1934

UA3/1/8 WKU School Songs

WKU President's Office

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Class of 1915 Song

Written by Nettie Layman and Lucile Goodman, sung at chapel March 15, 1915 to the tune: *It's a Long Way to Tipperary*

Up to Normal Heights came our Freshie crowd one day,
Chapel Hall was almost full sure every one was gay;
Everything was moving briskly we did naught but stare,
Until a bunch of smarty Seniors shouted to us there:-

It’s a long way to graduation
It’s a long way to go;
It’s a hard time in Ancient History,
And Practice too you know:
Good bye to Old Latin,
Farewell to cube and square,
It’s a long, long way to graduation,
But we’ll soon be there.

Juniors wrote their letters to the place they’d like to go,
Saying "If you’re much impressed just write and let me know:
If I make mistakes in spelling, principal you see,
Remember I’m a Junior and don’t lay the blame on me."

It’s a long way to graduation,
It’s a long way to go;
It’s a hard time in Ancient History,
And Practice too you know.
Hard too is old Latin,
Also cube and square;
It’s a long, long way to graduation
I hope I’ll get there.
Now we're grand and mighty Seniors 1915:
Of our play and party, be convinced the world will know;
Leaving our Alma Mater with a grand and glorious name,
For work has made us wise and we hope you'll be the same.

Repeat first chorus

**The Vision of the Seniors**
Written by Emily Barry, sung at chapel March 15, 1915 to the tune *Music in the Air*

The Vision of the Seniors
The "Nineteen-fifteen Class"
A Vision bright and shining
As the sunny hours that pass.
Many a tho't in wonder bound
Fills us with a joy profound;
While we gaze enchanted there
On the Senior's Vision rare.

Our eyes have seen a vision
Of this mighty land of ours
We now have caught the glimmer
Of our great Kentucky's powers
On her hills in triumph stands
Wisdom reigning o'er her lands;
While we gaze enchanted there
On the Senior's Vision rare.

Our hearts have caught the meaning
Of this shining Vision fair
We see it in the future
Of Kentucky's glory there.
Education's banner grand
Floats in triumph o'er the land
While we gaze enchanted there
On the Senior's Vision rare.
Senior's Song

Written by Otis Porter, sung at chapel March 15, 1915 to the tune *Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

We have trudged along together
Thru the rugged vales of time,
From the sands of timid Freshman
To the cliffs of senior's prime
We have fought with giants many,
But our faith has been sublime;
And this is now our song.

We're a jolly band of seniors,
We're the glad triumphant seniors,
Happy now that we are seniors;
Our trials have made us strong.

Now our journey's nearly over
And in sight is Beulah Land,
Where the palm trees waving, beckoning,
There are seniors at the threshold
To extend a welcome hand;
And this shall be their song.

Welcome, welcome to the seniors,
To the tired and loyal seniors,
Here's a greeting to the seniors
Whose trials have made them strong.

College Heights

Lyrics by Pearl Lowe, no information regarding the tune.

College Heights on crested hill-top
Broad thy view and wide thy span;
Lofty citadel, we bear thee
Homage from thy great Southland.

Chorus

Alma Mater, best and grandest,
All our lives with thee we share.
College Heights, thou realm of glory,
Faith to thee we ever swear.

Great Acropolis of learning,
Strength from thee makes strong our lives,
Love to thee, our Alma Mater;
Spirit from thee never dies.

Vision to a people seeking
Life and understanding, right;
Throned in hearts of sons and daughters, --
Hail to thee our College Heights.

College Heights - All Hail

Lyrics by Mattie Hatcher, no information regarding the tune.

All hail to the Hill with its purple sheen,
Its dancing lights and its shimmering green,
Its mossy rocks and its deep ravine.
Dear old Hill -- to me.

Chorus

To me -- to me -- to me
Dear old Hill to me

All hail to the Halls where with hurrying feet,
Bold lads and lassies throng to greet
The Truth that every soul should meet
Dear old Halls for me

All hail to the Truth that makes men brave,
That twists the irons and frees the slave;
Brings brightness to a dark'ning grave.
College Heights -- to thee
As We Go Singing

Song adapted from Washburn College song by Sophomore Class of 1934 and sung at chapel on May 14, 1934

We are the sons and daughters of College Heights
We always cheer for what we think is right

It's not wealth that won us fame
But it's the way we play the game
For what we do, we do in Western's name.

Chorus

Come on, ye wearers of the red and gray,
Get with the gang and sing our song to-day,
Hearts beating fast will be true till the last,
Loyal students who love old Western's red and gray.
Chi, chi, chi, chi Western, Chi, chi, chi, chi Western
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah
Come on ye wearers of the red and grey, etc.

Of all the colleges from east to west,
Western's the one of all we love the best.
Tho her teams may meet defeat,
We can smile and still repeat
Western's loyal spirit can't be beat.

Cheer Song

Stand up and cheer

Cheer loud and strong for dear old Western.

For to-day we raise the red and gray above the rest.

Our boys are fighting and we are bound to win the fray.

We got the team. Rah! Rah!

We got the steam. Rah! Rah!

For this is dear old Western's day.

Rah! Rah! Rah! (Repeat)