

I.

Everybody wins but Stetson,
 And they don't win at all.
 Something seems the matter;
 For they can't play football.
 So yell like hell, good fellows;
 There's going to be some fun:
 Just watch that good old Florida
 bunch
 Put Stetson on the bum.

II.

There's a meeting took place
 For the football race
 Way down in Gainesville.
 There were men large and small,
 Lankey, lean, fat and small,
 At that great football meeting.
 When the game it was out
 How Florida did shout—
 She was so happy.
 Old Stetson was tired
 And could not be inspired,
 So they carried her off the field.

III.

Cheer, boys, cheer!
 For Florida's got the ball.
 We'll win this game
 Or play no more this fall.
 When we hit their line
 There'll be no line at all,
 But a hot time in Gainesville to-
 night.

IV.

Hi Yi Ki Yikus,
 There's nothing like us
 Florida forever plays football
 Never defeated except when
 cheated
 And then by no means at all.

V.

We'll roll the old football on,
 We'll roll the old football on,
 On to victory.
 If Stetson is in the way, we'll roll it
 over her.
 If Stetson is in the way, we'll roll it
 over her.
 On to victory.

VI.

We'll hang John B. on a sour apple
 tree,
 We'll hang John B. on a sour apple
 tree,
 We'll hang John B. on a sour apple
 tree
 As we go marching on.
 Glory, Glory to old Florida,
 Glory, Glory to old Florida,
 Glory, Glory to old Florida,
 As we go marching on.

I.

Hell's broke loose!
 Hell's broke loose!
 Here we come in a hot caboose.
 Rooters! Tooters! here we are!
 Florida! Florida!
 Rah, Rah, Rah!

II.

With a vivo,
 With a vevo,
 With a vevo, vivo, vumbo!
 Johnnie get a rat trap, bigger than
 a cat trap;
 Johnnie get a rat trap, bigger than
 a cat trap;
 Hannibal! Cannibal!
 Sis, Boom, Bah!
 Florida, Florida,
 Rah! Rah! Rahl

III.

Boom Chica Boom,
 Boom Chica Boom,
 Boom Chica, Rika Chika, Rika Chica
 Boom.
 Boom get a rat trap, bigger than a
 cat trap.
 Boom, Boom, Boom.
 Hannibal, Cannibal, Sis Boom, Bah,
 Florida, Florida, Rah, Rah, Rah.

(*Tune of Maryland, My Maryland.*)

'Neath sunny skies and stately
 pines,
 Florida, my Florida.
 'Midst orange blooms and trailing
 vines,
 Florida, my Florida,
 There thrives a school of beauteous
 name,
 Her children need not blush for
 shame;
 We sing our Alma Mater's fame—
 Florida, my Florida.
 With loyal hearts we join the throng:
 Florida, my Florida.
 We pledge our love, both pure and
 strong:
 Florida, my Florida.
 Her queenly grace wins young and
 old,
 And royal robes her form doth fold.
 We sing the blue and the gold—
 Florida, my Florida.

Rackety-Jack! Rackety-Jack!
 Hulla-ba-loo! Hulla-ba-loo!
 Who are you? Who are you?
 F. U.! F. U.!
 Florida!