SONGS
OF THE
YELLOW AND BLUE
SONGS

OF THE

YELLOW AND BLUE

WORDS BY

CHARLES GAYLEY AND F. N. SCOTT

MUSIC BY

A. A. STANLEY

SECOND EDITION.

DETROIT, Mich.

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By Charles Gayley, F. N. Scott, and A. A. Stanley,
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F. H. Gilson, Boston.
“A ben chantar conven amars
E locs e grazirs e fazos,
Mas seu agues del quatre dos
Non periais altres esperes.”

— Anselmo Faidit.

“Un sonat satz malvatz e bo,
E re non say de gal razo.”

— Guiraut de Bornelm.

“Panc val chans que del cor non ve.”

— Peirols d'Alvergnia.
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THE YELLOW AND BLUE.

Words by CHARLES GAYLEY.  
Music by HALSEY.

With animation. (Melody in 2nd Tenor.)

1. Sing to the colors that float in the light; Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue! Yellow the stars as they ride thro' the night, And rest in a rolling crew; Yellow the fields where ripens the grain, And yellow the moon on the harvest-wain;—Hall!

Hall to the colors that float in the light; Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!

2 Blue are the billows that bow to the sun  
When yellow-robed morning is due;  
Blue are the curtains that evening has spun,  
The slumber of Phoebus to woo;  
Blue are the blossoms to memory dear,  
And Blue is the sapphire, and gleams like a tear;—  
Hall!  
Hall to the ribbons that nature has spun;  
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!  

3 Here's to the college whose colors we wear;  
Here's to the hearts that are true!  
Here's to the maid of the golden hair,  
And eyes that are brimming with blue!  
Garlands of blue-bells and maize intertwine;  
And hearts that are true and voices combine;—  
Hall!  
Hall to the college whose colors we wear;  
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!
ALMA MATER MINE.

Words by F. N. Scott.  
With dignity.  
Music by A. A. Stanley.

1. Thy voice is in the ears of men, Thy finger points the way To
where the tender flush of dawn Fore-tells the coming day. Oh, words of wisdom on their lips, And longing in their eyes; And

2. They march to music sweet and sad, To laughter and to sighs, With
3 They reach the far horizon’s rim,
They pass to endless day,
The laughter dies upon their lips,
The song is hushed midway,
Some sleep beneath the Southern skies,
And some beneath the brine,
And—tears are in thy tender eyes,
O Alma Mater mine!

4 But see! across the eastern hills
A gush of golden light,
While far adown the darkling west
Retreats the sullen night.
A burst of song breaks from the trees
That wave about thy shrine,
And fling we greeting down the breeze,
O Alma Mater mine!
"THE ANSWER."

Words by F. N. Scott.
Allegretto.

Baritone Solo.

1. What will she say when she meets me? And what will she say when she greets me? I've
2. No? I am sure she won't do it; Yes? but suppose I should rue it! Was
3. What did she say when she met me? And what was the answer she set me? I

Humming.

p p
Male Voices.

her so. It must be yes or no. But which? that's the question that beats me. But
ever a youth in such trouble? Forsooth, it's a chance if I ever live through it.

never shall guess if she means no or yes. No, I never shall guess if she meant no or

which? that's the question, the question that beats me.

That's the question, the question that beats him.

chance if I ever, I ever live through it.

yes, But I kissed her, and she, well, she let me.

It's a chance if he ever lives through it.

He kissed her, and she, well, she let him.
"THE ANSWER."

Words by F. N. Scott. (Z.L.E.)
Music by A. A. Stanley.

Semplice.
Voci, p

1. What shall I say when he meets me, And what shall I say when he greets me?
2. No? 'Twould be cruel to do it, Yes? 'Tis afraid I should rue it.
3. What did I say when I met him, And what was the answer I set me?

Piano. Semplice. p

me? He pes-ters me so, it must be yes or no, But which 'tis there's the lit: Was ev'ry a miss in such trouble as this? I fear I shall him? I'll nev'er confess if I meant no or yes, I'll nev'er con-

uestion that beats me. But which? 'tis the question, the question that beats me. nev'er live through it, I fear I shall nev'er, shall nev'er live through it. fess if I said no or yes, But he kissed me, and I—well, I let him.
ELIXIR JUVENTATIS.

