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1960

Songs of Otterbein College - Original Publication

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Songs of Otterbein College



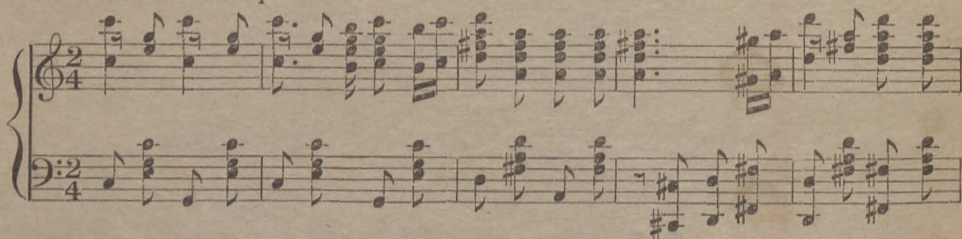
Published by Otterbein College
Westerville, Ohio

Here We Come from Otterbein

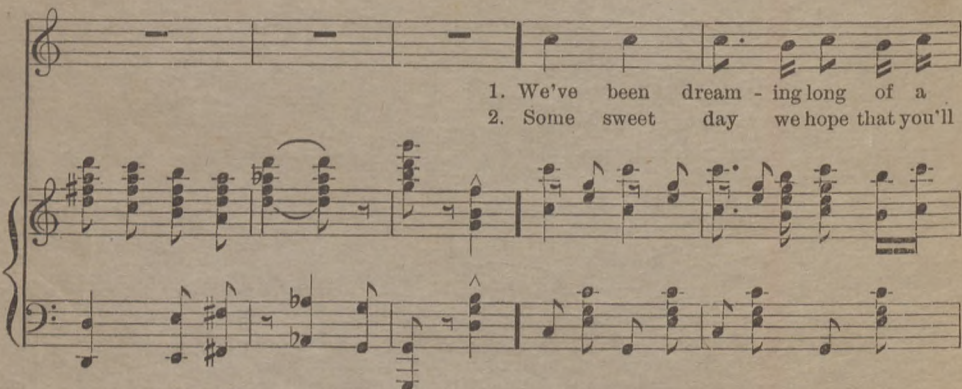
To the Men's Glee Club

Slow march tempo

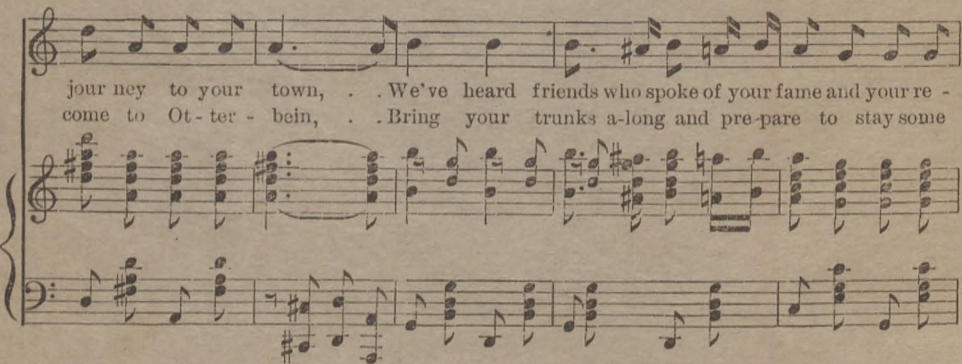
Words and Music by A. R. SPESARD



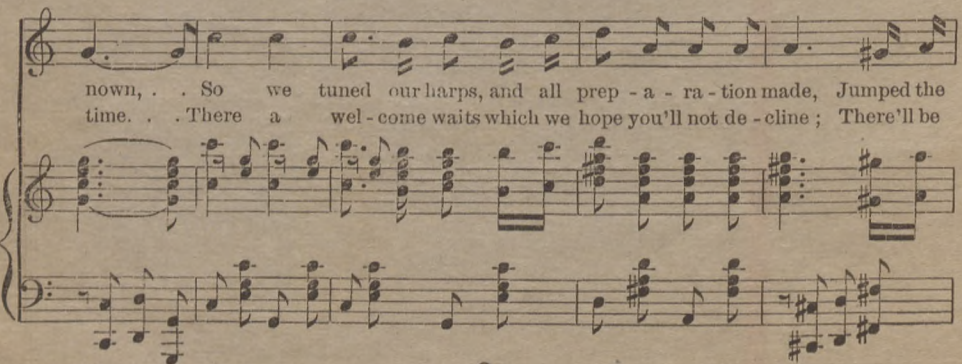
1. We've been dream - ing long of a
2. Some sweet day we hope that you'll



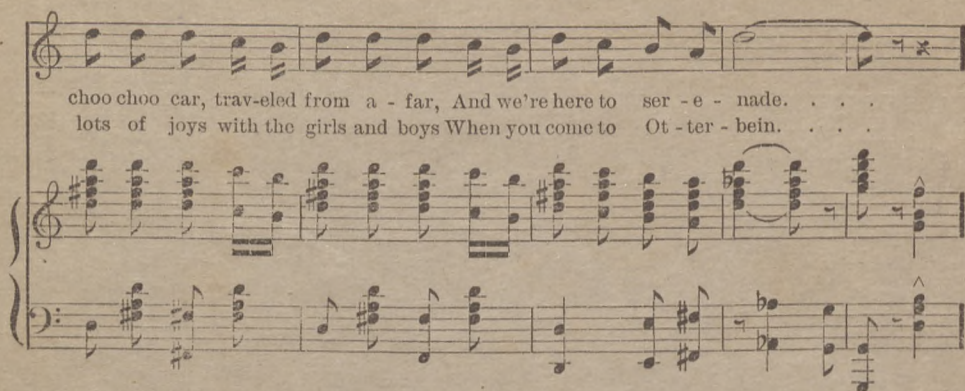
