

DARTMOUTH SONG.

I.

Men of Dartmouth, give a rouse
For the college on the hill!
For the Lone Pine above her,
And the loyal men that love her, —
Give a rouse, give a rouse, with a will!
For the sons of old Dartmouth,
The sturdy sons of Dartmouth —
Through round ^{span,}
~~around~~ the girdled earth they ~~have~~
A spell on them, ^{remains;}
~~For far scholastic founts;~~
They have the still North in their hearts,
The hill-winds in their veins,
And the granite of New Hampshire
In their muscle and their brains.

II.

There were mighty men of old
That she mustered side by side;
Vill like vikings they went forth
From the lone and silent North, —
And they strove, and they wrought, and they
died;
But — the sons of old Dartmouth,
The laurelled sons of Dartmouth —
The Mother keeps them in her heart,

And guards their
~~For burning~~ altar-flame;
 The still North remembers them,
 The hill-winds know their name,
 And the granite of New Hampshire
 Keeps the record of their fame.

III.

Men of Dartmouth, Keep a watch
 Lest the old traditions fail!
 Stand as brother stands by brother!
 Wan a deed for the old Masters!
 Meet the world, from the hills, with a hail!
 For the sons of old Dartmouth,
 The loyal sons of Dartmouth —
 Around the world they keep for her
 Their old chivalric faith;
 They have the still North in their soul,
 The hill-winds in their breath;
 And the granite of New Hampshire
 As made part of them till death.

Richard Henry.

Boston, Tuesday
 1894.