

COLLEGE ARCHIVES



**SONGS OF  
EDINBORO**

## SONGS OF EDINBORO

1

Tune—"Keinen Trofen im Becher."  
(Girls' "Serenade" Song.)

Stars ashine in the silent sky,  
Whisp'ring zephyrs that softly sigh,  
Lull all care for the morrow,  
Out on the night let the echoes ring,  
Clear and bright of the songs we sing—  
Songs of Old Edinboro,  
Songs of Old Edinboro.

Bare be flung to the winds away,  
Dance we merrily while we may,  
Hence with trouble and sorrow!  
Out on the night let the echoes ring,  
Clear and bright of the songs we sing—  
Songs of Old Edinboro,  
Songs of Old Edinboro.

2

Tune—Hawaiian air, "Aloha."  
*Key of C Starts on G*

Hail to thee, our Alma Mater glorious,  
Fresh wreathes we bring to bind thy brow;  
Trials past thou hast withstood victorious,  
Never fairer, never statelier than now.  
O Edinboro, Edinboro,  
We revere thee, love thee, serve thee ever!  
While class speeds class  
As swift years pass,  
To thee our hearts are true.

3

Tune—"Maryland, My Maryland."  
*Key of G Starts on G*

Lake of gray! At dawn of day  
In soft shadow lying,  
Waters kist by morning mist,  
Early breezes sighing,

Tenderly all the dear old ways  
Shine in thy smiles; be love thy praise!  
Thine arms are ever warm.

9

*Key of C Starts on G*

Here at the quiet evening hour,  
When toil and tasks are o'er,  
We gather on the campus green  
To serenade once more.  
The twining branches of the trees,  
Their whispering hush to hear,  
And echoing walls of darkened halls  
Fling back our voices clear.

O Normal songs, ring loud and clear,  
For sweet in memory,  
When coming days a halo lends  
To these, ye e'er shall be!  
The dear old songs, the dear old friends,  
The dear old Normal days,  
Shall be through life, through storm and strife,  
Shrined in our hearts always.

10

Tune—From "Songs of Dartmouth."

Come, fellows, let us raise a song,  
And sing it loud and clear,  
Our alma mater is the theme,  
Old Edinboro dear!  
Edinboro! challenge thus we fling!  
Edinboro! hear the echoes ring!  
Her honor shall be over dear,  
Her Red and White without a peer,  
As long as we can give a cheer  
For Edinbo-rah-rah!

11

*Key of C Starts on G*

My father packed me off to Edinboro,  
And expected there in time a man I'd be;  
So I came and settled down  
In this quiet little town.  
On the banks of the Conneauttee.  
Chorus—On the banks of the Conneauttee, my  
boys,

Where old Edinboro evermore shall be,  
For has she not been  
Since they can't remember when  
On the banks of the Conneauttee?

When a Freshman I soon found out to my sorrow  
What the Sophs and Seniors did to such as me!  
Oh, they shook me so about,  
That they turned me inside out,  
On the banks of the Conneauttee. (Cho.)

But in time I came to be an upper classman  
And I bore myself with fitting dignitee.  
Fell in love by turns with all  
The fair queens of Haven Hall,  
On the banks of the Conneauttee. (Cho.)

Then loudly sing the praise of Edinboro,  
Raise her Red and White for all the world to see,  
All the glories of her past  
Shall remain down to the last  
On the banks of the Conneauttee. (Cho.)

12

Tune—"My Hero."

*Key of C Starts on E*

Stand once more in your places,  
Loyal comrades true,  
Sound our Fair Mother's praises,  
And her's be the honor due;  
Raise her banner victorious,  
Hail her Red and White glorious  
Streaming proudly there!  
Here's to our Edinboro,  
Our Mother Fair!

13

Tune—"Blue Bell."

*Key of F Starts on A*

Hail, Edinboro!  
Hail, Normal dear!  
We guard thy altars  
Through each passing year,  
We raise our voices  
Praising thy might,  
We proudly wear thy colors,  
Red and White.

## 14

Tune—"Der Papst Lebt Herrlich in der Welt."

