

J. M. Elder, '81.

A *To Miss E. L. Mark.*
24 Berni. St.

POCKET SONG BOOK

FOR THE USE OF

The Students and Graduates

OF



COMPILED AND PUBLISHED

BY A STUDENT IN ARTS.

Montreal:

LOVELL PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY,

1879.

PRICE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

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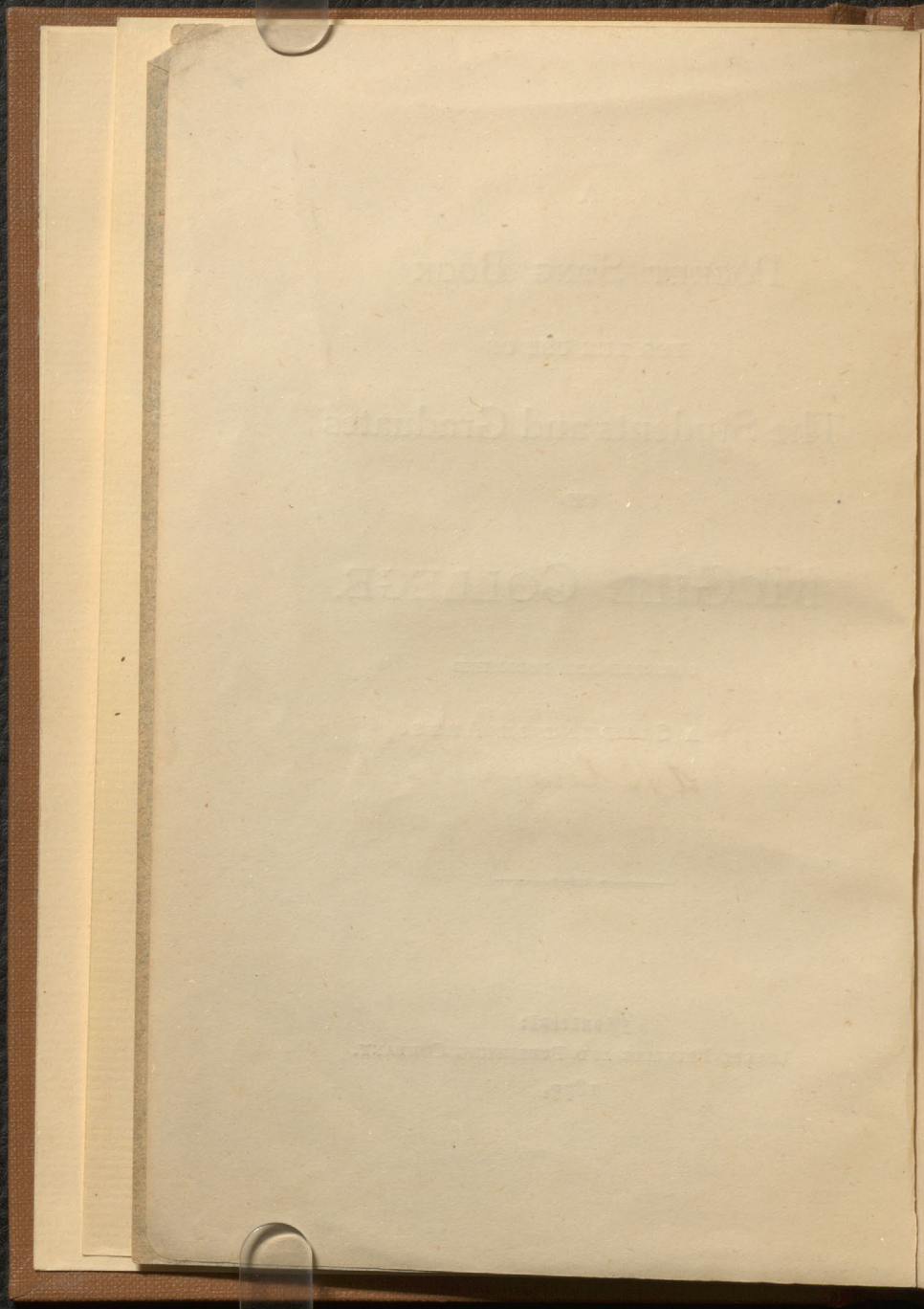
A
POCKET SONG BOOK
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A. B. Chaffee. '81. '82. '83.

