

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 Alleghen'.

Chorus (in unison).

(Men) I'm a son, a son, a son, a son, a son of Old Alleghen'.

(Women) I'm a daughter of, a daughter of, a daughter of
Alleghen',

(Men) A son, a son, a son, a son, a son of Old Alleghen'.

(Women) A daughter of, a daughter of, a daughter of
Alleghen'.

We have sailed the broad seas over, but we've come
back home to-day,

To meet again and greet again, Old Friends of
Alleghen'.

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 grow-
ing gray,

We're young in love and zeal and praise, for Dear Old
Alleghen'.

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 Alleghen'.

Chorus.

Some of us have sons or daughters now in college life,
And some 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 Alleghen'.

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 Alleghen'.

Last Chorus

(Men) I'm a son, a son, a son, a son, a son of Old Alleghen'.

(Women) I'm a daughter of, a daughter of, a daughter of
Alleghen',

(Men) A son, a son, a son, a son, a son of Old Alleghen'.

(Women) A daughter of, a daughter of, a daughter of
Alleghen'.

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.