Songs of
OLD BUCHTEL
Buchtel Farewell
(From the Tel-Buch of 1913)

HELEN HACKETT '13

1. Buchtel we must say fare — well,
2. Happy hours we've spent with thee
3. Buchtel we have loved thee well,

To our hearts we'll oft recall
Now the time has come to part;
To thy will our spirits bend

Sorrows, joys we met with thee,
Time nor change can break the tie
Thou hast been our Mother Dear,

To us thou hast brought them all.
Binds us firmly heart to heart.
With us now thy blessing send.
Hymn of Praise

Anon

Moderato

Arr. by E. J. Biedermann
Revised by Committee

1. Old Akron, thou our college fair, Up-raised for Truth and Right,
   Send forth thy loyal sons to dare, And nerve them for the fight.

2. In future years we'll look to thee, Our Mother, fair and bright;
   We'll sing thy praise in chorus free, And through many years thy treasure still thy light.

name has been Our source of hope and joy.

No dreary day, The memory of this hour

cloud can dim thy light serene, Nor aught thy Truth al-loy!
light us still upon life's way And cheer us by its power.
Old Buchtel
(From 1908 Buchtel)

R. G. COLE

Allegretto (not fast)

(Melody in 2d Part)

1. The years are more than half a score, Since all a-thirst for knowledge, We
2. Our foot-ball field and diamond green, In basket ball as well, Our
3. Oh! comrades, when you hear her song, The chorus sweet and clear, And

took deep draughts of classic lore In dear old Buchtel College. The col-
ors were in triumph seen, Victo-
rious our, yell. And
sung by voices rich and strong, How can you choose but cheer? Here's

Time's advancing step of stealth Full many a change may bring We'll
may the glory never fade That round our Buchtel shines, The ce-
on-or to old Buchtel's name, Here's honor to each son, Here's

still be true to Gold and Blue, And still her songs will sing,
est- ial hue of Gold and Blue, Which ever heart en-
shines. mem-
'ry true, to Gold and Blue, Here's to each vic-to-ry won!
Tree Song
(Composed for Tree Day, 1906) JOSEPH BARNBY

ANON

Larghetto

1. Now fare-well, now fare-well, Tree that we call our own!
2. Of-ten in days gone by, We have met to-geth-er;
3. Ev-er sun, ev-er dew, Thou shalt get from Heav-en

Thee we leave for a-while, Grow-ing here a-lone;
Laugh and song, tear and sigh, Brought us quick-ly hith-er.
And from us faith-ful too, Prais-es shall be giv-en.

But in mem-o-ry we shall hold Thee as
And with pain we turn a-way, Wish-ing
We shall do our deeds of love, Strive and

sa-cr-ed as of old, Thee our dearest tree,
we might long-er stay, With our dearest tree,
win, and loy-al prove, For our dearest tree,

Now fare-well, now fare-well to thee!
Now fare-well, now fare-well to thee!
Now fare-well, now fare-well to thee!
1. Sons and daughters all are we, of the College on the hill, And to
2. Akron has bestowed on us blessings, many, rich and free Knowledge

her our loyal tribute now we bring; By her name we'll always stand, work for and our happy friendships, not a few; Justly she demands our praise and un-

her with all our will, And her praises we will ever gladly sing, failing loyalty, Come, then, let us give three cheers for Gold and Blue.

CHORUS

Rah! Rah! Rah! for good old Akron, Akron, crowned with Gold and Blue; And be-

Rah! Rah! Rah! we sing for good old Akron! Akron, crowned with Gold and Blue; And be-

neath her banner bright, We will carry on the fight, Loyal ever to our Alma Mater, true.
Our Buchtel

ALTON THOMAS, '02

Air: Old Oaken Bucket

1. Ah, what can compare with the life spent at college,
   When living the time of our happiest days,
   When pleasure's most charmingly mingled with knowledge
   And the time has not come for the parting of ways?
   Where else but at Buchtel would one rather be,
   For wisdom, for pleasure, for study, for joy?
   No spot on the earth can more joy bring to me
   Then here where's unfolded the man from the boy.

2. At Buchtel the man is but half of the story,
   Just half, even half, no more and no less;
   The maiden by right claims her half of the glory,
   Deserves it and has it, each man will confess.
   For Buchtel most fairly has co-education;
   She knows that together,—not striving alone—
   Her sons with her daughters will strengthen the nation,
   And do the world's labor from zone unto zone.

3. O Buchtel, our Buchtel, press on, ever bearing
   The same work of usefulness, year after year;
   While new foster children take pleasure in sharing
   The work and the joy which prolong your career.
   Go on and be stronger in wealth of affection,
   In long lists of graduates, eager to tell
   The joy that they feel in the mere recollection
   Of days that they loved so sincerely, so well.
Old College Bill-Board

(From the Tel Buch of 1912)

Anon

Old Oaken Bucket

1. How dear to all hearts is the old college bill-board Which oft cur-i-
   The things that we've learnt there we swear that we will hoard, For-got-ten be

2. How sweet from the not - ice of prexy's to read it, And pub-lish it
   To this one and that not re-luc-tant to heed it, Be-cause of the

3. (With post-ers fore-tell-ing such ex quis-ite pleas-ure, For those who to
   os-i-ty leads us to view! The Freshmen, the Soph'mores, the Jun-iors stand
   all that in class-rooms we knew.) There's many a coup-le has ren-dez-vous
   wide as we go on our way. When a Prof. is de-tained at his own hab-i-
cold there's no chap-eil to-day. For students in-formed there'll be no rec-i-
   boys in the gym. and on field; With calls and with jokes and with ads. o-ver-
eat-sales and Y. W. yield; (And thus it is stu-dents read all that's worth

by it, And e-ven the Sen-iors when dut-ies ap-pall.
nigh it To look at the bill-board that hangs in the hall.)
ta-tion, The tear of re-gret does oft-en times fall.
ta-tion." All sigh round the bill-board that hangs in the hall.)
flow-ing, Of loss-es that oft in the cloak-room be-fall
know-ing, From the time-hon-or'd bill-board that hangs in the hall.

bill-board, the card cov-ered bill-board, The old col-lege bill-board that hangs in the hall.
Dedication Hymn

(This Dedication Hymn was composed for the occasion by Mrs. C. A. Soule of New York and was sung probably in the old college chapel by the entire assembly at the Dedication of Buchtel College, Sept. 22, 1872. Immediately afterward, President McClester and the first Faculty were installed.)

