TECH SONGS
Betsey
from
Brother
Merry Christmas 1905
TECH SONGS
The M. I. T. Kommers Book
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Oliver Ditson Company
DEDICATED TO

DR. HENRY S. PRITCHETT

President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology
PREFACE

THE need of a collection of songs has long been felt by Tech men, and that need has grown with the growth of the Institute. That a beginning has at last been made is due chiefly to the efforts of Dr. Pritchett, whose plan for the better and more general comradeship of Tech students embraced, from the beginning, a Tech Union, Tech Kommers, and a book of Tech Songs.

The present book was published a little earlier than was originally planned, in order to have it ready for Class Day of 1903. At the same time it has been done with care, and every endeavor has been made to have it generally and truly representative of Tech life in many of its phases.

The response to the call for contributions was immediate and generous. Much material arrived too late for this edition and is on file for future editions. The various numbers of Technique and Tech proved mines of verse-wealth, and have been drawn upon largely. Practically all these verses were unsigned, and the authors are earnestly requested to acknowledge their work, that their names may appear later for the pleasure of their fellow Techs. Any errors in name, class, fact, etc., should be brought to the notice of the editor; and further contributions (whether of verse, or music, or both) are earnestly requested. Moreover, the book should have as many new supplementary verses as possible for the humorous songs and grinds; and here, also, contributions from all Tech men are in order.

The editor is uncomfortably conscious that his name occurs far too frequently; but Tech has not, as older institutions have, a large musical literature ready to hand; so where there were gaps to be filled, and no MSS. were forthcoming from other Tech men, he filled them as best he could, hoping that more worthy numbers may soon take these places.

The editor and the song-book committee acknowledge gratefully their indebtedness to the many whose services have been volunteered or asked.

Tech Songs will be better when the alumni and student body have done their important part in determining the survival of the fittest, and adding to the number of live songs.

In the dedication of "The M. I. T. Kommers Book" to our loved and honored President, Dr. Pritchett, all Tech men will heartily and affectionately join.
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TECH SONGS
The M.I.T.Kommers Book

PREXY FOR AYE!

Air: "America"

Andante

1. Long live the President! Cheer for the President!
2. Wise in the ways of truth, Wise in the ways of youth,

Prexy for aye! Head of Technology, Leader in Chief of our clan; Long may he live, to learn How at his

knowledge, He needs no apology. Prexy for aye! ev'ry turn TECH men in him discern TECHS ideal man!

Arr. by F.F. Bullard

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4-92-64283-110
ALMA MATER, 'TIS TO THEE

FREDERICK H. HUNTER '02

Air: "Lauriger Horatius"

1. O Alma Mater, 'tis to thee
   We raise our song of glory.
   The fame of old TECH.
   We'll tell in song and story. So
  ward to find; So worthy they've shown. The
   sons of Alma Mater.

2. Tho' oft our life may seem a grind, We'll
   praise our Alma Mater; For man must work re-
   sons of Alma Mater; Through-out the world their
   worth they've shown. The
   sons of Alma Mater.

3. As tried and true afar are known The
   raise our song of glory.
   The fame of old TECH.
   NOL-O-GY We'll tell in song and story. So
   ward to find; So worth they've shown. The
   sons of Alma Mater.

Arr. by F. F. Bullard

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And From long, Y Es couts the world a - long, And do not delve in must-y lore By distant lands their courses run, From

sound her fame the world a - long, And do not delve in must-y lore By distant lands their courses run, From

raise on high her triumph-song; For ev’ry heart beats sag-es writ in days of yore; We seek fresh truth from Po-lar ice to Trop-ic sun; They’re found wher-e’er good

raise on high her triumph-song; For ev’ry heart beats sag-es writ in days of yore; We seek fresh truth from Po-lar ice to Trop-ic sun; They’re found wher-e’er good

true and strong For TECH, our Al - ma Ma-ter.
God’s great store, And praise our Al - ma Ma-ter.
work is done_ The sons of Al - ma Ma-ter.

true and strong For TECH, our Al - ma Ma-ter.
God’s great store, And praise our Al - ma Ma-ter.
work is done_ The sons of Al - ma Ma-ter.
TECH FOREVER!
A MARCHING SONG
FREDERIC FIELD BULLARD

Tempo di Marcia  

1. Fell - lows of Tech - nol - o - gy,
2. Breth - ers of Tech - nol - o - gy;

Give a cheer for M. I. T. Cheer her in a mighty cho - rus;
Give a cheer for M. I. T. Cheer the men who give us knowledge;

Cheer the work that makes her glo - rious. For the TECH give a cheer with a zest!
Cheer the School that beats the col - lege. For the TECH give a cheer with a will!

*) At least half of the singers should cheer, without singing.

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Dear old M. I.,
Thrice dear to ev'ry manly heart, En-
Rah! rah! rah! Her fame is spread through the land, Our

shrin'd in ev'ry breast!
Alma Mater grand! Her loyal sons will

ne'er forget The goals on which their hearts she set.
shall be furled. We'll carry them throughout the world.

TECH for-ev-er! TECH for-ev-er! God be with the M. I. T!
A Toast to Technology

H. M. Chase '94

Andante giusto

Tenors maestoso

1. Here's a toast to Technology,
2. When trouble and sorrow have
3. Then a toast to Technology!

Basses

Greatest of schools! Fill the bowl till the brim runneth
dark end our lives, When the day time of youth is long
Long may she reign In the mind of each true hearted

O'er passed
To thee, then, Technology,
And be ever adorned with the

All hearts she rules, And shall there be enthroned ever more.
Where our thoughts shall turn, And thy name shall be dear to the last.
Crown of success, In the work she's so nobly begun. Then,

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e'er we may be, whether near or afar, Her friendship and love unite our hearts and thine, In a
comrades, come, gather together once more, And

name will fond memories recall; And with
union eternal and strong, As to
sing this last song ere we part, And

cresc.

joy we'll remember the friends of our youth, And TECH-
gather we strive to win honor and fame, For which
drink this last pledge to the School that we love, To TECH.
cresc.

NOL OGY, friend of us all!
all praise to thee shall belong.
NOL OGY, hand, mind and heart!
ON ROGERS STEPS

Words and Music by THOMAS WINTHROP ESTABROOK '05

ANDANTE

1. When thinking of our years at TECH, the
toilsome, busy days Are those which first come
to our minds when her great name we praise; But

2. To those who win, to those who lose, the
end is just the same: So strive we on, and
play our part here in the world's great game; And

All good sons of stern old TECH have other visions
side by side we'll always stand, and keep TECH to the

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comrades dear,
Of hours, and troubles smok’d a-way, with merry comrades near;
fore, And cheer her as we used to do in those fair days of yore,

REFRAIN
Rogers steps: what happy memories cheer us,
Of college chums and friendships made to last.

Years come and go, but still they’ll seem as near us as

when we sat on Rogers steps, in the golden, glorious past.

rall.
rall. marcato
Our Jolly Old Seat of Stone

William Green '05
Frederic Field Bullard '87

Andante con moto

1. Now all TECHmen whose pipes are lit, Come forth in merry throng, And
   out on Rogers steps we'll sit And cheer our hearts with song.

2. We sit up on these steps of stone As our fathers did of yore; Some
   day our sons, in altered pants, May wait at Rogers door. No

Prexy has his college chair, And every king his throne,
Their cushions get the worse for wear, But not our seat of stone.
Their matter what the changes are, Nor how the place has grown,
There's still that softest spot at TECH, Our jolly old seat of stone.

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REFRAIN

Our jolly old seat of stone! Our jolly old seat of stone! Then

here's to thee, right merrily, Thou jolly old seat of stone. Our

jolly old seat of stone! Our jolly old seat of stone! Then

poco rit.

here's to thee, right merrily, Thou jolly old seat of stone!
THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL

HENRY NEWBOLDT

JANET EDMONDSON WALKER

(used by permission)

Tempo di Marcia

We'll honor yet the school we know, The

Best School of All! We'll honor yet the rule we know Till the last bell call: For

working days or holidays, Or glad or melancholy days, They're

great days and jolly days In the Best School of All!

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It's good to cheer the school we know, The land of youth and dream.

