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Connecticut College

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C.C. Music. Conn. College Songs.

Connecticut College Songs



Mary A. DeGang

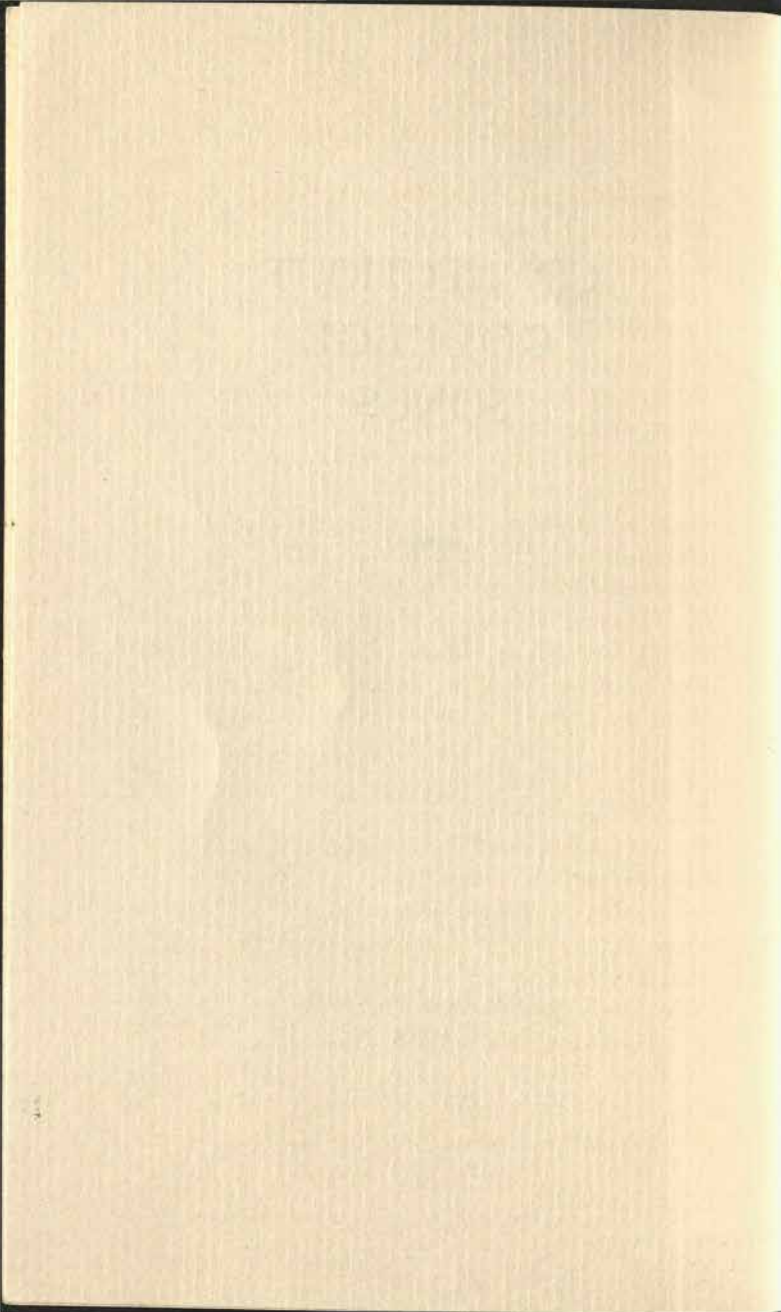
New London, Conn.

1933

CONNECTICUT
COLLEGE
SONGS



New London, Conn.
1933



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ALMA MATER

Alma Mater by the sea
Our hearts in love are lifted to thee
We'll carry thy standards forever
Loyalty to C. C.
Faith, friendship, and love.

Hail to the colors white and blue
Keep through the years all our love deep and true
Our Alma Mater we love thee
Ivied walls, C. C. calls
To loyalty true.



COLLEGE HYMN

O College years how swift they run!
Our love for thee has but begun;
Dear Alma Mater, by the sea,
We'll soon be far away from thee—
And river, hills, and thy gray walls
Will ever seem
To be a dream of long ago.

O may the freedom and the strength
Of hill and river be at length,
Dear Alma Mater, by the sea,
A symbol of our love for thee,
And friendships prove that college days
May never seem
To be a dream of long ago.

MARCHING SONG

With a love increasing ever
As our college years go by;
Joined with bonds which naught can sever,
And our hearts all glorify.
Oh! Connecticut we hail thee
As we marching sing thy fame,
And our voices ne'er shall fail thee
Singing praises to thy name.

