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PREFACE

A song-book for Amherst men cannot merely reflect the tastes in singing of any particular year. A collection worthy of publication in a form which can be assured a measure of permanency, must therefore look backward as well as forward.

In the initial stages of the preparation of this book, there was revealed a great diversity of opinion upon the selection of titles to be included. Though these varied radically in individual cases, a characteristic average was discovered in the considerable number of recommendations received from the many authorities consulted.

For consistency, therefore, it seemed advisable to prepare a code of qualifications and as nearly as possible abide by this rule in making the selection. The outstanding principle governing the choice was taken to be: "Has this composition stood the test of time at Amherst?"

Provided that a song has been sung generally by Amherst men for a period of years, it should be included in the collection. This principle would obviously have to be altered in the case of certain recent distinctly Amherst compositions, but in general, would apply to them as well. In other words, those songs composed at Amherst and dedicated to the college, could not all be included because many of them never won permanent college favor.

It is obvious, following this simple rule of selection, that numerous worthwhile songs may be left out. It was believed, however, that this book would provide the major number of the desirable songs in uniform printing and as the edition was not particularly large, the alumni body would doubtless express themselves about other essential additions to be included in subsequent editions. The outstanding merit of this book is found in the fact that each of the songs has been carefully arranged for part singing. The common difficulty encountered in many song-books is that the air with piano accompaniment does not at all correspond with the singers' remembrance or conception of its rendition. Not only has the musical arrangement been carefully prepared to present the songs in singable form, but the arrangements of most of the songs reproduce the melodies in the way they were sung in their hey-day. It is believed that this will be a most appreciated contribution and will add not only to the value of the book but its historical merit. Following the usual convention the air appears in the second tenor unless otherwise specifically noted.

The musical preparation of this book is altogether the work of Professor William P. Bigelow. Amherst is fortunate in having one whose contact with the college singing extends over so long a period. His memory of the way songs were sung years ago is particularly exact, and his records of Glee Club programs of earlier days, a valuable and interesting collection. The labor of arrangement and editing has been considerable, and Professor Bigelow has devoted the summer vacation to the arduous task of making arrangements, preparing manuscripts, collecting and editing old songs, and getting the opinions of outstanding groups of college singers about what songs were closely identified with their college course.

It is the object of this preface, therefore, not only to explain the principle of preparation, but to register definitely the willing service gratuitously rendered by Professor Bigelow.
It is hoped that the book will be found not only of value to all Amherst alumni, but that its merit will make it of value in preparatory schools where future Amherst men are studying. The words of various melodies universally known, are included in the back of the book, under the belief that the music to them has been printed so many times that it will be useless duplication again to present it. The words are of value, however, in suggesting subjects for song at alumni meetings, and other college gatherings, and will be found helpful for those singers whose memory of the words usually is faulty.

The collection is arranged according to broad categories. Pages 1-45 contain Amherst Songs; pages 46-110 Songs familiar at Amherst; pages 111-135 Glee Club Song. These are followed by the collection of songs of which only words are printed.

William A. Vollmer, '09.
Alma Mater

Words and Music by
Jason N. Pierce, '02

With spirit

1. Resound, resound ye circling hills Send ye forth glad songs of
2. Rejoice, rejoice ye Amherst men That we now assemble

1. Resound, resound ye circling hills Send ye forth glad songs of
2. Rejoice, rejoice ye Amherst men That we now assemble

1. Resound, resound ye circling hills Send ye forth glad songs of
2. Rejoice, rejoice ye Amherst men That we now assemble

Praise Let echoes ring the name we sing, In all our student
here To hail the queen of all our hearts, With rousing song and

Praise Oh! Ring the name we sing, we sing In all our student
here The queen of all our hearts, our hearts With rousing song and

Praise Oh! Ring the queen we sing In all our student
here our hearts With rousing song and

Praise Oh! Ring The queen we sing In all our student
here our hearts With rousing song and

A.C.S.B.
lays    Let ev'-ry son     re-joice
cheer    Let ev'-ry son     re-joice
lays    Each son     re-joice
cheer    Each son     re-joice
lays    Each son     re-joice
cheer    Each son     re-joice
lays    Each son     re-joice
cheer    Each son     re-joice
lays    Each son     re-joice
cheer    Each son     re-joice
lift    his voice    Re-sound ye hills    ye e-choes
lift    his voice    Oh col-lege dear    thy name we
up-lift    his voice    ye hills    ye e-choes
up-lift    his voice    so dear thy name we
up-lift    his voice    ye hills
up-lift    his voice
up-lift    his voice
up-lift    his voice
up-lift    his voice
A.C.S.B.
Hail Alma Mater Glorious old Amherst We thy sons greet thee with a cheer.

