

Nebraska Wesleyan Song Book

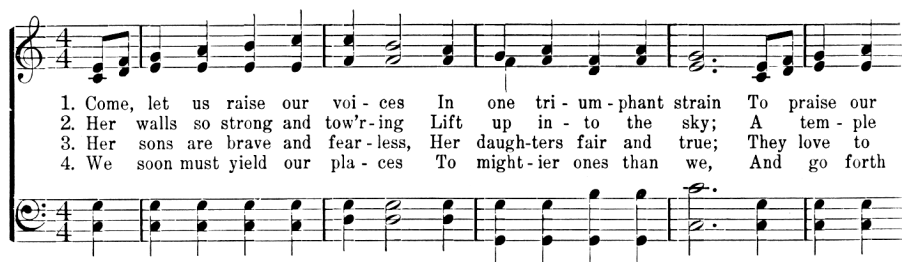
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THE YELLOW AND THE BROWN.

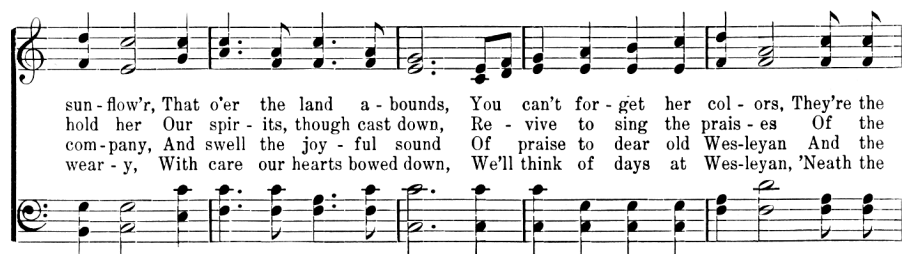
A. O. Hinson.



1. Come, let us raise our voi - ces In one tri - um - phant strain To praise our
 2. Her walls so strong and tow'r - ing Lift up in - to the sky; A tem - ple
 3. Her sons are brave and fear - less, Her daugh - ters fair and true; They love to
 4. We soon must yield our pla - ces To might - ier ones than we, And go forth

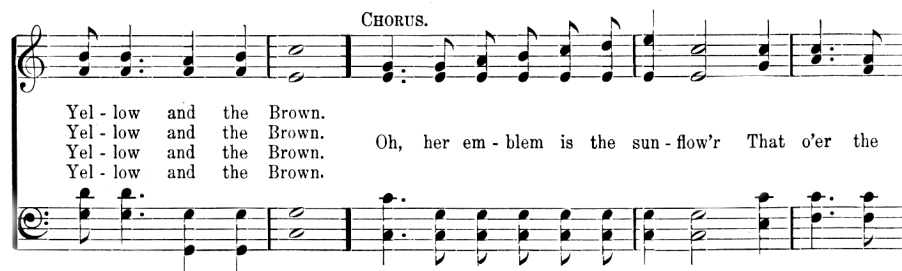


Al - ma Ma - ter, Her glo - ries tell a - gain; Her em - blem is the
 fair to learn - ing, Blest by the God on high; And when our eyes be -
 sing her prais - es, Would glad - ly wel - come you To join the mer - ry
 in life's bat - tles To be what we may be; And when our hearts grow



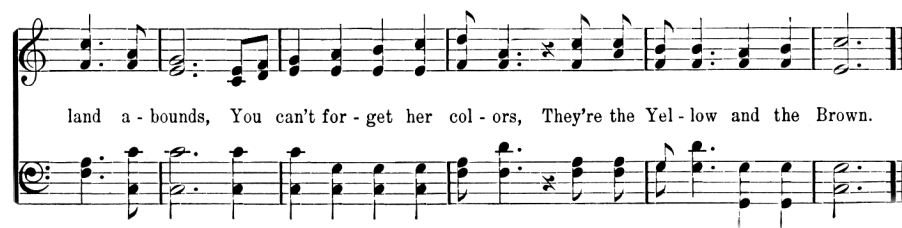
sun-flow'r, That o'er the land a - bounds, You can't for - get her col - ors, They're the
 hold her Our spir - its, though cast down, Re - vive to sing the prais - es Of the
 com - pany, And swell the joy - ful sound Of praise to dear old Wes - leyan And the
 wear - y, With care our hearts bowed down, We'll think of days at Wes - leyan, 'Neath the

CHORUS.



Yel - low and the Brown.
 Yel - low and the Brown.
 Yel - low and the Brown.
 Yel - low and the Brown.

Oh, her em - blem is the sun-flow'r That o'er the



land a - bounds, You can't for - get her col - ors, They're the Yel - low and the Brown.

THE COLLEGE ON THE HILL.

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O. H. Langdon.

