

1925

Song Book of The University of Akron

Francesco B. De Leone
The University Of Akron

Raymond B. Pease
The University Of Akron

Robert H. Rimer
The University Of Akron

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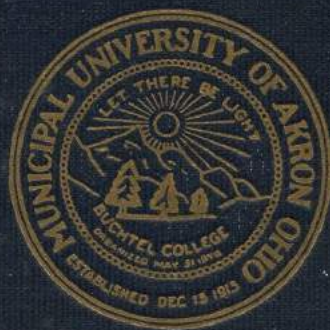
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SONG BOOK
OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF AKRON



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SONG BOOK
of
The University Of Akron



Compiled and Arranged by
Professor F. B. DELEONE
Professor R. B. PEASE
ROBERT RIMER, '25

Edited by
EDITH GRACE CRAY, '23

C



Published By
THE UNIVERSITY OF AKRON,
Akron, Ohio

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AKRON, OHIO

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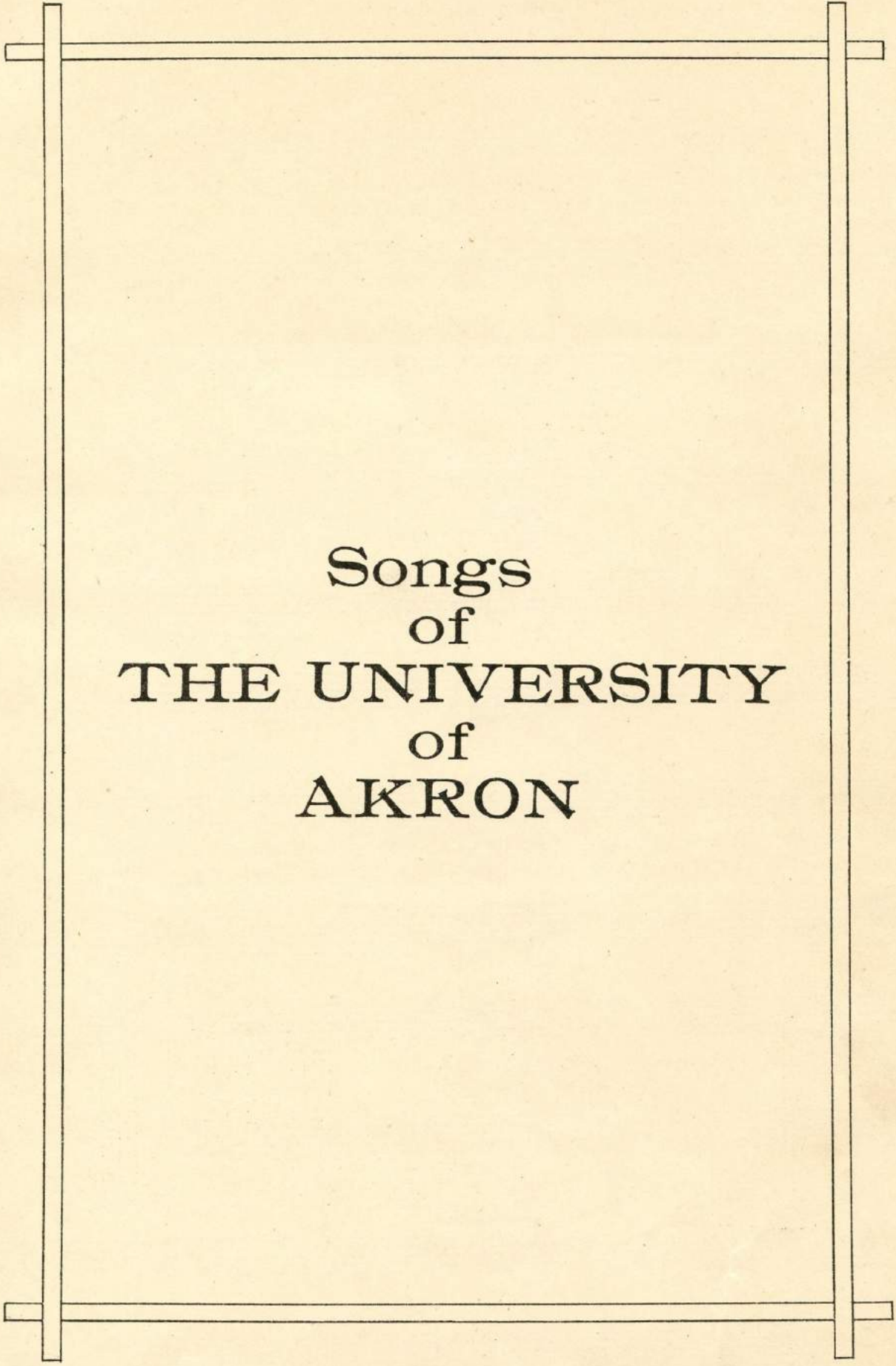
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Giff

Maxwell P. Rogers

15 Feb 38



Songs
of
THE UNIVERSITY
of
AKRON

THE UNIVERSITY
OF
AKRON

All Come Back To Akron

Homecoming Song

5

R. B. P.

RAYMOND B. PEASE

With spirit

1. Now were here, far and near, Raise the good old Ak-ron cheer, "We're for
2. Ak-ron, O, now you know That for you we're nev-er slow, "We're for

you, Ak-ron, true through and through!" And we're
you, Ak-ron, true through and through!" And we'll

out with a shout All the town must hear a-bout, "Count us
say an - y day, Though a - way from you we stray, "Count us

too, Ak-ron, do! We're for you!"
too, Ak-ron, do! We're for you!"

CHORUS

And we'll all come back to Ak - ron, — To Al - ma

Ma - ter ev - er true, Bear - ing on the Gold and Blue. Ak - ron

here with a cheer, We are for you nev - er fear! And we'll

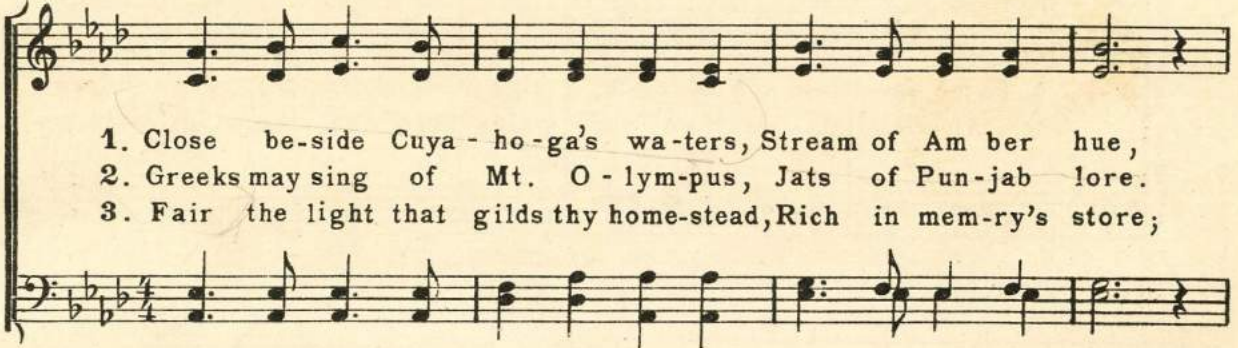
all come back to Ak - - ron.

Alma Mater

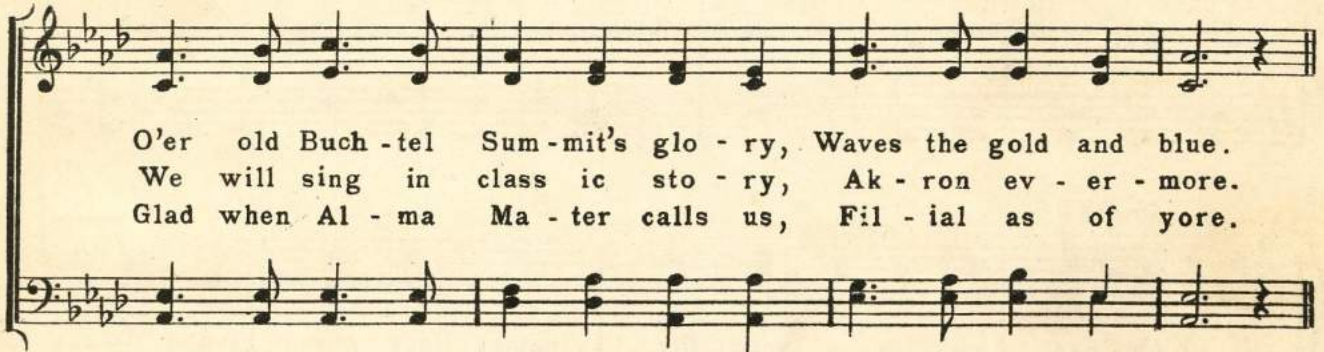
A. B. CHURCH

Air: Cornell Hymn

President of Buchtel College 1901-1912



1. Close be-side Cuya - ho-ga's wa-ters, Stream of Am ber hue,
 2. Greeks may sing of Mt. O - lym-pus, Jats of Pun-jab lore.
 3. Fair the light that gilds thy home-stead, Rich in mem-ry's store;



O'er old Buch-tel Sum-mit's glo-ry, Waves the gold and blue.
 We will sing in class ic sto-ry, Ak-ron ev-er-more.
 Glad when Al-ma Ma-ter calls us, Fil-ial as of yore.

CHORUS



Hail we Ak-ron! Sound her prais-es, Speed them on the gale,



Ev-er stand our Al-ma Ma-ter, Ak-ron hail, all hail!

Alma Mater Pledge

R. R.

ROBERT RIMER, '25
Prize Song 1924

Moderato

1. Raise the Gold and Blue on high, Col - ors we a - dore, —
2. Al - ma Ma - ter be our guide Thro' the chang - ing years, —

Let them wave a - gainst the sky, Now and ev - er more .
Hold us clos - er to thy side, As the part - ing nears .

CHORUS

Ak - ron, we re - vere thy name, Hear our pledge to —

spread thy fame, Hon - or thee and shield from blame, Hear our

pledge to be true, True to thee, Gold and Blue .

Alma Mater, Strong And True

PARKE R. KOLBE, '01

Gaudeamus Igitur

1. Al - ma Ma - ter strong and true, Hail to thee! thy
2. Gold and blue our stand-ards float, Vic - t'ry crown'd o'er

praise re-sound! High a-loft thy ban-ners wav - ing,
man - y a field! All for Ak - ron our en - deav - or;

Splen-did youth thy com-bats brav - ing, Naught shall stay thy course tri -
Glo - ry to our col - lege ev - er. Dear her name where-e'er her

umph - ant, on! Naught shall stay thy course tri - umph - ant, on!
sons shall be! Dear her name where - e'er her sons shall be!

Alma Mater True

Words by
A. K.

Music by
A. S. KIMBALL

(This class song of '82 is included in this collection on account of its excellence and from the fact that both music and words were especially composed for the occasion. The author, "A. K." was doubtless Agnes Kuleman '81, since deceased. The composer was A. S. Kimball, at that time Professor of Voice Culture and Harmony at the College. The song is taken from "The Buchtel" published by the Senior Class in 1882.)

Moderato

1. Crown-ing the crest of O - hi - o's hills, A - far to the North where
2. Ah! well, the sto - ry can soon be told; Those years more worth to
3. Long live the days of Ak-ron U, Long be she to her

E - rie thrills Th'earth with his rapt-'rous waves stands she, Who
us than gold, Brought Soph'more wis - dom, Jun - ior wit, And
watch - word true! Long be the thoughts of col - lege days, Of

links our com - mon des - ti - ny, Be - lov - ed Al - ma Ma - ter.
what the Sen - iors add to it - The dig - ni - tas Sen - ior - is.
jol ly stu dent's life and ways! Long live our Al - ma Ma - ter!

REFRAIN

Sing— for Al-ma Ma-ter true, Sing— for Al-ma Ma-ter true, Sing—

for Al-ma Ma-ter true, And the good old days of Ak-ron U.

They Say That Old Akron She Ain't Got No Style

FARLIN HOCKENSMITH, '14

Arranged from "Ermine"
MARION RICHARDSON '17

Tempo di Valse

They say that old Ak-ron she ain't got no style, She's style all the while, Yes, she's style all the

while, They say that old Ak-ron she ain't got no style, She's style all the while, all the while.

College Days

Words and Music
By H. W. MOTZ. Ex '16

We'll ne'er for - get those dear old col - lege days, Those dear sin -

cere, sin - cere old col - lege days, For it was there that friend - ships

came to stay - Back at dear old U of A., At U. of

A. all hearts are al - ways true, All loy - al

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, with the lyrics 'A. all hearts are al - ways true, All loy - al' written below. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment, showing chords and melodic lines in both hands.

to the Gold and Blue. — We'll ne'er for - get, for - get that

The second system continues the musical score with four staves. The vocal line lyrics are 'to the Gold and Blue. — We'll ne'er for - get, for - get that'. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

dream - y, gold-en haze A-round our dear old col-lege days. —

Slow *fz*

Slow *fz*

Slow *fz*

The third system concludes the musical score with four staves. The vocal line lyrics are 'dream - y, gold-en haze A-round our dear old col-lege days. —'. The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings: *Slow* and *fz* (fortissimo) are indicated above the vocal line and below the piano accompaniment staves.

