The California Song Book

Univ. of California

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Music Dept.
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Foreword

The California Song Book is a collection of University of California songs and other songs common to undergraduate life. Its purpose is to put the campus songs into a more convenient and usable form. If copyrights have been infringed upon, we hope that this purpose and the fact that the book is not issued for the public at large but for the students of the University will be sufficient excuse.

The Students Co-operative Society
Here's to you, Bishop Berkeley, Here's to you, our jovial friend.
And we'll drink before we part for sake of company, we'll drink before we part, Here's to you, Bishop Berkeley.

For he's a jolly good fellow, For he's a jolly good fellow, For he's a jolly good fellow, Which nobody can deny.

Which nobody can deny, Which nobody can deny.
A Toast to California

Words and Music by
HAROLD W. BINGHAM '06

Here’s a health to California and to California’s team, Here is

to our gallant fellows, The noblest ever seen. Fill a-

gain the brimming goblet, For all these fellows bold, And we'll

drink another round, To our loyal Blue and Gold.
A Wine Song.

Words by HENRY A. MELVIN, '89.

Music by W. J. McCoy.

Dedicated to Thomas Rickard.

Moderato.

1. The song of the hurry-ing river, The freshness that comes after
2. Oh, whiskey is naught but a shan-ty Compared to the palace of
3. The words of the saints and the sa-ges, The songs of the minstrels of
4. Then shout while the stars are a twin-kle, And sleepy-head sun is in

rain,
wine;
old,
bed!

The gleam of the sun-shine a-qui-ver Through
And beer to the rud-dy Chi-an-ti Is
The wit and the wisdom of a-ges, The
May time know full ma-ny a wrin-kle While
nodding battalions of grain, 
Dross to the wealth of mine; 
Tales that the troubadours told,
Wine is with Merri-ment wed!
The breeze from the mountain tops
Bur-gun-di-a's juice, like a
The val-or of armor clad
The wrinkles that gather with

blowing Sweet laden with odors of pine, 
All
maid-en, Shames rum's li-quad curse to its fall, 
But
tem-plars, Or vi-kings who con-quered the main, 
The
laugh-ter Round eyes that with hap-pi-ness shine, 
While we

these are combined in the glow-ing And glo-ri-ous depth of the
gay, and with hap-pi-ness laden, Champagne is the queen of them
vir-tues of mar-tyred ex-emp-lars, All bub-ble and fizz in cham-
drown both the past and here-after In the glo-ri-ous pre-sent and
wine! And glorious depth of the wine!
all! Champagne is the queen of them all!
pagne! All bubble and fizz in cham pagne!
wine! In the glorious present and wine!

Vivo.

CHORUS.

Then, fill up and quaff until every lout o' ye

I. Tenor.

Then fill up till every lout o' ye

II. Tenor.

Then fill up till every lout o' ye

Bass.

Vivo.
joins in the quip and the song and the shout o' ye! Mingle your mirth.

Joins in the song and the shout, mingle your mirth in a madness divine!

Mirth, Yes, mingle your mirth in a madness divine!
Give to dull Care all the curses and flout o' ye!

Swear he shall ne'er be the cause of the rout o' ye!

Give all the curses and flout o' ye!

Swear he shall ne'er be!
Drink till good fellows are full of good wine! Drink till good fellows are

drink, drink wine!

drink, drink wine!

full of good wine! wine!

full good wine! wine!

full good wine! wine!

full good wine! wine!
All for California

Words by
J.M. HUNT,'12

Music by
E.S. WALKER,'11
Arr.by A.D. Hunter

Allegro Moderato (d = 116)

1. We're all for old California, And to her we'll ever be true, We'll fight for the Gold and the Blue, And all fight for old California And stand by the Gold and win for old California All, all of her sons so...

2. We're with you, old California, So fight for the Gold and the Blue, And
Blue. We'll honor our Alma Mater And
true Bring fame to our Alma Mater

Sing aloud her praise The grim golden Bear Will
Down with the Stanford red The grim golden Bear Will

Smile from out his lair Through all of our coming days.
Come out from his lair Then all round the field we'll tread.
All for the Blue and Gold

Words and Music by
JOHN HARTIGAN
Far from over the Eastern Hills
Comes a message that always thrills
Fight and do your best for

Blue and Gold Return the victory of days of old.

We are with you thro' thick and thin Giving courage on the field to win.

Shouting out to you the same old song Oh have you seen our Banner

blue, banner blue, We're all for the Blue and Gold.
All for the Sake of California.

Words by M. H. SCHWARTZ and R. W. TULLY.

Music by RICHARD WALTON TULLY.

INTRO.

