

1914

# Handwritten "Senior Song"

Cedarville College

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## (L) Tune of Perfect Day

We have come to the end of our College day  
With our lessons all learned and done,  
We have come to the parting of the ways  
Different tasks will soon be begun,  
We bid thee farewell most sacred spot  
Thy memories we'll ever revere  
The unpleasant scenes will soon be forgot  
The pleasant our lives will cheer.

## Banks of the Wabash

Just four short years ago we were Freshmen  
The greenest youngsters that your eyes did <sup>behold</sup> see  
How the stern teachers then the banks did <sup>frighten</sup> fill  
But now you see we've grown quite bold.

## Sands of the Desert.

Now the Juniors will soon take our places  
But our vacancies they ne'er can fill  
Tho' in numbers so few

(3) They will be bold as we  
When as Seniors of '15  
They come to you.

## II. Old Gray Bonnet

Put on your old spectacles with the  
long handles on them

And we'll take a look at something <sup>cute</sup>

It's a bonny, tiny Freshie  
with some green to make it dashie  
And a meek little air to boot.

## Boola Boola

Now the roll call of the Seniors

5) Clara, Nancy, Grace & Edna  
Helen, Bertha, Hazel, Mary,  
And our two boys, Bruce and Hoff

## Everybody works but Father

Everybody works but Sophomores

They sit around all day,  
Talking, smiling, giggling  
Whiling time away.

(6) Now if they were Seniors  
They'd know how to work  
Keeping up their lessons  
And never shirk.

Vacant Chair

Now the roll it has been called

All except the Faculty

So we'll just proceed to tell you  
How they treat humanity.

They give us examinations

That are sure abominations

And if you flunk they give you blazes  
Just because you were so junk.

But we like them just the same

Therefore we'll take all the blame

And forget we've been mistreated

Now that we must say farewell.

Soldier's Farewell

Farewell our Alma Mater true

Nineteen fourteen bids farewell to you.

(Repeat)

Senior Song  
Hazel Sowry.