

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY

Song Book

B. Smith Haworth

Glenn Dick

B. SMITH HAWORTH, '17, and E. G. DICK, '23, long noted for their Ottawa song writing and leading, collected and edited the hymns and tunes in this booklet. For many of the songs, they wrote the words, and in some cases the music. Credit to others is given where possible. The songs were published through the generosity of JIM MCHENRY, '42.

OTTAWA, KANSAS — 1963

MY OTTAWA

The phrase "fair scenes of field and sky," in the second stanza, was suggested by the State seal of Kansas, which shows a wide expanse of prairie and hill, and above this a cluster of stars; and also by the extraordinary brilliancy of the Kansas night-skies.

The same suggestions are found in the seventh line of the third stanza: "Long as a night-star glows."

The "Swan-stream" is the Marais des Cygnes, which flows through the City of Ottawa. The wild sun-flower is characteristic of Kansas, precisely as the golden-rod is of New England.

FRANKLIN JOHNSON.

CRAMER.

1 Sweet al - ma ma - ter, As thou hast cher - ished me,
 2. Sweet al - ma ma - ter, A - round and o'er thee lie
 3. Sweet al - ma ma - ter, Long may thy halls a - bid
 4. Sweet al - ma ma - ter, The God thou dost a - dore

So will I cher - ish thee, My Ot - ta - wa;
 Fair scenes of field and sky, My Ot - ta - wa;
 A - mid these mead - ows wide, My Ot - ta - wa;
 In - crease thee more and more, My Ot - ta - wa;

Thanks chief - ly for thy care To make all learn - ing fair
 But thou art fair er far Tc me, thy child, than are
 Long as the Swan-stream flows, Long as the sun-flower blows,
 May thou-sands to thee flow, And thou-sands from thee go

With light of Psalm and prayer, My Ot - ta - wa.
 The smiles of earth or star, My Ot - ta - wa.
 Long as a night - star glows, My Ot - ta - wa.
 To heal earth's sin and woe, My Ot - ta - wa.

REMEMBER

B. SMITH HAWORTH

Arr. by E. GLENN DICK

Re-mem-ber the time you spent here: Re-mem-ber when you're a - way.
Re-mem-ber the teams that fought here: Re-mem-ber their sport-ing play.

Re-mem-ber the friends you made here and make a new friend ev - 'ry day.
Re-mem-ber the mu-sic heard here and all who walked in the Christ-ian way.

Re-mem-ber the ones be-fore you and all they tried to do,
Re-mem-ber the speech and dram-a and how we loved life too,

For you're a part of the Ot-ta-wa spir-it, And the spir-it's a part of you.
For this is the way of the Ot-ta-wa spir-it, And its mem'-ries are call-ing you.

O'ER THE STANDS

ANON.

ANON.

O'er the stands of shin-ing yel-low O. U.'s ban-ners fly;

Cheer on cheer like vol-ley'd thun-der Ech-oes to the sky.

See, the O. U. tide is turn-ing, Gain-ing more and more. Then

fight, fight, fight, For we win to-night: O. U. for - ev - er more.

THE OTTAWA DREAM SONG

B. SMITH HAWORTH

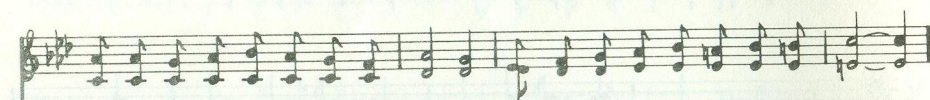
E. GLENN DICK



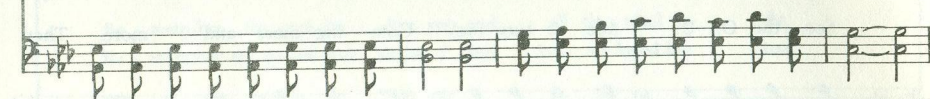
O. U. is the col-lege near the Swan Stream, Build-ed on the dreams of men of old.---



We have made it tru - ly our dream As we see her life un - fold.---



When we see her sons en-gage in con-test Dreams of yes-ter-year come flood-ing in;---



With the call to an-swer to the great test Came a might - y. will to win.---



THE OTTAWA SPIRIT

B. SMITH HAWORTH

E. GLENN DICK



When O. U. fights the score mounts high, The spir - it grows, suc-cess is nigh.
For what is past we trib - ute bring. For pres - ent war-riors now we sing.



