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THE BEQUEST OF
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" ———
1874

CARMINA PRINCETONIA:

A COLLECTION

OF THE

SONGS OF

Princeton College,

COMPILED FOR THE USE OF THE

FRIENDS OF THE INSTITUTION,

BY

MARTIN DENNIS,
FRANK B. COLTON,
JOSEPH H. DULLES, } EDITORS.



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TO

OUR FELLOW STUDENTS

AND THE

ALUMNI OF PRINCETON COLLEGE,

BY THE

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.

CARMINA PRINCETONIA.

Old Nassau.

WORDS BY H. P. PECK, '62.

MUSIC BY CARL LANGLOTZ.

Animoso.

1. Tune ev-ery harp and ev-ery voice, Bid ev-ery care withdraw; Let all with one ac-

CHORUS. piu presto.
- cord rejoice, In praise of old Nassau. In praise of old Nassau, my boys, Hur-

- rah! hurrah! hurrah! Her sons will give while they shall live, Three cheers for old Nassau.

2 Let music rule the fleeting hour—
Her mantle round us draw;
And thrill each heart with all her power,
In praise of old Nassau!
Chorus—In praise of old Nassau, etc.

3 No flowery chaplet would we twine
To wither and decay;
The gems that sparkle in her crown
Shall never pass away!
Chorus—Shall never pass away, etc.

4 Their sheen for ever shall impart
A zeal beyond compare;
And fire each ardent, youthful heart,
To boldly do and dare!
Chorus—To boldly do and dare, etc.

5 No earthly honors we bequeath,
For Truth is her great law;
And Virtue's amaranthine wreath
Shall speak for old Nassau!
Chorus—Shall speak for old Nassau, etc.

6 And when these walls in dust are laid,
With reverence and awe,
Another throng shall breathe our song,
In praise of old Nassau!
Chorus—In praise of old Nassau, etc.

7 Till then with joy our songs we'll bring,
And while a breath we draw,
We'll all unite to shout and sing,
Long life to old Nassau!
Chorus—Long life to old Nassau, etc.

Gaudeamus.

GERMAN STUDENT SONG.

Moderato.

1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus ;

Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus ;

Tutti.

Post ju - cun - dam ju - ventu - tem, Post mo - les - tam se - nectu - tem,

Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus, Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus.

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 Vivat et republica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatam caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

7 Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

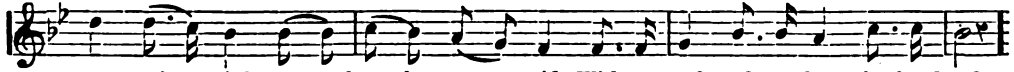
THE MERMAID.

By permission of C. C. CHATFIELD & Co.

Moderato.

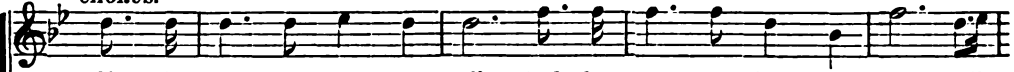


1. 'Twas Fri-day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land, When the
 2. Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship, And a well spoken man was he; "I have
 3. Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship, And a fat old cook was he; "I...
 4. Then three times around went our gallant ship, And three times around went she, Then

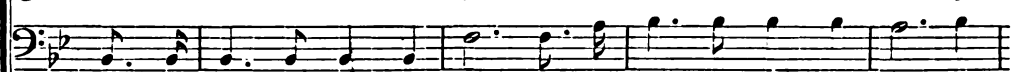
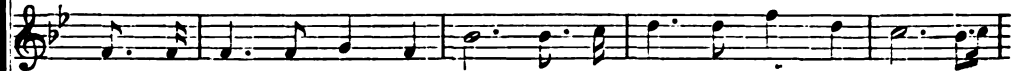


cap-tain spied a... love-ly mer-maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand;
 mar-ried a wife in... Sa-lem town, And to-night she a wid-ow will be."
 care much more for my ket-tles and my pots, Than I do for the depths of the sea."
 three times a-round went our gal-lant ship, And she sank to the depths of the sea.

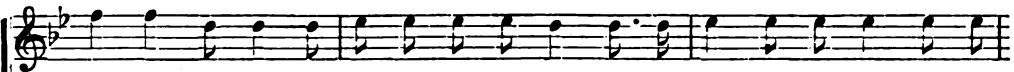
CHORUS.



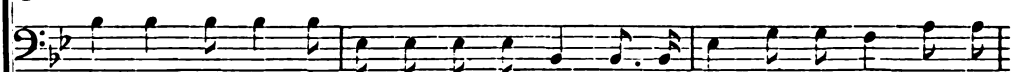
Oh, the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While



Oh, the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While



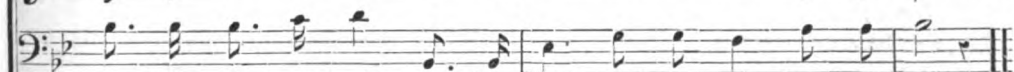
we poor sai-lors go skip-ping to the tops, And the land lub-bers lie down be -



we poor sai-lors go skip-ping to the tops, And the land lub-bers lie down be -



- low, be - low, be - low, And the land lub - bers lie down be - low.



- low, be - low, be - low, And the land lub - bers lie down be - low.



Landlord, fill the Flowing Bowl.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

1. Come, landlord, fill the flowing 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 merry, mer-ry be,

For to - night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, To - mor-row we'll be so - ber.

2 The man that drinks good whisky punch,
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly fellow.

3 The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober—
Falls as the leaves do fall
So rarely 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.

5 Pretty girl that gets a kiss,
And goes and tells her mother,
Does a very foolish thing,
And don't deserve another.

Co-ca-che-lunk.

By PERMISSION.

Vivace.

1. When we first came on this cam-pus, Fresh-men we as green as grass ;

Now as grave and rev-e-rend Se-niors, Smile we o-ver the ver-dant past.

Chorus.

Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly, Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-lay,

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

2 We have fought the fight together,
We have struggled side by side ;
Broken is the bond that held us—
We must cut our sticks and slide.

Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

3 Some will go to Greece or Hartford,
Some to Norwich or to Rome :

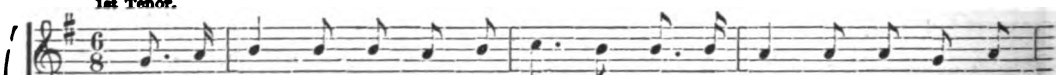
Some to Greenland's icy mountains
More, perhaps, will stay at home.
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

4 When we come again together,
Vigintennial to pass,
Wives and children all included—
Won't we be an uproarious class?
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

The Student's Glee.

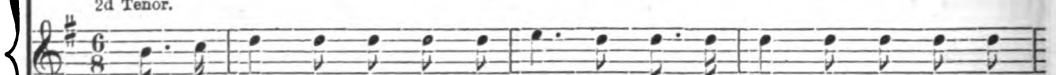
GEO. W. KETCHAM. '59.

1st Tenor.




1. We think it pass-ing fine, sir, To while a - way the time
D. C. It's a way we have at Old Nas - sau, It's a way we have at Old

2d Tenor.

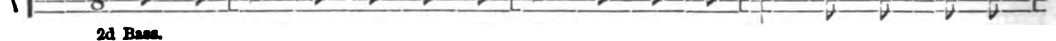


2. And when our work is done, sir, And we are full of fun,
D. C. It's a way we have at Old Nas - sau, It's a way we have at Old

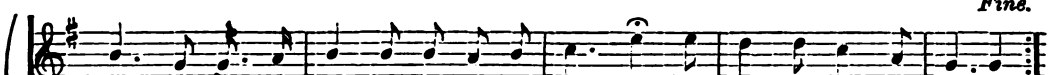
1st Bass.




2d Bass.



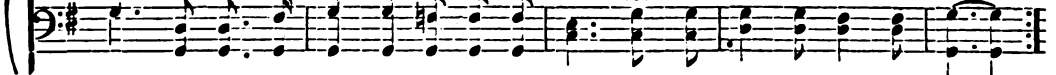

Fine.



sir, In - dul-ging in a rhyme, sir, To drive dull care a - way.
Nas - sau, It's a way we have at Old Nas - sau, To drive dull care a - way.



sir, We like it well to pun, sir, To drive dull care a - way.
Nas - sau, It's a way we have at Old Nas - sau, To drive dull care a - way.

Chorus.



To drive dull care a - way, To drive dull care a - way.



To drive dull care a - way, To drive dull care a - way.




D. C. al Fine.

3 If at the campus gate, sir,
We can not congregate, sir,
We'll not grieve o'er our fate, sir,
But drive dull care away.—*Chorus.*

4 If in our rooms a crowd, sir,
With purpose full avowed, sir,

Should come and chatter loud, sir,
We'll drive dull care away.—*Chorus.*

5 And when we shall withdraw, sir,
From reign of college law, sir,
We'll shout for Old Nassau, sir,
To drive dull care away.—*Chorus.*

Integer Vitæ.

FROM ODES OF HORACE.

1. In - te - ger vi - tæ scel - e - ris - que pu - rus Non e - get

2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter æs - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac -

Mau - ris jac - u - lis, nec ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis

tu - rus per in - hos - pit - a - lem Cau - ca - sum, vel quæ

grav - i - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.

lo - ca fab - u - lo - sus Lam - bit Hy - das - pes.

3 Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem :

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

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

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

The Haunted Freshman.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

WORDS BY C. R. C. '53.

MUSIC BY R. G. HINSDALE. '56.

SOLO. *Moderato.*

1. The night is old, the morn is near, The Fresh-man toil - eth
Violoncello accompaniment ad lib.

still, With ach - ing eyes, di - shev - elled hair, And heart that bo - deth ill.

Chorus.

The Freshman! the sleep - less, sleep - less Fresh-man.

The Freshman! the sleep - less, sleep - less Fresh-man.

2 But wherefore does the Freshman toil,
And why this griet and pain?—
Alas, a 'wilderer fantasy
Distracts his aching brain.

Chorus.—The Freshman! The haunted—
haunted—Freshman!

3 Before each character and point,
Each syllable and line,
He sees—O 'wilderer force of love!
A form, a face divine.

Chorus.—The Freshman! The smitten—
smitten—Freshman!

4 But lo, he starts! a stern resolve
Is lighting all his brow;
"I will—I will forget her—I—
I am a Freshman now."

Chorus.—The Freshman! The desperate
—desperate—Freshman!

5 The echoes of his barracks-room,
Took down the vow per letter,
And then—O Senior strength of mind!
The Freshman did forget her.

Chorus.—The Freshman! The resolute—
resolute—Freshman!

Am I not Fondly Thine Own ?

SERENADE.

1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bo-som, There, there hast thou thy throne, Thou, thou

2. Then, then e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me? Thoughts, thoughts

3. Speak, speak, love I implore thee, Say, say hope shall be thine ; Thou, thou

knowst that I love thee, Am I not fondly thine own? Yes, yes, yes, yes,

ten - der and true, love, Say wilt thou cherish for me? Yes, yes, yes, yes,

knowst that I love thee, Say but that thou wilt be mine! Yes, yes, yes, yes,

Am I not fondly thine own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fondly thine own?

Say wilt thou cherish for me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say wilt thou cherish for me?

Say but that thou wilt be mine. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say but that thou wilt be mine.

RIG-A-JIG.

Presto.

By permission of Taintor Bros.

f 1. As I was walking down the street, Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, A pret-ty girl I
2. Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, Said she to me, "I'm a

chanced to meet, heigho, heigho, heigho. Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, a-
weaver's maid, heigho, heigho, heigho. Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, etc.

way we go, a-way we go, Rig-a- jig-jig, and a-way we go heigho, heigho, heigh-

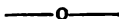
o, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho.

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh- o, heigh-o, heigh - o.

IVY SONG.

By S. W. LOMAX. '66.

- 1 Classmates! let us plant the ivy
On this sacred spot to-day,
In the ground let's plant it firmly,
And above it raise our lay :
Ivy, Ivy grow and flourish,
Spread your tendrils far and wide,
And may Earth you kindly nourish,
While the wall you cov'ring hide.
- 2 Let your branches strongly cling,
Twine and clamber o'er the stone,
Like that memory which shall bring
Back the flowers time has blown,
And may the clusters of your leaves
Be like that love we cherish ;
Be like the wreathes Affection weaves,
Which never fade or perish.
- 3 Classmates! let us, like the ivy,
Spread the tendrils of Resolve,
O'er the rugged walls of Duty,
Closer as the years revolve.
And like its branches, we our hearts
Will interlock and firmly fix,
'Till they all be but the parts
Of the *Heart of Sixty Six*.



ADAPTED TO NASSAU HALL FROM A

CARMEN SÆCULARE.

By G. M. G. '41.

In *Doodle Yanks Cantandum*.

- 1 Conveniuntur hęc locō
Tirones et Sophmores
Et senes cum juvenibus
Et pii Professores.
Chorus—Prensare manus juvat nunc
Per annos, heu, veloces!
Et "prodesse quam conspicī"
Implere nostras voces.
- 2 Dum fluvii præcipites
In mare altum tendunt,
Dum imber, nix et tonitru
E nubibus descendunt.
Chorus—Dum Aula Clisophica
Whiggensis existentur,
Dum "mores amicitia
Et literæ" laudentur.

- 3 Dum artibus ingenuis
Tirones imbuuntur,
Dum fides, dumque probitas,
In laudibus feruntur.

Chorus—Cantanda semper omnibus,
Dum vox et aura datur,
Vigescat, atque valeat,
Insignis Alma Mater!

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Sung at the Centennial Celebration of Nassau Hall, Tuesday,
January 29, 1847, at the conclusion of the Centenary Discourse
by James W. Alexander, D. D.

TUNE—*Old Hundred*.

- 1 Our father's God, we come to thee ;
To thee our grateful voices raise ;
Help us on this our jubilee
To join in humble, solemn praise.
- 2 Before the throne of heavenly grace,
Ye sons of *Nassau*, raise your songs :
The mercies of a hundred years
Demand your grateful hearts and tongues.
- 3 Through all the conflicts of the way,
Our fathers' God has led us on ;
His Providence has been our stay ;
In Him we lived, in Him alone.
- 4 A hundred years! a hundred years!
Welcome the joyful jubilee!
Great God! how rich thy love appears,
How large our mighty debt to thee!
- 5 Our fathers! loved and honored name!
We love to speak their hallowed praise ;
Through them what precious blessings
came!
For them our hearty thanks we raise.
- 6 Our fathers' God still lives and reigns ;
To Him we look, in Him rejoice ;
His love our confidence sustains,
To Him we'll raise our grateful voice.
- 7 Smile, mighty God, for ever smile,
On this beloved and honored place :
Here let our sons for ever come,
And always find it wisdom's home.

Van Amburgh's Menagerie.

1. Van Amburgh is the man, That goes to all the shows, He gets into the lion's cage, And

shows you all he knows. He puts his head in the lion's mouth, And keeps it there a while, And

Chorus.

when he takes it out again, He greets you with a smile. The elephant now goes round, The

band be-gins to play; Those boys around the monkey cage Had better keep a-way.

2 First comes the great African Polar bear,
Oft called the iceberg's daughter,
He eats three tubs of ice per day,
And calls for soda water ;
He stands in water up to his knees,
Not fearing any harm,
You may growl and grumble all you please,
And he don't care a darn.—*Chorus.*

3 Next comes the Boa Constricta,
Called Anaconda for brevity,
Who can swallow an elephant as easily as a
toad,
And is noted for his great longevity.
He can swallow himself, go thro' himself,
Comes out with great facility,
Twist himself into a double bow knot, snap
his tail,
And wink with great agility.—*Chorus.*

4 That Hyena there in the next cage,
Most wonderful to relate,
The other day, in a fit of rage,
Eat up his female mate ;
So don't go near his cage,
He'll bite you, little boys,
And when he's mad he often growls,
And makes this horrid noise :
(*Ow! and Chorus together.*)

5 Next comes the Vulture, awful bird,
From highest mountain tops,
Who has been known to eat up little boys,
And then he licks his chops.
The performance can't go on,
There's too much noise and confusion,
Oh, ladies, don't give those monkeys cakes,
You'll ruin their constitution.
Chorus—The Elephant, &c.

