

The Jolly Sophomore

When first I came to col - lege, To Berke-ley halls I came;— My
 Next morn-ing af - ter chap - el, I went up to my class,— I
 I wish I had a barrel o' rum, And sugar three hundred pounds,— A

head was full of knowl-edge To the sum - mit of - my brain,— And
 tried to reach my tutor's room And I found I could not pass;— And
 col - lege bell to mix it in, And a clapp'r to stir it round,— I'd

for the first time in my life, I gazed with si - lent awe Up -
 from the sum - mit of the stairs, The sen - iors loud did roar, Oh,
 drink the health o'the Berkeley boys Gatherd from far and near, For

on the shin - ing bea - ver of The Jol - ly Soph - o - more The
 fresh - ie let us see you rush The Jol - ly, Soph - o - more
 I'm a ramb - ling rake of poverty For *3rd verse omit to **

Jol - ly Soph - o - more, boys, The Jol - ly Seph - o - more,— The

Jol - ly Soph - o - more, boys, The Jol - ly Soph - o - more, And

for the first time in my life, I gazed with si - lent awe Up

on the shin - ing bea - ver of The Jol - ly Soph - o - more. * The

son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a gam - bo - lier, The

son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a gam - bo - lier. Like

ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low, I take my whis - key clear, I'm a

ramb - ling rake of pov - er - ty, The son of a gam - bo - lier.