To speak of fame a venture is; There's little here can bide; But

The men that are the guide of us, Our daily foes and friends, They

good to cheer the rule we know Be fore we take the stream. Though

TECH shall face the centuries, And dare their deep'ning tide. For

shall not lose their pride of us, How ever our journey ends. Their

we may miss the sight of her, Our hearts will ne'er forget: We'll

when the dust that's part of us To dust again is gone, Still

voice, to us who sing of it, For aye its message bears: The

keep the old delight of her, We'll keep her honor or yet.

here shall beat the heart of us In the school we handed on. We'll

great, round world shall ring of it, And all we are be theirs.
A SONG FOR THE ALUMNI

Words and Music by FREDERIC FIELD BULLARD '87

1. Oh, we are the Society Of the Class of
2. 'Tis long since we have students been Of the Class of
3. Oh, sing of the Alma Mater dear Of the Class of

Solo

Observe the strict proprietary Of the
The average hair is rather thin Of the
She never will forget our year, Or the

Solo animato

Her glorious deeds have oft been sung, But 'twas
We're getting slim, or growing stout; Our
We hope she won't have long to wait Till her
might - y hard, when she was young, To pre - serve the due so - 
vests too loose, or swell - ing out, And the fre - quent kid is 
mil - li - ner's bills are paid by the State; So 
write that down in the 

CHORUS  
ff ALL  
animato 

bri - e - tee Of the Class of . Her glo - rious deeds have 
com - ing in To the Class of . We're get - ting slim, or 
da - ta clear Of the Class of . We hope she won't have 

oft been sung, But 'twas might - y hard, when she was young, To pre - 
grow - ing stout; Our vests too loose, or swell - ing out, And the 
long to wait Till her mil - li - ner's bills are paid by the State; So 

serve the due so - bri - e - tee Of the Class of ! 
fre - quent kid is com - ing in To the Class of ! 
write that down in the da - ta clear Of the Class of ! 

SOLO.  Then give those cheers for the President 
CHORUS. Of the Class of ' . 
SOLO. And cheer for the Members eminent 
CHORUS. Of the Class of ' . 
SOLO. We'll drink to the best Societee 
Of all in the great TECHNOLOGY; 
To the dear old days in the M. I. T., 

CHORUS. And the Class of ' . 
ALL. We'll drink to the best Societee 
Of all in the great TECHNOLOGY; 
To the dear old days in the M. I. T., 
And the Class of ' .
There's a gang of guys at Cambridge,
2. You can lay us out in Latin,
3. Now we weren't in love with Calculus,
4. When a man is up against it,

and they think they know it all;
you can gravel us in Greek,
but still we didn't shirk,
and is rustling for a job,

There's a college in New Haven, where they learn to push the ball,
You can jolly us in Sanscrit, and I'm dam'd if we can speak
And we swore at Conic Sections, but we finished up the work
Then it ain't his set in Harvard, or the whole New Haven mob
CHORUS

(Push the ball) In the Fall;
(We can speak) For a week;
(Up the work) With a jerk;
(Haven mob) Cares a cob;

SOLO

You may turn up at a lecture, if you've got a Friday free,
And in questions of Philosophy you will find us on the fence;
And we plugged Applied Mechanics, while we called it blooming rot;
He can take it out in rustling till he has to shovel dirt,

CHORUS

(Friday free) And they only say, "Come round in May,
(On the fence) All we know for sure of Literature
(Blooming rot) And we never knew, till the thing came true,
(Shovel dirt) And all he knows of Spencer's prose

SOLO

and we'll give you your degree." (Your degree, your degree.
wouldn't sell for thirty cents. (Thirty cents, thirty cents.
what a fortune we had got. (We had got, we had got.
will not buy a hard-boiled shirt. (Hard-boiled shirt, hard-boiled shirt.

CHORUS
But it's the TECH that does the right work, It's the TECH that does the
But it is us that's got the know-how; And we've got the stuff to
But 'twas the Institute that knew it! 'Twas the TECH that made us
But it is us that's got a TECH push, Worth a thousand-dollar-

night work; And we grind as long as we're awake, and
show how To regulate Creation in a
do it, For we ground and slav'd before we shav'd, and
doe push, And we're jolly well contented, tho' be-

then, perhaps, we fail! But when we're gradu-
way to turn 'em pale. When the Wheels of Life are
lived to tell the tale. And in selling off that
yond the "classic" pale. Oh, they made a good be-

a - ted, We know where we are rated; And we
stick - ing, Come to us, we'll set 'em tick - ing; And we
know - ledge We've learn'd to size the college; And we
gin - ning, But we play the game that's win - ning; And we
If you want to gear the planets
That revolve about the sun, (Bout the sun)
We can rig the shafts and belting,
And we’ll call it only fun (Only fun)
Till it’s done.

If you want a road to Jupiter,
Or a ten-foot shaft to Hell, (Shaft to Hell)
We’ve the engineers for a thousand years
That can do it corking well!
(Corking well! corking well!)

REFRAIN
For we have learned to handle live things,
And we’ve learned to do and drive things;
We’ve a hand upon the throttle
And a hammer on the nail.
Yes, our working togs were dirty,
But now we’re passing thirty
We can yell, “To Hell with Harvard!”
We can yell, “To Hell with Yale!”

6.
And we’re just as good at raising
Kids, and swiping in the dough, (In the dough)
And about a million times as
Good at being in the know! (In the know!)
In the know!
You can grind us up to atoms,
And a molecule of TECH (Cule of TECH)
Will set the pace for a Harvard race
That will make him break his neck!
(Break his neck! break his neck!)

REFRAIN
For we have caught the modern manner,
And we fly the modern banner,
And a “Bachelor of Science”
Doesn’t come in at the tail;
For when it is a question
Of a Practical Suggestion,
They’ll yell, “To Hell with Harvard!”
And they’ll yell, “To Hell with Yale!”

*) Shout: any tones will do!
I wish that I were back again At the

Oh, back to the days that were free from care, In the

TECH on Boylston Street, — Dress’d in my dinky

‘Ology Varsity shop, — With nothing to do but

uniform, So dapper and so neat. — In

analyse air In an anemometrical top; — Or the

crazy after Calculus; I never had e-

differentiation Of the trigonometric
IIJ.L~

It was hard to be drag'd away so young; It was pow'rs of the constant pi that made me sigh In those insufficient, awfully tough! Oh, give me some 'Ol-o-gy, hap- py days of ours. 'Rah for TECH. NOL-O-GY! Horribly, awfully tough! Oh, give me some 'Ol-o-gy, tra-la-la-la! An-y old kind of 'Ol-o-gy, 'Ol-o-gy, oh! Glo-ri-ous old TECH. 'Ol-o-gy! Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la. 'Ol-o-gy, 'Ol-o-gy, 'Ol-o-gy, 'Ol-o-gy.
REFRAIN

Take me back on a special train To the glorious Institute. I

yearn for the inspiration of a Technological Toot! I'd

shun the physical, quizical Prof., And Chapel, and all that; But

how I would love again to go On a Scientific Bat!
TEDDY FRESHMAN

Words from Technique '02

Tempo di Polka

1. When Teddy Freshman left his home to take a course at TECH, His
   father said at parting, "Now, my son, here is a check; And
   reading in a circular (put out by the Co-op.) That
   then the students thought 'twas time to have their innings, too: So
   Sophomore both big and bold sold him a uniform: "It
   as the sum thereon is large, I feel that it is clear, If
   for a future engineer 'twas wisdom to invest In
   Teddy straight-way was sail'd from various directions, And
   fits you fine; 'tis good as new; 'twas scarcely used at all; And

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you are economical, 'twill last you half a year.' But
Al-ten-er-in-stu-ments, all guar-an-teed the best. And
had no peace till he'd subscrib'd to nu-mer-ous col-
lections. He
just twelve dol-
lars will ob-tain the leg-gings, gloves and all!' Im-

when our Ted- dy got to TECH, he ve-
ry short-ly found That
fur-ther down the cir-
uc-lar he read with man-
y groans That
help'd to run the foot-
ball teams, both Var-
si-ty and Class: He
ag-i-ne, next, poor Pa's sur-
prise on learn-ing that his son, Whom
calls to dis-
si-pate his wealth were clus-
ter'd thick a-
round; For
T-
square, boards and tri-
an-gles would cost him ex-
tra "bones;" And
paid his Class As-
essment up, and then, a-
lack! a-
las! To
he'd sent off three days be-
fore, was now in need of "mon!" The

ev-
ry Prof. had writ a book which Ted-
dy had to buy; And,
that a sec-
ond set of these was need-
ed for the farce Which
crown all oth-
er wick-
ed "soaks" that "hit him in the neck," They
bil-
et-
doux that he'd re-
ceiv'd was rath-
er brief. It said, "Dear
if the Prof. was very wise, the price was very high.
Teddy learned in future was the course in "Primary Marse."
Flee'd him of two dollars for a ticket for The Tech.
Pa: I'm bust completely. Please send money to your Ted."

