



JUANITA.

Andante.

mf SOPRANO AND ALTO.



1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light beam ing

mf TENOR AND BASS.



Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,



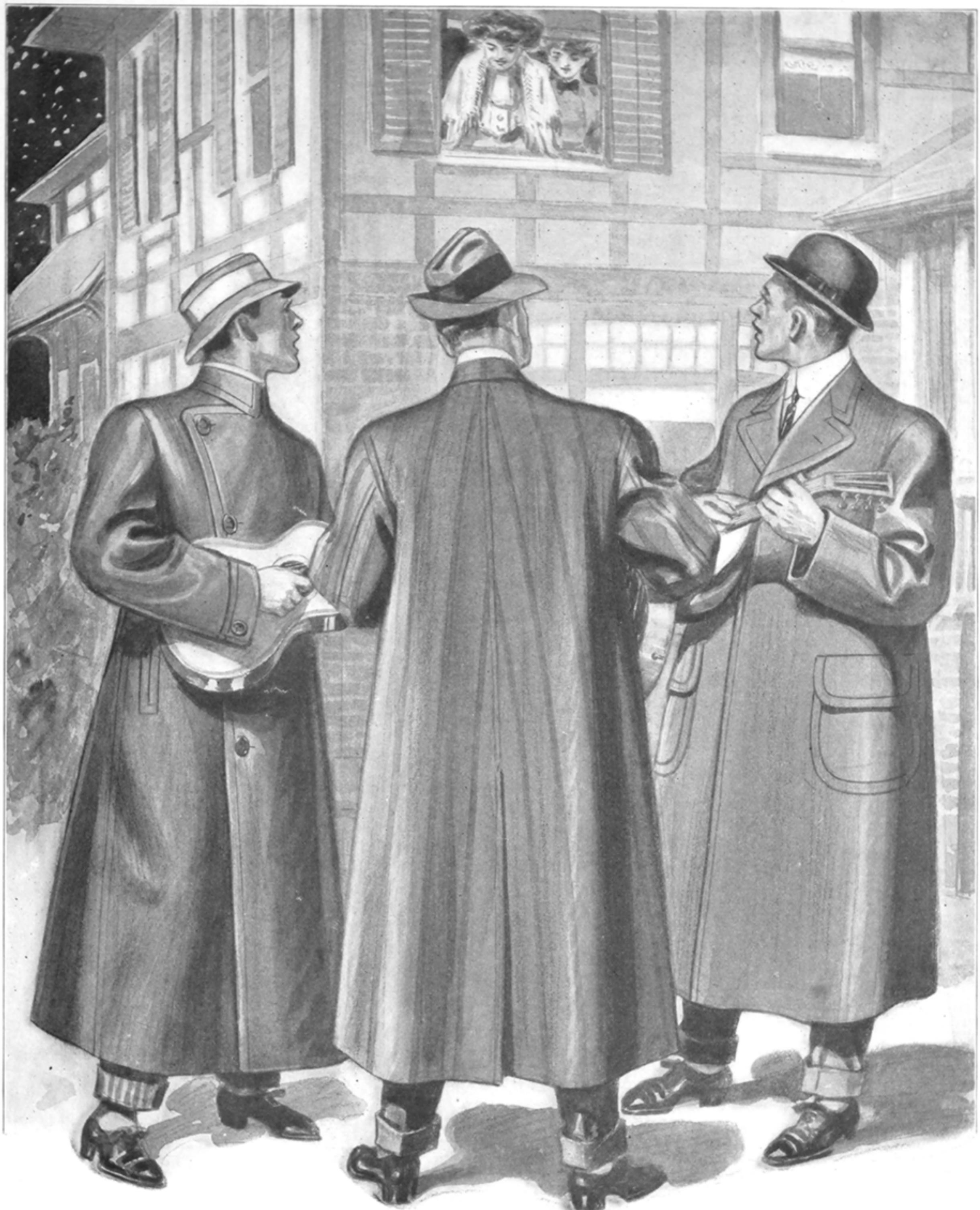
Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!



Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!



"GOOD NIGHT, LADIES"



Model No. 9.

Russian protector overcoat
50 inches long

Model No. 7, Rear View.

English Ulster Overcoat

Model No. 7, Front View.

The collar of this garment rolls up and becomes a protector overcoat

GOOD NIGHT, LADIES!

Sostenuto.
TENORS.

1. Good - night, la - dies! . . . good - night, la - dies! . . . Good - night,
 2. Fare - well, la - dies! . . . fare - well, la - dies! . . . Fare - well,
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! . . . sweet dreams, la - dies! . . . Sweet dreams,
f BASSES.

la - dies! We're going to leave you now... Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,

roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

Repeat. pp

STAR OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

SERENADE.

