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Songs...
of
Dickinson

DICKINSON COLLEGE

FOUNDED 1783

Rev. GEORGE EDWARD REED, S.T.D., LL.D.,

President



SUMMARY OF STUDENTS IN 1900:

Graduate Students,	4
College Students,	262
School of Law,	112
Collegiate Preparatory School,	90
	<hr/>
Total,	468



For full information address the President of
Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.

SONGS

... OF ...

DICKINSON

CARLISLE, PA., 1900.

MACGOWAN & SLIPPER,
30 BEEKMAN STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT is especially due to
PRESIDENT and MRS. GEO. E. REED for their
hearty co-operation in the preparation of this first
edition of the Dickinson College handy Song Book.
It is constructed with a firm belief in expansion and
of the right of the editor to supply omissions or
correct any defects in a future edition.

HORATIO C. KING, '58.

Single Copies, 25 Cents.

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Alma Mater, Dickinsonia!

Words by HORATIO C. KING.

Old German.

1. Al - ma Ma - ter! Dick - in - so - nia! Fair - est
2. Al - ma Ma - ter! Dick - in - so - nia! Ev - er
3. Al - ma Ma - ter! Dick - in - so - nia! Time will

of the fair art thou. At thy feet we scat - ter
turn our hearts to thee: When the world shall hear thy
yet more lus - tre lend: Age will but in - crease thy

flow - ers, Culled from na - ture's rich - est
sto - ry, Of a cen - tury more of
pow - ers, Count - less years will seem but

bow - ers, Fade - less lau - rels crown thy brow.
glo - ry, Lov - ers still will bend the knee.
hours, Life to thee shall nev - er end.

Fair Dickinson.

Words by HENRY F. KING, 63 ♯

AIR.—"Believe Me."

1 How oft does the heart to old Dick - in - son turn,
2. But min - gling with pleas - ure that mem - o - ry brings,
3. Then, hail to our own Al - ma Ma - ter so dear,

As... mem - o - ry fond - ly re - calls
Of... all the bright days that are o'er,
Her... praise we for - ev - er will sing;

The... days of our youth all so hap - pi - ly spent,
There... comes a sad thought of the classmates and friends,
Shout glad - ly for Dick - in - son, fair - est of all,

With - - in her dear class - i - cal walls;
Whose hands we shall clasp nev - er more;
Let... voi - ces with mel - o - dy ring!

Fair Dickinson.—Concluded.

The cam - pus so green and the riv - er so fair,
And yet, though the tears may un - bid - den a - rise,
Up, ... up with her ban - ner, the red and the white,

Where oft we de - light - ed to roara,
Our ... hearts will ex - ult - ing - ly swell,
And pledge her our hom - age a - new,

While draughts from the foun - tain of knowledge so clear,
To, think how each life, in ac - cord with its light,
With .. cheers that will roll down the path - way of time,

We .. drew in our old col - lege home.
Re - flect - ed her teach - ings so well,
And hearts full of loy - al - ty true!

Noble Dickinsonia.

HORATIO C. KING.

AIR.—*Lauriger Horatius.*

1. Al - ma Ma - ter, tried and true, No - ble Dick - in - so - nia,
2. Sci - on of a hundred years, No - ble Dick - in - so - nia,
3. Men may come and men may go, No - ble Dick - in - so - nia,

Of our hearts shall turn to you, No - ble Dick - in - so - nia.
Wit - ness of our smiles and tears, No - ble Dick - in - so - nia.
Yet in deep and peace - ful flow, No - ble Dick - in - so - nia.

How each an - cient class - ic hall, Fondest mem o - ries re - call,
Age shall not thine honors dim; Till death comes with visage grim.
Shall thy stream of learning wide, Thro' the a - ges grandly glide,

Sa - cred is each gray old wall, No - ble Dick - in - so - nia.
We will chant our lov - ing hymn, No - ble Dick - in - so - nia.
Ev - er to thy sons a pride, No - ble Dick - in - so - nia.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

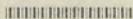
LAURIGER Horatius,
Quam dixisti rerum ;
Fugit Euro citius,
Tempus edax rerum.

Chorus.

Ubi sunt, O pocula,
Dulciora melle,
Rixae pax et oscula,
Rubentis puellae.

Crescit uva molliter,
Et puella crescit,
Sed poeta turpiter,
Sitiens canescit.—*Chorus.*

Quid iuvat aeternitas,
Nominis amare,
Nisi terrae filias,
Licet et potare.—*Chorus.*



DICKINSON, FAIR DICKINSON.

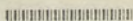
Tune: "Lauriger Horatius."

ALL reverence to a lustrous name,
Dickinson, fair Dickinson.
All honor to its widespread fame,
Dickinson, fair Dickinson.
Her sons are bound in closest ties,
And in her cause united rise ;
For far above all names they prize
Dickinson, fair Dickinson.

For thee we'll give our highest praise,
Dickinson, fond Dickinson.
For thee our loudest chorus raise,
Dickinson, fond Dickinson.
We'll deck the hall, prepare the cheer,
And gather to it, far and near,
To give again the grand old cheer,
Dickinson, fond Dickinson.

Then let there swell from every throat,
Dickinson, fair Dickinson.
And on all banners proudly float,
Dickinson, fair Dickinson.
For piety and truth and light
Has ever been the watchword bright,
May God preserve her in her might,
Dickinson, fair Dickinson!

—MILNOR DOREY, 1900.



HERE'S TO DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Chorus, Tempo di Marcia. Key B Flat.

HERE's to Dickinson College, drink it down, drink it
down [BIS],
Here's to Dickinson College, she's the source of all
our knowledge,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down, down,
down.

Balm of Gilead, Gilead, balm of Gilead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead, way down on the Bingo farm.

We won't go home any more, we won't go home any
more,
We won't go home any more, 'way down on the
Bingo farm.
Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Bingo,
Bingo, Bingo, 'way down on the Bingo farm.

Drink to me only with thine Eyes.

1. Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes And I will pledge with mine,
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon'ring thee,

Or leave a kiss with-in the cup, And I'll not ask for mine; The
As giv-ing it a hope that there It could not withered be; But

rit

thirst that from the soul dost rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine.....
thou there-on didst on-ly breathe, And send'st it back to me,....

cres - - - *f pp*

But might I of Jove's nec-tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it-self, but thee.

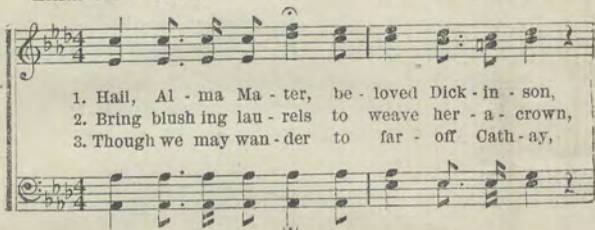
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Hail, Alma Mater!

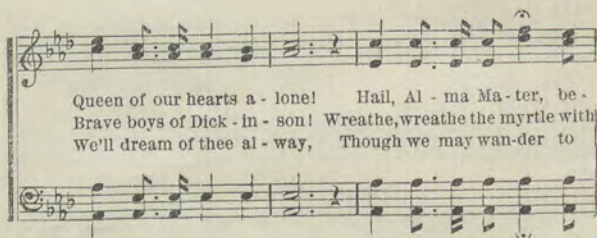
Words by

EMMA VIOLA HARRY.

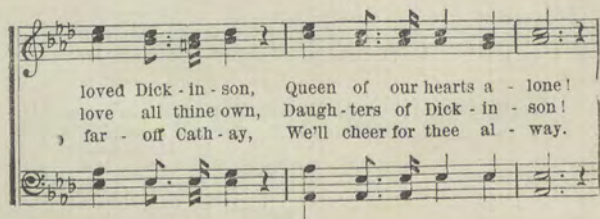
AIR.—“*Pirates Chorus.*”



1. Hail, Al - ma Ma - ter, be - loved Dick - in - son,
2. Bring blush ing lau - rels to weave her - a - crown,
3. Though we may wan - der to far - off Cath - ay,



Queen of our hearts a - lone! Hail, Al - ma Ma - ter, be -
Brave boys of Dick - in - son! Wreathe, wreathe the myrtle with
We'll dream of thee al - way, Though we may wan - der to



loved Dick - in - son, Queen of our hearts a - lone!
love all thine own, Daugh - ters of Dick - in - son!
far - off Cath - ay, We'll cheer for thee al - way.

Hail, Alma Mater!—Concluded.

