

And get your platters down;
We'll eat up every man they bring
To this our dear old town,
While we are bucking their line, boys.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for Gar and Win,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for dear old Oberlin.
We'll rub it into Wesleyan as we have done before,
While we are bucking their line, boys.

Tune—"Maryland, My Maryland."

Man of brawn, I cheer thee on, Oberlin, my Oberlin;
Prove thyself a worthy son, Oberlin, my Oberlin.
When thy might is spent and gone,
When thy loyal deeds are done,
Show me then a vict'ry won, Oberlin, my Oberlin.

See thy colors in the sky, Oberlin, my Oberlin.
Trees are bearing them on high, Oberlin, my Oberlin.
Bravely with thy foemen vie,
Dare to do, nay, more to die;
Hark thē ringing Hi-O-Hi! Oberlin, my Oberlin.

The college gives a sacred trust, Oberlin, my Oberlin.
Guard it well today, thou must, Oberlin, my Oberlin.
Know thy cause is right and just,
Sweep the field like autumn dust,
Make Wesleyan bite the dust, Oberlin, my Oberlin.

Tune—"El Capitan."

Behold old Oberlin's team,
See her sturdy half backs there,
Rushing the ball 'most everywhere—
To match her is their dream—
She's the champion beyond compare.

Tune—"Sweet Marie."

Hear our song of praise to thee, Oberlin,
Near thy halls of learning free, Oberlin,

In this town of classic fame,
We are here with this one aim,
We are here to win this game, Oberlin.

Chorus:—Oberlin, sure to win,
Sure to win, Oberlin,
Sure to conquer Wesleyan, Oberlin,
While the conflict rages high,
And the victory is nigh,
We will shout the Hi-O-Hi, Oberlin.

Wesleyan can not play ball, Oberlin,
With our champion team this fall, Oberlin,
For our half-backs are too fast,
And our ends they can't get past,
And we play fast, first and last, Oberlin.

Not because of chance or luck, Oberlin,
Not because of brains or pluck, Oberlin,
We have beaten them before,
We will win to-day once more,
And against us they can't score, Oberlin.

Tune—"Clementine."

Oberlin is ever winning,
Ever winning Oberlin,
All her teams are ever winning,
Winning fame for Oberlin.

Tune—"Oh, the Grand Old Duke of York."

And when you're up, you're up,
And when you're down, you're down,
And when you're only half-way up,
You're neither up nor down.

Tune—"There'll be a Hot Time."

O. W. U., we are pretty lame,
But don't you think that you can win this game.
O, no; defeat this year will surely be the same.
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night.