Cheer, O cheer our heroes brave and bold,
Play ball, play as ye have played of old:
Then give a Hi-O-Hi, the Crimson and the Gold!
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night!
Oh, yes, we'll—(repeat.)

Tune-"Good Night, Ladies."

Play ball, Oberlin,
Play ball, Oberlin,
Play ball, Oberlin,
We're here to win today,
Merrily we break their line,
Break their line, break their line,
Merrily we break their line,
Now whip them while we may.

Tune-"Jingle Bells."

Tearing through their line, down the field we go, We are feeling fine, they are mighty slow; They'll never reach our goal, their wedge our center breaks, What fun it is to see the gains our interference makes.

Chorus:—Oberlin, Oberlin, rushing down the field, Oberlin is feeling fine, Wesleyan's doom is sealed.

We're champions of the state, we'll win from them today,
Our rapid, rushing rate they never can delay;
And while they do their best, we rush them more and more,
The annual champions of the state keep rolling up the score.

—Chorus.

Tune-"More Work for the Undertaker."

More work for the undertaker,
Another little job for the casket-maker
At the local cemetery
They've been very, very busy on a brand new grave,
No hope for Wesleyan.

The Knights of the Golden O.

'Tis not to knights in armor clad,
That we would lift our praise,
'Tis not to Mars or sons of Mars,
That now our song we raise,
But to the men of might and brawn,
That all their deeds may know,
The men who wear the crimson suit,
Set off with Golden O.

Chorus:-

Then here is to Old Varsity, our pride and boast to show; And here's to every gallant knight who wears the golden O. Than any regimental suit on me you could bestow; I'd rather wear the crimson coat set off with the golden O.

On gridiron and on diamond,
For glory they contend;
And every man has made a vow
His colors to defend;
And when the conflict's at its height,
This only does he know;
The gold and crimson need his aid,
This knight of the Golden O.

Old Oberlin has wor again,
Hear now the "Hi-4 Hi's!"
"Well done, old mar!" and "nobly done!"
Each frantic rooter cries;
Now "Hi-O-Hi" for "arsity,
Come fellows, let 'en go;
And Rickety Ax for every man
Who wears the Golden O.

Tune-"Marching Phrough Georgia."

Wesleyan is coming, boys.

We'll roast them good and brown,
So heat the gridinon good and hot

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 the 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 ha f backs there,
Rushing the ball 'most everywhere—
To match her is t keir 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 Wes-ley-an, Oberlin,
While the conflict rages high,
And the victory is nigh,
We will shout the Hi-O-Hi, Oberlin.

Wes-ley-an 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.

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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.