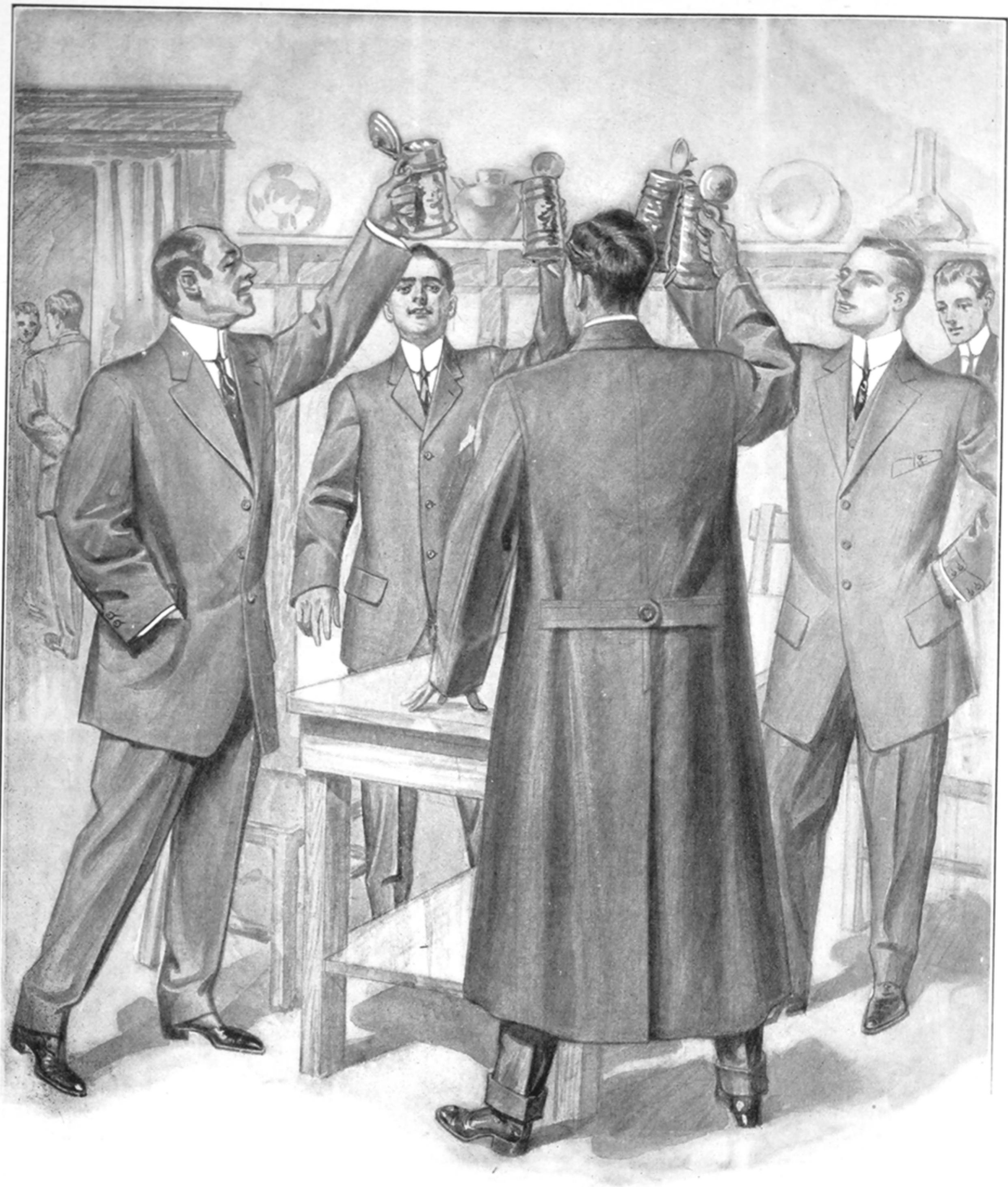
TENORS.

Dolce. p

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in
 BASSES.

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps

"A TOAST TO HARVARD"



Model B.

Model A.

Model No. 15.

The collar on this overcoat rolls up
and becomes a protector overcoat

Model C.

A TOAST TO HARVARD.

Words and music by C. Lawrence Smith, Jr.

With spirit.

