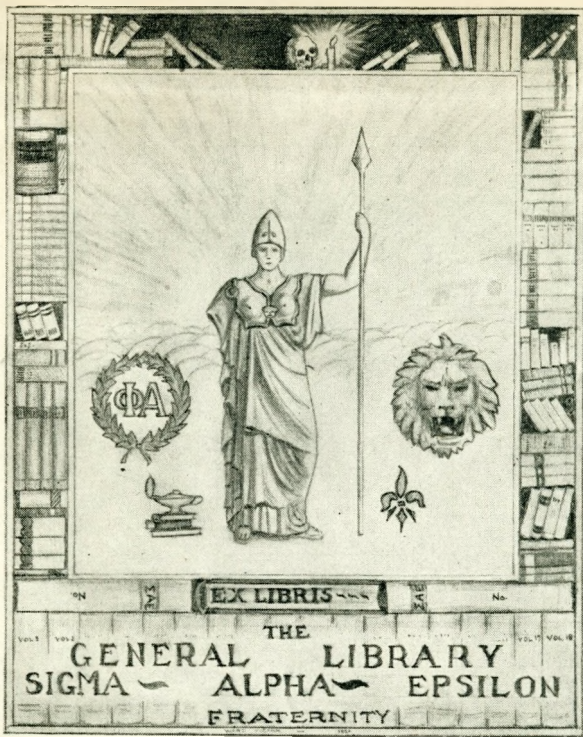


SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON SONGS

LEVERE



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The
Joseph W. Walt
Library
of
Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Edited by: William C. Levere

School: Northwestern University

Chapter: Ill. Psi-Omega Class of: 1898

Songs Old and New

OF

Sigma Alpha Epsilon



EDITED BY WILLIAM C. LEVERE

1856

1906

S O N G S

Old and New,

—OF—

Sigma Alpha Epsilon



EDITED BY
WILLIAM C. LEVERE

1856

1906

TO A BROTHER IN S. A. E.

By Noble Leslie DeVotie.

I know we must part, yet, united in
soul,
Our thoughts, like one current, to-
gether will roll,
And, oh, should my soul be the first
to ascend,
When an angel in heaven I'll plead for
my friend;
Yet, sometimes I think when my young
life is o'er,
And my voice that hath thrilled thee
can thrill thee no more,
That my spirit will steal from its man-
sion of bliss—
To lie on thy bosom and guard thee
in this.

Thou mayst whisper farewell, but thou
canst not depart,
I hold thee too close in the folds of
my heart;
And that full heart is deeper than
aught else can be—
Unless 'tis the feeling I cherish for
thee.
Thou canst not escape, for tho' wide
be thy bound,
Fond memories, like sentinels, guard
thee around—
Sweet watcher! they'll keep each in-
truder away,
And hold thee my captive by night
and by day.

T'were almost too sweet for such
bosoms as ours—
To die the calm death of the innocent
flowers;
Yet, ah! if the angels will answer my
prayers,
The close of our lives will be lovely
as theirs;
And oh! when the death-pangs our
bosoms do rend,
They will mingle my spirit with that
of my friend,
For on hope's airy wings we lightly
will rise,
And tho' parted on earth we'll be
linked in the skies.

CONVENTION SONG

By H. H. Cowan, Mich. Alpha.

Tune—Tenting on the old camp
ground.

We're meeting to-night in convention,
boys;
Gathered together are we
From the busy world, with its joll
and care—
We boys of S. A. E.
Many are the times that our hands
have clasped!
Many are the memories dear,
Which come to us now of other days
When we were gathered here.

CHORUS.

Meeting tonight, meeting tonight.
Meeting in the old council hall.

Soon we'll fight the foe in the open
field—
Fight in the battle of life,
But tonight we are boys, so let us be
Free from all care and from strife.
Some of the faces that greeted us
here,
We miss from our council hall.
They've finished their college work
and gone,
Where fame and duty call.

