez ces tristes victimes,
 A regret s'armant contre nous;
 Mais le despote sanguinaire,
 Mais les complices de Bouillé—
 Tous ces tigres qui sans pitié,
 Déchirent le sein de leur mère.
 Aux armes, &c.

5 Amour sacré de la patrie,
 Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs.
 Liberté, Liberté chérie,
 Combats avec tes défenseurs;
 Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
 Accoure à tes mâles accents,
 Que tes ennemis expirants,
 Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.
 Aux armes, &c.

2 With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air.
 Like beasts of burden would they load us—
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore—
 But man is man—and who is more?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
 To arms, etc.

3 Oh liberty! can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy generous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield—
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms, etc.

Recessional

327

Rudyard Kipling.

Harold Eustace Key.

The music dedicated to Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G, Principal of McGill University.

1. God of our fath-ers, known of old Lord of the far flung
 3. Far flung, our nav-ies melt a-way On dune and head-land
 5. For heath-en heart that puts her trust In reek-ing tube and

bat-tle line, Be-neath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do min-ion
 sinks the fire; Lo, all the pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with
 i-ron shard, All val-iant dust that builds on dust, And guard-ing,

O-ver palm and pine Lord God of hosts, be with us yet Lest
 Nin-e-veh and Tyre! Judge of the Nat-ions, spare us yet Lest
 Calls not Thee to guard For fran-tic boast, and fool-ish word, Thy

1st and 3rd Verses. Fifth Verse.
 we for-get, lest we for-get. Mer-cy on Thy Peo-ple, Lord, A-men.

Words used by special permission of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Copyright by Harold Eustace Key.

Recessional (Continued)

2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The Cap-tains and the Kings de-
 4. If, drunk with sight of Power, we loose Wild tongues that have not Thee in

- part: Still standstine An-cient Sac-ri-fice, A hum-ble and a con-trite
 awe: Such boast-ings as the Gen-tiles use, Or less-er breeds with-out the

heart. Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet! Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
 law. Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet! Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.

BELAIR, GAY

Come, Follow Me.

328

Round.

1
 Come, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low me.

2
 Whither shall I fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, whither shall I fol-low, fol-low thee?

3
 To the greenwood, to the greenwood, to the greenwood, greenwood tree.

Alma Mater McGill.

329

Words by J. McDougall, Arts.

AIR.—Believe me if all those endearing young charms.

mf Andante.

1. Al-ma Ma-ter, McGill! we will sing to thy praise, From the treasures of hearts fond and

true, For the love in our hearts is a-wakened by thoughts Which the

pros-pects of part-ing re-new, . . . The friendships we've formed in thy

halls are as dear As the cas-ket of mem-o-ry holds; Time

Alma Mater McGill. Concluded.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major, 2/4 time, ending with a fermata. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand, including some sixteenth-note patterns.

nev - er can bring aught more tenderly sweet, As the Future her se-crets un - folds.

2 Alma Mater, McGill: since we left in our youth,
 The loved homes of our earliest years,
 Where our fathers had warned, our mothers had prayed,
 And our sisters had blessed through their tears,—
 Thou alone wert our parent, the nurse of our souls,
 We were moulded to manhood by thee;
 Till freighted with treasure, thoughts, friendships and hopes,
 Thou hast launched us on Destiny's sea.

3 And you who are taking our places, we greet
 With warm hearts and sympathies broad,
 We now hail you as brothers pursuing the path
 Which we with such pleasure have trod;
 Let your voices ring blithe, as you sing the old songs
 That have cheered and blest past College days;
 May our loved Alma Mater yet boast of your worth,
 May she garland your brows with her bays!


4 Alma Mater, McGill! thou dost sit as a queen,
 On the slopes of Mount Royal, whose crest
 Saw the cross and the fleur-de-lis herald the birth
 Of an empire—the Queen of the West!
 With fair memories crowned thou hast fostered our love
 For the country whose name we hold dear;
 Thou hast taught us to look to her future with pride,
 And her glorious past to revere.

5 Alma Mater, McGill! thy shades and thy halls,
 We shall long to behold them once more,
 To revisit old scenes, feel the warm grasp of hands
 Of the comrades our hearts loved of yore.
 Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
 Our fond hearts shall follow thee still;
 May thy sons and thy daughters all cherish and love
 Forever the name of McGill.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

330


(MIXED VOICES.)

Allegretto.


1. Mine... eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
 3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur-nished rows of steel; "As ye
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment - seat; Oh, be
 glo - ry in his bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As he




loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
 read his right - eous sen - tence by the dim and star - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.
 He - ro, born of wom - an, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on."
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

Farewell Song.

331

Words by W. McLENNAN, Law '80.

Music adapted from KINKEL.

p Andante. *p* *poco rit.*

1. No time nor chance can ev - er, Be - dim the love we bear, No

crescendo e poco accel. *f* *Tempo 1mo.* *p*

space our hearts can sev - er, Nor chill our lov - ing care, Good -

tranquillo e molto espress. *f* *fs* *p* *pp*

bye, good-bye, to Old Mc - Gill, A long fare - well to Old Mc - Gill.

2 Should Fortune, so beguiling,
Lead us o'er land and sea
We'll coax her into smiling,
Whene'er she looks on Thee, — *Cho.*

3 When Fate's keen blast is blowing
And withered lie our bays,
Our hearts shall still be glowing
In the light of College days, — *Cho.*

Hail O Royal Victoria

332

Alice E. Wilson R.V.C. '20

Air — "Gaudemus Igilur"

There's a College of McGill
Nestling 'neath the same old hill. (Repeat)
May we always love her truly
Give her always honour duly
Hail, O Royal Victoria,
Hail, O Royal Victoria.

Now we sing to thee our praise;
Laud and honour duly raise. (Repeat)
Through the years new voices singing
Keep thy name forever ringing.
Hail, O Royal Victoria.
Hail O Royal Victoria

"Gaudeamus."

333

Moderato.

1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur,
1. Let us now in youth re - joice,

Moderato.
mf

Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus; Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur,
None can just - ly blame us; Let us now in youth re-joice,

Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus; Post ju - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem,
None can just - ly blame us; For when gol - den youth has fled,

"Gaudeamus." Continued.

Post mo-les - tam se - nec - tu - tem, nos ha-be - bit, hu - mus,
 And in age our joys are dead, Then the dust doth claim us,

Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus.
 Then the dust doth claim us.

2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos,
 In mundo fuere?
 Transeas ad superos,
 Abeas ad inferos,
 Quos si vis videre.

3 Vita nostra brevis est
 Brevi finietur,
 Venit mors velociter,
 Rapit nos atrociter,
 Nemini parcetur.

4 Vivat academia,
 Vivant professores,
 Vivat membrum quodlibet,
 Vivant membra quælibet
 Semper sint in flore.

5 Vivant omnes virgines
 Faciles, formosæ!
 Vivant et mulieres,
 Teneræ amabiles,
 Bonæ, laboriosæ.

6 Quis confluxus hodie
 Academicorum?
 E longinquo convenerunt
 Protinusque successerunt
 In commune forum.

7 Alma mater floreat,
 Quæ nos educavit,
 Caros et commilitones,
 Dissitas in regiones
 Sparsos, congregavit.

8 Vivat et republica
 Et quæ illam regit,
 Vivat nostra civitas,
 Mæcenatum caritas,
 Quæ nos hic protegit.

9 Pereat tristitia,
 Pereant osiores,
 Pereat diabolus,
 Quivis antiburschius,
 Atque irrisores.

"Gaudeamus." Conclude

Translated

2 Where have all our Fathers gone?
Here we'll see them never:
Seek the god's serene abode—
Cross the dolorous Stygian flood—
There they dwell forever.

3 Brief is this our life on earth,
Brief—nor will it tarry—
Swiftly death runs to and fro,
All must feel his cruel blow,
None the dart can parry.

4 Raise we then the joyous shout,
Life to Alma Mater!
Life to each Professor here,
Life to all our comrades dear,
May they leave us never.

5 Life to all the maidens fair,
Maidens sweet and smiling;
Life to gentle matrons, too,
Ever kind and ever true,
All our cares beguiling.

6 May our land forever bloom
Under wise direction,
And this lovely classic ground,
In munificence abound,
Yielding us protection.

7 Perish sadness, perish hate,
And ye scoffers leave us!
Perish every shape of woe,
Devil and Philistine too
That would fain deceive us.

Lauriger Horatius.

334

1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix is - ti ve - rum,

2. Cres - cit u - va mol - li - ter, Et pu - el - la cres - cit,

Fu - git Eu - ro - ç i - ti - us, Tem - pus e - dax re - rum,

Sed po - e - ta tur - pi - ter Sit - i - ens can - es - cit,

Lauriger Horatius. Concluded.

U - bi sunt, O, po - cu - la, Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le,

Rix - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru - ben - tis pu - el - læ.

3 Quid juvat æternitas

Nominis, amare

Nisi terræ filias

Licet, et potare!

Ubi sunt, O, pocula,

Dulciora melle,

Rixæ, pax et oscula,

Rubentis pueliæ.

Royal Victoria College Song.

335

Winifred Leighton Birkett, Arts, '22.

Henry Smart.

1. Daughter of our Al-ma Ma-ter, Dear to all who bear thy name, Wise in-spir-er
of all know-ledge Thee our pa-tron we ac-claim, Lead-er of the high in spir-it
Of our coun-try's wo-man-hood.... Symbol of their great i-de-als Ev-er for the genera' good.

II

Those who trod these halls before us
Leave the honours they have won;
May our heritage be as noble
For those yet to follow on.
In our sport and in our learning
Bear we laurels in thy name;
And with faith unbroken may we
Ever after bring these fame.

III

Constant as a guardian beacon
Thou shalt ever be our guide;
In the hearts that thou didst nourish
Thou still standest as their pride.
Glorious in unfading greatness,
To thyself be ever true;
And may they that afar behold thee
Swell thy praise with songs anew.

Royal Victoria.

Allie V. Douglas, M. Sc.

Harold Eustace Key.

ANDANTE

Strong may your daugh - ters grow, rich in true learn - ing, Wide in their

sym - pa-thies, high in their aim; Quick to res-pond to the

call of the na - tion; Keep-ing the torch of your glor - y a - flame,

Queen of all Colleges, Royal Victoria

This is the pledge that we offer
to thee:

Words of deep gratitude, lives
of true service

All to thine honour, belov'd R.V.C.

Copyright by Harold Eustace Key.

Words by C. W. COLBY, Ph. D.

AIR. "The Gay Cavalier."

Lively.

mf

Should the res - er - voir break, And its ef - flu - ence take, A pre -

cip - i - tous course down the hill, . . . The wa-ters might co-ver, They

McGill. Continued.

ten.

nev - er could smother, Our dear old Moth - er Me - Gill. . . . Should her

This system contains the first line of music. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The lyrics are: "nev - er could smother, Our dear old Moth - er Me - Gill. . . . Should her". The tempo marking *ten.* is placed above the vocal line.

stocks go to smash, Should her bonds and her cash. Be pur -

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "stocks go to smash, Should her bonds and her cash. Be pur -". The piano accompaniment continues with the same two-staff format.

rit. *a tempo.*

loined from the Gov - ern-or's till, . . . There still would be plen - ty, Fair

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal line has a tempo change from *ten.* to *rit.* (ritardando) for the first part, then returns to *a tempo.* (allegretto) for the second part. The lyrics are: "loined from the Gov - ern-or's till, . . . There still would be plen - ty, Fair". The piano accompaniment continues.

ten. *rit.*

maid - ens of twen - ty, Less sought than old Moth - er Me - Gill. . . .

This system contains the fourth line of music. The vocal line has a tempo change from *rit.* back to *ten.* for the first part, then returns to *rit.* for the second part. The lyrics are: "maid - ens of twen - ty, Less sought than old Moth - er Me - Gill. . . .". The piano accompaniment concludes the piece.

McGill. Continued.

CHORUS.

1ST TENOR.

Me - Gill, . . . Me - Gill, . . . a moth-er we're proud of, she; . . . Her

2D TENOR.

Me - Gill, . . . Me - Gill, . . . a moth-er we're proud of, she; . . . Her

BASS.

Me - Gill, . . . Me - Gill, . . . a moth-er we're proud of, she; . . . Her

true, . . . her true, . . . her du - ti - ful chil - dren, we. . . . *rit.*

true, . . . her true, . . . her du - ti - ful chil - dren, we. . . . *rit.*

true, . . . her true, . . . her du - ti - ful chil - dren, we. . . . *rit.*

McGill. Concluded.

2 Should the lightning come down,
 On her weather-beat crown,
 Should the flames batten on her at will,
 'Mid sorrow we'd praise her,
 From ruins we'd raise her,
 We'd rally round mother McGill
 E'en imperious Time
 Has accounted it crime,
 To use her, as he uses us, ill;
 The years make us hoary,
 But only bring glory
 And homage, to mother McGill.

McGill, McGill a mother, etc.

3 She has given us more
 Than a tarnishing store
 Of treacherous, beggarly gold;
 She has given us treasures
 Of labors and pleasures,
 And friends who will never grow old.
 We will echo her fame,
 And our lineage claim,
 And exalt her, embellish, caress;
 To her throughout æons
 Shall rise joyful pæans,
 From voices of thousands who bless.

McGill, McGill, a mother, etc.

McGill Student's Song.

Words by W. N. EVANS.

Allegro moderato.

1. When a Fresh - man I sought old Mc - Gill's class - ic
 I trem - bled with fear at the learn - ing dis -
 That I vow from thy pre - cincts I near - ly had

CHORUS. *Fine.*

shade. O Mc - Gill! Al - ma Ma - ter Mc - Gill!
 played,
 flown,

Fine.

McGill Student's Song. Concluded.

For each Don looked so wise in his trench - er and

gown, and each Fresh - man so green in a stud - y so brown.

D.C. al Fine.

- 2 In due time behold me a bold *Sophomore*,
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.,
 When I chaffed all the Freshmen who envied my lore,
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
 Then I tried to forget that I'd e'er been a boy,
 But manhood came slowly my pride to annoy.
 And I lounged through thy halls a great hobble-de-doy;—
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
- 3 Next a *Junior*, I learned that for each undergrad.,
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
 By hard work alone true success can be had,
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
 So with ardour supreme I at last "buckled to,"
 And the true sweets of learning came clearly to view,
 And I quaffed the rich nectar that's furnished by you,—
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
- 4 Can I tell the pride of my *Senior* year?
Chorus.—O McGill! etc.
 How I dangled so long between hope and great fear?
Chorus.—O, McGill! etc.
 But exam's soon all over, and shortly I see
 That I've passed with due honor and gained my degree;
 Then I say as the fair sex look smiling on me,
Chorus.—O, McGill! Alma Mater, Farewell!—
- 5 Here's a song for the *Founder*, who'll ne'er be forgot.
Chorus.—O, McGill! live for ever, McGill!
 Here's the *Chanc'lor* and *Gov'nors*, the whole jolly lot.
Chorus.—O, McGill! Alma Mater, McGill!
 Here's our good *Benefactors* — benevolent elves,
 Here's the *Deans* and *Professors* and *Old Grads.* themselves,
 And last, but not least, here's *our own noble selves.*—
Chorus.—O, McGill! Alma Mater, Farewell!

Song of the Old Boys.

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McGill Revisited.

Words by Prof. JOHN COX.

German Air.

Arr. for MCGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

With dignity.

1. Hail! our dear old seat of learn - ing! Dear - er still to
2. How it warms our ve - ry coc - kles, To re - mem - ber

us re - turn - ing, Af - ter years of toil and strife,
old Soph - ô - cles, Aes - chy - lus and Eurip - i - des,

Man - ly struggle, vig - 'rous life. Sal - ve, Al - ma Ma - ter!
Xen - o - phon and Thucydides, Pla - to, Ar - is - to - tle!

3 Here we grubbed up Mathematics,
Euclid, Algebra and Statics,
Sines, Cosines, Tangents, Secs,
Calculus of Z, Y, X,
Logarithmic/Tables.

4 Lawyers here acquired acumen,
Such as is vouchsafed to few men,
Argued the knotty case,
Practised each legal grace,
Judges in futuro.

5 Doctor's trained to dose and pill us,
Diagnosed each bad bacillus;
Here we dissected Jones,
And studied up our bones,
Muscles, nerves and tissues.

6 Here's the smithy brightly burning,
Lathes and engines wildly turning,
Arc-light here, and Dynamo,
Turbine too, and water-flow,
Emery and Wickstead.

7 Next we trot around the campus,
Puffing now alas! like grampus,
Fight again the football field,
Tell of tugs where none could yield,
Many a mighty record.

8 Dear to us the well-known places,
Dear the old familiar faces.
So, ye sons of old McGill,
Rouse the chorus with a will:
Salve, Alma Mater!

Eliza.

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Words by Wm. McLENNAN, Law '80.

Marcato.

p

1. 'Tis years a - go since I came to McGill, And 'twas all on account of E -
 2. I flattered my - self I was formed for the Law, Which delighted the charm - ing E -

- li - za, And in spite of time, I'm fixed here still, And the
 - li - za, I'd a fair - ish head, And a stronger jaw, As I'd

mf

name of my girl's still E - li - za. I al - ways wished for a
 of - ten remarked to E - li - za. I at - tended the Courts where

Eliza. Continued.

a tempo.

high de - gree, For a D. C. L., or an L. L. D. Which
 Jus - tice sits, I stuck to my of - fice and cop - ied the writs, And

rit.

ev - er came first 'twas the same to me, And precise - ly the same to E - li - za.
 ground at the Codes, till I muddled my wits, And all on ac - connt of E - li - za.

f

f

Chorus on next page.

3 I found in time that the Law was dry,
 Although approved by Eliza;
 I found that before the Court I was shy,
 Although not so with Eliza.
 So I said—"My love, you must clearly see,
 I've a soul above a lawyer's fee,
 Now what do you say to a real M. D.?"
 "All right, my dear", said Eliza.

Cho. All right my dear, all right my love,
 All right, my dear, said Eliza,
 M. D. appears much higher than B,
 C. L., responded Eliza.

4 So I cut and sawed with a hearty will—
 And all on account of Eliza;
 Although at first I was often ill,
 To the great distress of Eliza.
 I wore a skull in a black necktie,
 I smoked when 'twas wet, and I drank when
 'twas dry,
 But at the Exam I was "plucked on the fly,"
 Which I couldn't explain to Eliza.

Cho. 'Twas so hard to explain, I could hardly
 explain,
 I couldn't explain to Eliza, [fly]
 So the reason why I was "plucked on the
 Is still unexplained to Eliza.

5 Having thus been left by the Meds. in the
 lurch,
 To the great disgust of Eliza,
 I determined to have a go at the Church,
 And was well backed up by Eliza,
 I gave up the world, and the flesh, and the D—
 Which never had any temptations for me,
 For a thorough Parson now I'd be—
 And all on account of Eliza.

Cho. All on account, all on account,
 All on account of Eliza,
 For a thorough Parson I would be—
 And all on account of Eliza.

6 But I found alas! that the world was fair—
 Which was due somewhat to Eliza;
 That linen as a shirt was better, than hair—
 "And cleaner too," said Eliza.
 So I cut the Church, and now I'm free,
 To take B. A. or some other degree,
 And I'm sure you'll all agree with me—
 If I leave the choice to Eliza.

Cho. "Eliza, my dear! Eliza, my girl!
 Now's your chance, my Eliza!
 You've got the choice, you're entirely
 free—
 So put him through, dear Eliza!"

Eliza. Continued.

CHORUS.
SOPRANOS.

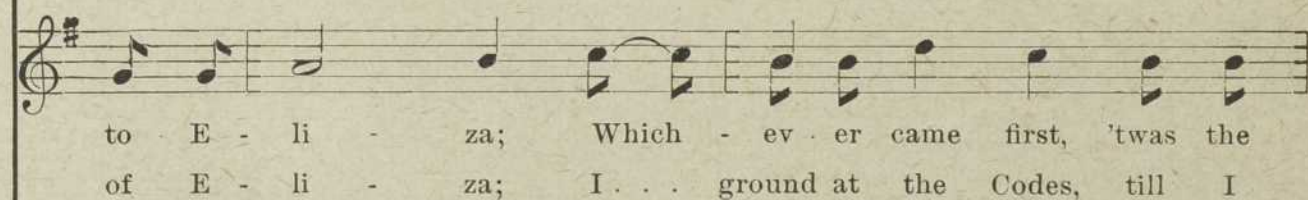
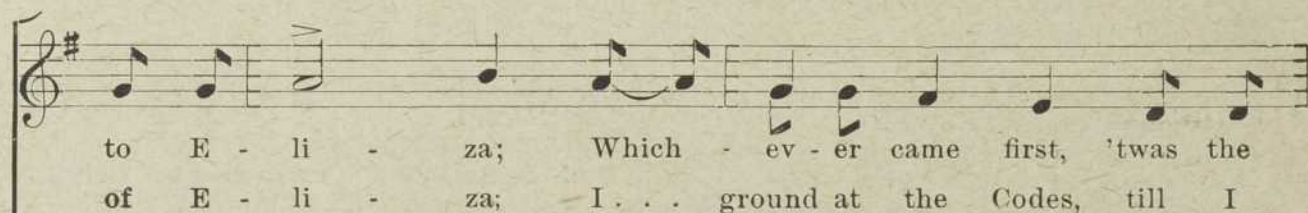
1. Exact - ly the same, precise - ly the same, Quite, quite the same
2. All on ac-count, all on ac-count, All on ac-count

TENORS.



1. Exact - ly the same, precise - ly the same, Quite, quite the same
2. All on ac-count, all on ac-count, All on ac-count

BASSES.



Eliza. Concluded.

same to me, And pre-cise - ly the same to E - li - za.
muddled my wits, And all on ac-count of E - li - za.

same to me, And pre-cise - ly the same to E - li - za.
muddled my wits, And all on ac-count of E - li - za.

f *ff*

Our College Home.

341

p Andante.

1. Mc - GILL, boys, is the home we prize; We'll lift her
CHORUS. We'll ne'er for - get these hap - py days; Though soon, a -

glo - ry to the skies; Where-e'er we go, we'll speak her
las, their spell is o'er; Where-e'er we meet in days to

Chorus.

name, Re - cord it on the book of fame.
come, We'll be, as now, good friends once more.

2 We love her walls, we love her halls,
Though oft we've met with funks and falls;
The road to learning, well we know,
Is hard, and must be travelled slow.—*Cho.*

3 We love our grave and generous profs,
For them no bitter taunts or scoffs;
But patience as a virtue rare,
We sometimes give a chance to air.—*Cho.*

4 Long may our *Alma Mater* stand,
Her worth be known in every land;
And may her sons remember still,
To love and honor old McGill.—*Cho.*

The Proctor and the Dons.

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Words and Music by J. G. Montreal.

Allegro.
SOLO. *f* CHORUS. SOLO.

1. Oh! the Proc-tor and the Dons and the Sophs; And the Sophs; Took an

ear - ly morn - ing walk for their coughs; For their coughs; And they

marched to Côte St. Luc, With - out wa - ter - proof or tuque, Af - ter

get - ting up quite ear - ly in the morn - ing. And they

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The vocal line is in a single treble clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is marked 'Allegro' and includes dynamic markings such as 'SOLO.', 'f CHORUS.', and 'SOLO.'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

The Proctor and the Dons. Continued.

