

# Maestoso

She's the goddess we a-dore Is  
May her strength remain for aye, Our

Hughes, And we love her more and more Our Hughes. Oh, we  
Hughes, Though in time her walls de-cay, Our Hughes; Oh —

hope to keep her fame In — every kind of  
Phoenix - like she'll rise — till her towers strike the

game — And all praise be to her name, Hughes, Hughes, Hughes!  
skies — And her sunset banner flies Hughes, Hughes, Hughes, Hughes!

*mp*

*cresc.*

*Fine.*