

For thrice one-hundred students,  
Fair maidens and gallant youths,  
Had borne the Armour colors,  
To teach to Lewis some truths.

The Lewis array arrives,  
carrying Armour hams  
and riding in Columbian  
coaches.

Now they came, those proud West Siders,  
Riding in coaches they came;  
And hark to our cheap deriders,  
As they bellow the Lewis name.

Their coaches, in bold derision,  
Are festooned with Armour hams,  
But lesser hams meet our vision,  
Where Lewis Youthdom jams.

The chivalry of an  
Armour hero.

The game is called; Miller, the bold,  
Now bids his girl adieu;  
But first his younger brother's told  
To keep her till the game is through.

Why we won.

And now the Lewis warriors  
Tremble in deadly fear,  
For War-horse Tarbell shakes his locks,  
His snort of rage they hear.

The game begins — in the  
first half the Lewis team  
seems to forget their  
object in playing.

And, hark! The umpire's whistle's blown,  
But ere its echoes die,  
They mingle with the Lewis moan,  
As they see our men sweep by.

Aye, now they groan! They shall groan more,  
For they reel 'neath our attack;  
A second's struggle, then 'tis o'er,  
And their shattered line falls back.

Swiftly and well our fierce plays tell;  
They struggle, but struggle in vain,  
While Miller and Prentiss and Tarbell  
Are helping increase their pain.