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "marched to Côte St. Luc, with - out wa - ter - proof or tuque, Af - ter get - ting up quite ear - ly in the morn - ing."

2 Oh, they marched to Côte St. Luc in "exc'lent form,"
 "Exc'lent form,"
 Never dreaming of a fierce impending storm,
 'Pending storm;
 Till a rumbling in the West
 Stirred the doughty Proctor's breast,
 After getting up quite early in the morning.
Cho.—Till a rumbling in the West, etc.

3 "Gentleman," said he, "this storm we must evade,
 Must evade;
 Let us seek the classic shelter of a shade,
 Of a Shade;
 For a wetting through would be
 An extreme calamitie,
 After getting up quite early in the morning."
Cho.—For a wetting through, etc.

4 "An *extreme* calamitie," the Proctor said,
 Proctor said;
 "We should have to ask the assistance of a Med.,
 of a Med. ;
 And he'd stuff us at his will
 With his bolus and his pill,
 After getting up quite early in the morning.
Cho.—And he'd stuff us, etc.

The Proctor and the Dons. Concluded.

5 Then the Proctor and the Dons and the Sophs.,
 And the Sophs.,
 Much regretted having ventured with their coughs,
 With their coughs;
 And although they ran "in form,"
 They were "picked up" by the storm,
 After getting up quite early in the morning.
Cho.—And although they ran, etc.

6 Oh, the Proctor "spurted" up to forty-two,
 Forty-two,
 But the *aqua pura* wet them through and through,
 Through and through;
 And they had to fetch a Med.,
 Who soon dosed them into bed,
 After getting up quite early in the morning.
Cho.—And they had to fetch, etc.

* *Moral.* 7 Now let every gentle Soph. of McGill,
 Of McGill,
 Shun the stony-hearted Meddy with his pill,
 With his pill;
 Never march to Côte St. Lue,
 Without waterproof or tuque,
 After getting up quite early in the morning.
Cho.—Never march, etc.

* The word *Moral* to be spoken.

A Professor's Lot.

Words by W. McLENNAN, Law '80.

AIR—"Policemen's Chorus, Pirates of Penzance."

I.
 When we see a lazy student overworking,
 When he only talks of "Honors in the Call,"
 In our breast a grave suspicion is a-lurking,
 And we feel it's mostly gammon after all.
 If you want to raise the whirlwind, only tax
 him
 With what he most improperly calls "fun,"
 And then you'll feel the full force of the
 maxim—
 "A Professor's lot is not a happy one."

Chorus
 When any cribbing duty's to be done,
 A Professor's lot is not a happy one.

II.
 When he's finished with his wild and foolish
 courses,
 Some say the hardest studies he'll affect,
 And seek the stream Pierian at its sources,
 But we hardly think the statement is
 correct.

And as for "overpressure," all that croaking
 Is the greatest fraud that's underneath the
 sun,
 And they all make with their wooden-headed
 joking
 A Professor's lot a most unhappy one.—
 Chorus.

III.
 Still, bless their hearts! we don't bear any
 malice,
 And, when they're playing foot-ball on the
 "grig,"
 We say, "Well, Old McGill is not a palace,
 And we'd sooner have a student than a
 "prig."
 In the holidays from May until September,
 When we "loaf" and take it easy in the sun,
 Who would or could at such a time remember
 A Professor's lot is not a happy one.
 —Chorus.

One Song Before We Part, Boys.

Moderato

Words and Music by A. WEIR, Sc. '86.

1 One song be - fore we part, boys, And let the ech - oes.
 2 An oth - er race is run, boys, On learn - ing's rug - ged
 3 We'll sail the heel - ing yacht, boys, Or fish in sil - very

ring. It comes from ev - ery heart, boys, And that's the way to sing. An -
 way, And now the rush is done boys, We'll have a lit - tle play. Good -
 brooks, Or seek when days are hot, boys, The wood - land's sha - dy nooks. The

1st time Solo, Repeat in Chorus.

oth - er year has pass'd a - way, An - oth - er grind is o'er And we are go - ing
 bye to ev - 'ry pond'rous tome Whose contents make us ill We're off to taste the
 rug - ged hill sides we will climb, Or pic - nic in the glen And, boys, we'll have a

home to - day, Are go - ing home once more. An more.
 joys of home, Fare - well, fare - well, Mc - Gill. Good Gill
 jol - ly time, Be - fore we meet a - gain. The gain.

D

The Christmas Graduate.

345

Moderato e tranquillo.

1. A poor lit - tle Fresh-man lay dy - ing, And

p

as on his death - bed he lay, To the

stud - ents a - round him all sigh - ing, These

last dy - ing words he did say:

The Christmas Graduate. (Concluded)

CHORUS.

Wrap me up in my old sheet of fools-cap, fools-cap, And say a poor

rit. e dim. a tempo.

duf - fer lies low, lies low, And six venge-ful profs all shall car-ry me,

p mf

carry me, With jub - il - ant face - s a - glow.

Had I the brains of blue stockings,
To honours first-class would I soar,
Straight for the Chapman Gold Medal,
A classical genius what's more.

Cho. Wrap me up in my Latin Lambics, etc.

Then get you my poor, plucky papers,
Put them down at my head and my toe,
And an "Eversharp" get you and scratch there,
"Here lies a poor duffer below".

Cho. Wrap me up in my old greek alcaics, etc.

And write you no odious odes now,
The horrors of Horace I know,
And get you six jolly good students,
To elegize duffers below.

Cho. Wrap me up in my vapid Greek proses, etc.

And then in the rush of next session,
While April Exams. hover near,
And the horrors of failing appal you
Warning take from this poor duffer here.

Cho. Wrap me up in my old sheets of foolscap, etc.

It's a Way We Have at McGill, Boys.

ADAPTED.

Allegro moderato.

First system of piano introduction. Treble clef, bass clef, 6/8 time signature, key signature of one flat. Dynamics include *p*.

Second system of piano introduction. Dynamics include *cres.* and *f*.

AIR.

Tenor vocal line. Lyrics: 1. It's a way we have at Mc-Gill, boys, It's a way we have at Mc

TENOR.

Bass vocal line. Lyrics: 1. It's a way we have at Mc-Gill, boys, It's a way we have at Mc

BASS.

Piano accompaniment for the vocal section. Dynamics include *p*.

FINE.

Second part of the Tenor vocal line. Lyrics: - Gill, boys, It's a way we have at Mc-Gill, boys, To drive dull-care a - way

Second part of the Bass vocal line. Lyrics: Gill, boys, It's a way we have at Mc-Gill, boys, To drive dull care a - way.

FINE.

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal part. Dynamics include *f*.

FINE.

Final piano conclusion. Dynamics include *f*.

It's a Way We Have at McGill, Boys. Concluded.

CODA.

To drive dull care a - way, To drive dull care a way, It's a
To drive dull care a - way, To drive dull care a way, It's a
CODA. It's a

CODA

p

'Tis Really Very Unpleasant.

Words by A. WEIR, SC. '86.

AIR.—*So early in the morning*

1 When you go up to Mol-son Hall, And face the grim Pro-fes-sors all, Yet
are not a - ble to re - call, A sin - gle for - mu - la, 'Tis
real - ly ver - y un - pleas - ant, 'Tis real - ly ver - y un - pleas - ant, 'Tis
real ly ver - y un - pleas ant, But it can't be helped, you know.

II.

When we are wandering home at night,
Singing our songs with all our might,
We wake the people who delight
To hear our serenade.—*Chorus.*

III.

And when the policeman leaves his beat,
And dashes wildly down the street,
He'll hear some "freshies" nimble feet
Ring out the wild reply.—*Chorus.*

IV.

When on the frozen pond you skate,
And it gives way beneath your weight,
You'll find—but only when too late—
There's water underneath.—*Chorus.*

V.

And if you see a hornet's nest,
I think you'll find it much the best,
To plot a curve a little west
Of that exciting spot.—*Chorus.*

VI.

You see a yelling, panting pack,
Tear o'er the ice and poke and whack,
And knock some fellow on his back—
This is a hockey match.—*Chorus.*

VII.

And if you venture in ungowned
Where P. holds sway, it will be found
That his sweet accents will resound—
"A stranger's in the room."—*Chorus.*

To the Past Now Turn Your Faces.

218

Lively.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8.

To the past now turn your faces. To the dead your glasses

The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

fill. While a reverent hand now traces. . . . The name we hon-our

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

still. Let us rise up in our places. As we

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

To the Past Now Turn Your Faces (Concluded)

drink to Old Mc - Gill Let us rise up in our

places, As we drink to Old Mc - Gill.

2

We'll sing of our gracious Mother,
 Let "McGill! McGill!" resound,
 May she e'er have sons to love her,
 May her name and fame redound,
 With a future bright above her.
 And her faithful sons around.

3

And now that our song has crown'd her,
 We'll sing of the well-tried few,
 Who, when troubles have gathered round her,
 Have borne her safely through;
 And we join with the praise of the Founder,
 One name that is ever true.

Founder's Festival.

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Harold Eustace Key.

ALLEGRO

mf Come sing we now right mer - ri - ly the praise of old Mc - Gill, ——— To the
 hon - our of its Foun - der full bump - ers let us fill, ——— Let all our voic - es
 join, his mer - its to ex - tol, ——— Who to Ac - a - dem - us' shades has left free
 ac - cess to us all; ——— Nay, let there be none lack - ing, whilst thus our prais - es
 ring, ——— But let each one a loy - al heart to Al - ma Ma - ter bring. ——— For

Copyright by Harold Eustace Key:—

Founder's Festival. (Concluded)

REFRAIN. *Slower*

p ne'er in-side our hon - oured walls has he a place - to fill, Who

brings not fame and hon - our to the Foun - der of Mc - Gill.

rit.

But once a year we gather and celebrate the day,
 In song, good cheer and gladness, and hearty student's lay;
 Old friends we meet and welcome back with jovial hearts once more,
 For they bring to fond remembrance the happy days of yore.
 So the day we E'er shall cherish which unites us to the past;
 And in the hearts and minds of all long may its memories last.

REFRAIN.

Then in three hearty ringing cheers our voices we'll up-raise
 And sound the honour of McGill and our old founder's praise;
 Wide may all our Collegians' fame abound throughout the land;
 And may our friends both near and far extend a bounteous hand,
 That the students of some future years may richer blossoms reap,
 And worthier of our Founder his festal day may keep.

REFRAIN

Come Fill Your Glasses

350

Arranged by H. E. K

1. Come, fill your glass - es up to Mc - Gill, — Mc - Gill, — Mc -
 2. Come, sing a joy - ous song to Mc - Gill, — Mc - Gill, — Mc -

- Gill, — Come drink a lov - ing cup to Mc - Gill, — Mc -
 - Gill, — Sing as we march a - long to Mc - Gill, — Mc -

- Gill, — Mc - Gill, — We will drink the wine to - night, —
 - Gill, — Mc - Gill — We will meet them on the field, —

Drink the wine that makes hearts light, — Come, fill your
 We will make our riv - als yield, — Vic t'ry shall

glass - es up to Mc - Gill, — Mc - Gill, — Mc - Gill.
 crown the shield of Mc - Gill, — Mc - Gill, — Mc - Gill.

Stars of the Summer Night.

Specially arranged for THE MCGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

Moderato.

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon a - zure deeps,

GUITAR.

Hide yide your gold - en light; She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps. *pp*

rall. *pp*

- 2 Moon of the summer night,
Far down yon western steep,
Sink, sink in silver light;
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.
- 3 Wind of the summer night,
Where yonder woodbine creeps
Fold, fold your pinions light:
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.
- 4 Dreams of the summer night,
Tell her her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumber light
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Here's a Health to Thee, McGill.

352

Words and Music by Lucy Elenor Jewett.

Here's a health to thee, Mc - Gill! | Plen-ty and Peace and

Power, Thy sons and daughters thrill to hear Thy call round the world this

hour A hundr - ed years thou hast proud - ly stood un - a - frlaid on Mount - Roy - al's

slope And a hundred com - ing years shall see Thy still great Ca - na - da's

hope. Thine shall be the crown - ing love, The de - sire of our hearts a -

- far: And our children's children shall look to thee To be their guid - ing

DELAIR GRAY

Here's a Health to Thee, McGill. (Continued)

ff
 star. Our children's children shall look to thee To be their guid - ing

a tempo
 star. Here's a health to thee, Mc - Gill! All joy with thee a -

ritard.
ff *ritard.*
 - bide; Thy daunt - less glo - ry fills the air, Our be - lov - ed and our pride!

A hundred years thou hast proudly stood
 Unafraid on Mount Royal's slope
 And a hundred coming years shall see
 Thee still great Canada's hope

Thine shall be the crowning love,
 The desire of our hearts afar:
 And our children's children shall look to thee
 To be their guiding star.

Here's a health to thee, McGill,
 All joy with thee abide;
 Thy dauntless glory fills the air,
 Our beloved and our pride.

The 'Varsity Under the Hill.

353

Words and Music by J. G. (Montreal.)

1. I've trav-elled a bit since the days When I laboured and delv d at Mc -

Gill, . . . But where ev - er I've been, no place have I seen Like the

'Var - si - ty un - der the Hill, . . . Oh, the halls with the queer lit - tle

cu - po - la, The spot we all know as Mc - GILL! . . . You may

The 'Varsity Under the Hill. Concluded.

go where you like, no place can you strike Like the 'Varsi - ty un - der the Hill! . .

CHORUS.

Oh, the halls with the queer lit - tle cu - po - la, The

spot we all know as Mc - GILL! . . . You may go where you like, no

place can you strike, Like the 'Var - si - ty un - der the Hill! . .

2 I've visited lands afar off,
Their pleasures enjoyed at my will;
But my heart ever yearned, as my thoughts
to it turned,
For the 'Varsity under the Hill.—*Cho.*

3 To Oxford and Cambridge I've been,
St. Andrews and Dublin, but still,
I'm free to confess, I think none the less
Of the 'Varsity under the Hill.—*Cho.*

4 I visited Heidelberg, too,
Ferrara and Berne and Seville,
Vienna and Pesth, but still I love best
The 'Varsity under the Hill.—*Cho.*

5 So we'll pledge her in bumpers to-night,
The pride of our heart, Old McGill!
And our glasses shall clink as we lovingly
drink
To the 'Varsity under the Hill.—*Cho.*

Song of The Faculty of Arts

354

Words and Music by E. Wallace Willard, Jr., (Arts. 23)

Edited by H. E. K.

When James McGill set out to found a Un - i - ver - sit - y. _____ He

- oft en used to won - der just what sort of place t'would be. _____ But

when he rea - soned to himself with in his heart of hearts, _____ He

knew the proud est thing would be the Fac - ul - ty of Arts. _____

CHORUS

Arts, _____ Arts, _____ a won - der - ful place is Arts. So _____

Song of The Faculty of Arts (Concluded)

ban - ish cares and trou - bles till the dawn - ing. We shall

pass the bowl a - long. Then we'll sing a joy - ous song, 'Cause we

don't get up for lec - tures in the morn - ing. - ing.

First Time. 2nd Time.

II

In Law the students all attempt to learn to try a case.
 In Science men are taught just how to fill a plumber's place.
 The Meds are out to heal the sick, the deaf, the dumb, the blind,
 While Arts men with hypotheses all leave the world behind.

III

Arts is the centre of all things, the pivot-pin, the key,
 Queen-regnant of the Faculties in this our 'Varsity.
 So do not cavil, breth-e-ren, when we our glasses fill
 To drink a rousing health to Arts, the hub of Old McGill.

Art's Song.

355

Words by Wm. M. MacKeracher, Arts '80.
Vivace.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time, key of D major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *f*, *p*, and *ff*.

1. Let oth - ers vaunt their Fac - ul - ties and boast their bet - ter parts, But
2. We've got McGill's time-hallowed halls, her childhood's home, where first Her

The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is on two staves below. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and chords in the left hand. Dynamics include *mf*.

we will sing, our tri - bute bring, to the Fac - ul - ty of Arts, And
glow - ing gen - ius spar - kled and her stur - dy strength was nursed; Our

The vocal line continues with lyrics. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous section, providing harmonic support for the vocal melody.

we con - sid - er, we've a right to make a lit - tle noise For we've
col - lege flag, her country's flag, 'tis ours to guard and own As we

The vocal line concludes with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues to support the vocal melody until the end of the piece.

Art's Song. Concluded.

CHORUS.

got the fin - est Fac - ul - ty, no doubt a - bout it Boys. M—
sit and reign, the mon - arch, on Mc - Gill's old moun - tain throne.

C— G— I— L— L— a thrill thro' each true spir - it starts, For

what's the mat - ter with old Mc Gill And the Fac - ul - ty of Arts? For

D.C.

what's the mat - ter with old Mc - Gill, And the Fac - ul - ty of Arts?

D.C.

3 We have the source of greatness and we have the fount of pride
As we have the spring that bubbles from the mountain's rocky side,
That gentle scholar knight who's worth a score of dukes and earls;
We've poets and philosophers, and then—we have the girls.—*Cho.*

4 The wonders of the universe let Science still reveal,
Let Medicine, by Nature taught, all mortal ailments heal,
Let Law advance, by Justice led, by Liberty confined—
'Tis ours to train the Faculties, 'tis ours to form the mind.—*Cho.*

5 We have no feud with Medicine, with Science, or with Law;
They've all of them the finest lot that college ever saw:
The boys of all the Faculties, we greet them with goodwill,
For we're fellows, and we're brothers, and we're sons of Old McGill.—*Cho.*

Applied Science.

356

Allegretto moderato.

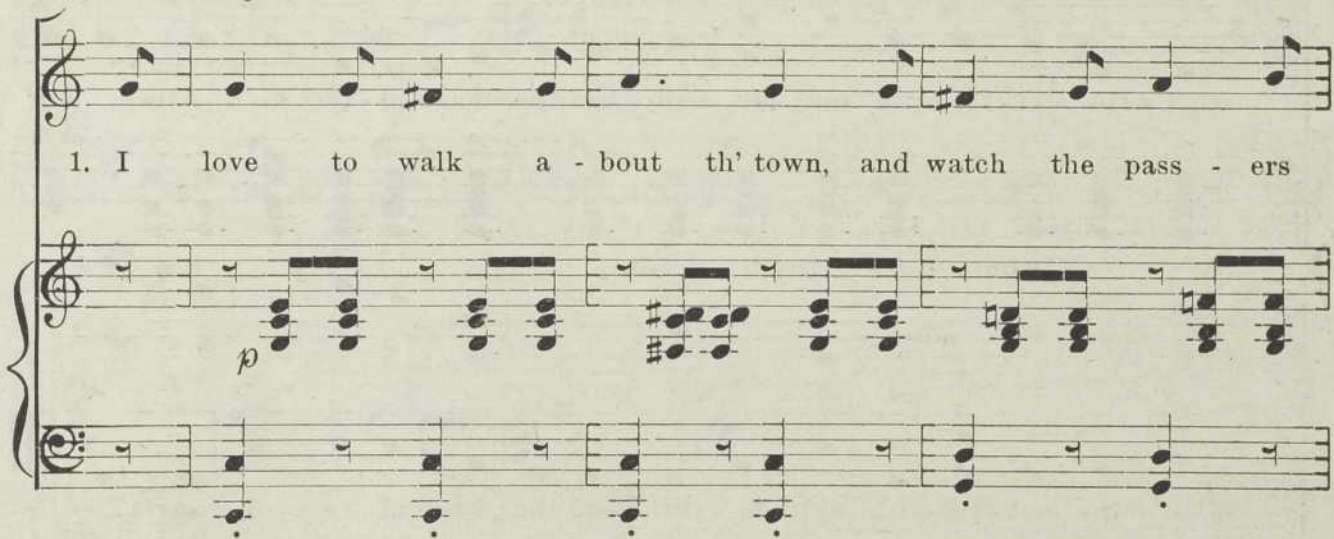


mf e leg.

8va



f



1. I love to walk a - bout th' town, and watch the pass - ers



by: I love to chaff a snob who thinks, he

Applied Science. Continued.

owns the earth and sky: I love to have the



ready cash, when duns per - sis - tent call, But

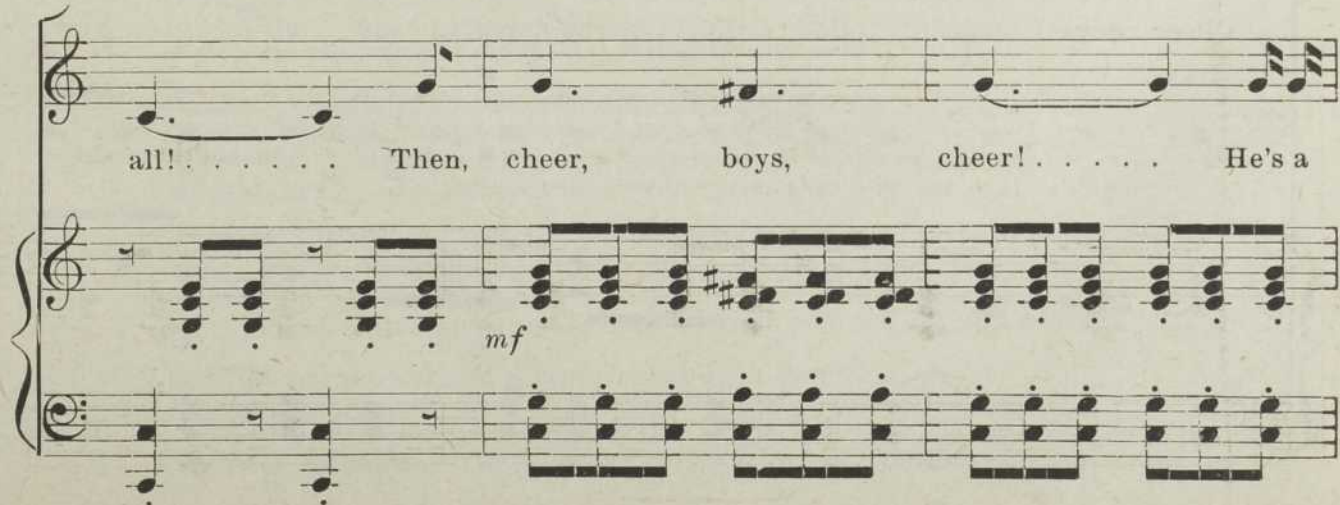


Sci - ence, won - drous Sci - ence, I love a - bove them



all! Then, cheer, boys, cheer! He's a

mf



Applied Science. Continued.

traï - tor who dares to say no! And still up-on Sci-ence, We'll

place our re - liance, For Sci - ence is now all the go!

CHORUS.
SOPRANO.

Cheer boys, cheer! . . He's a traï - tor who dares to say no! And

ALTO.

TENOR.

Cheer boys, cheer! . . He's a traï - tor who dares to say no! And

BASS.

Applied Science. Concluded.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has four staves: two vocal staves (treble clef) and two piano accompaniment staves (grand staff). The vocal lines are identical and contain the lyrics: "still up-on Science, We'll place our reliance, For Sci-ence is now all the go!". The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The second system also has four staves, with the vocal staves continuing the melody and the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *8va* and *f*.

