

Violet The Vassar College Pet - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Violet: the Vassar College Pet.

Copyright, 1896, by Vorhauer Bros. & Co.

Words by Fred C. Vorhauer. Music by Will A. Vorhauer.

*V-a-s-s-a-r. Vassar-Vassar. Rah-Rah-Rah.

Introduction's not required, you have heard of me before,
The pet of aristocracy, a girl whom all adore.
Appreciating honors, well earned, all must confess,
I hold them too-you bet I do-you Can't help answering yes.
Don't think that I'm conceited, it's just my dashing way
That stuns the twentieth Century sports and causes them to say:
"Who is that maid, with module on, who looks like dutchess grand,"
It's Violet, now don't forget, and thousands seek my band.

Chorus.

For I am Violet, the Vassar College pet,
I am the favorite of ev'ry West Point cadet,
I am the nation's pride, I stand without a peer;
When I pass by, the boys salute and loudly cheer;
There goes Violet, the Vassar College pet,
She Is the ruler of the swellest social Set,
Fairest of the fair, there's none with her compare,
O Violet, our Violet, the Vassar College pet.

I've learned each study perfect, just what to do and say,
The art of captivating I have studied every day;
Infatuating ev'ry one-they do just as I will;
I always win in ev'rything, my place with pride I fill.
As a singer I surprise the critics right and left;
In running o'er the scales like this, I never take a breath.
There's none who can outshine me, no matter where I go,
They love-making, I hearts breaking, just by say no.- Chorus.

We would suggest giving the "yell" behind the scenes with as much assistance us possible, to bring the performer on.