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Preface

Cordelia C. Nevers Marriott (class of 1886) and Roberta H. Montgomery McKinney (class of 1897) compiled the first edition of Songs of Wellesley in 1896. This expansive book was a collection of class and crew songs, along with advertisements for corsets, shoes, and the late 19th-century candy factories of Boston. It is a wonderful resource for those wishing to take a look back to where stepsinging originated.

Stepsinging, as it is known today, began at the dedication of the Houghton Memorial Chapel in 1899. Prior to this event, Wellesley students would often gather informally at College Hall to sing as a form of after-dinner entertainment. After the dedication, they continued the tradition, but moved the location to the steps of the chapel. In the 1950s, stepsinging was modified yet again, and its occurrence was reduced to four times a year. Presently, it is held three times a year—after convocation, the last day of classes, and at reunion. Current stepsinging utilizes many of the same songs as those of the original performances, though there have been some variations in tempo and lyrics over the years. The songs collected for this Songbook range from 1886 to 1946, and are the most popular songs of the bunch.

We hope you enjoy learning and singing these songs for years to come. Our thanks to the Wellesley College Archives and their staff’s continuing enthusiasm for Wellesley College traditions.

Wellesley College Alumnae Association, 2007
America, the Beautiful

Lyrics by: Katharine Lee Bates, Class of 1880

Music by: Samuel Augustus Ward

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet Whose
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes prov'd In
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That

Am - ber waves of grain,
Stern im - pas - sion'd stress,
Lib - er - at - ing strife,
Sees be - yond the years,

For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties
For thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat
Above the fruit - ed plain.

A - cross the wil - der - ness.
A - coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life.
A -

Maj - es - ties gleam Un - dimmed by hu - man tears.

A -
mer - ic - a! A - mer - ic - a! God
mer - ic - a! A - mer - ic - a! God
mer - ic - a! A - mer - ic - a! May
mer - ic - a! A - mer - ic - a! God

11

shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with
mend thine ev'-ry flaw, Con - firm thy soul in
God thy gold re - fine Till all suc - cess be
shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with

broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.
self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law.
no - ble - ness, And ev'-ry gain di - vine.
broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.
Ballad of a Bold, Bad Man

Lyrics by: Louise Tibbetts Smith, Class of 1939

Composer unknown

1. O! many an old Alumna will re-
2. He murmured as he took his place at sev-
3. But as____ the crown was placed upon the
4. The crowd____ pursued him to the lake, they

mem - ber with a thrill, The first of May when
en twen - ty three, "My lit - tle sis - ter,
wig that had con - cealed, It slipped from off the
flung him in the drink, They laughed and said, "It's

thir - ty nine was gath - ered on the Hill, For a -
May Queen's brow, the ras - cal stood re - vealed, From
up to you, ei - ther to swim or sink," And___

mong the smil - ing maid - ens like a ser - pent in the
hoops nor rho - do - den - drons could check the vil - lain's
ma - ny mouths the cry a - rose, of "Treas - on, she's a
then re - turned tri - um - phant - ly to crown the right - ful
grass, Stood a masquerading
stride, He won the race, was
MAN!" The pseudo queen grew
queen, On the most historic

Harvard man who cried, "They shall not pass."
crowned death's best prospective bride.
deathly pale, he quickly turned and ran.
May Day that our Alma Mater's seen.

Chorus
Sing hey the handsome Harvard man, who posed as a Wellesley
class, Sing hey the Senior gown that made him one of the Senior

1. 2. 3. 4.
Wellesley blue for me! me!
Oh! Oh ev-olu!

There is no-thing in the world you can-not do!

You took a mon-key and you made him to a man, long since, 'tis true.

But now you've brought a grea-ter phen-o-men-non to pass. You've ta-ken nine-teen * an em-bry-o-nic mass, trans-
formed it by a mi-ra-cle, in-to a(n) 1. alum-nae class! class!

1. this sen-ior class
2. this jun-ior class
3. this sopho-more class
4. this first-year class

*Insert year of graduation.
Oh, How Lovely Is the Evening

Composer unknown

Sweet and flowing, round

Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the evening, When the bells are sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing, Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.
'Neath the Oaks

Arranged by:
Edith Pingree Sawyer Pettee, School of Music Student 1891-1895
words and music after 'Neath the Elms of Old Trinity

Moderato

1.'Neath the oaks of our old Welles -

2.On the hills of our old Welles -

3.Col - lege days are from care and sor - row

4.Then we'll sing to our old Welles -

2.ney, 'Neath the oaks of our dear old Welles -

3.ley, In the halls of our dear old Welles -

4.ley, And___ oft will we seek in mem - o -

To our dear old Alma Ma - ter, Welles -
'Neath the oaks of our old Wellesley, 'Tis with pleasure we meet, Our old friends true and dear, In the halls of our old Wellesley.