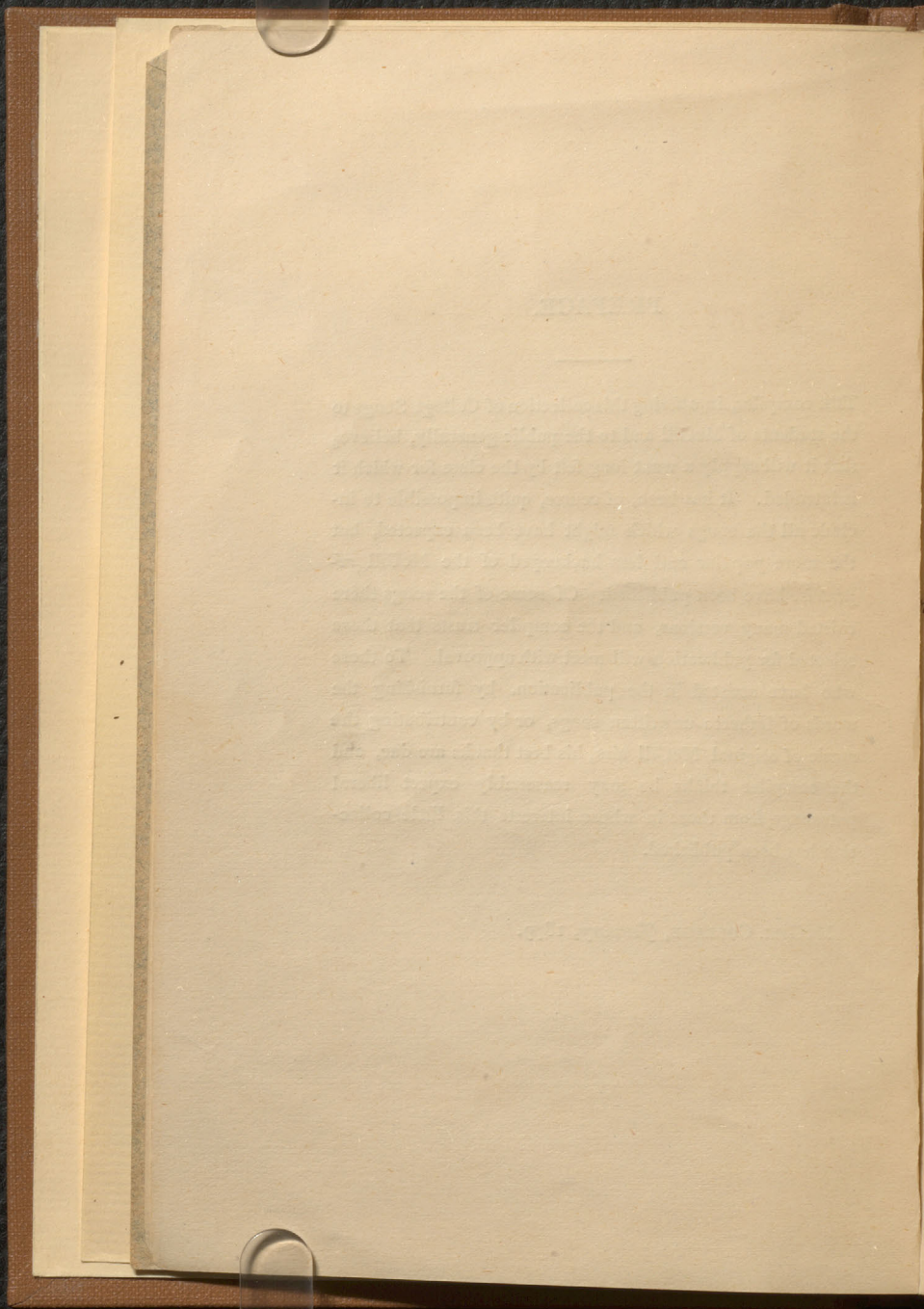
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PREFACE.

THE compiler, in offering this collection of College Songs to the students of McGill and to the public generally, believes that it will supply a want long felt by the class for which it is intended. It has been, of course, quite impossible to include all the songs which might have been expected, but the more popular and less hackneyed of the McGill *répertoire* have been published. Of some of the songs there existed many versions, and the compiler trusts that those selected for publication will meet with approval. To those who have assisted in the publication, by furnishing the words of hitherto unwritten songs, or by contributing the music of original McGill airs, his best thanks are due, and the compiler thinks he may reasonably expect liberal patronage from those in whose interests this little collection has been published.

MCGILL COLLEGE, *January*, 1879.



THE
MCGILL STUDENTS'
POCKET
SONG BOOK.

A HEALTH TO OLD M'GILL.

(Written for the class of '74.)

Written by

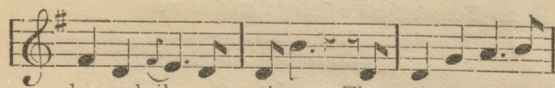
RUSS. HUNTINGDON, ESQ., B.C.L.

Music by

CANADIA.



