

中等以上學校用書

中外學校唱歌集

THE CHINA COLLEGE SONG BOOK

中外學校唱歌集
THE CHINA COLLEGE SONG BOOK

ONE HUNDRED CHINESE COLLEGE,
AMERICAN COLLEGE, PATRIOTIC, AND POPULAR SONGS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

ELAM J. ANDERSON

SHANGHAI COLLEGE, SHANGHAI

COMMERCIAL PRESS, LIMITED
SHANGHAI, CHINA

1923

DEDICATED TO
SHANGHAI COLLEGE GLEE CLUB
1921-1923

FOREWORD

This collection of college, patriotic, and popular songs has been made in the hope that it may be of some help in introducing to college and middle school students the songs dear to American and Continental students. If there is any phase of Western culture that is worth bringing to China, surely it is the melodies and songs that have been such a big factor in welding together community and student groups. I am sure all foreigners at work in schools in China have felt the desire to stimulate this group singing among their students, and have been convinced that it is necessary to have this singing if real loyalty to the institution is to be developed.

There are many signs of an awakening interest in Western music both in private and government schools. The translation of foreign music primers, the printing of manuals for music instruction, and the sale of music readers printed in English all point to a growing interest in Western music. Every large city has a number of brass bands and their playing of foreign music, even though the niceties of pitch and rhythm are at times atrociously neglected or mishandled, indicate a desperate determination to be modern. Every school has its soloist aspirants and in many institutions the ensemble work both in quartets, glee clubs, and mixed chorus work is excellent when the musical opportunities previously enjoyed by the participants is taken into consideration. It is still unusual to hear students singing spontaneously in groups either in their dormitories or as they walk along the road, but the time is not far distant when the practice of singing Christmas carols at Christmas time and simple school songs will be an enjoyable exercise found in every institution instead of only a very limited few.

This little collection of songs gives a large place to college and patriotic songs. The reason for this is my firm conviction that students and institutions alike will be helped by learning to sing songs intimately connecting their affections with institution or country. Any college or middle school can easily adapt either words or melody or both to local needs, and thus begin the slow process of building up school spirit by means of song.

The printing of the melody only and not the parts is done purposely to make learning of the song possible. In my own work with students

I have found that the presence of the four parts has been very confusing and has made rapid learning of the song impossible. While this makes it more difficult to play an accompaniment on an instrument, it, on the other hand, facilitates self-learning by pupils themselves, and the purpose of the collection is just this, to stimulate singing, not playing. The printing of words immediately below the music is done for this same purpose.

If the preparation of this book is instrumental in stimulating students to sing more, to love their own schools and country a little more, then the two years of odd moments spent in arranging this group of songs have been well spent.

Some of the songs selected for Parts II and III, Patriotic and Popular Songs, were taken from "Songs Every Child Should Know," edited by Dolores Bacon, and published by Grosset & Dunlap. In many songs, slight changes were made in the notation to enable more rapid learning. Some of the college songs have been taken from the Cornell University collection of "College Songs" published by Hinds, Noble and Eldredge in 1906. The songs from Chinese colleges have been provided by foreigners at these institutions who have coöperated generously in furnishing both notes and words.

The earnest and unselfish work of Mr. Woo Hyien Tsong, a student of Shanghai College, deserves special mention. He has shown himself enthusiastic in his study of Western music and given evidence of considerable ability as a soloist. His assistance in copying by hand a large number of these songs made the preparation of the original script possible.

The growth in membership of the Glee Club of Shanghai College, their faithful attendance at many weary rehearsals, and their dogged perseverance in the monotonous drill still necessary for securing even a "listenable" presentation of male chorus singing has been a source of great encouragement. Without this encouragement it is not likely that this little collection of songs would have appeared.

ELAM J. ANDERSON.

Shanghai, China,

May 20, 1923.

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PART I

COLLEGE SONGS

Chinese College Songs

1. Christian College Hymn

Words by OLIN D. WANNAMAHER

Air: Russian National Hymn

Lord God Om - nip - o - tent, Mak - er of moun - tains, Thou hast es -
God the All - know - ing One, Knowl - edge that erra - th not, Truth and all
God the Un - chang - ing One, Tend - er and piti - ful, Mer - cy be -

tab - lished The seas and the lands. Let Thou Thy pow - er al -
wis - dom Be - long unto Thee. Send forth the light of Thy
com - ing Thee, O God of the weak, Save Thou from sin by Thy

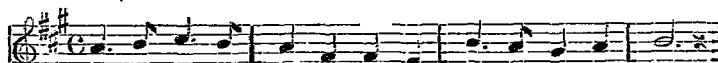
migh - ty up - hold us; Keep thou the na - tions, O Lord Most High.
coun - te - nance upon us, Shine on the na - tions, O Lord, Most Bright.
migh - ty Com - pas - sion, Heal Thou the na - tions, O Lord of Love.

Canton Christian College

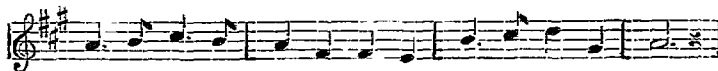
2. Alma Mater

Words by H. B. GRAYBILL

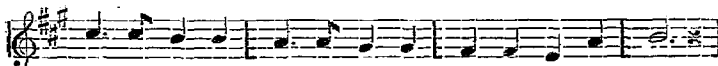
Air: Cornell Alma Mater



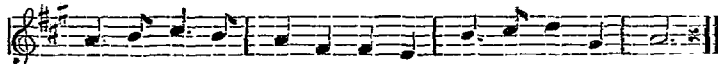
1. Broad the plain be - fore us reach - es; Calm the tides in - flow;
2. In thy care bright years are bring - ing; Joys in hap - py throng;



Far the moun-tains ev - er guard us; On in strength we go.
To thy life these years we're giv - ing; Glad - ly as this song,



Col - lege moth - er, Calm thou stand - est, Giv - en from a - far;
In the years and strife be - fore us. Nev - er shall we fail;

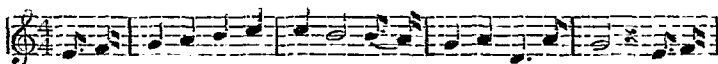


Won - drous land our fa - thers gave us; True to both we are.
Cour - age then as joy thou'lt give us. Al - ma Ma - ter hail .

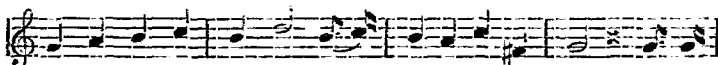
3. The Red and the Gray

PARODY

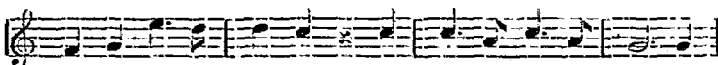
Air: The Orange and Black



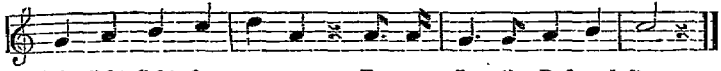
1. Come, now, Com - rades, as we gath - er, With - in this Col - lege hall, let us
2. As the years of life pass o'er us, And on - ward as we go, should our



sing our heart - y prats - es, To our ban - ner best of all. We sa -
dear - est hopes be - tray us, False fort uno send us woe, Still we'll

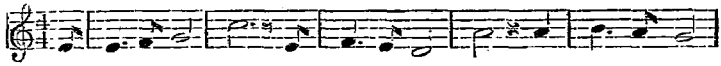


lute it with de - vo - tion; We'll fol - low all the way, We'll
ban - ish care and sad - ness, And ev - er we will say, We'll

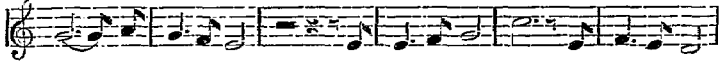


fight, fight, fight for - ev - er, For our flag the Red and Gray.
 fight, fight, fight for ev - er, For our flag the Red and Gray.

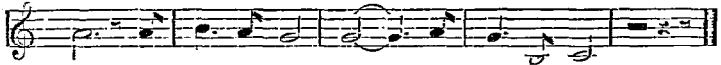
4. Back to Ling Naam



1. It's back to Ling Naam; That's where we came from; That's where we're bound
 2. Ling Naam a-gain boys! Re - mem-ber old joys; We loved the school



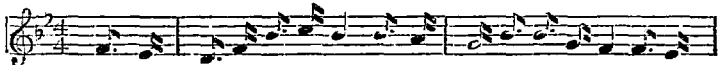
now, yes, ev'-ry one. It's not the first time, nor yet the last
 days at C. C. C. It's not the first time, nor yet the last



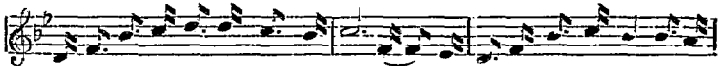
time, we've raised her flag, boys, and we have won.
 time, we've sung to - ge - ther so loy - al - ly.

5. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

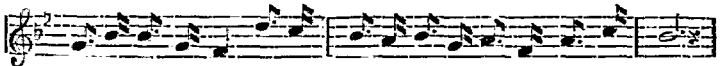
Geo. F. Root.



1. Blow the bu - gle once a-gain, sound "as-sem-bly," out we go; Blow as
 2. Read - y now for dress pa-rade, Open ranks and post the guides, Ev-ery



hard as you can blow and then "fall in" Inspec-tion arms; attention now, call the
 man in place and ev-'ry but-ton clean. Post your arms! Pre-sent them too! of - fi-



roll and shoul-der arms; March-ing down the road in col-umn straight we go.
 cers go march-ing up! Fol-low on, the band is play-ing for us now.

CHORUS

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march-ing, March-ing as to glo ry
 bound. Left and right and left and right! Sol - diers
 read y for the fight, Fix your bay'nets bright and gleam-ing in the sun.

6. Ling Naam Hok Hau!

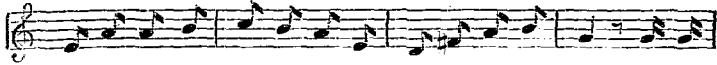
Ling Naam Hok Hau! vic - t'ry a - gain, boys! Ling Naam Hok
 Hau, Fight to the end, boys! Hip, hup hoo - ray! Ha, ha, ha,
 hal All cheer the team, all cheer old Ling Naam!

7. Boola Song Parody

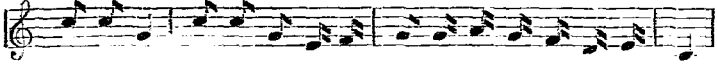
Words Adapted from YALE BOOLA SONG

Air: Boola Song

1 Well, here we are, well, here we are! Just watch us roll-ing up a score: We'll
 2 An eas y thing to-do, an eas y thing to do, To beat those fel lows up so bad. We've
 leave those fel-lows be - hind so far. They won't want to play us an-y more! We've
 done it be - fore, we can do it once more. But they'll feel ver-y ver-y sad. We'll



hope and faith in C. C. C., To win we can-not fail! Well a-
roll the score so ver-y high, That you will hear them sigh, Well a-



bool-a - boo bool-a - boo, bool-a - boo bool-a - 'ool-a bool-a - hoo
bool-a - boo bool-a - boo, bool-a - boo bool-a - 'ool-a bool-a - boo

CHORUS



Bool-a bool-a, . . . Bool-a bool-a, . . . bool-a bool-a, . . . bool-a bool-a . . .

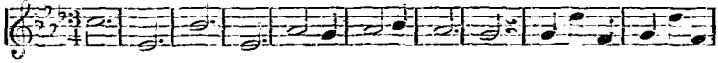


. When we fin-ish... those poor fel-lows, ... they will hol-ler . . . "Bool-a - boo!"

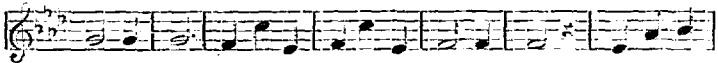
8. School Days

Words by C. H. Wicks

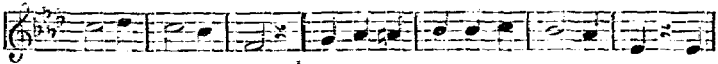
Air: School Days



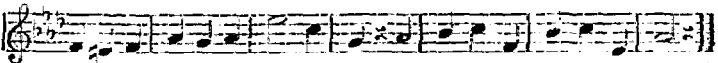
School days, school days, Dear old gold-en rule days, Read-ing and writ-ing and



Eng-lish too, Drill and de-bat-ing when that was through, From half past



Six to ten at night We had to stud-y with all our might, We'll



Al-ways re-mem-ber, we can't for-get How we went to Ling Naam to School.

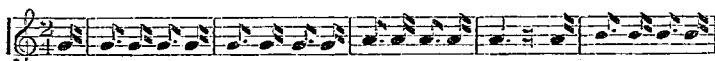
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Fukien Christian University

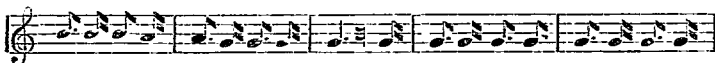
9. There Is a College in Foochow

Words by CLARENCE A. NEFF

Tune: *Solomon Levi*



There is a col-lege in Foo-chow as ev-'ry-bod-y knows; T'is there for high-er

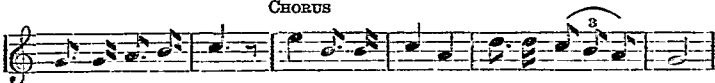


ed-u-ca-tion ev-'ry - bod-y goes. We stud-y there both day and night and



get a lot of marks; She takes us in as com-mon men and

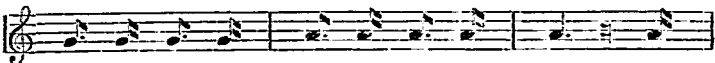
CHORUS



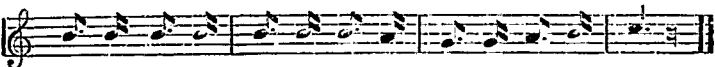
turns us out as sharks. O! Un-ion Col-lege, tra la la la la la



O Un-ion Col-lege, tra la la la la la. She is the place for



fel-low-ship and ev-'ry thing that's fine; O

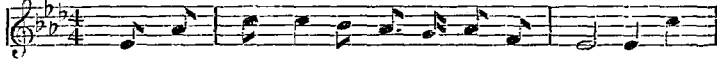


give three cheers for Un-ion Col-lege all a-long the line.

