

Alma Mater

Lyrics by James Andrews De Wolf, Class of 1861

Alma Mater! we hail thee with loyal devotion,
And bring to thine altar our off'ring of praise;
Our hearts swell within us, with joyful emotion,
As the name of old Brown in loud chorus we raise.
The happiest moments of youth's fleeting hours,
We've passed, 'neath the shade of these
time-honored walls,
And sorrows as transient as April's brief showers
Have clouded our life in Brunonia's halls.

[For the full Alma Mater,
please click here.](#)



BROWN