Farewell to U. of A.

Words and Music by
H. W. MOTZ, Ex. '16

Fare-well, to U. of A, U. of A, U. of A, U. of A,

And when we're far a - way, far a-way, far a-way, ^{*}(far a-way,)

Our tho'ts will turn to you, turn to you, turn to you, (turn to you,)

hap - py re - mem - brance of — the gold and blue.

There friendships came to stay, came to stay, came to stay, (came to stay,) at dear old U. of

A For - ev - er stand our Al-ma Ma-ter, Here's to old Buchtel, U. of A. —

* Some should breathe on last phrase

Fight! Fight! Fight!

(For U. of A.)

FRANCESCO B. De LEONE

ff

Fight! Fight! Fight for U. of A.

ff

We've got the team, boys, We've got the steam, boys,

Fight! Fight! Fight for U. of A.

For we must win to - day.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The lyrics are: 'Fight! Fight! Fight for U. of A.', 'We've got the team, boys, We've got the steam, boys,', 'Fight! Fight! Fight for U. of A.', and 'For we must win to - day.' The score includes dynamic markings such as 'ff' (fortissimo) and 'p' (piano). The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

Note: The verses for this song were contributed by the Men's Glee Club of 1923.

You've got the "rep" be-hind you, pep be-hind you, Now it's up to you. So

get a-cross, for - get your loss, and win for Ak-ron U! You've got to fight, fight,

fight for U. of A. We want a touch-down!

We want a touch-down! We want that touch-down now! — *fz*

For the Fame of Akron U!

E. K. and Committee

ETHEL KLAHRE, '27

We are out to gain the vic - t'ry, And —

Ak - ron's hope, ful - fill! And we fight for fame and

glo - ry, For the Col - lege on the hill.

CHORUS

Melody
With a song for dear old Ak-ron, And the no-ble Gold and Blue, O we'll

car - ry on tri - um-phant, For the fame of Ak-ron U!

Hail, Alma Mater

Adapted from "Hail Buchtel"
of LOUISE MIGNIN, '16

ALEXIS LVOFF

1. Hail Al - ma Ma - ter, Pride of our true hearts!
2. Moth - er most glo - ri - ous, Star of our fond hope,

Prais - es we sing to thee In joy or in strife.
Shine on, the light of lights Up - on our way!

Live on in mem - o - ry, Moth - er best be - lov - ed,
Trib - utes to thee we bring: Hear the an - them swel - ling

Through all the gold - en years That crown us with life.
"Hail, Al - ma Ma - ter, hail, For - ev - er and aye!"

Hail to Akron!

R. B. P.

RAYMOND BURNETTE PEASE

Tempo di Marcia

1. With joy - ful song as we march a - long, We shout for Var - si -
 2. Our cit - y great, in her pride e - late, Re - sponds on ev - 'ry
 3. They come! they come! hear the trump and drum! They hail thee one and

With Spirit

ty: "Ak - ron U! Ak - ron U! We —
 side. "Ak - ron U! Ak - ron U! We —
 all, "Ak - ron U! Ak - ron U! 'Tis a

sing thy praise and fame." To all a - round how the
 hail thy work well done." Then in the van will ye
 host that's tru - ly thine." And thous ands still with a

ech - oes sound Our peal of vic - to - ry: "Hail to
 be the man To keep the for - ward stride With a
 loy - al will Stand read - y at our call, "Hail to

Ak - ron! Hail to Ak - ron!" Be - lov - ed name.
 vic - t'ry, With a vic - t'ry For Ak - ron won.
 Ak - ron! All for Ak - ron!" To join our line.

CHORUS

Reign on, reign on for - ev - er, Old Ak - ron, true and

strong! Our hearts shall fail thee nev - er, Our

lives to thee be - long! Wave on, wave on vic -

to - rious, O Gold and Blue a - bove! Reign

on, our moth - er glo - rious! *rit.* En - thron - ed in our love!

Marching Through Akron

H. C. WORK

Adapted

1. Let's sing a song to- geth- er now, Yes, sing it loud and clear,
2. Re - mem-ber good old Ak - ron boys, We sing it here to- night, There's

Sing it with a heart-y will And with a ring-ing cheer. Sing it as we used to sing, way
mag-ic sound with-in its name That cheers you out of sight; Then sing the song we always sing When

back in Fresh-man year, While we were march-ing thru Ak - ron.
ev - 'ry-thing goes right While we were march-ing thru Ak - ron.

CHORUS

Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Ring out the cho - rus free, To

Ak - ron ev - er loy - al we will be Cares shall be for-got-ten, and for -

bod - ing doubts shall flee While we are march - ing thru Buch-tel.

* Or "Buchtel" as desired

Memories

23

Music by
A. LOUISE MIGNIN, '16

Words by
CLEMENTINE M. GLOCK, '16

When all our col - lege days are o'er _____ And stu - dent
First come our aim - less Fresh - man ways _____ And then our

joys we feel no more, _____ When we have time to sit and
stu - dious Soph' - more days, _____ The Jun - ior year the best one

dream _____ The by - gone mem' - ries hap - py seem. _____ We think of
yet, _____ And then the Sen - ior with re - gret. _____ Each one can

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system includes a vocal line (treble and bass clefs) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The music is in common time (C) and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the vocal lines, with some words connected by lines to indicate phrasing. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and melodic lines.

ev - ery mo - ment past ———— Un - til we find our - selves at
 read - i - ly re - call That Gold and Blue had out - shone

last ———— In memo - ry's flight, borne on wings so very
 all ———— Tears dim our eyes at the thoughts we've learn'd to

Slow

light ———— And we're back a - gain at old U. of A. ————
 prize ———— Hearts with rap - ture thrill for our U. of A. ————

Men of Akron

PARKE R. KOLBE, '01

FRANCESCO B. De LEONE

Maestoso

1. Rise! ye men of Ak-ron rise! Sing to Al-ma Ma-ter!
 2. Moth-er of un-count-ed men Shall the loy-al fal-ter?

f marcato

High she stands up - on her hill O'er Cuya-ho - ga's wa - ter,
 Strong and faith-ful as of old, We sur-round thy al - tar.

Gen - er - a - tions look - ing down, Proud in fame and sto - ry,
 Hopes and deeds of he - roes gone Made thy sto - ry glo - rious;

Chal - lenge you her sons to - day, — "On to great - er glo - ry!"
 Send us wis - dom, hon - or, faith, Lead us on vic - tor - ious!

Stand Up And Cheer

Introduced at Akron by E. W. CRECRAFT
Arrangement by Committee

Stand up and cheer, Stand up and cheer for dear Old

Ak - ron, For to - day we'll raise the Gold and

Blue a - bove the rest! Our boys are

fight - ing, And they are out to win the fray, We've got the

team! * We've got the steam! * For this is dear old Ak-ron's day.

* Shout "Oh Boy!"

The Gold and the Blue

LULU WEEKS KNIGHT '06

Arr. by Joseph C. Rockwell

1. Now rouse ye, oh faith-ful and sing ye a - new! And
 2. The Gold and the Blue yes 'tis wor - thy of song! And
 3. Oh bright is the ban - ner of Ak - ron we bear! There's

sing for old Ak - ron Her Gold_ and_ her_ Blue! With
 proud are the hearts that will cher - ish_ it_ long: And
 nev - er a col - lege or col - or_ so_ fair: The

hearts beat - ing fond - ly and fer - vent and true! For what is so
 nev - er a shad - ow of sor - row be - hold! For what is so
 place that we love and the pledge we hold true! For what is so

rit.
 dear to us As the Gold and the Blue_ As the Gold and the Blue?
 dear to us As the Blue and the Gold_ As the Blue and the Gold?
 dear to us As the Gold and the Blue_ As the Gold and the Blue?

We Are Always True

Words by
FERN BERNINGER, '28

Adapted from
Ph. Mu. Pep Song

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in 4/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are: "We are al - ways true to our Ak - ron 'U,' With its". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "col - ors gold and blue. We'll". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic and harmonic structure as the first system.

The third system of music concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "think of her wher - e'er we be, With a real sin - cer - i - ty - Our". The piano accompaniment continues with the same accompaniment style.

dear old Ak - ron "U". To our

school al - ways Shall we give our praise, And our

love and hon - or, too, To Ak - ron U - ni - ver - si - ty We

pledge our faith and loy - al - ty, Our dear old "U"!

We're from Old Akron

R. B. P.

R. B. PEASE

Lively

1. O we're from Old Ak-ron, She's right in the game, Old
 2. At the "U" of Old Ak-ron We're right in the game, For
 3-4. etc.* (Footnote)

Ak - ron the ^{**}"high" of O - hi - o. We'll
 Ak - ron the "high" of O - hi - o. For

sing to Old Ak - ron that's true to the name, So
 Ak - ron's the "U" that is true to the name, So

here's to her glo - ry, and here's to her fame.
 here's to her glo - ry, and here's to her fame.

* Topical stanzas to class, club, team, etc., are easily adapted.

**Note topography of Summit County: See Greek "Akro-polis".

Lively
CHORUS

For it's Ak - ron, Old Ak - ron, you know, (you

know), Puts the "high" in O - hi - o - hi - o, (that's

so), They're all on the square and good fel - lows up

there at Old Ak - ron, O - hi - o - hi - o - hi -

ol At Ak - ron, O - hi - o - hi - ol

STP

Win for Akron

G. W. D.

GILBERT W. DILLEY, '25

Fight, Team! Fight, Team! all in the game!

The first system of music features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in 2/4 time, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. The lyrics are "Fight, Team! Fight, Team! all in the game!". The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a rhythmic bass line.

Win old Ak - ron glo - ry and fame!

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has the lyrics "Win old Ak - ron glo - ry and fame!". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic and harmonic structure as the first system.

Fight, Team, fight, and play with all your might!

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line has the lyrics "Fight, Team, fight, and play with all your might!". The piano accompaniment provides a steady accompaniment throughout.

'Tis for the gold and blue of Ak-ron. Now we're

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are: "'Tis for the gold and blue of Ak-ron. Now we're". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

out to conquer or die, "Win for Ak-ron"

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "out to conquer or die, 'Win for Ak-ron'". The musical notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chordal accompaniment in the right hand.

hear our bat-tle cry, Ne'er give in but fight them And

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "hear our bat-tle cry, Ne'er give in but fight them And". The musical notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chordal accompaniment in the right hand.

win for dear old Ak - - ron U. _____

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "win for dear old Ak - - ron U. _____". The musical notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chordal accompaniment in the right hand.

Victory Song

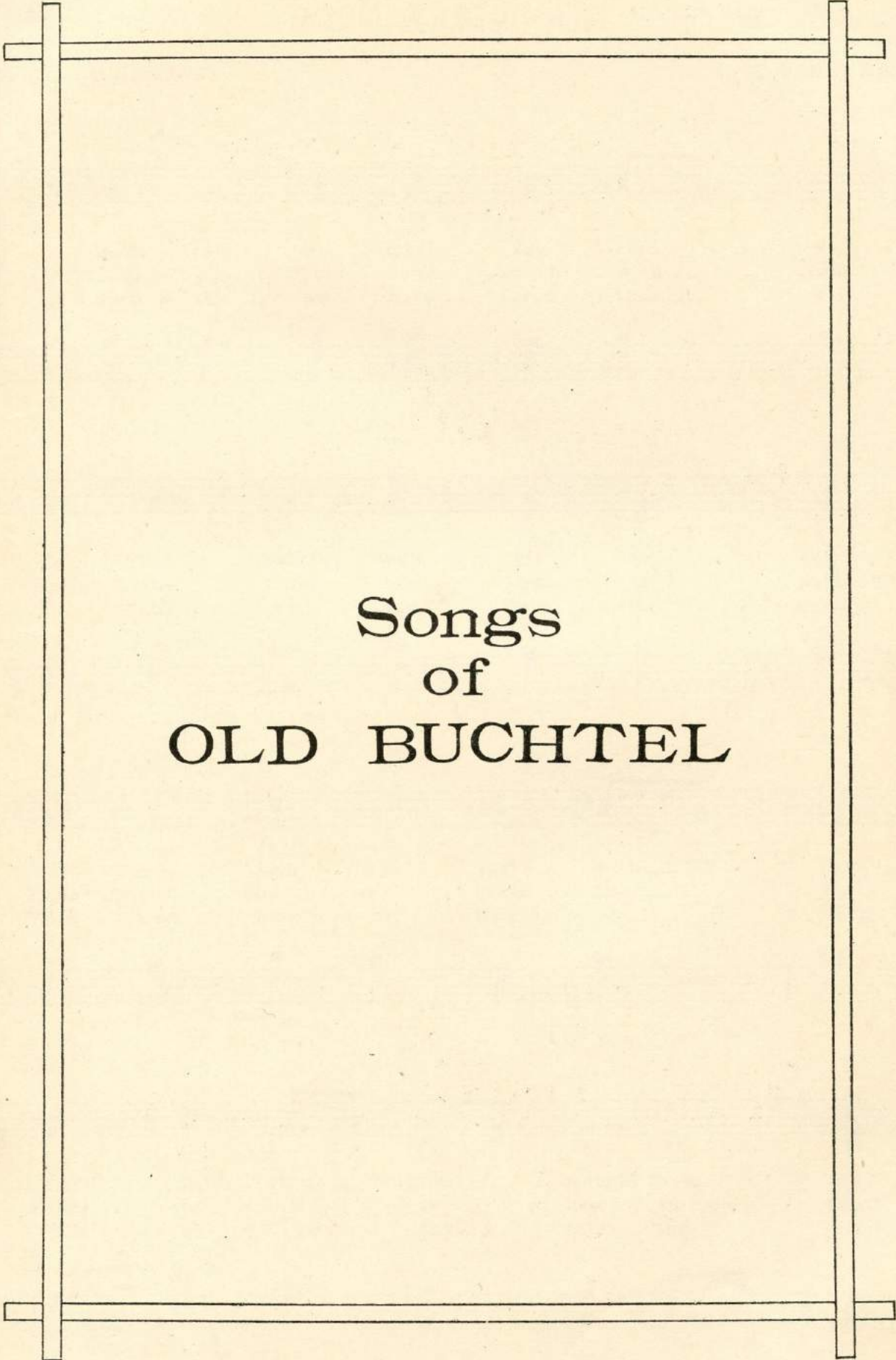
Adapted from the Buchtel Chant
and Wisconsin "Varsity"

'Var - si - ty! 'Var - si - ty!

