Songs of Ohio Colleges
Alma Mater, Case

Words and Music by
FRED G. VOLK 1913

1. Hail to the college whose colors we wear,
2. Hail to thee, Queen of our bright college days,

Hail to thee, dear Alma Mater;
Days all too soon left behind us;

Thy sons in song loud thy praises declare,
Hail to fair Science, the light of our ways,

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With hearts sincere Alma Mater; We love thy stern walls with,
Thou of the future remind us; Soon will old time call us

Ivy o'er grown, We love thy long halls where
from learning's home, Long will remember thy

time's mark is shown, Thy memories dearer than
deeds, while we roam, Hail then all Hail to the

all else we own, Hail, to thee Case, Alma Mater.
White and the Brown, Hail, then all Hail, Alma Mater.
Alma Mater, Ohio

This song won first prize in the "Alma Mater" song contest.

Words & Music by
KENNETH S. CLARK

When e'er we take our book of mem'ries And
Our Alma Mater calls us ever,

and scan its pages through and through,
We'll
love of country has its claim,
The
find no days that glow so brightly As those we spent at old O.
one but makes us prize the other, And thus we cherish both the
U. Within our Alma Mater's portals We
same. When Alma Mater sends us forward And
meet her children hand to hand, And when there comes the day of
in her name we stand in line, Then we will serve the nation
parting, Still firm and loyal we will stand.
better, For having gathered at her shrine.
REFRAIN
Moderato con spirito

Alma Mater, Ohio, Alma Mater, brave and fair! Alma Mater, we hail thee, For we own thy kindly care. Alma Mater, Ohio, When we read thy story o'er, We revere thee and cheer thee As we sing thy praise once more. Alma more.
Carmen Ohio

Words by FRED. A. CORNELL, OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY Spanish Chant

Oh come let's sing O-hi-o's praise, And song to Al-ma Ma-ter raise;
These jol-ly days of price-less worth, By far the glad-dest day of earth,
Tho' age may dim our mem-ry's store, We'll think of hap-py days of yore,

While our hearts re-bound-ing thrill, With joy which death a-lone can still.
Soon will pass and we not know How dear-ly we love O-hi-o.
True to friend and frank to foe, As stur-dy sons of O-hi-o.

Sum-mer's heat or Win-ter's cold, The sea-sons pass, the years will roll:
We should strive to keep thy name Of fair re-pute and spot-less fame;
If on seas of care we roll, Neath blackened sky, o'er bar-ren shoal,

Time and change will sure-ly show How firm thy friend-ship O-hi-o.
So, in col-lege halls we'll grow To love thee bet-ter O-hi-o.
Tho'ts of thee bid dark-ness go, Dear Al-ma Ma-ter O-hi-o.

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Dear Old Reserve

Words by
W. H. ALBURN
WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY

Moderato

TENORS

1. Home of our college days, Hark to a song of praise,
2. Bright the hours we spend, Dear is each college friend;
3. Though we soon shall roam Far from our college home,

BASSES

While we our voices raise For old Reserve.
Sweet is the charm they lend To old Reserve.
Still shall our fancy come Back to Reserve.

Thou queen of all the land, Loyal to thee we stand—
Brothers in heart are we, Joyous and light and free,
Shrined in our memory Fair thou shalt ever be,

Thy sons a faithful band, Dear old Reserve.
Joined by our love for thee, Dear old Reserve.
Worthy our love for thee, Dear old Reserve.

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Heidelberg

Words by
Rev. J. E. HARTMAN, '96

Music by
F. A. POWER

Solo or Unison.

1. Sweet Alma Home! Where 'er we be,
   Where 'er we roam, On land or sea,
   Our swift winged mem - o - ry

2. We love thy walls, Thy an - cient name!
   Seek thy halls, and greet thy fame!
   And bright - ly gleams the flame

3. Still hear the song We raise to thee;
   Not be long We'll part from thee.
   Our love (that love) en - kin - dles to thy name!

