

Manchester University Historical
Society.

Song Book

1920.

FOY & WEBB, LTD.
MANCHESTER.

I. THE HISTORY SCHOOL.

("There is a Tavern, L.S.B., p. 269).

There is a University—'Varsity,

And it is very dear to me—dear to me;

There is a School of History there

With which none other can compare.

Do you know the School I'm meaning,

Where our knowledge we are gleaning,

'Neath the ever watchful guidance of Prof. Tout,

Prof. Tout?

The first-year folk, poor things, are bravely plodding
on

Thro' Latin, French, and Pol. Econ.—Pol. Econ.

The third-year folk are sorry sights to see,

All straining after their degree.

The third-year folk have much to do—much to do,

With their "George III" and "Edward II."

"Edward II,"

At Rylands' on a Friday morn

Their lofty alcoves they adorn.

And the second years are martyrs

Unto Stubbs' selected Charters

Tortured in the dusky-windowed seminar—'minar;

And when they want to have excitement for a bit

They go in search of sparkling wit, sparkling wit,

And balance cups at a History tea,

And never think of their degree.

And when they've finished their exam, their exam.
(No further need to swot or cram—swot or cram!)
Upon an expedition they
Most gleefully will spend the day:
And it's long and keen the search is
For some interesting churches;
And it's many are the miles that they will go, will go;
And then they quizz the architecture in a bunch,
And all the time they think of lunch, think of lunch,
And many are the wondrous sights they see
To qualify for their degree.

F. M. G. EVANS.

2.

"ARDUUS AD SOLEM."

("I've Gwine Back to Dixie.")

They're coming up to college, in endless swarms
they're coming,
The keen and hopeful Freshers, to set the college
humming;
They mean to lick creation,
They want to rule the nation,
So they've come up to college to learn the way.

REFRAIN.

So they come to college—gaily up to college—
Here where deeds of derring-do are done!
They'd like to be enlightened,
They're just a wee bit frightened,
But they'll go straining upwards towards the sun.

The second-years at college, they know not fear nor
pity,
And in their search for knowledge they sit on each
committee.
They run the whole arrangement, no function will
they shirk,
With just a slight derangement—sometimes for work.

REFRAIN.

Second-years are merry! Life is pleasant, very!
They know just how everything is done.
And in turn philosophising,
Admiring, criticising,
They still go straining upwards towards the sun.

Third-years work at college, o'er burdened with a
thesis,
They struggle hard to reach their goal before they
go to pieces.
Experiments they're doing,
Or maybe Edward twining,
Until at last the great degree they have won.

REFRAIN.

Then 'so long' to college, they'll go down from
college
Thinking of the things that they have done,
Nor fearing, hesitating,
In life they're graduating,
And so go straining upwards towards the sun.

F. M. G. EVANS.

3. I WISH.

(Song of the Western Men, L.S.B., p. 92.)

I wish I were a Saxon churl about the year B.C.,
Then Tacitus and Cæsar, too, would write concern-
ing me.
I'd kill my beasts and eat my feasts, and live both
wild and free,
If I could be a Saxon churl about the year B.C.

REFRAIN.

Then roll away the years, my lad, then roll the
years away,
And you shall be a Saxon churl, for none shall say
you nay;
But have you quite made up your mind that's what
you want to be?
You might get tired of feasting folk about the
year B.C.

If I could be a gallant knight in mediæval days,
I'd seek my fortune far and wide and set the world
ablaze;
In armour bright, my foes I'd fight, and win my
lady's praise;
I wish I were a gallant knight in mediæval days.

REFRAIN.

Then roll away the years, my lad, and roll the
years away,
And you shall be a gallant knight, for none shall say
you nay;

But are you sure you will not tire of fickle For-
tune's fate?
You might get tired of fighting folk in mediæval
days.

I wish I were a Cavalier when Merry Charles were
King,
I'd curl my love locks lazily and smile at everything,
My sparkling wit, the fame of it around the land
would ring,
So let me be a Cavalier when Merry Charles was
King.

REFRAIN.

