
The Songs of Kenyon

1908

Songs of Kenyon

Alfred Kingsley Taylor

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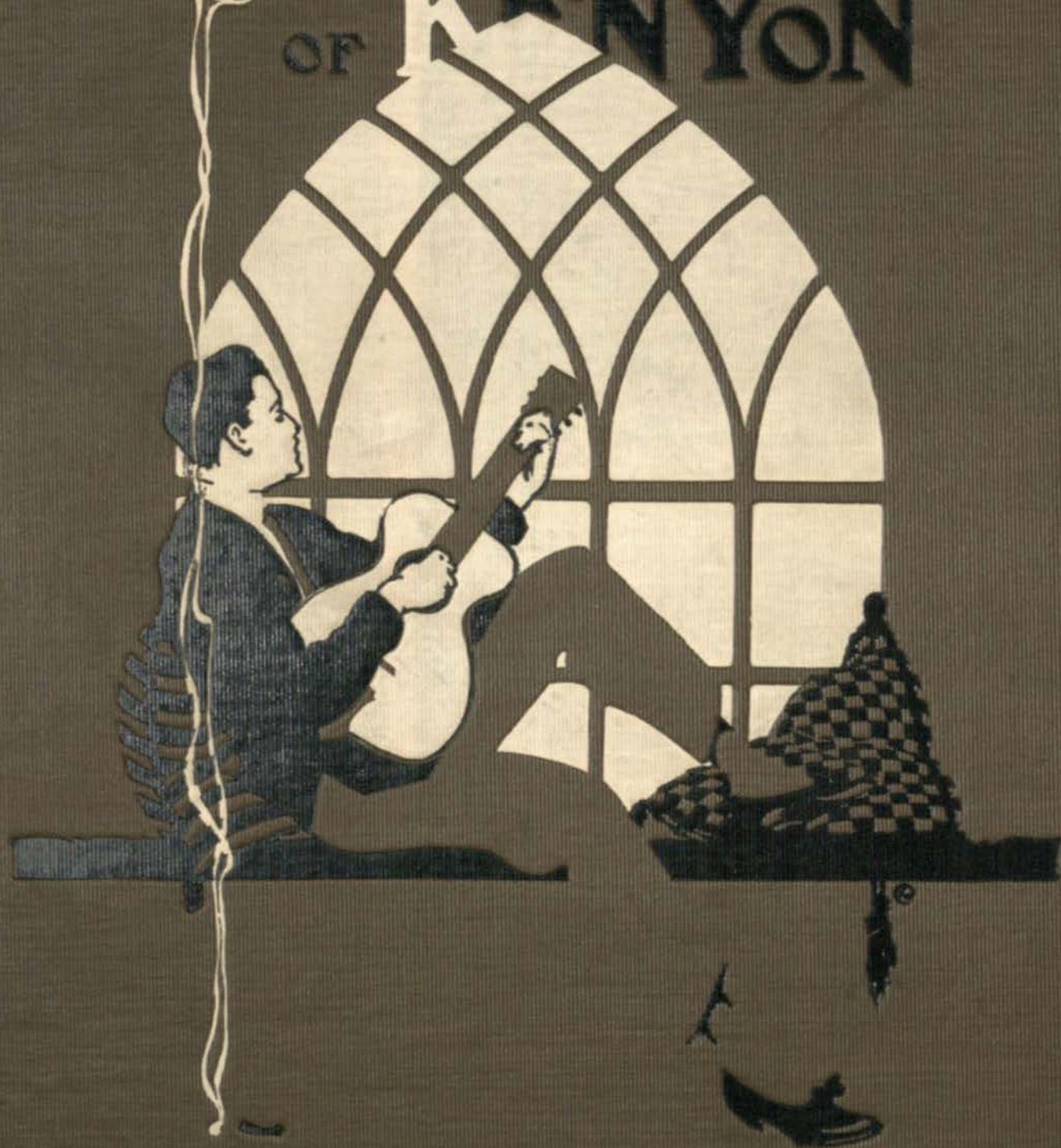
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SONGS
OF KENYON





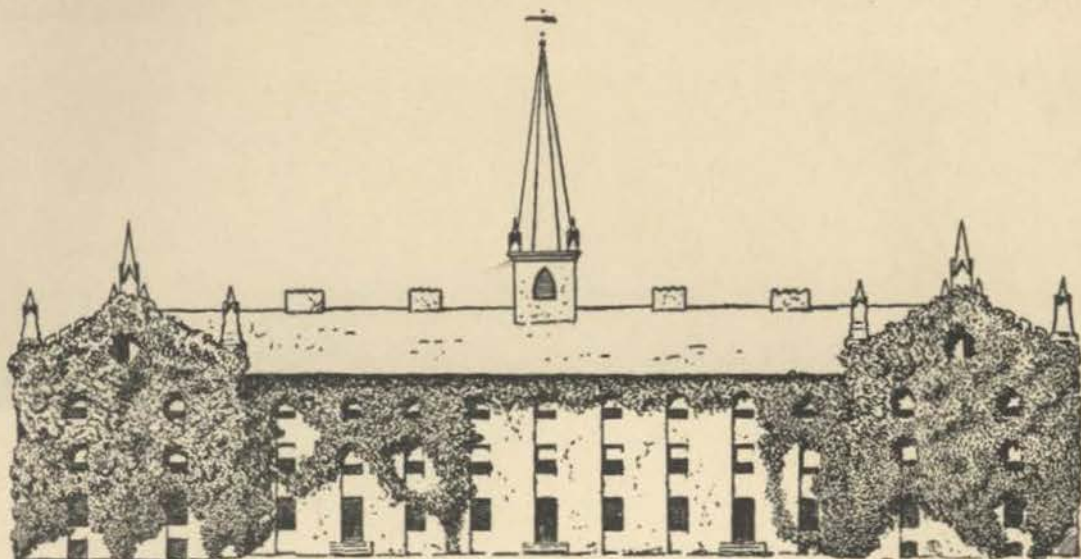
Louisa Brooke Jones -

"Green Flair"

"Wayside"
Gambier, 1925-

Hewlett, Long Island

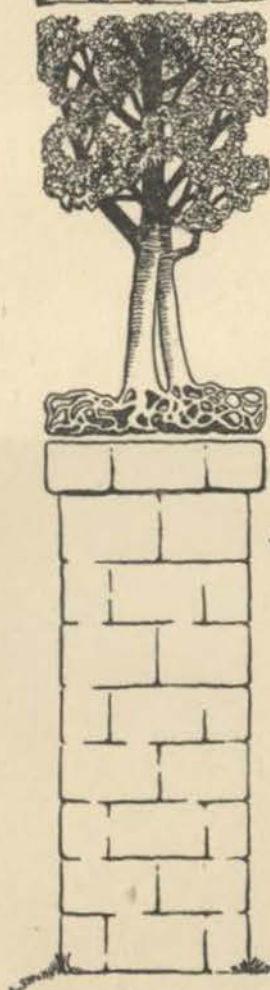




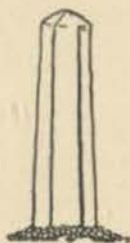
SONGS *of* KENYON

Compiled by
ALFRED KINGSLEY TAYLOR '06

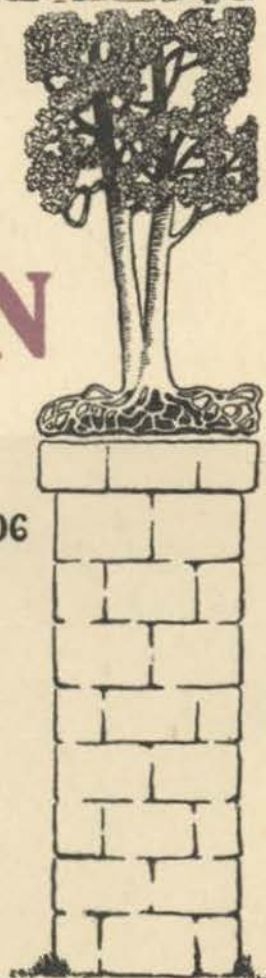
HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE
PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK CITY



PAUL



HANN



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A WORD FROM PRESIDENT PEIRCE

The Kenyon Song Book should appeal strongly to the heart of every son and friend of the old college. Nowhere is there a more intense and earnest spirit of college loyalty, and nowhere is college singing a more distinctive feature of academic life. Every Kenyon man knows what the Kenyon spirit is. He may find it difficult to express in words, but he feels its emotional thrill. And the Kenyon song is perhaps its most satisfying method of expression. In my own mind the scenes that best represent the distinctive life and spirit of Kenyon are of singing students—the rousing songs at mass meetings of the Assembly; the “Alma Mater” with heads bare between the halves of a football game; the more careful and accurate but none the less spirited singing of the Kenyon Glee Club, and, most distinctive of all, the melody of the groups of marching men, classes or fraternities, in the Path. Who has not felt the added charm that distant singing lends to exquisite beauty of moonlight shadows in the College Park? I have entire confidence that the Song Book will express adequately this phase of Kenyon life. It is ably edited and contains all the characteristic Kenyon songs. This means that the collection will be quite large, for the stock of Kenyon songs is exceptional in number and is unusually good as well.

William F. Peirce

Songs of Kenyon

O Wanderers from Kenyon, strangely masquerading
In curious disguise in earth's strange carnival,
You cannot help disclosure of a youth unfading,
When called to answer by an old-time pastoral.
Come, slip the mask from off your brow and challenge men
To match your leafy chaplet freshly woven here,
And set your twin-pipe to your lips and play again
The songs you used to sing, the songs you used to hear.

O Lovers all of Kenyon, in your hearts enshrining
No sweeter music than the clear-flung melodies
Along the Middle Path when summer stars are shining
Like moonlight blossoms through the leafage of the trees;
Come forth, the night is calling, and the hour when
At ivy-bowered windows listeners are near,
And set your twin-pipe to your lips and play again
The songs you love to sing, the songs you love to hear.

O. E. W.

FOREWORD

A MEMBER of the Class of 1842 testifies that during his time at Kenyon there were no college songs, and adds, "no baseball or football teams, no college or class yells." It could not have been much over a decade later that college songs began to be popular at Kenyon, for as early as 1866 the first edition of Kenyon songs was published by the Class of 1867,—a quaint but serviceable little paper-bound volume, entitled "Songs of Kenyon," containing the words to some fifty songs, many of them original, and including such old favorites as "Lauriger Horatius," "Gaudeamus," and "Integer Vitæ," which have come to us from the German universities. The majority of the songs in this old collection are reprinted here with their music.

The editor has done all within his power to make this edition of Kenyon songs as complete and representative as possible. When he first undertook the work the proposed book was brought to the attention of the Alumni by letters, through the columns of the "Collegian," and otherwise; and while responses to the call for Kenyon songs were most gratifying, still he cannot help but feel that there is some additional material that well might have been included in this collection. That succeeding editions of the book may be complete in all respects, the editor hereby urges the Alumni to co-operate with him in accomplishing this end, by suggestions, criticisms, and by giving him such information in regard to omitted songs as will enable their being properly included in the next issue.

It was not possible to obtain the music for every song, as the owners of the copyrights, in some instances, declined to grant this privilege. But whatever the book has lost in this respect is, the editor feels, more than made up for by the many new and original Kenyon songs that it has, nearly all of which were written especially for this book. A number of the old songs, too, have been given new tunes to replace the hackneyed old *adapted* airs found in almost every song-book of the day. It is hoped that these new tunes will find favor with Kenyon men and that their availability will foster their use. If this hope is realized in coming years, the book will have accomplished one of its chief purposes, namely, that of giving to Kenyon some songs she may well call her own.

FOREWORD

The earlier years at Kenyon are so rich in incident and in tales of student pranks, it seemed but fitting that some space should be given to such old-time customs as the "Burial of Homer" and "Bore Day," whose songs were no small feature of their programs. They are not included with the idea of their being revived by the students of to-day, but rather that they may bring back pleasant memories to the old graduates.

Had it not been for the assistance the editor received from every side, this collection of songs would have been practically an impossibility. Particularly does he acknowledge his indebtedness to the Rev. Louis E. Daniels, Bex. '02, whose musical abilities, suggestions, helpful criticisms, and unselfish labors were freely given to the book's support. His many and excellent songs should be a boon to Kenyon glee clubs for years to come, and Kenyon men have much to thank him for. The editor is also heartily grateful to his sister, Philena Helen Taylor, to President William F. Peirce, Mr. Grove D. Curtis, '80, Col. John J. McCook, '66, Mr. James H. Dempsey, '82, the Rev. George B. Pratt, '62, the Rev. Bates G. Burt, '01, Canon Orville E. Watson, Bex. '92, Mr. John Lewis Browne, '64, Dr. Francis W. Blake, '80, Prof. Willis M. Townsend, '79, Mr. Alonzo M. Snyder, '85, Mr. C. E. Milmine, '85, the Rev. Geo. F. Smythe, and many others, for their help and support; also to Mr. C. Coles Phillips, '05, for the cover design, and to Mr. Paul V. Hann, '10, for the title-page, neither of which needs any words of commendation here. He also desires to express his appreciation of the extreme courtesy extended to him, throughout the work of compiling the book, by its publishers, and for their many helpful suggestions.

While the getting up of this book proved to be a far greater task than the editor at first anticipated, and one for which he has at all times felt himself not fully equipped, still, the work has been a most pleasant one from every view-point. If the book will be welcome to both Alumni and Undergraduates, if it will add somewhat to the pleasure of life at Kenyon, and if it will stimulate the already healthy spirit of the college, he will feel that his labors have not been in vain.

ALFRED KINGSLEY TAYLOR, '06.

NOTE.—All of the songs that are arranged for men's voices without accompaniments should have the upper and lower parts brought an octave nearer together when played on the piano, either by playing the left-hand part an octave higher or the right-hand part an octave lower—preferably the latter. Where the four parts are not indicated the arrangements are suitable for both mixed voices and piano.—*Editor*.

CONTENTS

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--|---------|--|------|
| All Together | 84 | Gaudeamus | 7 |
| Alma Mater, O | 5 | Good-bye, "Bal" | 109 |
| Alumni Song (Men's Voices) | 11 | Good-night, Ladies! | 121 |
| Alumni Song (Mixed Voices) | 10 | | |
| Appreciations | 37 | Hail, Kenyon | 96 |
| | | Hail, Kenyon (Men's Voices) | 94 |
| Ballad of Andrew, A | 120 | Hayes' Hurrah Song of Kenyon | 60 |
| Barracks Politician, The | 116 | Health to Old Kenyon, A | 82 |
| Bingo | 50 | Hika Song | 32 |
| Blow, Ye Winds, Heigh-Ho! | 112 | "How To" | 89 |
| Bull-Dog, The | 35 | Hymn of the Holy Spirit | 44 |
| Bore Day Songs | 154-161 | | |
| Burial of Homer | 142-153 | I Want a Kenyon Man | 62 |
| | | In College Days | 42 |
| Canadian Boat Song | 65 | In Our Hearts Forever (Men's Voices) | 3 |
| Celebrities, The | 17 | In Our Hearts Forever (Mixed Voices) | 1 |
| Chapel Peal, The | 18 | Integer Vitæ | 109 |
| Cheer, Boys, Cheer! | 38 | It's a Way We Have at Old Kenyon | 13 |
| Chime Song (Men's Voices) | 22 | | |
| Chime Song (Mixed Voices) | 24 | Juanita | 106 |
| Class of 1860 | 64 | Junior Song, The | 34 |
| Class Song of '88 | 41 | | |
| Co-Ca-Che-Lunk | 51 | Kenyon | 4 |
| College Life | 51 | Kenyon Alumni Hymn | 104 |
| College Medley, A | 125 | Kenyon Battle Song | 8 |
| College Yell | 3 | Kenyon Curriculum, The | 8 |
| Come, Gather Here | 134 | Kenyon Man, The | 92 |
| Come, Gather Near | 134 | Kenyon, 1904 | 28 |
| Crossing the Bar | 12 | Kenyon's Praise | 90 |
| | | | |
| Dempsey | 117 | Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl | 52 |
| Down in Mobile | 98 | Lauriger Horatius | 103 |
| Drinking Song | 102 | Levee Song | 118 |
| | | Litoria | 138 |
| Each to Each | 120 | Lonely Round the Portals | 83 |
| 1877 Class Song | 79 | Loyal and True | 110 |
| 1878 Class Song | 79 | | |
| '80's Song at the Ivy Planting | 65 | Midshipmite, The | 80 |
| | | My Bonnie | 131 |
| Fair Kenyon | 130 | My Last Cigar | 124 |
| Farewell Forever | 141 | My Old Kentucky Home | 132 |
| Farewell Song | 140 | | |
| Foot Ball Songs | 73 | National Hymn | 108 |
| Forsaken | 88 | Night Song | 115 |
| Free from Care | 53 | 1902 Class Song | 27 |
| Freshman Song, The | 31 | 1903 Class Song | 21 |
| Freshmen Ditty | 71 | 1904 Class Song | 20 |

CONTENTS

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--|----------|--|----------|
| 1905 Class Song | 79 | Smoking Song | 25 |
| 1906 Class Song | 15 | Soldier's Farewell | 105 |
| 1907 Class Song | 14 | Song for '68, A | 66 |
| 1908 Class Song | 6 | Song of Farewell, A | 74 |
| 1910 Class Song | 72 | Song of Kokosing | 85 |
| '96 Class Song | 75 | Song of '98 | 40 |
| '98 and Kenyon | 30 | Song of '69 | 115 |
| '99 Class Song | 29 | Sophomore Song, The | 33 |
| | | Stand Up and Cheer | 100 |
| O, My Luve's Like a Red, Red Rose (Mixed Voices) | 46 | Stanton | 61 |
| O, My Luve's Like a Red, Red Rose (Male Quartet) | 47 | Stars of the Summer Night | 103 |
| October's Leaves are Falling | 114 | Strike Up the Band | 73 |
| Ode to Kenyon | 45 | Supper Songs of the Nu Pi Kappa | 135, 136 |
| On the Chapel Steps | 91 | Sweet and Low | 107 |
| Once More We Gather Here | 19 | Sweetheart, I Wait for Thee | 121 |
| | | | |
| Parting Ode | 40 | Then We'll Remember Thee | 69 |
| Parting Ode of '67 | 76 | There's Music in the Air | 78 |
| Philander Chase | 16 | Toast to 1905, A | 49 |
| Philo Song. | 135, 137 | Tonans | 122 |
| | | | |
| Senior Class Song of '66 | 59 | Uncle Mark | 17 |
| Senior Song, The | 36 | Upidee | 70 |
| '75 Class-Day Song | 48 | | |
| Sheepskin, The | 26 | Vive L'Amour | 72 |
| Shout for Alma Mater, O! | 53 | | |
| Singing on the Path | 56 | When First I Kissed Sweet Margaret | 137 |
| '67 | 58 | World's All Before Us, The | 120 |
| "Slide Trombone" Medley, The | 54 | Years at Kenyon, The | 68 |

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--|-------|---|-------|
| A capital ship for an ocean trip | 112 | Here as Freshmen we have come | 31 |
| All night thro' thy slumbers | 141 | Here at the pleasant twilight hour | 91 |
| All together, all together | 84 | Here's to Kenyon College, drink it down | 50 |
| Alma Mater, dear old Kenyon | 75 | How can I bear to leave thee | 105 |
| As Freshmen first we came to college | 125 | | |
| Cheer, boys, cheer | 38 | I tell you what, we're glad to see | 17 |
| Cheer, boys, cheer, old Nu Pi now rejoices | 135 | I wish I had a barrel of rum | 82 |
| Class-mates dear, in our future years | 64 | If you love your gosling dearly | 97 |
| Come, boys, and raise your voices | 41 | I'm wukkin' on de levee | 118 |
| Come, class-mates, fill your glasses | 15 | Integer vitæ scelerisque purus | 109 |
| Come, class-mates, fill your glasses | 29 | It's a way we have at Old Kenyon | 13 |
| Come, class-mates, join the chorus loud | 66 | | |
| Come, climb the hill | 72 | Kenyon, hear again the story | 61 |
| Come, gather here, each class-mate dear | 134 | Kenyon, the time will soon be here | 6 |
| Come, gather near, each class-mate here | 134 | Kenyon, we linger | 4 |
| Come, gather round and swell the sound | 135 | | |
| Come, Kenyon's sons, from every side | 110 | Lauriger Horatius | 103 |
| Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl | 52 | Let ev'ry good fellow now fill up his glass | 72 |
| Come, loyal sons of Kenyon | 49 | Let Kenyon's wooded hill resound | 90 |
| Come, Seniors, gather, the Muses call | 59 | Lonely round the portals | 83 |
| Come, Sixty-seven, raise the song | 58 | | |
| Come to her call, O Kenyon sons, arise | 8 | 'Mid the peaceful haunts | 79 |
| Could we forget Old Kenyon dear | 40 | My Bonnie lies over the ocean | 131 |
| | | My comrades, when I'm no more drinking | 102 |
| Dear Kenyon, Queen of mothers | 104 | My love hath now left me | 88 |
| Down in Mobile | 98 | | |
| Each to each shall be a brother | 120 | O! how gaily our Hall now is shining | 137 |
| Faintly as tolls the evening chime | 65 | O Kenyon, rise and praise the God | 44 |
| Fair Kenyon | 130 | O, my love's like a red, red rose | 46,47 |
| Far above Kokosing's waters | 28 | O, with mortar-board and gown | 36 |
| Fast flieth the shuttle | 48 | October's leaves are falling, boys | 114 |
| Floating away like the fountain's spray | 25 | Oh! have you heard our song of late? | 30 |
| Free from care, we'll have good cheer | 53 | Oh! it's Kenyon on the campus | 32 |
| | | Oh, nobody works like Dempsey | 117 |
| Gaudeamus igitur | 7 | Oh, strong is the tie that now binds us | 76 |
| Go 'way back and sit down | 73 | Oh! the bull-dog on the bank | 35 |
| God of our Fathers | 108 | Old Kenyon, in the days to be | 69 |
| Good-bye, Eckstorm, you're a goner | 73 | Old Kenyon is a jolly home | 138 |
| Good-night, ladies | 121 | Old Kenyon, Mother dear | 10,11 |
| Green oaks are waving o'er us | 26 | Old Kenyon, we are like Kokosing | 74 |
| | | On the banks of Kenyon's river | 85 |
| Hail, Kenyon, Mother all rever'd | 94-96 | Once more we gather here | 19 |
| Hark, brothers of Kenyon | 60 | One summer's day as Uncle Mark | 17 |
| Hark the voice of the Nu Pi singing | 136 | Our college days are o'er at last | 120 |
| | | | |
| | | Pause, class-mates, all | 65 |
| | | Poor Balbus life for Sophs has ceased | 109 |

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--|-------|--|------|
| 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! the ball's advancing | 73 | There's a straight, broad path | 56 |
| Say, have you seen the spotless gleam | 135 | There's music in the air | 78 |
| Soft o'er the fountain | 106 | There's the Oberlin team | 73 |
| Stand up and cheer | 100 | The years at Kenyon College | 68 |
| Stars of the summer night | 103 | They are gone those days spent so blithely | 140 |
| Strike up the band | 73 | Those ancient walls on Gambier Hill | 92 |
| Sunset and evening star | 12 | 'Tis a very gorgeous manor | 116 |
| Sweet and low | 107 | 'Twas in fifty-five, on a winter's night | 80 |
| Sweetheart, I wait for thee | 121 | 'Twas off the blue Canary Isles | 124 |
| Swift years have sped | 79 | | |
| | | We are the Sophomoric youth | 33 |
| Tell me not, in mournful numbers | 51 | We are thy true sons | 27 |
| The first of Kenyon's goodly race | 16 | Weary lessons learned or ponied | 115 |
| The Junior is a happy man | 34 | Well—the slide trombone played | 54 |
| The lords of Britain's mighty realm | 45 | We're gathered now, my class-mates | 5 |
| The parting hour has come at last | 40 | We've gathered here as class-mates dear | 115 |
| The shades of night were falling fast | 70 | What care we with such a theme | 53 |
| The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home | 132 | When Andrew was a little lad | 120 |
| The twilight hour is o'er us | 79 | When first I kiss'd sweet Margaret | 137 |
| There are lots of men at Wesleyan | 62 | When first I stood beneath the ivied tower | 18 |
| There came a little Freshman | 22-24 | When softly o'er the campus | 21 |
| There is a hell for Freshmen | 71 | When we first came on this campus | 51 |
| There is a thrill which love imparts | 1-3 | When Kenyon lifts her ancient tow'rs | 14 |
| There is no man whom I would rather see | 37 | Where no one asks the "who" or "why" | 42 |
| There stands on Gambier's wooded hill | 20 | You are sleeping, sweetly sleeping | 122 |



IN OUR HEARTS FOREVER.

Words by Warren Howard Mann, '00.

Tune:—Air from "Erminle."

Mixed voices arr. by Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex. '02.

Piano acc. arr. by Miss Marian R. Lord.

Con spirito.

f 1. There is a thrill of spirit which love im - parts, When turn our
2. Thy beau - ty strikes a chord of har - mo - ny, And bends us

thoughts to Kenyon's glo - ry; Both old and young With sin - gle tongue U -
to a high en - deav - or; Thy glo - rious name, Thy spot - less fame, We'll

(1)

IN OUR HEARTS FOREVER.

ff Chorus.

nite to sing our Al - ma Ma - ter's sto - - - - - ry. } Then let our
cher - ish in our heart of hearts for - ev - - - - - er. }
sto - ry. Let our song,
ev - er. Let our song,

song as - cend in u - ni - son! Our loy - al hearts a - vow no oth - er.

It u - ni - fies, It nev - er dies, The love of Ken - yon, our moth - er.

(2)

IN OUR HEARTS FOREVER.

Words by Warren Howard Mann, '00.

Con spirito.
TENORS.

Tune: Air from "Erminie."

Arranged by the
Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex, '02.



1. There is a thrill of spirit which love im-parts When turn our tho'ts to Ken-yon's glo - ry;
2. Thy beau-ty strikes a chord of har-mo-ny And bends us to a high en-deav-or;

BASSES.

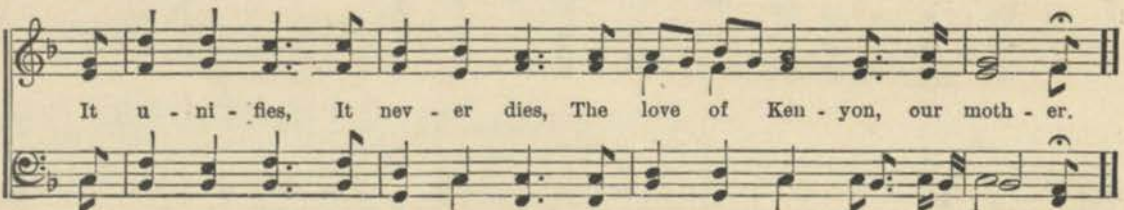


cres.
Both old and young, With sin-gle tongue, U-nite to sing our Al-ma Ma-ter's sto-ry:
Thy glo-rious name, Thy spot-less fame, We'll cher-ish in our heart of hearts for-ev-er:

REFRAIN.



ff
Then let our song as-cend in u-ni-son Our loy-al hearts a-vow no oth-er;



It u-ni-fies, It nev-er dies, The love of Ken-yon, our moth-er.

COLLEGE YELL.

Hika! Hika! Hika!
K-E-N-Y-O-N!
Kenyon! Kenyon!!

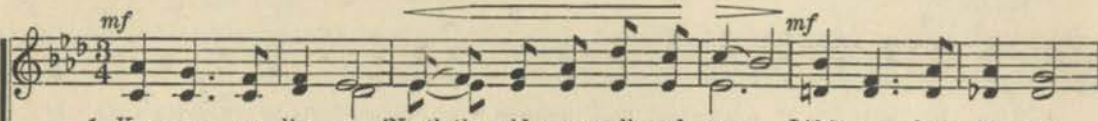
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KENYON.

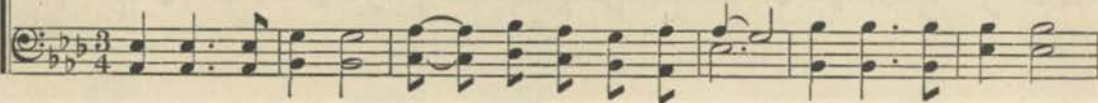
Words by
Canon Orville E. Watson, Bex. '92.

Music by
the Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex. '02.

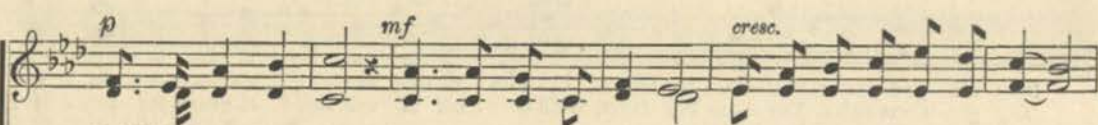
mf



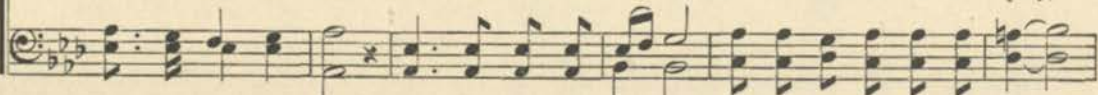
1. Ken - yon, we lin - ger 'Neath thy old gray walls and see Life's ar - dent fin - ger
2. Ken - yon, life's high-way Is thy shad - ed Mid - dle - Path, No more a by - way,
3. Ken - yon, life's voi - ces Call - ing to us from a - far, Thro' all the nois - es
4. Ken - yon, life's bat - tle Which now we gird us for, Whose roar and rat - tle



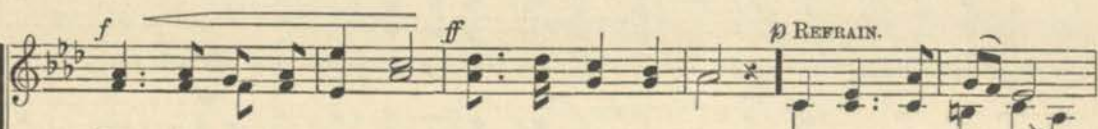
p *mf* *cresc.*



Beck'ning us from thee; Then thro' tear-drops start-ing Comes a tho't which gives al - loy
But a road which hath All we dream of glo - ry Tow'r-ing as its far - off goal,
Of earth's struggles, are But thy sweet bells' chiming Ech - oed from the fu - ture's wall,
Fires... us for war, Is thy field ex - tend - ed For a lit - tle wi - der play,



f *ff* *p* REFRAIN.



To this sign of part - ing, Turn - ing it to joy. Ken - yon, for - ev - er...
Told in an - cient sto - ry, Longed-for in our soul. Ken - yon, for - ev - er...
Our own heart-beats rhym-ing With a bu - gle's call. Ken - yon, for - ev - er...
Where a cause more splen-did Sees us win the day. Ken - yon, for - ev - er...



Last time pp

cresc. *rit.* *f*



Shall thy sa - cred mem'ries be... Like thy bright riv - er, Flow-ing 'twixt us and thee.

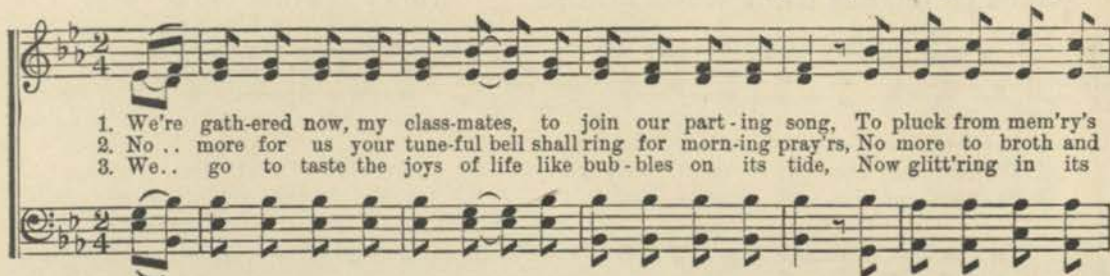


Last time molto rit. and pp


The words to this song were written expressly for "The Stray Leaf," and are published with the kind permission of the author of the play, Maxwell B. Long, '05, Bex. '08.

ALMA MATER, O.

Arranged by George Rosey.



1. We're gath-ered now, my class-mates, to join our part-ing song, To pluck from mem'ry's
 2. No .. more for us your tune-ful bell shall ring for morn-ing pray'rs, No more to broth and
 3. We.. go to taste the joys of life like bub-bles on its tide, Now glitt'ring in its



wreath the buds which there so sweet-ly throng; To.. gaze on life's broad ruf-fled sea, to
 bot-a-ny we'll mount As-cen-sion's stairs; Our rec-i-ta-tions all are pass'd, A-
 sun-beams, and danc-ing in their pride; But bub-ble-like they'll break and burst, and



which we quick-ly go, But ere we start we'll drink the health of Al-ma Ma-ter, O.
 lum-ni we, you know, We'll swell the prais-es long and loud of Al-ma Ma-ter, O.
 leave us sad, you know, There's none so sweet as mem-o-ry of Al-ma Ma-ter, O.

CHORUS.



1 & 2. Oh! Al-ma Ma-ter, O.... Oh! Al-ma Ma-ter, O;
 3. Oh! Ken-yon Col-lege, O.... Oh! Ken-yon Col-lege, O;



But ere we start we'll drink the health of Al-ma Ma-ter, O!
 Hur-rah! hur-rah! for col-lege days and Al-ma Ma-ter, O!

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1908 CLASS SONG.

Words by Charles Lewis Wuebker, '08.

Tune:—"Drink to Me Only."




mf


1. Ken-yon, the time will soon.. be here,... When we.... must say a - dieu,...
2. Tho' we may trav - el dis - tant climes, . Yet through the lower - ing haze....
3. Re - gret our loy - al hearts shall fill..... When that... time comes to pass,...



And en - ter on life's stern.. ca - reer.... As thine.. own sons so true....
We'll hear thy Can - ter - bur - y chimes Peal as..... in for - mer days....
That we must leave this sa - cred Hill,... Our hap - py, jo - vial class....



Then time.. fly not so swift - ly by, We fain would lin - ger late....
We'll oft - en meet in mem - o - ry With - in thy cam - pus gate....
So here.. is to our safe.. re - turn At some ap - point - ed date; And



Moth - er, how can we break a - way... In Nine - teen - hun - dred - eight..
And greet our old - time friends a - gain... Of th' Class.. of Nine - teen - eight..
here's to the or - ange and.. the black.. Of Ken - yon's Nine - teen - eight...

GAUDEAMUS.

CHORUS.
TENORS.

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

BASSES.

QUARTET.

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

CHORUS.

Post ju - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem, Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - 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,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

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

8 Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Proptinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

9 Alma Mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos congregavit.

KENYON BATTLE SONG.

Words by the Rev. Bates Gilbert Burt, 'Ol. Tune:—"Captain Morgan's March."

TENORS. *Boldly.*

BASSES.

1. Come to her call, O
2. Stur - dy our band in

Ken - yon sons, a - rise, Give your best to her that we love;
strife up - on the field, Val - ient, bold, and fair in the game,

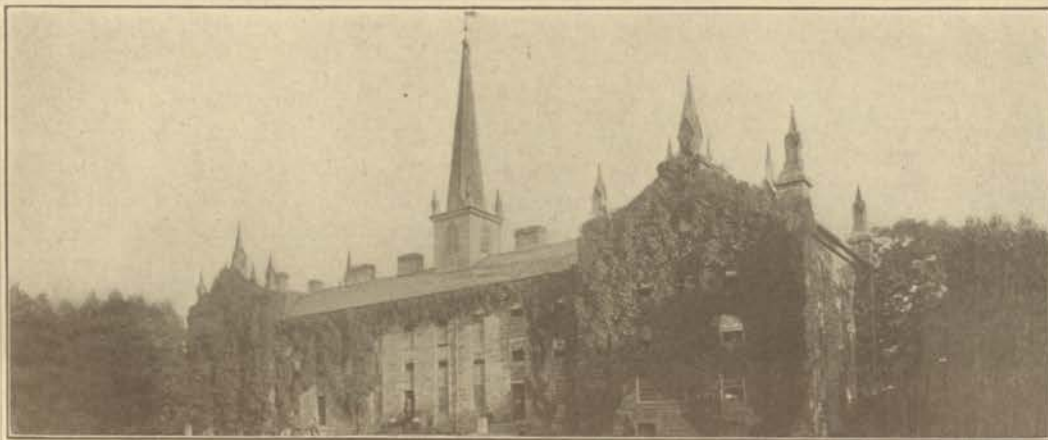
High o'er our ranks up - lift - ed to the skies Waves our glo - rious
Ken - yon, thy sons will rath - er die than yield In de - fence of

KENYON BATTLE SONG.

ban - ner of maue. Step to step and hand in hand we'll go,
thy sa - cred name. Few but true, each one his part shall play,
hand one hand in his hand

Deal - ing out de - feat to our ev - 'ry foe. Ken - yon, hear us,
Un - ion is our strength, we shall win the day. Shout the cho - rus
Deal - ing ion

as we march a - long, Join - ing heart and voice in our bat - tle song.
we march a - long, Join heart



ALUMNI SONG.

(MIXED VOICES.)

Music by the Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex., 02.

Cheerfully.

mf

1. Old Ken-yon, Moth-er dear, We come to hail thee here, Old sons of thine. We come with

poco rit - - - - - *a tempo.*

p *f*

rev'-rent feet Thy sa-cred halls to greet, The dear, dear friends to meet Of auld lang syne.

2 Dear Mother, at thy knee,
Right loyal children we
Bow as of yore.
Accept the songs we sing,
Trust the true hearts we bring,
Under thy sheltering wing
Take us once more.

3 Ah! while we lowly bow,
Here close beside thee now,
Hark! the old bell!
Old forms before us rise,
Old mem'ries fill our eyes,
Fond fancy, sobbing, tries
Old tales to tell.

4 Yes! Yes! we know them well,
Those hours the deep-toned bell
Pealed swift away;
Yes! yes! we know them yet,
Forms we shall ne'er forget,
Faces that once we met,
Missed here to-day.

5 Long as our life shall last,
Thoughts of that buried past
Shall dearer grow.
Far pilgrims though we be,
Our hearts shall cling to thee,
Our lives look back to see
That long ago.

6 With thee our wishes dwell,
For thee our love we'll tell
With voice and pen;
And still our prayers we'll pray,
God keep thee every way,
And all thy sons shall say,
Amen! Amen!

7 Take then the songs we sing,
Trust the true hearts we bring,
True as of yore.
God bless and keep thee here,
God bless thee year by year,
God bless thee, Mother dear,
Now—evermore.

ALUMNI SONG.

(MEN'S VOICES.)

Cheerfully.

Music by the Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex. '02.

1ST TENOR.
2D TENOR.
1ST BASS.
2D BASS.

mf 1. Old Ken - yon, Moth - er dear, We come to hail thee here,

Old sons of.... thine. We come with rev' - rent feet Thy

poco rit *a tempo.*

sa - cred halls to greet, The dear, dear friends to meet Of auld lang syne.

2 Dear Mother, at thy knee,
Right loyal children we
Bow as of yore.
Accept the songs we sing,
Trust the true hearts we bring
Under thy sheltering wing
Take us once more.

3 Ah! while we lowly bow,
Here close beside thee now,
Hark! the old bell!
Old forms before us rise,
Old mem'ries fill our eyes,
Fond fancy, sobbing, tries
Old tales to tell.

4 Yes! Yes! we know them well,
Those hours the deep-toned bell
Pealed swift away;
Yes! yes! we know them yet,
Forms we shall ne'er forget,
Faces that once we met,
Missed here to-day.

5 Long as our life shall last,
Thoughts of that buried past
Shall dearer grow.
Far pilgrims though we be,
Our hearts shall cling to thee,
Our lives look back to see
That long ago.

6 With thee our wishes dwell,
For thee our love we'll tell
With voice and pen;
And still our prayers we'll pray,
God keep thee every way,
And all thy sons shall say,
Amen! Amen!

7 Take then the songs we sing,
Trust the true hearts we bring,
True as of yore.
God bless and keep thee here,
God bless thee year by year,
God bless thee, Mother dear,
Now—evermore.

NOTE.—Also sung to the tune of "America."

CROSSING THE BAR.

Words by Alfred Tennyson.

Music by the
Rev. Bates Gilbert Burt, '01.

Slowly and with much freedom of tempo
TENORS

p
Sun - set and eve - ning star and one clear call for me; And may . .
BASSES
And may there

. . there be no moan-ing of the bar When I put out to sea, But
be no moan-ing of the bar

cres.
such a tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, too full for sound and foam, When
f

dim.
that which drew from out the boundless deep, Turns a - gain home. Twi-light and
con espressione pp
Twi-light and eve - ning

eve - ning bell and aft - er that the dark, - And may there be no sad-ness of fare-well
bell, . .

CROSSING THE BAR.

When I em - bark ; For though from out our bourne of time and place the floods may bear me
far, I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar.

cres. *ritard*

IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT OLD KENYON.

Allegro moderato.

1. It's a way we have at Old Ken - yon, It's a way we have at Old
2. For we think it is . . no sin, sir, To take the Fresh - man
3. For we think it is . . but right, sir, On Wed - nesday and Sat - ur - day
Cho.—It's a way we have at Old Ken - yon, It's a way we have at Old

Ken - yon, It's a way we have at Old Ken - yon, To drive dull care a - way. .
in, sir, And ease them of their tin, sir, To drive dull care a - way. .
night, sir, To get most glo - rious - ly tight, sir, To drive dull care a - way. .
Ken - yon, It's a way we have at Old Ken - yon, To drive dull care a - way. .

