Old Wabash

Words by
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Music by
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From the hills of Maine to the day is done and the load and long shall honors won by each western plain, or where the cotton is blowing; From the western sun, is painting in flashing glory A

glowy shade of the northern pine, to the light of the southern seas. There's a cross the skies with gorgeous dyes the color we love so well; We spread the fame of her honored name where ever the breezes blow. Till ever more as in days of yore, their deeds be noble and grand. Then

name held dear and a color we cheer where ever we find it glowing. And the sweet and clear the once again ye Wabash men, three cheers for Alma Mater. What

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tears will rise to our long-ing eyes as it floats on the eve-ning breeze. When love to shout as the light dies out a good old Wa-bash yell.
fly-ing free the world shall see our Scar-let ban-ner go. The e'er be-fall, re-vered by all may she un-e-qualled stand.

REFRAIN

prayers are al-ways thine, Our voices and hearts com-bine To sing thy praise when

fu-ture days shall bring thy name be-fore us. When col-lege days are past, As

long as life shall last, Our great-est joy will be to shout the chor-us.
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 memories of thee. Long shall we sing thy praises Old Wabash.