Fairest old College Thine be our homage Thine be our true love, Amherst so dear.

A.C.S.B.
Lord Jeffery Amherst

Tempo di Marcia

Words and Music by J. S. Hamilton, '06

1. Oh, Lord Jeffery Amherst was a soldier of the King And he came from across the sea
   To the French-man and the Indians, he didn't do a thing

2. Oh, Lord Jeffery Amherst was the man who gave his name To our college upon the hill
   And the story of his loyalty and bravery and fame Abides here among us still

A.C.S.B.  Printed in the U.S.A.
wulds of this wild country And for his Royal
bides here among us still You may talk about your

Ma- jes-ty, he fought with all his might For he was a soldier
John-nies and your Elis and the rest For they are names that

loy-al and true And he con- quered all the en-emies, that
time can nev- er dim But give us our on-ly Jeff-ery, He's the

came within his sight, And he looked round for more when he was through.
nobl- est and the best. To the end we will stand fast for him.

A.C.S.B.
Oh, Am-herst! Brave Am-herst! 'Twas a name known to
fame in days of yore. May it ev-er be glo-risky,
Till the sun shall climb the heav'n's no more.

Oh, Am-herst brave Am-herst! 'Twas a name known to fame in days of yore— May it
ev-er be glo-risky— Till the sun shall climb the heav'n's no more.

A.C.S.B.
1. Strangers once, we came to dwell to-geth-er, Sons of a moth-er wise and true,
Now we're bound by ties that can-not sev-er, All our whole life thro'.
Gath-er clos-er, hand to hand, The time draws near when we must part,
Still the love of col-lege days will lin-ger Ev-er in each heart.

2. We have climb'd to-geth-er up the path-way, On to the goal where life doth wait,
Where in bright and beck-ning fields of prom-ise Li-eth fame or fate.
Form'd a-mong these dear old halls, Friend-ships that can nev-er die,
Strength to keep us faith-ful in our man-hood To our pur-pose high.

A.C.S.B.
Hand me down my bonnet

Fast

Arr. by N. P. Foster '06

1. Hand me down my bon-net, And hand me down my shawl, And
2. First she gave me can-dy, And then she gave me cake, And
3. Then she gave me whis-key, And next she gave me gin, And

hand me down my cal-i-co dress, I'm going to the cal-i-co ball, Oh,
then she gave me gin-gerbread, For kiss-ing her at the gate, Well,
then she gave me crème de mint, For kiss-ing her on the chin, Well

hand me down my bon-net, And hand me down my shawl, And
first she gave me can-dy, And then she gave me cake, And
then she gave me whis-key, And next she gave me gin, And

A.C.S.B.
Hand me down my calico dress, I'm going to the calico ball,
then she gave me gingerbread For kissing her at the gate.
then she gave me crème de mint, For kissing her on the chin.

Well, as we go marching And the band begins to

play—

You can hear the people shouting—

The Amherst team is out to win today—

A.C.S.B.
For the Glory of old Amherst

Con moto Unison

Words and Music by
Edmund M. Blake, '97

1. For the glory of old Am-her-st Ev'-ry man to-day will fight,
   Adding still an-oth-er tro-phy To the pur-ple and the white.
   Ne-ver will their cour-age fal-ter When they hear the Am-her-st yell;
   Ring it down the line boys, Sing for "Auld Lang Syne" boys.

   Down the field our team ad-va-nces, Break-ing thro' the Wil-liams line;
   Smash-ing their de-fense tri-um-phant, On-ward to the white goal line;
   They will feel the magic spell. Just a goal and touch-down, Then we'll paint the old town.

2. Fight, fight, Pur-ple and White Bring us the vic-to-ry.
   Am-her-st's fame her sons have made Ne-ver let that glo-ry fade.
   Alma Ma-ter to thee ev-er we'll faith-ful be
   Let song and cheer ring loud and clear, For Am-her-st and vic-to-ry.