1. Stand up, ye sons of Har - vard, Pour out the wine that's clear; We'll
col - lege life is o - ver, And Cam - bridge days are past, Those
when we meet to - geth - er In joy - ful com - pa - ny, The

f

drink to Al - ma Ma - ter, Whose name we hold so dear. Lift
mem - 'ries of Old Har - vard We'll cher - ish to the last. When
first toast and the last toast Fair Har - vard then shall be. So

high your glass - es rud - dy In love and loy - al - ty, For
scat - ter'd thro' the na - tion, Or coun - tries far be - yond, Our
fill your glass - es, fel - lows, With wine of crim - son hue, And

rit. 1 Last time.

here's suc - cess to Har - vard, Good luck and vic - to - ry. 2. When
love for Al - ma Ma - ter Shall be our com - mon bond. 3. And
pledge we all to Har - vard, De - vo - tion strong and (Omit. . . .) true.

HAIL, PENNSYLVANIA!

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Words by Edgar M. Dilley.

Air, "Russian National Anthem."

UNISON.

1. Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a! No - ble and strong; To thee with
2. Ma - jes - ty as a crown Rests on thy brow; Pride, Hon - or,
3. Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a! Guide of our youth; Lead thou thy

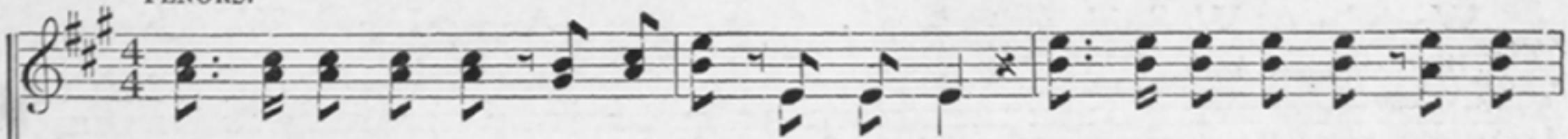
Maestoso.

Joy - al hearts, We raise our song. Swell ing to Heav - en loud,
Glo - ry, Love, Be - fore thee bow. Ne'er can thy spir - it die,
chil - dren on To light and truth Thee, when death sum - mons us,

Our prais - es ring; Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a, Of thee we sing!
Thy walls de - cay; Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a, For thee we pray!
Oth ers shall praise, Hail! Penn - syl - va - ni - a, Thro' end - less days!

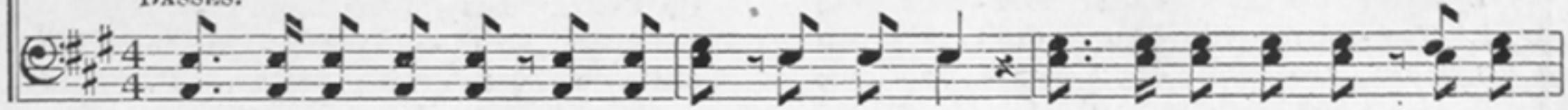
BINGO.

TENORS.



Here's to good old *Yale, drink it down, drink it down; Here's to good old Yale, drink it

BASSES.



down, drink it down; Here's to good old Yale, She's so heart-y and so hale. Drink it

FINE.



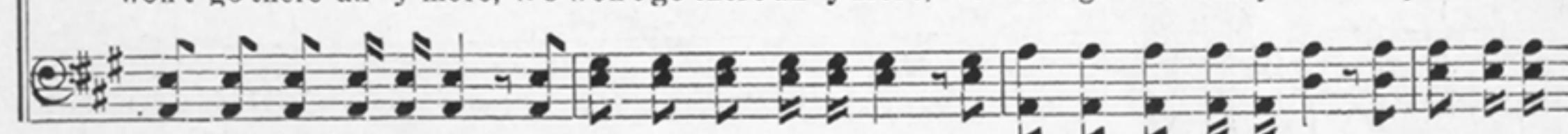
down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down. Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad.



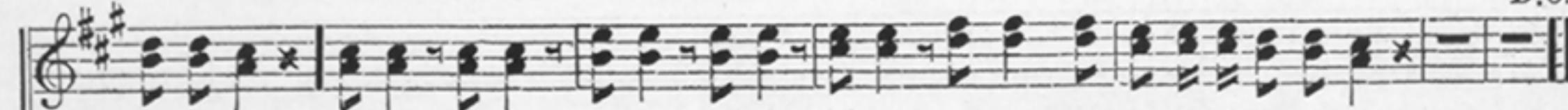
Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad, Balm of Gil-e-ad, Way down on the Bin-go farm. We



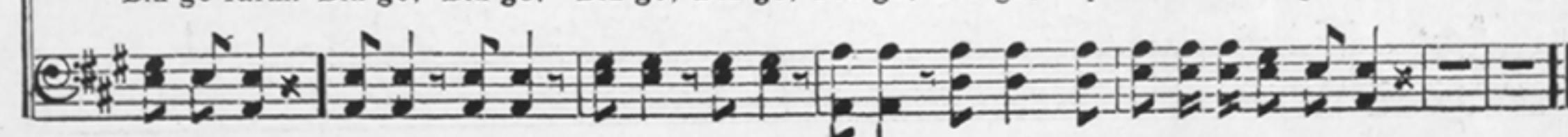
won't go there an-y more, We won't go there an-y more, we won't go there an-y more, Way down on the



D.C.