Hail to — "U" of Ak - ron! Praise we — sing to

thee. Praise to thee our Al - ma — Ma - ter,

rall. - - - - -
Ak - ron on to — Vic - to - ry! For Ak - ron ry!



Songs
of
OLD BUCHTEL

Buchtel Farewell

(From the Tel-Buch of 1913)

HELEN HACKETT '13

C. M. VON WEBER

1. Buch - tel we must say fare - - well,
 2. Hap - py hours we've spent with — thee
 3. Buch - tel we have loved thee — well,

To our hearts we'll oft re - - call
 Now the time has come to part;
 To thy will our spir - its bend

Sor - rows, joys we met with — thee,
 Time nor change can break the — tie
 Thou hast been our Moth - er — Dear,

To us thou — hast — brought them all.
 Binds us firm - ly heart to heart.
 With us now — thy — bless - ing send.

Hymn of Praise

Anon.

Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.
Revised by Committee

Moderato

1. Old Ak - ron, thou our col - lege fair, Up - raised for Truth and
2. In fut - ure years we'll look to thee, Our Moth - er, fair and

Right, Send forth thy loy - al sons to dare, And
bright; We'll sing thy praise in cho - rus free, And

nerve them for the fight. Through ma - ny years thy
treas - ure still thy light. In ev - 'ry dark and

name has been Our source of hope and joy. No
drear - y day, The mem - 'ry of this hour Will

cloud can dim thy light se - rene, Nor aught thy Truth al - loy!
light us still up - on life's way And cheer us by its power.

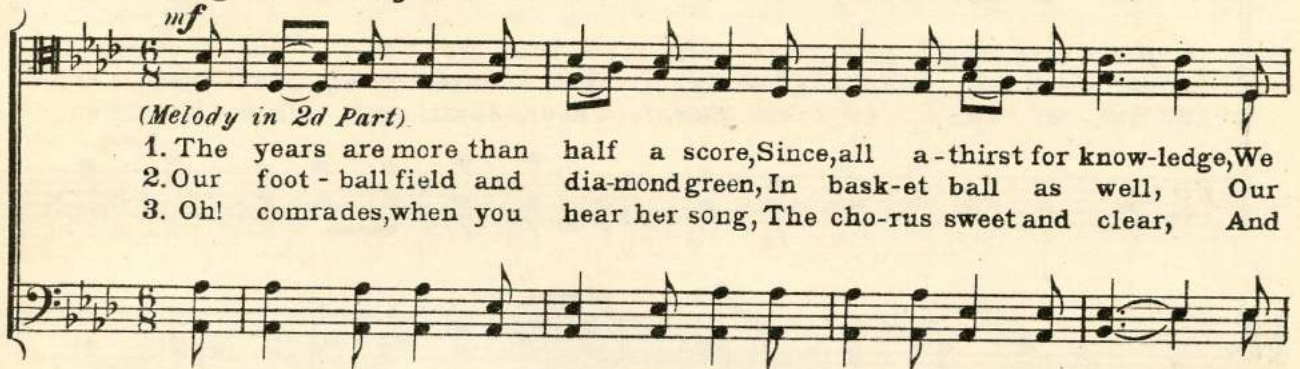
Old Buchtel

(From 1908 Buchtel)

R. G. COLE

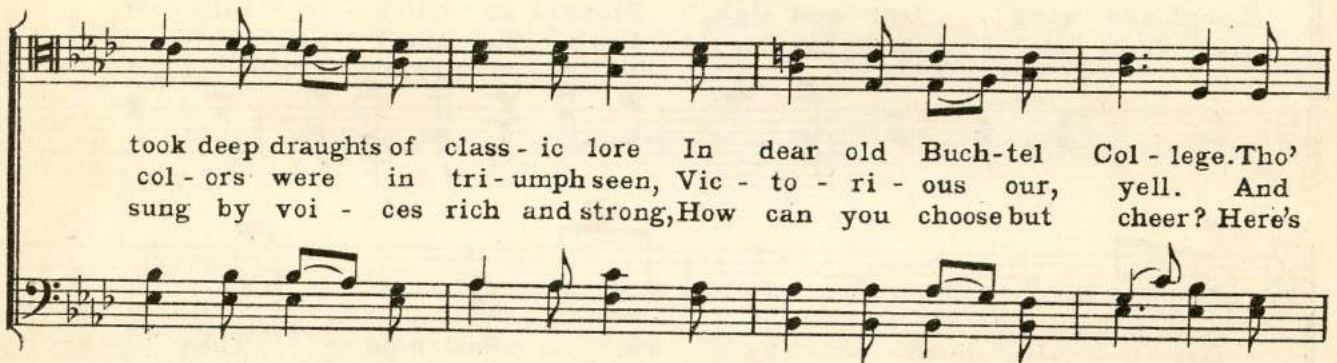
Allegretto (not fast)

mf

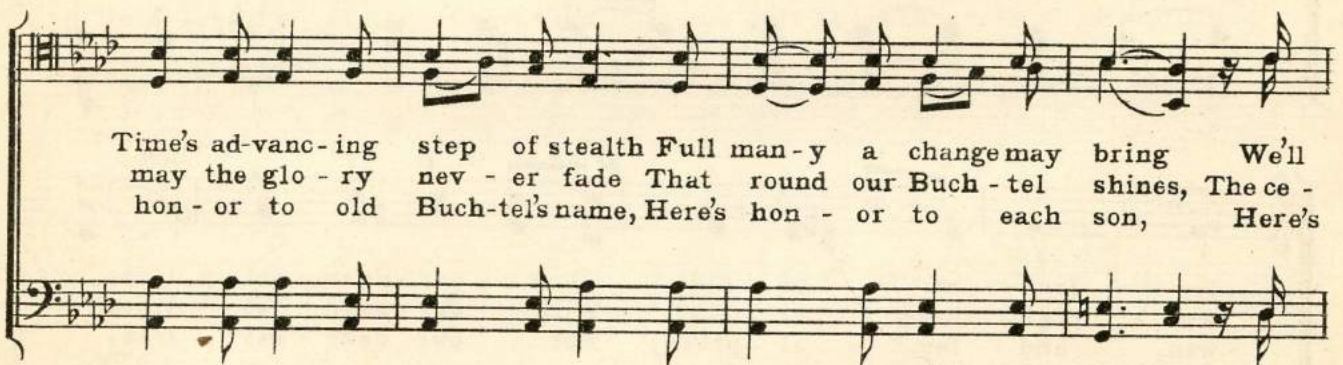


(Melody in 2d Part)

1. The years are more than half a score, Since, all a-thirst for know-ledge, We
 2. Our foot-ball field and dia-mond green, In bask-et ball as well, Our
 3. Oh! comrades, when you hear her song, The cho-rus sweet and clear, And



took deep draughts of class-ic lore In dear old Buch-tel Col-lege. Tho'
 col-ors were in tri-umph seen, Vic-to-ri-ous our, yell. And
 sung by voi-ces rich and strong, How can you choose but cheer? Here's



Time's ad-vanc-ing step of stealth Full man-y a changemay bring We'll
 may the glo-ry nev-er fade That round our Buch-tel shines, The ce-
 hon-or to old Buch-tel's name, Here's hon-or to each son, Here's



still be true to Gold and Blue, And still her songs will sing.
 lest-ial hue of Gold and Blue, Which ev-ery heart en-shrines.
 mem-'ry true, to Gold and Blue, Here's to each vic-to-ry won!

Tree Song

(Composed for Tree Day, 1906)

JOSEPH BARNBY

ANON

*Larghetto**pp*

1. Now fare-well, now fare-well, Tree that we call our own!—
 2. Of - ten in days gone by, We have met to - geth - er;
 3. Ev - er sun, ev - er dew, Thou shalt get from Heav - en

Thee we leave for a-while, Grow - ing here a - lone;—
 Laugh and song, tear and sigh, Brought us quick - ly hith - er.
 And from us faith-ful too, Prais - es shall be giv - en.

But in mem - o - ry we shall hold Thee as
 And with pain we turn a - way, Wish - ing
 We shall do our deeds of love, Strive and

sa - cred as of old, Thee our dear - est tree,
 we might long - er stay, With our dear - est tree,
 win, and loy - al prove, For our dear - est tree,

p *rall. e dim.* *pp*
 Now fare-well, now fare-well to thee! _____
 Now fare-well, now fare-well to thee! _____
 Now fare-well, now fare-well to thee! _____

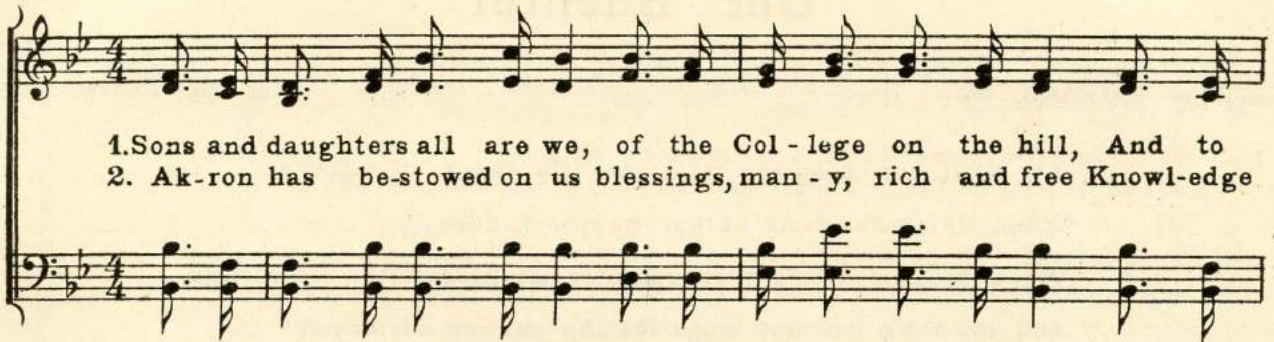
Our Own Dear Buchtel

41

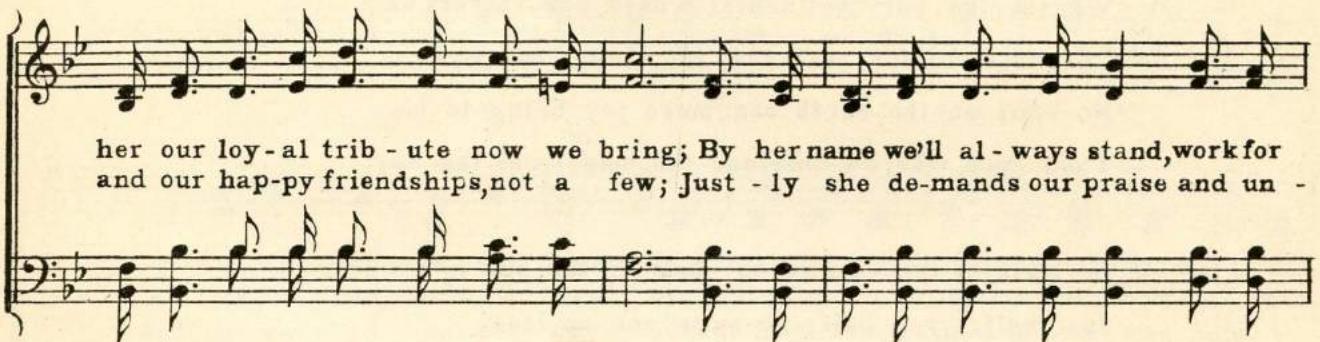
(From the Tel Buch of 1913)