Wake, wake the song, let it ring clear and strong.
High deeds and rare of the brave and the fair,
Wild, er - rant youth roams a - far yet our truth,

While we pledge faith and hon - or, A
Are the lau - rels... of Vic - to - ry. That
Will be thine, Al - ma Ma - ter, In

joy - ous, gal - lant throng, Shout! Wake, wake the mu - sic of
mothers proudly wear, Shout! Lau - rels for glo - ry, and
joy, in peace, or ruth—Shout! Wake, wake the mu - sic of

love's dul - cet tone, Hall to thee, Dick - in - son!
myr - tles for love, Tru - est af - fec - tion prove.
love's dul - cet tone. Hall to thee, Dick - in - son!

Cheering Song.

Words by F. T. BELL, '02.

TUNE.—*Hark I hear a Voice.*

1. { Sing an-oth - er song, For the love of Dick-in-son,
Then a heart-y cheer, With voi - ces strong and clear,

2. { When the college bell we hear, Ring out so true and clear, That
Tell - ing the news so grand, In - spir - ing ev - ery man, For

3. { Be - hold our flag so fair! They're waving it ev'ry where, Hur -
Our colors we proudly show, No mat - ter where we go. Hur -

Let the mu - sic roll, ... Let the mu - sic roll, }
Let the mu - sic roll, ... Let the mu - sic (*Omit*) } roll.
Dick - in - son has won, For Dick - in - son has won, }
Dick - in - son has won, For Dick - in - son has (*Omit*) } won.
rah for the red and white, Hurrah for the red and white, }
rah for the red and white, Hurrah for the red and (*Omit*) } white.

CHORUS.

Let us cheer for Dick-in-son,

Let us cheer, For Dick-in-son,

Let us cheer for Dick-in-son,

Cheering Song.

For we love

For we love..... our Dick - in -

For we love

1 mo. *2 mo.*

son, our Dick - in - son, Let us - son, our Dick - in - son,

our Dick - in - son, our Dick - in - son.

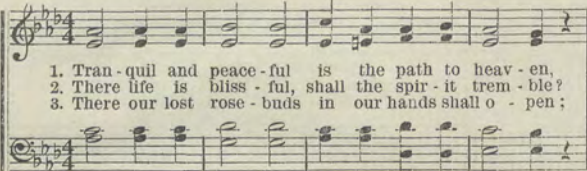
Hear, oh, hear us, mer-ri-ly cheer, Mer-ri-ly cheer, mer-ri-ly cheer,

Hear, oh, hear us, mer-ri-ly cheer, For old Dick - in - son.

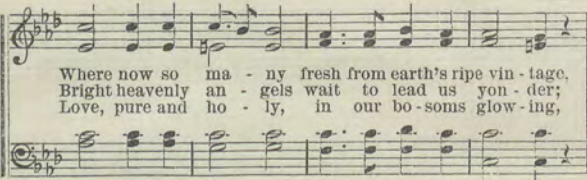
Flemming.

F. F. FLEMMING, 1810.

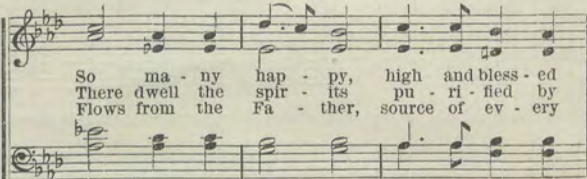
AIR.—*Integer Vita.*



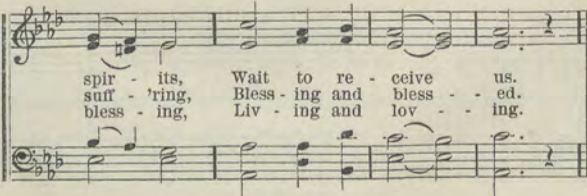
1. Tran-quil and peace-ful is the path to heav-en,
2. There life is bliss-ful, shall the spir-it trem-ble?
3. There our lost rose-buds in our hands shall o-pen;



Where now so ma-ny fresh from earth's ripe vin-tage,
Bright heavenly an-gels wait to lead us yon-der;
Love, pure and ho-ly, in our bo-soms glow-ing,



So ma-ny hap-py, high and bless-ed
There dwell the spir-its pu-ri-fied by
Flows from the Fa-ther, source of ev-ery



spir-its, Wait to re-ceive us.
suff-ring, Bless-ing and bless-ed.
bless-ing, Liv-ing and lov-ing.

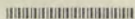
INTEGER VITÆ.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauris jaculis nec arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce pharetra.

Silve per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Silve facturus per inhospitalem,
Caucasum vel quæ loca fabulosus,
Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra,
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit in ermen.

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



THE COLLEGE BELL.

Air: "Araby's Daughter."

How dear are the scenes of old Dickinson College,
As fond recollection presents them to view ;
The trees which embower that famed seat of knowl-
edge,
The halls where of Plato and Euclid we knew.
The class-rooms of those who thought best of
bonorum
On lore of the ancients to linger and dwell,
The Lab. which we reached by the *Pons Asinorum*,
And e'en the clear tones of the old college bell.

Chorus.

Oh, blithely 'tis swinging, and cheerily ringing,
And merrily singing—the old college bell.

Oh! come, gentle muse, from fair Helicon's moun-
tain,

Descend 'neath these maples where coy-wood-
nymphs play!

Nay, linger not there by Castalia's lone fountain,
But lend thy sweet voice to inspire my lay.

Methinks thus she murmurs: "Thou summonest
ever

Brave youths and fair maidens, instructors as well,
To duty and labor and high themes forever—

How noble thy mission, dear old college bell!"

—*Chorus.*

Old bell, sure thou seemed a hoary musician,
Deserving thy meed of just praise to receive;

For notes of kind warning and solemn monition
From morn until eve thou ever dost give.

While "Colonel," unlike the grim sexton whose
warning

Rang prompt for young Basil his funeral knell,
Full long and full late does he ring in the morning,

With mercy for laggards, the old college bell.

—*Chorus.*

How oft in the future, in dreams at thy pealing,

We'll wend to yon chapel embowered in trees;

While tenderly, then, will come memories stealing

Of rev'rent petitions, long-hushed melodies.

Again will we glow with life's rapturous morning,

Again will the dream-time's luxuriant spell,

With tissues of *faery* the gray earth adorning,

Wrap thee, too, around, thou dear old college bell.

—*Chorus.*

EMMA VIOLA HARRY.

The Old College Bell.

—1858— A CONTRAST. —1899—

Inscribed to Dickinson, My Alma Mater.

Moderato.

Words and Music by HORATIO C. KING, 1858.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. It features a melody of eighth notes and rests, with some notes beamed together. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, maintaining the 6/8 time signature and one-flat key signature. The lower staff continues the accompaniment, showing a steady rhythmic pattern of chords and notes.

The third system of musical notation includes lyrics and continues the musical score. It begins with a soprano clef (C1) and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are:
1. Clang! whang! Clang! whang! goes the bell at dawn - ing,—
2. Ding! dong! Slug! song! hear the gen - tle ech - o,—
The notation below the lyrics consists of two staves: the upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat, and the lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music continues with chords and single notes, corresponding to the lyrics.

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The Old College Bell.

Clang! whang! Clang! whang! rings the an - gry warn - ing ;
Call - ing back the joys of long a - go;...

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The bottom staff is a bass line with a similar rhythmic pattern.

Clang! whang! Clang! whang! wakes the nois-y ech - o, ...
Ding! dong! Sing! song! shad-ows group be - fore us,....

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The bottom staff is a bass line with a similar rhythmic pattern.

) *1st Ending,* *Fine.* (

Clang! whang! Clang! whang off to prayers we go,
Fill - ing all the air with thrill-ing cho - rus.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The bottom staff is a bass line with a similar rhythmic pattern.

The Old College Bell.

2nd Ending. 2nd Verse.

** air with trill-ing cho - rus. Now we shake and shiv - er,
From the past they mus - ter,

In the win - try weath - er, * Prayers and im - pre
Dear in our af - fec - tion, Trooping with si - lent

ca - tions, Fly . to heav'n to - geth - er.
foot - steps, Home to our re - col - lec - tion. *Slow.*

- ** Repeat Introduction after first verse. *D.C. al Fine.*
* Prayers and recitations were had before breakfast and in winter by candle light while I was in College.

Before the Battle.

TUNE.—*Go Down Moses.*

1. "See dat dare line of red-legged men?" The foot-ball half back
2. "And will you dabble in their gore?" The reck-less root-er
3. "We'll mash em and we'll smash 'em, Till they're too bung'd up ter
4. "We'll trample on their foot-ball hair When break-in' up their

said; "Well dem's the Dick-in-son-ian dudes, A
said; "Dat's what," the bat-ter'd he-ro growl'd, "You
see, When we slams ter earth a run-ner, We will
V: They'll be pick-ing up the piec-es, In the

wait-ing ter be slayed." Come on, fel-lers, things are not
bet we aint a-fraid." Come on, fel-lers, things are not
t'ump him wid our knee." Come on, fel-lers, things are not
mornin' don't you see?" Come on, fel-lers, things are not

what they seem! Show those boasters we're the winning team.

