Ho, for the Carnival of Spring-time!
Meridian of Fancy's wing-time!
'Tis a holiday,
Fun and folly day
Like a revel of a magic fairy ring-time.
Now is the merry ding-a-dong time,
Bright zenith of the dance and song-time,
So to jollify,
Or to follify
Not a minute of the season is a wrong time!
Birds on the bough are mating,
Every lassie for a lad is waiting,
But never for long, for the lad is on his way

With tender roundelay
His pretty court to pay.
Cupid has marked the trysting
With a conjury there's no resisting,
And every captivating wile of maiden fair,
Despite a modest air,
Will lay a snare.
Now we dance and sing
Under bright Fancy's wing.
For 'tis May,
Gala day,
Let us form a fairy ring.

Ah, springtime!
There's pleasure if ye sip it,
Of pleasure
In bright Euterpe's measure
Acclaiming
The vernal season's birth.
With joy and love this day
Our singing,
Thus bringing
A fragrant message winging,
Shall crown crown fair May!

TOURNAMENT AWARDS
MAY POLE DANCE
RECESSIONAL

Eight o'clock, Gymnasium
Dance
PROCESSIONAL

GREETINGS FROM THE QUEEN

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE QUEEN AND HER COURT

Tumblers

English Country Dances

The Black Nag

Mage on a Cree

Solo Dance

May the Maiden—A Choral Dance Cycle

Music from Gounod's Faust

Kalamazoo College Orchestra

Gaynor Club

Glee Club

Spring That Could Not Wait

Spring, that could not wait,
Opened the latticed garden gate,
Summoned her train in queenly state
Weaving a garland of flowers and song.
Spring, that woos our hearts,
Plied us with all her wondrous arts,
Lending a wing to Cupid's darts,
Smiling, implored us to join her throng.

Deep in the vale, hear the echoes of mirth!
The breezes are bearing them high above;
While joy sends a call to the ends of the earth:
The meaning of May in a song of love.

Laughing Came the Sweet God, Pan

Laughing came the sweet god, Pan,
Amid fair dryads leaping;
Lithe and slender,
Coy and tender,
Pleasure reaping,
Pipe on, pipe on, thro' wood and mead!

"I pray thee," spoke the maid,
"Thy magic employ!"
Scarcely had she spoke,
Ere his heart to the call awoke,
Till a ripple of melody
Poured from out his rare gold reed.
Pipe on, pipe on, thro' wood and mead!

When Fires of Morn

When fires of morn
The skies adorn,
Strained upon the waking earth are
Jewels of dew,
Each as fine as flame:
Treasures minstrel ne'er could name!
The bright tiaras woodland fairies
Weave each night anew,
Worn but once, and then,
Before the noon to melt again!

Bright, bright, bright emerald,
White, white, white diamond,
Pearl, soft pearl, each kissed by dawning light,
Ah, tell, tell, tell, jewels,
By what weird spell, jewels,
Your rainbow hues so soon take flight!
Haply has the moon of Spring,
That shed his argent ray,
Cast a charm on you,
Tiny crystal globes of dew,
That jealous of the burning glance
That marks the lord of day,
Thus he wields his power
To quench your light at dawn's glad hour?
Ah, longer bide
In regal pride,
And shed your glory still,
While o'er the hill
The lark shall trill!

When Spring is Sleeping

When spring is sleeping,
And shadows creeping,
While stars are gleaming,
O'er meadows dreaming,
We weave our numbers,
To set the world to joy;

Bright, bright, bright emerald,
White, white, white diamond,
Pearl, soft pearl, each kissed by dawning light,
Ah, tell, tell, tell, jewels,
By what weird spell, jewels,
Your rainbow hues so soon take flight!
Haply has the moon of Spring,
That shed his argent ray,
Cast a charm on you,
Tiny crystal globes of dew,
That jealous of the burning glance
That marks the lord of day,
Thus he wields his power
To quench your light at dawn's glad hour?
Ah, longer bide
In regal pride,
And shed your glory still,
While o'er the hill
The lark shall trill!

Royal Summer Comes Apace

Royal Summer comes apace,
Smiles upon her blushing face;
Beauteous maiden,
Rosebud laden,
Posing with a languid grace.

Autumn comes with glistening frost
All her gold thro' by-ways tossed.
Fair September's Roseate embers
Burn, tho' Summer songs be lost.

Storm lurks with gray November,
And white December
Must follow swift,
And as the Old Year dies
The petalled snowflakes whirl and drift.

New Year with bells a-ringing,
And children singing
Of hope and cheer!
And as the months advance,
The sun with genial glance
Tells that crocus time is near.
Icy Winter takes his flight,
Blue-eyed April laughs outright,
In her showers
Are budded flowers
That ope their hearts to May's warm light.

Here's an end to gloom,
Orchards all a-bloom!
Music in the meadow
Stairs upon the lawn!
Thro' the azure sky
Clouds are floating high,
Glowing in the rose of dawn.

Glad throng,
Greet May,
Whose heart
Is a song.

The Queen of May
Would bid you stay
To glad the garden bower,
And woo the flower
Thro' one more hour.

O iridescent sheen
Of opal gold and green!
Rare gems of morn,
In moonlight born!