- 2 Old Zeus hurled forth his thunderbolts, and split the rocks and trees,
We put the bolts in harness now, and work them as we please.
His lightning played above the clouds; we catch them on the fly,
And run them under oceans deep, and over mountains high!— *Cho.*
- 3 Some read about old Vulcan; his skill and might they praise;
But if he saw our Workman shops, he'd stagger in amaze.
A weary wight, he worked till night, from morning's earliest beam:
We sing with joy as time goes by, for now we work with steam! — *Cho.*
- 4 Oh sweet is the analysis of Virgil's classic lines:
Here lies the graceful dactyl, and the spondee there reclines;
But while some scan each flowing line, and ponder o'er the verse,
We coolly analyze the stars, and weigh the universe! — *Cho.*
- 5 Though Alexander was a swell of glory and renown,
He couldn't run a level, nor yet lay a roadbed down;
And when he sighed for other worlds to conquer, don't you see
He couldn't build a steamer that would bear him o'er the sea: — *Cho.*
- 6 "Solomon's Mines" were all a hoax; but what could be expected?
There was no "Science Faculty", so training was neglected.
But send a graduate from McGill, and quicker than you knew,
He'd find the mine and precious stones, and p'rhaps old Solomon too! — *Cho.*
- 7 Still we are not a boastful race, but simple, honest fellows;
So come along, our "Artist" friends, and prithee don't be jealous.
We'll give three cheers for old McGill, our Alma Mater true,
And one more cheer for Science dear, before we say adieu! — *Cho.*

Come and see our Halls of Science.

357

Music by B. J. HARRINGTON, Ph., D.

With vigor.

1. Come and see our Halls of Sci - ence, Fitted up with each ap -
3. Drills and plan - ers here are plen - ty, Saws and ham - mers more than

pli - - ance, For teach - ing self - re - li - ance to the
twen - - ty, Lathes to turn out gob - lets emp - - ty, And

youth - ful en - gin - eer. 2. Round the for - ges play at
wâr - rant - ed not to sell. CHORUS. All the cost - ly ap - par -

Come and see our Halls of Science. Concluded.

pok - er At the Boil - ers act the Stok - er, From our
a - tus, That is meant to el - - e - vate us, To the

midst e - ject the croak - er, Tem-pered well we'll sure - ly be.
in - tel - lect - ual stat - us Ne - ces - sa - ry for de - grees.

II.

1. Monstrous Engines, steam and gaseous
Wait us, if we walk audacious—
Standing black and grim, O gracious!
In the "Lab." called "Thermodyme."
2. For those who are Bucolics
There is nothing like Hydraulics,
With tanks not made for frolics,
And pipes not made to smoke.
3. Now, for fear we make frail Bridges,
Only fit to carry midges,
Or construct them too prodigious,
We test these bits of iron.—*Cho.*

III.

1. Oh! What would have said our Grandpères,
If they heard of Volts and Ampères?
Their courage would be *Nowheres*
Before our Dynamo.
2. Accurately can we measure
The effect of every pressure

And, if we've sufficient leisure,
Of an inch the millionth part.

3. Without a palpitation
We determine Gravitation
And discover each relation
Of Litre and Metre and Gramme.—*Cho.*

IV.

1. Physic's Building over yonder,
With attention let us ponder,
Up and down and round let's wander,
In search of Lecture Hall.
2. Come on, you'll be astounded
How noise can be expounded,
Light and Heat kept unconfounded
By experiments made here,

Final Chorus.

Now to turn out men of cunning,
Were ever Halls so stunning?
By noble men kept running
Hurrah for Old McGill!!

T. J. A. M.

The Meds of Old McGill.

358

Words by F. M. FERON.

J. WILSON.

Allegro moderato

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a rhythmic melody of eighth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

SOLO.

The solo section features a vocal line with two verses and piano accompaniment. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, and the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

1. At Mount Roy - al's no - ble feet, There you'll find our
2. We will in - tro - duce you here, To our jol - ly

TUTTI.

The tutti section features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, and the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

grand re - treat, For we are the Meds of old Mc - Gill,
Fresh - man year, And we are the Meds of old Mc - Gill,

SOLO.

The solo section features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, and the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

By our Al - ma Ma - ter's side, We will stand what -
When their cries sound loud and clear, Then the Profs a

The Meds of Old McGill. Continued.

TUTTI.

- e'er be - tide, For we are the Meds of old Me - Gill.
slope may fear, For they are the Meds of old Me - Gill.

SOLO.

Law, and Sci - ence, al - so Arts, Of Mc-Gill form no-ble parts, While Do-
Now to Sec - ond year you come, They're the lads to make things hum, And our

nal - das her dear heart with pride o'er - fill; But the Meds, those jol - ly boys,
halls they fill with mu - sic's mer - ry thrill, Then those grand old songs we hear,

TUTTI.

Are the greatest of her joys, And we are the Meds of old Me - Gill.
That to us are ev - er dear, For we are the Meds of old Me - Gill.

The Meds of Old McGill. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then boys, march on, shoul-der to shoul-der, A - mong Meds let there be

but good will, And wher-ev - er we may go, We are proud that

all should know, That we are the Meds of old Mc - Gill.

3 Here our Third year you behold,
 By past victories made bold,
 And they are the Meds of old McGill.
 Though once more they must retreat,
 From a front to a back seat,
 Yet they are the Meds of old McGill.
 Both their songs and talk are gay,
 They from lectures slope away;
 How they broke through prim'ry's shell, tell
 you, they will,
 Though the Profs are not to blame,
 Still they got there just the same.
 For they are the Meds of old McGill.—*Cho.*

4 Now the last ones to appear,
 Are the boys of our Fourth year,
 And they are the Meds of old McGill.
 Though they leave us in the Spring,
 With true pride they'll ever sing,
 That they are the Meds of old McGill.
 You will always find them true
 To McGill boys and to you,
 And your Souvenir their hearts with joy
 shall fill;
 Still their first thoughts e'er shall be,
 Dear old Medicine of thee,
 For they are the Meds of old McGill.—*Cho*

Madelin.

359

"Venetian Air."

Arranged for THE MCGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

2 When high the waves are rolling,
Madelin!
When loud the storm is howling,
Madelin!
Oh! then I'll think of thee
When the billows high are raving,
And the danger I am braving,
Madelin!

3 When o'er the swelling ocean,
Madelin!
I view with warm emotion,
Madelin!
My own dear native shore;
To thy cottage, beaming brightly,
I will haste with footsteps lightly,
Madelin!

Mary Jane.

By W. McLENNAN, Law '80.

1 My head is lightly bounding,
Mary Jane, Mary Jane.
My dexter ear is sounding
As in pain, Mary Jane.
My college year is gone:
I am done with cribs and swotting,
Early prayers and lecture trotting
Mary Jane, Come again!

2 When the bowler, fiercely bowling,
Mary Jane, Mary Jane.
With a facer sends you howling
In your pain, Mary Jane.

Oh *then* I think of thee!
When the cribber at his cribbing
'S caught and finds no good in fibbing.
Do you catch? Mary Jane.

3 Now a prodigal I'm stumping
Mary Jane, Mary Jane.
And I'm not exactly humping
O'er the plain, Mary Jane.
To home and parents stern.
You can bet your boots, my honey
It doesn't *now* seem funny
To be plucked! Mary Jane.

360

Denistry

Words and Music by CECIL FRENCH, *Classics '94.*

mf

mf

1. Of

all pro - fess - ions in the world It is of course ex - pect - ed, We

p

think ours is by far the best With all the sport con - nect - ed, What

f

Dentistry Concluded

eye and judgment it re-quires, As well as nerve and mus-cle, When

mf

we sometimes in haste are called, With e-quine strength to tussle. We're

CHORUS.

Dents Dents - Dents And proud of our pro-fess-ion, We'll

mf

drink our fill to old Me-Gill, With joy at ev-'ry sess-ion.

rall.

Dentistry. (Concluded)

2 Now there's the cheeky Freshman,
With his eye the "Sophs" a scanning,
While in his light and empty head
An answer he is planning.
He knows it all, he's sure of that
At least down home they told him;
He makes a break, gets left, and thinks
That Silence oft is golden.—*Cho*

3 The "Soph." he's quiet, he's wiser now,
He finds he doesn't know it:
He's sobered down, he's lost his cheek,
At least he doesn't show it.
He's got to plug, he know just that,
It pays best to be steady,
And when the balmy Spring comes round,
Exams will find him ready.—*Cho*.

4 The senior year of well-tryed men
New theories are exploring,
And, with the wings of zeal outspread,
In realms of Science soaring.
When graduating, thoughts will rise
Of parting on the morrow,
But consciousness of honors won
Will drive away all sorrow.—*Cho*.

5 Alas, so many fail to think
Our poor, dumb friends have feeling,
When-with jaws stuffed with cotton-wool
They ask us for our healing.
So let us do all things with tact,
Made by McGill thus wiser,
Gently a molar to extract
Or plug up an incisor.

All Hail MacDonald.

368

Moderato

ANON.

1. All hail, Mac-don - ald! We sing to thee.

Fair - est of col-leg-es: Give her threetimes three! Long may we cher- ish her,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Faith - ful we'll be. Mac - don - ald's the Col-lege for you and me.

2. Strong as the Ottawa past thee doth flow,
Forth from thy portals shall thy children go,
Never forgetting thee or thy good fame.
Macdonald, we'll conquer by force of thy name.

*3. All hail, Macdonald! Though gone from thee,
Sweetest of memories always thou wilt be.
Thou gav'st us knowledge, courage, and friends,
And though we have left thee thy gift never ends.

(Graduation ceremonies, or Alumni gatherings.)

What's the Matter with our Team?

363

Air: - "What's the matter with Father."

Specially Arranged for the McGill Song Book.

What's the mat ter with John Doe He's All right.
What's gone wrong with Var - si ty? They look sad

What's the matter with Dick Roe? He's all right.
What did we do to Queen's team? Too darned bad Cho. Now

all you fellows from Old McGill. Come cheer that team till their hearts do thrill.

What's the matter with our team? They're all right!
in.

Split The Difference

364

SOMEWHAT SLOWLY

VOICE

PIANO

Dans la pa - roisse de

Grand Bru - lé, De place w'ere I was born in, In fif - ty - six de mont' was May, 'Bout

'alf pas' five one morn - in'; I was de firs' one in de crowd of heighteen, nine-teen,

twen - ty, Dat make my fad - er h'aw - ful proud For see his child so plen - ty.

CHORUS. *Faster*

Dat make ma fad - er h'aw - ful proud For see his child so plen - ty, plen - ty.

Split The Difference (Concluded)

II.

W'en I go hup for make my law
 I don' go h'on Laval, sir,
 Dat make me row wid my *papa*
Mais ça, ça, m'est égal, sir.
 Bagosh! I soon make h'up my min'
 De h'English, *dats* de knowledge
 An' dats the reason dat you fin'
 Me 'ere, on McGill College.

CHORUS :—An' dats de reason dat you fin'
 Me 'ere, on McGill College.

III.

My gran'modder she h'always say....
 'Er name's Malvina Claire....
 "Jean Louis Pouliot, you'l don' forget
 You're *enfant de ton père!*
 Your fadder 'e's no gentleman
 'E work one day to h'odder,
 'E pay 'es way so long 'e can,
 An' den 'e never bodder."

CHORUS :—'E pay'es way so long 'e can
 An' den 'e never bodder.

IV.

Laval, McGill, McGill, Laval
 Mey bot, was dead an' bury ;—
Je crois pour eux, c'est bien égal
 Now dey are 'cross de Ferry.
 A. B., B. A., w'atever way
 You spell 'im dat spells trouble;
 An' s'pose you'll not work 'ard to-day
 To-morrow you work double!

Chorus :—An' s'pose you'll not work 'ard
 to-day.

To-morrow you work double!

V.

My h'oldes' son I guess 'e'll went
 To college on Laval, sir,
 Dat make de h'ol' man pleasurement,
Et ça, ça m'est égal, sir.....
 'Urrah, 'Urrah, jus' one more *coup*
 To wet de tree of knowledge.
 'Ere's luck to you w'en you get t'rough
 No matter w'at your college!

Chorus :—'Ere's luck to you w'en you get
 t'rough
 No matter w'at your college!

Of Course. (Parody)

365

Words by JULIET WILBUR TOMKINS,
in the Vassar Miscellany.

Music by DR. B. J. HARRINGTON.

Allegro. SOLO.

1. A

CHORUS. SOLO.

cul - tured youth came to Mc-Gill. Of course All
 prof. soon cast a glad some eye. of course Up
 - A - min - a - tion time came round. Of course The

CHORUS. SOLO.

day. He toiled with daunt-less will. Of course he
 - on this in - fant prod - i - gy. Of course They
 brain - y in - fant slum - bered sound. Of course Be -

Of Course. Concluded. (Parody)

ne - ver had learned the taste of beer, and looked on things world-ly with
pat - ted his shoul der, and told him to try, To be grea - ter than New - ton, 'to
- neath the green turf, for he tried to stretch His - in - fi - ni - tes - i - mal

f CHORUS.
naught but a sneer, so his fel - lows con - sid - ered him slight - ly queer; Of
un rav - el pi, and wiped the tear from his schol - ar - ly eye; Of
brain poor wretch And the ob - vi - ous hap - pened when sol - ids you stretch Of

1st SOLO. last verse.
course!
course!
course!

2. Each course!
3. Ex - course!
course!

James McGill

326

Air:— "Tammany"

Specially Arranged for McGill University Song Book

1 James Mc - Gill! James Mc - Gill!
2 An der - son! An der - son!

p-f

Peace' ful ly he slumbers there Blissful though we're on the tear
at the prac - tice yes - ter - day Had his shirt tail torn a - way

James Mc - Gill! James Mc - Gill!
An der - son! An der - son!

He's our fa - ther, well yes ra - ther James Mc - Gill!
Shim - my, Shim - my, hold your Shimmy. An - der - son!

1. 2. *fz D.S.*

Arthur C., Arthur C.
He both make our College run,
Takes no "guff" from anyone,
Arthur C., Arthur C.
Held "the Corps" then;
Hold the floor then,
Arthur C.

Steven L., Steven L.
Though he knows a lot of "biz"
Novels made him what he is
Steven L., Steven L.
Economics,
Steven L. Public tonics,

There is a College of McGill.

Moderato. *shouted.*

There is A Coll-ege of Mc Gill, Old Mc-Gill, And

May We al-ways love her still, love her still, And re -

- mem-ber friends and Laugh-ter free, of col - lege'days at { M-C-
R-V-

There is a College of McGill. (Continued)

CHOR

- G old Mc Gill } we love to praise thee, to thy
- C R - V - C }

Fame our voi - ces raise we, and re - mem - ber that thy name to us is

All is all { Mc - Gill oh coll - ege of Mc -
Vic - tor ria

There is a College of McGill

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs.

System 1:
 - Gill, oh old, Mc Gill; our hearts with love of thee do

System 2:
 fill hearts do fill, we'll sing thy praise, and we'll give a rous-ing cheer for

System 3:
 thee, our al ma ma-ter dear Dear
 Ma-ter dear, dear Ma-ter dear

Performance markings include "1st & 2nd." above the vocal line in the third system, and "rit." (ritardando) above the vocal line and below the piano accompaniment in the third system.

The Student of McGill.

Words by R. D. MCGIBBON, LAW, '79

Allegro.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of eight systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are as follows:

1 The he - ro of my hum - ble song - Was a stu - dent of Mc
 Gill, And down with in, the Law School You may
 hear the sto - ry still - He had no oth - er
 aim in life Than to pass his ses - sion - als free, And be
 some - times in, at the En - quête Room, And some - times out, on a

The score includes performance markings such as *poco rit.* (ritardando) above the vocal line in the final system.

The Student of McGill. Concluded.

Chorus.
f a tempo

spree..... That Stu dent of Mc - Gill,..... That Stu - dent of Me

Gill,..... That rust y, must y, dust y, fust - y Stu - dent of Mc - Gill.

That rust y, must - y, dust - y, fust y Stu - dent of Mc - Gill.

II.

When first he came to grind up Law
He was a freshman green
He'd never been to Town before,
No vices had he seen
But evil communi-cu-ti-ons,
Our catechisms say,
Are rather apt to lead our minds
From Virtue's paths away.—*Chorus.*

III

This student wandered out one night
Some medical friends to see,
And with those self-same Med-i-cals
He got on a roaring spree.
And the Bobbies straight did run them in,
Though the next day they got free
By paying ten-dollars-and-thirty-one cents
To the City Treasure.—*Chorus.*

IV

This student then neglected Court
And his lectures didn't attend.
So the Dean informed the wayward lad —
"You will have your ways to mend,
For *quoad* this, and *quoad* that.
We will you rusticate,
So ponder it o'er, my dear young man,
Before it is too late."—*Chorus.*

V.

So the student took these words to heart,
And determined to repent.
On the World, the Flesh and the Arch-Enemy
His money no longer spent;
And now he's turned a "Theolog."
And he gets free grub and clothes.
And along the street with a white neck-tie
And a sanctified air he goes.—*Chorus.*

About A Million Years Ago.

369

W. F. Steedman

ALLEGRO Con Spirito

VOICE SOLO CHORUS

I. A - bout a mil - lion years a - go from Scot - ia's dear, old land, Sing - ing Rah! Rah!

PIANO

SOLO

Rah! for old Mc - Gill, boys! Young James McGill came sailing with his bund - le in his

CHORUS SOLO

hand. Sing - ing Rah! Rah! Rah! for old Mc - Gill, boys! He came a - cross the

brin - y blue up - on a sail - ing ship: The weather was so storm - y that it gave them all the

About A Million Years Ago (Continued)

CHORUS

pip; And it took them eighteen months or more to make the bloom-ing trip. Sing-ing

Rah! Rah! Rah! for old Mc - Gill, boys! With an M - C - G and an I - L - L and a

Sis, Bang, Boom-a - lac - a, Rah, as well. Oh! what's the mat-ter with old Mc-Gill, Bring

on the good old yell, Sing-ing Rah! Rah! Rah! for old Mc - Gill, boys!

About a Million Years Ago (Concluded)

About a million years ago, from Scotia's dear old land

(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah for Old McGill, boys),

Young James McGill came sailing with his bundle in his hand

(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah for Old McGill, boys),

He came across the briny blue upon a sailing ship;

The weather was so stormy that it gave them all the pip

And it took them eighteen months or more to make the blooming trip

(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah for Old McGill, boys).

Chorus.

With an M-C-G and I-L-L

And a Siss-Bang-Boomalaca-Rah as well,

Oh, what's the matter with Old McGill Bring on the good old yell,

(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah for Old McGill, boys).

He landed at Three Rivers—or perhaps it was Quebec—

(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah for Old McGill, boys),

But though he left the ship he still was very much on deck

(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah for Old McGill, boys).

He found the place he'd landed in was just a trifle small;

His mind was broad—for little things he didn't care at all,

So he gathered up his duds and hit the trail for Montreal

(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah for Old McGill, boys).

Chorus—With an M-C-G-, etc. And when he got to Montreal he started up a store

(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah, etc.)

Where he peddled prunes and toy balloons and other things galore,

(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah, etc.)

He dealt in soap and sausages and chicken feed and mash,

And coal oil and molasses and a lot of other trash—

And he made a lot of money, for his terms were strictly cash

(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah, etc.)

Chorus—With an M-C-G-, etc.

And now, when Jim took hold of things he did them up in style

(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah, etc.)

And it wasn't many years before he'd made a goodly pile,

(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah, etc.)

And when he died and went above, as people somehow will,

He left his pile of stone and mortar that we call our own McGill—

(Singing Rah, Rah, Rah, etc.)

Chorus—With an M-C-G-, etc.

Man's Life's a Vapour.

Round.

Man's life's a va - pour, full of woes ;

He cuts a ca - per, Down he goes;

Down he, down he, down he, Down he goes.