4. Let scepters break, And king - doms fall! 'Twill
   Let powers quake, And van - ish all! Yet wilt thou reign se -
   cure With in our hearts our hearts while they en - dure!

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Chorus or unison ad lib. Tempo di valse

Sing Alma Mater, Heidelberg! Sing till the vaulted
heavens ring! Sing till the gales on swiftest wing

Sing, Sing, Sing, Sing!
Sing till swift wing.

Bear the song away! Sing till returning

echoes bring back again the lay! (Sing till the

echoes bring back the lay). Sing Heidelberg!
Mount Union College Song
Alma Mater

Words by
J. VIZZARD HASKELL '93

"Men of Harlech"

Con spirito

1. Hark! From moun - tain, hill and val - ley
2. Rouse your souls from sloth and slum - ber
3. No - bly stands the grand old Col - lege!

Rings the mu - sic as they ral - ly. Sons and daugh - ters
Gird your - selves, and join our num - ber Loy - al to Mount
Home of hon - or, shrine of know - ledge! Storm and stress and

of Mount Un - ion, Sing - ing songs of praise,
Un - ion Col - lege, Ral - ly round her now!
time but prove her Con - stant, brave and true;

See! They come un - ceas - ing, Care and toil re -
On her worth re - ly - ing, Keep her col - ors
Mark! each new en - deav - or Makes her strong - er-

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leasing, Shouting in a mighty chorus
fly ing, Crown the heroes of her battles
ever, Hearts and hands for toil and battle,

More and more increasing.
Each with name undying.
May they fail her never!

CHORUS

Wake the echoes loud with cheering,

Shout again! the day is nearing, Night is gone with

doubt and fearing, Dear Old M. U. C.
Ten Thousand Strong

Oberlin, Our Alma Mater

JASON NOBLE PIERCE

March time

Introduction

sing we a song, Oberlin, to thee; Oh, worth y art thou of
form-ing thy halls, beau-ti-ful to see, Are lov d o-ver man-y a
 crim-son and gold, Kist by gen-tle wind, In vic-to-ry float on

fame! In lands a-far shin-eth thy star Set-ting bond-men free; Be
land, There age and youth seek-ing the truth, Priz-ing lib- er-ty For
high, Or should thy form wrest-le with storm Then thy foe will find We'll

lov d is thy glo-rious name Be lov d is thy glo-rious name. Al ma
learn-ing and la-bor stand, For learn-ing and la-bor stand. Al ma
con-quer for thee or die, We'll con-quer for thee or die! Al ma

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Ma-ter, Al-ma Ma-ter, Hail to thee, O-ber-lin hon-ored Moth-er!
Ma-ter, Al-ma Ma-ter, Hail to thee, O-ber-lin hon-ored Moth-er!
Ma-ter, Al-ma Ma-ter, Hail to thee, O-ber-lin hon-ored Moth-er!

CHORUS

Old O-ber-lin for-ev-er Our Al-ma Ma-ter dear, We crown thee "fair-est col-lege" Thy name we love to hear, Long reign in roy-al splen-dor Our

hearts shall be thy throne! Old O-ber-lin, brave Moth-er, Thou reign-est a-lone!
Ohio Wesleyan

W. R. WRIGHT

1. Wesleyan, Let us all unite and sing,
   Wesleyan. We praise her worthy name.

2. Red and Black, And the colors waving high,
   Red and Black, They hold victorious sway.

Wesleyan, World-wide thy accents ring,
Wesleyan, With still increasing fame.

Red and Black, Win first place in our cry,
Red and Black, We laud thee every day.

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CHORUS

O - hi - o, Come cheer for Wes - ley - an!

O - hi - o, From east - ern land to west,

O - hi - o, We're loy - al ev - 'ry man!