FINE.

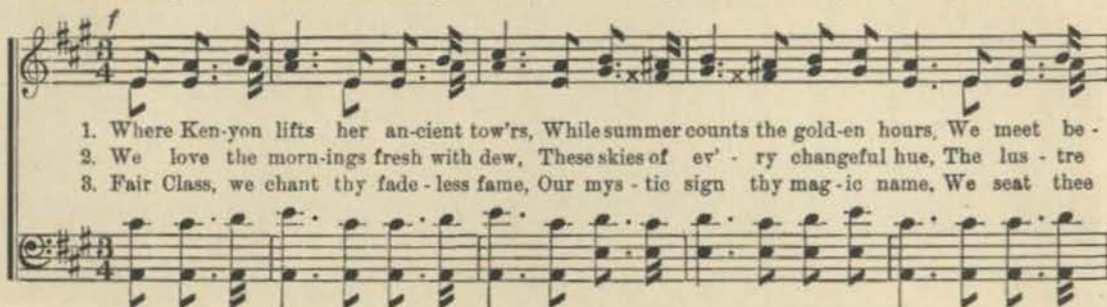
To drive dull care a - way, . To drive dull care a - way. .

D.C.

1907 CLASS SONG.

Tune:—"In College Days."

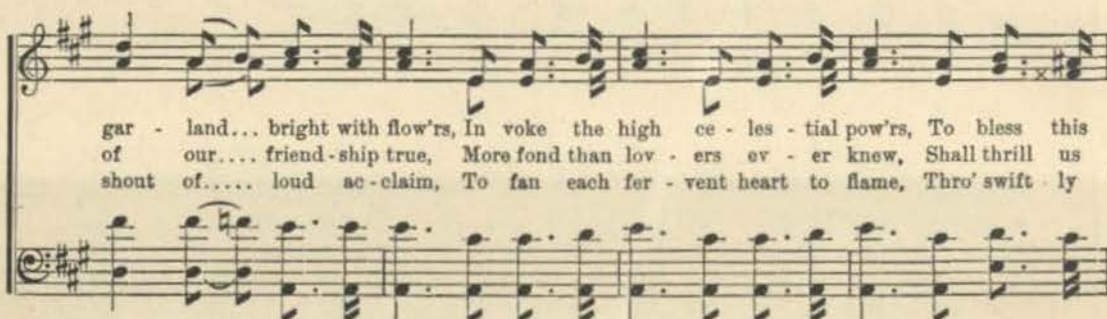
Words by Dr. Geo. C. S. Southworth. Arr. by Alfred Kingsley Taylor, '06.



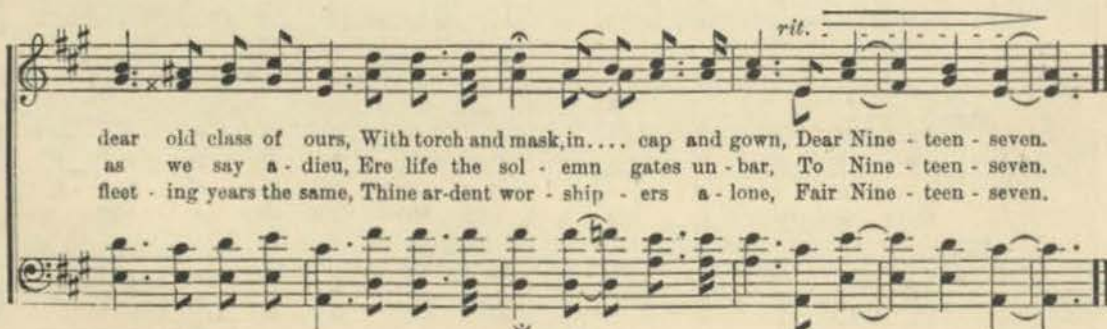
1. Where Ken-yon lifts her an-cient tow'rs, While summer counts the gold-en hours, We meet be -
 2. We love the morn-ings fresh with dew, These skies of ev' - ry change-ful hue, The lus - tre
 3. Fair Class, we chant thy fade-less fame, Our mys - tic sign thy mag-ic name, We seat thee



neath the lau - rel crown Our col - lege wears of old re - nown; And weave a
 of the eve - ning star, The moon's soft ra - di - ance a - far; Re mem brance
 on this clas - sic throne, Re - splen - dent god - dess, all our own; Then raise the



gar - land... bright with flow'rs, In voke the high ce - les - tial pow'rs, To bless this
 of our... friend-ship true, More fond than lov - ers ev - er knew, Shall thrill us
 shout of.... loud ac-claim, To fan each fer - vent heart to flame, Thro' swift - ly



dear old class of ours, With torch and mask, in... cap and gown, Dear Nine - teen - seven.
 as we say a - dieu, Ere life the sol - emn gates un - bar, To Nine - teen - seven.
 fleet - ing years the same, Thine ar-dent wor - ship - ers a - lone, Fair Nine - teen - seven.

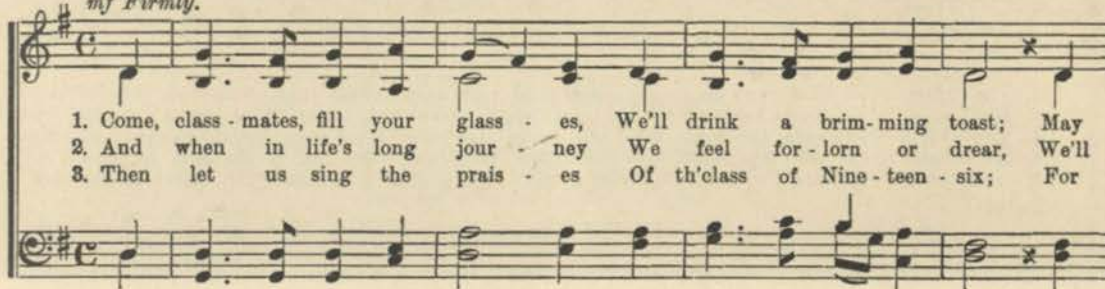
1906 CLASS SONG.

(MIXED VOICES.)

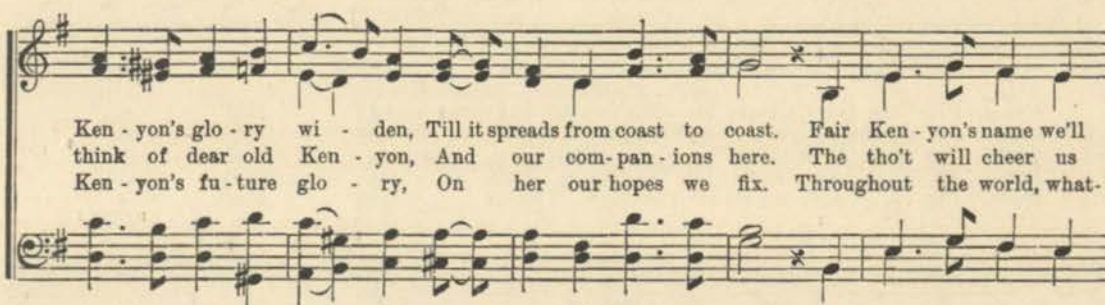
Words by L. S. Dederick, '05.

Tune:—"Andreas Hofer."

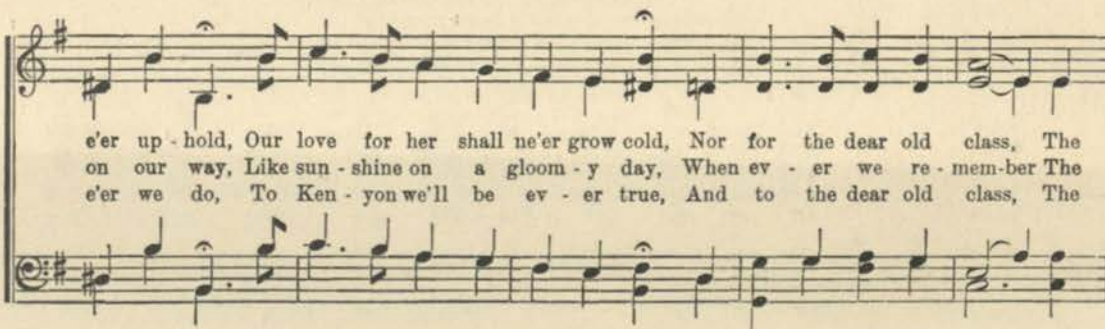
mf Firmly.



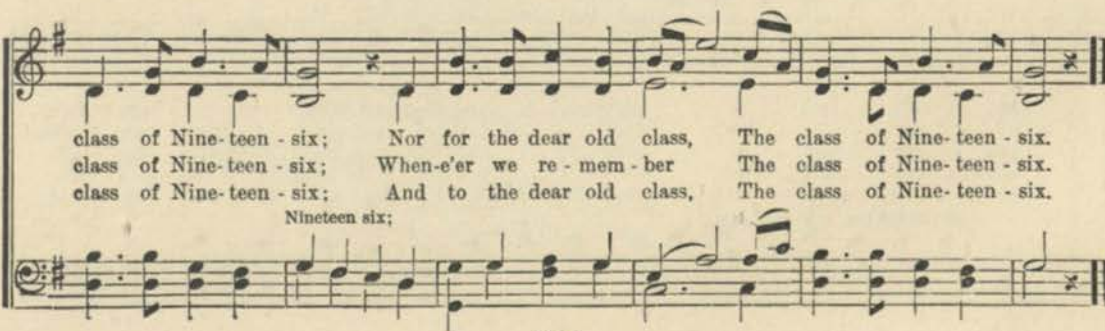
1. Come, class - mates, fill your glass - es, We'll drink a brim - ming toast; May
2. And when in life's long jour - ney We feel for - lorn or drear, We'll
3. Then let us sing the prais - es Of th' class of Nine - teen - six; For



Ken - yon's glo - ry wi - den, Till it spreads from coast to coast. Fair Ken - yon's name we'll
think of dear old Ken - yon, And our com - pan - ions here. The tho't will cheer us
Ken - yon's fu - ture glo - ry, On her our hopes we fix. Throughout the world, what -



e'er up - hold, Our love for her shall ne'er grow cold, Nor for the dear old class, The
on our way, Like sun - shine on a gloom - y day, When ev - er we re - mem - ber The
e'er we do, To Ken - yon we'll be ev - er true, And to the dear old class, The




class of Nine - teen - six; Nor for the dear old class, The class of Nine - teen - six.
class of Nine - teen - six; When - e'er we re - mem - ber The class of Nine - teen - six.
class of Nine - teen - six; And to the dear old class, The class of Nine - teen - six.
Nineteen six;

PHILANDER CHASE.

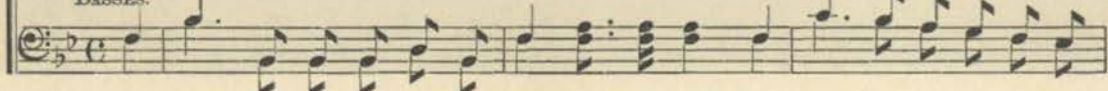
Words by the Rev. George Franklin Smythe, D.D. Tune:—"The Pope."
Boldly. Arranged by Alfred Kingsley Taylor, '06.

TENORS. *f*




1. The first of Ken-yon's good - ly race, good - ly race, Was that great man, Phi-lan-der
 2. He dug up stones, he chopp'd down trees, chopp'd down trees, He sail'd a - cross the storm-y
 3. The king, the queen, the lords, the earls, lords, the earls, They gave their crowns, they gave their
 4. He built the col - lege, built the dam, built the dam, He milk'd the cow, he smok'd the
 5. And thus he work'd with all his might, all his might, For Ken - yon Col - lege day and

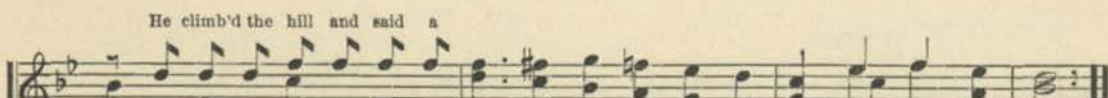
BASSES.



Chase, Phi - lan - der Chase; He climb'd the hill and said a
 seas, the storm - y seas, And begg'd at ev - ery no - ble's
 pearls, they gave their pearls, Un - til Phi - lan - der had e -
 ham, he smok'd the ham; He taught the class - es, rang the
 night, day.... and night; And Ken - yon's heart still keeps a
 He climb'd the hill and said a



pray - er,.... And found - ed Ken - yon Col - lege there; He climb'd the
 door,.... And al - so that of Han - nah Moore; And begg'd at
 nough,.... And hur - ried home - ward with the stuff; Un - til Phi -
 bell,.... And spank'd the naught - y Fresh - men well; He taught the
 place,.... Of love for old Phi - lan - der Chase; And Ken - yon's



He climb'd the hill and said a
 hill and said a pray'r,.... And found-ed Ken - yon Col - lege there.
 ev - ery no - ble's door,.... And al - so that of Han - nah Moore.
 lan - der had e - nough,.... And hur - ried home - ward with the stuff.
 class - es, rang the bell,.... And spank'd the naughty Fresh - men well.
 heart still keeps a place,.... Of love for old Phi - lan - der Chase.
 He climb'd the hill and said a

THE CELEBRITIES.

Tune:—"The Pope."

- 1 I tell you what, we're glad to see
The face of Mr. Carnegie;
In fact, so glad we'd find it handy
If he would let us call him "Andy."
- 2 Our life is measured by a span,
But here to-day we have a man;
For CENTURIES he is the builder—
And that is Richard Watson Gilder.
- 3 How can a mother e'er forsake
Her dandy boy who takes the cake!
So there is one who's not forsook—
And that is Colonel John McCook.
- 4 They say it's rather ticklish when
You beard the lion in his den;
But Grosvenor says that's not at all
To tackling Douglass in his hall.
- 5 In darkest days of bloody strife,
His efforts saved the Nation's life;
Tho' history may of generals rant on,
Behind them all stood Edwin Stanton.
- 6 Queen Bess a mere old queen was she;
By open hearth she'd drink her tea;
Convert her ire to irony,
And roll out tons of raillery.
- 7 Of "Bessemer" and "open hearth"
There's now a royalty on earth;
Tho' honesty is on his seal,
They say he is the King of Steel.
- 8 Though it may be Lese-majeste
To sing of the episcopacy,
Yet one of Kenyon's greatest crops
Is in her harvest of Bishops.
- 9 Then there's his Grace of Ohio,
Whose churchmanship is not so low,
But should you ask if low enough,
He'd very promptly call the bluff.
- 10 Nor would we ever be content
If we omitted Boyd Vincent;
Had we not voted Kenyon "dry,"
We'd fill for him our glasses high.

NOTE.—Sung by the Glee Club at the luncheon given in honor of Mr. Andrew Carnegie on Stanton Day, April 26, 1906.

UNCLE MARK.

Words by the Rev. George F. Smythe.

Tune:—"The Pope."

- 1 One summer day, as Uncle Mark
Was strolling in the Kenyon Park,
They took and hauled him to the gym
And made a doctor out of him.
- 2 "If I'm a Doctor, then," says he,
"Tis not of homœopathy!
So take in place of little pill
This fifty-thousand-dollar bill."
- 3 Good Doctor Mark, already we
Experience new vitality!
If other doctors dosed like that,
How quickly we'd grow plump and fat!

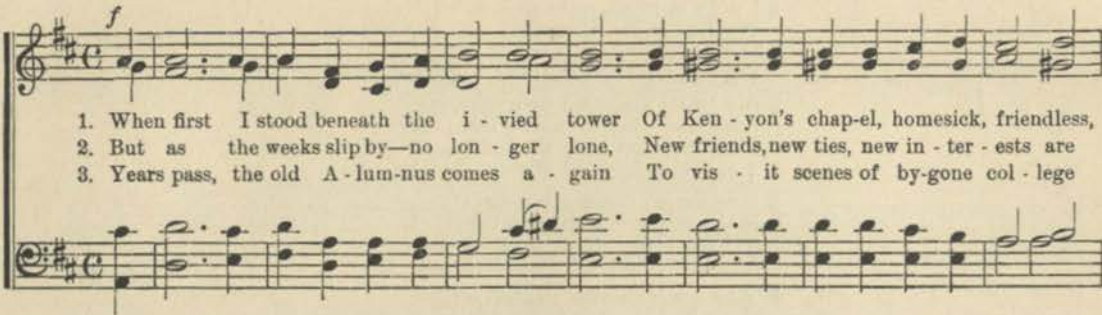
NOTE.—Written especially for the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of Hanna Hall, Nov. 8, 1902, and sung by the Glee Club at the luncheon given that day in honor of the late Marcus A. Hanna.

THE CHAPEL PEAL.

Words by Clarence H. Foster, '00.

Music by Alfred Kingsley Taylor, '06.

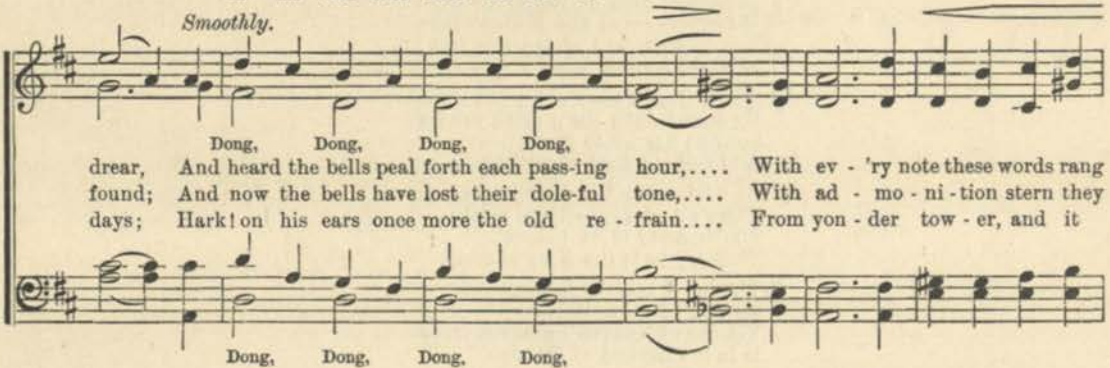
f



1. When first I stood beneath the i - vied tower Of Ken - yon's chap-el, homesick, friendless,
 2. But as the weeks slip by—no lon - ger lone, New friends, new ties, new in - ter - ests are
 3. Years pass, the old A - lum-nus comes a - gain To vis - it scenes of by-gone col - lege

heard the bells peal forth each pass - ing
 now the bells have lost their dole - ful
 on his ears once more the old re -

Smoothly.



Dong, Dong, Dong, Dong,
 drear, And heard the bells peal forth each pass-ing hour,... With ev - 'ry note these words rang
 found; And now the bells have lost their dole-ful tone,... With ad - mo - ni - tion stern they
 days; Hark! on his ears once more the old re - frain.... From yon - der tow - er, and it

Dong, Dong, Dong, Dong,

1ST REFRAIN.

"O Freshman green, from home so far, Now shall you see how small you are."

Mournfully.

mf



loud and clear:
 now re - sound:
 seems to say: } *Humming.....*

2D REFRAIN.

"Get up and put your trousers on, For all your chap - el cuts are gone."

Quickly.

Slowly and sadly.

mf



Humming.....

p

THE CHAPEL PEAL.

3D REFRAIN.

"Life's brightest hours are when one dwells In hear-ing of these chap-el bells."

Brightly.

Humming.....

ONCE MORE WE GATHER HERE.*

Words by Ralph Keeler, '62.

Tune:—"America."

1. Once more we gath - er here, Round our old Nu Pi dear,
 2. Old and new fac - es bow Low at thy al - tar now
 3. We now, as glad a throng As ev - er swelled thy song,
 4. Let the hills catch the strain, And ech - o back a - gain

A grate - ful throng. Thine is our of - fer - ing, And we'll thy
 True sons of thine. Cheered on through ev - 'ry stage, Toil we in
 Hymn our de - light. Join ev - 'ry plight - ed son: Sing of the
 Name we a - dore. Long live our Ken - yon's pride: The "cres - cent"

prais - es sing, Till thy grand arch - es ring Back.. our glad song.
 youth or age— Of our hearts' pil - grim - age Thou . art the shrine.
 vic - t'ry won; Shout till we.. wake the sun! Shout! shout to - night!
 rules the tide; Thus! thus may it a - bide Now— ev - er - more.

* Supper Song of Nu Pi Kappa.


1904 CLASS SONG.

Words by Horace McCook Billingsley, '04.


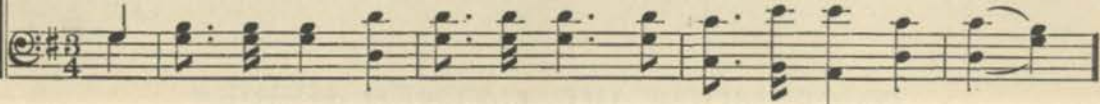
Tune:—"Maryland."

Arranged by Alfred Kingsley Taylor, '06.


f



1. There stands on Gam - bier's wood - ed hill An aged and vine - clad hall, ...
2. Come, class - mates, join the hap - py throng, While songs ring loud and clear; ...
3. And in the years that are to come, When life seems dull and cold, ...




That seems to us more sa - cred now Than back in Fresh - man fall; ...
Fill up your steins and drink a toast, And drink it down, sin - cere, ...
Look back up - on the times you had, Those hal - cyon days of old; ...



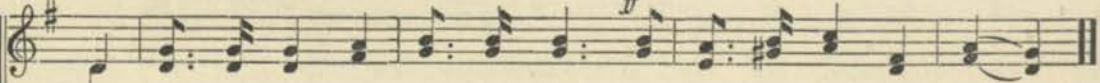
cres.




For Ken - yon has for us her sons Taught else than an - cient lore, ...
To Ken - yon and to Ken - yon's sons, With good luck more and more, ...
And in your hearts may still there be That love which we a - dore, ...



f



In teach - ing us to love the Class— The Class of Nine - teen - four....
Re - fill your steins and then a - gain, To dear old Nine - teen - four....
That love for Ken - yon and the Class, The Class of Nine - teen - four....



1903 CLASS SONG.

Words by Allan F. Muter, '03.

Tune:—"Evening on the Campus."

Andante.
TENORS.



p 1. When soft - ly o'er the cam - pus The twi - light set - tles down,
 2. And as the stars shine bright - ly, And Lu - na sheds her beams
f 3. *Aye let us sing her prais - es, And sing them with a will,

BASSES.




And cov - ers with its man - tle The build - ings sere and brown,
 Up - on the grand old build - ings In bright and glo - rious streams,
 Each prom - ise to be faith - ful To her through good and ill;



Brightly.



Then up the path the ech - o rings, As Nine - teen - three her hom - age brings
 The ech - oes still are fly - ing free, With ac - cents full of mel - o - dy,
 No mat - ter what our lot may be, We al - ways shall be true to thee,




To Ken - yon, dear old Ken - yon, The col - lege on the hill.
 For Ken - yon, dear old Ken - yon, The col - lege on the hill.
 Our moth - er, dear old Ken - yon, The col - lege on the hill.



* The time in the third verse should be quickened.

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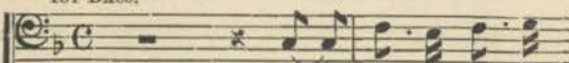
CHIME SONG.

Words by A. L. M. Gottschalk, '96.

Music by Mrs. J. E. Buttles.



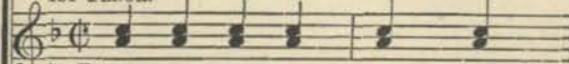
1ST BASS.



f

1. There came a lit - tle
2. Then by dint of ear - nest
3. Soon he grew to be a
4. And... when he was a

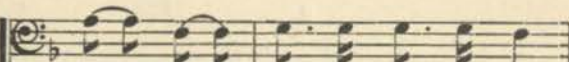
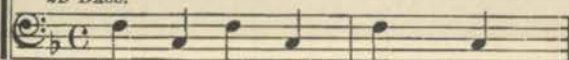
1ST TENOR.



2D TENOR.

mf Tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum,

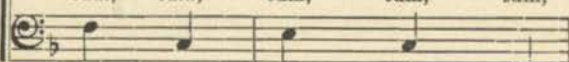
2D BASS.



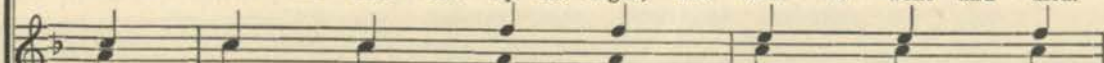
Freshman at... col - lege for to dwell,
la - bor and ac - cu - mu - lat - ed lore,
Ju - nior, with his load of Ju - nior cares;
Se - nior, a Se - nior in his pride,



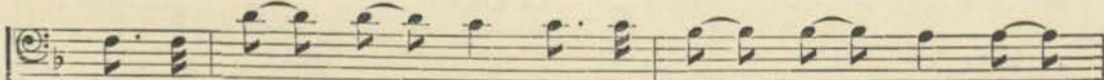
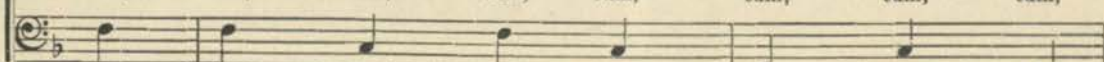
tum, tum, tum, tum, tum,



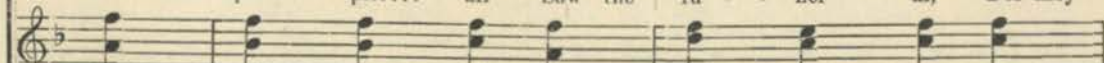
And the first thing that he noticed was the col - lege chap - el bell,
He.... found him - self the next year a Ken - yon Soph - o - more.
And he "flunked" his rec - i - ta - tions and he "cut" his morn - ing prayers,
He.... went and stud - ied up one night, and then he went and died.



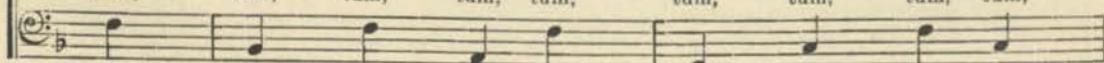
tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum,



With the cu - ri - ous.... strain Of its old re - frain, That..
But his head be - gan to swell And he heeded not the knell Of....
And he went... a - stray, Up..... Har - court way, And the
And the peo - ple.... all Saw the fu - - - - - al, For they



tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum,



CHIME SONG.

wouldn't... cease from haunt - ing his mi - cro - scop - ic brain.
 warn - ing ad - mo - ni - tion from the nois - y chap - el bell.
 old..... bells..... clanged in.... sad..... dis - - may.
 bur - ied him in state... at.... Bex - - ley..... Hall.

tum, tum, tum, tum tum, tum, tum.

TENORS. *The First Quarter.* *The Second Quarter.*

Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Young man, you're wrong! Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong!

BASSES.

The Third Quarter. *The Full Hour.*

Young man, you're wrong, You won't last long; Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong!

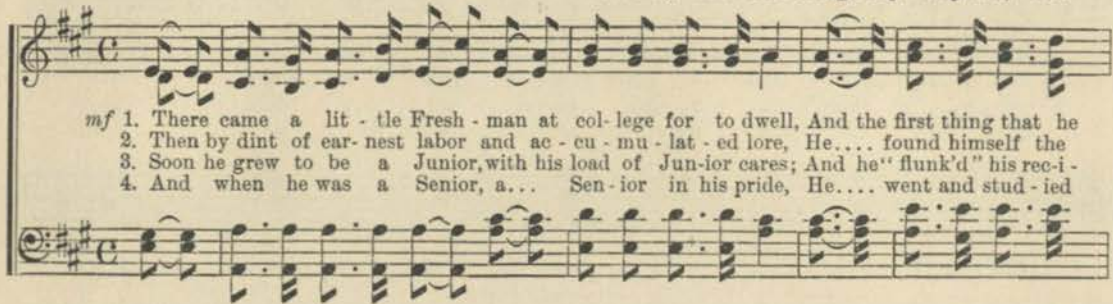
Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Boom!

CHIME SONG.

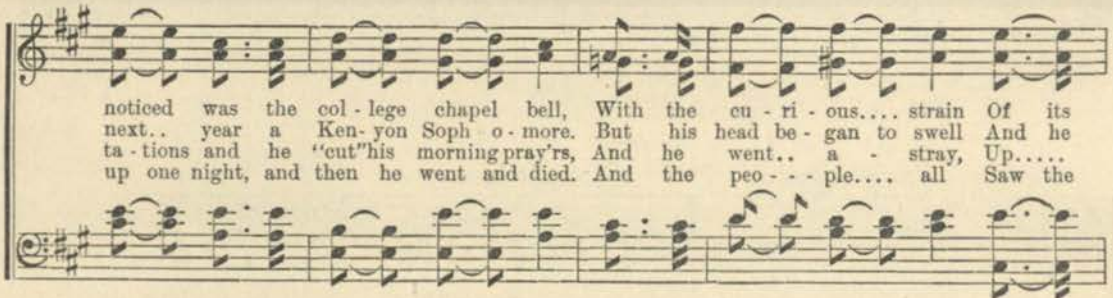
(MIXED VOICES.)

Words by A. L. M. Gottschalk, '96.

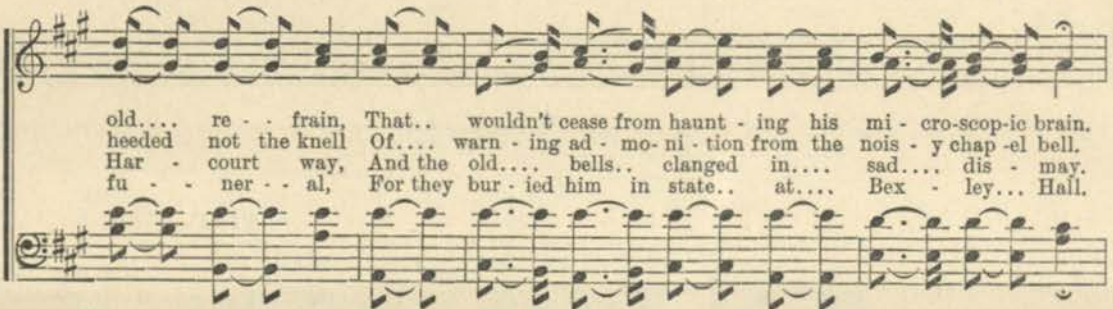
Music by Mrs. J. E. Buttles.
Arr. by Alfred Kingsley Taylor, '06.



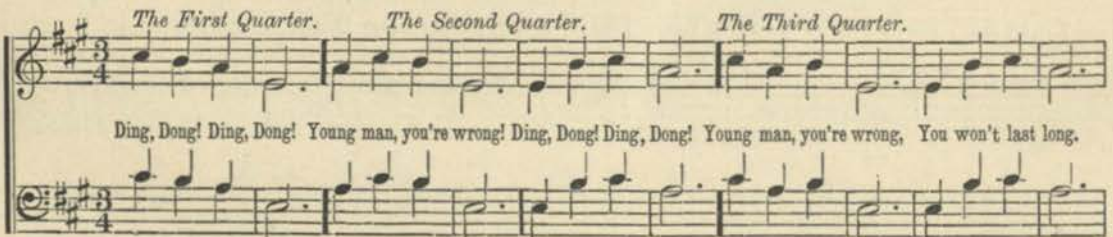
mf 1. There came a lit - tle Fresh - man at col - lege for to dwell, And the first thing that he
2. Then by dint of ear - nest labor and ac - cu - mu - lat - ed lore, He.... found himself the
3. Soon he grew to be a Junior, with his load of Jun - ior cares; And he "flunk'd" his rec - i -
4. And when he was a Senior, a... Sen - ior in his pride, He.... went and stud - ied



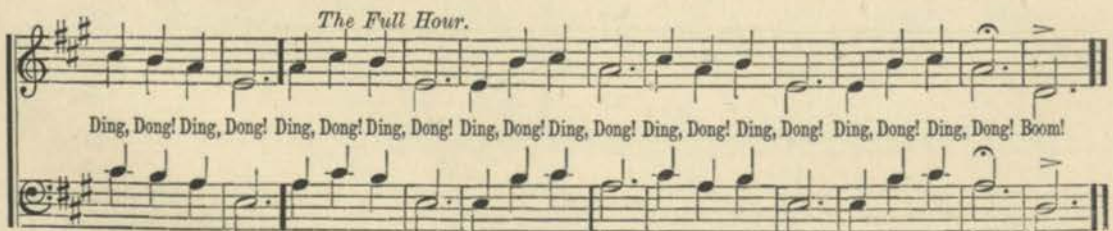
noticed was the col - lege chapel bell, With the cu - ri - ous.... strain Of its
next.. year a Ken - yon Soph o - more. But his head be - gan to swell And he
ta - tions and he "cut" his morning pray'rs, And he went.. a - stray, Up.....
up one night, and then he went and died. And the peo - ple.... all Saw the



old... re - - frain, That.. wouldn't cease from haunt - ing his mi - cro - scop - ic brain.
heeded not the knell Of.... warn - ing ad - mo - ni - tion from the nois - y chap - el bell.
Har - court way, And the old.... bells.. clang'd in.... sad.... dis - may.
fu - - ner - - al, For they bur - ied him in state.. at.... Bex - ley... Hall.



The First Quarter. *The Second Quarter.* *The Third Quarter.*
Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Young man, you're wrong! Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Young man, you're wrong, You won't last long.



The Full Hour.
Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Ding, Dong! Boom!

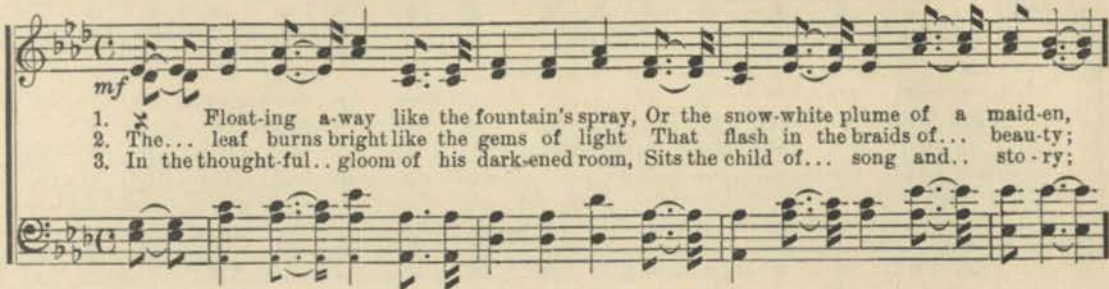
SMOKING SONG.

Words by Hon. F. M. Finch, Yale, '49.

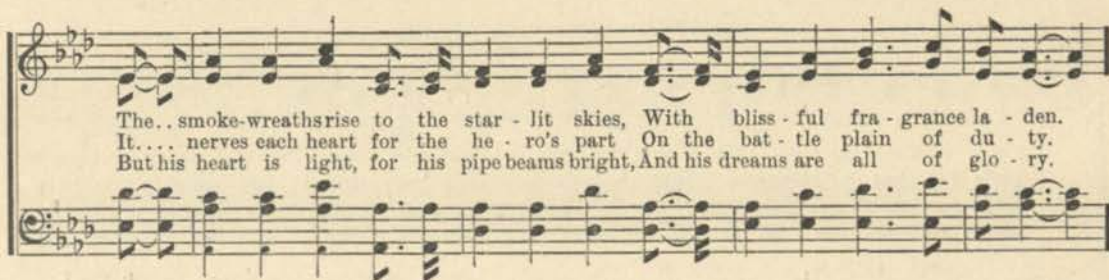
Tune:—"Southern Melody."

Arranged by Alfred Kingsley Taylor, '06.

mf



1. Float-ing a-way like the fountain's spray, Or the snow-white plume of a maid-en,
 2. The... leaf burns bright like the gems of light That flash in the braids of... beau-ty;
 3. In the thought-ful.. gloom of his dark-ened room, Sits the child of... song and.. sto-ry;

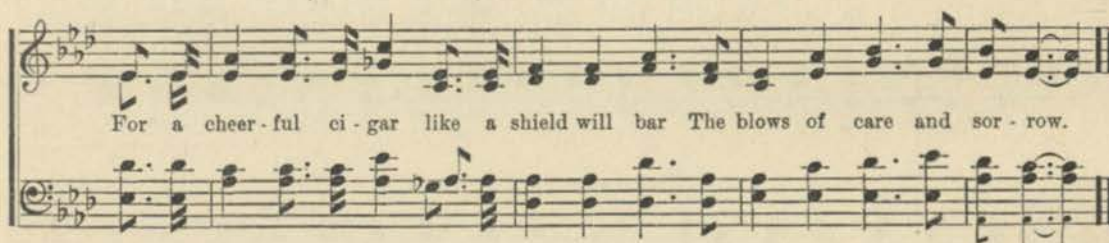


The... smoke-wreaths rise to the star-lit skies, With bliss-ful fra-grance la-den.
 It... nerves each heart for the he-ro's part On the bat-tle plain of du-ty.
 But his heart is light, for his pipe beams bright, And his dreams are all of glo-ry.

CHORUS.



f
 Then smoke a-way till the gold-en gray Lights up the dawn of the mor-row,



For a cheer-ful ci-gar like a shield will bar The blows of care and sor-row.

4 By the blazing fire sits the gray-haired sire,
 And infant arms surround him;
 And he smiles on all in that quaint old hall,
 While the smoke-curls float around him.—Cho.

5 In the forests grand of our native land,
 When the savage conflicts ended,
 The Pipe of Peace brought sweet release
 From toil and terror blended.—Cho.

6 The dark-eyed train of the maids of Spain,
 'Neath their arbor shades trip lightly;
 And gleaming cigars, like new-born stars,
 In the clasp of their lips burn brightly.—Cho.


7 It warms the soul, like the blushing bowl,
 With its rose-red burden streaming,
 And drowns it in bliss, like the first warm kiss
 From the lips with love-buds teaming.—Cho.

* Also frequently sung to the tune "Sparkling and Bright."

THE SHEEPSKIN.

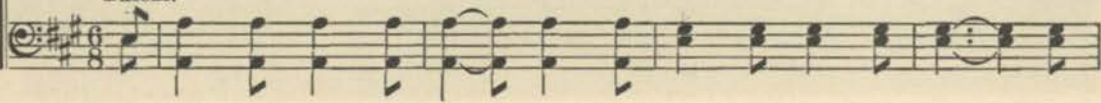

QUARTET.
TENORS.

Tune:—"My Last Cigar."





1. Green oaks are wav - ing o'er... us, Green grass be - neath our feet,... The
2. When first I saw a sheep - skin, In Prex - y's hands I spied it, I'd
3. I tell you what, my class - mates, My mind it is made up,... I'm
4. Then swell the cho - rus loud - er, And make the old oaks ring; Re -


BASSES.

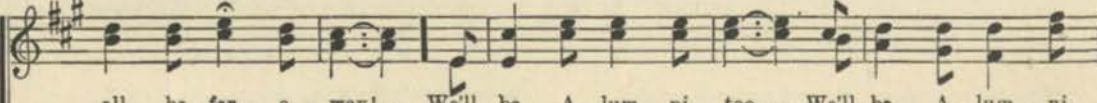
ring is round, and on the ground We sit, a class com - plete; But when these oaks have shed
giv'n my hat and boots, I would, Just to have been be - side it; But now ex - am - i -
com - ing back three years from now, To take that sil - ver cup;.. I'll...bring a - long the
mem - ber, fel - lows, one and all, This is our part - ing "sing;" And.. blow the smoke and


their.. leaves, This grass is turned to hay,... We jol - ly souls that now are here Will
nation's passed, I've "skinned" and "fiz - zled" through, And thus, in spite of scrapes and pranks, I'll
re - qui - site— A lit - tle white-haired lad, With "bib" and "tuck - er" all com - plete, And
mu - sic out In vol - ume full and strong, Till "Bex - ley Hall," the "Hill" and all, Shall



CHORUS.

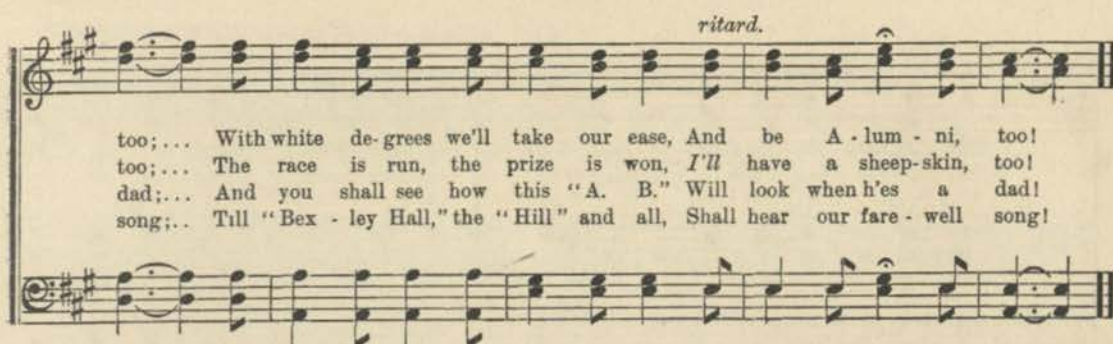


all be far a - way!.. We'll be A - lum - ni, too,... We'll be A - lum - ni,
have a sheep - skin, too;.. I'll have a sheep - skin, too,... I'll have a sheep - skin
I shall be his dad;.. And I shall be his dad,... And I shall be his
hear our fare - well song;. Shall hear our fare - well song;.. Shall hear our fare - well



THE SHEEPSKIN.

ritard.



too;... With white de-grees we'll take our ease, And be A-lum-ni, too!
 too;... The race is run, the prize is won, I'll have a sheep-skin, too!
 dad;... And you shall see how this "A. B." Will look when h'es a dad!
 song;.. Till "Bex-ley Hall," the "Hill" and all, Shall hear our fare-well song!