Bin-go farm. Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Way down on the Bingo farm.



HAIL, STANFORD, HAIL!

LELAND STANFORD, Jr. UNIVERSITY.

Words by A. W. Smith.

Arranged by R. W. Atkinson.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Where the roll - ing foot - hills rise Up t'wards moun - tains high - er,
2. Ten - der vis - tas ev - er new Through the arch - es meet the eyes,
3. When the moon - light bath'd ar - cade Stands in eve - ning calms, . .

TENOR AND BASS.

(Clef: C, Key: F major, Time: Common Time)

Where at eve the Coast Range lies, In the sun - set fire, . . . Flush - ing deep and
Where the red roofs rim the blue Of the sun-steeped skies. . Fleck'd with cloud - lets
When the light wind half a - fraid Whis - pers in the palms, Far off swell - ing,

pal - ing; Here we raise our voi - ces hail - ing Thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter.
sail - ing; Here we raise our voi - ces hail - ing Thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter.
fail - ing; Stu - dent voi - ces glad are hail - ing Thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter.

REFRAIN.

From the foot - hills to the bay, It shall ring, As we sing, It shall ring and

f
float al - way: Hail, Stan - ford, hail! Hail, Stan - ford, hail!

THE YELLOW AND BLUE.
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

Words by Charles Gayley.

TENORS.

Music by Balfe.

BASSES.

1. Sing to the col - ors that float in the light; Hur -
2. Blue are the bil - lows that bow to the sun Wher -
3. Here's to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear; .

BASSES.

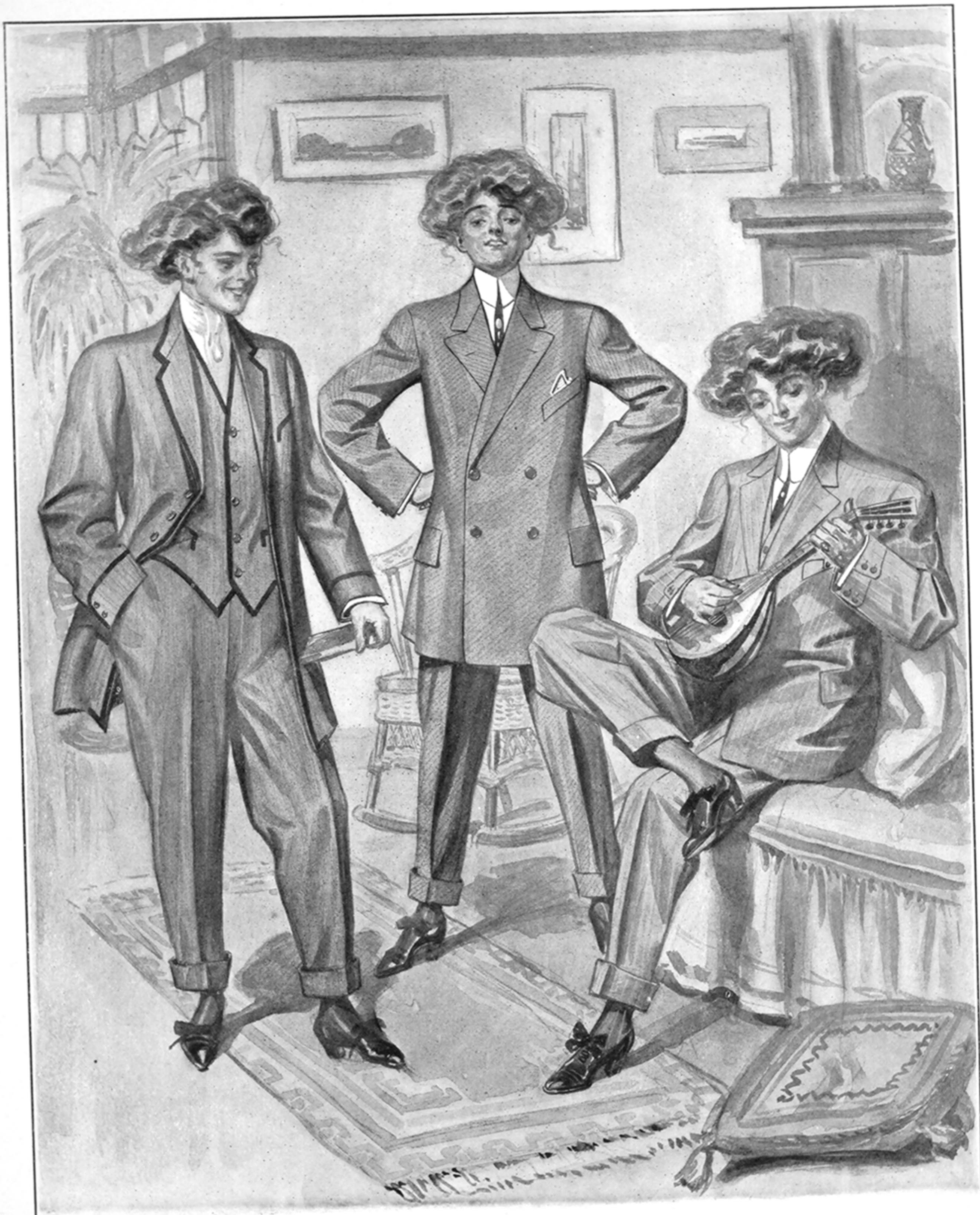
rah for the Yel - low and Blue! Yel low the stars as they
yel - low - robed morn - ing is due; Blue are the curtains that
Here's to the hearts that are true! Here's to the maid of the