Hamburg

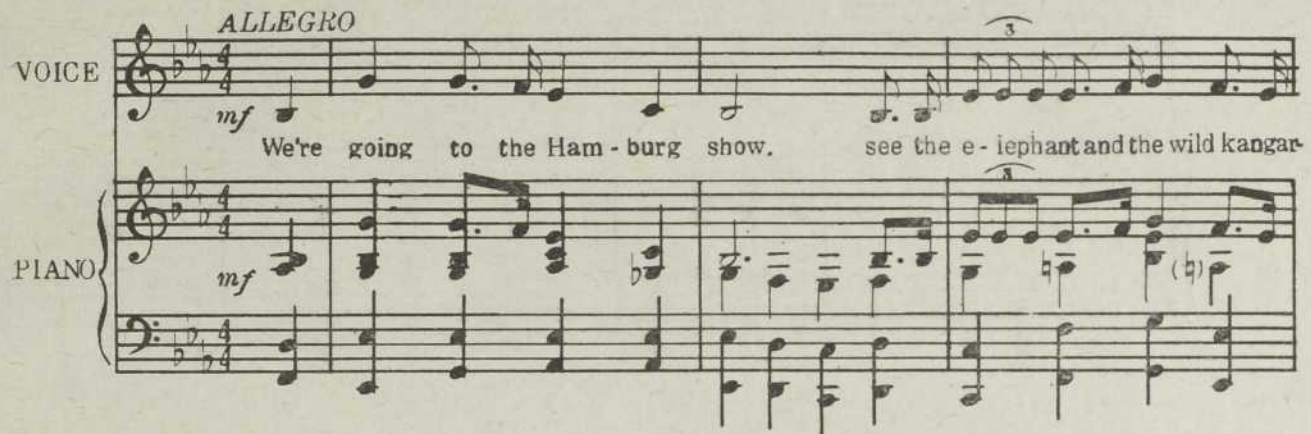
371

Arranged by E. A. Sherrard

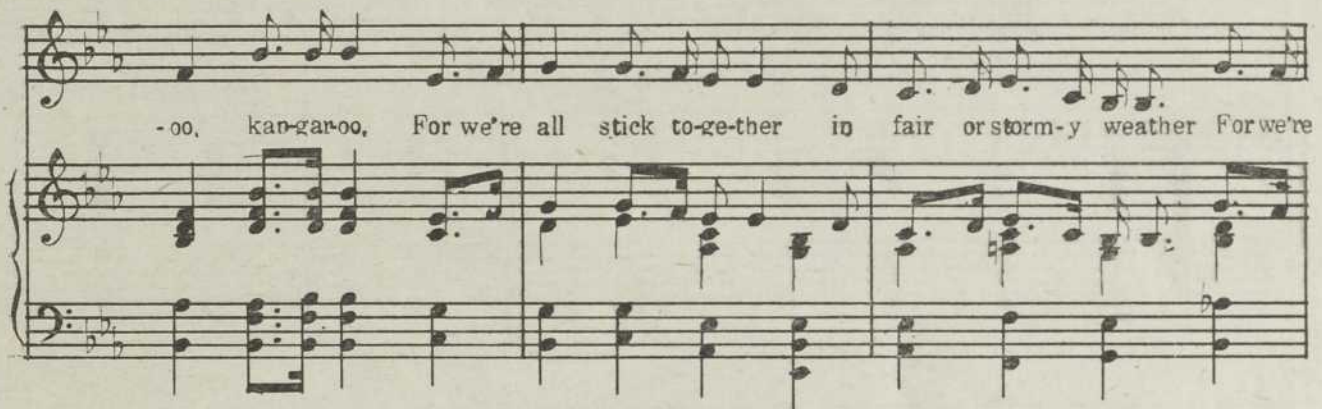
ALLEGRO

VOICE *mf*
We're going to the Ham-burg show. see the e-lephant and the wild kangar

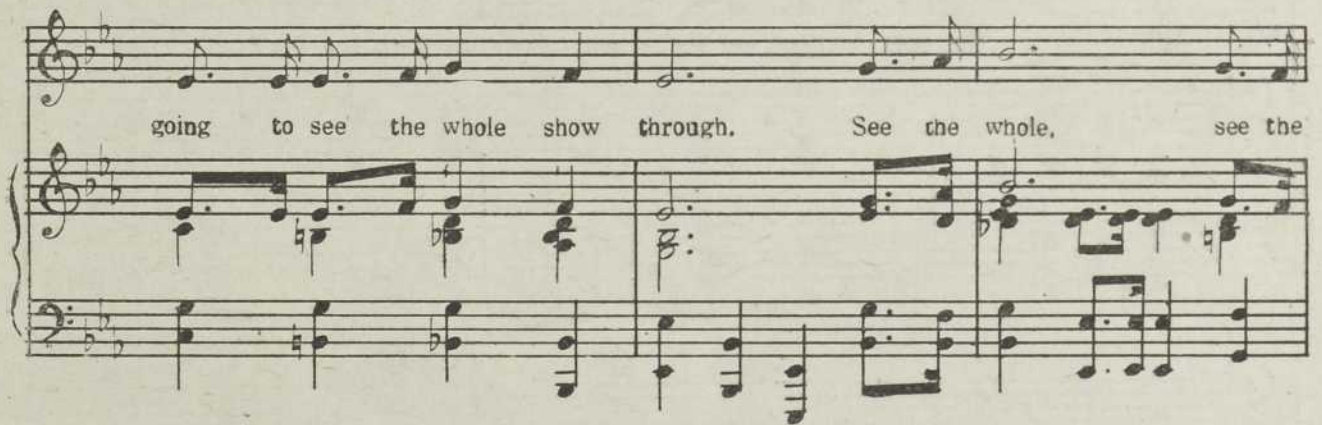
PIANO *mf*



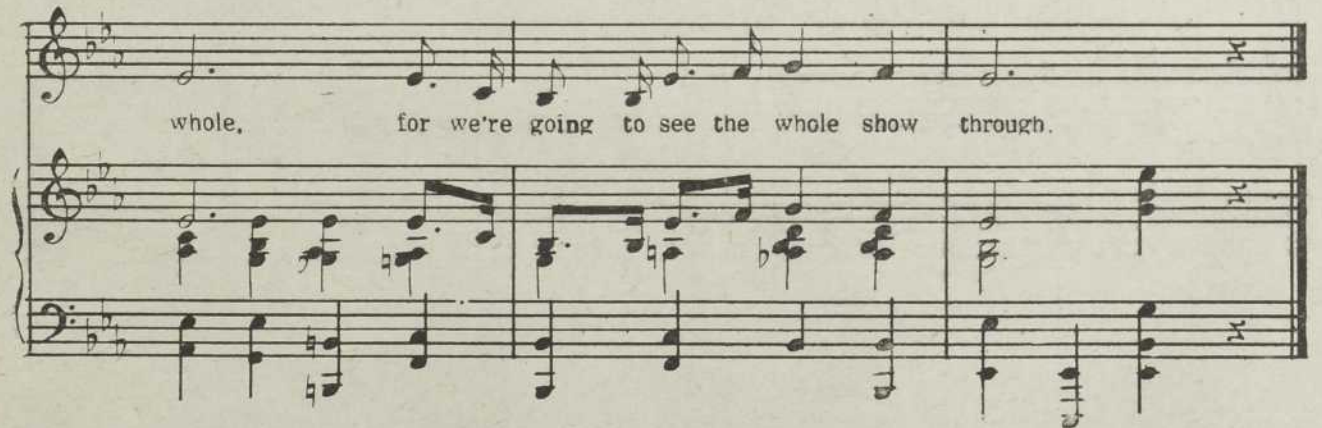
-oo, kan-garoo, For we're all stick to-ge-ther in fair or storm-y weather For we're



going to see the whole show through. See the whole, see the



whole, for we're going to see the whole show through.



At McGill.

372

Words by T. J. Kelly, B.A., Law '17

Arranged by Harold Eustace Key

ALLA MARCIA

f

The

sun shines ev - er brightest At Mc-Gill While lec-tures seem the lightest At Mc-

-Gill The cran - ky Profs are few - est, Their me-thods are the new - est They

Verses. After last Verse.

teach you what is true - est At Mc - Gill, The

BELAIR, GRAY

At McGill (Continued)

The Campus is the grandest
 At McGill
 Officials are the blandest
 At McGill
 The players are the keenest,
 They play the game the cleanest,
 The Freshmen are the greenest
 At McGill

The co-eds eyes are softest
 At McGill
 They really smile the ofttest
 At McGill
 Their blood is of the bluest,
 Their little hearts beat truest,
 And plain girls are the fewest
 At McGill

The teams are winners ever
 At McGill
 For they are vanquished never
 At McGill
 The boys are all the fliest,
 E'en when exams are nighest,
 But they come out the highest,
 At McGill

The Doctors tower proudest
 At McGill
 The lawyers thunder loudest
 At McGill
 Their friendship is the strongest,
 Their friendship lasts the longest,
 But wrong is always wrongest
 At McGill

How Softly She Nestles

373

A. A. Bramley-Moore, M. D.

How softly she nestles, below the hill,
 Old McGill, Old McGill;
 While poetry, painting, and arts and prose,
 Numberless Ologies nobody knows;
 Gently exert their beneficent sway,
 Paving for science and commerce the way.
 At the fount of learning now take your fill
 Bubbling and gushing from under the hill
 Old McGill, Old McGill,

Chorus

Your bumpers fill, while you can still;
 And drink a health to old McGill;
 She lives and grows, and nobody knows
 How deep and how far her influence flows.
 Old McGill, Old McGill.

The medical faculty flourishes still,
 Old McGill, Old McGill;
 Although the great Osler has passed away,
 We still can rejoice in the present day;
 In lights that are shining while night is dark,
 Guiding and kindling of learning the spark;
 And many come seeking their lamps to fill,
 At the glorious college beneath the hill.

Chorus.

O science can never find rest until,
 Old McGill, Old McGill;
 Has dugged her secrets from old mother earth,
 And numberless riches has brought to birth;
 Opened the mines, and the wilderness torn.
 Till from its barrenness plenty is born.
 Science still gains from her power and will;
 Long may she flourish there under the hill.
 Chorus.

Although the centenary mark does fill,
 Old McGill, Old McGill;
 With a conscious pride in a glorious past,
 With hope to the future our eyes we cast;
 All are extolling her learning and worth,
 Her glory and fame shall encircle the earth;
 While dentistry, commerce, and law help fill,
 The temple of learning below the hill.
 Chorus.

Toast all the heroes who gaze on us still,
 Old McGill, Old McGill;
 Bravely they went for their country to fight,
 Never O never their memory slight;
 Failing to live as our honour demands;
 Ever enduring their memory stands.
 We must endeavour their places to fill,
 The courage they gained was under the hill.
 Chorus.

Our First True Love.

374

Mac. B. Davidson, .03.

ALLEGRO

VOICE

Oh, there's love of coun-try and love of wealth, And a love of the moonlight pale, And there's

PIANO

love of beau - ty and love of health, And a love of the roar-ing gale, There's the

love of the maiden of years twice ten, And a love for the bounding sea, But the

CHORUS

love that we love with the love of men Is the love, old Mc-Gill, of thee. Me-

Our First True Love. (Continued)

-Gill, Mc-Gill, our hearts do thrill When the red and white's un - furl - ed; Mc -

-Gill, Mc-Gill, we'll love thee still When scat - tered o'er the world, Thy

praise we'll raise through all our days, While mind and voice have skill, And

to the end thy fame de-fend, Our first true love, Mc - Gill.

2
 There's the love of milkmen for water
 pure,
 And the love of the drunk for booze,
 There's the love of tramps for the
 great rest cure,
 And the love that you can't refuse;

There's the love of the consummate
 liar for truth,
 And the love of old maids for their
 tea;
 But the love that we love with the
 love of youth
 Is the love, old McGill, of thee.
 Chorus, etc.

Whence Comes this Joyous Throng

375

Air, "ElCapitan"

ALLEGRO Con Spirito

VOICE

When - ce comes this joy - ous throng, These stud - ents whence come they? With

PIANO

voi - ces blithe and strong so full of mirth and laugh - ter gay.

They'll tell us whence they come, From the class rooms and the

camp - us of Mc - Gill. Her child - ren, ev' - ry

Whence Comes this Joyous Throng (Continued)

man, Gaze on the colours that we wear, Notice the banners that we bear, Mis - take us if you can, Sure - ly you'd re - cog - nize us, we de - clare.

Old McGill

Air "In Old New You"

376

In Old McGill, in Old McGill,
 The Campus Crop is Fine. Sure.
 On bleachers chill, the people thrill
 When the Red and White's in line.
 I've seen the teams
 That come from Queens
 Likewise from Varsity.
 They're pretty fair
 But can't compare
 With M-c-G (McGill Yell)

Put on Your Red and White Sweater.

377

Air:- "Put on your old Grey Bonnet".

Specially Arranged for McGill Song Book

CHORUS.

Put on your Red-and-White sweater. For you'll have none better, and we'll open up an
other keg of beer.* For it's not for knowledge that we came to
Col - lege but to raise Cain all the year.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major/D minor) and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *p-f* and *f*. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics. The second system covers the next two lines. The third system covers the final line of lyrics and includes first and second endings for the vocal line.

S. C. A.

378

Air:—"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow"

Oh, we are, we are, we are, we are
McGill Y. M. C. A.
We do, we do, we do, we do
Exactly as we say,
So what the h——l do we care,
What other people say?
For we are, we are, we are, we are
McGill Y. M. C. A.

379 87
THE BLUE AND WHITE.

Words by Rev. CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX, '08.

Music by CLAYTON E. BUSH, '07.
Arr. by J. D. A. Tripp.

1. Old To - ron - to, moth - er ev - er dear, All thy sons thy ve - ry name re -
2 Soon our col - lege days will all be past, Du - ty bids us part from friends at

vere Yes, we hail thee, Ne'er will fail thee But will seek thy glo - ry with our might, (yes
last But we'll se - ver, Trust - ing ev - er Love for 'Var - si - ty may us u - nite (u -

we are) Ev - er loy - al, faith - ful, frank and strong, We will sound thy prais - es in our
nite us) Then we'll serve the moth - er of us all, And the mer - ry days of youth re -

song, Aye, and cheer both loud and long, The Roy - al Blue and White.
call, While, what - ev - er may be - fall, We'll flaunt the Blue and White.

CHORUS.

To - ron - to is our Un - i - ver - si - ty Shout, oh shout, men of ev - 'ry fac - ul - ty *Ve - lut*

ar - bor aë - vo, May she ev - er thrive O God for - ev - er bless our Al - ma Ma - ter.

Litoria.

Adapted.

Allegretto scherzando. SOLO.

1. Our College is a jol - ly home;

Swe - de - le - we - dum bum. We love it still, where'er we roam, Swe - de - le - we - dum

DUET.

bum. *mf* The ve - ry songs we used to sing, Swe - de - le - we tchu -

- hi - ra - sa, 'Mid memory's ech - oes long shall ring, Swe - de - le - we - dum bum.

Litoria. Concluded.

CHORUS.
1ST & 2D TENORS.

Li - to - ri - a! Li - to - ri - a! Swe - de - le - we - tchu-

1ST & 2D BASSES.

- hi - ra - sa, Li - to - ri - a! Li - to - ri - a! Swe - de - le - we - dum bum.

2 As freshmen first we come to Queens Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
Examinations make us ill, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
But when we reach our Senior year, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa,
Of such things we have lost our fear, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

3 As Sophomores we have a task, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
'Tis best performed by torch and mask; Swe-de-le-we-dum bum;
For subjects dead, the students weep, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa.
And snatch them while the sextons sleep, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

4 In Junior year we take our ease, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees; Swe-de-le-we-dum bum;
When college life begins to swoon, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa.
It drinks new life from the wooden spoon, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

5 In Senior year we act our parts, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
In making love, and winning hearts; Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
The saddest tale we have to tell, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa,
Is when we bid our friends farewell, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

6 And when into the world we come, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum,
We've made good friends and studied some; Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.
And while the seasons' moons shall fill, Swe-de-le-we tchuhirasa,
We'll love and reverence Old Queens Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.—*Chorus.*

SOLOMON LEVI.

Allegretto.

FRED SEAVER.

VOICE



My name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi, At my store on Chatham Street, That's
 2 And if a bum-mer comes a-long To my store on Chatham Street, And

PIANO




where you'll buy your coats and vests, And eve-ry-thing that's neat; I've se-cond-hand-ed
 tries to hang me up for coats And vests so ver-y neat; I kicks the bumner right




Ul-ster-ettes, and everything that's fine, For all the boys they trade with me At a
 out of my store And on him sets my pup, For I won't sell clothing to an-y man Who



CHORUS in unison.

f



hundred and for-ty nine O Sol-o-mon Le-vil Le-vil tra la la
 tries to set me up.



SOLOMON LEVI.

la! Poor Sheen - y Le - vi, Tra la la la la la la la la. My

CHORUS.

name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, At my store on Chatham street; That's where you'll buy your

coats and vests, And ev'rything else that's neat; tra la la. Se-cond-hand-ed Ulsterettes and

D C.

ev'rything else that's fine, For all the boys they trade with me At a hundred and for-ty-nine.

3. 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.—*Chorus.*

Meerschaum Pipe.

mf Espressivo.

1. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe,
BASSES. Meerschaum pipe,

pipe, Oh, who will smoke my meer-schaum pipe, When
BASSES. Meerschanm pipe,

I am far a-way?
BASSES. Al-lie Ba-zan! BAD MAN!!!

Unison. ff

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 Oh, who will wear my cast-off boots?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! | 6 Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo! |
| 3 Oh, who will hoist my green umbrell?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann! | 7 Oh, who will trot her on his knee?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan! |
| 4 Oh, who will go to see my girl?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!
Kazecazan! | 8 Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan!
BAD MAN!!! |
| 5 Oh, who will take her out to ride?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran! Mary McCann!
Kazecazan, Yucatan! | |

* Repeat this strain once for second stanza, twice for third, etc.

† For last stanza only.

Integer Vitæ.

383

Andante.

1. In - te - ger vi - tæ sce - le - ris - que pu - rus Non e - get
 2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter aes - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac -
 3. Nam - que me sil - va lu - pus in Sa - bi - na Dum me - am -

Mau - ris jae - u - lis nec ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis
 tu - rus per in - hos - pi - ta - lem Cau - ca - sum vel quæ
 can - to Lal - a - gen, et ul - tra Ter - mi - num cu - ris

gra - vi - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra,
 lo - ca fab - u - lo - sus Lam bit Hy - das - pes.
 va - gor ex - pe - di - tis Fu - git in - er - mem,

4 Quale portentum neque militaris
 Daunias latis alit æsculetis;
 Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
 Arida nutrix.

5 Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
 Arbor æstiva recreatur aura;
 Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
 Jupiter urget;

6 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
 Solis, in terra domibus negata:
 Dulce ridentum Lalagen amabo,
 Dulce loquentem.

The Three Crows.

384

Arranged for MCGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

SOLO. **CHORUS.**

1. There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee, Ma -

CHORUS.

Bil - ly Ma - gee, Ma -

SOLO. **CHORUS.**

- gar! . . . There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee, Ma -

- gar! . . . O Bil - ly Ma - gee, Ma -

Bil - ly Ma - gee!

The Three Crows. Continued.

gar! There were three crows sat on a tree, And

gar! There were three crows sat on a tree, And

Bil - ly Ma - gee!

sfz

This system contains the first two vocal staves and the first two staves of the piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: 'gar! There were three crows sat on a tree, And' for the first two staves, and 'Bil - ly Ma - gee!' for the third staff. A piano dynamic marking 'sfz' is present on the fourth staff.

they were black as black could be, And they all flapped their wings and cried,

they were black as black could be, And they ali flapped their wings and cried,

sfz

This system contains the second two vocal staves and the second two staves of the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'they were black as black could be, And they all flapped their wings and cried,' for the first two staves, and 'they were black as black could be, And they ali flapped their wings and cried,' for the third staff. A piano dynamic marking 'sfz' is present on the fourth staff.

The Three Crows. Concluded.

The musical score consists of two systems of vocal parts and piano accompaniment. Each system has three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and a grand staff for piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system includes the lyrics: "Caw! caw! caw! Bil - ly Ma - gee, Ma - gar, And they all flapped their". The second system includes the lyrics: "wings and cried, Bil - ly Ma - gee, Ma - gar,". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

- 2 Said one old crow unto his mate, } (bis.)
 Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!
 Said one old crow unto his mate,
 "What shall we do for grub to eat."—Chorus.
- 3 "There lies a horse on yonder plain," } (bis.)
 Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!
 "There lies a horse on yonder plain,
 Who's by some cruel butcher slain."—Chorus.
- 4 "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone," } (bis.)
 Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!
 "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
 And pick his eyes out one by one."—Chorus.
- 5 "The meat we'll eat before it's stale," } (bis.)
 Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!
 "The meat we'll eat before it's stale,
 Till nought remains but bones and tail."—Chorus.

* Imitate crows.

Blow the Man Down.

385

Allegretto con spirito.

1. As I . . . was go - ing down Par - a - dise street,

CHO. From lar - board to star - board, a - way . . . we go,

Now a - way; oh! Blow the man down; A pret - ty young maid I

Now a - way; oh! Blow the man down; From lar-board to star-board a -

chan - ces to meet, . . Give us some time to blow the man down.

way . . we go, . . . Give us some time to blow the man down.

Chorus D.C.

Chorus D.C.

Blow the Man Down. Concluded.

- 2 Said I to her, "what is your trade?"
Now away; oh! blow the man down;
Said she to me, "I'm a weaver's maid."
Give me some time to **blow the man d**own.
- 3 "Oh where are you going, my sweet pretty maid?"
Now away; oh! blow the man down;
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said,
Give me some time to **blow the man d**own.
- 4 "Oh what is your fortune, my sweet pretty maid,"
Now away; oh! blow the man down;
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said,
Give me some time to **blow the man d**own.
- 5 "Then I can't marry you my pretty maid,"
Now away; oh! blow the man down;
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said,
Give me some time to **blow the man d**own.

386

Polly-wolly-doodle.

SOLO. *Allegro.* CHORUS.

1. Oh, I went down south for to see my Sal; Sing "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle" all the
2. Oh, my Sal she am a maid-en fair; Sing "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle" all the

SOLO. CHORUS.

day! My Sal-ly am a spunk-y gal, Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the
day! With laughing eyes and cur-ly hair. Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The first system is marked 'SOLO. Allegro.' and 'CHORUS.' and contains two verses of lyrics. The second system is also marked 'SOLO.' and 'CHORUS.' and contains two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic structure with chords and single notes.

Polly-wolly-doodle. Concluded.

CHORUS.

day! . . . Fare - well! Fare - well! Fare - day! . . . Bass. Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well!

- well, my fai - ry fay! . . . Oh, I'm off to Louis-i - an - a, for to

see my Su - sy An - na, Singing "Pol-ly - wol-ly-doodle" all the day!

- 3 Oh! I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
An' I jumped upon a nigger, for I thought he was a hoss,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.
- 4 Oh! a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.
- 5 Behind de barn, down on my knees,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all he day.
- 6 He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin'-cough,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

The Man of Mentone

387

A Palæolithic Ditty.

Words by B. J. HARRINGTON, PH. D.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, C major, and F major, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The piece is in 2/4 time and begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

The first two lines of the song are set to a melody that is repeated for two different verses. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line with occasional triplets in the right hand.

1. I'll sing you a fine old song of a fine old fos-sil man, Who
 2. Now this fine old fos-sil gentle-man was not an "ape-like man," But a

The third line of the song continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes several triplet figures in the right hand.

dwelt in a fine old cav-ern not ver-y far from Cannes, And
 most re-spect-a-ble hu-man, de-ny it all who can; He

The fourth line of the song concludes the melody and accompaniment. The piano accompaniment continues with triplet figures in the right hand.

lived on the fat of the land,—hv-e-nas, li-ons, bears, Which he
 had a fa-cial an-gle of just eight-y-five de-grees, His

The Man of Mentone. Concluded.

killed with flint-y ar - rows, or caught with cunning snares, Like a
legs were long, his arms were short, not reach-ing to his knees, Oh! this

fine old fos - sil gen - tle-man, all of the old - en time.
fine old fos - sil gen - tle-man, one of the real old stock.

3 Now this fine old fossil gentleman, he never went to college,
He never burnt the midnight oil in search of useless knowledge,
He never kicked a football, and he never played lacrosse,
And yet for occupation he was never at a loss,
Oh! this fine old fossil gentleman, one of the olden time.

4 He chipped his stony arrow-heads, he shaped his flexing bow,
He scoured the gloomy forests from dawn till sun sank low;
And many a fierce encounter with mammoth brute had he;
Oh! his was a wild, rough life, indeed, but he lived it manfully,
Like a fine old fossil gentleman, one of that stormy time.

5 Now this fine old fossil gentleman got weary of this life;
Or, possibly—for who can tell?—got weary of his wife,
He laid him down in peace and slept within that ancient cave,
And there he would be while I sing, had no one robbed his grave.
Oh! this fine old fossil gentleman, his bones are now at Paris.

The Animal Fair.

Specially arranged for THE MCGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

Allegro.

I went to the an - i - mal fair, . . . And the birds and the beasts were

there, . . . And the big ba - boon, by the light of the moon, Was

[comb-ing her au - burn hair, . . . The mon - key he got drunk, And

climbed on the el - ephant's trunk, The elephant sneezed, And fell on his knees, And

The Animal Fair. Concluded.

that was the end of the mon - key, mon-key, mon-key, mon-key, I mon - key.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics: "that was the end of the mon - key, mon-key, mon-key, mon-key, I mon - key." The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic structure with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Discouraging.

389

Words by D. C. BREWER.
in the "Williamo Argo."

(Pick-me-up)

Music by DR. B. J. HARRINGTON.

1. Pret - ty lit - tle maid - en Trip - ping thro' the snow,

The musical score for the first system includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics: "1. Pret - ty lit - tle maid - en Trip - ping thro' the snow,". The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic background.

Let me be your es - cort? Maid - en answered, "No!"

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "Let me be your es - cort? Maid - en answered, 'No!'".

2 Pretty little maiden,
Do you love me less
For thus importuning?
Maiden answered, "Yes!"

The Menagerie.

390

SOLO.

1. Come all and listen to me, And as you stand a-round, I will

f

show you the greatest men - ag - erie That ev - er was in town; We are

here in a great cloth tent, With ca - ges round the sides,

There is the El - e - phant Em - e - line o - ver there, That ev - 'ry bod - y rides.

The Menagerie. Continued.

Chorus.

