
WILLOW SONGS
AN OLD COLLEGE
MEDLEY

Our Farewell Toast Froth June 1 9 1 4

Four years ago, four hundred strong,
We came to thee Penn State,
And now we leave for other worlds,
To tempt that goddess—Fate.

We've fought our scraps; we've had our fights;
Our men have brought thee fame,
We tried to make our humble lives
Bring glory to thy name.

As comrades now, we soon must part,—
Shake hands, perhaps for e'er,
So let us drink a toast to her,
The Queen of all the fair.

Here's a toast to our Alma Mater,
Here's a toast to her name so clean:
God give us strength to keep it so,—
The class of Old Fourteen.

The Campus Froth June 1 9 1 0

Oh, thou broad campus, green and gay
If thou could speak what would thou say?
What stirring memories thou dost hold
Of tales not in our histories told;
Of fierce encounters; scraps gone by,
The lower classman's battle cry.
The morning drill; the dress parade,
With studes in warriors' blue arrayed,
Upon thy seats beneath yon trees,
The strutting Seniors smoke in peace.
The Sophomores seek thy shady nooks,
And Juniors with their ponderous books.

Thy slopes have echoed many a sigh,
And naughty Sophomore's war-like cry,
While o'er thee now in joy serene,
Rides Duster in his gas machine,
Ah, many a fond sight thou hast seen
Thou dear old campus, fair and green.

1912 Froth June 1 9 1 2

Come, seniors, come, and let us sing,
Let all our voices raise;
Let's sing a song, a good old song,
For dear old by-gone days!

It seems so short, since first we met,—
And yet it's four years past,—
Now, here as seniors all, we stand,
To graduate at last.

Long will the memories remain,
Of scraps and feeds and such,
And often we will long to see
Old Harry, Bill and "Dutch."

We may burn in far off Luzon,
Or freeze in Lab'rador,
But our hearts will ever linger
In our college days of yore.

So, ere we leave, for parts unknown,
No matter where we delve,
Let's sing a song, a parting song,
To dear old Nineteen Twelve!

The Willow Reprise

Not many springs will see thy leafy maze,
Of drooping branches; few the sands that meet
Beneath thy shade in future years to gaze,
On faces long forgot and tales repeat,
For those who should have guarded thee with great
And deep love may have come too late—too late.