

SONG BOOK

OF THE

Women's Undergraduate Association

OF

University College

University of Toronto



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

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PRIDE OF THE NORTH.

Where smiles the lake 'neath a sky ever blue,
Where blooms the maple tree,
There stands Toronto, the Pride of the North,
And her children all are we.
Yes, we are from Toronto,
Our Alma Mater, our mother dear;
And proudly now we sing her praises,
That all may know that her sons are near.

*All Hail to thee! Toronto—
Proud Mistress of the North!
With heart and voice we praise thee,
As we go marching forth.*

Up with the Blue and the White! Let them wave
High o'er the old gray tower;
Forth from its portals have stepped, in their might
This Dominion's men of power.
Yes—they come from Toronto,
Our noble statesmen, our soldiers true;
And fondly each one hails the mem'ry
Of that dear spot 'neath the White and Blue.

O CANADA!

O Canada! Our father's land of old,
Thy brow is crown'd with leaves of red and gold.
Beneath the shade of the Holy Cross,
Thy Children own their birth.
No stains thy annals gloss,
Since valour shields thy hearth.
Almighty God! On thee we call,
Defend our rights, forefend this nation's thrall.

Altar and throne command our sacred love,
And mankind to us shall ever brothers prove.
O King of Kings, with Thy mighty breath,
All our sons do Thou inspire.
May no craven terror of life or death,
Ere damp the patriot's fire.
Our mighty call loudly shall ring,
As in the days of old, "For Christ and the King!"

LA MARSEILLAISE.

Allons, enfants de la patrie
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé.
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras,
Égorger nos fils, nos compagnes!

Aux armes citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons!
Ou'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!
Marchons, marchons!
Ou'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons

Amour sacré de la patrie
Condens, soutiens nos bras vengeurs;
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs!
Sous nos drapeaux que la Victoire
Acconre à tes mâles accents!
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!

RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Long live our noble Czar!
God keep him safe
Within his realm in power and peace to reign,
Ever victorious, of our Faith the champion,
Long live the Czar,
Long live the Czar!

THE BLUE AND WHITE.

Old Toronto, Mother ever dear,
All thy sons thy very name revere.
Yes we hail thee, ne'er will fail thee,
But will seek thy glory with our might,
(Yes we are)
Ever loyal, faithful, frank and strong,
We will sound thy praises in our song,
Aye, and cheer both loud and long,
The Royal Blue and White.

CHORUS.

Toronto is our University, shout oh shout, men of
 ev'-ry faculty
Velut arbor aevo
May she ever thrive.—
Oh! God forever bless our Alma Mater.

Soon our college days will all be past,
Duty bids us part from friends at last,
But we'll sever, Trusting ever,
Love for Varsity may us unite (unite us)
Then we'll serve the Mother of us all,
And the merry days of youth recall,
While, whatever may befall,
We'll flaunt the Blue and White.

CHORUS.

Toronto is our University, shout oh shout, men of
 ev'-ry faculty
Velut arbor aevo
May she ever thrive.—
Oh! God forever bless our Alma Mater.

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose from out the azure main, the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain:

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Must in, must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish grand and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

HURRAH FOR THE BLUE AND WHITE.

The best of men—you'll find at U. of T.

And it is there we're glad to say that we belong;

For we are proud of our old University,

And now will tell her praises in a song.

For Canada we've fought in times long past,

And shared with her her glory and her grief;

And still we all are ready to the last,

To guard with "Blue and White" the "Maple
Leaf".

CHORUS.

Then cheer boys, cheer! cheer with all your might.

In love let all for U. of T. unite.

Shout once again for the "Royal Blue and White".

Hip, Hip, Hurrah! for our University.

In college sports we're famed from sea to sea;

And known as men who always make a manly fight,

To lead their honored colors on to victory,

And gain their end by fairest means and right.

No matter what the game or sport may be,—

Football, lacrosse, baseball or at the oar,

You always may be sure that you will see

The "Royal Blue and White" close to the foe.

In learning too—our men uphold the name

Of Fatherland, and of their University.

In many lands we often see them called to fame,

The sons of Canada and "Varsity".

At U. of T. you'll find the best of men;

And there we all are glad that we belong.

We hail thee, Alma Mater! once again,

And pray for thee a glorious life and long.

THE OLD ONTARIO STRAND.

My father sent me to Victoria,
And resolved that I should be a man;
And so I settled down in that royal college town,
By the old Ontario Strand.

At first they used me rather roughly
As I the fearful gauntlet ran;
They tossed me so about that they turned me
 inside out,
On the old Ontario Strand.

Then sing aloud to Alma Mater,
And keep the scarlet in the van;
For with her motto high Vic's name shall never die,
On the old Ontario Strand.

CHORUS.

On the old Ontario Strand, my boys,
Where Victoria ever so more shall stand;
For has she not stood since the time of the flood,
On the old Ontario Strand.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

In days of yore, from Britain's shore
Wolfe the dauntless hero came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag,
On Canada's fair domain!
Here may it wave our boast our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine,
The Maple Leaf forever.

CHORUS 1, 2, and 4.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!
God save our King and Heaven bless,
The Maple Leaf forever.