10. All Hail to Thee!

Words by CLARENCE A. NEFF

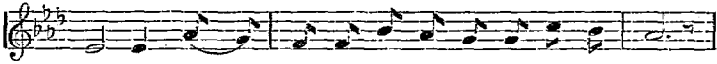
Tune: Hawaiian Farewell



1. Where the moun-tains of Fu - ki - en are lift - ing Their
2. May the light thou dost give us to en - light - en The
3. May thy pre - cepts and lof - ty in - spir - a - tion A -

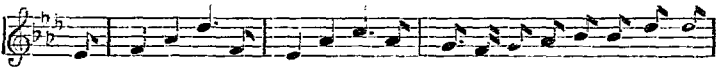


no - ble crests to heav'n a - bove, By the wa - ters of Min so state-ly
minds and souls of fel - low men, Shine still bright - er as for - ward we would
bide our hearts our wills to nerve, Make us ea - ger to aid our gen - er -

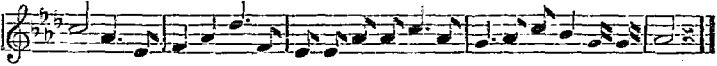


flow - ing, There thou art, dear al - ma ma - ter, whom we love.
hast - en, The truth, the right, the no - ble to pro - claim.
a - tion, Lov - ing God, and lov - ing man and strong to serve.

CHORUS



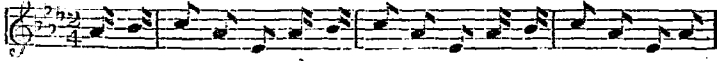
All hail to thee! All hail to thee! Fair Col-lege, ob-ject of our hearts' de-



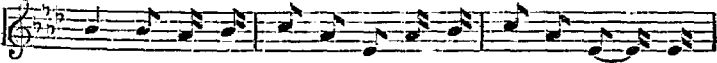
vo-tion. While life shall last O may we faith-ful be, To thee, to Chi-na and to God.

11. Fukien Christian University!

Words and Air by CLARENCE A. NEFF



1. We're a jol - ly crowd, And with voice - s loud We will sing for Al - ma
2. Let the game be - gin, For we're here to win, Put forth ev - 'ry ounce of

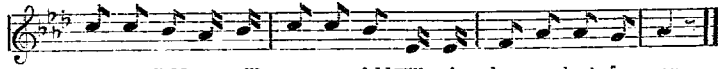


Ma - ter; For where - 'er we go we shall no - ver know A
strength boys, Give a rous - ing cheer and we'll no - ver fear, For we

CHORUS



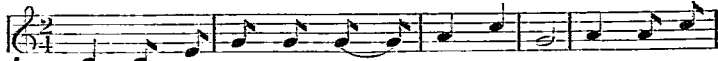
place like F. C. U. Fukien Chris-tian U.....home of students true; On
come from F. C. U.



track or field we will nev - er yield Till we've done our best for you.

12. Down on the Coast of China

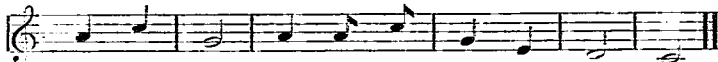
Words and Air by C. A. NEFF



1. There is a cit - y and it's called Foo-chow; down on the
2. The old Min Riv - er flows right by the town, down to the
3. Near that great cit - y and right on the Min, down on the
4. Here's to that col - lege our . . . F. C. U., down on the



coast of Chi - na; And it's the fin - est place you
coast of Chi - na; And it's a riv - er . . . of
coast of Chi - na; You'll find the ecl - lege . . . that
coast of Chi - na; And we, her sons . . . will be



must al - low, that you can find in Chi - na.
wide re - nown in ev - 'ry part of Chi - na.
we're all in, and it's the best in Chi - na.
loyal and true, wher - e'er we go in Chi - na.

13. 協和大學

著者: 吳鍾林

Words by WU CHUN LIN

作調者: 陳錫恩

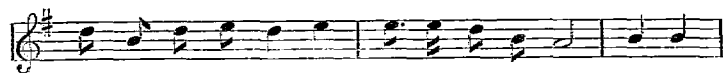
Air by Theodore I. Chen



協和大學 閩江東 世界思潮此匯



通 高 山 蒼 蒼 流 水 泱 泱 靈 境 產 英 雄



萃 文 化 作 閩 星 閩 星 照 四 方 無 遠



弗 屆 眞 理 是 超 樂 羣 衆 於 一 堂 兮

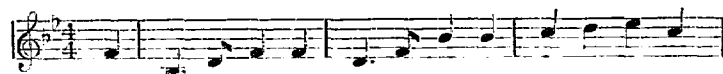


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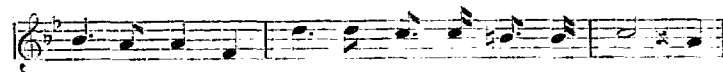
Fuh Tan University

14. Senior Farewell Song

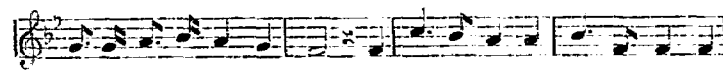
Air: Die Wacht am Rhein



1. Best greet-ings, fel-low stu-dents dear, Last day in col-lego
2. With fire e-ter-nal sei-enteburns, With soul ce-les-tial



now draws near; Good ti-dings to you all and rhymes. Out-keen min'hears Hours, months, and years so quick-ly fleet. The



run the bells-the bells' sweet chimes. The day a-wakes the slum-b'ring morn, All end-less art is ne'er com-plete. In life's biv-ouac world's path-less way, May



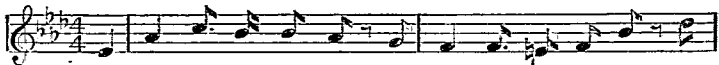
hopes, de-sires and dreams snow down The flood has come . . . and
 He the bless with you e'er stay Long live Fuh Tan, . . . long



we must part With wave and storm . . . to greet our start.
 live our class, And our bright days . . . that are to pass.

15. College Song

Air: Wake Freshman Wake



Ye sons of the morn-ing, With bright hopes a-dawn-ing, Raise



high your cheer-ful voi-es loud and true, With aim and high-am-bi-tion, And

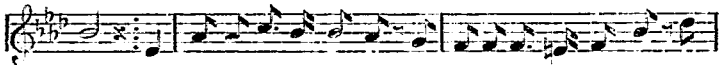


full of an-tic'pa-tion, Let's cheer this day for dear old F. T. U.



Cheer, cheer! cheer, boys, cheer! (Cheer once more a-gain for Fuh Tan

REFRAIN



blue! For hard-ship ne'er a-vail-ing, and cour-age all pre-vail-ing, When-



e'er we cheer for dear old F. T. U.

Hip, hip, Hurrah (three times)

Hangchow Christian College

16. Fair Hangchow

Music by H. H. GODFREY

Marziale

Where shines the sun on the old dragon hills, Where flows the wind-ing river,

There is a spot ev - ry heart with rap-ture thrills, Fair-est Col-lege of Ca-

they. Yes, we are sons of Hang-chow, of Hang-chow

Col - lege, our mother dear, And proud-ly now wos-ing her

prais - es That all may know that hersons are near. All hail to thee, fair

Hang-chow, Thy sons sa - lute thee now. With

heart and voice we praise thee, our Al - ma Mater Hang-chow.

mf *rall.* *a tempo stacc.* *rall.* *ff* *rall.*

17. Marching Song

Words by W. R. WHEELER

Air: Marching Through Georgia

Ts-Kiang, Da-yah, ring out the cho - rus free Ts-Kiang, Da-yah, thy

faith - ful sons are we, Oh! cares shall be for - got - ten, all our
 trou - bles flee a - way, While we are stu - dents at Hang - chow,

18. "Fight, Fight, Fight!"

Words by PAUL KIRKPATRICK

Air: Occidental College Song

Fight, fight, fight with all your might, Just as you al - ways do
 Play, play, play in the Hang - chow way, Foot - ball or track or crew.
 (Ten - nis)
 (Base - ball)
 Score, score, score, we must win once more, Till all the game is done.
 When you hear our bat - tie song, Fight till you win for Hang - chow.

University of Nanking

19. For Nanking Alma Mater

Words Adapted

Air: For Chicago Alma Mater

For Nan - king Ai - ma Ma - ter And the hon - or of her
 fame Her sons shall raise with loy - al praise The glo - ry of her

fame . . . For Nan - king Al - ma Ma - ter Just as
(Rah! Rah!)

long as her halls shall stand! . . . Hearts brave and true will

ev - er beat for you Through-out the might - y land.

20. Alma Mater

Words by H. S. CLEMONS

Air: Cornell Alma Mater

1. Neath the stor-ied Pur - ple Moun-tain, With its change-ful hue,
2. Clus-tered in this an - cient ci - ty, Girt with age-flecked walls,
3. Loud - ly clashed the Drum tower warn-ing, In the days of old;
4. Gath-ered on the spread-ing cam-pus, Home of col - lege days,

Stands our cher-ished Al - ma Ma - ter, Stur - dy young and true.
Shrined with-in our lo - yal bos-oms, Stand our Col - lege halls.
Soft - ly now calls Al - ma Ma - ter, Sum-mons to her fold.
Old and young we would to - geth - er, Lift our song of praise.

CHORUS

Raise the cho - rus speed it on-ward, Loud her prais-es ring;

Here's to thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter, Hail, all hail, Nan - king.

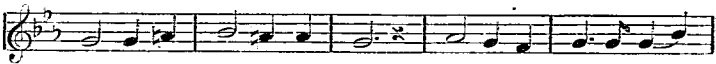
21. Nanking's Vow

Words by R. S. WOODWORTH

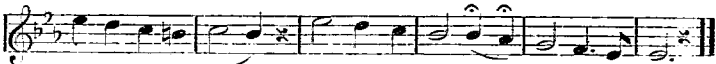
Air: Russian Hymn



1. Nan-king our moth-er dear, We bear thy name, Thy faith and thy
2. Love to our fel-low men, Love to our land, We pledge thee our
3. True in the joy of life, And in the pain, What - ev - er our



truth, And thy hope and thy fame These we will ev - er guard
lives And we now take our stand Thou who hast taught us well
fate, We will still rise a - gain, Broth-ers, we know the right,

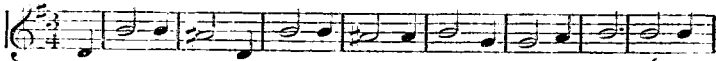


All thy pre-cepts val - ue Nan-king stands firm Yea! Nan-king is true.
Hear the vow we pledge you Nan-king stands firm Yea! Nan-king is true.
And the pledge re - new Nan-king stands firm Yea! Nan-king is true.

22. Nanking Love Song

Words Adapted

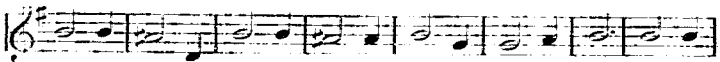
Air: Worcester Love Song



In Col-lege days when all is gay and life but at the start... There
Old Nan-king and its mem-o - ries will come to us each day... And



comes to each a love su - preme a - wak'ning in his heart... And
life with all its joys and cares can ne'er drive these a - way... The



when we ask, "What is this love. This first love fond and true... From
prof's and prex-y. cam-pus, halls, Our friend-ships staunch and true... All

ma - ny hearts the an - swerrings, "Tis dear old Nan - king U" . . . To Nan - king
 cen - ter round our first great love, Our dear old Nan - king U . . .

U . . . our Nan - king U . . . out in the world can we prove true? Ev - er re -
 mem - b'ring, nev - er for - get - ting Our love for you, dear Nan - king U!

23. Wave the Flag

Words ADAPTED

Air: *Wave the Flag (Chicago)*

Wave the Flag of dear old Nan - king un - fur - ling there so grand

Ev - er shall her team be vic - tors known through - out the land:

With her hon - or high to spur us For her we'll ev - er stand

Wave a - gain the gold - en ban - ner For they're he - roes ev - 'ry man.

24. Cheer! Boys Cheer!

Words ADAPTED

Air: *There'll Be a Hot Time*

Cheer, boys cheer! Nan - king has got the ball, So cheer boys cheer, So -

chow is bound to fall, And when we hit that line, there'll
Fine (when repeated)
 be no line at all, There'll be a great time in Nan-king to-night. Well, well, well.

25. Nanking Will Shine

Words ADAPTED

Air: Chicago Will Shine

Nan-king will shine to-day Nan-king will shine Nan-king will shine to-day
 (to-night) (to-night)

Nan-king will shine Oh! Nan-king will shine to-day Nan-king will shine The
 (Shout!) (to-night)

moon goes down The sun comes up Nan-king will shine,
 (Sun) (moon)

26. Nanking

Words by H. S. CLEMONS

Air: Juanita

1. Proud as its towers, Still the purple monarch rules;
 2. Yet, from our dreaming, We would turn with spirits strong;

Still gleam the flowers, In the lo-ous pools; Through the dim years
 Life still is teeming, With the woes of wrong; Mid this visioned



call - ing Speaks the sage Yu - en tz - tsai; Still the pearls are fall - ing
beau - ty Comes the call for mind and hand, Comes the call of du - ty



Ov - er Yu Hwa Tai. Nan - king, an - cient Nan - king, We shall no'er for -
For our home and land. Nan - king, our own Nan - king, Teach our hearts to



get thy fame; Nan - king, time - crown'd Nan - king, Cher - ished be thy name.
know the right: Chi - na, might - y Chi - na for the truth we fight.

Chiao Tung University of Shanghai

27. Nanyang

Words by J. C. FERGUSON

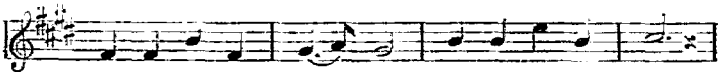
Air: Adapted



1. On - ward, up - ward, for - ward Sons of our Nan - yang,
2. On - ward, up - ward, for - ward Sons of our Nan - yang,
3. On - ward, up - ward, for - ward Sons of our Nan - yang,



Up - ward to the high lands Where our race be - gan;
On - ward toward the glo - ries Which our po - ets song;
For - ward out of con - flicts Whence our free - dom sprang;



Lis - t'ning to high Heav - en, Heav - en, Heav - en, Hear - ing its com - mands
Not for fame or rich - es, Press we to the goal
Mind - ful of the wis - dom, Taught by saint and sage,



Toil-ing for our broth - ers, With our hearts and hands.
 But for truth and hon - or, Pledge we mind and soul.
 Ea - ger look we for - ward, To a gold - en age.