ANON

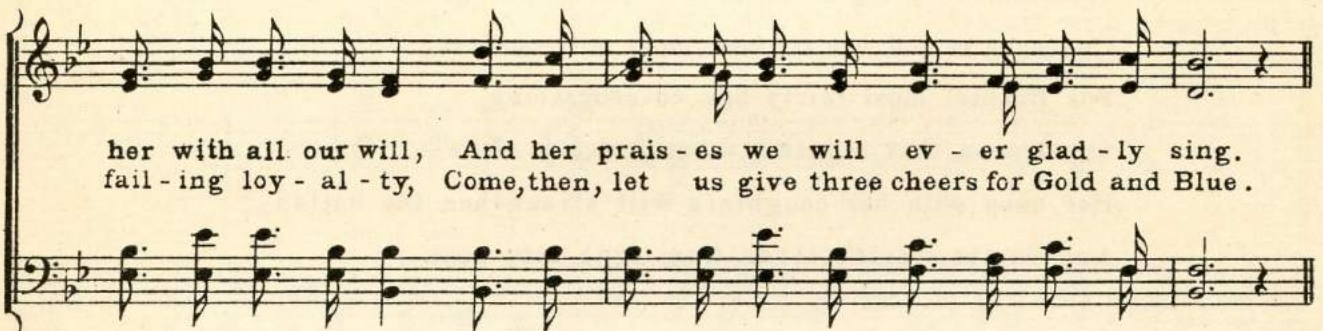
GEO. F. ROOT



1. Sons and daughters all are we, of the Col - lege on the hill, And to
2. Ak - ron has be - stowed on us blessings, man - y, rich and free Knowl - edge

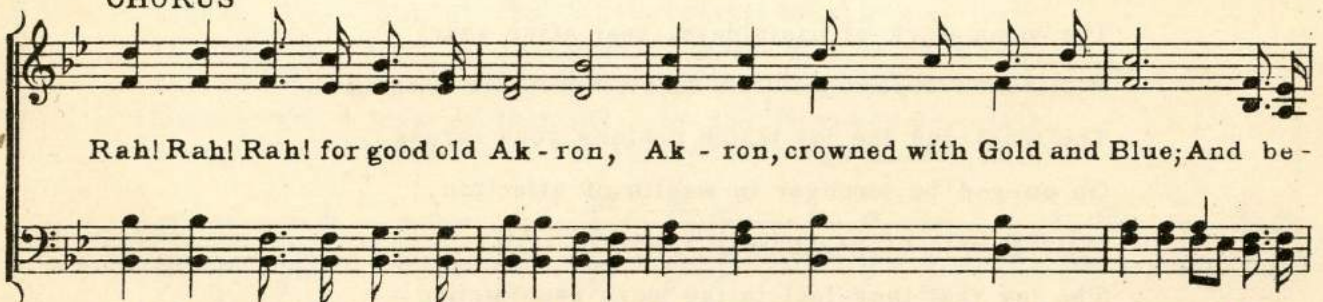


her our loy - al trib - ute now we bring; By her name we'll al - ways stand, work for
and our hap - py friendships, not a few; Just - ly she de - mands our praise and un -

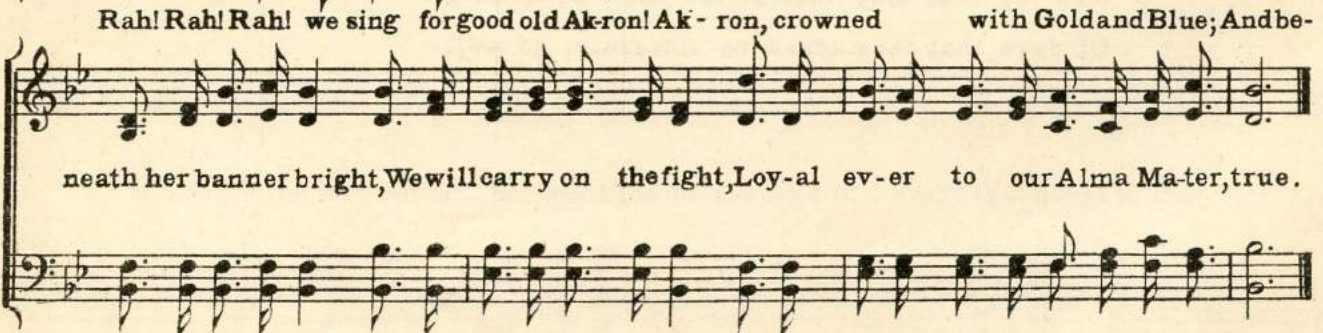


her with all our will, And her prais - es we will ev - er glad - ly sing.
fail - ing loy - al - ty, Come, then, let us give three cheers for Gold and Blue.

CHORUS



Rah! Rah! Rah! for good old Ak - ron, Ak - ron, crowned with Gold and Blue; And be -



Rah! Rah! Rah! we sing for good old Ak - ron! Ak - ron, crowned with Gold and Blue; And be -

neath her banner bright, We will carry on the fight, Loy - al ev - er to our Alma Ma - ter, true.

neath

Our Buchtel

ALTON THOMAS, '02

Air: Old Oaken Bucket

1. Ah, what can compare with the life spent at college,
 When living the time of our happiest days,
 When pleasure's most charmingly mingled with knowledge
 And the time has not come for the parting of ways?
 Where else but at Buchtel would one rather be,
 For wisdom, for pleasure, for study, for joy?
 No spot on the earth can more joy bring to me
 Then here where's unfolded the man from the boy.

2. At Buchtel the man is but half of the story,
 Just half, even half, no more and no less;
 The maiden by right claims her half of the glory,
 Deserves it and has it, each man will confess.
 For Buchtel most fairly has co-education;
 She knows that together,—not striving alone—
 Her sons with her daughters will strengthen the nation,
 And do the world's labor from zone unto zone.

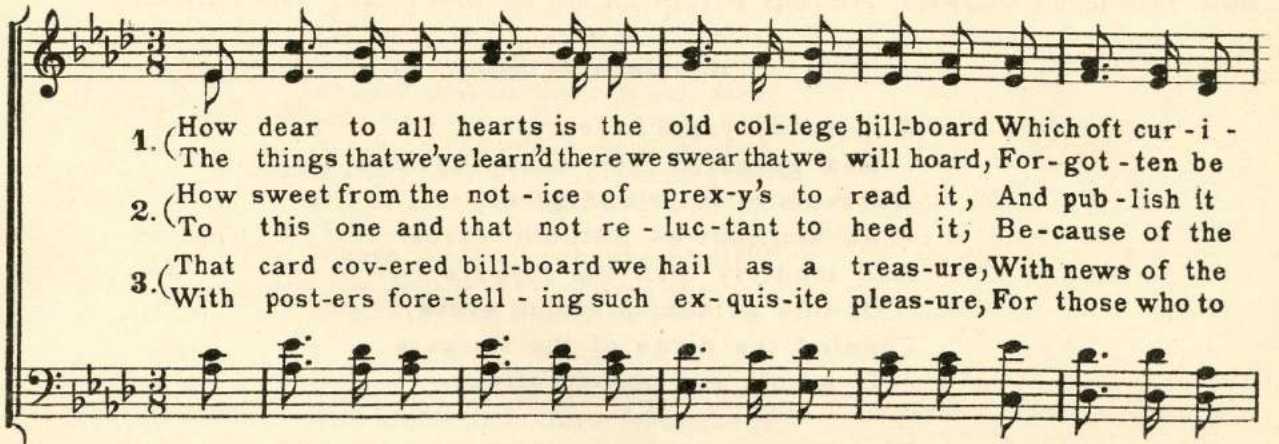
3. O Buchtel, our Buchtel, press on, ever bearing
 The same work of usefulness, year after year;
 While new foster children take pleasure in sharing
 The work and the joy which prolong your career.
 Go on and be stronger in wealth of affection,
 In long lists of graduates, eager to tell
 The joy that they feel in the mere recollection
 Of days that they loved so sincerely, so well.

Old College Bill-Board

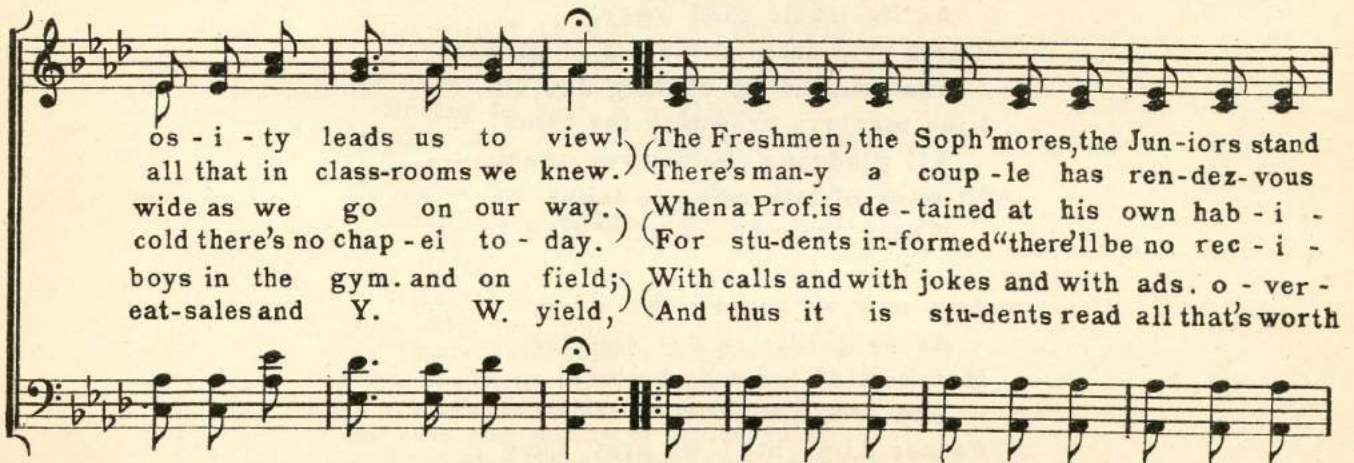
(From the Tel Buch of 1912)

Anon

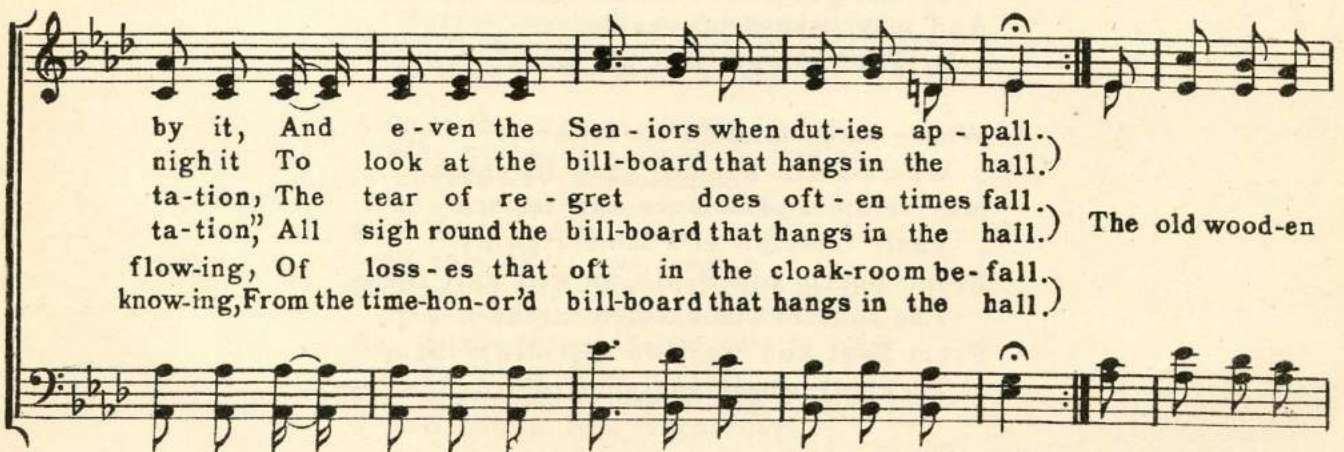
Old Oaken Bucket



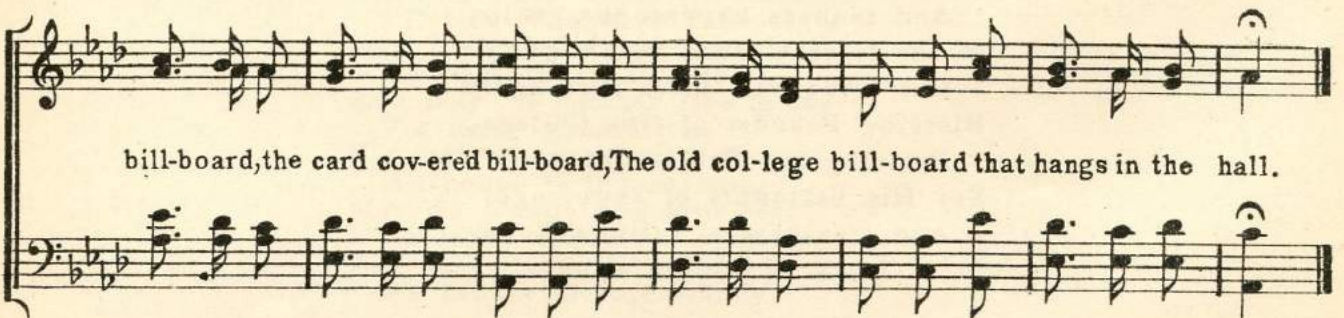
1. (How dear to all hearts is the old col-lege bill-board Which oft cur - i -
The things that we've learn'd there we swear that we will hoard, For - got - ten be
2. (How sweet from the not - ice of prex-y's to read it, And pub - lish it
To this one and that not re - luc - tant to heed it, Be - cause of the
3. (That card cov - ered bill-board we hail as a treas - ure, With news of the
With post - ers fore - tell - ing such ex - quis - ite pleas - ure, For those who to



os - i - ty leads us to view! (The Freshmen, the Soph'mores, the Jun - iors stand
all that in class - rooms we knew.) (There's man - y a coup - le has ren - dez - vous
wide as we go on our way.) (When a Prof. is de - tained at his own hab - i -
cold there's no chap - ei to - day.) (For stu - dents in - formed "there'll be no rec - i -
boys in the gym. and on field;) (With calls and with jokes and with ads. o - ver -
eat - sales and Y. W. yield, (And thus it is stu - dents read all that's worth



by it, And e - ven the Sen - iors when dut - ies ap - pall.)
night To look at the bill-board that hangs in the hall.)
ta - tion, The tear of re - gret does oft - en times fall.)
ta - tion," All sigh round the bill-board that hangs in the hall.) The old wood - en
flow - ing, Of loss - es that oft in the cloak - room be - fall.)
know - ing, From the time - hon - or'd bill-board that hangs in the hall.)



bill-board, the card cov - ered bill-board, The old col - lege bill-board that hangs in the hall.