1902 CLASS SONG.

Words by Walter T. Collins, '03.

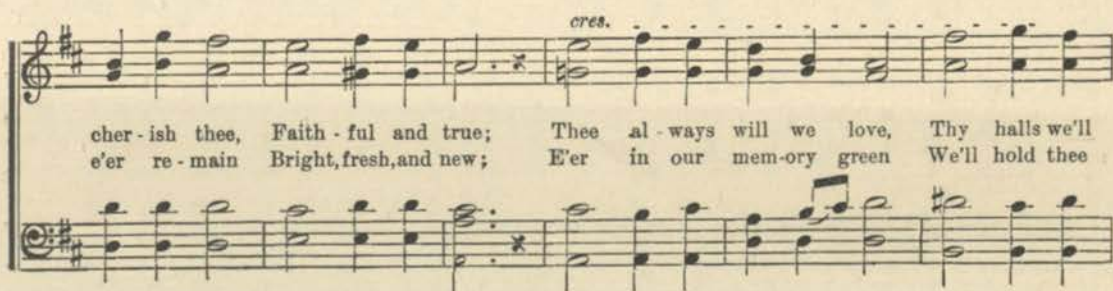
Tune:—"How Can I Leave Thee."
 Arr. by Alfred Kingsley Taylor, '06.

mf



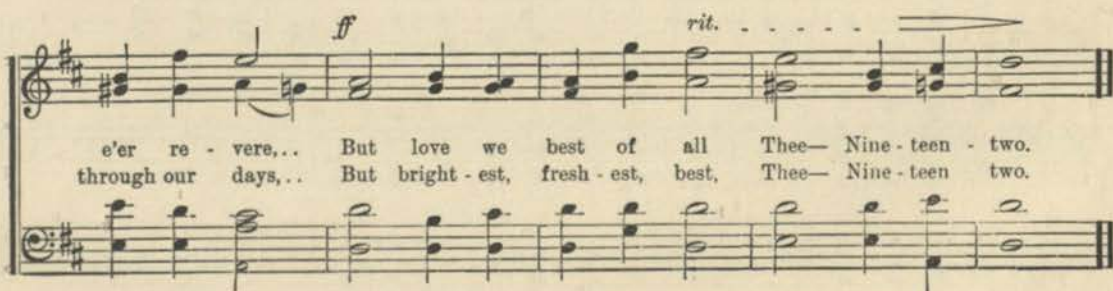
1. We are thy true sons, Ken-yon, Old Moth-er dear, Fond-ly we'll
 2. When through the wide world We go our sev-eral ways, Ken-yon will

cres.



cher-ish thee, Faith-ful and true; Thee al-ways will we love, Thy halls we'll
 e'er re-main Bright, fresh, and new; E'er in our mem-ory green We'll hold thee

f *rit.*



e'er re-vere,... But love we best of all Thee—Nine-teen-two.
 through our days,... But bright-est, fresh-est, best, Thee—Nine-teen two.

KENYON, 1904.

Tune:—"Annie Lisle."

QUARTET.

1. Far a - bove Ko - ko-sing's wa - ters, With its ram-parts bold, Stands our no - ble
2. Far a - bove the peace-ful dreaming Of old Gam-bier town, From the az - ure

CHORUS.

Al - ma Ma - ter, Glo - rious to be - hold, Raise the cho - rus, speed it on - ward,
vaults of heav - en Looks she glo - rious down. Raise the cho - rus, speed it on - ward,

Loud our praise out - pour, Hail - ing her, our Al - ma Ma - ter, Ken - yon, nineteen - four.

'99 CLASS SONG.

Words by Warren Howard Mann, '00.

Tune:—"Shoo Fly."

Melody in 2D TENOR.

Arranged by Alfred Kingsley Taylor, '06.

TENORS,

1. Come, class-mates, fill your glass-es, Fill them with spark-ling wine, And
2. Our Fresh-man year's a mem'-ry, Gone, too, our Soph-o-more, And

then we'll drink to-gether A toast to Nine-ty-nine; And
soon our friends and com-rades Will know us here no more; But

in the years be-fore us, What-e'er our sta-tion be, With
what's the use of griev-ing? We've run our course full well, And

CHORUS. *ff*

fond-est rec-ol-lee-tions We will re-mem-ber thee. Classmates, come, gath-er 'round,
in the years be-fore us Our prais-es loud will swell. Classmates, come, gath-er 'round,

With ties of friendship bound; Shout out in u-ni-son, Nine-ty-nine, and Old Ken-yon.

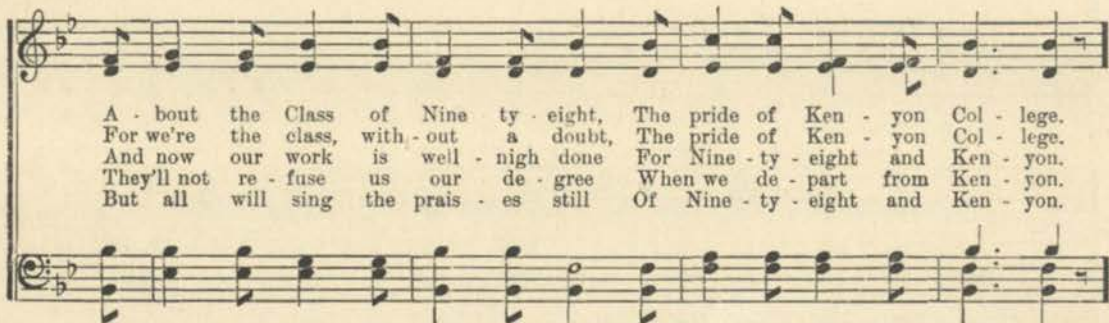
'98 AND KENYON.

Words by
Daniel Le B. Goodwin, '97.

Tune:—
"The King of the Cannibal Islands."

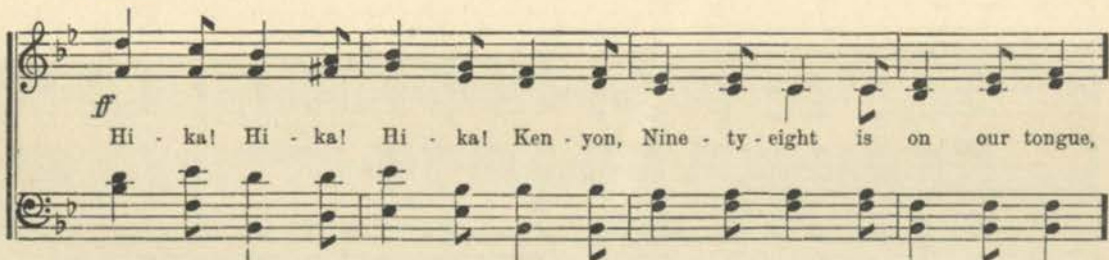


1. Oh! have you heard our song of late? For if you've not, we'll now re-late
2. Come, classmates, now we'll raise a shout, And ev-'ry-one will know we're out;
3. We've shone as bright as noon-day sun, We've many a hard-fought bat-tle won,
4. The Fac-ul-ty al-ways a-gree That such a class they ne'er did see,
5. But when we leave old Gam-bier Hill They'll find it hard our place to fill;

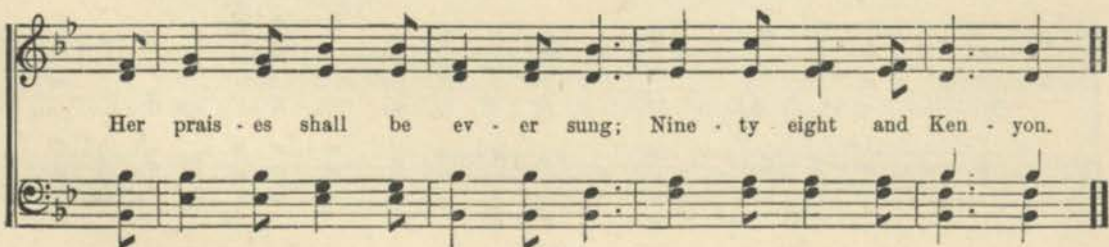


A-bout the Class of Nine-ty-eight, The pride of Ken-yon Col-lege.
For we're the class, with-out a doubt, The pride of Ken-yon Col-lege.
And now our work is well-nigh done, For Nine-ty-eight and Ken-yon.
They'll not re-fuse us our de-gree When we de-part from Ken-yon.
But all will sing the prais-es still Of Nine-ty-eight and Ken-yon.

CHORUS.



Hi-ka! Hi-ka! Hi-ka! Ken-yon, Nine-ty-eight is on our tongue,



Her prais-es shall be ev-er sung; Nine-ty-eight and Ken-yon.

THE FRESHMAN SONG.

Words by
the Rt. Rev. Francis K. Brooke, '74.

Music by
the Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex. '92.

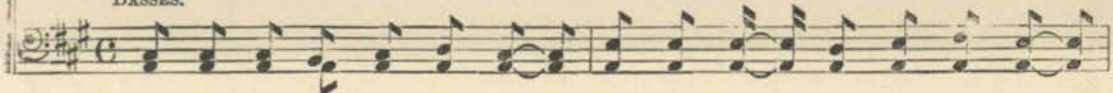
TENORS.

With exaggerated seriousness.



1. Here as Fresh-men we have come, And we think that we are "some,"
2. We are strong and we are wise, We've a taste for ap - ple pies,
3. We know Vir - gil well, and Ho - mer, "Fresh" for us .. is a mis - no - mer

BASSES.



Second system of musical notation for Tenors and Basses. The Tenor part is on a treble clef and the Bass part is on a bass clef, both in the same key and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

And we guess, and we guess, That there nev - er was a class..
Ver - y sweet, ver - y sweet. We in - tend to be good boys..
We re - pel, we re - pel. In Al - ge - bra we are might - y,

rit. *a tempo.*

Third system of musical notation for Tenors and Basses. The Tenor part is on a treble clef and the Bass part is on a bass clef, both in the same key and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Which so clev - er - ly did pass,.. You'll con - fess, you'll con - fess.
Though we some - times make a noise.. Hard to beat, hard to beat.
Though our spell - ing is but flight-y, Truth to tell, truth to tell.

rit.

4 In Geometry (by Tappan),
Scarcely ever does it happen,
But we shine (but we shine).
For our speeches and our essays
We'll be famed, Professor guesses,
They're so fine (they're so fine).

5 Oh, 'tis pleasant to be learning,
Our old ignorance to be spurning
More and more (more and more),
And, perhaps, there's more to learn of,
When the standing we shall earn of
Sophomore (Sophomore).



HIKA SONG.

Words by
Canon Orville E. Watson, Bex. '92.

Music by
Alfred Kingsley Taylor, '06.

f Con spirito.

1. Oh! it's Ken - yon on the cam - pus, and it's Ken - yon on the hill, Hi - ka, hi - ka,
 2. Oh! it's Ken - yon on the di-amond, and it's Ken - yon on the field, Hi - ka, hi - ka,
 3. Oh! it's Ken - yon for a friend-ship, and it's Ken - yon with a grip, Hi - ka, hi - ka,

f

hi - ka, all the day! Oh! it's Ken - yon with a spir - it, and it's Ken - yon with a will,
 hi - ka, all your might! Oh! it's Ken - yon nev - er fal - ter, and it's Ken - yon nev - er yield,
 hi - ka, all the night! Oh! it's Ken - yon in the gloam-ing with a song up - on the lip,

f *p*

Hi - ka, hi - ka, hi - ka, and a - way! When the val - ley's fill'd with the sun and the dew,
 Hi - ka, hi - ka, hi - ka, for a fight! When the men line up and... all grows.. still,
 Hi - ka, hi - ka, hi - ka, till day-light! When the dark-some owl lifts his on - ly.... tune,

HIKA SONG.

cres. *f*

And the wak - ing world wants its dreams come.. true, Then it's Ken - yon, then it's
 And the bright eyes watch from the slope of the hill, Then it's Ken - yon, then it's
 And the far watch - dog bays... un - der the moon, Then it's Ken - yon, then it's

f

Ken - yon, and a - way!... Then it's Ken - yon, then it's Ken - yon, and a - way!
 Ken - yon for a fight!... Then it's Ken - yon, then it's Ken - yon for a fight!
 Ken - yon all the night!... Then it's Ken - yon, then it's Ken - yon all the night!

THE SOPHOMORE SONG.

Words by
 the Rt. Rev. Francis K. Brooke, '74.

Music by
 the Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex. '02.

In lively march time.

mf TENORS.

1. We are the Soph - o - mor - ie youth, And we have grown so smart, so smart, That
 2. And we must scare the Fresh - men With trick and prank and fu - rious yells, And
 3. And we must court ex - pul - sion By ma - ny, ma - ny wild as - sults, On

BASSES.

we can prove the cir - cle square, The whole less than a part..... Of
 we must tease the jan - i - tor, By steal - ing clap - pers from the bells. Ev -
 ev - 'ry col - lege rule and law, And nev - er own our faults..... It

more.

p *expres.*

ped - a - gogues we have no fear, You could not ring from us... a tear.
 ry tra - di - tion we'll ful - fill; Per - haps in - vent pranks sil - li - er still.
 is an - cient, hon - or - ed rule, The Soph'-more oft must play.. the fool.

THE JUNIOR SONG.

Words by the
Rt. Rev. Francis K. Brooke, '74.

Music by the
Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex, '02.

Lively.
TENORS.

lay.
shores, . . .
path . . .
wise, . . .

1. The Jun - ior is a hap - py man and joy - ous is his lay, his lay. He
2. For he has passed his Ru - bi - con and stands up - on those shores, those shores, Whence
3. Fresh-man, be - ware; you'd best take care, nor dare to cross his path, his path, For the
4. Oh, 'tis jolly to be a Jun - ior, then, a Jun - ior handsome and wise, and wise, To

BASSES.

day. . . .
mores. . . .
wrath. . . .
skies, . . .

takes good cheer when-e'er he can, by night and eke by day, by day. Tho' Phys-ics be a
he looks back and smiles up - on the tricks of Soph - o - mores, o - mores. Once he was full of
bounds of caste must not be passed; Dire is the Jun - ior's wrath, his wrath. There's a ten - der tone in his
know so much about French and Dutch and with tele - scopes sweep the skies, the skies; To be honored and petted by

dread - ful bore, and Aes - chy - lus the same, . . . His jol - ly heart is
non - sense, too, but that's a day gone by, . . . Some - times he grins as he
ser - e - nades, there are ribbons and flow'rs in the drawer, . . . Where he keeps his collars and
Prex. and Prof. be - cause we have wis - dom ac - quired. . . . To be able to scoff at the

the same,
gone by,
the drawer,
ac - quired,

molto rit.

nev - er sore, his cheek ne'er tinged with shame, . . . his cheek ne'er tinged with shame.
counts his sins; some-times he heaves a sigh, . . . some-times he heaves a sigh.
cuffs, fair maids, 'tis you know what they're for, . . . 'tis you know what they're for.
ig - no - rant Soph., and by all the sweet girls be ad - mired, . . . and by all the sweet girls be ad - mired.

molto rit.

THE BULL-DOG.

Moderato.
SOLO. 1ST TENOR.

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank! Oh! the

Solo. 2D BASS.

And the bull-frog in the pool;

CHORUS. *Piu Allegro.*

bull-dog on the bank: Oh! the bull-dog on the

ritard. attacca il cho.

And the bull-frog in the pool;

bank, And the bull-frog in the pool. The bull-dog call'd the bull-frog A green old wa-ter fool.

CHOR

Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . . Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . . Singing

Repeat pp.

tra, la, la, Sing-ing tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, ia.

tra, la, la.

- 2 Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw;
The pollywog died a laughing
To see him wag his jaw.—CHO.
- 3 Says the monkey to the owl,
"Oh, what'll you have to drink?"

"Since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."—CHO.


- 4 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank;
Little Moses in the pool;
She fished him out with a ten-foot pole
And sent him off to school.—CHO.

THE SENIOR SONG.

Words by
the Rt. Rev. Francis K. Brooke, '74.


Music by
the Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex. '02.

TENORS. (*In lively march time.*)



1. Oh, with mor - tar board and gown we pa - rade a - bout the town,
2. We have la - bor'd for four years, oft with hopes and oft with fears,
3. Oh, it's well to be a Se - nior, to have Al - ma Ma - ter wean you,
4. For our Moth - er's touch was ten - der, and we pray that Heav'n may send her

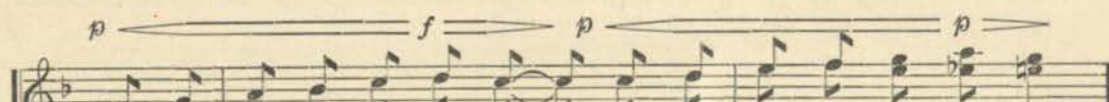
BASSES.





And we with - er un - der - class - men with a glance of our eyes;
Hap - py years of toil and pleas - ure, we have seen them glide a - way;
And... turn you out up - on the world to bring to her re - nown;
Sons to hon or and to bless her more and kind - er far than we;



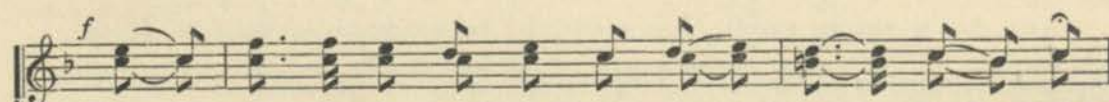
p *f* *p* *p*




We have al - most reach'd A. B..... we can ver - y near - ly see
And the out - look is but dim,... and the chan - ces are but slim,
Your com - mencement's ver - y nice,... but it is a heav - y price
May the skies be bright a - bove her, pros - per all who help and love her,



f



The soft col - or of the parch - ment that's be - fore us as the prize.
That we'll e'er a - gain be jol - ly as we are..... this.... day.
You.... have to pay to be a day's.... won - der to the town.
Ev' - ry good roll in up - on her, as the riv - ers to the sea.



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REFRAIN.

APPRECIATIONS.*

Arranged by Alfred Kingsley Taylor, '06.

Repeat as often as the stanzas require.

5 I can't compose a line worth
A cent, that rhymes with Schweinfurth,
So that's the reason we neglect
The praises of our architect.

(37)

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!

Marcato.

f

1. Cheer, boys, cheer! Our... col - lege life is o - ver; Our Al - ma Ma - ter's
 2. Cheer, boys, cheer! The... world is wide be - fore us, Our coun - try claims the
 3. Cheer, boys, cheer! Let... not one word of sor - row Be - dim the joy that
 4. Cheer, boys, cheer! For the days we've spent to - geth - er, With - out a care, in

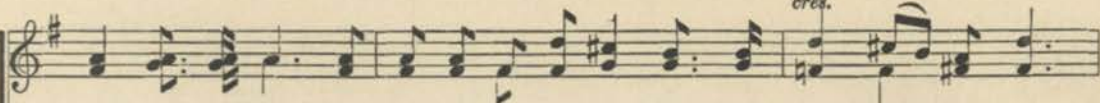
yoke is rent to - day; We leave her halls, but feel how well we love her,
 will - ing heart and hand; The way is clear and heav - en smil - ing o'er us,
 an - i - mates to - night. We part, 'tis true, but part in love to - mor - row;
 Ken - yon's si - lent shade; Old Ken - yon dear, bring myr - tle boughs and wreath - er,

Those cher - ished halls, where lin - g'ring fan - cies play. Back - ward to scenes where
 Ours be the will to la - bor for the land. Long have we toiled, while
 Let hearts be true, and all will then be bright. What though a tear, from
 Let mu - sic ring a - down the slo - ping glade. For now she spreads her


thoughtless days once found us, Poor mem - 'ry flies with love - sup - port - ed wing,
 Al - ma Ma - ter cheer - ing Led us a - long be - neath her guid - ing star;
 mem - 'ry's foun - tain start - ing, Tells of dis - tress far van - ished long a - go;
 man - tle here a - round us, To soothe our jour - ney o'er life's o - cean wide;

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!


cres.



Breathes on the ties that thro' the past have bound us, In - spir - ing rap - ture
 Now the re - ward is through the dis - tance peer - ing, Hope hies to grasp it
 'Tis but a trib - ute to the bliss of part - ing, It gilds the cup whence
 Draw close the ties that thro' the past hath bound us, And launch our bark up -





ff CHORUS.

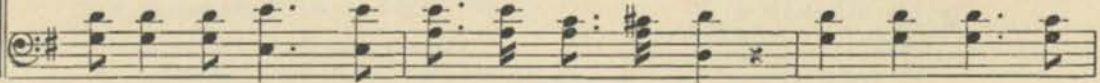



in the song we sing.
 in her blaz - ing car.
 life's best pleas - ures flow.
 on the flash - ing tide.


Cheer, boys, cheer! There's bright and sun - ny weath - er

To lure us on, and hope to lead the way; Cheer, boys, cheer! Join

hand and heart to - geth - er; Cheer, boys, cheer! For the long ex - pect - ed day.



SONG OF '98.

Words by the Rev. Wm. M. Sidener, '98.

Tune:—"Auld Lang Syne."

mf

1. Could we for-get Old Ken-yon dear, And nev-er more re-late The glo-ries of our
 2. The time is draw-ing ver-y near, And we must soon de-part, But mem'-ries fond of
 3. Our col-lege days have hap-py been, We dread to see them pass, But Nine-ty-eight has
 4. U-nit-ed we have stood thro' all The good or ill of Fate, U-nit-ed we shall

Ma-ter dear, And th' Class of Nine-ty-eight?
 Nine-ty-eight Are rife in ev-ry heart.
 prov'd her-self A tru-ly roy-al class.
 al-ways stand For dear old Nine-ty-eight.

The Class of Nine-ty-eight, my boys, The
 The Class of Nine-ty-eight, my boys, The
 The Class of Nine-ty-eight, my boys, The
 The Class of Nine-ty-eight, my boys, The

class of nine-ty-eight, Then loud-ly sing the prais-es of The class of nine-ty-eight.

PARTING ODE.

Tune:—"Auld Lang Syne."

- 1 The parting hour has come at last,
 That hour expected long;
 Yet, brothers, let us linger still,
 To sing one farewell song.
 CHORUS.
 Kenyonian days, farewell! farewell!
 We speak it with a sigh—
 To college life, with all its joys,
 We bid a sad good-bye.
- 2 Like some bright dream, our college days
 Have glided swiftly by;
 And o'er each scene, forever gone,
 Fond memory wakes a sigh.—CHO.
- 3 But from those voices of the past,
 The sweetest ever heard,
 In sadness now we turn away.
 And speak the parting word.—CHO.
- 4 Farewell, a fond farewell to thee,
 Our Alma Mater dear;

- So long as life itself shall last,
 Thy name we'll still revere.—CHO.
- 5 Whate'er our lot in days to come,
 Full oft we'll call to mind
 Thy gentle teachings and reproofs,
 So motherly and kind.—CHO.
- 6 Thy consecrated college walls
 Shall still be pictured o'er
 With visions of the olden time—
 The happy days of yore.—CHO.
- 7 And when, some forty years from now,
 Our locks are turned to gray,
 We'll joy in living o'er again
 The scenes so loved to-day.—CHO.
- 8 So now farewell, a fond farewell,
 O Alma Mater dear!
 As long as life itself shall last,
 Thy name we'll still revere.—CHO.

CLASS SONG OF '88.

Tune: "Suoni la Tromba."

Allegro vivace.

TENORS. *Melody in 2d Tenor.*

The first staff of music is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats), and features a forte (f) dynamic. It begins with a half-note chord of B-flat and D-flat, followed by a series of chords and melodic lines. The notation includes various musical symbols such as stems, beams, and accidentals.

- | | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------|---------------|-------------------------|------------|
| 1. Come, boys, and raise | your | voi - ces, | Ring out the joy - ous | song. |
| 2. The stars a - bove | are | twink - ling, | The moon has shed her | light, |
| 3. Like the brave oaks | a - bove | us | May our friend-ship be | as strong, |
| 4. When our fare-well | is | spo - ken, | Pre - pared for an - y | fate, |
| D.C. We'll sing to Eigh - ty - eight, | boys, | | The class so strong and | great, |

BASSES.

[illegible]

FINE.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is simple and consists of several measures, including some with triplets. The word "FINE" is written at the end of the staff.

| | | | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------|-------|------------|----------------------|
| The class that knows no | ri - val, | And | let . . . | your notes be long. |
| Em - blems of the | pleas - ure | Which | we . . . | en - joy to - night. |
| And may our love for | Ken - yon | Break | forth . . | in joy - ful song. |
| In each one's heart shall | ech - o | The | praise . . | of Eigh - ty-eight. |
| The class that's dear - est | to our hearts, | The | Class . . | of Eigh - ty-eight. |

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. This is followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note G4, and another quarter rest. The next measure contains a half note F#4, and the final measure of the system contains a half note E4. The system concludes with a double bar line.

CHORUS. *cres.*

[illegible]

We'll sing to Eight - ty - eight, boys, Through-out our col - lege days, . . . Till our

voi - ces are for - ev - er hushed Our class we'll al - ways praise, hur - rah !

IN COLLEGE DAYS.

Words by
Harold M. Bowman, Michigan, '00.*

Arranged by
Alfred Kingsley Taylor, '06.

mf

1. Where no one asks the "who" or "why," Where no one doth the sin-ner ply

With his em-bar-rass-ment of guile, Where's ne'er a frown but brings a smile,

f *p* *cres.*

And cares are crimes,—'tis.... sin to sigh, 'Tis wrong to let a jest go by,

dim.

And hope is truth and life is nigh The bourns of the En-chant-ed

* The words to this song first appeared in the "Michiganensian" of 1908, but later it became typically a song of "The Friars," a social organization at the University of Michigan, and is published here through the very kind permission of its author. The origin of the tune is doubtful, though it may have been improvised a few years following the writing of the song. The above arrangement no doubt differs somewhat from the original, but preserves as nearly as possible the form of the song as sung at Kenyon. Particular attention should be paid to the marks of expression.

IN COLLEGE DAYS.

p rit. *f Brightly.*

Isle,— In Col - lege Days, 2. Then raise the ros - y gob - let

high, The sing - er's chal - ice,— and be - lie The tongues that

dim.
rit.

trou - ble and de - file, For we have yet a lit - tle while

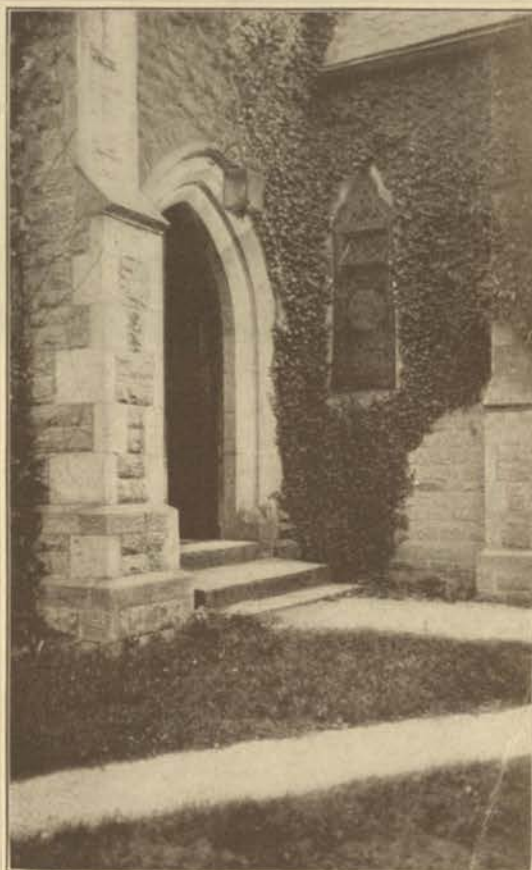
pp *>*

To lin - ger,— You— and... youth—and I,— In Col - lege Days,

HYMN OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Words by
Canon Orville E. Watson, Bex. '92.

Music by
the Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex. '02.



Con spirito.

1. O Ken-yon, rise and praise the God who
2. O Ken-yon, see the to-kens of cre-
3. O Ken-yon, know thy friendships and thy
4. O Ken-yon, kneel and vow thy fine en-

crown'd thee, And set thee on thy green and
a - tion, How life is vi - sion close pur-
pledg - es Are prom - is - es the fu - ture
deav - or, To dream thy dreams and work thy

pleas - ant hill; He who de - vised the
sued by will; And ev - 'ry goal is
must ful - fill; And earth - ly loves are
work un - til Truth's per - fect walls and

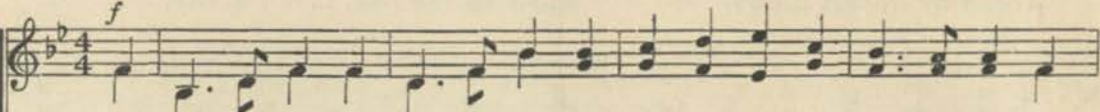
CHORUS.
woods and vales a - round thee, Un - folds the pro - cess of His pur - pose still. O God of
but a prep - a - ra - tion For some - thing no - bler on some high - er hill. O God of
but the rough - drawn edg - es Of loy - al - ties up - on some heav'nly Hill. O God of
tow - ers are for - ev - er Es - tab - lished on its im - mem - o - rial Hill. O God of

Ken-yon! Spir - it of vouth! Lord and Life - Giv - er, We praise Thy liv - ing Truth!
Ken-yon! Thou liv - ing Wind! Lord and Life - Giv - er, Grant us Thy Wing - ed Mind!
Ken-yon! Far - fly - ing Dove! Lord and Life - Giv - er, Grant us Thy Heart of Love!
Ken-yon, Called by Thy Name! Lord and Life - Giv - er, Grant us Thy Crown of Flame!



ODE TO KENYON.

Words by the Rev. John Cole McKim, '04. Tune:—"Die Wacht am Rhein."


f



1. The lords of Brit - ain's might - y realm First laid thy stones in this far land, They
 2. When nigh an hun - dred years have shed Their sev' - ral glo - ries on thy crown, Be -
 3. O Sen - a - tor of this fair land, Who join the great and glo - rious throng, The

built thy stal - wart walls, For count - less... years to stand.
 neath thy all - en - dur - ing walls, Where proud they... lift thy head,
 splen - dors of a cen - tu - ry Swell the re - - sound - ing song.




cres.



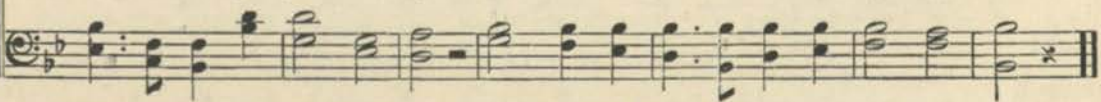
O no - ble Ken - yon, fear thou not, O no - ble Ken - yon, glad thy lot; Still as the
 We meet to add an - oth - er gem To that re - splen - dent di - a - dem; Still as the
 O no - ble Ken - yon, fear thou not, O no - ble Ken - yon, glad thy lot; Still as the



ff



wing - ed a - ges pass thee by, Still to thine aid the na - tions might - y fly.
 wing - ed a - ges pass thee by, Still to thine aid the na - tions might - y fly.
 wing - ed a - ges pass thee by, Still to thine aid the na - tions might - y fly.



Written on the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of Hanna Hall, Nov. 8, 1902.

O, MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.*

(MIXED VOICES.)

Words by Robert Burns.

Music by the Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex, '02.

mf *p*

1. O, my luv's like a red, red rose, That's new - ly sprung in June. O,
2. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And th' rocks melt wi' the sun; And

mf

my luv's like the mel - o - die That's sweet - ly played in tune. As fair art thou, my
I will luv thee still, my dear, While th' sands o' life shall run. And fare thee well, my

f *accel.*

bon - nie lass, So deep in luv am I, . . . And I will luv thee still, my dear, Till
on - ly luv! And fare thee well a - while! And I will come a - gain, my luv, Tho' it

f a tempo. *rit.*

a' the seas gang dry, And I will luv thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.
were ten thou-sand mile, And I will come a - gain, my luv, Tho' it were ten thou-sand mile.

* As sung by the Kenyon College Glee Club.

O, MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

Words by Robert Burns.

Music by the Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex., '02.
Male Quartet, Arr. by Dr. F. W. Blake, '80.

TENORS.

mf

1. O, my luv's like a red, red rose, That's new - ly sprung in June.
2. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And th' rocks melt wi' the sun;

BASSES.

p
O, my luv's like the mel - o - die That's sweet - ly play'd in tune.
And I will luv thee still, my dear, While th' sands o' life shall run.

mf
As fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, So deep in luv am I, . . . And
And fare thee well, my on - ly luv! And fare thee we! a - while! . . . And

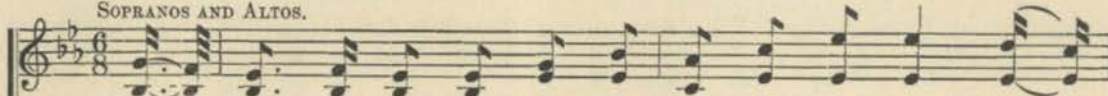
accel.
I will luv thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry, And
I will come a - gain, my luv, Tho' it were ten thou - sand mile, And

f a tempo. *rit.*
I will luv thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.
I will come a - gain, my luv, Tho' it were ten thou - sand mile.

'75 CLASS-DAY SONG.


Tune:—"Fair Harvard."
Arranged by Karl P. Harrington.

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.




1. Fast.. fli - eth the shut - tle of Time's might - y loom, The....
2. To - geth - er we've bat - tled, u - ni - ted in soul, In a
3. Fast.. fli - eth the shut - tle of Time's might - y loom, And from

TENORS AND BASSES.



Pres - ent, and aye weav - eth fast.... The... hur - ry - ing hours, with their
strength of a friend-ship un - feigned; A.... mo - ment, we lin - ger to -
out of the stir and the strife... Of.... mor - tals, is wo - ven, with



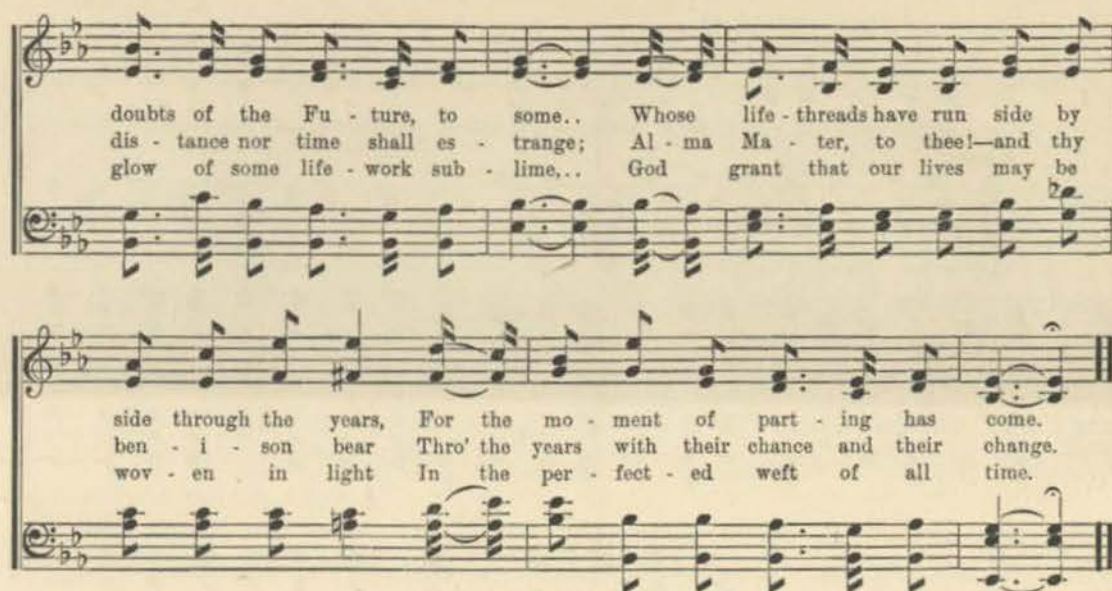
glow or their gloom, In the warp and the woof of the past..... Each
day at the goal, At the goal we to - geth - er have gained.... A
weav - ing of doom, The... Des - ti - ny pic - ture of life. Not



cast of the shut - tle is heav - y with fears And with
mo - ment we pause and our fe - al - ty swear, Which nor
dark - ened with wrong and with er - ror, but bright With the

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'75 CLASS-DAY SONG.

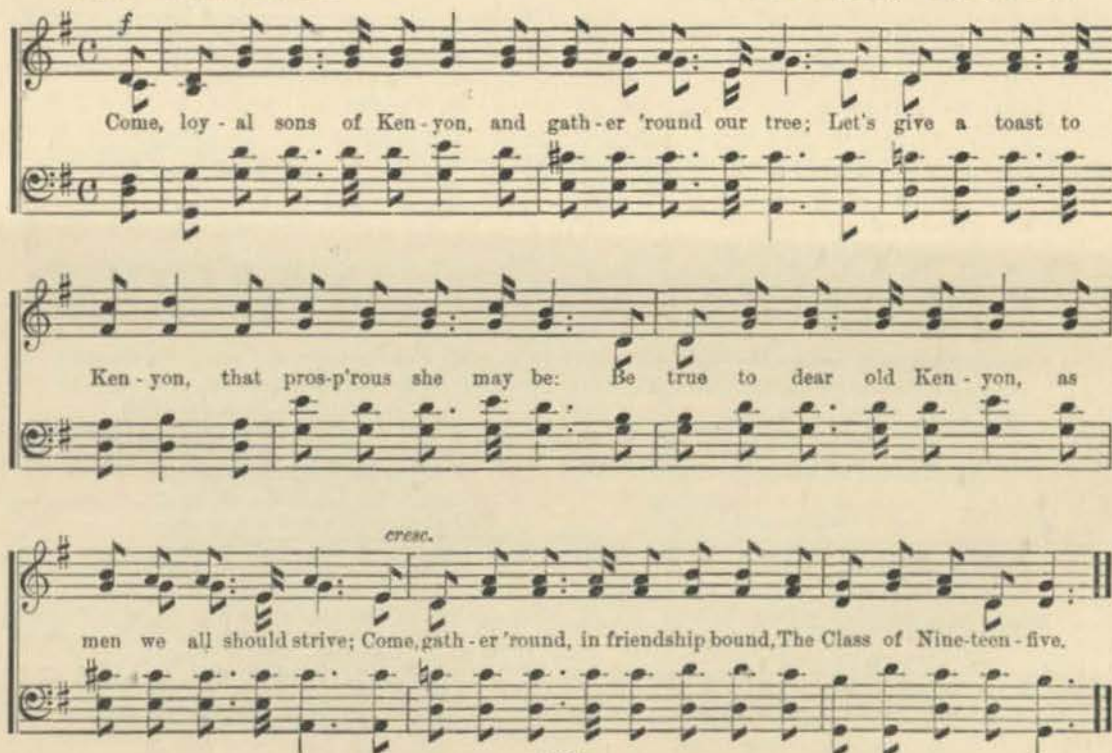


doubts of the Fu - ture, to some.. Whose life - threads have run side by
dis - tance nor time shall es - trange; Al - ma Ma - ter, to thee!—and thy
glow of some life - work sub - lime,.. God grant that our lives may be
side through the years, For the mo - ment of part - ing has come.
ben - i - son bear Thro' the years with their chance and their change.
wov - en in light In the per - fect - ed weft of all time.

A TOAST TO 1905.

Words and music by
John T. Gillard, '05.


Arranged by
Alfred Kingsley Taylor, '06.



Come, loy - al sons of Ken - yon, and gath - er 'round our tree; Let's give a toast to
Ken - yon, that pros - p'rous she may be: Be true to dear old Ken - yon, as
men we all should strive; Come, gath - er 'round, in friendship bound, The Class of Nine - teen - five.

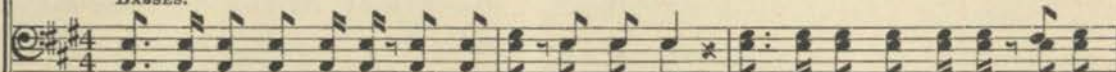

BINGO.

TENORS. (*Melody in 2d Tenor.*)




Here's to Ken - yon Col - lege, drink it down, drink it down; Here's to Ken - yon Col - lege, drink it

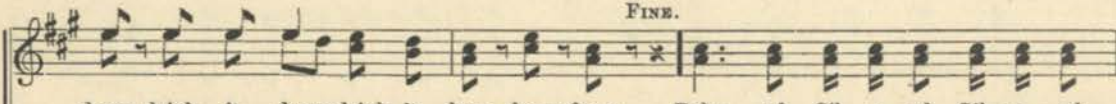
BASSES.



down, drink it down; Here's to Ken - yon Col - lege, For she'll cram you full of knowledge, Drink it




FINE.




down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down. Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad,

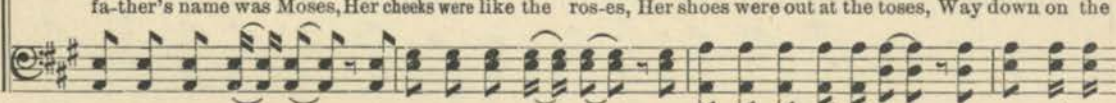
Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad, Balm of Gil - e - ad, Way down on the Bin - go farm. We



Her




won't go there an - y more, We won't go there any more, We won't go there an - y more, Way down on the




fa - ther's name was Moses, Her cheeks were like the ros - es, Her shoes were out at the toes, Way down on the

D. C.



Bin - go farm. Bin - go, Bin - go, Bin - go, Bin - go, Bin - go, Bin - go, Way down on the Bingo farm, B - I - N - G - O.



