

Words by  
JOHN J. GIBSON, '95

# Alma Mater

Tune "Amici"  
Arr. by Thornton W. Allen

Andante

1st TENOR  
2nd TENOR  
(lead)

*mf*

1. Where the Le-high's rock-y rap-ids rush from out the West,  
2. Like a watch-man on the moun-tain stands she grand-ly bold,  
3. We will ev-er live to love her, live to praise her name;

1st BASS  
2nd BASS

'Mid a grove of spread-ing chest-nuts, walls in i-vy dressed,  
Earth and Heav-en's se-crets seek-ing, hoard-ing them like gold,  
Live to make our lives add lus-tre to her glo-rious fame.

CHORUS

On the breast of Old South Moun-tain, reared a-gainst the sky,  
All she wrests from na-ture's store-house, naught es-capes her eye,  
Let the glad notes wake the ech-oes, joy-ful-ly we cry,

Stands our no-ble Al-ma Ma-ter, stands our dear Le-high.  
Gives she glad-ly to her dear sons, while we bless Le-high.  
Hail to thee, our Al-ma Ma-ter! Hail! all hail, Le-high!