There is no quit in Otta - wa play, so on - ward, Braves, your power dis - play;
The fu - ture gleams its mes - sage true, so on - ward, Braves, we trust in you.



Fight with hon - or, win with grace. The spir - it glows on ev - 'ry face.



We lift our ban - ner, shout our name. Our cause we love, our life pro - claim.



OTTAWA PEP SONG

EDMUND L. GRABER
Arr. by E. GLENN DICK

ANON.

Ot - ta - wa, Ot - ta - wa, Let us fight for Ot - ta - wa She's the

col-lege we'll stand by, you bet. We will fight, we will

shout, we will fling our ban-ners out. We will stand by the yell-ow and

black. So it's pep, pep, pep, ev - er - last - ing

pep: That's what we have in old O. U. And wher-

e'er we go You will al-ways know that we're

fight - ing for old O U. Keep on fight - ing; for we're

fight - ing for old O. U.

Taui Jones

L. RAYMOND HIGGINS

PAUL R. UTT

Oh, John Te-cum-seh Jones was a no-ble In-di-an, And he
So we, the loy-al tribe of Taui, will cher-ish and pro-claim The—

came to the prai-ries of the west, — Where he la-bor'd, plan'd and
vir-tues of the chief of long a - go. — To seek the good of

ven-tur'd for the friend-ly Ot-ta-wan, And left us a wise be-
broth-er-hood shall be our joy-ful aim, As — time shall on-ward

quest. — For the red men and the white men in a coun-cil did u-
flow. — The light of truth and hopes of youth will lead us brave-ly

nite, To es-tab-lish a col-lege good and true; — Soon the
on, Nor — fal-ter-ing nor ev-er look-ing back. — In —

red men left the cam-pus and their courage to the white, Who car-ried on the
song we'll praise our col-lege days and our good chief-tain John. All hon-or to the

CHORUS
work and saw it through — Oh, Taui Jones, brave Taui Jones, Was the
Yel-low and the Black —

man who had the vim in days of old. — Oh, Ot-ta-wa, — fair

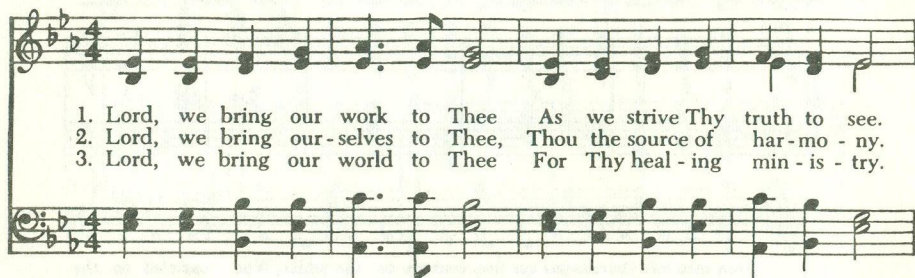
Ot-ta-wa, — Has the spir-it that we ev-er will up-hold. —

A PRAYER FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS

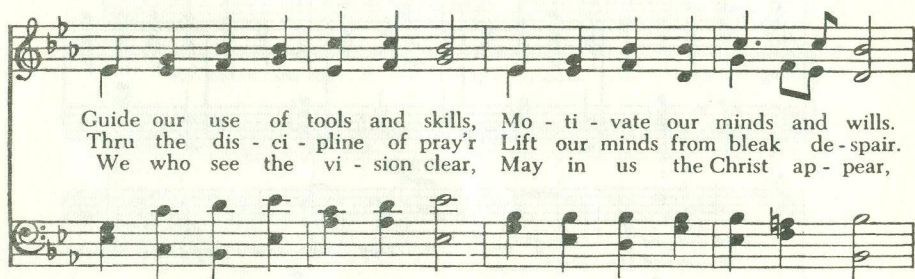
Tune—Redhead

B. SMITH HAWORTH

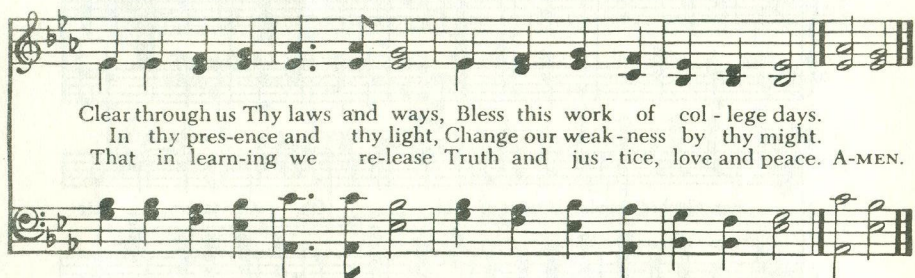
Richard Redhead



1. Lord, we bring our work to Thee As we strive Thy truth to see.
2. Lord, we bring our-selves to Thee, Thou the source of har-mo - ny.
3. Lord, we bring our world to Thee For Thy heal - ing min - is - try.



