TUNE: SOLOMON LEVI.
We are the men from old U. C. and we've come down to-day
To yell for ev'ry U. C. man who's in the football play
There's Eaton, Smith and Johnson, who will make our foe men scary
And Melish 'way behind the line and also Papa Berry.

CHORUS:
Just watch us beat them, beat O. W. U.
We're bound to beat them, beat O. W. U.
And when our boys line up to play we'll yell like all possessed
To show them that we're backing them and, make them play their best.
Our Matthews, Dickson and Starbuck will make our foes men scary
And, any way, we'll yell to-day Hurrah for Papa Berry.

So tear on up you U. C. boys and buck their line like sin,
And if you keep a steady pace, we're surely bound to win.
You know that every time you score, you make us all so merry,
That we can never yell too much: "Hurrah for Papa Berry."

AIR—SWEET MARIE.
You have come to meet your doom.—Wesleyan.
We will put you in your tomb, Wesleyan,
We will snow you under deep,
We will put you all asleep,
We will smash you in a heap, Wesleyan.

CHORUS:
Easy meat — Wesleyan
You're a treat — Wesleyan
Oh! your name to-day is mud, Wesleyan
Not a single point you'll score
We will rub it in the more
We will beat you as of yore, Wesleyan.

Air—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home."
Sail in old U. C. butt them hard! Hurrah, Hurrah!
You know you hold the winning card! Hurrah, Hurrah!
Go right ahead, pile up the score,
We'll back you up as ne'er before.

CHORUS:
And we'll all whoop' er up when the day again is ours,
Yes, we'll all whoop' er up when the day again is ours.
Oh, Wesleyan, you're such a roast! Hurrah, Hurrah!
Your chance to win is not a ghost! Hurrah, Hurrah!
So sit right here and bear your fate,
Or sneak away — you know the gate!

CHORUS:
For we'll all rub it in when the day again is ours,
Yes, we'll all rub it in when the day again is ours.

U. C. YELL.
Hila, Hila, Hilagan,
Hila, Hila, Haw,
Cincinnati Varsity,
Rah! Rah! Rah!