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The Johns Hopkins Ode

Veritas Vos Liberabit

Wm. Levering Devries, '88, '92

Elizabeth E. Starr
Arr. by D. Coulter, '21

1. Truth guide our University. And from all error keep her
2. Let knowledge grow from more to more. And scholars versed in deepest
3. The truth shall crown her sons with fame. Their lives inspire with nobler

free, Let wisdom yield her choicest treasure. And
lore Their souls for light forever burning. Send
aim, Their names make known throughout her borders. As

freedom reach her fullest measure; O let her watchword
forth their fire, unlock their learning; And let their faithful
learning's guide and wisdom's warders; Then let their watchword

ev-er be: The truth of God will make you free, Will make you free!
teaching be: The truth alone can make us free, Can make us free!
ev-er be: The truth for aye shall keep us free, Shall keep us free!
University Ode
Alma Mater
Dedicated to President Gilman

JOHN F. JAMESON, Ph. D. '82  EDWIN LITCHFIELD TURNBULL, '93, adapted

1. To thee we come from far and near, Alma Mater bearing, Each his gifts to
lay them here, Each thine honors shar-ing; At thy feet once more they sit, Find each year re-
turn-ing. The torch at which our lamps we lit, Still se-rene-ly burn-ing.
2. A-far we see that beacon light, Hear abroad thy prais-es, Feed that holy
flame a-right, None more brightly blazes, We en-kind-ling here a new, Light of thy be-
ost-ing. O bear us as thy serv-ants true, On thine er-rand go-ing.
3. Now fill us with the high-est things, O be-nig-nant Moth-er; All that lifts man,
all that brings Broth-er near to broth-er; Spread the truth that mak-eth free, Night to day-light,
turn-ing. O let the world re-ceive from thee, No-blest fruits of learn-ing.
The Black and Blue

Words and music by J. Girvin Peters, '00
Arr. by D. Coulter, '21

1. Come Seniors wise and learned, Come Juniors raise a cheer, Come Sophies bold and
   cruel, Come Freshmen, have no fear. Come all ye college classes, Come
   gladness, The years with pleasure ride Are gliding swiftly by, boys, Our

   join with voices true, Sing praise to dear Old Hopkins. Hurrah, for Black and Blue!
   work will soon be through; Then oft we will recall, boys, The years 'neath Black and Blue.

   Chorus

   Rah, for the Black, boys, Rah, for the Blue, boys, Rah, for Johnny Hopkins, Rah!

   We'll pour forth our praise to dear old Johns Hopkins, Rah, for Johnny Hopkins, Rah!
The Toast We Drink

Words and music by ROBERT S. LANIER, '03

1. If you've ever seen a college in a Southern city fair,
   Where seekers after knowledge and good fellowship repair;
   If you know its fame from sea to sea its future promise bright,
   Then you know the Hopkins Varsity, the toast we drink tonight.

2. If you've ever seen twelve husky men who check and dodge and throw,
   Who've vanquished Swarthmore, humbled Penn and laid the Crimson low;
   If you've seen the banners that proclaim our champions' skill and might,
   Then you know lacrosse, the Hopkins game, the toast we drink tonight.

3. If you've ever seen a pretty maid go tripping on her way,
   And marked the Black and Blue displayed in fluttering ribbons gay;
   And your heart and head are set a-whirl by smiles and glances bright,
   Then you know the loyal Hopkins girl, the toast we drink tonight.
Alma Mater In Dixie Land

W. B. Carver, Ph. D. '04
Air "Michael Roy"

1. Come, stand together, we'll raise a cheer and wave the Black and Blue, ..... We
2. The Hopkins men on the football field have won a great renown, ..... They
3. We play lacrosse and we shoot for goal, we shoot and not in vain, ..... The

pledge our faith as loyal sons to Hopkins we'll be true; ..... We
buck the center and run the ends and pull their opponents down; ..... And
score goes up as foes go down; we win again and again; ..... Our

love our college in Dixie land, our University, ..... We
though their bodies are black and blue they're loyal don't you see, ..... They
boys are out for the championship as everyone may see, ..... We
Alma Mater In Dixie Land

(Spoken)

shout her praise as we march along, so one, two, three.
carry their colors where e'er they go, so one, two, three. (HIP!)
cheer the fellows that play lacrosse, so one, two, three.

