

*Ho, for the Carnival of Spring-time*

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

*Then Trip It!*

Then trip it, then skip it,  
There's pleasure if ye sip it,  
    Enhancing  
    By dancing  
The melody of mirth.  
    For sounding,  
    Resounding,  
The music is abounding,  
    That never,  
    Forever  
Will cease upon the earth.

Ah, springtime!  
There's treasure  
Of pleasure  
In bright Euterpe's measure  
Acclaiming  
Proclaiming,  
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

# May Fete

1931

Kalamazoo College



MARGARET GORDON, *Queen*

*Ladies in Attendance*

FERN BALL

DOROTHY RYALL

ELEANOR BYARLEY

ELIZABETH SERGEANT



**Morning Program**

11 o'clock: The Quadrangle  
Crowning of Queen Margaret (1931)  
by Queen Margaret (1930)



**11:15 o'clock**

Parade of the Queen's subjects



**Afternoon Program**

1 o'clock: Lower Campus  
Tournament Finals



**Evening Program**

7 o'clock: Stockbridge Lawn

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.	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.
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.	

*Laughing Came the Sweet God, Pan*

Laughing came the sweet god, Pan, Amid fair dryads leaping; Lithe and slender, Coy and tender, Pleasure reaping, O ho!	"I pray thee," spoke the maid, "Thy magic employ!" Scarce 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!
Music linked with Flora's plan To set the world to joy;	

*When Fires of Morn*

When fires of morn The skies adorn, Strewn upon the waking earth are lustrous gems 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,
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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!

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!

*When Spring is Sleeping*

When spring is sleeping,  
And shadows creeping,  
While stars are gleaming,  
O'er meadows dreaming,  
We weave our numbers,

To lull her slumbers,  
And ope a vision  
Of realms elysian.

Move light here, step soft here,  
Move light here, nor wake her,  
Sweet maid!

*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 glist'ring 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 snow-flakes 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  
Stars 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.