JOLLY FELLOW.

BY "POUGHKEEPSIE."

AIR—"Tipperary Town."

- 1 There was a jolly fellow, who lived about the town,
He disapproved of toddy, and so—he *put it down* ;
He attended public dinners for fun and freedom's sake,
And, like a second Polycarp, went smiling to the *steak*.

- 2 His vests were irreproachable, his trousers of the kind
Adown whose steep declivities hound rushes after hind;
They were a speaking pattern, all the tailors would agree,
But, O, alas! they were too *tight* to speak coherently.

- 3 Our hero's uncle used to dye, to keep himself alive,
His shop was down in Nassau street, at No. 45;
But when, as every *dier* must, he found his colors fail,
Before he kicked the bucket, he turned a *little pale*.

- 4 He called his nephew to his side, and with a mournful mien,
Said, "I feel blue to leave you, you must'nt think it green;
I've not gained much by dying, but I leave you all my pelf,
It may assist you, if you ever want to dye yourself."

- 5 His spirit fled and left the youth to woe and Byron collars,
As dolcrous as any man who can not count his dollars;
But, "Oh!" said he, "let others dye, the're fools enough I trow,
But though the colors may be *fast*, the trade is very *slow*.

- 6 "I'll cut the man who cuts my hair, and then the thing is plain,
That I shall be, beyond a doubt, a lion *in the mane* ;
I'll buy myself a team of bays as early as I can,
For I've often heard my uncle say that life is but a *span*."

- 7 And many, who had been his uncle's customers of yore,
Thought perchance the youth was not behind what *he* had been before ;
Daily stopped his gay barouche, to promise patronage enough,
And thought their fancy fabricated, when he muttered "stuff!"

- 8 His dandy friends grew fewer, and, alas! he found between
Their *leaving* and their *falling off*, no summer intervene;
His heart was broken, and at last this fanciest of blades,
Who used to flare in scarlet vests, preferred the *darker shades*.

- 9 One morning from a frowning cliff he jumped into the sea,
Crying, "Oh! thou mighty dying vat, behold I come to thee;"
You think him green, and as to that I really cannot tell,
But if he is, it is the kind they call invisible.

- 10 But, oh! how vain to try to change the color of his days,
For he could not conceal himself behind his screen of *bays*;
No yarn, of all that he might spin, could hide his uncle's line,
For that worthy was not one of those who dye and give no *sign*.

Lauriger Horatius.

CLASS OF 65'S GLEE CLUB ARRANGEMENT.

1st Tenor.

1. Lau-ri-ger Ho-ra-ti-us, Quam dix-is-ti ve-rum! Fu-git Eu-ro
2d Tenor.

2. Cres-cit u-va mol-li-ter Et pu-el-la cres-cit, Sed po-e-ta
1st Bass.

3. Quid ju-vat æ-ter-ni-tas No-minis; a-ma-re Ni-si ter-ræ
2d Bass.

Chorus.

ci-ti-us, Tem-pus e-dax re-rum! U-bi sunt O po-cu-la,
tur-pi-ter Si-ti-ens can-es-cit.

fi-li-as Li-cet, et po-ta-re! U-bi sunt O po-cu-la,

Dul-ci-o-ra mel-le, Ri-xæ, pax et os-cu-la Ru-ben-tis pu-el-læ.

Dul-ci-o-ra mel-le, Ri-xæ, pax et os-cu-la Ru-ben-tis pu-el-læ.

Fairy Moonlight.

Maestoso.

1. Hail! to the queen of the si-lent night, Shine clear, shine bright, yield thy pensive light,

Blithely we dance in thy sil-ver ray, Happi-ly pass-ing the hours a-way;

Must we not love the silly night, Dressed in her robes of purest white; Heaven's arches ring, stars wake and sing,

Fal-ry moon . . . light.
Hail si-lent night! Fairy moonlight, Fairy moonlight, Fairy moonlight, Fal-ry moon-light.
Fal-ry moon . . . light.

2.

Dart thy pure beams from thy throne on high,
Shine on thro' night, robed in azure dye,
We'll dance and we'll sport while the nightbird sings,
Flapping the dew from her sable wings;
Sprites love to sport in the still moonlight,
Play with the chords of shadowy night.
Then let us sing, time's on the wing,
Hail, silent night!
Fairy moonlight, &c.

RUM-SKE-HO.

As sung by the PRINCETON QUARTETTE.

1. A beg - gar man laid him down to sleep; Rum - ske - ho, Rum - ske - ho,
 2. Two thieves came rid - ing by that way; Rum - ske - ho, Rum - ske - ho,
 3. They stole his wallet, and they stole his staff; Rum - ske - ho, Rum - ske - ho,

A beg - gar man laid him down to sleep, By the banks of the Mer - sey dark and
 Two thieves came rid - ing by that way, And they came to the place where the beggar man
 They stole his wallet, And they stole his staff, And then set up a great hoarse

4 As I was passing by Newgate stairs,
 Rum-ske-ho, Rum-ske-ho,
 As I was passing by Newgate stairs,
 I heard those two thieves saying their prayers,
 Rum-ske-ho, Rum-ske-ho.
 deep; Rum-ske - ho, Rum-ske - ho.
 lay; Rum-ske - ho, Rum-ske - ho.
 laugh; Rum-ske - ho, Rum-ske - ho.

5 As I was riding by Tyburn Hill,
 Rum-ske-ho, Rum-ske-ho,
 As I was riding by Tyburn Hill,
 I saw those two thieves hanging there still,
 Rum-ske-ho, Rum-ske-ho.

GOOD NIGHT.

f Sottenuo.

1. Good - night; la - dies! good - night, la - dies! Good - night,
 2. Fare - well; la - dies! fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well,
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams,

Allegro.

la - dies! We're going to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,
 la - dies! We're going to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll, &c.
 la - dies! We're going to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll, &c.

Repeat. pp

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

College Bell.

WORDS BY ARTHUR D. WALBRIDGE. '67.

MUSIC ADAPTED.

Allegretto.

1. Wake up! wake up! 'tis early morn, Ding dong, ding dong bell; 'T is almost seven, just

hear that horn, Ding dong, ding dong bell. Then rouse up, boys, O, what a bore! Jump out of bed, no

longer snore; Yawning, rubbing, dressing, scrubbing, Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell.

2 Now rings the call for morning prayers,
Ding dong, ding dong bell;
So rush, half-dressed, pellmell, down-stairs,
Ding dong, ding dong bell.
Straight for the Chapel doorway steer,
And at your name yell loudly "HERE!"
Jumping, jamming, op'ning, slamming,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell.

3 Again "there's music in the air,"
Ding dong, ding dong bell;
For long "*pathetic*" notes prepare,
Jing dong, ding dong bell.
Oh! carbonif'rous barbarisms,
Moral polybasic prisms,
Mathematics, hydrostatics,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell.

4 And this is recitation hour,
Ding dong, ding dong bell;
Ye learned Profs. look grim and sour,
Ding dong, ding dong bell.
Be well prepared, with "books all shut,"
Oh! never "fizzle," "stump," nor "cut,"
Transing, fearing, polling, tearing,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell.

5 "We eat to live"—so off to "club,"
Ding dong, ding dong bell;
Grow fat on *hash* and *mixed up* "*grub*,"
Ding dong, ding dong bell;
For "when the *swallows* homeward fly,
Of *toughest meat* and *coffee-rye*!—
Without question—INDIGESTION!
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell.

6 'T is nine o'clock, the *dummy*'s late,
Ding dong, ding dong bell;
Go out to "Post," "look on the slate,"
Ding dong, ding dong bell.
Hurrah! hurrah! good news have come
From dearest friends of "home, sweet home,"
Binding fetters—loving letters,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell.

7 Four years we've heard its music-chime,
Ding dong, ding dong bell;
No more for us will it mark time,
Ding dong, ding dong bell.
But far beyond these sad farewells
Shall we oft hear fond Mem'ry bells,
Softly ringing, sweetly singing,—
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell.

Bingo.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

1. Here's to six-ty-nine, drink her down! Here's to six - ty-nine, drink her down!

Here's to sixty-nine, for she's always up to time, Drink her down, drink her down, drink her

down! down! down! Balm in Gi-le-ad, Gi-le-ad, Balm in Gi-le-ad, Gi-le-ad,

Balm in Gi-le-ad! 'way down on the Bingo farm. We won't go there a-ny-more, We

won't go there a - nymore, We won't go there anymore, 'Way down on the Bingo farm.

Fine. Spoken. D. C. to ♯:

Bingo! Bingo! Bingo! Bingo! Bingo! Bingo! 'Way down on the Bingo farm. B I N G O!

BINGO. Concluded.

2 Here's to '70, drink her down,
Here's to '70, for she's always on the spree,
Drink her down, &c.

3 Here's to '71, drink her down,
Here's to '71, for she's always full of fun,
Drink her down, &c.

4 Here's to '72, drink her down,
Here's to '72, for we rather think she'll do,
Drink her down, &c.

'66 CLASS ODE.

BY JOHN MATHER ALLIS. '66.

Air—There's a Sound among the Forest Trees.

1 Let us sing a final song and then away, boys,
Away to the battle field of life,
For the enemies of truth are on the watch, boys,
And eager await the strife.
Let us buckle on our armor and go forth, boys,
Determined to conquer every foe,
Bearing high the noble banner of our class, boys,
The flag that shall never bow.

Chorus—We will battle for the right,
We will battle with our might,
Though it cost our dying breath,
For we know that from on high,
We are bid to do or die,
So we'll never yield till death.
Let us sing a final song and then away, boys,
Away to the battle field of life,
For the enemies of truth are on the watch, boys,
And eager await the strife.

2 Here in many fierce attacks we've learned full well, boys,
The strength and the temper of each blade,
Here have drank at fountains deep and full and rich, boys,
By which we are stronger made.
Here we've met and learned to love each other well, boys,
And here have found each other's worth,
But we now must bid a sad good-bye and part, boys,
To join in the strife of earth.—*Chorus.*

3 We must leave our Alma Mater's fostering care, boys,
And scenes of delight and social joy,
Where the weeks and months and years have passed away, boys,
In pleasures without alloy.
We must bid adieu to castles in the air, boys,
And dreams which to fancy seemed so dear,
We must buckle on the armor for the fight, boys,
The contest of life is near.—*Chorus.*

4 Now with lofty purpose and with fearless heart, boys,
From these happy scenes we turn away,
Knowing well that if we'r staunch and full of faith, boys,
God's blessing will crown our day.
So to teachers, friends and class-mates say farewell, boys,
And give to each the parting hand,
For the bugle calls and we must hasten on, boys,
To bless our beloved land.—*Chorus.*

Cannon Song.

By H. P. PECK. '62.

AULD LANG SYNE. NEW ARRANGEMENT.

Andante.

1. Come, Seniors, come, and fill your pipes, Your riches et incense raise; Let's take a smoke, a

2. We'll crown the can-non with a cloud, We'll cel-e-brate its praise; Recall-ing its old

Chorus.

parting smoke, For good old by-gone days! For good old by-gone days, We'll smoke for

smoking song Of good old by-gone days! For good old by-gone days, We'll smoke for

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

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

3 We'll smoke to those we leave behind,
In devious college ways;
We'll smoke to songs we've sung before,
In good old by-gone days.—*Chorus.*

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

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

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

Ba, Be.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

B - a ba B - e be B - i bi Ba be bi B - o bo Ba - be - li - bo

B - u bu Ba - be - bi - bo - bu. Li - to - ri - a! Li - to - ri - a!

Swee dle wink tum hi ra sah, Li - to - ri - a! Li - to - ri - a! Swee dle wink dum Bum.

Ca, Da, &c., &c.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

Translation.

By J. A. PEARCE, JR. '60.

1 Horace, crowned with laurels bright,
Truly thou hast spoken ;
Time outspeeds the swift wind's flight,
Earthly power is broken.

Chorus—Give me cups that foaming rise,
Cups with fragrance laden,
Pouting lips, and smiling eyes
Of a blushing maiden.

2 Blooming grows the budding vine,
And the maid grows blooming ;

But the poet quaffs not wine,
Age is surely dooming.

Chorus—Give me cups that foaming rise,
Cups with fragrance laden,
Pouting lips, and smiling eyes
Of a blushing maiden.

3 Who would grasp at empty fame?
'Tis a fleeting vision ;
But for love and wine we claim
Sweetness all Elysian.

Chorus—Give me cups that foaming rise,
Cups with fragrance laden ;
Pouting lips, and smiling eyes
Of a blushing maiden.

SHOOL.

By permission of Taintor Bros.

1 I wish I was in Boston city, Where all the girls they are so pretty, If I didn't have a time 't would

This system contains the first line of music with lyrics. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is shown on two staves below it.

AIR. CHORUS.

be a pi-ty, Dis cum bibble lol-la boo, slow reel. Shool, shool, shool I rool, Shool I shag-a-raek,
SECOND.
Shool, shool, shool I rool, Shool I shag-a-raek,
BASS.

This system begins the chorus. It includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The accompaniment is shown on two staves below the treble staff.

This system continues the chorus. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 2/4 time signature. The accompaniment is shown on two staves below the treble staff.

shool-a-barb-a-cool, The first time I saw psilly, bal-ly eel, Dis cum bibble lol-la boo, slow reel.
shool-a-barb-a-cool, The first time I saw psilly, bal-ly eel, Dis cum bibble lol-la boo, slow reel.

This system continues the chorus. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The accompaniment is shown on two staves below the treble staff.

This system concludes the chorus. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 2/4 time signature. The accompaniment is shown on two staves below the treble staff.

Stand by your Glasses.

The following Poem was written some years ago, during the prevalence of the cholera in India, by an English officer, Capt. Darling, who himself shortly afterwards fell a victim to the dread scourge.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

1. We meet 'neath the sounding raft-er, And the walls around us are bare, As they
Then stand by your glasses stea - dy! We drink 'fore our comrades' eyes, One

shout back our peals of laughter, It seems as the dead were there ;
cup to the dead al - rea - dy, Hur - rah for the next man that dies!

2 Not a sigh for the lost that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink,
We'll fall 'mid the wine cups' sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink ;
Come, stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis this that the respite buys,
One cup for the dead already,
Hurrah for the next who dies!

3 Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore?
Where the haughty, restless yearning
Of the soul can sting no more :
Ho! stand to your glasses steady!
This world is a world of lies,
One cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next who dies!

4 Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
When the brightest are gone before us,
And the dullest are most behind ;
Stand, stand to your glasses steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize,
One cup for the dead already,
And one for the next who dies.

TO JOHN MACLEAN.

By C. W. KASE. '72.

Air—Hard times come again no more.

- 1 "Thou art gone but not forgotten," there
falls a silent tear,
Thy kind words we never can forget ;
And whate'er may be our Future—the Past
has been so dear,
We cling to its blessed memories yet.
Chorus—"Tis the prayer we ever are praying :
Angels turn his feet away from pain,
And may guardian spirits keep him and bene-
dictions bless
The last days of noble John Maclean.
- 2 "Thou art gone but not forgotten," there
is a mystic spell,
That binds us still closely unto thee ;
And we miss the form so often, we learned
to love so well,
And we mourn for the days no more to be
- 3 "Thou art gone but not forgotten," we
cherish while we live,
The precepts you gave us long ago—
How kind you were in trouble, how ready
to forgive,
None but the forgiven e'er can know.

Parting Song.

WORDS BY A. DU BOIS STAATS. '67.

MUSIC BY ARTHUR D. WALBRIDGE. '67.

Andante.

1. Our hearts to-day are blithe and glad, No sorrow here can dwell ; Yet none can still the

2. Then farewell to the pleasant days That we've together pass'd, Whose mem'ry bright will

Chorus.

feel-ing sad, The sigh that says "farewell." Then here's good cheer to all our friends ; To

ev-er live, While time or life shall last. Then here's good cheer to all our friends ; To

Al-ma Mater health ; To " Brothers all," to class-mates all, Wisdom, long life and wealth.

