ILLINI
SONG BOOK
1926 EDITION

PUBLISHED BY THE
ILLINOIS UNION
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
1926
ILLINI SONG BOOK

FOREWORD

The Illini spirit is exuberantly filled with the songs of our campus and when we hear that victorious cry of "Oskee-wow-wow or the stirring chords of "Hail to the Orange" we are thrilled with "Loyalty." Illinois sings these with deepest sentiment and when the "Broadwalk" is but a memory the old Illini Spirit is still prevalent. At the evening supper, beside the hospitable fire-place or on the sorority lawn these songs are immortal. To fill the need for the words and music of our favorites, the Illinois Union publishes this book.

RAYMOND DVORAK, Editor
H. G. ROBERTS, Chairman
HAIL TO THE ORANGE

Arr. by J. L. Erb.

Lively, with flexible tempo

Hail to the Orange, Hail to the Blue.

Melody in Alto

Hail Alma Mater, Ever so true!
We love no other, So

let our met to be, Victory! Illinois Varsity!

Sing!

ILLINI

Sing!
WE'RE LOYAL TO YOU, ILLINOIS

Words and music by T. H. Guild.

We're loyal to you, Illinois, We're Orange and
We're loyal to you, Illinois, To the Orange and

Blue, Illinois, We'll back you to stand Against the
Blue, Illinois, Your banner in hand, Comes a

test in the land, For we know you have sent, Illinois, Rah!
right royal band, From the ends of the land, Illinois.

Rah! So
The rest less we reap, Illinois.

Crack our blockade, Illinois;
Our team is our

fame protector, On! boys, for we expect a
spread to greet us, Shouting, your thousands meet us, a

Che-he! Che-he! Che-he-he-he!
WE'RE LOYAL TO YOU, ILLINOIS

Cho-ka! Cho-ka! Cho-ka! ha-ha-ha!

Ill-nois! Ill-nois! Ill-nois!

Fling out that dear old flag of Orange and Blue, Lead on your sons and daughters, fighting for you, like men of old, on giant walls before us.

Place-ing re-li-ance, Shout-ing de-fi-ance, Os-key-wow-wow! A mid the bow-ers and bow-ers and bow-ers.

broad green plains that nourish our land, For honest Labor and for Learning we stand, And unto thee we pledge our heart and hand, Dear Alma Mater Illinois.
OSKEE-WOW-WOW

H. R. Green, '11

R. V. Hill, '11

1. Old...
2. Try'd "dy

Prince-ton yells her ti-go... Wis-con-sin her ver-si-
Roose-velt may be fa-mous... and his name you... oft en

And they give the same old Rahl! Rahl! Rahl! Ai... But its been on the foot-ball field, Each...

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OSKEE-WOW-WOW

all on you,............. Os - kee - wow - wow........ Hi - lo,............. Wake your

Or - ange and your blue. Rab! Rab! When the team trots out be -

fore you,............. Ev - ry man stand up and yell............. Back the

You can see the image contains sheet music for two songs: OSKEE-WOW-WOW and CHEER ILLINI. The text includes lyrics and musical notations for these songs. The page number is 12.
It's not whom we meet, not victory, defeat, That really
That's why they fight with glorious might, That's why that
means so much to me, But my heart throbs with joy as I
all I ask for mine, is to sing, but in hand, to the
back Illinois And that grand old variety,
best in the land And to cheer that Illini tune.

Chorus
Then cheer that good old Illini line, Spar it on to

Cheer Illini
FOR GOOD OLD ILLINOIS

Words and Music by
VERNON F. STEVENS

Hail Alma Mater, cheer our varsity.

To all her standards pledge fidelity.

There is no rival better in the land.

For her victories buck her every man.

CHORUS:

Here's to Alma Mater, Here's to Illinois.

Here's to her victories.
FOR GOOD OLD ILLINOIS

ac - e - ed far and wide, Here's to her

col - ors, e - range and the Blar, By thy

riv - ers gen - tly flow - ing Illi - nois, Illi - nois,

We will pledge to thee where ere we

Os - ki - wow-wow, Os - ki - wow-wow, For Illi - nois,

Ski - ne - wow-wow, Ski - ne - wow-wow, to Illi - nois,

Hear's to you, Hear's to you, good old Illi - nois.

D.S. al Fine.
FIGHT ILLINI

Music by Rose Golinksky, '22.
Words by Sam Raphaelson, '26.