A.C.S.B.
Hail Alma Mater

Words by Prof. J. F. Genung

Music by W. P. Bigelow '89

1. Hail, Alma Mater, old Amherst the true,
2. Here's to our colors, the purple and white,
3. Here's to college, whose colors we bear,

Queen on thy living throne.
Regal in purity.
Here's to the hearts that are light,

Thine be the homage to wise empire due,
Paying thy tribute, in song we unite,
Here's to the maid with golden hair And

A.C.S.B.
Thine be our hearts a-lone.
Great in the past,
True to our symbols, we.
Dear classic halls,
eyes that are beaming and bright.
Garlands of violets and

Stand-est thou fast:
Thou art worthy, reign, be
gray college walls,
Ev'ry scene, each memory,
lilies entwined
And hearts that are true and

Strong un-to the last.
Hail, hail, Alma Mater, old
Fer-vent love recalls.
Hail, hail, Alma Mater, reign
Voices combined.
Hail, hail, to the College whose

Am-herst the true,
Our hearts are thine a-lone.
ev-er in might,
Am-herst the strong, the free.
colors we bear, Hurrah for the purple and white.
Cheer for Old Amherst

Tempo di Marcia

Rapid, one beat to the measure

L'istesso tempo

1. Come and sing, all ye loyal Amherst men, Come and give a rousing
2. Soon our foe shall our strength in conflict know, Soon our power they shall

A.C.S.B.
cheer, Join our line as we march along so fine, With
feel; Van-quished then they'll give way to Am-herst men, Whose

hearts that have no fear. Left and right 'neath the
cords are strong as steel. Then let's bear ring- ing

pur-ple and the white, We will march in bold ar-ray, So
out an-oth-er cheer, Which will drive de-feat a-way, So

ev'-ry-bod-y shout and sing, for this is old Am-herst's day. All along
ev'-ry-bod-y shout and sing, for this is old Am-herst's day. the line.

A.C.S.B.
Come primo

Cheer for old Amherst Amherst must win,

Fight to the finish, Never give in,

All play your best, boys, We'll do the rest, boys,

Fight for the victory.

A.C.S.B.
Cheer for old Amherst, Amherst must win,

Fight to the finish, Never give in,

All play your best, boys, We'll do the rest, boys,

Fight for the victory.
Come drink a toast to Amherst
Come raise your glasses high. Sing loud and louder praises, Our rivals bold defy. Amherst our Alma Mater,
Thine may we ever be. Come drink a toast to Amherst dear, oh here's to thee.

Refrain
Hail Alma Mater, Glorious old college, We thy sons greet thee, with a cheer.
Fair-est old college Thine be our homage, Thine be our true love, Amherst so dear.

Arr. by W. P. Bigelow '89
On The Chapel Steps

Words by J. N. Eno
Words of 3rd verse by Arthur Thomas
Music by G. C. Gow

1. Here at the pleasant twilight hour, When daily tasks are o'er, We
gather on the chapel steps To sing our songs once more.

2. From every haunted niche a voice That sang in other days, The
current of its hopes and joys Runs softly neath our lays. Oh,
vigils cease and turmoil stays, These ivy mantled walls. From

3. When far away in future days, Life's surfeit on us palls, When
braid-ed branches of the elms In silence bend to hear. And
student songs, no mimic arts Your in-born charm can gain; Ye
every softly waving leaf Will send some soothing strain To

hoary walls, and ancient halls Ring back our tones of cheer.
cheer our thirsty, dusty hearts Like chiming drops of rain!
 lure us gently from our grief, And give us heart again!

A.C.S.B.
The Soul of Old Amherst

Words by J. F. Genung, 1806

Very smoothly and slowly

Dutch Melody
Arr. by W. F. Bigelow '89

1. A song let us sing of the soul of old Am-herst, That

soul deep and true, the a-lum-ni well know; 'Tis not to be heard in

loud-ness and clam-ors, 'Tis not to be seen in con-fus-ions of show.

The soul of old Amherst is loyal and tender
For loved Alma Mater, to guard her high fame,
Her welfare to prize, and staunch to defend her
By honor and truth in the class and the game.

2.

The soul of old Amherst is lightsome and merry;
She sings in our songs, she breathes joy through the air;
In youth's laughing heart her counsels we bury,
And buoyance of hope bids surrender of care.

3.

The soul of old Amherst is sterling and steady,
In faith to encounter what fortunes befall;
For tasks yet untried, in her, stand we ready,
Her courage of life girds its strength round us all.