Come all ye California men, we'll
For many years we waited for a
For years we have been working in our

raise a song All for the sake of California, A
President to appear, All for the sake of California, To
buildings old and gray, All for the sake of California, But

jolly chorus, fellows and we'll sing it loud and long
lead us onward hand in hand to triumphs that were near
now at last we know that they will not be there to stay
All for the sake of California, Beneath the oaks that crown the hills beside the Golden Gate, We'll pledge the Golden Varsity of our comrade is he now, We'll stick to him thro' coming years, and stretch'd a helping hand To make our University the famous Golden State. While up above the Golden Bear is loyalty we vow. Then here's three cheers for President Wheeler finest in the land. Then here's three cheers for Mrs. Hearst and watching o'er our fate, All for the sake of California, with an Osk-i-wow! All for the sake of California, for her purpose grand. All for the sake of California.
For the sake of California many things we do,
And tonight we're celebrating for the Gold and Blue;
It may appear we're singing here of things that are both strange and true.
We're satisfied with Benjamin Ide and with him we'll stand side by side,
The greater University upon the campus soon will be,
But it's all for the sake of California.
All Hail! Blue and Gold
California Hymn

Words and Music by
HAROLD W. BINGHAM '06

All hail! Blue and Gold,
Thy colors un

All hail! Blue and Gold,
To thee we shall fold;
O'er loy-al Cal-i-forn-i-ans, Whose hearts are strong and

All hail! Blue and Gold,
O'er gold-en fields of pop-pies, Thy prais-es we will

All hail! Blue and Gold,
Its strength ne'er shall

All hail! Blue and Gold,
On breez-es ye

All Hail! for the we'll die!
All Hail! all Hail!

Thy sight we love!
All Hail! all Hail!
1. There's a golden light in the sunset skies, And a blue in the sun-down sea; There's a gate thrown wide, Blue hills reaching down the sea, Of the voice rings bold, And true-to its call we'll be; For song in my heart when the fair day dies, Of thee Alma Mater, of gold of the gold on poppies pied, And of thee Alma Mater, of dearer than life is the love we hold, Of thee Alma Mater, of thee, of thee California, California. thee, of thee California, California. thee, of thee California, California.
Aus Goldener Zeit

Leicht bewegt einfach

Mut· ter wenn ich gross ge· wor· den
Ich will sorgen, ich will schaf· fen,

poco rit.

Kauf ich dir ein schönes Haus; auf dem Ber· ge
Nacht und Tag und immer zu; du sollst kei· nen

p a tempo

soll es ste· ben ü· ber Men· schen
Werk· tag ha· ben mei· ne gut· te

mf

weit hin· aus, ü· ber Men· schen weit hin· aus.
Mut· ter du, mei· ne gut· te Mut· ter du!
Denn die Menschen lieb' ich nicht weil den Vater
Glaub', ich lass er nicht geschehn, dass die Menschen

sie begraben, und mein liebes Mütterleia
dann dich plag'en, und ich lass' es nimmer zu,

Denn die Menschen lieb' ich nicht weil den Vater
Glaub', ich lass er nicht geschehn, dass die Menschen

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Glaub', ich lass er nicht geschehn, dass die Menschen
Battle-Song.

Words by ROGER SHERMAN PHELPS, '97.

Tune: Die Wacht am Rhein.

1
Ye men of might, for war bedight
Come fearless forth to fiercest fight!
Our Alma Mater on you calls;
Your aid, or see her honor falls!
No more on high let Cardinal wave,
Arise and strike, our fame to save;
Bear Berkeley's banner on
To glory's goal!
Bear Berkeley's banner on
To glory's goal!

2
Through stricken ranks of stoutest foes
Our valiant team unshaken goes;
Within their hearts no thought of fear,
Their war-cry ringing loud and clear;
"No more on high shall Cardinal wave,
We rise and strike, our fame to save,
Bear Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!
Bear Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!"

3
Nor shall they fight alone the fray,
No friendly voice to cheer their way;
A sea of light our colors fair,
Our shouting rends the startled air:
"No more on high shall Cardinal wave,
We rise and strike, our fame to save,
Bear Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!
Bear Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!"

4
See, brothers, see! The foemen yield,
Our heroes sweep them from the field!
The hated Cardinal lowly trails:
A thunder-shout our victory hails!
Our Blue and Gold in triumph wave!
We rose and struck, our fame to save,
Bore Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!
Bore Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!
Bingo Medley.

Here's to Berke-ley college, drink it down, drink it down!

Here's to Berke-ley college, drink it down, drink it down!

Here's to Berke-ley college, For 'ris there we get our knowledge, drink it down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down!

Balm of Gi-le-ad, Gi-le-ad, Balm of Gi-le-ad, Gi-le-ad.
Balm of Gilead, Way down on the Berkeley farm!

We won't go there any more, We won't go there any more, We won't go there any more, Way down on the Berkeley farm.

BINGO BINGO BINGO BINGO BINGO BINGO BINGO BINGO BINGO BINGO BINGO BINGO BINGO BINGO BINGO BINGO BINGO
Bingo was his name sir, Spoken B-I-N-G-O - Bingo was his name sir.