Al-ma Mater health ; To " Brothers all," to class-mates all, Wisdom, long life and wealth.

- 3 Our thoughts speed on by shining hopes,
Mark each his bright career ;
In which fond Fortune guide our steps,
When we have parted here.—*Chorus.*
- 4 The bright day shines upon us all,—
None in its shadow stand ;
We take it as a sign of hope
From the Enchanted land.—*Chorus.*
- 5 Whatever lot may chance in life,
Whatever ties entwine ;—
We'll always turn with pleasant thoughts
To days of Auld Lang Syne.—*Chorus.*

TIPPERY TOWN.

A NASSAU SONG.

1. I used to be as gay a sport as ev-er walked the street, I was so ve-ry

Chor. Come, join my humble dit-ty, From 'Titterry town I steer, Like every good honest

handsome, I was al-most fit to eat; But now I'm old and seedy grown, and

fel-low, I likes my la-ger-beer, Like every good honest fel-low, I

poverty holds me fast; 'The boys and girls they smile at me, but still I take my glass.

takes my whiskey clear, For I'm a rambling rake of poverty, and a son of a gambolier!

2 In the days when I was hard up, not many years ago,
 With a coat all covered with patches, I hardly knew what to do ;
 I determined to be a burglar, to plunder and to steal,
 And when I shook the countryman down, how good it made me feel.—*Chorus.*

3 I wish I had a barrel of rum, and sugar three hundred pounds,
 With the chapel bell to put it in, and the clapper to stir it round ;
 I'd drink to the health of Nassau boys, and the girls both far and near,
 For I'm a rambling rake of poverty, and a *Son of a Gambolier.*—*Chorus.*

Smoking Song.

FROM "NASSAU SONGS." BY PERMISSION.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

1. With grate-ful twirl our smoke-wreaths curl, As mist from the wa-ter - fall

giv-en ; Or the locks that float thro' beauty's throat, In the whispering air of e - ven.

Chorus.

Then down the fears of the coming years, And the dread of change be - fore us ; The

way is sweet to our willing feet, With the smoke-wreaths twining o'er us.

2 As the light beams thro' the ringlets blue,
Will hope beam through our sorrow,
While the gathering wreath of the smoke
we breathe
Shuts out the fear of to-morrow.
Chorus—Then down the fears, &c.

3 A magic charm in the evening calm
Calls thought from mem'ry's treasure ;

But clear and bright in the liquid light
Are the smoke-called dreams of pleasure.
Chorus—Then down the fears, &c.

4 Then who shall chide, with boasting pride,
Delights they ne'er have tasted ;
O, let them smile while we beguile
The hour with joys they've wasted.
Chorus—Then down the fears, &c.

Where, O Where.

Spirited.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

1. Where, O where are the ver-dant Freshmen? Where, O where are the ver-dant
They've gone out from Tu-tor Mudge, oh! They've gone out from Tu - tor

Freshmen? Where, O, where are the verdant Freshmen? Safe now in the Soph'more Class.
Mudge, oh! They've gone out from Tu - tor Mudge, oh! Safe now in the Soph'more Class.

- 2 Where, O where are the gay young Soph'-mores?
Where, O where are the gay young Soph'-mores?
Where, O where are the gay young Soph'-mores?
Safe now in the Junior Class :
They've gone out from Cameron's Synonyms, &c.
Safe now in the Junior Class.
- 3 Where, O where are the stately Juniors?
Where, O where are the stately Juniors?
Where, O where are the stately Juniors?
Safe now in the Senior Class :
They've gone out from Duff's Mathematics, &c.
Safe now in the Senior Class.
- 4 Where, O where are the good old Seniors?
Where, O where are the good old Seniors?
Where, O where are the good old Seniors?
Safe now in the wide, wide world :
They've gone out from their Alma Mater, &c.
Safe now in the wide, wide world.
- 5 By and by we'll go out for to meet them,
By and by we'll go out for to meet them,
By and by we'll go out for to meet them,
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

'TIS THE LAST OF THE SUPPERS.

H. C. A. '54.

AIR—'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.


- 1 'Tis the last of the suppers,
Left smoking alone,
All its monthly companions
Are vanished and gone ;
No feast or collation,
No banquet is nigh,
To reflect back its odors,
Or show pie for pie.
- 2 I'll not leave thee forsaken,
Still savory board,
Since thy comrades are taken,
Be thine their reward !
Thus kindly I mingle
Thine oysters and clams,
And consign to one burial
Ice, pastry, and jams.
- 3 So soon may I follow,
When pleasures decay,
And from life's fairest viands
The fruits drop away.
When fond hearts are shattered
And loved ones are flown,
O who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

'71 CLASS ODE.

Words by Wm. B. HORNBLOWER.


Music by J. C. PENNINGTON, '71.

Allegro Vivace.
mf 1st Tenor.




1. Classmates, let us sing to-day; Sing as on - ly classmates may, Seek - ing mem'ry's
2. From her hands we've gifts receiv'd; Er - rors by her aid retrieved, Use - ful les - sons
3. Walk'd we first o'er Nassau's green, Friendly fa - ces all un - seen Like to mas - ked

mf 2d Tenor.

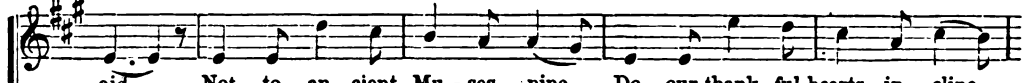


4. Pass'd has Time, and while to day, Lingering here, we glad - ly stay, Let our voi - ces
5. Sing we now the joys gone by; Sing not stu - dies hard and dry; Not of wast - ed

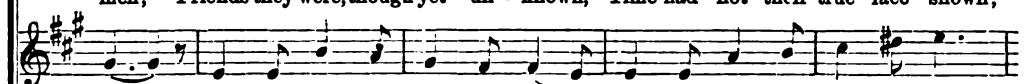
mf 1st Bass.



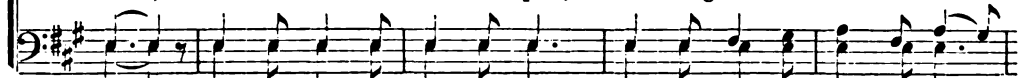
2d Bass.




aid, Not to an - cient Mu - ses nine Do our thank - ful hearts in - cline,
learned; Not a - lone with book - ish lore, Was she wont our minds to store,
men; Friends they were, though yet un - known, Time had not their true face shown;



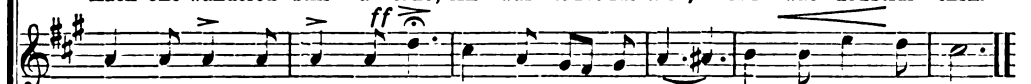
bleud, Now each mask a - way is torn, Mists from char - ac - ter are shorn,
hours; Not of faults and fol - lies past; Not of griefs which do not last:



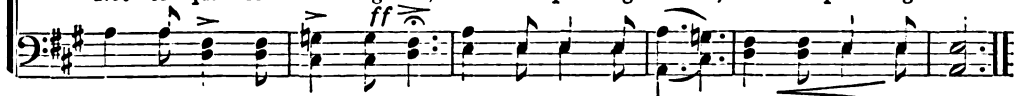
cres *ff* *vall - en - tan - do.*



But at Al - ma Ma - ter's shrine, Be our offerings paid, Be our offerings paid.
Ope - ning wide - ly Vir - tue's door, Grate - ful praise she's earn'd, Grate - ful praise she's earn'd.
Each one wandered still a - lone; All was doubt - ful then, All was doubtful then.



As by beams of ear - ly morn, Friend revealed to friend, Friend revealed to friend.
Not of quar - rels melt - ing fast; Not of pass - ing showers, Not of pass - ing showers.



6 Sing the joys of Freshman year,
Blustering winds with sky all clear,
Like young March's noon.
Sing of Sophomore's April day,
Sing of Junior's pleasant May,
Sing of Senior's ripe array
Rich in fruits of June.

7 Leave we now our mother's side;
By life's hardships to be tried
Till our race is run.
Forward! comes the stern command!
Forward! let no loiterer stand!
Forward! an unbroken band,
Honoring seventy-one!

CLASS ODE OF '72.

Words by KARL KASE.

Music by W. G. McCALL.

Andante vivace.

1. Strange voi - ces break up - on our ears, Strangelights be - gin to gleam,

And we a - wake with doubts and fears, As from a trou - bled dream;

Our thoughts are fix'd up - on the past, That sea - ward sinks a - way:

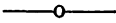
The good old ship sails home at last, And "makes her port" to - day.

2 Ah! many a heart that longed for land,
 Now that the land is near,
 Clasps tenderly his comrade's hand
 In silence and in fear:
 The ship that glides so peacefully
 Will cross the wave no more;
 And hearts that loved upon the sea
 Must part upon the shore.

3 Before into the world so cold
 Each class-mate disappears,
 Clasp hands and wake the songs of old
 Loved in the by-gone years:
 Clasp hands, and sound aloud the praise
 To *Alma Mater* due:—
 Sing for the dear, departed days,
 And good old *Seventy-two!*

UPIDEE.

- 1 The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device:
Chorus—Upidee, &c.
- 2 His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue:
Chorus—Upidee, &c.
- 3 "O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh:
Chorus—Upidee, &c.
- 4 At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air:
Chorus—Upidee, &c.
- 5 A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device:
Chorus—Upidee, &c.



PRESENTATION SONG.

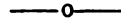
By F. WOODWARD EARL. '66.

AIR—O, I am not ye man.

- 1 Come, gather rounde, ye Senyor Classe,
And bende ye classick knee,
In homage to ye meek-eyed sainte,
Who luvcs ye Facultie;
So close, this devotee, he prays
And fastes, till he be wanne,
Beseeching for ye highest markes
To be ye honore manne.
- 2 But don't forgete, ye jollie boyes,
To bringe alonge ye nurse,
To tende ye wee-bit infante childe
Of "sixtie-sixe," ye firste;
Run quicke and finde its mama, boyes,
The childe begins to crye,
The little deare has colick sure,
Or else, it is very drye.

- 3 How sadde to think ye Facultie,
Hathe stoppede our merrie spree,
And juste to spite one daintie ladde,
They saye, 'twene you and me;
This ladde, he eates no common foode,
He's growinge sicke and thinne,
To cheate him of his longed-fore feaste,
Is unforgiven sinne.
- 4 But did ye knowe, goode classmates alle,
A wonder's to be seene,
Righte here, amonge ye Senyor Classe;
A thinge so verie greene,
Some saye, it is a funnie plante,
While others dothe incline
To thinke, it's nothings but a "Freshe,"
Escaped frome "sixtie-nine."

*Chorus—Oh! I am not ye manne,
Oh! I am not ye manne,
Ye all can see, it sure must be
Some othere happie man.*



PARTING HYMN.

By C. D. CRANE. '69.

AIR—Stand by your Glasses.

- 1 Come, classmates, and join in the chorus,
One song 'ere the last words are said;
We'll sing to the bright days before us,
We'll sing to the days that have fled.
Farewell to the fond scenes which friendship
Has rendered so hallowed and dear,
Ere we enter the world-life that call us,
Here's for each one a hearty good cheer.
- 2 To-day we must separate sadly,
Yet cheerfully too should we part,
For with the bright future before us,
Oh! who would be heavy of heart.
As we leave these mock contests behind us,
To join in the battle of life,
Let our motto be "onward and upward,"
And then we shall win in the strife.
- 3 And when on some future occasion
We visit these "classical shades,"
And fight o'er again the old battles,
With essays, and lectures, and grades;
Let each bring some scar from life's conflict,
Some trophy from valor's fair shrine,
That shall say, "He has been a true hero,
And honored our loved "Sixty Nine."

Pirates' Chorus.

AS SUNG BY THE N. A. Q.

1. Ev - er be hap-py and light as thou art, Pride of the pi - rate's heart,

Ev - er be hap-py and light as thou art, Pride of the pi - rate's heart!

Long be thy reign o'er land and main, By the glaive, by the chart, Queen

of the pi - rate's heart ; Oh, ev - er be hap-py and light as thou art,

Pride of the pirate's heart, O, pride of the pirate's heart, O, pride of the pirate's heart.

2 Ever be happy and light as thou art,
 Joy unto all impart ;
 We will obey thee night and day,
 With a will we will start,
 Pride of the pirate's heart!
 O, ever be happy, &c.

3 Ever be happy and light as thou art,
 Never from us depart ;
 On the blue sea, home of the free,
 By the wave, by the mast,
 Queen of the pirate's heart !
 O, ever be happy, &c.

SONG OF THE CLASS OF '74.

AIR.—"Son of a Gambolier."

- 1 Come now, ye jolly Sophomores,
And raise your voices all,
To pay one grateful tribute
To good old Nassau Hall!
Come, shout the chorus loud and long!
Then swell the notes once more,
And let us have a jolly song
For the Class of '74.

CHORUS.

Come Sophs, and sing the praises
Of the classes one and all!
Come, join in a noble tribute
To the sons of Nassau Hall!
Then swell the chorus louder,
And forth your voices pour,
Till Princeton's walls send back again
The song of '74!

- 2 Oh! We're a bright and jolly class,
Our numbers are not few,
For we can count a hundred men
To Nassau ever true!
'Tis said the Tutors love us
As they never loved before;
But yet we think they've had enough
Of the Class of '74.—CHO.
- 3 The Proffs admire our quiet ways,
And like our actions well;
We never stamp in chapel,
Nor ring the college bell.
We didn't light that rousing fire
Around the ancient gun,
But we saw the Proctor coming forth,
And so we had to run.—CHO.
- 4 Of course we have a mighty love
For Princeton ladies fair;
One sight of their bright faces
Will drive away our care.
We love to gaze upon them
As one by one they pass;
But yet beyond their starry eyes
We love our noble class.—CHO.
- 5 Old ocean on his sounding shore
May cease to cast his spray,
Aurora fail to herald
The airy steeds of day!

The silver stars may glisten
From heaven's wide arch no more,
But we shall ne'er forget to love
The class of '74.—CHO.

- 6 When hoary Time has winged his flight
Through many weary years,
And touched our brows with silver,
And dimmed our eyes with tears;
When many a weary battle,
And many a grief are o'er,
Our hearts shall cherish fonder love
For the Class of '74.—CHO.

DEDICATED TO '74 BY THE AUTHOR.

—o—

THE LAST *Kai Gap*.

AIR.—"Last Cigar."

BY J. R. ADAMS, CLASS OF '73.

- 1 'Twas in the recitation room
Where Cameron* held sway;
We conned our last of Attic lore
To turn from Greek away.
And the ghosts of by-gone lessons,
That lay sepulchered there,
Rose, 'mong the aisles and benches,
To repeat the last *Kai Gap*.
 - 2 I've seen, in wreathing smoke dreams,
My last cigar depart.
False love—an empty chalice—
Lies broken on my heart.
But these lesser birds of sorrow
Fled the beleaguered air,
When they saw this vulture sorrow,
And heard the last *Kai Gap*.
 - 3 Fond mem'ry bringing back to me
The echoes of the past;
In pity for my anguish says:—
"That shall not be thy last!"
And then in music winsome, low,
Toned t'allay my care;
She renders to me, once again,
The last, last, sad *Kai Gap*.
- CHORUS.—It was the last *Kai Gap*.
How sad—the last *Kai Gap*.
I breathed a sigh to think, in sooth,
It was the last *Kai Gap*.

* Prof in Greek.

"Honeyman" Song.

MUSIC ADAPTED.

1. Oh! Hon-ey - man! thou art a ter - ror To Freshmen green in col - lege

saws, Thou art far worse than a - ny er - ror They make a - gainst the

Col - lege laws ; You call a Fresh some name in fun, He answers with a

"hon - ey - man," With a fresh hon - ey - man, Fresh hon - ey - man!

2 A Fresh arrives, with pride elated,
He thinks he is not green at all,
He finds he's not appreciated,
And then his hopes begin to fall.
He finds his character is gone,
From getting off some "honeyman,"
"Confound the honeyman!
Fresh honeyman!"

