

Old Wabash

From the hills of Maine to the western plain, Or where the cotton is blowing;
From the gloomy shade of the northern pine, To the light of the southern seas;
There's a name held dear and a color we cheer, Wherever we find it glowing
And the tears will rise to our longing eyes, As it floats on the evening breeze.

When the day is done and the western sun Is painting in flashing glory
Across the skies with gorgeous dyes, The Color we love so well,
We love to sit as the shadows flit, And praise it in song and story,
We love to shout as the light dies out, A good old Wabash yell.

REFRAIN

Our Prayers are always thine, Our voices and hearts combine
To sing thy praise when future days Shall bring thy name before us.
When college days are past, As long as life shall last,
Our greatest joy will be to shout the chorus.

CHORUS

Dear Old Wabash, thy loyal sons shall ever love thee,
And o'er thy classic halls, the scarlet flag shall proudly flash;
Long in our hearts we'll bear the sweetest mem'ries of thee,
Long shall we sing thy praises, Old Wabash.

And loud and long shall echo the song, Till hill and valley are ringing
And spread the fame of her honored, name, Wherever the breezes blow.
Till sweet and clear the world shall hear, The sons of Wabash singing,
And flying free the world shall see, Our scarlet banner go.
The honors won by each loyal son, In highest rank shall instate her.
Forever more as in days of yore Their deeds be noble and grand.
Then once again ye Wabash men, Three cheers for Alma Mater
What e'er befall, revered by all, May she unequalled stand.

Alma Mater

Dear Alma Mater at thy shrine of cherished memory,
The hosts of Wabash meet to pledge undying loyalty.
Within these sacred portals thy fires shall brightly flame
And herald our devotion to thy most honored name.

These fleeting years we tarry here beneath the Scarlet sway
Beguile us with their subtle charms, then quickly steal away.
Do thou, our Alma Mater, turn back the hands of time
Give us this joy forever and keep our faith sublime.

Dear Alma Mater, in thy hands rest all our hopes and fears,
Thou Counsellor in College days-thou guide in riper years.
Grant now thy benediction; vouchsafe thy care benign,
That worthy, we may follow the precepts that are thine.