(Spoken.)

CO-CA-CHE-LUNK.

Vivace.

1. When we first came on this cam - pus, Fresh - men we, as green as grass;
 2. We have fought the fight to - geth - er, We have strug - gled side by side;
 3. Some will go to Greece or Klon - dike, Some to Bex - ley or to Rome;
 4. When we come a - gain to - geth - er, Vig - in - ten - ni - al to pass,

Now, as grave and rev - er - end Se - niors, Smile we o - ver the ver - dant past.
 Brok - en is the bond that held us— We must cut our sticks and slide.
 Some to Green - land's i - cy mountains— More, per - haps, will stay at home.
 Wives and chil - dren all in - clud - ed— Won't we be an up - roar - ious class?

CHORUS.

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

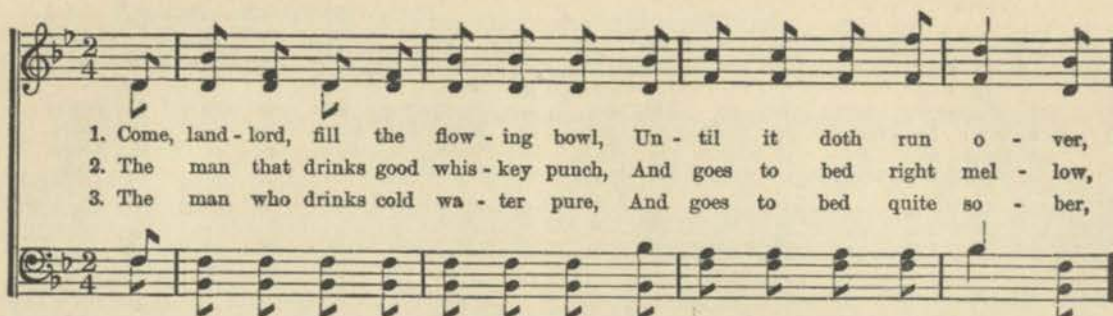
Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Hi! O chik - a - che - lunk - che - lay.

COLLEGE LIFE.

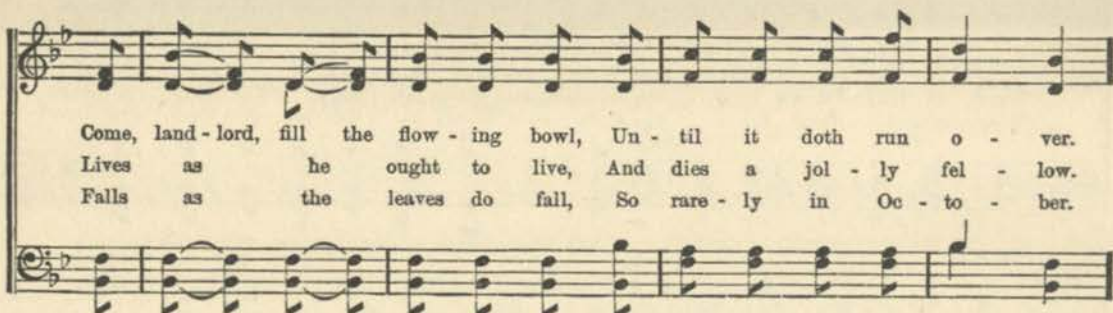
- 1 Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 College life wags slowly by;
 Nothing else but joy and pleasure
 Seuds along the student sky.
- CHORUS.—Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-lay-ly,
 Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-lay,
 Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-lay-ly,
 Hi! O, chik-a-che-lunk-che-lay.
- 2 We as Freshmen came to Kenyon,
 In a very verdant state;
 Now we splurge along this campus,
 Seniors, stately and sedate.—CHO.
- 3 College life's a perfect fizzle,
 Everybody 'll tell you so;
 Students are like pasteboard figures
 Moving in a puppet show.—CHO.

- 4 We have galloped through the "Classics,"
 Some with "Ponies," some without,
 Some with "Interlineations,"
 Few, perhaps, have thumb'd them out.—CHO.
- 5 Mathematics are a nuisance,
 And "Rhetoricals" a bore;
 We have struggled nobly through them,
 Somewhat wiser than before.—CHO.
- 6 Fellows, let us swell the chorus,
 Shout for Alma Mater, O!
 Let the maples bending o'er us
 Catch our voices ere we go.—CHO.
- 7 Cherish then each kindly feeling
 With a brother's open heart,
 Through life's trials and endeavors
 Bear a manly, noble part.—CHO.

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.



1. Come, land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver,
 2. The man that drinks good whis - key punch, And goes to bed right mel - low,
 3. The man who drinks cold wa - ter pure, And goes to bed quite so - ber,

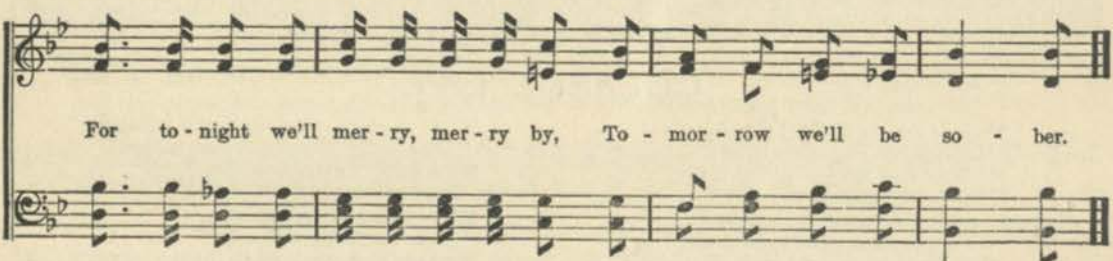


Come, land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver.
 Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jol - ly fel - low.
 Falls as the leaves do fall, So rare - ly in Oc - to - ber.

CHORUS.



For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be,



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

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

FREE FROM CARE.

Words by H. P. Kelley, '67.

Tune:—"Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl."

- 1 Free from care, we'll have good cheer,
And shout the joyful chorus;
Our pæans clear shall rend the air,
And rouse the silent campus.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for Sixty-seven, boys!
Shout the joyful chorus;
Raise her joys, without alloys,
To the heavens bending o'er us.

- 2 Sixty-seven shall be our boast,
Through trials and through sorrow;
We'll drink her health in many a toast,
And stay till the dawning morrow.—CHO.

- 3 Then Sixty-seven, one and all,
Ring out the shout sonorous,
Till Kenyon's walls and lofty halls
Shall echo to our chorus.—CHO.

SHOUT FOR ALMA MATER, O!

Tune:—"Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl."

- 1 What care we, with such a theme,
For trouble or for sorrow?
Life is but the present hour,
We know not of to-morrow.

CHORUS.

Lift your joyful voices high
To song of Kenyon measure;
Shout for Alma Mater, O!
Her praise the dearest pleasure.

- 2 May our only pleasure be
To fright away grim sadness,
And our chiefest study be
To win the soul to gladness.—CHO.


- 3 College law is but a form,
And little to be minded;
Then, jolly comrades, circle round,
To care and study blinded.—CHO.

- 4 Kenyon is our state and guide;
For aye we'll rally round her;
Pleasure is her statute-law,
The student the expounder.—CHO.

THE "SLIDE TROMBONE" MEDLEY.

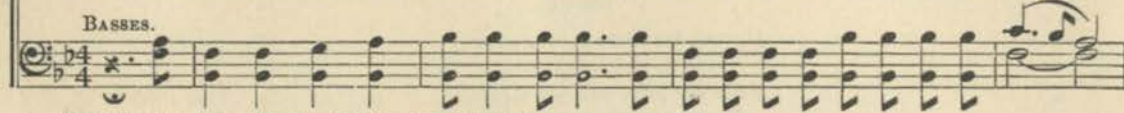
Arranged by Alfred Kingsley Taylor, '06.

In lively time.
TENORS. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)
ff




Well *—the slide trombone played "Ain't dat a shame, Why don' yo' get a la - dy of yu' own. . .

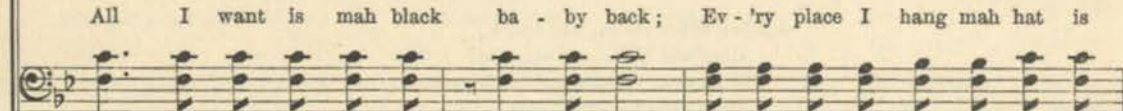
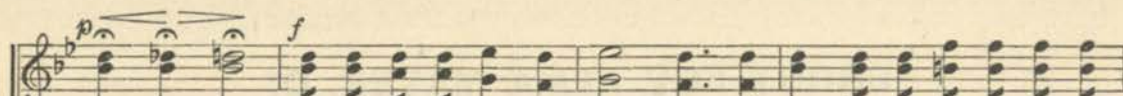
BASSES.



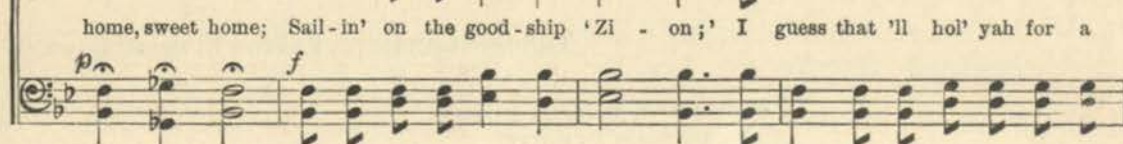

* Imitate trombones by slurring into the first notes.



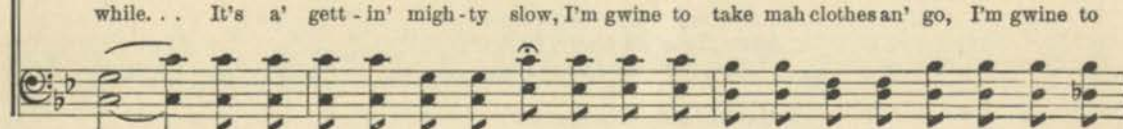
All I want is mah black ba - by back; Ev - 'ry place I hang mah hat is

home, sweet home; Sail - in' on the good - ship 'Zi - on; I guess that 'll hol' yah for a

while. . . It's a' gett - in' migh - ty slow, I'm gwine to take mah clothes an' go, I'm gwine to




live a - ny - how un - til I die. . . "Hel - lo, cen - tral, gi' me hea - ven," Said the



NOTE.—The "Slide Trombone" Medley, so far as can be learned, "grew" at Kenyon. Musical excellence was not striven for in the above arrangement but rather an attempt has been made to preserve the form of the medley as it is sung on "the hill." It may well be considered a fair example of the typical college impromptu "close harmony" performance.

THE "SLIDE TROMBONE" MEDLEY.

hon - ey suck - le to the bee; . . . 'Mid the green fields of Vir - gin - ia, All

cres.
coons look a-like to me. See, the boys in blue are march-ing When reu-ben comes to taoun;*

*With nasal effect.

dim. rit. slower.
Well I must ha' been a' dream-in', Go way back and sit,—Down Mo - bile, down Mo - bile

How I love dat lit - tle yal - low gal, How I love her none can tell: Down Mo - bile,

down Mo - bile, How I love dat lit - tle yal - low gal, Down Mo - bee - i - ee - i - eel.



SINGING ON THE PATH.

Words by the Rev. Geo. F. Smythe.

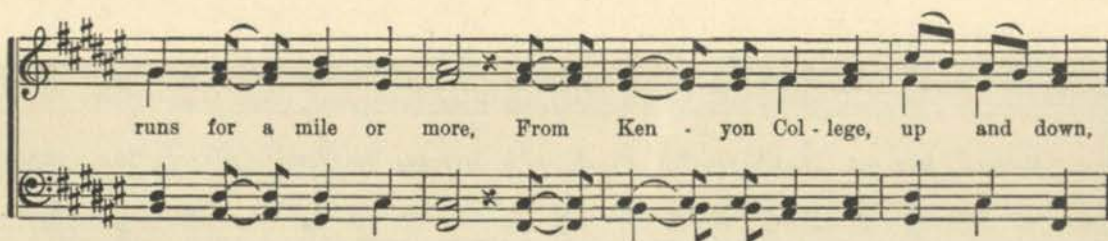
Music by the Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex. '02.

TENORS.



1. There's a straight, broad.. path in old Gam - bier town, And it

BASSES.



runs for a mile or more, From Ken - yon Col - lege, up and down,



And it ends at.... Bex - ley's door; And the ma - ple boughs reach

SINGING ON THE PATH.

o - ver the path, And the men as they walk a - long, walk a - long In the

shade by day, or the moonlight's ray, Fill the air with their ge - nial song; ge - nial song

In the shade by day, or the moonlight's ray, Fill the air with their ge - nial song.

2 Here, from day to day and from year to year,
 Has good friendship grown apace,
 As brother has walk'd with brother dear,
 Or the path was their meeting place;
 And the list'ning trees catch many a word,
 Many jests as they walk along,
 But the dearest thing is to hear them sing } *Bis.*
 Day and night in their genial song.

3 There are times when the glance of a pretty face,
 Or the flash of a pretty gown,
 Makes the dear old path a lovelier place
 As the men walk up and down;
 There are times when at night her lamp gleams bright,
 And her heart beats quick and strong,
 As some maiden hears, from the path below, } *Bis.*
 The sound of the genial song.

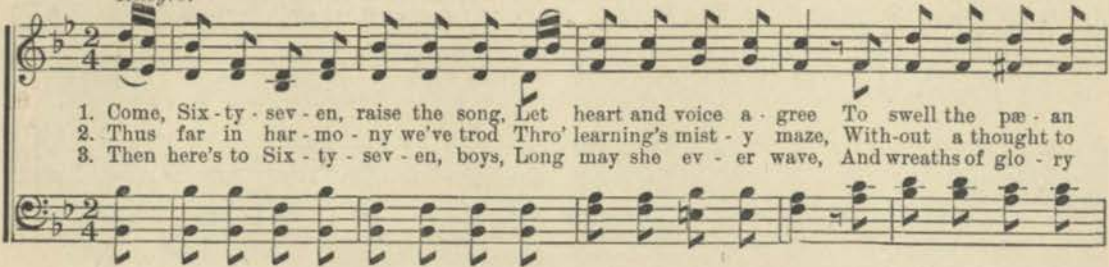
4 As the years shall pass, oh, how much shall fade
 Of the best that we feel and know;
 But never shall fade the friendships made
 On the path where the maples grow:
 And never, while Mem'ry keeps her hold
 On the things that to her belong,
 Shall we cease to hear with the inward ear } *Bis.*
 The voice of that genial song.

'67.

Words by D. Hayes, '67.

Tune:—"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea."

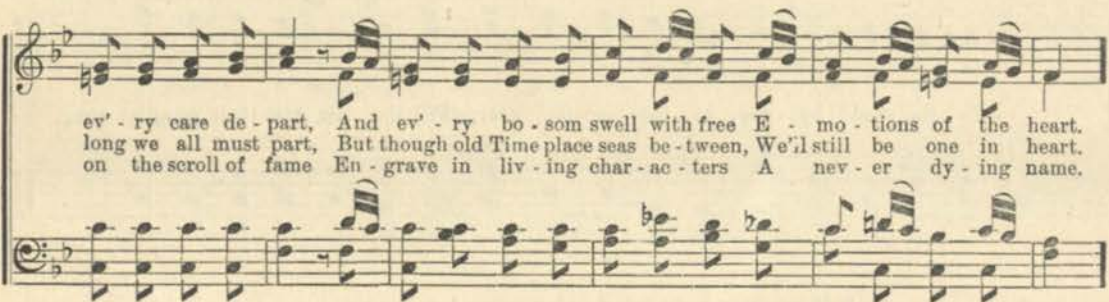
Allegro.



1. Come, Six - ty - sev - en, raise the song, Let heart and voice a - gree To swell the pa - an
2. Thus far in har - mo - ny we've trod Thro' learning's mist - y maze, With - out a thought to
3. Then here's to Six - ty - sev - en, boys, Long may she ev - er wave, And wreaths of glo - ry

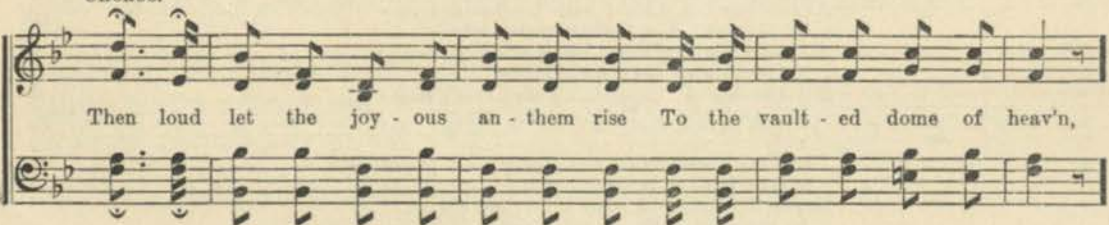


loud and long, In glad - some mel - o - dy; And let your mu - sic fill the air, Bid
mar the joy Or bliss of fu - ture days; Our col - lege life will soon be o'er, Ere
'round her twine, Her sons be true and brave; And as they on - ward march thro' life, Up -



ev - ry care de - part, And ev - ry bo - som swell with free E - mo - tions of the heart.
long we all must part, But though old Time place seas be - tween, We'll still be one in heart.
on the scroll of fame En - grave in liv - ing char - ac - ters A nev - er dy - ing name.

CHORUS.



Then loud let the joy - ous an - them rise To the vault - ed dome of heav'n,



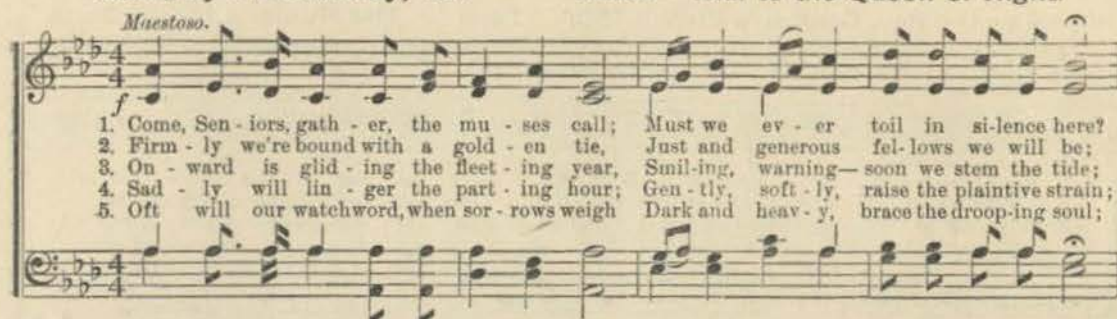
Till the pride and boast of its star - ry... host Re - ech - o, Six - ty - seven.

SENIOR CLASS SONG OF '66.

Words by J. P. Hollway, '66.

Tune:—"Hail to the Queen of Night."

Maestoso.

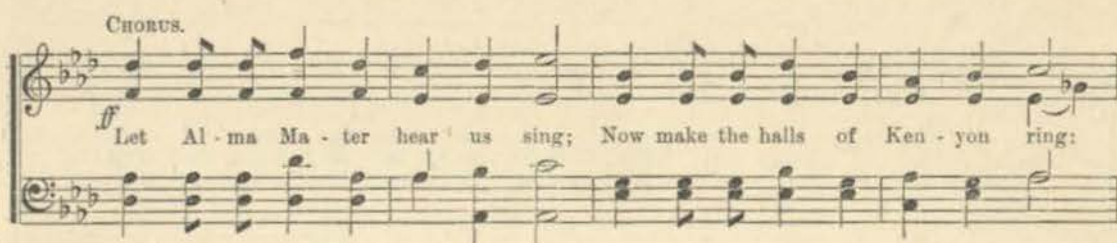


1. Come, Sen - iors, gath - er, the mu - ses call; Must we ev - er toil in si - lence here?
 2. Firm - ly we're bound with a gold - en tie, Just and generous fel - lows we will be;
 3. On - ward is glid - ing the fleet - ing year, Smil - ing, warn - ing—soon we stem the tide;
 4. Sad - ly will lin - ger the part - ing hour; Gen - tly, soft - ly, raise the plaintive strain;
 5. Oft will our watchword, when sor - rows weigh Dark and heav - y, brace the droop - ing soul;



Joy - ous and ge - nial, and gal - lant all, Man - ly frames, hearts true, and voi - ces clear.
 Deep in the heart let our friendship lie, Ere we leave for aye... this love - ly lee.
 Heav'n grant us, classmates, a bright ca - reer, Six - ty - six, true men... old Ken - yon's pride.
 While far we wan - der the wide world o'er, Mem - o - ries now hallow'd shall o'er re - main.
 All thro' life's jour - ney a - round it play, Cheer - ing it on to the fi - nal goal.

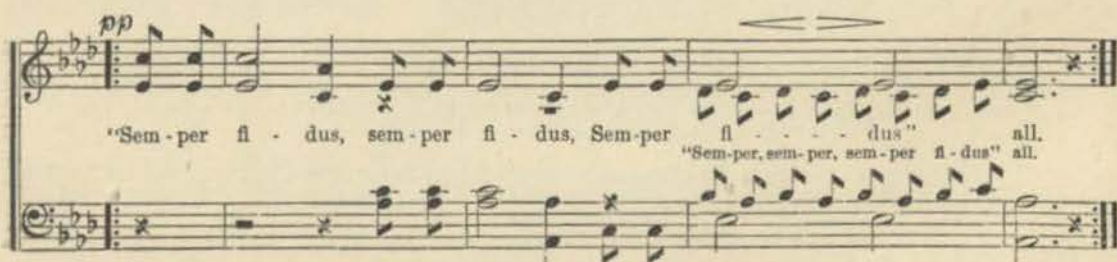
CHORUS.



f Let Al - ma Ma - ter hear us sing; Now make the halls of Ken - yon ring;



Man is our broth - er, God our King, "Sem - per fi - dus" all.



pp "Sem - per fi - dus, sem - per fi - dus, Sem - per fi - dus" all.
 "Sem - per, sem - per, sem - per fi - dus" all.

HAYES HURRAH SONG OF KENYON.*

Words by the Rev. George A. Strong, '50. Tune:—"The Hunter's March Song."

Arranged by Dr. Francis W. Blake, '80.

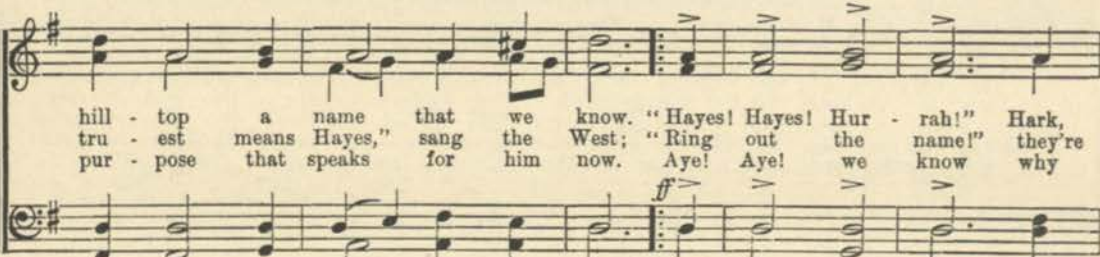
(The last two lines of each verse but the last are repeated as chorus.)

TENORS. *cres.*



1. Hark, broth - ers of Ken - yon, from val - leys be - low Thrills round the old
2. "Take true man and tried," said the East, "he's the best." "Our tried and our
3. 'Tis du - ty self - chal - langed, re - new - ing its vow, The pulse - throb of


BASSES. *mf*

hill - top a name that we know. "Hayes! Hayes! Hur - rah!" Hark,
tru - est means Hayes," sang the West; "Ring out the name!" they're
pur - pose that speaks for him now. Aye! Aye! we know why

ff

For the 7th verse only.—Hail! hail! the morn, the



Ken - yon, 'tis he A na - tion sa - lutes with the voice of the sea,
shout - ing as one, It leaps thro' the land as the prai - rie fires run.
speaks it, what for, For truth, hon - or, vic - to - ry!—that's what—hur-rah!

man they wait for The New E - ra's Pres - i - dent! hip, hip, hur - rah!

4 Hurrah for the good time that's coming—nay, come!
For trusts that march praying, for treasons struck dumb!
Hurrah for the rights that fight by God's plan!
Hurrah for the crisis that brings us the man!

5 Hail! hail! the sound-hearted, clear-sighted, the wise,
The manhood whose scorn shakes the refuge of lies;
Hail! hail! to him whose deeds, like his pen,
Have waked the best echo, a people's Amen!

6 Hark, boys, from our hill-top again, far and wide,
The glad valley voices roll on like a tide;
Ring out the name, they hear not our praise,
But he will, God bless him! Hurrah then for Hayes!

7 Aye, shout for him, Kenyon!—on cloud-heights withdrawn
A host of calm watchers look out for the dawn,
Unseen and still, with banners unfurled,
To-morrow's wave-chorus shall break round the world.

* This song was inspired by the nomination for the Presidency of Rutherford B. Hayes, of the class of 1842, and was very popular at Kenyon during the Hayes campaign.

STANTON.*

Words by Canon Orville E. Watson, Bex. '92.

Tune:—"St. Andrews."

Con spirito.
TENORS.

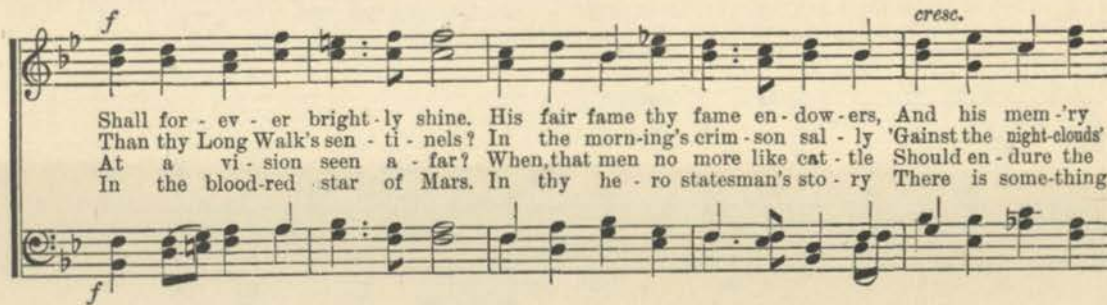


1. Ken - yon, hear a - gain the sto - ry Of a he - ro son of thine;
2. Ken - yon, heard he bu - gle's call - ing In the chim - ing of thy bells,
3. Ken - yon, by thy run - ning riv - er, Where the bend - ing wil - lows are,
4. Ken - yon, in thy mim - ic fight - ing Something strove 'gainst pris - on - bars;

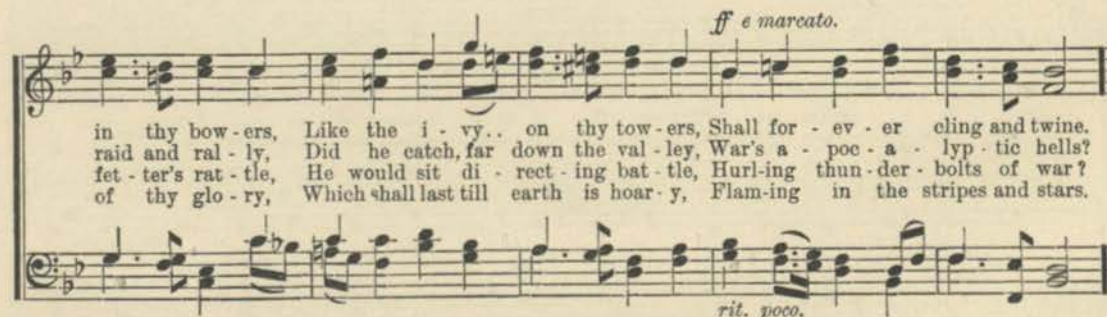
BASSES.



Whose great name, a - mid the glo - ry Of a flag once rent and go - ry,
When the eve - ning shade was fall - ing, With no war - sign more ap - pall - ing
Where the wil - lows quake and quiv - er, Did he ev - er start and shiv - er
From the lamp of thine ig - nit - ing There was some - thing of thy light - ing



Shall for - ev - er bright - ly shine. His fair fame thy fame en - dow - ers, And his mem - 'ry
Than thy Long Walk's sen - ti - nels? In the morn - ing's crim - son sal - ly 'Gainst the night - clouds
At a vi - sion seen a - far? When, that men no more like cat - tle Should en - dure the
In the blood - red star of Mars. In thy he - ro statesman's sto - ry There is some - thing



in thy bow - ers, Like the i - vy.. on thy tow - ers, Shall for - ev - er cling and twine.
raid and ral - ly, Did he catch, far down the val - ley, War's a - poc - a - lyp - tic hells?
fet - ter's rat - tle, He would sit di - rect - ing bat - tle, Hurl - ing thun - der - bolts of war?
of thy glo - ry, Which shall last till earth is hoar - y, Flam - ing in the stripes and stars.

* Written especially for Edwin M. Stanton Day, April 26, 1906, and sung by the Glee Club upon Col. John J. McCook's presentation of a portrait of Stanton, following an address on the great war secretary delivered by Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

I WANT A KENYON MAN.

(THE FICTITIOUS SONG OF A FICTITIOUS HARCOURT MAID.)

Words and music by Maxwell Budd Long, '05, Bex. '08.



1. There are lots of men at Wes - ley - an,
 2. Oh,.... some-times Har - court gets so slow
 3. On,.... Sat - ur - days to Ben - son Field
 4. A.... show or Glee Club con - cert sets

At Case and O. S. U,.... While some are found at O - ber - lin, And at Reserve— a
 I'm al - most tired of life;... There's not a man but Hor - ton, who Al - read - y has a
 I go with all the rest;... A base - ball game I think is grand— I al - ways cheer my
 All Harcourt in a hum, .. And those who don't get tick - ets, hunt Their pur - ses up— and

few; They are fat or thin, or young or old, And white or black or tan,....
 wife; I..... look out toward the Mid - dle Path And long the space to span,....
 best; It..... makes no difference if I don't Know who is win - ning, when...
 come: The... en - ter tain - ment mat - ters not— We like them all, for then....

I WANT A KENYON MAN.

But.. not a one can be compared To a real - ly Ken - yon man.
 For.. there I see what most I want— A... real - ly Ken - yon man.
 I.... know the fel - lows that I see Are.. real - ly Ken - yon men.
 Ros-se Hall is filled on ev - 'ry side With real - ly Ken - yon men.

CHORUS.

I want a Ken - yon man; Just beat him

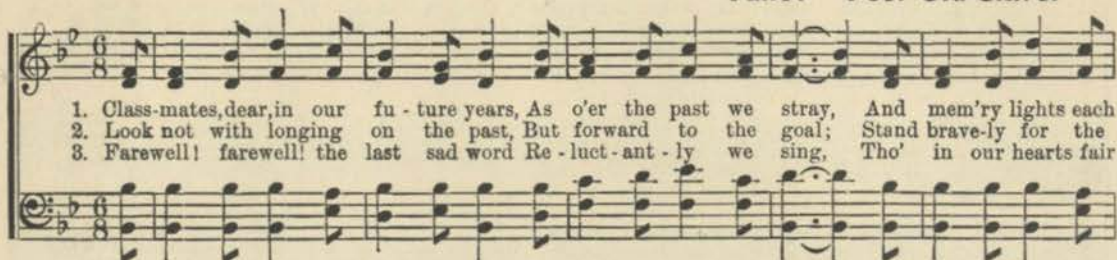
if you can: I have one, but he's my broth - er,

So I'd like to have an - oth - er— I want a Ken - yon man.

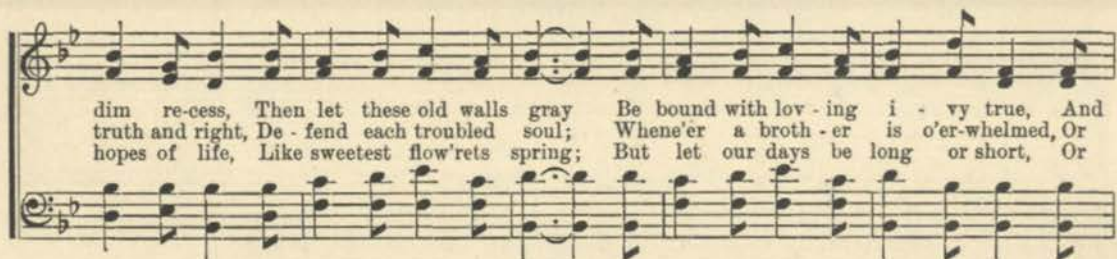
CLASS OF 1860.

(IVY SONG.)*

Tune:—"Poor Old Slave."



1. Class-mates, dear, in our fu - ture years, As o'er the past we stray, And mem'ry lights each
2. Look not with longing on the past, But forward to the goal; Stand brave-ly for the
3. Farewell! farewell! the last sad word Re - luct - ant - ly we sing, Tho' in our hearts fair

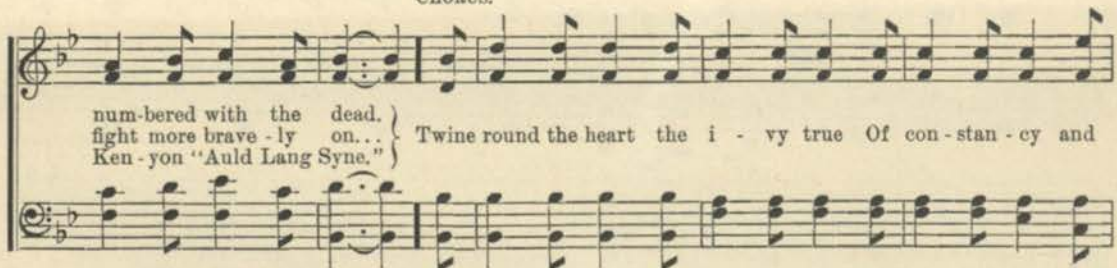


dim re-cess, Then let these old walls gray Be bound with lov - ing i - vy true, And
truth and right, De - fend each troubled soul; Whene'er a broth - er is o'er-whelmed, Or
hopes of life, Like sweetest flow'rets spring; But let our days be long or short, Or



with its ber - ries red.... Tell o'er our beads for ev - 'ry - one Not
falls with har - ness on.... Let us, who still re - main, be - ware, So
sad or full of joy.... Our hearts shall kin - dle at the thought Of

CHORUS.



num-bered with the dead. }
fight more brave - ly on... } Twine round the heart the i - vy true Of con - stan - cy and
Ken - yon "Auld Lang Syne." }



cres.
love,. And press the hand of friendship firm, That death a - lone may move.

* Probably written by A. Newton Whiting, '60, musical director for the class of 1860's "Planting of the Ivy" on the north side of Rosse Hall.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Words by Thomas Moore.

Moderato.

1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve-ning chime, Our voi-ces keep tune, and our oars keep time, Our
 2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl, There is not a breeze the blue wave to curl, There
 3. Ot-ta-wa's tide! this trem-bling moon, Shall see us float o-ver thy sur-ges soon, Shall

voi-ces keep tune, and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
 is not a breeze the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh,
 see us float o-ver thy sur-ges soon; Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'rs, Oh,

sing at St. Ann's our part-ing hymn. Row, broth-ers, row, the stream runs fast, The
 sweet-ly we'll rest the wea-ry oar. Row, broth-ers, row, the stream runs fast, The
 grant us cool heav'ns and fa-v'ring airs. Row, broth-ers, row, the stream runs fast, The

rap-ids are near, and the day-light's past, The rap-ids are near, and the day-light's past.

80'S SONG AT THE IVY PLANTING.

Tune: "Canadian Boat Song."

1 Pause, classmates all, our gathering here
 Foretells the end which must soon draw near.
 Still let us sing with accents brave;
 And cares with this vine find a common grave.
 Sing, classmates, sing, our course is run,
 Our work in the world is just begun.

2 Now ere we leave this tender vine,
 To Kenyon we pledge, "We're ever thine."
 As thou didst guard us year by year,
 Thy honor by us is held most dear.
 Pledge, classmates, pledge, pledge one, pledge all,
 For Kenyon we'll stand, for her we'll fall.

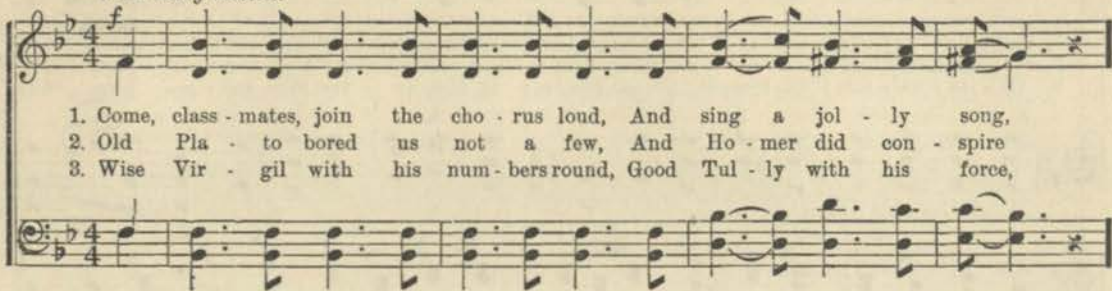
3 Then classmates all, on this fair day,
 Bright mem'ries deep in our hearts we'll lay.
 Mem'ries of friendships firm and true,
 With which 'Eighty doth our hearts imbue.
 Sing, classmates, sing, though our course is past,
 The memory of 'Eighty shall ever last.

A SONG FOR '68.

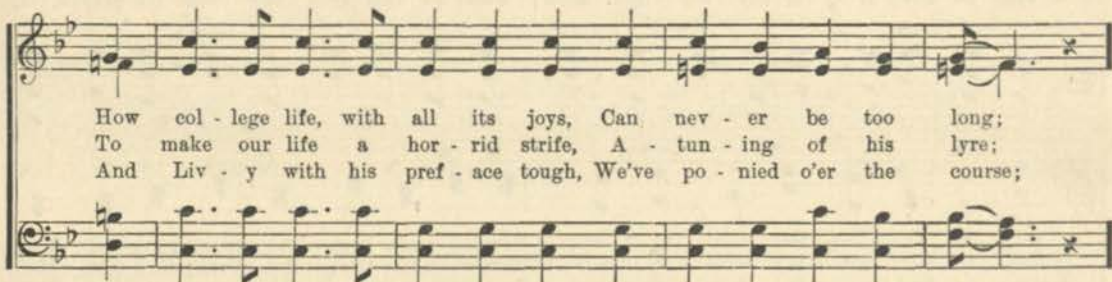
Words by John Gregson, '68.

Tune:—"A Little More Cider."

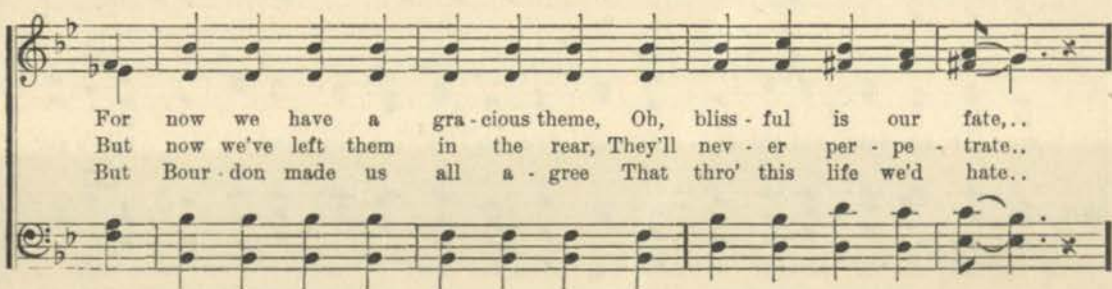
With lively motion.



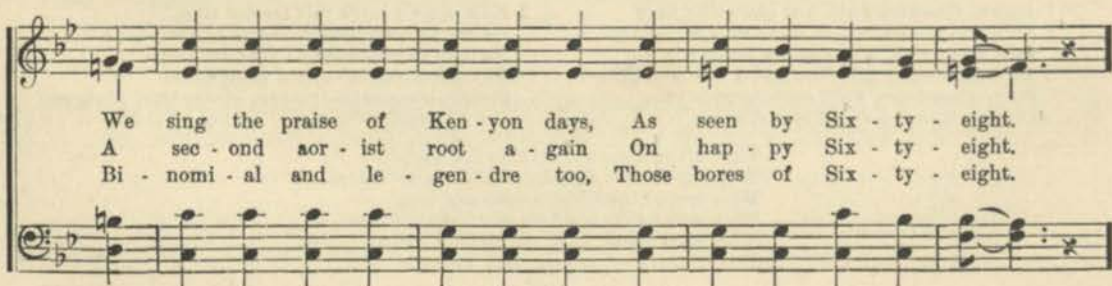
1. Come, class - mates, join the cho - rus loud, And sing a jol - ly song,
2. Old Pla - to bored us not a few, And Ho - mer did con - spire
3. Wise Vir - gil with his num - bers round, Good Tul - ly with his force,



How col - lege life, with all its joys, Can nev - er be too long;
To make our life a hor - rid strife, A - tun - ing of his lyre;
And Liv - y with his pref - ace tough, We've po - nied o'er the course;



For now we have a gra - cious theme, Oh, bliss - ful is our fate...
But now we've left them in the rear, They'll nev - er per - pe - trate..
But Bour - don made us all a - gree That thro' this life we'd hate..