3 The Sophomores see his *Verdant Greenness*,
By night they take him to the spring,
They wash him there from all his mean-
ness,
(He threatens all their necks to wring.)
The laughing Sophs say "Not for Joe,
"Such honeymans as that won't go,
"Not such a honeyman,
"Fresh honeyman!"

4 A student calls and hails our hero,
Who turns around to hear the word,
His expectations sink to zero,
He finds he's "got," and now he's
"bored."
He then tries hard to sell his friend,
For honeymans will never end,
Long live the honeyman,
Fresh honeyman!

5 Our college life will soon be ended,
'Tis quickly come and quickly gone ;
But in our thoughts shall oft be blended,
The mem'ries of our college fun.
And when our Nassau days are done,
We'll ne'er forget the honeyman.
Long live the honeyman,
Fresh honeyman!

New Jersey.

WORDS C. W. KASE, 72.

MUSIC ADAPTED.

1. There is an an-cient Fa-cul-ty, most an-cient in re-nown, That

rules an an-cient col-lege built in an ancient town, The town is in the in-land, far

from ye an-cient sea, A-bout the mid-dle of the State of New Jer-see.

2.

The town is of full talent, and Lager Beer saloons,
 The boys sometimes get hard up and pawn their pantaloons;
 But this thing seldom happens, the reason you shall see,
 We always borrow when we're "short" in New Jersey.

3.

We spend our leisure moments beside ye ancient girls,
 All powdered up and modernized by *chignons*, rouge and curls;
 They always smash our hearts, altho' it strange may be,
 The same girls smashed our father's hearts in New Jersey.

"Now I lay me down to Sleep."

BY PERMISSION OF WM. A. POND & Co.

A. D. WALDRIDGE. '87. -

1. "Now I lay me down to sleep," And the blue eyes, dark and deep, Let their snow-y

cur - tains down, Edged with fring - es gold - en brown. "All day long, the

an - gels fair, I've been watch - ing o - ver there; Heav'n's not far, 'tis

just in sight, Now they're call - ing me, Good-night; Kiss me, mo - ther

"Now I lay me down to Sleep." Concluded.

do not weep, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Obligato.

CHORUS.

TENOR.

O - ver there, just o - ver there, I shall say my morning prayer;

SOPRANO.

O - ver there, just o - ver there, List the an - gels morning prayer;

Kiss me, mo - ther, do not weep, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Lisp - ings low thro' fan - cy creep, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

2 Tangled ringlets, all smooth now,
 Looped back from the waxen brow;
 Little hands so dimpled white,
 Clasp'd together, cold to-night,
 Where the mossy daisied sod,
 Brought sweet messages from God,
 Two pale lips with kisses pressed,
 There we left her to her rest,
 And the dews of evening weep,
 Where we laid her down to sleep.—*Cho.*

Music in the Air.

By PERMISSION OF MASON BROS.

1. There's mu-sic in the air, When the infant morn is nigh ; And faint its blush is

2. There's mu-sic in the air, When the noontide's sultry beam, Reflects a gold-en

3. There's mu-sic in the air, When the twilight's gentle sigh Is lost on evening's

seen On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's extatic sound, With its thrill of

light On the distant mountain stream ; When beneath some grateful shade Sorrow's aching

breast, As its pensive beauties die ; Then, O, then the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce-

joy profound, While we list en - chanted there, To the mu - sic in the air.

head is laid, Sweetly to the spir-it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.

- les - tial song, An - gel voi - ces greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.

LAZY BILLY.

By C. D. CRANE, '69.

AIR—Champagne Charlie.

1 I am a jolly "Deutscher" boy,
From Harrisburg I came ;
I love the "gals ;" they are my joy ;
And "Billy" is my name.
My father sent me off to college,
To study *classic lore*,
No taste had I for such *dead knowledge*,
I love my "pretzels" more.

Chorus.

For "lazy Billy" is my name,
"Bumming," "spreeing" every night, my boys,
Always ever getting tight, my boys,
Lazy Billy is my name.

2 The faculty, they warned me often ;
The fellows called me "tough ;"
My class-mates tried my heart to soften,
But I was "up to snuff."
I dressed myself up to perfection,
And nightly went on spees,
I "boot-licked" fellows for "election,"
By treating to *Dutch cheese*.

Chorus.—Dutch cheese Billy, etc.

3 I loaf at Grants and have my fun
With Maggie, she likes me ;
She says, I never loved but one,
And that, sweet Bill, was thee.
Ah! I am a big thing on ice,
When I speak, each man hears,
But nothing sounds to me so nice
As, Jake, bring up dem beers!

Chorus.—Lagerbier Billy, etc.

4 And now ere I go forth to "pull"
My individual raft,
Upon life's stormy sea to roll,
Let's take some "ale on darught."
Here's to the health of Nassau Hall,
Here's to the fun we've had,
Here's to my friends and brothers all,
Here's to the Deutscher lad!

Chorus.—Red hot Billy, etc.

—o—

THE LOG COLLEGE.

By J. ALFRED PEARCE, JR. '60.

AIR—Old Nassau.

1 When revolution shook the land,
And patriots shed their blood,
When foreign foes, at king's command,
Poured in their swelling flood :

Then Freedom was the glorious boon,
For which our fathers fought,
And burning sun, and frozen moon
Beheld the deeds they wrought.

2 But while they learned the arts of war,
And ruin swept their fields,
When Liberty was yet afar,
And nature almost yields,
They ne'er forgot the gentle arts
That rule a peaceful state,
Despair ne'er entered in their hearts,
They never bent to Fate.

3 Thus while in martial strains they sung
Old Nassau's logs were felled,
And from the deep-laid basis, sprung
A structure still upheld ;
For patriots laid the corner-stone
And watched its struggling life ;
Our country made it all her own,
And fostered it in strife.

4 Though now long years have wearied on,
Those early rough log walls
Have stood, and hardened into stone
Like rock that never falls.
Throughout the land her proud sons roam,
Her glory and her pride ;
Though North, though South may be their
home,
Here stand they side by side.

5 'Tis here we find our truest friends,
And here our brightest joys,
We learn that every union ends,
And every pleasure cloy ;
We learn to love these "hallowed shades"
With all our heart and soul,
To strive for that which never fades,
And honor "Nassau's roll."

6 Each well-remembered spot shall teem
With young life's busy thought,
And every clod to us will seem
With sweet enchantment fraught.
While ever poet's heart can sing
Thy sounding praise shall last,
And golden recollections cling
Around the voiceless past.

7 Long may thy fame and beauty shine!
Thy sons still firm and true ;
May fadeless wreaths around thee twine
Of glory's brightest hue ;
And memory with "lava tide,"
In future shall recur
To thy time-honored walls, where hide
Remembrances most dear.

PETER GRAY.

By permission of Taintor Bros.

Andante.

1 Once on a time there was a man, His name was Peter Gray ;

He lived way down in that 'ere town, Call'd Penn-syl-va - ni - a.

CHO.
p Blow ye winds of the morn - ing, Blow ye winds, Heigh - o

Blow ye winds of the morn - ing, Blow, blow, blow.

- 2 Now Peter Gray he fell in love, all with a nice young girl,
The first three letters of her name were L - U - C, Anna Quirl. *Cho.*
- 3 But just as they were going to wed, her papa he said "No,"
And consequently she was sent way off to Ohio. *Cho.*
- 4 And Peter Gray he went to trade for furs and other skins,
Till he was caught and scalp-y-ed by the bloody Indians. *Cho.*
- 5 When Lucy Anna heard the news, she straightway took to bed,
And never did get up again until sho di - i - ed. *Cho.*

Mary's Lamb.

Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb,

Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, his fleece was white as snow, And

ev - ery - where that Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went,

Ev - ery - where that Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to go.

Lean - ing on the lamb, Baa! baa! Lean - ing on the lamb, Baa! baa! Oh!

a - n't I glad to get out of the wilderness, out of the wilderness, out of the wilderness,

A - n't I glad to get out of the wil - der - ness, Down in Al - a - bam.

Rip! Slap! Set him up a - gain, and a bum jing jing, and a bum jing jing,

Rip! Slap! Set him up a - gain, and a bum jing jing I - O!

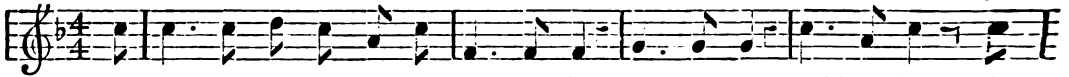
I - O! I - O! and a bum jing jing, and a bum jing jing, I -

O! I - O! and a bum jing jing I - O! Bow wow wow! the Zu - li - ing,

Sitt - ing on a Pu - li - ing, Grasshopper a - whistle - i - ing, God save the Ke - i - ing!

There was a Farmer.

INTRODUCED BY W. A. PERRY, '71.



There was a farmer and he sold his sheep, Sold his sheep, Sold his sheep, **There**



was a farmer and he sold his sheep, One bright sum-mer's day.



Hit him in the mid-dle with a gum-shoe lá! Gum-shoe lá! Gum-shoe lá!



Hit him in the mid-dle with a gum-shoe lá! One bright summer's day!

THE SENIOR'S SOLILOQUY

ON THE RECEPTION OF HIS FINAL GRADE.

AIR—Cocachelunk.

1 Tell me not, ye ghastly numbers,
All my hopes were but a dream ;
That our lives are broken slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Chorus—Cocachelunk, chelunk chelaly,
Cocachelunk, chelunk, chela,
Cocachelunk, chelunk, chelaly,
Hi! O, chicachelunk, chela!

2 Life is real, life is earnest,
And a grade is not its goal ;
There are golden prizes yonder,
Nobler to the lofty soul.

Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

3 Now, farewell to all professors!
Farewell now to tutors, too!
I have found a road to knowledge
These proud scholars never knew.

Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

4 Here's adieu to Doctor Whately,
Mathematics, Latin, Greek ;
Henceforth I have men to deal with
Who their native language speak.

Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

5 I'll not search for precious ingots
On the California plain.
Nor with law-books or with physic
Stir the cobwebs from my brain.
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

6 I will be a politician,
Mingle much with small and great,
And (if fortune be propitious),
One day represent my State.
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

7 I'm in hopes that some convention
Will give audience to my plea ;
For to men of every station
They have bent the suppliant knee.
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

8 It's not talents that are wanted,
It's not e'en a blazoned name ;
On the slenderest foundations
Statesmen now may rear their fame.
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

9 All I want is gold and silver,
And a plausible address ;
This with shrewdness will suffice—and
Now and then a bland caress.
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

10 Tell me not, ye faithless numbers,
All my hopes were but a dream ;
He is lost who faints or slumbers,
But things are just what they seem.
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

COLLEGE SONGS.

By I. O. R.—'73.

Air.—"Tipperary Town."

- 1 Beneath the trees of our campus,
Where our fathers too have sung—
In the time gone by forever,
In the days when they were young—
We gather in the twilight,
And join as one to raise,
To the glory of Old Nassau,
Her ancient songs of praise.

- 2 Our class is the best of classes,
With "Bingo" we proclaim;
And each is a jolly good fellow;
And dares assert the same.
We wish we "had a barrel of rum,
And sugar three hundred pounds;
The chapel bell to put it in,
The clapper to stir it round."

- 3 We sing of the joys of college,
Of its woes—an equal share—
Of the Sophomores and Professors,
And their mutual love and care.
And then we sing of the Ladies,
In plaintive airs the while;
From the bonnie Annie Laurie,
To the lovely Annie Lyle.

- 4 And I think in the coming seasons,—
Where ever our life may be—
When we think of our Alma Mater,
And our days about her knee;
It will not be of the burden,
Or the wasting midnight oil—
Nor the gains, nor disappointments,
Of our study and our toil.

- 5 But speediest to remembrance,
The thought of friends will rise;
With whom we laughed and studied,
Waxed witty, and were wise.
And none other recollections,
Will be as dear as these:
Of songs we sung together
Beneath our ancient trees.

ALMA MATER.

J. B. CONOVER—'73.

- 1 Halcyon Heights of patriot Princeton!
Sacred scenes of storied yore!
Ambient air far echo-haunted
By the spectral cannon's roar;
Massy mansions campus-circled;
Sent'nel elms in armor hoar;
Homestead of our Alma Mater,—
Mother dear, deep learned in lore.

- 2 At the dream-dawn of the autumn
Blossom-couched 'mong crescent charms,
From the Siren's spell, ghost-startled,
Scaped we to thy sheltering arms.
From shrewd sophisms Sybaritic
Thou dost draw the shrinking soul,
Loath to learn that loftier logic
Leading to life's golden goal.

- 3 Thridding with thee mystic mazes,
Seek we still some germs of truth;
Pluck from off the tomb of ages
Thought-blooms of perennial youth:
Search we oft subterrene secrets
Strata-stored by myriad years;
Or, anon, the azure scaling,
Roam the rhythmic round of spheres.

- 4 When with wingings we be wearied,
Or deep delvings in the mine,
Darling dream-days thou dost give us,
Lest we languish and repine.
Times to chase our fitting fancies;
Times to ramble or repose;
Till, world-won, return we never,
Children gay, at even-close.

- 5 Dear the dread day first we saw thee!
Heard thee speak in solemn tone:
Dearer far the hour we knew thee,
Felt thy heart throb to our own.
Though we leave thee, love we ever;
True sons, turn our hearts to thee,
Spartan mother of dead heroes.
And of heroes yet to be!

The Ark.

CLASS OF 65'S GLEE CLUB ARRANGEMENT.

1st Tenor.

1. O, No-ah built him - self an Ark, Hu-rrah! hur-rah! O! No-ah built him-

2d Tenor.

10. Perhaps you think there's another verse, Hurrah! hurrah! Perhaps you think there's an-

1st Bass.

2d Bass.

- self an Ark, Hur - rah! hur - rah! O, No - ah built him -
- oth - er verse, Hur - rah! hur - rah! Per - haps you think there's an -

Ending for last Verse.

[OMIT,] - self an Ark, And made it all of
- oth - er verse, But there a'n't.

1st time.

2d time.

kick'ry bark, And we'll all feel gay, When Noah comes sailing home again, We'll, home.

THE ARK. Concluded.

- 2 Now into this Ark the animals went,
Hurrah! &c.
Now into this Ark the animals went,
In just the order they were sent,
And we'll all feel gay, &c.
- 3 The animals went in one by one,
Hurrah! &c.
The animals went in one by one,
And Japhet with a big bass drum,
And we'll all feel gay, &c.
- 4 The animals went in two by two,
Hurrah! &c.
The animals went in two by two,
The Elephant and the Kangaroo,
And we'll all feel gay, &c.
- 5 The animals went in three by three,
Hurrah! &c.
The animals went in three by three,
The Hippopotamus and bumble bee,
And we'll all feel gay, &c.
- 6 The animals went in fives by fives,
Hurrah! &c.
The animals went in fives by fives,
Shem, Ham and Japhet and their wives,
And we'll all feel gay, &c.
- 7 Oh! Mrs. Noah, she got drunk,
Hurrah! &c.
Oh! Mrs. Noah, she got drunk,
And kicked the old gentleman out of his
bunk,
And we'll all feel gay, &c.
- 8 And as they talked of this and that,
Hurrah! &c.
And as they talked of this and that,
The Ark it bumped on Ararat,
And we'll all feel gay, &c.
- 9 Oh! Noah, he went on a spree,
Hurrah! &c.
Oh! Noah, he went on a spree,
And banished Ham to Afrikee,
And we'll all feel gay, &c.
- 10 Perhaps you think there's another verse,
Hurrah! &c.
Perhaps you think there's another verse,
But there an't.

ONE NAME! ONE HEART! ONE AIM!

BY THOMAS D. SUPLEE. '70.

Air—"Tipperary Town."

