

Sophomore Song

Let us sing for Old Willamette
'Till the hills shall ring with cheers,
Let us shout for old Willamette
'Till the echoes down the years.
Let us strive for old Willamette
With the glorious zest of youth,
Worthy of our Alma Mater
Worthy by our zest for truth,
With a faith in old Willamette
Never dying, ever true.
With a love that's never ending,
Let us hail our W. U.

CHORUS

Hail Willamette! Hail Willamette!
Loud we'll shout and long we'll sing.
Hail Willamette! Hail Willamette!
May her fighters vict'ry bring.
Hail Willamette! Hail Willamette!
Life and strength we give to you,
Striving on we'll fight and conquer
Hail! Oh hail! our W. U.

Willamette Spring Song

Oh, springtime at Willamette,
There's naught could sweeter be!
Like mists by sunlight melted,
The clouds of trouble flee.
And all of life seems gladness
At just a sparrows trill,
Or glimpe of maplè blossoms,
Our hearts with rapture thrill.

chorus—

Oh, sweet is days stern labor,
We conquer without fear;
And sweet the hours of evening
When college friends are near,
So gathered here at twilight
Amid the shadows long
Soft notes of youth and springtime
Are mingled in our song.

Senior Song

Hail Willamette sturdy conqueror
Rising proudly toward the sky
Reigning with majestic sceptor
Thou dost manhood glorify
Queenly art thou, born in glory
Lighted by the sun's last ray
Ere he dips into the ocean
At the close of each new day
Our valley green that bears thy title
Rich in field and fertile land
Yields no wealth that meets in grandeur
That strong soul wrought by thy hand.

CHORUS

Her's is victory
Courage warriors
None can trample
On her name
Catch the spirit of thy fathers
Blaze a trail where others fear
Know ye not the Gold and Card'nal
Seeks for conquest? Knows no peer?
On to triumph
Alma Mater
There is naught can
Mar thy fame.

Junior Song

VERSE

From the years that fade behind us,
Comes a spirit ever new,
Comes to grip us and to bind us,
To the soul of W. U.
Winning cannot mar her spirit,
With the tarnish of conceit,
And the foes we meet all fear it
For it never knows defeat.

REFRAIN

Oh, our hearts beat high for singing
When we hear that magic name
And we set the echoes ringing,
With Willamette's ancient fame.

CHORUS

Sing the glories of Willamette
All ye loyal ones and true
Keep alive the grand old spirit
Ever changing, ever new,
Trim your souls and hearts for fighting,
And we'll see Willamette through.