

# BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

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## Freshman Frolic, 1917

1. **FAIR SMITH**  
Fair Smith, our praise to thee we render,  
O dearest college halls,  
Bright hours that live in mem'ry tender,  
Are wing'd within thy walls,  
O'er thy walks the elms are bowing,  
Alma Mater,  
Winds 'mid branches softly blowing,  
Ivy 'round thy towers growing,  
Alma Mater.  
Tho' time may prove the pleasure fleeting,  
No hour is spent in vain;  
True hearts behold the future meeting,  
Our friendship cannot wane.  
Or thy care forgetful never,  
Alma Mater,  
Bound by ties that nought can sever,  
Still to thee returning ever,  
Alma Mater.  
And while the hills with purple shadows  
Eternal vigil keep  
Above the happy river meadows  
In golden haze asleep,  
May thy children thee addressing,  
Alma Mater,  
Still with grateful praise unceasing  
Speak in loyal hearts thy blessing,  
Alma Mater.

2. **ALMA MATER**  
Words by Henrietta Sperry, '10.  
Music by H. D. Sleeper.  
To you, O Alma Mater,  
O Mother great and true,  
From all your loyal children  
Comes up the song anew,  
Where swings the red sun upward,  
Where sinks he down to rest,  
Are hearts that backward turning  
Still find you first and best.  
Chorus—

And glory singing to you always  
Our loyal hearts with joy shall fill;  
O fairest, fairest Alma Mater,  
You hold and claim us still.  
By many a hearth your daughters  
Their love for you shall tell,  
Untill in turn their children  
Shall learn to love you well.  
And still the ranks renewing,  
And stronger year by year,  
Are one in deep devotion,  
To you we hold so dear.  
Chorus—  
You gave us dreams unnumbered,  
And life we had not known,  
And now, O Alma Mater,  
We give you back your own.  
For memories, for friendships,  
That bless each passing day,  
Our toil unsought we render,  
Our debt unasked we pay.  
Chorus—

3. **Words by Marion Patton, '10.**  
**Music by Marion Greenwood, '10.**  
To Smith College, Fall or Springtime,  
Or in midst of Winter drear,  
To our college night or day time,  
With skies grey or clear,  
To Smith College, odd or even,  
Any class or any year,  
To our "Fairest Alma Mater,"  
Now together give one long cheer.

4. **Words by Helen Maxey, '07.**  
**Music by Marion Niles, '07.**  
To Smith, renown'd thro'out her story,  
Our love we bring,  
To her abounding fame and glory,  
Come let us sing.  
Our Alma Mater grown more dear,  
With every precious passing year,  
We've gathered now to greet her here,  
Let praises ring.

Now all the classes here together,  
United stand,  
And thro' the coming year will gather,  
Our loyal band.  
When partings put us to the test,  
Then evermore 'twill be confessed,  
Our love for her is first and best,  
Thro'out the land.

Herald Job Print 1917

5. **Where, oh where are the verdant Freshmen?**  
Where, oh where are the verdant Freshmen?  
Where, oh where are the verdant Freshmen?  
Where, oh where are the verdant Freshmen?  
Safe now in the Sophomore class.

They've gone out from their mathematics,  
They've gone out from their mathematics,  
They've gone out from their mathematics,  
They've gone out from their mathematics,  
Safe now in the Sophomore class.

Where, oh where are the gay young Sophomores?  
Where, oh where are the gay young Sophomores?  
Where, oh where are the gay young Sophomores?  
Where, oh where are the gay young Sophomores?  
Safe now in the Junior class.

They've gone out from their Bible papers,  
They've gone out from their Bible papers,  
They've gone out from their Bible papers,  
They've gone out from their Bible papers,  
Safe now in the Junior class.

Where, oh where are the jolly Juniors?  
Where, oh where are the jolly Juniors?  
Where, oh where are the jolly Juniors?  
Where, oh where are the jolly Juniors?  
Safe now in the Senior class.

They've gone out from their Pillsbury Psychology,  
They've gone out from their Pillsbury Psychology,  
They've gone out from their Pillsbury Psychology,  
They've gone out from their Pillsbury Psychology,  
Safe now in the Senior class.

Where, oh where are the grave old Seniors?  
Where, oh where are the grave old Seniors?  
Where, oh where are the grave old Seniors?  
Where, oh where are the grave old Seniors?  
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

They've gone out from their Alma Mater,  
They've gone out from their Alma Mater,  
They've gone out from their Alma Mater,  
They've gone out from their Alma Mater,  
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

By and by we'll go out: for to meet them,  
By and by we'll go out: for to meet them,  
By and by we'll go out: for to meet them,  
By and by we'll go out: for to meet them,  
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

6. **CHEER SONG**

Words by Inez Kneifel, '16.  
Music by Mabel Austin, '16.

