

Official Field Song of the University of Nebraska.

# The Cornhusker.

To U. of Neb.

59

ROBERT W. STEVENS.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'p.' (piano) and 'rit.' (ritardando). The lyrics are as follows:

Come a run-nin' boys Don't you hear that noise like the thun-der in the  
When the sun is bright and the fields are ripe with the tas-sel on the  
sky How it rolls a-long in a good old song from the sons of Ne-bras-  
corn You can hear it grow in the eve-ning glow or the hush of ear-ly  
ki Now it's com-ing near with a ris-ing cheer that will sweep all foes a-  
morn In the state so fair 'tis the ve-ry air that in-spires us with a  
way So with all our vim We are bound to win and were going to win to-day  
zest That in an-y fray We will not dis-may but we'll do our lev-el best

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## CHORUS.

For Ne - bras - ka and the scar - let For Ne - bras - ka and the cream Tho' they  
go thru many' a bat - tle Our col - ors still are seen So in  
con - test and in vic - try We will wave them for the team And t'will  
al - ways stir a corn - hus - ker The old Scar - let and the cream.

*rit.*

*rit.*



## Foot-ball Verses.

3.

Now it's one, two, three  
For the Varsity,  
For the coach and all the men  
Then it's down the field  
Where we never yield  
Till we score and score again.  
When the back field ducks  
And the captain bucks  
They will hit that line for fair,  
Till the enemy  
Simply cannot see,  
Or perhaps they do not care.

*Cho.*

4.

In the days of old  
Johnny Bender bold.  
Would just take that ball in hand  
And with Benedict  
Right in front of him  
They would set sail for the land  
Then Doc Eager too  
With a chosen few  
Would be all 'round everywhere  
And before they'd quit  
They would calmly sit  
Down behind that goal post there.

*Cho.*