

ILLINOIS REUNION SONG

WORDS BY
FRANK L. DAVIS, '88

MUSIC BY
THEODORE C. BEACH

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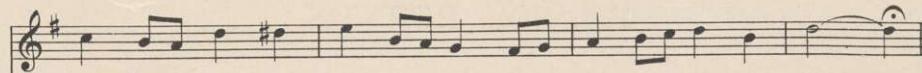
VOICE

We come from ev - ry sover-ign state, We hail from ev - ry clime, Some
Up - on the lawn we now ap-pear In hap - py glad ar - ray, A -

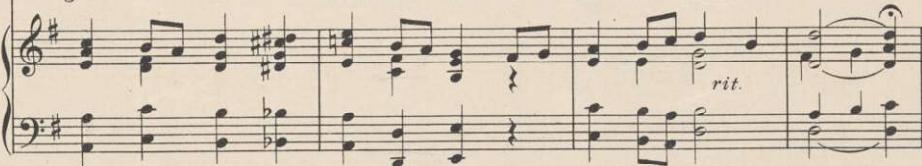
mf *a tempo*

with and some with - out a mate To have a bul - ly time. Full
round the stand-ard of our year For this re - un - ion day. The

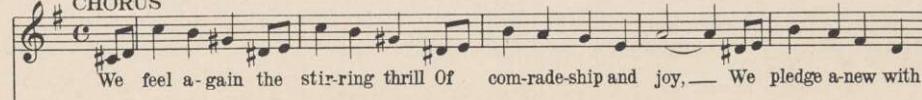
prep - a - ra - tions have been made For all who care to come, We
boy, from out Life's bus - y whirl In ev - ry group is seen, A -



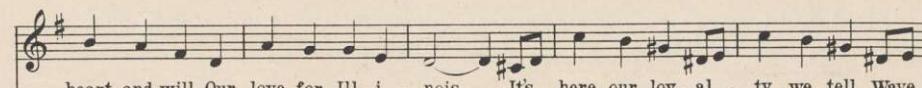
greet our friends, en - joy the shade In our old col - lege home.—
gain we meet the sweet-est girl That ev - er trod the green.—



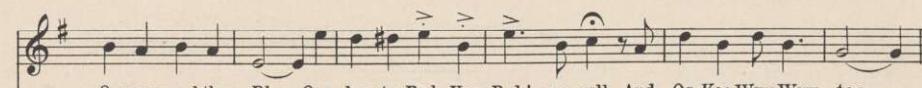
CHORUS



We feel a-gain the stir-ring thrill Of comrade-ship and joy,— We pledge a-new with



heart and will Our love for Ill - i - nois.— It's here our loy - al - ty we tell Wave



O-range and the Blue, Our lus-ty Rah-Hoo-Rah! we yell And Os-Kee-Wow-Wow too.—



rit.

Illinois Reunion

The dinners held on Monday night,
With all have made a hit,
For there we joke and laugh with might
And "reminis" a bit.
The Senior Prom's a pretty sight
Where buds and gowns abound,
And what old grad would not delight
To see them dance around?

At two o'clock we just get out
It's best to have some sleep,
Besides, we have a breakfast bout
In honor we must keep.
It's "Shorty" this and "Alpha" that
And "Grimes" and "Parson" too,
And many's the confession pat
That's largely overdue.

We fall in line for the parade
To Convocation Hall,
Again stroll 'round beneath the shade
Before the dinner call,
The Campus now is much the same,
And little light is shed
As we look on that old, old game
A Soph with a Co-ed.

We go to Teas, on friends we call,
We speak of ancient store,
Attend receptions large and small
And drink frappés galore.
With throbbing hearts we say farewell
To friends and scenes so dear,
And trust that we may live to tell
About another year.

Our Illinois

All honor to this Sovereign State,
All hail this balmy clime;
It's here we come to fill our pate
And have a bully time.
Appropriations have been made
In gold, without alloy,
And now we hold the highest grade
At dear old Illinois.

CHORUS

We feel again the stirring thrill,
Of comradeship and joy,
We pledge anew with heart and will
Our love for Illinois.
It's here our loyalty we tell
Wave Orange and the Blue,
Our lusty Rah - Hoo - Rah! we yell
And Os - Kee - Wow - Wow too.

But studies first, by night and day,
We stick to Greek and Trig
We go to class and peg away,
On problems hard and big;
We do our work without a sigh
And seldom Profs annoy,
And that is why we rank so high,
At dear old Illinois.

But when we play and have our fun,
That's when we really shine,
For we can hit and we can run,
As well as buck the line;
And at the end of every year
We contemplate with joy,
The championships, as they appear
At dear old Illinois.