We sing the praise of Ken - yon days, As seen by Six - ty - eight.
A sec - ond aor - ist root a - gain On hap - py Six - ty - eight.
Bi - nomi - al and le - gen - dre too, Those bores of Six - ty - eight.

A SONG FOR '68.

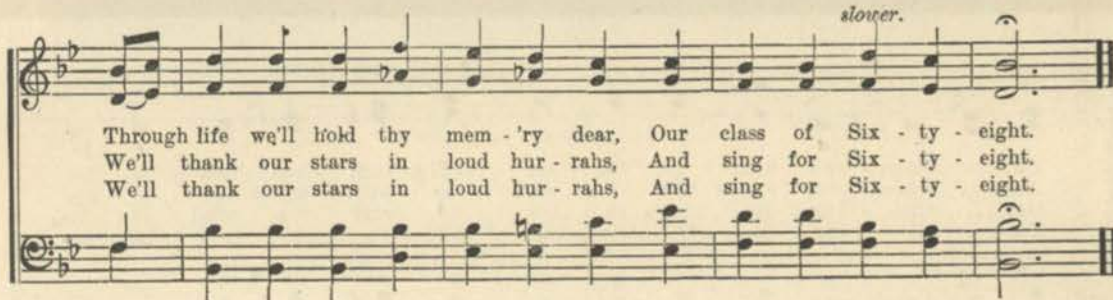
CHORUS.

ff



Hur - rah for Six - ty - eight, For.. dear old Six - ty - eight!
 Hur - rah for Six - ty eight, For.. luck - y Six - ty - eight!
 Hur - rah for Six - ty - eight, For.. luck - y Six - ty - eight!

slower.



Through life we'll hold thy mem - 'ry dear, Our class of Six - ty - eight.
 We'll thank our stars in loud hur - rahs, And sing for Six - ty - eight.
 We'll thank our stars in loud hur - rahs, And sing for Six - ty - eight.

4 But other joys our path attend
 To learning's blissful seat;
 Philosophy and chemistry,
 And logic's order sweet,
 And Chaucer with his women good,
 And Spenser, calculate
 To join with Bacon to confound
 The Class of Sixty-eight.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for Sixty-eight,
 For glorious Sixty-eight,
 The race is won, our ponies gone,
 Good-bye to Sixty-eight.

5 Rude time shall ne'er with blighting breath
 Our friendship's fire abate;
 Through life we'll ever love thee, dear,
 Old Kenyon's Sixty-eight,
 Whate'er we are, where'er we go,
 How high or low our state,
 May Heaven's gifts benignly bless
 Our classmates, Sixty-eight.

CHORUS.

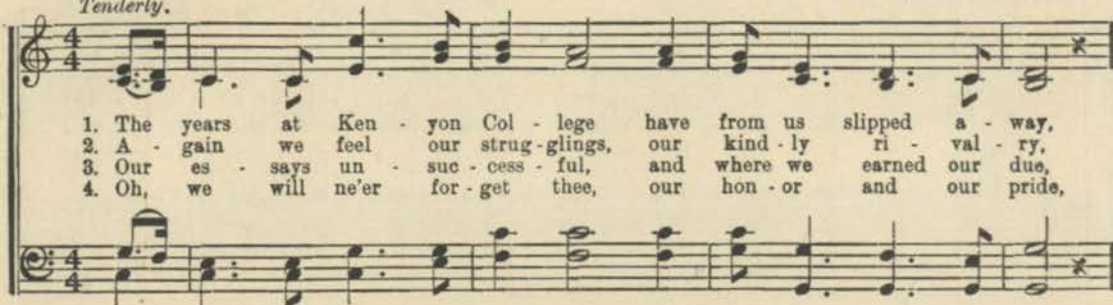
Then sing this final song
 For brave old Sixty-eight;
 Through life or death we'll truly love
 The name of Sixty-eight.

THE YEARS AT KENYON.

Words by Constant Southworth, '98.

Tune:—"Annie Laurie."

Tenderly.



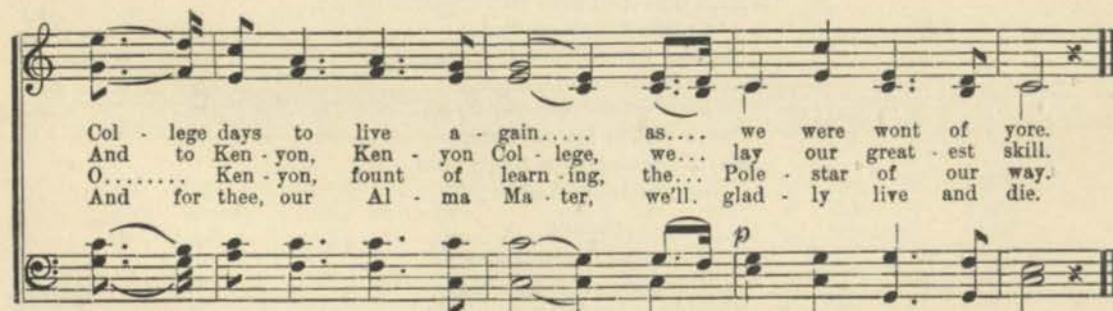
1. The years at Ken - yon Col - lege have from us slipped a - way,
 2. A - gain we feel our strug - glings, our kind - ly ri - val - ry,
 3. Our es - says un - suc - cess - ful, and where we earned our due,
 4. Oh, we will ne'er for - get thee, our hon - or and our pride,



But... mem - 'ry's kind - ly fin - ger will turn them back to - day.
 And... cheer our ath - letes on - ward to well - earned vic - to - ry,
 Our... train - ing for life's la - bors, to thee was whol - ly due,
 The... bless - ing of thy nur - ture all oth - ers fade be - side;



cres.
 Will turn them back to - day, and... we'll be young once more,
 To well - earned vic - to - ry, and... hon - or to the hill,
 To thee was whol - ly due, and... is our strength to - day,
 We pledge our - selves to build thee... great - er and more high,



Col - lege days to live a - gain.... as... we were wont of yore.
 And to Ken - yon, Ken - yon Col - lege, we... lay our great - est skill.
 O..... Ken - yon, fount of learn - ing, the... Pole - star of our way.
 And for thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter, we'll glad - ly live and die.



THEN WE'LL REMEMBER THEE.

Words by the
Rev. Charles F. Magee, '01.

Music by the
Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex, '02.

TENORS. *Not too slow.*

1. Old Ken - yon, in the days to be When we shall leave thy halls, When
2. In the bright scenes of fan - cies dream Old friends will come a - gain; The

BASSES,

swift - ly years of youth shall flee, And age up - on us falls, Our fail - ing eyes shall pierce thro'
heart - y smile and eyes that beam With love that ne'er shall wane, Will tell us then tho' scat - tered

time, Thine i - vied walls to see, Once more we'll hear thine an - cient chime, thy chime, Then
far, We're close in mem - o - ry; Ken - yon, bind now thy ties most dear, most dear, Then

we'll re - mem - ber thee, Then we'll re - mem - ber, we'll re - mem - ber thee.

(69)

UPIDEE.

1. The shades of night were fall-ing fast, U - pi-dee, U - pi-da, As thro' an Al - pine vil-lage passed,
2. His brow was sad, his eye be-neath, U - pi-dee, U - pi-da, Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,
3. "O stay," the maid-en said, "and rest," U - pi-dee, U - pi-da, "Thy wea - ry head up - on this breast,"

ritard.

U - pi - dee - i - da, A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice, A ban-ner with the strange de-vice,
U - pi - dee - i - da, And like a sil-ver cla-ri-on rung, The accents of that unknown tongue,
U - pi - dee - i - da, A tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answer'd with a sigh,

CHORUS.

U - pi - dee - i, dee - i - da, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i, dee - i - da,

[illegible]

* The (r) is to be strongly rolled.

UPIDEE.

U - pi-dee - i, dee - i - da, U - pi-dee, U - pi-da! U - pi-dee - i, dee - i - da, U - pi-dee - i - da!

4 "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!"
 U-pi-dee, U-pi-da.
 "Beware the awful avalanche!"
 U-pi-dee-i-da.
 This was the peasant's last good-night:
 A voice replied far up the height,
 U-pi-dee, etc.

5 At break of day, as heavenward,
 U-pi-dee, U-pi-da,
 The pious monks of St. Bernard,
 U-pi-dee-i-da,
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air,
 U-pi-dee, etc.

FRESHMEN DITTY.

Tune:—"Webb."

With feeling.

1. There is a hell for fresh - men, And there they all must go; There to re - pent their many sins, And lead a life of woe.
 2. There is a hell for fresh - men, And there they all must go; There to re - pent their many sins, And lead a life of woe.

CHORUS.

many sins, And lead a life of woe. There is a hell for fresh - men, And
 many sins, And lead a life of woe. There is a hell for fresh - men, And

there they all must go;.. There to re - pent their many sins, And lead a life of woe.

VIVE L'AMOUR.

Allegro molto. *f* CHORUS.

1. Let ev - 'ry good fel - low now fill up his glass, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,
 2. Let ev - er - y mar - ried man drink to his wife, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,
 3. Come fill up your glass - es, I'll give you a toast, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,
 4. Since all with good hu - mor I've toast - ed so free, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,

CHORUS.

And drink to the health of our glo - ri - ous class, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.
 The joy of his bo - som and plague of his life, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.
 Here's a health to our friend, our kind, wor - thy host, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.
 I hope it will please you to drink now with me, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.

ff

Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'a - mour, Vi - ve la, vi - ve la,

Vi - ve l'amour, vi - ve l'amour, vi - ve l'amour, vi - ve la com - pag - nie!

1910 CLASS SONG.

Words by the Rev. Geo. F. Smythe.

Come, climb the Hill, come, walk the Path,
 And look the students o'er;
 With Hist'ry's aid survey the names
 Of Kenyon men of yore:
 Good men they are, good men they were,
 And are not we good men,
 Who take our places in their ranks,—
 The Class of Nineteen-ten?

Tune:—"Princeton Cannon Song."

Kenyon, forever true
 Are we, thy sons, to thy dear name!
 Bright shine the gold and blue
 Where thy purple banners flame!
 Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Hika! Hika! K-
 E-N-Y-O-N-KEN-YON! Rah!
 And a cheer for the band
 That unitedly stand
 In Nineteen-ten!

STRIKE UP THE BAND.

Words by J. T. Gillard, '05.

Strike up the band — here comes Old Kenyon Best in the land — you can de-pend on, We're on the boom, so give us room, We're no cinch, but ev - 'ry inch Old Ken - yon!

Music used by permission of HARRY VON TILZER.

Tune: Refrain to "TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING."

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! the ball's advancing; Push her, Kenyon, toward the goal! We are here to win the game And we'll get there just the same. Push the pig-skin onward, Kenyon, to the goal!</p> | <p>2 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! the ball's advancing; We are winners here to-day. O. S. U. is looking bad, Capt. ——— is getting mad. Kenyon! Kenyon! she's a winner here to-day!</p> |
|---|---|
- 3 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! the ball's advancing;
Keep her, Kenyon, on the go!
Rattled now is O. S. U.
Captain ——— is looking blue.
Keep her! Keep her! good old Kenyon! on the go.

Tune: "GOOD-BYE, DOLLIE GRAY."

Goodbye, Eckstorm, you're a goner,
Oh, you'll soon find out it's true,
Though you've done your very hardest,
It's all up with O. S. U;

Hark! I hear the Hikas ringing
For the Mauve has won the day,
And the breezes of Scioto,
Say goodbye, Red and Gray.

Words by the Rev. John Cole McKim, '04.

Tune: "DUTCH COMPANY."

There's the Oberlin team, and the Reserve team,
The Case School team and the O. S. U. team,
But the Kenyon team is the best damned team
That ever played ball on a 'varsity green.

Words by C. A. Ricks, '91.

Tune: "GO WAY BACK AND SIT DOWN."

Go way back and sit down — O. S. U.
Teams in your class are easily found —
We seldom get scored on — we never get beat,
Get in your place and take a back seat,
GO WAY BACK AND SIT DOWN — O. S. U.

Words by Chas. C. Hammond, '08.

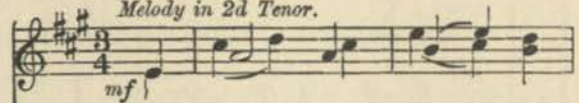
A SONG OF FAREWELL.

Words by
Canon Orville E. Watson, Bex. '92.

Tune:—"Vesper Hymn."
Male Quartet arr. by
the Rev. Bates Gilbert Burt, '01.

TENORS.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

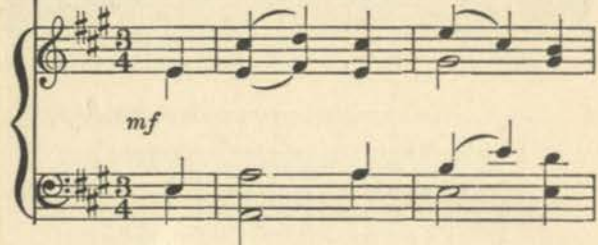


1. Old Ken - yon, we... are
2. And yet... we are... not
3. But when.. we are... far
4. And see.... a riv - er

BASSES,



Mixed Voices or Piano Accompaniment.



like.. Ko - ko - sing, O - be - di - ent to some strange spell, Which urg - es
like.. Ko - ko - sing, Which bear - eth naught up - on its swell But foam of
from Ko - ko - sing, We still shall hear a call - ing bell, When round us
like.. Ko - ko - sing, In mead - ows sweet with as - pho - del, Where mem - 'ry



A SONG OF FAREWELL.

dim.

us... from all... re - pos-ing,—Fare-well, old Ken - yon, fare thee well!
 mo - tion's own.. com - pos-ing,—Fare-well, old Ken - yon, fare thee well!
 eve - ning shades are clos-ing,—Fare-well, old Ken - yon, fare thee well!
 dwells dear past.. sup - pos-ing,—Fare-well, old Ken - yon, fare thee well!

dim.

'96 CLASS SONG.

Words by Arthur Bull Sullivan, '96.

Tune:—"Cheer up, Mary."

1 Alma Mater, dear old Kenyon—Kenyon,
 Ninety-six recalls fond days,
 And to thee both now and ever—ever
 Will we turn our loving gaze.
 Days of old are not forgotten—gotten,
 Nor erased by memory's tricks;
 Let us cheer,
 Kenyon dear,
 Hika, Kenyon, Ninety-six!

2 Ninety-six, ring out a song—a song,
 Boys, and sing it with a thrill;
 Sing it as we used to sing—to sing
 On our dear old Gambier Hill.
 Kenyon's chimes will soon be ringing—ringing,
 Harmonizing Ninety-six;
 Gather near,
 Give the cheer,
 Of "Wim, wam, wallopy, wix!"

3 Ninety-six, our class so dear—so dear,
 Fraternal union in its bond;
 Kenyon spirit ever holds us—holds us
 With a friendship true and fond.
 Arm in arm each year will find us—find us
 Walking down the middle path,
 Debonair,
 Free from care,
 Also Latin, Greek, and Math.

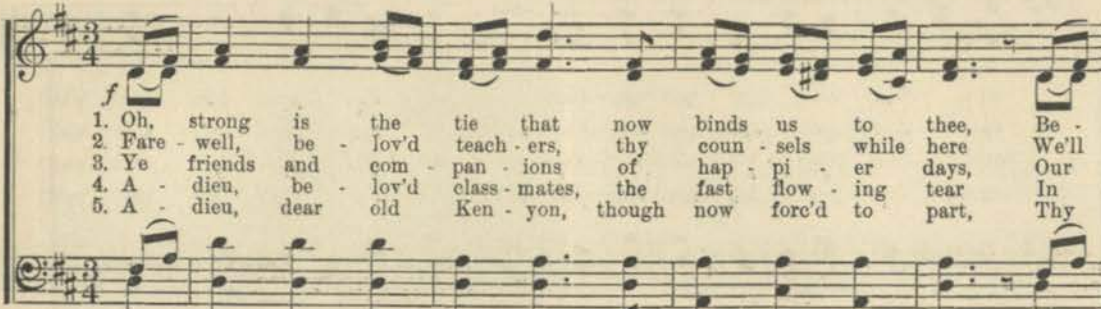
4 Drink with love to dear old Kenyon—Kenyon,
 Drink a toast to Ninety-six;
 Alma Mater, we will love thee—love thee
 Till we cross the River Styx.
 Bottoms up for thee, our Kenyon—Kenyon,
 Here's to thee in sparkling wine;
 We love thee yet,
 We'll ne'er forget
 Ninety-six and Auld Lang Syne.

PARTING ODE OF '67.

Words by D. Hayes, '67.

Tune:—"Juvallera."

f



1. Oh, strong is the tie that now binds us to thee, Be -
 2. Fare - well, be - lov'd teach - ers, thy coun - sels while here We'll
 3. Ye friends and com - pan - ions of hap - pi - er days, Our
 4. A - dieu, be - lov'd class - mates, the fast flow - ing tear In
 5. A - dieu, dear old Ken - yon, though now fore'd to part, Thy



lov'd Al - ma Ma - ter, so joy - ous and free; The
 cher - ish through life in our mem - o - ry dear; For
 voi - ces to thee now in sad - ness we raise; But
 si - lence is tell - ing of friend - ship sin - cere; Though
 coun - sels for - ev - er shall cling to this heart; My



bonds must be burst, though the heart strings should break, And
 heart - felt e - mo - tions in grat - i - tude rise To
 oh, let your fu - ture be just as your past,
 part - ing in sor - row, we know that our love Shall
 soul is in sor - row, a tear dims my eye— God



nev - er u - nite till in glo - ry we wake; The
 you who have taught us the wrong to de - spise; For
 Faith - ful and up - right, and true to the last; But
 end in a joy - ful re - un - ion a - bove; Though
 bless you, dear moth - er, God bless you, good bye! My

PARTING ODE OF '67.

bonds must be burst, though the heart - strings should break, And
heart - felt e - mo - tions in grat - i - tude rise To
Oh, let your fu - ture be just as your past,
part - ing in sor - row, we know that our love Shall
soul is in sor - row, a tear dims my eye— God

nev - er u - nite till in glo - ry we wake, we wake....
you who have taught us the wrong to de - spise, de - spise....
Faith - ful and up - right, and true to the last, the last....
end in a joy - ful re - un - ion a - bove, a - bove....
bless you, dear moth - er, God bless you, good - bye! good - bye!...

CHORUS.

f Ju - val - le - ra, ju - val - le - ra, Ju - val - le - val - le - val - le - ra,

Ju - val - le - ra, ju - val - le - ra, Ju - val - le - val - le - val - le - ra.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.

SOLO.

1. There's mu - sic in the air, . . . When the in - fant morn is nigh, And
 2. There's mu - sic in the air, . . . When the noontide's sul - try beam Re -
 3. There's mu - sic in the air, . . . When the twi-light's gen - tle sigh Is

faint its blush is seen . . . On the bright and laugh - ing sky.
 flects a gold - en light . . . On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.
 lost on eve - ning's breast, . . . As the pen - sive beau - ties die.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah! Siss, Boom! Ah! Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Siss, Boom! Ah!

Man - ya harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro - found,
 When, be - neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid,
 Then, O then the loved ones gone, Wake the pure ce - les - tial song,
 TENOR AND BASS.

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Siss, Boom! Ah! With a Ti - ger Siss, Boom! Ah!

While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air.
 Sweet - ly to the spl - rit there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
 An - gel voi - ces greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.

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1877 CLASS SONG.

- 1 The twilight hour is o'er us,
Dropping down its witching spell;
Come, let us join the chorus
In the songs we love so well.
Banish care from every heart,
Bid the joyful echoes start,
To fancy free the rein be given
While we sing of Seventy-seven.
- 2 And, classmates, as we gather
Round our festal board with song,
Be every fellow loyal,
Bound to Seventy-seven long,

Tune:—"There is Music in the Air."

- Thinking of the fitful times
'Waiting us in prose and rhymes,
So we may together run,
Seventy-seven, ever one.
- 3 When life is closing o'er us,
And the heart's true home is nigh,
When memory hovers over,
As the clouds in autumn's sky,
Over all the college days,
Beaming bright with learning's rays,
Friendship's tie, so sadly riven,
Still will bear our Seventy-seven.

1878 CLASS SONG.

Words by the Rev. Geo. A. Strong, '50.

1.
Swift years have sped since first along the campus
Our morning song rang in the day;
Free voices, then, the future's promise chanting,
Faint echoes, now, from far away.
- CHORUS.
Sing, brothers, sing! how dim the dreary mem'ries
grow!
Sing, brothers, sing! how sad the echoes faint and
low!
New duties call us, sing once more at parting
The morning song of long ago.
2.
Soft sunlight streamed adown the misty distance,
No sombre shades behind us fell;
The chorus told the joys of freedom only,
Took not the tone of last farewell.—Cho.
3.
Those joys are fled,—not fled! their presence lingers,
All through the years shall pulse and thrill;

Tune:—"German Student's Song."

- Pledge each to each, "We'll hold them sacred ever,"
Together now! "We will! we will!"—Cho.
4.
New duties call, the new day's hope rekindles
With tender glow of old days gone;
Life's noontide work shall set to manhood's music
The boy-faith sung at friendship's dawn.—Cho.
5.
Aye, brothers, sing! hand grasping hand draw closer!
Our pathways part, our lives are one;
The good-bye words shall be hereafter's greeting,
The paths unite, the day's work done.
- CHORUS.
Sing, brothers, sing! tho' dim the dreamy mem'ries
grow!
Sing, brothers, sing! tho' fade the echoes sad and
low!
We'll meet, all one, to chant again at evening
The morning song of long ago.

1905 CLASS SONG.

Words by Maxwell B. Long, '05, Bex. '08.

- 1 'Mid the peaceful haunts of old Gambier town,
Lustily sing Nineteen-five!
Have lived many men who've won renown,
Who now wear the doctor's cap and gown:
Lustily sing Nineteen-five!
But though they climb clear out of sight,
They cannot reach Fame's pinnacle quite,
For the stairs they mount is a broken flight;
They can claim not Nineteen-five,
Claim not Nineteen-five.

Cho. Every man's a good fellow,
Hale, hearty, and mellow,
Zealous for Kenyon to strive;
And we'll drink one glass
To a noble class,
Singing Kenyon! and Nineteen-five!

- 2 Our spirits are bold and our hearts are free,
Lustily sing Nineteen-five!
Our band is small, but all agree
That in love, war, and letters mighty are we;
Lustily sing Nineteen-five!

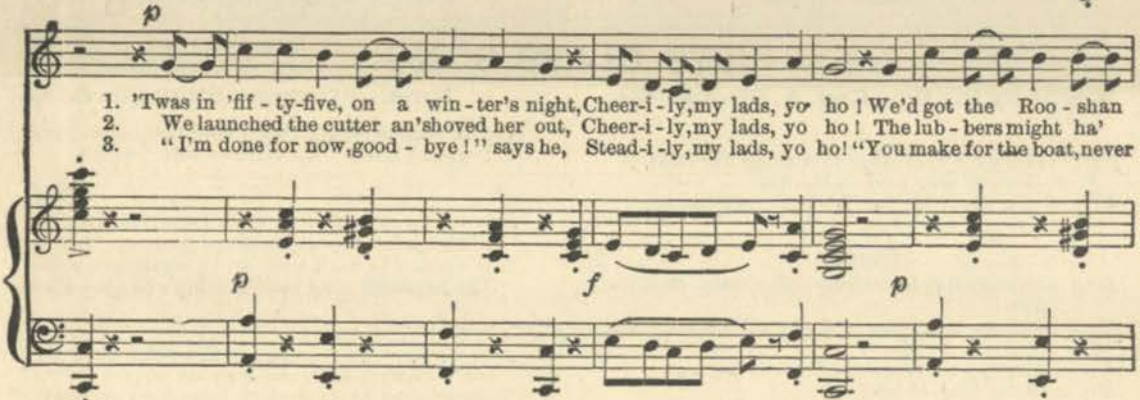
Tune:—"The Midshipmite."

- We can laugh, sing, dance, flirt, make love, and talk;
We can run, bat, throw, catch, fight, jump, and walk;
We can write, paint, and draw with ink, colors, and
chalk;
Glorious old Nineteen-five,
Glorious old Nineteen-five.—Cho.
- 3 Though the tongue may boast, deep in the heart,
Lovingly sing old Kenyon!
Beats the thrill of spirit only love can impart
And it shapes our ends with a consummate art:
Lovingly sing old Kenyon!
We may worry the profs. with conspiracies fell,
We may give the poor Fresh a taste of h—,
Yet love we all of them just as well;
They are all of old Kenyon,
All of old Kenyon.
- Cho. For each man's a good fellow,
Hale, hearty and mellow,
A zealous and faithful son;
So we'll drink one toast
To the name we love most,
To the dearest, best name, KENYON!

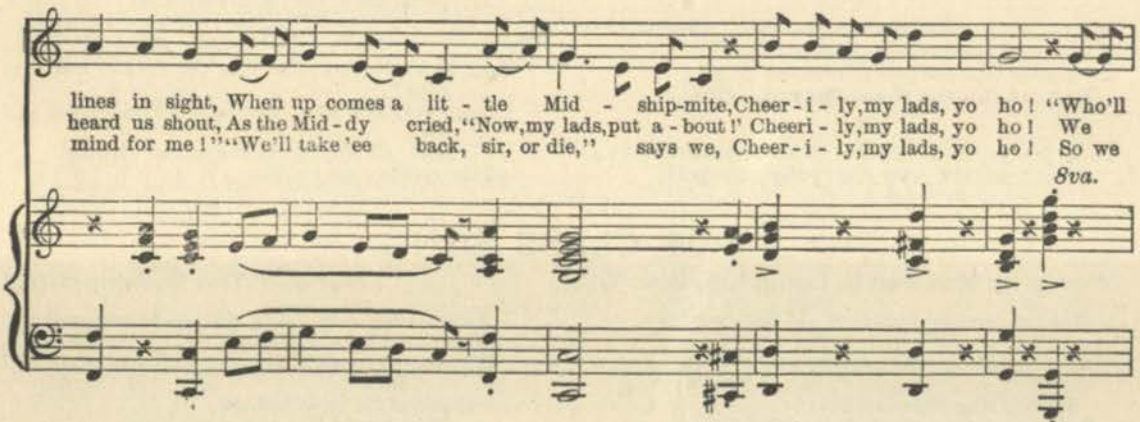
THE MIDSHIPMITE.

Words by Fred. E. Weatherly.
Con spirito.

Music by Stephen Adams.

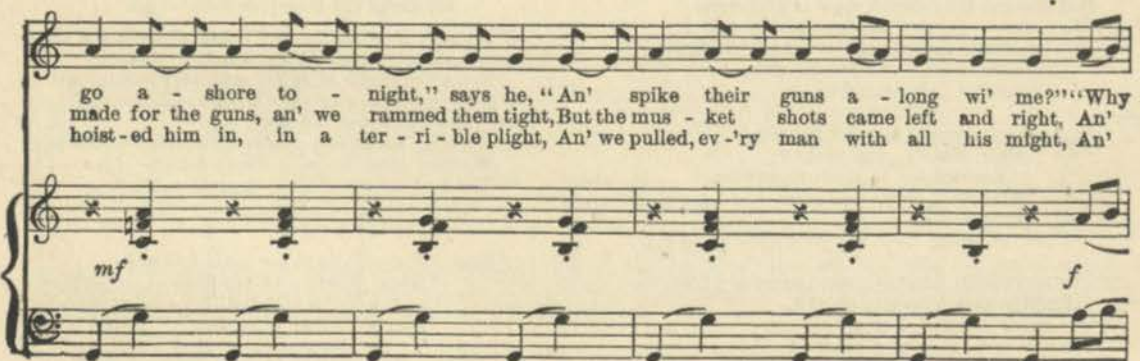


1. 'Twas in 'fif - ty-five, on a win - ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd got the Roo - shan
2. We launched the cutter an'shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The lub - bers might ha'
3. "I'm done for now, good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You make for the boat, never



lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle Mid - ship-mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my lads, put a - bout!" Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we

Sva.



go a - shore to - night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why made for the guns, an' we rammed them tight, But the mus - ket shots came left and right, An' hoist-ed him in, in a ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pulled, ev - 'ry man with all his might, An'

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

bless 'ee sir, come a-long, "says we, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
 down drops the poor little Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
 saved the poor lit-tle Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo

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

rall. *a tempo.*
 ho! With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull,

rall. *p*

rall.
 Gai-ly, boys, make her go! An' we'll drink to-night To the Mid-ship-

rall. *f colla voce.*

Last time.
 mite, Sing-ing cheer-i-ly, lads, yo ho!

ff

A HEALTH TO OLD KENYON.

MELODY IN 2D TENOR.

Tune:—"Son of a Gambolier."

f TENORS.

1. I wish I had a bar - rel of rum, And su - gar three hun - dred pound, The
2. And when my girl is ... born, ... sir, She'll sure - ly do her part, With

BASSES.

col - lege bell to mix it in, The clap - per to stir it 'round; I'd
oth - er girls at Har - - court, To break..... a Fresh - man's heart; And

drink to the health of Ken - yon fair, And to friends both far and near;... I'm a
if..... it is a boy,..... sir,..... He'll sure - ly seek to do..... As his

ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, And the son of a Gam - bo - lier.
dad - dy did be - fore..... him, And..... lay..... out O. S. U.

CHORUS.

The son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gam - bo - lier, I

A HEALTH TO OLD KENYON.

take my whis - key half and half, But I much pre - fer it clear;.. So
here's to the health of old Ken - yon, And the Har - court girls so dear,... I'm a
ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, And the son of a Gam - bo - lier.

LONELY ROUND THE PORTALS.

Tune:—"Rosalie, The Prairie Flower."

1 Lonely round the portals
Of the college halls,
In the fading twilight
Soft, that falls,
Lonely are the whispers of the summer breeze
Breathing through the listening trees.
And no manly voices
'Mid the jovial throng,
Stay the lingering night-wind
With their song;
For the merry singers all are gathered here,
Crowning friendship ever dear.

CHORUS.

Wreath the ivy, fadeless for aye,
Twined with the myrtle, rose and bay;
Fairy eyes are gleaming bright with beauty's power,
Ruling now the happy hour.

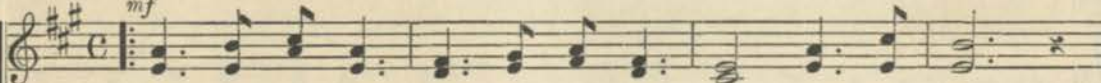
2 Vacant are the windows
Where the blue-eyed maid
Listened to the deep-voiced
Serenade.
While the flute-note swelling on the evening air,
Lightly stirred her clustering hair.
And no fair hand waving
Through the leafy screen,
Gleaming in the moonlight,
Now is seen;
For the gentle listeners come in beauty's power,
Here to crown the festal hour. Cho.—Wreath the, etc.

ALL TOGETHER.


Tune:—"Altogether."

Arranged by Alfred Kingsley Taylor, '06.

mf



1. { All to - geth - er, all to - geth - er, Once more a - gain,
Friend-ship's link is still un - bro - ken, Bright is its chain;
2. { While the ab - sent we are greet - ing, Let us for - get,
For the pres - ent, full of glad - ness, Bids us be gay,
3. { When the warn - ing, all must sev - er, Comes once a - gain,
Oft shall mem - 'ry, breath - ing o'er us Sweet friend - ship's strain,

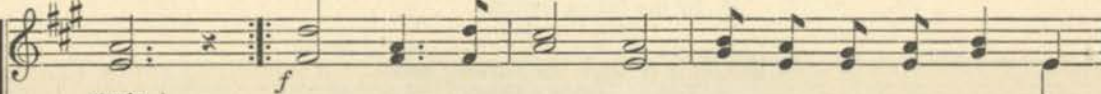



Hearts and voi - ces.. light as ev - er, Glad - ly join the wel - come
Where the part - ing.. words were spo - ken, Now in smiles we meet a -
In this hour of... so - cial meet - ing, Ev - 'ry thought of past re -
Ban - ish ev - 'ry... cloud of sad - ness, And be hap - py while we
Still in feel - ing.. true as ev - er, Shall our faith - ful hearts re -
Bring this hap - py.. hour be - fore us, Till we all shall meet a -

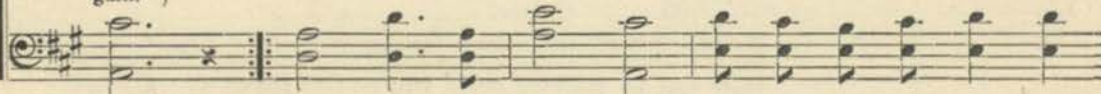
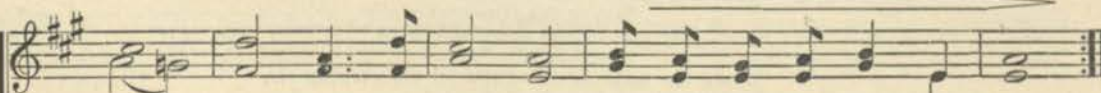


CHORUS. 2d time *pp*

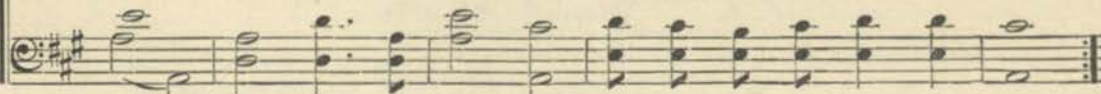
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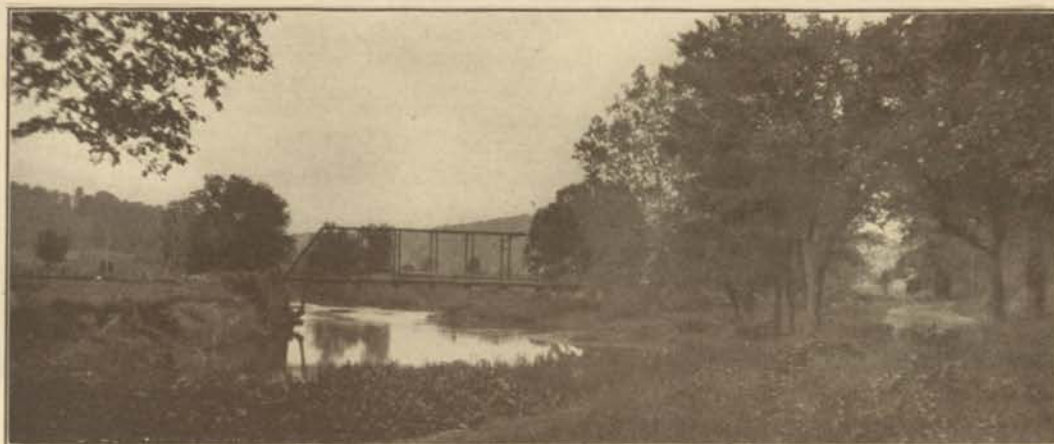


strain. } Oh! could we ev - er Dwell in so - cial pleas - ure
gain. }
gret; } Oh! could we ev - er Dwell in so - cial pleas - ure
may. }
main; } Oh! could we ev - er Dwell in so - cial pleas - ure
gain. }

here,... No more to sev - er From the friends we love so dear!





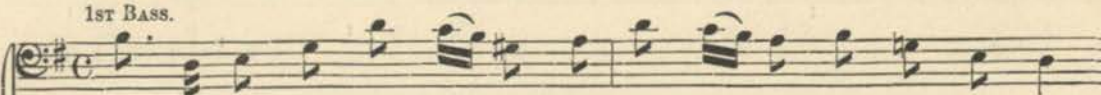
A SONG OF KOKOSING.

Words by
Canon Orville E. Watson, Bex. '92.

Music by
Philemon B. Stanbery, '98.

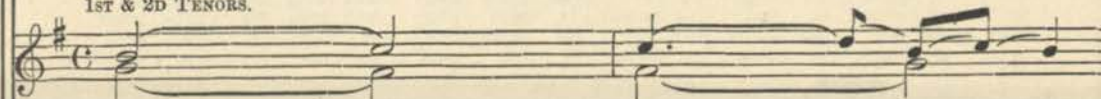
Molto moderato.

1ST BASS.



1. On the banks of Ken - yon's riv - er— Laugh - ing riv - er, swift or slow—
2. And the riv - er took his sing - ing In - to its own sil - ver song,
3. Till at last it reached the o - cean, Where the sail - ors in the ships
4. Yet the riv - er, nev - er leav - ing— Laugh - ing riv - er, swift or slow—

1ST & 2D TENORS.



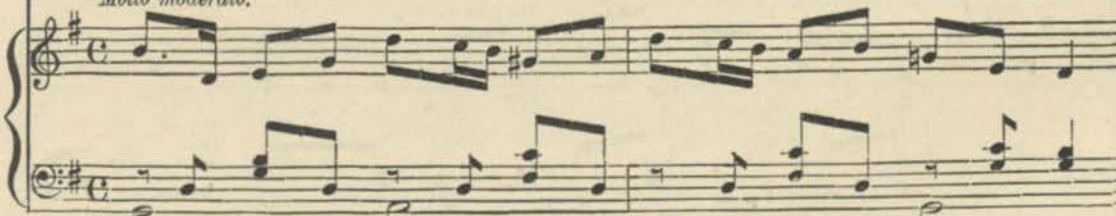
Humming.

Hm

2D BASS.



Molto moderato.



Ped.

* *Ped.*

* *Ped.*

* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

A SONG OF KOKOSING.

un poco ritard.

Stood a youth who sang, "For - ev - er, Hap - py riv - er, fleet and flow
And went gay - er mu - sic bring - ing All the woods and hills a - long;
Felt a sud - den rhyth - mic mo - tion In the bil - lows' swells and dips,
Know - ing not the o - cean's heav - ing— Hap - py riv - er fleet and flow!

Hm Hm

un poco ritard.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

a tempo. *un poco ritard.*

Out to where the hap - py o - cean Thou shalt make more hap - py still, . . .
Gri - my towns re - buk - ing bright - ly, Min - gling mirth with its ap - peals, . . .
Felt their care - less hearts grow hot - ter With strange long - ings on the seas: . . .
Still al - lows no time to wrong it, Lin - gers ev - er, lin - gers still, . . .

Hm Hm

a tempo. *un poco ritard.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

A SONG OF KOKOSING.

a tempo. *un poco ritard.*

Yet for - ev - er stay thy mo - tion Un - der - neath this
 Mur - m'ring mills de - rid - ing light - ly, Fling - ing laugh - ter
 "Hark! a sound blows o'er the wa - ter, As of sing - ing
 While the young men sing a - long it, Un - der - neath the

a tempo. *un poco ritard.*

hap - py hill! Un - der - neath this hap - py hill!"
 in their wheels, Fling - ing laugh - ter in their wheels.
 in green trees! As of sing - ing in green trees!"
 col - lege hill, Un - der - neath the col - lege hill.

molto piu lento.

Un - der - neath this hap - py hill!"
 Fling - ing laugh - ter in their wheels.
 As of sing - ing in green trees!"
 Un - der - neath the col - lege hill.

molto piu lento.

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.*

FORSAKEN.

English version by Mrs. G. Federlein.

Koschat.

TENORS.

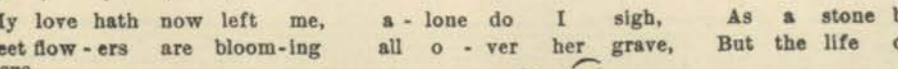
pp Slow.

pp Slow.



1. My love hath now left me, a-lone do I sigh, As a stone by the
2. Sweet flow-ers are bloom-ing all o-ver her grave, But the life of my

BASSES.



mf

pp

way - side neg - lect - ed doth lie; . I go to the grave-yard, for
 darl - ing my love could not save; . . All hope is now bur - ied, 'tis

there she doth sleep, My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I
dark ev - 'ry - where, A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would

Musical score for the song "My Heart is Broken". The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked "Andante". The score consists of two systems. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal melody starts with a whole note G4, followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a whole note G4, followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The second system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal melody starts with a whole note G4, followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a whole note G4, followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The lyrics are: "weep; share; My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I weep. A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would share."

weep; share; My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I weep.
 A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would share.

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"HOW TO."

Words by the Rev. G. H. Smith, '65.

Tune:—"Old Melody."

TENORS.

Arr. by the Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex. '02.

Lively.

1. Oh! Ken - yon is the col - lege where Fresh - men like to go, To
 2. As Sophs we all knew how to, and did this les - son set, That
 3. As Ju niors we could bow to the la - dies when we met, For
 4. As Se - niors full of knowl - edge, of how to bow, we now Will
 5. And when we are A - lum - ni, and take the big de - gree Of

BASSES.

gain a lit - tle knowl - edge of How to—don't you know? And so as Fresh - men
 "Fresh - ies" all should bow to the "Soph - ies," when we met. And so in Ken - yon
 they had taught us how to, and we shall nev - er let From out our hearts the
 soon leave Ken - yon Col - lege with lau - rels on our brow, And in our hands our
 M., A., or shall come by L L D. or D. D., We'll bow to Ken - yon

cresc.

we did a lit - tle learn - ing get, And.. if the Sophs we'd
 Col - lege the Fresh - men had to go And.. learn this lit - tle
 knowl - edge of how to bow to go We... learn'd at Ken - yon
 A. B.'s, our eyes with tears all wet, To... show our fu - ture
 Col - lege, and swear we won't for - get 'Twas she that taught the

heed - ed, we would have that learn - ing yet. They showed us how to
 les - son of the "Bow to," don't you know? We showed the "Fresh - ies"
 Col - lege from the la - dies, don't you know? The la - dies taught us
 ba - bies that we nev - er shall for - get Old Ken - yon and the
 knowl - edge of the "How to Bow," you bet! She'll write it on a

poco a poco rit.

bow to, and lest we should for - get, they made us too, you bet!.....
 how to, and lest they should for - get, we made them too, you bet!.....
 how to, and lest we should for - get, they teach us yet, you bet!.....
 les - sons our Al - ma Ma - ter set of how to bow, you bet!.....
 sheep - skin, for fear we shall for - get, but oh! we won't, you bet!.....