The lights a - round the festial board, on



glass and sil - ver quiver, The gen'rous wine is



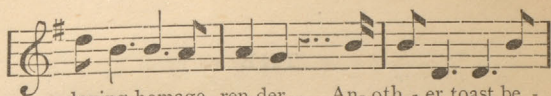
freely pour'd, the toast awaits the giv - er, So



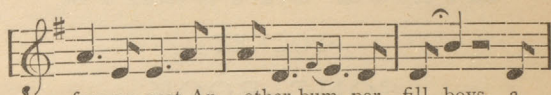
here's a health to old McGill, with feelings proud and



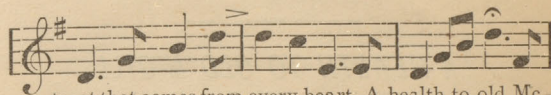
tender, Let each a brimming bumper fill, and

A HEALTH TO OLD M'GILL.—*Continued.*

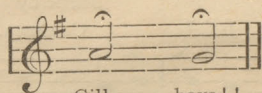
loving homage ren-der. An-oth-er toast be-



fore we part An-other bum-per fill, boys, a



toast that comes from every heart, A health to old Mc-



Gill boys !!

2. For what more fitting than that we
The night before we sever,—
Meet here once more in company,
To part, perchance, for ever.
Should, ere we go our several ways,
The tie again acknowledge,
That binds, with links of happy days
Us to our dear old College.—*Chorus.*

3. Though of each man, the future fate
Be past our divination,
For some the laurel wreath may wait,
For some a humbler station.
Yet each to each we still are found,
By ties time cannot sever.
So as the wine cup circles round
McGill, McGill forever !—*Chorus.*

ALMA MATER.

1. *Nunc est bibendum, fratres,*
 Since once again we've met,
 As vigorous as young bay-trees,
 A right good jovial set.
Nunc est bibendum, fratres,
 As oft we've done before,
 For well we know "*esprit de vie*"
 Keeps up "*esprit de corps*."
 Then—

Chorus.

Here's to Alma Mater—
 A bumper let us pour ;
 Rejoice within our ancient halls,
 To meet our friends once more.

2. Our governors so condescending,
 Sent us here to store our minds
 With heaps of classic learning,
 And various other kinds.
 But we'll teach them "*Ipsus factus*,"
 And what more do they need,
 If we but reduce to practice,
 And remember what we read.—*Chorus.*
3. What though we've left our homes, boys,
 And all we love so dear,
 We ne'er shall spend where'er we roam
 Such happy days as here.
 What though we've left our darlings,
 Won't absence lend its charms ?
 And months fly by like starlings
 To restore them to our arms ?—*Chorus.*

4. *Ἄριστον μὲν ἕδωρ, boys,
Cuspidum, do you see?
 But I'll bet in the days of yore, boys,
 *ἕδωρ meant *eau-de-vie*,
 For old *Ovidius Naso*—
 For so the story goes—
 Derived his name and fame, oh!
 From his jolly big red nose.—*Chorus.*

OUR COLLEGE HOME.

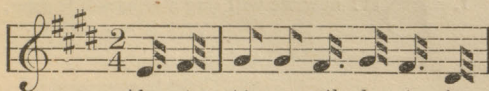
AIR—"Ah! Me!"

1. MCGILL, boys, is the home we prize;
 We'll lift her glory to the skies;
 Where'er we go, we'll speak her name,
 Record it on the book of fame.

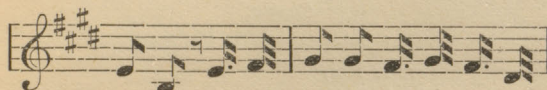
Chorus.

We'll ne'er forget these happy days,
 Though soon, alas, their spell is o'er;
 Where'er we meet in days to come,
 We'll be, as now, good friends once more.

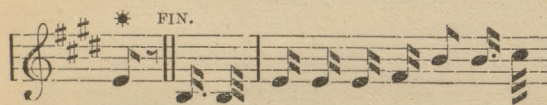
2. We love her walls, we love her halls,
 Though oft we've met with funks and falls;
 The road to learning, well we know,
 Is hard, and must be travelled slow.—*Chorus.*
3. We love our grave and generous proffs.,
 For them no bitter taunts or scoffs;
 But patience being a virtue rare,
 We sometimes give it chance to air.—*Chorus.*
4. Long may our *Alma Mater* stand;
 Her worth be known in every land;
 And may her sons remember still,
 To love and honor old McGill.—*Chorus.*

ALOUETTÉ.¹

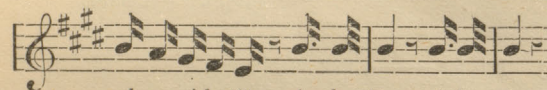
Alou-et - té, gen - til - le A - lou -



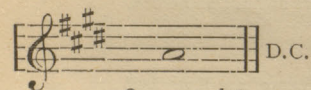
et - té, A - lou - et - té, je te plum-er -



rai, Je te plume - rai la tête, Je te



plumerai la tête. A la tête, A la tête.



O — h!

(After the Oh — ! the first part is repeated down to where it is marked with a star.)

2 Alouette, gentille alouetté, alouetté je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le bec je te plumerai le bec,
A le bec, A le bec.