Words by F. N. Scott.  

Musie by A. A. Stanley.

1. A health! clink! clink! and ... now we drink No ...

juice of grape or grain, But we sip, for scott, the ...

wine of youth That leaps from heart to brain: We're marcano si base.

young! We're young! Let every tongue In tone the choral ...

hymn, While memory swings her sister wings A ...

BARTONE SOLO.
ELIXIR JUVENTATIS.

Chorus.

Bove each bead-ed brim. Here's health, ... Here's wealth, ... As

Clink! clink! clink! clink! Here's wealth clink! clink! As

much as we can spend. Clink! clink! Here's a

As much as we can spend,

wife, Long life, clink! clink! long life And weal to ev'ry friend.

A wife, clink! clink! clink!

2 When men are old, their hearts grow cold
   In life's tumultuous storm;
But ours still glow amid the snow,
   And keep our bosoms warm;
The laughing lip, the hands that grip,
   When friendly hands are wrung;
Some day must die and powerless lie—
   Let's use them while they're young.

3 'Tis time to part, the tear-drops start
   And turn our drink to brine;
Good-bye, old friend, may Heaven send
   Good lap to thee and thine;
And when we're gray and round the way
   The dark'ning shadows creep,
Upon our knees we'll drink the lees,
   And gently fall asleep.
WE, WOMEN OF THE NATION.

Words by CHA RLES G ALEY.

Music by A. A. STANLEY.

In the ancient dispensation, When men

Allegretto.

ruled everything; In the seed-time of creation, In the

universal Spring.—We, women of the nation, Unconscious in our
2 And in silence woman wove her
Intuitions into plan:
And the dream ecstatic drove her
To desert the soft divan,
To recant the cool alcove or
The boudoir or the clover:
And she shook off sleep and strove her
Possibilities to span,
And the world was all made over
Like a gown—and so was man.

3 Oh, we made a great upheaving
When our plans were in their prime;
When we first left off believing
That our womanhood was crime:
Oh, the men fell back receiving
A shock beyond retrieving.
When we, women, set to sheaving
In the harvest fields of Time,—
And, now, the world’s achieving
Its destiny sublime!
Witchery.

Words by F. N. Scott.

Andante.
1st & 2nd Tenor.

Music by A. A. Stanley.

1. "What would you choose? What would you choose?" Said the little maid to me,
   "If I were a witch, and I could not refuse To grant you your wishes three,
   Would you wish for riches or power or fame, For a green old age or an honored name?" Said the little maid to me.

2 "I know what I'd choose, I know what I'd choose," Said I to the little maid,
   "If you were a witch, and you could not refuse To lend me your magical aid.
   A Kiss first of all from your lips I should claim,
   And the other two wishes would be just the same."
   Said I to the little maid.

3 "Do you really suppose I'm a witch? If you do You might try—and see if your wishes come true."
   And bit her finger-tips,
   And gave a timid glance around
   And pouted out her lips;
   Said the little maid to me.
WITCHERY.

Words by F. N. Scott. Music by A. A. Stanley.

Andantino. Sop. & Alto.

1. "What would you choose? What would you choose?" Said the little maid to me,
   "If I were a witch, and I could not refuse To grant your wishes three? Would you wish for riches or power or fame, For a green old age or an honored name?" Said the little maid to me. 2. I know what I'd choose, I know what I'd choose," Said I to the little maid, "If you were a witch, and you could not refuse To lend me your magical aid, A kiss first of all from your lips I should claim, And the other two wishes would be just the same," Said I to the little maid.

3. I said to the little maid,
   "Do you really suppose I'm a witch? If you do You might try — and see if your wishes come true," Said the little maid to me.
MORNING SONG.

Words by F. N. Scott.

Music by A. A. Stanley.

Risoluto.
1st & 2nd Tenor.