O. E. Locke.

1. We're from Ne-bras-ka Wes-ley-an, the col-lege on the hill; We're wield-ers of the
 2. We like to have a jol-ly time, no good and e-vil mixture; We take de-feat or
 3. Here's to Ne-bras-ka Wesleyan, may her shad-ow ne'er be less; Her past is rich, her

meg-a-phone, the hand, the brain, the quill; We're proud-er of our ath-letes than was
 vic-t'ry sweet—We take a splen-did pic-ture: We take our med-i-cine like men—We
 fu-ture bright, with much yet to pos-sess. All hail our Al-ma Ma-ter dear, Ne-

Cro-e-sus of his wealth; And we sing our song of vic-t'ry in the morn-ing.
 give it with a will, And we like to sing of vic-t'ry in the morn-ing.
 bras-ka's pride and gem; And we sing her song of vic-t'ry in the morn-ing.

CHORUS.

O Wes-ley-an, O Wes-ley-an, Our col-lege on the hill! O Wes-ley-an, O

Wes-ley-an, Your wel-come's nev-er chill! As Stars and Stripes will ne'er come down, So

wave the Yel-low and the Brown, With none to blot your fair re-nown, O Wes-ley-an!

NEBRASKA WESLEYAN.

D. M. S.

Dorothy M. Seabrooke.

Well-marked rhythm, but not too fast.

1. Where Mis-sou - ri's stream rolls with gold - en gleam, And the Platte me - an - ders fan - cy-
 2. We're a might - y host, and we dare to boast Of our moth - ers' sons and daugh - ters
 3. Like the wel - comesheen of the spring's first green, We as Fresh - men bud so ten - der-
 4. Oh, the Yel - low means all the sun - ny gleams Of the dear old hap - py col - lege

free; Where rich prair - ies, wide in their glo - rious pride, Fill
 true; Of the might - y men, strong in hu - man ken, Who
 ly; Like the rose of June, how we burst in bloom, In
 days; And the Brown, the grain of our har - vest gain, When

out fair Ne - bras - ka's bound - a - ry: There's a lit - tle town with a
 guide us the paths of knowl - edge thro': All the rain - bow's hues in our
 proud Soph - o - mor - ic dig - ni - ty: But the Age of Gold is when,
 Life calls us forth in du - ty's ways: Tho' the fu - ture years bring us

great re - nown, And a col - lege al - ways in the van; We who
 ranks we use, — As a sign of prom - ise they un - fold; But we
 Jun - iors bold, We a - ston - ish the hum - ble fac - ul - ty; And the
 joy or tears, We'll be pa - tient, faith - ful, ev - 'ry one; We'll be

Nebraska Wesleyan—Concluded.

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rit. *tempo.*

there be - long, proud - ly raise our song, With a cheer for our Wes - ley -
hold most dear our brave sun - flow'r's cheer, And our col - ors, the Brown and
vio - lets true, with their roy - al hue, Prove us Se - niors in maj - es -
al - ways leal to our high i - deal, As the sun - flow - er to the

CHORUS. *accel.*

an.
Gold.
ty.
sun.

O Wes - ley - an! 'Rah, 'rah, Ne - bras - ka!

cres. *f*

'Rah, 'rah, Wes - leyan! Ne - bras - ka Wes - leyan! 'Rah!..... Wes - leyan!

GOOD-NIGHT.

Arranged from "Taps."

cres. *f* *p*

Good-night! We must part—God keep watch o'er us all where we go! We may meet nevermore! Good-night!

WESLEYAN SLOGAN.

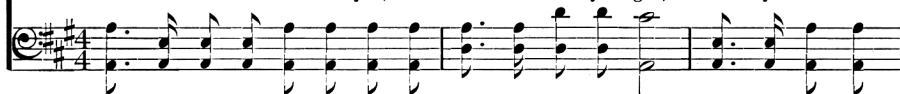
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Prof. F. A. Alabaster.

Henry C. Work



1. Hark! the rest-less Coy-ote howls from hill-top and from draw, Ev-er search-ing
2. Flow'rs there are of beau-ty rare, and fra-grance un-sur-passed, But for strength and
3. Black and Blue we leave to you, our foes in man-y a fight; En-vy's Green so



for his prey with keen-est tooth and claw; Husk-ers, drakes, jack-rab-bits, too, and
state-li-ness we have them all out-classed; Flo-ral type of gold-en light, our
oft-en seen, and Red of shame-ful plight; These your col-ors ev-er be a-



D. S.—Here's a com-bi-na-tion that se-



ti-gers fear that jaw; 'Rah for our Coy-ote de-fend-er! The Coyote, the Sunflow'r, the
hearts' own shrine thou hast; 'Rah for the Sun-flow'r of Wesleyan! long with pan-ic's White; The Yellow and the Brown live for-ev-er!



cures the Victor's crown, Now, hence-forth, and for-ev-er.



Yel-low and the Brown, Our war-cry, our slo-gan, this na-tion up and down;

