COLLEGE NEWS

Vol. 1. No. 30.
WELLESLEY, MASS. THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1902.
Price, 5 Cents.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Thursday, June 12. Promenade Concert at Temple, given by the Phi Sigma Society.
Saturday, June 14. Shakespeare Play: A Midsummer Night's Dream. (In case of rain, the performance will take place June 16.)
Sunday, June 15. President Raymond of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., will preach.
Monday, June 16, evening, Inauguration of officers of the Alliance Française.
Friday afternoon, June 20. From four until six, Garden Party.
Friday evening, June 20. Senior Play.
Saturday, June 21. Class reunions.
Three P. M. Glee Club Concert.
Five P. M. Tree Day Dances. Evening.
President's Reception.
Monday evening, June 23. College Concert.

TREE DAY.

After the past few years of rainy Tree Days, last Friday with its sunshine and pleasant temperature was heartily appreciated. The Tree Day frolic, news-days, one might say, really begins the evening before, when the campus is alive with prying sophomores, out to make life exciting for their freshmen friends, with dig-nified seniors hurrying about to rehearsals, and defensive freshman out to guard their secrets. The juniors were conspicuous for their absence from this fun of the early evening, only to be the center of attraction later, when they returned—a stately, white-robed, torch-bearing procession, chanting the well-known litany dirge, with unusual vim, with the thought that they had so successfully stolen a march on their friends, and burned their forecences unmoistened.

The atmosphere of mysterious preparation fully invaded the day, but not until the appointed hour were freshman secrets abroad, in any form except rumors. Early in the afternoon alumnae and former students arrived in great numbers, and by three o'clock a large and expectant audience was gathered about College Hall and on Campus Hill.

The first to appear were the seniors, in white plume suits, wearing the cap and gown, a stately line which gives tone, dignity and character to our Tree Day merrymaking. Miss May Matthews, president of the class of 1902, accompanied by the senior aid, Miss Lillian Libby, headed the procession across the campus which was led by Miss Claire Conklin, Senior Mistress of Ceremonies.

The juniors followed, led by their presi-dent, Miss Sue Kelly Amode and attended by the junior aid, Miss Clara Lorenzen. The class was crowned in white, and bore a beautiful evergreen chain, in which were woven crimson and pink roses, the class flower. The Sophomores led by their president, Miss Florence Hutspillar, and attended by the senior aid, Miss Jessie Hutspillar, added the element of life to the occasion; in their character of “wise fools,” they stood in strong contrast to their predecessors in the campus procession, and afforded much amusement to the eager spectators.

Last of all came the freshmen, in a stately procession, from Art Building Hill, clad in green gowns with a suggestion of gold, which fell in graceful lines from the shoulder and swept the campus in artistic curves. The line was led by the class president, Miss Amy Gurlitz, with the senior aid, Miss Edith Turner.

The four classes marched in winding lines across the campus and were finally conducted to the sections reserved for them in front of the spectators. The senior part of the programme followed in short order. Miss Matthews, the senior president, welcomed the college and the home of the same and pleasant manner. Following this was the “Address to Undergraduates,” written by Miss Lucy H. Moody, and delivered by Miss Helen Grover.

ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES.

At last the time has come for 1902 to make her preliminary bow. Already the hills re-echo with the bleating of the approaching flock of sheep-skins, mingled with the hurrahs of recent elections. 1902 enters happily with the rest—but there is a melancholy lump in her throat that threatens a dirge-like end. Poor 1902! She almost envies you youths, you of the eager upturned faces. You can let the old world wag as it will. She has a duty; she must help it go better. Truly a predicament! 1902 accepts it, however, and in the true missionary spirit begins her evangelizing work at home—with you.

As you are the oldest of the encircling demi-gods, 1902, the first rescue mission must be in your behalf. Before this tremendous task, 1902 feels insignificantly modest. In fact, only her priority in years gives her courage to murmur, in passing, a few foolish words of wisdom. Your budding perfections overpower her, and your virtues seem quite superhuman. In fact, to wipe from memory your few unfortunate discrepancies only a plunge in Lethe is necessary.