A.C.S.B.
Memory Song To Amherst

Words by J. F. Genung
Arr. by W. P. Bigelow '89

Andante con moto

1. Fairer far than poet's vision Or the fabled scenes E-

lysian, Told in shadowy scrolls of fame. Rise the mem-

ries fond, un-fading, Which, life's pure ideals aid-ing, Cling to

Am-herst's hon-ored name, Rise to hal-low Am-herst's name.

2. Here in toil and stress of trial,
Here in sturdy self-denial,
Wrought to found these hoary walls,
Men whose life-long consecration,
Rich in sacred inspiration,
Us to high endeavor calls,—
Ay, to largest manhood calls.

3. Here, while youth's choice years are passing,
Dwell we with the wise, amassing
Wisdom for the days to be;
Counseled by the lore of ages,
Eye to eye with seers and sages,
In the truth that maketh free,—
Truth that maketh strong and free.

4. Hence to life's thronged field of glory,
Deeds unsung, or famed in story,
Pitching tent on many a strand,
Forth have gone th' alumni, wearing
Amherst's impress, nobly bearing
Amherst's power to every land,
Honoring her in every land.

5. Nature's bounteous wealth surrounding,
Friendship's, learning's joys abounding,
Crown these youthful college days;
Yes, her loyal sons remember,
Down to life's austere December,
Dear old Amherst's worthy praise,—
Never die, sweet Amherst's praise!

A.C.S.B.
Old Amherst's out for Business
Football Song

Arr. by J. S. Hamilton '06

Marcato

1 Old Amherst's out for business Three cheers for every man. We're
going to win the victory If pluck and spirit can And

when our boys tear up the line And our rivals melt away, Then we'll

A.C.S.B.
telegraph to Amherst And this is what we'll say: Well!

Are we on top? Well I guess we are! We'll make those fellows look like thirty

pfennigs, pfennigs. Oh I'd like to know what to

do with the dough, For old Amherst is marching on to glory.

A.C. S.B.
Chorus

Are we on top? Oh! I guess we are, We'll

make those fellows look like thirty pfennigs pfennigs Now

I'd like to know what to do with the dough, For old

Am-herst is marching on to glory.
On the Banks of the old Freshman

On the banks of the old Freshman, my boys, Where old Amherst ever-more shall stand, For

Rather fast

Arr. by W. P. Bigelow ’89

1. My father sent me to old Amherst, solved that I should be a man; And so I settled down in that quiet college town, On the banks of the old Freshman, my boys, Where old Amherst ever-more shall stand, For

2. As fresh they used me rather roughly, But I the fearful gauntlet ran; They knocked me about That they wished I were a chicken, On the banks of the old Freshman.

3. But when at last I left the hen coop, And to scratch for bread I first began; Soon the bills began to thicken And I has she not stood, Since the time of the flood, On the banks of the old Freshman.

A.C.S.B.
By the Light of the Moon
Campus Song

Words by
N. P. Foster, '06

1. There was a man most wondrous wise; He
2. If you seek a spot where all is fair, And

came from o'er the sea, By the light, by the light, by the
life is gay and free, By the light, by the light, by the

light of the moon; He gave to Amherst College, His
light of the moon; To the fairest college of them all, Just

name of high degree. By the light, by the light of the moon.
come along with me. By the light, by the light of the moon.

A.C.S.B
Where, Oh, where are the Pea-green Freshman

Andante

Arr. by W. P. Bigelow '89

1. Where, oh, where are the pea-green Freshmen, Where, oh where are the pea-green Freshmen? Safe now in the Soph'more class.
They've gone out from Levi Elwell, They've gone out from Levi Elwell. Safe now in the Soph'more class.

2. Where, oh, where are the gay young Soph'mores, Where, oh, where are the gay young Soph'mores, Where, oh, where are the gay young Soph'mores, Safe now in the Junior class.
They've gone out from Tip and Hoppie, They've gone out from Tip and Hoppie, They've gone out from Tip and Hoppie, Safe now in the Junior class.

3. Where, oh, where are the stately Juniors, Where, oh, where are the stately Juniors, Where, oh, where are the stately Juniors, Safe now in the Senior class.
They've gone out from Corsa's logic, They've gone out from Corsa's logic, They've gone out from Corsa's logic, Safe now in the Senior class.

4. very slowly
Where, oh, where are the grave old Seniors, Where, oh, where are the grave old Seniors, Where, oh, where are the grave old Seniors, Safe now in the wide, wide world.
They've gone out from their Alma Mater They've gone out from their Alma Mater They've gone out from their Alma Mater Safe now in the wide, wide world.

