

1926

Catalog, 1926 Songs Of The Indiana State Normal

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THE INDIANA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Volume XX

DECEMBER 1926

No. 1

THE SONGS OF THE INDIANA STATE NORMAL AND "THE BANKS OF THE WABASH, FAR AWAY"



INDIANA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

THIS INSTITUTION IS A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
OF TEACHERS' COLLEGES AND OF THE NORTH CENTRAL
ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGES AND SECONDARY SCHOOLS

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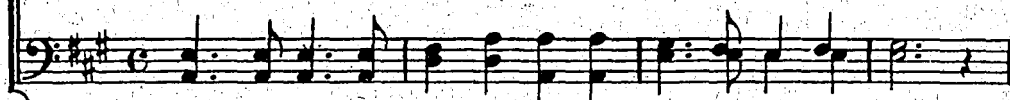
Normal School Song

Words by PROF. C. M. CURRY

OLD ENGLISH AIR



1. Out up-on the swell-ing breez-es, Let our voic-es ring.
2. In - di - an - a's wind swept reaches, Farms and for-ests fair.
3. Heart and hand we pledge for-ev - er, Thy great work to do.



As to thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter, Heart-felt praise we sing.
No - ble com-mon-wealth our Fathers Gave in-to our care.
And may all thy la - ter chil-dren Find our la - bors true.



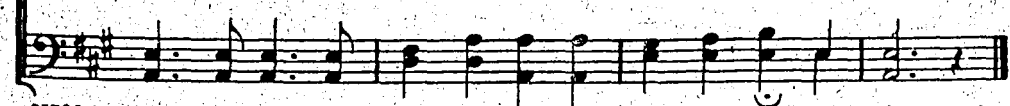
CHORUS :



In - di - an - a's dear State Nor-mal, Friends and com-rades true.



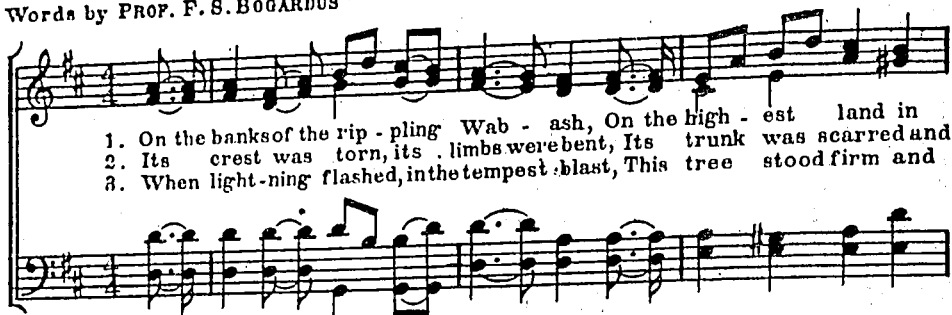
Though the years to come may part us, Hail, all hail to you.



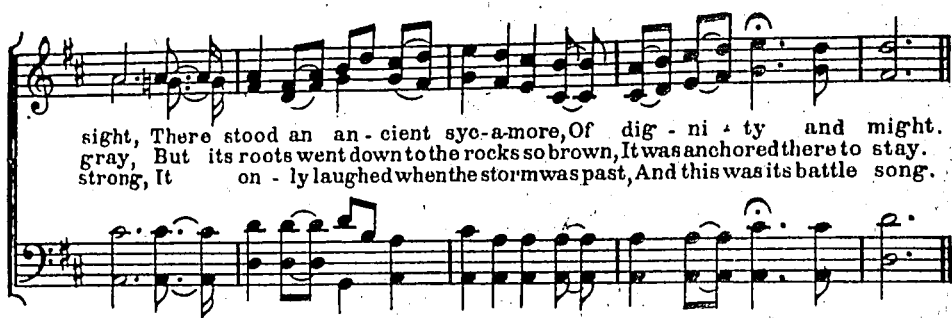
The Fighting Sycamore

Words by PROF. F. S. BOGARDUS

Music by PROF. L. M. TILSON

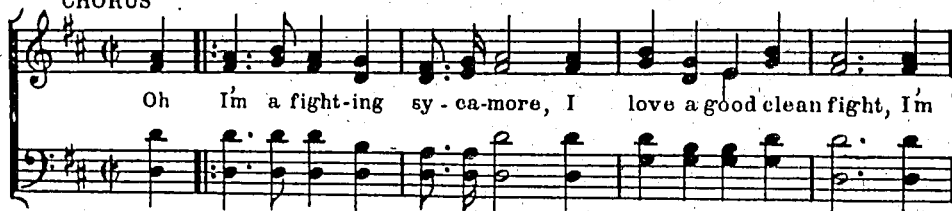


1. On the banks of the rip - pling Wab - ash, On the high - est land in
2. Its crest was torn, its limbs were bent, Its trunk was scarred and
3. When light - ning flashed, in the tempest blast, This tree stood firm and

