



# Lehigh

CALCULUS CREMATION

CLASS 1903 OF

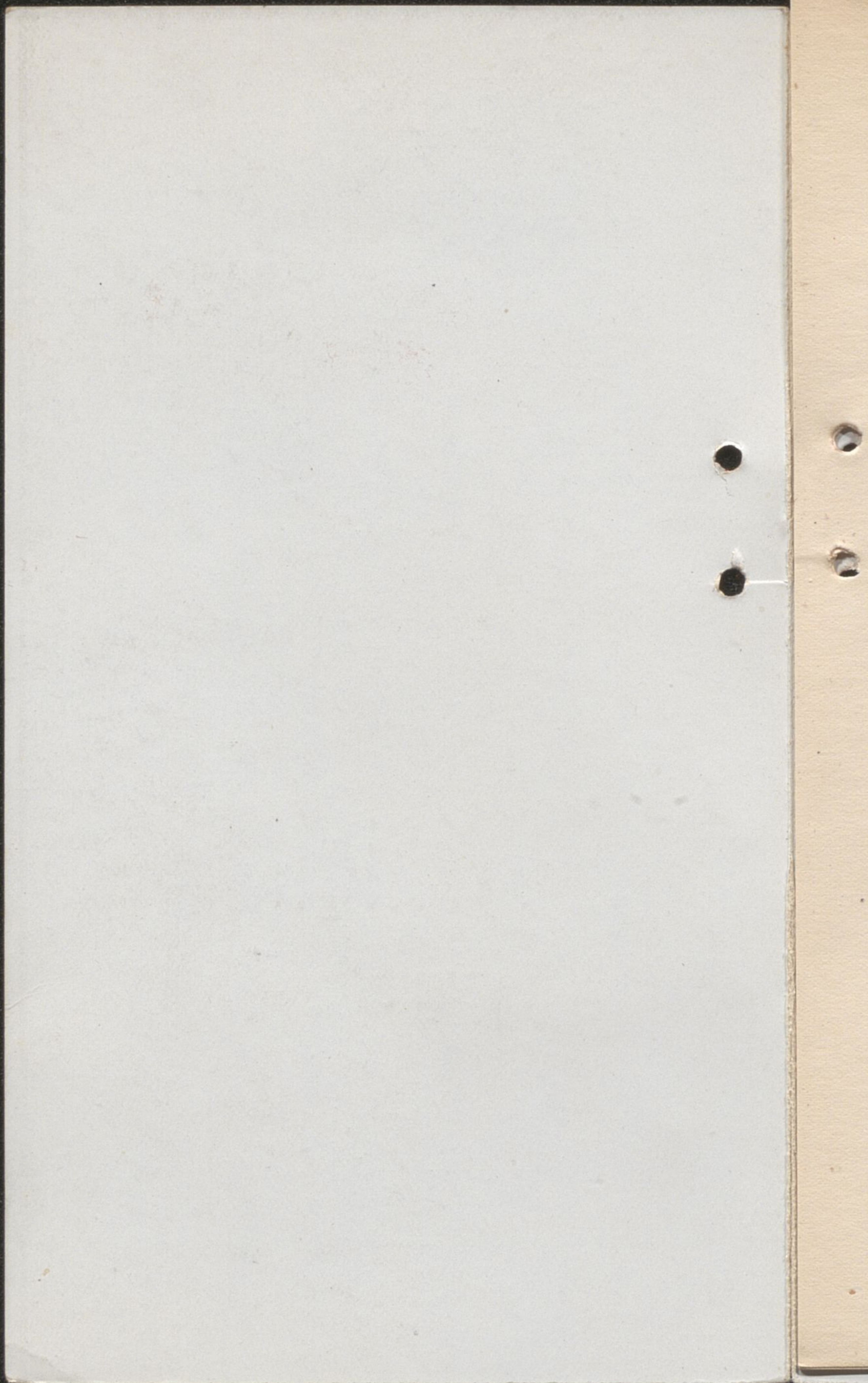




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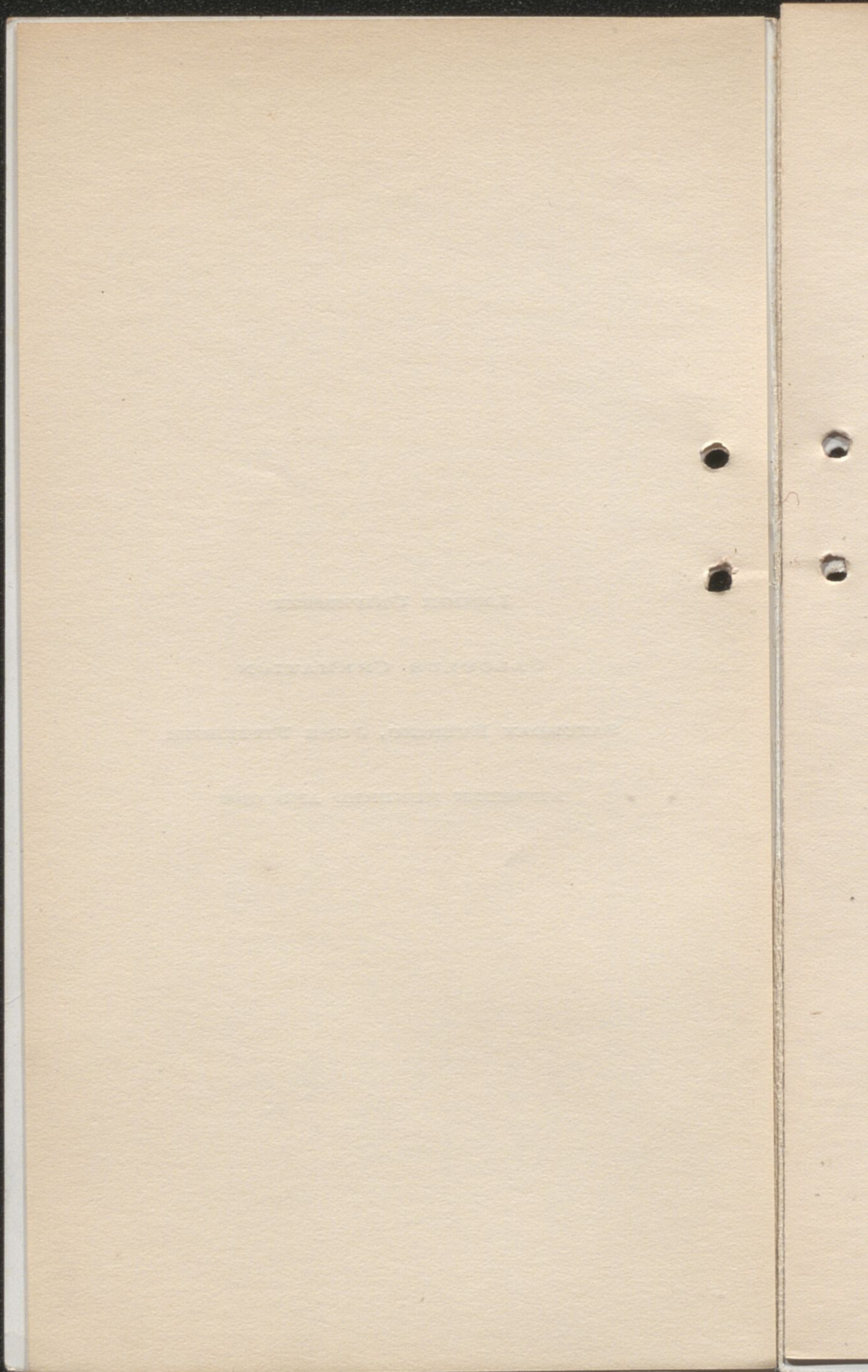


LEHIGH UNIVERSITY

CALCULUS CREMATION

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE FIFTEENTH

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ONE



*Air : "Maryland, My Maryland."*

Calculus ! oh, Calculus !  
That for months we've labored o'er,  
Now at last your time's at hand,  
And you're lost for evermore.  
When at first you met our eye,  
Then we thought we'd surely die,  
And for mercy we did cry,  
But we'll do so nevermore.

For to-night your reign is done,  
And we've seized the tyrant dire.  
Calculus, your race is run ;  
For at hand you see the fire.  
Ere the dawn breaks in the sky,  
Here your ashes foul shall lie ;  
For your crimes you're doomed to die  
High upon the blazing pyre.

Comrades, shout ! Our freedom's nigh,  
And our hearts are light again ;  
For upon the pyre high  
See our tyrant writhe in pain.  
As we greet to-morrow's sun,  
We will cry, " His end has come,  
And our liberty's begun ;  
Surely we've not fought in vain ! "

P. L. A., '01.

*Air : "America."*

Come, every classman true,  
Proved by the trials gone through,  
    And join your voice.  
We've borne our troubles sore  
For four long months and more,  
And, now that our trials are o'er,  
