The
Class of 1964
presents

WITHINGATE BEHOLD

Junior Show, 1962
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Revel Without a Pause

Come and join our jubilation, Festival day has come!
For this gay commemoration
Sound the fife and drum!
Adorn the gate now, with its big bolt beaming bright.
Tra la la la la la la la Let's frolic and feast 'till night!

Lyrics committee
Music committee
FINALE:

Come and join our jubilation,
Merriment reigns once more!
Let us throw a celebration,
Shout the gay encore!
Withingate is free now,
We're a great elated throng—
Tra la la la la la la la la,
Let's frolic the whole day long!
Same Old Story

Blues

They're in the limelight

We're left behind. We're lording over

With elbow tax we're fined.

When we beg representation men pay no mind.

Wail:
1) They go mix and bowl on the greens, But all we mix are greens in bowls!
2) They repress our civic intents, While we just repress trousers!
2. Same Old Story,
   Same old rub.
   They think we're vacuums who scour and scrub.
   We hate suppression,
   We're sick of the snub!
   We've a bone to pick with
   Their stagnant club!

3. Same Old Story,
   Same old grind.
   This always happens to womankind.
   They see our beauty,
   To our brains they're blind.
   We'll never be emancipated,
   Just left behind.
Lover's Ballad

Slowly, with feeling

I used to wander all alone on a dim morn
When the mist lay on the hill.

Even the restless wind held still
My soul welcomed solitude,
Whist'ring knew my pensiveness.

Now I don't want to be alone,
Love I call to you.

2. Why must I wander all alone, Love, without you?
My song echoes from the hill,
Only the wind has heard it still.
In my heart I long to show
Wistful dreams you will never know.
Why, in my melody alone, must I call to you?
Spirited

Lyrics committee
Music committee

Good citizens do you recall and remember the days

When pestilence, plagues and infirmities rantantly raged?

Our experts exterminated the vermin. They were firm with them.

We didn't fail then and our brain trust came through.

Chorus

We did it once, we can do it again! We did it once -

And all the chickens died of rat poisoning!
Final Chorus

We did it once, we can do it again! We did it once, we can do it again!

2. But do you remember the days when the water supply Had such a bad taste that the people would rather be dry? The chemicals we added stopped it from tasting so bad. We didn't fail then, and our brain trust came through.

Chorus

Philosopher: ... and cavities increased ninety percent!

3. But, citizens, recollect, look back in clear retrospect, when city hall reeked to the rafters with grafters galore. Our officers once more restored trust that we had before, We didn't fail then and our brain trust came through.

Chorus

Philosopher: ... and nobody ran for office for the next three years!

4. Well, what about days when the litter degraded our streets? There were no street cleaners for pay scales were too obsolesce; When wages were raised then the streets became tidy again, We didn't fail then and our brain trust came through.

Chorus

Philosopher: ... and all the teachers became street cleaners!

5. And do you recall the campaign for kids' literature? Our parents were fearful what their children read was not pure. We censored all comic books to keep young minds clean for sure, We didn't fail then and our brain trust came through.

Chorus

Philosopher: ... and now Johnny won't read!

6. But, citizens, when prohibition was well carried out, You witnessed how we banished all whiskey without a doubt. Morality reigned when our liquor stores all petered out, We didn't fail then and our brain trust came through.

Chorus

Philosopher: ... and 1700 members of the community collapsed from dehydration!

Final Chorus.
1. Night Time, really quite a time, oh,

Night time, yeah, it's the right time,
When the lantern lights start to glow,
That's the time we're ready to go!

Dim dark shapes lurking in each eerie alley
Murky shadows rouse our delight
When we're out in the dead of the night.
2. Night Time, an inviting time, oh
   Night Time, it's so exciting!
   Daylight's dull prosaic detail
   Nightly dawns mysterious veil.

4. Candle flames darting
   Call us into action.
   We'll wait 'till the sun's out of sight -
   Things will swing in the dead of the night!
Red Hot Plot

With enthusiasm

Music committee

Lyrics committee

We know that doors to fame will be unlocked
For we claim that

we can concoct Red hot potions sure to cure

Grievances we'll never endure. They'll be green with envy,

They'll be purple with wrath. If they think we're yellow let them follow our

path, we're in the pink and pent excitement will pour out when we're
rea-dy to spill
But let's keep the lid on tight

Till that ga-la op-en-ing night!
Why were you out late tonight? Such bad conduct's forbidden!

Brother, who the heck you think you are kiddin'? I'm the mayor of this town. I'm the one who orders. Buddy, with out me you'd have no supporters. Other women heed commands. My wish is your command. You're just hot air! I'm the one who's mayor. Who cares?
Well, er, ah, but So there! Fanny, listen No, dear.

You must act as ...as I please ...as you please.
With vigor

Stalwart, steady, alert and strong we now take the lead. The

Manual Man can pound out the plan to make it succeed. With

this creative surge our stifled souls emerge.

Mass! form! contour! Strike! chip! cast! The

Manual Man, if anyone can, will triumph at last!
2. We don't ponder pedantic-like,
Pushing pen and ink.
One Manual Man is far better than
Ten thousand who think.
Our craftsmanship's the key
To immortality!
Mass! form! contour!
Strike! chip! cast!
The Manual Man, if anyone can,
Will triumph at last!
Pamper Their Pride

Lyrics committee
Diane Hoye & Louise Litterick

1. A-wake the slumbering world Ev-e ry-one must know. Our

2. Please re - mem - ber men have feel - ings. gem of a fem-in - ine scheme will glow In - 

If you love them Pam - per Their Pride.

tel - li - gence has il - lu - mined our plight with in - sight,

Hurt - ing them would cause us woe
We've proven woman's in - tu - i - tion is right.

We should Pam - per Their Pride.

3. Soprano (Alto repeat)

Awake the slumbering world,
Everyone should know
Our gem of a feminine scheme - but, no.
Virility cannot be pushed aside,
Our best guide to harmony will be to Pamper Their Pride.