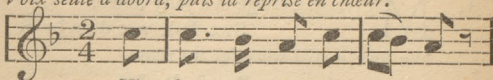
3 le nez.

4 le dos.

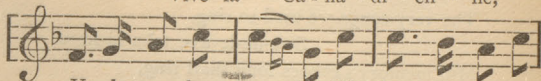
5 les pattes.

6 le cou, &c., &c., &c.

VIVE LA CANADIENNE.

Voix seule d'abord, puis la reprise en chœur.

Vive la Ca - na - di - en - ne,



Vo - le mon cœur, vo - le, Vive la Ca - na - di -



en - ne, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux. Et

seule, puis la reprise en chœur.

ses jolis yeux doux, doux, doux, Et ses jo-lis yeux doux

2. Nous la menons aux noces.
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Nous la menons aux noces
Dans tous ses beaux atours. (*Ter.**)
3. On danse avec nos blondes,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
On danse avec nos blondes ;
Nous changeons tour à tour. (*Ter.**)
4. On passe la carafe,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
On passe la carafe ;
Nous buvons tous un coup. (*Ter.**)
5. Mais le bonheur augmente,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Mais le bonheur augmente,
Quand nous sommes souls. (*Ter.**)

* In the second line repeated add the words *doux doux* as in first verse.

INTEGER VITÆ.

1. **I**NTEGER vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget, Mauris jaculis nec arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce pharetra.
2. Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.
3. Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.
4. Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.
5. Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget.
6. Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata ;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.

*THE BOAR'S HEAD.**(Banquet Song).*

1. **A** boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary,
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quotestes in convivio.

Chorus.

Caput abri deferro-vedens laudes domino.

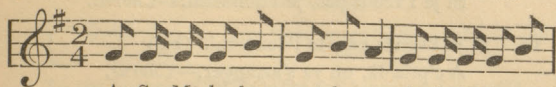
2. A boar's head, as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in all the land,
When thus bedecked with a gay garland,
Let us servire cantico.—*Chorus.*
3. Our steward hath provided this
In honor of the King of Bliss,
Who on this to be servèd is
In regimensi atrio.—*Chorus.*

NOAH'S ARK.

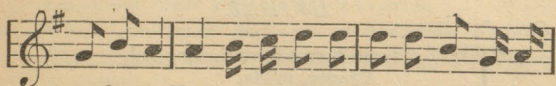
1. ○ LD Noah he did build an ark,
With one wide river to cross;
He built it out of hick'ry bark,
With one wide river to cross.

Chorus.
Oh there's one wide river,
And that wide river is Jordan;
There's one wide river,
There's one wide river to cross.
2. Into this ark the animals went,
In just the order they were sent.—*Cho.*
3. The animals went in one by one,
Among them the hornet, full of fun.—*Cho.*
4. The animals went in two by two,
The blue-tailed-fly and the caribou.—*Cho.*
5. The animals went in three by three,
The ricky-tick-tick and the Jersey flea.—*Cho.*
6. And as they talked of this and that,
The ark it bumped on Ararat.—*Chorus.*
7. Now listen to our parting text,
[To be continued in our next,]

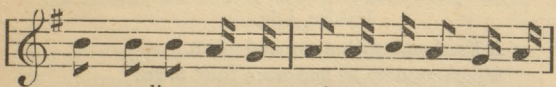
A SAINT MALO BEAU PORT DE MER.



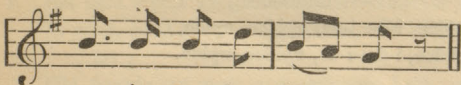
A S. Ma-lo, beau port de mer, A S. Malo beau



port de mer, Trois gros navir's sont ar-ri-ves, Nous i -



rons sur l'eau nous y prom' pro-me-ner, Nous i -



rons jou - er dans l'i - le.

2. Trois gros navirs sont arrivés. (bis)
Chargés d'avoïn', chargés de bled. (bis)—*Chorus.*
3. Chargés d'avoïn', chargés de bled, (bis)
Trois dam's s'en vont les marchander.—*Chorus.*
4. Trois dam's s'en vont les marchander, (bis)
Marchand, marchand, combien ton bled?—*Chorus*
5. Marchand, marchand, combien ton bled? (bis)
Trois francs l'avoïn', six francs le bled.—*Chorus.*
6. Trois francs l'avoïn', six francs le bled,
C'est ben trop cher d'un' bonn' moitié.—*Chorus.*
7. C'est ben trop cher d'un' bonn' moitié (bis)
Montez, Mesdam's, vous le verrez.—*Chorus.*
8. Montez, Mesdames, vous le verrez. (bis)
Marchand, tu n' vendras pas ton bled.—*Chorus.*

9. Marchand, tu n' vendras pas ton bled (bis)
Si je l'vends pas, je l'donnerai.—*Chorus.*
10. Si je l'vends pas, te l'donnerai. (bis)
A c'prix-là, on va s'arranger.—*Chorus.*

UPIDEE.