CHORUS



On-ward, up-ward, for - ward, Sons at our Nan - yang,



Toil - ing for our broth - ers, With our hearts and hands.

St. John's University

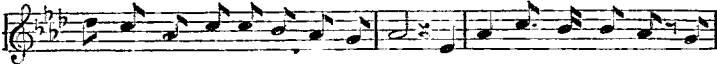
28. The College Song

Words by C. S. F. LINCOLN

Arr: Wake! Wake! Freshman Wake!



1. In youth's bright-est morn-ing, When high hope was dawn-ing, Our
2. Year by year re - turn-ing, Truth clear - er dis - cern - ing, We'll
3. For all life re - la - tions, What - ev - er our sta - tions, Thy
4. So what - e'er be - tide us, May "Light and Truth" guide us, Un



fath - ers brought us to our col - lege home, Where true wis - dom lead - ing, And
 learn to love the right and hate the wrong, 'Gainst crime and op - pres - sion, For
 teach - ing ev - er be our guide and stay, Till sons com - ing af - ter, With
 til our earth - ly jour - ney ends in peace, As those gone be - fore us, We'll

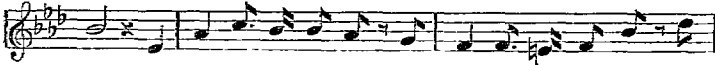


wise coun - sel lead - ing, We in her pleas - ant paths might jour - ney on.
 law and pro - gres - sion, To ev - er stand and in that stand be strong.
 song and with laugh - ter, Shall learn as did their fath - ers in their day.
 ech - o the chor - us: May old St. John's in all good things in - crease.

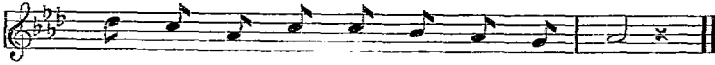
CHORUS



Here! here! cheer, boys, cheer! Cheer a - gain to - geth - er for St.



John's At work or at lei-sure, For - ev - er we'll treas-ure. The

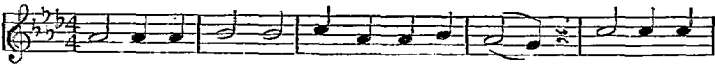


bles - ings found with - in thy sa - cred bonds.

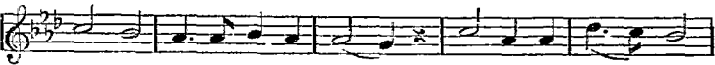
29. Alumni Song

Words by A. S. MANN

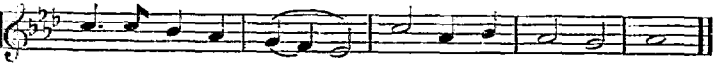
Air: Integer Vitae



- | | |
|--|----------------|
| 1. Now as we meet with - in our col-lege walls, | High let us |
| 2. Here ris - es up a broth-er-hood of learn-ing, | Seek-ing the |
| 3. Oh may our col - lege down through-out the a - ges, | Write her name |
| 4. Then as great mem - ries, round a - bout her twine, | Pil-grims will |



raise the fame of her who calls,	All to re - vere and
truth all wrong and false-hood spurn-ing,	Bear-ing with - in our hearts
large on his-tory's glow-ing pa-ges,	Moth-er of he - roes
come as to a sa - cred shrine,	Say-ing that in this spot



praise her hon-ored halls,	Queen of her chil-dren's heart.
no - blo ar - dor burn - ing,	To ser-ve our fa - ther - land.
statues - mensaints and sa - ges,	Fore-most in Chi - na's life.
wrought the hand di - vine,	Lead - ing the na - tion on.

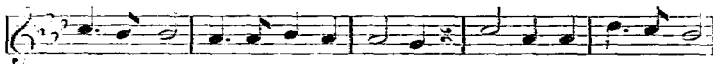
30. Light and Truth

Words by C. F. McRAE

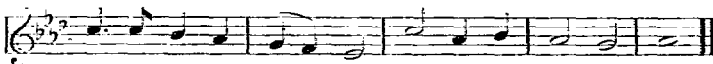
Air: Integer Vitae



1. Leav-ing the low-lands, fa - ces to the dawn-ing, Seal - ing the
2. Heirs to the wis - dom, taught by saints and sa - ges, Gath - ered from
3. Then col - lege days done, stirred by high am - bi - tion, Armed 'gainst the



moun-tain heights, heed-ing not fears warn-ing, Sons of the Or - i - ent
ev - 'ry clime, treas - ures of the a - ges, Ne'er clos-ing wis-dom's book
foes of man, vice and su - per - sti - tion, Our na-tive land to serve—



chil-dren of the morn - ing, Seek - ers of light we come.
turn-ing still new pa - ges, Seek - ers of truth we come.
this shall be our mis - sion, So light and truth shall come.

Shanghai College

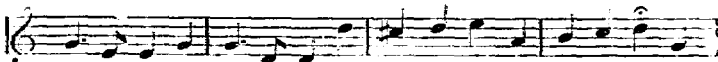
31. Alma Mater

Words by DANIEL H. KULP II

Air: O Beautiful for Spacious Skies



1. Our Al - ma Ma - ter now to thee, We raise a - loft our song; Thy
2. Here in thy pleas - ant halls and grounds In faith - ful search of truth, Where
3. In la - ter years we'll ne'er for - get The les - sons here we learn-ed, And
4. If we, thy sons, in one great host From hall or school or mart, From



pris - es float from sea to sea, Borne by the breath of love a - long, We
love and sym - pa - thy a - bound, We spent the hap - py hours of youth; We
on our path - way step by step, As through the vale of years we turn, Thy
vic - tories won or bat - tles lost, With few - 'rich brow or wearied heart, For



praise thee, moth-er, we thy sons, And write thy name on high, By
felt the warmth of fel-low-ship, And friend-ship oft would try, Af-
light shall lead us as it may: Thy love which naught can buy, Shall
rest or peace re-turn to thee, With love in ev-'ry eye, We'll

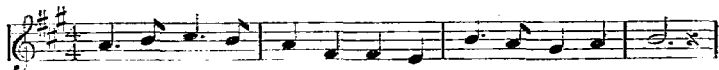


lives well spent and deeds well done, For fame of old Shang-hai.
fec-tion deep of heart and lip, In days of old Shang-hai.
guide us to e-ter-nal day, And joy in old Shang-hai.
join to sing from mem-o-ry, Our praise of old Shang-hai.

32. Alumni Song

Words by DANIEL H. KULP II

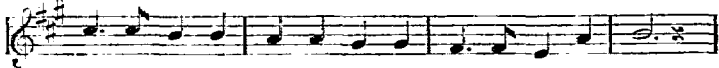
Air: Cornell Alma Mater



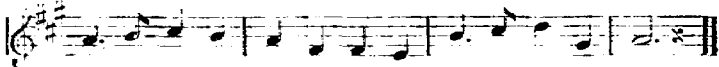
1. Down be-side the Whang-poo Riv-er, Where our col-lege stands,
2. All thy walls and path-ways gleam-ing. Trees with ev-'ry leaf,
3. Home to thee to feel thy spir-it Stir us once a-gain,



Where the ships with all their bun-ners, Sail to man-y lands,
Bathed in glo-ry of the morn-ing, And the glow of eve.
Rouse in us new hope and cour-age, For our tasks with men,



Where the glist-ning ti-dal wa-ters, Lap her o-pen shore,
As the years shall o'er us gath-er, Though a-far we roam,
Then be-side the Whang-poo Riv-er, As in days gone by,



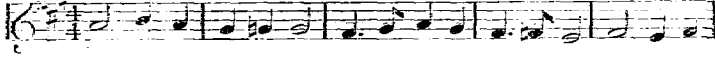
There for thee we found O moth-er Love for-ev-er - more.
In the sun-set of life's strug-gle Thou wilt call us home,
With our com-rades we shall gath-er Prais-ing thee Shang-hai.

33. Football Song

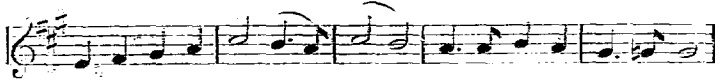
(Basket Ball)

Words by D. H. KYLE II

Air: Adapted by Elan J. Anderson



Charge down the field a - gain, Shoot the ball in - to the goal, Then turn and



with the might of all your men Win the game for dear Shang-hai.

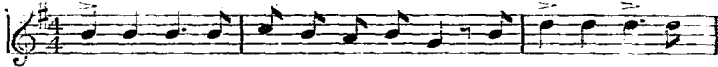


Put the ball right in the net, While our lus-ty cheers shall rise up to the sky.

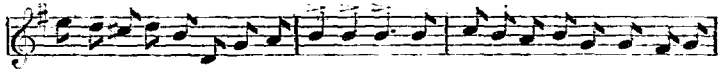
34. Football Song

Words ADAPTED

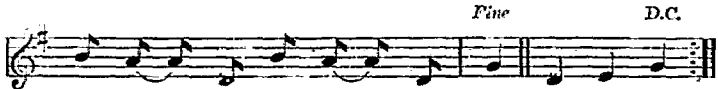
Air: There'll Be a Hot Time



Cheer, boys, cheer! Shang-hai now has the ball, So cheer, boys, cheer! St.
(Soo-
(Nan-



John has got to fall; And when we hit that line, There'll be no line at all, There'll be a
chow)
king), etc.



gay time in Shang-hai to - night. Well, well, well,

35. Shanghai Will Shine

Words ADAPTED

Air: *Chicago Will Shine*

Shang-hai will shine to-night, Shang-hai will shine, Shang-hai will
 shine to-night, Shang-hai will shine, Oh! Shang-hai will shine to-night, Shang-hai will
 (Shouted)
 shine, Though the sun goes down The moon comes up, Shang-hai will shine.

36. Shanghai Round

A B
 Whang-poo Riv - er, Whang-poo Riv - er, Woo-chiang, Woo-chiang,
 C D
 Shang-hai, Shang-hai, Shang-hai, Shang-hai, We will shine, We will shine.

37. Shanghai Team Song

Our team is off for Soo-chow now And we will cheer them on, For
 (Hang-chow)
 we all know that they will win Be - fore the sun goes down.

CHORUS

And when they get to Soo-chow town, They'll paint the old town
Hang-chow.

red. And when they get to Shang-hai town, Soo - chow will all be dead.
Hang-chow

38. Shanghai

Adapted from Cornell

mf

1. The sol-dier loves his gen-'ral's fame, The wil-low loves the stream, The
2. The sol-dier with his sword of might, In blood may write his fame, The

child will love its moth-er's name, The dream-er loves his dream; The
prince in mar-ble col-umns white May deep-ly carve his name; But

sail-or loves his hav-en's pier, When storm-y waves are high, The
grav-en on each stu-dent's heart, There shall be deep and high, While

stu-dent holds no name so dear, As thy good name, Shang-hai,
of this world they are a part, Thy own good name, Shang-hai.

CHORUS

We'll hon-or thee, Shang-hai, We'll hon-or thee, Shang-hai, While
breez-es blow or wa-ters flow, We'll hon-or thee, Shang-hai.

39. Shanghai College Chant

SOLO CHORUS

Shang-hai ai ya
 Yangts Poo ai ya
 Wu Kiang ai ya
 Da Shio ai ya

ai ya ai ts ai ya ai ya ai ya ai yao

SOLO CHORUS

ai, ai ya ai ts ai ya

Shang-hai ai ya
 Yangts Poo ai ya
 Wu Kiang ai ya
 Da Shio ai ya

bong!
 (shouted)

41. The Shanghai College Spirit

ELAM J. ANDERSON

Chinese Melody

Have you heard of Shang - hai, of Wu Kiang, Wu Kiang Da
 Shio? Have you heard of Wu Kiang on the bank of the
 old Wang Poo? How we love our Col-lege dear, We, her stud-ents
 far and near! How we know that she's al-ways streng. For the
 truth and right; Al-ways glad to fight 'gainst the wrong And to

use her might, Bring-ing life and health and light To our
 Chung Hua, Chi-na dear, This her task from year to year.
 And to her we'll al - ways be lo - yal, Tho far from here.

41. For Shanghai Alma Mater

Words Adapted

Air: For Chicago Alma Mater

For Shang-hai Al-ma Ma - ter And the hon - or of her
 fame Her sons shall raise with lo - yal praise The glo - ry
 of her fame. For Shang - hai Al-ma Ma - ter Just as
 (Rah! Rah!)
 long as her halls shall stand Hearts brave and true will
 ev - er beat for you Through-out the night - y land.

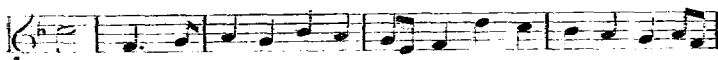
42. Shanghai College Processional

Words by FRANCIS J. WHITE

Francis Joseph Haydn



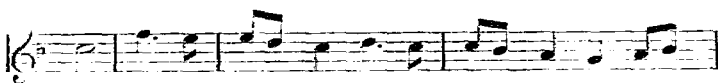
1. God of maj - es - ty and glo - ry, Look thou down up - on our
2. Praise, un - meas - ured ad - o - ra - tion, Be Thy meed, Oh, God of
3. We are in Thy hands, Oh Fa - ther, For our tasks, we pray pre-
4. Help our sons in life's strong bat - tle, Aid - ing na - tion, church and



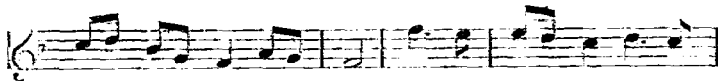
band; Bless our halls and make them ho - ly, Bless them with thy powerful
might. Sing in ho - ly con - vo - ca - tion, To our Savior, source of
pare. Strength of limb and mind and spir - it; guide for work that lies be -
men, North and South, from sea to moun - tain, To the ends of earth's do -



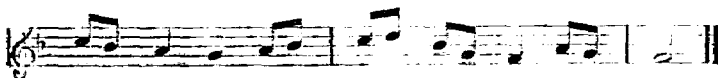
land. We thy sons who walk be - fore thee, Bow our heads in hum - ble
light, For Thy boun - ty, free - ly scat - tered, Hill and shore and stream and
fore. Even now the needs a - round us, Help us, Lord, men's sor - rows
main; Call - ing men to love each oth - er, Un - til wars and tumults



prayer; Bless us, use us, guide us, lead us, Thee we
tree: Hearts are full and tongues ac - claim - ing, Praise we
feel, Like our Lord when here a - mong us, Bring - ing
cease, Till all men re - vere their Fa - ther, God and



trust this sol - emn hour. Bless us, use us, guide us,
give to none but Thee. Hearts are full and tongues ac -
cheer and sick - ness heal. Like our Lord when here a -
men are all at peace. Till all men re - vere their



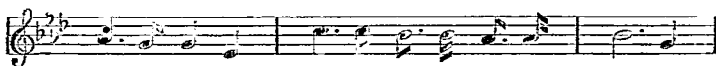
lead us, Thee we trust this sol - emn hour.
claim - ing, Praise we give to none but Thee.
among us, Bring - ing cheer and sick - ness heal.
Fa - ther, God and men are all at peace.