jour ney to your town, . . We've heard friends who spoke of your fame and your re -
come to Ot - ter - bein, . . Bring your trunks a-long and pre-pare to stay some



nown, . . So we tuned our harps, and all prep - a - ra - tion made, Jumped the
time. . . There a wel - come waits which we hope you'll not de - cline ; There'll be

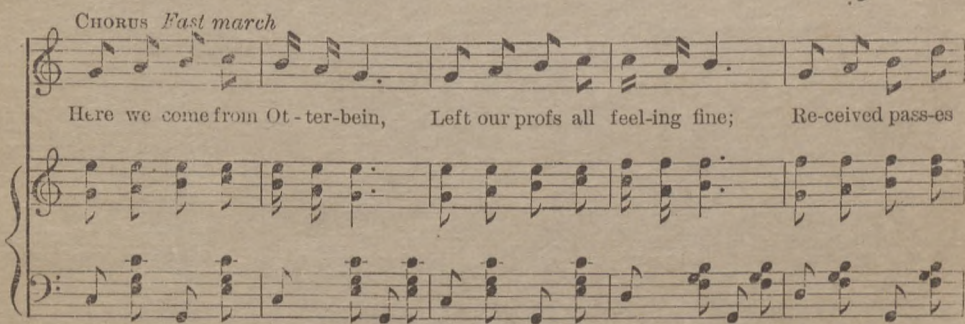


Here We Come from Otterbein

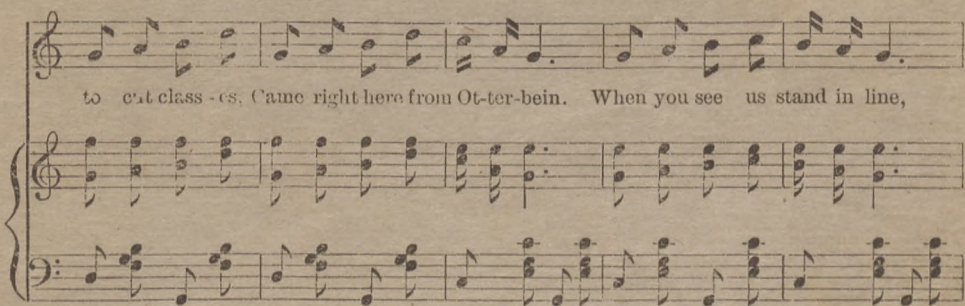


choo choo car, trav-eled from a - far, And we're here to ser - e - nade. . . .
lots of joys with the girls and boys When you come to Ot - ter - bein. . . .