At Queenston Heights, and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave Fathers side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood, and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never!
Our watchword ever more shall be
The Maple Leaf forever.

Our fair Dominion now extends,
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
May peace forever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound;
And may those ties of love be ours,
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever.

3rd verse chorus.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever!

On Merry England's far famed land,
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

FOOTBALL SONG.

Our boys are on the football field,
They've gather'd for the fray,
The college yell is in the air,
We've come to win the day,
We know the game of football,
And we'll show them how to play.
While we are shouting for Toronto.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll rush the ball along.
A kick, a shove, we'll crash right through the throng.
No line can stop our fellows
In their rushes fierce and strong,
While we are shouting for Toronto.

Our players ev'ry one are made
Of heads and muscle tough,
The combination always works,
For they are up to snuff;
They'll shew the (Kingston) fellows
That they're not quite good enough,
While we are shouting for Toronto.

Just watch our quarter take the ball!
This time we'll see some fun;
Poor old Queen is rattl'd
And he'll make another run;
Like lightning through the line he goes,
And victory is won
While we are shouting for Toronto.

PEANUT SONG.

1. Oh! all you fellows that have peanuts,
And give your neighbour none;
You shan't have any of my peanuts
When your peanuts are gone,
When your peanuts are gone,
When your peanuts are gone,
You shan't have any of my peanuts,
When your peanuts are gone.
2. The man who has plenty of good, soft
Soda biscuits and giveth his neighbour none,
He shan't, etc.
3. The man who has plenty of T. & B. fine, fresh-cut,
Fresh-cut, unadulterated chewing tobacco, etc.
4. The man who has plenty of de-monetized, de-
moralized,
De-generate, un-constitutional sapo-naceous silver
money, etc.
6. The man who has plenty of good, sound, original
and brilliant ideas, etc.

THE VARSITY CREW.

Argonauts think they're sure to win,
Let them talk and put up all their tin;
We will bet all the money we have in view,
That we'll show a mile of rudder to the Argo's splashy
crew.

THE TRAMP SONG.

Way down in yonder valley,
The mist is like a sea;
Though the sun be scarcely risen,
There is light enough for me.
For be it early morning
Or be it late at night,
Cheerily ring our footsteps,
Right, left, right!

*For be it early morning,
Or be it late at night,
Cheerily ring our footsteps
Right, left, right.
Mid evening's dusky shadows,
In morning's rosy light,
Cheerily ring our footsteps,
Right, left, right.*

We gaze upon the streamlet,
As o'er the bridge we lean,
We watch its hurried ripples,
We watch its golden green.
Oh, the men of the North are stalwart,
And the woodland lasses fair,
And cheerily breathes about us,
The bracing woodland air.

LITORIA.

Ye blooming freshman dons his gown—Swe-de-le-we-
dum, bum

And walk ye earth with awful frown—Swe-de-le-we-
dum bum

He sees ye maidens' glances sly, Swe-de-le-wetchu-hi-
ra-sa,

And rolleth his magnetic eye, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.

He's brought before ye Mufte's throne, Swe-de-le-we-
dum, bum

'Mid sulphurous smoke and muffled groan, Swe-de-le-
we-dum bum

'Mid red hot brands and boiling tar, Swe-de-le-wetchu-
hi-ra-sa

He scenteth danger from afar—Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.

Ye spikes cut deep, ye race is run,

He rides ye chariot of ye sun.

Ye brake is put on Ixion's wheel,

L'Inferno's inmost caverns reel.

Ye ritual he chanteth now,

Dread Lucifers attend his vow;

Ye sounds die 'way, ye ordeals cease,

"Ad initiandos tirones."

As tiniest voice from tiniest star

Or monkish monotone afar,

Ye freshman's shattered accents rise,

Ye mask is lifted from his eyes.

To Varsity men this tale I speak,

For making men and killing cheek,

Stick up for your formalities,

"Ad initiandos tirones."

CHORUS.

Litoria, Litoria

Swe-de-le-wetchu-hi-ra-sa

Litoria, Litoria

Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.

STEIN SONG.

Better than riches of worldly wealth is a heart that's
always jolly—
Beaming with happiness, hope and health and warmed
by love divine—
But sweeter than kisses we win by stealth are the hours
we give to folly—
So come let us link but first let us drink one toast with
the brimming "stein."

REFRAIN.

Here's to the land which gave me birth, here's to the
flag she flies,
Here's to her sons the best of earth, here's to her
smiling skies;
Here's to a heart which beats for me, true as the stars
above;
Here's to the day when mine she'll be, here's to the girl
I love!

O Heidelberg, dear Heidelberg, thy sons will ne'er forget
That golden haze of student days is round about us yet.
Those days of yore will come no more but through our
manly years
The thought of you, so good, so true, will fill our eyes
with tears,
The thought of you, so good, so true, will fill our eyes
with tears.

VIVE LA COMPAGNIE.

Bring hither a beaker and fill it with wine,
Vive la compagnie!
And pledge Alma Mater with ninety times nine,
Vive la compagnie!

