

Alma Mater.



IN that fair South, whose soft and sunny clime
 The bards oft sing, in rhythmic, flowing rhyme ;
 Where *men* have lived, and warriors bravely died ;
 Where beauty, grace, and chivalry abide ;
 On Georgia's soil—most favored of all lands—
 An ancient temple, reared to Learning, stands.

When first the glowing plow-share marked the ground,
 Closed in the campus walls, then all around
 Was wild and dark, and grand primeval trees
 Moaned to the wind and sighed to every breeze ;
 And weird and stately pines—though rooted fast—
 Swayed back and forth, low bending to each blast !

But now, a quaint and lovely old time town
 Engirts the campus as a jeweled crown ;
 And Georgia's wit and wisdom gather here—
 The home of beauty and of culture rare !
 Its chiefest pride and ornament as well
 Are these historic walls, which proudly tell
 Of statesmen nurtured here, and heroes bred.
 Whose lofty deeds the admiring world has read—
 For not the least of those whom Fame shall crown
 Are Stephens, Toombs, Cobb, Hill—men whose renown,
 So well deserved, shall live forevermore
 In Southern song and legendary lore !

O dear old town, what mem'ries 'round you cling ;
 What pleasures and what pains these mem'ries bring !
 And dear old campus, o'er whose hallowed sod
 The feet of mighty men have erst-while trod ;
 What calm retirement weary man can find
 From all the strife without—what rest for mind
 And mortal frame, 'midst thy seclusion sweet—
 What heavenly rest, dwells in thy blest retreat !

O *Alma Mater*, old in years art thou ;
 But yet full strong and vigorous even now !
 Thou hast the wisdom which attends on years ;
 The energy of youth, which boldly dares—
 Though old, still young, ripe wisdom joined with strength
 Will bear thee safe, and fix thy fame at length !

Ye sons, who love your *Alma Mater's* name,
 To you is trusted all her state and fame.

