In Praise of Smith College


Alma Mater Song
words: Sheila Foster, 1909
music: Katharine M. Sewall, 1909

Morn-ing comes from o'er the hill-tops, Glad and bright to wak-en thee,
Bring-ing hope and joy of liv-ing Cour-age for all things to be.
Al-ma Mat-er, Al-ma Mat-er May each day tri-um-phant be,

For the great-ness of thy striv-ing, Will thy daugh-ters hon-or Thee.

March

Hail the red, white, and blue jeans Watch those pron-tos ad-vance; Shirt-tails flap-ping with spir-it
Prove our foes don't have a chance! Fiends of or-i-gin-al think-ing Pow'r that's backed with fin-

Hail the Red, White, and Blue Jeans
words: Joan Pennywitt 1946
music: Gloria Beckwith Ex-1946
There is a learned institution in the state of Massachusetts, very up to date it's always first in the news. Its ancient ivied walls hide modern halls, No permits for hermits at Smith! So... Who wants to be an oyster in a cloister?

Who wants to be a snail in jail? Who wants to be a mole in a hole, a drooping flower in a tower of ivory? It would be so nice to hit that Paradise adjoining campus and Green Street. Here crew and class convene and tho' the grass is green,

It's not growing under our feet! So how could you be an oyster in a cloister? You never could be a snail in jail. For the learning in 'Hamp is a burning lamp That's strictly incendiary, It will ignite you like a bundle of T. N. T!

Kick-line tempo

soft-shoe tempo

Oyster in a Cloister
Words and Music: Mary Marty 1946

Oyster in a Cloister
Words and Music: Mary Marty 1946
Ooh ooh, Look-in’ like a Bro-mo-Seltzer ad?
How are ya feel in’? Kind-a like reel in’?
Do you walk kind-a slouch y’?
Talk kind-a grouch y’ ‘Cause the S. C. Blues are mak-in’ you feel sad.
get ’em Mon-day morn in’ when you’ve had a few.
You get ’em worse on Tues-day when there’s wake up Wednes-day morn in’ with a green-ish hue.
You’ve got ’em with ya Thurs-day when your noth-in’ new pa-per’s due.
You sure to get ’em Fri-day, it’s a meat-less day.
But they dis-ap-pear like mon-ey on a Sat-u-ray.
For two days your trou-bles van-ish like bub-bles; But you’re not free don’t try to burst that pen.
In Seel-y or To-to’s hang on to your “No-Doz” cause the S. C. Blues will get you once a-gain.
Oh, yes the S. C. Blues will get you once a-gain.
Oh! Fairest Alma Mater
words: Henrietta Sperry, 1910
music: H.D. Sleeper
adapted: Paul Flight

107
Bº
Fº/C
Cº7
F
Cº7
To you, Oh! Al - ma Mat - er, Oh!

113
C
Gmº7
Cº7
F
Gº13
C/E
Fºmajº7
Gº7
moth - er great and true. From all your loyal chil - dren Comes up the song a -

118
C
mp
F
Am/Bº
Gm/Bº
Am/C
Bº/C
C
F
new. Ooh_ ooh_ ooh_
(Foster/Sewall 1909)

123
F
Gm
Cº7
F
F
Am/Bº
Gm/Bº
ooh_ Ooh_ ooh_

Bring-ing hope and joy of liv-ing, Cour-age for all things to be. Ooh_

129
Am/C
Bº/C
C
F
G
Amº7
Dº7
G
Fair Smith, our praise to thee we ren - der, O

Am/C
Bº/C
C
F
G
Amº7
Dº7
G
fair - est col - lege halls. Bright hours that live in mem'ry tend - er are wing'd with-in thy walls.
Sing to you always our loyal hearts with joy shall fill. Oh! fair-est, fair Al ma-ter Of

Still with grateful praise unceasing Speak in loyal hearts thy blessing. Al ma-ter Of

Quick march

all the colleges in the land, there's just one college for us. We place ourselves at her command, there's

just one college for us. Just one college and that's the college we sing to. Just one

college. You're just the college, the fair-est college, the one and the only, the fountain of knowledge.

A tempo

That's Smith College, the only college for us!