

Ode to Old Union (Alma Mater)

Let the Grecian dream of his sacred stream
And sing of the brave adorning
That Phoebus weaves from his laurel leaves
At the golden gates of morning.

But the brook that bounds thro' old Union's grounds
Gleams bright as a Delphic water,
And a prize as fair as a god may wear
Is a dip from our Alma Mater.

Chorus:

Then here's to thee, thou brave and free,
Old Union smiling o'er us,
And for many a day, as thy walls grow gray,
May they ring with thy children's chorus!