Oh! Come let’s sing Ohio’s praise,
And songs to Alma Mater raise;
While our hearts rebounding thrill,
With joy which death alone can still.
Summer’s heat or winter’s cold,
The seasons pass, the years will roll;
Time and change will surely show
How firm thy friendship O-hi-o.

These jolly days of priceless worth,
By far the gladdest days of Earth,
Soon will pass and we not know,
How dearly we love O-hi-o.
We should strive to keep the name,
Of fair repute and spotless fame,
So, in college halls we’ll grow,
To love the better, O-hi-o.

Tho’ age may dim our mem’ry’s store,
We’ll think of happy days of yore,
True to friend and frank to foe,
As sturdy sons of O-hi-o.
If on seas of care we roll,
‘Neath blackened sky, o’er barren shoal,
Tho’ts of thee bid darkness go,
Dear Alma Mater O-hi-o.