1. The morning is breaking, The night is done; The

thrushes are waking One by one; The dew-drops are

shaking On briar and brake; Tree-tops are swaying Where

breezes are straying; Awake! ... Now morn is

break-ing; Awake! Shadow-born terrors and
MORNING SONG.

fan - ta - sies, peace! Night - fall brings sor - row. But

dawn brings sur - cease. The morn - ing is break - ing, The night is
done; The thrush - es are wak - ing One by one; The
dew-drops are shak - ing On briar and brake; Tree - tops are sway - ing,

Breez - es are stray - ing. Now morn is break - ing, A - wake! now, a - wake!
EVENING SONG.

Words by Charles Gayley.

Adagio.

1st & 2nd Tenor.

1. Sleep, sleep, ye lights that leave the sky,—... O yellow lights a-

1st & 2nd Bass.

long the grass. That woo the shadows, slanting by, And turn to shadows

as ye pass!... a tempo.

as ye pass! And turn to shadows, to shadows as ye pass! Sleep,

sleep, ye lights of dying day... The shadowed hills in slumber

The shadowed hills in slumber lie, ...

lie; With in their tents the stars delay, But we are waiting,—love and I.

2 Hush, hush, ye breezes spread for flight, Be still! the sun has set adown

O forms on dusky wings upborne,— The sleepy margin of the night;

Nor wake the morns for delight, O breezes blown 'mid shadows brown —

Nor turn the throb for the morn! The stars and we are silent, quite!
CARPE DIEM.

Words by CHARLES GAYLEY.  
Allegretto con grazia.  
(Humming.)

Solo.  1. Stay, stay, O flow'ry kir-tled morn, Pour roses from thy

am-ber horn! Weave, weave, ye laugh-ter lov-ing hours, Your danc-es found our

poco rit.  Chorus.  a tempo.

col-lege tow'rs. Too soon the Loves and Graces fly! Too soon the

morning glo- ries die; The swift de-lights, The sweet, the sweet de-

a tempo.  poco rit.

lays, The fra-grant morn.—The morn of col-lege days.

melo  cresc.

2 Stay, stay thy steeds, O glittering noon!  
The crickets have not done their tune;  
The skys are soft,—the tender breeze  
Still whispers to the college trees.

Chorus.  
But oh, the bells of evening chime  
While Day is only in his prime,—  
While Life is lost in sweet, in sweet amaze  
Of golden noon,—the noon of college days.

3 Stay, stay thy pinions, gentle sight!  
Let dreams pursue their drowsy flight,  
And day in soft, oblivious shroud  
Lie pilowed on a purple cloud.

Chorus.  
But thou, Orion, don anew  
Thy belt of gold and armer blue,—  
The sons of Michigan shall sing her praise;  
Wear thou her colors through the starry ways!
BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

Words by CHARLES GAYLEY. Air: ETON BOATING SONG. Arr. by A. A. S.
(Chorus, and verses 1 and 2, to the major; verses 3 and 4 to the minor accompaniment, closing with chorus in the major.)

Cheerfully, Chorus & Verses 1 and 2.

1st & 2nd Tenor.

Cro. In sad or singing weather... In hours of gloom or glee:
1. O while we tell of "rush-es,"... O while we sing and sup... And
2. O while we sing the river... The slopes of gold-en rod... The

1st & 2nd Bass.

Birds of a feather... We haunt the same old tree... And
slip the wine that blush-es... In He-be's am-ber cup... And
willows all a-shiver... The as-ters all a-nod... And

ff

Sing, sing to-geth-er... O Mich-i-gan, of thee!... And
toast the maid that blush-es... And smiles, and then looks up... And
Love with gold-en quiv-er... And ar-rows of a God!... And
tell the same old sto ries... And sing as we sing now... We'll
may our sons sing braver... And sweet-er songs than these... Then

D.S. may our sons sing braver... And sweet-er songs than these.

ff

Fine.

Slower, Verses 3 & 4.

3. And after Life's young glo ries... Are fad ed, none knows how... And
4. Un-till our voic-es quaver... And haunt the mi-nor keys... Till

moto rît et dim.

