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Preface

Cordelia C. Nevers Marriott (class of 1886) and Roberta H. Montgomery McKinney (class of 1897) compiled the first edition of *Songs of Wellesley* in 1896. This expansive book was a collection of class and crew songs, along with advertisements for corsets, shoes, and the late 19th-century candy factories of Boston. It is a wonderful resource for those wishing to take a look back to where stepsinging originated.

Stepsinging, as it is known today, began at the dedication of the Houghton Memorial Chapel in 1899. Prior to this event, Wellesley students would often gather informally at College Hall to sing as a form of after-dinner entertainment. After the dedication, they continued the tradition, but moved the location to the steps of the chapel. In the 1950s, stepsinging was modified yet again, and its occurrence was reduced to four times a year. Presently, it is held three times a year—after convocation, the last day of classes, and at reunion. Current stepsinging utilizes many of the same songs as those of the original performances, though there have been some variations in tempo and lyrics over the years. The songs collected for this *Songbook* range from 1886 to 1946, and are the most popular songs of the bunch.

We hope you enjoy learning and singing these songs for years to come. Our thanks to the Wellesley College Archives and their staff’s continuing enthusiasm for Wellesley College traditions.

*Wellesley College Alumnae Association, 2011*
America, the Beautiful

Lyrics by: Katharine Lee Bates, Class of 1880

Music by: Samuel Augustus Ward

Con moto mf

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet Whose
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes prov'd In
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That

am - ber waves of grain, For pur - ple moun - tain
stern im - pas - sion'd stress, A thor - ough - fare for
lib - er - at - ing strife, Who more than self their
sees be - yond the years, Thine al - a - bas - ter

maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain. A -
free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness. A -
coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life. A -
cit - ies gleam Un - dimmed by hu - man tears. A -
11

mer-ica! A-mer-ica! God
mer-ica! A-mer-ica! God
mer-ica! A-mer-ica! May
mer-ica! A-mer-ica! God

shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with
mend thine ev'-ry flaw, Con-firm thy soul in
God thy gold re-fine Till all suc-cess be
shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with

14

broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.
self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law.
nob-le-ness, And ev'-ry gain di-vine.
broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.
Ballad of a Bold, Bad Man

Lyrics by:
Louise Tibbetts Smith, Class of 1939

Music by:
Louise Tibbetts Smith, Class of 1939

1. O! many an old Alumna will re-
   member with a thrill, The first of May when
   member with a thrill, The first of May when
   en twen - ty three, "My lit - tle sis - ter,
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   wig that had con - cealed, It slipped from off the
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   flung him in the drink, They laughed and said, "It's
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   thirty nine was gath - ered on the Hill, For a - 
2. He mur - mured as he took his place at sev -
   thir - ty nine was gath - ered on the Hill, For a - 
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when

3. But as______ the crown was placed u - pon the
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when

4. The crowd______ pur-sued him to the lake, they
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
   mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when

Ma - ry Smith, has saved this place for me." Not____
May Queen's brow, the ras - cal stood re - vealed, From____
up to you, ei - ther to swim or sink," And____

mong the smil - ing maid - ens like a ser - pent in the
hops nor rho - do - den - drons could check the vil-lain's
ma - ny mouths the cry a - rose, of "Trea - son, she's a
then re - turned tri - um - phant ly to crown the right-ful

Wellesley College
grass,

Stood a

masquerading

Man!

He

won the race, was

pseudonymous queen grew

queen,

On the

most historic

\[ \text{Harvard man who} \]

crowned the

class's best prospective bride.

deadly pale, he quickly turned and ran.

May Day that our Alma Mater's seen.

17

Chorus

Sing hey the handsome Harvard man, who posed as a Wellesley

lass, Sing hey the Senior gown that made him one of the Senior

class, Sing hey the Harvard crimson flashing so triumphantly,

ly, But tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la! The

Wellesley blue for me! me!

\[ \text{1. 2. 3.} \]

[4.]
Oh evol-u! Oh evol-u! There is
no-thing in this world you can-not do—

You took a mon-key and you made him to a man long since 'tis
true— And now you've brought a great-er phe-no-me-non to pass. You've
ta-ken the fresh-men class an em-bry-onic mass, and
the so-phomore class an
the ju-nior class an
the se-nior class an
changed him by a mi-ra-cle in-to a so-phomore class!
a ju-nior class!
a se-nior class!
an alum-nae class!