KENYON'S PRAISE.

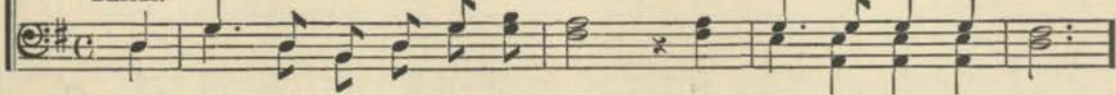
Words and music by Dr. Francis W. Blake, '80.

Firmly.
TENORS.


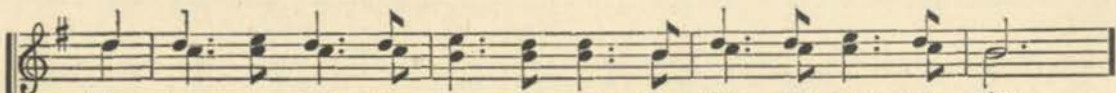


1. Let Ken - yon's wood - ed hill re - sound With ju - bi - lant ac - claim,
2. They point the way to high - est Truth, Thy mis - sion to un - fold;
3. Thy sons en - shrine thee in their hearts, With glow - ing mem - 'ries fill'd;

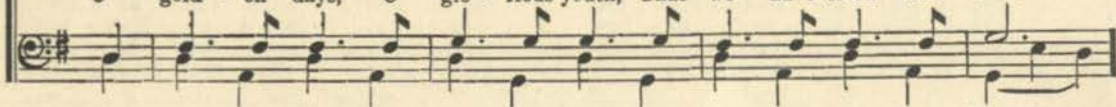
BASSES.




While gath - ered here, thy lov - ing sons Sing prais - es to thy name.
The Truth that grows, the Truth that frees, That makes man brave and bold.
Nor time nor ab - sence fade the joys Which thy bright rays can gild.


Thy state - ly shade, thy no - ble walls Be - fore our gaze up - rise;
As Moth - er thou hast nour - ished us, And didst thy love out - pour;
O gold - en days, O glo - rious youth, That we have lived with thee!




cresc.




And high - er still thy spires up - lift To meet the arch - ing skies.
So, Ken - yon, we, in loy - al - ty, Must love thee more and more.
For - ev - er will their charm en - thrall, In thoughts thy love sets free.



CHORUS.

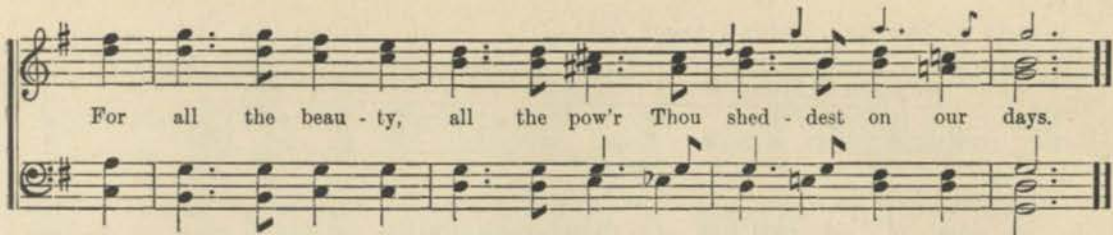


Old Ken - yon, old Ken - yon, We yield to thee the praise..



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KENYON'S PRAISE.



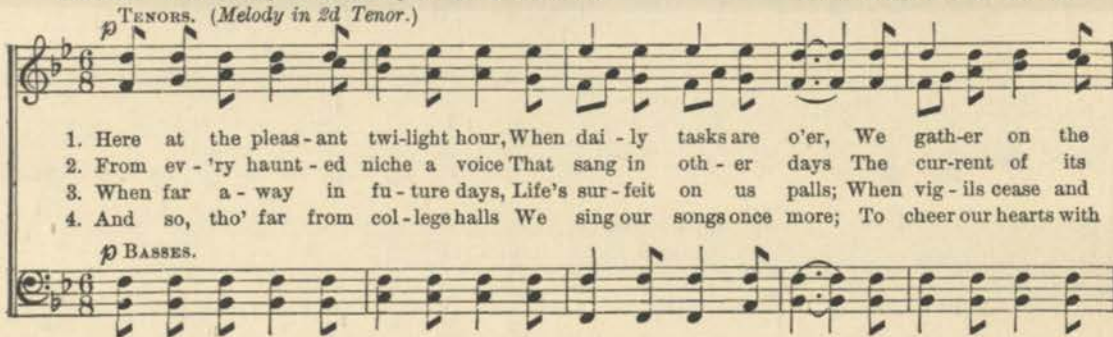
For all the beau - ty, all the pow'r Thou shed - dest on our days.

ON THE CHAPEL STEPS.

Words by J. N. Eno,
Arthur Thomas, and Caspar G. Dickson.

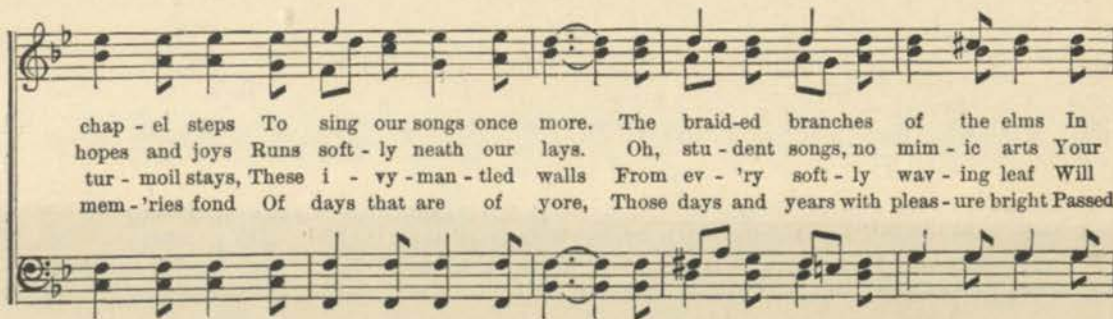
Music by G. C. Gow.

p TENORS. (*Melody in 2d Tenor.*)

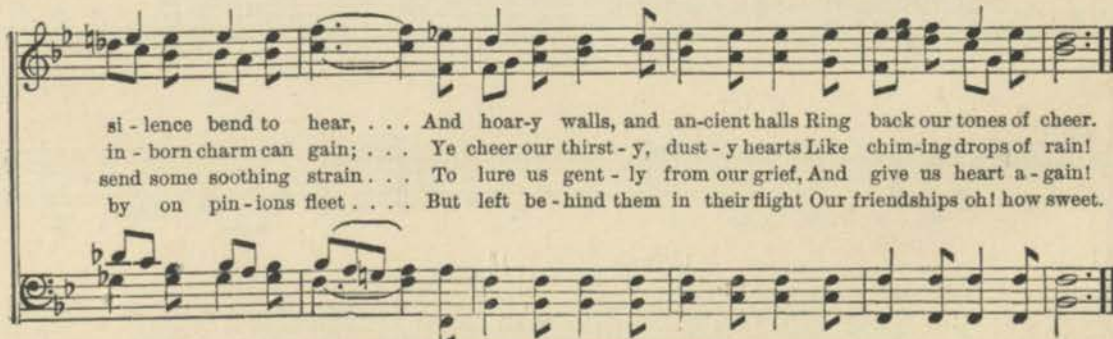


1. Here at the pleas - ant twi - light hour, When dai - ly tasks are o'er, We gath - er on the
2. From ev - 'ry haunt - ed niche a voice That sang in oth - er days The cur - rent of its
3. When far a - way in fu - ture days, Life's sur - feit on us palls; When vig - ils cease and
4. And so, tho' far from col - lege halls We sing our songs once more; To cheer our hearts with

p BASSES.



chap - el steps To sing our songs once more. The braid - ed branches of the elms In
hopes and joys Runs soft - ly neath our lays. Oh, stu - dent songs, no mim - ic arts Your
tur - moil stays, These i - vy - man - tled walls From ev - 'ry soft - ly wav - ing leaf Will
mem - 'ries fond Of days that are of yore, Those days and years with pleas - ure bright Passed



si - lence bend to hear, . . . And hoar - y walls, and an - cient halls Ring back our tones of cheer.
in - born charm can gain; . . . Ye cheer our thirst - y, dust - y hearts Like chim - ing drops of rain!
send some soothing strain . . . To lure us gent - ly from our grief, And give us heart a - gain!
by on pin - ions fleet . . . But left be - hind them in their flight Our friendships oh! how sweet.

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THE KENYON MAN.

Words by the Rev. Bates Gilbert Burt, '01.

Tune: Old Tyrolese Air.

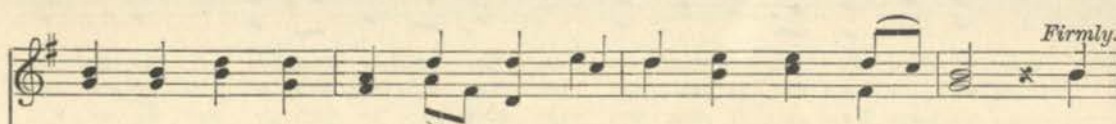
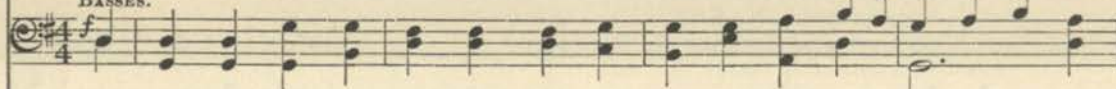
In lively time.

TENORS. (*Melody in 2d Tenor.*)

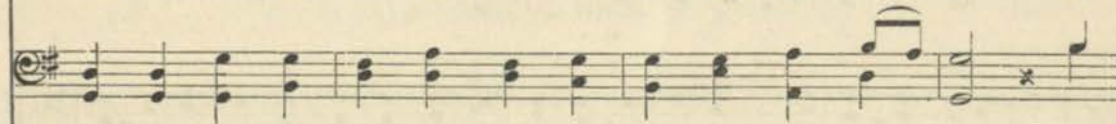


1. Those an - cient walls on Gam - bier Hill With song and laugh - ter ring, . . While
2. In days of old good Bish - op Chase Brought youths from far and near, . . That
3. Now there's that love - ly Har - court maid So sweet and coy and shy; . . . She
4. Be thine the glo - rious task to raise And send forth year by year . . . Strong

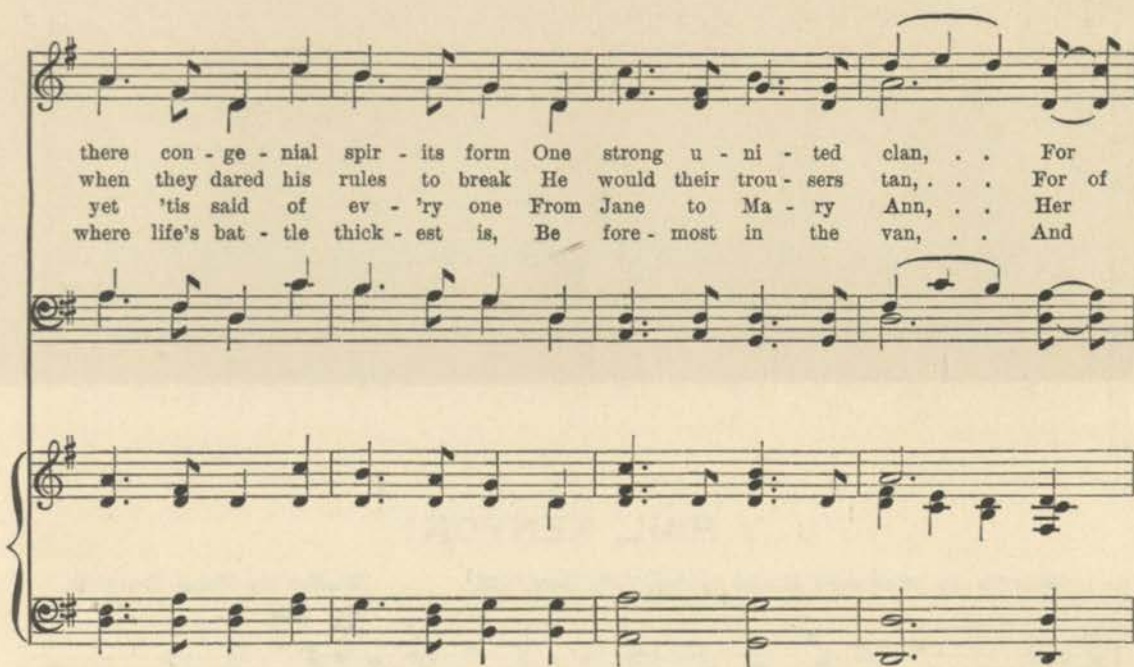
BASSES.



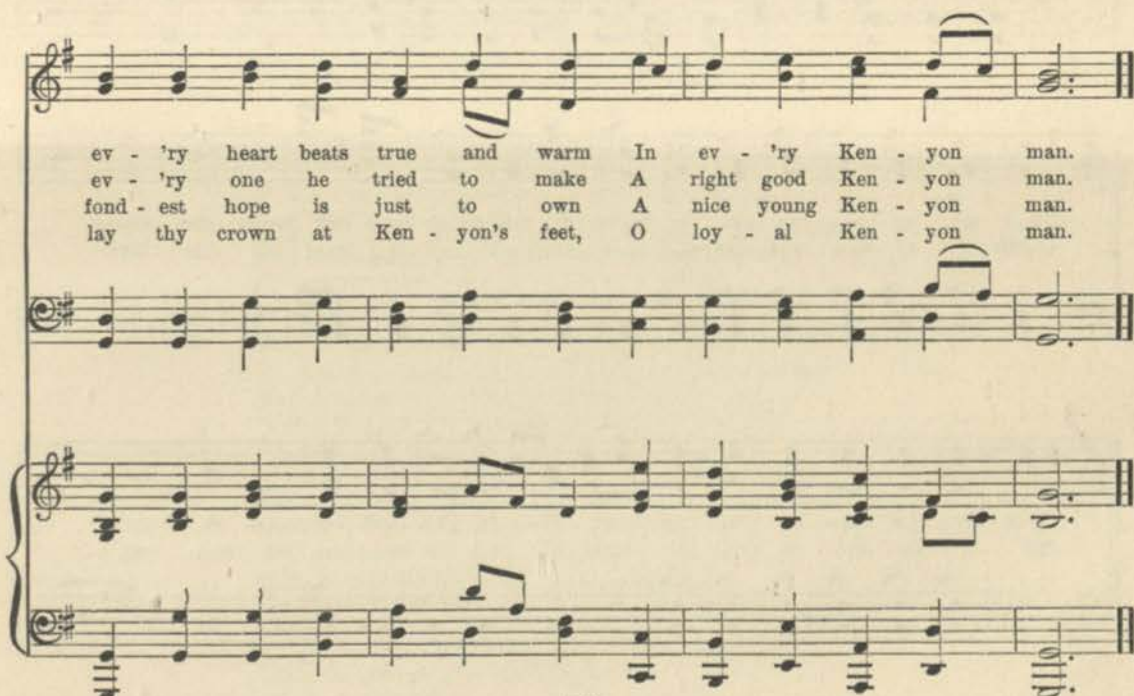
thirst - y stu - dents drink their fill At wis - dom's crys - tal spring; 'Tis
they deep learn - ing might em - brace, With meek - ness and with fear; But
al - ways looks a bit a - fraid When Ken - yon men pass by; And
sons, whose deeds shall be thy praise, O Ken - yon, Moth - er dear. So



THE KENYON MAN.



there con - ge - nial spir - its form One strong u - ni - ted clan, . . For
 when they dared his rules to break He would their trou - sers tan, . . . For of
 yet 'tis said of ev - 'ry one From Jane to Ma - ry Ann, . . Her
 where life's bat - tle thick - est is, Be fore - most in the van, . . And



ev - 'ry heart beats true and warm In ev - 'ry Ken - yon man.
 ev - 'ry one he tried to make A right good Ken - yon man.
 fond - est hope is just to own A nice young Ken - yon man.
 lay thy crown at Ken - yon's feet, O loy - al Ken - yon man.



HAIL, KENYON!

Words by Maxwell Budd Long, '05, Bex. '08.

Music by Paul Delmet.

f TENORS.

1. Hail, Ken - yon, Moth - er all - re - ver'd, Thy name we raise in.. joy - ous song:
2. Soon must our ea - ger fa - ces turn From thee un - to.. the world's blind maze,

f BASSES.

Thou art un - to thy sons en - dear'd By ties which years but make more strong.
Light - ed by flam - ing hopes which burn And beck - on on - ward all our days.

While in thy halls we play our part, While in thy sight our course we run,....
But mid the wea - ry strife and smart, Mid.. bit - ter strug - gles lost and won,....

HAIL, KENYON!

1 cresc.

All pure and fresh in ev - 'ry heart Shall flow'r the love of old.. Ken - yon.

2 cresc.

Pure still and fresh in ev - 'ry heart Shall flow'r the love of old.. Ken - yon.

THE KENYON CURRICULUM.*

Words by

A. L. M. Gottschalk, '96, and Charles C. Wright, '96.

Tune:—

"Paddy Duffy's Cart."

- 1 If you love your gosling dearly and don't care for expense,
Why, send him off to Kenyon, where he'll learn some common sense.
They'll put him through his classics, sharpen up his little bill,
And teach him all the funny ways of dear old Gambier Hill.
He'll learn to cut his chapel; he'll read a crib at sight;
He'll learn to ride his pony in the thickest of the fight;
And if he's fairly handsome and favored by the Fates,
He'll wear the gravel off the path before he graduates.

CHORUS.

Twinkling stars are laughing, love,—and yet 'tis very odd;
It seems to me the stars should weep, for you, alas! are on the squad.

- 2 He'll serenade all evening and wake up in the morn
To overcome the feeling of a head that is forlorn.
He'll wander up the path again, his heart with gladness fill,
And meditate upon the ways of dear old Gambier Hill.
He'll venerate the Senior, but only for a time;
Perhaps he'll have to rusticate in his own native clime.
But he will wear a cap and gown and get a good B.A.,
For which with exclamations deep the "long green" he will pay.—CHO.
- 3 His first three years glide slowly, his fourth goes by so fast,
He hardly seems to realize his Kenyon days are past,
Until one sunny morning he walks thro' Gambier town,
An intellectual Senior in a classic cap and gown.
He's got a big diploma, a lot of Math. and Greek,
A pain beneath his vest of which he does not like to speak.
He'll leave his favorite stamping ground and then go home to work,
To be a street-car driver or a misfit clothing clerk.

CHORUS.

Little Fraud—what's the matter?—Little Fraud
(She chews tobacco)
She will see him in Gambier no more.
Little Fraud (umber-rellas), Little Fraud (umber-rellas),
They will meet on that beautiful shore.

*As sung by the Glee Club, March 5, 1894.

HAIL, KENYON!

Words by Maxwell Budd Long, '05, Bex. '08.

Music by Paul Delmet.

f

1. Hail, Ken - yon, Moth - er all - re -
2. Soon must our ea - ger fa - ces

ver'd! Thy name we raise.. in.... joy - ous song:
turn From thee un - to.... the... world's blind maze,

Thou art un - to thy sons en-dear'd, By ties which years but... make more
Light - ed by flam - ing hopes which burn And beck - on on - ward all our

strong.
days, While in thy halls we play our part, While in thy sight our
But mid the wea - ry strife and smart, Mid.. bit - ter strug - gles

HAIL, KENYON!

1 *cresc.*

course we run,
lost and won,
All pure and fresh in ev - 'ry
(Omit.....)

heart shall flow'r the love of old.. Ken - - - yon.

2 *cresc.*

Pure still and fresh in ev - 'ry heart, Shall flow'r the love of old...

Ken - - - yon.

DOWN IN MOBILE.

Arranged by Lloyd Adams.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Down in . . . Mo - bile, down in . . . Mo - bile, How . . . I love . . . that

TENOR AND BASS.

lit - tle yal - ler gal! How . . . I love that lit - tle yal - ler gal!

Down in . . . Mo - bile, down in . . . Mo - bile. . . Then I'll come

back, yes, I'll come back, Back to my old cab - in
Then I'll come back, yes, I'll come back,

home, Then I'll come back, yes, I'll come
Then I'll come back,

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DOWN IN MOBILE.

back, . . . yes, I'll come back, Back to my old cab - in home. Then 'tis

fare - well, yes, 'tis fare - well, To my home in Ten - nes - see, Then 'tis

fare - well, yes, 'tis fare - well, To my home in Ten - nes - see.

SOLO.

Shine, shine, who wants a shine? My name is Ted - dy, and I'm al - ways

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

p La la la la la la la la la la la la

TENOR AND BASS.

La la la la la la la la

read - y; My brushes are new, My blacking is fine, Ah, there! Mis - ter, don't you want a shine?

la la la la la la la la la. Ah, there! Mis - ter, want a shine?

la la la la la la la.

STAND UP AND CHEER.

Words by E. W. Peake, '11.

(In lively march time.)

TENORS. Melody in 2nd Tenor.

Tune Adapted.

Quartet arrangement by C. C. Childs, '09.
Piano acc. arr. by Alfred Kingsley Taylor, '06.

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system contains three staves: a Tenor staff (treble clef), a Bass staff (bass clef), and a piano accompaniment staff (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

System 1:
 Tenors: Stand up and cheer, Cheer loud and long for
 Basses: Stand up and cheer, Cheer loud and long for
 Piano: Accompaniment for the first line.

System 2:
 Tenors: dear old Ken - - - yon, For to - - -
 Basses: dear old Ken - - - yon, For to - - -
 Piano: Accompaniment for the second line.

System 3:
 Tenors: day we raise The Mauve a - bove the Red and
 Basses: day we raise The Mauve a - bove the Red and
 Piano: Accompaniment for the third line.

System 4:
 Tenors: (continuation of melody)
 Basses: (continuation of melody)
 Piano: Accompaniment for the fourth line.

STAND UP AND CHEER.

cres.

Grey. Our stur-dy men now are fight-ing, And they are

cres.

sure to win the fray; We've got the vim, We're sure to

ff

win, For this is dear old Ken-yon's day! Rah! Rah! Rah! day!

ff

I *V 2*


I *V 2*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system features a vocal line with a repeat sign and first/second endings, and a piano accompaniment that also has a repeat sign and first/second endings. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures (two sharps), time signatures, and dynamic markings like 'cres.' (crescendo) and 'ff' (fortissimo). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

DRINKING SONG.


Words of 3d verse by Arthur Thomas.

TENORS.



1. My com - rades, when I'm no more drink - ing, But sick with gout or pal - sy
2. And when me to my grave you're bring - ing, Then fol - low aft - er, man by


BASSES.



lie, Ex - haust - ed on my sick-bed sink - ing, Be - lieve me, then my end is
man; Let no sad fun - 'ral bells be ring - ing, But tink - ling glass - es be our



nigh. But die I this day or to - mor - row, My tes - ta - ment's al - read - y
plan. And on my tomb - stone be in - scrib - ed, "This man was born, lived, drank, and



made; My bur - ial from your hands I'll bor - row, But with - out splen - dor or pa - rade.
died; And now he lies here who im - bib - ed In all life's joy the pur - ple - tide."

3 Should any ask you why I quitted,
So soon have handed in my checks;
Just tell them simply that I flitted,—
Their honest souls I would not vex!
Of course you know the real reason,—
A rule or two I had defied!
If my demise is out of season,
Just tell 'em—well—I—up and died!

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LAURIGER HORATIUS.

p

1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ve - rum, Fu - git Eu - ro
 2. Cres - cit u - va mol - li - ter, Et pu - el - la cres - cit, Sed po - e - ta
 3. Quid ju - vat æ - ter - ni - tas No - mi - nis; a - ma - re Ni - si ter - ræ

cres. *f* CHORUS.
 ci - ti - us, Tem - pus e - dax re - rum. U - bi sunt, O, poc - u - la,
 tur - pi - ter, Si - ti - ens ca - nes - cit.
 fi - li - as Li - cet, et po - ta - re!

cres. *dim.* *pp*
 Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le, Rix - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru - ben - tis pu - el - læ.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

(SERENADE.)

Arranged by George Rosey.

Dolce. *p*

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in

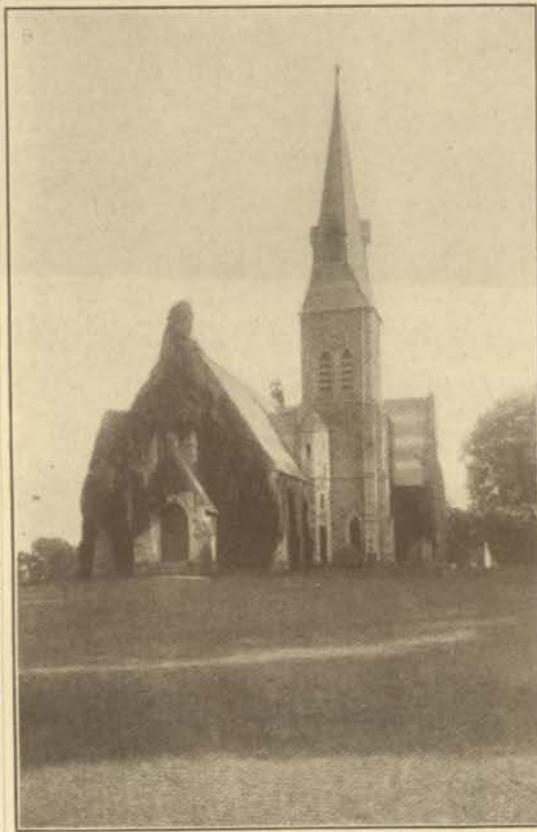
p *rall.*
 gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

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KENYON ALUMNI HYMN.

Words by
the Rev. Cassius M. Roberts, '78.

Music by
the Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex. '02.



Moderato.

mf 1. Dear Ken - yon, Queen of moth - ers,
2. Thou lift - est up thy stee - ple,
3. We join with long gone pleas - ure
4. God bless thee, Ho - ly Moth - er,

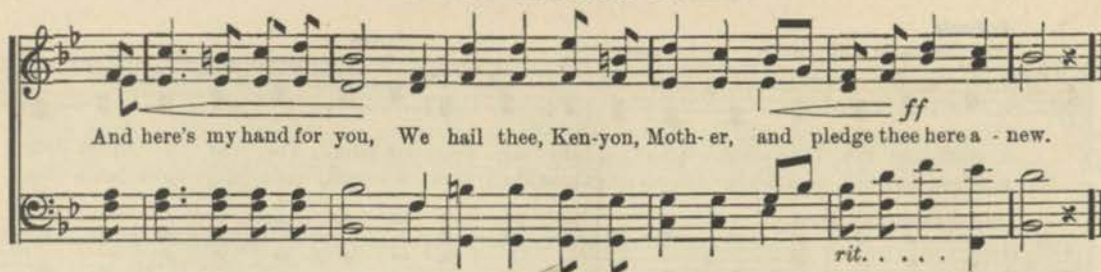
Our mem - ry's fond - est shrine, We
High o - ver hill and plain, To
In songs we used to sing, And,
And keep thee pure and true, We

hail thee here as broth - ers And
call a - mong the peo - ple, "My
in the roll - ing meas - ure, Our
love thee as none o - ther And

rit. . . . a tempo.
loy - al sons of thine; Be - neath thine an - cient roof - tree, And in thy sa - cred walls, A
sons, come home a - gain." Our feet run far to meet thee, Our hearts leap up to bless, We
win - ters turn to spring, Dear moth - er, tho' we've trod - den A long and wea - ry way, Our
pledge thee here a - new. May all the breez - es love thee, And float thy ban - ners high, The

> poco rit. REFRAIN. A little faster.
gain, a - gain we hail thee, And ring it thro' thy halls.
stretch our hands to greet thee, And touch thee to ca - ress } Then heart to heart my broth - er
hearts are still un - sod - den, And we are boys to - day.
heav'n's still shine a - bove thee For - ev - er and for aye.

KENYON ALUMNI HYMN.



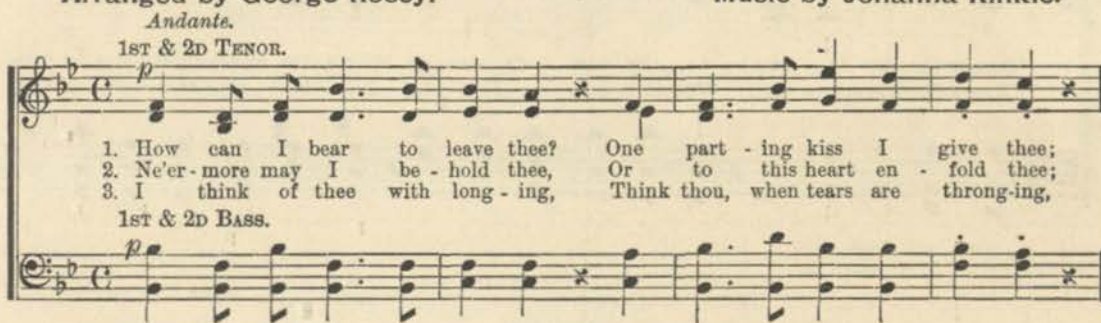
And here's my hand for you, We hail thee, Ken-yon, Moth-er, and pledge thee here a - new.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Arranged by George Rosey.


Music by Johanna Kinkle.

Andante.
1ST & 2D TENOR.



1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee;
2. Ne'er - more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee;
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng-ing,

1ST & 2D BASS.



cres.



And then, what-e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me.
With spear and pen - non glancing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing.
That with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing,

cres.



p *Tranquillo e molto espress.* *ff* *pp* *rit.*



Fare - well, fare-well, my own true love; Fare-well, fare - well, my own true love.

p *ff* *pp* *rit.*



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JUANITA.

Andante.

mf SOPRANO AND ALTO.



1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,

2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam ing

mf TENOR AND BASS.



Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,



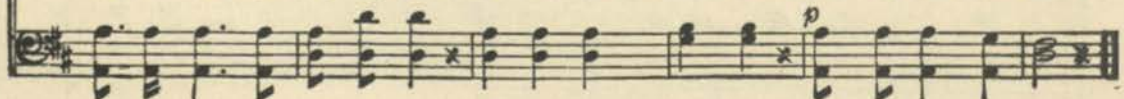
Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!

In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!



Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.

Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!



By permission.

(106)

SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson.

Larghetto.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

J. Barnby.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . Rest, rest on

TENOR AND BASS.

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . Fa - ther will come to his

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

By permission.

NATIONAL HYMN.

Words by the Rev. D. C. Roberts, '61.

Music by Dr. G. W. Warren.

Voices alone.

Trumpets.
(Before each stanza.)

1. God of our fa - thers, Whose al - might - y
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the
3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti -
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some

With organ.

hand,
past,
lence,
way,
Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry
In this free land by Thee our lot is
Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de -
Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing

cres.

band
cast;
fence;
day;
Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor thro' the
Be Thou our rul - er, guar - dian, guide and
Thy true re - li - gion in our hearts in -
Fill all our lives with love and grace di -

skies,
stay,
crease,
vine,
Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos - en way.
Thy boun - teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine.

NOTE.—The following, taken from an article by Col. John J. McCook, '66, which appeared in "The Collegian" of April 19, 1908, contains some interesting facts in regard to this inspiring hymn.

"At the International Arbitration and Peace Congress held in New York in May, 1907, under the Chairmanship of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, one of Kenyon's benefactors, the only hymn used, the words of which were printed on the program, was written by the late Rev. Daniel C. Roberts, Kenyon '61, set to music written by the late George William Warren, Mus. D., one of America's most distinguished composers and organists.

"On this occasion the hymn was magnificently rendered by the Oratorio Society of New York, with a full orchestra, all under the leadership of Mr. Walter Damrosch, as Musical Director. The patriotic spirit of the hymn and the beautiful music to which it was set moved the audience to a high state of enthusiasm.

"The hymn was written by Dr. Roberts for the National Centennial Fourth of July Celebration held in 1876, where it was used most

INTEGER VITÆ.

LIB. I., ODE XXII. Horatii Flacci.

TENORS.




1. In - te - ger vi - tæ scel - e - ris - que pu - rus Non - e - get Mau - ris jac - u - lis, nec
2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter æs - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in - hos - pi -

BASSES.




ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis grav - i - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.
ta - lem Cau - ca - sum, vel quæ 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 curra nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

GOOD-BYE "BAL."

Tune:—"Old Hundred."

1 Poor Balbus life for Sophs has ceased,
And we are from his prose released;
His ashes now in peace repose
And only rise for Freshmen's woes.

2 Let us forget the grief he's caused,
The time that we have o'er him paused,
And laugh to see him Freshmen grind
With troubles we have left behind.

3 Stand round, ye Sophs, and see him burn,
His body now to dust return;

And all ye spirits, too, attend
To bear old Balbus to his end.

4 Come, Charon, now across the Styx
Bear him and all his Latin tricks;
His rules and his exceptions foul
Will cause the imps of hell to howl.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise Balbus, Prince of Latin prose,
Praise him the source of Freshmen's woes;
Praise him below, ye hellish crew,
Old Balbus now receives his due. AMEN.

effectively. It was also chosen by the Committee in charge of the music for the one hundredth anniversary of the Adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and Dr. Warren wrote the music for that occasion, when it was rendered by a large choir and full orchestra, and the martial effect was splendidly brought out by the trumpet interludes.

"This hymn was also rendered at the celebration of the bi-centenary of old Trinity Church in New York City. The fact of its use at the National Arbitration and Peace Congress and upon the other important occasions above referred to, gives this patriotic poem a distinction which is almost if not quite unique, and it is not likely that it will be often omitted from the programs of important public and patriotic occasions, and especially those of National or International interest.

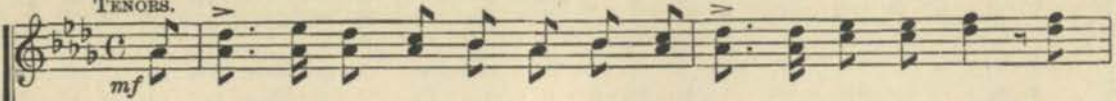
"By the special permission of Dr. Roberts, this hymn has been placed in the new Congregational Hymnal and also in the new Hymnal of the Methodist Protestant Episcopal Church. It also has a place in the new collection of University Hymns for use in Battell Chapel at Yale University, compiled by Prof. Horatio Parker, Mus. D. Cantab, the Dean of the Department of Music at Yale."

LOYAL AND TRUE.

Words by Warren Howard Mann, '00. Music by the Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex. '02.

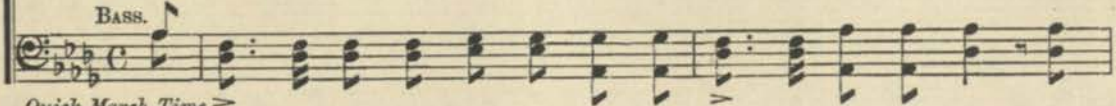
Sempre marcato.

TENORS.

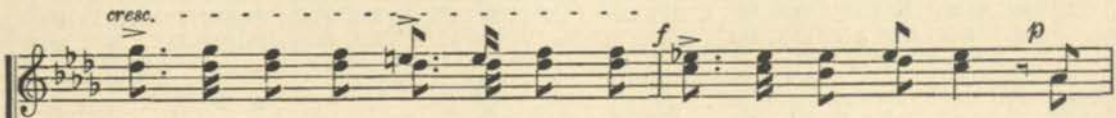


1. Come, Ken - yon's sons, from ev - ery side, Knit by a com - mon tie; Through
2. Up - on a hill your tow - ers rise, Up - stand - ing toward the sky; That

BASS.



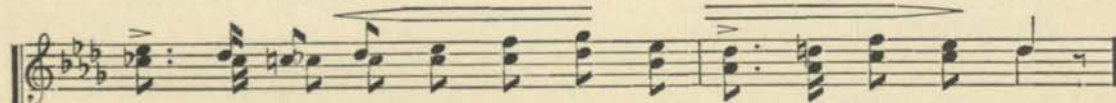
Quick March Time.



all our days we'll sing your praise, Old Ken - yon, till we die. For
tell the world that there un - furled You've set your stand - ard high. Your



price - less is the prize you give, Like lau - rel to a - dorn; And
grand old walls, so staunch, so firm, Like sen - ti - nels in gray, Un -



in re - turn we can but bring A firm al - le - giance sworn.
to the heights we may at - tain For ev - er point the way.



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LOYAL AND TRUE.

REFRAIN.

Legato.

p *marc.*

So real hearts and leal hearts We of - fer un - to you, For -

Legato.

cresc. *f*

ev - er we will strive to be Your loy - al sons and true. So

and true, So

real hearts and leal hearts We of - fer un - to you, For -

real hearts

ff

ev - er we will strive to be Your loy - al sons and true...

rit. *ff*

BLOW, YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO!

Arranged by James Kendrick.

mf Solo.

1. A cap-i-tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the Wal-lop-ing Win - dow Blind ! No
 2. The bo'-swain's mate was ver-y se - date, Yet fond of a - muse - ment too ; He
 3. The cap - tain sat on the Com-mo-dore's hat, And dined in a roy - al way, Off

mf

wind that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or trou-bled the Cap - tain's mind ; The
 played hop-sotch with the star - board watch, While the cap - tain, he tick-led the crew ! And the
 toast - ed pigs and pic-kles and figs And gun-ner - y bread each day. And the

man at the wheel was made to feel Con - tempt for the wild - est blow - ow - ow, Tho' it
 gun-ner we had was ap - parent - ly mad, For he sat on the af - ter rai - ai - all, And
 cook was Dutch, and be - haved as such, For the di - et he gave the crew - ew - ew, Was a

oft - ten ap - peared, when the gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
 fired sa - lutes with the cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom - ing gale !
 num-ber of tons of hot cross - buns Served up with sug - ar and glue.

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BLOW, YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO!

CHORUS.
TENORS.

(Mel. in 2d Tenor.)
Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho! A - rov - ing I will go! I'll stay no more on
BASSES.

Eng-land's shore, So let the mu - sic play - ay - ay! I'm off for the morn-ing train! I'll

cross the rag - ing main! I'm off to my love with a box-ing glove, Ten thousand miles a - way!

rit. a tempo.

rit. a tempo.

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

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

OCTOBER'S LEAVES ARE FALLING.

Moderato.

Tune:—"The Wearin' of the Green."

mf SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Oc - to - ber's leaves are fall - ing, boys, And o'er each state - ly tree, Brown
2. There is no sor - row in our path, No cloud ob - scures the sky, We

TENOR AND BASS.

au - tumn flings her scar - let robe, That flut - ters light and free; The....
need no thought for mor - row's wants—No cause have we to sigh; The....

sun - set's gold - en mel - low light, Is blush - ing on each tower, And...
wind that whis - tles through our halls, To us no chill can bring; We....

tells of sum - mer past and gone, With each bright hap - py hour.
watch the curl - ing wreaths of smoke, While joy - ous - ly we sing.

CHORUS.

Oh!..... long may Ken - yon's por - - tals, With - stand th'as - sault of

OCTOBER'S LEAVES ARE FALLING.

age; And... long live all her num - 'rous throng, From youth to hon - ored

sage; Oh! long may Ken - yon's por - tals, With - stand th'as - sult of age, And

long live all her num - 'rous throng, From youth to hon - ored sage.

SONG OF '69.

Words by H. P. Smith, '69.

- 1 We've gathered here as classmates dear,
'Round Kenyon's classic shrine,
And glorious be our bright career,
With heart and hand combined.
Then raise on high the glad some song,
And quaff the sparkling wine;
Ter. { And let the chorus loud and long,
Re-echo, Sixty-nine,
And let the echo loud and long,
Re-echo, Sixty-nine.
- 2 The skies are fair above us,
And sunbeams 'lume our way,
Then leave dull care behind us,
Rejoice while yet we may,
From out the clear, ethereal blue,

Tune:—"Benny Havens, O!"

