

SONGS FROM THE PLAY.

OH, PURR! PURR! PURR!

(Bryant, '07)

I went one day to make a call —
A merely friendly one, that's all,
And when I reached the house, the maid
In silk and satin was arrayed.
Somehow, I never can explain
Just what got working in my brain;
But anyway, before I went,
Straight down upon my knees I bent.

CHORUS.

Oh, Purr! Purr! Purr!
She was a dreadful blur
Of silk and satin, lace and furbelows.
Oh, Purr! Purr! Purr!
Why did my poor heart stir
Into such action — really no one knows.
I sighed and sighed, and how I lied and
I could 'nt love that girl, not if I tried;
But then I was oh, so fond of her
That 'twas nothing else but
Purr! Purr! Purr!

I went one day to find a place
Where best all science I could trace;
And Tech I very well could see
Was quite the only place for me.
Somehow, I wish I never had,
I forced the plan upon my dad;
But anyway, I brought him round,
And somewhere he the tuish found.

CHORUS.

Oh, Purr! Purr! Purr!
My thoughts will never stir
Into such working. I have got no brain
For Mathematics, Trig, and Algebra!
I just sit still and gaze away so far,
That when I'm asked by the instructor
I have only one reply — that's Purr!

LOVELY WOMAN.

(James, '07)

If women could all be transported,
Far away, far away,
We wouldn't fight duels,
Nor have to buy jewels,
For them to put on and display.
If woman could only be courted,
Far away, far away,

In the sweet ways of wooing,
There'd be little doing;
We'd escape their affectionate sway.

CHORUS.

Sung to the audience:—
O, woman, lovely woman,
She's the cause of all the sorrows of
our lives.

She's the bane of our existence,
With her whimsical persistence,
'Tis no use to make resistance,
While she thrives.

Sung to the girl:—
O, woman, lovely woman,
You haven't any idea what you do.
But in spite of all your jolly,
And in face of all your folly,
We do fool stunt;
(German Grind ejaculates) Py golly!
All for you

If woman could only be humoured,
Far away, far away,

We'd fill every whimsy,
No matter how flimsy,
If it lasted for only a day.
If ever a bargain were rumored,
Far away, far away,
We'd do all the shopping,
We'd buy without stopping,
If only they'd stay far away.

IN A LITTLE MONTMARTRE CAFE.

(James, '07.)

There's only one thing in this world pour
nous,
Le cafe petit Montmartre,
A place on the Boulevard we have in view,
On which we have both fixed our heart.
When we've made our pile here and been
married some day,
We'll pack up our luggage and hurry away,
And there'll be a hot time — Isn't that what
you say? —
In our little cafe on Montmartre.

CHORUS.

In our little Montmartre cafe,
You can see the cancan any day;
For the gay grisettes and midionnettes
Can twinkle their feet in a ravishing way.
There's music and dancing at night, cafe
chantant delight;
When to Paris you go, you must come up,
you know,
To our little Montmartre cafe.

Our friends are all there on the dear
Boulevard,
The dear Boulevard Montmartre:
At twilight they come in from near and
from far
To dine with us there a la carte,
There is Mimi who works in the big Bon
Marche,
There's Raoul who calls her his "brave
fiancee."
You don't call it that here but that's what
we say,
In our little cafe on Montmartre.

NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELLESLEY.

(Bryant, '07.)

There was a lad, a love he had
For a girlie gay and fair,
And how he loved! Ah me! 'twas sad,
This poor young man's affair,
And oft he'd go on train so slow,
Ten miles and more away,
To where the moon did hazy show,
Where classic Waban lay.

CHORUS.

Not wisely loved this suitor bold,
But far to Wellesley he,
The faculty looked grim and cold
When they his marks did see.
Petitioned he and was denied,
For him no S. B. came;
But straightway he to Wellesley hied
And captured an A. M.

An amateur was he, I'm sure,
But the girlie she was wise,
And first she thought she would endure
The gay young student's sighs.
But when he asked for his degree
She did not seem surprised,
For sweet she said, "That you loved me
I always have surmised."



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