Scene I.

THE autumn leaves were turning red,
Upidee, upida,
As up to college swift there sped
Upidee, i-da.

A Freshman with a cap and gown
Which proudly he had worn thro' town.

Chorus.

Upidee, i-d-e-i-da, upidee, upida,
Upidee, i-d-e-i-da, upidee, upida.

Scene II.

The winter snow was falling fast,
As thro' the college gates there passed
A soph with low dejected mien,
He feared the worst 'twas plainly seen.—*Chorus.*

Scene III.

Winter's storms are past and gone,
Spring with gentle breeze has come,
A senior (for now such is he)
Works day and night to get A.B.—*Chorus.*

Scene IV.

Of graduate class a member now
Importance stamps his youthful brow,
In pride he views th' approaching spring,
When end shall this "confounded thing."—*Chorus.*

Scene V.

Inside a car, in rapid flight
From college cheer and banquet bright,
With ghastly visage, pale as death,
The "Plucked" all curses 'neath his breath.—*Chorus.*

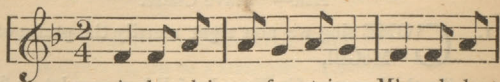
FOUNDER'S FESTIVAL.

AIR—"Slave Chase."

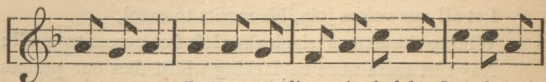
1. **C**OME sing we now right merrily the praise of old
 McGill,
 To the honour of its Founder full bumpers let us fill.
 Let all our voices join, his merits to extol,
 Who to Academus' shades has left free access to us all ;
 Nay ! let there none be lacking whilst thus our praises
 ring—
 But let each one a loyal heart to *Alma Mater* bring ;
- Chorus.*
- For ne'er inside our honoured walls has he a place to fill,
 Who brings not fame and credit to the Founder of McGill.
2. But once a year we gather and celebrate the day,
 In song, good cheer and gladness, and hearty student's
 lay ;
 Old friends we meet and welcome back with jovial
 hearts once more,
 For they bring to fond remembrance the happy days
 of yore.
 So the day we e'er shall cherish which unites us to the
 past ;
 And in the hearts and minds of all long may its memo-
 ries last.—*Chorus.*
3. Then in three hearty ringing cheers our voices we'll
 upraise,
 And sound the honour of McGill and our old Founder's
 praise ;
 Wide may all our Collegians fame abound thro' out the
 land ;
 And may our friends both far and near extend a boun-
 teous hand,
 That the students of some future years may richer bless-
 ings reap,
 And worthier of our Founder his festal day may keep.

Chorus.

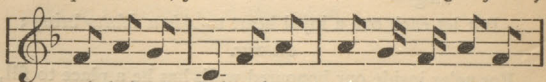
A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.



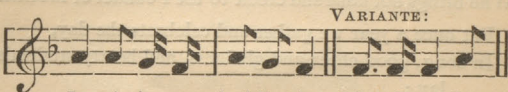
A la clai - re fon - tai-ne M'en al - lant



pro-me-ner, Je trou-vé l'eau si bel-le Que je m'y



suis baigné. Lui ya long-temps que je t'aime,



Jamais je ne t'oublierai. Ma mie ya long-

2. J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné ;
Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher.
3. Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher ;
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.—*Chorus.*
4. Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.
Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai.—*Chorus.*
5. Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai ;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer.—*Chorus.*

6. Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer :
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité.—*Chorus.*
7. J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.—*Chorus.*
8. Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai
Je voudrais que la rose
Fut encore au rosier.—*Chorus.*
9. Je voudrais que la rose
Fut encore au rosier,
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêmes amitiés.

VARIANTE.

Et que le rosier même
Fut à la mer jeté,
Lui y a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

GAUDEAMUS.

1. GAUDEAMUS igitur
Juvenes dum sumus
Post jucundam juventutem
Post molestam senectutem
Nos habebit humus.
2. Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere ?
Transeas ad superos
Abeas ad inferos
Quos si vis videre.

3. Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevis finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.
4. Vivat academia,
Vivant professores.
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quaelibet,
Semper sint in flore.
5. Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Tenerae amabiles
Bonae laboriosae.
6. Vivat et respublica,
Et qui illam regit
Vivat nostra civitas,
Maecenatam caritas,
Quae nos hic protegit.
7. Alma Mater floreat,
Quae nos educavit.
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones,
Sparsos congregavit.

FLOWING BOWL.

1. LANDLORD, fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run o'er ;
Landlord, fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run o'er.

Chorus.

"For to-night we'll merry, merry be," (*Ter.*)
To-morrow we'll be sober,

2. The man that drinks good whiskey punch,
And goes to-bed right mellow,
The man that drinks good whiskey punch,
And goes to bed right mellow.