And life's thin flame shall wa- ver... And pass up-on the breeze; Then

D.S.
STAR OF OTHER DAYS.

ALUMNI SONG.

Words by CHARLES GAYLEY.  
Music by A. A. STANLEY.

Simply.

1. Beyond the ocean's utmost bar, Where dreams awake and sleep delays, Uplifts its lamp a
2. It waits as on a distant shore, It brightens when the storm affrays,—A primrose set by
3. Then, O the flow'r that decks the blue! The star that un-be-cloud-ed stays! O loves may fade, one

lonely star That burns from other days: Star of other days,
heaven's door That blooms from other days: Flower of other days,
love is true That lives from other days: Flower of other days,

Star of old-en rays! O burn, O star, tho' ray-less are Stars of other days!
Flower of constant rays! O bloom, O flow'r, tho' bloom no more Flow'rs of other days!
Star of steady rays! O love more true than loves most new, Love of other days!
THE CO-ED THAT VANQUISHES ME.

From the Basque.
Poco adagio, con affetuoso.
1st & 2nd Tenor.

Here's to the Co-ed with brains full of books, And
1st & 2nd Bass.

No - li - me - tan - ge - re air, Oh, here's to the Co-ed with

la la la la la la la la la la

brain full of books, And no - li - me - tan - ge - re, fran - ge - re

Who prat-ties of Pla-to and Ca-to and looks In-to

la la la la la la la la la la

air, Who prat-ties of Pla-to and Ca-to, and looks In-to

Per-sius and Cur-tius while dress-ing her hair.

CHORUS.
FINIS.
a tempo.

Per-sius and Cur-tius while dress-ing her hair! O cob-webby

la la
THE CO-ED THAT VANQUISHES ME.

1 Here's to the Co-ed with brain full of books,
   And not-ru-bi-bri-bri, frengere air;
   Who prattles of Plato and Cato, and looks
   Into Persius and Curtius while dressing her hair!

   Chorus.

   O cobwebby tresses of shimmering gold,
   (Or whatever color they be)
   O glances, so coy, and winsome—and cold
   Of the Co-ed that vanquishes me!

2 Here's to the Co-ed potential in gaze,
   With Hegel and Schlegel and Hobbes in her arms;
   And eyes where the stars of philosophy blaze,
   And lips of unspeakable, seekable charms!

   Chorus.

   O ruby-lipped, to-be-sipped petals of rose,
   O eyes of the far apogee,
   O arms, O arms, O statuesque arms
   Of the Co-ed that vanquishes me!
RAH! RAH!

Words by C. M. G. and F. N. S.  
Music by A. A. Stanley.

With vigor.
1st & 2nd Tenor.

Allegretto.
Cheerfully.


Of tears for the season, when sorrow appears; Of smiles when our dreams come true.
RAI RAI

So a tear we shed for those who are dead, A tear for those who are dead; And a

laugh, And a laugh, And a laugh, And a laugh, laugh, laugh.

laugh, A laugh we give for those who live, U of M!

1 Oh, life is a garland of laughter and tears,
   Interwoven like roses and rue:
   Of tears for the season when sorrow appears,
   Of smiles when our dreams come true.

   CHORUS.
   So a tear we shed for those who are dead,
   A tear for those who are dead;
   And a laugh we give for those who live,
   And a laugh for those who live.

   2 Oh, life is a beaker of laughter and tears,
   That has stolen the autumn leaf's glow;
   We blow off the foam in our earliest years,
   Then quaff the dark liquid below.

   3 Oh, life is a maiden all laughter and tears,
   With kisses for lips that are young,
   With frowns for the craven that falters and fears,
   With sighs for the songs that are sung.
ROMEO AND JULIET.*

Words by F. N. Scott.

Solemnly. (Melody in 2nd Tenor.)

1. Hark to the story of Poor Romeo! Poor Romeo!

Poor Romeo! Cribbed out of Shakespeare and reek ing with woe!