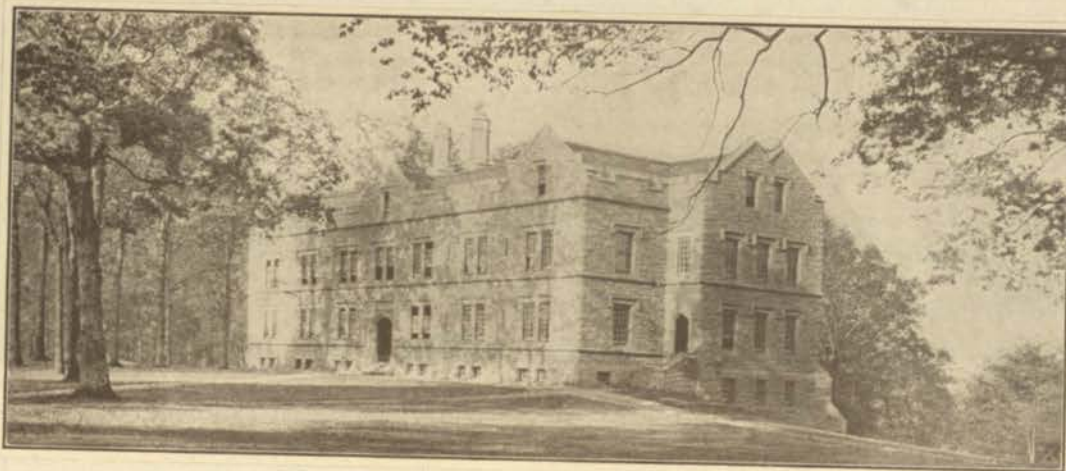
- Ter.* { A star doth brightly shine,
And guides the few, but tried and true,
The class of Sixty-nine,
And guides the few, but tried and true,
The class of Sixty-nine.
- 3 And when to all we bid adieu,
When college life is o'er,
In memory still we'll keep in view,
The chosen twenty-four.
Our college life speeds swift along,
And soon will pass the time,
Ter. { So let us all, a jolly throng,
Be gay till Sixty-nine,
So let us all, a jolly throng,
Be gay till Sixty-nine.

NIGHT SONG.

Tune:—"Benny Havens, O!"

- 1 Weary lessons learned or ponied,
Tutors tucked away in bed,
Festive-footed, mirth and music,
Will we welcome in their stead;
And while, all lonely in the heavens,
Look down the midnight stars,
We'll send to keep them company,
The smoke of our cigars.
Ancient Tully and Anacron,
And genial Horace, too,
With all their wealth of intellect,
Were yet a jolly crew;
And as we read their pages o'er,
We'll keep it still in mind,
Good fellowship with scholarship
Should ever be combined.

- 2 When age has wrought his changes,
And our student-life is o'er,
The sunny hours which now we know,
Shall visit us no more;
Yet here we'll represented be;
Our boys in lineal line,
Shall sing the songs we used to sing,
In days of auld lang syne.
Time may bring us cares and sorrows,
Time may bring us hopes and joys;
We'll take our share of all in turn,
And not complain, my boys;
Or, if the ancient gentleman,
Gets something of a bore,
We'll coolly cut his company,
And show him to the door.



THE "BARRACKS POLITICIAN."

Tune:—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

Arranged by Alfred Kingsley Taylor, '06.

mf

1. 'Tis a ver - y gor - geous ma - nor You have built us, Mis - ter Han-na, And we
 2. For we too have our e - lec - tions, And if you have no ob - jec - tions, We should
 3. Is it Greek or is it Lat - in That a man will grow most fat in? Won't you

of - ten think how can her Like be found; When we take up our po - si - tion
 like your sage di - rec - tions, Us to guide. You can man - age a - ny cau - cus,
 please to tell us that in Which to work? Is it French or is it Ger - man

In the "Bar - racks Pol - i - ti - cian," We shall al - ways be a - wish - in'
 And it's sure that you could talk us In - to shun - ning what would balk us,
 That will teach us how to stir men? Won't you teach us to de - ter - mine

NOTE.—Written especially for the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of Hanna Hall, Nov. 8, 1902, and sung by the Glee Club at the luncheon on that day, in Philo Hall, given in honor of Senator Hanna.

THE "BARRACKS POLITICIAN."

CHORUS.

You were 'round.
If you tried.
What to shirk?

1. For we'd like to take... and... thank you
2. For we'd like to take... and... thank you,
3. Won't you tell us, Mis - ter.... Han - na,

we, on,.....

1-2.—For the bal - ance in the bank you Gave to we, The cash for we;
3. What's the most suc - ces - ful man - ner To get on, How to get on?

we, on, The cash for we,
on, How to get on,

And on ev' - ry Ken - yon ban - ner We'll in - scribe the name of
Then on ev' - ry Ken - yon ban - ner We'll in - scribe the name of

ff
Han - na, And we'll sing to the pi - an - o, "Long live he!"
Han - na, And we'll all sing to th'pi - an - o, "Mark live long!"

DEMPSEY.

Tune:—"Everybody Works but Father."

Oh, nobody works like Dempsey;
He's working night and day,
That Kenyon in her progress
May meet with no delay.
He's brought a crowd from Cleveland,
Her beauties for to see;
Oh, nobody works for Kenyon
Like Jim Dempsey.

LEVEE SONG.

Arranged.

SOPRANO AND ALTO. QUARTET.

TENOR AND BASS. SOLO. SOLO.

I'm wuk-kin'on de le-vee;

1. I once did know A girl named Grace— She done brung me to dis

QUARTET. CHORUS.

O' wuk-kin'on de le-vee. I been wuk-kin' on de rail - road

sad dis-grace

All de live-long day; I been wuk-kin' on de rail - road Ter pass de time a - way.

Doan' yuh hyah de whis - tle blow - in? Rise up so uh - ly in de mawn.

FINE.

Doan' yuh hyah de cap - 'n shout - in', "Di - nah, blow yo' hawn?"

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LEVEE SONG.

Solo.

2. Sing a song o' the cit - y; . . . Roll dat cot - ton bale; . . .

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

p HUMMING CHORUS.

TENOR AND BASS.

Nig - gah ain' half so hap - py . . . As when he's out o' jail.

Nor - folk foh it's oy - stah - shells, Bos - ton foh it's beans; . . .

D.S. Chorus.

Chal'es - ton foh it's rice an' cawn, But foh nig - gahs— New - Aw - leans.

THE WORLD'S ALL BEFORE US.

Tune:—"There's a Good Time Coming."

- 1 Our college days are o'er at last,
And clouds our sky may soon o'ercast
In the great world before us;
But we'll not falter or grow faint,
As, onward bravely moving,
We face each duty manfully,—
Up, and let's be doing!
- CHORUS.
- The world's all before us, boys,
The world's all before us;
The world's all before us, boys,
Up, and let's be doing.
- 2 We ne'er shall hear the college bell,
Whose tones we've learned to know so well,
In the great world before us;
And ne'er again shall "morning prayers"

- Break slumber's gentle wooing,
But louder calls shall rouse us then,—
Up, and let's be doing!—CHO.
- 3 Each college law we thought a bore
Shall never once disturb us more
In the great world before us;
But other cares, and greater, too,
Shall soon our paths be strewing;
So if we are not mummies, boys,
Up, and let's be doing!—CHO.
 - 4 We've idled many an hour away;
There's need of something else than play
In the great world before us;
Then banish every useless sigh,
And fortune's favors wooing,
Let's forth, our mettle each to try,—
Up, and let's be doing!—CHO.

EACH TO EACH.

Words by A. Crary, '69.

Tune:—"Duncan Laddie."

- 1 Each to each shall be a brother,
Ever cherishing each other,
And life's cares shall never sever
All the love of Sixty-nine.
May thy pleasures ever bright be,
May thy sorrows ne'er benight thee,
May the cares of life e'er light be,
Members of fair Sixty-nine.

- 2 Blythe and joyous be our chorus,
Bright the future that's before us,
Bright the honor waving o'er us,
Each one of fair Sixty-nine.
Each to each shall be a brother,
Ever cherishing each other,
And life's cares shall never sever
All the love of Sixty-nine.

A BALLAD OF ANDREW.

Words by
the Rev. George F. Smythe, D.D.

Tune:—

"Pirates' Chorus" from "Peter Pan."

- 1 When Andrew was a little lad
He had no books to read,
And so he built a library
His intellect to feed.
Whene'er he saw a useful book
Says he, "I will put that in;"
Scotch, Hindoo, and Chinese he took,
But nary Greek nor Latin.
- 2 So diligent a lad, I fear,
Will not be seen again;
He labored fourteen hours a day,
And read the other ten.
But when his money all was spent,
Says he, "So poor I feel,
There's nothing left for me to do
But make a little steel."
- 3 Then everybody bought his steel
And paid him such a price
That Andrew was a millionaire
In just about a trice.
But now he felt a fearful fear
That rose to such a pitch
It haunted him by day and night,—
The fear of dying rich.
- 4 He did not want the charge to stand
On the eternal docket
That A. Carnegie had expired
With money in his pocket.

Says he, "To keep from such a fate
I'll alter my char-ac-ter:
I'll leave off making steel, and be
Henceforth a benefactor."

- 5 In theologic zeal he gave
An organ to a church,
And then endowed an "Institute
Of Biblical Research."
He saw that college profs die poor
In spite of their endeavor;
He filled their pockets up with cash,
And now they'll live forever.
- 6 He saw that we Americans
In courage are but zeros;
He spent ten million dollars to
Transform us into heroes.
He saw we couldn't spell. Says he,
While tears his eyes did fill,
"Spell just as badly as you please,
And I will pay the bill."
- 7 What things are lovely, true, and pure,
Of good report and right,
On these our Andrew thinks, and these
He helps with all his might:
So here's to Andrew Carnegie.
And when he's called above,
He may go poor in pocket, but
He will go rich in love.

NOTE. Written especially for Edwin M. Stanton Day, April 26, 1906, and sung by the Glee Club at the luncheon given that day in Rosse Hall in honor of Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

Sostenuto.
f TENORS.

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,

f BASSES.

Allegro.

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

Repeat. pp

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

SWEETHEART, I WAIT FOR THEE.

Words and music by T. Dillwyn Thomas.

Andante moderato.
mp

1. Sweet - heart, I wait for thee, Down by the rip - pling stream; Sweet - heart, I
 2. Sweet - heart, thy face so fair, With eyes of heav - 'nly blue, Doth ban - ish

mp

rit. *pp* *a tempo.* *pp* *rit.*

wait for thee, 'Neath the moon's sil - v'ry beam. . . Sweet - heart, I wait for thee, for thee.
 ev - 'ry care, Oh, my love fond and true, . . . Sweet - heart, I wait for thee, for thee.
 for thee,

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TONANS.

Words by W. St. Clair Creighton, '74. Tune:—"On the Road to Mandalay."

"Ye Bell, sometime yclep'd 'TONANS' (and againe, eke 'YE GRAMPUS,') high-swung in ye steeple of Old College, calleth in tones imperative, or reproachful, or in greeting ever down from ye crowne of Old KENTON ON YE HILL." *Chronicles of Kenyon.*

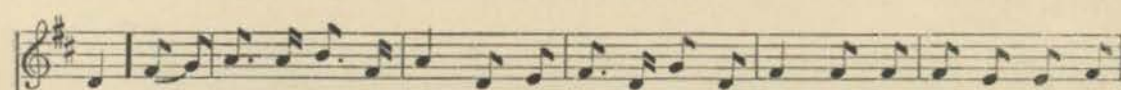
1. You are sleep-ing, sweet-ly sleep-ing, In the Mid-dle, or a Wing, You are dream-ing, brave-ly
2. Or per-haps you are re-pos-ing By the In-dian nai-ad stream, On a bank of the Ko-
3. Or per-chance you are "re-turn-in' From a-lar-kin' in the Town" "From a-shoot-in'-up Mt.
4. But sup-pose you're out of Col-lege, And your hair is turn-ing gray; And you long'd for Al-ma

dream-ing, When you hear old To-nans ring. How he shakes you till he wakes you! How he
ko-sing, Where ex-ist-ence is a dream: But you're due at Hall As-cen-sion, And your
Ver-non, Where you've "gone and done it brown!" What's that rum-ble and that grum-ble O'er "ye
Ma-ter, So you've just re-turned to-day! As you stroll a-long the Cam-pus How your

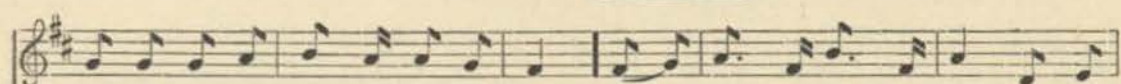
ham-mers at you still! How he bel-lows at the fel-lows, From Old Ken-yon on the
fan-cies all take wing For a "spiel" at Greek de-clen-sion, When you hear old To-nans
Bish-ope, hys Back-bone" That is To-nans, stern old To-nans, And he hits you like a
pul-ses leap and thrill! Hark! that wel-come boom from Gram-pus To Old Ken-yon on the

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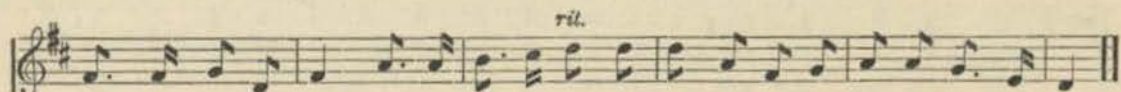
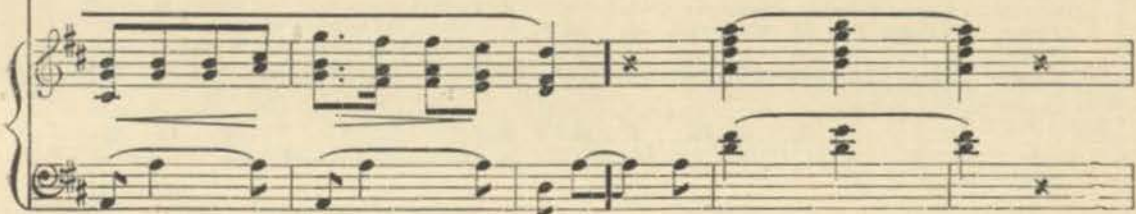
TONANS.



Hill! k' Boom! g' Long! k' Boom! He is call-ing with a will! He is call-ing, call-ing,
ring. k' Boom! g' Long! k' Boom! He is call-ing with a will! He is call-ing, call-ing,
stone. k' Boom! s' Wrong! k' Boom! Yes; he smites you with a will! He is scold-ing, scold-ing,
Hill! k' Boom! s' Long! k' Boom! There's a wel-come for you still! You are wel-come, wel-come,



call-ing from Old Ken-yon on the Hill! k' Boom! g' Long! k' Boom! How he
call-ing from Old Ken-yon on the Hill! k' Boom! g' Long! k' Boom! (You old
scold-ing from Old Ken-yon on the Hill! k' Boom! s' Wrong! k' Boom! And you're
wel-come to Old Ken-yon on the Hill! k' Boom! s' Long! k' Boom! Here's a



ham-mers at you still! He is call-ing down like thun-der from Old Ken-yon on the Hill!
Gram-pus, take a pill! He is call-ing down like thun-der from Old Ken-yon on the Hill!
feel-ing rath-er ill! He is scold-ing you like thun-der from Old Ken-yon on the Hill!
wel-come for you still! You are Wel-come Home, by thun-der! to Old Ken-yon on the Hill.



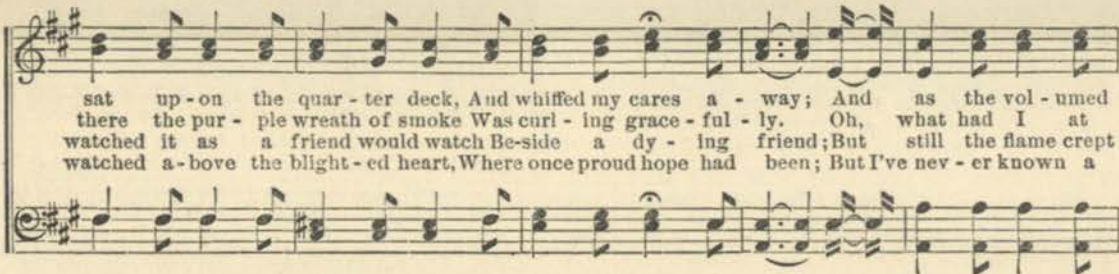
MY LAST CIGAR.

QUARTET.
TENORS.



1. 'Twas off the blue Ca-na-ry Isles, A glo-rious sum-mer day, . I
2. I leaned up-on the quar-ter rail, And looked down in the sea, . E'en
3. I watched the ash-es as it came Fast draw-ing to the end; . I
4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis-tance dim, . I've

BASSES.

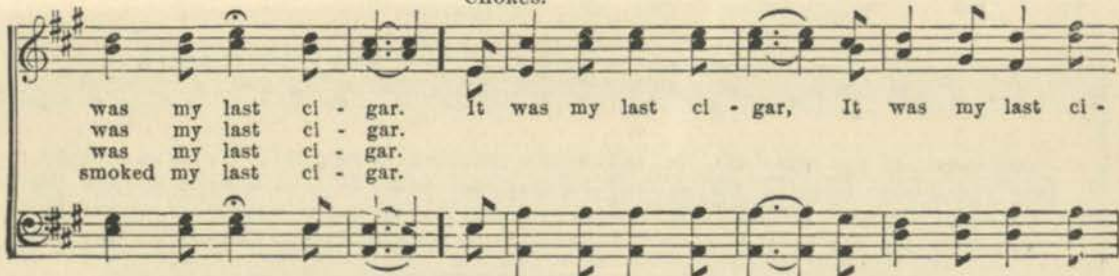


sat up-on the quar-ter deck, And whiffed my cares a-way; And as the vol-umed
there the pur-ple wreath of smoke Was curl-ing grace-ful-ly. Oh, what had I at
watched it as a friend would watch Be-side a dy-ing friend; But still the flame crept
watched a-bove the blight-ed heart, Where once proud hope had been; But I've nev-er known a

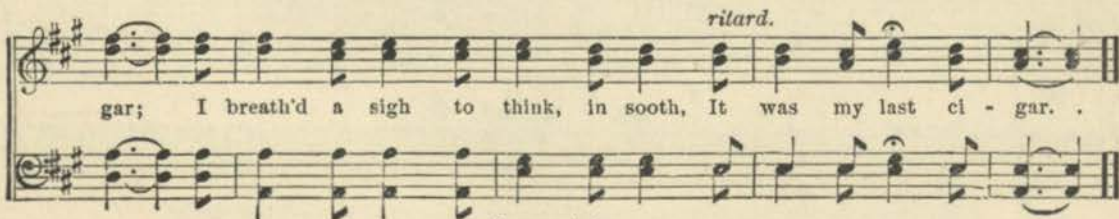


smoke a-rose, Like in-cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It
such a time, To do with wast-ing care? A-las! the trem-bling tear pro-claimed It
slow-ly on, It van-ished in-to air, I threw it from me, spare the tale, It
sor-row That could with that com-pare, When off the blue Ca-na-ry Isles, I

CHORUS.



was my last ci-gar. It was my last ci-gar, It was my last ci-
was my last ci-gar.
was my last ci-gar.
smoked my last ci-gar.



gar; I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci-gar. .

By permission.

A COLLEGE MEDLEY.

Allegro.

TENORS. SOLO VOICE.

Arranged.

As fresh-men first we came to col-lege; Fol de rol de rol rol rol,

SOLO. CHORUS.

We possessed but lit-tle knowledge, Fol de rol de rol rol rol, Fol de rol de rol, rol rol, Fol de rol, rol rol,

ritard.

Fol de rol, de rol rol rol, Fol de rol de rol rol rol. So we hope to Fol de rol rol rol,

Andantino.

As the black-bird, in the spring, 'Neath the wil-low tree Sat and piped, I

heard him sing, Sing-ing Au-ra Lee. Au-ra Lee, Au-ra Lee,

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(125)

A COLLEGE MEDLEY.

Maid of gold - en hair, Sun - shine comes a - long with thee, and swal - lows in . .

The first system of music is in 6/8 time, featuring a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass line provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

Allegro.

Hea - ven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no fac - ul - ty there. But down be - low where

The second system continues in 6/8 time. The melody in the treble clef is more active, with many eighth notes. The bass line in the bass clef also features eighth notes, with some rests. The tempo is marked 'Allegro'.

rit. *Allegretto.*

all is woe, The Fac - ul - ty they'll be Down on the Mis - sis - sip - pi float - ing,

The third system begins with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking and then changes to 'Allegretto'. The time signature changes to 4/4. The melody in the treble clef is marked with a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The bass line also has a 'p' dynamic. The music features a mix of quarter and eighth notes.

Long time I trab - bel o'er de way; All night de cot - ton - wood I'se tot - ing,

The fourth system continues in 4/4 time. The melody in the treble clef has some rests, while the bass line in the bass clef is more active with eighth notes. The key signature remains two flats.

Sing - ing for my true lub all For - sak - en, For - sak - en, For - sak - en am

The fifth system continues in 4/4 time. The melody in the treble clef features a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The bass line in the bass clef also has a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

A COLLEGE MEDLEY.

I; like a stone in the cause-way, my bur - ied hopes lie! . . I go to the

church-yard, Mine eyes fill'd with tears, And, kneel-ing, I weep there O'er my love, lov'd for

years; And, kneel-ing, I see there The ra - zors a - fly - in' in the

air, O my love, get a - way from that win-dow, my lub an' my dove, Get a -

way from dat win - dow now I say! O my, yes! Come some o - der night, fo' dar's

A COLLEGE MEDLEY.

Andante.

gwine to be a fight, Dar'll be ra-zors a-fly-in' thro' de Old oak-en

cres. dim.

buck-et, The i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-er'd buck-et that hung on the

cres. dim.

Allegretto.

Twink-ling stars are laugh-ing, love, laugh-ing at you and me; While your bright eyes,

SOLO IN 2D TENOR.

Andante.

look in mine Twink-ling stars they say Fare-well, Fare-well, my own true
Love, love, love,

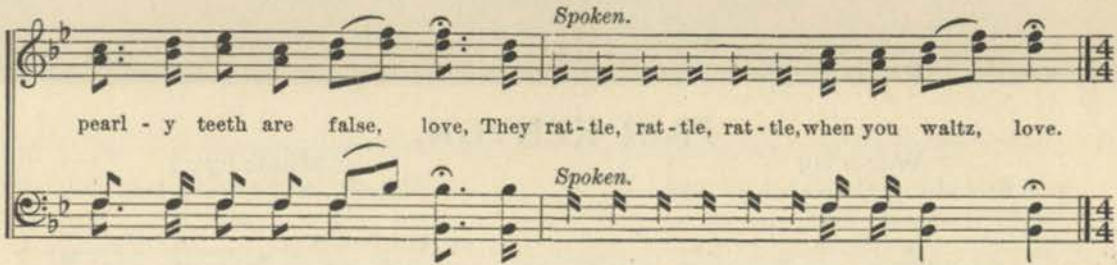
love, TUTTI. *Allegro.*

love, Fare-well, fare-well, my own true Nut-brown maid-en, thou
love,

A COLLEGE MEDLEY




hast such pearl-y, pearl-y teeth; Nut-brown maid - en, thou hast such pearl-y teeth. Those



Spoken.
 pearl - y teeth are false, love, They rat-tle, rat-tle, rat-tle, when you waltz, love.

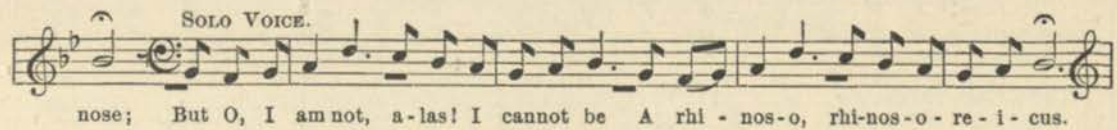
Spoken.

Andante.
 SOLO VOICE.



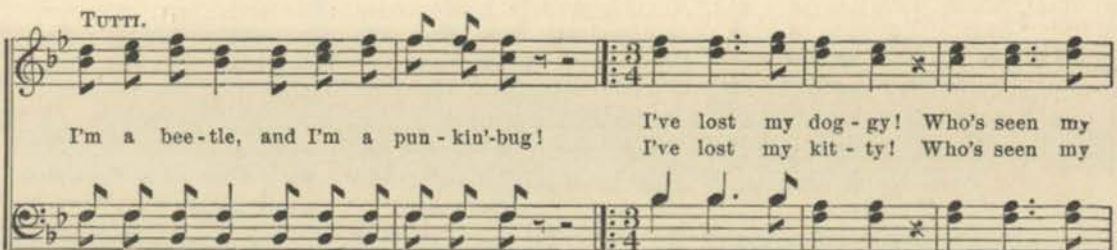
wish I were a rhi-nos-o-re-i-cus, And could wear an iv-ry toothpick on my

SOLO VOICE.

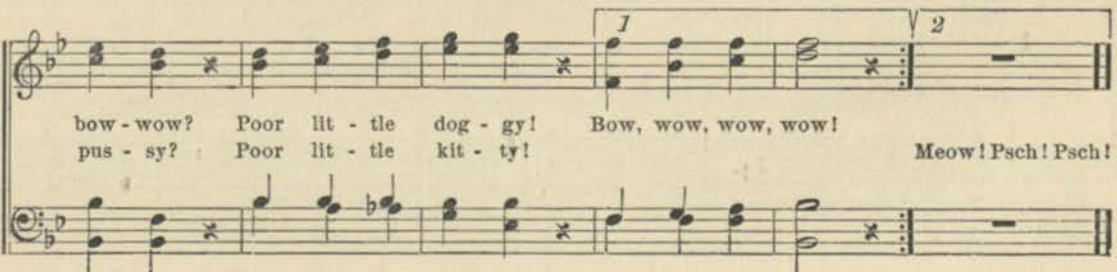


nose; But O, I am not, a-las! I cannot be A rhi-nos-o, rhi-nos-o-re-i-cus.

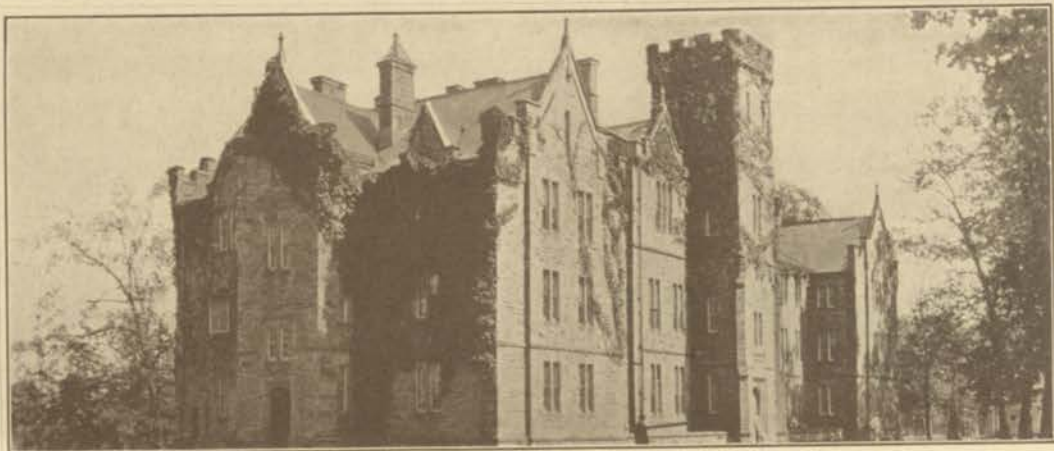
TUTTI.



I'm a bee-tle, and I'm a pun-kin'-bug! I've lost my dog-gy! Who's seen my
 I've lost my kit-ty! Who's seen my



bow-wow? Poor lit-tle dog-gy! Bow, wow, wow, wow!
 pus-sy? Poor lit-tle kit-ty! Meow! Psch! Psch!

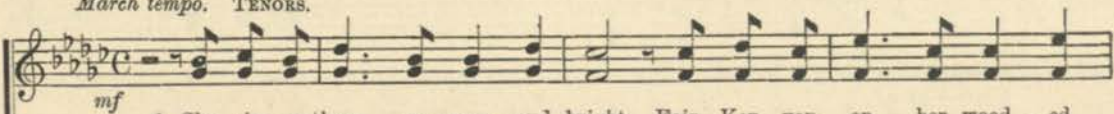


FAIR KENYON.

Words by
the Rev. John Cole McKim, '04.

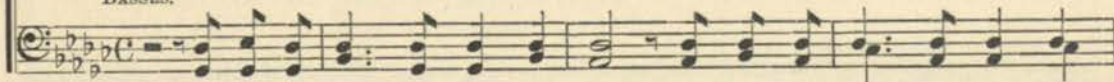
Music by
the Rev. L. E. Daniels, Bex '02.

March tempo. TENORS.



1. She ris - es there se - rene and bright, Fair Ken - yon, on her wood - ed
2. Ma - jes - tic, too, 'gainst storm and blast, Proud Ken - yon, mind - ful of her
3. She rears her spires and an - cient wall, Old Ken - yon, moth - er of us
4. As lov - ers, sub - jects, sons, do we, Old Ken - yon, pledge thee loy - al -

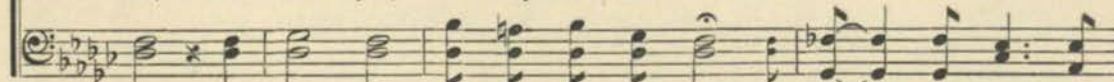
BASSES.



height, Each one of us a cho - sen knight, To wear her arms and fight her
past, Ex - acts of us al - le - giance true; Who will the mon - arch's bat - tle
all; To us, her sons, she gives her name, To us com - mits her spot - less
ty, E'en as thy hoa - ry pile de - flies The pass - ing of the cen - tu -



fight. Fair Ken - yon, la - dy of our love, Faith - ful and true to
do? Proud Ken - yon, loy - al men and leal, To thee, their liege and
fame, Dear Ken - yon, loy - al sons are we, Thy lov - ing chil - dren
ries, Old Ken - yon, so thy sons shall ferm A bul - wark firm and



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FAIR KENYON.

thee we'll ev - er prove, Faith - ful and true to thee we'll ev - er prove.
 queen, in hom - age kneel, To thee, their liege and queen, in hom - age kneel.
 still, wher - e'er we be, Thy lov - ing chil - dren still, wher - e'er we be.
 strong 'gainst shock of storm, A bul - wark firm and strong 'gainst shock of storm.

MY BONNIE.

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
 2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . Last night as I lay on my
 3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And blow, ye winds, o - ver the
 4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . The winds have blown o - ver the

sea; . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . Oh, bring back my
 bed; . . . Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . I dreamt that my
 sea; . . . Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And bring back my
 sea; . . . The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . And bro't back my

CHORUS.

Bon - nie to me.
 Bon - nie was dead. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
 Bon - nie to me.
 Bon - nie to me.

me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.

SOLO.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mead-ow, the hill, and the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark - y may

gay; The corn - tops ripe and the mead - ows in the bloom, While the
 shore; They sing no more by the glim - mer of the moon, On the
 go; A few more days and the trou - ble all will end, In the

birds make mu - sic all the day; The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All
 bench by the old cab - in door; The day goes by like a sha - dow o'er the heart, With
 fields where the su - gar - canes grow; A few more days for to tote the hea - vy load, No

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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door, Then my
 sor-row where all was de-light, The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my
 mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A few more days will we tot-ter on the road, Then my

CHORUS.

old Kentuck-y home, good-night. Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day; We will

sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a-way.

COME, GATHER NEAR.

Words by H. P. Kelley, '67.

Tune:—"Sparkling and Bright."

Music by Chas. Fenno Hoffman.

1. Come, gath - er here, each class - mate dear, And join your hap - py voi - ces,
 2. A joy - ful throng, we'll sing till morn, As each loy - al heart re - joi - ces,
 3. Like broth - ers we, with heart - felt glee, Will sing thy praise for - ev - er,
 4. And when fond sleep shall o'er us creep, Our eyes are clos'd in slum - ber,

To... sing the praise, in joy - ful lays, Of our glo - rious Six - ty - sev - en.
 Till the birds from heav'n with Six - ty - sev'n Shall join their will - ing voi - ces.
 While the moon and stars with silv' - ry bars Shine o'er the tran - quil riv - er.
 We'll dream of heav'n and Six - ty - sev'n, A.... pure and hap - py num - ber.

CHORUS.

Then raise to heav'n, for Six - ty - sev'n, The loud and swell - ing cho - rus,

For we'll all be gay till the dawn of day, For the world is bright be - fore us.

COME, GATHER HERE.

Tune:—"Sparkling and Bright."

- 1 Come, gather near, each classmate here,
 Fond memories we will gather,
 Of days gone by, when you and I
 Have fought the fight together.
- CHORUS.—Then, Kenyon, we with three times three
 Will hail thee in our chorus,
 While we break the spell and bid farewell
 To thy gentle ruling o'er us.
- 2 We soon must part, and o'er each heart
 Strange fancies now are stealing;

- For we'll pass our life in a different strife,
 With other spirits dealing.—CHO.
- 3 Nor will we sigh as the day draws nigh
 When we must part forever,
 But lingering long 'mid joy and song,
 The golden link we'll sever.—CHO.
- 4 With steadfast aim on the road to fame,
 Let every season find us;
 Though we meet no more, we will ponder o'er
 The joys we've left behind us.—CHO.

SUPPER SONGS OF THE NU PI KAPPA.

Words by the Rev. Daniel C. Roberts, '61.

Tune:—"Sparkling and Bright."

- 1 Come, gather round and swell the sound,
Our festive pens shouting;
There is no fear of rivals near
We'd take the pains of routing.

CHORUS. Then cheer to-night each Nu Pi wight,
And "banish care and sorrow;"
The sky's best hue is the liquid "blue,"*
Which speaks the bright to-morrow.

- 2 Old Nu Pi now, her azure brow
With victor's wreath adorning,

*The Nu Pi Kappa color is blue.

In her triumph bright hails but the light
Of her glorious future dawning.—CHO.

- 3 Dame Nature, too, is a Nu Pi true,
And wears our crescent nightly;
From her starry isles looks down and smiles
At her jewels gleaming brightly.—CHO.

- 4 Then be our toast, and proudest boast,
"The hue of Nature's wrapper!"
For in it beams the light of dreams,
The "blue" of Nu Pi Kappa.—CHO.

Words by Ralph Keeler, '62.

Tune:—"Cheer, Boys, Cheer."

- 1 Cheer, boys, cheer, old Nu Pi now rejoices;
Fill up the bowl till overflows the brim;
Cheer, boys, cheer, with swelling heart and voices
Loud sing her praise, and to her glories sing.
Joy here pervades, bright smiles and eyes are beaming,
One theme each faithful Nu Pi Kappian thrills;
Blue streamers wave, the crescent brightly gleaming,
Emblems which each with hope's bright future fills.

CHORUS.

Cheer, boys, cheer, we'll wait the golden morning,
Song fills the hour, pervades the joyful night;
Cheer, boys, cheer, we'll wait the morrow's dawning,
Cheer, boys, cheer, we'll greet the morning light.

- 2 Cheer, boys, cheer, the year with swelling numbers
Brings hearts and hands with willing zeal to strive;

Cast off dull sloth and bid adieu to slumbers,
Let not a fear or anxious thought survive.
Zeal in the cause which ever should inspire us,
Laurels of victory never fails to bring;
Love for that cause with cheerful zeal shall fill us,
Why, then, despair those laurels here to win.—CHO.

- 3 Cheer, boys, cheer, ring out the joyful chorus,
Let every heart with swelling rapture beat;
Hope softly beams upon the path before us,
Faith garners smiles our efforts brave to greet.
Cheer, boys, cheer, unite your glad voices,
Hand joined to hand, a true and dauntless throng.
Sing, boys, sing, the deep blue sky rejoices,
Bearing our crescent, echoing back our song.—CHO.

PHILO SONG.*

Words by Percy Browne, '64.

Tune:—"Sparkling and Bright."

- 1 Say, have you seen the spotless gleam,
On the snow-drift's sparkling bosom,†
O'er the silver sheen of night's fair queen,
As she tips the crests of ocean?
This spotless hue is Philo's too,
Whose light serenely burning,
To the gloomy blue gives a beauty new,
As the glass of time keeps turning.
- 2 The hour-glass sands in her fairy hands
In a golden stream falls lightly;
And she waves her wand, and at her command
The muses gather nightly;
And the glorious nine by her side recline,
And sing to a stately measure,
Songs divine as they speed the time
With the silvery wings of pleasure.
- 3 Sweet their notes as the sound that floats
From Memnon's harp at morning;
'Tis Learning's song, full, loud and long,
Our faithful queen rewarding.

Then crown her brow with a chaplet now
And gladly sing her praises,
As she leads the way from day to day
Through learning's tangled mazes.

- 4 Bright rewards in thought and words
She'll give to all who love her,
Lead them well and kindly tell
Where beauties grow around her.
Then while we sing we'll gladly bring
Our gift—a simple token
Of faithful love, the truth to prove
Of all that has been spoken.

- 5 Our lamp's fair light each happy night
Shall burn to light her beauty,
And thus we'll read our Philo creed:
"Let Love be joined to Duty."
Yes, this we'll name her highest fame,
An ornament of beauty,
That here we read our Philo creed:
"Let Love be joined to Duty."

*Written for the special exercises of the Philomathesian Society on the occasion of the presentation of the Chandeliers by the Philo members of the Freshman Class, May 21, 1862.

†The Philomathesian color is white.

SUPPER SONG OF NU PI KAPPA.

Words by Ralph Keeler, '62.

Tune:—"Gay and Happy."




1. Hark the voice of the Nu Pi sing-ing, High her az - ure ban - ner rear;
 2. Nu Pi boun - ties... here in - vite us, And her smile of wel - come cheers;
 3. Work has made our Nu Pi pros - per - ous, Zeal has reared her stand - ard high,
 4. Nev - er while the shin - ing cres - cent Lights her widespread sea of blue;



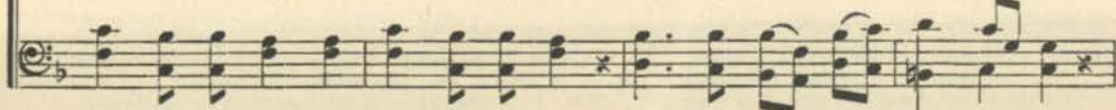


Smiles and voic - es kind - ly greet-ing, Ban - ish sighs, and glad ap - pear.
 Let no thought of sor - row blight us, Bid a - dieu to gloom and fears,
 Un - ion made her daunt - less, glo - rious— Shall we ev - er cease to try?
 Nev - er while one faith - ful broth - er Stands un - chang - ing, stead - fast, true.




CHORUS.



Then let our ri - vals do as they will, We'll be gay and hap - py still—

Gay and hap - py in our Nu Pi, We'll be gay and hap - py still.



5 Let us then around her rally,
 Work and never weary be,
 Every man a wakeful ally,
 Working long and faithfully.—Спо.

6 Now be joyous, work in future
 All the year, but joyous be;
 Shout, exult, be merry, merry,
 Join in chorus loud and free.—Спо.

PHILO SONG.*


Tune:—"The Red, White and Blue."

- 1 O! how gaily our Hall now is shining,
As we sing on this festival night,
To Philo so kindly inclining
Her ear to our song of delight!
And now as we sing, let our voices
With gladness her honor proclaim,
While every true "Philo" rejoices
That he's known by that time-honored name,
That he's known by that time-honored name,
That he's known by that time-honored name,
While every true "Philo" rejoices
That he's known by that time-honored name.
- 2 Her name is all radiant with glory
Which merit alone can bestow,
And to-night tells the jubilant story,
That this glory will still ever grow;
For loyally round her we'll gather,
And each do a son's faithful part,
To scatter her praises still farther,
While we cherish her still in our heart,
While we cherish her still in our heart,
While we cherish her still in our heart,
To scatter her praises still farther,
While we cherish her still in our heart.
- 3 O steep is the hill-side ascending
To where, on the far-distant heights,
Wisdom sits ever defending
From rude winds, her bright-burning lights;
But Philo is skillful in guiding,
And she'll lead us with motherly care,
To where all the flowers are hiding,
That bloom on that mountain so fair,
That bloom on that mountain so fair,
That bloom on that mountain so fair,
To where all the flowers are hiding,
That bloom on that mountain so fair.
- 4 O large is the phalanx she's gathered
To storm old Parnassus again,
And none of her forces are scattered,
But all are united, as when
In years that are gone, all her legions
She marshalled with courage so true;
And like them, in the enemy's regions,
We'll fight and be conquerors too,
We'll fight and be conquerors too,
We'll fight and be conquerors too,
And like them, in the enemy's regions,
We'll fight and be conquerors too.
- 5 But to-night, as for action we muster,
Let us shout with our spirits combined,
And follow dear Philo, and trust her,
As we fight with the weapons of mind;
And then shall the chaplet of glory
Be pressed on her matronly brow,
And when our own locks shall be hoary
We'll honor and love her as now,
We'll honor and love her as now,
We'll honor and love her as now,
And when our own locks shall be hoary,
We'll honor and love her as now.
- 6 And Time as he travels shall linger,
To give her his treasures so rare,
And oft shall her grateful sons bring her
More than our gift of a chair.
And now let us join in a chorus,
And sing it with energy too:
Three cheers for the white waving o'er us!
Three cheers for old Philo so true!
Three cheers for old Philo so true!
Three cheers for old Philo so true!
Three cheers for the white waving o'er us!
Three cheers for old Philo so true!

*Written for the special exercises of the Philomathesian Society on the occasion of the presentation of the new Philo Chairs, February 27, 1881.


WHEN FIRST I KISSED SWEET MARGARET.

TENORS.



1. When first I kiss'd sweet Mar-ga-ret, When first I kiss'd sweet Mar-ga-ret, She blushed rose-
2. Last night I kiss'd sweet Mar-ga-ret, Last night I kiss'd sweet Mar-ga-ret, She blushed rose-

BASSES.



red, and stern-ly said, "You must-n't! stop!"
red, but sim-ply (Omit.....) said, "You must-n't stop."

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LITORIA.

Allegretto vivace. SOLO.

1. Old Ken - yon is a jol - ly home,
 2. As Fresh-men we to Ken - yon came,
 3. As Soph - o - mores we stu - dy cones,
 4. We Ger - man spout in Ju - nior year
 5. As Se - niors all we take our ease,
 6. And then in - to the world we come,

CHO. SOLO. CHO.