Chorus.

“Lives as he ought to live,” (*Ter.*)
And dies a jolly good fellow.

3. The man who drinks good water pure,
And goes to bed right sober,
The man who drinks good water pure,
And goes to bed right sober.

Chorus.

Falls as the leaves do fall, (*Ter.*)
Early in October.

CROW SONG.

1. **T**HERE were three crows sat on a tree,
O Billy Magee, Magar!
There were three crows sat on a tree,
O Billy Magee, Magar!
There were three crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as black could be.
- Chorus.*
- And they all flapped their wings and cried,
Caw, caw, caw, caw, Billy Magee, Magar!
And they all flapped their wings and cried, Billy
Magee, Magar!
2. Said one old crow unto his mate,
“What shall we do for grub to eat?”—*Chorus.*
3. “There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who’s by some cruel butcher slain.”—*Chorus.*
4. “We’ll perch ourselves on his backbone,
And pick his eyes out one by one.”—*Chorus.*

MALBROUGH.

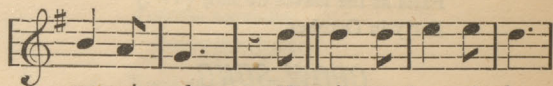
Malbrough s'en va-t'en guer - re, Mi-ron-



ton, mi - ron - ton, mi - ron - tai - - ne, Mal -



brough, s'en va-t'en guer - re, Ne sait quand



re - vien - dra. Ne sait quand re - viendra,



D. C.

Ne sait quand re - vien - dra.

Il reviendra-z-à Pâques,

Mironton, etc.

Il reviendra-z-à Pâques

Ou à la Trinité. (ter.)

La Trinité se passe,

Mironton, etc.

La Trinité se passe,

Malbrough ne revient pas. (ter.)

Madame à sa tour monte,

Mironton, etc.

Madame à sa tour monte,

Si haut qu'ell' peut monter. (ter.)

Elle aperçoit son page,
Mironton, etc.

Elle aperçoit son page
Tout de noir habillé. (ter.)

—Beau page, ah ! mon beau page,
Mironton, etc.

Beau page, ah ! mon beau page,
Quell' nouvelle apportez ? (ter.)

Aux nouvell's que j'apporte,
Mironton, etc.
Aux nouvell's que j'apporte
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer. (ter.)

Quittez vos habits roses,
Mironton, etc.
Quittez vos habits roses
Et vos satins brochés. (ter.)

Monsieur Malbrough est more,
Mironton, etc.
Monsieur Malbrough est more,
Est mort et enterré. (ter.)

J'l'ai vu porter en terre,
Mironton, etc.
J'l'ai vu porter en terre
Par quatre-z officiers. (ter.)

L'un portait sa cuirasse,
Mironton, etc.
L'un portait sa cuirasse,
L'autre son bouclier. (ter.)

L'un portait son grand sabre,
Mironton, etc.
L'un portait son grand sabre,
L'autre ne portait rien. (ter.)

RULE BRITANNIA.

- 1 O H, 'twas on the broad Atlantic, in an equinoctial
 gale,
 That a fine young man fell overboard among the shark
 and whale,
 And he went right down so very quickly, and so quick-
 ly down went he,
 That he went out of sight, like a streak of light, to the
 bottom of the deep blue sea.

Chorus.

Singing, Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the wave,
 And Britons never, never, never
 Shall be married to a mermied,
 At the bottom of the deep blue sea.

- 2 Then we got the boats out quickly, and we thought to
 find his corse,
 When he came to the top with a bag in his hand, a
 hoarse, sepulchral voice :
 " Oh, my comrades and my messmates all, oh don't
 you weep for me,
 For I'm married to a mermied in the bottom of the deep
 blue sea."—*Chorus.*
- 3 " In my chest you'll find my twelve-months' pay,
 wrapped round with a lock of hair,
 You may take it and carry it to my dear wife with care ;
 You may take to my mother my *carte de visite*, saying,
 don't you weep for me,
 For I'm married to a mermied at the bottom of the
 deep blue sea."—*Chorus.*

4. The anchor was weighed and the sails unfurled, and
the ship was running free,
When we went up to our capitaine, and this we toll to
he ;
Then the captain he came to the old ship's side, and out
loud bellowed he,
" Be as happy as you can, with your wife, my mar, at
the bottom of the deep blue sea."—*Chorus.*

PARTING SONG.

AIR—"Auld lang syne."

1. **F**OUR years of life have passed away,
Since first from "Fresh" we strayed,
Where mirth and learning hold their sway,
Beneath this classic shade.
- Chorus.*
- For auld lang syne, my friends,
For auld lang syne,
We'll aye have kindly hearts and hands,
For auld lang syne.
2. And now the word that sadly falls,—
We meet to say farewell,
And loud through old McGill's dear halls,
Our parting song to swell.—*Chorus.*
3. "All hail to old McGill," we sing,
"Our mother, staunch and true,
May added years fresh honour bring,
And still her age renew."—*Chorus.*
4. Then once again in friendly grasp,
Classmates, our hands we'll join,
And sing, while hand in hand we clasp,—
These days of "Auld lang syne."—*Chorus.*

SNOW SHOE TRAMP.