Juliet's the slim one and Romeo's the fat one,

Reek ing with woe! klag with woe! If you have tears, now pre pare to get at one; Ne'er was a story so mourn ful as that one

2nd, 3rd, & 4th verses.

Solemnly. (Humming.)

Solo. I am the hero of this little tale, I'm Romeo! I'm Romeo!

* Written at the request of the University Glee Club upon the model of the second stanza, which is from an unknown source. As sung by the Club, the part of Romeo was taken by a phenomenally short and rotunda tenor, the part of Juliet by an inordinately tall and slender basso.
I am that highly susceptible male,
I'm Romeo, Romeo!

Scared did a lover e'er do as I did
When his girl into eternity slid;

CHORUS.

1 Hark to the story of poor Romeo,
Poor Romeo! Poor Romeo!
Cribbed out of Shakespeare and reeking with woe,
Reeking with woe, 'king with woe!
If you have tears, now prepare to get at one,
Ne'er was a story so mournful as that one—
Juliet's the slim one and Romeo's the fat one,
Poor Romeo, Romeo!

ROMEO.

2 I am the hero of this little tale,
I'm Romeo, I'm Romeo.
I am that highly susceptible male,
I'm Romeo, Romeo.
Scared did a lover e'er do as I did
When his girl into eternity slid,
I took cold poison and I suicided,
I'm Romeo, Romeo.

JULIET. (Singing an octave below Romeo.)

I am the heroine of this tale of woe,
I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet.
I am the darling that mashed Romeo,
I'm Juliet, Juliet.
Locked in a tomb with no pick-axe to force it,—
Gloomy old hole without room to stand or sit,—
I up and stabbed myself right in the corset,
I'm Juliet, Juliet.

ROMEO & JULIET.

This of our tale is the short and the long,
I'm Romeo, I'm Juliet.
Here is the moral that goes with the song,
I'm Romeo, Juliet.
Lovers, we warn you, of daggers be wary,
Don't buy your drink of an apothecary,
Don't stab yourselves in the left pulmonary,
I'm Romeo, Juliet.
O DOMINE DEUS.

(Prayer of Mary, Queen of Scots.) A. A. STANLEY.

Adagio con affetuoso.
1st & 2nd Soprano.

"O Domine Deus: speravi in te; O

pp

care mi Jesu! nunc libera me. In

dura catena, in misera poena De-

poco agitato.
cres.
sidero te languendo, gemendo, et genuflexen-

do A - do - ro, imploro, ut liberes me!"

cres. f

rit. dim. ppp
CIGARETTE SONG.

Words by F. N. Scott.  
Music by A. A. Stanley.  
(A composite Illustration.)

FIRST SOLO VOICE.  
1st & 2nd Tenor.

Humming.  
Pp 1. In this roll of spot-less white,  
2. When ex-aums are fraught with pain,  
when con-di-tions

1st & 2nd Bass.

cig-a-rette.  
Smoke an-oth-er cig-a-rette.  
3. By the pa-pers

stower.

smoke-wreaths curl.  
While the dain-ty smoke-wreaths curl!  
1. In that nar-row care-worn mind,  
le-the for my care-worn mind.  
2. Grave dis-eases

SECOND SOLO VOICE.  
Gravely.

It ap-pears that John Smith, aged nin-ty years,  
Smokin' with his

hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah!

wind-ing sheet.  
All the dead-ly po-i-sons meet,  
o-i-t pro-ceed from the smok-ing of the weed,  
soft-ning of the

latest breath, sank un-time-ly to his death.  
Oh, be-ware, for

hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! Oh, be-ware, for

ni-co-tine, cre-o-sote, and even pyr-o-dine,  
Oh, be-ware, for  
cer-e-brum, and can-ce.r of the e-pi-the-li-um,  
Oh, be-ware, for

* The second solo voice should commence this verse, being followed after the words, Oh, beware, by the first solo voice.
CIGARETTE SONG.

CHORUS. p

mollo rit.

Puff! puff! puff! puff! Yes, I know 'tis jolly, jolly, Painting idle fancies on the slowly-fading haze;

Stuff! stuff! stuff! stuff! stuff! stuff! stuff! stuff! stuff!

a tempo.

