

Capping Songs.



THE SONG OF VICTORIA COLLEGE.

Aedem colimus Minervae
Acti desiderio
Artes nosse liberales
Hoc in Hemispherio.
Aedem colimus Musarum,
Sub Australi sidere ;
Nos a Musis maria longa
Nequeunt dividere.

Nomen quod profert sodales
Fausto sit oraculo ;
Ut Deus regno reginae
Faveat curriculo.
Per vias laboriosas
Doctrinarum omnium
Docti ducunt professores
Obsequens servitium.

Studiosi, studiosae
Captant sapientiam
Circa venti turbulenti ;
Auferunt desidiam.
Omnium Collegiorum
Surgit hoc novissimum ;
Ergo vires iuveniles
Exhibent fortissimum,

Corpus sanum ne sit absens
Properamus ludere
Subter iugum occupantes
Fauste pilam trudere
Oratores, Oratrices
Audias effundere
Voces dignas Cicerone
Et sellas pertundere.

Chorus.

Oh Victoria, sempiterna
Sit tibi felicitas
Alma mater, peramata
Per aetates maneas.

GAUDEAMUS.

A very interesting biological specimen,—KIRK.

Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus ;
Post jucundam inventutem
Post molestam senectutem
Nos habebit humus.

Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosae !
Vivant et mulieres
Tenerae, amabiles,
Bonae, laboriosae.

Vivat Academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet
Vivant membra quaelibet
Semper sint in flore.

Floreat Georgius Rex
Haud minus quam Pater
Ob virtutes sic ametur
Optimus ut appelletur
Patriaeque Pater.

Motto ; " *A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.*"—POPE.

(If this is by Shakespeare, can't help it.
Too late to change the rhyme now—ED.)

Tune : " There is a tavern in the town."

I.

There is a college on a (*a*) hill,
(Yell) On a hill,
And there my dear love drinks his (*b*) fill,
(Yell) Drinks his fill
Of that deep spring that was pronounced by Mr. Pope
To yield the very latest dope.

CHORUS : Hurry up, for you must leave it,
And you needn't think you'll grieve it,
It has far too much to do to sit about in tears ;
But give it just a go with right good will and vim ;
And if you don't get all the cream, at least you'll skim
Enough to give a dash to dreams and hopes and fears,
To serve you well in coming years.

II.

And in this college there are profs.
(Yell) There are profs !
All well beknownst as frightful toffs,
(Yell) Frightful toffs
In mathematics, physics, classics, 'ologies,
Who know whatever thing you please.

CHORUS : Hurry up, for you must leave them,
And you needn't think you'll grieve them,
They have far too much to do to sit about in sacks (*c*) ;
But toe the mark they make by lecture and in brain,
And you will be astonished at your gain
In power to talk, think, play, or even wield an axe,
A broom, or any other fax (*d*).

III.

And as for science,— well, you know,
(Yell) Well, you know
No other place has ha'f a show,
(Yell) Half a show
In proving yours is Grade One capability
For reasoning inductively.

CHORUS : Oh the lovely stinks and drenches manufactured on
those benches !
How they drag the intellects to light and show them
off ;
You never know your luck ; you're choked—you've
had enough
Of H₂S and all such dainty stuff,
And then before you've got your breath and start to
scoff,
You're swearing by the dear old prof.

IV.

And then the law ! Why there you are !
(Yell) There you are !
Each one a winner for the bar,
(Yell) For the bar ;
And if you don't take silk while you are growing still,
By Jove, then when you've stopped you will !

CHORUS : Oh, the fees for lovely cases, and the sweet new gowns
for K.C.'s.
The remainders and attainders, the subpoenas chill !
Then think how beautiful must be that legal sprig,
A charming lady in a charming wig ;
And can you wonder that the college on the hill,
Without a flutter fills the bill ?

V.

Then here's to our professors' health,
(Yell) 'fessors' health ;
And may they never want for wealth,
(Yell) Want for wealth
Or wisdom, and may life keep them from fret and fuss,
And lastly, here's to noble Us.

CHORUS : Though they sometimes may berate us, and not half
appreciate us,
Still we manage to keep going and to do our bit.
But now a short farewell will do us lots of good,
So so-long, Vic., awhile, for you have stood
Our Alma Mater. That we should be very fit
Is but your due ; and you are It.

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- (a) Note that the institution is not named, except later by a title only interpretable by those who know. This adds to the college the same charm that invests the young lady in the feather boa or the hair in the butter. Depend upon it, mystery is a principal factor in the Pleasures of Life.
- (b) Legal maxim : Words importing the male sex shall include the female. But any member not of the s.s. may think of "er."
- (c) Sackcloth and ashes : (Do not) see the Oxford English Dictionary.
- (d) Consult Smith's Greek and Roman Antiquities.