Soochow University

43. Old Soochow

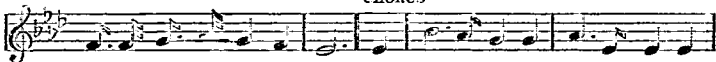


1. Come fel - low sing to Old Soo-chow And pledge in song our
2. We'll hon - or her with - in whose walls We've heard life's du - ty
3. And when from her we must de - part Still lo - yal - ty shall

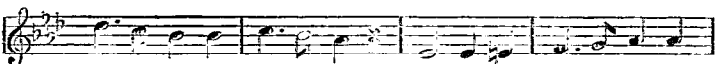


- lo - yal vow, To her our Al - ma Ma - ter fair. Her
as it calls. To what is no - ble, true and right: Ch
sway our hearts, No mat - ter where our lot may be, In

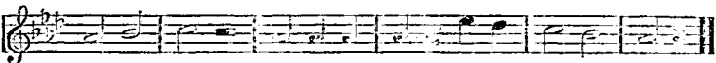
CHORUS



- name our hearts will e'er hold dear.
may her name be ev - er bright. 'Tis Old Soo-chow, we sing her praise, For
na-tive land or ov - er sea.

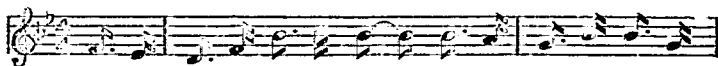


- Old Soo-chow our voice-es raise, With stand-fast faith and lo - yal



- man-hood's vow We pledge our hearts for aye to Old Soo - chow.

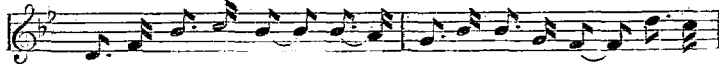
44. Fellows, Join with All Your Might



1. Fel-lows join with all your might, To raise the song of true de-
2. Tung Wu is the name we praise We will stand for her al-
3. Loud er yet the joy - ons song for We to Tung Wu shall be-



light, In the praise of Tung Wu let our an-them be, No-thing
ways, For, there's no-thing can dis-pel our loy-al-ty, Both in
long Ev-'ry hon-or that can come from far or nigh. May her

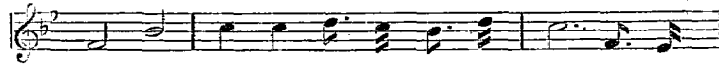


can our spir-its quell As we for our Col-lege yell, For we
work and in our fun Our hearts are bound in one, And we'll
name be ev-er bright, Bright-er than the stars of night, And her

CHORUS



are so ver-y jol-ly gay and free.
al-ways stand to-geth-er faith-ful-ly. Tung Wu boys are mar-ching
fu-ture be em-bla-zoned in the sky.



On-ward, Up, to glo-ry and re-nown Read the

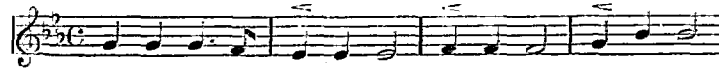


air with joy-ous gles. We're so jol-ly and so free And we'll

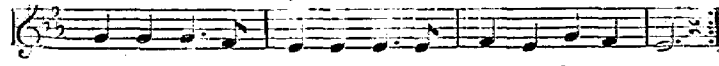


yell for Tung Wu all the world a round.

45. Our Football Team



Soo-chow has a Foot-ball Team, Foot-ball Team, Foot-ball Team,
Ev-'ry time they Kick that ball, Kick that ball, Kick that ball,



Soo-chow has a Foot-ball Team, And it's a dan-dy too.
Ev-'ry time they Kick that ball, They'll put the foot-ball thro

CHORUS

Hur-rah! For Old Soo-chow Win or lose it's just the same

Hur-rah for those Soo-chow boys they sure play the game.

46. S. U. Round

A

B

All ye ath-letes I de - fy, Run-ning, jum-ping, leap - ing,

C

D

Whe-ther go - ing low or high, Ev - er fore-most keep - ing.

47. Yell for Soochow U.

Hu-a! Hu-a! Hu! Yip! Yip! Zoo! Yell! Yell! for Soo-chow U! Hu-a! Hu-a! Hu!

48. Keep Your Eye on the Red and Black

Air: She's a Grand Old Rag

They're a game lit - tle bunch And they've got lot's of punch, And they're

off down the field with a rush. Rah! Rah! We will shout a - gain for

Soo-chow's men For we know that the vic-t'ry is near Hoo-ray! Ev'ry man's
 in the fray and they're walk-ing a - way And you nev-er can hold them
 back "Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got" Keep your eye on the Red and Black!

49. Our College Cheer

Our col - lege cheer! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! How we
 love our col - lege cheer Our col-lege cheer Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Here give the college cheer
 Rah! yes, we love our col - lege cheer.

Tsing Hua College

50. Tsing Hua College Song

Words by

O come and join our heart - y song, As proud-ly here we stand; For
 In con-tests all of ev'-ry sort, We win what e'er we do; Our
 Tsing Hua Col - lege let us sing The best in all the land, We'll
 ath-letes gain un - hound-ed praise, and num-ber not a few. And



spread her fame, and win a name, And put her foes to shame. If you
when some day we go a - way, We'll al - ways tru - ly say, "Our

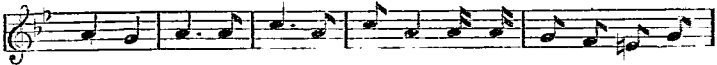


don't a-gree come on and see And you will say the same, come on and
Tsing Hua pride does still a-bide and ev-er-more shall stay" "And ev - er -

CHORUS



see and you will say the same. O Tsing Hua Fair Tsing Hua Our
more and ev - er-more shall stay"



col-lege bright May we be loy - al to the pur - ple and the



white O Tsing Hua, fair Tsing Hua, our col-lege true, We're

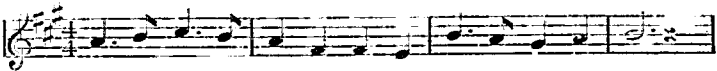


loy - al we're faith - ful; we'll stand for you!

William Nast College

51. Down Beside the Yangtse River

Words by Mrs. Lois Kupper Griffith Laurenz *Air: Corn U Alma Mater*



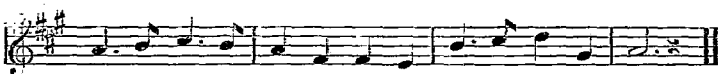
1. Where the grand old riv - er Yang-tse, Meets the Kiu-kiang shore
2. When the eve-ning twi-light deep - ens And the shadows fall,
3. When the shades of life shall go - ther Dark the heart may be.



Proud-ly stands our Al - ma Ma - ter, School of an - cient lore.
Lin - ger long the gold - en sun - beams On thy west - ern wall.
Still the rays of youth and love shall Lin - ger long o'er thee.



Flag of Or - ange. Float for aye; O Wil - liam Nast o'er thee.



May thy sons be real and loy - al To thy mem - o - ry.

American College Songs

52. Amherst—"Cheer for Old Amherst"

Words and Music by JASON NOBLE PIECE



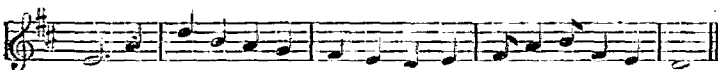
1. Come and sing, all yo loy - al Am - herst men, Come and give a rous - ing
2. Soon our foe shall our strength in con - flict know, Soon our pow - er they shall



cheer, Join our line as we march a - long so fine, With hearts that have no
feel, Van - quished then they'll give way to Am - herst men, Whose cords are strong as



feat. Left and right 'neath the pur - ple and the white We will march in bold ar -
steel. Then let's hear, ring - ing out, an - oth - er cheer Which will drive de - feat a -



ray, So ev - 'ry bod - y shout and sing, For this is old Am - herst day.
way, So ev - 'ry bod - y shout and sing, For this is old Am - herst day.

CHORUS

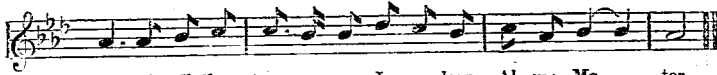
Cheer for old Am - herst, Am - herst must win, . . .
 Fight to the fin - ish, Nev - er . . . give in. . . . All play your
 best, boys, We'll do the rest, boys, Fight for . . the vic - to - ry. . . .

53. Chicago—"Alma Mater"

Words by EDWIN H. LEWIS

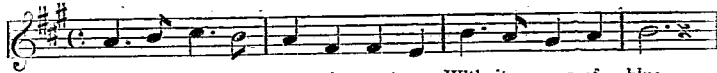
Arranged by Paul Mandeville

1. To - night we glad - ly sing the praise Of her who owns us
 2. Her might - y learn - ing we would tell. Tho' life is some - thing
 3. The cit - y White hath fled the earth, But where the az - ure
 as her sons: Our loy - al voi - ces let us raise, And
 more than love, She could not love her sons so well, Loved
 wa - ters lie, A no - bler cit - y hath its birth, The
 bless her with our ben - i - sons. Of all fair moth - ers,
 she not truth and hon - or more. We prize her breadth of
 cit - y Gray that ne'er shall die. For der - ades and for
 fair - est she, Most wise of all that wis - est be, Most
 char - i - ty. Her faith that truth shall make men free, That
 cen - tu - ries, Its bat - tle - ment - ed tow'rs shall rise, Be -

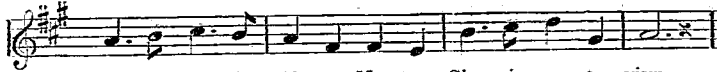


true of all the true, say we, Is our dear Al - ma Ma - ter.
right shall live e - ter - nal - ly, We praise our Al - ma Ma - ter.
neath the hope-filled west-ern skies, 'Tis our dear Al - ma Ma - ter.

54. Cornell—"Alma Mater"



1. Far a - bove Cay - u ga's wa-ters, With its waves of blue,
2. Far a - bove the bus - y hum-ming Of the bust-ling town,



Stands our no - ble Al - ma Ma - ter, Glo - ri - ous to view.
Rear'd a-against the arch of heav-en, Looks she proud-ly down.

CHORUS



Lift the cho-rus, speed it on-ward, Loud her prais - es tell;



Hail to thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter, Hail, all hail, Cor - nell!

55. Cornell—"Evening Song"

Words by HENRY TYRRELL



1. When the sun fades far a - way, In the crim - son
2. Gen - tle bells of ev - en - tide, How they swell their
3. Care has fad - ed, rest has come With the dim and



of the west, And the voic - es of the day
soft de - light, While the dark - er sha-dows glide
star - ry eve; Toil and trou - ble wea - ri - some

Refrain



Mur - mur low and sink to rest.
To the slum - bers of the night. Mu - sic with the
With the day have tak - on leave.



twi - light falls O'er the dream - ing lake and dell;

Poco rit edim



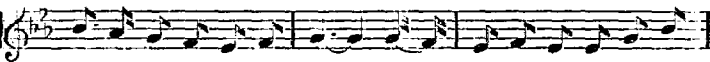
'Tis an ech - o from the walls Of our own, our fair Cor-nell.

56. Harvard—"Fair Harvard"

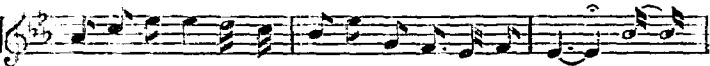
Arranged by Karl P. Harrington



1. Fair Har-ward! thy sons to thy ju - bi - lee throng, And with
2. To thy bow'rs we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the
3. When as pil-grims we come to re - vis - it thy halls, To what
4. Fare - well! be thy des - ti - nies on-ward and bright! To thy



bles-sings sur-round-ing thee o'er, By these fes - ti - val rites, from the
home of our in - fan-tile years, When our fa - thers had warn'd and our
kind-lings the sea-son gives birth! Thy shades are more smooth-ing, thy
chil-dren the les-son still gave, With free-dom to think, and with



ago that is past To the ago that is wait-ing be - fore. O,
moth-er had pray'd, And our sis - ters had blest thro their tears. Thou
sun-light more dear, Than de-scend on less priv - i - leged earth. For the
pa-tience to bear, And for fight ev - er brave-ly to live. Let not



rel - ic and type of our an - ces - tors' worth, that has
 then wort our pa - rent, the nurse of our soul; We were
 good and the great, in their beau - ti - ful prime, Thro' thy
 moss - cov - er'd er - ror moor thee at the side, As the



long kept their mem-o - ry warm, First flow'r of their wil-der-ness!
 mould-ed to man-hood by thee, Till freight-ed with treas-ure-tho'ts,
 pre-cincts have mus-ing-ly trod; As they gird - ed their spir-its or
 word on truth's cur-rent glides by; Be the her - ald of light, and the

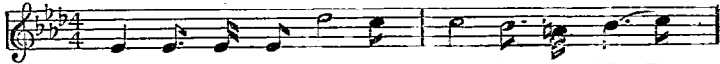


star of their night! Calm ris-ing through change and thro' storm.
 friend-ships, and hopes, Thou didst launch us on des - ti - ny's sea.
 deep-ened the streams That make glad the fair ci - ty of God.
 bear - er of love, Till the stock of the Pur - i - tans die.