Puff! puff! puff! puff! Yet it is but jolly, jolly, Men who use to hoo-coo never live out half their days.

stuff! stuff! stuff! stuff! stuff! stuff! stuff! stuff! stuff! stuff!

Briskly.

f What a blunder! what a blunder! All volcanos smoke like thunder:

What lives longer, What lives longer than a healthy volcano? Stuff! Stuff!

Softly, (to each other.)

AFTER 4th Verses. All the first basses and the two solo voices taking the melody.

Look at Po-pocatetl, cat-a-petl, a-pet-cat Oh!

SOLO. 1st Voice.

Puff! puff! puff! puff! Yes, I'm sure 'tis jolly, jolly, Painting idle fancies on the slowly-fading haze;

mollo rit.

Look at Po-pocatetl,
CIGARETTE SONG.

ENDING FOR 1ST, 2ND, & 3RD VERSES.


\( \text{a tempo.} \)

Puff! puff! puff! Per -haps it is - n't fol - ly, fol - ly, Men who stick to ci - gare - ttes may live out twice their days.

Look at po - ca - cat - a, cat - a - pet.

Slowly.

4TH VERSE ENDING.

Fines, 1ST VOICE.

Men who stick to ci - gare - ttes may live out twice their days! Love may cool and friends for - get

When all oth - er joys are fled,

2ND VOICE.

\( \text{D.S.} \)

Still I'll smoke my ci - gar - ette, Burn - ing incense to our queen,

When the hopes of youth are dead, Still I'll watch with fond re - gret, The ashes

Bright-eyed, brown-haired si - co - line, Bright-eyed, brown-haired si - co-line,

of my dy - ing ci - gar - ette, Ashes of my ci - gar - ette! Here we go with

\( pp \)

*It is suggested that the second voice sing the first half of the verse as a solo, being joined by the first voice in the second half. In this case the first tenors should hum the part beginning at A.*

ANN ARBOR,

Air. "Die wacht am Rhein."

1 Ann Arbor, 'tis of thee we sing,
From thee our choicest blessings spring;
Accept the tribute of our song,
O Alma Mater, wise and strong.
We love thy classic shades and shrines,
We love thy murm'ring elms and pines;
Where'er our future homes shall be,
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee.

2 And when our college course has run,
And life's dark voyage has begun,
When waves of sorrow and distress
Our weary, panting souls oppress,
How bright shall beam thy beacon light
To guide the wand'r'ry thro' the night;
And as we catch its gleaming rays
We'll sing again Ann Arbor's praise.
1. Sing no more the fair Ægean Where the floating Cyclads shine, Nor the honey'd slopes Hy-bran, Nor the blue Sicilian brine. Sing no storied realms of Morning Rob'd in twilight mem-o-


GODDESS OF THE INLAND SEAS.

Allegro.
GODDESS OF THE INLAND SEAS.

2 Here the gods of Hellas wandered,
    When they left their hills and brooks;
    Here a Pan has piped and pondered;
    Here the Nymphs have filled the nooks;
    Here the Satyrs, without warning,
    Creep upon the Naiades;
    Here the golden god of morning
    Rises from the Inland seas.

3 Now the eyes that are anointed
    See the blossom—tide of spring;
    Ours the blissful age appointed,
    Ours the clime the poets sing.

4 So, the sacred fires of knowledge
    In thy temple are enshrined—
    Through the cloisters of thy college
    Choruses eternal wail!
    And all other incense glowing,
    Michigan, they bring thee these
    Hearts of ours, and songs of morning,
    Goddess of the Inland seas.

Hark, O Maid of Western Morning,—
    Wave and woodland, brook and breeze,
    Hail thee, Queen, beyond adorning,
    Girdled with thy inland seas!
LAUDES ATQUE CARMINA.

Words by CHARLES GAYLEY.

Music by A. A. STANLEY.

Boldly.

1st & 2nd Tenor.

