



Colgate 13 Founders' Album Lyrics

Despite elaborate efforts to enhance the sound from the Colgate Thirteen's original 1942 records unveiled at our 70th reunion, some of the words remain difficult to hear.

To maximize your enjoyment of the founders' album CD, here are the lyrics to all the songs, beginning with the 2012 group's special tribute to our founding members in 1942, whose songs made tradition that shall live forevermore.

Cut 1 - 1819, "Back in '42" version

Back in '42 in the valley of Chenango gathered thirteen.
Singing songs they loved, they became the Colgate Thirteen.
Thirteen men who sang with rapt devotion,
Thirteen men, they set the thing in motion.
Thus began at Colgate University the Colgate Thirteen.

Live true, live true to the memory of those thirteen men of yore.
Whose songs made tradition that shall live forevermore.
May all who have followed, still strive as they strove then.
And keep the Thirteen spirit in memory of them.

Ahhhhh-men.

Cut 2 - George Jones

George Jones had a meeting at his house last night,
For to name his first born child.
To give him a name and start him off right,
For George was almost wild!

Now the day of the Christening,
Parson Brown inquired,
"What's this child's name going to be?"
Someone hollered, "Ham!". Someone shouted "Sam!"
But George said, "Let's name this one for me."

Gonna name him George Washington,
Christopher Columbus, Madison and Douglas Lee.
Name him Jim Jeffries, black Jack Johnson,
Ring in Booker T.
Admiral Dewey, Thomas Jefferson,
McKinley and Sherlock Holmes.

Obadiah, Hezekiah!

Abraham -uh-Lincoln.
Oh I said Abe Lincoln,
And I mean Abe Lincoln Jones.

George's twin sister didn't have no name,
So George said, "Let's name this one, too."
He turned to the parson sayin', "Reverend Brown,
Now I will tell you what we will do.
It ain't so important as a namin' my son,
To that I'm sure you will agree."

Then up spoke his wife, just as big as holy life.
And she said, "You leave this one to me!"
Gonna name her, Martha Washington,
Aimee Semple McPherson,
Shirley Temple, Gypsy Rose Lee.

Gonna name her Cleopatra,
Peggy Hopkins Joyce,
Ring in Olidia P.
Aunt Jemima, Texas Guinan,

Victoria and Kate Malone.

Adeline...Gertrude Stein.

Lindylou Eliza,
Oh I said, I said Eliza
And I mean Eliza Jones!

Cut 3 - Mandy Lee

I love you, 'deed I do my Mandy Lee,
Your eyes they shine like diamonds, love, to me. Love to me.
Seems as though my heart would break without you, Mandy Lee,
'Cause I love you, Mandy, 'deed I do, my Mandy Lee. My Mandy Lee.

Cut 4 - I Gotta Go Where You Are

Oh, oh, oh, oh glory.
Oh, oh, oh, oh GLORY!
Someone's callin', no reply.
I came callin', hear him cry.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, glory.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, GLORY!
Empty faces, here he lie,
Empty arms outstretched beside him.

Through the black of night,
I gotta go where you are, where you are.
If it's wrong or right,
I gotta go where you are.

You know I'll roam through the dismal swampland,
Searching for you, searching for you.
'Cause if you are lost there,

Let me be there, too. Let me be there.

Through the smoke and flame,
I gotta go where you are.
For no place could be too far,
Where you are.

Ain't no chains can bind you,
If you live I'll find you.
Love is calling me,
I gotta go where you are.

Cut 5 - Marine Corps Hymn

From the Halls of Montezuma,
To the shores of Tripoli.
We fight our country's battles,
On the land, and on the sea.
First to fight for right and freedom,
And to keep our honor clean.
We are proud to claim the title,
Of the United States Marines.

From the Halls of Montezuma,
To the shores of Tripoli.
We fight our country's battles,
On the land, and on the sea.
First to fight for right and freedom,
And to keep our honor clean.
If Yankee Doodle were alive,
To witness present scenes.
He'd join our bunch of fighting men,
United States Marines!

First to fight for right and freedom,
And to keep our honor clean.

We are proud to claim the title of,
The United States Marines.
United States Marines!

Cut 6 - Colgate Days

Colgate days, old Colgate days,
Thy memory be ours forever.
Mother dear, our love for you,
Will bind thy sons through life together.
We pledge to thee our loyalty.
Through all our days we'll love thee ever.
Colgate days, old Colgate days,
All praise and glory be thine.

Cut 7 - Sing On!

Come and let our swelling song,
Mount like the whirling wind.
As it meets our singing throng,
So blithe of heart and mind.
Care and sorrow now be gone,
Brothers in song, sing on!
Brothers, sing on, sing on!

Youth is a wandering troubadour,
Sailing the singing breeze.
Wooing a maid on a distant shore,
Over the tossing seas.
Steering by the stars above,
His vessel a song of love.
Brothers, sing on, sing on!

