

ALMA MATER

Class Poem

O fount of knowledge! guide of youths!
Grief fills my throbbing heart,
For now the inev'table time has come
When sadly we must part.
The busy world will steal thy place
When I shall quit thy care,
And coldly leave thy child to face
Tremendous dangers there.

Oh, would that I could stay fore'er
Within thy tranquil bower,
And listen to thy teachings e'er,
The thoughts that they inspire.
O mother dear! O teacher wise!
I pledge myself thy child.
The goal set up for me to prize
I'll follow through the wild.

Full oft sweet music's magic power
Has compassed wonders rare.
I call on music in this hour
To voice my dearest care.
Upon the harp strings of my heart
May Love sound sweet farewell,
For ever Alma Mater's part
'Twill be my joy to tell.

Adelaide Schroeder, '33