



Songs of Dartmouth

COMPLIMENTS OF
OFFICE OF ALUMNI RELATIONS
DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

ALMA MATER

Dear old Dartmouth, give a rouse
For the College on a hill,
For the Lone Pine above her,
And the loyal ones who love her.
Give a rouse, give a rouse, with a will!
For the sons of old Dartmouth,
For the daughters of Dartmouth.
Tho' 'round the girdled Earth they roam,
Her spell on them remains.
They have the still North in their hearts,
The hill winds in their veins,
And the granite of New Hampshire
In their muscles and their brains.
And the granite of New Hampshire
In their muscles and their brains.

Dear old Dartmouth, set a watch,
Lest the old traditions fail.
Stand as sister stands by brother.
Dare a deed for the old mother.
Greet the world from the hills
with a hail!
For the sons of old Dartmouth,
For the daughters of Dartmouth.
Around the world they keep for her
Their old undying faith.
They have the still North in their souls,
The hill winds in their breath,
And the granite of New Hampshire
Is made part of them 'til death.
And the granite of New Hampshire
Is made part of them 'til death.

—Richard Hovey '85 &
H.R. Wellman '07

TWILIGHT SONG

Softly now the early twilight
Thro' the trees is stealing down,
And the evening blush is falling
O'er the college and the town.
Come and gather on the campus,
Make the gray old maples ring
With the songs of Alma Mater,
With the songs we love to sing.

For the dear old college home, boys,
For the happy, happy days;
For our glorious Alma Mater,
Shake the campus with her praise.

Brothers. While the shadows deepen,
While we stand here heart to heart,
Let us promise one another
In the silence ere we part.
We will make our lives successful,
We will keep our hands from shame
For the sake of dear old Dartmouth,
And the honor of her name.

For the dear old college home, boys,
For the happy, happy days;
For our glorious Alma Mater,
Shake the campus with her praise.
Shake the campus with her praise.

—*Fred Pattee '88 &*
Benjamin Gillette '88

HANOVER WINTER SONG

Ho, a song by the fire;
Pass the pipes, pass the bowl.
Ho, a song by the fire
With a skoal, with a skoal.
Ho, a song by the fire;
Pass the pipes with a skoal,
For the wolf-wind is wailing at the doorways,
And the snow drifts deep along the road,
And the ice gnomes are marching from their Norways,
And the great white cold walks abroad.

(Chorus)

But, here by the fire, we defy frost and storm;
Ha, ha we are warm, and we have our heart's desire.
For here, we're good fellows, and the beechwood and the bellows;
And the cup is at the lip in the pledge of fellowship.
Oh, here by the fire, we defy frost and storm;
Ha, ha, we are warm, and we have our heart's desire.
For here we're good fellows, and the beechwood and the bellows.
And the cup is at the lip in the pledge of fellowship
Of fellowship

Pile the logs on the fire;
Fill the pipes, pass the bowl.
Pile the logs on the fire
With a skoal, with a skoal.
Pile the logs on the fire;
Fill the pipes with a skoal,
For the fire goblins flicker on the ceiling,
And the wine witch glitters in the glass,
And the smoke wraiths are drifting, curling, reeling,
And the sleigh bells jingle as they pass.

Oh, a God is the fire;
Pull the pipes, drain the bowl.
Oh, a God is the fire
With a skoal, with a skoal.
Oh, a God is the fire;
Pull the pipes with a skoal,
For the room has a spirit in the embers,
'Tis a God and our fathers knew his name,
And they worship'd him in long-forgot Decembers,
And their hearts leap'd high with the flame.

—*Richard Hovey* '85

DEAR OLD DARTMOUTH

Dear old Dartmouth,
Dear old Dartmouth,
Dear old Dartmouth bless her name.
Whether in defeat or in victory,
We are loyal just the same.

And we'll sing to
Dear old Dartmouth,
'Tis for her we'll fight for fame.
And we'll shoot her praises loud
in every land,
Dear old Dartmouth bless her name.

—*Rollo Reynolds '10 &
Walter Golde '10*

AS THE BACKS
GO TEARING BY

As the backs go tearing by,
On their way to do or die,
Many sighs and many cheers
Mingle with the Harvard tears,
As the backs go tearing by.

Making gain on steady gain,
Echo swells the sweet refrain.
Dartmouth's going to win today!
Dartmouth's sure to win today,
As the backs go tearing by!

—*John Thomas Keady '05*

A SON OF A GUN

I wish I had a barrel of rum and
sugar, three hundred pound;
I'd put it in the College bell
and stir it 'round and 'round,
Let ev'ry honest fellow drink
his glass of hearty cheer,
For I'm a student of old
Dartmouth and a son of a gun for beer.

(Chorus)

I'm a son of a, son
of a, son of a, son of a,
son of a gun for beer.
I'm a son of a, son of a,
son of a, son of a, son of a gun for beer.
Like ev'ry honest fellow I
like my whiskey clear,
For I'm a student of old
Dartmouth and a son of a gun for beer.

And if I had a daughter, sir,
I'd dress her up in green;
And put her on the campus to
coach the freshman team.

And if I had a son, sir, I'll
tell you what he'd do.
He would yell "to Hell with Harvard"
like his daddy used to do.

—*Anonymous*

DARTMOUTH TOUCHDOWN SONG

Come stand up men
and sing for Dartmouth.
Cheer when the team in green appears.
For naught avails
the strength of Harvard,
When they hear our mighty cheers!
Fight, fight, fight for Dartmouth,
And tear on down the field.
Touchdown, Touchdown, Dartmouth,
For the old Crimson's strength
must yield.

—*Winsor Wilkinson '10 &
Moses Ewing '13*

GLORY TO
DARTMOUTH

Glory to Dartmouth,
Loyal, we sing.
Now, all together,
MAKE THE ECHOES

RING FOR DARTMOUTH!

Our team's a winner,
We've got the stuff!
We wear the Dartmouth Green
And that's enough!
DARTMOUTH,
DARTMOUTH, TEAM!

—*Anonymous*

DARTMOUTH'S
IN TOWN AGAIN

Dartmouth's in town again,
Team, Team, Team!
Echo the old refrain,
Team, Team, Team!
Dartmouth, for you we sing.
Dartmouth, the echoes ring.
Dartmouth, we cheer for you!
Down where the men in green,
Play on play,
Are fighting like Dartmouth men.
We have a Dartmouth team and say,
Dartmouth's in town again!

—*H. Armes '12 &
Robert Hopkins '14*

DARTMOUTH UNDYING

Dartmouth, there is no music for our singing
No words to bear the burden of our praise
Yet how can we be silent and remember
The splendor and fullness of her days
Who can forget her soft September sunsets
Who can forget those hours that passed like dreams?
The long cool shadows floating on the campus
The drifting beauty where the twilight streams?

Who can forget her sharp and misty mornings,
The clanging bells, the crunch of feet on snow,
Her sparkling noons, the crowding into Commons,
The long white afternoons, the twilight glow?
See! By the light of many thousand sunsets,
Dartmouth Undying, like a vision starts.
Dartmouth, the gleaming, dreaming walls of Dartmouth,
Miraculously builded in our hearts.

—*Franklin McDuffee '21*



The *Songs of Dartmouth* booklet is made available
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