

Brooklyn College Frize Songs

Words by Sylvia Fine

From the Portals of Joralemon

From the portals of Joralemon
To a class at Willoughby
Then we tramp out once agsin, what fun, up to Pearl for history.
Thru a maze of trolly cars we dodge,
Right by traffic cops we charge- and take our chances-
From the portals of Joralemon
To a class at Willoughby.

From the portals of Joralemon
To a class at Willoughby,
Then between the "L" posts we must run,
Down to Court for chemistry.
Even thru the winter's rain and snow,
When the bells ring we must go - for education-
From the portals of Joralemon
To a class at Willoughby.

From the portals of Joralemon
To a class at Willoughby,
When the elevator boys hear "one"
Then he's sure to stop at three.
And when you want six he's bound to shout
"Only five and seven out" - so how can we get-
From the portals of Joralemon
To a class at Willoughby.

It's a Long Way to Brooklyn's Campus

It's a long way to Brooollyn's campus
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Brooklyn's campus
Any first hour class will show.
They have the "quad" up at dear old Harvard,
And their hill is Cornell's pride
But they can't come into Alma Mater
For a cosh- darn subway ride.

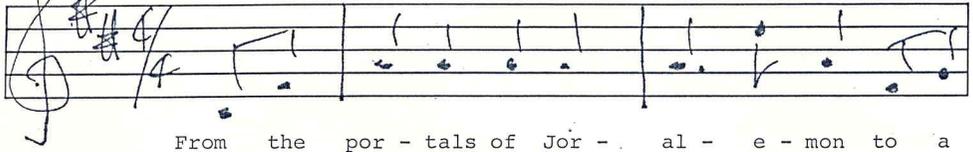
The Bells Up at Lawrence

The bells up at Lawrence
I hear they are calling
The classes at Court street have not yet begun.
The classes at Pearl Street are still loudly squalling
But Lawrence bells ring out, ring out, so we must run.

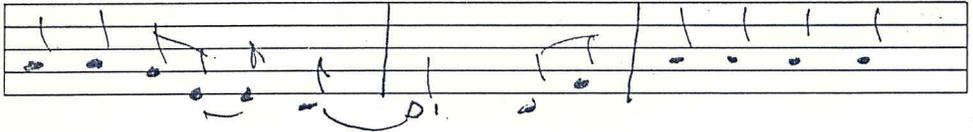
Oh some day, most distant, the bells up at Lawrence
And Court St., and Pearl St., and Willoughby too
Will all ring together, thru sunshine and torrents
But college days will long be through for me and you.

To the Poupatic Pioneers of B'klyn College

Lyrics By SYLVIA FINE

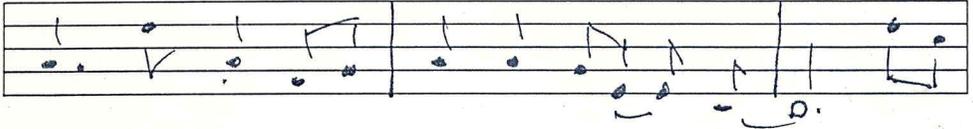


From the por - tals of Jor - al - e - mon to a



class at Will-ough - by,

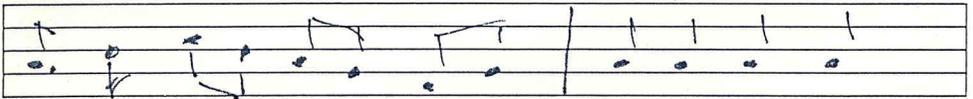
Then be - tween the "El" posts
When the el - e - va - tor



we - must run up to Pearl for his - to - ry, Ev - en
boy hears one then he's sure to stop at three, And when



thru the win - ter's rain and snow when the bell rings we must
you want six he's bound to shout on - ly five and se - ven



go, - for ed - u - ca - tion From the por - tals of Jo -
out, - so how can we get



ral - e - mon to a class at Will - ough - by.

- with fond memories,
Elin-Fine Kay