Chorus

Homewood Song

Words by CAROL WIGHT, '19
Spirited and briskly

SIDNEY NELSON
Adapted by LOUIS FISHER

1. Give me the men of Hopkins name, whose watch-word still shall be.
2. From Gilman Hall rings out the bell That marks the passing time,
3. The football field where men are made, The stands that rock and roar,
4. So round our brows her laurels twine; We'll rush the goal arrayed.

When battling on the field of fame, The time,
Till every spirit feels its spell, The roar,
And all for Black and Blue arrayed, The gain,
And both in life and on the line Arrayed.
Homewood Song

truth shall set you free! Come fair, come foul, they
   calling with the chime The campus echoing
belles of Baltimore. What southern woman
quit ourselves as men. These memories born of

march along. Rejoicing in the fight. Who
to our tread, The squads parading by. The
hood hath done The statue yonder shows. And
Gilman Hall No cloud shall overcast. Those

feel, Though all the world go wrong. 'Tis theirs to do the right!
old flag floating overhead All glorious in the sky.
when the victory is won, Her hand the crown bestow.
chiming bells shall still recall Our hours at Home wood passed.
Johnny Hopkins On to Victory

Johnny Hopkins on to victory, Johnny Hopkins

Johnny Hopkins play the game, Johnny Hopkins

Fight the battle, Winning name and

Johnny Hopkins fame; Johnny Hopkins we're all with
Johnny Hopkins On to Victory

you, Fighting, plunging onward down the field toward the goal;...... It's the

same old line, the same old team, If you win you'll hear the eagle scream;

FINE.

Cheer, O cheer again for Johnny Hopkins.

D. S. al Fine.
To Win

To win, to win, you'd like, like hell to win, But you'll

have to wait till th' moon turns green, And the brass band plays God

shave the Dean, hi-lo, hi-lee, It's plain as A, B, C. If

anybody's going to win today It's we, we, we.

16
Everybody Bets On Hopkins

Everybody bets on Hopkins, Gee! how rich we'll be,

Founding public libraries Like Andrew Carnegie; So

what's the use of betting Against old Black and Blue? The

poor-house it is crowded, But there's room for you—You damned old Bankrupt.
The Graveyard Song

WALTZ

O where, O where are the soldier boys, Oh, where, O where can they be?

They came up here with a football team, O where, O where can they be?

{Where's Old} {St. Johns?} Down in the graveyard hear that mournful sound,

All the soldier boys are weeping, Their team's in the cold, cold ground. A MEN.
St. Johns, Good Day

St. Johns, Good day, St. Johns, they say that you can

play right well. But if you come out alive, thank the
gods you survive, For Old Hepkins will give you Hell! Hell! Hell! Hell! Hell!...
The "Freshy"

JOHN M. BOOKER, '01

EDGEBOROUGH SMITH, '98

1. Now every young Freshy that's come in of late, By the grace of his
First mind you're polite to the classmen above, Give them your re-

coach or the strength of his pate; Just glance at the list I'm a-
spect if you can't give your love, Be as meek as a lamb and as

bunt to relate Of the requisite needs of a "Freshy."
mild as a dove Till you've quitted the state of a "Freshy."

Chorus

We've drunk to the men who have gone before, To the years that won't come back;

Now a toast to the men who soon will be, The sons of the Blue and Black.

2. Don't "be smart" with your Profs., It pays in the end,
Not to blow on your mouth, for your manners will mend;
The Dean, by the way, is your very best friend,

And will help the respectful young "Freshy,"
If the lines should break, and the backs weaken too,

Don't damn 'em and tell 'em what they ought to do,
But get out and shout for the Black and the Blue.

For there's naught like the yell of the "Freshy."

Cho.