Rig-a, jig-a, jig-jag, jig-jag, Rig-a, jig-a, jig-jag, jig-jag,

Rig-a, jig-a, jig-jag, jig-jag, Rig-a jig-a, jig-jag jig.

Moderato.

It's a way we have at old Berkeley, It's a way we have at old Berkeley, To
drive dull care a-way. To drive dull care a-way. To

Fine

drive dull care a-way. So say we all of us,

Andante

D.C.

So say we all of us, So say we all.

So say we all of us, So say we all of us,

So say we all of us. So say we all.

So say we all of us.
Blue and Gold.

Written for football contest
Oct. 1905

Words and Music by
HAROLD W. BINGHAM '06
Arr. by Paul Steindorff.

1. There is a college by the edge of San Francisco bay,
   She's won a hundred victories and she's going to win the day,

2. The Os-ki wow and whis-key wee do wake the gold-en bear,
   A growls for college loyalty in coming from his lair,

These...
Cal - i - for - nia spir - it is a thing of which we're proud,
Three
lus - ty throats with voic - es strong and wav - ing col - ors gay,
Will

cheers for her bright col - ors give, three cheers so strong and loud;
shout and sing with might and main, till we have won the day;

CHORUS.

Blue and gold shall al - ways wave, and strength and cour - age give
all the men who cherish them and may that spirit live, Let's

shout and sing their praises wide, to all both young and old, For

California cannot lose, while waving blue and gold.
Blue in the Holt and Hollow.

Words by Charles Mills Gayley (1890)

Allegro vivace.

Air: "Suoni la Tromba"

1. Blue in the holt and hollow, Stars in the slanting sky.
   Gold of the Bay below us, Blue of the skies unrolled.

2. Gold on the broom and heather! Gold where the orange wold.
   Hearts of the sterling metal, Oh, ours the Blue and Gold.

3. Breasting the blue of ages,
   Sailing with golden prow,
   High where the war-wind wages
   We float our colors now:

   Hold through the night's wild splendor,
   Drive though the stars be gone,

   Sailing to win the tender
   Touch of the golden dawn: Hurra!
   Colors we float, adorning
   Skies that are new and old;
   Colors of night and morning
   Oh, ours the Blue and Gold!
Boola Song.

With apologies to Yale

Oh! here's our team and she's all right, Boo-

la, Boo la, Boola, Boola, Boo. We'll knock those fellows out of sight, Boola

Boo Boola, Boola, Boola, Boo. We'll play as on-ly we know how, And show their men the

game, Our hoodoo's left and gone to them, Boola, Boo, Boola, Boola, Boola, Boo
Boola, Boola, Boola, Boola, Boola,
California, California, California,

Boola, Boola, And we'll roughhouse those poor fellows, till they

Boola, Boola, Rah rah Boola Boo.
California

Air "RAMBLED"

california, california,

The hills send back the cry! We've got to do or

die for california, california,

la, We'll win the game or know the reason why!

Repeat
California! Hail to thee!

W. J. V. OSTERHOUT '99

S. B. CHRISTY, '74

Moderato.

1. Come hither ev'ry brother, A stately chorus
2. In glorious state abiding, En-throned above the
3. Burn, altar fire, forever! Thy pure and sacred

raise, And sing with one another, Our love in joyful sea, Where ancient hills tower guiding Thy children's feet to ray, Our hearts for new endeavor Shall kindle day by

lays; To thee, beloved mother, Thy sons uplift their thee; To thee our lives confiding, Whose truth shall make us day; O light that fadeth never, Guide us upon our
ritardando.

praise, For ev er and fo rev er, O Cal i for ni a! free, A round thy shrine we gath er, O Cal i for ni a! way, In spire, up lift and lead us, O Cal i for ni a!

CHORUS.
Allegro.

Cal i for ni a! Cal i for ni a! For

Allegro.

ev er and ev er, Cal i for ni a! With one voice we

ritardando Andante.

sing! Cal i for ni a! Hail! Hail to thee!
California Indian Song

Moderato

We are fighting, Californians, for the Gold and Blue,
We are hot-foot after Stanford, camping on her trail;

We are starting on the war-path for a scalp or two;
With our tomahawk before us we can never fail.

Words and Music by
H. W. BINGHAM '06

Courtesy of Mr. Bingham, the holder of the copyright
Our blood’s up and simply boiling, what can Stanford do?
Getting ready for the war-dance, all our warriors true;

We are starting on the war-path for a scalp or two.
So we are Putting on our war-paint, Royal Gold and Blue. For

CHORUS

We’re goin’ to scalp you Stanford,
We’re goin’ to scalp you blue;
We’ll do it with your
tom-a-hawk we took from you

All 'round our belts we'll hang them to show all our friends who's dead;
We're goin' to carve some block heads, whose scalps are red. So red.
California March.

Written for '07 Extravaganza.

Words and Music by
HAROLD W. BINGHAM, '06
Arr. by Paul Steindorff.