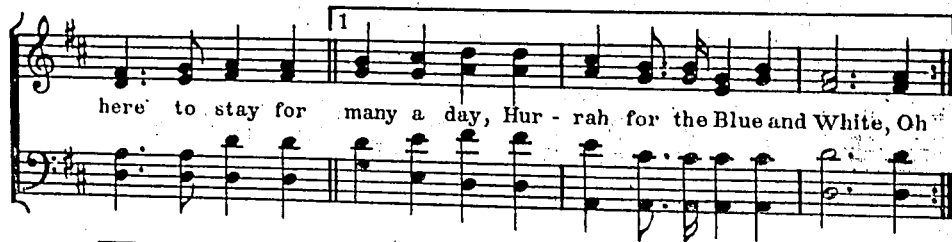


sight, There stood an an - cient syc - a - more, Of dig - ni - ty and might.
gray, But its roots went down to the rocks so brown, It was anchored there to stay.
strong, It on - ly laughed when the storm was past, And this was its battle song.

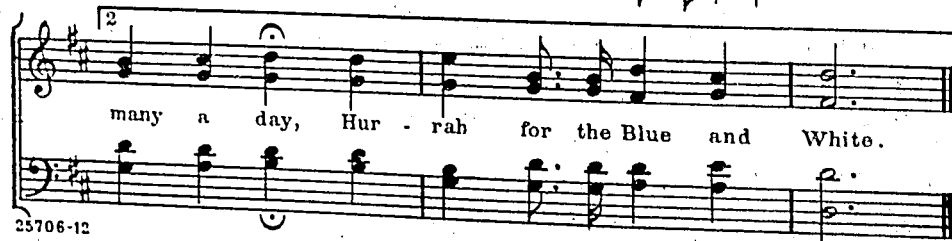
CHORUS



Oh I'm a fight - ing sy - ca - more, I love a good clean fight, I'm



here to stay for many a day, Hur - rah for the Blue and White, Oh

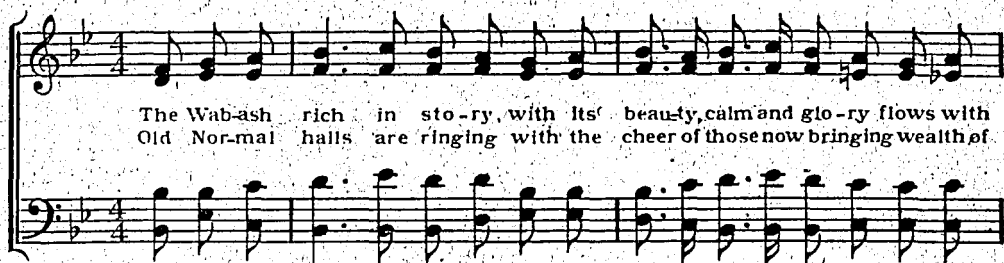


many a day, Hur - rah for the Blue and White.