The words "College life," are interpreted wrong,
By the Cavalier Freshy: "Wine, Woman, and Song;"
There's but one College Life, and it doesn't last long,

And it don't for the Cavalier Freshy."
With advice given gratis, it's cheaper than not
To take it, and learn by the other man's lot;

So heed the above (which I know you will not),

And in time you'll be more than a "Freshy"—Cho.
Sand In Our Make-Up

For we've got sand in our make-up and hair on our chest. If

we don't beat Old St. Johns we'll eat our coats and vests. So!

come out to Homewood and see Johns Hopkins play. We'll

meet them, beat them, beat them any old day......... Hooray! (Repeat)
Ain't They Neat

Ain't they neat, ha! ha! sweet, ha! ha! dainty and gay, They're bright and
daisy the girls they all say, O they're high rollin'
ladies as well, Here come Johns Hopkins, say, don't they look swell?
On the Line

JOHN M. BOOKER, '01

Air—"The Dummy Line"

On the line, on the line, on the side of the line. We're yell-in' for the 'lev-en in the

rain and the shine, When the 'lev-en's in the rain; We're yell-in' all the time, When we're

out on the side of the line. For we are th' glory and th'

ha-lo too, The pride of the wo-men and the J. H. U. The
On the Line

pride of the women and th' J. H. U. Combined in one big

(Spoken)

(Hullabaloo!) On the line, on the line, on the side of the line, We're

yellin' for the 'lev'en in the rain and the shine, When the 'lev'en's in the rain; We're

yellin' all the time, When we're out on the side of the line.
Victory March

DOUGLAS COULTER

Arr. for piano by LOUIS FISHER

26
Nineteen Twelve Class Song

Tune: "March of the Men of Harlech"

Men of Hopkins, cherish ever
Bonds of faith that perish never;
Let us consecrate forever
    Truth that makes us free.
The radiance of her past has shed
Upon the pathways that we tread.
A light that countless lives has led
    On to victory.
    Great the debt we owe her;
    May the future show her,
The hymn we raise in loving praise
    Nor time nor chance can lower.
Hopkins, pledge we leave behind us,
That all coming years will find us
Loyal to the ties that bind us.
    Hopkins, Truth, and Right!

Hopkins, all thy honored pages,
Shine with word and deed of sages,
That go ringing down the ages
    To thy glory now.
Alma Mater, fondly leave thee
Hearts that loyally receive thee;
May our future years bequeath thee
    Laurels for thy brow.
    Where'er our lots may be,
    O Truth that makes us free,
The lives we lead by word and deed,
    We dedicate to thee.
Classmates, know our college needs us!
God be with us when she needs us,
Quick to follow where she leads us!
    Hopkins, Truth, and Right!
YELLS

R - a - y!
R - a - y!
R - a - y!
Gee Hee! Gee Ha!
Gee Ha! Ha! Ha!
Whole - Damned - Team!

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! (very fast)
Johns Hopkins!
Team! Team! Team!
H - o - o - o Wah Hoo!
H - o - o - o Wah Hoo!
Hoo! Hoo!
J! H! U!

Hopkins Rah! Hopkins Rah!
Rah! Rah!
Johns Hopkins!

Rah Rah Rah Rah John-ny Hop-kins (softly)
Rah Rah Rah Rah John-ny Hop-kins (rising inflection)
Rah Rah Rah Rah John-ny Hop-kins (loud)
Rah Rah Rah Rah John-ny Hop-kins (very loud)
Team! Team! Team!

He's a daisy, he's a la la
He gets there every time
Let's all evoke a facial ripple
H ! A ! H ! A ! Ah--------!
H-O-P-K-I-N-S  ss-ss- Boom!

Johns Hopkins!

Team!  Team!  Team!

Hallaballoo Canuck Canuck!

Hallaballoo Canuck Canuck!

Hoo!  Hoo!  (short pause)

J!  H!  U!

Rah J Hop!  Rah J Hop!

Hoo!  Hoo!  (short pause)

Black!  Blue!

HOPKINS!

Team!  Team!  Team!

R-a-a-a-a-a-y

(Name of player or team three times!

_______!  _______!  _______!

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