    Let us rejoice.

And now in this glad hour,  
With Lambert in our power,  
    We'll hear no cry.  
What though the wretch laments,  
And pleads his innocence ;  
'Tis not his first offence,  
    So he must die.

Then to the funeral pyre,  
Where eager tongues of fire  
    Their victims greet.  
We'll hear his dying moans,  
His last expiring groans,  
The cracking of his bones—  
    Revenge is sweet !

H. S. C., '03.

*Air : "Clementine."*

In a college, on a mountain,  
Struggled hard a band of men,  
And at last their foe they conquered;  
Ne'er he'll trouble them again.

CHORUS.

Oh, my comrades, true and loyal,  
Calculus to-night we burn,  
And we send his soul to Hades,  
Whence he never can return!

Many a month they labored sorely  
This, their tyrant, to subdue;  
Some on foot and some with horses,  
Fought this bold and gallant crew.—CHO.

But to-night the tyrant's captured,  
And his soul below we'll send;  
First we'll hang him, then we'll burn him—  
Melancholy is his end.—CHO.

Close at hand the fire rages,  
Eager to consume the foe;  
And, with song and merry footsteps,  
Thither let us swiftly go.—CHO.

Oh, my comrades, true and loyal,  
Surely 'tis a joyous day;  
And our many months of terror  
One short hour shall repay.—CHO.

P. L. A., '01.



ORDER OF EXERCISES

SCENE—INFERNAL REGIONS

OPENING OF COURT

THE TRIAL

THE SENTENCE

CREMATION