Although your simplicity of character defies classification, you do possess undeniable elements of greatness. Even last year it was whispered that you were becoming enamored of the great letters A. C. F. For a while, it was feared you would become so absorbed that 1902 would disappear entirely—and the Academic Council became ab-nominally large. What an untimely end! Of course 1902’s last act will be to recon-
nood you as the future faculty of Wellesley. But, oh, please be children a little longer. At least wait until you can write your name plus A. B. A few letters of the alphabet strung after one's name is a mighty touchstone among academic potentates. Besides, A. C. is the logical conclusion of A. B. Such are your innate possibilities. It matters not that they are somewhat in embryo, since at least they are there. So with a smiling face, 1902 bids you good-cheer and all speed to perfection. May the gods foreordain any day to usher you to last in to a reserved seat on the petals of the rose of the best, where you may make the heavens reverberate with your resurrected musical cheer.

Now 1902 turns to profess you a helping hand, 1904. To be sure it seems rather superfluous when you are capable of such radical self-development; last year you were Greek maidens, now you are, what? Sagacious jesters, perhaps. A few labels would be wonderfully illuminating. But whatever you are, 1902 can not resist you. You have charmed her as you have all others with your wonderful sweetness. In fact, let her whisper it, you have quite won her heart. Orpheus with his wonderful Apollo-given lyre had not more magnetism than you. You draw all mortals to you, and insinuate things feel the same strange, strong spell and steal into your presence, unaided, un-sought and unmasked. Even the will-less spade did not wait for a ceremonious presentation. Your secret power won its iron heart, and overcame its wooden heartiness. Your personality endowed it with life forcing it into activity, thrusting it into the very center of strife, making it a symbol of your own attractiveness. Neither could the cup withstand your winsomeness. None could withstand it, though many tried; its unloved heart was yours, and 1902 could not gain-say it. She has only smiles for you, and hazzes as for your powers and conquest. Such is your marvelous power however, it makes her tremble lest you fall a prey to your own fascination. Mark the voice of the preacher: "Think not more highly of yourselves than you ought." Read also the affectionate echo, "Love your neighbor as yourself." Only by the conciliatory efforts of the true spirit of humility can you reconcile these un concessional admissions. You may love yourselves heartily, if you let no one surmise your egotism. Keep it an everlasting secret. Never breathe it aloud even to yourselves. Then, with a nod of approval the world will praise your simplicity of mind.

Just one word more, remember Orpheus looked back and lost his heart's desire. Press onward 1904, with sweet music charm your followers. But, look not behind to count them less you miss the goal.

Why? Because, why such a clouded visage, 1905? Of course an effort would be made to serve you too, 1902 could not forget her infant Hercules, not for one moment. You have already made, as you know, an indelible impression. Only she does wonder how she may be of any help to you, whom the gods have given strength and labor in proportion.

So far you have done well in the mastery, only the end is not yet. Pray, in scanning your swelling muscles and in boasting over your records of strength, remember the ancient Hercules had a head as well as biceps. His feats required brain as well as brawn, and there have been rumors in the land of "credit" as well as score cards.

There is no doubt but that you will be wise in the end, 1905. It shows the willing aggressive spirit of the earnest seeker when one of your members slips down at midnight to put herself through "Harriet," at the risk of being buried headlong to the floor.

A lass from the South had a waist, Which was shapely, and dressed in good taste. Her style was perfection With no need of correction And her mental qualities were O. K. She had good judgment. She bought her Silks and Pongees at HATCH’S, Orientalist and Rug Merchants, 43 and 45 Summer Street.
below, or hanging inverted on the pedestal. That is the true daring athletic, acrobatic spirit which the college applauds, as well as the slipped watchman. Such is the hardness of endurance that has been fostered and trained by your unwonted benevolence to the Faculty and 1002. You know it would not hurt you to run up four flights of stairs, without stopping; but such a junt might have brought any one less husky to a hasty dissolution. Thoughtful, busy 1005. "May your shadow never grow less."

There are some other instances that show your scholarly investigating disposition, your desire for pure knowledge. Yes it has even schoolmate some to see you earnestly studying the map of Jerusalem, on the fourth floor. Those who saw were duly impressed by your devotion, as you anxiously traced the streets to the Temple, and noted the surrounding buildings. To be sure it put a slightly different aspect on your plea to discover that you thought you were scanning a map of Boston, and were on the right road to Iluyer's. The spirit was unchanged, however! You had shown a disposition to seek and learn for yourselves. There is reason to think that you may.

