

By Samuel M. Christie

1930?

TUNE, "OH SUSANNA"

New Brunswick was a happy town
In eighteen ninety-five,
When Three-Two-Four let out a yell
To show it was alive.

Its safety pins were finest gold,
Its diapers were of silk,
And when they took them off they found
Them soaked in butter-milk.

CHORUS: Oh, my goodness,
That boy had what it takes,
He had a thirst would take the yield
Of half a dozen lakes.

He's older now, but still he's out
For all the fun there is,
And last year had experience
With Big (and bigger) Biz,

When Raymond Stafford's on the job
He says he won't complain,
But watch the boy, because, you see,
He's always raising Kane.

CHORUS: So let's be happy,
And let us all contrive,
To be as good as were the boys,
Of eighteen ninety-five.

They've passed along, a lot of them,
But still within our heart,
The Absent Brother has a place
That has no counterpart.

They had a vision that we share,
Those fellows who are gone,
If they were here their wish would be,
That we would carry on.

CHORUS: So all together
We're marching side by side,
No doubts or fears discourage us,
No foolish thoughts divide.