THE RED AND WHITE.

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

LET us sing of arms and heroes that on many fields
of yore,
Shed the glory of their triumphs on the colors that
they bore;
Let us shout in mighty chorus for the "red and
white" they wore;
Hurrah for Dickinson!

Chorus.

(To be sung fast.)

Hip-rah-bus-bis-Dickinsoniensis,
Hip-rah-bus-bis-Dickinsoniensis,
Hip-rah-bus-bis-Dickinsoniensis,
'Rah for Old Dickinson!

In the stress and strife of conflict, in the fierceness
of the fray,
"Red and white" waved o'er the tumult, loyal
hearts cheered on the play;
With the spirit of the victor let us cheer the boys
to-day.
Hurrah for Dickinson!—*Chorus.*

Then together, boys, together, let the strains ring
loud and clear,
For the "red and white" we cherish, for the college
we revere;
Let our colors still be foremost, let our cheer be
heard on cheer.
Hurrah for Dickinson!—*Chorus.*

—E. D. SIEGRIST, '99, Law.

Farewell Song.

AIR.—*Brothers, the Day is Ended.*

1. Bring me A - pol-lo's love - lute, Lead-ing the mu - sic' train;
2. Brothers, mid joy-bells ringing, Car - ols of hope on the air;

CHO.—Time's pinions brooding o'er us, Speed now our parting nigh;

Rit. Woo, nymph, the wild, sweet magic flute, And the nightingale's refrain.
Hear Memory's mild voice singing, Past sweet songs of praise and pray'r.

FINE.

Swell, brothers, knell the chorus, Dickinsonson, beloved, good bye.

Mid wind harp's low, lone sighing, Soft as the ves-per bell,.....
When on the breeze of morn-ing, Floateth the chapel bell,.....

D.C. for chorus.

Mid silvery ech-oes fly-ing, Breathe, dul-cet chords,
Full seem its notes of warn-ing; Turn, mem'ry calls
[farewell, farewell!"]

ALMA MATER.

Air: "Annie Lyle."

HEARKEN ! listen to our singing
Hear our voices clear,
While we set thy praises ringing,
Alma Mater, dear.
To our college ever raising
Loving thoughts, each one,
"Red and White" forever praising
And Old Dickinson.

For thee, guardian trne of learning,
Wisdom's pride the peer,
Love shall ever more be burning,
Alma Mater, dear ;
And affection shall forever
Grow as decades run,
Alma Mater prospering ever,
Our Old Dickinson.

Five score years and more in storing
Records, honors clear ;
All for thee true praises scoring,
Alma Mater, dear.
Old in years and old in story
Since thy course begun,
Added age brings added glory,
Dear Old Dickinson.

—C. B. FUSST, '93.

CO-CA-CHE-LUNK.

(Key of E Flat.)

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream ;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Chorus.

Co-ca-che-lunk, che-lunk, che-laly,
Co-ca-che-lunk, che-lunk, che-la ;
Co-ca-che-lunk, che-lunk, che-laly,
Hi ! oh, chick-a-che-lunk, che-la !

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.—*Chorus.*

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, tho' stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.—*Chorus.*

Lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime ;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.—*Chorus.*

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
Seeing may take heart again.—*Chorus.*

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.—*Chorus.*

HIP-RAH-BUS-BIS DICKINSONIENSIS.

Air: "Whistling Chorus."

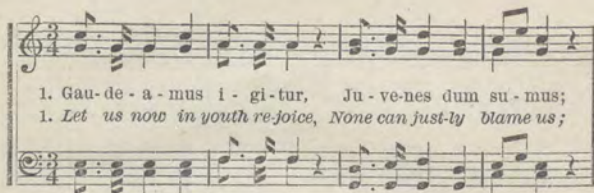
Here's to good old Dickinson ;
Cheer up, Freshies, drink her down !
Happy, happy, here we come ;
Some one weeps for us at home.
Jolly, jolly, gay, *petite*,
Carlisle girls are mighty sweet.
Hip-rah-bus-bis-Dickinson,
Three cheers, brothers, drink her down.—*Chorus.*

Cheery, cheery, hoist the flag,
Hear the budding Freshmen brag !
Ring the bell and beat the drum ;
See the gridiron heroes come.
Happy, happy, here we go,
Ladies' Hall and Metzger, too ;
Jolly times at Dickinson,
Hip-rah-bus-bis, drink her down.—*Chorus.*

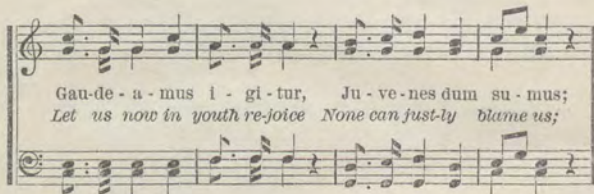
Cheery, cheery, blithe and gay,
Grinds and ponies rest to-day.
Hi ! there's Pinkney in the street,
Stop him, boys, we'll have a treat !
Happy, happy, homeward go,
Some one's eyes will brightly glow.
Still we'll cheer and drink her down,
Hip-rah-bus-bis Dickinson.—*Chorus.*

EMMA VIOLA HARRY.

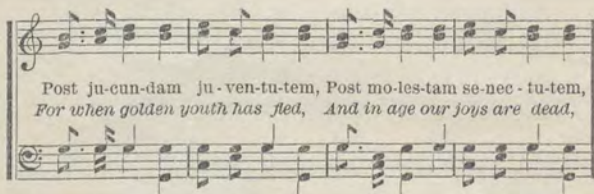
Gaudeamus.



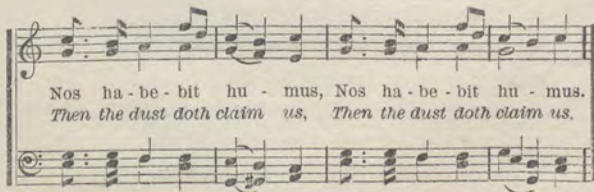
1. Gau-de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;
1. *Let us now in youth re-joice, None can just-ly blame us;*



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



Post ju-cun-dam ju - ven-tu-tem, Post mo-les-tam se-nec - tu-tem,
For when golden youth has fled, And in age our joys are dead,



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

ALMA MATER FLOREAT.

Air: "Eton Boating Song."

Words by Charles E. Pettinos, '92.

I.

A SONG for our Alma Mater !
A tribute of love we bring,
From hearts that are true and loyal
To the shrine where fond memories cling ;
And till life's latest breath is over }
Her praises we'll gladly sing. } Repeat.

II.

Her time-honored walls so hoary
Have echoed in Peace and War ;
Her sons have been known in Story,
In Pulpit, on Bench and Bar ;
On her head is a crown of glory
That sparkles with Fame's bright star. } Repeat.

III.

Then here's to our Alma Mater !
Be it long e'er her race is run ;
In sunshine, or stormy weather,
We'll stand by her, every one ;
And we'll all pull together,
And be true to "Old Dickinson." } Repeat.

ROCKABY, LULLABY, DEAR LITTLE ROVER.

A Cradle Song. From "The Mistress of the Manse."

Words by Dr. J. G. HOLLAND.

Music by HORATIO C. KING.

Moderato con espress.

1. Rock - a - by, lul - la - by, bees in the clo - ver,
2. Rock - a - by, lul - la - by, rain on the clo - ver,
3. Rock - a - by, lul - la - by, dew on the clo - ver,

Croon - ing so drow - si - ly. cry - ing so low, Rock - a - by,
Tears on the eye - lids that wa - ver and weep! Rock - a - by,
Dew on the eyes that will spar - kle at dawn! Rock - a - by.

lul - la - by, dear lit - tle ro - ver, Down in the wonderland,
lul - la - by, bend - ing it o - ver! Down in - to mother world,
lul - la - by, dear lit - tle ro - ver! In - to the stilly world,

Down to the un - der land, Go, oh, go, Down into wonderland go.
Down on the oth - er world:
Sleep, oh, sleep, Down on the mother world sleep.
In - to the li - ly world! Gone! oh, gone! Into the li - ly world gone.

HURRAH FOR THE RED AND WHITE.

Air: "Marching Through Georgia."

LET the campus ring with song
And gladness reign to-night,
While laurels grace the dazzling folds
Of valiant red and white.
Sing ye of the battles won,
And honors in the fight,
Hurrah, boys, for Dickinson and victory.

Chorus.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for the red and white,
Hurrah, hurrah, our noble colors bright,
May their lustre never fade, their glory never blight,
Hurrah, boys, for Dickinson and victory.

Let the sons of Princeton sing
In praise of old Nassau,
Fair Harvard, Yale, and Willie Penn,
With boast and prestige awe,
Our love for Alma Mater dear
We'll pledge 'mid glad huzza,
Hurrah, boys, for Dickinson and victory.