*Key of C Starts on G*

The Seniors lead a jolly life,  
They're free from every care and strife,  
Their tasks are done, their trials left behind,  
I'm glad the Senior's life is mine!

The Sophs' and Juniors' pleases me,  
'Tis filled with study, song and glee.  
They go and come at will, their ways are free,  
So one of them I fain would be!

The Freshman's pleases not at all,  
They have no rights in school or hall,  
They dare not say or do whate'er they will,  
The Freshman's shoes I'd fain not fill.

## 15

Tune—Eton Boating Song.

*Key of E Flat Starts on G*

Jolly boating weather,  
And a hay-harvest breeze;  
Bride on "the feather,"  
Shade off the trees—  
Swing, swing together  
With your bodies between your knees.  
June skies are o'er us bending,  
Winds with the wavelets play;  
Voices in song are blending,  
As the boats glide on their way.  
No thought to care we're lending  
Afloat on the lake today.

## 16

**SANTA LUCIA**

Neapolitan Folk-Song

*Key of D Flat Starts on A Flat*

Sol mare lucia  
L'astro d'argento.  
Placida e l'onda  
Prospero il vento  
Venite al aglio  
Barchetta mia,

Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.  
O bella Napoli,  
O suol beato,  
Ove sorridero  
Voll' creato,  
To sei l'impero  
Dell' armonia,  
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.

## 17

Tune—From "Songs of Yale."

*Key of B Flat Starts on F*

The stars brightly glancing,  
Behold us advancing,  
And kindly smile upon us from on high,  
With hearts loudly beating,  
The summons awaiting,  
The Freshmen trembling on their couches lie.  
Wake, wake, Freshmen, wake!  
Wake while our song smites the sky.  
For now, ere we leave you,  
We cordially give you  
A welcome into Eta Beta Psi!

## 18

*Key of F Starts on C*

O, the king will take the queen,  
And the queen will take the jack,  
And now we're in your company  
We'll sing to all the pack.  
Here's to you, my jovial soul,  
Here's to you with all my heart,  
And now we're in your company  
We'll sing before we part,  
Here's to you (Edinboro).\*

O, the ten will take the nine,  
And the nine will take the eight,  
And now we're in your company  
We won't go home till late.  
Here's to you my jovial soul,  
Here's to you with all my heart,  
And now we're in your company,  
We'll sing before we part.  
Here's to you (Edinboro).\*

\*Name of person to whom toast is offered.

Tune—"Fighting for Eli."

*Key of G Starts on G*

March, march on down the field,  
 March on to vict'ry.  
 Break through the Franklin line,  
 Make first down again,  
 We'll give a cheer for the Red and White,  
 Old Edinboro's all right!  
 Franklin's team may fight to the end,  
 But WE WILL WIN!

Tune—Neapolitan Polk-song.

*Key of E Flat Starts on B Flat*

Some say the world is made for fun and frolic,  
 And so do I,  
 Some think it well to be all melancholic—  
 To pine and sigh.  
 But I, I love to spend my time in singing  
 Some joyous song.  
 To set the air with music bravely ringing  
 Is far from wrong.  
 Listen, listen, echoes sound afar,  
 Listen, listen, echoes sound afar,  
 Funiculi, funicula, funiculi, funicula.  
 Echoes sound afar, funiculi, funicula.

Tune—"A Hot Time in the Old Town."

*Key of G Starts on B*

Yell, yell, yell, 'tis Edinboro's day!  
 Yell, yell, yell, we'll show them how to play.  
 And when the game is done, believe us when  
     we say,  
 There'll be, etc.

Yell, yell, yell, make Edinboro ring!  
 Yell, yell, yell, give every voice full swing,  
 And as we march down town let every fellow  
     sing  
 There'll be, etc.

*Key of G Starts on D*

Here's to Edinboro and the team!  
 Raise your voices free.  
 Here's to victory!  
 Edinboro cannot fail to win,  
 Here's to Edinboro and the team!

Tune—"Our Director."

*Key of C Starts on G*

Hail, Edinboro, and the days we've spent with  
     you  
 In our work and our play together!  
 Here's a health to comrades true  
 Who have laughed the glad years through  
 In fair and in cloudy weather!

