

c Hetcher, Amos & Johnson, Comp.

S O N G S
OF
O L D N A S S A U .
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"Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis  
Offendar macula."

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"Music, where soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory."
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# ODE FOR THE ALUMNI.

WORDS BY H. C. ALEXANDER, '54.

MUSIC FROM THE GERMAN. ARR. BY J. McDOUGALL, JR., '54.

*Maestoso.*

1. Ye gra-du-ates of Princeton, That guard her an-cient  
fame; Whose no-ble deeds have filled the globe, With  
echoes of her name! Your glitt'ring blades unsheath a-gain, To  
match an-oth-er foe! And shake every lake Where Co-

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The music is in 4/4 time and features a steady, dignified tempo. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines that support the vocal melody.

lum-bia's bu-gles blow; Where the hur-ri-cane is

loud and long, And Co-lum-bia's airs do blow.

## I.

Ye graduates of Princeton  
 That guard her ancient fame,  
 Whose noble deeds have filled the globe  
 With echoes of her name—  
 Your glittering blades unsheath again  
 To match another foe!  
 And shake every lake  
 Where Columbia's bugles blow;  
 Where the hurricane is loud and long,  
 And Columbia's airs do blow.

## II.

The spirit of your fathers  
 Shall start from every sod!  
 For the earth it was their field of fame,  
 And there they knelt to God!  
 Where Burr and mighty Davies fell,  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As the song ye prolong,  
 Where the yew and cypress grow,  
 While the zephyrs catch and swell the strain,  
 And the answering bugles blow.

## III.

Proud Nassau needs no guardians,  
 No watch-towers on the steep;  
 Her *sons* watch all their native plains,  
 And wander on the deep:  
 Encamped about her roasting walls,  
 They quell her ancient foes  
 As they roar at the door—  
 When the kindling blasts do blow,  
 When the battling flames are fierce and loud,  
 And the raging blasts do blow.

## IV.

The vestal fires of Princeton  
 Shall with new luster burn,  
 Till conflict's troubled night depart  
 And the star of morn return!  
 Then, then ye gallant champions,  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the bugles cease to blow,  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the winds have ceased to blow.

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 ALUMNI SONG.

BY E. HOLDEN '59.

AIR—"Araby's Daughter."

Oh! bring now the token of friendship unbroken,  
 And clasp the warm hands at the portals of home,  
 For here is the spot where our love was first spoken,  
 And loving, as then, to its shadows we come.

Thou hast reared the pride of nations—  
 Thine, thy country's boast abroad—  
 Thine, who hold its honored stations—  
 Thine, who teach the way to God!

*Chorus*—Alma Mater, &c.

Never more as thus we'll meet thee,  
 Leaning on thy fost'ring arm;  
 May a century bring, to greet thee,  
 Souls as true and hearts as warm.

*Chorus*—Alma Mater, &c.

Good and true men, gone before us,  
 Leading to the upward way;  
 May their spirits hov'ring o'er us,  
 Smile on Nassau's natal day!

*Chorus*—Alma Mater, &c.

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O D E .

BY HENRY C. ALEXANDER, '54.

Must we loose these bands of union  
 Gently wound about us here?  
 Can we drain this cup of sorrow—  
 Can we check the eager tear?  
 How do memories crowd around us,  
 Conjured from the awful past;  
 Hours of joy till now unheeded,  
 Doomed, in wisdom, not to last!  
 Now, alas! too late we learn  
 These can never more return.

Solemn tolls the bell of parting;  
 Here no longer may we dwell;  
 Mournfully the winds, our fellows,  
 Softly breathe their low farewell;

And the groves our footsteps haunted,  
 Sighing in the evening air,  
 Murmur sadly to our spirits,  
 Soon to wander where—oh, where?  
 Time with restless pinion spread  
 Nears the confines of the dead!

Scarce a winged year hath left us,  
 Ere, like you, we looked in awe  
 On our elder brethren parting,  
 At the goal we barely saw.  
 And the solemn benediction,  
 Echoing through the standing throng,  
 Lent a meaning to the sadness  
 Floating in the parting song.  
 Brothers, soon you take our place,  
 And the hours move on apace!

Death, with gleaming dart relentless,  
 Speeds us to an untried sphere;  
 Who shall first essay its honors,  
 Knoweth not a mortal here.  
 Lay to heart the timely warning  
 From that sweet-toned, mournful bell,  
 Telling us of death and sorrow,  
 As it tolls—Farewell! farewell!  
 Yet there is a deeper knell  
 Tolling from death's awful bell!

Fathers! brothers!—here we leave you,  
 For the field of real life;  
 May our standards often mingle  
 In the battle, in the strife!  
 Yet we never more may linger  
 In these shades so many love;  
 Here our paths must be divergent,  
 But our journey ends above;  
 May we all with angels dwell,  
 Where our song has no farewell!