The El - e - phant will now move round, The mu sic be - gin to play. Those
 The El e - phant will now move 'round, The mu - sic be - gin to play, Those
 boys a - round the Mon - keys' cage will please to keep a way.
 boys a - round the Mon - keys' cage will please to keep a - way.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The first system includes a triplet of eighth notes in the vocal line. The second system continues the melody. The third system concludes the chorus with a final cadence.

II.

Van Amburgh is the man
 That owns all these 'ere shows,
 He'll get into the lion's den
 And show you all he knows.
 He'll put his head in the lion's mouth,
 And hold it there awhile,
 He'll take it out again pretty soon,
 And then look round and smile.—*Chorus*

III.

That Leopards never change their spots
 He'll prove to be a blunder,
 He'll make them lay in this 'ere spot,
 Then change to that spot yonder.
 He moves among the savage brutes
 Not fearing any harm,
 They may growl and snarl all that they please,
 But he don't care a—cent.—*Chorus.*

IV.

With the wonderful Rhino-noceros
 The programme does begin.
 He wades in the water up to his knees,
 And then wades out again.
 That horn on the top of his nose
 Is a tooth-pick he cannot use.
 Except to pick up human beings
 And shake 'em right out of their shoes.—
Chorus.

V.

Here's the Giraffe Camel-Leopard,
 With a great long spotted throat,
 His head's so high and out of town,
 That he aint allowed to vote.
 With fore legs long and hind legs short,
 He scampers o'er the plain,
 And his long legs often rest themselves
 Till the short catch up again.—*Chorus.*

VI.

Here's the wonderful Dromedary,
 Double breasted in the back;
 You see his toes are cracked in two,
 So he always toes the crack;
 When in Noah's ark, they got him mad,
 And drove him round and round,
 The Drommy "got his back up,"
 And never got it down.—*Chorus.*

VII.

And here's the Golden Eagle,
 America's proud bird,
 They say he "shouts for liberty,"
 But he never says a word.
 He puts his head beneath his wing,
 Makes seventy-six gyrations,
 Then whistles Yankee Doodle,
 And shrieks the variations.—*Chorus.*

VIII.

That Zebra standing in the next cage, there,
 Too sleepy to kick or bite,
 Has a thousand marks across his back,
 And nary one alike,
 The skin on his face is drawn so tight,
 And covered up with marks,
 That when he gapes he's sure to wink,
 And when he winks he gapes.—*Chorus.*

IX.

The next, the African Polar Bear,
 Often called the Iceberg's Daughter,
 Has been known to eat ten tons of ice,
 Then call for soda water.
 The performance can't go on,
 There's too much noise and confusion,
 Ladies, don't give those monkeys fruit.
 It will injure their constitution.—*Chorus.*

The Menagerie. Concluded.

X

That speckled snake in the blanket there
 Noted for great longevity,
 Is Anna Maria Condor Boa Constrictor Snake,
 Called Anaconda for brevity
 She will tie herself in thirteen knots,
 And eat with great voracity,
 Swallow her head, turn inside out,
 And go backward with great alacrity.—
Chorus.

XI

That Kangaroo that is hopping about,
 And cuffing his little brother
 Is not to blame for doing so,
 For he learned it of his mother
 He measures eighteen feet you see—
 I measure with this cane—
 He's nine feet long from head to tail,
 And nine feet back again —*Chorus.*

XII

Now, John stir up those monkeys,
 And Jimmy feed the bear,
 Make Christopher Columbus and Washington
 fight,
 And pull one another's hair
 Here is the monkey " Drooping Lily,"
 Of all her friends bereft,
 The Ourang Outang is looking love at her,
 With his right hand " over the left," —*Chorus.*

XIII

Here is the Crying Hyena, of the insect tribe,
 Most wonderful of all,
 He makes night hideous and daylight too,
 By his everlasting squall
 With tearful eyes he roams about,
 And snaps at all the boys,
 And once in fifteen minutes
 Make this remarkable noise. (Yell) —*Chorus.*

XIV

The last is the Vulture—awful bird—
 From the highest mountain tops,
 He stuffs himself with little birds,
 And here his history stops
 The audience will please retire,
 The Hyena is getting mad,
 The boys have got the monkeys cross,
 And Emeline's feeling bad.

In Ancient Times the Pantomimes. 391

WORDS BY A. WEIR, Sc. '86.

AIR:—*Yankee Doodle.*

I.

In ancient times the pantomimes
 Were played by jolly friars;—
 They'd heaven and hell, and earth as well,
 As every play requires.

Chorus.

Flutist, toot upon your flute,
 Fiddler, swing your bow-ow,
 Pianist, play the pianay,
 And blow, Trombonist, blow-ow!

II

They had a Vice which wasn't nice
 For such religious persons,
 Who plagued the devil and helped the revel,
 By causing great diversions.—*Chorus.*

III.

They had a whale on a giant scale,
 For Satan's private dwelling,
 That worked one jaw and from its maw,
 Belched smoke sulphurous smelling.—*Chorus.*

IV.

They'd virtues, too, that overthrew
 The devil and his legions,
 That with a yell in terror fell
 Into the nether regions.—*Chorus.*

398 107
Good Night, Ladies!

Sostenuto.

1. Good night, la - dies! . . . Good night, la - dies! . . . Good night,

la - dies, . . . we're going to leave you now. . . .

Allegro.

Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, roll a - long, roll a - long,

Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

2 Farewell, ladies! Farewell, ladies!
Farewell, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, etc.

3 Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, etc.

THE MASSACRE OF MACPHERSON.

393

A Highland Legend
(from the Gaelic)

Words from "The Bon Gaultier Ballads."

I. Oh! Fhair-shon swore a feud A - gainst ta clan Mae Ta - vish,
 March'd in - to their land To mur - der and to ra - vish.
 For he did re - solve To ex - tir - pate ta fi - pers, With
 four and twen - ty men, And five and thir - ty pi - pers. Oh!

CHORUS.
 Ee
SOLO. Ta - a - a - a Ta - a - a - a - a - a Ta - a - a - a An' ta's ta Gae - lic cho rus
 Ah
 Oom

* Both Solo and Chorus must be sung in a droning, nasal manner

THE MASSACRE OF MACPHERSON.

Oh! Fhairshon swore a feud
 Against ta clan Mac-Tavish,
 March'd into their land
 To murder and to ravish;
 For he did resolve
 To extirpate ta pipers,
 With four and twenty men,
 And five and thirty pipers. Oh!

Chorus.

2.

But when he had gone
 Half-way down Strath Canaan,
 Of his fighting tail
 Just three were remainin';
 They were all he had
 To back him in ta battle,
 All the rest had gone
 Off to drive ta cattle.

Chorus.

3.

"Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon,
 "So my clan disgraced is;
 Lads, we'll need to fight
 Before we touch ta peasties.
 Here's Mhic-Mac-Methuselah
 Comin' wi his fassals,
 Ghillies seventy-three
 And sixty Dhuine-wassails."

Chorus.

4.

"Coot tay to you, sir;
 Are you not ta Fhairshon?
 Was you comin' here
 To fisit any person?
 You're a plackguard, sir!
 It is now six hundred
 Coot long years, and more,
 Since my glen was plundered"

Chorus.

5.

"Fat is fat you say?
 Dare you cock your peaver?
 I will teach you, sir,
 Fat is coot pehaviour!
 You shall not exist
 For another day more;
 I will shoot you, sir,
 Or stap you with my claymore."

Chorus.

6.

"I am fery glad
 To learn what you mention,
 Since I can prevent
 Any such intention."
 So Mhic-Mac-Methuselah
 Gave some warlike howls,
 Trew his skhian-dhu,
 An' stuck it in his powels.

Chorus.

7.

In this fery way
 Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,
 Who was always thought
 A most superior person.
 Fhairshon had a son
 Who married Noah's daughter,
 And nearly spoiled ta flood
 By trinking up ta water.

Chorus.

8.

Which he would have done -
 I, at least, believe it -
 Had ta mixture peen
 Only half Glenlivet.
 This is all my tale;
 Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye.
 Here's your fery coot healths,
 And tamn ta whusky duty!

Chorus.

Jingle, Bells.

394

mf Allegro.

1. Dash - ing thro' the snow, In a one - horse o - pen sleigh;
 2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And
 3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young;

mf

O'er the fields we go, Laugh - ing all the way;
 soon Miss Fan - nie Bright Was seat - ed by my side. The
 Take the girls to - night, And sing this sleigh - ing song. Just

Bells on bob - tail ring Mak - ing spir - its bright; What
 horse was lean and lank; Mis - for - tune seem'd his lot; He
 get a bob - tail'd bay, Two for - ty was his speed; Then

fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh - ing song to - night!
 got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - sot.
 hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

Jingle, Bells. Concluded.

** f* CHORUS.

Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells! Jin - gle all the way!

Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

Jin - gle, bells! Jin - gle, bells! Jin - gle all the way!

Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

* Accompanied by jingling glasses. Copyright, 1887, by O. Ditson & Co. By permission.

AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS.

Tune—"THE MOUSE AND THE FROG."

DR. ARNOLD.

VOICE

1. A - mo, A - mas, I love a lass, As a ce - dar
 2. Oh, how bel - - la my pu - - el - - la, I'll kiss se - cu

PIANO

tall and slend - - er. Sweet cow - slip's grace is her nom-in - ative
 la se - cu - lo - - rum. If I've luck, sir, she's my

case, And she's of the fe - mi - nine gen - - - der.
 ux - - or, O di - - es be - ne - dic - - to - - - rum!

CHORUS.

Ro - rum, Co - rum, sunt di - - vo - rum, Ha - rum, sca - rum, di - - - vo;

Tag rag, merry derry, per - i - wig and hat - band Hic hoc ho - rum ge - ni

AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS.

ti - - - - - vo!

mf

Sva.

THE LONE FISH-BALL

A Harvard Song in 1855.

1. There was a man went up and down To seek a din - ner thro' the town.

CHORUS

There was a man went up and down To seek a din - ner thro' the town

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. What wretch is he who wife forsakes
Who best of jam and waffles makes.</p> <p>3. He feels his cash to know his pence
And finds he has but just six cents.</p> <p>4. He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest face.</p> <p>5. The bill-of-fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.</p> <p>6. The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for <i>two</i> Fish-
ball."</p> <p>7. The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers, "One Fish-ball."</p> | <p>8. The waiter roars it through the hall:
The guests they start at "One Fish-ball."</p> <p>9. The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."</p> <p>10. The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with <i>one</i> Fish-ball."</p> <p style="text-align: center;">MORAL</p> <p>11. Who would have bread with his Fish-ball
Must get it first or not at all.</p> <p>12. Who would Fish-balls with fixin's eat,
Must get some friend to stand the treat.
(Each stanza is repeated as a chorus).</p> |
|---|---|

The Bull Dog.

Harvard Song.

Moderato. mf

SOLO. 1ST TENOR.



1. Oh! the bull - dog on the bank,
 2. Oh! the bull - dog stooped to catch him,

SOLO. 2ND BASS.

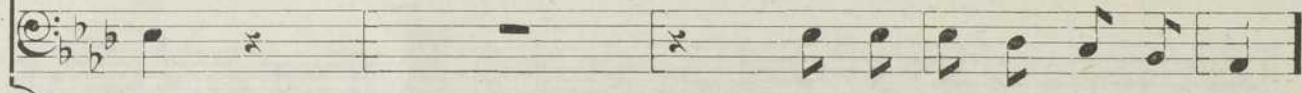


And the bull-frog in the
 And the snapper caught his

SOLO. 1ST TENOR.



Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
 Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,

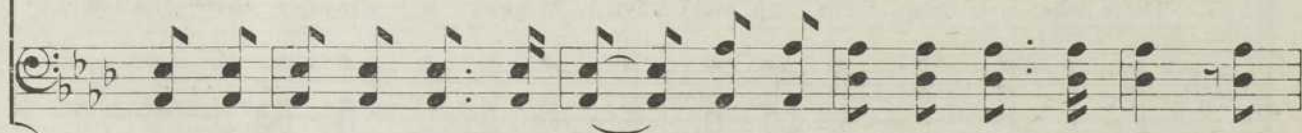
SOLO. 2ND BASS. *rit ad lib.*

pool,
 paw,

And the bull-frog in the pool.
 And the snap - per caught his paw.

*attacca il chor.**f* CHORUS. *Allegro.*

AIR. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the bull frog in the pool, The
 Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him, And the snapper caught his paw, The



bull - dog called the bull-frog, A green old wa - ter fool.
 pol - y - wog died a laugh-ing, To see him wag his jaw.



The Bull Dog. Concluded.

Sing - ing tra la la la, { la la la, }
 { leil - i - o, } Sing - ing

tra la la la, { la la la, . . } Singing tra la la la la la, Sing-ing
 { leil - i - o, . . }

tra la la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la { la la la. }
 { leil - i - o. } *repeat pp*

- 3 Says the monkey to the owl;
 "O! what'll you have to drink?"
 "Why since you are so very kind,
 I'll take a bottle of ink."
- 4 Oh! the bull-dog in the yard,
 And the tom-cat on the roof,
 Are practising the Highland Fling,
 And singing opera bouffe.
- 5 Says the tom-cat to the dog,
 "Oh! set your ears agog,
 For Jule's about to tête-à-tête
 With Romeo, *incog*."
- 6 Says the bull-dog to the cat
 "Oh! what do you think they're at?
 They're spooning in the dead of night:
 But where's the harm in that?"
- 7 Pharaohs's daughter on the bank,
 Little Moses in the pool,
 She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
 And sent him off to school.

Rule Britannia.

Harmonized by THEODORE MARTENS.

1ST TENOR.

1. When Bri - tain first . . . at Heav'ns com-mand, A - rose from out the
 2. The na - tions not . . . so blest as thee, Must in their turn to

2D TENOR.

1ST BASS.

1. When Bri - tain first . . . at Heav'ns com-mand, A - rose from out the
 2. The na - tions not . . . so blest as thee, Must in their turn to

2D BASS.

A-rose
Must in

a - - zure main, A-rose, a - rose from out the a - zure main,
 ty - - rants fall, Must in,must in their turn to ty - rants fall,

A - rose
Must in

a - - zure main, A-rose, a - rose from out the a - zure main,
 ty - - rants fall, Must in,must in their turn to ty - rants fall,

This was the charter, the char - ter of the land, And guard-ian an - gels
 While thou shalt flourish,shalt flourish great and free, The dread and en - vy

This was the charter, the char - ter of the land, And guard-ian an - gels
 While thou shalt flourish,shalt flourish great and free, The dread and en - vy

Rule Britannia. Concluded.

sing the strain, } Rule Bri-tan-nia! Bri - tan - nia rules the waves, For
 of them all, }

sing the strain. } Rule Bri-tan-nia! Bri - tan - nia rules the waves, For
 of them all, }

f CHORUS.

Bri - tons ne - - ver shall be slaves. Rule Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
 Bri - tons ne - - ver shall be slaves. Rule Bri - tan - nia! Bri -

tan - nia rules the waves, For Bri - tons ne - - ver shall be slaves.
 tan - nia rules the waves, For Bri - tons ne - - ver shall be slaves.

3 Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
 As the loud blast, the blast that rends the
 Serves but to root thy native oak. [skies,
 Chorus.—Rule Britannia, etc.

4 The muses still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair, [crowned
 Blest Isle with beauty, with matchless beauty
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Chorus.—Rule Britannia, etc.

Canada My Home

Words and Music by

PERCY SEMON.

Moderato alla marcia.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody with triplets and slurs, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf*, *cres.*, and *con Ped.*. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

The piano accompaniment for the first system of the vocal line. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *f*, *rall.*, and *tempo*. The key signature and time signature remain the same as the introduction.

land with glo - rious sun - shine blest, Where freedom reigns from East to the West, A

The piano accompaniment for the second system of the vocal line. It continues the harmonic support for the vocal melody. Dynamics include *f* and *rall.*.

land o'er all the World the best Is Ca - na - da, My Home, There

The piano accompaniment for the third system of the vocal line. Dynamics include *espress.*. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

Canada My Home (Continued)

grows the world-famed Golden Wheat There lie the prairies scented sweet, There

mountains, lakes and forests meet, In Canada, My Home.

Still onwards, Onwards to fame All Nations Thee shall proclaim A

mf *senza Ped.*

Land of wealth and Liberty Whose homes are filled with joy:

Canada My Home (Continued)

molto più lento sempre crescendo

f

Rule, rule with power and— might, Thou whose hopes are so bright May

f molto più lento sempre cres.

peace and hap - pi - nès u-nite In Can - a - da, My Home.—

colla voce *f*

a tempo

mf *cres.* *cres.* *cen - do*

con Ped.

f *rall.* *a tempo*

mf

No

Canada My Home (Continued)

fear that foe or for . eign might, Shall e'er pos . sess this . land so . bright, Old

espress.
Eng . land staunch . ly guards the right, Of Ca . na . da, My Home, Through

all the World her name shall ring And all Ca . na . dians proud . ly . sing, With

heart and . soul, God save the King And Ca . na . da, My Home

Canada My Home (Continued)

6

f Still on-wards, On-wards to fame All Na-tions Thee shall pro-claim A

mf Land of wealth and Li-ber-ty Whose homes are filled with joy:

f Rule, rule with power and might, Thou whose hopes are so bright May

peace and hap-pi-ness unite In Can-a-da, My Home—

senza ped.

molto piu lento sempre crescendo

f *molto piu lento* *sempre cres.*

colla voce *f*

The British Grenadiers

A 37 400

16th Century
Arranged by HANS DRESSEL.

Con spirito.

Some talk of Al - ex - an - der. And some of Her - eu -

les, Of Hec - tor and Ly - san - der, And such great names as

these; But of all the world's brave he - roes There's none that can com -

pare, With a , tow row row row row row row, To the Brit - ish Grena - diers

Whene'er we are commanded,
To storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses,
And we with hand-grenades;
We throw them from the glacis,
About the enemies' ears,
Sing tow row row row row row,
The British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper,
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouebes,
And wear the louped clothes;
May they and their commanders
Live happy all their years,
With a tow row row row row row
For the British Grenadiers.

Alouette.

401

Old French-Canadian Song.

mf Moderato.

1. A - lou - et - te, gen - tille A - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te, je te plu - me -

rai, Je te plu - me - rai la tête, je te plu - me - rai la tête, et la

tête, et la tête, et la tête. O A - lou -

CHORUS. CHORUS.

et la tête, et la tête, O A - lou -

CHORUS. CHORUS.

Alouette. Concluded.

The musical score consists of five staves. The first two staves are vocal lines in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "et - te, gen-tille A - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te, je te plu - me - rai." The third staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The fourth and fifth staves are a grand piano accompaniment, with the fourth staff in treble clef and the fifth in bass clef, both starting with a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking.

2 Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête, O etc.

3 Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai le nez,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête, O etc.

4 Je te plumerai le dos, je te plumerai le dos,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête, O etc.

5 Je te plumerai les pattes, je te plumerai les pattes,
Et les pattes, et les pattes, et le dos, et le dos,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête, O etc.

6 Je te plumerai le cou, je te plumerai le cou,
Et le cou, et le cou, et les pattes, et les pattes,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête, O etc.

Malbrouck.

402

Allegretto.

1. Malbrouck s'en va-t - en guer - re, Mi-ron - ton, Mi-ron-ton, Mi-ron -
 2. Il re - vien dra-z - a Pâ - ques, Mi-ron - ton. Mi-ron-ton, Mi-ron -

rall.

tain - e, Mal-brouck s'en va-t - en guer - re, Ne sait quand re - vien -
 tain - e, Il re - vien-dra-z - à Pâ - ques, Ou à la Tri - ni -

ad lib. *a tempo.*

dra, là bas, Cou -
 té, là bas, Cou -

CHORUS. a tempo.
rit. 1ST & 2D TENORS

rez, cou - rez, cou - rez! Pe - ti - tes fill's jeunes et gen -

1ST & 2D BASSES.

Malbrouck. Concluded.

rall. a tempo.

til - les, Cou-rez, cou-rez, cou - rez! Ven-ez ce soir vous a - mu - ser.

- 3 La Trinité se passe,
Mironton, Mironton, etc.
La Trinité se passe,
Malbrouck ne revient pas, là bas.
- 4 Madame à sa tour monte,
Mironton, Mironton, etc.
Madame à sa tour monte,
Si haut qu'ell' peut monter, là bas.
- 5 Elle aperçoit son page.
Mironton, Mironton, etc.
Elle aperçoit son page.
Tout de noir habillé, là has.

- 6 "Beau page, ah! mon beau page,
Quell' nouvelle apportez?"
- 7 "Aux novell's que j'apporte,
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.
- 8 Quittez vos habits roses,
Et vos satins brochés.
- 9 Monsieur Malbrouck est mort,
Est mort et enterré.
- 10 J'l'ai vu porté en terre,
Par quatre-z-officiers."

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.

403

Allegro.

1. A la clai - re fon - tai - ne, M'en al - lant pro - me - ner, J'ai trou - vé l'eau si bel - le,
2. J'ai trou - vé l'eau si bel - le, Que je m'y suis baig - né, Sous les feuil - les d'un chène
3. Sous la feuil - les d'un chène Je me suis fait sé - cher, Sur la plus hau - te bran - che
4. Sur la plus hau - te bran - che Le ros - sig - nol chan - tait. Chan - te, ros - sig - nol chan - te,

CHORUS.

Que je m'y suis baig - né.
Je me suis fait sé - cher
Le ros - sig - nol chan - tait.
Toi qui as le coeur gai;

Lui ya longtemps que je t'ai - me, Ja - mais je ne t'ou - bli - er - ai.

5. Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le coeur gai;
Tu as le coeur à rire,
Moi, je Pai - t - à pleurer.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

6. Tu as le coeur à rire,
Moi, je l' ai - t - à pleurer.
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
Sans l' avoir mérité.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

- J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
Sans l' avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusai.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

8. Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que j, lui refusai.
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

9. Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêm's amitiés,
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

Le Brigadier.

404

NADEAU; English version by WM. McLENNAN, Law '80.

Moderato.

1. Deux gen - darmes, un beau di - man-che, Chevaux-chaient le long du sen -
 1. Two men at arms came rid - ing slow - ly, A - down the green path, smooth and

tier; L'un por - tait la sar - din - e blan - che, L'aut
 clear; One held the rank of sergeant low - ly, The

re le jau - ne baud - ri - er. Le prem - ier . . . dit d'un ton so -
 oth - er that of brig - a - dier. The brig - adier cried, Brave Pan

CHORUS.

no - re, Le temps est beau pour la sai - son.
 do - re, The weather's fine, no signs of rain.
 Pran, pr - r - an pan, pan, pan, pan,

Le Brigadier. Continued.

Pran, pr - r - an, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan. Brig - a - dier, ré - pondit Pan -
"Bri - ga - dier," laughing cried Pan -

do - re, Bri - ga - dier, vous av - ez rai - son, Bri - ga -
do - re, "Bri - ga - dier, right you are a - gain," "Bri - ga -

dier, ré - pon - dit Pan - do - re, Bri - ga - dier, vous av - ez rai - son.
dier," laughing cried Pan - do - re, "Bri - ga - dier, right you are a - gain."

rit.

