

# **STANFORD FOOTBALL SONGS**

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Stanford Football Songs by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

**STANFORD  
FOOTBALL SONGS**



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**HAIL, STANFORD, HAIL.**

Words by A. W. SMITH.

Music by MARY ROBERTS SMITH.

Where the rolling foothills rise  
Up toward the mountains higher,  
Where at eve the Coast Range lies  
In the sunset fire,  
Flushing deep and paling;  
Here we raise our voices, hailing  
Thee our Alma Mater.

REFRAIN.

From the foothills to the bay  
It shall ring,  
As we sing,  
It shall ring and float away;  
Hail, Stanford, hail!  
Hail, Stanford, hail!

Tender vistas ever new  
Through the arches meet the eyes,  
Where the red roofs rim the blue  
Of the sun-steeped skies,  
Flecked with cloudlets sailing.  
Here we raise our voices, hailing  
Thee our Alma Mater.

When the moonlight-bathed arcade  
Stands in evening calms,  
When the light wind, half afraid,  
Whispers in the palms,  
Far-off swelling, failing,  
Student voices glad are hailing  
Thee our Alma Mater.

PRIZE SONG, 1904.

STANFORD WINS TODAY!

H. R. THOMAS, '07.

AIR. "Solomon Levi."

Our sturdy team is on the field, our colors they  
proudly wear,  
The air is ringing with Stanford shouts, the  
Cardinal's everywhere;  
We'll show those fellows a thing or two, we'll  
teach them how to play;  
So give a big cheer for the Varsity team, for  
Stanford wins today!

CHORUS.

O, poor old Berkeley! What is the matter with  
you?  
Poor, sorrowing Berkeley! Why are you look-  
ing so blue?  
Our team will scatter the enemy's line, they'll  
soon roll up the score,  
The Stanford spirit will win the day, as it oft  
has done before.  
The Stanford men are lining up, they're eager  
for the fray;  
So give a big cheer for the Varsity team, for  
Stanford wins today.



We'll trim the whiskers and pare the claws of  
the hoary old Berkeley bear ;  
We'll paint his nose a cardinal hue, and make  
him dye his hair ;  
It's "back to the woods" with Hopper and Stroud,  
and the rest of the Berkeley crew,  
For the Cardinal banners are waving today over  
the Gold and Blue!

**SECOND PRIZE, 1904.**

**WEEPING WILLOWS.**

F. B. GOUDY, '06.

**TUNE.** "Contrary Mary."

Berkeley, O Berkeley, we've come to do you,  
We will surprise you, when we start through  
you, through you.  
Your palms of victory we'll change to willows,  
Weeping aloud for poor old Berkeley.

Long you have boasted how you could do us,  
We're from Missouri, you'll have to show us,  
show us,  
Your palms of victory we'll change to willows,  
Weeping aloud for poor old Berkeley.

## THE CARDINAL SONG.

Words and music by ALICE W. KIMBALL, '04.

Here come the men of Stanford, the sturdy  
team and true,  
They'll put the blood-red banner above the Gold  
and Blue;  
They play the game for Stanford, they win for  
Stanford, too,  
Down in the country of the Cardinal.

### CHORUS.

Then for the Cardinal give a cheer!  
The Stanford spirit can know no fear!  
Then all together, we shout it loud and clear:  
"To victory! to vict'ry with the Cardinal!"

Let every man be singing while Stanford makes  
the score;  
We've made a plenty of them, and we'll make a  
plenty more.  
We'll win us greater glory than we have won  
before,  
Down in the country of the Cardinal.

Now where is poor old Berkeley? Why doesn't  
she begin?  
Oh, she know the day she loses, and she knows  
the day we win.  
And she knows the Stanford spirit, that lasts  
through thick and thin,  
Down in the country of the Cardinal.