

C G7

Come all ye loy - al class - men now, in hall and cam - pus
And then up - on the breast of her whose heart beats warm and
And now thro' all the years to come, in midst of toil and

C G D7

through, Lift up your hearts and voi - ces for The Roy - al Red and
true, It is the dear - est sight of all to see our Red and
care, We'll get new in - spi - ra - tion from the col - ors wav - ing

G E7 Am D7

Blue. Fair Har - vard has her crim - son, Old Yale her col - ors
Blue. She wears them with a smile so bright, it wakes our hearts a
there. And when to all our col - lege life we've said our last a

G G7 ritard... C F#dim7 C D7 C F G7 C

too. But for dear Penn - syl - va - ni - a, We wear the Red and Blue.
new, To swear e - ter - nal loy - al - ty to dear old Red and Blue.
dieu, We'll nev - er say a - dieu to thee, our col - ors Red and Blue.

Chorus

C F C Am D7

Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Penn - syl - va - ni - a, Hur - rah for the Red and the

G7 ritard... C E7 Am Ab7 a tempo C F G7 C

Blue; Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah for the Red and Blue.

One Last Chorus...

D G D Bm E7

Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Penn - syl - va - ni - a, Hur - rah for the Red and the

A7 ritard... D F#7 Bm Bb7 a tempo D G A7 D

Blue; Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, Hur - rah for the Red and Blue.