With spirits high and beating heart We march with measured tread;

With
California's Blue and Gold, Now waving overhead.
While every mother's son of us Will fight thro' thick and thin;
Such loyalty will surely make us win.
Our cheers and songs from lusy throats are ringing thro' the oaks.
And echo thro' the canyons in the hills.

The
fair-est land, the gold-en West, With loy-al sons it has been blessed.
Well, fight for dear old Cal-i-forn-i-a.

We

TENORS.

March to Vic-to-ry, With mu-si

BASSES.

March to Vic-to-ry, we march, With mu-si

in the air; Our ban-ners float-ing free,

in the air; Our ban-ners float-ing, float-ing
Blue and Gold is everywhere. To the beat of free, Blue and Gold is everywhere. To the beat of

drums we march. With hopes to win the
drums, we march, we march. With hopes to win the
day. Our merry songs we are singing,
day, the day; Our merry songs we are singing,

As we go marching on our way.
As we go marching on our way.
California Stein Song

Words by JACkSON GREGORY '06
Music by WALTER DE LEON '06

'Tis a happy day in the month of May, And the Bear is over head;
In the starry sky he lives on high, With a bandage round his head, his head, with a bandage round his head.
There is one thing bad that will make him sad, 'Tis the milky way, in fine, Were it changed to liquor, I would...
rather guess he'd snicker And use the dipper for a stein: For the

Refrain

stein is for beer, as will easy appear, But will do very well for wise;

But our Totem in the sky says: "Damme I will die, be-

fore I will drink milk in mine!" So the stein is for beer, as will
easy appear, But will do very well for wine; But our

Totem in the sky says: "Damme I will die, before I will drink milk in mine!"
There's a banner bright of blue and gold which
Oh, the Stanford flag is red but Stanford's

proudly we display; There's a peerless team whose prowess fills the
prospects they are blue, We've got the husky players and we've

red-shirts with dismay; There's a mighty chorus thund'ring from the
got the rooters too; And there won't be much of Card'nal when the

campus to the bay California's bound to win,
Berkeley boys are thro'; Stanford has no chance to win.

CHORUS.

Shout for dear old California! Shout for dear old California!

Shout for dear old California! California's bound to win.
Fight for California

Words by
ROBERT N. FITCH ’09

Air “LIGHTS OUT”

1. Our sturdy Golden Bear Is
2. Stalwarts girded for the fray, Will

watching from the skies, Looks Their

down upon our colors fair, And
all night at Master’s fleet will lay, That
guards us from his lair. Our
brain and brawn may win the day. Our

banner gold and blue, The
mighty sons and true, Will

symbol on it too, Means
strive for us a new, And

fight for California, For

California, through and through. Fine
Gaudeamus.

CHORUS.

Tenors

Gau-de-am-us i-gi-tur, Ju-ve-nes dum su-mus;

Basses

Gau-de-am-us i-gi-tur, Ju-ve-nes dum su-mus;

QUARTETTE.

Post ju-cun-dam ju-ven-tu-tem, Post mo-les-tam se-ne-cu-tem,

CHORUS.

Nos ha-be-bit hu-mus, Nos ha-be-bit hu-mus

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parceetur.

Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quaelibet,
Semper sint in flore.

Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosae,
Vivant et mulieres,
Tenerae amabiles,
Bonae laboriosae.

Vivat et republica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Maeceatum caritas,
Quaec nos hic protegit

Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

Alma Mater floreat,
Quae nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos congregavit.
Gloria, California!

Words by CHARLES KEELER, E3 '93.  
Music by H. B. PASMORE.

Maestoso.

Gloria, California, Hail Alma Mater, Each pilgrim calls to thee! Each student

Cresc.

Frater Reverently sings thy name, Shouts forth thy praise,

Poco rit.

Lovingly turns to thee, Walks in thy ways.
Hail, California

Words by A.H. ALLEN
Music by RICHARD SCHOLZ

In fair Cal-i-fornia's gates we dwell, In the home of the Blue and Gold;
All our strength from thy sun-lit hills we draw, And our light from thy az-ure skies;
Our

won to her love by the ten-der spell Of the charm that our days en-fold. Hail,
gaze seeks the path that lies be-fore As our hosts at thy word a-rise. Hail,

Cal-i-fornia, kind-ly moth-er, Dear to our hearts thy name shall ev-er be, Hail,
Cal-i-fornia, no-ble moth-er, Strong in the pres-ence of thy strength we stand; Hail,

Cal-i-fornia, Al-ma ma-ter, Proud-ly thy sons and daughters look to thee.
Cal-i-fornia, glo-rious mother, Proud-ly we take our mes-sage from thy hand.
Hail, Stanford, Hail