Dedication Hymn

(This Dedication Hymn was composed for the occasion by Mrs. C. A. Soule of New York and was sung probably in the old college chapel by the entire assembly at the Dedication of Buchtel College, Sept. 22, 1872. Immediately afterward, President McCollester and the first Faculty were installed.)

Air: Austrian Hymn

A hundred years of our story
 Had garnered their heavy sheaves,
 Harvests of valor and glory,
 As brilliant as Autumn leaves.
 And tenderly then the reapers
 Of this golden, precious grain,
 Chanted the dirge of the sleepers
 In a soft and solemn strain.

The dirge was only for sleepers,
 As its music died away,
 There rose from the voice of reapers
 The song of an op'ning day.
 Like martyrs crowding the altar,
 All pledging themselves anew
 In work of love ne'er to falter
 Which their hands may find to do.

And now we review the story,
 As we gather in our sheaves.
 Harvests of valor and glory,
 And crown them with laurel leaves.
 Father Almighty! we pray Thee
 To bless this work of our hands,
 And may it shed unceasingly
 Bright radiance o'er all lands.

Where error bindeth its fetters,
 Where sloth holdeth prey in chain,
 May soldiers of science and letters
 Their triumph and honors gain!
 From North and South we will call them—
 The sons of our sainted sires;
 From East and West we will draw them
 To kindle these sacred fires!

As the years shall tell their story,
 And reapers harvest the grain,
 In the flush of each year's glory
 Our loved will meet here again—
 Blessing Founder of this College,
 Praising our Father above
 For His bestowals of knowledge,
 And treasures of Infinite Love.

First Buchtel Song

45

(An Akron man, W. Milton Clarke, wrote the following song and he, together with "Uncle" Wils Robinson, Dr. Byron S. Chase and Daniel R. Knight, sang it at the laying of the corner-stone of Buchtel College on July 4, 1871. Horace Greeley was also present and made an address.)

Air. Yankee Doodle

Once on a time some men went out
To see if they could find, sirs,
In all the country round about
A spot just to their mind, sirs;
Where they an edifice might raise
In which, if sense were heeded,
The boys and girls in coming days
Might learn the lore they needed.
So they came round and soon they found
Where Akron town was planted
On the Connecticut Reserve —
The very place they wanted.

CHORUS

A Yankee Dutchman came to town
And made machines for mowing
And reaping, too, so he came down
To set the thing agoing.
With thirty thousand of the pelf
He'd saved from trade and labor,
He said 'twas good to help one's self —
Better to help a neighbor.
In this way Buchtel (that's his name)
Was bound to scatter knowledge;
He gave them stamps, they'll give him fame —
They'll build him Buchtel College.

The little Cuyahoga river flows
With more of pride than ever.
The Big one murmurs as it goes:
"That Dutchman's very clever."
The sunlight falls on College Hill,
And shines all day the brighter;
At eve, the maids of Spicerville
Trip o'er its grounds the lighter.
The schoolboys' shout is ringing out:
"Hurrah for light and knowledge!
When tasks are done with Mrs. Stone,
We'll go to Buchtel College."

And so this liberal citizen
Who gives his stamps so freely,
Is honored by the company
Of good old Horace Greeley.
And when a full report is made
Of this great celebration
Remember that the Tribune's head
May head this glorious nation.
But if this thing should fail to be,
It sure would be a pity,
For the White House is his proper place
And not in New York City.

Then with this heartfelt sentiment
I'll close this short rehearsal:
May Buchtel College ever stand —
Her fame be "Universal!"
And may its founder live to see
For many generations
His institution growing strong —
An honor to the nations.
May its foundations ever rest
On rocky base — not sandy —
And may its name become as great
As Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Note. Mrs Stone was for long years the very efficient principal of Akron's High School.

Robert Tucker

(The following was composed by some of Buchtel's enthusiasts expressly for the Glee Club to sing at the Ladies' reception to Robert Tucker '91 who on Feb. 20, 1890 won first place in the State Oratorical Contest, with Ohio State second and Wooster third. Reproduced from the Buchtelite of March 1890.)

Air: Solomon Levi

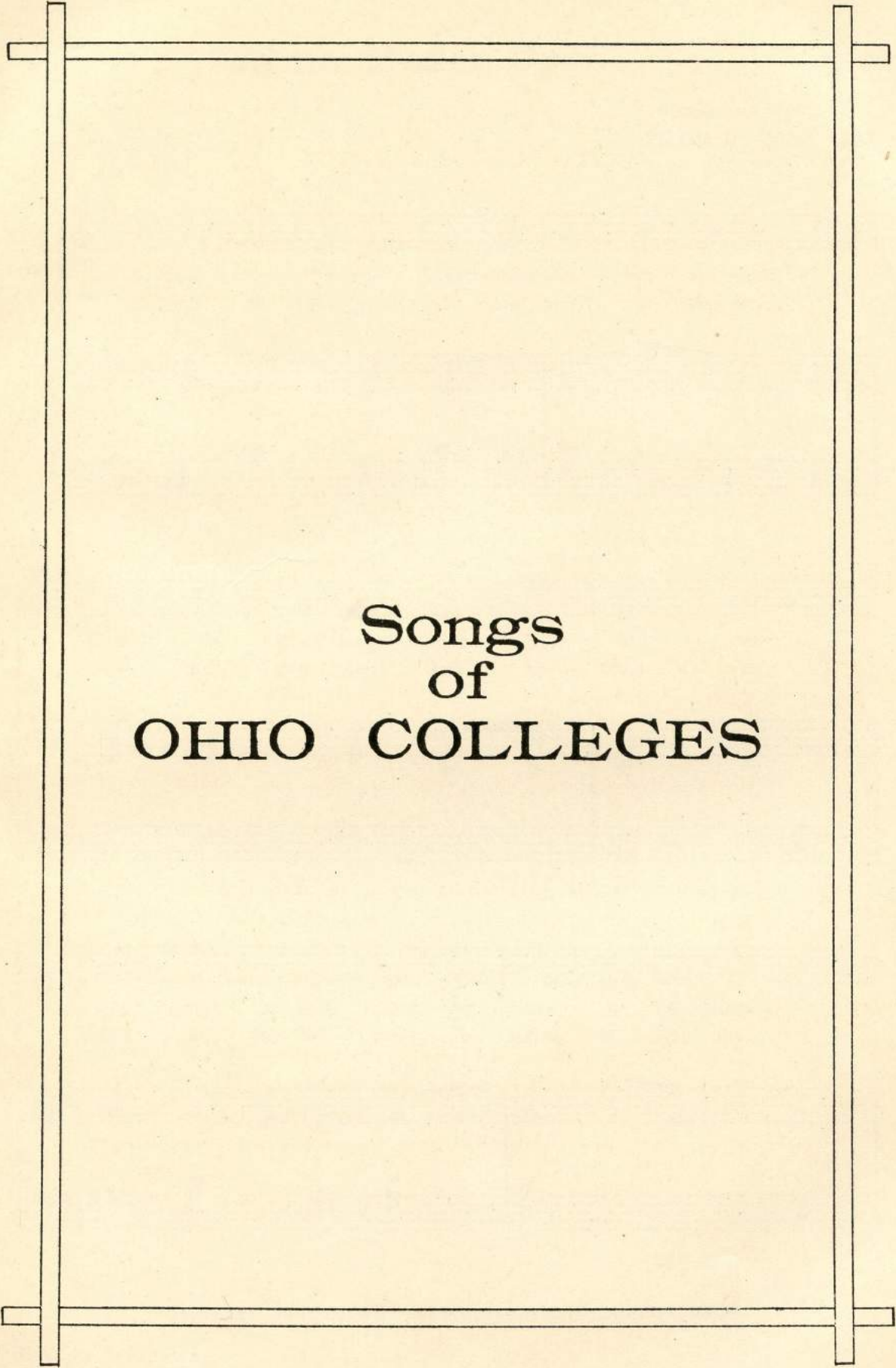
There is a boy among us, Robert Tucker is his name,
He's proved himself an orator, and brought the College fame,
Now listen while we tell to you the story good and true,
How he brought to us such honor, and to the gold and blue.

CHORUS

Hurrah for Robert Tucker! Robert Tucker, "Bob"!
Three cheers for Robert Tucker, tra la la, etc.
His name is Robert Tucker, and he's one of the Buchtel boys,
For him we'll give a zip, boom, ba! Oh, don't you hear the noise?
He beat the other colleges, and carried off the prize;
He's an honor to old Buchtel, and we'll laud him to the skies.

He entered Buchtel's contest, and he stood up firm and bold;
And in a simple, quiet way, his thoughts to us he told,
How people would have freedom. By examples far and near
He proved the right of "Democracy, the Dominant Idea."

"Democracy, the Dominant Idea," is the oration that stood first;
The boy of pluck will go in and win, let Fortune do her worst.
We'll show Ohio, and all the world, that in old Buchtel's name
We all know how to treat the boys that bring old Buchtel fame.



Songs
of
OHIO COLLEGES

BOOKS
OF
OHIO COLLEGE

Alma Mater, Case

Words and Music by
FRED G. VOLK 1913

1. Hail to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear,
2. Hail to thee, Queen of our bright col - lege days,

Hail to thee, dear Al - ma Ma - ter;
Days all too soon left be - hind us;

Thy sons in song loud thy prais - es de - clare,
Hail to fair Sci - ence, the light of our ways,

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With hearts sin-cere Al - ma Ma - ter; We love thy stern walls with
Thou of the fu - ture re - mind us; Soon will old time call us

i - vy o'er grown, We love thy long halls where
from learn - ing's home, Long we'll re - mem - ber thy

time's mark is shown, Thy mem - 'ries dear - er than
deeds, while we roam, Hail then all Hail to the

all else we own, Hail, to thee Case, Al - ma Ma - ter.
White and the Brown, Hail, then all Hail, Al - ma Ma - ter.

Alma Mater, Ohio

This song won first prize in the "Alma Mater" song contest.

Words & Music by
KENNETH S. CLARK

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and a common time signature. It begins with a series of chords and a melodic line that leads into the first vocal entry. The left hand starts with a bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and a steady bass line.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "When - e'er we take our book of mem' - ries And / Our Al - ma Ma - ter calls us ev - er, And". The music is in 4/4 time and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes in the vocal line, with chords and a bass line in the piano accompaniment.

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "scan its pag - es through and through, Well / love of coun - try has its claim, The". The musical notation follows the same structure as the first line, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

find no days that glow so bright - ly As those we spent at old O.
one but makes us prize the oth - er, And thus we cher - ish both the

U. ——— With - in our Al - ma Ma - ter's por - tals We
same. ——— When Al - ma Ma - ter sends us for - ward And

meet her chil - dren hand to hand, And when there comes the day of
in her name we stand in line, Then we will serve the na - tion

part - ing, Still firm and loy - al we will stand. —
bet - ter, For hav - ing gath - ered at her shrine. —

ten. *rit.*

REFRAIN

Moderato con spirito

Al-ma Ma-ter, O - hi - o, Al-ma Ma-ter, brave and fair! Al-ma

Ma-ter, we hail thee, For we own thy kind-ly care. Al-ma

Ma-ter, O - hi - o, When we read thy sto - ry o'er, We re -

vere thee and cheer thee As we sing thy praise once more. — Al-ma more. —

p *f*

Carmen Ohio

Words by
FRED. A. CORNELL,

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Spanish Chant

Oh come let'ssing O - hi - o's praise, And songs to Al - ma Ma - ter raise;
These jol - ly days of price - less worth, By far the glad - dest days of earth,
Tho' age may dim our mem'ry's store, We'll think of hap - py days of yore,

While our hearts re - bound - ing thrill, With joy which death a - lone can still.
Soon will pass and we not know How dear - ly we love O - hi - o.
True to friend and frank to foe, As stur - dy sons of O - hi - o.

