



Cremation of Calculus.



Sophomore Class

1891


Lehigh University.




JUNE 17TH, 1889.

"SUPERARE ET CONTENDE."

'91.




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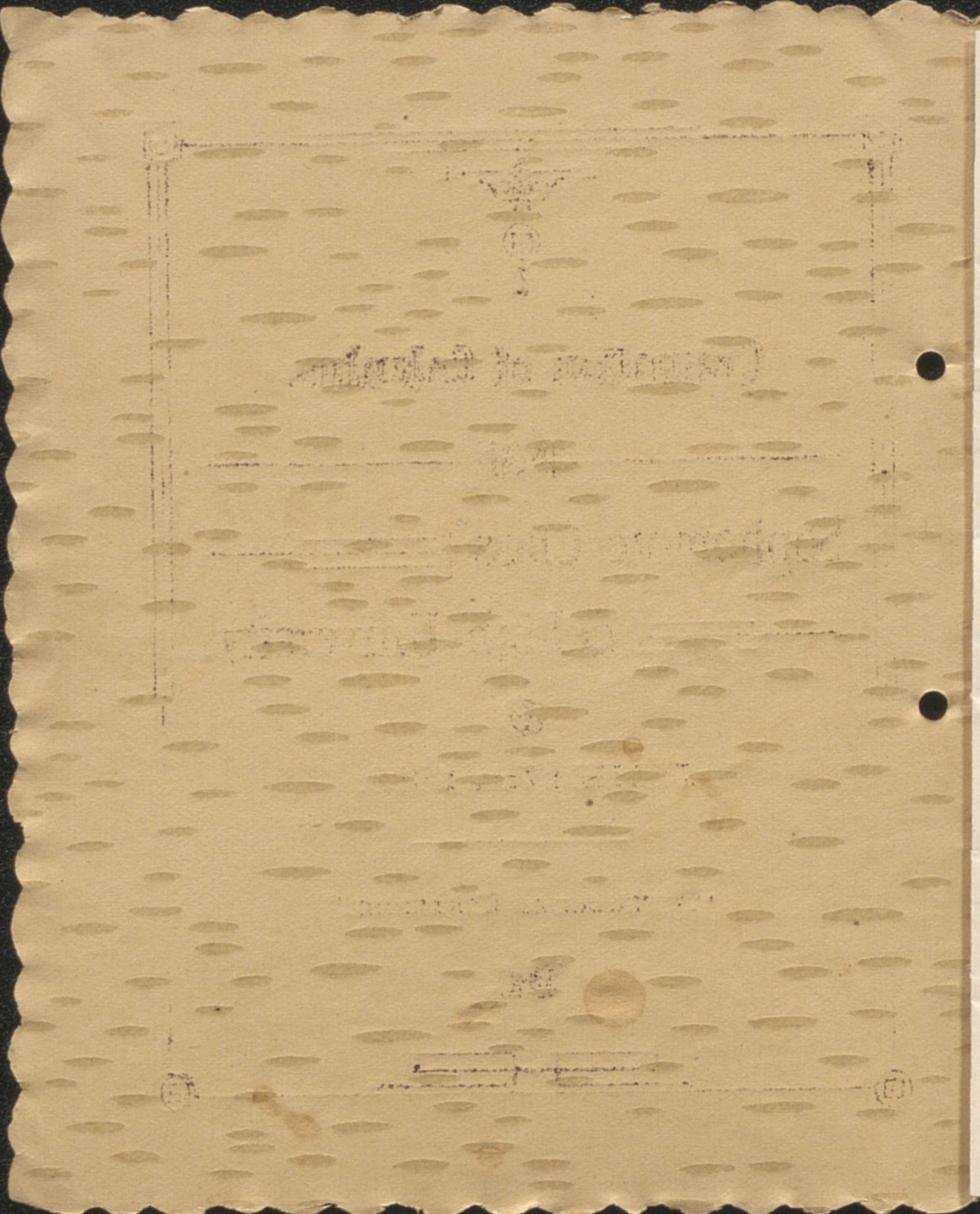
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"SUPERARE ET CONTENDE."

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ORDER OF PROCESSION.

7

BAND.

FIVE CHIEFS.

MEDICINE MAN.

PRISONERS WITH GUARD.

FIVE CHIEFS.

CHOIR.

BRAVES.

ROUTE.

From Christmas Hall to New Street, across Bridge to
Church, to Centre to Market, to Main, to
Moravian Seminary, thence across.

Old Bridge to Fourth St.

to New St., to

Campus.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT SEMINARY.

SONG, CHORISTERS.

ORATION, M. B. TATE.

SONG, CHORISTERS.

ON THE CAMPUS.

MUSIC, FAIRVIEW BAND.

SONG, CHORISTERS.

ORATION, H. W. MYRICK.

SONG, CHORISTERS.

ORATION, G. S. HAYES.

SONG—Funeral March, CHORISTERS.

INCANTATION, J. Z. MILLER.

THE CREMATION.

SONGS.

1. *Air*—"Marching Through Georgia," - ANON

Gather round the keg, boys, we'll celebrate our skill,
"Sophs" galore were at him, Calculus is ill,
Limber up your toes, boys, we'll dance o'er vale and hill,
For old Calculus is dying.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, Hurrah, Old Calculus is ill,
Hurrah, Hurrah, we'll now our glasses fill,
Now howl the joyful tidings till Bethlehem awakes,
Our old Calculus is dying.

For months we've tried, and tried again, to kill this
doughty foe,
But all our efforts were in vain, to—he wouldn't go,
Ponies, mustangs, broncos, or no "cuts" would
lay him low,
But now old Calculus lies dying.

CHORUS.

Oh hear his last, his dying moan. He writhes upon his bier,
He envies us our good old brand, we joyfully give ear
Unto his sufferings, awful, and we know that worse is near,
For now old Calculus is dying.

CHORUS.

2. *Air*—"Vive la Compagnie," - - - G. E. LAFEVRE

Let all jolly fellows now be of good cheer,

Vive la Ninety One.

We've conquered the foe of the sophomore year,

Vive la Ninety One.

CHORUS.

!!! Vive la, Vive la, Ninety One !!!

'Ninety One, Lehigh.

He started to flunk us with fiendish war whoop,

Vive la Ninety One,

But now its Old Olney who's plunged "in the soup,"

Vive la Ninety One.

CHORUS.

This eve we'll send him where bad men all go,

Vive la Ninety One,

He'll come back again to bring Ninety Two woe,

Vive la Ninety One

CHORUS.

We, Calculus, bid thee a cheerful fareware,

Vive la Ninety One.

You'll get your deserts when you're burning in—

Vive la Ninety One.

CHORUS.

Now Olney is dead we need have no more fear.

Vive la Ninety One.

So dance at his death, and fill up on good beer,

Vive la Ninety One.

CHORUS.