

Music

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1917

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Wellesley song book



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Supplement to the SIXTH EDITION

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PUBLISHED AT

WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

NOVEMBER 1917

Here's to Wellesley

FRESHMAN SONG

EMELIE SELLERS, 1921

EMELIE SELLERS, 1921

Tempo di Marcia

mf

Here's to Wellesley ever wondrous Here's to
 Now we greet you al - to - geth - er With three

Wellesley ever true To her knowledge
 joy - ly rous - ing cheers May your glo - ry

and her spirit To our Wellesley Blue
 live for - ev - er Through the com - ing years

1921

ETHEL M. HALSEY

KATHERINE L. ANDREWS

Moderato

Ris - ing high by Wa - ban's wa - vers,
With the Fresh men in the vil - lage

Welles - ley, Al - ma Ma - ter stands,
Welles - ley spir - it has its birth,

Proud ly sum - mon - ing her daugh - ters,
Grows till cam - pus can - not hold it,

Maid Spread - ens drawn from ma - ny lands,
Spread ing o - ver all the earth.

And this year in Wa - ban's glass .
Where the love which she im - parts .

Mir - rored see her new - est class.
Lives in Welles - ley daugh - ters' hearts.

CHORUS

Hark, we spell Welles - ley! Hear how its done! Our

hearts in our voi - ces One - nine - two - one .

A Freshman Song

LOUISA CROOK, 1921

VIRGINIA FRENCH, 1921

O Welles-ley fair, O Welles-ley fair, We Fresh-men sing to you. We've

start-ed out to do our best We will stead-fast be and true.

Al-though we are your young-est daughters Still our sis-ters three Will

ev-er help us in our search For truth and loy-al-ty. We will

strive to do our work each hour And mix that work with play So that

you'll have rea - son to be proud Of Twen - ty One some day.

And mean - while we'll be best of friends, And stu - dy, play and sing, And to

you and to your own true Blue, Let prais - es ev - er ring.

1920 Class Song

KATHERINE SCOTT
ELIZABETH LUSTIG

RACHEL PRATT

All hail our Wellesley beau-ti-ful Far may thy wood-lands ring: From

hill to hill re-peat the praise Thy loy-al daugh-ters sing All

hail to Thee, our Wellesley Alma Ma-ter Nine-teen Twen-ty

answers to Thy call; With loy-al hearts we bear Thy banner on-ward

For - ward lead to rise and never fall. O, crim - son blows the

glo - ry of the ro - ses Flash - ing ev - er

up - ward far and free To lead us on in

purpose all u - nit - ed To live, to learn, to strive, to serve our Welles - ley!

1919 Class Song

GLADYS M. TAYLOR

DOROTHY WILSON

Welles-ley, Al - ma Ma - ter, Nineteen Nine-teen sings to you, To your
Welles-ley, Al - ma Ma - ter, Nineteen Nine-teen will be true, With her

lake, your greens, your wood-lands, To the grand old Welles - ley Blue! May
hopes and as - pi - ra - tions, She will strive for Welles - ley Blue! Her

Nine-teen Nine-teen's yel - low Light the path for us each day, And
larch tree be the sym - bol Of her strength and con - stan - cy, Her

guide us on to serve Thee In the best and nob - lest way.
loy - al - ty and ser - vice Prove her love for Wel - les - ley.

1919 Crew Song

GLADYS M. TAYLOR

DOROTHY WILSON

Soft, low rip - ples call us, Call, A - ya to you,
Shad - ows of past glo - ries, Beck - on ev - er on,

Old Chief Wab - an guide us Straight our course and true Oh!
Welles - ley waits and watch - es On, our boat, speed on! Oh!

Swing and pull to - geth - er Swift - ly glide o'er the shim'ring blue, Push
Swing and pull to - geth - er Swift ly glide o'er the shim'ring blue, Push

on to the goal of vic - to - ry A - ya and Nine - teen's Crew.
on to the goal of vic - to - ry A - ya and Nine - teen's Crew.

ritard

ritard

a tempo

a tempo

The Prairie Flower

Composer Unknown

Vivace

No - bod-y ev - er cul - ti - va - ted me Ha! Ha! I'm wild!
 Welles - ley has cul - ti - va - ted me Ha! Ha! I'm tame!

I've been grow - ing as you see Since I was a child
 I've been learn - ing eve - ry hour Ev - er since I came I

I'm a lit - tle prair - ie flower, Grow - ing wild - er ev' - ry hour, For
 was a lit - tle prair - ie flower, Grow - ing wild - er ev' - ry hour, But

no - bod - y ev - er cul - ti - va - ted me Ha! Ha! I'm wild!
 Welles - ley has cul - ti - va - ted me Ha! Ha! I'm tame!

"Once Long Ago A Virgin"

Translation by
BERNICE KENYON

OLD FRENCH CAROL*

Allegro



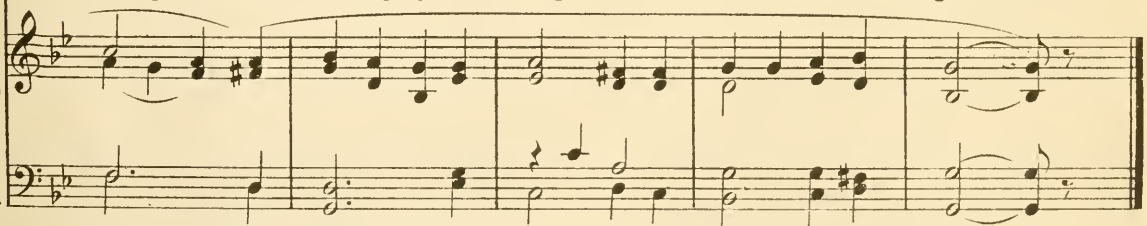
Once long a - go a Vir - gin Of beau - ty rare Was cho - sen of all
This gen - tle low - ly maid - en Had stead - fast eyes Of one who worships
O gra - cious Queen of heav - en, Yet Vir - gin still, O Moth - er of all
For us, sweet Vir - gin Ma - ry, O hear and pray Your Son the true Mes -



maid - ens Most worth - i - ly, Moth - er to be Of our great Lord of
tru - ly With faith - ful praise. Through all her days She prayed to God a -
moth - ers, Men call you fair, And eve - ry - where For - got - ten is their
si - ah In eve - ry place In our dis - grace Send par - don for our

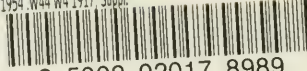


Light, The Saviour glad and bright Of all hu - man - i - ty. —
bove, To keep her pure with love And true to him al - ways. —
sad - ness Who worship you with glad - ness In eve - ry song and prayer. —
wrongs, And for our pray'rs and songs Send down e - ter - nal grace. —



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