- 1 From every portion of our land,
To Princeton's shades we came,
Within her ancient, classic halls,
Our youthful minds to train;
But here, we know no difference,
A common bond we own,
The ties of lasting fellowship—
In name, and heart, we're one!
- Chorus*—From mountain peak to sea-girt shore,
Let Princeton's noble band,
Prolong the song-thrill each heart's
core,
Throughout our broad spread land,
'Till forests, ringing with the sound,
Send back a glad refrain,
And mountain crags, in echo speak
Our Alma Mater's name!
- 2 United flows our youthful blood,
In spirit one we stand!
And linked in closest brotherhood,
Form an unbroken band,
By common sympathies impelled,
We know but one great aim,
To crown with honor and exalt
Our foster parent's name!—*Chorus.*
- 3 Unfurl her banner! let it wave
From Nassau's lofty spire!
That ever, while it floats on high,
It may our hearts inspire.
Upon its ample folds inscribe,
In letters bright and fair,
A title, dear to every heart—
The name we proudly bear!—*Chorus.*
- 4 And when again we separate,
From college friends and scenes,
And, on the battle field of life,
Forget our early dreams;
May Princeton's name be ever new,
And love enkindled here,
Forever cherished, stronger grow,
With every passing year!—*Chorus.*

EVENING BELLS.

By permission of Taintor Bros.

Andante. dolce.

1 Those eve - ning bells, those eve-ning bells, How many a tale their mu-sic tells, Of

1 Those eve - ning bells, those eve-ning bells, How many a tale their mu-sic tells, Of

youth and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth-ing chime, Those

youth and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth-ing chime, Those

eve - ning bells, those even - ing bells, How many a tale their mu - sic tells.

eve - ning bells, those even - ing bells, How many a tale their mu - sic tells.

2 Those joyous hours are passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.
Those evening, &c.

3 And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.
Those evening, &c.

The Vow of the Sophomore.

WORDS BY C. R. C. '53.

MUSIC BY J. McDOUGALL, JR. '54.

1. He was a stur-dy soph-o-more That vowed by all his Greek, (A lit - tle

2. That if an - oth - er quar - ter, he Should live to see the sun, No man might

thing to prom - ise by, I hear the cav - iller speak, I hear the cav - iller

have to say, his grade Was on - ly fif - ty - one, Was on - ly fif - ty -

Chorus.

speak.) The soph'more! the soph, the soph, the soph, the soph'more!

- one. The soph'more! the soph, the soph, the soph, the soph'more!

3 He rushed with fury at his task,
He polled on every line;
At day, the sun shone on his toil,
At night, the lamp did shine.

Chorus—The Soph'more, &c.

4 He worked, as seldom man did work,
His form was sad to view;
And then—bright pinnacle of hope!—
His grade was fifty-two.

Chorus—The Soph'more, &c.

Softly, Lightly, Sweetly Sing.

By permission of ALBERT E. JONES.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

2
4

SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASE.

Soft - ly, lightly, sweetly sing, Breathe, oh! breathe that strain again, Let its rich nae -

Soft - ly, lightly, sweetly sing, Breathe, oh! breathe that strain again, Let its rich me -

p *mf* *Cres.*

FINE.

lo-dious ring, Ech-o back from plain to plain. 2. Like the gold - en tints of morning, Or

lo-dious ring, Ech-o back from plain to plain. Like the gold-en tints of morning,

3/₄

..... the silvery rippling wave, Like the pur - ple hues a - dorn - ing, Flow'rs that

Or the sil - very rippling wave, Like the pur - ple hues a - dorning, Flow'rs that

p

SOFTLY, LIGHTLY, SWEETLY SING. Concluded.

deck'd thy mothers grave. Lo! with - in thine eye is beam - ing,
 deck'd that desk'd thy mothers grave. Lo! with - in thine eye is beam - ing,

Pen - sive thoughts of dear ones fled, And tho' round the lights are
 Pensive thoughts of dear ones fled, And tho' round the lights are

gleam - ing, Thou art mus - - - - ing on the dead. Then
 gleaming, gleaming, Thou art mus - ing, mus - ing on the dead. Then

D. C.

D. C.

Dim.

Oh, the sunny hours of childhood
 And bright hopes of youthful glee,
 Oh, the well remembered wild-wood
 Where we wandered wild and free :

3.


Youthful hopes have all been broken,
 Hushed the friends of early love,
 But kind memory bears a token,
 That we'll meet them all above.
 Then softly, &c.

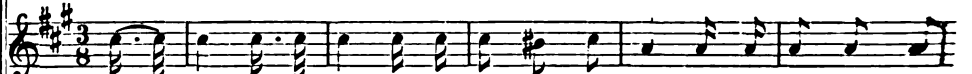
SPEED AWAY! SPEED AWAY!


I. B. WOODBURY.

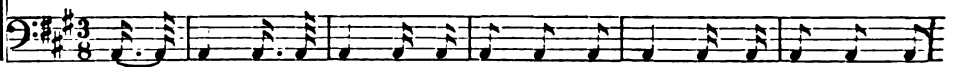
By permission of O. DRITSON, & Co.

Allegretto Spiritoso.

1st Tenor. 

2d Tenor. 

1st Bass. 

2d Bass. 

1. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! on thine er - rand of light! There's a young heart a -

2. Wilt thou tell her, bright songster, the old chief is lone; That he sits all the

- wait - ing thy com - ing to - night; She will fon - dle thee close, she will ask for the;

day by his cheer - less hearth - stone; That his tom - a - kaw - k lies all un - not - ed the

loved, Who pine up - on earth since the "Day Star" has roved; She will ask if we

while, And his thin lips wreathe ev - er in one sun - less smile; That the old chief - tain

Speed away! Speed away! Concluded.

miss her, so long is her stay. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a-way!
Ritard. *Dim.*

mourns her, and why will she stay? Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a-way!
Ritard. *Dim.*

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

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

CENTENNIAL ODE.

BY MATTHIAS WARD.

TUNE—Harwell.

Tutti—Alma Mater, cherished mother,
 Hark! thy sons their voices raise;
 Loving kindred, friend and brother,
 Meet again to hymn thy praise.

Heaven bless this happy union,
 Mingling hearts estranged so long,
 Here once more in fond communion
 Old companions join in song.

Chorus—Alma Mater, cherished mother,
 Hark! thy sons their voices raise;
 Loving kindred, friend and brother,
 Meet again to hymn thy praise.

War has struck thy dwelling hoary—
 Weak the foe and vain the fight;
 Thou hast won a higher glory,
 Gentle peace, and truth, and right.

Chorus—Alma Mater, &c.

Fire has tried its fury o'er thee,
 Fierce the blaze and bright the flame,
 Now the light that glows before thee,
 Shines to show the world thy fame.

Chorus—Alma Mater, &c.

Lo! an hundred years departed,
 Since thy tender infant hour;
 Stronger now and stouter hearted,
 Time has but increased thy power.

Chorus—Alma Mater, &c.

Thou hast reared the pride of nations—
 Thine, thy country's boast abroad—
 Thine, who hold its honored stations—
 Thine, who teach the way to God!

Chorus—Alma Mater, &c.

Never more as thus we'll meet thee,
 Leaning on thy fost'ring arm;
 May a century bring to greet thee,
 Souls as true and hearts as warm.

Chorus—Alma Mater, &c.

Good and true men, gone before us,
 Leading to the upward way;
 May their spirits, hov'ring o'er us,
 Smile on Nassau's natal day!

Chorus—Alma Mater, &c.

A CANNON SONG.

By C. R. C. '53.

AIR—*Yankee Doodle.*

- 1 There was an ancient Mariner—
 In Coleridge is his "Rime," sir—
 Who walked into our college grounds
 To beg or steal a dime, sir;
 A dime to carry to his wife,
 His childless wife and blind, sir,
 And to his children who had lost
 Their mother dear and kind, sir.
 And so this antique whalerman
 Went meekly through the campus,
 Prepared to spy with either eye
 A polyp or a grampus.
Chorus—O Seniors, Juniors, Sophs and Fresh,
 Come round the campus cannon,
 And shout hurrah for Old Nassau,
 And hurrah for the cannon.
- 2 But ere this ancient mariner
 Got even a bogus cent, sir,
 He saw a sight that made him stare
 And stopped him as he went, sir.
 He saw a pair of bloody guns
 A-growing in that campus—
 Not this the polyp that he sought,
 Nor this indeed the grampus.
 In fact he was as truly stunned,
 This most primeval sailor,
 As though he saw the skull and bones
 Run up upon a whaler.—*Chorus.*
- 3 His eyes protruded from his head
 With an unearthly glare, sir,
 And high aloft his crownless hat
 Was hoisted by his hair, sir.
 Just then the bell began to ring
 And many passed him by, sir,
 And Senior, Junior, Soph, and Fresh,
 Saw something in his eye, sir.
 For, lo, he gazed upon those guns
 With noses in the ground, sir,
 As though he saw a shoal of fiends
 A-whisking all around, sir.—*Chorus.*
- 4 Eftsoons he reached his skinny hand,
 That most excited man, sir,
 And beckoned to a Fresh that race
 His roll-call for to answer.
 "I say," he said with husky breath
 "Heave to, and fetch around, sir,
 Ain't this the spot where big guns grow?
 Ain't this the very ground, sir?"
 The Freshman stopped—he could but stop,
 The sailor's eye was flame, sir.
 He stopped—although he heard the roll
 A-getting towards his name, sir.—*Chorus.*
- 5 He stopped and sighed, but thus he spake:—
 The Freshman to the sailor—
 "Thou art most right—thou art most right,

- Thou ragged ancient whaler.
 The very acre where thy toes
 Are creeping from thy boots, sir,
 Is where the big guns of the world
 All show their early shoots, sir.
 And every year we raise a crop
 Like those you see out yonder,
 To fill this great terraqueous globe
 With mingled gas and thunder."—*Chorus.*
- 6 The ancient mariner was dumb,
 Eftsoons his chin dropped he, sir,
 And then, alas! his form collapsed
 In dreadful agony, sir.
 Yes, mortal fear at being here,
 Where all the big guns shoot, sir,
 Destroyed that ancient mariner,
 And only left a boot, sir.
 And now his ghost you oft may see
 A-stalking through the campus,
 Prepared to spy with either eye
 A polyp or a grampus.—*Chorus.*

A SOPHOMORE SONG.

By A. H. JOLINE, '70.

AIR—*On the Beach of Long Branch.*

- 1 On the sunny campus
 One fine summer day,
 There I met a Freshman,
 Frightened him away.
- 2 Strolled about the village,
 Flirted with the maids,
 Don't we have a jolly time
 Around these classic shades!
- 3 Greasing all the blackboards,
 Going for the bell,
 Getting some poor newie
 On the latest sell!
- 4 Study is a humbug,
 Polling is a bore!
 I don't care a snap for grades,
 For I'm a Sophomore!
- 5 Stamping in the chapel,
 Makes the Prex so mad,
 He tells us, he will surely
 Send us home to dad.
- 6 Dad will send us back here
 By the next through train,
 Profs and Tutes will all be glad,
 To see us back again!
- 7 Walking in the campus,
 Full of "ball" and knowledge,
 Who can e'er resist a Soph,
 Who comes from Princeton College?
- 8 Study is a humbug,
 Polling is a bore!
 I don't care a snap for grades,
 For I'm a Sophomore!

BASE BALL SONG.

By S. M. H. '68.

- 1 Forth! forth to the field with a frolicking shout!
Man on deck! To the bat! "Lively in!"
Lively out!
Send up a sky scraper. See! it falls from
on high,
Like a bird, through the air, that goes "out
on the fly."
- 2 From the lips of the wind ring the voices of
all,
'Mid the crack of the bat, and the buzz of
the ball;
"Freeze to it!" "Thaw out!" Stir your
stumps! He's a "match,"
And the fellows that win are the fellows
that scratch.
- 3 Like a blade cuts the cold. Light your
pipe. Whiff a puff,
Stop warming your hands, young man, in
that "muff,"
"Dig down for that daisy," "red hot" from
the rap,
"Take it in," like a mouse nicely caught in
a "trap."
- 4 Fair faces bend down on the spectre-like
scene,
That gracefully shifts o'er the velvety green;
Oh woman! remember whate'er you may
say,
Life too, like base ball, has its own "double
play."
- 5 Farewell, noble field, "all hands have gone
round,"
Old Time's "left on base" like a guard on
the ground;
The balls are all "passed," the matches are
won,
And now 'mid huzzas we will make a
"home run."

ALUMNI SONG.

By AUTHOR OF "CAPRICES."

- 1 Alma Mater—nursing mother,
We have gathered to thy side,
From the sands where time has swept us
In the swelling of its tide.
From the cradle of thy nurture,
Chafing for the doubtful strife,
Once, we turned our eager footsteps
To the battle-field of life.
- 2 With thy burning words within us,
Uttered from the hall of prayer,
Nerving honor for the onset,
Pointing reason to the snare.

- With thy warning finger lifted,
As the flag of hope unfurled,
From thy calm and kind dominion,
Strode we out into the world.
- 3 But through all its solemn lessons;
In temptation, doubt and fear,
In the struggle and the triumph,
In bereavement and in care;
Where the fireside groups its treasures,
Where the social hours rejoice—
Mother, we have felt thy warnings,
Mother, we have heard thy voice.
- 4 And like children grown to manhood,
When the memory of the past
Calls them back upon the treshold
Of affection's home at last;
Alma Mater—nursing mother,
We have gathered at thy feet;
Lay thy hand upon our foreheads,
Bless us, mother, as we meet.

NASSAU!

By THOMAS D. SUPLEE. '70.
Alm—America.

- 1 Nassau! thy name we own,
No nobler name be known,
Ancient Nassau!
Thine are our heart's desires;
Thy name each bosom fires;
And strongest love inspires,
Noble Nassau!
- 2 Thy seed in weakness sown,
A giant tree has grown,
Unyielding stands.
All blighting storms defied,
Thy blessings, far and wide,
Shall sweep a glorious tide,
Throughout all lands!
- 3 In North, South, East, and West,
Our land shall still be blest,
By thee, Nassau!
Hundreds of noble youth,
In future shall go forth,
Moulded in sacred truth,
From thee, Nassau!
- 4 Loved Parent, now to thee
We vow unitedly,
Thy friends to be.
Ever, through life to stand,
A strong and faithful band,
Ready with heart and hand,
To work for thee!
- 5 From all reproach we'll save,
The name our fathers gave,
Noble Nassau!
Ever unto the end,
Glory shall still attend,
And through the land extend
Thy name, Nassau!

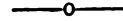
'69 CLASS ODE.

By GEO. K. WARD. '69.

AIR—*Harcoll. See p. 62.*

- 1 Welcome on this day of parting
Seems a sad and solemn task
Gathered are we now to waken
Memories of the joyous past.
Memories of the happy moments
We have mutually shared ;
Ardent hopes for future glory,
Joy by sadness unimpaired.
- 2 Comrades! in the strife awaiting
Every earnest laborer,
In that fierce and ceaseless conflict
Which must be our portion here.
Whether lowly or exalted
Be this still our countersign,
Honor to our Alma Mater!
Long live glorious Sixty-nine!
- 3 Brothers! on this day of sorrow
Fond remembrances arise,
And the thoughts our fancies borrow,
Echoing return in sighs!
Must we leave our nursing mother,
Rudely break these tender chords,
Which have bound us to each other,
Kindled love too deep for words!
- 4 Sadly mournful come the tidings,
Born on time's relentless wing—
Forward! to the world's wide battle,
High the orange banner fling!
Life is now no idle fancy,
No repose invites us now,
He must *win* the prize who wears it,
Laurels crown the *hero's* brow!
- 5 Gather nearer! ere we sever,
Pledge we here our sacred vow—
(If our parting be for ever,
Never more to meet below—
Yet shall every fervent spirit
Beat in concord warm and true ;
And till death's *last* separation
Every hour our love renew!
- 6 Farewell, classmates! comrades, brothers,
Faithful friends, both *tried* and true,

We who've learned to love each other,
Now must learn to bid adieu!
Clasp each hand in love fraternal,
Every heart and voice combine,
While we pay our last fond tribute
To our own dear Sixty-nine!



A PARTING SONG.

By C. D. CRANE. '69.