*Vive le, vive le, vive le roi,
Vive le, vive le, vive le roi,
Vive le roi, vive la reine,
Vive la compagnie!*

Here's to the Senators, all in a row,
But what they are good for I really don't know.

The Professors come next, and they're not a bad lot,
There are some that are good, and there are some that
are not.

Here's to the Ladies—they do as they please—
Take our places in street-cars and class-lists with ease.

THE TARPAULIN JACKET.

A tall stalwart Lancer lay dying,
And as on his deathbed he lay
To his friends who around him were sighing,
These last dying words he did say.

CHORUS.

Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket, jacket,
And say a poor buffer lies low, lies low,
And six stalwart Lancers shall carry me, carry me
With steps solemn, mournful and slow.

Had I the wings of a little dove,
Far, far away would I fly,
Straight to the arms of my true love,
There would I lay me and die.

And then in the calm of the twilight,
When the soft winds whispering blow,
And the darkening shadows are falling,
Sometimes think of this buffer below.

KA-FOOZLE-UM.

In ancient days there lived a Turk,
A horrid beast, far in the east,
Who did the Prophet's holy work,
As Babah of Jerusalem.
He had a daughter sweet and smirk,
Complexion fair and dark blue hair,
With naught about her like a Turk
Except the name Ka-Foozle-Um.

CHORUS.

Oh! Ka-foozle-um, Ka-foozle-um, Ka-foozle-um,
Oh! Ka-foozle-um! The daughter of the Babah.

A youth resided near to she
His name was Sam, a perfect lamb,
He was of ancient pedigree,
And came from old Methusalum,
He drove a trade, and prospered well,
In skins of cats and ancient hats.
And ringing at the Baba's bell
He saw and loved Ka-foozle-um.

If Sam had been a Mussulman,
He might have sold the Baba old,
And with a verse of Alcoran
Have managed to bamboozle him;
But oh dear no! he tried to scheme,
Pass'd one night late the area gate,
And stole up to the Turks harem,
To carry off Ka-foozle-um!

The Baba was about to smoke—
His slaves rushed in with horrid din.
“Marshallah! dogs your house have broken;
Come down my lord, and toozle 'em!”
The Baba wreathed his face in smiles,
Came down the stair and witnessed there
The gentleman in three old tiles,
A kissing of Ka-foozle-um!

The pious Baba said no more
Than twenty prayers, but went upstairs,
And took a bow string from the drawe „
And came back to Ka-foozle-um.
The maiden and the youth he took
And choked 'em both, and little, loth
Together pitched 'em in the brook
Of Kedron, near Jerusalem.

And still, the ancient legend goes,
When day is gone from Lebanon,
And when the Eastern moonlight throws
A Shadow on Jerusalem,
Between the wailing of the cats,
A sound there falls from ruined walls—
A ghost is seen with three old hats,
A kissing of Ka-foozle-um.

ENGLISH AND HISTORY SONG.

When first I came to College
I was but a simple maid
I wore my dresses to my knees
My hair was in a braid,
The folks at home all said
That I must do my very best
Trusting then to Providence
The "Profs" would do the rest.

CHORUS.

Come Seniors! come Juniors!
Come Sophs. and Freshies come!
And learn from English and History
What you'll never learn at home.
Be pleased to leave your fountain pens
And curlers at the door
And you'll hear some College stories
That you've never heard before.
At first I thought that I should take
The whole curriculum
But promptly I was ordered
To cut out all but one.
Mathematics, General,
Physics, B and P,
Philosophy and Moderns
Did not appeal to me.
The Sciences, Political and
Household not for me.
Not Semetics, Chemistry
Or Mineralogy.
At last when plunged in deep despair
A Prophet said to me
To make the most of your college course
Take English and History.

MY BONNIE.

My Bonnie is over the ocean,
My Bonnie is over the sea,
My Bonnie is over the ocean
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.

CHORUS.

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to me,
to me,
Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me.

Oh, blow ye winds over the ocean,
Oh, blow ye winds over the sea
Oh, blow ye winds over the ocean
And bring back my bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.

The winds have blown over the ocean
The winds have blown over the sea
The winds have blown over the ocean
And brought back my Bonnie to me.

THE SENIORS WAIL.

Oh who will sing our College Songs—(college songs)
Oh who will help them swing along—(swing along.)
Oh who will prove class spirit strong
When we are far away?

Oh who will act in College Plays (college plays)
Who'll talk through nights
And talk through days (talk through days)
Oh who, alas, will sing our praise
When we are far away?

The Juniors will move up a pace—(up a pace)
The Soph(o)mores take a higher place (higher place)
And Freshies new will fill a space
When we are far away.

Oh dearie me, alack-a-day (lack-a-day)
We'd rather bide a bit and play (bit and play)
We'd like it best to always stay
And never go away.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good-night, ladies! Good-night, ladies
Good-night ladies we're going to leave you now.

Farewell, ladies; farewell, ladies;
Farewell, ladies; we're going to leave you now.

Sweet dreams ladies; sweet dreams ladies
Sweet dreams ladies; we're going to leave you now.

REFRAIN.

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along
Merrily we roll along,
O'er the dark blue sea.