We too will part with a farewell grip,
Just as the older boys,
And out in the wide world we'll be,
Tasting its cares and joys.
But whether or not we shall meet
again,
In the years that are to come,
May we all be found in the keph
above
After our work is done.

EVEN THE STARS SPELL S. A. E.

By George Shidler, Neb., Lambda-Pi.
Tune—Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
S. A. E. spells from afar,
Up above the world so high,
A diamond pin upon the sky.

CHORUS.

Twinkle, twinkle from afar,
Now we know just what you are;
Then the freshman in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not see which way to go
If you did not twinkle so.

Twinkle, twinkle, little stars,
From Convention coming far,
Weak my limbs, each sound but jars,
Show me how to reach a car.

Flashing, flashing, shooting star,
Whisper to me from afar
That a certain girl loves me,
That she too loves S. A. E.

WHEN A THOUSAND YEARS ARE GONE

By Henry Sydnor Harrison, New York
Mu.

Tune—"The Brave Old Oak."

We'll sing S. A. E. old S. A. E.
Who hath ruled in our hearts so long;
Here's health and fame to her grand
old name,
Here's glory in our song.
Hers is the light that knows no night,
The star that does not wane,
Through all our days, we'll sing her
praise
And raise this glad refrain.

CHORUS.

Boys, sing S. A. E., old S. A. E.,
'Who hath stood in her pride so long,
And still flourish she like the stout
oak tree
When a thousand years are gone.

She saw the old times in Southern
climes

When the war-cloud hovered nigh,
And the brave lads met whom we
cherish yet,

And will until we die.

She held to her faith through De-
Votie's death,

'And she triumphed o'er all pains;
Now the lads are gone, but she still
lives on—

Aye, old S. A. E. remains.

CHORUS.

THE FLAG OF SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

By William C. Levere, E. S. A.

Tune—Men of Harlech.

Flag of golden hue and purple
Rippling in the breeze of heaven,
Rally we around thy colors
Here we take our stand,
'Tis the flag of royal brothers,
Flag that proudly flaunts all others,
True our hearts, our lives, our for-
tune

To its colors grand.

Round it we will rally
From far hill and valley;
Its golden light
And purple bright
Forbids one son should dally,
For it we will hail endeavor
'Neath its folds of glory ever,
Naught our love from it can sever
Flag of S. A. E.

In the sun its splendor flashes,
And it waves mid thunder's crashes
Through the billows stinging lashes
Still it floats on high;
How it stirs each brave emotion!
How it claims our hearts' devotion!
As it floats o'er mount and ocean
In the bright blue sky,
Now with courage knightly
Grasp its staff so tightly
And wave it high
Each one defy
Who scorns its folds so sightly,
And when ebb of life is flowing
And the sands are swiftly going
May we see its colors glowing
Flag of S. A. E.

GRIP SONG

By Benj. Hinchman, Jr., Penn. Sigma-
Phi.

Tune—Chorus of Maybe.

Honor be to thee, Phi Alpha,
Our beloved Fraternity,

Ever will we sing thy praises,

Filled with love and loyalty.

Let the Purple and the Gold wave
In the Zenith o'er each one;

We are brothers bound together,
Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

DEAR S. A. E.

... ("Die Wacht am Rhein.")

We meet tonight as brothers here
To worship what we each hold dear,
And chant in sweetest melody
Our love for our fraternity.

CHORUS.

Dear S. A. E.! How grand the cry!
Our love for thee shall never die!
Glorious, 'midst honors gained and tri-
umphs won,

Firm stands the Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Our sailors man the Ship of State
From Plymouth Rock to Golden Gate,
And to the breezes we unfold
Our flag of purple and of gold.

Here let us pledge our faith anew—
To Sigma's light we'll e'er be true,
Her precepts cherish in our heart
Until the chord of life shall part.

BANQUET SONG

By Jos. Clemons, Penn. Sigma-Phi.

Air—"Bingo."

Here's to S. A. E.! drink her down,
drink her down,
Here's to S. A. E. for she's like the
busy bee,
Drink her down, drink her down,
Drink her down, down, down.

