

# Capping Songs

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## THE SONG OF VICTORIA COLLEGE.

Aedem colimus Minervæ  
Acti desiderio  
Artes nosse liberales  
Hoc in Hemispherio.  
Aedem colimus Musarum,  
Sub Australi sidere ;  
Nos a Musis maria longa  
Nequeunt dividere.

Studiosi, studiosae  
Captant sapientiam ;  
Circa venti turbulenti  
Auferunt desidiam.  
Omnium Collegiorum  
Surgit hoc novissimum ;  
Ergo vires iuveniles  
Exhibent fortissimum.

Nomen quod profert sodales  
Fausto sit oraculo ;  
Ut Deus regno reginae  
Faveat curriculo.  
Per vias laboriosas  
Doctrinarum omnium  
Docti ducunt professores  
Obsequens servitium.

Corpus sanum ne sit absens  
Properamus ludere  
Subter iugum occupantes  
Fauste pilam trudere  
Oratores, Oratrices  
Audias effundere  
Voces dignas Cicerone  
Et sellas pertundere.

### Chorus.

Oh Victoria, sempiterna  
Sit tibi felicitas  
Alma mater, peramata  
Per aetates maneat.

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### GAUDEAMUS.

*"A very interesting biological specimen."*—KIRK.

Gaudeamus igitur  
Juvenes dum sumus ;  
Post jucundam inventutem  
Post molestam senectutem  
Nos habebit humus.

Vita nostra brevis est  
Brevi finietur,  
Venit mors velociter  
Rapit nos atrociter  
Nemini parceretur.

Pereat Tristitia  
Pereant osiores !  
Pereat diabolus  
Anti-Academicus  
Atque irrisores !

Vivat Academia,  
Vivant professores,  
Vivat membrum quodlibet  
Vivant membra quaelibet  
Semper sint in flore.

Vivant omnes virgines,  
Faciles, formosae !  
Vivant et mulieres  
Tenerae, amabiles,  
Bonae, laboriosae.

Floreat Georgius Rex  
Haud minus quam Pater  
Ob virtutes sic ametur  
Optimus ut appelletur  
Patriaeque Pater.

## REVELS.

*Air : " Shine, Shine, Moon."*

Now with reason for a season swat is quite abated,  
While in joyous unison we hold our capping spree,  
From the lab. and from the law school's archives antiquated,  
Swats, Sports, Saints and Soldier Boys in camaraderie.

Sing :

Hi! Hi! Grads,  
Ye we honour while we may  
Factious fads,  
Toil and woe are laid away,  
Now's the time,  
On our jolly Capping Day  
Ere we give you our "good-night."

Though we're thrifty, there are fifty toasts we'd like to honour :  
Our Professors and our messers on the Rugby field,  
Students' Ass. and club committees, all the men who don a  
Cap and gown, or pads or jersey, or who win a shield.

For you know  
At our University  
We can show  
Quite a great diversity.  
These we pledge  
On our jolly Capping Day  
Ere we give you our "good-night."

Many doings, many woings we can all discern :  
Men in khaki, much recruiting, Hudson's Rhody School,  
Freshers' risings, Free Discussions, budding subalterns :  
Or, alas! the fact that G.G. is not now at Coll.

Ho! boys Ho!  
Give your voices to the theme ;  
We may crow  
That our leaders are the cream.  
Now's the time  
On this jolly Capping Day,  
Ere we give you our "good-night."

But the "game 'uns" who have got there are our choicest topic .  
B.A.'s, M.A.'s, LL.B.'s, and other Bachelors.  
Worthies of the bar and medicine fellows philosopic :  
These we pledge with brimming beaker while our chorus  
roars, —

Hi! H! Grads,  
Ye we honour while we may,  
Factious fads,  
Toil and woe are laid away.  
Now's the time  
On this jolly Capping Day,  
Ere we give you our "good-night."

## SPORTS CHORUS.

(From "The Golden Calf.") (By S.S.M.)

*Air*: "Huntsman's Chorus," from "Der Freischutz" (Weber).

"Oh for a beaker full of the warm south."

