

SONGS
OF
A M H E R S T

Joy and sadness, turned to song,
Still keep ringing, loud and long.—*Goethe.*

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '62.

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DEDICATION.



TO

The Alumni of Amherst College,

THIS FIRST COLLECTION

OF THE

Songs of their Alma Mater,

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

With the best wishes

OF THEIR

UNDERGRADUATE FRIENDS,

THE CLASS OF '62.

EXTRACT FROM CLASS RECORDS.

At the Annual Business Meeting of the Class of '62, held October, 1859, it was unanimously voted that said Class issue in convenient form the *Songs of Amherst*—and that

CHAS. H. SWEETSER,
HENRY HILL GOODELL, and
GEORGE G. PHIPPS,

be a Committee to carry this resolve into effect.

JAMES H. NASH, *Class Secretary.*

AMHERST COLLEGE, March, 1860.

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PREFACE.

THE Committee, whose pleasant duty it has been to prepare this little collection of the Songs of Amherst, desire to state briefly the object of the work and the manner in which they have essayed to accomplish it.

Our fellow-students will readily understand that it is not because of any poetic merits that these pages are printed. To apply spirited language to themes connected with college-life, and make adaptations to familiar airs, is the one purpose of the book. Hence we have in many cases discarded good poetry for *better* songs.

Our selections are sixty-two in number—all but seven being original with Amherst.

For many words of encouragement and much valuable assistance from many friends, the Committee desire to express in behalf of themselves and classmates their sincere thanks.

When we consider that this is the first attempt of the kind at Amherst and that her song-literature is but in its infancy—extending back but eight years—we think we can safely predict the successful culture of this important branch of student-life, at Amherst.

In presenting the results of our labors, allow us to express the hope that they may prove satisfactory to the class under whose auspices the work is published and to all the sons of Old Amherst.

Loud and long may the College Song roll around the hills and valleys of our mountain home and echoed back in the "lone, stilly hours," thrill with loftier emotions and incite to nobler action.

"Then in our future course,
When other ties shall bind us,
Fond mem'ries shall arise,
And of these scenes remind us."

SONGS OF AMHERST.

Old Amherst Brave.

Music by ED. LEWIS, '61.

Words by C. H. SWEETSER, '62.

Our College Home! Our College Home! Shrine of the true and brave;

Thy banner words are truth and love, Long may their en - sign wave!

Great is the crown of grand re-nown That sits up-on thy brow; We'll

Cres. shout and sing, and shout again, Hurra for Amherst now! Old Amherst

brave! Old Amherst free! Thy ma - ny sons are prais - ing thee!

My Last Cigar.

AIR—"Dearest May."

'Twas off the blue Canary isles, one glorious summer day;
I sat upon the quarter deck and whiffed my care away.
And as the wreathing smoke arose like incense from afar,
I heaved a sigh to think, forsooth, it was my last cigar!

CHORUS.—It was my last cigar,
It was my last cigar,
I heaved a sigh to think, forsooth,
It was my last cigar!

I sat upon the quarter deck and looked down in the sea,
E'en there the volumed wreaths of smoke were curling gracefully;
But what had I at such a time to do with wasting care?
Alas the heaving sigh proclaimed, it was my last cigar!

CHORUS.—It was my last cigar,
It was my last cigar,
Alas the heaving sigh proclaimed
It was my last cigar!

I watched the ashes as they came fast drawing towards the end;
I watched them as a friend would watch beside a dying friend;
But still the fire kept slowly on, then vanished into air;
I flung it from me—spare the tale, it was my last cigar!

CHORUS.—It was my last cigar,
It was my last cigar,
I flung it from me, spare the tale,
It was my last cigar!

I've seen the land of all I love, fade o'er the waters dim,
I've hung around the bleeding heart where once fond hope had been,
But I never knew the sorrow which could with that compare,
When off the blue Canary isles, I smoked my last cigar!

CHORUS.—I smoked my last cigar,
I smoked my last cigar,
When off the blue Canary isles,
I smoked my last cigar!

SELECTED.