Air: Austrian Hymn

A hundred years of our story
    Had garnered their heavy sheaves,
Harvests of valor and glory,
    As brilliant as Autumn leaves.
And tenderly then the reapers
    Of this golden, precious grain,
Chanted the dirge of the sleepers
    In a soft and solemn strain.

The dirge was only for sleepers,
    As its music died away,
There rose from the voice of reapers
    The song of an op'ning day.
Like martyrs crowding the altar,
    All pledging themselves anew
In work of love ne'er to falter
    Which their hands may find to do.

And now we review the story,
    As we gather in our sheaves.
Harvests of valor and glory,
    And crown them with laurel leaves.
Father Almighty! we pray Thee
    To bless this work of our hands,
And may it shed unceasingly
    Bright radiance o'er all lands.

Where error bindeth its fetters,
    Where sloth holdeth prey in chain,
May soldiers of science and letters
    Their triumph and honors gain!
From North and South we will call them—
    The sons of our sainted sires;
From East and West we will draw them
    To kindle these sacred fires!

As the years shall tell their story,
    And reapers harvest the grain,
In the flush of each year's glory
    Our loved will meet here again—
Blessing Founder of this College,
    Praising our Father above
For His bestowals of knowledge,
    And treasures of Infinite Love.
First Buchtel Song

(An Akron man, W. Milton Clarke, wrote the following song and he, together with "Uncle" Wills Robinson, Dr. Byron S. Chase and Daniel R. Knight, sang it at the laying of the corner-stone of Buchtel College on July 4, 1871. Horace Greeley was also present and made an address.)

Air: Yankee Doodle

Once on a time some men went out
To see if they could find, sirs,
In all the country round about
A spot just to their mind, sirs;
Where they an edifice might raise
In which, if sense were heeded,
The boys and girls in coming days
Might learn the lore they needed.
So they came round and soon they found
Where Akron town was planted
On the Connecticut Reserve—
The very place they wanted.

CHORUS
A Yankee Dutchman came to town
And made machines for mowing
And reaping, too, so he came down
To set the thing a-going.
With thirty thousand of the pelf
He’d saved from trade and labor,
He said ‘twas good to help one’s self—
Better to help a neighbor.
In this way Buchtel (that’s his name)
Was bound to scatter knowledge;
He gave them stamps, they’ll give him fame—
They’ll build him Buchtel College.

The little Cuyahoga river flows
With more of pride than ever.
The Big one murmurs as it goes:
“That Dutchman’s very clever.”
The sunlight falls on College Hill,
And shines all day the brighter;
At eve, the maids of Spicerville
Trip o’er its grounds the lighter.
The schoolboys’ shout is ringing out:
“Hurrah for light and knowledge!
When tasks are done with Mrs. Stone,
We’ll go to Buchtel College.”

And so this liberal citizen
Who gives his stamps so freely,
Is honored by the company
Of good old Horace Greeley.
And when a full report is made
Of this great celebration
Remember that the Tribune’s head
May head this glorious nation.
But if this thing should fail to be,
It sure would be a pity,
For the White House is his proper place
And not in New York City.

Then with this heartfelt sentiment
I’ll close this short rehearsal:
May Buchtel College ever stand—
Her fame be "Universal!"
And may its founder live to see
For many generations
His institution growing strong—
An honor to the nations.
May its foundations ever rest
On rocky base—not sandy—
And may its name become as great
As Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Note: Mrs. Stone was for long years the very efficient principal of Akron’s High School.
Robert Tucker

(The following was composed by some of Buchtel's enthusiasts expressly for the Glee Club to sing at the Ladies' reception to Robert Tucker '91 who on Feb. 20, 1890 won first place in the State Oratorical Contest, with Ohio State second and Wooster third. Reproduced from the Buchtelite of March 1890.)

Air: Solomon Levi

There is a boy among us, Robert Tucker is his name,
He's proved himself an orator, and brought the College fame,
Now listen while we tell to you the story good and true,
How he brought to us such honor, and to the gold and blue.

Chorus

Hurrah for Robert Tucker! Robert Tucker, "Bob"!
Three cheers for Robert Tucker, tra la la, etc.
His name is Robert Tucker, and he's one of the Buchtel boys,
For him we'll give a zip, boom, ba! Oh, don't you hear the noise?
He beat the other colleges, and carried off the prize;
He's an honor to old Buchtel, and we'll laud him to the skies.

He entered Buchtel's contest, and he stood up firm and bold;
And in a simple, quiet way, his thoughts to us he told,
How people would have freedom. By examples far and near
He proved the right of "Democracy, the Dominant Idea."

"Democracy, the Dominant Idea," is the oration that stood first;
The boy of pluck will go in and win, let Fortune do her worst.
We'll show Ohio, and all the world, that in old Buchtel's name
We all know how to treat the boys that bring old Buchtel fame.