1. UP! up! the morn is beaming,
 Through the forest breaks the sun;
 Rouse, ye sleepers, time for dreaming
 When our daily journey's done.
 Bind the Snow Shoe fast with thong too,
 See that all is tight and sure,
 All is a bliss to—naughts amiss to—
 A brave young North-west voyageur.

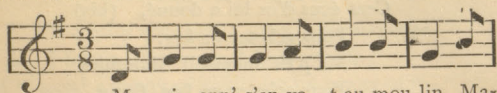
Chorus.

Tramp, Tramp, on Snow Shoes tramping,
 All the day we marching go,
 Till at night, by fires encamping,
 We find couches on the snow.

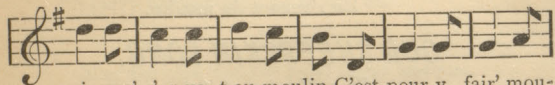
2. On! On! let men find pleasure
 In the city dull and drear,
 Life is freedom, life's a treasure,
 As we all enjoy it here.
 Ha, ha ha ha, Ha, ha ha ha,
 See the novice down once more,
 Hear him shout, then pull him out, then
 Many a fall he's had before.—*Chorus.*

3. Men may talk of steam and railroads,
 But full well our comrades know
 We can beat the fastest engine
 In a night tramp o'er the snow.
 It may puff, sir, it may blow, sir,
 It may whistle, it may scream,
 But lightly tripping, gently dipping,
 Snow Shoes leave behind the steam.—*Chorus.*

MARIANN' S'EN VA-T-AU MOULIN.



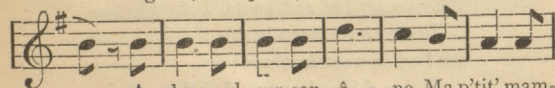
Ma - ri - ann' s'en va - t-au mou-lin, Ma-



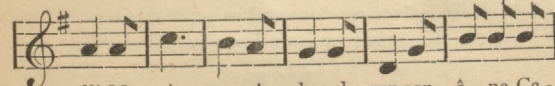
ri - ann' s'en va - t-au moulin, C'est pour y fair' mou-



dre son grain, C'est pour y fair' mou - dre son grain,



A che - val sur son â - ne, Ma p'tit' mam-



zell' Ma - rian - ne, A cheval sur son â - ne Ca -



tin, S'en al - lant au mou - lin.

Le meunier, qui la voit venir, (bis)

S'empressé aussitôt de lui dire :

—Attachez donc votre âne,

Ma p'tit' mamzell' Marianne,

Attachez-donc votre âne, Catin,

Par derrière le moulin.

Pendant que le moulin marchait, (bis)

Le loup tout à l'entour rôdait. (bis)

Le loup a mangé l'âne,

Ma p'tit' mamzell' Marianne,

Le loup a mangé l'âne Catin,

Par derrière' le moulin.

Mariann' se mit à pleurer. (bis)
 Cent écus d'or lui a donné, (bis)
 Pour acheter un âne,
 Ma p'tit' mamzell' Marianne,
 Pour acheter un âne, Catin,
 En r'venant du moulin.

OUR SHEEPSKIN SONG.

By a Member of '82.

Air—"A little more cider."

1. **W**HEN first I saw a sheepskin,
 In J—son's hands I spied it,
 I'd give my hat and boots, I would,
 Just to have been beside it,
 Oh! when examinations past,
 We've skinned and fizzled through,
 With lectures done and prizes won,
 We'll have a sheepskin too.

Chorus.

We'll have a sheepskin too, (*bis*)
 With lectures done and prizes won,
 We'll have a sheepskin too.

2. When first I saw alumni,
 'Twas D—son who did make them,
 I longed to jump into their boots
 And from their gowns to shake them.
 Oh! when examination's past, etc.

Chorus.

We'll be alumni too, etc.

3. When first I saw the ladies,
 On Convocation Day,
 Sit smiling all in Molson Hall,
 It took my breath away.
 Oh! when examination's past, etc.

Chorus.

We'll have a lady, too, etc.

ROLLING HOME.

1. I 'VE a jolly sixpence, a jolly, jolly sixpence,
 I love a sixpence as I love my life ;
 I'll spend a penny of it, I'll lend a penny of it,
 I'll carry fourpence home to my wife.

Chorus.