One of your other most prominent characteristics is your courage, your childlike truthfulness. As you read the lists of characters you do not hesitate to give your verdict. "Not a respectable one in the lot," you murmur in a penetrating whisper. Perhaps you might select a selected list of choice spirits whose company you would consider not detrimental. This is only a suggestion, possibly impracticable. But to you of Darwinistic beliefs, any plan is capable of growth, development, evolution. Why, yes, you are followers of Darwin. First last month you asked 1002 to be monkeys in the circus. It was quite a blow to her pride she admits. She is not disposed to argue about her pedigree, but she had thought her development had been enough at least to conceal her coltish. Evidently she was self-deceived. She thanks you for the awakening.

At dances you are liable to extend your crowded programme to the anxious applicant with the shattering remark: "Yes, the fifteenth extra. If you want it you better hurry, too." It does seem a trifle like a bargain day in a department store doesn't it? Yet you remain perfectly serene, quiet, passive in fact. One wonders how you do it. But cusses to marvel, as she recollects you are a baby Hercules. So economical in spirit that you choose for your color that of all our colors, that you may never be incongruous with nature. So aggressive in mind that you select for your motto the word "Forward!"

A Characteristic Puny-book title. Possibly your modesty bid you give it in Greek; but it seems more likely that this medium was selected out of deference to your patrons and their musical war-cry.

But we must wait.

A word of advice to the wise,—so they say. Is as good as to talk for a year and a day. If this advice be true, there's no need to fear. But all will be perfect by this time next year. So 1002 leaves you. Hold fast all she gives: Be sure of her blessing, as long as she lives.

No sooner had the applause died away than appeared the senior mistress of ceremonies, Miss Claire Conklin, who advanced slowly across the campus, and recited the Tree Day Poem, written by the class poet, Miss Beezie Lawmowing.

BALLADE OF THE DAISY-MEADOW.

Over the green of the spring's fair meadow
Comes a strenuousness of drifted snow—
Heap'd in the sunlight, dim in the shadow;
Yet summer the air is, and warm winds blow.
Was not the winter-time long ago
Laid away with the seasons dead?
Whence comes on a sudden this fairy show?
Thick in the meadow the daisies spread.

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Gay through the daisies drifted high,
With daisy-flowers’tis pleasant playing
Under the arch of a breezy sky.
While great cloud shadows go sailing by,
Some June-like measure perchance they tread;
There comes a rush in the dancing measures;
Then falls a dork on the rounded blue.
The daisy-pets each gale may sveem—
This year’s joyance is over and fled.
Though another summer shall find it’s true,
Thick in the meadow the daisies spread.

**ENVOI.**

Princess, the dreams of the waiting years
Breed in a glory above your head,
In some far country (so dry your tears),
Thick in the meadow the daisies spread.

Music from a screened orchestra struck up and the senior danzers came into view from behind the headlocks, wearing white robes, symbols of the daisy pets. They were soon joined by yellow and green clad comrades, to represent the other parts of the flower, all joining in a dance, intricate in formation and varied in steps, and finally forming in the shape of a huge daisy. This tableau was set in motion by the appearance of a dainty fairy, Miss Jeanette Gregory, who one by one, plucked off the white petals and sent them spreading in many directions, and soon the whole flower was gone from view.

Following the senior part of the entertainment came the second march across the campus, more elaborate, more varied and longer than the first, till all were seated before the freshman precincts.

Miss Ada Ellison, the Freshman Mistress of Ceremonies, spoke a word of welcome to the guests, and introduced the class orator, Miss Caroline Nelson, who spoke as follows:

Greetings, Alma Mater: The class of 1905 gives you hearty greetings!

Undoubtedly many of our friends present, armed with kodak and camera, have, or will have before the close of the afternoon, snapshot of 1905 as she moves across the campus, or away to and fro in the dances. I, too, have a photograph, a mental photograph, of 1905, which I wish to develop for you.

According to an old book of mental photographs, an ancient, red morocco portfolio, which came to Wellesley when the college was opened, and was here when the first freshmen class planted its trees—according to this venerable volume, you sit for your mental photograph by answering several questions, among which are those necessary for the development of our class picture, namely:

"What is your favorite color?"
"What is your favorite flower?"
"What is your favorite tree?"
"What is your motto in life?"