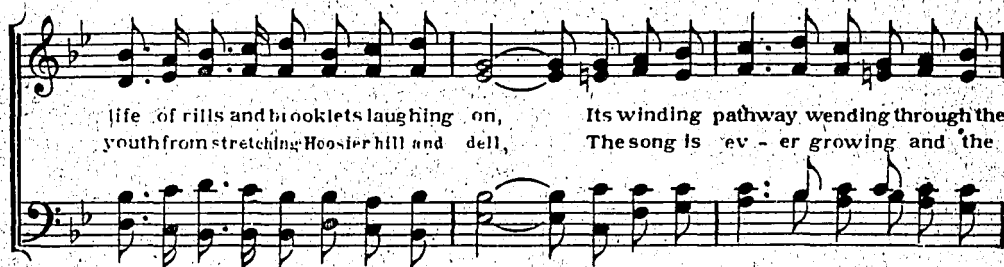
Our Alma Mater

Words by PROF. V. R. MULLINS

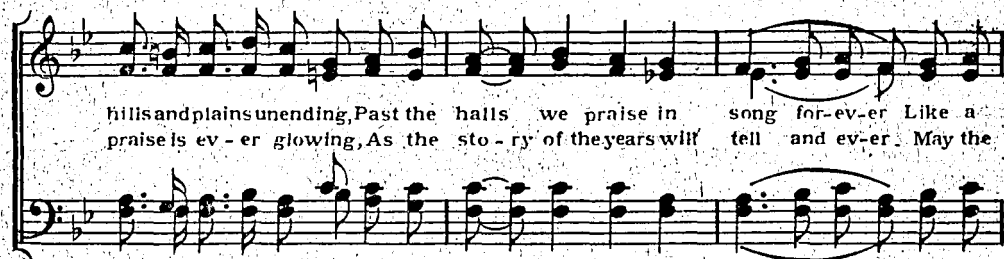
Music by MRS. V. R. MULLINS



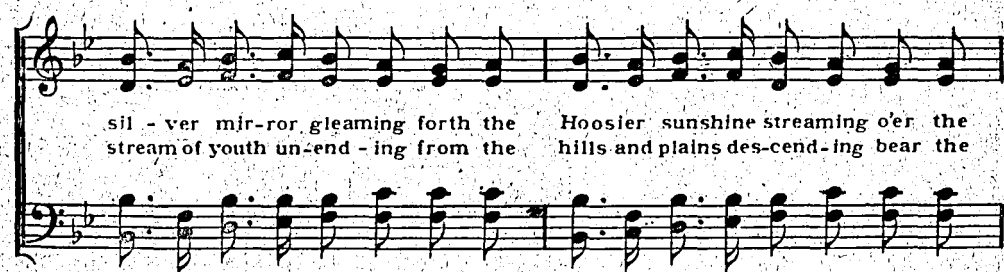
The Wab-ash rich in sto-ry, with its beau-ty, calm and glo-ry flows with
Old Nor-mal halls are ring-ing with the cheer of those now bring-ing wealth of



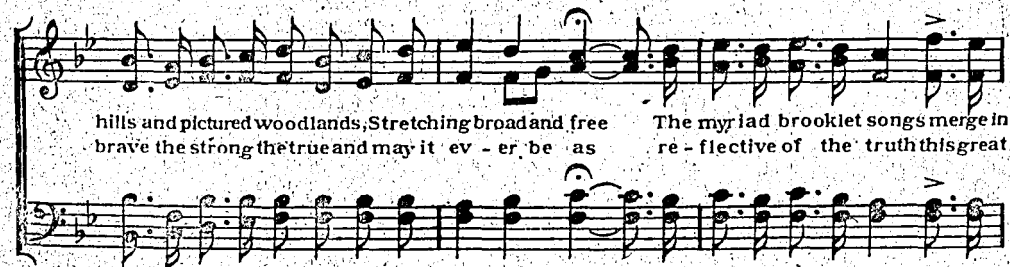
life of rills and brooklets laugh-ing on, Its wind-ing path-way wend-ing through the
youth from stretch-ing Hoosier hill and dell, The song is ev - er grow-ing and the



hills and plains un-end-ing, Past the halls we praise in song for-ev-er Like a
praise is ev - er glow-ing, As the sto - ry of the years will tell and ev - er May the



sil - ver mir-ror gleam-ing forth the Hoosier sun-shine stream-ing o'er the
stream of youth un-end - ing from the hills and plains des-cend-ing bear the



hills and pic-tured wood-lands, Stretch-ing broad and free The myr-iad brook-let songs merge in
brave the strong the true and may it ev - er be as re - flect-ive of the truth this great

cur - rent strong and it bold - ly seeks the sea.
stream of youth as the Wa-bash as it winds to the sea

CHORUS

Our dear old Al - ma Ma - ter Dear Old Nor - mal hosts of tried and true re - mem - ber

you, Your maidens fair re - vere you strong men cheer you all the long years

through for - ev - er. will the worthy bless you, Time caress you in the deeds of noble sons and

daughters true, They'll ever sing your praise through the long, long days and honor the white and blue.

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A Toast To I. S. N.

Words by D. A. ASBURY

Music by E. K. ASBURY

Moderato

Old I. S. N. to thee we pledge, Our toast from hearts so

true, We'll al - ways fight for Blue and White, And

hon - ors bring to you; And when these halls no

more we see and far from them we roam; We'll

al - ways think of I. N. S. Our dear old Col - lege home.

A Song to Teachers College

In lumine tuo videbimus lumen

Arrangement for general singing

Music by R. A. LASLETT SMITH

Text by CLARA H. PERRY M.A. '25

Graduate student, '25-'26

Maestoso

1. Moth-er of Teachers, at thy shrine, _____
2. Youth in sweet sternness fronts the day, _____
3. Dusk and the darkness cloud our path, _____
4. Tu-mult and sounds of bat-tle rise, _____

Pil-grims for truth, we bend the knee;
 Seek-ing for guid-ance towards a goal;
 Wav-ers our faith in winds of doubt;
 Staunch be the guardians of thy laws,

End-less the globe en
 Eag-er to tread a
 Spare us the tem-pest
 Proud to fling up-ward

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 lege, Columbia University, New York City,
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rit

cir-cling line Of those who put their trust in thee. Mother of
gal-lant way With cour-age strong in ev-ry soul. Mother of
of thy wrath With bles-sed down put fears to rout. Mother of
to the skies The glo-rious ban-ners of thy cause. Mother of

ff *rit*

a tempo *mf* *cresc*

Teach - ers, show us the right. Send forth thy light send
Teach - ers, blind is our sight, Grant us thy light grant
Teach - ers, O may thy light, Shine thru our night shine
Teach - ers, armed for the fight, Lead with thy light! lead

a tempo *mp* *cresc*

Ending for first three verses

forth thy light.
us thy light.
thru our night.
with thy light.

