Alma Mater

FRANK B. WARD
and C. L. ROWLAND

To Juniata, College dear, In praise we raise our song,
The Oh stars which in the heavens shine, Oh swiftly soaring moon, Shed
And when our day is almost done, The sun in western skies, The

place of loyal hearts and cheer, Which we have loved so long; We
forth thy glorious light divine, To pierce the azure gloom, And
memories of days now gone, Will light our dimming eyes, And

love the pathways to and fro, The class-rooms and the halls; We'll
though thy blessings you distil, O'er many climes and lands, Bes-
when the stars' faint twinkling rays, Do beck-on us a-bove, E'en

ne'er forget, tho' far we go, The days within her walls,
tow thy choicest on the hill, Where Juniata stands,
then with fleeting breath we'll praise, The J. C. that we love.

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