AIR—*The Last Rose of Summer.*

- 1 Farewells must be spoken,
Last words must be said ;
Friendships must be broken,
Hearts be torn and bled.
But true love can never
Change with time or place ;
Hearts, like ours, must ever
Cling in fond embrace.
- 2 Recollection's finger
Beckons us away ;
Pleasant memories linger
Round that happy day,
When, our hearts united,
Bound as brothers all,
We together plighted
Love for Nassau Hall.
- 3 Now the soft winds sighing,
Of our parting tell ;
And the zephyrs dying,
Breathe a fond farewell.
College days are ended,
College joys are o'er ;
World-life, far extended,
Looms up just before.
- 4 Life is ever changing,
Fifful, transient, brief ;
Death, the broad earth ranging,
Turns bright smiles to grief.
But true love can never
Change with time or place ;
Hearts, like ours, must ever
Cling in fond embrace.

Εἰς τὴν νέαν Θεανώ.

INTRODUCED BY LUKE OZCONOMOS, '40.

ARRANGED BY J. TOWNLEY, JR., '58.

1. Τὰ μά - τια σου τὰ μαῦ - ρα, Θε - α - νώ! Μ'έ - γέ - μι - σά - γε

γαῦ - ρα, Θε - α - νώ! Καὶ μέ - σ - κό - τι - σαν τὸν νοῦν, Καὶ μ'ἀνάπτουν καὶ με

κάπτουν, Ὁ - ταν ἀκ - τι - νο - βο - λοῦν Ἄκ - ρι - βή μου, Θε - α - νώ!

Ὅταν σε πρωτοεἶδα, Θεανώ!
 Ἐγέμισα ἐλπίδα, Θεανώ!
 Καὶ με εἶπες σ'ἀγαπῶ,
 Καὶ πεθαίνω καὶ τρελλαίνω
 Ἄν μίαν ὥραν δὲν σ'ιδῶ,
 Ἄκριβή μου Θεανώ!

Τὸ ροδινόν σου χεῖλι, Θεαμῶ!
 Ἐς τὸν ἄδην θά με στείλῃ, Θεανώ!
 Καὶ ἡ ἀφρονολαλιὰ σου

Θά μ'ἀνάψῃ καὶ θά κάψῃ
 Τὴν ἀθλίαν μου καρδίαν,
 Ἄκριβή μου Θεανώ!

Σ' ἐφίλησα ὅτ' ἐστὶ στόμα, Θεανώ
 Καὶ καίνομαι ἀκόμα, Θεανώ!
 Καὶ μ'ἐφίλησας καὶ σύ,
 Καὶ με εἶπες καὶ σε εἶπα
 Ν' ἀποθάνωμεν μαζῇ
 Ἄκριβή μου Θεανώ!

PARTING ODE.

AIR—*Rathbun.*

BY ROBERT SLOSS. '65.

- 1 Gather, in the homestead gather!
Earnest hearts and voices raise,
Sing our parting song of sorrow,
Shout aloud old Nassau's praise.
- 2 Sing,—but let there be no sighing,
Though our College life be o'er,
Joys that now are sweetly dying,
Live in memory evermore.
- 3 Greet the life that lies before us,
Hope sits smiling on the way,
Sound aloud the swelling chorus,
'Tis our jubilee to-day.
- 4 March to fields of useful action,
Doing good where'er we can,
Gladly test our Princeton mettle,
Raise the colors of our clan.
- 5 Country calls and needs our labor,
Answer quickly to her cry;
For the homes our fathers left us,
Worthy live, and bravely die.
- 6 Now to those we leave behind us,
Teachers, comrades, kind and true,
Here we raise our parting chorus,
Sing to each a fond adieu.
- 7 We are parting, classmates, parting,
'Tis our good-bye at the door;
Oh! to God be ever faithful,
Then we all shall meet once more.
- 8 Meet once more, but not to sever,
Free from sorrow, sin and pain,
Join the throng around our Saviour,
Never, never, part again.

—o—

OLD NASSAU HALL.

BY F. H. MILLS. '69.

AIR—*Army Blue.*

- 1 Come now, fill up the flowing cup
To dear Old Nassau Hall,
And, since we're here, let's with good cheer
Drink to the health of all.

Chorus—Old Nassau, Old Nassau,
Shout it far and near,
Here's to Princeton's noble fame,
Our Alma Mater dear.

- 2 Our worthy Prex says not to vex
The Freshman just from home,
As truly green, as e'er was seen,
This verdant fresh does come.—*Chorus.*
- 3 The Sophomore's fun has just begun,
No hazing need he fear,
With olden shriek "he comes! the Greek!"
To bore us Sophomore year.—*Chorus.*

- 4 On Junior ease we next will seize,
To carry on the song,
For it's enough, to be through Duff,
As we will be 'fore long.—*Chorus.*

- 5 The Senior looks not much at books,
The time is flying fast.
The college bell tolls out his knell,
And college days are past.—*Chorus.*

—o—

A SONG,

TO THE H. W. CROWD OF '72.

BY C. W. KASE. '72.

AIR—*"Tippery Town."*

- 1 O we're the boys of old Nassau,
From every land we come,
For the son of every nation
Finds here a jolly home.
We've left our darling "mamas,"
To "cultivate" our mind,
But in our hearts is "much large" room
For the girl we left behind.
- 2 Old Princeton is a high old town,
And beauties it has some;
But fill your glass, and drink the health
Of those *that are to come.*
So when *our* sons move hither,
Their brightness to improve,
May they all beat their fathers
In learning how to love.
- 3 Soon must our course be ended,
Our brightest days be o'er,
Yet memory bells will ever chime
The good old songs of yore,
And tho' we soon must say farewell
To scenes that are so dear,
Yet Memory thro' her glimmering tears
These hours will e'er revere.

Chorus—Then swell the chorus steady,
Let every heart rejoice,
And let each wave of chiming air
Ring with a merry voice;
For we will all be happy
And jolly while we may,
And to the sermons loud and long
We'll list some other day.

THE SENIOR'S GRADUATION SONG.

BY A MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF '36.

Ho students! come out!
 Swarm here on this mellow old sod, where, for years,
 In these hours of suspense we have cheated our tears,
 With hopes, reminiscences, songs, ringing cheers ;—
 Hasten out.

Hurrah! bring them out!
 Hunt the hall, scour the rooms, let not one of them stay,
 Who talks of his duties or pleasures, to-day,
 When moments so precious are hastening away,
 To the past?

Stand around, join your hands ;
 No Freshmen, no Juniors, no Sophomores now ;
 No feuds ; who is wrong ; lift the cap from the brow ;
 Let us be your peace-makers, here, ere we go ;
 Join your hands.

Perish strife! you are one.
 Tho' bitter wild waters of anger may start,
 And ruffle the fountains of peace in the heart,
 Forgive and forget ; in these hours when we part,
 O, forgive.

For what are they worth ?
 These offences of impulse, mistakes, nothing more ;
 The hurts of hot moments, with ages before ;
 All life's busy turmoils and struggles in store ;
 Then for shame.

Join your hands ; clear the brow,
 'Tis the hour for our fond Alma Mater to wean
 Her young brood of the year ; O, how often, in vain,
 Shall we yearn for her wing of protection again,
 In this nest.

Dear nest. O, how calm
 Will it seem, when life's tempests shall gather and beat,
 Cold, fierce and remorseless ; and manhood must meet
 The rush of the blast without help or retreat.
 O, how calm.

And yet here, where we stand ;
 Aye, on this very sod, which we press, unconcerned,
 How many brave breasts to the future have turned,
 How many have grasped her vain promise and burned
 For the strife.

And where are they now ?
 Some petted by fortune, some brilliant, some great ;
 With their names on the roll, and their voice in the state,
 Yet with gnawings unsatisfied, chafings at fate,
 Evermore.

Aye! where are they now ?
 Some wasted, forgotten, some outcast, some gone ;
 Life's solemn procession sweeps endlessly on ;
 Are we ready to join it? Probation is done,
 It is late.

The Raven.

Poem by F. A. POE. By permission.

As chanted by Continental Vocalists and N. A. Q. 76.

Slow and expressive.

1 { Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary, Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten } lore ; { While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, As of some one gently rapping, rapping }

at my chamber door ; { " 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, tapping at my chamber door ; only this } and nothing more."

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system has three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs), and a bass line (bass clef). The second system also has three staves, with the vocal line continuing the melody and the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words in brackets and curly braces indicating phrasing or timing.

2.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor ;
 Eagerly I wished the morrow, vainly I had sought to borrow,
 From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the lost Lenore ;
 For the rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore,
 Nameless here, for ever more.

7.

Open then I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately raven, of the sainted days of yore.
 Not the least obeisance made he ; not an instant stopped or staid he ;
 But, with mein of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door ;
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door ;
 Perched and sat, and nothing more.

18.

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting—still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door ;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
 And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor ;
 And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor,
 Shall be lifted—never more."

One Name! One Heart! One Aim!

See p. 49.

Music by LEONIDAS E. COYLE.

Marziale. From

Spiritoso.

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top two staves are vocal staves in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The tempo is marked 'Marziale.' and the performance instruction is 'Spiritoso.'. The word 'From' is written at the end of the first vocal staff.

ev - ery por - tion of our land, To Prince - ton's shades we

This system contains the second two staves of the musical score. It includes the lyrics 'ev - ery por - tion of our land, To Prince - ton's shades we' written below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic lines.

come, With - in her an - cient clas - sic halls, Our

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. It includes the lyrics 'come, With - in her an - cient clas - sic halls, Our' written below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece.

One Name! One Heart! One Aim! CONTINUED.

youth - ful minds to train : But here we know no

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "youth - ful minds to train : But here we know no".

dif - fer - ence, A com - mon bond we own, The

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "dif - fer - ence, A com - mon bond we own, The".

ties of last - ing fel - low - ship ; In name and heart we're

This system contains the final two staves of music on this page. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "ties of last - ing fel - low - ship ; In name and heart we're".

One Name! One Heart! One Aim! CONTINUED.

CHORUS.

one..... In name and heart we're one. From mountain peak to

sea - girt shore, Let Princeton's no - ble band Pro - long the song - thrill

each heart's core, Thro'out our broad-spread land, Till for - ests ringing

One Name! One Heart! One Aim! CONCLUDED.

with the sound, Send back a glad re - frain, And mountain

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "with the sound, Send back a glad re - frain, And mountain".

crag in e - cho speak our Al - ma Ma - ter's name.

crag in e - cho speak our Al - ma Ma - ter's name.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "crag in e - cho speak our Al - ma Ma - ter's name." and "crag in e - cho speak our Al - ma Ma - ter's name." The piano accompaniment includes a final chord marked with a double bar line and a fermata.

'69 Class Ode.

See p. 58.

J. JACKSON, Nov. 29, 1869.

1st & 2d Tenor.

1. Wel-come on this day of part-ing, Seems a sad and sol-ern task ;
 3. Broth-ers! on this day of sor-row, Fond re-mem-bran-ces a-rise,

1st Bass.

6. Fare-well, classmates! comrades, brothers, Faithful friends, both tried and true,

2d Bass.

Gath-ered are we now to wak-en Mem-ories of the hap-py past.
 And the tho'ts our fan-cies bor-row, Ech-o-ing re-turn in sighs.

We who've learn'd to love each other, Now must learn to bid a-dieu!

pp Mem'-ries of the hap-py mo-ments We have mu-tu-al-ly shar'd ;
 Must we leave our nurs-ing moth-er, Rude-ly break these tender chords,

pp Clasp each hand in love fra-ter-nal, Ev-ery heart and voice combine,

ff Ar-dent hopes for fu-ture glo-ry, Joy by sad-ness un-im-paired.
 Which have bound us to each oth-er, Kindled love too deep for words!

p Rrr.

While we pay our last fond trib-ute To our own dear Six-ty-nine!

HOW '75 TOOK THE CLAPPER.

By G. B. HALSTED.

AIR.—"Last Cigar."

- 1 On Nassau's ancient top there spoke
 For many a pleasant year,
 A tongue which told at every stroke
 Of college duties near.
 It tolled for chapel many a time
 In the rule of dear MacLean:
 It rang its joy in liquid rhyme,
 "McCosh has come to reign!"

CHORUS.

- O dearest, dearest bell!
 O dearest, dearest bell!
 Alack! alas! such days must pass,
 Like the clapper of the bell.
- 2 When '74 were Fresh from home
 A Southern spirit brave,
 Vowed he would scale that lofty dome,
 And thence that clapper have.
 He tried, but sorrowful to tell,
 He filed a while in vain;
 And from the top he nearly fell
 In climbing down again.
- 3 Next year came jolly '75,
 And vowed to "do or die;"
 A wondrous plan they did contrive,
 And fixed a night to try.
 That night they crept o'er North's steep roof
 And gained the giddy height;
 And of their skill gave glorious proof,
 Triumphant, spite of fright.
- 4 Next morn a sickly sound out fell
 Upon the shuddering air,
 As Dennis clubbed the bell full well
 In comical despair.
 Then soon from that maternal tongue
 A glorious race had sprung
 Of little clappers, which to day
 On golden chains are hung.
- 5 The wondering College all declared
 That prank could not be beat;
 But when bold '76 appeared,
 They thought they'd try "repeat."

And so ere many a week had gone,
 One night when they were rummy,
 They showed their noble spirit on
 The clapper of the dummy.

'73 CLASS ODE.

By H. J. VAN DYKE.

AIR.—"We meet 'neath the sounding rafter."

- 1 We stand for the last time together,
 Hand to hand, face to face, heart to heart,
 A day may divide us forever,
 Let us sing a last song ere we part.
 As friends, when the banquet is ended,
 Stand closer to pledge a last glass,
 With spirits and voices all blended,
 We sing to the praise of our class.
- 2 Not a bright flower-garland is faded,
 Every wine-cup with roses is drest,
 Not a face at the banquet is jaded,
 The last of the feast is the best.
 Yet a shade falls across all the brightness,
 As swift-winged hours fly past;
 Each heart feels a weight on its lightness,—
 The thought that the best is the last.
- 3 Each rose is a vanishing pleasure,
 Which memory plucks, to enshrine
 In her many-leaved book, as a treasure,
 Far richer than gems of the mine.
 Long after its color has perished,
 Long after its freshness has flown,
 The rose for its fragrance is cherished,
 To tell of the days that are gone.
- 4 Here's a health to the hours departed,—
 Farewell to our bright College years!
 Here's a health to the future, light-hearted,
 We greet it in hope, not with fears.
 One more,—'tis the last ere we sever!
 Let each voice in the chorus ring free!
 Our class! may her name live forever,—
 Here's honor to Seventy-three!

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

[A SERENADE.]

By permission of Taintor Bros.

Dolce. ^{*p*} 1 Stars of the sum - mernight, Far in yon a - zuredeeps, Hide, hide your

2 ^{*p*} Moon of the sum - mernight, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The first stanza is marked 'Dolce' and 'p' (piano). The second stanza is also marked 'p'.

p gold-en light, She sleeps,—my lady sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps,—my la - dy sleeps. *rall. pp*

p sil - ver light, She sleeps,—my lady sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps,—my la - dy sleeps. *rall. pp*

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is common time. The first stanza is marked 'p' and 'rall. pp'. The second stanza is also marked 'p' and 'rall. pp'.

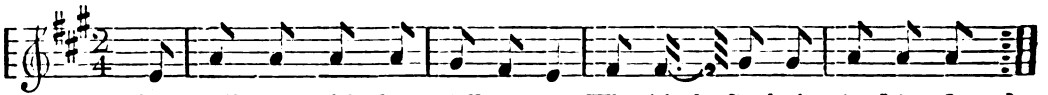
3 Wind of the summer night,
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

4 Dreams of the summer night,
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumbers light
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Who's Afraid, or Going into Hall.

ARRANGED BY CARL LANGLOTZ.

BY A GRADUATE.



1. { Come, tell me, fel - lows, tell me true, What 'tis the Sophs in - tend to do, }
 { Next Fri - day, when they put us thro' ? Whig or Cli - o, 'tis the same. }



Who's afraid ? for very shame, A coward might confront the flame, might confront the flame.

