

Go, bring your harp, O, Minstrel,  
And sing the sweetest song  
To our dear old Alma Mater  
Before we pass along.  
We'll join the swelling chorus  
As others have of old,  
In praise of thee, our Mother,  
With voice and harps of gold.

Now for our noble teachers,  
'Fore whom we sat to learn,  
We ask for Heaven's blessing,  
And life's full rich return.  
And to our Alma Mater,  
With hearts forever true,  
We give our pledge of loy'lty,  
Before we bid "Adieu."

Parting! O, noble friendships!  
Wove of garlands, golden hue,  
The noblest of the ages,  
Will they unite anew?  
Passing, happy days! Forever?  
Not found beyond, above,  
Sparkling like the rain-drops  
In the promised bow of love?

Passing—like our classmate, sleeping  
On College Hill, beneath  
The spreading beech, where, over  
His grave the flowers bequeath  
In memory their fragrance—  
By all beloved was he—  
Till we sleep like him, so ever  
Our pledge, true loy'lty.

