

## **The Song of Nineteen Eight**

Sing, O Muse, whose heavenly gift  
Is not bestowed on low estate,  
Sing of the wisdom and truth and worth  
Of the Sophomore class of nineteen eight!

Sing of her prowess in days gone by,  
When the Juniors were routed and put to flight,  
When she rescued her colors from lasting shame  
And flaunted in glory her black and white.

Sing of the wisdom that led her through  
Her Freshman year with a record pure;  
Of the truth that has been her high ideal,  
In winning a name that will long endure.

Sing! and may the nations hear  
Thy praise resounding throughout the earth;  
An anthem re-echoed in deed and life,  
Thy praise for a class of truest worth.

And in years to come may thy garlands crown  
The work of lives that were started here;  
May glory redound to old D. U.  
From the Sophomore class of the present year.

Then, sing through the deeds of a loyal class,  
The praise of our Alma Mater great;  
Till her name is placed on the sheets of fame  
By the worthy class of nineteen eight.