2 Ah! c'est un métier difficile,
Garantir la propriété,
Défendre les champs et la ville
Du vol et de l'iniquité.
Pourtant l'épouse que j'adore
Repose seul à la maison,
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

3 La gloire c'est une couronne
Fait de rose et de laurier,
J'ai servi Vénus et Bellone,
Je suis époux et brigadier;
Mais je poursuis ce météore
Qui vers Chalchos, guida Jason.
Brigadier répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

4 Phébus au bout de sa carrière
Put encor les apercevoir;
Le brigadier, de sa voix fière,
Réveillait les échos du soir:
Je vois, dit-il, le soleil qui dore,
Ces verts coteaux, à l'horison,
Brigadier répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

5 Puis ils rêvèrent en silence;
On n'entendit plus que le pas
Des chevaux marchant en cadence,
Le brigadier ne parlait pas;
Mais quand parut la pâle aurore,
On entendit un vague son;
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison. } *bis.*

Le Brigadier. Concluded.

II.

"It is no easy matter, surely,
To guard the peasant in his cot,
To hold the cities so securely
That thieves break in and plunder not ;
And yet the wife whom I adore
In safety dwells while Love doth reign."
"Brigadier," smiling said Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

III.

"For Glory's wreath of fairest flowers,
With rose and laurel intertwined;
For Love and War, immortal powers,
I live—and cast the rest behind.
The power that Jason led of yore
I chase, and trust the prize to gain"
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

IV.

"It brings bright days of youth before me
That Past now gone beyond recall:
When Beauty flung her fetters o'er me
I came submissive to her call.
And yet the heart breaks o'er and o'er
The strongest links of Cupid's chain."
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

V.

As Phœbus hid his glories under
The golden clouds that veil the West,
Our hero, with his voice of thunder,
Still broke the evening's quiet rest.
"Farewell!" he cried, "on distant shore
Your light will gild both hill and plain."
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

VI.

He ceased—and now their horses' tramping
Fell softly on the yielding ground,
And save their iron bridles champing,
They passed along and made no sound.
But when Aurora smiled once more,
One still might hear the faint refrain:—
"Brigadier," smiling said Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again!"

Les Deux Avocats.

405

E. LAFLEUR, *Law*, '80.

AIR.—"Brigadier,"

I.

Deux avocats avant l'audience
Causaient pour abrégier le temps;
L'un, conseilier plein d'expérience,
L'autre, bachelier de vingt ans.
Le premier dit:—"Jeune confrère,
Pour les procès le temps est bon.
"Conseiller, mon savant confrère } *bis*
"Conseiller, vous avez raison."

II.

"Ah! c'est une noble science
Distinguer le mal et le bien;
Faire éloquemment la défense
De la veuve et de l'orphelin.
"Ou bien d'une riche héritière
"Procurer la séparation."
"Conseiller, etc,

III.

"Ecoute, si tu veux entendre
"De tout succès les conditions,
"Il faut savoir comment s'y prendre
"Pour accrocher les successions.
"Tu verras la morale austère
"Qui distingue la profession.
"Conseiller, etc.

IV.

"Il me souvient de ma jeunesse,
"La gloire seule me tentait;
"La plus exigeante maîtresse,
"Thémis, alors me gouvernait,
"Mais qui désire être prospère
Doit surtout adorer Mammon."
"Conseiller, etc.

V.

"Prends donc pour ta grande maxime
"De ne rien faire sans argent;
"Défends le plus horrible crime,
"Mais fais toujours payer comptant.
"Car l'argent c'est ce qu'on révère,
"Du juge jusqu' au marmiton."
"Conseiller, etc.

VI.

Le conseilier parlait encore
Quand tout-à-coup le juge entra;
L'huissier cria d'un ton sonore;
"Oyez, Oyez!" *et cetera*,
Mais malgré cette voix sévère
On entendit un faible son:—
"Conseiller, etc.

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EN ROULANT MA BOULE.

1st time Solo. Energico. FINE.



1. En rou-lant ma bou-le rou-lant, En rou-lant ma bou-le.

1st time Solo.

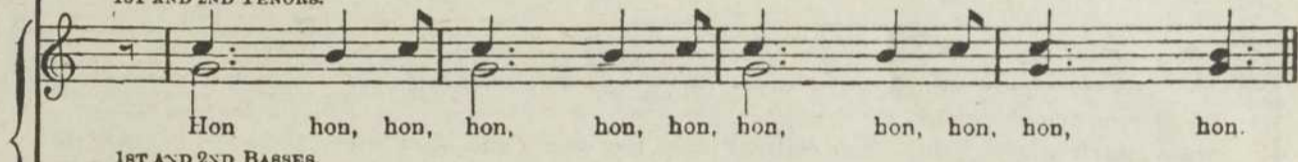


Der-rièr' chez nous ya t'un é-tang. En rou-lant ma bou-le.




Trois beaux can-ards s'en vont baig-nant, rou-li, rou-lant, ma bou-le rou-lant.

CHORUS. (Humming)
 1ST AND 2ND TENORS.



Hon hon, hon, hon, hon, hon, hon, hon, hon, hon.

1ST AND 2ND BASSES.



2. Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
 En roulant ma boule.
 Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

3. Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
 En roulant ma boule,
 Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

4. Avec son grand fusil d'argent.
 En roulant ma boule,
 Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

5. Visa le noir, tua le blanc.
 En roulant ma boule,
 O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

6. O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
 En roulant ma boule,
 D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

7. D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
 En roulant ma boule,
 Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

8. Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
 En roulant ma boule,
 Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

9. Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
 En roulant ma boule,
 Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

10. Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
 En roulant ma boule;
 Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

11. Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,
 En roulant ma boule,
 Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

12. Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
 En roulant ma boule,
 C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

13. C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
 En roulant ma boule,
 Pour y coucher tous les passants,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

The Wreck of the "Julie Plante."

407

Words by W. A. DRUMMOND. Montreal.

Moderato.

1. On
2. De

wan dark night, on Lac Saint Pierre, De win' she blow, blow, blow, An' de
cap - tinne walk on de front deck, An' he walk de hin' deck too, He

crew of de wood - scow "Ju - lie Plante," Got scart, an' run be -
call de crew from up de hole, He call de cook al -

The Wreck of the "Julie Plante."

low. For de win' she blow lak' hur-ri-cane, Bime by she blow some
so. De cook she's name was Ro - sie, She came from Mon-tre -

more, An' de scow bus' up on Lac Saint Pierre, Wan ar - pent from de
al. Was cham - ber - maid on a lom - baire barge, On de grande Lachine ca -

shore.
nal.

last verse.

Fine.

3 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 do?"
Den de captinne trow de big h'ankerre,
But still de scow she drif';
De crew he can't pass on de shore
Becos he los' his skiff.—*Cho.*

4 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 sak'."—*Cho.*

5 Nex' mornin' very early,
'Bout half pas' two—tree—four—
De captinne, scow, an' poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore,
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more—
An' de scow bus' up on Lac Saint Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore.—*Cho.*

6 Now all good wood-scow sailor man,
Tak' warning from dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl.
And live on wan' big farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricane,
An' sponse she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac Saint Pierre,
So long you stay on shore.—*Cho.*

LE DRAPEAU DE CARILLON.

408

At Carillon (now Ticonderoga), on Lake Champlain, Montcalm in 1758 drove back the English forces under General Abercrombie. A French soldier, after a vain attempt to rouse his nation to a sense of the danger in which their possessions on this continent were placed, returns to the scene of his former victory, and is supposed there to give utterance to the words of the song.

Words by OCTAVE CRÉMAZIE.
Translation by B. MORTON JONES, '91.

CHARLES W. SABATIER.
Arr. by T. MARTENS.

Largement. Solo.

O Ca-ri-lon, je te revois enco - re, Non plus, hélas! comme en ces jours béniés,
1. O Ca-ri-lon, to thee once more returning, Sad - ly I gaze on thy famil - iar wall;
2. Mes compagnons, d'u - ne raine ex péran - ce, Ber - çant en cor leur* coeurs toujours* français,
2. In vain my com - rades' cheeks are warmly glowing, In vain they lull with dreams of home their pain,

PIANO

Où, dans tes murs, la trompè - te son - o - re, Pour te sauver nous a - rail ré - u nis.
Not as of yore, when hearts with ardor burning Throng'd thee to save at the loud bugle - call,
Les yeux tournés du cô - té de la Fran - ce, Di - ront souvent: Re viend - ront - ils jamais?
In vain to France their heart is ev - er go - ing, Filled with this hope, "Will they come back again?"

CHORUS. Agitato.

Je viens... à toi quand mon â - me... suc - com - be
To thee... I come when low my heart... is beat - ing,
L'il - lu - si - on con - so - le - ra... leur vi - e;
This hope... tho' vain, will be their con - so - la - tion,

Agitato.

Noble Montcalm, thou gavest me this stan'dard,
'Midst shot and shell upon the battle plain,
Bearing it, lately to Versailles I wandered,
But there, alas! I unfurled it in vain.
Back now I place it where the recollection
Of thy great deeds shall ne'er fade or grow sere,
And unto death shall last my deep affection,—
Guarding my flag I come to perish here.

Thrice happy they to whom by fate 'twas given
'Mid the brave throng near Levi's height to die
For them the cloud by one glad ray was riven,
Glory could sweeten their sad destiny.
Ye who now slumber till the great awaking,
On whom I call with dying accents clear,
Awake! my banner in my hand I'm taking,
Upon your graves I come to perish here.

LE DRAPEAU DE CARILLON.

Et sent... de-jà son... cou-ra - ge fai - blir,
 When cou - rage fails, and..... all a-round is drear,
 Moi, sans... es - poir, quand.. mes jours vont fin - ir,
 But when at last my lone - ly death is near,

Oui, près de toi..... ve - nant cher - cher... ma tom - be,
 Yea! near.. to thee..... my death more brave - ly meet - ing,
 Et sans.. at - tendre..... u - ne pa - role a - mi - e,
 Naught shall be mine..... of friend - ship's ad - mir - a - tion,—

Pour mon.. dra - peau je viens.. i-ci... mourir.....
 Guard - ing my flag, I come.. to per - ish here.....

3. Cet étendard, qu'au grand jour des batailles,
 Noble Montcalm, tu plaças dans ma main,
 Cet étendard qu'aux portes de Versailles,
 Naguère, hélas! je déployais en vain,
 Je te remets aux champs où de ta gloire
 Virra toujours l'immortel souvenir,
 Et dans ma tombe emportant ta mémoire,
 Pour mon drapeau je viens ici mourir.

4. Qu'ils sont heureux ceux qui dans la mêlée
 Près de Lévis moururent en soldats!
 En expirant, leur âme consolée,
 Voyait la gloire adoucir leur trépas.
 Vous qui dormez dans votre froide bière,
 Vous que j'implore à mon dernier soupir,
 Réveillez-vous! Apportant ma bannière,
 Sur vos tombeaux, je viens ici mourir.

Vive la Canadienne.

409

Allegro.

1. Viv - e la Can - a - dien - ne Vo - le, mon cœur,
2. Nous la men - ons aux no - ces, Vo - le, mon cœur,

Fine.

vo - le, Viv - e la Can - a - dien - ne, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux.
vo - le, Nous la men - ons aux no - ces, Dans tous ses beaux a - tours.

SOLO. 1st time.

Et ses jo - lis yeux doux, doux, doux, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux.
Dans tous ses beaux a - tours, tours, tours, Dans tous ses beaux a - tours.

3 Nous faisons bonne chère,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Nous faisons bonne chère.
Et nous avons bon goût. (*ter.*)
Cho. Vive la Canadienne, etc.

4 On danse avec nos blondes,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
On danse avec nos blondes,
Nous changeons tour à tour. (*ter.*)
Cho. Vive la Canadienne, etc.

5 Alors toute la terre,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Alors toute la terre,
Nous appartient en tout. (*ter.*)
Cho. Vive la Canadienne, etc.

6 Ainsi le temps se passe,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Ainsi le temps se passe,
Il est vraiment bien doux. (*ter.*)
Cho. Vive la Canadienne, etc.

A Canadian Boat Song.

THOMAS MOORE.
Andante.

Arranged expressly for THE MCGILL UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

1ST TENOR.

1. Faint-ly as tolls the ev'n - ing chime, Our voi - ces keep tune and our

2^D TENOR.

1. Faint-ly as tolls the ev'n - ing chime, Our voi - ces keep tune and our

BASS.

1. Faint-ly as tolls the ev'n - ing chime, Our voi - ces keep tune and our

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal entry, continuing the melody and bass line.

oars keep time, Our voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time,

oars keep time, Our voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time,

oars keep time, Our voi - ces keep tune and oar oars keep time,

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal entry, continuing the melody and bass line.

A Canadian Boat Song. Continued.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Anne's our part - ing hymn!

Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Anne's our part - ing hymn!

Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Anne's our part - ing hymn!

This system contains three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The vocal parts are in treble clef. The lyrics are repeated for three different parts.

f Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rap-ids are near and the

f Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rap-ids are near and the

f Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rap-ids are near and the

f

This system contains three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The vocal parts are in treble clef. The lyrics are repeated for three different parts. The first three parts have a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

A Canadian Boat Song. Concluded.

The musical score consists of four systems. The first three systems are vocal lines, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "day - light's past, The rap - ids are near and the day - light's past." The first system has dynamics *f* and *sf*. The second system has dynamics *f* and *sf*. The third system has dynamics *f* and *sf*. The fourth system is a piano accompaniment with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a dynamic marking of *f*.

2 Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
 But when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past.
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

3 Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon,
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
 Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,
 Grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring airs.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past.
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Forty Years On.

411

Words by E. BOWEN.

Music by JOHN FARMER.

1. For - ty years on, when a - far and a - sun - der, Part - ed are those who are
 2. Routs and dis - com - fi - tures, rush - es and ral - lies, Bas - es at - tempt - ed, and

sing - ing to - day, When you look back and for - get - ful - ly won - der,
 res - cued and won, Strife with - out an - ger and art with - out mal - ice,

What you were like in your work and your play, Then, it may be, there will
 How will it seem to you for - ty years on? Then, you will say, not a

Forty Years On. Concluded.

of - ten come o'er you, Glimp-ses of notes like the catch of a song,
fe - ver - ish min - ute, Strain'd the weak heart and the wav - er - ing knee,

Visions of boyhood shall float them before you, Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.
Nev - er the bat - tle raged hottest, but in it, Neith - er the last nor the faint-est were we!

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS. FULL CHO. *in marching*

Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Till the field ring again

time.

SOLO. CHORUS.

And a-gain, With the tramp of the twenty-two men. Fol-low up! Fol - low up!

3 O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on!
How we discoursed of them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate!
Follow up! &c.

4 Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God gave us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on!
Follow up! &c.

A-Roving.

412

A Sailor's Song.

Verses 2 to 4 by W. McLENNAN.

Allegretto.

1. At num - ber three Old Eng - land Square, Mark well what I do

say; At num - ber three old Eng - land Square, My Nan - cy Daw - son

she lived there, And I'll go no more a - rov - ing, With you, fair maid.

A-Roving. Concluded.

CHORUS.

f A - roving! a - roving! Since roving's been my

ru - i - in. I'll go no more a roving with you, fair maid.

2 My Nancy Dawson she lived there,
Mark well what I do say;
Oh, she was a lass surpassing fair,
She'd bright blue eyes and golden hair,—
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!—*Cho.*

3 I met her first when home from sea,
Mark well what I do say;
Home from the coast of Africkee,
With pockets lined with good monie;—
And I go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!—*Cho.*

4 O, didn't I tell her stories true!
Mark well what I do say;
And didn't I tell her whoppers, too,
Of the gold we found in Timbuctoo!—
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!—*Cho.*

5 But when we'd spent my blooming 'screw,'
Mark well what I do say;
And the whole of the gold from Timbuctoo
She cut hër stick and vanished too;—
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid!—*Cho.*

THE POACHERS OF LINCOLNSHIRE

Allegro.

Old English.

VOICE

1. When I was bound ap - pren - - tice In fa - - mous Lin - - coln -

PIANO

shire, I served my mas - ter faith - ful - ly. For more than sev - en

year, Till I took up to poach - - ing, As you shall quick - ly hear.

CHORUS. All parts in unison.

For 'tis my delight of a shin - y night, in the sea - son of the year! year.

1st 2nd

2. As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper—for him we didn't care;
For we can wrestle and fight my boys, jump over anywhere,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!
3. As me and my companions were setting four and five,
And taking of them up again, we took the hare alive;
We popped her into a bag, my boys, and thro' the wood did steer,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!
4. I threw her on my shoulders, and wandered through the town,
We took her to a neighbor's house, and sold her for a crown,
We sold her for a crown, my boys, but I didn't tell you where,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!
5. Success to every gentleman who lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare;
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

414
Begone, Dull Care.

OLD ENGLISH AIR.

1. Be - gone, dull care, . . . I pri - thee be - gone from me, . . . Be -
2. Too much care, . . . Will make a young man grey, . . . And

gone, dull care, You and I shall nev - er a - gree; . . . Long
too much care Will turn an old man to clay; . . . My

time thou hast been tar - ry - ing here, And fain thou wouldst me kill, . . . But, 'i
wife shall dance and I . . . will sing, So mer - ri - ly pass the day, . . . For I

faith, dull care, . . . Thou nev - er shalt have thy will . . .
hold it one of the wis - est things To drive dull care a - way . . .

A hunting we will go.

415

FIELDING.

18th Century.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time, marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

1. The dusk - y night rides down the sky, And ush - ers in the
 2. The wife a-round her hus-band throws Her arms to make him

The first system of the vocal part features two lines of lyrics. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. Dynamics include sf (sforzando) and p (piano).

morn; The hounds all join in glo-rious cry, The hounds all join in glo-rious cry; The
 stay - "My dear! it rains, it hails, it blows, My dear! it rains, it hails, it blows, You

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. Dynamics include sf and p.

hunts-man winds his horn;..... The huntsman winds his horn;..... Then a } hunt-ing we will
 can - not hunt, to - day;..... You can - not hunt to - day."..... But a }

The third system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. Dynamics include sf and p.

go,..... a hunt-ing we will go,..... a hunt-ing we will go,..... a

The fourth system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. Dynamics include p and f (forte).

A HUNTING WE WILL GO.

hunt-ing we will go.....

mf *f*

3. The un - ca-vern'd fox like light-ning flies, His cun-ning's all a - wake, To gain the race he
4. At length his strength to faintness worn, The hounds ar - rest his flight, Then hun-gry homeward

p

ea-ger tries, To gain the race he ea-ger tries, His for-feit life the stake,.... His for-feit life the
we return, Then hungry homeward we re-turn, To feast a-way the night,.... To feast a-way the

stake. When a hunt-ing we do go,..... a hunt-ing we do go,..... a hunt-ing we do
night. Then a drinking we will go,..... a drinking we will go,..... a drinking we will

p *f*

go,..... a hunting we do go.....
go,..... a drinking we will go.....

mf *ff*

The Vicar of Bray.

17th Century.

PIANO. *f e marcato.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody with accents, and the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

1. In good King Charles's gold - en days, When loy - al - ty no harm meant, A
2. When roy - al James ob - tain'd the crown, And Pop - 'ry came in fa - shion, The

mf

The first two lines of the song are set to a piano accompaniment. The right hand has a melody with some grace notes, and the left hand has a steady accompaniment. The dynamic is marked *mf*.

zea - lous High Church-man was I, And so I got pre - fer - ment; To
pe - nal laws I hoot - ed down, And read the De - clar - a - tion; The

The third line of the song continues the piano accompaniment. The melody in the right hand is more active, and the left hand continues with a consistent accompaniment.

teach my flock I nev - er miss'd, Kings were by God ap - point - ed, And
Church of Rome I found would fit Full well my con - sti - tu - tion; And

The fourth line of the song concludes the piano accompaniment on this page. The melody in the right hand ends with a final cadence, and the left hand provides a concluding accompaniment.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

damn'd are those that dare re - sist Or touch the Lord's a - noint - ed. } And
had be - come a Je - su - it, But for the Re - vo - lu - tion.

this is law I will main-tain, Un - til my dy - ing day, Sir, That what - so - ev - er

King may reign, Still I'll be the Vi - car of Bray, Sir.

3.
When William was our King declar'd,
To ease a nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

4.
When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;
Occasional Conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation,
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

5.
When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
I turned a cat-in-a-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new Faith's defender,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

6.
The illustrious house of Hanover
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear,—
While they can keep possession;
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

I CANNOT EATE BUT LYTYLL MEATE. 417

Words from the Comedy
"Gammer Gurton's Needle," (1575)

Allegretto.

Arr. by W. H. M.

i. I can-not eate but
ii. I love noo roste but

ly-tyll meate my stomacke ys not goode but sure I thyncke that I cowedryncke with
a brownetoste or a crabbe in the fyer a ly-tyll breade shall do me steade mooche

hym that werythe an hoothe thowthe I goo bare take yow no care I am nothyng
breade I neuer de-syer dryncke ys my lyfe al-thowgthe my wyfe some tyme do chyde and

colde I stufte my skynne so full with-in of jo-ly goode ale and olde.
scolde yete spare I not to plye the potte of jo-ly goode ale and olde.

CHORUS.

backe and syde goo bare goo bare bothe hande and fote goo colde but
backe and syde goo bare goo bare bothe hande and fote goo colde but

I Cannot eate but lytyll meate

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line with two staves (treble and bass clefs) and a lute line with two staves (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line lyrics are: *bel. ly god sende the goode ale in-owghe whe-ther hyt be newe or olde. —* and *bel. ly god senue the goode ale in-owghe whe-ther hyt be newe or olde. —*. The lute line provides a rhythmic accompaniment. The second system continues the lute line.

D. C. al Segno.

iii. *& yf that I
may have trwly
goode ale my belly full
I shall looke lyke one
by swete sainte johnn
were' shoron agaynste the woole
nor. froste nor snowe
nor wynde I trow
canne hurte me yf hyt wolde
I am so wrapped
within & lapped ;
with joly goode ale & olde.
backe & syde &c.*

iv. *I care ryte nowghte
I take no thowte
for clothes to kepe me warme
have I goode dryncke
I surely thyncke
nothyng canne do me harme
for trwly than
I fear no man
be he neuer so bolde
when I am armed
& throwly warmed
with joly goode ale & olde.
backe & syde &c.*

v. *but nowe & than
I curse & banne
they make ther ale so small
god geve them care
& evill to faare
they strye the malte & all
sooche pevisshewe
I tell yowe trwe
not for a crowne of golde
ther commethe one syppe
within my lyppe
whether hyt be newe or olde.
backe & syde &c.*

vi. *goode ale & stronge
makethe me amonge
full joconde & full lyte
that ofte I slepe
& take no kepe
frome mornyng vntyll nyte
then starte I uppe
& fle to the cuppe
the ryte waye on I holde
my thurste to staunche
I fyll my paynche
with joly goode ale & olde.
backe & syde &c.*

vii. *& kytte my wyfe
that as her lyfe
lovethe well goode ale to seke
full ofte drynkythe she
that ye maye se
the tears ronue downe her cheke
then dothe she troule
to me the bolle
as a goole malte worne sholde
& saye swete harte
I have take my parte
of joly goode ale & olde.
backe & syde &c.*

viii. *then let vs dryncke
tyll we nodde and wyncke
even as goode fellows shulde do
we shall notte mysse
to have the blysse
that goode ale dothe brynge men to
& all poore soules
that skowre blacke bolles
& them hathe lustely trowlde
god save the lyves
of them & ther wyves
whether they be yonge or olde.
backe & syde &c.*

Drink to me only.