CHORUS.

Balm of Gilead, Gilead, balm of Gil-
ead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead way down on the
Bingo Farm;
We won't go there any more,
We won't go there any more.
Way down on the Bingo Farm.
Rig-jag, jig-jag, jig-jag, ter,
Way down on the Bingo Farm.

Here to S. A. E. drink her down,
drink her down.
She's the offspring of DeVotie,
Drink her down, drink her down,
Drink her down, down, down.

CHORUS.

Here to S. A. E. drink her down,
drink her down.

She was born in Tuscaloosa,
Drink her down, drink her down,
Drink her down, down, down.

CHORUS.

Here's to each, to each alumnus,
Drink her down, drink her down,
Here's to each alumnus who has
come to sup among us,
Drink her down, drink her down,
Drink her down, down, down.

CHORUS.

Here's to all our ladies, drink her
down, drink her down,
Here's to all our ladies whose charms
and smiles pervade us,
Drink her down, drink her down,
down, down, down.

OUR BONDS

By E. N. Wentworth, Iowa Gamma.

Tune—Love's Old Sweet Song.

If in the days when hope is lost from
life,
Memories grow dim, all is discordant
strife,
When tired slumber steeps each
weary sense,
Flee to past days, with a fond pre-
tense
Bring back the joy of days no more
to be
Spent with our brothers in dear S. A.
E.
Spirit of devotion, emblem of our
fate,
Trial nor temptation, ne'er can
separate,
From Minerva's standard, any loy-
alty
Symbolizing ever dear S. A. E., our
dear S. A. E.

Then our horizon takes a brighter
hue
Gray clouds disperse, and leave the
purer blue;
Visions are formed; hope comes to
us again;
Pleasure replaces all our grief and
pain.
In Sigma Alpha Epsilon recall

Our bonds fraternal, truest bonds of
all.

Spirit of devotion, emblem of our
fate,

Trial nor temptation, ne'er can
separate,

From Minerva's standard, any loy-
alty

Symbolizing ever dear S. A. E., our
dear S. A. E.

GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

By William C. Levere, E. S. A.

Tune—"My Maryland."

Brothers dear, we gather here,

Sigma Alpha Epsilon;

With hearts so light and full of cheer,

Sigma Alpha Epsilon;

We come afar, from east and west,

From prairies and from mountain
crest,

The land has given up its best,

Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

We sing of thee, these happy days,

Sigma Alpha Epsilon;

We sing thy glory and thy praise,

Sigma Alpha Epsilon;

We sing of glorious victories won,

Of wondrous deeds thy sons have
done,

And all for thee, best loved one,

Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

We'll cherish thee forevermore,

Sigma Alpha Epsilon;

Though scattered far on distant shore,

Sigma Alpha Epsilon;

Our lives indeed will sweeter be,

Whene'er we think, dear love, of thee,

Thou art so brave, so true, so free,

Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS

Oh, we're all jolly good fellows,

Oh, we're all jolly good fellows,

Oh, we're all jolly good fellows,

In jolly S. A. E.

We take our pick of the Freshmen,

We take our pick of the Freshmen,

We take our pick of the Freshmen,

For good, old S. A. E.

We only take the best ones,

We only take the best ones,

We only take the best ones,

For dear, old S. A. E.

OUR ALUMNI

By Henry Sydnor Harrison, New
York Mu.

Tune—My Bonnie Lies Over the
Ocean.

Last night, as we lay on our pillow;

Last night, as we lay on our bed;

Last night, as we thought of our
future,

We dreamed our alumni were dead.

CHORUS.

Oh, my, oh, me,

We dreamed our alumni were dead,

Bad dreams, nightmares;

Oh, come back, alumni to us.

Last week, with our house rent un-
settled;

Last week, with our faces unfed;

Last week, when the treasury was
empty,

We dreamed our alumni were dead.

CHORUS.

Last month, when we wished a new
mansion;

Last month, when we figured
ahead;

Last month, when we sighed for ex-
pansion,

Why, we dreamed our alumni were
dead.

