

ORANGE AND BLUE

Cheer for the Orange and Blue,
Waving forever, pride of old FLORIDA
May she droop never.
We'll sing a song for that flag today,
Cheer for the team at play,
On to the goal we'll fight our way,
For FLORIDA.

THE GATOR SONG

For the Gators of Florida,
We'll sing a song of Praise to-day;
Noble, brave and true,
No finer manhood ever grew:
For the Gators of Florida,
May victories come to stay;
Always so brave and true,
The Boys of the Orange and Blue.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon the Suwanee River
Far, far away.
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation
Sadly I roam, still longing for the old
plantation, and for the old folks at home.

Chorus

All the world is sad and dreary,
Every where I roam.
Oh darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

MARCH OF THE FIGHTING GATORS

Gather near, Give a rousing cheer, Make it long,
Make it strong for Florida.
Yell and shout, Let your voices out, Make it loud,
For we're proud of Florida.
We've got the fighting men, and they'll win again,
In the test they're the best in every way----
So gather 'round and sing, Let the echoes ring,
While the fighting 'Gators shew them how to play.

Chorus

March on Florida, March right on, 'till the last
white line is crossed,--
And the lusty roar means another score and our rival
team has lost.
March on Florida, Down the field, March on triumphantly,
For today was made for the 'Gators big parade,
and a Florida victory.
Watch them as they charge the line, gaining on every
play, 'Round the ends they're just as fine, That is the
Florida way. Florida! Fight to the end for Florida!
Florida! We can depend on Florida! Fight your best!
and we will do the rest. Rah! Rah! Rah!

ALMA MATER

1.

Florida, our Alma Mater,
Thy glorious name we praise:
All thy loyal sons together
A joyous song shall raise.
Where palm and pine are blowing,
Where southern seas are flowing,
Shine forth Thy noble Gothic walls,
Thy lovely vine-clad halls.
'Neath the Orange and Blue victorious
Our love shall never fail.
There's no other name so glorious---
All Hail, Florida, Hail!

2.

In the name of Alma Mater
We take each comrade's hand:
True to thee and to each
other thruout our Eden land.
Old school we love so dearly,
May God be ever near thee
To guard and keep us every
one to thee a loyal son.
List to Alma Mater's calling,
Let courage never fail
For before her all are fall-
ing--All Hail, Florida, Hail!

WE ARE THE BOYS FROM OLD FLORIDA

We are the boys from old Florida,
F-L-O-R-I-D-A
Where the boys are the squarest,
The girls are the fairest,
Of any old State down that way,
We are all proud of old Florida,
Down where the old "Gators" play.
In any old weather we'll all stick together
For F-L-O-R-I-D-A.