1. Laud'es at-que car-ni-na, Nec ho-die nec cras, Sed o-mni-a per
tem po-ra,-Dum lo-cum ha-be-as, Ti-bi-sint dul-cis-si-ma, O

Un-i-ver-si-tas; At hos-tes,Pol, per-ni-ci-ter e-aunt els ko-ra-kas.

Chorus.

O Glo-ri-a, Vic-to-ri-a, O De-caus om-ni-um, O


2 Tibi colan't fili,
    Seu fas sit, seu nefas,
    Fidem valde fervidam,
    Dum fidel habeas!
Ipsa venus etiam,
Decors filias
Decenter tuas transferat
"Dites in Insulas."

Chorus.

3 O clara Universitas,—
    Nec merum Cæcennum,
    Nec flores nimium breves,
    Nec nard’ Assyrium,—
At gloriam, victoriam,
Vovemus merito.
Nos tuui cives, juvenes,
Tui perpetuo!

Chorus.
CARPE DIEM.

Words by CHARLES GAYLEY.

Music by A. A. STANLEY.

1. Stay, stay, O flow-ery kirk-led morn,Pour ros-es from thy am-ber

horns! Weave, weave, ye lov-ing hours. Your danc-es round our

Chorus. a tempo, cres.

col-lege tow'rs! Too soon the Loves and Graces fly! Too soon the

rit.
morn-ing glo-ries die; The swift do-lights, The sweet, the sweet de-

a tempo, cres.
lays, The fragrant morn,—The morn of col-lege days.

2 Stay, stay thy steeds, O glittering noon! The crickets have not done their tune;
The skyes are soft,—the tender breeze Still whispers to the college trees.

Chorus.

But oh, the bells of evening chime While Day is only in his prime,—
While Life is lost in sweet, in sweet amaze Of golden noon,—the noon of college days.

3 Stay, stay thy pinions, gentle night! Let dreams pursue their drowsy flight,
And day in soft, oblivious shroud Lie pillowed on a purple cloud.

Chorus.

But thou, Orion, don anew Thy belt of gold and armor blue,— The sons of Michigan shall sing her praise;
Wear thou her colors through the starry ways!
GODDESS OF THE INLAND SEAS.

Words by CHARLES GAYLEY.
Allegretto moderato.

Sing no more the fair Aegaean, Where the floating Cyclads shine,
Nor the hilly slopes Hyblaean, Nor the blue Sicilian brine;
Sing no storied realms of Morning Robed in twilight memory;
Sing the land beyond a-dorning, With her zone of inland seas,

Hark, O Maid of Western Morning,—
Hail thee, Queen, beyond adorning,
Girdled with thy inland seas!

2. Here the gods of Hellas wandered,
   When they left their hills and brooks;
   Here a Pan has piped and pondered;
   Here the Nymphs have filled the brooks;
   Here the Satyrs, without warning,
   Creep upon the Nymphs;
   Here the golden god of morning
   Rises from the inland seas.

3. Now the eyes that are moistened
   See the blossom-tide of spring;
   Ours the blissful age appointed,
   Ours the clime the poets sing.

   Hark, O Maid of Western Morning,—
   Wave and woodland, brook and breeze.
   Hail thee, Queen, beyond adorning,
   Girdled with thy inland seas!

4. Lo, the sacred fires of knowledge
   In thy temple are enshrined,—
   Through the cloisters of thy college
   Choruses eternal wind!
   And, all other incense scorning,
   Michigan, they bring thee these
   Hearts of ours, and songs of morning,
   Goddess of the inland seas!

* This arrangement for mixed voices may be sung as a male chorus by giving the melody to 2nd tenor.
GLORIA, VICTORIA.

Words by Charles Gayley.

Music by A. A. Stanley.

Boldly.

1st & 2nd Tenor.

O | Gl o r i a, V i c t o r i a, O

1st & 2nd Bass.

De | c u s o m n i u m, O s a l v e, U n i -

Maestoso.

ver - s i - t a s M i c h - l g a n - e n - s i - u m, M i c h - l g a n - e n - s i - u m.