'Tis with pleasure we meet, Our old friends true and dear, In the halls of our old Wellesley.

There is right merry cheer, There are joyous to last, 'Neath the oaks of our old Wellesley.

The__ days that are past, Far too mor__ row __ way, Far a__ way from our old Wellesley.

We're together today, And to _ class__ mates to greet, 'Neath the oaks of our old Wellesley, 'Tis with pleasure we meet, Our old friends true and dear, In the halls of our old Wellesley.
O thou Tupelo!

Lyrics arranged by:
Mary Louise Marot, Class of 1894

Music after the air Nut-Brown Maiden

1. O thou Tu - pe - lo!* thou hast a cer - tain mag - ic charm,
2. O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou hast the lake, and moon, and stars,
3. O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou hast a ru - stic bench or two,
4. O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou hast a gen - tle, bal - my air,
5. O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou hast all things a - bove, a - round,
6. O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou hast the power to leaf in Spring,

O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou hast a mag - ic charm, A
O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou hast lake, moon, and stars, The
O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou hast a bench or two. A
O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou hast a bal - my air. The
O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou hast all things a - round. All
O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou hast the power to leaf. To

mag - ic charm is thine, Love, The charm - er there is mine,___ Love.
moon and stars are thine, Love, The son that's there is mine,___ Love.
rus - tic bench is thine, Love, The rus - tic on it mine,___ Love.
bal - my air is thine, Love, The weal - thy heir is mine,___ Love.
things a - round are thine, Love, Ex - cept the arm, that's mine,___ Love.
leaf in Spring is thine, Love, To leave just now is mine,___ Love.
A pretty point on Lake Waban, formerly provided with rustic benches.

O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou

hast a cer - tain mag - ic charm, O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
hast the lake, the moon, and stars, O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
hast a rus - tic bench or two, O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
hast a gen - tle bal - my air, O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
hast all things a - bove, a - round, O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou
hast the power to leaf in Spring, O thou Tu - pe - lo! thou

hast a mag - ic charm.
hast the moon and stars.
hast a bench or two.
hast a bal - my air.
hast all things a - round.
hast the power to leaf.

*A pretty point on Lake Waban, formerly provided with rustic benches.
Con moto espressivo

1. Ghost-like o'er the mirror lake
2. Silent lest we break the charm,
3. Slowly now we go our way

The twilight shadows creep;— The twi-light fading light;— How
We watch the day;— With eyes that dimly see;— And

Go o'er the waves!— We rest— Is fast asleep,— Is fast asleep—
To leave the chapel walls!— how still the steps to-night!— the steps to-night—
To memory, to memory—

The wind that lull'd the waves to rest, Is fast asleep,— The steps to-night!—
That lull'd the waves to rest Is fast asleep,— How still the steps to-night!—
To memory, to memory—

1.2.

sleep. night!

3.

poco rit.

ry.
You'll see her Monday at eight straggl ing to class, The week-end was ter ri fic, but now, alas, She's got to start to study The way a Welles ley Gal should.

You'll see her Wednesday at lab, in blue jeans, no doubt, Her
saddle shoes are grimy, her shirt-tail's out! She's working like a beaver.

She's just burning up the midnight oil. She's just grinning away the

The way a Wellesley Gal should. You'll see her at the Well* and at the

Art Libe Or burning up the midnight oil. She's just grinning a-way the
live-long day, leading a life of toil. But then comes Saturday night, the tables are turned, She's dining at the Statler, and books are spurned. She's looking like a million, The way a Wellesley Gal should.

*A soda fountain once located in Alumnae Hall.
**A prominent hotel once located on the site of the Boston Park Plaza Hotel.
The Wellesley Composite

Lyrics adapted by:
Lottie Evelyn Bates, Class of 1901

Music by:
Luigi Denza from Funiculì, Funiculà

Allegretto brillante

1. Some think it worth their
2. Some think the world was
3. Some think it fun to

while to go to college,
made for grinds and drudges
take examinations,

And so do I!
To groan and sigh,
But not so I!

