



5-21-1888

Class-Day Exercises

University of the Pacific

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Class-Day Exercises,

Monday, May 21, 1888.

PROGRAMME.

Chorus,	-	-	-	Glass
President's Address,	-	-	-	Philip J. Driver
Local Solo,	-	-	-	Lizzie Gober
Oration—"The New Era,"	-	-	-	Fred. L. Stewart
Chorus,	-	-	-	Glass
Class History,	-	-	-	Cecil Mark
Instrumental Duet,	-	-	-	{ Foa M. Funkins Lizzie Gober.
Poem—"How We Apply It"	-	-	-	Kittie J. Smith
Class Prophecy,	-	-	-	E. J. Simpson
Chorus,	-	-	-	Glass
Presentation,	-	-	-	Mark L. Nettit
Chorus,	-	-	-	Glass

Graduating Exercises, Thursday, May 24, at 9:30 P. M.

Class Medley.

We're the far famed class of '88,
And all are now to graduate—Hurrah!

We've finished each exam,
For which we had to cram,
And that is the reason why 'his psalm
You hear us singing.

Aren't we glad to get through with adversity,
To leave the University,
Escape perversity?
Aren't we glad to escape from the Faculty?
You would think so if you—
Tall, thin "His Leaseness" and wide spreading "Surface,"
The moss-backed Professor *who has* grown to his chair.

The fresh Eastern teacher who says we are
Heathen, and "he-then as" missionary fares
In the wild and woody West,
Which so lacks the culture of Ohio,
Many teachers will never return—return—

Other Buckeyes will come,
For we hear the Trustees calling,
We see the tears falling,
Alex ka zip can't torture us—he must go

Hail, ye Senior's happy band !
Eighty eight all hand in hand ;
Three cheers for "magenta and lavender.
We've defeated the Juniors everywhere,
Eighty-eight and triumph forever,
Three cheers for the Seniors, and—

Red Beard was a soldier,
Of Tyndall there was no lack ;
He dressed in regimentals,
With Blue cape on his back.

The Juniors are subdued,
We beat them blue and black,
We took their hand cuffs from them
And never gave them back.

The Sophs are jolly fellows.
With brass and nerve to spare ;
{ They dare not eat within a tent }
{ For fear of Eighty-nine. }

The Freshies are great greenhorns .
With hayseed in their hair ;
Alas ! we have no boys within
The Scientific course.

No more we'll study Greek ;
No more we'll construe Latin ;
No more we'll have a piece to speak,
And no more will be sat—

Come with me, come with me,
Ever more sweet memory,
With the thoughts of happy hours
We have passed in college years.

Fare, Fare thee well !
To all adieu !
Fare, Fare thee well !
We at last are free,
Fare, Fare thee well !

University O!

Together, now, my classmates,
We're gathered here to-day,
To join once more in tuneful song
Before we pass away.
Together we have fought the fight,
The battle's won you know ;
But ere we part we'll sing a song
To University O !

CHORUS:—O ! University O !
O ! University O !
But ere we part we'll sing a song
To University O !

No more on us the Faculty,
Its burly form can place,
For we are past the bound'ry line,
And have attained to grace.
We'll hie us to the picnic grounds,
And go "hay-riding" now ;
Still ere we start we'll sing a song
To University O !

CHORUS:—

Never again the chapel bell,
With clamor loud and wide,
Will call us to the torture room.
We'll cut the class and slide
Upon life's dark and turbid stream.
Adrift now we will go,
But ere we start we'll sing a song
To University O !

CHORUS:—

The Chapel Bell.

Oh, hark to the bell ! Oh, the old chapel bell,
As it rings out its clear stirring tone,
And the strange, solemn knell, as to us it does tell
Of the work in our old study room.
But our school days are o'er, we will study no more
In these old University halls ;
And to day we will sing, and the music will bring,
As the bell to us all gladly calls,

CHORUS:—Hurrah! Hurrah! The chapel bell may ring,
Hurrah! Hurrah! And we will gladly sing,
Hurrah! Hurrah! The bell doth sing,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Diplomas make us free.

Listen how it tells, as the glad chime swells,
Of the future undimmed by a fear ;
And we'll join in the lay that is sung here to-day,
As the bell gives us all hearty cheer.
We will haste on our way to our work day by day,
As we labor in life's battle field.
With the truth for our guide we will fight side by side,
And the sword of true manhood will wield.

CHORUS:—

The Big Bazoo.

Bring out the big bazoo, and toot-a-too-too-too
Hip! Hip! Hurrah! Good-by! Ta-ta!

We're going to leave you now.
We've crammed our final cram,
We've passed our last exam.

Hip! Hip! Hurrah! Good-by! Ta-ta!
We're off to leave you now.

Bring out the big bazoo, and toot-a-too-too-too
Hip! Hip! Hurrah! Good-by! Ta-ta!

We're going to leave you now.

We've played our part quite well,
Now comes our parting yell,
Hip! Hip! Hurrah! Good-by! Ta-ta!

We're going to leave you now,
We'll take our sheep-skin now,
And make our final bow,
Hip! Hip! Hurrah! Good-by! Ta-ta!

We're going to leave you now.
Bring out the big bazoo, and toot-a-too-too-too
Hip! Hip! Hurrah! Good-by! Ta-ta!

We're going to leave you now.