May the pipe and the bowl never leave us,
 Kind friends never deceive us,
 And happy is the one that shall meet us,
 As we go rolling home,
 Rolling, reelling, rolling, reelling, rolling home,
 Rolling, reelling, rolling, reelling, rolling home ;
 And happy is the one that shall meet us,
 As we go rolling home,

2. I've a jolly fippence, a jolly, jolly fippence,
 I love a fippence as I love my life ;
 I'll spend a penny of it, I'll lend a penny of it,
 I'll carry threepence home to my wife.

Chorus.

3. I've a jolly fourpence, a jolly, jolly fourpence,
 I love a fourpence as I love my life ;
 I'll spend a penny of it, I'll lend a penny of it,
 I'll carry twopence home to my wife.

*Chorus.**BINGO.*

1. H ERE'S to M'Gill College, drink it down,
 Here's to M'Gill College, drink it down ;
 Here's to M'Gill College,
 'Tis the home of fun and knowledge,
 Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down, down,
 down.

2. Here's to '79, drink her down,
Here's to '79, may she ever live and shine,
Drink her down, etc.
3. Here's to class of '80, drink her down,
Here's to class of '80, full of wisdom and of gay'ty,
Drink her down, etc.
4. Here's to '81, drink her down,
Here's to '81, she's the class for having fun,
Drink her down, etc.
5. Here's to '82, drink her down,
Here's to '82, to M'Gill she'll be true,
Drink her down, etc.

BULL DOG.

1. ○ H! the bull-dog on the bank,
And the bull-frog in the pool;
Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
And the bull-frog in the pool;
Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
And the bull-frog in the pool;
The bull-dog called the bull-frog
A green old water fool.

Chorus.

- Singing tra la, la, la, la, la, la,
Singing tra la, la, la, la, la;
Singing tra la, la, singing tra la, la,
Tra la, la, tra la, la, tra la, la, la, la.
2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw; (*Ter*)
The pollywog died a laughing
To see him wag his jaw.—*Chorus.*

3. Says the monkey to the owl,
 "Oh! what'll you have to drink?" (*Ter*)
 "Since you are so very kind,
 I'll take a bottle of ink."—*Chorus.*
4. Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
 Little Moses in the pool, (*Ter*)
 She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
 And sent him off to school.—*Chorus.*

EN ROULANT.

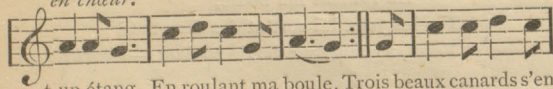
Voix seule, puis la reprise en chœur.



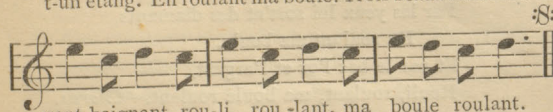
En rou-lant ma bou - le rou - lant,
 FIN. *Voix seule, reprise*



En roulant ma bou - le Derrière' chez nous ya
en chœur. Voix seule.



t-un étang. En roulant ma boule. Trois beaux canards s'en



vont baignant, rou-li, rou-lant, ma boule roulant.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,

En roulant ma boule.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,—*Chorus.*

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,

En roulant ma boule,

Avec son grand fusil d'argent,

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,—*Chorus.*

Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
 En roulant ma boule,
 Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,—*Chorus.*

Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
 En roulant ma boule.
 O fils du roi, tu es méchant !
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,—*Chorus.*

O fils du roi, tu est méchant !
 En roulant ma boule,
 D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,—*Chorus.*

D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
 En roulant ma boule,
 Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,—*Chorus.*

Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
 En roulant ma boule,
 Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Chorus.*

Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
 En roulant ma boule,
 Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Chorus.*

Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
 En roulant ma boule,
 Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Chorus.*

Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,
 En roulant ma boule,
 Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Chorus.*

Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
 En roulant ma boule,
 C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Chorus.*

C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
 En roulant ma boule,
 Pour y coucher tous les passants.
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Chorus.*

THREE JEWS.

Once upon a time there were three Jews (bis)
 Jews, Jews, Jews, Jews, Jews, (bis)
 Once upon a time there were three Jews.

And the name of the first was A—bra—ham, (bis)
 A—a—bra—a—ham—ham—ham. (bis)
 And the name of the first was A—bra—ham.

And the name of the second was Is—a—ac, (bis)
 I—sa—a—ac—ac—ac, (bis)
 And the name of the second was Is—a—ac.

And the name of the third was Ja—a—cob, (bis)
 Ja—a—cob—cob—cob, (bis)
 And the name of the third was Ja—a—cob.

And they all went to Je—ru—sa—lem, (bis)
 Je—ru—sa—a — (bis)
 And they all went to Je—ru—sa—lem.

And I wish they had gone to Je—ri—cho, (bis)
 Je—ri—cho—cho—cho, (bis)
 And I wish they had gone to Je—ri—cho.

GOOD NIGHT.

(As sung at Yale.)

1. **G**OOD night, ladies! Good night, ladies ;
Good night, ladies! we're going to leave you
now.

Chorus.

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

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

Chorus.

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

Chorus.



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