



*The Rooters Association*

A mighty band of  
rooters we,  
Who quite sustain the  
dignity  
Of College land the  
gayest land on earth  
Our banners floating  
in the air  
Denote our hearts are  
free from care;  
Whenever there's a  
battle we  
Are in the bleachers  
merrily

Uproaring for the  
champions who  
claim us.  
No matter if they win  
or lose  
The loudest echo we  
abuse,  
And give the cheer  
that made our col-  
lege famous.  
We never fight with  
sword or gun,  
Or battle ships that  
weigh a ton;  
And yet we soon sur-  
press a rash attach.

For when the enemy  
we see  
We summon our fer-  
ocity,  
And led by cheer men  
quickly shout them  
back.  
With leather lungs  
and megaphones  
We bellow forth in  
clarion tones  
The cheer that made  
our Alma Mater  
famous.