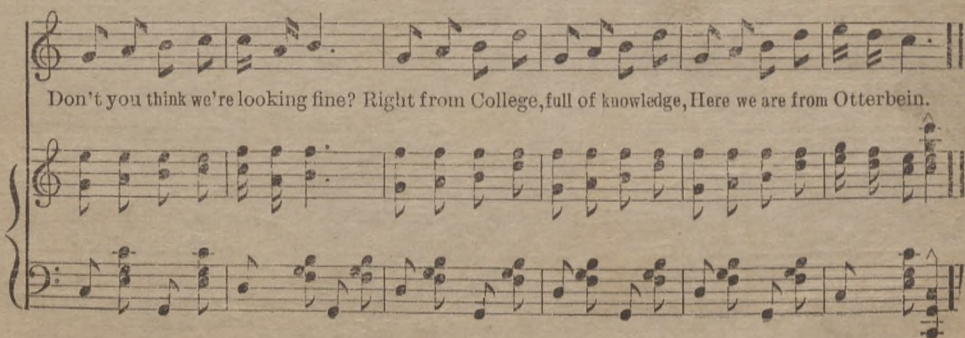
CHORUS *Fast march*



Here we come from Ot - ter-bein, Left our profs all feel-ing fine; Re-ceived pass-es



to cut class - es, Came right here from Ot-ter-bein. When you see us stand in line,



Don't you think we're looking fine? Right from College, full of knowledge, Here we are from Otterbein.

Crown Our Loved Otterbein

Marching Song

Words and Music by
G. G. GRABILL, '00

Brightly

Not fast

Not fast

1. In all the wide world I have ne'er found a place Which is to the eye so fair, And where so much
2. Tho' few are her num-bers, she takes no back seat, When rank'd with the best of schools; Her stu-dents go
3. We must not for-get for the right e'er to stand, When press'd by the foe to yield; E'en tho' at the

beau-ty and youth run a-pace, Where lit-tle is known of care; Where young men and maidens from
out and are ne'er known to fail, For well they have learn'd the rules; In games and in life it is
time naught of light can we see, Have cour-age for God will shield. The school that we love has for

near and a-far, Are gath-ered to learn of fame. Where teach-ers and stu-dents work with a
ev-er the same, He wins who in brain is clear! And Ot-ter-bein stands a-head in it
aye stood in line, For all that can prog-ress make! And thro' the long years she has e'er put her

Crown Our Loved Otterbein

CHORUS

will, Old Ot-ter-bein in its name! Oh, we're proud of our Al-ma Ma-ter, . Of the school that we
all, For noth-ing has she to fear!
trust In Him who can give and take!

mf f

love so well; We've flunked in our class-es, Frol-icked with las-sies, Tied up the old col-lege bell!

Oh! the boys are the swell-est fel-lows, . And the girls they are just as fine; . Come,

let us be sing-ing, Lau-rels be bring-ing To crown our lov'd Ot-ter-bein! Oh, we're -bein! .

CELIA IHRIG GRABILL

GLENN GRANT GRABILL

Moderato

semplce

1. In a qui - et peace - ful vil - lage, There's one we love so true; She
2. Her halls have their own mes - sage Of truth and hope and love; She

ev - er gives a wel - come To her friends both old and new. She
guides her youths and maid - ens To the life that looks a - bove. Her

stands se - rene 'mid tree - tops green; She's our dear Ot - ter - bein.
state - ly tower speaks naught but power For our dear Ot - ter - bein.