Stanford Hymn

Words by A.W. SMITH

1. Where the rolling foot-hills rise
   Up towards mountains higher

2. Tender vistas ever new
   Through the arches meet the eyes,

3. When the moon-light bath’d arcade
   Stands in evening calms

Where at eve the Coast range lies
   In the sunset fire

Where the red roofs rim the blue
   Of the sun-steeped skies

When the light wind half afraid
   Whispers in the palms

Flush ing deep and pal ing
   Here we raise our voices hailing

Flecked with cloud-lets sailing
   Here we raise our voices hailing

Far off swelling, falling;
   Student voices glad are hailing

CHORUS

Thee, Our Alma Mater.
   From the foot-hills to the bay,

It shall ring As we sing
   It shall ring and float away;

Hail, Stanford Hall.
   Hail, Stanford Hall.
Hail to California

Words and Music by
CLINTON R. MORSE '96

Hail to California, Alma Mater dear,
Hail to California, Queen in whom we're blest.

Sing the joyful chorus Sound it far and near,
Spreading light and goodness Over all the West.

Rallying round her banner We will never fail,
Fighting 'neath her standard We shall sure prevail.

California Alma Mater Hail! Hail! Hail!
California Alma Mater Hail! Hail! Hail!
Hearts of Oak

Words by
CHAS. KEELER'93

Music by
H. B. PASSMORE

1. Oh, we'll rush 'em down the Campus;
   Steady boys and keep your hold!
   Hip, hip, hooray, hip, hip, hooray.

2. They're a husky team of players,
   They who wear the Gold and Blue.
   Hearts of oak from good old Berkeley.

Yes, stalwart fighters tried and true.
We'll cheer the winning Blue and Gold.
CHORUS
Tempo di Marcia

Rah! rah! rah! California! Stanford, have a
care when you hear the root-ers howl- ing Rah, rah, rah,

California! And the tramp, tramp, tramp-ing and the growl-

--
ing of the Golden Bear.
Here's a Rah, Rah, Rah, California

Here's a rah, rah, rah, California, And a mighty Os-ki

Wow! We're going to beat you, Stanford, And we're going to do it

Slow

Now, so Good bye, Stanford, Good bye, Stanford, With a

rah, rah, rah, California, We've got you going now.
Hurrah for California

Words and Music by
H.W. BINGHAM

Bugle Call

As our men come running out upon the field

The cardinal already seems to yield

Our men are fit and trim
And filled up to the brim

With
Confidence for colors that we wield
As the starting whistle pierces the air
We know the game is really on for fair
Our men are fighting hard to gain a single yard
They
have the dying spirit do and dare

Hur-rah hur-rah hur-

rah the hills re-sound-ing

The spirit of the game stirs ev'ry

one

Our hearts are beating fast

Our men are going

past

We're in the game yes ev'ry mother's son

Hur-
rah hur-rah hur-rah the ball goes bounding

The Card'natl's chance of winning now is gone

Hur-rah hur-rah hur-rah for

California As our band goes playing
Integer Vitae.

Lib. I. Oda XXII. Q Horatii Flacci.

Tenors

In te ger vtiae, sce ler is que

Basses

pu rus, Non e get, Mauris jac u lis, nec

ar cu, Nec ve ne na tis gra vi da sa

git tis. Fus ce, pha re tra.

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quaæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem:

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubaæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget.

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.
Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl

1. Landlord, fill the flowing bowl Until it doth run over;

Landlord, fill the flowing bowl Until it doth run over;

CHORUS

For to-night we'll merry, merry be, For to-night we'll merry, merry be,

For to-night we'll merry, merry be, To-morrow we'll get sober.

2
The man that drinks good whiskey punch,
And goes to bed right mellow, (Repeat)
Chorus. Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly good fellow.

3
The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober, (Repeat)
Chorus. Falls as the leaves do fall
So early in October.

4
But he who drinks just what he likes.
And getteth "half-seas over," (Repeat)
Chorus. Will live until he dies, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.
Let There Be Light.
(A University Hymn.)

Words by C. M. Gayley (1904)

Tune: St Anne
by W. Croft.

Slow. \( \frac{d}{d} = 76 \)

1. Father of lights, with Whom no change Nor shadow of return,
Hath been or ever star could range Or sun begin to burn. Amen.
Bestow on us the Light that leads To fuller life on earth:

3.
The truth that maketh not ashamed,
The love that maketh one,
The will to lift Thy weak and maimed
So shall Thy will be done.

4.
And all the praise to Thee be given
For all Thy gifts to us:
Let there be Light in earth as heaven
O Light most glorious!
My Love's own Song.

Tenors

Of all the songs that the song-singers sing When the
Of all the cakes that the cake-bakers bake When the
Of all the pies that the pie-makers make When the

song-singers sing their song, There is no song that the
cake-bakers bake their cake, There is no cake that the
pie-makers make their pie, There is no pie that the

1st Tenor.

song-singers sing half so good as my love's own song: For I like the tenor
cake-bakers bake half so good as my love's own cake: For I like the angel
pie-makers make half so good as my love's own pie: For I like the cherry

2nd Tenor.

song, and I like the treble song, and I like the alto
cake, and I like the light sponge cake, and I like the wedding
pie, and I like the apple pie, and I like the pumpkin

1st Bass.

song, and I like the big bass song, We all like the big bass song.
cake, and I like the big pound cake, We all like the big pound cake.
pie, and I like the big pot pie, We all like the big pot pie.

