

## *Song to Old Union*

By FITZHUGH LUDLOW, '56

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 through Union's  
Grounds  
Glams bright as the 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, the 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.

Could our praises throng on the waves of song,  
Like an Orient fleet gem-bringing,  
We would bear to thee the argosy  
And crown thee with pearls of singing.  
But thy smile beams down beneath a crown,  
Whose glory asks no other;  
We gather it not from the green sea-grot—  
'Tis the love we bear our mother.—*Chorus.*

Let the joy that falls from thy dear old walls,  
Unchanged brave time's on-darting;  
And our only tear fall once a year  
On hands that clasp ere parting.  
And when other throngs shall sing our songs,  
And their spell once more has bound us,  
Our faded hours shall revive their flowers,  
And the past shall live around us.—*Chorus.*

## *Benediction*

MUSIC