Then roll away the years, my lad, then roll the
years away,
And you shall be a Cavalier, for none shall say
you nay,
But are you sure you'd be content to chaff, and
smile, and sing?
You might get tired of courting folk when Merry
Charles was King.

Then let me stay just where I am, and study history,
And freeman, knight, and courtier, too, each in its
turn I'll be;
From Saxon days to Georgian ways I'll wander
fancy free,
For none shall daunt the happy man who studies
history.

REFRAIN.

Then roll away the years, my lad, then roll the
years away,
And you shall wander where you will, for none
shall say you nay,
To choose the best, and leave the rest for every
century,
For that's the motto of the man who studies
history.

F. M. G. EVANS.

4.

CUTTING.

(Poaching. L.S.B. 236).

When I came up to college, at famous Owen's here,
Full well I stuck to lectures until my second year,
Until I took to cutting, like many more, I fear.
Oh it's my delight of a morning bright at any time
of year.

But some of us in cutting misuse the gentle art,
For he who works the while he cuts, he cuts not in
his heart;
But let us not despair, my friends, for few of these
are here,
Oh it's my delight of a morning bright at any time
of year.

Now I and my companions, we use our cuts with
care,
When books are dry and class rooms dull, and all
outside is fair

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We gaily drink our coffee—I need not tell you
where—
Oh it's my delight of a morning bright at any time
of year.

Success to every student who loves his coffee cup,
And may the kindly registrar in season sign him up;
The best of luck to O.L.B. which offers splendid
cheer;
Oh it's my delight of a morning bright at any time
of year.

5.

M. E. I. EDWARDS.
ALL THRO' THE VAC.

(All through the night L.S.B. 235).

While the housemaid scrubs and scours
All through the Vac.,
I shall sleep away the hours
All through the Vac.
Likeness of the dove assuming,
For my recent fret and fuming,
Breakfast in my bed consuming,
All through the Vac.

Other folks may rise at seven,
All through the Vac.,
I shall lie in slumbrous heaven
All through the Vac.
Far from lecs. and text books crazy,
I'll take lessons from the daisy,
And be exquisitely lazy
All through the Vac.

9

P. J. MURIE.

6. THE EXAMINEE.

(Riding down to Bangor),

One bright summer morning to the Whitworth Hall
Came an eager student, fair, and slim, and tall,
Fearful and impatient, hours she seemed to wait,
Till she got her paper, read her dreadful fate.
Carefully she chooses, she'll do nothing rash,
Then she's seized with panic, makes a frenzied dash;
Mockingly the big clock ticks the moments by,
While the teasing sunbeams peep in from on high.
Supervisor, watching, with a scathing look,
Taunts the wretched student, "Have another book!"
She knew all about it only yesterday,
But her model answers all have gone away.

Dinner hour approaches, when—a mental wreck—
She adjourns for treatment into the "Refec."
There a wondrous menu tangles up her brain,
Which she soothes with coffee—then to work again.
When the fray is over, pleasures fill each day,
But she keeps rememb'ring things she meant to say,
Points omitted rankle, though if truth be said,
It won't matter muchly ninety years ahead.

F. M. G. EVANS.

7. VIVA DAY.

(Early one Morning L.S.B. p. 126).

Early one morning in summer's sweet season,
I heard a maiden singing in the Seminar below;
"Oh don't affright me! oh don't excite me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

"Remember the tomes I have swotted in the Free-
man,

Remember the hours I have passed in deep woe.
Oh do not hurry me, oh do not flurry me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

Oh sparkling the fizz, and divine the Coronas
I'll offer in thanks if some mercy you'll show.

Oh don't get sore with me, don't wipe the floor with
me!

How could you use a poor maiden so?"

Thus sang the poor maiden, her sorrows bewailing,
Thus sang the poor maid in the Seminar below;
"Oh do not cow me! oh do not plough me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

P. J. MUDIE.

8

TO A RETICENT PROFESSOR.

("Drink to me only." L.S.B. p. 144).

Wink to me only with thine eyes,

And I will cease to pine,

Or leave a kiss in thy tea-cup,

I ask no other sign!