Otterbein Love Song

CHORUS

Con espressione

Old Ot - ter - bein, our col - lege, We sing of thee to - day; Our

mf

mem - 'ries round thee lin - ger In a sweet and mys - tic

way. O, Ot - ter - bein, we love thee! Our hearts are on - ly

thine; We pledge a - new we will be true, Dear Ot - ter - bein.

Old Otterbein

NOLAN R. BEST, '92

G. G. GRABILL, '00

ff Merrily

1. Old . Ot - ter - bein's a dan - dy col - lege, Raz - zle! Daz - zle!
 2. In . col - lege I'm a dan - dy stu - dent, Raz - zle! Daz - zle!
 3. Old . Ot - ter - bein has dan - dy teach - ers, Raz - zle! Daz - zle!
 4. Old . Ot - ter - bein has dan - dy daugh - ters, Raz - zle! Daz - zle!

Zaz - zle! Zoo! She fills our heads chock full of know - ledge,
 Zaz - zle! Zoo! I nev - er work more than is pru - dent,
 Zaz - zle! Zoo! Some of them wear specks, some are preach - ers,
 Zaz - zle! Zoo! Their laugh - ter's like the sing - ing wa - ters,

Raz - zle! Daz - zle! Zaz - zle! Zoo! She makes a wise man
 Raz - zle! Daz - zle! Zaz - zle! Zoo! I'm in with fel - lows
 Raz - zle! Daz - zle! Zaz - zle! Zoo! They know as much as
 Raz - zle! Daz - zle! Zaz - zle! Zoo! There's glist - 'ning sun - shine

Old Otterbein

of a fool, And if she can't she takes it cool, Old
full of joys, Some - times we make a lit - tle noise, Ain't
an - y sops, They feed the preps from Lat - in troughs, Ain't
on their curls, In sau - cy eyes their mis - chief swirls, Ain't

ritard. *a tempo*
Ot - ter - bein's a dan - dy school, Raz - zle! Daz - zle! Zaz - zle! Zoo!
we the dan - dy set of boys? Raz - zle! Daz - zle! Zaz - zle! Zoo!
they the dan - dy set of profs? Raz - zle! Daz - zle! Zaz - zle! Zoo!
they the dan - dy set of girls? Raz - zle! Daz - zle! Zaz - zle! Zoo!

CHORUS. *Slow with expression*
Old Ot - ter - bein's my Al - ma Ma - ter, I'm sent here by my dar - ling pa - ter,

animated and forceful
And I'll be heard from some - what la - ter, Raz - zle! Daz - zle! Zaz - zle! Zoo!

Otterbein Fight Song

Words and Music by JOHN C. MAYNE, '23

INTRODUCTION

Oh we're

root-in' for a dan-dy team, On the grid-iron we fight to win. And we've

al-ways got the stuff to treat (—) rough, When we smash that line to gain.
[Visitors]

Oh, we're root-in' for a dan-dy coach, Dit-mer is the lead-er of our,

Otterbein Fight Song

crew; And then we'll *Fight! Fight! Fight!* For Ot-ter-bein, in vic-to-ry we'll shine!

CHORUS

Ot-ter-bein, fight all the time and we will win the game, Strong de-fense, then

smash the line for (—) team is tame. Yes, we've got the big-gest rep, For the
[Visitors]

big-gest lot of pep, Let's make a touch-down, Ot-ter-bein. (*Rah! rah! rah!*)

Otterbein Pep Song

Words and Music by
MARGARET BROOKS, 1925

With spirit

8va.

We've got a team . . . that's hard . . . to beat, . . .

8va.

We've . . . got a team . . . you can't . . . de - feat; . . .

8va.

We've . . . got the pep, we're go ing to show . . .

8va.

Otterbein Pep Song

We're . . from old Ot - ter - bein you know. . .

Bring . on the team . you think . so fine, . Our root - ers

are in line. Hail ! hail ! the

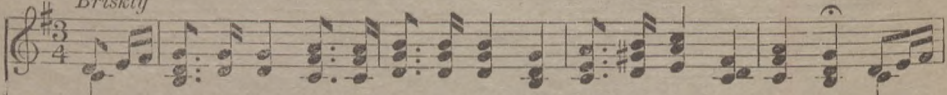
gang's all here, And we're going to win for Ot - ter - bein. . . .