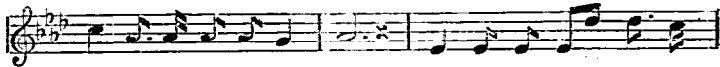
57. Michigan—The Yellow and Blue

Words by CHARLES GAYLEY

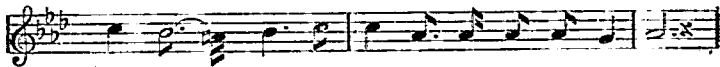
Music by Ralfe



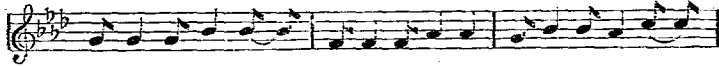
1. Sing to the col - ors that float in the light; Hun-
2. Blue are the bil - lows that bow to the sun When
3. Here's to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear;



rah for the Yel-low and Blue: Yel - low the stars as they
 yel-low-robed morn-ing is due; Blue are the cur - tains that
 Here's to the hearts that are true! Here's to the maid of the



ride thro' the night, And reel in a rol - lic - ing crew;
 ev - 'ning has spun. The slum-bers of Phoebus to woo,
 gold - en hair, And eyes that are brim-ming with blue!



Yel-low the fields where rip-en the grain, And yel-low the moon on the
Blue are the blos-soms to mem-o - ry dear, And blue is the sap-phire, and
Gar-lands of blue bells and maize in-ter-twine; And hearts that are true and



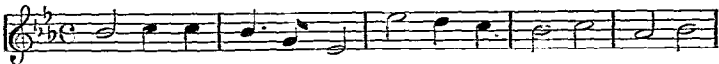
har - vest - wain; Hail! Hail to the col - ors that
gleams like a tear; Hail! Hail to the rib - bons that
voic - es com-lyne; Hail! Hail to the col - lege whose



float in the light; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!
na - ture has spun; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!
col - ors we wear; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!

58. Pennsylvania—Hail

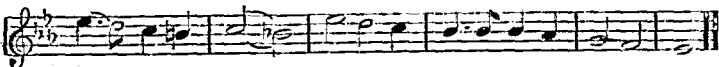
Words by EDGAR M. DILLEY



1. Hail! Penn-syl - va - ni - a! No - ble and strong; To thee with
2. Ma - jes - ty as a crown Rest on thy brow; Pride, hon - or
3. Hail! Penn-syl - va - ni - a! Guide of our youth; Lead thou thy



loy - al hearts, We raise our song. Swell - ing to heav - en loud,
glo - ry, love, Be - fore thee bow. Ne'er can thy spir - it die,
chil - dren on To light and truth; Thee, when death sum-mons us.



Our prais-es ring; Hail! Penn-syl - va - ri - a! Of thee we sing!
Thy walls do - cay; Hail! Penn-syl - va - ni - a! For thee we pray!
Oth - ers shall praise, Hail! Penn-syl - va - ni - a! Thro' end-less days!

59. Princeton—The Orange and the Black

Words by CLARENCE B. MITCHELL

Arranged by Ernest Carter

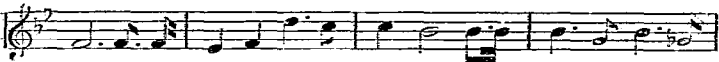
mf *Moderato*



1. Al-though Yale has al - ways fa - vored The vi - o - let's dark
2. Thro' the four long years of col - lege, Mist the scenes we know so
3. When the cares of life o'er - take us, Ming-ling fast our locks with



blue, And the gen - tle son of Har - vard To the crim-son rose are
well, As the mys-tic charm to knowl-edge We vain - ly seek to
gray, Should our dear-est hopes be - tray us, False for - tune fall a-

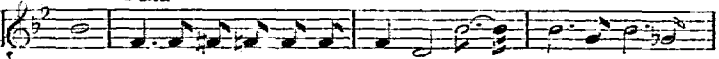


true, We will own the lil - ies slen - der, Nor hon - or shall they
spell; Or we win ath - let - ic vic - t'ries On the foot - ball field or
way, Still we'll ban - ish care and sad - ness As we turn our mem-'ries



lack, While the ti - ger stands de - fend - er Of the Or - ange and the
track, Still we work for dear old Prince-ton. And the Or - ange and the
back, And re - call those days of glad-ness 'Neath the Or - ange and the

Faster

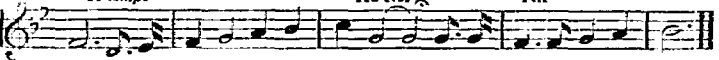


Black! We will own the lil - ies slen - der, Nor hon - or shall they
Black! Or we win ath - let - ic vic - t'ries On the foot - ball field or
Black! Still we'll ban - ish care and sad - ness As we turn our mem-'ries

A tempo

Ad lib.

Rit



lack, While the ti - ger stands de - fend - er Of the Or - ange and the Black.
track, Still we work for dear old Prince-ton, And the Or - ange and the Black.
back, And re - call those days of glad-ness, 'Neath the Or - ange and the Black.

60. Yale—Dear Old

H. S. DURAND

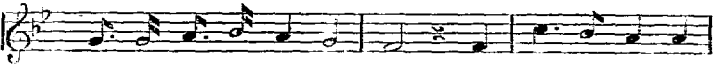
Arranged by R. W. Atkinson



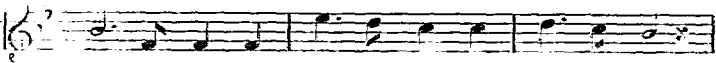
1. Bright col - lege years, with pleas - ure rife, The short - est, glad - dest
2. We all must leave this, col - lege home, A - bout the storm - y
3. In af - ter - life, should trou - ble rise, To cloud the blue of



years of life; How swift - ly are ye glid - ing by, Oh,
world to roam; But tho the might - y o - cean's tide, Should
sun - ny skies, How bright will seem, thro' mem - 'ry's haze, The



why doth time so quick - ly fly? The sea - sons come, the
us from dear old Yale di - vide, As round the oak the
hap - py, gold - en, by - gone days! Oh let us shine that



sea - sons go, The earth is green or white with snow;
i - vy twines The cling - ing ten - drills of its vines,
e - ver we May let these words our watch - cry be,



But time and change shall naught a - vail,
So are our hearts close bound to Yale
Wher - o'er up - on life's sea we sail:



To break the friend ships formed at Yale.
By ties of love that ne'er shall fail.
For God, for e'en try and for Yale.

PART II

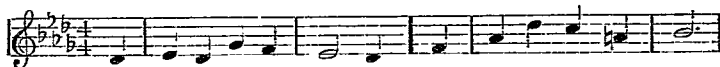
PATRIOTIC AND NATIONAL SONGS

Patriotic and National Songs

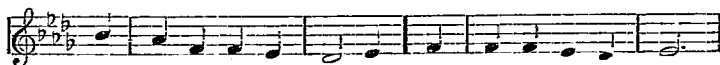
61. A Hymn for China

MARGARET DIETER

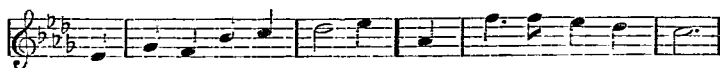
Alexander Ewing



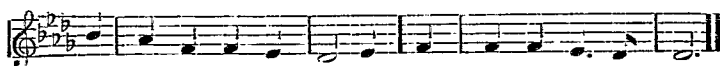
1. Oh, an-cient land of Chi - na, Four thou-sand years the same,
2. Oh, beau-ti-ful for riv - ers, Rich plains and moun-tains vast,
3. Tho' once thy gift-ed sag - es Had seen a light a - far,
4. May ev-'ry gate be o - pen, May ev-'ry cit - y wall,



Whose glor - y lay in wis-dom, Whose scho-lars gave thee fame,
 Whose voice of in - spi - ra - tion, Has sound-ed from the past;
 They lost the pur - er ra-diance Of Christ, the Christ-mas star;
 Be - hold the new world vi-sion, With Christ sup-re-me o'er all.



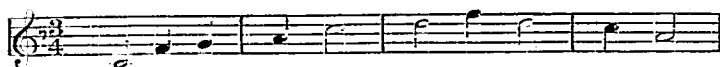
Oh, Chi - na we all love thee, and pray that God may be
 To - day God calls thee Chi - na, To stand with those who see
 His love by faith il - lu-mined, His peace a - wait - eth thee,
 Lord God, raise for us lead-ers, That Chi - na strong may be,



The source of all true knowl-edge, And learn-ing's deep - est sea.
 That prob-lem of the fu - ture Have al - so need of thee.
 To teach thee God, the Fath-er, Whose truth sets all men free.
 And through thy church tri - um-phant, At - tain to u - ni - ty.

62. Beloved China

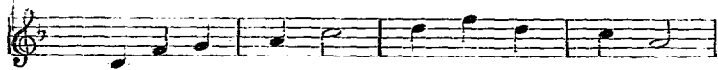
GRACE W. HAIGHT



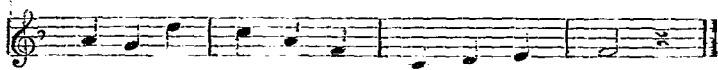
1. Be - lov - ed Chi - na, fa - mous in sto - ry
- (CHORUS) 2. God bless our Chi - na, now and for - ev - er,
3. Chi - na our Chi - na, land of the Yang - tse,
3. Chi - na our home-land, we love thy rice fields,



Thou hast seen na-tions a rise, come and go;
 Lands of our fa-thers, the land we a-dore;
 Though thy ships whit-en all shores of the sea;
 Wav-ing se-gen-tly in sum-mer's soft breeze;



So still un-fall-en, stand thou in glo-ry,
 Keep us from dan-ger, guard ev-'ry prov-ince,
 Thy might-y riv-ers, thy fer-tile val-leys,
 We love thy hill-sides bloom-ing with tea-plants.

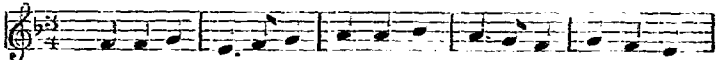


Calm and un-shak-en what ev-er storms blow.
 From foes with-out or with-in ev-er-more.
 E'en thy great des-erts link our heart to thee.
 We love thy fruits and thy mul-ber-ry trees.

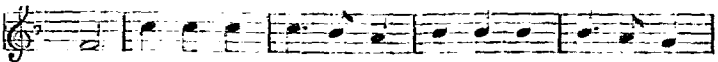
63. 中華國歌

*(National Anthem)

Air: America



1. 愛我中華民國立於世界大陸中華我
 2. 喜我中華自由堂堂大東神州中華自
 3. 願我中華國旗永樹亞力同心中華國
 4. 祝我中華國民萬衆



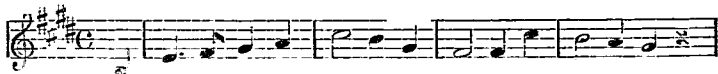
國萬里河山廣漠漢滿蒙回藏族
 由從今布政優游萬民百祿是逾
 旗我今託賴上帝共共和建立鴻基
 民偉大事業造成歷史記載光明

*Note: This is the proposed national hymn; it has not been adopted.

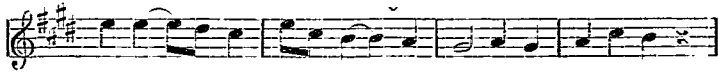


共 享 平 等 幸 福 中 華 我 國
 自 由 鐘 聲 永 留 中 華 自 由
 五 色 高 出 雲 際 中 華 國 旗
 友 邦 相 慕 相 欽 中 華 國 民

64. *卿 雲 歌



卿 雲.....爛.....兮 紜 緜 緜.....兮

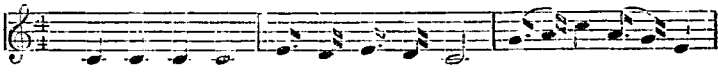


日 月.....光.....華 旦 復 旦.....兮

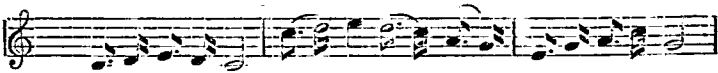


日 月.....光.....華 旦 復 旦.....兮

65. 出 軍 歌

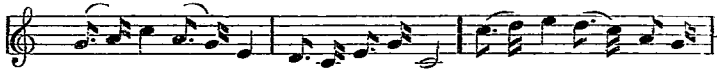


進 兮 進 兮 進 兮 進 兮 進 誰 謂 黃 人
 進 兮 進 兮 進 兮 進 兮 進 黃 沙 萬 里

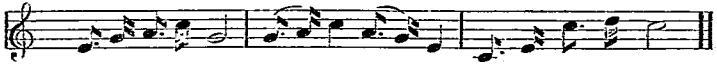


大 夢 猶 未 醒 精 神 一 到 何 事 不 可 爲
 一 片 戰 鬥 聲 彈 丸 飛 處 多 少 英 雄 血

*Note: This song is approved by the Ministry of Education



不 屈不 撓 養成堅忍心 死 兮不 退
 化 作山 河 保障我國民 死 兮不 退



好个壯男兒 爲 國爲 家 爲我衆蒼生
 好个壯男兒 爲 國爲 家 爲我衆蒼生

66. America

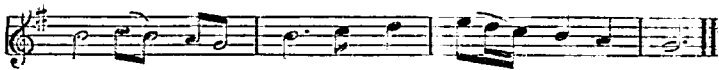
SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH



1. My coun-try 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty. Of thee I
2. Let mus - ic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet free-dom's
3. Our fa-thers' God! to thee, Au-thor of li - ber-ty! To thee we



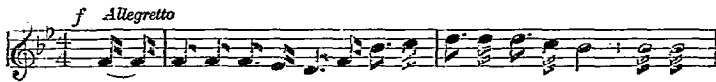
sing; Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the pil-grims' pride
 song. Let mor - tal tongues a-wake, Let all that breathe par-take,
 sing. Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's ho - ly light,



From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
 Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

67. Battle Hymn of the Republic (America)

JULIA WARD HOWE



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord: He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cle-camps, They have
3. I have read a fi-ery gos-pel writ in bur-nish-ed rows of steel: "As ye

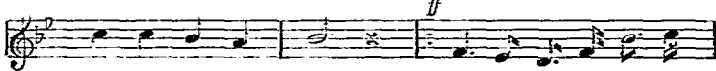


tramp-ling out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are store: He hath
build-ed Him an al-tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con-tem-ners, so with you my grace shall deal:" Let the



loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter-ri-ble swift sword; His
read his right-eous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His
Ho-ro, born of wo-man, crush the ser-pent with His heel, Since

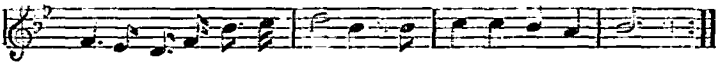
CHORUS



truth is march-ing on.
day is march-ing on. Glo-ry! Glo-ry Hal-le-
God is march-ing on.



lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah!



