The Royal Purple

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MUSIC BY B. T. BARTLETT, CLASS OF 1895

Tempo di marcia \( \dot{=} 120 \)

1. If you ask us why our mother
   Took the purple for her

2. They may drive us back by inches,
   We strive to get the

3. They may lead us every inning,
   We keep them hard at

4. While in life's stern game we're striving,
   Our pluck can never

choice. And why each loyal brother
At its beauty should rejoice;
'Tis because this color

ball; We hold our own by clinches,
Their gains are always small;
Their rushes may be

work; And with little chance of winning,
We not a moment shirk;
They may be batting

fail; That firmness still surviving,
We're never known to quail;
Then we show a spirit
choosing, Wise monarchs wear with pride, And when our boys seem losing The

clever, Their interference fine; There comes their last endeavor, We're

strongly, Their fielding may be great; You reason matters wrong ly, The

royal, As in the ninth our nine, There's still a "Stone Wall" loyal, When we're

Purple turns the tide, Some vaunt the crimson, some the blue, And some their honest green; We're

on our five-yard line, on our five-yard line.
to the regal color true. Of Berkshire's peerless Queen, Tho' rivals fain would scorn it. And

mingle it with white. It's our grand old royal purple, And we triumph in its might.