O - hi - o, Wes - ley - an! The school we all love best.
Old Miami
(Alma Mater Song)

Words by
A. H. UPHAM

Music by
R. H. BURKE

Majestic with spirit

1. Old Mi - a - mi from thy hill - crest, Thou hast watched the decades
2. Ag - ing in thy sim - ple splen - dor, Thou the calm and they the
3. Now of late thy self en - vig - ored, Lar - ger use - ful - ness a -
4. Thou shalt stand a con - stant bea - con, Crim - son tow'rs against the

Majestic. Organ or Piano Accompaniment.

roll, While thy sons have quested from thee, Stur - dy heart - ed pure of soul,
storm; Thou didst give them joy in con - quest, Strength from thee sustained their arm,
waits; Hosts as - sem - ble for thy bless - ing, Youth and maid - en through thy gate.
sky; Men shall ev - er seek thy guid - ing, Pow'r like thine shall nev - er die.

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REFRAIN

Old Miami! New Miami! Days of old and days to be; Weave the story of thy glory, Our Miami, here's to thee!
Sons Of Old O. N. U.
Ohio Northern University
College Song

Words & Music by
FREDERICK THOMAS KILLEEN
Arr. by Harry Jay

INTRO.
Tempo di Marche

March a-way to vic-to-ry for North-ern.... Our gal-lant

sons must win the fight.

Do or die shall be our cry for North-ern, We'll bat-tle

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hard to gain the right

When at last our day is past at Northern
And we shall

go on our lonely way,

We shall strive with hand and heart dear Northern
In gratitude

tude our debt to thee to pay

All hail to

Sof O.N.U. 4
thee
our Alma Mater. All hail to

hail
Northern All hail Northern All

hail to thee our dear old O. N. U.

CHORUS

Sons of old O. N. U. Dear O. N. U.

S. of O. N. U. 4
A-rise

pro-
tect your

col-lege flag

Un-furl it to the skies.

We'll be her loy-al sons,

Faith-ful and

t-true,

We'll fight with might to gain the right for

O. N. U.

All hail to U.

S. of O. N. U. 4
To Denison

V. E. FIELD '03

1. To Denison, we raise our song, Fair college on the hill, The
   name that sets our souls on fire And makes our senses thrill. To
   Denison my Denison
   from the pathless azure dome, Shed blessings from above, On

2. Oh morning glow which gilds the east, Oh sun which shines at noon, Oh
   stars which bloom at even-tide, Oh radiant glowing moon, Look

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scenes of happy college days, The home we love so well.
college halls and college walls, The Denison we love.

3.
And when the shadows softly fall,
O'er hills and valleys dear,
Across the college campus rings
The melody so clear;
The circling hills throw back again
The glad inspiring song,
And in our hearts to Denison,
Our praises we prolong.

4.
When from the fold we far shall stray,
With souls no longer young,
We'll ne'er forget our college days,
These happy scenes among,
And when our steps have feeble grown,
Our journey almost done,
E'en then with fleeting breath we'll praise
Our dear, old Denison.
Wooster Love Song
(Alma Mater Song)

Ralph E. Plumer, '06

SOLO VOICE

1. In college days when all is gay And life but at the
   start. There comes to each a love supreme A-
   wakening in the heart. And when we ask "What

2. Old Wooster and its memories Will come to us each
   day. And life with all its joys and cares Can
   never drive these away. The profs and prexy,
   is this love, This first love fond and true?

From campus, halls, Our friendships, staunch and true. All
man-y hearts the an-swer rings, "Tis dear old Woos-ter
cen-ter round our first great love, Our dear old Woos-ter

Out in the world may we prove true. Ev-er re-mem-bring,

ever for-get-ting Our love for you, dear Woos-ter U.
Wittenberg, Fair Wittenberg

Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland"

1. There is no stain upon thy name, Wittenberg, Fair Wittenberg;
2. Thou art the pride of all thy kind, Wittenberg, Fair Wittenberg;

And all the world shall hear thy claim, Wittenberg, Fair Wittenberg.
Our hearts about thee ever twined, Wittenberg, Fair Wittenberg.

In all thy strife of hall and field The strength of youth with might then wield,
Must beat with joy and love for thee All through the days that are to be;

But to no foe-man ever yield, Wittenberg, Fair Wittenberg.
Then let us sing out wild and free, Wittenberg, Fair Wittenberg.

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