Glo-ry! glo-ry Hal-lo lu-jah! His truth is march-ing on.

68. We're Tenting To-night (America)

WALTER KIRKADOG



1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp-ground, Give us a song to
2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp-ground, Think-ing of days gone
3. We are wea-ry of war on the old camp-ground, Man-y are dead and

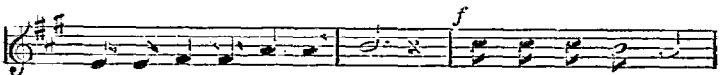


cheer Our wear-y hearts, A song of home And
by, Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the
gone Of the brave and true who left their homes, And

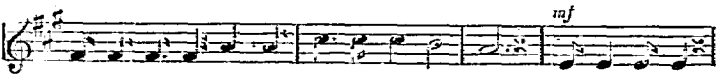
CHORUS



friends we love so dear,
tears that said good bye!" } Ma-ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night,
of th - ers wound-ed long.



Wish-ing for the war to cease; Ma-ny are the hearts



look-ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace Ten-ting to-night
(Last stanza) Dy-ing to-night,



ten-ting to - night, Ten-ting on the old camp-ground.
dy - ing to - night, Dy - ing on the old camp-ground.

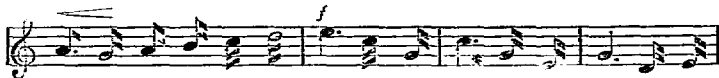
69. Dixie

Words and Music by DAN EMMETT

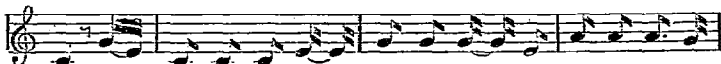
mf Allegro.



1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am
2. Darsbuck-wheat cakes au' In-gen bar-ter, Makes you fat, or a



not for-got-ten, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie
lit-tle fat-ter, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie



Land, In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in, Ear-ly on one
Land, Den hee it down au' scratch your grab-ble, To Dix-ie Land I's



frost-y inorn-in', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
bound to trah-ble, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

CHORUS



Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll



take my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie: A-way, A-way, A-



way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

70. Maryland! My Maryland! (America)

JAMES R. RANDALL

Moderato



- 1 { The des - pot's heel is on thy shore, Oh Ma - ry - land, My
 { His torch is at thy tem - ple door, Oh Ma - ry - land, My
- 2 { Hark to an ex - iled son's ap - peal. Ma - ry - land, My
 { Thy moth - er - state, to thee I kneel! Ma - ry - land, My



Ma - ry - land! } A - venge the pa - tri - ot - ic gore That flock'd the streets of
 Ma - ry - land! }

Ma - ry - land! } For life and death, for woe or weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al -
 Ma - ry - land! }



Bal - ti - more, And be the bat - tle - queen of yore, Oh Ma - ry - land My Ma - ry - land.
 ry re - veal, And gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Oh Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ry - land.

71. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! (America)

GEORGE F. ROOT



1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing Mo - ther dear, of you, And our
 2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fier - cest charge they made, And they
 3. So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall



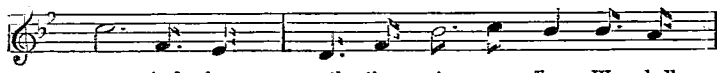
bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
 swept us off a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
 come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eyes grows bright, And the



all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my com-rades and be gay,
beat-en back, dis-mayed, And we heard the cry of vic-t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor hearts al-most gay, As we think of see-ing home and friends once more.



Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march-ing Cheer up, Com-rades, they will



come, And be - neath the star - ry flag We shall



breathe the air a - gain, Of the free-land in our own be - lov - ed home.

72. Austrian Hymn (Austria)

ZARENZ LEOPOLD HASCHKA

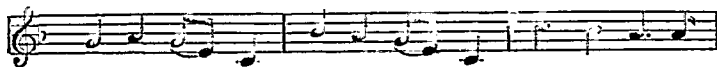
Joseph Haydn



1. God up-hold thee, migh-ty Em-p'ror, Monarch of our Eastern land;
2. Hap-py flow'ry land His scep-tre Rules o'er val-ley, mount and plain;



Pow'r and wis-dom e'er at-tend thee, Righ-teous-ness with thee shall stand,
Mild - ly, calm-ly, just-ly rul-eth, He, the peo-ple's love would gain.



Till with lau - rel crown'd a vic - tor, All hearts bow at
Yet his weap - on 's might in splen - dor, Ecomesthroughall the



thy command, God up - hold thee, And de - fend thee,
land a - main, God up - hold thee, War - rior Fa - ther,



Em - p'ror of our Aus - trian land!
Mon - arch of our Aus - trian land!

73. Rule, Britannia (England)

JAMES THOMSON

Dr. Thomas Arne



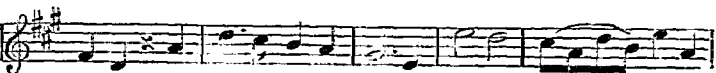
1. When Bri - tan first . . . at Heav'n's com - mand, A -
2. The na - tions not . . . so blest as thee, Must



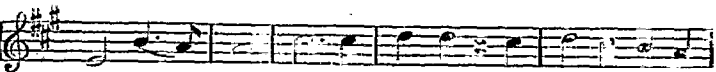
rose . . . from out the az - ure main. A -
in . . . their turn to ty - rants fall; Must



rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the a - zure main, This was the
in their turn to ty - rants ty - rants ty - rants fall.



char - ter the char - ter of the land, And guardian an . . . gels



sang this strain! Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri - tan - nia, rule the

waves! Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er. nev - er will be slaves!

74. The German's Fatherland (Germany)

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT (1813)

Gustav Reichard (1825)

f con fuoco

1. What is the Ger-man's Fa-ther - land? Is't Prussia's land, or
2. What is the Ger-man Fa-ther - land? Ba - var - i - a or
3. What is the Ger-man Fa-ther - land? West - pha - li - a or

mf

Swa-bia's land? Is't by the Rhine, where grape - vines creep? Is't Sty - ri - a? Is it the north, in marshes drowned? Is, Swit - zer-land: Where o'er the downs the north wind blows. Or

ff

by the sound where sea-gulls sweep?
 it the south-ern hunt-ing ground? Oh no, no, no! His Fa-ther-
 where the rush-ing Danube flows?

land's not bounded so, his Fa - ther - land's not bounded so!

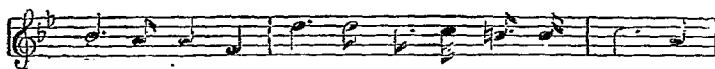
75. Die Wacht am Rhein (Germany)

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER

Carl Wilhelm

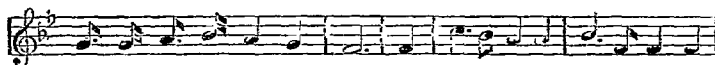
Translated by LADY NATALIE MACFARREN

1. Like gath'ring thun-der spreads a cry, Like clash of arms when
2. The tid-ings flash thro' mil-lion hearts, From mil-lion flam-ing
3. What tho' the foe my life should quench, I know thy shore will

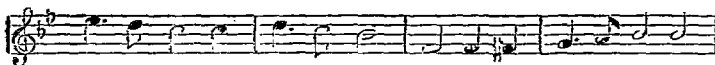


bat - tle's nigh, Tho Rhein! there's dan - ger to the Rhein! Who'll
 eyes it darts; Our va - liant sons in danger strong Will
 ne'er be French; And am - ple as thy tide of blue, The

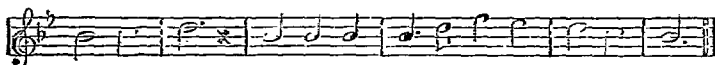
CHORUS



shield it from the foe's de - sign? } Dear Fath - er - land, no fear be thine, Dear
 guard our hal - lowed stream from wrong. } liv - ing stream of he - roes true.



Fath - er - land, no fear be thine, Stead - fast and true, we guard our



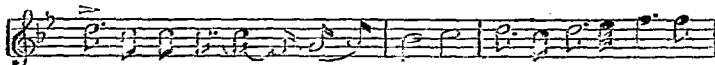
Ger - man Rhein. Stead - fast and true, we guard our Ger - man Rhein.

76. Finnish Hymn (Finland)

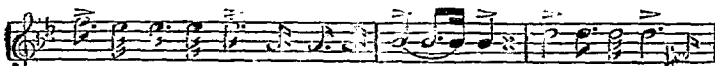
Words and Music Arranged by HOBART B. WHITNEY



1. Sons of a race that bled, On Varva's heath, on Po - land's sand, On
 2. Glorious the star that light our way, And sharp our steel for bloody strife, The



Leip - zig's plain, on Lut - zen's mountains! Fin - land's might is not yet dead; Fields
 storn de - mand of du - ty! For - ward! bold - ly to the fray; Our



ye may blush with foe - men's blood in your tain! 'Way, then, away! with
 an - cient free - dom's path - way glows in beau - ty! Wave high, the old vic -



peace su-pine; The storm has burst the light-nings flash, the can-non thun-der!
 tor - ious flag, Torn with strife from the dim and hoar-y a-ges!



Then for-ward, for-ward! line on line! On val-iant,
 On, com-rades, on neath the dear old tat-tered rag! Old Fin-land,



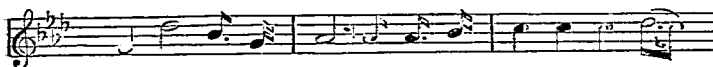
sons our val-iant sires look down in won - der!
 col - ours still shall wave while bat - tle ra - ges!

77. La Marseillaise (France)

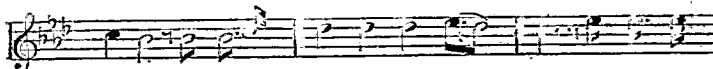
CLAUDE JOSEPH ROUGET DE LISLE (1792)



1. Ye sons of France a-wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what
2. Now, now the dan-g'rous storm is scow - ling, Which treach'rous
3. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile in-



my-riads bid you rise! Your chil-dren, wives, and grand-sires
 kings, con-fed'rate, raise; The dogs of war let loose, are
 sa - tiate des-pots dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un-



hoar-y; Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries! Be - hold their
 how-ling, And lo! our fields and ci - ties blaze; And lo! our
 bound-ed, To meet and vend the light and air; To meet and

tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty-rants, mis-chie-
 field and ci-ties blaze; And shall we base-ly view the
 vend the light and air; Like beasts of bur-den would they

breed-ing, With hire-ling hosts, a ruf-fian band, Af-
 ru-in, While law-less force, with guil-ty stride, Spreads
 Lead us, Like gods would hid their slaves a-dore; But

fright and des-o-late the land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie
 des-o-la-tion far and wide, With crimes and blood his handsem-
 man is man, and who is more? Then shall they long-er lash and

refrain

bleed-ing? }
 bru-ing? } To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-
 goad us? }

veng-ing sword un-sheathe! March on, march on!

all hearts re-solved On vic-to-ry or death!

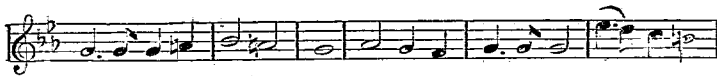
78. *Russian Hymn (Russia)

A. T. LWOFF

f *Maestoso*

God save the no-ble Tsar! Long may he live in pow'r, in

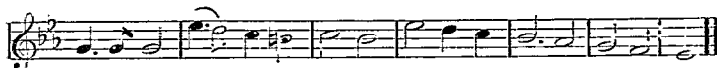
*Note: Russia's experience during the past few years has rendered the sentiment in this hymn obsolete.



hap - pi-ness, in peace to reign! Dread of his en - e-mies, Faith's sure de-



fend-er, God save the Tsar! God save the Tsar! Dread of his



en - e-mies, Faith's sure de-fend-er, God save the Tsar! God save the Tsar!

79. Swedish Hymn (Sweden)

O. LINDBLAD



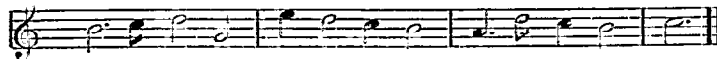
1. In Ru - nie meas-ure full and strong, Let heart and voice u-
2. Oh, King: en-throned in ma - jest - y, Let thine the tru - est
3. Let heav'n by fa - vor now de-scend, Our monarch's glo - rious



nite in song, To hail our Swed-ish King! To thee and to thy
glo - ry be, For Swed-en's, Weal to reign. Then heavenly em - pire
course at-tend, And bless the, Nor - thern land. As when in he - ro



ro - yal line, Our zeal our love shall e'er in - cline, So
shall as - sure, Who shields the state, and guards the poor, Full
days of yore, Our fa - thers fought on yon - der shore, Or



bright thy king - ly crown doth shine, Great Os - car, thee we sing!
long in pow'r shall he en - dure, And foes as-sault in vain.
con-quir'd sailed the dark seas o'er, To man - y a dis-tant strand.

80. Thou Ancient, Thou Wholesome, Thou Mountainous North (Sweden)

VELMA SWANSTON
Con colare

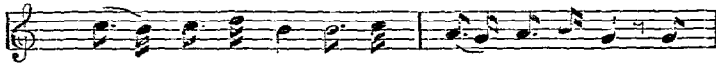
Berg (*Adapted*)



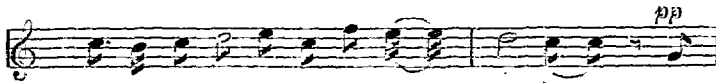
1. Thou an - cient thou whole - some, thou moun - tain - ous North, Thou
2. Thou ling' - rest in mem'ry from for - mer great days, When



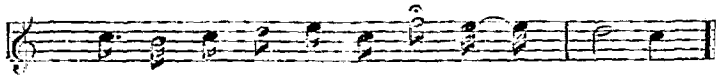
si - lent, thou rich in joy, thou glo - rious! We
hon - ored thy name o'er earth re - sound - ed: I



hail thee, thou fair - est of lands on the earth, Thy
know that thou art, and wilt be what thou wert, Oh!



sun, thy skies, thy flow - ry val - leys greet ... ing, Thy
I would live, yes I would die in the North - land! Oh!



sun, thy skies, thy flow - ry val - leys greet - ing.
I would live, yes I would die in the North - land!

