

YALE'S NEW BATTLE SONG.

By Brian Hooker, '02.

(Taken from the Bookman, January, 1908.)
 Mother of Men, grown strong in giving
 Honour to them thy lights have led—
 Rich in the toil of thousands living,
 Proud of the deeds of thousands dead;
 We who have felt thy power, and know thee,
 We in whose work thy gifts avail—
 High in our hearts enshrined enthroned thee,
 Mother of Men—Old Yale!

Spirit of Youth, alive, unchanging,
 Under whose feet the years are cast—
 Heir to an ageless empire, ranging
 Over the future and the past—
 Thee, whom our fathers loved before us,
 Thee, whom our sons unborn shall hail,
 Praise we today in sturdy chorus,
 Mother of Men—Old Yale!

CORNELL'S "ALMA MATER."

C. K. Urquhart.

Far above Cayuga's waters,
 With its waves of blue—
 Stands our noble alma mater,
 Glorious to view.
 Far above the busy humming
 Of the bustling town,
 Reared against the arch of Heaven
 Looks she proudly down.
 Chorus
 Lift the chorus, speed it onward,
 Loud her praises tell;
 Hail to thee! oh, Alma Mater,
 Hail, all hail, Cornell.