Guide our use of tools and skills, Mo - ti - vate our minds and wills.
Thru the dis - ci - pline of pray'r Lift our minds from bleak de-spair.
We who see the vi - sion clear, May in us the Christ ap - pear,



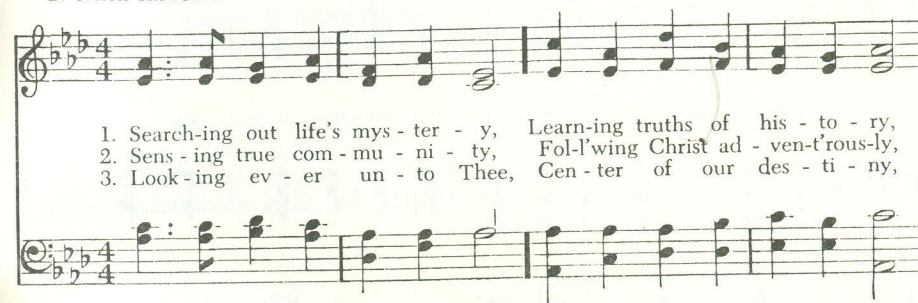
Clear through us Thy laws and ways, Bless this work of col - lege days.
In thy pres-ence and thy light, Change our weak-ness by thy might.
That in learn-ing we re-lease Truth and jus - tice, love and peace. A-MEN.

LIFE AT OTTAWA—A HYMN

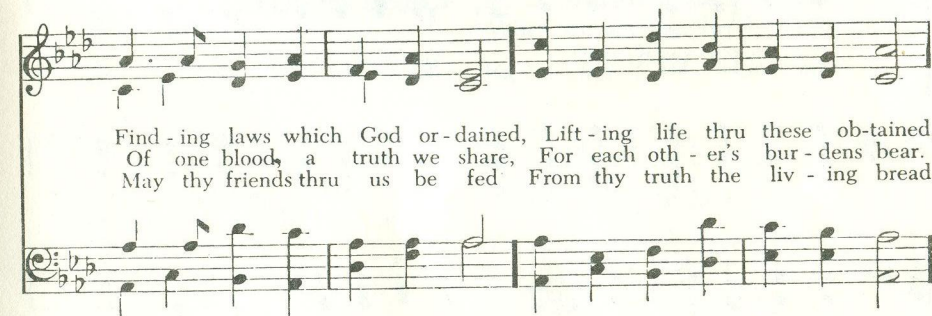
Tune—Spanish Hymn (1824)