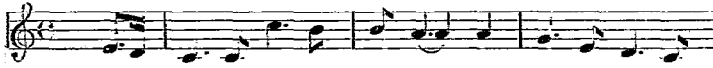
PART III
POPULAR SONGS

Popular Songs

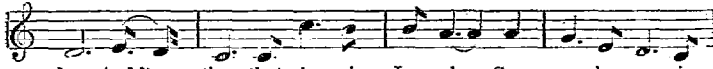
81. Annie Laurie

SCOTTISH MELODY

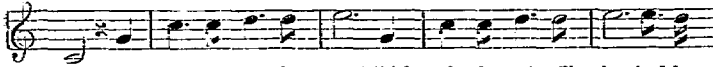
Lady John Scott



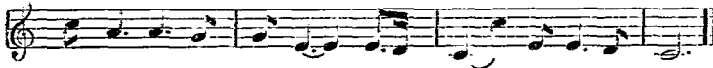
1. Max - wel-ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the
2. Her brow is like the snow drift, Her throat is like the
3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing, Is th' fa' o' her fai - ry



dew, And 'twas there that An - nie Lau - rie, Gave me her prom - ise
swan; Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sunshone
feet: And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing. Her voice is low and



true; Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for
on, That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for
sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for

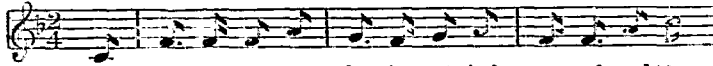


bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.
bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.
bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.

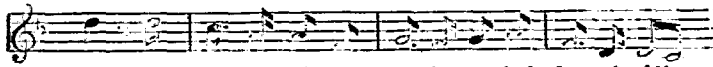
82. Auld Lang Syne

Moderato

Scotch Melody




1. Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And nev - er broug't to
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans



mind? Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And days o' auld lang
fine; We've wan - der'd mon - ya wea - ry foot sin' auld lang

Refrain



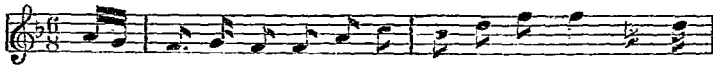
syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang
syne.



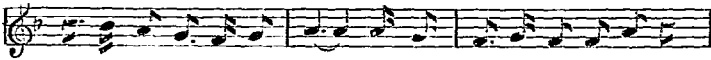
syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

83. Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

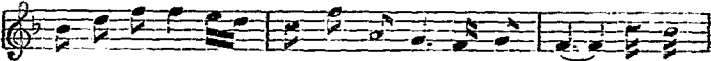
Thomas Moore



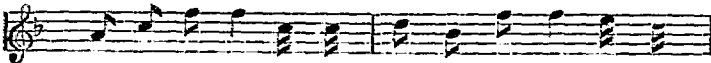
1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear-ing young charms, Which I
2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thy own, And thy



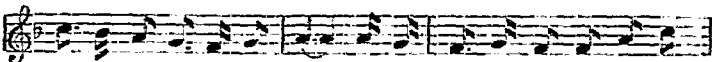
gaze on so fond-ly to - day, Were to change by to - mor - row and
cheeks un - pro - fan'd by a tear. That the fer - vor and faith of a



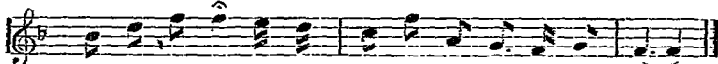
fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst
soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear. No, the



still be a - der'd as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy
heart that has tru - ly lov'd ne - ver for - gets, But as



love - li - ness fade as it will, And a - round the dear ru - in each
tru - ly loves on to the close; As the sun - flow - er turns on her

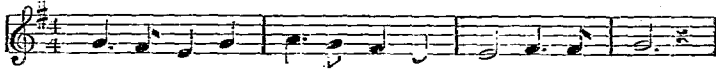


wish of my heart Woulde i - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.
god when he sets The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

84. All thro' the Night

Words by HARRY BOULTON

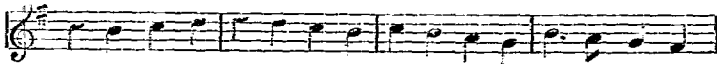
Old Welsh Melody



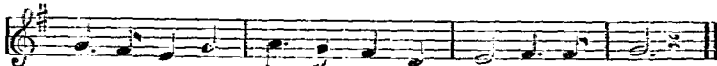
1. Sleep, my love, and peace at - tend thee, All thro' the night;
2. Though I roam a mins - trel lone - ly, All thro' the night;
3. Hark! a sol - emn bell is ring - ing, Clear thro' the night;



Guar - dian an - gels God will send thee, All thro' the night.
My true harp shall praise thee on - ly, All thro' the night.
Thou, my love, art heav'n - ward wing - ing Home thro' the night.



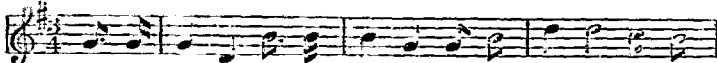
Soft and drow - sy hours are creep - ing, Hill and vale in slum - ber steep - ing,
Love's young dream, a - las! is o - ver, Yet my strains of love shall hov - er,
Earth - ly dust from off thee shak - en, Soul in - mor - tal thou shalt waken,



Love a - lone his watch is keep - ing, All thro' the night.
Near the pres - ence of my lov - er, All thro' the night.
With thy last dim jour - ney tak - en, Home thro' the night.

85. Clementine

Words and Music by PERCY MONTROSE



1. In a cav - ern, in a cañ - on, Ex - ca - vat - ing for a
2. Light she was and like a fair - y, And her shoes were num - ber
3. Drove she duck - lings to the wa - ter, Ev - 'ry mor - ning just at



mine, Dwelt a min - er, for - ty - nin - er, And his daugh - ter, Clem - en - tine.
 nine; Her - ring - box - es, with - out top - ses, San - dals were for Clem - en - line.
 nine; Hit her foot a - gainst a splint - er, Fell in - to the foam - ing brine.

CHORUS



O my dar - ling, O my dar - ling, O my dar - ling, Clem - en -



tine, Thou art lost and gone for ev - er, Dread - ful sor - ry, Clem - en - tine.

86. Comin' thro' the Rye



1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y com - in' thro' the rye,
 2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y com - in' frae the town,
 3. A - mang the train there is a swain I dear - ly love my - sel',



If a bod - y kiss a bod - y need a bod - y cry?
 If a bod - y greet a bod - y need a lod - y frown?
 But what's his name, or where's his name I din - na choose to tell.

REFRAIN



Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die; nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet



a' the lads they smile on me, When com - in' thro' the rye.

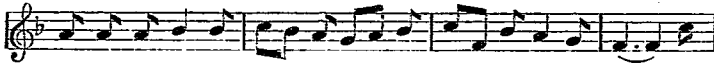
87. Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes

Words by BEN JONSON

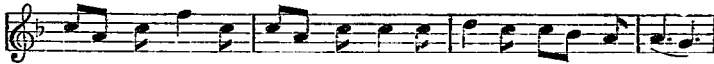
Andantino



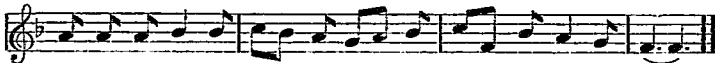
1. Drink to me on ly with thine eyes, And I willpledge with mine,
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon-'ring thee,



Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine. The
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - er'd be; But



thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine;
thou there - on didst on - ly breathe And send'st it back to me;



But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.

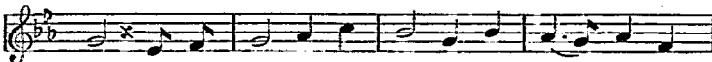
88. Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

H. R. Bishop



1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may
2. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in
3. How sweet, too, to sit 'neath a fond fa - ther's

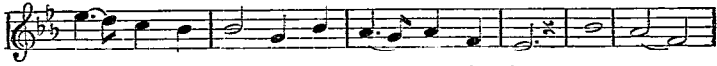


room, Be it ev - er so hum - ble there's no place like
vain; Oh, give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a -
smile, And the cares of a moth - er to soothe and bo -

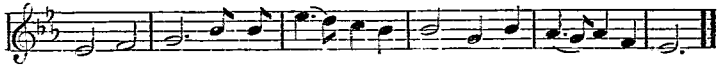


home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
gain! The birds sing - ing gai - ly that came at my call,—Give
guile; Let oth - ers de - light 'mid new pleas - ure to roam, But

CHORUS



seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where. } Home! home!
moeth with the peace of mind dear - er than all. }
give me, Oh, give me! the pleas - ures of home. }



sweet, sweet home! Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home.

89. I've Been Workin' on de Railroad

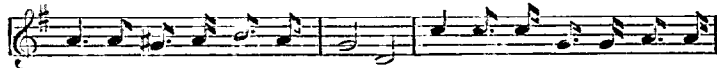
I



I've been work - in' on de rail - road, All de live - long day;



I've been work - in' on de rail - road, To pass de time a - way.



Doan' yuh heah de whis'le blow - in'; Rise up so so early in the



mawn, Doan' yuh heah de cap - tain' call - in'; "Di - nah blow yo' hawn!"

II




Sing a song o' the ci - ty; Roll dem cot - tom
bales; Nig-gah ain' half so hap-py, As when he's out o'
jail. Nor-folk for its ay-stah shells, Bcs - ton foh its beams.
Cha'les-tom foh it's rice and cown, But for Nig-gahs, New Au-leans.

90. Jolly Boating Weather

Words by ARTHUR THOMAS

Arranged



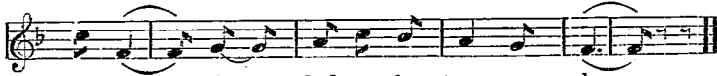
mf
1. Jol - ly boat-ing weath-er, Jol - ly sweet har-vest
2. Others will take our plac-es, 'Bah-ing our dear old
breeze, Oars dip and "feath-er," Cool 'neath the
yell; Others will row the rac-es, Ring the old Cot-lege

CHORUS

trees. Swing, swing to - geth - er, - With your
bell Yet ev - er will beam in our fac - es Our



bod - y be - tween your knees, Swing, swing to -
 pride in the old time crew; Rah for our hard - won

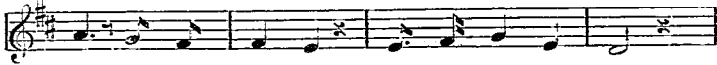


geth - er, With your bod - y be - tween your knees.
 rac - es, One more for the dear old crew!

91. Juanita



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



Far o'er the moun-tain, Breaks the day too soon!
 And day - light beam-ing, Prove thy dreams are vain,



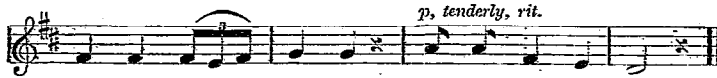
In thy dark eyes' splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
 Wilt thou not, re - lent-ing For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh?



Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well!
 In thy heart con - sent - ing, To a pray'r gone by?



Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if we should part!
 Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Let me lin - ger by thy side!

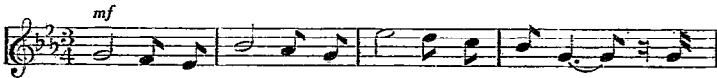


Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart!
Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair brido!

92. Kathleen Mavourneen

MRS. CRAWFORD

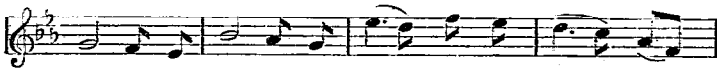
F. Nicholas Crouch



1. Kath-leen Ma - your-neen, a - wake from thy slum - bers; The
2. Kath-leen Ma - your-neen, a - wake from thy slum - bers; The



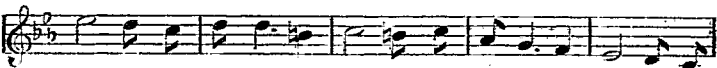
horn of the hun - ter is heard on the hill; The
blue moun-tains glow in the sun's gold-en light; Ah!



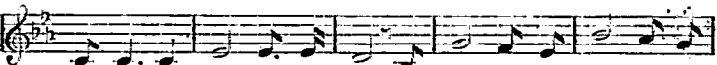
lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing,
where is the spell that once hung on my num - bers?



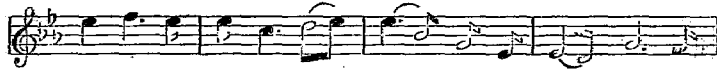
Kath-leen Ma - your-neen! What, slum - b'ring still! Oh,
A - rise in thy beau - ty, thou star of my night. Ma -



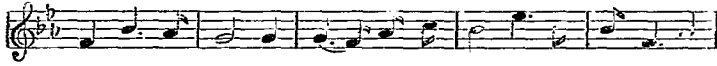
hast thou for - got - ten how soon we must sev - er? Oh, hast thou for-
your-neen, Ma - your-neen, my sad tears are fall-ing, To think that from



got - ten this day we must part? It may be for years, and it
Er - in and thee I must part;



may be for - ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, thou



voice of my heart? It may be for years, and it may be for-



ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, Kath-leen Ma - your - neen?

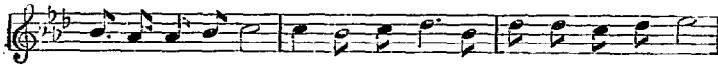
93. Love's Old Sweet Song

G. F. BRIGHAM

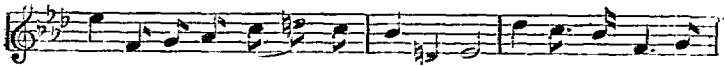
J. L. Molloy



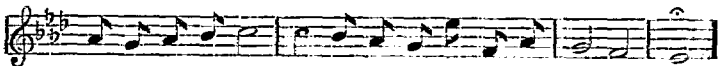
1. Once in the dear dead days be - yond re - call, When on the world tho
2. E - ven to - day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it



mists be - gan to fall, Out of the dream that rose in hap - py throng
dwells for - ev - er more; Foot - steps may fal - ter, wea - ry grow the way,



Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk where
Still we can hear it at the close of day; So till the end, When



fell the twi - light gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
Life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweet - est song of all.