Should you ask me how a color, a flower, a tree, plus a motto can silhouette the immanent, the clusive spirit within us, I reply with some one of the secrets that ‘often the highest truths can only be suggested, not said.” Therefore from time immemorial, man in struggling to utter the unutterable, in striving after some outside and visible sign to represent the inward and spiritual, has ever laid hold of art, of figures of speech, of certain signs and symbols.

So we, the class of 1905, in seeking for some outward representation of that for which we intend to stand in college, of those

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high aims which we intend to pursue through life, standing, so to speak, before the camera for the girls of days that are past. After, we have chosen for our colors, green and gold. Green stands for strength, for growth; it is the color of promise. And gold has an old story, it is the color of the vision folk, for only see how many of them he has made," surely He must love green, for with it He has mantled earth and sea, and has set it in His bow in the heavens. And gold? the emblem of purity, of serenity.

For our flower we have chosen the yellow pansy, not the sentimental, "pen-sy-aa mel'| our dainty flower has her gentle head bowed down in contemplation, weighted down with whose mission is, "through her next of kin, the violet, she claims modesty among her virtues. All acknowledge the sovereign supremacy of the rose, so choice among flowers. The beauties of the white daisy suggest sincerity, purity, she may cope with the lily in sainthood. But the "violet and the pansy are familiar friends; we intrust them with our confidence to a level with them and remember them from the past; seek consolations from them in the stress and hurry of the present; and learn hope from them for the future.

The next process in the development of our picture is the disclosing of our class tree. It is the tall, proud magnolia, a native of the south, but with tender care and watching it will flourish in foreign climes. It is a member of the laurel family, and reminds us thereby that it is Apollo's tree, sacred to the Muses, consecrated to the victor's crown. Class it is to the ends of its smooth, glossy leaves, and from base to tip of each firm, fragrant petal. It is the emblem of perseverance, of high-souledness.

"He was not born to shame: Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit, For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned Sole monarch by the universal earth," sings the poet.

Such are the spiritual emblems which fit us for that most powerful, that most meaning of all the signs and symbols we have chosen to represent our loftiest aims and purposes: our watchword foreverward! (College life is not all a holiday. Nay, many and difficult are the tasks set for 1903 before she shall pass beyond the pale to join hands with the great company of alumni; often will discouragement and despair stare us in the face; but, true to our watchword, there shall be no laggard in our ranks. With our "For ward!" to spur us on we will overcome all difficulties and mount ever upward. Go ever forward in the quest of truth and knowledge, to be crowned at last with our own magnolia leaves.

When Miss Louise Hunter was presented with the historic spade by the Sophomore giver, Miss Louise Hunter, the spade and the coupled advice were received gracefully and cleverly by Miss Elizabeth Zorros, the Freshman receiver, as follows

"Gladly would we remain true to our reputation of "mum as an oyster," but remembering also a quotation of a countryman of Alice that, "A child should always say what's true, And speak when he is spoken to," we feel compelled to break our habitual silence, and point out a few truths which you have forgotten to state.

Was it small wonder that we had a "passion for accuracy" in drawing up our constitution, after seeing into what deep waters others came through? No doubts about you, we have heard a "demand for accuracy" from the Academic Council, especially in regard to so important a point as a tie.

But are grateful to you for the sisterly spirit you showed us on the day of our elections; for the escort to the chemistry building; for the gas, and the flowers: for the showers of cool, white snowdust through the windows, as 'tis your own purple violets. We were sorry to see that your treasury was so empty that you could not pay for the windows you broke, but as we had plenty of extra pledges for our new boat, we were glad to be generous and help you out.

Well do we remember how you grumbled, last fall, 1904, when you learned that you must take more physical exercise to strengthen your puny bodies and correct your deformities. But please the Faculty must be at your growth in strength during the past year! Why, it was only last Halloween that it took a large portion of your class three hours to force in an unlocked door against a dozen freshmen, and now, now you hold the cap! And so modestly you hold it. Hurry becoming too modern shrinking of your quiet demeanor last week Tuesday and your unassuming yell; 1904 Championship!