Though in time our paths may sever,
May thy spirit join us still;
May our love bind us forever
To our college on the hill.
Oh Alma Mater e'er before us,
May we see thy white and blue!
May thy symbol ever o'er us
Hold our hearts steadfast and true.



SO HERE'S TO DEAR C. C.

So here's to dear C. C.
Our college on the hilltop by the sea.
Her classes four shall evermore
Stand by in all sincerity.
Extol her noble name,
Tell abroad her glorious fame—
C. C.; To thee
We sing in love and loyalty.
C. C. To thee
We sing in love and loyalty.

Tune: Beta Song

Come loyal classmates gather 'round
And join a song of praise;
Connecticut, to honor thee
Our voices we will raise.
Fling out the doors of learning wide,
For she has much to share
Of health, of wealth, of happiness,
And gifts beyond compare.



SPRING SONG

For now the spring has come
To this our college;
Connecticut is robed in green and gray;
And all the apple bloom
And budding laurel
Have tinted all the hills, and far away.
For now the spring has come
To this our college;
And set the river glistening.
We'll sing with joy to thee,
Our Alma Mater;
We'll always love to think of thee in spring.

SENIOR SONG

Tune: Far Above Cayuga's Waters

Far above the Thames blue water,
Where the ships sail by,
Stands the youngest Alma Mater
Growing to the sky.
See her daughters, coming, coming,
Thronging campus hall;
Make Connecticut our college
Fairest of them all.

33's school days are over;
We must say farewell.
We will always love you, C. C.
Future years will tell.
As a class we've stood together
Loyal, staunch, and true—
33's school days are over
C. C. farewell to you.

CLASS SONG—1933

Words and Music: Alma Bennett '33

There's a college on a hill,
Rising up against the blue,
Where we hold allegiance still,
O! Connecticut, to you.
May our steps unswerving lead
Ever upward, ever on;
Finding noble deed for your every need,
Finding hope with each new dawn.

O! Connecticut we'll give
All the love that's ours to you,
That your name may ever live
In the glory that is due.
May our loyalty live long,
Burning with a steady flame,
And our voice be strong in a rising song
To our Alma Mater's name.



CLASS SONG—1934

Tune: Kay Huston ex-'34

Words: Barbara Meeker '34

The women of each by-gone age
Have left to us a heritage;
Rich with its inspiring store,
We turn to college life for more.
Connecticut, to you we pledge
Homage as our high privilege!
Your guidance of our future way
Will make us leaders of our day
May only honor come to you,
Whatever work we may pursue.
Connecticut to you we pledge
Homage as our high privilege!

COLLEGE MEDLEY

Words: Priscilla Sawtelle '34

Arranged by: Elizabeth Dutch '34

WHEN THE CRIMSON IN TRIUMPH FLASHES

College, a path of glory,
That for us will never end—
A start on the road of living,
And a bond in the hearts of—

MARCH, MARCH ON DOWN THE FIELD

Friends, friends we'll always be
E'en to eternity,
We will share our joys and our sorrows

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Cheerfully ever, our Alma Mater, dear,
Thy standards raise on high
Where'er we—

ANCHORS AWEIGH

Be—to thy call we'll come
From near and far:
Rally around thy banner,
Shout thy praises louder—

LORD JEFFREY AMHERST

For our college, fair college,
Whose name we have sung in days of yore,
May she ever be glorious
Till the sun shall climb the heavens no more.

Tune: Poor Butterfly

Words: Eleanor Hine '34

The sun sinks low;
And the day is dying;
Sweet breezes blow
O'er the campus sighing;
The blue sky fades up above;
The tulips whisper of love;
And we are all dreaming of
Our college fair.
We sing to you
And our sister classes;
Our hearts ring true
With a love that lasts.
We wonder if we'll forget
All the joys of college years,—
The happiness we've had with you!



Melody: Priscilla Sawtelle '35, Dorothy Boomer '35

Words: Priscilla Sawtelle '35, Eleanor Weaver '35

Dorothy Boomer '35

C. C., C. C., on the hill—Hail to thee!
Alma Mater of us all, by the sea.
Here as we sing to you,
Staunch and true,
Evermore—
Classes four are singing
At traditions's call to thee,
While on these steps we offer
Our pledge eternally,
To honor this, our college,
To hold her standards high—
And so with deep sincerity—
'35 sings hail C. C.!