2nd Bass.
Ned

H. T. KOERNER

1. There was a young man named Ned, There was a young man named Ned, There

...named Ned.

...named Ned.

...was a young man named Ned, named Ned, Who just before going to bed, There

...was a young man named Ned, named Ned, Who just before going to bed,

...was a young man named Ned, Who just before going to bed,

...Ate very much of a cheese that was Dutch, Ate very much of a

...Ate very much of a cheese that was Dutch, Ate very much of a

...cheese that was Dutch. There was a young man named Ned; Who
just before going to bed, Ate very much of a
to bed,

cheese that was Dutch. And when he woke up he was dead, dead.

2. There was a young girl named Perkins, There was a young girl named

named Perkins,

Perkins, There was a young girl named Perkins, named Perkins, Who

named Perkins,

just simply doted on gherkins, There was a young girl named
Perkins, Who simply doted on gherkins.

spite of advice, she ate so much of spice.

rit.

a tempo

so much of spice. There was a young girl named Perkins, Who

just simply doted on gherkins.

In spite of advice, she ate

on gherkins.

molto rit.

so much of spice, That she pickled her internal workin's, workin's.
Oh, Come Ye Lads!

Words by A. N. OXYMA, ’04.

Tune: Die Wacht am Rhein.

With energy.

1. Oh come ye lads and drain a glass, Let
2. I met her first on Berkeley hills, Her

Alma Mater be your boast, And raise it up on
lap all filled with poppies gold, Her eyes a-shining like the

high and drink your dearest toast. No maids so fair as
dew, Alive with heaven’s own deepest blue; Her golden hair of

thee sweetheart, No maiden has a heart more true
sunset tint, Let thro’ the Western Golden Gate.
Youth's own first love that ne'er will fade nor part,
Her will we serve with loy-al hearts and true,

Up with the glass and drink her down, down, down!
Long may she live, O Cal-i-for-nia's Queen!

Battle-Song.

Words by ROGER SHERMAN PHELPS, '97.
Tune: Die Wacht am Rhein.

1
Ye men of might, for war bedight
Come fearless forth to fiercest fight!
Our Alma Mater on you calls;
Your aid, or see her honor fails!
No more on high let Cardinal wave,
Arise and strike, our fame to save;
Bear Berkeley's banner on
To glory's goal!
Bear Berkeley's banner on
To glory's goal!

2
Through stricken ranks of stoutest foes
Our valiant team unshaken goes;
Within their hearts no thought of fear,
Their war-cry ringing loud and clear:
"No more on high shall Cardinal wave,
We rise and strike, our fame to save,
Bear Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!
Bear Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!"

3
Nor shall they fight alone the fray,
No friendly voice to cheer their way;
A sea of light our colors fair,
Our shouting rends the startled air:
"No more on high shall Cardinal wave,
We rise and strike, our fame to save,
Bear Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!
Bear Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!"

4
See, brothers, see! The foemen yield,
Our heroes sweep them from the field!
The hated Cardinal lowly trails;
A thunder-shout our victory hails!
Our Blue and Gold in triumph wave!
We rose and struck, our fame to save,
Bore Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!
Bore Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!
Old North Hall.

Words by C. M. GAYLEY. (1903)

Tune: The Lass of Richmond Hill.

1. Of all the loves in light arrayed, My
   memory can recall, There's one I'm sure will
   never fade, And that is Old North Hall: So,

2. Upon her dear old steps I've sat, And
   smoked my corn-cob pipe; The while my intel-
   lects grew fat, And my conditions ripe: So,

3. On many a quiz I've flunked inside, And
   dozed through many a drone; Dreamed many a yacht up-
   on the Clyde, And chateau by the Rhone: So,

4. And once or twice 'a sudden view, A
   glory out of space, Has thrilled me through and
   then I knew, A two-spot from an ace: So,
Junior, Soph, stand up and Prof., And you ye Freshies small, And
Junior, Soph, stand up and Prof., And you ye Freshies small, And
Junior, Soph, stand up and Prof., And you ye Freshies small, And
Junior, Soph, and Freshies all

Seniors too, And all the crew, And drink to Old North
Seniors too, And all the crew, And drink to Old North
Seniors too, And all the crew, And drink to Old North
Seniors too, And all the crew, And drink to Old North

Hall! And drink to Old North Hall: And drink to Old North Hall, And
Hall! And drink to Old North Hall: And drink to Old North Hall, And
Hall! And drink to Old North Hall: And drink to Old North Hall, And
Hall! And drink to Old North Hall: And drink to Old North Hall, And

Hall! And drink to Old North Hall.