418

BEN JONSON.

Andantino.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* and *pp*.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,..... Or leave a kiss with -
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - ring thee,..... As giv - ing it a

The first system shows the vocal line with two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *p*.

in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;..... The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth
 hope that there It could not with - er'd be;..... But thou there - on didst on - ly breathe, And

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *p*, *dim.*, and *mf*.

ask a drink di - vine,.... But might I of Love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for
 sent'st it back to me,.... Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp*.

thine....
 thee....

The final system shows the vocal line with the words "thine...." and "thee....". The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord. Dynamics include *mf*, *p*, and *pp*.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

H. Carey.
Arr. by W. H. M.

Allegretto.

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Of all the girls that are so smart There's none like pret-ty Sal-ly, She is the
 Of all the days that's in the week I dear-ly love but one day, And that's the
 When Christmas comes a-bout a-gain O then I shall have money, I'll hoard it
 My mas-ter and the neighbours all Make game of me and Sal-ly, And but for

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal line, including a repeat sign at the beginning.

rall. dar-ling of my heart And lives in our al-ley; There is no la-dy in the
 day that comes be-twixt A Sat-ur-day and Monday; For then I'd rest all in my
 up with box and all And give it to my hon-ey; Would it were twice ten thousand
 her I'd bet-ter be A slave and row a gal-ley, But when my seven long years are

a tempo

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal line, with tempo markings *rall.* and *a tempo*.

land That's half so sweet as Sal-ly, She is the dar-ling of my heart, And
 best, To walk a-broad with Sal-ly, She is the dar-ling of my heart, And
 pounds, I'd give it all to Sal-ly, She is the dar-ling of my heart, And
 out, I then will mar-ry Sal-ly. And hap-py ev-er strive to live, But

Piano accompaniment for the third vocal line.

lives in our al-ley
 lives in our al-ley
 lives in our al-ley
 not in our al-ley.

Piano accompaniment for the fourth vocal line, ending with a *D.S.* marking.

Down among the dead men.

420

DYER,

About 1700.

Allegro vigoroso.

PIANO. *f e marcato.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) plays a series of chords and single notes in a rhythmic pattern. The left hand (bass clef) plays a similar rhythmic pattern with chords. The tempo is marked 'Allegro vigoroso' and the dynamics are 'f e marcato'.

1. Here's a health to the King, and a last-ing peace, To fac-tion an end, to wealth in-crease;
 2. Let charm-ing beau-ty's health go round, In whom ce-les-tial joys are found,

The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The dynamics are marked 'mf'.

Come, let's drink it while we have breath, For there's no drinking af-ter death, And he that will this
 May con-fu-sion still pur-sue The sel-fish wo-man-ha-ting crew; And they that wo-men's

The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The dynamics are marked 'sf'.

health de-ny, Down a-mong the dead men, Down a-mong the dead men, Down, down,
 health de-ny, Down a-mong the dead men, Down a-mong the dead men, Down, down,

The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The dynamics are marked 'p', 'cresc.', and 'f'.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

down, down, Down among the dead men let him lie!
 down, down, Down among the dead men let them lie!

3. In smil - ing Bac - chus' joys I'll roll, De - ny no plea - sure to my soul; Let
 4. May love and wine their rites main - tain, And their u - nit - ed plea - sure reign, While

Bac - chus' health round brisk - ly move, For Bac - chus is a friend to Love, And he that will this
 Bac - chus' trea - sure crowns the board, We'll sing the joys that both af - ford; And they that won't with

health de - ny, Down a - mong the dead men, Down a - mong the dead men, Down, down,
 us com - ply, Down a - mong the dead men, Down a - mong the dead men, Down, down,

down, down, Down a - mong the dead men let him lie!
 down, down, Down a - mong the dead men let them lie!

Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

Allegro moderato.

p

1. Here's to the maid - en of bask - ful fif - teen, Here's to the wi - dow of
 2. Here's to the charm - er, whose dim - ples we prize, Now to the maid who has
 3. Here's to the maid with a bos - om of snow, Now to her that's brown as a

fif - ty; Here's to the flaunt - ing ex - tra - va - gant queen, And
 none, sir; Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And
 ber - ry, Here's to the wife with a face full of woe! And

Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen. Concluded.

here's to the house-wife that's thrif - ty,
 here's to the nymph with but one, Sir. } Let the toast pass.
 here's to the dam - sel that's mer - ry. }

drink to the lass; I war - rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass.

CHORUS.

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass; I war - rant she'll prove an ex -

- cuse for the glass.

brillante.

Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl.

Adapted.

CHORUS.

1. Come, landlord fill the flow - ing bowl Un - til it doth run o - ver, Come,

land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl Un - til it doth run o - ver

For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be,

For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, To - mor - row we'll get so - ber. *Fine.*

SOLO.

2. The man who drinks good whis - key punch, And goes to bed right

p

Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl. Concluded.

mel - low, The man that drinks good whis-key punch, And goes to bed right

The first system of musical notation consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'mel - low, The man that drinks good whis-key punch, And goes to bed right'.

mel - low, Lives as he ought to live, Lives as he

The second system of musical notation continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'mel - low, Lives as he ought to live, Lives as he'.

Chorus D.C. al Fine.
ought to live, Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jol-ly good fel - low.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. It is marked 'Chorus D.C. al Fine.' and the vocal line begins with the lyrics 'ought to live, Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jol-ly good fel - low.' The system ends with a double bar line.

3 ||: The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober, :||
||: Falls as the leaves do fall, :||
So early in October.

4 ||: But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth half-seas over, :||
||: Will live until he dies, perhaps, :||
And then lie down in clover.

The leather bottél.

423

17th Century.

Allegro.

PIANO.

f *p* *cresc.* *f*

1. When I sur - vey the world a - round, The
2. Now what do you say to these cans of wood? Oh,

p

won-d'rous things that do a - bound, The ships that on the sea do swim, To
no, in faith, they can - not be good, For if the bear - er fall by the way, Why

keep out foes that none come in; Well, let them all say what they can, 'Twas
on the ground your li-quer doth lay; But had it been in a lea-ther bot-tél, Al -

THE LEATHER BOTTÉL.

for one end—the use of man, So I wish him joy wher-e'er he dwell, That
- though he had fal - len all had been well, So I wish him joy wher-e'er he dwell, That

first found out..... the lea - - ther bot - tél.....
first found out..... the lea - - ther bot - tél.....

3.

Then what do you say to these glasses fine ?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein ;
But had it been in a leather bottél,
And the stopper in, all had been well,
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél.

4.

Then what do you say to those black pots three,
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why they tug and pull till their liquor doth spill;
In a leather bottél they may tug their fill,
And pull away till their hearts do ache,
And yet their liquor no harm can take.
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél.

5.

At morn the haymakers sit them down,
To drink from their bottles of ale nut-brown,
In summer, too, when the weather is warm,
A good full bottle will do them no harm.
Then the lads and lasses begin to tattle,
But what would they be without this bottle ?
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél.

6.

And when the bottle at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the sides you may make a clout,
To mend your shoes when they're worn out ;
Or take and hang it up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél.

Simon the Cellarer.

W. H. BELLAMY.

J. L. HATTON.

PIANO. *Allegretto.*

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The second system continues the piano introduction. The upper staff has a more active melodic line with some sixteenth-note passages. The lower staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The dynamic remains piano (*p*).

p

1. Old Si - mon the cel - lar - er keeps a rare store Of Malmsey and Mal - voi - sie,..... And
2. Dame Mar - ge - ry sits in her own still-room, And a ma - tron sage is she;..... From

The third system contains the first two lines of the song. The upper staff is the vocal line, and the lower two staves are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part continues with a consistent accompaniment.

p

Cy - prus, and who can say how ma - ny more! For a cha - ry old soul is he,..... A
thence oft at cur - few is waft - ed a fume, — She says it is Rose - ma - rie,..... She

The fourth system contains the next two lines of the song. The vocal line continues with the lyrics, and the piano accompaniment provides support. The dynamic is marked piano (*p*).

p

cha - ry old soul is he. Of Sack and Ca - na - ry he nev - er doth fail, And
says it is Rose - ma - rie. But there's a small cupboard be - hind the back stair, And the

The fifth system contains the final two lines of the song. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics, and the piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. The dynamic is marked piano (*p*).

SIMON THE CELLARER.

ad lib. *a tempo.*

all the year round there is brewing of ale; Yet he nev-er ail-eth he quaintly doth say, While he
maids say they of-ten see Mar-ge-ry there—Now Mar-ge-ry says that she grows ve-ry old, And

Sva.....

leggiere. *colla voce. sosten.* *a tempo.*

keeps to his so-ber six fla-gons a day: But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show How
must take a something to keep out the cold! But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know Where

p

oft the black Jack to his lips doth go. But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show How oft the black Jack to his
ma-ny a flask of his best doth go. But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know Where ma-ny a flask of his

f

lips doth go.
best doth go.

mf *f*

3.

Old Simon reclines in his high-back'd chair,
And talks about taking a wife;
And Margery often is heard to declare
She ought to be settled in life.
But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue,
And she's not very handsome, and not very young;
So somehow it ends with a shake of the head,
And Simon he brews him a tankard instead,—
While ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow,
What! marry old Margery! no, no, no!

JOHN PEEL.

Arr. by John Tait.

With spirit.

1 D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay, D'ye ken John Peel at the
 2. Yes, I ken John Peel and Ru - by too! Ran - ter and Ring - wood,
 3. Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul, Let's drink to his health, let's
 4. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay? He liv'd at Trout - beck

break of the day, D'ye ken John Peel when he's
 Bell - man and True, From a find to a cheek, from a
 fin - ish the bowl. We'll fol - low John Peel thro'
 once on a day; Now he has gone far,

far, far a - way, With his hounds and his horn in the morn - ing?
 check to a view, From a view to a death in the morn - ing.
 fair and thro' foul, If we want a good hunt in the morn - ing.
 far, far, a - way; We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morn - ing.

CHORUS.

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the

cry of his hounds which he oft - times led; Peel's view hal-loo would a -

wak - en the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn - ing.

Su-mer Is I-Cu-men In

426

TENORS

Su-mer is i - cu-men in,..... Lhude sing cu - cu;
 Groweth sed and blow - eth med, And springth the w - de nu; Sing cu - cu;
 A - we ble-teth of - ter lomb, Lhouth of - ter cal - ve cu; Bul - loc stert-eth,
 buc - ke vert - eth, Mu - rie sing cu - cu, cu - cu, cu - cu,
 Wel sing - es thu cu - cu, He swik thu na - ver nu.
 PES
 Sing cu - cu nu, Sing cu - cu.
 Sing cu - cu, Sing cu - cu nu.

Hark! The Distant Clock.

427

Round.

Hark, the dis - tant clock re - minds us
 Night is com - ing, day has end - end,
 One, two, three, four,
 That an - oth - er hour is gone,
 Can we call the hours our own?
 five, six, seven, eight.

Weel may the keel row.

428

Allegretto
1st & 2nd Tenor.

Oh who is like my John-ny, So lirsh, so blithe, so bon - ny, He's
 He has nae mair o' - learn-ing 'I han tells his weekly earn - ing; Yet
 He wears a blue bon-net blue bon - net blue bon-net He

1st & 2nd Bass.

1st. Time *f*, 2nd Time *pp*

fore-most mong the mo-ny keel lads o' Coal-y Tyne, He'll sit or row so
 right frae wrang dis - cern - ing, Tho' brave, nae bruiser he. Tho' he no worth a
 wears a blue bon-net A dim-ple in his chin; And weel may the

tight-ly, As in the dance so light-ly, He'll cut or shu-ffle sight-ly, 'tis
 plack is His ain coat on his back is; And nane can say that black is The
 keel row, the keel row, the keel row, And weel may the keel row, the

1st Time. 2nd Time. *ff*

true were he not mine? mine?
 white o' Johnnie's e'e. e'e. Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the
 boat that my lad's in. in.

keel row, Weel may the keel row, the boat that my love's in

Braw MacDonald.

429

J. L. Dashwood.

G. A. Stanton

PIANO

ALL^o MOD^{to}

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines. The tempo is marked 'ALL^o MOD^{to}'.

VOICE

1. You may talk to me of Cambridge with its Gothic souptareens, And of German Halls of Science swept [with

The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand providing a steady bass line.

beer: Or of an-cient ac - a - de - mias where they lived on grapes and greens, And

The vocal line continues with the same melodic pattern. The piano accompaniment maintains the harmonic support, with some chromatic movement in the bass line.

incomes of a lau - rel branch of year. You may grad - uate from Heaven or get.

The vocal line continues. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with some sixteenth-note patterns.

doc - tor - ates in Flames, And have kissed the Kaiser's uncle's old - est shoe. But your

The vocal line concludes with a final note. The piano accompaniment ends with a sustained chord in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

Braw MacDonald. (Concluded)

face is im-material and your double barrelled names, If Mac-don-ald has not christ'ned you a - new.

CHORUS

Then clear your throats, my heart - ies, And join me in my lay: Sing Mac-

marc.

-don-ald! Braw Mac-don-ald! Till the night come, - or the day.

2. I have heard of foreign ladies who have lips as sweet as gall,
 And I knew a man who loved an old baboon.
 They have harems still in Turkey, and zenanas in Bengal;
 There's a man, if not a woman, in the moon.
 Like the lightning in a passion are the Burmese maiden's eyes,
 And the neck of Mrs. Pankhurst is a dream.
 But there's not a doubt, my hearties,—of the beautiful and wise
 The girls across the campus are the cream.
 Chorus.
3. Do you know the silent river, where the great fish sport and play?
 Do you know the scent of lilac at the dawn?
 Have you breathed the acquiescence of the amorous noon-day
 Asprawl and watching tennis on the lawn?
 Have you felt the young snow crackle, and the ice bend to your tread
 When the frost roared down triumphant from the hills?
 Have you danced like mad till midnight, or eaten gingerbread
 Till the doctor came and dosed you with his pills?
 Chorus

SWEET AND LOW.

430

Alfred Tennyson.

J. Barnby.

Larghetto.
SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . . Rest, rest on

TENOR AND BASS.

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . . O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . . Fa - ther will come to his

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west.

wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

rall e dim.

By permission,
(13)

John Anderson, my jo.

BURNS. *Andante.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) plays a melody of eighth and quarter notes in a minor key. The left hand (bass clef) plays a simple accompaniment of chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *mf* is present.

John An-der-son, my jo, John, When we were first ac-quent, Your locks were like the

The first line of the song features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a *p* dynamic marking.

ra-ven, Your bon-nie brow was brent, But now your brow is bald, John, Your

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

locks are like the snow, Yet bless-ings on your fros-ty pow, John An-der-son, my

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

jo.

The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *mf* is present.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a cantie day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And we'll sleep thegither at the foo:
 John Anderson, my jo.

OVER THE SEA TO SKYE.

432

The air taken by permission from Songs of the North, CRAMER & Co. Lit^d, LONDON.

Words by Robert Louis Stevenson

Arr. by W. Augustus Barratt.
CHORUS.

Tenors. 8^{ve} lower

Basses. The basses to accentuate the melody.

Sing me a song of a

lad that is gone, Say, could that lad be I?

Mer-ry of soul he sailed on a day O-ver the sea to Skye

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of three staves: a Tenor staff (labeled 'Tenors. 8^{ve} lower'), a Bass staff (labeled 'Basses.'), and a Piano accompaniment staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The piano part features a prominent bass line with sustained notes and chords. The vocal parts enter in the second measure of the first system. The lyrics are: 'Sing me a song of a lad that is gone, Say, could that lad be I? Mer-ry of soul he sailed on a day O-ver the sea to Skye'. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

*Words printed by kind permission of Charles Baxter, Esq., for the Executors of the late M^r Stevenson.

Over the Sea to Skye

last verse only

Skye.

ppp

pp

SOLO.

1. Mull was a-stern, Rum on the port, Eigg on the star-board bow;
 2. Give me a-gain all that was there, Give me the sun that shone!
 3. Bil-low and breeze, is-lands and seas, Mountains of rain and sun,

Glo-ry of youth glowed in his soul Where is that glo-ry now?
 Give me the eyes, give me the soul, Give me the lad that's gone!
 All that was good, all that was fair, All that was me is gone

Comin' Thro' the Rye

Anonymous.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics markings include *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy Com-in thro' the rye, Gin a bo-dy kiss a bo-dy,

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment, marked *p*.

Need a bo-dy cry: Il - ka las - sie has her lad-die, Nane, they say, hae I, Yet

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking.

a' the lads they smile at me When com-in' thro' the rye.

The third system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes *p* and *mf* markings.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body meet a body,
Need a body frown?
Ilka lassie has, etc.

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But what his name, or whaur his hame
I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie has, etc.

BURNA

Ye Banks and Braes o' bonny Doon.

Andante cantabile.

Ye banks and braes o'

PIANO. *p* *mf* *p*

bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye

lit - tle birds, And I'm sae wea - ry fu' o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye

mf

warb - ling bird, That war - bles on the flow' - ry thorn, Ye mind me o' de -

p dolce.

- part - ed joys, De - part - ed ne - ver to re - turn.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
 By morning and by evening shine
 To hear the birds sing o' their loves
 As fondly once I sang o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I stretch'd my hand,
 And pu'd a rosebud from the tree
 But my fause rover stole the rose,
 And left the thorn wi' me

The hundred Pipers.

435

LADY NAIRNE,

Allegro.

PIANO. *ff*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by chords and more eighth notes. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a 6/8 time signature, playing a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a' an' a', Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an'

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, one flat, and 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a' an' a', Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an'".

a' an' a', We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an'

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "a' an' a', We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an'". The piano accompaniment features some chords with accents.

a', an' a'; Oh it's ower the Bor - der a - wa', a - wa', It's ower the Bor - der a -

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "a', an' a'; Oh it's ower the Bor - der a - wa', a - wa', It's ower the Bor - der a -". The piano accompaniment includes a *mp* (mezzo-piano) dynamic marking.

- - wa', a - wa', We'll on an' we'll march to Car - lisle, Ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas - tell an'

The fourth system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "- - wa', a - wa', We'll on an' we'll march to Car - lisle, Ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas - tell an'". The piano accompaniment features a *cres.* (crescendo) dynamic marking.

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

a', an' a'. Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a' Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an'

a', an' a', We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an'

a', an' a'.
f *rit e dim.* *a tempo.* *ff*

Oh! our sodger lads look'd braw, look'd braw,
 Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',
 Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glitt'ring gear,
 An' pibrochs sounding sweet an' clear.
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
 Will they a' return—our Hieland men?
 Second sighted Sandy look'd fu' wae,
 And mothers grat when they march'd awa'.
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';
 But they'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Oh wha is foremaist o' a', o' a'?
 Oh wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
 Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurra!
 Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'!
 His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high!
 His prancing steed maist seems to fly!
 The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
 While the pipers blaw in an unco flare!
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';
 We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

The Esk was swollen, sae red, sae deep;
 But shouter to shouter the brave lads keep;
 Twa thousand swam ower to fell English ground,
 An' danc'd themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
 Dumfounder'd, the English saw, they saw!
 Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw!
 Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa'!
 Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'!
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';
 We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Charlie is my darling.

436

Anonymous.

Allegro.

Oh! Charlie is my dar-ling, My

PIANO. *f* *p*

dar - ling, my dar - ling, Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va-lier. 'Twas

on a Monday morning, Right early in the year, When Charlie came to our town, The young Chevalier. Oh!

Char-lie is my dar-ling, my dar-ling, my dar-ling, Oh! Charlie is my dar-ling, The young Che - va-lier.

As he cam marchin up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear;
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out
To meet the Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

Oh! there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear;
And mony were the pray'rs put up
For the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie, etc.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Bonnie Dundee.

Allegretto.

PIANO

To the Lords of Convention 'twas

Claverhouse spoke: Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke, Then each ca-va-lier who loves

honour and me, Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come

sad-dle my hor-ses, and call out my men; Un-hook the west port, and let us gae free, For its

up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
 The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,
 But the provost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be,
 For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee."
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Fortin,
 Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north;
 There are brave Duinnewassels three thousand times three,
 Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
 Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox;
 And tremble, false whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
 Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMON?

Written by a Lady.

(Old Scotch Song.)

Not too slowly.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 4/4 time, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

The first vocal line is a single staff in 4/4 time, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. It begins with a repeat sign.

1. By yon bon-nie banks and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the
2. 'Twas there that we part-ed in yon sha-dy glen, On the
3. The-wee bird-ies sing, and the wild flow-ers spring, An' in

The piano accompaniment for the first part of the song consists of two staves in 4/4 time, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. It provides harmonic support for the vocal line.

The second vocal line is a single staff in 4/4 time, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. It continues the melody from the first part.

sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mon', Where me and my true love were
steep, steep side o' Ben Lo-mon', Where, in pur-ple hue,— the
sun-shine the wa-ters are sleep-in'; But the bro-ken heart, it kens— nae

The piano accompaniment for the second part of the song consists of two staves in 4/4 time, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. It continues the harmonic support.

The third vocal line is a single staff in 4/4 time, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. It concludes the main melody.

ev-er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo-mon',
Hie-land hills we view, An' the moon com-in' out in the gloam-in'. Oh!
sec-ond spring a-gain, Tho' the wae-fu' may cease frae their greet-in'.

The piano accompaniment for the third part of the song consists of two staves in 4/4 time, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. It concludes the piece.

Brisker.

ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot-land a-

*Ad. **

dolente

fore ye; But me an' my true love will nev-er meet a-gain, On the

pp

1st & 2nd Verses.

bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - - mon'.

Last Verse.

Lo mon'.

rit.

*Ad. * Ad. * Ad. * Ad. **

Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

439

Words by Charles Jefferys.

Music by S. Nelson. (Arranged by Harold Eustace Key)

Poco Allegretto e Delicatezza

PIANO

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present.

VOICE

The first vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics "I have heard the mav - is". The melody is written on a single staff in treble clef.

The second vocal line continues the melody with the lyrics "sing - ing His love song to the morn; I have seen the dew - drop".

The third vocal line continues with the lyrics "cling - ing To the rose just new - ly born; But a sweet - er song has".

The fourth and final vocal line on this page contains the lyrics "cheered me At the eve - ning's gent - le close; And I've".

Bonnie Mary of Argyle. (Continued)

seen an eye still bright-er than the dew-drop on the rose; 'Twas thy

colla voce *a tempo*

voice, my gen - tle Mar - y, And thine art - less win - ning smile, That

made this world an E - den, Bon-nie Mar-y of Ar - gyle.

Annie Laurie.

440

Anonymous.

Andante moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And it's

there that An-nie Lau-rie Gie'd me her pro-mise true, Gie'd me her pro-miso

true, Which ne'er for-got will be; And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and

cresc. sf p pp ad lib.

cresc. sf p pp colla voce.

dee.

* Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon ana dee

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet.
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee

* The first four lines of this Stanza are borrowed from an old version of "John Anderson, my Joe."

The low - backed Car.