'35 CLASS SONG

Tune: "Aloha Oe"

Words: Priscilla Sawtelle '35

Thirty-five, lift high the green and gray
To the college of our hearts always,
To the friendships formed within her walls;
To the knowledge we learned within her halls.

Chorus:

Connecticut, our college fair,
Thy standards high our class will ever bear;
To keep thy faith and trust, we'll strive
And loyalty to thirty-five.

MEM'RIES

Words and Music: Priscilla Sawtelle '35

Mem'ries, we sing now of you,
Won't you bring back the joys that we all knew?
From our college 'way up upon a hill,
Whose beauty lives with us still—
Our college—
Our games, our plays, our cheers,
All the zest of our college years
We'll sing thy praises now and always
Our Alma Mater dear.

Refrain:

White depicts our joy and pain,
Red, the poise that we all gained,
Orange, our dramatic plays,
Yellow, health, that filled our days—
Green, our campus, like the earth,
Blue, our sports that gave us mirth,
Purple, our music, and black, our Proms,
Rainbows! Rainbows!
Mem'ry in song!

Repeat verse

All hail to you!



'36 CLASS SONG

Oh! '36, we will loyal be;
Dear '36, we'll honor thee.
Forever reaching toward the best,
And always equal to each test
Of friendliness.
To show our love in every little deed;
To scatter sunshine where there's a need.
In readiness we live to serve
This challenge our class deserves.

GOOD EVENING MR. MOON

Good Evening, Mr. Moon, moon, moon
You are shining on us just in time.
Good Evening, Mr. Moon, moon, moon,
Your light is mighty fine.
Green of the campus; a gray stonewall—
What senior can be heedless of the moon man's call?
Good evening Mr. Moon, moon, moon
You are shining on us just in time.



When the moon plays peek-a-boo,
And the stars shine down on you,
Seniors gather here from far and near
To sing, classes three, to you:
In our hearts you're resident,
And for you our love is meant
We will sing tonight while the stars shine bright,
And the moon plays peek-a-boo.



C-O-M-E

Tune: Some People Join the Motor Corps
Oh Vassar, Smith, and Holyoke
Upon their steps do sing;
At every institution
They do the same old thing;
But C. C.'s always different:
The latest of them all
Is the Seniors marching out to sing,
Beside the old stonewall.

Come,

Oh, C-O-M-E-come when the moon begins to shine!
You'll F-I-N-D-find the Seniors all in line!
To keep this old tradition,
All classes gather here
To sing beside the old stonewall
Each month from year to year.

FATHER TIME

Oh Father Time is a crafty man,
And he's set in his ways;
And we know that we never can
Make him bring back past days—
So classmates, while we are here,
Let's be friends firm and true.
We'll have a gay time,
A happy play time;
For we all love to play with you.



SONG TO THE FRESHMEN

Tune: Shubert-Love Song

Words: Betty Miller '33

We've found the perfect tune;
Now the words come clearly:
Freshmen we sing to you
Praising you sincerely.
Now in the moon-light we're calling, calling,
By the wall where we always stand.
Ringing clear through the trees above,
This is our song of love:
Freshman class, it's to you.



Tune: Roses of Picardy

Ivy will cling to the gray stone wall
Till the walls shall be crumbled away;
Blue of the river will only fade
When the heavens shall pass away;
And now in the moon-light together,
Our love to the Juniors we bring
And our hearts will be loyal forever
It's to you, Junior class, that we sing.

Tune: Just A-Wearyin' for You!

Words: Eleanor Hine '34, Betty Archer '34

Juniors sing goodnight to you;
Somewhere you've life's work to do.
And we pledge in you tonight
All that's made our lives so bright,
And we promise to be true,
Juniors sing goodnight to you.



Tune: In the Garden of Tomorrow

Words: Eleanor Hine '34, Betty Archer '34

Tonight we're here beneath the moon,
Beneath the bright and starry sky,
We're singing to the Senior Class
For whom our love will never die.
We've learned to trust and to believe in you
And in your fellowship to find
All happiness and honor of success
In love and loyalty combined.



SONG TO SENIORS

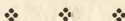
Tune: "Smile the While"

Senior Class, in gratitude to thee,
Our hearts offer you this melody;
Mind and spirit here unite
And in unison seek light,
Our friendships firm and happiness for all
Our hearts' best we offer at your call.
So raise us to thy standard high—
Senior Class—for aye.