Seniors too, and all the crew, And drink to Old North Hall!
Seniors too, and all the crew, And drink to Old North Hall!
Seniors too, and all the crew, And drink to Old North Hall!
Seniors too, and all the crew, And drink to Old North Hall!

5. They say she’s uglier than sin,
She’d stop the college clock:
I find her fair outside and in,
Ye infidels that mock! So, etc.

6. And when the dear old pile is doomed
To fill the dumping-cart
Amid the wreck you’ll find entombed
The ruins of my heart. So, etc.
On the Campus.

A. L. PRICE, '04.

Tune: The Low-Hatted Car.

'Tis morning on the campus, The
'Tis afternoon on the campus, The
'Tis evening on the campus, And

sun is out a bit; The sky is blue and a
team is on the line; The bleachers call to the
we are seniors all; We sit and sing and our

golden hue The heart of man has lit. Yet still we must to
punted ball; The play is dashed with wine; And so we must sit
cares we fling from steps of old North Hall. We sing to Cal-

lectures go, To law or chem or trig If
out and cheer For men in football rig If
for ni a Our college brave and big If
we're not there it shows we care for our studies not a
we're not there, it shows we care for our college not a
you're not there, it proves you care for your college not a

fig: But the sun has begun to glow._ And
fig So let's cheer for the Blue and Gold._ Our
fig So come sing on the steps with me._ In an

we have begun to know That to get a degree Is a
players forever bold We will yell for the men; And a
evening of jollity Let your studies go hang, But be

rall. a tempo. rall. ad lib.

frivolity, When the sun has begun to glow.
gain and again, Give an "Oski" for Blue and Gold.
strong with the gang And sing on the steps with me.
On The Field.

Words by C. H. CHENEY; '05.

Quick time.

1 Hur-rah! Hur-rah! The team is on the field; The axe we now will wield, Until they have to yield. The blue and gold will fill them with dis-tell!

2 O Berk-ley; The place we love so well; Our hearts within us swell As we thy glo ries may We're sure to win to-day, Cal-i-for-nia! Cal-i-for-nia!

Music Arranged from PHILIP FAHR BACH, Jr.
CHORUS.

O California, California, Hail to thee! we

raise our song As we march along: O

California California, hail to thee! Our voices

ring while we sing, Hail California Hail!
Our Golden Bear

Words by
CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY 1895

Air "THE POPE"

Oh, have you seen the heavens blue, heavens blue, When

just seven stars are shining thro', shining thro', Right overhead a jovial crew?

They're joining hands to make the Bear Right overhead a jovial crew?

They're joining hands to make the Bear.

2

And oh, that Bear's a glorious sight, glorious sight,
A circling 'round the pole all night, pole all night,
And once you've seen him you're all right,
You've seen our California Bear,
And once you've seen him you're all right,
You've seen our California Bear.

3

Oh, he has a very patient air, patient air,
He wears a Paderewski hair, rewske hair,
He's center rush in the heavens I swear,
Our silent, sturdy, Golden Bear,
He's center rush in the heavens I swear,
Our silent, sturdy, Golden Bear.

4

Oh, have you seen our banner blue, banner blue,
The Golden Bear is on it too, on it too,
A Californian through and through,
Our totem, he, our Golden Bear,
A Californian through and through,
Our totem, he, our Golden Bear.
Romeo and Juliet

Solo

Come new and listen to my tale of woe
I am the hero of this little tale
I am the heroine of this tale of woe
This of my tale is the short and the long

Of Romeo and Juliet Cribbed out of Shakespeare and
I'm Romeo I'm Romeo I am the very sus-
I'm Juliet I'm Juliet I am the lady who
Of Romeo and Juliet This is the moral of

reck - ing with woe Oh Romeo and Juliet
cep - ti - ble male I'm Romeo I'm Romeo
"mashed" Romeo I'm Juliet I'm Juliet
my lit - tle song Of Romeo and Juliet
Never was story so mournful as that one
Ne'er did a lover dare do as I did
Locked in the prison no pickaxe to force it
Lovers I warn you always be wary

If you have tears now prepare to get at one Romeo's the thin one and
When his best girl to eternity slid I took cold poison and
Nasty old hole, scarce room to stand or sit I up and stabbed myself
Don't buy your drinks of an apothecary Don't stab yourself in the

Juliet's the fat one Oh Romeo and Juliet
I suicid ed I'm Romeo I'm Romeo
right thro' the corset I'm Juliet I'm Juliet
left pulmonary Like Romeo and Juliet
Sons of California

Words and Music by
C.R. MORSE '96

We're sons of California, A loyal company, All
We'll yell for California, Dear mother of us all. We'll
We're sons of California, Fair mistress of the sea, And we'll

shout for California, While we strive for victory, All
fight for California, Till the crimson banners fall, And
win for California, Her glorious destiny. Then

sing the joyful chorus, As her colors we unfold, Then hur-
raise the joyful chorus, As the colors we unfold, For we'll
raise the joyful chorus, As the colors we unfold, For we'll

rah for California, And for the Blue and Gold.
win for California, And for the Blue and Gold.
win for California, And for the Blue and Gold.
The Blue and Gold

Words by C. M. Gayley (1895)

Music from "Johnny Harvard"

Allegro

Tenors

1. Blue! Blue! Blue! Blue! Living fair and free;

Basses

Blue! Blue! true Blue! 'Biding constantly;

Light that lies in maiden's eyes, And dwells in sky and sea. Oh,

that's the Blue, that heartens you and me.

