URSULINA:

Class Songs

CLASS '19 IN 1917.

Verse: Poor Butterfly.

Dear Ursulina, through the long, long winter,
And time so swiftly did fly,
The moments so quickly passed by,
We scarce can say good-bye.
Dear school, to you,
But memories dear will linger with us.
And bring us back in mind to you.
And thru' the summer days,
Will those happy memories twine
Around our hearts,
Dear Ursulina.

Dear Ursulina, in the heart of Dallas,
Dear Ursulina, oh, we love you so!
The moments pass into hours,
The hours pass into years,
And as we smile through our tears
We murmur low;
The time will come when we'll have to leave
When we are through with our dear school days.
And when we do leave you,
For you we'll sigh and pine,
When we leave you,
Dear Ursulina.

-Hugh Jess Blakeney.

CLASS '19 IN 1918.

Ursulina, your girls are here
Here within your walls so dear,
Childhood's days have passed us by,
And our parting year is nigh.
Sweetest hours with you we've spent.
Ursulina, our own Convent.
Ursulina, you've taught us well,
That truth and honor do excel,
And we'll be true throughout the days
That may separate our ways.
As Ursulina girl you can always tell,
For Ursulina, you've taught us well.

Ursulina we love you so,
That's why we whisper low,
How we hate to leave you, dear,
At the end of each school year.
For we loved you from the start,
Ursulina, with all our hearts.

—Maria Stapleton.

Ursulina Our Hearts Are True.

There's a tear in the eye of each school girl
Who leaves dear old Ursulina,
For when school days are o'er
We come back no more.
To Ursulina our hearts' dearest shrine.

CHORUS

Ursulina, we love you, dear and true,
And we may wander far
Till with you that our hearts are free,
The days of joy shall dim our eyes,
Still our love for you will multiply.
We won't forget dear Ursulina,
For our hearts are true.

There are Sisters so dear and so patient,
Who've taught us the right from the wrong,
And we'll take those three years
Of smiles and of tears,
Their sweet memory to cheer us along.
We've forgotten all tears and all sorrows,
Our love for you only remains,
Ursulina you alone,
Hold our hearts for your own,
We will ever keep dear your sweet name

-Chorus

—Mildred Moore.
The URSULINA

Class Songs

"1921"

I. We're Freshmen gay, right jolly lasses, The best of all St. Ursula's classes, The best, the best, the best in town. We're learned to dance and parley-veers, Translate Latin and Algebra too, The very best, the very best, the very best in town.

Chorus. We're glad we're in St. Ursula's, Hooray! Hooray! For the Red and White, Our colors bright, They have our hearts and hold them tight, Forever, forever, oh yes! oh yes! oh yes, forever!

II. And while we Freshmen do our work, The other classes talk and shirk, "Tis true, 'tis true, as we say, But we're the class, the finest class, To guide the rest and steer them right, We are, we are, we are indeed.

Chorus.

III. And now we're going to say "good bye," We're sure you're sad, but don't you cry, Oh no, oh no, oh no, we beg. And when you come to see us again, You'll see the best that ever has been, Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, indeed.

Chorus.

"1920"

When a Sophomore meets a Freshman In the hall, Sophie simply smiles upon her But never speaks at all.

Freshmen are so young and verdant, Sophomores so grand and tall, They'd never dignify to waste their wisdom Upon such creatures small.

When a Sophomore meets a Junior, No matter matter where, Junior looks in envy wonder Upon that creature fair, Oh, the Junior's, they all marvel How Sophie can be so grand, To them 'twas all a mystic puzzle They cannot understand.

When a Sophomore meets a Senior Upon the campus ground, Senior smiles with joy and pleasure Realizes the Sophomore around, All the grades they love the Sophomores, First they say they are, To find a brighter class than theirs You'd have to travel far.

"1919"

Ursuline, your girls are here, Here within your walls so dear, Childhood's days have passed us by, And our parting year is nigh. Sweet homes with you we've spent, Ursuline, our own Convent. Ursuline, you've taught us well, That truth and honor do exist, And we'll be true throughout the days That may separate our ways. An Ursuline girl you can always tell, For Ursuline, you've taught us well. Ursuline we love you so, That is why we whisper low, How we hate to leave you, dear, At the end of each school year. For we loved you from the start, Ursuline, with all our heart.

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