Chorus.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for the red and white,
Hurrah, hurrah, our noble colors bright,
May their lustre never fade, their glory never blight
Hurrah, boys, for Dickinson and victory.

LAST CIGAR.

'Twas off the blue Canary Isles,
A glorious summer day,
I sat upon the quarter deck,
And whiff'd my cares away ;
And as the volumed smoke arose,
Like incense on the air,
I breathed a sigh to think in sooth,
It was my last cigar.

Chorus.

It was my last cigar,
It was my last cigar,
I breathed a sigh to think in sooth,
It was my last cigar.

I leaned upon the quarter-rail,
And looked down in the sea,
E'en there the purple wreath of smoke
Was curling gracefully ;
Oh, what had I, at such a time,
To do with wasting care ?
Alas, the trembling tear proclaimed
It was my last cigar !—*Chorus.*

I watched the ashes as it came
Fast drawing toward the end,
I watched it as a friend would watch
Beside a dying friend ;
But still the flame crept slowly on,
It vanished into air,
I threw it from me—spare the tale !
It was my last cigar !—*Chorus.*

I've seen the land of all I love
Fade in the distance dim,
I've watched above the blighted heart,
Where once proud hope had been ;
But I've never known a sorrow
Which could with that compare,
When, off the blue Canaries,
I smoked my last cigar !—*Chorus.*

THOSE LOVELY CARLISLE GIRLS.

Air: "It Was My Last Cigar."

LET others sing of classic halls,
And praise each loyal son,
Or prate of glorious mem'ries past,
Or pleasures just begun ;
But as for me, my song shall be
Of flashing eyes and curls,
The grace and beauty that adorn
Those lovely Carlisle girls.

CHO.—Those lovely Carlisle girls,
Those charming Carlisle girls,
They're wide awake and take the cake,
Those gorgeous Carlisle girls.

When Adam walked in Paradise
With Eve close by his side,
His tender heart went pitty-pat,
His bosom swelled with pride ;
But what his joy compared to mine !
My brain it fairly whirls,
As down the street, I rush to meet
Those lovely Carlisle girls.

CHO.—Those lovely Carlisle girls,
Those charming Carlisle girls,
With hearts to break, they take the cake,
Those gorgeous Carlisle girls.

HORATIO C. KING, '58.

OFF IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

1. Off in the stil - ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Fond mem - ry brings the light Of oth - er days a -

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

- round me; The smiles, the tears, of childhood's years, The

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

words of love then spo - ken, The eyes that shone, now

The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page. It concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

pp *poco rit.*
dim'd and gone, The cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken!

REFRAIN.

pp *dolce.*
Thus in the stil - ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

poco rall.
Sad mem'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.

- 2 When I remember all
 The friends so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather;
 I feel like one who treads alone,
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
 And all but he deserted!
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

THREE CHEERS FOR OLD DICKINSON.

SONG WITH WHISTLING CHORUS.

Air: "Lauterbach Maiden."

HAIL, hail to thee, Dickinson, vict'ry is thine,
Hail, Dickinson, evermore hail!
Our foes on the gridiron have a hot time,
What wonder they groan and turn pale?

Chorus.

Come, Sophomores, Juniors, come Freshmen, too,
Come, Seniors, and join with the jolly crew,
We'll drink to thee, praise thee, and love thee true,
Three cheers for Old Dickinson.

How dear are the scenes of our loved College home,
Where blossom companionships sweet,
With Greek-letter brothers we joyously roam,
The very best fellows you'll meet.—*Chorus.*

The shades of the ancients rest still in thine urn;
When age streaks our temples with gray,
To Plato and Horace and thee we'll return,
Tried friends that we'll cherish always.—*Chorus.*

And though from thine arms fost'ring mother we
love,
Our footsteps may stray without rest,
Still often in spirit at nightfall we'll rove,
By the ivy-clad walls of Old West.—*Chorus.*

Then say what they may of the cap and the gown,
There are many worse fellows than we,
So here's to thy health, drink her down, drink her
down,
Oh, we're loyal to mother and thee.—*Chorus.*

EMMA V. HARRY, '95.

A CHEER FOR ALMA MATER.

Air: "Eton Boating Song."

Words by R. E. McAlarney.

I.

IN fair or cloudy weather,
Wher'er we may be found,
There's naught on earth can sever
One tie by which we're bound.

Chorus.

Cheer for your Alma Mater!
Hurrah for the red and white!
A health to our dear old college,
As we sing of her, now, to-night.

II.

On foot-ball field, or diamond,
We're at the topmost round,
And where the fight is hottest,
We always may be found.—*Chorus.*

III.

Then here's to good Old Dickinson!
All standing, drink her down;
May she e'er increase in honor,
In greatness and renown.—*Chorus.*

IV.

"Rip-rah-bus-bis—Dickinsoniensis!"
With a tiger cheer;
Shout for all you are worth, boys,
Let our rivals hear.—*Chorus.*

Annie Lawrie.
SCOTCH AIR.

1. Max-wel-tons banks are bou-ny, Where ear-ly falls the

p

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a common time signature, a piano accompaniment in treble clef marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic, and a bass line in bass clef. The lyrics '1. Max-wel-tons banks are bou-ny, Where ear-ly falls the' are written below the vocal line.

dew; And 'twas there that An - nie Law - rie gave

This system contains the second line of music. It features a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The lyrics 'dew; And 'twas there that An - nie Law - rie gave' are written below the vocal line.

me her promise true, Gave me her prom - ise

true, And ne'er for-get will I, But for

bon-nie An-nie Law-rie, I'd lay me down and die.

- 2 Her brow is like the snaw-drift, her throat is like the swan;
 Her face is as 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 Lawrie, I'd lay me down and die.
- 3 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 Lawrie I'd lay me down and die.

OLD WEST.

Tune: "Pleyel's Hymn."

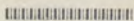
DAY is dying, and the breeze,
Softly sighing through the trees:
And fair Luna's silv'ry light
Bids the world a sweet good-night.

Old West's gray walls, ivy-clad,
'Neath the tall elms' ghostly shade,
Stand like sentinels, scarred and grim,
Peering through the twilight dim.

Silence cloaks the campus now,
Save the swaying trees that bow,
Whispering softly through the air
For Old West an evening prayer.

Hushed the old bell's noisy tongue,
That for many years has rung
Senior out and Freshmen in
With their laurels yet to win.

May, through many years to come,
Thousands find in thee their home,
And our Alma Mater's name
Spread abroad in well-earned fame.



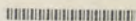
A SONG OF '93.

Air: "America."

HURRAH for college days!
Hurrah for books and praise!
At Dickinson,
Glad are our hearts and free,
This class of 'ninety-three,
And hope we e'er shall be
When study's done.

We love our books full well,
But, too, we like a spell
Of good old fun.
Our parents boast of us,
Our Profs speak well of us,
The girls are fond of us—
At Dickinson.

Let Microcosm's leaves
Send to the broadest breeze
Our thoughts so free ;
Let scenes that it portrays,
In all our future ways
Bring back the college days
Of 'ninety-three.



OLD DICKINSON.

Air: "Auld Lang Syne."

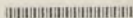
WHEN far away from home and friends,
For many a weary mile,
My thoughts revert to college days
In distant, old Carlisle.
In old Carlisle, where Dickinson
Her matchless glory shows,
Whose truest pleasure, truest worth,
None but the student knows.

Ah, musing here to-night I live
Those good old days again,
And wonder if in Dickinson
The scenes have changed since then.
What of the boys whom once I knew,
Whose names are dear to me ?
What of the winsome college girls,
Light hearts and full of glee ?

I care not how far down the stream
Old Time shall steer my boat,
Nor do I care how many winds
Shall set my flag afloat ;
Each sweeping of the surging tide
Shall bring back days agone,
Each swelling of the passing breeze
Shall whisper "Dickinson."

Ah, many longings come to-night,
But for this *most* I long
That we would keep for Dickinson
Within our hearts a song,
And to her colors, red and white,
We give a hearty cheer,
'Twill be a gem in memory,
Through many a weary year.

—HATTIE SPANGLER SHELLY, Ex., '00



THE RED AND THE WHITE.

Air: "Araby's Daughter."

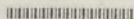
DICKINSON, dear and beloved old college,
Gathered around thee thy sons all unite,
Cheering together thy glorious colors,
Colors unfading, the red and the white.

Floating above us how proudly we hail them,
Dickinson's colors so brave and so bright :
Out on the campus, all cheering in chorus
Our glorious colors, the red and the white.

Thy walls now so hoary, yet tell the grand story
Of Dickinson's glory, her honor and might ;
Vocal with praises of loved Alma Mater,
While aloft streams the banner, the red and the
white.