2.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!

Burning by the Blue;

Gold! Gold! old Gold!

Native, tried and true;

Ore that shines

In priceless mines,

Of memories old and new,

Oh, that's the Gold that heartens me

and you!

3.

Then here's a hand for you, for you,

Let's toast the Blue and Gold!

Up the song and bumpers too;

We'll drink the love we hold!

Eyes grow dim,

And voices slim,

But hearts grow never old

That beat, that beat for love of

Blue and Gold.
The Dear Old Blue and Gold

Words and Music by
T. E. HALEY '16

Out in dear old

Berkley town, There's a team of great renown, Fighting Californians all.

When they hit the Stanford red, Stanfords hopes will all be dead; They'll never get their hands upon the ball.
When the day is fought and won and Stanford's team is on the run We'll cheer for Berkeley

as we've done before From the "C" above the bay down to

Pal-o Al-to way You'll hear a good old Si-ren Os-ki roar.

CHORUS

So we'll sing of Cal-i for-ni-a Of our

Al-ma Ma-ter dear Of her
tried and true sons heroes all

Whose hearts can know no fear

Of her victories

over Stanford 'Tis a song now long since

old So we'll sing, sing, sing, and let our voices

ring For the dear old Blue and gold.
The Desperado.

Tenors
Oh there was once a desperado from the

Basses
woolly west big sombrero
wild and wooly west, He wore a big sombrero and a

beneath his vest

New York City
gun beneath his vest, He took a trip to New York City just to
give the west a rest, and everywhere he went he yelled a

war whoop, He was a bold bad man, was this desperado He

struck the town like a wild tornado, And he walked around like the

main gazebo; And everywhere he went he yelled a war whoop.
The Jolly Sophomore

When first I came to college, To Berkeley halls I came; My head was full of knowledge To the
east morning after chapel, I went up to my class, I found I could not pass; And
I wish I had a barrel o' rum, And a clapp'r to stir it round. I'd
col-lege bell to mix it in, And a cup of tea to swill it round. And
tried to reach my tutor's room And I could not pass;
for the first time in my life, I from the summit of the stairs, The
gazed with silent awe Up seniors loud did roar. Oh,
from the health o' the Berkeley boys Gathered from far and near, For
on the shining beaver of The Jolly Sophomore The
fresh-ie let us see you rush The Jolly Sophomore
I'm a rambling rake of poverty For 3rd verse omit to *
Jolly Sophomore, boys, The Jolly Sophomore, The
Jolly Sophomore, boys, The Jolly Sophomore, And
for the first time in my life, I gazed with silent awe Up
on the shining beaver of The Jolly Sophomore. * The
son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a gamboliier, The
son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a gamboliier. Like
every honest fellow, I take my whiskey clear, I'm a
rambling rake of poverty. The son of a gamboliier.
Women's Call

Words by LUCY SPRAGUE

Tune: CONSTANTINOPLE

C-a-l-with a Cal-, i-with an i-with a Cal-i-

f-o-r-with a for-with a Cal-i-for-ni- ni- ni-with a ni-

Cal-i-for-ni-, a with an a, with an a, with a Cal-i-forn-i-a.
Yells

The Osuki
Osuki, wow wow
Whiskey wee wee
Oley-mack-ei
Oley-Berkeley-ei
Cali-forn-ia
Wow

The Axe
Give‘em the axe, the axe, the axe,
Give‘em the axe, the axe, the axe,
Give‘em the axe, Give‘em the axe, Give‘em the axe,
Where?
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck,
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck,
Right in the neck, right in the neck, right in the neck,
There!

Bear Yell
Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-rah!
Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-rah!
Golden Bear,
California’s Bear,
Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-rah! (By E.H.Troul ‘13)

Spell it
C-A-L-I-F-O-R-N-I-A
Cali-for-nia
Cali-for-nia
Cali-forn-ia

Indian Yell
Wow!
California!
Wa-a-a-a-a-a-uu!

Locomotive Yell
Rah Rah Rah
Cali-forn-ia
Rah Rah Rah Rah Rah
Cali-forn-ia
Rah Rah Rah Rah Rah Rah Rah
Cali-forn-ia

(Slow at first and increasing speed of “rahs”)