Sum - mer's heat or Win - ter's cold, The sea - sons pass, the years will roll:
We should strive to keep thy name Of fair re - pute and spot - less fame;
If on seas of care we roll, Neath blackened sky, o'er bar - ren shoal,

Time and change will sure - ly show How firm thy friend - ship O - hi - o.
So, in col - lege halls we'll grow To love thee bet - ter O - hi - o.
Tho'ts of thee bid dark - ness go, Dear Al - ma Ma - ter O - hi - o.

Dear Old Reserve

WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY

Words by
W. H. ALBURN

Moderato
TENORS *p*

1. Home of our col - lege days, Hark to a song of praise,
2. Bright the hours we spend, Dear is each col - lege friend;
3. Though we soon shall roam Far from our col - lege home,

BASSES *p*

While we our voi - ces raise For old Re - serve.
Sweet is the charm they lend To old Re - serve.
Still shall our fan - cy come Back to Re - serve.

p *f*

Thou queen of all the land, Loy - al to thee we stand—
Broth - ers in heart are we, Joy - ous and light and free,
Shrined in our mem - o - ry Fair thou shalt ev - er be,

poco rit. *dim.* *p*

Thy sons a faith - ful band, Dear old Re - serve.
Joined by our love for thee, Dear old Re - serve.
Wor - thy our love for thee, Dear old Re - serve.

poco rit. *dim.* *p*

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Heidelberg

Words by
Rev. J. E. HARTMAN, '96

Music by
F. A. POWER

Solo or Unison.

1. Sweet Al - ma Home! Where 'er we be, Where
2. We love thy walls, Thy an - cient name! We
3. Still hear the song We raise to thee; 'Twill
4. Let scept - ters break, And king - doms fall! Let

'er we roam, On land or sea, Our swift winged mem - o -
seek thy halls, and greet thy fame! And bright - ly gleams the
not be long We'll part from thee. But tho thy courts we
pow - ers quake, And van - ish all! Yet wilt thou reign se -

ry In year - ings (year - ings) back - ward flies to thee.
flame That love (that love) en - kin - dles to thy name!
leave. To thee (to thee) in love we ev - er cleave.
cure With in our hearts our hearts while they en - dure!

Chorus or unison ad lib. Tempo di valse

Sing Al - ma Ma - ter, Hei - del - berg! Sing till the vault - ed

Sing, Sing, Sing, Sing!

heav - ens ring! Sing till the gales on swift - est wing

Sing till swift wing.

Bear the song a - way!— Sing till re - turn - ing

ech - oes bring back a - gain the lay!— (Sing till the

ech - oes bring back the lay) — Sing Hei - del - berg!—

MUNICIPAL LIBRARY
MADRAS

Mount Union College Song

Alma Mater

Words by

J. VIZZARD HASKELL '93

"Men of Harlech"

Con spirito

1. Hark! From moun - tain, hill and val - ley
 2. Rouse your souls from sloth and slum - ber
 3. No - bly stands the grand old Col - lege!

Rings the mu - sic as they ral - ly. Sons and daugh - ters
 Gird your - selves, and join our num - ber Loy - al to Mount
 Home of hon - or, shrine of know - ledge! Storm and stress and

of Mount Un - ion, Sing - ing songs of praise,
 Un - ion Col - lege, Ral - ly round her now!
 time but prove her Con - stant, brave and true;

See! They come un - ceas - ing, Care and toil re -
 On her worth re - ly - ing, Keep her col - ors
 Mark! each new en - deav - or Makes her strong - er

leas - ing, Shout - ing in a might - y cho - rus
 fly - ing, Crown the he - roes of her bat - tles
 ev - er, Hearts and hands for toil and bat - tle,

More — and — more — in - creas - ing.
 Each — with — name — un - dy - ing.
 May — they — fail — her — nev - er!

CHORUS

Wake the ech - oes loud with cheer - ing,

Shout a - gain! the day is near - ing, Night is gone with

doubt and fear - ing, Dear Old M. U. C.

Ten Thousand Strong Oberlin, Our Alma Mater

JASON NOBLE PIERCE

March time

Introduction

1. Ten thous-andstrong
2. Yon- iv - ied walls
3. Ye col - ors old,

sing we a song, O - ber - lin, to thee; Oh, worth - y art thou of —
form - ing thy halls, beau - ti - ful to see, Are lov'd o - ver man - y a
crim - son and gold, Kist by gen - tle wind, In vic - to - ry float on —

famel In — lands a - far shin - eth thy star Set - ting bond - men free; Be —
land, There age and youth seek - ing the truth, Priz - ing lib - er - ty For —
high, Or should thy form wres - tle with storm Then thy foe will find We'll

lov'd is thy glo - rious name Be - lov'd is thy glo - rious name. Al - ma
learn - ing and la - bor stand, For learn - ing and la - bor stand. Al - ma
con - quer for thee or die, We'll con - quer for thee or die! Al - ma

ff

Ma-ter, Al-ma Ma-ter, Hail to thee, O-ber-lin hon-ored Moth-er!
 Ma-ter, Al-ma Ma-ter, Hail to thee, O-ber-lin hon-ored Moth-er!
 Ma-ter, Al-ma Ma-ter, Hail to thee, O-ber-lin hon-ored Moth-er!

CHORUS

Old O-ber-lin for - ev - er Our Al-ma Ma-ter dear, We crown thee "fair-est

col-lege" Thy name we love to hear, Long reign in roy-al splen-dor Our

heart shall be thy throne! Old O-ber-lin, brave Moth-er, Thou reign-est a-lone!

Ohio Wesleyan

W. R. WRIGHT

1. Wes - ley - an, — Let us all u - nite and sing, —
 2. Red and Black, — And the col - ors wav - ing high, —

Wes - ley - an, — We praise her wor - thy name; —
 Red and Black, — They hold vic - to - rious sway; —

Wes - ley - an, — World - wide thy ac - cents ring, —
 Red and Black, — Win first place in our cry —

Wes - ley - an, — With still in - creas - ing fame. —
 Red and Black, — We laud thee ev - 'ry day. —

CHORUS

O - hi - o, ——— Come cheer for Wes - ley - an! ———

O - hi - o, ——— From east - ern land to west, —

O - hi - o, ——— We're loy - al ev - 'ry man! —

O - hi - o, Wes - ley - an! The school we all love best. —

Old Miami

(Alma Mater Song)

Words by
A. H. UPHAM

Music by
R. H. BURKE

Majestic with spirit



1. Old Mi - a - mi from thy hill-crest, Thou hast watched the dec-ades
2. Ag- ing in thy sim-ple splen- dor, Thou the calm — and they the
3. Now of late thy self en- vig - ored, Lar- ger use - ful-ness a-
4. Thou shalt stand a con-stant bea - con, Crim-son tow'rs — a- gainst the



Majestic. Organ or Piano Accompaniment.



roll, — While thy sons have quested from thee, Stur- dy heart - ed pure of soul.
storm; Thou didst give them joy in con- quest, Strength from thee sus- tained their arm.
waits; Hosts as- sem- ble for thy bless- ing, Youth and maid- en through thy gate.
sky; — Men shall ev- er seek thy guid - ing, Pow'r like thine shall nev - er die.



REFRAIN

Old Mi - a - - mi! New Mi - a - - mi! Days of

The first system of the refrain features a vocal line with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The vocal line begins with a quarter note 'Old', followed by a half note 'Mi - a' with a long horizontal line underneath, then a quarter note 'mi!', a quarter note 'New', another half note 'Mi - a' with a long horizontal line, a quarter note 'mi!', and finally a quarter note 'Days' and a quarter note 'of'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

old and days to be; Weave the sto - ry of thy

The second system continues the vocal line with a quarter note 'old', a quarter note 'and', a quarter note 'days', a quarter note 'to', and a quarter note 'be;'. This is followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note 'Weave', a quarter note 'the', a quarter note 'sto -', a quarter note 'ry', a quarter note 'of', and a quarter note 'thy'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

glo - ry, Our Mi - a - mi, here's to thee!

The third system continues the vocal line with a quarter note 'glo -', a quarter note 'ry,', a quarter note 'Our', a quarter note 'Mi -', a quarter note 'a -', a quarter note 'mi,', a quarter note 'here's', a quarter note 'to', and a quarter note 'thee!'. The piano accompaniment concludes the system with chords and moving lines.

Sons Of Old O. N. U.

Ohio Northern University

College Song

Words & Music by
FREDERICK THOMAS KILLEEN

Arr. by Harry Jay

INTRO.
Tempo di Marche

mf

March a-way to vic - to - ry for North - ern — Our gal - lant

sons must — win the fight —

Do or die shall be our cry for North - ern, — We'll bat - tle

hard to gain the right

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'hard to gain the right' and includes a long note on 'right' that spans across the end of the system. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both the right and left hands.

When at last our day is past at North - ern And we shall

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'When at last our day is past at North - ern And we shall'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and melodic fragments.

go on our lone - ly way,

The third system features the vocal line with the lyrics 'go on our lone - ly way,'. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic accompaniment.

We shall strive with hand and heart dear North - ern In grat - i -

The fourth system shows the vocal line with the lyrics 'We shall strive with hand and heart dear North - ern In grat - i -'. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line.

tude our debt to thee to pay All hail to

The fifth system concludes the page with the vocal line lyrics 'tude our debt to thee to pay All hail to'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a fermata over the bass line.

thee — our Al - ma Mat - er — All hail to

thee — our Al - ma Mat - er — All

hail North-ern All hail North-ern All

hail to thee our dear old O. N. U.

CHORUS

Sons of old O. N. U. — Dear O. N. U. —

A - rise pro - - tect your

col-lege flag Un - furl it to the skies.

We'll be her loy - al sons, — Faith - - ful and

true, We'll fight with might to gain the right for

O. N. U. All hail to U.

To Denison

V. E. FIELD '03

1. To Den - i - son we raise our song, Fair col - lege on the hill, The
 2. Oh morn - ing glow which guilds the east, Oh sun which shines at noon, Oh

name that sets our souls on fire And makes our senses thrill. To
 stars which bloom at ev - en - tide, Oh ra - diant glow - ing moon, Look

Den - i - son my Den - i - son In praise our voices swell The
 from the path - less az - ure dome, Shed bless - ings from a - bove, On

scenes of hap - py col - lege days, The home we love so well.
col - lege halls and col - lege walls, The Den - i - son we love.

3.

And when the shadows softly fall,
O'er hills and valleys dear,
Across the college campus rings
The melody so clear;
The circling hills throw back again
The glad inspiring song,
And in our hearts to Denison,
Our praises we prolong.

4.

When from the fold we far shall stray,
With souls no longer young,
We'll ne'er forget our college days,
These happy scenes among,
And when our steps have feeble grown,
Our journey almost done,
E'en then with fleeting breath we'll praise
Our dear, old Denison.

