

Vain is their struggling and striving,
For when the half is through,
"Eighteen to Naught" is the scoring,
And they feel like their color — blue.

And, then, I cannot tell you why,
But the teams had left the green,
When out on the gridiron, with hue and cry,
The student mob is seen.

Where ye student body
aids in the merriment by
organizing a first class
"Rush."

*Come now, ye gods of war,
Haste on thy lightning wing;
Feed now my pen with fire,
Conflict I sing.*

The Rush.

*Out rushed the students, then,
Crowding the gridiron o'er;
Armour and Lewis men,
Peaceful no more.*

*Thickly those hams are thrown,
Torn from the coaches there;
Eggs, rocks and hams have flown,
Handfulls of hair.*

*See there that Armour flag,
See how it waves in air,
Bids Lewis' courage lag,
Theirs, if they dare.*

*Now, all their men advance,
This is their only chance;
See, at our flag they glance,
Hold it, O Armour!*

*Now they've met our line;
Armour, the day is thine,
All Lewis' ribbons thine;
Thy flag unharmed.*