

Lament of the Armour Co-Eds

BY ONE OF 'EM.

AIR—"Annie Moore"

I.

Lou'y Monin was the name of a dear little man
Qui parle à nous la langue française;
Not a girl or a boy who did not enjoy
Le Conversation dans son société,
But now we're away from dear Armour so gay,
Lamenting our absence so sore,
We will try to reconcile our condition, and smile,
But we shall never see dear Armour any more.

CHORUS—Adieu, dear Armour.

We will never see dear Armour any more,
We'll go away one summer day,
And we'll never see dear Armour any more.

II.

Tisdell of great wit, with a critical hit
Would slam us, and cram us, and slay;
Burke, Byron, and Burns, and Shakespeare by turns,
Were served hot and cold, or any old way.

CHORUS—

III.

Georgie Scherger was the name of a man historical,
Who fed his flock on tales of classic lore;
But his story now is told, to a class of warriors bold,
And we will never hear them told any more.

CHORUS—

IV.

There's blushing John Albert and stately Charlee,
Who've made it so hot in g'ometree;
With rectangled quads, and "lines to B,"
We've had enough to drive us to "C."

CHORUS—

V.

With Hic, Haec and Hoc, and Ovid id est,
Miss Wright has robbed our nights of rest;
With Schlagen den Kind upon dem Kopf,
Miss Lang has taught us Deutsch as spoke.

CHORUS—But, dear me, all this is past,
And out and out we go, a lass, a lass.
Adieu Armour, Adieu Armour,
And out and out we go, a lass, a lass.