Tune: Moonlight and Roses

Words: Ellen Woodhead '36

Dear Junior class, freshmen are singing to you!
Our sister class, to you we will all be true,
Following your standard, through the four years hard
and long,
We'll always love you, dear Juniors, hear our song.



SONG FOR SERENADE

Listen, oh! Freshmen, harken oh! Freshmen!
Open your windows and look down below;
Seniors are singing, fellowship bringing;
And here to you our good feeling we'll show.



SENIOR TRADITIONAL

Friends, friends, friends,
You and I will be
Whether in fair or in dark stormy weather,
We'll stand or all fall together
For our C. C., dear in memory;
Through the laughter and tears of the on-coming
years
We'll look back to thee.

SISTER CLASS SONG

Deep down in our hearts,
We've got a feeling for you
Oh yes! a feeling for you;
As we come to sing,
Our hearts are open to you
Because we know you're true blue.
So now, our sister class,
We'll keep on thinking of you,
And keep a-loving you too;
For we've got a sisterly feeling for you
Deep down in our hearts.



Freshmen! Freshmen! Bless your hearts,
Sister class we love so well,
We'll all be true,
To the white and blue.
You're our sisters, and we all love you.



TRADITIONAL MASCOT SONG—'33, '35, '37—

When all the little ships come sailing home
Across the sea,
Their weary journey's ending,
Their way they're wending
Back to dear C. C.
They glide across the bar for they can see
That our mascot will be waiting
On our hilltop by the sea.

TRADITIONAL MASCOT SONG—'34, '36, '38—

High up among the blue Thames hills,
There is a spot our memory thrills,
And our hearts with pride shall swell once more
As we think of our mascot there.
Mascot, we love thee, may thy name so fair
Bring back as the years go by, thoughts of good cheer.
Mascot, we hail thee, steadfast and strong,
Our loyal love to thee will e'er belong.



MASCOT DITTY

Tune: Oh! Where Oh Where is My Little Dog Gone

Words: Anna May Derge '33

Oh where oh where has that mascot gone?
Oh where oh where can it be?
You'll never know;
For it's hid in a hole.
You'll never be able to see!



MASCOT DITTY

Tune: Susanna

Words: Ann May Derge '33

The Junior class a mascot has
Of very great renown.
We are all set for a great big spree,
Because we're going to town.
Junior Mascot, of very great renown,
You will bring us all the luck we need,
And we can go to town.

MASCOT DITTY

Tune: The Keeper

Words: Betty Miller '33

Above the Thames on a little green hill,
Beneath the pines and awaitin' so still,
Sophomores cast a vague little thought,
Could it be our Mascot?

Yes it is! Sure it is!

There it goes. No one knows
What a jolly little sight to see
Is our Junior Mascot.



MASCOT DITTY

Oh those funny little tracks on the ground
How I wonder what they are and whither bound!
Once I saw a Junior bright
Stealing forth 'neath cover of night.
Oh! those funny little tracks on the ground!
Those funny little tracks!

MASCOT SONG

Tune: Bye-Lo My Baby

Words: Mary-Alice Davis '35

Now thirty-five's a good old class
It's rumored 'round about,
There's not a problem we can't solve—
We're clever, there's not a doubt.

Chorus:

We'll find the mascot,
We'll find the mascot,
We'll find the mascot,
It's true, dear Juniors, it's true!

We know you've got a secret dark,
We know what it might be,
We know you're not so very smart,
Not quite as smart as we.

Repeat chorus:



MASCOT SONG

Tune: "Rock-a-Bye Baby"

Words: Mary-Alice Davis '35

Rock-a-bye mascot in the tree-top,
When the wind blows the mascot will rock,
When the bough breaks the mascot will fall
And down will come Juniors, mascot and all.

WHAT IS THE USE OF BEING SERIOUS?

What is the use of being serious?
It's a strain on the brain, don't you know?
Oh, what is the use of using your intellect
For the wheels inside your head were never made
to go?
You can talk for several hours about the weather,
Without the least exertion to your head;
So there really is no use in being serious—
There's plenty of time for that when you are dead.



I THOUGHT I'D GO TO COLLEGE

Tune: Jingle Bells

I thought I'd go to college, so I said to my ma;
"May I go to C. C. it isn't very far?"
My Mother said to me,
"I think that you may go;
I want to see how big and strong and rosy you can
grow."

C. C., C. C. that's the place for me;
That's where we all have such fun,
And live a life that's free.
C. C., C. C. come along and see
How we all join in the fun like one big family.