Wooster Love Song

(Alma Mater Song)

RALPH E. PLUMER, '06

SOLO VOICE

1. In col-lege days when all is gay And life but at the
2. Old Woos-ter and its mem-o-ries Will come to us each

start_____ There comes to each a love su-preme A-
day_____ And life with all its joys and cares Can

wak-'ning in the heart;— And when we ask "What
ne'er drive these a-way— The profs and prex-y,

is this love, This first love fond and true?" From
cam-pus, halls, Our friend-ships, staunch and true— All

man - y hearts the an - swer rings, 'Tis dear old Woos - ter
 cen - ter round our first great love, Our dear old Woos - ter

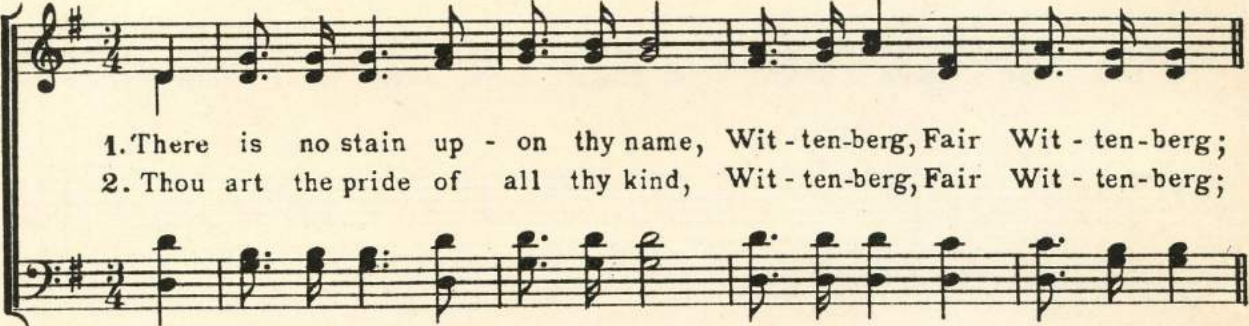
U. _____ To Woos - ter U; _____ our Woos - ter U. _____
 U. _____ To Woos - ter U; _____ our Woos - ter U. _____

Out in the world may we prove true. Ev - er re - mem'bring,

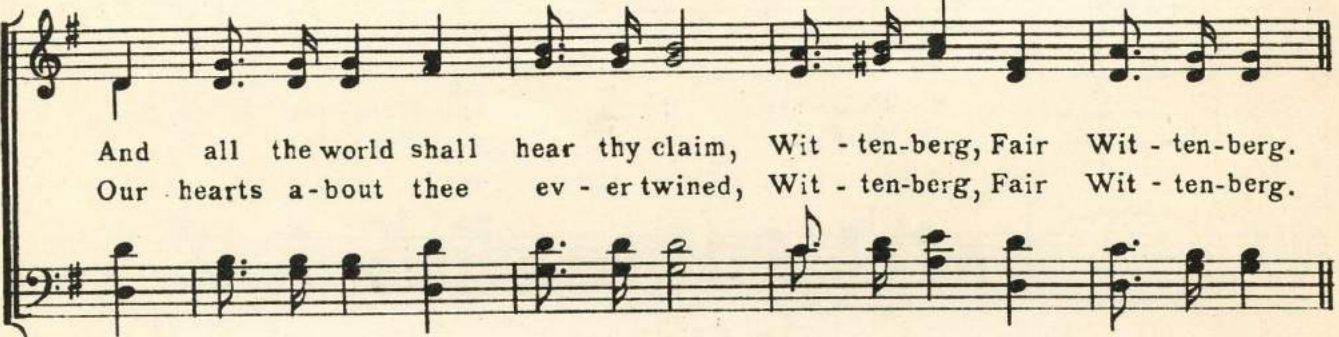
nev - er for - get - ting Our love for you, - dear Woos - ter U.

Wittenberg, Fair Wittenberg

Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland"



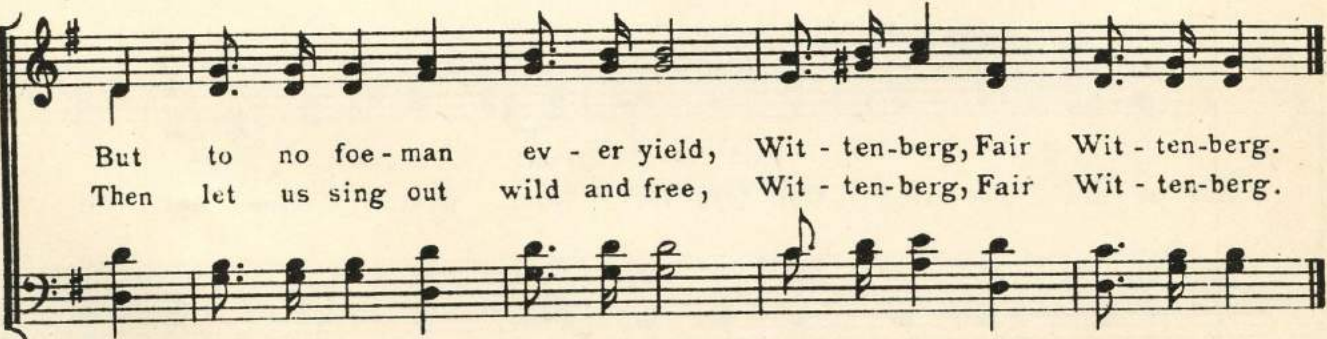
1. There is no stain up - on thy name, Wit - ten-berg, Fair Wit - ten-berg;
2. Thou art the pride of all thy kind, Wit - ten-berg, Fair Wit - ten-berg;



And all the world shall hear thy claim, Wit - ten-berg, Fair Wit - ten-berg.
Our hearts a-bout thee ev - er twined, Wit - ten-berg, Fair Wit - ten-berg.



In all thy strife of hall and field The strength of youth with might then wield,
Must beat with joy and love for thee All through the days that are to be;



But to no foe-man ev - er yield, Wit - ten-berg, Fair Wit - ten-berg.
Then let us sing out wild and free, Wit - ten-berg, Fair Wit - ten-berg.



Miscellaneous
Songs

America

Words by
SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

Music by
HENRY CAREY

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from
 4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of

lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 all the trees Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal
 lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died; Land of the pil - grim's pride;
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
 tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe par - take;
 land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light;

From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
 My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

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Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party

p

Sop.
Alto

1. In the sky the bright stars glit - ter'd, — On the
 2. On my arm a soft hand rest - ed, — Rest - ed
 3. On my lips a whis - per trem - bled, — Trem - bled
 4. On my life new hopes were dawn - ing, — And these

Tenor
Bass

bank the pale moon shone, And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's
 light as o - cean foam; And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's
 till it dared to come; And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's
 hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's

poco rit.

quilt - ing — par - ty I was see - ing Nel - lie — home.
 quilt - ing — par - ty I was see - ing Nel - lie — home.
 quilt - ing — par - ty I was see - ing Nel - lie — home.
 quilt - ing — par - ty I was see - ing Nel - lie — home.

poco rit.

CHORUS
p a tempo

I was see - ing Nel - lie home, — I was see - ing Nel - lie home; And 'twas

p a tempo

poco rit.

from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing — par - ty I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

poco rit.

Good-Night

Male Voices

Sostenuto

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,

la - dies! We're going to leave you now. —

Allegro

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

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

Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE

Air. "John Brown's Body"

Allegretto

1. Mine— eyes have seen the glo - ry of the
 2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a
 3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was

com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp - ling out the vint - age where the
 hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the
 bur - nished rows of steel; "As ye deal with my con - tem - ners, so with
 nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be -
 born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His bo - som that trans -

grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His
 eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right - eous sen - tence by the
 you my grace shall deal." Let the He - ro, born of wom - an, crush the
 fore His judg - ment - seat; O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be
 fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us

ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
 dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.
 ser - pent with His heel, Since God is march - ing on.
 ju - bi - lant, my feet, Our God is march - ing on.
 die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

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Dear Old Pals

Andante

MELODY IN 2ND TENOR

Vivo



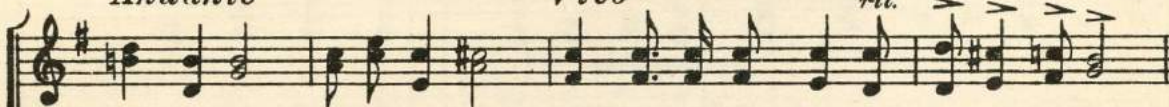
Dear old pals! jol-ly old pals! Al-ways to-geth-er in all sorts of weather,



Andante

Vivo

rit.



Al-ways game, ev-er the same, Give me for friend-ship my jol - ly old pals!



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Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes

1. Drink to me on - ly with — thine eyes, and
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not

I — will pledge with mine, — Or leave a kiss with -
 so — much hon - 'ring thee, — As giv - ing it a

in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; — The
 hope that there it could not with - ered be; — But

thirst that from the soul — doth rise, doth
 thou there - on didst on - ly breathe, and

ask a drink di - vine, — But might I of Jove's
 send'st it back to me, — Since when it grows and

nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine. —
 smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee. —

Good-Night, My Love

Anon.

SOLO BARITONE

Good-night, my love, the hour, 'tis late;
 Good-night, my love, _____ the hour, 'tis late; _____

The moon shines bright o'er sil - v'ry lake;
 The moon shines bright _____ o'er sil - v'ry lake; _____

When far from thee, my lips re-peat,
 When far from thee, my lips re - peat,

Good-night, my love, Good-night, my sweet.
 Good - night, my love. _____

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Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

H. R. BISHOP

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it—
 2. I— gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And—
 3. An ex - ile from home-splen-dor daz - zles in vain; Oh,—

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no— place like home; A—
 feel— that my moth - er now thinks of her child, As she
 give— me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The—

§ There's no place like
 charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the
 looks on that moon from our own cot-tage door, Thro' the wood-bine whose
 birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my call, Give me them, and that

home there's no place like home *Fine* *D. S.*
 world, is ne'er met with else-where.)
 fra-grance shall cheer me no more. } Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 peace of mind dear - er than all. }

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Jingle, Bells!

Allegro

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

mf

8

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

8

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

8

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

CHORUS *

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

Oh, what fun it is to ride In a

one-horse o-pen sleigh! one-horse o-pen sleigh!

Repeat Chos. pp

Levee Song

(Mixed Voices)

QUARTET

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

SOLO

1. I once did know a gal named Grace —

QUARTET

O' wuk-kin' on de le-vee.

SOLO

She done brung me to dis sad dis-grace

§ CHORUS

I been wuk-kin' on de rail-road 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;

The musical score is written for mixed voices and piano. It consists of five systems of music. The first system is a quartet part in treble clef and a solo part in bass clef, both in 2/4 time. The second system continues the quartet and solo parts, with the solo part ending in 4/4 time. The third system is the chorus, marked with a double bar line and a section sign (§), in 4/4 time. The fourth and fifth systems continue the chorus melody in treble clef and bass clef respectively.

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Fine

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

2. Sing a song o' — cit - ies — Roll dat cot - ton bale,

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

Nor - folk foh its oy - stah-shells, Bos - ton foh its beans,

D. S. al Fine

Chahles-ton foh its rice an' cawn, But foh nig-gahs — New Aw - leens.

*Juanita

Mixed or + Male Voices

mf

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain Ling'-ring falls the south-ern moon;
 2. When, in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain,

Far o'er the moun-tain Breaks the day too soon! In thy darkeye's
 And day-light beam-ing Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re -

splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der,
 lent-ing, For thy ab-sent lov-er sigh, In thy heart con-sent-ing

p Slower *mf a tempo* *3*

Speak their fond fare-well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!* Ask thy soul if
 To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Let me lin-ger

p Tenderly rit. *3*

we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
 by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

O Beautiful for Spacious Skies

KATHERINE LEE BATES

SAMUEL A. WARD



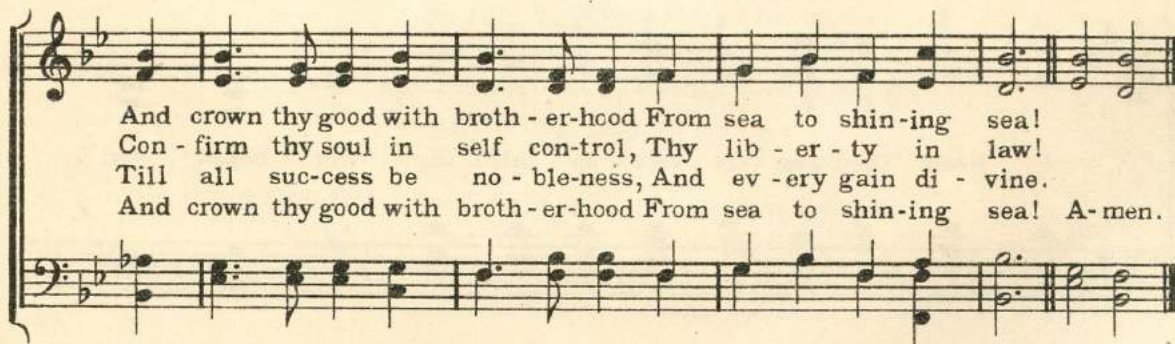
1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
 3. O beau-ti-ful for he-ros proved In lib - er - a - ting strife,
 4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years



For pur-ple moun-tain ma-jes-ties A - bove the fruit-ed plain! —
 A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A - cross the wil-der-ness! —
 Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer - cy more than life! —
 Thine al - a - bas-ter cit - ies gleam Un - dimmed by hu-man tears! —



A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee, —
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, —
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine, —
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee, —



And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
 Con - firm thy soul in self con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - ery gain di - vine.
 And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea! A - men.

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Old Black Joe

Mixed Voices

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Poco adagio

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;

Gone are my friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way;

Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know,

I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

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CHORUS

I'm com - in',— I'm com - in',—
I'm com - in',— I'm com - in',

For my head is bend - ing low; I

hear those gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joel"

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

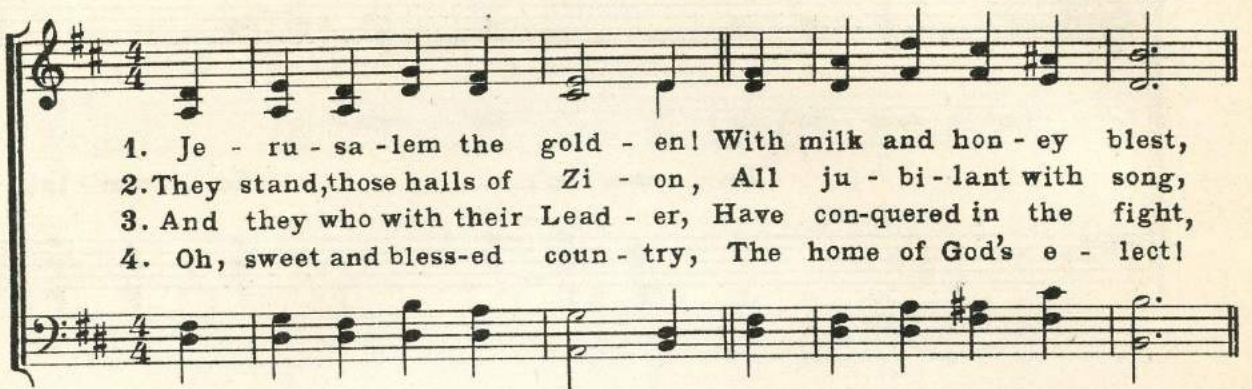
CHO.— I'm comin', etc.