March time

Stand ing in our sta di

um are all Il li ni true Sing ing to our fight ing

mean: "We built this just for you!" So fight for Alma Ma ter.

Boys as war riors proud ly do Bring ing home a vic to

For Or ange and for Blue Il li nois Ill nois Ill nois

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BY THE RIVERS GENTLY FLOWING

For Male Voices

Walter Howe Jones

By thy rivers gently flowing, Illinois, Illinois,
When you heard your country calling, Illinois, Illinois,

Chorus:
O College Girl—
The Girl of Illinois,
O College Girl, she's
Loyal and true to the Orange and blue,

O College, College Girl—
The Girl of Illinois—
The Witches spell she wields so well,
There's nothing can destroy,
O College, College Girl,
Chuck-full-of-knowledge Girl
The fascinating, captivating
Girl of Illinois.

MY GIRL

My girl's an Indian true,
She goes to Illinois "U",
She wears my colors, too,
You bet she do-o-o.

Chorus:
And in my future life
She'll be my lawful wife.
How in the world did you find that out?
She told me so.

We take in all the games,
I furnish all the change
For her and other dames,
You bet I do-o-o.

When I grow older,
Then I'll grow bolder,
And I will hold her
Head on my shoulder.

THE GIRL OF ILLINOIS

Tune: "Solomon Levy"
Words by Lucia Stevens '03

1. You meet her on the campus,
   You meet her in the hall,
   You meet her in the class room,
   At a lecture or a ball,
   She's numerous as to number,
   She's varied as to name,
   And yet where'er she may appear
   You know her just the same.

Chorus:
O College Girl—
The Girl of Illinois,
O College Girl, she's
Loyal and true to the Orange and blue,
O College, College Girl—
The Girl of Illinois—
The Witches spell she wields so well,
There's nothing can destroy,
O College, College Girl,
Chuck-full-of-knowledge Girl
The fascinating, captivating
Girl of Illinois.
ILLINOIS MEDLEY

"Don't send my boy to Harvard,"
A dying mother said;
Don't send my boy to Michigan,
I'd rather he were dead;
But send my boy to Illinois,
'Tis better than Cornell;
But rather than Chicago,
I'd see my boy in ———.

In the evening by the moonlight
You can hear those banjo's ringing;
In the evening by the moonlight
You can hear those darkies singing.

Os-kee-wow-wow, Illinois,
Our eyes are all on you;
Os-kee-wow-wow, Illinois,
Wave your Orange and your Blue.

Rah! Rah!

Then cheer that good old Illini line,
Spare them on to victory;
Let's give them nine men, cheer all the time,
We'll show our loyalty.

Then fight, fight, for its victory or die,
Keep that Orange and Blue waving high.
All you good Illini,
Cheer all the time.
Cheer that Illini line.

DAD'S DAY

Tune: "What's the Matter With Father"

What's the matter with father?
He's alright!
What's the matter with father?
His hair is white.
We're awfully fond of the other sex
But Dad's the fellow who writes the checks
What's the matter with father?
He's alright!

What's the matter with father?
He's alright!
What's the matter with father?
He's always right!
We're mighty proud to have him here
So let's give him a rousing cheer
What's the matter with father?
HE'S ALRIGHT!
Yea-a-a DAD m-m-m-m-m Boy!

OTHER COLLEGE SONGS

WAVE THE FLAG OF OLD CHICAGO

Wave the flag of old Chicago
Maroon the color grand,
E'er shall her team be victors
Known throughout the land,
With the grand old men to lead them
With-out a peer they'll stand,
Wave again the dear old banner;
For they're heroes every man.

GO U NORTHWESTERN

Go U Northwestern,
Break right thru that fine
With our colors flying,
We will cheer you all the time.

GO NORTHWESTERN GO!

(Whistle)
GO NORTHWESTERN GO!
(Whistle)

HIT 'EM HARD! HIT 'EM LOW,
GO NORTHWESTERN GO!
(Repeat Chorus)

OHIO STATE

Ohio my love for thee
Overflows my heart and soul
Brings thoughts of pride to me
To make thy halls my goal.
Ohio may ages pass
E'er defeat shall mar they pride
May victory for a thousand years
Upon thy banners ride.