Tenor & Baritone

1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a market day, A
 2. In bat-tle's wild com-mo-tion The proud and might-y Mars, With

Bass

low backed car she drove, and sat Up- on a truss of hay; But when that hay was
 hos-tile scythes, de - mands his tithes Of death in war-like cars; While Peg-gy, peace-ful

blooming grass, And decked with flow'rs of spring No flow'r was there that could compare With the
 god - dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That knock men down in the market town, As

bloom-ing girl I sing, As she sat in the low-backed car, The man at the turn-pike
 right and left they fly While she sits in the low-backed car, Than bat-tles more dang-erous

bar Nev-er asked for the toll But just rubbed his old poll, And looked af-ter the low-back'd car.
 far, For the doctor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low-backed car.

MEN OF HARLECH.

William Duthie

Allegro marziale

Welsh Melody Arr for male voices by W H M

1 Men of Har-lech' in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil low,
2 Rock y steeps and pas-ses nar-row, Flash with spear and flight of ar row.

Wave on wave that surg-ing fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men,
'Who would think of death or sor-row? Death is glo-ry now! Hurl the reel-ing horse-men o-ver!

Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men; Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen, They shall bite the ground
Let the earth dead foe-men cov-er! Fate of friend, of wife, of lov-er, Trem-bles on a blow!

Men of Harlech

1. Loose the folds a-sunder, Flag we conquer un-der! The pla-cid sky now bright on high, Shall
 2. Strands of life are riv-en; Blow for blow is giv-en, In dead-ly lock, or bat-tle shock, And

launch its bolts in thun-der! On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us!
 "Mer-cy" shrieks to heav-en! Men of Har-lech, young and hoa-ry,

He is brav-est, he who leads us! Hon-our's self now proud-ly heads us! Cambria, God, and Right!
 Would you win a name in sto-ry? Strike for home, for life, for glo-ry! Cambria, God, and Right!

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics, a bass line, and a piano accompaniment with treble and bass staves. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are arranged in two columns per system, with the vocal line spanning across them. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern in the bass and chords in the treble.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Words by MOORE.

Arranged by BALFE.

1. The min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll
 2. The min-strel fell, but the foe-man's chain Could not bring that proud soul

find him; His fa-ther's sword he hath gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be-
 un-der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a-gain, For he tore its chords a-

hind him. "Land of song!" said the war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be-
 sun-der, And said, "No chain shall sul-ly thee, Thou soul of love and

says thee, One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp... shall praise thee."
 brave 'ry! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound.. in slav-'ry"

OLD BLACK JOE.

Poco adagio.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C FOSTER.

VOICE

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, gone are my friends from the
 2. Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil dren so dear that I

PIANO.

cot - ton fields a - way, Gone from the earth to a bet ter land I know I
 friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now de part ed long a go? I
 held up - on my knee, Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go. I

hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing Old Black Joe *Chorus*

I m com - ing I m com - ing, For my

head is bend - ing low, I hear their gen - tle voi ces call - ing Old Black Joe

A Health to Old McGill.

445

Words by R. W. HUNTINGTON, Law '74.

Melody by MRS. W. C. BAYNES.

mf Moderato.

1. The lights a-round the fes-tal board, On glass and sil-ver

quiv-er, The gen-'rous wine is free-ly poured, The

toast a-waits the giv-er; So here's a health to

old Me-Gill, With feel-ings proud and ten-der,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo and dynamic markings are 'mf Moderato.' and 'p' (piano). The lyrics are: '1. The lights a-round the fes-tal board, On glass and sil-ver quiv-er, The gen-'rous wine is free-ly poured, The toast a-waits the giv-er; So here's a health to old Me-Gill, With feel-ings proud and ten-der,'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

A Health to Old McGill. Concluded.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The vocal line has lyrics under the notes. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system includes the lyrics 'each a brim - ming bump - er fill, And lov - ing hom - age'. The second system is labeled 'CHORUS.' and includes the lyrics 'ren - der. An - oth - er toast be - fore we part, An -'. The third system includes the lyrics '- oth - er bump - er fill boys, A toast that comes from'. The fourth system includes the lyrics 'ev - ry heart, A health to old Me - Gill, boys.' The score includes dynamic markings such as *crescendo.*, *dim.*, *colla voce.*, and *f*.

crescendo. *dim.*
each a brim - ming bump - er fill, And lov - ing hom - age

crescendo. *colla voce.* *dim.*
ren - der. An - oth - er toast be - fore we part, An -

- oth - er bump - er fill boys, A toast that comes from

f
ev - ry heart, A health to old Me - Gill, boys.

2 For what more fitting than that we,
The night before we sever,
Met here once more in company,
'To part, perchance, for ever,
Should, ere we go our several ways,
The tie again acknowledge,
That binds, with links of happy days,
Us to our dear old college?—CHO.

3 Though of each man, the future fate
Be past our divination,
For some the laurel wreath may wait,
For some a humbler station;
Yet each to each we still are bound
By ties time cannot sever;
So, as the wine-cup circles round,
McGill! McGill! forever!—CHO.

Trench Ditties

446

BONSOIR, MA CHERIE

Bonsoir, ma cherie,
 Comment allez-vous.
 Bonsoir ma cherie,
 Je vous aime beaucoup.
 Avez-vous fiancee?
 Ca ne fait rien!
 Voulez vous promener avec moi ce soir?
 Oui, oui — tres bien.

HE'S GONE AWAY (Air:—Steamboat Bill)

447

There was a Signaller fellow who was new at the "biz",
 He was a most obliging chap as every Signaller is
 The O.C. said "O.P. Line's cut. I wonder where't can be."
 "I dunno, Sir," said the Signaller, "but I'll pull it in and see."

Chorus.

He's gone away, umpty-iddy-umpty
 He's gone away. They put him with the duds,
 He's gone away—no more he'll buzz the buzzer—
 So now he's in the kitchen, undressing little spuds.

There was a young fellow by the name of Steve
 Who got into an argument while down on Paris leave.
 A Frenchman up and called him a country rube,
 "Who is this guy?" said Steve, "I think I'll kill the boob."
 Steeve took off his coat and washed his hands in beer,
 Looked at the card the Frenchman gave and read "Georges Carpentier".
 "'S' all right, George, Let's be friends. Though what you said was raw
 The n's fightin' words in Canada, but this ain't Canada"

Chorus.

He's gone away, they found him 'neath the table.
 He's gone away, Georges didn't miss him much.
 He's gone away, there's a moral in this story—
 If you want to fight in Paris
 Find a cripple and steal his crutch.

There was a big six-footer by the name of Lou,
 Who was a cartridge number on the champion crew.
 But the Sergeant-Major saw him and said "Well, Well, Well!
 You can cut this light-weight job and start in carryin' shell
 "Now look here, Sergeant-Major" said the lazy Lou,
 I've had this little cartridge job for a year or two,
 And if you think you're gonna scare me with your 'well, well, well!
 You can pack pack your bloomin' shell tray and go plump to — the cook house.

Cho-us.

He's gone away, umpty-iddy umpty.
 He's gone away, you won't see him no more
 He's gone away, he insulted the Sergeant-Major
 And now he's counting Hard-tack in the "Q-M. Store".

You heard about the Battery Cook who died last May.
 He went right up to Heaven and St. Peter let him stay.
 One day St. Pete was in a fix, he knew not what to do;
 Some soldiers wanted "Mulligan" and there was no food to stew.
 The Cook says; "Pete, I'll help you out an fix a meal up royal.
 We'll take some dubbin, camouflage and some mineral oil,
 We'll season it with cordite and stir with N.C.I.
 We'll put them all together and serve MacConnac-I.
 He's gone away, umpty-iddy-umpty.
 He's gone away, he's with the burning coals
 He's gone away, he got St. Peter's "anny"
 And now, he's helping Gunga Din to feed the poor damned souls.

There was young bomber by the name of Tom.
 Who tried to take a look in side a live Mills bomb
 The silence was so heavy you could hear the pin drop—
 "Forward, Stretcher-bearers, with an O-Cedar mop."
 (Dead March in Saul—Con espressione)

ON THE ROAD TO OLD YPRES. 448
 (Air—Road to Mandalay)

On the road to old Ypres,
 Where the Seventh C. G. A.
 Put the Fear of God in Fritzie
 By using "no-delay".
 Can't you hear "old Snowshoe" say
 "Use fourth charge.—Take post to lay."
 And the heavy guns n thunder
 Sent a few out Heinie's way.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR'S LAMENT 449
 By Gitz Rice—

Call out the Army and the navy ('ave a banana)
 Call out the rank and the file
 Call out the brave old territorials
 They'll face the danger with a smile (I don't think)
 Where are the boys of the old brigade
 They made old England free
 Call out my brother my sister and my mother
 But for gosh sake don't call me.

I WANT TO GO HOME 450

Lieut. Gitz Rice.
 1st Canadian Contingent.

I want to go home,
 I want to go home,
 The "whiz-bangs" and shrapnel around me do roar.
 I don't want to go to the Front any more
 Take me far o'er the sea,
 Where the Allemand cant get at me,
 Oh, my, I don't want to die
 I want to go home.

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN ALLEMAND. 451

Lieut. Gitz Rice.
 1st Can. Contingent.

Keep your head down, Allemand.
 Keep your head down, Allemand.
 Last night in the pale moonlight
 I saw you, I saw you,
 You were fixing your barb' wire,
 When we opened rapid fire,
 If you want to see your "Vater und der Vaterland"
 Keep your head down, Allemand.

OH, HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING. 452

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,
 Oh, how I would like to remain in bed,
 For the hardest blow of all,
 Is to hear the bugler call,
 "You've got to get up, you've got to get up
 You've got to get up this morning.
 Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
 Some day they're going to find him dead.
 I'll amputate his reveille
 And step upon it heavily,
 And spend the rest of my life in bed.

(Parody as Sung by 7th McGill)
 THE BATTERY SWITCH BOARD 453

Put me on the dear old switchboard,
 Down a dug-out deep I want to be;
 Eating tins of beans, reading magazines,
 Smoking "Howdie's", "Arf-a-mo's" and "Ruby Queens".
 I don' want to go up forward,
 A baker got the D.C.M. Oh Gee.
 So why take a chance on "five-point-nine"
 When you get a "bomb-proof" behind the line?
 The switch-board is the place for me.

MADemoiselle FROM ARMENTIERES. 454

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parlez vous,
 Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Parlez vous.
 Mademoiselle from Armentieres
 She hasn't been kissed for forty years,
 Hinky dinky, Parlez vous.
 The "Forty Thieves" they have a good time, Parlez-vous
 The Forty Thieves they have a good time, Parlez vous
 The Forty Thieves they have a good time
 They steal our rations behind the line
 Hinky dinky, Parlez vous.
 Oh Landlord have you any good wine, Parlez vous.
 Oh Landlord have you any good wine, parlez vous.
 Oh Landlord have you any good wine
 Fit for a soldier of the line
 Hinky, dinky parlez vous.
 Oh yes I have some very good wine, Parlez vous
 Oh yes, I have some very good wine, Parlez vous.
 Oh yes I have some very good wine
 To cheer the soldiers of the line
 Hinky dinky, Parlez vous.
 Oh Landlord you have a daughter fine, Parlez vous,
 Oh Landlord you have a daughter fine, Parlez vous.
 Oh Landlord you have a daughter fine
 She breaks our hearts while up the line
 Hinky dinky, Parlez vous.
 Oh yes I have a daughter fine, Parlez vous,
 Oh yes I have a daughter fine, Parlez vous.
 Oh yes I have a daughter fine
 But not to waste upon the line
 Hinky dinky, Parlez vous.
 "But dear father I love them all, Parlez-vous,
 But dear father I love them all, Parlez vous.
 But dear father I love them
 Thin and fat and short and tall
 Hinky dinky Parlez vous.
 They com' to save our country fair, Parley vous,
 They com' to save our country fair, Parlez vous.
 They com' to save our country fair,
 Et a la guerre comme a la guerre
 Hinky dinky, Parlez vous."
 Go to your room oh daughter mine, Parlez vous,
 Go to your room oh daughter mine, Parlez vous.
 Go to your room oh daughter mine
 And leave the soldiers to their wine
 Hinky dinky, Parlez vous.

PARODY TO A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN 455
 By Gitz Rice

Have you ever heard the story how old Blighty got its name
 If you haven't I will tell you how old Blighty got its fame
 It's a dear old land of hospitals and nurses who are fine
 I'll tell you how the place appeals to the boys from up the line.

Chorus.

Sure a little bit of shrapnel fell from out the sky one day
 And it nestled in my shoulder in a most peculiar way
 And when the M. O. saw it why he looked at me in despair
 He said your're fit for Blighty but I don't think you'll get there
 Then he sprinkled it with iodine and gee but it was strong
 Then he jabbed me with a needle so that nothing would go wrong
 I went down to the base boys singing a merry song
 But my pulse dropped down to zero and they dished me a Boolong.

College Yells. (Concluded)

Q. Who says so?

A. We do.

Q. Who are we?

A. Everybody.

Q. Who are everybody

A. MCGILL.

Get that Ball.

Get that Ball, McGill,

Get that Ball, McGill,

Get that Ball, McGill,

You've got to get it.

Au Revoir.

Varsity, (or as the case may be)

Aint ye ever comin' back? (pause)

What, never? (pause)

No, NEVER.

Offside.

Nice run, Queens. Or as the case may
be.)

Fumble.

O-o-h.

Fiddlesticks.

5-yard Line.

Get low, McGill.

SISTER UNIVERSITIES.

Toronto 'Varsity.

A Rifferty, a Rafferty,

A Rifferty Rafferty Ree.

We shout and fight for the Blue and
(White)

And the honour of U. of T.

A Rifferty, a Rafferty,

A Rifferty Rafferty Ree.

Toronto, Toronto,

Toronto, Varsity.

Queens.

Queens, Queens,

Queens na Chiel.

Oil thi na gawinigubrah

Oil thi na gawinigubrah

Chiel, chiel, chiel,

Queens.

The Order Of Convocation

(Entry of Undergraduates.)

"When I get my bit of Parchment"!

Air:- "When I get my civvy
clothes on".

When I get my bit of Parchment
Oh, how happy I shall be.
Now my d--d exams are over
No more passing "supps" for me.
No more copying on Sunday
Notes I failed to take in class.
I shall tell the old Professor
You'll be Kicked if I don't pass.

**(Entry of Undergraduates in
Science.)**

"The Hamburg Show",

Q. Where are we going, boys?

Chorus.

We're going to the Hamburg show.
See the Elephant and the wild Kan-
(garoo, Kangaroo.)

For we'll all stick together,
In fair and stormy weather
For we're going to see the whole
(show through.)

See the whole, see the whole,
For we're going to see the whole show
through. (Ad lib)

(Entrance of Law Undergraduates)

"The Keepers of the Law"

(Air:—Robbers' Chorus)

We are the Keepers of the Law,
And we do everyone we can.
We rest our case on every flaw
That lurks in every plan.
You'll find that costs untold
We collect from every man
How ever crafty wise or bold
That seeks to shun the "can".

**(Entrance of other
Undergraduates.)**

"Hail, Hail, the Gang's all Here"

Hail, Hail, The Gang's all here,
So what the hell do we care,
So what the hell do we care,
What the hell do we care—Now!

(Entrance of The Staff.)

"Good Morning".

Air:—Doxology.

Good morning have you used Pear's
(Soap?)
Good morning have you used Pear's
(Soap?)
Good morning have you used Pear's
(Soap?)
Good morning, have you used Pear's
(Soap? Sapolio.)

(As the Procession files in.)

"The Ark"

Noah of Old he Built an Ark.
There's one more River to cross.
He built it out of Hickory Bark
There's one more River to cross.

Refrain.

Oh, there's one more river,
And that's the River of Jordan.
There's one more river,
There's one more river to cross.

Into this ark the animals went,
In just the order they were sent. (Ref)

The animals went in one by one,
Among them the hornet full of fun.
(Ref)

The animals went in two by two,
The Elephant and the kangaroo (Ref)
(Improvise ad lib. according to taste
and experience of soloist.)

The Order of Convocation (Continued)

And as they talked of this and that
The Ark it bumped on Ararat (Ref)

Now listen to our parting text
"To be continued in our next" (Ref)

(Conferring of degrees on Women
Students.)

"Hop along Sister Mary".

"Hop Along Sister Mary".

Hop along Sister Mary,
Hop along, hop along.
Hop along sister Mary,
Hop along.

(As each degree is conferred and the
recipient is "capped" those seated
will stamp together as the cap tou-
ches the candidate's head.)

(When the Benediction has been read)

"God Save the King".

(The Faculties then file out)

"Hail, Alma Mater".

"McGill Yell".

(EXIT MARCH)

"Where do we go from here".

Why must we go from here, boys
Where we for many a year
Have swallowed Arts and Sciences
And washed them down with beer?
And when we think of Old McGill
We'll do so with a tear,
But Oh Boy, Oh Joy
Exams are in the rear.

EZEUNT OMNES

College Yells.

One-Two-Three-Four.

One, two, three, four,
Two, four, forty-four.
Who're we going to yell for?
M-C-G-I-L-L.
That's the way we spell it;
This is how we yell it---
McGILL.

There aint no Flies on Us.

There aint no flies on us.
There aint no flies on us.
There may be flies
On some of youse guys,
But there aint no flies on us.

First Aid to the Injured.

Q. What's the matter with Si Whiffle-
(tree).
A. He's all right.
Q. Who's all right?
A. Si Whiffletree.

THE MCGILL YELL

We're out for gore.
We're out for gore.
We're out for gore.
Keep it low.
Keep it low.
Keep it low.
Let it go.
M-C-G-I-L-L.
What's the matter with old McGill?
She's all right, oh yes, you bet.
McGill, McGill, McGill,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
McGILL.

Parody as used by Laval.

M-C-G-I-L-L.
Qu'est-ce qu'elle a
La veille McGill?
Elle est bien correct
Bien oui, bien oui, bien oui,
McGill, McGill, McGill, etc.

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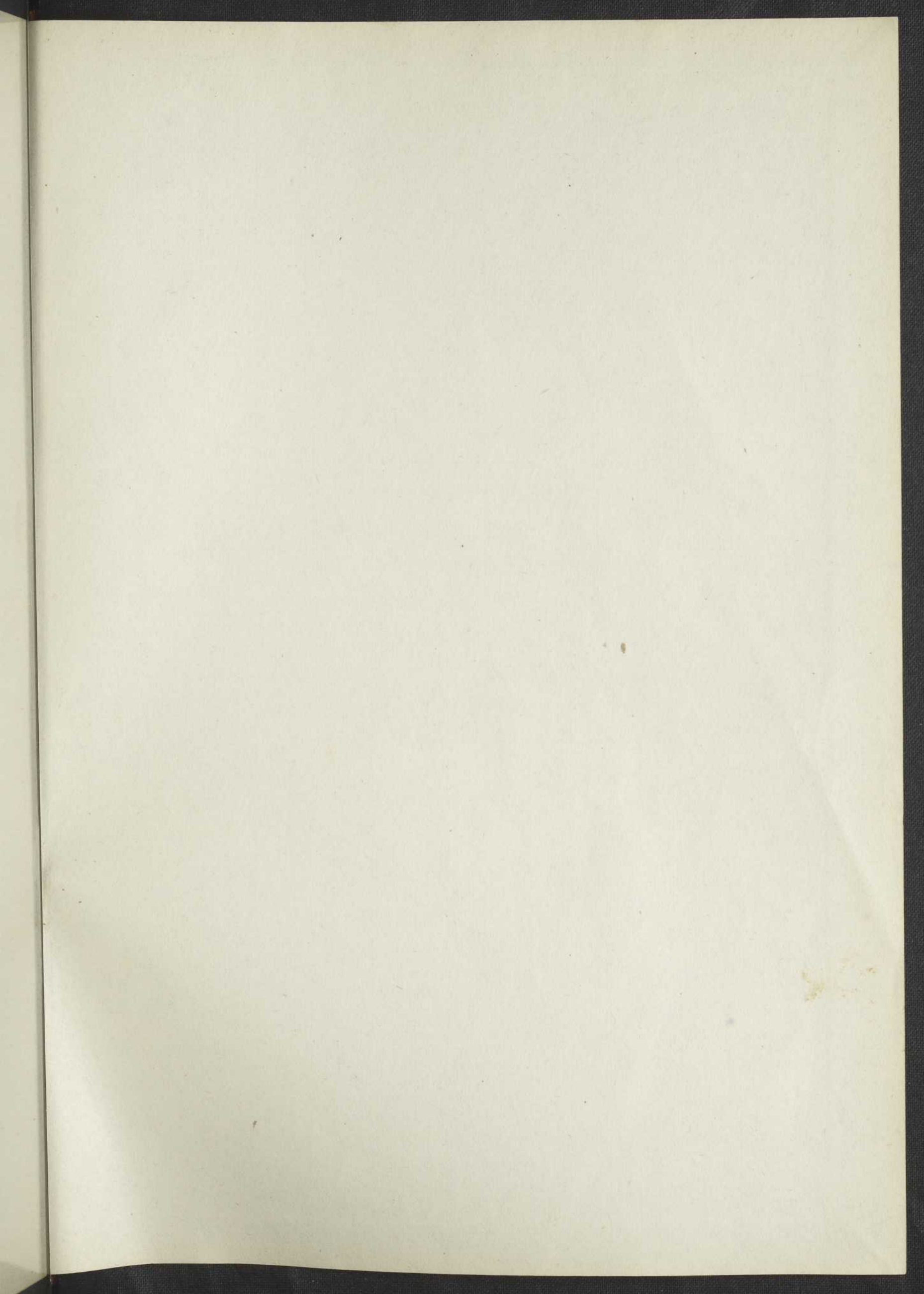
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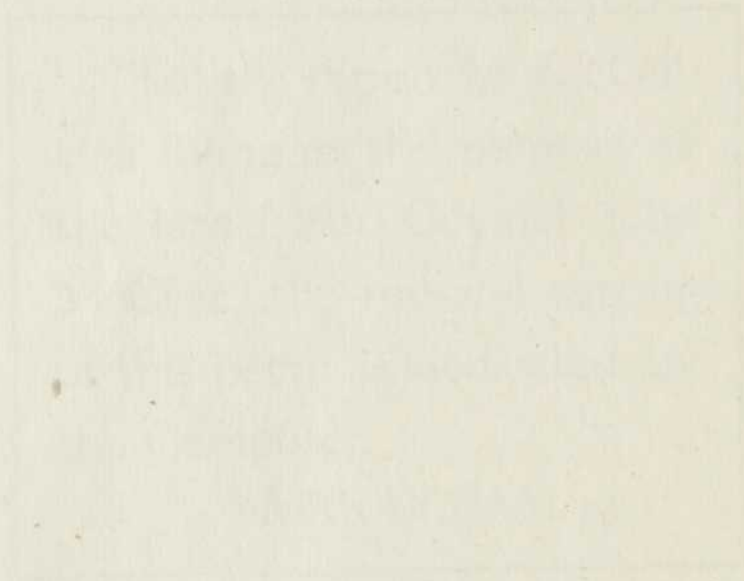
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To the Spirit of McGill,
ever living in the memory of
the late Lieut.-Colonel John
McCrae, the musical setting
of this poem is dedicated by
the Composer,

MURRAY BAY, 1921





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