5. Tempo primo
Bye and bye we'll go out to meet them, Bye and bye we'll go out to meet them, Bye and bye we'll go out to meet them, Safe now in the wide, wide world.
No repeat in last stanza.

A. C. S. B
Amherst, Alma Mater
(High upon her living Throne)

Words and Music by J.S. Hamilton, '06

Tempo di Marcia

1. High upon her living throne, She stands in might serene.
   Our fair old Alma Mater known.
   A - far thro' all the land our heart with love still loyal thrills.
   No ble queen, In the way her light hath shown,
   We'll march our whole life pow'r hath known, Sons of Amherst are they still,

   Each circle round her throne. Each

   That e'er her strong and tender

   For all their whole life
To the fairest college of them all, We will sing with hearty will.
Till the echoes from each classic hall, Fill our hearts with answering thrill.

We will sing of many a victory, On diamond, field and track,
Midst the golden haze of college days, Our hearts to thee turn back.

Hail Alma Mater, our well loved Mother, Old Amherst, here's to thee. We'll love thee ever, all boys together, And ever faithful be.
through. And we'll fight for her for ev-er And to her trust be true.

Am-herst, no-ble Al-ma Ma-ter, Moth-er of might-y men,

In thy glo-rious strength we'll win yet a-gain

Fair-est col-lege ev-er bright we'll keep thy hon-ored fame, And

con-quer in the pur-ple and the white, For the glo-ry of thy name.

A.C.S.B.
Gaudeamus

1. Gaudeamus igitur, Juvenes dum sumus;

2. Ubi sunt, qui ante nos In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos, Aheas ad inferos, Quos si vis videre.

3. Vita nostra brevis est, Brevi finietur, Venit mors velociter, Rapit nos atrociter, Nemini parcetur.


5. Vivant omnes virgines, Faciles, formose, Vivant et mulieres, Teneae amabiles, Bonae laboriosae.

6. Vivat et republica, Et qui illam regit, Vivat nostra civitas, Maccenatum caritas, Quae nos hic protegit.

7. Pereat tristitia, Pereant osores, Pereat diabolus, Quivis antiquus, Atque irrisores.


9. Alma Mater floreat, Quae nos educavit, Carus et committiones, Dissitas in regiones Sparsos congregavit.
My college course must have an end, In a few days in a few days Unless some chap's got cash to lend, So few days in a few days Or else I shall be sent away. So few days in a few days Farewell to college duties in a few days in a few days Farewell to Amherst beauties, I am going home.

My sleeves will let my elbows through, In a few days, in a few days, I'm sure I don't know what to do, So I'm going home; My purse has been so very light, These two days, these two days, That nary a red has blessed my sight, So I'm going home.

Refrain: Farewell to college duties etc.

I'm sure the ladies all will cry, Boo hoo, boo hoo, When I shall say to each good-bye, For I'm going home. I'll take my satchel in my hand, In a few days, in a few days, And set out for my fatherland, For I'm going home.

Refrain: Farewell to college duties etc. Then repeat last refrain, very soft.
All Hail Sabrina Dear!

This war chant is the battle-cry of all
the even numbered classes in Amherst.
There exists an actual bona fide Goddess,
securely hidden from the odd classes.
To her shrine the even classes make
one biennial pilgrimage.

Unison

Long years ago a score or so, There lived a maid, in ancient shade

A-las a-lack and woe is me That lovely maiden could not see.

She had blue eyes and auburn hair Her lovely features weren't all there

Where dainty dimples might have been Are rosy whiskers on her chin.

Chorus

All hail, Sabrina dear! The widow of each passing

year. Long may she ever be, The widow of posterity.

A.C.S.B.
Paige's Horse

Words by
F. J. E. Woodbridge '89

Arr. by W. P. Bigelow '89

1. Brightly from the study window Gleams my chum-my's student
2. Paige's horse is in a snow drift Paige's cut-ter up-side
3. By the two mile woods I've fallen Fallen down in great des-

lamp While a-cross the win-try mead-ows I am wan-dering home from "Hamp" down, And my head goes reel-ing, roll-ing As I stag-ger on to town. Let the pair Let the lamp burn on still brighter While I climb the Gold-en stair.

student lamp be burn-ing Send its gleam a-cross the snow That when

home from "Hamp" re-turn-ing, I may see the way to go. Let the go.