ride thro' the night, And reel in a rol - lick - ing crew; Yel - low the fields where
eve - ning has spun, The slum - bers of Phœ - bus to woo; Blue are the blos - soms to
gold - en hair, And eyes that are brimming with blue! Gar - lands of blue - bells and

rip - ens the grain, And yel - low the moon on the har - vest - wain; Hail!
mem - o - ry dear, And blue is the sap - phire, and gleams like a tear; Hail!
maize in - ter - twine; And hearts that are true and . . . voi - ces com - bine; Hail!

Hail to the col - ors that float in the light; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!
Hail to the rib - bons that na - ture has spun; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!
Hail to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!

"A VASSAR FROLIC"



Model J.—Silk Braided

Model F.

Model C.

A VASSAR CHANT.

Devolo.
SOPRANOS.

Music by E. J. Biedermann.

We *Vassar girls say, As at Vespers we pray: Help us good maids to be;
ALTOS.

Give patience to wait, Till some subse-quent date; World without men. Ah, . . . me!

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp. The top staff is for Sopranos, indicated by a soprano clef. The bottom staff is for Altos, indicated by an alto clef. The music includes various dynamics like *p*, *f*, and *rit.*, and performance instructions like *rit.* and *me!*.

A DEMONSTRATION.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.

TENORS.

"A" is the maid of win - ning charm, "B" is the snug en - cir - cling arm;

BASSES

How man - y times is "A" in "B"? He ques - tioned cal - cu - la - tive - ly. She

flushed and said, with air se - date, "It's not quite clear; please dem - on - strate."

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff is for Tenors, indicated by a tenor clef. The middle staff is for Basses, indicated by a bass clef. The bottom staff is for Alto, indicated by an alto clef. The music includes various dynamics like *p*, *f*, and *rit.*, and performance instructions like *cal - cu - la - tive - ly.* and *dem - on - strate.*

"OLD COLLEGE CHUMS"



Model No. 12

Model No. 2

Model No. 6

Model No. 14

OLD COLLEGE CHUM.

Words by Lloyd Adams.

TENORS.

Arranged for Male Voices.

p

1. Old col - lege chum, dear col - lege chum, The days may come, the days may go; But
2. Thro' youth, thro' prime, and when the days Of har - vest time, to us shall come, Thro'

BASSES.

p

cres.

still my heart to mem - 'ry clings, To those col - lege days of long a - go.
all we'll bear the mem - 'ries dear, Of those gold - en days, old col - lege chum

cres.

p rit.

HORSE-SHOE SONG.

Words by Arthur Hayden.

Arranged by R. W. Atkinson.

TENORS.

'Twas just a horse - shoe, A rust - y horse - shoe, I found one
smil - ing, My heart be - guil - ing, Su - san - na

BASSES.

day and nailed a - bove my door; Nor was I stu - pid, For that day Cu - pid Ar - rived, dis -
came and lost her heart to me! Su - san - na fair - est! Su - san - na (Omit.)

guised as Good Luck at my door. And with him,) dear - est! My own for - ev - er to oe!