- 1 Come, tell me, fellows, tell me true,
 What 'tis the Sophs intend to do,
 Next Friday, when they put us through ?
 Whig or Clio, 'tis the same ;
 Who's afraid ? for very shame
 A coward might confront the flame.
- 2 Strange sounds proceed from classic hall ;
 Yon Doric prostyle doth appall ;
 O that some scout would tell me all !
 Purpose shakes—I'll be a Whig—
 Who's afraid ? 'Tis *infra dig.*,
 For Freshmen not to brag it big.
- 3 Jenkins looked very gaunt next day,
 Yet still he hath survived—so may
 Your humble servant with fair play.
 Heads or tails—I'll CLIO be—
 Who's afraid ? 'To turn and flee
 Would spot one's name—but let us see.
- 4 Initiation is no jest ;
 They say one must be half undressed,
 And every sin must be confessed.
 That stolen pie ! it doth me pose ;
 Who's afraid—with double hose,
 And quires of paper ? So, here goes !
- 5 Yet say, if I may be so bold,
 Are Freshmen o'er the furnace rolled ?
 Hot iron always makes me cold.
 Say I'm pluck ? You do me proud.
 Who's afraid ? In such a crowd
 A coward surely can't be cowed.
- 6 I tremble ? Yes—the air is raw—
 But not with fear ; yet Gubbins—pshaw !
 What means that carrying in of straw ?
 Can it be to feed the flame ?
 Who's afraid ? 'Tis all the same—
 This is certain—Fresh dies game !

GAUDEAMUS!

TRANSLATED BY J. A. PEARCE, JR., '60.

- 1 While the glowing hours are bright,
 Let not sadness mar them,
 For when age shall rife youth,
 And shall drive our joys unsooth,
 Then the grave will bar them.
- 2 Where are those who from the world
 Long ago departed !
 Scale Olympus' lofty height—
 See grim Hades' murky night—
 There are the great hearted.
- 3 Mortal life is but a span,
 That is quickly fleeting ;
 Cruel death comes on apace,
 And removes us from the race,
 None with favor treating.
- 4 Long may this fair temple stand,
 Nassau now and ever !
 Long may her professors grace
 Each his own time honored place,
 Friendship failing never.
- 5 May our charming maidens live,
 Matchless all in beauty,
 May our blooming matrons long
 Be the theme of grateful song,
 Patterns bright of duty.
- 6 May our Union grow in strength,
 Faithful rulers guiding ;
 In this blaze of Freedom's light,
 Where the genial arts are bright,
 Find we rest abiding.
- 7 Out on sighing ! vanish hate,
 And ye fiends of sadness ;
 To his chill abode of woe,
 Let the dread Philistine go,
 Who would steal our gladness.

Class Ode.

WORDS BY HENRY HAZLEHURST. '67.

MUSIC BY ARTHUR D. WALBRIDGE. '67.

Andante.

1. On this day of sep - a - ra - tion Let us sing a fi - nal song,

Full of cour-age and of prom-ise— For such things to men be-long!

Men, who in the high en - deav-or Of suc - cess-ful, earnest life,

Pledge each oth - er at their part-ing To be he - roes in the strife.

2 Whose afraid to dare the struggle?—
 Laurels grow for every brow;
 There's no "morrow" for promotion,
 Honor's time is always—*now!*
 Break from every thought that holds us
 Even to the wish for rest,
 As the eagle sunward soaring,
 Waits till it destroys its nest.

3 Classmates! for the full attainment
 Of our lives perfected ends,
 There's a promise, and a warning,
 That to each of us extends;

Patient, if defeat awaits us;
 Undisturbed, if bright renown,
 Holding fast what each possesseth,
 That none other take his crown.

4 And when next we sit together—
 Round the camp-fires of our rest—
 Each to tell of some achievement
 That has made his life its best,—
 How these climbed the hills of blessing,
 Those the mount of sacrifice,
 "Brothers all"—as here in labor—
 There—companions in the prize.

The Three Crows.

1. There were three crows sate on a tree, There were three crows sate on a tree, As

(Spoken, Fulsotto.)
black as a - ny crows could be, And they all went, "Caw! caw! caw!"

2 Said one black crow unto his mate,
Said one black crow unto his mate,
Where can we get some grub to ate?
And they all went, "Caw! caw! caw!"

3 In yonder field a horse is lain,
In yonder field a horse is lain,
Whose bod-y hath been late-ly slain,
And they all went, "Caw! caw! caw!"

4 We'll perch upon his bare breast bone,
We'll perch upon his bare breast bone,
And pick his eyes out two by one,
And they all said, "Caw! caw! caw!"

— o —

FLORENCE VANE.

By PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE. '34.

1 I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane!
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

2 The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou did'st hark my story,
At even told,—

That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

3 Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

4 But, fairest, coldest, wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas, the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

5 The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The daisies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

FIRST CIGAR.

By W. C. ROMMEL. '68.

AIR—*Last Cigar.*

- 1 'Twas in a jolly classmate's room,
 One gloomy winter day,
 I sat, my feet upon the stove,
 And wished my cares away.
 He gave me a cigar ; I puffed
 Its incense on the air,
 But trembled some, to think in sooth,
 It was my first cigar.

Chorus.

It was my first cigar,
 It was my first cigar,
 Too much for me, I feared 'twould be,
 It was my first cigar.

- 2 I leaned far over in my chair,
 And looked down on the floor—
 E'en there the purple wreath of smoke
 Was curdling as before.
 Oh ! could I at that wretched time
 Have thrown "the weed" afar :
 Alas ! the gasping face proclaimed
 It was my first cigar.

Chorus.—It was my first cigar, etc.

- 3 I watched the ashes as the thing
 So slowly neared the end—
 I watched it, and with one sick eye
 I watched my smoking friend ;
 But still the flame crept meanly on,
 Its nausea filled the air ;
 I flung it from me, *spare the tale,*
 It was my first cigar.

Chorus.—It was my first cigar, etc.

- 4 I've seen them in the plunging ship
 Clasped with sea-sickness grim,
 I've sat and held the toper's head,
 When rum was racking him ;
 But never have I sickness known
 That could with that compare,
 When, with my well intending friend,
 I smoked my first cigar.

Chorus.

It was my first cigar,
 It was my last cigar—
 I vowed and swore that this should be
 My *first* and *last* cigar.

THE FEAST OF REASON.

By CHARLES RUSSELL CLARKE. '53.

AIR—*Stand by your glasses.*

- 1 Here's a goblet of crystal beaming,
 A draught from the mountain spring,
 And its scintillant light is gleaming,
 Like down on an angel's wing ;
 Let us quaff from the brimming measure,
 For, fresh in its grateful deeps,
 We shall find that reviving pleasure,
 The pearl of a Ptolemy sleeps.
- 2 Here's a relic of martial glory,
 A song of an elder day,
 It will breathe us a glorious story,
 Though simple and brief the lay.
 It will tell of the bold Crusader
 Who went to the Holy Land ;
 It will follow a blest invader,
 And fight with a sacred band.
- 3 Here's a tale of the good times olden,
 Of knight and of ladie fair ;
 How he wooed her in moments golden,
 And won her with precious care ;
 How he sought in the front of battle
 The laurels that victors win,
 Where the lance and the broadsword rattle,
 And the ranks of the brave grow thin.
- 4 Here's a smile for the joyful Present,
 A smile for the glad To-day,
 Since the moments thus sweetly pleasant,
 Are flowers on a thorny way ;
 And the hours that we pass together
 With friends that are warm and true,
 Like the cloudlets of wintry weather,
 Are nearer the heaven though few.
- 5 Here's a sigh for the broken-hearted,
 The comfortless child of grief,
 He who mourns over joys departed,
 And gathers no fond relief.
 For when sorrow has made us tearful,
 A sigh is a grateful thing,
 As even a taper is cheerful,
 When darkness has opened her wing.
- 6 Here's adieu till we meet to-morrow ;
 Good night to each parting friend ;
 May the dreams of the dark watch borrow
 The hues that in lovelight blend.
 May the star that invites the morning
 Bring peace on its gentle wings ;
 Each brow have its crown of adorning,
 That light which Religion flings.

JACK AND GILL.

By permission of C. C. CHATFIELD & Co.

Presto.

1. Jack and Gill went up the hill To fetch a pail of wa - ter,

Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Gill came tumbling af - ter.

CHORUS.

Hey, did-dle, did-dle, the cat and the fid-dle, The cow jumped o - ver the moon, The

lit-tle dog laughed to see the sport, And the dish run a - way with the spoon, spoon,

JACK AND GILL. Concluded.

CHORUS.

spoon, And the dish ran a - way with the— Oh, no; we'll nev - er get drunk a - ny

more, Oh, no; we'll nev - er get drunk a - ny

more.... Oh, no; we'll nev - er get drunk a - ny more,

Nev - er get drunk, Nev - er get drunk, Nev - er get drunk a - ny more.

2 Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
 To get her poor dog a bone;
 When she got there the cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor dog had none.

3 Mōther, may I go out to swim?
 Oh, yes, my darling daughter;
 Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
 But don't go near the water. Cho.

THE COLLEGE BELL.

BY H. P. PECK. '62.

AIR—*Oft in the stilly Night.*

- 1 *Oft* when the rosy morn,
The crown of day is bringing,
This thought to all is born—
"The College Bell is ringing!"
Then each must start,
With trembling heart,
From dreams so rudely broken,
And haste away
Without delay,
And scarce a word is spoken!

Chorus—Thus when the rosy morn, etc.

- 2 And happy 'tis to hear,
When precious thoughts are springing
Those words so fraught with cheer—
"The College Bell is ringing!"
For then we must
Create a dust,
Like stone beneath a chisel,
Or, what's the same,
Except in name,
Prepare to "stump" or "fizzle!"

Chorus—Thus happy 'tis to hear, etc.

- 3 How fine in wintry weather,
When cold is very stinging,
Beneath your blankets warm,
To know the Bell is ringing!
And then to feel
That no appeal
Can give you consolation—
But you must rise,
And sacrifice
Position for a station.

Chorus—"Tis fine in wintry weather, etc.

- 4 When friends elate with cheer
Have gathered round for singing,
What melody to hear—
"The College Bell is ringing!"
But if a tongue
We had as long
As this old Bell's in keeping—
We might prolong
This glorious song,
But close because of weeping!

Chorus—For ah! my friends in cheer,
Who've gathered round for singing,
Another tune I hear—
"The College Bell is ringing!"

FLEETING AND FAIR.

BY J. ALFRED PEARCE, JR. '60.

AIR—*Smoking Song.*

- 1 Fleeting and fair, as the radiance rare
Of a maiden's faultless features,
Is college life, with its golden strife,
The Elysium here of creatures.
- 2 Then troll away while yet we may,
And the morn of life is beaming,
For a jovial strain dispels dark pain,
Like the sun through storm clouds
streaming.
- 3 Few are the days, brightly lit by the rays
From the sun of youth far darting,
And short are the years, gayly free from the
fears
That rise in the soul at parting.
- 4 'Mid the temples grand of this lovely land,
That science crowns with glory,
Is Nassau's name, of deathless fame,
The child of song and story.
- 5 'Tis a mimic world, where the lance is hurled
For the victory in learning,
Where honor's sought, and wisdom bought
By the spirit inly burning.
- 6 With silvered hair, in his old arm chair,
O'er the grandsire thought come stealing,
Of hours that flew, as manhood grew,
Where Nassau's chimes were pealing.
- 7 In prairie homes, where beauty roams,
O'er northern plain and mountain,
Old Nassau claims undying names
That drank from her pure fountain.
- 8 Our cherished friends, whom Fate but lends,
Must leave these charms surrounding,
For close behind on every wind,
The tramp of steps is sounding.
- 9 When Time strikes down these walls, whose
crown
Her sons have jewelled brightly,
Unlike our joys that age destroys,
They'll rise again full lightly.

Last Cigar.

Dolce.

1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry isles, A glori - ous Sum - mer day, I sat up - on the
 2. I leaned against the quarter rail, And looked down in the sea, E'en there the pur - ple

quar - ter deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And as the volumed smoke a - rose, Like
 wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly. Oh what had I at such a time, To

in - cense in the air, I breathed a sigh to think in sooth, It was my last Ci - gar.
 do with wasting care, A - las! the trembling tear proclaimed It was my last Ci - gar.

CHORUS.

It was my last Ci - gar, It was my last Ci - gar, I

Ritard.

breathed a sigh to think in sooth, It was my last Ci - gar.

3 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.

4 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 hath been;
 But I've never known a sorrow
 That could with that compare,
 When off the blue Canaries,
 I smoked my last Cigar

Continental's Farewell.

AS SUNG BY THE "NASSAU AMATEUR QUARTETTE."

WORDS BY J. W. SMITH. '23.

MUSIC ADAPTED BY CONTINENTALS.

1. We are go - ing far from home, To the sunny, sun - ny clime, Where the

balm-y zeph-yrs. waft the sweets Of gen - tle sum - mer time, Where our

hearts are al - ways light, Where the orange blossoms grow, And mu - sic mingles

with the scene, And friendship warmest glows; So good-bye, good-bye till then, when we

hope to meet a - gain, We never shall for - get you, Oh, no, we never can

CONTINENTAL'S FAREWELL. Concluded.

For third Verse.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, There's no place like home.

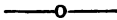
2 Should we return again,
 We hope to meet you all,
 With happy hearts and smiling brows,
 To grace this festive hall ;
 But if ne'er again, . . .
 We shall see your happy land,
 We ask your parting blessing,
 On the " Nassau Quartette Band."

Chorus—So good-bye, good-bye till then,
 When we hope to meet again,
 We never shall forget you,
 Oh no, we never can.

3 Kind friends, we now must speak the word,
 To one and all farewell,
 May heaven's blessings on you rest,
 And music's magic spell.
 Say, will you sometimes think of us,
 When round your loved hearth stone,
 And breathe a prayer to heaven,
 For the wanderers far from home.

Chorus for third verse.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 There's no place like home,
 There's no place like home.



PARTING SONG.

By S. M. HAGEMAN. '68.

1 The sunlight is fading o'er turret and lawn,
 As our loitering glances o'er Nassau we
 cast ;
 And the shadows of night, like dark cur-
 tains are drawn,
 In the windows that look from this home
 of the past.

2 Calm Cloister! how oft will thy vanishing
 scene
 Stand before us, as where in its shadows
 we stood ;
 While thou, Alma Mater, art brooding be-
 between,
 Like a bird on her nest in the boughs of
 the wood.

3 How often will mem'ry return to thy feet,
 To kneel with thee at the evening
 prayer ;
 While thy calm lays its hand on each brow
 as we meet,
 And cools through its throbbing the fever
 of care.

4 Soon the stranger shall stand in thy deep-
 ening door,
 Soon the bell's broken blessings above
 him shall sound ;
 But our scattering numbers, alas! never-
 more,
 Shall all meet again on thy time trodden
 ground.

5 Noble Nassau! the moonlight of mem'ry
 shines bright—
 O'er the night of the Past, through whose
 rays as they fall,
 Thy beautiful form rises up in the light,
 And solemnly standest alone over all.

6 Farewell, Alma Mater, no more can we say,
 As into the face of the Future we gaze ;
 The sound of our footsteps is dying away,
 Nought remains of us now save these
 lingering lays.

The Horn that once thro' Nassau's Halls.

1. The horn that once thro' Nassau's halls The soul of tu- mult shed, Is now as mute in

2. No more up-on the threatened fight The horn of Nassau swells, And on the startled
Nassau's brawls, As if that soul were dead. So sleeps the lake when sinks the breeze, And

air of night Its tale of bat-tle tells. For Nas-sau now so seldom wakes, The
breakers lap the shore ; And hearts that once beat high for sprees, Now feel that pulse no more.
on-ly throb she gives, Is when some se-cret fro-lic breaks, To show that still she lives.

SENIOR'S FAREWELL.

Air—Auld Lang Syne.