Swe - de - le - we - dum - bum; We'll love her still, where-e'er we roam, Swe - de - le - we - dum -
 Swe - de - le - we - dum - bum; And trem - bled at a tu - tor's name, Swe - de - le - we - dum -
 Swe - de - le - we - dum - bum; Al - so an - at - o - my with *Bohns*, Swe - de - le - we - dum -
 Swe - de - le - we - dum - bum; What though the sense be not quite clear, Swe - de - le - we - dum -
 Swe - de - le - we - dum - bum; We smoke our pipes and sing our glees, Swe - de - le - we - dum -
 Swe - de - le - we - dum - bum; We've made good friends and stu - died some, Swe - de - le - we - dum -

mf DUET. CHO.

bum; The ver - y songs we used to sing, Swe - de - le - we - tchu -
 bum; But when we reach our Se - nior year, Swe - de - le - we - tchu -
 bum; And smiles there e'er a lass at us, Swe - de - le - we - tchu -
 bum; And when the drear - y win - ter dies, Swe - de - le - we - tchu -
 bum; The sad - dest tale we have to tell, Swe - de - le - we - tchu -
 bum; And while the sun and moon shall move, Swe - de - le - we - tchu -

LITORIA.

DUET.

CHO.

hi - ra - sa, 'Mid memory's ech - oes long shall ring, Swe - de - le - we - dum - bum.
 hi - ra - sa, Of all such have we lost our fear, Swe - de - le - we - dum - bum.
 hi - ra - sa, Think of her o - ver Tac - i - tus, Swe - de - le - we - dum - bum.
 hi - ra - sa, With jol - ly hearts ge - ol - o - gize, Swe - de - le - we - dum - bum.
 hi - ra - sa, Is when we bid our friends fare - well, Swe - de - le - we - dum - bum.
 hi - ra - sa, Our Moth - er Ken - yon will we love, Swe - de - le - we - dum - bum.

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

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

FAREWELL SONG.

Tune:—"Gentle Annie."

Music by S. C. Foster.

Moderately and with expression.

mf

1. They are gone, those days spent so blithely 'Neath the beams of our Al - ma Ma - ter's smile,
 2. Ah! Old Ken-yon, at last we must sev - er The... ties that have bound thee to our heart,
 3. We re-mem-ber how first thou didst cheer us, When our bosomswith pride's young hopes did swell;
 4. Now the spring-time of youth's ear-ly prom-ise, Lit by glimps-es of pleasure's bright-est ray,

Gone, a - las! like a dream pass - ing light - ly O'er the fan - cies which life's sad hours be - guile.
 But 'tis sad to... think that we ev - er Should be fore'd from thy fond em - brace to part.
 And e'en yet, as thy mem' - ries en - dear us, We must sigh when we bid... thee fare - well.
 In the sum - mer of man - hood glides from us, As it wakes us to life's more bu - sy day.

CHORUS.

mf
 Then in sor - row we must leave thee, While our hands and hearts be join'd in one,

slower.
 And one last fare - well fond - ly give thee, Though the world may.. still look cold - ly on.

FAREWELL FOREVER.

Words by H. B. Farnie.

Music by Michael Connelly.

1. All night thro' thy slum-bers my pas-sion-ate num-bers Have thrill'd to thy dream-ing
 2. My heart wild-ly beat-ing would hear thee re-peat-ing Thy vow, thou art mine a-

heart, Till drawn by my sor-row, Thou wak'st with the mor-row, To know that this hour we
 lone; And far o'er the bil-low, My dream-haunted pil-low Shall bring thee a-gain, mine

poco agitato.

part. The dews of last night are dry on the plain, Yet on my cheeks tears are fall-ing like
 own; One touch on my hand, one kiss on my brow, O-ver! and thou art a mem-o-ry

ritard.

rain. Oh! Fare-well for-ev-er, Fare-well to thee! Mountains may sev-er
 now.

p *ad lib.*

Man-y a lea! Bright tho' our dreaming, 'Twas not to be, Fare-well, my own, to thee!

THE BURIAL OF HOMER

KENYON is rich in traditions and customs. Among her many old-time observances there is, perhaps, none more unique or fascinating than that of the "Burial of Homer." While this function in all probability was not first practised at Kenyon, still, the originality of its form, as there produced, the prominence it had, and in particular the musical features of its programs, certainly entitle it to a place in this book, for historical if for no other reasons. To those not deeply versed in Kenyon lore the following account of the "Burial of Homer by the Class of '62," written by one who took an active part in it, will give the reproductions of the old programs more meaning. To everyone it should prove at least interesting.

"The 'Burial of Homer,' as formerly practised by the Freshman Class, may evidently be considered as among the lost arts of college history. But two or three classes ever adapted the burial of any of the old mathematical or classical authors. The Freshman Class of 1859, which graduated in 1862, initiated the custom, and for one year at least it was the talk of both college and town.

"The invitation was first sent out, followed by a program, deeply lined with black margins, which contained some rare songs, written mostly by Ralph Keeler. At the midnight hour on the eve of Commencement Day, the class formed itself down in the deep woods south of the old college, and crawling up the hill, marched the entire length of the middle path. The tallest man in the class was Frank Crawford, of Terre Haute, Ind. He headed the procession dressed skin-tight in brilliant crimson, representing his Satanic Majesty, with a long forked tail wrapped around his body.

"Presently, borne by funeral bearers, came the coffin, painted black, with skull-and-bones monogram, on which were straddled two of the smallest boys of the class, also dressed in crimson-colored tights. Bethel Claxton, of Cleveland, and William Taylor, of Cincinnati, were these little imps of darkness, as though they had just arrived from the lower regions. Ralph Keeler, of Toledo, dressed as a Greek poet, with an olive wreath around his head, and the orator, D'Orville Doty, of Waterloo,

THE BURIAL OF HOMER

N. Y., were followed by 'daughters and relatives' of old Homer, and by the entire class, about forty strong, concealed in long white sheets with holes in the middle just large enough for the eyes to peep out, and each man carrying a huge flaming torch.

"This procession in the midnight hour, under a cloudy sky, was without doubt one of the most unique and weird band of students that ever passed up the middle walk. Bystanders, strangers, citizens, students, and visitors of all ages lined the sides of the walk. They crooked their heads and focused their eyes to have fair and unobstructed vision of the ghostly display.

"The strains of music from the Millersburg brass band, engaged by the Seniors for their next day exercises, solemnly playing 'Webster's Funeral March' arranged from Beethoven, for many a day afterwards lingered in the ears of all who heard them. An actual funeral of old Homer himself could scarcely have been more weirdly fantastic.

"The solemnity of the occasion was strangely realized by the boys themselves. When they arrived at the stone pillars of the college gate (there was a *gate* then) the orator mounted one pillar and the poet the other. The efforts of both were eulogistic and classic, mingled with delightful thoughts that the battle of hard study was over with, even though victory came by consigning to the fiery elements the past implements of warfare in the shape of well-thumbed books, essays, and analyses. Down at the right of the stone pillars the coffin, full of worn-out Homeric books, was reverently placed on a funeral-pyre and slowly consumed. The class circled around the fire, hand in hand, singing a dirge to the tune 'Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.' Our good old Greek professor, whom our class, however, deeply loved and revered, did not come out to view the obsequies. From our standpoint in these older days, who could doubt that he justly grieved and was saddened that the works of his favorite author should thus have been cremated? The class had chosen Homer because they had wrestled and fought with him under the tortuous and daily hammering down of 'Tute' Lee.

"This rare function has been repeated at Kenyon, but not on quite so extensive a scale as that of the initiatory one which the Class of 1862 inaugurated. In following years the burials were, with few exceptions, not of the class-books of Homer, but of some other set which were as difficult and arduous to master. The Senior Class exercises of 1859 were somewhat handicapped through the entire day by the perpetual question which was bandied about from mouth to mouth—'Did you see the burial of Homer by the Freshman Class last night?' The very few persons on the hill who were not present missed the principal event of Commencement Week.

"THE REV. GEORGE B. PRATT, '62."

BURIAL OF
HOMER!

BY THE CLASS OF

'62.

Kenyon:

JUNE 29th, 1859.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Music. "Home(r) fare-thee-well," By the Band (aged)
2. Gen. Lamentation Staff, Tate Lee(ch) and Pupil(s)
3. Solo from Opera "de la Catfight," By A "Badger."
4. Prayer to Pluto, By Great High Priest.
5. **SONG, By the Class(c.)**

Come gather all ye tearful Sophs,
 And stand around the ring;
 Old Homer's dead, and to his shade,
 A requiem we'll sing;
 Then join the mournful chorus all
 Ye friends of Homer true;
 Defunct he can no longer bore
 The Class of '62.

Though we to Pluto *dedicate*,
 Yet he will soon return;
 The blind old man with his "ox(h)eyed"
 One year from now shall burn.
 For trembling Freshies soon will have
 To "scan" his visage too;
 Oh then how they will long to be
 The Class of '62.

Then let upon his "funeral pyre"
 His ashes be received;
 And do not "check your tears," but let
 Old Homer be "*well greaved*."
 Heap o'er him lightly, then, the earth;
 His "*feet*" will ne'er come through,
 To kick, to push, to braise, to bore
 The Class of '62.

6. POEM—Extracted from

A "Keeler."

7. MUSIC,

By A "Fiddle & Co."

8. Funeral Oration,

By A Dot(y)ard.

9. SONG—Solo

By Crow(w)ell in E(a)rn(e)st.

Oft in the stilly night,
 When dreams of "HER" had crowned me;
 Old Homer brought the blight
 Of every joy around me;
 My eyes that glowed,
 To "metre" (meet her) flowed,
 To "Greek" turned all she'd spoken;
 Her roseate cheeks,
 To "long-haired Greeks,"
 Her "feet" to "Spondees" broken.
 CHORUS—Thus in the stilly night, &c.

When I remember all
 The griefs he's brought together,
 My spirits from me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather.
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone,
 Some Beer Saloon deserted,
 Whose "lager's" fled,
 Whose Dutchman dead.
 And all but "fame" departed.
 CHORUS—Thus in the stilly night,
 When dreams of "HER" had crowned me,
 Old Homer brought the blight
 Of every joy around me.



10. MUSIC—"Dead March," By the Corps(e).

11. BURIAL CEREMONY, By Great High Priest.

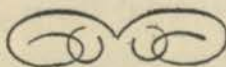
In which the 197th Psalm will be sung.

Round the College am a ringing,
The Sophies joyful song;
All the Sophomores are a singing,
Happy as the day is long;
Where the grasshopper is creeping,
Where the "cows" abound,
There Old Homer is a sleeping,
Sleeping in the cold, cold ground.

CHORUS—Down in the park here,
Hear that joyful sound,
All the Sophies are rejoicing,
Homer's in the cold, cold ground.

When the vernal flowers were falling,
From the callow trees,
When old "Tute, Lee" was bawling
Freshmen have "relaxed their knees;"
Now the "Cow Plant" is a blooming
O'er the aged bore;
Now the summer days are coming,
Homer will bore us no more.

Homer made the Freshmen bate him,
He always was so "blind;"
Ye "downy" Sophomeres now prostrate him,
And laugh because they leave him behind;
We will not read him on the morrow,
We'll be no longer vexed;
Let grubworms take him to their sorrow,
"Picking out the beauties of the text."



12. Dirge at the Pyre, To the Tune 624 CENTS.

Cheer, boys, cheer, our Freshman life is ended,
 Our griefs and greenness fade to-night away;
 Cheer, boys, cheer, Old Homer's bones are blended,
 Beneath the sod, and with his parent clay.
 Backward to scenes where days of grief once found us,
 Sad memory flies with cropped and bruised wing;
 "O, POPPOL!" scans the mighty havoc road us,
 Of hopes, of joys, of "ponies"—everything.

Cheer, boys, cheer! now heaven is smiling o'er us,
 Hope gilds the gloom, that o'er our hearts was cast;
 Cheer, boys, cheer! blind Homer cannot bore us,
 We've got him safe in Hades, now, at last.
 Cheer, boys, cheer! there's bright and moony weather,
 To lure us on, and hope to lead the way;
 Long days will pass ere we 'gain meet together,
 Then, cheer, boys, cheer! for the long expected day.

Cheer, boys, cheer! let not one word of sorrow
 Bedim the joy that shines to-night;
 Old Homer's dead, and ne'er will see the morrow,
 Nor we our beds, till by the morrow's light.
 Cheer, boys, cheer! this night we'll give to pleasure.
 Few, in life's journey, are the nights like this;
 Cheer, boys, cheer! we'll drink it at our leisure;
 Fill we our cups with "broth," our hearts with bliss.

13. Adjournment to a Banquet of "Omni-vor-Sow," after which an opportunity will be granted to the

FRESHMEN

To purchase "LALLIPUTIAN" Horses of the purest stock.

Order of Procession.

**HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.
BAND.
SENATE.
ORATOR AND POET.**

PRIEST'S ESCORT,
GREAT HIGH PRIEST.

BEARERS.



BEARERS.

HOMER.

Mrs. HOMER. A. VIRGIN(IUS.)

**FA(I)R "DARTERS."
MISS PHILOMEDUSA.**

Miss High S(i)pyer Lee.

COUSINS

GRAND(D)AMS AND A(U)NTS.

Class 62 1-2 CENTS Defiled in the Rear.

BURIAL OF
HOMER!

BY THE CLASS OF

'63.

MOTTO—WE'LL NEVER SIGN THAT PLEDGE!

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION of Ye FACULTY

Kenyon:

JUNE 27th, 1860.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Music..... *A. Symphoniacis.*
2. Poem..... *George H. Dunn.*
3. Solo—*a la Stult(u)s*..... *"Who treads the path."*
4. Funeral Oration..... *Bainbridge H. Webb.*
5. Solo—"Peanut Gal,"..... *Von Webb(er).*
6. Burial Ceremony..... *Sacer dotes.*
7. Funeral Dirge..... *Class.*

Come Classmates, mourn, for Homer's dead,
To Pluto's dungeons he hath fled,
His muse is hushed, his harp is still,
Our hearts and eyes with sorrow fill.

Weep! for no more his pretty "feet,"
Our sleepy eyes at dawn will greet,
Nor will they force us in his rage
To seek that hated 39th page.

But let's "take heart," for now no more
Our barks will strand on the *Lee*-shore,
In search of hidden classic lore,
And roots we never saw before.

His "ponies" from the last term's mire,
To higher feats do now aspire,
For they shall grace his "lofty pyre,"
And toast him in the curling fire.

O, Poppoi! take to your embrace
This hero of a hated race,
And bear him quickly to that bourne,
Whence Epics never more return.

Thou goddess pure, with eyes so blue,
And Telemonian Ajax too,
That 'neath his glowing fancy grew,
In beauty bright and courage true;

Receive Old Homer, at the shades
Where "Grecian nymphs" and "Trojan-maids,"
Shall him, with laurel wreath invest
Forever more to be at rest.

8. 210th Hymn, long metre, (Doxology.)
9. A short time is now allowed for the mourners to give vent to their
"pheelinks."
10. A Class(io) Song.

Old Homer's dead; his spirit fled
And all his beauty vanished,
His feet so long, his heroes strong
To shades of Pluto banished.

Chorus—Then joyful we from Homer free
Again will swell the chorus,
Join in the song as it floats along,
We've nought but mirth before us.

With many a sigh and tearful eyes,
We'll raise the funeral pyre,
And with our lay a tribute pay,
And to his fame aspire.

No longer then as Freshmen green
We'll scan his *Leefy* pages,
The truth to speak, such trifling *Greek*
Wont suit such learned sages.

Then shout and sing, let the welkin ring
With loud continued chorus,
Death ghastly grim, imprisons him,
He ne'er again shall bore us.

With cheerful voice let us rejoice,
Our Freshmen days are ended,
Then from to night with visions bright,
Our future will be blended.

NOTICE.—The undersigned would respectfully call the attention of
feeble Freshies to their extensive stock of fast trotting "horses" of
the "Bohn" breed, sired by the celebrated "Jack" Harper and
dam(n)ed by Faculty.

CLASS OF '63.

Ordo Processionis.

DUCTOR POMPAE.

SATANAS.

ADJUNCTI PARVULI DAEMONES.

MAXIMUS SACERDOS.

Adjuncti Sacerdotes.

HOMERUS.



MORTUUS EST.

Conjux Homeri et Philomedusa,

CONCUBINÆ.

RELATIONES,

ORATOR ET POETA.

SYMPHONIACI,

PATRES.

"BORE DAY" AT KENYON

A NO less notable and popular custom at Kenyon than the "Burial of Homer" was the annual event of "Bore Day." The following brief account by one of the earliest "borers," John Lewis Browne, '64, will no doubt be of interest to every Kenyon man.

"The 'bore' was a take-off or burlesque on the class-day exercises of the Senior Class by the Freshman Class. As soon as the Seniors had finished their exercises, had duly planted their ivy, sung their parting songs, and were ready to disperse, the Freshmen, dressed in fantastic array, would make their appearance, generally from the rear of the old college building, and would go through a burlesque performance on the performance of the Seniors. In addition to this each Freshman, or at least as many as there were Seniors, carried on his back a huge placard on which was depicted in a rude cartoon way some episode in the college career of the Senior he was caricaturing. Sometimes these placards were harmless pleasantries and sometimes they brought to recollection some episode in a Senior's college career he would much have preferred had been forgotten.

"How long this custom continued I have no idea. I know our Class of '64 paid our Freshman respects to the Class of '61, and I know that the Class of '67 in turn 'lambasted' us, and we did not start the custom either. It came down to us from previous days. I think the 'bore' program generally included a class history and class prophecy, which, as one may imagine, was of a more satirical nature than the previous performance of the real Seniors. Frequently a weed, mullein-stalk, or dead stick was duly planted instead of the Seniors' ivy."

Perhaps no less interesting is the following, from one of the Kenyon scrap-books in the College Library.

"BORE DAY" AT KENYON

KENYON COLLEGE, June 11, 1875.

The jolly Commencement season is drawing near again. Yesterday was Senior class-day at Kenyon. The Seniors passed their last examination in the morning, and the bulletin-boards about the park and village announced: "Bore Day this afternoon. Come one! Come all!" It is an old custom at Kenyon for the Freshman Class to bore the Seniors as soon as they have completed their studies. Yesterday afternoon the Freshmen, so masked and apparelled as not to be recognizable, filed out, each one blowing an immense tin horn. Large pasteboard engravings and paintings representing scenes and actions which had reference to the Seniors were hanging on them. Each Freshman was impersonating a particular Senior and they all imitated the walks of their subjects. It is needless to say that the placards divulged what the Seniors would most gladly have had confined to a small circle.

"BORE DAY" AT KENYON

The "High Priest," all dressed in black flowing robes, led the way. Then came a huge black bottle about six feet high and about a yard in diameter, with a Freshman, whose boots and ankles were visible, inside of it. The rest of the "borers" followed, and they marched up to the village and back to old Rosse Chapel. The High Priest ascended the steps and after a short exordium congratulating the students and the citizens on the great blessing they were about to receive in the exit of '75 from the halls of College and Gambier, he proceeded to relate various incidents, which the Seniors preferred should not be told.

The Seniors manfully stood by and listened to it all; heard themselves criticised, little weaknesses shown up, and for once in their lives felt themselves at the mercy of the "Owly Freshmen." It seemed a little bit cruel that shout after shout of laughter should be raised at the expense of those who were about to leave us, but it is understood that the High Priest is licensed to exaggerate and so due allowance was made for everything said.

When the speech was completed the High Priest delivered diplomas to the Class, as impersonated, calling them up one by one. Then the "Bore Song," copies of which had been distributed among the students, was sung with a will.

On the succeeding pages, then, are a number of the "Bore Day" songs. Their jokes and "grinds" will in many cases be intelligible only to the Alumni of their times, and no doubt they will never become popular Kenyon songs. If, however, they bring back pleasant memories to some old graduate, they will have served their purpose here.

"BORE DAY" SONGS

CLASS OF '65

Written by "Eta Eugnot"

- 1 Come, Mother Kenyon, ope thine arms,
And take thy fledgling offspring home,
Which long have guarded us from harm,
Ere we were smart enough to roam.
- 2 For now we leave thy genial bower,
Upheld by wisdom deep, profound,
Free from the Profs' and Prexy's power,
That oft has squashed us to the ground.
- 3 Now we're the Class of Sixty-five
That ne'er had trouble, strife, or war,
But what we undertook, it thrived (?)
Unlike all others gone before.
- 4 Except one time, remembered well,
When Prexy set our man to wreck (?)
Ah, boys! how then our honor fell!
For love of sheepskins, vive prospect.
- 5 But this we know, though not the world,
Had it not been for dear A. B.
We'd soon defiance at them hurled,
And launched out on life's stormy sea.
- 6 Another thing we'd most forgot,
A stronger tie to hold us here —
Each had his "term bill" just paid out, (?)
A thing unknown for many a year.

Tune:—"Three nigri κορακες."
Composed by "Hairy" Smith

- 7 Four years for us have passed away —
For us, O men with wit alive,
And now we'll leave these walls grown gray
With "nix" cut in for Sixty-five.
- 8 Our College life ends with this day,
Let nary tear fall from an eye,
For what's the use of crying, pray,
For what we've squandered quite away?
- 9 Our supper, boys, we yet must have,
Although our stock of money's low,
And—dolor! but it makes me rave
To think the band-hire's yet to go.
- 10 The sun goes down, our course is through,
Again I say we'll always thrive,
For all look up with reverence due
To the Ten Black Crows of Sixty-five.

DOXOLOGY

Air:—"Old Hundred"
Says Cox to Blake, good bye-y-y,
Says Burr to Cobb, good-bye-y-boo,
Says Cliffe to John, good-bye-boo-hoo,
Smith, Peet, Thad, Hen, good-boo-hoo-hoo.

Continued wailing on the part of Sixty-five.

SONG OF '61.

Composed by Mournful Stick Davis.

- 1 Come, gather round us, dear brothers,
And join in a last parting song,
And ere we go home to our mothers
We'll sing to our old Sixty-one.
- 2 The tear-drop with smiles shall be gilded,
When we think how the "Freshies are done,"
For surely the point must be yielded
That they can't bore dear Sixty-one.
- 3 The Ivy which we should have planted,
To mark that our labor is done,
Whose every leaf should be haunted
With the echoes of victories won.
- 4 Would probably cost half-a-dollar—
A tax of three cents on each one!
Too much! The expense must be smaller
For the pockets of poor Sixty-one.
- 5 So we found in the forest, all broken,
A stick whose dry course had been run,
We plant it, an eloquent token
Of the spirit of *brave* Sixty-one.
- 6 And when in life's day blazing o'er us,
We'll swelter beneath the hot sun,
We'll ask but thy foliage to shade us,
Thou emblem of loved Sixty-one.
- 7 Rough clangor of trumpets surrounds us,
And the battle of freemen's begun,
Our Country's voice has aroused us,
Let us haste to the fight, Sixty-one.
- 8 But second thoughts always are wisest,
Dear brothers, I fear we should run!
For courage is not 'mong the virtues
That ornament dear Sixty-one.
- 9 As a rotten stump graces the woodland,
A stump whose sap has all gone,
E'en so has our dear Alma Mater
Been graced by our loved Sixty-one.
- 10 "Our children shall gather about us,"
Each dirty-faced, listening one,
And nursery tales shall be told them
Of thy College course, Sixty-one.
- 11 And oh! when the grave has closed o'er us,
And each weary life race is run,
We'll fondly engrave on each tombstone,
"Here's a stick from thy pile, Sixty-one."

CLASS-DAY SONG OF '62.

Tune:—"Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl."

- 1 Classmates dear, one rousing cheer
For Kenyon's best of classes;
What care we though others sneer
And intimate we're asses,
For we're conscious of our worth, (Ter.)
And care not for the masses.
- 2 If beer we had, to Sixty-two
We'd fill a brimming beaker,
But as we've shunned strong drink clear through
We'll toast with something weaker.
Here's to Sixty-two, my boys, (Ter.)
Let cheers be now her speaker.
- 3 Sixty-two her bright career
Began with plucky members,
But Faculty soon quenched her fire,
But oh! respect the embers.
Though her boasted spirit's fled, (Ter.)
Of her memory we're defenders.
- 4 We thought we could supply the need
Of a lesson on "Class spirit,"
Unless the Faculty took heed,
We'd teach them how to fear it. (Ter.)
Independence was our boast,
Be not surprised to hear it.
- 5 Rebellion was a trick unknown
Till we conceived the notion,
And would that it were never shown
Who set the thing in motion;
But we never signed that pledge, you know, (Ter.)
Till threatened with expulsion.
- 6 But even this did not effect
Entire humiliation,
For cunningly did we protest
Against examination.
We thought our plan without defect, (Ter.)
But missed our calculation.
- 7 That stern and terrible German eye
Discerned with great facility
That we on something did rely
Besides our own ability.
Alas! at our expense they proved (Ter.)
Of such things the futility.
- 8 Now we've had, as must appear,
Our last rebellious "bender,"
And lest you think its ending queer,
A reason we would tender:
Desire of sheepskin, but not fear, (Ter.)
Was what caused our surrender.
- 9 O Faculty immaculate,
Your wisdom and your kindness
We never did appreciate,
But called it mental blindness.
Your firm and manly course of late (Ter.)
In admiration binds us.
- 10 Hereafter, boys, we'll pleasure take
Our fusses in recalling,
But let us for the class's sake
Forget each overhauling,
For our "imposed" friends might say (Ter.)
Our spirit has been falling.
- 11 Kind friends, we have not words to say
How much your faces cheer us,
But ask you on Commencement Day
To come again and hear us.
Students, friends, and Faculty, (Ter.)
A sad farewell we bid you.

CLASS-DAY SONG OF '64.

By Pury Brown, Esq.

Tune:—"Rosin the Bow."

- 1 Come, boys, let us fill up our glasses,
As in old times we oft did before,
And drink to the noblest of classes—
All hail to our dear Sixty-four.
- 2 That we from reproach be protected,
Old customs should all be revived;
The Ivy so rudely neglected
Should by old Sixty-four be supplied.
- 3 But you know we can't bear the expenses;
We've two cents apiece, and no more—
There are plenty of weeds round the fences
That will answer for old Sixty-four.
- 4 So we'll save our two cents for Commencement:
Perhaps they will help us to pay
The cost of the music and whisky
That will cheer up our spirits that day.
- 5 O, boys, I fear we shall fizzle!
I declare 'tis too bad to be seen!
We shall have but a flute and a fiddle,
A fife and an old tambourine!
- 6 There's one thing more that's neglected—
A debt—one that's hon'orable, too—
Mr. Fish is getting impatient—
He's angry, and threatens to sue.
- 7 So, boys, let us make a collection,
And pay the old man for his beer;
You know 'twould be best on reflection,
Lest the shame of the Class should appear!
- 8 We reflect with most exquisite pleasure
Where we joyfully passed every year—
The time that we spent at old Fish's,
Drinking the good lager beer.
- 9 Let us try to keep this from the Freshies,
We know they're so anxious to bore
The best and the noblest of Classes,
Our much loved and dear Sixty-four.
- 10 Now that our course is all over,
We haven't done much, after all,
So we plant this old stick from the wildwood
As an emblem of poor Sixty-four!

A SONG FOR '68.

As sung by C. B. Cow-an, the Renowned Singist.

Tune:—"Sheepskin."

- 1 Come, classmates, join the loud uproar,
And sing a farewell song,
How College life that ends—a bore,
Can never be too long.
For Freshmen have a noble theme,
And happy'd be our fate,
Were they the lambs we thought they were,
So gentle and so "shwate."
Hurrah for Sixty-eight,
She's always "ponied" straight!
We thank our stars in loud hurrahs,
We're clear of Sixty-eight!
- 2 The Freshies bored us not a few,
And Profs they did conspire
To make our lives so awful blue,
We almost cried Oh dear—
When we were told that Freshmen bold,
With awful jokes on us,
Were marching up and down the Path,
A-kicking up a fuss.
Hurrah for Sixty-eight, &c.
- 3 O Freshmen dear, be of good cheer,
We'll pat you on the back;
In three years more the Senior bore
Will put you on the rack;
Then don't be scared, though we're afraid
The bores are "good and great;"
There's "beans" and "blows" and "turkey shows"
On the class of Sixty-eight.
Hurrah for Sixty-eight, &c.
- 4 Though not worth "beans" we are to-day,
Of good there is no lack;
And, Freshmen, let us to you say,
Don't ever show your back;
Side (just as we have always done)
With right and not the wrong,
As in our upright conduct shown,
And in our trials long.
Hurrah for Sixty-eight, &c.
- 5 We've cut our mater's apron-strings,
And in the world we go;
We'll make a show, and do some things,
But chiefly we will blow.
We're going on a journey too—
On Tony we will run—
Geologize Gibraltar through,
And have gal-orious fun.
Hurrah for Sixty-eight, &c.
- 6 Now, good-bye, dears! you must shed tears
To see us leave you all;
There's many a happy day we've spent
In each familiar hall.
We know we're blows and bags of wind,
But kindly we do part.
So now adieu! a long farewell!
To-morrow we do start.
Hurrah for Sixty-eight, &c.

CLASS OF '66.

Words by Bib and Tucker.

Music by J. P. Howl-away.

Tune:—"America."

1 Old Kenyon, 'tis of thee,
In mournful melody,
We heave a sigh.
The parting hour draws near,
And soon we'll disappear.
We'll shed full many a tear
For days gone by.

2 Four years we've spent in vain,
Ne'er to recall again.
At Learning's fount
Our Ponies bore us true.
"Bore us," not as Freshies do,
But gently, meekly through,
And up the mount.

3 We are a noble class,
And every one an ass-
iduious man.
The praise of Sixty-six
Shall ever be prolix,
Although some call us sticks
And soft-shell clan.

4 There's one spot in our course,
Though it might have been worse,
We can't forget.
'Twas in our Soph'more year,
One night—'twas very queer—
Somebody stole our beer,
Our ire was whet.

5 Soon we depart from hence,
Though at public expense,
To take a trip.
Help us along, we pray,
And those who wish to pay
Hand in to Howl-away,
If but a flip.

6 There's one thing more to go,
I fear 'twill make a row
In Sixty-six;
For when we come to dine,
Some say they'll have no wine,
While some will drink "stone blind."
Lo! what a fix.

LAMENT OF '69.

Tune:—"Sparkling and Bright."

1 We are going away, let you say what you may,
Our name with jokes is laden,
And it's sure to rise up as high as the skies,
But the glory is a-fadin'.

CHORUS.

Then howl away, as well we may,
To smother out the sorrow;
We ponied along and went it strong,
And money we did borrow.

2 The billiard halls, with parties and balls,
Have kept us from our study;
We have run long bills up as high as the hills,
For "liveries" and "toddy."—Cho.

3 In the darkened gloom of a beer saloon
Stands the pride of the class and story;
His head is light, and he looks like he's tight,
And his dreams are all of glory.—Cho.

4 By the blazing fire sits the gray-haired sire,
With a "bill of dues" before him,
For the son (of Sixty-nine) goes to Vernon all the time
And has sent this home to bore him.—Cho.

5 For the forests around, far away from town,
Dame Nature us intended,
And the wits for the strife of a college life
In us were never blended.—Cho.

6 In the line so gay of Commencement Day
'Neath the oaks we'll take our places,
And how shall we dare, in the open air,
To show our sheepish faces?—Cho.

7 It chills the heart to think, when we part,
We soon shall be forgotten;
For though we live, we'll "acquire" like a "sieve,"
And our names will be dead and rotten.—Cho.

Signed in pencil JAS. B. MEAD.

CLASS OF '71.

As sung by Georgie Williams, Tattler.

Words by Chow-chow Tyler, Poet.

Tune:—"My Last Cigar."

1 Oh! echoes round old Kenyon Hall
Bear back the glad refrain,
That Seventy-one, her course now run,
Will take the evening train.
We hear that some are bound for grass,
And some will go to seed,
While those who ride will take cheap side,
And try to steal the lead.

CHORUS.

Then shout with might and main,
And raise the glad refrain,
For Seventy-one, her course now run,
Will take the evening train.

2 There's Pat Malloy the Laird's son,
From Ireland he came,
The Lower Sem. and Granville men
Will ne'er forget his name.
And there goes Wheel, with love-sick eyes,
Which heavenward he turns,
When ladies' smile his thoughts beguile,
He quotes from Robert Burns.—Cho.

3 The Owl will fly to Mexico,
To hunt for bright-eyed dames,
John Lee, perhaps, will take a turn
With pugilistic James;
And Harrison will teach a school
Where intellect has scope;
Where Dorey goes you may suppose
He takes his Telescope.—Cho.

CLASS OF '73.

Tune:—"My Last Cigar."

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| <p>1 A day more joyous of our lives We may not hope to pass, Than this, on which we bid adieu T' the present Senior Class. Of Burton and Buchanan We are forever free, The Alpha and Omega of The Class of Seventy-three.</p> <p>2 And "Sonny," too, we bid adieu, And beg him not to boast, When on a spree he waked J. B. To have a "rustic roast." For Sherwood had not fully gained His strength from such a jar As he'd received a day before, When at his first cigar.</p> <p>3 Romantic Dick ! Do not suppose To linger near the stream Of fair Kokosing will avenge A blighted lover's dream! And uncouth Muck, Sub-Freshmen say, Returning from a spree, You sleep in class, and let them pass In mathematics free.</p> | <p>4 Although 'tis wrong to shake the Strong, And tease poor faithful Pomp, And pass the night in jolly plight, And flirt, and fairly romp, Yet all we gladly would forget, And ev'ry bore resign, No more to hear, from year to year, Of "Bingen on the Rhine."</p> <p>5 Farewell, dear Blinky, must we part ? 'Tis sad you could not mate, Within four years of spoony love, Some lady of our State. With you it is "love's labor's lost," To court a lady fair, You have no wit, no, not a bit, They openly declare.</p> <p>6 Adieu, dear Raynolds ! sad, indeed, (But 'tis a solemn truth,) You made an aged dame rejoice At thought of love and youth. Then raise on high the joyous cry, With one exulting voice : We're free, we're free of Seventy-three, Come, let us all rejoice !</p> |
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CLASS OF '74.

Tune:—"My Last Cigar."

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| <p>1 Of Seventy-four forevermore Old Kenyon's free at last! Rejoicing now we bid good-bye To that scaly Senior Class. The ladies' man, Old Blustering Joe, Though Juniors' jugs you steal, When doors break through you ought to know Your crime it will reveal.</p> <p>2 And Ingr'am, though you cod for grades, And have such anxious care, For Young-er men, and whiskey-jugs, That Turney's crime you share. We're glad to see you follow on In John G.'s guiding track, Who thinks the world should e'er bow down To BUNYAN, KNOX, and BLACK.</p> | <p>3 And Harry Waller's great long legs Are hung right to his jaws ; And that is why he rides so fast, Regardless of our laws. And Colville, too, the loafing man, On looking in the glass, Became convinced that he was wrong, And Darwin right at last.</p> <p>4 And Dick Flournoy, you primp so nice, And then you wonder why That when you up to Hudson go You take no lady's eye. And Peeler Mills, you left the church, And swore you'd ne'er obey The laws that would not let you flirt With girls in such a way.</p> |
|--|--|
- 5 And F. K. Brooke,—rebellious man,—
 Your actions speak for you :
 You laugh at Prexy in distress,
 And leave the class-room, too.
 And Fatty Dun,— pie-stealing man,—
 A burlesque on the class ;
 Now, as we see you sliding out,
 We think you ran too fast.

CLASS OF '75.

Tune:—"My Last Cigar."

- 1 Old Kenyon and her campus
Will ne'er be bored again
By such a class of loafers,
Such lazy, worthless men.
That man of mighty muscle
We hope no more to see,
For bullies at a college are
Like bulls upon a sea.

CHORUS.

We now bid you adieu, old '75, adieu,
Your race is run, your laurels won, old '75, adieu.

- 2 N. Badger to a theatre
One evening chanced to go,
But when they passed the beer around
He did not like the show.
And Webb waits on the servant-girl,
While at a country dance,
But when she meets him at a Prof's,
She spoils the whole romance.—CHO.

- 3 For twenty-second orator
Fred Peets was bound to run;
He was so sure of honor,
His oration was done.

And Taylor, Bird of Paradise,
When reading Latin tales,
Thought apes drank honey from the flowers
Within some pleasant vale.—CHO.

- 4 Frank Morrison stops at a church
With some fair country dame,
And holds her babe to be baptized,
In memory of his name.
And Bob O'Ferrall's lovely voice
Has vanished from the choir;
He sang so sweet, or brayed so loud,
A muse he would inspire.—CHO.

- 5 But Charley Tappan, sweet young lad,
Gets on a little spree,
And tries to walk out in the dark,
But runs against a tree.
Now Kenyon's free from useless men,
And those that are not true,
Your race is run, your time is come,
So Seventy-five, adieu.—CHO.

CLASS OF '77.

Tune:—"My Last Cigar."

- 1 The Class of Seventy-seven now
Will soon be far away,
And Kenyon then may hope to see
A bright and happy day.
No doubt each member of the class
Thinks he is quite immense,
But one and all, both short and tall,
Have got but little sense.

CHORUS.

O bright and happy day, O bright and happy day!
We bid ye speed from off this mead, and then
Keep far away.

- 2 There's Axtell, in his boyhood days
He used to like his beer,
But oh, he's sadly changed of late,
And now he likes his dear.
He's grown so very pale and wan,
We scarcely think his life
Will reach to threescore years and ten,
Unless he takes a wife.—CHO.

- 3 And Hall, that nymph of lightest grace,
E'en hugs himself in joy
That he's not like the rest of us,
A vulgar, nasty boy.
He trips across the college park
With song so light and free,
To hear his voice one must conclude
He's soft as soft can be.—CHO.

- 4 But Colville's such a modest boy,
So tender, such an ass,
That we have naught to say of him,
And so we let him pass.
And Hills, he would a guardian be,
So noble and so true,
If scaring boys with tie-tacs off
Were all he had to do.—CHO.

- 5 Herr Page, that man of wisdom,
The greatest man we've seen,
We'd like to make him President,
If he were not so green.
He raised a mighty muscle
By swinging club and ball,
And now he earns his board and clothes
By flaying "Arabs" small.—CHO.

- 6 But Roberts is our college pet,
We will not make him sad,
We fear our pretty babe would cry
If we should call him bad.
And Thayer, that man of double tongue,
So tender, yet so tough,
Of him and all his classmates, now
We think we've had enough.—CHO.

CLASS OF '78.

Tune:—"My Last Cigar."

1 Kenyon's sun is setting now,
Her flag had best be furled,
When Seventy-eight comes on the stage,
To be palmed off on the world.
Her guardian angel weeps to see
The hesitating pen
Trace on the shrinking parchment
The lie that these are men.

CHORUS.

But let the bells ring out,
And let the wide world know,
These bummers all
Must quit these halls,
Seventy-eight must go.

2 We'll not miss you, Howard Adae—
You chiefest shirk of all;
Not half as much you know to-day,
As when you left the "Hall;"
And your four years have been wasted,
With truth it must be said,
Your time was spent on Vernon's streets
Or droned away in bed.—CHO.

3 H. Aves, the heavenly cherub,
With ruler and with foot,
Has taught the Harcourt idea
The way in which to shoot.
He would like to be a lawyer;
May we be there to see,
When he gets up before the bar,
To make his virgin plea.—CHO.

4 Æolus lost his bag of wind,
The bag of wind is found,
And, borne about on Adam's legs,
It fills the land with sound.
Oh, thou tempest in a teapot,
We pity the poor few
Who'll writhe beneath the preaching
That emanates from you.—CHO.

10 Now, Kenyon, lift your bended head,
There dawns a brighter day;
The class that long has grieved your heart
Is soon to pass away.
No more their follies wilt thou fear,
No more their forms thou'lt see,
And as they pass from off the Hill,
They'll pass from memory.—CHO.

5 Big fat Roberts came to college,
Determined for to see
Just how much dirt a man can stand
And still a human be.
He worked the problem day and night,
The result one might foresee,
As now, alas! no more he's ranked
Among humanity.—CHO.

6 This rotten world may leave its track,
The stars may jump their spheres,
But "Pusher" keeps his onward course
(Though somewhat in arrears).
"Pusher" nothing cares for honors,
He sniffs at a degree;
But ah! the fox that missed the grapes
Sniffed just the same as P.—CHO.

7 Nature sometimes makes mistakes;
But since man came in vogue,
She's seldom made as big a botch
As when she fashioned Poague.
But below where Nature left him,
He's had an awful fall;
The little jug that's in his room
Doth quite explain it all.—CHO.

8 Smythe thinks himself a model;
It doth not thus appear,
For smacks his nasal organ
Too much of lager beer.
And when old Sol's behind the hills,
And "wrestlers" take their walk,
'Tis then that Smythe doth saunter forth,
And with the "wrestlers" talk.—CHO.

9 O "Rectus," sweet William "Rectus,"
So innocent, so good,
You would not do a naughty thing—
Oh my! you never could.
And Bill's ambitious, so they say,
His aspirations soar;
But if Fame's temple he shall reach,
'Twill be by the back door.—CHO.

CREMATIO.

Tune:—"Auld Lang Syne."

1 We burn great Cæsar's corpse to-night,
Loud tolls the parting knell,
We'll raise his ghost with fire so bright,
The Elysian host to swell.

CHORUS.

Examinations we have passed,
Old Cæsar flunks no more;

We've read him through and now at last
Stand on the Golden Shore.

2 A year and more we've borne his Gaul,
We've faced his legions bold;
We've conquered, now we'll fire them all
To the place that ne'er is cold.—CHO.