Winds that sweep the campus,  
 Winds that stir the trees,  
 Sweep round her towers,  
 Standing calm and still,  
 Through the winter's darkness,  
 Through the summer's shine,  
 Bear her our blessing,  
 And glad good will!

Tune—"Taps."

*Key of G Starts on D*

Fades the light,  
 And afar  
 Goeth day, cometh night,  
 And a star  
 Lendeth all, speedeth all,  
 To their rest  
 Love, good-night!  
 May sweet dreams  
 Lull thy rest till the bright  
 Morning beams  
 Bring the day. Now away,  
 Love, to rest!

## FOOT BALL SONG

Tune—"Marching Through Georgia."

Our boys are on the foot-ball field,  
 We're gathered for the fray—  
 The Normal yell is in the air  
 We're sure to win the day,  
 We'll teach the game of foot-ball  
 To our friends across the way  
 While we are shouting for Normal.

## CHORUS:

Then rush, then rush, then rush the ball along—  
 A kick, a shove, we'll send it thru their throng.  
 No line can stop our fellows in their rushes  
 fierce and strong,  
 While we are shouting for Normal.

Our players every one are made  
 Of mind and muscle tough,  
 That combination always wins,  
 And they are up to snuff.  
 We'll teach the (Eric) fellows  
 They are diamonds in the rough  
 While we are shouting for Normal.

Tune—"I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard."

*Key of F Starts on F*

I don't want to go to Mansfield,  
 I can't think of Slippery Rock,  
 Millersville and Indiana  
 Merely mentioned cause a shock!  
 Only Deutsche zeih'n nach Kutztown,  
 California's too far,  
 I won't go to any Normal  
 If it isn't Edinbor'!

Clarion, of course, is clever,  
 Shippensburg, I'm told, is loud.  
 Quite all right but not for me are  
 Both the "burgs" of Bloom and Strond.  
 All my friends have left Lock Haven,  
 I don't like West Chester, nor  
 Will I go to any Normal,  
 If it isn't Edinbor'.

ALMA MATER SONGS OF THE  
UNIVERSITIES.*Key of E Flat*

Fair Harvard, thy sons to thy jubilee throng  
 And with blessings surrender thee o'er  
 By these festival rites from the age that is past  
 To the age that is waiting before.  
 O relic and type of our ancestors' worth,  
 That has long kept their memory warm,  
 First flow'r of their wilderness, star of their  
 night,  
 Calm rising thru change and thru storm.

Bright college years, with pleasure rife,  
 The shortest, gladdest years of life,  
 How swiftly are ye gliding by,  
 O why does time so quickly fly!  
 The seasons come, the seasons go,  
 The earth is green or white with snow,  
 But time and change can naught avail  
 To break the friendships formed at Yale.

In after years, should troubles rise,  
 To cloud the blue of sunny skies,  
 How bright will seem thru mem'ry's haze  
 The happy, golden, by gone days!  
 Then let us strive that ever we  
 May let these words our watchword be,  
 Where'er upon life's sea we sail  
 "For God, for Country and for Yale."

*Key of G Flat*

Tune every heart and every voice,  
 Let every care withdraw,  
 Let all with one accord rejoice  
 In praise of Old Nassau,  
 In praise of old Nassau, my boys,  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 Her sons will give while they shall live  
 Three cheers for Old Nassau.

Let music rule the fleeting hour,  
Her mantle round us draw,  
And thrill each heart with all her pow'r  
In praise of Old Nassau.

30

*Key of B Flat*

Far above Cayuga's waters,  
With its waves of blue,  
Stands our noble alma mater,  
Glorious to view,  
Lift the chorus, speed it onward,  
Loud her praises tell.  
Hail, all hail, our alma mater,  
Hail, all hail, Cornell!  
Far above the busy humming  
Of the bustling town,  
Rear'd against the arch of heaven  
Looks she proudly down.

31

Hail Pennsylvania! Noble and strong.  
To thee with grateful hearts we raise our song.  
Swelling to heaven loud, thy praises ring.  
Hail, Pennsylvania! To thee we sing.