REFRAIN

Now all you little Freshmen who come to the M. I. T., The vital question

is, how far they'll pull your L. E. G., And for how many spondulacks they'll

get your I. O. U: But I'll bet you a brick you are mighty sick of the business, P. D. Q!
RETROSPECTION
FOR OPTIMISTS AND FOR PESSIMISTS

Words by "Grind '95"

Air: "Auld Lang Syne"

Andante moderato

TECH, as I look back to thee, My eyes are filled with tears; I'll never forget the place in which I spent such happy years. And as I look upon my life, With fortune at my

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Arr. by F. F. Bullard

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1

I wish that I'd been bless with all my beck, wreck, heart and soul The day sent to jail Before I entered TECH.

2

The old professors kind and good sour and cross
To whom I did recite,
How grieved they'd be when I would fail,
How glad when I'd be right.
And as I look

3

The Faculty, their kindly note cursed vote
With joy the fact did state,
Informing me in friendly tones gleeful
That I would graduate, have to leave.
And as I look

4

The things I studied while at TECH,
How useful they have been!
Such useless, foolish truck!
I've used this knowledge many times just two times
My way in life to win,
And each time I got stuck.
And as I look

etc.

etc.

etc.

etc.
"Petition the Faculty"

Words and Music by G. F. LOUGHLIN '03

Andantino

1. If ever you're in trouble and don't know what to do, times are getting rather hard, and don't agree with fall: He was really quite good looking, he was slim and he was fast, If all the Profs. are roasting you, and no Ex-ams. are cute, Who took the course in English Lit. with Ar-lo at the
you, You'd bet-ter call and see me, and have an in-ter-
tall. He got a-long quite brave-ly, till it was time to
past: If you're convinced that TECH'S no cinch, there's one re-course at
'Stute. She thought the fel-low stu-dents were ra-ther rude and

view. My of-fice hours are nine to ten, and al-so twelve to
eat. They told him the Tech Lunch to try; he went and took a
last. Just take your-self to Har-vard, for Har-vard is a
mean; For all they did was sit and laugh when Ar-lo Bates said

two. You tell me all that's on your mind; I list with will-ing
seat. He sat and sim-ply wait-ed for a wait-er to come
graft. Now, if you want to leave the 'Stute to go and take your
"bean?" She list-en'd quite at-ten-tive-ly to his el-e-vat-ing

ear. I an-swer you in tones so kind you quite for-get your
near, But tho' he saw a doz-en 'round, they did naught else but
ease, You'll need some cre-dit on your card, the Har-vard Profs. to
talk; She stood the thun-ders of ap-plause and dod-g'd the fly-ing
fear. "Pe_ti_tion, please, the fac_ul_ty; you'll find a blank right
clear. And when at last the clock struck two, to me he breath_less
please. Pe_ti_tion, sir, the fac_ul_ty, then an_te up the
chalk; But when at last her cour_age failed, to me she did com-

here! You take the blank and thus you write, in words pre_cise and clear:
ran: I calm_ly hand-ed him a blank on which the words be - gan:
fees; You'd bet_ ter start your doc_u_ment with words resembling these:
plain. I said,"Just take a blank and write the cause you wish to gain:"

REFRAIN.
Tempo di Valse

"Gen_ tle-men, gen_tle-men, I re_spect ful_ly pe-
ti_tion" Then in writ_ing you set what_e'er you would get To
At the top of Rogers Building, up a flight of stairs or two,
You doubtless know what Linus does to hide a plate from you:
He puts a board partition on the desk to hide the view.
It makes you feel like monkeys at the Zoozy, Zoozy, Zoo.
I'll have to tell him all my mind; he'll list with willing ear;
Will I answer him in tones so kind? Well, hardly; don't you fear.
And if he has no reason for what seems to me so queer,
I'll take my fountain pen and write in words precise and clear:

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, I despise that wood partition.
"I really can't see what the use of it be;
"It's a 'muzzle without a mission!"

REFRAIN

The Faculty meet; I read them the sheet, while liquids are freely decanted.
The Faculty vote; I send Linus a note:
"Your partition has been surplanted."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, I despise that wood partition.
"I really can't see what the use of it be;
"It's a 'muzzle without a mission!"
THE BOOK THAT GETTY WROTE

Words by
EDWARD H. DAVIS '00

Air: "The Little Old Red Shawl"

Andante patetico

AIR

1. Oh, that wick-ed old brown book, That
days of grief and woe, There are
ex-e-cra-ble book,—That most in-fer-nal book that Get-ty wrote; It was
days of sor-row near and joy re-mote; But the
Klondike Pass be chill, Let the thea-ter-pass a luck-y man de-note; But the

2. There are days of toil and pain, There are
days of sor-row near and joy re-mote; But the
3. Let the years pass as they will, Let the
Oh, that little old red shawl,
That little old red shawl,
That little old red shawl my mother wore;
It was tattered, it was torn,
It showed signs of being worn,—
That little old red shawl my mother wore.
A SONG OF PHYSICS

"The labor we delight in: Physics pain:"

Words from Technique '02

Air: "Antioch"

1. The length of Boylston Street is great, The length in-

2. For Charlie is a singer; A wondrous

3. He talks at length on many themes, Or sings (as

4. Such is the substance of his song, Which none can

The length Boylston Street is great, The length in-

For Charlie is a singer; A wondrous

He talks at length on many themes, Or sings (as

Such is the substance of his song, Which none can

deed is long; But it doesn't hold a candle to, It

song he sings; But the length there-of can't be com-pared The

is his wont; But the things he says you un-derstand, The

un-der-stand; So in a dou-b-le F, I fear, So

does n't hold a candle to The length of Charlie's

length there-of can't be com-pared To the mis-e-ry it

things he says you un-derstand Are nil to those you

in a dou-b-le F, I fear, My Phys-ics Course will
5

Arlo is fond of Boston food,
Which easily is seen.
No matter where he ever was,
No matter where he ever was,
He says that he has "been,"
He says that he has "been,"
He says,
He says that he has "been,"

6

I never saw a Purple Cow
I do not wish to see one,
But by the purple in the milk,
But by the purple in the milk
I'm sure that there must be one,
I'm sure that there must be one,
I'm sure,
I'm sure that there must be one.
H₂S

("A Bottle of Hydrogen Sulphide")

Words and Music by G. F. LOUGHLIN '03

Allegro

Andante moderato

1. There once was a Fresh-man, as fresh as could be, Went
2. The smell Bard-well smelt, and he said with a scowl, "The
3. I met a young lady, so pretty and 'cute, And

up in the Chemical Laboratory In air in this laboratory is foul. 'Tis showed her all over the great Institution. 'Twas
Walker! Up awfu! Then Her

there, a midst heaer and bottle and flask, To up to the Freshman Professor Fred goes, And the little heart fill'd to the brim with delight, Till we

set upon some very arduous task In lad opes a bottle beneath the Prof's nose. 'Twas reached the Chem. Lab. on the uppermost flight Of