LIVE ON! S. A. E.!

By Joseph Clay Walker, Tenn.
Lambda.

Tune—Ehren on the Rhine.

A student sat in his room at eve,

From cares of life all free;

And thought how fine is a student's
life

When one is an S. A. E.

His cap was of the color true—

The purple and old gold;

And in his meditation sweet,

He dreamed as though of old.

CHORUS.

The Purple and the Gold
Shall live for aye and aye!
When green our grave, our sons shall
wear

The badge of S. A. E.
The purple and the gold
Shall live for aye and aye!
When green our grave, our sons shall
wear

The badge of S. A. E.

In bonds of brotherly love we stand
Fast united and strong;

And surely none in all this land
Shall stand as we so long.
Long wave the purple and the gold!
For friendship's loyalty!
Thy honor never will grow old,
Live on! S. A. E.

THE COLORS I ADORE

By Edwin N. Ferdon, New York
Alpha.

Tune—Old Kentucky Home.

Soft, purple clouds edge the crimson
of the west,
There is gold on the ripening maize:
And they sing to me of the name I
love the best,
Of a name I learned to love in college
days.

CHORUS.

Dear old S. A. E.,
Dear brothers of the fold!
O, the stars shine bright
On the memory of that night,
When you crowned me with the pur-
ple and the gold.
When the feast is done,—when you've
turned the glasses down,
When the twilight of life is o'er;—
Though I be not a king—though I've
won no high renown,
May you wrap me in the colors I
adore.

CHORUS.

Dear old S. A. E.,
Dear chapter chums of old,
O, the stars shine bright
On the memory of that night
When you crowned me with the pur-
ple and the gold.

TO SING THY PRAISE

By C. W. Stowell, E. S. R.

Tune—"Chapel Steps."

Oh, Sigma Alpha Epsilon,
We raise our song to thee,
The guardian of our hopes and joys,
Our loved fraternity.
To thee we pledge with earnest
hearts,
Our loyalty for aye,
Our steadfast labor for thy cause.
And love that shall not die.

Fair goddess mother, we thy sons,
In e'er increasing throng,
Are gathered here, with one accord
To praise thee in our song.
From every corner of this land,
Where thy blest temples rise,
Behold, they come, to raise aloft
Thy praises to the skies.

The sordid cares, the grinding toll,
Ambitions, quest of fame,
Are all forgot, while here we sing,
The glories of thy name.
No section strife, no worldly cares,
Shall make our hearts grow cold;
We pledge allegiance to thy flag
The purple and the gold.

DEAR OLD S. A. E.

By W. C. Vail, Indiana Alpha.

Tune—Gloriana.

She's the Queen of our devotion,
True to her are we;
Guiding star on life's broad ocean,
Dear old S. A. E.
Time may smite us, death may
blight us,
Dark our sorrows be,
But thy bonds shall still unite us,
Dear old S. A. E.

Darkly hung the clouds above thee
In the days gone by,
But a few were left to love thee—
Would not let thee die.
Proudly now extend thy pinions
Over land and sea;
Loyal hearts are thy dominions,
Dear old S. A. E.

Torn by Fate's unkindly finger
From thy portal dear,
'Round thee still our mem'ries
linger,
Still thy name revere.
Keep thy gallant banner flying,
Spread thy colors free;
We will give thee love undying,
Dear old S. A. E.

GOOD-NIGHT SONG

By Henry Sydnor Harrison, New
York Mu.

Tune—Sweet and Low.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Sing to old S. A. E!
Low, low, singing slow
In praise of S. A. E!
Brothers, the hour has come to go—
Gather around and chorus slow
To our Fraternity,
Ere we say good-night, ere we sink in
sweet sleep.

S. A. E! S. A. E!
Now shall we hymn thy praise!
Make us true to thee
Through all our life's long days!
Make us all that thy sons should be!
High as thee, Fraternity,
High let us fix our gaze!
Now we say good-night, and our
dreams shall be thine!