When air's like wine in sunny weather,  
And the breeze blows cobwebs from the brains ;  
When Latin's folly, Law's a tether,  
And the blood goes dancing through the veins,  
Then hey ! for where your fancy races,  
Away from the city's stifling grip,  
To the playing fields and open places—  
And let the world of toilers slip !  
Then here's to the long white road that beckons,  
The climb that baffles, the risk that nerves ;  
And here's to the merry heart that reckons  
The rough with the smooth, and never swerves !

Be it hockey stick or oval leather,  
Or skiff or racket, rod or gun,  
Here's luck ! for the sport we had together,  
For chances lost and battles won ;  
For the wicket true and field in fettle,  
And the man who's safe for a tingling catch ;  
For the losing team that shows its mettle,  
And the man who wins his heat from scratch.  
Then here's to the sportsman's road that beckons,  
The climb that baffles, the risk that nerves ;  
And here's to the merry heart that reckons  
The rough with the smooth, and never swerves !

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## ABSENT FRIENDS.

*Air*: "A Little Boy Called Taps."

When their days are done and their course is run  
In the lecture-rooms and hallways,  
Where the great ships go and the wild winds blow,  
Do they pass and scatter all ways.  
To the gleaming feast of the lurid East,  
As described by Mr. Kipling ;  
In their endless quest through the wakeful West,  
Go to the strong man and the stripling.

### Chorus.

In the wild and woolly places,  
Where the strangest tales are told,  
You will find their friendly faces,  
And perhaps the Green and Gold.  
One may be a bloated banker,  
Or a chap with naught to spend,  
So he be from Salamanca,  
He is just an Absent Friend.

Or the Hand of Fate through the Golden Gate  
May direct them in their roaming,  
Where the buffaloes snort when they're pinked for sport  
On the prairies of Wyoming.  
Or where red deer spoors lie on Highland moors,  
Is the "Sapientia Magis"  
Still an honoured toast and a glorious boast  
As they sit beside the haggis.

**Chorus.**

You will see them come astrolling  
In some unsuspected land,  
As you watch the ships acoaling  
By a queer old foreign strand.  
One may be a bloated banker,  
Or a chap with naught to spend,  
So he be from Salamanca,  
He is just an Absent Friend.

Not a troopship rides on the guarded tides  
To the warworn lands without them.  
You will find them there where the bugles blare  
And the smoke hangs thick about them.  
In the deathless charge up the gully's marge,  
Where the echoes roll in thunder,  
There the Green and Gold may be rent and holed,  
But it's never down and under.

**Chorus**

Ask the guns of old Kum Kaleh,  
Ask the guns of Neuve Chapelle,  
Who was foremost in the rally,  
You will like their answer well.  
He may be a simple ranker,  
Or a chap with stars to lend,  
So he be from Salamanca,  
He is just an Absent Friend.

When their backs are bent and their strength is spent,  
And their heads have no more hair on,  
In a few brief ticks they will reach the Styx  
And the jetty owned by Charon.  
With the heroes bold of the days of old  
You will find them intermingling ;  
If you stroll that way on a holiday  
It will set your ears atingling.

**Chorus.**

When you hear familiar laughter,  
And the same old student songs  
That were hurled from roof and rafter,  
In the days where youth belongs.  
Be it shade of bloated banker,  
Or of chap with naught to spend,  
So it came from Salamanca,  
It is just an Absent Friend.

## FINAL CHORUS.

*“Should auld acquaintance be forgot.”*

*Air: “The Old Brigade.”*

Just one stave more and the song is done—  
A stave for the olden time:  
One age is past, and the age to come  
Is the age of the golden prime.  
So praise we men who have passed away  
Who hold to a legend bold—  
Whatever a sordid world may say,  
Wisdom is more than gold.

### Chorus.

So when we are singing of College,  
Singing the song of old,  
Think of the past,  
Hold to the last,  
That it's wisdom that's more than gold!

For this is the burden of the world  
Which it speaketh day by day,  
Though many a worldly lip be curled  
With a sneer that it does not pay:  
In our ears is the voice of a Mammon age,  
In our hearts is a tale that's old,  
The tale of our garnered heritage—  
The Wisdom that's more than gold!