- 1 Adieu, adieu, the parting scene
Now weaves its wizard spell,
And friends have met on College Green,
To chant their last farewell.

Chorus—Farewell, farewell, though sweet the
sound,
Harmonious to the ear,
It throws its garb of sorrow round
The friends that meet us here.

- 2 Friends, we must part, perhaps for aye,
This, this we may not tell;
But let us check the rising sigh,
And boldly say, farewell.

Chorus—Farewell, farewell, etc.

- 3 'Tis solemn—yea, a mournful hour,
When memory weaves her spell,
When thoughts do o'er the spirit pour,
That sadden our farewell.

Chorus—Farewell, farewell, etc.

- 4 The thoughts unbidden now do rise
From out hoar memory's cell;
With clasped hands, and tearful eyes,
We bid you all farewell.

Chorus—Farewell, farewell, etc.

- 5 And may your paths in life be bright,
No disappointments fell
E'er cloud around those paths of light
Collegiate friends, farewell.

Chorus—Farewell, farewell, etc.

- 6 And when life's fitful dream is o'er
And tolls our passing bell,
O! may we reach that happy shore
Where friends ne'er say, farewell.

Chorus—Farewell, farewell, etc.

UNDERGRADUATE'S RESPONSE.

SUNG BY THE UNDERGRADUATES.

Air—Auld Lang Syne.

- 1 Farewell, farewell, the tear is bright,
And trembling in the eye,
And each successive moment brings
The hour of parting nigh.

Chorus—Then farewell, brothers, one and all,
May genius guide your way,
While round her votive altar here,
Our holy thoughts we pay.

- 2 And though our tears are mingling now,
And feelings wound the heart,
It is the love we swear around
The altar as we part.

Chorus—Then farewell, brothers, etc.

- 3 Fond mem'ry paints her scenes in tears,
As bright they cluster now,
And wreathes the cypress dark and lone,
Upon the sorrowing brow.

Chorus—Then farewell, brothers, etc.

- 4 But then we part, to meet again,
Upon this sacred "green,"
When other years shall brighten o'er
The friendship we have seen.

Chorus—Then farewell, brothers, etc.

- 5 To say farewell, the tear will start,
And paint upon the eye
The mem'ry of forgotten scenes
Now painted in the sky.

Chorus—Then farewell, brothers, etc.

- 6 Farewell, farewell, we love you still,
And on your future years
May sorrow never breathe its name,
And trace itself in tears.

Chorus—Then farewell, brothers, etc.

- 7 And when the "fitful dream" is past,
And friends shall close the eye,
Oh, may we meet again above,
Far in our kindred sky!

Chorus—Then farewell, brothers, etc.

EXCELSIOR.

By H. C. A. '85.

Air—Uplidee.

- 1 The college term was waning fast,
As through a country village passed
A youth, who bore from Master Price
A medal with this strange device—
One Hundred!
- 2 His hopes were high; his eye serene,
Shone with a lustre mild and green;—
And like a brazen trumpet rung
The accents of an unknown tongue—
One Hundred!
- 3 Around the gun he saw the light
Of bonfires blazing warm and bright;
Above, the spectral lamplight shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,—
One Hundred!
- 4 "Try not the class," the senior said,
"Unless you've crammed the ancient
dead!"
"Whately is steep," a Junior cried,
But loud that brazen voice replied—
One Hundred!
- 5 "O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his small green eye,
But still he answered with a sigh—
One Hundred!
- 6 "Beware Professor Duffield's branch!
Beware the hot bolts he will launch!"
This was the Sophomore's last Good-night,
A voice replied—"V. Green's all right!"
One Hundred!
- 7 At early morn as chapelward,
The men who near the college board,
Slunk from their late nocturnal lair—
A voice cried through the startled air,
Heads out!
- 8 A Freshman, on the tutor's round,
Half buried in a cloak was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
A parchment with this strange device—
Seventy!
- 9 There, in the campus—damp that day—
Proud, but disconsolate he lay,
And from a window just in sight,
A laugh fell like a falling kite—
One Hundred!

NEWIE SONG.

Air—I come from Old Virginny.

- 1 Oh! I come from Edge-Hill Grammar
School,
With my head full of knowledge,
And I'm going for to be a Fresh
At good old Princeton college.
I know my Latin like a breeze
From "hic" to "hoc" and "hanc,"
So into college, if you please,
I'll enter, Tutor Rank.
Newies! Newies!
Come along with me;
Lots of fun and jolly times
At Nassau you will see!
We'll ride the goat and swim the pool,
Going into Hall:
And then we'll have a Freshman wine,
To beat the Sophs at ball!
- 2 A year will go by fast enough,
And then we'll all be poking
Our noses into Freshie's rooms,
Singing songs, and smoking.
We'll wear a plug upon our head,
And swing a "nasty cane;"
We'll labor hard with "Rokes" instead
Of toiling with our brain!
Newies! Newies!
Come along with me,
'T won't be long before we all
Sophomores will be;
Every verdant looking man
We'll try our best to bore,
I wouldn't fancy much to be
A Fresh in "'74."
- 3 Oh, won't we put on all the style,
When we are Juniors stately,
Leaving dingy rooms below,
And dipping into Whateley;
Strutting down to early meals
With the admiration
Of the Sophs who crawl along
To "Morning Recitation."
Newies! Newies!
Come to Nassau Hall,
She's a big-thing in the field,
And "tears" upon base-ball!
After all the green's worn off,
You'll never mourn the day,
When to Princeton and her jolly boys,
You turned your trembling way!

EXPONUNTUR.

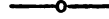
By E HOLDEN, '59.

I.

The Freshman.

Walking through the Campus
 Fearing to be seen,
 Wonders if the students think
 He seems so very green;
 Stumbling over Lavy,
 Blushes very coy,
 Wishes he were home again
 Tender-hearted boy.
 Thinks it's very cruel,
 Others laughing so,
 Wonders if reciting well,
 Sure he does n't know;
 Rushes off in frenzy,
 Hastens to his room,
 Writes a tender letter there,
 Says he's coming home.
 Soon becomes accustomed,
 Often dares to speak,
 Learns a thing or two beside
 The Latin and the Greek.
 Makes a good translation,
 Never could before;
 Finds, after all, the lesson
 Is n't such a bore.
 Walks round "à la fancy,"
 Delighting all he can,
 Thinks it's very glorious
 To be a "College man."
 Hears old "Nassau" shouted
 In the silent night;
 Would n't be a coward called,
 So rushes out to fight,
 Two pistols in his pockets,
 A knife his coat beneath,
 Around his neck a slung-shot,
 A dirk between his teeth;
 Rushes very bravely,
 Trembling with the cold,
 Knows it is a false alarm,
 (Wishes they were "sold;")
 Hiding round the corner,
 Thinks it's splendid fun;
 Sees a tutor coming soon,
 Good excuse to run.
 Crawling under fences,
 Gets a lucky fall,
 Finds a bruise upon his cheek
 From a tumbling wall:
 Gets up in the morning,
 Does n't wash his face,
 Fearing lest the water cold,
 May wash away the trace.

Shows it to a classmate,
 "In the fight conferred,"
 Cooly asks him "what fight?"
 Says it is absurd.
 Preyed upon by "Hogies"
 "Sold" at every turn;
 Banged around by politics,
 He lives but not to learn.



II.

The Sophomore.

Martial is the bearing,
 Gentle is the tread,
 See how proud erect, he has
 His newly beavered head.
 Laughing at the Freshman,
 Strives to take him in;
 Does as he was done by,
 Knows it is'n't sin.
 Seeking to be manly,
 Tries a little wine;
 Never dared to, while a Fresh,
 Finds it very fine.
 Getting into mischief,
 Looking after fun;
 Finds the year for making it
 Has but just begun,
 (Blessings on the neighbors!
 All so very kind,
 Turkeys for the knowing ones
 Ever glad to find.
 Giving up the grape vines,
 Never saying nay,
 Apples, pears, and peaches too,
 Fairly throw away.)
 Starting all the Horn-sprees,
 Filling up the wells,
 Tearing down the fences, now
 Tying up the bells;
 Fright'ning timid Newies,
 Rushing round o' nights,
 Reeling through the city streets,
 Getting into fights;
 "Going in" "Commencements,"
 Dragging round the rakes,
 Clogged with weeds of erring,
 Foibles and mistakes.
 Ready for excitement,
 Starting an alarm,
 Truly he's a wondrous thing,
 Much less good than harm.

III

The Junior.

Impudence unbounded,
 Dignified and slow,
 Ask him *any* question,
 "Think he does n't know?"
 Miracles in science,
 Still he knows them all,
 Has upon his tongue's end,
 "Rome's decline and fall."
 Great event occurring!
 "That is nothing new;
 Have you just found that out?
 Could have told it you."
 Tell a funny story,
 Find he does n't smile;
 Says "it is a witty thing,"—
 But knew it all the while,
 Very condescending
 Looks upon the town;
 Thinks the students ought to wear
 An Oxford hat and gown.
 Studying is so tiresome,
 Votes it is a bore;
 So gets along without it,
 Never could before;
 No morning recitation;
 Never goes to prayer;
 But looks in at the chapel,
 Somehow he's always there.
 Getting up a supper,
 Shows around the bill,
 Says he means to pay it;
 (Knows he never will.)
 Thinks the class above him
 Is n't very high;
 Knows his own is better far,
 But *not* the reason why.
 Tells you all his his'try,
 All his friends and foes,
 All his great adventures,
 Every thing he knows.
 Treats the Freshman foibles,
 With indignant scorn;
 Then runs around at midnight,
 Blowing on a horn.—
 Goes among the ladies,
 Pities all he sees,—
 Thinks from very love of him,
 They 'd get upon their knees,
 Fears to smile too freely,
 Lest they should presume:
 So with very careless air,
 Strolls around the room;
 Proves in truth the adage
 (Ancient mentors sing)
 "A little store of knowledge
 Is a very dangerous thing."

IV.

The Senior.

Finely bound in calf-skin,
 Double extra gilt,—
 Many claims to homage
 On his knowledge built; (?)
 Feeling very dignified,
 Really looks sublime;—
 (If you've never seen him
 At any other time.
 Sleeping through a lecture,
 Standing to recite,
 Pulling out his neighbor's hair,
 Rushing out to fight,
 Standing on the cochners,
 Lounging at the gate,
 Carrying off the chapel desk
 Walking very late.)
 Talks about his speaking;
 Hopes no one will know
 The very speech was spoken,
 About a year ago.
 Criticises great men,
 Seeming very wise
 Seeks to be eccentric
 Forges many lies.
 Tells you of the "public good,"
 Very apt to boast;
 Things of which he knows the least,
 Talks about the most.
 Said to be a nuisance,—
 Others tell him so;
 Glad enough to have him gone,
 He's glad enough to go.

—o—
FLOATING AWAY.AIR—*Smoking Song.*

- 1 Floating away like the fountain spray,
 Or the snow-white plume of a maiden,
 Our smoke wreathes rise to the starlit skies,
 With blissful fragrance laden.

Chorus.

Then smoke away till the golden ray
 Lights up the dawn of the morrow,
 For a cheerful cigar like a shield will bar
 Our hearts from care and sorrow.

- 2 The dark-eyed train of the maids of Spain,
 'Neath their arbor shades trip lightly,
 And a gleaming cigar like a new-born star
 'Mid the clasp of their lips beams brightly.

Chorus

- 3 In the twilight gloom of his darkened room.
 Sits the child of song and story;
 But his heart is light for his pipe beams bright
 And his dreams are all of glory—*Chorus.*

'73's LAST GREETING.

AIR.—*Araby's Daughter.*

Words by J. E. ADAMS.

1. { Fare - well, Al - ma Ma - ter! a - way from thy bow - ers Our footsteps, re - luc - tant, hence -
We pledge thee a cup crown'd with am - a - rauth flowers, And min - gle our tears at its

2. { The charm of these hours, like the an - swer to prayer, Will fol - low to bless us, when
So in - cense from mass, still per - vad - ing the air, Yields o - dor a - fresh with the

- for - ward shall roam; }
brim with the foam. } Re - vived from that past in which Time has en - tomb'd them, Thy

dis - tant we dwell, }
ves - per - ing bell. } And when from thy shrine, so se - que - tered and ho - ly, From

Instrument.

joys to the fu - ture we fain would pro - long; And though all too fleet - ing, we

thine aisles, thy ser - vice, thy mu - sic we're gone: Sing we lof - ty an - thems, or

quick - ly con - sum'd them, The light of their em - bers re - lumes in our song.

strains that are low - ly, Still prond - ly thy prais - es shall ring in our song.

TRIANGLE SONG.

Words by H. J. VAN DYKE, '73.

Music by permission of S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

INTRODUCTION.

1. Sing a song to - geth - er, boys! we'll sing it loud and clear,
 2. Well, the old Tri - an - gle knew the mu - sic of our tread -
 3. Yes, and there were mai - dens, too, that heard our foot - steps beat,
 4. Arm in arm to - geth - er, boys! we've wan - der'd through the night,
 5. When we take our fi - nal walk, through this old clas - sic town,

Sing it with a hear - ty will, and voi - ces full of cheer;
 How the peace - ful Sem - i - nole would trem - ble in his bed!
 When the moon - light shone a - long the still, de - sert - ed street;
 Steps and song in u - ni - son, and ev - 'ry heart was light,
 Though our voi - ces trem - ble, and our spir - its may be down,

Sing it as we used to sing way back in Freshman year, While we were marching thro' Princeton.
 How the gates were left unbing'd, the lamps, without a - head, While we were marching thro' Princeton.
 We woke for them the ech-oes with our ser - e - na-ding sweet, While we were marching thro' Princeton.
 Read - y for a ser - e - nade, a horn-spreed or a fight While we were marching thro' Princeton.
 Still this sounding cho - rus ev - 'ry tho't of grief shall drown, While we were marching thro' Princeton.

TRIANGLE SONG. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Alr. ff

Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.

Nas - sau! Nas - sau! Ring out the cho - rus free— Nas - sau! Nas - sau! Thy

Nas - sau! Nas - sau! Ring out the cho - rus free— Nas - sau! Nas - sau! Thy

jol - ly sons are we, Cares shall be for - got - ten, all our

jol - ly sons are we, Cares shall be for - got - ten, all our

sor - rows flung a - way, While we are march - ing through Prince - ton.

sor - rows flung a - way, While we are march - ing through Prince - ton.

Gymnasium Galop.

S. A. WARD.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of music. The first system is the **INTRODUCTION**, marked *Allegretto Scherzando* in 2/4 time. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The introduction concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second system begins the **GALOP** section, marked *p* (piano). The third system continues the galop, marked *cres.* (crescendo) and *f* (forte). The fourth system concludes the piece, marked *Grazioso* and *ff* (fortissimo).

First system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melodic line with slurs and accents. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a more complex melodic passage with slurs and accents. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. Dynamic markings *f* and *p* are present.

Third system of musical notation, showing a continuation of the melodic and harmonic themes from the previous systems.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a steady melodic flow in the treble and a consistent accompaniment in the bass.

Fifth system of musical notation, concluding the piece. It includes the marking *TRIO.* above the treble staff and *Grazioso.* above the bass staff. Dynamic markings *f* and *ff* are also present.

First system of musical notation. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff and a more complex, rhythmic accompaniment in the lower staff. A dynamic marking of *sfs* is present in the lower staff.

Second system of musical notation. It includes a *tr* (trill) marking above the upper staff. The lower staff has dynamic markings of *f*. The system concludes with first and second endings, labeled "1st." and "2nd.".

Third system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features first and second endings, labeled "1st." and "2nd.".

Fourth system of musical notation. The lower staff begins with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano).

Fifth system of musical notation. The lower staff has dynamic markings of *sf ff cres.* (sforzando fortissimo crescendo).

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The music includes a wavy line above the staff labeled "Sv." and dynamic markings "dim.", "p", and "pp".

Second system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The music includes dynamic markings "sf" and "p".

Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The music includes dynamic markings "cres." and "f".

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The music includes dynamic markings "p" and "f".

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The music includes the marking "Fine." at the end of the piece.

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