

NIAGARA UNIVERSITY

THE SONG OF THE RAPIDS

*As of yore, with a roar  
Of hilarity, not war,  
They uncurl, and they whirl  
By the boulders, and unfurl  
All their shining, pearly pennants to the breeze.  
From the west, with a jest  
Of a madcap in each breast  
They advance; and they prance  
In a foolish, laughing dance,  
Shaking rattles in sham battles to the seas.*

*And the spray in the fray  
Of the battle night and day  
Is a gossamer so bright  
That the sea gulls scream delight  
O'er the only inland river where they wing.  
As they twist, as they twirl,  
As they catapult and swirl  
'Bove the fishes lithe and long,  
They unloosen all their song;  
For they're workers, never shirkers, as they sing.*

L' Envoy:

*Oh, 'tis true that N. U.  
Has the spirit that is caught from River's song:  
It is life in strife, and laughter  
In the days of youth, and after  
Many years have as Rapids run along;  
It is youthful vigor learning  
Of the soul's undying yearning  
For the beautiful, the constant and the true;  
For the light of love that's loyal;  
For the reverence faithful, royal;  
And reliance on all science old and new;  
And defiance of compliance  
With all paganized alliance—Old N. U.!  
Old N. U.!*