

Boola Song.

(ADELINA, THE YALE BOOLA GIRL.)

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A. M. Hirsh.

1. A-way down south on the old Swa-nee, Where the rippling waves are danc-ing to and
2. Her long and wav - y nut-brown hair, Is toss - ing out up - on the sum-mer

fro, The soft per-fume from o'er the lea Tells where sweet mag - no - lia blos-soms
breeze; Her spark-ling eyes are won-drous fair, Her voice like the mu - sic in the

grow. There's where my Ad - e - li - na dwells 'Mid fair - y syl - van dells; She
trees. I ask her when she'll be my bride, Her head she turns a - side, And

laughs and sings the whole day thro', Boo - la, Boo, Boo - la, 'oo - la, Boo - la Boo.

CHORUS.

Boo - la, { Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo - la,
 { li - na, Ad - e - li - na, I'll be wait - ing.....

Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move
And manage all the man with secret art.—Addison.

Boola Song.

..... Boo - la, boo - la;..... When I meet sweet Ad - e - li - na,....
 Ad - e - li - na;..... When the all - ver..... moon is beam - ing...

..... Then she sings hor..... Boo - la song..... Ad - e -
 Then I'll meet you..... Ad - a - line.....

Yale Athletic Version.

- 1 Well, here we are; well, here we are!
 Just watch us rolling up a score;
 We'll leave those fellows behind so far,
 They won't want to play us any more!
 We've hope and faith in Eli Yale!
 To win we cannot fail!
 Well, a Boola, Boo, Boola, Boola, Boo,
 Boola, Boo, Boola, 'oo'a, Boola, Bool
- Chorus.**—Boola, Boola, Boola, Boola,
 Boola, Boola, Boola, Boola,
 When we're through with these poor fellows,
 They will holler "Boola Bool" (Rah, Rah, Rah)
 Oh, Yale, Eli Yale, Oh, Yale, Eli Yale,
 Oh, Yale, Eli Yale, Oh, Yale, Eli Yale!
- 2 Now isn't it a shame, now isn't it a shame,
 To do those fellows up so bad?
 We've done it before, we can do it once more,
 Though they'll feel very, very sad.
 We'll roll up the score so very high,
 That you will hear them sigh,
 Boola, Boola, Boo, Boola, Boola, Boo,
 Boola, Boo, Boola, 'oo'a, Boola, Boo.

Go, Chicago!

- 1 Oh, ten to one when the game's begun,
 We will shout till the echoes reach the sky.
 What is it tells us under the sun
 That another victory is nigh?
 Not the sound of all our voices,
 Nor the tramp of all our feet,
 But the surging of that spirit,
 That can never reckon with defeat.
- Chorus.**
 Go, Chi-ca-go! Go, Chi-ca-go!
 Go, Chi-ca-go! Go, Chi-ca-go!
 Go, Chi-ca-go! Go, Chi-ca-go!
 Go, Chi-ca-go! CHI-CA-GO, Ge! Go,
 Chi-ca-go!
- 2 Away 'way up on our bleachers high,
 With our colors flaunting in the sky,
 We make the air with "Chicago" ring.
 And her praise with might and main we sing.
 We'll stand by her when the fight is on,
 And when the battle's won
 We'll shout and sing the whole day long
 Chicago's joyful triumph song.