Time bears us onward, new duties await us ;
Farewell and parting must come as the night ;
But ever in memory shall linger the story
Of Dickinson's glory, the red and the white.

GEORGE L. REED, '04.



SERENADE TO DICKINSON.

Air: "Kentucky Home."

THE moon shines bright o'er old Dickinson to-night ;
'Tis summer—the dear boys could not stay ;
The campus is deserted and no midnight oil burns
bright ;
There's no voice to break the stillness of the day.

Chorus.

Weep no more, my lady,
Weep no more to-night ;
For we'll sing one song for the boys we love so well,
For old Dickinson we'll say one last good-night.

The college bell is hushed, and old Spradley's work
is done,

'Tis sorrow—where all was once delight ;
But the shadows will depart with the coming of the
"son,"

So till then we'll bid old Dickinson good-night.—

Chorus.

—AMY SELLERS.

THE LARBOARD WATCH.

D U E T.

WILLIAMS.

Anadnte. *mf* *p*

acc. 1. At drear - y midnight's cheer - less hour, De -
2. With anx - ious care he eyes each wave That

f

- sert - ed e'en by Cyn-thia's beam, When tempests beat, and
swell-ing threat-ens to o'erwhelm, And his storm-beat - en

p

tor - rents pour, And twink-ling stars no long - er gleam; *acc.*
bark to save, Di - rects with skill the faith - ful helm.

1st voice, *2d voice,*

The wea - ried sail - or, spent with toil, Clings firm-ly
With joy he drinks the cheering grog, 'Mid storms that

1st.

to the weather shroud, And still the lengthen'd hour to guile,
bel-low loud and hoarse, With joy he heaves the reel - ing log,

2d.

And still the lengthen'd hour to guile; Sings as he views the
With joy he heaves the reel-ing log, And marks the lee - way

Both.

gath' - ring clouds, Sings as he views the
and the course, And marks the lee - way

1st voice.
ad lib.

gath' - ring clouds, } Lar - board Watch, a - hoy!
and the course. }

Both. *A little faster, and more animated.*

Larboard Watch, a - hoy! But who can speak the joy he

slower. *tempo.*

feels, While o'er the foam his ves - sel reels, And his tired

rit.

eye - lids slumb'ring fall, He rous - es at the welcome

f

call of Lar - board Watch, a - hoy! Lar - board

p *adagio ad lib.*

Watch, Lar - board Watch! Lar - board Watch, a - hoy!

OUR ALMA MATER.

Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

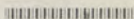
OLD Dickinson's honor and glory
Are dear to our hearts as of old ;
And proudly in song and in story,
Her vict'ries will ever be told.

Chorus.

Dear Alma Mater,
Gladly we sing of thy might (thy might).
Each son and daughter
Is true to the red and the white.

In battles of honest exertion,
A name in athletics we've won :
And brought to our college her portion
Of victory, fame, and renown.—*Chorus.*

So come, let us swell the glad chorus !
Hurrah for old Dickinson's name !
Let rivals be vanquished before us,
And victory be ours ev'ry game.—*Chorus.*
—W. B. CARVER, '99.



RETURN OF THE ALUMNI.

Air: "Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground."

WITH hearts aglow and full to-day,
Of love of Dickinson,
On Alma Mater's festal day
Returns each loyal son.

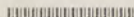
Chorus.

Meeting again, meeting again,
Coming from the far and near,
Meeting again, we are greeting again,
Greering Alma Mater dear.

The guiding star of youthful days,
With brighter light shines on ;
So here we raise our added praise
For dear old Dickinson.—*Chorus.*

And when again we must depart
And vocal praise be done,
With each shall part a loving heart
For dear old Dickinson.—*Chorus.*

C. B. FURST, '93.



WE LOVE TO GO TO DICKINSON.

I.

WE love to go to Dickinson—son—son—son;
We love the dear Professors—all but some—some—
some.
In recitations we delight—light—light—light;
Now don't you think we look quite bright—bright—
bright—bright.

Chorus.

For its Doctor, Doctor, why am I so happy—happy—
happy
In Old Dickinson.

II.

The Seniors are so wise you know, know—know—
 know;
 At least they've always told us so, so—so—so.
 To them we leave all questions drear, drear—drear—
 drear,
 Especially the quality of Carlisle beer.—*Chorus.*

III.

The Juniors are the men of vim, vim—vim—vim;
 You'll always find them in the swim, swim—swim—
 swim;
 And with the girls they are all right, right—right—
 right;
 You'll find them with them every night, night—
 night—night.—*Chorus.*

IV.

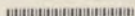
The Sophomores are the men of blood, blood—blood
 —blood;
 You'll never find them in the mud, mud—mud—mud.
 Just now they're learning how to shirk, shirk—shirk
 —shirk
 The lessons that they ought to work, work—work—
 work.—*Chorus.*

V.

The Freshmen are the little dears, dears—dears—
 dears;
 The cause of all their Mamma's fears, fears—fears—
 fears;
 But when you're looking for a fight, fight—fight—
 fight
 You'll find the Freshmen are all right, right—right—
 right.—*Chorus.*

VI.

And now we'll give the Preps. a show, show—show—
show:
They're seldom given that you know, know—know—
know.
They can't go out upon the town, town—town,
town,
For they're all roped in when the sun goes down,
down—down—down.—*Chorus.*



SONG OF THE LAW SCHOOL JUNIORS.

Air: "Co-ca-che-lunk."

We are parting with the seniors. When we came
here bleating lambs,
How they gave us kindly counsel—helped us crib
for our Exams.

Showed us where to steal a thesis when our spirits
low had sunk ;
Who among us, but for them, would not look back-
ward to a flunk ?

Let us, in this parting moment, throw aside each
scruple fine,
And pledge friendship to the seniors in a parting
glass of wine.

They have finished ; and we juniors have, alas ! but
just begun ;
Yet, we may be fleecing clients when their earthly
course is run.

God have pity on the clients ; I can see their finish
clear,
'Twixt the rogues that's steering for them and those
coming in the rear.

They go out to wait for clients—dreary days of pain-
ful doubt—
We, pin-feathered rogues, remain here getting ready
to go out.

While before a judge and jury, they will spout in
courts of law,
In the moot courts of the law school, still we'll feebly
work our jaw ;

Still recite on " Billy " Blackstone, crawling out in
early morn,
While we curse the book, the author, and the day
that he was born.

Will there e'er be graduated from this ancient,
classic hall,
As superb a class of robbers, with the same un-
bounded gall ?

Till this institution crumbles, students will be heard
to prate
Of those bold and fearless cribbers in the days of
" Ninety-eight."

Ever 'round their names shall shine a halo, bravely,
grandly won ;
Riders of the biggest ponies ever seen at Dickinson.

Composed for and inscribed to my niece, Mary Lawton.

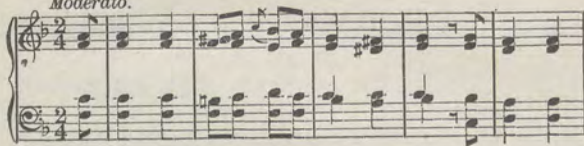
One Grand Sweet Song.

[A FAREWELL TO HIS NIECE, CHARLOTTE GREENFELL.]

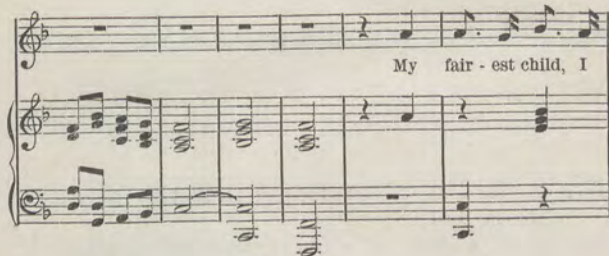
Words by CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Music by HORATIO C. KING.

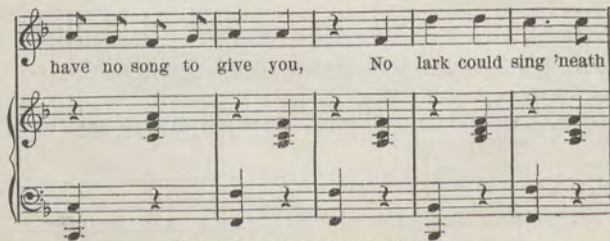
Moderato.



Piano introduction in 2/4 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and accompaniment in the left hand.



My fair - est child, I



have no song to give you, No lark could sing 'neath

Copyright, 1890, by Horatio C. King.