SIGMA ECHOES

By H. L. Feeman, Mich. Alpha.

Tune—"Massa's in the Cold, Cold
Ground."

All my heart strings are now beating
In tune to bygone time,
Then my brothers I was meeting,
Singing, Sigma's ready rhyme.
From my college chums I've wan-
dered

'Long the world's highways.
Often I've fondly pondered
On the charms of "good old days."

Refrain—

Oft in my dreaming
Sigma's scenes once more,
Softly o'er my soul come stealing
Echoes from a friendly shore.

Memory's mystic chords are quiv'ring
With words of long ago.
And I hear the old bell ringing
At the evening twilight low;
Voices chiming joyful changes,
Chanting words of cheer,
Fateful time ne'er ought estrange us
From our college classmates dear.

Purple, gold and manhood royal,
Kingly trinity,
Bound the boys to living loyal
In the bonds of S. A. E.
Years have gone and age is creeping,
The boys are far and near.
Some are in the graveyard sleeping,
Resting from their toiling here.

EVENING SONG

By William F. Giese, Wisconsin
Alpha.

Tune—Stars of the Summer Night.

Wherever far or near,
We sail upon life's sea,
Thy name will still be dear,
Thy name, our S. A. E.
Thy name,
Thy name, our S. A. E.

The joys we hourly learn,
Of sweet fraternity
Will make fond memories turn
To thee, our S. A. E.
To thee,
To thee, our S. A. E.

Where'er our footsteps roam,
In sorrow or in glee,
Our hearts will find their home
With thee, our S. A. E.
With thee,
With thee, our S. A. E.

Then, brothers, here's to you!
And here's to S. A. E!
To thee we'll still be true,
To thee, our S. A. E.
To thee,
To thee, our S. A. E.

HEIGHO SONG

As Sung by Tenn. Omega.

Tune—Rig-a-Jig-Jig.

As I was walking down the street,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
A jolly good fellow I chanced to meet,
Heigho, heigho, heigho.

CHORUS.

Rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go,
Away we go, away we go,
Rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go,
Heigho, heigho, heigho,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
Rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go,
Heigho, heigho, heigho.

Said I to him, "Your fraternity?"
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho.
Said he, "I'm a loyal S. A. E."
Heigho, heigho, heigho.

So shout for the purple and the gold,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho.
The colors so renowned of old,
Heigho, heigho, heigho.

THE GOAT

By William C. Leveré, E. S. A.

Tune—Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin.

Hail to the Goat
With yawning throat,
As he advances with noble tread.
His whiskers steam,
And his teeth gleam
Well does he know he's about to be
fed.

Victims adore him! Bow at his
shrine

Make him believe he is really sub-
lime.

Pray for the best. Prepare for the
rest.

The best you can hope for is six
months in bed.

How he does dance,
Rare high and prance;
Let loose his tether and give him a
chance!

Hear that low growl
Come from his jawl—

There is a scare in his hypnotic
glance.

Merciful Peter, Saints do forbend,
By his wild actions we are nearing
the end.

One moment more, he'll close his jaw,
Freshman, you'll lose the seat of your
pants.

He loves to chaw,
Dotes on red gore,
Relishes Freshmen when they are
green;

Bites cobble stone,
Chews human bone,
Smiles very sweetly and licks his
chops clean.

Loudly he trumpets, kneel, victim
kneel.

If he should hurt you, just let out a
squeal;

T'will soon be o'er, tattered and tore
You'll go to the angels for change
of scene.

PARTING SONG

By W. C. Vail, Indiana Alpha.

Tune—Old Black Joe.

Sadly we wait as the parting hour
draws near,

Slowly we turn from the hall we love
so dear;

When, brothers, when shall our band
be gathered here

To meet, a brotherhood unbroken—
S. A. E.

CHORUS.

We're parting, we're parting,
Far, far we soon shall be,
Ah, when to meet at thy dear portals,
S. A. E.