Fourth verse

thy light.

ff *col 8va* *col 8va*

Good Old I. S. N.

Text and Music by
CARRIE B. ADAMS
Head Dept. Music 1887-1895

SOLO OR UNISON

Moderato

1. Once on a time in
2. Youth to her shrine in
3. Man - y the tasks from

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand.

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has lyrics underneath it. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are: 'days of old Strong men of spir - it brave and bold, thou - sands came; Down through the years has spread her fame; day to day; Man - y the hours of work or play;'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

The third system concludes the musical piece. The vocal line has lyrics underneath it. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are: 'Blessed with the vi - sion to be hold Ind - i - an - a State Nor - mal Hon - or and praiseto hergreatname! Ind - i - an - a State Nor - mal Man - y the friendships by the way, Ind - i - an - a State Nor - mal'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.



School,
School,
School,
Dreamed of the school that e'er should stand,
Man - y her sons and daugh-ters true,
And as we jour - ney on through life,



Sec - ond to none in this great land; Ind-i - an - a! Ind-i -
Scat - tered a-broad the wide world through; Ind-i - an - a! Ind-i -
Gleams through the years of toil and strife, Al-ma ma - ter! Al - ma



an - a! Ind-i - an - a State Nor - mal School!
an - a! Ind-i - an - a State Nor - mal School!
Ma - ter! Al - ma Ma-ter! Dear I. S. N!



CHORUS *Con moto* ♩=138

Give three cheers for good old I. S. N. (to - geth - er!)

Three times three we'll ring it once a - gain (we'll ring it!)

Shout it and sing it! Ech-oes will fling it far and wide, and back a -

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Good Old I.S.N.

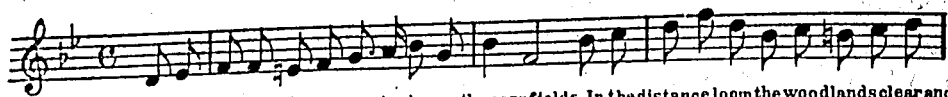
gain! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Give three cheers for good old I. S. N. (to-gether!)

Three times three we'll ring it back a-gain (we'll ring it!) Hearts full of loy-al-ty.

Stead fast we'll ev-er be! Loy-al to I. S. N. ('Rah! 'Rah!)

On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away

Words and Music by PAUL DRESSER
Born in Terre Haute, Indiana, 1857, died 1906,
Adopted as State Song by Indiana Legislature in 1913.



Round my In-di-an-a homestead wave the cornfields, In the distance loom the woodlands clear and
Ma - ny years have passed since I strolled by the river, Arm in arm with sweet heart Mary by my



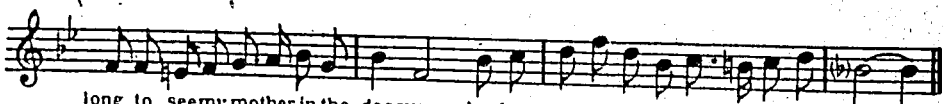
cool Of - ten times my thoughts revert to scenes of child-hood, Where I
side It was there I tried to tell her that I loved her, It was



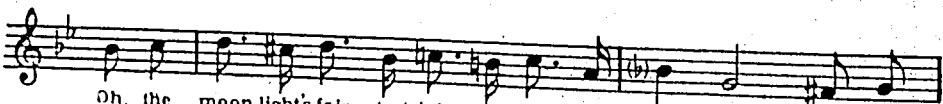
first received my lessons, nature's school. But, one thing there is missing in the
there I begged of her to be my bride. Long years have passed since I strolled thro' the



pic - ture, With - out her face it seems so in - com - plete. I
church-yard, She's sleeping there my an - gel Ma - ry, dear I



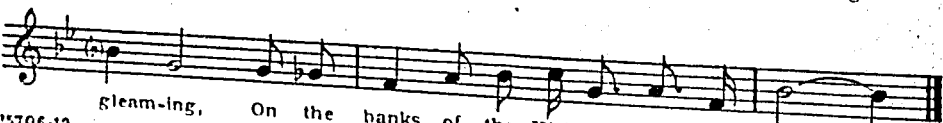
long to see my mother in the doorway, As she stood there years ago, her boy to greet
loved her but she thought I didn't mean it, Still I'd give my future were she on - ly here.



Oh, the moon light's fair to - night a long the Wa - bash. From the



fields there comes the breath of new mown hay 'Thro the syc - a - mores the candle lights are



gleam - ing, On the banks of the Wabash far a - way.

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