CHORUS



Just a song at twi-light, When the lights are low, And the flick-'ring



shad-ows soft-ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wea-ry,



Sad the day and long, Still to us at twi-light, comes love's old



song, comes love's old sweet . . . song.

94. Lullaby

Words from the GERMAN

Hobart B. Whitney



1. Sleep, ba-by, sleep; Thy fa-ther is watch-ing his sheep; Thy
2. Sleep, ba-by, sleep; The large stars are the sheep; The
3. Sleep, ba-by, sleep; The Sav-ior loves His sheep; He



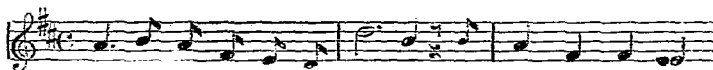
moth-er is shak-ing the dream-land tree, And down falls a lit-tle
lit-tle stars are the lambs, I guess, And the pale moon is the
is the Lamb of God on high, Who for our sakes came



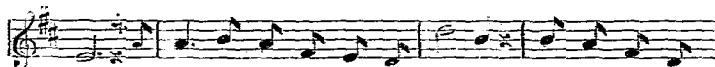
dream on thee! Sleep, ba-by, sleep . . . Sleep, ba-by, sleep.
shep-herd-ess! Sleep, ba-by, sleep . . . Sleep, ba-by, sleep.
here to die! Sleep, ba-by, sleep . . . Sleep, ba-by, sleep.

95. Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground

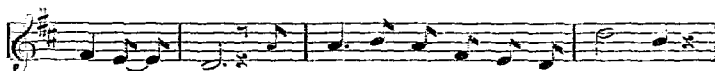
Stephen C. Foster



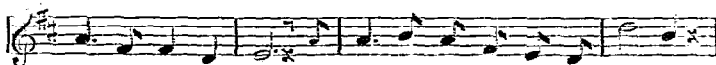
1. Round de meud-ows am a - ring-ing, De dark - ies' mourn - ful
2. When de au-tunnleaves were fall - ing, When de days were
3. Mas - sa make de dark - ies love him, Cayse he was so



song, While de mock-ing bird am sing-ing, Hap - py as de
cold, 'Twas hard to hear old mas - sa call-ing, Cayse he was so
kind, Now, dey sad - ly weep a - bovs him, Mourning cayse he

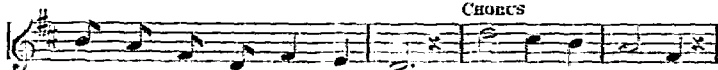


day am long. Where de i - vy am a - creep - ing,
weak and old. Now de or - ange trees am bloom - ing,
leave them be - hind. I can - not work be - fore to - mor - row,

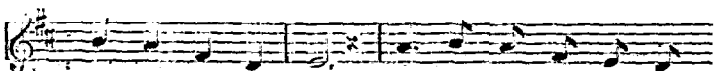


O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa am a - sleep-ing,
On de sand - y shore, Now de sum-mer days am com-ing,
Cayse de tear-drops flow: I try to drive a - way my sor - row,

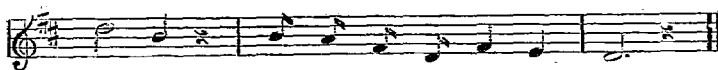
CHORUS



Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground.
Mas - sa neb - her calls no more. } Down in de corn-field
Pick - in' on my old bat - jo. }

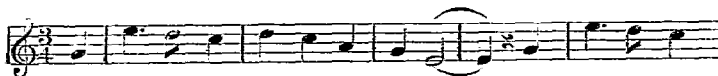


Hear dat mourn - ful sound; All de dark - ies am a -



weep - ing, Mas - sa's in the cold, cold ground.

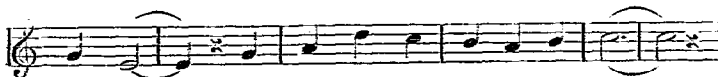
96. My Bonnie



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



o - ver the sea; My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
 lay on my bed; Last night as I lay on my
 o - ver the sea; Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the



o - cean, Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me.
 pil - low, I dreamt that my Bon - nie was dead.
 o - cean, And bring back my Bon - nie to me.

CHORUS



Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me;



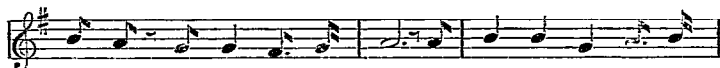
Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me.

97. My Old Kentucky Home

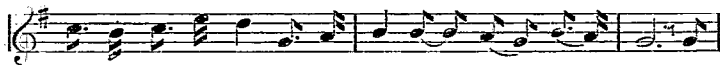
Stephen C. Foster



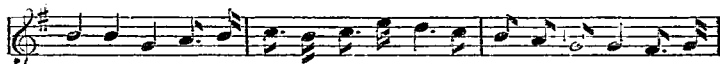
1. The sunshines bright in the old Ken-tuck - y Home, 'Tis
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-



sum-ner, the dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe, and the
 mead-ow, the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the
 ev-er the dark-y may go; A few more days, and the



mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The
 glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door. The
 trou-ble all will end, In the field where the su-gar-cane grows; A



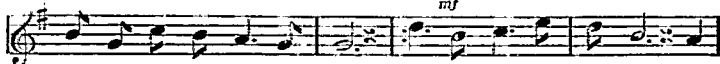
young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and
 day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-
 few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be



bright, By'm-bye hard times comes a - knock-ing at the door,
 light; The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my
 light; A few more days till we tot-ter on the road,

CHORUS

mf



old Ken-tuck - y home, good - night! Weep no more, my la - dy, O

a tempo

weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the

rit. *repeat*
pp

old Ken-tuck - y home, For the old Ken-tuck - y home far a - way.

98. Oft in the Stilly Night

THOMAS MOORE

Andantino

Oft in the stil - ly night, Ere slum-ber's chain has bound me,
When I re - mem-ber all the friends so linked to - geth - er

Fond mem'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me; The
I've seen a - round me fall, Like leaves in win - try wea - ther, I

smiles, the tears, of boy-hood's years, The words of love then spo - ken, The
feet like one who treads a - lone Some han-quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose

mf

eyes that shone, now dim'd and gone, The cheer-ful hearts now bro - ken!
lights are fled, whose gar-lands dead, And all but he de - part - ed!

pp

Thou, in the stil - ly night, Ere slum-ber's chain has bound me,

piu lento *lento*

Sad mem - 'ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me.

99. Old Black Joe

Poco adagio Stephen C. Foster

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free?

Gone are my friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way;
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not a gain?
 The chil - dren dear, that I held up - on my knee?

Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know,
 Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go, I
 Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go,

hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe!" I'm

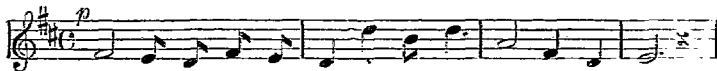
allegro

com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low. I

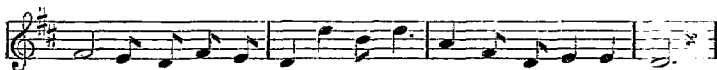
hear these gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

100. Old Folks at Home

Melody by STEPHEN C. POSTER



1. Way down up - on the Swa-nec riv - er, Far, far a - way,
2. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love,



There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay;
Still sad - ly to my mem - ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.

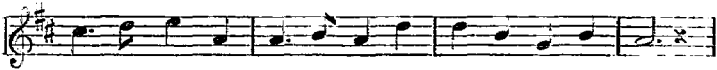


All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam.
When shall I see the bees a - hum - ming, All 'round the comb?

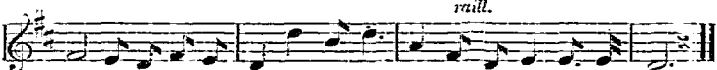


Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the o'ld folks at home.
When shall I hear the ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?

CHORUS



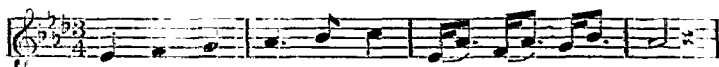
All the world am dark and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam,



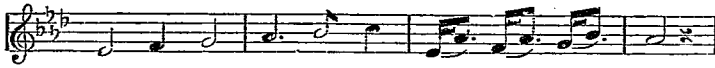
rail.
O dark - ies, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from the old folks at home.

101. Robin Adair

LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL



1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near;
2. What made th' as - sem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair!
3. But now thou'rt far from me, Rob - in A - dair!



What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear?
 What made the ball so fine? Rob - in was there!
 And now I nev - er see Rob - in A dair;



Where's all the joy and mirth, That made this town a heav'n on earth?
 What, when the play was o'er, What made my heart so sore?
 Yet he I love so well, Still in my heart shall dwell,

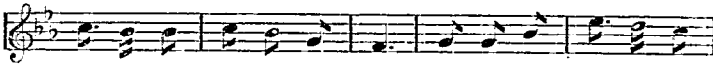


Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
 Oh, it was part-ing with Rob - in A - dair.
 Oh, I can ne'er for - get Rob - in A - dair.

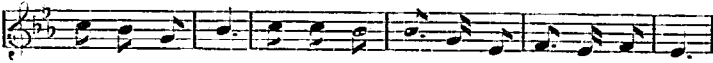
102. Rock Me to Sleep



1. Back-ward, turn back-ward, Oh, time, in your flight, Make me a
2. Back-ward, flow back-ward, Oh, tide of the years! I am so
3. Tired of the hol-low, the base, the un - true, Moth - er, oh,



child a - gain just for to - night! Moth - er come back from the
 wea - ry of toil and of tears! Toil with - out rec - om - pense,
 Moth - er, my heart calls for you, Ma - ny a sum - mer the



ech - o - less shore, Take me a - gain to your heart as of yore;
 tears all in vain, Take them and give me my child-hood a - gain;
 grass has grown green, Blossomed and fad - ed, our fac - es be - tween;



Kiss from my fore-head the fur - rows of care, Smooth the few
I have grown wea - ry of dust and de - cay, Wea - ry of
Yet with strong yearn-ing and pas - sion - ate pain, Long I to -



sil - ver threads out of my hair, O - ver my slum - bers your
fling - ing my soul's wealth a - way: Wea - ry of sow - ing for
night for your pres - ence a - gain: Come from the si - lence so



lov - ing watch keep, Rock me to sleep, moth - er, rock me to sleep.
oth - ers to reap, Rock me to sleep, moth - er, rock me to sleep.
long and so deep, Rock me to sleep, moth - er, rock me to sleep.

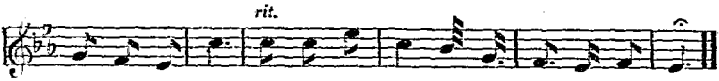
CHORUS



Clasped to your heart in a lov - ing em - brace, With your light



lash - es just sweep ing my face, Nev - er here - af - ter to

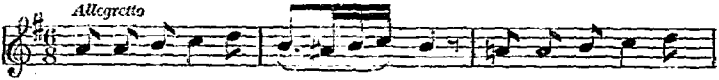


wake or to weep: Rock me to sleep, moth - er, rock me to sleep.

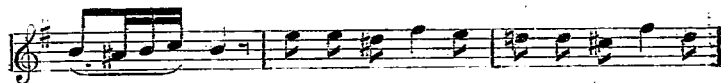
103. Trippole, Trappole

THEO. BAKER

Allegretto



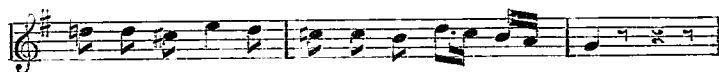
1. But - ter - fly whitewould light . . . here, O - ver my heart would
2. Now I have tak - en thy . . . heart And I will give thee



bite . . . here; Ah! what a pain 'twas! Nay, Mam-ma dar-ling!
my . . . heart: Ah! 'twil be joy-ful, eh, Mam-ma dar-ling?



Ah! what a pain 'twas! Nay! Ah! what a pain 'twas! Ah! what a pain 'twas!
Ah! 'twill be joy-ful, eh? Ah! 'twill be joy-ful, Ah! 'twill be joy-ful,



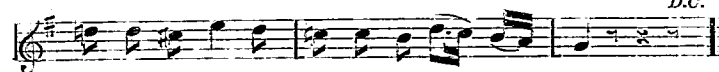
Nay, Mam-ma dar-ling! Ah! what a pain 'twas, nay!
eh, Mam-ma dar-ling? Ah! 'twill be joy-ful, eh?



Trip-po-le, trap-po-le, trip-po-le, trap-po-le,



trip-po-le, trap-po-le, trip-po-le, trà! Ah! what a pain 'twas!



nay, Mam-ma dar-ling! Ah! what a pain 'twas! nay!

104. True Love

TRANSLATOR, CHAPMAN

Modern Folk-song from The Norwegian Forest

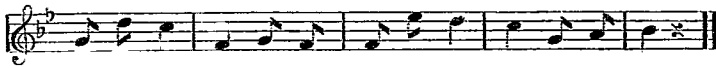
Moderato



1. How can I leave thee so? How can I bear to go? Thou know'st how
2. Blue is the flower I've brought, 'Tis called For-get-me-not; Lay this a-
3. If I a bird could be, Soon should I come to thee! Ful-lem mur



well I love; Trust me, mine own! Thou, dear, this heart of mine, Hast made so
gainst thy heart, And think of me. Tho' flower and hope should die, Rich, dear, art
hawk I'd fear, To thee I'd fly. Fell I, by fowl-erpressed, Dy-ing up-



whol-ly thine, None oth-er could I love, But thee a-lone.
thou and I, In love, that on my part, Death-less shall be.
on thy heart, Didst thou but shed a tear, Glad-ly I'd die.



燕 游 詩 草

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(紙面每册定價大洋伍角
布面每册定價大洋伍角)

(外埠酌加運費匯費)

編纂者 Eham J. Anderson

發行者 商務印書館

印刷所 上海北河南路北首漢山路
商務印書館

總發行所 上海棋盤街中市
商務印書館

分售處 商務印書分館

長沙常德衡州成都重慶瀘縣
福州廣州潮州香港梧州肇慶
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