

all to which we rise— There's none that can fill, With as  
 pride with - out a stain;— 'Tis of these we think, And—

ea - ger a thrill, As when some - one ri - ses and cries:—  
 pledge as we drink, While the hall - re - ech - oes a - gain:—

M.M. ♩=48.

Here's to old Mt. A.! Here's to old Mt. A.! Then

Horn. Horn.

drink with a cheer to her name so dear Ho! fellows, here's to old Mt. A.!