Majesty as a crown rests on thy brow,  
Pride, honor, glory, love before thee bow.  
Ne'er can thy fame depart, thy walls decay.  
Hail, Pennsylvania! For thee we pray.

32

Tune—"Working on the Railway."

In eighteen hundred and fifty-three,  
'Twas then we first began to be,  
(Upon the shores of Conneanttee)  
"A school in Pennsylvania."  
In eighteen hundred and sixty-one,—  
The war for freedom just begun—  
A "Normal" we'd be—'twas said, 'twas done—  
The second in Pennsylvania!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-three  
Came Cooper, from Yale University,  
And Edinboro soon made to be,  
The first in Pennsylvania!

12

Then Benedict, Flickinger, Bigler came,  
To foster Edinboro's fame,  
By adding honor to her name  
As the First in Pennsylvania!

In nineteen and eleven A. D.  
Our honored Principal Frank E.  
Took us in charge and him hail we  
The Best in Pennsylvania!

33

Tune—"Eli Yale."

*Key of B Flat Starts on F*

When Freshman first we hither came,  
Fol-de-rol, de-rol-rol-rol!  
We only knew the school by name,  
Fol-de-rol, de-rol-rol-rol!  
Edinboro, Edinbor',  
Fol-de-rol, de-rol-rol-rol,  
Edinboro, Edinbor'.  
Fol-de-rol, de-rol-rol-rol.

As Sophomores we wiser grew,  
Fol-de-rol, etc.  
Made friends, played much, yet studied, too.  
Fol-de-rol, etc.

And as we neared our Junior year  
Fol-de-rol, etc.  
Old Edinboro grew more dear.  
Fol-de-rol, etc.

Our saddest tale we now must tell  
Fol-de-rol, etc.  
As to the school we bid farewell.  
Fol-de-rol, etc.

13

Tune—"I Doubt It."

There are Normals, they tell us, the peer of our  
own,  
Our pride patriotic, they flout it.  
But we're from Missouri—we have to be  
"shown!"  
For, maybe there are—but we doubt it.

A diploma, they say, is a wonderful thing,  
One can't get along well without it.  
Just "grind" four long years and the song you  
will sing  
Is, maybe it is,—but I doubt it.

When a fair maid proposes a stroll by the Lake,  
With no one to gossip about it,  
Do you rush to "The Office" a permit to seek?  
Well, maybe you do,—but we doubt it.

When the stately "State Board" in austere  
state appears,  
Assuming to "know all about it,"  
Does it glance at the papers we've toiled o'er  
in tears?  
Well, maybe it does,—but we doubt it.

(Other verses ad lib)

### DISMISSAL DAY SONG.

*Key of E Flat Starts on G*

Where, oh, where, are the grave old Seniors?  
Out, now, in the wide, wide world.  
They've gone out from their alma mater,  
Out, now, etc.

Where, oh, where are the jolly Juniors?  
Safe, now, in the Senior class.  
They've gone out from their Psych and Science,  
Safe, now, etc.

Where, oh, where are the gay young Soph'mores?  
Safe, now in the Junior class;  
They've gone out from their Lit. and Latin,  
Safe, now, etc.

Where, oh; where are the verdant Freshmen?  
Safe, now, in the Soph'more class;  
They've gone out from their Math. and Methods,  
Safe, now, etc.



## RECESSIONAL

Tune—"Coronae."

*Key of G*

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
 Thanks for mercies past receive.  
 May we all, our sins confessing,  
 Share thy gracious relieve,  
 May thy children  
 Nevermore thy spirit grieve.

By thy kindly influence cherish  
 All the good we here have gained.  
 May all taint of evil perish,  
 By the mightier power restrained.  
 Seek we ever  
 Knowledge pure and love unfeigned.

Let thy father-hand be shielding  
 All who here shall meet no more.  
 May their seed-time past be yielding  
 Year by year a richer store,  
 These returning  
 Make more faithful than before.

Domine, salvam fac  
 Scholam claram nostram  
 Edinburgensem!  
 Et exaudi nos in die qua  
 Invocaverimus Te!