

Alma Mater

FRANK B. WARD

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To Ju - ni - a - ta, Col - lege dear, In praise we raise our song, The
Oh stars which in the heav - ens shine, Oh swift - ly soar - ing moon, Shed
And when our day is al - most done, The sun in west - ern skies, The

place of loy - al hearts and cheer, Which we have loved so long; We
forth thy glo - rious light di - vine, To pierce the a - zure gloom, And
mem - o - ries of days now gone, Will light our dim - ming eyes, And

love the path - ways to and fro, The class - rooms and the halls; We'll
thoughty bless - ings you dis - til, O'er man - y climes and lands, Bes -
when the stars' faint twink - ling rays, Do beck - on us a - bove, E'en

ne'er for - get, tho far we go, The days with - in her walls,
tow thy choic - est on the hill, Where Ju - ni - a - ta stands.
then with fleet - ing breath we'll praise, The J. C. that we love.

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