

A SONG OF TULALIP

OH, I know a nice place for young folks to go—
Tulalip, you know! Tulalip, you know!
A fine place for Indian young folks to go—
Tulalip—Tulalip, you know!

With large green-roofed buildings in graceful array,
Smooth lawns and bright flowers, cool creek and broad bay,
Tulalip gives welcome—invites one to stay—
'Tis pleasant and busy by day.

Great woods guard Tulalip all brilliant at night;
Deep waters lie sparkling beneath moonbeams bright;
Beyond them glows Everett starry with light—
All blends in a fairyland sight.

We are in earnest in school, for our teachers most kind
Are skillful in guiding each active young mind;
Our school city plan helps the careless inclined;
There are programs for culture designed.

Tulalip possesses an elegant band—
They play hymns and two-steps and marches so grand;
Responsive they follow their leader's command,
Performing upon the band stand.

A fine chance for boys of mechanical turn
Appears in the practical lessons they learn,
At "donkey" or laundry or heating concern,
To fit them a living to earn.

The garden and orchard yield ample supply
Of fresh fruit and produce of quality high;
At home their farm knowledge our school boys apply—
To keep first-class gardens they try.