

Youth's own first love that ne'er will fade nor part,
Her will we serve with loy - al hearts and true,

Up with the glass and drink her down, down, down!
Long may she live, O Cal - i - for - nia's Queen!

Battle - Song.

Words by ROGER SHERMAN PHELPS, '97.

Tune: Die Wacht am Rhein.

1
Ye men of might, for war bedight
Come fearless forth to fiercest fight!
Our Alma Mater on you calls;
Your aid, or see her honor falls!
No more on high let Cardinal wave,
Arise and strike, our fame to save;
Bear Berkeley's banner on
To glory's goal!
Bear Berkeley's banner on
To glory's goal!

2
Through stricken ranks of stoutest foes
Our valiant team unshaken goes;
Within their hearts no thought of fear,
Their war-cry ringing loud and clear;
"No more on high shall Cardinal wave,
We rise and strike, our fame to save,
Bear Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!
Bear Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!"

3
Nor shall they fight alone the fray,
No friendly voice to cheer their way;
A sea of light our colors fair,
Our shouting rends the startled air:
"No more on high shall Cardinal wave,
We rise and strike, our fame to save,
Bear Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!
Bear Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!"

4
See, brothers, see! The foemen yield,
Our heroes sweep them from the field!
The hated Cardinal lowly trails:
A thunder-shout our victory hails!
Our Blue and Gold in triumph wave!
We rose and struck, our fame to save,
Bore Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!
Bore Berkeley's banners on
To glory's goal!"