Philomatheia

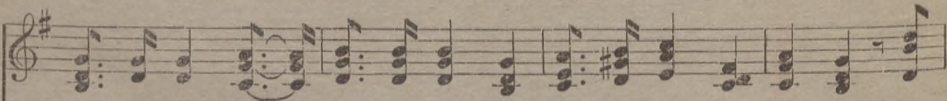
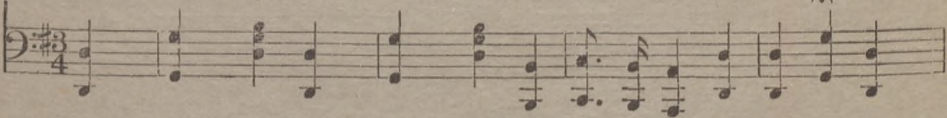
J. S. WILHELM, '90

Arr. by G. G. GRABILL, '00

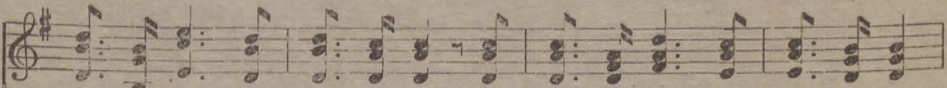
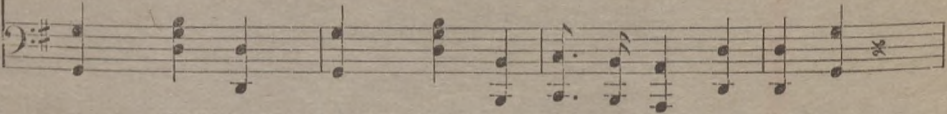
Briskly



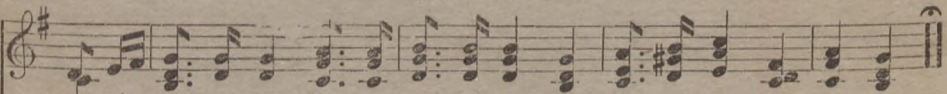
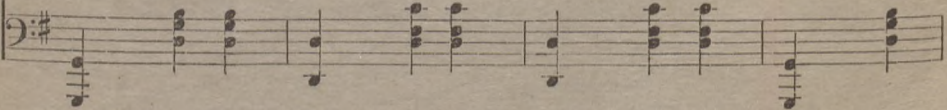
1. Phil-o-math-e-a, Phil-o-math-e-a, We sound thy heart-y prais-es, Here's
2. Phil-o-math-e-a, Phil-o-math-e-a, We still be-hold thy beau-ty, With
3. Phil-o-math-e-a, Phil-o-math-e-a, What mem'ries 'round thee clus-ter, As
4. Phil-o-math-e-a, Phil-o-math-e-a, Once more we join in sing-ing, With



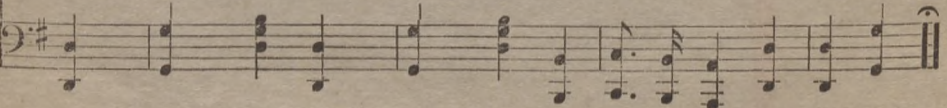
health to thee, here's wealth to thee, Each voice thy glo-ry rais-es. To
 fac-es bright, we greet thy sight, In ev-'ry joy and du-ty. And
 fac-es dear, from far and near, Gaze on thy gold-en lus-tre. Thou
 song so free, in mer-ry glee, We hear the wel-kin ring-ing. To



ev-'ry heart thou art most dear, In our af-fec-tions hast no peer;
 ma-ny a heart with rap-ture thrills, When-e'er thy court with mu-sic fills;
 dost re-mem-ber all who came, Tho' some be gone, art yet the same;
 all thy sons—each one our friend, A broth-er's greet-ing we ex-tend;



Phil-o-math-e-a, Phil-o-math-e-a, We sound thy heart-y prais-es.
 Phil-o-math-e-a, Phil-o-math-e-a, We still be-hold thy beau-ty.
 Phil-o-math-e-a, Phil-o-math-e-a, What mem'ries 'round thee clus-ter.
 Phil-o-math-e-a, Phil-o-math-e-a, Once more we join in sing-ing.