GRADUATES.

Air: "A Wandering Minstrel I" from "The Mikado")-

By "AN ADMIRER."

Here come the Graduates,
Much used in lore and learning,
And midnight oil a-burning
And learned tete-a-tetes.

Of many varied kinds
You find them here assorted,
And they are all reported
To have gigantic minds.

Do you desire to charm your hearts?
We have a lot
Of maidens;
A pretty line in Bachelors of Arts
You'll quickly spot:
Ah! maidens!

They have been taught to speak
In Latin, French; and Greek,
And some are plump and sleek,
While some are not:
Ah! Maidens!

If you want the latest Scientific progress,
We've M.Sc's and B.Sc's in heaps;
If you're burdened with a nasty family ogress,
They've poisons that would give you all the creeps.
If any doubt exists about their fitness,
Only see them in their favourite disguise
As the eminent distinguished expert witness
At telling most distinguished expert lies.

And if you ask what the deuce are the rest,
We smile with fiendish glee,
And we thank our stars that our halls are blest
With shimmering hosts of the old earth's best,
We sing of the LL.B.
His Law,—His Jaw,
We sing of the LL.B.

He may look well in his hood and gown,
But wait till his face you twig
As he stands and with supercilious frown
Defends a Tort
In a high Law Court,
With his client well done brown, what ho!
In a very curly wig.

So Nisi Prius, Sine Die,
And the old Estate in Fee,
Though they seem sucked dry
To the common eye,
They are not to the LL.B.

Here come the Graduates,
Much used in lore and learning,
And midnight oil a-burning
And learned tete-a-tetes.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

Air: "A Little Boy Called Taps."

When their days are done and their course is run
In the lecture-rooms and hallways,
Where the great ships go and the wild winds blow,
Do they pass and scatter all ways.
To the gleaming feast of the lurid East,
As described by Mr. Kipling;
In their endless quest through the wakeful West,
Go the strong man and the stripling.

Chorus.

In the wild and woolly places,
Where the strangest tales are told,
You will find their friendly faces,
And perhaps the Green and Gold.
One may be a bloated banker,
Or a chap with naught to spend,
So he be from Salamanca,
He is just an Absent Friend.

Or the Hand of Fate through the Golden Gate
May direct them in their roaming,
Where the buffaloes snort when they're pinked for sport
On the prairies of Wyoming.
Or where red deer spoors lie on Highland moors,
Is the "Sapientia Magis"
Still an honoured toast and a glorious boast
As they sit beside the haggis.

Chorus

You will see them come a-strolling
In some unsuspected land,
As you watch the ships a-coaling
By a queer old foreign strand.
One may be a bloated banker,
Or a chap with naught to spend,
So he be from Salamanca,
He is just an Absent Friend.

Not a troopship rides on the guarded tides
To the warworn lands without them.
You will find them there where the bugles blare
And the smoke hangs thick about them.
In the deathless charge up the gully's marge,
Where the echoes roll in thunder,
There the Green and the Gold may be rent and holed
But it's never down and under.

Chorus.

Ask the guns of old Kum Kaleh,
Ask the guns of Neuve Chapelle,
Who was foremost in the rally,
You will like their answer well.
He may be a simple ranker,
Or a chap with stars to lend,
So he be from Salamanca
He is just an Absent Friend,

When their backs are bent and their strength is spent,
And their heads have no more hair on,
In a few brief ticks they will reach the Styx
And the jetty owned by Charon.
With the heroes bold of the days of old
You will find them intermingling ;
If you stroll that way on a holiday
It will set your ears a-tingling.

Chorus.

When you hear familiar laughter,
And the same old student songs
That were hurled from roof and rafter,
In the days where youth belongs.
Be it shade of bloated banker,
Or a chap with naught to spend,
So it came from Salamanca,
It is just an Absent Friend.

FINAL CHORUS.

“ Should auld acquaintance be forgot.”

Air : “ The Old Brigade”.

Just one stave more and the song is done—
A stave for the olden time :
One age is past, and the age to come
Is the age of the golden prime.
So praise we men who have passed away
Who hold to a legend bold—
Whatever a sordid world may say,
Wisdom is more than gold.

Chorus.

So when we are singing of College,
Singing the song of old,
 Think of the past,
 Hold to the last,
That it's wisdom that's more than gold !

For this is the burden of the world
 Which it speaketh day by day,
Though many a worldly lip be curled
 With a sneer that it does not pay :
In our ears is the voice of a Mammon age,
 In our hearts is a tale that's old,
The tale of our garnered heritage—
 The Wisdom that's more than gold !