

SONGS
OF
FEBRUARY CLASS, 1901.

(Tune—"Old Kentucky Home.")

The bright, bright days we prized so much,
The days grown dear to all,
Are drawing now to a swift, swift close,
A close which is felt by all;
But we must think of the work to do,
Of the work now waiting for us,
And take it up with an interest strong,
The work which is waiting for us.

CHORUS.

Our school days are over,
We're going to part,
But we now meet to say farewell,
Farewell, before we part.

We will strive to make our education tell,
Wherever we may go,
On the lives of those entrusted to our care,
The children so bright and fair;
We will teach them to see, in the world around,
The beautiful and true;
We will be sure to find our blest reward
In the faces of the children true.—CHO.

MARTHA BENTLEY.

(Tune—Original.)

Classmates dear, the twilight's fading,
Darkness now will soon be here;
As the bell rings out the midnight,
Hark! its echo sounding clear.

CHORUS.

Ding, dong, ding; haste ye to duty.
Ding-a-ling; no longer stay.
At the dawn of early morning
On thy mission speed away.

Classmates dear, the echo ceases;
Comes the morn o'er eastern hill.
Let us now, at hour of parting,
Normal's halls with music fill.—CHO.

Schoolmates dear, do not forget us
In the years that are to come;
There may be no more sweet meetings
Till life's journey here is done.—CHO.

HELEN C. HARRIS.

(Tune—"Good Morning, Little Sunshine.")

Oh, kind teachers, listen to us,
While we sing a song for you;
Oh, we hope you'll all believe us,
For each word we sing is true.

Intellectual and moral, physical and spiritual too,
All must make up education, to have it strong, and good and true.
Thus the pedagogic teacher spoke in words so very bold,
This, and many more such sayings; oh, the half could not be told.

Latent heat, we do not know it—can not fathom what it is,
So be careful when you answer to the question in a quiz;
Thus the little Physics teacher spoke, in words so very bold.
This, and many more such sayings; oh, the half could not be told.

Accurate statement in the problem is the proof your lesson's learned;
If you've stumbled, faltered, wavered, zeros big be sure you've earned.
Thus the Geometric teacher spoke, in words so very bold;
This, and many more such sayings; oh, the half could not be told.

Just beyond, and ever onward, lie man's highest hopes and aims;
Ever upward, ever toiling, never grasping longed-for fame.
Thus the busiest one among them spoke, in words so very bold;
This, and many more such sayings; oh, the half could not be told.

Every raven on this table cost some money, don't you know?
Keep your hands from off the birdies. Yes, the State would have it so.
Thus the oldest one among them spoke, in words so very bold;
This, and many more such sayings; oh, the half could not be told.

Nitric acid in the test tube, copper in it to dissolve,
Count the atoms, balance sides, in this fashion it's resolved.
Thus the dearest one among them spoke, in words so very bold;
This, and many more such sayings; oh, the half could not be told.

You may give the reproduction telling all about the soul;
In your teaching know your children—that should be an aim, a goal.
Thus the Psychologic teachers spoke, in words so very bold;
This, and many more such sayings; oh, the half could not be told.

Here is Hamlet, Tempest, Cæsar, every one to analyze;
Here's a picture, too, of Circe; tell me, what does it comprise?
Thus the Literary teacher spoke, in words so very bold;
This, and many more such sayings; oh, the half could not be told.

No, I do not like your story; it is vague, not very clear;
Choice of words and style are lacking; oh, for you I greatly fear.
Thus the forceful English teacher spoke, in words so very bold;
This, and many more such sayings; oh, the half could not be told.

Let your voice be sympathetic, and your manner very kind;
If your children don't obey you, then just stop and make them mind.
Thus our charming Critic teacher spoke, in words so very bold;
This, and many more such sayings; oh, the half could not be told.

What's the length of yonder shadow? Can you all those contours read?
In observing, look around you; let your own home region lead.
Thus the Geographic teacher spoke, in words so very bold;
This, and many more such sayings; oh, the half could not be told.

Well-directed repetition in your work I'd advocate.
No, you can't expect much progress going at such a rapid rate.
Thus our jolly writing teacher spoke, in words so very bold;
This, and many more such sayings; oh, the half could not be told.

Write a plan about division, one about the facts of three;
Tell the children all the story; hold the cubes to let them see.
Thus the Number-method teacher spoke, in words so very bold;
This, and many more such sayings; oh, the half could not be told.

If you'd have your pencil sharpened, and your paint brush very clean,
Then your work would look some better, really fit then to be seen.
Thus our great big Drawing teacher spoke, in words so very bold;
This, and many more such sayings; oh, the half could not be told.

(Tune—"Home, Sweet Home.")

The joys and the trials of our school life are past,
But they live in our memory, and shall till the last;
They are treasures to us, more precious than gold;
Oh, our love for Alma Mater in words cannot be told.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Oh, dear, dear old Normal!
There's no place like home.

We are leaving to-day the old home we love so well
To sail the world's wild waves, whither who can tell?
The sea may be rough, or it may be very calm,
But the memory of home will be a soothing balm.—CHO.

We are parting from friends on this saddest of sad days;
Some leave the "home" with us, some in the "home" will stay.
Shall we ever meet again? ah, who but God can tell!
Then to thee, our dear old home, we bid a long farewell.—CHO.

CLARA WOLVERTON.

(Tune—"Soldiers of the Queen.")

Bright the days from which we now depart,
And bright the way of life they'll light;
In life's conflict help us when we start
To bravely win the hard fight;
Separate paths from day to day we will pursue,
And let us hope, as friends we make,
Old friendships to renew, ever strong and true.
||: That unite us firmly heart to heart. :||
So listen while we loudly tell you
We'll ne'er forget old Normal true.

CHORUS.

We will part to-morrow morn;
Farewell, farewell, farewell, our teachers dear.
We'll brush the tear-drop from our eyes
When the parting hour we're told is here;
O loved ones give us then your hand,
It is the last farewell, farewell;
Our thoughts from distant climes will stray
Back to this dear old Normal day.

Love will press us ever to return
To joyous scenes for which we'll yearn;
Oh may we, as alumni ever true,
Protect the dear old gold and blue;
Cheer up, dear companions, schoolmates one and all,
Your life is not an empty dream,
But let us happy be, joyous, blithe and free;
||: Always strive to be, not strive to seem. :||
So when we meet, life's journey o'er,
Be one our chain on yonder shore.—CHO.

ANNA C. THOMPSON.

CLASS YELLS.

We're Feb , naughty-ones;
We're Feb., naughty-ones;
We're Feb., naughty-ones; Hurrah!
We've come all the way through Normal,
And we're going out to-day.

Brac-a, co-ax, co-ax, co-ax,
Brac-a, co-ax, co-un,
February, February, naughty-one.

Hickity, hockity, hippity, hap,
Rickity, rockity, rippity, rap,
Zip, rah, zun,
February, February, naughty-one.