Philophronea

A. T. HOWARD, '94

Arr. by G. S. NEASE, '15

mf

1. There is a name I love, 'Tis mu-sic, soft and sweet, A name un-spot ted, sa - cred, pure, 'Twill
 2. How oft when sad and wea-ry, For-lorn, de-ject-ed, tired, Re-mem-brances, treasured so dear, My
 3. 'Mid scenes, bright, gay and happy, We plucked the fair-est flowers, Companionship with lux-u-ry Spent
 4. Then, brothers, be ye loy-al, Our stand-ard bear it high; Win o'er the world by cul-tured strength, We'll

be my joy to keep. 'Tis known throughout the land, Its ra-diance shines a - far, Lead,
 wan-ing zeal in - spired. Tho' care held strong do-min-ion, And dark-ness reigned a - far, A
 hap - py, hap - py hours. The path to sweet con-tent-ment In - vit-ing, stood a - jar, And
 con-quer by and by. To this our i - dol fan-cy Your hearts de - vo - tion give; So

f CHORUS

lead me on, Philo-phro-ne - a, Thou art my guid-ing star. Then shine on, Phil - o-phro-ne - a, my
 light broke o'er my pathway drear, 'Twas from my guiding star.
 from its por-tals sil-v'ry sheen, Shone forth my guiding star.
 long as suns shall shine on suns Shall Phil - o-phro-ne-a live.

f rit.

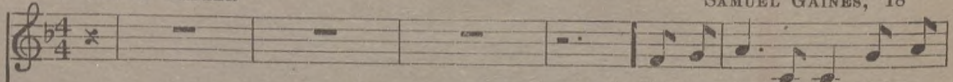
dear old Phil - o - phro - ne - a, This heart of mine shall thee en-shrine, No oth-er i - dol know.

rit.

Philalethea

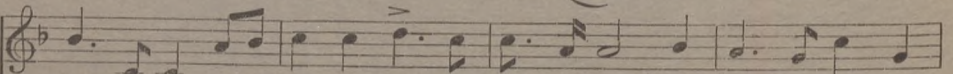
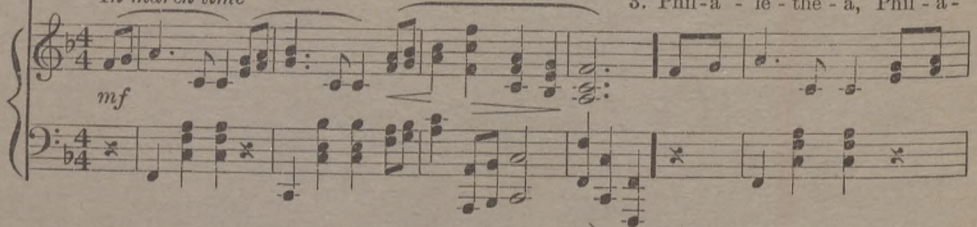
Mrs. L. K. MILLER

SAMUEL GAINES, '18

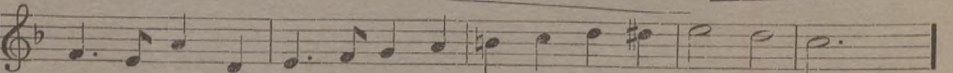
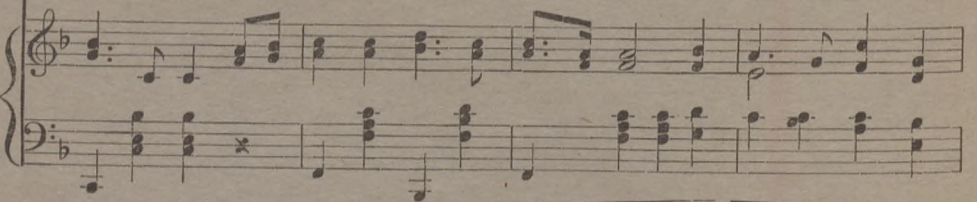