Walker! Now, this But it's Walker! Then,
Freshman a little of Chemistry knew; He'd a
really quite useless for me to tell That an
all of a sudden the air became dense; An

grudge against Bardwell, so what did he do? From a
expert like Professor Frederick Bardwell Was
odor arose; but she never knew whence, For she

shelf on the side some acid he drew, And
proof against any old kind of a smell, Yes,
fell in my arms, bereft of her sense, O'er

made up some Hydrogen Sulphide. The
even of Hydrogen Sulphide. So,
come by that Hydrogen Sulphide. I
Sulphide evolved at a terrible rate, And
quite unaffected, he collar'd the bore, (He
ten-der-ly car-ried to fresh outer air That
soon the whole room did its fumes permeate, And
call'd him a dunce, but he thought some-thing more) And
dear lit-tle bur-den con- sign'd to my care; And I
put ev-ry one in a dep-i-sied state That
sent the lad sail-ing right out of the door For
bless'd all the fresh-men that ev'er could dare To
hor-ri-ble Hy-dro-gen Sul-
-mak-ing that Hy-dro-gen Sul-
gen-e-rate Hy-dro-gen Sul-
phide! phide! phide!
REFRAIN

On ly a bottle of Hydrogen Sul phide! What a ter ri ble thing it is we all of us know.——— You can drive a way friend or foe,——— Wher ever you hap pen to go, With no thing but a bottle of Hydrogen Sul phide! Sul phide!
THE CLASSES

Words from Technique '98

Air: "The Cork Leg"

Moderato

1. (The Fresh) Why am I glad to be a man, A real-ly, tru-ly col-lege man? Be-

2. (The Soph) Why do I like the In-sti-tute? Why sure, you must be eas-y fruit! Wet

3. (The Junior) Why am I fond of M. I. T? Be-cause of all it means to me;

4. (The Senior) Why do I love Tech-no-lo-gy, And bear each dai-ly task with glee? Be-

cause they let me have a gun, And chem-i-cals, and lots of fun! That's

'thell! I like to smoke and drink, And at the pret-ty girls to wink! That's

Man-y an hon-or, man-y a prize To win me fa-vor in her eyes Whose

cause when some two months are done I hope to com-pass piles of "mun": A

why I like to be a man, to be a col-lege man!

why I like (you big-ga-loot) the jo-ly In-sti-tute!

ra-diant smile brings hap-pi-ness to me, at M. I. T!

Good In-vest-ment thou wilt be, My own Tech-no-lo-gy!

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Arr. by F. F. Bullock.

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Technique '02
and other sources

Not fast, but emphatic

1. To angry TECH students this song has the mission Of
2. There's a popular Prof. whom we speak of as "Linus." The
3. Our athletes with running were strongly infected, And

Giving an outlet in terms of deminution To
love that we bear him is nearly all minus. As
ran on the highways with limbs unprotected. When

all that one feels when a tough proposition Has
o'er his Descrip. each poor Soph. his teeth gnashes, His
moral reformers to stop them elected, With

brought him the mood for its proper rendition.
thoughts about Linus are made up of dashes.
words much as follows our athletes objected:

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REFRAIN
Fast and loud

Oh, blank-ity, blank-ity, blank-ity, blank! Blank-ity, blank-ity,

blank-ity, blank! Blank-ity, darn-ity, dash-ity, damn!

Very fast

In thinking of (cussing;
Linus;
moral;

You can hear that I am.

4
Our baths at the Gym. have been very attractive,
And kept by the students most constantly active.
'Tis oft the supply of hot water gives out,
And oft that the air becomes blue with the shout;
Oh, blankity, (etc.)
I'm being congealed; don't you know that I am?

5
A favorite branch of athletics doth vanish,
And foot-ball the much worried Faculty banish.
If we had our way, we would broil, à la Spanish,
With red hot Tamales the learned....................
Oh, blankity, (etc.)
I'm thinking of foot-ball: you can hear that I am.

* Ask an undergraduate. The rhyme is bad, too.
IF I WERE ONLY SOMEONE ELSE

Words and Music by
G. F. LOUGHLIN '03

Allegro

Andante moderato

1. A student of un-

2. Profess or Dew-

3. Profess or Cros-

4. Once Sedge-

wick had a

think-ing mind, Whom no one e'er would call a grind, Sup-

had a dream; 'Twas one fi-nan-cial in ex-treme. He

took a nod, And dreamed he'd reached an un-known sod. He

vis-ion grand That caused his hair on end to stand. He

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4 - 97 - 64283-110
posed that, since to TECH he came, He'd get what job he'd
dreamed that, with unheard of crust, He'd formed a grand Pro-
looked about him in amaze, For not one hick
dreamed an earthworm, cat and frog Had laid him rigid

wish to name, He thought of only salary, But
fessors' trust; And as the dollars high did pile, He
met his gaze; And stranger still, and sad to say, He
as a log; The frog did Sedgy's muscles jab; The

never thought of Harry T: Till Harry sent a
scarcely could repress a smile: But soon, alas! the
found no sign of bowlider clay. But worst of all, tho'
cat at Sedgy's heart did grab; The earthworm stretched him

note by mail, That said, 'Please see me without fail!' And
pile did fall, And buried Dewey, smile and all. And
miles he'd walk, He could not find a single rock. And
on a rack And gently ripped him up the back. And
REFRAIN
Tempo di Valse

then he said, as he scratched his head, Most pi - ti -
thus he said, as he rubbed his head, For bruised and
thus he said, as he scratched his head, Most pi - ti -
Sedge - wick said, as his spir - it fled, While the an - i. mals

ful - to see, "If I were on - ly
bat - ter'd was he, "If I were on - ly
ful - to see, "If I were on - ly
danced in glee, "If I were on - ly

some - one else, How hap - py should I be,
some - one else, How hap - py should I be,
some - where else, How hap - py should I be,
some - one else, How hap - py should I be,

How hap - py should I be!"
How hap - py should I be!"
How hap - py should I be!"
How hap - py should I be!"
Once Justus Erhardt thought that he
A single man no more would be,
But that, unto his lonely life,
He'd woo and wed a winsome wife.
So down before her feet he knelt,
And said, "Zu mir du bist die Welt!"
She said, "I'm yours!" Their vows they swore
As Hoffman did a month before.

**REFRAIN**

We hope and pray, at some future day
They never will sigh, "Ah we!
"If we were only somebody's else,
"How happy should we be,
"How happy should we be!"

---

There came a guest from out the West,
Our Prexy's loyalty to test.
He said, "I'll fix your pay to suit
"If only you will leave the 'S'tute.
"I'll make you President," said he,
"Of Wisconsin University!"
But Prexy answered pleasantly,
"The 'S'tute is good enough for me."

**REFRAIN**

Then spake the guest from out the West,
(For disappointed was he)
"If Pritchett were only someone else,
"How happy should I be,
"How happy should I be!"
YEARS AGO!
A SONG OF REMINISCENCE

Andante technico

SOLO

1. Sing in mer - ry mad - ding meas ures Of the days we
2. Drill at TECH was nec - es - sa - ry Ev - ry year (they
3. Web - ster Wells was once a teach - er In De - scrip, (vo -

call - ing pains and pleas - ures,
students found it pleas - ant, ee - ry,
ca - tion low!) But he lived down' such a feat - ure,

all do know, Here re - call - ing pains and pleas - ures,
tell us so.) Students found it pleas - ant, ee - ry,
cau - tion low!) But he lived down' such a feat - ure,

CHORUS

Years a - go! Years a - go!

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4 - 07 - 64282-110
Technique had a joke inspired;—
Picture-cross hairs—Charlie’s, too!
Strange the artist was not fired
Years ago! Years ago!

Bullard’s friends in early school years,
Ere to TECH he came to go,
Called him “Animalcululus;”
Years ago! Years ago!

Profs. we ground because we liked ’em,
Or because they wriggled so
When at last the point did strike ’em,
Years ago! Years ago!

Prexy and the Union brought the
Double-you-see-tea-you much woe,
And they thought him very naughty
Years ago! Years ago!
JANITOR JOHN
(“Set ‘em up for Tompson!”)

Words from Technique ’01

FREDERIC FIELD BULLARD ’87

Andante con moto

1. A jolly good chap who is always on tap In the
2. Tis surely a lark, so the fellows remark, To
3. His name has position in TECH's old tradition: But

TECH from the break of the dawn To the end of the night, and is
meet him first thing in the morn: For it gives one a brace just to
then, any man that's kept on For over a quarter-
always in sight Is our amiable Janitor John.
look on his face, So jolly is Janitor John.
century ought ter Be famous, like Janitor John.

