

A stylized black and white line drawing of a building with a dome and a tree. The building is on the right, with a dome topped by a cross. A large, fluffy cloud is behind the building. A bare tree is on the left, with its branches extending towards the building. The entire scene is framed by a thick black line.

Songs of Rutgers

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On the Banks of the Old Raritan

Howard N. Fuller. '74

1. My fa - ther sent me to old Rut - gers, And re -
 2. Her ar - dent spir - it stirred and cheered me From the
 3. I love her flam - ing, far - flung ban - ner, I

solv'd that I should be a man; And so I set - tled down, In that
 day my col - lege years be - gan; Gra - cious Al - ma Ma - ter mine; Learning's
 love her tri - umphs proud to scan, And I glo - ry in the fame That's im -

nois - y col - lege town. On the banks of the old Rar - i - tan.
 fair - and hon - ored shrine; On the banks of the old Rar - i - tan.
 mor - tal - ized her name, On the banks of the old Rar - i - tan.

CHORUS

On the banks of the old Rar - i - tan, my boys, Where old Rut - gers ev - er - more shall
 stand, For has she not stood Since the time of the flood, On the banks of the old Rar - i - tan.

4. My heart clings closer than the ivy,
 As life runs out its fleeting span,
 To the stately, ancient walls
 Of her hallowed, classic halls
 On the banks of the old Raritan.

5. Then sing aloud to Alma Mater,
 And keep the Scarlet in the van;
 For with her motto high,
 Rutgers' name shall never die,
 On the banks of the old Raritan.

On the Banks of the Old Raritan

Chorus for Male Voices

On the banks of the old Rar - i - tan, my boys, Where old

Rut - gers ev - er - more shall stand, For has she not stood Since the

time of the flood, On the banks of the old Rar - i - tan.