PIERROT AND PIERRETTE

If you were only Pierrette,
And I were Pierrot,
In a rose-scented garden,
Where sweet flowers blow.
I would sing you many love-songs,
And play my guitar.
For I love you, though I'm not Pierrot,
And you're just as you are.



WE ARE THE SENIORS

Oh! we are the Seniors of C. C.
With conscience as white as the snow!
We sit on the brink of damnation, damnation,
And spit on the sinners below!

Sing Tiro-li-ero-li-addi!
Sing Tiro-li-ero-li-aye
Sing Tiro-li-ero-li-addi-i-addi,
Sing Tiro-li-ero-li-aye!

I'm a poor old Senior,
Just looking for a loving man.
Just a year ago I had one,
But now I never can—
The girls at home all laugh and crow,
She got an education but she couldn't get a beau!
I'm a poor old Senior,
Just looking for a loving man.

I'm a poor old Senior,
Just looking for a loving man.
Just a year ago I had one,
But now I never can—
The boys all say they like 'em young
They take the jolly Juniors
And the Seniors get stung!
I'm a poor old Senior,
Just looking for a loving man.



Words: Mary Scott '32
Music: Kay Warren ex-'32

Ha! we need no explanation
We explain our situation
For we are sophisticated
And most highly educated
We've had Ec. and Psychology
Lit. and Comp. and Philology
We're the affable, sensible, capable, lovable Sen-i-ors.

We demand our rights and rages
And our Senior privileges
And if others stride the curbing
'Pon my word 'tis most disturbing
We're the first to board the trolley
Or we know just why, by golly,
We're the affable, sensible, capable, lovable Sen-i-ors.

Words: Betty Miller '33

Some say "Hello," and some say "We're glad to see
you!"

Some say "Delighted," when greeting friends so dear;
But when you hear the Seniors, the Seniors, the
Seniors,

But when you hear the Seniors,

This is what they say:

"Oh we are a gay crew; oh! we are a jolly crew;

Oh we want to sing to you,

And howdy do today."



Get out the rubber tired buggy;

Get out the rubber tired hack.

We'll take the to the cemetery,

And we're not goin' to bring 'em back!

They're dead and gone; just say Amen.



Tune: Tipperary

Words: Ruth Rose '33

It takes a good team to beat the Juniors,
When they're all out to win.

It takes a good team to beat the Juniors
When they come out and begin.

So good-by you class

You will never score

Rip! rah! ray! you'll hear the Juniors

For victory roar.

Tune: Limehouse Blues

Words: Ruth Rose '33

We've got vim, vigor, and vitality
We're just as peppy as Seniors can be
Nothing can stop us when once we start out
We're from the class that you've heard lots about.
We've got ambition, we climb to the top;
We never hesitate—we never stop.
Fight on for Juniors and never give in
Out of the way, and look on while we win.



A MAN!

From Simmon's Song Book

I want a man! I want a man!
You hear those Juniors cry on every hand.
They want him quick
Tall, lean, or thick,—
A rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief;
They don't care what they pick.
I want a man! I want a man!
O, anything in breeches would be grand!
If you were in their place,
You would make an awful face,
And say, "I want a man!"

WE ARE THE SOPHOMORES

Tune: Kay Warren ex-'32

Words: Mary Scott '32

We are the Sophomores,
And we tolerate no nonsense
From the Freshmen!
Oh! we are the Sophomores!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Our will is invincible,
Our words are convincible
For we are the Sophomores!

❖ ❖ ❖

Down among the dead men!
Down among the dead men!
Down among the dead men!
The Sophomores must go.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!
And when they get there!
And when they get there!
All the little Freshies
Will make it hot for them!
Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

❖ ❖ ❖

Oh! Sophomores, we are friends of yours,
Mmm! and a little bit more.
We'd like to be your sister team,
Mmm! and a little bit more.
But when it comes to basketball,
Or any ol' ball at all,
You'll get all that's coming to you!
Mmm, and a little bit—
Mmm, and a little bit—
Mmm, and a little bit more!

Oh there is a girl who's known in these parts;
Her name is and she's won our hearts!
Oh we'd like to know a girl with more go;
We'll all stand by her to the end—O.



OUR HEARTS TO YOU

Oh! Our hearts to you, our hands to you
Oh! Our hearts and hands to you
We pledge ourselves to your success
Our love for you will ne'er grow less,
Oh! Our hearts to you, our hands to you
Oh! Our hearts and hands to you!