B. SMITH HAWORTH

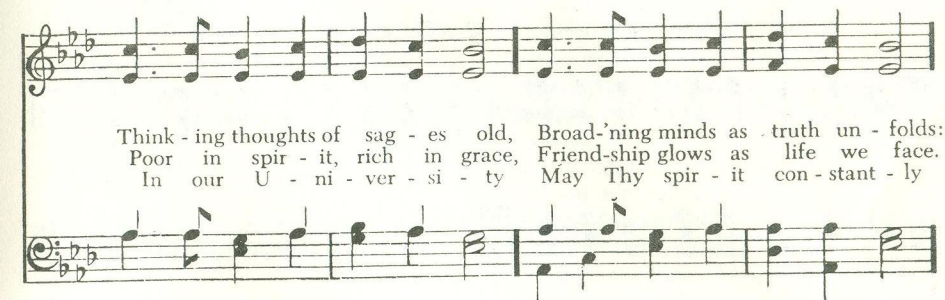
Spanish Melody, 1824



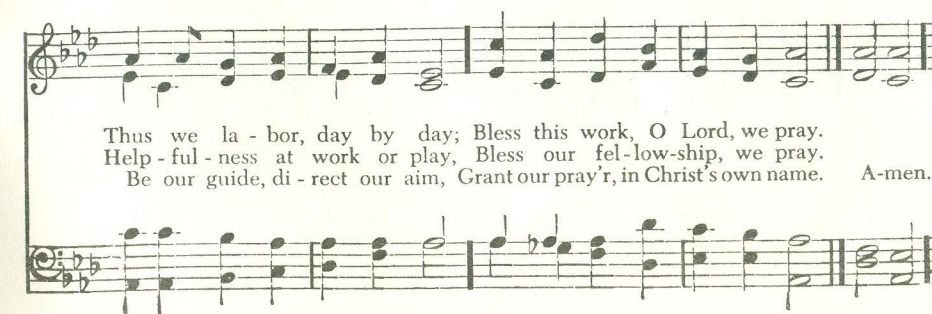
1. Search-ing out life's mys - ter - y, Learn-ing truths of his - to - ry,
2. Sens - ing true com - mu - ni - ty, Fol-l'wing Christ ad - ven-t'rous-ly,
3. Look - ing ev - er un - to Thee, Cen - ter of our des - ti - ny,



Find - ing laws which God or - dained, Lift - ing life thru these ob-tained,
Of one blood, a truth we share, For each oth - er's bur - dens bear.
May thy friends thru us be fed From thy truth the liv - ing bread.



Think - ing thoughts of sag - es old, Broad-'ning minds as truth un - folds:
Poor in spir - it, rich in grace, Friend-ship glows as life we face.
In our U - ni - ver - si - ty May Thy spir - it con - stant - ly



Thus we la - bor, day by day; Bless this work, O Lord, we pray.
Help - ful - ness at work or play, Bless our fel-low-ship, we pray.
Be our guide, di - rect our aim, Grant our pray'r, in Christ's own name. A-men.

SING A SONG OF COLLEGE DAYS

MINNIE MAUDE MACAULAY, '22

ANON.



Sing a song of col-lege days, Tell me where to go,——



Wash-burn for her pret-ty girls, Bak-er our old foe,—— Em-



po-ria for her chap-pies,—— Then there's old K. U.;—— Man-



hat-tan for her Ag-gie lads, But good fel-lows, old O. U.——



Football Chant

Oh, I wish I were on the Ottawa team
Where the good plays do abound
With forward passes hanging on the
trees
And touchdowns rollin' on the ground.
What! Touchdowns rollin' on the
ground?
Sure! Touchdowns rollin' all around.

Tune: "I Want a Girl"

I want a school just like the school
I knew in old O.U.
There I made my friends; there joy
knew no ends,
I *sometimes* studied too.
A good old fashioned school with
aims so true,
A spirit of you for all, and all for you.
I want a school just like the school
I knew in old O.U.

Tune: "From the Halls of Montezuma"

From the days of Silas Eber
To the time of Andrew B.
We have had our hopes and visions
And what is here we all can see;
We have done quite well to now, sir,
But there's more we ought to do.
Here's a toast to Alma Mater
To the future of O.U.

Tune: "Levee Song"

I've been boosting for old O.U.
All the livelong day.
I've been shouting all my praises
To all who came my way.
Don't you feel the thrill of memory
Of happy days gone by?
Let us toast our Alma Mater
And lift her banner high.

Tune: "Stout Hearted Men"

Give me some men who are stout
hearted men
Who will stand for the school we
adore.
Start me with ten who believe in it,
then,
We will soon have a thousand or
more—who
Support with their hopes, with their
prayers, and their means
The school as we march to the fore.
Then there's nothing in the world can
down our victory theme.
When we get together bring true old
Tay Jones' dream.

Tune: "Li'l Liza Jane"

I've got a school where the swan
stream flows;
Good old O.U.
I've got a school where the night
star glows;
Good old O.U.
Alma Mater—Good old O.U.
Alma Mater—Good old O.U.
The braves do fight and Baker bust,
Good old O.U.
Study a little, if study we must
Good old O.U.
Alma Mater—Good old O.U.
Alma Mater—Good old O.U.
The choir it sings; the speakers shout
Down at O.U.
They court the girls like all get out,
Down at O.U.
Alma Mater—Good old O.U.
Alma Mater—Good old O.U.
It's a school to advertise,
Good old O.U.
Plenty there to emphasize
Good old O.U.
Alma Mater—Good old O.U.
Alma Mater—Good old O.U.