CHORUS:
Ohio's fame in the field and game
Is a joy to all the thousands who support her name
Hear the cry, "Hold 'em State!"
Never die never waste
The fighting blood is in our every vein
RAH! RAH!
Our heroes fight for Ohio's right
When the whistle blows they're ready for their fate
With Cancers call our foes will fall
Three cheers for Ohio State.
IOWA CORN SONG
Tune: "Travellings"
W'ere from I-O-WAY, I-O-WAY
Oh, it's simply grand in that fine old land.
W'ere from I-O-WAY, I-O-WAY
That's where the tall corn grows.

THE YELLOW AND BLUE
Sing to the colors that float in the light;
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!
Yellow the stars as they ride thro' the night,
And red in a rollicking crew;
Yellow the fields where ripens the grain.
And yellow the moon on the harvest wain; Hail!
Hail to the colors that float in the light;
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!

Blue are the billows that bow to the sun
When yellow robed morning is due;
Blue are the curtains that evening has spun,
The slumber of Poebus to woo;
Blue are the blossoms to memory dear,
And blue is the sapphire, and gleams like a tear; Hail!
Hail to the ribbons that nature has spun;
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!

Here's to the college whose colors we wear;
Here's to the hearts that are true!
Here's to the maid of the golden hair,
And eyes that are brimming with blue!
Garlands of blue bells and maize inter-twine;
And hearts that are true and voices combine; Hail!
Hail to the college whose colors we wear;
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!

HAIL! MINNESOTA
Minnesota hail to thee!
Hail to thee our college dear!
Thy light shall ever be
A beacon bright and clear.
Thy sons and daughters true
Will proclaim thee near and far.
They will guard thy fame and adore thy name;
Thou shalt be their Northern Star.

2. Like the stream that bends to sea
Like the pine that seeks the blue;
Minnesota, still for thee
Thy sons are strong and true.

From their woods and watres fair;
From their prairies waving far.
At they call they throng with their shout and song
Hailing thee their Northern Star.

HAIL TO OLD L. U!
Come and join in song together
Shout with might and main;
Our beloved Alma Mater,
Sound her praise again.

Chorus:
Gloriana, Frangipana,
E'er to her be true;
Shes the pride of Indiana
Hail to old L. U!

2. Honor to the cream and crimson
Banner that we love;
It shall lead us in the conflict,
And our triumph prove.

O DAD OF MINE
Tune: "Sweet Adeline"
O Dad of mine.
O Dad of mine.
We'll stand as one
In rain or shine
Each night and day,
I'll always say,
"You're the best man in the world!"
O Dad of mine.
HAIL PURDUE
To your call once more we rally;
Alma Mater, hear our praise;
Where the Wabash spreads its valley,
Filled with joy our voices raise.
From the skies in swelling echoes,
Come the cheers that tell the tale,
Of your vict'ries and your heroes,
Hail Purdue! We sing all Hail!

CHORUS:
Hail, Hail to on Purdue!
All hail to our old Gold and Black!
Hail! Hail to old Purdue!
Our friendship may she never lack.
Ever grateful, ever true,
Thus we raise our song a-new,
Of the days we've spent with you,
All hail our own Purdue.

ON WISCONSIN
On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
Plunge right thru that line!
Run the ball clear 'round Chicago,
A Touchdown sure this time.
On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
Fight on for her fame
Fight! Fellow! fight!
And we will win this game.

HAIL PENNSYLVANIA!
Air: Russian Anthems
Hail! Pennsylvania! Noble and strong;
To thee with loyal hearts, We raise our song.
Swelling to Heaven loud, Our praises ring;
Hail! Pennsylvania! Of thee we sing!

Majestically as a crown Rests on thy brow;
Pride, Honor, Glory, Love, Before thee bow;
Never can thy spirit die, Thy walls decay;
Hail! Pennsylvania, For thee we pray!

Hail! Pennsylvania! Guide of our youth;
Lead thou thy children on to light and truth;
Thee, when death summons us, Others shall praise,
Hail! Pennsylvania, Thro' endless days!

FLIVVERTIS
Tune: Jingle Bells
Now down the street we go
In a busted Ford coupe;
Go up the hills in low
And rattle all the way.
The crank shafts roar and ring
Ten miles its greatest spurt,
Just listen to the fenders sing
We're raising clouds of dirt.

CHORUS:
Rumble rods; rattle bolts,
Knocking all the way.
Oh, what fun it is to run
In a busted-down coupe.
Clatter bolts, jangle lamps,
Rattle all the way.
Forty miles down Green Street,
In a broken Ford coupe!