1. Phil-a - le - the - a, Phil - a -
2. Phil-a - le - the - a, Phil - a -
3. Phil-a - le - the - a, Phil - a -

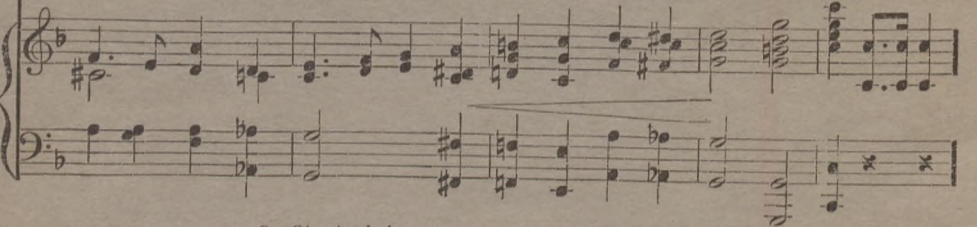
In march time



le - the - a, Thou Daugh-ter of our Ot - ter-bein, While years re-main, come
le - the - a, How pre-cious is thy name to me, I'll bear thee love wher -
le - the - a, Our God we pray to guard thee well, To Him we bow in



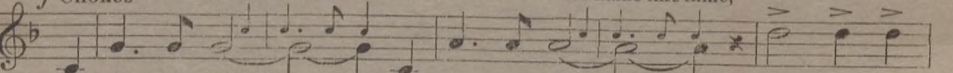
loss, come gain, No star like thine shall ev - er shine, shall ev - er shine.
e'er I roam, O'er moun-tain hoar, o'er rag - ing sea, o'er rag - ing sea.
wor - ship now, His praise to sing, His love to tell, His love to tell.



f CHORUS

O Ot - ter-bein,

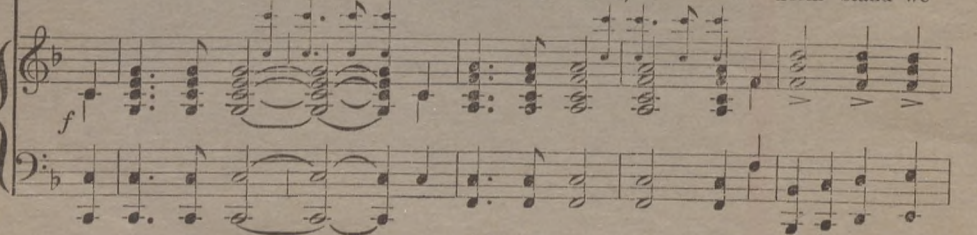
No name like thine,



O Ot - ter - bein,

No name like thine,

Firm stand we



Philalethea

ff *poco rit.*

here to guard, to guard thy fame, Firm stand we here . . . to guard thy fame!

ff *poco rit.*

Cleiorhetea

DAISY CUSTER - SHOEMAKER, '95

Moderato *p*

1. Home of my heart — I sing of thee, Clei - o - rhe - te - a, Clei - o - rhe - te - a —
 2. And when that hap - py time shall come, Clei - o - rhe - te - a, Clei - o - rhe - te - a —
 3. A last - ing friend - ship claims us now, Clei - o - rhe - te - a, Clei - o - rhe - te - a —

In thy dear hall I love to be, Clei - o - rhe - te - a, Clei - o - rhe - te - a.
 That calls thy loy - al daugh - ters home, Clei - o - rhe - te - a, Clei - o - rhe - te - a.
 And death - less lau - rel binds each brow, Clei - o - rhe - te - a, Clei - o - rhe - te - a.