It was too bad that you were unable last year to foresee this sudden increase in strength or you would hardly have been so eager to take such a precaution against an encounter with 1903 as to say that petition was peace. Yes, it is in order to get out of an agreement than into one. Or, if you do not think "I spy" a pretty game for Sophomores to play, why have you been watching the bars to closely, of late? We are very much of you like early rising, but it certainly is better even to miss a musical in the Town Hall than to rush so noisily through College Hall corridors in the early dawn to see the President and Warden Cotton is obliged to ask some of you to keep quieter.

Still, you have done us many a good service this past year, 1904, and we thank you for each one, and for this spade which you
have treasured for us. How eagerly you must look forward to next week when the fruits of your year’s labor with it will appear. May we use it as faithfully!

The Freshmen dance next claimed the attention of the audience. About forty of the class participated in this. The dance was led by Miss Louise Green in a wonderfully graceful manner. The effect of the long draperies, blown by the strong breeze, was exceedingly pleasing to the eye, and the use of the symbols was novel and effective.

As the music died away and the assembled guests rose, much haste on the part of the freshmen in the direction of Art Building Hill proclaimed the location of the class tree to be directly in front of the Art Building, at the right of the entrance path.

Here the class of 1903 assembled, and sang this class song, written by Miss Ruth Haulenbeck, and set to the music of a variation of a Chopin Mazurka.

CLASS SONG.

Forward! send the brave cry onward,
With the golden, flashing banner.
Borne aloft and never faltering,
Ever held in bravest manner.
Forward! Nineteen Fire to conquer.
In the name of truth and honor.
Fair magnolia speaks our courage.
And a strength that must subdue.
While the pauses in rights and dreamings.
In our hearts are hopeful, golden.
Brightly is our shield emblazoned.
Showing impulse like to olden.
May we keep sustained its gleaming.
Forward, ever, Nineteen Fire!

The class cheer was then given repeatedly and with vim:

One rah! Nine rah! Naught rah! Five!
Wellesley—1905—Hoo-rah!

The other classes retired to their respective place trees to sing their class songs and give their class cheer.

The alumni were entertained at Wood and Freeman, the seniors at Normals and the village freshmen at Stone Hall.

The day was a great success and showed clever management on the part of the Tree Day officers. Much credit is due Miss Hill, who had the training of the two classes for their dances. Other officers of the day, besides those already mentioned, were: Miss Echel Sanborn, Miss Hazel Hazard’s Aid; Miss Mae Riek, Mrs. Duncan’s Aid; Miss Mary Storm, Aid for Head of Student Government; and among the freshmen, Miss Brownell, Senior Aid; Miss Juliet Poynter, Junior Aid; Miss Tateun, Sophomore Aid; Miss Eaton, Freshman Aid; Miss Gillespie, Aid for President Hazard; Miss Edith Moore, Aid for Mrs. Durant; Miss McCormick, Aid for Head of Student Government.

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MISS HAZARD’S RECEPTION.

Miss Hazard’s reception Friday evening, to mark the formal opening of the president’s house, was a most enjoyable and auspicious occasion. The house, which is in itself attractive in architecture, is furnished handsomely, and with a harmonious combination of rich coloring. Miss Hazard received in the drawing-room—a room of admirable proportion, twenty by thirty feet, and which, furnished in buff and cream color, virtually duplicates the drawing-room at her home, Oakwood, in Peace Dale, R. I. The study, with dull Persian blue walls and red hangings, and the reception-room, with Japanese furnishings, immediately adjoin the drawing-room.

The rooms were already filled with guests, when, rather early in the evening, Miss Edith E. Torrey sang Sir Walter Raleigh’s poem, beginning,

“Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,”

the poem having been set to music by Professor MacDouall. During the pause which followed the singing, Miss Hazard stepped forward and made a formal presentation of the house to the trustees, saying in substance, “As the old form of presenting a house by turf and twig in this case does not hold—since the ground is not mine, but Mrs. Durant’s—I present it by lath and plaster. You will observe that there are two motifs in the decoration of the house, the scallop shell and the dove. These emblems belong to my own family, but they have a universal as well as an individual significance. The scallop shell is also the Psalter’s shell, indicating the eternal quest for righteousness; and the dove of peace symbolizes the only conditions under which good work can be done.” Miss Hazard then gave to Mr. Hardy, trustee and treasurer of the college, a small section of lath and plaster, which bore the scallop-shell stamped into the plaster. Mr. Hardy made a very happy worded speech of acceptance, saying in conclusion, that the best part of this gift of a house from Miss Hazard was the renaissance it brought of her further continuance in office.