1926 VERSION
Now down the street we go
In an old, old-fashioned way;
Push on the lines, say go!
Take along a bale of hay.
The sulky's broken down
Our wheels squeak all the while,
We ride this way all over town
We're travelling in style.

CHORUS:
Horses here, horses there,
Coming down the way;
Get there soon don't know just where
The gas tank filled with hay. Hey!
Gee Gee His Giddap Whoa
Now don't get in the way
Two miles per down Green street
If the horse don't pass away.

THE OLD APPLE PIE
Tune: "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree"
'Tneath the crust of the old apple pie,
There is something for you and I,
It may be a pin that the cook just dropped in,
Or it may be a dear little fly.
It may be an old rusty nail,
Or a piece of a pussy cat's tail.
But, whatever it be, it's for you and for me,
'Tneath the crust of the old apple pie.
WHILE THE ORGAN PEELED POTATOES
Tune: “Silver Threads Among the Gold”
While the organ peeled potatoes,
Lard was rendered by the choir,
While the sexton told the church bell
Some one set the church on fire.
“Holy Smoke!” the preacher shouted,
In the rush he lost his hair;
Now his head resembles heaven
For there is no parting there.

“LAMENT”
Tune: “Blest Be the Tie That Binds”
I wish that my room had a floor,
I don’t care so much for a door,
But walking around without touching the ground
Is becoming an awful bore.
I’d rather have fingers than toes,
I don’t care so much for a nose,
But as for my hair, I am glad for what’s there,
And how sorry I’ll be when it goes.

I’D LIKE TO BE A FRIEND
I’d like to be a friend of yours, oh, my, and a little bit more.
I’d like to be a pal of your, oh, my, and a little bit more.
I’d like to be a little flower, growing round your door.
I’d like to give you everything I’ve got.
Oh, my, and a little bit, oh, my and a little bit, oh, my and a little bit more.

FRESHMAN
Traditional Melody
Who the H---- are you?
Who the H---- are you?
We’re the Class of----
Who the H---- are you?

HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG’S ALL HERE
Hail, Hail the gang’s all here;
What the H---- do we care,
As long as we get our share
Hail, Hail the gang’s all here;
What the H---- do we care now.

COLLEGE DAYS
Tune: “Working on the Railroad”
“Levee Song”
2. A youth resolved to go to college,
   But knew not where to go;
   He asked of all his friends and teachers,
   Each told him so and so.
   At last, just as he was despairing,
   And would ring what to do.
   He met a debonair young fellow,
   Who spoke these words so true.

Chorus:
Sing me a song of college days,
Tell me where to go;
Northwestern for her pretty girls,
Wisconsin where they row;
Michigan for chappies,
Purdue for jolly boys;
Chicago for her standard oil,
For good fellows, Illinois!

2. So in the following September
   He went to Illinois;
   They ducked him in the muddy boneyard,
   They cut his hair off short.
   And now he knows the full, true, meaning
   Of college to the boys.
   And so, with many, many others,
   He swears by Illinois.
YELLS
YEAL (Insert Name)
Yes (———), Yes (———)
Yes, Yea, (———).

YEAL TEAM
Yes Team, Yea Time
Fight 'Em, Fight 'Em
Fight 'Em.

DOUBLE "B" YELL
Br-r-r-r-r-r-r Boom!
Br-r-r-r-r-r-r Boom!
Yes-a-s-a-a.
Illinois—(pause with leader)—ILLINOIS
Br-r-r-r-r-r-r Boom!
Br-r-r-r-r-r-r Boom!
Illinois rah, rah; Illinois rah, rah,
Illinois rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Illinois—(pause with leader)—ILLINOIS
(start slowly)
I-L-L-I yea-rah, yea-rah
N-O-I-S yea-rah, yea-rah
I-L-L-I yea-rah, yea-rah
N-O-I-S yea-rah, yea-rah
I-L-L-I-N-O-I-S
yea-rah, yea-rah
Illinois! Yea,

OS-KEE-WOW-WOW!
Os-kee-wow-wow!
Skin-neo-wow-wow!
ILLINOIS! ILLINOIS!
Wow!

SEVEN
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah! ———!
(Who)—(Who)—(Who)—

CHEE-HEE
Chee-hee-Chee-ha
Chee-ha-ha-ha

GO ILLINI
Go, Illinois! Go
Go, Illinois! Go
Os-kee-wow-wow! ILLINOIS.
GO!