The thirst that from the soul doth rise

Demands a hint divine,

So let me learn my destiny

From one sweet glance of thine.

I sent thee late a thesis rare,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving me a hope, that there

"I would further my degree.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,

And send'st it back to me;

Since when it grows and smells, I swear,

Not of itself, but thee.

MEMJI IMREK.

9. GRADUATE'S SONG.

("Bonnie Dundee," L.S.B., p. 219.)

On the morn of Degree Day the graduates cried:

"We've toiled and we've toiled, and we've tried and we've tried;

And at last we have won us the prize of our hearts—
We are Bachelors now of the Faculty, Arts."

CHORUS.

Come, bring me my cap, and come, bring me my gown,

And take me to sup in a café in town;

Come, ope your best port and your finest sherr-ee,

I am here in my glory! I've got my degree!

The graduate's gown'd and he strides up the hall

In a gay throng of students, professors and all;

He has held the braw hand of the smiling V.C.

And there breaks out again this glad chorus of glee.

CHORUS.

Then sing, bonny students, sing out with delight,

And hail the brave warriors who've finished the fight;

And though for ourselves there be battles in store,
Take courage from them and get on with the war!

CHORUS.

Come, bring them their cap, and come, bring them their gown,

And take them to sup in a café in town;

Bring out your best port and your finest sherr-ee,

They are here in their glory! They've got their degree.

P. J. MURIE.

10. THE LAY OF THE GOTHS.

(L.S.B., p. 79.)

Solo: To Constantinople the Goths came on horse,

Chorus: Harum pi-tscharum, pi-tscharum-chum-chum.
Solo: The Emperor was working at his Pandeks, of course,

Chorus: Harum pi-tscharum, pi-tscharum-chum-chum.

Rat-ti bunmel, ratti bunmel, ratti bom,

bom, bom (twice).

Solo: "Just to put it shortly," quoth

Ostrogoth to Visigoth,

"Pay and we'll hop,

Else chop" (Chorus) chip-chop, chip-chop,

chip-chop.

The Goths came a-blithering all round the town,

Come, pay, or we'll burn you your blessed borough down,

"Sorry to disturb you," quoth
Ostrogoth to Visigoth,

"Pay and we'll hop,
Else chop" (Chorus) chip-chop, chip-chop,
chip-chop.

The Emperor told them that no time had *he*,
He'd got to study Law now and Anceint
Thereese.

"Is he really busy?" quoth
Ostrogoth to Visigoth,

"That he must drop,
Else chop" (Chorus) chip-chop, chip-chop,
chip-chop.

The Goths sent a message that no time had
they,

Besides, they were Orthodox, and never
went astray;

"This is quite preposterous—" quoth
Visigoth to Ostrogoth,

"Lend me your strop,
Soon chop" (Chorus) chip-chop.

The Emp'r or sent a bishop out who'd well
understand

To talk to the Goths till he'd talked them
from the land.

"Finish it to-morrow," quoth
Visigoth to Ostrogoth,

"Now shut up shop,
Else chop, chip-chop."

The Goths sent a sergeant in who'd know
what to do,
He'll blackguard them in German and in
dog Latin, too;

"Got to have it somehow," quoth
Ostrogoth to Visigoth,

"What can you pop?
Else chop, chip-chop."

At last, said the Emperor, "Ah, now I've
got it fine;

Why give them half my claret, and all my
ginger wine;

Take them in with any froth,
Ostrogoth and Visigoth

Won't see it's slop,
Won't chop, chip-chop."

The Goths went a-riding right loyally away,
The casks hung about them in proudest
array;

"This'll do at present," quoth
Ostrogoth to Visigoth,

"Drain the last drop,
Then chop, chip-chop."

11. THE SHORTEST CRUSADE.

(L.S.B., p. 38.)

Hildebrand and his son Hædubrand
Rode in fine fury for Holy Land,
Due out of Venice next morning.

Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand
Soon lost their way on the lonely strand,
There they sat flouting and scorning.

Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand
Found a small pub called the "Four-in-Hand"—
Pub with good liquor from Burton.

Hildebrand and his son Hadubrand
Came back next day from that lonely strand;
Each had a hat and a shirt on.

J. V. SCHEFFEL.

12. EX PRINCIPIO MUNDI.
(L.S.B., p. 300.)

When forest clothed the banks of Mersey,
Before the Druid's song had ceased,
Then beast fear'd man, and *vice versa*

Poor man was much afraid of beast.
How early Britons pass'd the day,
We know not—Hist'ry does not say.

CHORUS.

But the ancient Saxons drank, so they say;
They liv'd on the banks of the Elbe—hurrah;
Upon their bear-skin rugs they lay,
And never stopp'd calling for more,
One more, one more, one more, one more.
They liv'd on the banks of the Elbe—hurrah;
Upon their bear-skin rugs they lay,
And never stopp'd calling for more.

But see, to British coast the Saxon,
With joy his snake-like vessel moor;
All day his foes he makes attacks on,
Till conquest grips our western shore.
We know not how his nights he'd crown—
He had no time to write it down.

CHORUS.

But the ancient Saxons, etc.

In cloistered calm the holy sages,
With equal fervour worked and prayed;
With ghostly wrestlings, through the ages,
The powers of darkness they dismayed.
There's scarce a word to represent
How all the hours of truce they spent.
For the ancient Saxons, etc.

CHORUS.

For the ancient Saxons, etc.
By Irwell's side the trader prudent,
His daily profit tries to seek;
In Oxford Road the eager student
Sits tight to lectures, all the week;
Yet, spite of all this toil and care,
There's still an hour or two to spare.

CHORUS.

For the ancient Saxons, etc.

Oh, say that we are Latins dreary,
 And write large logic on our slate;
 And say of work we're often weary,
 And do our duty by the State.
 Yet own the instinct race inspires,
 And pay the due you owe your sires.

CHORUS.

For the ancient Saxons, etc.

B.P.

13. LAURIGER HORATIUS.

(L.S.B., p. 47.)

Lauriger Horatius,	Crescit uva mollior,
Quam dixisti verum	Et puella crescit,
Fugit Euro citius	Sed poeta turpiter
Templus edax rerum	Sitiens canescit,
Ubi sunt O pocula	Quid iuvat aeternitas
Dulciora melle	Nominis, amare
Rixae, pax, et oscula	Nisi terrae filias
Rubentis puellae	Licet, et potare.

14. A-ROVING.

(L.S.B., p. 258.)

Solo: In Amsterdam there lives a maid,
 Chorus: Mark you well what I say;
 Solo: In Amsterdam there lives a maid,
 And she is mistress of her trade;
 I'll go no more a-roving from you fair
 maid.

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Chorus: A-roving, a-roving, since roving's been my

ru-i-n,

I'll go no more a-roving from you fair
 maid.

Her eyes are like two stars so bright,
 Her face is fair, her step is light.

Her cheeks are like the rosebuds' red,
 There's wealth of hair upon her head.

I often take her for a walk.
 And love to hear her merry talk.

And if you'd know this maiden's name,
 Why, soon like mine, 'twill be the same.

15. THE CHEERFUL ARN.

(L.S.B., p. 208.)

Solo: The Cheerful arm he blows in the marn,
 And we'll a-'untin' goo (repeat),
 And we'll a-'untin' goo.
 Chorus: Var all my vancy dwells upon Nancy,
 And I'll zing Tally-ho.

The vox jumps awer the 'edge zo 'igh,
 An' the 'ouns all âter un goo;
 And we'll a-'untin' goo, etc.
 Then never dispoise the soldier lod,
 Thof is ztation de boot low;
 And we'll a-'untin' goo, etc.

19

I' Lunnion town there be kings and queens
A-zettin' all of a row;

An' they cah! ut the Lard Mayor's zhow.

Then push about the coop, my bwoys,
An' we will wumwards goo;
And we'll a-'untin' goo, etc.

If you ax me the zenze of this zong vur to
tell,

Or the reäson vur to zhow;

Woy, I doant' exacaly knoo (repeat).