4

8
And so do I!  
But not so I!  
Oh! dear, not I!

Some think,  
Some jeer,  
A fact

---

that only men are fit for knowledge,  
But not so at bunny,* scorn sardines and fudges,  
that's proved with out a demonstration, I'll not de-

---

I!  
Oh, no, not I!  
But not so I!  
In math -

---

pie,  
No use to try!  
But to
to spend my days and nights dissecting______ The slimy
- e - mat - ics I may be de - fec - tive,______ I ween 'tis
the barge** my feet are of - ten fly - ing,______ My woes to

frog_________ From marsh - y bog;__________ And
true,_________ Of not a few!__________ But
drown_________ In Bos - ton town.__________ Non

see_________ the sine and co - sine in - ter - sect - ing,
cre - dits shall not keep me al - ways sigh - ing,
With monstrous log,
I'm on the crew,
Nor teach'er's frown.
Near mossy log.
And golf club too!
Crush light heart down.

Chorus

Wellesley, Wellesley, only to be there.

Drives away each melancholy care; She charms my
eye, My muscle trains, And gives me information rare. Alma Mater

fair, since thou art mine, My heart is thine.

*Welsh Rabbit
**A horse-drawn station wagon
See, winding through the arch they come, The colors of ev’ry class. And

o’er them all, the tow’r on high, Bright-etched against the sky.

Fling out the banner of each class, The blue flies o’ver all. Be

with us, Alma Mater, here Unchanging ev’ry year.

The campus echoes to the song, As proudly they march along,

Assured that Wellesley’s great traditions Will live, forever strong.

To further fields we follow you, Our haven our whole lives through, Lead

on before us as we’re marching, Oh royal Wellesley blue.
To Alma Mater

Lyrics by:
Anne Barrett Hughes, Class of 1886

Arranged by:
Flora Smeallie Ward, Class of 1886 from the German air The Mountain Maiden

Moderato

To Alma Mater, Wellesley's daughters, All together join and sing

Thro' all her wealth of wood and waters, Let your happy voices ring

In ev'ry changing mood we love her, Love her tow'rs and woods and lake, Oh, change-ful sky, bend blue above her! Wake, ye birds, your chorus wake!

We'll sing her praises now and ever, Bless-ed fount of truth and love.

Our heart's devotion, may it never fail; Faith less or worthless, all;

We'll give our lives and hopes to serve her, Humbled - blest, no stainless name we will prove.
love. Our heart's devotion, may it never Faith-less or un-worth-y
prove. We'll give our lives and hopes to serve her, Hum-blest,

high-est, no-blest all; A stain-less name we will pre-
serve her, An-swer to her ev'-ry call.
Where, Oh Where
Composer unknown

1. Where, oh where are the verdant fresh-men? Where, oh
2. Where, oh where are the gay young soph’-mores? Where, oh
3. Where, oh where are the jolly juniors? Where, oh
4. Where, oh where are the grand old seniors? Where, oh
5. Where, oh where are the staid alumni? Where, oh

Where, oh where are the verdant fresh-men? Where, oh where are the gay young soph’-mores? Where, oh where are the jolly juniors? Where, oh where are the grand old seniors? Where, oh where are the staid alumni?

Safe, now, in the soph’-more class.
Safe, now, in the junior class.
Safe, now, in the senior class.
Safe, now, in the wide, wide world.
Safe, out, in the wide, wide world.
They've gone out from their Comp and Hy-giene. They've gone
They've gone out from the kings of Is-rael. They've gone
They've gone out from their Hobbes and Des-cartes. They've gone
They've gone out from their Alma Mat-ter. They've gone
They've gone out from their dreams and theo-ries. They've gone

out from their Comp and Hy-giene. They've gone out from their
out from the kings of Is-rael. They've gone out from their
out from their Hobbes and Des-cartes. They've gone out from their
out from their Alma Mat-ter. They've gone out from their
out from their dreams and theo-ries. They've gone out from their

Comp and Hy-giene. Safe, now, in the soph' more class.
Hobbes and Des-cartes. Safe, now, in the sen-i or class.
Al-ma Mat-ter. Safe, now, in the wide, wide world.
Dreams and theo- ries. Safe, out, in the wide, wide world.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5.
The Wellesley Cheer

Composed by:
May Sleeper Ruggles, Class of 1886

*To be sung briskly, no slower than metronome 84; there ought to be no pause before the eighth measure.