The expression, in outward detail, of this quest for “righteousness and peace” has been inconspicuously yet most effectively wrought—in the stained glass windows of the drawing room and dining-room and on the stai-lading, in the narrow borders of the halls; while over the fireplace in Miss Hazard’s study is carved the line of Raleigh’s poem,

“Give me my scallop shell of quiet.”

Virtually all the members of the college faculty were present at the reception. The trustees were represented by Mrs. Durant, Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus H. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Rowland G. Hazard, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hale Abbot, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Capen, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Cobb, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Colby. Among the other distinguished guests from out of town were Professor George H. Palmer of Cambridge, Miss Carrie Bowden of Boston, Mrs. N. T. Bacon, Mrs. John Hazard and Miss Hazard of Peace Dale, R. I.

A pleasant feature of the reception was the coming in of the entire senior class, who, in a long procession by twos, made a brief appearance at half past nine. Later in the evening, after the reception was over, the seniors gave Miss Hazard an enthusiastic serenade with college songs.

An exhibition will be opened in the Art Gallery next week of ocean studies painted by Mr. Charles H. Woodbury, on his recent trip to Jamaica; and of architectural designs by Mr. Henry C. Holt, both instructors in the Art Department.

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Pop Concert, Saturday, June 14.

PROGRAM.

1. MARCH, "Under the Double Eagle" ... Wagner
2. OVERTURE, "Bulldozenistrophe" ... Sappe
3. Waltz, "La Vague" ... Metra
4. Selection, "Tabasco" ... Chadwick
5. March from "Queen of Sheba" ... Gounod
6. a. AMENDIT, for String Orchestra ... Strabe
   b. CANZONETTA, for String Orchestra ... Strabe
7. Waltz, "O schooner Mai" ... Strauss
8. OVERTURE, "Martha" ... Flotow
9. Selection, "Punchin Master" ... DeKoven
10. a. SPIRITO SONG ... Mendelssohn
   b. FLUTATION ... Steck
11. HUSKESNITT ... Spindler
12. March, "Pro Patti" ... Milhecker

THEATRE BULLETIN.

Student Faculty Agreement.

Tree Day, June 6, was the anniversary of the signing of the Student Faculty Agreement, which forms, as Miss Hazard reminded us, the chief of the Student Governments. In morning chapel, after a few words of hearty commendation as to the earnest and successful attempts of the student body to live up to the compact, and of hopeful prophecy as to future success, Miss Hazard read from the original manuscript, the Student Faculty Agreement. In substance it set forth the object of the Association, the mutual obligations of faculty and students, and arrangements as to future legislation; the paper is signed by the following officers: Caroline Hazard, President of the College; Ellen E. Rendle, Secretary of the College; Frances Hughes, President Student Government Association; Mary Leavens, Margaret Mills, for the class of 1901, the Executive Committee of the Association.

Miss Hazard implied that the reading of the agreement will be a yearly occurrence, for there is, each year, a new class to hear it, and, moreover, it will always be pleasant to reminisce of the day when Wellesley "came of age."

1903 CREW SONG.

JUNE: "PRIDE OF THE BALL."

1. Blue are the waters of Waban fair,
   Proudy our boat speeds free;
   Forward, into the sunshine,
   Pull we right merrily.
   This is the song of our joyous crew,
   Carry it winds that blow!
   Woods and meadows of Wellesley,
   Whisper its echo low.

CHORUS:

Swiftly we glide in the sunlight's cheering ray,
Bravely we strive in the twilight's deepening gray,
Singing a song of faith and loyalty,
Over the waters of Waban, Wellesley we pull to thee.

2. Bending our backs to the flying oars,
   Speed we over the blue;
   Onward into the twilight,
   Meet we—a happy crew.
   This be the song that our memories bring,
   Ever in ears to be.
   Song of our beautiful lake side,
   Wellesley, praise to thee.

MARY H. JENKINS, 1905.

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