Errant minstrels, thus we greet you,
List to our voices strong.

With glad and open hearts we meet you,
In our festival of song.
Care and sorrow now be gone,
Brothers in song, sing on!
Brothers, sing on, sing on!

Cut 8 - Evening Song

Softly the shadows, 'neath the willows creep.
Softly the moonlight, falls on thy sleep.
Tender thee as a tide,
Murmurs in the summer scene.
We sing thy songs to thee.
Alma Mater, lovely in thy rest.
Pray o're the campus,
We love the best.
Guarding our memories,
Rises up thy moonlit steep.
Sing, Alma Mater sleep.

Cut 9 - 1819

Long ago, in the valley of Chenango, gathered thirteen.
Funds were low, but abundant was their pluck, in eighteen-nineteen.
Thirteen prayers were said with rapt devotion,
Thirteen dollars set the thing in motion,
Thus began old Colgate University in eighteen nineteen.

Live true to the memory of those thirteen men of yore.
Whose faith made tradition that shall live for evermore.
Whose deeds give us courage to strive as they strove then.
'Tis the spirit that is Colgate, dear mother of men.

Up the hill, with profound determination, journeyed thirteen.
Ring of ax rent the silence of the woods in eighteen nineteen.
Forest monarchs bowed to form a clearing,

Hymns triumphant blended with the cheering.
Thus began old Colgate University in eighteen nineteen.

Live true to the memory of those thirteen men of yore.
Whose faith made tradition that shall live for evermore.
Whose deeds give us courage to strive as they strove then.
'Tis the spirit that is Colgate, dear mother of men.

Cut 10 - Twilight Song

Alma Mater, shadows falling,
Turn our thoughts to thee.
And we lingering in the twilight,
Praise thee reverently.
For we owe to thee dear mother,
Happiest college days.
When preparing for life's struggle,
Thou didst guide our ways.

Ooooo-oooooooooooo

Give us loyal hearts and courage,
Ever true to be.
That our deeds through all our days,
May honor bring to thee.

Cut 11 - When Day Is Done

You were dearer than dear to me,
From the moment you came.
Evenings by your side, I learned to love the night,
But the loveliness of the night, is no longer the same.

When day is done and shadows fall, I dream of you.

When day is done, I think of all the joys we knew.
That yearning returning to hold you in my arms,
Won't go, love, I know, love, without you life has lost its charms!

When day is done and grass is wet with twilight's dew,
My lonely heart, my lonely heart, is sinking with the sun.
Although I miss your tender kiss the whole day through,
I miss you most of all when day is done.

Cut 12 - Colgate Hymn

Alma Mater, mother dear,
Reverently we raise.
To the guardian of our youth,
Grateful hymns of praise.
Robed in honor, crowned with light.
Radiant dost thou stand.
And thy love in every heart,
Rules with sweet command.

Alma Mater, mother true!
Loyal sons would we,
Strong in heart, with ready hand,
Give our lives to thee.
Noble, fair and wise art thou,
And thine influence pure.
With the grandeur of thy hills,
Ever shall endure.

Cut 13 - Bandolero

We are watching and waiting,
For ransom or outpost.
Welcome to strangers, a carbine for spies.
Roaming the mountains, we outlaws defiant,

Brave and gallant bandoleros,
We'll conquer or die.

Cut 14 - Way Down Yonder In The Cornfield

Oh some folks say that a preacher won't steal.
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the cornfield.
But I caught a couple down in my cornfield.
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the cornfield.
Oh, one had a shovel and the other had a hoe.
Way down, way down, way down yonder in the cornfield.
And if that ain't stealin, well I'd like to know.
Way down, way down, way down,
Way down yonder in the cornfield.
Way down yonder in the cornfield.

Cut 15 - Gathering Up The Roses

We were gathering up the roses in the wildwood,
Along a merry summer day.
And it's one more kiss before we part,
Where the roses bloom so gay.
Tiddle-ee-um.

Oh, the look she gave to me.
Uh rum-tee-tum-tee-tum-tee-tum,
Tee tiddle-ee-iddle-ee-um.

Oh, the look she gave to me,
Uh rum-tee-tum-tee-tum-tee-tum,
Tee tiddle-ee-iddle-ee-um.

We were gathering up the roses in the wildwood,
Along a merry summer day.
And it's one more kiss before we part,

Part, part, part, part, part.
Where the roses bloom so gay.
Tiddle-ee-um.

Cut 16 - Army Air Corps Song

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun.
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, give her the gun! Give her the gun now!

Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell of a roar!
We live in fame, or go down in flame.
Hey, nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,
Keep the wings level and true.
If you live to be a gray haired wonder,
Keep the nose out of the blue. Out of the blue, now.

Flying men, guarding our nation's border,
We'll be there, followed by more.
In echelon we carry on,
Hey, nothin'll stop the Army Air Corps!