Var all my vāncy dwells upon Nāncy,
And I'll zing Tally-ho!

16.

WIDDICOMBE FAIR.

(L.S.B., p. 292.)

Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare,
All along, down a-long, out a-long lee.
For I want to go to Widdicombe Fair,

Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gunney, Peter
Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, old Uncle
Tom Cobbleigh and all.

And when shall I see again my grey mare?

All along, down a-long, out a-long lee.

By Friday noon, or Saturday noon,

Wi' Bill Brewer, etc.

Then Friday came, and Saturday noon,
All along, down a-long, out a-long lee.

But Tom Pearse's old mare hath not trotted home
Wi' Bill Brewer, etc.

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So Tom Pearse he got up to the top o' the hill,
All along, down a-long, out a-long lee.

And he seed his old mare down a-making her will.

Wi' Bill Brewer, etc.

So Tom Pearse's old mare, her took sick and died,

All along, down a-long, out a-long lee.

And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried

Wi' Bill Brewer, etc.

But this isn't the end of this shocking affair,

All along, down a-long, out a-long lee.

Nor though they be dead, of the horrid career

Of Bill Brewer, etc.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
All along, down a-long, out a-long lee.

Tom Pearse's old mare doth appear ghastly white,

Wi' Bill Brewer, etc.

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
All along, down a-long, out a-long lee.

For Tom Pearse's old mare in her rattling bones,

Wi' Bill Brewer, etc.

17.

OH, NO, JOHN.

(L.S.B., p. 180.)

Solo: On yonder hill there stands a creature,
Who she is I do not know;

I'll go and court her for her beauty,

She must answer, Yes, or No.

21

Chorus: O No, John! No, John! No, John! No.

My father was a Spanish Captain,
Went to sea a month ago.
First he kissed me, then he left me;
Bid me always answer, No!

O Madam, in your face is beauty,
On your lips red roses grow;
Will you take me for your lover?
Madam, answer Yes, or No.

O Madam, I will give you jewels;
I will make you rich and free;
I will give you silken dresses;
Madam, will you marry me?

O Madam, since you are so cruel,
And that you do scorn me so,
If I may not be your lover,
Madam, will you let me go?

Then I will stay with you for ever,
If you will not be unkind.
Madam, I have vowed to love you;
Would you have me change my mind?

O hark! I hear the church bells ringing;
Will you come and be my wife?
Or, dear Madam, have you settled
To live single all your life?

18. THE MASSACRE OF MACPHERSON.

(L.S.B., p. 62.)

Fhairshon swore a feud against the clan Mac Tavish,
March'd into their land to murder and to ravish;
For he did resolve to extirpate the vipers,
With four and twenty men and five and thirty pipers.
Oh ta-a-a-a—An' that's the Gaelic chorus.

But when he had gone half way down Strath Canaan,
Of his fighting tail just three were remainin';
They were all he had to back him in ta battle;
All the rest had gone off, to drive ta cattle.

"Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon, "So my clan disgraced is;
Lads, we'll need to fight before we touch ta peasies.
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methuselah coming wi' his fassals,
Gillies seventy-three and sixty Dhuinewassails."

"Coot tay to you, sir; Are you not ta Fhairshon?
Was you coming here to visit any person?

You are a plackguard, Sir! It is now six hundred
Coot long years or more since my glen was plundered."

"Fat is tat you say? Dare you cock your feaver,
I will teach you, Sir, fat is coot behaviour!
You shall not exist for another day more,
I will shoot you, Sir, or stap you with my claymore."

"I am fery glad to learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent any such intention."
So Mhic-Mac-Methuselah gave some warlike howls,
Trew his skhian-dhu, an' stuck it in his powels.

In this very way died ta valiant Fhairshon,
Who was always thought a superior person.
Fhairshon had a son, who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoil'd ta flood by drinking up ta water.

Which he would have done, I at least believe it,
Had ta mixture been only half Glenlivet.

This is all my tale, Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye!
Here's your very good healths, and hang ta whusky
duty!