Con spirito *p*

From far - off Maine's tall, whisp'ring pines, To Cal - i - for - nia's far - thest mines,
 What wel - comes from their own loved hall, What hon - ors then be - fore them fall,
 And his - to - ry a - lone will tell, How we a - dore the col - lege bell,

ff *ritard.* *pp*

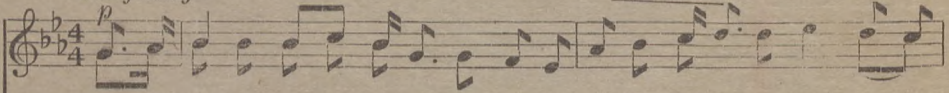
Thine own il - lus - trious glo - ry shines, Clei - o - rhe - te - a, Clei - o - rhe - te - a.
 What mem - ries will they then re - call, Clei - o - rhe - te - a, Clei - o - rhe - te - a.
 And thy dear name we love so well, Clei - o - rhe - te - a, Clei - o - rhe - te - a.

Darling Nelly Gray

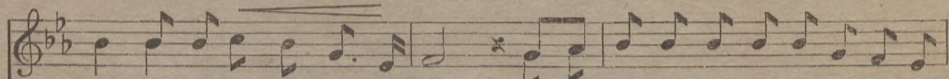
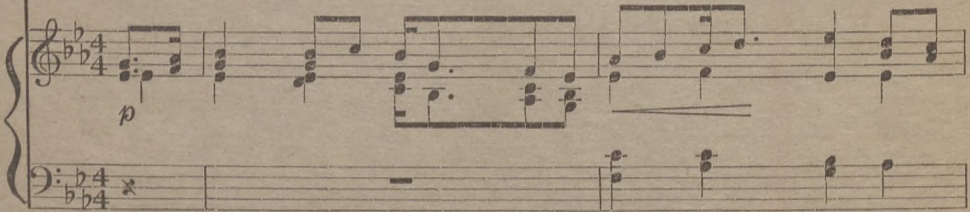
[Composed in 1856]

Words and music by
BENJAMIN R. HANBY, '68

With feeling



1. There's a low green val-ley on de ole Ken-tuck-y shore, There I've
2. When the moon had climb'd the moun-tain, and de stars were shin - ing too, Then I'd
3. One . . night I went to see her, but "she's gone!" the neigh-bors say, The .



whiled man-y hap-py hours a-way A . . sit-tin' an' a' sing-in' by de
take my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray, And . we'd float down the riv-er in my
white man bound her with his chain; They have tak-en her to Georgia for to



lit-tle cot-tage door, Where liv'd my . dar-ling Nel-ly Gray.
lit-tle red ca-noe, While my ban-jo . sweet-ly I would play.
wear her life a-way, As she toils in the cot-ton and the cane.



Darling Nelly Gray

CHORUS

mf

1-5. Oh, my poor Nel - ly Gray, They have tak - en you a - way, And I'll
[Last verse] Oh, my dar-ling Nel - ly Gray, Up in heav - en there, they say, That they'll

1-4. nev - er see my dar-ling an - y more ; I'm sit - tin' by the ri - ver and I'm
[Last] nev - er take you from me an - y more ; I'm a - com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, as the

rit. e dim.

weep - in' all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken-tuck-y shore. .
an - gels clear the way : Fare - well to the old Ken-tuck-y shore. .

rit. e dim.

- 4 My canoe is under water and my banjo is unstrung ;
I'm tired of living any more ;
My eyes shall look downward and my song shall be unsung,
While I stay on the old Kentucky home.
- 5 My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way ;
Hark ! there's somebody knocking at the door ;
Oh ! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray :
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

YELLS

Whoop, hip whoop, whoo.
O. U. O. U.
Hi-O-mine, Otterbein,
Whoop, hip, whoo.

Skyrocket—
Prolonged whistle—Boom
Otterbein.

Locomotive—
(Slowly increase in speed)
O-t-t-e-r-b-e-i-n,
O-t-t-e-r-b-e-i-n,
O-t-t-e-r-b-e-i-n,
Otterbein, Yea.

Yea Otterbein,
Yea Otterbein,
O-t-t-e-r-b-e-i-n,
Yea Otterbein,