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REFRAIN

Janitor John! Janitor John! Our

amiable Janitor John! So long as he's here, the

future is clear; And long may it be ere he's

marcato

gone! Janitor John! Wow!

(shouted)
1. Now you may think the king doth rule, but we tell you not so; For
2. We sweep with feather dusters, tho' the king prefers a mop; And
3. In our thermodynamic course they teach us about heat; On
4. The king loves nature much, and he likes to see the view; He

man-y things that happen here the king can never know. He
ev-ry time he sees us, he tries to make us stop. Do
ra-di-a-tors, traps and pipes you bet we can't be beat. But
loves the grass when it is green, the sky when it is blue. He'd

shivers and he catch-es cold when ever we bank the fires, And
you think we are going to kneel and os-si-fy our knees? If
when we ques-tion Peabo hard, and ar-gue to his face, All
like to see the lit-tle bird that's rest-ing on the limb; But

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when we wish to waste the coal, Good Lord! how he perspires! For
dust gets in his royal nose, He is allowed to sneeze. For
we can get from Peabody is, "Is Miller round the place?" For
since we never wash the panes, the windows are too dim. For

Andante commodo

we belong to the Union, As you may easily
ral for the Janitors' Union, That means so much to

see. All of our walking delegates Are

For tenants and proprietors Must

1. D.S. 2. D.S.

busy as union men can be. Humbly bow the knee.
"LIMERICKS"

Words from Technique '02 and other sources

FREDERIC FIELD BULLARD '87

Tempo di Valse

1. A dog who was jolly and fat Lost his
2. A deeply religious young clam Thought it
3. Up the street I was rushing, pell-mell, Struck some
4. A muscular Turk of Stamboul Tried to

tail in a fox-hunter's trap. Tho' tail-less and maim'd, With a
wrong to ejaculate "damn!" But, quick as a flash, He would
ice, took a slider, and fell: And said, 'Twould be nice To be
pull out the tail of a mule. A coroner's jury the

laugh he exclaimed, "Well, a wag is a wag for a that!"
hol-ler out "dash!" And would murmur, "How darn'd good I am!"
where there's no ice!" When a small voice piped up, "Go to Blazes!"
bod- y did view, And they brought in the verdict, "Dam- fool!"

Verses 1,2,3,4. Copyright MCML by the Technique Board of 1902
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5. A tutor who tooted the flute
   Tried to teach two young tutors to toot.
   Said the two to the tutor,
   "Is it harder to toot, or
   To tutor two tooters to toot?"

6. There was a young person named Tate,
   Who dined with his girl at 8.8.
   I'm unable to state
   What this person named Tate
   And his tête-à-tête ate at 8.8.

7. Said Sherman (I think) "War is Hell!"
   Said a turtle who heard him, "Do tell!
   You're as rude as can be,
   And I know you mean me,
   For I'm shot and I'm nearly all shell!"

8. There was a young maiden of Siam,
   Who said to her sweetheart, named Priam,
   "If you kiss me, of course
   You will have to use force,
   But I'm sure you are stronger than I am!"

9. There was a young maid of Japan,
   Who married a Hottentot man.
   Now she being yellow
   And he a black fellow,
   Their children were all black and tan.

10. There was a young sculptor named Phidias,
   Whose statues were perfectly hideous,
   He made Aphrodite
   Without any "nightie,"
   And quite shocked the ultra-fastidious.
11. There was a young man of St. Bees,
   Who one day was stung by a Wasp.
   When they said, "Does it hurt?"
   He replied "No it didn't!
   But I thought all the while 'twas a Hornet!"

12. A young man, quite fond of pajamas,
   Had some made from the wool of two llamas;
   But their feminine air
   Made his friends all declare
   They were cut from a pair of his mama's.

13. There was a young woman of Lynn,
   Who was so exceedingly thin
   That, when she essayed
   To drink lemonade,
   She slipped through the straw, and fell in.

14. There was an old woman of Worcester,
   Who was chased by a big Shanghai rooster;
   So frightened was she
   That she climbed up a tree,
   Tho' no one was present to boost her.

15. There was a grass widow quite proper,
   Who married a young man named Hopper;
   As a matter of course
   Came the second divorce,
   And the grass widow's now a grass Hopper.

16. There was an old man of Tarentum,
   Who bit his false teeth till he bent'em;
   When asked what they cost,
   And how much he had lost,
   He said, "I don't know, for I rent'em."
PHYSICS, PHYSICS, PHYSICS!

G.F. Loughlin '03

Air: "Tit Willow"

1

In a top-story window a Sophomore sat,
Groaning, "Physics! oh, Physics! oh, Physics!"
And I said to him, "Sophie, why sit you like that,
Groaning, 'Physics! oh, Physics! oh, Physics!'"
Is it absence of intellect, Sophie? I cried,
"Or have you a pain in your little inside?"
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
"Only Physics! oh, Physics! oh, Physics!"

2

Then he showed me three books on a table near by,
Labelled, "Physics" and "Physics" and "Physics."
And I said, "Is't in these that your trouble doth lie;
In 'Physics' and 'Physics' and 'Physics'?"
Then he said to me, "Oh, what a Lobster I am!
I knew the whole thing ere I started to cram;
But these books knocked me flat, and I flunked the Exam.
In Physics, in Physics, in Physics!"

A DREAM OF LOVE

Words from Tech.

Air: "Auld Lang Syne"
(see "Retrospection")

1

The good professor was in love, and, busy at his shelf,
As often he was wont to do, he muttered to himself:
"My love is like the dynamo, so perfectly is she
Constructed in the ways I know a maiden ought to be."
2

"Her radiant eyes are cobalt blue, wherein I read my fate;
Though now and then, I find in them a green precipitate.
But when I take her by the hand and gaze into her eyes,
My senses are short-circuited; my tongue doth polarize.

3

"I am not struck by Cupid's dart (young Folly's talk, of course);
She's simply raised my lonely heart's Electro-Motive force.
The current of our lives shall be a constant alternation—
My love for her, her love for me, and perfect adoration.

4

"Then we'll not linger hand in hand, nor wander o'er the ridge,
But talk of tender, pretty things beside the Wheatstone Bridge.
Oh, ne'er in life shall I regret this very wise selection—
Ho! Minister! the binding screws, and make a good connection!"

5

Engaged in thought, he never knew sad Fate had played a ruse;
A current, skimming up his sleeve, blew out his vital fuse.
He might have been a wizard wise, with words and manners blunt;
But now he lies, in public eyes a kind of human shunt.
SIMMONS COLLEGE

Words from Technique '99

Air: "Rio Grande"

Allegro moderato

SOLO

1. "Where are you going, my pretty Co-ed?"
2. "Can I go with you, my pretty Co-ed?"
3. "What will you then do, my pretty Co-ed?"

CHORUS

"To You" "T'm

SOLO

get a degree, kind sir," she said, "And I come from Simmons College." may, but I doubt if you can," she said, "And I come from Simmons College.

SIR

I'm going to marry a Prof.," she said, "And I come from Simmons College.

ALL

Heave away! heigh-o! heigh-o! Heave away! heigh-o! heigh-o! "To "You "T'm

get a degree, kind sir," she said, "And I come from Simmons College.

may, but I doubt if you can," she said, "And I come from Simmons College.

SIR

I'm going to marry a Prof.," she said, "And I come from Simmons College.

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Co-eds on Vacation

G. F. LOUGHLIN '03

LEYLAND WHIPPLE '04

Moderato

1. We are Co-eds on vacation, And we'd like to have you know That we're not so very slow, No, we're not so very slow. We are not so very slow, No, we're not so very slow. When in

out for recreation, And we're always on the go; And we're not so very slow, No, we're not so very slow. In the

Winter you may call us All the horrid names you please; Then we Summer you adore us, We can treat you as we please; When you

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We care not what befall us, Nor how much you fellows tease; We're so
sigh and kneel before us, Then it's our turn to tease; And we

wrapt in Grecian beading And in Gothic ecstasies That we've
play the game flirtation With a deadly skill, you see, For a

scarce time for reading Billet-doux from Harry T.
Coded on vacation Holds her own with M. I. T.