One Grand Sweet Song. Continued.

skies so dull and gray, But if you will, a

The first system of music features a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment in G major with a grand staff. The vocal line contains the lyrics "skies so dull and gray, But if you will, a". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the right and left hands.

qui - et hint I'll give you, For ev - 'ry day,

The second system of music continues the vocal line with the lyrics "qui - et hint I'll give you, For ev - 'ry day,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

Allegro.
For ev - 'ry day. I'll teach you now to sing a clear - er

The third system of music begins with the tempo marking *Allegro.* and contains the lyrics "For ev - 'ry day. I'll teach you now to sing a clear - er". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

One Grand Sweet Song. Continued.

car - ol Than lark that hails the dawn or breez-y down.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are "car - ol Than lark that hails the dawn or breez-y down." 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 accompaniment of chords and single notes.

To win yourself a pur - er po - et's lau - rel

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are "To win yourself a pur - er po - et's lau - rel". 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 continues with a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

Moderato.

Than Shakspeare's crown. Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are "Than Shakspeare's crown. Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The tempo marking "Moderato." is placed above the first measure of the vocal line. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

One Grand Sweet Song. Concluded.

cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do. f

clev - er, Do no-ble things, not dream them all day long,

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a half rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

And so make life, death, and that vast for - ev - er

The second system continues the vocal line with a half rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

Adagio.

One grand sweet song, One grand sweet song.

The third system is marked *Adagio*. The vocal line begins with a half rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment features a slower, more sustained accompaniment.

THE DICKINSON "CO-ED."

Tune: "It's a way we have at old Harvard."

THE Dickinson "Co-ed!" The Dickinson "Co-ed!"
She is versed in archaeology,
Well read in paleology,
Ethnology, chronology, sociology, as well,
Sociology as well, sociology as well,
Anthropology, mythology
And modern genealogy,
Nor can even demonology her eagerness expel,
Her eagerness expel, her eagerness expel.

Psychology, theology, metempsychosiology,
And final eschatology to her quite plain appears;
To her quite plain appears; to her quite plain
appears;
Old euphuisticology, entomology, neology,
With varied terminology to her are very clear,
To her are very clear, to her are very clear.

Osteology, morphology,
Biology, histology,
And sciences which make the brain in furious
frenzy whirl,
In furious frenzy whirl, in furious frenzy whirl.
Conchology, geology,
Ichthyology, zoölogy,
Are some of the minor studies of the Dickinson
College girl.

C. B. F., '93.

OUR LAW SCHOOL "CO-EDS."

Air: "My Darling Clementine."

SENIORS, ere we part forever
Down life's many verging ways,
Ere the tender cords we sever,
Binding us to college days,
Let us banish Hate and Malice
To their dark and loathsome lair ;
In the Wine God's sacred chalice
Let us toast our "Co-eds" fair.

Chorus.—O, my darling Clementine.

Like the Star of Hope, new risen
O'er the wreck of wasted days,
Came they to our legal prison
With their bright and winsome ways.
Came they here with step so airy,
Rippling music in each word,
Like some angel or some fairy
Whom we rather felt than heard.

Chorus.—O, my darling Clementine.

As we hold our sisters holy,
Guarding still our ev'ry word,
Though we stoop to crime and folly,
So our "Co-eds," too, we'll guard.
Let us toast them, swearing ever
That, 'till life for each one ends,
Angels of the Law School, never
Shall you want warm-hearted friends.

Chorus.—O, my darling Clementine.

To Gen. E. L. Molines.

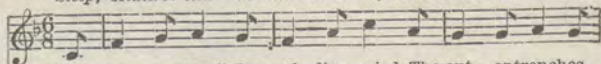
SONG OF THE CAMP.

(An incident of the Crimean War.)

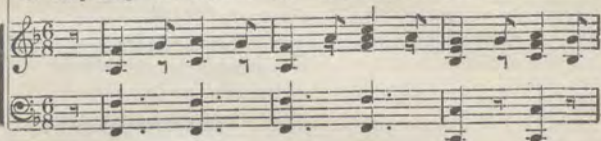
Arr. by Bvt. Col. HORATIO C. KING,

N. Y. Commandery M. O. L. L. U. S.

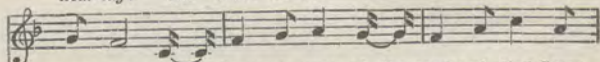
* *Sleep, soldiers! still in hon - ored rest, Your truth and val - or*



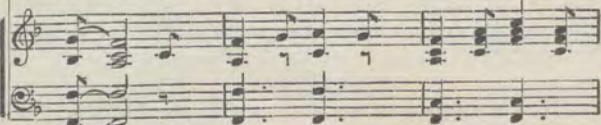
1. "Give us a song," the sol - diers cried, The out - er trenches
2. There was a pause. A guardsman said: "We storm the forts to-
3. They sang of love, and not of fame; For - got was Britain's



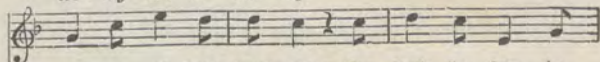
wear - ing: The brav - est are the ten - der - est, The



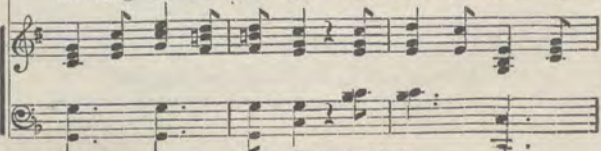
guard - ing, When the heat - ed guns of the camps al - lied Grew
- mor - row; Sing while we may, an - oth - er day Will
glo - ry; Each heart re - called a different name, But



lov - ing are the dar - ing.



wea - ry of bom - bard - ing; The dark Re - dan, in
bring e - nough of sor - row." They lay a - long the
all sang "An - nie Lau - rie." Voice af - ter voice caught



* After last verse.

By permission of W. A. Pond & Co.

si - lent scoff, Lay grim and threat'ning un - der, And the
 battery's side, Be - low the smok - ing can - non : Brave
 up the song, Un - til its ten - der pas - sion Rose

tawn-y mound of the Mal-a - koff, No long-er beich'd its thunder.
 hearts from Severn and from Clyde, And from the banks of Shannon.
 like an an - them, rich and strong, their battle-eye confession.

- 4 Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
 But as the song grew louder,
 Something upon the soldier's cheek
 Washed off the stains of powder.
 Beyond the darkening ocean burned
 The bloody sunset's embers,
 While the Crimean valleys learned
 How English love remembers.
- 5 And once again a fire like hell
 Rained on the Russian quarters,
 With scream of shot and burst of shell,
 And bellowing of the mortars !
 And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,
 For a singer dumb and gory :
 And English Mary mourns for him
 Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Weary Hands.

Words by Dr. R. W. RAYMOND.

Music by F. X. CHWATAL.

Andantino. *p* *cres.*

1. Wea - ry hands, O wea - ry hands,
2. Gen - tle heart, O gen - tle heart!
3. Part - ed soul, O part - ed soul!

p *cres.*

Rest - ing now from life's en - deav - or,
Fai - th - ful ser - vice didst thou ren - der,
Pass'd be - yond this earth - ly por - tal,

From the con - flict, from the fe - ver,
Beat - ing ev - er true and ten - der;
En - tered thro' the gate im - mor - tal

Peace - ful ly - ing where ye fell, O
 On thee lies the si - - lent spell; O
 In - - to life no tongue can tell; O

fold - ed hands, fare - well, fare - well!
 lov - ing heart, fare - well, fare - well!
 bro - ther soul, fare - well, fare - well!

Peace - ful ly - ing, where ye fell, ... O
 On thee lies... the si - - lent spell; ... O
 In - - to life... no tongue can tell; ... O

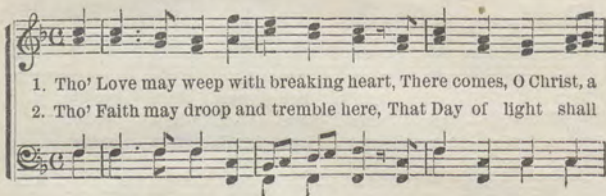
fold - ed hands, fare - well, fare - well!
 lov - ing heart, fare - well, fare - well!
 bro - ther soul, fare - well, fare - well!

The Light in Darkness.

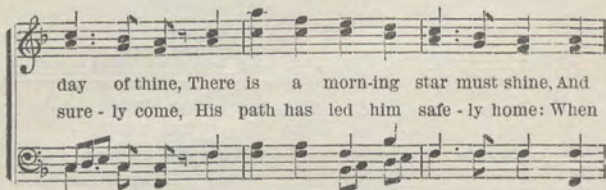
ARRANGED FOR MEN'S VOICES.

Words by F. KRUMMACHER.

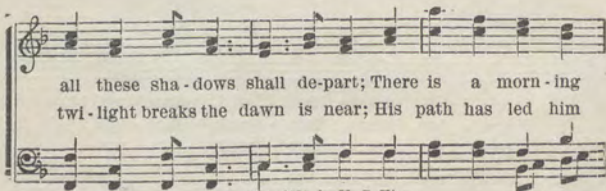
Music by HORATIO C. KING.