Oh! ee-ry ivy over evol-u-tion
Oh, How Lovely Is the Evening

Sweet and flowing, round

Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the evening, When the bells are sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing, Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.
'Neath the Oaks

Moderato

1.'Neath the oaks of our old Welles-

2.On the hills of our old Welles-

3.College days are from care and sorrow Welles-

4.Then we'll sing to our old Welles-

ley, 'Neath the oaks of our dear old Welles-

ley, In the halls of our dear old Welles-

free, And oft will we seek in memory Welles-

ley, To our dear old Alma Mater, Welles-

Wellesley College
'Neath the
ley,
ley,
ley,
ley,
"Tis with pleasure we meet,
There is right merry cheer,
The days that are past,
We're together today,

'Tis with pleasure we meet,
There is right merry cheer,
The days that are past,
We're together today,

And to -

class-mates to greet,
friends true and dear,
joyous to last,
morrow away,

'Neath the oaks of our old Wellesley.
In the halls of our old Wellesley.
'Neath the oaks of our old Wellesley.
Far away from our old Wellesley.
O thou Tupelo!

Lyrics arranged by:
Mary Louise Marot, Class of 1894

Music after the air Nut-Brown Maiden

1. O thou Tu - pe - lo!* thou hast a cer - tain mag - ic charm,
   thou hast the lake, and moon, and stars,
   thou hast a ru - stic bench or two,
   thou hast a gen - tle, bal - my air,
   thou hast all things a - bove, a - round,
   thou hast the power to leaf in Spring,

2. O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou hast a mag - ic charm, A
   thou hast lake, moon, and stars, The
   thou hast a bench or two. A
   thou hast a bal - my air. The
   thou hast all things a - round. All
   thou hast the power to leaf. To

3. mag - ic charm is thine, Love, The charm - er there is mine, Love.
   moon and stars are thine, Love, The son that's there is mine, Love.
   rus - tic bench is thine, Love, The rus - tic on it mine, Love.
   bal - my air is thine, Love, The weal - thy heir is mine, Love.
   things a - round are thine, Love, Ex - cept the arm, that's mine, Love.
   leaf in Spring is thine, Love, To leave just now is mine, Love.

4. O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou hast lake, moon, and stars,
   thou hast a bench or two,
   thou hast a bal - my air.
   thou hast all things a - round.
   thou hast the power to leaf.

5. The

Wellesley College
faster

O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou

slow

hast a cer - tain mag - ic charm, O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
hast the lake, the moon, and stars, O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
hast a rus - tic bench or two, O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
hast a gen - tle bal - my air, O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
hast all things a - bove, a - round, O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
hast the power to leaf in Spring, O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou

1. 2. 3. 4. 5.

hast a mag - ic charm.
hast the moon and stars.
hast a bench or two.
hast a bal - my air.
hast all things a - round.
hast the power to leaf.

*A pretty point on Lake Waban, formerly provided with rustic benches.
Step Song

Con moto espressivo

1. Ghost-like o'er the mirror lake The twilight shadows creep; The
2. Silent lest we break the charm, We watch the fading light; How
3. Slowly now we go our way With eyes that dimly see; And

wind that lull'd the waves to rest Is fast asleep, is fast asleep a-
dark the chapel walls! how still the steps to-night! the steps to-
leave the steps alone at last To memory, to memory

1.2. sleep. night!
3. ry.
The Way a Wellesley Gal Should

Lyrics by:
Barbara Chapline Waldner, Class of 1946
Mary “Mickey” McCrea Fant, Class of 1946

Music by:
Barbara Chapline Waldner, Class of 1946

Spirited

You'll see her Monday at eight straggling to class, The weekend was terrific, but

now, alas, She's got to start to study The way a Wellesley Gal should.

You'll see her Wednesday at lab, in blue jeans, no doubt, Her

Copyright, 1945, by Barbara Chapline
Sad-dle shoes are gr-imy, her shirt-tail's out! She's wor-king like a bea-ver.