We love Smith,  
We do,  
You would too  
If you knew,  
If you knew,  
If you only knew Smith,

7. **Morning Comes From O'er the Hill Tops.**

Morning comes from o'er the hill tops,  
Glad and bright to welcome thee,  
Bringing hope and joy of living,  
Courage for the things to be,  
Oh Alma Mater! Alma Mater!  
May each day triumphant be,  
For the greatness of thy striving,  
Will thy daughters honor thee.

Sunset's last rays softly linger,  
Warmly o'er thy trees and halls,  
Gilding with their magic splendor,  
Thy fair ivy twined walls.  
Oh Alma Mater! Alma Mater!  
May each evening twilight be,  
Calm and proud with deeds accomplished,  
While the hills watch over thee.

8. **ALMA MATER SONG 1916**

Alma Mater thru the years  
We your daughters true  
Bring our hope, our joys, our fears  
And our lives to you.  
For your tender guiding strength  
Through our happy college days  
Offer we our loyal hearts  
And our loving praise.

Every year the joyous throng  
Tastes of life anew,  
Every year increasing strong  
Comes our love for you  
For the glory of our gifts  
Shining on our happy days  
Offer we our loyal hearts  
And our loving praise.

9. **Of all the colleges in the land.**  
There's just one college for us,  
We place ourselves at her command,  
There's just one college for us.

Chorus—  
Just one college,  
And that's the college we sing to,  
Just Smith College,  
There's just one college for us.

Oh! Bryn Mawr has a name that goes,  
There's just one college for us,  
But hasn't she an awful pose?  
Just one college for us.

Oh Wellesley never has a whim,  
There's just one college for us,  
But all the girls are far too prim,  
Just one college for us.

Oh! Vassar is a noble sight,  
There's just one college for us,  
But men, men, men are her delight,  
Just one college for us.

Neighbor Holyoke's over the way,  
There's just one college for us,  
But she may never dance or play,  
Just one college for us.

(Sung Slowly.)

Then, Alma Mater, here's to you,  
You're just the college for us,  
You are a good one thro' and thro',  
Just one college for us.  
Last Verse Chorus—  
Just the college  
You're just the college we sing to,  
Just the college  
You're just the college for us.

1918 GREETING

Tune—Over There.

Last year 20 came, 20 came, 20 came  
Sweet and 20 came, with what fame 20 came  
19 came the year before  
19 square with brains galore  
Now, oh freshmen dear, we are glad, you are here  
You will show your grit, you will knit, do your  
bit  
You will work and have some fun  
So be proud you're 21  
Over there, over there, 21, 21, over there,  
While the bugle's blowing  
And the soldiers going  
And flags are floating everywhere  
So take care and prepare  
There's a lot, quite a lot up to you  
18's with you, yea we're all with you  
And we'll be true to Smith and the old Red, White  
and Blue.

1919 GREETING

Tune—"How do you do."

"How do you do, how do you do!" say we Juniors.  
"How do you do, how do you do, twenty-one,  
"Of your prowess we've heard tell,  
"And we like you very well,  
"And we're mighty glad you've come.  
"How do you do, how do you do, little sisters,  
"To the Odd; let us both be true,  
"So you're here to stay  
"And we gladly say  
"How do you do, how do you do, how do you do."

1920 GREETING

Tune—Oh, Johnny

Oh Freshmen, Oh Freshmen!  
How do you do?  
Oh Freshmen, Oh Freshmen!  
Welcome to you!  
This is the first chance we have had  
To say we're glad to see you,  
To meet you and to greet you  
Oh Freshmen, Oh Freshmen!  
We'd like to know  
What makes us love you so  
You're just Freshmen it's true  
But when we look at you  
We just 21, 21, OH!

**Henrietta Sperry, Marion Patton, Helen Maxey,  
Marion Niles, Inez Kneifel, Mabel Austin, and others**  
[Smith College Broadside]: Freshman Frolic, 1917

[Northampton, Massachusetts]: Herald Job Print 1917

Broadside. 11" x 14½". Old folds, one small chip, tiny tears, about very good. Good-sized broadside containing nine poems by alumni set to music, pretty much all in praise of Smith, issued as a greeting to incoming frosh, with separate greetings from the recent graduating class, as well as from the sophomore, junior and senior classes. Unrecorded. OCLC locates no copies (including at Smith). [BTC#395039]