1. Tho' Love may weep with breaking heart, There comes, O Christ, a
2. Tho' Faith may droop and tremble here, That Day of light shall



day of thine, There is a morn-ing star must shine, And
sure - ly come, His path has led him safe - ly home: When



all these sha-dows shall de-part; There is a morn-ing
twi-light breaks the dawn is near; His path has led him

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star must shine, And all these sha - dows shall de - part,
safe - ly home; When twi-ght breaks the dawn is near.

3. Tho' Hope seem now to have hoped in vain, And Death seem King of

all be - low, There yet shall come the morn - ing glow, And

wake our slumb'ers once a - gain; There yet shall come the

morn - ing glow, And wake our slumb'ers once a - gain.

THE LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

F. KRUMMACHER. *In Memoriam: F. W. H.* HORATIO C. KING.

1. Tho' Love may weep with breaking heart, There comes, O Christ, a
2. Tho' Faith may droop and tremble here, That Day of light shall
3. Tho' Hope seem now t'have hoped in vain, And Death seem King of

day of thine, There is a morn - ing star must shine, And
sure - ly come, His path has led him safe - ly home: When
all be - low, There yet shall come the morn - ing glow, And

all these shadows shall de - part; There is a morn - ing
twi - light breaks the dawn is near; His path has led him
wake our slumb'ers once a - gain; There yet shall come the

star must shine, And all these shadows shall de - part.
safe - ly home; When twilight breaks the dawn is near.
morn - ing glow, And wake our slumb'ers once a - gain.

God Ever Glorious.

Arr. by W. R. L.

Russian National Hymn.

God ev - er glo - ri - ous! Sove - reign of

na-tions, Wav - ing the ban - ner of Peace o'er our land;

Thine is the vic - to - ry! Thine the sal -

va - tion! Strong to de - liv - er Own we Thy hand.

2 Still may Thy blessing rest,
Father most Holy,
Over each mountain, rock, river and shore;
Sing Hallelujah!
Shout in Hosannas!
God keep our country
Free evermore!

Selections.

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

[Key of B Flat.]

O! SAY can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly
streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, and the bombs bursting
in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there;
O, say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the
deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home and the war's desolation,
 Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-
 rescued land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us
 a nation:
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

AMERICA.

AIR—"God Save the Queen."

My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing,
 Land where our fathers' died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From every mountain side,
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love.
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of Liberty,
 To thee we sing.
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God our king.

HAIL! COLUMBIA.

(Key of G.)

HAIL! Columbia, happy land!
Hail! ye heroes, heav'n-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus.

Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;
While offering peace, sincere and just,
In heav'n we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.—*Chorus.*

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring thro' the world with loud applause!
Ring thro' the world with loud applause!
Let ev'ry clime to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady pow'r,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.—*Chorus.*

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

[Key of F.]

OH, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banner makes tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,
When borne by the Red White, and Blue,
Thy banner makes tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm.
With the garland of victory o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

The boast of the, etc.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill your cup to the brim.
May the wreath they have worn never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim.
May the services united ne'er sever,
And hold to their colors so true,
The Army and Navy for ever—
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,

Three cheers for the, etc.

Flag of the Colors Three.

INSCRIBED TO THE LOYAL LEGION, 1896.

Words by JOHN E. NORCROSS,
New York Commandery.

Music by HORATIO C. KING,
New York Commandery.

1. Flag of the col - ors three, We lift our eyes to thee,

Let men thy splen - dor see, All through the a - ges;

While the long years roll by, In ra - diant beau - ty fly,

Though in the storm - y sky, War's tem - pest ra - ges.

Copyright, 1896, by H. C. King.

- 1 Flag of the colors three,
We lift our eyes to thee,
Let men thy splendor see,
All through the ages;
While the long years roll by,
In radiant beauty fly,
Though in the stormy sky
War's tempest rages.
- 2 Standard by which we swore!
Emblem which we adore!
Flag, which to us was more
Than our salvation!
We will defend thee, though
O'er us come death or woe;
And against every foe,
Stand by the Nation.
- 3 Under thy folds we fought
As faithful soldiers ought,
And from thy glory caught
Grand inspiration:
From thy stripes glowing bright,
Alternate red and white,
Shining, like stars at night,
Thy constellation.
- 4 Flag of our glorious wars!
Flag of the Stripes and Stars!
Touch the defenders' scars
With thy caressing,
That when the end shall come,
And the alarming drum
Shall be forever dumb,
They have thy blessing.
- 5 Red as the blood they shed,
White as the snows that spread,
Blue as the sky o'erhead,
Where the stars cluster;
Comrades shall see thee shine
As on the battle line,
When in the life divine
Comes the last muster.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Air—"GLORY, HALLELUJAH!"

(Key of C.)

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord ;

He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored ;

He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of His terrible
swift sword ;

His truth is marching on.

Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah ! etc.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred cir-
cling camps ;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps ;

I can read His righteous sentence by their dim and
flaring lamps ;

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in rows of burnished
steel :

"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal ;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
His heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat ;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judg-
ment seat.

O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant,
my feet !

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and
me ;

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,

While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

(Key of A Flat.)

YES, we'll rally round the flag boys, we'll rally once
again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from
the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus.

The Union forever, Hurrah! boys, Hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star,
While we rally round the flag, boys rally
once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone
before,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million free
men more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true, and
brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And altho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a
slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

So we're springing to the call from the East and
from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love
the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

To my Grandson, William A. Hamway, Jr.

A Lullaby.

Words and Music by HORATIO C. KING.

mf

rit

1. Oh,
2. The

ara.

hush thee, my ba - by, lie still now, and
years shall rush on - ward till man - hood pos -

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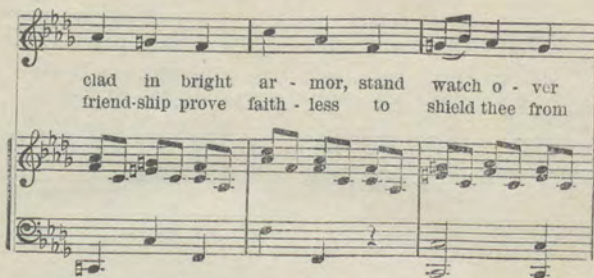
A Lullaby.—Continued.

slum - ber. My wee Wil - ie Wink - ie whose
- sess thee, And strife and con - ten - tion will

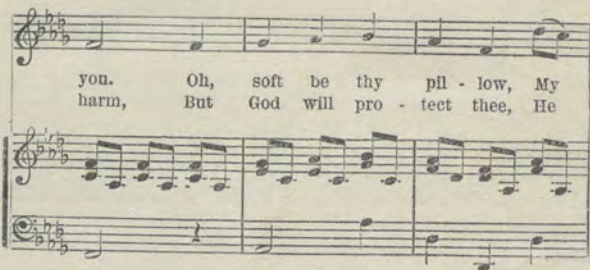
eyes are so blue; The soft moon is
nerve thy strong arm, Fierce foes may as -

shin - ing, and stars with - out num - ber, All
- sall thee, and dan - gers may press thee, And

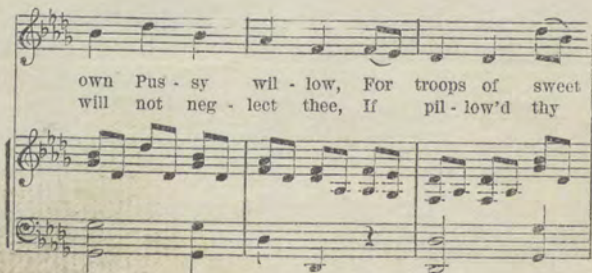
A Lullaby.—Continued.



clad in bright ar - mor, stand watch o - ver
friend-ship prove faith - less to shield thee from



you. Oh, soft be thy pil - low, My
harm, But God will pro - tect thee, He



own Pus - sy wil - low, For troops of sweet
will not neg - lect thee, If pil - low'd thy

A Lullaby.—Concluded.

an - gels are guard - ing thy bed; No rude dreams a -
head on his dear lov - ing breast, His arms will en -

- wake thee, Nor harm o - ver - take thee, while
- fold thee, His strength will up - hold thee, And

rit...... *ad lib* - - i - - tum.

vis - ions of beau - ty float o - ver thy head.
lead thee at last to bright man - sions of rest.

rit...... *ad lib* - i - - tum.

THE LEVEE.

Chorus.

I'VE been working on the levee
All the livelong day,
I've been working on the levee
To while the hours away.
Don't you hear the whistle blowing,
Rise up so early in the morn,
Don't you hear the captain shouting,
Dinah, blow your horn !

I.