Some we may miss who are with us
here tonight,

Friends tried and true we have found
them in the fight;

When, brothers, when shall our scat-
tered ranks unite,

To meet, a brotherhood unbroken—
S. A. E.

CHORUS.

THE SPIRIT OF S. A. E.

Words by
WILLIAM C. LEVERE.

Music by
F. E. ABBOTT.

Introduction.

Andante.

A piano introduction consisting of two staves of music. The right hand plays a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

A single staff of music for the vocal line, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The melody is simple and follows the rhythm of the lyrics.

1. The boys were gather'd in the chapter hall, The pur - ple and gold hung
2. The years were spent, and far and wide Were scattered the boys who stood
3. To cherish in true loving loy - al - ty, To stand by its col - ors and

A piano accompaniment consisting of two staves of music. The right hand plays chords and single notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

A single staff of music for the vocal line, continuing the melody from the previous line.

over them all. They were merry of heart and filled with glee, Re -
side by side, In dis - tant lands and a - cross the sea; On
faith - ful be. From those who led in the ear - ly way,

A piano accompaniment consisting of two staves of music. The right hand plays chords and single notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

cres.

joic - ing in their fra - ter - ni - ty. In the bonds of broth - er - ly
moun - tain high and mead - ow lea, Some in the loud roar of
Comes the mes - sage this lat - er day, With shoul - der to shoul - der then

love thy clasped Their hands, while heart to heart, stead - fast They
bat - tles' strife Gal - lant - ly fought and gave their life
firm we'll stand In deed and in truth a brother - ly band

pledged themselves ev - er true to be To the spir - it of old S. A. E.....
Always remembering true to be To the spir - it of old S. A. E.....
Pledging our troth, ever true to be To the spir - it of old S. A. E.....

THE Σ-A-E

MARCH and TWO-STEP.

By C.S. CONNERAT Jr.

Copyright 1897 by C. S. Connerat Jr

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The treble clef part contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass clef part provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. The treble clef part has a more active melodic line with slurs, and the bass clef part features a dense, rhythmic accompaniment with many beamed notes.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef part shows a melodic phrase with a slur, and the bass clef part continues with a steady accompaniment of chords.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef part has a melodic line with a slur and a flat sign. The bass clef part includes a triplet of eighth notes, indicated by the number '8' below the notes.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef part features a melodic line with a slur, and the bass clef part has a complex accompaniment with many beamed notes.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble clef part has a melodic line with a slur, and the bass clef part continues with a rhythmic accompaniment.

34-E

Trio

mf

Fine

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a series of notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and rests.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece with similar notation. The treble staff shows a melodic line with some slurs, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation, showing further development of the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a melodic line with a triplet, and the bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a variety of note values and rests. The treble staff has a melodic line with a triplet, and the bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation, concluding the piece with a "Trio. S. al Fine" marking. The treble staff has a melodic line with a triplet, and the bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment.

S-A-E

Words By EDWARD MELLIS M.D.

Music Arranged By
MILLARD F. GEORGE.

S.A.E.

TEMPO MARCH. *mf.* *AD LIB.* *mf.*

IN EIGHT-EEN HUN-DRED AND FIF-TY-SIX, 'T WAS THEN THAT NOBLE DE-

VOTIE DID FIX, UP-ON A PLAN TO BET-TER MAN THERE IS NO BET-TER PLAN. AT

TUS-CA-LOO-SA HE DID START A BAND OF BROTH-ERS TRUE; IN NUM-BERS THEY WERE

VER-Y SMALL, BUT YET THEY WERE TRUE BLUE. 'TIS TRUE! THEY WERE FEW, "BUT THEY

WERE TRUE BLUE. BUT SINCE THEN THEY'VE SPREAD ALL OVER THE LAND 'TIL THOUSANDS BELONG TO OUR.

rit. *tempo.*

- OLD-FASH BAND; FROM NORTH TO SOUTH, FROM SEA TO SEA, SPREADS DEAR OLD "S.A.E."

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