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

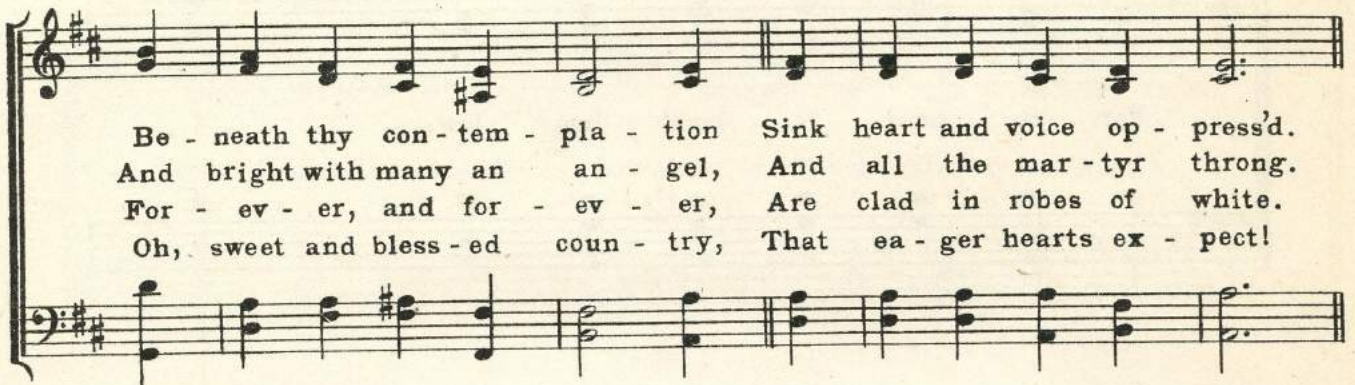
CHO. I'm comin', etc.

Jerusalem the Goldem

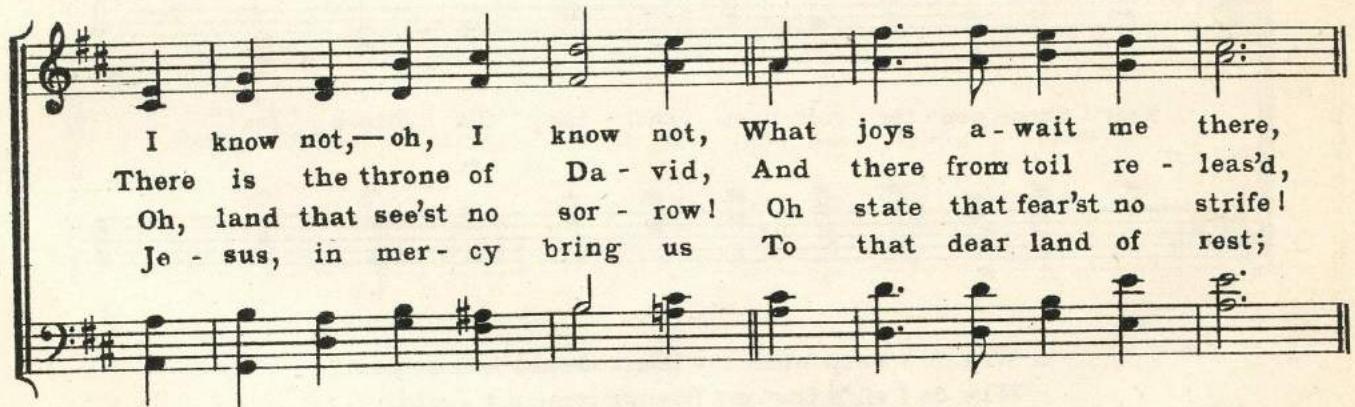
St. BERNARD, A.D. 1150
Alexander Ewing. Neale tr.



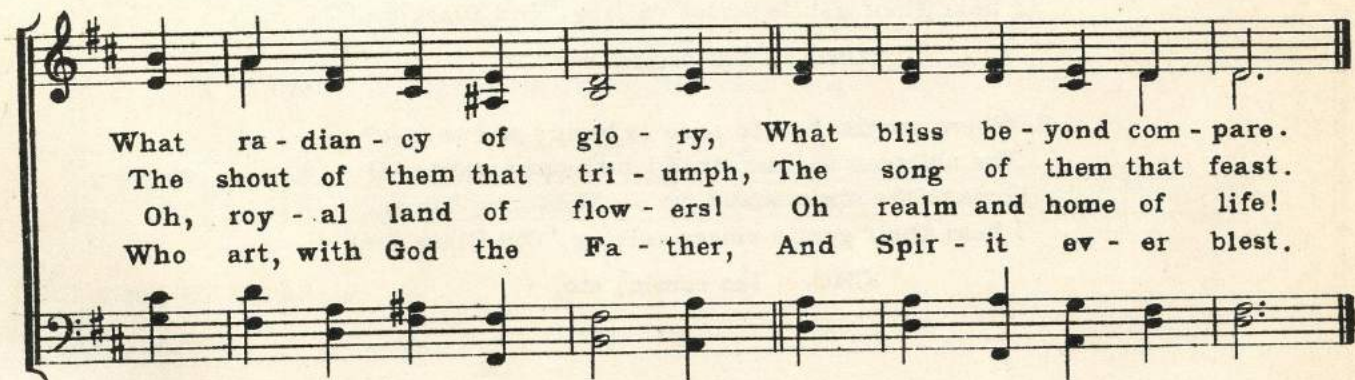
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. And they who with their Lead - er, Have con - quered in the fight,
4. Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - press'd.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
For - ev - er, and for - ev - er, Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!



I know not,—oh, I know not, What joys a - wait me there,
There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from toil re - leas'd,
Oh, land that see'st no sor - row! Oh state that fear'st no strife!
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
Oh, roy - al land of flow - ers! Oh realm and home of life!
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it ev - er blest.

Love Divine, All Love Excelling

CHARLES WESLEY

JOHN ZUNDEL



1 Love di-vine, all love ex-celling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-'ry trou-bled breast!
 3 Fin-ish then, Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find the prom-ised rest,
 Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee:



Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
 Take a-way our bent to sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;
 Chang'd from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,



Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.
 End of faith, as its be-gin-ning; Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
 Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

Onward, Christian Soldiers

S. BARING-GOULD

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread-ing
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voic-es

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-against the foe;
 Where the saints have trod, We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we,
 Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst the Chru-uch pre - vail,
 In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;

CHORUS

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go.
 One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
 We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can-not fail. This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

March ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.
 With the cross of Je - sus

Sancta Lucia

Moderato

mf

1. O'er sea the sil-ver star bright light is throw-ing, Hush'd now the
2. See how the balm-y breeze our sail's ex-pand-ing, Naught could our

mf

bil - lows are, gen-tle winds blow-ing; Come to my bark with me,
hearts more please on this deck stand-ing; Come, trav-lers, one and all,

f *rall.*

Come, sail a - cross the sea, Sanc-ta Lu-ci-a, Sanc-ta Lu-ci-a.
Come quick-ly to my call, Sanc-ta Lu-ci-a, Sanc-ta Lu-ci-a.

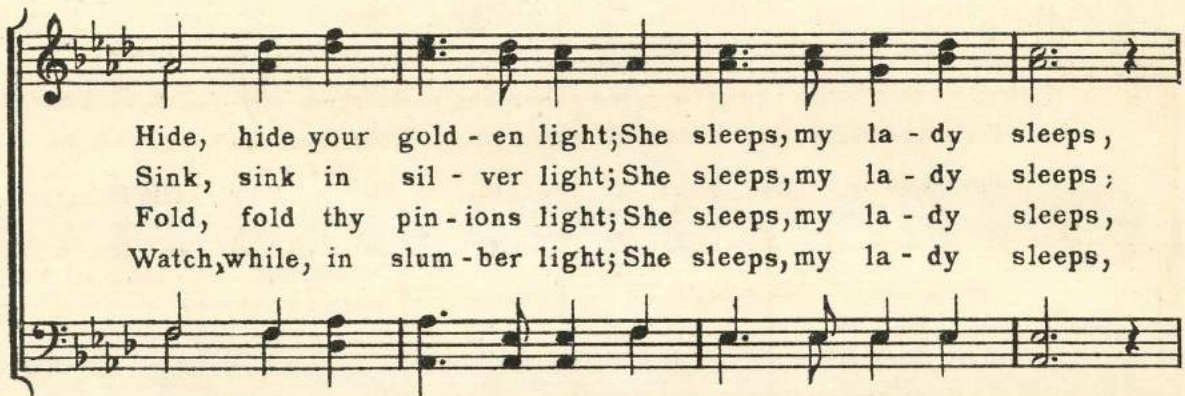
f *rall.*

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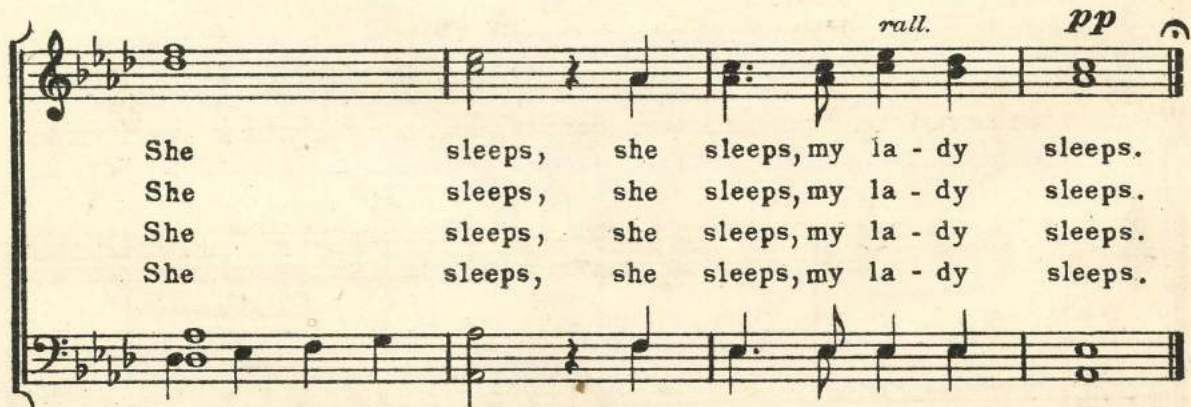
Stars of the Summer Night



1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az- ure deeps,
 2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west-ern steeps,
 3. Wind of the sum-mer night, Where yon-der wood-bine creeps,
 4. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps



Hide, hide your gold - en light; She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps,
 Sink, sink in sil - ver light; She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps;
 Fold, fold thy pin - ions light; She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps,
 Watch, while, in slum - ber light; She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps,



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

Sweet and Low

Mixed or * Male Voices

ALFRED TENNYSON

J. BARNBY

pp *Larghetto*

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

sf *p*

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

mf *pp*

O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing
Fa-ther will come to his babe in the nest, Come — from the
Sil - ver sails all

f

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

p *rall. e dim.* *pp*

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

* For Male Voices: Pitch in G
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The Star-Spangled Banner

Words by
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Music by
JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

SOLO OR QUARTET

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, That the
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be -

proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad
foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A —
tween their loved home and the war's des - o - la - tion, Blest with

stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their —
vic - try and peace, may the heav'n res - cued land Praise the

ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing?
fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
blood has washed out their foul foot - steps' po - lu - tion.
Pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion!

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And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave
 Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
 No— ref-uge could save the— hire-ling and slave From the
 Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And—

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
 glo-ry re-lect-ed, now shines on the stream:
 ter-ror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
 this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!"

ff Oh,— say, does that star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave— O'er the
 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner; oh, long may it wave— O'er the
 And the star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave— O'er the
 And the star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave— O'er the

cresc.

ff
 land — of the free and the home of the brave.
 land — of the free and the home of the brave.
 land — of the free and the home of the brave.
 land — of the free and the home of the brave.

Soldier's Farewell

Andante *p* *poco rit.*

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

crescendo e poco accel. al *f*

give thee; And then what-e'er be-falls me, I
 fold thee; With spear and pen-non glanc-ing, I
 throng-ing, That with my last faint sigh-ing, I'll

cresc.

Tempo I^o *p* *tranquillo e molto espress.*

go where hon-or calls me. Fare-well, fare-well, my
 see the foe ad-vanc-ing, Fare-well, fare-well, my
 whis-per soft, while dy-ing, Fare-well, fare-well, my

f *p* *pp*

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

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