The way a Welles-ley Gal should. You'll see her at the Well* and at the

Art Libe Or burn-ing up the mid-night oil. She's just grin-ding a-way the
live-long day, leading a life of toil. But then comes Saturday night, the tables are turned, She's dining at the Statler,** and books are spurned. She's looking like a million, The way a Wellesley Gal should.

*A soda fountain once located in Alumnae Hall.
**A prominent hotel once located on the site of the Boston Park Plaza Hotel.
The Wellesley Composite

Lyrics adapted by:
Lottie Evelyn Bates, Class of 1901

Music by:
Luigi Denza from Funiculì, Funiculà

Allegretto brillante

1. Some think it worth their
2. Some think the world was
3. Some think it fun to

while to go to college,
made for grinds and drudges,
take examinations,

And so do I!
To groan and sigh,
But not so I!

Wellesley College
And so do I!
But not so I!
Oh! dear, not I!

Some think,
Some jeer,
A fact

I love
Oh, no, not I!
But not so I!
In math -
No use to try!
But to
to spend my days and nights dissecting The slimy
-ematics I may be defective I ween 'tis
the barge** my feet are often flying My woes to

frog From marshy bog And
true Of not a few But
drown In Boston town Non

see the sine and cosine intersecting
sports and pass-times are my chief collective
credits shall not keep me always sighing
With monstrous log,
I'm on the crew,
Nor teach'er's frown,
Near mousy log.
And golf club too!
Crush light heart down.

Chorus

Wellesley, Wellesley, only to be there

Drives away each melancholy care; She charms my
eye, My muscle trains, And gives me information rare. Alma Mater

fair, since thou art mine, My heart is thine.
The Wellesley Blue

Lyrics:
Hélène Kazanjian, Class of 1940

Music:
Natalie L. Gordon, Class of 1938

Music: Natalie L. Gordon, Class of 1938
Lyrics: Hélène Kazanjian, Class of 1940

1. See, winding through the arch they come, The colors of every class. And o'er them all, the tow'r on high, Bright-etched against the sky.

2. Fling out the banner of each class, The blue flies over all. Be with us, Alma Mater, here Un-changing every year.

The campus echoes to the song, As proudly they march along, Assured that Wellesley's great traditions Will live, forever strong.

To further fields we follow you, Our haven our whole lives through, Lead on before us as we're marching, O royal Wellesley blue.
To Alma Mater

Lyrics by:
Anne Barrett Hughes, Class of 1886

Moderato

To Alma Mater, Wellesley's daughters, All together join and sing
Thro' all her wealth of wood and waters, Let your happy voices ring

In ev'ry changing mood we love her, Love her tow'rs and woods and lake, Oh, change-ful sky, bend blue above her! Wake, ye birds, your chorus wake!

We'll sing her praises now and ever, Bless-ed fount of truth and
love. Our heart's devotion, may it never Faith-less or un-worth-y
prove. We'll give our lives and hopes to serve her, Hum-blest,
high-est, no-blest all; A stain-less name we will pre-
serve her, An-swer to her ev'ry call.

The Wellesley Cheer

*Fast and energetically*

Composed by:
May Sleeper Ruggles, Class of 1886

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, la la la, W - E - L -


*To be sung briskly, no slower than metronome 84; there ought to be no pause before the eighth measure.*
They've gone out from their Comp and Hygiene. They've gone out from the kings of Israel. They've gone out from their Hobbes and Descartes. They've gone out from their Alma Mater. They've gone out from their dreams and theories. They've gone out from their Comp and Hygiene. They've gone out from the kings of Israel. They've gone out from their Hobbes and Descartes. They've gone out from their Alma Mater. They've gone out from their dreams and theories. They've gone out from their Comp and Hygiene. They've gone out from the kings of Israel. They've gone out from their Hobbes and Descartes. They've gone out from their Alma Mater. They've gone out from their dreams and theories. They've gone out from their Comp and Hygiene. They've gone out from the kings of Israel. They've gone out from their Hobbes and Descartes. They've gone out from their Alma Mater. They've gone out from their dreams and theories. They've gone out from their Comp and Hygiene. 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