Sing a tale of cities,
Roll of cotton bale;
Nigger's ne'er so happy
As when he's out of jail.
Baltimore for its oyster shells,
Boston for baked beans,
Carlisle for its pretty girls,
For niggers, New Orleans.

II.

Talk about your niggers
Shining in the sun,
Sporty niggers dancing
See de chickens run ?
Georgia for its lynching bees,
The worst we've ever seen.
Carlisle for its sporty boys
For hayseeds, Freshmen green.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

By CAPT. W. R. HODGES, Recorder, Missouri Commandery,
M. O., L. L., U. S.

AIR—"When Johnnie comes marching home."

THERE was an old man, the story runs,
There was, there was.
The father of two goodly sons,
He was, he was.
He lived on a ranch, so says the psalm,
Not far from old Jerusalem,
The exact location don't matter a—hem,
It don't, it don't.

Now one of the sons was a nice young man,
He was, he was.
Got up on the toniest kind of a plan.
He was, he was.
Kind to his mother, and sweet on his dad,
Always good natured, he never got mad ;
In fact, a darling, a dude of a lad,
He was, he was.

The other young man was a son-of-a-gun,
He was, he was.
He ran with a gang of which he was one,
He did, he did.
Wore a loud necktie and a high standing collar,
Played keno and faro, got drunk and did holler.
Oh, he was the kind they call a "loller,"
He was, he was.

The old man's purse was big and fat,
It was, it was.
And the Prodigal Son got his eye on that,
He did, he did.
The other young man, with his heavenly smile,
Also had *his* eye on the old man's pile,
And hoped to come in for his share after a while,
He did, he did.

On the square divide, the old man did his best,
He did, he did.
And Prod took his share, and lit out West,
He did, he did.
Got drunk with the boys, had a high old time,
Awoke next morning with nary a dime.
Sick and from home in a foreign clime,
He was, he was.

The telegraph man in his office sat,
He did, he did.
When in dropped a tramp without any hat,
There did, there did.
Said he: "Just wire along the track,
To the old folks at home, Prod's coming back,
And order calf for one on the rack,"
He did, he did.

The Prod turned up with his lawyer, one day,
He did, he did.
Sued dad and his brother for his time while away,
He did, he did.
Got judgment and kicked the old folks out.
That's the kind of a Prod I sing about,
The kind of a Prod for whom we shout,
Hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!!



SWEET AND LOW.

Written by ALFRED TENNYSON.

Composed by J. BARNEY.

pp *Larghetto.*

1. Sweet and low, Sweet and low, Wind of the west-ern sea,
2. Sleep and rest, Sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon,

<sf *p*
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west-ern sea.
Rest, rest, on moth-er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon.

mf *pp*
O - - ver the wa - ters go, Come from the
Fa - - ther will come to his babe, Sil - - ver sails, all

O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing
Father will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails, out

f
moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon,

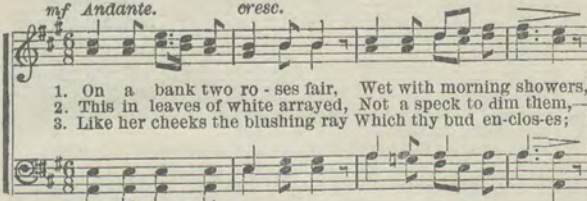
moon and blow,
of the west,

p *rall. e dim.* *pp*
While my lit - tle one, while my pretty one, sleeps.....
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.....

Two Roses.

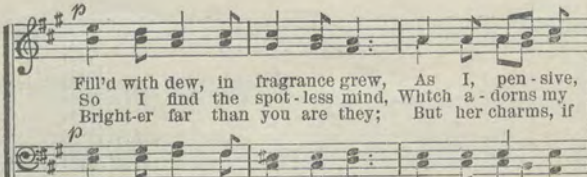
WERNER.

mf Andante. *cresc.*



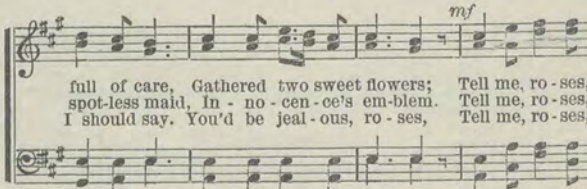
1. On a bank two ro - ses fair, Wet with morning showers,
2. This in leaves of white arrayed, Not a speck to dim them,
3. Like her cheeks the blushing ray Which thy bud en-clo-ses;

p



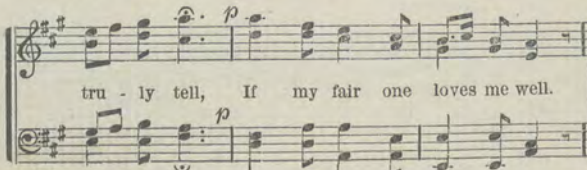
Fill'd with dew, in fragrance grew, As I, pen - sive,
So I find the spot - less mind, Whitch a - dors my
Bright-er far than you are they; But her charms, if

mf



full of care, Gathered two sweet flowers; Tell me, ro - ses,
spot-less maid, In - no - cen - ce's em-blem. Tell me, ro - ses,
I should say. You'd be jeal - ous, ro - ses, Tell me, ro - ses,

p



tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

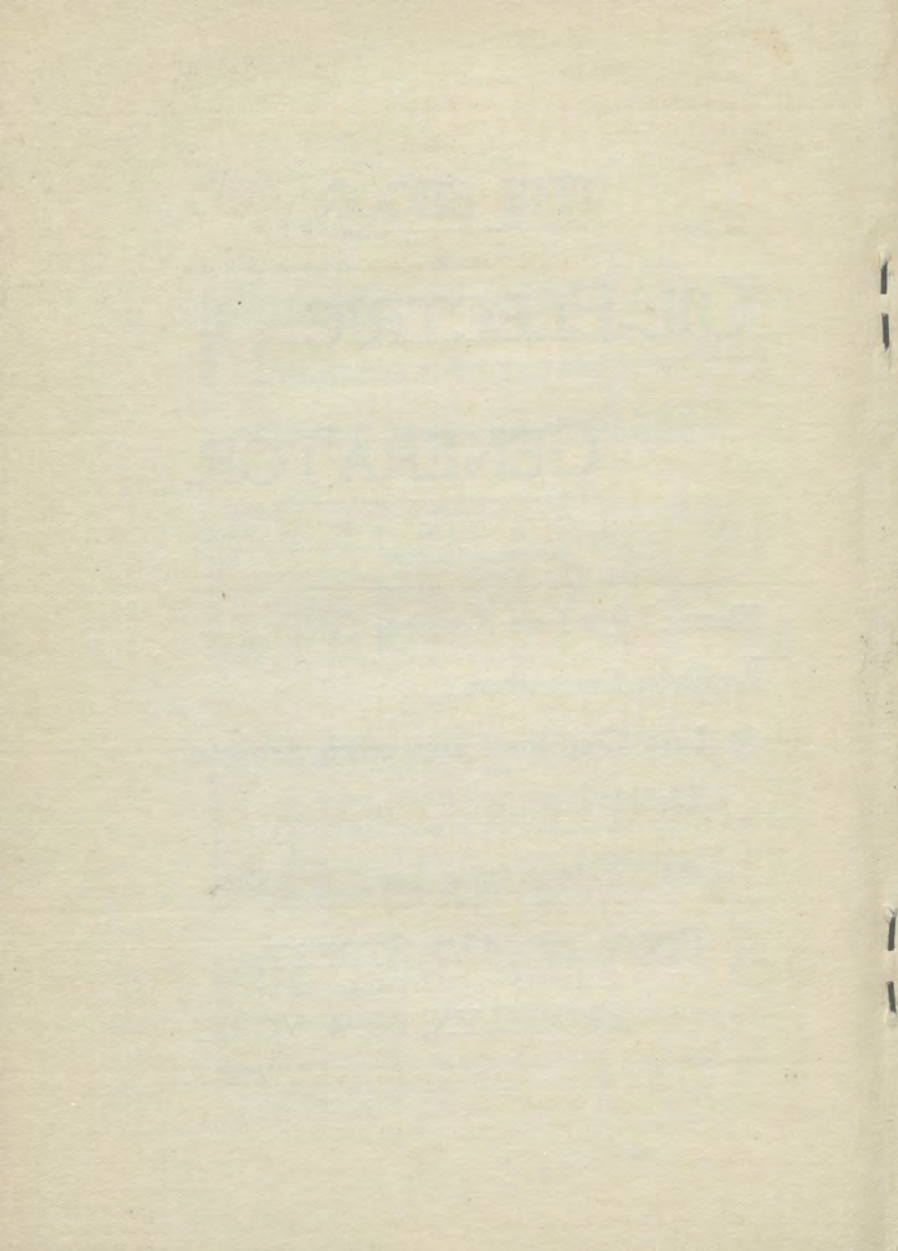
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