WHISTLE
S A S O N (?) OF THE M. I. T.

Words from Technique '97

Air: "The Son of a Gambolier"

Vivace

1. I would not be a Yale man, Reformers to an—

2. I would not be an Am-herst boy On hill-tops bleak and

noy; Nor yet a Har-ward stu-dent; De-feat I don't en-

bare; To be a U. of Pen-sy man I'm sure I would not

joy. I would not be a Brown boy, Nor wear the Princeton

care. I'll nev-er be a TECH man, I'm sure us sure can

hues; For po-ta-to bugs may do as much; Such mod-els I'd not choose.

be; For I'm noth-ing but a sweet Co-ed, And could n't, don't you see?
REFRAIN

I am not the son of a, son of a, son of a

son of the M. I. T. I'm not the son of a,

son of a, son of a son of the M. I. T! Like ev'ry honest

son of a, son of a son of the M. I. T!

TECH man I work for my degree, But I'm not the son of a,

son of a, son of a son of the M. I. T!

*) At this point a pause may be made for individual or collective comment upon the fact in consideration. The committee suggest for the ladies, "Certainly not, and I'm glad of it!" or "The idea is preposterous!" and for the men (according to the mood obtaining) either "To our eternal regret!" or "Not by a dam-site!"
THE MOON AND I

SONG WITH WALTZ REFRAIN

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Andante moderato

Last night I saw the smiling Moon bend listening from the
In constant is the Moon above, he changes ev'ry
Remember, of your lovers all, that I alone am

sky. He knew that we'd be parting soon, he
day; He has a hundred thousand loves; his
ture: The others, if they love at all, love

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watch'd us say "Good-bye." As, drawing near, I
vews are only play. He would not miss to
as the Moon would do. So, sweet, be cold when

kiss'd you, dear, in radiance from on high He
steal a kiss from any maid'en nigh, So,
they are bold, and bid them pass you by, But

bent him low, with face a-glow to hear your soft re-
ply, "Oh, I
sweet, be ware when he is there, lest he hear your re-
ply, "Oh, I
kiss me, dear, while none are near, and let your heart re-
ply, "Oh, I

f a tempo rit. molto

a tempo rit. molto
Tempo di Valse

love you, dear, I love you!"

whisper in your ear; "I

love you, dear, I love you!" comes back your

answer clear; "I love you, dear, I
love you!" I hear the red Moon

sigh,

For we are rival

lovers, the Moon and I.

Last verse

Moon and I.
MARIAR! MARIAR!

CAT SONG

Words and Music by
WINTHROP PACKARD '83

Tempo di Valse

1. Oh, I sat on the stoop with Ma-
2. It was late in the night at the
3. Oh, no longer I sit with Ma-

ri-a one night As the moon shone over the bay.
full of the moon That she said to me, "William, my dear,
ri-a at night When the moon shines over the bay.

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Her voice was low and her eyes were bright And I
We must not stay here any longer to spoon For I
Her eyes are red and my heart is lead And the

found in her presence exceeding delight, When she suddenly
hear a high voice that is all out of tune, And I fear that Pa-
mad-ding delight of her presence is fled, And I've bought me an

started away in a fright, For some-body seem'd to say-
pa will be coming quite soon; Oh, what are those ac-cent-s, my dear?
air-gun to shoot that cat dead The next time I hear it say-

cre - scen - do
cre - scen - do

s - 97 - 65283 - 140
REFRAIN

*p"Ah-eow-oo, Mari-ar! Mari-ar! Mari-ar! It said, And I

grabbed up a brick bat to throw at its head. "Mari-ar! Mari-ar! Mari-ar! row-aah-fs-scatt!" It was only the voice of the old Thomas Cat!

* The Chorus sing the lower notes, one or two men taking the upper notes in imitation of a "caterwaul"
LOOK OUT FOR GAVAGAN

IRISH SONG AND CHORUS

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WINTHROP PACKARD '83
and E. F. BULLARD '87

Not too fast

1. In
2. There
3. Next
4. When

Con-naught, where he was brought up, M'Carthy match'd his day, for better or for worse, They put M'Carthy they had laid him in the grave, They thought for sure he

brindle pup A-gin a one-eyed dog from ould Killare.
through the door, And when M'Carthy scram-bled from the ring,
in a hearse; And nineteen hacks behind all had a load.
would be have; They gathered round to say a last fare-well.

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Be - dad, it was a joy - ful fight! It
He saw that Gav - gan and Flynn Were
As they were go - ing by the church, A
But as they stood up - on the brink, The

hap - pend on a Thurs - day night, And half the town was
at the win - dow climb - ing in, And wid his black shil -
wheel came off and with a lurch The hearse fell down and
ground a - round be - gan to sink, And down in - to M'

watch - ing for to see the fight was fair. The
la - legh made their co - coa - nuts to ring. But
spill'd M' - Car - thy out up - on the road. As
Car - thy's grave the whole ca - boo - dle fell. "Be -
one-eyed monster from Kil-dare Was full of pluck, I
they were two to one, och-hone, While poor M'Carthy
he lay there up on the ground, The mourners, weep-
ing,
dad," the undertaker says, "I'm only paid for

do declare; M'Carthy's dog was nearly up a
was alone; They kick'd and clubb'd him till he lay there,
gather'd round: The undertaker danc'd about and
wan of yez: Get out, ye beats; it's only Dan that's

When, rushing in upon the floor, His
dead; But with his last expiring breath, Be-
sware. But when M'Carthy heard the noise, He
dead!" But as they tried to scramble out, M'
eldest son came through the door, And grabb'd M'Carthy
fore his eye lids clos'd in death, He whis-tled to his
climb'd up on the box, me boys, And seize the reins, and
Car-thy rose and with a shout, The dhrinks are on ye,

REFRAIN

by the arm, and these few words said he:
brin-dle pup, and these last words he said:
 said those touch-ing words you've heard be-fore:
by the arm, and these few words said he:

Slower

Each verse first time, Solo, mf: second time, Chorus, ff
bet-ther look out for Ga-va-gan, the of-fi- cer on the

beat; He's look-in' for you and hell pull you in if he
finds you on the street. Ye'd bet-ther look out for

Ga-va-gan, ye'd bet-ther look out for Flynn: They're

both of them sly, so mind your eye, Or you'll be tak-en

CHORUS

in, me boy!" "Ye'd you'll be tak-en in!"

* If sung without Chorus, use 2d ending only
WIDOW CLANCY'S HAMMOCK

IRISH SONG AND CHORUS

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Con moto

1. Mistress Clancy had a hammock underneath the apple tree; Mistress
2. Now it happened of an evening Mick-y Flynn was walking by, Mick-y
3. Well, perhaps it was the hammock and perhaps 'twas Mick-y Flynn, But the
4. Mistress Clancy had a wedding underneath the apple tree; Mick-y

Clancy was a widow young and fair,
Flynn that from Killarney used to call,
widow's head was whirling round and round,
Flynn stood up beside her with a smile,

And 'twas half of Tipperary would be
And he saw the dandy widow from the
And I'm thinking that if Mick-y hadn't
And the priest put holy water on the
Coming down to see Missus Clancy in her hammock take the
corner of his eye, And he couldn't pass along at all, at
firmly held her in, It was falling out she'd be up on the
pair of them to be, And the whole of Tipperary cheer'd the
air. She'd be swinging there so neatly, all tuck'd
all. And 'twas "Ah there, Missus Clancy! Sure 'tis
ground. And she wouldn't be denying all the
while. Then the supper they were spreading, sure it
in it so completely, While the summer moon came shining o'er the
much you take my fancy, And 'tis you that I've walked many a mile to
things that Mike was trying, And when folks from Tipperary came to
was a joyful wedding, While the summer moon came shining o'er the
lea, And the boys all took a fancy they would see."
So he pleas'd her with his blar.ney, this young
call, They were see.ing in a min.ute that the
lea; There was dan.cing down the mid.dle, while Me-

swing with Miss.tress Clancy In the ham.mock un.der.near the ap.ple.tree.
fell.ow from Kil.lar.ney, Till he sat with her be.near the ap.ple.tree.
none of them was in it, And there'd be no wid.ow soon at all, at all.
Car-ty play'd the fid.dle In the ham.mock un.der.near the ap.ple.tree.

