1915-06

The Class of '84

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THE CLASS OF '84

WRITTEN FOR THE REUNION
OF THE CLASS

AT

ALLEGHENY'S CENTENNIAL

1815-1915

BY L. L. DOANE
Tune—“I’m the son of a Gambolier.”

Oh, we are members of the class of eighteen eighty-four, Of Allegheny College, it numbered twenty-four; Young men and women full of life and faith and hope, that day, When, launched forth upon life’s journey, we took leave of Allegh’.

Chorus (in unison).

(Men) I’m a son, a son, a son, a son, a son of Old Allegh’. (Women) I’m a daughter of, a daughter of, a daughter of Allegh’. (Men) A son, a son, a son, a son, a son of Old Allegh’. (Women) A daughter of, a daughter of, a daughter of Allegh’. We have sailed the broad seas over, but we’ve come back home to-day, To meet again and greet again, Old Friends of Allegh’.

Now one-and-thirty years have passed since College days were told, And some are sleeping ‘neath the sod, with Mother Earth to mold; But our Class is young in spirit, and, although we’re growing gray, We’re young in love and zeal and praise, for Dear Old Allegh’.

Chorus.

We have entered the professions and we plead, prescribe and preach, We analyze and journalize, and some elect to teach; We also are in business, and we buy and sell to-day, All as we did in days of yore, in dreams, at Allegh’.

Chorus.

Some of us have sons or daughters now in college life, And of them have passed out into spheres of active strife; But if, perchance, they’re wiser than their parents were before, They’ve never had the honor to belong to “Eighty-four.”

Chorus.

Our College life has blessed us in more than we can tell, It’s high ideals impressed us, in mind, and heart as well; And could we live for a hundred years, as the College has to-day, We’d still pray God to richly bless Our Dear Old Allegh’.

Chorus.

Perhaps we’ll never meet again, on this side Jordan’s wave, For the sands of life will surely run, and none there be to save; So let us drink of the Fountain of Life that freely flows each day, And meet at last in that Better Home, Our Class of Allegh’.

Last Chorus

(Men) I’m a son, a son, a son, a son, a son of Old Allegh’. (Women) I’m a daughter of, a daughter of, a daughter of Allegh’. (Men) A son, a son, a son, a son, a son of Old Allegh’. (Women) A daughter of, a daughter of, a daughter of Allegh’. We have sailed the broad seas over, but we’ve come back home once more, To greet again the “boys” and “girls” of Eighteen Eighty-four.