

What glorious vision ours ! A Golden Jubilee
Spreads every sail that swells upon life's sea ;
What ventures bold amid the stress and storm !
What gallant souls ! How rare each beauteous
form !

God's battleship is mann'd from stern to prow,
And faithful is each seaman to his vow.
Each cruiser knows full well the channel mined
And every season fraught with dangerous wind.

All this thy labor, Alma Mater dear,
Through every fortune of each ripening year ;
In Church and State thy voice is wisdom's call
Ringing along Time's academic hall,
A trumpet blast, a summons to each soul,
To do the things of God—whate'er the goal.
Because of this thy work is truly great,
The season of thy fruitage never late.

But pause we here beside life's altar fire
To strike the chords of Memory's golden lyre ;
It seems but yesterday 'neath murmuring pine
Enrolled we stood and drank thy classic wine ;
It seems but yesterday, and yet how far
Between life's morning and its evening star ;
Then saw we but the footlights on the stage,
Now dreams are turned to deeds on every page.