REFRAIN
SOLO
For 'twas swing.ing, sing.ing un.der.near the tree, And 'twas
sway.ing, play.ing ev.ry day so free, And 'twas dan.cing, pran.cing
SOLO (DANCE, ad lib.)

all the summer night, Round the Widow Clancy's hammock when the moon shone bright.

CHORUS (ad lib)

For 'twas swing-ing, sing-ing un-derneath the tree, And 'twas sway-ing, play-ing ev-ry day so free, And 'twas danc-ing, pranc-ing

all the summer night, Round the Widow Clancy's hammock when the moon shone bright.
1. Ye've all heard of Larry O'Toole, Of the beautiful town of Drumgool;

He had but wan eye Toogle ye by. Oh,

mur.ther, oh, mur.ther, oh, mur.ther, oh, mur.ther! Oh, mur.ther, but that was a jewel! A fool he made of the girls, this O'Toole.
2. 'Twas

3. Oh,

he was the by didn't fail.
That took down potatoes and
many a night, at the bowl,*

Wid Larry I've set cheek by

male; He never would shrink from any strong drink,

Was it jowl; He's gone to his rest, where there's drink of the best, _And_

whisky or Drogheda, whisky or Drogheda, Drogheda, Drogheda,

so let us give his owld sowl a howl, And so let us give his owld

ale; I'm hail this Larry would swallow a pail.

sowl a howl, For'twas he made the noggin to rowl.

*) Pronounce "bowl" to rhyme with "jowl", "howl", etc.
There's a way in the world to win the day, A way in the world that is God's own way; And whether we sing or whether we pray, We must have faith to win. And

when we sing, let the heart be glad, And when we sing, let the heart be strong To
sing with a faith that is rollicking mad, And fills the world with song!

And when we pray, let the faith be firm, Let the heart to the Heart be

wholly given, Till mountains shall topple, and seas turn, And faith shall find its

heaven. There's a way in the world to win the day, A way in the world that is

God's own way, And whether we sing or whether we pray, 'Tis to have faith to win!
THE HEARSE HORSE

BLISS CARMAN
(From "More Songs from Vagabondia")

FREDERIC FIELD BULLARD '87

Andante diabolico

1. Said the hearse-horse to the coffin,
2. Said the hearse-horse to the coffin,
3. Said the hearse-horse to the coffin,

"What the devil have you there? I may
"What the devil have you there? With that
"What the devil have you there? It has

trot from court to square,— Yet it neither
purple, frozen stare?— Where the devil
fingers, it has hair,— Yet it neither

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stirs nor groans — When I jolt it over
has it been — For to get that shadow
kicks nor squirms — At the undertaker’s

(stones?)
(grin?)”
(terms?)”

Said the coffin to the
Said the coffin to the
Said the coffin to the

hearse-horse, “Bones!”
hearse-horse, “Skin!”
hearse-horse, “Worms!”

(whistle)
A STEIN SONG

RICHARD HOVEY

FRITZ MARCO

Andante con moto

1. Give a

2. Oh,

rouse, then, in the May-time, For a life that knows no fear! Turn_
we're all frank-and-twenty When the spring is in the air; And we've

night-time in to day-time With the sun-light of good cheer! For it's
faith and hope a plen-ty, And we've life and love to spare; And it's

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*First Tenors sing the upper small notes, Second Tenors and First Basses the melody. Second Basses the lower small notes, dividing at the last chord.
3. For we know the world is glorious, And the goal a golden thing, And that wind comes up from Cuba And the birds are on the wing, And our

God is not censorious When His children have their hearts are pattering ju-ba To the banjo of the

flying; And life slips its tether When spring, Then life slips its tether When

*The 4th verse may be reserved for an encore
With good fel_lows get to_gether, With a stein on the ta ble in the fel_low_ship of spring.

With good fel_lows get to_gether, With a stein on the ta ble in the fel_low_ship of spring.

fellowship of spring; And life slips its tether When fellowship of spring; Then life slips its tether When

table in the fellowship of spring.

a tempo

CHORUS cresc. e rit.

a tempo

rit.

rit.
LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL*

Andante con moto

CHORUS  TENORS

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl Until it doth run

O - ver, Come, land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl Un - til it doth run o - ver;

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

For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, And to - mor - row we'll be so - ber!

*Originally, "Landlords, fill your flowing bowl."

Arr. by F. F. Bullard

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The man who drinks good whiskey punch, And goes to bed right mellow,
The man who drinks cold water pure, And goes to bed quite sober,
But he who drinks just what he likes, And getseth "half-seas-
sober, The man who drinks cold water pure, And goes to bed quite over;" But he who drinks just what he likes, And getseth "half-seas-
...Lives as he ought to live, Lives as he mellow,
...Falls as the leaves do fall, Falls as the o-ver;" Will live till he dies, per-haps, Will live till he
...Ought to live, Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jolly good fellow.
...leaves do fall, Falls as the leaves do fall, So ear-ly in Oc-to-ber.
dies, per-haps, Will live till he dies, per-haps, And then lie down in clo-ver.
There is a Tavern in the Town

Andante con moto

SOLO

1. There is a tavern in the town,
   And there my dear love sits him down,
   And never, never thinks of me.
   Turtle dove, To signify I died of love.

2. He left me for a damsel dark,
   Damsel dark, Each Friday night they used to spark,
   And true to me, Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

3. Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep,
   Wide and deep, Put tombstones at my head and feet,
   And on my breast carve a

CHORUS

town, In the town, And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down, And drinks his wine 'mid spark, used to spark, And now my love, once

Andante con moto

SOLO

...
REFRAIN
CHORUS
Vivace

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, Do not

let the parting grieve thee, And remember that the best of friends must

part, must part. Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu; I

can no longer stay with you; stay with you, I'll hang my harp on a

weeping willow tree, And may the world go well with thee.
My Last Cigar

Andante con moto

dolce

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

2. I leant up on the quarter rail, And looked down in the
   E'en there the purple wreath of smoke Was curling graceful-
   Oh, what had I at such a time To do with wasting care!
   Alas, the trembling tear proclaimed It was my last cigar.

Arr. by F. F. Bollard

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It was my last cigar, It was my last cigar; I

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

I've seen the land of all I love
Fade in the distance dim;
I've watched above the blighted heart,
Where once proud hope hath been;
But I have never known a grief
That could with that compare,
When off the blue Canary Isles
I smoked my last cigar. Refrain
FRA DIAVOLO

SOLO
Moderato

The festal day has come, And brightly beams the morning; The Come, join in mirth and song, With young hearts fondly beating; Sip

sun peeps forth a fresh, Our festal day a dawning; Hur-

pleasure while we may, For earthly joys are fleeting; Hur-

CHORUS.

rah! Hur.rah! The festal day has come! Hur.rah! Hur.rah! The

Allegro vivace

festal day has come. Up - see, Up - see, tra-la-la-la,
Up - see, Up - see, tra-la-la-la,
Up - see, Up - see, tra-la-la-la,
The festal day has come. I hear the boots, the boots, the boots, the
b-b-b-b-b-boots; Fra Di - a - vo - lo, the Rob - ber, Fra Di -
a - vo - lo, the Rob - ber. I hear the boots, the boots, the boots, the
b-b-b-b-b-boots; Fra Di - a - vo - lo, the Rob - ber, Com - ing down the stairs,
RIG-A-JIG

Allegro

TENORS

1. As I was walking down the street, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, A
2. Said I to her, "What is your trade? Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, Said

BASSES

pret-ty girl I chanced to meet, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o.
she to me, "I'm a weavers maid." Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o.

REFRAIN

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

o, heigh-o, heigh-o. Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o.

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

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Andante

**TENORS**

1. Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love,
2. Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a ruby lip to kiss,
3. Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a slender waist to clasp,

**BASSES**

4. Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a bright blue eye;
5. Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a ruby lip;
6. Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a slender waist;

Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a bright blue eye; A
Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a ruby lip; A
Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a slender waist; A

bright blue eye is thine, love! The glance in it is mine, love!
ruby lip is thine, love! The kissing of it mine, love!
slender waist is thine, love! The arm around it mine, love!

Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love,
Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a ruby lip to kiss,
Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a slender waist to clasp,

Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a bright blue eye.
Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a ruby lip.
Nut-brown maiden, Thou hast a slender waist.
BRING BACK MY BONNIE TO ME

Andante

S O L O

mf dolce

1. My Bonnie lies over the ocean, My
2. Last night, as I lay on my pillow, Last
3. Oh, blow, ye winds, over the ocean, And
4. The winds have blown over the ocean, The

My Bonnie lies over the sea;
My night, as I lay on my bed,
My blow, ye winds, over the sea;
My winds have blown over the sea;

Oh, the winds have blown over the ocean;
And the winds have blown over the ocean;
And the winds have blown over the ocean;
And the winds have blown over the ocean;

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REFRAIN

AIR

mf espressivo

Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me;

CHORUS

mf espressivo

Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me;

BASSES

mf

Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me!

Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me!

PARODY

My Bonnie lies over the ocean;
My Bonnie lies over the sea;
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
As seasick as seasick can be.

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my dinner to me, to me!
Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my dinner to me!
The Spanish Guitar

Moderato

1. When I was a student at Cadiz,
2. I'm no longer a student at Cadiz, But I

play'd on the Spanish Guitar, Ching! Ching! I used to make love to the

play on the Spanish Guitar, Ching! Ching! And still I am fond of the

ladies, I think of them now when afar, Ching! Ching!
ladies, Tho' now I'm a happy papa, Ching! Ching!

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AIR REFRAIN

Ring, ching, ching! Ring, ching, ching! Ring out, ye bells, Oh, ring out, ye

CHORUS

Ring, ching, ching; Ring out, ye bells, Oh, ring out, ye

BASSES

Ring, ching, ching! Ring, ching, ching! Ring out, ye bells, Oh, ring out, ye

bells, Oh, ring out, ye bells! Ring, ching, ching! Ring, ching, ching!

bells, Oh, ring out, ye bells! Ring, ching, ching! Ring, ching, ching!

bells, Oh, ring out, ye bells! Ring, ching, ching! Ring, ching, ching!

(Repeat Refrain pp,

Ring out, ye bells, As I play on the Spanish Guitar, Ching! Ching!

Ring out, ye bells, As I play on the Spanish Guitar, Ching! Ching!
BOHUNKUS

TENORS

1. There was a farmer had two sons, And these two sons were
2. Now these two boys had suits of clothes And they were made for
3. Now these two boys to the theatre went When ever they saw

BASSES

brothers; Bohunkus was the name of one, Josephus was the others.
Sunday; Bohunkus wore his ev'ry day, Josephus his on Monday.
fit; Bohunkus in the gallery sat, Josephus in the pit.

4. Now these two boys are dead and gone,
Long may their ashes rest!
Bohunkus of the cholera died,
Josephus, by request.

5. Now these two boys their story told,
And they did tell it well;
Bohunkus he to Heaven went,
Josephus he to Sing-sing!

Arr. by F.F. Bullard

THE QUILTING PARTY

SOLO (or Duet)

Andante

1. In the sky the bright stars glitter'd, On the
2. On my arm a soft hand rested, Rest ed
3. On my lips a whisper trembled, Trembled
4. On my lips new hopes were dawning, And those

Arr. by F.F. Bullard

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

dared to come;
grown;
}

CHORUS*

*SOPRANO

ALTO

I was see _ ing Nel - lie home,

I was see _ ing Nel - lie home;

TENOR

And 'twas

BASS

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

( repeat pp)

*The Chorus may be sung by men's voices from these notes with good 
effect, although the 1st Bass will be often higher than the Tenors.)
1. Old No - ah he did build an ark,
2. He march'd the an - i_mals one by one,
3. He march'd the an - i_mals two by two, Lulu_dy, fud_dy,
4. He march'd the an - i_mals three by three,
5. He march'd the an - i_mals four by four,
6. He march'd the an - i_mals five by five,

Old No - ah he did
He march'd the an - i_mals
He march'd the an - i_mals
He march'd the an - i_mals
He march'd the an - i_mals
He march'd the an - i_mals

whack, fol, lud_dy, heigh - o!

build an ark, To sail a - bout in Central Park.
one by one, He march'd them in by fife and drum.
two by two, The leo - pard and the kan - ga - roo.
three by three, The el_e.phant and the skip_ping flea.
four by four, The rhinoc_e_ros couldn't in the door.
five by five, The jack_ass came with a big bee_hive.
He marched the animals six by six,
Luddy, fuddy, whack, fol, luddy, heigho!

He marched the animals six by six,
The camel shouldered a bundle of sticks.
Luddy, fuddy, whack, fol, luddy, heigho!

He marched the animals seven by seven,
Luddy, fuddy, whack, fol, luddy, heigho!

He marched the animals seven by seven,
The animals thought they were going to heaven.
Luddy, fuddy, whack, fol, luddy, heigho!

He marched the animals eight by eight,
Luddy, fuddy, whack, fol, luddy, heigho!

He marched the animals eight by eight,
The animals thought they should all be late.
Luddy, fuddy, whack, fol, luddy, heigho!

He marched the animals nine by nine,
Luddy, fuddy, whack, fol, luddy, heigho!

He marched the animals nine by nine,
Old Noah he found they were just in time.
Luddy, fuddy, whack, fol, luddy, heigho!

He marched the animals ten by ten,
Luddy, fuddy, whack, fol, luddy, heigho!

He marched the animals ten by ten,
They all got in but a speckled hen.
Luddy, fuddy, whack, fol, luddy, heigho!

And then old Noah he shut the door,
Luddy, fuddy, whack, fol, luddy, heigho!

And then old Noah he shut the door,
The animals couldn’t go in any more.
Luddy, fuddy, whack, fol, luddy, heigho!

And what became of those left out?
Luddy, fuddy, whack, fol, luddy, heigho!

And what became of those left out?
They’re out in the meadow, a-scamp’ring about.
Luddy, fuddy, whack, fol, luddy, heigho!

Perhaps you think there’s another verse
Luddy, fuddy, whack, fol, luddy, heigho!

Perhaps you think there’s another verse —
(Spoken) But there isn’t!
MOTHER GOOSE, IMPROVED

Allegro moderato

TENORS

1. Jack and Jill went up the Hill To fetch a Pail of Water;

BASSES

Jack fell down and broke his Crown, And Jill came tumbling after.

2. Hey, diddle, diddle, The Cat and the Fiddle, The Cow jumped over the

3. Old Mother Hubbard She went to the Cupboard To get her poor Dog a

4. Little Jack Horner He sat in a Corner, A

Moon; The little Dog laughed to see the sport, And the

bone; But when she got there, the Cupboard was bare, And

Pie; He put in his Thumb and he pulled out a Plum, And

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Dish ran away with the Spoon, Spoon, Spoon, And the Dish ran away with the spoons.
so the poor Dog-gie got none, none, none, And so the poor Dog-gie got none.
said, 'What a good Boy am I, I, I!' And said, 'What a good Boy am I.'

REFRAIN

Oh, no! We'll never get drunk any more!

Oh, no! We'll never get drunk any more!

Oh, no! We'll never get drunk any more!

Nev-er get drunk! Nev-er get drunk! Nev-er get drunk an-y more!

* The small notes for the highest Tenors only
There's music in the air
When the infant morn is white
And faint its blush is seen
On the bright and laughing sky;
Like a spirit's breathing there
Comes the music in the air.

There's music in the air
When the noon-tide's sultry beam
Reflects a golden light
On the distant mountain stream,
Sigh is lost on evening's breast
As its pensive beauties die.

There's music in the air
When the twilight's gentle nigh
Manya harp's ecstatric sound
With its thrill of joy profound,
When beneath some grateful glade
Sorrow's aching head is laid.

While we list, enchanted, there
To the music in the air.
Sweetly to the spirit there
Comes the music in the air.
Angel voices greet us there
In the music in the air.

While we list, enchanted, there
To the music in the air.
Sweetly to the spirit there
Comes the music in the air.
Angel voices greet us there
In the music in the air.